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CANADIAN

ILLUSTRATED NEWS



Vol. I.—No. 13.]

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JANUARY 29, 1870.

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"THE SITUATION."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

THE SITUATION.

THE North-West difficulty continues to be a subject of earnest controversy, and though the situation can hardly be said to have been much changed since the government of the territory was practically allowed to lapse into the hands of the self-constituted Council, yet facts are being developed tending to show that it is more serious than has been heretofore anticipated. Since the return of the Governor expectant and the officers who accompanied him, the journals have been discussing with great acrimony the causes which led to the miscarriage of the Dominion policy. The Hon. Mr. McDougall is reproached for being objectionable to the settlers on personal grounds; the Canadian officials for their over-bearing manners; the Hudson's Bay Company's officers for their indifference to Canadian policy, if not for secret connivance against it; the French priests for having stirred up the half-breeds; the Canadian Government for its injudicious management; and finally, the Hon. Mr. Howe for having fomented discontent during his visit to Fort Garry last autumn! These are all unpleasant incidents in the discussion of the question, and can only tend to obscure a just appreciation of the true state of affairs, or to distract men's minds from duly considering it. However much of truth or falsehood there may be in these reproaches, it ought to be evident that to harp upon them will neither lead to a settlement of the difficulty nor the discovery of the means whereby that settlement may be accomplished. Whether from individual acts of Canadian statesmen or officials, or from the general policy of the Government, or from the Hudson's Bay Company's course in the premises, or the instigation of the half-breeds to revolt, the mischief is now done, and it can only be undone by force or negotiation. Force in the sense of a war with the insurgents is out of the question; they can be effectually put down by peaceful means; and the first and only practical step towards that end, leaving out of the question Col. Dennis's abortive attempt has been well and wisely taken by the Canadian Government in sending Grand Vicar Thibault and Col. DeSalaberry to treat with the insurgents. The result of that mission is not yet known, but it is expected to be either the coming of Riel to Ottawa, or an agreement as to a basis for negotiation in the spring. This, however, is a hopeful view, and may, perhaps, be entitled to little weight, in estimating the situation as it now is.

In addition to the ceaseless newspaper skirmishing already mentioned as going on here, and which is fairly entitled to be taken into account, in estimating the position of affairs, there is a pretty well authenticated statement that the Canadian Government refuses to hand over the purchase money; or, in fact, to accept the transfer until the Hudson's Bay Company is able to give quiet possession. The Imperial Government will, of course, be bound to have its say in the matter as it was the principal with which Canada made the bargain, the Company giving but a half-willing consent, and cherishing, perhaps, a secret hope that, should the contract fall through, it could carry its wares to a better market. Indeed it has been no secret, that many of the Stockholders of the Company have looked forward for years to the day when the United States would step in and buy them out; and though it is utterly preposterous to believe that the Imperial Government would permit the transaction, yet, there was a time when the prevalence of anti-colonial ideas gave room for trusting to the adoption of a different policy. But that time has passed; the value of the "Colonial Empire" is again being better appreciated among public men in England, and the Shareholders of the Company can have no hope now of being allowed to sell out the sovereignty of the Crown. Hence, it may be inferred that between the Imperial and Canadian Governments and the Hudson's Bay Company, this question must be settled in a manner to respect the already recognized interests of each in the issue.

But what of the inhabitants of the Territory? Have they no rights? Assuredly they have; and from a misconception of these rights, on the one side or the other, arose the whole difficulty. To prove which side has fallen into this misconception should be the first end proposed in any negotiations that may take place. When the intentions of the Canadian Government are fairly understood by the insurgents, there may be reasonable ground for an arrangement that would prove naturally satisfactory. But the time lost, unavoidably no doubt, in entering into negotiations, has given the insurgents the occasion to advance their pretensions. It was impossible, after the first attempt at the assertion of authority against them had broken down, that they could maintain the *status quo ante* the Dennis proclamation. Emboldened by a success which, in the actual condition of affairs, was inevitable—for their opponents, though acting in the name of law, had no more law on their side than they—the insurgents exercised acts of sovereignty they had not pretended to before. Authority, whether rightfully

or wrongfully assumed, is strengthened by its repeated exercise at least in the eyes of its possessor, and the insurgents have now thrown off all reserve, and asserted their independence, with the view of ultimately being annexed to the United States. This may not have changed the condition, but it has certainly added to the gravity of the situation.

As our readers already know, the insurgent council, by forcibly taking possession of the Hudson's Bay Company's safe, obtained a loan (!) of some £500 or £800, and with this money they have commenced the publication of a newspaper. Its title is the *New Nation*, and it is of course the accredited organ of the Riel administration. In its declaration of policy it goes further, and is much more plain spoken than the "declaration" issued by Bruce and Riel in the early part of December last, and its significance is enhanced by the fact that its Editor is believed to be Mr. James Ross, until recently one of the principal assistant Editors of the *Toronto Globe*. He, of course, and another gentleman formerly on the same staff, who took up the material of a printing office to Winnipeg last summer, which now forms the plant of the *New Nation*, know well the state of feeling in Canada, and the friendly and liberal policy contemplated for the colonization and development of the North-West; and that they should both have given in their adhesion to the Bruce-Riel government means a great deal more than that a spirit of discontent is abroad among a "handful of French half-breeds." Their defection—assuming current report to be true—means the spread of discontent among, at least, a considerable number of the Scotch and English settlers, and it would not be drawing too much upon imagination to conceive it possible that to this state of feeling, then actually existing, though generally concealed, may be traced several of the accusations brought against the Hon. Mr. McDougall, Col. Dennis, and other Canadian officials. When one has made up his mind to find fault, he is seldom at a loss for a grievance; and admitting that a preference for annexation had been secretly cherished by the party for whom the *New Nation* speaks, one can hardly wonder that so many things done, or said to have been done, by Canadians of all ranks, were tortured into serious offences against the rights of the Nor'-Westers. It is in this light only that we can account for the promulgation of the following "policy," supposed to have been written by a Canadian-trained journalist who once was an ardent advocate of Confederation. The *New Nation* says:—

"Something as to our policy will be expected from us in this number, and we proceed briefly to define our position in common with the majority of this settlement.

"We regard the Hudson's Bay Company's government as obsolete and never to be resuscitated. The Dominion Government, by its criminal blunders and gross injustice to this people, have forever alienated them, and, by its forfeiture of all right to our respect, will prevent us in future from either seeking or permitting its protection. The Imperial Government we consider to be too far distant intelligently to administer our affairs.

"The question arises, then, what form of government is best adapted for the development of this country? And we reply, unhesitatingly, that the United States Republic offers to-day that system of government which would best promote order and progress in our midst, and open up rapidly a country of magnificent resources; but in our present dependent position we cannot obtain what we need in that direction, and hence we will hold it to be our duty to advocate independence for the people of Red River as a present cure for public ills. Our Annexation to the States will follow in time and bring with it the advantage this land so much requires."

This declaration, considering who is believed to have been its author, indicates that there may be something more serious than broad farce at the bottom of the Red River comedy. It is the most outspoken appeal to the Americans that has yet been made, and finds a curious echo from a Washington despatch dated 23rd inst., which says:—

"The recognition of the Red River insurgents by the Hudson's Bay Company as the only legitimate government in Winnipeg has excited much comment in this city. No force will be attempted against the insurgents, but profuse promises of a trans-continental railway are made, to change the rapid course of events toward annexation to the United States. Minnesotians are urging a land grant from Breckenridge, on the Red River termination of the St. Paul and Pacific Railroad, to the Winnipeg border, with assurances of its immediate construction as a sure means against the Canadian scheme."

The opening sentence in the above is a cruel jest upon the Hudson's Bay Company's impotence; but, there is a practical policy in the scheme for carrying American Railways to the British frontier. The Americans have political as well as commercial reasons for such a step, and however much every true Canadian should discourage, and exert himself to defeat, their political aspirations in this direction, no one can reasonably object to their competing for the possession of the North-West trade by the building of railways within their own borders. The obligation resting upon Canada is to push her public works, so far as her means will allow, for the establishment of better communication with the North-West; and without wasting breath upon the mischances of the past to endeavour to

establish better relations with the Nor'-Westers in the future.

In the cartoon on the preceding page our artist has endeavoured to illustrate "The Situation." Brother Jonathan stands by the door of his *cabane* in his easiest of airs, watching with keen interest the direction in which little Miss Winnie Peg is going; he would like to ask her to share the shelter of his own roof, and looks invitingly and coaxingly towards her to assure her that she would be made heartily welcome. Miss Canada, feeling the responsibility delegated to her by old Britannia, extends towards the coy little minx the protecting arms of an elder sister. She regards Miss Winnie Peg as bound by duty, and hopes yet to teach her that she may also be inspired by affection, to cast her lot with hers. And Miss Winnie Peg herself seems half in doubt which way to go. Though disposed to face towards Canada, far enough at least to find out how the latter would treat her, she is still rather inclined to stand alone. Miss Canada must, therefore, overcome her reluctance to the sisterly embrace by the employment of such arts as one experienced in the world's ways ought to know how to use, in leading a younger sister back into the right path. "To this complexion must it come at last," if the people of Canada are true to themselves; but if this "North-West question," in its new and more serious aspect, is again to be made the shuttle-cock to the battle-dore of Party, there is danger that, whichever side may win the game, the country at large will have to pay the forfeit.

PRINCE ARTHUR'S HUNTING EXCURSION.

