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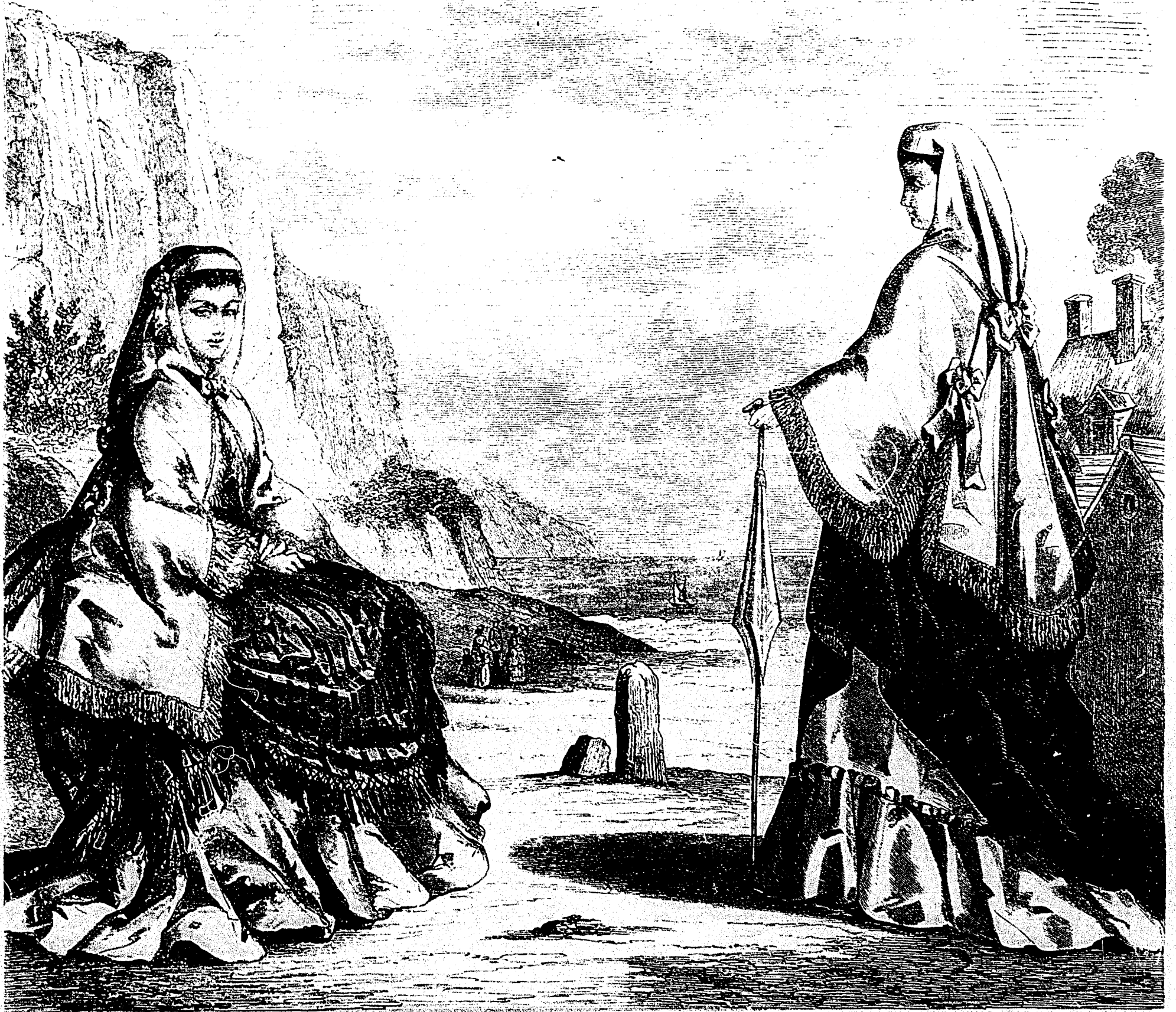
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SUMMER CAPOTES AND HOODS FOR THE SEASIDE.—SEE PAGE 355.

OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY.

No. 76.—M. O'REILLY, Q.C., HAMILTON, ONT.

We have much pleasure in placing in our gallery the portrait of "Judge O'Reilly," as he is still familiarly called throughout the old Gore District of the Western Peninsula of Upper Canada. More than forty years have elapsed since he made his *début* as a lawyer at the Hamilton bar; and since that time few men have been more generally known or more universally respected. It may be remembered that his son, Major O'Reilly, was a candidate for the Local Legislature in 1867, and though unsuccessful the support he received was certainly very flattering to a young man, coming as it did from the denizens of the city of his birth. The old judge, we are glad to understand, is still hale and hearty, and actively engaged in professional duties. He has, as a matter of course, worn the silk gown for many years, and among the local bar of Hamilton is one of the most sought after of the many able lawyers of which the ambitious city may fairly boast.

Miles O'Reilly, Q.C., is a native of Canada, having been born at Stamford, near the Falls of Niagara. His grandfathers, both on the father's and mother's side, were U. E. loyalists, and took an active part in the American revolution, at the close of which they settled on the Niagara frontier. Mr. O'Reilly was educated chiefly at the Niagara grammar school, then under the management of the late Thomas Cream, late Rector of Niagara. He commenced the study of the law in 1825; was called to the bar in 1830, and immediately commenced the practice of his profession at Hamilton, where he has ever since resided, and where he rapidly acquired a large and lucrative business. He was appointed County Judge in February, 1837, (an office which did not at that time interfere with his practice in the Superior Court) the duties of which he discharged to the unqualified satisfaction of all classes, until he resigned in 1854 to resume practice. In 1838 he was called upon to defend as sole counsel the whole of the 116 prisoners then confined in the Hamilton gaol for high treason, and tried under special commission. In this delicate and arduous task he was opposed by the Hon. Chief-Justice Draper, the present Chief-Justice of Appeals, and the late Sir A. N. Macaulay, who presented for the Crown. Mr. O'Reilly's conduct of these important trials (which lasted many weeks) drew forth at the rising of the Court a very marked and flattering compliment from the late Chief-Justice Macaulay, who presided. Being well read in the law, and familiar with the habits of the people of the country and their mode of transacting business, and possessing a manner and address eminently courteous and attractive, Mr. O'Reilly was generally regarded as one of the most popular County Judges the country ever possessed.

No. 77.—REV. JOHN McCULL, LL.D. M.R.I.A., &c.

No gentleman connected with the promotion of education in its higher branches deserves for his portrait a more elevated place in our gallery than the talented and much respected President of University College, Toronto, the Rev. Dr. McCull. The incidents in the lives of men of letters are generally few, and can be told in short space. From Morgan's *Bibliotheca Canadensis*, we learn that Dr. McCull was born in Dublin in the early part of the century. He is a graduate of Trinity College, in which famous seat of learning he passed with the highest honours. In 1838 he was appointed Principal of Upper Canada College, and entered on his duties the following year. In 1842 he became Vice-President, and Professor of Classics, Logic, and Belles-Lettres in King's. When the University College was instituted in 1853, Dr. McCull was elected President and Vice-Chancellor, both of which positions he has since continued worthily to fill. In 1863 he became President of the Canadian Institute (Toronto). He is a man of great classical attainments, and has enriched English literature with many published works of a classical and scientific character that are destined to perpetuate his memory and contribute to the instruction of the students who may come after him. Omitting the enumeration of his early works chiefly dedicated to subjects purely classical and published before his arrival in Canada, we may mention that his work on "Britanno-Roman inscriptions," published in 1863, attracted much attention among archaeologists in Britain, and won for Dr. McCull many flattering notices from the highest literary authorities of the old world. He has contributed several papers to the *Canadian Journal*, and was for some time editor of a literary magazine, then published in Toronto, called the *Maple Leaf*. We copy our illustration from a photograph by Messrs. Notman & Fraser, and it shows that, though well advanced in years, Dr. McCull is still hale and hearty.

It has been noticed that some of the names in Dickens's novels have been taken from Pepys's Diary. Thus, in Pepys's entry for February 8, 1661, a Captain Cuttle is mentioned; under October 27, 1662, we read of Captains Cuntance and Bunn; and the Morena mentioned October 22, 1662, may have suggested to the novelist his Miss Morleena Kenwigs. The said Morena seems to have been a Miss Dickens. It may be added that Mr. Fields, in his "Reminiscences of Dickens," mentions that Pepys was one of his favourite books.

A case has come before Vice-Chancellor Bacon in which a testator had annexed an extraordinary condition to a bequest to his widow—viz., that she should go to school for three years.

LORETTE FALLS AND PAPER-MILLS.

Amongst the illustrations presented to our readers in the present number is that of the Falls and Paper-Mills at Lorette, an Indian village pleasantly situated about eight miles from the city of Quebec. This interesting and romantic spot is remarkable for its natural beauty and historical associations, the dwelling-place of that once noble race of warriors of the Huron tribe, who, driven by their fierce and unrelenting foes, the Iroquois, from the shores of the lake that to-day bears their name, found shelter within the peaceful limits of Lorette. This once powerful tribe has now become almost extinct, but the few who remain still retain the distinctive traits of their race, and even at the present day and advanced age of civilization still adhere to the manners and customs of their forefathers, both as regards dress and the means of obtaining a livelihood.

Their chief occupation consists of hunting during winter, and during the summer in making snow-shoes, moccasins, and a variety of articles of bark work. Some of the latter articles display a large amount of ingenuity and skill. The death of their late chief, Theonwathasta, as he was called, took place a few weeks since. His generosity, courage, and noble bearing will be long remembered by his followers, and respected by all who knew him. His son, the Rev. P. Vincent, is now *vicar* of St. Catherine's, and is the first Huron that has been ordained Priest, though his ancestors were early converted to the Roman Catholic faith. On the left bank of the river may be seen the large Paper-Mill erected by Messrs. Willis Russell, the present proprietors of the St. Louis Hotel. We understand this mill, with a large tract of land adjoining, has been purchased by Messrs. J. & W. Reid, whose extensive Paper and Stationery Warehouses are situated in St. Paul Street, Quebec, and who have lately opened a branch establishment at 84 McGill Street, Montreal, where, in connection with their paper business, they deal largely in all descriptions of paper-maker's supplies, chemicals, marine stores, &c. Their mill is now in full operation, producing from one to two tons of paper per day, they also manufacture a very superior description of Roofing Felt, which is now extensively used throughout the Dominion. They also purpose erecting additional machinery for the manufacture of Wood Pulp, an article lately introduced in the manufacture of paper at a much cheaper rate than by the old process. Lorette, owing to its position and superior water privileges will, no doubt, obtain a position equal to any of the other manufacturing districts in the Dominion.

Visitors to the Ancient Capital should devote a few hours to a pleasant drive out to Lorette. In rambling through the village and extensive forests, or enjoying a sail on the enchanting lakes in the vicinity, they will find the time very pleasantly spent.

THE WANZER & CO. SEWING MACHINE FACTORY, HAMILTON, ONT.

On page — is an illustration of this immense factory, which is a credit not only to Hamilton but to the whole Dominion, and in which is done the largest business of the kind, in the whole of the British possessions, England even not excepted. The actual building covers an area of thirty-five thousand square feet, was built in 1869, by R. M. Wanzer & Co., and is a bright illustration of that successful enterprise which builds up a country and makes it flourishing and great. The establishment is situated at the corner of King and Catherine Streets, Hamilton, Ont., and is under the management of J. N. Tarbox, Esq., one of the chiefs of this enterprising firm. Mr. Z. Wanzer being absent in England at the present time. As the illustration fails to convey to the mind a full appreciation of the extent of this enterprise, we invite our readers to follow us through the whole establishment. On the ground floor is the packing room, where are packed and sent all over the world an average of about eight hundred machines a week. These machines go to England, France, (when at peace) Germany, St. Petersburg, Constantinople, Mexico, Manitoba, Australia, New Zealand; even the little feet of the Chinese women busily move the Wanzer treadle, whilst the Japanese sew their beautiful silk dresses through the same agency. Leaving the packing room we next enter the cleaning room, where are at work thirty hands busily carrying on the first process under which the iron of the machines has been brought from the foundry, and the rough-casting is cleaned, then taken into the pickling shop, dipped in vitriol three times; dried, taken back to the cleaning shop; then taken to the drill and lath room, where 12 drills and 15 screw-making machines assist thirty hands in doing the early part of the sewing machine making. On this same flat is the boiler and annealing furnace room: this furnace holds a ton at a time, and the object of annealing steel is to soften it, so as to allow of being. A blacksmith's and shears room comprise the principal remaining departments on the ground floor. Ascending by an elevator, or two elevators, to the second floor, we find ourselves on a flat where a bewildering supply of boring and lathing machines keep some twenty hands exceedingly busy. On this same flat is the machine shop, employing sixty hands, the tool room, fourteen hands. A store and experimental room, besides others. On the third floor is the fitting department, which employs 130 hands, and the japanning room, which employs 26 hands. This process requires drying apartments which have a four hundred Fahrenheit heat in which the machinery has to rest for eight hours. From these heating rooms the machinery is taken into the ornamental department, where by an ingenious method, invented by Mr. C. F. Muller, it receives an ornamental finish, excelling anything on the continent of America. On the fourth flat is the polishing-room, where are employed eight hands. A store-room, and other rooms used for general purposes. The fifth story has in it the shuttle departments, employing 20 hands and using 6 lathes.

Every flat is supplied with gas, motive power, hot water, water-hose, patent fire engines, and every facility which science can lend to any manufactory. A carpenter's shop is added to the establishment, and comprises two departments, in which are made and polished the cases used for packing Wanzer's sewing machines, prior to shipment all over the world. The finest and most justly celebrated factory of Hamilton, Wanzer & Co.'s sewing machine factory, stands in the foremost rank of Canadian industrial enterprises, whilst Mr. Shawanzer and Mr. Tarbox afford another bright example of what integrity, enterprise, and business knowledge will

effect. Ninety thousand dollars a year are paid in wages, enriching by that sum the city in which these works are carried on. The example of this firm ought to be a stimulus to business enterprise among the young men of the Dominion. The justly celebrated machine here manufactured is known by the name of "Wanzer patent letter A. security machine." It is adapted to both family and manufacturing sewing, and is said to use a greater range of thread and finer sizes of needles than any other machine. It is also said to be simpler than any of those made in the United States, and one of the best in the world. In making the cases, 400,000 feet of lumber, pine and walnut, are annually cut up.

THE COLUMN VENDÔME.

Among the numerous acts of vandalism perpetrated by the barbarians of the Commune, few excited such universal indignation as the deliberate destruction of the column that stood in the Place Vendôme. Not only was the column an ornament to the city and to the severe style of architecture that prevails in the square, but it was a memorial of a great general who had rescued his country from the worst kind of degradation—that which was self-imposed—and who raised it to the highest pitch of glory among the civilized nations of the world.

Both the Place and the Column Vendôme—though the existence of the latter is of comparatively recent date—have a history of their own which is worth recounting. The Square was built towards the end of the 17th century. Two royal edicts, dated respectively 1696 and 1699, granted to the prévôt and échevins of Paris—that is, to the Corporation of the city—the Hôtel Vendôme and the Convent of the Capucins nuns, on the condition that they should erect a square, or rather a *place*,—for the requirements of the geometrical definition of the square were not insisted upon—that should be of regular form and symmetrical architecture. The building operation, superintended by the well-known Mansard, were speedily brought to a conclusion, and in the centre of the square was placed a colossal equestrian statue of Louis XIV., by Girardon. It was before this statue that the Duke de la Foulonnière, that model courtier and tool eater—wished to hang a golden lamp to burn day and night until the Day of Judgment. It was as well that he did not do so, as his pious intentions would have been frustrated. So the Grand Monarque had to keep nightly watch and ward over the desolate square without other light than that of the moon and stars, until one fine day in '93 the Revolutionists came and pulled him down, horse and all, and rechristened the square, not inaptly, Place des Piques. Napoleon, however, restored the old name of the Place, and erected in the centre, in the stead of the statue, the famous Column of Austerlitz, better known in later days as the Column Vendôme, and placed on the summit thereof his own statue, clad in the gorgeous robes of the imperial office. This statue, which was the work of Chaudet, did not last long. It was thrown down at the time of the Occupation by the Allies, and replaced by a gigantic fleur-de-lis, on the top of which floated the white standard of the Bourbons. The metal of the statue was afterwards used for the statue of Henri IV., on the Pont Neuf—not quite the happiest use to make of "Caesar's clay." Then a Napoleonic era came round once more.

The Fleur-de-lis shared the fate of the Bonapartist figure, and a new statue of the Emperor—this time represented in the traditional *redingote* and cocked-hat—once more looked down upon the square, until the Communists took it into their heads to destroy column and all. This resolution they carried out on the afternoon of the 16th ult. The scene is thus described by an eye-witness:—

"The fall was announced for two o'clock, and all the balconies in the Place Vendôme were thronged with ladies. Rues de la Paix and Castiglione were crowded. Three bands of music arrived while the workmen were engaged in chipping the base of the column. Abadie next arrived and clapped the windlass. The excitement was intense. Rochefort next appeared and the people crowded around him, giving him loud cheers. Soon all the arrangements were completed and the bugle sounded. The cable was stretched and tightened, the column stood firm, the windlass broke and the pulley flew in the air, and then descended, striking a sailor and wounding him. After this accident Abadie declared he needed two hours in which to repair the tackle. At a quarter past five o'clock it was given out that the column would not fall before seven o'clock. A general expression of disapprobation went through the crowd. Abadie was accused of complicity with the Versailles Government and threatened with the guillotine. At twenty minutes past five o'clock the cable was again stretched for the work of demolition. Suddenly, to the surprise of the spectators, the vast column moved and swayed. It next swept magnificently down, bursting into fragments as it struck the earth. It fell lengthwise in the Rue de la Paix, exactly on the cushion prepared for it, splintering with a dull heavy lumbering sound, while a thick cloud of dust and crushed and powdered masonry rose in the air. The crowd, as soon as the column fell, gave tremendous shouts of "Vive la Commune," and hands played the "Marseillaise" hymn. When the dust cleared away, there lay the glorious column shattered to pieces,—its bronze and masonry in two columns together in the middle, and the statue of the Emperor several feet from one end of the column with the head knocked off. The crowd rushed forward to collect the fragments as relics, and the guards were unable to resist the rush. Next, orators commenced their speeches, indulging in all sorts of extravagant language. The statue of the Emperor was treated as if it were the Emperor himself. The National Guards spat upon its face and struck it with their rifles. After the ceremonies were concluded, the crowd dispersed and the soldiers moved off, waving their red flag and giving expressions to their joy by continual shouting. The excitement was tremendous, and it is even now high. This is the story of the destruction of the great work of art which cannot readily be replaced.

Which can never be replaced, he should have said, for the materials of this wonderful column, which Denon designed and executed, were no ordinary ones; and though another Napoleonic column may before long grace the square, the Austerlitz cannon will be lacking to remind the people of the glories of their first emperor. No less than two hundred guns, captured from the Austrians and Prussians on that memorable second of December, were employed in the manufacture of the outer casing of the shaft. The exterior of the shaft was divided into compartments by a spiral ring running from base to summit, and on these compartments were pictured the principal incidents of the cam-

paign of Austerlitz, the title of each subject being cut on the dividing ring. Three thousand figures, each three feet high, were thus sculptured on the plinth, which sprung from a pedestal twenty-one feet high, decorated on its four faces with military trophies and bearing at each corner a Napoleonic eagle, with wings half spread, as if in the act of rising from the earth. On the railings surrounding the column the veterans of the *Grande Armée* hung, in August last—for the last time—their usual wreaths of immortelles in memory of the *Empereur*, who had done so much for France, and for whose memory France now seems to care so little.

THE FASHION PLATE.

The fashion-plate on our first page shows a new arrangement for summer *pelerines* intended more especially for sea-side wear. The material is white serge, trimmed with white fringe, and gathered at the back with three bows of lustrine. A bow of the same is placed on each side of the head and another covers the hook and eye fastening at the throat.

