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OTTAWA.—LAYING THE CORNER STONE OF THE NEW MASONIC HALL, ON 13TH JULY.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY TOPLEY.

OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY.
No. 107.—HON. JOHN O'CONNOR.

PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL.

During the past week or two some important changes have been made in the *personnel* of the Cabinet. These were caused by the appointment of the Hon. Mr. Morris, then Minister of Inland Revenue, to be Chief Justice of the Province of Manitoba. His portfolio was taken by the Hon. Mr. Tupper, and Mr. O'Connor, M.P. for Essex, took Mr. Tupper's place as President of the Council. The ceremony of swearing in the new member of the Cabinet took place at Prescott in presence of His Excellency the Governor-General on the 2nd inst., and the same afternoon Mr. O'Connor took his seat.

The Hon. John O'Connor is descended from two distinct families bearing the same name and living within the same county. His father and mother, who were both O'Connors, though not known to have been related, emigrated from Kerry in 1823 and settled in Boston. The following year John O'Connor was born. In 1828 the family removed to Essex, where Mr. O'Connor received his education, and commenced his legal studies. In 1854 he was called to the Upper Canada Bar, and subsequently was enrolled a member of the Michigan Bar. Previous to his entrance into political life Mr. O'Connor held several important offices in the county. He was in turn Reeve of the town of Windsor, Warden of Essex—the latter office he held for three years—member of the County Council, and Chairman of the Board of Education of Windsor. He first presented himself as a candidate for Parliamentary honours at the general election of 1861, but was unsuccessful. In 1863 he succeeded in unseating the sitting member for Essex, Mr. Arthur Ramsay, and obtaining a new election. This time he was returned, and sat until the dissolution of Parliament in May of that year. He again contested the seat at the following general election, when a Special Return was made to the House by the returning officer. Both candidates petitioned to be seated, and Mr. O'Connor's petition being thrown out by the Speaker on preliminary objections, Mr. Rankin was seated. At the last general election Mr. O'Connor was returned, defeating his opponent by the small majority of nine. At the coming elections it is expected that Mr. O'Connor will be unopposed. At present he is the only candidate in the field, the Opposition candidate having withdrawn from the contest.

No. 108.—GEORGE STEWART, JR.

To those of our readers who can claim any acquaintance with Canadian literature, Mr. Stewart's name will be perfectly familiar as the founder of one of the earliest national magazines in this country—the *Quarterly*, published at St. John, N. B. Unfortunately for himself, and unfortunately for the tone of our literature, his venture, though well received in literary circles, did not meet with sufficient pecuniary aid to warrant its continuance, and consequently a couple of months ago the proprietor, much to the regret of his friends, announced his intention of discontinuing it. The *Quarterly* was always a welcome visitor. Its pages were well filled with instructive and interesting matter, and the estimation in which it was held can be best understood from the fact that at the time of its suspension Mr. Stewart was entertained at a public banquet by the first citizens of St. John. As a fosterer of Canadian literature, Mr. Stewart takes a high rank, and we are happy to give his portrait a place in our gallery of distinguished Canadians.

George Stewart was born in the city of New York, on the 26th November, 1848; but for the past twenty-one years he has resided in British America. In 1865 he founded the *Stamp Gazette*, a journal devoted to the interests of stamp-collectors, which will perhaps be remembered by some of our younger readers who were then bitten by the prevailing mania. This journal he conducted for two years, and then relinquished it for a higher flight, of which *Stewart's Quarterly* was the result.

STAGE WIGS.

It is odd to find a stage wig invested with political significance, viewed almost as a cabinet question, considered as a possible provocation of hostilities between two great nations; yet something of this kind happened some forty years ago. Mr. Bunn, then manager of Covent Garden Theatre, had adapted to the English stage Monsieur Scribe's capital comedy of Bertrand et Raton. The scene of the play, it may be stated, is laid at Copenhagen, and the subject relates to the intrigues that preceded the fall of Struensee in 1772. The adaptation was duly submitted to George Colman, the examiner of plays, and was by him forwarded to the Earl of Belfast, then Lord Chamberlain, with an observation that the work contained nothing of a kind that was inadmissible upon the English stage.

Suddenly a rumour was born, and rapidly attained growth and strength, to the purport that the leading character of Count Bertrand was designed to be a portraiture of Talleyrand, at that time the French ambassador at the court of St. James'. Some hesitation arose as to licensing the play, and on the 17th January, 1834, the authorities decided to prohibit its representation. Mr. Bunn sought an interview with the chamberlain, urging a reversal of the judgment, and undertaking to make any retrenchments and modifications of the work that might be thought expedient. The manager could only obtain a promise that the matter should be further considered. Already the stage had been a source of trouble to the political and diplomatic world. It was understood that the Swedish ambassador had abruptly withdrawn from the court of the Tuilleries in consequence of the production in

Paris of a vaudeville called *Le Camarade au Lit*, reflecting, so many held, upon the early life of Bernadotte, King of Sweden. That nothing of this kind should happen in London the chamberlain was fully determined. He read the comedy most carefully and, having marked several passages as objectionable, forwarded it to the examiner, from whom, in due course, Mr. Bunn received the following characteristic note:

January 20th, 1834.

My dear B.,—With all we have to do, I don't see how I can return the manuscript with alterations before to-morrow. Pray dine with me to-day at half-past five—but come at four. We shall then have time to cut the play before we cut the mutton.

Yours most truly,

G. C.

Both these "cuttings" were successfully accomplished, and on the 25th of January the comedy was officially licensed. Still the authorities were uneasy. A suspicion prevailed that Mr. Farren, who was to sustain the part of Bertrand, meditated dressing and "making up" after the manner of Talleyrand. Sir Thomas Mash, the comptroller of the chamberlain's office, made direct inquiries in this respect. The manager supplied a sketch of the costume to be worn by the actor. "I knew it was to be submitted to the king," writes Mr. Bunn, and he looked forward to the result with anxious curiosity. On the 7th of February came an answer from Sir Thomas Mash. "I have the pleasure to return your drawing without a syllable of objection." On the 8th, Bertrand et Raton, under the name of the Minister and the Mercer, was first produced on the English stage.

The success of the performance was unquestionable, but the alarms of the authorities were not over. Many of the players took upon themselves to restore passages in the comedy which had been effaced by the examiner; and, worse than this, Mr. Farren's appearance did not correspond with the drawing sent to the chamberlain's office. His wig was especially objectionable; it was an exact copy of the silvery silken tresses of Talleyrand, which had acquired a European celebrity. It was plain that the actor had "made up" after the portrait of the statesman in the well-known engravings of the Congress of Vienna. Mr. Bunn had again to meet the angry expostulations of the chamberlain. On the 14th of February he wrote to Lord Belfast: "The passages bearing reference to the Queen Matilda in conjunction with Struensee having been entirely omitted, will, I trust, be satisfactory to your lordship. Until the evening of performance I was not aware what style of wig Mr. Farren meant to adopt, such matters being entirely at the discretion of performers of his standard. I have since mentioned to him the objections which have been pointed out to me, but he has sent me word that he cannot consent so to mutilate his appearance, adding that it is a wig he wore two years ago in a comedy called *Lords and Commons*." If this was true there can be little doubt that the wig had been dressed anew and curling-ironed into a Talleyrand form that had not originally pertained to it. Meantime King William the Fourth had stirred in the matter, despatching his chamberlain to the Lords Grey and Palmerston. "They, said to be extremely irate, instantly attended the performance. In the box exactly opposite to the one they occupied sat, however, the gentleman himself, l'homme veritable, His Excellency Prince Talleyrand, in propria persona, and he laughed so heartily at the play, without once exhibiting any signs of annoyance at the appearance of his supposed prototype, that the whole affair wore a most absurd aspect, and thus terminated a singular specimen of 'great cry and little wool'."

A stage wig has hardly since this risen to the importance of a state affair. Yet the chamberlain has sometimes interfered to stay any direct stage-portraiture of eminent characters. Thus Mr. Buckstone has been prohibited from appearing "made-up" as Lord John Russell, and Mr. A. Wigan, when performing the part of a French naval officer some five-and-twenty years ago, was directed by the authorities to reform his aspect, which too much resembled, as was alleged, the portraits of the Prince de Joinville. The actor effected a change in this instance which did not much mend the matter. It was understood at the time indeed that he had simply made his costume more correct, and otherwise had rather heightened than diminished his resemblance to the son of Louis Philippe. Other stage wig questions have been of minor import—relating chiefly to the appropriateness of the coiffures of Hamlet and others. Should the prince wear flaxen tresses or a "Brutus"? Should the Moor of Venice appear in a negro's close woolly curls, or are flowing locks permissible to him? These inquiries have a good deal exercised the histrionic profession from time to time. And there have been doubts about hair-powder and its compatibility with tragic purposes. Mademoiselle Mars, the famous French actress, decided upon defying accuracy of costume, and declined to wear a powdered wig in a serious part. Her example was followed by Rachel, Ristori, and others. When Auber's *Gustave, ou le Bal Masque*, was in rehearsal, the singers complained of the difficulty they experienced in expressing passionate sentiments in the powdered wigs and stately dress of the time of Louis the Fifteenth. In the masquerade they were therefore permitted to assume such costumes as seemed to them suited to the violent catastrophe of the story. They argued that "le moindre geste violent peut exciter le rire en provoquant l'explosion d'un nuage blanc; les artistes sont donc contraints de se tenir dans une reserve et dans une immobilité qui jettent du froi sur toutes les situations." It is true that Garrick and his contemporaries wore hair-powder, and that in their hands the drama certainly did not lack vehemently emotional displays. But then the spectators were in like case; and "explosions d'un nuage blanc" were probably of too common occurrence to excite derision or even attention.—*All the Year Round*.

