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McGILL'S

Westchester News

Vol. III.—No. 24.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JUNE 17, 1871.

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 { \$4 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

THE NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY AND ITS FIELD DAYS.

"Many a little hand
 Glanced like a touch of sunshine on the rocks,
 Many a light foot shone like a jewel set
 In the dark crag; and then we turned, we wound
 About the cliffs, the coves, out and in,
 Hammering and clinking, chattering stony names
 Of shale and hornblende, rag and trap and tuff
 Amygdaloid and Rhyolite, till the sun
 Grew broader towards his death and fell, and all
 The rosy heights came out above the lawns."

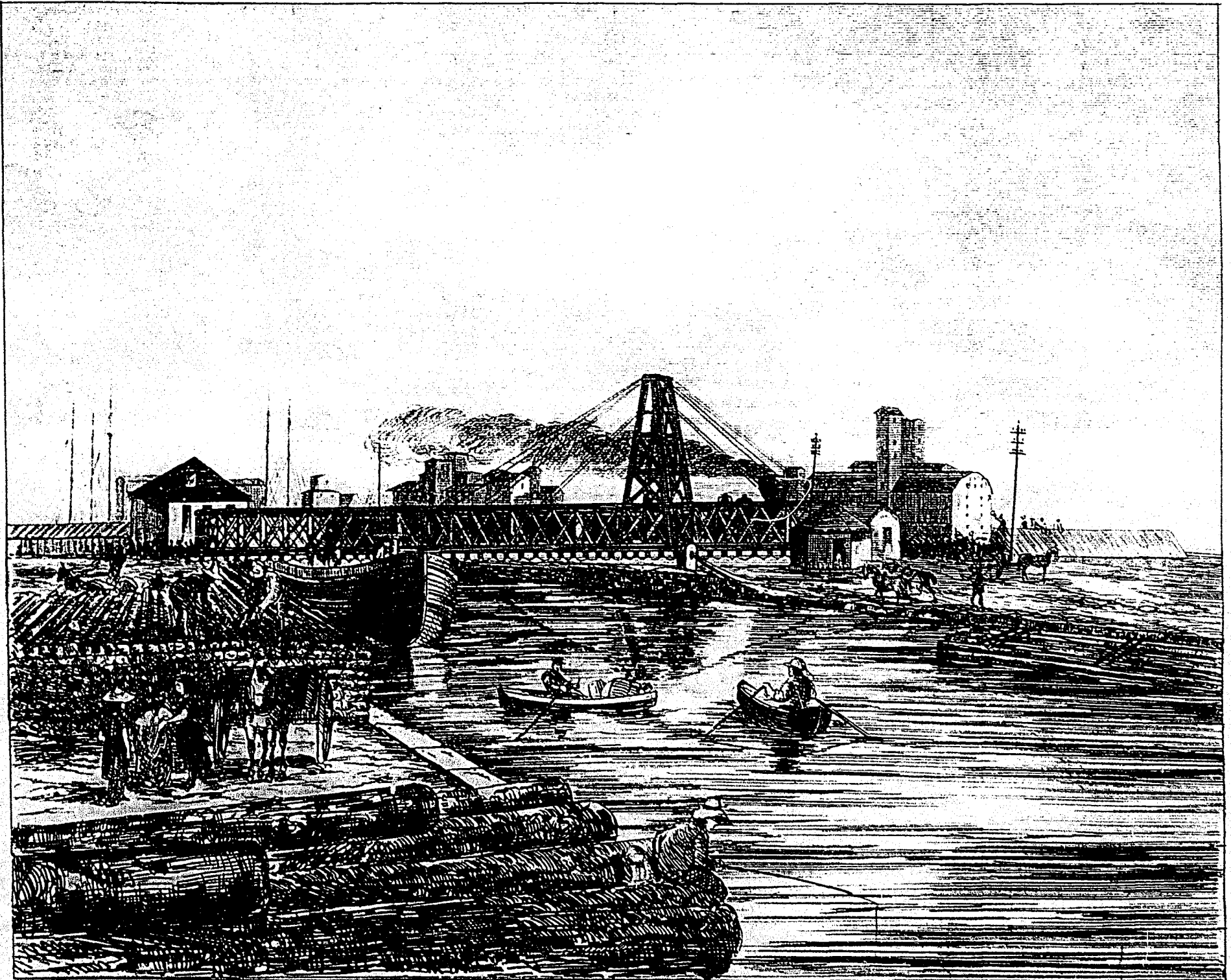
TRINNYSON.

The charming excursion to Montarville on the 3rd of June last, which is made the subject of two illustrations in the present number—showing both the picturesque and the comic attractions of the scene—gives us an opportunity of referring to the history of this useful society and the varied means it so persistently employs in the endeavour to carry out the highly important objects for which it was formed.

Established upwards of thirty-six years, it may fairly be considered one of the institutions of the country, and it has contributed not a little by its researches and publications to diffuse useful information as to the natural products of the Dominion both at home and abroad; and to inspire respect for the scientific opinions of its members in the eyes of the savants of Europe. But its work has been for many years of a very quiet and inobtrusive character, and it is better known as a nucleus of associated naturalists and geologists than as a popular institution. As a natural result of its growth and of the leaven of intellectual culture emanating from McGill College and similar institutions it has of late years advanced in popularity and in usefulness especially to the more cultivated of the young people of this city, and its annual conversaciones, its field meetings, and its Somerville popular lectures, are well attended and appreciated by a large number of the fair sex.

Moreover, the Society, by no means exclusive in its selections for membership, has invited ladies to join its ranks as associate members and invited them to enjoy all its privileges at a reduced fee, including daily access to the Museum, situated between the Crystal Palace and the English Cathedral. This Museum has been for some years under the charge of the scientific curator, Mr. J. T. Whiteaves, who has brought it into its present orderly, cleanly and well named condition. This places it quite at the head of any Museum in Canada, and as an Educational Museum for students in the Natural History of British North America, it is doubtful whether it is exceeded even by the colossal collections of the United States.

The Library, although small at present, is receiving special attention this year and is accessible to members. It contains some very valuable serials and society's proceedings, and it would be a most desirable issue if, instead of enlarging the



THE NEW WELLINGTON BRIDGE, MONTREAL.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 370.

collection of books, the society were affiliated with the proposed Frazer Institute, and its collection of Natural History thrown open to the citizens under suitable provisions for its protection and maintenance.

Besides promoting science by lectures, papers, and discussions, the society has more than once despatched its scientific curator on collecting expeditions, which have yielded good results both to its museum and to science. During the present summer this gentleman will have the aid of the Government steamers for dredging the deep portion of the Gulf of the St. Lawrence, and for making observations on the food of those fish which constitute a portion of our national wealth.

The *Canadian Naturalist* is the quarterly journal of the society, which contains the summaries of its scientific labours, and also many popular expositions of the scientific questions of the day.

Its annual conversations are an agreeable feature in our winter festivities, when the resources of science and art are all brought into requisition. On the last occasions the special subject illustrated was "Canadian Antiquities," which brought out for exhibition many interesting collections of Indian and Canadian dresses, coins, &c., in the possession of private individuals, some of which were generously added to the society's collection. But the "Annual Field Meeting" is the May day of the year—though it seems to fall about the first week in June. The charm of a day in the country when the leaves are green and not dusty, when the sky is clear and the birds are singing, is always a tempting prospect, but when, in addition, our company is select and orderly, our arrangements all comfortably made beforehand for us, bright eyes and young hearts sharing our pleasures, and intellectual discourses super-added, the wonder is, that, in a sensible city like Montreal, a train or a steamboat can be procured large enough to carry the whole party who desire to go. In this respect these trips are a great contrast to similar gatherings in the States, where from three to five hundred people rush to the train or the boat, and all "fraternize" or "lionize." Here the parties group themselves in a very quiet way, speak only to their own acquaintances and are—so genteel! But whether they sail in holiday attire to the classic and beautiful Isle of St. Helen, and roam round its lovely wooded shore—listening to its classic history and gathering its rich stores of wild flowers, shells and fish. Or, as on another occasion they are whirled out, under a dubious sky and chilly wind, suggesting waterproofs and umbrellas and "things that won't spoil"—and trip over the cruel stones (best friend of the boot-maker) to that marvellous Cenotaph of Nature, Point St. Claire—or wander to the old Fort de Bierre—or roam amongst the streams and wild flowers and mossy shades of Isle Perrot, returning laden with its flora and laughing at "showers"—or whether they "go farther" and instead of "faring worse" are fairly astonished at the ample forest, the glistening glades, the wooded lake and the fairy tale of the modern pilgrimage which drew so many thousands of willing feet in times past, to hang upon the words of Monseigneur Forbin Jansen, Bishop of Nancy, in his great crusade of 1841, and to build on the summit of Belœil a cross—the stony face of which yet stands as the memorial of his eloquence, and from that wondrous old "pillar of the earth" gaze down with delighted awe upon the embosomed lakes, the cultivated plains and the silvery streams of the old sea bottom below. And at last reluctantly leaving the scene laden with treasures "of woods, of vales, and of the winged air," they return again in peace and safety. Or if as on the last occasion they visit the rural Manor House, where comfort, elegance, music and refreshment have so long ensconced themselves amid the mountain lakes and forests far above the busy din of man—yet, in each of all these glorious spots the geologist has found his boulders, the palaeontologist his fossils, the entomologist his insects, the conchologist his shells, the piscator his fish, and the microscopist his "legion," and probably "the lad his lass."

All returned refreshed, invigorated by real intercourse with Grand Mother Nature, and many say, before the day is over, when will the next excursion be held. And their less fortunate friends on hearing their story exclaim "I wish I had been there!"

And why should these delightful gatherings be annual only, and not monthly during the summer? Because so few are really interested in the work, and because so many accept it only as a passing pleasure; because so few attend the regular meetings of the society and by its aid prepare themselves for its "field days." What "drill" is to the review, so are the regular meetings of the society to its excursions; and let us hope that one of the results of the "Ladies' Educational Association," which is commenced under such favourable auspices, will be to increase the ranks of the associate members of this society, and to render more numerous on the occasion of these excursions the competition for the prize which the society offers for the "best collection of plants in flower gathered during the excursion and properly named." We notice that in the award of such prizes by the Field Clubs in England 60, 80 and 100 species are frequently presented and named, and probably in these Canadian localities we have less lack of flowers than of botanists to ensure a like result.

Our artist has in the sketch chosen the moment when Dr. T. Sterry Hunt is addressing the motley group on the geology of the district. He is supported by Principal Dawson, the President of the Society, and Mr. Whiteaves, the Secretary,

Prof. Selwyn, of the Geological Survey, Prof. Darcy, Prof. Baker Edwards, Prof. Bell, Mr. Marler, and other leading members of the society. The scene is close to the hospitable mansion of Madame Bruneau, who kindly threw open her house, grounds and boats for the accommodation of the party. An envious peacock strutted before the philosophers and seemed disposed to dispute the rights of the intruders to trespass on his domain. The gathering of clouds and the distant voice of thunder in the woods, excited doubts and fears, and led to a somewhat more hasty retreat than was consistent with the dignity of so select a party. But all passed off without accident or serious discomfort, and left many wishing that such pleasures could be more frequently enjoyed, and feeling grateful to the society which had initiated them. The following summary of the principal speeches delivered on the reassembling of the excursionists is taken from the *Herald's* report:—

Dr. Hunt explained that the dark-coloured Crystalline trap of the Montarville hills, like that of the Montreal Mountain, was an eruptive rock, which had cooled under pressure and thus did not exhibit either the porous or the vitreous character of volcanic rocks, which had cooled at the surface. He also gave an interesting description of the mineral constituents of the trap, and of the different varieties of similar rocks. The name "trap" was of Swedish origin, and had reference to the stair-like appearance which hills of this rock presented.

Dr. Dawson also gave a short address in explanation of the geological specimens which had been collected. He held in his hand a fossil shell, embedded in hard rock from one of the layers of the horizontal strata which underlies the country all around, and through which the trap rock of the mountain has forced itself when in a molten condition. But on the top of all that we now see, there must have been piled at least twenty thousand feet of mud-rocks, which have all been removed by denudation. We know this from various facts, one of which was the small portions of rocks of a higher series, which he had discovered imprisoned in a similar trap on St. Helen's Island. After much of this denudation had taken place, and in comparatively recent geological times, the whole of the surrounding country had been covered by a prolongation of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and these hills as well as our own mountain and many others, formed islands of greater or less extent.

OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY.

No. 78.—HON. CHARLES FOX BENNETT.

PREMIER OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

The Hon. Chas. Bennett has been more than sixty years engaged in the trade and fisheries of Newfoundland. He has been one of the most enterprising men of the colony, and was the first to embark in mining adventures. In his earlier days he took an active part in politics as member of the Legislative and Executive Councils, from which he retired on the introduction of Responsible Government.

When the subject of Confederation came to be considered, he took the lead in opposing the measure, considering that the interests of his adopted country would be severely prejudiced if it were carried. That question was submitted to the constituencies at a general election in 1869—twenty Anti and nine Confederate members were returned—one Anti-Confederate having been returned for two constituencies, thereby leaving a vacancy for St. John's West, which was subsequently filled by an Anti-Confederate.

Mr. Bennett was chosen as leader of the Government, and in that capacity procured the enactment of many measures of great and vital interest to the welfare and prosperity of the colony. Taking office after a season of great depression, with the colony deeply in debt, and the fishermen in a miserable state of poverty, was sufficient to tax the energies of the most experienced and skilful politician. He, however, proved equal to the occasion, and in less than one year paid off a large floating debt, reduced the taxes £14,000, which reduction has been further increased £6,000 the present year; expended liberally for public works and improvements, and left a large balance in the public chest.

Although far past the allotted age of man, he still possesses the elasticity of movement for which he was distinguished in his earlier days, and his mind retains the vigour of youth, matured by the experience of many years. If love of country and arduous service in its cause entitle a man to be considered a patriot, then Mr. Bennett should richly enjoy that distinction. He has expended his substance liberally for the benefit of Newfoundland, and now, at a time of life when most persons would retire and enjoy the fruits of their labour, he continues in harness, and performs the duties of Premier without deriving any emolument for his services.

No. 79.—HON. T. R. BENNETT.

SPEAKER, LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY, N. F.

Mr. T. R. Bennett, Speaker of the House of Assembly of Newfoundland, is a Nova Scotian by birth, and is about forty years of age. For some years he has conducted a considerable business in Fortune Bay, on the western coast of the Island. He has been twice returned to represent that district in the general assembly. At the last election he advocated Anti-Confederate principles, and was returned without opposition. He was subsequently elected Speaker by the Anti members, who were twenty-one against nine Confederate. The Speaker appears to have made himself thoroughly acquainted with Parliamentary usage, and he performs the duties of his position to the satisfaction of both sides of the House, uniting, as he does, great firmness with a kind and obliging disposition. He is an able debater, possesses great fluency of speech and elegance of language, and appears to be zealous to promote the interests of Newfoundland.

CRACKED SOVEREIGNS.

It has probably fallen to the lot of many readers to have come into possession occasionally of gold or silver coins which were hollow, or cracked on their edges, and therefore not sonorous when tested by the well known "ringing" process. Speculations as to the source of the imperfection are numerous, and various theories have been advanced and discussed in regard to it.

Perhaps one of the most prevailing notions as to the origin of cracked sovereigns and cracked coins of other denominations, is, that all pieces of money fabricated at the British mint are, in the first place, made in halves, the heads and the tails being afterwards paired and united by cementing, soldering, hydraulic pressure, or some other means. This operation being in some cases imperfectly performed (as it is argued), a partial or complete divorce may afterwards take place, and hence the phenomena of cracked moneys.

Another supposition is, that the hollow coins have been tampered with by gamblers for their own nefarious purposes. Neither of these theories, however ingenious they may be, is the correct one. The evil really arises in the way we shall attempt to describe. All the legitimate metallic money of this country is made from bars of gold, silver, or bronze. At the Royal mint there are orthodox sizes for these bars, so as to produce each variety of coin in use outside its walls. Those for sovereigns are twenty-six inches long, one and a half inches wide, and one inch thick; and, for the purpose of facilitating explanation, let us confine our attention to gold only.

Such bars are cast in vertical moulds of iron, which latter are fitted together in halves, so as to allow the giant nuggets to be realized easily from within them. On filling a mould from the crucible of molten metal held over its mouth, the resulting bar cools rapidly. Those parts of the bar which touch the sides of the mould cool first, and more gradually the centre is reduced in temperature. As the sides of the bar harden at once, they cling, as it were, to the walls of the mould, whilst the metal in the middle contracts in cooling, and subsides down the mould. The upper end of a bar of gold resembles much at this juncture the mercurial column in a barometer when the "glass" is said to be "falling." It is hollow or depressed in the middle, and sometimes very much so, the depression occasionally extending to one inch.

The lower end of the bar is perfectly squared, because the base of the mould is square. When removed from its iron case, the bar is carried to the rolling mill for lamination. It is passed again and again between the rollers, until attenuated into a strap or ribbon, but that which was its upper end is still defective. The rollers have simply compressed the precious metal, and therefore left the hollow end a mere crevice or thin line in the middle of the strap. This end is considered as scrap, and first cut off by a pair of shears, it is returned to the melting pot. It happens, sometimes, nevertheless, that a sufficient portion of imperfect ribbon is not cut away, the crack thus extending beyond the amputating point. When this occurs, it creates the evil of "cracked sovereigns." The ribbon is removed to the punching press, and perforated from end to end by a punch of the exact size of a sovereign. Some of the disks of metal thus produced may be cut from the bad end of the strip of gold. To detect these criminals, if they exist, a small staff of boys is employed. They are each armed with a bright-faced anvil block of cast iron, and they ring every individual disk in very rapid succession on the anvil. The sound and perfect pieces give forth harmonious music, whilst the others are dumb dogs, and have no music in their souls. The defaulters are, or should be, all picked out, and condemned to the "fiery furnace" once more. Boys are not infallible, and they have permitted "dummies" to escape now and then. These pass forward to be stamped at the presses, milled on their edges, and issued to the public, by whom they are criticised, and justly condemned. The hollowness of their characters is only detected, it may be, after some contact and friction with their neighbours, just as speciousness in the human character is only found out by the application of the tests of adversity and trouble. With the care at present exercised at the mint, hollow coins cannot escape detection.—*English Paper.*

COMFORT FOR TEA DRINKERS.

