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Canadian Whistler's News

Vol. II.—No. 2.]

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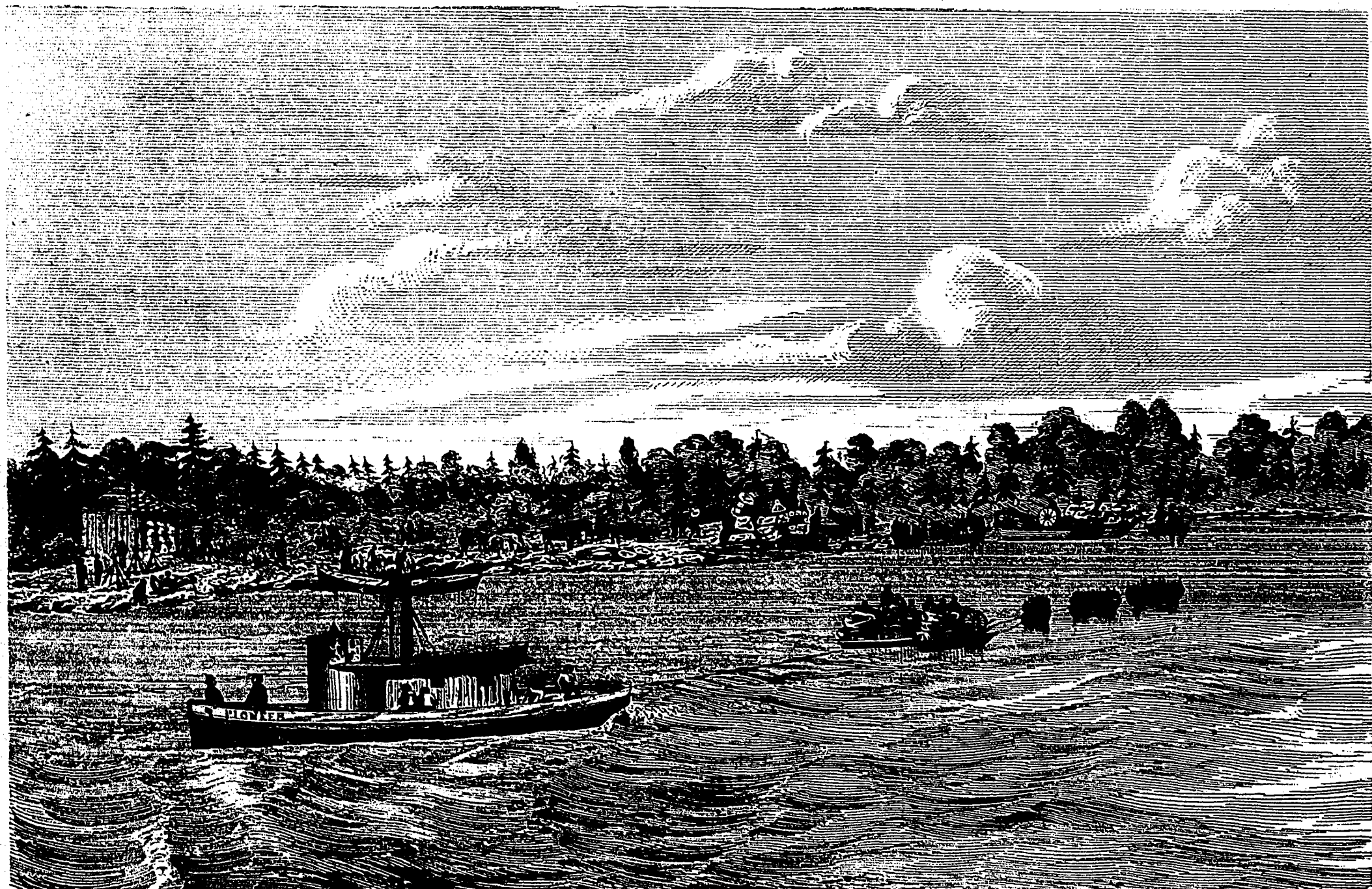
COMMERCIAL LEGISLATION IN THE UNITED STATES

It is never safe to predicate the fate of any practical measure while it is before the American Congress. Bills are introduced, or motions offered, either by private members or through the committees, with no special party responsibility for their success or failure, unless they happen to be of a political character. In the absence of a responsible Cabinet, bound to initiate and carry through legislation or to resign, it is impossible that law-making or amending can be conducted in any other than the haphazard way it now is in the House of Representatives as well as in the Senate; so that the reference of a resolution to a committee is no more guarantee that it will take effect than is its being reported from a committee, that the Senate or the House will adopt it. Hence the many buncombe motions and resolutions on all sorts of subjects with which Congressional proceedings are diversified; and hence especially the many nonsensical resolves concerning the British American Provinces with respect to political and commercial questions. Canadians have been too often betrayed into attaching great importance to some of these motions, and have wasted much

needless discussion upon them; another instance has just occurred.

The Finance Committee of the Senate some weeks ago reported in favour of reducing the duty on coal; and the resolution was referred back, and again reported as amended, making coal free. The vote in the committee in favour of free coal was large, and strong hopes were entertained that the obnoxious duty would really be abolished, in which case, of course, the Governor-General in Council would suspend the operation of that clause in our Tariff Bill imposing a duty on coal imported into Canada. Here then would have been reciprocity re-established with respect to one very important item; for while the free admission of coal from Nova Scotia into the eastern cities would have greatly improved the trade of that Province, the increased competition with Ohio and Pennsylvania coal would have cheapened the article to the purchasers in Quebec and Ontario. The prospect was indeed a pleasing one, but jubilate was sung too soon. There are coal interests yet to be developed in Maryland and West Virginia, and protection must be sustained, so the Senate voted on the Finance Committee's resolution yeas 18, nays 25, and the duty on coal remains as before.

This result ought not to be considered surprising. The Americans cannot well begin by striking down one monopoly at a time. They have established too many already; and their probable destiny is to go on establishing more, until by the equal distribution of protection the system will defeat itself and prove to be merely the setting of trade and the cramping of enterprise. It is only when protection is unequal that it serves somebody's interests at the expense of those of somebody else; and as necessity compels the injured party to seek for relief, his special branch of the general industry has to be admitted to the charmed circle. Of course for the mere labourer there is no protection. He is exposed by immigration to the competition of labourers from all sides. His competitors are attracted to the field by the glitter of the nominally high rate of wages paid—a rate created fictitiously high through the very influence of protection to capital. But the labouring classes are numerically the strongest in the United States, and when the pressure becomes sufficiently hard to unite them in one body for their deliverance from the tyranny of capital, they will secure political power, and perhaps sweep away the whole fabric of protection by a single act. Nothing but the dread of this sudden



RED RIVER EXPEDITION.—PURGATORY LANDING.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

change, or the fear of the loss of power by either of the two political parties, will induce a gradual relaxation of the present restrictive system, and there is an indication that such a movement will soon be attempted.

Senator Chandler, of Michigan, who in his terrible anger so often demolishes these unlucky Provinces, has sounded the key-note of the new tariff movement. It is to let the present tariff alone for a year—by which time, of course, the agitation over the Presidential election to be held in 1872, will have fairly commenced. When next year comes, he proposes to unite the west and the south "to make a tariff to suit the people of the United States." The significance of his reference to the "people," is in the fact that he had previously denounced the existing tariff as one made in the interest of New England. He promises then to repeal the entire revenue system, and "to place a horizontal duty upon every article imported into the United States, except spirits, wine, and tobacco." We do not know whether this south western tariff would be less protective than the present, or more favourable to free commercial intercourse with other nations; but if such a movement is made, it will develop a new sectional struggle on a practical and commercial question in which the New England and Northern States will be beaten as certainly as they were successful when the sectional struggle was on a political and social one.

INVESTITURE OF H. R. H. PRINCE ARTHUR WITH THE GRAND CROSS OF THE ORDER OF ST. MICHAEL AND ST. GEORGE.

On Saturday, June 12th, the ceremony of investing H. R. H. Prince Arthur with the Grand Cross of the Order of St. Michael and St. George took place in St. Patrick's Hall, Montreal. A large crowd of visitors had assembled to witness the ceremony, which possessed unusual attractions as being something new in this part of Her Majesty's dominions. At the hour appointed the official personages invited to take part in the proceedings assembled in a private room in the lower part of the building, where they formed in processional order and defiled to the main hall above. First came the master of Ceremonies, followed by the Magistrates and the Corporation; then the members of the Legislative Council, the Legislative Assembly, and the House of Commons, the Judges, the Senators and the members of the Privy Council wearing the Windsor uniform. The Metropolitan and the R. C. Administrator of the diocese in full canonicals came next, followed by the Lieut-Governor of Ontario, the Officer in command of Her Majesty's Forces, and the suite of the Prince. Then came H. R. H. Prince Arthur in the uniform of the Rifle Brigade, and behind him three esquires bearing on velvet cushions the Sword of State, the Insignia and Her Majesty's Warrant. The members of the order of St. Michael and St. George came next, preceded by the officer at Arms. His Excellency the Governor General and Staff closed the procession.

The procession left the waiting room at 2 p. m., and proceeded up the avenue into St. Patrick's Hall to the platform, where they filed off right and left, forming on each side of the throne, and down the whole length of the room. The band of the Rifle Brigade played meanwhile a slow march. His Excellency took his seat on the throne, Lady Young sat on his left, the band in attendance played the National Anthem, and a royal salute was fired by the Royal Artillery. The Officer-at-Arms read the royal warrant addressed to Sir John Young. He then, accompanied by his Esquires, bearing the proper insignia of investiture, preceded His Royal Highness, who was supported on either side by the Knight Commanders of the Order, Sir A. T. Galt and Sir F. Hincks, and advanced towards the throne. The prescribed oath was administered to His Royal Highness, the Officer-at-Arms presenting to the Sovereign's representative the riband, badge and star of a Knight of the Grand Cross.

H. R. H. Prince Arthur knelt down before the throne, and the Governor General drew his sword and crossed Prince Arthur's back, and afterwards placed the badge of the order on his shoulders. His Excellency then pronounced the admonition enjoined by the statutes of the Order, delivered to His Royal Highness the Royal license and authority to wear the insignia, and a copy of the statutes of the order, which were handed by Lady Young. His Excellency proclaimed that the investiture was complete; a second Royal salute was fired; the band played a slow march; the procession reformed in the order in which they advanced, and returned to the waiting room.

THE VILLAGE OF STE. MARIE.

On the northern shore of the Sault Ste. Marie, the outlet of the waters of Lake Superior into Lake Huron, stands the small Canadian village of Ste. Marie, the half-way point between Collingwood and Thunder Bay. The *Toronto Telegraph*, in a recent issue, gives the following account of the colonization of the country about the Sault:—"The Sault Ste. Marie historically is one of the most ancient names connected with civilization in the northern part of the continent. Long before the Pilgrims landed on the shores of New England, a small company of Pilgrim Jesuits made their way up Lake Huron, and pitched their little settlement at the foot of the rapids, to which they gave the name of Sault Ste. Marie, which by interpretation means "the Leap of the Holy Virgin." And for nearly three hundred years the Sault has continued to be the seat of a Jesuit settlement. The reason for the Jesuits settling in this locality was the fact that it was headquarters of the Chippewa Indians. For the most part the Indians have disappeared. A miserable chief is to be seen now and again, with the ragged leggings of his pants ornamented with bead work, and a bead belt fastening his ragged coat, going about begging for surreptitious doses of whiskey. A few half-breeds loaf around and fish a little, and that is about all the indication to be seen here, telling of the fact that the Sault was once the great rendezvous of the mighty Chippewas.

"In 1870, the Sault was taken possession of for France in this wise. Two hundred years ago, St. Lussou was here with his men, fifteen in number. Among them was Louis Jolie;

and Indians were fast thronging in from their wintering grounds, attracted as usual by the fishery of the rapids, or moved by the message sent by Perrot—Crees, Monsons, Arriekoues, Nipissings, and many more. When fourteen tribes or their representatives had arrived, St. Lussou prepared to execute the commission with which he was charged. At the foot of the rapids was the village of Santers; above the village was a hill, and hard by stood the fort of the Jesuits. On the morning of the fourteenth of June, St. Lussou led his followers to the top of the hill, all fully equipped and under arms. Here, too, in the vestments of their priestly office, were four Jesuits. All around the great throng of Indians stood or crouched, or reclined at length, with eyes and ears intent. A large cross of wood had been made. Dablon, in solemn form, pronounced his blessing upon it, and then it was reared and planted in the ground, while the Frenchmen uncovered and sang *Vezilla Regis*. Then a post of cedar was planted beside it, with a metal plate attached, engraved with the Royal Arms, while St. Lussou's followers sang the *Exaudiat*, and one of the Jesuits uttered a prayer for the king. St. Lussou now advanced, holding his sword in one hand, and raising a sod of earth, proclaimed in a loud voice:—"In the name of the most high, mighty, and redoubtable monarch, Louis fourteenth of that name, Most Christian King of France and Navarre, I take possession of this place, Sainte Marie du Sault, as also of Lakes Huron and Superior, the Island of Manitoulin, and all countries contiguous and adjacent thereunto, both those that have been discovered, and those which may be discovered, in all their length and breadth, bounded on the one side by the seas of the north and west, and on the other by the seas of the south, &c. Vive le Roi!" The Frenchmen fired their guns and shouted, "Vive le Roi!" and the yelps of the astonished Indians mingled with the din, and the play ended by the Indians tearing down the Royal Arms and insignia as soon as St. Lussou left. To the Jesuit settlement succeeded Fort Brady, which was founded by the American General of that name, and for a long time Sault Ste. Marie, on the American side, remained a mere Jesuit and hunting station.

THE SAULT STE. MARIE CANAL AND PURGATORY LANDING.

Previous to the opening of the Sault Ste. Marie Canal in 1855, travellers desirous of passing from Lake Huron to Lake Superior were compelled to portage across the main-land in the vicinity of the rapids. The straits, 63 miles in length, commence on the Lake Superior side with a fall twenty-two feet in descent within three-fourths of a mile—offering an insurmountable obstacle to the through navigation of the straits. The remainder of the straits is navigable to vessels drawing eight feet of water. A canal would have allowed of easy and safe through navigation, and so Congress offered the State of Michigan 750,000 acres of land to construct a canal around the rapids. The State, in turn, agreed to give these lands, free of taxation, for five years, to Erastus Corning and others, on condition that the canal should be completed by the middle of May, 1855. Corning fulfilled his part of the contract; and the canal formed the last link in the chain of communication between the great lakes of the west. The canal is especially remarkable for the superiority of the work about it, and also for the size of the locks, which are said to be the largest in the world. The combined length of the two sides and wings of the two locks together is nearly one-third of a mile, all of solid masonry, 25 feet high, 10 feet thick at the base, with buttresses at every twelve feet six feet in width, all faced with cut white limestone. The gates are each forty feet wide. The canal is 100 feet wide at the top of the water, and 115 feet wide at the top of its banks. The main body of it was excavated through solid rock, to a depth of 13 feet. Our illustration of a section of the canal, showing the "Chicora" lying between locks, is leggotyped from a sketch by our special artist, Mr. Armstrong, of Toronto.

On another page we give an illustration of the scene at Purgatory Landing on the morning of Sunday, the 12th of May, when the stores assembled at this point were in course of transfer to the "Chicora" for shipment to Thunder Bay. The "Chicora" was at this time lying off the Landing, and the stores were taken on board her in small boats and scows. In the foreground of the illustration is shown the tug "Pioneer" towing out a scow and several boats, laden with stores, to the "Chicora." Purgatory Landing is situated on the Canadian side above the Ste. Marie rapids, and is generally the point of departure for Canadian vessels bound for Fort William.

CACOUNA.

All who can afford to indulge in the luxury, endeavour to escape the sweltering heat of the inland cities; and spend at least a few weeks during mid-summer within range of the salt sea breeze. The Lower St. Lawrence and the nether Provinces of Canada furnish natural facilities for many hundreds of watering places. Some of them have been already utilised; many more await the completion of the Intercolonial railway to secure for them quick and certain communication with the outside world; and others lie idle for the want of some enterprising man to trumpet their merits and make the beginning of their fame. Cacouna, of which we give an illustration in this number, has been highly favoured; having become, in fact, the fashionable watering-place of Canada. Some twenty or twenty-five years ago, we believe the Hon. Mr. Ferrier of this city, with that keen, practical judgment which has generally guided him, pitched upon Cacouna as a desirable summer resort; and, though for many years but few others were attracted to it, still its fame gradually spread, until some ten or twelve years ago it reached acknowledged preeminence. It is situated on the south shore of the St. Lawrence, a hundred and twenty miles below Quebec and directly opposite the *embouchure* of the great river Saguenay. The distance from the Riviere du Loup G. T. Railway Station to the Village, is about seven miles; from Riviere du Loup wharf, some five or six miles. Intending visitors going down by boat are landed at Riviere du Loup and driven thence by carriage, there being no wharf or boat landing at Cacouna, the ebb and flow of the tide, together with the nature of the river bed being such as to preclude the construction of a wharf, except at enormous expense. At this point the noble St. Lawrence is upwards of twenty miles broad, and the fresh water of the Upper Lakes are almost entirely lost in the briny billows borne up from the Atlantic. It is in fact the seaside imported inland for the convenience of Canadian tourists. The scenery around Cacouna is such as to be very enjoyable to the usual denizen of the crowded city.

The Village now contains many summer residences, built by and belonging to prominent citizens of Montreal, Quebec, and other places. The habitual visitors have also built two churches, one Episcopal, the other Presbyterian; and there is of course the Parish Church (R. C.) within easy reach. There is also a magnificent hotel there, called the St. Lawrence Hall, just overlooking the river, and capable of accommodating a very large number of guests. The road leading from the village to the water, winds in zigzag form down the side of a steep declivity.

MONCTON, N. B.

The village of Moncton, in the County of Westmoreland, the most easterly county of the Province of New Brunswick, bordering on Amherst County, Nova Scotia, derives additional importance from the fact that it is situated at or near the junction of the Intercolonial Railway, with the railway already built from Shediac to St. John, and thence westward until it connects with the American Railway System at Bangor, Me. Moncton, as illustrated elsewhere from a sketch by Mr. R. Stephens, Engineer on the Intercolonial Railway, is situated on the bend of the Petitcodiac River, which empties into Chignecto Bay, an inlet to the Bay of Fundy. Shediac, the seaport town in the same county, is distant some fifteen miles. Moncton is close upon the borders of the narrow neck of land through which, from Fort Cumberland to Bay Verte, runs the dividing line between New Brunswick and Nova Scotia.

