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THE ROYAL MARRIAGE.—ARRIVAL OF THE BRIDEGROOM AT THE SOUTH ENTRANCE OF ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL. FROM A SKETCH BY FRANK VIZETELLY.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

The Senate has taken the precaution of having reported in full and printed the debate on the resolutions for the admission of British Columbia. Probably it would have been well, as the debates in both Houses on the subject of Confederation were fully reported and published, that all the debates on the terms for the admission of the outlying colonies or territories had been preserved in the same way, as in each case the single question of establishing a consolidated British power on this continent was the radical issue involved. Before Confederation there was no common tie but that of allegiance to the Crown, which, being worn at so great a distance, had very little effect in binding the colonies together. Hostile tariffs, a different system of laws, and dissimilar institutions, added much to the natural influence of geographical position, in making the Maritime Provinces the allies of the Eastern, as Ontario was of the Western and British Columbia of the Pacific States of the neighbouring Republic, so that at three distinct points British America was drifting inevitably towards engulfment in the American Union. To avoid this, to preserve the institutions characteristic of the several origins and of the different races of the people inhabiting these colonies, the British American Union was planned, and is now virtually completed. Will it secure the end aimed at? Nothing, we believe, save the folly of the people themselves can prevent it. No outside pressure can with any probability of success be exercised to prevent our cementing the union which the law has formed and making a powerful, as well as an extensive country. At present, though its vast extent is a source of weakness, it is also in some degree a protection, because it involves the presence of a hostile army so utterly disproportioned to any rational ideas of conquest that no enemy would attempt its forcible annexation. Even the Prussian army which conquered France could hardly have made its way from Halifax to Ottawa in less time than it did from Saarbruck to Paris; and when at Ottawa it would have found that its real work was little more than half begun.

But our territorial advantages, however great, would be all in vain without the patriotic spirit of the people, and that spirit, however enthusiastic, must itself succumb unless sustained by numbers. Thus it is that the acquisition of British Columbia rises into importance, for, by involving the construction of the Pacific Railway it guarantees the early settlement of the North-West Territory and a consequent increase of population at an annual percentage which will, in all probability, exceed that of this or any other established community at any former period. Now, it is important at the foundation of what may be said to be a new Empire, or at least at the inception of the consolidation of a great power, that the motives, the hopes and the dreads of its founders should be known and preserved for the instruction of the present and of future generations. In this respect the Senate has practically supplied all that is necessary. Every substantial argument, *pro* and *con*, used in the Lower House was introduced in the Senate; and very much, if not all, of the partizan political trash was left out. The report, carefully taken by Mr. J. G. Bourinot, an accomplished stenographer, is, therefore, not merely of passing but of historic interest, and we are glad that the report has been preserved in a form convenient for reference.

Much of the debate naturally turned upon the railway; but we believe that the people of Canada need no arguments to convince them of its importance, nor have they any dread that its construction on the terms proposed will swamp the credit of the country. As, however, we did, on a former occasion, object to the annual grant in perpetuity of \$100,000 to British Columbia in return for the cession of lands along the line of the proposed railway, we have much pleasure in quoting from the Senate debate the following passage, occurring in the speech of the Hon. D. L. Macpherson, which we think fully explains, not only the necessity for such increased subsidy, but also the wisdom and economic policy of the Government in taking the land grant in lieu thereof:

"Looking into the terms they seem to me fair and reasonable. The Dominion agrees to pay an annual subsidy of \$35,000, as in the case of the other Provinces; also, 80 cents per head, equivalent to \$48,000. These sums amount to only \$83,000, which is evidently altogether inadequate to meet the local wants of the colony. Therefore it was found necessary to supplement that amount by \$100,000—no very extravagant sum certainly. If instead of \$35,000, it had been shown that \$135,000 was required by British Columbia, in order to maintain her provincial services, and make such local improvements as she would require, this country could not have objected to give it, and that too without receiving any equivalent in the shape of land. Instead of that, however, the Government of the Dominion has stipulated that a strip of land, 40 miles wide, should be given along the route of the proposed railway in British Columbia. If the information we have respecting the country is at all correct, that land must become very valuable in the course of time, and I think

the country has every reason to be satisfied with this part of the arrangement."

Our former suggestion was that the Government should have given the necessary subsidy without the pretence of compensating British Columbia for the cession of land; but as that cession is so far in excess of those made on other portions of the line of railway, we cannot but accept Mr. Macpherson's view as a correct appreciation of the ministerial policy.

THE ROYAL MARRIAGE.

THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM'S PROCESSIONS TO ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL.

The sketches on the first and eighth pages of the present issue show the Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise in procession towards the scene of the nuptial ceremony. The Marquis entered by the South and the Princess by the West Gates; and on leaving the Church the newly-married pair went out by the latter gate, accompanied by the members of the Royal Family, to the Castle, in the Oak room of which, after the formality of signing the marriage register, the royal party partook of luncheon at the same time that the invited guests were entertained in the Waterloo Gallery. The incidents connected with the marriage have already been pretty fully described in our pages, but the following particulars relating especially to the illustrations in this issue may not be without interest:—

The arrival of the bridegroom was the next event. He was dressed in the Argyll and Bute Volunteer Artillery uniform, dark blue trimmed with silver, and was attended by his supporters, Earl Percy and Lord Ronald Leveson-Gower. They entered by the south door, staying a moment in the Bray Chapel, and then proceeded to the *haut-pas*, at the right centre of which they took their places. Attention was again directed to the south entrance by the arrival of the Princess of Wales, and other Princesses, who had formed the first procession from the Castle. She held by the hand Prince Albert Victor and Prince George, who wore their kilts. She wore a blue satin dress, with blue velvet train. Princess Teck, looking remarkably well, wore a dress of sky-blue satin, and Prince Teck wore a dark blue Hungarian hussar uniform. The Duke of Cambridge wore his Field Marshal's uniform, and the Duchess of Cambridge was dressed in a violet satin. Princess Christian wore cerise satin, covered with white Brussels lace. Princess Beatrice wore pink satin. Their Royal Highnesses were received by the Vice-Chamberlain, and conducted to the places set apart for them on the *haut-pas*. Prince Arthur, in his Rifleman's uniform, and Prince Leopold, in Highland kilt, were with their sisters. The music of "the pipes" was heard just before the Duke and Duchess of Argyll arrived, followed by the Dowager Duchess, Lord A. Campbell, Lady A. Campbell, and Lord C. Campbell. The father of the bridegroom wore the Highland dress—the Campbell tartan, green and black, the kilt, and the other essentials of that picturesque costume. His Grace carried a large black walking-stick in one hand. The Duchess of Argyll wore a white satin dress, lace veil, and diamond head-dress; the Dowager Duchess was in a pale lilac dress, with a magnificent lace veil.

As the procession moved up the Chapel a festal march was played on the organ by Dr. Elvey. The bridesmaids were then seen to emerge from their boudoir and to leave the Chapel by the west door, in order to meet the bride, while the National Anthem outside heralded the arrival of Her Majesty and the bride. Then entered the Prince of Wales, in his hussar uniform, with the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, in a white uniform. Both their Royal Highnesses wore the collar of the Garter, and were attended by their respective suites. For a moment or two the doors were closed, in order to be reopened to admit Her Majesty and the bride's procession.

The Queen advanced on the left of the Princess, on which side stood the Prince of Wales, who bent to kiss Her Majesty's hand, and then crossed, with the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, to the other side of the bride.

The Queen wore a black satin dress, trimmed with ermine and jet, and a diadem of diamonds over a long white tulle veil. Her Majesty wore a ruby and diamond brooch and necklace, with a diamond cross, the ribbon and star of the Order of the Garter, the Orders of Victoria and Albert and Louise of Prussia, and the Saxe-Coburg and Gotha family Order.

The wedding dress of Princess Louise was a rich white satin, covered with a deep flounce of Honiton point lace, trimmed with cordons of orange-blossoms, white heather, and myrtle, and a train of white satin, trimmed to correspond with the dress. Her Royal Highness wore a wreath of orange-blossoms and myrtle, with a veil of Honiton lace, held by two diamond pins in the form of daisies, the gift of Prince Arthur, Prince Leopold, and Princess Beatrice. The dress was made by Miss Unitt, and the flowers were supplied by Mr. Nestor Sirard. The Princess had on a diamond necklace, to which was attached a large ornament of pearls and diamonds, with a sapphire in the centre, the gift of the Marquis of Lorne. She wore a diamond and emerald bracelet, given by the Prince and Princess of Wales; also a diamond bracelet which had belonged to Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, and the one given her by the people of Windsor.

THE PROVINCIAL ARMS AND THE DOMINION FLAGS.

There appears to exist among the Canadian public such a very general misapprehension as to the true nature and character of the flags assigned to the Dominion, that we have been induced to produce in our pages illustrations of the principal ensigns set apart for use in this country, accompanied by a short explanation and description of each, founded on information drawn from the highest official sources. This misapprehension appears to be due to incorrect information supplied by a certain portion of the press of this country, for which the powers that be can in no way be held responsible. Thus we notice that a paragraph has for some time past been "going the rounds," in which it is set forth that the Flag of the Dominion Navy is "a blue flag with St. Andrew's cross, and the arms of the Dominion in the centre of the cross." This is entirely incorrect, the navy flag, or Blue Ensign, as it

is usually termed, having no cross of any kind about it, and consisting merely of a blue ground, with the Union Jack in the upper left-hand corner, and the arms of the Dominion in the lower half of the field.

In order to obtain a thorough and correct idea of the various Canadian flags it is first necessary to be acquainted with the arms of the four Provinces which formed the Dominion at the time of the issue of Her Majesty's warrant. These are, as everyone knows, Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick, to each of which, by the Royal Warrant issued in September, 1868, were assigned, "for the greater honour and distinction of the said Provinces, certain Armorial Ensigns," as follows:—

For the Province of Ontario.—Vert, a sprig of three leaves of maple slipped, Or; on a chief, Argent, the Cross of St. George.

For the Province of Quebec.—Or, on a fess Gules, between two Fleurs de Lis in chief, Azure, and a sprig of three leaves of maple, Vert, in base, a Lion passant-gardant, Or.

For the Province of Nova Scotia.—Or, on a fess wavy, Azure, between three Thistles, Proper, a Salmon naiant, Argent.

For the Province of New Brunswick.—Or, on waves a Lymphiad, or Ancient Galley, with oars in action, Proper; on a chief, Gules, a Lion passant-gardant, Or.

All of these armorial bearings enter, either combined or separately, into the composition of the Canadian flags.

The Dominion Arms consist at present of the shields of the four Provinces, quartered in the order named above, viz.:—Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick; but it is only reasonable to expect that they will, before long, be further supplemented with the shields of Manitoba and British Columbia. No provisions having been made for the representation of these two Provinces in the armorial bearings of Canada, the flags set apart for use in this country number at present seven, being, the Red Ensign, the Blue Ensign, the Flag of the Governor-General, and the distinctive flags of the four Lieut.-Governors, to which, no doubt, two will be added, one for the Lieut.-Governor of Manitoba, and another for the Lieut.-Governor of British Columbia, shortly after the admission of the latter Province into the Confederation.

The first flag that demands our attention—the one which occupies the place of honour on page 281—is the flag of the Governor-General of Canada, which is as follows:—On a white field, a St. George's Cross (red), with the Union Jack in the upper left hand corner, and, on the centre of the cross, the arms of the Dominion, surrounded by a wreath of maple leaves, and surmounted by a crown.

The flags of the Lieut.-Governors resemble that of the Governor-General in every way, except that the Provincial arms take the place of the Dominion arms in the centre of the cross.

The Blue Ensign, or flag of the Dominion Navy, consists of a blue field, with the Union Jack in the upper left-hand corner, and the arms of the Dominion, wreathed and crowned as before, in the lower half of the field, about half way between the edge of the Union Jack and the outward, or right-hand edge of the flag. It should be borne in mind that this flag is intended for the exclusive use of Government vessels or Marine Police—its use by any other than authorized persons being illegal. The reason for the restriction is evident, as were ordinary merchant and fishing vessels to fly this ensign it would be impossible to distinguish them from the cruisers engaged in the protection of the Fisheries.

The Red Ensign, or flag of the Dominion proper, is for general use, and resembles the Blue Ensign in detail, the colour of the field alone being different.

THE MAPLE SUGAR SEASON.

The taste for maple sugar is neither an unnatural nor an acquired one. It is more than that—a purely national one, like that of the Englishman for his beer, that of the Scotchman for oatcake, or that of the German for his national and time-honoured dish of sauer-kraut. Perhaps the taste might extend to the peoples of other countries were the article once introduced among them, but at present it is very little known outside of Canada, and, therefore, appreciated by few other than Canadians. Were a newly-arrived European to take a stroll through the streets of any of our towns during the months of April or May, he could not fail to remark the quantity of sugar in the form of brown oblong bricks offered for sale in the fruiterer's windows, and his surprise would be increased were he to learn that the annual crop, large as it is, scarcely suffices to supply the immense demand during the year.

The sugar season usually commences and ends with the month of April. Sometimes, but in extremely rare cases of late springs, it extends into May. The process of producing the sugar is so extremely simple that the season is looked upon rather as one of festivity than of downright labour, and large parties of amateurs are daily formed to assist the professionals in the production of the article. Those who have had the good fortune to belong to such parties will certainly never forget the bustle and fun attendant upon such festivals. Most of our Canadian readers know what this is. They have passed their apprenticeship in the method and mysteries of sugar-making; have in their time, amateur-like, made a good deal of sugar and spoilt a great deal more, and have distinguished themselves by their laudable efforts to help and their complete success in being of no earthly use whatever except to impede the actions of the professionals. Our artist having occasion recently to be present at one of these sugar-makings in the bush at Ste. Geneviève, took the opportunity of making a few sketches which we reproduce on page 285.

The process by which maple sugar is produced is thus described by Bouchette:—"The rapidity of vegetation, or more properly its cause, the almost sudden transition from cold to heat, appears essential to the production of the article, at least in quantities, inasmuch as the copious exudation of sap from the maple tree is the consequence of its being rapidly dissolved from a congealed state, and converted into a thin saccharine serum, which exudes through a puncture or incision made in the rind of the tree, about three or four feet from the root; in this incision a slender spigot is inserted to convey the liquid into troughs placed beneath for its collection, and thus is obtained the fluid whence the sugar is manufactured. The process of converting the sap into sugar is equally simple, and merely consists in boiling it until a sufficient degree of evaporation has taken place, to convert the liquid into a thick syrup, which, if it be intended to preserve the sugar in solid loaves, as is the most prevalent practice, is transferred to wooden or birch-bark vessels (tin is now generally used) of various sizes,

that become the moulds of the sugar when it is hardened. If it be meant that the sugar assume the appearance of muscovado, the sap is constantly stirred while boiling, until the moisture appears to have quite evaporated, when the residuum becomes friable, and perfectly resembling the West India sugar."

Authorities differ as to the average quantity of sap yielded by one tree. The author just quoted places it at about 5½ lbs., but it is probably a little less than this. Statistics of this year's crop near L'Orignal, in Russell co., Ont., show that in one case 10,083 lbs. were obtained from 2,100 trees, 1,500 gallons of sap having overflowed. The finest kind of maple sugar—a white variety—is obtained at St. Hilaire, in the county of Rouville. The manufacture of maple sugar and maple syrup, if not for the market, at least for family use, is common throughout the whole of Canada. Scarcely a farm, especially in the new settlements, but has its "sugar bush," and these are every spring carefully tapped and drained, and the sap boiled down, in a potash kettle, or other convenient utensil on an extemporised fire in the woods, where a spar laid across between the "crotches" of two neighbouring trees serves as the beam from which to suspend the kettle over the fire. When the work is carried on systematically, tubes of bark or perforated saplings are laid from trough to trough of the several sap-yielding trees, and thence to the boiling camp where the kettles are suspended over the fires, so that thus a continuous supply of the fluid is delivered at headquarters, and the boilers are constantly employed in gathering and transferring it to the kettles. The product, when converted into sugar, brings from eight to ten cents per lb.; the syrup, of which but a comparatively small quantity reaches the market, being sold for somewhat more by the quart. Large as the manufacture of maple sugar is in Canada it might be almost indefinitely increased, so numerous are the sugar-producing maple trees throughout our forests. Indeed the maple leaf might well have been chosen as Canada's emblem, for, as firewood, as furniture, and as a sugar producer, it is the tree of trees in Canada, and when planted along the streets and squares of our cities its rich foliage gives a grateful and cooling shade from the intense rays of our scorching summer sun. If there is less of art there is much more of poetry in making sugar from the maple than from either the beet or sugar-cane. The very simplicity, added to the decided rusticity of the process gives it a charm especially to the young, and *notwithstanding*, many a love, new-born in the maple bush, has ripened into life-long attachments that have borne fruit in happy marital unions, and blessed our young country with a healthful, numerous and hopeful progeny. All success to maple sugar making!

ACADIA COLLEGE, WOLFVILLE, N. S., AND DR. SAWYER, PRINCIPAL.

The University of Acadia College is situated in Wolfville, a flourishing village on the shores of the Basin of Minas in Nova Scotia. Wolfville occupies the site of the Acadian village of Grand Pré, owned during the early part of the last century by French settlers, by whom the country was first possessed. This was the scene which has been rendered illustrious by Longfellow's imitable "Evangeline."

"In the Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin of Minas, Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand Pré Lay in the fruitful valley. Vast meadows stretched to the eastward, Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks without number. Dikes, that the hands of the farmers had raised with labour incessant, Shut out the turbulent tides; but at stated seasons the floodgates Opened, and welcomed the sea to wander at will o'er the meadows. West and South were fields of flax, and orchards and cornfields, Spreading afar and unfenced o'er the plain; and away to the northward,

Blomidon rose, and the forests old, and aloft on the mountains, Sea-fogs pitched their tents; but ne'er from their station descended."

The observer still looks with rapture upon these beautiful scenes. In front of the College the "vast meadows" extend away eastward to a distance of about ten miles. Northward is seen the much-admired valley of Cornwallis, distinguished alike for its fertility and beauty. Beyond this rises the majestic Blomidon, one of the grandest and most picturesque capes on the continent of America. Toward the south is seen another elevated ridge, at the base of which flows the winding Gasperenau, a stream whose romantic beauties have often called forth the efforts of poetic genius.

The College was founded in the year 1838. It is under the direction and support of the Baptists of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island. Small and limited in resources at first, it has gradually risen to the first rank among the Provincial Colleges. Its first President was Rev. E. A. Crawley, D. D., a gentleman of distinguished abilities and deep erudition. He is still connected with the Institution, occupying the position of Professor of Mental Philosophy, Rhetoric and Political Economy. In the year 1846 he was succeeded in the Presidency by Rev. John Pryor, D. D., who ably conducted the general management of the College till the year 1850, when Rev. J. M. Cramp, D. D., was installed into the presidential office. Dr. Cramp is well known in the Dominion of Canada as an editor and author. His numerous works, all of which evince deep research and very extensive learning, are widely circulated. He is the author of the "Baptist History" recently published and favourably noticed by the English and American press. Under his efficient and judicious administration the interests of the College were greatly promoted; and it was a source of much regret to the friends of the institution to learn, two years ago, that advanced years rendered his retirement from professorial engagements necessary.

