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Canadian Illustrated News

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PREVENTION OF FIRES.

Two devastating fires have occurred in the Province of Quebec, both of which are strongly suggestive of the culpable negligence of the authorities, in enforcing those preventive precautions which enlightened common sense has shewn to be absolutely necessary for the protection of life and property. The first took place in the City of Quebec on the 24th of May, and resulted in the destruction of upwards of four hundred tenements, besides two ships under construction, and a vast quantity of other combustible property, rendering houseless some five thousand people. The other fire was what is called a "bush fire" in the Saguenay district devastating an immense tract of country, destroying trees, fences, farm buildings, crops, &c., &c., laying waste a district measuring some five miles in width by about thirty six in length, and has unhoused about seven hundred families, estimated at nearly five thousand souls. Between the two fires we have therefore ten thousand people turned out of house and home with the sky for their shelter—dependent creatures on the charity of their neighbours. Of

course they will be helped, as they deserve to be; but is it not time to expose the gross stupidity and official incapacity which have made such fires possible? It should be made known and enforced by law that in a civilised community no man has the right to do what he will with his own. The building of wooden houses in a crowded city is not only a great risk to the owner, but such a danger to the whole community that the authorities would be fully justified in preventing it, and that it has been tolerated in the ancient city of Quebec, would be matter for great surprise, were it not known that its municipal affairs have been systematically mismanaged. The fire in the Saguenay district presents a case more difficult to deal with. Laws may be made to restrain the settlers from firing their clearings under certain circumstances; but they must burn their brush-wood and their felled timber if they design to crop the land; and the wind may change and carry the sparks hither and thither, as was done in this particular case, to the extent of the destruction of an amount of property almost incalculable. Still, even in the country places, municipalities should make stringent regulations for the control and

management of bush fires. Proper precautions should be insisted on for the complete isolation of the material to be burnt before the torch is set to it; and if this were done there would be no such melancholy stories to read about as that of the great fire in the Saguenay district, leaving its thousands of unfortunates houseless and dependent on the charity of strangers, or the bounty of the Provincial Government. As to the fire in Quebec, we cannot but think that the alarming extent to which it spread was entirely due to the culpable negligence of the Corporation which tolerated the construction of such combustible houses in the crowded suburb of St. Rochs. Surely if the fires of May and June, 1845, when, between the two, about two thousand eight hundred houses were burnt, had not been sufficient to warn the present generation of the citizens of Quebec, they ought, certainly, to have taken a lesson from the great fires of June, 1865, and October, 1866. These last mentioned calamities are so recent, and the track of the devouring element having been again over old ground, that it is impossible not to mingle with our sympathy for the sufferers a strong



GREAT FIRE AT QUEBEC, MAY 24TH, 1870. From a sketch by W. O. C., Lt. R. A.—SEE PAGE 487.

feeling of indignation at the culpable remissness of the authorities in tolerating the erection, for houses, of these wretched shells of wood, which become a prey to the first spark of fire that falls upon them. It is properly the duty of municipal corporations to guard against the erection of dangerous buildings within their limits; but if Corporations fail in their duty, then clearly the Legislature ought to step in and enact a general law for the prevention of the erection of any wooden building within a defined distance from any other building; and impose upon the officers of municipal corporations the duty of enforcing this law at the risk of pains and penalties. Nothing less than this will bring the municipality of Quebec to its senses, and we hope the Legislature will not miss the opportunity, at the next session, of enacting such a law.

THE RED RIVER EXPEDITION.—ENGINEERS LEAVING THE CAMP AT POINT LEVIS.

A body of Royal Engineers, nineteen strong, have accompanied the Red River expedition, for the purpose of making plans of the territory and engaging in other operations connected with their particular branch of the service. The men are under the command of Lieut. Heneage, R. E., who has been engaged for some time past in putting them through a course of preparatory training. They have received instruction in all the latest improvements in military engineering, signalling, &c., and have also learnt a new and improved alphabetical code, recently invented by an English gentleman. This body of the Red River armament left their Camp at Point Levis, Quebec, on the 18th ult., on their way to Fort William, via Montreal, Toronto and Collingwood. As this is the only corps of Royal Engineers proceeding to the North-West, their movements will be watched with great interest. This week we commence our series of illustrations relating to the Red River expedition with a sketch, by our special artist in Quebec, of the departure of this corps, and we trust next week we shall be able to lay before our readers further sketches of their operations, from the pencils of our artists accompanying the expedition.

THE DETROIT RIVER TUNNELS.

The Detroit river is in reality a strait, connecting three of the greatest lakes in the world with others nearer the seaboard, and through this strait all the commerce between the East and the West must pass until the Ottawa or other canal is built to receive it; a commerce which is now enormous in extent, is increasing rapidly, and must increase for many years to come, as the yet unoccupied territories, large enough for nations, are settled and become productive.

At the present time cars are transferred between the Michigan Central and the Great Western by ferry boats. But the business of these roads is increasing so rapidly, and the extension of the system of roads in the West, which find their outlet over these lines, is so great, that it has become of the first importance to reduce the time and uncertainty of transit to the minimum.

The preliminary surveys and borings in the river bed, made to the full depth of the tunnel, discovered a pass across the river, which passes the entire distance through stiff blue clay, a soil of the most favourable character for works of this kind. Occasional pockets of sand and gravel, so common in the drift formation of this section, were found, and these may produce temporary hindrances, but only such as are readily surmounted by the modern appliances of tunnel construction.

The proposed line (including approaches) may be said to begin at the station of the Michigan Central Railroad, in Detroit, and will be on the surface to First Street. Between First and Cass Streets there will be an open cutting, but by a favourable grade of the street, the line will get under cover at Cass Street, and for a short distance will be under a girder covering.

The rising grade of the street and the descending grade of the tunnel make it practicable to commence arching at a distance of forty-seven feet, which will first be an open cutting; then a double-track tunnel or covered way will be built. At a distance of ninety-two feet from the Detroit portal the circular form of tunnel will begin. From that point there will be two single-track tunnels extending to the portal on the Canada side, from which an open cutting will extend for about half a mile, and thence the track will run on the surface for about one-third of a mile to the junction with the Great Western Railway, two miles distant from the Windsor Station.

The length of the tunnels from the Detroit to the Canada portal will be each 8,558 feet. The engineer has been led to propose the construction of two single-track tunnels, entirely separate, instead of one larger one sufficient to accommodate a double track, because by this plan the total amount of excavation will be considerably reduced, the liability to accident in regular traffic will be greatly lessened, and also by the important consideration that in the event of accident or any obstruction occurring in one tunnel, the other will still be ready for use, and the passage of trains be not even temporarily prevented.

The tunnels will be cylindrical in form, and will run parallel, fifty feet apart. The interior diameter of each is eighteen feet six inches. The shell of brick masonry will be two feet thick in all that part of the line under the bed of the river, but at each bank this will be reduced to one foot six inches.

The grade is one in fifty on each side of the river, with 1,000 feet of level line under the bed of the river.

In addition to the main tunnels, a small drainage tunnel, with an interior diameter of five feet, will be built, extending across the river considerably below the main lines and midway between them. This will be first constructed in order to drain the main tunnels while the work progresses as well as afterward, and also to develop fully the character of the soil at the commencement of the work.

A working shaft, ten feet in interior diameter, will be sunk in each bank of the river, midway between the main tunnels, and connected with them by lateral drifts, each with an interior diameter of nine feet. The engineer estimates that without sinking any working shafts in the river, the work can

be completed within two years, allowing a margin for extra precaution where the water is deepest.

The estimates for excavation and masonry are as follows:—

	Cubic yards.
Excavation in open cutting.....	299,000
Excavation in tunnels.....	233,000
Brick masonry (exclusive of drainage tunnel).....	68,000
Stone masonry.....	3,700

The estimates for the entire cost of the tunnels and approaches, including a permanent double track, with steel rails, right of way, etc., amount to \$3,650,000. The capital proposed for the work is \$3,000,000. The work, when completed, will be a monument to the enterprise of the builders and the genius of the engineer, and one of the greatest accomplishments of modern engineering science.

PREPARING FOR THE BATTLE.

Another scene of woodland life. Two huge deer—evidently long time rivals for the affections of some timid doe—have met to decide their claims. With upraised heads, and with a loud trump-like cry that echoes and re-echoes through the glades of the forest, the two disputants are preparing to rush upon each other, and engage in a fight that may in all probability prove fatal to them both. The does are timidly looking on their lords and masters, and appear to be dissuading them from the strife. The whole group, the two maned monsters; in defiant attitudes, and the startled look of the rest, with the deep background of rich foliage are aptly conceived and artistically rendered. The artist is Carl Kromer.

CINGALESE PAGODA.

This illustration gives a view of a temple in the vicinity of Kandy, in the island of Ceylon. Of all the British possessions in the East, Ceylon is the one where the worship of Buddha most prevails. The whole island is dotted over with monuments, temples and pagodas erected for the worship of or to the honour of this deity, and in the immediate vicinity of the capital these monuments are found most thickly clustered. The buildings are, as a rule, uncouthly built of stone, and roughly ornamented, though there are exceptions where the ornamentation is wonderfully intricate and elaborate.

THE FENIAN RAID.

BATTLE GROUND NEAR COOK'S CORNERS.—PARTICULARS OF THE ENGAGEMENT.—THE FENIAN'S GRAVE.—O'NEIL'S HEAD-QUARTERS, HIS ARREST, &c., &c.

On the 25th of May the Fenians, under General O'Neil, to the number of about two hundred, crossed the lines, about half past seven o'clock in the forenoon, and attempted to effect a lodgement near Pigeon Hill, the scene of their first incursion in 1866. Many hundreds of them were in and about St Albans on the day before; while at Malone, and other points further West on the borders they were making large gatherings, the evident intention being to make a simultaneous attack upon Canada at many different points on the frontier. The issue of President Grant's Proclamation on the day previous, mentioned by us last week, somewhat disconcerted the Fenian plans; and they were further disturbed by the fact that the rank and file did not muster in anything like the anticipated numbers. Now that the raid has proved a disgraceful fizzle, its inception is disavowed by all the wings of the Fenian organization, save that under the direction of General O'Neil, who, in his present prison home, is denounced as a coward and traitor by his followers. The massing of Fenian braves along the frontier commenced on Monday, when crowds arrived at St. Albans, Trout River, Malone, &c. Our own volunteers were called out on Tuesday, the 24th, and Capt. Muir's Cavalry left at seven o'clock that evening. The other volunteers of the city and neighbourhood were forwarded to the front with extraordinary despatch on that and the following days, and before the Fenians had set foot upon our soil, the utmost confidence prevailed that Canada was well prepared for the reception of the foe. On the morning of the 25th, at five o'clock, the special train, with the 1st battalion Prince C. O. Rifle Brigade, under command of Lord A. Russell, with H. R. H. Prince Arthur on the staff, left Bonaventure station en route for St. John's, where the volunteers had preceded them to be there posted, as Gen. Lindsay might see proper. They numbered 700 strong.

Col. Smith with a detachment of the 60th having arrived at Stanbridge, about eight miles from the border, late on the previous night, left early in the morning, accompanied by Lt.-Col. Chamberlin's Corps, for Cook's Corners, the old Fenian camping ground. When they arrived at the spot so soon to be the theatre of battle, they found already before them the gallant "Home Guards," or "Dunham Boys" recruited the day before by Capt. Westover, and a few other spirited farmers and border gentlemen, who took upon themselves the duty of preparing for the defence of their hearths and houses. Capt. Westover's leadership, in connection with the force under Colonel W. Osborne Smith, and Lt.-Col. Chamberlin, did most excellent and important service to their country before the day was done. General Lindsay disposed of the other forces, volunteers and regulars, at other points along the Huntingdon borders; but as our illustrations this week refer to the proceedings at Cook's Corners and vicinity where the only real fighting was done, we shall confine our remarks principally to the details of what took place in that neighbourhood, for at the other points the enemy retreated on the approach of our forces, without waiting to fire a shot.

On the morning of the 25th, the Fenians were gathered in large numbers about Franklin Centre, three miles from the border, and along the road leading thence to Cook's Corners on the Canada side, they had scattered their cases of arms and ammunition, which were being opened and distributed among the men. It was reported that at this point the Fenians numbered about one thousand strong, and had arms for at least two thousand more. General O'Neil with General Donnelly, his chief of staff, spent the night at Franklin Centre, and early in the morning proceeded to prepare for the advance across the lines. General George F. Foster, of Albany, U. S. Marshal, remonstrated with Gen. O'Neil, read Grant's proclamation, and otherwise endeavoured to dissuade him from advancing, but the General is reported to have expressed his contempt for the President in language more forcible than polite. At all events, he disregarded the proclamation, and the U. S. Marshal came across the lines and

informed Col. Smith that he had no troops at hand to prevent the Fenians from crossing; the Canadians, therefore, appeared at once for the onslaught. The Home Guards had been in position on the hill-side, about 500 yards from the American line, on the night of the 24th, where, in the morning, they were joined by a portion of the forces under Col. Smith and Lieut.-Col. Chamberlin, the whole number of the Canadian force not exceeding seventy men, though at other near points there were ample reserves in waiting, ready to advance on an hour's notice. The position of the Canadians was almost impregnable; our special correspondent, who was on the spot, and whose sketches appear elsewhere, says that had our men been an hour or two later, the Fenians would have occupied the ground, and it would have been serious work indeed to have dislodged them. The rocks and brushwood furnished them splendid natural shelter; and this they lost no time in improving by throwing up rifle pits. They fought, therefore, almost under cover, and the result shewed with perfect safety to themselves and some loss to the enemy. Before noon the Fenians moved onwards and crossed the line. O'Neil was, or professed to have been, in high spirits. The house of Alva Richards, about ten rods south of the border line, on the road from Franklin to Cook's Corners, was chosen as the place from which to view the battle, for the Fenians had already seen that the Canadians were prepared to receive them. The Fenians, many of whom had spent the night on a hill overlooking the frontier, came down by Richards' house, and passed along the road leading to Cook's Corners. Some eight rods north of the boundary line is a gully, through which runs a small brook, named in some of the accounts "Chickabiddy," over which the road is bridged, and beyond which are the heights that were occupied by the Canadians. From Richards' house to the Canadian position was only about a quarter of a mile. The Burlington, Vt., company, about fifty men, under command of Captain Cronan, dashed down the hill in order to form a skirmish line across the brook. When they had crossed the line, the Canadians opened fire. At the first volley private John Rowe was shot and instantly killed, and Lieutenant John Hallihan received a flesh wound in the arm. The company wavered, and receiving no support fell back to the shelter of Richards' house and outbuildings. The next company, under Captain Cary, joined Captain Cronan in the rear of the house. Soon afterward, private James Keenan ventured out too far and received a ball in his leg near the ankle. This reception, and the sharp fire of the Canadians—many accounts agree that it was from the well-directed aims of the "Dunham boys"—the Fenians suffered—caused a stampede among the invaders, and General O'Neil tried to rally them by the following speech:

"Men of Ireland; I am ashamed of you. You have acted disgracefully, but you will have another chance of showing whether you are cravens or not. Comrades, we must not, we dare not go back now with the stain of cowardice on us. Comrades, I will lead you again, and if you will not follow me I will go with my officers and die in your front. I leave you now under command of Boyle O'Reilly."

After this brave utterance, O'Neil, who had been across the borders, in the woods on an eminence opposite the Canadian position, retired to an attic room in Mr. Alva Richards' house, at the gable end of which, through a three-cornered window, he intended to have watched the fortune of the day. But it is reported that Colonel Chamberlin, having through his glass discovered his presence there, directed his men to pour their fire upon the house, and Mr. Richards accordingly ordered General O'Neil to leave. As he went out he was met by Gen. Foster, U. S. Marshal, who was then accompanied by his deputy, and supported by several American citizens, who promised to sustain him in the execution of his duty. General Foster thereupon arrested O'Neil, telling him that in case of resistance he might be shot, but O'Neil very quietly permitted himself to be placed in the Marshal's carriage, and was driven off to St. Albans through hundreds of straggling Fenians on the road. It is said, and perhaps with truth, that he welcomed his arrest as a happy escape from an uncomfortable, and in fact untenable position. Mr. Boyle O'Reilly made a poor leader under the changed circumstances; an advance was made by the Fenians and a struggling fire kept up, but few casualties of a serious character occurred to the Fenians, and none at all to the Canadians. In the afternoon, three companies of Fenians occupied the woods opposite the Canadians, and for a time kept up a brisk but harmless fire. They lost one man killed and had several wounded. These two are the only well authenticated fatal cases which occurred during the whole day, though several reports mention much larger numbers of slain. Gen. Donnelly, who along with nearly all the other Fenians who had ventured so near the front had taken shelter in and about Richards' house, ventured out a little too soon, and was "winged" by a Canadian bullet, some say shot in the ankle, others in the spine. His wound was at all events a dangerous one, and he is now with O'Neil, Gleason, Father McMahon, Starr, and other Fenian leaders, a prisoner in the hands of the United States authorities.