HOW INDIAN TEACHERS TRAIN THEIR PUPILS.

The game of memory, as practised by the Ojibways and Northern Indians, has been found profitable, both for recreation and amusement, as a branch of object teaching. The Indian chief or teacher, in his rude way, has from twenty to fifty or more sticks cut, made sharp or pointed at the larger end, and split at the top an inch or two. These sticks are then placed around in a circle, a short distance from each other; then various substances (a single specimen on each stick at the top) are distributed around the circle in order, beginning on the right hand of the teacher, and proceeding

around in the order of the numbers—one, two, three, etc. The Indians, or class, are then allowed to go around the circle slowly and take a strict and scrutinizing look at each specimen in the order of the numbers, one, two, three, and thus around the circle. This is done silently. The sticks, or specimens, are then removed, and placed by the teacher; and then the class, on going round a second time, each one in order, is to tell the teacher, as far as possible without mistake, what specimen is contained in stick number one, two, three, four, five, and so around the whole circle.

With the Indians, the first specimen will probably be the birch bark to make canoes; the second, a little tobacco; the third, the fur of a beaver; the fourth, a bit of calico; the fifth, the feather of a particular bird; the sixth, the bone of some sort of fish; and so on different substances, in the different sticks planted around the circle. The one who can repeat without mistake up to the highest number receives the premium or reward. The consequence is the perceptive faculties are called into exercise, and each individual will soon learn to discriminate so sharply that he will be able to track a wolf over dry leaves in the forest as well as a white man can track the same animal in the snow. You will ask, how can they do it? I reply they do it very readily by observation and sharp inspection; by first noticing a leaf with holes in it, the middle hole, or holes, a trifle larger and in advance of the other hole, or holes, near the central holes. These two holes they know, by observation, were made by the toes of the wolf, and they immediately put down a stick by this first leaf thus marked, and search for a second, third, and fourth, and so on, putting a stick at each leaf thus marked. By these sticks in a row they find the course the wolf was travelling, and follow on till they find where the animal drank at a spring, perhaps, and they soon discover his den among the rocks or caves near-by. By this mode of sharp inspection they become acquainted with the habits of the wild animals, and also gain a knowledge of the different plants and trees, and turn their knowledge to a good account for their individual welfare.—*Commoner*.

THE ELECTIONS.

The following are the dates fixed for the nomination and polling days as far as yet known:—

NOMINATION DAYS.

Ottawa (city)	Wednesday, July 24
Kingston	Thursday, July 25
Compton	Thursday, July 25
Lincoln	Friday, July 26
Sherbrooke	Friday, July 26
Hastings, N. R.	Saturday, July 27
Ottawa County	Saturday, July 27
York, N. R.	Monday, July 29
Carleton	Monday, July 29
Brockville	Monday, July 29
S. Leeds & Grenville	Monday, July 29
Essex	Monday, July 29
North Leeds	Monday, July 29
St. John, N. B.	Wednesday, July 31
Northumberland County, N. B.	Monday, July 29
Quebec East	Monday, July 29
Quebec West	Monday, July 29

POLLING DAYS.

Ottawa (city)	Wednesday, July 31
Kingston	Thursday, August 1
Compton	Thursday, August 1
Lincoln	Friday, August 2
Sherbrooke	Friday, August 2
Hastings, N. R.	Saturday, August 3
Ottawa County	Saturday, August 3
Essex	Monday, August 5
York, N. R.	Monday, August 5
Carleton	Monday, August 5
Brockville	Monday, August 5
S. Leeds & Grenville	Monday, August 5
St. John, N. B.	Wednesday, August 6
Quebec, East, Centre, and West	Monday, August 5

ART AND LITERATURE.

The new editor of *London Society* is Mrs. Ross Church, a daughter of Marryat the novelist.

The Government of British Columbia offers a premium of \$250 for an essay which shall be adjudged to set forth, in a clear, comprehensive, and compendious form, the capabilities and resources of the Province, and its advantages for settlement.

Geneva, a city already celebrated as the centre of several international associations which have for their objects the best interests of humanity, is in August next to be the scene of an international musical festival with competitions for bands and choral societies.

On Saturday week Miss Clara Louise Kellogg achieved a great success in London in the "Traviata," being recalled five times. The London journals unanimously concede her perfection in "Violetta." She has received the congratulations of the Prince and Princess of Wales.

SUCCESS OF THE CANADIAN PRIMA DONNA.—Mdlle. Albani received a most overwhelming reception in "Mignon" in Florence. The following, from a letter in the *New York Evening Post*, will give an idea of the estimation she is held in that most æsthetic city of the world:—"To the artist are presented a beautiful wreath of gold and laurel, elegant jewellery, and floral offerings without number. In addition to many enormous bouquets, each several feet in diameter, and decorated with satin sashes very long and wide, there was presented a large, graceful tree, composed of the choicest flowers. At this point there descended a floral shower. Soon the entire stage was covered, and it was several minutes before the combined efforts of the prima donna, the tenor, and all the servants sufficed to clear it. As the curtain fell at the termination of the last act, the delight of the audience culminated in a climax of enthusiasm perfectly indescribable. Emma Albani was six times called to the honours of the proscenium. The beautiful young artist was, indeed, completely overcome with the violence of her emotions, and her countenance was bathed in tears."

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

The ceremony of laying the foundation stone of the

NEW MASONIC HALL AT OTTAWA

took place on the 12th inst. under circumstances that can hardly be called advantageous. But notwithstanding disappointment and bad weather the affair went off remarkably well. From an early hour the members of the different lodges in the neighbourhood, with music and banners, dropped into the city, and before the morning was well advanced the streets were pretty well crowded. It had been originally intended that all the lodges should meet at Cartier Square, where the procession was to have been formed; but on assembling at the rendez-vous it was found that several of the lodges from the west had not put in an appearance, and that owing to detention on the road, their arrival would be postponed until the afternoon. It was therefore determined to form the procession, but here contretemps No. 2 occurred, in the form of a heavy thunderstorm which drove everybody to seek such shelter as was available. By three o'clock the sun shone out as brightly as ever, and with it appeared the missing lodges. It was after four before the procession was able to form, and then it was neither as long nor as imposing as it might have been, owing to the departure of many lodge-members who had betaken themselves off home or in search of provisions. But notwithstanding this decrease in its numbers it presented a very good appearance. The men were, as a rule, fine stalwart fellows; the banners were numerous and very handsome, and the music, produced by several bands and an innumerable fife and drums, was, on the whole, very fair. Unfortunately an untoward event occurred during the march to mar the pleasantness of the celebration. While the procession was coming through the lower town, some stones were hurled from a house near Champagne Corner; then a pistol shot followed. Some say it was a drunken woman, others that a little boy commenced the fray. The Orangemen stopped, and those ahead retraced their steps, and there was every prospect of a fearful row. Stones were hurled and pistol shots were fired, and some windows were broken; but fortunately the discretion and firmness of the leaders of the Orangemen and leading citizens prevented any serious riot. Some persons were slightly bruised during the first few moments, and then the processionists resumed their way back to Centre Town. It was six o'clock before the procession could reach the corner of the street where the new hall is in course of erection. Many members indeed were obliged to leave without participating in the interesting ceremony. The corner stone was laid in an impressive way, with the ceremonies peculiar to the Orange order, by Herbert S. Macdonald, Grand Master of the Provincial Grand Lodge of Ontario east. On the platform were F. Clement, J. Langford, J. Clarke, J. Halfpenny, W. R. Bell, besides many other prominent members of the organization. It is intended that the hall, which is a plain substantial structure, shall be dedicated at the next annual meeting of the Provincial Grand Lodge of Ontario, which will be held in Ottawa. Immediately on the conclusion of the ceremonies the different lodges started on the way home, some in waggons, but most by rail.

THE HON. JOHN O'CONNOR and GEO. STEWART, JUN.

Biographies to accompany these portraits will be found on the previous page.

Our view of the

WRECK OF THE S.S. "ADALIA"

is from a sketch by one of the officers of the S.S. "Pictou," which was chartered by the agents of the London and Montreal Company for the purpose of rescuing the passengers and crew of the stranded vessel. It will be remembered that the "Adalia" went ashore on the 24th ult. on St. Paul's Island, off Cape Breton, during a heavy fog. It is pleasant to be able to record that the accident was not due to any lack of vigilance on the part of the officers of the steamship, who deserve the utmost praise for their efforts in administering to the comfort of the passengers in their unpleasant position.

