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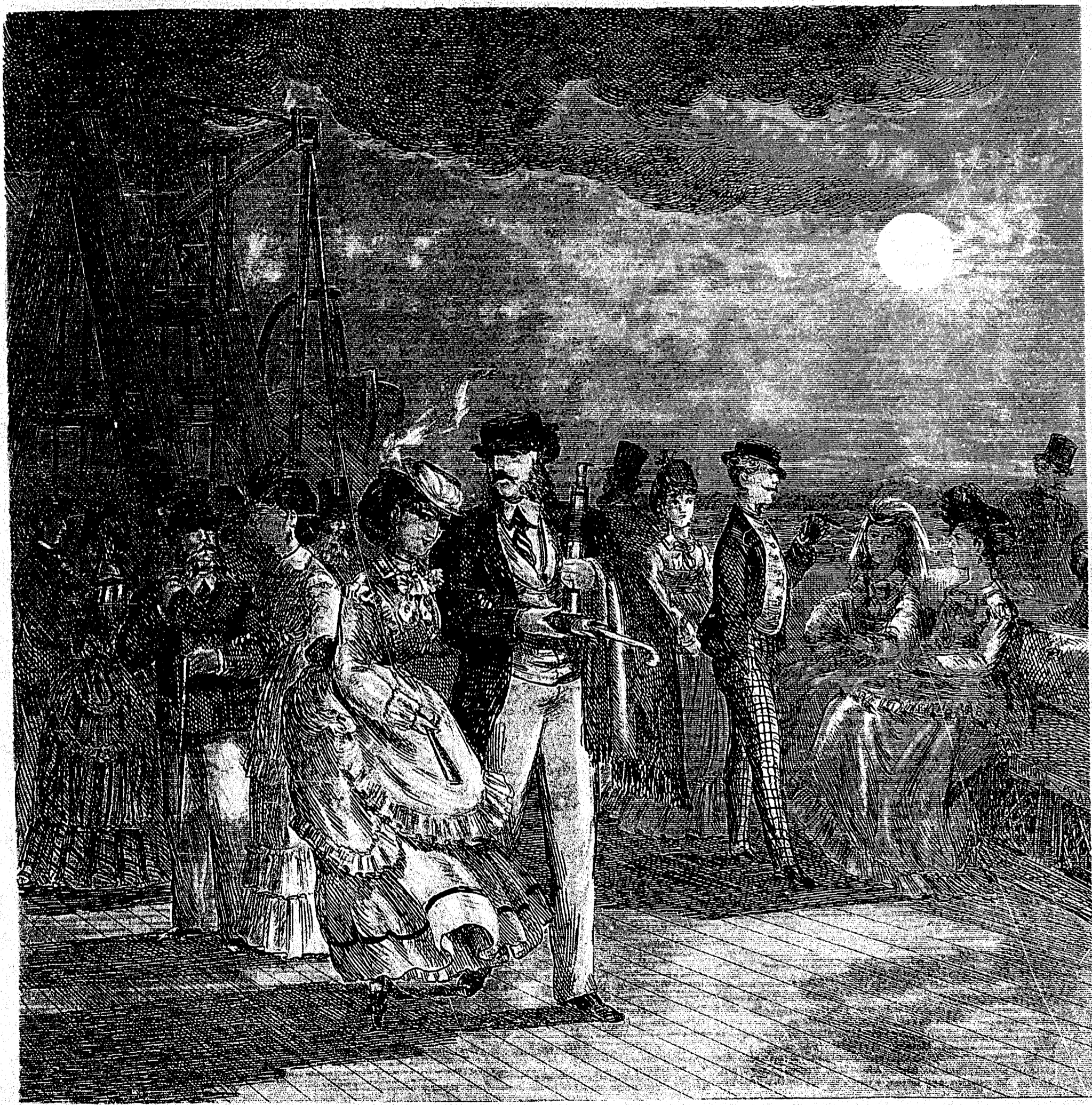
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A MOONLIGHT EXCURSION ON THE ST. LAWRENCE.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 387.

OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY.

No. 80.—DANIEL WILSON, LL. D.

Our gallery would be incomplete did it not exhibit from time to time portraits of men distinguished in the promotion of science and literature in Canada. Already several eminent men of letters have been illustrated in our pages, and few deserve more honourable mention than Professor Wilson, of University College, Toronto.

From Mr. Morgan's very useful compilation, the *Bibliotheca Canadensis*, we learn that Daniel Wilson was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1816. He was educated in his native city, and at an early age gave evidence of high intellectual attainments. He was appointed to the chair of History and English Literature in the University College, Toronto, in 1853, and the same year, on the death of M. Arago, was elected an honorary member of the Society of Antiquaries, of which he had formerly been Secretary. Professor Wilson was afterwards offered the office of Principal of McGill College in this city, but declined to accept. He is intimately associated with the development of higher education in the Province of Ontario, and has enriched the somewhat scanty literature of Canada with many able papers on various objects chiefly of a scientific character. Before coming to Canada he had published in 1847 "Memorials of Edinburgh in the olden time," illustrated from his own drawings; "Oliver Cromwell and the Protectorate;" "The Archæology and Pre-historic Annals of Scotland." These works were very favourably received by the public and flatteringly received by the ablest critics. His *opus magnum* is, however, the two volumes published in 1852, entitled "Pre-historic Man; Researches into the Origin of Civilization in the Old and New Worlds." This work is yet referred to as one of the ablest on the subject of which it treats, and proves its author to be a man of great erudition and vast research, not only in the beaten paths, but in the bye-ways of learning. During four years Dr. Wilson edited the *Canadian Journal*, to which he contributed many papers of great interest. Twenty-three of these are enumerated in the *Bibliotheca*, all of which treat of subjects calculated to arrest the attention of students and men of letters.

THE LATE MGR. DARBOY, ARCHBISHOP OF PARIS.

By members of all creeds alike the death of Mgr. Darboy, the late Archbishop of Paris, will be looked upon as a great loss to the cause of religious and moral advancement, while the cruel manner in which he met his death, at the hands of the blood-thirsty ruffians of the Commune, will enhance the reverence felt by all who knew him for a man who had distinguished himself through life by his earnest and disinterested devotion to religion, his stainless life, and his unswerving uprightness in the conduct of the weighty matters which fell to his charge. Not only by his co-religionists, but by all who can appreciate honour and straightforwardness, the deceased prelate will be looked upon as a martyr—a martyr to his religious convictions, and to the cause of order, truth and liberty.

Georges Darboy was born on the 19th of January, 1813, at Fayl-Billot, in the department of Haute-Marne. From early life he was destined for the priesthood, and, on arriving at a suitable age, was placed at the Seminary of Langres, where he received a brilliant education. In 1836 he took orders and was subsequently appointed Vicar of St. Dizier, and afterwards of Passy. Three years later he was named Professor of Philosophy and Dogmatic Theology in the Seminary of Langres; but when, in 1846, the seminary was placed in charge of a religious order, M. Darboy quitted the diocese and went to Paris, where he was appointed by the then Archbishop, Mgr. Affré, Chaplain to the Collège Henri IV. Mgr. Sibour subsequently made him honorary vicar, with the mission of inspecting the religious instruction in the colleges of the diocese. In November, 1854, he accompanied Mgr. Sibour to Rome, to take part in the definition of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception. In 1859 the Emperor, in return for the support rendered him by M. Darboy, both before and after the *coup d'état*, named him to the vacant episcopal see of Nancy, from which he was removed to the archbishopric in January, 1863. This office, the highest in the Gallican Church, Mgr. Darboy filled until he was arrested by the Commune last month, together with the venerable Abbé Deguerry, of the Madeleine, and four other prominent members of the metropolitan clergy, and put to death. The execution occurred on the evening of the 24th ult. At half-past seven, says a Parisian correspondent, the director of the Mazas prison (where the hostages had been confined), one Le-français, a namesake of the member of the Commune, and who had himself spent six years at the Bagne, ascended at the head of fifty Federals to the gallery where the principal prisoners were confined. An officer went round to each cell, summoning first the Archbishop, and then in succession M. Bonjean, the Abbé Allard, Fathers Ducoudray and Clair, and the Abbé Deguerry, Curé of the Madeleine. As the prisoners were summoned they were marched down to the road running round the prison, on each side of which, as far as I could see, were arranged National Guards, who received the captives with insults and epithets which I cannot transcribe. My unfortunate companions were taken into the courtyard facing the infirmary, where they found a firing party awaiting them. Monseigneur Darboy stepped forward, and, addressing his assassins, uttered a few words of pardon. Two of these men approached the Archbishop, and in the face of their comrades knelt before him, beseeching his forgiveness. The other Federals at once rushed upon them and drove them back with insulting reproaches, and then, turning towards the prisoners, gave vent to most violent expressions. The commander of the detachment even felt ashamed of this, and, ordering silence, uttered a fearful oath, telling his men that they were "to shoot those people, and not to bully them." The Federals were silenced, and upon the orders of their lieutenant loaded their weapons. Father Allard was placed against the wall and was the first shot down. Then M. Darboy, in his turn, fell. The whole six prisoners were thus shot, all evincing the utmost calmness and courage. M. Deguerry alone exhibited a momentary weakness, which was attributable rather to his state of health than to fear. After this tragical execution, carried out without any formal witnesses and in the presence

only of a number of bandits, the bodies of the unfortunate victims were placed in a cart belonging to a railway company, which had been requisitioned for the purpose, and were taken to Père-la-Chaise, where they were placed in the last trench of the "fosse commune" side by side, without even any attempt to cover them with earth.

The remains of His Grace have since been removed, and an appropriate public burial given them in the Cathedral Church of Notre Dame. The bodies of the murdered priests were also decently sepulchred.

M. Darboy is well-known as the author of several works of a religious character, among them "Les Femmes de la Bible," and "L'Introduction à l'imitation de Jésus-Christ." In August, 1860, he received the Cross of the Legion of Honour, and was promoted Grand Officer in 1863, shortly after his elevation to the archbishopric. The following extract from a letter by the Rev. E. Forbes to the *Record*, will no doubt be read with interest, as testifying to the character of the murdered Archbishop:—

"One of the last acts of the Archbishop of Paris was to accede heartily to a proposal of mine for relieving those Protestant orphanages in France which had suffered from the war. Only four days previous to his murder, I joined the Protestant pastors in an address to the Commune, beseeching them not to embroil their hands in the blood of innocent hostages."

TRINITY COLLEGE, TORONTO.

Trinity College, an institution for the higher education of young men of the Anglican Church, was erected in 1851, and owes its existence to the untiring exertions of the first Protestant Bishop in Upper Canada, the Rev. Dr. Strachan. The building, which is of white brick with stone dressings, designed in the third period of pointed English architecture, was erected, at a cost of £8,000, after the plans and under the direction of the well-known Toronto architect, Mr. Kivas Tully. It occupies a beautiful position on Queen street at the extreme western limit of the city, standing in the midst of spacious grounds, and overlooking the entrance to the bay. It has a frontage of 250 feet, facing the south, with wings projecting east and west 53 feet each. The porch of the principal entrance is of cut stone, over which is a bay window and ornamented gables to correspond. There are also handsome bay windows in each wing, with gables and windows similar to those over the entrance. The building is designed to accommodate eighty students with class-rooms, chapel, library, and museum. It also contains private residences for the Provost and two senior professors.

In his life of Dr. Strachan, Mr. Fennings Taylor speaks feelingly of the venerable prelate's exertions, continued unremittently for half a century, to erect and endow a university on the model of the ancient universities of England. With this object, King's College was incorporated, and the Bishop had good reason to believe that his efforts had been crowned with success. His hopes, however, were soon blighted. The sectarian education controversy was at its height, and the opponents of the separate school system brought such weight to bear upon the Legislature that an act was passed revoking the Royal Charter granted to King's College, and substituting the University of Toronto for the college. The rest of the story can best be told in Mr. Taylor's own words. The blow was a hard one. "But disappointment did not result in despair. There was dignity as well as grace in the way in which he accepted defeat. Indeed his character never shone to greater advantage than when he snatched a triumph from an overthrow. His resources were as manifold as they were inexhaustible. At the age of seventy-two he ceased from strife, and bowing obediently to a painful law, he began with renewed industry to build afresh what we regard as the fairest, and what we believe will prove to be the most enduring monument of his fame."

In the sacred names of truth and justice, he invoked the aid of that voluntary principle which he had formerly discredited, and sought in the free-will offerings of the many what he had hoped to find in the munificence of one. He appealed to honour and self-interest, to the recollection of wrongs, and the conviction of right, and his stirring words called into life the latent enthusiasm of gifted souls. His heart was inflamed with the fire he had kindled. He would scarcely give sleep to his eyes, or slumber to his eyelids, until he had erected a college wherein the divine law should fill the chief place in the circle of the sciences.

It was a brave sight to behold the heroic Bishop playing the roll of a voluntary. It was a brave sight to see one who had passed the period of life allotted by the Psalmist, stooping afresh to take up his burden, and submitting once more to the toils and sacrifices, the trials and disappointments which he had some right to lay aside. It was a brave sight to see one who could be indifferent to personal ease and conventional prudence, to the suggestions of comfort and the seductions of policy, setting himself to the duty of building in Canada a monument such as William of Wykeham erected at Oxford, not only where the work of education might be begun in the faith of Christ, but where, in the strength of the adorable Trinity, it might be continued and ended to the glory of God.

On the 1st January, 1859, the act which substituted the University of Toronto for King's College, came into operation, and, in consequence of such act, the Bishop issued a stirring pastoral, concluding with these emphatic words:

"I shall not rest satisfied till I have laboured to the utmost to restore the College under a holier and more perfect form. The result is with a higher power, and I may still be doomed to disappointment; but it is God's work, and I feel confident that it will be restored, although I may not be the happy instrument to live to behold it. Having done all in my power, I shall acquiesce submissively to the result, whatever it may be, and I shall then, and not till then, consider my mission in this behalf ended."

On the 19th of April, 1859, he left for Great Britain, and on the 4th of November following, he again returned to Toronto. Three days afterwards, the Medical School in connection with Trinity College was formally opened, and on the 30th of April following, the corner stone of the College was laid by him with becoming ceremony. On the 15th January, in the succeeding year, the College was opened for work, when the venerable Bishop in his touching speech very feelingly described his emotions as "the joy of grief," ending his eloquent address with these words:

"The rising University has been happily named the child of the Church's adversity, because it is the offspring of unexampled oppression—a solitary plant in a thorny land, which may yet suffer for a season under the frown of those whose duty it is to nourish and protect it. But the God whom we serve brings good out of evil, and makes the

wrath of man to praise him. We, therefore, take courage, and feel assured that as he has smiled upon our undertaking thus far, he will bless it to the end. In the meantime, I trust that Trinity College will henceforth be recognized by every lay and clerical member of our Communion as the legitimate child of the Church, and entitled to the benefit of their protection and daily prayer."

Thus were the hopes of half a century realized, and the labours of a life brought to a successful close. The attractive Gothic structure which adorns the western portion of Toronto should, and we hope will, be regarded by the churchmen of Ontario as the most fitting monument to his fame, who in life subscribed himself "John, by Divine permission, first Bishop of Toronto."

CONTINENTAL FASHIONS.

(From the Paris Correspondent of the "Queen.")

The season has arrived for preparing seaside costumes, and likewise costumes for watering-places; by the latter I refer to towns where there are mineral springs, where the society is usually brilliant and gay. It is very generally considered that the season at Baden will not be nearly so successful as in former years. The French will absent themselves from the town, for the reason that for a time they will shun all German society, not caring to be reminded of their sad disasters; and it is not too much to say that when France is absent, *Tripp* and *Centain* are absent also. Besides, our celebrated actors will certainly not go to Baden, and other foreigners, missing their accustomed pleasures, will seek them elsewhere. Spa will be the fashionable watering-place this season, and already the society assembled there is both numerous and elegant.

When a lady is preparing to sojourn for a while at a watering-place, it is necessary that she should provide toilettes for all occasions; and with the present fashions in dress, if the fair traveller be a good manager, she can combine her toilettes, so that she can have great variety with comparatively few things. For example, take a black *faulle* costume; on dark days it can be worn entirely of black *faulle*; on bright days the skirt, with a China *crêpe* tunic, looks well; and by substituting a coloured skirt for the black one, and wearing the black *polonaise*, there is a third toilette. The most fashionable colour this year is called *rouge République*; the shade is a splendid poppy red. It will be much worn at watering-places, but it is too conspicuous for ordinary town wear. It is customary to appear in the morning in a woollen dress both at the seaside and at the mineral springs. The costume called *pecheuse de crevette* will be the most popular style this season. It consists of a petticoat of white Spanish serge striped with wide red stripes, and without any trimming. Skirt of red Spanish serge (the *rouge République*), looped up in front à la *payanne*, bordered with wide black velvet, and tied at the back with a black velvet bow. Bodice with *basques* of the striped red and white serge, the *basques* edged with black velvet. Mantlet of red serge, with pointed hood, ornamented with black velvet, and fastened down the front with black velvet bows. Sailor hat of thick white straw, with flat brim, edged with black ribbon; long flowing white gauze veil. Striped red and white silk stockings, red shoes with black velvet bows.

The same make of costume is reproduced in dark sailor-blue poplin, and has a very distinguished effect. Blue gimp to match the poplin replaces the black velvet. The bachelick is bordered with a deep silk fringe. With this poplin costume the petticoat should be also poplin, edged with fringe.

The taste for fringes upon the hems of petticoats is spreading more and more, and, as petticoats are now cut very narrow, there is no reason why fringe should not be used instead of flounces and plaiting, of which we have almost had a surfeit.