THE RED RIVER EXPEDITION.

A month after the arrival of Col. Wolsley at Thunder Bay, the full complement of troops destined for Red River had arrived at Fort William. Some had even left Thunder Bay and penetrated a short distance into the interior of the country. These, however, consisted chiefly of the parties employed by Mr. Dawson on the roads, and such of the regular troops as had been sent forward as a pioneer party to prepare the road for the remainder of the force. Early in the last week of June the steamer "Arctic" brought up the last detachment of troops, consisting of the remainder of the staff and of the Quebec battalion, that had been left at Sault Ste. Marie.

By this time the work of forwarding the boats and stores was pretty far advanced, a party of the 60th Rifles having been especially detailed for this purpose and for work on the road to Sheldandowan Lake. The greatest excitement prevailed in the camp as to the probable date of departure. The question in every mouth was "when shall we start?" but to all enquiries Col. Wolsley had but one answer—"as soon as the stores are at the place of embarkation." The point fixed on as the place of embarkation is, as has already been stated, Dam Site, a spot some three miles on this side of Lake Sheldandowan. Here the boats will assemble, take the stores on board, and proceed up the river to the lake; the troops marching to meet them through a light road cut for the purpose, over the three miles that lie between Dam Site and the lake. The greater part of the boats had, by this time (the end of June), been sent up the Kamanistiquia River to Matawin Bridge, the half-way point between Thunder Bay and Lake Sheldandowan, while the stores and provisions had been taken up by land in waggons provided for the purpose. So far few obstacles had presented themselves, and those of but little importance. Now, however, a difficulty arose calculated to test the ingenuity of those in command of the expedition. The transportation of the stores so far as Matawin Bridge had been a comparatively easy matter, but the difficulty that now presented itself was how to send the boats from the bridge to the lake. The road was in such a bad condition, owing to recent heavy rains, as to render the safe transport of the boats by land impracticable. On the water route, on the other hand, serious obstacles existed, the removal of which would require more time and labour than the urgencies of the case could allow. There being, therefore, difficulties in the way on both routes, it was decided to use both elements and to transport the stores by water where the land route should prove impracticable, and *vice-versa*. Accordingly the boats were laden with stores at Matawin Bridge and sent as far up the river as possible. Where navigation became dangerous or impossible (as was the case a few miles above the bridge) the stores were landed, and both boats and stores were packed on waggons and taken up the main road for a distance of two miles. Here a branch road had been constructed, leading from the main road to the river, which at this point became once more navigable. It is intended to ship the stores again at this point, and to proceed by water, if possible, as far as the bridge over the Oskondaga, five miles from Lake Sheldandowan. A pioneering party is also to be sent from the bridge to the lake to ascertain whether or not the route by water is practicable for the whole distance.

The state of the road over which the boats and stores had to pass was wretched, and is thus described by a gentleman accompanying the expedition:—

"The road, properly so-called, does not extend far beyond the Matawin; the remainder, up to the Oskondaga, was intended to serve the purposes of the moment, and has not yet been ditched or treated according to the rules presented for road-making. When I passed over it, six weeks ago, it was only partially cleared; the weather was dry; no wheels had gone over it, and it afforded easy, pleasant walking. Wheels have now cut up the soft moss with which it was covered, the frost has come out of the ground, the rain has soaked in, and, being in a valley, the traffic has churned it up until mud ponds and boulders combine to stop the way. This will be easily remedied when the road is ditched and built as it is in other parts, but not in time to afford those facilities which it was hoped the expedition would derive from it. The troops will march over it; a week's work will do much in making a way for them; but the boats, and much of the provision, must go the other way. As the Oskondaga is approached, the road goes through sand, and even now is in good condition. Over the Oskondaga a bridge has been built during the past month, and the road beyond this is very good. About four out of six miles are now ready for traffic, and from the nature of the ground, and the manner in which the road has been made, there is every reason to believe that no hindrance will occur at the finish."

But notwithstanding the bad state of the road the expedition was making progress. In addition to the men of the Dawson party, a number of Iroquois Indians and the whole force of the 60th Rifles were employed in levelling and draining. Of course work of this kind retarded to no small degree the advance of the troops, but the delay, though vexatious, was un-

avoidable. Another misfortune also occurred about this time, adding to the difficulties which already beset the path of the expedition. Of the 150 horses sent out to Thunder Bay to transport the stores, etc., sixty fell sick. And to add to the misfortune no veterinary surgeon had been sent out with the expedition. Immediately on learning that sickness had broken out among the horses, Col. Wolseley wrote to head-quarters for a veterinary surgeon. The authorities at Ottawa responded to the request of the commander by sending up a man who had once been a coachman, but who afterwards proved totally unfit for his duties. A great deal of the sickness amongst the horses is attributed to the fact that the animals sent up were artillery horses, accustomed to a limited quantity of food and light work. When they arrived they were put to heavy work, and still kept on a limited allowance of oats. This, with ill-fitting harness, served to cripple a large number in a short space of time. A telegram from Thunder Bay, dated the 29th of June, states that General Lindsay had arrived at Fort William, and was going up the road on a tour of inspection.

SCIENCE AND ART.

RECENT PROGRESS IN CHEMISTRY.

The past year has witnessed the introduction of a large number of new compounds into daily use, and the consequent increase of our knowledge of the best methods of manufacture, and the properties of bodies about which we could hitherto obtain very little information, even in the most complete works on chemistry. A recent bulletin, published by the extensive chemical manufactory of E. Schering, in Berlin, affords matter not to be found in any books, and hence we propose to condense the information for the benefit of our readers.

The hydrate of bromal, to which the formula of C_2Br_2HO plus $2H_2O$ is given, crystallizes in white needles, or by slow crystallization in the same form as blue vitriol, though colorless. It has a similar taste and smell to the hydrate of chloral, and is easily soluble in water and alcohol. Salts of silver ought not to produce a precipitate with these solutions.

The hydrate of bromal has hitherto been confined to scientific investigations, as experiments upon animals have shown that its effects are more anæsthetic than hypnotic. Chloral, originally discovered by Liebig nearly forty years ago, was not fully studied until recently. It is a perfectly colorless liquid, having the same boiling point as water, with a specific gravity of 1.5, and a sharp, biting taste, and undergoes spontaneous decomposition, so that it cannot be kept for any length of time. If one equivalent of water be added to it, it forms a dry crystalline mass known as the hydrate of chloral, and one equivalent of alcohol produces similar crystals of an alcoholate of chloral; the chloral has at present merely a scientific interest.

The alcoholate of chloral yields white, transparent, hygroscopic crystals, closely resembling the hydrate of chloral in taste and smell, but less soluble than the latter in water—a reaction that will enable chemists to detect a mixture of the two compounds. If we heat the alcoholate of chloral in twice its volume of water, it melts without dissolving and immediately crystallizes out under the water on cooling, while the hydrate of chloral at once goes into solution and remains dissolved. Sulphuric acid heated with the alcoholate becomes brown, but with hydrate of chloral remains colorless. Nitric acid of 1.2 specific gravity gives ruddy fumes of nitrous acid when heated with the alcoholate, but no fumes are produced under similar circumstances with the hydrate of chloral. It is of the utmost importance to know these reactions, as the close resemblance between the alcoholate and hydrate may lead to serious mistakes, as the properties are unlike and the alcoholate ultimately acts like alcohol itself. The manufacture of hydrate of chloral has assumed enormous dimensions, especially in England and America, but no establishment is able to make large contracts on account of the difficulties which still arise in its preparation. The workmen are so much affected by the fumes of chlorine and hydrochloric acid that they require to be constantly relieved, and this occasions delay and annoyance. It is difficult for the American manufacturer to compete with the German, owing to the high price of alcohol in this country and the revenue tax imposed upon it. The contradictory properties ascribed to the hydrate of chloral by different experimenters may be accounted for on the ground of the presence of the alcoholate in consequence of defective preparation. It is an agent not to be tampered with, and only to be trusted when coming from perfectly reliable sources. If it should be substantiated that in the hydrate of chloral we have a sure remedy for sea-sickness, as well as for the most obstinate cases of sleeplessness, it will prove one of the most important and beneficent contributions made by chemical science during the present century. In Germany the retail of this article is prohibited without the prescription of a physician.

A number of new and important compounds of carbolic acid have been discovered, which are prescribed in cases of putrid wounds for injections, and generally as disinfectants. Among those may be mentioned the sulpho-carbolate of zinc, which is inodorous, crystalline, and easily soluble in water and alcohol; the sulpho-carbolate of soda, a white crystalline powder; and the sulpho-carbolate of copper, resembling blue vitriol in color. A great objection to the employment of carbolic acid as a disinfectant is the persistent odor it has as usually sold for this purpose. This difficulty seems to be obviated in the case of the compounds mentioned above, and it is to be hoped that they will come into general use. Chloro-æthyliden is a new anæsthetic, the properties of which have only partially been studied, but which promises to be valuable.

The above are a few of the most important of the recent contributions of chemistry to the every-day wants of man.

A few months ago they were utterly unknown, now they afford investment for a large amount of capital, and give employment to many skilled workmen, besides conferring untold blessings upon suffering humanity.—*Scientific American*.

The *Moniteur de la Photographie* makes the following remarks upon the origin of cartes-de-visite:—"M. E. Delessert and Agundo were certainly the originators of this style of portraiture. They were in the habit of sending one another small standing portraits representing themselves in various attitudes and in different costumes. We have still in our possession two of these early impressions; in the one, M. Delessert is

ringing at the bell of a street door under shelter of his umbrella; and in the other, the Count Agundo is represented in costume de voyage, carpet-bag in hand, paying a P. P. C. visit. The idea, as one perceives, is very complete. M. Disderi was the first to introduce the cartes commercially."

We have heard so much of late years about the beneficial influence exerted by the presence of ozone in the atmosphere, that even non-scientific readers may like to know how it can be artificially produced. Hitherto electricity, phosphorus, and permanganate of potash have been the recognized sources of production, but Professor Mantegazza has discovered that it is developed by certain odorous flowers in a still greater amount. A writer in *Nature* states that most of the strong-smelling vegetable essences, such as mint, cloves, lavender, lemon, and cherry laurel, develop a very large quantity of ozone when in contact with atmospheric oxygen in light. Flowers destitute of perfume do not develop it, and generally the amount of ozone seems to be in proportion to the strength of the perfume emanated. Professor Mantegazza recommends that in marshy districts and in places infested with noxious exhalations, strong-smelling flowers should be planted around the houses, in order that the ozone emitted from them may exert its powerful oxidizing influence. So pleasant a plan for making a malarious district salubrious only requires to be known to be put in practice.—*Pail Mall Gazette*.

NEW COMET.—Mr. J. R. Hind, of the Observatory at Twickenham, writes as follows: "Dr. Winnecke, of Carlsruhe, informs me by letter this morning that in the night of May 29, he discovered a comet resembling 'a pretty bright nebula of about 2½ minutes in diameter.' His observations on that night are not sent in a reduced state, but on the 30th, he observed the comet's place as subjoined: 'At 14 h. 13 min. 34 sec. mean time at Carlsruhe, right ascension, 0 h. 50 min. 9.55 sec.; declination N., 28 deg. 52 min. 18 sec.' The diurnal motion appears to be about 1 min. 10 sec. in right ascension (increasing), and 15 min. in declination towards the south."

Mr. Widemann, who is connected with the works of the New York Oxygen Gas Company, says that the use of oxygen in renewing and increasing the flow of oil in petroleum wells, has been so successful that a regular trade has sprung up in oxygen gas for this purpose. The gas is injected into the wells through tubes, and mingling with the hydrocarbon vapors, form an explosive mixture which, when ignited, completely opens seams which have become clogged, and thus renews the flow.

FALL ASSIZES.

EASTERN CIRCUIT.

The Hon. the Chief-Justice of the Common Pleas.

- 1. Pembroke Wednesday 23th Sept.
- 2. Ottawa Monday 3rd Oct.
- 3. L'Original Monday 10th "
- 4. Cornwall Thursday 12th "
- 5. Brockville Tuesday 18th "
- 6. Perth Monday 28th "
- 7. Kingston Thursday 3rd Nov.

MIDLAND CIRCUIT.

The Hon. Mr. Justice Galt.

- 1. Napanee Tuesday 27th Sept.
- 2. Picton Tuesday 4th Oct.
- 3. Belleville Friday 7th "
- 4. Whitby Tuesday 25th "
- 5. Peterborough Tuesday 1st Nov.
- 6. Cobourg Tuesday 8th "

NIAGARA DISTRICT.

The Hon. Mr. Justice Gwynne.

- 1. Owen Sound Tuesday 12th Sept.
- 2. St. Catharines Monday 19th "
- 3. Welland Monday 26th "
- 4. Barrie Monday 13th Oct.
- 5. Milton Wednesday 26th "
- 6. Hamilton Monday 31st "

OXFORD CIRCUIT.

The Hon. Mr. Justice Morrison.

- 1. Cayuga Wednesday 28th Sept.
- 2. Simcoe Monday 3rd Oct.
- 3. Berlin Wednesday 12th "
- 4. Stratford Monday 17th "
- 5. Woodstock Monday 24th "
- 6. Guelph Monday 31st "
- 7. Brantford Monday 7th Nov.

WESTERN CIRCUIT.

The Hon. Mr. Justice Wilson.

- 1. Walkerton Wednesday 31st Sept.
- 2. Goderich Monday 26th "
- 3. Sarnia Tuesday 4th Oct.
- 4. St. Thomas Wednesday 12th "
- 5. London Monday 17th "
- 6. Chatham Monday 31st "
- 7. Sandwich Monday 7th Nov.

HOME CIRCUIT.

Hon. the Chief-Justice of Ontario.

- 1. Brampton Tuesday 27th Sept.
- 2. City of Toronto Tuesday 11th Oct.

A NEW FIELD FOR EDUCATION.—*Judy* makes merry over the benevolent aspect of the future as regards animals in confinement. A certain Mr. Salvin suggests in *Land and Water* that they need toys wherewith to amuse themselves. He had a tame otter which found so much benefit from playing with a wooden ball that he thought other animals might be benefited by a similar play-thing. So he communicated the idea to the keeper of the Zoological Gardens, and through him presented large wooden balls to the elephants and rhinoceroses. With these, he says, the beasts were highly pleased. The polar bear has also been presented with a wooden ball, which amuses him immensely. "Where is this to end?" *Judy* exclaims, with a vision of lions and tigers playing rackets, monkeys sitting down to short whist and unlimited loo, instead of spending their time catching fleas; camels and dromedaries playing marbles or flying kites; giraffes at leap-frog, and eagles and pelicans at hop-scotch; while that interesting animal, the bon-constrictor, amuses himself and his fellow creatures with a magic lantern! What a field for Darwin to celebrate!

SURFACE GEOLOGY OF THE BASIN OF THE GREAT LAKES.

Prof. J. S. Newberry has an article on this subject in the *American Naturalist* for June. He says:—

1st.—That in a period probably synchronous with the glacial epoch of Europe,—at least corresponding to it in the sequence of events,—the northern half of the continent of North America had a climate comparable with that of Greenland; so cold, that wherever there was a copious precipitation of moisture from oceanic evaporation, that moisture was congealed and formed glaciers which flowed by various routes towards the sea.

2nd.—That the courses of the ancient glaciers corresponded in a general way with the present channels of drainage. The direction of the glacial furrows proves that one of these ice rivers flowed from Lake Huron, along a channel now filled with drift and known to be at least one hundred and fifty feet deep, into Lake Erie, which was then not a lake, but an excavated valley into which the streams of Northern Ohio flowed, one hundred feet or more below the present lake level. Following the line of the major axis of Lake Erie to near its eastern extremity, here turning northeast, this glacier passed through some channel on the Canadian side, now filled up, into Lake Ontario, and thence found its way to the sea either by the St. Lawrence or by the Mohawk and Hudson. Another glacier occupied the bed of Lake Michigan, having an outlet southward through a channel—now concealed by the heavy beds of drift which occupy the surface about the south end of the lake—passing near Bloomington, Illinois, and by some route yet unknown reaching the trough of the Mississippi, which was then much deeper than at present.

3rd.—At this period the continent must have been several hundred feet higher than now, as is proved by the deeply excavated channels of the Columbia, Golden Gate, Mississippi, Hudson, etc., which could never have been cut by the streams that now occupy them, unless flowing with greater rapidity and at a lower level than they now do.

