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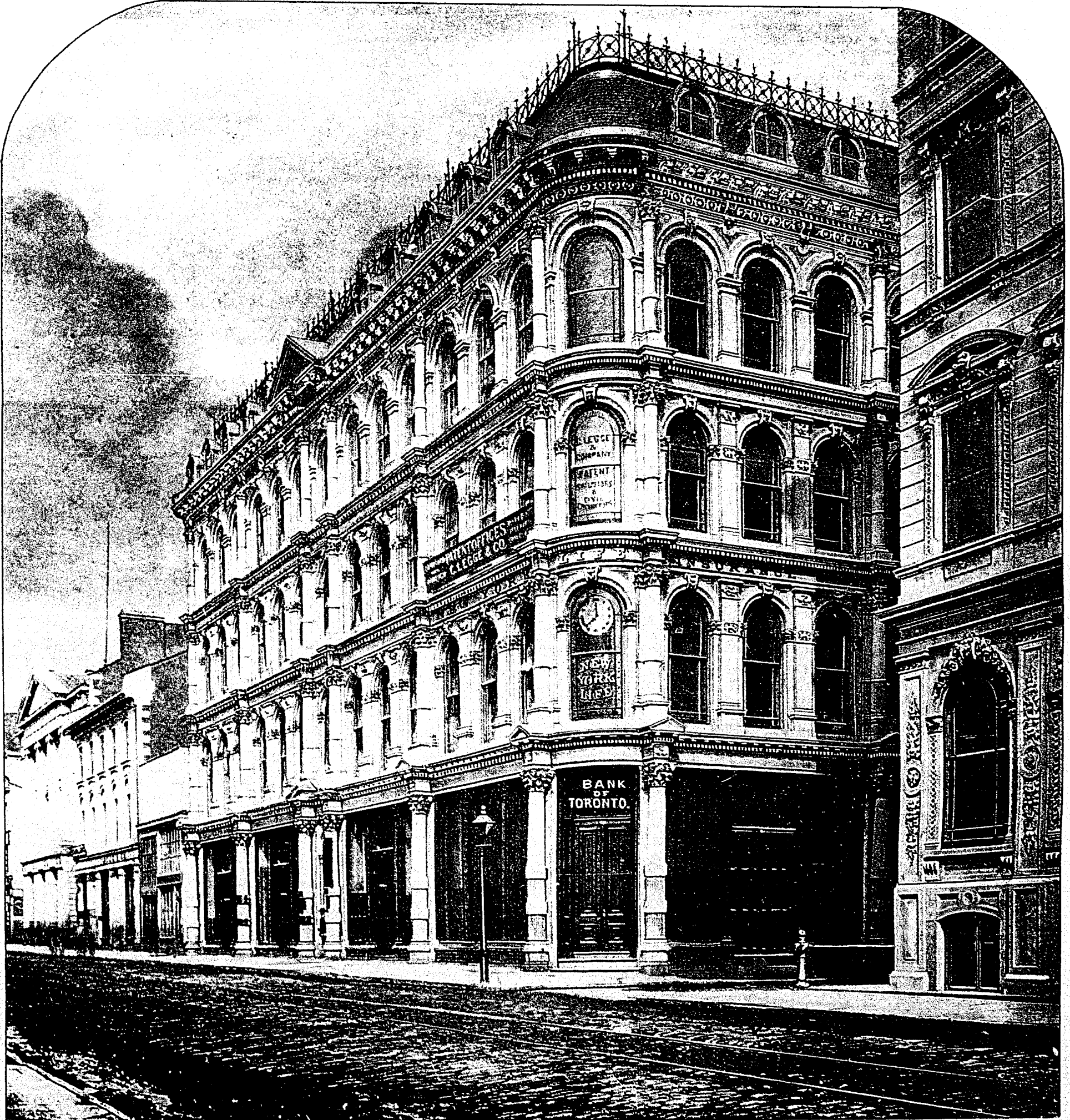
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Illustrated News

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MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JUNE 29, 1872.

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MONTREAL.—THE BARRON BLOCK.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LEGGO & CO.

THE LAYING OF THE CORNER STONE OF THE UNION STATION, TORONTO.

The *Leader* of the 14th inst. gives the following account of this interesting ceremony, of which we produce an illustration after a sketch by Mr. W. Armstrong, of Toronto:—

The corner stone of the Union Railway Station was laid yesterday, at the foot of Simcoe Street, with Masonic honours, in presence of Mr. Brydges, Managing Director of the Grand Trunk Railway, and a large number of the officials of the various railways and prominent citizens generally. The weather was very unfavourable early in the forenoon, but shortly after the hour appointed for the ceremony to commence, the rain ceased and the proceedings were conducted in fine weather.

The members of the various Masons' Lodges of this city assembled at the Masonic Hall at noon, and were met by Most Worshipful Grand Master Seymour, of St. Catharines, and R. W. Bro. Harris, Grand Secretary. The acting Grand Director of Ceremonies was instructed to form the procession. When formed, the procession numbered 270 members in full regalia, and with the banners of the various Lodges, presented a very handsome and effective appearance. Preceded by the band of the Grand Trunk Brigade, the procession started about half-past one o'clock, and proceeded by way of King Street to York, down York to Front, along Front to Simcoe, and down Simcoe to the site of the new building.

On arriving here the procession opened out, and the grand officers marched through to the spot where the stone was to be laid. The Grand Master and other grand officers then ascended the platform, when an ode suitable to the occasion was performed by the band.

Around the stone was erected staging, on which the members of the order took up their positions with a large number of citizens, ladies and gentlemen. A platform had also been erected near the spot for the band.

The following members of the order stood around the stone: M. W. G. M. Seymour, P. G. M. Simpson, D. D. G. M. Kerr, R. W. T. B. Harris, Grand Secretary; R. W. the G. Representative of the Grand Lodge of Ireland, K. Tully; R. W. Bro. Stephen, G. Junior Warden, R. W. Bro. McClean, G. S. W.; R. W. C. J. Brydges, acting as Grand Steward; and P. D. G. M. DeGrassi.

The M. W. Grand Master addressed the assemblage as follows:—Men, women and children assembled here to behold this ceremony; know all of you that we are lawful Masons, true to the laws of our country, and professing to fear God—who is the great Architect of the Universe,—to honour the Queen; to confer benefits on our brethren; and to practise universal benevolence to all mankind. We have amongst us, concealed from the eyes of all other men, secrets which may not be revealed, and which no man has discovered; but those secrets are lawful and honourable, and are placed in the custody of Masons, who alone have the keeping of them to the end of time. We admit into our Order only such as are reported to be good men and true; of a lawful age, good morals and sound judgment. We meet upon a level, and are constantly instructed to square our conduct by the principles of morality and virtue. Men of every class and rank of life, without regard to race, religion or nationality, are enrolled as members of our ancient and honourable fraternity; even monarchs, the most powerful and enlightened, have in all ages been active promoters of our art, and have not thought it derogatory from their dignity to join our assemblies and participate in our mysteries. We are assembled to-day at the invitation of the Canada Station Company to lay the corner stone of this new station, which we hope will be completed successfully. The increase of the commercial interests of the city of Toronto require a new station, and when you look at the plans of the new building you will see that they are fully in keeping with what is required. When I look back at this ground, 36 years ago, I rejoice to see the rapid strides which the prosperity of the city has made. Looking at the statistics of the country, we see that it is progressing as rapidly as any other country of the same dimensions and population, and I hope it will continue to do so.

The Rev. Grand Chaplain then offered up the following prayer: Almighty and Eternal God, Architect and Ruler of the Universe, at whose creative fiat all things first were made, we, the frail creatures of Thy Providence, do humbly beseech of Thee to pour down on this convocation the continual dew of Thy blessing. More especially we invoke Thy blessing on this undertaking; ever remembering the object and aim of this institution—obedience to Thy most holy laws. Grant, we beseech Thee, that our Order may flourish in every part of the globe, become influential in the diffusion of the light of wisdom, aiding and strengthening reason, and dissipating and lessening human vice. May it teach us to regulate our actions by the rule of unity, and guide our thoughts and conversation within the compass of propriety.

The Grand Secretary, R. W. Bro. Harris, then read the contents of the scroll deposited in the cavity of the stone. It contained the date of the ceremony, and the following names: Jas. Seymour, G. M. Grand Lodge of Canada; Lord Lisgar, Gov.-General of Canada; W. H. Howland, Lieut.-Governor of Ontario; Jos. Sheard, Mayor of Toronto; Hugh Allan, President of Canada Station Co.; E. P. Hannaford, Architect; John Shedden, Contractor; J. Turner, Clerk of Works; Jas. Ferrier, President of the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada; C. J. Brydges, Managing Director; G. Hickson, Treasurer; H. Bayley, W. J. Spicer, and P. S. Stevenson, Inspectors.

The above, together with copies of the city dailies and other papers, the various coins of Canada, and a report of the proceedings of the Grand Lodge, were then placed in a tin canister, properly secured, and deposited in the cavity of the stone.

Bro. C. J. Brydges then presented to the Grand Master a very handsome silver trowel, beautifully chased, with an engraving of the new station, encircled by the Grand Master's chain and jewel of office, underneath which were engraved two shields, and the names of E. P. Hannaford, Esq., Chief Engineer; C. J. Brydges, Esq., Managing Director; and J. Shedden, Esq., Contractor. Over the building was the inscription of presentation to the Grand Master. The handle of the trowel was beautifully entwined with silver maple leaves. It was manufactured by Lash & Co., King Street.

On receiving the trowel, the Grand Master replied: "Accept my thanks for this beautiful trowel which you have so kindly presented to me. It is one of the most useful and most highly-prized implement of our craft. I shall preserve your gift not only as a memento of the interesting proceedings of this day, but

also on account of the surpassing beauty of its workmanship, which reflects great credit on the silversmith who made it."

"After receiving the trowel, the Grand Master spread the cement, and the upper stone was brought above the under one and lowered by three regular stops, the band playing "God Save the Queen," after which the Grand Junior Warden Stephen applied the plumb, Grand Senior Warden McLean the level, and Deputy Grand Master Kerr the square.

The following questions and responses were then given: "G. M.—Brother Grand Junior Warden, what is the proper jewel of your office?"

"G. J. W.—The plumb rule.

"G. M.—Have you applied the plumb rule to the edges of the stone?"

"G. J. W.—I have, Most Worshipful sir, and the craftsmen have done their duty.

The same questions as to the level and square, with a like response, were put to and given by the G. S. W. and D. G. Master.

The Grand Master then said: "Right Worshipful and Worshipful Brethren, having full confidence in your skill in our royal art, it remains for me, as Grand Master, to finish the work. (Three knocks were then given upon the stone with the gavel.) Well made, truly laid, well proved, true and trusty. I strew corn upon the stone (suiting the action to the word) as the emblem of plenty; I pour wine upon it as the emblem of cheerfulness; and I anoint it with oil as the emblem of comfort and consolation.

"May corn, wine, and oil, and all the necessaries of life abound amongst men, and may the Great Architect of the Universe, who has so kindly blessed us in the proceedings of this day, enable those engaged in the erection of this building to complete it, may He protect the workmen from accident, and long preserve the structure from ruin or decay that it may serve for generations yet to come."

The Rev. Grand Chaplain then read a short prayer, after which Mr. Hannaford presented the plans to the Grand Master, who accepted them and declared them suitable and proper.

The Brotherhood then, under the conductorship of Grand Secretary Harris, who stood on the stone, gave the Grand Honours of the Order. Three cheers were then given for the Queen, the Grand Trunk Railway and the Managing Director, and the band played the National Anthem.

The procession was then reformed, and returned by the same route they had come, to the Masonic Hall."

After the ceremony of laying the corner stone Mr. Brydges entertained a large number of gentlemen at a champagne luncheon in the Music Hall. The chair was occupied by the host, and the vice-chair by Mr. John Shedden.

After the usual loyal toasts were disposed of, Mr. Brydges, before proposing the health of the Worshipful the Grand Master, made a capital speech, in which he spoke of the great want felt of a commodious and well constructed station. He said it had been a source of very great regret to those who were associated with him in the management of the largest railway enterprise in the country that they had not been able, before that time, to build a station commensurate with the importance of the place. The delay had not arisen from any want of appreciation of the importance of the question, or from any desire to shirk those responsibilities which attached to all those who were in positions of public trust. It had been the desire of the Company with which he had been connected for ten years to do all that was in its power to promote the prosperity of the country in which it was situated, but it was a source of deep regret that while so much had been done to place Canada, so far as railway enterprise was concerned, in a proud position before the world, so inadequate a return had been paid to those who had laboured so hard to that end. With regard to the new station, he was sure they would be satisfied, as they saw in course of erection, that not only were efforts being made to give Toronto a commodious station, but also one that would be an ornament to the city. The foundation stone had been laid that day by a body of men with whom he was, in a small way, connected, viz.: the Masons.

The proceedings, which were of the most harmonious kind, were brought to a close after several other toasts were given and responded to.

THE BARRIE RACE COURSE.

We produce in this issue a view of the new race course at Barrie, in which the inaugural meeting of the Barrie Riding and Driving Park Association took place the week before last. The course, which is one of the finest on the continent, is a full mile round, with a width of one hundred feet, and is enclosed near the stands with a neat white railing. In shape it is elliptical. It occupies a fine situation at the head of the bay, about a mile west of Barrie. The stands are elegantly built, and a very elegant pagoda stand is well fitted up for the judges and the press and for weighing purposes. The course was built by a company of gentlemen, who deserve the thanks of all sporting men for the very complete arrangements. A most comfortable hotel is near the stands, with comfortable stables, loose boxes, and every convenience for the care of horses. Close to the pagoda is a commodious and pretty stand for ladies, so placed as to give the occupants a good view of the horses from the start to the finish.

The meeting opened on Wednesday, the 12th inst., in the presence of some 1,500 or 2,000 people. The sport commenced at about three o'clock, the first race being for the Innkeepers' Purse of \$300, open to all horses that never trotted better than three minutes. 1st horse, \$200; 2nd, \$70; 3rd, \$30. There were nine entries, but only the following six came to the fore: Wm. Foster's w. h. "White Bird," S. Millett's ch. h. "Gold Leaf," formerly "Cock," D. Williamson's b. g. "Halton Boy," J. M. Leavens' b. g. "Central," W. Fanning's b. m. "Eva," T. E. Bailey's b. g. "C. C. Spring." The race was taken by "Spring" in three straight heats. Time, 2:42, 2:39½, 2:42. "Central" second, and "Eva" third.

The second race was open to all horses that never trotted better than 2:32. \$260, \$100, \$40. Only three horses ran: R. Armstrong's ch. m. "Molly Morris," formerly "Kitty Fisk," F. Thompson's b. g. "Catarqui Chief," J. Dougrey's b. m. "Fanny Lambert." "Molly Morris" took the race in three straight heats. Time, 2:32½, 2:32½, 2:36. "Fanny Lambert" second and "Catarqui Chief" third. This closed the day's proceedings.

On Thursday the weather being exceedingly unpropitious the races were postponed until Friday, when they duly came off. Shortly after one o'clock the bell rang for the first race,

which was the Lumbermen's Purse of \$400; handicap weight; half forfeit; running race; open to all Dominion bred horses; mile heats; best two in three; 1st, \$260; 2nd, \$100; 3rd, \$40. The entries were C. Gates' ch. h. "Jack Bell," 116 lbs.; P. Langley's br. m. "Juliana," 100 lbs.; J. Lawrence's br. m. "Ino," 5 years, 100 lbs.; W. J. & R. Jarvis' b. h. "Terror," aged, 121 lbs.; R. Harrison's b. h. "Ed. Harrison," 4 years, late "Jack Vandal," 100 lbs. The following is the summary:—

"Terror".....	1	1
"Harrison".....	3	3
"Jack Bell".....	5	2
"Juliana".....	4	4
"Ino".....	2	6
Time, 1:50, 1:48½.		

The next was the running race for a purse of \$600, open to all; mile heats, two in three; \$400, \$125, \$75. The entries were D. Smither's b. g. "Edenton," 6 years; O. H. Strong's s. h. "Boaster," and O. Morton's b. m. "Norah Kista," aged. The mare took the race, with "Boaster" second. Time, 1:50½, 1:47½.

The third race was the \$500 trotting race, open to all horses; 1st, \$320; 2nd, \$120; 3rd, \$60. Entries:—Thompson's b. g. "Catarqui Chief," T. Dougrey's b. m. "Fanny Lambert," C. B. Ballards' g. m. "Snowflake." The following is the summary:—

"Fanny Lambert".....	2	1	2	1
"Catarqui Chief".....	1	2	1	3
"Snowflake".....	3	3	3	2

The "Chief" and "Snowflake" both broke badly, "Fanny Lambert" being the only one that trotted anything like squarely. The fifth heat was also awarded to "Fanny Lambert," the others having broken.

For the fourth race, \$300, for horses that never trotted better than 2:40.—1st, \$175; 2nd, \$85; 3rd, \$40; there were five entries, viz., Robt. James' b. h. "Rob Roy," F. Thompson's b. m. "Lilly Pierce," D. Williamson's b. g. "Halton Boy," W. Johnson's b. m. "Toronto Girl," J. E. Bailey's b. g. "C. C. Spring." In the first heat "Rob Roy" came in first, with "Toronto Girl" second, and "Lilly Pierce" third, but the two former having broken badly the heat was awarded to "Lilly Pierce." "Spring" fourth; "Halton Boy" distanced. Time, 2:37½. The second heat was almost a repetition of the preceding one, and was taken by "Toronto Girl," with "Rob Roy" second, and "Spring" third. Time, 2:41½. The third heat was an easy one for "Toronto Girl," who held the lead from start to finish. Time, 2:40. In the fourth and deciding heat, "Toronto Girl" went to the front at the start and kept the lead all through. She finally won the heat and race, "Rob Roy" being second, and "Spring" third. Time, 2:40½. "Lilly Pierce" took second money, having won the first heat. This closed the day's proceedings.

The third day (Saturday) was opened with the race for Premium No. 7, Northern Railway Purse; \$400 handicap hurdle race, dash of two miles, over eight hurdles. First horse, \$300; second horse, \$100. Entries: W. & J. Jarvis' b. g. "Jack-on-the-Green," 154 lbs.; J. Hendrie's b. g. "Abbotsford," 140 lbs.; Dr. A. Smith's b. g. "Lancer," 118 lbs.; Wm. William's c. h. "Mercury," 126 lbs. "Jack-on-the-Green" took the race, "Abbotsford" taking second money, and "Mercury" a good third. On the home stretch "Lancer" struck, tumbling himself and rider. The next race was for a purse of \$700, running race, open to all, two-mile heats; 1st horse, \$475, 2nd, \$150, 3rd, \$75. The entries were, O. Morton's b. m. "Norah Kista," Boyle & Forbes' ch. h. "Judge Durrell," W. J. & R. Jarvis' b. h. "Terror." The race was taken by "Judge Durrell" in two straight heats, "Norah" second, "Terror" third. Time, 3:44½.

For the \$300 ladies' purse, for Dominion bred horses that never won public money, mile heats; 1st, \$200, 2nd, \$70, 3rd, \$30; there were six entries. H. Crofton's g. h. "Barrie," R. Harrison's b. h. "Jack Vandal," J. Grand's b. g. "Post Boy," P. Langley's ch. m. "Orphan Girl," W. J. & R. Jarvis' b. h. "Charles Douglas," A. Simpson's "Algoma." The first heat was taken by "Vandal" in 1:50, "Algoma" second. "Vandal" also took the second heat, with "Douglas" and "Algoma" following. Time, 1:51.