The Castellan costume, profusely ornamented with fringe, is infinitely graceful. I will describe one. Opal-grey *faulle* skirt trimmed with three rows of crimped fringe forming balls; this fringe is grey, like the skirt, and the rows are separated with three wide bands of chestnut-brown velvet. Opal-grey China *crêpe* tunic, with Spanish fringe; this tunic, which is rounded in front, is looped up at the sides with dahlia bows of chestnut-brown velvet, and at the back is draped up here and there in an irregular but graceful manner with similar bows. It descends low on the skirt, and over it is worn an opal-grey China *crêpe basques*, with a *faulle* bodice beneath. The *basques* has round *basques*, which are edged with ball fringe, headed by a row of Louis XIII. Argentan lace, sewn on plain; it opens square in front, and has a dahlia bow fastened at the left side like a bouquet; wide pagoda sleeves, trimmed to the elbow with bows of chestnut-brown velvet. An infant's *toquet* of opal-grey straw, ornamented with grey feathers and a bouquet of chestnut-brown scabious at the side; another small *toquet* underneath the *toquet*, and at the top of the ear. Tortoiseshell fan; bronze kid boots; grey gloves with two buttons; and, to throw over the shoulders, a brown cashmere mantle, with wide simulated sleeves, and trimmed with deep grey fringe and gimp; the latter cleverly *appliquée* on to the material. This very original toilette can be worn during the day at either races or flower *festes*; but it is also appropriate for evening wear at the casino.

The new China *crêpe* tunics are made round in front, and short; but are very long at the back, and cut so as to describe a point. They are fastened up on the hips with bows, and at the sides they are caught up in four or five places, likewise with bows. Generally these bows are made in the form either of a star or flower, and have no ends.

Ensembles or full *batiste* dresses are likewise profusely ornamented with bows—I allude to those intermediate costumes which are more dressy than woollen ones, and less dressy than China *crêpe* costumes.

The *serre* dresses are trimmed this season with Valenciennes lace, and with guipure of the same buff colour.

By thoroughly describing a single costume, it will suffice to indicate the style likely to prevail during the season. A black *faulle* petticoat, edged on the hem with a *voche* fringed out of the material, and headed with a very deep Russian plaiting. An *ensemble* *batiste* skirt. The front and back of this skirt are in separate pieces to the waist, but they are joined with sky-blue *gross grain* ribbon. The skirt forms *draperies*, is trimmed with white guipure insertion, and edged with a row of deep white guipure. Bodice, with waistcoat of *batiste serre*, ornamented with guipure. The waistcoat falls square on the skirt, and the bodice at the back has a large rounded *basque*. Blue bows on the sleeves, and a blue waistband under the *basque*. Flots of guipure on the chest. If the black *faulle* skirt is replaced by a dark blue *faulle* one, this toilette can be worn at a quiet dinner.

A BEAUTY OF THE LAST CENTURY.

Of the "Beauty of the Last Century"—no less a person than Elizabeth, Duchess of Hamilton and Argyll—the Queen says:—

"We will ask our readers to go back with us to a period just after the middle of the last century. George II. was the reigning monarch; who the queens and kings of society were, we may know by Sir Joshua's portraits, judging from which beauties—and fascinating ones, too—there must have been in plenty; rank, moreover, and of the purest *sang azul*. Under such circumstances it would seem not a little surprising to find that two—we were going to say wild, but—unsophisticated Irish girls should have created such a *furor* as that which unquestionably attended the advent of the two Miss Gunnings. These two celebrated ladies were daughters of an Irish gentleman farming his own small estate, far removed from courts and courtly society. Their mother certainly was a Bourke, of the Mayo family, but she had long settled down to the domestic occupations of a farmer's wife. Poor they were, for we read that on the occasion of their being presented at Dublin Castle, they were so short of habiliments that kind, good-natured Peg Woffington, the actress, lent them dresses to appear in. They came to London with their mother, and soon created such a sensation by their beauty, that crowds followed them wherever they went; indeed, to such an extent was this carried, that they soon were driven away from every place of public resort or amusement. Nor was this *furor* confined to the middle and lower classes; it was at least as great, probably greater, among the upper ten thousand—and, strange to say, as much amongst their sister women as amongst the opposite sex. We read in Horace Walpole's letters:—"The world is still mad about the Gunnings. The younger of the two (the subject of our illustration) was presented on Friday. The crowd was so great, that even the noble mob in the drawing-room clambered on chairs and tables to look at her. There are mobs at their doors to see them get into their chairs, and people go early to get places at the theatre when it is known they will be there. Dr. Sacheverel never made more noise than do these two beauties." This sort of thing went on for some weeks. Noblemen, young and old, considered it a privilege to be allowed to dangle after the blooming sisters; shoemakers made small fortunes by exhibiting their shoes at a penny a head during their manufacture—it is to be feared that the shoes were in most instances apocryphal. At length Lord Coventry was understood to have established himself in the good graces of the elder sister, and the Duke of Hamilton had been equally fortunate with respect to the younger. The latter, considering delays to be dangerous, and, feeling to lose his prize, insisted on an impromptu marriage. It was the eve of St. Valentine, and the eve was pretty far advanced; the parish clergyman was sent for, but he refused to perform the ceremony without a licence or a wedding ring. A licence was not in those days essential, but a ring was: his scruples were overcome with respect to the former, and a bed-urnain ring did duty for the latter, and they were married at Mayfair Chapel soon after midnight on Feb. 14, 1752. Shortly afterwards the elder of the sisters became Countess of Coventry, again, shortly afterwards, the younger became a widow, and in due time Duchess of Argyll, having previously refused the Duke of Bridgewater.

"In these days it may appear somewhat difficult to account for such an exceptional sensation as these two young ladies certainly created, on the score of mere beauty, and that, too, of a kind of beauty that was not universally acknowledged, since we find that in the French capital, though at the height of their popularity here, they created no stir at all—in fact, were scarcely recognised as beauties. Of their contemporaries, Miss Lepel, Lady Petersham, and Miss Chudleigh, with several other, were probably all of them handsomer than the Misses Gunning, but none of them achieved anything like their following. Probably we shall be right in concluding that, in an age in the highest degree artificial and conventional, the simple, unaffected graces, and the frank but modest demeanour of the two lovely and well-conducted country girls must be credited with the exceptional circumstances of their case. That they were scrupulously well conducted in every relation of life may be assumed, since not one of the licensed slanders of the day—the Horace Walpoles, the Selwyns, &c.—ever penned one line to their disparagement, which can scarcely be said of many of their fine contemporaries.

The picture from which our illustration is taken is by a painter of the name of Read, whose reputation would seem to rest on this one work. The peculiarity of the costume will somewhat detract from it in the eyes of many; but the soft, expressive eyes, the exquisitely formed nose and mouth, the smooth and perfectly modelled cheek, and, above all, the gentleness and quiet repose that pervade the whole countenance, render it one of the most attractive portraits in the whole range of our country's art.

THE FALLS OF STE. ANNE.

The river Ste. Anne, which gives its name to the falls of which we produce an illustration on another page, rises in the seigniory of Côte de Beaupré, and after being joined by the river Lombrette divides the parishes of St. Joachim and St. Fereol, and falls into the St. Lawrence at the east corner of the Parish of Ste. Anne, on the north shore, about 24 miles below Quebec. Besides numerous swift and shallow rapids there are several falls in the river. Of these the most celebrated—those we illustrate—are two miles above the village of Ste. Anne. From the road, which ascends a part of the way up the mountain, a splendid view of Quebec and the adjacent country may be obtained; but without a glass, owing to the distance, the scenery in the background is rather indistinct. Having attained the level, a rough path for nearly a mile and a half conducts the visitor, after a sudden descent, into a most solitary vale of rocks and trees, almost a natural grotto, through the centre of which the stream rushes until it escapes by a narrow channel between the rocks, and continues course, roaring and tumbling, with increased velocity. From below a fine view of the cataract can be had, and here the disciple of Isaac Walton may indulge his tastes and enjoy an hour's pleasant and profitable fishing, as both salmon and trout are abundant. The falls are also a great resort for tourists and picnic parties.

Baron Pock has been appointed Vice-Admiral of the Austrian navy, in place of Tegethoff. The Italian navy will be immediately vaccinated as a protective measure.—*New York World*.

MOONLIGHT EXCURSION ON THE ST. LAWRENCE.

Moonlight excursions are among the most pleasurable of the many summer enjoyments which Canadian ingenuity, liberally aided by natural advantages, has planned. The brightness of our summer nights when the moon is at or near the full; the beauty of our scenery; the majesty of our lakes and rivers; and though last not least, the elegance of our steamboats and the comforts and conveniences which they afford, combine to make a trip on the water by moonlight a most pleasant and refreshing excursion. The sweltering heat of the summer day is of course made the excuse for taking to the water at night to enjoy the cool evening breeze under the moon's pale light. The "excellent quadrille band" on board the boat; the certainty of meeting somebody who is so pleasant, and who makes such a nice partner, has nothing to do with your going out, *Monsieur, or Mademoiselle*. Oh, dear, no! It is all for the sake of health! Whatever be the motive that attracts the public it is certain that these excursions are very popular in Canada; and instead of saying or singing "meet me by moonlight alone"—a proceeding always involving the risk of discovery—Canadian lovers may, and we believe do, agree to meet each other by moonlight in a large and respectable company where tender confidences, pure as the bright waters beneath, may be freely exchanged in the midst of the crowd with scarcely a risk of setting the busy tongue of gossip a clatter. Our moonlight excursions on the lakes, rivers and bays, are the counterpart of, and summer substitute for our winter sleigh parties. Both go far to keep wide the gates of social intercourse, and, we hope, contribute not a little to the health and contentment of those who take part in them. Our artist has sketched one of these excursions, taking the St. Lawrence below Montreal for his scene.

THE NEWSPAPER SEIZURES IN PARIS.

Among the many odious acts committed by the Commune during their day of power—acts affecting not one individual, or a single group or class of individuals, but the whole body of educated Parisians—few met with such universal condemnation, even at the hands of the supporters of those from whom the measure emanated, as the suppression of the liberty of the press. This same liberty of the press had, under the Bonapartist régime, been one of the watchwords of the extreme Left, or Radical party, and it is no wonder that when, on their attaining power, they proceeded to abolish that for which they most clamoured, a cry of indignation was the result. More than once the citizens went further, and the officers of the Commune were driven off the street with bruised limbs and broken heads. Scenes such as that shown in our illustration were common, but the only sufferers were the poor old women and the children who tended the kiosks, and whose humble means of existence were destroyed by the unreasonable suppression of the Press.

SCENE IN THE RUE DES RESERVOIRS, VERSAILLES.

Our illustration shows the scene—one of constant bustle and turmoil—that might have been witnessed at almost any hour in the Rue des Reservoirs, at Versailles, during those last days that immediately preceded the fall of the Commune. On this street were stationed the head-quarters of the Executive and those of the besieging army, and the crowds that surrounded the *bureaux* of the respective departments were such as the shady streets of Versailles have not witnessed since the days when the Sixteenth Louis and his young Austrian queen held their gay court among the avenues and bosquets of Lenôtre. Only the situation was changed. The race of Capet no longer occupied the throne, and a plain *bourgeois* ruled in their stead as President of a divided republic. Instead of the sounds of revelry to which the streets of the royal *bourg* were accustomed, nothing was to be heard but the low murmur of the excited crowd that surrounded McMahon's quarters, the clattering of horses' hoofs, and the boom of the guns rolling heavily in the distance, all telling of a cruel fratricidal war such as it had not been the fortune of France to look upon for many centuries.

A COMMUNIST COURT-MARTIAL.

This illustration shows the session of the Court-Martial held on the 22nd of April, when certain members of the 105th battalion were arraigned before Gen. Rossel and Citizen Chardon, one of the members of the Commune, to answer to various charges of mutiny and insubordination, and especially of refusing to march against the Versaillesists in the affair at the Porte Bineau, on the 13th of April. Among the accused was the colonel of the battalion, Witt, arraigned on a charge of drunkenness and incapability. After the examination of the accused, and of the witnesses against them, the Court-Martial lodged an indictment of "collective cowardice" against the whole of them, engaged a lawyer to defend them, and finally pronounced six of the officers and two of the privates exculpated. The rest were declared degraded and incapable of voting at civil or military elections. The Court also ordered that the battalion should be dissolved, and its number struck from the rolls of the National Guard—members of the battalion not included in the accusation to be re-enrolled as simple privates in another corps.

Some of the evidence taken in the case was intensely amusing. Witt endeavoured to disprove the charge of drunkenness by stating that he was afflicted with muscular atrophy in his left leg, which made him limp, especially when heated, and, he added naively, it was possibly this which made him appear to be intoxicated. His second in command, on being questioned as to his colonel's infirmity, bodily or otherwise, replied that "he couldn't tell. He wasn't a doctor!" Such are the men to whom the Commune confided its interests.

A startling event recently took place in a church in the neighbourhood of Bristol, where the clergyman adopts rather a strange style of admonition. Speaking of the devil going about like a roaring lion, he said Satan was everywhere in the world—in the camp, in the court, in the theatre, in the private house; and rising with his subject, he said, "he is in this church at this very moment," upon which a sharp cry was raised by a little boy in one of the pews belonging to a leading family in the congregation. "Aunty, aunty," he shouted, "take me out, take me out; I want to get away!" and aunty had to take him out, the boy rushing in terror from the church, and not having the heart to stay any longer under the same roof with a personage of whom he had formed so terrible an idea.

VARIETIES.

BONDS IRREDEEMABLE.—Vaga-bonds.

BURNING WORDS.—A dictionary in flames.

Paradoxical as it may seem, people who are inclined to be fat are often the least inclined to be so.

"I'm not myself at all to-day," said a bore to a wit. "No matter," was the reply. "Whoever else you may be, you are a gainer by the change."

A good story is told of Sully, the painter, a man distinguished for refinement of manners as well as success in art. At a party one evening, Sully was speaking of a belle who was a great favourite:—"Ah," said Sully, "she has a mouth like an elephant."—"Oh, Mr. Sully! how can you be so rude?"—"Rude, ladies! rude! what do you mean? I say she has got a mouth like an elephant, because it is full of ivory."

A lad having a letter for a person of the name of Dunn, asked a wag near an eating-house if he could tell him where to find Mr. Dunn. The wag told him to go into the eating-house, and the first person at the first table was the gentleman he was inquiring for. The lad went in; this "first gentleman" happened to be an Irishman. "Are you Dunn?" said the boy. "Done!" replied Pat; "by my sowl, I am only jist begun."

Connecticut tells a bit of pleasant gossip thus:—"The first stove ever allowed in the dwelling-house of widow Hannah York, of North Stonington, was set up April 29th, 1871, in which was kindled a fire from embers taken from the fire in her fireplace, which has not been extinguished for over sixty-five years. The first match and the first lamp ever suffered to enter her house were recently lighted. The old lady remarked that she didn't know what anybody wanted such things for; for her part, she had rather have her old fireplace and candle than a house full of such things.

An old lady who was in the habit of declaring, after the occurrence of any event, that she had predicted it, was one day cleverly "sold" by her worthy spouse, who, like many others we wot of, had got tired of hearing her eternal "I told you so." Rushing into the house, breathless with excitement, he dropped into a chair, elevated his hands, and exclaimed—"Oh, my dear, what do you think? The old cow has gone and eaten up our grindstone!" The old lady was ready, and, hardly waiting to hear the last word, she screamed out at the top of her lungs—"I told you so! I told you so! You always would let it stand out o' doors."

PLEASANT BANISHMENT.—One day, at the parade of his guard, the Emperor Paul I. of Russia was excessively indignant with one of his officers who was not a good horseman. "Cashier him, and send him to his estate," said he to the commanding general. "Pardon me, sire," answered the latter, "he is a poor man, and has no estate." "Then give him one!" exclaimed the Emperor, as he rode away. This answer was not only original but imperial, for having been once uttered, the Emperor must keep his promise. The officer, therefore, was made possessor of an estate, in order to live in banishment upon it.

A millionaire of Paris wrote to Scribe:—"My dear sir, I have a great desire to be associated with you in some dramatic composition. Will you do me the favour to write a comedy, and to permit me to add to it a few lines of my own? I will then have it produced in the most costly and splendid style upon the stage, at my own expense, and we will share the glory!" To which Scribe answered,—"My dear sir, I must decline your flattering proposal, because religion teaches me it is not proper that a horse and an ass should be yoked together." To which the millionaire replied,—"Sir, I have received your impertinent epistle. By what authority do you call me a horse?"