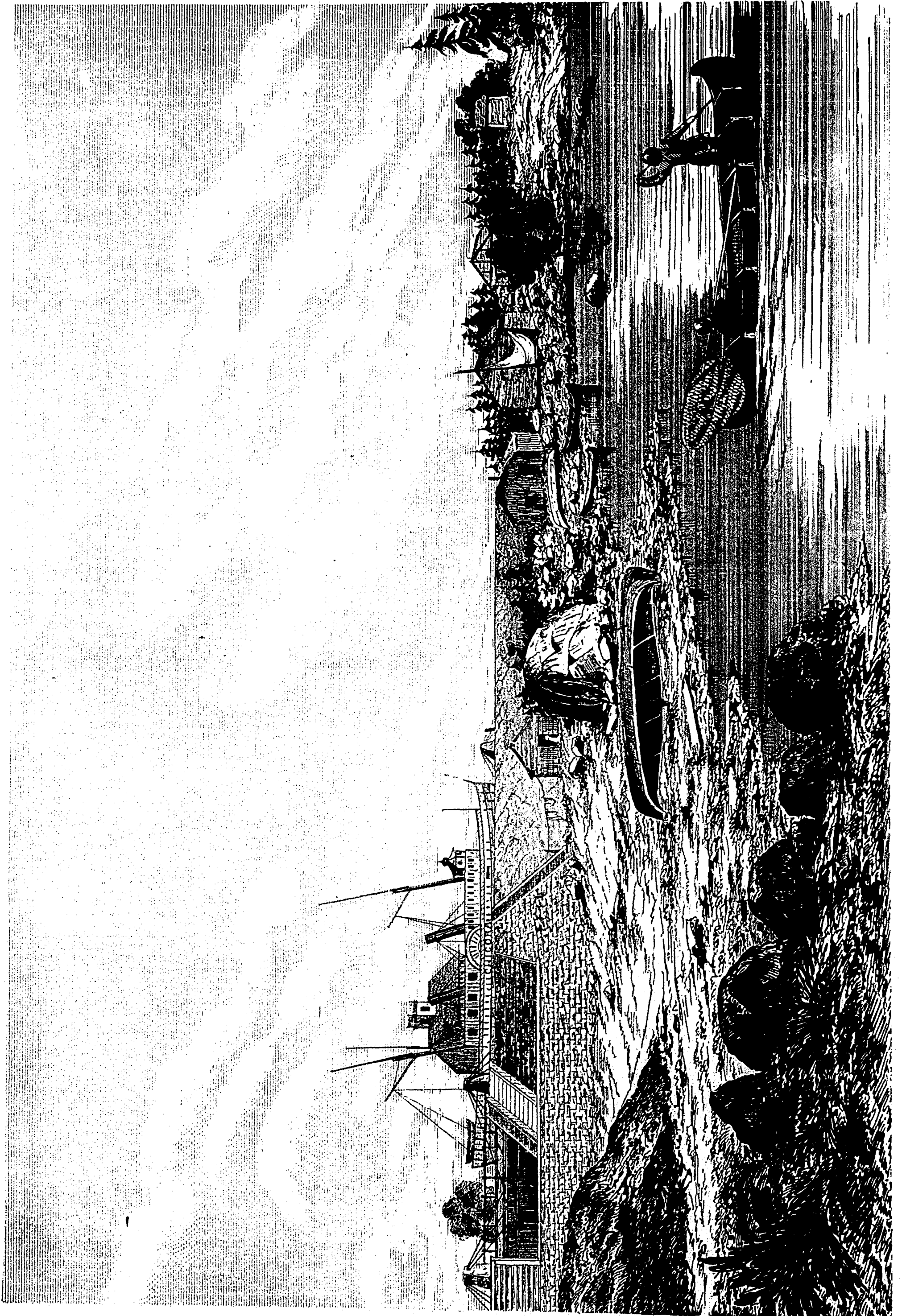
THE AVERAGE OF HUMAN LIFE.

The man that dies youngest, as might be expected, perhaps is the railway brakeman. His average age is only 27. Yet this must be taken with some allowance, from the fact that hardly any but young and active men are employed in this capacity. At the same age dies the factory workman, through the combined influence of confined air, sedentary posture, scant wages, and unremitting toil. Then comes the railway baggage man, who is smashed on an average at 30. Milliners and dressmakers live but very little longer. The average age of the one is 32 and the other 33. The engineer, the fireman, the conductor, the powder maker, the well digger, and the factory operative, all of whom are exposed to sudden and violent deaths, die on an average under the age of 35. The cutter, the dyer, the leather dresser, the apothecary, the confectioner, the cigar maker, the printer, the silversmith, the painter, the shoe cutter, the engraver and the machinist, all of whom lead confined lives, in an unwholesome atmosphere, do not reach the average age of 40. The musician blows all his breath out of his body at 40. Then come trades that are active or in a pure air; the baker lives to an average age of 43, the butcher to 49, the brickmaker to 47, the carpenter to 49, the furnace man to 42, the mason to 48, the stonecutter to 42, the tanner to 48, the tinsmith to 41, the weaver to 44, the drover to 40, the cook to 45, the inn-keeper to 46, the laborer to 44, the domestic servant (female) to 43, the tailor to 43, the tailorless to 41. Why should the barber live till 50, if not to show the virtue there is in personal neatness, and soap and water? Those who average half a century among mechanics are those who keep their lungs and muscles in health and moderate exercise and are not troubled with weighty cares. The blacksmith hammers till 51, the cooper till 52, and the wheelwright till 50. The miller lives to be whitened with the age of 61. The ropemaker lengthens the thread of his life to 55; merchants, wholesale and retail, to 62. Professional men live longer than is generally supposed. Litigation kills clients sometimes, but seldom lawyers, for they average 55. Physicians prove their usefulness by prolonging their own lives to the same period. The sailor averages 43, the caulker 64, the sailmaker 52, the stevedore 55, the ferryman 65, and the pilot 64. A dispensation of Providence that "Maine Law" men may consider incomprehensible is that brewers and distillers live to the ripe old age of 64. Last and longest lived come paupers 67, and "gentlemen" 68. The only two classes that do nothing for themselves and live on their neighbours, outlast all the rest.

IDEAL FEET.—The celebrated anatomist, Professor Hyrtl, of Vienna University, recently opened one of his lectures to his class with the singular question: "Which is the most beautiful foot, considered from the anatomical standpoint?" and then said: "It is remarkable that there can be so many divergent opinions on this subject. While the sons of men look upon a small, slender and graceful foot (a lady's foot) as an ideal one, the anatomist utterly rejects it as beautiful, and only the large, long and broad foot is the ideal one in his eyes. Even the greatest classical writers of antiquity, Horace, Catullus, and others, who had great appreciation of feminine beauty, never mentioned in the descriptions of their beloved—and, as is well known, they had many—their small feet. The people belonging to the Celtic race have small feet; the Hindoos especially have such small feet and hands that they may be envied by many European countesses. The native troops of the English army in India possess in England their own armory, where peculiar kinds of weapons are constructed for them. The sword hilts made for them are much too small for us to grasp with ease. The greatest beauties of Europe, the Italians, have really long and broad feet."

Illinois has a preacher who gets his congregation to church, locks the door, and preaches to them until the deacons collect a certain amount. He preached three hours last Sunday before they came down with \$100 he had levied on them.

Anna Dickinson in a recent lecture demanded, "Why was I born?" There was an emphatic pause. The audience began questioning with themselves why Anna was born. Some thought to torment mankind, and thus learn men patience—others, to show how little wisdom it took to make a successful lecturer—but before many minutes, Anna repeated the question. Then a small boy in the gallery, representing the general sentiment, shrilly piped out, "I give it up."



RED RIVER EXPEDITION—SAIL SET. MARIE C. A. S. A. L. From a sketch by a European Artist—See page 17.

No. 40.—LIEUT.-COL. JARVIS,
D. A. G.

OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY.

Lieut.-Col. Samuel P. Jarvis, at present in command of the Ontario battalion of the Red River expeditionary force, is one of the many officers who, having served in the regular army before taking up their residence in Canada, have contributed so much to the progress of the Volunteer movement. Under the guidance of experienced British officers the youth of Canada have made rapid progress in the military art, and the subject of this notice has done his full share towards fostering and directing the active militia organization of the country. Col. Jarvis held the rank of Brevet-Major in the 82nd Foot, a regiment which has seen much service, having inscribed on its banner, among other historic fields, those of "Sevastopol" and "Lucknow." About five or six years ago he was appointed an Assistant Adjutant-General of Militia; and when the new Militia law came into force at the beginning of last year, he became Deputy Adjutant-General of the third Military District, with headquarters at Kingston, Ont. He was recently appointed to the command of the Ontario battalion of the Red River expedition under Col. Wolseley, and proceeded to Toronto to organize it. The following are the names of the officers of that battalion under Lt.-Col. Jarvis:—

To be Major—Major Griffith Wainwright, (40th) Cobourg.

To be Captains—Major Thos. Scott, Perth *Espositor*, (42nd) Brockville; Major Thomas McLean, (44th) Welland; Major Wm. McAuley Berchemet, (14th P. W. O.) Kingston; Major Wm. Smith, (28th) Perth Co.; Dr. Alex. P. McDonald, late R. A., (16th) Picton; Capt. Henry Cook, (33rd) Huron; Capt. Daniel Hunter McMillan, (35th) Collingwood.

To be Lieutenants—Captain



LT.-COL. JARVIS, D. A. G.

Donald A. Macdonald, (59th) Cornwall; Captain David M. Walker, (39th) Norfolk; Captain Andrew McBride, (30th) Wellington; Capt. W. N. Kennedy, (57th) Peterboro'; Wm. J. McMurthy, (45th) Bowmanville; Captain Samuel Bruce Harman, (2nd or Queen's Own) Toronto; Lieut. James Benson, (22nd) Oxford.

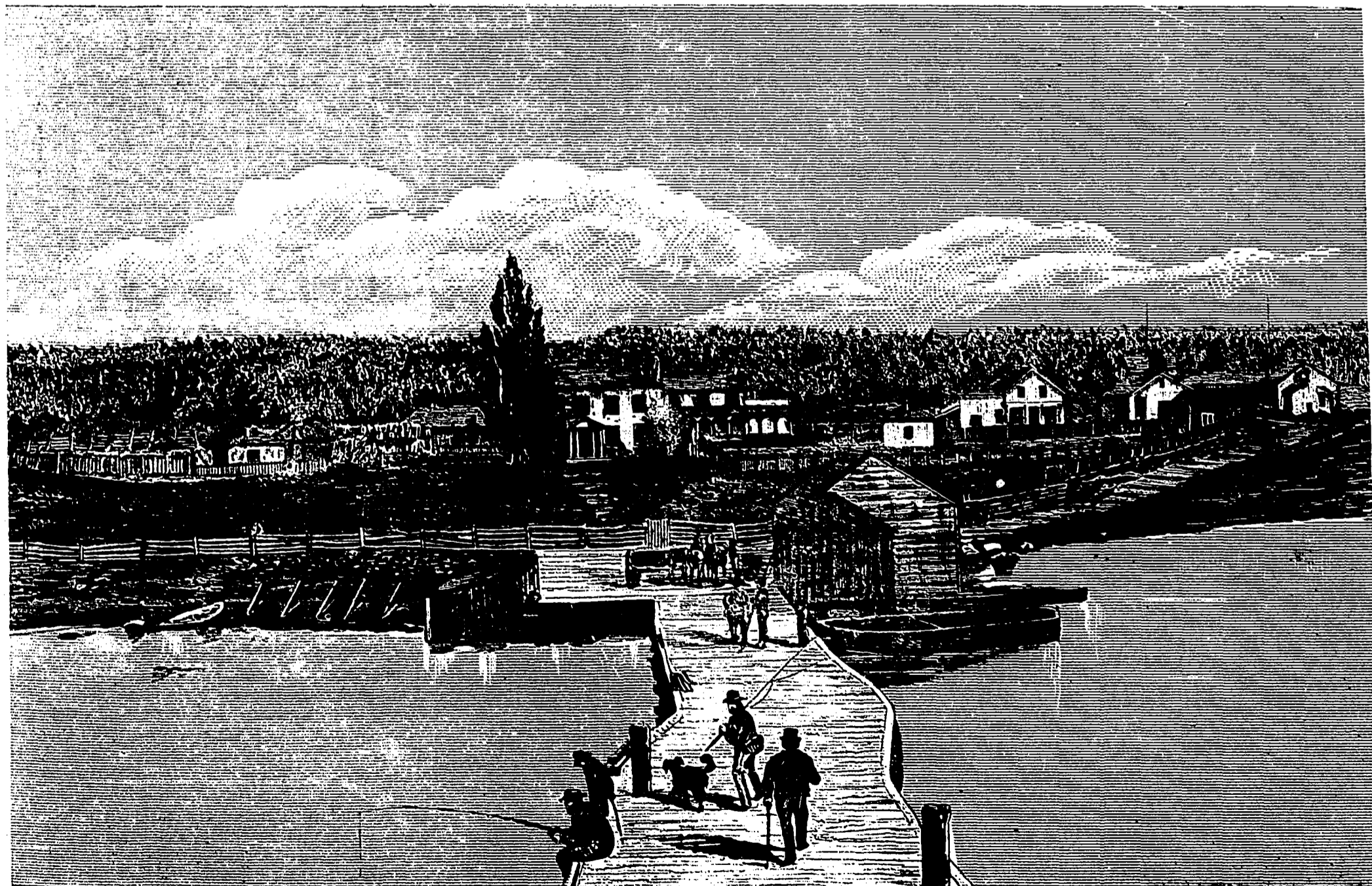
To be Ensigns—Capt. Arthur Nesbitt, (36th) Peel; Capt. Jas. M. Welsh, (56th) Prescott; Lt. Stewart Muloney, (37th) Haldimand; Lieut. Samuel Hamilton, (47th) Kingston; Lieut. John Biggar, (32nd) Bruce; Lieut. W. H. Nash, (7th) London; Ensign Hugh J. McDonald, (2nd or Queen's Own) Toronto; Lieut. and Adj. Wm. Jas. Baker Parson, late 60th Rifles, (7th) London.

To be Quartermaster—Lieut. Edward Armstrong, (Brigade Garrison Artillery) Toronto.

To be Paymaster—Capt. J. F. B. Morice, (16th) Picton.

During the past month, Col. Jarvis has been busily engaged in promoting the advance of the expedition, his present headquarters being at Prince Arthur's Landing. Colonel Jarvis is the author of "An Historical Record of the 82nd Regiment," which was published in London (Eng.) in 1867.

It is too soon yet to speculate on the fate of the expedition in which Col. Jarvis holds such a prominent command; but all who know the enthusiasm prevailing in Ontario on the Northwest question may anticipate that in case of serious trouble his battalion will be anxious for the foremost place in the fray. As to the advance for which the men of the whole expedition are all so anxious, advices from Thunder Bay to the 23rd ult. say that Col. Wolseley's reply to the question, "When shall we start?" is "as soon as sufficient boats and sixty days' provisions are up at the place of embarkation." The expedition is evidently under pru-



RED RIVER EXPEDITION.—STE. MARIE VILLAGE.—SEE PAGE 18.

dent leadership. It is reported that both the Quebec and Ontario battalions have given much satisfaction to their superior officers by their proficiency in drill and respect for discipline.

CALENDAR FOR WEEK ENDING JULY 16, 1870.

SUNDAY,	July 10.— <i>1st Sunday after Trinity.</i> Columbus born, 1447.
MONDAY,	" 11.—Prince of Orange assassinated, 1584. Canada invaded. Battle of Black Rock, 1812. Austrian War terminated, 1859.
TUESDAY,	" 12.—Erasmus died, 1536. Battle of the Boyne, 1690. Sir J. C. Sherbrooke, Gov.-Gen. of Canada, 1816.
WEDNESDAY,	" 13.—Great Riot in New York to resist the Government draft, 1863.
THURSDAY,	" 14.—The Bastille destroyed, 1789. Mrs. Siddons born, 1796.
FRIDAY,	" 15.— <i>St. Swithin.</i> Jacques and Hay's factory at Toronto burned, 1856. Massacre of Cawnpore, 1857.
SATURDAY,	" 16.—Sir Joshua Reynolds born, 1723. Battle of Wagram, 1809. First through train from Montreal to Portland, 1853.

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1870.

The idea, frequently suggested before, has been again revived for the formation of a "Dominion Board of Trade;" the proposition this time emanating from Montreal. The object in view is to bring the opinion of the commercial classes more directly to bear upon the Government, for the purpose of influencing the direction of commercial legislation. We notice that the Ottawa Board of Trade declines to enter into the arrangement on the terms proposed by the Montreal Board, *i. e.* that the annual meetings should be held successively in the various commercial centres of the country; but would willingly co-operate were the meetings of the Dominion Board permanently fixed at Ottawa, and during the sitting of Parliament, with an official secretary paid by the Government, and the Board affiliated to some one of the departments. Undoubtedly the latter arrangement would more effectually bring the opinion of the Dominion Board under the notice of Ministers, but it is questionable whether the Ottawa scheme is desirable. A department of Trade, or an official Board of Trade, as in England, is scarcely yet wanted in Canada, on account of the diversity which already exists in the Cabinet offices. The Ministers of Marine and Fisheries, of Agriculture, of Customs and of Inland Revenue, practically control all matters which would properly come under the cognizance of an official Board of Trade, and it does not appear either that the number of the departments should be increased, or that the branches of those existing should be multiplied.

What would be the substantial gain to the country to have a Central Board of Trade organized, with a paid Secretary resident at Ottawa, for the purpose of communicating with the Government? Already the Boards of Trade throughout the country have ample facilities for communicating with Ministers. Already we have seen, time and again, that while the Toronto Board takes one view, that of Montreal, or London, or Halifax, takes quite another. Now these separate utterances are valuable as shewing the state of local feeling. But merge them all into one, with the members, as the Ottawa Board says, "bound to be in accord with the Government," and what would the expression of the Central Board's opinion be worth? It would not guide the Government as to the views of different localities, nor of particular classes of the population, nor of particular branches of trade; yet these are the only views on which the Government require special information, because Parliament is the legal and constitutional exponent of the aggregate voice of the country, and does not require to be supplemented by the action of the parliament of a class, such as this Dominion Board of Trade would be. It is a notorious fact that on fiscal questions even the members of a single Board of Trade are frequently at much variance. The importer and the manufacturer do not always agree as to the fairness of this or that impost, and the trader frequently differs from both. Now, if you give an official status to a Dominion Board of Trade, attach it to a department of the Government, and in effect, make a minister of the Crown its mouthpiece in Parliament, you open the door at once to the formation of one of the most dangerous "rings" that could possibly be formed in the country; you shut off all opinion but that of the ruling party for the time being, and you give ministers and members of Parliament an excuse for passing any kind of tariff, irrespective of public opinion, on the plea that the "Dominion Board of Trade recommended it!" This is not a condition of affairs that would bring much advantage to the country; in fact, as matters now stand, it is generally conceded that "deputations" from Boards of

Trade already exercise as much influence on the Government as is good for the public interests.

