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Vol. IV.—No. 1.

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DOMINION DAY.—CANADA'S DÉBUT AT THE COUNCIL OF NATIONS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 2.

CANADA AMONG THE NATIONS.

The fourth anniversary of Dominion Day seems not an inappropriate occasion to commemorate the high distinction paid to Canada in being invited, through her leading Minister, to take part in a most solemn international duty—that of framing the Treaty of Washington. Treaty-making is about the most important of international diplomatic services, and though the secrets of the council chamber were pretty well kept, considering that the negotiators sat in Washington, enough reached the public to let us understand that the Canadian Commissioner was exceedingly "stubborn," if not absolutely "refractory," in respect of certain rights belonging to Canada, which one of the high contracting parties had much interest in appropriating, and the other, from misconception of its duty, cared little to preserve. In the triangular discussion which took place on the Fisheries, it is manifest by the Treaty that Canada was handsomely defended; for her interests have been left altogether at her own disposal. This concession, made at the request of Great Britain, and concurred in by the United States, is an evidence of the friendly feeling existing in both countries towards the budding nationality of British North America. We hold, of course, that we had right on our side, but we must confess that the *might* was all against us, and, seeing the way that international questions have been settled in Europe during the last twenty years—not to go further back—we cannot but confess that Canada has been most generously treated. If her people decide to accept the terms of the Treaty it will be their own voluntary act; if they reject them, as regards the fisheries, there is no risk of serious consequences. In these respects Canada ought not to be ungrateful to Britain for introducing her to the Council of Nations. Our artist has commemorated the event by an illustration which appears on the front page of the present number. It is fitting on Dominion Day that the growth of the country in national importance should be suitably marked, and surely no event of the year has been more pregnant with significance than that which placed Canada in the position of not merely a party to Imperial Treaty-making, but in some particulars an absolute arbiter between Great Britain and the United States. Let Canadians remember on this day and every day that follows to use their growing power with discretion and in the spirit of justice.

OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY.

No. 81.—HON. W. H. DRAPER, C.B.

No name is more honoured in the Western Province than that of Chief-Justice Draper, whose long judicial career, marked by the strictest impartiality as well as the highest legal acumen, has blotted from the memory of men nearly all remembrance of his former political association with what used to be called "the family compact." Those who still remember his political career have certainly long ceased to think of him as a political partizan, and to the generation of to-day he is but known as the able and upright judge who nobly serves his country by impartially administering its laws. Canada has much to be proud of in its judiciary, and no Province can take precedence of Ontario in respect of the character, ability, and fidelity to duty of its Bench. The roll that holds the names of Sir J. B. Robinson, Blake, Draper, &c., &c., is one of which Upper Canada may fairly boast, and the gentleman whose portrait we give in this issue is one who has held a prominent place before the public for more than a generation.

In 1841 he entered the Legislative Assembly of Canada, and for some years was Attorney-General for Upper Canada, and Leader of the Government. Among his other important services to the country, outside of his judicial duties, was his mission to England in 1858, on the subject of the Hudson's Bay and North-West Territories. It was on that occasion that Her Majesty was pleased to confer upon him the honour of Companion of the Bath. The life of a Judge is necessarily one of quiet routine, and in this respect has little of the stirring events which mark the career of the politician. Nevertheless, Judge Draper was so fondly remembered by the people that in 1867 there was a general desire expressed among all political parties that he should have been made Governor of the Province. It is not likely that such an office would have been much to his taste, as, in his judicial associations, he enjoys all the dignity and respect which any political or civil position could bring with it. Several works have been issued from the press by Mr. Draper, the most important of which is "The Upper Canada King's Bench Reports," making two volumes of over five hundred pages each.

MR. SHAW'S STORE ON CRAIG STREET, MONTREAL.

We give to-day two engravings representing the exterior and interior of one of the finest sales-rooms on the continent, that erected by Mr. Henry Shaw, auctioneer, on Craig street, near the Victoria Square, Montreal. The front on Craig street is of fine gray Montreal stone, neatly, but not elaborately, ornamented. The south-east front on Fortification Lane is also of fine cut stone. A lane in common separates it from St. Patrick's Hall, thereby giving it particular advantages for light and ventilation. The store is forty feet, by one hundred and thirty-six, and is four stories above the basement. The fourth story is splendidly lighted from the large sky-light in the centre, and windows in front and rear and along the south-west side; this story is fifteen feet high in the centre, and is one of the finest manufacturing rooms in the city. This flat,

with the two immediately under it, are occupied by Messrs. M. Roneyne & Co., boot and shoe manufacturers; about one hundred and twenty girls are employed by these gentlemen. In the top flat and on the third flat nearly the same number of men are employed, while the second flat is occupied as their store-room, warehouses, and offices. The upper portion of the building rented to Messrs. Roneyne & Co. has two entrances, one on Fortification Lane, for receiving and delivering goods, and for the numerous hands employed in their manufactory. The large front store next St. Patrick's Hall leads to the principal warehouses and offices. A visit to Messrs. Roneyne's portion of the building during the hours of work will give one a pretty good idea of the enormous growth of the boot and shoe trade in Montreal—a trade scarcely known in this city ten years ago, but which now employs many thousands of hands.

But the great feature of this splendid building is the sale-room on the ground floor occupied by Mr. Shaw himself, very different indeed, in its splendid proportions, from the low dark dingy rooms occupied by Mr. Shaw for many years in St. François Xavier street; different, too, from the crowded ill-ventilated store more recently occupied by him in St. James street. One can see at a glance that this sale-room has been specially built for the display and sales of furniture, pianos, works of art, &c., &c. It is not only the finest sale-room in the Dominion, but it is one of the finest on the continent. Those wishing to dispose of furniture, pianos, or other goods, can have them shown free to the best advantage, and those wishing to purchase will have light and room to see well what they desire.

Our artist has given an excellent view of the interior of this fine sale-room as it appeared during the opening sale in May, 1871. Along the centre are the Vose pianos and other musical instruments for which Mr. Shaw is the agent; on the left is arranged the fine walnut furniture from the Bowmanville manufactory, for the sale of which Mr. Shaw is also the agent; on the right the library of Sir John Rose is being arranged for sale; while in the upper end of the store and towards the rear entrance, the second-hand furniture, mirrors, carpets, and other household effects are being rapidly knocked down to eager purchasers.

The usual semi-weekly sales, established by Mr. Shaw fifteen years ago, will be continued in the new store, and every Monday and Thursday those wanting to purchase or dispose of second-hand furniture, carpets, mirrors, pianos, gaseliers and household effects, will find in his sales the largest and most attractive, and, as they have always been, the most popular market for the sale of such goods in the city.

One word as to Craig street. Here alone we may find sufficient evidence as to the truth of the statement that there has been an increase of 62,000 inhabitants within the last ten years. The fact of business houses being established here, and the crowds of pedestrians which line both sides of the street these beautiful evenings, while Notre Dame and St. James streets are comparatively deserted, would serve to justify the general opinion that, at no distant day, Craig street will be the Broadway of Montreal.

THE ELECTIONS.

The elections have passed off in the Province of Quebec generally with but little excitement, and the result in no way changes the general relations of political parties. In Montreal the Western Division returned Mr. Cassidy by acclamation. The Eastern Division was forced through the force of a contest, but Alderman David's election was carried by a nearly unanimous vote over the person who was put in, in jest, no doubt, to oppose. In the Centre Division the contest was exceedingly close, but quietly and good-naturedly managed. Our artist gives an illustration of the nomination held in front of the Court House, and, as our readers generally know, the electors returned the Hon. L. H. Holton over the late member, Mr. Carter, Q. C., by the small majority of seven.

EAST RIVER, PICTOU, N. S.

East River, Pictou, Nova Scotia, all along its course, presents scenes of quiet rural beauty remarkable in a country notably picturesque. From Pictou Harbour to New Glasgow, a distance of nine miles, it is navigable for large vessels. Above that Town, which is built partly on each side of the river, and is connected by a substantial bridge, it is well stocked with salmon, trout, and gaspereaux. The view shows this part of the river, winding far away in a southerly direction beyond the Albion Coal Mines "the black country," commencing near the Iron Bridge seen to the right. The railroad shewn in the foreground was built and put in operation in 1839 by the "Mining Association," and carries the coals from the pit to the loading ground, a distance of eleven miles. The railroad on the further side of the river, (parallel with which stand the telegraph posts) is the public one, connecting Pictou Harbour at Fisher's Grant, with Halifax; two trains running daily in summer, and one in winter.

The beautifully undulating hills, and well-watered fertile valleys, stretching towards the background, are settled, and successfully farmed, by a law-abiding, industrious, and well-to-do population; almost exclusively of Scottish Highland descent. Both farming and stock-breeding keep good pace with modern improvements. Horses raised in Pictou County are favourably known, and command good prices in United States markets; whilst other farm stock, neat cattle, sheep, swine, &c., are also far above average.

All kinds of cereals, root crops, and such hardy fruits as apples, plums, &c., are readily produced by ordinary cultivation and care.

AN AFRICAN PRINCE ON THE WIFE QUESTION.—The following is from "An African Harem," in the *Cornhill Magazine* for June: "English women think of themselves, always think of themselves, think very little of their husbands; so they are disobedient, self-willed, do what they like, and will not do what their husbands like: but Arab women think more of their husbands than themselves; they live to please their husbands; they are obedient; they are much better than English women, and a man may do with them just as he pleases. Suppose she should disobey him, what does he? He says to her, 'By Allah, I will leave you.' And if she disobey him three times, and he says that three times, she is no longer his wife; she must go back to her father's house. But suppose an Englishman marry a woman, and she prove to have a very bad temper, and disobey him always; a very hot tongue, and scold all day and all night too; lead him a devil of a

life; make him sweat very much with trouble, make him wish to kill himself—what can he do? He can do nothing; he must keep her, and must not take any other woman to wife to comfort him. Ah! the Arab custom is better than the English custom; and the Arab women are better for the man than the English women. I am sure of that."

VARIETIES.

ONE FOR THE MARINES.—There is a juggler's trick in India, it is reported, which is very striking, and not easily comprehended. A man is seen seated in the air upon the points of three bayonets. One bayonet is withdrawn, and he appears sitting upon the other two. Next, the second bayonet disappears, and yet the third does not pierce his body. Finally, the third bayonet disappears, and the man is seen firmly poised in the air.

A doctor, attending a worthy baronet the other day, received by mistake as his fee a couple of mint lozenges, rolled up in paper. In the evening the baronet found the sovereign and shilling in his pocket, in lieu of the mint lozenges, and on meeting the doctor, asked him how he liked his fee. "Oh! it was very sweet," was the reply. The real fee was soon after presented, inclosed with the following:

"The fee was sweet; I thank you for the hint,
These are as sweet, they've both been through the mint."

A very touching story and allegory is thus related:—A youthful hen found an egg, and, yielding to instinct, set upon it until the process of incubation was complete. Her mother, who had laid the egg, and had taken great pains in shaping and colouring it, came along, and seeing only the broken shell, burst into tears, and said, "Alas, my daughter, who has destroyed my favourite egg?" The feathered offspring quickly responded: "I cannot tell a lie, mother; I cannot tell a lie; I did it with my little hatch it."

COMPANION FOR THE PIG-FACED LADY.—A correspondent of the *Halifax Reporter* writes: "We have a monstrosity at Cow Bay, in the shape of a pig with the face of a human being. It is perfectly formed, with the exception of the head, which is entirely bare, and as red as a boiled lobster, and looks something like a dog's head; but the face is exactly like a human being. The mother (who had a litter of four, the other three being perfect pigs) would not allow it to come near her. At times it would utter cries like the wailing of a child, and at other times like the whining of a dog. It has been killed, and is now in the possession of Dr. Kirkwood, at whose residence it is open to the inspection of the admirers of the curious."

After Susan B. Anthony lectured at Ripon, Wis., she wanted some recreation and amusement, so she took a walk on Sunday around the graveyard there. While she was enjoying the literature of a tombstone, she heard a lot of little boys saying, "That's her," and she thought, "such is fame." Congratulating herself that even the children of the land knew her, she was accosted by an urchin, who said: "Say, ain't you the old woman that walks up the wire on the circus tent to-morrow?"

CURIOUS ADVERTISEMENTS.—We extract the following advertisements from the "agency column" of a late number of the *London Times*, omitting only the names:—Should the person now in possession of a leather portmanteau, or its contents, lost at the — station, on Friday, the —th April, and at that time the property of Viscount —, be deterred by feelings of delicacy from restoring the same to the former owner, he would confer a great favour upon him by, at any rate, sending the letters and papers, however interesting, when their perusal shall have been accomplished, to No. — Portland Place, in which case no allusions of a character to wound the feelings of either party will be made in the transaction. Should, however, the individual in question be able to subsume his *manuscrits* sufficiently to restore the whole, his generosity will be appreciated and rewarded.—"Dog lost: Black Collie, with white breast, white fore legs, white patch at back of neck, and double dew claws. Answers (imperfectly) to the name of 'Booleums Junior.'"

The deafness of a woman has been the cause of a funny mistake, of which her infant child is the victim. She took this babe to church the other day to have him baptised, and while she was waiting near the font she thought she would keep him quiet by feeding him from a bottle of milk. While the child was still taking its milk the mother was summoned to the font. In her agitation she drew the bottle from the babe's mouth hurriedly, when the nozzle came off, and the milk was spilled on the child's new clothes. When the clergyman took the child in his arms, he looked down at it and asked the mother what name should be given it. She, with her mind troubled about the accident, thought he was asking how the clothing became soiled; so she answered, "Nozzle came off." Rather surprised, he asked again for the name, and she, thinking he did not understand her, bawled out, "Nozzle came off, I say!" Whereupon that astonished divine sprinkled water on the child's head, and said, "Nozzle came off Parkinson, I baptise thee," &c.

A gentleman writing of a "long" acquaintance, says that there is among his acquaintances one at least who enjoys a "high" reputation, for he stands over seven feet in his stockings, and though a talented member of the bar, he is a good-natured citizen. He was sitting in the stall of a theatre, when the curtain rose and the actors advanced to their position, a cry of "Down in front!" became general throughout the audience. Their attention was directed toward the tall B—, who, feeling himself the object of remark, thought he was required to settle a little. Looking as if he would like to settle through the floor, he proceeded to raise himself to a standing position, in such a manner, however, as to convey an impression that there was no end to him. At last he did get straightened out to his full length, when, slowly glancing around at the astonished audience, he very deliberately remarked:—"Gentlemen, to satisfy you that I was sitting down, I will now stand up!" A burst of laughter and applause succeeded, the audience and actors became convulsed, the curtain descended rapidly, the manager, with beaming face, came forward, and, amidst the wildest applause, conducted the gentleman to a private box.

By a mistake in the wording of the order, the people of Worcester, Mass., are ordered to remember the houses with Roman numerals instead of Arabic, which were, of course, intended. The *Spy* shudderingly expects to see CCCCLIV. put over its door, instead of simply 444.

SUMMER FASHIONS.

Nos. 1 and 2. Walking Costume of *Piqué*, trimmed with a single deep plaited flounce of the same. Jacket of the same material, made with wide open sleeves, and trimmed with lace insertion and edging, as shown in the plate.

No. 3. Morning dress with square cut over-skirt and jacket. The whole costume is of fine maize-coloured linen, with a box-plaiting and trimming of the same. Coat sleeves to the jacket. Chemisette and undersleeves of plaited muslin and lace.

No. 4. White *Piqué* costume for a little girl two years old. Low neck and short sleeves, edged with embroidery. Band and sash of pink grosgrain.

Nos. 5 and 6. Promenade toilette for elderly ladies. Back and front. Mantle and dress of black grosgrain, trimmed with bias folds of the same, and knotted black silk fringe. The mantle has wide simulated sleeves, and a grosgrain bow, with ends, at the back. Bonnet of black spotted net, with trimming of lace and grosgrain ribbon.