VIEWS IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Our readers have been furnished in the Rev. Mr. Dawson's admirable papers on British Columbia with so much interesting information respecting the colony that is shortly to form a part of the Dominion, that it is quite unnecessary to say much of the country. The two views we produce represent the southern boundary line between the colony and the United States, and the scenery at Hospital Point, near Esquimaux, in Vancouver's Island.

THE DON VALLEY, TORONTO.

The vicinity of Toronto is certainly anything but rich in picturesque scenery. The city itself is beautifully laid out, it has broad streets and many handsome buildings—in fact owes its beauty entirely to Man, for Dame Nature, in granting it a commodious position as a lake-port, seems to have deemed nothing more necessary for its success.

Yet there is one spot in the vicinity of "Muddy York" which all visitors to the "Queen City of the West" should make a point of visiting. The valley of the Don, a winding stream that flows on the east of the city, offers the prettiest bit of landscape in the neighbourhood, and is deserving of far more attention from lovers of the picturesque than it usually attracts. The sketch we reproduce on another page is a faithful representation of the scene in the valley of the Meander of Eastern Ontario.

"THE POND."

We are glad (says the *Illustrated London News*, from whose pages we copy this picture,) to recognise in the treatment of rustic subjects by Mr. Dobson an exceptional freedom from those faults of taste too commonly chargeable to English painters, to which we have adverted in our notice this week of the Academy Exhibition. The drawing by Mr. Dobson, in the exhibition of the Old Water-Colour Society, which has supplied the present Fine-Art Illustration, will, we think, bear out our commendation of this artist. It truly reflects rustic child-life in its unconscious simplicity and innocence. The subject is one which the artist or anyone may have often seen; and Mr. Dobson has simply painted what he saw. He does not make heroes of his little Surrey or Sussex peasants; he does not invent for them any extravagantly tragic or comic situation. They amuse themselves after their childish fashion; but they do not act at the spectator. There is, in short, nothing more extraordinary in the picture than in the reality; and the artist does not seek to attract attention to his own cleverness. No doubt the pure and reverent feeling with which Mr. Dobson has handled religious themes of high aim serves to guide his taste in engaging our sympathies for the lowliest subjects in country life, to which a painter could address himself. But all sincere art is in some sense religious; it is self-humiliating and self-forgetting worship, implied by the artist's silently displaying his admiration for the beauties of all the Creator's works.

RED SEA TORTOISE IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.—The *Gazette di Messina* recounts the capture of a monster turtle, or sea tortoise, a denizen of the Indian Ocean, supposed to have availed itself of the Suez Canal to abandon the coral beds of the Red Sea, and pay a visit to the shores in Sicilian waters, within the jurisdiction of Scylla and Charybdis. When first descried by the Calabrese fishermen it was taken for a capsize launch or coasting craft, but on nearing the same, a tremendous hideous serpent-like head came forth from the crustaceous body of the monster of the deep, and drew such a breath as to resemble an equinoctial blast, preparatory to taking a dive. After the first alarm was over, one Massaniello, possessing the undaunted valour of the Percibero, his namesake, encouraged his companion to attack it with a harpoon, and with such success, that breaking their oars they were unable to check its onward course, and after giving it the full length of a stout topline, it was only after a brisk tow of the boat, extending in distance 10 kilometres, the turned turtle slackened speed, and they contrived to land it on the shore of Villa San Giovanni, where it remained on view for many days, as no vehicle sufficiently large was to be found on the spot for transporting it to a fair in the interior, which it has finally reached, and the fishermen have made a rich collection by exhibiting it to the thousands of amazed spectators. The harpoon seems to have penetrated the softer part of the neck, which accounts for its capture and destruction. The shell will be forwarded to the Exhibition of Marine Productions at Naples.

JUST IN TIME.—Mark Lemon mislaid a £20 note. Search was made everywhere for the missing treasure, but it could not be found. I had burnt some papers, and it was shrewdly suspected that I had swept the note into the fire. By-and-by I found a sheet of note-paper with "Truly yours, Mark Lemon," written upon it. "Is this the autograph for the young lady who wrote to you this morning?" I asked. "Yes." "Then you have put the £20 note in the envelope instead of your autograph." "Impossible!" I rushed to the bar and was just in time to examine the letters; and sure enough, as I had guessed, I found the note. What would the young lady have thought of Mark Lemon's reply had she received the other more remarkable autograph which was so near being posted to her?—*Hutton's Reminiscences of Mark Lemon.*

FLAMBOROUGH FALLS.

There is much of sameness in the scenery of Western Canada. One travels over a little eminence of easy grade, goes down a somewhat steep hill, crosses a bridge, which has been made to cross some "creek" or river, and then he finds himself in a village with a flouring and grist mill, perhaps a saw mill and other factories. Such is the unvarying aspect of the country between Lakes Ontario and Huron on the line of travelled road, a distance of more than a hundred miles in a north-westerly direction. The Flamborough Falls, illustrated in the present number, exhibit features of a more romantic though not by any means uncommon character in Canadian scenery. They mark what geologists tell us was the rim of the old basin of Lake Ontario at a time long anterior to the present, and before its waters were brought within their present limits. The Hamilton "mountain," the Flamborough "heights," and so on eastward and southward, give unmistakable evidence of the existence at some former period of a great inland sea immensely larger than is the present Lake from which the Province west of us takes its name.

DIP YOUR RAZORS IN WARM WATER.—Recently, says the *London Medical Press*, we have professionally seen two of the worst cases of *Sycosis Contagiosa* which have ever come under our notice. Both patients were shaved by the same barber, and no doubt by the same razor as that used—for the barber acknowledges his fault—in shaving "a man with a bad chin." In one patient the yellowish scales have extended to the upper lip and sides of the face covered by hair. The vegetable nature of the disease, and the rapidity with which the seeds are transmitted from part to part, until the cryptogamic plant surrounds every hair follicle, is only too well known for repetition here. Our chief object in directing public attention to a most serious matter is, that barbers will learn, through us, to be more careful in indiscriminate shaving, and that the public seeking their aid will, for its own sake, insist upon what we hope will now become a universal practice in the barber shop: namely, the immersing the razor in warm water before applying it to the face. This is pretty sure to destroy the vegetable organism, should any exist, on the instrument. The transmission by contagion of *sycosis*, from the use of a razor employed in shaving an affected person, has been repeatedly noted.

MR. LOWE AS A BIBLICAL COMMENTATOR.—A story is still current at Oxford, which, if true, shows how early in life the financial abilities of Mr. Lowe developed themselves. It appears that the future Chancellor, when "in for greats," had to write an account of the revolt of the ten tribes, and that he jumped at the opportunity of asserting his own peculiar views, and at the same time white-washing the much-maligned Rehoboam. Rehoboam, so explained Mr. Lowe to his examiners, was a wise and far-seeing young man. Under his father, Solomon, the Civil List had been reckless, and a vast sum had been spent in the building of the Temple and in the promotion of an unremunerative trade with Tarshish. Accordingly, Rehoboam, finding that he succeeded to an enormous deficit, and should have to borrow to meet even the interest upon the unfunded and floating debt of the kingdom, resolved not only to impose an income tax of four geras in the shekel, but also at once to collect ten years' taxes in advance. This sound financial policy it was which, being denounced as a chastisement with scorpions, led to the revolt of the tribes, and to the election of Jeroboam (who had a harum-scarum budget of his own) as King of Israel; and it is said that from this view of sacred history not the severest cross-examination, inflicted by all four examiners at once, would induce Mr. Lowe to shrink for a moment. There is, we know, a rule at Oxford that a story need not be true if only it be characteristic. But of the present story we can only say that to the stamp of verisimilitude it adds the unanimous consent of tradition.—*Observer.*

Without wishing it, nor caring anything for the honour, the Commune has made an archaeological discovery. In constructing a barricade across the Rue de Rivoli, near the Place de la Concorde, a portion of the ramparts built by Louis XIII., 250 years ago was exposed to view. Louis only extended the old limits on this side of Paris, but by the great curve he pushed out from the Porte St. Denis to the Place de la Concorde he added a considerable piece to the city; for the old wall out straight across where the centre of the Place du Carrousel now is; and, just where a few crumbling bits of his new ramparts have now been discovered, they became very celebrated in a way which is strangely in accordance with these present days. An ex-valet, named Renart, had obtained permission to establish a *cabaret* in the Tuileries gardens, and to his *cabaret* he adjoined a terrace, now that of the *Jeu de Paume*, and which commanded the city walls, and allowed those who strolled upon it to look over into the alleys of the Cours-la-Reine. During the war of the Fronde, when Paris was besieged by the royal troops, Sieur Renart's *cabaret* was a great place of resort; and while the soldiers of the royal army were camping on the heights of Chaillot, all the principal seigneurs and citizens of the party of the Fronde congregated at the ex-valet's, and from thence followed all the movements of the troops, just as the people of Paris have done lately from the heights of the Trocadero and the eminence of the Arc de Triomphe.—*Queen.*

The intimidation of informers seems to have been made quite a scientific study by the Fenians of Westmeath; witness the following instance of artful ingenuity:—A man who was known to have given information against some persons implicated in the Fenian movement was observed one day drinking or drawing water at a certain holy well, said to be the residence of a sacred trout. The opportunity was too good to be neglected. A dead trout was procured and placed in the well, and the neighbourhood was forthwith invited to behold a miracle. The thing was plain. The fish had been unable to live in water which had reflected the features of an informer. The trout was fished out—inquiry into the identity of the body being for the time waived—fixed on the top of a pole, and carried at the head of a large procession of sympathizers, who immediately proceeded to murder the delinquent. This act of righteous vengeance was not, however, fully consummated, for the police interfered, and with some difficulty rescued the man at that stage of the process when the subject is described, in the dialect of the country, as being "kilt."

MISCELLANEOUS.

The High, Low, and Broad Church parties of England are designated as "Attitudinarians," "Platitudinarians," and "Latitudinarians."

METHODISM IN ROME.—It is confidentially stated that a Methodist chapel is about to be erected in the city of Rome.

Gerolt, who has represented the Berlin Government at Washington for over twenty-five years, and is now, at his own request, recalled, leaves Sir Edward Thornton the senior member of the diplomatic corps.

By an amusing error (of the press of course) which occurred in a late edition of a popular English grammar, the variations of the verb to chide were given as follows: Present infinitive—To chide. Past infinitive—I chide. Past infinitive—To have chidden!

It is said that the Empress Eugénie has presented to Lady Burgoyne (wife of Sir John Burgoyne, in whose yacht, the "Gazelle," she escaped from France and landed safely at Rye,) a costly gold locket, set with diamonds, with a most exquisite likeness of her Majesty inclosed, as a souvenir of that memorable voyage to England.

A Philadelphia sausage manufacturer gives the following recipe for making Bologna sausage: Take an eel-skin and stuff it with ground cat or dog; season it with Scotch snuff and persimmon oil; lay it on a hog-pen to dry, and hang it in a grocery store for three months for the flies to give it the trademarks.

The arrangements for the excursion of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont and Massachusetts editors, in July, have been completed. They will leave Boston on the 10th for Mount Mansfield, Vt., and will visit St. Albans and Montreal. Returning to New York, Vt., on the 13th, the party will there break up, but many will go to the White Mountains and fill out the week.

The Empress Augusta has been in a state of profound mental distress, for a year past, at the disappearance, periodically, of her most valuable articles of jewellery. None of the police could discover the thief; but, a few weeks since, one of the Empress's little grandchildren was found to be the culprit. The child had taken the jewels for the benefit of her large family of dolls.

A harmless reporter's blunder has caused no inconsiderable amusement at Westminster. An M. P. in the course of his speech spoke of the Glasgow Irish, which expression was printed the next morning as—Irish. The blank may be filled in with the same adjective that is used before the heath on which the witches in *Macbeth* figure.

In a late speech on Woman's Rights, the lady orator, led away by enthusiasm, exclaimed, "It is well known that Solomon owed his wisdom to the number of his wives!" Another lecturer, going further still, moved that women should be entrusted with commissions in the navy, to which a deep, gruff nautical voice amongst the audience responded with the observation that "Lot's wife was an old salt, you-know."

The official hat of the Mayor of Red Wing, Minn., is a white silk hat of a style worn before fashion plates were invented, and indescribable. It bears the autograph signatures of the several mayors, and upon the crown, inside, is inscribed this suggestive motto and advice: "Fret not thy gizzard." It is the custom of the council in that goodly city, on the induction of a mayor into office, to present him with this hat, as the sole distinguishing mark of his office.

The other evening a large crowd gathered at the station at Inverness to see the identical horse which the Emperor Napoleon rode at Sedan, and which was passing through on its way to Tarbat, having become the property of the Duke of Sutherland. The horse is of a dark grey colour, six years of age, and not of very large size, but firm and symmetrical.

Perhaps it may be worth mentioning, as showing the direction in which the wind is blowing, that Lord Rosebery intends to ask Government whether they will introduce a bill this year to deal with the patronage in Scotland, in other words, to take the presentation to livings out of the hands of patrons, and vest it in the free choice of the people. Such a measure would be equivalent to disestablishment.

The workmen employed at the Vendôme Column are evidently anxiously to prolong the demolition, and the old cry of "Treason" may be heard now and then to emanate from the few who are in real earnest. Some of the most ruby-coloured operatives engaged in the work have constituted themselves into a kind of vigilance guard, to watch that no deception be practised, and that they be not defrauded of their rights. They have vowed that this monument of tyranny shall come down, "together with the Nelson monument in Trafalgar-square, and the Duke of Wellington's statue at Hyde Park-corner!" [*Sic.*]—*Court Journal.*

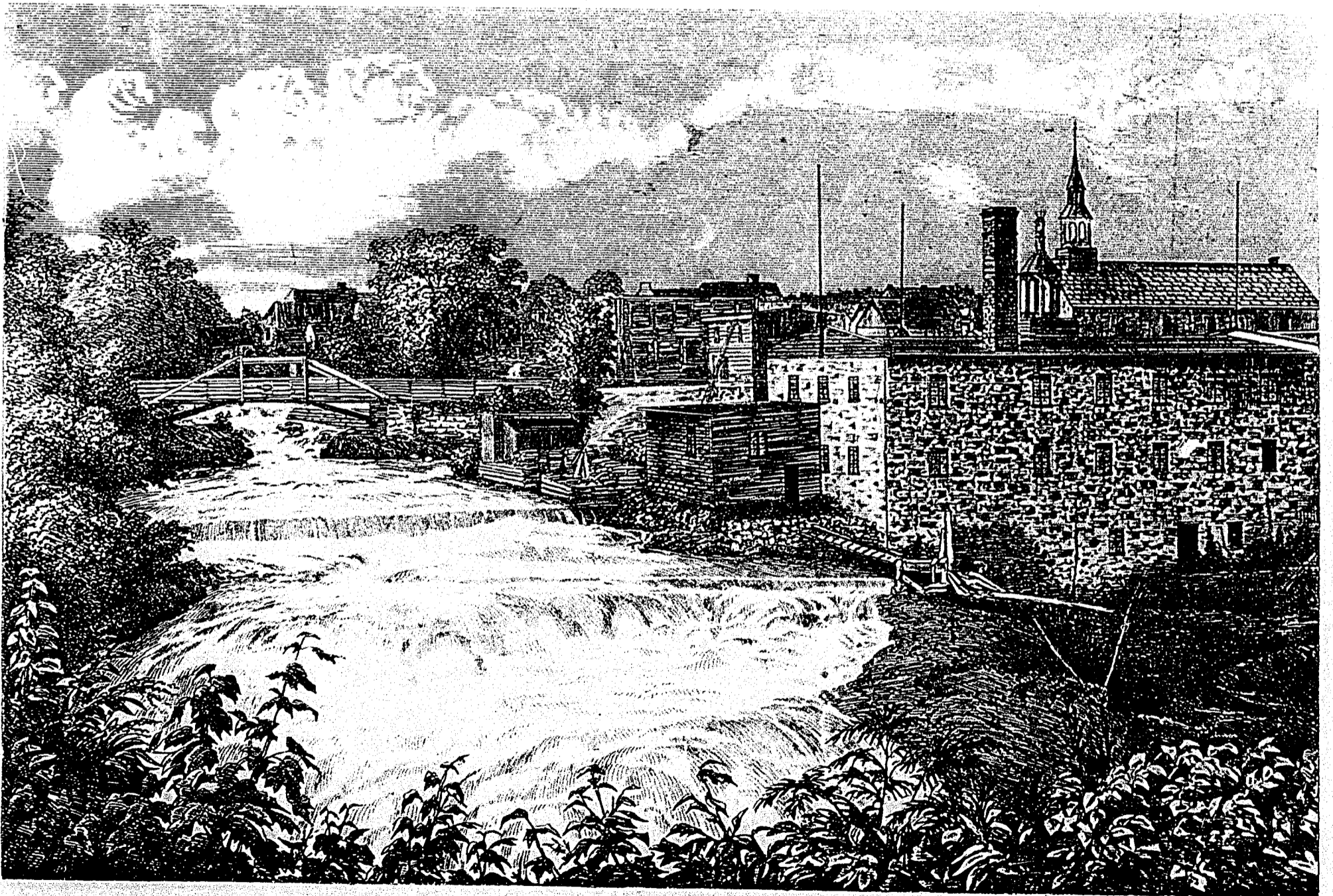
In an amusing letter which Lord Lyttelton has written, with respect to a statement in the *Times*, "that, if readers could hear Lord Lyttelton speak they would wonder he could be reported at all," his lordship says he is in the truly deplorable predicament that no one can report what he says, and no one can read what he writes. His lordship is quite right about the latter point, and it will support his argument and refresh his memory to recall the fact that when the last Reform Bill was before the House of Lords, Lord Lyttelton gave notice of an amendment to the effect that no one should have a vote who could not write his own name legibly. The notice was handed in writing to the Clerk of the House, who was unable, it is said, to decipher the signature attached to it, and could not, therefore, say to which noble lord to attribute it.

The *Brazil and River Plate Mail* says that at Pichicani (Peru) there happened an extraordinary occurrence in the form of a meteor, which suddenly fell from the sky. It was balloon shaped, of a red colour, with the pointed end towards the earth, which as soon as it touched an explosion took place, leaving a dense cloud, injuring the roofs of several huts, and knocking down a fence for 500 years, belonging to the farm of Morocco-haque. Among the stones heaped around by this aerolite were found recently dead fishes of different species, which are supposed to have been lifted out of the river. Similar events have happened near Huacochullo and Atucachi, causing great fright to the people.



DR. MCCAUL.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN & FRASER.—SEE PAGE 354.