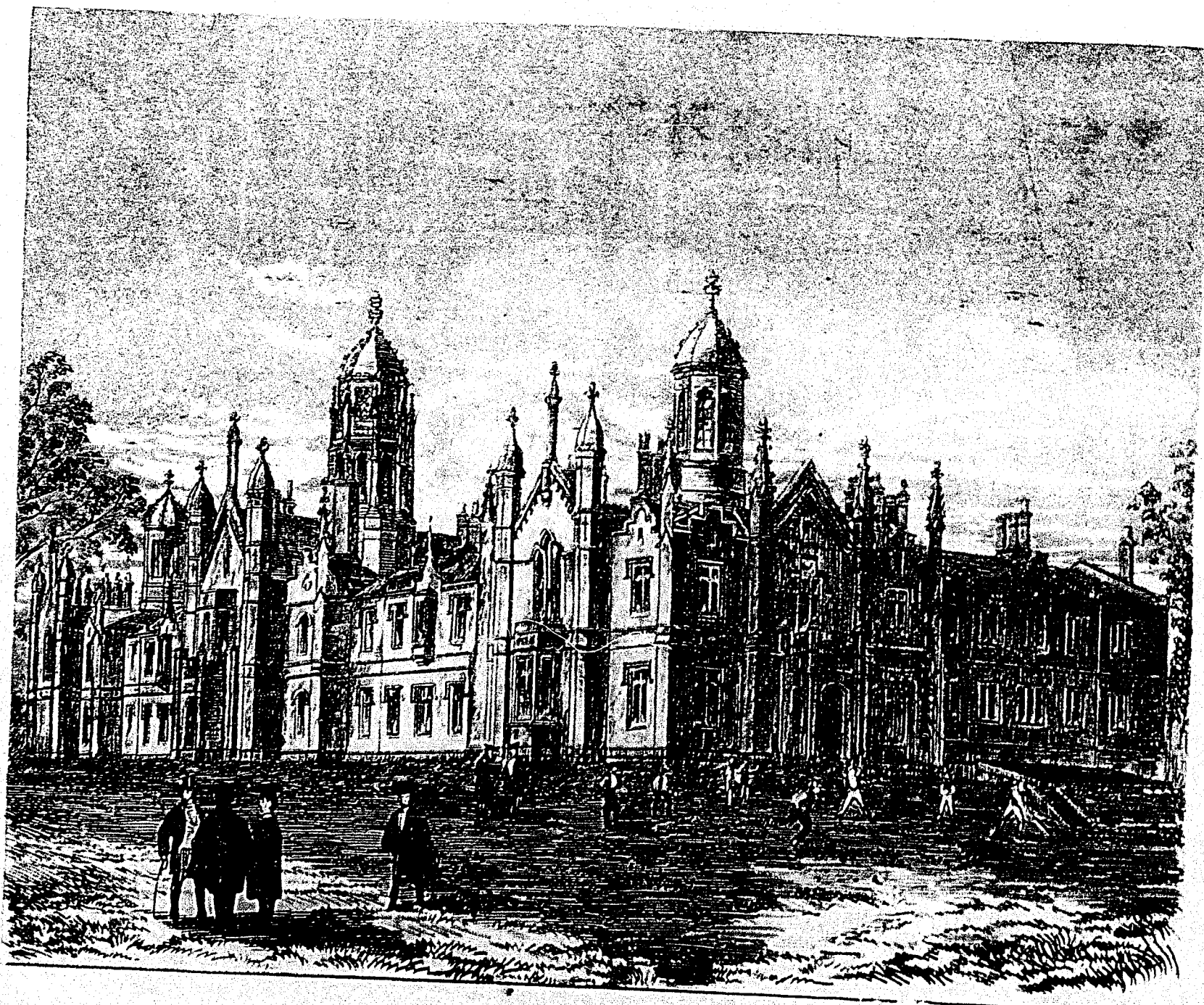
THE DARWINIAN THEORY PROVED TRUE.—One evening at a meeting of a debating club in Dundee, the subject proposed for discussion was "The Theory of Progressive Development." For some time after the opening of the debate, a little conceited fellow gave frequent annoyance by dogmatically asserting his own opinions, and attempting to bring down ridicule on those of his opponents. At length he cried out in a mocking tone of defiance:—"Will any one name a work that will give me satisfactory proofs that our progenitors were monkeys?" "Yes," replied one of his antagonists, "I will. If you are capable of entertaining serious reflections on the subject, you may obtain the most convincing proofs by consulting a work called the *Mirror*."

A leading paper decides that the plural of titmouse is titmouses, and not titmice. "On the same principle," says another paper, "the plural of a tailor's geese is geeses, as indeed we hold that it is." This reminds us of an anecdote with regard to a merchant who wanted two of these tailors' irons several years ago, and ordered them of Messrs. Dunn & Spencer, hardware merchants. He first wrote this order:—"Please send me two tailors' geeses." Thinking that this was bad grammar, he destroyed it, and wrote as follows:—"Please send me two tailors' geese." Upon reflection, he destroyed this one also, for fear he should receive live geese. He thought over the matter till he was very much worried, and at last in a moment of desperation he seized his pen and wrote the following, which was duly posted:—"Messrs. Dunn & Spencer,—Please send me one tailor's goose; and, hang it, send me another."

THE QUESTION.—A teacher in a western county in Canada, while making his first visit to his "constituents," got into conversation with an eminent Vermont lady, who had taken up her residence in the "backwoods." Of course the school and former teacher came in for criticism, and the old lady, in speaking of his predecessor asked: "Wa'al, master, what do you think he learned the scholars?" "I couldn't say, ma'am. Pray what did he teach?" "Wa'al, he told 'em this ere arth was round; what do you think of such stuff?" Unwilling to come under the category of the ignorant, the teacher evasively remarked: "It does seem strange, but still there are many learned men who teach these things." "Wa'al," says she, "if the arth is round, and goes round, what holds it up?" "O, these learned men say that it goes round the sun, and the sun holds it up by virtue of attraction." The old lady lowered her specs, and, by way of climax, responded: "Wa'al, if these high-larnt men sez the sun holds up the arth, I should like to know what holds the arth up when the sun goes down?"



DANIEL WILSON, LL. D., PROF. UNIV. COLLEGE, TORONTO.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN & FRASER.—SEE PAGE 386.



TRINITY COLLEGE, TORONTO.—SEE PAGE 386.



THE LATE ARCHBISHOP DARBOY —SEE PAGE 386.



SCENE ON THE BOULEVARDS, PARIS, ON THE SEIZURE OF NEWSPAPERS.—SEE PAGE 387

TEMPERATURE in the shade, and Barometer indications for the week ending Saturday, June 17, 1871, observed by JOHN UNDERHILL, Optician to the Medical Faculty of McGill University, 220 Notre Dame Street.

Table with columns for date, time (9 A.M., 1 P.M., 6 P.M., MAX., MIN., MEAN), and barometer readings (Aneroid Barometer compensated and corrected).

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

Calendar table listing days from Sunday to Saturday with corresponding historical events such as 'Battle of Louisbourg, 1758' and 'Death of Louis, ex-King of Holland'.

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JUNE 24, 1871.

Miss Bacon's Story.—We may call the reader's attention to the fact that we commence this week the publication of a short story by Miss M. E. Bacon, entitled "Hugh Damer's Last Leg."

There is an old scheme affecting the future of the British Empire which occasionally "crops up," as the geologists would say, and challenges a momentary attention even from busy practical politicians.

The promulgation of all these projects marks a period of unrest, and indicates the probability of a change at some day in the not far off future. The question is, shall the Empire be more closely united, or shall it be permitted to fall into fragments?

And with respect to Canada, what is there to be said in disparagement of the Imperial connection? The present is about the worst time to ask the question, for we have now under consideration a treaty, some clauses of which are exceedingly distasteful to most Canadians.

ment to invite the Legislature to accede to the treaty; but even that is exceedingly unlikely, and as the case stands at present, we have no rational ground of complaint in respect of it.

But the disturbance of the political quiet in Ireland, the increase of local questions demanding legislative action in Britain, the rapid progress of the Colonies, all point to the necessity of some day taking another step, either towards unification or disintegration.

LITERARY NOTICES.

MANUEL ELECTORAL, PORTRAITS ET DOSSIERS PARLEMENTAIRES DE PREMIER PARLEMENT DE QUÉBEC. Par M. A. Achinc, Montreal: Duvernay Freres.

This is a very useful manual showing the record of the Parliamentary career of each member of the Legislature. The personal sketches are fulsome, and, to English ears, must certainly sound offensive by the abundance of their flattery.

AMATEUR HISTORICIS.—On Thursday evening of last week the members of the Irish Canadian Institute gave an entertainment commemorative of Moore's anniversary.

DECKER PARK.—The Montreal races, advertised elsewhere to come off on the 18th of July, will be more than usually attractive this year.

THEATRE ROYAL.—Mr. Dominick Murray, the celebrated Irish comedian, has been the chief attraction during the week. His acting has drawn large houses, and being well supported by an excellent company the management continue to increase the favourable impression they have already made.

HENRY WARD BEECHER, AS SEEN BY ENGLISH EYES.

At Brooklyn, "the city of churches" as it is affectedly styled in the local nomenclature, that of the Rev. Ward Beecher is the most fashionable, its congregation the most fastidious. One Sabbath evening we went to hear this American Christian Apollon.

From many minutes the Church filled almost to inconvenience. Then the organ pealed forth. During the voluntary a tall gaunt gentleman, habited in black morning costume, and black cravat, walked upon the platform.

THE PARIS HONOCLEASTS.

Sala, in his Paris correspondence of May 23rd, describes the insulting occupation by Communists of the Church of Notre Dame des Victoires. He continues:

"Ascension Day, I need hardly say, is one of the great religious festivals in this city; and so, early on Thursday, a large number of women of all classes, dressed in the deepest mourning, appeared at the gates of this church and demanded admittance."

ANIMAL TEACHING.

(From Land and Water.)

After eighteen centuries of a progressive civilisation, it seems strange that such little advance has yet been made in the domestication of birds, beasts, and fishes. Dogs, deer, buffaloes, camels, elephants, horses, and several other kindred species, have been long domesticated and taught to perform certain services for their masters and owner, but the education of the animal, the bird, and the fish, as auxiliaries in man's service, has not yet rightly begun. Every creature, from mammoth to mollusca, from a boa constrictor to an earth-worm or an insect, possesses a power capable of being utilised, and, when directed by a wise and diligent training and teaching, each and all can be made more serviceable in the scale of nature and art. What would man be without training and teaching? He would be an animal less serviceable to his species than the most ungainly quadruped that moves instinctively on all fours. A time must come, one day, if this world continues, when many wild and undomesticated creatures will become extinct, and when their reproduction will become impossible to man. Some whose hides, or feathers, or hoans, or tusks, or other outer coverings, or inner contents, form articles of trade and merchandise, will, unless we begin and reverse the order of things, pass away, and be seen no more, save in museums. Let us think over this suggestive matter, and see if it is not possible to domesticate and teach certain useful members of the bird, beast, and fowl creation, and preserve their species for all time.

We have all witnessed, in our time, the astonishing performance of certain animals, birds, and fishes, which were trained for the purpose of exhibition; but the majority of these, though they served to prove the possibility of a higher training, and a more useful one, yet in themselves they exhibited a lamentable amount of waste labour and waste power.

Long years before the American Rarey's name was heard as a "horse-tamer," a secret existed, as a family heirloom, among a sect of the O'Sullivan's in the south of Ireland. This family was known as "The Whisperers," and they possessed the power of rendering as quiet as a lamb the most stubborn and unmanageable horse that ever existed. Whether they did anything more to horses than breathe into his nostrils we know not, but by doing this, and by kind soothing, and other ways known to themselves, they effected their purpose and retained their fame. Putting the question of drugs, or stimulants, or other fascinating means aside, and coming to the point of pure and unadulterated domestication and teaching, perhaps there was no person in modern times achieved so much success in animal teaching as S. Bisset. This man was a humble shoemaker. He was born in Perth, in Scotland, in 1721, but he afterwards removed to London, where he married a woman who brought him some property. Then, turning a broker, he accumulated money until the year 1759, when his attention was turned to the training and teaching of animals, birds, and fishes. He was led to this new study on reading an account of a remarkable horse shown at a fair at St. Germain's.

Bisset bought a horse and dog, and succeeded beyond his expectations in teaching them to perform various feats. He next purchased two monkeys, which he taught to dance and tumble on a rope, and one would hold a candle in one paw and turn the barrel-organ with the other, while his companion danced. He next taught three cats to do many wonderful things, to sit before music-books, and to squall notes pitched to different keys. He advertised a "Cat's Opera" in the Haymarket, and successfully carried out his programme, the cats accurately fulfilling all their parts. He pocketed some thousands by these performances. He next taught a leveret, and then several species of birds to spell the name of any person in the company, and to distinguish the hour of the day or night. Six turkey cocks were next rendered amenable to a country dance, and, after six months' teaching, he trained a turtle to fetch and carry like a dog, and, having chalked the floor and blackened its claws, he made it trace out the name of any given person in the company.

Bisset was equally successful in teaching goldfinches. After some reverses we find Bisset in Dublin about 1775, showing his different animals; and, again, on making some money, he purchased a public-house in Bel-fast, determining to give up animal-taming. Growing restless, his old taste returns, and he takes to training and teaching animals once more. He began with a dog and cat, and, perfecting these in their lessons, he selects the most obstinate of the brute creation, an Irish pig, to experiment upon. The teaching of this unruly animal almost wearied out Bisset's patience, and he was about giving up the task in despair when he bethought him of a new mode of taming the young boar. After sixteen months of unwearyed perseverance, he at last was rewarded by instilling a little reason into the pig's unreasoning cranium, thus proving that pigs can not only "see the wind," by common belief, but that they can be made useful in "raising the wind." During the teaching of his pig Bisset used to keep young piggy under his shoemaker's seat while he worked.

In 1783 Bisset brought his "Learned Pig" into Dublin, procured the leave of the Lord Mayor for his exhibition, and carried the city by storm. It was trained to be as docile and as obedient as a spaniel, and was taught to spell names, cast up accounts, tell exactly the hours, minutes, and seconds, to kneel and make his obeisance to the company, and do various other feats. Some petty officer, half armed with authority, broke into Bisset's room, assaulted the unoffending poor exhibitor, broke and destroyed everything, and drew his sword to kill the wondrous animal. Poor Bisset pleaded hard for the chief magistrate's leave, but he was threatened that if he offended any more with his daring performances he would be dragged to prison. Only it was a little too late in the era, it is probable poor Bisset would have suffered at the stake for witchcraft.

After the break-up of Bisset's hopes, his anguish of mind produced an illness from which he never effectually recovered, and he died a few days afterwards of a broken heart, in Chester, on his way to London.

Now, although Bisset's power of training and teaching animals, birds, and fishes, was most remarkable, yet it was not of a practically serviceable kind in the interest of humanity. We bring forward his case, as an illustration in point, to show that the same patience and perseverance, if directed otherwise, could be made to produce the most beneficial results. We wish to see all the living species existing preserved and utilised for useful and serviceable purposes. There are many animals, as well as horses and camels, etc., whose power can be turned to advantage in useful labour, if properly domesticated and trained, and many of these in their wild state,

instead of existing as a nuisance upon the earth, can be made a blessing as auxiliaries to human labour and for human food. Whence arises the different species of dogs, and the set purposes for which they are trained? some for very questionable purposes at the present day. Cannot their usefulness in future be augmented? Is a carrier pigeon to always exist as our only feathered messenger? Are all our fishes in the ocean, and in our rivers, to exist for sport and food alone? Can we not harness them to some suitable service in scientific development in the deep, and in extending our knowledge of causes and currents in accessible places? Cannot we train or induce fishes to pay our shores visits at regular intervals, instead of being dependent on laws of chance? Is the feathered creation to remain for ever chary and affrighted of man? The bee gives us honey, the worm gives us silk, the cow gives us milk, butter, and food, the horse labours for us, the sheep clothes us, the fowl gives us bedding, yet we fall asleep in the arms of nature, contented to sleep, and wake, and work away in the old sing-song style.

Let us pause for a moment. Are we or are we not hunting creation to death? stamping out, burning out, rooting out with bullet, dirk, and dagger, the work of God? without the least pause in our operations, without the least provision for our future supply. If we are not doing so with a vengeance, we have not read the signs of the times aright, or we have travelled this world in vain. Although it is too late to restore many things that are now irrecoverably lost to us in the animal creation, it is not too late to mend our ways, and exert our knowledge for useful purposes on land and water.

SCIENTIFIC.

A correspondent of the *Journal of Agriculture* states that the leaves of the common basket willow (*salix nigra*, Marshall,) make an excellent yeast, if treated in the same way as is usual with hops. "The discovery," he says, "was made in my family last summer, and, after a thorough trial, I was convinced that nothing is equal to it, as it rises much quicker than hops—in half the time—imparts none of the hop flavour so disagreeable to some; and, in fact, makes better bread every way. The thing is well worthy the attention of every good housewife; and, lest some should hesitate in consequence of not knowing the medical properties of the willow in question, I will add that it is a healthful tonic, from which no harm can possibly arise.

COLOUR OF THE SKY.—The following is from Mr. Glaisher's "Travels in the Air,"—just published by Bentley, London:— "The azure colour of the sky, though resembling the blue of the first order when the sky is viewed from the earth's surface, becomes an exceedingly deep Prussian blue as we ascend, and, when viewed from the height of six or seven miles, is a deep blue of the second or third order. 2. The maximum polarising angle of the atmosphere, 45°, is the same as that of air, and not of water, which is 53°. 3. At the greatest point to which I have ascended, namely, at the height of five, six, and seven miles, where the blue is the brightest, the air is almost deprived of moisture. Hence it follows that the exceedingly deep Prussian blue cannot be produced by vesicles of water, but must be caused by reflection from the air, whose polarising angle is 45°. The faint blue which the sky exhibits at the earth's surface is therefore not the blue of the first order, but merely the blue of the second or third order rendered paler by the light reflected from the aqueous vapour in the lower regions of the atmosphere."

Desbarrolles, the great chiromantist, is in London, and more than ever convinced that the science he possesses is one of the "exact" ones. Desbarrolles is the first professor of palmistry, which has never been admitted by scientific men as worthy of a moment's consideration. They leave it to the gipsies and fortune-tellers, and then punish them for practising it. Desbarrolles, however, by dint of long study, succeeds in proving that the lines of the hand are connected with the brain, formed at the same moment, and acted upon and modified according to the diminution or exaggeration of the passions. He calls the attention of the London physicians to this science, and invites the strictest investigation on their part of his method of judging the character and determining, according to the antecedents of the individual, the future impressions to be experienced, and the consequent future influences to which the consultant will be subjected. The police authorities of Paris were so fully aware of the certainty of M. Desbarrolles' calculations, that for a long time past he had been invariably sent for to examine the hand of every great criminal, considering themselves much benefited by the light he was enabled to throw, not upon the actual guilt of the suspected culprit, but upon the means he would have employed in the accomplishment of the crime had he been tempted to its commission. The assassins Lemaire and Philippe were both submitted to the ordeal, and in both cases were Desbarrolles' provisions justified, while his *complice*, *rendu* of Troppmann's hand, with the peculiar indications of the motive of the crime, and the means by which it was perpetrated.