There can be no objection to the formation of a Dominion Board of Trade wherein the commercial men of the different cities throughout the country might discuss commercial affairs and set their views before the public with all the weight which such a combination would give them. But the people are sufficiently governed already, in so far as official representative bodies are concerned. What with parish, Township and County Councils, Local Governments and the Dominion Parliament, there is machinery enough, in all conscience, to try the patience of the best disposed citizens. Something surely ought to be left for independent public thought to control. But if the mercantile community is to be made a "close corporation," with a paid official to communicate its views to the Government, and a minister charged with the duty of asking Parliament to obey its behests, there is great danger, indeed, that Canada would be ruined by excess of government. Boards of Trade are excellent institutions. In connection with the appointment of Official Assignees to deal with cases of bankruptcy occurring especially in their own class; as regards Hide and Leather and Flour Inspectors, and other public functionaries, appointed to determine weights, measures and values, there are many reasons why they should have some legal status. But beyond these limits the public interests require that they should have neither voice nor control in legislative affairs. Parliament is the legislative body representing all classes of the community; these Boards of Trade represent but a very small proportion numerically, and a proportion that is too often swayed by the solitary consideration of direct and immediate personal advantage. It is, on the other hand, the duty of the Government to consider the interests of the whole country, and this duty they can best discharge by listening to the representations of every class, and forming an independent judgment on the matters brought before them. The commercial classes have undoubtedly contributed much to the wealth and progress of the country; but they have been fairly repaid for their exertions. Looking at the rapidity with which numbers amongst them have risen to affluence and position, as compared with the comparatively slow rate at which fortunes have been amassed in other pursuits, whether professional or purely industrial, it must be said that the merchants of Canada have fared well—that they have had at least their full share in the profits of the country's progress. For these reasons we decidedly object to the country's being called upon to pay a salary to the Secretary of the Dominion Board of Trade, or to the Government's being bound in any way to listen to, or obey its demands, further than it should those of any other self-constituted body. Merchants and traders generally control the greater portion of the capital of the country, and capital, as everybody knows, gives influence. It can hardly be pleaded, therefore, that their interests are sacrificed to the profit of other classes in the community. As to obtaining "united opinion" through the action of a central Board, the idea is utterly chimerical, for commercial men are as apt to hold local and sectional views as men of other classes. We do not remember to have seen united action among the various Boards of Trade throughout the country upon any question on which public opinion generally was not previously united; we have seen them often in antagonism to each other, and often at variance with the public sentiment of the very community in which their members carried on business. If the members of the several Boards of Trade and Chambers of Commerce desire, as the President of the Montreal Board says, "to secure a proper and careful consideration in Parliament of questions pertaining to the financial, commercial, and industrial interests of the country at large, and to all public works calculated to cheapen and lessen"—what's the difference?—"cost of transport between one part of the Dominion and another," their proper plan is to exercise their influence and intelligence in returning to Parliament men who are capable of appreciating, and honest enough to support, these desirable objects. There can be no possible objection to the formation of a Dominion Board of Trade on any basis agreeable to the local Boards; the objection lies wholly against affiliating it with any department of the Government, and thereby on the one hand exposing legislation to the undue influence of a class, and on the other relieving, to a certain extent, Ministers and members of Parliament from the responsibility to the public and their own constituents, which they, and they only, ought to bear.

SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD.

We are happy to learn that the Premier has so far recovered his health as to be able to undertake a voyage to the sea-coast. On Friday evening of last week he left Ottawa for Quebec, accompanied by Lady Macdonald and his medical attendant, Dr. Grant, M. P. On arriving at Quebec the party immediately went on board the steamer "Druid," which

then set sail for Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island. Sir John will remain for some time on the island, where it is hoped the salubrious climate and sea air will completely restore his health.

H. R. H. PRINCE ARTHUR.

After a sojourn of more than ten months in Canada, His Royal Highness Prince Arthur set sail from Quebec on Thursday last on board the steamship "Crocodyl" for England. Many and pleasant have been the assemblages, ceremonies, and celebrations at which he has assisted, or in which he has been the central figure; and everywhere, whether in public or in private, he has left the most happy recollections associated with his name. Should it ever occur to the wisdom of those who direct Imperial affairs to send Prince Arthur back again, with a higher commission than that he now holds—should they see fit to make him the representative of British Royalty here, no matter under what title, he will come amongst a people whose loyal devotion towards him is such that any monarch might be proud of it.

OUR FIRST PRIZE STORY.

The attention of the patrons of Canadian literature is directed to our historical romance entitled, "The Peace-Killer," now in course of publication. It is from the pen of Mr. S. I. Watson, a well-known member of the "fourth estate," and will, we trust, be duly appreciated by our readers. In endeavouring to develop and reward Canadian literary talent the publisher of the *News* hopes to be sustained by the generous patronage of the Canadian public.

We may also direct attention to the beautiful lines from the pen of Mr. Isidore G. Ascher, a gentleman who is certainly not unknown to any literary circle in Canada. Next week we shall publish another production from the pen of Mr. John Reade. With such contributors and our own best efforts, we hope to make the *News* worthy the patronage of every family in the Dominion.

THEATRE ROYAL.—The patrons of the drama have enjoyed a rare treat during the performances of the Chapman sisters and the inimitable C. B. Bishop. The "burlesque troupe" have played to good houses, and won the most enthusiastic applause. The Misses Chapman perform their various parts true to nature, and Mr. Bishop is the very impersonation of humour. On Monday evening an attraction of another style will be presented—the Brignoli Italian opera troupe will then make their first appearance. They play for three nights only—Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday evenings; the operas *Il Trovatore*, *Martha*, and *Lucia di Lammermoor*. Brignoli's name is a guarantee for the excellence of the troupe.

DRAMATIC ENTERTAINMENT

On Monday of last week, the pupils of St. Mary's College of this city gave a dramatic entertainment in the Academic Hall under the church of the Gesu. The subject selected for the occasion was "Pancratius, or the Boy Martyr," dramatized from Cardinal Wiseman's "Fabiola," and intended to illustrate the combats of the Church in the early period of her history. The plot is laid at Rome during the reign of the persecuting emperors Maximilian and Diocletian, in the third century, and the chief incidents of the play, as well as the principal heroes, are historical. Over twenty of the students took part in the performance, which, though marred in some not very important points, was, on the whole, a success. The episode of Herman, the Dacian soldier who spoke a vulgar Yankee-Teutonic to his classic Roman masters, while it provoked the laughter of the audience, was scarcely in harmony with the rest of the piece. It was to be regretted, too, that some of the finest passages were almost lost, owing to the piping tones in which the younger actors gave their parts. The character of Pancratius—better known to us now-a-days as St. Pancras—was feelingly rendered by Michael O'Connor. A little more energy thrown into his acting would have done no harm. Lucinus (J. M. Fitzgerald) was good in the early acts, but later on his pathos was rather overdone. Sebastian's acting was very fair—easy and natural. Fabiolus (Wm. Magee) and Agapetus, (Joseph Austin) were both admirably sustained. Purcell's rendering of Syrus, a christian slave, was as near perfection as could be expected from an amateur. The dying scene was especially good. Mr. Pilette's pronunciation of English rather interfered with the success of his character, as it was difficult occasionally to understand what he said. He made the mistake, too, of somewhat overdoing his part, though his acting upon the whole was very creditable. The remainder of the actors sustained their characters very well. Between the acts the College Band played some excellent *morceaux* in a style that reflected great credit on the youthful performers. The audience, which completely filled, without overcrowding, the large and conveniently planned Hall, testified their appreciation of the performances by frequent bursts of applause. At the close of the entertainment His Worship the Mayor, who presided, addressed the audience. The good Fathers deserve great praise for the proficiency to which they have brought their pupils, as well as thanks for the many opportunities they give for spending a pleasant evening.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"THE PROPHECY OF MERLIN AND OTHER POEMS," by John Rende: Dawson & Bro., Montreal.
 "THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC AND EMIGRATION:" Issued by the Provincial Government.
 Several literary notices will appear next week.

DISTRIBUTION DAY AT MONKLANDS.

One of the most pleasing entertainments that have recently taken place in Montreal was given on Thursday week at the convent of Villa Maria at Monklands. The Sisters of the Congregation are renowned for the success with which their educational efforts are attended, and in consequence the number of visitors who assemble at the closing ceremonies of term is invariably great. This year formed no exception to the general rule, and the large crowd who came to witness the performance of the pupils went away uniformly satisfied with what they had seen and heard. The hour for which the distribution of prizes was fixed was two o'clock, but long before this a number of visitors had arrived. Fortunately the *mauvais quart d'heure* was entirely avoided, for a great deal had to be done in the way of inspecting the pupils' work, laid out in a large room adjoining the hall. Here was to be found work of every description, needle-work, crochet, embroidery and painting—all the fruits of busy hours during the past half-year. Unquestionably the prettiest object in the room, and the great object of attraction for all, was a cushion of purple velvet with pearl broidery—the work of Miss E. Murphy. The pearl work was so beautifully done, and the delicate tracery of the finer parts of the pattern so perfect in every detail, that its right to be considered the masterpiece of the exhibition was admitted by all. Close by was another cushion, by the same hand, worked in raised wool. The pattern of this, a bunch of Arums, was very beautiful, and the effect of the careful shading of the wool-work was perfect. Another beautiful piece of fine work was a priest's surplice, exquisitely embroidered by Madelle. Pouliot. In one corner of the room was a large table piled up with children's clothes, the offerings of the pupils to the sufferers by the Saguenay fire. The principal objects exhibited were articles in wool and bead-work, all beautifully done, but many in questionable taste. Some wax-flowers and two or three paintings were also to be seen, but there seemed to have been but little competition in these branches. Some of Miss A. Murphy's wax-flowers were very beautiful, her roses being especially natural. The paintings, as might have been expected from such youthful artists, were not above the mediocre. Miss E. Murphy's water-colour, "The Magdalen at the Foot of the Cross," is perhaps entitled to the first place, but even here there was a crudeness and a deficiency in anatomical accuracy, the more to be lamented as considerable skill was exhibited in the treatment of the subject. Miss Woodruff had a painting and a miniature illumination; the latter by far the better of the two, and indeed quite a little gem in its way. At the farther end of the exhibition room hung a large painting of His Lordship Bishop Bourget, the work of one of the sisters. This painting was worthy of some study, not only as being a faithful likeness of His Lordship, but also on account of the careful and patient work that was everywhere visible in it.

At half-past two o'clock the doors leading to the great hall, where the distribution was to take place, were thrown open, and before long the apartment was completely filled. At the upper end of the room the pupils were grouped in a dais, which, as well as the remainder of the room, was decorated with evergreens and flowers. The first piece given was a dramatic morceau on the martyrdom of St. Agnes, in which Miss Mullarkey succeeded perfectly as Agnes. This was succeeded by recitations both in French and English, and performances on the piano, harp, and guitar. The greatest success of the entertainment was a poem by one of the students, relating how the pupils of the convent, on hearing of the dreadful disaster of the Saguenay, had given up their hard-earned prizes in order to benefit the sufferers by the fire. The poem was very neatly turned, and was really well delivered in a clear, distinct tone, very different from the mumbling that so often mars school recitations. After the distribution of the gold and silver medals and diplomas, the valedictory was pronounced, and an address by the Very Rev. the Administrator of the diocese terminated the proceedings.

The Rev. Mother Superior and the Sisters of Villa Maria are deserving of the very highest praise for their laudable efforts in the cause of female education. In these days when the acquirements possessed by women are so frequently of the very shallowest and most superficial kind, it is satisfactory to find ladies so perfectly educated as the Sisters of the Congregation devoting themselves to the task of cultivating the minds of our sisters and daughters, and sending them out into the world with knowledge and attainments that will ever be an ornament to themselves, and a credit to their preceptors.

A CHALLENGE CUP FOR THE CANADIAN RIFLE VOLUNTEERS.—An admirable idea, almost romantic in its character yet perfectly practical in its details, was promulgated by the Lord Mayor of London at the last meeting of the British and Colonial Emigration Committee, sitting at the Mansion House. His Lordship proposed that the citizens of London should subscribe the necessary funds for presenting the rifle volunteers of Canada with a handsome challenge cup, to be the subject of a yearly contest. The idea was warmly taken up by the committee, and endorsed in a resolution, the Lord Mayor undertaking to communicate on the subject with the leaders of the volunteer movement in our own country, soliciting their co-operation. The success of this movement is already assured. The proposal could scarcely have been at a better time, coming as it does immediately after the gallant repulse of the Fenians, who no sooner attempted to march on Canadian soil than they were scattered by the resolute fire of the loyal riflemen. We can quite believe the statement of Mr. Dixon, that the proposed gift will create intense satisfaction throughout Canada; and we are equally sure that the citizens of London will rejoice to adopt so felicitous a mode of expressing their sympathy and regard. To a born Canadian England must have appeared of late in a somewhat strange aspect, contributing paupers by sea and Fenians by land. It is none too soon to establish a more pleasing association of ideas, and perhaps nothing could be more suitable than a present which recognises the value of that volunteer force which has so materially helped to sustain the honour and authority of the British flag on the soil of Canada.

The loyalty and service are none the less real, but rather the more remarkable, because exhibited on the other side of the Atlantic, and under circumstances of some discouragement. Although the Canadians are defending their own territory, everybody knows that the Fenian attack originates in the affinity which exists between Canada and England. Altogether this last meeting at the Mansion House was a bright and hopeful one, whether we look on this side of the Atlantic or the other. It will not be long ere the crack of Canadian rifles will tell that the citizens of London have sent a gorgeous "loving-cup" across the seas as an evidence of kinship and a testimony of regard.—*European Mail*.

A QUESTION OF ORTHOGRAPHY.

The Toronto *Leader* says:—"The following correspondence relative to a point which has caused much dispute will be highly interesting to our literary and antiquarian readers."

108 Bay St., Toronto, Canada,
 May 2, 1870.

To His Grace the Duke of Argyll, London:

MY LORD DUKE,—I have seen by the papers that you have settled the spelling of "Argyll," and I am thereby emboldened to ask you in like manner to decide whether "Lorn," your second title, is properly so spelt; or whether it should be "Lorne." My apology for giving you this trouble is that I am a clansman of yours and have named one of my sons "Lorn" in token of my attachment to the head of my clan.

I remain, my Lord Duke,
 Your Grace's most humble servant,
 D. CAMPBELL, M. D.

India Office, May 17, 1870.

SIR,—The family signature for many generations has been "Lorne" and not "Lorn." I have many letters and papers from the hands of the Earl who was beheaded, (son of the Marquis who also was beheaded) written during the life-time of his father, and these are always signed with great distinctness "Lorne."

Your obedient servant,
 ARGYLL.

Dr. D. CAMPBELL, Toronto.

108 Bay Street, Toronto, Canada,
 June 1st, 1870.

To His Grace the Duke of Argyll, London:

MY LORD DUKE,—I very gratefully acknowledge the receipt of your letter of 17th May in which you decide the point as to the proper spelling of "Lorne." I own that I had always used the other form, as in addition to the district from which the title is derived being generally so spelt in Gazetteers and other books of geography, I found in several "Peerages" your second title given as "Lorn," and our dear Sir Walter Scott, always looked upon as a great authority in such matters, has so spelt it in his "Lord of the Isles." All these now will go for nothing against the very conclusive statement that the family signature for many generations has been "Lorne" and not "Lorn," and if your Grace would kindly permit me to publish the very interesting little historical note in which this is recorded, the matter would be set at rest as effectually as you have established "Argyll."

The present bearer of the title in question has, I am happy to testify, left a most favourable impression behind him in Canada, while on his American tour. I most earnestly wish that he may continue to bear the title of "Marquis of Lorne," for many years to come, and I say this not as a mere form of a clansman wishing long life to his chief, but as the expression of the earnest hope of a "Darwinian" that your Grace may live to carry out to the full accomplishment the great work of reconciliation of science and religion so nobly inaugurated in the "Reign of Law."

Your most obedient, humble servant,
 D. CAMPBELL, M. D.

India Office, June 16, 1870.

SIR,—I am much obliged to you for your very kind letter of June 1, 1870.

You are very welcome to make any use you like of my letter on the proper spelling of the word "Lorne."

Your obedient servant,
 ARGYLL.

D. Campbell, M. D., 108 Bay Street, Toronto, Canada.

[Though, according to our recollection, common practice was rather against the noble Duke with respect to "Argyll"—usually rendered "Argyle,"—we are much mistaken if an examination of the prevailing Scottish orthography of the last and of former generations would not fully sustain him as to "Lorne." Indeed it is questionable whether "Lorn," as the title of the Marquisate, can be found in any record worthy of consideration as an authority; "Argyll" may perhaps be disputed; "Lorne" is beyond question.—En. C. I. N.]

ANOTHER WARLIKE INVENTION.—The *Broad Arrow* learns that a powerful system of attack, the invention of an Engineer officer of the Royal Navy, is now under the consideration of the English War-office authorities. The system of attack consists in the use of an elongated shell-shaped, self-propelling torpedo, containing a bursting charge of from 400 to 10,000 pounds of gunpowder, gun cotton, or other explosive. It travels at 15 or 20 feet below the surface of the water, as may be required, with a velocity of 140 to 500 or more feet per second, and will range in *aqua* from 700 to 1,800 yards, and paradoxical as it may appear, the striking velocity at extreme range may be double the initial velocity. Thus, this "destroyer" may be so constructed as to have an initial of, say 300 feet per second, the speed may then fall to 100 or 200 per second, at which it may remain uniform for 10 or 20 seconds; it may then increase in velocity to 500 or more feet per second, should such increase be found to be desirable. The great advantage of this invention is that it can be as effectively used by the slowest as by the fastest vessels, or even by fixed forts and batteries facing the sea. The method of manufacture and mode of construction are for the present kept secret. The great objection to this invention is that it is absolutely and irresistibly destructive, as the combined fleets of the whole world could be destroyed in an hour by Mr. Reed's ship *Devastation*, now building at Portsmouth, if armed on the proposed system.

A subscription is being raised in Montreal, as a tribute to the memory of the late Mr. Morland, to be applied to the purposes of the General Hospital, with which the deceased gentleman was so long connected. The money raised will be expended in such a manner as the subscribers may decide, and also in the purchase of his portrait to be placed in the Governor's Hall.

Mgr. Dupanloup is said to be the ruling spirit of the opposition in the Ecumenical Council to the definition of the dogma of Papal infallibility; and as he employs seven secretaries some wag has chalked on the gates of his villa the words of the Evangelist, "Assumpsit septem spiritus nequiores se" (he taketh to him seven other spirits more wicked than himself.)

OTTAWA HOUSE, CUSHING'S ISLAND.—This favourite summer resort is now opened for the season, under the management of Mr. Thomas Cushing, the gentlemanly and efficient book-keeper of the house for the last two seasons. Preparations have been made on an extensive scale to accommodate and provide for the comfort and enjoyment of the usual large number of visitors. We notice with pleasure the introduction of a new feature in the management, viz:—the presence of a quadrille band, whose members will be always on hand to furnish music when required, either to the guests of the house or to pic-nic and other parties when not otherwise engaged. We most heartily wish the house every success, and have no doubt that, as heretofore, it will be liberally patronized by tourists and pleasure seekers generally.—*Portland Daily Press*.

The *Globe's* Ottawa correspondent announces, on the authority of Mr. Haliburton, of Nova Scotia, who has just returned from the West Indies, that a strong desire exists in these islands for confederation with Canada. The idea is to confederate the various groups of islands together, so as to form three or four groups answering somewhat to our provinces, giving them their grants, &c., and then to unite the whole to Canada.