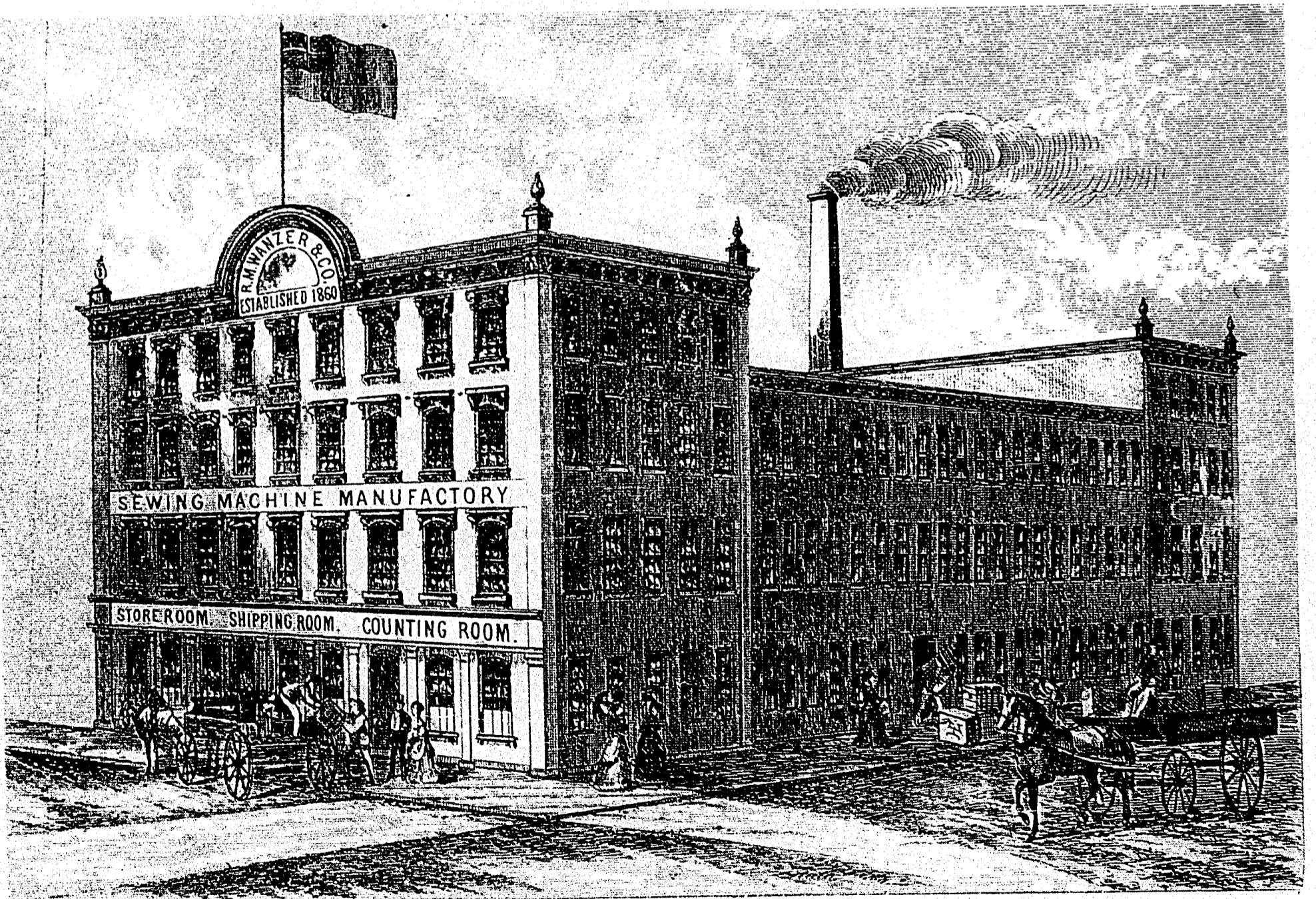


LORETTE FALLS AND PAPER MILLS, NEAR QUEBEC —SEE PAGE 354



M. O'REILLY, Q. C.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY INGLIS.—SEE PAGE 354.



WANZER SEWING MACHINE FACTORY, HAMILTON, ONT.—SEE PAGE 354.

TEMPERATURE in the shade, and Barometer indications for the week ending Saturday, June 3, 1871, observed by JOHN UNDERHILL, Optician to the Medical Faculty of McGill University, 299 Notre Dame Street.

		Aneroid Barometer compensated and corrected.									
		9 A.M.	1 P.M.	6 P.M.	MAX.	MIN.	MEAN.	9 A.M.	1 P.M.	6 P.M.	
Su.,	May 28.	54°	62°	60°	68°	46°	57°	30.40	30.35	30.28	
M.,	" 29.	70°	81°	84°	88°	49°	68°	30.18	30.10	30.05	
Tu.,	" 30.	76°	82°	72°	86°	64°	70°	30.08	30.06	30.11	
W.,	" 31.	70°	76°	72°	76°	56°	66°	30.22	30.22	30.30	
Th.,	June 1.	72°	82°	78°	84°	52°	68°	30.38	30.25	30.16	
Fri.,	" 2.	78°	87°	86°	90°	60°	75°	30.20	30.18	30.16	
Sat.,	" 3.	81°	88°	76°	89°	63°	76°	30.20	30.17	30.12	

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, JUNE 17, 1871.

SUNDAY,	June 11.	—First Sunday after Trinity. St. Barnabas, Ap. & M. Earl of Chatham died, 1778. Hon. S. Smith, Administrator, 1817. Sir John Franklin died, 1847. H. R. H. Prince Arthur knighted at Montreal, 1870.
MONDAY,	" 12.	—New York incorporated, 1665. John Bell, the Anatomist, died, 1763.
TUESDAY,	" 13.	—St. Anthony of Padua, C. Battle of Fort Gaspareau, 1755. Catholic Emancipation in England, 1829. Departure of H. R. H. Prince Arthur from Montreal, 1870.
WEDNESDAY,	" 14.	—St. Basil the Great, C. Battle of Marengo, 1800. Battle of Friedland, 1807. Quebec Theatre burnt, 47 lives lost, 1847.
THURSDAY,	" 15.	—Montreal retaken by the British, 1776. Campbell the poet, died, 1844.
FRIDAY,	" 16.	—Salvator Rosa born, 1615. Battle of Quatre Bras, 1815. Pius IX. elected to the Papacy, 1846.
SATURDAY,	" 17.	—St. Alban, M. Great Fire in Montreal, 1765. Battle of Bunker Hill, 1775. Death of Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte at Baltimore, 1870.

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JUNE 10, 1871.

SURELY the example of France ought to be a warning to the nations that the wild theories of the doctrinaires of liberty and so-called progress are dangerous to the last degree. The Prussian successes were not half so disastrous for the French people as were their own intestine quarrels. The latter were based upon mistaken notions of national freedom, upon false ideas of liberty, upon mere political doctrines, which, though plausible enough in print, are found to be utterly rotten in practice. The Commune has taught the world a lesson; it has shewn that neither life nor liberty, nor the possession of property, can be safe under mob law, and, by consequence, it has forced men's minds back to the recognition of the first principle of government in all systems that authority must rule. Once again has France given a lesson to the nations; but this time it has been altogether in the interest of the Kings and Queens, of the parliaments or governing bodies, under whatever form, which rule, and entirely against the authority of the mere *vox populi*. "We have a law," was once said, and it was a very wise saying. All should have a law; all should recognise the principle of authority, which, while legitimately exercised, is but the voice of the greatest number. It is not to be reasoned that while people act rightly, the acts of the governing power should be against their wishes, any more than it can be believed that a government bereft of the popular sympathy can maintain itself in power without extraneous aid.

That Kings have

"The right divine to govern wrong"

is a doctrine to which we certainly should shrink from subscribing; but, on the other hand, we do as certainly believe that constituted governments are to be preferred to the mere creations of irresponsible mobs. Men are born with certain responsibilities "upon their heads." They cannot disavow these without a crime; nor can they legitimately set to work by violence to upset the Government under which they live, unless they have an almost absolute guarantee of success, without incurring enormous guilt because of the disorders which their conduct brings upon society. We have seen the hoary headed Victor Hugo, older in iniquity than in years, who has influenced the minds of the Parisians by his brilliant but deceptive and delusive teachings, skulking away like the miserable coward that he is, from the dangers which he, more perhaps than any other man, helped to create. Who will blame Belgium for expelling such an enemy of human peace and rational progress from her soil? Who will applaud the country that gives him safe asylum when his life is due as an atonement for the many he has seen the means of causing to be sacrificed? We mention Hugo as only one, and probably not the most guilty of many hundreds that could be named; and we do so only from the conviction that no warning can be too strong, or too often repeated, against these insane political propagandists whose doctrines of liberty and human rights only turn the heads of the ignorant, and influence the passions of bad men, without bringing other than misery to the world at large.

France, having escaped from her delirium of licentiousness, mistakenly called freedom, is rapidly returning to a severe Conservative system; and her next mistake will probably be that from one extreme she will plunge

into another. From Scylla to Charybdis was but a single leap, though its import was death, and the only danger we fear for the sunny land that has shed so much glory—even if there be some shame with it—upon modern history, is that France, under whatever régime she may hereafter select, will revert to a system of absolute repression. Such a course would make it certain that at some time hereafter, the date cannot now be fixed, we should have a repetition of the Communistic scenes of the last few months. But we hope for better things. It may safely be believed that the sad lesson of experience which all the world has witnessed, and which France has most severely felt, will not be lost upon her; that if she restores the old reigning family, the members of which have sat so long and so heroically in the school of misfortune, it will only be because she and they have learned lessons within the century upon which both intend to improve. We trust the future of France is not so threatening as present appearances might indicate; but under any circumstances her experiences since last July ought to warn us in Canada of the danger of tinkering at the free, but yet Conservative, Constitutional system under which we live.

THEATRE ROYAL.—The new management is winning fresh laurels and increased patronage with every change on the boards. This week Mr. John E. Owens, the famous comedian, has been playing to crowded houses, and has frequently brought his audience to tears—with laughter. We are glad to understand that the public are sensibly manifesting their appreciation of the admirable companies which, under Mr. Albaugh's management nightly appear on the stage. We are also pleased to notice that Mr. Albaugh himself has been several times in the "bill." A great treat is promised for this (Saturday) evening, and on Monday a fresh novelty will be presented.

SECRETS OF BEAUTY.

(From Land and Water.)

What is beauty? A divine gift, that Providence bestows on woman, with which to gladden the eye and heart of man! Have not poets sung it from oldest times? Do they not sing it still? Then be not callous, you who possess it, but hold it fast while it is yours; once lost, it can never be restored, for Nature punishes those who neglect her choicest boon by taking it from them, often when most needed. Again, what is beauty? Is it the hair, the eye, the teeth, the hand? It is all these—and more than all—it is complexion. With a soft peach-like complexion, whether fair or dark, a woman is always lovely; and this may be preserved till a good old age with very little trouble; to a certain extent it may be acquired, and it can always be improved. How? I will tell you.

First of all, beware of cosmetics of any kind. I fancy I see a whole array of *cosmétiquers* glaring at me with savage eyes, though at the same time they inwardly acknowledge the justice of the warning. It is said in France "that the use of cosmetics was introduced by the English." Can that be true? Can the women whose complexions are the boast of the world, really have been the first to use poisonous unguents to the skin? I would rather not believe it. It is also said "that the constant application of cold cream to the face is injurious, and lays the foundation of skin diseases, which scarcely anything can afterwards eradicate." The same authority goes on to say "that had cold cream found its way into France during the reign of Henry III., he would have preached a new crusade against it"—a crusade in which every woman of the period would have enlisted. Women knew what beauty meant in those days; they studied it with heart and main, and, it is justice to say, they brought their study to a perfection which it has seldom since attained. Nothing could have induced them to daub their faces with animal grease! It was not that they did not have recourse to cosmetics: on the contrary, they were fearless in their use; but not one particle of animal substance entered into them. Italy was at that time the dépot of the oils and essences which figured on ladies' toilet-tables, but they were composed entirely of vegetable ingredients, and though in some instances they might be injurious they were not poisonous, as animal matter too often is.

Skins, however, differ: some are cold, soft, and moist; others are warm, firm, and porous; some are oily, some dry. They equally vary in thickness, colour, and elasticity; but in any case they should never come in contact with animal grease. Imagine for yourselves, ladies, the danger of stopping up the pores of your skin with the fat of animals, perhaps diseased! The idea is as noisome as that of sleeping with slices of uncooked beef on your cheeks, which some misguided women have been foolishly induced to try. What are you to use, if you may not use cold cream? you say. There is an answer to that question, as to all others: search Nature. Take the oil and juice of vegetables—they never hurt. Indeed, fresh olive oil is the unction above all others to soften the skin. Rub the face gently every night with it, and you will soon find the skin become impervious to storm and blast. The ancient Greeks knew the value of oil to the skin, and used it freely for beauty to the skin and pliability to the muscles. Naturally oily skins should avoid ointments of all descriptions. A few drops of camphor, diluted in water, will be found more efficacious, and powdered fuller's earth puffed on the face after washing. Exposure to the sun is very beneficial to the skin, though ladies object to the tanning it produces. It was on this account that masks used to be worn in the streets at one time. Some ladies, it is said, carried the mask mania so far as to sleep in masks. Marguerite de Navarre was one of these; Henry IV. expostulated in vain, but Marguerite preferred losing her husband to losing her mask. Indeed, it played a not unimportant part in their subsequent divorce. This shows the folly of the whim, for a mask could only check perspiration, and would be most injurious to the wearer in many ways; in fact it only deserves mention to be condemned.

It was not to such tricks that Diana of Poitiers, Duchess of Valentinois, resorted to preserve her beauty to the age of three

score years and ten, she who at sixty-five rode on horseback like a girl! This remarkable woman was a celebrated beauty in an age of beauties, yet, strange to say, no historian has ever given details of those wondrous charms which captivated two kings, one of them fifteen years her junior in age. We do not even know whether her eyes were blue or black, whether her hair was light or dark; we only know that she was the loveliest woman at a Court of lovely women, and that at an age when most women are shrivelled specimens of ugliness. People said she possessed a secret that rendered her thus impervious to the ravages of time. Some went so far as to say in that superstitious age that she had bought her secret from a very dark gentleman indeed! What was this secret, then? Did she ever tell it? Never. Did any one ever know it? Yes, her perfumer. Did he never tell it? Not during her life. It is known, then? It is, for those who have the patience to wade through musty manuscripts and books. May we not know it? You will only smile and disbelieve! Try. Good then, I will translate *Maitre Oudard's* own words to you:—"I, Oudard, apothecary, surgeon, and perfumer, do here declare on my faith and on the memory of my late honoured and much beloved mistress, Madame Diana of Poitiers, Duchess of Valentinois, that the only secret she possessed, with which to be and remain in perfect health, youth, and beauty to the age of seventy-two was—*Rain Water!* And, in truth, I assert that there is nothing in the world like this same Rain Water, a constant use of which is imperative to render the skin soft and downy, or to freshen the colour, or to cleanse the pores of the skin, or to make beauty last as long as life!"

Thus, the only service which *Maitre Oudard* rendered his illustrious mistress was to gather the rain water for her, bottle it and seal it up, to be in readiness in case of scarcity of rain. So all these bottles of *philtres* which daily arrived from the great perfumer to the still greater lady only contained *rain water!* Is that possible? *Maitre Oudard* says it is. I had intended to give you a hundred or more recipes, but space fails. I have already taken up more than I dare claim. I had also purposed to give hints on the preservation of the hair and hands—but I find that the subject is almost inexhaustible, and I must end even this slight sketch before one half is said upon it. I cannot conclude, however, without adding that Diana always took an hour's outdoor exercise before the morning dew had left the ground! If any of my readers will follow her example in this, they also like her will be "beautiful for ever," without Madame Rachel's aid. Would the sacrifice of an hour in the morning be too great? I fear it would.

Next to complexion and hair, what is more beautiful than a good set of teeth. "Next!" I ought rather to have placed the teeth at the head of secrets of beauty. Yet, no; for there are no secrets respecting these to divulge. Cleanliness and a healthy digestion are the only means by which teeth can be preserved. By the same rule that I decried cosmetics for the face and washes for the hair, so do I now decrie odorous and dentifrices, many of which have caused teeth to decay years before they otherwise would have done, had nature been left to herself. Eau-de-cologne should also be avoided for general use; myrrh is greatly to be preferred, a few drops of which, mixed in the water, with which to rinse the mouth, being very agreeable and rather beneficial to the teeth. When powder is desired, charcoal is much recommended; it certainly possesses great cleansing and purifying qualities, but no powder of any description is really needed, if the mouth be rinsed after meals and the teeth well brushed every night and morning. Again, I can only repeat that health and cleanliness are the only "secrets" by which to preserve the teeth—and these are no secrets.

And now I am going to take a little leap upwards, and give a touch to the eyebrows—but not with kohol, ladies. No, no; I am too great an enemy to pigment of any description to allude to them in any way but condemnation. My aim is solely to invite you to keep your beauty by all natural means within your reach and knowledge, and in some cases even to help nature; as, for instance, with regard to the eyebrows. The long, arched, narrow eyebrow is the prettiest, as we all know, but it is rare; it would not be so rare, however, if a little more care were taken in its cultivation during early youth. For instance, if a child's eyebrows threaten to be thin, brush them softly every night with a little coconut oil, and they will gradually become strong and full; and, in order to give them a curve, press them gently between the thumb and forefinger after every ablution of the face or hands. Simple as this may seem, I have known the most wonderful effects result from it; I have seen girls with wide, straggling eyebrows reduce them into an arch-like shape within a year solely by these means, and surely all will allow that they are permissible. Then, again, as regards eyelashes, every mother knows that she has only to clip her baby's lashes while it sleeps, and continue the process during its childhood, to render them as long and luxuriant as a Circassian's. Yet how few think of taking this precaution, which, indeed, is necessary as cutting the hair, for those who study their daughter's future beauty. Let ladies, however, beware how they try the experiment on their own lashes, for they do not grow after a certain age. I remember a young friend of mine, who had received from nature as rich an eyelid fringe as woman could have, and who in her young wisdom thought to make it richer still by clipping it. She did clip it, and quite short. When next I saw her there was only a thick, dark stump round her eyes, which stump has remained ever since, for the fringe never grew again! Childhood is the time for cropping, not womanhood!

And what about the eyes themselves? There is but one thing that can beautify them, and that shall be my last word on the subject. The eye now looks upon the most prominent feature of the face, but that not all the ingenuity of thought can alter; and it is fortunate, perhaps, that it is so, for, whether it be eagle-shaped, or vultured, or squiline, or snub, we may be sure it is the most becoming to the face, and therefore with be content!

A firm mouth in a man betokens character, and as such is often beautiful; but in woman, a firm mouth is most ungainly; firmly compressed lips, drawn-down corners of the mouth, repel rather than invite social intercourse. Smiles, on the contrary, render the ugliest mouth pretty; therefore, ladies, maidens and matrons, smile not only in society, but at home; not only in the drawing-room, but also at the homely fireside; not only in the palace, but also in the cottage. Smile, and from the heart! Smiles are the true secrets of beauty of the mouth.

If a sculptor were asked, "What is beauty?" he would say the figure. But his explanation of a beautiful figure would somewhat startle our modern girls with "waspy" propensities. He would say that the waist should be twice as thick as

the neck. A fashionable girl would say it should not be so thick, but should be drawn in as tightly as strong cord will draw. Speaking from my own experience, I must confess that the finest figures I have ever seen, were those which never had a corset round them. There was the small, round, elastic waist, bending itself to every movement of the body, and the full bust, unconfined by steel and whalebone—but firm; though pliable within its bodice. It is my opinion, that if corsets were never begun they would never be required, and our women would have better figures. Italian models, who sit for painters in Italy, are not allowed to wear corsets during any portion of the day, for fear of spoiling their figures—*ergo*, corsets cannot be improvers. However, as the age requires such things, let them be of the very best description. They are necessary evils at the best, then let the evil be as small as possible. All that is absolutely required is to give a firmness to the waist, which, it appears, is now deemed essential to a well-fitting dress, and the short French corset is the best adapted for that purpose. It is scarcely more than a wide belt, but it braces the waist, since the waist must be braced, while it leaves the rest of the figure comparatively easy and free for action. I am sorry to say that the stiffest-looking figures are the English. Why? Because they have too much corset. English ladies, as a rule, like their corsets to be very high and very long—they also like them well boned and tightened in an equal degree from top to bottom; consequently, they often look straight, stiff, and unshapely, whereas I do not believe that there are in reality better made women anywhere than in England, only they spoil themselves with iron cases. But, now that France is shut for fashion, and that London is looked to for new models (as it was in the early years of the present century), why not break through the trammels which have so long disguised our women—why not discard the corset altogether? Comfort and beauty would be the reward? But as not all the preachers in England could once prevail on Englishmen to curtail the length of their shoes, I cannot hope that my poor feeble words will be noticed otherwise than by a derisive smile. And yet, if a celebrated beauty *any month* were but to inaugurate the fashion, how soon every other beauty of every month would follow in the wake. But time is flying and space is filling, and yet I find I owe you still a word before concluding. What is the one thing that can beautify the eyes—*ay*, can beautify the whole person and render the plainest woman pleasant to look upon? Without it, every other beauty is spoiled—with it, ugliness is lost. What was the belt which rendered Venus without her peer in Olympus? What was, what is, and what will ever be the greatest of all "Secrets of Beauty?" *Good Temper and Amiability.*

THE FIRST TELEGRAPHIC INSTRUMENT.