Rev. A. W. Sawyer, D. D., became President of Acadia College in 1860; and he still occupies that position. Dr. Sawyer is a native of Vermont, U. S. He is a graduate of Dartmouth College and of Newton Theological Institution. In the year 1855 he was appointed Professor in the Classical Department of Acadia College, which position he resigned in 1860. For three years he was pastor of the Baptist Church at Saratoga Springs, N. Y. He became Principal of the Literary and Scientific Institution in New London, N. H., where he remained until invited to his present position. As an educator, Dr. Sawyer stands preeminent. Possessed of a clear, penetrative intellect, remarkable alike for its depth and correctness, and gifted with an admirable tact in eliciting the ideas of his pupils, he has always been eminently successful in advancing the culture and learning of his classes. Mild and judicious in the administration of his presidential functions, he commands the esteem and confidence of all connected with the institution.

The college is under the direction of a Board of Governors,

to which is entrusted the financial business and general management of the institution. The Faculty consists of six Professors, viz.:

Rev. A. W. Sawyer, D. D., President, and Professor of Christian Evidences and Moral Science; Rev. J. M. Cramp, D. D., Professor Emeritus; Rev. E. A. Crawley, D. D., Professor of Mental Philosophy, Rhetoric and Political Economy; D. F. Higgins, A. M., Professor of Mathematics; R. V. Jones, A. M., Professor of Classics; W. Elder, A. M., Professor of Chemistry and Geology.

The collegiate course embraces a period of four years, during which instruction is given in the various branches which are usually taught in Universities. There is also a Theological department, and special provisions are made for students who desire to enter that department.

In connection with the college is a library containing about 3,000 volumes. There is also a Museum in which are collected about 2,000 minerals and geological specimens, besides a large number of interesting relics and curiosities from all parts of the world. The scientific department is furnished with valuable philosophical apparatus. The students have a reading-room in which may be found the leading provincial periodicals, together with magazines, religious papers, etc., from various parts of the world.

About two hundred dollars are annually expended in prizes, which are awarded to industrious students who give evidence of meritorious proficiency. An incentive is thus afforded to call forth the best efforts of aspiring genius. The college has done a good work since its formation. A large number of graduates have, from time to time, been sent forth into the world, many of whom are now occupying responsible and honourable positions. The noble work is still going on, and the present advancement of the institution speaks favourably for its future usefulness.

NEWFOUNDLAND SCENERY.

Though the far-off island that marks the gulf of the St. Lawrence (itself a mighty sea) from the Atlantic ocean has not yet condescended to join its fortunes with Canada, it has not refused a fair share of patronage to the *Canadian Illustrated News*. Hence we feel bound, in our weekly illustrations, to recognise our Atlantic friends, and give the natural beauties of their country a place among our pictures of British American scenery. Newfoundland, as being the nearest to Europe, is also supposed to have been the first discovered of American soil by European adventurers, having been visited by the Portuguese in the early part of the eleventh century. It was rediscovered by the adventurous Cabot in 1496. It may be mentioned as a curious fact that the land in the neighbourhood of Conception Bay, if not of the whole island, is rapidly rising, so that rocks over which schooners sailed with safety some thirty or forty years ago, are now up to ordinary water mark. If this pretentious tendency of the soil would but lead the inhabitants thereof to throw in their lot with the rest of their fellow-subjects on this North-Western Continent, we should not think it had been in vain. But we hope the soil will not rise too far to spoil the project of a railway across the island, in order that the journey to and from Europe may be shortened, as we anticipate that Newfoundland is destined to contribute the last link to British through travel round the world. The idea, though seemingly far fetched, is not impossible of realization.

Cape Spear, the most easterly portion of American soil, or that part of America lying nearest to Europe, is some three miles distant from St. John's, the principal port, and the political and commercial capital of Newfoundland. Our illustration shows Cape Spear and Freshwater Harbour to the south of St. John's, viewed from the highlands north of Signal Hill. The other view, Conception Bay, is taken from the parsonage, Carbonnear. Carbonnear is a small town with a population of about eighteen hundred or two thousand souls, situated on the north side of Conception Bay, its chief industry being, like that of most other Newfoundland settlements, the prosecution of the fisheries. Distant from Carbonnear about three miles, and on the same side of Conception Bay, is the town of Harbour Grace, the second in importance to St. John's in the colony. It does a large trade, about a fourth of the whole business of the colony, and its population is estimated at about seven thousand. It contains amongst its public buildings a Roman Catholic Cathedral, which has been recently enlarged and profusely decorated.

THE MISSISSIPPI CREVASSE.

Forty miles above New Orleans the Mississippi has burst its artificial banks, and a vast volume of water is rushing through an opening 700 feet wide, devastating the flat country of Southern Louisiana, and threatening to emerge the city itself. Breaks in the Mississippi levee are not uncommon at this time of the year, but since 1849, when New Orleans was flooded, they have been kept within limited bounds, and the damage done has been comparatively trifling. The present break is of a much more serious character. To understand the extent of the overflow and the imminent danger which now threatens New Orleans, it must be remembered that in that latitude, for miles on each side, the land is below the level of the Mississippi. The river actually runs along a slight ridge of land to the Gulf, and at its mouth is higher than the land upon which lies the city of New Orleans. As our readers are aware, this flat country has for years been protected from the overflowing of the river by dykes and levees, extending from Cairo down to the mouth—a distance of over 1,200 miles, and averaging about twenty-five feet in height, and one hundred in width at the base. It will be easily seen how serious a matter is a break in these levees, especially in the spring of the year, when the volume of water is at its height. Before the war, the planters living in the lowlands were required by law to keep personal supervision over the levees in their immediate front, and the moment they discovered a flaw to turn out the whole of their available force, if necessary, and have it remedied. During the war the banks were very much cut up to make earthworks, so that Union transports might be prevented from going down the river, and since that time they have not been put into a good state of repair.

The present overflow did not come without warning. It was well-known that the levees needed repairing very badly, and that in several places there were crevasses of a dangerous character. The mighty river has been rising for several days past, but no steps were taken to prevent the inundation which has now come. Even after the levee began to give way, it

was twelve hours before the fact was made known to the State engineer, and forty-eight hours before an attempt was made on anything like an adequate scale to repair the breach; and then it was too late. It appears from the latest reports that three of the crevasses, from which imminent danger was anticipated, have been repaired, leaving the break at Bonnet Clare, about 40 miles above New Orleans, alone to be combated. The effect has been most disastrous. Imagine a body of water 700 feet wide, bursting from the great Father of Waters, with a noise like the roar of thunder, tearing up the earth to the depth of fifty feet, and sweeping before it houses and trees and railway tracks, and everything that it meets—even hill sides are reported to have been carried away in a single night. The destruction of property is enormous. Of course the whole city and county turned out to stay the ravages of the waters, and the latest reports state that New Orleans is out of danger.

VARIETIES.

Baron Rothschild's b. f. "Hannah" was the winner of the Thousand Guineas at Newmarket, on the 27th ult.

The Paris "Red" papers have resumed the style of the Revolution; on the 5th April they were dated, "10 Germinal, an 79."

At a recent wedding reception a young lady accidentally set her back hair on fire. When it was extinguished she said she was glad it wasn't her best.

According to Archbishop Thomson, in the article on our Lord in *Smith's Dictionary of the Bible*, Good Friday this year fell on the exact day of the month on which the Crucifixion took place.

The census returns of Chicago, just completed, show the total population of that city to be 298,977, of which 154,420 are natives of the United States, and 144,457 foreigners. Among the foreigners are 8,818 Canadians.

M. Dollfuss, the largest manufacturer of Mulhouse, has announced his intention to emigrate into France, to the neighbourhood of Toulouse, with his entire plant and hands—upwards of 6,000—to escape becoming Prussian.

M. Paul Meyer, chief editor of the *Revue Critique*, is now in England, examining French and other manuscripts in London, Oxford, and Cambridge. He proposes to establish a quarterly journal for Early French and English literature.

M. Dupins, the comptroller of the kitchen of Charles X., Louis Philippe, and Napoleon III., has committed suicide at Versailles, out of mortification at the degradation of being the comptroller of the kitchen of "a nobody like M. Thiers and a nothing like the Assembly."

Shocks of earthquake occurred on February 19 in the Hawaiian Islands, and were general throughout the group. In Laui great rocks were hurled down from cliffs, and some of the valleys were rendered incapable of cultivation by the debris from the mountains; but no lives were lost.

A country editor lately announced an increase in his family, and in his jollification over the event, propounded the following conundrum: "What is the difference between editorial and matrimonial experience?" In the former the devil cries for "copy," in the latter the "copy" cries like the devil.

A fine mirage was seen from Rochester lately. Lake Ontario, and the mountains, hills, valleys, and rivers of Canada were seen clearly reflected in the sky. The coast was seen over a length of about fifty miles, and so clearly that the forests could readily be distinguished, as could also Rice Lake and Belvidere.

In Missouri a husband has sued another man for \$20,000 damages, "for wickedly contriving and wrongfully depriving him of the comfort of the society of his wife, and alienating her affections for the space of 623 days." This makes the value of the wife's society a little over \$32 per day.

In the Museum at Cassel, Germany, is a library made from 500 European trees. The back of each volume is formed of the bark of a tree, the sides, of the perfect wood, the top, of young wood, and the bottom, of old. When opened, the book is found to be a box, containing the flower, seed, fruit, and leaves of the tree, either dried or imitated in wax.

A London paper says: We give it as a fact that a lady, who with her lord and master had advanced in social position considerably from former times, expressly stipulated with her doctor that she was to be vaccinated from the lymph taken from a titled person. She mentioned a neighbour, a countess, to whose lymph she said she would give the preference.

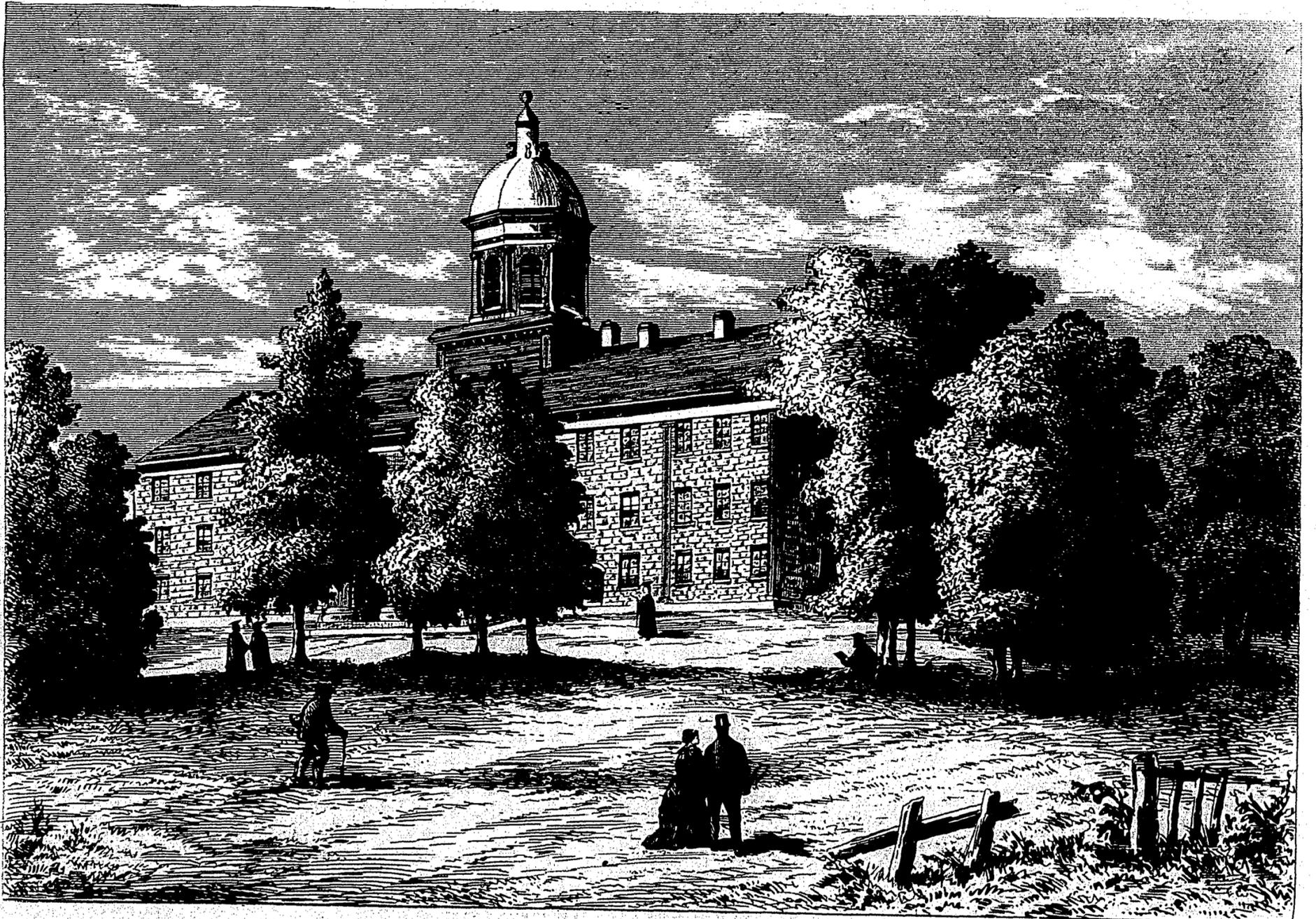
A writer says, "Did you ever, in the course of your reading, meet with the Christian name of Thomas in connection with royalty, either as emperor, king, prince, royal duke, or any scion of royalty, either in ancient or modern times? Can any particular reason be given why that particular name is not used by members of reigning families? The omission is a curious fact."

A curious case of suffocation occurred recently in Leicester-shire. A woman named Tansley, the wife of a publican at Loughborough, went into the cellar to draw some ale, and was overcome by the fumes of carbonic acid gas from a vat of fermented ale. A woman, named Martin, who went to her assistance, also fell down insensible. A third woman, named Baker, went down to help her friends, but was overcome in the same way. When the women were rescued, Martin was dead, and the others are in a precarious state.

Many novel postal efforts were in preparation just as the war terminated. Among them, as worthy of record, was that of an inventor who proposed to send letters by the river, in submarine boats; he left Paris with the necessary apparatus in a balloon. The capitulation of the city, however, prevented him putting his plan into execution. After attempting to pass through the air by land, by water, and under water, it was proposed to go underground. Some messengers offered to look for a passage through the Catacombs; but none of them succeeded, and one died a horrible death, stifled in mud. Then a certain M. Hurel engaged to send messages to Paris by means of bulldogs. He left with five dogs in a balloon, some time ago, but none of the dogs came back. Truly, necessity is the mother of invention. Alas! that it is not always the parent of success.



REV. A. W. SAWYER, D.D., PRINCIPAL OF ACADIA COLLEGE.



ACADIA COLLEGE, WOLFVILLE, N. S.—SEE PAGE 275.

VIEWS IN NEWFOUNDLAND.



CAPE SPEAR AND FRESHWATER BAY.—FROM A SKETCH BY W. F. RENNIE.



CONCEPTION BAY.—FROM A SKETCH BY W. F. RENNIE.—SEE PAGE 275.

TEMPERATURE in the shade, and Barometer indications for the week ending Saturday, April 29, 1871, observed by JOHN UNDERHILL, Optician to the Medical Faculty of McGill University, 239 Notre Dame Street.

		Aneroid Barometer compensated and corrected.								
		9 A.M.	1 P.M.	5 P.M.	MAX.	MIN.	MEAN.	9 A.M.	1 P.M.	5 P.M.
Su.	April 23.	41°	48°	38°	50°	38°	44°	29.70	29.75	29.80
Mo.	" 24.	40°	53°	46°	54°	38°	41°	30.00	30.50	30.40
Tu.	" 25.	43°	47°	43°	50°	34°	42°	30.15	30.12	30.10
W.	" 26.	42°	52°	50°	54°	36°	42°	30.34	30.25	30.36
Th.	" 27.	45°	56°	49°	58°	32°	45°	30.40	30.34	30.25
Fr.	" 28.	46°	47°	45°	48°	36°	42°	30.14	30.00	29.97
Sat.	" 29.	46°	56°	51°	58°	38°	48°	29.92	29.90	29.90

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, MAY 13, 1871.

SUNDAY,	May 7.—Fourth Sunday after Easter. Reciprocity between the United States and Canada established, 1854. Lord Brougham died, 1868.
MONDAY,	" 8.—Battle of Rio Grande, 1846. Votes taken on the Plebiscite in France, 1870.
TUESDAY,	" 9.—Columbus sailed from Cadiz on his fourth voyage, 1501. Schiller died, 1805.
WEDNESDAY,	" 10.—Battle of Lodi, 1796. Battle of Spottsylvania, 1863. Completion of the Union Pacific Railway, 1869.
THURSDAY,	" 11.—Lord Chatham died, 1796. Spencer Percival assassinated, 1812. Mutiny at Delhi, 1857.
FRIDAY,	" 12.—St. Paucras, M. Earl of Strafford beheaded, 1641.
SATURDAY,	" 13.—Anne Boleyn beheaded, 1535. Currier died, 1832.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

OUR subscribers have to bear with us for the delay in the issue of our Premium Coloured Plate for 1871. We have been disappointed in the non-arrival of our new press, ordered many months ago, and being specially built for our particular work. As a consequence the steam presses we have now at work have been altogether overtaxed, being run almost night and day with but little intermission. The rapid increase in our subscription list—very gratifying to us—and the no less pleasing advance in the number of our jobbing orders, have compelled us for the time to suspend the work on the Coloured Plate. But we hope in a few weeks to have our new large steam press in running order, and thereby to relieve the pressure on the six steam presses now in constant use at our works, so far at least as to permit uninterrupted running on the Premium Plate until it is completed. Our canvassing agents have laboured so industriously that we shall be under the very agreeable necessity of printing a far larger number of these than we had anticipated; but when our new press arrives, and is set up, we shall be able with promptitude to fill every demand.

An apology is also due to our customers in the jobbing line, the rapid increase of whose patronage has gone ahead somewhat of our ample facilities; but as the new press will do the work of any two of those we have at present running, it will relieve the latter entirely from the pressure of the *News* printing that cannot be delayed, and thereby enable us in future to fulfil every order within the stipulated time.

Our agents are requested to explain, especially to new subscribers, that all parties entitled to the Premium Plate (coloured) for 1871 will be duly supplied; and that notice will be given through the columns of the *News* when the delivery has been completed, so that any failures in transit may be made good.

To accomplish all this we crave the indulgence of several weeks, more or less, as circumstances may require, but shall put forth our best exertions to have the Plate issued as soon as possible.

Montreal, May 7, 1871.

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, MAY 6, 1871.