The Canadian volunteers acted throughout with consummate coolness and bravery. They followed the retreating Fenians, and threw a galling fire into their ranks; they kept the sneakers around the neighbouring houses prisoners until darkness sheltered their escape. They drove the companies of Fenians who on the afternoon of the 25th attempted to dislodge them clean out of their cover, killing one and wounding several. All this they did, without losing a man, without even permitting themselves to become unduly excited. They also buried the body of the young Fenian Rowe, who fell a victim to their first fire. He was laid under some eighteen inches or two feet of Canadian soil, dressed as he was in his Fenian uniform, and with his pocket handkerchief spread across his face. Above his grave the Canadians piled a "Cairn" or heap of stones, as shown in our illustration. Our special artist tells us that the Fenians were much distressed at not being able to bring away his body; but the fact of its lying within range of the Canadian fire was sufficient to prevent any of the Fenian braves from attempting its rescue. They would not risk their own lives for the body of their late companion in arms, but they offered twenty-five dollars to any one who would bring it across the lines! On Tuesday morning last, however, Deputy Marshal Smalley crossed the lines and asked Col. Smith for permission to remove Rowe's body. Col. Smith replied that it would be given up to the friends of the deceased, but that no Fenian should be permitted to cross over for it. A short time afterwards an undertaker arrived from St. Albans, with a plain black walnut coffin, and the body being exhumed, was placed therein and carried to St. Albans.

The Fenian "invasion" has now entirely collapsed. We

had a special artist out in another direction, in the county of Huntingdon, in the Trout River neighbourhood. As our illustrations come in of the scenes connected therewith, we shall furnish the most exact details of the events that have transpired, being careful to avoid exaggeration, and to set down everything only as it happened. Our illustrations this week embrace the battle-ground near Cook's Corners, with the volunteers opening fire; the grave of the Fenian, whose body his friends had not the courage or the means to rescue; and the house of Alva Richards, where O'Neil had his "head-quarters," and from which, when he was compelled to withdraw, he passed into the equally safe keeping of Marshal Foster. The Leggotypes are from sketches made by the well-known and talented artist, Mr. Vogt of this city, who went out to the front specially on behalf of the *Canadian Illustrated News*. Our last page also contains a sketch bearing upon the subject, which, however, speaks for itself, or is elsewhere sufficiently explained. From another able artist we hope to have some good sketches and interesting details for publication in future issues. In the meantime, the following, copied from the daily papers will prove interesting as shewing the high esteem in which the Canadian volunteers are held by Her Majesty's principal officers in Canada.—Camp Reeles Hill, 30th May. Gen. Lindsay, Prince Arthur, Col. Lord Alex. Russell, Col. Earle, A. D. C., Capt. Gascoigne, A. D. C., Col. Elphinstone, C. B., Lieut.-Col. McPherson, Lieut.-Col. Brydges, and Lieut. Picard, arrived here at 4.30 p. m. to-day by frontier road from St. Armand. The brigade here was paraded and received the distinguished party with a general salute. After inspection, the brigade formed hollow square, and Gen. Lindsay addressed them as follows:

"Officers and men of the force of the Militia now here,—I have come to-day to give myself the gratification of seeing you after your short service in the field. This short service was, however, of the very highest service to the country. A portion, not the whole of you, comprising a detachment 60th Battalion, and a portion of those who had formed themselves into a home guard, were the first to meet the Fenians, and were soon supported by every soldier sent to the front. The moment the men heard of the attack they came up. Captain Muir's troop of cavalry and a portion of the Victoria Rifles also took part in the fighting of the day. All by their good service, the energy and promptitude they have shown, have achieved as a result the utter defeat and demoralization of the Fenians. Now, with regard to the first portion of the attack, I congratulate Lieutenant Colonel Chamberlin upon the success which so soon attended his taking up the present position, and to most of you now here the success is due. Colonel Chamberlin and those under his command met that attack with determination. But I wish to impress on you, first, that the repulse was due to the accuracy of the fire. This it was which turned off the attack. I don't mean to say that it saved the frontier, but you were saved the risk of further annoyance, and the cost in blood and otherwise of retaking the frontier, by the accuracy of the fire, the gallantry and spirit all displayed in seizing and holding it, by the volunteers from Montreal as from the vicinity, and the people here. There are two or three facts which I may state. You are successful, and your success is due to your own efforts. No one else has helped you. The regulars were, however, ready to start to your assistance at an hour's notice and held a position most important for defence. They were at St. John's which commanded both banks of the Richelieu and could have repelled any attack on either flank. But you resisted and repelled this attack yourselves. Another thing should be noticed. The President of the United States issued a proclamation, very proper and friendly in itself, but of no actual use to you as you had to repel the attack yourselves. The United States have sent troops which are near at hand but you had to do the work yourselves. That work you did yourselves assisted by those who bear the cognomen of the Home Guards. As Lieut. General commanding Her Majesty's forces in Canada, I thank you; but not simply in that military capacity. As Lieut. General, I also represent the Queen and Governor General who represents the Queen. And in their name I also thank you. I have also the very great satisfaction of being accompanied by his Royal Highness Prince Arthur, who is also on service in Canada with his regiment, the Rifle Brigade and who is now on the staff of Col. Lord Alexander Russell. He also was ready to help you to repel any attack made on you. I thank you, therefore, I say, in the name of the Queen, the Governor General and Prince Arthur and with you the whole Militia of Canada. You all nobly came forward quickly, readily and in great numbers. Indeed I never saw greater readiness. The militiamen may feel proud of the manner in which they supported you, the officers and each other. Lt. Colonel Osborne Smith, I congratulate most heartily. He has often been in command on this frontier and has often been under me during the raid of 1866; in fact I was here and had a great deal to do with the Volunteers. I may say I had even something to do in sending Col. Smith to command here, feeling satisfied that his minute and thorough knowledge of every road, stream, hill, and plain, I might almost say, fence on our exposed frontier, his previous service and acquaintance with the details of military life, in addition to his great natural military abilities, rendered him peculiarly fitted for this command, and that he was certain to repel any and every attack made upon us. To the Cavalry my thanks are due. I fully recognize their services in the pressing emergency, and a more useful body there could not be, than they have shewn themselves. I have nothing more to say just now, but would ask you to give three cheers for the Queen."

These were most heartily given, and were immediately followed by cheers for the Governor General and Prince Arthur. The General then again proceeded to say:

"I now ask you to give three cheers more for your fellow soldiers of the Volunteers who so recently served on the Huntingdon frontier. When the emergency took place there I hastened to send the 60th Regiment to the front. It was accompanied to the threatened point by the Huntingdon Borderers, the Montreal Artillery and Engineers, and several other corps, and when this force took up its advance for the Fenian line, so confident did Colonel Bagot feel with regard to the Volunteers, that he did not hesitate to place the Borderers in a position where they would be exposed to the first fire. I need not tell you the result. As here the Fenians did not wait for the attack but fled demoralized and in disorder. Cheers were also given for Col. Smith, Col. Chamberlin, and the Home Guards. The officers of the Brigade were then called to the front and personally introduced to the Prince, with all of whom he shook hands. The Brigade was then dismissed, and the Lieut.-General and party proceeded home by

special train. During the inspection many of the Home Guards who took part in the recent engagement were on the ground, and four of their leaders, viz., Asa Westover, Lieut. Gates, A. Tenyck, and Mr. Hunter, with Mr. Miller, were personally introduced to the Prince and the General, who conferred with them for a long time, and is believed to have complimented them most highly in appreciation of their services.

FEMALE EDUCATION.

The question of female education is being very freely ventilated on the other side of the Atlantic. A disposition is showing itself among the better class especially to carry the education of women to a point very far beyond that where it now usually stops short, and to modify at the same time certain features in the regulations of teaching through which young women are supposed to pass. The object of such a change in the educational system is to impart a sound, wholesome and useful education, something very different from the wearying course of routine, which has hitherto been considered indispensable to the formation of the feminine character. The *Fortnightly Review* has some sound, sensible and practical remarks upon this question, which we reproduce for the perusal of Canadian mothers. "It is not easy," says this journal, "to estimate too highly the importance of drawing attention to the current defects in the education of women, and of pointing out the modes in which these defects may be most surely and expeditiously remedied. A great help in this direction was rendered by the publication of the Report of the Schools Inquiry Commission appointed in 1864. So much of that report, about a twentieth of the whole, as relates to girls, has been republished by Miss Beale, the Principal of the Ladies' College, Cheltenham, and accompanied with a most valuable preface, which in itself is a sufficient proof, were that wanting (which it is not), that there are quarters in which the best results which feminine education can aspire after have been even now fully attained. In the course of this preface all the main points affecting either the subject-matter of, or the mode of imparting, or the material conditions of, a true education for women, are handled with equal acuteness, decision, and grace, while existing foibles and prejudices are unsparingly brought to view. The following is a story told over and over again in English homes of wasted lives and blasted energies:—

"The girl reaches seventeen or eighteen or whatever may be the age at which it is thought time for her to leave off study, and friends inquire how it is she is still at school, and think it is time for her to be 'coming out.' A little later, and she would have gained a power of thought and independent study. A taste for good reading would have been formed: a love perhaps of some special branch of science. She would have reached an age when we might look for her to find work and a sphere of her own. Now, years are likely to intervene between school and marriage; she is too young, and her character too unformed for her to be of use as a teacher or in works of charity. She falls, perhaps, into a state of depression, and her health suffers. She is unhappy, discontented with herself, and her temper suffers; she is envious, and must have excitement; and as the appetite for wholesome food fails, the desire for stimulants is increased—foolish novels, silly conversation, petty scandal, sensational dress, &c. These are the husks upon which a noble character is sometimes reduced to feed."

Some interesting remarks are made upon the general result of the evidence as to each of the main branches of the current education provided for women. Thus it appears that the reports are filled with complaints on the subject of music. Mr. Bryce, in his evidence, calculates that "girls who have neither ear nor taste are compelled to spend often about one hour out of every four devoted to education to torturing pianos, and acquiring a mechanical facility which, in the most favourable cases, enables them to rival a barrel-organ." Miss Beale, in reference to this, makes the judicious suggestions—(1) that unless there is decided talent, no more than one hour a day should be given to practising; (2) that parents should cease to attach so exaggerated a value to this accomplishment; (3) that those who have a natural incapacity should be allowed to leave off music altogether. The fourth suggestion exhibits a profound acquaintance with the most practical results of psychological science. It is, that parents should be led to observe that, *ceteris paribus*, those whose mind and character are kept in a healthy state by the discipline of a well-balanced course of study, make far more progress even in playing than those whose power of attention and application is not thus cultivated; that long hours of practising, when the attention is wearied, so far from improving the performer, make her play worse. As to languages, it is suggested on many grounds, that French and German should have precedence of Latin and Greek, but that the habit of compelling girls to talk French with each other should be wholly abandoned. It is said that thereby a pronunciation is acquired which is unintelligible to those French people who have not learnt the language in England, and the habit of speaking ungrammatical and faulty British English becomes so fixed that it is almost impossible to learn the real language afterwards. Mr. Hammond in his evidence says:—"When this rule is observed it puts a check upon free and rational conversation. Before I heard this (adverse) opinion expressed, I had been disagreeably impressed in one or two schools by the manner in which girls seem to jabber rather than converse with one another." Scientific studies of a physical nature are strongly recommended, and a thorough elementary knowledge of such subjects is properly distinguished from a superficial and showy knowledge. The study of history again, as opposed to a mere empirical recapitulation of names and dates, is held to be especially valuable for women. It leads them, "too prone as they are to pay exaggerated regard to the judgments of that social coterie by which they are surrounded, to go sometimes beyond their own circle and their own time; to see how the judgments of the past have been reversed; to learn to realize the past. It enlarges their sympathies and their characters, and teaches them to distinguish the transitory and the unessential from the lasting and the essential. It helps them, too, in the discernment of character—a specially important matter for them."

The great conflagration in Bordenaux has suggested the following pleasant idea to a French Journal:—"In case a hostile fleet should bombard a port, all that would be necessary would be to pour several hundred barrels of petroleum on the water at ebb tide, and light it. Wooden vessels would be burnt, while on iron ships the crew would be roasted."

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]
THE CAMPAIGN OF O'NEIL THE BRAVE.
DEDICATED TO THE SIADE OF DEPARTED FENIAN GLORY.
(See last page and other illustrations in this No.)

Said the U. S. Marshal Foster
To the Val-i-ant O'Neil
"Surrender to the Gov'ment,
Or I'll make you taste my steel;"
And he read Grant's proclamation
Bidding Faynians to desist
From their bold determination
To make Canucks bite the dust.
"Grant be d—d!" replied our General,
In accents bold and free
Thin turning to the Faynian boys,
Said "Cross the lines wid me;
"I'll go over in the foremost rank,
And meet the Saxon horde;
"Wid me back agin the Yankee line,
Me face behind me sword,
"I will never turn me round again
Nor ever lave the foe
"Till victory or death be won—
Thin follow General O!"
So spoke the galliant General,
The Faynians rent the air
Wid shouts of wildest braverie,
That made Canadians stare.
And Foster he wint o'er the line
And said to Col. Smith
"These Faynian boys, wid all their noise,
Are coming, sure as death!
"I've nary U. S. souldier
To shtop thin on the way,
"So defend yourself as best you can—
I wish you now good day!"
The Canucks all began to shtir,
And crowd the naybourin height
"Bejabers," shouted Donnelly,
"They mane to shew us fight!"
The General thin looked moighty brave—
Said he to Boyle O'Reilly
"You'll lead the bhoys across that bridge,
And also through that gully
"And whin you meet the Canuck knaves,
Cut up a thunderin' shindy
"And I will watch the battle's fray
From yonder three-nooked Windy!"
So back our dauntless leader wint,
And to the garret clambered
Whince, o'er the bloody battle field,
His fiery glance it wandered.
But, wurra-shtu! that he should rue
Such bravery in action
Since Foster manely collared him
For neutrality's infraction!
The battle raged along the lines,
The Faynians fought like taygurs
As—from the shelter of the bridge—
They shouted "zounds and aigurs."
The cowardly Canucks still kept on
To pour a murtherous fire in,
They scrambled near our lurkin place—
As if our shkill admirin!
Some of our bhoys they wounded bad,
And some they kilt outright
But they themselves got nary scratch
To 'mind thin of the fight!
The bloody day at length was done,
The Faynians wanted dinner
So o'er the line they bravely ran,
Beneath their waving banner
The mane Canadian crew were sould,
They durst'nt follow ather
But kept their drooping spirits up
Wid raising shouts of laughter!
O'Neil's campaign so bravely fought,
Was gloriously inded,
The I. R. A. their courage proved—
Their patriot cause defendid;
And the Faynian bhoys, wid little noise,
Retracted from the front
As brave O'Neil, through prison bars,
Saw Burlington, Vermont!