AMPUTATION OF LIMBS.—*Galigan* says:—In a paper addressed to the Academy of Science, Dr. Sedillot, of Lyons, calls attention to the question of mutilation caused by fire-arms. Having in the course of the late war observed upward of 1,500 cases, and performed as many as fifteen amputations in a single day, his opinion cannot but be of great value. The best rule, in his opinion, is to operate before the inflammatory period has set in, and therefore on the second or third day, at the least, after the infliction of the wound. Amputations performed during the inflammatory period often end in death, but are yet far from being so mortal as the system of temporizing, which does not save one patient in twenty, owing to the gangrene, hemorrhage, and purulent infection, which are but too frequently the consequence. On the other hand, the projectiles now in use cause such fearful ravages and expose to such extensive suppuration, that the following rules should be observed:—1. To reduce the wound to the smallest diameter; 2. To favour a free exit of pus; 3. To adopt a radical reform in the method of amputation; instead of enclosing the osseous extremities within the flesh, they ought to be left sticking out. On this latter point Dr. Sedillot is very particular. If the stumps be cut hollow, the bone will tend to irritate, ulcerate, and mortify the parts in contact; it will impede the removal of the patient, require repeated dressing, prevent the outflow of the pus, and render it difficult to seek out the vessels causing hemorrhage.

The International Exhibition of this year has two great merits—one, that it is resplendent in pictures and in statuary; another, that it offers a combined display of the modern porcelain productions of all countries. This last feature we greatly extol, for it gives us a collection quite exceptional and unique in its completeness and its extent. Those who fail to mark and make thoughtful note of this gallery will miss not only an artistic and intellectual treat, but also a useful consideration of the comparative condition and powers of this and other countries in a branch of manufacture most intimately wedded to art. This consideration is surely one worthful to all, to that high circle that leads a nation's aims, to the philosophical watcher, and to those who have a direct pecuniary interest in the result and a personal connection with the trade. We find that England has every reason to be pleased with the result, for she may claim a general and an individual superiority in most, if not all, the branches of this art manufacture. The scale ascends in a distinct and clear manner from nation to nation, to that commanding and superior altitude whereon we find England placed. Not that we deny in the slightest that many lands have distinguished and exceptional branches in which their merit is incontestable, but it is for the English display as a whole (take it either for its applicability to useful purposes or for its merely decorative and purely art productions) that we claim pre-eminence. We do not deny, for instance, that the Royal works of Berlin have sent masterpieces in white bisque. The little collection is perfect from a sculptural point of view. The figures are true in outline and proportion, strikingly artistic in attitude of figures either isolated or combined, and we might fancy that they were miniatures in just degrees of proportion of some of the finest works of Thorwaldsen. The large vase is an exceptional production, but on the other hand we doubt if porcelain is in its legitimate sphere of art work when it produces busts life-size, excellent though they may be. That of the Prince of Prussia is very striking and worthy of marble, and of the finest touch of finish which the sculptor's chisel would have given, and porcelain could not. The Swedish vase, with raised flowers in bisque, is exquisite, graceful in form, and wonderful in the minuteness of the manipulation. The Dresden work was always heavy and awkward, and we see to-day the style of the past reproduced without much progress in the manufacture. The Danish porcelain has the old classic antiquity of style, which gives it a cabinet value. There are some very graceful specimens, and the colour, a ground of dove hue, in one instance, that of a small chocolate service, is remarkably beautiful. The Portuguese and the Spanish offerings show little advance, and date, in style of taste or lack of it, a century back. In Japanese and Chinese specimens—principally of bowls—we can ask for no more than the old productions, but we look to Europe to advance. France is for the nonce stagnant, but we doubt if she would come up to the pitch of excellence of England had the times permitted her to enter fully into the list as a competitor.—*Court Journal*.

MECHANICAL HINTS.

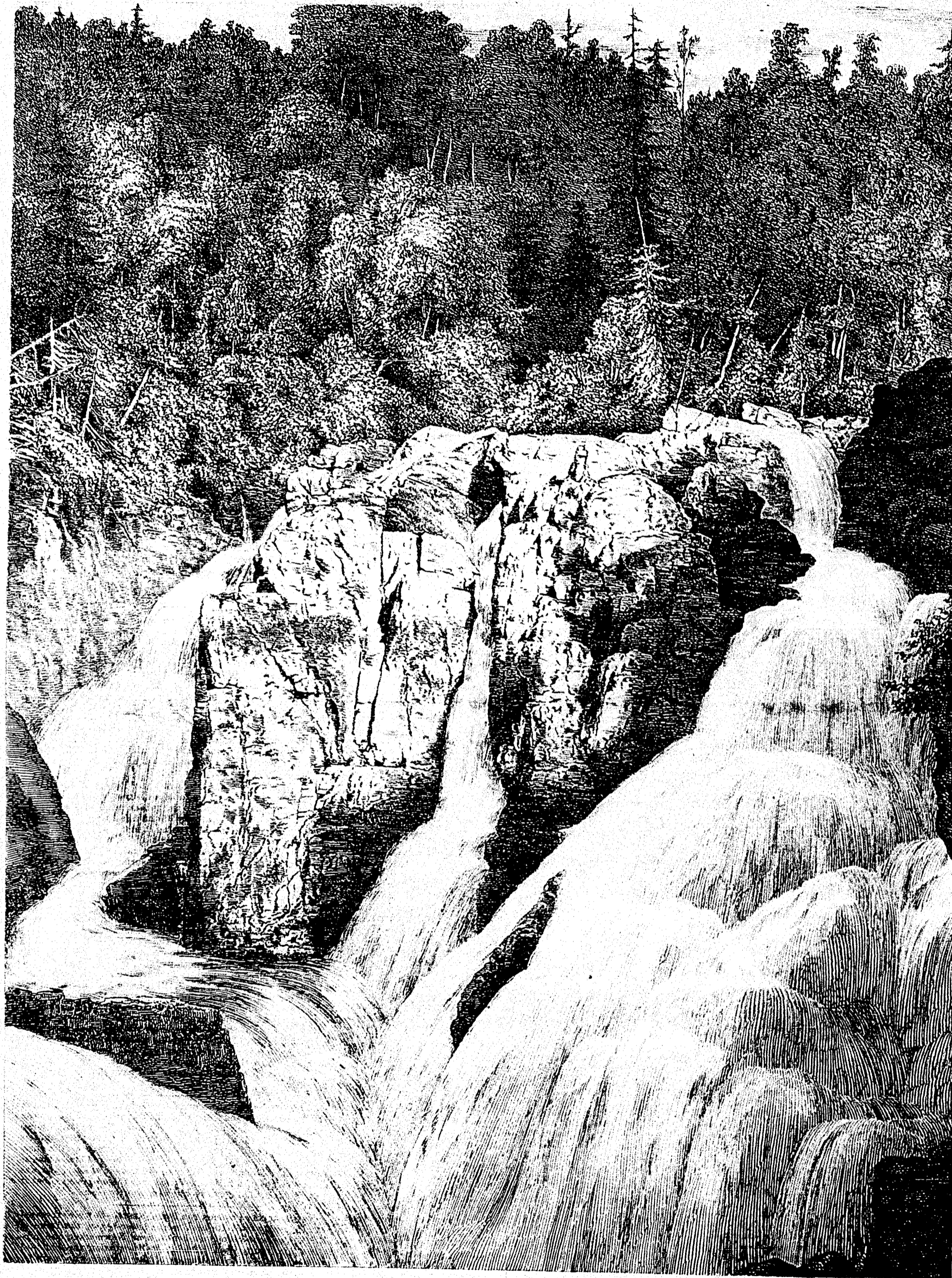
TO MAKE A SUPERIOR SAND PAPER.—Take a quantity of broken window glass (that which has rather a green appearance on the edge is best); pound it in an iron mortar; then have two or three sieves, of different degrees of fineness, ready for use when wanted. Take any good tough paper (fine cartridge is the best); level the knobs and lumps on both sides with pumice-stone; tack it at each corner on a board, and, with good clear glue, diluted with about one-third more water than is used generally for wood work, go quickly over the paper, taking care to spread it even with your brush; then, having your sieve ready, sift the pounded glass over it lightly, yet so as to cover it in every part; let it remain till the glue is set, take it from the board, shake off the superfluous glass into the sieve, and hang it in the shade to dry. In two or three days it will be fit for use.

TO CLEAN SOFT MAHOGANY, OR OTHER POROUS WOOD.—After scraping and sand-papering in the usual manner, take a sponge and wet the surface to raise the grain; then with a piece of fine pumice-stone, cut the way of the fibres, rub the wood in the direction of the grain, keeping it moist with water. Let the work dry; then, if you wet it again, you will find the grain much smoother, and it will not raise so much. Repeat the process, and you will find the surface perfectly smooth, and the wood much hardened. By this means, common soft Honduras mahogany will take a polish equal to fine Hispaniola.

ANOTHER WAY TO CLEAN AND FINISH MAHOGANY WOOD.—Scrape and sand-paper your work as smooth as possible; go over every part with a brush dipped in furniture oil, and let it remain all night; have ready the powder of the finest red brick, which tie up in a cotton stocking and siftly equally over the work the next morning, and, with a leaden or iron weight in a piece of carpet, rub your work well the way of the grain, backwards and forwards, till it has a good gloss. If not sufficient, or if the grain appears any way rough, repeat the process. Be careful not to put too much of the brickdust, as it should not be rubbed dry, but rather as a paste upon the cloth. When the surface is perfectly smooth, clean your work off with a rubber of carpet, and fine mahogany sawdust. This process will give a good gloss and face to your work, and make a surface that will improve by wear. Indeed; by this process, soft Honduras mahogany will have the appearance of Spanish.

A frightful accident occurred a fortnight since at Trent, in the Tyrol. A grand bear hunt had been organised, during which the bear flew upon a hunter named Messne, and literally tore away his lower jaw and his tongue. The other hunters succeeded in killing the ferocious animal, which was an enormous size, and weighed 280lb. Messne's wound was a shocking sight. The unfortunate man did not die at once, and was fed by means of a tube introduced into the oesophagus, but it was expected that death would very shortly ensue.

EXTRAORDINARY POSITION FOR BIRDS' NESTS.—A white-throated wren recently built its nest in the letter-box of the Duke of Rutland's game-keeper at Links, near Newmarket, and produced six young ones. During its incubation the old bird took no notice of the intrusion of the persons who went for the letters night and morning. A short distance off this remarkable nest is one built by a lark under the metals on the line of railway between Newmarket and Dullingham. The bird is sitting upon four eggs, and takes no notice of the thirty trains which pass over the line daily.



THE FALLS OF STE. ANNE, COUNTY OF MONTMORENCI, P. Q.—SEE PAGE 387.



A BELLE OF THE LAST CENTURY.

[SEE PAGE 387.]

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

AN ANNIVERSARY.

I.

There's a day of life that I love best—
Early May with a touch of June—
Blue sky spreading east and west,
And a river humming a rugged tune:

II.

The fresh breeze bears the breath of the blossoms
Over the way in the woods all wet.
The birds with song are swelling their bosoms—
'Tis a year since last they met.

III.

And 'twas just a year since I met my queen—
April then with a touch of May—
And lost my heart to her hair's bright sheen,
Her virginal eyes, and her queenly way.

IV.

I had marked the dew drops on the leaves
Shaken from two to one with a sigh.
So quickly closing one scarce perceives
How the one drop grows or the two drops die:

V.

And was it a wind, or was it a sigh,
Or a tender tone that touched us so?—
Our hour of parting was drawing nigh,
And two hearts breaking that one must go—

VI.

Well, how it happened I cannot tell,
But our hearts like dew-drops clasped and closed
On the leaf of life we love so well,
And one heart henceforth safe reposed.

VII.

O day of life that I love best—
Early May with a touch of June,
Blue sky arching east and west,
And the river humming a hurried tune.

VIII.

Will you ever again, as you come in May,
Bring us a blossom more all-complete
Than you brought to us that perfect day
When two full hearts rushed out to meet.

IX.

And loving arms were intertwined,
And kisses lavished on brow and lip,
And tender voices whispered kind,
And life was a joy for each to sip?

X.

O heart, O love, do you love that day?—
Early May with a touch of June,
Blue sky vaulting the broadening bay,
And the river humming a happy tune.

MARTIN J. GRIFFIN.

[REGISTERED in accordance with the Copyright Act of 1878.]

HUGH DAMER'S LAST LEGER.

BY MISS M. E. BRADGON.

CHAPTER I.

"Think he hath had in him which gentlemen have."

I don't suppose there are many people now-a-days who remember Hugh Damer. Not that I would imply that he existed at a period beyond the memory of middle-aged mankind. The time that I am writing of is barely fifteen years old. But the memories of men are short, and every decade sees the rise and fall of new heroes. The career of a man of the world is not much longer than the reign of those later Caesars who were polished off so quickly in the days when Rome was going down hill and the Roman Empire a nice little lot to be put up to auction. Picture to yourself, says De Quincey, any man going home to dinner with his little lot in his pocket!

So I say, advisedly, that perhaps there are few now-a-days who care to remember the brief summer time of Hugh Damer's life; and yet he was a great man in his time—that is to say, great in certain circles—and made his mark after a certain fashion.

We were contemporaries at Oxford, but not of the same college. I was a Balliol man, Damer was at Christchurch; but we were fast friends notwithstanding. I think Hugh indulged freely in every kind of dissipation fashionable at that period; but he never got into any vulgar scrapes—no painting chapel doors a bright scarlet, or nailing up an obnoxious don's oaks, or anything of that kind; and in spite of wine parties without number, hunting all through the season, not a little high play late of nights "under the rose," and various other amusements of a somewhat uproarious order, Hugh contrived to distinguish himself in athletics, and to take his degree in a very creditable manner. When or how he read no one could ever discover, but it was said that he could do without sleep for a fortnight at a time, and that very often after shutting his door upon his friends at two a.m., he would tie a wet towel round his head and go in for divinity till early chapel, where he made his appearance fresh as a rose after his matutinal shower-bath.

He was blessed with a superb constitution, and a marvellous capacity for work or pleasure. He was, indeed a man who could scarcely help living hard and fast—a man to whom any monotonous or sluggish form of existence would have been simply unendurable. In appearance he was a splendid fellow—tall, broad-shouldered, blue-eyed, and chestnut-haired, with a sunny look in his face that was, for most people, irresistible. He had the air of a man who must needs command fortune—win the race of life in a canter—indeed, it was

almost impossible to associate the idea of trouble or sorrow of any kind with Hugh Damer.

After leaving Oxford I lost sight of my friend for some years. I went to the bar, and my own life was a great deal too busy for the perpetual frivolities of the fashionable world. I saw nothing of Hugh, but I heard of him—heard of him as one of the most distinguished among the gilded youth of that day. He was of a good old Yorkshire family, and had a large fortune, which, according to the report of his friends, had come to him unfettered at his majority. People told me that he was spending this royally, and, at the rate he was living, could not be expected to hold out long.

"He's a fine, capital fellow—a first-rate fellow," one of these prudent observers said to me, "but there never was much stay in him. He does everything too fast—runs away with the race for the first half mile, and comes in nowhere at the finish. People are afraid of him, somehow. He might have doubled his fortune by a brilliant marriage more than once; but he lost his chance, dished himself by some mad folly that no man but he would have dreamt of. He's a dangerous fellow, and women feel it, and can't bring themselves to trust him."

Thus argued our common friend, with a serious countenance, and a deprecatory elevation of the shoulders. I was sorry to hear such an opinion of Damer, for I liked him with all my heart, and had hoped in a brilliant future for him.

It was not very long after this, just at the close of the London season, when I came across my old friend quite unexpectedly at a West-end club of which I was a member, but whose gorgeous saloons my shadow rarely darkened. I was a busy man and prosperous withal, my prosperity entirely dependent upon unremitting industry.

A late August twilight was closing in, and the lamps were glimmering here and there in the shadowy streets. The fashionable quarter of the town had a dreary look, the great rooms of the club a palpable air of desolation.

I went into the reading-room; there was only one man there, and he rose from one of the luxurious armchairs and threw down a periodical with an audible groan as I entered. Suddenly he started, stared at me with all his might, and came striding across the room to me, and in the next moment both my hands were in the muscular grip of Hugh Damer.

"My dear Norris, my dear old friend," he cried, in his loud, hearty way. "I am so rejoiced to see you—so glad, upon my soul, now—I can't tell you how glad. I have been wishing to come across you for the last half-dozen years."

"And yet you knew where to find me all the time, Hugh; and the Temple, if remote from the civilised regions of the West, is not a pilgrimage utterly beyond the capacity of friendship."

"Hit away, old chap. I deserve the reproach. But, you see, I knew you were always busy—heard of you from every one as devoted to your profession, a perfect slave to it in fact, and I am such an idle beggar, what could I do but bore you if I came? And then one's life goes so fast somehow. I declare to you, Fred, I have seldom had an hour that I could call my own since I left Oxford. I seem to have existed in a whirlpool, an actual maelstrom spinning me round and round and sucking me down in spite of myself. And now, tell me all your news, dear boy; what you have been doing, and what you are going to do, and all the rest of it."

We sat down opposite each other at a little table in one of the windows, and by the faint grey light of the fading day I saw that my friend was not looking by any means as well as I should have wished to see him look. The handsome face was wan and haggard, and there were lines about the eyes and mouth that should scarcely have appeared in so young a countenance.