A SIXTEENTH amendment proposed to the United States constitution, and which will, no doubt, be submitted in due form to the several States for ratification or rejection, marks, perhaps, more than any other single incident, the divergence of the present generation from the ways and principles of its forefathers. The new article inhibits all aid from United States, State, or Municipal Governments to any school or institution in which "religious tenets of any kind" are taught. This amendment will, of course, preclude the use of the Testaments, either old or new, the teaching of the Commandments, or, in fact, of any moral doctrine not contained in the law of the State, or in the "higher law" about which idiotic fanatics are wont to blaze, and which, having no fixed principle or other motive spring in it but the whim of its preacher, is as shifting as the atmosphere through which his voice resounds.

The United States are supposed to have solved many intricate and abstruse questions in the art of Government; but their brief history does not present a much more virtuous record than that of the most corrupt monarchy in Europe. They have not been able to prevent the almost national disgrace of State repudiation. They conquered a rebellion of the most formidable character, but the very rising of that rebellion, evincing, as it did,

the united sympathies of eight millions of people divided by well-marked geographical lines from those who subsequently became their conquerors, proves that their system is not that by which every man believes that he may enjoy the pursuit of "life, liberty, and happiness." At the present time the once revolted States are but held as conquered Provinces, and there is no visible sign that the "higher law" impelling the national will has any nobler foundation than the theoretically indefensible, but practically invincible one, that "might makes right." So with this question as to education in the schools. Here the State, at least in Republican America, will be all-powerful. All the sciences, good, bad and indifferent, may be taught, but on the matter of "religious tenets" the children are not even to be informed what their forefathers believed! Surely this is pushing the "non-sectarian" idea a little too far. It is not proposed to forbid teaching what the ancient heathen nations believed; nor even what the pagans of to-day (*i.e.*, in reputedly pagan countries) believe: but to teach, or explain the doctrines held, or taught by any body of Christians living in our own country, in our own time, and speaking our own tongue, that would be awfully criminal!

Men should pause ere they bow their necks unreservedly to this democratic Caesarism, threatening to make even less of the individual than the Roman system which, projected through all forms of statecraft in Europe since the rise of modern governments, has been the fruitful source of national disaster and internal convulsion. The State has ever been too arrogant in its pretensions. Is it not enough that it demands the bodies of men without affecting also the ownership of their minds? Surely it is right and a mark of good citizenship to obey the laws of the State in so far as they fix the relations to be maintained between man and man; but if human liberty is to be respected at all we can hardly concede that the regulators of our material relationships are also to be permitted to cabin, crib, and confine the minds of our children within cast-iron bands into which only will be permitted to enter such versions of history, or maxims of philosophy, as they may see fit to prescribe.

The project of the ambitious and intensely modern Senator who is the author of this sixteenth amendment, if carried out, will not only enfranchise, but absolutely enthrone a personage reputed to be much darker than any negro raised to citizenship by the fifteenth amendment. It ought not, however, to be confounded with what is called the "Common School System" in Upper Canada, which, while disavowing all religious teaching of a sectarian character, as to articles of faith, is yet designed to plant in the youthful mind the universally received principles of Christian morality,—and these are "religious tenets" of surpassing importance. The special point to which we wish to direct attention, because therein lies the fallacy, is the assumption, on the part of the State that it has the right, despite the will of the parent, to inhibit religious instruction in schools established by the people and supported under certain forms of Municipal law which the people themselves have decreed. If this be not narrowing the circle of human freedom, then we do not know what freedom means. The duty of a free State is to leave each subject the utmost liberty for himself, which is not incompatible with the liberty of his neighbour; but if all the States in the neighbouring Republic, and each Municipality within each State are bound down to one form of education, their people are as much enslaved as if Brigham-Youngism were made the national religion of the United States, and every citizen commanded to profess it. Even men of democratic spirit are shocked at the invariable tendency of democratic Governments to level down. Like the English Trade-Unionists they make the inferior man the standard by which to gauge the remuneration (or privileges) of the expert, and it follows, of natural consequence, that the tendency is ever downwards. The manufacturers of England have found, through the logic of their pockets, that in trade our theory is true. Do France or the United States at the present day give a tittle of evidence to show that it is not equally true in the art of Government?

LITERARY NOTICE.

THE FREE-GRANT LANDS OF CANADA, by Thomas McMurray, J. P., Bracebridge, Ont. The *Northern Advocate* office.

In this pamphlet of some hundred and fifty pages is collected a variety of useful and important information respecting the Free Grant Lands of Canada, bearing reference more especially to the Muskoka and Parry Sound District. The author, Mr. Thomas McMurray, was one of the earliest settlers in that part of the country, and from his intimate acquaintance with the settlements in that neighbourhood, is fully competent to supply reliable statistics and data, such as will be acceptable to intending settlers. His little work—the result of many anxious enquiries from immigrants and other parties—is re-

plete with information of the most varied description, of the correctness of which the name of the author alone will be sufficient guarantee to those who are acquainted with him. Additional value is imparted to the work by the fact that Muskoka is one of the least known districts of Ontario; but with the information now supplied to the public, none need plead ignorance of the natural and political history of a country destined to hold no mean place in Canadian annals. We would recommend the "Free Grant Lands," not only to immigrants and settlers, but to all who take a pride in extending their acquaintance with the country in which we live.

THE CONDITION OF PARIS

The situation in Paris seems far more promising for the success of the Assembly than it has done at any time since the outbreak of the revolt. Repeated reverses are beginning to tell upon the Communists, who are evidently thoroughly discouraged, though they are stated to have made up their minds to die game. Added to this internal dissensions are rife—not only among the leaders but in the ranks—contributing in no small degree to ensure the success of the Versailles troops. An effort has been made by the Masonic Body of Paris—who visited Versailles for the purpose—to arrange the preliminaries of a truce, but they returned from their interview with Thiers disheartened and unsuccessful. Since the fifteen hours' armistice on the 25th, the bombardment has been resumed with increased vigour, and it is stated that Montrouge has been almost entirely demolished, while Issy is daily expected to fall. The end cannot be far off.

Mr. McLeod is to take the place of Mr. Blake as Local Member for West Durham, Ont.

The general elections for the Province of Nova Scotia will take place on the 16th instant, on which day, it is reported, the writs will be issued for the Quebec general elections.

The Pullman Palace cars have made their appearance on the Great Western railway and excited the admiration of the Hamilton newspaper reporters.

The St. Andrew's and Caledonian Societies of Montreal have received a warm-hearted reply from the Duke and Duchess of Argyll to their congratulatory address upon the recent marriage of the Marquis of Lorne to the Princess Louise.

The carters of this city "struck" on the 1st inst., because of the to-them obnoxious badge they are compelled to wear, shewing the number of their license. We should advise all parties to trust to their own feet rather than to any Montreal carter who does not show his number.

From assessment returns for 1871, Hamilton claims an increase in population over the past year of 1,317; an increase in the value of assessed property of \$747,500; and a decrease in non-resident property of \$27,008. The "Ambitious City" now numbers 25,947 people, with resident and non-resident property valued at \$10,177,453.

On Thursday of last week in the New Brunswick Legislative Councils Hon. Mr. McInerney gave notice of resolutions praying the Lieut.-Governor to cause the Executive Council to enter into correspondence with the Executive of Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island and Newfoundland, with reference to a Legislative Union of all the Lower Provinces; said correspondence to be laid before the House within ten days after the opening of next session.

The competitions for the Wimbledon team came off last week at Toronto and at Ottawa. The following are the scores made (over 200) at the former place:—

Private Sheppard, 10th Royals.....	232
Sergeant McMullin, do.....	245
Private Thompson, do.....	220
Lieut. Birch, Queen's Own Rifles.....	234
Private Jennings, do.....	240
Sergeant Bailey, do.....	269
Sergeant McDonald, do.....	206
Captain Gibson, G. T. B.....	222
Private Thom.....	200
Sergeant Leslie, Queen's Own Rifles.....	200
Ensign Dillon, 34th Battalion.....	226
Sergeant Byrne, do.....	231
Sergeant Richards, do.....	207
Private Crookard.....	207
Sergeant R. Durand, do.....	233
Sergeant G. Durand, do.....	211
Corporal Satche, do.....	220
Private Murison, do.....	208
Private Mason.....	207
Corporal Stevenson, 20th Batt.....	213

The Ottawa scores (over 200) were:—

Sergeant Harris.....	218
Sergeant Wilkinson.....	208
Captain Cotton.....	206
Lieut.-Col. Patrick.....	203
Gunner Russell.....	201
Lieut. Walker.....	201

The weather at both places was exceedingly unfavourable.

COPPERING AND BRONZING ZINC.

The following recipes for coppering and bronzing zinc are given, and are said to produce quite beautiful results: Prepare a solution of fifteen parts of blue vitriol and one of nineteen parts of cyanide of potassium, then mix both solutions together. Incorporate this liquid well with one hundred and sixty parts of pipe clay, and rub the semi-fluid mass obtained, by means of a linen rag, on the previously cleaned object. For bronzing, take fifteen parts of verdigris, fifteen of cream of tartar, and thirty parts of crystallized soda, reduce them to powder, and dissolve them in the necessary amount of water. Mix this liquid together with one hundred and sixty parts of pipe clay, and proceed as above directed. Another process is as follows: Take fifteen grammes of blue vitriol, twenty of calcined soda, mix them well with thirty-two cubic centimeters of glycerine, and mix the paste obtained with eighty grammes of pipe clay. It is then ready to be applied as before stated.

TUNNEL BETWEEN HECLA AND ETNA.

A native of Iceland recently delivered a lecture in London, descriptive of that remarkable island. He began by a description of the country, its position and extent, its most remarkable geographical features, its vast ice-covered mountains and numerous volcanoes, on account of which Mr. Carlyle termed it "the battle-field of frost and fire." The largest of these ice mountains, Vatnajokull, covers an area of about 3,500 square miles, and the highest of its peaks, Prafnajokull, rises 6,300 feet above the level of the sea. Mr. Hjaltalin drew a vivid picture of the grand and beautiful effect of these icy mountains seen under the different aspects afforded by the changes from a brilliant sunshine to a dark and clouded atmosphere.

That the island owed its existence entirely to submarine volcanic agency, having, at some very early period of geological history, been thrown from the depths of the sea, is proved by every hill and mountain. From the formation of these mountains, it is apparent that many convulsions, at long intervals, took place, ere the volcanic island was brought to its present shape. In confirmation of this statement, Mr. Hjaltalin described the upheaval, which took place towards the latter end of the last century, of an island not far from the part of the coast where Reykjavik is situated. It was preceded by shocks like those of an earthquake, felt by passing navigators, who, at the same time, observed the water to be discoloured and agitated. Columns of steam arose, then flames; the sea was covered with pumice and cinders, and then a cone with a crater in the centre appeared, and scoriae, pumice, and ashes accumulated, until it became an island. The volcanic power which had brought it to the surface subsided before it was firmly fixed in its position, and it afterwards sank again beneath the sea.

Mr. Hjaltalin then noticed the opinion, very generally received among scientific men of all countries, that there is an underground connection between the volcanoes of Hecla, in Iceland, and Etna, in Sicily—a tunnel, of which the two mountains form the mouths. A peculiarity of the Icelandic volcanoes is their sending forth streams of boiling water with the lava currents. The volcanic ice mountains throw off their icy covers at the beginning of an eruption, which are floated down to the lowlands or the sea by the water cast forth from the volcano.

He then described the hot springs which are found all over Iceland. The principal of these is the far-famed Geyser, from which we have incorrectly called all the hot springs "geysers,"—a mistake, he observed, as ridiculous to an Iceland as it would be to us if he were to speak of all the rivers of England as "Thameses." Next in importance to the Geyser (*eyting*) is the *Strak Kur* ("a churn,") which is, in one respect, more remarkable, as, when quiescent, it can be made to perform by throwing in sods and stones in considerable quantities. The hot springs often increase and decrease in activity, disappearing sometimes in one place and reappearing in another.

PURITY OF MELTED METALS DETERMINED BY THEIR DROPS.—Dr. Quincke, of Berlin, has described, says the *Polytechnische Journal*, a new method of determining the purity of melted metals, and of various chemical combinations, by the height of the drops which are formed by them upon a horizontal surface. By the height of a drop, such as is formed by dew upon a leaf, or by quicksilver upon glass, is meant the vertical distance of the horizontal plane from the vertex of the drop surface. This altitude is nearly constant, and is independent of the diameter of the drop if it is not greater than 20 millim. . . . The altitude of large flat drops or bubbles is less if their surface is covered with a thin coat of some fluid. A fluid coat less than the millionth of a millimetre in thickness is sufficient to reduce the altitude of melted drops in a sensible degree. A maximum of depression (d) occurs when the coat is 50-1,000,000 of a millimetre in thickness, which is about 1-10 of the length of a light wave. The presence of very small quantities of substances may be proved in this way to a degree of delicacy unequalled by any other method of observation except that of the spectroscope. A trace of oil on a drop of dew, or a bubble of air in water, and a trace of lead applied to a drop of melted silver, reduced the height from 4 to 2.8 millimetres, so that unpractised eyes could easily discern the difference. Substances which oxidize easily in the air should be melted and tried in some indifferent gas, like carbonic acid gas. Large flat drops of iron from several mills, with surfaces coated with oxide, all had the same altitude of 5.2 millimetres. Workmen in foundries are in the habit of judging the quality of cast-iron by the form and condition of the drops. The speaker thought the careful investigation of the forms and altitudes of melted drops might prove an important aid in determining the properties of metals.

WONDERS OF CALIFORNIA.—In one of Bishop Kingsley's letters from California to the *Central Christian Advocate*, he says: "It is lamentable how much ignorance there is among us as to the character of our own country. Do your readers know that we have in California a nation of Pagan idolaters? That there are two heathen temples in San Francisco! That there are whole streets in that city as much China as China itself? Do they know that colonies of Japanese are already on our shores cultivating tea and silk? Do they know that trees grow in California that will make more than a thousand cords of four-foot wood to the tree? Do they know that there are trees growing here older than the Christian era? Do they know that there is a house standing on the stump of a tree that has been felled, having room enough in it for a parlour 12 by 16, and a dining-room 10 by 15, and a kitchen 10 by 12, and two bed-rooms 10 by 10 each, and a pantry 4 by 8, and a clothes press 2 by 6 feet? Do they know that squashes grow weighing over 200 pounds, and beets weighing over 100 pounds, and cabbages and potatoes and onions to match? Then let them give up their European trip and come and see."

The Hoosac Tunnel has been the scene of a serious explosion, resulting in the death of four men, among them the superintendent, Mr. Mason. The accident occurred just when preparations had been completed for blasting. Ten holes had been loaded, when a flash of lightning struck a mountain over a mile distant, by which it is supposed the electric fluid was conveyed to the nitro-glycerine in the holes. Nine of these exploded instantly, leaving the tenth untouched. It will be remembered that the work at the Hoosac Tunnel is being carried on by our countrymen, the Messrs. Shanly. Mr. Mason, it is said, possessed a fine estate at London, Ont.

MISCELLANEA.

A French police officer at Liège recently committed suicide, after having murdered his landlady, a widow, to whom he had made proposals of marriage, but who, it is said, treated him coldly.

The *Musical Standard* states that Wagner's last work is an Imperial March in honour of the German victories, and of the consolidation of the empire which has crowned the complete triumph of the Germans over their aggressive foe.

Ober Ammergau is making active preparations for the performance of the Passion Play, for the repetition of which this year special permission has been given, as an exceptional case. The first performance will take place on June 24.

The great Circassian warrior Schamyl died recently, in the course of a pilgrimage to Mecca, to perform which he had obtained permission from the Russian Government. Schamyl was born in 1797.

For the first time London and Bombay were brought into direct telegraphic communication, by the Indo-European line, on April 8th, a message being sent through without retransmission, and instantly acknowledged. The distance from London to Bombay by the Indo-European line is 6,000 miles.

A most interesting work for the student of ancient geography has lately been published at Berlin by Herr Partney. It is a "Geography," compiled by Diouil, an Irish monk, in A. D. 855, upwards of a thousand years ago. It is probably the oldest educational work of the kind in existence, with the exception of Herodotus, Aristotle, and Pliny.

One of the worst murderers who figured in the Indian mutiny, a zemindar named Jaffir Ali, has been caught, and sentenced to death by the High Court at Allahabad. He killed Lieutenant Cautley, of the 22nd Native Infantry, near Azimburgh, after he had managed to cross the river Manorama, and was flying for his life. In the long interval which has since elapsed Jaffir Ali has performed a pilgrimage to Mecca.

Pure coffee when sprinkled on the surface of water, remains there for some time, and does not sink; but if chicory is present it will almost immediately sink, and tinge the liquid a brownish yellow. Again:—Chicory contains so much gummy matter that if the fingers be moistened, and a little of the suspected coffee be taken up between them, and well pressed together, it can be moulded into a slightly adhering pellet, while pure coffee will not adhere at all.

A writer in *Chamber's Journal* gives this illustration of the power of India rubber to deaden sound:—"We once visited a factory where some forty or fifty coppersmiths were at work in a shop above our heads; but what was remarkable, hardly a sound of their hammering could be heard. On going upstairs we saw the explanation. Each leg of every bench rested on a cushion made of India rubber cuttings. This completely deadened the sound."

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT IN WARFARE.—An experiment has been made at St. Petersburg, with the view of ascertaining whether the electric light is capable of being turned to account in night warfare. The trial proved completely successful. With an ordinary piece of field artillery, the experimenters succeeded in lodging every ball in a target, at a distance of 1,660 yards. Not merely the target, but also surrounding objects, to a considerable distance, were rendered perfectly distinct, in spite of the darkness of the night.

A man at Peabody, Mass., who has been treated for more than a year for paralysis of the throat, and who was for some time able to take only liquid nourishment, recently coughed up an upper set of false teeth, which he had swallowed in his sleep fifteen months before, and which, lodging in the lower part of the throat, had been the cause of all his troubles. The teeth were missed at the time, hunted for, but never found, and nobody had suspected the place of their concealment.

Referring to the arrest of Monseigneur Darboy, a journal gives the following list of Parisian archbishops of recent times:—"In 1793 Monseigneur de Jaigne was guillotined. In 1815 Cardinal Maury was obliged to take refuge in Rome with the members of the Bonaparte family. In 1830 Monseigneur de Quelen was pursued by the demagogues, his palace was sacked and destroyed, and he suffered for several years from secret persecutions. His successor, Monseigneur Affre, fell at the barricade of the Faubourg St. Antoine on the 24th of June, 1848. Monseigneur Sibour, who succeeded him, was assassinated by Verger in 1857. Lastly, after a short archiepiscopate of Cardinal Merlot, Monseigneur Darboy succeeded. During the same period but one sovereign of France has died in his bed quietly."