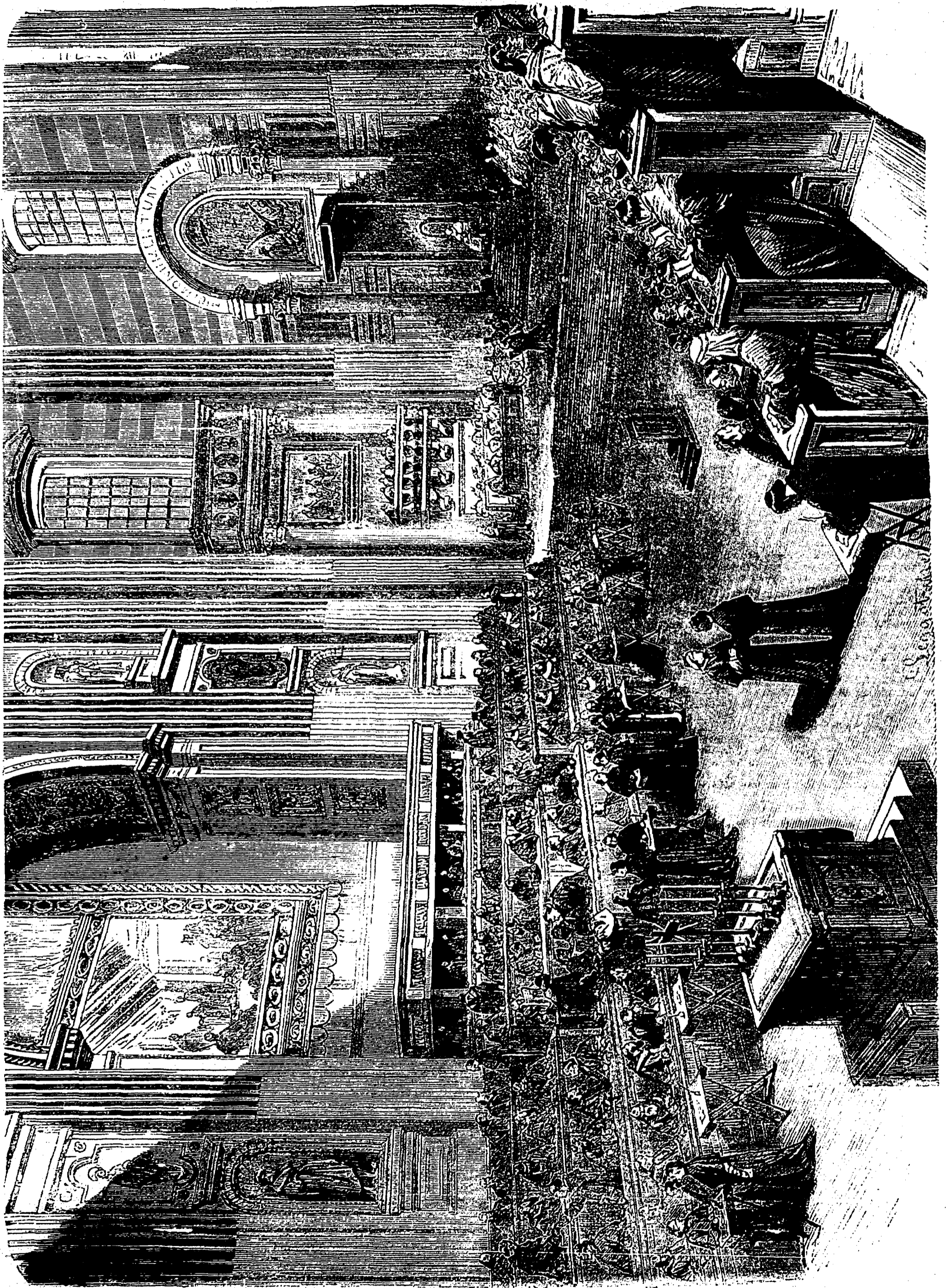
In this number we give a double page illustration of Prince Arthur's "return to camp." It is enlarged from a photograph taken by Mr. Stiff, of Ottawa, as was also "Prince Arthur as an axeman" in the last number. The Prince, accompanied by Lieut. Picard, arrived at Ottawa from Montreal on the 16th of December, and proceeded thence, under the charge of Mr. Mather, manager of Mr. Allan Gilmour's hunting establishment, to Quio, about thirty miles up the Ottawa. Mr. Gilmour and Mr. Reynolds, of the St. Lawrence and Ottawa Railway, with a few Ottawa sportsmen, were also of the party, which, on the following day, left the Quio at early morn, and after a drive of about seventy miles reached the tent which had already been pitched on a branch of the Gatineau river called the river Pickanock, at Squaw Lake. The ground was found but ill-adapted to the sport, and though the game was not scarce, opportunities for bagging were few. During the whole of the Prince's stay, eighteen moose were started, but only one opportunity offered, and of this His Royal Highness took advantage, and was successful in bringing down a fine moose. The whole bag consisted of a moose, a bear, and a deer. On the 29th His Royal Highness returned to Ottawa, and thence proceeded to Montreal. Though from the unfavourable state of the ground the sport was not so good as anticipated, yet the excellent arrangements made by Mr. Gilmour's manager rendered the trip a very pleasant one. We noticed last week the incident, on the homeward journey, of the Prince's taking part in felling a tree.

THE ECUMENICAL COUNCIL.

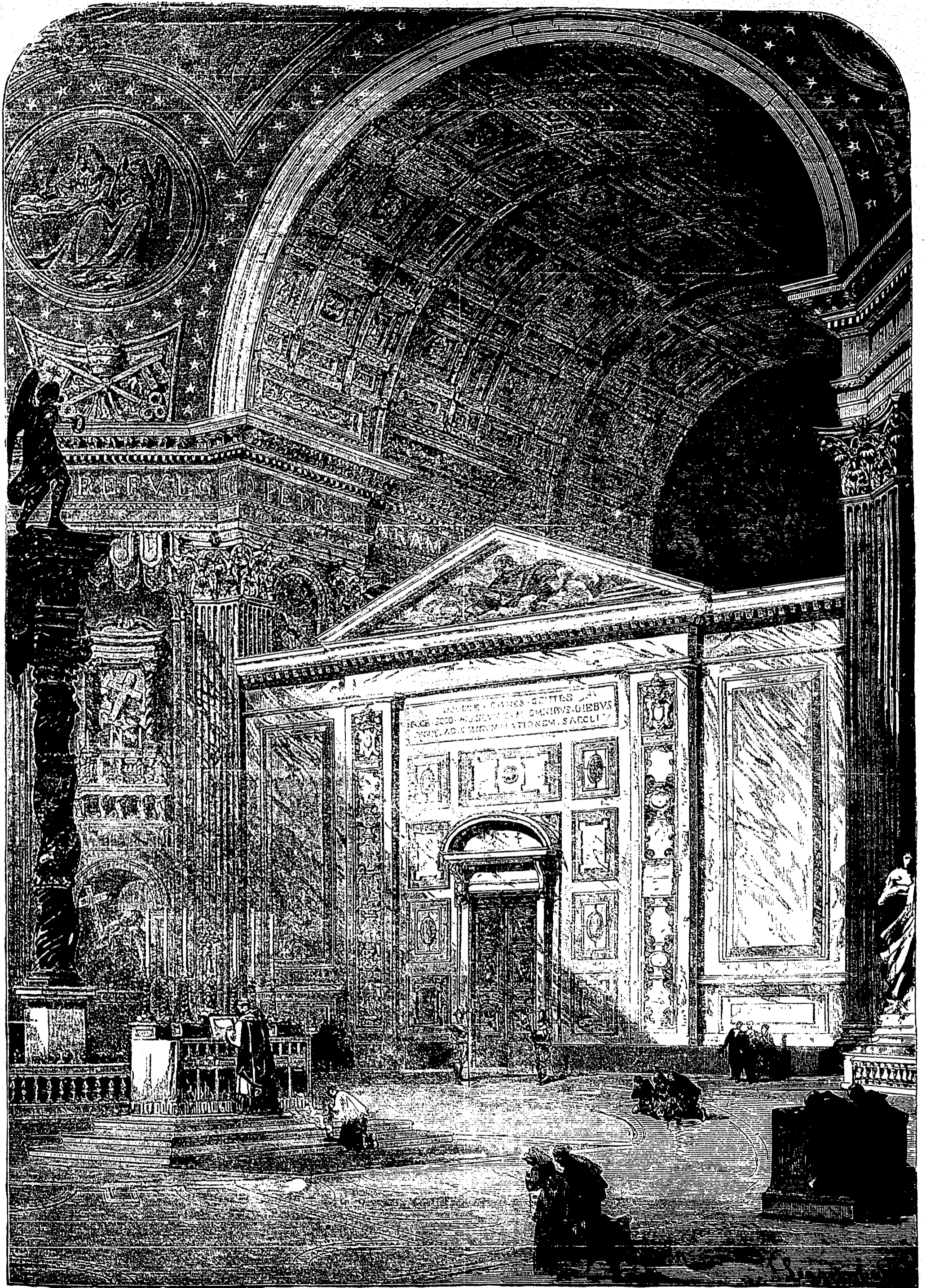
In our last number we gave an "illustration" of the solemn procession at the opening of the Ecumenical Council on the 8th ult., with an account of the proceedings at the opening ceremonies and the first sitting of the Council. This week we print an illustration shewing the Fathers in Council at the first sitting, and another giving a view of the south transept of St. Peter's as arranged for the opening ceremonies. The Grand Hall of the Council, we have already mentioned, is formed in the north transept of St. Peter's on the side next the Vatican. This Hall is only used, however, for the full sessions of the Council, as at the opening or on occasions appointed for the promulgation of decrees, &c. A correspondent thus describes the preparations for the opening ceremonies: "In passing up the nave of St. Peter's the arrangements for the opening of the Council at once became visible. On the right curtains of red cloth were put up between the pilasters, and tables were arranged for the vestments of the dignitaries who were to take part in the proceedings of the Council. The arch which leads to the Chapel of the Holy Sacrament was the only one on the north side that was not concealed. The last arch was inclosed with a wooden screen, having a door, which formed one of the entrances to the Council Chamber. On passing under the great dome, the external wall of the chamber presented itself, to the right hand, in the form of a screen or tympanum of wood, stretching across the whole breadth of the north transept of the church, and inclosing it so as to form a distinct apartment. The Council Chamber is thus of the full length of this north transept. The screen, though of wood, is got up with such architectural effect that it yet harmonizes very well with the grand interior of the cathedral. It is painted in imitation of various marbles, similar to those with which the interior of St. Peter's is overlaid. The pilasters supporting the pediment are in panels; on the top of each are the triple tiara and keys, with the Pope's arms on a shield. On the pediment itself is painted a figure of the Deity holding in one hand a book, and with the other hand held out, as if explaining or declaring the true meaning of that which is written. This is expressed in the Latin inscription on a panel underneath, as follows:—

DOCTE OMNES GENTES
ECCE EGO VOBI SCVM SYM OMNIBVS DIEBVS
VSQVE AD CONSUMMATIONEM SÆCULI

The wooden doors are painted to represent bronze, with panels in which are figures of the Saviour, the Virgin, St. Peter, and St. Paul, with the Papal arms, mitre, keys, and other devices. When this door is shut the Council is perfectly concealed from the public view; but there are to be certain days when the decrees which have been passed will be publicly declared, and on these occasions the door will be open. On the opening day, however, the door and all the screen between the two pilasters had been removed, so that the opening ceremonies might be seen by those under the dome; but when the Council began its sessions, the screen was again replaced.



THE MEDICAL CONGRESS HELD IN THE NORTH TRANSEPT OF ST. PETERS.—SEE PAGE 184.