In the life of most persons a period arrives when the stomach no longer digests enough of the ordinary elements of food to make up for the natural daily waste of bodily substances. The size and weight of the body, therefore, begins to diminish more or less perceptibly. At this time tea comes in as a medicine to arrest the waste, to keep the body from falling away too fast, and thus to enable the energetic powers of digestion still to supply as much as is needed to repair the wear and tear of the solid tissues. No wonder, therefore, that tea should be a favourite, on the one hand with the poor, whose supply of substantial food is scanty, and on the other with the aged and infirm, especially of the feeble sex, whose powers of digestion and whose bodily substances have together begun to fail. Nor is it surprising that the aged female, who has barely enough of weekly income to buy what are called the common necessities of life, should yet spend a portion for her ounce of tea. She can live as well on less common food, when she takes her tea along with it; she feels lighter, at the same time more cheerful and fitter for her work, because of this indulgence.

WELLINGTON STREET BRIDGE, MONTREAL.

A subject of much interest to the commercial community of Montreal has been the extension of the Grand Trunk Railway to the lower harbour. The new bridge erected across the canal close by the old Wellington Street Bridge, of which we give an illustration on our front page, is a proof that the work is being rapidly carried out. This is, we trust, but a prelude to the connection of the Grand Trunk with the North Shore Road—when finished—and, for the present, it will afford, during the summer months, greatly increased facilities to shippers.

An Indian reports a "big thing on ice" at the mouth of the Amnicon river, some thirteen miles below Superior, in the shape of several huge icebergs almost literally covered with herring and other lake fish frozen to them. One of these immense mountains is twenty-five feet high and some forty feet through.—*Et.*

That is small compared to the size of the story.

VIEWS IN KINGSTON.

On page 38, we reproduce, from photographs by a well-known artist, six views of the principal places of interest in and around "Old Cataract." In a country so rich in magnificent scenery as that surrounding Kingston, it becomes a matter of difficulty to select the most pleasing views for reproduction. The *embarras de richesses* is so perplexing, that for once we give Man precedence over Nature, trusting that our views of the principal buildings of Kingston will shortly be supplemented by illustrations of the city itself and of the grand scenery of the Thousand Islands, and other objects of interest in that neighbourhood.

ZION CHURCH, TORONTO.

The first public religious service held in Toronto in connexion with the Congregational body took place August 31st, 1834, in the upper room of a two-story wooden building, used as a Masonic Hall, which stood on Colborne street, near the site of the Merchants' Exchange of the present day. On the 23rd of November following, a church was formed by the Rev. Wm. Merrell, who came from Brampton, in Cumberland, England. He returned to Britain in April, 1836, and was succeeded in the fall of 1837 by the late Rev. John Roaf, of Wolverhampton, England. In anticipation of Mr. Roaf's arrival, the church removed from the Masonic Hall to a vacant Wesleyan Chapel on George street, in which they continued to worship, until the opening of their own new chapel, on the 1st of January, 1839. This building was erected on the site now occupied by Zion Church, and was destroyed by fire on the morning of the 26th of February, 1855. Mr. Roaf, from declining health, resigned the pastorate in June, 1855. The Rev. T. S. Ellerby, of London, England, who was settled over the church in May, 1856, retired March 31st, 1866, and was succeeded by the Rev. J. G. Manly, who returned to Canada from Dublin, Ireland, in 1866, after an absence of twenty-two years.

The building is of the Lombard style of architecture, the materials white brick with Ohio stone dressings. It was designed by that eminent architect, the late Wm. Thomas, Esq., of Toronto, who also superintended its erection. It was opened for divine worship on Friday, the 26th of September, 1856. It is divided into five bays with a two-light semicircular window in four of them, with square buttresses between, with stone set-offs, and dying into the brick corbel table under the eaves. The tower stands on the south-west angle. A spire was erected on this tower, but it fell during a heavy gale of westerly wind, on the 12th of April, 1864, and the tower was then finished with a turret at each angle, with battlement between. The front entrance is protected by a brick porch, with double doors, having circular head and stained glass fanlights. Above the porch is a large four-light window. The interior is fitted up with a gallery on each side, and one at the south end, and the ground floor has centre and side aisles, and large entrance lobby in front, containing stair-ways to the galleries and basement. The roof is partly open, showing the arches of the principals from columns each way, and stained. The dimensions of the building are 95 by 50 feet through the walls, and it contains sittings for 800 persons, but accommodation for 1,000 can be provided on special occasions. The basement contains a commodious Sunday-school and lecture-room, an infant class-room, and a minister's vestry.

The cost of construction was \$17,500. The lot is 82 feet in front and 100 feet in depth, and is estimated to be worth \$3,000. The organ, one of the finest in the city, cost \$1,800. During the past four years the church and congregation, in addition to meeting all current expenses, contributed the sum of \$5,500, thereby removing the entire debt on the premises.

ST. LUKES CHURCH, WATERLOO, E. T.

This handsome structure was lately opened for Divine service by the Metropolitan the Bishop of Montreal. It is thoroughly "Gothic" in style, built of red and white brick.

The interior is very fine, having a massive open roof, the panels handsomely frescoed. The principals of the roof are from the manufactory of G. Roberts, the windows by John Ostell; the pews from G. Wright; the stained glass by J. C. Spence, all of Montreal.

The organ is one of Messrs. Warren's best. The architect is Thomas Scott, Esq., Montreal. It has sittings for about 400, and, when completed, will cost about \$15,000. The roof is covered with Melborne and Granby slate, blue and green.

"JULIET."

Foreigners, as a rule, are unable to appreciate Shakespeare. The beauties of the great master's works are lost upon them, though their acquaintance with the English tongue be ever so good; and though they look upon the poet with some kind of respect, as a prophet who has inspired his own countrymen with intense admiration, and is, therefore, deserving of the esteem of outsiders, yet their acquaintance with the works of the dramatist is but small, and their appreciation of the sentiments therein contained smaller still. Among the peoples of the Latin race this peculiarity is much more observable than among those of Saxon or Celtic origin. None but a Latin could have committed the incomprehensible blunders that are to be found scattered broadcast over Victor Hugo the younger's translation of Shakespeare. Some of these errors are such as would disgrace a school-boy's French exercise, much less a French version, by a French *littérateur*, of England's greatest bard. Scanning the work merely, one would be inclined to term it a travesty rather than a translation. What can be said of a man who puts into Hamlet's mouth such an absurd piece of inanity as "*Madame, votre nom est Frailty*," "*Madam, your name is Frailty?*" Few lovers of Shakespeare would be able to recognize in such ridiculous trash the well-known quotation, "*Woman, thy name is frailty!*" In another place the same author, in his usual happy manner, renders "*so woe-begone*" thus: "*Ainsi, douleur, va-t'en!*" in other words, "*Woe, get out!*"

In pleasing contrast to the inappreciativeness of the French stands the heartfelt admiration felt by all educated Saxons for the works of Shakespeare. There is a story—told by Schlegel, if we are not mistaken—which runs to the effect that when "*King Lear*" was first put on the boards at Amsterdam by an English troupe, the worthy Mynheers, though they understood not one word of the dialogue, perfectly comprehended the plot, seized the situations, and were actually moved to tears at the ingratitude of Goneril and Regan, and the filial piety displayed by Cordelia. In every German family, among the

educated classes, Shakespeare finds a place on the book-shelves beside Schiller and Goethe, and is no less read and appreciated than the greatest German authors. Where he is not read in the original, will be found carefully edited copies of his works, in which the Anglo-German reader need have no fear of stumbling over such unmeaning Hugoisms as, "*Mulame, votre nom est Frailty!*"

With such proofs of German appreciation of Shakespeare, it is no wonder that German artists love to choose their subjects from the creations of the great Character-Creator. The Juliet we reproduce on another page is the work of Professor Felsing, of Darmstadt, one of two brothers who rank high as line-engravers in the European world of art. His Juliet does not perhaps meet our English idea of what Juliet should be; her figure is too compact, too robust; instead of a slender blonde, as we delight to picture her, she is represented as a stout-limbed brunette, and partakes rather of the character of a Cleopatra or a Judith than of the timorous, fair-haired, and willow-formed daughter of the Capulets. But the question of *physique* aside, none can fail to admire Prof. Felsing's production. The artist had in view the opening part of Scene III., Act III. The passage is so beautiful that we cannot resist the temptation of quoting:

Jul. Will thou be gone? it is not yet near day:
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear;
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate-tree:
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

Rom. It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale; look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east:
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tip-toe on the misty mountain tops.
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

Jul. You light is not day-light, I know it, I:
It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a torch-bearing,
And light thee on thy way to Mantua:
Therefore stay yet; thou need'st not to be gone.

Rom. Let me be taken, let me be put to death;
I am content, so thou wilt have it so.
I'll say you grey is not the morning's eye,
'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow;
Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat
The vaulty heaven so high above our heads:
I have more care to stay than will to go:
Come death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so.
How is't, my soul? let's talk; it is not day.

Jul. It is, it is: hie hence, be gone, away!
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh discords and unpleasing sharps.
Some say the lark makes sweet division:
This doth not so; for she divideth us:
Some say the lark and thrush do change eyes:
O, now I would they had changed voices too!
Since arm from arm that voice doth us asray,
Hunting thee hence with hunt-up to the day,
O, now be gone; more light and light it grows.

Rom. More light and light; more dark and dark our woes!

Enter Nurse, to the chamber.

Nurse. Madam!

Jul. Nurse?

Nurse. Your lady mother is coming to your chamber:
The day is broke; be wary, look about. [*Exit.*]

Jul. Then, window, let day in, and let life out.

Rom. Farewell, farewell! one kiss, and I'll descend. [*He goeth down.*]

Jul. Art thou gone so? love, lord, ay, husband, friend!
I must hear from thee every day in the hour,
For in a minute there are many days;
O, by this count I shall be much in years.
Ere I again behold my Romeo!

Rom. Farewell!

I will omit no opportunity
That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

Jul. O, think'st thou we shall ever meet again?

Rom. I doubt it not; and all these woes shall serve
For sweet discourse in our time to come.

Jul. O God, I have an ill-divining soul!
Methinks I see thee, now thou art below,
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb;

Either my eyesight fails, or thou look'st pale.

Rom. And trust me, love, in my eyes so you do:
Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu! Adieu! [*Exit.*]

Jul. O fortune, fortune! all men call thee fickle:
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him
That is renown'd for faith? Be fickle, fortune;
For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long,
But send him back.

ROPE BRIDGE OVER THE KAWAURAU, NEW ZEALAND.

The rivers of New Zealand are the most provoking in the world; they are, generally speaking, of little use for navigation, and they are so rapid and fluctuating in their course that they will hardly do for floating timber. The majority of them run between huge terraces, at the foot of the lowermost of which there is a broad flat plain, principally shingle. This in the summer time is traversed by two or three streams, which meander very beautifully through the shingly flat; but when the flood comes, which it generally does in early summer, occasioned by the melting of the snow in the interior from a north-west wind, accompanied with a warm rain, the whole of the flat becomes a raging torrent, the river is from bank to bank, and is very ugly and dangerous, and bridging is exceedingly difficult and expensive. At the gorges, however, where the river is confined within comparatively narrow banks, there are various modes of getting across. If the river is not very rapid, and the banks too steep for the accommodation of travellers, and of sheep, cattle, and goods, punts are constructed, which by an ingenious contrivance are made to cross the river by the force of the stream. But these punts are very expensive, and if there is not much traffic a wire rope is stretched across the river, and a box is slung on it, capable of carrying two or more persons and a certain small amount of goods. The sensation of crossing a boiling rapid in this manner is not at all pleasant at the first trial, but custom soon gives one the necessary nerve. Most of these are private speculations, and often pay well enough.

MISCELLANEA.

It is announced that the Seat of the Italian Government will be transferred from Florence to Rome on the 1st of next month. Austria is one among the other Governments which has already assented to the change.

At a late sitting of the French Academy of Sciences a curious communication was received from Zaliwski, which, if it were borne out, would be invaluable to navigation. He states that if a hollow cylinder, made of thin materials, open at the top, and provided with a sharp-edged bottom, be properly ballasted and then put into a tub or other vessel filled with water, it will soon move in a never-varying direction from west to east.

A new Russian sect has been founded in the district of Orenburg by an unfrocked pope named Feodor Kaynika, who professes to be in direct communication with the Deity, and to have the mission of preparing an "earthly paradise" for his followers. One of the conditions of admission into the sect is the payment of 5,000 roubles to its founder, after which the candidate has to pass through several ranks before attaining the privileges of full membership. As promotions from one rank to another, like the first appointment, are made under a sort of purchase system, the sect consists almost entirely of rich men. The fund thus accumulated is, according to the statutes of the society, to be employed in the conquest of Constantinople, which the founder predicts will take place on the Emperor's birthday (29th of April) in the year 1873.

A correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* sends to that paper the following account of a strange new practice in Chancery:—"My grievance is that I have been weighed in the balance and found wanting! Somebody made me (a solicitor myself) defendant in a Chancery suit, and I had put in an answer. This precious document was settled by counsel, engrossed by a law stationer, sworn to by myself, and then sent for filing. The officials noted the stamps, counted the words, counted again the lines on the paper, then actually measured with a portion of a yard measure the size of the paper, the width of the margin. All turned out right; and then they actually weighed my answer, as if it were sugar! and I was found to be a drachm short: one ounce one drachm, and not one ounce two drachms. Therefore my answer is returned to me unfiled. Thus I am in contempt because my stationer, like other tradesmen, has given me light weight. I cannot apply for protection to a judge because it is 'vacation' (no one knows why Chancery great men have vacations when no one else does), and I am at the mercy of the other side to lock me up when and as they choose, for want of weight. It is needless to say that no one read the document. Sufficiency is judged by size, weight, and measure."

A Russo-German war would force upon the majority of Russian officers a most painful question of nationality. According to the *Golos*, the proportion of foreigners serving in the Russian army is as follows:—Among the privates and non-commissioned officers there are 85 per cent. of Russians, 15 per cent. of foreigners, and of these 2 of Germans. Among the captains and lieutenants there are 24 per cent. of Germans, and 42 of foreigners altogether to 58 of Russians. Among the colonels and majors there are 58 Germans, and 85 foreigners to 15 Russians; and among the generals there are as many as 74 Germans and 82 foreigners to 18 Russians. Thus, if Russia went to war with Germany, the first thing that might happen to her would be the loss of the greater part of her officers; for though sixty years ago Germans were ready enough to fight against Germans, they would hardly do so now after the regeneration of the Empire. This circumstance may be not without influence on the affirmed improbability of a Russo-German war.

At the alarming railway accident which occurred on the Banff, Macduff, and Turriff branch of the Great North of Scotland Railway, the carriages were hung on their sides against the low bank, the passengers having to scramble out at the windows on the uppermost side. There were only two passengers in the first-class carriage, and they fortunately occupied the back compartment, where, though the shock was severe, it was less felt than it might have been in any other part of the train. It is a coincidence perhaps worth mentioning that one of the gentlemen was repeating to the other the lines:—

"Ah! in what perils is vain life engaged!
What slight neglects, what trivial faults destroy
The hardest fame. Of indolence, of toil
We die; of want, of superfluity;
The all surrounding heaven, the vital air,
Is big with death."

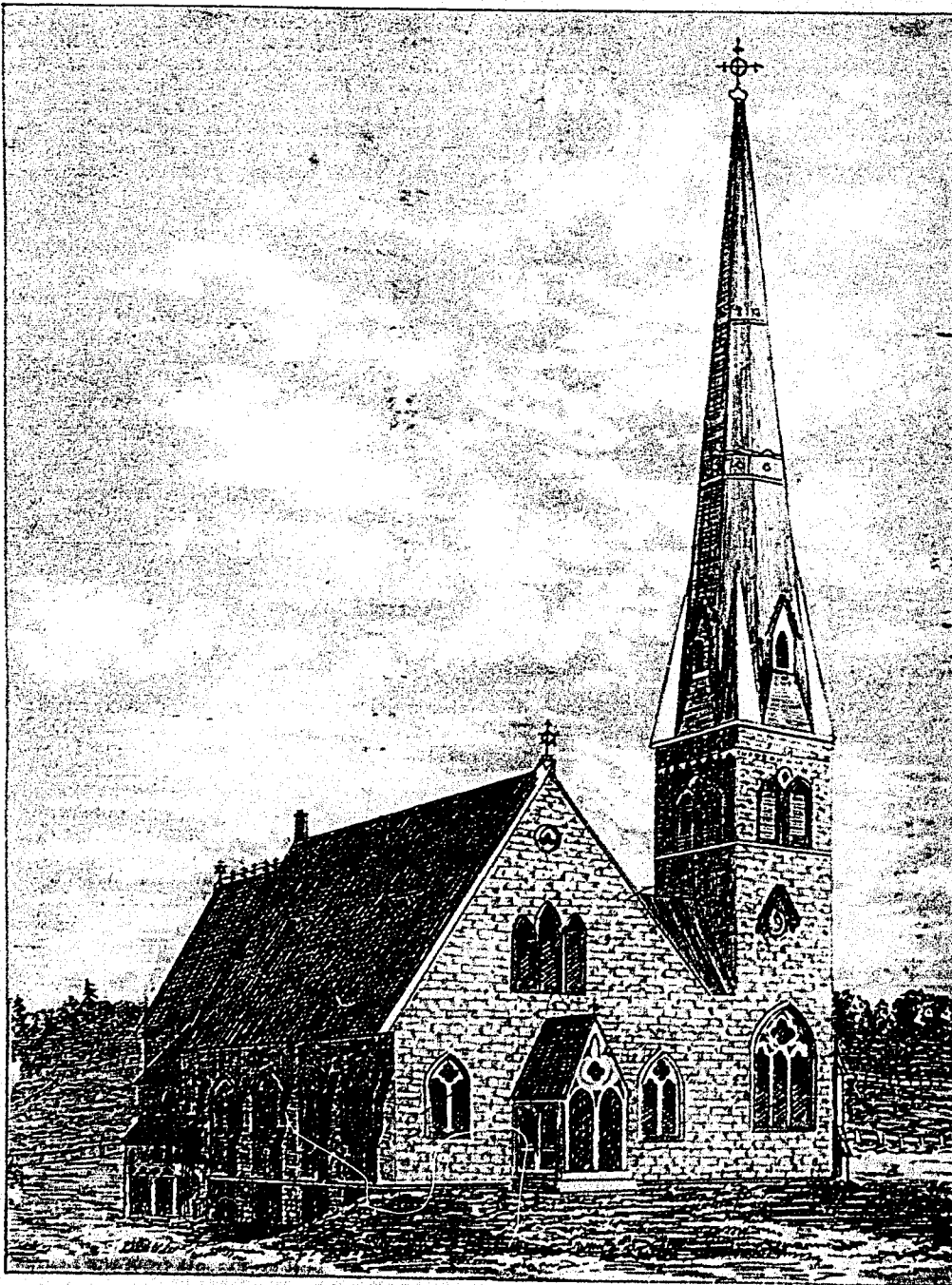
Just as he was repeating the last line came the noise, followed by the crash, which, it need scarcely be said, was not unlikely to be looked upon as a striking illustration of the passage.