The New Orleans *Republican* is responsible for the following rather tall story:—"Yesterday morning (April 9th) Mr. J. B. Knight, agent of the Watertown Steam Engine Company, sunk a drove well in rear of his office, with a view to getting a supply of water; and when at the depth of forty-six feet, a sudden and very powerful draft of gas was observed to flow from the mouth of the pipe. He immediately closed the pipe, thinking to utilize this gas for illuminating purposes, but found the pressure too great; when the idea struck him to direct it into the boiler of one of his engines and experiment with it in making steam. But no sooner had the connection been made than the engine began to run entirely by the pressure of the gas acting upon the piston, at a pressure of twelve pounds to the square inch; and so it continued all day yesterday, giving no sign of exhaustion. Here is a discovery. A motive power which costs absolutely nothing, sufficient to be made available in running many kinds of light machinery, perfectly controllable and seemingly inexhaustible. What shall we find next under our city?"

A curious story comes from Nottingham. In a village about four miles from that town, an eccentric old gentleman, unmarried, and reputed to be very rich, recently made his will. He bequeathed £10,000 to the General Hospital, and a like sum to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts. To one relative he left £1,000, and legacies to the amount of £500 were numerous. The total amount bequeathed amounted to £45,000. The secret of these bequests leaked out, and the expectant legatees were very demonstrative in their expression of thanks. They sent him presents of wine,

game, and other good things in profusion, and invited him to pay them long visits. A cab and coach proprietor placed vehicles and horses at his service in gratitude for having been put down in the will for the handsome sum of £500, and the old gentleman was courted by more than one lady whose early youth had passed, but who had no objection to a widow's portion of a considerable fortune. A few days since he died at the age of eighty-four; and the friend at whose house he breathed his last honoured his remains with an expensive funeral. This friend had also the melancholy satisfaction of paying the expenses, for the testator died considerably in debt. The large sums he had bequeathed existed only in imagination.

On Saturday M. Valès, lieutenant and ensign of the 2nd Regiment of Turcos, went to Versailles to return to the Minister of War the staff and the flag which he had borne. At the surrender of Strasburg he had buried an eagle in a cellar and had made a girdle of the banner, and the Prussians did not discover it. On his return to France he passed through Strasburg, and found his eagle covered with verdigris. After reaching Paris he had further risks to encounter, and once more made a girdle of the flag, hiding the eagle in his breast. He thus got through the National Guards and reached Versailles, where he delivered up his trophy.

"Although I never had any briefs of my own on circuit," says a writer for *Chambers' Journal*, "I once 'held' a defence brief for old Hawkins. Upon that occasion I defended, with all the eloquence of which I was master, an old woman who was charged with pocket-picking. Facts, however, were too strong for me; the jury found a verdict of guilty, and as it was the harridan's seventeenth conviction, the judge—very properly, as I thought—ordered her to be transported for seven years. The wicked old wretch, however, instead of acquiescing in her just punishment, stooped down, as she was leaving the dock, pulled off both her shoes, sent one of them whizzing at the judge's head, and the other (I presume in grateful acknowledgment of my services on her behalf) at mine. The shoe aimed at his lordship's head missed its mark; but the heel of the one which she threw at my head struck me just below the right eye; and the mark of that blow I shall carry with me to my grave. From that day to this I never received another brief on circuit."

From the day that France lost Sedan (*ses dents*) she has been made the subject of innumerable puns and *calembourgs*, not all of which are worth repeating. A Prague paper, the *Bohemia*, publishes the following *rébus* on the present condition of the country:—

- La nation française A, B, C (abaissée).
- La gloire F, A, C (effacée).
- Son armée D, P, C (dépaycée).
- Les places fortes O, Q, P (occupées).
- Deux provinces C, D (cédées).
- Le peuple E, B, T (hébété).
- Les lois L, U, D (éludées).
- La justice D, C, D (décédée).
- Les juges H, T (achetés).
- La liberté F, M, R (éphémère).
- Le crédit B, C, (baissé).
- Les denrées E, L, V (élevées).
- La ruine H, V (achevée).
- La honte seule R, S, T (restée).

In the new German Parliament there is one member who is as deaf as a post, and yet not only delivers frequent and excellent speeches, but mingles as freely in the debates, and answers his adversaries' attacks, as readily and unhesitatingly as any of his colleagues. The member we refer to is the famous historian Heinrich von Treitschke. He is enabled to take part in discussions not by the use of finger language, nor by guessing an orator's words from the motion of his lips, but by the services of one of his fellow-members, Herr Wehrenpennig, who acts as his friend's amanuensis, writing down word by word every speech delivered in the House. This piece of friendship deserves to be admired, but it may be questioned whether it will not prove too arduous for the self-sacrificing member in the end. How Herr von Treitschke will manage in the event of Herr Wehrenpennig's falling ill, or, still worse, not being returned at the next elections, it is hard to say. That the obliging gentleman performs his duty well is proved by Herr von Treitschke's ready answers in the recent debates. Perhaps the two will constitute themselves twin candidates, and jointly canvass for seats in future. Some members, however, doubt their ability to continue the co-operative arrangement long, and affirm that, after all, the Liberal professor will resign his seat.

CHARADES, &c.

NUMBERED CHARADE, No. 13.

Composed of twenty-one letters.

- My 14, 6, 20, 16 is plentiful in the Dominion.
- My 9, 5, 20, 17, 19, 7, 21 is engaging or attractive.
- My 13, 6, 11, 20, 8, 18 is a precious stone.
- My 1, 10, 4, 18, 21, 11 is a boy's name.
- My 12, 2, 13, 21, 11 is an animal.
- My 21, 3, 8, 13, 15, 20, 12 is beautiful.

And my whole is the name of an eminent British statesman.

JOHN UNDERHILL.

NUMBERED CHARADE, No. 14.

Consisting of thirty letters.

- My 10, 4, 26, 20 is used in medicine.
- My 11, 8, 7, 16, 29 was discovered in Syria.
- My 9, 2, 13 is a domestic animal.
- My 24, 27, 20 is shaped like a ball.
- My 1, 22, 18, 5 is a man eminent for bravery.
- My 3, 19, 21, 30 is an article of food.
- My 17, 15, 6, 21, 12, 14 is a word signifying the soul.
- My 28, 23, 25, 14, is a geographical term.

And my whole is the name and rank of a distinguished lady.

"R. T. A. L." Guysboro, N. S.

SOLUTION TO CHARADE No. 10.

Sir John Alexander Macdonald, K. C. B.

Thus:—Ladies. Cox. Chalk. Manno. Jib. Non.

SOLUTIONS RECEIVED.

J. W. L., Cornwall; John Underhill, Montreal; J. M., Toronto.

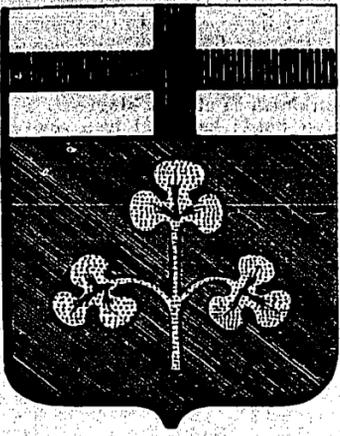
CHESS.

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

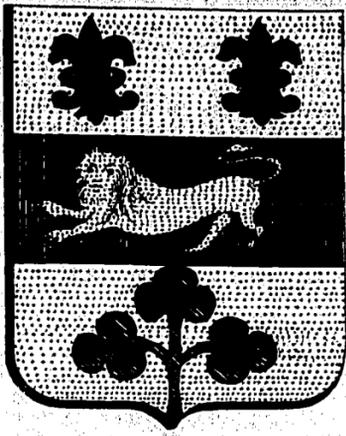
ERRATUM.—In White's move, No. 89, in the "Tournament" game given last week, for "B. to K. 5th," read "B. to Kt. 5th."



THE ROYAL MARRIAGE.—THE BRIDE'S PROCESSION AT THE WESTERN ENTRANCE OF ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL.—FROM A SKETCH BY FRANK VIZETELLY.



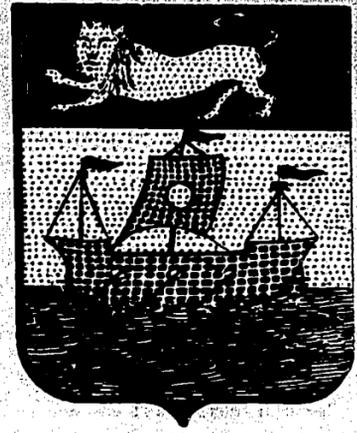
ONTARIO.



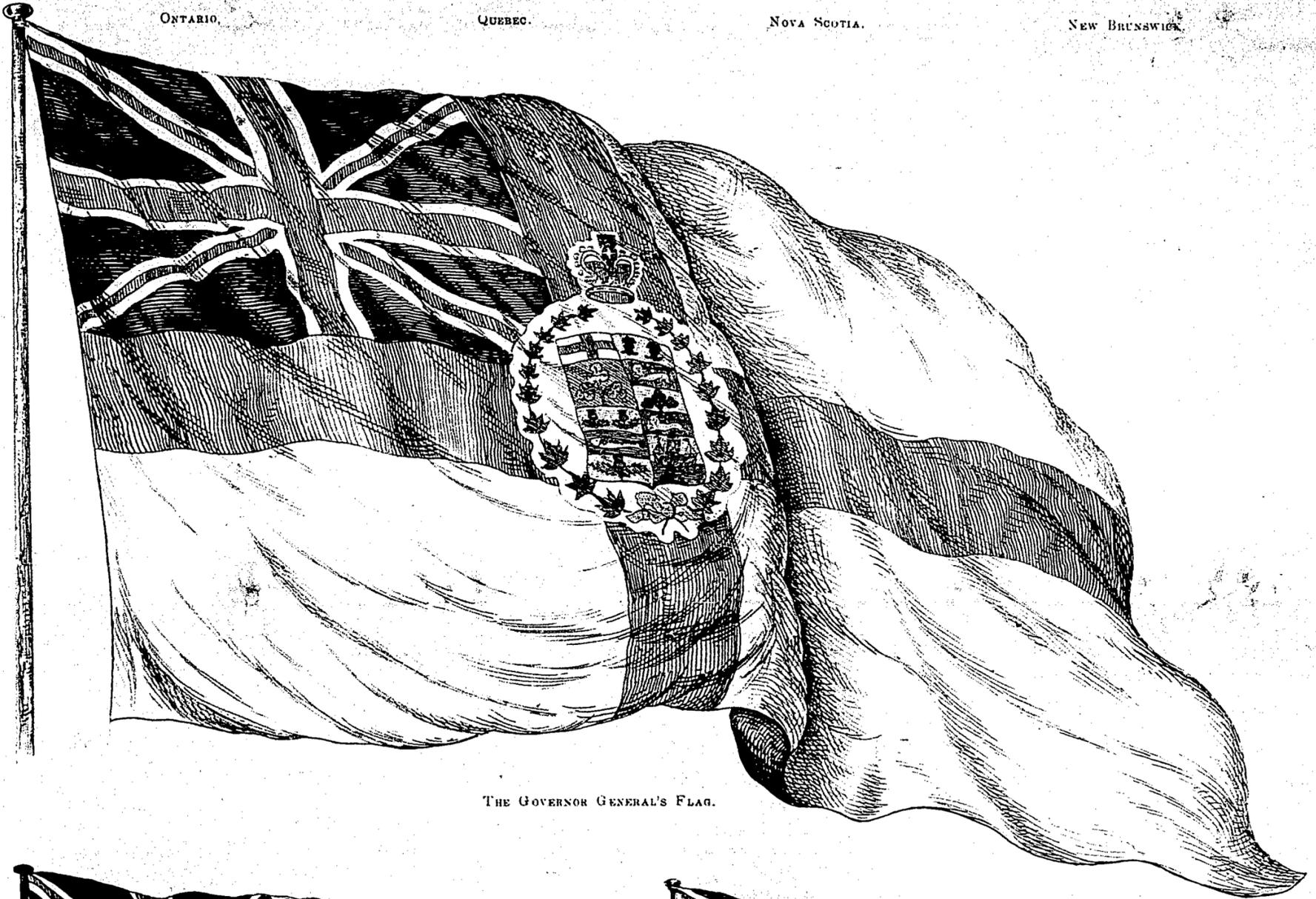
QUEBEC.



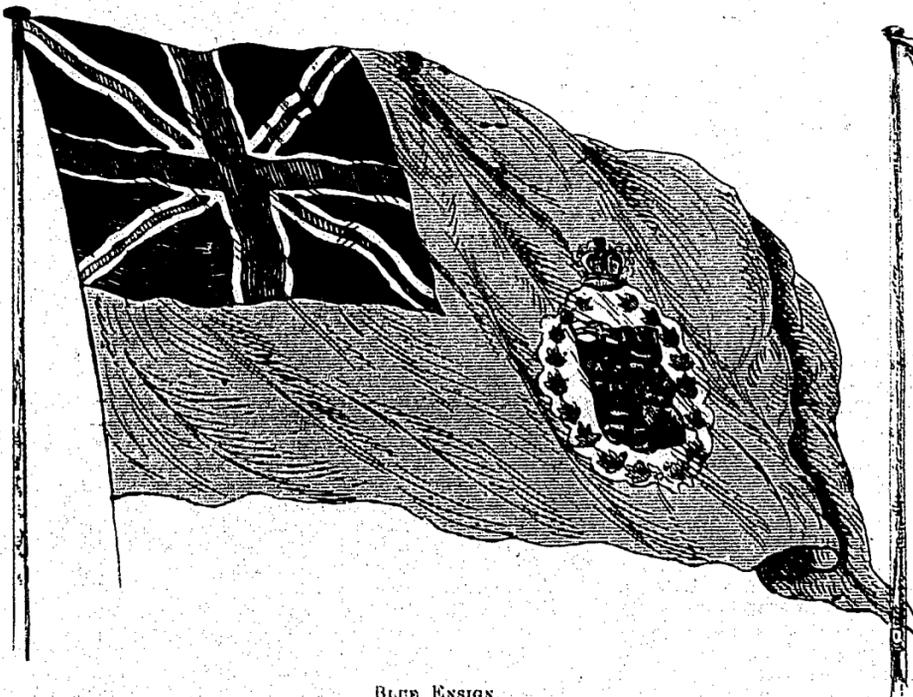
NOVA SCOTIA.



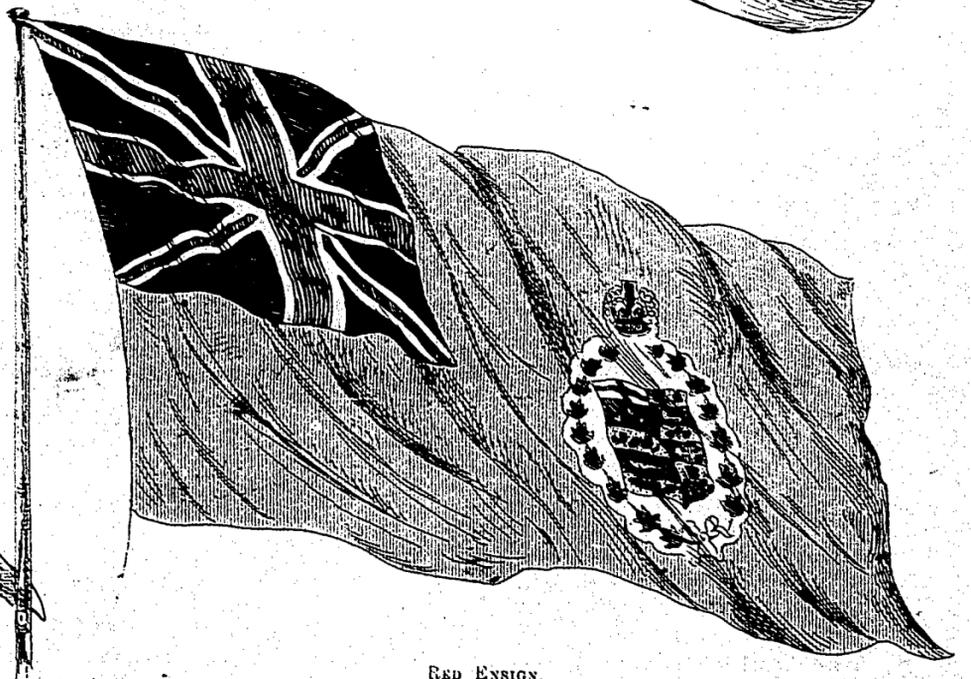
NEW BRUNSWICK.



THE GOVERNOR GENERAL'S FLAG.



BLUE ENSIGN.



RED ENSIGN.

THE PROVINCIAL ARMS AND DOMINION FLAGS.

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

THE ORACLE OF ZOROBABEL.

[Josephus, Antiq. Jud. XI. V. 3.]

I.
Wine is strong, and strong is the King whom all men obey,
But the beautiful face of a woman is stronger even than they.
'Twas she that bare the king and his delicate limbs caressed,
And the men that plant the vine she fed from the milk of her breasts.
All things which the wide earth gives do pass through her hand,
The waves of the running sea and the mellow fruits of the land.
'Tis she who weaveth the robes whereby we are fenced from the air,
And the cosy cells of our homes are left to her motherly care.
From the face of men we may wander, but never, ah! never away
From the witching smile of a woman, or the glance of her eye can
[we stray.]
We pile up silver and ingots of gold and precious jewels that glow,
And plan a myriad devices which joyance on earth can bestow.
But at sight of the beautiful woman these trinkets we thought-
[lessly leave,
Our lips stand gaping with wonder, and our eyes on her counte-
[nance cleave.]
And e'en from the gains of our toil we are willing for ever to part,
If thus we may follow the maiden we love and win her into our
[heart.]
Our father, our mother, our friends, and the bountiful paps of the
[earth
From which we have fed, we abandon for the sake of feminine worth.
Far into the innermost lands, far out on the stormiest seas,
We wander for her, and coming with smiles, we lay at her knees
The fruits of our danger and toil—yea, e'en for her sake,
Dashing all hopes of the morrow, our life we foolishly stake.
Nay, even Darius the King, from what these eyes have seen,
Was ruled by the white-faced Apamé, that was not his queen.
She smote him upon the cheek, she plucked the crown from his head
And set it upon her own, while the king looked on in dread.
When she smiled, he smiled; when she was angry, he sighed,
And he bent like the crost of the cedar at every whim of her pride.
And all her wayward passions were the rule of the kingly place,
For her every fault was hidden in the light of her beautiful face.

II.

Wine is strong, and strong is the king, and woman is stronger still,
But strongest of all is Truth that lieth in God's will.
The earth is broad, and the heavens are high, and the course of the
[sun
Is swift from the east to the west, but all these things are done
By the power of God, who is good and true, and therefore the might
Of Truth is greatest of all, because it is grounded on Right.
All things else are hollow and nether, and the cere of their strength
Must wither, because they are finite and weak, but the length
Of the power of Truth is eternal, and the beauty thereof
Will endure, though the earth and the solid heavens may move.
Its freshness no changes of seasons or cycles can mar,
Its richness will last thro' the sunshine of peace and the darkness of
[war.]
For God is Truth, and Truth is God, and happy the man
Who sets his heart upon it, instead of on woman.

JOHN LESPERANCE.

THE PAUPER'S DRIVE.

MODERNISED AND MONTREALISED.

(See page 284.)

I.