SOUTH TRANSEPT OF ST. PETER'S. ARRANGED FOR THE OPENING CEREMONIES.—SEE PAGE 194.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING FEB. 5, 1870.

SUNDAY, JAN. 30.—*Fourth Sunday after Epiphany.* Charles I. beheaded, 1649.
 MONDAY, 31.—Guido Fawkes executed, 1606. Massacre of Glencoe, 1689. Ben. Johnson born, 1754. Cape Horn first doubled, 1616. Sepoy mutiny at Vellore, 1807.
 TUESDAY, Feb. 1.—Chief Justice Coke born, 1551.
 WEDNESDAY, 2.—*Purification B. V. M.* Candlemas day. Native rising in Algeria, 1869.
 THURSDAY, 3.—*St. Blasius*, Bp. and M. George Washington died, 1799. Monte Video taken by the British, 1807. Missunde taken by Russia, 1864.
 FRIDAY, 4.—Baptista Porta died, 1615. Stoppage United Bank, 1840. Fort Nicholas destroyed by allies, 1856.
 SATURDAY, 5.—*St. Agatha*, V. and M. Dr. Lingard, Historian, born, 1771. Sir R. Peel born, 1788. Dr. Cullen died, 1790. Victoria cross founded, 1856.

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JANUARY 29, 1870.

THERE is something remarkable in the general revival of the spirit of railway enterprise in the Upper Province. Some eighteen or twenty years ago, the late Sir Allan Macnab, in an after-dinner speech, said: "My politics are railways;" but at that time the country had had no bitter experiences in railway matters: all was pleasant anticipation: the Grand Trunk and the Great Western projects shone brilliantly in very promising prospectuses, and everybody was enthusiastic. The brave old Baronet's profession was, therefore, in harmony with the general feeling of the time: and in spite of the dark days of financial difficulty, which all our railways have undergone on their own account and inflicted upon others; in spite of the prediction, so often repeated some ten years later than the era of "railway politics," that railway extension in Canada was postponed for a quarter of a century, it would be quite as popular an avowal in the Province of Ontario to-day as it was in Upper Canada, in 1851, to say "my politics are railways."

Toronto is the headquarters of this "revival." It has sent out its missionaries throughout the country from the shores of Lake Simcoe and the Georgian Bay to the West Coast of Bruce, on the borders of Lake Huron, and these missionaries, after some three or four years of zealous labour, have been so far successful as to already have made certain the building of two railways—the Toronto, Grey and Bruce, and the Toronto and Nipissing. A third scheme is on foot—the Toronto, Simcoe, and Muskoka Junction, to connect the Capital of Ontario with the free grant lands of the Province. In this scheme, as in that of the Nipissing road, the people of Toronto are looking forward to the early connection, by railway, of the North-West Territory with Canada. Four hundred thousand dollars have been given as a bonus by the Corporation of Toronto to the two enterprises now fairly launched, and it will probably contribute another hundred thousand to the new scheme. The municipalities through which the railways pass also grant liberal bonuses, and very large stock subscriptions have been made, showing that the spirit of railway enterprise permeates the whole western community.

In the Eastern part of the Province a persistent effort on the part of a few far-seeing energetic men appears at length to have made an impression on the public mind of Central Canada. No doubt the example of the West has aided in creating at least an appearance of public interest in Railway enterprise: but, east of Kingston, whence a railway will, no doubt, be built to Madoc, there is no railway project that is assured of a reasonable probability of success, although there is at least one which undoubtedly deserves it—the Canada Central. This enterprise already possesses a charter which ought to have been the model railway charter of the country, because of the land grants made to the Company as a bonus for the building of the road. But, singularly enough, it has only been able to excite the interest of a few men of enterprise in Canada, and of some outside capitalists concerned in another road which would be materially benefited by the connexion. Yet, the Canada Central is one of the most feasible links in the great chain to the Pacific; and, from merely local considerations, possess advantages equal, if not superior, to those of any other projected railway scheme in the country. Mr. T. C. Keefer, C. E., who has long been an earnest advocate of this road, says, in a letter recently published in the *Montreal Gazette*:

"The time has arrived when it would be wise for your City Council and Board of Trade to strengthen the hands of the Ottawa people in a matter so fraught with the most important results to Montreal.

"There is already a population of 20,000 clustered around the Chaudière Falls, increasing more rapidly than any other city in the Dominion. The sawn lumber trade of Ottawa counted already by hundreds of millions of feet, has doubled within the last two years, and no one can say it has reached or at all approached its full development. On the contrary,

it is supposed that the rapid opening up of the treeless prairies by rail will so increase the demand for lumber that the Ottawa and Huron tract, which has equal powers of shipments west and east—by Lake Huron to Chicago—or by Lakes Ontario or Champlain to Hudson River—will become the main source of lumber supply for continental and export trade. Already the narrow gauge roads of New England have concentrated their surplus rolling stock upon this object, and are sending their cars directly into Ottawa, attracted by the many acres of piled lumber now frozen out of its summer market. There is no unoccupied field for railway enterprise, in all the Dominion, so attractive at the present moment as the Ottawa valley; none where a railway would produce such vast results, in colonization, in the development of hidden sources of wealth, and in impulse to our foreign commerce; and, in some other respects, none to compare with it upon this continent.

"Although I have coupled the agitation of the Ottawa Valley Railway with that of the Canadian Pacific, I have never supposed that the former was in any degree dependent on the latter. While I attach the highest importance to the Pacific railroad tendencies of the question I have urged these only for the purpose of creating an interest beyond the limits of the Ottawa Valley: that is a national interest. I think it would not be difficult to prove that though the Dominion were to be forever limited to the present boundaries of Ontario, a railway from Montreal to Lakes Huron and Superior is now a necessity to the City of Montreal, and cannot be acquired a year too soon. The commerce of Lake Huron has already reached a development which enables it to become a feeder to such a railway; and the rapid settlement of Minnesota will throw upon Lake Superior a commerce soon as great as that of Lake Michigan. The waters of Lake Superior are as near to Montreal as those of the Detroit river."

After describing the railway projects of Toronto, Mr. Keefer concludes:

"Now where the Western railways tap the Ottawa country, all the vast supplies for the lumber trade will be taken in by that route, the pork, and flour, tea, fish, molasses, ropes, chains, axes, saws, blankets, &c., &c., and if New England sends her cars across the ferry at Ogdensburg, the lumber will go out that way, and a scow at Prescott will be doing the natural work of the costly iron bridge at Montreal."

These considerations involve far more than the local interests of Montreal. They raise the question whether the greater enterprise of the West will carry the trade of the Dominion into, and through, a foreign country at the points least beneficial to Canada? The sooner our trade strikes the water line dividing us from the United States, the more it will contribute to their prosperity, and the less to ours; and the more avenues we open to the commerce of the Western Lakes, the greater will be the advantages we derive from the trade of the Western States. It is to be hoped that the intended conference of representatives of the municipalities interested in the Canada Central will be productive of practical results, and that the City of Montreal, so deeply affected by all that concerns the prosperity of the Ottawa country, will do its part to secure the construction of the road.

Her Majesty the Queen has been graciously pleased to confer upon the Hon. John Rose, late Finance Minister of Canada, the honour of knighthood, in the Order of St. Michael and St. George. This new dignity, conferred upon one of the most respected of Canada's public men, is not only a compliment to himself, but also to the country in which, as a faithful servant of the Crown, he won political distinction. Canadians will, therefore, heartily join in congratulating Sir John Rose on this new, and well-deserved, manifestation of the Royal favour on his behalf.

THE NORTH-WEST TERRITORY.

No. 4.—THE MORE FERTILE PORTION.—Continued.

THE UPPER ASSINIBOINE.

By the Rev. *En. Mc D. Dawson*, Ottawa.

Passing south-eastward from the magnificent prairies of the Saskatchewan, we arrive at a rather barren, but not wholly unproductive tract of country, situated on a river, which may, as yet, be said to be nameless—the "Qu'appelle," or *What do you call it?* This river is a tributary of the Assiniboine. It flows from a lake which also shares its waters with the South Saskatchewan, and is fed by several other lakes situated at some distance to the south. They are known, like the river itself, as the Qu'appelle lakes. To the south of them the landscape is diversified by hills, some of which are three hundred feet above the plain. Prairies, almost entirely level, extend from these hills to the Souris, or Mouse river, near the forty-ninth parallel of north latitude, which divides the British territory from the United States of America. This river flows some distance in a south-easterly direction, and, passing the boundary line, lends its waters for a moment to the United States, and then returning, continues in a north-easterly course, till it loses itself in the Assiniboine, which is wholly within British territory.

The countries situated on the Souris and Qu'appelle rivers not being within the "fertile belt," might be set down, perhaps, as possessing no value in an agricultural point of view. But recent explorations have shown that they are not without value as arable lands.

A million of acres of fertile land that can be cultivated is not to be despised. This is indeed a small proportion of the whole territory. But it is difficult to suppose that there is not more land on the Souris and Qu'appelle that could be made available, if not for the cultivation of all kinds of crops,

at least for the equally profitable purpose of raising cattle. If immense herds of Buffalo can be sustained on the grasses and herbs which grow spontaneously, it surely may be supposed that when the arts of the husbandman are applied, as great a number at least, of domestic animals may be maintained. But as so many fertile spots, fit for the plough, have been found by the passing explorer, in a country as extensive as the whole of England, more cultivable ground may yet be discovered. The growth of miserable aspens, which prevails so much, may convey the impression that the land is generally poor and unproductive. But it must be borne in mind that the Indian tribes, on occasion of their hunting excursions, with an inconsiderable want of foresight, set fire to the woods, as they pass, and so, at length, succeed in exterminating the noblest forests. Where these ancient forests still exist, Professor Hind assures us they are of "a large growth, and very thickly set." Continuing to ascend the river, (Qu'appelle) the same explorer says that he traversed "very beautiful and fertile prairies." He speaks of travelling a whole day through a "magnificent prairie," just before reaching the Qu'appelle lakes. Mentioning a large tract of country in the same neighbourhood, a little to the west of the Indian Head and Chalk hill ranges, he says that it is "truly beautiful," and is destined to become "highly important."