A German reviewer of Darwin's latest work makes a suggestion as to the necessity of a system of experiments by which his conclusions might in some degree be tested. "It is evident," says this writer, "that Darwin's newest work is not so much written to support his theory by fresh proofs as to show his disciples how it is applicable to man according to his view. But, with all respect to Darwin, it may be observed that it is time he or his followers should think less of the application than of the foundation of their propositions. I do not wish to be suspected of dictation, but were I Huxley or Haeckel I should endeavour to form an international association to extend over the whole earth, of which single members should undertake to watch year by year two or three species, their varieties, and relations to each other; I should thus endeavour by organization to alleviate the tremendous labour of collecting and sifting cases, and should then hope that out of millions of observations the desired evidence would at last be forthcoming. The desired evidence?—no; but some explanation at all events; and it would soon appear whether this explanation contained the evidence or its opposite. Darwin's merit consists in this, that he has cast doubt upon the dogma of the unchangeableness of species, and has, with great genius and boldness, increased the number of possibilities. Which possibility is likely to be lasting is not yet decided; it cannot hitherto be said that either party has brought forward scientific evidence, and it would be bad for Darwinism were it also obliged in the future to draw its best arguments from the realms of phantasy."



HON. CHAS. FOX BENNETT, PREMIER OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

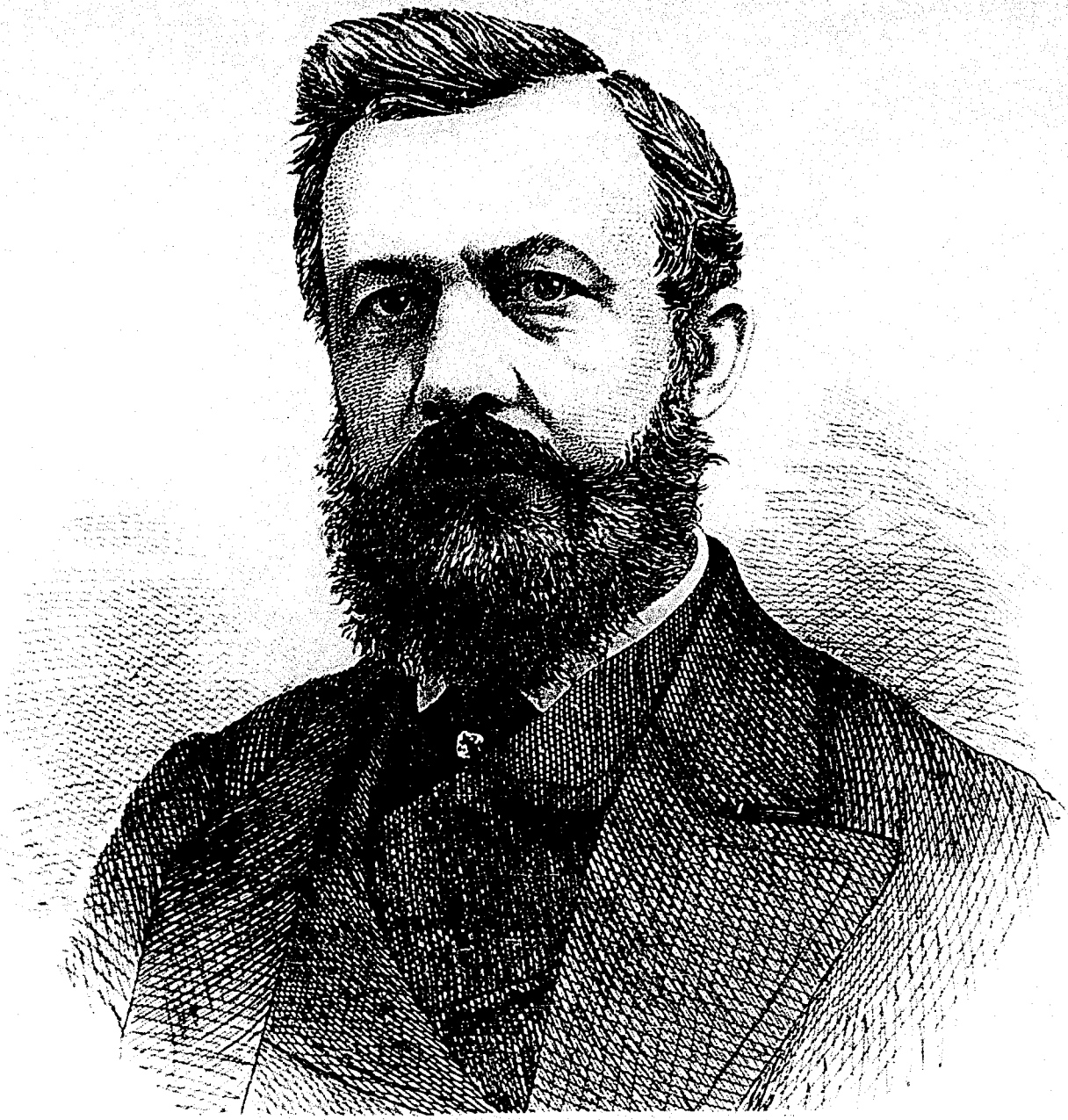
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. CLARK, BRISTOL.—SEE PAGE 370.



ST. LUKE'S CHURCH, WATERLOO, E. T.—SEE PAGE 371.

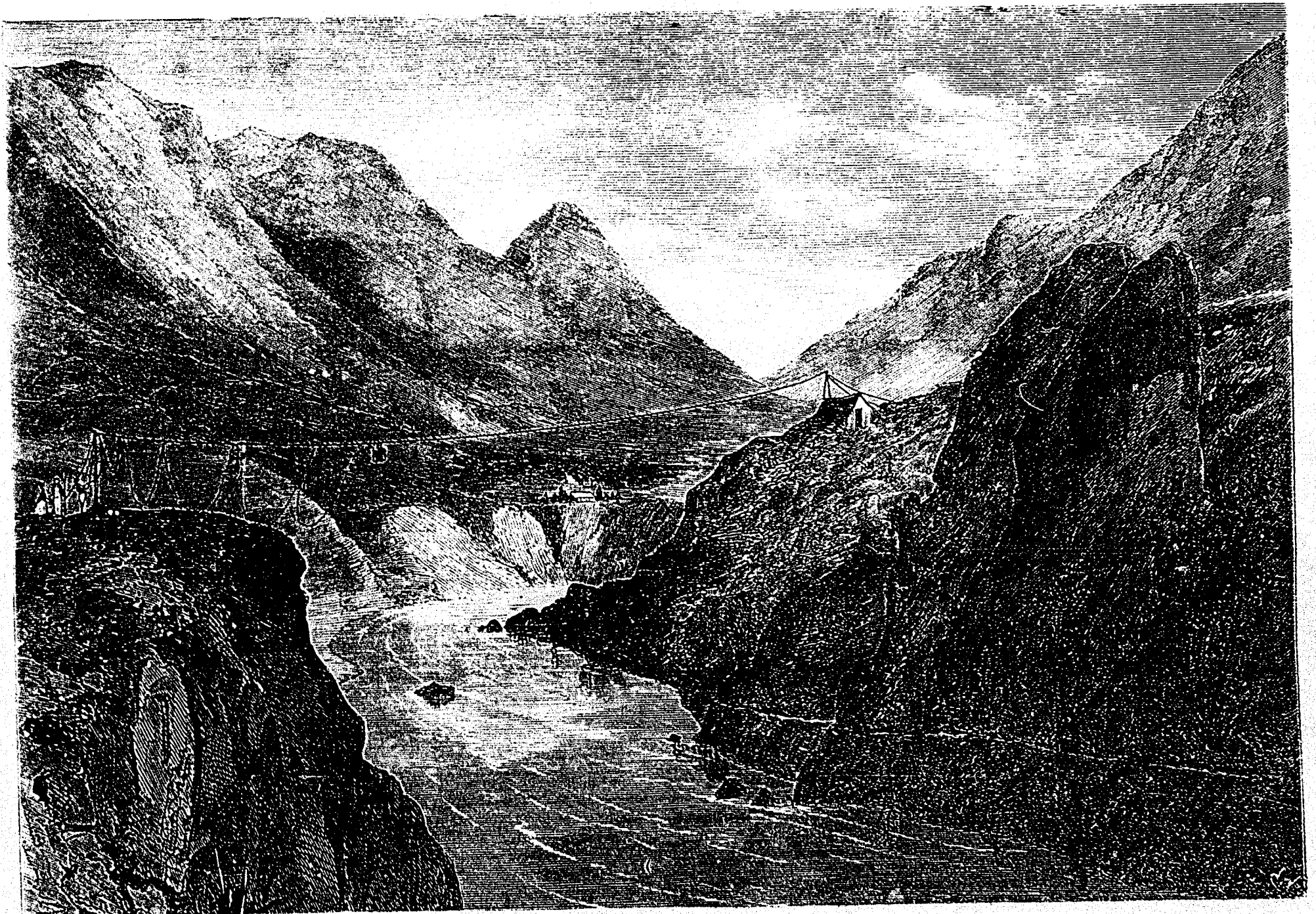


ZION CHURCH, TORONTO.—SEE PAGE 371.



HON. T. R. BENNETT, SPEAKER OF HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY, NEWFOUNDLAND.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY T. P. WOOD, ST. JOHN'S, NFLD.—SEE PAGE 370.



ROPE BRIDGE ON THE KAWAURAU, NEW ZEALAND.—SEE PAGE 371.

THE ROBIN.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

My old Welch neighbour over the way
Crept slowly out in the sun of Spring,
Pushed from her ears the locks of grey,
And listened to hear the robin sing.

Her grandson, playing at marbles, stopped,
And cruel in sport as boys will be,
Tossed a stone at the bird, who hopped
From bough to bough in the apple-tree.

"Nay!" said the grandmother: "have you not heard,
My poor, bad boy, of the fiery pit,
And how, drop by drop, this merciful bird
Carries the water that quenches it?"

"He brings cool dew in his little bill,
And lets it fall on the souls of sin;
You can see the mark on his red breast still,
Of fires that scorch as he drops it in.

"My poor Bron thudlyn! my breast-burned bird,
Singing so sweetly from limb to limb,
Very dear to the heart of our Lord
Is he who pities the lost like Him!"

"Amen!" I said to this beautiful myth:
"Sing, bird of God, in my heart as well;
Each good thought is a drop wherewith
To cool and lessen the fires of hell.

"Prayers of love like rain-drops fall,
Tears of pity are cooling dew,
And dear to the heart of our Lord are all
Who suffer like Him in the good they do!"

-Atlantic Monthly.

TEMPERATURE in the shade, and Barometer indications for the week ending Saturday, June 10, 1871, observed by JOHN UNDERHILL, assistant to the Medical Faculty of McGill University, 229 Notre Dame Street.

Table with columns for Day, Time (9 A.M., 11 P.M., 5 P.M., MAX., MIN., MEAN, 9 A.M., 11 P.M., 5 P.M.), and values for various days of the week.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, JUNE 24, 1871.

- SUNDAY, June 18.—Second Sunday after Trinity. Battle of Waterloo, 1815. Earl Dalhousie, Governor, 1820.
MONDAY, June 19.—Magna Charta signed, 1215. Suffocation of British prisoners in the Blackhole at Calcutta, 1756.
TUESDAY, June 20.—Accession of Queen Victoria, 1837.
WEDNESDAY, June 21.—Longest Day. Proclamation, Quebec Gazette, the first Canadian newspaper, published, 1764.
THURSDAY, June 22.—Turkish Monarchy founded, 553. Machiavelli died, 1527.
FRIDAY, June 23.—Lord Campbell died, 1861. Great Fire in Quebec, 1805.
SATURDAY, June 24.—St. John Baptist. Mid-summer Day. Newfoundland discovered by Cabot, 1497. Battle of Castagna, 1863.

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JUNE 17, 1871.

The action of Parliament at its last session in relation to the Union of British Columbia with Canada, and the recent proceedings of the Government in instituting an immediate survey of the Canadian Pacific Railway, may be said to have put that great undertaking already in the market. The stipulation to complete it within ten years expresses the spirit in which the agreement was made rather than the binding letter of the compact, a breach of which would involve a penalty. It is not at all remarkable that both parties to the agreement should have disavowed the absolute nature of this part of it, seeing that they were mutually interested in its fulfilment and would both suffer through its failure. The present indications are that the work can be done within the time specified. The recent war in Europe will doubtless give a fresh stimulus to emigration from the Old World to the New. Industries have been paralysed that cannot readily be restored: confidence has been shaken; taxes have been greatly increased, and the governments of the recently contending countries have become borrowers in the money market to an extent heretofore almost unheard of. Nor is the guarantee for continued peace in Europe of the most reliable kind. The seeds of future complications are already planted and may soon bear fruit. The growing depression among the working classes in England, not to speak of the spread of political discontent, is another element calculated to disturb what ought to be the normal relations between capital and labour by which both find profitable employment.

These considerations suggest the probability of an exodus from Europe to America such as has not been seen for nearly twenty years, and the rapid expansion of Canada with her great public works projected, and the establishment of law and order over a vast area of cultivated land, give her substantial attractions in the eyes of the newcomer that she never before possessed. A couple of years will, doubtless, witness the commencement, at several points, of work on the Pacific railway. Within the same time many of the Provincial railways and other important undertakings now under consideration will have been begun, and, as a consequence of these, the demand for labour will have very greatly increased. Large contractors are among the best of immigration agents, and we should not be surprised were we to hear

that within a comparatively short period placards were found posted up in the principle cities of the United Kingdom, stating how many hundreds or thousands of labourers were wanted for the Canada Pacific Railway, offering the candidates a free passage, rations, a certain proportion of pay in cash, and a land grant at the end of their term of service. By such a policy, under judicious management, and with the selection of men of good, industrious habits, settlement along the whole line of railway from Ontario to British Columbia would be almost contemporaneous with the building of the road. As already remarked, recent events in Europe have tended to depress the material condition of the working classes. But other agencies have been at work to advance their intelligence; and these two influences operate in the same direction—to induce the people to seek new fields in which their industry may be better rewarded. Now, with Canada's newly acquired territorial greatness, its liberal and impartially administered laws, its freedom from mob rule, and its numerous public works to be constructed, it stands on a far better footing than ever before, in competing with the United States for the surplus labour of Europe.

To reap the full advantages of the present condition of affairs, to be reasonably assured of cheap labour, and money at a moderate rate of interest, it is urgently desirable that no time should be lost in pushing forward the work. Though definite action cannot be taken except upon those portions of the road previously surveyed, yet there are certain points at which there cannot be much doubt as to the route, and at these work might be prepared for without much delay. It is certain that the road must touch, or go very near Fort Garry, and between that point and the point of connection with the existing lines of railway, the labour of the surveyors should be first expended in determining the most direct and economical route. Much good might be effected in placing this section of the road under contract, even though the western portion were not then surveyed. It may be deemed desirable that one company should undertake the construction and management of the whole line; but if all action is delayed until the whole of the route is finally located by the Engineers and approved by the Government, it is exceedingly doubtful if the road can be put in the market within two years. Much valuable time would therefore be lost, labour and settlers attracted to American competing lines and Canadian progress correspondingly retarded. A condition in the terms with any Company undertaking a portion or a whole of the work ought to be that a certain proportion of their lands ought to be settled within a given time, because otherwise the proprietors might see it to their advantage to allow the government reserve to be settled first in order to increase the value of their own. But mere questions of detail sink into insignificance in the presence of the fact that we have an immense territory to govern which we ought to colonize, and that a great public work like the Pacific Railway will prove a most powerful attraction to immigrants who, when they have completed their engagements on the railway, will settle upon the lands on its borders. There are townships in Ontario forty and fifty miles from the line of the Grand Trunk Railway which are indebted, in great part, to that road for the settlers who now cultivate them. The Pacific line will have the same effect, though for obvious reasons on a much larger scale.

The following announcement, copied from the telegraphic reports of the Gazette, will show that there is little appearance of danger that the fisheries clauses of the Washington Treaty will come into force, unless Canada shall receive some more substantial equivalent for the surrender of her rights than that which the Treaty promises:—

"The Times announces semi-officially that the Dominion Government, as soon as the provisions of the Treaty of Washington with regard to the fisheries were announced, protested against them by cable telegraph to the Imperial Government, and that Sir John A. Macdonald, as a member of the High Commission, did the same. Instructions were then sent out from Downing street, directing the Commission to sign the Treaty subject to the approval of the Canadian Parliament, so far as those questions which affected Canadian interests were concerned. It is now understood that the Government are and always have been united in their opposition to that part of the Treaty which refers to the fisheries, unless the Imperial Government can give some good reason for their being acquiesced in, and a sufficient quid pro quo given to Canada."

THEATRE ROYAL.—Mr. Owens closed his engagement on Monday evening by again appearing in "The Victims" as Joshua Butterby, in which character he is inimitable. Mr. Albaugh made an admirable Mr. Merryweather, while Mrs. Vandeerin and Miss Kate Quinton ably sustained their respective roles. The last-named lady "brought down the house" several times in the after-piece, and showed herself a most effective actress. Mr. Davis and others deserve honourable mention, but, indeed, the whole company is exceedingly well

up. Mr. Frank Drew, the well-known Irish comedian, is the present "star." He has just returned from a professional tour in Great Britain and Ireland, where he was most heartily received.

IN MEMORIAM.

(From the Gazette, June 9.)

Yesterday afternoon a meeting of a number of gentlemen connected with the city press, and other friends of the deceased, was held in the city office of the Canadian Illustrated News, to consider the best means of procuring the erection of a memorial stone over the graves of the late George Spaight and Charles E. F. Lodge, who were drowned in the Lachine Rapids on the evening of the 24th of May.

Mr. Thomas White, of the Gazette, was called to the chair, and Mr. Thom, of the Witness, requested to act as Secretary.

The following resolutions were adopted: Moved by Mr. C. Kirby, late of the Herald, seconded by Mr. A. Robertson, of the Illustrated News, and

Resolved.—That the members of the press of Montreal desire to express their deep sense of the loss which Canadian journalism has sustained in the sudden deaths of George Spaight and Charles E. F. Lodge.

Moved by Mr. A. Somerville, seconded by Dr. Keatinge, of the Hearshstone, and

Resolved.—That the members of the Canadian press, and other friends, be invited to contribute towards the erection of a suitable memorial to the deceased.