VIEW OF PICTOU, N. S.

The town of Pictou, recently the scene of a disastrous fire, is a wealthy and flourishing place in the county of the same name. It occupies a commanding position on the side of a hill facing the harbour, which is one of the best, as regards shelter and spaciousness, on the coast. Its geographical position is an admirable one. Situated on the straits of Northumberland, opposite Prince Edward Island, it stands on the direct water route from Halifax to Montreal. It is the terminus of the Quebec and Gulf Ports Steamship Line, and also of the lines to Newfoundland and Prince Edward Island. Pictou promises in time to be the seat of trade and manufactures of no small importance. In its immediate vicinity are both iron and coal mines and a splendid free-stone quarry. The principal trade of the place is in coal, of which thousands of tons from the mines twelve miles from the town are shipped weekly by the "International," "Acadia," and "Albion" Companies. Before the abrogation of the Reciprocity Treaty, Pictou did an immense business in shipping coal to the United States, but since then the trade has very much decreased, owing to the heavy duties on the article. The town, as well as the greater part of the county, was settled by Highland Scotch about the year 1765, and from that time until 1784 the population of the little colony was largely reinforced from the same quarter. The present population of the town is about 4,000.

On Thursday week a most disastrous fire occurred near the east end of the town. The day was being observed as a fast by the Presbyterian bodies, who had just assembled in their churches at 11 o'clock in the morning, when the alarm of fire was given, which originated in a carpenter's workshop in rear of the Central Hotel. There was quite a strong wind from the east at the time. The two fire engines were promptly on the spot, but in spite of every exertion the fire continued to spread, and great fears were entertained that the whole town would be burned. The roofs of the houses took fire in several directions from the sparks, but were soon put out. Assistance was telegraphed for from New Glasgow, Truro and Halifax, which was very promptly sent. The New Glasgow men and engine arrived at 12.30, and were of great assistance, and helped to subdue the fire, which was got under control about two o'clock, and did not spread after that. The Truro engine and men left there at 1.40 by special train, and one of the steam engines and men left Halifax about the same time.

There were about fifteen buildings burned, the most important of which were the Central hotel, the store and house of James Stalker and Sons, Began's hotel, Malcolm Cameron's store and house, Royal Oak hotel, and Godfrey's store and house at the east end. The old Queen's warehouse, now empty, on Purves wharf at the west end, took fire from the sparks, and it and several warehouses and Doull's lumber yard were burned.

THE DIGBY BOAT-RACES.

Within the past few weeks Nova Scotians and New Brunswickers have been in one continuous ferment of anxiety as to the result of the boat-races at Digby. These races were essentially inter-provincial, and their object was to settle the much-contested question of the respective merits of the Nova Scotian and New Brunswick oarsmen. It will be remembered that last year the St. John four-oared crew, after defeating the Tyne crew on the Kennebecassis, declined to compete with the English and Canadian crews at Halifax. Their decision caused great disappointment, especially to the Haligonians, who believed that their own champions were perfectly able to compete with and defeat the victorious Paris crews. Of the races which followed that at Halifax it is entirely unnecessary to say anything, as the St. John men were not present.

In December last Robert Fulton, stroke of the St. John crew, issued a challenge to Brown, who pulled bow oar in the Pryor crew, to row a single scull race at Digby or Annapolis during the present year. For some time there was much hesitation among Halifax men—who had not forgotten the withdrawal of the St. John men the year before—as to the advisability of accepting a challenge coming from such a source. Finally a reasonable view was taken of the matter and negotiations were opened. For a long time it seemed as if the race would never be arranged. One party would not consent to row at a given place; another thought the expenses allowed him insufficient. Indeed, so great was the disagreement that at one time all hope of concluding the matter satisfactorily was given up.

By the instrumentality of a party of gentlemen interested in the race, one more effort was made to bring the negotiations to successful termination, and the result was an agreement between the champions to row at Digby a distance of four miles straight-away for \$1,000. The articles were duly drawn up and signed, and the time for the great race was fast approaching when Brown's committee received a telegram from St. John, stating that Fulton's new boat had been broken on its way from New York, and asking a postponement to enable him to obtain another one. After an interchange of telegrams a supplemental article was attached to the agreement, postponing the race for a week—until Wednesday, the 10th of July.

Of the crowds assembled on that day at the place fixed we say nothing. Digby—a pleasant flourishing town at the entrance of the Bay of Fundy, about 110 miles west of Halifax—was crowded, as such places always are on such occasions. In addition to the scull race, the great cause of the gathering, a further inducement had been held out in the shape of a four-oared race between three amateur crews, one from each rival city, and one local crew.

On the day fixed, Wednesday, the 10th, the weather was unfavourable and the races had to be postponed. Thursday morning broke with fog which was succeeded by a breeze, to the unutterable disgust of the sight-seers. But by ten o'clock the wind lulled so far that the water was deemed smooth enough for the four-oared lap-streak boat-race. The boats and crews entered were: St. John—Clifford (bow); Ellis, No. 2; Kay, No. 3; Mollison (stroke.) Digby—Gilpin (bow); F. Dakin, No. 2; J. Brooks, No. 3; H. Dakin (stroke.) Halifax—Marvin (bow); Foley, No. 2; Hutton, No. 3; Ross (stroke.) The course, three miles in length, extended directly in front of the town. The St. John four were the first to appear with their boat, the "Coyle," the property of the St. John Boating Club. Next came the Digby in the "P. W. Smith," better known as the old "James A. Harding," in which the St. John men rowed on the Seine; and lastly the Halifax men in a boat built for them by Mr. Peters, of Halifax. The positions were as follows: Halifax inshore, St. John in the centre, and the Digby boat outside. It was nearly half-past twelve when the word to go was given. St. John took the lead, but was quickly caught up by Digby, and then by Halifax. At the stake-boat Digby was leading, St. John second, and Halifax third, and this order was kept up on the return, the distance between Digby and St. John being considerably increased. Halifax came in far behind, the boat full of water. The time was 2.40.

The great race between Brown and Fulton came off the following day shortly after seven in the morning. Already at five o'clock the banks were lined with an expectant crowd. The course selected was one of four miles straight-away running almost parallel to the Digby shore, nearly due north and south. The point at which the race finished is at the inner part of the Gut, half a mile above Indian Beech, and the starting point some three-quarters of a mile above Digby wharf, off what is known as the Joggins.

Brown and Fulton made their appearance at the wharf shortly before half-past six, and proceeded at once to the starting place, where they took up their positions, Brown on the outside. At about ten minutes past seven Mr. Pryor, the referee, moved to a point behind the starting-boats, and after the usual inquiry "Are you ready?" gave the word to go. The race we leave to the St. John *Telegraph* to describe.

"Both men took the water about the same time, but Brown seemed to have been best prepared for the signal, for while his boat went off straight as an arrow and steadily, that of Fulton lurched, causing him to lose about half a stroke with his right hand oar. Fulton soon righted and rowed steadily, increasing the strength of his stroke to overtake Brown, but his boat settled so much at every stroke that he was obliged to ease up somewhat. It was easy to perceive even in the first few hundred yards that Fulton could not win in the boat under him, for she was much too small for his powerful stroke. Brown gained on him steadily, with a regular swinging stroke, slower than Fulton's, but all the life and buoyancy was in his boat and he seemed to propel her with wonderful ease, considering the pace at which she went. The boats gradually neared each other and between six and seven hundred yards from the start Brown was a length of clear water ahead with Fulton in his wake. Fulton did not remain long in this position, but veered his boat outside the course of Brown's and the two soon steered parallel to each other, both being outside the regular course. At Digby wharf, nearly a mile from the starting point, Brown was about three lengths ahead. Many on the wharf remarked on the contrast between

the action of the two boats under the stroke of the respective oarsmen. Brown's shell was well out of water forward and showed up sufficiently aft, and as his oar blades struck the water and the force of the stroke came on the outriggers she seemed to rise and spring forward with an elasticity which was looked for in vain in Fulton's boat, which dipped forward at every stroke and moved along with an apparent absence of buoyancy which showed that she was intended for a man much lighter and less powerful than the one in her. The remainder of the match was no contest at all, for though Brown gained little on Fulton he appeared to be making no great exertion to do so, and the boats crossed the line, Fulton coming in outside the stake boat, about four lengths behind, Brown leading. It is difficult to ascertain time made, although that is a matter of little consequence because the course was laid off by guesswork and was nearer three and a half miles than four. The time of starting was about ten minutes after six (?) and the winning boat crossed the line in about thirty-two minutes. The judges did not observe time.

"As near a summary of the race as can be given under the circumstances is:

"Single-scutt match between Robert Fulton, St. John, and George Brown, Halifax, rowed 12th July, 1872, over a four mile course, straight-away, at Digby.

"Brown rowed Spanish cedar shell *John Coney*, built by Jewett, of Dunstan-on-Tyne. Fulton the Spanish cedar shell *A. C. Smith*. Brown won—time 32 min., 12 sec."