(From the "Scientific American.")

An interesting relic of the early days of telegraphy has, it is said, been discovered at Morristown, N. J. It is the first instrument by which messages were received and sent by the aid of the electric current. When Professor Morse was experimenting on the power and capability of electricity as adapted to the transmission of words, he spent a large portion of his time at Morristown, where he was assisted by Alfred Vail, Esq., a practical machinist and inventor. At the Speedwell iron works of that town, then owned by the father of Mr. Vail, the experiment on the wires and on the construction of suitable instruments took place. On the completion of the experiments and the removal of Mr. Morse to Washington to bring his invention before Congress, Mr. Vail accompanied him, and, receiving the appointment of Assistant-superintendent of telegraphs, was stationed at Baltimore at that end of the experimental line. The instrument now at Morristown was one of two taken from Morristown by Morse and Vail—Morse using one at Washington, and Vail the other at Baltimore. The first message sent was the now well-known "What hath God wrought," which Morse transmitted to Vail; but the first public message was the news of the nomination of Polk to the Presidency, by the Baltimore convention of 1844, sent by Vail to Morse. These instruments were in constant use for six years, when Mr. Vail, returning to Morristown, brought his with him, and where it has since remained in the possession of his family. Mr. Vail dying soon after, his instrument was specially left, by a clause in his will, to his eldest son as an heir-loom, while parts of instruments made during the experimental trials were left to Professor Morse, with a request that he would give them, at some future day, to the New Jersey Historical Society. The old instrument works as well as when first made, and on Saturday a message was sent to New York, and a reply received at Morristown. An excellent photograph of the instrument was also taken, and with it a visit was made to Professor Morse in New York. The professor was delighted to see the representation of the first instrument, having destroyed, as he said, the fellow instrument which he had used in 1844. He readily recognized it, and wrote a certificate across the picture as to its being a true photograph of the first instrument ever used to transmit public messages. He also expressed a wish that the photographs might be generally distributed, that it might be seen how little, in essential points, it differed with those now in use. With the exception of size and clumsiness, the instruments are almost exactly similar. The dimensions of the instrument are sixteen inches in length, seven inches in height, six inches wide, with two magnets of three inch diameter. The paper used was two and a half inches in width, three pens being proposed to be used. The weight of the instrument is twenty pounds.

There is a report that Prince Arthur will be immediately created a duke, and there are rumours that his title will be Duke of Ulster. When the Marquis of Abercorn was raised to the dukedom, it is said his lordship wished to have the title, but it was specially reserved by the Queen through an intention of conferring it on her own family.

MASONIC PRESENTATION.—At the last regular communication of St. Paul's Lodge, the W. M., Dr. Girdwood, presented Mr. Powell, organist, with a handsome silver salver bearing the following inscription:—"Presented to Brother William Powell, by the Brethren of St. Paul's Lodge, No. 374, E. R., 9th May, 1871," to which Mr. Powell replied in an appropriate manner. —*Montreal Witness.*

CAUSE AND EFFECT.—When it is considered necessary to keep telegraphing for quantity from Paris, the quality of the news naturally suffers occasionally. Thus we find in the columns of a contemporary the following singular item of intelligence:—"Roscel is very active. His mother is a Scotch-woman!"

An ingenious mechanic in New Orleans constructed a safe which he declared to be absolutely burglar-proof. To convince the incredulous of the fact, he placed a one thousand dollar bill in his pocket, had himself locked in the safe, with a liberal supply of provisions, and the key cast into the river, declaring that he would give the money to the man who unfastened the door. All the blacksmiths, and carpenters, and burglars in the State of Louisiana have been boring, and blasting, and beating at that safe for a week with every kind of tool and explosive mixture known to science, and the man is in there yet! He has whispered through the keyhole that he will make the reward ten thousand dollars if somebody will only let him out. He has convinced everybody that it is the safest safe ever invented. Fears are entertained that the whole concern will have to be melted down in the blast furnace before he is released, and efforts are to be made to pass through the keyhole a fire-proof jacket, to protect the inventor while the iron is melting.

Here are some of the conundrums sent in for the prize offered at the Bath Circus entertainment lately. The one that carried off the prize was as follows:—Why may St. John's Church, Bathwick, be missing? Because they have added a new wing, and it may fly over to Rome. Amongst those loudly applauded were the following:—Why was the late outrage in the Park like a badly written play? Because, though its principal characters were well painted, the plot could not be discovered. Why is the watch won at the last competition like a person suffering from lumbago? Because it has a *pane* in its back. Why is the revised Budget like the Koh-i-noor? Because it is matchless. Why was the proposed duty on matches like a revival of the window tax? Because it was a tax on the lights. Why does Cater sell the most wholesome drinks in Bath? Because, like a careful mother, he gives you Allsopp's. What is the difference between Hobbs's gas stoves and a militiaman? Because one cooks the meat and the other meets the cook.

THE DANGER OF HOOP-SKIRTS AT SEA.—A commander in the Royal mail service found his steamer some thirty miles out of her course. He was sorely troubled, and could not account for the local attraction that had sent him so far out of the way. Instruments and calculations appeared equally faultless. Sorely troubled, from having passed a sleepless, watchful night, the captain went on deck after breakfast. Seeing a lady sitting (as was her custom) and working near the binnacle, it occurred to him that probably the scissors were resting on the ledge of it. Detecting nothing of the sort, and bent on closer investigation, he discovered that her chair had an iron frame. It also, quite reasonably flashed across him that the lady's ample crinoline was extended by steel hoops. So, mustering all his faculties, he exclaimed, with as much forgiveness and as little reproach in his tones as possible, "Madam, you have, by your local attraction, drawn my ship some forty miles from her course!"

Among the grievous losses sustained by the fine arts during the late war, none are more regretted by the amateurs of curiosities than the famous cherry-stone which once formed the greatest attraction of the Carpentier Museum, and sold for £2,000 at the Hotel Drouot. Upon the surface of this wondrous cherry-stone was carved in bold relief a cavalry charge of ancient Rome. With the aid of the microscope might be distinctly seen, not only the movement, full of life and vivacity, of the combatants, but even the Roman eagles and the S.P.Q.R., were clearly traced. The initials of the workman, F. R., had given rise to more than one controversy as to the origin of the work. The cherry-stone had evidently been highly prized, as it had formed one of the gems of the Villardi collection at Milan. The catastrophe which has deprived the world of this singular specimen of the powerful eyesight and all-enduring patience of the artist, was owing to the eagerness with which its owner rushed to the drawer which contained the treasure after the occupation of his house by the Prussians. Everything was found untouched; but the jerk given to the lock through the unbridled impatience of the owner to behold the *chef d'oeuvre*, threw it on to the floor, and a bystander treading upon it, crumbled it to a thousand fragments beneath his boot! The usual insult to injury was contained in the explanation, "Oh, nothing at all, only a cherry-stone!" as the offender's eye met the pallid countenance and look of horror which greeted him.

The following riddle is said to be by one of the most learned and eloquent divines of the day:—All persons pronounce me a wonderful piece of mechanism, yet few have numbered up the strange medley of things which make up my whole. I have a large box and two lids, two caps, two musical instruments, three established measures, and a great many little articles which a carpenter cannot do without. Then I always carry about with me a couple of esteemed fishes, and a great many of a smaller tribe, two lofty trees, two fine flowers, and the fruit of an indigenous plant, a handsome stag, two playful animals, a great number of a smaller and less tame kind, two halls, or places of worship, some weapons of warfare, a number of weather-cocks, the steps of an hotel, two students, or rather scholars, and ten Spanish grandees to attend upon me.

THE ANSWER.

A wonderful structure, surpassing all art
That mortal could mould or science impart.
The last work of creation, in the perfected plan
Of Almighty direction, was given to man.
With a chest and two covers, and a cap to each knee,
For the musical instruments next we must see
The pipe and the organ; if these will not do,
I will throw in the bones to make a melody too.
Next, I think that a foot and a hand and a pole
Of the three well-known measures will make up the whole.
The carpenter's need, I think you'll agree,
Is met when the nails in the basket you see.
Two fishes, I suppose, are the two esteemed fishes.
The smaller tribe, *muscles*, will make up the dishes.
Two lofty trees in *palms* trees we meet.
The fine flowers are *two lily*, whose breath is so sweet;
And by fruit of the plant I think *nutmeg* is meant.
The handsome young stag is a *hart* of content;
And *colts* are the skittish young animals. Now
To answer the next I really don't know how;
For the wild little *hares* which in love-locks we see,
Make me wish that our love-locks, at least, might be for me.
The sweet little *temples* of worship, I know,
Will ever be found on woman's fair brow.
For the weapons of warfare, I'm told, "*tooth and nail*;"
In my humble belief, loving arms will prevail.
A number of weather-cocks, truly, are *cranes*;
And the *steps*, with hants, we all see when it rains.
The students of scholars, bright pupils, I wean,
In the eyes that we love, may always be seen.
My task is now done with the *ten-dean grandees*—
I must now take my task to attend on the bees.

THE DESCENT OF MAN.

A CONTINUATION OF AN OLD SONG.

Air—"Greencleaves." (Darwin laquitor.)

"Man comes from a mammal that lived up a tree,
And a great coat of hair on his outside had he,
Very much like the dreadnoughts we frequently see—
Which nobody can deny.

He had points to his ears, and a tail to his rump,
To assist him with ease through the branches to jump—
In some cases quite long, and in some a mere stump—
Which nobody can deny.

"This mammal, abstaining from mischievous pranks,
Was thought worthy in time to be raised from the ranks,
And with some small *ado* came to stand on two shanks—
Which nobody can deny.

"Thus planted, his course he so prudently steered,
That his hand soon improved and his intellect cleared:
Then his forehead enlarged and his tail disappeared—
Which nobody can deny.

"Tien't easy to settle when Man became Man;
When the Monkey type stopped and the Human began;
But some very queer things were involved in the plan—
Which nobody can deny.

"Women plainly had beards and big whiskers at first;
While the man supplied milk when the baby was nursed;
And some other strong facts I could tell—if I durst—
Which nobody can deny.

"Our arboreal sire had a pedigree too:
The Marsupial system comes here into view;
So we'll trace him, I think, to a Great Kangaroo—
Which nobody can deny.

"The Kangaroo's parent, perhaps was a bird;
But an Ornithorynchus would not be absurd;
Then to frogs and strange fishes we back are referred—
Which nobody can deny."

Thus far Darwin has said: But the root of the Tree,
Its nature, its name, and what caused it to be,
Seem a secret to him, just as much as to me,
Which nobody can deny.

Did it always exist as a great institution?
And what made it start on its first evolution?
As to this our good friend offers no contribution—
Which nobody can deny.

Yet I think that if Darwin would make a clean breast,
Some botanical views would be frankly confessed,
And that all flesh is grass would stand boldly expressed—
Which nobody can deny. —*Blackwood.*

CHESS.

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

A skirmish between two Quebec amateurs. SICILIAN OPENING.

- | | |
|--------------------------|---------------------------|
| <i>White.</i> | <i>Black.</i> |
| Mr. C. Piper. | Mr. Walker. |
| 1. P. to K. 4th. | P. to Q. B. 4th. |
| 2. K. Kt. to B. 3rd. | Q. Kt. to B. 3rd. |
| 3. K. B. to Q. B. 4th. | P. to K. 3rd. |
| 4. Castles. | P. to Q. 4th. |
| 5. P. takes P. | P. takes P. |
| 6. Q. to K. 2nd. ch. | Q. B. to K. 3rd. |
| 7. B. to Kt. 3rd. | K. B. to Q. 3rd. |
| 8. P. to Q. 3rd. | P. to K. R. 3rd. |
| 9. Q. Kt. to B. 3rd. | K. Kt. to K. 2nd. |
| 10. P. to Q. R. 4th. (a) | P. to Q. R. 3rd. |
| 11. K. Kt. to K. 3rd. | Castles. |
| 12. P. to K. R. 4th. | K. to Q. 5th. |
| 13. Q. to K. R. 5th. | Q. to Q. 2nd. (b) |
| 14. Kt. takes Q. P. | R. takes Kt. |
| 15. B. takes Kt. | B. to K. Kt. 5th. |
| 16. Q. to Kt. 5th. (c) | K. to R. sq. |
| 17. B. takes B. P. | R. takes B. |
| 18. Kt. to K. B. 3rd. | R. takes B. P., wins. (d) |

- (a) A lost move apparently.
- (b) Tempting the attack to win Q. P.
- (c) The only move to save Queen.
- (d) Black might have won more expeditiously by simply taking off the Kt. ch. and then playing B. to R. 5th.

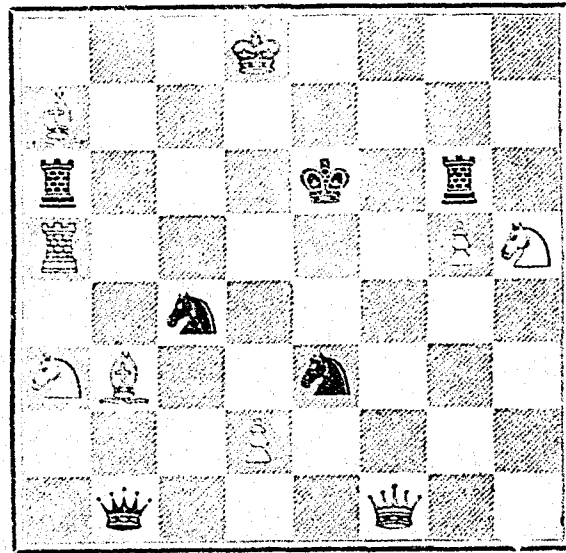
SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 28.

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|---------------|
| <i>White.</i> | <i>Black.</i> |
| 1. P. takes Kt. (becomes Bishop.) | K. to K. 4th. |
| 2. B. to K. 7th. | K. takes Kt. |
| 3. B. to Q. 5th. mate. | |

PROBLEM No. 30.

By J. W.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHARADES, &c.

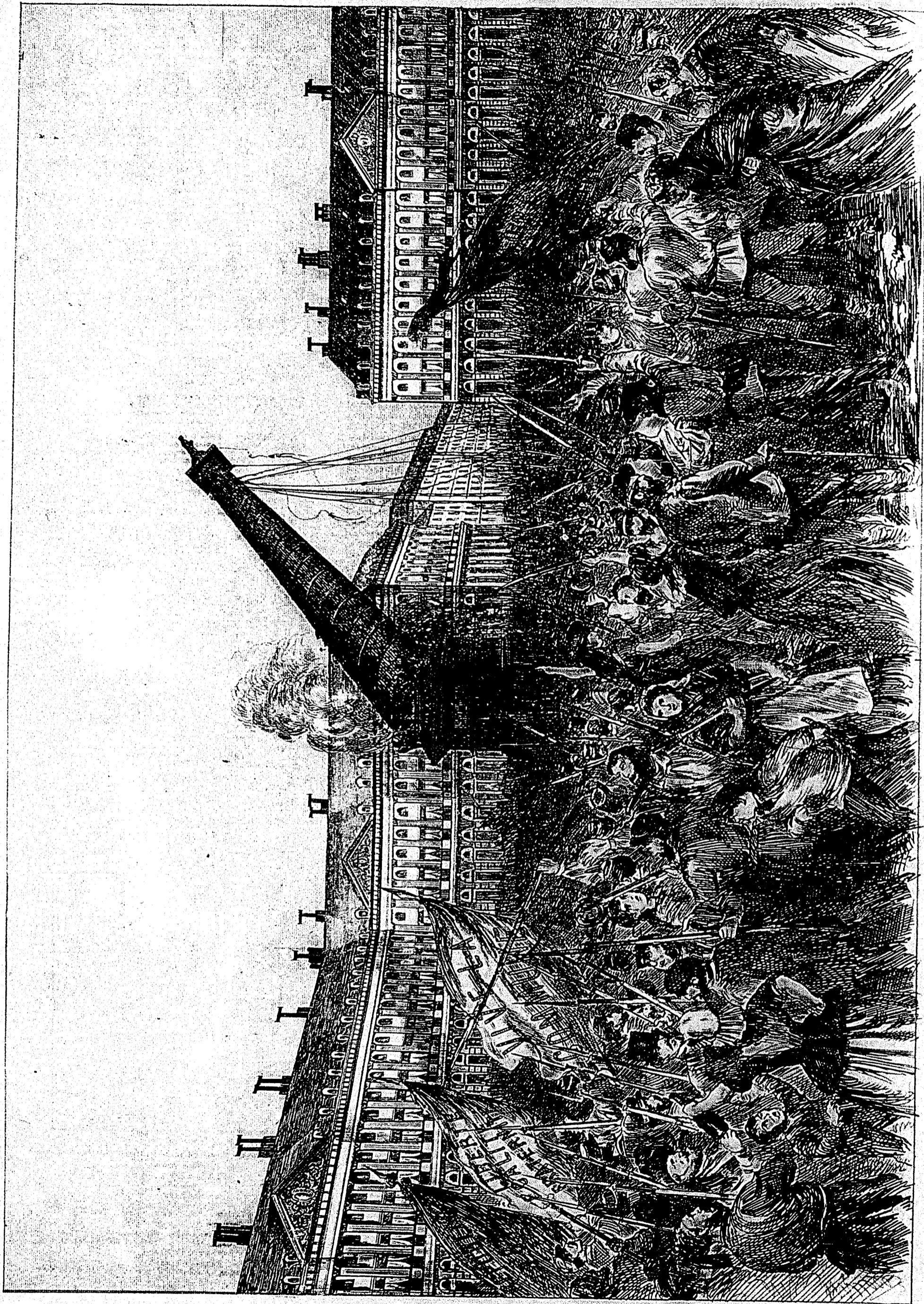
SOLUTION TO CHARADE, No. 19.

Our Canadian Volunteers.
Thus:—Vulture. Sand. Coon. Rain. Tea.

SOLUTION TO CHARADE, No 20.

"A dying man can do nothing easy."

Thus:—Yam. India. Cage. Gnomon. Sand. Thyine. Rev. xviii. 12.
ANSWER TO REBUS.
Benjamin Franklin.
Thus:—Beef. Ecuador. Naphtha. Japan. Ark. Morroll. Imri. Nelson.



DESTRUCTION OF THE VENDÔME COLUMN, BY THE PARIS INSURGENTS.—SEE PAGE 354



"THE POND."

BY W. O. T. DOBSON, A. R. A.

DR. SIRINGEM, Q.C.K.

As in the political world there are some persons who are always in opposition, and continually sympathetic with the powers that be, so in matters physical there is a considerable minority to whom commonly recognized authorities are equally abhorrent. A man whose nature is Conservative should be cautious how he once transgresses in any of these revolutionary directions; for not only is retreat found to be impossible, but further unorthodox advance seems to become imperative. A gentleman cannot take the Pills of Methusalem, night and morning, with the intention of protracting life, and dying with a white beard forty inches long, for any considerable period, with impunity to what remains within him of common sense. Finding himself alive, and with his beard growing, his respect for the Faculty will diminish, and his desires for Patent Medicines increase and multiply. When his eyes get dull, he will patronize *Winkin's Efficacious Pig's Ball* instead of spectacles; when his legs begin to totter, he will support them with *Walker's Powders for strengthening the Bones*, instead of a stick; and he will make his bald head shine with *Noddle's Revigator*, with the idea that, after a week or two, it will save him the cost of a wig.

Similarly, a Teetotaler runs a considerable risk of becoming a Total-abstinence man, and a Total-abstinence man of sinking into a Vegetarian—that is to say, down to the level of the beasts that perish for the use and benefit of the great mass of his fellow-countrymen. It may be also added that, in religious matters, from being a Jumper to becoming a Mormon is not many jumps; and in literary concerns, that one who, upon principle, spells Bill with one l, must soon become a convert to the Phonetic system. Our business just at present, however, is only with the Medically Unorthodox; with those who believe in no curative science that is not advertised on blank walls and in newspapers, and who demand nothing of a practitioner, except the one proviso that he shall not be a recognized M.D.