The last race of the meeting was a consolation purse of \$150 for beaten horses, mile and a half dash. Entries:—Dr. Smith's b. g. "Edenton," C. Gates' c. h. "Jack Bell." "Bell" took the lead and kept it throughout, but "Edenton" made good running, "Bell" only winning by a head.

This finished the spring meeting of the Barrie Association, which was in every way a success, and the manner in which it was conducted will make it a favourite with the sporting fraternity.

Every facility was offered to visitors, the Northern Railway Co. running a special train to and from Barrie. Order was preserved on the ground by a detachment of the Toronto Police Force.

THE "TROUGH," MURRAY BAY.

"Le Trou" is one of the most favourite pic-nic places of Murray Bay, about nine miles distant from Warren's Hotel. It is called "Trough," or Hole, because it is situated in a little valley between high mountains. Down this valley a considerable stream of water bounds from rock to rock, now spreading out into a thin fine sheet of clear blue water, and now dashing through a narrow channel over an abrupt rock. At the foot of the Trou a little pond is formed where those who have a fancy for trout-fishing may whip a fly. Not far from this pool, an enterprising and money-loving habitant has erected a wooden shed especially for the accommodation of "little parties," and for the use of which he exacts a small fee.

The Champagne wine-growers are already in a fair way to recoup themselves for their losses during the invasion by the increase it has occasioned in their trade with Germany. The assertion recalls the old story which attributes the fortunes of the famous Veuve Clicquot to the Russian invasion of Rheims at the beginning of this century. The invaders in those days, less squeamish about fixed rations of requisitions, broke open the widows' cellars, and drank them dry. She thought herself ruined, but the robbers carried home to their own country such stimulating recollections of their delicious booty that orders poured from all parts of Russia, and the fortune of Veuve Clicquot was made.

THE BARRON BLOCK.

In a former issue we gave a view of the Barron Block copied from the plans while the building was under construction. In the present issue we give an illustration showing some of the principal business offices in the "block," which is such an ornament to St. James Street. The splendid offices on the first floor, forming the corner of St. John and St. James Streets—are occupied by the Dominion Agency of the New York Life Insurance Company under the able superintendence of Mr. Walter Burke. This Life Insurance Company occupies the leading position among the many excellent life corporations, which are doing a noble work among our friends in the United States. In the latter part of the year 1868, the Dominion Agency was opened in Montreal, and by the close of the year, it had received \$10,000 in premiums. In 1869, the premiums received amounted to \$35,000; in 1870, to \$57,000; while in the past year 1871—so rapidly did the Canadian business increase, that the total premiums received at the Dominion Agency amounted to the large sum of \$127,295 41—the policies issued the same year, amounting to \$1,453,750, being the second largest business (of branch offices) done in Canada. We are informed that this year, the business of the Agency shows a still further increase over previous years—at present rate amounting to fully two millions and a half. The total assets of the Company are over \$29,000,000. A very excellent time-piece from Messrs. Savage & Lyman's, occupies the upper portion of the corner window, and while it is ever an excellent advertisement for the Company, it is no less a convenience to the thousands who daily pass that way. The New York Life clock is a recognised necessity to the frequenters of St. James Street.

In this building are the head offices of Messrs. Chisholm & Bros., the well-known Guide Book publishers and Steamboat and Railway advertising contractors. Amongst the Guide Books issued by this firm, special mention should be made of "The International Railway and Steam Navigation Guide," "The all Round Route and Panoramic Guide of the St. Lawrence," and the "Strangers' Guide to the City of Montreal"—all of which, both as regards the admirable taste displayed in their arrangement and the valuable information which they contain, are highly creditable to their enterprising publishers.

The advertising facilities which this firm offers to the public are worthy of special attention. In addition to their series of Guide Books they have also a complete and extensive system of Steamboat and Railway advertising, which cannot fail to give satisfaction to any one making use of it. At this season of the year we cannot do better than recommend our advertising readers to make themselves acquainted with this system before completing their arrangements. Any communication addressed to the firm will, we feel sure, meet with prompt attention.

The Improved Mercantile Agency of J. M. Bradstreet & Son was established in 1849, and has its principal office at 279, 281 & 283 Broadway, New York; with branch offices in Augusta, Baltimore, Boston, Buffalo, Chicago, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Detroit, Louisville, Milwaukee, Montreal, New Orleans, Norfolk, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, San Francisco, Savannah, St. Louis, and Toronto. The Montreal office is at No. 3 Barron's Building. The Improved Mercantile Agency, although of twenty-three years standing in the United States, was only established in this city in January, 1867, and the success it has met with shows that it was required in the community, and that its style of doing business has been duly appreciated by our merchants, bankers, manufacturers, and others who require reliable information as to the standing, character, and credit of parties doing business of any kind in any part of the Dominion of Canada, as well as throughout the United States of America.

The great object and aim of the Improved Mercantile Agency is to give every man his just grade of credit, and so keep subscribers duly advised of all changes that occur in the status of business men. An institution so conducted and with such objects, cannot fail to be useful to the business community.

No. 2, immediately to the left of the stairway leading to the first landing, fronting on Great St. James Street, contains five apartments, three of which comprise the neat, airy, and commodious offices of the law firm of Messrs. Macmaster & Bagg, and the remaining two the Estate Agency of W. A. Curry, Esq.

The extensive suit of offices of Messrs. Charles Legge & Co. is on the second floor of the building. The drawing and consulting rooms of the Patent Branch face St. James and St. John Streets, and are admirably adapted for the respective duties for which they are designed. This is the oldest, most extensive, and reliable Patent Agency in the Dominion, and possesses a large foreign connection, with agents or branches in the capital cities of all countries to facilitate the obtaining of foreign patents. In the Library of Reference will be found Patent Office Reports, &c., containing specifications and drawings of all patents heretofore granted in Canada, United States, Great Britain, &c. Inventors can consult those valuable publications and ascertain whether their inventions have been anticipated or not, prior to incurring the expense of making applications. The public is largely indebted to Messrs. Legge & Co. for the Improved Patent Bill recently introduced into Parliament, and which has now become law. In addition to obtaining Patents of Invention in Canada and foreign countries, copy-rights, industrial designs, and trade marks are secured. The Patentee's Manual, containing Patent Laws, with full instructions for obtaining patents, is sent free on application. Facing St. John Street, and in rear of the building, are the offices connected with the engineering department. The professional reputation of the firm is so well known that it is needless to dwell on the subject, further than to state that in those offices many of our leading public works have been designed and reported on, and likely many more to follow.

No. 160 St. James Street, in the same block, has been leased and elegantly finished and fitted up for offices of the South-Eastern Counties Junction Railway, the Canada Central Railway, and the Montreal Northern Colonization Railway.

The South-Eastern Counties Junction Railway is a new road—opened up for traffic last October—between West Farnham, Province of Quebec, and Richford, Vermont; distance, 33 miles.

This road was contracted for and built by Hon. A. B. Foster, the present manager, and passes through one of the finest agricultural districts in Canada. The road is now under

contract, and to be extended and completed to Newport, Vermont, the present season, under a charter to the Missisquoi & Clyde River Railroad, leased to the South-Eastern, a distance of 28 miles from Richford to Newport, where it will make a connection with the Connecticut & Passumpsic River Railroad.

This connection gives Montreal another first-class Boston and New York line, and will also connect with the Portland and Ogdensburgh Railroad at St. Johnsbury, Vermont, making the shortest road from Montreal to Portland.

For pleasure travel to the White Mountains it will be the shortest and most direct line from Montreal, connecting at Wells River with the Littleton route. The cars of the South-Eastern leave Montreal daily and run to Richford without change. The road is said to be one of the best finished and furnished roads in Canada. The depôts are of brick, and the rolling stock all new and of the latest and most improved design for comfort and safety.

The Canada Central is an Upper Ottawa Railway, commencing at Ottawa City and extending up the Ottawa River as far as Renfrew, and to be constructed and opened up to Pembroke the present season, a distance of over 100 miles.

The Montreal Northern Colonization Railway is a new road to be constructed from Montreal to Ottawa on the North Shore of the Ottawa.

The offices are large and finely finished and furnished, and in keeping with the elegant building in which they are located.

The extreme eastern end of the building is occupied by the Royal Canadian Bank, of which Mr. Satche, so long connected with banking in Canada, is the local manager.

It will be seen from what we have stated that there is much important business transacted in the Barron Block.

SOME AMERICANISMS.

Many of the most recent Americanisms are highly imaginative, formed as they are on metaphorical principles. Take these for example: "Shell out," in the sense of paying from one's own purse, is a metaphor drawn from the opening of the shell to extract the fish. "Mudsill," as a term of reproach, applied by the Southerners against the Northerners, meaning the very *depths* of the lowest strata of society, from mudsill—the beams which underlie the "sleeper" on a line of railway, applied figuratively, first, to the lower classes, upon whose labour the upper classes rest in luxurious ease. "To come out at the little end of the horn," meaning to be unfortunate in a speculation of any kind, has been traced to a fairy story of a pigmy or elf, which being imprisoned in a cow's horn, was foolish enough to squeeze through the little end of the horn, instead of passing through the larger aperture by the mouth. Then, "to bet one's pile," which means to stake or risk all one's wealth, or to make the greatest of all sacrifices, is a term for the gambling-table. In America language, like everything else, is on a big scale. Schools are "academies" and "colleges;" holidays are "vacations" and "recesses;" boys are "young gentlemen;" servants are "helps" or "clerks;" wives are "ladies;" letters are "epistolary advices" or "communications;" much larger is a "nation sight bigger;" a good deal is a "nation deal." The following expressions we think peculiar: "To rush it" (to perform a bold action). "To happily," "to fix" (to settle a matter). With the singular expression "to ring" (facts into a person's mind), we may compare our own indigenous expression to keep "dingdonging" at a person. It is a singular fact that English and American telegraph clerks employ the letter "O. K." to denote that a message sent is "Oll Korrek" (all correct). Some American corruptions of our pronunciations are very curious, as "chile" for "child," "hull" for "whole," "nawthing" for "nothing," "s'pose" for "suppose," "pint" for "point," "sassy" for "saucy." As a rule, the weak preterite is preferred to the strong preterite, hence the vulgar use of "grewed" for "grew," "threwed" for "threw," "knowed" for "knew," "freezed" for "froze," and even "seed" for "saw." The verbs "transmogrify," "caboot," "honeyfugle," and "highfalutin" are all indigenous to the American soil, as well as the "chunk" (of bread) for a "piece." "Hadn't ought" is used for "ought not," "had have had" for "has had," "got to get" "got to go" for "must get" or "must go," "to get shet of" for "to get rid of," "it taint so" for "it is not so." The prepositional adverb "up" is very commonly used with all sorts of verbs; hence a school is said to "take up" for "to begin;" a man is said to be "used up" for "exhausted," to be "picked up," for to be "deceived," and "cracked up" to be "praised," and to be "fixed up" to be "dressed" or "ready;" "to sail up" to "prosper," and to "sing up" to "flatter." What would Shakespeare, or Milton, or Hooker, or Addison have said to such pollutions of the well of English, undrilled by the infusion of streams so muddy?—*St. James's Magazine.*

GRANITE WORKS OF THE ANCIENTS.

The following, from an exceedingly interesting account of the colossal granite structures of ancient Egypt, India, and South America, appears in the current number of the *People's Magazine*:

"The art of carving in granite has never been carried to higher perfection than on the continent of India. At Chhillambaram, also in the Carnatic, and on the Coromandel coast, is a coenacery of temples, representing the sacred Mount of Meru. Here are seven lofty walls, one within the other, round the central quadrangle, and as many pyramidal gateways in the midst of each side, which form the limbs of a vast cross; consisting altogether of twenty-eight pyramids. There are consequently fourteen in a line, which extend more than a mile in one continuous direction! Nor are these the only wonders associated with this metropolis of pyramids. The interior ornaments are in harmony with the whole; from the nave of the principal structures there hang, on the tops of four buttresses, festoons of chains, in length about 548 feet. Each garland, consisting of twenty links, is made of one piece of granite, sixty feet long; the links themselves are monstrous rings, thirty-two inches in circumference, and polished as smooth as glass.

Compared with the monolith temples of granite at Mahabalipuram, which is likewise situated on the Coromandel coast, those in Egypt sink into insignificance. The rocks thereabouts are composed of a hard gray granite, containing quartz, mica, and felspar, with a few crystals of hornblende

interspersed. Many have been hollowed out by art, and sculptured into temples with spirited bas-reliefs, representing episodes in Hindoo history and mythology, and supported by graceful columns; all carved from the solid rock. Detached masses have been cut into shapes of elephants, tigers, lions, bulls, cats, monkeys, and various nondescript monsters, and colossal statues of gods, one of which, namely, that of Ganesa, being thirty feet high.

"The southernmost of the temples is about 40 feet in height, 27 feet in breadth, and nearly the same in length; the exterior being covered with elaborate sculptures. The adjoining edifice is about 40 ft. in length, and in breadth 25 ft.; it is rent by natural causes from summit to base. According to the local Brahminical tradition, these wonderful sculptures were executed by 4,000 workmen, who had come to the north, and returned before their completion. From a careful examination, it is evident that almost all the enormous mass of sculpture and carving that adorns this city of monolith temples and colossi, must have been performed without the aid of fire—with the hammer, chisel, lever, and wedge alone; and this is one of the hardest rocks in the world?"

The *Field* gives the following as the dimensions of a grand old yew tree growing on the Marquis of Bath's estate in Wiltshire:—"Height, 50 ft.; circumference of branches, 154 ft.; spread of branches from north to south, 53 ft.; and from east to west, 66 ft.; girth of stem at 1 ft. from the ground, 32 ft.; smallest girth of stem, 24 ft. 6 in.; length of stem, 7 ft. Under ordinary circumstances, the age of yew trees may be approximately guessed at by allowing a century for every foot in diameter of stem; thus this remarkable old tree may safely be calculated at from 1,100 to 1,200 years old. It is a growing, healthy tree, rather cone-shaped, and is very dense in foliage."

VARIETIES.

A gentleman registered at a hotel in Louisville recently as John Blank, Hamburg, and was gratified at seeing his name in type, among the hotel registry, as "John Blank, humbug."

A South Carolina editor offers his paper free, one year, to the man who brings him the largest watermelon of the season. In the meantime he intends to live on the melons that don't take the prize.

A man in Wilmington, Delaware, whose feelings have been disturbed by the impertinences of the local press, writes to the *Commercial* of that city to know if he has a right to whitewash his chicken-coop.

The vexed conundrum propounded by Hamlet in his soliloquy as to "who would fardels bear?" has at last been solved in a satisfactory manner. The widow of a man named Fardels, hung for horse stealing in Texas, has just given birth to twins.

The *Mobile Register* publishes the following personal:—"A young lady who has been greatly annoyed by a lot of young simpletons who stop under her window at night to sing, 'If ever I cease to love,' wishes us to say, if they will cease their foolishness, come in and talk 'business,' they will confer a favour.

Witty, but severe Madame Bolivar, having tried in vain to get pay for cravats, which a young fop had bought of her, at last sent in her bill in this style: "To two dozen fancy satin policemen, 200 francs. 'What do you mean? What are satin policemen?' asked the dandy. 'Your cravats, for they take a thief by the throat every morning.'

A servant girl at Pittsfield, it is related, was so much impressed the other night by dreaming that some one was robbing the clothes line, that she got up and looked out of the window, when she saw a man carrying off some clothes. She was so overcome by the singularity of the affair, that she let him go and did not tell the story till the next day.

The building committee of a church called upon a wealthy member of the congregation, soliciting a subscription toward a new house of worship. The sum he subscribed disappointed them, and they told him so, at the same intimating that Mr. J—— had given double the amount. "So he should," said the wily gentleman; "he goes to church twice as much as I do."

Rye looks good.—*American Times.* And it tastes good, too.—*Danbury Times.* In a horn.—*Berkshire Courier.* Whereupon the *Times* remarks: "We meant rye bread, but it is evident that the mind of the *Courier* man is wandering toward the stuff that biteth like a serpent and stingeth like a book-keeper."

When the small-pox gets hold of either of a pair of lovers, look out for romance and agony. The papers are telling of a Chicago girl who very recklessly flew to the bedside of her small-pox stricken lover and insisted upon nursing him regardless of danger to herself. It was a severe case, but she was unceasing in her devotion, and principally through her care and skill the patient recovered. Soon she herself fell a victim to the complexion-destroying monster, and although she survived the attack, at its close the beautiful pink and white of her fair face had flown forever, and from being the prettiest girl in Chicago became one of the plainest. Her lover had attended her through her illness but when he saw how fearfully she was changed his love for her departed, and when the marriage day drew near he refused to fulfil his part of the contract. She took his refusal very calmly, no reproaches came from her once pretty mouth which had lost its prettiness in saving the ungrateful one from death; her cheeks which the tell-tale blood used so often to tinge with rosy red, retained its colour, and she married an octogenarian worth \$500,000.

The *Galaxy*, the Ladies' fashionable newspaper of New York, 6th May, says:—"It has been very noticeable since the introduction of that Italian preparation, the Concentrated Water of Tivoli or Bath of Beauty, that in society or at the theatres the toilets of our Ladies have been vastly improved. 5-25 d

THE BURNING OF THE STEAMER "KINGSTON."

The steamer "Kingston," one of the vessels of the Inland Navigation Co.'s Line, while on its usual trip from Montreal to Hamilton on the 11th inst., was burned to the water's edge, near Grenadier Island. The steamer had left Brockville at half-past-one in the afternoon of the day specified, and had proceeded some eighteen miles when an alarm of fire was raised. Upon investigation the fire proved to have originated in a stateroom about midships, directly over the engine-room. Every effort was made to subdue the flames; but the fire spread so rapidly that the vessel was headed for and beached on Grenadier Island. Owing to the rapidity of the fire, only one boat could be reached, which was immediately launched with a load of ladies and children, but it swamped on touching the water, when all fortunately struggled ashore. The passengers and crew saw that their only chance for escape was to jump into the water and get ashore by means of the floating debris and life-preservers. Fortunately the water was not very deep, and, with two exceptions, all on board succeeded in saving themselves. Of these two one was Mrs. Jones, widow of the late Dr. Jones, of Montreal, a lady much respected in the city. It appears that she endeavoured to save herself by jumping from the stern of the vessel with a life-preserver, but owing to the float not being properly adjusted, the unfortunate lady was drowned. The other victim was a boy belonging to the steamer, but the manner in which he met his death is unknown. The propeller "Dominion" which happened to be passing shortly after the accident, conveyed the passengers and crew to Brockville, where they were lodged at the different hotels until the arrival of the night express.

The loss on the steamer, of which nothing remains but the hull, is reported at about \$75,000, about \$60,000 of which is covered by insurance. The hull was of iron, and was not, therefore, much damaged. Cargo and luggage were entirely lost.

The "Kingston" was one of the finest boats of the Inland Navigation Company's line, and was the one in which the Prince of Wales and suite made the trip up the River Saint Lawrence and Lake Ontario on the occasion of His Royal Highness' tour through this country. At the time of the accident she probably had but little freight aboard, as she was going to Toronto to convey the Queen's Own Rifles and the Governor-General's Body-guard to Niagara. The traffic between Montreal and Hamilton will suffer nothing by the loss of the "Kingston," as two other boats belonging to the Company have been lying idle at Charlotte, and two more at Montreal, none of the four having yet been put in commission this season.