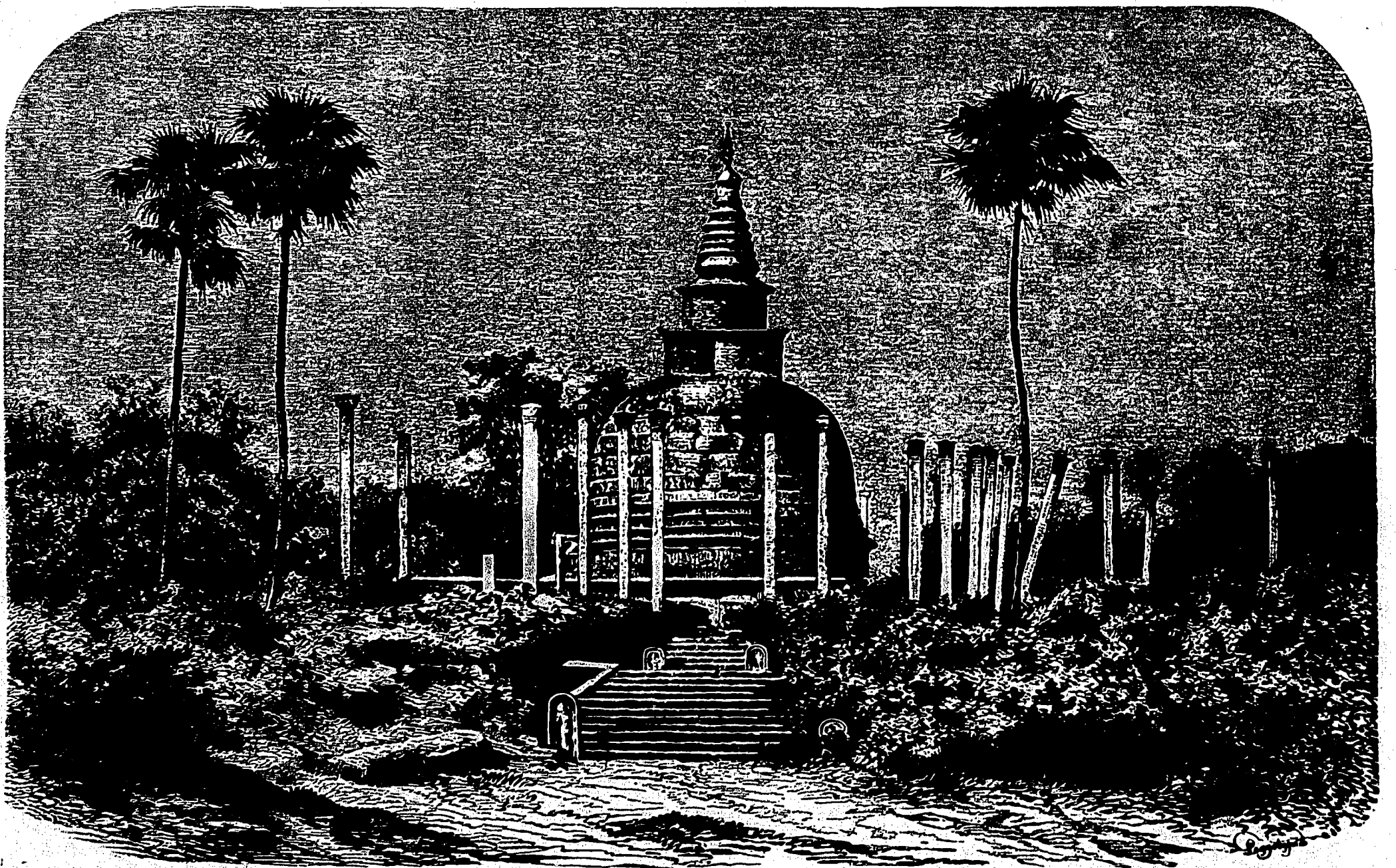
ALPHA.
* O'Neil watched the battle from an attic room in Alva Richard's house on the American side close to the border, near which he was arrested by U. S. Marshal Foster.

Temperature in the shade, and Barometer indications for the week ending May 31, 1870, observed by John Underhill, Optician to the Medical Faculty of McGill University, 299 Notre Dame Street.

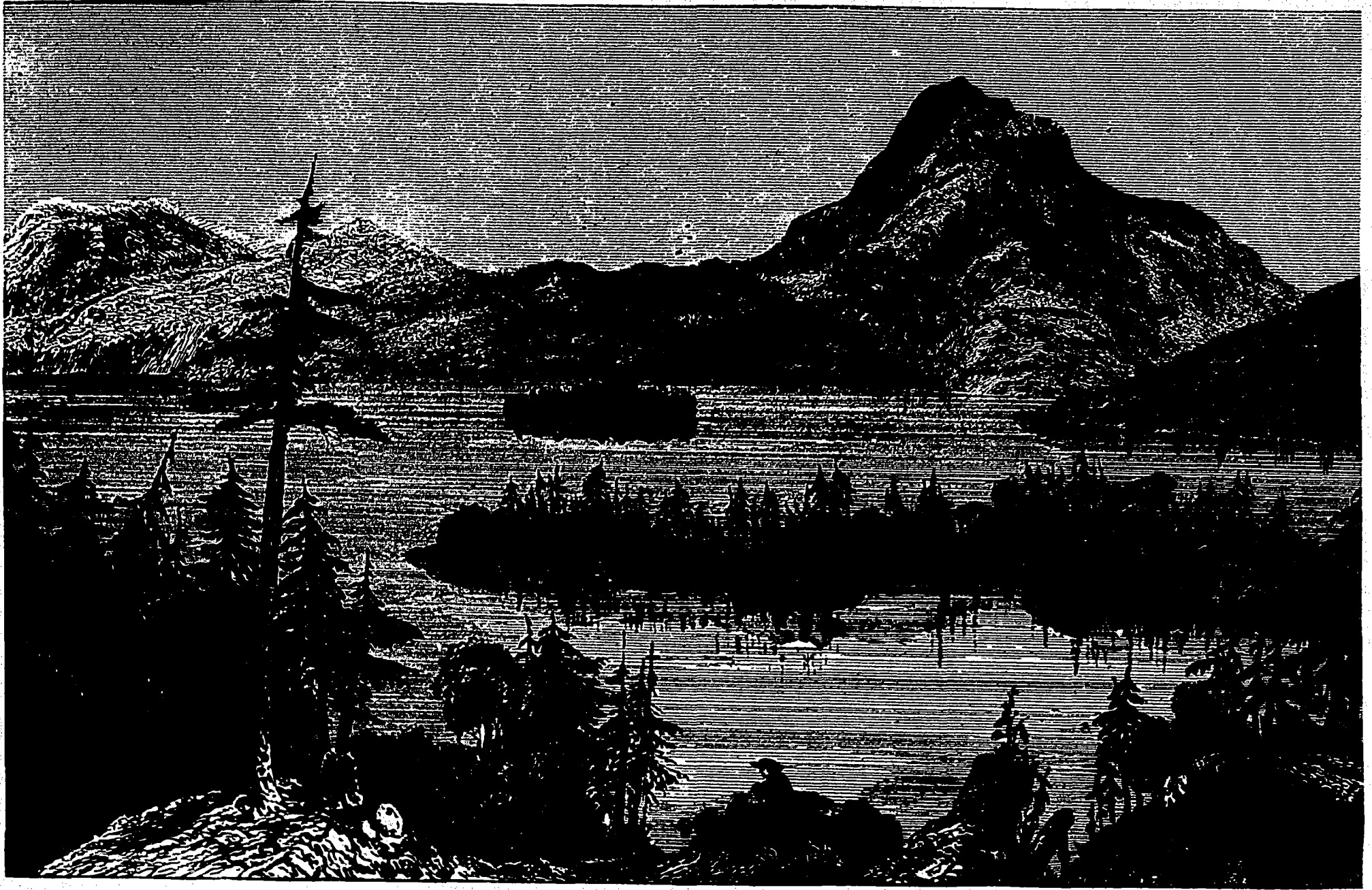
		9 A. M.	1 P. M.	6 P. M.
Wednesday,	May 25.....	57°	62°	58°
Thursday,	" 26.....	53°	62°	62°
Friday,	" 27.....	58°	72°	65°
Saturday,	" 28.....	64°	75°	69°
Sunday,	" 29.....	68°	80°	70°
Monday,	" 30.....	68°	82°	75°
Tuesday,	" 31.....	73°	85°	77°
		MAX.	MIN.	MEAN.
Wednesday,	May 25.....	66°	40°	53°
Thursday,	" 26.....	64°	39°	51° 5
Friday,	" 27.....	71°	40°	55° 5
Saturday,	" 28.....	76°	45°	60° 5
Sunday,	" 29.....	82°	50°	66°
Monday,	" 30.....	85°	56°	70° 5
Tuesday,	" 31.....	87°	60°	73° 5
		Aneroid Barometer compensated and corrected.		
Wednesday,	May 25.....	29.91	29.92	30.00
Thursday,	" 26.....	30.05	30.10	30.12
Friday,	" 27.....	30.35	30.28	30.22
Saturday,	" 28.....	30.20	30.12	30.05
Sunday,	" 29.....	30.10	30.10	30.10
Monday,	" 30.....	30.30	30.30	30.30
Tuesday,	" 31.....	30.43	30.40	30.35



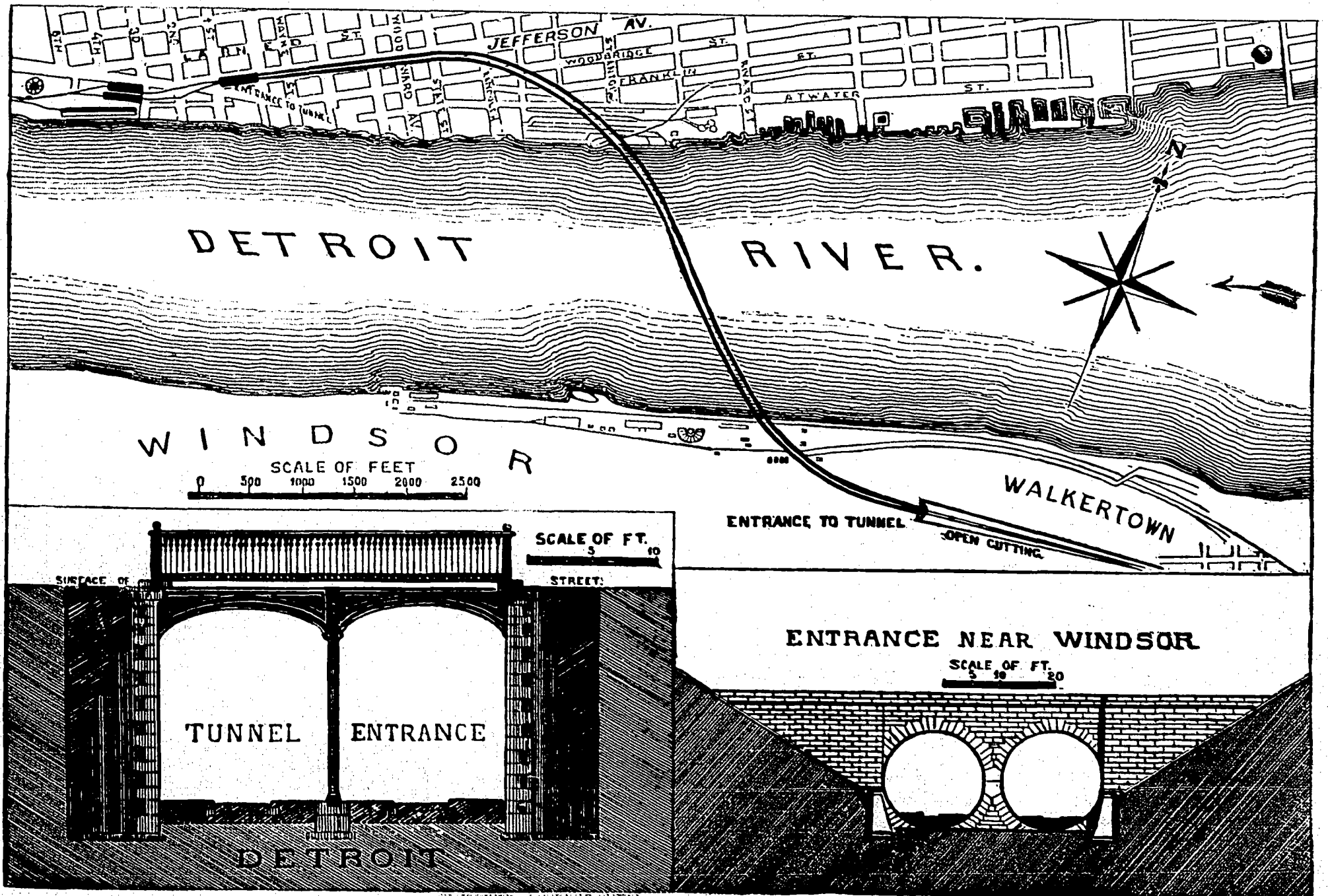
GENERAL O'NEIL'S HEAD QUARTERS. From a sketch by A. Vogt.—SEE PAGE 482.



A CINGALESE PAGODA.—SEE PAGE 482.



OWLS HEAD. LAKE MEMPHREMAGOG. From Willis' Canadian Scene y.



PROPOSED TUNNELS UNDER DETROIT RIVER.—SEE PAGE 482.

PRESENTATION PLATE.

In the Press and will shortly be distributed to all paid-up Subscribers for one year to the

"CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS,"

A Leggotyped Copy of LEFÈVRE'S Splendid Engraving of CORREGGIO'S celebrated Painting (the original of which is now in the Dresden Gallery) entitled,

"THE NATIVITY."

It will be printed on a large sheet of fine plate paper, the exact size of the Engraving being 14 by 19 inches, and care will be taken to make it in every respect as attractive and artistic as the original. All parties subscribing to the *News*, and paying for one year, any time before the first of July next, will be entitled to a copy of this magnificent Plate, the value of which may be inferred from the fact that the Engraving, of which it is a *facsimile*, sells in New York at ten dollars per copy.

Montreal, 26th March, 1870.

CALENDAR FOR WEEK ENDING JUNE 11, 1870.

SUNDAY,	June 5.— <i>Whit Sunday</i> . Benedict Arnold died, 1801. Battle of Stony Creek, 1832.
MONDAY,	" 6.—Jeremy Bentham died, 1832. Gavazzi Riots at Quebec, 1853. Cavour died, 1861.
TUESDAY,	" 7.—Reform Bill passed in England, 1832. Mamelon taken by the French, 1855.
WEDNESDAY,	" 8.—Colony of Nova Scotia founded, 1622. First meeting of Parliament at Ottawa, 1866.
THURSDAY,	" 9.—Lilly, astronomer, died, 1636. St. Johns, Nfld., burnt, 1846. Gavazzi Riots at Montreal, 1853.
FRIDAY,	" 10.—Cholera broke out in Montreal, 1832. Oxford fired at the Queen, 1840. Steamer "Admiral" burnt, 1853.
SATURDAY,	" 11.— <i>St. Barnabas, Ap. & M.</i> Hon. S. Smith administrator, 1817.

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1870.

The sudden collapse of the Fenian invasion under Gen. O'Neil is suggestive of some important consideration. As yet the public can but think of the gallantry of Capt. Westover and his "Home Guard," of the military tact and generalship of Col. W. O. Smith; of the promptitude and efficiency of Lt.-Col. Chamberlin, and of the brave and soldierly conduct of the men under their command. The volunteers throughout the whole country deserve equal praise for the patriotic zeal with which they rushed to arms; but those whose good fortune it was to meet and repulse the foe naturally call forth the commendations which belong to, and are shared in by the whole force. In so far as our volunteers are concerned the country has received fresh and convincing reasons for holding them in high esteem. They have now the most lavish praises from Gen. Lindsay, and even Gen. Napier, from such information as the cable conveyed to England, was impelled to write to the English journals to express his admiration of the prowess and gallantry of the Canadian volunteers. All this is exceedingly gratifying and tends to foster the spirit of patriotism among our people. The Government, the Regulars and the Volunteers worked so harmoniously and so efficiently together as to show to the world that Canada is prepared even on short notice to repel a strong military force.

Shall it be said, however, that the Fenian bubble is at length burst? We doubt it. No sooner is O'Neil in disgrace than "President" Gibbons issues his proclamation to the citizens of the Irish Republic, disavowing O'Neil's proceedings, denouncing those who supported him, and calling upon all to return to their allegiance to the senate, to have their circles duly registered at his headquarters, and to be prepared to strike the blow for Ireland, as soon as he is ready to give the word of command. Again, had the Fenians effected a lodgment and been able to occupy the strategic position from which our volunteers defeated them on the 25th ult., the few hundreds of stragglers would soon have been converted into thousands. The quantity of arms and ammunition collected on the border, and the numbers of Fenians from all quarters flocking to the support of O'Neil, indicated anything but a contemplated *fiasco*; and perhaps we owe our escape from a severe struggle to nothing more than the fortunate circumstance that placed our volunteers, in the very face of the foe, in the most advantageous position to prevent his entering our territory. At all events, there is danger that the Fenians are not yet themselves persuaded that they are beaten. They attribute this latest defeat to the cowardice and incapacity of their leaders; to the interference of the American Government; to everything, in fact, but the irredeemably wickedness of their own course, and the strength and courage of the Canadians.