The name of Mr. Disraeli's hero is to be found in the "Almanach de Gotha." "Lothair" is a name of the princely family of Isenburg: "Corisande" is a name of the ducal family of Gramont. Even St. Aldegonde, who plays Mercurio to this "Romeo and Juliet," is to be found in the calendar of the "Almanach." January 30 is dedicated to St. Aldegonde, and the metathesis is as obvious as Shakespeare's Caliban for cannibal.

FASTEST PASSAGE ON RECORD.—The Montreal Ocean Steamship Company's steamer "Scandinavian," Captain Ballantyne, arrived in Liverpool yesterday (Tuesday) morning, after the quickest run ever made from Quebec *via* Cape Race. The "Scandinavian" started on this her maiden return voyage on the 25th ult., and made the subjoined successive daily running, viz:—339, 220, 315, 285, 312, 205, 312, 315, 286, and 178 miles per day.—*Glasgow Herald* 8th June.

Prof. Sheldon Amos is preparing a treatise on the various questions affecting the social and political position of women, which are now everywhere so actively discussed.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. T. G., Brantford, Ont.—Thanks. Your hints will be attended to as far as space will permit.

Temperature in the shade, and Barometer indications for the week ending July 5, 1870, observed by John Underhill, Optician to the Medical Faculty of McGill University, 299 Notre Dame Street.

	9 A. M.	1 P. M.	6 P. M.
Wednesday, June 29	70°	76°	79°
Thursday, " 30	70°	66°	61°
Friday, July 1	65°	70°	69°
Saturday, " 2	73°	77°	73°
Sunday, " 3	72°	82°	76°
Monday, " 4	72°	83°	78°
Tuesday, " 5	68°	77°	68°

	MAX.	MIN.	MEAN.
Wednesday, June 29	79°	58°	68° 5
Thursday, " 30	72°	57°	64° 5
Friday, July 1	72°	45°	58° 5
Saturday, " 2	79°	52°	65° 5
Sunday, " 3	83°	55°	69°
Monday, " 4	84°	60°	72°
Tuesday, " 5	82°	62°	72°

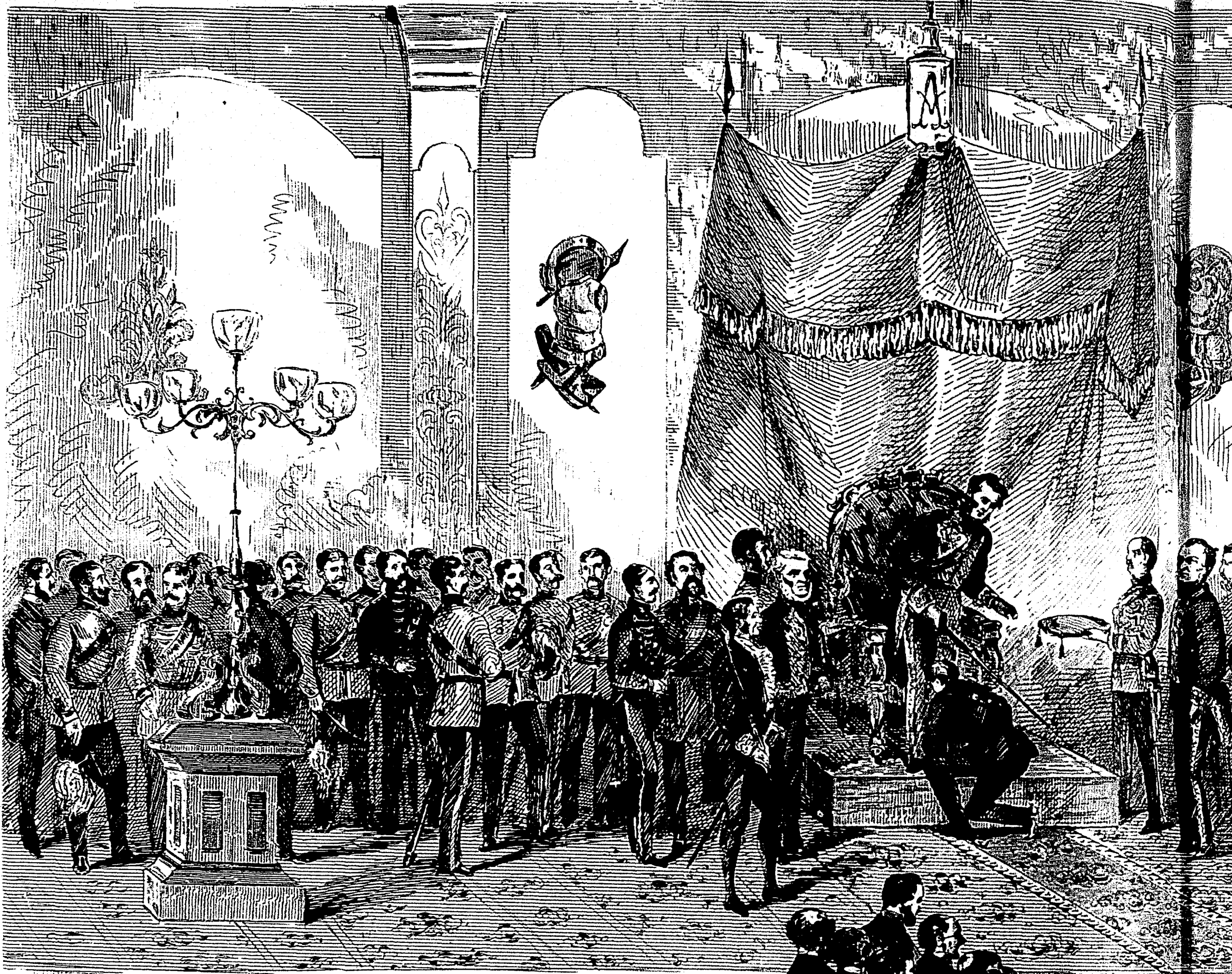
Aneroid Barometer compensated and corrected.

	9 A. M.	1 P. M.	6 P. M.
Wednesday, June 29	30.14	30.08	30.00
Thursday, " 30	29.94	29.90	29.86
Friday, July 1	30.00	30.05	30.03
Saturday, " 2	30.25	30.25	30.20
Sunday, " 3	30.15	30.10	30.08
Monday, " 4	30.12	30.10	30.05
Tuesday, " 5	30.02	30.02	30.02

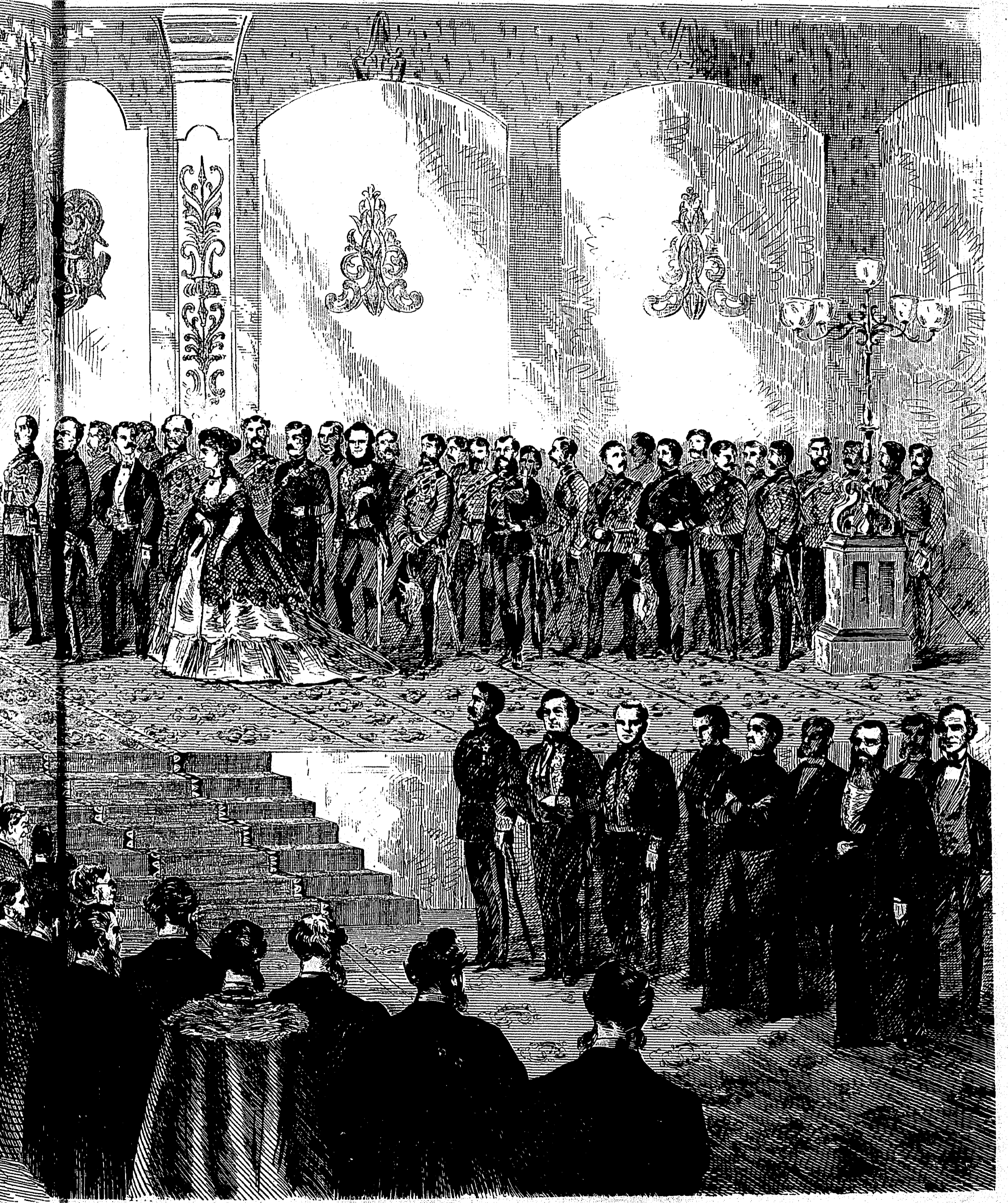
CHESS.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 12

- | | |
|--|------------------|
| White. | Black. |
| 1. Kt. to Q. B. 5th. | R. takes R. |
| 2. Kt. to K. 4th, mate. | |
| Variation 1. | |
| 1. | P. takes Kt. |
| 2. P. to Q. 5th, or P. takes P., mate. | |
| Variation 2. | |
| 1. | P. to K. 4th. |
| 2. P. takes P., mate. | |
| Variation 3. | |
| 1. | P. to Q. 4th. |
| 2. R. takes P. at K. 3rd, mate. | |
| Variation 4. | |
| 1. | B. to Q. B. 3rd. |
| 2. R. to B. 7th, mate. | |
| Variation 5. | |
| 1. | B. to Kt. 3rd. |
| 2. Kt. to Q. 7th, mate. | |



INVESTITURE OF H. R. H. PRINCE ARTHUR WITH THE GRAND CROSS OF



CROSS OF THE ORDER OF ST. MICHAEL AND ST. GEORGE.—From a sketch by our Artist.—SEE PAGE 18.

THINE!

Lives there a love for man, divine?
That needs no change and knows not death.
That is not tarnished with earth's breath.
'Tis Thine, Almighty, Thine!

Is there a wondrous care benign,
To fall upon our dearest breast?
God's manna in life's wilderness.
'Tis Thine, Almighty, Thine!

Is there a love we can't define?
Of which the purest love on earth
Is but a symbol of its birth.
'Tis Thine, Almighty, Thine!

Lives there a being to assign
A limit to our boundless hope?
Who knows the end of wisdom's scope.
'Tis Thine, Almighty, Thine!

Is there a thought so pure and fine,
Which human words can never trace?
Yet measureless as endless space.
'Tis Thine, Almighty, Thine!

Is there a vision or a sign
To raise us from our prisoned life—
To purge us from our doubting strife?
'Tis Thine, Almighty, Thine!

Is there affection which can twine
Within our souls a happiness,
To glad, to strengthen, and to bless?
'Tis Thine, Almighty, Thine!

Is there a radiance that doth shine
Above the shadows of our strife,
In hopes of a diviner life?
'Tis Thine, Almighty, Thine!

London, Eng., June, 1870.

ISIDORE G. ASCHER.

PLUCKED.

To my mind, the old hospital of St. Barbara was the jolliest place in the world. The very gargoyles had an air of being wonderfully learned, and of bearing their erudition with uncommon good-nature. Its buildings surrounded a vast square, with a pump in the middle. Along with their monastic antiquity, they seemed to carry with them the old monastic hospitality which we read of in romances; so much so, that I was fully prepared at any moment to see some fat brother at the principal gateway dispensing huge loaves to the poorer folk, after the fashion of those good old times which, thank Heaven, have passed away long ago. I say old St. Barbara's was the jolliest place in the world; and verily—allowing for the enthusiasm of youth—it was. The students were the heartiest, the nurses the prettiest, and the professors the greatest guns in all Babylon. The very patients seemed to suffer from the most opportune diseases one could think of; and although their maladies were not perhaps particularly pleasant to themselves, yet its constant succession of capital cases and exciting operations made St. Barbara's the envy and admiration of at least the medical fraternity.

In the midst of the festivities of student-life, however, sat the skeleton which haunts every feast, and lurks furtively in the secret closet of every house. The particular skeleton in my case was the degree of Bachelor of Medicine. If ever a university possessed stringent regulations, and untamable examining boards, it was the university of Babylon. And this was the reason why, being of an ambitious temperament, I eschewed frolic, cut the majority of my acquaintances, and betook myself to study with a laboriousness that astounded my fellows, and delighted the younger, and therefore the more enthusiastic of our professors.

Nine months crept along as the M. B. class pursued the harassing routine of study. It was an interesting study to remark its effects on my especial cronies—Vade Mecum (son of old Mecum the bibliographer) and Cramwell, a scion of the family of Cramwell, county Grindaway. The former wore pretty well at first. By and by he gave up fermented liquors—a pretty strong symptom, as Cramwell and I, putting our heads together, agreed. Then the jocose twinkle which so merrily lurked in the corner of his eye began to fade. Anon, his jokes—he was, and is now, a notorious joker—became; for him, notably mild in quality, and sparing in quantity; in the end, indeed, they were reduced to the most debilitated puns. Cramwell, on the other hand, was as cool as a bottle of soda-water, and like it, ever ready to frisk out with something sparkling whenever the cork of opportunity should be drawn. Utterly imperturbable, his exertions—he never gave us the idea of using any—had the single and only effect of making him seem more wondrously profound than ever.

The eve of the examination had come. I was weary with long study; I was pale and thin, and excitable by reason of the debility which arises from an overtaken mind in an underworked body. My sleep was disturbed with dreams: night after night I sat in fancy in a long chamber, endeavouring to recall facts I had never perfectly learned. Morning after morning, I awoke in the agonies of despair. Daily I was tortured by the demon Anxiety, in the short intervals of rest from the conning of books and the taking of notes. My appetite failed me, and I grew pale and thin, and utterly wretched.

And now follows the day of registration. I have a vague recollection of standing in the presence of the registrar, who so much resembles a working undertaker, that I am half induced to believe in a coffin concealed beneath the table, into which it is the intention of the officials to smuggle me. We are in a chamber, whose fading decorations tell of bygone splendour. The Dukes of Mullington were the lords whilom of the gracefully sprawling mansion which bears their name, and which, with an evident sulkingness, lodges the learned university of Babylon. I sign my name in the archives of the place; the undertaker is by my side. I depart, and he bows; but from that hour I am a haunted man. In the court-yard—in the restless streets—along by palace, prison, and tomb, I see that gaunt black figure—that pallid face, and that purple nose. I seem to read my destiny in its cold pitiless features.

I am now so sick of study, so restless of purpose, that to attempt to read would be sheer absurdity. I run down into the breezy country. It is the Sunday. I hear the chiming of the village bells; I lie dreamily beneath the trees, and drink in the pure air with a sense of keen relief. I build day-dreams—am congratulated by the court, read my name in the list of happy candidates; while men who have passed, and men who hope to have passed, jog me, and press lustily to get their sight of that wonderful paper—that paper, whose very lines are each an harbinger of happiness to some heart. Then come

visions of congratulations: my hands are shaken as hands were never shaken before; absent friends write intoxicating little notes; sisters bury me exultingly in crinoline and embraces. I am the man who stood so well at the university, of whom the St. Barbara men speak with something of pride, whose friends advertise with such unwonted liberality. It is nothing but the emptiest of day-dreams; yet, for the time I have passed, and am happy.

The first day of the examination found me travelling westward on the top of an omnibus. Considering the habits of Babylonians, it was as yet early morning—that is, not later than 9 a.m. The sun was pouring its light most marvellously on the roofs and spires of the city. For a brief hour, the canopy of smoke and dimness, which is as much a characteristic of Babylon as the dome of St. John's, or the thousand-and-one sights which country cousins do with such remarkable complaisance, had migrated to the suburbs. There was, or seemed to be, an unusual aspect on the streets and their pedestrians—that same aspect which one notices when he is an actor in important or exciting matters—an air as if all nature entered into our feelings and shared our anxieties.

How long that journey seemed! I was wondrously incited to upbraid the driver as the slow coach of all slow coaches. Incessantly my watch was in my hands—not that I noticed the hour, or had the remotest conception of the time, although I scanned its face most carefully. It was a habit, a nervous irritable action that had got the better of me lately. Mecum, the victim of the same circumstances, had taken to the biting of his nails, a practice to which he addicted himself incessantly. As for Cramwell, he was, as has been before indicated, a philosopher, and gave us the idea of being as profoundly cool as ever.

It is a desperately slow coach which never reaches anywhere. Our omnibus, after the most inconceivably tiresome of rides, landed me safely within the desired precincts an hour before time. I passed and repassed the prison-like dead-wall of Mullington House. I strolled up the arcade, that grim-crack, ill-ventilated bazaar, which looked as if it were getting up seedily after a last night's debauch. I had a turn at the geography of the neighbourhood. Time wore on. At half-past nine, I entered the gates and stood within the quadrangle of Mullington House. Men belonging to some other hospital were cramming voraciously out of text-books. There were gregarious adventurers who stood on steps and discussed anatomical relations; there were solitary men who paced along the beautiful arcade that skirts the quadrangle book in hand—occasionally running flat against dead-walls, or falling precipitously down steps, by reason of an extreme temporary devotion at the shrine of knowledge. In an entrance-hall, other men stood, riding at anchor, as it were, or besieging the bundle—a conceited creature, whose bandy legs did not tend to redeem the imperfections of a turn-up nose and squinting eyes. I, for my part, being of a curious turn, joined a band of exploring adventurers, which tumbled into deserted kitchens, and lost itself down-stairs in cellars. Time wore on. It was a matter for reflection, I ween, to watch the pale, studious faces around me, faces which for weeks had scarcely looked upon a fairer sight than the close-printed, much belumbed pages of the text-books.