The country around the Qu'appelle mission is spoken of by Professor Hind as being particularly beautiful. "There the Qu'appelle valley is 1½ mile broad, and 250 feet deep. Both north and south a vast prairie extends, fertile, inviting, but treeless on the south, and dotted with groves of aspen over a light and somewhat gravelly soil on the north. The lakes, four in number, are most beautiful and attractive, and from the rich store of fish which they contain, are appropriately named fishing lakes. A belt of timber fringes their sides at the foot of the steep hills which they wash, for they fill the entire breadth of the valley. Ancient elm trees, with long and drooping branches, bend over the water; the ash-leaved maple acquires dimensions such we have not seen since leaving Red River; and the Misaskatomina is no longer a bush, but a tree from 18 to 20 feet high, and loaded with most luscious fruit." So much for a country which is reputed to be generally sterile. If, however, there be any truth in the accounts given by several exploring expeditions—and who can doubt the words of so many honourable and learned gentlemen?—this wilderness of the North-West will yet be made to blossom like the rose.

Its capabilities cannot, surely, be questioned. For we read at every step of *large tracts watered by fine streams; of good clay soil; level plain, dark, rich loam; rolling prairie; open, level; prairies of light, sandy loam, with clumps of willows; rich, black soil; and again, prairies, some undulating, and with sandy clay or light clay loam, others, level and open, and full of marshy ponds.* Passing from the Qu'appelle to the Souris, the same descriptions are applicable. For instance, we are told that on this river also, tracts are met with, as much as 20 miles in length, and ten in breadth, the soil of which is a *rich sandy loam*, and which, thanks to the provident burning of the stately old forests, are even now ready for the plough. Only think of this, Canadians, who must pay twenty times the price of your land, in money or in labour, before you can raise a single blade of grass!

The extensive lands, chiefly prairie lands, which lie between the two rivers, according to the most distinguished explorers, are frequented by very numerous herds of buffalo.

The country, of which we have just endeavoured to convey an idea, extends along the United States frontier, from the broken hilly region which forms the western boundary of the alluvial valley of Red River, as far West as the sources of the Assiniboine and its tributaries,—to the point where the most important of these tributaries, the Qu'appelle, is said to flow from a lake which is also a feeder of the South Saskatchewan. Theories, which appear to be somewhat premature, have been built on this remarkable fact. It has been supposed, that by means of this lake, communication might be established between the water system of Red River and that of the Great Saskatchewan. Be this as it may, it will be time to think of such things when works of greater and more pressing utility have been accomplished.

It now remains, before concluding this paper, to offer some remarks on the countries bordering on the main stream of the Assiniboine which flows through the regions which we are at present considering.

It may be generally observed in the words of Mr. S. J. Dawson, who conducted the Canadian exploring expedition of 1855, that, "the great alluvial valley, drained by the Assiniboine and its tributaries above the Souris River, will, no doubt, become at some period, one of the finest wheat growing countries in the world. No one in this part of the country (the report is dated Red River, 4th July, 1858) even pretends that in point of soil or climate, it is unfavourable to the growth of agricultural produce."

The course of the Assiniboine, from its junction with the Souris upwards, is exceedingly tortuous. It, not unfrequently, crosses the valley through which it flows, as much as three times in the direct distance of a mile. This does not lessen the beauty of its scenery. There are fine woods on either bank, which often extend the whole breadth of the valley which is, generally, from one to two miles wide. From the heights at Fort Ellice,—about 250 feet above the surface of

the stream, a fine view is obtained of the most beautiful undulating prairie lands, stretching out to a great distance on both banks of the river. The whole of the vast region bordering on the upper Assiniboine, is described by Mr. S. J. Dawson, in the report of his exploration (1858), as almost a level plateau, the greater height of the banks at Fort Ellice nicely indicating the descent of the river in its tortuous course. It is very satisfactory to learn from the same report, that, to a considerable distance inland from the banks, the soil was found "to be of an alluvial character, differing in no respect from the soil in the prairie lands at Red River." Stretching far inland are seen, as you glide along the waters of the Assiniboine, beautiful valleys, with winding banks, covered, in some cases, with green herbage, and in others, with forests which ascend to the level of the plain above. A little above Fort Ellice, the River Qu'Appelle joins the Assiniboine. It forms the southern limit of an immense fertile prairie which is bounded on the North by White Mud River, another important tributary of the Assiniboine, and, on the West, by the Touchwood Hills. This prairie cannot be less than one hundred miles in breadth between the two streams which form its southern and northern boundaries. It is traversed by the great highway which leads from Red River to Carlton House, and is well known to travellers, who speak admiringly of its great fertility. To the north of Mud River, which is believed to be the main stream of the Assiniboine, there are also extensive alluvial plains. These fertile lands are also celebrated by travellers. They extend to the immediate vicinity of the sources of the Assiniboine. Fort Pelly, a post of the Hudson's Bay Company, is situated on a branch of this river, somewhat to the north of White Mud. This place is much admired for its rich and picturesque scenery. Travellers speak of beautiful valleys diversified with alternate slopes of woodland and prairie. When the exploring party of 1858 passed there, numbers of horses were quietly feeding on the abundant pasture, "and what," they add, "with clumps of trees on the rising grounds, and the stream winding among green meadows, it seemed as if it wanted but the presence of human habitations to give it the appearance of a highly cultivated country."

This upper portion of the Assiniboine country is separated from the lower Assiniboine and Red River Territory, by a comparatively barren tract, from forty to fifty miles in breadth, known as the Sand Hills. This region, although not so inviting as those which have been described, is not altogether barren. There are beautiful and not unfruitful valleys, whilst both hill and dale are capable of affording excellent pasture.

The section of the North-West Territory which borders on the upper Assiniboine, is destined, no doubt, to become one of the richest agricultural countries in the world. But, from its great facility of communication with the rest of the territory, as well as with foreign countries, its future populations must enjoy great commercial resources. These resources will be all the greater, that the soil, in addition to its agricultural capabilities, abounds in some of those things which minister, so largely, to the wants and the luxuries of life. Coal, so essential to domestic comfort, and so great an element of material progress, is found in abundance on the upper Assiniboine, (vide Evid. Select Committee, House of Commons, Qr. 2,715, &c.) There are indications also of Iron, which is one of the greatest gifts that have been given to man, and which, as a source of national wealth, is more precious than gold. The most common, but most useful of all things, salt, abounds, if not in the alluvial valleys, at least in several places which border on the Assiniboine country. Finally, let it be said, for the gratification of all, who love what is truly agreeable, and dislike the putrescent exhalations of swamps and the croaking of bull-frogs, the birds are musical and the flowers fragrant.

LITERARY.

We understand that the Rev. Æ. McD. Dawson's volume, "Our Strength and Their Strength," &c., is about to be published at Ottawa. In the greater portion of this work the author has simply edited and revised former contributions to the press. Among these may be enumerated the much prized essays of "Nemo" on the colonial policy of the Empire, first published in the Ottawa Times a couple of years ago; the "Poets of Canada," the greater part of which appeared in the Lower Canada Journal of Education, and several original poems, reviews, &c. Father Dawson's volume will, no doubt, meet with a hearty welcome. The work issues from the press of the Times Printing Company.

The Canadian Annual Register, by Henry J. Morgan, is also in the press, and will shortly be published by the Montreal Printing and Publishing Company. The Register will take up the thread of its records at the beginning of the new régime under the British North America Act, and in its matter and form of get-up will be similar to the British Annual Register, which is now a standard work of reference. As Mr. Morgan has successfully established the Parliamentary Companion on the British model, and even with more exactness and particularity of information, it may be hoped that he will be equally successful in the more pretentious effort to establish the Register. Such a work, commencing with Confederation, would be exceedingly valuable to all who are engaged in public life or take an interest in public affairs; and instead of possessing a

merely passing interest, or being a yearly repetition of the same old tale with slight variations, as many annuals must necessarily be, it would form a consecutive political and general history of the country.

The Free Press says that Mr. George Taylor, of London (Ont.), who has been absent during the past few weeks on a visit to St. Paul's, and the region beyond towards Red River, returned on Wednesday of last week. He reports that the business community of St. Paul's and other places in Minnesota are aiding the rebels by every means, and express a strong determination to annex the territory as early as possible. Arrangements are now completed to build a railway to within three days' march of Red River, with the avowed object of facilitating this measure. They will suffer no Canadian interference in Red River affairs, if they can prevent it. They are prepared to supply Riel with any amount of money to aid the insurrectionary movement, and they calculate when the railway is finished, that men can be poured into the territory in numbers sufficient to resist any attempt on the part of our government to establish itself there. Mr. Taylor reports a general state of prosperity in Minnesota. All the Canadian settlers are advancing rapidly.

The following information concerning matters, at the Red River is from the Globe's St. Paul correspondent, under date 22nd inst.—Messrs. Snow, Mulkins, Nimmons, Grant and Hamilton leave St. Paul for Canada to-day. Messrs. Mulkins and Hamilton were liberated from Fort Garry, on January 6th on condition of quitting the country. Mr. Nimmons and five others came in from working on the Government road early in December, and were arrested and imprisoned. They and twenty-five other prisoners were confined in a room 10 by 20 feet, with cells along the sides, into which the men crowded to sleep at night. Riel supplied them with sugar and tea of the poorest quality. Mr. Nimmons escaped on the night of Jan. 2nd, by jumping from a second story window and climbing over the stockade while the guards were absent, and after much suffering reached Pembina. He and his friends were offered their liberty if they would swear allegiance to the insurgent government, but all refused and were returned to prison. Snow and his son had not been prisoners. Riel had, subject to call at any time, dismissed his troops, with the exception of about fifty who are on guard duty. Vicar General Thibault is at the residence of Bishop Taché, and is yet somewhat under surveillance. DeSalaberry is at liberty and allowed to go wherever he pleases. A Pembina letter says the Indians who were marching towards Fort Garry were met by Riel and other insurgents five miles from the Fort, where they had a talk, and after receiving some tobacco and provisions, the Indians returned home. They said they understood the French and Americans were waging war against the British Government, and they came down to see if this was true, and if it was they would fight them. The Indians are not altogether satisfied, and intimated that they would probably soon be back again.

An Ottawa paper learns that the Synod of the Diocese of Ontario will take into consideration at its annual meeting in June, the necessity of electing a Suffragan Bishop for that Diocese, after the example now being set in the Mother Church in England, the Suffragan Bishop to reside at Ottawa. Should the Synod decide on making this appointment, the erection of a cathedral at Ottawa will become a necessity, and will, we understand, quickly follow the election.

DEATH OF GEORGE D. PRENTICE.—George D. Prentice, the well-known journalist, died at the residence of his son near Louisville, at an early hour Saturday morning. Few men connected with the American press exercised a wider influence than he did in the early and happier years of his life. Gifted as few writers were for rapid, trenchant, and often brilliant work, he made the Louisville Journal at one time the most influential advocate and the most dreaded assailant which the Whig party had to oppose to its powerful and often victorious adversary. His personalities, his brief and stinging paragraphs, his sharp comments on men and affairs, were for many years greedily copied by journals all over the country not highly favoured with original wit, and became household words long after they ceased to be traceable to their source. Mr. Prentice was also a poet of no mean reputation, but neither his occupations nor his habits gave him much chance to cultivate that gift. He continued at his post to the last, but the great change in the political relations of the country destroyed his influence long ago, and though his sayings have continued to be quoted and circulated, he has been to the younger half of the present generation little more than the shadow of a name.