There's a grim one horse cart in a jolly round trot,
From the churchyard some old bones are going, I wot,
The road it is rough, and the cart has no springs,
And hark to the dirge that the glad driver sings:—
"Rattle their bones, over the stones,
They're only some paupers, whom nobody owns."

II.

Oh! where are the mourners? alas! there are none;
They have left not a gap in the world, now they're gone,
Not a tear in the eye of child, woman, or man—
Away with such "refuse" as fast as you can.
"Rattle their bones, over the stones,
For they always were paupers, whom nobody owns."

III.

What a jolting and creaking, and swearing and din,
The bones—how they smell! the wheels—how they spin!
How the dirt, right and left, o'er the hedges is hurled,
The pauper at length makes a noise in the world.
"Rattle his bones, over the stones,
He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns."

IV.

You bumpkin, who stare at your brother conveyed,
Behold what respect to your brother is paid,
And be joyful to think, when by Death you're laid low,
You've a chance to be chucked in the river below.
"Rattle his bones, over the stones,
He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns."

V.

What of that, if her girlish hair wouldn't decay,
That from her fair face, e'en the worms turned away,
What of that, if she hadn't yet turned into clay?
Pitch her into the cart, boys, let's be off and away.
"Rattle her bones, over the stones,
Hurs only a pauper, as nobody owns."

VI.

But a truce to this strain—for my soul it is sad
To think that a heart in humanity clad
Should make, like the brute, such a desolate end,
And depart from this world without leaving one friend!
"Deposit their bones, beneath turf and white stones,
E'en the dust of a pauper, our Maker still owns."

Montreal, April, 1871.

"SENDING-IN DAY."

It was finished at last. I could do nothing more for it.
Good or bad, there it was—done. I became fully alive to the
important fact only by gradations of consciousness. I stood
before my picture—my first serious essay, my first bid for a
footing on Fame's ladder. I felt hot and giddy somehow—
beset by tremendous impulses to run in again and add further
touches—to blend—tone down in places—fetch out high
lights. I was only stayed by an overpowering suspicion that
I might do more harm than good; that it would be better to
leave off and stand by what I had done, than to peril my

chances of success by nervous hap-hazard work at last. I
stood in a rapt attitude—petrified; a disordered sheaf of
brushes, like a classical representation of Jove's thunderbolts,
grasped in my left hand, and my right clutching at my shirt-
front, or grasping my forelock, or flung up wildly above me.
I am not sure where it was.

Was it really a good thing? Let me put away my art-
instruments, and sit down calmly and consider the matter.
The frame looked well, certainly. It was a grand complica-
tion of bright and dull gold. The picture? Let us come to
that. Does the nimbus eclipse the saint? But my eyes have
seen nothing else for so long. Day and night has that canvas
been before them; they are perfectly drunk with it; they are
not capable of taking care of themselves, or of forming a cor-
rect opinion on the subject. At one moment, they decide that
one of the finest works that art has ever given birth to—now
decks my easel; at the next moment, they—well, they don't
give nearly so flattering a verdict.

But then I know too much of the secret history of the work.
I have been behind the scenes. The public will only see
Desdemona. I see something more, or something less—I see
Miss Larkins the model. Though I did all man could to pale
her, and to quench her, and to sentimentalise her, still she
seems to me to be shining through Desdemona in rather a
dreadful manner. It is like the copper appearing on every
edge of an old plated spoon. I know whose are those curving
lips, fruity in colour and aspect, which can disclose such
pretty pearly teeth, and permit the escape of such deformed
grammar. I know whose are the green-gray sparkles of those
eyes (altered in the picture to a violet hue, to suit buyer's
prejudices). I know well the green and orange tawny of the
floating locks. I know the Larkins complexion, which is
perhaps even clearer than the Larkins character. I know the
set of the Larkins neck on the Larkins shoulders; and the
Larkins pose and action altogether. They are all in the pic-
ture—all but the Larkins hand; for the Larkins bites her
nails. And Brabantio. Mayhap the public will regard him
as a fine specimen of the venerable Venetian senator. I know
that he is not so. I know him to be old Begbie the model,
whose Roman-nosed, hungry-looking, lean, yellow face is
anybody's property at any time, at the rate of one shilling per
hour. And Othello, waving his dusky hands as he relates
"the story of his life from year to year," and captivates the
gentle lady listening—I know the origin of that glowing
brown face. I can only see in it my swarthy friend, Arna
Chella Saubanputty, the Madras coolie, whose whilom occu-
pation it was to sweep the crossing and sell hymns round the
corner. He was the best match I could get, but he was not
very much like a Moor. How hard, how hard I toiled to paint
out of his face his unfurnished, inane, ignoble expression!
How strenuously I endeavoured to kindle in him some sense
of grandeur! It was like lighting a fire with green wood. I
could only arrive at a fizz, a splutter, or a dull smoke; not a
generous blaze. I even, on one occasion, went so far as to
make him drunk, in the hope that he might emit in that state
some sparks of savage sensibility—some aboriginal emotion,
however evanescent. It was all in vain. I could have for-
given him if he had gone mad; but he stopped short at idiosyncy.
A whining imbecility broke out in him; tears came into his
eyes; a feeble laugh, like the neighing of a consumptive filly,
quavered on his lips. His complexion clouded, and became
opaque; and, ultimately, he collapsed altogether in a hope-
lessly degraded state. I know, too, the thorough sham of the
mise en scène. I know that some humiliation lurks behind
each incident of the picture. I can detect readily—too readily
—that a remnant of an old muslin curtain has sat for Othello's
turban; that a dish-cover assisted at the painting of the ar-
mour in the background; that the leg of a veteran mahogany
fourposter aided in the delineation of that elaborate wood-
carving; that a red table-cloth abetted the painting of Bra-
bantio's robes; that the Moor's yataghan has often before pre-
sented itself to the public gaze in a transpontine hippo-drama.
All these facts glare out and strike at me from the picture each
an individual and staggering blow. The result is heating,
depressing, disagreeable.

Nevertheless, Mrs. O'Dwyer, my housekeeper, has pro-
nounced the thing "first-rate." She ought to know something
about it; she has had some experience in art. Have not ar-
tists been sojourning in her house for these last thirty years?
ever since she was left a "lone, lorn widow," as she says.
'Lisbeth, the housemaid, she too has seen it, and approves
cordially; declaring, moreover, Desdemona to be the "very
himage" of her deceased niece of precocious attainments,
whose name was Betsy Jane, and whose earthly career meas-
les put an end to prematurely at the age of ten. She decides, too,
that Othello is "bootiful." Can it be that she has a furtive
tenderness for Saubanputty, and that love is warping her
criticism?

"Can you lend a fellow some turps?"
It was a deep, ophicleide kind of voice. I recognised it at
once: no one in this world but Tom Maule possesses such an
organ.

"Come in."
"How are you? Hollo! finished!"
He was looking at the picture.
"Othello's tale to Desdemona. Bravo, young 'un!"
She loved me for the dangers I had passed,
And I loved her that she did pity them."

(He pealed out the quotation in a very bass, tempestuous
way, like the sound of distant thunder.)

"It's not bad; it isn't! You've had Larkins for
Desdemona."

"I winced."
"You've improved her nose, I think. Begbie, of course,
for Brabantio—I recognise the old fool; and the nigger—that
fellow must be making a hatful of money."

"Sit down. Can you suggest anything? There's but a
few hours more, and then it must go—good or bad!"

"Exactly;

No reckoning made, but sent to its account
With all its imperfections on its head.
O horrible—

All right! don't be nervous—I don't mean the picture."
He had certainly a fine blank-verse voice.

He sat down at the picture with a demoniac scowl upon his
face; it was an expression he always wore when he wished to
be or to seem critical; his style of proceeding altogether was
of a rather marked character. He inhabited the second floor;
I was on the first. By profession, he was an artist; by taste,
I should say he was an acrobat. He was upwards of six feet

high, and rather broader than he should have been in propor-
tion. He delighted in feats of strength, and was for ever
tumbling about in a violent manner in his rooms above me;
I lived in a perpetual fear lest he should some day come
crashing through the ceiling. He could bend a poker on his
arm; he could throw I don't know how many pounds' weight;
it was almost certain death to play at single-stick or to spar
with him; he hit so hard; he could turn somersaults and
"do the splits." It was a fancy of his to imitate the violent
deaths in vogue on the stages of minor theatres, consisting in
sudden falls backward on the floor. I think his tastes alto-
gether were exaggerated and theatrical. When he painted,
he completely acted a part even in dressing for it: he assumed
flowing Titianesque velvets, with a Rubens hat, and wore al-
ways a Michael Angelo beard, glowing orange in colour. I
cannot help thinking that he was rather a sham; but he was
so grand withal, that the sham was merged and lost in the
grandeur.

There was a knock at the door.
"Come in."

"Hollo! here's Buzzard."
"How are you, Buzzard?"

He was a little, ascetic-looking man, with a semi-bald head,
dim eyes, a feeble moustache, and a yellow complexion. He
was colourless and wan—some said from study; some, from
smoke.

"How are you two fellows? Cold for April, isn't it?"
"Art keeps me warm," said Maule; "art and sparring."

"I'm going a round—seeing the pictures for the Academy.
I've just come from Bayswater."

"Good?"
"Awful—that is, not much."

"What's Chrome got?"
"Achilles and Hector. Such a thing! Drawn by a baby,
coloured by a madman."

"What an infamous criticism! Chrome, if not the
greatest—"

"And Dibbler?"
"The Death of the Knight Templar. His studio's is an
awful mess. He's had a dead horse there for a fortnight.
Gamey—no end. The fume's affecting his brain: he's mad
to paint a battle-field—talks of nothing but carnage and
carrion."

"He's a nice man."
"The best thing I've seen is Byles."

"Oh, of course you praise him," growled Maule; "he's one
of your set."

"What's the subject?"
"Delicious! a child playing at cat's-cradle with his blind
grandfather, who is a pauper lunatic. Colour and drawing
marvellous—all poetry. The painting of the old man's high-
lows is full of the highest feeling. Have you seen the new
model?"

"What's her name?"
"Flip."

"Oh, I know her. One of the scraggy sort you fellows are
always painting," says Maule. "Give me flesh and blood—
bone and muscle." And he went into a fighting attitude.

"May we smoke?"
"By all means. Here's the Birdseye. You'll have some
beer?"

"Bitter," from Buzzard.
"Stout," from Maule.

These arrangements were made satisfactorily.
"Is this your picture for the Academy?" and Buzzard stood
before my easel.

"I shall go," cries Maule: "Buzzard's going to break
out into art-criticism; I know it by the billous sparkle in his
eye."

Maule did not stir notwithstanding; in fact, he only wanted
to kindle Buzzard.

"Of course," said Buzzard, not regarding Tom in the least,
and in a withered, husky voice—"of course, if men will paint
in this way, I can't help it."

"You don't like it?" I said timidly.
"That's a mild way of putting it. I'm not a man to
talk—"

("Oh!" from Tom.)
"I don't talk my views on art; I paint them. I get abuse,
but I shall paint that down. You've seen my works? You
can judge, then, whether I am the man to like such a picture
as this."

I was rather crushed. Maule came to the rescue. He
stamped on the floor, and every article in the room trembled.

"Buzzard, you talk bosh; you paint it too. I don't know
whether I would rather not hear you, or not see your works.
Talk about your painting! I know what your picture is this
year, and—"

"I can't send the large one," said Buzzard; "I could not
get it done."

"I hope you never may. It's got no name—only a quota-
tion from Keats, which doesn't apply. It represents a gleaner
woman in a scarlet dress, asleep in a pea-green field, with an
orange sky at the back. She's awfully ugly. Her hair is red
worsted stuck on in skeins; her face is all freckled, as
though she'd been pepp'ered. He has painted each individual
freckle."

"It's not true."
"Her feet are two feet long each. I'm not joking. He
counted her eyelashes before he painted them: she has twenty-
nine on the right, and twenty-six only on the left eye, be-
cause it's rather in perspective. She has blue stockings, and
her ankles—O my! There's no concession to popular notions
about prettiness there. On her nose is perched a bluebottle;
splendidly painted, I will say that. I never saw such a good
blue-bottle out of a butcher's shop. It is said he went to
Newgate market expressly to paint it."

"You're talking nonsense, Maule!"
"No, I ain't. Do you know what it all means? You'd
never guess: it's got some precious deep metaphysical inten-
tion about it—deuced subtle, and that sort of thing; I can't
give it you all. It's something about the human soul stagnat-
ing in the golden fields of life, roused from the stupor of
normal existence, which is sleep, by an accidental sting from
a fly, which represents the slight suffering which rouses the
human understanding to consciousness of its own worthlessness.
It's rather beyond me, but it's something like that."

"You are too absurd to be contradicted."

"All right. It's a great country. Fancy artists being in-
sane enough to paint such things. Fancy an Academy presu-
ming to hang such things! O how lucky there is not a
public idiotic enough to buy such things!"

"But my picture?" I said.

"I'll tell you," remarked Buzzard, patronisingly, "the best bit of painting in the whole thing: it's Desdemona's brooch. With a little more care in the drawing, and a little more brilliancy of colour, that would have been a triumph of art. The rest is fatal—hopeless."

"Nonsense," struck in Maule; "the brooch is a blemish—carried too far. If I were you, I'd scumble a little umber and Indian red over it. In fact, you have damaged your work all over by attempting to imitate nature too closely."

"Fugh! you've failed because you have not stuck close enough to nature."

"I have sought," I said, rather timidly, "to unite the merits apparent to me in two very different manners of painting. I have endeavoured to combine the freedom, the movement, the generalisation of effect, which appertain to the heroic, the ideal style of art, with the delicacy of finish and colour, the appreciation of detail, which characterise the real or natural school of art."

"Preposterous!" they both cried.

"The sooner that couple are divorced the better; they can't agree. There's a fearful incompatibility of temper between them."

"To yoke the truths of the real with the falsehoods of the ideal, is to tie a living man to a dead and corrupt body." And Buzzard looked severely grand.

"You're going to the bad, I'm afraid, young man, cried Maule. "It will do you good to come up stairs and see my picture. It's a grand thing, though I say it. It's 'Samson pulling down the Temple and destroying the Philistines.' It's fine! It's 24 feet by 16. Some of the figures are larger than life, and all nude. I've used pounds upon pounds of colour. Samson measures a yard and a quarter across the chest. I am not afraid to say that I believe it to be the finest study of the muscular nude, since Michael Angelo Buonarroti. (He took off his Rubens hat, bowed his orange beard, and pronounced the name in so markedly an Italian manner, as to be singularly imposing.) You must see my Samson: it will be a wonderful tonic to you. You're weak, and faltering, and irresolute: it will set you up like sea-breezes and sarsaparilla. It's stunning. I was rather sold when I found I had to make him blind. In my first sketch, I'd got the fire of his eyes in wonderfully: his glance almost burned you up as you looked. I wanted to stick to it, and make him see, as a fair artistic licence; but they wouldn't let me; so I scumbled over his eyes."

"I can fancy the thing," remarked Buzzard; "that's near enough for me. A chaotic mass of struggling limbs; a butcher's shop with odd joints in all directions; stray legs staggering about without any particular owners, like the crest on a Maux half-penny; the whole bathed in a sloppy brown—blotched with swarthy red and muddy blue; all sorts of colours puddled up together like the refuse of a dyer's yard."

"You think, then," I said, with the view of bringing them back to the original subject, "with reference to my picture—"

"That the least departure from nature is an error," cried Buzzard.

"That the closer you keep to nature the further you are from art," roared Maule.

"In art, nature is the be-all and the end-all!"

"In art, nature is a means, and not an end!"

"Paint out all but Desdemona's brooch, and begin anew."

"Scumble over such deluded attempts at finish. Give Othello more muscle, more of the nude; more fire to Desdemona; more action to Brabantio. Take up a big brush and splash away with your burned sienna like a man."

"There's no such thing as brown in nature."

"Art should be all brown. Cleanliness may be next to godliness in some things, but not in art. There's nothing like dirt!"

"But dirt isn't brown."

"What then? Inky purple?"

"Maule, you talk bosh!"

"Buzzard, I despise you!"

"Away with you, high-art impostor!" cried Buzzard, fiercely; "away to your pickled salmon-flesh, your treacle shadows! Away to your burlesque biceps and caravan monstrosities! Away, art-acrobat, to your regions of impossible pose and muscles gone mad!"

"Avant, realist sham!" thundered Maule, savagely. "Stippler of putrid flesh-tints—etcher of livid falsities—limner of callous men and hipless women—adorer of shock heads and hideousness—I despise, I denounce you!"

Maule and Buzzard had quarrelled desperately; I endeavoured to pacify them; I was abused by both. I too, then, quarrelled with both....

And all this was about my picture, which in due time went to the Royal Academy, and in due time came back.

On the back of it there was a large cross in chalk—the reader can guess what that meant. There were two thousand one hundred and forty-nine pictures in London at that time, each also decorated with the grand cross of the Royal Academy, and the two thousand one hundred and forty-nine owners of the pictures were growling fearfully—not to say swearing. The air was filled with their complaints. No wonder that innocent people up in town for the May meetings thought the thunder had commenced unusually early.

On the steps of the Academy I met Maule—he looked fierce and heated.

"Samson is rejected!"

He was aiding four men to struggle down with his picture to a van. The weather was rather gusty, and the colossal work was difficult to manage, and stood a chance of being carried away by the wind down Pall Mall. It was comfortably stowed at last. We walked away.

A small pale man, with a weak moustache, was gazing intently at one of the fountains in Trafalgar Square, as though he were going to paint it—it was Buzzard.

"I sent but a little thing, exquisitely finished—four inches by six—and they say they haven't room!"

A common sorrow made us kinsmen; we were reconciled. We swore—two oaths—eternal friendship to each other, and eternal enmity against the Academy. I wonder whether we shall keep either of our vows!

A Dublin boggar followed an Irish gentleman, with scarcely any nose worth speaking of, crying, "Ah, Heaven preserve your honour's eyesight!" "Why my eyesight?" said the inquisitive-minded, no-nosed one. "Ah, your honour," answered the woman, "if it should please Heaven that you grow dim-sighted, you have no place to hang your spectacles on."

LIZARDS AS A CURE FOR CANCER.

A correspondent of *Land and Water*, speaking of lizards as a cure for cancer, relates the following anecdote:—

In 1846 I was on a visit to Mr. C—, a proprietor of high standing in Barbados. We were talking of the recent death of Lord Metcalfe from cancer, and of the apparently incurable nature of this painful malady, and then of a leprous affection prevalent among the negroes, and called in their vernacular 'cocobay.' It had died out very much of late years in the British colonies, but was still common in slave countries, possibly owing to the diet of salt meat and fish upon which the negroes were fed.