They may possibly, therefore, be deceived by the blandishments of some other "General," who will persuade them that he knows how to lead them to victory; Gibbons may in his turn become the leader or abettor of a movement against Canada, and farcically as has the late movement terminated, we may judge by the large numbers preparing to take part in it, that the Fenians needed but a foothold on our soil to have made their dislodgment a most troublesome task. The Fenian nuisance is "scotched, not killed." A year or two, another Presidential election, a political excitement among our neighbours bringing the Democrats into power might, at no distant period, revive the scheme of Canadian invasion as the best means of securing a stand-point from which to make war upon England. It matters not that the scheme is utterly wicked and absurd; thousands of desperadoes look upon it as feasible; and as surely as the money comes from the silly dupes, so surely will there be found men to spend it on another attack upon Canadian soil. The true policy for Canada is, therefore, to continue to be still prepared—if possible—better than ever before. It is just possible that this last defeat may for ever discourage the Fenians; but while hoping that such may be the case, Canadians should hold themselves ready for the other and far more probable alternative.

Another consideration presses earnestly for attention—the obligations of the United States towards this country as an integral portion of the British Empire. Surely the time has come when the Imperial Government ought to demand from the United States, once for all, an understanding as to the measure of toleration to be hereafter accorded to these conspirators. The officers of the Fenian Society pretend to all the rights and immunities of an independent state; they impose taxes, they maintain an army, they levy war upon the territory of those they choose to call their enemies; and all this they do with United States territory as a base of operations. England may perhaps think she can afford to tolerate this so long as Canada has to bear the consequences. But let us suppose that the same conspiracy existed in France, and that instead of invading the Eastern Townships of Quebec, the Fenians ravaged the south coast of England, after having fully matured their plans, collected their arms and munitions of war, and even loaded their rifles when yet upon French territory, how long would the nuisance be tolerated ere made an international question? The very toleration of the Fenian organization within the United States is an outrage on the comity of nations, and should be protested against by Great Britain in language too plain for misconstruction. It is true that President Grant issued his proclamation before the Fenians crossed the border; but it is also true that these men, claiming to be citizens of the United States, invaded our territory before the eyes of an American official who was powerless to prevent them. No impediment was put in the way of their forwarding arms and ammunition; no interruption given to the equipment of their men. Later, when the raid was repulsed by the Canadians, the chiefs were taken prisoners, some people believe at their own instigation and to mitigate the disgrace of their defeat, but it will be time enough to judge of this when we see how the American Government disposes of them. In the meantime, the matter has gone entirely too far for the Imperial Government to save its honour and keep silent on the conduct of the American Government in allowing an organization to be maintained within its territory for the avowed purpose of making war upon England.

And our own relations with the Mother Country are far from being unaffected by this Fenian question. The assertion is often made that the Fenians have no quarrel with Canada; that their case, if they have one, is against England. We confess to being unable to comprehend the force of this proposition; as well might you tell Irishmen to go back three or five or seven hundred years, and avenge the wrongs of their country upon those who inflicted them. Whoever has a just cause of war against the British Empire is surely at liberty to choose his point for striking; and so long as Canada is part of that Empire, if it be the most convenient, or appear to be the most vulnerable point, then it rests with the judgment or discretion of the enemy whether he may not strike British power there as well as anywhere else. If, as the lawyers say, Canada and England can "sever" upon this particular question, then there is no issue upon which they can fairly be asked to sink or swim together—there is in fact a virtual separation in spite of their common allegiance. But if Canada, as being part of the Empire, is bound to run its risk against the Fenian as against every other foe, on the other hand Britain is bound, knowing the existence of the danger—a danger arising solely from Imperial concerns—to maintain such a force in the country as will be sufficient to preserve its territory intact. The British Government has two clear duties growing out of this Fenian business; to come to terms with the United States concerning the toleration of an openly organized

enemy within their borders, and to sustain Canada in the effort to defend its soil. Canadians have been compelled to perform exceptional and very expensive military duty, solely because of this Imperial question; it is time now that the Imperial Government should assert its rights and either induce the American Government to suppress the nuisance or become responsible for it. Greece is justly held in contempt throughout Europe, and throughout the world, because of the murderous brigands who infest its mountains; shall the United States be spared from similar contempt, when the brigands crowd her plains, her workshops and her cities, and receive the open plaudits of her most prominent public men for their execrable conduct? We shall see how the United States Government deals with the half-dozen "generals" who have been captured; whether the arms and ammunition seized will be forfeited, or returned as it was in 1866; whether the organization with its President, Senate, &c., &c., will still be tolerated, and then we shall be able to judge how far recent interference has been dictated by honest respect for international obligations.

TO OUR READERS.

On the breaking out of the recent Fenian excitement, the publisher of the *Canadian Illustrated News* immediately sent the talented artist of this city, Mr. A. Vorr, to the front, in the neighbourhood of Pigeon Hill; and on the following day, another artist to the Huntingdon border. This week we have utilised some of Mr. Vorr's sketches, and more will follow from his and other pencils. Arrangements have also been made with two special artists to sketch for us all the incidents of interest throughout the march of the Red River expedition, and some skilful amateurs have also promised their assistance. Two of these sketches will appear next week. The *News* may, therefore, claim to give a pictorial record of passing events in Canada, such as not only to be of interest for the moment, but of special value for future reference. At Quebec and at some other points local artists have already come to our aid; and wherever events of importance are transpiring throughout the Dominion we invite artistic contributions, accompanied with brief descriptions, which when used will be duly paid for.

May we not appeal to our patrons to make an extra exertion now to extend our circulation? Nothing less than a general and generous support can render profitable an enterprise involving so large an amount of expense; and in proportion to that support will the *News* advance in the patriotic work of illustrating and encouraging Canadian literature and Canadian art. With the first No. of next month will commence the publication of the prize story by Mr. S. J. Watson; other Canadian tales, or tales by Canadian authors, will also appear from time to time; and while patronising Canadian authors and Canadian artists, and illustrating the current events of Canadian history, the publisher confidently appeals to the Canadian public for support.

ILLNESS OF SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD.

We regret to learn that Sir John A. Macdonald took a turn for the worse, on Sunday afternoon last. He had gained nothing during the few days previous, and the hot weather had a very prostrating effect upon him. Dr. G. W. Campbell of this city was telegraphed for and went immediately to Ottawa. For a time Sir John's life was altogether despaired of; but he rallied somewhat on Monday and Tuesday, so that his anxious friends were again partially reassured. The utmost efforts possible have been made to secure his comfort. Sir John Young and Lady Young are unremitting in their attention, and it need hardly be said that in the person of Lady Macdonald he has a careful and never wearying nurse. The clerks in the Eastern departmental building have all been removed, so that no disturbance may be given to his rest. It may be remarked that since his first severe attack, on the 6th May, Sir John has never been well enough to be made acquainted with the exciting public events that have since transpired. Since this last relapse, the public anxiety on his account has been very much heightened. On Tuesday afternoon he enjoyed a brief sleep, but in the evening was reported as still weak, and though without pain, in a critical condition. On Wednesday morning Drs. Campbell and Grant were able to report the development of some favorable symptoms, though his condition was still considered very low if not actually dangerous.

A Montreal dealer, John McIntyre, having issued an imitation of the 25c. Government Note, as an advertisement of his business, is to be prosecuted for the same. The law cannot be too stringently enforced in this particular. Messrs. Leggo & Co. received an order the other day for types to exactly counterfeit the same note, omitting the signatures and part of the wording; but they informed their would be customer, that he was in danger of earning for himself a place in the Penitentiary. Every issuer of even a remote imitation of the legalised currency of the country, whether metallic or paper, should be punished with the utmost severity the law allows. Merchants stamping their advertisements on the back of bank bills are liable to prosecution; we remember a case where a man was punished for irreverently sticking a "dudde" in the mouth of the vignette of the venerable bank president adorning the note.

THEATRE ROYAL.—The Theatre Royal has been reopened under the management of Mr. J. A. Horne, and it would appear from the bill of fare presented to the public that Mr. Horne is intent upon bringing out a series of amusing and attractive pieces. Miss Lucille Western, of whom most of our readers will at least have heard, has been engaged, and now appears nightly, supported by an entirely new company. On Friday night Lucille Western appeared for the last time in her celebrated dual characters of Lady Isabel and Madame Vine, in "East Lynne." On Saturday the "Spy of St. Marc" will be put on the boards, with Lucille Western as La Thibse, and on Monday night she will take the character of Gertrude in the time-honoured "Rip Van Winkle."

Mr. Millar, artist of this city, who went to the Huntingdon border on behalf of the *Canadian Illustrated News* has returned; and we hope next week to reproduce some of his sketches, and give an account of his narrow escape from a perilous position, and his subsequent handsome treatment by Col. Bagot. Our next number will be unusually interesting.

LITERARY NOTICES.

SKETCH OF THE NORTH-WEST OF AMERICA By Mgr. Taché, Bishop of St. Boniface, 1868. Translated from the French by Captain D. R. Cameron, Royal Artillery. Montreal: John Lovell.

The title of this book is a sufficient indication of its contents. It is a sketch of the history and resources of the great territory, or territories, which have been lately added to the Dominion diadem. Its Right Revd. author is a man of keen observation and much practical good sense, who has lived in the country for many years, and is thoroughly master of his subject. He conveys in a pleasing manner a large amount of information, which must be of the highest use and benefit to the future settler in Manitoba and the almost boundless prairies beyond that new Province. In fact no one who intends living under the benign government of Mr. Archibald, the new Governor, can afford to proceed on his journey to his new home without a copy of this very valuable work. It forms a handsome volume of over two hundred pages, and is well printed. Captain Cameron deserves well of the country for the service he has rendered it in translating this book. His translation is very accurate. We observe there is no index to this book, which is much to be deplored, as without an index such a work can scarcely be called perfect.

THE RED RIVER COUNTRY, HUDSON'S BAY AND THE NORTH-WEST TERRITORIES, &c., by Alex. J. Russell, C. E.

The second edition of this work having already been exhausted, and copies still being in frequent demand, the publisher, Mr. George E. Desbarats, has again put it to press, and the third edition, amply and beautifully illustrated, and accompanied by a map, will be issued in a short time. Orders from the trade may be forwarded at once, and will be filled according to the date of their receipt. Recent events have made Mr. Russell's book more than ever valuable, and the edition now in press will no doubt command a ready sale.

BOOKS RECEIVED.—From Messrs. Dawson Bros. we have received the following works, which will be noticed more at length in other issues:—"The History of Hortense," by John S. C. Abbott; "Christianity and Greek Philosophy," by B. F. Cocker, D. D.; "The Vicar of Bullhampton," by Anthony Trollope; and "Beneath the Wheels," by the author of Olive Varcoe, &c. The works are all published by Messrs. Harper & Bro., of New York, and may be obtained of Dawson Bros. in this city.

GREAT FIRE AT QUEBEC.

The ancient capital has been the scene of another terrible conflagration, by which upwards of four hundred houses have been burned. The fire broke out about one o'clock on the morning of the 24th May, in a house at the corner of Crown and King Streets in the very centre of St. Roch's suburb. A strong easterly gale blowing at the time carried the flames with great rapidity to the adjoining houses, and it soon became evident that an extensive conflagration must ensue, and a general panic prevailed amongst the people, who anticipated a repetition of the sad disasters which had on former occasions devastated this portion of the city. House after house fell a prey to the devouring element, until a sea of flame swept in every direction, extending to ten or twelve streets. The Jacques Cartier Hall (Market Place), was early enveloped by the fierce and raging fire, but by dint of great efforts of the fire brigade, was extinguished after destroying a portion of the roof. The fire then crept stealthily along the mass of wooden dwellings and out-houses along Ann and Richardson and other streets, towards the extensive ship-yards of Mr. Baldwin, on Prince Edward Streets, where two large ships in course of construction under cover of an immense wooden shed, were speedily consumed, together with the store-houses, work-shops, timber and ship-building material, involving a loss of nearly \$400,000. In the meantime, the fire was rapidly extending in other directions, threatening the destruction of the whole suburb. The wind at length abated, and rain began to fall about half-past four o'clock. The firemen, aided by the Artillery and the 69th Regt., under Cols. Chandler and Bagot, at length succeeded in circumscribing the fire, and by six o'clock it was thoroughly got under, after some five thousand people had been rendered houseless. The *Chronicle* states the number of houses destroyed as four hundred and twenty-four. Our illustration, from a sketch by our special artist, represents the conflagration, as it was nearing

Mr. Baldwin's vessels. The following list of remarkable fires in Quebec may be of interest, and ought to warn its citizens of the folly of not taking greater precautions to prevent the recurrence of like disasters:

- 1682. Aug. 5.—City almost reduced to ashes.
- 1834. Jan. 23.—Castle of St. Louis burnt.
- 1845. May 28.—1,500 houses burnt.
- " June 28.—1,300 houses burnt.
- 1847. June 14.—Theatre burnt.
- 1854. Feb. 1.—Parliament House burnt.
- 1865. June 23.—Great Fire.
- 1866. Oct. 14.—2,500 houses destroyed.
- 1870. May 24.—424 houses burnt.

PLATE OF SUMMER JACKETS.

(From "Le Follet.")

"Laura" *paletot*, slightly fitting to the figure, of black silk, cut up to the waist, so as to form eight equal-sized *basques*, trimmed round with a plaited frill of the same silk; a double row carried up the back to reach the trimming, which is carried round the throat. Between the two *basques* at the back is a very deep double fold, so as to form a *pouff*. Sleeves rather loose, cut up the back of the arm, and trimmed with a plaited frill.

"Fernande." Small *casaque* of black *gros-grain*, composed of six pieces—two in front, two under the arms, and the two back pieces. Two crossway folds, fastened in at the throat, where they are extremely narrow, reach within three inches of the bottom of the *casaque*. These folds gradually widen to the ends, which are cut each in a half scallop, trimmed round with lace, and fastened together up the middle of the back under four small double bows without ends. The lace trimming is carried down each side of the outer edge. The *casaque* is made in three deep folds under the arms, and is trimmed with wide black lace all round. This, as well as all the rest of the black lace, has under it a second lace rather wider, and white, which has a very good effect. The lace round the throat is the width of that on the bias folds. The sleeve is rather easy, and plain, reaching half way between the elbow and wrist, at which point it is drawn up in a double plait, and left open at the front seam, so as to hang as a deep frill, the whole being trimmed with the two laces.

"Myosotis." *Casaque* of black *faille*, cut in six pieces, open *en cœur* in front, and trimmed with plaited ribbon, placed so as to resemble *revers*. The same trimming is carried down the front and round the *basques*. Very wide open sleeves, trimmed to match.

"Fernande." Front view of the second figure, already described.

"Wellada." Fitting *casaque* of *taffetas* cut also in six pieces, the two in front resembling those of a *fiche*, drawn together at the waist, and rounded at the ends and trimmed with lace; those at the back, which are also rounded, being trimmed with a plaited frill, as are also the sleeves, which are very wide and long, square at the bottom, and very short in front of the arm. From the *basques* under the arms the frill is continued up the sides of the body and across the shoulders.

"Philiberte." *Veste* of white *cachemire*. The front is quite short, and cut so as to form one short point at each side, open *en cœur* with *revers*. The back is cut just like the front, only longer. The sleeve, which is long and open to the arm-hole in front of the arm, forms a point back and front; under-sleeves of the same; the whole trimmed round with black velvet, above which is a fine embroidery of gold or black silk.

MANITOBA.