As the bells of St. Joseph's are proclaiming the quarters, Cramwell and Mecum enter the massive gateway. I go to meet them, fancying that Mecum leans somewhat more heavily upon the arm of Cramwell than friendship or courtesy demands. We come within greeting distance. Mecum is deadly pale; he tells me he has been reading half the night, and that he has a bottle of sal volatile in his pocket; but he doesn't look seedy, does he? Cramwell, for his part, speaks learnedly concerning the columned portico of Mullington House, the gay scenes that have been enacted within its precincts, the great men, and the handsome women—ah, those women, Cramwell—who have passed beneath its portals. He then changes his strain on an interruption from Mecum, as to how he thinks he shall do, and whether the stylo-pharangeus passes between the two carotids, and discourses brilliantly on the stories of Boccaccio and the visions of Dante. At this juncture, we stumble upon three heavy men from our school; they seem hopelessly buried in manuals. Cloddy, Hoddy, and Soddy do not belong to our set; indeed, we rather superciliously eschew them, because their features are coarse, their clothes scraggy, and their brogue intolerable. They come from some far-away county in the north, and are, like all north-country men, peripatetic cyclopedias. Under present circumstances, however, we are on the point of overlooking these minor differences, when lo! at the striking of a clock, doors open, and we are summoned into the examination-chamber.

We have to ascend a staircase beside whose walls the most higgledy-piggledy allegory riots on canvas. There is much artistic workmanship, too, in the balustrade. Cramwell whispers some happy allusion to the painter, or the designer, or the quondam owner, but his observation is lost upon me, for we are chaotically squeezing to catch the first sight of the scene and subjects of our day's labour. The buzz of voices which accompanies the ascent becomes fainter as we thread a lobby; it is entirely lost as we enter the examination-room, where the bundle, whose eyes, nose, and legs seem to twist more than ever, orders us to be seated before a series of tables covered with green baize, and bedecked with writing materials. After glancing at Mecum, who has smuggled a glass of water by his side, and is doctoring it with sal volatile; at Cramwell, who is, in all probability, sketching the Parthenon on a stray sheet; and at the candidates in general, who are bristling with expectation, I perceive that the printed questions are being doled out, and that some men, alphabetically favoured as to surnames, are already staring voraciously, and biting their lips almost to amputation.

My turn comes. The paper is before me. I skim its contents, and then look round to see its effects on my acquaintances. Mecum seems, as I had anticipated, oscillating between despair and sal volatile. The heavy men are already heavily at it, recording their encyclopaedic attainments with characteristic industry. I read, and then, after some forethought, give myself up to three hours of head-aching penmanship.

One o'clock. 'Time is up, gentlemen!' and so we ooze out of Mullington House. Myself and the rest of our trio hold a consultation—first, as to the astounding difficulty of the questions we have been answering; secondly, concerning our mistakes—I find I have sent a hitherto undescribed artery down the shin into the foot—and, thirdly, as to our luncheon, which is to be conducted on physiological principles. We then separate. Mecum's physiology led him, I believe, to consider Allsop's ale and oxtail soup the most scientific and appro-

priate diet for the occasion; while Cramwell, whose philosophic mind took in alike belles-lettres and hygiene with one comprehensive grasp, indulged, for aught I know, in old Palernian and Spartan broth. For a time I, acting with similar intentions, gave myself up to newspaper, coffee, and biscuits, and then pursued a solitary stroll into St. Joseph's Park.

How well I remember each incident of that walk—each detail of the patchwork of shade and sunshine that lay across my path—each face, teeming with its own peculiar interest, that passed me—each sound that fell on my ear, from distant traffic or chiming bell! Well I remember the time that passed whilst I lay on the grass in the warm sunshine, the water of St. Joseph's Park sparkling before me, and beyond, the trees which skirt its margin, the unfinished towers of the Palace of Northchurch rising skyward, with quaint basket-like scaffoldings around their pinnacles. Never, perhaps, till that moment had I felt how necessary to his own plans each man finds the events which transpire around him. There was I, a medical student, as utterly buried in the obscurity of a great city as it was possible to be—a mere drop, as it were, in the ocean of souls that heaves and struggles under the shadow of St. John's, surveying the towers of Northchurch as though they had been built to point the moral of my thoughts, and form a background which should harmonise with an epoch of my life.

Three o'clock put an end alike to stroll, fresh air, and moralising. It saw us again at the green baize-tables; as did the morrow and the next day, when botany was on the tapis—botany, a word that makes one bethink him of rustling woods and wild retired glens, where the rare plants grow—where the hares rush startled by the unusual foot-tread from the midst of quaint fern-fronds—of silent ponds, where white water-lilies lie voluptuously in the beaming sunshine. There was a difference, I ween, between the breezy excitement of a botanising excursion in places like these, and the pen-scratching which was to prove our knowledge of the Bagdads (say) and the Gingerbreadacea.

Oh, the sultriness of that large chamber in Mullington House, and the gaping application of those half-hundred hot, tired students, who were writing most dearly, and now and then stealing a stray minute to build castles in the air about the country and soda-water. Even the bandy-legged, squint-eyed bundle seemed used up when he went to open the windows, under the impression that there was air to be had. I know well that I was ready to expire with languor, and spent half the time in staring at the details of the gilded framework of the cornices and ceilings, which seemed to blink amid the heat and sultriness. The very noise of the city had a kind of silence about it; there was too, that inexplicable oppression which seems to pervade nature at the approach of a thunder-storm.

It was not difficult to see that botany was Mecum's strong point—he perspired from very exertion. The words flew from his pen. He seemed to pool-pool the specimens to be described with the air of a practical connoisseur—sal volatile was out of the question. I cannot forget his elation when the time was up. He considered the queries ridiculously easy, and vented a storm of phytolegical which absolutely staggered me. In fact, he had made a point, and was only to be quieted by inveigling Cramwell and myself into the discussion of a bottle or so of sherry, and a tumbler or so of brandy and water.

But whatever Mecum's elation might have been on the last day of the written examination, it was far outdone by the debility of his visage when the first oral questioning was in prospect. Chemistry and Pharmacy were the themes which were to bring us face to face with those temporary Gorgons, the examiners. Only yesterday, in the fulness of his heart, Mecum had enticed Cramwell and myself into the audience of a thousand wonderful adventures, amorous and bacchanal; but to-day, while we waited long and impatiently for our turns, he was biting the last remains of finger-nail his previous nibbling had spared, and devising frantic schemes for obtaining surreptitious information of the precise questioning he was to undergo. There we were, the half-hundred candidates, most laboriously killing time in the saloon where our written answers had been executed, while those first in the list were passing their ordeal in an adjoining chamber. It may be imagined how we gathered into groups and dispersed again; how we stared multitudinously out of windows, and fraternised with a porter, who made his appearance at one stage of the proceedings, and was instantly installed in the office of purveyor—how we drank furiously the half-and-half, and devoured the ham-sandwiches he brought us, at the rate of a shilling a mouthful, or thereabouts—how at last, bored to death, our names were called out, and ourselves in the dread presence of Professors Nix and Torchee.

A very gentlemanly fellow—I was not quite so familiar by the by in his presence—was Nix; and a very eye-searching, gray-haired, spectacled philosopher, his colleague, whom every one knows as the author of the celebrated dissertation on *Combustion and the Flame*. I blundered nervously in my answers, and made many ridiculous asseverations which will not bear the repeating; but, nevertheless, left the place—I stumbled as I passed the threshold—with the pleasant assurance that 'so far I should do very well, sir.'

The next day was to decide my fate; the examiners in anatomy had to be faced. I seem to have a vague recollection of standing on my head for an hour and a half previous to the time when the little bundle, now in a paroxysm of conceited superciliousness, frightful to behold, ushered me into the hall of anatomy.

A large oblong chamber—the cold light streaming solemnly from the roof over its straight bare walls, and creeping down through the chill atmosphere upon the benches in the place; a strange smell of earth and putrefaction; and a silence broken only by the footfall whose sound returns in muffled echoes. There is no need of the two livid bodies upon tables in the back-ground to tell that it is no other than a dissecting-room.

So much for the scene. Beside a desk or bench, whereon lie bones and anatomical preparations, intermingled with grinning skulls and dismembered skeletons, sat the two actors. The utter solemnity of their countenances as they gazed upon the trembling student in their presence, was to me more hideously sepulchral than the cadaverous dead who lay beside them. The one told of departed life—the other, of departed hope. I had been a very idiot had I not seen in an instant that I was plucked.

If it had been a dream, I could not have had a more confused remembrance of the next few minutes that passed—of the speech that came brokenly to my ears—about the shock-

ing answers I had made—the unpleasant duty the examiners had to perform; and the absurd artery (before unmentioned) that I had sent down the shin into the foot. The reader will scarcely believe that so worried was I by the anxious labours of the last week, and the previous year of hard study, that my first sensation was that of relief to find that all was over.

I know that my countenance was strangely heart-broken when the gray-eyed beadle, inspecting me as if I had been one of the anatomical preparations I had just seen, opened the door for me to pass. There was a lobby full of anxious faces, a court-yard wherein strolled men in every aspect of unrest, a quiet street, whose passengers, from the tattered Italian who was grinding the 'Dead March' in Saul lugubriously from a rusty organ, to the fair girl with golden hair and a profile that Raphael might have pulited, all looked me in the face. Had I been a criminal, there could not have been more staring eyes besetting my path.

And so I was a plucked man. I did not press lustily, as I had once dreamed, to see the pass-lists for the degree of M. B. My hands were not shaken rapturously by congratulating friends; there were no intoxicating billets greeting my success; there was not a student of St. Barbara's who mentioned my name in connection with his school. It was a hushed-up sound among acquaintances; while wary letters came gingerly from the country, wondering at my silence, and asking, with grim sarcasm, if anything had happened to me. It was only after a consultation with Cramwell, who, on ascertaining a very pleasant termination to his labours, had walked home leisurely, and commenced an essay on the times of Charlemagne, that I proceeded with much ingenuousness to endeavour to convince the world that, as matters stood, my failure was on the whole a little more brilliant than success could have been; and I need scarcely add, that there were not wanting men within the pale of St. Barbara, nor out of it either, to give credence to my reasonings.

JANE AUSTEN.

A few years ago, a gentleman visiting the beautiful cathedral of Winchester, England, desired to be shown the grave of Jane Austen. The verger, as he pointed it out, asked, "Pray, sir, can you tell me whether there was anything particular about that lady, so many people want to know where she was buried?" We fancy the ignorance of the honest verger is shared by most American readers of the present day, respecting the life and character of a lady whose novels commanded the admiration of Scott, of Mackintosh, of Macaulay, of Coleridge, of Southey, and others of equal eminence in the world of letters. Even during her lifetime she was known only through her novels. Unlike her gifted contemporary, Miss Mitford, she lived in entire seclusion from the literary world; neither by correspondence nor by personal intercourse was she known to any contemporary authors. It is probable that she never was in company with any person whose talents or whose celebrity equalled her own; so that her powers never could have been sharpened by collision with superior intellects, nor her imagination aided by their casual suggestions. Even during the last two or three years of her life, when her works were rising in the estimation of the public, they did not enlarge the circle of her acquaintance. Few of her readers knew even her name, and none knew more of her than her name. It would scarcely be possible to mention any other author of note whose personal obscurity was so complete. Fanny Burney, afterwards Madame D'Arbly, was, at an early age, petted by Dr. Johnson, and introduced to the wits and scholars of the day at the tables of Mrs. Thrale and Sir Joshua Reynolds. Anna Seward, in her self-constituted shrine at Lichfield, would have been miserable had she not trusted that the eyes of all lovers of poetry were devotedly fixed on her. Joanna Baillie and Miss Edgeworth were far from courting publicity; they loved the privacy of their own families, one with her brother and sister in their Hampstead villa, the other in her more distant retreat in Ireland; but fame pursued them, and they were the favourite correspondents of Sir Walter Scott. The chief part of Charlotte Brontë's life was spent in a wild solitude compared with which Steventon and Chawton might be considered to be in the gay world; and yet she attained to personal distinction which never fell to Miss Austen's lot. When she visited her kind publisher in London, literary men and women were invited purposely to meet her; Thackeray bestowed on her the honour of his notice; and once in Willis's rooms, she had to walk, shy and trembling, through an avenue of lords and ladies, drawn up for the purpose of gazing at the authoress of "Jane Eyre." Miss Mitford, too, lived quietly in "Our Village," devoting her time and talents to the benefit of a father scarcely worthy of her; but she did not live there unknown. Her tragedies gave her a name in London. She numbered Milman and Talfourd among her correspondents, and her works were a passport to the society of many who would not otherwise have sought her. Hundreds admired Miss Mitford on account of her writings for one who ever connected the idea of Miss Austen with the press.

It was not till toward the close of her life, when the last of the works that she saw published was in the press, that she received the only mark of distinction that was ever bestowed upon her; and that was remarkable for the high quarter whence it emanated rather than for any actual increase of fame that it conferred. It happened thus: In the autumn of 1815 she nursed her brother Henry through a dangerous fever and slow convalescence at his house in Hans Place. He was attended by one of the Prince Regent's physicians. All attempts to keep her name secret had at this time ceased, and though it had never appeared on a title-page, yet it was pretty well known; and the friendly physician was aware that his patient's nurse was the authoress of "Pride and Prejudice." Accordingly he informed her one day that the Prince was a great admirer of her novels; that he read them often, and kept a set in every one of his residences; that he himself, therefore, had thought it right to inform His Royal Highness that Miss Austen was staying in London, and that the Prince had desired Mr. Clarke, the librarian of Carlton House, to wait upon her. The next day Mr. Clarke made his appearance, and invited her to Carlton House, saying he had the Prince's instructions to show her the library and other apartments, and to pay her every possible attention. The invitation was, of course, accepted, and during the visit to Carlton House, Mr. Clarke declared himself commissioned to say that if Miss Austen had any other novel forth-coming, she was at liberty to dedicate it to the Prince. Accordingly such a dedication was immediately prefixed to "Emma," which was at that time in the press.—Harper's Monthly for July.

A CURIOUS EXHIBITION.

A singular idea is that of a public exhibition of fans; yet such an exhibition has been held at the South Kensington Museum in London. The object of the exhibition was to promote the employment of women in a branch of industry peculiarly adapted to them, though how such an exhibition could further this good object one fails at this distance to perceive clearly. Nevertheless, the exhibition brought out some wonders of mechanism and art, according to the *Building News*, which gives a column and a half to its description.

That journal says the present collection opens with a number of Chinese and Japanese fans, just brought over by one Mr. Mitford. They are, as a rule, very tasteful and curiously inexpensive. There are also some excellent specimens of Indian fans, lent by the Indian Museum, but the object of this exhibition is not so much to show us the different materials out of which a fan may be manufactured—such as carved in sandal wood, made from palm leaves, scented grasses, pheasants' feathers, or even beetlewings—as to set before us the fan as a work of art; and works of art most of the painted fans unquestionably are. Their subjects vary in an infinite number of ways. In this collection can be seen a geographical fan from Japan, with the route between Yeddo and Kioto marked out upon it; a Spanish fan, containing an almanac and a globe; French fans, with revolutionary subjects; Italian fans, ornamented with paintings of Scriptural stories; and historical fans of all periods, from Rebekah and Eleazer down to the fan painted by Tjichy, a Hungarian artist, and presented to the Prince of Wales on the marriage of the Princess Dagmar with the heir of all the Russias. Here, too, are fans interesting to the public as relics—Nos. 262 and 272 were once used by the ill-fated Marie Antoinette; the Queen exhibits one which belonged to the Princess Charlotte; and a very curious fan, with imitation lace cut in paper and medallions in water colour, was once possessed by Madame de Pompadour. It is not possible in this journal to devote much space to an object so apparently remote from its usual province as an exhibition of fans—nevertheless, there are points of common interest which claim our attention. Many of the French fans of the highest character, many Spanish fans, and some of the Italian ones, are of the class we will call pictorial. Thus the mounts of such fans are composed principally of pictures, no doubt designed to fill the peculiar space, but still pictures such as Gay describes as subjects for decoration:

"Paint Dido there, amidst her last distress,
Pale cheeks and bloodshot eyes her grief express."

or—

"Here draw Genone in the lonely grove,
Where Paris first betrayed her into love."

Such fans have, at various times, been the work of the best artists of the day. Thus No. 224 is by Peter Oliver, the celebrated miniaturist of the time of Charles I. The subject of this fan, which has been painted out square and framed, is "The Triumph of Bacchus." Again, No. 348, a French fan, was painted about 1666, by Philippe de Champagne. It has a landscape on the reverse side, by P. P. Valori. There are also one or two by Laneret, and No. 126 is a beautiful work by Boucher, while among those fans whose painters are unknown, we must call especial attention to "The Queen's Fan," No. 278, the subject of which is a highly-finished copy of Guido's Aurora. Some of the Italian fans of the pictorial class are enriched at the borders and near the sticks with delicate treatments of flowers and fruits so artfully arranged as to carry the colour of the picture into the setting of the fan. No. 320 is a good specimen of such fans, while No. 82 is an excellent example of the same treatment of the mount, though the stick, which is of a subsequent date and quite plain, has been added to the fan without due regard to this artistic effect. Another class of fans may be described as a combination of ornament with pictures. A beautiful example of this is found in a modern fan belonging to the Empress of the French. In the centre of the reverse side is a medallion, painted in grisaille by Moreau; while on each side some beautifully executed amorini, with arabesque ornaments, are supporting the imperial crown and her Majesty's initials. Of earlier examples Nos. 336 and 339, wherein vignettes are alternated with Pompeian ornament, are very characteristic, and deserve study, because of the classic taste displayed in them. Many of the English fans of the last century belong to this class of treatment, sometimes consisting in vignettes and ornaments, and sometimes in medallion portraits and ornaments. Of this character also is the fine French specimen by Boucher, to which we have already alluded. We cannot close without drawing attention to the fans decorated by Vernis Martin, that celebrated Frenchman, mentioned by Voltaire, who combined coach painting, when it still required the skill of an artist, with the decoration of furniture, snuff-boxes, and fans. He invented a varnish which has stuck to his name, and given character to the works of his hands. The labours of fan painting may be esteemed lightly by some, but we opine that when we find such French living artists as Eugène Lami, Moreau, and Hamon, not disdaining to devote their skill and time to such works, our countrywomen may well be proud to enter into the competition.