"Many years ago," said my host, "a negro on this estate became afflicted with this loathsome disease, for which no cure was known. Dr. Jones, a medical man of considerable repute in the island, to whom I mentioned the circumstance, sent me one day an old French book containing a receipt for lizard broth, said to be used in Mauritius and Bourbon as a specific in such cases. I was always fond of experiments, and feeling sure that no harm could come of it, I made my patient take pills of lizard flesh and corn meal daily for a whole year, and the man became perfectly well. Soon after this I went to live in England, but returned after the emancipation, in order to cope with the difficulties which naturally attended so great a revolution. Some friends were dining with me one day, and our conversation, taking the same turn it has now done, recalled this circumstance, which I had almost forgotten, and I related to them what I have told you. A black servant who was waiting at table, appeared to take so much interest in the story that I asked him whether he remembered anything about it. 'Oh, yes, massa,' he replied, directly, 'me little picaniny then, sar, and me catch lizard every morning, and take him to curing-house, and cut off him head, and mash him up in mortar with corn meal, massa.'"

Nor was this all, for I learned that soon after I had left Barbados a negro on a neighbouring estate was stricken with leprosy or cancer in the face, and that the manager called in my friend Dr. Jones, and showed him an old magazine with an account of a man, I forget where, who had cancer in the face, and became so loathsome that his neighbours drove him into the woods to perish. Months passed, when lo! one day he returned quite well, but unable to give any account of his cure further than that he had been starving, and reduced to feed upon lizards. Coupling this with my success, Dr. Jones thought he could not do better than prescribe my treatment, and the man recovered. The decayed flesh did not grow again, but further progress of disease was arrested, and he became healthy and strong. Soon after this, Dr. Jones sailed for England, taking with him a quantity of dried lizards, with the intention of calling the attention of scientific men to the circumstances, but, unfortunately, he died on the passage, and the idea seems to have died with him."

Such was Mr. C—'s narrative, and it seems worth the attention of medical men. The homœopathic section of the profession may perhaps be interested to know that the negroes in Jamaica fancy that the same animal, especially the species called "gecko," can cause this disease. "Hi! massa," they have often called to me when I have been closely examining one of these interesting little creatures; "hi! massa, you no look at lizard, him 'pit at you and gib you cocobay.'"

Viper broth appears in the pharmacopœia of the middle ages. In old pictures of apothecaries' shops we frequently see a lizard of portentous size suspended from the ceiling. I mind me that years ago in Trinidad I was stung by a scorpion which had concealed itself in my towel, upon which the manager of the estate brought out an old book of recommendations for such emergencies, one of which was, "Drink the scorpion bruised in rum!" *Similia similibus curantur.*

ALPENA MAGNETIC SPRINGS.

One of the new towns of mushroom growth on the south shore of Lake Superior is named Alpena, and, according to American-English is "located" on Thunder Bay, at the mouth of the Thunder Bay River in the State of Michigan. It is, therefore, a near neighbour to Canada, and being but a comparatively short distance from the Canadian route to the North-West, will, doubtless, as it grows, become, like all border towns, interested in the trade and travel of both countries. It has already reached a population of nearly three thousand, though only ten or twelve years old; the lumbering interest being its chief industry. But its attraction to strangers and summer visitors consists in its magnetic springs, over which have been erected bath-houses for the cure of sufferers from rheumatism, paralysis, dyspepsia, &c., &c., and which are said to have been astonishingly effective in the cases tried during last season. The waters rise from the solid rock from a depth of nine hundred feet below the surface, and according to chemical analysis, contain a very large percentage of those ingredients that go to make up the curative properties of the best mineral springs. Dr. W. J. Roe is the manager of this western establishment; and if he is successful in turning a good proportion of the tide of summer travel to the West, he will have done more than merely bringing a new and valuable mineral spring into repute; he will have helped to familiarise the public with a region which, on both sides of the line, is yet too little known.

CRUSHED TO DEATH IN A CATHEDRAL CLOCK.

The bell-ringer in the cathedral of Wurtzburg has perished under very singular circumstances. The church possesses a splendid clock, with ponderous and complicated works, while a pendulum of proportionate length vibrates to and fro with a dull and monotonous thud. Recently the clock needed cleaning, and the ringer was deputed to superintend the work, though he ruefully endeavoured to be excused from the task. It seems that he never willingly approached the belfry, from certain unpleasant associations. About twenty years ago he killed his predecessor in office, accusing him of carrying on a criminal intrigue with his wife. When brought to trial he escaped the gallows owing to a deficiency of legal proof. The patronage of one of the canons then procured him the appointment vacant through the death of his victim. Hence, it is said, arose his superstitious dread in connection with the belfry, which was supposed to be haunted by the ghost of the murdered ringer. On the morning when the clock was to be cleaned it suddenly stopped, and the bell-ringer was nowhere to be found. A workman from the town was sent for, and ascended the tower, when he was horrified to find the pendulum and lower works dripping with blood. Upon searching further, the body of the bell-ringer was found entangled in the

works, frightfully mangled and crushed. One supposition is that he committed suicide by climbing up the pendulum and then pitching himself into the middle of the machinery of the clock. But the wonder-loving gossips of the place, with a thoroughly German propensity for the horrible, declare that the guilty man, upon reaching the gloomy chamber wherein the works revolved, was horror-stricken by the apparition of his predecessor sitting astride the great balance wheel of the clock, and had then been drawn into the works in a species of horrible fascination similar to that which the rattlesnake is said to exercise over its prey. There sat the spectre, rubbing his gory hands with hideous glee as the victim was slowly drawn in among the cogged wheels and ratchets of the machinery. An agonizing yell, a crushing of bones, and all was still! Such, according to the *Italia*, is the newest legend of the belfry of Wurtzburg.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* says:—Many of our readers must have remarked a touching article in the *Telegraph* of Friday last (Good Friday) on the agony and death of our Saviour on the cross. Its author must, indeed, be versatile if it be true that the same evening, immediately after inditing that beautiful paper, he answered an invitation from a fellow-contributor to dine next day (Good Friday) in the following animated lines:—

Camerado, the friendly invite,
Which you likewise extended to Bill,
Penetrates my poor heart with delight,
And conveys to its cockles a thrill.

Will I dine, undertaking to stop
And crack 'tother bottle of wine?
Ask the fish if he won't take a drop—
Ask the catamount whether he'll dine!

I feel I deserve it, my buck—
I know I deserve it, I do;
And the Mind that dispenses our luck,
The good little L., thinks so too.

Even you, brother mine, when you read
What I've writ for to-morrow's *D. T.*,
Will say, while you sob o'er the screed,
That I've tipt it 'em beautifullee.

'Tis my Good Friday screed; and you know
What a dabster I am at the solemn—
How sweetly and sadly I go
Through a pious pathetic column.

And this time I've done the trick neater
Than any young cherub that sings;
I couldn't discourse you no sweeter
Of mangers and cradles and things.

In fact, I—I cut it so fine
With Humanity's mercies and sinnum,
That my tears blotted out my last line
And pattered like rain in my ginnums.

And to-morrow the cad on the bus,
Ten thousand old girls o'er their tea,
Will rejoice in their penn'orth of us,
As they choke with emotion like me.

Besides, the effect it produced
On the Genius that governs our luck
Was such that—the purse-strings are loosed!
Then won't I dine with you, my buck!

Let the Romanist starve on his fishes,
The ritualist feast on his pea,—
Mix demands the more Protestant dishes—
No base superstitions for me.

Then broach me the bottle, and send it
With promptitude bowling along;
Good Friday is good if we end it
In anecdote, laughter and song.

You, dear boy, you are known for a droll
That would tickle the ribs of a saint;
And if Bill "Mrs. Wiggins" will troll,
I'll give you "The Parson's Complaint."

And now, my dear fellow, good-bye;
I eagerly long for the spree,
With my fol-de-rol-iddle-lol-ly
And my fal-de-ral-iddle-lol-lee.

Fleet Street, April 6, 1871.

A TOAD FOUND IN A WINE BOTTLE.—Incredible as it may appear, a toad was actually found some thirty years ago in a wine bottle, and a full one at that. This happened, so says a correspondent of *Land and Water*, "at a dinner-party at the vineyard on the banks of the Wye, close to the ancient city of Hereford, about the time I mention, two of the party being still alive to vouch for the truth. An eminent physician was there, several parsons were there, a lawyer or two, and some idle men of no calling. "Another bottle" of port was had up, and from a particular bin; great care was requested in decanting, and "John" was zealous to exhibit his perfect knowledge of his business. The cork was drawn, the decanter well aired, but the wine flowed the veriest trifle. "Confound it, John," said the eminent physician, "what are you about?" John grew pale, and showed the well-stained cork on corkscrew, and handed it to the doctor to smell. That was all right. "Don't shake it, John," said the doctor, "bring it here." He took out his gold pencil-case and probed in vain; no more cork and no more wine was there; he held the bottle to the light; the crust was deep, and for some time nothing could be seen. At last was discovered a huge toad, and on further investigation a very tiny hole cracked on the shoulder of the bottle. My informant distinctly recollects John bringing "another bottle" without a toad, and certainly recollects the worthy doctor taking charge of the toad in the bottle, lecturing on it in the drawing-room after, and fully determining to send the curiosity to the British Museum. I wonder if the toad and bottle are there now? and I wonder if toads really like port wine, and if some of your readers who can't touch port wine—and they are many in these degenerate days—will try some of their best on the next toad they find, and give us full particulars of his daily growth on such refined diet."

A large number of proprietors and Editors of English newspapers have arranged to make a tour through the United States, and will probably leave in June next, via Liverpool.



1. HOW WE REVERENCE CONSECRATED GROUND.



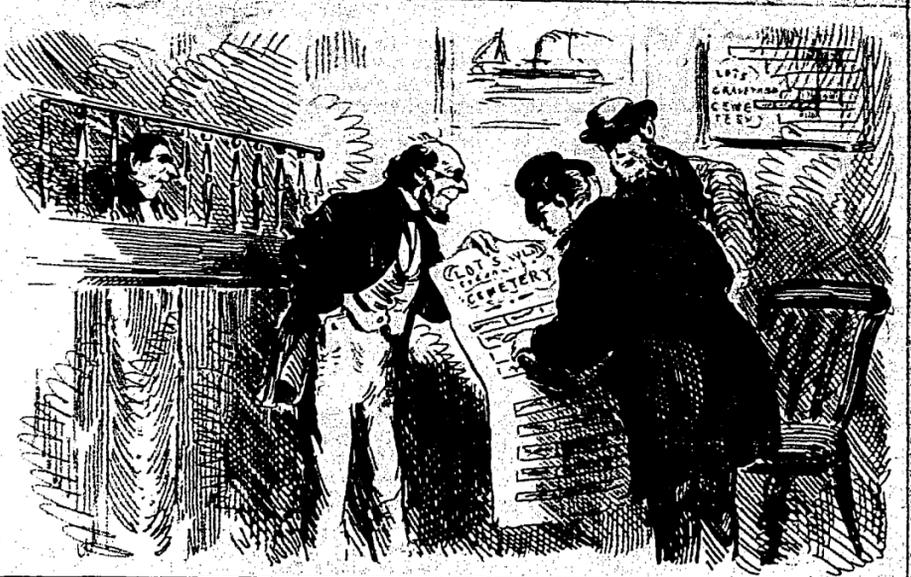
2. HOW WE RESPECT THE RESTING-PLACE OF THE DEAD.



3. HOW WE PAYE OUR STREETS.



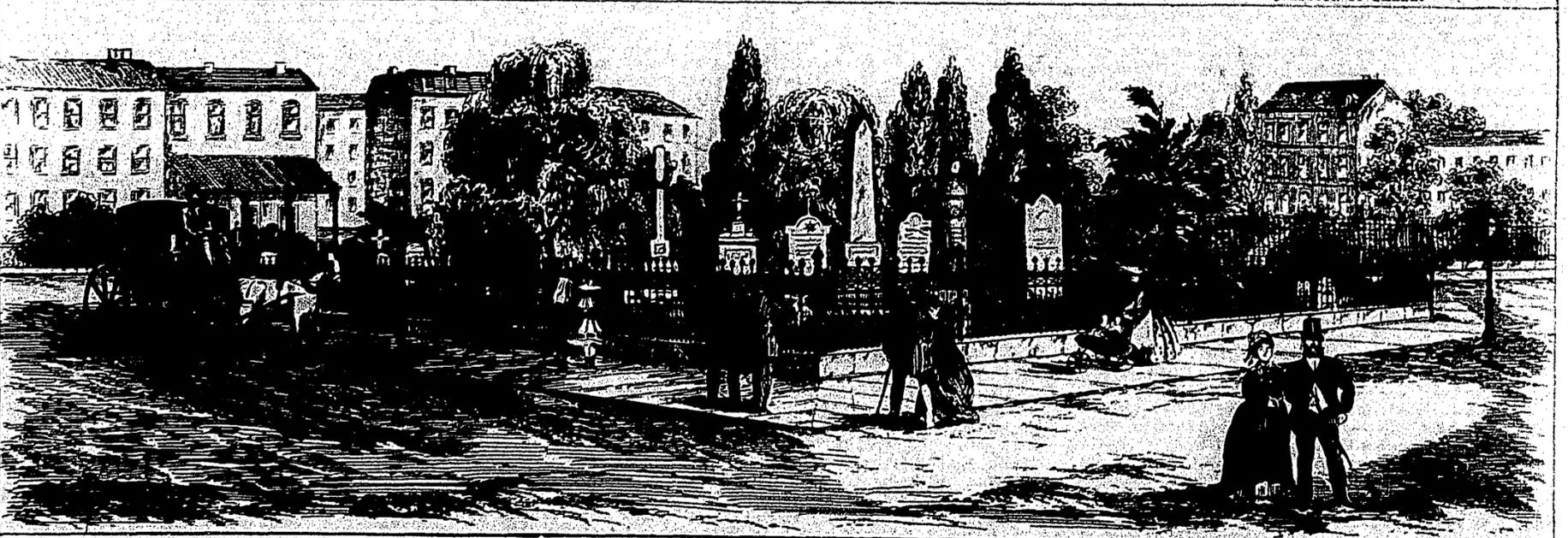
4. HOW WE MANURE OUR GARDENS.



5. HOW WE SELL GOOD PEOPLE DEAD THESE 20 YEARS.

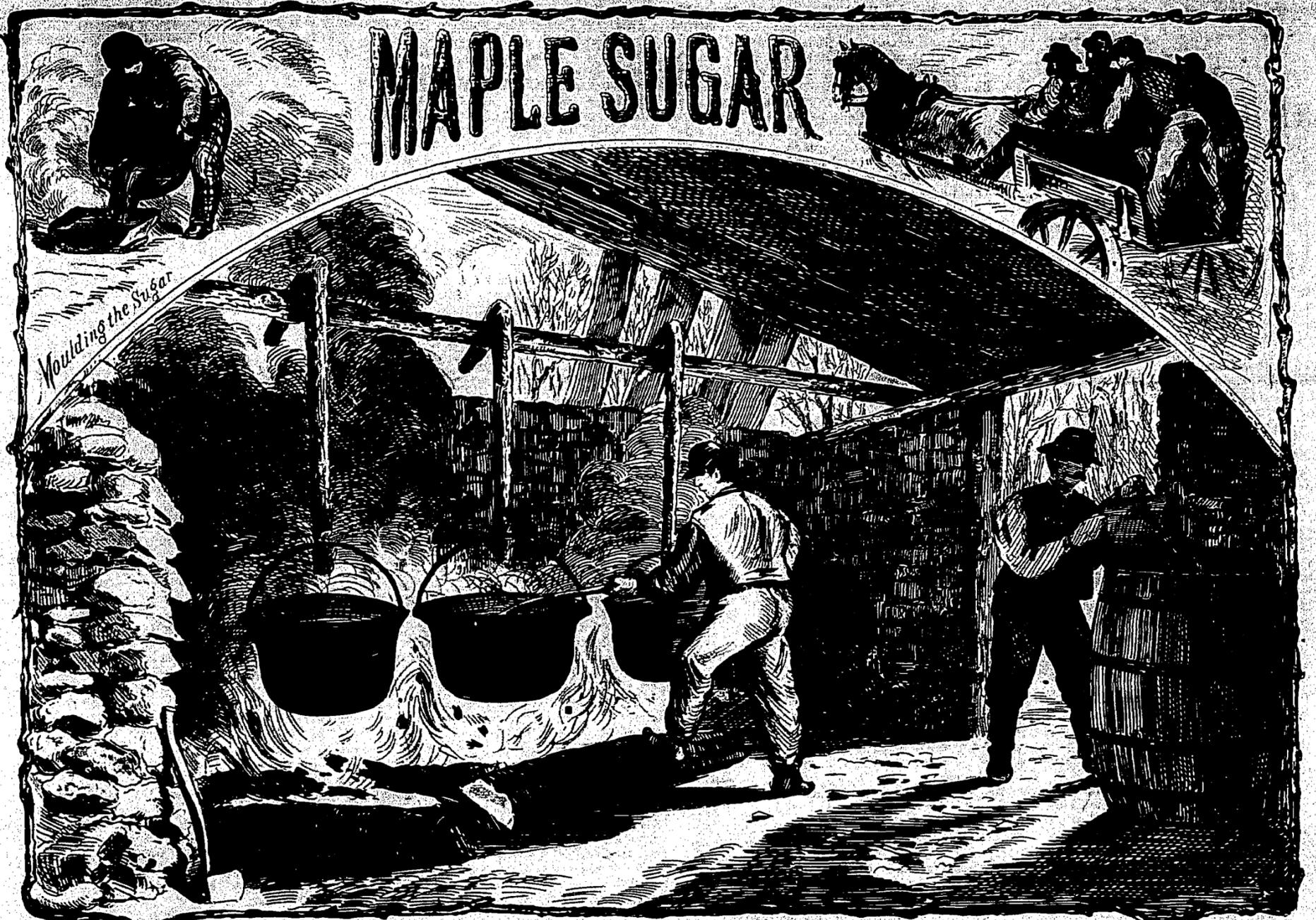


6. HOW DOCTORS DISAGREE ON THE GREAT QUESTION OF SMELL.



7. HOW OTHER FOLKS DO, AND WE SHOULD BE ASHAMED TO DO OTHERWISE.

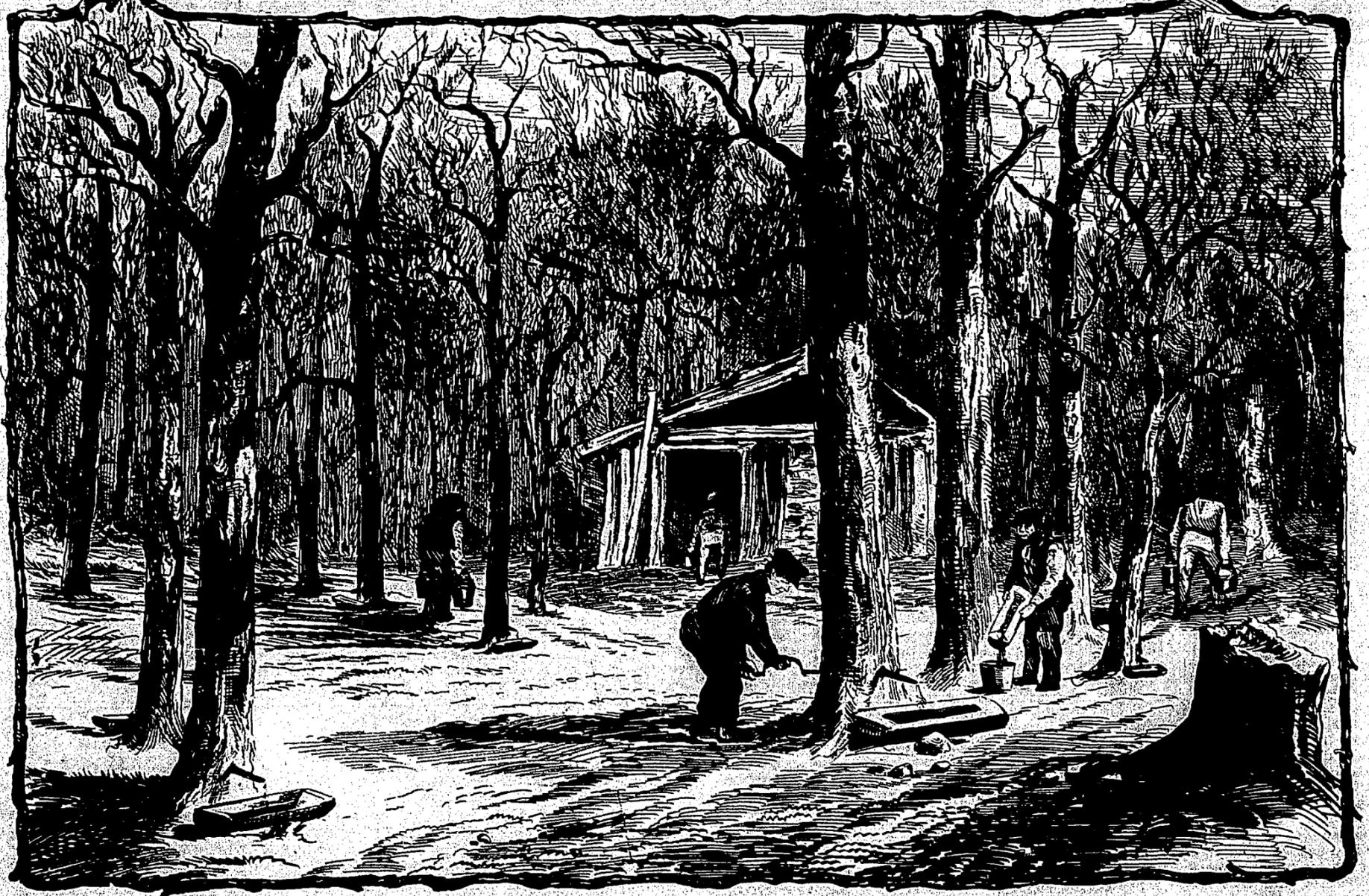
A PHASE OF MODERN CIVILIZATION.