Near the middle of one of the large lakes to the north-west of Lake Superior is a small island which the Indians shun as haunted ground. On no condition will they approach it, much less land on it, for it is the home of *Manitoba*—"the speaking God,"—whose voice they hear nightly as they camp by the lake, or guide their fishing boats over its surface. The "voice" is no myth. It assails not the Indian's ear alone, but the white man's as well. Whence comes it? The superstitious Ojibway hears and keeps away, piously pronouncing the name of God. The Englishman hears and examines. Not the inquisitive investigator, but the divinity of the place perishes by the invasion. Touched by the wand of science, the mystery of the place is resolved into a simple natural phenomenon—the beating of the waves on a peculiarly sonorous shingle. Along the northern shore of the islands runs a low cliff of compact, fine grained limestone, which clicks like steel under the stroke of a hammer. When the wind blows from the north, the waves, beating at the foot of the cliff, dash the fragments of stone against each other, causing them to give forth a sound which resembles the ringing of distant church bells. So strong is this resemblance that the explorer Dawson, who spent several days and nights on the island, was more than once awakened with the impression that he was listening to chimes. When the breeze subsides and the waves play gently on the shore, low wailing sounds—spirit voices to the awe-stricken Ojibway—come up from the beach. And as the explorer lay on his bed of moss-covered rock at night, and experienced their "peculiarly impressive" effect, he found it very easy, he says, to understand why the credulous natives should avoid the place. Naturally this home of *Manitoba* became known to the whites as "Manitoba Island." The island gave its name first to the lake, then to the nearest trading post of the Hudson Bay Company, and now the Canadian Parliament proposes it as the "euphonious appellation" of the combined British settlements immediately south and east of the lake.

WOODEN WATER PIPES.—In Ithaca, New York, they have a new method of manufacturing these. The lumber is, by peculiar hollow augers, of different sizes, cut or bored out in concentric tubes or pipes, only leaving at last a small core, a little less than the bore of the smallest pipe. In this way a piece of timber, originally ten inches in diameter, will turn out several pipes of, say 10, 8, 6, 4, and 3 inches in outer diameter, and about 1 1/2 inches in thickness, or of greater thickness if required, by decreasing the sizes of the inner tubes proportionately. The hollow auger cuts away only from one-half to three-quarters of an inch. This piping is then properly strengthened by iron bands, and subjected to a bath of asphaltum or other cement to make it impervious to gas or water, and to prevent decay.

Mr. Chipman has been elected by acclamation for King's County, Nova Scotia, and thus succeeds to the seat in the House of Commons, vacated by the recent death of his father.

The Lieutenant-Governor in Council has been pleased to appoint Charles E. Belle, Esq., of the city of Montreal, agent of immigration and colonization. Also, Mr. James Thom, immigration agent for the port of Quebec.

A monument to King Robert the Bruce is to be erected on the Field of Bannockburn. An influential committee has been formed in London and in Scotland. The committee are obtaining a design from the veteran artist, Mr. George Cruikshank.

Viscountess Darnley, widow of the late peer of France, son of the chancellor of that name who signed the ordinances of 1330, has just died at her chateau of Montigny, near Dieppe. With this lady becomes extinct the last remnant of the Anjou branch of the Plantagenets. Her father, Count Deshayes, who was page to Louis XVI., and who was personally known to many now living, bore the arms of England on his escutcheon.

The *Army and Navy Gazette* of the 7th ultimo contains the following item:—

"His Royal Highness Prince Arthur may be expected to arrive home from Canada with the 1st battalion Rifle Brigade, in Her Majesty's ship "Crocodile," early in July.

TESTOSTEN BLUE.—This is a combination of the blue oxide of tungsten with the double cyanides of iron and tin. It is the invention of M. Tessié du Motay, and is prepared by dissolving successively in water ten parts tungstate of soda, eight of protochloride of tin, five of ferrocyanide of potassium, and one of perchloride of iron—and agitating the mixture. The precipitate is washed, and on being exposed to the sunlight for several days, becomes intensely blue. It will not fade, and resists acids.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

ENQUIRER wishes to know if there ever was a village in Canada called "Coot's Paradise," and if so, where was it situated, and who founded it?

STUDENT is anxious to ascertain if there are any original documents in the possession of private parties in Canada relating to the career in America of Major André.

THE LATE ALFRED BAILEY.

To the Editor of the *Canadian Illustrated News*:

SIR.—If I do not err, Mr. Alfred Bailey, who died in your city the other day, to the great regret of many friends and admirers throughout the country, was the author of the words of the well-known Canadian song, "Tramp, Tramp, the Snow Shoe Tramping." Perhaps you can inform me if I am right. I make the enquiry as a friend has asserted, most positively, that Mrs. Laura Honey Stephenson wrote the song in question. Yours, &c., CANADENSIS.

OTTAWA, 28th May, 1870.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A CONSTANT READER.—Your communication came to hand as we were going to press. Many thanks for your suggestions. We had, however, anticipated their purport, as you will doubtless see in a day or two.

CHESS.

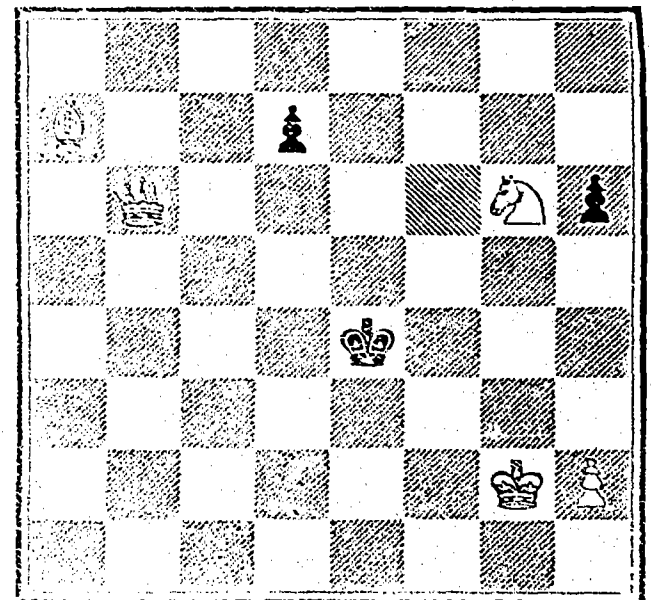
Contributions of original games, problems, and enigmas are invited for this column.

Correspondents will oblige by observing our notation: Problems, in order to prevent errors, should be sent on diagrams, with the names of the pieces legibly written, and solution on the back.

Our Correspondent "A. L.," who contributes a chess problem, says:—"Your first enigma was very good indeed. I send you a variation of its solution, in which you will observe that Black's moves are all forced."

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| <p><i>White.</i></p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Q. takes K. B. P. 2. Kt. to Q. B. Stn. 3. B. to K. 7th, mate. | <p><i>Black.</i></p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> P. takes Q. (must). P. moves. |
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PROBLEM No. 10.
By A. L., from St. Jacques de L'achigan.
BLACK.



White.
White to play, and mate in four moves.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 9.

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|---|---|
| <p><i>White.</i></p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. B. to Q. 3rd. 2. B. to Q. 4th. 3. Q. to Q. 6th, mate. | <p><i>Black.</i></p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> K. moves. K. takes B. |
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ENGAGEMENT AT COOK'S CORNERS.—SKIRMISHERS OPENING FIRE. From sketch by A. Vogt.—See page 482.



GRAVE OF THE FIRST FENIAN KILLED AT COOK'S CORNERS. From a sketch by A. Vogt—SEE PAGE 482



RED RIVER EXPEDITION.—ENGINEERS LEAVING CAMP AT LEVIS. From a sketch by W. O. C., Lt. R. A.—SEE PAGE 482.

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

CHILDHOOD.

A flower has secrets sagos cannot spell,
Though they may torture its sweet life to death,
And yet the flower has lessons for the child:
"He must be beautiful who made the flower."
For children have the freshest breath of God;
And so the poet, which, guided by his breath,
Wrote simple, grand sublunaries for men.
The child knows best. The man forgets child-lore,
And learns instead the art of looking wise.
From innate memory of the Tempting-Tree
(In childhood angels keep this memory dull).
Yet he who seeks Christ's Kingdom, young or old,
Must enter as a child, and be himself.
Was first hailed king in His Maid-mother's arms.

JOHN READE.

THE DOUBLE WIDOWHOOD.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

It was eight o'clock of an evening towards the end of July—a July long, long ago. The sun was sending in his westerling rays at the windows of a substantial-looking house, the country residence of a professional gentleman, whose headquarters were in Edinburgh. It was known as Clydeview Villa, and the locality in which it stood was somewhat famed.

From the era of creation, the river that ran by it had come quietly on, as if gathering its strength, and hushing its breath for the wild and desperate leap it took with a roar as of life and consciousness. For six thousand years, the trees of the forest had shed their annual glory of leaves by its brink. On calm days, the leaves would fall gently on the bits of foam, eddying about the edges of the dark waters; but when a storm came, they would be swept, branches and all, down to the very bosom of the Atlantic.

By the side of this river painted savages had stood and sharpened their arrows of flint; but at the times of which we write, parties of ladies and gentlemen came, with camp-stools, parasols, and wide-awakes, and while they ate sandwiches, said how 'nice' it was—instead. Some, further gone than others in literature and the fine arts, quoted Byron on the cataract of Yelino, and said it would be a fine subject for son-and-so's pencil; and some looked and said nothing. In the presence of natural grandeur and beauty, silent homage is always grateful, and charity demands that the best construction be put upon it. This neighbourhood had also, in modern times, been the scene of one of those experiments which benevolent and well-meaning men, who want as hot-ent to universal happiness, have sometimes tried, and always failed in. But we have not to do with Utopian theories at present. As has been said, the evening sun was looking in at the windows of Clydeview Villa. The drawing-room fronted the west, and the blinds were all down. There was not much to see inside; merely a well-furnished apartment, and a lady lying on a sofa reading—reading only to pass time till her husband came home, and not so much occupied but she could say to herself: 'I wonder if the children are in bed yet. What can Miller want out again to-night?' Having lost the sense of the last paragraph, she went back upon it, and by the time she got to the foot of the page, being in a comfortable position, and the hush of evening coming on, both inside and out, she fell into a gentle doze. Meantime, the children were all in bed. Jeanie Miller, or 'Miller,' as Mrs. Black, since she had been rising in the world, called her children's nurse, had heard them hush their evening-prayer, and received the last sweet kiss, wondering, in her simplicity, that Mrs. Black did not like to do this office for her children herself. If her mistress could have penetrated her thought, she would have answered thus: 'Miller, as a mother, I might wish to do it occasionally, but my engagements put it out of my power.' So Mrs. Black keeps her engagements, and loses her children, for by the time they can compete with mamma's engagements, they will be young ladies and gentlemen.

It must be acknowledged that, on this particular evening, Miller rather hurried the ceremony—she had an engagement too—and she moved about on tiptoe, putting on her bonnet and shawl before all the weary little creatures had fairly closed their eyelids; but down they went at last, in the sleep of childhood, and a regiment might have marched through the room without awaking the little sleepers.

The moment they were safe and sound, she hastened from the house, and striking across the fields, made for the corner of a fir-plantation, where, for nearly half an hour, a young man had been hanging about very impatient. For no other person would he have waited so long, and he was anything but pleased at having to wait for this one. He had walked back and forward, and scanned the earth and sky, and decided that all the gates about needed painting, and thought many other things better and worse, before Jeanie came in sight.

Now, although she had been running, and knew she was behind her time, no sooner did she see George Armour, than, from whatever cause, she took to walking in a very slow and deliberate manner. We have it on the authority of Mr. Milton, that when Eve saw Adam, she slackened her pace; and we have all men and women, remnants of the Garden of Eden hanging about us to this day.

'You're late, Jeanie,' was the greeting of her lover.

'I came as soon as I could,' she replied; and arm-in-arm they turned into the shady path up the water-side.

When Mr. Black came in, his wife roused herself, and after ascertaining that there was nothing of much interest taking place in the city, she said: 'Miller asked out again to-night—the second time this week. She didn't use to take up with any of the people about. Next time she asks out, I will consider it proper to question her.'

'Couldn't you guess, Mary, what her errand is?'

'Guess! If she were a light-headed creature, I might guess it was some love-affair.'

'And not be far wrong. We're all light-headed some time, you know. As I came up, I saw her walking with one of the painters who were here in spring—the one that did the ornamental work.'

'That was the man I remember remarking for his good looks. Is it possible she can be thinking of marrying?'

'Shouldn't wonder—it's curious what notions people take.'

'Curious! I call it ungrateful. Here did I take her into our nursery, a poor orphan girl, and have kept her for six years. She suits me exactly—speaks well, and has no vulgar tricks or words; and she has taught the children to read almost as well as I could have done myself. They like her, and she likes them. Surely she does not know when she is well off.'

'I'm sorry you are losing her: I'll give her a gown, and you can give her some crockery.'

'If she is going, one thing will be quite enough, Robert.'

'Now, Mary, on your own showing, I think we are bound to be a little grateful.'

'She has had a very good place of it here, Robert, and there is no need of overdoing a thing. I wish I knew where to get one in her stead. It really is provoking.'

Nevertheless, be it recorded, Jeanie got her gown and her cups and saucers, and something more, when she left Clydeview Villa to become George Armour's wife, and was much and justly regretted by all the household.

It was a fair sight to see this young couple. Not that Jeanie had much to boast of in the way of good looks; on the contrary, George's choice had been matter of surprise to their joint feminine acquaintance. What did he see about her? What he saw, we can't say; but what was to be seen was an open honest face, expressive of good sense and feeling, and a general air of determination. As for George, no one needed to glance twice at him without being struck by his really handsome face and form: so far as those were concerned, all the blood of all the Howards might have coursed in his veins. When we throw into the scale the fact, that he was sober and industrious, and a capital workman—not to mention that he had saved money—the general remarks on Jeanie's wonderful good-fortune are accounted for. In a small house, furnished with things new and neat, and having a morsel of garden in front like a dainty apron tied on, there they were, these two, with youth and health, and the probability of a long and happy life before them.

It is an old saying—very old, probably, and true to the letter—that it is not all gold that glitters. Jeanie had not been very long married when she began to say to herself: 'I am happy—very happy; I have everything to make me so.' Now, it is to be observed that when people keep assuring themselves that they are happy, and further, when they repeat the statement to others—which, however, Jeanie did not do—there is reason to suspect some flaw, something wanting. A man in the pure air does not say: 'I breathe, I breathe exceedingly well; I have oxygen and nitrogen, and carbonic acid—what more can I want?' He goes about with his lungs inflated, and his blood purified and enriched, and his spirit buoyant; he does not need to tell that he has pure air—the thing is evident. What was it? Nothing very tangible, nothing that the young wife acknowledged to herself. But 'over all there hung the shadow of a fear.' A little boy came: his father took to the child, and the shadow waned for a time. In the fulness of her heart, the mother decked her baby daintily. For the first time, George charged his wife with extravagance. Her face grew white as she answered: 'They cost me nothing. Mrs. Black gave me the things, and I altered them to fit George.'

'That may be, but mind I'm no the man to keep up the like o' that.'

If there was a thrifty, economical housewife in the country, it was Jeanie Armour; but she could not be thrifty enough for her husband's taste. It was an unnatural thing in one so young, this overweening propensity to save. It struck a chill to the very heart of his wife, although she tried to persuade herself that it was far better than if he had gone to an opposite extreme.

She reasoned with him; but George was one of those persons—Heaven help those who have to deal with such—upon whom reasoning has just as much effect as if addressed to the wind. She tried joking on the subject, and here he was more vulnerable, and consequently received it in a way that effectually prevented its repetition. She often wondered what he did with the money saved, but was afraid to ask.

Thus you see poor Jeanie, while still believed to be a most fortunate woman, and putting a brave face on things externally, found that she was indeed unequally yoked. Perhaps George found this, too, for he began to stay out at nights with society more congenial to him, and came in generally flushed with drinking. His wife took no further notice of this than to attempt, in a quiet, gentle way, to induce him to stay at home. Neighbours began to speak; some of them told her where George spent his nights, and, as she said afterwards to a friend: 'I had tried the fair way w' him, and I thought o' trying the flyting; but thankfu' was I that I hadna, for I had naething to reproach myself w' after.'