Brown's boat was 30 ft. 4 in. long, and 11 ft. wide. He used a sliding seat, and had his feet strapped on two blocks in the shape of thick boot soles. Fulton's boat was 29 ft. 6 in. long. As portraits and biographies of both Fulton and Brown appeared last year in the *News*, we confine ourselves to stating that at the time of the race Brown weighed about 150 lbs., and Fulton about 168 lbs.

Our artist in Prince Edward Island has forwarded us a sketch, which we now produce, of the

QUEBEC MERCHANT SHIP "EMIGRANT,"

700 tons register, being towed by a small schooner into Charlottetown harbour on the 6th June last. The ship was abandoned, waterlogged, in the spring in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. She was first seen S. E. of the Magdalen Islands and was boarded by several parties with the intention of claiming her, but owing to the intense cold, and the quantity of ice in the Gulf, she had to be abandoned. Finally, in April, Captain Foley, of Charlottetown, with a party of men, crossed the ice with supplies of clothes, provisions and other necessaries, and took possession. Leaving four men on board he returned to Charlottetown, and as soon as the ice was sufficiently broken up he started in a small schooner of 60 tons and reached the "Emigrant" on the 2nd of May. After a month of severe work he succeeded in bringing her into port, where he arrived on the 6th of June. During the return trip he broke up a ton of rope in towing his prize, and on one occasion was obliged, owing to a heavy gale, to let her go and allow her to drift the whole night. On arriving at Charlottetown he found himself well paid for his trouble, for we understand that the value of the ship and its cargo of timber is estimated at £10,000 sterling.

Special articles, descriptive of the

PORTABLE BORING MACHINE, CAMPBELL'S RAILROAD CAR BREAK, and SANBORN'S RAILROAD RAIL,

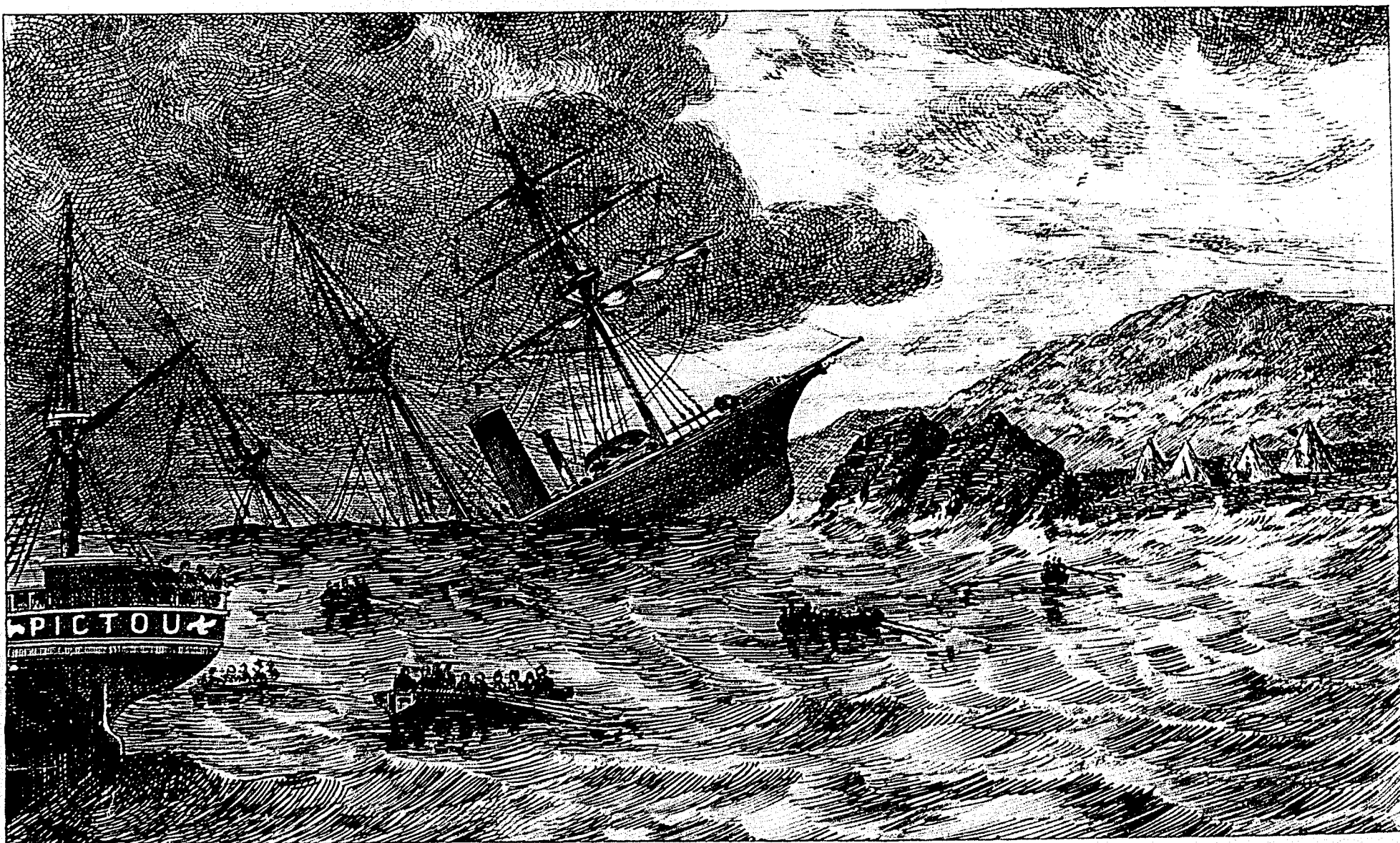
will be found on pages 58 and 61.

THE INUNDATIONS IN BOHEMIA.

During the latter end of the month of May Central Bohemia was the scene of the most disastrous floods that have occurred for a century. The more immediate scene of the disaster was the country lying along the course of the Moldau, from Prague southwards, together with the valley of the Beraun, and of the other tributaries of the Moldau. The floods were caused by excessive rains which swelled the rivers to such an extent that they burst through every barrier, and overflowed their natural banks, carrying destruction and dismay throughout the whole country. These floods first began on the night of the 25th. About noon that day the sky became suddenly overcast with heavy clouds of such intense blackness as to obscure considerably the natural light of day. The darkness was accompanied by an unnatural calmness, betokening the violence of the storm that was about to break. The birds, deceived by the dim light, betook themselves to their roosts with the idea that night was coming on. The peasants, who at that hour were at work in the fields, hurriedly made for home, and with closed doors and shutters anxiously awaited the outbreak of the storm. Nor had they to wait long. Occasional puffs of wind disturbed the general quiet, and gradually the wind rose, its whistling deepening into a roar, until it developed into a perfect hurricane. Then the heavens were opened and torrents of rain mingled with hail deluged the country, utterly destroying the crops, and swelling the very brooks into noisy, turbulent streams of yellow water. Hailstones of the size of fowl's eggs fell, breaking glass, snapping twigs off the trees, and prostrating nearly every green thing. But this was not the worst. For days after the rain had ceased the people still suffered from the inundations. At Prague the rising of the waters took place at night, and the inhabitants occupying the lower portion of the town were only saved from drowning by the presence of mind and energy of the police and city watchmen. The great bridge over the Moldau was the scene of one of the most unique "shoves" ever witnessed. On the south side were piled up in wild confusion lumber, trunks of trees, boats, remains of bathing houses, household furniture and the carcasses of animals, all swept down by the irresistible force of the impetuous current. Fortunately comparatively little damage was done in the city. But in the country the distress and sufferings of the poor people were terrible. In one village of 80 houses, with a population of about 800, twenty-seven human beings were drowned in the flood, and their fate was shared by over 400 horses, sheep, and oxen. Hardly one of the four-score buildings was left standing. Most of the smaller villages suffered in the same way. Such was the force of the water that it swept away, not only walls, dykes, and bridges, but even the heaviest pieces of machinery. At Komorau, where there are large iron works, the water carried off a waggon containing 70 centers of iron, which was standing in front of the Marienhutte. As soon as the catastrophe became known throughout the country subscriptions were set on foot for the relief of the sufferers, which were, much to the honour of the nation, speedily filled.