Gottschalk is dead. The thousands who have listened with delight to the harmonies evoked from the piano by his skilful fingers will hear them no more. He was struck with fatal illness whilst directing a monster concert at Rio Janeiro, and by a curious coincidence it was whilst performing his favourite composition on La Morte. Gottschalk was in his forty-first year, having been born in New Orleans in 1829. His musical education was obtained in Paris in 1841-5, and in the latter year he commenced his musical tours in Europe and America.

The last of Grisi was the conveyance of her mortal remains from Berlin, by way of Cologne, to Paris. Mario accompanied the remains, and attended them to the burial place in Père la Chaise. The coffin which contains the body is made of crystal; the second coffin is of oak, and the third of lead, decorated with ornaments of bronze. At each corner of the leaden coffin is a wreath, the head surmounted by a crown of thorns. The cost of the three coffins is said to have been fifteen thousand francs.

The remains of the late Mr. Peabody were submitted by Dr. Pavy, a distinguished English physician, to a novel preservative process, which consisted in first injecting all the arteries with a solution of arsenic and corrosive sublimate; and, after the lapse of twenty-four hours, with a saturated solution of tannic acid. By these means the softer tissues are actually converted into leather, and decomposition effectually arrested. Into the cavities of the chest and abdomen there was also introduced a paste of arsenic, camphor, and spirit; and the coffin was lined with a layer of animal charcoal.

AN IMPORTANT INVENTION.

General Beaugard, who has been for some years past engaged in the consideration of the subject of simplifying and rendering cheaper the propulsion of railway cars, has secured a patent under which, it is believed, his ideas on the subject will be carried to a success in every respect gratifying to the public. General Beaugard calls his invention a system of contraction, and will ere long put it into practical operation on the New Orleans and Carrollton railroad, of which he is President. He describes the invention as follows:—

"This invention relates to new and useful improvements in machinery or apparatus for propelling cars or other vehicles on land, and boats on canals or river, by means of overhead wire or other rope, deriving motion from stationary engines or other power, at intervals along the route. The invention, comprising an arrangement of clamping devices for engaging and disengaging the rope, having a constant movement above a roller or pulley supports for it, suspended upon framing along the road, the clamp being connected to brackets, upon the car, by a spring or yielding connection, to relieve the car or boat from injurious shocks at starting, and arranged to be operated by the conductor in the car, vehicle, or boat. The invention also comprises an arrangement of means for raising the rope, when it is to be clamped for setting the car in motion, the pendant supporters of which are necessarily lower than the clutch, to permit it to pass over them, also arranged for operation by a person standing on the car.

"In carrying out this invention the railroad track will be spanned, at intervals of about 200 feet, by a framework consisting of two upright posts, connected at the top by a cross-beam, from which will descend a bracket to which will be affixed a roller to support the traction rope. The clamping arrangement will be controlled by a crank, worked by means of a cord passed round a wheel, and within easy reach of the conductor of the car. When the car is to be put in motion the traction rope is made to pass up between two check pieces fixed to a block, and on a rod supported by two curved brackets, rising from the roof of the car, above the roller which supports the rope, the supporting brackets of which are also curved, but in an opposite direction, permitting the block and clamps to be carried above the roller supports of the rope, without any interference with either set of brackets. To the front of this block in which the clamps are situated, and of the upright curved bracket in the centre of the car roof, is a piston rod, supported by another curved bracket at the rear, and on this piston rod works a spiral wire enclosed in a cylinder, this being the chief power employed to prevent injurious shocks when the car is either started or stopped. The clamps through which the ropes are passed are perforated by a right and left screw, connected with another wheel, around which the conductor of the car can set this screw in motion, thus bringing the clamps together and stopping the motion of the traction rope. In this matter the conductor will soon have the aid of the ordinary car-break. When passengers have got out of or entered the car it can again, and without shock, be put into motion by taking off the car-break, releasing the cord which works the screw through the clamps, and at the same moment elevating to the proper height the roller block which supports the traction rope.

"This invention, in the opinion of General Beaugard, can be applied on branches of trunk railroads, and on plantations, wherever the surface is not too broken, as well as to canals, even when they are frozen, and ordinary traffic on them entirely suspended, for boats may be placed on rollers and propelled over the ice, while very simple machinery will enable them to overcome the locks in their path."

CHESS.

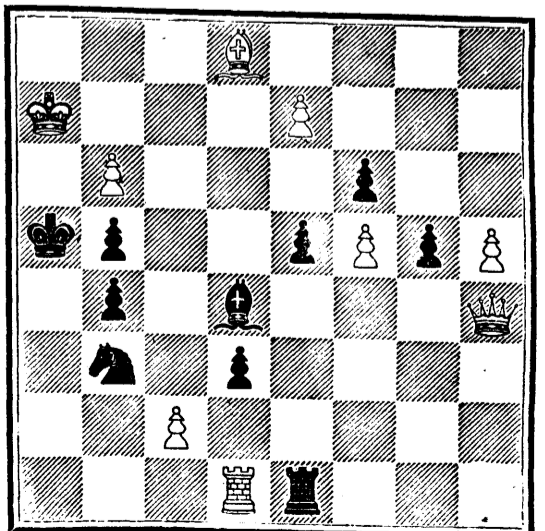
KING'S GAMBIT.

(From Walker's "Chess Studies.")

- | | |
|------------------------|---------------------------------|
| Jouy. | De la Bourdonnais, (blindfold.) |
| 1. K. P. 2. | K. P. 2. |
| 2. K. B. P. 2. | P. takes P. |
| 3. K. Kt. to B. 3rd. | K. Kt. P. 2. |
| 4. K. B. to Q. B. 4th. | K. Kt. P. 1. |
| 5. Kt. to K. 5th. | Q. ch. |
| 6. K. to B. sq. | P. to K. B. 6th. |
| 7. Kt. takes K. B. P. | Q. Kt. to B. 3rd. |
| 8. Q. P. 2. | K. B. to Kt. 2nd. |
| 9. Q. B. P. 1. | K. Kt. to B. 3rd. |
| 10. Kt. takes R. | Q. P. 2. |
| 11. P. takes Q. P. | Kt. to K. 5th. |
| 12. Q. to K. sq. | K. Kt. P. 1. |
| 13. K. B. to Q. 3rd. | P. takes P. ch. |
| 14. K. takes P. | Q. B. ch. |
| 15. K. to Kt. sq. | Q. Kt. takes P. |
| 16. Q. takes Kt. ch. | Q. takes Q. |
| 17. B. takes Q. | Kt. mates. |

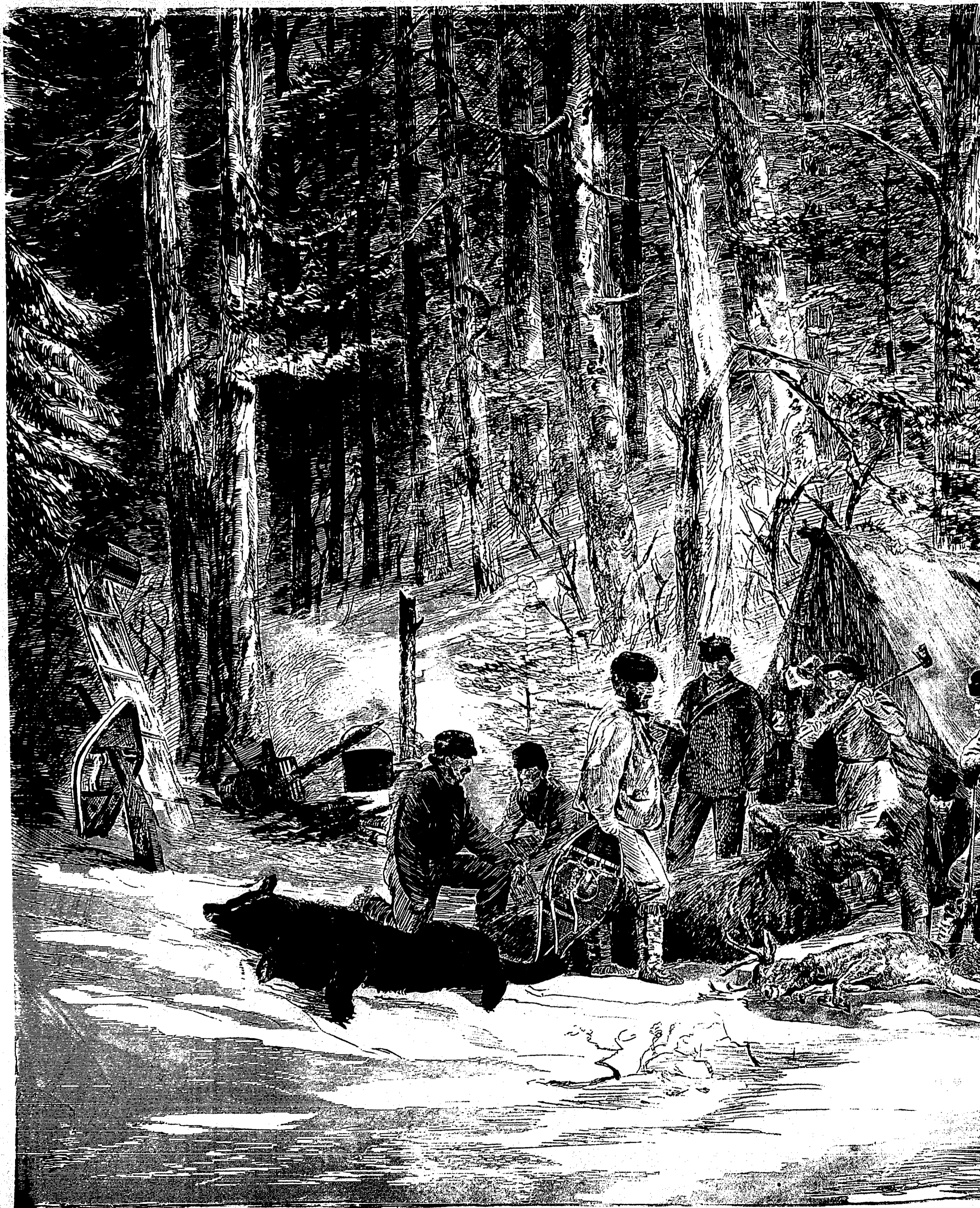
PROBLEM No. 3.