YALLER DOGS.

When Noah disembarked at Ararat he had scarcely touched the pier when he proceeded to tally his passengers. He had just checked his last item in the list—A Mr. and Mrs. Bedbug—when the cringing figure of a quadruped came sneaking down the gang-plank, with his tail between his legs. "Drat it, if there ain't that yaller dog!" said Noah, aiming a vicious kick with his brogan at the brute. But, with a facility born of long and bitter experience, the brute dodged the projectile, and ejaculating 'ki-yi,' which is Syriac for 'declined with thanks,' or 'not for Joe'—he disappeared, while Noah, who had his sea legs on, was unable to recover his equilibrium and sat down with emphasis on the back of his head.

Noah arose, and, in accordance with the style prevalent among the patriarchs, he proceeded to soothe his affronted dignity by pronouncing a variegated ana hema upon the yaller dog, which had characteristically sneaked unobserved on board, in the confusion of putting to sea, and capized the captain at the first port. He cursed that dog in body, limb, bark, hide, hair, tail and wag, and all his generation, relation and kindred, by consanguinity or affinity, and his heirs and assigns. He cursed him with endless hunger, with perpetual fear, with perennial laziness, with hopeless mange, with incessant fleas,

and with his tail between his legs. He closed his stock of maledictions by a sparkling display of pyrotechnics, from the demoralizing effect of which the yaller dog has never recovered.

With this curse sticking to him like a revenue stamp, the yaller dog can't help being cursed. He don't try to help it.—He follows Noah's programme with sneaking fidelity. He is an Ishmaelite among dogs. He receives the most oppressive courtesies in the form of brickbats, boots and hot water, which makes his life an animated ta get excursion. He boards around like a district school teacher, and it is meal time with him twenty-four hours in the day. The rest of the time he bankers after something to eat. He is too omnivorous for an epicure. Cram him at Delmonico's, and he would hunger for dessert from an Albany boarding house.

He can't be utilized. He is too tired.—As a swill-cart locomotive, a hunter, or a sentinel, he is an ignominious failure.—The dog churn was a strategic attempt to employ his waste energies, but he hadn't any waste energies, and butter had too much self-respect to come at his persuasion. So the dog churn was dropped.

No sausage-maker dare foreclose his lien on the yaller dog; lest his customers—no longer 'soothed and sustained by an unflinching trust'—transfer their patronage to some less audacious dealer. The savages, who admire baked dog, and who can even attack tripe and explore the mysteries of hash without dismay, acknowledge the yaller dog to be too much for their gastric intrepidity.

He always manages to belong to ragged, tobacco-chewing, whiskey-drinking masters, whose business is swapping dogs and evading the dog tax. The yaller dog is acquainted with himself, and he enjoys the intimacy with edifying contempt. He slinks along through life on a diagonal dog trot, as if in doubt as to which end of him is entitled to the precedence. He is always pervaded by a hang-dog sense of guilt, and when retributive tinware is fastened to his tail, he flies with a horrified celerity which ought to be very suggestive to two legged sinners of a similar ordeal in store for them.

The yaller dog is—well, to speak in italics, he is a *slouc*.—Mark Twa n.

WHO MAKES YOUR DRESSES!—A touching story is told of the daughter of Sir Robert Peel. Her father gave her, as a birthday present, a gorgeous riding habit, and went out with her on the same day for an airing in the park, his heart swelling with paternal pride as he rode by her side. Shortly afterward she sickened and died of typhus fever of the most malignant type; and when inquiry was made as to how she had caught the infection, it was discovered that the habit, bought from one of the London West-end tradesmen, had been made in a miserable attic, where the husband of the seamstress was lying ill of fever, and that it had been used by her to cover him in his shivering fits. Thus, whether we will believe it or not, the safety of the highest is bound up with the condition of the lowest, and if we neglect their material, moral, and spiritual interests, there will come a dreadful Nemesis to mark the divine displeasure.

HIVING BEES.—A correspondent of the *Rural New Yorker*, says—"There are very few people who understand exactly how to manage bees,—that is, to keep the worms from the hive, taking honey, hiving them, &c. A great many bee owners, in hiving bees, use a great many different articles to make the bees remain in the hives; but I think there is no necessity for anything at all; if anything, some apple leaves, with a little sugar on them, rubbed in the hive, is about as good as anything else; and when you go to hive the bees, put the hive under the bees, with one side raised with two stones so as to let the bees go in. If they are settled on a low tree, you can bend the limb down and shake them off by the hive, and they will go up into the hive immediately; if they fail to go in, sprinkle a little water on them; but if they are in a large tree, and high, go up the tree and saw the limb off, bring them down, and shake them off by the hive. I don't think it is necessary to put them in the hive; put them down by it, for if they will not go in from the ground, they would not stay in when you put them in.

WARMTH FROM THE STARS.—It would scarcely be thought by most persons that the stars supply the earth with any appreciable amount of heat. But recently this heat has been measured by means of an instrument called the Galvanometer. We need not consider the construction of this instrument, or the manner by which heat acts upon it through the agency of what is called the thermoelectric pile; all that is necessary to be known is the fact, that the qualities of the instrument as a measurer of delicate heat effects are thoroughly established, so that no doubt can exist as to the significance of its indications. By its means it has been found that Arcturus moved the needle three degrees in about a quarter of an hour. So did Regulus, the leading brilliant of Leo. Pollux gave a deflection of 112 degrees; but singularly enough, his twin brother, Castor, produced no effect at all upon the needle. The splendid Sirius gave a deflection of only two degrees; but as this star is always low down, and so shines through a greater proportion of the denser atmospheric strata, it is not surprising that its heat should not be proportioned to its brilliancy.

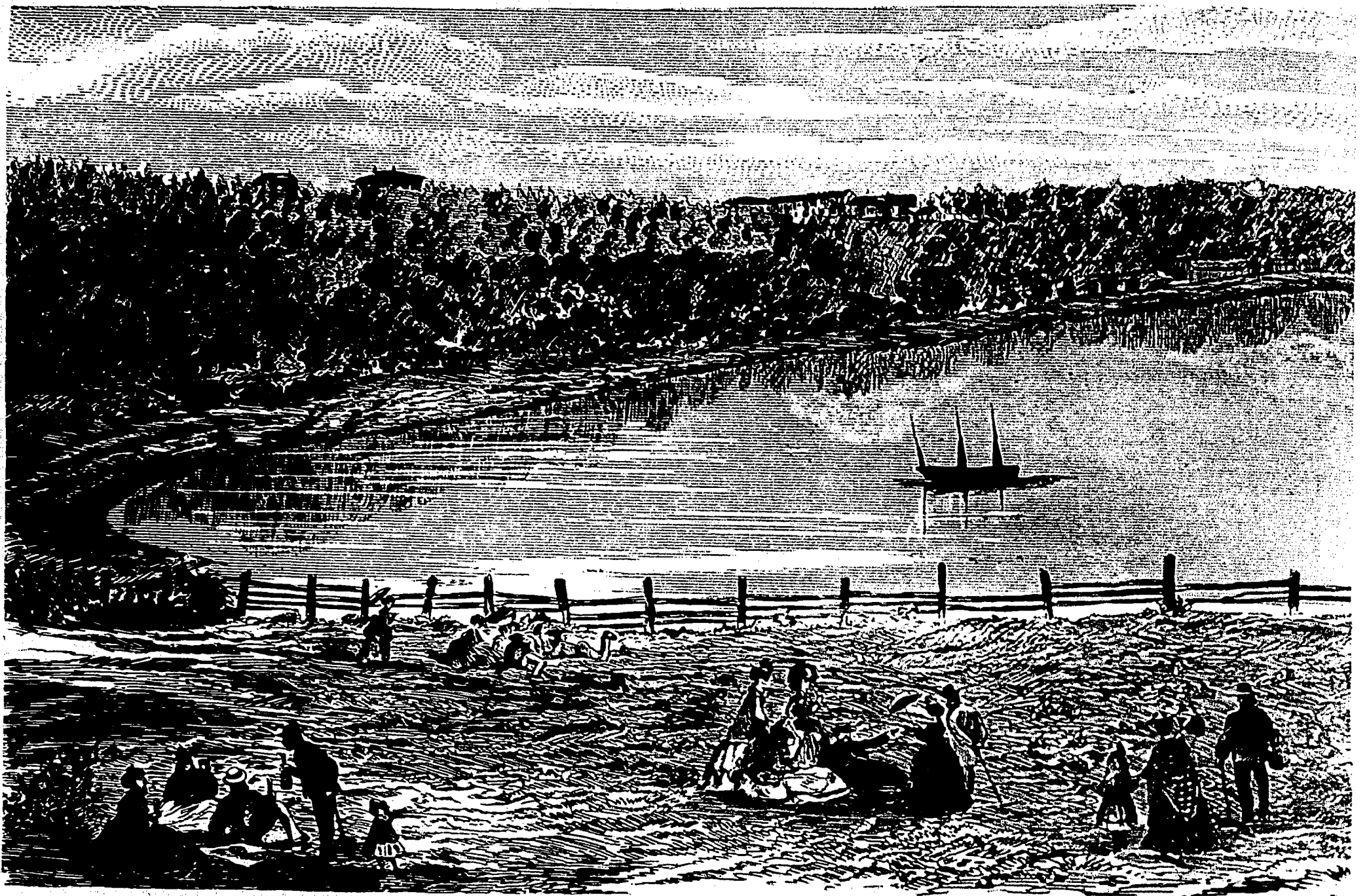
AN AMUSING INCIDENT.—Miss Lotta, during a recent Boston engagement, was singing Frank Howard's new song, "Guess Who," and when she repeated these lines:—

"Some one I'm wishing and longing to see,
Guess who, if you can, guess who?"

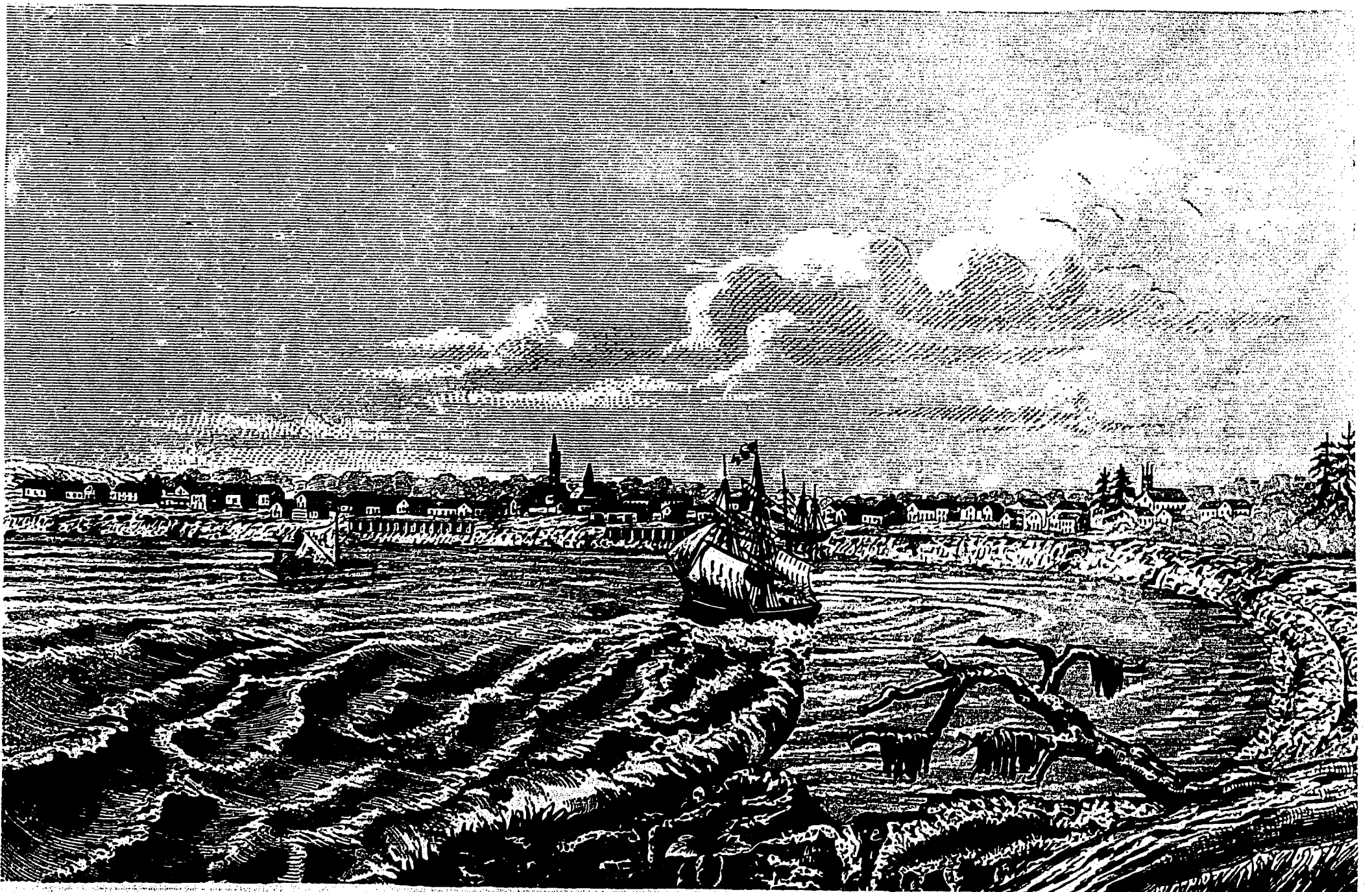
An enthusiastic individual in the parquet sprang to his feet and exclaimed—"I can't guess; but I'd give a thousand dollars if I was the man!" Just imagine the applause that followed.

Peregrine Pickle, who lives in Chicago, tells how he saw a pretty girl dispose of a piece of beefsteak about as large as a small brick: "She plunged her fork into it desperately, lifted it in mid air, gazed upon it pensively, opened that coralline mouth as if it had been red India-rubber, wide and wider. It was a key-hole, a tencup, a well, a baby window, a church door, and into that entrance went that piece of meat entire, and then jaws, thorax, larynx and skull bones, went to work on a job that ought to have been let out by contract."

Cockroaches can be destroyed by using smooth-glazed china bowls, partially filled with molasses and water. Set the bowls against something by which the insects can get in; they will not be able to get out.



CACOUNA BAY.—SEE PAGE 18.



MONCTON, N. B. From a sketch by R. Stephens, of the Intercolonial Railway Survey.—SEE PAGE 18.

FASHIONS.

BATHING TOILETTES.

1. *Bathing Dress for Little Boys.*—The whole dress, both tunic and pantaloons, is made of blue flannel, trimmed with woolen cord. The tunic is confined round the waist by a sash of red cashmere.

2. *Striped Flannel Suit.*—This suit consists of a long blouse and pantaloons of red and white striped flannel. The blouse is trimmed with a broad stripe of white flannel, edged on either side with red; and a stripe of the same goes down the side of the leg and around the ankles. Around the neck is a small collar of the same, falling rather low in front. Shoulderstraps and cuffs of white flannel with a single red edge complete the trimming. The girdle is of white flannel. The cap, of oilskin or some other water-proof material, is made full behind, and fastens on the head with a band of puckered red flannel.

3. *Red Flannel Suit.*—This suit is of red flannel with *point-russe* work in black wool. Tunic and pantaloons form but one garment, gathered round the waist with an



1. 2. 3. 4. BATHING TOILETTES.

embroidered girdle. The pantaloons are sewn on to the tunic behind and button on to it in front. The sandals are made to correspond with the rest of the dress.

4. *White Flannel Suit.*—This suit is intended for those who do not swim. It consists of a single white flannel gown made after the fashion of a morning-gown with a full skirt and buttoning in front. The sleeves are wide and loose, and a broad collar encircles the neck, falling in two lap-pets in the front. Down the front, and around the skirt, collar and sleeves, it is trimmed with a key pattern worked in red wool. The girdle is of white flannel with two stripes of red.

WALKING DRESSES.

1. This may be of any light summer material. There are four flounces on the skirt; the first of gaufered muslin with a narrow piece of insertion a short distance below the upper edge of the flounce. The second is of white lace of the same depth as the first, edged with black guipure edging. The third flounce is the same as the first. The fourth is very deep, of



1. WALKING DRESSES.



CHILD'S DRESS.

SACQUES AND PANIERS.

the same material as the dress, edged above with guipure and two rows of insertion, and below with insertion and lace, similarly to the second flounce. The jacket is trimmed in the same manner as the dress. The sleeves are full at the elbow and tight at the wrist, with a small wristband of lace.

2. The dress is muslin and has three flounces of gaufered muslin, the third being the deepest. Above each flounce are rows of folded muslin, three above the first and second, and four above the third. The jacket is trimmed to correspond with the skirt. It is cut square below and is worn with a capuchon, with a black velvet rosette and streamers.

CHILD'S DRESS.

The dress, of white cambric, is trimmed with a broad border of diamond pattern. A similar pattern goes round the neck and shoulders. The sash should be of a bright colour—pink or blue.

SACQUES AND PANIERS.

Over a silk dress grenadine is the proper material for the panier. Long sacques, forming both waist and panier, are very much worn. They may be trimmed with lace or fringe, the trimming passing around the lower edge of the sacque, the neck opening and the sleeves. The sleeves are worn full and loose at the wrist, sometimes cut square as in No. 2.

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THE PEACE-KILLER; OR, THE MASSACRE OF LACHINE.

BY S. I. WATSON.

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

CHAPTER II.

THE MESS-ROOM.