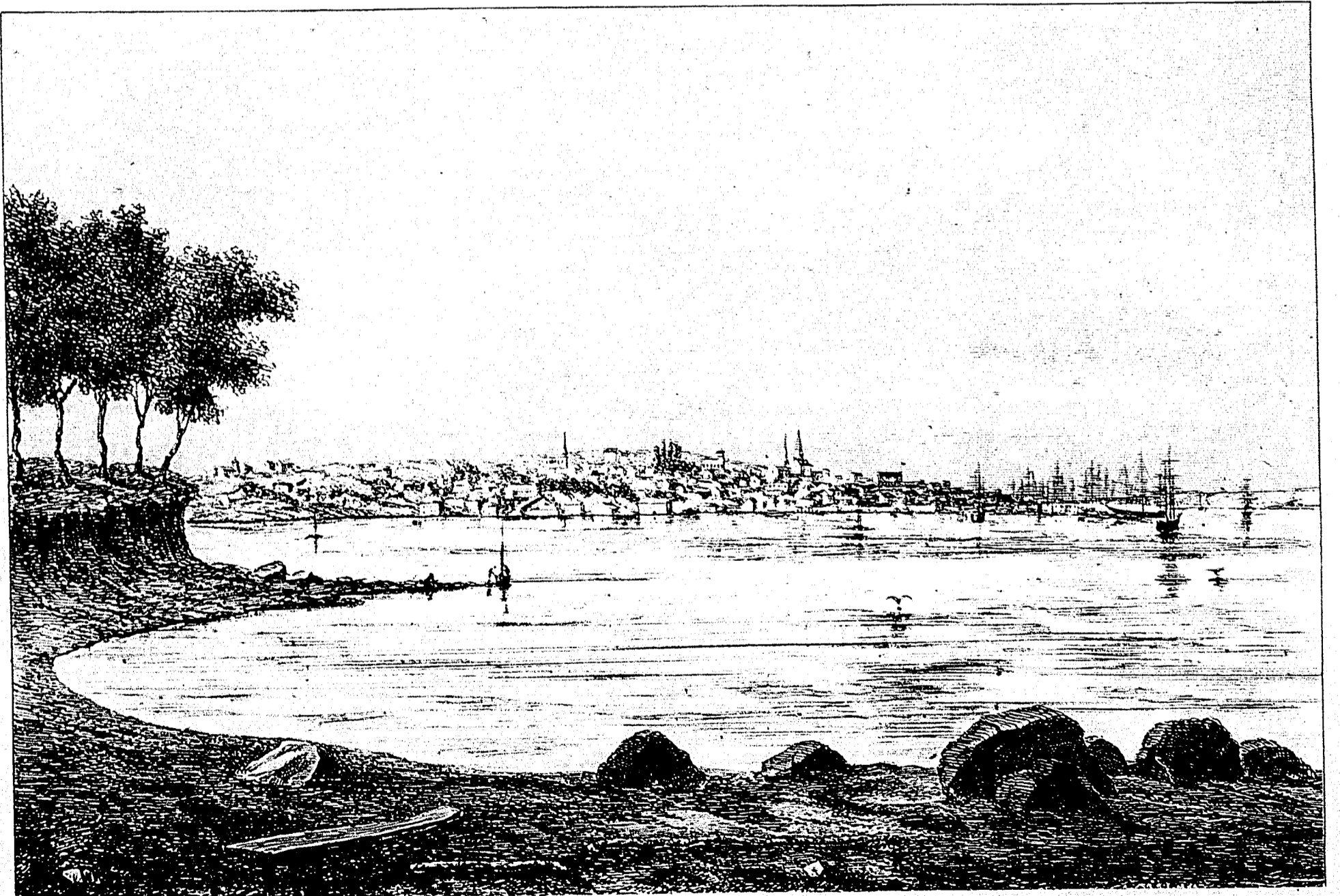
HON. JOHN O'CONNOR, PRESIDENT OF THE PRIVY COUNCIL
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN & FRASER.



WRECK OF THE *ADALIA* ON ST. PAUL'S ISLAND: THE STEAMSHIP *PICTOU* RESCUING THE PASSENGERS AND CREW.—FROM A SKETCH BY AN OFFICER OF THE SS. "PICTOU"



G. STEWART, JR., FOUNDER OF "STEWART'S QUARTERLY."
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN.



NOVA SCOTIA.—VIEW OF PICTOU, FROM MACKENZIE'S POINT.—FROM A SKETCH BY W. O. C.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY,
AUGUST 3, 1872.

SUNDAY,	July 28.	—Ninth Sunday after Trinity. Battle of Talavera, 1808. Lord Durham, Governor-General, died, 1840.
MONDAY,	" 29.	—Quebec captured by Kerk, 1618. Wilberforce died, 1833.
TUESDAY,	" 30.	—First English Newspaper published, 1588. J. S. Bach died, 1750. Gray died, 1771. French Revolution, 1830. Prince of Wales arrived at Halifax, 1860.
WEDNESDAY,	" 31.	—Trinidad discovered by Columbus, 1498. Battle of Beaufort Flats, 1759.
THURSDAY,	Aug. 1.	—Battle of Minden, 1759. Battle of the Nile, 1798. Emancipation of Slaves in the British Dominions, 1834.
FRIDAY,	" 2.	—Battle of Blenheim, 1704. Gainsborough died, 1788. Battle of Lower Sandusky, 1813. Reciprocity Treaty ratified, 1854.
SATURDAY,	" 3.	—Columbus sailed from Palos, 1492. Fort William Henry besieged by Montcalm, 1757. Eugene Sue died, 1857.

TEMPERATURE in the shade, and Barometer indications for the week ending Tuesday, 23rd July, 1872, observed by HEARN, HARRISON & Co., 242 & 244 Notre Dame Street.

W.	July 17.	MAX.	MIN.	MEAN.	8 A.M.	1 P.M.	7 P.M.
Th.	" 18.	91°	74°	82°5	29.90	29.87	29.87
Fri.	" 19.	84°	66°	75°	29.97	29.95	29.92
Sat.	" 20.	79°	67°	73°	30.02	30.04	30.06
Su.	" 21.	79°	65°	71°	30.10	30.08	30.13
Mo.	" 22.	77°	64°	70°	29.97	29.93	29.85
Tu.	" 23.	77°	63°	70°2	29.85	29.70	29.90
		78°	59°	68°5	30.00	30.00	29.97

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

- Page 49.—Ottawa: Laying the Corner Stone of the New Masonic Hall.
52.—The Hon. John O'Connor, President of the Privy Council.
The Wreck of the "Adalia" on St. Paul's Island.
53.—Geo. Stewart, jun., Founder of "Stewart's Quarterly," Nova Scotia: View of Pictou from Mackenzie's Point.
56.—The Digby Regatta—The Four-Oared Race.
57.—The Digby Regatta—The Scull Race.
The Ship "Emigrant" being towed to Charlottetown, P. E. I.
60.—Science and Mechanics: Portable Boring Machine for the Department of Docks, New York. Canfield's Railroad Car Break. Sanborn's Railroad Rail.
61.—The Inundations in Bohemia. A Scene in the neighbourhood of Koenigsaal.

OUR AGENCIES.

WESTERN ONTARIO.

Several payments made to sub-agents not having been reported to this office, our subscribers and the public are notified that Captain T. O. Bridgewater and Mr. Wm. Rowan are our only authorized agents in Western Ontario. Captain Bridgewater's district comprises the Great Western Railway from Dundas to Sarnia, and all places north of that line—the Grand Trunk Railway from Toronto to Sarnia, the Northern Railway to Collingwood, and all places north and west of those lines.

Mr. Rowan's district comprises Toronto, Hamilton, Niagara, and intermediate places—the Great Western Railway from Komoka to Windsor, and all the places south of the main Great Western line to Lake Erie and Niagara River.

EASTERN ONTARIO AND QUEBEC.

Our only authorized agent in the district lying east of Toronto is Mr. Thomas L. Wilson. In this district, which covers so large a field, sub-agents and collectors will be named; but the public are warned not to pay any one who does not exhibit his credentials.

MARITIME PROVINCES.

The above remark applies to New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, where Mr. Edward J. Russell is our general agent and special artist and correspondent.

IN NEWFOUNDLAND,

D. Joseph Green, Esq., Barrister and Attorney, is alone authorized to take orders and subscriptions and collect accounts for this office.

GEORGE E. DESBARATS.

C. I. NEWS OFFICE,
July 27th, 1872.

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JULY 27, 1872.

THE suitability of Canada as a field for the emigration of the superfluous population of Great Britain is gradually exciting more and more attention in England. Not only are the upper classes, the legislators and pamphlet-writers, commencing to take an interest in the question, but the working-classes, who, one would imagine, would have been the first to seize an opportunity of bettering their condition, are beginning to understand that after all it would be to their advantage to settle in the new Dominion, and are further manifesting great eagerness to learn more about the climate and resources of the young country to which they turn their eyes. At such a time it is of the utmost importance that every effort should be made to take advantage of this growing disposition on the part of the working-classes to consider the question of emigration in a favourable light. Every information respecting Canada should be disseminated throughout the country, so that even the apathetic and indifferent, those who have hardly allowed themselves to think of emigrating, or perhaps look upon poverty as preferable to expatriation, should be compelled to consider the inducements offered them on this side of the Atlantic, in a country naturally

rich, among an English-speaking people, and under the British flag.