No. 7. Foulard walking costume.—The whole of brown and white striped foulard. The skirt is made quite plain, but the body has a *revers* and sleeves to match, trimmed with plaited foulard. English straw hat with brown ribbons and a brown ostrich feather.

No. 8. Costume for a little girl between two and four.—The under-skirt is of white alpaca, with two flounces of the same. Tunic of blue poplin, cut square in the neck and fastened in front with blue buttons. The tunic is trimmed round the neck and arms with a bias fold of poplin, and an edging of embroidered batiste.

No. 9. Walking costume of figured *percale*.—The costume consists of a double skirt and basque of white figured *percale*, with a flounced trimming of the same. The over-skirt is looped up at the sides. Collars and under-sleeves of plaited muslin and lace, and a bow of plain *percale* at the back of the waist. Black English straw hat with a heron's feather and black grosgrain bows.

No. 10. Costume for a little boy of four to six years old.—Blouse and knickerbockers of grey doeskin cloth; the former fastened round the waist with a band of the same. Hook and eye fastening.

No. 11. Afternoon indoor dress of white muslin. The under-skirt has a single flounce of the same material. The over-skirt is also flounced, but not so deep, and is looped up at each side. The body is cut *en robe*, and is trimmed with a plaiting, headed with a plain bias fold of white muslin. Flowing sleeves trimmed with two rows of plaited muslin. A blue grosgrain bow at the waist, and another in the hair.

No. 12. Costume for a little girl of four to six.—Skirt and waist of pink and white figured *touillard*. The body is square-cut, trimmed with a *rauche* of pink glacé, and is worn over a tight sleeved muslin chemisette. The skirt has two flounces, the uppermost headed with a row of *rauching*. Band and sash of pink grosgrain.

Nos. 13 and 15.—Walking Costume for an Elderly Lady. The dress is of mauve grenadine, with satin stripes of the same colour, and is trimmed with three rows of mauve satin, each headed with a satin cord of a darker shade. Mantilla of black grosgrain, heavily trimmed with black lace. Bonnet of black net and black lace, trimmed with ribbons and flowers.

Nos. 14 and 16.—Young Ladies' Walking Costume.—Dress and mantilla of grey *velours*, trimmed with bias folds of *velours* of a darker shade. Yellow English straw-hat, trimmed with blue gauze, corn-flowers and wheat-ears.

No. 17.—*Bonne's* Costume.—Skirt of red and black striped tanné. Black satin bodice without sleeves, and an under-waist, with sleeves, of embroidered white linen. Hood *à la Normande*.

No. 18.—Baby Costume of fine white Scotch lawn. The apron is trimmed with embroidery and lace insertion.

Nos. 19 and 20.—Afternoon Dress. Double skirt and basque of *foulard creu*. The under-skirt is trimmed with three plaited flounces, (in one case headed with a bias fold of *foulard*.) The overskirt of the one is cut at the sides to resemble a looping up, while the other is looped up at each side. Both are trimmed with fringe and bias folds of *foulard*. The basques are trimmed to correspond, and arranged in front to simulate a vest. Parasol of *foulard creu*, with white Persian silk lining and scalloped edging.

THE BELLE OF THE SEASON.

"The Belle of the Season" is the companion portrait to that which appeared last week over the title, "A Beauty of the Last Century." Laid side by side the two form a perfect contrast. Most people will, of course, prefer the Belle of the Present, with her freshness, her graceful bearing and elegant contour, to the strangely costumed Beauty of the Past. Yet the true connoisseur, in the matter of that desirable and very dangerous article, would unhesitatingly give his verdict in favour of the last century belle, notwithstanding the judgment of fairer critics, who are apt to be attracted more by dress and fashion than by sterling, unadorned beauty.

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS IMPERIAL OF PRUSSIA.

When the late Franco-Prussian war broke out we published, (Vol. II., p. 106) among a series of portraits of German celebrities, that of the then Crown Prince Frederick William, and at the same time we took occasion to give the biography of the Prince, such as it was. Now that the war has resulted in heaping new honours on the royal house of Hohenzollern, we once more produce the portrait of the Prince—no longer merely Crown Prince of Prussia, but Prince Imperial, and heir to the Imperial throne of Germany—together with that of his wife, the Princess Victoria, the eldest daughter of our own beloved Queen. It will be needless to recount the deeds of the Prince since his portrait last appeared in these pages, as this would be merely to recapitulate the history of the war from the time the Prince made his *début* at Woerth, until the capitulation of Paris.

THE TWO HEADED GIRL.

The *Lancet* of May 27 gives a full and interesting account of that wonderful phenomenon, the two-headed girl now exhibiting in London. It says:

The Siamese Twins are altogether eclipsed by the extraordinary combination of two persons in one exhibited at Willis's Rooms on Monday last, under the names of Millie and Christine. These young ladies are now nineteen years of age, and were born of coloured parents in the old State of North Carolina in July, 1851. The *Philadelphia Medical and Surgical Reporter* for

April 1st contains an interesting account of them by Dr. R.M. Townsend, from which we learn that the mother was a stout negroess, thirty-two years of age. The children were remarkably sprightly and healthy, perfectly formed, but united at the sacra. In February, 1854, Professor Miller examined them, and reported that "the os coccygis of each is bent backwards, and continuous with that of the other. The lower third of each sacrum is in like manner joined, forming with the attached muscles and integument a firm band, two or three inches in diameter, but so short that each child is pressed against the other. They are thus united back to back, but not exactly parallel; there being a slight inclination to the right side of one, and to the left side of the other. In consequence of this obliquity, they lie more comfortably on one side than the other, and having been from birth constantly laid in this position, their heads are not symmetrical, the bones of the cranium having apparently yielded to the continued pressure in one direction."

In 1855, these children were for a short time in London, and were examined by Sir W. Fergusson, the late Dr. Francis Ramsbotham, and others. We need only add to this description that, above the lumbar vertebra, the bodies are entirely separate and distinct. The mental capacity is good, and in both cases independent. The organs of circulation and respiration are also separate; indeed, the bust and arms of each body are extremely well developed. Both faces have an exceedingly intelligent and pleasing expression, and the general colour of the skin is that of a rich mulatto. Below the first lumbar vertebra fusion commences, and the postero-lateral parts of the sacra are united together, forming a complete double pelvis common to both bodies, and united at an angle of something like forty-five degrees. Each pelvis is provided with a pair of well-shaped legs of equal length. The total circumference of the union is twenty-nine inches. Although the general circulation is separate, it is obvious that there must be a constant interchange of blood, so that when one suffered from ague the other did so likewise. The union appears to extend to the spinal cord, so far as sensation is concerned, for whilst volition is only communicated by each to her special pair of legs, both feel when any one of the four is touched. Indeed, so complete is the union, that when one moves a foot or leg the other feels the action, even when she does not see it. These united bodies are in perfect health. They dance, sing, and converse agreeably with their visitors. They generally use all four legs, but they can walk on two. In that case it is evident that the habit has been acquired, and the action looks more like two persons hopping alternately than a common walk.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The census of London (Eng.) has been published. It shows a population of 3,258,462, or 447,813 more than in 1861.

A despatch from Berlin states that the enormous number of 16,000 French prisoners have died in captivity. The number has been verified by returns made to the English Embassy.

A DAY SACRED TO NEMESIS.—The anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo was fixed upon for the triumphal entry of the Prussian Guards and the representatives of all the branches of the army into Berlin. It was Lord Macaulay, in his brilliant essay on Frederick the Great, who remarked that if the Greek superstition yet maintained its sway, "the 18th June would be regarded as a day sacred to Nemesis." It is the anniversary of the great defeat—Kolin, where the Great Frederick was defeated by the Austrians, and of a crowning triumph—Waterloo.

Prussia is avowedly the country where regular re-vaccination is most generally practised, the law making the precaution obligatory on every person, and the authorities conscientiously watching over its performance. As a natural result, cases of small-pox are very rare. It has, however, been objected, there as here, that lymph is scarce. To make the most of such lymph as there is Government has tried its application mixed with glycerine, and the result has been so successful as to lead to a public recommendation of the mixture to official vaccinating surgeons.

While every trade in Paris has been almost annihilated during the war, that of spurious autographs seems, on the contrary, to have considerably increased, and a regular commerce is being carried on in "original" letters purporting to be in the handwriting of the Emperor Napoleon, or of the Empress Eugénie, or Prince Napoleon. These are distributed all over Germany, and eagerly bought up by collectors to serve as illustrations of French history previous to the war. A large bundle of these letters and documents, which had found their way to Brussels, has been entrusted for examination as to their authenticity to the Abbé Michon, the greatest connoisseur in handwriting now in existence. The abbé, who has but lately left London, was employed, during his stay here, in the comparative study of character and motives from the handwriting of various historical celebrities in the British Museum.

GERMAN TORPEDOES.—During the war the strictest secrecy was observed respecting the torpedoes with which the German coasts were protected, but now further information with respect to them has been laid before the public. Electrical torpedoes, and those exploding by concussion were both employed. The latter were charged with 75 lb. of powder, and sunk to a depth of about 3 ft. below the surface of the water. Those exploded from the shore by means of electricity were loaded with two centners of dynamite, a charge which is equal in force to ten centners of powder. They were sunk at a depth of about 8 ft. The torpedoes which the "Grille" endeavoured to place under the keels of the enemy's vessels were not a new invention, but the old offensive concussion torpedoes, 14 in. in diameter, and 2 ft. in length, which did not prove very effective. Indeed, the war threw but little light on any question connected with these sub-marine defences. At Pillau torpedoes charged with four centners of powder were improvised. A company for laying and exploding these engines of war was formed at Kiel. In sinking and taking them up three accidents occurred, and fourteen lives were lost.—*Globe*.

A Glasgow professional man has just extracted a tooth from a lion, the patient being well lassoed. When the lion was somewhat exhausted by struggles to free himself, the doctor mounted on a tub in front of the cage. A piece of wood was placed in the lion's mouth, and at once the beast made a snap. Then a pitchfork was held up, and, placed in the mouth, kept

it open while the inside was thoroughly washed. Afterwards the doctor, pushing his arms between the bars into the lion's mouth, and running his hand over the teeth, found the loose grinder. A terrible struggle ensued. The lion plunged more vigorously and howled more frightfully than ever, tossing his head from side to side, and at times forcing his hinder as well as his front paws against the bars. But ultimately the doctor triumphed over all difficulties and dangers, and by means of powerful forceps extracted the loose tooth, which was found broken and diseased near the root. When the task had been completed the lion sank down completely exhausted, and while he lay steady and quiet, the doctor cut the flesh over the jaw, and found the bone severely injured, if not broken. It was, however, deemed inexpedient to subject the beast to another operation.

AN INEXTINGUISHABLE LIGHT.—An inextinguishable signal light has been brought out in England. Its peculiarities are that it is self-igniting when placed in water or thrown on the sea. Contact with water being the only means of igniting the lamp, it is inextinguishable when once ignited; neither wind nor storm has any effect upon the flame. The light is of intense brilliancy, and of great duration, and can be seen for a great distance in the open air. Photographs may be taken by it. Experiments were tried on the evening of the 25th of April, at 10 o'clock, in the presence of some scientific gentlemen, to determine its brilliancy as a signal. A lamp was placed in a bucket of water on the top of Primrose Hill, London, and the light was so intense that after the signal had been burning for twenty minutes small newspaper print could be distinctly read at a distance of seventy feet, notwithstanding that the night was thick and foggy. The light will burn for forty minutes. In construction the lamp is exceedingly simple, and so contrived when once burned the whole may be thrown away. The chemical preparation contained in the lamp is a solid, hard substance free from danger; not affected by heat, and so non-explosive, and the signal is comparatively inexpensive. Its applications for marine signals are numerous. In case of shipwreck, a few lamps thrown on the sea would illuminate the entire scene, and enable assistance to be promptly and efficiently rendered. For rocket-line apparatus it is equally valuable, as bursting into a flame or falling into the sea, it would indicate the position of the rocket-line. In connection with life buoys, it would be a mark to the drowning sailor.

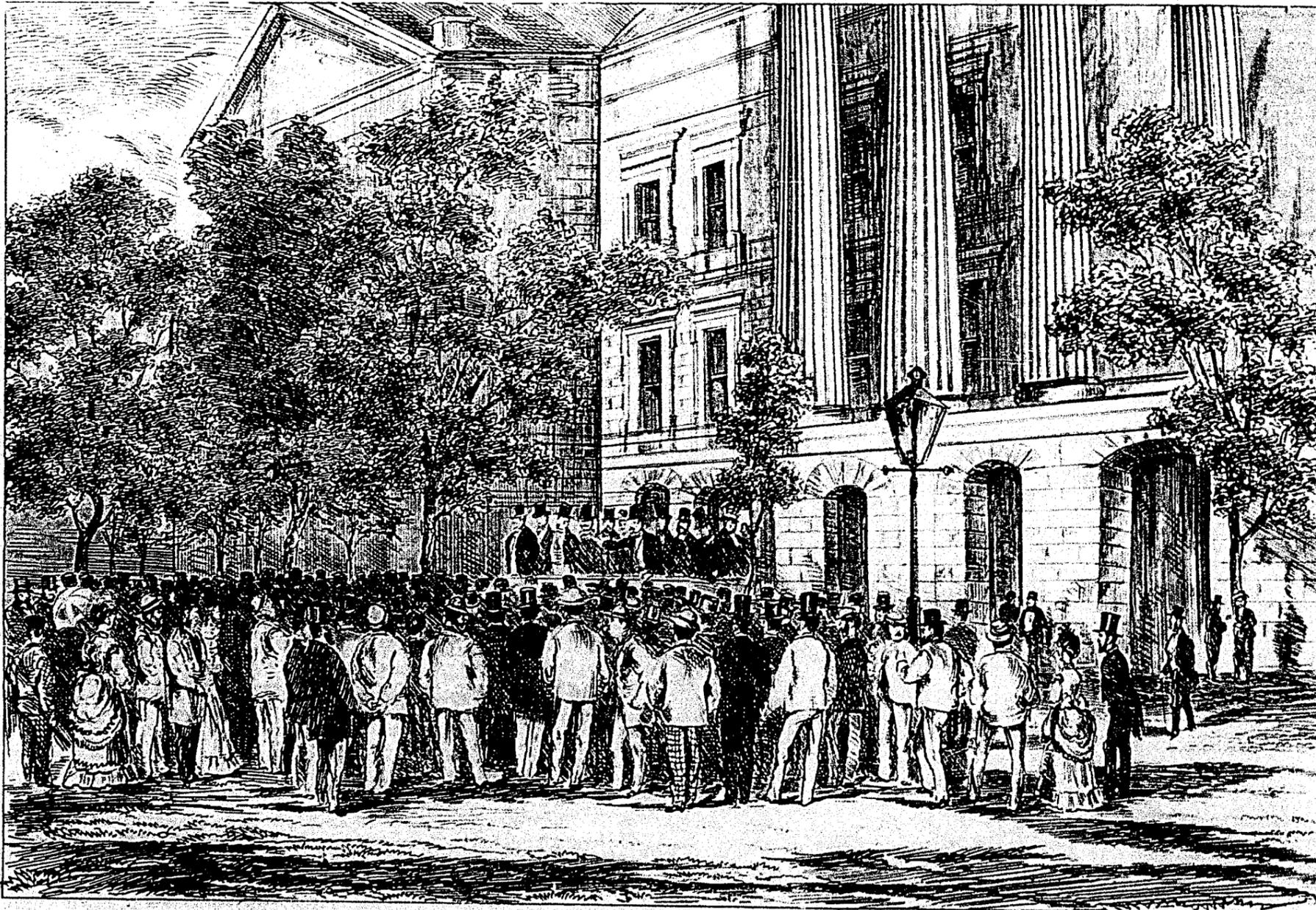
A sculptor, residing at Newport, in England, has called attention to a "natural" curiosity—nothing more nor less than half-a-dozen maggots taken out of a hole as big as the shell of a cob-nut, in a great block of marble, about ten cubical feet in measurement; they were snugly ensconced, without any possible communication with the outer world, were our maggots. Fat and jolly and of a wholesome yellow were these same big maggots, looking as if they had fed on something more nutritious than Scotch granite. No chandler, no provision merchant, no butcher, no skinner ever produced a finer specimen of the veritable grub. But the remarkable part of the story remains to be told. When these dear, yellow, fat maggots were brought to light of day by the ruthless action of the sculptor's saw, the maggots died. They were not accustomed to the open air, and probably caught their death of cold by the exposure. Mr. James has sent them to Mr. Frank Buckland, that Samson of naturalistic fame, who will, we have no doubt, tell us all about it; that is, Mr. Buckland will explain how it comes to pass that these maggots did contrive to live in Aberdeen granite for no one knows how long. Our idea is that an Aberdeen citizen will live almost anywhere and on anything, but we hardly thought that he would get fat inside a block of marble.