"I'm afraid you've been ill, Hugh," I said to him by and by. "You seem to have lost that perennial bloom for which you were renowned at Oxford."

"Ill! Oh no," he answered, carelessly. "I've not been ill—worried a little occasionally, that's all. But, now listen to me, Fred, old fellow, and if you wish to preserve my regard you must fall into my way of thinking; and I assure you that regard of mine is a very deep feeling, though it's rather backward in showing itself. Now, you own to having a clear fortnight before you after the last of this month, in which you may kick up your heels and dispose of yourself as it seems fit to you, without let or hindrance to your prospects of wearing silk by-and-by. And you talk of devoting your leisure to certain nameless cads of your acquaintance—of the genus swell, I suppose—who have got a moor down somewhere in the north, and want you to go and assist them in the murder of innocent grouse. Throw over the unknown cads, dear old boy, and come down to me. September is a great time for us Yorkshiremen. I can give you no end of partridges, and my place is only fifteen miles from Doncaster. Come to Churleigh Wood, Fred, and spend your holiday with an old friend. I shall consider it an especial favour if you say 'Yes'—

and—and it may be the last time I shall be able to ask you."

"What do you mean by that, Hugh?" I demanded, alarmed by the sudden gravity of his tone.

"Never mind what I mean, Fred. Life is full of changes. The present is all a man can call his own, and so on, *Carpe diem*. Come, dear boy; is it to be yes or no?"

"I should be a churl if I said 'No,' when you flatter me by seeming really anxious to have me," I answered; "so the gentlemen unknown, who are really very good fellows in their way, shall go overboard, and I'll inflict my society upon you for the first fortnight in September. Shall you be alone at Churleigh?"

"Alone!" He laughed aloud at the absurdity of the notion, and I was very glad to hear the old frank laugh again. "Alone, Fred! why I have never been alone in my own house since I became master of it. We're sure of a houseful; some nice people, of course, and perhaps a few nasty ones—but you'll put up with the bores for the sake of friendship."

"I am not afraid of meeting bores at Churleigh," I answered. "There is not much affinity between you and that species, I think, Damer."

"There is one of my guests I fancy you will like," he said musingly, and with a tender smile lighting up his haggard face.

"A lady, Hugh? Your face tells me that!"

"Yes, a lady; but I will say no more till you have seen her."

We parted soon after this, I promising to be with my friend on the 1st. He had occasion to go down to the old place some days earlier, in order to be ready for possible arrivals.

(To be continued.)

[REGISTERED in accordance with the Copyright Act of 1878.]

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

TALES OF THE LINKS OF LOVE.

BY ALEXANDER SOMERVILLE.

LILLYMERE.

CHAPTER XXIII.

OUT OF THE WHIRLPOOL, AGAIN IN THE TORRENT—
IN SKILL NIGHTS AND DAYS—UP THE FACE OF
THE CRAGS, A HUNDRED FEET VERTICAL, THEY
HOIST THE SENATOR'S DAUGHTER.—THE DUCK
AND PINKERTON FOLLOW.—THE BRAVE OLD
BOY WHO DELIVERS THEM, WHERE IS HE? WHO
IS HE?

LONG before nightfall the helpless three in the boat had redressed their disturbed senses sufficiently to comprehend positions, interchange signals with people on shore, and observe that the central vortex, around which the boat circumscribed, was nearer and farther away by turns; changing about every forty minutes. It opened a cavernous gullet drinking down floods in which a boat, if near, would go as a straw; then it filled to a level, having a brief term of repose, seven minutes the lady calculated by her watch. Then it bubbled up discharging its subterranean gorge for a space of thirty minutes, during which the circles of the boat's track widened.

Guided by observation Pinkerton headed out when the vortex drank in; and headed in when the flood discharged.

Conrad, having his pocket telescope, gave it to the lady, who descried one of a group of people in a gulch of the cliff to be her mother. Then she told her own name, Sylvia Pensylidine. The Duke, in exchange, gave his name, but only as plain Conrad Mortimer.

Pinkerton remained silent about names. He despised the young woman for sailing the air in crinoline and causing this dire misadventure. And the desertion of Clyne; his leaping overboard to swim ashore, enraged him at Canadian people; as did the broken oar at the country which grew the wood. He did not yet know Clyne was drowned; nor the purposed treachery of a man, not Canadian born, who designed the oars to be traps of death. Canada the country, its timber, and boat builders, Pinkerton consigned figuratively to the diabolical abyss which seemed to have a mouth disagreeably near; and proposed they should now hazard another run in the rapids. "Not on my own responsibility," said he, "but if the lady and you desire it, Conrad, I'll head out of this, and chance whatever lies before us."

The lady expressed belief that help would come; founding that assurance, probably, on sight of her mother, friends, and so many people. Conrad Mortimer's judgment inclined to Pinkerton's suggestion; but he preferred to trust the instincts of this child of fate, faith, hope, rather than the impetuous courage of one who cursed on the very threshold of the gates of doom.

They were thus two to one; a decisive majority which Pinkerton obeyed.

A man came down the gulch to near the shore, speaking through a sea trumpet:

"Helm a-hoy! Keep in the circle she rides in now. Headed out, you go away in the torrent. Headed in, you get in Hurly Hole. Cheery, my hearties! Help soon. Helm apart a point and half; steady at that; cheery, my hearties!"

This was Captain Clapper Hayvern, an old sailor met lately, who this season ran a steam yacht on the lakes, and had, two hours before, come up the river as far as Swush Whirl. The yacht could not pass higher.

After Clapper's arrival at the pool, he attempted to connect with the boat from shore. Lines were thrown, but they fell short. Cork floats were launched, but eddies repelled them. Kites soared and fell, alighting where not desired.

As news of people alive in the whirlpool spread towards evening, crowds of tourists, residents of the townships and villages; squires, farmers, field-workers, all who could leave home, and had feet to run, horses to ride, wheels to drive, came running, riding, driving on hurricanes of wheels, in tornadoes of dust, through the devious rural ways; on Canada side, on York State side. Gathered on the cliffs, all kinds of telescopes, and thousands of eyes were directed on the boat and vortex of doom.

"Who are they? What are they? How came they into the torrent?"

Such the questions to which but few could reply by saying who they were. The earliest to be recognized and publicly named was the lady, her friends having hurried from the Falls in carriages.

"Blown over the cliff, you say; rising as a balloon, descending as a parachute! Who is she?"

"Sylvia Pensylidine; daughter of the Hon. Stephen Pensylidine, United States Senator."

"And the fellows, who are they?"

"Don't know. Strangers, I guess." On the following morning came a recognition. Appalling sight to see! A dead body, face up, floated in wake of the boat which still retained its place in the circle with the living freight; the body of Rasper Clyne.

With the first clear daylight, they in the Lundy craft discovered a solitary horseman standing on point of a projecting rock, nearer the surging water than any other person had approached. Two large dogs stood, or crouched on the very brink in advance of the horse's feet. He was to windward and up stream about fifty yards, so that calling, when he saw the dead body floating, they heard his words:

"Rasper Clyne, dead? When did he quit the boat?"

From which they inferred that if any one knew, everybody did not, that Clyne leapt into the river to swim and save himself.

Pinkerton, at the stern, saw what the two sitting forward did not, that the dead man followed close in the boat's wake. Wherefore, he again submitted the proposal to head out, and hazard another run in the torrent. Did not like that dead man so near.

Conrad deterred to the young lady, who, still seeing her mother and friends, expected rescue. And Pinkerton being but one deferred to the two. He now despised Sylvia less for sailing in air on crinoline and descending as destiny to men, in shape of a parachute. He began to respect her for courage, or, for a voice, which through all the gloomy night sounded cheerfully. Said he to himself:

"Suppose she had whined and cried, howled and been hideous, I'd have thought of steering the boat right down the hole. But Sylvia Pensylidine seems a girl with life in her, and with some to spare."

He therefore yielded, this day as the day before, to the opinion of two against one, and continued to steer in the circle of volition. All three very hungry.

Presently the lone horseman shouted. Looking in his direction they saw his outstretched arm pointing to the vortex. Turning eyes there the body of Rasper Clyne was seen approaching the gullet nearer and nearer at every whirling circuit. Then it tilted, head down, feet projecting in the air an instant, and disappeared.

At which the horseman yelled, and yelled, the dogs barking; his horse pawing the rock and prancing.

Still the man yelled; spurring and whipping the steel; urging to a leap. The dogs furious, as if restraining horse and rider from plunging in the fearful hole.

The man dismounted. He passed his hands over the horse's eyes. He smoothed hair and skin; and breathed in the nostrils. He took the dogs one by one, handled them, fondled them, passed hands on their heads mesmerically, as on the horse. Breathed in their nostrils; and they were quiet. Horse and dogs alike doleful. Then he muttered:

"So she mesmerized noble Dunderdyket, and the dogs, True and Trust. And has been talking with them, in mesmeric witchery, all the way from above Chippewa, a good twenty miles from here. But I've now got to the power of warlock as she to the craft of witch."

He mounted. Spoke to the dogs, each singly, bidding it look at, and swim for, the boat;

keep by it and take it ashore. To the horse, which now turned its head to listen, he said:

"Noble Dunderdyker, carry me well. Help ashore that lady."

Then raising his voice, less of a yell now, more a shout of triumph, he cried:

"True!" That dog wagged tail, and couched the ears. "Trust!" That dog wagged tail, and couched the ears. "Dunderdyker!" That noble cheval pawed with one foot, throwing back the ears. "Walter Fynken!" his own name; "off!"

The horse sprang clear from the rock, and plunged. The dogs leaping and plunging at the same instant. All disappeared a moment, but came to the surface together. They swam to the whirlpool, taking its lower side. There meeting the boat coming round on its circuit, the rider got athwart the bows; his horse all but the head under water; himself under water to the waist; the dogs one on each side of the boat; their heads only seen.

"Come!" he said; "I'm Walter Fynken; down from Chippewa to take you home. I live at Dunderdyke Mill; come! Fynken's my name. No ceremony: come right away!"

Conrad called to Pinkerton to steer the boat head out, and run the torrent, in company with Fynken. And this was being done as well as the imperfect paddle would act, when the sea trumpet of Clapper Hayvern sounded from shore.

"Avast there! Avast Tuffil Walter Fynken! Let the boat alone! Ware! Ware of Fynken! Warlock Tuffil! Ware! Ware!"

Too late the warning of danger, if in Fynken's offered convoy there was danger. The boat, now caught by the rapid, went swiftly away, coursing down stream as a cork may on the mill race; but gradually nearing Canada shore.

Pinkerton steered with energy in hope of running into one of the shore inlets. But he was past and away in the vehement momentum before such openings were discerned. Even had he seen them sooner the skiff could not have taken a turn abeam of the current and lived.

Some miles down, the Lundy plunged, and was suddenly brought to a crash between a fallen tree and a shore rock; the tree itself, root, trunk, and branches, wedged in between a pinnacled boulder and lesser fragments of the great overhanging precipice. But for the snaggy boughs of that far-travelled oak of the forest, Sylva Pensyldine would have been thrown in the stream, Conrad also. The latter caught on the boughs, and Sylva caught on him. Pinkerton was shaken; and the boat so crushed that it would have sunk only for the branches, amid which it remained wedged.

Torrent above; torrent below; rapids outside; deep water to base of the perpendicular rock, which rose a hundred feet; such was now the position of the hapless three. No food since yesterday; no prospect of any. Less probability of an agency of rescue approaching them there than even at the whirlpool. After some hours of uncertainty as to whether they were known to be alive, people were seen assembling on slopes of York shore. What was doing on Canada side they were not in position to observe. But something of a nautical kind was in progress on the plateau over the great precipice. It being known the lady and two men were yet alive at base of the cliff.

While Clapper Hayvern erects block and tackle on the trees, look around for Walter Fynken, True, Trust, and Dunderdyker.

On the previous day, hours before the accident occurred, Fynken at his homestead at Dunderdyke Mill told his wife that unexpectedly and unaccountably, he felt bound to ride to Chippewa and Drummondville on business. She sternly inquired what business. But Walter declined to explain. Something, he said, had come on his mind, he was bound to go.

Fynken was a farmer, miller, horse and cattle breeder, trainer, fast time trotter, fox hunter, steeple chaser, neck-or-nothing rider. Being of Dutch descent, some called him Tuffil Fynken.

Yet, foremost among men abroad, he was not "boss" at home. Nanetta Fynken, his wife, who in her youth could ride and clear six feet fences; and still, at a push, rode ahead of Watty when necessary to take horse and whip and turn him home, he being out without permission,—this dame "bossed" all Dunderdyke. The mill, kiln, farm, dairy, stud stables, men, maids, boys, dogs, township vote, county vote, and bank account, she governed. Yet permitted to Watty a running rein, not always tightly drawn. Being proud of him, he proclaimed her peerless among wives. Yet wore charms against her witching powers. Nanetta Birby by maiden name; half sister to Nelly Clych.

"Unsaddle Dunderdyker, and come in the house," she commanded when Walter took the sudden turn to be off to Chippewa about something he could not or would not disclose.

She continued: "I had a woful dream last night; thought my power over animals was wholly gone; could whisper to a horse and quiet him no more; make three beasts tame no more. I

dreamt that even my power over you was gone. It was a woful dream. Do not go to Chippewa to-day. Dear Walter, don't go to-day. Promise his own Nan not to go."

Fynken remained silent some minutes; looked in the air; looked on the ground; rolled his eyes, then spoke, gazing on Nanetta, the orbs glowing, but words weak:

"You had a woful dream last night? My certy, so had I. Dreamt that all Niagara was empty, had run dry; and I was dry—dry, oh, so dry; and not a drop to drink; when looking in the whirlpool hole I saw, Nanetta, what do you think? I saw the other side of the world, right through and through. From the other side the sky was shining, so starry and so blue. And from the sky an eye was looking, and a voice was speaking too. It was looking for Rasper Clych, that eye; looking the world through. It bote to find Rasper Clych that day; and bound me bail for you! Bail to surrender you, Nanetta, Nelly, and Clych and you!"

"Thou'st the very Tuffil, Walter Fynken. Get in this moment, do. Thou ties red thread on thy finger, eh? Puts rowan tree in thy hat? Fear of a witch at thy own fireside! The whip to ye, Tuffil, take that! Ye want to go to Chippewa, d'ye? To the warlock of the vat? Call thy bosom wife a witch, eh? Call thy own Nanetta a cat? Sit and drink with the warlock? Drink, and sit, and sot! Dream Niagara's dry again? Take that! and that! and that!"

Thus governed, Walter Fynken unsaddled Dunderdyker, the noble steed which in harness trotted two twenty-two. In the night he rode out when Nancy slept, taking with him the dogs True and Trust. She awoke and missed them, but having previously mesmerized the whole stable and kennel, the mesmeric magnetism followed.

You have seen what they did on the rock. You saw them plunge in the flood. Missing hold of the boat by vehemence of the torrent, their mesmerism soon cooled away in the water. And all swam to land, over to York shore; barely escaping alive; yet getting home alive; Walter with the news that Rasper Clych was dead, had gone down Hurly Hole—vortex of the whirlpool.

From vessels in Welland waters tackle was collected. From trees growing near the brink of the crags, and from spars got at the lake shore, block and tackle rigging was run out, sufficiently strong to lower a cradle platform over the rocks a hundred feet. But this work occupied twenty-six hours of time. Previous to night, however, food was let down in a water-proof basket locked, the key attached to open it. Also, cloaks, blankets, wrappers, female clothing. Whether one person or several partook of the food was then unknown. The basket came up empty, not containing any writing or thing indicating intelligence, though paper, ink, pens, pencils, had gone down.

The inferences were inability to write. The educated lady, if alive, was paralysed most likely; her male companions illiterate, or dead; crushed in the wreck, or drowned in efforts to escape. Of the varying suppositions, that of the men's non-acquaintance with the art of writing seemed the likeliest.

Hour by hour rumours, new and startling, went into circulation as to the number and quality of Sylva Pensyldine's companions. Two had been observed in the boat at the pool; both strangers, unknown to residents around the Falls. And others, said to have attempted their rescue, were alleged to be now in the wreck with the lady.

The position of the castaways could be seen only through telescopes; and then indistinctly in profile, from a point on Canada shore a mile away. From the New York shore the position was within half a mile; but partially concealed by the outlying boulder rocks. Moreover, a spectator viewing the unfortunates from the opposite shore had to travel several miles up, or as many down to effect a crossing; and the same distances up or down the Canada side after crossing to arrive on brink of the great precipice.

Such was the place of the lost ones, in respect to access, and telescopic observation. The men, whether dead or alive, were unfavourably described. Nobody knew their names, or condition of life. Therefore names, characters, occupations, countries of birth, were invented. By turns they hailed from Europe, from Canada, from the States. They had murdered an American woman. They had abducted one, but not killed her yet. They had allured away an American heiress. They were escaped convicts from a Canada penitentiary. A gang from New York. Pickpockets from England.

If wondering at this variety of rumour, it is likely you were never at the frontier in time of tumult.

Lady Mary Mortimer and Sir Kenneth had no cause to assume that two of the alleged desperadoes were the Hon. Captain Pinkerton and His Grace the Duke of Sheerness. Those gentlemen had suggested to her ladyship and the General to enjoy themselves in quiet rest, congenial conversation carriage airings, garden walks, American tourist society, evening assemblies, while they took a railroad run into the States a few days.

Incidentally the Duke and Captain Pinker-

ton met Rasper Clych, whose frankness of manner, versatility of humour, characteristic of the hearty English squire rather than the taciturn people they were now meeting daily, pleased them. He was invited to join in their excursion. The three would have left by night mail train from Suspension Bridge. You know what occurred to prevent them.