It is not our intention to find any fault with the existing arrangements for the promotion of immigration to Canada. The vigorous policy recently inaugurated is already beginning to bear its fruits. The system has proved itself to be a good one, but it wants enlarging. Here as well as at home there are certain arrangements that are capable of improvement, and on both sides of the water the movement might be materially assisted by interested parties who are at present either violently opposed to it, or too idle or indifferent to trouble their heads about the matter. One of the first improvements that should be made—the remodelling of the Board of Emigration—is vigorously taken up by a gentleman who has given some study to the question, and who last year paid a visit to Canada for the express purpose of acquiring reliable information. In a pamphlet in which he gives an account of his visit, this gentleman says:—"To prevent further misunderstandings, consequent misery and dis-credit being brought on Emigration, some more extensive and influential machinery seems to be required, which should be constructed by the heads of the Dominion and Home Governments. It is true we have the honour to possess two Royal Commissioners of Emigration, and a regularly constituted Board with first and second-class clerks, etc., who issue an Annual Report, though it cannot be said that much life is shown in the arrangement. We seem to require trustworthy and representative officials in our Colonial Office, who shall be Colonists; men of some position in the world, free from party politics, and with a certain power to guide and control all Emigration schemes that emanate from the brains of enthusiasts, philanthropists, and schemers." Were such a change to be effected in the direction of Emigration matters at home, an improvement would soon be felt.

With regard to the Canadian agencies scattered throughout Europe no one can deny that they do much good, but they are by far too few and too far between. A single agent in a thickly populated district has work enough to keep him eternally busy in his office, and there, it is true, enquirers can always find him. But this is just where the fault lies. It is comparatively useless to wait for the people to come for information as to a suitable country in which to settle. That information should be taken to them, not kept till they come for it. It should be preached, almost in a literal sense, in the highways and hedges. To do this effectually the staff of agents should be largely increased. In this, as indeed in all matters pertaining to immigration, we might take a leaf from the book of our friends across the border. The United States have, in addition to the Manager for Great Britain, twenty-two emigration agents in the agricultural districts of England, two in Scotland, one in Ireland, and one in the Channel Islands. They have, too, an emigration organ, *Land and Emigration*, a monthly paper in which the advantages offered to settlers in the States are temptingly set forth. (Something of this kind was to have been started under Canadian auspices, but it was located at the wrong end of the line—at Ottawa instead of in London.) With such a force the American agents are able to go through the whole country from John o' Groats to Land's End, visiting district after district, until there is hardly a village left which has not contributed its quota to the stream of emigration flowing to the Western States. If emigration to Canada is to be a success, we must certainly follow in this matter the example set us by our neighbours. Mr. Dixon, who has already done great service to the country, should be placed at the head of a large and efficient staff of agents, whose efforts, aided by liberal inducements offered by the Dominion and Provincial Governments, would soon result to turning towards Canada a large portion of the tide of emigration now flowing to the United States.

OBITUARY.

JOHN BOLTON, M. P.

We regret to learn that Mr. John Bolton, M. P., for Charlotte, N. B., died suddenly at his residence, St. Stephen, on Monday, the 15th inst. Mr. Bolton had just passed through a serious attack of pleurisy and sciatica. All danger appeared to be over, and he was rapidly recovering, when death overtook him. The loss will be severely felt, not only by his family and the constituency he represented at Ottawa, but by the many whose esteem and respect he won during his brief political career. The deceased gentleman was born in England in 1824, and was consequently forty-eight years of age at the time of his death. His family subsequently came to New Brunswick, where Mr. Bolton engaged in ship-building, in which connection he was well known as a partner in the firm of Chipman & Bolton, of St. Stephen. In 1867 he was returned to the House of Commons as a member for Charlotte.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

NIAGARA: ITS HISTORY AND GEOLOGY, INCIDENTS AND POETRY. By Geo. W. Holley. New York: Sheldon & Co. Toronto: Hunter, Rose & Co.

This little work—it contains some hundred and sixty and odd pages—only wants to be known to meet with immense success. The subject of which it treats is a broad one—one which could hardly be expected to be fairly treated in so small a volume as this. Nevertheless the author has agreeably disappointed our expectations. He divides his work into four parts—the nature of each of which is sufficiently indicated by the general title—though in some places he does not exactly abide by his routine. This, however, is rather a good feature than otherwise, as it contributes to make the book easy and pleasant reading. To those who take an interest in the geology of Canada we would particularly recommend a careful study of Mr. Holley's description of the structure of the earth in the vicinity of the Niagara River. His account of the gradual recession of the Falls is particularly interesting, and cannot fail to attract the attention of the careful reader. The history of the place—dating from the visit of Father Hennepin in 1678—is accurate and complete, while with regard to the minor features of the work it is only necessary to state that the author has been a resident in the neighbourhood of the Falls for over a third of a century. During the greater part of this time he has devoted himself to collecting material for his work, and we are bound to say that he has been most successful.

SCRIBNER'S FOR AUGUST.—The last number of this popular monthly is unusually full of good things. Two very seasonable articles are the entertaining paper by Mr. Shanks on "Yachts and Yachting," with pictures of celebrated yachts, ocean races, &c., and a pleasant and practical illustrated essay on "The Canoe: How to Build and how to Manage it." There are also three sterling articles by well-known writers on three vital questions—Prof. Comfort's "Should the Study of the Modern precede that of the Ancient Languages?" Amasa Walker's "Labour and Capital in Manufactures," and Charles Dudley Warner's "What is your Culture to Me?" Among the illustrated articles are an interesting account of "The Graphic Art," by Benson J. Lossing, and "The Island of Corfu," by Charles K. Tuckerman, late United States Minister to Greece. Hans Christian Andersen tells the suggestive story of "The Gardener and the Manor," and Miss Annan relates in a very fresh and striking way that of "Hebe's Jumbles." There is poetry by Louise Chandler Moulton, Mary J. Serrano, and Charles S. Gage. The departments of Topics of the Time, The Old Cabinet, &c., are fully up to the mark. As an ably-conducted, ever fresh, interesting and instructive journal we have no hesitation in recommending *Scribner's Monthly* as occupying a front rank in the host of American publications.

"THE GOLDEN LION OF GRANFERR." By Anthony Trollope. Toronto: Hunter, Rose & Co.

This is a reprint of Mr. Trollope's last novel, which appeared as a serial simultaneously in *Good Words* and the *CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS*. It is a simple, pleasant story of middle class life in Alsace after the late war, and judging from the reception with which it met from the readers of the *NEWS*, we predict for it a great success. The enterprise displayed by Messrs. Hunter & Rose during the past two years is an encouraging sign of the increasing interest taken by Canadians in literature. We trust it may meet with the reward it deserves.

"SCENES OF CLERICAL LIFE" AND "SILAS MARNER." New York: Harper & Bros. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

This is the fourth volume of Harper's Library Series of George Eliot's novels. Of the author it is needless to say anything. Her works are too well known to need any comment. The edition is admirably got up, bound in cloth, and sells for the ridiculously small sum of seventy-five cents.

RECEIVED.—Chisholm's "Railway and Steamboat Guide" for July. "Peace River, a Canoe Voyage from Hudson's Bay to the Pacific," by the late Sir George Simpson. Journal of the late Chief Factor, H. H. B. Co., Archibald McDonald; edited by Malcolm McLeod. Ottawa, J. Durie & Son.

DIGBY RACES.—According to promise we produce in this issue sketches by our special artist, Mr. E. J. Russell, of the two principal features of the Boat Races at Digby. Further sketches of the same subject, and by the same artist, will appear next week, among them one of Brown in his boat, the "John Coney."

OUR NEW SERIAL.—We desire to draw the attention of our readers to the new Canadian serial now appearing in our columns, "Tecumseh, or the Shawnee Brave." It is a story of Indian life, possessing great historical interest, and containing much information on the habits and customs of the Indian tribes living during the latter part of the last century on the United States frontier.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE DOMINION.

Victor Hugo, it would appear, was not altogether right when he described in his "L'Homme Qui Rit" the "comprachicos" of the seventeenth century as a race "oubliee au dix-huitieme (siecle), ignoree aujourd'hui." From the records of the English police it is evident that if the descendants of the original child-mutilators do not exist, the business—or one very like it—is still in full operation. In London a place has recently been unearthed where the manufacture of cripples was regularly carried on. "Children, and even babes," says the journal from which we draw our information, "were taken there to have their limbs twisted out of shape, their features burned and distorted, their eyes put out, or to be so mangled or maimed in other ways as to attract attention and sympathy from the alms-giving public. The majority of these children were orphans, or were taken—"adopted"—from almshouses or very poor families, while others were undoubtedly stolen. The scale of prices for maiming varied according to age, the cost of twisting the legs of a babe under a year old out of shape being only seven dollars, a variety of other injuries being thrown in for ten dollars. Incurable ulcers and sores were manufactured for from one to five dollars and so on."