The "Ministerial banquets" which take place annually on the occasion of the Queen's Birthday are examples of the noble spirit of self-sacrifice which actuates our public men, and is doubtless one of the many reasons why, within our own shores, we are such a great nation. Some few days before the anniversary comes round the Private Secretary of the Minister consults a list which is generally kept by the head messenger or office-keeper, and which contains the names of the officials whom the Minister is by tradition bound to entertain. The invitations are then issued; a contract for the dinner is entered into, and when the evening arrives, the Minister and his Secretary, dressed in gorgeous attire, welcome a number of middle-aged and elderly gentlemen who with great difficulty have struggled into deputy-lieutenant's or official uniforms made in happier and less portly days, and the entertainment commences. The tightness of the uniforms, the pressure of sword-hilts into the stomachs of those unaccustomed to carry any more deadly weapons than quill or steel pens, interfere sadly with the digestion of the guests, and it must be confessed that the *cuisine* is not invariably faultless. Indeed, some few years ago at the Chancellor of the Exchequer's dinner on the Queen's Birthday the chairman of one of the revenue boards, after tasting the soup, asked the Governor of the Bank of England, who happened to be sitting next to him at the table, "What is this?" "Deferred Stock, I suspect!" replied the Governor of the Bank, evidently thinking that in the preparation of the banquet inefficiency had for once gone hand in hand with economy. Then the absence of ladies does not add to the cheerfulness of the festivity. Their presence at Ministerial banquets would at all events give these entertainments some of that sparkle they so sadly require.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

GARDENING IN A CEMETERY.—A singular instance of how even cemeteries may be turned to good account, and tender reminiscences utilized, is related by one of the Paris papers. A widower, who greatly regretted his wife, had her buried in the cemetery of Mont Parnasse. He put up no monument of marble or stone; only a small garden and a very small inscription marked the spot where his lost partner lay. First some nasturtiums were planted over the grave; the deceased was fond of nasturtiums; these were gathered on Sundays and eaten as salad. This attempt having been successful, bolder measures were adopted, and some little pink radishes grew there as if by chance. The official in charge of the cemetery said nothing until last autumn, when he became aware of the presence of two enormous melons in the little enclosure. This time the police regulations were put in force, and this new form of market-gardening was brought to a close by the bereaved husband being requested to withdraw from the cemetery, which he did, complaining bitterly of the cruelty, and saying that he had so particularly valued the vegetables grown upon the grave, and eaten them with peculiar satisfaction, because he felt they were offered to him by his Zoe.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.



HON. W. H. DRAPER, C.B., CHIEF JUSTICE OF ONTARIO.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN & FRASER—SEE PAGE 2.



THE ELECTIONS.—THE NOMINATIONS IN MONTREAL CENTRE.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 2.



THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS IMPERIAL OF PRUSSIA.—SEE PAGE 3.



INTERIOR VIEW OF SHAW'S AUCTION ROOM, CRAIG STREET, MONTREAL.—SEE PAGE 2.

TEMPERATURE in the shade, and Barometer indications for the week ending Saturday, June 24, 1871, observed by JOHN UNDERHILL, Optician to the Medical Faculty of McGill University, 229 Notre Dame Street.

Table with columns for days (Sun, Mon, Tue, Wed, Thu, Fri, Sat) and times (9 A.M., 1 P.M., 6 P.M., Max, Min, Mean). Includes barometer readings (Aneroid Barometer compensated and corrected).

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, JULY 1, 1871.

- SUNDAY, July 2.—Fourth Sunday after Trinity. Visitation of the B. V. M. Archbishop Cranmer born, 1489. Sir Robert Peel died, 1850. Great fire at St. John's, Nfld., 1854.
MONDAY, " 3.—Quebec founded by Champlain, 1608. Battle of Sadowa, 1866.
TUESDAY, " 4.—Translation of St. Martin. American Independence, 1776. Offer of the Spanish Crown to Prince Leopold of Hohenollern announced, 1870.
WEDNESDAY, " 5.—Mrs. Siddons born, 1755. Battle of Chippewa, 1814.
THURSDAY, " 6.—Sir Thomas Moore beheaded, 1835.
FRIDAY, " 7.—Translation of Thomas à Becket. John Huss burned, 1415. Colonel Simcoe, Lieut.-Governor, 1792. Sheridan died, 1816. Prince Arthur left Quebec for England, 1870.
SATURDAY, " 8.—Battle of Pultowa, 1709. Great fire in Montreal, 1,200 houses burnt, 1852. Sir E. Parry died, 1855. M. Benedetti arrived at E. s to obtain a reply to the demands of France, 1870.

TO BOOKSELLERS AND NEWS AGENTS.

NOTICE HAVING APPEARED in the Newspapers relative to

"A Terrible Temptation."

By Mr. CHARLES READE.

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

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

GEORGE E. DESBARATS, Proprietor "Herald."

Montreal, June 16th, 1871.

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JULY 1, 1871.

This day is calculated to suggest its own reflections to the mind of every Canadian. We cannot forget that, three days hence, i.e., on the fourth of July, our neighbours across the line will hold their grand national jubilee, or that it is imposed upon us to commemorate the formation of the Canadian Confederation to-day. Dominion Day ought never to be forgotten by Canadians. Four years ago to-day, by the simple effect of Her Majesty's proclamation, local self-government was conferred upon Upper and Lower Canada, and confirmed to New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, and the four Provinces were brought together under one administration for all matters of general interest.

He must, in the face of these facts, be a spiritless Canadian who is not touched with a glow of enthusiasm on the national day. Mere "fourth of July" orations are apt to dwindle into twaddle, and many respectable and patriotic Americans refuse to take part in the celebration, because of the degradation on such occasions of the popular gatherings to party political purposes; but in Canada we run no such risk. The people are happily free from that extreme political feeling that would impel them to take advantage of a common assemblage for a partizan purpose, and as Confederation has been accepted by all parties—even by those who opposed it in its early stages—there is no reason why all cannot join heartily in commemoration of an event so likely to be important in results, and which may yet lead to the formation of an independent nationality equal, if not superior, to that of the greatest now existing.

Canada has already been recognised by the Imperial authorities as a very important integral portion of the Empire. Two of her citizens were invited to sit on one of the most important Commissions ever instituted for the settlement of international affairs. And though only one

of them could accept the duty, the recognition to this country was no less ample, and we are satisfied its rights were no less duly protected. In days to come the balance of power in the family of nations must very sensibly change. Europe, within the last decade, has shewn many alterations justifiable only on the ground of very questionable political exigency, or on the still more indefensible plea of might making right. To the far south of us, on this continent, the petty governments of the several independent States are either in perpetual war or vainly struggling against internal rebellion; and our near neighbours have a legacy of sectional hatred which may, perhaps, some day burst into a new flame of war. They lack the Conservative element begotten of kingly government, and they oscillate between anarchy and despotism. With a wide territory and many social and commercial questions to engage their attention, it is possible their political hatreds and State's rights quarrels may be forgotten; but one can hardly venture to prophecy permanence for the existing institutions of the United States without exposing his judgment to the risk of being mocked by future events.

While we can hold on in Canada as we are, there is neither danger from the European nor the American disorders which afflict national existence. From external invasion we are well guarded by the protecting arm of the Empire, supplemented by the sturdy gallantry of our own people. From internal disorders we are protected, because the people enjoy, in each Province, local institutions suited to their tastes, and they are sufficiently educated to know how to gain their aims in a constitutional manner. The mob is not all powerful with us, nor is the monarch ruler in defiance of the people's will. In the moderate constitutional via media in which our system of Government has been framed we have the best guarantee for the permanence of our institutions and the peace of the country. These advantages, already so well recognised by Canadians, are attracting attention in other quarters, and, when supplemented by the inducements that the construction of great public works holds out to labour, will not fail to assist in materially promoting the settlement of the country. Dominion Day is one on which Canadians may well be permitted to look back on the history of their country with pride; but it is more especially one on which they can afford to look forward to the future with confidence and high hopes of coming greatness for their own land.

LITERARY NOTICES.

CANADIAN MAGAZINE: Toronto, Irving, Flint & Co.—It is with great pleasure we acknowledge the receipt of the first number of this new enterprise in the Canadian field of magazine literature. A periodical of this kind fills a gap in the literature of the country, and we are pleased to see that the publishers have not only undertaken to supply the former want, but promise to supply it in such a manner as to leave nothing more to be desired. We believe that Canada possesses sufficient native talent to carry on a work of this kind, and, further, sufficient native appreciation to support it, and we therefore, hopefully offer to the publishers of the "Canadian Magazine" our best wishes for the success of their venture. The first number of this new candidate for popular favour contains a Prefatory Address, and an Address on Literature, both by the Editor, Mr. Robert Ridgeway; An Incident of the American War, by Counsel Weghrig; The Harmony of Love; the first instalment of a serial story by Miss Mulock, entitled "Hannah," the Canadian copyright of which has been purchased by the publishers; A July Song; Pictures of the Lake; Travelling on the Rhine, translated from Victor Hugo; and an Historical novel entitled "Royalists and Loyalists."

MONTREAL IN 1830. Republished by A. Bourne, Chromo-Lithographed by Leggo & Co., Montreal, 1871.

Mr. Bourne, who is one of the oldest engravers in Canada, has done a signal service by bringing these sketches out. They are five in number, one representing the whole city, the others the most prominent parts in it, as they appeared in 1830, or forty-one years ago. We can hardly imagine a Montrealer that would wish to be without these views. To many they will recall old and familiar scenes; to others, and possibly a still larger number, they will represent a by-gone state of affairs not the less interesting, because it is likely never again to be imitated. The views embrace: Montreal from St. Helen's Island; Notre Dame Street at Jacques Cartier Square; the Champ de Mars; the Harbour; and a scene on St. James street. These, it must be remembered, all represent the city as it appeared in 1830, and as such, apart from their artistic merit, which is considerable, they have an historical value that only the taste of each individual can estimate according to his interest in the progress of the city. Doubtless Mr. Bourne will be largely patronised not only by Montrealers, but by others who take an interest in the city. The pictures, originally engraved by Messrs. Leney & Bourne from drawings by R. A. Sproule, made in 1830, have been artistically chromo-lithographed by Leggo & Co.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY PIC-NIC.—We understand that this Society intends celebrating Dominion Day by a pic-nic on the grounds of Mr. Howley, at the head of St. Antoine Street, formerly the property of the Hon. Chas. Wilson.

CALEDONIAN GATHERING AND GAMES.—We would call the attention of our readers—and especially of those who intend to enjoy their holiday on Saturday—to the advertisement in the Caledonian Gathering and Games, to be held on that day in the Decker Park. It is our intention to be very fully represented on the grounds, with a view to producing, in a future number, sketches of the proceedings.

ENTERTAINMENTS.—The pupils of St. Mary's College gave two of their dramatic entertainments recently. The first of these, held on the evening of the 23rd ult., was a representation of the French historical drama "Les Enfants d'Edouard," by Casimir de Lavigne. The other was held last Tuesday evening, when an English drama, "Panicum," from Cardinal Wiseman's "Fabiola," was placed on the boards. On both occasions the arrangements were perfect, while both the acting and the music reflected the greatest credit on teachers and pupils. It is to be regretted that these entertainments, to which it would be impossible for the most bigoted hater of the drama to find an objection, are not of more frequent occurrence.

THEATRE ROYAL.—Mr. Dominick Murray closed his engagement last Monday night, playing in two of his best pieces—"The Flanagan and the Flanagan," and "Mickey Free." Too much cannot be said of this gentleman's acting; he is without exaggeration the best character actor and Irish comedian that ever appeared on the Montreal boards, and it was with much regret that the patrons of the Theatre parted with him. Under the able management of Messrs. De Bar and Although it is a pleasure for first-class actors to pay us a visit, for they are always sure to find in Misses Quinton and Naugh, and Messrs. Norton, Davis, and Quinlan—in fact the company entire—a very good support. Little Nell, named the Californian Diamond, has been playing since Tuesday, and the crowded houses that have greeted her prove to the management that Montrealers can appreciate good acting. She will be followed by Lotta, one of the Chapman sisters, Bishop, &c., it being the determination of the management to keep up the reputation they have already achieved.

NEW EXPEDITIONS TO THE ARCTIC REGIONS.

(From the Scientific American.)

A Swedish North Pole expedition, under the direction of Professor Nordenskiöld, has sailed from Stockholm. It consists of the ships "Geogard," Captain J. W. von Otter, and "Gladan," Captain P. M. von Krusenstjerna.

The U. S. expedition, authorized by Congress, under the auspices of Captain Hall, of Arctic fame, is nearly ready for a start and will shortly sail from New York. The vessel selected is the "Polaris," and in the "Patriot," of Washington, where the ship was fitted out, we find the following particulars:—

The steamer is about 400 tons measurement, considerably larger than the "Advance," in which Dr. Kane undertook his famous voyage, and about the same size as the "Germania," which left Bremen two years ago on an expedition to the Arctic Seas. She has been planked all over her sides with six inches of solid white oak timbers, and has throughout been nearly doubled in strength; her bows being almost a solid mass of timber, sheathed with iron, and terminating in a sharp iron prow with which to cut through the ice. Her engine, which was built some years ago at Messrs. Neale & Levy's works, in Philadelphia, is exceedingly powerful and compact, taking up but comparatively little space, and being peculiarly adapted for hard and severe work; and the propeller is arranged in such a manner that it can be unshipped and lifted up on deck, through a shaft or "propeller well" in the stern, which is a great advantage when the vessel is under sail or surrounded by floating ice that might easily damage the blades. And, even in the worst case, a supply of extra blades has been provided, so that if one should by accident be broken, it can always be replaced. There is also an extra rudder on board, and several suits of sails and sets of spars of all dimensions. Of the two boilers, one is applied with an apparatus to use whale oil for the generation of steam, as this will, in all probability, have to be relied upon when other fuel gives out, not only to furnish the propelling power, but also to heat up the vessel throughout by steam, which will, of course, be necessary as soon as the cold and wintry regions have been reached.

Steam will merely be used as an auxiliary, as the "Polaris" is rigged as a foretop-sail schooner, and is fully able to sail and steer under canvas only. A novel and interesting feature in her construction is a new sort of life preserving buoy, which is placed on the outside of the vessel, in the stern, and can be lowered into the water, by touching a spring which is placed near the pilot-house. By touching another spring an electric light, which is fixed upon the buoy about two feet above water, is ignited by completing the circuit of an electric current from a galvanic battery on board; and no matter how dark the night, or how obscure the arctic winter, the buoy can always be distinctly seen, and the man who has fallen overboard will know in what direction to swim for hope and help. Another excellent and peculiar part of her outfit is a canvas boat, the invention of Mr. John Hegeman, of Saratoga county, N. Y., by whom it has been patented, and from which Captain Hall expects great results. As yet but one of these boats has been received, but another and smaller one will be added before the vessel leaves New York. The boat that we saw is twenty feet long, four feet wide and two deep, has a carrying capacity of four tons, weighs only 250 pounds, and can carry with perfect ease and safety twenty men. It consists of an interior frame, built of hickory and ash woods, over which is stretched a canvas cover that has been previously soaked in a

preparation to render it perfectly waterproof; and the whole boat can be taken apart and folded together in a space less than one-eighth of its original size, in about three minutes, and by the assistance of a couple of men only. When folded up it is perfectly flat, and can be transported on a sledge across the ice without the least difficulty. When open water is reached the order of things is exactly reversed—the boat is unpacked and spread out, and the sledge and its contents taken on board, dog team and all.