Moved by W. Stephens, of the Daily News, seconded by Mr. Tett, of the Gazette, and

Resolved.—That a circular be at once issued by the Chairman and Secretary, addressed to members of the Canadian press, soliciting subscriptions towards carrying out the preceding resolution; and that Mr. A. Robertson be requested to act as Secretary, and Mr. Salter, of the Quebec Observer, as Treasurer of the Memorial Fund.

Moved by Mr. K. White, of the Gazette, seconded by Mr. Barry, and

Resolved.—That a further meeting of members of the press and other friends of the deceased be convened by the Secretary, at Montreal, so soon as sufficient time has elapsed to permit of a return to the circular, at which the precise character of the memorial may be determined.

Moved by Mr. Tett, seconded by Mr. Barnum, and

Resolved.—That we tender our thanks to C. L. Bossé, Esq., the business manager of the Canadian Illustrated News, for his kindness in placing at our disposal a room in which to hold our meeting to concert measures for appropriately perpetuating the memory of our departed friends.

A vote of thanks was then passed to the Chairman, and the meeting adjourned.

[A circular has already been issued and addressed to several members of the press and others, known to have been personally acquainted with the deceased, but other parties who desire to assist the movement may send their subscriptions to Mr. Salter, or communicate with the Chairman or Secretary named above.—Ed. C. I. N.]

LADIES' EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTE.

A meeting was held at the hall of the Natural History Society on Saturday afternoon last for the purpose of considering a scheme for the establishment of a Ladies' Educational Institute, and submitting it to the public. There was a large and fashionable attendance. Principal Dawson occupied the chair, and his opening address, explaining the object of the meeting, is thus reported in the Gazette.

"He had the honour to represent there the lady president of an association which is to be, but which to a certain extent had an existence already. They (the gentlemen on the platform) were the humble representatives of the ladies, and, for his part, he felt proud to take a leading part in a movement which he believed to be one of the most important steps in the education, not only of women, but of men, which had ever taken place in this country. The ladies who had had this work in charge had worked privately, sending out a circular. They would understand, too, that the proceedings heretofore had been merely preliminary, and this meeting was held in order to ascertain the feelings of the public towards the scheme, with a view to making a decisive movement. It would, of course, have been absurd to have come before the meeting without something definite, and a report had therefore been prepared, but a great share of the details had been left to the future. It was desired to be able to engage lecturers during the ensuing winter, and to arrange a course of lectures. The object of the movement was not to do anything in the way of school education, or in the way of popular lectures, but was merely to arrange what might be called a college course for women. In an humble and small way it was true, but still it was a commencement. There were two essentials of a college course. They must have not only school teachers, or amateur lecturers, if they wanted a college course, but they must have professional specialists, who had made studies with that view, and being perfect in their own speciality, they must have an aptitude for teaching, and one of the great difficulties in a new country like this in the way of a college course, was the difficulty of obtaining those specialists. The second essential to a college course was, that the learners should be not merely school girls and school boys, but that they should be students. That they should be prepared to go through a course of mental gymnastics. The object which this association had in view was the securing of professional specialists to do the work of teaching. In the second place they must have young women for students, and it was his experience that young women could do just as much as young men in the way of hard study. It might be said that this association would die, or its members fall off, when the first gloss had worn off. But he would say that whether they had large classes or small classes, it would be worth while to do the work, even if they trained but a very few. The report, which would be read to them, was not the working out of a thing which had never been done before; the ladies had the experience of classes in England, Scotland, and in Toronto, too, to guide them. They had for the most part based their calculations on the experience of the Ladies' Educational Association of Edinburgh."

The Rev. Mr. Gibson read the report of the Provisional Committee, from which the following is an extract:

"The Committee has arranged, as far as it is possible to do so at an early date, for four courses of lectures to be given during the ensuing winter, two courses before Christmas and two after. A letter just received from Professor Goldwin Smith leads us to hope that he will deliver a course of lectures

upon English history, in the months of November and December. He is not able to promise definitely at present, but he will send a final answer to our invitation in September. Professor Darcy will be invited to give a course of lectures on the French language, its construction and its idioms, preliminary to the study of French literature, which will be taken up, time and opportunity permitting. A scientific course will also be provided, consisting probably of lectures on physiology, with a few on chemistry introductory to the subject. The last course is still unprovided for, but its subject will be English language or literature, or some allied literary study. If the present effort should prove successful, and the Association grow in years and financial strength, its objects will become more definite, and its organization more complete."

The Rev. Mr. Gibson moved the adoption of the report, which was carried. His Lordship Rt. Rev. Bishop Oxenden, seconded by C. J. Brydges, moved a resolution warmly approving the movement. Speeches were made in favour of the organization, after which the meeting adjourned. A large number of ladies have already been enrolled as members of the Association, which promises to be productive of great good to the city, and will doubtless soon lead to the formation of similar Associations in other cities throughout the Dominion.

His Excellency the Governor-General left Quebec by the steamship "Alhambra" on last Saturday afternoon.

The Ottawa Times says there is great demand for labour in that vicinity.

The surveying party for the Canadian Pacific Railway is already en route for the commencement of operations.

La Minerve says that M. L'Abbe Tanguay, accompanied by his secretary, has left Montreal to visit the French settlements in Ontario, especially those on the Ottawa river, and in the counties of Prescott, Russell, and Essex. M. Tanguay is writing a work on migration and development of the French in Upper Canada, and wishes to see with his own eyes. He will afterwards visit those Western States which have had French Canadians as pioneers.

The Volunteer Camp at Niagara is being most satisfactorily conducted. A despatch says—

"The Minister of Militia is to visit the camp in a few days, and there will be a grand review, which will attract a large number of spectators from all quarters.

"The men feel justly proud of the compliment paid them by the Governor-General in his order, in which he compliments them on the rapid and soldierly manner in which they were concentrated on the frontier, and for the zeal and exertion by which a force of nearly 5,000 men, including cavalry and artillery, with ample supplies of provisions, forage, camp equipage and ammunition, have been enabled to reach the camping grounds in twelve hours after leaving their battalion head-quarters."

The Army and Navy Gazette says— "We trust that nothing will induce the Government of any civilized country to shelter under any pretext those who have participated in the crimes of the Commune. They are outlaws, outcasts, the enemies of mankind and of God, and no pretence of natural rights or political Alsationism should be allowed to shield them against the just vengeance of their afflicted country." The Gazette is right.

The ancient May day custom of chanting a hymn on the top of Magdalen College tower, Oxford, was duly observed this year by the choir under the direction of the organist, Dr. Stainer. For this service the sum of £10 is received out of the rectory of Sylmbridge, in Gloucestershire. Tradition says that a requiem mass was celebrated at the top of this tower every May day morning at an early hour for the repose of the soul of Henry VII.

A NEW GOLD EXTRACTOR.

(From the Illustrated Australian News.)

Among the recent inventions for saving the enormous waste of gold which has been going on for years, in fact ever since our auriferous wealth was discovered, the process patented by Mr. Poeppel and Dr. Migeod, of Ballarat, promises to be the most successful. It scarcely can be called a new method of amalgamation, but it is doubtless a new method of accelerating and of ensuring amalgamation. The results of Mr. Poeppel's experiments on a small scale on different portions of the sludge and tailings of old Ballarat mines are such as to make people believe that there is still more gold in Ballarat than ever was taken out of it. These experiments show such a waste of the precious metal that it may well be supposed that the stuff experimented upon did not represent fair average samples of the bulk. Some of the Ballarat companies, however, have determined to give the new gold extractor a larger test, and it will well repay them to expend a few pounds to obtain a result that may double the value of every mine now at work, and call into new life and vigour many of those that have long been defunct. The new extractor is what is termed saccharate of mercury, prepared by the trituration of that metal with sugar, until an almost impalpable powder is obtained, in which it requires a strong glass to detect the smallest portion of quicksilver, and it has the advantage of being used as a dry powder, to be mixed with the dirt from which the gold is to be extracted, or to be sprinkled in the water in puddling machines, biddles, or mills, where it will attach and deposit all the fine gold held in suspension in the liquid. Mr. Poeppel has also patented a cylindrical machine for the better use of his saccharate when the dirt is rich in gold, say equal to an ounce or more to the ton. The cost of this machine is £60, and the price of the saccharate is 4s. a pound; half a pound of the latter is sufficient for a ton of ordinary dirt, but it may be supplied in larger quantity if the dirt is rich, up to say one pound or one pound and a half per ton. Of course it will be understood that the ordinary process of amalgamation goes on simultaneously, the saccharate being used only as an accelerator to quicken the amalgamation and to catch the fine gold that otherwise would flow off with the water into the sludge and tailings. Mr. Poeppel has estimated that there is no sludge or tailings to be found in the colony, from which payable gold was originally extracted, that will not yield at least 3 dwt. to the ton by the use of the saccharate, and very little indeed that will not yield double or treble that quantity. He excepts, however, the refuse from claims where the gold found was all coarse and nuggety, and unaccompanied by any fine gold.

CAUSES OF SUMMER DISEASE.

The Journal of Health for June, under a different heading, states the following facts concerning the cause of disease :

The mistletoe bough, like the Spanish moss, which drapes the trees of Southern swamps in such sad funeral garb, is a growth outside of the natural condition of the tree; it is a parasite, a fungus; a very low form of life, exceedingly slow in development in some cases, in others so inconceivably rapid as to be reproduced in millions in a few hours, as in the toadstool and mushroom. The common yeast, with which we make our bread, is a mass of living things, a dozen of them generating myriads more in a night. These fungi, sporules, or germs, are not only the pests of living plants, eating out the entire life in the course of time, but they infest animals and man, carrying with them, sometimes, the most dreadful deaths. The mushroom, the morel, and the truffle, among the greatest delicacies of the table with some, are fungi. In some cases they kill, or cause disease, or poison. Ergot, blight, mildew, rust, brand, dry rot, are all the diseased results of fungous growth.

There are similar growths or products in the animal world, called "cell" life. Vegetables come from seed, animals from eggs by cell development, and these cells or eggs are as amazing in their fecundity as fungous growth. A man swallows a few mouthfuls of raw pork in which are a few trichinae. In a very few days, living things are found burrowing in the flesh by millions, causing the most agonizing pains and a dreadful death.

Between the effects of fungi and cell products, the vegetable germ and the animal egg, men perish in millions every year. Asiatic cholera seems to be, by the latest researches, the product of a thing of life, but whether vegetable or animal admits of question thus far.

Whooping cough is apparently of vegetable growth; for when the expectation of a child suffering from it is examined, it is crowded with germs; on one occasion a small amount of it was introduced into the windpipe of a healthy young rabbit; in a few days it had a troublesome cough, and on examination a countless number of these same germs were found all along the throat, windpipe, and lungs.

Plague and pestilence, and all those diseases, called epidemic, which suddenly fall upon a whole community, such as fever and ague, chill and fever, bilious fever, yellow fever, diarrhoea, and dysentery, are caused by marsh miasm.

In the worst time of yellow fever and cholera in New Orleans, the evening and the morning air was so cool and delicious and balmy that many a time we have breathed it by the hour in perfect delight; and yet the resident knew that it was but the sure intimation that the disease would be more fearful in a day or two. But if this air be bottled and taken a thousand miles away, put into a close room where a healthy man is sleeping, he will have the ordinary symptoms of chill and fever in a day or two, and myriads of these pestiferous things will be found about his tongue, his throat and windpipe, and his lungs and stomach.

The newspapers announced recently that the Asiatic cholera had made its appearance in India; its progress has been always westward along the most prominent lines of travel, until it reaches America, crosses to the coast of California, and is lost in the boundless Pacific.

EFFECTS OF COLOURS ON HEALTH.

From several years' observation in rooms of various sizes, used as manufacturing rooms, and occupied by females for twelve hours per day, I found that the workers who occupied those rooms which had large windows with large panes of glass in the four sides of the room, so that the sun's rays penetrated through the room during the whole day, were much more healthy than the workers who occupied rooms lighted through very small panes of glass. I observed another very singular fact, viz: that the workers who occupied one room were very cheerful and healthy, while the occupiers of another similar room, who were employed on the same kind of work, were all inclined to melancholy, and complained of pain in the forehead and eyes, and were often ill and unable to work. Upon examining the rooms in question, I found they were both equally well ventilated and lighted. I could not discover anything in the draining of the premises that could effect the one room any more than the other; but I observed that the room occupied by the healthy workers was wholly white-washed, and the room occupied by the melancholy workers was coloured with yellow ochre.

I had the yellow ochre all washed off, and the ceiling and walls whitewashed. After making this discovery I extended my observation to a number of small rooms and garrets, and found, without exception, that the occupiers of the white rooms were much more healthy than the occupiers of the yellow or buff coloured rooms; and I succeeded in inducing occupiers of the yellow rooms to change the colour for white-wash. I always found a corresponding improvement in the health and spirits of the occupiers. From these observations, I would respectfully drop a hint to the authorities of schools, asylums and hospitals, to eschew yellow, buff, or anything approaching to yellow, as the grand colour of the interior of their buildings.

The following are some of the things not generally appreciated about a house: 1. The benefit of thorough drainage and water supply. 2. The benefit of good heating and ventilation. 3. The benefits of proper colour.—Cor. of the Builder.

The subscriptions for the Strasburg Library are, according to the National Zeitung, progressing so favourably as to promise to leave the institution rich not only in the number but equally so in the literary value of its volumes. The efforts made towards this object in England are highly appreciated abroad. Moreover, the Grand Duke of Baden has contributed two thousand volumes from his library at Karlsruhe, and the Universities of Heidelberg, Basle, Erlangen, Greifswald, and Jena, and the Royal library at Stuttgart have made liberal promises. Switzerland is doing its best, and the Austrian capital, though disclaimed as a German city, proposes to add some specimens of peculiar value. Some appreciable presents come from private men, for instance from the Wurtemberg Minister, Herr von Wachter. In addition to these gifts Government has resolved to enrich the institution by purchases from Government funds. Professor Boecking's famous collection is to be incorporated, and that of Professor von Vangerow, in Heidelberg, has already been purchased. Both are rich in valuable law books and manuscripts, the latter numbering no fewer than 3,350 volumes.

A cure for leprosy has, it seems, been discovered in India. According to the Pioneer, medical science has at last triumphed over this terrible disease. The civil surgeon of Khundwa reports the case of a wretched old Jew who came to him from Bombay in great grief, saying that his friends had excluded him from their society and obliged him to live in a hut by himself. He was at this time pleasingly mottled with rose-colour. The doctor had him at once washed with soap and warm water, and the old Jew showed signs of improvement. He was then anointed with carbolic acid and oil with such good effects that next day he wrote to his wife to expect him home in a week. In short, what with washing with soap and water, and what with anointing with carbolic acid and oil, the old Jew was soon completely cured. The experiment had, moreover, an interest apart from the fact that an ancient scourge was being conquered in the chameleon variations of the corpus vile under experiment. The Jew came to Khundwa rose-colour and brown; in a week or two he was a glossy black and brown; a little later he became speckled grey; then his skin—possibly uneasy at what might happen next—lost all patience with its owner, and peeled away from him, leaving him just the colour a Jew ought to be. He lives in the hut no longer, and has been received into the society of his family and friends.

A splendid illustration of Mr. Darwin's theory has turned up in Vienna. There is a girl there, aged thirteen, a native of Palermo, Thérèse Gambardella, who is literally covered with hair so thickly that the Vienna papers pronounce her skin more like a fur than anything else. The famous Julia Pastrana is described as perfectly smooth compared with the new claimant to celebrity, whose hairy covering extends from head to foot, even the forehead—which in similar cases is said to have been invariably found bare—being entirely overgrown. The head closely resembles that of a monkey, and several abnormalities in the build of the body still further complete the resemblance. We do not hear whether the young lady is graced with a tail, but the shape of her jaws and teeth, the pliability of her tongue—which she can roll up completely in her mouth—her excellent appetite, her restlessness, &c., strikingly remind one of the agile and amusing animals in the Zoological Gardens. Signorina Gambardella's intellectual capacity is said to correspond with her prepossessing exterior. She is a great favourite with the public, medical and otherwise, and appears to have achieved a conquest over the photographers, who are quarrelling for the honour of taking her likeness. We trust the successful competitor will favour Mr. Darwin with a copy to prefix to the new editions of his book.

Some sensation has been produced at Stockholm by the intelligence that Prince Bismarck has called upon the Hamburg Senate to report whether the acquisition of the islands of Spitzbergen by Sweden would be advantageous or otherwise for the commercial and shipping interests of Germany. This news was a great surprise to the Swedes, as the intention of the Swedish Government to obtain possession of the islands in question had been hitherto kept secret. It now appears that the Government proposes to establish a colony in these islands "for scientific purposes," and that it has notified its intention to England, Germany, Russia, France, Denmark, and the United States. A meteorological and magnetic observatory is to be created there, and in order to obtain the necessary security and control the whole territory is to be placed under the Swedish rule. This project is connected with the Arctic Expedition, which is to start this summer from the northern coast of Spitzbergen, under the direction of Professor Nordenskiold, with the object of penetrating as far as possible in the direction of the North Pole.

A curiosity has been shown to the Woodstock Sentinel by Mr. Titus Fuller, of that town. It is an Indian stone battle-axe, found in his hopyard. It is about eight or nine inches in length and about three or four in thickness. One end is quite round, while the other is formed like the blade of a tomahawk, and was very smoothly polished, and although very ancient, as it must be, the edge of the blade still retains its sharpness, with the exception of a small nick in it. No doubt this instrument has "seen service" and was considered very effectual when rifles and Armstrong guns were little thought of.

VARIETIES.

"I say, friend, your horse is a little contrary, is he not?" "No, sir." "What makes him stop, then?" "O, he's afraid somebody'll say 'whoa' and he shan't hear it."

An English lady reproached the Turkish Ambassador on the laws of Mahomet, permitting them to have so many wives. "It is permitted to us, madam," replied he, "in order that we may find in many those qualifications that centre in you alone." The lady has been a believer in polygamy ever since.

There is an undertaker in New York whose sign bears the inscription: "Every requisite for a funeral." John McBride Davidson, passing along with Billy Birch, went in and said he would take a corpse. "A corpse! I haven't any." "Then take down your sign," said Mr. ; "I don't know anything more requisite for a funeral than a corpse. Good morning."

The following is given as an extract of a dialogue between a magistrate and a prisoner, in which the latter came out of the combat of words tolerably well.—Magistrate: "What brought you here, sir?" Prisoner: "Two policemen, please your honour?" Magistrate: "Then, I suppose liquor had nothing to do with it?" Prisoner: "Yes, sir; they were both intoxicated."

CHESS.

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

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 30.