Unknown to the College of Surgeons and Physicians, though not by any means to Fame, there are numberless heaven-born professors of the Healing Art in every populated portion of this happy country; whose cures, if not always lasting, are very speedy, and if not always cheap, are at least miraculous. Those whose mission is exclusively directed to the poorer classes make no pretensions to Science whatsoever, but rather glory in their state of nature and primeval ignorance. They have "gifts" instead, and "faculties" and "powers," and are generally found to lodge over the shops of very small green-grocers. Perhaps they do this for the sake of the simples—that is, the vegetable simples—thus ready to their hand; but, at all events, they are peculiarly parasitical to that profession; and, on the other hand, the small green-grocer doubtless makes some kind of Profit out of his wise man. They dwell, and even emigrate together, when occasion demands, as the following advertisement, culled out of yesterday's newspaper, from a considerable assortment of such intimations, will testify:

TO THE AFFLICTED.

Removed with Mr. Mellon, green-grocer, from No. 9 to No. 10 Arbour Court, Finsbury.

RICHARD HIGGINS,

who still continues to treat the following diseases with success: Rheumatism and Sprains—within seven days; Rose—within two days; Ringworm—within four days. Lupus Exedens, which baffles the Medical Faculty—certain. All Skin Diseases—certain. Rough Skins very soon made smooth.

The punctuality, as well as rapidity, of Mr. Higgins's cures, without doubt surpasses the effects of ordinary treatment, while the somewhat elliptical addition of the word "certain," betokens a confidence which is rarely commanded by mere professionals.

Besides these Blessings to poor neighbourhoods, however, there is another class of benevolent persons who administer relief to suffering brethren of a higher social position. Being actuated by motives considerably above suspicion, they are far from blushing to find the good they accomplish, Fame; indeed—since their expenses are generally confined to the hire of a Front Door with a brass plate upon it—their principal outlay may be said, like that of the Physician so well known to us, whose "sands of life" have been running out any time these fifteen years, to consist "in communicating to others, through the medium of the press, the news of the inestimable advantages they have to confer." In other words, they advertise very largely. These gentlemen by no means disclaim the title of "Doctor," and their titles have not seldom quite a kite-like appearance from a "following" of some twelve or fifteen letters of the alphabet. They are usually corresponding members of the Chirurgical Societies of Teheran and Archangel, and have been sometimes principal physicians at the courts of Donner-Blitzen or Offsniberswigg.

Although it has been (maliciously and libellously) stated that they lead a large portion of the British Public by the nose, this is not the literal fact. It is the Ear, in preference to any other organ, by which they prefer to take it. That is found to be the most conveniently held—if the longer, the better—and to afford altogether the most advantageous subject for the Irregular Practitioner. There are few persons, in any populous and commercial town, who are not afflicted, at one time or another, with "singing in the ears." For that complaint, you are therefore adjured, while there is yet time, to consult, at his professional residence (dimly suggesting a private one in Grosvenor Square), the celebrated aurist, Dr. Siringem, Q.C.K., and C.H.R.L.T.N. Again, if you are so unfortunate as not to have singing in your ears, what charms has music left for you? If music has no charms, the poet has informed us in what a savage condition must our feelings be. A beneficent advertisement, headed, with a delicate indirectness, *Concerts*, will in this case also suggest your immediate application to Dr. Siringem. No trumpet, it says, will assist you, or find a response in the drum of your ear, without his aid. The whisper of Love, the prattle of affectionate Childhood, the fine bass tones of Friendship, now all as nothing, by reason of your unresponsive tympanum, will be restored to you by his means alone. "Doctor S. may, without vanity—and humbly acknowledging that he is (metaphorically speaking) but an instrument—appropriate to himself the faculty of restoring life, since he thus restores with certainty all this makes life endurable. No. 99 Gongoose Street, Blackfriars. Hours of attendance, from 9 a.m. to 9 p.m."

My Uncle Sanders, who is always giving his adhesion to Grand Novel Discoveries in Science, and who, I most devoutly trust, will be able to confine his aberrations to maltreatment of his own system, and not suffer it to affect his present testamentary intentions with regard to others, was for a period which, but for me, might have been unlimited, an esteemed patient of Dr. Siringem's. The learned professor's mode of treatment was so original as to deserve, if upon that ground only, public acknowledgment; and as I see he is still courting the attention of the World at large, I will assist him, by giving a fuller account of the benefits which he proposes to confer upon it, than a mere advertisement can offer. My uncle had been taking the Manna of Mephibosheth—a sovereign remedy for deafness—perseveringly for several years, without getting perceptibly less hard of hearing; but he was very far from confessing to that failure. He even affirmed that he felt "a softening" at times—which must have been, if anywhere, in his brain—and "a sort of a feeling as if he was going to hear;" so that I was rather astonished when calling upon him on a certain day to find that he had left off the Manna, and confessed himself the better for so doing.

"I am sincerely glad to hear it," said I; "and I do hope you will no longer permit your too trusting nature to be imposed upon by pretenders to science." He was my uncle, and my only one, so I could not say "fooled by quacks."

"What the deuce do you mean, sir?" replied he angrily. "Of course, I shan't. I'm the last man in the world to be taken in by anything of the sort."

"Goodness gracious!" exclaimed I, suddenly perceiving a very extraordinary change in the appearance of my relative, "what have you been doing with your ears and the back of the neck?"

"Nothing," said he, but rather tremulously. "They're only a little red—are they?"

"Red!" cried I. "Redder than beet-root, redder than boiled lobster. Why, they have been absolutely skinned."

"Ah, it's only the liniment," said he with affected composure. "Dr. Siringem informed me that the effect of the first external application was not unlikely to be peculiar. It shows that I'm just the subject for it, and a very little more of it will do for me."

"My dear uncle," said I, gravely. "I haven't a doubt of it. May I ask where Dr. Siringem lives?"

"His professional residence," replied the patient, pompously, and quoting from the advertisement, "is 99 Gongoose Street."

"I don't find it *here*," observed I carelessly, and turning over the leaves of a Medical Directory.

"No," cried Uncle Sanders pettishly, "and I'm very glad of it. I have had water enough injected into my ears already, sir, by your professional gentry; water enough to give a fellow hydrocephalus. This is a man of original genius, sir; you should see him yourself, and hear *how* talk of the Faculty."

I not only professed submission to the superior intelligence of this wonder, but I accepted my uncle's recommendation, and repaired to Dr. Siringem's at once, for his invaluable advice. Not that I was at all deaf, but because I wanted to hear something new—and with the intention of repeating it afterwards.

The door of 99 Gongoose Street was ornamented with a gigantic brass plate, with the name of this Apostle of Hearing conspicuously set forth upon it, and underneath the words—"The Institution for the Ear." I was introduced into a small apartment wherein were two male and three female patients awaiting their turn for an interview with the great man. All five had kerchiefs bound under their chin; for my own part, I had but a poor half-penny worth of cotton-wool in my ears, and that not inserted so tightly but that I could hear what was said with considerable ease. My companions were communicative enough, and let me know in some three minutes—at the full strength of their lungs—that they were, like myself, novices in Gongoose Street, and had been attracted thither solely by the advertisements. Presently, the young man, half-footman, half-medical assistant, who had admitted us, and who—so lachrymose and sympathetic was his appearance—might have been Mr. Job Trotter himself, put his head into the room, and beckoned me into his master's sanctum. Why I, the last comer, was selected, I do not pretend to say; perhaps, Mr. Trotter was by nature suspicious, or perhaps the circumstances of his profession may have been such as to call forth particular caution; but he certainly did eye me with distrust as he introduced me to the presence of Dr. Siringem.

This Benefactor of the Human Family was a florid gentleman, with such huge whiskers and so magnificent a forehead, that your attention was instantaneously swallowed up by those two objects, and diverted from his countenance, which was also much obscured by large blue spectacles.

"What are your particular symptoms, sir?" inquired this gentleman, in an ordinary conversational tone.

I shook my head, and pointed to my ears, with a dumb eloquence that I flatter myself must have been rather touching.

He threw into his forehead an air of tender pity, and elevating his voice, repeated the question.

Again I smiled in a melancholy and maudlin manner, to express my consciousness of his benevolent efforts, and to let him know at the same time that they were fruitless.

The forehead retained its tenderness, but I am much mistaken if the voice did not utter something like "Never met with such a fool," before it ejaculated, in a tone that must have reached two streets off, his original inquiry.

A conversation, which, upon his part, threatened to burst a blood-vessel at every word, was in this manner carried on between us, during which Dr. Siringem perfectly convinced me that he knew no more about the causes of deafness than an earwig.

"You undertake, then, to cure me," said I, referring to his advertisement, "in seven minutes?"

"In seven minutes and three-quarters," responded he, with modesty, "since yours is a very difficult case."

"Very good," replied I. "We will say eight, and I shall be quite contented. Please to begin."

This determination to be operated upon at once seemed a good deal to stagger the learned doctor.

"It will not be good for you to go out into the air, sir, afterwards."

"Not good for the hair!" said I, with surprise and innocence.

"The air, you idiot!"—this complimentary epithet was addressed to me in a lower tone of voice—"the atmosphere, the

wind," screamed the unfortunate physician, "would be the death of you, sir."

"Eight minutes," said I, quietly soliloquising, and taking out my watch—"it's now just twelve o'clock."

This action seemed to give the man of science—now almost at his wit's end—a new idea. He produced from his fob a repeater of gigantic size, and standing behind me, applied it to my right ear.

"Do you hear it striking twelve?" roared he.

"No," said I; "I don't;" and indeed the repeater was quite silent.

"See here," cried he, producing a phial full of the whitish liquid which had skinned my uncle's ears, "I only just touch the orifice with this fluid," and I felt my ear tingle as he said so. "Now, do you hear my repeater striking twelve?"

If I had not done so, I must have been past curing even by Dr. Siringem, for the strokes thundered upon my tympanum like the beats of the Great Tom of Oxford.

"Yes, I hear it," said I, as if in some doubt still, although I was indeed almost deaf in reality by the uproar.

"And you didn't hear it before, sir, did you?" asked he triumphantly.

"No," said I, with the utmost truth: "I certainly did not."

"The liniment did it," cried he—it was all the liniment.

The ingenuous air of pardonable pride which played upon Dr. Siringem's forehead as he stated this enormous falsehood was worthy of any man's admiration.

"You must take it home and apply it yourself," said he, with extreme earnestness and strength of lungs; "the effect of the first external ap—"

Here I nodded with peculiar intelligence, and interrupted him with the anxious inquiry

"You are sure it will not hurt me? I can't bear any kind of pain."

"It can't hurt, sir," insisted he with vehemence; "it's morally impossible that it can hurt an infant. I'll stake my professional reputation upon its never having given any patient one moment's inconvenience."

"And in what am I indebted to you for your advice?" inquired I, as I took possession of this invaluable specific.

"In nothing," said he; "there is nothing to pay at all."

"Nothing!" echoed I in a tone of very genuine astonishment.

"Nothing, unless you like to leave a five-pound note or so for the Institution."

"No, thank you," said I courteously but firmly; "no, I don't think that I'll do that just now."

The forehead was still bland, but the whiskers rather bristled up, I thought, as he replied:

"The lotion is twenty-nine and six; and the apparatus for use, without which its application would be dangerous, is three pound ten and sixpence."

"That will just make five pounds in all," said I, fumbling in my pocket. "I have not got so much about me, I find, but it shall be paid for with pleasure upon delivery. I am staying," said I, as I stood upon the very last step of the front door while Dr. Siringem was bidding me farewell, "with Mr. Sanders, of Wenzel Chambers, Temple, whom I think you know."

My revered relative was very slow to credit this depreciatory account of his idol; but the repeater that did not strike, and the liniment which could not hurt an infant, (about which he felt especially indignant) were such complete evidences of fraud, that he determined to present Dr. Siringem with a piece of his mind concerning them, forthwith. No sooner, however, did he ring the bell of the Institution, upon the ensuing morning, than out came Mr. Job Trotter, more sympathetic-looking than ever, with the news that his master was ill in bed. My uncle, who is of a pertinacious disposition, renewed his visit upon the following day, when Dr. Siringem was reported to be worse. He visited this House of Science the third time, and received information from a char-woman that the chambers were given up, and that the learned doctor had sailed—for the benefit of his health—to the Madeiras.

Nevertheless, at this present date, and in apartments at no very considerable distance from Gongoose Street, may be still consulted, for Deafness and Singing in the Ears, one Dr. Tympanum, who, although without whiskers, without blue spectacles, and without a particularly high forehead, can be identified by this writer, upon oath, with Dr. Siringem; my uncle Sanders, whose credulity is firmer than the faith of many persons, having been enticed by a fresh advertisement to put himself under a second Benefactor to his Species, and having discovered in that individual an old friend with a new face.

A young man wrote to a Boston paper asking whether it would be advisable for him to marry a "young and tender angel, who had never done her own washing and dressmaking." In reply, the editor advised him to do so by all means, and mentioned a similar case in his own experience, where the bride had never done her own washing; but after marriage she became so fond of the washtub as not only to work for her own family, but for several families among her own acquaintances.

A New York paper says: "There is a story going around about a New Orleans printer who declined to go out and drink when asked, but placed the money he would have spent had he gone out with the boys in a savings bank, and how in five years it had amounted to untold millions. But then he didn't have a wife. We tried that once for a year, quitting smoking, and placing the money that would have been used in a bureau-drawer. One day we wanted to go out with the boys, and went for the money, and it was gone; and in its place was some new dress patterns, and bonnets and things. She looked calm enough, but we began to smoke again."

The theatre at Pompeii is now ready, and is to be opened immediately after the longest *relâche* which has ever been accorded to any playhouse in the world. The *impresario*, Signor Lannia, has posted on each side of the entrance a petition begging the public to accord him "the same patronage as that awarded to his predecessor, Dominus Marius Quintus Monitus, who suddenly quitted his post 1,800 years ago, driven out by the eruption of Mount Vesuvius, in which it is feared he must have perished as he never returned to the theatre." The opening piece is to be "La Figlia del Reggimento." Ought it not to have been "L'Ultimo Giorno di Pompeii," with a sensation scene which might include the audience?

(Written for the "Canadian Illustrated News.")

KNUD IVERSON,

A DRAMATIC SKETCH, BASED ON AN INCIDENT OF HISTORY.

BY GEORGE ARTHUR HAMMOND.

SCENE I.—A rural district. IVERSON alone.

Knud Iverson.—Whispering a syllable that stirs my bosom,
Trips the sweet zephyr, stoops and kisses me;
Recent from hill and orchard, o'er her robes
The odor of the season has poured out its vial.
And, while the bright hour moves to melodies,
My heart is wakeful.

Gladness steals upon me
Like golden sunbeams through the foliage
That fall and flicker on a dancing rill,
A summer morn, which cannot choose but sing,
Rejoicing in existence: I am such.
For God has built the earth most daintily,
And me a living essence, to pervade
The labyrinth of its loveliness; or be
A star to wink upon it from the deep
Blue quiet heaven of God.

I would I were
An angel wholly. But long years, perhaps,
Long weary years and sadness-shadowed days—
And hours like rich pearls strung on threads of gold,
And mined thoughts, and ornate earthly doings—
Which to me yet are climes beyond a sea,
A continent untravelled, but oft dreamt of,
May pass before me ere I shall be such.

The humming bird midst wealth of blossoms lives,
It chirps or darts or pauses unconfined,
It sips the sweet dews in its graceful motions,
Gleaming and volant. It cannot conceal
Its changeful plumes, its joyous attributes:
The hour that rules in gladness is its riches.

The zephyr wakes not with a menial touch,
While days—fair Neophytes—walk forth in gold,
With beauty crowned and richly garlanded:
Neither can I. My heart replies to pastime
Industriously as honey-bee in June.
I run, I laugh, I sing, and am withal
A very summer bird; and know not yet
That there is winter, cloud, or raining tears
In this fair world of dreams. But who comes here?

[Boys running in the distance.]

There is a thought let down the mystic jar,
A nucleus of crystallization, which
Selects, attracts the fluctuating atoms
And evanescent points of earthly good,
Transmuting them to pure and durable gems.
It realizes more than alchemist
E'er dreamed of in his most extravagant mood.

Enter two boys.

First Boy.—Knud Iverson!
Second Boy.—What say you to a ramble?
Knud Iverson.—Whither?
First Boy.—Along the river by the gardens.
Knud Iverson.—Fair sights grow by the river,
Pretty gardens.
Kind leisure serves me, freedom and the will
To gaze, and gazing is participation:
For I love innocence and joy.
Second Boy.—And we
No less than you: so come.
First Boy.—We will have fun!

[Run off laughing.]

SCENE II.—By a river.

Enter KNUD IVERSON.

Knud Iverson.—The broad deep river holds a
heart of glory
Wherein the earth and heaven delight to sit
Tranquil and lovely. Even that drifting cloud—
Which, like an island of the beautiful,
Floats silver-rimmed in a surpassing sea—
Disdains not the slow waters, but goes down
Like the bright angel of the sacred scroll,
Who in the holy city sought the Pool,
And made it healing. Surely there is health
In such pure prospects, more than had men think.
The universe should hold but innocent hearts
Of gladness, and resound with songs of rapture.

Enter a boy.

Boy.—What doing, Knud?
Knud Iverson.—Thinking.
Boy.—You lose the sport.
Thinking—when we are playing! Think alone
When none are near you. Only greybeards think.
Come and be merry.
Knud Iverson.—Go—I come anon.

[Exit boy.]

They think not: I am younger and yet think.
What is the earth for but to make us think?
And life and death, and time, and chance, and
chance,
And good and ill—should these not make us ponder?
Life unto some how sad, to many how short,
To all uncertain, and beset with snares,
Eventful, perilous, holding wide extremes.
Thus I have read: conjecture and surmise
Being the peaks of rock on which I stand
To look about me. Having climbed thus high,
Only thus high, and gazing towards a land
Cloud-oozled.

But sunlight plays around me,
Weaving its glittering staff. Yet in my heart
I feel that I am in a fallen world.
Surely it is enough to make one sad:
But there is healing, yes, a glorious way.
Of life in God through Christ. In Him I hope.
Kneeling to Him I pour out all my heart.
Though sinful, unto Him I tell my wants.
Though halting, aye to Him limps on my soul.
Does He not hear me from the mercy seat?
Can He not aid me through the journey of life?
Will He not take me to His bosom of love?

[Voices in the distance calling.]

Those lads are boisterous in their urgency.
Peace—soon I come.

Musing would be my choice
Amid such beautiful scenes, which ever awe me,
Charm me and soothe me, with their tongues and
shapes
Of glory and joy in endless combination.
O wondrous euphony. O marvellous skill.
O matchless wisdom. And Thou art my Father,
Maker, Redeemer, Thou who gavest me these!

Would I could watch the earth ere Eden saw
The sin that slew our gladness. Garden of God,
Would I could see these as thou wast! Could fly,
With the volition of an angel, moving
Through the illimitable space, so far
That the remotest images of things,
And paradise of God, would just be fitting
In rainbow hues on light's untiring wings,
Fresh with first laurels. That would be a sight.

On the white walls and bright emblazoned panels
In the great gallery of eternity

Shall I behold them photographed? Or read
In book of space traced by the finger of God?
A charm o'erlades the weird and wondrous past.

When I become an angel, possibly
With simple effort of my will, I shall
Step forth amidst the ages that have gone,
With night and day, millions and millions of
leagues
Beyond conceivable distances, and made
Large entrance on the infinitude of space.
In that great cavern of eternity
All things are floating freshly in their glory.
There I shall see the wild absorbing past
Traced by the pencil of Heaven with golden light
In the great roll of an infinity.

O what a future awaits me—up with God,
A theatre of revealing. I must walk
A marked—perhaps a rough way—circumspectly.
The path to life is narrow—must enter in
Through the straight gate. Assist me, Stooping
One.
I have my lesson for the holiday,
The sacred season, diligently conned.
'Tis well, and I will go. Stay, I am with you.
[Exit, running.]