It was one morning, when her second child, a girl, was about six months old, that George went out as usual to his work: no look or action, not the slightest, denoted that he crossed his threshold with other purpose than going to his ordinary employment. The little boy was playing about the door as he went out, and cried 'Father!' after him. If he did hear that cry, he heard as if he heard it not—let us hope it did not reach him. The child went in for comfort to the source where he always found it—his mother; and she soothed him by saying that his father was in too great a hurry to speak to him now, but he would hear all he had to say at dinner-time; then, popping the baby in a chair, and setting the other to amuse her, she went about her usual household work, dropping a word and a smile upon them every few minutes. Punctual to the time, dinner was ready, well cooked and comfortable. A quarter past the hour, and George did not come; half-past, and there was no appearance of him. She gave the children their dinner, and waited another half-hour. He must have been detained—such a thing had happened before, and she did not feel surprised or uneasy; so clearing away the things, she sat down to her sewing, with the little ones playing on the floor beside her. It was just the old employment at Clydeview Villa over again; and a stranger coming in would have said what a pretty picture the room presented; but any one who had known Jeanie then, and seen her now, would have observed a change. She was still young, but the roundness of youth had passed from her features, and its light buoyancy from her step. Three years of half-life under a kind of pressure acutely felt, though not just apparent on the surface, had taken effect. She sat thinking, as she worked, how her husband's passion for saving, and his rapidly developing taste for drinking, could co-exist. What could she do or say?—what could be done to break the spell of these terrible vices, before his very being was crusted over against every good influence?

Evening came, and no word of him; night, and still nothing of him. The children were laid to rest, and, poor things, slept wholly unconscious of their father's wickedness or their mother's care. Well it has been said, 'Heaven lies about us in our infancy.'

The solitary woman sat down behind the little curtain that shaded the window; she would have lifted it, but that she did

not wish to attract the attention of passers-by. The window looked out on the high road that passed through the village, and as there were no houses opposite, she could see over the hedge that bounded the small garden into the fields beyond. It was a calm summer night, or rather, it seemed that the day lingered and lingered to meet the morning. With eyes glued to the glass, and ears painfully stretched, she listened to the stillness, which was deep, except when footsteps, echoing on the beaten road, would come on, pass, and die away in the distance. Towards the small hours those ceased entirely, and the silence was unbroken, except now and then when the corn-crake sounded its ricket from the opposite fields. Still she watched. The gray dawn of morning came on calmly and holily, filling the mind with awe, like the dim religious light of a vast cathedral, till the sun rose and threw the elements of gladness over the land. Smoke began to curl up from a house here and there, and early workers turned out to begin their daily labours, and still the weary woman sat on, one conjecture after another thronging through her mind, but no guess of the truth for an instant coming across her. Now the faint whimper of the baby drew her from the window, and she soothed it to quietness, and listened again, for momentarily she expected some one to enter with tidings of calamity. She prepared breakfast for the children, moving as softly as if she had been stealing, for she grudged every sound that interfered with the intense watch she was keeping. By ten o'clock, she could stand it no longer. She dressed herself, and leaving George to play about the doors, took the infant, and went to her husband's master to inquire about him. When Mr. Brown heard her question, he looked surprised. 'Mrs. Armour,' he said, 'your husband left my employment yesterday morning; he drew all his money which was in my hands. He is,' he continued, in a tone meant to convey some kind of comfort—'he is a saving, industrious man. It amounted to £30 16s. 6d.'

Jeanie, with her habitual prudence, controlled her feelings, and thanking him for his information, went hurriedly home. Could it be that he had deserted her and the children? It looked like it. She formed her resolution. All the money she had was exactly ninepence. She went to a neighbour, and saying that she had to go to Edinburgh, asked her to take care of the little boy till she came back, and at the same time she borrowed a shilling. With 1s. 9d. in her pocket, and her infant in her arms, she set out in quest of her husband.

Very fast she walked—excitement carried her on; and when she was more than half-way, a coach coming up, she paid 1s. 9d., and made the rest of her journey on the outside of it.

Arrived in Edinburgh, she went right to the shop of a decent man with whom she was acquainted, and whose kindly nature induced her to go to him in her present strait. She had no relatives in the city—indeed, she had but few anywhere, so she was constrained to rely on the good offices of an acquaintance.

'Mrs. Armour, how's a' wi' ye, an' how's the gudman? I'm glad to see ye, woman.'

This greeting nearly upset Jeanie, who requested a private word with Mr. Boyd, and in a few sentences explained her errand.

'Ye dinna say sae—the scound— But it's no possible.'

'That's what I think, Mr. Boyd, and I am glad to hear you say it; but what can it mean?'

'That's what we maun try an' find out. I'll step away down to Leith, an' see if there's any word o' him there. If he's leaving the country, it's as like he wud tak ship there as ony-where.'

So, leaving his shop in charge of his shopman, he took Mrs. Armour up-stairs, and put her under his wife's care, telling her to keep her mind easy till he came back—an advice more easily given than taken in the circumstances; however, it was a relief to have taken a decided step towards solving the mystery; and the kindness of Mrs. Boyd was very soothing, while she got the rest and refreshment she was so much in need of.

Before Mr. Boyd came back, she was on the watch for him; and catching a glimpse of his face as he crossed the street, she gathered no good news from it. When he entered the room, he looked everywhere but into Jeanie's face: he was at a loss how to convey the information he had got.

'Now, Mrs. Armour,' he began, 'keep up your heart; we've a' our trials; an', after a', it's no sae bad as it might hae been. Ye'll do fine your lane; an' ye'll no want friends.'

She rose, and grasping his arm, said: 'Did you see him? For my sake, what is it? Is he dead?'

'No; he sailed this morning for America.'

All colour went from her face; she pressed the infant closer to her, and murmured: 'Left us—left us! and one or two big tears fell on its face. As for Mr. Boyd, he went down-stairs and relieved himself by calling George Armour no end of ill names.

CHAPTER II.

If Jeanie had been a fine lady with ample means, her feelings would not have been more acute; but she would have had nothing to turn the stream, or to prevent her from nursing her anguish. As it was, alongside the one fact that stood out before her—her husband's desertion of herself and children—was the question—how were they to live? When a great sorrow is intruded upon by a great call for exertion, the healing process is well begun.

If things could be seen in their true light, the poor have oftener less reason to envy the rich than is supposed. Next day Mrs. Armour took her way home, comforted by the kindness of her friends, and with money—which she had accepted as a loan—sufficient for her immediate wants.

Mrs. Armour had two second-cousins residing in Glasgow—elderly maiden ladies, differing a good deal in character and disposition, but alike in this, that they had both little independent incomes; both lived in cozy flats; each had a narrow circle of her own, segments of which frequently met at five o'clock teas and nine o'clock suppers.

One of these ladies had loved and lost, which, the poet says, is better than never to have loved at all—the case of the other. The latter had been born, had lived, and was likely to die, in the same house. Twice a week she had read the same newspaper all her life, and always read first that list of events, the middle one of which she herself had missed.

The former had 'gone through' a good deal; had struggled with poverty; had, as has been said, loved and lost; and we think it depends upon the way in which such a loss comes about, whether it is better than never to have loved at all,

He had not been effected by the hand of death, which a once and for ever halloos all it touches.

Well, very soon—for bad news travels fast—these ladies heard of Jennie Armour's calamity, and met to lay their heads together as to what was to be done. Both expressed a high degree of indignation against George Armour. Both said with emphasis that men in general were very far from being what they ought to be. The one said she had never seen the man to whom she could intrust herself and her property; the other said, women were so ready to be deceived, poor things (with a sigh), and to believe all the fair speeches made to them. After mature deliberation, they came to the conclusion of offering their young relative £10 a year each—which, in addition to anything she might do for herself, would, they thought, make her pretty comfortable. And so it would. Very kind of them it was, for they were not quite in a position to make it an act of no self-denial. One of them was appointed a deputation to wait on Mrs. Armour, and explain to her a clause attached to the terms of the donation, which they regarded as of the last importance. The one who had known trials cheerfully undertook the commission, although it was something of an exertion, and even of an event, in those days, to travel so far. However, she reached her destination without accident or adventure; and she had not been long with her relative before the two women sat down and had a good cry. Then Miss Elder took courage, and explained her errand. She could have felt in her heart to give the money unconditionally, but then what would Miss Bogle say? Besides, it would be foolish, and there was no doubt it was for Jennie's good.

'Jennie,' said she, 'we will give you twenty pound a year, if you will promise never to have anything more to do with George Armour.'

At first, Jennie had almost been driven blind and stupid by her husband's desertion; the very midsummer green of the trees and grass seemed turned to blackness; but the necessity of getting through her daily work, and of planning for the future, and the consideration of her husband's great cruelty, in leaving them to doubt, and anxiety, and destitution, without a word, or a sign, brought about so strong a reaction, that sometimes she thought that such a man was not worth grieving after. In this mood of mingled pride and indignation, she readily gave the promise which the ladies required; and Miss Elder went home to rejoice Miss Bogle with the account that their cousin's eyes were opened to see things in a right way. But for all this, Jennie could not unsex herself, and the original tenderness often returned and overflowed in tears.

The story let loose in the village, flashed through its houses and shops, its smithy and post-office—nay, even its manse and its hall, in a way that might have made the electric telegraph, had it then been in existence, blush for its deliberation.

The amount of pity that was expressed for Mrs. Armour was great, but it fruited in a way which showed that the blossom must have encountered frost in the setting. In a day or two, people had ceased even to speak about it; and Mrs. Armour went quietly away to a moorland village some twenty miles off, and inquired as to the probability there was of collecting a little school. There seemed to be an opening there; before she left, she took a very small house which chanced to be empty; and in the course of a month, she had her furniture removed, and herself established as village-school-mistress.

The 'branches' which Mrs. Armour undertook to teach—and which she was quite capable of teaching—were reading, writing, arithmetic, and sewing. Her school was well attended; children liked to go; she had a 'way' with them. Indeed, every one had a kindness for her but the parish schoolmaster, who rather thought that she poached on his manors. If she had only been a widow, he considered, he could and would have quashed the opposition effectually; as it was, he could only look glum, and he did it.

The little people who then frequented Mrs. Armour's school are now the parents of the village; and it was only the other day we noticed them advertising for a lady who could impart the harp and piano, French, Italian, and German, with drawing and wax-flowers; a knowledge of singing and botany would be a recommendation. Guaranteed salary, £100 a year! We quote this merely to shew what immense strides have been made in some directions within the last score of years. At that time, there were only two pianos in the district; now, they are as common as tables. Then, neither in Mrs. Armour's school, nor in that of her masculine competitor, did the pupils quote Milton, or read memoirs of Shelley—they do both now; and it is not uncommon to find Macaulay's ballads done into crochet-work covers, reposing on tables under the shadow of bead-baskets.

As, by perpetual attrition, water wears the rock, and as the grand fantastic splendours of the stalactite cave are reared by the residuum of the dripping water, so time obliterates the memory of a grief, or, at least, wears the edges away, and sends its daily round of cares, greater or less, to build new hopes, new interests, new memories; and many a scathed and crushed creature has thanked the God of Providence that it is so.

Mrs. Armour went on her way quietly, and, in process of time, cheerfully. Her children were well and happy; and her little school, and little annuity, answered remarkably well; but never a word of her husband, direct or indirect, did she hear. At nights she would lie awake, pondering over what he could be doing, or where he could be. Sometimes she would think of him as comfortable and doing well, but wholly forgetful of her and his children; sometimes as destitute and an outcast; and during sleep, when imagination escapes from control, she followed him in dreams to the ends of the earth. In the broad light of day, a form in the distance having any resemblance to his would cause her to start and tremble. She often feared she might discover him in a beggar at the door, for she had heard and read of such painful recognitions. But the years passed on, and no clue came to her hands to afford any enlightenment on the subject, until the seventh year of his absence came round.

The principal draper in the village had a brother, who had set out in early life, like many of his countrymen, to push his fortune, and found, like some others, that fortune rather pushed him. He had journeyed from continent to continent, and wandered in many lands, only to come back to his native place not much richer than when he set out. He heard Mrs. Armour's history, and suddenly it flashed on him that, during his travels in America, he had met a man answering to the description, and bearing the name of George Armour. They

had travelled the same route for two days, and were crossing a river on the third, when suddenly the ferry-boat capsized. They were all thrown into the water; two men drowned, the rest saved: the man bearing the name of George Armour was one of the two that perished.

When the report reached Jennie's ears, she immediately sought an interview with the individual who brought it, and whose wandering instincts were just about to lead him to set off again.

He did his best to satisfy her anxious inquiries, but, as he had not taken more than a general interest in the drowned man, he could not give so many particulars as she could have wished; but she left him, convinced that, without doubt, it was her husband whose life had been thus brought to a sudden end. She put on a widow's dress, and mourned in her heart as sincerely and more acutely than if he had been all he ought to have been. Her health failed somewhat under the shock of the intelligence, but a little change and relaxation soon restored her.

Miss Elder and Miss Bogle, though, as Christian women, sorry for the death of a bad man, felt a degree of satisfaction in the certainty that now he would not come back, as they always expected he would, to be a burden to his wife.

It was the best thing George Armour had ever done for her—if he could be said to have done it—this making her his widow. It secured her position; it improved her standing in the public eye; and it set her mind at rest. Any one who has ever been long tossed between hope and fear, knows that certainty even of the worst is greatly preferable to suspense. Widowhood is a legitimate channel, into which sympathy can flow without meeting an obstacle; but the neglected or deserted wife occupies very different ground, both in her own eyes and those of others.

To be continued.

FEMINE FLATTERY BEHIND THE COUNTER.

Mark Twain says:—A very handsome young lady in the store offered me a pair of blue gloves. I did not want blue, but she said they would look very pretty on a hand like mine. I glanced farther at my hand, and somehow it did seem rather a comely member. I tried a glove on my left, and blushed a little. Manifestly the size was too small for me, but I felt gratified when she said:

'O, it's just right! Yet I knew it was no such thing. I tugged at it diligently, but it was discouraging work. She said:

'Ah! I see you are accustomed to wear kid gloves; but some gentlemen are so awkward about putting them on.'

It was the last compliment I expected. I only understand putting on buckskin articles perfectly. I made another effort, and tore the glove from the base of the thumb to the palm of the hand, and tried to hide the rent. She kept up her compliments, and I kept up my determination to deserve them or die.

'Ah, you have had experience!' (A rip down the back of the hand.) 'They are just right for you—your hand is very small—if they tear you need not pay for them.' (A rent across the middle.) I can always tell when a gentleman understands putting on kid gloves. There is a grace about it which only comes by long practice.' (The whole after-guard of the glove fetched away, as the sailors say, the fabric parted across the knuckles, and nothing was left but a melancholy ruin.)

I was too much flattered to make an exposure and throw the merchandise on the angel's head. I was hot, vexed, confused, but still happy; but I hated the other boys for taking such an absorbing interest in the proceedings. I wished they were in Jericho. I felt exquisitely mean when I said cheerfully:

'This does very well; it fits elegantly. I like a glove that fits. No, never mind, ma'am, never mind; I'll put the other on in the street. It is warm here.'

It was warm. It was the warmest place I ever was in. I paid the bill; and as I passed out with a fascinating bow, thought I detected a light in the woman's eye that was gently ironical; and when I looked back from the street, she was laughing all to herself about something or other. I said to myself with biting sarcasm: 'Oh, certainly you know how to put on kid gloves, don't you?—a self-complacent ass, ready to be flattered out of your senses by every petticoat that chooses to take the trouble to do it?'

THE JEALOUSY OF GIRLS.—Girls are awfully jealous of each other. I should call this the girl's distinctive fault. See them when they are introduced, or when they first meet at a ball or croquet party; see how coldly critical they look at each other; how insolently their eyes rove over every portion of their rival's dress; read in their faces the outspoken scorn as the result of their scrutiny. 'You think you have done it very well, but you have made a fright of yourself, and I am much better than you!' Watch their disdain of the more admitted among men; and how excessively naughty for attracting so much attention they think that Ada or Amy is, about whom the young man cluster. How bold she is!—how affected she is!—and, oh! how ugly she is! Sometimes, if they are deep, they will overpraise her enthusiastically; but the ruse is generally too transparent to deceive any one, and simply counts what it is—a clever feint that doesn't answer. It is quite a study to watch the way in which girls shake hands together, or take hands in the dances. The limp, cool, impertinent way in which they just touch palms, then let their arms fall as paralyzed, tells a volume to those able to read the lettering.

THE OHIO MOUNDS.—'The great system of mounds near Newark, Ohio, with its circles and squares, its parallel roads and tumuli, will be found on calculation to exceed in cubic contents the great Pyramid of Cheops. Garden plots are discernible and carbonized maize grains are found within the mounds, showing that they engaged in agricultural pursuits. Their implements were made of a siliceous material or hornstone, obtained by excavation, the pits thus made still remaining. Near them are piles of chippings, marking the spots where these tools were fabricated. Some few of these implements were made of porphyry brought from a distance. For cutting instruments, as knives, and chisels, and often for personal ornaments, the native copper of Lake Superior was considerably used. These wonderful people, so superior to the Indian in civilization, are generally conceded to have been the ancestors of the ancient Peruvians, and of those strange people now scattered here and there, through Northern Mexico and Arizona.'—Dr. Foster in Transactions Chicago Academy.