As to those who are going to be the principals in this adventurous and dangerous expedition, they are, all told, twenty-nine men. There is not a man among them whose qualities and character have not been well tested, from the captain down to the cook. The leader and commander-in-chief is of course Captain Hall; next in the command comes Capt. S. O. Buddington, of New London, an old whaling master of thirty years' experience, twenty-one of which were spent in the Davis Strait and Baffin's Bay. He is an old and trusted friend of Capt. Hall, who has implicit faith in his long experience and acknowledged ability. The second officer is Mr. H. C. Chester, also a whaling man, of twelve years' experience among the ice; and the third officer is Mr. Wm. Morton, who was Dr. Kane's trusted friend and companion, and is the only living mortal to whom it was ever permitted to look upon the open Polar Sea. He had the sad privilege to accompany Dr. Kane to Havana, and to bring his remains from there to Philadelphia for interment. Mr. Emil Schumann occupies the post of first engineer, and the scientific corps will consist of three gentlemen, one of whom, Dr. Emil Bissells, of Heidelberg, Germany, will attend the expedition as a surgeon naturalist. A student from the observatory at Ann Arbor, Mich., will probably be the astronomer; and an officer of the Signal Service Department will be aboard in the capacity of meteorologist. Beside these, there will be a blacksmith, carpenter, steward, and fourteen sailors, besides the Esquimaux interpreter, Joe, and his wife, Hannah. This latter interesting couple, with their little daughter, are genuine specimens of the Esquimaux, but having been in constant company with Captain Hall for eight years past, they speak very good English, and have acquired civilized manners. Joe is a famous hunter and "scaler," and his little wife is quite an accomplished woman in a "small" way, with considerable talent for languages and for music. Their little daughter, who will accompany them, is five years old, and has been for some time at school in Connecticut, where her parents have been lately residing, the guests of Capt. Buddington. They will join the ship at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, and a nice cosy little cabin has been fitted up for the exclusive use of them and their child. They are glad to visit once more their native fields of snow and ice; and it is not at all certain that they will again return with the expedition.

Although Capt. Hall expects to accomplish his purpose of penetrating into the great Polar Basin, if such an one really exists, and visiting the North Pole, in less than three years, the "Polaris" has been provisioned for four years, which can be extended to six with a little economy and judicious distribution of rations. The great staple of provisions is the so-called "pemmican," which is composed of three parts of selected dried meat to one part of the best suet, mixed with some other ingredients. The food is both nourishing and wholesome, and there is no danger of scurvy through the absence of salt—that pestilence of Arctic travellers—to be feared from its use. It is packed in 45 lb. tin cans, hermetically sealed, and of this there is no less than 10,000 pounds stowed away in the hold, the manufacture of which consumed and condensed 23,000 pounds of ordinary beef and 5,000 pounds of suet. Besides this, there is any quantity of dried and desiccated vegetables, such as potatoes, tomatoes, onions, etc., and a large stock of flour, biscuits, sugar, coffee, tea, condensed milk, canned fruits, and all other necessaries for a protracted voyage. Capt. Hall, however, expects to be able to economize these provisions to a very considerable extent by substituting in their place the meat of the reindeer, musk ox, walrus, and other game of the regions he is about to explore. Everything has been done to make the quarters of both crew and officers as comfortable as the rather limited space would permit; and the between decks and cabins are perfect models of cleanliness. The state rooms, for the officers and scientist, are plain, but gotten up in good and convenient style, and the cabin aft is a perfect drawing-room in miniature. Handsome chromos decorate the walls, and a fine cabinet organ, a present to Capt. Hall from the Smith American Organ Manufacturing Company of Boston, promises cheer during the long Arctic night. A handsome carpet covers the floor, and there is an air of calm comfort about this little room.

THE LAST SIX MONTHS OF CHEMISTRY.

(From the Scientific American.)

In turning over the leaves of our last volume, to see what has been done in the line of chemistry, we do not come across the record of any startling discoveries, but we find a very satisfactory condition of things in the various laboratories of the world, and there is abundant proof of unusual industry among scientific men. It is pleasant to see that the ranks of scientific labourers have not been so largely thinned by death as they were a year ago. Very few men of distinction have been summoned away during the last six months, and the biographical sketches of these few have found suitable place in our columns. Conspicuous among those who have closed their labours may be mentioned Professor Wetherill, William von Haidinger, and Professor Stuedeler.

The efforts of chemists have been chiefly directed towards increasing our knowledge of the properties of substances previously discovered. This is in accordance with the humanitarian spirit of the age. The tendency now always is to make practical use of everything—in other words, to turn it to good account—and in this pursuit the chemists have been unusually successful since the commencement of the year. We can not occupy the time of our readers with a repetition of the accounts already given of the leading investigations, but it may be worth while to recall to mind a few improvements that have been made, in order to encourage original workers to make renewed exertions to round up and complete certain desired inventions.

A cheap method of making hydrogen was suggested by Du Motay, the same chemist who has enriched our knowledge of the manufacture of oxygen, which consists in heating slaked lime with some carbonaceous material. It looks like a cheap and easy way of procuring a gas that would have extensive application in the arts, if it were available in unlim-

ited quantity. When we have hydrogen in abundance, we can easily carburet it, and it would be a singular thing indeed if some day our illuminating gas were to be made out of water combined with slaked lime, and the distillation of coal were to be confined to the production of tar derivatives and aniline colours.

Our knowledge of hydrate of chloral has been much extended. A good deal of contradictory testimony exists in reference to it, and we are now going through the doubtful stage, in which the sceptical refuse to believe, and the credulous are much disturbed in mind. We have taken pains to give both sides a fair hearing, and the summing up of the evidence leads us to think that as a hypnotic the hydrate of chloral is one of our most useful remedies; but it ought never to be applied without the knowledge and consent of the best medical authority. The employment of chloral as a reducing agent, in many chemical processes, is novel, and bids fair to become a very important one. The incidental products growing out of its manufacture on a large scale have also found a use in the dye vat, so that our knowledge of this subject has decidedly increased during the past six months.

The increasing demand for albumen has occasioned more than the usual activity in the search for new sources of supply. While merchantmen look to far off islands, frequented by wild birds, the chemist examines home products, and finds in the blood a supply of albumen, that ought to be better economized and more largely used than it has hitherto been. Blood albumen is becoming a large article of manufacture, and some specimens we have seen are but little inferior to the best product of the egg. The sugar refiner, the photographer, the calico and aniline printer, consume large quantities, hence the attention bestowed upon this branch of industrial chemistry.

Beet sugar and grape sugar, two industries of the first importance, have received extraordinary attention of late, and they are likely to develop into sources of wealth to those who enter upon them with adequate knowledge and proper caution. In a country where corn is grown in such enormous quantity as on the prairies of the West, grape sugar made from starch ought to become an article of export. Its uses in the arts have increased wonderfully, and the demand for it is likely to advance just in proportion as a popular knowledge of its value is further disseminated. Beet sugar is undergoing experimental examination, as we have shown, and bids fair to assume importance in this country as well as in Europe.

The artificial production of cold by chemical means has been considerably studied, and we have published all that has been made known on the subject. The most successful agent thus far appears to be ammonia; and it is peculiarly fortunate that this chemical product can now be obtained very cheaply and in large quantities. Ammonia, as a motive power and as a refrigerating agent, can justly claim the attention of all experts. It is only a few years since the first organic compound was made by artificial means. The announcement of the discovery was everywhere greeted with profound attention, as the thought was near that at some future time we should be able by synthesis to make such rare and valuable medicines as quinine, morphine, codeine, and narcotine. Within a few months we have been able to give an account of the artificial production of coniine, one of the alkaloids, and this discovery offers encouragement that we are making progress towards the grand result indicated above.

The use of chlorine gas in metallurgical operations, although suggested some years since, has recently been brought more prominently before the public in connection with the toughening and refining of gold. As the production of chlorine gas can now be economically accomplished on a large scale, more particularly by Deacon's process, the attention of chemists is more than ever directed towards it, and there appears to be little doubt that it will obtain extensive use in the separation of many metals. The rare elements, silicon and aluminum, are more readily obtained from chlorine compounds than in any other way, and it is probable that gold will hereafter be refined by the use of this gas.

The applications of glycerine have gone on increasing, and especially for nitro-glycerine and dynamite we note for it an unusual demand. The chemical nature of glycerine, its boiling point, its solvent properties, and the temperature of its distillation, have been made the special subjects of inquiry during the present year, and much progress has been made.

Another chemical product, called carbolic acid, has been subjected to numerous experiments until it has become an important article of commerce.

From this hasty summary, it will be apparent that chemists have not been idle, but have contributed a fair share to our general stock of useful knowledge.

MANUFACTURE OF SPRING KNIVES

Few people, says the *Mechanics' Magazine*, have any idea through what a number of hands their pocket knives have passed in the process of manufacture. A bar of steel destined to furnish a number of blades is heated to redness. A length is cut off, and the forger speedily "moods" this, that is, shapes it roughly into the form of a pocket knife blade. Another heating is then required to fit the end for being fashioned into the tang, and yet another before it can undergo the further operation of "smithing," the last stage of which is the stamping of the mark of the thumb nail to facilitate opening. The tang is then ground, and the blade marked with the name of the firm. The slight bulge on the reverse side caused by this operation is removed by fire or the grindstone. The blade is then hardened by heating it to redness and then plunging it into water up to the tang. The tempering process follows next, the bluish-yellow tint being considered as indicating that the proper degree of heat at which to immerse the blade once more in cold water has been attained. After this the various kinds of blades are classified in the warehouse, and undergo sundry grinding operations to fit them for being hafted. Twelve distinct processes have by this time been gone through, and many more are necessary before the knife is completely finished, although the number of hands which it has now to pass through depends in a great measure on the finish to be given to the handle, according to the quality of the blades with which it is fitted, and the price which the completed article is intended to realize.

An eminent physician declares that spiritualism is a disease, and can be cured by tincture of iron and strychnine.

The Pope completed the 25th year of his pontificate on the 16th ult., the anniversary of his election, or on the 21st, the anniversary of his enthronement. The latter date was generally celebrated in the Catholic churches. His Holiness, who completed his 80th year on the 13th May, states that his official age takes two years off, from a mistake made in copying his baptismal register, when he was consecrated bishop.

The other day, says the *Kingston News*, the steamer "Europe" passed this port from Chicago. She had on board a large number of chests of tea for Liverpool, fifty days from Hong Kong via San Francisco and the Pacific Railway to Chicago. The cargo will arrive in Montreal in two days, and will thence at once be shipped for England on board one of the Allan line of steamers, and will probably reach Liverpool in time to have completed the entire distance from China to England in two months. This is the beginning of an important future for the St. Lawrence.

ROYALTY VS. REPUBLICAN.—The Rochester *Democrat* gets off the following hard hit at a certain class of American "society." The Marquis of Lorne married the Princess Louise only the other day, and the telegraph informs us that the pair have already reached home from their honey-moon trip. What kind of a royal wedding is this? The Princess Amelia—whose other name was Tweed—was united to the object of her heart a few nights since, at a cost of \$700,000; and it is not at all likely that she will return from her tour under six months. This is the difference between American and European royalty. We invite a comparison, perfectly satisfied as to the result. The Guelphs are very respectable, judging them by their past, but the glorious present and all independent progress embrace the Tweeds and the Maginnises. We remark boldly, let perfidious Albion put this in her pipe and smoke it.

Appropos of the mistake made by a contemporary in reporting Sir Wilfrid Lawson's speech, thereby debiting him with anathematizing the Irish, instead of saying "Glasgow" Irish, Lord Brougham was fond of telling a similar story. A bishop, at one of his country visitations, complained that the church was badly kept, and in bad repair, pointing out that the rain evidently came through the roof, and adding, with some warmth, an expression which he was horrified at finding in the local paper next day reported thus:—"I shall not visit this d——d old church again till it is in better order." The bishop's secretary thereupon wrote mildly suggesting that what his lordship said was, that he would not visit "this damp old church again." But the editor, in a foot-note, said that while gladly giving publicity to the explanation, he had every confidence in the accuracy of his reporter.

The arms of Sir John Herschel deserve a notice at the present moment. The first astronomer of the name, Sir William, was a German oboe player in the king's private band. He received encouragement from his royal master in the prosecution of the astronomical studies to which he had devoted his leisure, and eventually discovered the uttermost planet but one yet known in the solar system. He named it after his patron "Georgium Sidus," and was knighted and a coat of arms granted to him, which not only celebrated his discovery but also embalmed on the shield the instrument with which it was made. These arms were granted as an honour to the astronomer, and a disgrace to the so-called science of heraldry, which is worthy of better things:—"Argent on a mount vert, a forty-feet reflecting telescope with its apparatus, proper, on a chief, azure, the astronomical symbol of *Georgium Sidus* irradiated, or; erect, a demi-terrestrial globe, on which an eagle is standing with his wings elevated, or; motto, *Cælis exploratis*."

PROLONGED VIGILS.—Leibnitz sometimes passed three consecutive days and nights in the same chair, resolving a problem that interested him; an excellent custom, as Fontenelle observes, to accomplish a labour, but a very unhealthy one. The Abbé de la Caille, a famous astronomer, had a fork invented in which he adjusted his head, and in this position passed the night in astronomical observations, without knowing any other enemies than sleep and the clouds, without suspecting that there could be any more delightful way of employing these silent hours which revealed to him the harmony of the universe. Thus he contracted an inflammation of the lungs which carried him off in a short time. Girsdet did not like to labour during the day. Seized in the middle of the night by a fever of inspiration, he arose, lit the chandelier suspended in his studio, placed upon his head an enormous hat covered with candles, and in this strange costume he painted for hours. No one ever had a feebler constitution, or a more disordered state of health than Girsdet.

PREACHING TO A FLOCK OF SHEEP.—"Not one hundred miles from Dubbo," writes the correspondent of the *Sydney Empire*, "on an excellent sheep station, there is an intelligent, pious old man, who rounds up his sheep in the bush every Sunday, opens his Bible, and after giving out a text preaches a sermon to his sheep, which sometimes occupies half-an-hour in delivery. I am credibly informed that his flock of sheep has become so accustomed to be preached to once a week that on Sunday they seldom attempt to travel farther than the preaching-ground until their pastor has sermonised them. He usually gets on the familiar stump which serves as a pulpit, and if the preacher were not in earnest the apparently attentive looks bestowed upon him by some of the old ewes would often relax his stern features from sadness to extreme mirth. All the sheep face him, the dog lying by his side. With the Bible in one hand the preacher hammers away with the other, his stentorian voice being heard a mile off. Though his gesticulations are sometimes violent, yet the sheep look, and forbear to nibble the most cutting blade of grass until the benediction has been pronounced; after which they turn right about face, and disperse themselves over the plain or in the salt bush scrub. Meanwhile the old shepherd partakes of his primitive breakfast, and then pursues his monotonous vocation by following them."

Some one ambitious of doing a new thing has produced a wedding card with the lady's maiden name ruled through, above her marriage name. We presume this is to signify that she has come under rule.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

S.—Sketch received. Not of sufficient general interest to warrant our producing it.



Nos. 5 and 6. Promenade Toilette for elderly Ladies.

No. 7. Foulard Walking Costume.

No. 8. Costume for a little girl between 2 and 4.

Nos. 1 and 2. Walking Costume of Piqué.

No. 9. Walking Costume of Percale.

No. 10. Boy's suit, four to six.

No. 3. House Dress of Linen

No. 4. Costume for a little girl two years old.

No. 11. Afternoon Dress of Muslin.

No. 12. Costume



Nos. 14 and 16. Young Ladies' Walking Costumes.

Nos. 19 and 20. Afternoon Toilette of Foulard Ecrú.

No. 17. Bonne's Dress.