TYPES OF BEAUTY.—GIACINTA OF THE MONTE, ROME.

Giacinta, a Roman scarf weaver, working at her loom, furnishes us with our "type of beauty" for this week's publication. Though the artist has drawn her as she may be seen any day, plying her vocation in her room opening on to the street leading from the Condotti to the Ponte St. Angelo, she is not a native of this district; indeed, she would consider it

something approaching to an insult for it to be supposed she was. She is from the Rione Monte, the point of the city situate between the Quirinal and the Basilica of Santa Maria Maggiore. The denizens of this locality claim the distinction of being the pure and veritable posterity of the old Romans—the Fabricii, the Horatii, the Justiniani, &c. They would fain claim to be the exclusive descendants of these historical personages; but on this point their pretensions are met "in face" by those of the inhabitants of another district on the further side of the Tiber—the Trastevere—who urge the purity of their classic descent as strenuously, and apparently with as much foundation, as the Monte people; and to such an extent is the rivalry on this point being carried between these two sections of the Roman population, that it has been time out of mind the occasion of fierce and sanguinary encounters; and even to-day, for two parties of men from those localities to meet each other in the Campagna, or even in the Forum, is

eyes, and the quiet, exquisite curve of her lips, to be anything but strong on the point of self-assertion; but, truth to say, it is perilous to offend her, and unfortunately she is not a little touchy. At the top of the centre of her bodice a small silver ornament may be seen; it appears to be the termination of some substance or implement intended to give rigidity to this part of her costume—and so it is, but it is a sharp and a very effective poignard as well, and on the slightest provocation it will be whipped out, and used most efficaciously too. Giacinta has good qualities notwithstanding. She, as well as her relatives of the Trastevere, vindictive and ferocious as they often are, contrast favourably with the rest of the population in most of the qualities that give dignity and stamina to a people; leaving out the somewhat light estimation in which they hold human life, they are for the most part exceptionally moral. They are also to be remarked for their industry. The thieves and the beggars with which the place

abounds come neither from the Monte nor the Trastevere; and if ever the population of the old city is to be regenerated, the germs of a higher national life and character would seem to be found in those districts rather than in any other.—Queen.

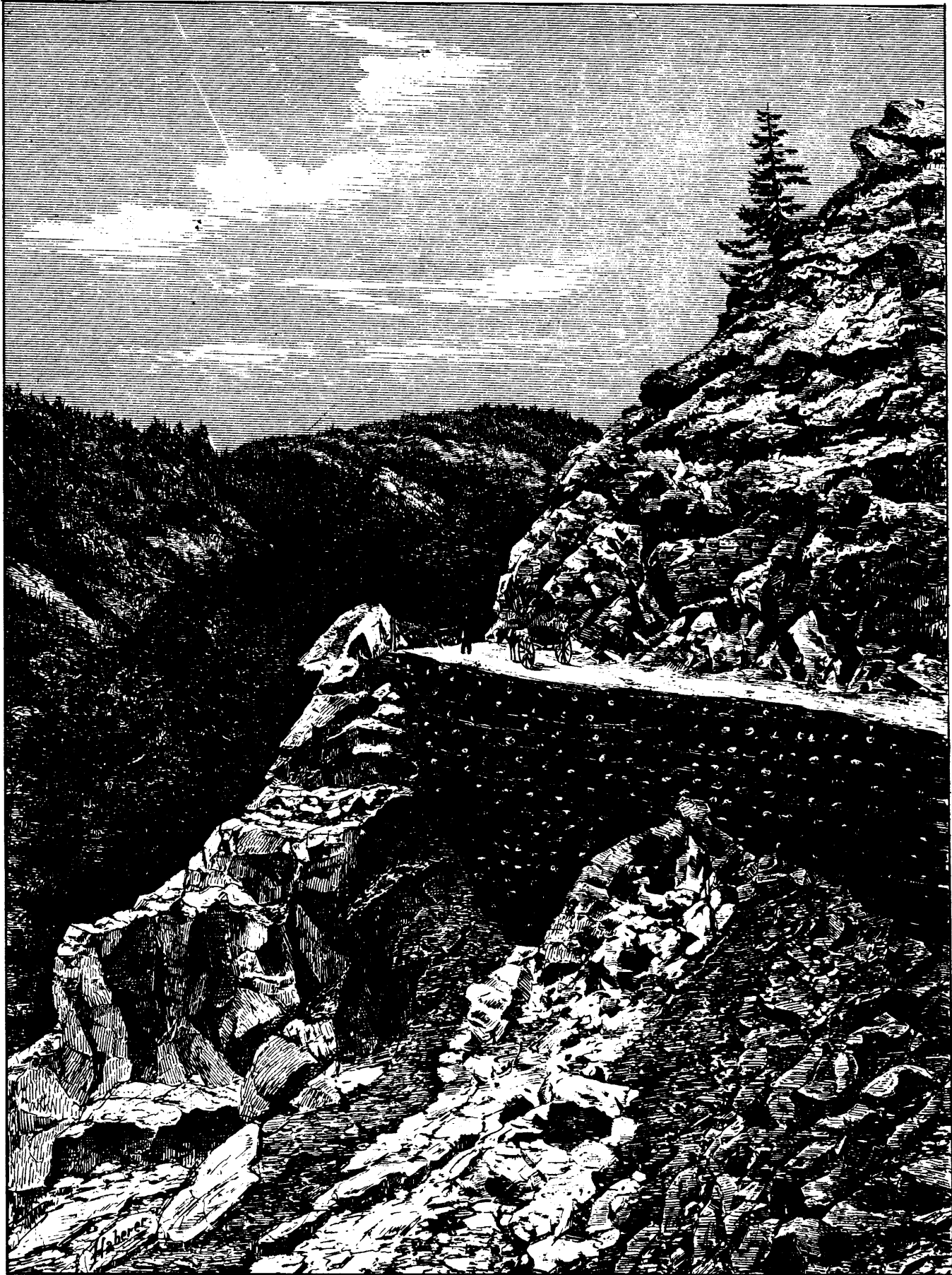
CHINA BAR BLUFF, B. C.

In the present issue we give another British Columbia view—that of China Bar Bluff, showing the construction at that point of the plank road from the coast to Cariboo. The road was built for the convenience of miners and others going into the interior, and for a new country is certainly a marvel of engineering skill. For nearly its whole length it follows the course of the Fraser River, winding along like a narrow belt girding the precipitous heights that look down on the stream, crossing deep ravines, and in places passing from rock to rock over successive layers of timber and gravel. The scene shown in our illustration—which is from a photograph by the Notman party that accompanied Messrs. Selwyn and Richardson on their exploratory tour last summer—is a fair sample of what is to be met with along this pioneer road of the Western-most Province of the Dominion.

The coast of the island of New Guinea is to be explored by a private expedition from Australia, numbering thirty persons. Interesting discoveries in geography and natural science are hoped for; but as each member pays five hundred dol-

lars toward the expenses of the party, they have arranged to secure themselves against loss by going pearl fishing, in case of a failure to effect a landing in New Guinea.

A question of interest to grocers was tried before an English Police Court, whether, in selling sugar, paper may be placed in the scales and charged as a part of the goods weighed. It had been the practice of some of the witnesses to weigh and sell sugar in this way for forty years, and the custom of trade was therefore pleaded in justification. It was contended, on the other hand, that if the Bench sanctioned the practice because it was a custom of trade, a butcher might place a piece of lead on the beam of his scales simply because it was a custom and on that account only. A fine of one shilling and costs was inflicted, and the case carried to a higher court in order to test the question involved.

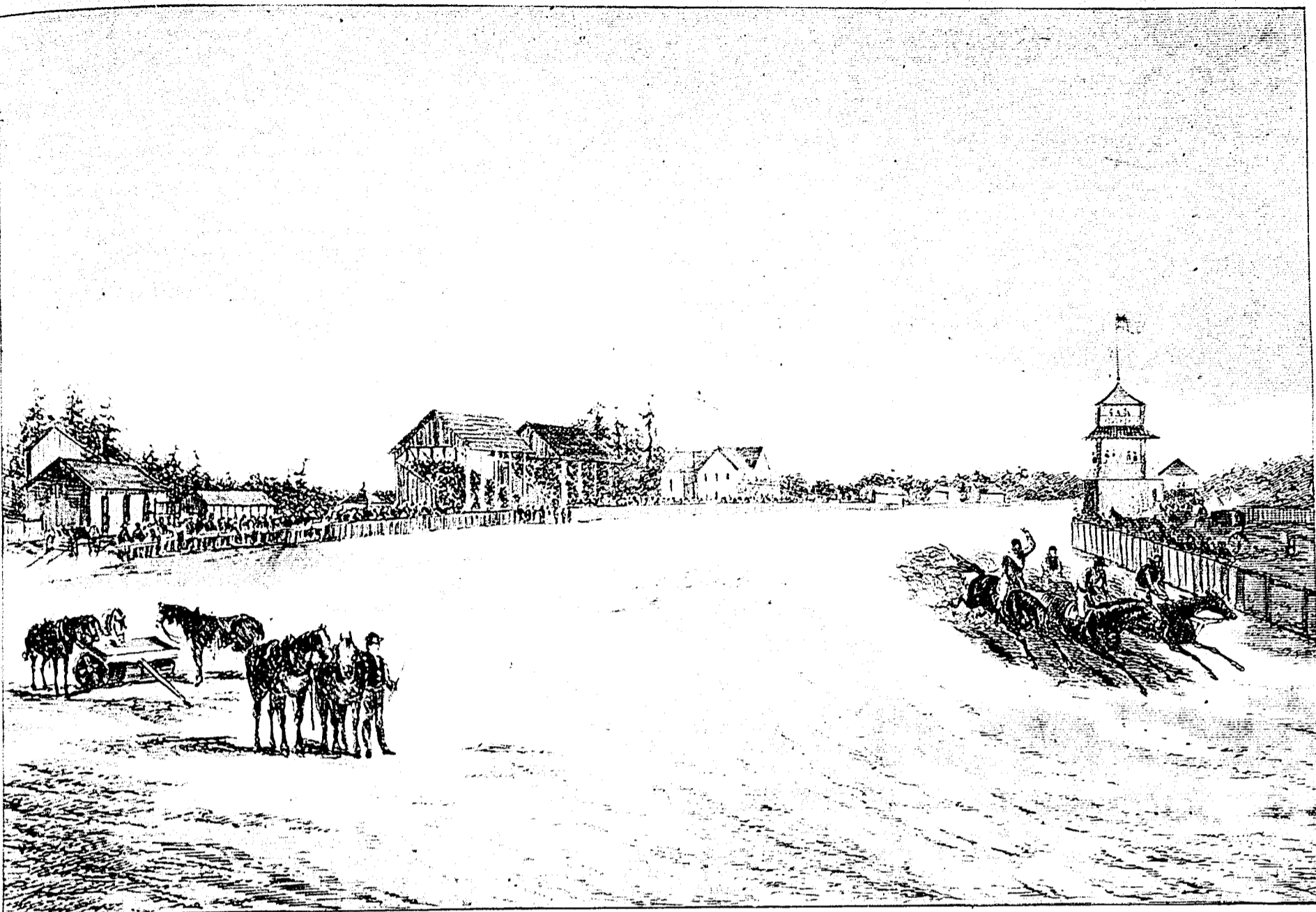


BRITISH COLUMBIA.—CHINA BAR BLUFF, SHOWING HOW THE ROAD IS BUILT ON THE WAY TO CARIBOO.

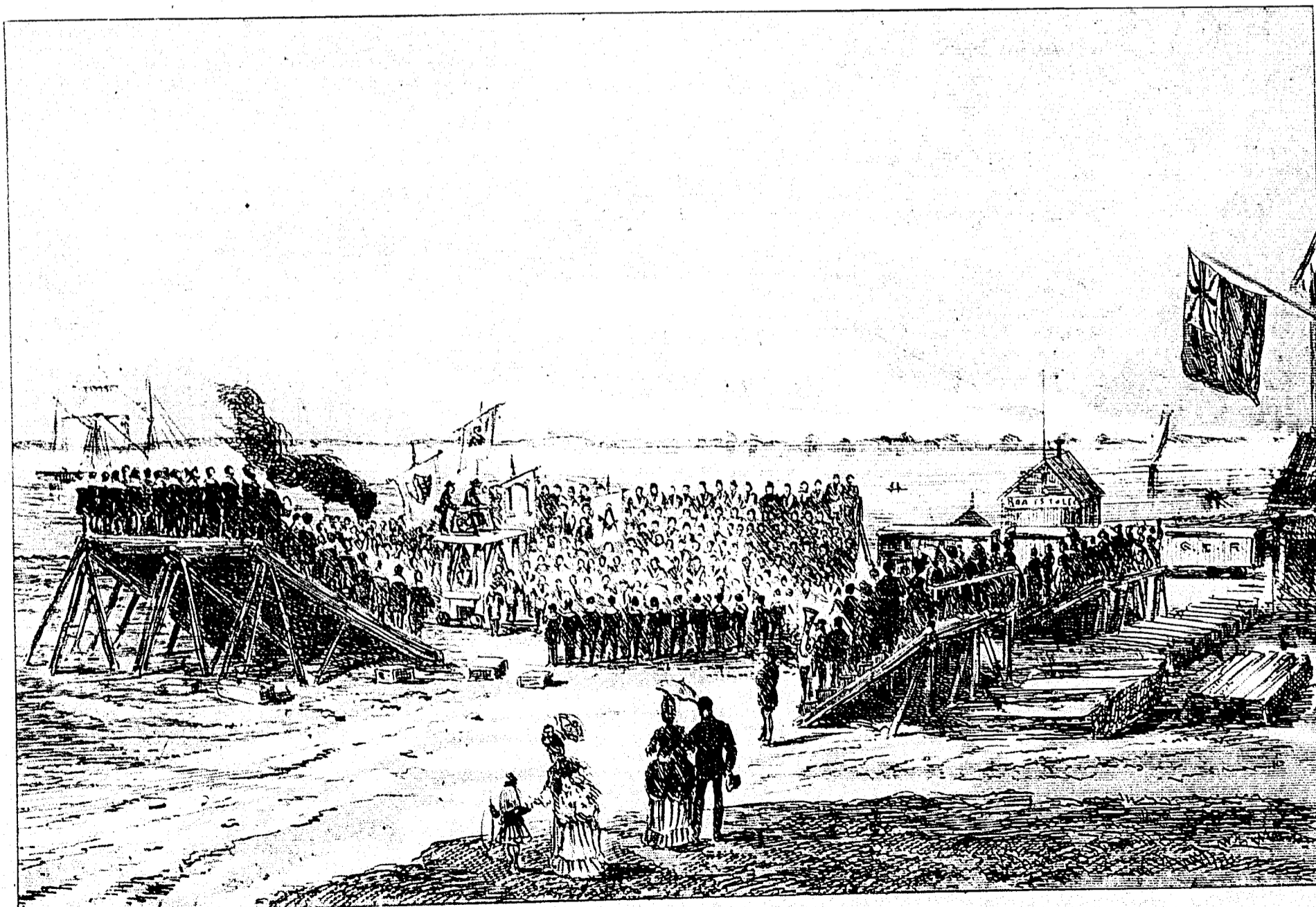
the signal for a fray, that generally ends in a more or less amount of bloodshed.

It must be admitted that the pretensions of these people in respect of their descent would seem to possess some plausibility. They are decidedly the finest, from a physical point of view, of any of the Roman population, and the character and expression of their features come very much nearer to the ancient type; and, whether the fact counts or not in favour of their claims to classic origin, certain it is that there is a proud dignity in their bearing, and a determination, often approaching to ferocity, in their dispositions, that distinctly separate them—Trasteverines as well as Montini—from the general population of the city.

Giacinta as she works at her loom, much in the same manner and garb as her ancestry some three thousand years ago did, would appear from her classic form, her large soft black



BARRIE.—NEW RACE COURSE.—FROM A SKETCH BY W. ARMSTRONG.



TORONTO.—LAYING THE CORNER STONE OF THE UNION DEPOT.—FROM A SKETCH BY W. ARMSTRONG.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY,
JULY 6, 1872.

SUNDAY,	June 30.— <i>Fifth Sunday after Trinity.</i>
MONDAY,	July 1.—Dominion Day. Battle of the Boyne, 1690. Ridgeway Monument erected at Toronto University, 1870. Transfer of the Italian Capital to Rome, 1871.
TUESDAY,	" 2.— <i>Visitation B. V. M.</i> Sir Robert Peel died, 1850. Foundation Stone of Toronto Normal School laid, 1851. Victor Emmanuel entered Rome, 1871.
WEDNESDAY,	" 3.—Quebec founded by Champlain, 1608. Battle of Sadowa, 1866.
THURSDAY,	" 4.—Massacre of French by Indians, 1648. Vicksburg taken, 1863.
FRIDAY,	" 5.—Battle of Chippewa, 1814. Algiers taken by the French, 1830.
SATURDAY,	" 6.—"Great Eastern" arrived at Quebec, 1861. Samuel Lover died, 1868.

TEMPERATURE in the shade, and Barometer indications for the week ending Tuesday, 25th June, 1872, observed by HEARN, HARRISON & Co., 242 & 244 Notre Dame Street.

W.	June 19.	MAX.	MIN.	MEAN.	S.A.M.	1 P.M.	7 P.M.
Th.	" 20.	82°	62°	72°	80.21	80.20	80.20
Fri.	" 21.	82°	62°	72°	80.20	80.20	80.17
Sat.	" 22.	82°	62°	72°	80.18	80.22	80.26
Sun.	" 23.	82°	62°	72°	80.20	80.20	80.19
Mon.	" 24.	82°	62°	72°	80.15	80.10	80.10
Tue.	" 25.	82°	62°	72°	80.06	80.06	80.02
		82°	62°	72°	80.10	80.10	80.12

Our readers are reminded that the subscription to the NEWS is \$4.00 per annum, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

All unpaid subscribers will be struck off the list on the 1st July next, and their accounts [at the rate of \$5.00 per annum] placed in our attorneys' hands for collection.

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JUNE 29, 1872.

There is already being manifested very great interest throughout the country in the approaching general election. As the second election, under Confederation, it has especial significance. At the first Dominion election parties in the different Provinces did not know each other, and the consequence was that, in the absence of knowledge, there was a lack of sympathy and cohesiveness among members holding views that were not very far apart. The experience of five sessions has, however, given opportunity to the representatives of the different Provinces to study each other's views, and the approaching election, probably to be held in August, will turn more strictly on the party issue as between the Ministry and the Opposition.

This is a natural result of the progress of events. The question of the Union has ceased to be an issue; and it would have ceased to be an open question before the last general election had all the parties to Confederation been thoroughly in accord. Unfortunately, however, the Conservative-Reform alliance formed in Upper Canada in 1864 for carrying Confederation was in a great measure broken up before its purpose was accomplished. This led to a separate party issue in that Province in which the people of the other portions of the Dominion had little interest, and with which, we believe, with few exceptions, they had still less sympathy. Now, however, parties have become to some extent welded together. At least they know each other's views, and whether under the name of Reformer or Conservative every candidate will go to the polls with a clear declaration of being for or against the existing Government. The fact of the present ministry having made a record and declared its general policy will necessitate this course, except in the few instances where personal character will carry the candidate through independently of political considerations.