Two very good suggestions—both relating to the same object, the welfare of the workingman—have recently been made in opposite quarters of the globe. In New York a mechanic writes to one of the daily papers suggesting the formation throughout the country of Married Workingmen's Associations for the purpose of protecting men of that class from the young men of the Unions. He insists, and with good reason, that among the latter class are some of the most useless workmen, men who have no responsibilities, care little for hard, steady work. These are the men who are at the bottom of all the strikes, and men who have the most at stake are compelled to follow them even in cases where a stoppage of work means extreme privation and suffering. The idea is a good one and deserves the attention of all working-men with responsibilities. Should it be carried out provision might be made for the admission to such societies of young men supporting aged or infirm parents and relatives. The second proposal comes from Belgium, and emanated with the employers, who, in some cases, have already put it into practice. Knowing full well the difficulty there is in securing cheap and comfortable accommodations in a great city, they have organized homes for their employees, where, for thirty-five cents a day, each person is furnished with lodging and allowed four meals a day—one of meat—with washing done free. Such suggestions as these should only need to be made to secure immediate adoption.

The New York Herald recently published a letter from one of its European correspondents in which some remarks were made exceedingly disparaging to the good breeding of the German Kaiser. Gen. Sherman and Lieut. Grant in the course of their peregrinations on the Continent spent some days at Berlin. While there it appears that no aide-de-camp was placed at their disposal, and they were left to "do" the city as best they could. This was bad enough, but the worst was yet to come. No official invitation was tendered to the distinguished visitors to present themselves at the Imperial Palace, and on the occasion of a grand review they merely received an intimation that the Emperor would be happy to see them present. As no offer of an escort to the ground was made the self-respect of the two American citizens compelled them to take no notice of the invitation. A few days after they happened to meet Count von Moltke at a public dinner, and here they were again insulted in a most gross manner. Sherman got into conversation with von Moltke—or rather tried to get into conversation—but the German general was not in a mood for talking. His answers were so brief and blunt that Sherman's ire was roused, and he is now breathing murmured threats as to the course the United States would take in the event of a war between Russia and Germany. Now this is all very dreadful. German boorishness could not go further. Still one cannot help wondering what was the tenor of von Moltke's thoughts during that memorable dinner—whether, for instance, they had any relation to the thousands of Remington rifles shipped by the United States to France during the war.

People have got so heartily sick of the stories of Joaquin Miller, his red shirt, and his uncouthness in "Society," that any new fable, however absurd, in relation to the Poet of the Sierras will be rather a relief than otherwise. If the Buffalo Advertiser is to be believed, Miller has been at Niagara Falls, where he has been doing his best to attract attention—and, to tell the truth, not wholly without success. His mode of making himself remarkable certainly possesses the merit of originality. "Early the present week," says the journal mentioned, "he hired a fleet pony, arrayed himself in full Mexican dress, with the characteristic sombrero hat. Furnished with a six hundred dollar saddle, ornamented with Mexican dollars, the tapidarus and catenas richly fretted with gold and silver, he started out with break-neck pace for a tour of the country and different objects of interest around the Falls." The Advertiser then goes on to inform us, rather unnecessarily, perhaps, that he excited "wherever he went, considerable curiosity as to who he was and where he came from; everybody was asking 'who is he?' Some said he was Buffalo Bill, and some said he wasn't, and he was finally set down as his partner the famous Texas Jack, who had just arrived to take charge of the Great Buffalo Hunt that did not come off." It seems surprising, under the circumstances, that no one, in answer to so many inquiries, suggested the possibility of the eccentric stranger turning out to be an escaped lunatic. After describing the sensation caused by Miller's vagaries, the Advertiser launches out into a puff of its favourite, concluding with the following lovely stanza from his Ode to Niagara:

O, pure as a tear and as strong as the sea,
Yet, as tender to me as the wail of the doves,
I had rather sit sad and alone by thee,
Than to go and be glad with a legion of loves.

What a pretty picture it would make; the Poet "sitting sad and alone" by the Falls, on his "six hundred dollar saddle, ornamented with Mexican dollars, the tapidarus and catenas richly fretted with gold and silver."

The writs for the County of Carleton were issued on Thursday week. The nomination is fixed for Monday and the polling for August 5.

A disastrous fire occurred on the 18th at Pictou, N. S. Some fifteen buildings were destroyed, entailing a loss of about \$150,000, very little of which is covered by insurance.

The ceremony of turning the first sod of the North Shore Railway took place at Quebec on Thursday week. The Archbishop of Quebec pronounced the benediction, and Madame Cauchon, assisted by M. Cauchon, dug the first sod. Speeches were delivered by Messrs. Cauchon, Chauveau, Rheaume, Coté, Loranger, Rhodes, and others. About 5,000 people were present.

The Intercolonial Railway section between Amherst and River Phillip was traversed for the first time by first-class cars, containing Hon. E. B. Chandler, and a number of gentlemen, on Monday afternoon. The construction is now proceeding so satisfactorily as to indicate the opening of the whole route between Truro and Amherst by the first of October.

A fearful affair occurred on the 16th inst. at Quebec. The captain of the barque "Rivoli," a French Canadian named Pelletier, came ashore with two men, and on landing the men were accosted by two crimps, who sought to entice them to desert. An altercation ensued, when the crimps made as if to attack the Captain, who seized a carpenter's axe which lay near, and dealt a blow to one of his assailants, James Dillon, opening his side with a fearful gash. The unfortunate man fell, and died shortly afterwards in the Police Station. Pelletier was arrested, and the police, with much difficulty, prevented him from being lynched by the mob. At the inquest a verdict of manslaughter was returned.

UNITED STATES.

Much annoyance is said to exist at Washington over Catacazy's defence.

"Harry Bassett" beat "Longfellow" for the Saratoga Cup on the 16th in a race of two and a quarter miles by one length. Time 3.59.

It is said that President Grant has announced his intention of visiting the Canadian border. He will go down the St. Lawrence, visit the Thousand Islands and other places of interest along the border.

A despatch from Denver (Col.) says that a remarkable water-sput recently occurred on the Central City stage road, four miles above Golden City. The torrent of water struck a carriage containing four persons, two of whom were wounded.

The first regular meeting of the new Erie directors was held on the 16th inst., when Committees were appointed. It is announced that the managers intend changing the gauge of the road. They will do by laying down a third rail of a gauge of 4 feet 8 1/2 inches, leaving the broad gauge until the present rolling stock of the Company is worn out; but all the new cars and locomotives that are procured, will be of the narrow gauge.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN.

The Grenadier Band arrived at Liverpool at the latter end of last week.

Private Havana advices represent that the revolution is beginning to show fresh indications of strength.

The Fiji Islands are said to be in a state of incipient revolution, against which the Government is powerless.

The parties concerned in the burning of Justice Keogh in effigy, have been committed for trial at the Fermanagh assizes.

Another missionary to the South Sea Island has been murdered by the natives. The name of the victim is Gordon.

Trade is stagnant in Paris. Thousands of shops are closed for rent, and a monetary crisis reigns. Many of Thiers' old friends are deserting him.

The South American mail brings news of a threatened outbreak in Peru, where the oppression of the Government has lashed the inhabitants into intense indignation.

A despatch from New South Wales dated the 16th says that the members of the ministry have been re-elected, and expect to meet in Parliament with a working majority.

Lord Napier, who succeeded the late Earl Mayo as Governor of India, pro tem, has been created a peer of the United Kingdom under the title of Baron Etrick.

On Saturday last the Prince of Wales went on board the American fleet off Southampton, but his visit was entirely private. His Royal Highness declined an invitation to visit Southampton or to receive deputations from the town.

In the House of Commons the other night Mr. Forster stated that the disease known as rinderpest had appeared among the cattle on board a vessel from Odessa, bound to England, and that the Council had deemed it prudent to issue an order excluding Russian cattle from British ports.

An influential meeting of Roman Catholics was held in London on Tuesday week, the Duke of Norfolk presiding. Resolutions were adopted protesting against the action of the Italian Government towards the Papal authorities, and condemning the recent law passed by the German Parliament proscribing the Jesuits.

The Geneva Arbitration Commission held several meetings during the last few days. It is stated that the direct claims of the United States have been cut down to eight millions of dollars. The claims for the damages caused by the vessels "Boston," "Sallie," "Jeff Davis," "Joy" and "Music," have been dismissed by the arbitrators. The demurrer of Great Britain concerning the other vessels is overruled. In the case of the "Florida" it is believed \$2,600,000 damages have been awarded.

Advices from St. Petersburg state that the cholera epidemic is gradually making way from the eastern provinces of Russia, and gaining a fast hold in the central portions of the empire. Moscow is now suffering from it, and it has assumed a most

malignant power. The proportion of deaths to recoveries is placed at eight to one. This fatality has created a panic among the inhabitants, and thousands of the better classes are fleeing.

An attempt was made at midnight (18th-19th inst.) to assassinate the King and Queen of Spain while driving home from the Palace Garden. Their carriage was fired upon but neither of them were hurt. One of the assassins was shot by an attendant. When the news of the attempt became known the excitement of the people was intense. Three of the would-be assassins and twenty-seven alleged accomplices have been arrested, and it was with difficulty that they were saved from being lynched by the crowd. The King and Queen are receiving congratulatory addresses from all portions of the country, expressing the joy of their subjects at their escape from the bullets of the assassins, and declaring the loyalty and attachment of the people. Yesterday evening their majesties drove through the city in an open carriage. Their progress was an immense ovation. They were greeted at every point by enthusiastic cheers. The examination of the two assassins who were captured develops the fact that the attack was part of an organized conspiracy, extensive in its ramifications, and provided with ample funds.