White.	Black.
1. Kt. to Kt. 7th. ch.	K. to Q. 3rd. (best.)
2. R. to G. B. 5th.	R. takes B.
3. Q. to K. B. 5th., mate.	

VARIATION.

1. Kt. to Kt. 5th., mate.	Kt. takes Q.
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Black has other defences, but none to avert the mate.





FROM THE ENGRAVING BY PROF. F. ELBING.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, 17TH JUNE, 1871.

JULIET.

THE LEAP FROM THE MAIN BRUCKE.

(From the German of Ludwig Storch.)

I.

It was past midnight—the lights on the stone-bridge which crosses the river Main at Frankfort were still burning, though the footsteps of passengers had died away for some time on its pavement—when a young man approached the bridge from the town with hasty strides. At the same time, another man advanced in years was coming towards him from Sachsenhausen, the well-known suburb on the opposite side of the river. The two had not yet met, when the latter turned from his path, and went towards the parapet, with the evident intention of leaping from the bridge into the Main.

The young man followed him quickly, and laid hold of him.

"Sir," said he, "I think you want to drown yourself."

"You think right, sir; but what is that to you?"

"Nothing at all; I was only going to ask you to do me the favour to wait a few minutes, and allow me to join you. Let us draw close to each other, and, arm in arm, take the leap together. The idea of making the journey with a perfect stranger, who has chanced to come for the same purpose, is really rather interesting. Indeed, I have not experienced anything so exciting for some time; and I should not have thought that, in my last hour, so pleasant an occurrence would happen. Come, sir, for many years I have not made a request to any human being; do not refuse me this one, which must be my last. I assure you, I do not remember having ever spent so many words about any request whatever."

So saying, the young man held out his hand; his companion took it, and he then continued, with a kind of enthusiasm: "So be it; arm in arm—and now let us be quick about it; it is really charming to feel a human heart near me in these last moments. I do not ask what you are, good or bad—come, let us down."

The elder of the two, who had at first been in so great a hurry to end his existence in the waters of the river, now restrained the impetuosity of the younger.

"Stop, sir," said he, while his weary eye tried to examine the features of his companion as well as the flickering light of the nearest lamp would allow him—"Stop, sir; you seem to me too young to leave life in this way. I am afraid you are committing a rash act; for a man of your years, life must have still bright prospects."

"Bright prospects!—in the midst of rottenness and decay, falsehood and deceit, vice and corruption! Come, let us make an end of it."

"And so young! Your experience must have been very sad to make you consider all creatures which have the human form a brood of serpents."

"Oh, serpents are noble beings compared with men; they follow the impulses of their nature; they are no hypocrites, bearing virtue on their lips and vice in their hearts."

"I pity you from my heart; but there certainly are many exceptions to this miserable rule."

"I have found none," said the young man.

"Then it may be a consolation, though a poor one, that you have found one in this solemn hour. However much men are given to falsehood, there are very few who lie in the hour of death, within sight of eternity. But for me, I have never told a falsehood in my life, and I would not for anything in the world enter upon the dark road with a lie upon my lips; and therefore, when I tell you that I am not a villain, as you seem to think me, but an honest and upright man, I am telling you the simple, unvarnished truth."

"Indeed?—that is interesting. And so I must meet the only honest man ever I saw in the world, when I am on the point of leaving it, and in his own company."

"Let me go alone, and do you remain here. Believe me, there are many good and honest people who could render life charming for you. Seek them, and you are sure to find them."

"Well, the first one I have found already. But if life presents itself to you in hues so bright, I am surprised you should wish to leave it."

"Oh, I am only a poor old sickly man, unable to earn anything, and who can endure no longer that his only child, an angel of a daughter, should work day and night to maintain him, and even sometimes to procure him luxuries. No, sir, to allow this longer, I must be a tyrant, a barbarian."

"What, sir!" exclaimed the other, almost terrified, "you have an only daughter sacrificing herself for your sake?"

"And with what patience, what sweetness, what love, what perseverance. I see her sinking under her toil and her deprivation, and not a word of complaint escapes from her pallid lips. She works and starves, and still has always a word of love, an affectionate smile for her father."

"Sir, and you want to commit suicide! Are you mad?"

"Dare I murder that angel! The thought pierces my heart like a dagger," said the old man sobbing.

"Sir, you must have a bottle of wine with me; I see a tavern over yonder. Come, you must tell me your history; and, if you have no objection, I will then tell you mine. But this much I may say at once—there is no occasion for you to leap into the river. I am a rich, a very rich man; and if things really are as you represent, your daughter will no longer have to work, and you shall not starve."

The old man allowed himself to be dragged along by his companion. In a few minutes, they were seated at a table in the tavern, with full glasses before them, and each examining curiously the features of the other.

Refreshed and comforted by the effects of the wine, the old man began thus:

"My history is soon told. I am a mercantile man; but fortune never favoured me. I had no money myself, and I loved and married a poor girl. I could never begin business on my own account. I took a situation as book-keeper, which I held until I became useless from age, and younger men were preferred to me. Thus my circumstances were always circumscribed, but my domestic happiness was complete. My wife was an angel of love, kindness, and fondness, good and pious, active and affectionate; and my daughter is the true image of her mother. But age and illness have brought me to the last extremity, and my conscience revolts against the idea of the best child in the world sacrificing her life for an old useless fellow. I cannot have much longer to live; and I hope the Lord will pardon me for cutting off a few days or weeks from my life, in order to preserve or prolong that of my dear Bertha."

"You are a fortunate man, my friend," exclaimed the young man; "I have never seen a more fortunate one. What you call your misfortune is sheer nonsense, and can be cured at once. To-morrow I will make my will, and you shall be the heir of all my possessions, and to-morrow night I will take the leap from the Main Brucke alone. But before I leave this world I must see your Bertha, for I am anxious to look upon one who is worthy the name of a human being."

"But, sir, what can have made you so unhappy at this early age?" said the old man, moved with compassion.

"I believe it was my father's wealth. I am the only son of one of the richest bankers of Frankfort; when I mention my name, you will be at once convinced of the truth of my assertion. My father died five years ago, and left me the heir to an immense fortune. From that moment, every one that has come in contact with me has endeavoured to deceive and defraud me. I was a child in innocence, trusting and confiding; my education had not been neglected, and I possessed my mother's loving heart. I endeavoured to associate myself in a union of love and friendship with good and generous people, but I found only hypocrites and impostors, who pretended friendship for no other purpose than to partake of my wealth, and enjoy themselves at my expense. My friends, or rather the villains whom I mistook for friends, and to whom I opened my heart, betrayed me, and then laughed at my simplicity; but in time I gathered experience, and my heart was filled with distrust. I was betrothed to a rich heiress, possessed of all fashionable accomplishments; I adored her with enthusiasm; her love, I thought, would repay me for every disappointment. But I soon saw that she was nothing more than a proud fool, who wished to make me her slave, and yoke all other men besides to her triumphal chariot. I broke off the engagement, and selected a poor but charming girl—a sweet innocent being, as I thought, who would be my life's own angel. Alas! I found her one day bidding adieu with tears and kisses to a youth whom she loved; she had accepted me for my wealth only. My peace of mind vanished; I sought diversion in travel; everywhere I found the same hollowiness, the same treachery, the same misery. In short, I became disgusted with life, and resolved to put an end this night to the pitiable farce."

"Unfortunate young man," said the other, with tears of sympathy, "how deeply I pity you. I confess I have been more fortunate than you. I possessed a wife and a daughter, who came forth pure and immaculate from the hand of the Creator. The one has returned to Him in the whiteness of her soul, and so will the other."

"Will you give me your address, old man, and permit me to visit your daughter to-morrow? But you must also give me your word of honour that you will not inform her, or insinuate to her in any manner whatever, that I am a rich man."

The old man held out his hand.

"I give you my word; I am anxious to convince you that I have spoken the truth. My name is Wilhelm Schmidt, and here is my address." Giving him, at the same time, a bit of paper which he drew from his pocket.

"And my name is Karl T—. I am the son of Anton T—. Take these bank-notes, but only on condition that you do not leave this house until I fetch you from it. Waiter! a bedroom for this gentleman. You require rest, Herr Schmidt. Good-night. To-morrow you will see me again; but under whatever circumstances this may happen, do not forget the word you have given me."

The name the young man had mentioned, as well as the large sum, struck the old man with astonishment; but before he could recover himself, his companion had left the house, and the waiter came to light him to his bedroom, where, wearied and worn out, he soon sank into a profound sleep.

II.

In one of the narrow and ill-lighted streets of Sachsenhausen, in the attic of a lofty and unsightly house, sat a pretty blonde, about twenty years of age, busily employed with her needle. The furniture of the room was poor, but clean and tasteful; the girl's whole dress would not have fetched many kreutzers; but every article was as neat, and fitted her as well, as if it had cost hundreds. Her fair locks shaded a face brightened by a pair of eyes of heavenly blue, which bespoke a peaceful mind and a pure soul. The spirit of order, modesty, and cleanliness reigned in everything around her. Her features were delicate, like those of one nobly born; her eyes betrayed sleeplessness and anxiety, and ever and anon a deep sigh rose from the maiden's breast. Suddenly steps were heard on the staircase, and her face lighted up with joy; she listened, and doubt seemed to overshadow her brow. Then came a knock at the door, which made her tremble so much that she almost wanted the courage to say "Come in." A young man, shabbily dressed, entered the room, and made a low but awkward bow.

"I beg your pardon, Miss," said he, "does Herr Schmidt live here?"

"Yes, sir. What is your pleasure?"

"Are you his daughter Bertha?"

"I am."

"Then it is you that I seek. I come from your father."

"For Heaven's sake, where is he? What has happened? Something must have happened—this is the first time he has stayed away all night."

"The misfortune is not very great."

"Oh, my poor, poor father, what shall I hear?"

The young man seemed to observe the visible marks of anxiety with great interest; then, looking round the room, he said: "Do not be frightened, my dear girl; it is nothing of great importance. Your father met last night an old acquaintance, who invited him to a tavern. They had some wine together; but when the landlord came for his bill, your father's friend had decamped, and left him to pay the score. He had not sufficient money for this; and now the man will not let him go until he is paid, and declares that unless he gets his money he will send him to prison."

"To prison!—my father to prison!" exclaimed the girl.

"Can you tell me how much the bill comes to?"

"Three florins and a half."

"O God!" sighed the girl, "all I have does not amount to more than one florin; but I will go at once to Madame Berg, and beg of her to advance me the money."

"Who is Madame Berg?"

"The milliner for whom I work."

"But if Madame Berg does not advance the money—what then?" The girl burst into tears.

"I am much afraid she will refuse. I already owe her one florin, and she is very hard."

"For what purpose did you borrow the money you owe her?"

The girl hesitated to reply.

"You may trust me; I take the deepest interest in your misfortunes, and I sincerely wish I could assist you; but I am only a poor clerk myself. Tell me for what purpose did you borrow that florin?"

"Well, my father is very weak, and occasionally requires strengthening; I borrowed that money to get a quarter of a fowl for him."

"Under these circumstances, I fear Madame Berg will not give you any more. Here is one florin, but that is all I possess. Have you any valuables upon which we could raise some money?" Bertha considered for a moment.

"I have nothing," said she at length, "but my poor mother's prayer-book. On her death-bed, she entreated me not to part with it, and there is nothing in the world I hold more sacred than her memory and the promise I gave her; but still, for my father's sake, I must not hesitate." With a trembling hand, she took the book down from the shelf. "O sir," said she, "during many a sleepless night I have been accustomed to enter the secret thoughts of my heart on the blank leaves at the end of the book. I hope no one will ever know whose writing they are; will you promise me that?"

"Certainly, my dear Bertha. Do not alarm yourself; I will take care that your secrets shall not be profaned. But now get ready, that we may go."

Whilst she left the room to put on her bonnet and shawl, Karl T— (for the reader will have guessed that the young man was no other than our hero) glanced over the writing of the girl in the book, and his eyes filled with tears of emotion and delight as he read the outpourings of a pure and pious heart; and when they had left the house together, and she was walking beside him with a dignity of which she seemed entirely unconscious, he cast upon her looks of respect and admiration.

They first went to Madame Berg, who did not give the advance required, but assured the young man that Bertha was an angel. Certainly this praise Mr. T— valued higher than the money he had asked for. They pawned the book, and the required sum was made up. Bertha was overjoyed.

"But if you spend all your money to-day," remarked the young man, "on what will you live to-morrow?"

"I do not know, but I trust in God. I shall work the whole night through."

"Yes, trust in God firmly, and He will help you," exclaimed Karl with an enthusiasm which almost betrayed the emotion he felt.

When they came to the tavern, the young man went in first to prepare old Mr. Schmidt for the part he wished him to act; then he fetched Bertha. It is impossible to describe the joy he felt when he saw the young girl throw herself in her father's arms, and press him to her heart.

"O father," said she, "what a dreadful night have I had—how uneasy I have been about you; but, thank God, I have you again!" and her face brightened up with a smile of joy.

She paid the bill, and triumphantly led him home. T— accompanied them, and said he had a few more kreutzers in his pocket; she had better go and get them something to eat. And then you should have seen this darling girl, how she busied herself, and how gladly she set about it; the young man felt as if he could fall at her feet and worship her. It was late before T— went home that night; but the leap from the Main Brucke was no more thought of. He came to the house every evening, in order, as he said, to share with them his scanty earnings.

About a fortnight after, as he was going away one evening, he said to Bertha: "Will you become my wife? I am only a poor clerk, but I am honest and upright."

Bertha blushed, and cast her eyes to the ground.

"Can you love me, Bertha?" he asked again in an overflow of feeling.

She was silent and did not raise her head; but she held out her hand. He seized it, and kissed it fervently.

"Bertha," said he, "I love you immeasurably; you have saved my life."

A few days after the young couple, simply but respectably attired, and accompanied by Herr Schmidt, went to church, where they were married in a quiet way. When they came out man and wife, an elegant carriage was standing at the door, and a footman in rich livery let down the step.

"Come," said the happy husband to his bewildered wife, who looked at him with amazement.

Before she could utter a word, the three were seated in the carriage, driving away at a quick pace. The carriage stopped before a splendid house in the best part of Frankfort. They were received by a number of domestics, who conducted them to apartments decorated in the most costly style.

"This is your mistress," said T— to the servants; "and her commands you have henceforth to obey. My darling wife," said he then, turning to Bertha, "I am Karl T—, one of the wealthiest men of this city. This house is yours, and these servants will attend on you. I hold a pledge from you that riches will not corrupt your heart. Here it is, in the prayer-book of your poor mother, written by your own hand: 'If thou wert to give me all the treasures of the world, O Lord, I would still remain Thine humble servant. For what is gold before Thee, that lookest into the heart? Thine is my heart, and Thine it shall remain.'"

"It is the Lord's and thine, my beloved Karl," whispered Bertha, and sank in his arms.

"Hurrah for the leap from the Main Brucke!" exclaimed T—, embracing his father-in-law.

A PRETTY ORNAMENT.—A pretty ornament may be obtained by suspending an acorn by a piece of thread tied round it, within half an inch of the surface of some water contained in a vase, saucer, or tumbler, and allowing it to remain undisturbed for a number of weeks. It will soon burst open, and small roots will seek the water; a straight and tapering stem, with beautiful glossy green leaves, will shoot upward, and present a very pleasing appearance. Chesnut trees may be grown in this manner, but their leaves are not so beautiful as those of the oak. The water should be changed once a month, taking care to supply water of the same warmth. Bits of charcoal prevent the water from souring. If the little leaves turn yellow, put a grain of nitrate of ammonia in the vessel which holds the water, and it will renew their luxuriance.

[REGISTERED in accordance with the Copyright Act of 1868.]
[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

TALES
OF THE
LINKS OF LOVE.

BY ALEXANDER SOMEVILLE.

LILLYMERE.

CHAPTER XXII—Continued.

The Mortimer party, with Sir Kenneth Claymore and military friends, travelled from Conway to Hamilton by lake steamer. From thence to St. Catharines by rail thirty miles, through a country of apple orchards. They lingered around St. Catharines some days, amid glorious wheat fields, and orchards yet more bounteous in fruit; refreshed by sight of gushing floods and fleets of lake shipping. The ships ever passing—flirting to Erie by locks on face of Thorold Hill; descending by locks to Ontario. Ever passing, night and day crowding the Welland waters.

Sweetest sister of the western towns, sparkling St. Catharines! Seated on the gentle hills, feet in the valleys. Fairest sister in a family all fair and beautifully dowered. Herself doubly dowered: beautiful and fascinating as well as prosperous. Next neighbour of old bold, bluff Niagara, elder brother town of Upper Canada.

Twelve Mile Creek the name was, when gifted with goodly lands to Catherine Hamilton, honoured mother of an honoured offspring—merchants, bankers, senators. And mother of two towns—one a city, the other soon to be a city—Hamilton and St. Catharines.

For the present Lady Mary Mortimer rests at the Falls, awaiting an event now growing. Its germs were planted in the garden borders of story some time ago. In this way:

A gentle ring of a door bell. No reply. A stronger pull and clearer ring. No reply.

A longer, stronger pull, and a louder ring. Still no answer.

But a man within peered from edge of a cellar window to observe who rang. To him the skirt of a woman's dress came in view.

Again the ring repeated with force; two pulls, giving one vehement ringle-tingle-ingle; ringle-tingle-ingle-tingle! No reply.

Ascending to a balcony, Buddy Lundy, that was the man, looked over to observe, but saw no face, only the distended crinoline skirt.

Once more the woman pulled. It being early, the sun of July just up, the ringer concluded the Buddy still slept, and was hard to awaken.

Lundy apprehensive of some of his wives, or ghosts of some of his wives; or fearing a Customs officer coming slyly to pounce on smuggled goods; or De Peri, the detective, to disturb him about Rosa Myther's sudden disappearance—bride of the midnight wedding three years before—apprehensive of one or other of those dread visitants, he stepped softly down stairs again, and put an eye to the key-hole, but saw no face. Then he stood on a chair to an old gimlet hole, made on purpose to peep at tall people. There he discovered who the woman was: and to himself said:

"Nelly Clynych, as I'm a secret sinner! Mrs. Captain Clynych out at this time of the morning! What possesses her?"

Mrs. Clynych rang again; a longer, stronger, triplet of rings.

"A woman of nerve and will," Lundy continued. "Nelly Birby was to have been wife to me in younger days. I richer then, she poorer; poorer then, but better in looks than I. She despised me. Hard thing to be despised. And preferred that Captain Rasper Clynych. Hard to respect a man preferred by a woman one loves. Clynych richer in purse than I; and Nelly now a lady, wealthy and comely to look upon. I not comely; but older, uglier, wickeder. Nelly comfortably settled; I all unsettled. Have had over many wives by half; by two-thirds; by three-fourths. Over many wives by three-fourths."