SCENE III.—Before a garden.

Enter KNUD IVERSON.

Knud Iverson.—Thought falls like dew on life's
historic flower.
I am aware with the sport—and pause.

[Sits down on a stone.]

It is the autumn time, and goodly fruits,
Like living witnesses, stand up around
Throughout this garden. O'er the pleasant paths,
Rare flowering trees supply a grateful contrast.
Empowered passages, and blooming brinks,
And flowing walks in graceful curves, afford,
Midst narrow limits, ample boundaries.
Fastidious taste has lavished all its skill,
Laudably copying nature unconfined.
And birds the beautiful are fitting round.

All these allure me to the Garden of God,
And Tree of Life whose leaves will heal the nations.
My heart like autumn bird forsakes this clime.
My thoughts like birds of spring flock up to
Heaven:
Like birds they seek the shrubby mountain side.
From transitory life, though newly waking,
Superior attraction leads me up.

Just as the young swan loves the spreading lake;
Just as the bobolink first tries its wings,
Just as a traveller caught amidst a crowd
Feels where his purse is hid instinctively;
So do my aspirations evermore
Creep to my Saviour in the holy heaven,
Or tottle onward to my Father's knee.

While yet earth dazzles, its enchantment's broken.
The alluring halo of imagination
Surrounding all this subliminary state,
Pales in the glory of a clearer light.
Or rather, something to my apprehension
Has been address of the Delightful World,
Where there is neither death nor woe nor sin,
Where glory dwells, and progress has no bar.

[Boys in the distance calling.]

Yes, I am coming presently—go on.
There is a bustle in this meagre life—
What turbulence of joy! But halcyon days
Sleep in the distance, like fair city spires,
Near a deep river on the further side,
Bathed in the peaceful silver beams of night.

[Rises and goes away.]

SCENE IV.—Another part of the Garden near the
River.—A group of Boys.

Enter KNUD IVERSON, running.

First Boy.—Knud Iverson, O see what loaded
branches.

Second Boy.—Don't they look nice!

Third Boy.—How tempting!

Knud Iverson.—Red apples moving in the golden
sunshine;

Great pippins, peeping through the velvet leaves,
Like laughing faces from a cottage lattice
Empowered with vines.

Fourth Boy.—Come, boys, we'll have a share.

Knud Iverson.—What say you? Let the supplest quickly fetch
them.

Knud Iverson.—They are not ours, therefore we
must not touch them.

First Boy.—We are too clumsy to evade the
barrier.

Second Boy.—Some little fellow, Knud, just like
yourself.

Fourth Boy.—Yes, Knud, such silly scruples!
You are small.

Knud Iverson.—Too small to steal.

Fourth Boy.—We would not call it stealing.

Second Boy.—And who would miss them?

Fourth Boy.—Yes, or notice you?

Knud Iverson.—So what prevents? Run quickly, bring us some.

Second Boy.—Trees grow for all; we have a right
to them.

Knud Iverson.—They spring and flourish by the
bright plumed sunbeams,
That perch upon them all the rustling years,
Summer and winter. But who makes them grow?

Third Boy.—What but the earth?

Fourth Boy.—And earth is just as much ours as
anyone's.

Third Boy.—Yes, and the apples too.

Knud Iverson.—We have no right to them. The
apples are God's,
Who gives them to the owner of the garden.
I'll never touch them.

Fourth Boy.—Don't be quite so stout,—
What if we make you? Stubborn twigs have bent.

Third Boy.—They grow for all, and we would
like to taste them,
And so would you.

Knud Iverson.—I do not covet that
which is not mine. Nor could I go unnoticed.
Have I not thoughts, and they would notice me?
Is there not one above would notice me?
And would they not be missed? O yes, myself
For one would miss them. The robbed trees would
rise.

Where'er I turned, and crave their rifed fruitage.
Day, night, the earth, my thoughts, and God would
lead me
With just reproach. Think now if I can do it.
Even you who urge me onward would despise me.
So go your way.

[Attempts to run away; they lay hold of him.]

Boys.—Nay—nay—you go not so.

First Boy.—Bring us some apples; needn't eat
yourself.

Fourth Boy.—You cannot help it; it is our
deceit;

And we compel you: so the fault's not yours.
We'll bear the brunt and blame; then do it.

Knud Iverson.—No!

Fourth Boy.—You won't indeed! We'll make
you—come!

Knud Iverson.—I cannot.

I dare not. If I dare, I would not do it.
So let me go.

[He struggles to get free. They drag him into the river.]

First Boy.—Now go—taste the water.
Fourth Boy.—Choose quickly. Come, let's duck
him in the river.
Knud Iverson.—Surely you will not drown me?
Third Boy.—Drown you—no.
Fourth Boy.—Down to the bottom. Answer, will
you?

[They plunge him: he struggles.]

Knud Iverson.—Oh!

First Boy.—We want the apples; will you bring
them to us?

Knud Iverson.—I cannot sin.

Fourth Boy.—Duck him again!—again.

Now hold him to the bottom till he begs.

[Knud Iverson drowns.]

SCENE V.—The same.

Spirit of Knud Iverson rises from the water.

Spirit of Knud Iverson.—I have been sleeping:
but the dream is past:
I rise to consciousness. Surely a change
Has rippled o'er me. Who are those that run?
Where am I? Have I left the river of death?
Surely it cannot be! Is death thus gentle?
Can I believe it? Yet, a form lies sleeping,
So blanched, so still—the body of my abode!
Quiet beneath the stream.

What new impressions!
All things are changed, and I like one awaking.

[An angel passes in the distance.]

O smiling messenger! The calm that sits
Upon his countenance, leads to my heart
A peaceful and mighty river. Canst thou tell me
Why I am here? Have I indeed come through
The doleful gateway?

[Music.]

O the sweetness!
How far off and how rich. It floats from Heaven.
A wreath of shining ones! and in the midst,
One clothed with marvellous joy. They bear him
up
With songs triumphant.—Yes—Hosanna—yes!
Some of them I have seen. They wave their hands,
Intent upon their errand—like the first—
Another—he has scarcely tasted death:
While feasting on the mountain tops of lore
The archer smote him—but the King was there.
Though unattended, I am not forgotten:
I know in whom I trust.

O the expanse
Of wonders which is opening! Rings of holy ones,
Thick sown as stars, with golden instruments
And snowy vestments moving. All employed:
The myriads do God's bidding, go or wait:
Delightful occupation! Now there rises
A pyramid of angels. On its summit,
In arms magnificent, with exceptional glory,
I see a saint. Immortal transports swift
Succeed to torture and the dungeon cell
For Jesus' name borne meekly: It is well.
How the Great Father by appropriate ways,
On endlessness of rich diversity
Takes up his loved ones to their Sabbath rest.
The gate's ajar: bliss seems surmounting bliss,
Glory o'erturning glory, as I look.

[Enter an angel.]

Angel.—Hail, him of God! This crown he sends
to thee,
This robe of dazzling whiteness—all his own,
With, well done, good and faithful servant, enter
The gladness of thy Lord.
Spirit of Knud Iverson.—O how unworthy!
Angel.—The worthiness of Christ thy Lord is
thine.

Spirit of Knud Iverson.—A crown of thorns was
his—and this for me!
Angel.—One of his jewels—fear not, little one.
Spirit of Knud Iverson.—O let me go with speed:
I ask to kneel
And lay these honours at my Saviour's feet.
Will the vast way be long?

Angel.—We can go thither
In twinkling of an eye. Such speed is ours,
That light the nimble messenger must lag
Millions of ages behind.
Spirit of Knud Iverson.—But yet I see not
Half way to the pearly gates. Are they not hidden?
Others have looked beyond while in the body.
Angel.—Our master—thine and ours—has many
methods

In taking his loved ones home. He sits a King,
And heaven's chief gladness is to watch his will,
And wait to do his pleasure.
Spirit of Knud Iverson.—I remember
Of having heard of one whose frail weak frame
Sickness had wasted. Bound on couch of pain
Long had she languished; when one blissful morn-
ing

She sprang up with strange strength, stretched
wide her arms,
As if to clasp him, and exclaimed, My Saviour!
'Twas said and she was gone. Did He indeed,
The Great and Lefty One, come to her couch,
And bear her in his bosom to her rest?
Angel.—His ransom saw his own peculiar care—
That is but little for our God to do.
Whilst marshalling countless starry systems, float-
ing

Like wisps of light around his glorious feet,
He superintends the most minute affairs.
An atom to a world is tantamount.
And ample field to show his infinite skill.
Much yet to learn—but endless years are granted,
In which to scan thy Saviour's marvellous works,
And note his care
Spirit of Knud Iverson.—O, scarcely have I
thought.

But shall I know the loved ones who are gone
A little before me? Thou seemest not a stranger,
Though never before beheld. But will they know
me
The dear ones of my heart, who through the cross
Have gone on high triumphantly, made meet
For heavenly glory?
Angel.—Most assuredly,
And presently in Paradise of God
Thou shalt be with them.

[Distant singing.—A single voice saying.]
Child of God, the bliss!
Angel.—The bliss in store for thee, even yet thou
knowest not.
Spirit of Knud Iverson.—They come with songs.

[Enter a company of angels, saying.]
Angels.—With everlasting joy
Upon thine head; with ravishing voice of music
From Him whose right hand holds upon its palm
All that are—thou shalt be welcomed in.
Spirit of Knud Iverson.—O, inconceivable grace!
And me the least—
A mote in floods of the great golden sunshine
Of God's rich mercy. Lead on, bright ones, lead:
My crown—myself I'll lay down at his feet,
For he alone shall be exalted.

Angels.—Praise!
First Angel.—A moment yet and thou shalt see
unveiled
Thy Father, thy Redeemer, the Great God.
Angels.—All things are thine.
Spirit of Knud Iverson.—Yes, in his book of love
Thus much is written. I called, he answered me:
O, what an answer he gives! High heaven is open:
The bow-enrolled Throne! My Saviour sits
Thereon. Innumerable multitudes,
Blood bought, blood washed!

Angels.—Let us go up. Praise God
[Disappear singing.]

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of 1868.]

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

TALES

OF THE

LINKS OF LOVE.

BY ALEXANDER SOMERVILLE.

LILLYMERE.

CHAPTER XXI.—(Continued.)

At Montreal the young wanderer found no
trace of the woman described by Renshaw.

He enquired at hotels, at boarding-houses,
at the institutions, at the Water Police, and
City Police offices; learning only that persist-
ency in seeking this person drew unpleasant
attention to the enquirer. Conway detectives
had telegraphed to confreres of the unwinking
eye in Montreal to be alert; a prison sparrow
of the Eliquester importation was on wing.

The refined manner, piety, exalted moral
sentiments of the gentle prisoner as reported
outside with perversions and commentaries, by
Luggy the key, and Luggy the son, confirmed
detective opinion that she was one of the most
adroit confidencias who had ever fluttered
across the orbit of lock and key.

During the time of the youth's weary and
fruitless enquiries, Lady Mary Mortimer was
charming society at foot of the Mountain, she
in turn more than charmed. And prior to de-
parture in search of this young gentleman, or
some who might know where he should be
found, the lady held a reception. After which
several citizens of distinction went by the
same train West. On their own business
affairs, no doubt, or on a pleasure trip to en-
joy the sumptuous drawing-room coaches of
the Grand Trunk. But cynicism affirmed that
the eminent citizens travelled on this occa-
sion to prolong the honour of sitting near
Lady Mary; or if compelled by pressure to be
in the second, third, fourth or fifth car apart
from her, to enjoy the honour of bowing on
arrival platforms, and of occupying rooms at
her next hotel.

And small wonder if they did. Not often,
if at any previous time since railways touched
Canada, had a lady visitor come fitting in,
gone fitting away, whose name, title and fame
had sweetened so many city drawing-rooms,
columns of so many newspapers.

In England, three weeks earlier, a reporting
journalist of the Lords' gallery, addressing the
Duke of Sheerness in the lobby, said:

"Your Grace, private accounts have reached
me from Canada by way of New York, which
I feel constrained to disclose. Lady Mary
Mortimer, for some purpose in her numerous
philanthropies, went to the States and Canada:
and having assumed an obscure name, has
been treated as a criminal. She is now serving
a term in gaol at a place named Conway, in
Canada. My informant enjoins absolute se-
crecy in all, but to mention the misadventure
to your Grace, or some member of her lady-
ship's family."

"Can this be true, Mr. Urlythorn; what
reason does your correspondent offer for his
secrecy?"

"It is enjoined on him by Lady Mary."
"We expected to hear from Lady Mary in
Algeria, or Morocco. She went to Italy as we
understood; saying she might also visit Algiers.
Shouldn't have been very greatly surprised,
though alarmed perhaps, had intelligence of
her captivity come from Algiers or Morocco.
But Canada! Your informant ought to have
known his name was a necessity in this mat-
ter."

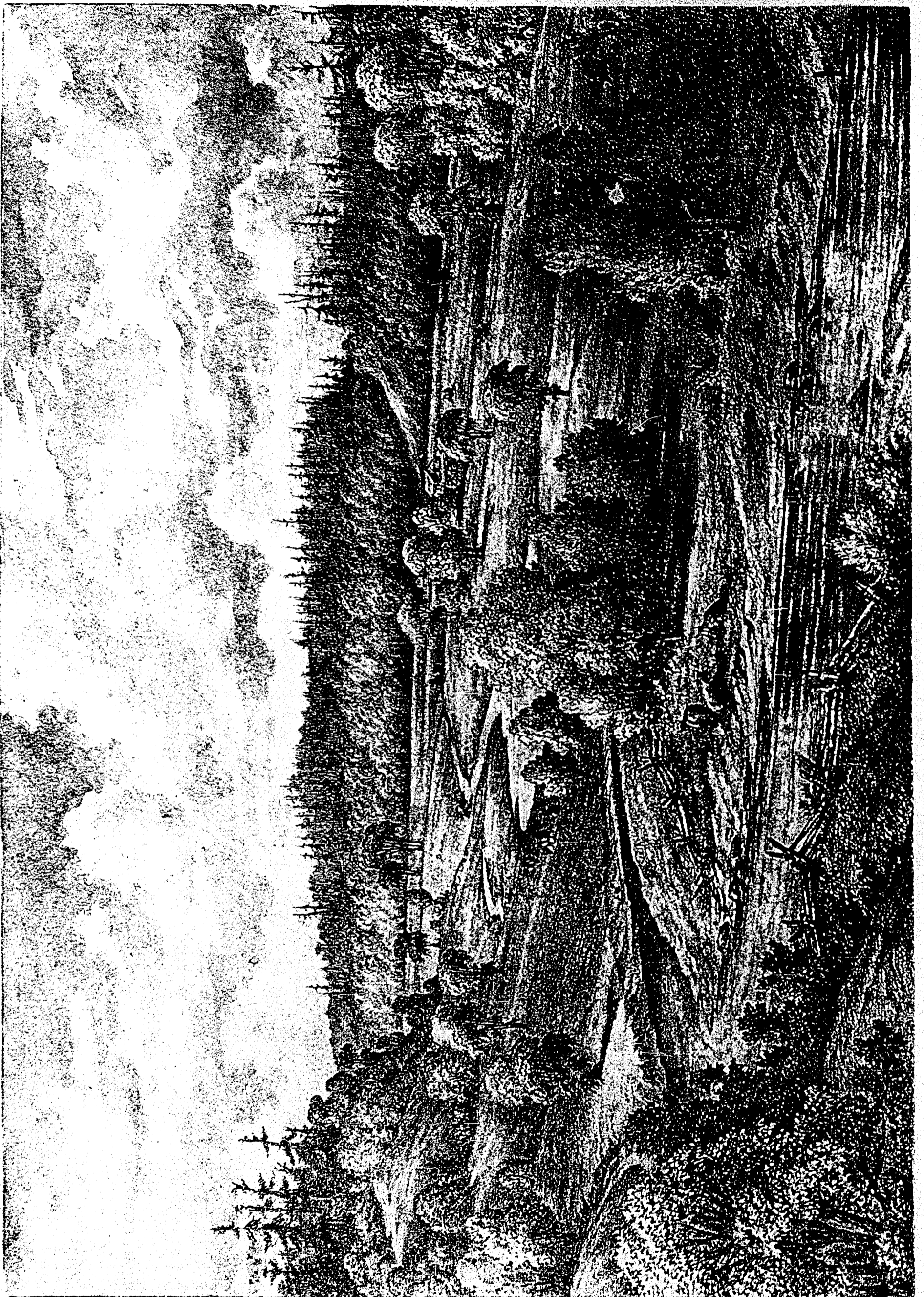
"I feel it to be a necessity. And may dis-
close who the writer is without giving the
name. It is her ladyship's secretary."
"Expected as much; and the secretary says
he was enjoined to —?"

"To silence, but could not remain wholly
silent. He entreated me to convey the fact to
some member of the family. I could not
think of any to whom it might be named so
suitably as your Grace."

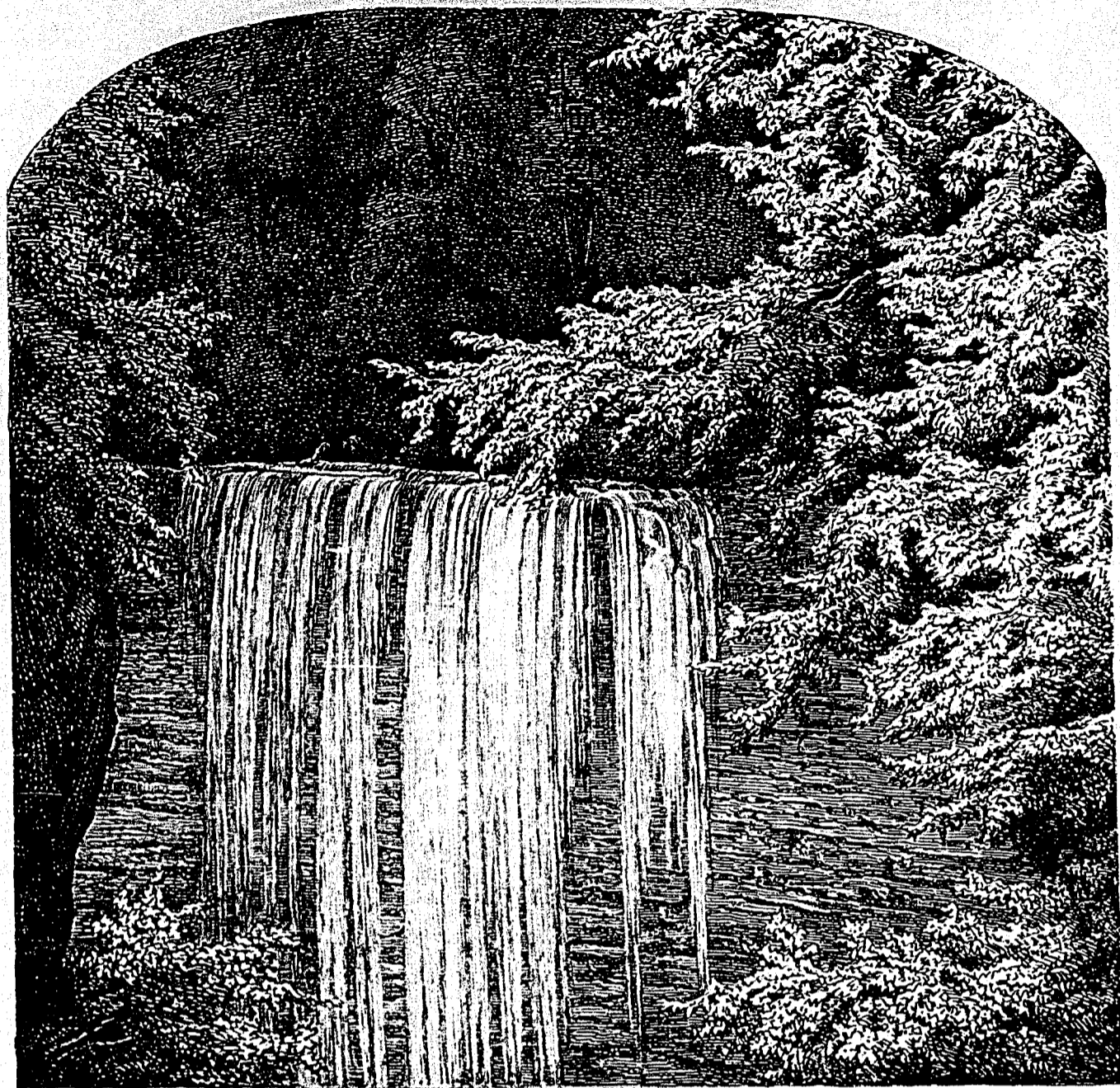
"Really obliged, Mr. Urlythorn; much
obliged indeed. This is serious. In prison
as a criminal. Heaven! what can that mean?
I'll start for Canada at once. In turn, please
let me entreat confidence from you. Lady
Mary Mortimer serving a term in gaol! Jove!
what can that mean!"