There is evidence in these facts of the gradual consolidation of the Canadian nationality; but so much has yet to be done to complete the work that thoughtless action on the part of any large portion of the population might yet undo or render fruitless the good work that has so far been very steadily persevered in. The question of this or that man for premier is not necessarily of consequence; nor does it matter who may be the parties that direct the policy of the Government. But it is important that the tolerant liberal policy heretofore pursued should hereafter be adhered to; and equally important that the legislation which fosters "cheap living" should never be departed from. The differences in nationality and religion which mark the population of Canada necessitate, in the interests of social harmony, a degree of consideration for the feelings, or it may be the prejudices, of others scarcely dreamed of in more homogeneous communities. And our climate, soil and geographical position require, if we would attain to national success, that the

cost of living should be maintained at the lowest possible figure.

In the face of these two facts it will certainly be found that absolute uniformity in public institutions will be destructive of social harmony by forcing minorities in each Province into the conviction that they are being unfairly used; just as the so-called "protective" policy would starve the general industry of the country by making the cost of living out of proportion with the rate of production.

During the past five years the banking capital of the country has increased by about some fifty or sixty per cent. The population, it is true, shows but a small increase compared with the public expectation; but then it is to be remembered that serious doubts have been thrown on the correctness of the former decennial census, while at the same time it has been pretty well established that the latest one fell somewhat short of the actual count. However, it is plain that the wealth of the country is increasing at a much more rapid rate than the population, and this increase has been achieved under the policy of a low tariff and a pretty high internal revenue rate. Would a "protective" policy which, in the ordinary sense of the term, merely increases the cost to the consumer, have an equally rapid progress? It may be answered that it would, and the United States might be appealed to in proof. But it should be remembered that the large increase in wealth which is reported by the last United States census is mainly made up of the fictitious increase in values created by the influence of the high rate of taxation. A similar system of high taxes in Canada would give a like fictitious increase to its wealth; but the New York workingman who studied out the "eight hours movement," and arrived at the conclusion that it simply meant twenty per cent. more for living, was a better political economist than the Protectionists. He saw that twenty per cent. taken off labour meant the addition of twenty per cent. to the cost of the articles produced. In the same way twenty per cent. added to the tariff means twenty per cent. plus the merchant's profit, added to the cost of the goods imported as well as the like goods made in the country.

These subjects should be considered by the electors. They are more important than any party issue; and beyond that there is the curious incident that the Ontario Opposition are thoroughly alienated from all parties in the other Provinces, so that their success in parliament, were that possible, would revive the old sectional strife on a still larger scale than it was before confederation. It behoves the people, therefore, to look to the practical policy rather than the party association of those whom they support.

LITERARY NOTICES.

SCRIBNER'S FOR JULY.—The current number of this ever-welcome monthly is full of varied and interesting matter. It opens with a capital sketch, fully illustrated, of the history and institutions of the United States Military Academy at West Point; followed by a short illustrated article on spider-life. The department of fiction is filled by the usual instalment of Mrs. Oliphant's "At His Gates;" a characteristic sketch, by James T. McKay, entitled "Harker and Blind;" and the third and last part of "Draxy Miller's Dowry." Lovers of Saxe Holm's fresh and vigorous writings will be sorry to part company with "Little Draxy" after so short an acquaintance. To our mind we could better afford to lose the "Back-Log Studies," of which the seventh instalment appears in this number, and which are beginning to get slightly wearisome. Fanny Howell's sketch, "Woman as a Smuggler and Woman as a Detective," will be read with pleasure by thousands. An extract from this paper appears in our present issue. An instalment of W. C. Wilkinson's criticism of Mr. Lowell's prose, the usual quantity of poetry, and *varia* notes complete the number.

CHESBOLD'S RAILWAY AND STEAMBOAT GUIDE.—This handbook for tourists appears monthly during the spring and early summer months, and three times during the winter. It contains, in addition to time-tables, rates of fare, &c., valuable notes on the principal places of interest on the St. Lawrence and in the Maritime Provinces; and, in fact, forms a complete *vade-mecum* for tourists and travellers in those quarters. During the time of the annual influx of pleasure-seekers from the other side, the *Guide* should meet with an enormous sale.

CHURCH'S MUSICAL VISITOR, Cincinnati, O.—The June number of this periodical contains correspondence on matters musical from New York, Boston, St. Louis, Philadelphia, Chicago, and Indianapolis, all of which is full and interesting; also an amount of able editorials, well-selected miscellany; and six vocal pieces of music. The low price at which the subscription is fixed—one dollar per annum—should secure it a large patronage.

THE SCIENCE OF HEALTH, New York, S. R. Wells.—This is the name of a new publication issued by the proprietor of the *Phrenological Journal*, and devoted, as its name implies, to the study of hygiene. The first number promises well, and contains matter of interest for the general reader as well as for students of sanitary matters.

We have received from Messrs. T. E. Foster & Co., Montreal, a List of Newspapers published in the Dominion of Canada. Such a catalogue, though a similar one is to be found in the Dominion Directory, proves very acceptable in its present handy form. Should it appear periodically, as it apparently intended, with corrections up to date of publication, it cannot fail to be useful alike to publisher and advertiser.

THE MARION WATCHES.—Messrs. John Wood & Son, of Notre Dame Street, have recently imported a large assortment of these very favourite watches. As reliable time-keepers they are unsurpassed, and are highly prized by railroad men and others whose avocations necessitate punctuality and exactness. On reference to the testimonials which appear on our advertising pages it will be found that the average variation of these watches from mean time is a little over a second a month. Messrs. Wood have also imported from New York, for their own use, a handsome chronometer which is now on exhibition in their window, and which, in the present unsatisfactory state of the public clocks of the city, will prove a great boon to all business men.

On Wednesday of last week the pupils of St. Mary's College gave a representation of the "Hidden Gem," in the Academic Hall of the College, before a numerous and appreciative audience. We have already had occasion to speak of the admirable training of these young amateurs, and the perfect manner in which their representations are conducted, as reflecting great credit on their efforts, and saying much for the system of instruction followed at the College. On Thursday last Racine's "Joas" was given.

LOSS OF WEIGHT AND WASTE OF TISSUE.

Some of the journals have lately stated that as the human frame is found to weigh considerably less in the morning than it had done on retiring to rest the previous night, we are to assume that the solid matter represented by the difference of the two weights had all escaped through the pores into the clothing during the night. This is very far from being the case, as the bulk of such loss in every instance is composed of the carbon of the blood which had been received into the system in the form of food, and is always being eliminated from it by a union with the oxygen of the air received into the lungs by breathing. The two elements combined form those large supplies of carbonic acid gas, which are found to be ejected from the lungs with more or less of nitrogen at every expiration. The loss of weight in carbon from this cause, unbalanced by the reception of food into the system, is always considerable. The amount of loss through the pores, though from the constant presence of evaporation not very easy to measure, must always be a great deal smaller than that by expiration of the lungs into the outer air, and the latter as it steadily vitiates the atmosphere, has regularly to be met by sufficient and judicious ventilation.

AN ARISTOCRATIC MODISTE.

A writer in the Albany *Argus* gives the following account of the dressmaking establishment of Princess Pierre Bonaparte, in London:—

"A sober page in buttons conducts the visitor to a room arranged with a taste and an elegance which English mode-makers—adepts in the art of catch penny decorations—would do well to imitate. Quiet tones in the colouring of carpets and curtains, not too many mirrors, not a redundancy of gilding, and three or four valuable prints and paintings, as substitutes for the usual garish pink and yellow. Here presides the princess—a tall, very handsome woman—over a bevy of young workwomen she had obtained for her purpose from Paris, and whose unchignoned heads and plain neatness of dress are admirably in keeping with the practical business objects of the place. Having adopted dressmaking as a vocation, the princess enters earnestly into the mercantile spirit, and desires the custom of the poor as well as the rich. There should be established in England, she thinks, a "good middle class school of dressmaking," the same as that which, in Paris, makes a grisette as neat, dainty, and as tasteful of dress, in her way, as any person, and adds: "I buy dresses—a thousand francs each is cheap—of Worth, and by using them as models for my workwomen, can give my customers exact counterparts of his master-pieces at less than half his prices. Mine is 'democratic dressmaking, you perceive, and I am not afraid of the world.' The ladies may be able to tell just how sound this speech is in art, and how much of good suggestion it may have for New York, as for London; just how thoroughly French is the whole tableau of Princess turned 'modiste.' With full length portraits of the parents of her husband's great ancestor, Napoleon I., among the few pictures decorating the walls of her modest wareroom, this formerly haughty lady of Anteuil not only adopts dressmaking with fervour, but expounds its arts with a grace almost persuading the hearer to imagine that there may be really something princely in it.

An exchange advertises for two composers "who don't get drunk," and adds that "the editor does all the 'getting drunk necessary to support the dignity of the establishment.'"

SCIENCE NOTES.

A novel torpedo has been designed at the Royal laboratory, Woolwich, England. It is shaped like a fish, and is about five feet long, with a tail contrived to work like a screw propeller, by which it can be impelled with great force and accuracy of aim against the side of a ship four hundred yards distant.

The Government of Queensland, moved by the similarity between the geological structure of the South African diamond region and that of many parts of Australia, has offered a reward of one thousand pounds sterling to the first discoverer of an Australian diamond drift or field, and has also designated the district in which the most competent judges believe that such a discovery will be made, if made at all.

The great aurora of February 4th, which was visible over so large a portion of the earth, was exceedingly brilliant at the Cape of Good Hope, as we learn from a letter to the Astronomer Royal of England, written by Mr. E. J. Stone of the Cape Town observatory. He says it was the most conspicuous auroral display witnessed in that region for fifty years, and that the natives throughout the colony were considerably frightened by the unusual luminosity of the sky.

Professor Piazzzi Smyth, the Astronomer Royal for Scotland, is well known for his researches concerning the Great Pyramid of Egypt. He esteems its scientific relations of the highest interest and importance, and maintains that its dimensions afford the standards and units of weight and measure which have been the greatest favourites with the greatest number of all peoples through all history down to the present day. It is situated at the centre of the land surface of the globe, and its altitude is contained precisely one thousand million times in the mean distance of the earth from the sun. Curiously enough, Professor Smyth thinks that the Egyptians were themselves ignorant of these asserted Great Pyramid standards.

A NEW FOSSIL RESIN.—A new fossil resin, named rosbornite, is described by Höfer as occurring in the coal of the Sonneberg, in Carinthia. This has a fatty lustre, a brown colour with garnet-red gloss, wine-yellow by transmitted light, and a light brown to orange yellow streak. When heated in the air it gives off white vapours having an aromatic odour, and burns with a smoky flame without having any residue. In chemical composition this mineral approaches most nearly to crosomite, and still more to the fossil resin of Girona, in New Grenada. This substance can not be properly assigned to any of the groups already established among the fossil resins, but seems rather to conform to the type of a solid resin, rich in carbon but poor in oxygen.

Captain Sherard Osborn of the British Navy lately addressed the Royal Geographical Society in advocacy of a new English expedition to the North Pole. He predicted that the final laurels of Polar discovery would be wrung from his countrymen by German or Swedish navigators, unless a fresh effort was made by England at once. His sentiments were received with much favour by the Society, and Sir Leopold McClintock, the discoverer of the remains of Sir John Franklin's party, agreed with the speaker that the best route to pursue was that through Smith's Sound, Dr. J. D. Hooker dwelt upon the advantages which botanical science might derive from the proposed expedition, in view of the discovery of fossil plants at Disco, in Greenland, which indicate the former prevalence of a temperate climate in latitude 70 degrees North.

ARTIFICIAL LEATHER.—Among the different kinds of artificial leather lately introduced is the following:—J. Charles, in London, and C. Taylor, in Manchester, England, take boiled linseed-oil, and boil it again with quicklime and borax, till they obtain a fluid, which, by cooling, nearly solidifies into a thick dough. To this they add pulverized cork, and some quicklime, and the paste obtained is rolled out into sheets, which, if desired to be very smooth, after being dried, are rubbed down by means of pumice-stone. The process is evidently a partial saponification, and reminds us of the artificial India rubber, which is also made of linseed-oil, without the addition of the powdered cork, which serves only to give the appearance of leather, and is a mere filling or adulteration of the tenacious chief ingredient, in the same way as India rubber is adulterated by similar fillings.

Professor Huxley, in his lecture at Manchester, which was on the subject of yeast, gave the following interesting account of the origin of the word alcohol, as applied to spirits: "Alcohol," he said, "originally meant a very fine powder. The women of the Arabs and other Eastern people are in the habit of tinging their eyelashes with a very fine black powder which is made of antimony, and they call that 'kohol' and the 'al' is simply the article put in front of it, so as to say 'the kohol.' And up to the seventeenth century, in this country, the word alcohol was employed to signify any very fine powder. You find in Robert Boyle's works that he uses 'alcohol' for a very fine subtle powder. But then this name of anything very fine and very subtle came to be specially connected with this fine and subtle spirit obtained from the fermentation of sugar; and I believe that the first person who fairly fixed it as the proper name of what we now commonly call spirits of wine was the great French chemist Lavoisier, who lived in the latter part of the last century.

A NEW KIND OF FLINT-GLASS.—Dr. Benrath, Director of the glassworks at Dorpat, Russia, publishes an account of experiments made by him to produce a glass which has the good qualities of flint-glass without its defects. The good qualities of ordinary flint-glass are, that it is as clear as crystal; that it has a high specific gravity, (is heavy); a low fusing point, so that it melts easily; and strong power of refraction and dispersing light. It is, therefore, invaluable for chemical and optical purposes. Its defects, however, are that it is easily acted on by chemical and mechanical influences—that means, its surface cannot stand rain and sunshine, much less acids or boiling water, and it is so soft that it is most easily scratched.

The chemical difference between ordinary and flint-glass is that the former consists of silice, lime, and soda or potash, while oxide of lead is added to make flint-glass out of it. Chemically speaking, common glass is a silicate of lime and potash, while flint-glass contains also silicate of lead.

SOMETHING ABOUT TONGUES.—Nothing but the proboscis of an elephant compares in muscular flexibility with the tongue.

It varies in length and size in reptiles, birds, and mammalia, according to the peculiar organic circumstance of each. A giraffe's tongue has the functions of a finger. It is hooked over a high branch, its strength being equal to breaking off large strong branches of trees, from which the tender leaves are then stripped. An ant-bear's tongue is long and round, like a whip-lash. The animal tears open dry, clay walls of ant-hills, thrusts in his tongue, which sweeps round the apartments, and by its adhesive saliva brings out a yard of ants at a swoop. The mechanism by which it is protruded so far is both complicated and beautiful. A dog's tongue in lapping water takes a form by a mere act of volition that cannot be imitated by any ingenious mechanism. The human tongue in the articulation of language surpasses in variety of motions the wildest emotions of a poet. Even in swallowing food its office is so extraordinary that physiologists cannot explain the phenomena of deglutition without employing the aid of several sciences.—Hall's Journal of Health.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A singular attempt was made to rob the county treasurer's office at Crown Point, Ind. A stranger came to the office at a late hour and requested the treasurer to lock in the safe until Monday morning a small tin box which he said contained a quantity of valuable jewellery. The request was granted, and a couple of hours later the watchman heard an explosion inside the safe, and approaching discovered and fired at a man creeping toward the safe. An investigation showed that the box contained a torpedo ingeniously arranged to explode at a certain time. The explosion blew the door of the safe open and injured the walls of the vault in which the safe stood, but failed to open the vault door.

According to the English Western Daily Mercury, considerable light has lately been thrown upon the damnatory clauses in the Athanasian creed by a discovery lately made in Venice. There has been discovered in St. Mark's library in that city a copy of this creed, which is believed to be the oldest in existence, and the damnatory clauses are nowhere to be discovered in this version. A correspondent of one of the leading English Nonconformist journals says he believes the creed to have been written by an Arian, who, being imprisoned for his opinions, produced it as a satire on Trinitarian doctrine, and owed his liberty to the circumstance, since the authorities took the squib for a recantation, and released him accordingly.

The Militairisches Wochenblatt gives the following statistics respecting the rounds fired by the German artillery during the late war:—The Prussian, Baden, and Hessian artillery, consisting in all of 79 light, 78 heavy, and 38 horse batteries, besides 19 light and 10 heavy batteries of reserve, making a total, at six guns per battery, of 1,344, fired during the whole campaign no less than 267,975 rounds, or an average of 199 per gun. The Bavarian artillery consisted of 12 light, 22 heavy, and two 12 pounder batteries, or in all of 216 guns, which fired 56,211 rounds, or an average of 269 rounds per gun. Saxony had 6 light, 8 heavy, and 2 horse batteries, or 96 guns, which fired 15,521 rounds, being an average of about 162 rounds per gun. The grand total of guns and rounds would therefore be 1,656 guns, from which were fired 339,797 rounds.

The Glenn family, of San Francisco, are as yet unknown to fame, but they will not be long so. They have gone to London with the intention of making good their claim to unclaimed dividends remaining in the Bank of England amounting to the respectable sum of \$120,000,600; and, what's better, there appears to be every probability that they will succeed without much ado. Happy Glens! This is how this stroke of luck is said to have come about:—About 85 years ago the Sir Francis Drake of that day left to his American heirs a large fortune. The heirs were at the time unknown. Seventy years passed away before the Drake family resident in Kentucky, Tennessee, and Virginia, even heard of the good fortune in store for them—that was 15 years ago; and it was only within the past 12 months that any steps were taken in the matter. The Glenn family of San Francisco claim to be the direct descendants, in the female line, of Sir Francis. The lawyers have taken the case in hand, so that we shall soon hear all about it.

During his recent stay at Milan, the Prince of Wales went to see the ballet of Shakspeare, by Signor Casali, with which he appeared to be highly entertained, and no wonder! He seemed to be especially amused by the noisy and animated demonstrations of the audience, the applause, the hisses, the shouting, so different to that of English theatres. It must have been a pleasant, or at least a singular, contrast to him to find himself shut up in a small box, smoking his cigar, amid the frantic excitement of this gay and congenial public. Add to this on the stage a Queen Elizabeth, a Falstaff, and a Shakspeare, who, if they did not fill him with indignation, must have diverted him exceedingly. Elizabeth, the grand and terrible Queen, flirting in a tavern with the tragic author, Falstaff as factotum of the Court, and Shakspeare abominably tipsy, are certainly sights that the Prince cannot expect to be often treated to in London. Add, again, a Scotch dance executed to English music, repeated three times by the dancers. Who would not be amused by such a scene?

The people of the West are the most successful in the world in making sport of their misfortunes. One of their severest afflictions is a visitation of potato bug; this season they crack jokes on the villainous insect as though their potatoes were in no danger. The vermin, by the way, bears the cracking of jokes remarkably well. One day we are told that the noble army of potato bugs has pitched its tents on the plains of Kansas, and is on short rations waiting for the esculent root to put forth its sprouts. Then we get the announcement that in Wisconsin the potato bugs are sitting around on the fences offering 75 cents a bushel for potatoes and \$1.50 a day for men to plant them. Next we hear that the potato bug will pole a full vote in Indiana, and proposes to adopt the cumulative system. Then we hear that these interesting creatures are holding a joint convention at Council Bluffs, and repudiate the one term principle. The latest advices are to the effect that potato bugs are loafing about on the street corners in Dubuque awaiting the tardy growth of their favourite vegetable.

At an evening party lately, a gentleman came up and spoke to the Chancellor of the Exchequer. In the crowded room, Mr. Lowe, who is, it is said, near-sighted, mistook him for Mr. Mundella, the member for Sheffield, who, though a Liberal, has been bothering the Chancellor not a little of late. Mr. Lowe replied in a very cold, curt manner, on which the gentleman rejoined, "I don't think you recognise me, Mr. Lowe." "Oh yes, I do; I've seen you often enough of late." "When pray?" quoth the astonished gentleman. "Why, only yesterday." "That's impossible. I wasn't in England yesterday. I'm the King of the Belgians!" It takes a good deal to discompose Mr. Lowe, but he looked the picture of despair.