BLACK.



WHITE.

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



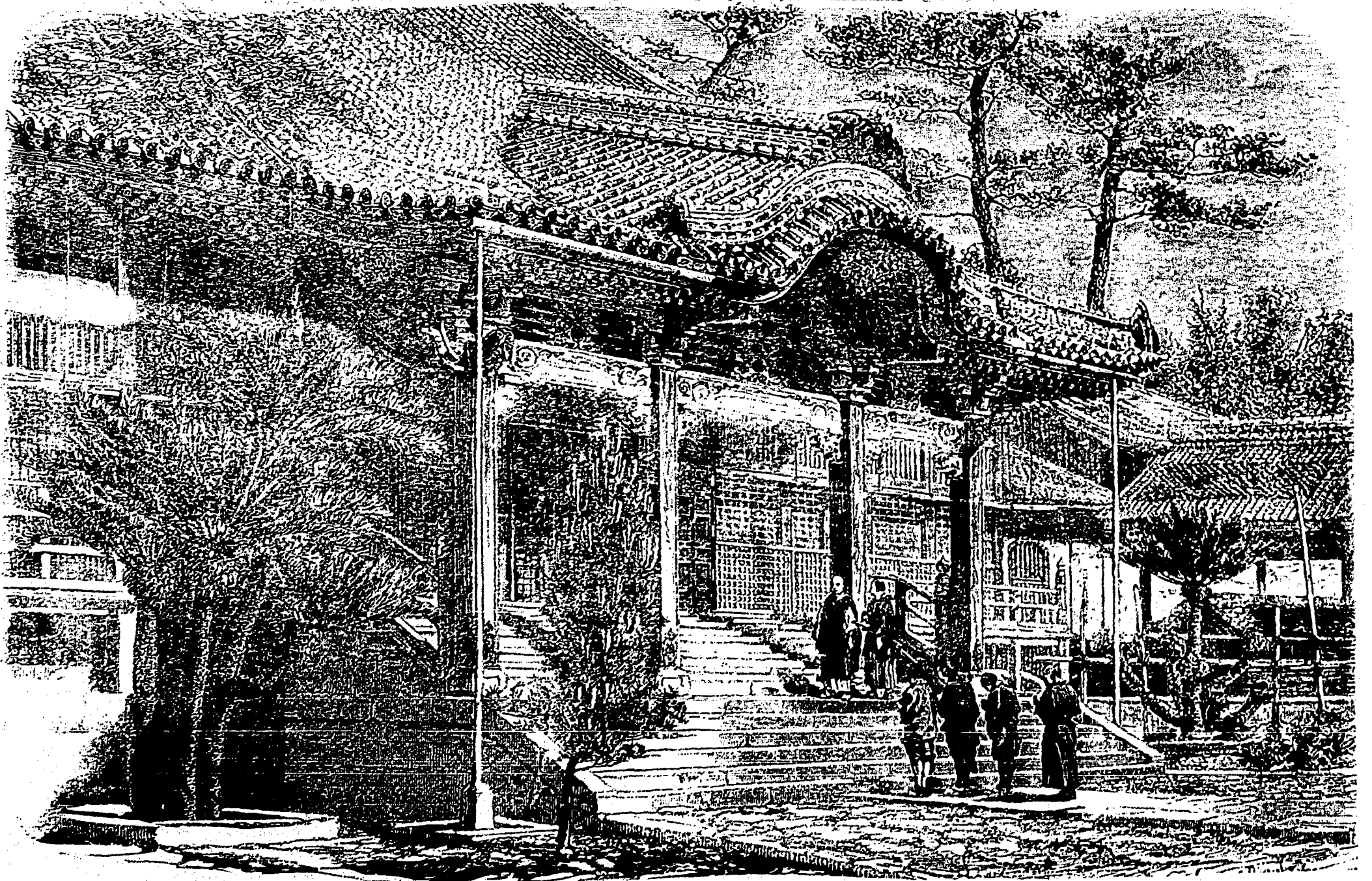
PRINCE ARTHUR'S HUNTING TOUR.



TOUR.—THE RETURN TO CAMP.—SEE PAGE 191.



JAPANESE CUSTOMS.—SERVING THE SAKI.—“ From *Le Japon Illustré*, par AIME HUMBERT, (Paris 1869.) ”



BUDDHIST TEMPLE AT NANGASAKI.—“ From *Le Japon Illustré*, par AIME HUMBERT, (Paris 1869.) ”



A FATHER'S ADVICE.

By GUIDO BACH.

THE BEAUTIFUL PRISONER.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

CHAPTER XII.

A DINNER AMONG FRIENDS.

ROBESPIERRE, since it was manifest that he, more than ever, contemplated great projects, became more intolerable and tried Tallien's devotion. For more than five weeks the president of the committee of the public safety had not attended the meetings of the convention, but he more regularly visited the Jacobin Club. The air was sultry—everyone anticipated that new events were ripening. Everyone dreaded this taciturn, pensive and choleric Robespierre, by whose ambition, everyone that did not serve him, saw himself relentlessly doomed. Tallien, especially, trembled when he felt the breath of this inscrutable man; he heard from his mouth but the signals of death, and saw his hand but write names which were remitted to Fouquier-Tinville, to compose of them the list of the victims. The dictatorship of Robespierre, of which everyone spoke, which everyone dreaded, was already a matter of fact. He beckoned, and the heads fell into the iron basket of the head-man, Samson.

"Tallien," said Robespierre, one morning, coughing, and sipping a cup of camomiles: "Barrère gives a dinner to-day, at Clichy. Are you one of the party?"

"Yes, I am invited," replied Tallien.

"Well, I am glad—I shall also attend. I like to meet once again our friends, and it is high time for me to do so, as the traitors and scoundrels attempt already secretly—"

"What do you mean?" asked Tallien, growing pale with terror at the lurking glance that Robespierre, through his green spectacles, fixed on him.

"Ha, you are perhaps one of them?" he suddenly burst forth. "Why are you growing pale, citizen? I think you, too, are betraying me!"

"What a strange fancy!" answered Tallien. "You are now full of mistrust, Robespierre. You offend your best friends."

Robespierre kept silence for a while, his limbs shaking with the violence of his feelings. "You may be right, friend," he then said in an unpleasant tone; "but, I will soon find out who is my friend, and who desires the happiness of France. Many, however, may learn to their sorrow, that Robespierre has sounded them, and does no more rely on them. So, good-bye, friend, till to-night at Barrère's."

With evil forebodings Tallien left the advocate who, with St. Just and Couthon, were now ruling France. He doubted not that Robespierre intended to strike down his open and secret enemies, and that the dictatorship would be conferred upon him, as soon as he came back to the convention. Had Robespierre not also threatened him? He revolted at the thought that his head might also fall, if this one man wished it, and that he was powerless to protect himself. He resolved to save himself, not by flight, but by bold action. The same morning he had received a letter from Thérèse, who conjured him to hasten Robespierre's fall. But how was this possible? Though he had a great many friends, he saw the difficulty of uniting them. Who would have the courage to direct their thoughts to one common aim, and organize an actual conspiracy against the dreaded and all-powerful man? Tallien recoiled from such an attempt; yet, this idea was ever uppermost in his mind, and accompanied him when he set out to Clichy, where Barrère, the deputy, owning an elegant country-seat, was fond of giving sumptuous dinners to his friends.

When Tallien arrived at this place, his head was confused with thinking; his cheeks were pale, his eyes inflamed, his bristly red hair stood on end. He evidently came too late—the dinner must have already commenced. A servant who had opened the door for him had hastily withdrawn, knowing Tallien to be acquainted in the house. He was alone in the ante-room, and while he was in the act of crossing it, perceived a number of coats hanging on the pegs against the wall. He did not feel surprised, as the month of July was extremely hot, the sun of the Thermidor having no pity for the committee of the public safety—which had induced the guests to rid themselves of their uncomfortable coats. But suddenly, Tallien arrested his steps, gazed timidly around, listened if anyone was coming, and with a wild look rushed to a brown-silk coat which had attracted his attention. Trembling with excitement and evil conscience, he searched for the breast-pocket, dived his hand into it and drew forth a folded paper with a portfolio. For one moment he hesitated, holding them in his hand as though he did not know what to do with his booty. He then quickly turned round to the door and walked out into the garden.

Here also he met no one; all the guests were at dinner in the saloon; but still he searched all the walks before he sat down on a seat in a retired spot of the thicket. He then drew forth the portfolio and paper, unfolded the letter and devoured with eager glances the names it contained. The list was newly written, perhaps within the last few hours. His name was on it, amongst forty others that all belonged to the deputies of the convention, whom Robespierre, no doubt, suspected of not being implicitly devoted to him. They were friends to Danton, friends to Tallien,—as Carnot, Barras, Fréron, Collot d'Herbois, Vadier; even Barrère, by whom Robespierre had been invited to dinner, was marked on the paper, though the name had been struck out again.

"Triumph!" muttered Tallien, whose eyes sparkled with anger and resolution. "This comes at the proper time, Maximilian—this furnishes me with what I required! As my death has been decided upon by you, I will not suffer myself to be slaughtered like a lamb, but will, like a wolf, defend myself." He hastily opened the portfolio, turning over the last written pages. He found nothing but names, names struck out and provided with marks of interrogation, names underlined and twice, even thrice noted down. They were written in rows, one below the other, and above them a cipher indicating the date. The (Th.) alongside of it showed that the dates of the Thermidor were meant. Under "the 9th (Th.," Tallien noticed again his name, and beneath it that of Thérèse Cabarrus. A pencil memorandum was scribbled beside it, which was hard to decipher, but Tallien, after some time, succeeded in finding it out, and read: "Bloody marriage, she shall be his." Then, Tallien's gaze fell on unintelligible notes, about a fête to the Supreme Being, an agrarian law, soldiers' asylums, &c. At the foot of the notes there was written: "20th (Th.) Abolition of capital punishment. Peace. New Empire. Festival of reconciliation." Tallien had read enough. He had found what most interested him. Not only was he and his friends marked on the next list of the victims, but also Thérèse; Robespierre had perhaps already sent the accusation against her to Fouquier-Tinville. No time was to be lost, this day being the seventh of the Thermidor, and the High Priest having fixed the bloody marriage to take place on the ninth.



Tallien discovers Robespierre's list of the victims.