MAPLE SUGAR

Moulding the Sugar

BOILING THE SAP.



Tapping the Trees.

[REGISTERED in accordance with the Copyright Act of 1868.]

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

TALES OF THE LINKS OF LOVE.

BY ALEXANDER SOMERVILLE.

LILLYMERE.

CHAPTER XVII.

LADY MARY MORTIMER AMAZED AT GREINA GREEN.

By London & North-Western Railway two lady passengers arrived at the city of Carlisle, county of Cumberland, England; then took a private carriage to Greina Green, Dumfriesshire, Scotland, distant from Carlisle about twelve miles.

The elder of the two called the younger Agnes; and she, possibly by gracious request, — for they were of unequal social rank, — addressed the other as Mary.

At Saark Toll Bar, a turnpike gate on the Scotch brink of the small river Saark—a tributary of Solway and there the dividing line between England and Scotland, the carriage stopped while Mrs. Burly collected toll, and replied to certain inquiries. Bella Burly, the daughter, observing her mother's delay, came also to the carriage. With an air of expectancy and a curtsy she approached, but on seeing two ladies, and no gentleman, retired abruptly as if disappointed.

The elder of the two noticing this motion made a pleasant remark, to the effect that the young woman had expected a friend and was disappointed.

"Not a friend of ours, my lady; but rather, if at all, one of your ladyship's."

"What friend of mine could she have expected?"

"My daughter not knowing your ladyship by sight, as I have the pleasure and honour, may have thought the carriage contained a loving pair desiring to be wedded."

"You are Mrs. Burly, I presume by the name on the office? Pray, why address me as ladyship? Have you seen me at any time previous to now?"

"In London many a time; at Lillymere Hall, once or twice; also at Eecley Manor. Oh, dear yes! To have seen Lady Mary Mortimer once was sufficient to know the distinguished loveliness ever after."

"Mrs. Burly, is it usual on the Scottish Border to flatter English ladies?"

"Nobody on Scottish or English Border can flatter Lady Mary. Language is too poor and rude at Solway Moss for that. The beautiful Mortimer of high fashion, and angel of a thousand blessed charities, shines at a height far beyond the approach of flattery."

"Really, Mrs. Burly, you are accomplished in the art. Pray, what may have suggested to your daughter that this carriage contained people to be married? To be married, where?"

"Here, your ladyship, in this house. We have married many hundred couples a year. But that evil revolution now going on throughout this once prosperous country, laying railways alongside turnpike roads, and ruining toll bars; undoing the landed interest, abolishing protection, bringing in free trade, is now making an end of Greina Green marriages. Soon a new law, they say, is to extinguish their validity, fine and imprison us, if continuing to marry any couple of true lovers, who may come fleeing from detested suitors and appealing for protection to Greina. Bella Burly, my daughter, likely enough assumed the unusual arrival of a carriage with postilion from Carlisle, now the rail has ruined the road, to indicate a pair of lovers flying to blessed matrimony before the law for protection of women is finally abolished, and the accursed revolution completed."

"Are Greina Green marriages made in this toll bar office?"

"Here, in this house, or office, as your ladyship pleases to term my residence."

"Who performs the ceremony?"

"When Uncle Hurly is not within call I, or Bella, or both officiate. The marriage mainly consists of filling up blanks in printed forms. I put questions to the parties, Bella writing the names and dates. The papers signed a marriage is completed, so far as law directs the procedure. If Uncle Hurly should be at the Farm and within call, he may come, put on gown and bands, and add an admonition, or blessing."

"What are the fees?"

"The fees? Half a crown to a hundred guineas. The fortune, generosity, or love of the parties determine the fees. As I was saying, Hurly may assume the black robe and add a blessing, or prayer if the bride seems desirous of some form of sanctity, and there be no urgency. But if in a hurry, any angry guardian or disappointed lover pursuing, we cry—'Join hands! You two are one! Now, henceforth, evermore, Amen!' And push the happy couple into that closet, bolting its door, removing the key, loosing the house

dog, Solway. Well does Solway know his duty, distinguishing between the married lovers and enemies of their happiness. They may stay there or go out at the back window—made low of purpose, and flee. They may flee, they may be pursued, they may be overtaken; it matters not, they are married. Just as well joined in eye of the law as if the Bishop of London had made the twain one, at St. George's, Hanover Square. And, in addition to its being a legal marriage, a high moral principle is vindicated—marital protection of woman."

"Don't name me, please, as Lady Mary, or ladyship. Our visit here is quite private. Oblige in this, good Mrs. Burly; and enjoin your daughter to the same reserve and kindness. I remain in the North, one, two, or three days going between Greina and Carlisle as business may demand; and may require your assistance in efforts to obtain documentary proof of a certain marriage. You named Hurly, who is Uncle Hurly?"

"My deceased husband's brother, who succeeded his father in Millington. All England once knew his father, Hurly Burly of Millington, farmer, cattle dealer, flockmaster, fox-hunter, none to beat him riding to hounds, and champion Cumberland wrestler. Lately Hurly, our uncle, has been much at London, engaged in the movement to save Greina, but failing in that talks of emigrating to America. And we may follow, now the ruin of turnpike roads is complete; railroads, radicals, revolution rampant. If Uncle Hurly should come along I see caution him; and he will be as discreetly silent about you, Mary, as Bella or I."

"That is well, call me Mary. This young lady is Agnes; my kind companion in present affairs of business. To you I'm to be plain Mary, an old friend, or acquaintance. You understand?"

"Perfectly. I had expected to see you more changed, Mary. But you carry youth, and the beauty of youth, almost as freshly and gaily as ever."

"About marriages, Mrs. Burly, when females only officiate; are the contracts good in law?"

"Quite as binding, Mary, with only Bella and I officiating as if Uncle Hurly were here. They have never been questioned, and we two women have done hundreds for Netley's tents."

"Who is Netley?"

"Netley of the Hill. He pretends to be High Priest of Greina. For a time he did get the greater share of the high-flying, coach-and-four matches. We more people coming on foot. The Toll Bar being on the brink of Saark, but a footstep in Scotland as you may say, was rather too near the Borders. Too near for coach-and-fours with postillions spurring, whipping from Carlisle, as from all the stages beyond. Pursued by other coach-and-fours with their postillions whipping and spurring; the last bribed by jilted lovers, riding with angry fathers, to overtake the fleeing, loving—the true, the trusting loving pair; but paid tenfold more in money by Carlisle confederacies of Greina and of the lovers, not to overtake them. In such fleeing, whipping, spurring, galloping, this toll-house was too near the boundary for the marriage ceremony. But it suited well for another incident in the public service."

"What public service, Mrs. Burly?"

"This, Mary: We seeing the first coach-and-four, or pair—but pairs of horses were accounted in those days poor concerns; with real heiresses, real love, real beauty, and disappointed suitors in pursuit, coach-and-fours, or coach-and-sixes came rattling out of, as they had come rattling into Carlisle. We, at Saark Toll Bar, perceiving the coach-and-four, or coach-and-six, coming, whirling in a cloud of dust, or spattering in mud, postillions brandishing whips and spurring; hearing them halloo and hallooing, shouting in their galloping to open, open, open the gate, gate, gate, gate! Hearing the cries in the fast and faster beautiful races of love, they eager to land the lovers at Greina in time to have the officiator cry: 'You two are one!' We, hearing, seeing, knowing the urgency threw open the gate, letting postillions gallop through; trusting the toll would be paid in some way. Do you take me, Mary?"

"Quite understand; proceed, please."

"Then perceiving, not many hundred paces behind as sometimes happened, another chaise-and-four in pursuit—eager heads out of side windows, hats blowing away in the wind; pistols out of the windows, and voices in wild passion threatening to shoot the postillions if they did not spur, and whip and gallop quicker, quicker, and overtake the flying foremost coach,—we closed the gate to take toll. And protect young innocence, fleeing from a hateful alliance; from some odious, loathed suitor, accepted by avaricious, or blinded parents, blinded guardians; matches made for policy of some sort alien to happiness of a loving pair. To protect young heiresses, innocence and beauty, is the distinctive moral principle of Greina marriages. By existence of which tens of thousands of true lovers who never were here have had their affections consulted, and were married happily at home in the churches to avoid the runaway alternative, the flight to Greina! To protect heiresses in their true loves, and

female innocence in general under marital rights, we closed the gate on pursuers and demanded toll."

"This is a new moral philosophy, Mrs. Burly; proceed."

"You smile, Mary? But the young lady—Agnes is the name I think—looks sad. Shouldn't be surprised now, to learn that some old dotard, or odious, avaricious, unhealthful, foul-breathing wooer pretended to her hand, and has got consent of guardian or parents; while the younger, handsomer gentleman, the loved and accepted of her heart, dares not be seen in her sweet company? Shouldn't wonder! dear young lady—you are ill! Agnes quivers and faints. Will you alight? Perhaps I touch too truly a suffering heart?"

"Revert to your descriptive story, Mrs. Burly. Leave Agnes to me. You closed the gate against pursuers, what then?"

"We closed the gate, collecting toll. And while I or Bella, or both, bothered about change, Hurly Burly, or some other of our people, quietly removed a lynch pin, or undid, or partly cut the traces. The gate re-opened, pursuit was resumed. Soon a wheel came off; or the traces gave way, and the post-boys stopped. The pursuers then rushed to Greina on foot. But the loving two were one before anger, avarice, or envy arrived. Now all this is changed, and woman, less protected since that public ruin of a railway came along robbing turnpikes of traffic, is to be deprived of all protection. Next year Greina marriages are to cease. Love will then have no appeal. Dotage, selfishness, ugliness, unhealthfulness, foul breath itself—laugh! are to make free trade havoc of the heiresses of England."

"Where is Springfield, Mrs. Burly? Were not marriages performed there?"

"Sure. Springfield, parish of Greina, county of Dumfriesshire; that was the first form of certificate, and long continued the only Greina certificate. When Miss Pelham, sister of the two Pelhams, the Secretary of State, and the Premier, 1750, was stopped going into the Fleet—a place of private marriages in London—to be wedded to a dashing highwayman whom she had danced with the night previously at Ranelagh Gardens, supposing him to be a gentleman of condition—a bad misadventure, no doubt; all London society was shocked. Consequent on that affair the stringent marriage Act of 1750 passed both Houses in a panic, in dread of ladies of rank and fortune eloping with highwaymen! Most of the greatest, gravest legislation in this dear old England of ours was, and is, done in a panic. I say England of ours for we are Cumberland Burlys, though living with one foot in Scotland. That Act rendered the union of loves obstructed impossible, except as runaways to the Scotch border, where the law looks to, and long it should have continued to operate for, the protection of women. Joseph Paisley, the weaver at Springfield, parish of Greina, officiated first on this, the Carlisle road; others on the north roads at Berwick and at Coldstream. After Paisley, the weaver, there was Elliot, the post-boy, and various others officiating at Springfield. And with these the Burlys, of Millington, at Saark toll-bar. Lastly, Netley came to the Hill, a kind of hotel and farm-house."

"We have heard much in the south about a blacksmith. Where did he operate? I've come purposely to see his place, and procure a certain document, or copy, if such exist."

"There has been no blacksmith in the business of marrying. He was a mythical person. 'Forging the links of Hymen' was a term of fancy for marriage; and so Paisley, the weaver, was called 'blacksmith.' They might more appropriately have said, 'weaving the threads of destiny.' If you confide to me, Mary, the name of the parties whom the document concerns, I may suggest where to look for it."

"You have been at Lillymere Hall, you said? I now remember you, Mrs. Burly. You were Bella Ellaby, own maid to the dashing Countess of Enderwick, when I was a child; that is when I was younger than now. You have been at Lillymere?"

"Yes, Mary; there and at Eecley Manor also."

"You remember when Sir De Lacy Lillymere was Member for Eecley?"

"Certainly, and I, as many more, expected a certain friend of mine honouring me to-day with a call to become his bride."

"Stop, stop, Mrs. Burly, please. That is the point of deep trouble and perplexity this moment. You knew not, none knew, not even he, not even I, what fictions were woven around us. The plotters themselves were not each aware of all that others of the number did. Lillymere loved and worthily won the love of Edith Ogleburn. I had not, in absence of his regard for me, any partiality for Colonel Lillymere. In society friends disagreeably pressed me into his path, which I resented. Then society pronounced me haughty. Proud Lady Mary was the term used. The proud Lady Mary Mortimer, even newspapers called me. I knew he loved Edith, and could not regard me. Wasn't that sufficient?"

"Quite sufficient, Mary."

"But certain of his family and of mine, moved by the old feud of Eecleys and Ogleburns, that feud additionally embittered by

Colonel Lillymere taking a Parliamentary seat under Eecley Manor patronage, then voting for disfranchisement of the borough he sat for; those family connections united to prevent his union with Edith Ogleburn. They were enemies to me by fleetingly representing to Earl Royalfort that I was engaged to the heir of the Earldom. They were defiant criminals in eye of the Holy One, whom I humbly—humbly serve, not as proud Lady Mary Mortimer, but the poor sinner, Mary Mortimer, a fly on the bloom of fashion, a poor fly, poor fly!"

"You are excited, dear Mary; pray alight and take refreshment."

"Not yet, thank you. Colonel Lillymere having finally and utterly broken with the Eecleys by voting for disfranchisement of the borough he sat Member for, was also at that juncture expecting to be ordered abroad on active service, and indeed did go abroad on service soon after, and fell in battle. In expectancy of early separation, embarrassed by his family opposition, and that partly founded on the wicked falsehoods of prior engagement to me, he carried his bride, Edith Ogleburn, here, and made a private marriage at Greina Green. So I have but lately ascertained for a certainty. I now want legal proof of the marriage; but am surrounded by such difficulties as to induce great caution, almost secrecy."

"About Edith, what do you know of her, Mary?"

"Edith died broken hearted; poor dear, dear, lovely, loving saint! Broken hearted in frenzy of despair at loss of husband and loss of infant boy. Husband slain on field of battle; infant boy killed by wild eagles, as was supposed. And, most deplorable of calamities! She driven forth as an imposter and strumpet, in Lord Royalfort's absence, by order of — I shrink from naming whom. Driven out by young Adam Scholar in person, the law agent, who, in somebody's interest concocted the lying letters of pretended correspondence from the deceased Colonel Lillymere, showing Edith—pretending to show Edith to have been only a depraved woman and mistress! And her dresses, all but what she stood in, tossed into the hogs-pens to be torn and trampled by the foul beasts. Among them a blue satin corset now said to have contained a certificate of her marriage. I learnt so quite lately, and a large sum of money in bank notes, inserted there when she went abroad following the husband she adored, following him to battle, where she found him on the dreary dark night amid terrific carnage, dying, and where she tore off her clothes to staunch his blood. Oh God! the wrong done that true woman, compared with whom I'm so unworthy."

"But you also are worthy, Mary. Don't weep, Mary, dear lady."

"Let me continue. In rage of Eecley antipathy to the Ogleburns and to him, the Dame, or sister, or both, thrust a dagger through Edith's satin corset when carrying it to be thrown among hogs, exclaiming: 'Would to the Demon the dagger were in Edith's heart, and in the heart of every Ogleburn living or dead!' For many good reasons I am now constrained to confide those matters to you, Mrs. Burly."

"The Ogleburns, Mary, had politically betrayed the Eecleys after two of them sitting as Members for the borough, and that was bad. Also, when one, said to have been a gipsy, named Eecley, was on trial at Berwick-on-Tweed, Admiral Ogleburn, who had been Member for Eecley, called out in the jury room, half asleep, 'Hang them all! Hang the whole tribe of the Eecleys!' Now the Eecleys were Tories, like me and like all the Burlys, and those things were offensive, and came with bad grace from recreant Ogleburns. This much, begging pardon, I must say for the provocation given the Eecleys. But, on the other hand, none of those things could excuse the persecution of poor, innocent Edith. Beg pardon, Mary, for the interruption."

"You do right, Mrs. Burly, to express sentiments and feelings. What you have said is all too well known to me. But—well, I need go no farther in explanation. The sad, sad story ends. Edith in frenzy of despair—her husband lost, babe lost, certificate of marriage lost, the marriage itself denied, and she thrust out as a depraved imposter—by hands of Adam Scholar the legal agent, acting for Scholar & Scholar of London, Edith wandered away in delirium. Wandered to Wales, and near Bangor, leapt over a precipice into the Merri Strait. But the babe—Mrs. Burly, permit me to alight, please."