No. 18. Baby Costumes.

for a little girl of four to six. Nos. 12 and 13. Walking Costume for an elderly Lady.

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

STUDENT LIFE AT HEIDELBERG.

It was towards the close of the summer term of 1862, that the student world of this celebrated university town was pleasantly excited by the unexpected intelligence of an eccentric old bachelor having left them a rich legacy. The will expressly stated that the money was first to be applied in liquidation of the debts in connection with the Prussian corps, of which the donor had once been a member, and the remainder devoted to purposes of amusement.

It was the year for celebrating the *Stiftungs Commers*, a festival commemorating the founding of their corps—usually held every three or five years—and this opportune gift enabled them to make preparations on a scale of unusual magnificence. The following announcement was hailed with every evidence of satisfaction.

"HEIDELBERG am Dienstag den 5 August, werden abends bei Gelegenheit des Stiftungs-festes des Corps Saxo-Borussia, die Schloss-raume bengalisch beleuchtet werden."

"At Heidelberg, on Tuesday, August 5, the students of the Saxo-Borussian corps will celebrate their Stiftungs festival by illuminating the castle with Bengal fire."

Of all the Rhineland castles, none are better adapted for the purposes of such a display than this far-famed Schloss, which still retains evidences of wonderful architectural beauty, although, in the tide of war which swept through Germany, every worst fate had overtaken it: but sacking, pillaging, burning, and finally its destruction by lightning in 1718—since which time it has never been rebuilt or tenanted—have still left to this ancient stately residence of the Electors Palatine enough of preservation to give the visitor a concise idea of its primal splendours. As it proudly crowns the hill overlooking the town, the slender weather-stained towers, heightened in effect by the sweeping forest line of brown and olive green that forms a background, one feels that through all Rhenish Germany a more romantic picture than this royal ruin could not be found, for the yawning apertures which left unheeded, have slowly levelled with the ground the grandest seigniorial châteaux of that vine-clad land, are here but partially visible. From the town it is reached by a carriage-road skirting the suburbs, and leading to the court-yard entrance in the rear, and also by a broad pathway that winds up the hill-side in front beneath an arched avenue of trees, where, at intervals, benches are placed in such close proximity to the pretty, tempting fruit stalls, that the weary loiterer is easily beguiled into eating unlimited bunches of their delicious grapes—an amount, to English ideas, altogether out of proportion to the insignificant number of little kreutzers tendered in return. Following steadily up their toilsome, but well-worn track, through a narrow vine-covered court, with numerous turnings to the right and left, the visitor eventually emerges on a broad terrace stretching along the entire front façade of the castle. Leaning over the stone parapet, and looking down in that fair scene far below, one ceases to be astonished at the pleasure-seeking portion—and they seemed to be the majority—of the townfolk for preferring this elevated plateau for their summer evening lounge. And picturesque enough they make it on such occasions, for the place is fairly alive with them as they crowd along in their bright-coloured costumes; student's conspicuous in their corps colours; rosy-cheeked German girls looking all the enjoyment they were getting; languid English ladies; officers in bright uniforms; laughing squads of merry-hearted peasants; children and foreigners of every hue and clime. They mingle and stream up and down the broad terrace, all good-natured and happy in their own way, while above the pleasant hum of their voices floats the strains of a German band concealed in a distant part of the ruin. Standing alone and far above every other building it looks grandly and serenely down in the far stretching valley lying at its base, where the silver reaches of the Neckar gleam under those antique looking bridges for a moment and then slip silently away over the plain between sloping vineyards, and beside dreamy little dories with red-tiled roofs and brown bellies, until the purple distance enfolds it.

In addition to the Founder's Festival, which is the great event of the year, the students, who average 800 in number, keep four minor Commers. The *Antritt*, or entrance, is their first assembling after the spring and autumn holidays; and the *Abchied*, or Farewell, at the closing of each term. On such occasions a *Fackelzug*, or torch-light procession, through the town and the evening spent carousing at their *Kneipe*, is the usual programme. At some of their ceremonies the corps unite in full force to the number of several hundreds, dressed in costumes of the last century. Accompanied by military bands, and waving aloft torches and banners, they march through the town with the Red Fisherman at their head.

This individual is of the greatest importance among them, being the *Stiefel-fuchs* (servant) of each corps, and, as such, wearing a cap composed of their different colours—green, Westphalian; white, Prussian; blue, Rhenanian, and so on through the whole. The principal management of their duels, besides every description of merry-making devolves on this important personage, who is as indispensable as the main actors themselves. The first who bore the title was the son of a fisherman with red hair. His death was deeply lamented by the students, but they immediately selected a member of the same family, also remarkable for vigor and strength, to fill the position. The name and style of his predecessor was enjoined upon him, and since then each successor has borne the title of "Red Fisherman." The first time the present writer was favoured with a glimpse of this Heidelberg celebrity, was under somewhat peculiar circumstances. The students have an amusement called *Kneipe*, which consists in profuse beer-drinking, singing, and loud merry-making generally. The *Gast Haus zum Reisenstein* was the favourite resort of the Prussian corps for this purpose. On fine summer evenings, however, they frequently held their *Kneipe* on the hill above, which is beautifully wooded and commands a lovely and extensive view of mountain and valley as far as Mannheim, with glimpses of the Rhine winding through the plain, and in the extreme distance the forest of the Odenwald. We were invited on one of these occasions to join a party who had determined to be unseen witnesses of this summer *Kneipe*. After passing a garden in the Anlager and mounting many flights of steps, leading from terrace to terrace, we came to a steep narrow path winding through the wood, and at last found ourselves in a small open spot about two hundred yards from the students' encampment, and separated only from it by a wooden railing and some tall trees. We could have fancied the scene before us a representation in the Mannheim opera, from some forest robber piece. About fifty or sixty students were assembled, some seated at long deal tables, drinking beer, others standing around in groups or lying in the grass. A lurid glare from numberless torches lit the scene. At a short distance was stationed a band. Most of the students wore their embroidered *Kneipe* dresses, others were in their shirt sleeves, but whatever the costume there was no mistaking their thorough enjoyment of the performance. Sky rockets and Roman candles, interspersed with red and green Bengal fire from time to time, lit up the crowd of faces with a vivid brilliancy. At intervals, when the band struck up some popular student ballad, the entire company swelled the chorus. Many of the airs were plaintive, some monotonous, but whatever their characteristic the effect in the still night was pleasant. In the intervals between the music there was a constant clinking of glasses, while healths were being drunk—one student challenging another to drink the contents of the horn—three schoppen—off at once, which he did amid loud applause, turning the horn upside down as a proof of none remaining. The Red Fisherman, with open shirt front and rolled-up sleeves, was meanwhile trimming torches and keeping in order the dogs who shared in the general excitement. As all the corps were represented the fisherman's duties were correspondingly arduous. As the bells in the church towers were ringing out eleven we were making the best of our way down to the town, the distant sounds of revelry accompanying us for some time. By midnight the hill was once more silent and in gloom. Many curious customs attending these ceremonies have of late years fallen into disuse. A singular usage formerly prevailed previous to the Farewell Commers. On these occasions a few students from each corps went about the town with peacock's feathers in their caps, soliciting donations from the inhabitants to aid them in celebrating their festivals with greater display. In the year 1862, to which I have already alluded, the scene was one of universal magnificence. The Commers, which usually lasts two or three days, began on Monday, the procession—a magnificent one too—starting from the Reisenstein. All the students wore new cloth costumes in the style of the eighteenth century, and seemed to enjoy the effect of their appearance wonderfully. It certainly was a brilliant spectacle, and one they might well be excused feeling pride in. The procession in all the dignity of banners and insignia frequently came to a stand in the midst of a rush of admiring spectators composed of people in every grade of society and from nearly every country under the sun. Dashing equipages whose fair occupants excitedly waved white handkerchiefs, jostled unbecomingly against cabs full of night-seers as eager as themselves; mounted students with gleaming schlagers tried in vain to move back the motley mob of foot-passengers; English flunkeys in elaborate liveries gesticulated in a frantic way at the obstructions before their vehicles; and the rattle of drums, the bursts of military music, and the laughter and shouts of the students, filled up a scene scarcely to be surpassed for animation and effect. The crowd gradually fell off as the procession neared the town limits, and when it reached the bend of the pretty country road leading to the romantic

village of Neckar-Steinach, where the Heidelberg students usually celebrate their Commers, they went off at a rapid pace and were speedily out of sight. At this picturesque village they passed that day and the following one in festivity. The return on Tuesday was the triumph. The inhabitants had had due notice, and by nine o'clock the Heidelberg world had stationed itself on the Neckar awaiting the return of the Prussians. It was moonlight, and beautiful as the Queen of night looked, rising slowly over the castle in a sky of cloudless blue, we could on that night contentedly have dispensed with her brilliancy. Suddenly the firing of guns announced that the illuminated steamer carrying our entertainers had left Neckar-Steinach, and in a moment more was visible in the distance. Rockets flashed up into the still air from different stations, and a red Bengal fire lighted the Molkenkur. The private gardens and terrace of Dr. C— across the river were in the next moment all ablaze with Chinese lanterns. Expectation was now at its height as a gleam of light flashed nearer and nearer along the unruffled surface of the river. Hundreds of coloured lamps decorated every part of the tiny vessel, and as she drew up opposite the castle, a rocket shot up from the deck—a signal for the grand finale. Instantly, as though by magic, the entire front of the grand old Schloss was in a glow of red light. It was a sight to which words do but poor justice. Every portion of its minutest tracery was distinctly visible in this wonderful crimson light. It was like the cloud castles one sees sometimes in the sky on a summer evening, only in this case the castle was perfectly defined. For the first moments a breathless silence wrapped the people—it seemed altogether such a miracle—but presently a low murmur of admiration ran from mouth to mouth, which in another instant had burst into a tremendous shout of applause, and the students' triumph was complete. Music and song waved louder and clearer as the fairy bark swept under the illuminated bridge and was lost to sight while the night wind carried back their refrain.

"Fuchs, hei ras sa sa
Die Preussen sind da,
Die Preussen sind lustig
Sie rufen Hurrah!"

G. H. M.

Montreal, March, 1871.

[REGISTERED in accordance with the Copyright Act
of 1858.]

HUGH DAMER'S LAST LEGER.

BY MISS M. E. BRADDON.

CHAPTER II.

"What's to be thought of him? Does the rumour hold for true that he's so full of gold?"

The weather was lovely, the country looking very fair in the subdued glory of early autumn, as the express rattled me down to Doncaster. Here a dog-cart and fast-trotting roan waited to convey me to Churleigh, where I arrived just in time to hear the dressing-bell ring out cheerily from an open bell-tower, after an hour and a half's spin through a rich pastoral country.

The house was an old one, a sombre, red-brick pile of masonry, of the Tudor period, with a wide moat, where carp and dace flashed through the deep, dusky water, under the shadow of great yews; a rare, old-fashioned place, with noble gardens set in a wide expanse of level meadow land, that might have been fairly called a park. Within, the dark oak panelling and ponderous furniture, quaint old cabinets and bureaux, buffets and chests of carved ebony and chestnut wood, oak, and walnut, had a delightful old-world aspect. There were rare old tapestries, too, silk-embroidered hangings, chairs and sofas in ancient worsted work, which testified to the industry of past generations of feminine Damer's. Everything bore the fashion of an age that was gone, and there was a sombre charm about the place which was, to my mind, perfect in its way. I told Hugh how much I liked his birthplace, and praised the taste which had preserved its original character. He sighed heavily as he answered me—"Yes," he said moodily, "it's a dear old place, and I am weak enough to love it. I can remember sitting at my mother's feet in some of these old rooms, or on her knees, with her arms round me, many a quiet twilight when my father was away in London. There was a great love between us two, and nothing that she cared for has been touched since she died. Her favourite flowers still grow in the garden—homely, old-fashioned flowers, that my gardeners would like to do away with—though it is fifteen years since her hand gathered one of them. Yes, I have need to love Churleigh, Fred, God forgive me!"

His tone alarmed me. There was such a depth of bitterness and self-reproach in his utterance of those last words.

"Hugh," I said eagerly, "there is something wrong with you. I am sure of it. I saw the change in your face that night we met at the club? Why won't you trust me, dear boy?"

You call me your friend. Tell me the worst, Hugh. What is it that has gone wrong?"

"Everything," he answered, with a groan. "It's the old story, Fred; the old story of the rake's progress. Only a modern version, you know, with a little less vice than there is in Hogarth's renowned panorama, but every whit as much folly. Yes, Fred, congratulate me upon my fair old home—the roof-tree that has sheltered my race for a dozen generations, the house my mother loved. Give me joy of a birthplace which an English gentleman may be fairly proud to call his own. The man who sweeps the crossing at the corner of Pall-mall has about as much right to call himself master of Churleigh as I have. It is all a miserable *simulacrum*, Fred; a mockery and a delusion. I don't say that the footmen and grooms are bailiffs in disguise, but they might just as well be that. It would make the case no worse."

"Then you are ruined, Hugh?"

"Irretrievably."

"In Heaven's name, how has it all gone—your fortune? It was a large one, wasn't it?"

"A very fair inheritance, though my father was somewhat wild in his day, and spent a good deal. How has it gone, Fred? Who knows? I, the least of all mortal men. It has gone—*somehow*. I have lived much too fast to count the cost of life. I don't think there has been much wasted on actual vice, unless you call gambling vicious; but it has all gone. I drove a four-in-hand for two or three seasons, and that kind of thing leads to a good deal of outlay in the way of Richmond dinners and diamond bracelets—there are some people you can hardly ask to dinner without introducing a diamond bracelet as an element of the dessert—and I have had a weakness for steam yachts, but those are minor details. I have enjoyed a curious sequence of ill-luck upon the Turf for the last two years. That may have something to do with it."

"I should think it rather likely," I answered, hopelessly. "But is there no chance of redemption, Hugh? A rich marriage, for instance?"

"No, Fred, I am not base enough for that. I couldn't offer my ruined fortunes to a rich woman. I couldn't sink to the position of a dependent on my wife. If I were in love with a penniless girl I wouldn't mind asking her to share my poverty. There is always something that a man can do. I might emigrate, and devote my energies to cattle-breeding far away in the bush. Unhappily, the only woman I care for is burdened with a large fortune—a fortune that must needs make an impassable barrier between herself and me."

"But, my dear boy, this is Quixotic folly. If the lady cares for you, why should you not redeem your fortunes by means of her wealth? It is a woman's proudest privilege to make that kind of sacrifice."

"And a man's deepest degradation to accept it. No, Fred, it can't be done. Beyond which, even were I sordid enough to desire such a thing, the lady is not her own mistress. She has a father, who would never forgive her for an imprudent marriage. No, Fred, I am done for—bar one remote contingency."

"And what is that?" I asked anxiously.

"The success of my book for the Leger week. I stand to win something enormous—something that would set me on my legs again—give me a fresh start in life, in short. With that sum at my command I could pay off my most pressing engagements, clear this place of its mortgages, and, with a few years of retirement and economy, drift back into a very comfortable income. In that case I should not fear to ask Laura Dashwood to be my wife."

"Laura Dashwood! A very charming name."

"Yes, and a still more charming girl. However, you will see her to-morrow. She is only a manufacturer's daughter, I must tell you. George Dashwood is a self-made man—one of the richest men in Yorkshire, and a trifle pompous on the score of his money, or his success. But he is not a bad fellow by any means. And Laura is the dearest girl in England, to my mind."

"Of course. An only daughter, I presume?"

"An only child. I wish with all my heart she had half a score of brothers and sisters. But I suppose we'd better get back to the others now, old fellow."

It was late on the evening of my arrival. Lights were shining from a score of open windows, and the mingled sounds of music and laughter rang out upon the tranquil September night. Damer and I had wandered away from the house when the men left the dining-room, and had enjoyed this confidential talk as we strolled with our cigars on the broad gravel walk by the side of the moat."