On the evening of the day of the Council of War, mentioned in our last chapter, a party of officers were assembled at supper in one of the casemates of the Fort of Catarqui. The place of honour was assigned to M. de Callières, and none could fill it better. He was a perfect type of the French gentleman and officer; kindly and courteous to his juniors; affable with his equals, and regarded by his soldiers as a father. At his right sat the Chevalier de Vaudreuil, who first won a soldier's reputation at the siege of Valenciennes; and some of whose descendants governed with credit the colony for which their ancestor had come to do battle. There sat also round the table Lavaltrie, Berthier, Grandville and Longueuil, each the chief of a battalion of Provincial troops—officers whose names are immortalized in the nomenclature of localities with which we are all familiar. Lieut. de Belmont, too, had his place at the table, and opposite him sat a Lieut. Vruze, who acted as a sort of military secretary to the Marquis de Denonville. Next to Vruze sat one of the best known men about the fort; he was quarter-master. His name, as entered on the military pay-sheet, was Jacques Tambour; but those of the officers with whom he was on familiar terms were fully aware that this was not his real patronymic; and that as far as regarded birth and education he was their equal. He was a general favourite, and was known to have but two open enemies in the fort—and these were the Lieut. Vruze, of whom we have already spoken, and the Serpent, the chief of the Abenakis. According to the common report, one reason why Tambour was hated by the lieutenant was that, under the régime of the predecessor of the Marquis de Denonville, he had refused to become associated with Vruze in a dishonest transaction in peltries. The reason for the hatred of the Serpent will appear in the course of the narrative.

Lieut. de Belmont, who was the youngest officer in the company at table, felt less at his ease than on any previous occasion in the mess-room. He knew that his action, which had saved the life of the Huron captive, had been the theme of conversation among his brother officers; and that the words of commendation spoken by the Marquis had been repeated from mouth to mouth. Still, with that predominant sense of modesty which is nearly always the characteristic and accompaniment of merit, he shrunk from taking his usual part in the conversation, lest the events of the previous period of the day should be made the topic of the table.

The quick eye of M. de Callières detected that the young man was more than usually reserved. The veteran at once divined the cause, and in order to restore de Belmont to himself and the company, commenced an attack on the rampart behind which this false shame of the young officer had entrenched itself.

"Lieutenant de Belmont," said the veteran, "you performed to-day a well-timed and praiseworthy act. But you had better be careful how you signalize yourself in future; for your friends would much rather you should

win no praise than you should become stricken with dumbness."

A general laugh followed this attack; but it was the laugh of cordiality and good-nature, not of spleen or ridicule.

"M. de Callières," responded Lieut. de Belmont, "if I seem to be somewhat silent to-night, it is because I feel that there was nothing in my action to-day that deserved any special commendation. I happened, by accident, to follow the crowd of Abenakis who were conveying the prisoner into the Council-room. I overheard the Serpent informing some of his companions, in the Abenakis tongue, that, in order to show his independence of the French, he was determined to kill the prisoner in presence of the Governor himself. And fearing that the course the Marquis was sure, in that event, to pursue, would have the effect of detaching the Abenakis from us on the eve of our expedition, I resolved to keep watch over every movement of the Serpent. But I am quite certain that any other officer in the fort, had he been in my position, would have done precisely the same thing; and would have regarded it as I do, that is to say, in the light of a very insignificant and ordinary affair."

"Well spoken," remarked the Chevalier de Vaudreuil. "It is just such attention to the circumstances by which he is surrounded, such presence of mind and such promptitude in action, that makes the successful soldier."

"M. de Callières and M. de Vaudreuil speak, of course, with authority," observed Lieut. Vruze. "But Lieut. de Belmont and three or four other officers, now present, have the advantage of us who were born in Europe, and accustomed to fight against civilized men. These gentlemen have always been associated with the savages, and know their habits better than a European soldier could ever hope to know them. It would be a great service to the War Administration in France if Lieut. de Belmont or some of his colonial confrères would publish a book on Indian tactics."

These words were uttered in a deliberate and sneering tone, to which the scowling expression on the speaker's face lent an additional bitterness of emphasis.

Lieut. de Belmont, and Captains Lavaltrie and Berhier at once sprang to their feet. But a word from M. de Callières caused them at once to resume their seats.

"Lieut. Vruze," said the veteran, speaking in a slow and measured voice, "may find it convenient to sneer at Canadian-born soldiers and at Indian tactics. But had a Canadian-born soldier been where an acquaintance of mine happened at one time to find himself—that is to say, in the trenches before Namur,—he would not have turned his back upon a sortie of the enemy, as this acquaintance of mine did; nor would his tactics have led him to the rear of the baggage-waggons before he halted."

Lieut. Vruze turned pale but made no reply. He was well aware that de Callières knew his history; and that silence was the best safeguard.

"I am sorry," continued the veteran, "that anything unpleasant should occur where I preside. But I would advise Lieut. Vruze to be less satirical in future."

"M. de Callières," said Lieut. Vruze, who had by this time recovered his self-command, "will permit me to say that it is only amongst those who have seen little of the world outside of camp, that humour is mistaken for satire. I, for one, do not grudge Lieut. de Belmont all the honour he can make out of the incident of to-day. And he will allow me to add the hope that it will give him additional commendation in the eyes of Mdlle. Julie de Châtelet."

Here de Belmont interposed. "I will not permit Lieut. Vruze," exclaimed the young man in a voice of anger, "to drag the name of Julie de Châtelet into any conversation in which he takes part, and of which I may be a listener. The Lieutenant has always enjoyed a reputation for prudence. Let him take care lest wine and the memory of disappointment together, may not prove too strong for that useful and enviable faculty."

Lieut. Vruze paused for a few moments, and replied in the coolest and most provoking tone he could assume. "Why should Lieut. de Belmont concern himself about Mdlle. Julie de Châtelet? He knows no more about her than I do. In fact, who is there in this Fort, that knows anything whatever about her parentage, or whether she has the right to prefix to her surname the two letters which designate nobility. We are all aware that she is the ward of M. de Callières, but that gentleman is not bound to furnish us with a table of her genealogical descent. He might, however—"

"Stop, sir, stop, on the instant," roared out M. de Callières from the head of the board, unable any longer, in spite of his habitual self-command, to listen unmoved to the cowardly innuendoes of Vruze.

The veteran's face was almost livid with passion. His blood was fairly up; and Vruze, unable to endure the fiery earnestness of his gaze, fixed his eyes on some imaginary object on the wall opposite where he sat. Young de Belmont was chafing with rage, and kept glaring on Vruze as a wild animal glares on its prey, before it makes the spring.

De Callières spoke. "I have no intention," he said, "to gratify the ignorant curiosity which Lieut. Vruze has so maliciously expressed. But there are others here who may expect an explanation of the position in which I stand to Mdlle. Julie de Châtelet; and it is to them, and not to Lieut. Vruze that I must be understood to address myself. The lady is of noble birth, by both her parents. Her paternal grandfather, who was a nobleman, and descended from the best stock in Brittany, offended Cardinal Richelieu, had his estates confiscated, was imprisoned in the Bastille, and died there of a broken heart. He had but one son. This son, after his father's death, managed to scrape together from the wreck of his fortune, a pittance on which he thought he might venture to marry. His wife died a few months after giving birth to a daughter. M. de Châtelet, now a widower, in order to escape from the sorrow that bowed him down, rushed into military life. He and I were brother officers in the same regiment. He made me his confidant in everything; and it was a request of his, often repeated, that in case he should die before me, I should act as the guardian of his child. The day we assaulted and carried Valenciennes, he and the chevalier de Vaudreuil, who now listens to me, mounted the breach almost together. But less fortunate than the chevalier, M. de Châtelet paid for glory with his life. As we were lifting him from under a heap of slain, he spoke but once—the words were addressed to me, and they were: 'Be a father to my Julie.' I have endeavoured to fulfil the dying request of my old friend and comrade in arms. I brought the girl with me when I embarked with my regiment from France for Canada. She has been to me more than a daughter; and, as I have no relatives, all the tenderness which is left in an old soldier is centred in the child of the friend of other days. And now, gentlemen, you have, in brief, the history of Julie de Châtelet."

"And if," said the Chevalier de Vaudreuil, regarding Vruze with a look of scorn, "there should remain any man in Canada, or for that part, even in France, who dare to doubt the word of de Callières, I can add my testimony to the accuracy of what he has stated. And I could say what his modesty left unsaid, that had it not been for his self-sacrificing devotion to the dying request of his friend, the same M. de Callières, to-day might be—"

"Stop, stop," M. le Chevalier, interposed the veteran. "Let us change the subject."

At this moment there came a knocking at the door; an orderly entered, and announced that the Marquis desired to see M. de Callières and Lieut. Vruze. The veteran installed the Chevalier in the seat of honour, and preceded by Lieut. Vruze, left the mess-room.

"Gentlemen," said Monsieur Jacques Tambour, who planted himself in the seat of Vruze after the door had closed upon that personage, "The events of this evening have converted me to a belief in the transmigration of souls."

"It is not hard to convert you to anything, Monsieur Jacques," replied the Chevalier de Vaudreuil. "But how have you come to adopt this new creed?"

"Very easily and rationally too," answered Monsieur Jacques, helping himself to a glass of wine—"We are informed by the best historians—that is to say, by men who never saw the countries they describe, and who generally manage to live a thousand years or so after the events happened which they undertake to narrate,—that the Egyptians, in order to prevent themselves from getting merry at their feasts, were accustomed to place a skeleton in their chambers of entertainment. Now, I am convinced, by a process of reasoning which it would take me too long to explain, that the soul—or, more correctly speaking, in his case—the animating principle of Lieut. Vruze, was ensouled, before death, in the ugliest skeleton that ever grinned at an Egyptian banquet."

A loud burst of laughter followed this sally; and the more so, because the person against whom it was directed, besides being one of the most unprepossessing, was also one of the vainest men in the Fort.

"I should like very much to know," observed Captain Lavaltrie, who wished to change the current of the conversation, "what is the intention of the Marquis de Denonville, regarding the deputation of Iroquois Chiefs who came to the Fort a few days ago, for the purpose of arranging the preliminaries of a peace?"

"The conduct of the Governor," said Capt. Berthier, "is scarcely a fit subject for our criticism; but it seems to me that it is a strange course to detain the men in the Fort, for nearly a week, without letting them know whether they are to have peace or war."

"Perhaps," remarked Capt. Grandville, "the terms brought by the Iroquois Chiefs were such as required a good deal of time for deliberation on the part of M. le Marquis."

"I do not understand it in that light," remarked Captain Longueuil. "The Governor has had time to make up his mind to open a campaign against the Iroquois. Everything is arranged, and as far as preparation is concerned, we could start to-morrow morning. This being the case, I cannot see why these Iroquois chieftans should not by this time have an answer, in one shape or other, to the

propositions they have made. Has any one here seen these Indians lately?"

"I," said Lieut. de Belmont, "accompanied Monsieur Tambour to their place of detention this afternoon, with our Quarter-Master."

"And in what light do they regard the delay to which they have been subjected?" asked Capt. Longueuil.

"They say they have been deceived," replied de Belmont.

"And I heard one of them say," put in Monsieur Tambour, "that he believed the deputation was destined to be murdered."

At this stage of the conversation, M. de Callières entered the room. The veteran's brow wore a look of anger, and he had the air of one who had lately been labouring under great excitement.

"Gentlemen," he said, abruptly, "you all know the Iroquois chiefs who came here a few days ago, to negotiate a peace?"

"M. de Callières," replied Capt. Longueuil, "we were just discussing them when you entered."

"Well, they are to be put in irons, and, before sunrise, sent to Quebec; and thence to France," said the veteran.

The officers stared at each other in amazement, but said nothing.

"I opposed this determination of the Governor's, even to the verge of personal quarrel," said M. Callières. "I represented that such treatment of their chiefs would render the Iroquois a thousand times more implacable towards us than they have been hitherto. I told the Marquis that such an act would meet with the stern disapproval of the King of France, and the unanimous abhorrence of the colonists. He replied that he had the sanction of the King for what he contemplated. I went so far as to challenge the Marquis to produce his authority. He took from his private cabinet a missive, signed with the King's seal. I read it, and could say no more. And now, gentlemen, I want to know which of you will volunteer to escort these Iroquois chiefs by water to Quebec. They must leave the Fort before sunrise."

The officers made no reply. "Come, gentlemen," said the veteran impatiently, "I must have an answer."

Capt. Lavaltrie replied, "I think, M. de Callières, that you will find no officer here who will undertake that duty."

"I expected as much," observed the veteran, who, at heart, was well pleased with the refusal. "But I must try and find a volunteer elsewhere. In the meantime, however, I would advise each of you to retire to his quarters. Take as much sleep now as you can afford to take; for the time is coming when, although you may have the desire, you will not find the opportunity."

The advice was obeyed; and, in a few moments more, the officers retired, and the lights in the mess-room were extinguished.

To be continued.

An elderly farmer living in Devonshire died recently. When he became conscious that death was approaching he gave the most particular directions as to the disposal of his property and the arrangements for the funeral, and almost with his last breath enjoined it upon his wife and daughter to have the funeral procession leave the house at an early hour in order that they might get home in time to milk the cows before dark.

Napoleon, while visiting a carriage manufactory in Paris, the other day, was approached by a workman, a native of Corsica, who remarked, with familiarity enough, that they were cousins, since a Bonaparte married one of his ancestresses in the last century. "My cousin," said the Emperor, "I am *incognito*, be you equally so."

A gentleman asked a clergyman the use of his pulpit for a young divine, a relation of his. "I really do not know," said the clergyman "how to refuse you; but if the young man can preach better than I can, my congregation would be dissatisfied with me afterward; and if he should preach worse, I don't think he's fit to preach at all."

A lawyer built himself an office in the form of a hexagon or six square. The novelty of the structure attracted the attention of some Irishmen who were passing by. They made a full stop and viewed the building very critically. The lawyer, somewhat disgusted at their curiosity, raised the window, put his head out, and addressed them—

"What do you stand there for, like a pack of blockheads, gazing at my office? Do you take it for a church."

"Faix," answered one of them, "I was thinking so, till I saw the devil poke his head out of the windy."

It may be worth noticing, that the first thing the Church of England Ritual Commissioners' Third Report does, in the "Revised Table of Lessons proper for Sundays," is to stop short, Isaiah xxviii. verse 19. The verse left unread is a very significant one containing the words—"Morning by morning shall it pass over, by day and by night, and it shall be a vexation only to understand the Report."

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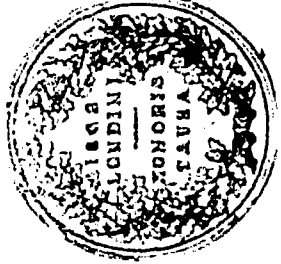
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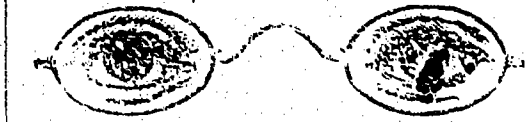
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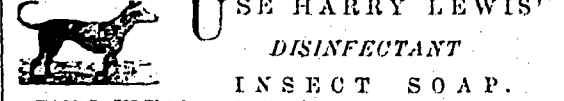
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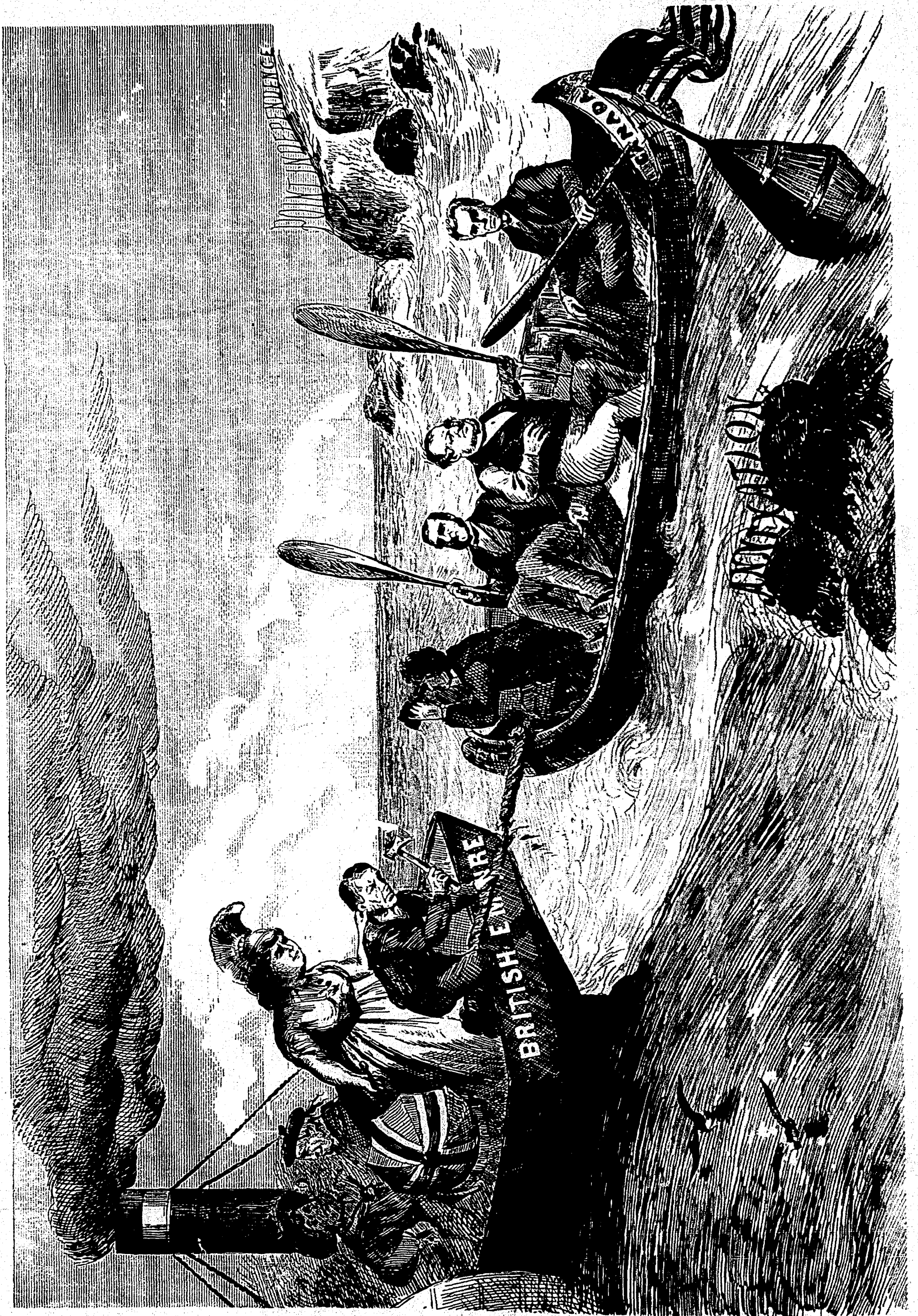
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