Towards the whirlpool roads were devious and narrow, in places jammed with wheeled vehicles carrying people, spars, ship rigging and appliances of rescue. In addition to obstructions on roadways visitors endeavouring to reach the crags in sight of the pool, or now in sight of the second place of attraction, had to traverse waste spaces of ground on foot, through prickly bush, loose stones, reputedly infested by rattlesnakes.

The General hated rattlesnakes. He had known two or three human creatures of that kind; snakes in the grass of a man's life. And he had known serpents in India; did not like any of them and shuddered. Lady Mary had never known a human snake; could not think any fellow creature so bad, though many were very unfortunate. Yet she also shuddered when somebody described the wastes they might have to walk over to get in sight of the whirlpool, or the lower locality of interest where the wrecked and doomed people had now drifted. They kept away.

Clapper Hayvern assumed direction of the rescuing apparatus. None could tell why. It may have been through fluency of nautical phrases; by influence of vehm; from aptitude in applying means; or success in procurement of means, labour, material, tools, transport, everything seemingly at his own cost.

Hand in pocket, workmen were paid on the spot. Hand in pocket, messengers were paid and despatched. That was the way Clapper Hayvern commanded. With messengers he sent notes of hand guaranteeing value for all purchased material, or loaned apparatus. But farmers with horses and waggons gave help cheerfully, refusing compensation from any quarter.

The old seaman might have done all this from an abounding good nature, even had the castaways been local waifs of Welland waters. But in this instance the habitual outgush of goodness in Clapper Hayvern got mingled with a dash of naval patriotism. The honour of the country he lived in as a portion of British Empire; the honour of the Crown he had served demanded he should do his duty. Sail he in confidence to one—the only one who heard the words:

"An American woman, sir, in peril on British territory! Daughter of a foreign flag in jeopardy when trusting herself to protection of the British Empire! In name of my Sovereign Lady the Queen I assume the duty of rescue. Apply every resource; exhaust all means, material, science; exhaust nature itself; shiver timbers, burst boilers in rescue of the daughter of a nation the Queen has no quarrel with!"

Strangers present took Clapper Hayvern to be one in high authority; an admiral from the ocean probably. But for certain unparliamentary sea phrases of special emphasis, about "shivering timbers," "bursting boilers," he might, in show of authority, have been mistaken for Premier, or Governor-General.

Yet with all his prowess and resource, Captain Clapper Hayvern was nervously apprehensive about selecting a person of intelligence, courage, lithe form, disinterestedness in life and self, to man the cradle and descend over the cliff above the surging torrent.

He was himself required, by very imminence of the peril, to direct operations with the cable, lines, blocks, capstan. So could not go down. Daring men were not wanting. Canada and the other side have plenty of them; and many offered. Also bold brave-youths, several mere lads. But friends interposed, preventing the boys. Some of the men were more or less in liquor; they would not suit.

During the night most of the farm workers and Welland Water ship-yard men went home. The few remaining were good tackle hands; but deemed incompetent for the descent, either by extravagant demands of reward, which, to Hayvern, suggested incapacity, or personal defect.

As to reward, the Hon. Mrs. Pensyldine, mother of the lady in peril, directed that any amount demanded should be engaged for, conditionally on Sylva's safety. Senator Pensyldine also telegraphed from Washington to the same effect; from whence he was now hastening to Niagara Falls by special express.

A youth who had voluntarily done active work in the day, when not prevented by local constables, prompted by down country policemen happening to be there, and who lingered in the bush all night, formed a resolution to descend in the cradle without any reward, if permitted. Even to refuse compensation should it be afterwards offered. As morning drew nigh, the capstan, cable, block and tackle rigging being ready for trial, the impulse became irresistible.

From an ardent, adventurous nature the young man's desire arose, no doubt. But it may have taken force and bias from other causes. His ruminations, reduced to words, read thus:

"Morning of life a cloud. Time of man-

hood approaching, still a cloud. One or two gleams of light, fiercely dazzling; no more. Yes, one soft and genial breath of love; its duration an instant only.

"Deception, fraud, lies, vile suspicion heading me; rushing alongside of me; following and stinging as wasps.

"Went to Montreal looking for the woman of the Renshaws. Found her not; but discovered detective policemen following me.

"Avoided Conway on journey up to escape them; and now they are here.

"What have I done? The delusion of being myself the lost one I was sent to look for, is none of my seeking or making; nor do I share it.

"Would it were a certainty, that I'm Lud the weaver's son; the world would look upon a sun shining it wots not of.

"Would I had the glory of saving alive those people at risk of my own life!

"If they are to perish; if the rigging is to break and some one to be dashed to death, or drowned and never heard of more, would it were Toby Oman, the outcast orphan boy of the parish workhouse!

"And my letter from Scholar. All supply of money stopped from now. Accuses me of complicity in a fraud to impose on the family a false heir of Lillymere.

"Oh! cable, capstan, blocks and tackle, hold good until I descend and save the castaways.

"Then tackle, blocks, capstan, cable, and all rigging go out of joint; creak and break as I am swinging on return up to be applauded by the people, and send me down dashing, crashing, plunging, to be seen no more—seen no more. Only a parish orphan boy gone down."

Coming to Clapper Hayvern, Toby said:

"Look here, Captain, I catch to that high branch; swing with one hand, either hand, as you see. Or the feet, head down, as you see. Or I spring to that line, thus; and leap to the other, thus. I make fast that sailor's knot, and this on the instant almost. On the brink of the giddy precipice I walk along—see here, along the out-lying yard arm—see where I am! Fifteen feet from the rock, clear; looking down a hundred feet, sheer. Send me in the cradle, down for the people. I see one, two, three faces now gazing up. Send me down, I've nothing to lose, nothing to gain by the adventure, and want nothing. I would save those castaway people, that is all."

Having ended, Toby looked to Clapper Hayvern for reply; but the Captain for a time only stared on him. Then he said:

"Policemen warned me you'd pick pockets. They cautioned you away yesterday; hunted you away in the night, I saw. What's your name? An English orphan, parish boy, eh? Look here, I like you. They eyes, that face—honest and true; I'll trust thee, lad. Thou goes in the cradle. Put the lady in first. Fasten all this tackling to hold her safe, thus—thus. Let the men decide as to their turn. Two sideway riggings give us guy lines to guide you. And the signal lines which you work this way, d'ye see? They'll keep all right."

After a half hour, waiting for more help at the capstan, and organizing hands as they arrived, Clapper, addressing Toby, said:

"Come in my tent. Are you quite ready?"

"Quite ready, Captain; go any moment now."

"Nay, my lad; I think something remains to prepare you for this peril. See here"—reaching to a box where stood a bottle beside a book.

"Stop!" cried Toby; "none of that! I drink nothing; my nerve is otherwise strengthened."

"It weren't that I reached for, young man; this. D'ye pray? Kneel with me here—seen of men; let us pray."

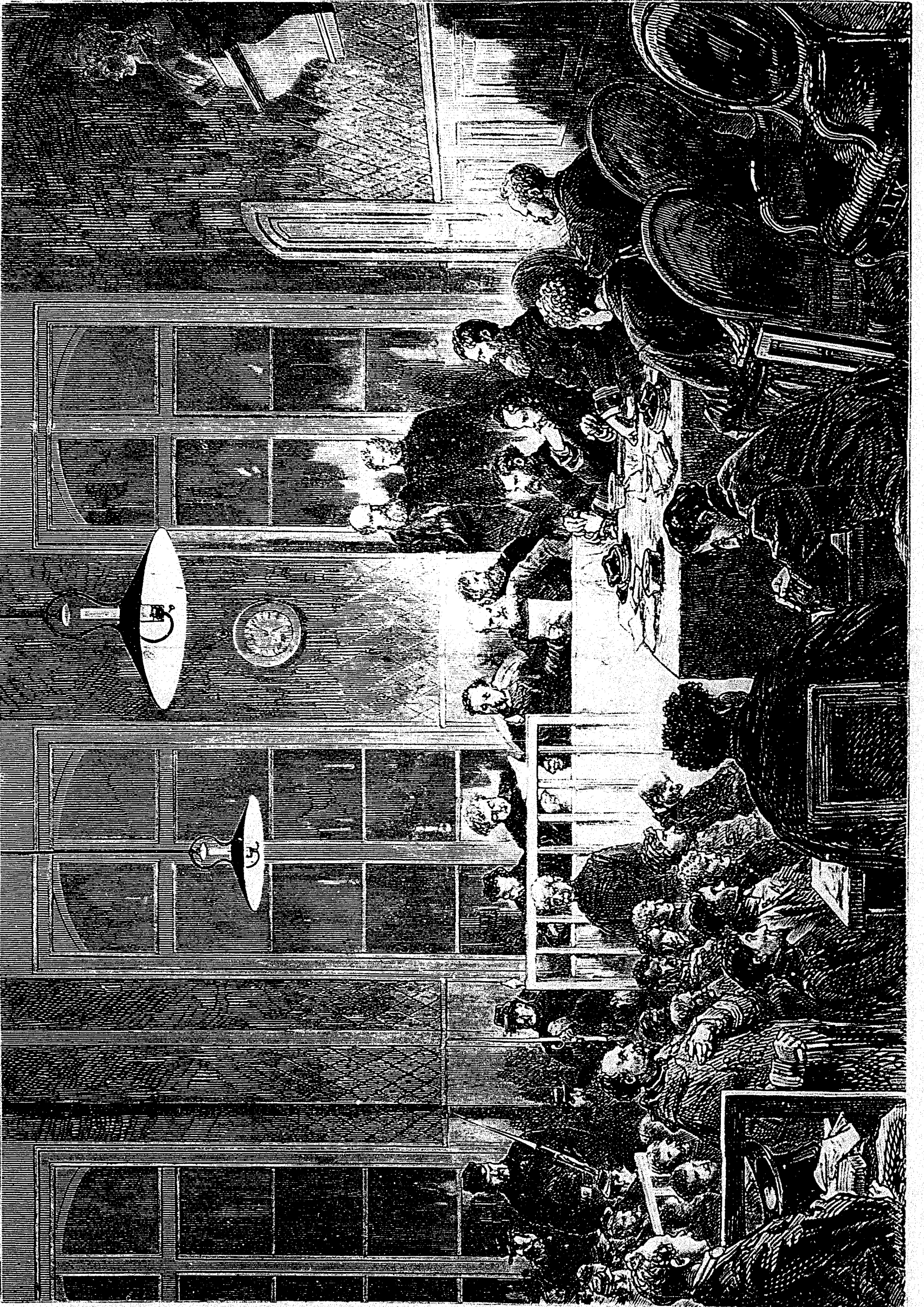
When they arose from kneeling three ladies stood near; one was the Hon. Mrs. Pensyldine, mother of Sylva. She spoke not; could not speak; but embracing Toby kissed him on the pure, bright forehead. And the others—a daughter and niece, beauteous angelic creatures, shining in tears, embraced him also.

He proceeded out with the projecting yard arm; not walking it foolhardily this time, Captain Hayvern forbade that; but going when the yard, which had receded inward, was again projected. An ingenious admixture of nautical and engineering science had devised this arrangement, in order that the cradle should swing clear of the precipice; and they who might arrive in it be received where the salvors had firm footing.

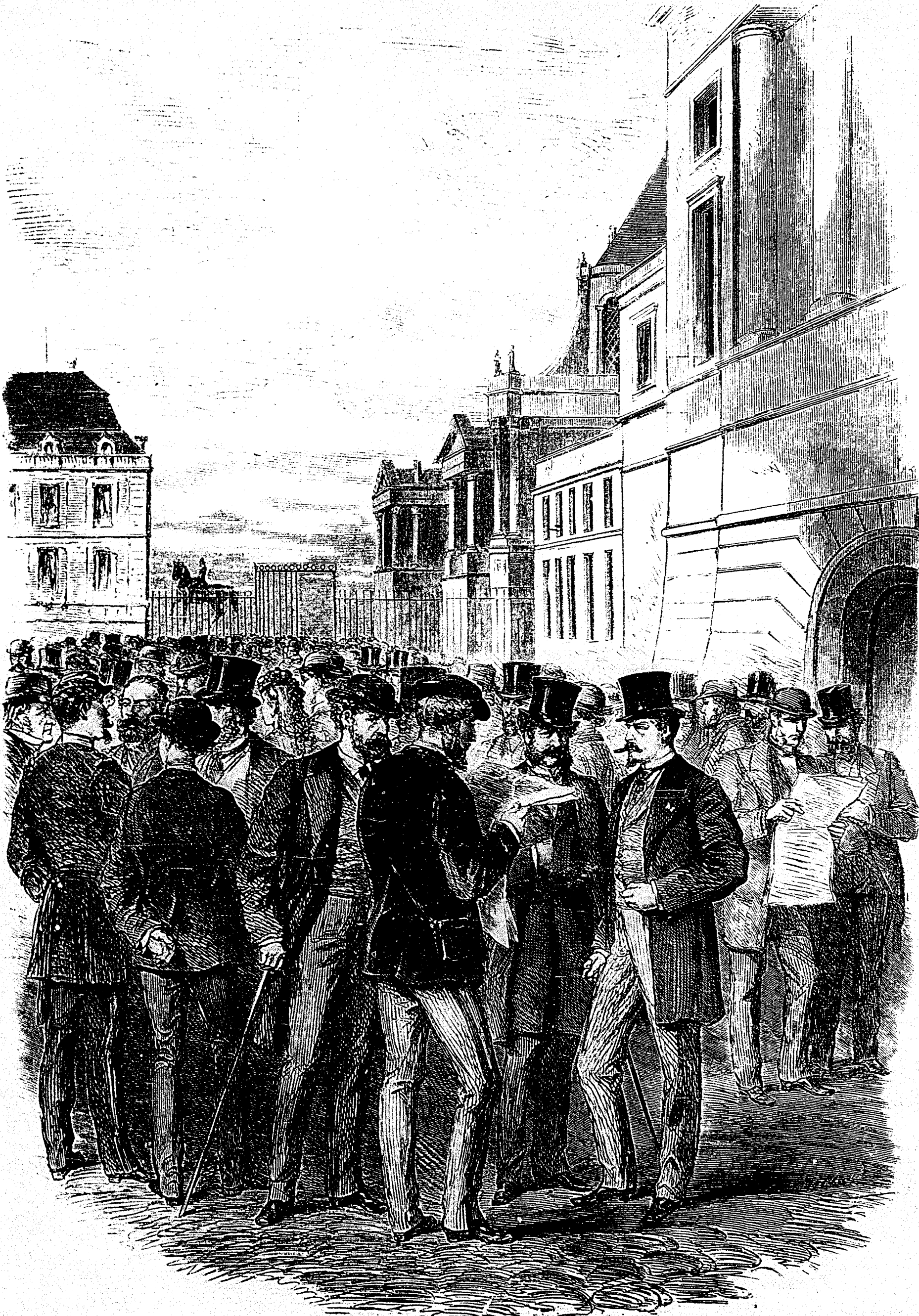
The capstan being completely under control, and side gearing of two supplementary yard arms giving guy lines to guide the platform, it descended evenly. A stronger cable might have carried all up at once; but its strength would have marred flexibility, ease, and despatch; possibly safety.

The lady, after exposure to chills and wet clothes, during two nights and days, was not in strength and nerve resolute and firm, as you may suppose; yet not helpless. Being of slight form, Sylva Pensyldine weighed lightly. Toby, therefore, when she was attached to the gearing, decided to go with her, and return alone to send up the others, one by one.

Sylva arrived safely, in arms of mother,



PARIS — A COMMUNIST COURT-MARTIAL. — SEE PAGE 387.



SCENE IN THE RUE DES RESERVOIRS, VERSAILLES.—SEE PAGE 387.

sister, friends, and was laid in their tent to be medically treated, tenderly caressed.

Toby again descended and sent up the Hon. Captain Pinkerton, about whose precedence there was not a prolonged difficulty, though some. He was exhausted and rheumatically cramped; but, in spirit of a military man, felt bound to remain the last at a post of danger. The Duke was inflexible that this should not be. So, Pinkerton arrived up; not received particularly well by any except Clapper Hayvern. As formerly said he did not look handsome; yet had a merry twinkle in the eyes not soon quenched. Now the chills, rheumatism, want of sleep, want of tobacco, want of shaving, combing, brushing, deadened the life of the twinkling eye, and reconciled people to the rumour that Sylvia Pensylidine had really been in society of outlaws.

Before the cradle came down the third time the Duke, addressing Toby Oman, said:

"You are a gallant young hero. I have a favour to solicit which I trust you will concede."

"Name it, sir, please. If consisting with honour and safety, I'll grant it."

"When the safety escape comes again, I'll name it."

The escape came.

"Now, my brave young friend, the request is that you ascend, leaving me to come last."

"Cannot do that," rejoined the youth; "couldn't do that, no how. I've made a duty of this adventure, and must carry it out as designed and begun."

"You made a promise."

"Didn't know its purport. No use urging, sir; you are one of the castaways, and must ascend as such, leaving me to finish."

"Really a fine young fellow. Let us at least exchange names."

"Don't know, sir, if my name would be any good to you. It is no good to myself; never did good to any other so far as I know. Am an orphan, bred in an English workhouse. Father a poor weaver, hanged on the gallows for trying to save the handloom weaving interest from ruin; hundreds of thousands of weavers and their families from famishing of hunger. That is who I am."

"Strange story, very! Your name? Please oblige with that?"

"Simon Lud, they say it was. Toby Oman now."

"You are the youth Lady Mary Mortimer is looking for?"

"Don't know; haven't seen her. Heard one Mary Ester was looking for me at Conway. Went to Montreal to find her. Could not, but found policemen hunting me all round, because that woman had been in prison as a vagrant. Your name, sir?"