The house was almost full already. There was a Belgravian matron, with two pretty stylish-looking daughters, a stately husband, who was a baronet and a member of Parliament, devoted to the Conservative interests, and seldom opening his mouth in a conversational way except to talk politics. There were a good many young men, all more or less of the turf, turlly; and there was a county mat-

ron, with three rosy-checked daughters devoted to croquet. There were a clergyman and his wife, from the neighbourhood—very pleasant people, with nothing stilted or unduly professional about them, both vicar and vicar's wife past masters of loose croquet, the vicar playing a severely mathematical game: and there was a young squire, of sporting tendencies, whose estate lay some forty miles off, and whose income was said to be something like fifteen thousand a year; a frank, blue-eyed young man, with a predilection for gorgeous neckties, and a loud, jolly laugh.

The Dashwoods were to arrive early next day. I heard the county people speak of them once or twice in the course of the evening with that languid tone of indulgence with which it is the fashion to talk of those who are received into a world which fancies itself above them.

"The Dashwoods visit a great deal." Mrs. Melton, the county matron, said to me. "They are received everywhere, though I believe he began life quite as a working man. And people really like them. Mr. Dashwood is very fond of society, and entertains people at his own place in a most sumptuous manner. I have never been there myself, but some people like that kind of thing. Rather a florid style of hospitality, you know. These newly rich people are apt to err in that direction."

CHAPTER III.

"Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky."

I WAS CURIOUS to see Miss Dashwood, after what Hugh had told me, and was really concerned about my friend's difficulties. The book for the Leger did not inspire me with much hope, for I had a rooted abhorrence of the turf. But I did hope something from Damer's attachment to Miss Dashwood, and I thought my friend's fortunes might be mended by such a marriage, without derogation to his honour. If the lady had wealth, Hugh had at least a good old name wherewith to endow her, and a position in the county which must needs be a considerable elevation for the manufacturer's daughter. It did not seem to me that the alliance would be an unequal one.

I was on the terrace, in front of the house, when the Dashwoods arrived at noon next day, and I saw the young lady alight from her carriage. She was very pretty, very graceful and elegant, too, manufacturer's daughter though she was. She was fair, with a radiant bloom, and the loveliest blue eyes I ever beheld: not grey, or any one of those numerous vague tints which pass for blue; but a real azure—the perfect blue of a summer sky, or a forget-me-not blossom. Nor was their colour the greatest charm of Miss Dashwood's eyes. That lay in their expression—the innocent, girlish trustfulness, the sunny brightness of eyes that had never tried to hide or simulate an emotion. She was very young—eighteen, I should say, at most—and had a bewitching youthfulness and freshness of manner. I did not wonder that Hugh Damer loved her.

They came along the terrace, Miss Dashwood leaning on her father's arm, Hugh walking by her side. It was their first visit to Churleigh, and the manufacturer was eager to explore the house and grounds. Hugh lost no time in presenting me to his friends, and I accompanied them round the blooming gardens, where all the bright early autumn flowers grew luxuriantly; and through the ancient panelled rooms, and corridors and galleries lined with dingy old pictures.

Mr. Dashwood appeared delighted with everything he saw, and exhibited no small amount of intelligence and good taste.

"Now, this is the kind of thing I like," he said, heartily; "this is something like a house. A man can fancy this a home. That's the worst of a new place—let a man spend what money he will upon it, it looks only so much bricks and timber. Money won't buy the home-look, and no architect knows how to give it. Now, there's my house at Dedham—a very fine house in its way, I daresay, and so it ought to be, considering what it has cost me; but at its best it looks like a public institution; and I've no doubt strangers who see it from the train put it down for an asylum for idiots, or lunatics, or something of that kind. It's cold, and stony, and cheerless somehow, though it's warmed with hot water pipes from garret to cellar, and there isn't a modern invention in the way of comfort or luxury that has been omitted. Yet the place gives me the shivers whenever Laura and I happen to be alone there; and I'm never comfortable unless we've got a houseful of people. Now, I could live in a corner of this place, and feel myself snug and cosy. There's that cedar-wood parlour, for instance, with the blue-tiled fireplace—a man might spend his life there."

"You really like Churleigh, then, Mr. Dashwood?" said Hugh, smiling a little at the manufacturer's enthusiasm, but not with a joyous smile.

"Like it! I should think I do, indeed. If there were only such a place as this in the market, Dedham Park would soon be to let on lease."

"You may have Churleigh itself, if you like," Hugh said with an indifferent air. "A

place nearer London would suit me much better. I should scarcely care to sell the old house to a stranger, but to a friend it's a different thing."

"What, Mr. Damer!" Laura Dashwood exclaimed, wonderingly; "you would really sell a house that has been in your family so long?"

"Why not, Miss Dashwood, if this particular member of my family doesn't happen to want it?"

"Are you in earnest, Mr. Damer?" asked George Dashwood.

"Entirely so."

"And you will sell the place as it stands—pictures and old oak cabinets, tapestries and hangings complete?"

"As it stands—with every stick, and every rag."

He sighed, and his face darkened for a moment. Perhaps he was thinking that among those "rags" there were draperies which his mother's hands had embellished.

"Well, sir," said the manufacturer, with an air of undisguised elation, "I can only say that when you have quite made up your mind to sell, you have but to name your price, and George Dashwood is your purchaser. I don't think there'll be much bargaining between us."

I asked Hugh afterwards what made him talk of selling Churleigh.

"Why, you see, dear boy, if things go against me in the Leger week, I should have to part with the old place, and to do it quickly, in order to meet my engagements; so I thought it would be wise to take advantage of Dashwood's fancy. Besides, if Churleigh must go, I would rather sell it to him than to any one else. There'd be a kind of mournful pleasure in fancying Laura happy in the home of my childhood—happy with a husband, perhaps, and a brood of children. I can fancy her walking in the dear old gardens or sitting under the cedar, yonder, with the little ones at her knees—while I am a lonely battered exile, fighting the battle of life somewhere beyond the sea. It's hard, isn't it, Fred? But it isn't inevitable yet. Who knows that the Leger won't bring me a small fortune? No man's ill luck can go on for ever, and I've been losing steadily for the last two years."

"I wish you had something better than the Turf to trust to for your deliverance, Hugh," I said. "I wish you would confide in Miss Dashwood's love, and her father's generosity. He seems to me a man capable of taking a liberal view of things."

He shook his head gloomily.

"No, Fred; it isn't possible for a Damer to become a dependent upon his wife."

After this I heard no more of my friend's troubles. He gave himself up utterly to the delight of Laura Dashwood's society, and seemed to enjoy life with a reckless, boisterous kind of happiness in that brief ten days of bright autumnal weather—a season in which there still remained much of the warmth and glory of summer.

Churleigh was a very pleasant house to stay in—the servants numerous and well-trained, the cool, shadowy gardens delicious at all times, the billiard and smoking rooms the perfection of comfort, and the old-world air of the place a perpetual soothing influence, which gave a vague, indescribable charm to everything. But for me there was a sadness brooding over all things, and I could not but remember how speedily this fair heritage might pass into the keeping of a stranger.

Many times during those gay idle days, for every one of which some new pleasure was devised by the Master of Churleigh, I saw a cloud upon Hugh Damer's brow; but it was only a transient shadow; and, however gloomy his thoughts may have been in those fitful moments of care, Laura Dashwood had the power to chase the dark shadow from the face I knew so well. Hugh's high spirits were noticed and admired by every one. It was impossible not to enjoy life in his company, people said; his gaiety was infectious.

"That fellow can never have known a care in his life," one of his friends remarked to me; "and yet I never knew a man drop his money more persistently than he did last year. But then, you see, the fellow is so confoundedly rich."

We had picnics and water parties; carpet dances night after night in the long low drawing-room, with the six French windows set wide open, and the scent of the flowers, and all the cool, dewy odours of the night wafted in upon us as we danced. We had moonlit waltzes on the lawn sometimes, when it was very pleasant to see Miss Dashwood's aerial form revolving in the strong grasp of Hugh Damer's powerful arm, and to hear her musical laughter ring out upon the still night air. What a delicious life, if it could have gone on for ever!

"Yes, Fred, if it could only go on for ever!" he said to me on the night before the first race day, as we stood together on the deserted lawn, where we had been dancing till after midnight, while the servants were extinguishing the lights in the drawing-room, one by one. "But to-morrow will see the beginning of the end, I daresay. Unless my luck changes. There was a time when I thought it must change—that fortune must take a sudden turn in my favour. But, somehow, as the hour

draws near, I have a feeling that my fate is fixed—that there's no such thing as a turn of the tide for me—that the river of life can only drift me one way—steadily down to the dark sea of ruin!"

"That's all nonsense, old fellow," I answered, cheerily; "mind you, I am the last of men to hope much from the fortune of the Turf; but still there is no reason why you should not be a winner for once in a way!"

"No reason, perhaps, Fred," but I have a rooted conviction that my ill-luck will pursue me to the last. I have been too happy in that sweet girl's society—madly, recklessly happy. Oh, God, old friend, where shall I be in a week's time?"

His tone went to my heart—I could see his face in the moonlight, deadly pale, and the lips working convulsively.

"Let the worst come to the worst, Hugh, you will face misfortune like a man—I am sure of that!"

"Face it like a man. That means to drag on the remnant of one's days somehow—to turn adventurer and live by one's wits, or to descend to gentlemanly beggary and live upon one's friends. Of course it is unmanly to blow out one's brains and make a clean finish of it—and yet that's the most convenient end for one's self and society!"

"For God's sake, Hugh Damer, don't let me hear you talk like that!"

"It's wicked, I suppose. But then, you see, the whole course of my life has been wicked. If my mother could have known what that life was to be when she nursed me through my childish illnesses, and prayed all night long for the passing of the danger, don't you think that she would rather I had died in her arms, a child, innocent, untarnished—than that I should live to be what I am!"

"It is never too late to mend, Hugh. With such a wife as Miss Dashwood you might become as good a man as your mother ever hoped you might be, in her fondest dreams of your future."

"I might—I might, with such a wife. Yes, Fred; but that is too bright a fate for me. I had my chance and lost it. If I had known Laura Dashwood sooner, perhaps—but it's the idlest folly to talk of what might have been—and to-morrow makes me or unmake me quite. Come, light up another regalia, Fred, and we'll have no more of this dreary talk."

(To be continued.)

(REGISTERED in accordance with the Copyright Act of 1868.)

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.)

TALES
OF THE
LINKS OF LOVE.

BY ALEXANDER SONERVILLE.

LILLYMERE.

CHAPTER XXIV.

CAPTAIN CONY AND EMILY INKLE'S GRAND WEDDING AT CONWAY—THE STATES, GREAT BRITAIN AND CANADA REPRESENTED.

DURING the day while the rescued castaways reposed, and Clapper Hayvern's people unriggered the complex apparatus, the captain himself searched around for the youth who had so bravely and well accomplished the perilous division of the work; in mind annoyed at the lad's disappearance before he had learned his name, and vowed lasting friendship. But the captain also required repose; and so the day of the rescue passed.

Next morning he settled accounts with people who had sold or loaned tackle and material.

To the Hon. Mrs. Pensyldine, who overflowed with gratitude at recovery of her daughter, and would have paid all costs and ten thousand dollars besides, Clapper Hayvern replied:

"La! bless your heart, Madam! We ben't pirates in Canada; no more be we poor. In a hundred townships along the lake shore, any one of their Reeves, or Deputy Reeves, or private gentlemen such as I would esteem payment of ten times the costs in such a cause an honour. As a man-of-war retired with some private fortune of my own, the opportunity to do a service to a friendly power comes as a fair wind to a ship becalmed. If I found that gallant lad, who performed the hazardous share of the work, to render unto him his dues for giving me so much help, happiness and long life; for long life feels like coming to bid with me in consequence of being privileged to assist in giving this here country the honour of doing a neighbourly turn to that there country—meaning you, Honourable Madam; meaning my Gracious Sovereign the Queen, by this here country—God bless her! God bless you, Madam! And bless this and that land; your shore of the lakes and our shore;—well, what was I saying? If that brave lad were found that I might compensate him for this real gift of long life and gladness, I'd go aboard my craft—a steam yacht for experiments and service of friends—down at Swush Point she lies—the 'Black-

Eyed Susan' her name, and give you, Madam, and daughters, and friends, hearty welcome on arrival. May I pray the honour?"

"Be assured we shall do ourselves the honour of a visit to the 'Black-Eyed Susan,' Captain Hayvern, when Sylva is a little stronger, and the Senator has rested a day. The Senator arrived in the night, harrassed by anxiety for Sylva, wearied by travel, and by a long and excited session of Congress. No? not know I had a husband? Didn't know he was a Senator? Naturally not. How should you, in all this turmoil? The Senator will be happy to become acquainted with you, Captain, rest assured; my daughters also."

Bowing, and retiring backward, bowing many times, the Captain arrived outside the Pensyldine tent. It had been medically advised that Sylva should remain under that temporary shelter the first night, instead of being conveyed by carriage to the Cataract Hotel, fifteen or more miles away, over intricate and crowded roads. Outside the tent the veteran put on his hat, looked to the sky as he had a way of doing every second minute, and talked with himself, thus:

"He be honest and true as Niagara that boy; bold and true as a sailor. Yet, now, as I hear this morning, after the brave work of yesterday, he is spoken of by Junkyn the Swush Point Justice, as loafer and gaol sparrow! To disappear before I've written and folded his name in this here heart, is like unto losing a glimpse of the sun when one would find the latitude."

Clapper Hayvern was more annoyed at losing sight of Toby than troubled on his own account to hear people—not personally knowing him—tell in his hearing that some one else had incurred the costs and performed the great work of deliverance. Junkyn of Swush Point was named. Being one of the most unselfish of men a thought of present popularity did not enter the Captain's mind. Or, if thinking on the matter an instant, the thought was cut adrift with such aphorism, made for the occasion, as:

"Public opinion is a sieve in motion, letting fall the smut of the lie, keeping the wheat of the truth at top." He had not seen in his simplicity, that it depends on reed of the sieve, on bias given by the sifter, which way the lie goes, which way the truth. In this special instance the sieve of opinion went right, after publication at Toronto, New York, and Philadelphia; the latter the home of the Pensyldines so closely concerned in the occurrences.

The witnesses being numerous and various, and the incidents romantic, involving in their sequences touches of nature which made the whole world kin—kin for a moment—the sieves of story and of thought oscillated in Canada and the States, simultaneously; soon also in Europe; ultimately along the earth's zone of English language; Asia, Australasia, Western Africa, retaining some of the heroes in, leaving others out; spilling over the rim Junkyn of Swush—blown away in a breath of the reporter, Tipper Drednuffin.

But, I repeat, a man of Clapper Hayvern's mental nature never learns. Flushed with success at the moment of a good work done, or carried away in earnestness of effort, he does not think of self until the mice of mankind have nibbled up every crumb that was his. Even one of the great dogs of high society may snap at, growl, and get away with the due of such enthusiastic simpleton as Hayvern. He may have been momentarily disturbed, hearing people say Junkyn of Swush had done everything in rescuing the castaways, yet silently permitted the mouse to nibble and steal.