Imagine the distress of a milliner who forgot on which side of the rose to put the hat.

CHESS.

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

R. M. B., Toronto.—Solution of Problem No. 51, received; correct. G. H., Montreal.—Send the Solution.

HAMILTON v. ST. CATHARINES. Petroff's Defence.—Game No. 4.

- White, Mr. Geo. Groves. 1. P. to K. 4th. 2. K. Kt. to B. 3rd. 3. B. to B. 4th. 4. Q. Kt. to B. 3rd. 5. Q. P. takes Kt. 6. Castles. 7. Kt. to Q. 4th (a). 8. Q. to K. 2nd (c). 9. B. to Kt. 3rd (d). 10. Q. to R. 5th, ch. 11. Q. takes Q. P. 12. B. takes Q. 13. Kt. to K. 6th (f). 14. Kt. to K. Kt. 7th, ch. 15. B. to Kt. 5th, ch. 16. Kt. to K. 6th, ch. 17. B. takes B. ch. 18. B. takes Kt. P. 19. B. takes R. (g). 20. K. R. to Q. sq. 21. P. to Q. Kt. 3rd. 22. P. to Q. B. 4th. 23. R. to Q. 2nd. 24. P. to Q. R. 4th. 25. Q. R. to K. sq. (h). 26. K. to B. sq. 27. P. to K. Kt. 3rd. 28. N. to Kt. 2nd. 29. P. to K. B. 3rd (m). 30. K. to Kt. sq. 31. R. to Q. 3rd. 32. P. to Q. B. 3rd. 33. P. to K. Kt. 4th. 34. R. to R. sq. 35. R. for Q. 3rd to Q. sq. 36. R. to K. sq. 37. R. takes B. 38. K. to R. sq. 39. R. to Q. B. sq. 40. R. to K. Kt. sq.
- Black, Dr. J. Ryall. P. to K. 4th. K. Kt. to B. 3rd. Kt. takes P. Kt. takes Kt. P. to K. B. 3rd. Q. to K. 2nd. Q. to Q. B. 4th (b). P. to Q. 4th. P. to K. 5th (e). P. to K. Kt. 3rd. Q. takes Q. P. to K. B. 4th. B. to Q. 3rd. K. to Q. sq. B. to K. 2nd. B. takes Kt. K. takes B. Kt. to Q. 2nd. R. takes B. Kt. to Kt. 3rd (k). Kt. to Q. 4th. Kt. to Q. B. 6th. P. to Q. R. 4th. P. to K. R. 4th. P. to K. B. 5th (l). P. to Kt. 4th. P. to K. R. 4th. P. to K. R. 5th. P. to R. 5th, ch. P. to K. 6th. Kt. to R. 7th. R. to Q. Kt. sq. R. takes Q. Kt. P. B. takes Q. B. P. Kt. takes P. B. to K. 4th. Kt. takes R. ch. Kt. to Q. B. 6th. R. to Q. Kt. sq. Mates in three moves.

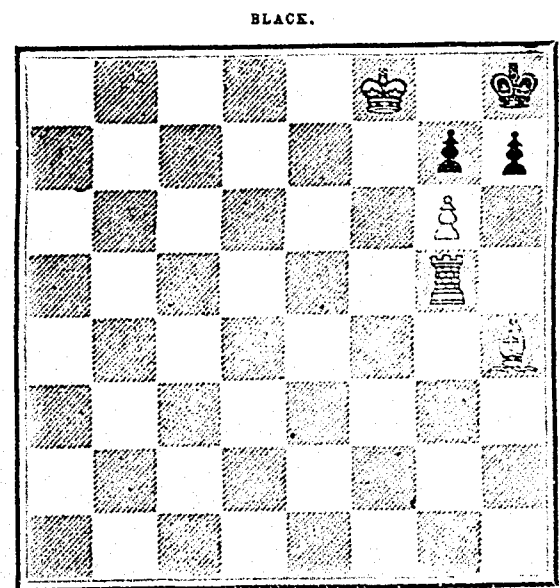
- (a) Kt. to R. 4th is a much better move to begin the attack.
- (b) The correct reply.
- (c) Evidently forced; but White still has a fine attacking position.
- (d) Black, by some mistake, resisted this move as—B. to K. 3rd.
- (e) Supposing the bishop was on K. 3rd. White now regains pawn.
- (f) The attack commenced here is more showy than sound—P. to K. B. 3rd, for the purpose of breaking up Black's pawns, and opening the Rook's file, seems to us far stronger.
- (g) White's attack is now exhausted; and, although Black is minus a pawn, he remains with the advantage of two minor pieces for a Rook.
- (h) Black's strongest move apparently.
- (i) P. to K. B. 3rd would have been the move here, and might have given White an opportunity to draw; Black cannot reply with P. to K. 6th without loss.
- (j) Black's play is admirably correct throughout.
- (k) A weak move, after which his game is past redemption; P. takes P. instead, followed by—P. to K. R. 3rd would have freed his Rook, and given a chance for a counter-attack presently.

- White. 29. P. takes B. P. 30. P. to K. R. 3rd 31. K. to R. 2nd
- Black. P. takes P. R. ch

And we do not see how Black can win: if—P. to B. 6th. White may reply with R. to K. 3rd.

PROBLEM No. 52.

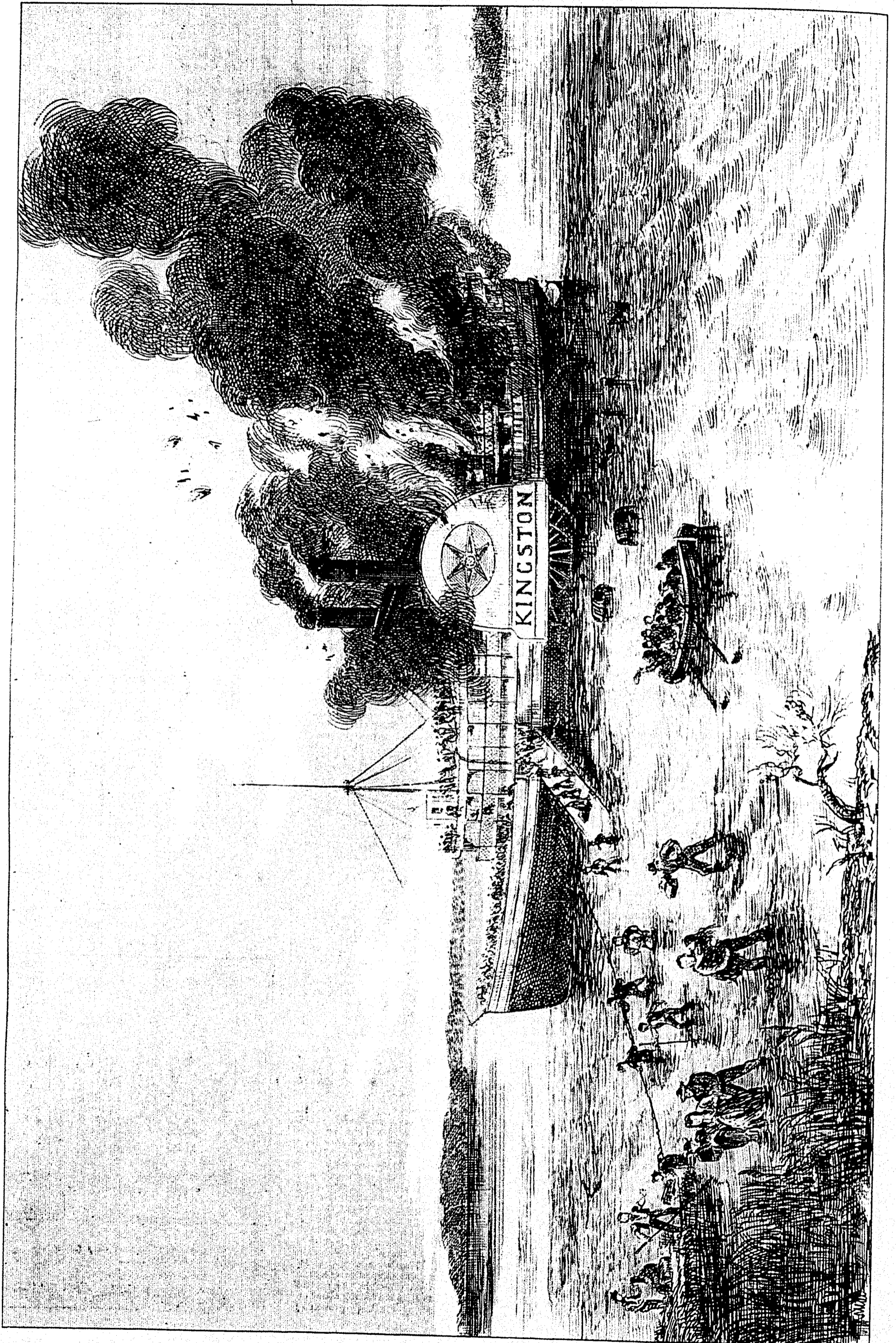
From Bell's "Life in London."



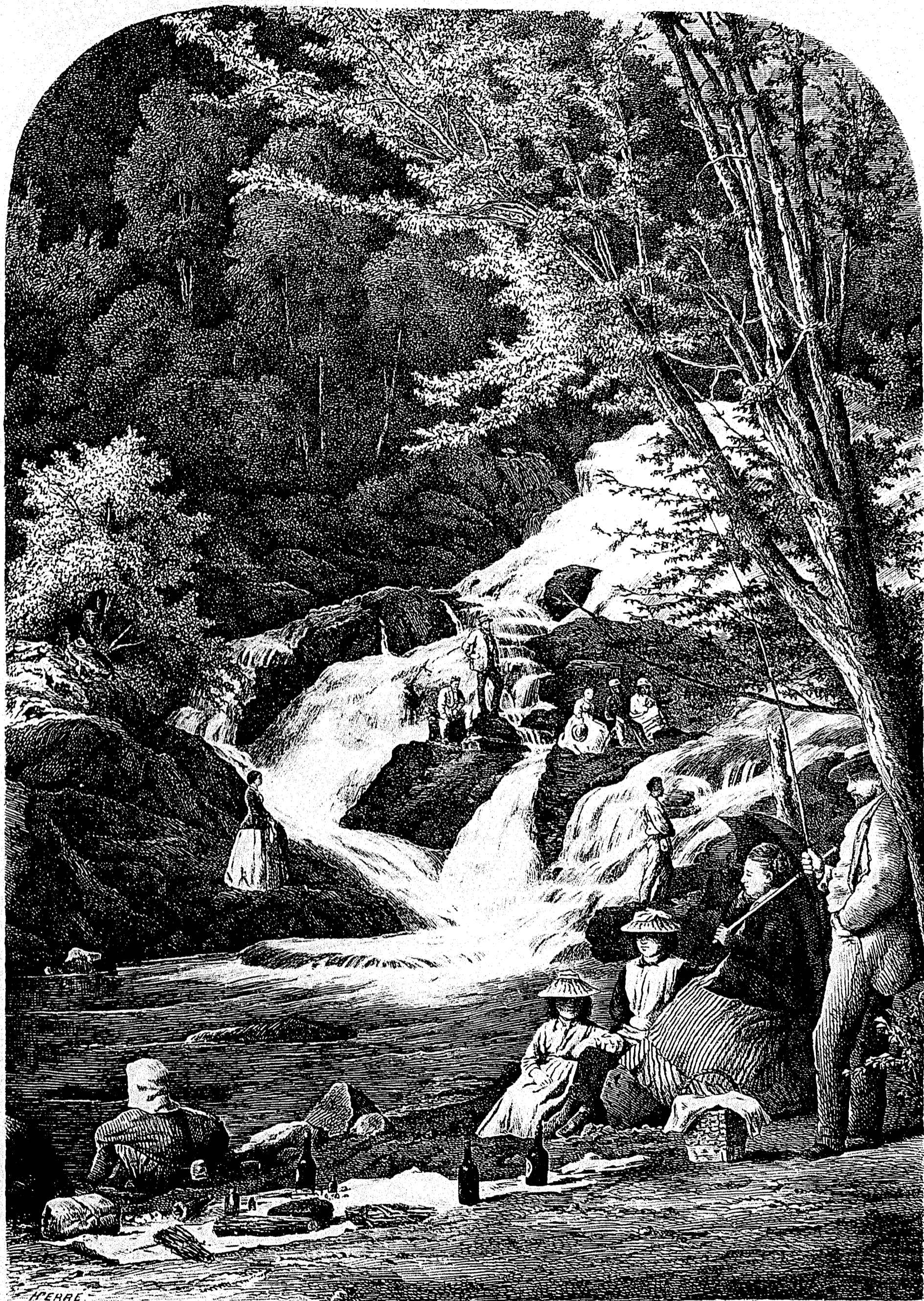
White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 51.

- White. 1. R. to R. 5th. 2. R. takes P. ch. 3. B. mates.
- Black. P. to R. 3rd. P. takes R.



BURNING OF THE STEAMER KINGSTON ON THE ST. LAWRENCE.—FROM A SKETCH BY AN EYE WITNESS.



"LE TROU" FALLS, MURRAY BAY.

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

BY THE FIRELIGHT.

A tender haze of sweet repose,
A dreamy, lulling light that glows
Within a happy room,
A careless flow of childish speech,
Whose innocence no thought can reach,
Nor idle verse illumine.

And as the evening's shadows fell,
They seemed to cast around a spell
Of sacred happiness—
And the rich firelight threw a beam
Of radiance like a brilliant dream
Of sudden shining bliss.

But in the twilight's mellow gloom
That lit and beautified the room,
One presence smiled on all
More pure and tranquil than the ray
That crowns the slow departing day,
Before the night shades fall.

I hardly marked the shadows move,
I only watched with silent lore
The smile upon her face:
And as I worshipped at her feet,
I knew what made the silence sweet!
And filled the room with grace!

I gazed, an ardent worshipper,
In dreamy, blissful awe on her,
And in my votive dream,
The tender radiance on the floor,
Was chastened to me evermore,
And not a transient gleam.

I saw no joy but in her eyes,
Whose azure clearness sweetly wise,
Was pure as vernal light,
No sweetness but in one dear face,
No loveliness but in the grace
That hovered near my sight.

For all the calm that filled the place
Was gathered in her darling face,
So innocent and sweet:
I dared not think—I dared not move,
I only knew—I dared to love
Entraptured at her feet.

I felt I breathed enchanted air,
Imprisoned in the sweetness there,
And chained to youth and grace,
I ventured not to break the spell,
I only knew I loved her well,
Gazing upon her face.

The twilight hush—the pure repose,
The chastened radiance in the glow
Of that illumined day,
Upon my happy senses stole,
Like heaven's blessings on my soul,
And never fades away.

When dear remembrance loves to cast
Her glance upon the phantom past,
The present to illumine,
The memory of that twilight hour,
Shines on me like a lovely flower
Within a darkened room.

Its light and beauty ever nigh,
Like my own soul can never die,
And shines in love for her,
That love which she alone did wake,
Living through life for her dear sake,
Her loyal worshipper.

ISIDORE G. ASCHER.

KITES AND PIGEONS.*

A Novelette, in Two Parts.

(From London Society.)

PART I—CHAPTER I.

CONSPIRATORS.

"I HAVE GIVEN MY word to marry you to one of our guests within a month. Have I not?" said Colonel Tippits, of the First Poppleton Militia, to his daughter, Clementina.

"You have, papa! And I am sure you will keep your word," said the lady, rolling a pair of full grey eyes with a languishing air, which she had practised for five-and-twenty years.

"As the daughter of your widowed mother, introduced into the sublunary sphere long before I had the pleasure of knowing the dear departed, society may not consider that I have any special duty to perform in your case; but I have—yes I have, Clementina, and that duty shall be done."

"Thanks, thanks, dear papa; as you were saying over your first cup of coffee, the property of Mr. Thornton's uncle joins your estate, and it certainly would be an advantage if I formed a matrimonial alliance with that gentleman."

"You are a dutiful girl, Clementina. If such a union could be negotiated, I know you would do what is right. I have brought the gentleman here under your own immediate influence. I leave the rest to you."

"The only unfortunate incident in the business is Miss Austin's return," said Clementina, toying pathetically with an empty egg-shell. "Your ward, sir, is always in my way. Why the London season could not have lasted another week I cannot think."

"Another week, and to-morrow is the 1st of September, the glorious first, as they call it. What are you talking of, my dear? It would be an utter impossibility. London could never think of committing such an offence against the social laws. The season last another week, bless the child!"

The child was a gushing young thing of five-and-forty, a plump, round, enthusiastic heap of womanhood, with an armful of false hair hanging down her back, a pair of cheeks that would insist on being red, despite powder and other appliances, and two big gray eyes that rolled, and languished, and searched for a husband. The papa was a tall, weak-headed gentleman, who had made his way from a lowly position to one of comparative affluence. No one ever knew what the Colonel's origin was, and no one inquired. He had been a well-to-do man for more than fifteen years, during five of which he had lived at Tinsell Hall, where our story opens.

"You need not fear Miss Austin, love," said the Colonel, passing his hand carefully through his scanty hair, and looking at himself in a conveniently-placed mirror. "You need not fear poor Miss Austin."

"Poor Miss Austin? I do not understand you," said Clementina. "I only know I hate the mix because she is not poor."

"Hate her no longer, child of my heart—no, I didn't exactly mean that, rather let me say, child of my widowed years. She is not the heiress you imagine. I have sworn to marry you; and in order to do it, I have taken the jewel out of the Austin diadem."

"You are too clever for me, you dear old thing," said Miss Tippits, getting up and kissing her papa-in-law on the forehead.

"There, no demonstration, love. Save your kisses for Mr. Thornton, or Mr. Pigeon, junior. These are the two chances I give you this week. One bird is in the house now; the other is on his way. If you do not bag one of them, it will not be my fault."

"Nor mine, sir," said Miss Tippits, surveying her back hair furtively by the aid of a pier glass and mirror.

"We must not finish breakfast before Mr. Thornton comes down," said the Colonel. "I told him we should not wait for him. These young swells like that sort of thing. It is familiar, and makes them at home; and is, I believe, the correct thing in the very best society."

"Yes, papa dear; but you were going to say something about Miss Austin."

"There are no secrets between us, Clementina," said the Colonel, putting a heavy gold-rimmed glass in his eye, and balancing it there with difficulty. "You have played a daughter's part towards me in the most dutiful and affectionate manner; you have kept my house economically, and looked after my accounts as faithfully as one could expect in a woman, and I reciprocate."

"Yes," said Miss Tippits, impatiently; "yes. Go on."

"Miss Austin, as my ward, possessed a large estate in India. Miss A. came of age a month ago. I have relieved her of the bother of an uncertain kind of property, you know, by settling upon her one thousand a year, in return for which she gives up to Colonel Tippits, of Tinsell Hall, the whole of her lands, tenements, hereditaments, and property whatsoever, and her reversionary interest in old Twizell's will; so we are now worth, my child, something like eight thousand a year more than we possessed a month ago, and your rival is not an heiress."

"Oh, you dear papa! oh, you love!"

"Don't gush; it is not polite," said the Colonel.

"Oh, if you could only make her ten years older, and take away her complexion, I would back myself to beat her in a canter. And you, dear Colonel, you, my dear second father, my papa, and mother, and friend all in one, you now will be able to go into Parliament."