A DOMESTIC STORY.

Once upon a time there lived among the hills of an adjoining town an old gentleman, whose entire personal and real estate consisted of a wife, a well ventilated log-cabin, half an acre of not very productive land, and a violent fondness for what is sometimes called "tangle-leg" whiskey. One spring morning the owner of all this property was struck with the conviction that this land must be plowed. But he had no horse, and found it impossible to borrow one. Nevertheless, the ground must be 'broke up,' horse or no horse, and it was finally determined that the 'old woman' should hitch up the old man, and hold the handles and drive, while he drew the plow. This was accordingly done, and the plow went bravely on until the plowshare ran under a root, and the team was brought to a dead halt. But the 'critter' had become warmed up by this time, and as the old lady gave him a rap with the reins and cried 'git up there' he drew his weight upon the harness with a heavy jerk that snapped the traces short off, and he shot forward against the fence, his head striking the end of a rail with the force of a maul. 'Thunderation, old woman!' he exclaimed, as he wiped the blood and dirt from his eyes, 'why didn't you say w-h-o-a?'

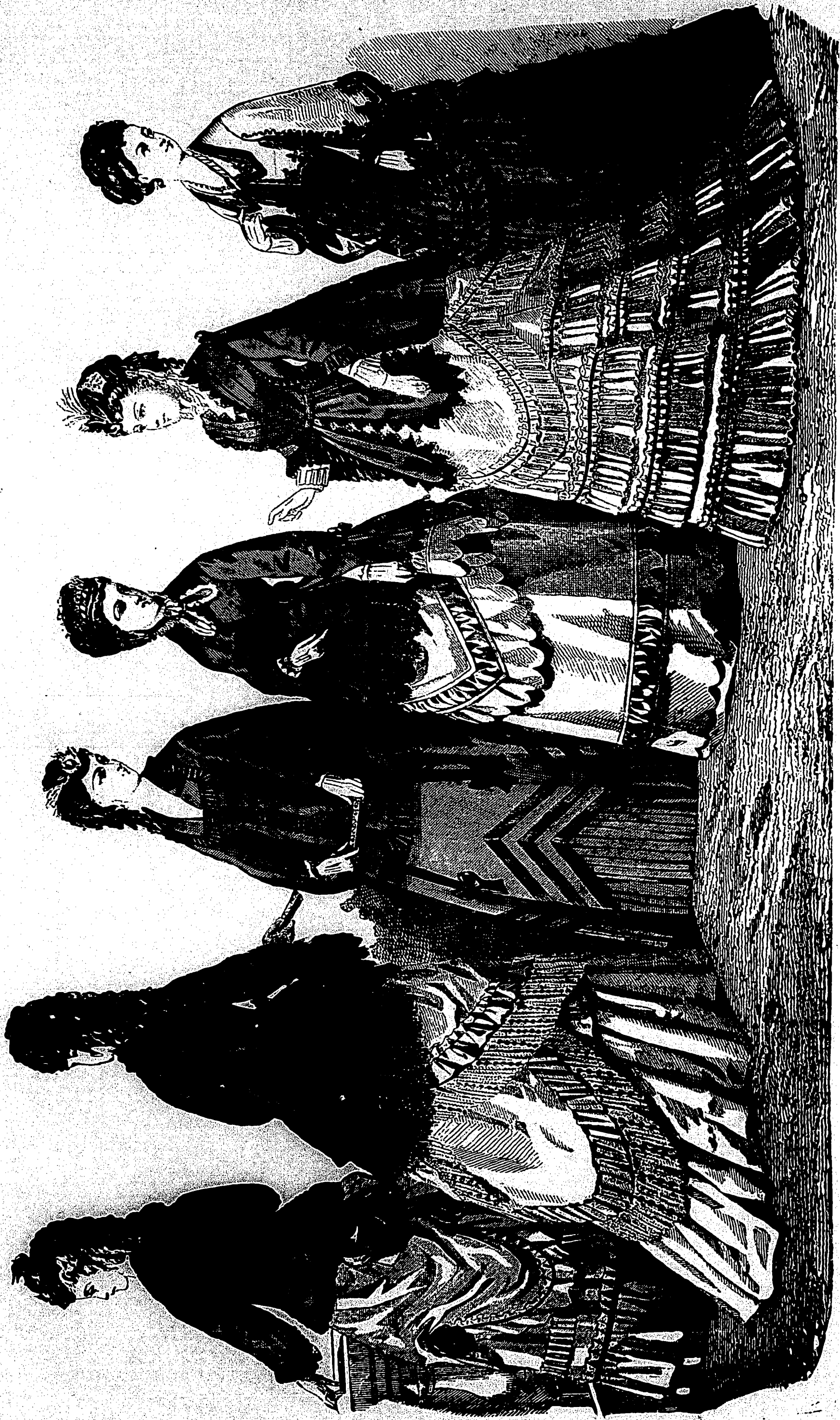
THE ELECTRIC LIGHT FOR PHOTO-MICROGRAPHY.

Brevet Lieut.-Col. Woodward, U. S. A., reports from the Microscopical Section of the Army Medical Museum some experiments undertaken in order that he might be independent of sunlight for taking photo-micrographs of pathological specimens; this work being frequently interrupted, even on tolerably favorable days, by passing clouds. We quote:

'I commenced a series of experiments with artificial lights which were fortunately crowned with success, both the Magnesium and the Electric lights proving adequate sources of illumination for the production of Photo-micrographs even with the highest powers. For the production of the Electric light I used a Dubosec's lamp, set in motion by a battery of fifty small Grove's elements. I was delighted to find, as I had anticipated, that the very exaggeration of light and shadow which has prevented the Electric light from being generally adopted as a source of illumination in the preparation of photographs of the size of the object, or smaller, proved of immense advantage in the reproduction of the feeble microscopical images of highly magnified objects, and that the pictures were hence clearer and better defined than any protographs of similar objects I had hitherto seen produced by sunlight. I found also that the Electric light was so much more manageable than sunlight as a source of microscopic illumination that I could readily arrange it to produce negatives with much shorter exposures than are indispensable with the sun. The Magnesium light shared these qualities to a high degree, but I found that its best work was done when the object was not to be magnified more than a thousand diameters, and that there were certain limitations to its use on test objects. These lights are mentioned as possible sources of illumination for the production of Photo-micrographs by Dr. Lionel Beale. I am not aware, however, that any one has made successful negatives with high powers with either of these lights prior to the experiments here recorded.'

NEW MAGNESIAN CEMENT.—The basis of the new artificial stone, of the Union Stone Company, Boston, which was described by Mr. Chauncey Smith, at a late meeting of the Society of Arts of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, is a cement discovered by M. Soré, of Paris. 'It is simply calcined magnesia, dissolved in chloride of magnesia or other suitable solvents. The magnesite so abundant in several of the States furnishes ample material. M. Soré, by mixing his cement with sand, makes tiles; mixed with flint, it forms whet-stones and oil-stones; with kaolin, mouldings, ornaments and statues; with sawdust and similar materials, flooring, wainscoting, and other elastic stone-like substances; with carbonate of lime, mantels and mosaics imitating and actually covered by marble. The cement is used in a liquid form, and the stone sets in a few hours; the magnesite must be calcined with great care, and the materials thoroughly mixed. The paste is run into moulds, and compressed by repeated percussion, rather than by steady pressure.'

REMARKABLE FAMILY GATHERING.—On last Queen's birthday, at the residence of Mr. Solomon Wardell, in the township of Haldimand and county of Norfolk, about twelve miles from Fort Ryerse, there was an entertainment which, from its peculiar character, has never been equalled in this province, or perhaps in the Dominion. On that day for the first time in their lives, Mr. Orrin Wardell of this city, the well known auctioneer and commission merchant, and his sixteen brothers, besides several sisters, met together for the purpose of family reunion. Seven of the brothers reside in Toronto, three are at home, and the others are scattered far and wide in different parts of Canada and the United States. Ten of them are married, and their wives and children accompanied them to their father's, besides the husbands and offspring of the married sisters. Altogether about 500 persons were present, more than three-fourths of whom were relatives or connected by marriage. Four generations were represented; and the grandmother of the Messrs. Wardell here is 109 years of age. The grandfather came to this country 84 years ago and was a United Empire Loyalist; while his son, Mr. Solomon Wardell, is also of a ripe old age and fought at the battle of Lundy's Lane during the war of 1812-4. Everything was done in fact to give all possible eclat to the occasion. During the morning the visitors continued to arrive in large parties and from all quarters; and in the afternoon they sat down to a dinner provided for them on a five acre lot outside the orchard, where a number of tables were placed together in a line running from nearly one end of the lot to the other. Old Mrs. Wardell was elected to preside on account of her patriarchal age, and being the oldest member of the family, and ably fulfilled her duties. Speeches were afterwards made by Messrs. Solomon and Nathaniel Wardell, Tillman, Fry, Dr. Fry, Rev. Isaac Tolman and other—the former gentleman strongly advising his numerous descendants to remain faithful to their Queen and country, and said that the Wardells alone, headed by himself, would be able to drive back all Fenians who would dare to venture their worthless lives on this side of the border—a declaration which was loudly applauded by all present. Old Mr. Wardell has lived in that section of the country for about half a century, and is well known and esteemed by his numerous friends and neighbours.—Toronto Leader.



L-ura.

Fernande.

Myosotis.

Fernande.

Wellada.

Pi liberte.

■ SUMMER FASHIONS.—SEE PAGE 487.



PREPARING FOR BATTLE.—SEE PAGE 482.

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

ASHLEIGH MANOR,

BY ELLEN VAVASOUR NOEL.

LAST autumn I received a letter from Sir Guy Beverly, an old friend of mine, informing me that by the death of a relative he had become the possessor of Ashleigh Manor, in Essex, and as he had learned that the shooting there was excellent, and the season just beginning, he had invited a few friends to meet him on the 20th, and requested me to be one of the number.

I accepted the invitation, and at the appointed time arrived at Ashleigh Manor.

It was an ancient building, a rambling sort of mansion of dark grey stone, with latticed, ivied windows, and was surrounded by beautiful quaint old gardens, but the building and grounds surrounding it bore a lonely, deserted appearance, which struck me forcibly as in the fading sunlight I approached the old manor house.

The party of gentlemen who met at Ashleigh Manor to enjoy a few days' shooting consisted of five persons including our host, Squire Glynn, of Glynn Hall, Lord Anchester, and Harry Damer—a young officer whom I had frequently met in London—and myself. The third day after our arrival at the manor house we were obliged, much to our disappointment, to remain indoors, as it was raining heavily. During the morning Sir Guy proposed that we should visit the picture gallery. We readily acquiesced, and followed him to the long, oak-panelled hall, whose walls were covered with portraits of the ancient family of the Ashleighs.

"By Jove that is a handsome dame!" exclaimed Squire Glynn, who was standing with me at one end of the apartment.

I turned towards the portrait which he was examining. It was a fair, oval face, with delicate features and queenly brow, from which the hair was put back and crowned with jewels. A face upon which, as you gazed, you might involuntarily exclaim as Squire Glynn did, "How handsome!" but no softer feeling was likely to creep into the heart of the beholder. The haughty curl of the short, upper lip, and the cold expression of the eyes which looked so proudly from the canvas forbade it. I said as much to the Squire and he agreed with me. Just at that moment Captain Damer came up.

"What ancient dame have you lost your heart to, Jernam?" he laughingly asked me. "There is a little girl at the other end of the hall who would be perfection were it not for her outlandish t-ilet. Fancy our belles of the present day rigged out in that manner!"

He drew near and looked at the portrait. "Good Heavens!" we heard him exclaim in a low voice of suppressed emotion, "it is she!"

Turning towards him in surprise at his words and manner, I perceived he was staring at the picture with a startled look, and an expression of perplexity on his handsome face.

"What is it, Harry? What is the matter?" I eagerly inquired.

He did not answer, but on being again asked by Squire Glynn what had caused his agitation, he made some evasive reply about its resembling some one, and as we saw he did not wish to be questioned further, the subject was dropped. A few minutes later, however, when I happened to be alone, Squire Glynn having been called by Sir Guy Beverly and Lord Anchester to give his opinion about a painting hanging at the other end of the hall, Damer came up to me.

"You know me, Jernam," he said earnestly, "and, therefore, will not set me down as a madman, or foolishly hint that I must have taken too much wine, when I relate to you a very strange circumstance which occurred to me yesterday. After dinner," he continued, "as we seated ourselves on an old-fashioned couch near us, I found I had left my cigar-case in my room. I ran up stairs for it. My apartment is in the west wing, and there is a narrow passage leading to it from the great hall. I reached my room, secured the case, and was crossing the wide hall on my return, when I heard a door open gently, and looking in the direction from whence the sound proceeded, I saw a lady come out of one of the rooms. She advanced towards me down the corridor, and then stood in a listening attitude. She did not seem to notice me, while I remained as if rooted to the spot gazing at her. She advanced, as I have said, half-way down the corridor and then stood there with her head bent forward as if listening for some sound.

"An awful dread came over me, my heart seemed to cease beating, and the blood in my veins felt as if it were turning to ice. How I managed to reach the stairs and again join the party below is a mystery to me. I am not superstitious, I have never believed in the supernatural, but, Jernam, I could not account for the unexpected appearance of the quaintly-attired, handsome, stately-looking lady I saw in the corridor. You witnessed my agitation just now on beholding that portrait over there, come, Jernam, let us look at it again."

I followed him to the painting to which Squire Glynn had called my attention.

"That is the portrait, Jernam, of the lady I saw. That is the face so fair and proud in its cold beauty which I gazed upon yesterday evening in the hall above us, and, as she is

pointed there, there were jewels in her hair and on the bosom of her quaint, shining dress."

It was a singular story, very singular, and the strange circumstance had made, I could see, a deep impression upon my friend. He was, like myself, very sceptical in all things relating to the supernatural, but the mysterious incident he had related I could in no way account for, and I did not for a moment doubt that it had, as he fully believed, really occurred. Can it be possible, I thought, that this old Manor-house is haunted? I glanced around the walls from which so many pictured faces looked down. There, from an antique frame, a gay cavalier with a smile upon his handsome face looked out; beside him an ugly old dowager in a hideous yellow turban scowled down upon me; opposite her was a fine brave-looking old soldier and a little girl in her bright innocent loveliness, and then again there was a grave Bishop in his stately robes and below him a dark brilliant beauty wooed and won no doubt in some foreign land and brought to the old Manor-house by the tall solemn-looking man beside her. And now these silent pictures were all that remained of those who years ago had lived, suffered, loved and died within the walls of the ancient Manor. I remembered Damer's story; can it be possible, I thought that some of these still in spirit wander among the dark lonely corridors and gloomy rooms which they once occupied and where the scenes in their past life were enacted.

Some days went by and pleasant ones they were too. Harry Damer seemed to have forgotten the stately dame of the picture gallery which had so mysteriously appeared to him, or at least he did not again mention the strange circumstance but was one of the jolliest among us. It was our last night at Ashleigh Manor, for on the morrow we intended again turning our faces homeward. It was after eleven o'clock when we retired to our apartment. I had been in bed about half an hour but had not slept when suddenly, in the stillness which reigned through the house, a wild agonising cry arose in the corridor and some one ran quickly past my door, then there appeared a great commotion and the sound of hurrying footsteps in the hall. I sprang from my bed and snatching a small revolver which I had laid on a table near me hurried out into the passage expecting to find that burglars had entered the mansion and a murder perhaps had been committed. There was a light burning dimly in the corridor, but to my amazement it was empty. Just at that moment a door near me opened and Sir Guy made his appearance and the next instant Lord Anchester issued from his apartment on the other side of the corridor.

"Great Heavens, Jernam! what is it?" exclaimed Sir Guy in a low hurried tone as he came up to me.

"God knows," I replied. Can burglars have got into the house? there seemed to be several people out there."

"The cry sounded like a woman's voice," said Lord Anchester who had joined us, alarm plainly visible in his pale face, and carrying like myself a revolver.