"I'd curse most of them if that would bless me; but it won't. Yet I'm bound to curse that old corset and money in the rag hole; and the woman Myther I married. Wicked of me that was."

"Nelly rings again, and yet again. What, in name of the fiend, can she want with me now? And at this time in the morning! Daren't allow her in till I parley."

Reascending to the balcony, night cap on head, rubbing eyes and yawning as if first awakened, Lundy looked over. The lady, not seeing him still, rang louder and longer. By vehemence of the ringle-tingle-tingle-ingles she seemed in a passion.

"Who is that?" he cried. "What is it? The town afire? Speak, woman, whoever you be? Who are you?"

"Mr. Lundy, permit me in, please. Terrible thing happened."

The ringer's face being still concealed by standing within the porch, he pretended not to know her. And fearing a trap for some

older or newer misdeed, leant over the balcony, holding by one hand and one foot, his head reaching far down. Then, in loud guttural gurgling hisses, the squeaking voice demanded:

"What has happened? What terrible thing? Turn round, woman; who are you?" "Good Mr. Lundy, come quick and let me in. The Captain! the Captain is —. Oh, let me in from sight of people going to work; do Mr. Lundy, please."

As Nelly spoke there came a crash, with groans, and a scream. The scream from her; the crash and groans from the balcony rail and the fallen man.

"You've lured me to my death, Nelly. Brought on my death at last. Well nigh did it twenty years ago. Broke a heart then; broken a back now. Take the keys; open the doors, and let me in. Enter with me, Mrs. Clynych; and now we are both in, lock outside door, inside door. What has happened? What is the terrible thing?"

"Sorry for your fall, Mr. Lundy. Really sorry that I should have been in any way its cause. Hope, dear sir, you're not badly hurt? Hope you're not much hurt, dear Mr. Lundy?"

"I'm hurt some, Nelly; but were it many times worse, your kind words would heal me. Now what has happened, that you are here? Here at all, and at this time in the morning?"

"Come with me to our own house; come right away, dear Mr. Lundy. Lock up this place. I want you at our house a few days. This day and the morrow any way."

"I'll not go a foot length. What should Captain Clynych want with me? No good be sure. We ain't friends, and you know that, Nelly."

"The Captain will do you no harm. Dear Mr. Lundy, come right away before people stir around."

"I've not go near Captain Clynych. We've been almost fighting those twenty years: I'd rather stay at home."

"Lock up the house, good Mr. Lundy, and come right away."

In sobs she continued:

"The Captain is—is—and without a will made! Oh, dear! oh, dear!"

"Captain Clynych dead?"

"Hush! No mention of it yet. Lock up your house; come two days with me; not to be seen out of doors. Neighbours who know your business will conclude you're in the States, or at Toronto. I need you in the house to help as a friend."

Mrs. Clynych led, Lundy following. She took him to a darkened chamber, bolting doors behind; and withdrawing muslin curtains and a coverlet, showed the ghastly pale, outstretched body of Captain Rasper Clynych; copper pennies on the eyes; chin bound up. A sad sight to look upon.

"We must all die," said Lundy, solemnly: "must indeed, sooner or later; some in bed, some not in bed. When did he die?"

"Missed him in sleep a few hours before I called you. Oh, dear, dear! What shall I do?"

"The maids: Where is Sally, and where is Father huzzy?"

"Had a week's holiday to Syracuse, York State. Sally has been gone two days; will stay the week if not sent for. Father huzzy, as you rightly call her, ran off yesterday."

"What can I do to help Mrs. Clynych? I'm badly bruised and shaken; hurt internally, as you may see. So utterly taken down by that fall I cannot do chores about the corpse as I might, and would have been happy to do if well. Really, I'm more disposed to be abed, than work."

So much the better, Mr. Lundy. Lie abed and be nursed. The Doctor is to come at nine; the Notary at half-past nine. None know yet the Captain is dead. He was ailing and indoors a week, confined to his room mostly; and will not be missed for a day or two. The Captain told me and time again, that all lands, houses, mills, roads, bridges, canal shares, bank shares, bank deposits, money at mortgage, would be willed to me absolutely. And now there he is—is—stretched—no will made. The Notary is to be here to-day at half-past nine. But the dear Captain—what am I to do? May get my thirds as a widow; yet what is that to a wife's just rights, as the beloved of my life intended?"

"Seeing two hundred acres in Dunderdyke; four hundred in Willinhurst; fifty thousand dollars out at mortgage and all the rest go to enemies and aliens, this is affliction indeed—a sore affliction. Advise me, Mr. Lundy, what to do."

"Submit to the dispensations, Mrs. Clynych; that is your duty in affliction. It is all our duties."

"But the poor dear Captain intended I should have everything; nobody else to have anything belonging to him."

"That, Nelly, may be doubted. He's not making the will is proof, presumably, that he had not decided to give you everything."

"Oh, dear! dear me! Mr. Lundy, you give the bereaved small comfort: the will was to have been made to-day."

"What would you have me do, Nelly?"

"Look in his papers; see if there be not one bequeathing the estate to me."

"You have already looked and found none, Mrs. Clynych; and know there are none."

"But a gentleman may discover papers a woman does not understand. You are a keen seeing, well reputed gentleman, Mr. Lundy."

"Nelly, were this Eden Garden; I Adam, thou Eve, what wouldst thou tempt me to?"

"Whitewash your face; lie in bed a day; speak sick; make your will."

"Make Rasper Clynych's will you mean, bequeathing all real and personal property to dear Nelly? Isn't that it?"

"Mr. Lundy, could that be done?"

"At risk of Kingston Penitentiary for life."

"For both of us, Mr. Lundy?"

"For both, Nelly, and worse. For you, the ever and ever."

"How dare you, Mr. Lundy? Is it not to carry out the loving intentions of the dear good Captain? It is only about you and Kingston P. I'd care; but two of us would not likely wrong one another."

"Bad to break the law of the land, Nelly."

"Much you care about law of the land, Lundy. I'd not ask you to work for nothing; you'd be well paid."

"I guess so; but if it be wicked what payment would then avail?"

"Mr. Lundy, it was but t'other day you kept third of a man's wages saying, as excuse, he might not put the money to good uses if paid in full."

"I'm not the only one, Nelly, who takes that view of moral duty; but courage to carry the duty into practice and face society is a rarer quality. How do you apply that little matter to this great business?"

"Could any of the next of kin make the use of my husband's property I would?"

"Nelly, you are deep. That is a refreshing philosophy; and a happy suggestion. Most likely the cousin Clynyches and cousin Yarleys—all young people not particularly wicked as yet, would be spendthrifts if inheriting the property. Very likely they'd become prodigals. Yet, we had best not stretch this too far. It is a soothing emollient, I know from experience, when clutching another's money, one feels the pleasing duty of keeping it to prevent the other's possible wickedness. But, a secret to your keeping, Nelly: something comes within one, burning the varnish off the conscience, leaving it bare. I've felt at times as if the fiends burned me."

"If afraid in that direction better proceed no farther, Mr. Lundy. I'm not alarmed as to the right of the action. The property was to have been mine by will, and would have been this day. The next of kin are almost aliens—not near kin. If not wicked they soon might be with all this land and money; they getting all except my poor widow's share. Old Notary Binnikle is to be here by appointment, at or before ten, to draw the will. Only—my heart is breaking—the poor Captain—dear Rasper Clynych—what a stirring man he has been! went—went—some hours—too soon."

And so Nelly sobbed, and sobbed, then continued:

"Don't you see, dear Mr. Lundy, where a friend's duty lies? Duty! Friendship! Interest! More sobs and more speech:

"Fortunate occurrence you fell and got hurt a little. Get to bed. Speak as if sick. Speak little. Take the medicine the doctor offers; it is innocent. And apply the lotions; they are innocent."

"Potions and lotions, Nelly! They may have killed Captain Clynych!"

"He took none; was obstinate, so much the worse. Take or not take potions, be careful you don't speak much. Groan, moan, turn the face away. To the Notary answer no questions other than demanded in bequeathment of the lands, houses, mills, roads, mortgages, bank deposits. List!

"A ring at the door bell! Get into bed; keep dress on. It is the doctor, notary, clerk, and two witnesses, come all at once. Into bed; into bed!"

"What doctor? What notary, Nelly?"

"Doctor Wurly, and Notary Binnikle. They are not to know you in the dim light with back turned. Get in; get in, dear, good Mr. Lundy. All three come at once! Whatever shall I do? Shall I do?"

"Let them ring a time or two. No hurry to admit them till I get fairly settled down sick. Knock elbows on the wall and accelerate the pulse. Now, doubly darken the window, Nelly. I turn with face from the light."

"Be careful, Lundy. Don't talk. In size and age you are not unlike the Captain—but otherwise; so different! Don't look at or utter a word to the doctor. Only make moan, no better! I'll describe the symptoms."

They were admitted, Notary, clerk, and witnesses going to the parlour; doctor Wurly stepping softly to the patient.

"Ah! yes; spits blood, eh? Let him swallow this now. Prefer seeing the Captain take his medicine. That's good, best taken at once. And this for weakness in the back, apply it now. And this on the chest. Leave on one hour, then remove and apply dressing. Be all right, soon, Captain. Meanwhile, keep very, very quiet."

"The notary has come to draw a document, doctor; is it safe to disturb the dear Captain about it now?"

"The case is not urgent; yet, the notary being here, as well you proceed. Ah! the hands! Hands must be taken care of—bound,

if the applications be disturbed. You promise not to bring up your hands?"

"I promise."

"On your honour, Captain?"

"Ya—ya—s; on—on; very sick."

"Be all right soon. Good morning, Captain Clynych."

Whispering the lady in the passage:—

"Sooner you get through with the notary the better, case may be dangerous."

"Now, dear Mr. Lundy—alone together a moment—now comes the serious part. Don't forget your name; I, Rasper Clynych, do bequeath, and so on. Nor my proper maiden name, bequeath to Eleanor Birby, my lawfully married, beloved, loving, faithful wife. All and sundry, my lands, tenements, and so forth, which the notary will name and write."

"Nelly, I'm ready. Ready to run the hazards and perils and penalties, both as to Kingston P. and other place. A virtuous disposition of the estate and money now to be willed, may have a sovereign effect for good. Yet there is risk. As for Kingston P., you are liable to go there for life; to work, toil, be degraded and chained, wash dishes, scrub floors, with chains to the feet all your life, if so much as a lip opens or tongue moves against me. I'm a man of my word."

"I'll not open lips against you, don't fear."

"I'm sure you will not, dear Nelly. An opportunity now offers to do a largely beneficial service to one—a deeply loved one—a loved and esteemed person, deserving good service at my hands."

"Dear Mr. Lundy, this is kind."

The notary, in his large green glasses, entered. He speaking, the clerk writing.

"How d'ye feel, Captain? Expect to recover? He expects to recover; take that down. Competent to make this last will and testament? Feels competent; take that down. Name, residence, designation, got these?"

"Give and bequeath the villa, gardens, pasture meadow, orchard, home paddocks, corn and potato patches now in own occupation to my beloved, loving, lawfully married wife, Eleanor Birby, in addition to any, all, and every the third portion of my estate to which she might be entitled if surviving me. Take that down, enlarged."

"Give and bequeath two thousand dollars, free of legacy duty, to Benjamin Binnikle, Esquire, Notary. Very good; but place that last in legacies."

"Give and bequeath the residue of all property, real and personal, of which I may die possessed. To wit: lands in Dunderdyke; lands in Willinhurst; bank shares; deposits; mortgages; roads; bridges; canals; houses in Willinhurst; steam tugs, other vessels, and all other property whatsoever, to my excellent, esteemed, beloved neighbour and friend Lully Lundy, Esquire; for his sole use and benefit, absolutely and unconditionally. Take that down, enlarged."

Nelly bites her fingers, stamps feet, rises, and in passion would speak.

"Cannot, madam, listen to any remark from you," interposes the notary. "This is the will and testament of Rasper Clynych, already declared *compos mentis*; not your will."

She sinks to a seat.

"Any other item? Yes; one thousand dollars to Peter Bruntfegger, clerk to Benjamin Binnikle, Esquire, notary. Take that down."

"Call in the attesting witnesses. You have heard the testament read, Captain Clynych? You acknowledge this to be your last will and testament? Sign here; and here. The witnesses here; and here. Good; that is all. Hope you'll soon recover, Captain Clynych, and live many a day yet."

"Thank you, Mr. Binnikle; hope I will, sure I will."

The notary, clerk, and witnesses being out of the room, getting their fees and refreshment, previous to departure, Buddy Lundy deemed it a precaution to bolt the door, rise and be ready in case Nelly rushed in, throttled, shot, or felled him dead. He was uncertain what she might do, but apprehended one or other of the shapes of murder. She came.

"Open the door, Lundy."

"Are they away, Mrs. Clynych?"

"Open the door."

"Is Squire Binnikle and the people away?"

"Open the door."

"Nelly, dear, you are not yourself with grief, and one thing and other. But I am from now, henceforth, to be your comfort, stay, and shield."

"Open the door."

"Nelly, are you angry? The will was made to exclude aliens—Clynyches, Yarleys. To protect one I love and have ever loved."

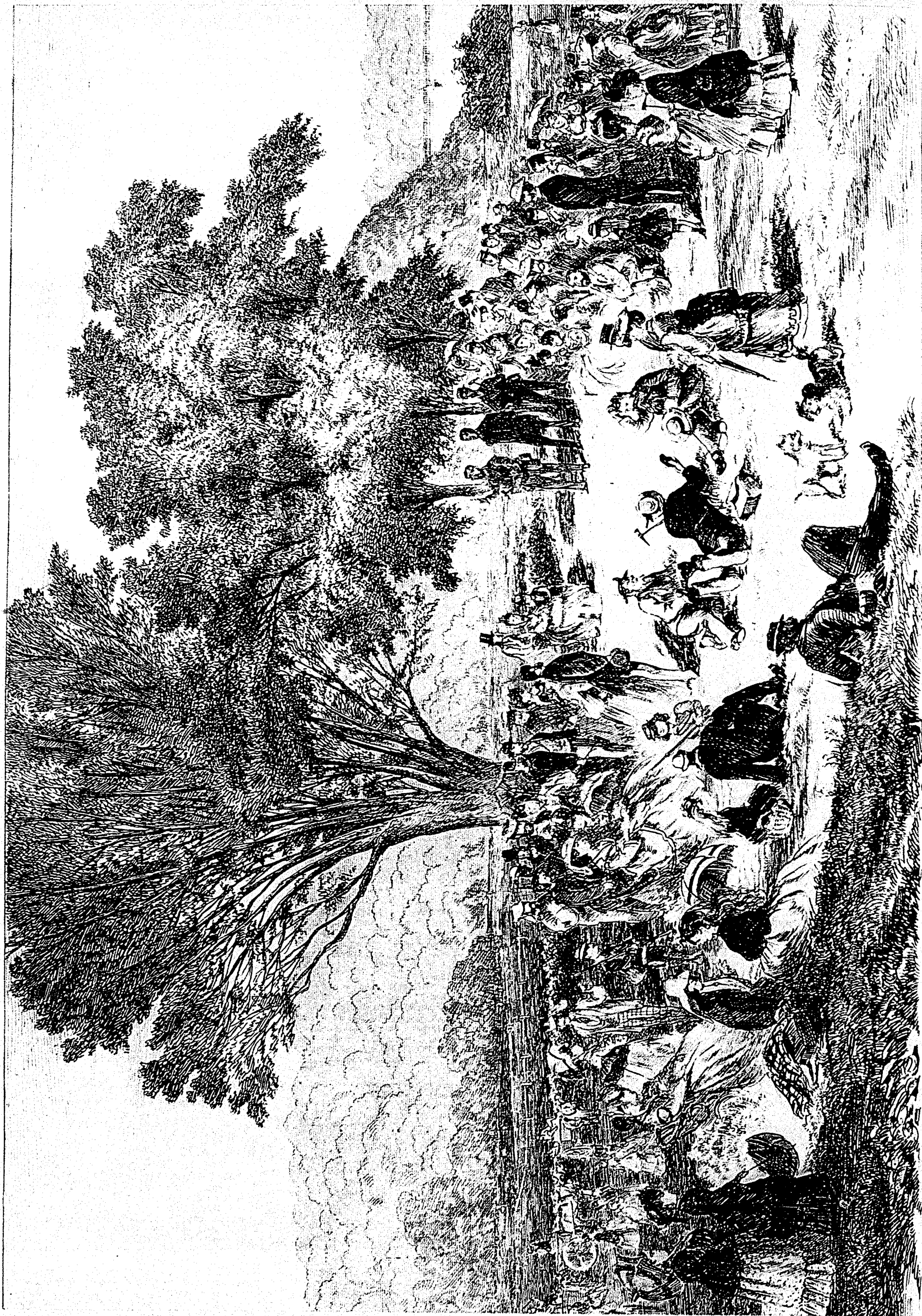
"In favour of yourself, Lundy, to defraud a lone woman. Oh shame!"

"A lone woman no more. As twenty years ago so now. I loved then and do now, and will marry you right away, soon as Clynych is buried."

"Dear Mr. Lundy, how could you expect me to marry any man so soon?"