The Duke of Sheerness was Lady Mary's
nephew, aged about twenty-six, as already
mentioned. Being unmarried he could travel
at once without explaining to any the cause
of unannounced absence from London.

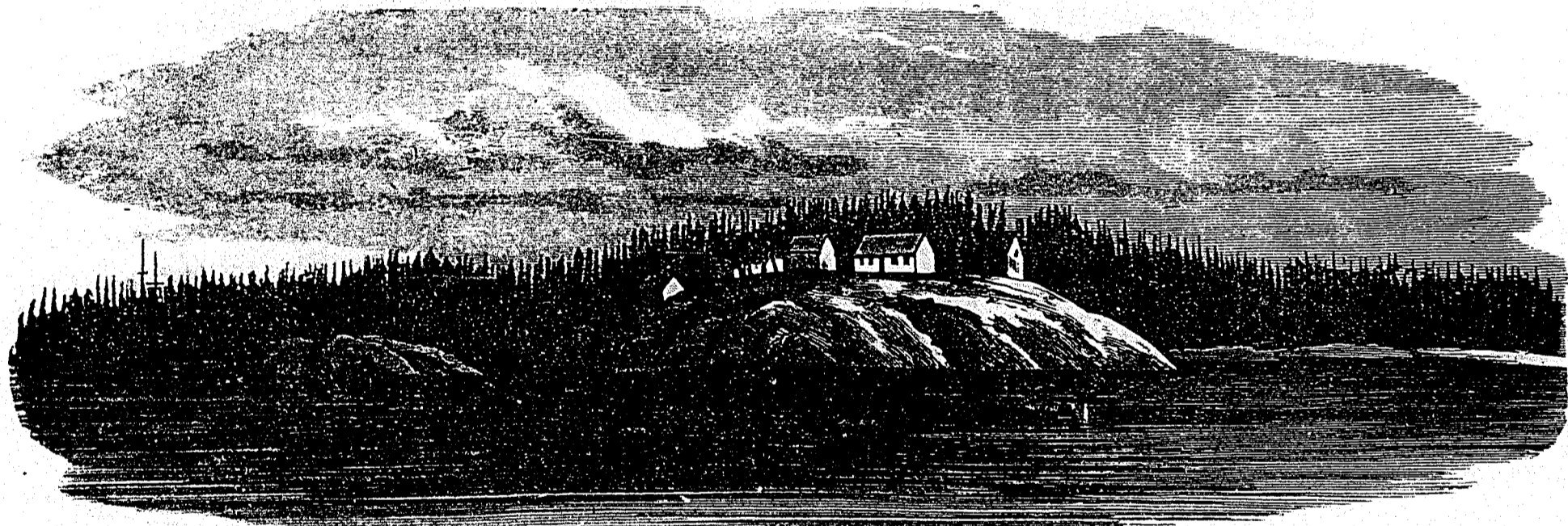
Taking but one servant the Duke embarked
at Liverpool on the steamer to Montreal, just
then starting. It happened that in the same
ship Captain the Hon. Evelyn Pinkerton was
a passenger; going out to serve on the staff
of General Sir Kenneth Claymore, K. C. B.,
commanding H. M. troops in Canada East.
Captain Pinkerton was son of the Earl of
Enderwick, and of that "dashing Countess"
named some pages back. He partook of his
mother's dash in large degree, and had on the
ship several fast horses, grooms and other ser-
vants. The Captain was elated to have His



VIEW IN THE VALLEY OF THE DON, NEAR TORONTO — FROM A SKETCH BY H. PERE — SEE PAGE 355



FALLS AT FLAMBORO, ONT.—SEE PAGE 355.



HOSPITAL POINT, ESQUIMAUX BAY, VANCOUVER'S ISLAND.—SEE PAGE 355.



FRONTIER LINE BETWEEN BRITISH COLUMBIA AND THE UNITED STATES.—SEE PAGE 355.

Grace of Sheerness a fellow voyager. And the Duke could not avoid some private explanation of why he travelled to Canada.

Conrad Mortimer was a tall, handsome person with blue eyes, rather wide apart, noble brow, a profusion of chestnut hair. Highly intellectual and studious, he was already in the educated section of the eye of England, a statesman destined to be a leader in the early future.

Evelyn Pinkerton was not tall, not short; not a fine-looking fellow, yet not ill-favoured. In his dark eyes a merry twinkle dwelt which might change to storm under terrible disturbance; but for nothing less. He seemed rather slim, yet was firm and muscular. In University boating, or in hunt, or steeplechase, or at the Bibury, where none but gentlemen jockies rode, he was the equal of any.

On the Lady's Mile the Captain formerly cantered alongside of Agnes Schooler; but not lately, for she was seldom there. He had been insulted by Adam, the pretender to her hand, on account of close attention; had challenged him, and incurred trouble. First for breach of military regulation, which led to reprimand. Next and worst to bear, for condescending to horsewhip or challenge a person of "the low fellows" questionable stamp.

"Pinkerton must be downright spooney on Agnes," they said, "to challenge, and then horsewhip a rival. And such a fellow of a rival! Jove! the girl with such taste is not worth the waste of whip cord on any favoured lover!"

Captain Pinkerton might have now been merry in the ocean steamer with the story of Adam jilted. The clubs were full of the tale. How the once beautiful equestrienne, or notable equestrienne, Agnes S. had approached marriage so near as the night before the wedding; vanishing in the night none could tell whither; or, if knowing whither, not choosing to tell. Some alleged parental connivance at the daughter's flight. Others said father and mother were stricken to verge of the grave by grief at their child's disobedience. Adam vowed and raged.

Relieve your mind in some degree. Agnes, in desperation, disclosed to her mother that the man was odious; marriage with him impossible.

Therefore, with full parental consent, accompanied by one of the bridesmaids and a female attendant, she fled to join Lady Mary in America. In the first instance, to communicate with Mary M. Ester at Conway in Canada; knowing no other address as yet. They sailed for New York.

Captain Pinkerton, I say, might have been merry in the ocean steamer telling of Adam's discomfiture; but recalling that Agnes had been on terms of friendship with the Duke's beloved relative he evaded the topic.

Conrad Mortimer, so his Grace desired he should be spoken of in conversation, arrived with his companion at Montreal the day Lady Mary left on the journey West. They were soon visited by gentlemen of the garrison. In the afternoon, the gallant, gruff Sir Kenneth himself called on the Duke; Pinkerton having previously waited on the General reporting himself arrived for staff duty. He obtained a month's leave to travel and see the country.

Looking over local newspapers of that and previous days, and listening to Sir Kenneth and other gentlemen, Conrad Mortimer was delighted to find that his dearly esteemed relative travelled, not obscurely, but in full name and title, and had been the flower of society in Montreal the last two or three weeks. Not the slightest allusion to an accident or misadventure in connection with her ladyship was made by any one.

The Captain, however, at private suggestion of Conrad, remarked when occasion seemed convenient that Lady Mary's English habits of beneficent humanity, her going frequently and unguardedly into dwellings of poverty and suffering, might expose her to peril in a country where she was unknown. This elicited no rejoinder, other than words to the effect that her ladyship was in the best of health; and generally attended by her Secretary.

Mary's private business West, untold to any in Montreal, was to consult again with Rhoda and Abel Renshaw at Conway about the possible discovery of young Lillymere and means of identifying his person. Arriving there by train she drove to the Canada Hall, not now walking the footway as Mary Ester, the "old Eliquaster girl." She engaged rooms next to those on south-east corner third floor as it happened.

Toby had not retained the poet's corner rooms, but his luggage remained at the Hall, and he might return any time. At Montreal, instead of going stylishly dressed when looking for the humble Mary Ester, he wore plain grey tweed. Renshaw had hinted at a titled lady in disguise, but only from seeing initials and crest on some clothing. This might indicate a person of rank, or a person wearing stolen raiment. Toby suspected the latter.

Said the proprietor of the hotel at Montreal, where Conrad Mortimer had rooms:

"Your Grace may overtake Lady Mortimer at Conway. The Secretary is still here finishing out of doors business; and goes to her ladyship by the nine a.m. express to-morrow."

This was opposed to small men's short-

sighted views of interest, to suggest that newly arrived guests of highest distinction might advance their personal affairs by leaving the hotel. But this proprietor of a Canada Hall, at Montreal, like hotel directors on the American continent generally, was a man of special genius; knowing in all its comprehensiveness the wondrous philosophy:—"How to keep a Hotel." To advance the personal affairs of his guests—even by sending them away; to minister to their comfort if remaining; to inspire in them sentiments of gratitude; to write on their hearts the business card of the House, was and is this day, the philosophy of the proprietary of Canada Halls in general, as of this one specially.

"Thanks," rejoined His Grace; "glad you mentioned this. Mr. Reuben is the person, I presume; should like to confer with Mr. Reuben at once."

They conferred; and by the nine a. m. express journeyed West. A day later Sir Kenneth Claymore followed, Captain Pinkerton and other staff accompanying.

The train comprised, I may not say how many of the ordinary sumptuously furnished saloon carriages; or of the newer palace coaches; sleeping hotels by night; luxurious drawing-rooms by day. It was the tourist season when extra accommodation was demanded. But this may be said:

The first element in causes bringing to existence the older decorated saloon carriages, was the beauty and grandeur of Canadian scenery; vastness of country covered by the beauty and grandeur; joyous fascination of the climate—clearest, purest, healthiest of atmospheres.

Second element was the generally abounding wealth of American people; their taste to be well dressed and well accommodated. Their constitutional enjoyment of the superlative in beauty, grandeur, luxury; of which invigorated health is supreme. They travelled in Canada.

Following the gorgeous saloon cars of the day when "Links of Love" tourists were abroad, the Pullman's Palace Drawing-Room coaches have arisen; and are running—running—running, flying; the passengers recumbent on sofas of repose, seeing sky and country flying; coming down to meet them, flying to the rear, as day and night expresses speed on, on, on.

Science contributes its uttermost; ornamental art its richest rarest; finance prophetically discerns from whence its lavish expenditure is remunerative; American wealth comes year by year to renovate health, or to enjoy itself in buoyant, beautiful Canada. And year by year the Dominion adds to magnificence of nature, new luxuries of travel.

These are the elements calling into existence coaches on sixteen wheels; long, wide, lofty; platforms at the ends with silvered handrails; alleys up the centre between rows of sofa seats; mirrors reflecting beauty; works of art on ceilings; private state-rooms for brides; ventilation ever perfect; the polished woods of Canada a study in the panelling; the people of the age we live in a study.

CHAPTER XXII.

DOWN NIAGARA GORGE.—IN THE WHIRLPOOL ROUND AND ROUND.

When Conrad Mortimer, Duke of Sheerness, and his aunt, Lady Mary, met at the Canada Hall, Conway, they had much to say on topics which, again repeated, would tire you.

Her ladyship had been too earnestly absorbed in her own and other people's affairs to have taken Niagara Falls into thought. But not inclining to remain in Conway, farther than demanded by personal interviews with the Renshaws, which were had privately at the Hall, her ladyship readily assented to be one of the Duke's party; or rather Sir Kenneth Claymore's party to Niagara. Sir Kenneth, as a General commanding, was naturally head of everything of which he formed a unit, and would have been head of the party here, though not an officer commanding. Second to none he had been from a babe at the breast, and as a soldier, long before arriving at the rank of Major-General. What! One of the clan of Claymore second to anybody? No!

Only spare a minute or two before starting for the Falls, while I relate for the benefit of somebody interested in the breeding of high class cattle and horses; and to others interested in manufactures, springing up on voluminous water powers spontaneously, as it were; and to others capable of politically digesting a philosophy involved in the growth of a new landed gentry out of old hand-loom weavers; that the General's party visited Steelyard's Mills, and settlements of the Lancashire blanketeers, up as far as Ramasine Corners; the One Tree Bridge, and magnetic rocks on Rama river.

The Hon. Captain Pinkerton, when he saw Steelyard's stud, cried:

"Jove! Never expected to see such stock in Canada. Didn't know, in fact, this country bred either cattle or horses of qualities equal to any—any in the world, by Jove!"

The Duke, a young statesman of the order of a conservatism which utilizes expanding thought; gathering up all available circumstances to build and consolidate the national structure in strength against assault from

without, in harmony of interests, against discord of classes within—listened thoughtfully to fragments of hand-loom weaver history. How radicals came to the Canada wild woods on free grants, provided with implements, seed, and sustenance for two years by Government; how they had cleared the bush, and elaborated the fertile farms, now so rich in wheat, orchards, dairy pastures, and all domestic comforts.

But the Duke of Sheerness was young enough in years, and in the education which is got from human nature, to be surprised, astonished, to learn that the new landed gentry, grown out of old British radicals, chartists, socialists, communists, were impetuous despots on every question of Mine and Thine.

Said one, a socialist of Harmony Hall, and a year or two later a physical force chartist, ready to fight, or inciting others to fight, for division of the land and money of England; said he to a visitor preceding the Duke of Sheerness:

"Yes, sir; I'm the same man by name as you heard of so much in the chartist years, and saw at Harmony Hall; but not the same person otherwise. You see, when a man gets a little land of his own, has a wife and little children, and a nice little stock on the land, he does not want any outsiders to come and share with him!"

And that sentiment is keystone of the arch in all civilization. To apply which to my dear old country—beloved, revered, served with fervency of soul by me—this tale is written. But for which sentiment, spoken on verge of a forest in Canada, this tale might not have been written.

Yes, for that and this other; the sovereign wrong of all civilization and christian moral life: man's untruthfulness to woman. Not in her political aspirations; but in her tenderest relations to man; the time she has none to guide her; only a loving, trusting, hoping, trembling, passionate expectancy of truth. Of truth in one whom the world will not treat, as it treats her, in his falsehood. In his falsehood to her, the falsity soothed as he sits in church—for the dangerous young demon sits in church, listening to a sermon confounding his moral logic—if he ever had any; telling that "all men are sinners alike!" that sentiments of personal honour, moral heroism, generous self-abnegation, are as nothing. That the assassins, poisoners, betrayers, slayers, hung at Kingston the other day, singing hymns and hosannahs when they could live no longer, were better "Christians" than the most pure in moral thought; than the self-restrained but not naturally pure in thought.

And with that object avowed in connection with scenic specialities of a country not much known in literature, the tale, such as it is, proceeds to develop the "Links of Love."

To be continued.

It has lately become the fashion for gardeners to apply the names of men of note to their favourite flowers, and to append descriptions which certainly have often a very ludicrous effect. Thus we are told that John Bright (fuchsia) is "very superior to Disraeli, or any other of that class." This is discouraging, but on turning to "Mr. Disraeli," we are gratified to find that he is "an elegant grower, and of most excellent habit." Lord Elcho is a "bold, fine sort, very suitable for exhibition," whilst Prince Alfred is a "free sort, and must be well stopped when young." The ladies, too, often suffer from gardening nomenclature. One young lady—we suppress the name—is inclined to straggle and must be sharply pinched. Another is spoken of as a "blotchy pale-coloured sort" and an eminent duchess, not certainly now in her first youth, as "very robust and of great substance."—Court Journal.



THEATRE ROYAL

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

Engagement of the world-renowned Comedian, JOHN E. OWENS, Who is nightly filling the Theatre with delighted and enthusiastic audiences.

THURSDAY EVENING, JUNE 8TH, will be produced the Old English Comedy, in Five Acts, entitled the HEIR AT LAW.

DR. OLLAPOD, Mr. J. E. OWENS. FREDERICK BRAMBLE, Mr. J. W. ALBAUGH.

FRIDAY, BENEFIT OF MR. OWENS, THE VICTIMS.

MR. BUTTERBY, Mr. J. E. OWENS. MR. MERRYWEATHER, Mr. J. W. ALBAUGH.

SATURDAY, A GREAT BILL.

MONDAY, JUNE 12TH, an entire Change of Programme.

Mr. OWENS will be supported by the full strength of our excellent Company.

ADMISSION: Private Boxes, \$5.00; Dress Circle, 75 cents; Family Circle, 50 cents; Pit, 25 cents. Reserved Seats can be secured at PRINCE'S MUSIC STORE.

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

STAMPS—FOREIGN STAMP DEPOT—STAMPS

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



SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for works, River St. Maurice," will be received at this office, until Saturday, 10th day of June next, at noon, for the construction of a Retaining Boom and Piers at the mouth of the St. Maurice, and also a Crib Pier at La Tuque Falls.

Plans and specifications can be seen at this office, and at the Office of the Superintendent of the St. Maurice Works, at Three Rivers, where other information can be obtained.

The Department will not be bound to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order, F. BRAUN, Secretary. Department of Public Works, Ottawa, 24th May, 1871. 3-22b



SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Guide Boom and Piers," will be received at this office, until Saturday, 17th day of June next, at noon, for the construction of a Guide Boom and five Support Piers immediately above the Sault au Recollet Bridge, in rear of the City of Montreal.

Plans and specifications can be seen at the Office of the Superintendent of the Ottawa River Works where printed forms of tender and other information can also be obtained.

The Department will not be bound to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order, F. BRAUN, Secretary. Department of Public Works, Ottawa, 22nd May, 1871. 3-22b



NOTICE.

THROUGH Tickets to Fort Garry via Fort William can be had at all the stations of the Northern Railway and on the Steamers between Collingwood and Fort William.

By direction, F. BRAUN, Secretary. Department of Public Works, Ottawa, 20th May, 1871. 3-22c



CORPORATION OF MONTREAL. EAST AND CENTRE WARDS.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned have completed their Assessment Rolls of the EAST and CENTRE WARDS of this City; that copies thereof have been left with one of their number, at their Office in the City Hall, where the same may be seen and examined by any person interested until FRIDAY, the 30th day of JUNE next, and that the said Assessors will meet at their Office aforesaid, on SATURDAY, the 17th day of JUNE next, at TEN o'clock A. M., to review their Assessments of the Real Estate set down in the said Assessment Rolls; and that they will then and there hear and examine all complaints in relation to such Assessments of Real Estate that may be brought before them.

JAMES C. BEERS, JEAN BTE. ALLARD, WILLIAM DOUGLAS, P. H. MORIN, DAVID BROWN, J. T. DILLON, Assessors.

ASSESSORS' OFFICE, CITY HALL, MONTREAL, May 29, 1871. 3-22b



CORPORATION OF MONTREAL. TO BUILDERS AND CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned and marked "Tenders for Fish Market," will be received at the office of the undersigned until noon on THURSDAY, the 15th instant, for the erection of a Fish Market in connection with the St. Ann's Market, according to plans and specifications prepared by the architect, J. J. Browne, Esq., and to be seen at his office, No. 210, Great St. James Street.

Particulars of the work to be tendered for may be obtained on application to the above named architect. The Committee do not bind themselves to accept the lowest or any of the Tenders.

By order, CITY CLERK'S OFFICE, City Hall, Montreal, 1st June, 1871. 3-22b



CORPORATION OF MONTREAL.

No. 54.

By-Law for the Protection of Insectivorous Birds.