"Do, Mary; alight and come in the house. It is humble, but tidy as the Queen's palace. Enter it, please, and refresh. I have good wine."

To be continued.

The Princess Clotilde, eldest daughter of Victor Emmanuel and wife of Prince Napoleon, is said to be an exceedingly kind-hearted and winning woman, and seems to be esteemed and liked by everybody, but her husband. A Geneva correspondent ascribes their disharmonies to the difference in their tastes and ages. He is in his 49th year, while she is only 28.

NAP. DESPATIE,
SLATE, METAL,
AND
GENERAL ROOFER,
Has REMOVED to No. 61 BLEURY STREET.
Roofs Painted and Repaired at short notice.
3-18-b

Lachine, Longueuil, &c.

WE would respectfully inform our Customers and the public that during the SUMMER MONTHS all goods purchased from us (or submitted to our care by Customers) will do despatched Bi-WEEKLY from our Stores,

3 & 6 St. ANTOINE STREET,

LACHINE, TO LONGUEUIL,

And other places of Summer Resort, where they will be carefully delivered.

FREE OF CHARGE.

3-18-d C. H. & G. LEFAIVRE.



CORPORATION OF MONTREAL.

WATER WORKS DEPARTMENT.

SEALED TENDERS, endorsed "Tenders for Coal Shed," addressed to the undersigned, will be received in the Office of the City Clerk, City Hall, on the 11th of May, at NOON, for the Alterations and Extension to be made to the Coal Shed at the Wheel House; the whole to be made according to Plans and Specifications to be seen at the Office of the undersigned, where Blank Forms for the Tenders may be obtained, as no others will be admitted.

The Tenders to be accompanied by the signatures of two responsible persons, willing to become security for the completion of the contract.

The Water Committee do not bind themselves to accept the lowest or any of the Tenders.

LOUIS LESAGE,
Supt. of W. W.

Office of the Supt. of Water Works,
City Hall,
Montreal, 25th April, 1871.

3-18-a



CORPORATION OF MONTREAL.

WATER WORKS DEPARTMENT.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the City Clerk, City Hall, will be received until MONDAY, the 22nd of May, at NOON, for the following Works, viz.:-
1st—FOR CAST IRON PIPES.
2nd—FOR CAST IRON HYDRANTS AND VALVES.
3rd—FOR SPECIAL CASTINGS.

Each kind of work to be tendered for separately, and to be done according to Samples, Plans and Specifications, which may be seen at the Superintendent's Office, City Hall.

Each Tender must be made upon a Blank Form, which may be had at the above mentioned Office. The Water Committee do not bind themselves to accept the lowest or any of the Tenders.

By Order,

LOUIS LESAGE,
Supt. Water Works,

CITY HALL,
Montreal, 25th April, 1871.

3-18-b

FIRE-PROOF SAFES,
FITTED WITH
STEEL DRILL-PROOF DOORS,
AND
MAPPINS' UNPICKABLE
POWDER-PROOF LOCKS.

WILLIAM HOBBS,
4 PLACE D'ARMES,
AGENT FOR
WHITFIELD & SONS, BIRMINGHAM.
201f

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

GENTLEMEN WILL FIND A FIRST-CLASS STOCK AT
S. GOLDMAN AND CO'S,
132, St. JAMES STREET.
N.B.—A large assortment of Silk-Lined Spring Overcoats in all Shades always on hand.

FOR SALE OR TO LET.
THAT LARGE FOUR STORY CUT-STONE building in St. Thérèse 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, 43, Grand St. James Street

14

R. HORSFALL,
IMPORTER OF
PRINTING PRESSES,
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. SACRÉMENT STREET.
MONTREAL. 2-26-z



COALS! COALS!! COALS!!!



WE have constantly in yard for Sale,
GRATE COAL,
SCOTCH STEAM COAL.
AMERICAN ANTHRACITE COAL.
WELSH ANTHRACITE COAL.
BLACKSMITH COAL.
NEWCASTLE COKE.
ALL OF THE BEST DESCRIPTION.
J. & E. SHAW.
Yard: 57 Wellington Street.
Office: 82 McGill Street.

2-21-1f



DOMINION OF CANADA,
CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT.
Ottawa, 30th March, 1871.
Unimproved Goods.
NOTICE.

By DIRECTION OF THE HON. THE MINISTER OF CUSTOMS. NOTICE is hereby given that, from and after the first day of May next, the 4th section of the Act respecting the Customs 31 Viet. Cap. 6, which declares that "if any package is found to contain goods, not mentioned in the invoice, such goods shall be absolutely forfeited," will be strictly enforced, and the goods not invoiced shall be forfeited accordingly.

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

3-15-e



NORTH-WEST TERRITORIES.

AFTER the FIFTEENTH DAY OF JUNE next, Emigrants will be sent to FORT GARRY at the following rates:

TORONTO TO FORT WILLIAM.

Adults, \$5; Children under 12 years, half price. 150 lbs. personal baggage free. Extra luggage, 35 cents per 100 lbs.

FORT WILLIAM TO FORT GARRY.

Emigrants, \$25; Children under 12, half price. 150 lbs. personal baggage free. Extra luggage, \$1.50 per 100 lbs. (No horses, oxen, waggon, or heavy farming implements can be taken.)

THE MODE OF CONVEYANCE.

96 miles by Railroad from Toronto to Collingwood.
532 miles by Steamer from Collingwood to Fort William.

45 miles by Waggon from Fort William to Shebandowan Lake.

310 miles broken navigation in open boats from Shebandowan Lake to North-West Angle of the Lake of the Woods.

95 miles by Cart or Waggon from North-West Angle of the Lake of the Woods to Fort Garry.

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

F. BRAUN,
Secretary.

DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC WORKS, }
Ottawa, 1st April, 1871. }

3-15-d

MEDICAL, PERFUME,
AND
LIQUOR LABELS,
ALL KINDS IN GENERAL USE, PRINTED AND SUPPLIED BY
MESSRS. LEGGO & CO.,
GENERAL PRINTERS BY STEAM POWER,
AT THEIR CITY OFFICE,
No. 1, PLACE D'ARMES HILL.

TRAVELLERS' DIRECTORY.

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

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

INCERSOLL.
ROYAL HOTEL.....DRAKE & McQUEEN.

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

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

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

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.

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.,
426 & 428 NOTRE DAME STREET. 3-15-1f

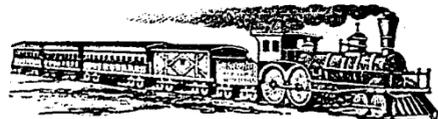
CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT,
Ottawa, 14th April, 1871.

Authorized discount on American Invoices until further notice: 10 per cent.

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

The above is the only notice to appear in newspapers authorized to copy. 3-16-1f.

WANTED, by a French Canadian and lady,
good boarding in a private English family,
where the comforts of a home can be found. Apply
by letter to the office of the Canadian Illustrated News. 3-13-1f



GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY OF CANADA.

Improved Service of Trains for the Winter of 1870,

Acceleration of Speed.

NEW CARS ON ALL EXPRESS TRAINS.

TRAINS now leave Montreal as follows:—

GOING WEST.

Mail Train for Toronto and intermediate stations..... 8.00 a. m.

Night Express for Ogdenburgh, Ottawa, Brockville, Kingston, Belleville, Toronto, Guelph, London, Brantford, Goderich, Buffalo, Detroit, Chicago, and all points West at..... 8.00 p. m.

Accommodation Train for Kingston, Toronto and intermediate stations at..... 6.09 a. m.

Accommodation Train for Brockville and intermediate stations at..... 4.00 p. m.

Trains for Lachine at 6.00 a. m., 7.00 a. m., 9.15 a. m., 12 noon, 1.30 p. m., 4.00 p. m., and 5.30 p. m. The 1.30 p. m. Train runs through to Province line.

GOING SOUTH AND EAST.

Accommodation for Island Pond and intermediate stations at..... 7.10 a. 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 and Boston, via Plattsburgh, Lake Champlain, Burlington and Rutland at..... 6.00 a. m.

Do. do. do..... 4.00 p. m.

Express for Island Pond 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, Brompton Falls, Sherbrooke, Lennoxville, Compton, Coaticook, and Norton Mills, only, at..... 10.10 p. m.

Sleeping Cars on all night trains. Baggage checked through.

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

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 Grand St. James Street.

C. J. BRYDGES,
Managing Director.

Montreal, Nov. 7, 1870. 2-21-zz

MONTREAL BUSINESS HOUSES.

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. 2-23zz

HOUSE FURNISHING HARDWARE.

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

INSURANCES.

THE Imperial, of London, (established 1803),
Rintoul Bros., General Agents, 24, St. Sacramento Street, Montreal. 3-6-zz

DYERS AND-SCOURERS.

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

SHOW CARDS.

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

HAVANA CIGAR DEPOT.

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

MERCHANT TAILOR.

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

HOUSE AND LAND AGENTS.

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

HABERDASHERS.

G. A. GAGNON, 300 Notre Dame Street. 2-26-zz

MANUFACTURING AND WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS.

LYMANS, CLARE & CO.,
[ESTABLISHED 1803.]
WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS,
MANUFACTURERS OF LINSEED OIL.
IMPORTERS OF
FOREIGN DRUGS,
PAINTERS' COLOURS,
OILS AND DYE STUFFS,
382, 384 and 386 St. PAUL STREET,
MONTREAL. 2-24-z

HATTERS AND FURRIERS.

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

MANUFACTURING STATIONERS.

JAMES SUTHERLAND,
PAPER MAKER, WHOLESALE STATIONER,
AND
ACCOUNT BOOK MANUFACTURER,
160 and 162 St. James Street,
MONTREAL. 11tf

GLASS, OILS, VARNISHES, &c.

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

\$25 a week Salary. Samples Free. No humbug Address (with stamp.) GEO. MANSON, 3-Sm 37 PARK ROW, N.-Y.



THE GLENFIELD STARCH,

EXTENSIVELY USED IN THE
ROYAL LAUNDRY OF ENGLAND,
and in that of His Excellency
THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA. 18tf

"The Canadian Illustrated News,"

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

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

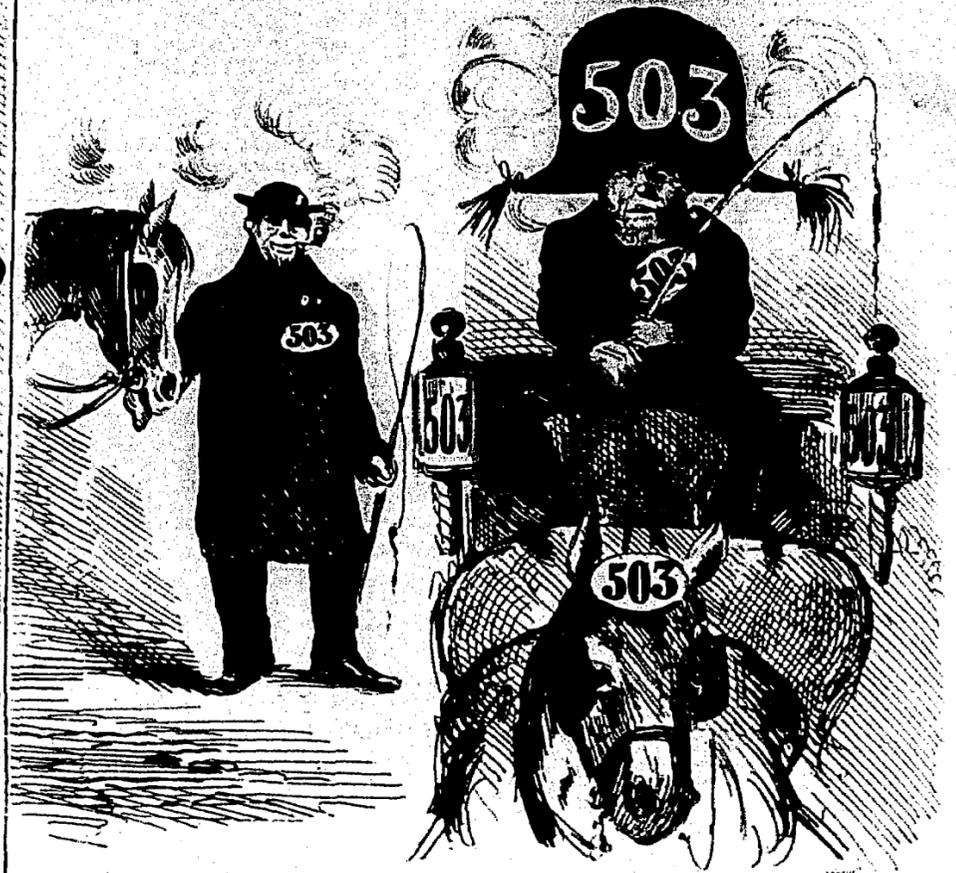
Every Club of five subscribers sending a remittance of \$20, will be entitled to Six Copies for one year, mailed to one address. Montreal subscribers will be served by Carriers. Remittances by Post Office Order or Registered Letter at the risk of the Publisher. Advertisements received, to a limited number,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

THAT CENSUS.



ENUMERATOR.—"What origin, Ma'am?"
LADY.—"Canadian, of course!"
ENUMERATOR.—"But you know we don't take down Canadian origin."
LADY.—"Well, then! follow Darwin's theory, and enter us as descended from apes!"

THE CARTERS' BADGE.



Past.

Future.

J. BAYLIS.—CARPETS, FLOOR CLOTHS, CURTAINS, &c. NOTRE DAME ST. East of McGill.
GRAY'S SYRUP OF RED SPRUCE GUM, AT ALL DRUGGISTS.

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 3:35 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 3:40 A.M., arriving at Brockville at 1:40 P.M., and connecting with Grand Trunk Day Express going West.

LOCAL TRAIN at 7:45 A.M.

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

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 tf

Brockville, March, 1871.

THE LATEST THING OUT!

ITALIAN SHIRTINGS.

Gentlemen wishing the above style of Shirts WILL PLEASE CALL AT

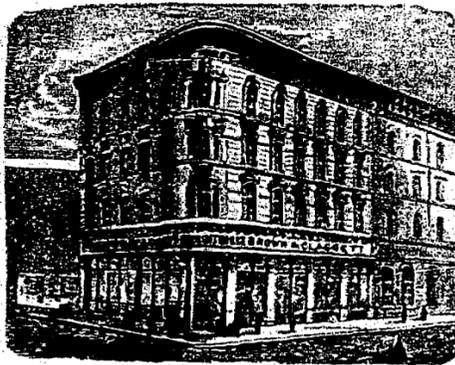
P. T. PATTON, & Co's,

415 NOTRE DAME,

(Corner of St. Peter Street.) 3-15-tf

APPRENTICES WANTED.

BOYS having some knowledge of, and taste for Drawing, and desirous of improving the same, can be taken as apprentices in the several branches of Engraving, at the Canadian Illustrated News Printing Office, 319, St. Antoine Street, where they will please apply. Montreal, 1st April, 1871. 3-13tf



RECOLLET HOUSE. CORNER ST. HELEN AND NOTRE DAME STS.

BROWN & CLAGGETT

Have now ready for inspection an unusually large Stock of the Cheapest Goods (quality considered) they have ever shown.

The IMPORTANT FRENCH PURCHASES were made by our agents during the panic, when French Manufacturers were compelled to sell for gold at any sacrifice.

The STOCK OF DRESS FABRICS include several classes that were made for Paris, and bought much under ordinary value.

COTTONS are at the lowest point they have been for years.

An immense stock of Gloves and Hosiery now received.

One thousand dozen Scarfs, and a beautiful lot of Sashers and Sash Ribbons to select from.

The purchases have been made under the most advantageous circumstances, and are now submitted on the lowest possible scale of profit, each article being marked in PLAIN FIGURES THE LOWEST CASH PRICE.

Inspection and comparison are with much confidence invited.

We have just received two Pattern Mantles from Paris, bought by our agent who paid a visit to the besieged city during the armistice, and forwarded them by express specially for the Mantle Department of the Recollet House.

The MANTLE ROOMS contain a large stock to meet the increasing patronage of this Department. The BEST PATTERNS are selected with great care. The MATERIALS are bought from the best manufacturers and copied in our own workrooms, and can be and are all sold at the Lowest Cash Prices.

The SHAWL DEPARTMENT contains the newest styles in Roman Striped Shawls and Burnouses, Scotch Plaids, French and Paisley Fanned Goods, and American Araks.

The DRESSMAKING DEPARTMENT continues to give universal satisfaction for Fitting, Style, and Charges.

BROWN & CLAGGETT,

RECOLLET HOUSE,

CORNER OF NOTRE DAME AND ST. HELEN STREETS. 3-15-tf

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

"BEST IN USE."

THE COOK'S FRIEND

BAKING POWDER

IS THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE.

IT NEVER DISAPPOINTS.

FOR SALE BY ALL GROCERS. 3-15 tf

To the Public.

THE

ROYAL 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 1/6c. 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: 706 CRAIG STREET, near St. Patrick's Hall. FACTORY: 203 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 1

THE SUBSCRIBER wishes to give notice to families who are intending to make Lachine their residence for the summer months that he will open a Bakery for the manufacture of Bread and Cake on the premises, next to the Lachine Grocery, (Roberts), which will be delivered to all parts of the village daily, and would be glad to receive orders from any who may favour him. Orders can be left either at 192 McGill Street, or corner of St. Catherine and Bleury. 3-15-d ISAAC F. SCRIPTURE.

TO THE MEDICAL PROFESSION,

BEALES & HAWKSLEY'S REGISTERING CLINICAL THERMOMETERS

JUST RECEIVED BY

J. UNDERHILL, Optician to the Medical Faculty of McGill University.

299 NOTRE DAME STREET, MONTREAL. 3-15 d

SEEDS! SEEDS!! SEEDS!!!

JUST RECEIVED, A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF FRESH SEEDS,

FLOWER SEEDS, in every variety, GARDEN & FIELD SEEDS, as

BEANS, CORN,

BEETS, CARROTS, LETTUCES,

CABBAGES, ONIONS,

CAULIFLOWERS, PARSNIPS, PARSLEY,

CELERY, PEAS,

CUCUMBERS, RADISH,

CLOVER, TURNIPS,

TIMOTHY, &c.

A liberal discount allowed to Storekeepers and Agricultural Societies.

J. GOULDEN,

CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST,

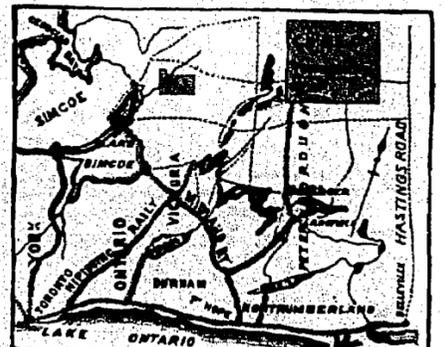
175 St. LAWRENCE MAIN STREET, 176.

Branch: 383 St. Catherine Street. 3-15-tf

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