"Ah, there you hit me, Clementina," said the Colonel, rising to his feet, and striking an attitude suggestive of walking into Parliament at the head of the poll. "When I received the Colonelship of my regiment at Inglenook, I said—you remember the vow—my next step is a greater one still. Gentlemen, brother electors, freemen of the glorious borough of Inglenook, the time has now arrived when you are once more called upon to exercise the highest privilege of Englishmen."

"Hear, hear," said Miss Tippits, not, however, without a pang of regret for having led the conversation into a channel which always became tedious.

"The time, I say, has now arrived," continued the Colonel, addressing the breakfast-table, and scowling at Miss Tippits; "the time has now arrived when, according to the laws of your great though unhappy country, you may make your voices heard in the Senate of the land by electing to that assembly a man of your own choice."

Miss Tippits again exclaimed "Hear, hear!" and as she did so, there entered upon the scene Mr. Thornton, a young man of good family, and, what Society would call, excellent prospects. There was, however, a feud between himself and his uncle. Happily this would not prevent Thornton from coming in for his uncle's property some day, seeing that the estate could not be left to any one else. Mr. Thornton liked going down to shoot at Tinsell Hall, because it joined the property to which he was the rightful heir, and he could inspect it from Colonel Tippits's stables.

"Ah, Colonel, rehearsing your hustings' speech?" said Mr. Thornton. "Good morning, Miss Tippits. I hope I have not kept breakfast waiting."

"No, Mr. Thornton; papa said we were to treat you as one of the family, and thus try to make you feel quite at home. Do you take tea or coffee?"

"You are very good," said Mr. Thornton; "I will take coffee."

"No, did not wait, you see, Thornton; make you quite one of ourselves; no stranger, as I shall say to my constituents—true friendship means familiarity."

"But familiarity breeds contempt, they say. You must correct your little speech, sir. Eh, Miss Tippits?"

"Oh, certainly; yes, by all means," said Clementina.

"Happy thought! Thank you, Mr. Thornton. It would never do to lay oneself open to the opposition by a slip of that kind. Two heads are better than one," said the Colonel.

"Oh, yes!" said Miss T.

"If they are only sheep's heads, as the proverb hath it," responded Thornton.

"He means that for a dig at me," thought the Colonel; "no matter, I'll be even with him; I'll marry him to Clementina."

"Proverbs are stupid things as a rule," said the Colonel.

"What do you propose to do this morning, Mr. Thornton?"

"I am going to give Miss Tippits a lesson in billiards, if she will permit me; and then I propose to reconnoitre three or four coveys of birds, so that I may know exactly where they lie in the morning."

"That is very kind of you," said Miss Tippits.

At this moment a servant announced that Miss Austin had arrived. Miss Tippits only said:

"Indeed!"

Mr. Thornton looked curiously at his host.

"Excuse me," he said, "did your servant say Miss Austin? Pray excuse me as one of the family; the name interests me much."

"The servant did say Miss Austin," Colonel Tippits replied.

"Is her name Kate?" asked Mr. Thornton, laying down his knife and fork, and wiping his hands with a napkin, "daughter of an old Indian heiress, staying in Belgrave Square with her aunt?"

"Yes," said Miss Tippits, gasping out the words in an agony of jealous apprehension; "my papa's ward."

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed Mr. Thornton, unable to control his feelings. "This is a pleasure!"

Miss Tippits and the Colonel exchanged looks of chagrin, just as Miss Kate Austin entered the room.

"Back again, you see, Colonel," said Kate.

"Welcome to Tinsell Hall," exclaimed the Colonel, taking Miss Austin's hand.

"Mr. Thornton!" said Miss Austin, suddenly seeing the Colonel's guest. "This is a surprise!"

"It is indeed," said Thornton, shaking her hand with an enthusiasm which was a little foreign to his nature. "Colonel Tippits, you have no idea what a surprise this is. Would you believe it, Miss Tippits, I began to fear I should never see Miss Austin again. I met her at a ball last season. I have hunted after her everywhere this year, and have never been able to find her."

"How singular!" said Miss Tippits.

"Infernally singular," said the Colonel to himself. "Have you breakfasted, Miss Austin?"

"Yes, thank you; an hour ago," Miss Austin replied. "I came from town exactly in forty minutes."

"For my part," said Miss Tippits, "I wonder how any one can exist in town at this time of the year."

"The season has appeared a long one to me, I confess," said Kate; "I was heartily tired of it."

"When my dear papa got his colonelcy a month ago, and his regiment was up for a month's training at Inglenook, and he had to leave town in consequence, I came with him at once, though it was at the sacrifice of a Frogmore garden party."

"A good fib well told," the Colonel thought.

"I am rejoiced to hear you were glad to get into the country," said Mr. Thornton; "London is a wicked place."

"Is it not?" said Clementina, rolling her eyes at Mr. Thornton, and making up her mind to run Miss Austin hard for the hand of her friend.

Here a servant entered with a letter, which the Colonel looked at several times through his eyeglass, and then, with due apology, read, giving the breakfast-room the full benefit of its contents.

"Oh, indeed; ah, very good. Mr. Tom Pigeon, junior, and Mr. Theophilus Pigeon, senior, will arrive at the Inglenook Hotel to-day. Dear me; very good. We must call upon them, Miss Tippits. They are a strange pair, Mr. Thornton."

"The Pigeons?" said Mr. Thornton.

"Yes. Ah, very good, Mr. Thornton—pair of pigeons; pardonable joke; retired merchants, sir; met them in London the other day."

"Now, Mr. Thornton, I am ready for my lesson at billiards, if you have really finished breakfast," said Miss Tippits, interrupting something the guest was saying in an undertone to Kate.

"Certainly," said Mr. Thornton, offering his arm to the buxom coquette of forty-five. "Miss Austin, will you join us? We are going into the billiard-room."

"No, thank you," said the lady; "I must assist my maid to unpack presently. Meanwhile, I will stay with the Colonel."

Miss Tippits congratulated herself that she had made the first score. As she left the room she rolled her eyes significantly at the Colonel; but she did not see the disappointed expression on Mr. Thornton's face as he glanced reproachfully at Kate Austin.

CHAPTER II.

ARRIVALS AT THE GREEN DRAGON.

Two voices: the first a husky, panting voice, struggling under a burden; the second a sharp ringing cockney voice, making its way from the hotel yard and through several passages into the best ground-floor private sitting-room.

"I'm blown if ever I see such a gent in all my life," said the first voice, which was the voice of the Green Dragon boots, "and I've seen a few in my time."

"I say, hi, there! You there!" exclaimed the second voice in the hotel yard; will you fetch this luggage, or will you not? it is not much I ask—will you or won't you?"

"Coming, sir," said the boots, bundling an armful of bags and wrappers upon the floor.

"Will you or won't you?" said the voice from without.

"Coming, sir," said the boots from within.

"Coming; so is the end of the world—never saw such management," answered the cockney in the yard.

At this moment the landlord was heard introducing himself to the noisy visitor, and the voice became more conciliatory; you heard it saying, "Very well, very well; it is not much I ask; if the luggage will be taken in soon, all right."

At the end of the coffee-room, exactly opposite the door leading into the hall and yard, there enters a tall, gaunt figure.

"Who are these new arrivals? fancy I know the voice."

"Oh how do you do, Mr. Kite, beg pardon for not seeing you; the governor's got him in tow now, thank goodness; they're father and son from London, sir—by morning mail—the young'un is like the gent with the cork leg; never saw his equal."

"Ah! yes," says Mr. Kite, aloud, supplementing the remark with a private communication to himself; "my old master, the rich tailor of Bond Street, and his harem scarem son; I'll step aside and reconnoitre."

"Oh, you think you've got all, do you," says the voice from without, evidently following a second porter laden with luggage. "Wonderful! you shall have a medal for thinking, you shall!"

With which remark, Mr. Tom Pigeon enters the best private sitting-room.

"Never saw such a set of slow coaches," he continues, as he contemplates the boots and his assistants. "Pity the Green Dragon himself don't turn up; he'd keep you alive."

"Shouldn't want no Green Dragon to do that if you was here, sir," says the boots.

"Hollo! where's the governor?" exclaims Mr. Tom Pigeon, feeling in his pockets as if he expected to find him there; and then suddenly disappearing in the hall and returning with an elderly gentleman.

"Come along, governor, come along—keep moving—the family motto, you know," says Mr. Tom Pigeon.

"Moving," says the governor, who was no other than Tom's

* The Author desires to state that the incidents in this story are partly founded on fact, and partly shaped out of the underplot of an old play of the last century.

respected father. "Keep moving, why I am worn out already; my appointment with Colonel Tippits is not until one o'clock; and I shall have to sit here and bite my nails for the next two hours."

"Bite your nails!" exclaims the younger traveller, "nothing of the sort."

"I shall not stir from here until the time," says old Pigeon, carefully seating himself on an old-fashioned sofa.

"All right," replies his son. Rings the bell. "Waiter!"

"Yes, sir," responds the chief waiter of the Dragon.

"Where's Miller's farm?"

"Who's Miller?" asks Mr. Pigeon senior.

"Never mind who Miller is," responds the son, "that's my affair—that's my secret, gov. You have your secrets; I have mine—that's fair, eh? But you shall see my secret, dad, nevertheless. Waiter, why don't you tell me how far it is to Miller's farm? Say you will or you won't—that is all I ask—you will or you won't."

"You never give me time, sir," says the waiter.

"Time, sir!" exclaims Tom; "give you time; time is not to be given away, waiter; take it by the forelock and keep moving; that's the way to deal with time."

"Two mile, sir—that's the distance."

"Right you are; when you have anything to say, say it quickly and at once. What can we have for dinner?"

"But, sir," began the waiter.

"Don't but me," says Tom, familiarly pushing the waiter out of the room. "Be off and see what there is for dinner; and order a four-wheeler to take me to Mr. Miller's farm."

"For shame, Tommy, you should not be so impetuous," says Mr. Pigeon senior, who, instead of stopping the torrent only increased its velocity.

"There you are again," says Tom; "now didn't I tell you not to call me Tommy—did I or did I not?—here we are a-going into Society, and you are Tommying me just as if we were on the shop-board. And what do you mean by impetuous?—I never heard of such a word—you will have to go to a School Board and be polished, governor. Now it is not much a doating son asks of a doating father; will you drop the Tommy, the shop, and the tailor?"

"All right, Tommy," says the father, sinning again in his very promise of amendment. "Oh, for! Tom—I mean, my dear Tom."

"There, that will do," says Tom, patting Mr. Pigeon senior affectionately on the back. "Now will you tell me your business with this swell at Tinsell Castle. Secret for secret, eh?"

"No, Tom, I will not."

"You won't?"

"No."

"That's what I like," says Tom. "Smart and to the point."

"It's only an old bill for liveries."

"Governor—governor, that's a fib."

"Well, look here, Tom, my boy," says the father, preparing to make a statement: "look here now—"

"No, no, Theophilus Pigeon, Esq., keep your secret; tell no fibs."

"Well then, Tommy——" begins the father.

"Tommy again—hang Tommy. Can't you say Tom or Thomas or Jackass, or anything but Tommy? what is the good of our going into society if it is always Tommy?"

"Well, then, Tom; for jackass you are not."

"Sir to you," says Tom.

"Well, then——"

"You've said that before; don't say it again."

"No, I will not," says Mr. Pigeon, senior, getting up from his seat a little angrily; "no, I will not. Remain in the dark."

"In the dark be it," says Tom, nothing disconcerted; "anything, so that it is decisive."

"O, I am so tired," says Mr. Pigeon, senior.

"Then go to sleep, dear old boy," says his son, promptly.

"There, tuck up your legs, and have a nap—a little drop of something short and an hour's nap."

Tom's prescription was accepted. The reader would have been agreeably surprised could he have seen how affectionately Tom covered his father over with a travelling-rug, and made the sofa comfortable. If the son had no reverence for the author of his being he was not devoid of affection; though it tried his patience greatly that his father did not acquire with more rapidity what Tom considered the true habits and manners of society.

CHAPTER III.

TOM DISCOVERS HIS FATHER'S SECRET.

Mr. Tom Pigeon, having seen his father comfortably asleep, resolved to sit down quietly for a moment and reflect upon the situation. Miller's farm contained one of the prettiest and roundest little girls that the Cattle Show had ever brought to London with an English farmer. Tom was thinking that he would like to have driven tandem to Jessie Miller's home.

"That would have been the style," he said to himself, imitating, as he sat in his chair, the action of driving a pair of restive horses. "Dashing leader prancing through the town, cantering through the lanes—pull up at the farm—out runs Jessie to meet me—farmer wondering at the turn-out, and pretty little Jessie. Hello!"

The exclamation was one of pain. Tom had been sitting on his father's over-coat.

"Hello! Oh, jemminy! Scissors and paving-stones! A needle a yard long! What the deuce does the governor do with needles in his pocket now that we have retired from the profession and are going into society?"

Examining old Mr. Pigeon's coat, Tom discovered a needle-case and thimble.

"He promised me faithfully that he would drop the shop, and go into society with me like a gentleman; and here he is going on worse than that fellow Kite, who used to be his head cutter-out."

While Tom was discussing his father's shortcomings there fell out of the old man's coat a letter, addressed. It was addressed to Theophilus Pigeon, Esquire.

"Oh! oh! Esquire, eh? That means a hand in the governor's pocket, I'll swear," said Tom, alternately glancing at his father asleep and the letter. "We must read this, Thomas Pigeon, junior, only son and heir of your father; we must not allow our dear father to be swindled; no. Here we go, then."

"Col. Tippits will be glad to extend the mortgage to £20,000, and hopes to see Mr. Pigeon on the first of September;

"and Col. Tippits further hopes that Mr. Pigeon will introduce his interesting son at Tinsell Castle on the first opportunity."

"Tinsell Castle, Aug. 20."

Tom made a variety of significant gestures signifying surprise and delight. He shook his fist affectionately at the old man asleep on the sofa, and laughed silently all over his face. It was an expressive face, full of humour and intelligence. The mouth was large and flexible. It worked in comic sympathy with a peculiar wink, with which Tom kept in good humour persons with whom he pretended to be very angry.

"That's the dear old governor's secret," he said. "He's worth twenty thousand pounds more than I thought, and I dare say, another five-and-twenty thou to boot. Bravo, dad! Bravo, Theophilus Pigeon, Esquire! Bravo, Pigeon and Son!"

"Thought I'd remind you of the fly, sir," said the waiter, entering just upon the consummation of Tom's discovery.

"Fly, sir. What do you mean?"

"The four-wheeler, sir."

"Four-wheeler," said Mr. Pigeon, junior, remembering, for the first time since his arrival at the Dragon, that he had brought an eye-glass to accompany him into society.

"Fly, four-wheeler—what do you mean?"

"The fly you ordered," said the waiter.

"Some mistake," said Mr. Pigeon, junior, remembering that, with the eye-glass, he intended to revise his mode of speech.

"Ah, waiter; ah, some mistake. If I did order a fly it must have been months ago. I have found five-and-twenty thousand pounds since then. Make it a carriage and four, waiter. Yes, yas."

The waiter disappeared, with a puzzled air; while Mr. Pigeon, senior, slept on, unconscious of the additional fillip which had been given to his son's ambitious views in regard to society.

"Yas," said Tom, waving his hand to himself in a misty glass over the mantel-shelf. "Yas, this is the happiest day of my life. For a slow coach, the governor has kept moving after all. Go into society! I should think we would—rather! See life! Just so. Motto, still keep moving."

Mr. Kite, who had by this time sufficiently remembered his old friend, now entered the room.

"How do you do?" he said. "Who would have thought to find you in Inglenook?"

"Eh?" said Mr. Pigeon, junior, critically examining Mr. Kite's boots and cravat through his glass.

"I asked after your health, sir," said Kite, drawing himself up to his full height and looking down upon his friend.

"Indeed," said young Pigeon. "Yas, yas."

"Don't you know me?" asked Mr. Kite.

"Never saw you in my life before—never—assure you," said Tom.

"Not remember your father's shopman?"

"Father never had a shop; therefore never had a shopman, d'ye see. Father's son don't know shops or shopmen. See?"

"Yes, I see. Very good; I see," said Mr. Kite. "My name ain't Kite. I never was a shopman, nor a cutter, nor anything of the sort. I am a gentleman; so are you, sir, I perceive. Mr. Pigeon, sir, I hope I have the pleasure of seeing you well."

"Very well, indeed thank you—" said Tom. "Are you in society, Kite?"

"I should think I was," said Mr. Kite, stretching out first his right arm and then his left, and pulling down a pair of white shirt-cuffs over a pair of faultlessly gloved hands.

"Should think I was in society."

"Ah, father and I are just going in," said Tom, as if society were an exhibition for which he had secured reserved seats.

"Indeed; Mr. Pigeon, I am delighted; we shall often meet. I am down here professionally, preparing the way for the return of Colonel Tippits as a member of Parliament."

"Ah, yes; we know Tippits," said Mr. Pigeon. "How is Tippits?"

"Very well indeed," said Kite, "charming thing your knowing Tippits; he is the *ton* here. I am his agent, accredited to the house of Topham and Downham, Bribery Court, E. C."

"Just so. Very glad to hear it, Kite," said Tom, trying to find his eye-glass, and pulling out his watch by mistake.

"Glass is in your left hand."

"Thanks," said Pigeon, evidently a little nettled that Kite had noticed his confusion. "Now look here, Kite, no more nonsense; let us understand each other: it is agreed that we drop the shop."

"Certainly."

"The Pigeons of Belgrave Square are worth a hundred thousand pounds if they are worth a penny; the Pigeons are now seeking change of air; the Pigeons are on their travels; they are going into society; it is not much they ask, but that much they mean to have, you understand."

Mr. Kite assured his friend that he perfectly understood him, and hoped to call him friend for many a long year to come. He said he was going to call at the Castle, and offered to leave the cards of Pigeon and Son with his own, whereupon Tom broke out into a towering passion.

"You have just promised me, in the most solemn manner, that you would sink the shop, and you talk of cards. I tell you we have neither cards nor patterns; Pigeon and Son have retired for ever; Pigeon and Son are gentlemen residing at the family mansion in Belgrave Square, and anything to the contrary from you, Kite, will simply get you kicked out of society straight, in addition to being cut off with a shilling by your old master."

"My dear sir," said Kite, "you do not understand. In society gentlemen have address cards—private affairs which they call pasteboard—you will know all about it by-and-bye; you may trust Charlie Kite; he will be true to himself and to his honourable friends the Pigeons."

With which grandiloquent assurance of friendship and protection, Mr. Kite bowed profoundly to his friend and withdrew.

"Now to wake the governor," said Tom, shaking old Pigeon by the collar.

"What is it?" grumbled the old man.

"Wake up; I've found a letter with five-and-twenty thousand pounds in it."

"Where, Tommy, where?" The old man was wide awake now.

"Here, here," Tom replied, flourishing the letter of Colonel Tippits.

"Oh, you rascal!" exclaimed Mr. Pigeon, senior, trying to snatch the letter from his son.

"Why you rich old Belgravian swell, you are worth a hundred thou—something like a secret—oh you Cresus, you Rothschild, you Bank of England—a hundred thousand; and still you are not happy."

"Yes I am, my boy—I am indeed," said old Pigeon; for he knew nothing of Aladdin the Second and the Tycoon.

"I repeat," said young Pigeon, throwing his head back and jerking out his chin. "And still you are not happy?"