Concealing the portfolio and paper in his pocket, he went back to the ante-room. Everything appeared unchanged, no one seemed to have entered during his absence. Tallien replaced his plunder, and mastering his emotion, stepped into the dining-saloon. Barrère received him with reproaches at his long absence; he excused himself with having been unwell.

"Indeed," said Robespierre to him, as he took his seat at the table, which was laid for fifteen persons: "you look very pale, Tallien. Now you are crimson—oh, friend, you have the fever!"

"The fever?" asked St. Just, in his apparently and indifferent way. "Why should he have the fever?"

"He has the fever of cowardice," remarked the crippled Couthon, whose angelic features and lovely, clear voice, did not bespeak his gloomy, unrelenting spirit.

Tallien felt easier, more courageous and daring, than of late. His old nature, suddenly freed from fear and hypocrisy, appeared again.

"What do you mean, Couthon?" replied he. "Is there any danger threatening me?"

"You may guess rightly," said Carnot, at whose side Tallien purposely had taken his seat. "The air smells of blood."

"And the general staff is here assembled, drawing up the plan

of the campaign," put in Barras, a beautiful and elegant figure, showing in its military bearing, that he had once been an officer in the army.

"Well, I do not care," remarked Tallien, shaking hands with Fréron and Billaud.

"If it comes to a battle, victims will fall on both sides."

"But there will also be victors and vanquished," uttered Lebas, across the table.

"Zounds, friends," cried the amiable heat; "fill your glasses. We are here assembled to enjoy a pleasant evening. We are all adorers of liberty—hurrah, friends, long live liberty, long live the republic, long live France!"

Enthusiastically they clinked their glasses. Tallien raised his glass and violently striking it against Robespierre's exclaimed arrogantly:

"Long live terror!"

Robespierre's glass broke to pieces, and the wine was spilled on the cloth. An angry look punished the awkward offender.

"Parbleu!" cried Fréron, "this is a bad omen! Ah, Robespierre, you are betrayed. You will now establish your new reign of peace and permit terror to fall asleep."

"Truly, he has prepared himself well for it," mocked Collot d'Herbois.

"What is the import of your words?" asked Robespierre, endeavouring to suppress his annoyance.

"Eh, have you not for more than a month been absent from the convention?"

"Yes, Maximilian," said Tallien. "You are suspected of being a moderate. You withdraw from your duties, and the report says that you intend on the 20th Thermidor to abolish capital punishment."

Robespierre sprang up as if bitten by a viper.

"What are you prattling, Tallien? What do you know of the 20th Thermidor?"

His eyes flashed fire at the young man, who slightly shrugged his shoulders.

"Do you not often tell me of your ideas?"

"I never spoke to you of the 20th Thermidor."

"Well, dear friends," added Billaud-Varennes, "do not tire us again with a fête to the Supreme Being. It cannot be endured a second time."

"Perhaps," remarked St. Just, "some may not have occasion to endure it a second time."

"Ah, friends, mother Thiot, the pious mother, whom Robespierre appointed as the new prophetess, bears the whole blame," jested the merry Barrère, filling again Robespierre's glass.

"How they are mocking!" whispered Couthon to the latter.

"Let them!" replied he; "we are of good cheer."

"The capon! the capon!" cried now the first at the table, to whom the servants were presenting the dishes with the fowls. For a few minutes the conversation was interrupted to do honour to the capon.

"Carnot," whispered Tallien to his neighbour: "I have important communications to make to you. Your head is at stake. But do not be agitated."

Carnot nodded his head, and replied:

"I felt that something of the kind was in the wind."

And on the other side of the table, Robespierre whispered to St. Just, at his side:

"We will not remain much longer, but will go to the Jacobins. Let Lebas and Collinval know."

"Friends and citizens!" now said Barrère, rising. "Often you have favoured me with the honour of having you for my guests. I thank you for it. We are all men of politics, of liberty; we all love France, and are proud of being witnesses and co-operators of the great work of the revolution. As men are different, so are their minds and thoughts; we cannot all think alike of political questions, though we render homage to a political principle. Let us comprehend this, and be friends, although unanimity does not always rule among us."

He stopped for one moment. The guests seemed to be almost painfully touched by his words, they had become perfectly silent.

"What nonsense is this?" whispered Couthon to St. Just.

Barrère continued:

"Passion and dissension have caused us many sorrows. Friends, I know that there exists again secret enmities in the convention. You can suppress them if you wish, if you vow friendship to each other. You, who are here assembled, have a decisive influence in the convention, from the Plain to the Mountain. Therefore, I have to-day offered you this friendly dinner. Long live friendship!"

"Long live friendship!" cried Barras, Tallien and Fréron, with several others, clinking their glasses. Robespierre, with his faction, were silent and did not stir.

"Well, Robespierre, you do not join?" asked Barrère.

"And still, at other times, his mouth overflows with the honey of friendship!" added the sharp tongue of Tallien.

Robespierre measured him with a look of amazement and indignation; he seemed to search for the cause of the remarkable change in Tallien, who so boldly attacked and mocked him, whilst in the morning he had trembled and bent before him.

"I have something to add that you have forgotten," replied Robespierre, after some hesitation. He raised his glass, and with his creaking, gasping voice, cried, fixing his eyes on Tallien:

"Death to the traitors!"

"Yes, death to them, the traitors!" repeated St. Just, Cou-

thon, Lebas and Coffinhal, clinking their glasses against Robespierre's. The rest kept an icy silence.

"Why that?" said Barrère, after a while, to break the uneasy quietness, and casting a glance of reproach upon Robespierre.

"Why?" replied he. "Because treason in the garb of friendship is more detestable than the malicious attack of an acknowledged enemy."

"Truly, to speak in this way, is challenging," burst forth Carnot, indignantly. "Perhaps, citizen Robespierre means to say that he is once again on the scent of traitors who are restraining him, the incorruptible, from making himself the tyrant of France."

"Ha, just see how he betrays himself!" broke forth Robespierre, his face becoming almost livid with anger, while his eyes incessantly winked.

"Or," continued Carnot, in a voice of thunder, "it is you that betrays himself, man of virtue. While you share with us this dinner, you have perhaps already doomed our heads for the headman."

These words produced an extraordinary sensation. The whole party was in an uproar.

"And would it not be a duty," cried St. Just, amidst the noise, "to sacrifice also his friends, if they were endangering the country and liberty?"

"Ah, you angel, with the insanity of Roman virtue," said Barras, tapping the shoulder of the little, boyish St. Just. "Is it for you to decide what is danger, and what not?"

"Yes, by right of his office," cried Coffinhal, the judge, in a rage.

"Well, I am not surprised," quoth Barrère; "this is a genuine republican dinner among friends. No sooner have I proposed an earnestly meant toast, then our good friends in a patriotic paroxysm fly at each other's throats. Eh, you may kill yourselves if you wish!"

"Oh yes, provided that Robespierre with his angels remain."

"The d.... will take them afterwards," mocked Carnot.

"Who then raises suspicion?" said Lebas. "Is it not you that reproach us? Because we perform conscientiously our duties in the committees, we are in your eyes ambitious, aspiring to power. What can you prove against us? Nothing but your evil conscience incites you to accuse us of culpable ambition."

"This is the degeneration of the republican spirit," exclaimed Robespierre, visibly inclined to continue in this style the conversation. "If I do not appear publicly, the report goes at once that I am going to set up for a tyrant."

"You are a tyrant already!" cried Barras.

"Be it so, I will consult the convention about it," replied Robespierre with a threatening gesture. "I shall make the convention the judge of my actions, I shall prove to them that disloyalty spreads more and more within their own lines and extends even to the committees. Nothing shall be done but what the convention decides upon. I will never act otherwise than according to the will of the people."

"And I will report the inner condition of the republic," exclaimed St. Just, his compressed lips denoting that his report might not please several of the guests.

The last words of Robespierre had made on most of them an alarming impression which Tallien in secret understanding with Carnot quickly endeavoured to wipe out.

"That will be the old story, over again," said Carnot contemptuously.

"I suppose you will ask a charter for a new massacre amongst the delegates?" mocked Tallien. "Are there then still Lantons left?"

"Yes," cried Coffinhal; "a new purging in the convention is necessary."

"A general slaughter," continued Tallien sneeringly; "General Henriot with his whiskey-bottle may command the execution."

"Ha, Tallien!" now said Robespierre, closely approaching him; "I see you have deserted me. But take care—my friendship was your and Thérèse Cabarrus's protection."

Tallien provokingly smiled, so that Robespierre greatly surprised, tried to divine the thoughts of the young deputy.

"Dear friend," said Tallien, "how can I thank you? Well, the day after to-morrow being the ninth Thermidor I invite you as a witness to my marriage with Thérèse Cabarrus; adding with a demoniac laughter: "it shall be a bloody marriage."

Robespierre bounded back as though he was struck by thunder. He stared at Tallien as if he were in league with the evil spirit. Then a thought shot through his head, explaining to him every thing, even the allusions to the notes in his port-folio. In wild excitement he rushed out of the door, seized his coat and searched his breast-pocket. He found the port-folio and list which he had imprudently left in his coat. He now guessed the whole connection.

Putting on his coat, he entered the saloon again where the dispute among the guests, who had in the mean time risen from the table, and who were heated by wine, became more vehement and irritable, and betrayed their mutual distrust. Robespierre pressed forward to Tallien, and taking him aside, muttered in a voice trembling with anger:

"Wretch, you have robbed me."

"What can I have taken from you?"

"The secrets of my office."

"You should keep them better."

"You had arrived too late. We were already at dinner. Do you recollect?"

"And do you?" mocked Tallien with a tranquillity that provoked Robespierre.

"You have found our coats in the ante-room. Who can imagine that any one of good society would rifle pockets?"

"And who imagines that a man of virtue insidiously prepares a list for the headman, in which he has put down his best friends?"

"You have read it? You have examined my port-folio?" asked Robespierre who could not forget the trick played upon him.

"I know now what I have to do," said Tallien disdainfully, trying to break off the conversation.

"And I no less, citizen," replied Robespierre with determination. "It does not matter whether we come to-day, or to-morrow, to a clear understanding with each other. What you have obtained surreptitiously to-day you would have heard from my mouth to-morrow—I shall point out to the nation all those who are uncertain, that we may not suffer any longer by their lukewarmness."

"Do what you think best. At all events I have spared you one day of hypocrisy."

"You will be sorry for it, Tallien!"

"Not more to-day than to-morrow. Your thrust does not come now clandestinely; you have to fight openly with me!"

"I shall do so! Oh!" said Robespierre, feeling his superiority, "we yet enjoy the confidence of the nation, and will be credited!"

"I shall attempt to weaken this confidence."