At a Special Meeting of the Council of the City of Montreal, held in the City Hall of the said City, this Twenty-sixth Day of May, in the new year of our Lord, One Thousand Eight Hundred and Seventy-one, under and by virtue of the Act of the Provincial Legislature, 14 and 15 Victoria, Cap. 123, in the manner and after the observance of all the formalities prescribed in and by the said Act; at which said meeting not less than two-thirds of the Members of the Council, to wit, the following members thereof, are present, viz.: His Worship the Mayor, Charles J. Coursol, Esquire; Aldermen Rodden, Bernard, Alexander, David, Masterman, Bastien, Wilson, Simard; Councilors Legue, St. Charles, Plinquet, McGauvran, Christie, Bejourney, Rivard, Desmarceau, M'Shane, Stephens, Hood, Loranger, Saché.

It is hereby ordained and enacted by the said Council, and the said Council do hereby ordain and enact, as follows:

SEC. 1.—No person shall, within the limits of the City of Montreal, fire or discharge any gun, pistol, fowling piece or other arm loaded in the barrel with gunpowder, or ball, or shot, slug or other destructive material or explosive substance, at or against any insectivorous birds, or against any bird of any kind or description.

SEC. 2.—No person shall catch, or kill, wound or otherwise injure with any firearm, or other weapon, or with sticks or stones, or any other way whatsoever, any insectivorous bird, or any bird of any kind or description, found, or being in any place within the limits of the said City, nor attempt so to do.

SEC. 3.—No person shall, within the City limits of the said City, remove, take, or carry away the eggs of insectivorous bird or birds, or any egg or eggs found, or being, or deposited in any such bird's nest, or in any way disturb, or interfere with, any nest used by such birds, or take, remove, or carry away from any such nest, the young of any such birds, or disturb, or in any way injure the same.

SEC. 4.—Any person offending against any of the provisions of this By-Law shall be liable to a fine not exceeding twenty dollars and costs of prosecution, and, in default of the immediate payment of said fine and costs, to an imprisonment in the common goal, for a period not exceeding two months, the said imprisonment to cease upon payment of the said fine and costs.

(Signed)

CHARLES J. COURSOL, Mayor.

[L.S.] [Attested] CHS. GLACKMEYER, City Clerk.



CORPORATION OF MONTREAL.

No. 55.

By-Law to Prohibit the Leasing of Buildings for Purposes of Prostitution.

At a Special Meeting of the Council of the City of Montreal, held in the City Hall of the said City, this Twenty-sixth Day of May, in the new year of our Lord, One Thousand Eight Hundred and Seventy-one, under and by virtue of the Act of the Provincial Legislature, 14 and 15 Victoria, Cap. 123, in the manner and after the observance of all the formalities prescribed in and by the said Act; at which said meeting not less than two-thirds of the members of the Council, to wit, the following members thereof, are present, viz.: His Worship the Mayor, Charles J. Coursol, Esq.; Aldermen Rodden, Bernard, Alexander, David, Masterman, Bastien, Wilson, Simard; Councilors Legue, St. Charles, Plinquet, Kay, McGauvran, Christie, Bejourney, Rivard, Desmarceau, M'Shane, Stephens, Hood, Loranger, Saché.

It is hereby ordained and enacted by the said Council, and the said Council do hereby ordain and enact, as follows:

Any proprietor, usufructuary, or holder of substitution, or other person who shall knowingly lease, sublet, cause or allow to be occupied, any houses, premises or buildings, whatever within the City of Montreal, to or by persons of ill fame, for purposes of prostitution, shall be liable to a penalty not exceeding two hundred dollars currency or imprisonment for a period not exceeding six months, and in default of immediate payment of the penalty and all costs of prosecution (if a penalty instead of imprisonment is by the conviction imposed) the offender shall be imprisoned in said common goal for a period of six months, unless such penalty and all costs shall be sooner paid.

(Signed)

CHARLES J. COURSOL, Mayor.

[L.S.] [Attested] CHS. GLACKMEYER, City Clerk.

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

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

ASK FOR TICKETS BY PRESCOTT JUNCTION.

Summer Arrangement, 1871.

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

COMFORTABLE SOFA CARS

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

30 MINUTES ALLOWED FOR REFRESHMENTS AT PRESCOTT JUNCTION.

FREIGHT NOTICE.

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

A CHANGE GAUGE CAR PIT

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

THOS. REYNOLDS, Managing Director.

R. LUTTRELL, Superintendent, Prescott, Ottawa, 1st June, 1871.



DAVID CRAWFORD.

GROCEER.

Wine and Spirit Merchant.

124 ST. JAMES STREET, W.

MONTREAL. 3-21-71

A NEW ERA IN WASHING!

Advertisement for Warfield's Cold Water Self-Washing Soap, featuring an image of the soap box and text describing its benefits for labor, time, and clothes.

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

SOLE AGENT FOR THE DOMINION.

J. B. RUSS, 24 GREAT ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL. 3-21-71

SEEDS! SEEDS!! SEEDS!!!

JUST RECEIVED, A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF FRESH SEEDS. FLOWER SEEDS, in every variety. GARDEN & FIELD SEEDS, as

- BEANS, CORN, LETTUCES, CARROTS, ONIONS, PARSLEY, CABBAGES, PARSNIPS, CAULIFLOWERS, PEAS, CELERY, CUCUMBERS, RADISH, CLOVER, TURNIPS, TIMOTHY, &c.

A liberal discount allowed to Storekeepers and Agricultural Societies.

J. GOULDEN, CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST, 175 ST. LAWRENCE MAIN STREET, 175. Branch: 363 St. Catherine Street. 3-15-71

CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT.

Authorized discount on American Invoices until further notice: 11 per cent. R. S. M. BOUCHETTE, Commissioner of Customs.

The above is the only notice to appear in newspapers authorized to copy. 3-16-71

TRAVELLERS' DIRECTORY.

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

- HAMILTON. ROYAL HOTEL... H. E. IRVING. INCERSOLL. ROYAL HOTEL... DRAKE & MCQUEEN. LONDON. REVERE HOUSE... B. BARNARD. MONTREAL. ST. LAWRENCE HALL... H. HOGAN. ST. JAMES HOTEL... OTTAWA. THE RUSSELL HOUSE... JAMES GOUIN. PORT ELGIN, ONT. NORTH AMERICAN HOTEL... WM. ALLEN, Proprietor.

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

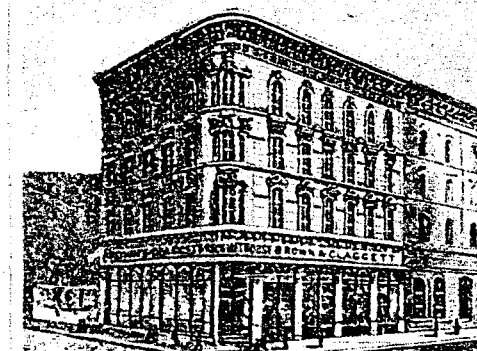
STRATHROY. EXCHANGE HOTEL... W. LONG.

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

To indicate how advantageous a medium the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS must be to Advertisers, we may state that its distribution list comprises at present over 600 Post Offices scattered over the whole Dominion, and that it is sold on all trains and steamers.

Its circulation in Canada as well as in the United States and in England, is constantly and rapidly increasing.

Arrangements are being made, and have already been in part effected, to have the Canadian Illustrated News on every combined with an illustrated Dominion Guide, and enclosed in a splendid Morocco cover, in the Drawing-room of the principal Hotels of Canada, and of London, Liverpool, Birmingham, Brighton, Manchester, Edinburgh, Glasgow and Dublin; in the Pullman Palace Cars, and on the Dining Table of every vessel of the splendid and popular Allan line of Steamships, where every advertisement will be perused over and over again by thousands and thousands of travellers, during the tedious hours of an Ocean voyage.



THE RECOLLET HOUSE CONTAINS the best selected Stock of DRY GOODS in the Dominion. Just received—SPRING MANTLES, SPRING & SUMMER SHAWLS, NEW SILKS, NEW POPLINS, NEW DRESS GOODS, A new and complete assortment of MOURNING GOODS. BROWN & CLAGGETT, CORNER NOTRE DAME AND ST. HELEN STREETS. 3-20-71

NOTICE.—The undersigned informs the public that he has acquired from Joseph Dorton, Senior, of St. Augustin, County of Two Mountains, Bailiff, by a Deed registered at the Registry Office for the said County, the immovable property there situated, as also the movable property—Farm Stock, Agricultural Implements, &c., now to be found on the properties belonging to the said Joseph Dorton, who has been constituted my Agent, and empowered to act as such. L. N. DORTON, Photographer. Ottawa, 25th May, 1871. 3-22-71

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

LEGGO & CO., Letterpress, Electrotypers, Stereotypers, Engravers, Chromo and Photo-Lithographers, Photographers.

General Printers by Steam Power. Office: No. 1, Place d'Armes Hill. Works: No. 319, St. Antoine Street. MONTREAL.

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

MONTREAL BUSINESS HOUSES.

WATCHMAKERS & JEWELLERS.

LULHAM BROS., DIAMOND and ETRUSCAN Jewellers. 5, PLACE D'ARMES, next the Canadian Illustrated News. 3-10-71

SAVAGE, LYMAN & CO., 271 Notre Dame Street. 2-23-71

HOUSE FURNISHING HARDWARE.

SIGN OF THE GOLDEN PADLOCK. STOVES, CUTLERY, REFRIGERATORS, CORNICES, TINSMITHS, L. J. A. SURVEYER, 524, Craig Street. 2-10-71

INSURANCES.

THE Imperial, of London, (established 1803), Rintoul Bros., General Agents, 24, St. Sacrament Street, Montreal. 3-6-71

DYERS AND SCOURERS.

FIRST PRIZE Diplomas awarded to T. PARKER, 44, St. Joseph Street, near McGill, Montreal. 3-6-71

SHOW CARDS.

SEND for Catalogue of HICK'S NEW SHOW CARDS, 154, St. James Street, Montreal. 3-6-71

HAVANA CIGAR DEPOT.

COHEN & LOPEZ, Corner of St. James Street and Place d'Armes Square. 3-3-71

MERCHANT TAILOR.

SAMUEL GOLTMAN, 226 St. James Street. 3-7-71

HOUSE AND LAND AGENTS.

JAMES MUIR, 199 St. James Street.—Adjoining Molson's Bank. 2-27-71

HABERDASHERS.

W. GRANT & CO., 249 St. James Street. First-class Gents' Furnishing, Shirts, Ties, Gloves, Hosiery, &c. 3-21-71

G. A. GAGNON, 300 Notre Dame Street. 2-26-71

MANUFACTURING AND WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS.

LYMANS, CLARE & CO., (ESTABLISHED 1866.) WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS. MANUFACTURERS OF LINSEED OIL. IMPORTERS OF FOREIGN DRUGS. PAINTERS' COLOURS. OILS AND DYE STUFFS. 382, 384 and 386 St. PAUL STREET, MONTREAL. 3-24-71

HATTERS AND FURRIERS.

JOHN HENDERSON & CO., 283 Notre Dame Street. 2-23-71

MANUFACTURING STATIONERS.

JAMES SUTHERLAND, PAPER MAKER, WHOLESALE STATIONER, AND ACCOUNT BOOK MANUFACTURER. 160 and 162 St. James Street. 11-71 MONTREAL.

GLASS, OILS, VARNISHES, &c.

A. RAMSAY & SON, Glass, Oil, Colour, and Varnish Importers from first-class Manufacturers in Germany, France and Great Britain. 37, 39, and 41 Recollet Street. 18-71

MEDICAL, PERFUME, AND LIQUOR LABELS.

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

"The Canadian Illustrated News,"

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

Subscription, in advance, \$4.00 per an., Single Numbers, 10 cents. Postage: 5 cents per quarter, payable in advance by subscribers at their respective Post Offices. CLUBS: Every Club of five subscribers sending a remittance of \$20, will be entitled to Six Copies for one year, mailed to one address. Montreal subscribers will be served by Carriers. Remittances by Post Office Order or Registered Letter at the risk of the Publisher. Advertisements received, to a limited number, at 15 cents per line, payable in advance.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

Sealed Tenders, addressed to the undersigned, endorsed "Tenders for work at Coteau Landing," will be received at this Office until the evening of the 20th June next, for the extension of the Mooring Pier at Coteau Landing.

Plans and specifications can be seen at this Office, or at the Lachine Canal Office, Montreal, on and after Monday, the 5th day of June, where forms of tender and other information can also be obtained.

The Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender. By Order, F. BRAUN, Secretary.

DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC WORKS, Ottawa, 31st May, 1871. 3-23-71

NOTICE.

CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT. OTTAWA, 19th May, 1871.

REFERRING to the notice of 5th inst. of articles transferred by Order in Council...

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

SUMMER HATS!

PANAMAS, STRAW, ALPACAS, LINENS, CORK.

A Large Assortment of the above in every variety NOW OPENED.

AND OFFERED AT LOW PRICES. ALSO

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

W. SAMUEL, 367 NOTRE DAME STREET. 3-21-d

W. M. BOWIE,

Importer of

HOSIERY, GLOVES, & HABERDASHERY.

ALSO,

MANUFACTURER OF

SHIRTS, COLLARS, TIES, &c.

No. 155, ST. JAMES STREET,

(Next to Wesleyan Church)

MONTREAL. 3-21-uf

GUINNESS'S DUBLIN STOUT, BOTTLED BY BURKE.

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

TENNANT'S EAST INDIA ALE,

TENNANT'S EAST INDIA DOUBLE STRONG ALE,

In Bottles and Stone Jars.

750 CASKS AND CASES FOR SALE. ALEX. MCGIBBON.

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

3,000 CASES

NAT. JOHNSTON'S, BARTON & GUESTIER'S WINES.

Among which will be found the following:

MEDOC, ST. JULIEN, BATAILLEY, CHAT. LANGOIS, CHAT. MOULTON, CHAT. LEVILLE, CHAT. LAFITTE, CHAT. MARGAUX, CHAT. LATOUR, WHITE GRAVES, LATOUR BLANCHE, CHAT. YQUEM.

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

HOCK AND MOSELLE,

SPARKLING AND STILL.

1,000 CASES from the Celebrated House of

FEIST, BROS. & SON,

Of Frankfort-on-the-Main. ALEX. MCGIBBON.

CHAMPAGNE,

JULES MUMM & Co's.

CARTE BLANCHE, IMPERIAL, VERZENAY.

In Pints and Quarts.

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

CIGARS.

To connoisseurs Subscriber can confidently recommend his stock of

GENUINE HAVANAHS,

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

ALEXANDER MCGIBBON, ITALIAN WAREHOUSE.

3-21-uf



O'FLAHERTY & BODEN,

PRACTICAL

HATTERS AND FURRIERS,

221 MCGILL STREET,

(NEAR NOTRE DAME STREET).

WOULD RESPECTFULLY invite the attention of their friends and the public to their Stock, which has been selected with the greatest care from the BEST Houses in the Trade and will be found COMPLETE in all its details. 3-20d

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

D. R. STODART, Broker, 43, Great St. James Street



JAMES FYFE, FIRST PRIZE SCALE MANUFACTURER.

No. 24 COLLEGE STREET, MONTREAL.

A GENERAL ASSORTMENT ALWAYS ON HAND. 2-23c

GENTLEMEN WILL FIND A FIRST-CLASS STOCK AT S. GOLTMAN AND CO'S, 132, ST. JAMES STREET. N.B.—A large assortment of Silk-Lined Spring Overcoats in all Shades always on hand. 26

R. HORSFALL,

IMPORTER OF

PRINTING PRESSES, LITHOGRAPHIC MACHINES, CUTTING MACHINES, LITHOGRAPHIC INK, AND EVERY DESCRIPTION OF MACHINERY

FOR PRINTERS, LITHOGRAPHERS, BOOK-BINDERS, AND MANUFACTURING STATIONERS.

SOLE AGENT FOR

FURNIVAL'S "EXPRESS" MACHINES, 5 ST. SACRAMENT STREET, MONTREAL. 2-26-s

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

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CANADA CENTRAL

Brockville & Ottawa Railways.



GREAT BROAD GAUGE ROUTE TO OTTAWA.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, MARCH 6, 1871.

TRAINS WILL RUN AS FOLLOWS:—

LEAVE BROCKVILLE.

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

LOCAL TRAIN at 3:00 P.M., arriving at Ottawa at 3:25 P.M.

THROUGH OTTAWA EXPRESS at 3:30 P.M., connecting with Grand Trunk Day Express from the West, and arriving at Ottawa at 7:15 P.M.

LEAVE OTTAWA.

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

LOCAL TRAIN at 7:45 A.M.

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

ARRIVE AT SAND POINT

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

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

Certain connections made with Grand Trunk Trains.

H. ABBOTT, Manager.

Brockville, March, 1871.

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BAKING POWDER

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To the Public.

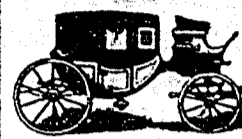
708 CRAIG ST. ROYAL 708 STEAM DYE WORKS.

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

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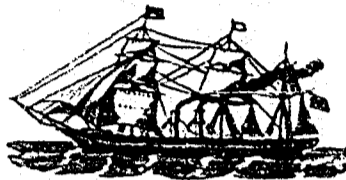
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N.B.—The samples of our Mr. MERSEBACH were awarded the FIRST PRIZE at the EXHIBITION last year. (No connection with the Dominion.) 3-15-1



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

Fares from Quebec:— Cabin \$70 to \$80, Steerage \$25

THE STEAMERS OF THE GLASGOW LINE

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

Fares from Quebec:— Cabin \$50, Intermediate \$40, Steerage \$24

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

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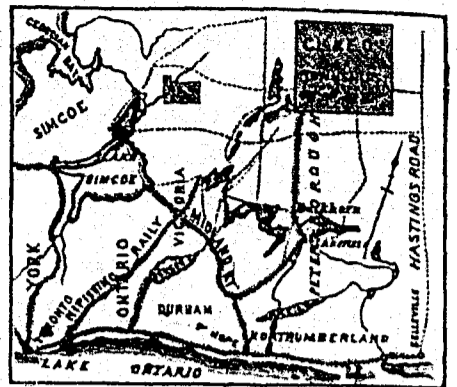
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GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY OF CANADA.

Improved Service of Trains for the Winter of 1870,

Acceleration of Speed.

NEW CARS ON ALL EXPRESS TRAINS.

TRAINS now leave Montreal as follows:—

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Mail Train for Toronto and intermediate stations 5.00 a. m. Night Express for Ogdensburg, Ottawa, Brockville, Kingston, Belleville, Toronto, Guelph, London, Brantford, Goderich, Buffalo, Detroit, Chicago, and all points West at 8.00 p. m. Accommodation Train for Kingston, Toronto and intermediate stations at 6.00 a. m. Accommodation Train for Brockville and intermediate stations at 4.00 p. m. Trains for Lachine at 6.00 a. m., 7.00 a. m., 9.15 a. m., 12 noon, 1.30 p. m., 4.00 p. m., and 5.30 p. m. The 1.30 p. m. Train runs through to Province line.

GOING SOUTH AND EAST.

Accommodation for Island Pond and intermediate stations at 7.10 a. m. Express for Boston via Vermont Central at 9.00 a. m. Express for New York and Boston, via Vermont Central at 3.45 p. m. Express for New York and Boston, via Plattsburgh, Lake Champlain, Burlington and Rutland at 6.00 a. m. Do. do. do. 4.00 p. m. Express for Island Pond at 2.00 p. m. Night Express for Quebec, Island Pond, Gorham, and Portland, and the Lower Provinces, stopping between Montreal and Island Pond at St. Hilaire, St. Hyacinthe, Upton, Acton, Richmond, Brompton Falls, Sherbrooke, Lennoxville, Compton, Coaticook, and Norton Mills, only, at 10.10 p. m.

Sleeping Cars on all night trains. Baggage checked through.

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

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C. J. BRYDGES,

Managing Director.

Montreal, Nov. 7, 1870.

2-21-12

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