Not silent could the Captain remain when hearing another reviled; and that person the brave youth who nobly dared the descent of the precipice, rescuing the lost ones, his name as yet unknown. Hayvern heard the Squire say:

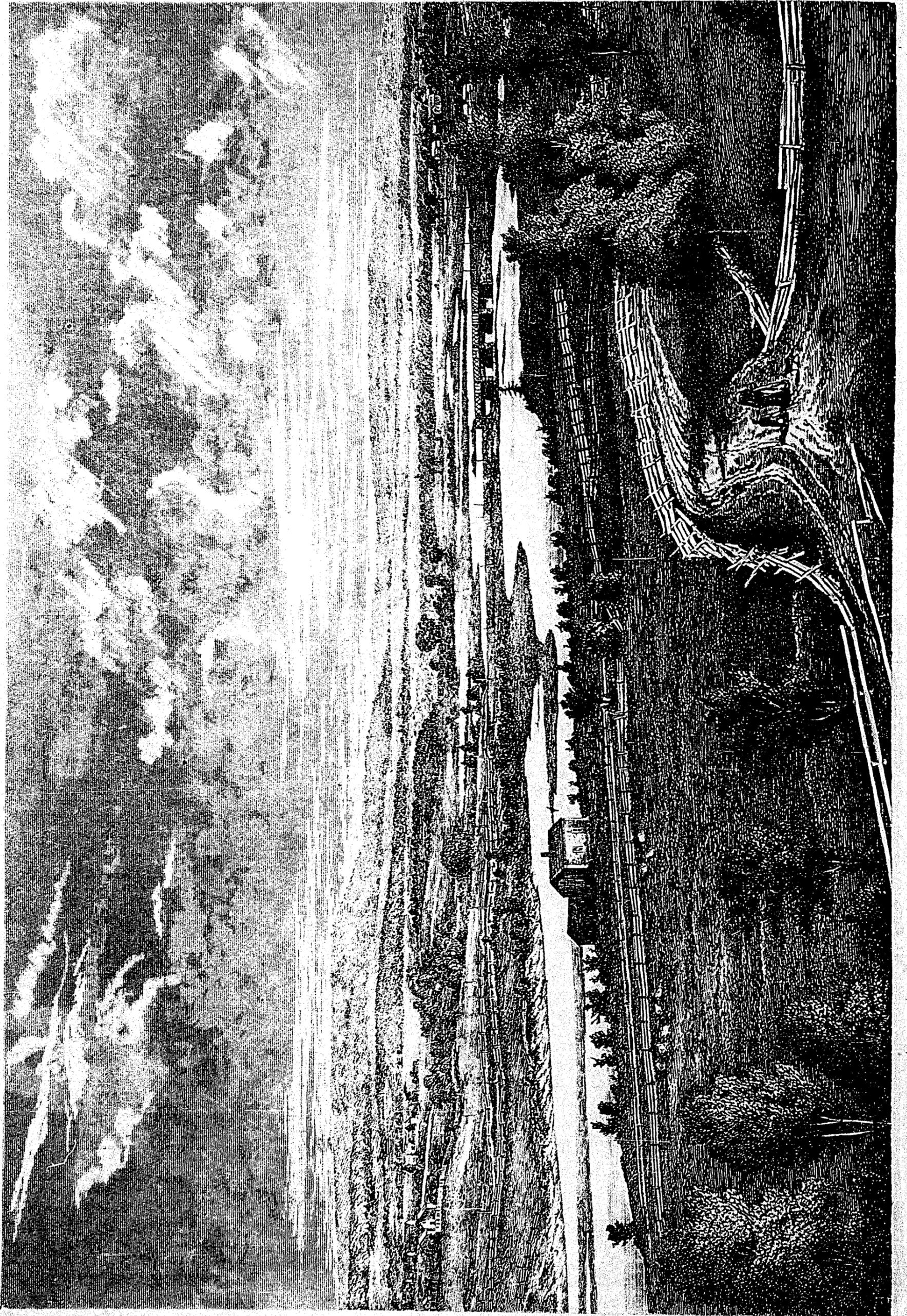
"Guess I'll be like to give that loafing vagrant three months at oakum and the stone hammer, for insult offered a young lady and carriage party, as soon's he is found, and they prosecute. Yes, Siree, it was in my jurisdiction, in my own county."

"Look ye here, Squire Junk, or Skunk, or whatever thy name be; you put a constable on that youth at thy peril. Molest him, and it is at hazard of that worm-eaten timber heart of yours."

The Squire felt the Captain's eye, and did not further trouble Toby.

But that youth, coming upon Tom Inkle, the Conway banker's son, in vicinity of the Clifton House—the same who had assailed him with a cane for responding to a signal made by Emily Inkle, might have forgotten that he was a man and Tom another thing, had not a confluence of parties, persons, official and unofficial; male and female; American, British, and British-American, happened to flow up as a tide to the doors of the Clifton, all about the same minute, though from different sources.

The Inkles were there like other wealthy people, enjoying the beginning of a summer of tourist pleasures. Mrs. Inkle, however, differed from most ladies in the manner of her enjoyments. She moved in high state; had a superb chariot and pair of bays in silver-mounted harness; a coachman always in state



EAST RIVER, PICTOU, N. S.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. R. P. FLEASER, NEW GLASGOW, N. S.—SEE PAGE 2.



A BELLE OF THE PRESENT DAY.

SEE PAGE 3.

livery when driving; and two negro youths on the footboard, silver laced, white gloved, top booted. In this style Tilda Clegg, once the weaver girl of Oldham, Lancashire, now the banker's wife of Conway, Canada, visited places of fashion in succession. Tom Inkle, her son, did not often come away from the bank; but Emily being on the eve of a most desirable match, and the intending bridegroom of the party, some male Inkle was deemed indispensable. The more so, as the "Imposter" Toby Oman had lifted his hat and bowed to Emily in Conway gardens not long before, and might happen across their path again.

Miss Inkle's path to the cliff through the bush was of her own choosing. The party had driven from Clifton to ascertain what progress was made in recovering "the American lady of rank from the two ruffians!" Such was the shape of the situation morning of the day of rescue. They had been there the previous day, when giddy, fluttering, vacillating Emily caught a glimpse of Toby among the trees, but could not approach or make sign. On this second occasion she made pretence of stepping across to the American tent, having a slight acquaintance with the Pensyldines, and met the young hero in the bush, just as he had completed the rescue of the castaways. Her friends in the carriage saw and cried as you have already heard.

"The Imposter! Save Emily! Police! Police!"

Very likely Tom Inkle knew Police to be near, else he had been more careful of his cane.

The tide of persons flowing into the Clifton comprised in its affluent streams, Major-General Sir Kenneth Claymore, K.C.B.; who, holding a District Command, was centre of attraction to most persons there; the Lady Mary Mortimer and Duke of Sheerness, both in earnest conversation with Renshaw the Conway gaoler and his wife Rhoda. The Hon. Stephen Pensyldine, United States Senator, his daughter Sylva leaning on his arm, wife and friends accompanying. Captain Pinkerton and other officers of H. M. service in Canada. Other Americans; other Canadians; other British. And, overlooked by all, unknown to most, the small boy Dod, emissary of Detective De Peri.

Toby was presently within the Hotel in a private room with a distinguished army surgeon, who had called in two civilian physicians. Renshaw and Rhoda also entered the private room. Then the Duke, Lady Mary and Sir Kenneth.

The business, as you may infer, was a scientific examination of Toby's birth marks by professional gentlemen, in reference to personal identity. Not a shadow of doubt now remained that he was the lost heir, De Lacy Lillymere.

Of his legitimacy Lady Mary Mortimer had satisfied herself at Græna Green, yet was aware that, if disputed, legal documentary proof might be demanded. Meanwhile the young gentleman was openly avowed by the Duke of Sheerness and all the party to be grand nephew of the venerable and eminent British statesman, Earl Royalfort.

As such he was received where they visited. The Pensyldines, a haughty democratic family, became very gracious; as were all the Americans and Canadians, whom Lady Mary Mortimer happened to know. Mrs. Inkle and Tom were astounded; but glad they had got the other lover of Emily fixed sufficiently to render marriage all but a certainty. To avoid a renewal of the girl's vacillation they took her away, and at Conway hurried forward the trousseau and settlements. Before the latter were accomplished, the usual cozy manner of the banker's wife with her lord was several times disrupted. Twice Tilda stamped the foot, getting out of bed to stamp; declaiming on the blood of the Cleggs of Oldham; and sneering at the Inkle who sold Yario.

"Wish you'd sell the two Nigger footmen," said the banker. But he did not mean it. The two negro youths were more economical than two large white men would be, and Tilda had long since settled that she was entitled to have two men in livery holding by tassels of the coach behind. "How is a banker's wife to be distinguished from common women of wealth if not by the style of the equipage?" she demanded.

Besides the two youths of colour could not be sold, so Tilda knew her Tommy jested. When Mr. Inkle jested it was preparatory to asking for something to eat, even in the dead of night. And when he demanded food in the night Tilda felt early surrender approaching.

The differences just now were about plank roads and toll bars, a species of property gone down in value of late since branch railways were run inland from main lines.

"Captain Coney positively objects to plank roads and toll gates in the marriage settlement," said Mrs. Inkle to her husband, "and who can blame him? Away in India or anywhere else, everywhere else over the world, he may be, with his regiment, or in command in England, as the Captain will soon rise with Emily's fortune, what use to him could plank roads in Canada be? I wonder to hear you, Inkle. I'm astonished to hear you, Inkle."

"The roads make but a small part of what he is getting. I'm giving a deal of money as you know; only he wants all money, which I'll never consent to. A substantial part of Emily's fortune must be something Coney cannot spend. That I'm resolved on; and you comprehend the wisdom of it, Tilda, dear, as well as I. Get me soommat to eat; there's a lass, do."

"Here it is, Tommy; cold pie, ham and egg fried; ham boiled; cold corned beef too, which you like. Had it upstairs ready."

"Good of you to mind me so. Now, Tilda, be reasonable. There's the mortgage on Whutterock's farm and grist mill. That is property the best going; must be mine. Intended foreclosing that mortgage the day it was made; but have had to draw him in with new loans and ventures. I sell Whutterock out before the year ends. That was offered Coney in the marriage settlement last time, and he declined it; must take it now, I tell thee."

"Last time! what was the result? Declining plank roads and mill mortgages he declined Emily too; or was nearly. If he goes this time it is for altogether."

"Is he such a match, Tilda, we need care?"

"The girl gets every year older, and should be settled. Yes, the Captain is a match. Any gentleman of the army is a match. All have access to best society. Besides Captain Coney may succeed to his uncle's baronetcy and become Sir Dunstan. Emily would then be Lady Dunstan Coney. It is a very old English family as you know, or should know. And the Captain may go into Parliament for the county before his uncle's decease if possessing fortune."

"Well, Tilda, admitting the gentleman to be all that is desirable in person and family, and our girl fond of him as she seems, do thee not see that real property, in a rising country like Canada, is as good as money to Coney in the marriage settlement, and a long sight safer to Emily?"

Captain Coney's "friend"—mild term for lawyer—had advised caution in any transaction of business with Mr. Thomas Inkle. The advice dated so far back as the time when Emily made a journey to Hamilton in hope of Toby's explanation about his personal fortune and family. The time when she drove at night to Ancaster to consult her "friend," a mythical "aunt," and was summoned home by special messengers and letter; the written command intimating that Captain Coney had arrived on return from leave of three months in England. The time you remember when Toby stood on the green headland looking on the train steaming around the curve at Burlington Bay. His heart impoverished of more than half its life—Emily.

The train enriched with all the treasure he then knew in the world—Emily.

Going to Conway, a town to him cold as a coffin—without Emily.

Soon to become a casket containing the fairest jewel that heart ever glowed upon—Emily.

But the light of that jewel, for whom was it shining? For him he believed then. For him he dared hope, when ceasing to believe. For him he figured in castles of air when hope there was none. For him never to figure in any castle of air again after being insulted on Conway street by the muttered word, "Imposter," from lips of Emily's mother; Captain Coney present.

In gardens of flowers and fountains; in odours of violets and roses; in crowds of youth and beauty, Toby roamed alone at the "Canada Hall," the grand hotel of fashion. He breathed the fragrance, but it was the scent of the grave where hope lay buried. He beheld flitting forms of many glad some, beautiful creatures, but to him they passed as phantoms in a dull malarious atmosphere. Within his being gloom had come for a habitation.

Not for long. A glow of light, and the sky was cleared as if never clouded. Light of his life and love! It shone on the walk before him; emerging from a thicket of fuschias. Emily alone and smiling. Eyes looking love sadly but tenderly, as no other eyes had ever looked on him.

"So sorry we've not met sooner. Early tomorrow morning, will you meet me down by the river? At five a.m., not a minute later; at the Indian wigwam garden. Old Chillicoutha, the Indian woman, knows I'm to gather strawberries—coming early and alone for strawberries. And to meet you unseen, if only for once again; be sure and be there, dear Toby."

They bowed, touched hands, and parted. Suddenly she came, and as instantly disappeared.

To the wigwam of Chillicoutha he went, faithful as the dial. A dial not shone upon by Emily Inkle, yet lighted by a wild lurid glare as unexpected that day as she was yesterday. Emily had been watched and prevented leaving home. Angry and disappointed the young man was passing the wigwam to come away, when, of all creatures on earth who should rush out but Inawena the Indian! That maiden who had nursed him when wounded in Michigan; nursed, and insanely essayed to worship him. She now dropt to her knees entreating he would not leave her; say-

ing Chillicoutha was her protectress and would befriend him also; that King Peter of the Thousand Islands would give him gold, and secrets of magic!

Toby was pained and troubled to meet again this infatuated beautiful Indian idolatress. Yet not without an admixture of a daring sinful satisfaction. She told him that tradition in Michigan informed her of treasure in the Thousand Islands, whither she was now journeying in search of her father's kinsman, the Chief Orogoga, known to white men as King Peter. A poor outcast supposed to be, but from him the Donna Euryenia obtained her gold. From him also El Abra, the magician, obtained his secrets.

Inawena told more, but for the present I pass on.

Emily, as already said, was watched, and her morning assignation with Toby prevented. He, too, was watched, and the interview with the young red Indian squaw duly reported, with a view to disgust the banker's daughter.

What Miss Inkle might have said had she kept the appointment, he could only surmise vaguely, and dream.

Soon after came the occasion in the bush on Niagara cliffs, when Emily's form was beheld fitting among the trees; inviting by wave of a handkerchief the hero of the hour to follow up the path; their meeting prevented by screams of her mother.

That scream, and Tom Inkle's attempted assault, formed the last incident in the brief uncompleted love drama of Oman and Inkle. Coincident with which was the more fully developed but dull romance of Dunstan Coney.

In point of time Captain Coney had priority of Toby, though never knowing that Miss Inkle in any manner had countenanced that interloper.

It had been told by whispered advertisement in ball-rooms, before Coney's corps was a week in Canada, that Inkle the banker's daughter had a fortune of twenty thousand sterling, one hundred thousand dollars, besides splendid contingencies. Everybody knew from whence the whispers. And everybody while hypercritically disapproving a mother going around setting man-traps for gentlemen of the army, admitted that Inkle's bank could well afford an only daughter this goodly dower.

The Taffe people at the Castle thought to extinguish the match. They told in military circles that Tommy Inkle had no birth, no breeding; that he had been a handloom weaver, quite poor. To which Coney's answer:

"What of that? He is not poor now."
"But he was a Radical."
"What of that? Mr. Inkle is not a Radical now."

Captain Coney liked the girl. She had a delightful piquant manner. Would have married her before going to England on leave, had not his "friend" advised caution. And as soon as he returned from England, had not the "friend" still interposed. Three times the wedding week had been named and the bride's trousseau ordered, but postponed owing to "poor health of Miss Inkle."

There was ill health, truly; but it came of the young lady's suspicion that Captain Coney cared more for the counsel of his "friend" than for her.

Injustice. The difficulties arose primarily from the prevalent opinion that Mr. Thomas Inkle, her father, would overreach any living man or woman in a contract, if not circumvented by legal precaution.

(To be continued.)

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This Institution having been established three years, may now be considered a permanent College. Its rapid growth and prosperity are due to the demands of the Telegraph community, and the great success which has attended the Proprietor is due simply to the able manner in which the system has been conveyed to the Pupils by the Professors attached to the Institute.

The rapid development and usefulness of the Electric Telegraph, and the consequent ever-increasing demand for First-Class Operators renders the opening of Colleges for instruction a positive necessity. Telegraphic Superintendents view this movement as one made in the right direction. Commercial Colleges have, to some extent, assumed the responsibility of teaching in this, as well as in other branches of business education. The knowledge of Telegraphy gained in this manner has always been looked upon as being second rate. So much so that the Colleges in Chicago, Milwaukee, Buffalo, New York, &c., have discontinued the practice of Teaching, and recommend the Telegraph Institute as the proper place to acquire this highly interesting, scientific and profitable art.