"A woman's voice," repeated Sir Guy, and a look of horror came into his face. "Do you think it was the cry of a woman, Jernam?"

I told him I had thought so and as I spoke a vague feeling of awe, which I had never before or since experienced, crept into my heart.

"Here comes Glynn! the row has wakened him also!" Lord Anchester exclaimed as that gentleman, carrying a light, came out of his room at the end of the corridor and advanced hurriedly towards us.

He was unlike ourselves fully dressed. As he drew near I knew that something dreadful had occurred from the expression of his face which was of an ashen hue, and the lamp in his hand actually shook from the trembling of his frame. I was alarmed by his appearance. Taking the lamp from his hand I led him back into my room and made him drink some brandy which I had in a pocket flask. When he had recovered a little Sir Guy asked if he had seen any one.

"Yes, Guy, but it was not a human being," was the startling reply as he shuddered visibly and pressed his hand over his eyes as if to shut out some painful vision.

I instantly thought of Damer and noticed that he was the only one of the party absent. I made the remark, saying I would go and see if he was all right. Lord Anchester accompanied me to his apartment which was, as has been stated, in the west wing of the building at some little distance from the rooms we occupied. He had not been disturbed but was sleeping soundly when aroused by us. On hearing what had occurred he hastily dressed himself and returned with us to my chamber. Sleep for that night was effectually banished, and as we did not care again to separate we presently went down to the parlor which we had so lately vacated.

It was not with the most cheerful feelings that we descended the staircase and crossed the spacious dismal hall below. At that silent hour of the night the parlor looked particularly gloomy with its dark oak-panelled walls, faded hangings and old-fashioned furniture. After lighting up the room and replenishing

the fire to make the apartment look as cheerful as possible, we asked Squire Glynn if he would now tell us what it was he had seen which alarmed him so terribly.

"You have also been startled," he replied, "and alarmed by something. What it was I don't know but I will relate what I heard and saw."

To be continued.

SPEECH WITHOUT WORDS.

"I don't see, Aunt Georgey," observed a small boy of five and a half, who was sticking at his figures during an arithmetical examination—"I don't see the *good* of the multiplication table. It seems to me to be going through so much to get at so little."

"You'd rather play at 'Tit, tat, too,'" I daresay, Dickey," remarked his beloved aunt, smiling sardonically.

"Ay, there's something in that," replied the youth, unconscious of her sarcasm; "one sees what one is driving at there, all along."

"Nevertheless, everything has its use," persisted the old lady, who was a very Minerva for aphorisms, and like that heathen celebrity, kept a bird, which, however, was not an owl, but a parrot. "No one can tell what immense advantages may flow from the acquisition—"

"From the what?" interrupted the rude lad, who was of an inquiring rather than a reverent disposition.

"From learning the least thing, my dear."

"Ah," observed the boy, "I daresay: there's the alphabet now, for instance, ain't there? Who ever first hit on *that*, I wonder, to teach a fellow to read?"

"Ay, and there's the deaf and dumb alphabet, too, Dickey, which teaches people to talk without words."

"And were you ever deaf and dumb, Aunt Georgey? O my, what a funny go!"

"If you won't use these very strange words, child—and where you picked them up is, I am sure, quite a marvel to me—I'll tell you a story of how Aunt Georgey herself once saved her life, entirely through having learned the deaf and dumb alphabet, shall I?"

"Instead of the lesson, Aunt Georgey? O yes, I should like it better than pie."

"There were two little boys, Dickey, and one of them not very much older than you, who used to come and stay with your Uncle Frank—you never saw him, dear child, did you? Ah, he would have liked those bonny blue eyes—to stay with your Uncle Frank and me, when we were first married; and they could neither hear nor speak, Dickey."

"Couldn't they eat neither, Aunt Georgey, nor drink, nor nothing?"

"O yes; they were only deaf and dumb; but that is a very dreadful misfortune indeed, my child, of itself. They could not talk except with their fingers—so—only ever so much quicker."

"That ain't talking; that's cat's-cradle, Aunt Georgey!"

"No, it isn't; it's speech, though there are no words. I said then—"Dickey, don't interrupt your aunt with foolish observations."

"I didn't hear you," replied Dickey.

"Perhaps not, my dear, but nevertheless I did say it; so don't. Your Uncle Frank and I learned this foreign alphabet on purpose, that we might understand what these two poor lads had to say. They were far quicker, far cleverer than you, Dick; they could read and write, ay, and draw and sew, and do many other things which you would make but a very bad hand at."

"Could they do the multiplication table, Aunt Georgey?"

"Yes, child."

"Could they play at 'Tit, tat, too,' Aunt Georgey?"

"Yes; and at draughts, and backgammon, and chess, and at fox and geese, as well as any boys. They could almost see what we said, though they could not hear, with such quick eager eyes did they watch every movement of our lips. We soon, however, got to talk as easily with our fingers as our tongues; and sometimes, when the lads were not with us, Uncle Frank and I used to converse in that manner when we were alone, for practice."

"It happened upon one occasion that he had to go to London on important business; he was to have gone by an afternoon train, but something delayed him, so that he was not able to leave before the night-express. I was not in very good health, and retired to my bedroom about two hours before his departure; he promised, however, to come up and wish me good-bye before he started, which would be between twelve and one o'clock in the morning. The matter which called him away was connected with the bank here, which had just been burned down; and my husband, it seems, though I did not know it at the time—so great a secret had he endeavoured to keep it—had many thousand pounds belonging to the concern in his temporary possession, locked up in the iron safe in our bedroom, where the plate was kept. He was bank-manager, and responsible for the whole of it. It was winter-time, and there was a fire in the room, so bright and comfortable that I was in no hurry to leave it and get into bed, but sat up, looking into the fiery coals, as I have seen you do, Dickey, and thinking about all sorts of things; not so much about your favourite palace, and

fairy gardens, and the castles which Jack the Giant-killer took, that are to be seen there, doubtless, as you say; but upon the long journey your Uncle Frank had to take that night, and how dreary the days would seem until he returned; and in particular how lonely I should feel in that great room all by myself, when he would be away; for I was a dreadful coward, Dickey, and not like you, who go to sleep in the dark like a brave boy, and never want a nursemaid to sit in your room. It was a little after eleven o'clock when I got into bed, but I did not feel the least inclined for sleep even then; I knew Uncle Frank would be coming to wish me good-bye presently, and besides, there seemed to be all sorts of noises about the room, which my foolish ears always used to hear whenever I was alone at night-time.

"If a little soot fell down the chimney, it was, I thought, a great black crow at least, which would soon be flying about the room, and settling on my pillow, if a mouse squeaked in the wainscot, it was the creaking of some dreadful person's shoes, coming upstairs to kill your silly old aunt with a carving-knife; and if the wind blew at the casement, it was somebody else trying to get in at the window, although it was two stories high. You may imagine, then, my horror when I heard a tremendous sneeze within a quarter of an inch of me, just behind the head-board of the bed, and between that and the wall, where was a considerable space. I had, as usual, taken the precaution, before I put the candle out, of looking everywhere in the room where it was quite impossible any person could be hid; but in the little alcove into which the bed was pushed I had never so much as thought of looking, although that was a capital hiding-place for anybody. Ever since I had slept in that room, in short, I had been like the ostrich of whom we read yesterday, Dickey, who puts his head in the sand, and then imagines himself in perfect safety. I had piqued myself upon precautionary measures that, after all, might just as well have been omitted. The only thing, as I believe, which saved my reason from departing altogether, when I first heard that terrible sound, was that my mind clung to the hope that it might be after all, only the sneeze of a cat. Fifty cats together could not have made half such a disturbance, it is true, for it was the sneeze of a man who sneezes in spite of himself, and almost shook the house; but the idea sustained me over the first shock. The next instant, the wretch had sneezed again and pushing aside the bed, which rolled on casters, I felt was standing beside my pillow looking at me. If he had only given one sneeze, he might perhaps have believed me, as I lay quite still, breathing as regularly as I could, and pretending to be asleep; but he reasoned, very justly, that, unless I was deaf or dead, I must have been awakened by the sound.

"You're awake, marm," said he, in a gruff voice, "and it's no use shamming! If you don't want a tap with this life-preserver, just look alive."

"I opened my eyes exceedingly wide at this, and beheld a man with crape over his face, standing by the bed; he held a sort of club with two knobs upon it in his right hand, and with his left he pointed to the iron safe. "Is the money there?" said he.

"The plate is," said I, in a trembling voice; "pray, take it, sir; I am sure you are very welcome;" for he might have had everything of value out of the house with all my heart, so long as he left me my life.

"The money—the gold—the notes, are they there?" cried he again, in a terrible sort of whisper.

"It's all there," replied I, although I knew nothing about it; "all except fifteen-and-sixpence in my purse, on the dressing-table yonder. There's a silver mustard-pot besides in the pantry, and a couple of candlesticks in the study, only they are plated, for I would not deceive you, sir, upon any account."

"You had better not," observed the burglar grimly, "or it will be all the worse for you." He produced a key like that my husband used, and approached the iron safe; but as he did so, his guilty ear caught a footstep upon the staircase. "Who's that?" cried he.

"My husband, sir," returned I; "but, pray, don't hurt him; pray."

"Is he not gone to town, then?" cried the ruffian, with an oath of disappointment.

"He is going at twelve o'clock," replied I; "he is indeed."

"If you tell him," said the burglar, hoarsely; "if you breathe but one word of my presence here, it will be the death-loom of you both;" he had slipped into the alcove, and drawn back the bed again to its place, in an instant. My husband entered immediately afterwards, and even while he was in the room, I heard the awful threat repeated once again through the thick curtain behind me: "If you do but whisper it, woman, I will kill you where you lie. Will you swear not to tell him?"

"I will," said I solemnly; "I promise not to open my lips about the matter."

"Your Uncle Frank leaned over the pillow to kiss me, and observed how terrified I looked.

"You have been frightening yourself about robbers again, I suppose, you silly child."

"Not I, Frank," returned I, as cheerfully as I could; I have only a little headache; but I said with my fingers, so that he could plainly read it in the fire-light: "For God's sake, hush; but there is a man behind the bed-head!"

Your Uncle Frank was as bold as a lion, and had nerves like iron, although he was so tender-hearted and kind. He only answered: "Where is your salvolatile, dearest?" and went to the mantel-piece to get it. I thought he never could have understood me, he spoke with such coolness and unconcern, until I saw his fingers reply as he took up the bottle: "All right; don't be afraid!" And then I was not afraid, Dick, or at least not much; for I knew that I should not be left one instant in that room alone; and I felt that my Frank was a match for any two men in such a cause. Only he had no weapon. "He has a life-preserver," said I with my fingers.

Your fire is getting rather low, Georgey," observed he as he took up the poker. (Ah, he had a weapon then!) "I must leave you a good blaze to comfort you before I go." He poked the fire, and left the poker in, but without ever taking his eye off me and the bedhead. "I will just ring the bell, and see whether Thomas has got the portmanteau ready. Mary," continued he to the maid that answered the bell, "send Thomas up." Then, when she had gone upon that errand: "By Jove! I never gave him that key; where is it, Georgey? I have not a minute to lose; if it is in your dressing-case with the rest there, I shall be an age in looking for it. Might I ask you to get out of bed for an instant, and show me which is it?" He said with his fingers, "jump!" and I jumped you may be sure, Dickey, quickly enough and was inside the dressing-room, and with the door locked, in half a second.

"Come in, Thomas," said your uncle; come in; for Thomas was modestly hesitating at the chamber-door; "there's some blackguard got into the house and behind my bed there; if he makes the least resistance, I'll kill him with this hot poker."

At these words the bed was pushed slowly outwards, and the burglar, without his crapes-musk, and with a face as pale as ashes, emerged from his hiding-place. Your Uncle Frank knew him at once as having been a bank-messenger, who had been turned out of his situation, since the fire, upon suspicion of dishonesty.

"O sir, have pity upon me," cried he; "I'm an unlucky dog. If it had not been for a sneeze, I should have had ten thousand pounds in my pocket by this time!"

"Oh, you came after that, did you?" said my husband coolly. "Well; please to give up that life-preserver which you have in your pocket, before we have any more conversation."

"And did your lady tell you that, too?" cried the villain, in accents of astonishment, as he delivered up the weapon to the manservant; "and yet I stood by her yonder, and never heard her utter a syllable."

"I never spoke a word," cried I, through the dressing-room keyhole, for I did not wish the man to think that I had broken my oath; nor, to say truth, was I anxious to make a deadly enemy of him, in case he should be ever at large again.

"Then it's a judgment on me," exclaimed the miserable wretch; "and it's no good for me to fight against it."

"It's not the least good," replied your Uncle Frank decisively; "and we will go to the police-office at once."

So off the burglar went in their custody, leaving poor Aunt Georgey safe and sound after all—And now, don't you think there may be some use in learning everything, even so small a thing as the deaf and dumb alphabet, Dickey?"

"Sometimes," replied the small boy, cautiously, and not wishing to commit himself to the general question.

"It actually saved my life, you see," continued the old lady; "and I didn't break my promise, either, did I, Dickey? I said I wouldn't speak a word, and I didn't; for what I did was what I call speech without words."

"Oh," replied the small boy, cunningly, "that's what you call it, is it? Now, should you like to know what I call it?"

"Yes, you funny child, I should," replied his aunt, admiringly.

"Well, Aunt Georgey," said the youthful moralist, as he slipped off Minerva's lap with a wicked laugh, "I should call it acting a fib without telling one; and a precious big fib too!"

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J. YOUNG. CANADA. VICTORIA, by the Grace of God of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Queen, Defender of the Faith, &c., &c., &c. To all to whom these presents shall come, or whom the same may in any wise concern.—(GREETING: A PROCLAMATION.

JOHN A. MACDONALD, WHEREAS, in and by a certain Act of the Parliament of Canada, passed in the Thirty-first year of our Reign, chaptered Number Forty-five, intituled "An Act respecting Currency," it is amongst other things in effect enacted that our Governor may at any time after the passing of that Act declare by proclamation that all or any of the Silver coins of the United States of America, or of any other foreign nation or State, coined before the passing of the said Act, shall when of weights and dates to be assigned in such proclamation pass current and be a legal tender in the Provinces of Quebec, Ontario, and New Brunswick, at rates in currency to be assigned to them respectively in such Proclamation, to such amount in any one payment as may be therein declared.

NOW KNOW YE, and We do hereby declare and proclaim that on, from and after the FIFTEENTH day of APRIL now next hereafter, the Silver coins namely: half-dollars, quarter-dollars, dimes and half-dimes, of the United States of America, coined before the passing of the hereinbefore in part recited Act of the Parliament of Canada, that is to say subsequent to the First day of July, which was in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and fifty-three, and prior to the Twenty-second day of May, which was in the year one thousand eight hundred and sixty-eight, and which are hereinafter mentioned, shall, when of the weights and dates hereinafter assigned in this our Royal Proclamation, pass current and be a legal tender in the Provinces of Quebec, Ontario, and New Brunswick, at rates in currency hereinafter assigned to them respectively, in this our Royal Proclamation, to the amount of Ten Dollars in any one payment. And we do hereby further declare and proclaim that the Silver coins of the United States of America aforesaid shall be of the weights and dates hereby assigned, and pass current, and be a legal tender as aforesaid, at the rates in currency hereby assigned to them respectively by this our Royal Proclamation, that is to say: half-dollars of the weight of one hundred and ninety-two grains at Forty cents—quarter-dollars of the weight of ninety-six grains at Twenty cents—dimes of the weight of thirty-eight grains and four-tenths of a grain at Eight cents—and half-dimes of the weight of nineteen grains and two-tenths of a grain at Four cents.

Of all which our loving subjects and all others whom these presents may concern, are hereby required to take notice and to govern themselves accordingly.

In testimony whereof, we have caused these our letters to be made Patent, and the Great Seal of Canada to be hereunto affixed: Witness, Our Trusty and Well Beloved, The Right Honourable Sir JOHN YOUNG, Baronet, one of our Most Honourable Privy Council, Knight Grand Cross of Our Most Honourable Order of the Bath, Knight Grand Cross of Our Most Distinguished Order of Saint Michael and Saint George, Governor-General of Canada. At Our Government House, in Our City of Ottawa, the FOURTH day of FEBRUARY, in the year of Our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and seventy, and in the thirty-third year of Our Reign. By command, J. C. ATKINS, Secretary of State.

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