"Yes, dear boy, I am," said Mr. Pigeon, senior, putting his hand on Tom's shoulder; "but money has its cares, Tommy—I mean Tom or Thomas."

"Go on, gov, I forgive you; you can call me Tommy now and then, when nobody's near, you know; it is only in the presence of other people that it makes me so wild to hear you sinking dignity and high life."

"Very good, dear Tom, I will remember; but as I was a saying, my old partner used to lobserve, Ah, Pigeon, my friend, he used to say—ah, Pigeon, you are a lucky dog, your needle is always sticking in the right place."

"Blow your needle," said Tom, rubbing his back, "I differ with your old partner; but tell me, sir, tell your son and heir, who only lives to make you happy, tell Thomas Pigeon, Esq., junior, how much you are really worth."

Old Pigeon listened cautiously, and looked to see that nobody was within hearing near door or window.

"What do you say to a plum, Tommy?" he whispered.

"Tommy again—never mind, the plum makes up for it," said young Pigeon. "It's enough to drive a fellow mad, governor. A plum—a plummy plum plum! Now look here, my dear old friend and father, Theophilus Pigeon, of Belgrave Square, plumber;—no, I don't mean that; I'm a little off my head, you see, what with plums, and Kites, and castles. Henceforth we are in society. From this moment we are swells; we must dress better than this (looking at his trousers and examining his father's coat); we must give some rascally tailor an order at once; blow him up and do the haaw-haw business, and wink at his daughter if he has one, and swear politely, and smoke shilling cigars."

"No, Tommy, if we are going to be gentlemen let us behave as such; that is my motto."

"Come in," bawled the younger Pigeon, in reply to a knock at the door.

"Will you please to order dinner, sir," asked the waiter, entering.

"Yas," said Mr. Pigeon, junior, "yas, we'll have everything you've got."

"Yes, sir. And please, sir, the carriage is waiting."

"Dismiss it," said the rich young man; "we shall delay our visit to the farmer's; we are expecting a call from the Castle."

"Yes, sir."

"And, waiter."

"Yes, sir."

"Are there any rascally tailors in this place?"

"Yes, sir."

"How many rascally tailors?"

"Two, sir."

"Tell them to send me half a dozen suits of clothes, morning and dress."

"I suppose you are another candidate for the borough, sir. Yes, sir."

"Don't tell me what you suppose; tell the rascally tailors what you please."

"Yes, sir; when shall they call to measure you, sir?"

"Measure me," said Tom, with well-feigned bewilderment.

"Oh, ah, yas, of course, true—true; they measure you (imitating the operation of measuring)—I remember; we will be measured, waiter, we will be measured."

"Yes, sir; I will order the rascally tailors at once," said the waiter, leaving the room.

"The impudent puppy," said old Pigeon, when the door was shut. "Tommy, I don't like this new-fangled manner of yours; tone it down, dear boy; tone it down. I never knew a real gentleman as had that style; it ain't true breeding."

"Nonsense, governor; you don't understand the laws of fashionable life; it's no good a fellow wearing an eye-glass, and being a swell unless he has eye-glass on the brain," said Tom, making a great show of polishing his glass, fixing it in his eye, and trying to let it fall suddenly from its position while he was speaking.

"I differ with you, Tommy, but I'm willing to let you have your fling. You know I love you with all my heart; my fortune is yours. Spend the money honourably and fairly; if you could spend it without going into society, as you calls it, I should be all the better pleased."

"All right, dad; rely on me. I'll do nothing to disgrace the name of Pigeon; but society's a *sing guy non*. I only ask you to sink the shop and keep moving—onward, and keep moving."

"Well, I shouldn't mind, Tom, if we moved a little now. Couldn't we take a bit of a walk together until the Colonel comes?"

"A bit of a walk!" Tom exclaimed, seizing his father by the arm. "Hang it, governor, we'll have a gallop together."

With which remark Tom ran his father gaily into the hotel passage; then into the yard; and, finally, into the High Street, where the shopkeepers seemed to have considerable business on their doorsteps. The majority of the Inglenook tradesmen, or their assistants, were standing at their doors on this Feast of St. Partridge. Some of them were out in the adjacent meadows; you could almost hear their guns going off in the stubbles. The sportsmen who were left behind consoled themselves with the thought that the bags would be smaller on account of their absence.

(To be continued.)

The last theory is that tea, like coffee, is slow poison. Till now we have all been under the impression that it is the simplest, the healthiest, and the most renovating refreshment that one can take, and that nothing restores the tone of an exhausted brain quicker. But, according to Dr. Aldridge, this is all a delusion. It is simply the worst thing you can take, unless you take it in infinitesimal doses, and drunk by pints and quarts, as it often is by the poor, with nothing more to eat than bread and butter, it is working ten times more mischief in the country than all the beer and gin and brandy that is turned out. The question now is—*is there any edible or potable created that is not "slow poison"?*



TYPE OF BEAUTY.—GIACINTA OF THE MONTE, ROME.

THE GILSEY HOUSE, NEW YORK.

This hotel was opened to the public on the 15th of April, 1871, and became at once a popular resort for transient guests and small families. It is conducted strictly on the European plan, and is a marvel of beauty and luxury in every description. Eight stories in height, containing three hundred apartments, with one hundred bath-rooms, a thorough heating apparatus, and a most effective method of ventilation, it possesses every requisite of a first-class hotel, as well as the latest improvements that insure the comfort of the guests. The ladies' parlours—of which there are three—are elegantly furnished, and exhibit the finest specimens of fresco art. The floors are

at New York, are under the management of Messrs. Breslin, Gardner & Co., who have long been known to the visitors at American watering-places. Mr. Breslin was identified with Congress Hall, Saratoga, for over fifteen years, and is a thorough master of the duties of host. Mr. Gardner was connected with the New York Hotel for twelve years; he is one of the proprietors of the West End, at Long Branch, and opened the Stockton Hotel, at Cape May, N. J. Montrealers and other frequenters of the St. Lawrence Hall will find at the Gilsey House an old friend, Mr. Sangster, for many years Mr. Hogan's right hand man. Personally we can recommend the "Gilsey" as the most comfortable and perfectly appointed and managed hotel in New York.

into points; and a dish of mutton chops is much more impressive with the bones stacked as soldiers stack their guns, forming a pyramid in the centre,—each bone adorned with a frill of cut paper. A few slices of lemon, mingled with sprigs of parsley and slices of hard-boiled eggs, form a pretty garnish to many dishes; and nothing could be more appetizing than beef, veal, mutton, or lamb made into mince-meat, and pressed into form in a wine-glass, then fried in pork fat, with a sprig of green placed in the top of each little one. The basket of fruit—peaches, pears, grapes or apples, oranges and grapes—should be tastefully arranged and trimmed with leaves and flowers. The bowl of salad should be ornamented with the scarlet and orange flowers of the *tropæolum*,—their



NEW YORK—THE GILSEY HOUSE.

covered with Axminster carpets, made in Europe to fit the rooms, at a cost of \$1,000 each. The entire hallway of the parlour-floor is very wide, affording a retired promenade for ladies and children. The halls are covered with velvet carpet, and the stairs with a fine scarlet Wilton. A view of the grand stairway from an upper floor reminds the visitor strongly of a European palace. The fresco-work represents the Etruscan order, is warm in tone, and, without being in the least gaudy, delicate and harmonious. Above the stairs is a large mellow painting of "Heralding the Approach of the Morning." The one style of decoration prevails in all the apartments, public and private; but instead of a monotony of colour, one finds agreeable relief in the appropriateness to the different rooms. The vestibule will almost contain a full-sized house, and is liberally furnished.

Both the Grand Union, at Saratoga, and the Gilsey House,

THE POETRY OF THE TABLE.—In the first place, a starched and smoothly-ironed table-cloth—which, if neatly folded after every meal, will look well for several days. Then flowers and ferns in flat dishes, baskets, or small vases,—or else a tiny nosegay laid upon every napkin.

The salt must be pure and smooth. The butter should be moulded into criss-crossed diamonds, shells, or globes, with the paddles made for this purpose.

A few pretty dishes will make the plainest table glow;—a small bright-coloured platter for pickles, horse-radish, or jelly; and butter-plates representing green leaves are also attractive.

A few pennies' worth of parsley or cress, mingled with small scraps of white paper daintily clipped, will cause a plain dish to assume the air of a French *entrée*. A platter of hash may be ornamented with an edging of toasted or fried bread cut

piquant flavour adding zest to the lettuce, with which they can be eaten.—*Scribner's for July.*

A somewhat laughable "ring" has been formed in California, where the year's grain crop is very large. Knowing this fact, some wily gentlemen have by purchase bagged the entire stock of grain sacks, so that the farmers are at their wits' end to know how to bestow their grain.

Some of the papers are criticising the rhetoric of a clergyman who has recently preached and published the following on the passage of the Red Sea: "The billows reared as God's hand pulled back upon their crystal bits."

If you want to find out a little man's capacity for hating, just insinuate that the Kentuck giant could look over his head.

THE AIR WE BREATHE.

Dr. Angus Smith has gathered together and published the results of his investigations into air and rain, and those of the experiments made to determine their relative purity or impurity in various parts of the British Isles and on the Continent.

Numerous observers have experimented on the air and calculated the amount of oxygen it contains, and although formerly results differed, owing probably to defects in the *Modus Operandi*, latterly the analyses have come much nearer to agreement and minute accuracy. Gay Lussac and Humboldt gave the mean as 21.0 volumes per cent of oxygen. Cavendish, by making a series of 500 analyses, arrived at the conclusion that 20.833 was the mean amount, and later experiments have shown that he was not far out, Graham and Liebig both giving 20.9. Dr. Angus Smith found, from repeated analyses, the following percentage, which we extract from his table as characteristic situations:

On the N. E. shore and heaths of Scotland.....	20-999
Outer circle of Manchester (not raining).....	20-947
Open places, London, summer.....	20-950
In a sitting room, which felt close, but not excessively	20-890
In a small room with petroleum lamp.....	20-840
Theatre gallery, 10-30 p. m.....	20-860
Theatre pit. 11-30 p. m.....	20-740
Backs of houses, and about closets.....	20-700
Court of Queen's Bench.....	20-650
Under shafts of metal mines (average of many).....	20-424
When candles go out.....	18-500
Worst specimen found in a mine.....	18-270
Difficult to remain in.....	17-20

The cursory reader who does not stop to examine what these figures really mean will probably exclaim: What difference capable of affecting health can there be in the air of London and that of Scotland—20-999 against 20-950 per cent of oxygen? It is quite true that a mere deficiency of oxygen to the extent of 49-1,000ths may affect us but little, but that deficiency means something more than a mere absence to that extent of oxygen; it involves a question as to what has taken its place. Even so slight a difference as that between 20-999 and 20-980 is equal to 190 in a million, and if we put impurity into water at this rate, it amounts to 13.3 grains in a gallon. This amount, says Dr. Smith, would be considered enormous if it consisted of putrefying matter, or any organic matter usually found in water. But we drink only a comparatively small quantity of water, and the whole 13 grains would not be swallowed in a day, whereas we take into our lungs from 1,000 to 2,000 gallons of air daily. We must remember, too, that the blood receives the air and such impurities as are not filtered out in its passage, whereas the stomach has powers of disinfection and destruction which render harmless many organic impurities contained in water. But if we take the air found in the pit of the theatre, we find that the difference amounts to 2,500 in a million, and the importance of the minute analysis becomes evident.

In the course of his experiments, Dr. Smith constructed a leaden chamber in which the experimenter could shut himself up from the external air. This chamber contained 170 cubic feet of air when furnished with a table and chair, and occupied by one person. On a day when the temperature was 45° F. no difference in the air breathed was perceptible for 25 minutes; but when drawn from the top by moving an umbrella up and down, it seemed like a soft wind capable of producing a slightly pleasant feeling, being, however, utterly without the property of producing that cheering and exhilarating effect to which we are accustomed in a gentle breeze. The air was moist, and a specimen of it deposited water. After an hour, the well known organic smell noticed in a crowded school room was perceptible on moving about rapidly, and at the end of the experiment, which lasted 100 minutes, had an unpleasant flavour and strength, and persons who entered immediately the door was opened pronounced it very bad. Still, Dr. Smith says he did not feel uncomfortable, although the percentage of oxygen must have been reduced below the average found in the ordinary circumstances of daily life, showing the seductive and insidious character of breathed air. After a stay of 2 hours 20 minutes in the chamber, however, long inspirations became more frequent, and the air was found much less agreeable when breathed at the upper part by standing on a chair; at the end of three hours, the amount of oxygen was reduced to 19.61. In an experiment with burning candles, it was found that the amount of light was sensibly diminished, and when the candles went out, the percentage of oxygen was found to be 18.80°, and of carbonic acid 2.28. On entering the chamber with candles and a spirit lamp, the lights were speedily extinguished, and it was found impossible to rekindle them with matches, the ordinary wooden ones refusing to ignite. Still, it was possible to breathe without difficulty, although a feeling of discomfort was soon experienced. Afterwards gas was lit and burnt brilliantly; but on entering with candles after the gas had gone out, they were instantly extinguished. Nevertheless, it was still possible to breathe, although when Dr. Smith stood on a chair, he experienced a feeling similar to incipient faintness; "but the senses were not annoyed by anything beyond a feeling of closeness, by no means so unpleasant as a school room." This is an important fact, as Dr. Smith says, showing almost conclusively that organic matter is the cause of the unpleasantness to the senses on entering a school room; for there was comparatively little organic matter in the chamber, and the school room would have more oxygen than the chamber, the percentage found in the latter, after allowing the door to open for three persons to enter, being found to be only 17.45. The conclusion to be drawn from these experiments, therefore, is that the senses are bad and inefficient guides to the wholesomeness of air as regards the amount of oxygen and carbonic acid, save when the former is reduced and the latter increased to such an extent that the lungs seem to refuse to expand and the whole vital action is threatened with paralysis. Rooms, badly ventilated, which contain less than 20.7 per cent of oxygen are very unwholesome, and the necessity of taking into consideration the proportion of oxygen and carbonic acid in the sanitary inspection of factories and workshops is abundantly evident from the results obtained by Dr. Smith.

* Candles placed in a tin box over water, however, were found to burn till the oxygen was reduced to about 15.5 per cent; but in the lead chamber the candle is extinguished by the tallow refusing to melt. For this reason, miners incline their candles so that the flame may melt the grease.

Some of our readers who have sufficient leisure may amuse themselves by translating the following verses:

TONIS AD RESTO MARE.

O Mare cæva si forme;
Forme ure tonitru:
Iambicum as amandum,
Olet Hymen promptu;
Mihi is vetas an ne se,
As humano erebi;
Olet mecum marito te,
Or eta beta pi!

Alas, plano more meretrix,
Mi ardor vel uno;
Inferiam ure artis base
Tolerat me urebo.
Ah me, ve ara scilicet,
Vi laudu vimen thus!
Hiatu as arandum sex—
Illuc Ionicus.

Heu sed heu vix en imago,
Mi missis mare sta;
O cantu redit in mihi?
Hibernas arida.
Averi vafer heri si,
Mihi resolves indu:
Totius olet hymen cum—
Accepta tonitru.

Incerti Auctoris.

SENTIMENT.—In the *Atlantic* for May, Dr. Holmes treats us to this able defence of sentiment: We poets, you know, are much given to indulging in sentiment, which is a mode of consciousness at a discount just now with the new generations of analysis who are throwing everything into their crucibles. Now, we must not claim too much for sentiment. It does not go a great way in deciding questions of arithmetic, or algebra, or geometry. Two and two will undoubtedly make four, irrespective of the emotions or other idiosyncracies of the calculator; and the three angles of a triangle insist on becoming equal to two right angles in the face of the most impassioned rhetoric of the most inspired verse. But inasmuch as religion and law, and the whole social order of civilized society, to say nothing of literature and art, are so founded on and pervaded by sentiment, that they would all go to pieces without it, it is a word not to be used too lightly in passing judgment, as if it were an element to be thrown out or treated with small consideration. Reason may be the lever, but sentiment gives you the fulcrum and the place to stand on, if you want to move the world. Even "sentimentality," which is sentiment overdone, is better than that affectation of superiority to human weakness, which is only tolerable as one of the stage proprietors of full blown dandyism, and is, at best, but half grown cynicism, which particeps and noun you can translate, if you happen to remember the derivation of the last of them, by a single, familiar word.

An Englishman and his wife, not speaking a word of German, but having some knowledge of French, determined to visit the capitals of Prussia and Saxony. They had been recommended to an hotel at Berlin, and were proceeding to it in a hired vehicle, when suddenly the lady espied an imposing-looking building, on which was inscribed in large letters, "Hôtel Radziwill." She immediately exclaimed, "There's a fine hotel, and what a nice open situation!" "Well, should you like to go there?" "Oh, yes!" No sooner said than done; the driver was made to set them down there. Several persons were around the door of the hotel, but no one that spoke English or French; they were made to understand, however, that the luggage was to be taken within doors, and with much ceremony they were introduced to an apartment. The lady made signs to be shown a bedroom, which was done, and, on her return, she said, "Well, I never saw an hotel so charmingly furnished as this! I should like you to step up and look at the bedroom; and such a dressing-room." The husband, also, was full of admiration; he had been examining the few paintings which hung upon the walls, and pronounced them valuable pictures. Having made some necessary changes of apparel, they rang the bell, and made the attendant acquainted that they would dine at five. On their return from a promenade, a gentlemanly-looking man entered the *salon*, bowed, and said something in German, which was not understood, and the Englishman, thinking his manner somewhat free, carelessly replied with a "Good morning—how'd'ye do?" and the stranger retired. A sumptuous little dinner was served, and wine of a *recherché* character, and in due course coffee, and a *chasse-café* of some delicious *liqueur*. When the two servants had left the room, the husband observed, "This is all very capital, my dear; I only hope we shall be as well satisfied when we see the bill." His wife rejoined, "I'm sure this is a very first-rate hotel, and very expensive; if I were you I would have the bill to-morrow morning, that we may know how we are going on." They went on, however, for a day or two, delighted with everything, and then the lady's prudent warning so far prevailed, that the bill was directed to be brought the following morning at breakfast. Breakfast came, but no bill, and it was then peremptorily demanded, and when the room was cleared, the husband said, "I begin to partake of your suspicions. I don't half like this reluctance to bring the bill, and I expect when it does come it will be enormous." Very shortly the same personage who had made his appearance on their first arrival entered the room, and advancing towards them, the following dialogue took place in French:—Stranger: "I am the Prince Radziwill."—Englishman, rising and presenting a chair: "To what may I ascribe the honour of this visit?"—Stranger: "You have evidently taken this to be a public hotel."—Englishman: "Undoubtedly!—what is it then?"—Stranger: "It is my private hotel."—The Englishman was so petrified that he made no immediate apology, but explained the affair to his wife, who looked perfectly aghast, and began assuring the prince in English that they saw "Hotel" written on the front of the house, and of course they supposed it to be one. The prince saw, and no doubt secretly enjoyed, their confusion, but expressed himself highly delighted at having had the opportunity even by mistake, of extending his hospitality to a gentleman and lady from England, the inhabitants of which country, he was pleased to say, were always objects of interest and esteem. The Englishman having made a suitable reply, or attempted

it, for his ideas continued somewhat confused, the prince went on to say that, if it met their convenience, he should be very glad if they would favour him with their company for a few days longer, when they would be more immediately his guests. The lady, however, declared to her husband, aside, that she shouldn't recover herself until they were out of the house; the invitation, therefore, was politely and gratefully declined. The Englishman contrived to give a handsome *douceur* to the domestics, and the prince insisted on sending them to their hotel in his carriage. On being asked afterwards if he had given the prince his card, the Englishman replied, "No! what was the use of presenting him with a card with 'Mr. Jones' upon it?"