"Conrad Mortimer, Duke of Sheerness."

"The Duke of Sheerness! I remember seeing the Duke in Parliament and in Hyde Park. Very like yourself, now I look. Yourself, no doubt. Heaven and earth! How came your Grace to be wrecked in a boat on Niagara torrent?"

"As wonderful how you, Mr. Simon Lud, have come to save me alive? If knowing me by sight in London you must have lived there. When? And how came you here?"

"Was sent to America two years ago, under compact of secrecy with the elder partner of Schooler & Schoolers, to search for and take home the lost heir of Lillymere, if found. The compact is broken. Schooler has written denouncing me."

"You are not Simon Lud; nor is your name that given in the workhouse. You are in verity, as I am informed by Lady Mary Mortimer, no other than the person you came to this country looking for."

"Is your Grace also engaged in this wicked conspiracy? Cannot think you'd knowingly stoop to the dishonour. Whether or no, ascend the cliff at once, please. Go, Conrad Mortimer, leave me here."

"Ascend first, DeLacy Lillymere; pray do."

"No, Mortimer. This base fiction, in the mouth of fools and felons hitherto, has caused me unbearable misery. It must now end. Must end; can bear this no longer. Detectives skulk around in the bush overhead to arrest me on false allegation of complicity in imposture. Go, Mortimer, leave me."

Clapper Hayvern at top began to draw the cable. Toby signalled: "not ready."

After more delay, they loaded in together, Conrad fearing that the youth, in distraction, intended suicide. Not probable, however. There was a fountain of life in Toby not to be dried out by any misery, or influence whatsoever for a long while to come.

The cable jerked, strained, jolted with the over weight; but the old sailor cheered the capstan hands. Then the two, Conrad Mortimer and DeLacy Lillymere, men of the future of British Empire, got safe to a footing. Footing on a rock.

Many people stood near, gazing. Most of them disappointed at seeing an "escaped convict," who was tall and handsome. Some few said they saw in Conrad Mortimer the eye of genius; features and head of power.

Sylvia Pensylidine, distempered in health, weak and feverish, ceased not to breathe in her mother's and sister's ears items of experiences in the rapids, in the pool, in the wreck; in

the days, in the nights—the two dismal nights.

Again and again she told how considerate, manly, generous the two companions had been to her. They had not told real names, she feared. One said he was Conrad Mortimer; but on occasions when they may have thought her slumbering, she heard the other call him, "Your Grace."

If he were an English Duke, she moaned in reverie, he was more, more—ah! how much more! His great nature had sustained her in all the peril as an influence not of mortal life, but of some other life.

"Is Conrad saved?" she cried. He entered the tent at the moment, and stood with lightsome countenance, cheerful words, beside the couch.

Then Sylvia's pride calmed her. She assumed tones and airs of American stoicism, so it might be written, I prefer to say she assumed the manner of a true woman, not willing to inform any living being of all that passed in the mind, where Mortimer's image had already made its habitation.

Her mother received him very cordially, as did every other American when truth got abroad. And, Pinkerton, so like a convict an hour before, was a hero.

They looked for Toby. He had disappeared through the crowd; not affrighted at anything, but astonished. In the eyes amazed; in the heart enchanted. He had seen a female form not expected there, and followed it.

To be continued.

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE.

ACADEMIC EXERCISES.

ON FRIDAY, 23rd Inst., at 8 P. M. The French Historical Drama—"LES ENFANTS JEDOUARD,"—par CASIMIR DE LAVIGNY. ENTRANCE, 50c. and 25c.

ON TUESDAY, 27th Inst., at 8 P. M. The Christian Drama—"PANCRATIUS; or the BOY MARTYR,"—taken from "Fabiola." ENTRANCE, 50c. and 25c. Tickets may be had at the door. 3-25a



THEATRE ROYAL

Proprietor, BEN DE BAR. Manager, J. W. ALDRICH

GREAT SUCCESS AND ENTHUSIASTIC RECEPTION OF THE GREAT CHARACTER ACTOR AND IRISH COMEDIAN, DOMINICK MURRAY, from the Princess Theatre, London: Niblo's Garden, New York.

THURSDAY EVENING, JUNE 22. DRON BOUQUET'S Great Sensation of ARRAH-N-A-POGUE. SINGS the Post, with Songs. DOMINICK MURRAY.

FRIDAY EVENING, JUNE 23. Benefit of DOMINICK MURRAY, when will be performed THE

Golden Bubble and Mickey Free.

SATURDAY NIGHT, JUNE 24. the Greatest Bill ever offered. MADHOON AND RAPPAREE.

MONDAY, Engagement of the Great Artist, LITTLE NELL, THE CALIFORNIAN DIAMOND, when she will appear in her Great Character of KATY DID, with Songs, Banjo Solos and Dances.

ADMISSION: Private Boxes, \$2.00; Dress Circle, 75 cents; Family Circle, 50 cents; Pit, 25 cents. Reserved Seats can be secured at PRINCE'S Music Store.



CORPORATION OF MONTREAL.

TO CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and marked "Tenders for Fire Stations," will be received at the Office of the undersigned until NOON on MONDAY, the 3rd JULY next, for the Masons' and Carpenters' Work, also, the Carpenters' Works of the two new Fire Stations required by the Fire Department, according to plans and specifications prepared by the Architect, JOHN JAMES BROWN, Esquire, and to be seen at his Office, No. 210 Great St. James Street.

Separate Tenders to be sent in for each Station. For further particulars apply to the Architect. The Committee do not bind themselves to accept the lowest or any of the Tenders.

(By order,) CHAS. GLACKMEYER, City Clerk. CITY CLERK'S OFFICE, City Hall, Montreal, 13th June, 1871. 3-25a

GRAY'S SYRUP OF RED SPRUCE GUM.

A BONA-FIDE PREPARATION OF THE RED SPRUCE GUM, For Coughs, Colds, and for giving tone to the vocal organs when relaxed, as well as a palliative of remarkable power in pulmonary disease. The Red Spruce Gum has always been held in the highest esteem in this country for the relief and cure of Chest complaints. It is now offered to the public in the form of a delicious and scientifically PREPARED SYRUP.

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

THE DOMINION TELEGRAPH INSTITUTE,

59 ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL, P.Q.

GEORGE E. DESBARATS, Proprietor.

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

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

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

Telegraphic superintendents view this movement as one made in the right direction. Commercial Colleges have, to some extent, assumed the responsibility of teaching in this, as well as in other branches of business education. The knowledge of Telegraphy gained in this manner has always been looked upon as being second rate. So much so that the Colleges in Chicago, Milwaukee, Buffalo, New York, &c., have discontinued the practice of Teaching, and re-assumed the Telegraph Institute as the proper place to acquire this highly interesting, scientific and profitable art.

The prospects for Young Men and Ladies to study the system of Telegraphy could not be better than at present, and we call upon all who wish to engage in a pleasant and lucrative employment to qualify themselves as Operators on the Lines of Telegraphy. Graduates on leaving the Institute are presented with a diploma of proficiency, which will enable them to act immediately as vacancies occur throughout the Dominion of Canada and the United States. At first salaries of \$20 a month may be secured; after two years' experience on the lines, from \$20 to \$25 a month can be commanded; while in the United States from \$30 to \$120 per month are paid.

The possession of a knowledge of Telegraphy is especially open to Ladies; in fact, they are the favorites as operators both in England and America, commanding higher wages, as compared with other employments, than men, while they have the natural facility of acquiring the system sooner. A fair knowledge of reading and writing are the only qualifications necessary, and any person of ordinary ability can become a competent operator. This has been proved by graduates who, with a very slight education and no idea of the *modus operandi* of Telegraphy on entering, have become good operators in a few months. Students have also an opportunity of learning rapid writing. Some of our students who could but hardly write their names now take down a message at the rate of from 25 to 30 words a minute.

THE DUTIES OF AN OPERATOR.

There is no trade or profession which requires so small an amount of labour, and at the same time where the employee has the same amount of freedom and independence, being at all times master of the instrument over which he presides, generally in an office by themselves, without either foreman or master, merely to take and despatch messages. The usual hours of attendance required is from 10 to 12 hours per day, less the usual hours for meals. Operators are not required to work on Sundays. The Institute is fitted up in a most complete and practical manner, with all the usual fixtures, &c., of a regular Telegraph office on a large scale. Messages of every description, Train news, arrivals and departures, Market Reports and Cable messages are sent and received, as daily practiced on the lines. Individual instruction is given to each pupil, according to capacity of learning the science. Neither pains nor expense are spared to qualify the students for important offices, in the shortest possible time. Students may commence their studies at any time, and continue at the College until they are proficient operators, without any further charge. There are no vacations. Hours of attendance, from 9 A.M. to noon, and from 1.30 to 6 P.M. The time occupied in learning averages fifteen weeks; but this, of course, depends principally on the capacity of the pupil for instruction. Some pupils who are now on the lines completed their course of study in from five to eight weeks.

The terms for the full course of instruction is Thirty Dollars. There are no extra expenses, as all necessary materials, instruments, &c., are furnished to each student.

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

EXCURSION TO SOREL ON DOMINION DAY.

The public are reminded of the above Annual Excursion, under the auspices of the Montreal Workingmen's Mutual Benefit and Widows and Orphans' Provident Society, on the splendid steamers "Three Rivers" and "Berthier."

The Richardson Company, to ensure perfect safety, will securely lash the vessels together, so that excursionists can pass safely from one to the other on well secured gangways.

They have also stamped the limited 1,200 tickets, which are for sale at the principal Stores and by members of the Committee.

P. R. Chevrolier, of Sorel, has kindly placed his beautiful grove at the disposal of the Committee.

Band of music on each boat. Refreshments will be served on strictly temperance principles and guaranteed of the best quality, and at city prices.

N. B.—Children's tickets can be had at 13 St. John Street only. JOHN BOYD, Jr., Chairman of Committee. 3-25a

MONTREAL RACES, 1871

DECKER PARK.

\$4,150 Offered.

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

FIRST DAY. FIRST RACE—For a Purse of \$100, open to all horses that have never trotted better than 3 minutes; \$250 to first horse, \$100 to second, \$50 to third. SECOND RACE—For a Purse of \$200, open to all horses that have never trotted better than 2.5; \$25 to first horse, \$125 to second, \$50 to third.

SECOND DAY. FIRST RACE—For a Purse of \$350, open to all horses that have never trotted better than 2.45; \$200 to first horse, \$100 to second, \$50 to third. SECOND RACE—For a Purse of \$1,000, open to all Trotting horses; \$500 to first horse, \$250 to second, \$100 to third.

THIRD DAY. FIRST RACE—Flat Race for all ages, mile heats; 2 years old to carry 75 lbs., 3 years old 85 lbs., 4 years old 105 lbs., 5 years old 115 lbs., 6 years old and upwards, 125 lbs.; 3 lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Purse, \$500, \$100 to winner, \$100 to second horse. SECOND RACE—Open Hurdle Race, 2 miles, over 5 hurdles, 3 ft. 6 in.; welter weights. Purse, \$200, \$200 to winner, \$100 to second.

THIRD RACE—Flat Race, for horses regularly used as hacks, one and a half miles, gentlemen riders. Weights, 14 lbs. Purse \$150, \$100 to first horse, \$50 to second.

FOURTH DAY. FIRST RACE—Flat Race, for all ages, weight for age mile heats, best 3 in 5. Mares and Geldings allowed 3 lbs. Purse, \$400, \$200 to winner, \$100 to second horse. SECOND RACE—Hurdle Race, for all ages, weight for age; 3 miles, over 12 hurdles 3 ft. 6 in. Mares and Geldings allowed 3 lbs. Purse, \$400, \$200 to first horse, \$100 to second.

THIRD RACE—Consolation Handicap Sweepstakes, \$10 P.P., \$10 added. For horses beaten during the meeting. One and a half miles. 20 per cent. of stakes to second horse.

GENERAL REMARKS.

The Grand Trunk and Vermont Central Railroad Companies, and the Canadian Navigation Company, will issue tickets to attend the Meeting and return for fare one way, and carry horses the return trip free. Races to commence each day at 2 p.m.

Trotting to be mile heats, best 3 in 5 to harness, and to be governed by the rules of the American National Trotting Association.

Running to be governed by the rules of the Saratoga Association, N. Y.

In all Flat Races, Dominion bred horses allowed 7 lbs.

Trotting Races—Where 8 or more horses start for a heat, 150 yards a distance; when less than 8, 100 yds. Welter weights are to be 2 lbs. added to the respective weights for age.

Entrance fee to all races (five per cent) and to company nomination.

Half first money for a walk over.

Entries will close Saturday, 1st of July, and to be addressed to L. W. DECKER, Secy. Treas., At Mos. Hotel, Montreal, Messrs. QUIMBY, FORBES & AUSTIN, Post Sellers. 3-25b



PROCLAMATION.

WHEREAS A PRACTICE has unfortunately prevailed, on occasions of great Public rejoicings, of

SETTING OFF FIRE-CRACKERS IN THE STREETS AND PUBLIC PLACES.

to the imminent danger of life and property, the undersigned hereby cautions all persons against the indulgence of such an evil custom on the approaching DOMINION DAY, or any other day; and

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given that imperative orders have been issued for the right enforcement of the By-law prohibiting the use of Fire-crackers, Squibs, &c., in all cases and against all persons who may offend against the provisions of the said By-law, and all well disposed citizens are earnestly requested to aid the Civic Authorities in their endeavours to suppress this intolerable and criminal abuse.

CHARLES J. COURSOUL, Mayor.

MAYOR'S OFFICE, City Hall, Montreal, June 19, 1871. 3-25b

JUNE.

HOW TO BE HANDSOME.—Nobility

denies the great power any person may have who has a good face, and who attracts you by good looks. Now, not every one can have good features, they are as God made them, but almost any one can look well especially with good health. If your system is out of order, the best medicine to take is the Great Shoshonee Remedy and Pills, for they purify and enrich the blood, and will make you sound in every particular, no matter what your ailment may be. 3-25c

TWO ORIGINAL CASES

HONEYCOMB SPONGE.

JUST RECEIVED FROM THE MEDITERRANEAN.

ALSO, SAAR'S TRANSPARENT GLYCERINE SOAP.

In Packets, Capsules and Liquid.

ALSO, PERFUMED GLYCERINE

AT THE MEDICAL HALL, ST. JAMES STREET,

AND BRANCH, PHILLIP'S SQUARE. 3-25c

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

Canadian Illustrated News Printing Works, 319 St. Antoine Street, Montreal. 3-24-1f



PROCLAMATION.

\$500 REWARD.

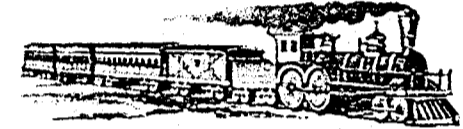
WHEREAS A DARING ATTEMPT at Robbery was, on the 11th June instant, made at the residence of Mr. A. F. GAULT, in this City, by two persons, one of whom, then and there, feloniously discharged a pistol upon Mr. GAULT, grievously wounding him in the head.

I, the undersigned, Mayor of the City of Montreal, do hereby offer a REWARD of FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS to any person or persons (not being the principal offender) who will give such information as shall lead to the apprehension and conviction of either or both parties guilty of this Criminal offence.

CHARLES J. COURSOUL, Mayor.

MAYOR'S OFFICE, City Hall, Montreal, June 15, 1871. 3-24

THOMAS REEVES, GUN MAKER AND FISHING TACKLE DEALER, 26, CRAIG STREET, 26, GUNS, PISTOLS, FISHING TACKLE, &c., Agent for THOS. SMITH & SONS, England, Agent for the celebrated Gaiard & Somerville SELF-EXTRACTING REVOLVER. 3-24-g



GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY OF CANADA.

Improved Service of Trains for the Summer of 1871.

GREAT ACCELERATION OF SPEED.

NEW CARS ON ALL EXPRESS TRAINS.

TRAINS now leave Montreal as follows: GOING WEST.

Day Express for Ogdensburg, Ottawa, Brockville, Kingston, Belleville, Toronto, Guelph, London, Brantford, Goderich, Buffalo, Detroit, Chicago, and all points West at 9:00 a. m.

Night do. do. at 10:00 p. m.

Mail Train for Kingston, Toronto and intermediate stations at 6:00 a. m.

Accommodation Train for Brockville and intermediate stations at 5:00 p. m.

Mixed do. do. at 11:00 a. m.

Trains for Lachine at 7:00 a. m., 9:00 a. m., 12 noon, 2:00 p. m., 5:00 p. m., and 6:15 p. m. The 3:00 p. m. Train runs through to Province line.

GOING SOUTH AND EAST.

Accommodation Train for Island Pond and intermediate stations at 7:00 a. m.

Express Train for Richmond, Quebec, and Riviere du Loup, at 8:30 p. m.

Express for Boston via Vermont Central at 9:00 a. m.

Express for New York and Boston, via Vermont Central at 3:45 p. m.

Express for New York, via Rome's Point and Lake Champlain Steamers, at 4:00 p. m.

Mail Train for Island Pond, Portland and Boston, at 2:00 p. m.

Night Express for Quebec, Island Pond, Gorham, and Portland, and the Lower Provinces, stopping between Montreal and Island Pond at St. Hilaire, St. Hyacinthe, Upton, Acton, Richmond, Sherbrooke, Lennoxville, Compton, Casticooke, and Norton Mills, only, at 10:30 p. m.

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

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

The Steamers "Carlotta" or "Chase" will leave Portland for Halifax, N. S., every Saturday after noon at 4:00 p. m. They have excellent accommodations for Passengers and Freight.