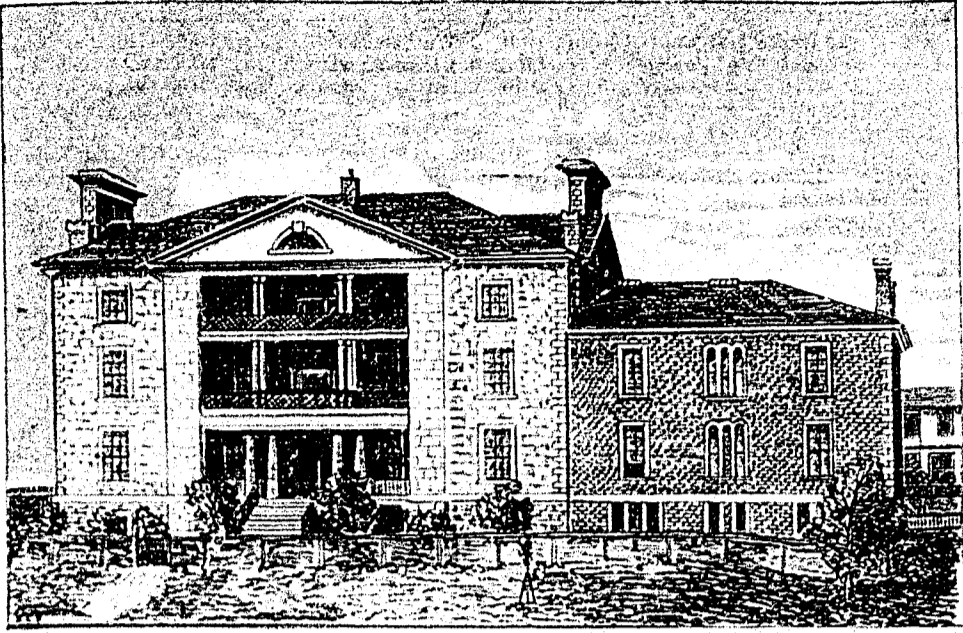
"She begins to yield already. The devil must be at the woman's elbow. Oh, woman! woman!" This in low soliloquy. Louder:

"Nelly, make a compact; then I'll open the

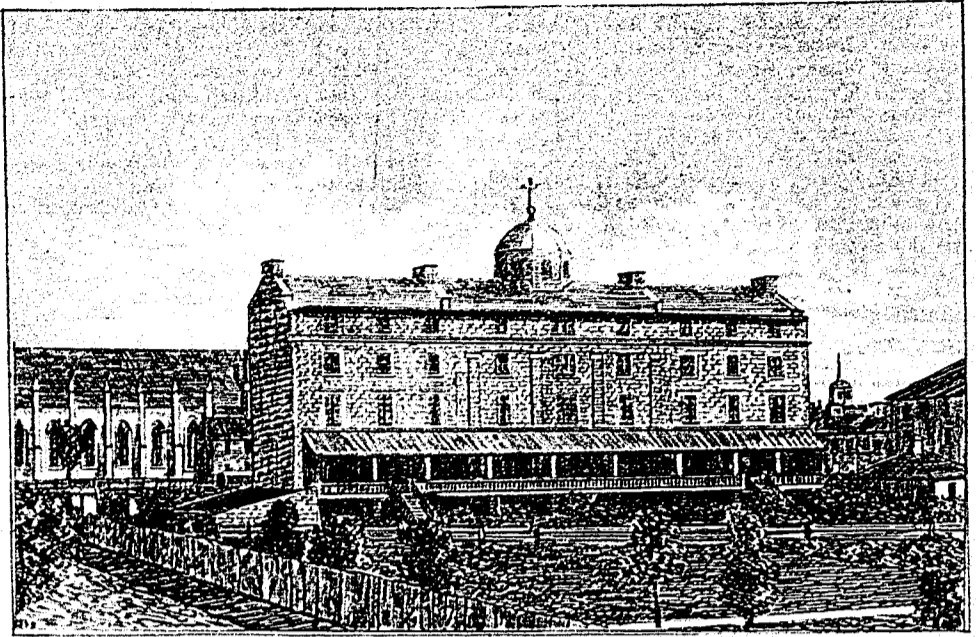


FIELD DAY OF THE NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY OF MONTREAL, AT MONTRIVILLE, ON SATURDAY AND SUNDAY — FROM A SKETCH BY OUR ARTIST — SEE FIRST PAGE.

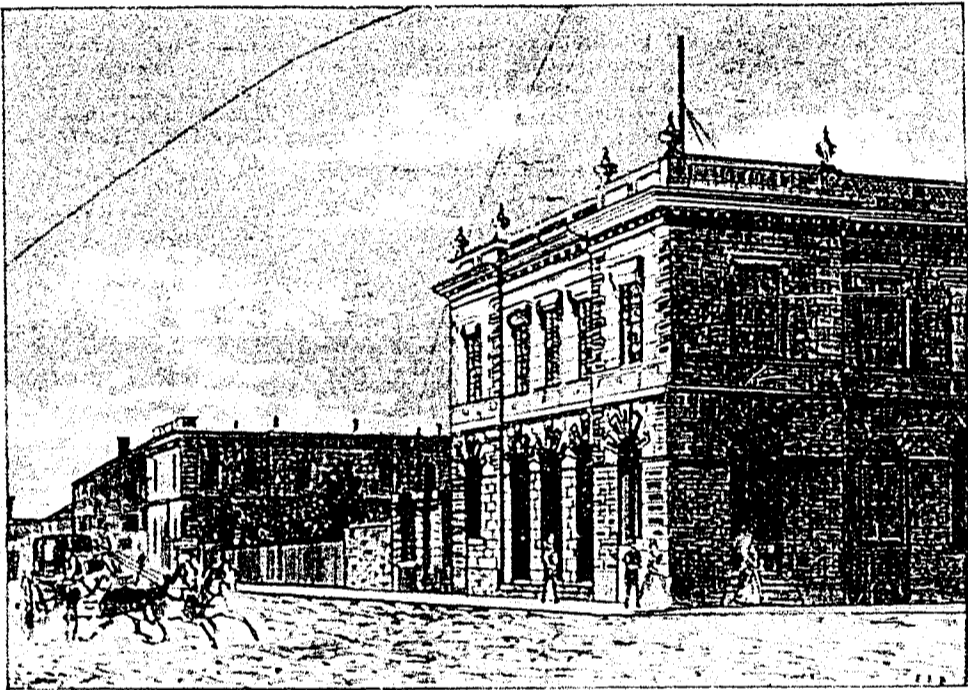
Kingston Views.—From photographs by H. Henderson, Kingston.—See page 371.



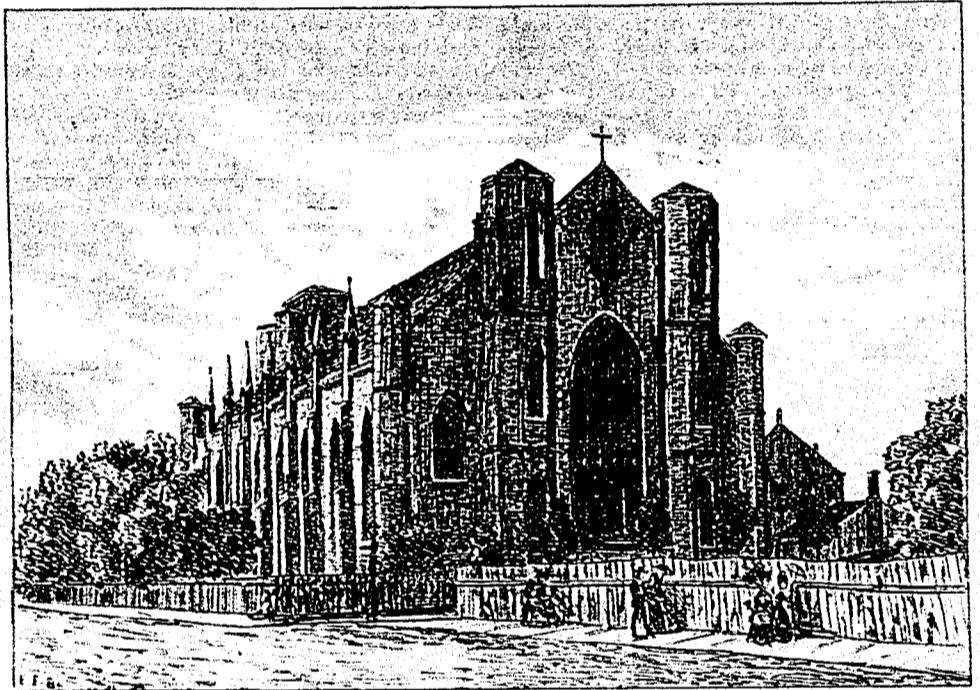
THE HOSPITAL.



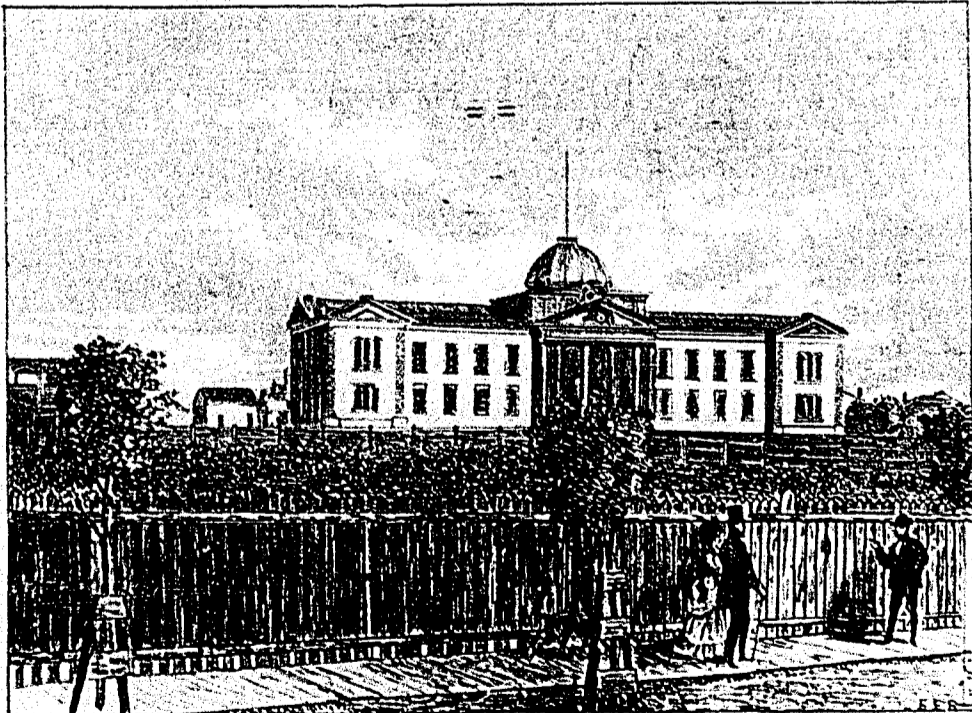
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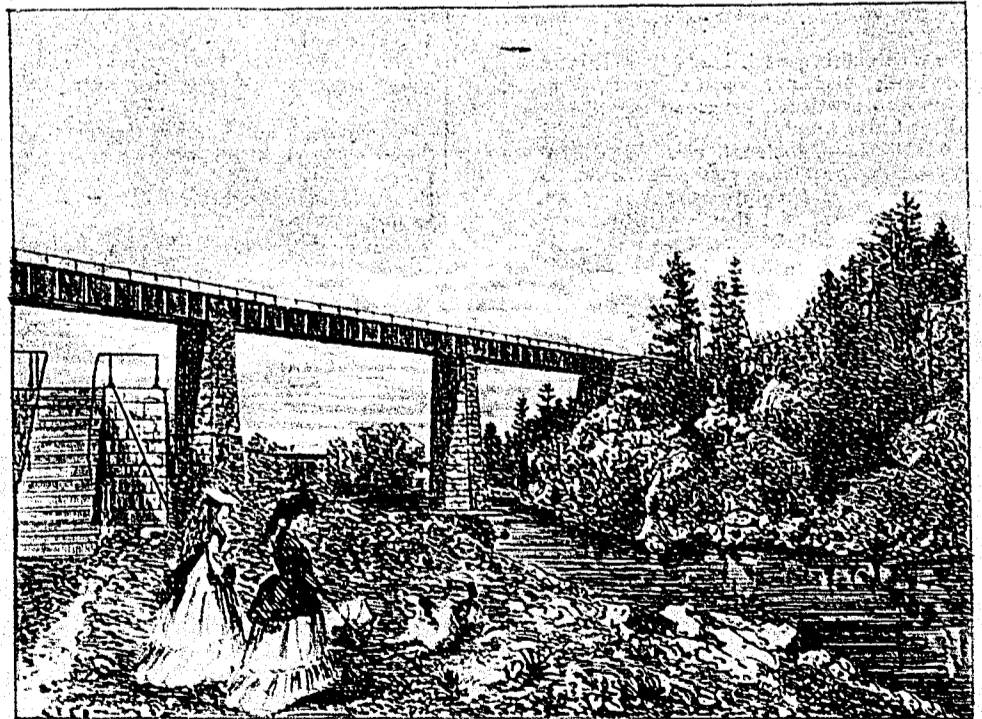
THE POST OFFICE.



ST. MARY'S R. C. CATHEDRAL.



THE COURT HOUSE.



GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY BRIDGE.

door. Seems like happy fate that Clynych should die. And same good fortune the events which relieved me of the detested witches your predecessors."

A gleam of blue light came into the room and showed one side of the chamber moving away. In terror the wooer of the widow Clynych beheld spectral figures flitting across the floor. But also some in blooming life and youthful beauty, stood posed among the spectres. One came to the front, a woman of years, yet comely in features and radiant of life. Rosa Myther, bride of the midnight wedding. She spoke:

"I forbid your marriage with Nelly Clynych."

A shade in its white shroud advanced, extending a death's hand, making signs angry and threatening.

A second of the flitting shadows gesticulated. Then a third and fourth.

Lundy gasped, perspired, shook at the knees, and would have called on Nelly at the door for aid or means of escape; but words refused to be uttered.

Rubbing his eyes frantically; tearing off plasters, blisters, lotions, which now tortured him, the Buddy wildly trode the floor; clutching hair, and stamping feet. At last came utterance in gasping syllables:

"That Wurlly Wizard's medicine gives dreams, visions! Is this death? Oh, horror! horror! Nelly, dear, come help me!"

Rushing in frenzy to escape, he was intercepted by Rosa Myther. In her hand a phial like that which dropt acid when he demanded the twenty thousand dollars found in the Lillymere satin corset.

"Know what this is, Lundy?" she asked. "Acid to dissolve bones, to bleach pulp, to make paper. Have a little on the skin!"

"Rosa, have mercy! Mercy on your poor, lying, deceitful, Buddy Lundy!"

"Good thing you said that. I will have mercy: such as you had not for me."

And Rosa glided away, disappearing amid the crowd of girls and shadows. A mingling throng of women in shrouds of death, and garments of gaiety. Then the folding doors closed, and the bed chamber was as before.

"A vision in sleep," he said. "must have been; what else should it be? Yet horribly real. Try is Nelly still here. Nelly! Nelly Clynych! Speak to me, darling. I'm sick and sore; very ill, and have been dreaming."

"What is the matter, dear Mr. Lundy? What is a matter with her own, dear, old beau?"

"That voice! Those words I love to hear. Come in, fair Elfinor, and make the compact. Let us agree to be wedded the earliest day possible. The whole estate to be yours and mine jointly. Let us marry right away; let it be the day Clynych is buried, or sooner. Get the dead bull-dog underground at once, and make her own one, the lover of her youth, a happy, happy Lundy Buddy!"

The door flashed open. Striding into the room in scarlet hunting coat, velvet cap, boots, spurs, riding whip in hand, came—Captain Rasper Clynych!

"Good Captain! Dear, good Captain! Have a mercy, Captain! It was all Nelly's doings, Captain Clynych. Fact's death it was the woman tempted me to this. Mercy, Captain, mercy! It was she, she; not me, not me; she! she! she! Not me—me—me! Not me!"

"Infernal cuss, cur, coward!"

"Mercy, Captain Clynych, mercy! Have pity on poor Buddy Lundy. I'll leave the country. If any be wronged I'll make restitution."

"You cuss! Will and bequeath lands in Dunderdyke!"

"Not so hard, dear Captain; not so cruelly hard!"

"Will and bequeath lands in Willinhurst; all bank deposits, shares, roads, bridges, houses to my dearly esteemed neighbour and friend Lully Lundy!"

"Hold, hold, don't kill me. Was blistered by the doctor before you came alive. The joy, the joy and happiness that you are alive and not dead. Ah! that is terrible. It was she, she tempted, drew me to it; not I, not I, not I! Oh, I die—die! You'll both be hung for this murder. And Rosa Myther, too, the traitress. I see all the trick now."

"Run—take that—run! Out of the house! Off the premises—run, villain, run!"

And the Buddy disappeared, shutting himself within doors where none saw him for many days.

Wurlly had given no medicine, no blisters, no lotions. Binnikle and clerk had drawn no will. So all affirmed when privately applied to by Detective De Peri. From which it was inferred that Clynych himself had been corpse, doctor, and notary.

Eleven months passed. Lady Mary Mortimer, the Duke of Sheerness, Sir Kenneth and all the rest arrived at the Falls.

The end of that feud was not yet. Aggression of one greedy for what was not his own, and regardless of the rights of the weak, had induced intervention and chastisement, which led to reprisal; and reprisal to consequences disastrous to some who least expected the result.

Seated on a fallen rock a few yards within the margin of Niagara river, half a mile below the Falls on the Canada side; shaded from sunshine by the awning which a boat's sail

makes on a tripod of poles, were two gentlemen who fished; and a third who sketched a picture.

One of the anglers was Rasper Clynych. He told the Lundy episode as just related. The Hon. Captain Pinkerton, second angler, whom Clynych more directly addressed and looked to for approval or admiration, gave but faint signs of assent. The Duke of Sheerness, the artist of the three, neither approved nor made a remark. But he felt the conduct of all concerned to have been morally offensive and brutal.

"That was the man," added Clynych, "who brought us in his boat to this rock."

"Is he not afraid of you now?" Pinkerton inquired.

"Not if I'm in company. He avoids me if alone. Many tricks are played on him by people whom he has wronged, which he in turn is not slow to imitate, or enlarge upon. He is a vindictive old rascal."

"How does he live? Property?"

"Some; not much. He lives mainly by smuggling. That is why he keeps a boat here, and others at different points above the Falls. Professes to fish, or conduct strangers to points of interest; conveying them by boat where one may be paddled or rowed, in the manner he brought us to this rock. But night prowling, like a wild cat, is Lundy's natural employment."

The Buddy heard these words. Unknown to Clynych he had come with his boat behind the awning under lower edge of the rock, and lay in its bottom with head on the gunwale, ears alert to catch remarks.

The distance to shore was but ten or twelve yards. The water not so deep but Lundy could wade it, though deeper than gentlemen cared to plunge in summer boots.

"The like opportunity," said the Buddy cogitating, "may not again occur. I'll buy a trap for Clynych even at risk of the other two. They have listened to his recital of duplicity and barbarity to me. They who hear that outrage told and don't protest against it as wicked and cruel are my enemies."

Lundy waded ashore, carrying the oars; and substituted for them another pair, drawn from a place of concealment. A pair of oar-tracherous and long since prepared, which must give way if used with vigour in the current outside the rock of the awning.

Having laid them to hand for use of Clynych the man of reprisal retired to a hiding place, not to come when called; not to come at all, but wait and wait.

It was a sultry afternoon. On the upper levels where carriages rolled along, the first two hundred feet high, the next behind it three hundred feet high from shore of the vortex where Courad Mortimer sketched and his companions fished, fitful gusts of wind blew along. Miniature cyclones raising spiral clouds of dust.

Most of the tourist visitors were in carriages, driving from Suspension Bridge to the Falls; or back to the Bridge. The road runs near the unguarded brink of vertical cliffs; separated only by forty, fifty or sixty feet of uneven margin, that covered by shrubs and occasional trees.