The prospects for Young Men and Ladies to study the system of Telegraphy could not be better than at present, and we call upon all who wish to engage in a pleasant and lucrative employment to qualify themselves as Operators on the Lines of Telegraphy. Graduates on leaving the Institute are presented with a diploma of proficiency, which will enable them to act immediately as vacancies occur throughout the Dominion of Canada and the United States. At first salaries of \$30 a month may be secured; after two years' experience on the lines, from \$50 to \$70 a month can be commanded; while in the United States from \$100 to \$120 per month are paid.

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GEORGE E. DESBARATS,
Proprietor.

Montreal, June, 1871.

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THE INAUGURAL MEETING will commence on TUESDAY, 18th JULY, 1871, and will continue FOUR DAYS.

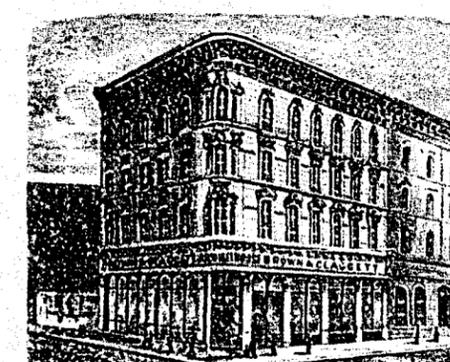
FIRST DAY. FIRST RACE—For a Purse of \$400, open to all horses that have never trotted better than 2 minutes: \$250 to first horse, \$100 to second, \$50 to third.

SECOND DAY. FIRST RACE—For a Purse of \$300, open to all horses that have never trotted better than 2:40: \$200 to first horse, \$100 to second, \$50 to third.

THIRD DAY. FIRST RACE—Flat Race for all ages, mile heats: 2 years old to carry 75 lbs., 3 years old 85 lbs., 4 years old 95 lbs., 5 years old 114 lbs., 6 years old and upwards, 115 lbs.; 3 lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Purse, \$500. \$100 to winner, \$100 to second horse.

FOURTH DAY. FIRST RACE—Flat Race, for all ages, weight for age: mile heats, best 3 in 5. Mares and Geldings allowed 3 lbs. Purse, \$400. \$200 to winner, \$100 to second horse.

GENERAL REMARKS. The Grand Trunk and Vermont Central Railroad Companies, and the Canadian Navigation Company, will issue tickets to attend the Meeting and return for fare one way, and carry horses the return trip free.



THE RECOLLET HOUSE CONTAINS the best selected Stock of DRY GOODS in the Dominion. Just received—SPRING MANTLES, SPRING & SUMMER SHAWLS, NEW SILKS, NEW POPLINS, NEW DRESS GOODS, A new and complete assortment of MOURNING GOODS.



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Proprietor, BRN DE BAR. Manager, J. W. ALBAUGH. Stage Manager, EUGENE FERRELL.

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ENTHUSIASTIC RECEPTION OF THE YOUNG TALENTED PROTEAN ACTRESS AND VOCALIST.

LITTLE NELL.

THE CALIFORNIA DIAMOND. She will appear every evening during the week in her Great Sensational Drama of

KATY DID.

Assuming Five Characters, with New Dances, SOLEKA, Banjo Solos, Drum Solos, Wooden Shoe Dances, and Stump Speech.

MONDAY, JULY 3rd, 1871. Engagement of the Great Character Actor.

ROBERT MACWADE,

in his own speciality of RIP VAN WINKLE

HIS DOG SNYDER,

Previous to his departure for the Haymarket Theatre, London, where he is engaged for the run of his own Piece.

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

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McDONELL BROTHERS, Family Grocers.

HAVE to announce that they have lately entered into that old established Business stand, lately occupied by A. L'Espérance, No. 159 St. Antoine Street, corner of Bisson Street, where they always purpose keeping up a fresh and well selected Stock of GENERAL GROCERIES, consisting of the finest imported TEAS, COFFEES, SUGARS, Superior CURED HAMS and BACON, Fresh and Salt BUTTER, First-Class WINES and other LIQUORS, &c., &c.

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

Please note the Address. 159 ST. ANTOINE STREET. 4-11f

HOW TO BE HANDSOME.—Nobody denies the great power any person may have who has a good face, and who attracts you by good looks. Now, not every one can have good features, they are as God made them, but almost any one can look well especially with good health.

GRAY'S SYRUP OF RED SPRUCE GUM.

A BONA-FIDE PREPARATION OF THE RED SPRUCE GUM. For Coughs, Colds, and for giving tone to the vocal organs when relaxed, as well as a palliative of remarkable power in pulmonary disease.

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

PREPARED BY HENRY R. GRAY, Dispensing Chemist, MONTREAL. For sale at all Drug Stores in the Dominion. Price, 25 cents. Druggists can be supplied from any of the Wholesale Houses. 3-25z

TWO ORIGINAL CASES

VERY FINE HONEYCOMB SPONGE. JUST RECEIVED FROM THE MEDITERRANEAN. ALSO, SAARG'S TRANSPARENT GLYCERINE SOAP.

In Packets, Capsules and Liquid. ALSO, PERFUMED GLYCERINE AT THE MEDICAL HALL, ST. JAMES STREET.

AND BRANCH, PHILLIP'S SQUARE. 3-24-c

"The Canadian Illustrated News,"

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

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

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

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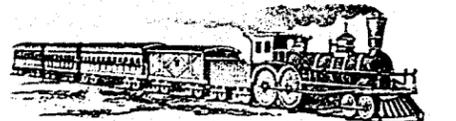
OTTAWA. THE RUSSELL HOUSE..... JAMES GOVIN.

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

Night do. do. at 9.00 p. m.

Mail Train for Kingston, Toronto and intermediate stations at 6.00 a. m.

Accommodation Train for Brockville and intermediate stations at 5.00 p. m.

Mixed do. do. at 11.00 a. m.

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

GOING SOUTH AND EAST.

Accommodation Train for Island Pond and intermediate stations at 7.00 a. m.

Express Train for Richmoud, Quebec, and Riviere du Loup, at 8.30 p. m.

Express for Boston via Vermont Central at 9.00 a. m.

Express for New York and Boston via Vermont Central at 3.45 p. m.

Express for New York, via Rouse's Point and Lake Champlain Steamers, at 4.00 p. m.

Mail Train for Island Pond, Portland and Boston, at 2.00 p. m.

Night Express for Quebec, Island Pond, Gorham, and Portland, and the Lower Provinces, stopping between Montreal and Island Pond at St. Hilaire, St. Hyacinthe, Upton, Acton, Richmond, Sherbrooke, Lennoxville, Compton, Coaticook, and Norton Mills, only, at 10.30 p. m.

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

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

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

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

Tickets issued through at the Company's principal stations. For further information, and time of Arrival and Departure of all Trains at the terminal and way stations, apply at the Ticket office, Bonaventure Station, or at No. 39 Great St. James Street. C. J. BRYDGES, Managing Director. Montreal, June 5, 1871. 3-24-1f



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

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

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

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SHIRTS, COLLARS, TIES, &c.,

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(Next to Wesleyan Church)

MONTREAL. 3-21-tf

The St. Lawrence and Ottawa Railway
FROM PRESCOTT TO THE CAPITAL.

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

ASK FOR TICKETS BY PRESCOTT JUNCTION.

Summer Arrangement, 1871.

ON and after MONDAY, the 5th JUNE, 1871, four Passenger Trains will run daily on this line, making CERTAIN CONNECTIONS with those on the GRAND TRUNK, the VERMONT CENTRAL, and the ROME and WATERTOWN RAILWAYS, and with the Steamers of the ROYAL MAIL LINE, for all points East, West and South.

COMFORTABLE SOFA CARS

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

Connection with the Grand Trunk Trains at Prescott Junction Certain.

20 MINUTES ALLOWED FOR REFRESHMENTS AT PRESCOTT JUNCTION.

FREIGHT NOTICE.

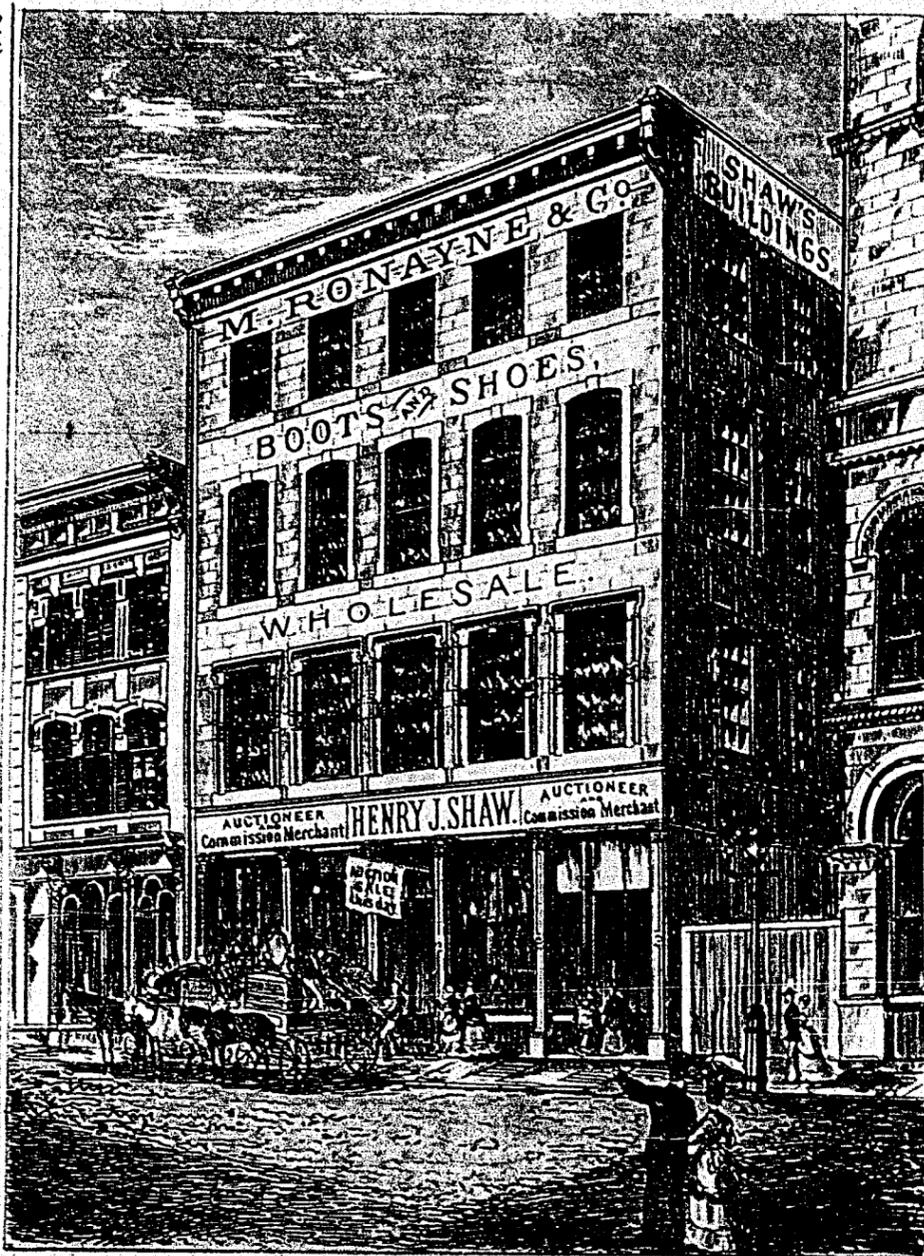
A FLOATING ELEVATOR always in readiness at Prescott Wharf, where Storage for Grain, Flour, Pork, &c., can be had.

A CHANGE GAUGE CAR PIT

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

THOS. REYNOLDS,
Managing Director.

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



EXTERIOR VIEW OF SHAW'S BUILDING, CRAIG STREET, MONTREAL.
SEE PAGE 2.

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

CANADA CENTRAL
—AND—
Brockville & Ottawa Railways.



GREAT BROAD GAUGE ROUTE TO OTTAWA.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, MARCH 6, 1871,

TRAINS WILL RUN AS FOLLOWS:—

LEAVE BROCKVILLE.

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

LOCAL TRAIN at 3:00 P.M., arriving at Ottawa at 8:25 P.M.

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

LEAVE OTTAWA.

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

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

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at 12:00 and 9:00 P.M.
Trains on Canada Central and Perth Branch make certain connections with all Trains on B. and O. Railway.

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

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H. ABBOTT,
Manager.
Brockville, March, 1871. 3-11 tf

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BAKING POWDER

IS THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE.

IT NEVER DISAPPOINTS.

FOR SALE BY ALL GROCERS. 3-15 U

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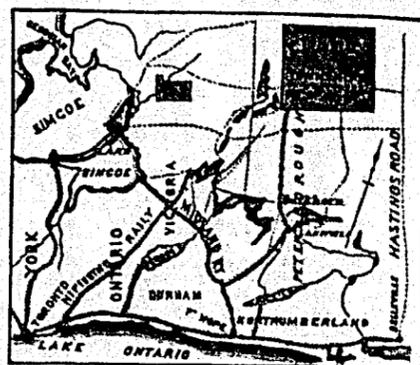
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BARTON & GUESTIER'S.

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ITALIAN SHIRTINGS.
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Vessels	Tonnage	Commanders
POLYNESIAN	4,100	(Building.)
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AUSTRIAN	2,700	Capt. J. Wyllie.
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EUROPEAN	2,646	Capt. Bouchette.
HIBERNIAN	2,434	Capt. R. S. Watt.
NOVA SCOTIAN	2,300	Capt. Richardson.
NORTH AMERICAN	1,734	Capt. Trocks.
CORINTHIAN	2,400	Capt. W. Grange.
OTTAWA	1,831	Lieut. Archer, R.N.R.
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Rates of Passage from Quebec:—
Cabin.....\$70 to \$80
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(Sailing from Glasgow every TUESDAY, and from Quebec for Glasgow on or about every THURSDAY.)

Fares from Quebec:—
Cabin.....\$60
Intermediate.....40
Steerage.....24

An experienced Surgeon carried on each vessel. Berths not secured until paid for. For Freight, or other particulars, apply in Portland to J. L. FARMER, or HUGH and ANDREW ALLAN, in Quebec to ALLANS, BAX & Co.; in Havre to JOHN M. CURRIE, 21 Quai D'Orleans; in Paris to GUSTAVE BOSSANGE, 25 Quai Voltaire; in Antwerp to AUG. SCHMIDT & Co.; in Rotterdam to G. P. ITTMANN & ZONN; in Hamburg to W. GIBSON & HUGO; in Belfast to CHARLEY & MALCOLM; in London to MONTGOMERIE & GREENHORNE, 17 Gracechurch Street; in Glasgow to JAMES & ALEX. ALLAN, 70 Great Clyde Street; in Liverpool to ALLAN BROS., James Street; or to H. & A. ALLAN, corner of Youville and Common Streets, Montreal. 3-20-tf

Printed and published by GEORGE E. DESBARATS, 1, Place d'Armes Hill, and 319, St. Antoine street, Montreal.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

Sealed Tenders, addressed to the undersigned, endorsed "Tenders for work at Coteau Landing," will be received at this Office until the evening of the 20th June next, for the extension of the Mooring Pier at Coteau Landing.

Plans and specifications can be seen at this Office, or at the Lachine Canal Office, Montreal, on and after Monday, the 5th day of June, where forms of tender and other information can also be obtained. The Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By Order,
F. BRAUN,
Secretary.

DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC WORKS,
Ottawa, 31st May, 1871. 3-23e

HELLEBORE! HELLEBORE!

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

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

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

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

JAMES GOULDEN,
175 St. Lawrence St.; Branch, 363 St. Catherine St., MONTREAL. 3-24-tf

DAVID CRAWFORD,

GROCER.

Wine and Spirit Merchant.

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GENTLEMEN WILL FIND A FIRST-CLASS STOCK AT
S. GOLDMAN AND CO'S,
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F. B.—A large assortment of Silk-Lined Spring Overcoats in all Shades always on hand. 2f