The Steamer "Linda" leaves Portland for Yarmouth, N. S., every Saturday, at 6 p. m.

The International Company's Steamers, running in connection with the Grand Trunk Railway, leave Portland every Monday and Thursday at 6:00 p. m., for St. John, N. B., &c.

Tickets issued through at the Company's principal stations.

For further information, and time of Arrival and Departure of all Trains at the terminal and way stations, apply at the Ticket office, Bonaventure Station, or at No. 39 Great St. James Street.

C. J. BRYDGES, Managing Director.

Montreal, June 5, 1871. 3-24-1f

HELLEBORE! HELLEBORE!

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

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

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

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

JAMES GOULDEN.

175 St. Lawrence St.; Branch, 363 St. Catherine St., MONTREAL. 3-24-1f



CORPORATION OF MONTREAL.

FIREWOOD AND COAL.

WANTED by the COUNCIL of the City, THREE HUNDRED CORDS of HAIR MAPLE FIREWOOD, of at least THREE FEET in length, French measure, from point to sharp, clean, free from limbs, and dead wood. Also, FORTY TONS (gross) of the best Egg-sized LEHIGH COAL. To be delivered at the several depots of the Corporation on or before the FIRST day of SEPTEMBER next.

SEALED TENDERS (endorsed "Tender for Coal or Wood") stating the price per cord or (gross) ton at which the Wood or Coal will be delivered, will be received at the Office of the undersigned until NOON on WEDNESDAY, the 28th instant. The Corporation will assume the cost of the Wood.

(By Order,) CHAS. GLACKMEYER, City Clerk.

CITY CLERK'S OFFICE, City Hall, Montreal, 13th June, 1871. 3-24

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

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

ASK FOR TICKETS BY PRESCOTT JUNCTION.

Summer Arrangement, 1871.

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

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

Connection with the Grand Trunk Trains at Prescott Junction Certain.

20 MINUTES ALLOWED FOR REFRESHMENTS AT PRESCOTT JUNCTION.

FREIGHT NOTICE.

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

A CHANGE GAUGE CAR PIT

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

THOS. REYNOLDS, Managing Director.

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

DAVID CRAWFORD,

GROCEER.

Wine and Spirit Merchant.

179, ST. JAMES STREET, 179.

MONTREAL. 3-21-1f

A NEW ERA IN WASHING!

WARFIELD'S GOLD WATER SOAP. LABOUR, FUEL, TIME, SAVED, CLOTHES, By the use of SOAP.

WARFIELD'S COLD WATER SELF-WASHING SOAP!

This Soap washes the finest as well as coarsest fabrics, in cold, warm, hard, soft, or salt water, without boiling or machinery, and is guaranteed not to injure the clothes in the least when used according to the directions.

SOLE AGENT FOR THE DOMINION,

J. B. BUSS, 24 GREAT ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL. 3-21-d

TRAVELLERS' DIRECTORY.

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

HAMILTON. ROYAL HOTEL..... H. E. IRVING.

INCERSOLL. ROYAL HOTEL..... DRANE & McQUEEN.

LONDON. REVERE HOUSE..... B. BARNARD.

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

OTTAWA. THE RUSSELL HOUSE..... JAMES GOULDEN.

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

QUEBEC. ST. LOUIS HOTEL..... WILLIS RUSSELL & SON. THE CLARENDON.....

STRATHROY. EXCHANGE HOTEL..... W. LONG.

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

THE RECOLLET HOUSE CONTAINS the best selected Stock of DRY GOODS in the Dominion.

Just received—SPRING MANTLES, SPRING & SUMMER SHAWLS, NEW SILKS, NEW POPLINS, NEW DRESS GOODS.

A new and complete assortment of MOKING GOODS, BROWN & CLAGGETT, CORNER NOTRE DAME AND ST. HELEN STREETS. 3-20f

STAMPS—FOREIGN STAMP DEPOT—STAMPS

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN FOREIGN POSTAGE STAMPS. P. O. Box 419, St. John, N. B. 3-22b



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

LEGGO & Co., Leggotypers, Electrotypers, Stereotypers, Engravers.

Chromo and Photo-Lithographers, Photographers, and General Printers by Steam Power. Office: No. 1, Place d'Armes Hill. Works: No. 319, St. Antoine Street. MONTREAL.

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

R. HORSFALL, IMPORTER OF PRINTING PRESSSES, LITHOGRAPHIC MACHINES, CUTTING MACHINES, LITHOGRAPHIC INK, AND EVERY DESCRIPTION OF MACHINERY FOR PRINTERS, LITHOGRAPHERS, BOOK-BINDERS, AND MANUFACTURING STATIONERS.

SOLE AGENT FOR FURNIVAL'S "EXPRESS" MACHINES, 5 ST. SACRAMENT STREET, MONTREAL. 2-25-z

FRANK B. STREET, GENTS' HOSIER AND HABERDASHER, No. 27 St. James Street, MONTREAL. (Opposite the Ottawa Hotel.)

Manufacturer and Importer of all kinds of SHIRTS, COLLARS, CUFFS, SCARFS, TIES, UMBRELLAS, BRACES, GLOVES, HANDKER-chiefs, &c. Shirts, Collars and Cuffs made to order. 3-21f

MONTREAL BUSINESS HOUSES.

DYERS AND SOURERS.

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

GLASS, OILS, VARNISHES, &c.

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

HABERDASHERS.

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

A. GAGNON, 306 Notre Dame Street. 2-26-zz

HATTERS AND FURRIERS.

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

HAVANA CIGAR DEPOT.

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

HOUSE FURNISHING HARDWARE.

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

HOUSE AND LAND AGENTS.

JAMES MUIR, 198 St. James Street.—Ad-joining Molson's Bank. 2-26-zz

INSURANCES.

THE Imperial, of London, (established 1803), Rintoul Bros., General Agents, 21, St. Sacra-ment Street, Montreal. 3-6-zz

MANUFACTURING AND WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS.

LYMANS, CLARE & CO., (ESTABLISHED 1861) WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS, MANUFACTURERS OF LINSEED OIL IMPORTERS OF FOREIGN DRUGS, PAINTERS' COLOURS, OILS AND DYE STUFFS, 82, 84 and 86 St. PAUL STREET, MONTREAL. 2-24-z

MANUFACTURING STATIONERS.

JAMES SUTHERLAND, PAPER MAKER, WHOLESALE STATIONER, AND ACCOUNT BOOK MANUFACTURER, 120 and 162 St. James Street, MONTREAL.

MERCHANT TAILOR.

SAMUEL GOLTSMAN, 226 St. James Street. 3-3-zz

SHOW CARDS.

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

WATCHMAKERS & JEWELLERS.

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

SAVAGE, LYMAN & CO., 271 Notre Dame Street. 2-23-zz

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

CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT. OTTAWA, 27th May, 1871. Authorized discount on American Invoices until further notice: 10 per cent. R. S. M. BOUCHETTE, Commissioner of Customs. The above is the only notice to appear in newspapers authorized to copy. 3-16-1f

INTERCOLONIAL COAL MINING COY. G. A. DREMMOND, President. H. A. BUNN, Vice President. Have on hand and for Sale—GRATE, STEAM, and SLACK COAL. For full information as to Prices, &c., apply at the Company's Office, 50, FRANCOIS XAVIER STREET, H. MCKAY, Secretary. 3-11-1-1m

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS. Sealed Tenders, addressed to the undersigned, endorsed "Tenders for work at Coteau Landing," will be received at this Office until the evening of the 30th June next, for the extension of the Mooring Pier at Coteau Landing. Plans and specifications can be seen at this Office, or at the Lachine Canal Office, Montreal, on and after Monday, the 5th day of June, where forms of tender and other information can also be obtained. The Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender. By Order, F. BRAUN, Secretary. DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC WORKS, Ottawa, 31st May, 1871. 3-28a

SUMMER HATS!

PANAMAS, STRAW, ALPACAS, LINENS, CORK.

A Large Assortment of the above in every variety NOW OPENED, AND OFFERED AT LOW PRICES.

ALSO A Splendid assortment of Lincoln & Bennett's, Christy's, and other celebrated Velvet Nap. Hats.

W. SAMUEL, 357 NOTRE DAME STREET. 3-21-d

W. M. BOWIE,

Importer of

HOSIERY, GLOVES, & HABERDASHERY.

ALSO,

MANUFACTURER OF

SHIRTS, COLLARS, TIES, &c.,

No. 155, St. James Street, (Next to Wesleyan Church)

MONTREAL. 3-21-1f

GUINNESS'S DUBLIN STOUT, BOTTLED BY BURKE.

BASS & Co's. EAST INDIA ALE. BOTTLED BY HIBBERT.

TENNANT'S EAST INDIA ALE; TENNANT'S EAST INDIA DOUBLE STRONG ALE,

In Bottles and Stone Jars. 750 CASKS AND CASES FOR SALE. ALEX. MCGIBBON.

In store, and to arrive by vessels direct from Bordeaux. (Specially selected for the Subscriber's Family Trade.)

3,000 CASES N. A. T. JOHNSTON'S, BARTON & GUESTIER'S WINES,

Among which will be found the following:

MEDOC, ST. JULIEN, BATAILLY, CHAT. LANGOIS, CHAT. MOUTON, CHAT. LEOVILLE, CHAT. LAFITE, CHAT. MARGAUX, CHAT. LATOUR, WHITE GRAVES, LATOUR BLANCHE, CHAT. YQUEM.

All of the Finest Vintages, and in Prime Condition. ALEX. MCGIBBON.

HOCK AND MOSELLE,

SPARKLING AND STILL.

1,000 CASES from the Celebrated House of FEIST, BROS., & SON, Of Frankfort-on-the-Main.

ALEX. MCGIBBON.

CHAMPAGNE,

JULES MUMM & Co's.

CARTE BLANCHE, IMPERIAL, VERZENAY.

In Pints and Quarts.

The Subscriber has arranged for constant supplies of these favourite wines.

ALEX. MCGIBBON.

CIGARS.

To connoisseurs Subscriber can confidently recommend his stock of

GENUINE HAVANAHS,

imported expressly for his customers, and which may be thoroughly depended upon.

ALEXANDER MCGIBBON, ITALIAN WAREHOUSE.

3-21-1f

O'FLAHERTY & BODEN, PRACTICAL HATTERS AND FURRIERS, 221 MCGILL STREET, (NEAR NOTRE DAME STREET).

WOULD RESPECTFULLY invite the attention of their friends and the public to their Stock, which has been selected with the GREATEST care from the BEST Houses in the Trade, and will be found COMPLETE in all its details. 3-21-d

FOR SALE OR TO LET.

THAT LARGE FOUR STORY CUT-STONE building in St. Therese Street, Montreal, now occupied by the Military Control Department as Stores. Very suitable for a Wholesale Boot and Shoe factory, or other similar purposes; also for Stores. Possession 1st of May.

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

GENTLEMEN WILL FIND A FIRST-CLASS STOCK AT S. GOLTMAN AND CO'S, 132, St. James Street.

V. B.—A large assortment of Silk-Lined Spring Overcoats in all Shades always on hand. 26

THE GOOSE THAT LAID THE GOLDEN EGG.



UNCLE SAM.—"Waal, marn, I guess we'll trade." BRITANNIA.—"I think it is hardly fair, Jonathan; but for the sake of that little (olive) branch, I'll agree." CANADA.—"Hoo! hoo! hoo-o-o-o!!! Ma-a-a, don't give my golden goose for his old ga-ga-gander, boo! hoo-o-o-o!!!

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

CANADA CENTRAL AND Brockville & Ottawa Railways.



GREAT BROAD GAUGE ROUTE TO OTTAWA.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, MARCH 6, 1871.

TRAINS WILL RUN AS FOLLOWS:—

LEAVE BROCKVILLE.

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

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

THROUGH OTTAWA EXPRESS at 3:30 P.M., connecting with Grand Trunk Day Express from the West, and arriving at Ottawa at 7:16 P.M.

LEAVE OTTAWA.

THROUGH WESTERN EXPRESS at 9:45 A.M., arriving at Brockville at 1:40 P.M., and connecting with Grand Trunk Day Express going West.

LOCAL TRAIN at 7:45 A.M.

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

ARRIVE AT SAND POINT

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

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

Certain connections made with Grand Trunk Trains.

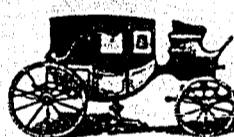
H. ABBOTT, Manager. 3-11-1f

Brockville, March, 1871. "BEST IN USE."



BAKING POWDER IS THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE. IT NEVER DISAPPOINTS.

FOR SALE BY ALL GROCERS. 3-15-1f



CANADA COACH FACTORY, No 74, St. Antoine Street, MONTREAL. N. & A. C. LARIVIERE, Proprietors. 3-22-d

L. N. ALLAIRE,

MANUFACTURERS' AGENT & COMMISSION MERCHANT.

STORE: 7 PETER ST. WINE VAULTS: SAULT AU MATELOT STREET. OFFICE: Corner of PETER & JAMES ST., QUEBEC. 3-15-22



JAMES FYFE, FIRST PRIZE SCALE MANUFACTURER. No. 24 COLLEGE STREET, MONTREAL. A GENERAL ASSORTMENT ALWAYS ON HAND. 2-23-1f

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

SUMMER WINES!

BARTON & GUESTIER'S,

AND

N. A. T. JOHNSTON & SON'S CLARETS, SAUTERNES, BARSAC,

&c., &c. OF ALL GRADES.

REAL GERMAN SELTZER WATER

AT C. J. BAIRD'S,

221 St. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL. 3-21-1f

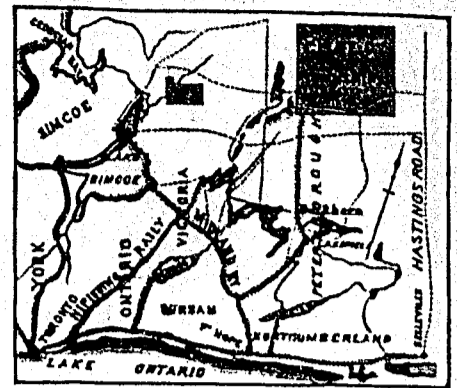


THE LATEST THING OUT! ITALIAN SHIRTINGS.

Gentlemen wishing the above style of Shirts WILL PLEASE CALL AT

P. T. PATTON, & Co's. 415 NOTRE DAME,

(Corner of St. Peter Street.) 3-15-1f



THE CANADIAN LAND AND EMIGRATION COMPANY

Sell on favourable terms good FARM LANDS

IN THE COUNTY OF

PETERBOROUGH, ONTARIO.

Apply to C. J. BLOMFIELD, Manager, Peterborough; or to T. W. COLLINS, Secretary, 23 Great St. Helen's, Bishopsgate Street, E.C., London, Eng. 3-15-1f

SPECIAL ATTENTION IS INVITED TO Our choicely assorted stock of NEW DRESS GOODS, KID GLOVES, AND FANCY GOODS.

JUST RECEIVED.

An Inspection is Invited.

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

To the Public.

THE

708 CRAIG ST. ROYAL 708 CRAIG ST. STEAM DYE WORKS.

IS THE PLACE where Ladies' Silk Dresses, VELVET and CLOTH JACKETS, CLOAKS, and GENTS' SUITS can be DYED or Cleaned without being taken apart. PRINTING on SILKS, &c. FEATHERS cleaned or dyed. KID GLOVES cleaned for 10c. per pair. WHOLE PIECES of CLOTHS, Woollen or Cotton, RIBBONS and DAMASKS, DYED on reasonable terms. Orders from the country promptly attended to. All work GUARANTEED.

Office: 708 CRAIG STREET, near St. Patrick's Hall. FACTORY: 334 FORTIFICATION LANE. MERSEBACH & CO.

SEND FOR PRICE LIST.

N.B.—The samples of our Mr. MERSEBACH were awarded the FIRST PRIZE at the EXHIBITION last year. (No connection with the Dominion.) 3-15-1f



ALLAN LINE.

Under contract with the Government of Canada for the Conveyance of Canadian & United States Mails

1871.—Summer Arrangements.—1871.

This Company's Lines are composed of the under-noted First-class, Full-powered, Clyde-built, Double-Engine, Iron Steamships:

Table with columns: Vessels, Tonnage, Commanders. Lists ships like POLYNESIAN, SARMATIAN, CIRCASSIAN, etc.

THE STEAMERS OF THE LIVERPOOL MAIL LINE.

(Sailing from Liverpool every THURSDAY, and from Quebec every SATURDAY, calling at Lough Foyle to receive on board and land Mails and Passengers to and from Ireland and Scotland.)

Rates of Passage from Quebec:— Cabin \$70 to \$80, Steerage \$25

THE STEAMERS OF THE GLASGOW LINE

(Sailing from Glasgow every TUESDAY, and from Quebec for Glasgow on or about every THURSDAY.)

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

An experienced Surgeon carried on each vessel. Berths not secured until paid for. For Freight, or other particulars, apply in Portland to J. L. FARMER, or HUGH and ANDREW ALLAN; in Quebec to ALLAN, RAY & Co.; in Havre to JOHN M. CURRIE, 21 Quai D'Orleans; in Paris to GUSTAVE BORGANZ, 25 Quai Voltaire; in Antwerp to AUG. SCHMITZ & Co.; in Rotterdam to G. P. ITTMANN & Zoon; in Hamburg to W. GIBSON & HUGO; in Belfast to CHARLEY & MACCOLM; in London to MONTGOMERIE & GREENHOORN, 17 Gracechurch Street; in Glasgow to JAMES & ALEX. ALLAN, 70 Great Clyde Street; in Liverpool to ALLAN BROS., James Street; or to H. & A. ALLAN, corner of Youville and Common Streets, Montreal. 3-20-1f

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