But some strangers staying at nearest hotels walked on foot. Of these were three ladies recently from the States with gentlemen of their families. The girls were young, light of heart, light of foot, merry.

One, whom the others sportively called to as Sylva, gathered sprigs of myrtle. A gust of the uncertain wind came, and filling the crinoline carried her from the ground towards the cliffs.

Many saw; and all in alarm, or in anguish cried, or shrieked:

"Catch hold! Save her! Save! Help! Mercy on her, she is over the rocks, and down!"

From a carriage coming up at the moment, an impassioned voice of prayer pierced the air:

"Oh, God! save her! Oh, Blessed Jesus receive her poor soul!"

The Duke of Sheerness happening to look from his sketch around and overhead at that moment, discerned in the air what he took to be a parachute, descending to water outside the awning where he sat. Next moment the anglers saw it; and Pinkerton exclaimed:

"A woman!"

The Duke saw the feet; and in the same breath cried:

"The boat! the boat!"

Clynych shouted aloud for Lundy. The Buddy saw it all, but did not show himself.

The falling lady alighted gently on edge of the current. The crinoline still keeping her afloat, she glided slowly away, frantically using hands clutching at the water, voiceless in terror.

Quickly the three men got aboard the Lundy boat, with oars out. And soon they ran the craft alongside the floating thing of beauty, dragging her in.

Other boats were in sight and Clynych hailed them to help; for he felt the oars to be splintered.

With the force of strong men of skill, nerved by comprehension of danger, they pulled athwart stream to gain the shore; and seemed about succeeding when—both oars snapped.

Other boats emerged from shore, but only short distances. The Lundy craft was already in the current, and none could overtake it and return.

"It is but death anyway!" cried Rasper Clynych, leaping overboard to attempt a struggle for which no man was equal. He was drowned.

At first the Duke and Captain Pinkerton had correct sensations of perception, that the boat floated down a river, they powerless to guide it, farther than make a feeble attempt to steer with a broken oar.

But as the river narrowed from half a mile to about two hundred yards, and soon to less, the current changing to a projectile of vehement momentum going a mile a minute, shooting down the gorge as an arrow; the vertical cliffs walling in the maddened waters, the sensations changed.

The boat seemed remaining in one place; tossing, rolling; up on end, down on end; bumping, dashing, and wildly battling with waves of foam all at war.

Perpendicular walls of rock, occasional wooded slopes, saw mills in gulches of the cliffs, houses on the cliffs, people on the rocks with arms raised in air, anglers springing to feet a moment, cattle clinging to steep pastures,—all came flying up, flashing past, flying to the rear, as the boat continued at its stationary place of conflict.

At last they were sensible of being in water where the little craft turned; heading to the sun; shooting athwart the sun; whirling round with stern to the sun; coming round again spinning, with its head, as before, and so continuing round and round.

Then the rocks, the wooded slopes, people on the slopes, people down in the gulches, horses and coaches on the cliffs, fell into circumvolution, increasing in speed and wildness of weird dancing as night closed in.

They had heard of the whirlpool, and were now on it.

So long as whirled on the widest circles the boat might live. But the circles contracting, the times could be calculated when it would come into the gurgling throat of the vortex, which, swallowing all that comes gives nothing back: never again.

(To be continued.)

COUP DE SOLEIL, AND HOW TO TREAT PATIENTS.

There is something to be remembered by those most liable to sunstroke. Sobriety is a great preventative. The man who abstains from all spirituous drinks during excessively hot weather is vastly less liable to sunstroke than he who drinks habitually. Regular hours for sleep and meals, and the avoidance of all irregularities and excesses, are among the other preventatives. Bathing, washing, or sponging the skin all over in the morning is a wholesome precaution. Every one employed out doors, that can possibly do it, should wear a light, easy-fitting, broad-brimmed hat.—Bricklayers, carpenters, labourers, mortar-makers, hod-carriers, and all others working in the sun, should have some kind of shed or shade handy, where they can rest for a few minutes at short intervals of half an hour or so. People otherwise engaged on the streets, or who have to go about on business, should be careful to keep on the shady side, to look well to their head gear, so as to insure that which is light and porous, and those who have leisure should carry sun-umbrellas.

In every instance where a person is found fainting in the street, on a hot day, the first thing is to remove the person to as cool and shady a place as can be found, and, if possible, to where a draught of air is blowing at the time. By-standers and mere curious idlers should be kept from crowding around. The next is to send in all directions for a doctor or a skilled apothecary. But, as it frequently happens that neither a doctor nor an apothecary can be had in time, those who take charge of the sufferer should know how to act, for they may save his life. For their information the following treatment is suggested:—They should understand that there are two morbid conditions resulting from excessive heat. Those differ somewhat in their symptoms, and require a somewhat different treatment. The first of these occur after undue exertion on the part of the person thus affected. The man is faint, perhaps unable to move, though he can generally be roused, he has a feeble pulse and a cool and moist skin. Here there is simply a loss of nervous power, and relief is promptly afforded by removing him to a cool, shady place, applying cold water or ice to the head, and administering iced brandy and water, iced wine and water, or other stimulant. In the other and more fatal form of this affection a different set of symptoms show themselves. Here the patient falls to the ground completely unconscious, his skin is pungently hot and dry, his breathing hurried, convulsions are not uncommon, and, if proper treatment be not promptly resorted to, death soon takes place. In this case also, the patient should be promptly removed to a shady and cool spot, perfectly private, so that the crowd may be kept off without fail. His clothing should

be stripped off and his whole body rubbed with ice from head to foot, and pieces of ice should be kept under the armpits. This should be steadily persevered with until the patient is restored, or until a doctor arrives, or until it is plain that the case is beyond recovery.

WELLINGTON'S SAGACITY.—The Duke was one day hunting with the late Tom Ashton Smith, when the hounds, on reaching the banks of a small river, lost their fox. Smith, always on his mettle when the Duke was out with him, and mortified at the prospect of having found him indifferent sport, rode up to him and said apologetically, "I am afraid, your Grace, our fun is over. The dogs can't pick up the scent."—"Ten to one," said the Duke, "the fox has crossed to the other side."—"Not very likely, my lord," was the rejoinder, "a fox hates the water."—"Ay, ay," once more urged the Duke, "but he may have crossed over by some bridge or other."—"I don't believe there is such a thing," replied the master of the hounds. "Well," pursued the Duke, "unless you know to the contrary, though I never was here before, I will wager a trifle you will find one within a mile or two." Smith, anxious to fall in with his Grace's wishes, though devoid of faith in his prediction, pushed on—and, sure enough, about three-quarters of a mile off, he came upon a rudely constructed bridge of timber. The dogs had no sooner crossed it than they took up the scent again, ran the fox in the open, and killed it in the open. The noble lord who told me this anecdote in illustration of Wellington's intuitive sagacity, asked him, in riding home with him, how, if he were not familiar with that part of the country, he came to guess there was a bridge in the neighbourhood. "Why," was the answer, "I saw three or four cottages clustered together on each bank of the river, though at considerable distance from each other, and I considered that the social principle common to men would be sure to tempt those who lived in them to contrive some means or other for convenient communication with each other. That same speculation of mine won me one of my Indian battles."—*Memoir of Charles Mynn Young.*

A thief in Calcutta recently stole a musical box, thinking probably from its ornamental exterior that it was a jewel case. Having got off safe with his prize, he made his way to Wellesley Square, where, in the shrubbery, grows a certain large and bushy shrub. Close to this shrub resides the "mallee" who looks after the enclosure. The thief sat down in the shadow of the bush and proceeded to pick the lock. The "lock," however, was the spring to set the wheels going, so that all of a sudden the horrified thief heard his jewel-case begin in a lively manner to play "The wind that shakes the barley." He jumped up, flung up the bewitched "lock" into the bush, and fled. Meanwhile the "mallee" woke, listened—yes—his bush was resonant with sweet sound. He sat up; a cold perspiration burst out upon him; the bush, which he had tended from its twighood—which he had watched those many years with all a "mallee's" pride—was decidedly bedevilled. The tune stopped—click, click—and then began the "Mabel Valse." This was too much for the "mallee," who fled from the accursed spot to the police inspector. Swiftly the pair returned to the garden. Cautiously they approached the tree, just in time to hear the musical box, which had now gone through its repertoire, rattle off the last bars of a comic song. The inspector recognised the sound, dived into the big bush, and extracted the musical box.

The Vancouver Standard says that the largest Douglas pine known to exist on that island now grows near Mr. Richardson's house, Chemainis prairie, on the edge of the trail, and not far from Chemainis river. It is 51 feet in circumference, or about 16 feet in diameter, and about 150 feet high. Originally it was at least 50 feet higher, but the top has been broken off either by lightning or storm. It is a monster and need not be ashamed of its proportions were it among the gigantic trees in the famous Calaveras grove. Two gentlemen who recently visited it christened it "The Old Guardsman," and it well deserves the name, for it must have been standing on guard centuries before any of the trees around it.

Many of the great French merchants and manufacturers are giving up business in France and preparing to settle in Spain, Belgium, and England. A notable instance is in the case of Schneider, the president of the last Imperial chamber, who was the owner of perhaps the largest ironworks in the world—at Creuzot, and who is about to commence operations upon a very large scale at Stockton-upon-Tees.

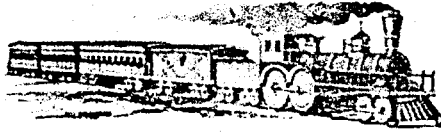
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 ALSO,
PERFUMED GLYCERINE
 AT THE
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 AND
BRANCH, PHILLIP'S SQUARE. 3-24-0

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 DEALER.
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GUNS, PISTOLS, FISHING TACKLE, &c.
 Agent for THOS. SMITH & SONS, England.
 Agent for the celebrated Galand & Somerville
SELF-EXTRACTING REVOLVER. 3-24-0

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 For the destruction of Caterpillars on Cabbage
 Plants, Gooseberry and Currant Bushes, &c., &c.
CARBOLIC ACID SOAP & POWDER,
 For Toilet, Disinfecting, and other purposes.
SODA WATER (and all the combined with pure
 Syrups, drawn from the Arctic Fountain).
BRUSHES—Hair, Tooth, Nail, Cloth, Shaving, and
 Flesh Brushes, Dressing and Fine Tooth Combs,
 Sponges, Cologne, &c.
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 175 St. Lawrence St.; Branch, 363 St. Catherine St.,
MONTREAL. 3-24-0



GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY OF CANADA

Improved Service of Trains for the Summer of 1871.
GREAT ACCELERATION OF SPEED.
NEW CARS ON ALL EXPRESS TRAINS.

TRAINS now leave Montreal as follows—
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Day Express for Ogdensburg, Ottawa,
 Brockville, Kingston, Belleville, Toronto,
 Guelph, London, Brantford, Goderich,
 Buffalo, Detroit, Chicago, and all points West at
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 Night do. do. at 11:00 p. m.
 Mail Train for Kingston, Toronto and the
 intermediate stations at 5:00 a. m.
 Accommodation Train for Brockville and
 intermediate stations at 7:00 p. m.
 Mixed do. do. at 11:00 a. m.
 Trains for Lachine at 7:00 a. m., 12:00 p. m.,
 12 noon, 3:00 p. m., 5:00 p. m., and 6:00
 p. m. The 7:00 p. m. Train runs
 through to Province line.

GOING SOUTH AND EAST.

Accommodation Train for Island Pond
 and intermediate stations at 7:00 a. m.
 Express Train for Richmond, Quebec, and
 Riviere du Loup, at 8:30 p. m.
 Express for Boston via Vermont Central at
 9:00 a. m.
 Express for New York and Boston, via
 Vermont Central at 3:45 p. m.
 Express for New York, via Rouse's Point
 and Lake Champlain Steamers, at 4:00 p. m.
 Mail Train for Island Pond, Portland and
 Boston, at 2:00 p. m.
 Night Express for Quebec, Island Pond,
 Gorham, and Portland, and the Lower
 Provinces, stopping between Montreal
 and Island Pond at St. Hilaire, St.
 Hyacinthe, Upton, Acton, Richmond,
 Sherbrooke, Lennoxville, Compton,
 Coaticook, and Norton Mills, only, at 10:30 p. m.

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 day and night trains. Baggage checked through.
 As the punctuality of the Trains depends on con-
 nections with other Lines, the Company will not be
 responsible for Trains not arriving or leaving any
 station at the hours named.
 The Steamers "Carlotta" or "Chase" will leave
 Portland for Halifax, N. S., every Saturday after
 noon at 4:00 p. m. They have excellent accommoda-
 tions for Passengers and Freight.
 The Steamer "Linda" leaves Portland for Yar-
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 The International Company's Steamers, running in
 connection with the Grand Trunk Railway, leave
 Portland every Monday and Thursday at 6:00 p. m.,
 for St. John, N. B., &c.
 Tickets issued through at the Company's principal
 stations.
 For further information, and time of Arrival and
 Departure of all Trains at the terminal and way sta-
 tions, apply at the Ticket office, Bonaventure Station,
 or at No. 39 Great St. James Street.
C. J. BRYDGES,
 Managing Director.
 Montreal, June 5, 1871. 3-24-0

The St. Lawrence and Ottawa
Railway
 FROM PRESCOTT TO THE CAPITAL.
*The Shortest and Best Route from Montreal and
 all Points East to Ottawa.*
 ASK FOR TICKETS BY PRESCOTT JUNCTION.
Summer Arrangement, 1871.

ON and after MONDAY, the 5th JUNE,
 1871, four Passenger Trains will run daily on
 this Line, making CERTAIN CONNECTIONS with
 those on the GRAND TRUNK, the VERMONT
 CENTRAL, and the ROME and WATERTOWN
 RAILWAYS, and with the Steamers of the ROYAL
 MAIL LINE, for all points East, West and South.
COMFORTABLE SOFA CARS
 On the Train connecting with the Grand Trunk Night
 Expresses by which Passengers leaving Montreal and
 Toronto in the Evening will reach Ottawa at 6:50 the
 following morning. Charge for Berths 50 cents each.
*Connection with the Grand Trunk Trains at
 Prescott Junction Certain.*
 20 MINUTES ALLOWED FOR REFRESHMENTS
 AT PRESCOTT JUNCTION.

FREIGHT NOTICE.
 A FLOATING ELEVATOR always in readiness
 at Prescott Wharf, where Storage for Grain, Flour,
 Pork, &c., can be had.
A CHANGE GAUGE CAR PIT
 Is provided in the Junction Freight Shed by means
 of which Freight loaded on Change Gauge Cars
COMES THROUGH TO OTTAWA WITHOUT
TRANSHIPMENT.
THOS. REYNOLDS,
 Managing Director.
 R. LETTRELL,
 Superintendent, Prescott,
 Ottawa, 1st June, 1871. 3-23m

DAVID CRAWFORD,
GROCEER.
 Wine and Spirit Merchant,
 170, ST. JAMES STREET, 170.
MONTREAL. 3-23-0

A NEW ERA IN WASHING!

LABOUR. FUEL.
 TIME. SAVED.
 CLOTHES. By the use of
 and of
WARFIELD'S
COLD WATER SELF-WASHING SOAP!

This Soap washes the finest as well as coarsest
 fabrics, in cold, warm, hard, soft, or salt water, with-
 out boiling or machinery, and is guaranteed not to
 injure the clothes in the least when used according to
 the directions.
 SOLE AGENT FOR THE DOMINION,
J. B. BUSS, 24 GREAT ST. JAMES STREET,
MONTREAL. 3-21-0

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

Sealed Tenders, addressed to the undersigned, en-
 dorsed "Tenders for work at Coteau Landing" will
 be received at this Office until the evening of the 20th
 June next, for the extension of the Mooring Pier at
 Coteau Landing.
 Plans and specifications can be seen at this Office,
 or at the Lachine Canal Office, Montreal, on and
 after Monday, the 5th day of June, where forms of
 tender and other information can also be obtained.
 The Department does not, however, bind itself to
 accept the lowest or any tender.
 By Order,
F. BRAUN,
 Secretary.
 DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC WORKS,
 Ottawa, 31st May, 1871. 3-23e

LASH & COMPANY, successors to J. G.
JOSEPH & Co.'s Retail Business, KING STREET,
TORONTO. 3-227

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

NOTICE.
THROUGH Tickets to Fort Garry via Fort
 William can be had at all the stations of the
 Northern Railway and on the Steamers between
 Collingwood and Fort William.
 By direction,
F. BRAUN,
 Secretary.
 Department of Public Works,
 Ottawa, 30th May, 1871. 3-22c

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*We can confidently recommend all the Houses
 mentioned in the following List.*
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 ROYAL HOTEL..... H. E. IRVING.
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 Engagement of the great English Comedian,
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 THURSDAY EVENING, JUNE 15TH.
STREETS OF NEW YORK.
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RIP VAN WINKLE,
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 SATURDAY, A BIG BILL.
 MONDAY, Engagement of the great Irish Comedian,
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 ADMISSION: Private Boxes, \$5.00; Dress Circle, 75
 cents; Family Circle, 50 cents; Pit, 25 cents. Re-
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 the best selected Stock of DRY GOODS in the
 Dominion.
 Just received—
SPRING MANTLES,
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 A new and complete assortment of
MOURNING GOODS.
BROWN & CLAGGETT,
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ROYAL LAUNDRY OF ENGLAND,
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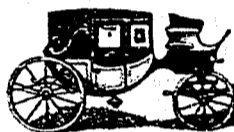
NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY'S FIELD DAY, 1871.

The descent from Montarville.—One step from the Sublime to the Ridiculous.



"And when they next do ride abroad, may I be there to see"

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



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CANADA CENTRAL

Brockville & Ottawa Railways.



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ON AND AFTER MONDAY, MARCH 6, 1871,

TRAINS WILL RUN AS FOLLOWS:—

LEAVE BROCKVILLE.

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

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

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

LEAVE OTTAWA.

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

LOCAL TRAIN at 7:45 A.M.

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

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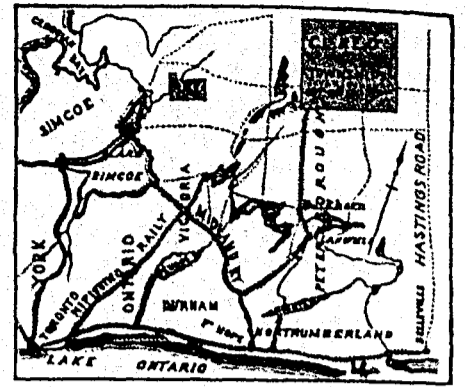
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An Inspection is invited.

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