"Fool! what can you do against me in the convention! To-morrow you will see how I crush you!"

"I shall know how to die."

"A good patriot like myself is always ready to die for the welfare of the country," said Robespierre aloud, looking around to observe if the others could hear it. He then beckoned St. Just, adding: "Let us now go to the Jacobins! It is time, and we are expected."

"We will all go with you," cried Barrère, wishing to reconcile the two opposite elements in this society of influential deputies of the convention.

"Not so," hastily whispered Tallien to him. "Let them go."

Barrère desisted the more readily from his purpose, as with the exception of the Robespierre faction, none seemed much inclined to take so late at night the long road to the Jacobin club, though they were its members.

"Let us remain," said Barras, "that the dispute may end to-night."

"Robespierre does not care for our company," quoth Carnot.

"No," cried Coffinhal in going away, "you are no more a Jacobin. No one trusts you."

"Nor we you," was answered back.

Robespierre was the last that took leave of Barrère at the door. "They will now make a conspiracy here," said he.

"Here? A conspiracy?" asked Barrère alarmed. "You are jesting. Are we not in truth all friends?"

"Fine friends you are!"

"Parbleu, such a quarrel at the present time is not of much consequence."

"Well we shall see to-morrow, Barrère, if you are of the same opinion."

Thus speaking, the advocate went away and joined St. Just, Coffinhal and Lebas, who were waiting for him to take a cab to Paris. The lame Couthon had been already carried to the carriage.

"This dinner among friends did not seem very friendly," muttered Barrère to himself, when he, shaking his head, returned to the saloon. "The crater is open, and the volcano spits fire."

Scarcely had he arrived in the circle of his remaining friends, than Tallien, his eyes flashing, approached him, crying: "Do you know, Barrère, that they have gone away to twist ropes for you?"

"Indeed?" said the surprised master of the house; "and they say that we are going to conspire here against them."

"They are right!" cried Tallien in a voice of thunder. "Listen, friends, to what I have to tell you! Robespierre carries all your heads away with him in his pocket—feel for your neck if your head is still on it: to-morrow it may perhaps belong to the headman."

Alarmed at these words, curious to hear more, they pressed all round Tallien.

"How?" was the general cry. "Are you in earnest? What do you mean? Explain yourself!"

"Very simply," Tallien stated. "I have come to the conclusion that Robespierre is meditating a bold stroke against us. Do you require me to tell you what you all anticipate and are afraid of, that this man aspires to the dictatorship, and that he will slaughter all those who do not show themselves his slaves? Do you doubt it? Have not several of you already heard him pronounce ominous words? Does he not hate you, Collot, because you have become popular by the murderous attempt made on you? Is he not enraged at you, Barras, and at you, Fréron, and at you Billaud, for having told him that he was tiring you with his supreme being? Well, I for my part have not trusted him since I noticed St. Just, who hates me, gaining so much influence over him. This morning, the idea suddenly struck me that I would defend myself if I should be slaughtered. Before I was aware how to act, I arrived here, entered the ante-room, saw your coats hanging, and by an instinct of self-preservation put my hand into Robespierre's coat-pocket and drew forth, beside his port-folio, a list, my friends, which contained also my name."

"Ah," exclaimed the greatly excited listeners. "And what other names?"

"Every one of you was mentioned, you Carnot, you Barras, you Billaud, you Fréron, Vadier, Cambon and others of our colleagues in the convention, even you Barrère!"

"How?" cried he. "And this monster first satisfies his hunger at my table?"

"Your name was struck out again, but you may judge how loose your head sits on your shoulders. Forty deputies of the convention were marked on the list; St. Just and the malicious Couthon have drawn up the list this very day, and that to-morrow he will prevail on the convention to have us arrested and impeached. Did you not hear him say before, that they will strike to-morrow?"

"Yes, there is no doubt of it!" said Barras in great excitement.

"Who has not anticipated this long since!"

"Be then prepared!" replied Tallien. "There is safety for us only by resisting the danger like men who are ready to die; not die like cattle, but like warriors. We have been silent long enough, and have trembled when this sneaking Maximilian had our friends dragged from our side, to deliver them to the headman. We have been cowards to allow Danton, Desmoulines, Fabre and many others to be slaughtered by the blood-thirsty tyrant who brags of his virtue, and lends a hand to his headman. Now he calls for our heads. On then, friends, let us strike, and whip this cat which with its bent back is sneaking around us; let us deliver the convention from this tyrant, and France from the ambition of a man like Robespierre. Defend yourselves, friends, and run the risk for the victory. If Robespierre conquers we fall with honour; if we conquer, the era of true liberty healing wounds and bringing bliss, will commence for our beautiful France."

So great an eloquence was perhaps not necessary to inspire even the most timid. When Tallien had concluded, they unanimously applauded him, warmly grasping his hands as a sign that they were ready to follow him.

"Let us go to Paris," said Fréron; "let us call together all our friends, let us recruit for our league. Victory or death be our watchword; liberty or dictatorship!"

"Yes, victory or death," affirmed Barras. "Let us act, no time is to be lost. The enemy is already in battle array."

"My house, friends," resumed Tallien, "will be our headquarters. Carry arms, to defend your lives against these villains. Swear that no one of us be unarmed in case of attack by whomsoever it may be."

"Yes, let us arm!" they cried. "Let us defend ourselves against brigands!"

"This is the first thing to be done," commanded Tallien, assuming the leadership of the band. "The next thing will be that to-morrow every one will be at his post in the convention."

"No one will be wanting," was the general reply.

"If Robespierre should speak, or St. Just, or one of his party, we will make a commotion, deride the assembly, and show to all that we are no more afraid of his malice, and do not bend to his hypocrisy."

"Just so, that will be catching," exclaimed Barras.

"Our purpose must be to rouse the honour of the convention," said Carnot.

"We must, by our example, restore the sovereignty of the convention. Robespierre must perceive that he can no longer domineer," added Fréron.

"Yes, they will confide in us if we are undaunted," continued Tallien. "No threats must intimidate us. Let us weary Robespierre with murmuring and laughter, and mock away his glory."

"And let us, at all times, be prepared to meet his accusations with protests and, if necessary, with force."

"We will push him from the tribune if he should attempt to threaten us."

"We will not let him speak, and make all resolutions impossible."

"Or when we gain the convention over to our side, we will have motions in readiness, to destroy our enemies."

"Then we will accuse and impeach them. Down then forever with Robespierre, St. Just, Couthon, Lebas and Coffinhal!"

"And liberty to all others, liberty to the prisoners!"

"On then!" cried Tallien. "Be off now, friends, and let us recruit as many of our colleagues as we can. We have a powerful enemy to vanquish."

They hastened to go and obey the request of Tallien. Every one felt that he had to call forth his full strength, should the threatened destruction be averted.

Tallien felt like growing young again; his newly awakened energy drove him in flying haste to the goal that suddenly appeared before him. Now it should become true what Thérèse Cabarrus had taught him to dream. And she should know it; she should hope and in imagination follow the deeds he was resolved upon. He hastened to the physician who attended the sick in the prison of the Luxembourg, he conjured him to go the next morning to the prison and deliver the last letter to Jeanne, who would hand it to Thérèse.

"Doctor," said he in parting from the respectable old man and thanking him for his great kindness; "prescribe to-morrow to your sick a dose of hope! The crisis is near. Robespierre either falls or becomes the dictator of France. But I believe, he will fall!"

To be continued.

A REMARKABLE REVOLUTION.

(From the London Daily News, Dec. 24.)

A remarkable religious revolution has taken place in Madagascar. We learn from a letter from Rev. W. Pool, dated from the capital on the 23rd of September, and published in a weekly contemporary, that the Queen has had the royal idols publicly burned, that she and her aristocracy have embraced Christianity, and that the whole province of Imerina, in which the capital is situated, has followed the example of the Government. The Queen embraced Christianity early in the year, and has all the summer been building a chapel royal. Meanwhile, the wooden fence around the temple of the great national idol had been pulled down, and the priests assumed a threatening aspect, even hinting that their god had a medicine which would avenge him on the heretic Sovereign. On the 8th September they came in force to the capital to claim their rights as nobles. A council was called, and it was decided to send the Chief Secretary of State and other high officials to the sacred village, seven miles from the capital, and burn the idol before its keepers returned. They set off the same afternoon, and by an authority from the Prime Minister seized the idol's house. The wood of the fallen fence was collected, and a fire was made, and the contents of the temple were brought out to be burned. First, the long cane carried before the idol in processions was thrown in; then twelve bullocks' horns from which incense or holy water had been sprinkled; then three scarlet umbrellas and the silk robe worn over the idol by the keeper who carried it. Then came the idol's case—the trunk of a small tree hollowed and fitted with a cover; and last of all the idol itself. Hardly any of the present generation had seen the god, and great was the surprise when he was produced. Two pieces of scarlet silk about three feet long and three inches wide, with a small piece of wood about as big as a man's thumb inserted in the middle between them, so that the silk formed as it were two wings, was the great god of Madagascar, whose touch was sanctifying, and whose nearness was preservative. "You cannot burn him, he is a god," said the people. "If he be a god he will not burn," said the officers; we are going to try," and held it on a stick in the fire, that the people might see it as it was consumed. The victory was complete. Next day four other idols shared the same fate, and the rest followed. One was a little bag of sand; another consisted of three round pieces of wood united by a silver chain. The people looked on in wonder, and when the process was over, seeing that they had now no gods to worship, they sent to the Queen to ask what they were to worship in the future. The government, says the *English Independent*, adding to the information contained in Mr Pool's letter, thereupon appealed to the native Christians to send Christian teachers, and they at once responded. It was found that of 280 towns and villages in Imerina, 120 already had Christian churches, and teachers were at once found for all the rest. This movement, which is remarkable for its purely native origin, is another proof that in certain stages of civilization nations may be converted by authority. The conversion of Madagascar has been accomplished in the nineteenth century much as that of the Saxons was accomplished in the sixth. The iconoclast is the reformer's forerunner. To overthrow a fetish worship, the fetish itself must be first destroyed.



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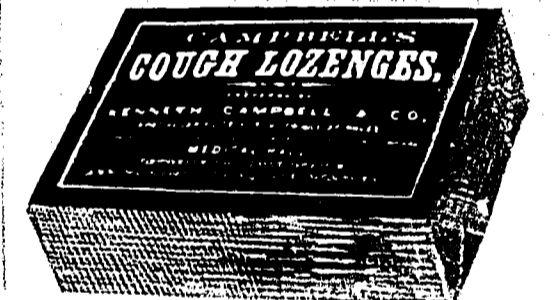
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