WOMAN SMUGGLERS.

Women are frequently smugglers of fine laces, but rarely of jewels. On the "Italy," however, some valuable jewels were recently seized, having been found quilted into an underskirt. A quiet-looking *Frau*, recently landed from Bremen, had a double-quilted petticoat filled with Shetland shawls, caps, and stockings. Another on the "Westphalia" had a quantity of the finest silk bindings, two valuable watches, two silk dress patterns, two dozen silver spoons, a dozen silver forks, and eight pieces of silk gallow quilted into a skirt of serge. A companion on the same steamer had seventy three bundles of sewing silk and twenty-nine pairs of kid gloves secreted on her person;—scarcely concealed, however, as the foolish *Fraulein* had tied strong cord about her hips, and the smuggled articles were suspended in such a way that she was scarcely able to reach the dock.

The muff is a very ordinary cover for smuggled laces. An English woman, recently landing from one of the Inman steamers, had the cotton removed from her muff, and its place filled with valuable laces. The muff was strapped to her person, where it stood for *embonpoint*.

In one petticoat of this lady were found gloves in quantity; in the facings of her dress, cigars; and in the voluminous gathers of a second petticoat were meerscham pipes in sections.

A Frenchwoman, extravagantly dressed, and moving about suspiciously, was invited into the room of the Inspectress recently. Her petticoat proved to be nine yards of superior black velvet, one selvedge being gathered into a waist-band, which also held a dress pattern of Ponson silk. The facing of the velvet petticoat, which was put on with the nicest care, was well padded with Chantilly laces, cunningly run together; and the ruffle on the bottom of this imperial under garment consisted of five rows of rich Chantilly flouncing, caught together, quite likely, in the hope that it would be taken for one piece. An immense seizure of English open-faced watches has recently been made upon the person of a well-appearing American woman, who had them neatly incased in the tucks of a heavy flannel petticoat.

Sometimes the German women seek to evade the tariff dues in the most awkward manner; as, witness the stupidity of hanging nine watch-chains about one's neck, with a valuable watch at the end of each chain. *Frau Stumpf* said she had been told that watches were worn by the passengers, and the officers did not take them.

A desperate-looking woman, coming on one of the English steamers lately, on being examined exhibited an amusing spectacle, with a silver cake-basket lashed to each hip, and two huge dress patterns festooned as "filling" there and thereabouts. On being detected, this woman, in a terrible rage, drew a knife on the Inspectress.

Some of the smuggling expedients are, of course, extremely amusing. A *spirituelle* little Frenchwoman had on her husband's red flannel drawers, and these were tied in puffs, here and there.

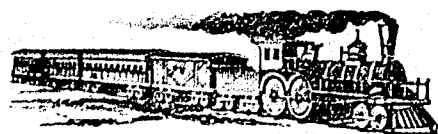
On being "unpacked," there came forth a Bohemian glass toilet set, two dozen salt-cellars, three dozen silver spoons, three dozen silver forks, several little articles of *bijouterie* in bronze and crystal, and some Swiss wood-carvings; all of which were put up in the softest tissue-paper and paper-shavings, that they might not strike against each other. When the little body was unloaded, no one laughed more heartily than she.—*Scribner's for July*.

The *Court Journal* says that a new insurance company has advertised itself—where, deponent saith not. Its advertisement is headed "Insurance against Thirst." After a preamble the fact is arrived at that good Normandy cider will be sold this year at so much the cask

The Concentrated Water of Tivoli is specially recommended for Ladies. It imparts a peach-like bloom to the features, and emits a most fragrant perfume. For invalids the Concentrated Water of Tivoli is invaluable. Business men will find this *Bath* a great boon. Its invigorating powers are immense, after which it produces a calm soothing effect, very grateful to the man of business during the sultry summer months. Price \$1.00 per case, being 4 cents per bath. Sold by all druggists throughout the Dominion of Canada. Sole Consignees in Canada and United States, Gordon & Co., Manufacturing and Wholesale Chemists of Glasgow and London. Branch Depot, 32 St. François Xavier Street, Montreal. 5-25 d

The Hon. JAMES SKEAD, Senator of Canada, says: "I am satisfied the Nutritious Condiment is a good food for Horses, and I know of nothing equal to it when the object is to get up the condition of the animal as rapidly as possible. Ask your Druggist for a 25 cent package to try it, or send to the Montreal Depot, 32, St. François Xavier St., for 200 feeds which will be delivered free for \$3.00 to any part of Canada." 5-23d

HOW THANKFUL WE SHOULD BE.—Almost all disorders of the human body are distinctly to be traced to impure blood. The purification of that fluid is the first step towards health. The Indian Medicine widely known as the Great Shoshonees Remedy and Pills commend themselves to the attention of all sufferers. No mistake can be made in their administration. In Scrofula, Bronchitis, Indigestion, Confirmed Dyspepsia, Liver and Lung Complaints, Rheumatism, &c., &c., the most beneficial effects have been and always must be obtained from the wholesome power exerted by this Indian Medicine over the system. Persons whose lives have been restored to ease, strength and perfect health by the Great Shoshonees Remedy and Pills, after fruitless trial of the whole pharmacopœia of physic, attest this fact. 5-22 e



GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

ISSUE OF \$500,000 SEVEN PER CENT. BONDS.

BEARING A MORTGAGE ON THE WHOLE OF THE RAILWAY, PLANT, LANDS, &c., &c.,

OF THE Montreal and Champlain Section.

In 1864 an arrangement was made between the Montreal and Champlain and the Grand Trunk Railway Companies, under which the former was to receive one-tenth of the net revenue of the joint undertakings, and power was given to the Grand Trunk Company to purchase the whole of the original Stock of the Champlain Company for the sum of Five Hundred Thousand Dollars, payment of the latter Company's Bonds and Preferred Stock interest and principal being guaranteed.

In 1870 arrangements were made under which the Ten Per Cent. Preferred Stock of the Champlain Company (\$400,000) was paid off, and \$500,000 of Eight Per Cent. Mortgage Bonds issued instead thereof. The Grand Trunk Company having arranged to pay the purchase price of the original Stock of the Champlain Company (\$500,000), an Act has been passed in the present session of the Dominion Parliament, from which the following are extracts:

It shall be lawful for the Grand Trunk Company, for the purpose of raising the money to make the payments provided for in the said Act 27-28 Victoria, chapter 85, Sec. 5, or otherwise satisfying the same, to create a third mortgage upon the entire lines, rolling stock, franchises, and corporate property so purchased from the Champlain Company, for a sum not to exceed five hundred thousand dollars, and bearing interest at the rate of not to exceed seven per centum per annum, and to issue, under the said mortgage, bonds in such sums as they may find most desirable, and with interest coupons attached, which bonds and coupons may be made payable at such times and in such places, and in Canadian or Sterling money, as may be thought most expedient; and the said mortgage and the bonds issued thereunder, and the interest payable thereon shall be a third charge and lien upon the whole of the lines, rolling stock, franchises and corporate property so purchased, as authorized in said fifth section of said Statute above mentioned, and said third mortgage shall rank next after the issue of bonds amounting to \$370,000, constituting the second mortgage of the said Champlain Company.

The Grand Trunk Company may guarantee the payment of the interest upon the said mortgage and bonds so authorized to be issued as last aforesaid, and also the payment of the principal, upon such terms and conditions as they may fix and think proper, and the interest payable under the said mortgages respectively, mentioned in sections two, three and four of this Act, shall form part of the working expenses of the Grand Trunk Company as defined in the Grand Trunk Arrangements Act 1862, section 29.

Under this authority a notarial Mortgage for \$500,000 has been created in the name of E. H. King, D. L. MacDougall, Esquires, and the Hon. Henry Starnes, of Montreal, as Trustees for the purchasers of the Bonds, which will be duly registered, and bonds for a like sum, secured under this Mortgage, are now offered for sale.

The Bonds have twenty years to run, from 1st July, 1872, but are payable at any time after five years, on the Company giving six months' notice. They bear seven per cent. interest, coupons being payable half-yearly, on the first days of January and July in each year.

The interest is guaranteed by the Grand Trunk, and by the terms of the Act is made part of the working expenses of the Company; thus the bonds are made to rank before the Equipment Bonds and all other securities of the Grand Trunk Company.

The Grand Trunk Company's Equipment Bonds, bearing six per cent. interest, are selling as under:

Table with 2 columns: Issue date, Price. 1st Issue at \$101, 2nd do \$99. The only other Bonds of the Champlain Company are the Six Per Cent. Consolidated Loan Bonds \$88,000 00 and Eight Per Cent. Mortgage \$70,000 00.

These Bonds are selling at 102 and 101 respectively. The total length of the Champlain line is 84 miles. The net income of the road was, in 1871, \$145,475, being \$28,000 in excess of the amount required to pay the interest on all these Bonds.

The Bonds are in Sterling, and will be made payable, principal and interest, in Montreal or London at the option of the purchaser. Fifty per cent. of the purchase money will be payable on the 1st of July and the balance on the 1st of August.

For allotments of the Bonds, or further information, apply to

Or to MacDOUGALL & DAVIDSON, Brokers, MONTREAL.

JOSEPH HICKSON, Secretary & Treasurer, GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY, MONTREAL, 5-25 a

SEA BATHING. TADOUSAC HOTEL, SAGUENAY.

THIS Fashionable SUMMER RESORT will be OPEN FOR THE RECEPTION OF VISITORS on the 15th JUNE.

JAMES FENNEL, Manager.

THE OTTAWA RIVER NAVIGATION COMPANY'S Mail Steamer "Prince of Wales" leaves Lachine on arrival of the 7 A.M. Train from Montreal daily.

Steamer "Queen Victoria" from Ottawa at 7 A.M. Market Steamer "Dagmar" leaves Canal Basin for Carillon every Wednesday and Saturday.

Tickets to be had at the Company's Office, 14 Bonaventure Street.

Single and Return Tickets to Ottawa can be procured at the Grand Trunk Railway Depot.

R. W. SHEPHERD, President.

Montreal, June 15th, 1872.

CANADA WIRE WORKS.

THOMAS OVERING, Practical Wire Worker, and Manufacturer of Foundries and Cylinder Cloths for Paper Mills, Wire-Cloth, Sieves, Riddles, Fenders, Grate and Stove Guards, Meat Safes, Rat and Mouse Traps, Bird Cages, &c.

Particular Attention Paid to Builders' Work.

Cemetery, Garden and Farm Fencing made to order.

757 CRAIG STREET, West of Victoria Square, P. O. Box 1921, MONTREAL, 5-25 m

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, OTTAWA.

TUESDAY, 14th Day of May, 1872.

PRESENT: HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL IN COUNCIL.

ON the recommendation of the Honourable the Minister of Customs, and in pursuance of the provisions of the 5th Section of the Act 31st Victoria, Chapter 6, intitled, "An Act respecting the Customs," His Excellency has been pleased to order, and it is hereby ordered, that Menford, in the County of Grey and Province of Ontario, be and the same is hereby constituted and erected into an Out Port of Customs, and placed under the Survey of the Port of Owen Sound.

WM. H. LEE, Clerk, Privy Council.

5-24e



PUBLIC NOTICE.

CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT, OTTAWA, 19th June, 1872.

Re-bonding and Re-warehousing of Tea and Coffee.

PUBLIC NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that all the Customs duties, whether specific or ad valorem, now payable on Tea or Coffee imported into Canada, shall be repealed upon, from and after the 1st of July next.

And Notice is further given, that Tea and Coffee in the original packages on which such duties have been paid may be re-banded and re-warehoused at any time before the twenty-ninth day of June in the present year, and that on their being so re-banded and re-warehoused the amount of the specific duties paid on such Tea and Coffee shall be re-paid to the owner thereof and a drawback by the Collector of Customs at the Port where they are so re-banded and re-warehoused, or by the Receiver-General.

By command, R. S. M. BOUCHETTE, Commissioner of Customs.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT, OTTAWA, 11th June, 1872.

Re-warehousing of Tea and Coffee.

PUBLIC NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that parties entitled to re-bond and re-warehouse Tea and Coffee under the recent Resolution of the House of Commons, notice of which appears in the Extra of the Canada Gazette of this date, may so re-bond and re-warehouse such Tea and Coffee at the nearest Port at which the same may be, or such Tea and Coffee may be deposited and re-warehoused in any Inland Revenue Warehouse, should such Inland Revenue Warehouse be at or nearest to the place where such Tea or Coffee may be, the Collector or Officer of Inland Revenue having charge of such Warehouse, in a place where no Customs Warehouse exists, being instructed to receive such Tea and Coffee in the manner and under the conditions in the said notice mentioned.

R. S. M. BOUCHETTE, Commissioner of Customs.

5-25 a

TRAVELLERS' DIRECTORY.

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

NEW YORK. THE GILSEY HOUSE, on the European plan, corner Broadway and 25th Streets. BRESLIN, GARDNER & Co., Proprietors.

5-26 zz SARATOGA. GRAND UNION HOTEL: BRESLIN, GARDNER & Co., Proprietors.

5-26 m CALT, ONT. COMMERCIAL HOTEL, HENDERSON DIXON, Proprietor.

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

OTTAWA. THE RUSSELL HOUSE, JAMES GOVIN.

PORT ELCIN. NORTH AMERICAN HOTEL, Wm. ALLEN, Proprietor.

QUEBEC. ST. LOUIS HOTEL, THE CLARENDON, WILLIS RUSSELL & Son.

SOUTHAMPTON, ONT., MASONIC ARMS, W. BUSBY, Proprietor.

ST. JOHN, N.B., VICTORIA HOTEL, B. T. CREGEN.

TEESWATER, ONT. KENT HOUSE, J. E. KENEDEY, Proprietor.

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

WALKERTON, ONT. HARTLEY'S HOTEL, Mrs. E. HARTLEY, Proprietor.



NOTICE.

CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT, OTTAWA, June 6th, 1872.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT His Excellency the Governor-General, by an Order in Council bearing date the 3rd instant, and under the authority vested in him by the 3rd Section of the 24th Vic., Chap. 10, has been pleased to order and direct that the following articles be transferred to the list of goods which may be imported into Canada free of duty, viz: Precipitate of Copper, and Amine Salts used for Dyeing Purposes.

By Command, R. S. M. BOUCHETTE, Commissioner of Customs.

Ottawa, June 10th, 1872.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, OTTAWA.

MONDAY, 25th Day of April, 1872.

PRESENT: HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL IN COUNCIL.

ON the recommendation of the Hon. the Minister of Inland Revenue, and under the authority given and conferred by the Act 31st Vic., Cap. 8, intitled, "An Act respecting the Inland Revenue," His Excellency has been pleased to order, and it is hereby ordered, that in addition to the Ports mentioned in the 10th clause of the Order in Council of the 27th day of April, 1868, and subsequent orders, as the Ports from which Goods subject to Duties of Excise shall be exported in Bond, the following Port shall be, and it is hereby constituted a Port for the above-mentioned purposes, viz: The Port of Shediac, in the Province of New Brunswick.

Certified, WM. H. LEE, Clerk, Privy Council.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, OTTAWA.

THURSDAY, 16th Day of May, 1872.

PRESENT: HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL IN COUNCIL.

ON the recommendation of the Hon. the Minister of Public Works, and under the authority conferred by the 5th Section of the Act 31st Vic., Cap. 12, intitled, "An Act respecting the Public Works of Canada," His Excellency has been pleased to order, and it is hereby ordered, that the following Schedule of special rates for passengers and freight passing over the Nova Scotia Railway between Richmond, Halifax and Pictou, proceeding to or returning from Newfoundland, shall be and the same are hereby approved and adopted.

Certified, WM. H. LEE, Clerk, Privy Council.

SCHEDULE. Nova Scotia Railway.

Railway Proportion of Special Rates for Freight and Passengers. Between Richmond (Halifax) and Newfoundland.

Table with 2 columns: Class, Rate. First-class, each \$2 50; Second do. do. 2 00; Steerage do. do. 2 00.

5-24 e

MONTREAL BUSINESS HOUSES.

MANUFACTURING STATIONERS.

JAMES SUTHERLAND, PAPER MAKER, WHOLESALE STATIONER, AND ACCOUNT BOOK MANUFACTURER, 160 and 162 St. James Street, MONTREAL.

TURKISH BATH.

D. R. MACBEAN'S IMPROVED TURKISH BATH, 140 St. Monique Street, near Crystal Palace, Montreal. Gentlemen's hours (with the exception of Monday morning) 6 to 9 a.m. and 2 to 9 p.m.

PHOTOGRAPHER.

G. B. MURRAY, PHOTOGRAPHER, G. BROCKVILLE, ONT., has refitted his rooms and is now prepared to take all kinds of Photographs. Studio—Opposite Victoria Hall, Main Street.

NORTH-WEST TERRITORIES.

After the 25th of June next, emigrants will be sent to Fort Garry at the following rates: TORONTO TO FORT WILLIAM. Adults, \$5; Children under 12 years, \$2.50, 100 lbs. personal baggage free. Extra luggage, 25 cents per 100 lbs.

FORT WILLIAM TO FORT GARRY. Emigrants, \$15; Children under 12 years, \$8, 150 lbs. personal baggage free. Extra luggage, \$2 per 100 lbs. (No horses, oxen, waggon, or heavy farming implements can be taken.)

THE MODE OF CONVEYANCE.

By Railroad from Toronto to Collingwood or Sarnia. By Steamer from Collingwood or Sarnia to Fort William.

45 miles by wagon from Fort William to Shebandowan Lake. 310 miles broken navigation in open boats, from Shebandowan Lake to the North-West Angle of the Lake of the Woods.

85 miles by Cart or Wagon from North-West Angle, Lake of the Woods, to Fort Garry. Between Fort William and Fort Garry, huts and tents will be provided for the accommodation of Emigrants on the Portages. Passengers should take their own supplies. Provisions will, however, be furnished at cost price at Shebandowan Lake, Fort Frances, and the North-West Angle, Lake of the Woods.

THROUGH TICKETS TO FORT GARRY VIA FORT WILLIAM.

Can be had at Toronto, at the stations of the Northern, Great Western, and Grand Trunk Railways.

Emigrants are requested to take notice that packages are limited to 150 lbs. weight for convenience of transport on the portages, and that baggage and supplies must not exceed 450 lbs. for any one emigrant.

After the 1st day of August next, the RED RIVER ROUTE will be in a condition to admit of the transport of heavy articles.

By direction, F. BRAUN, Secretary, DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC WORKS, Ottawa, 29th May, 1872.

ATTRACTIONS TO TOURISTS.

THE ST. LAWRENCE GULF HOUSE, GASPE BASIN, newly opened by WILLIAM BAKER.

The beautiful scenery and pleasant and invigorating atmosphere, trout-fishing, boat sailing, sea-bathing. The trip has a charm of novelty, and at the same time is one of the most inviting.

Try it: reached either way, via Steamers from Quebec, or by Railroad from Bangor, Me., to St. John and Shediac, N. B. Fresh Salmon daily, Ac. Charges strictly moderate.

INDIGESTION.

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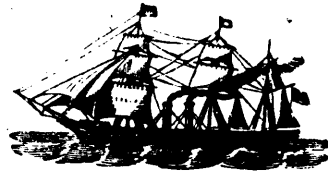
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