CHESS.

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

The following is one of several hard-fought games between an English amateur of some celebrity, who lately visited the Montreal Chess Club, and a member.

KING'S BISHOP'S OPENING.

- White.—(Visitor.) 1. P. to K. 4th 2. B. to B. 4th 3. Q. Kt. to B. 3rd 4. K. Kt. to B. 3rd 5. P. to K. R. 3rd 6. P. to Q. 3rd 7. P. to Q. R. 3rd 8. B. to Q. R. 2nd 9. Kt. to Q. 5th 10. P. takes B. 11. P. to Q. B. 4th 12. B. to Q. Kt. sq. 13. B. to K. 3rd 14. Q. takes Kt. 15. P. takes B. 16. Q. to K. B. 5th 17. Q. to K. B. 2nd 18. Q. to R. 4th 19. Q. to R. 5th 20. Q. to R. 4th 21. B. to Q. B. 2nd 22. P. takes P. 23. Castles. [Q. R.] (b) 24. K. R. to B. sq. 25. P. to K. Kt. 4th 26. P. takes P. (d) 27. K. to Q. 2nd 28. R. to Q. B. sq. (f) 29. K. to Q. sq. 30. P. to B. 6th 31. K. to K. 2nd 32. R. takes R. 33. P. takes P. 34. Q. takes P. 35. Q. to R. 8th, ch. 36. Q. to R. 5th, ch. 37. Q. to R. 8th, ch. 38. Q. to R. 5th, ch. Black.—(Mr. C.) P. to K. 4th K. Kt. to B. 3rd B. to B. 4th P. to Q. 3rd Q. Kt. to B. 3rd P. to K. R. 3rd (a) P. to Q. R. 4th B. to K. 3rd B. takes Kt. Kt. to K. 2nd Q. Kt. to K. B. 4th Q. Kt. to Q. 5th Kt. takes Kt. ch. B. takes B. Castles. Q. to Q. 2nd Kt. to R. 2nd P. to K. B. 4th Q. to K. B. 2nd Kt. to Kt. 4th P. to Q. B. 3rd P. takes P. P. to Q. R. 5th (c) K. R. to Q. 2nd sq. Q. to Q. Kt. 2nd Q. takes P. ch. R. to Kt. 6th (e) Q. to B. 6th, ch. R. takes P. R. to R. 8th R. takes R. P. to R. 6th P. to R. 7th P. Queens. (g) K. to B. 2nd K. to Kt. sq. K. to B. 2nd.

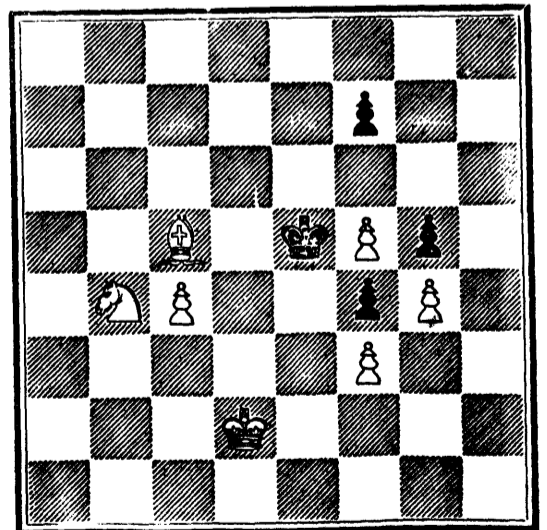
And the game was drawn.

- (a) The game is opened with great caution, and has now resolved itself into the regular Ginoco Piano. (b) Hazardous, because of the open Knight's file on the opposite side. (c) Cramping the adversary considerably. (d) White appears to have underrated the assault to which he is now subjected. (e) This should have been the winning move, but, by subsequent carelessness, Black loses his advantage, and allowed his opponent to draw. (f) The best reply, apparently. (g) The only exceptional move on Black's part throughout; Kt. to B. 2nd instead wins easily.

PROBLEM No. 56

By J. W.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in four moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 56.

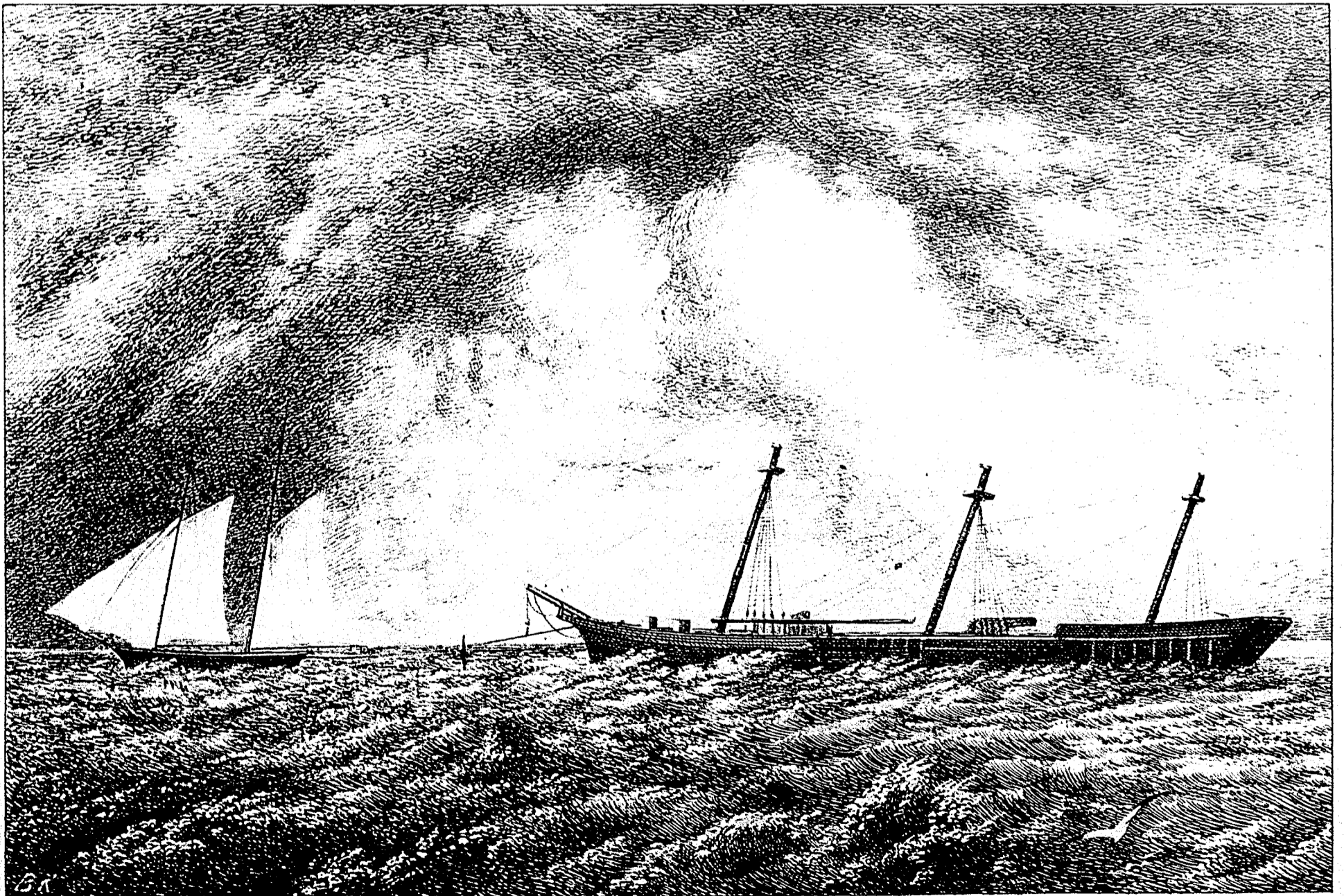
- White. 1. Q. to K. R. sq. ch. 2. Q. to Q. B. sq. 3. Q. to K. Kt. sq. ch. 4. Q. to K. 3rd, ch. 5. Q. to Q. R. 3rd, mate. Black. K. to B. 4th (best.) K. to Q. 5th (A) K. to B. 6th (best.) K. moves. (A) P. to B. 6th K. to Q. 4th K. moves.



THE DIBBY REGATTA — THE FOUR-OARED LAPSTREAK RACE, WON BY THE DIBBY CREW — FROM A SKETCH BY E. J. RUSSELL.



THE DIGBY REGATTA — DIGBY GUT AT 7.30 A.M. BROWN ABEAST OF THE UMPIRE BOAT.—FROM A SKETCH BY E. J. RUSSELL



THE SHIP *EMIGRANT* BEING TOWED TO CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.—FROM A SKETCH BY W. O. C.

SANBORN'S RAILROAD RAIL.

Continued from page 61.

is steel. The rail used in practice would be four inches high and four inches wide at the base, which, it will be noticed, is slightly arched. The sides approach at the neck, C, to within about a quarter of an inch of each other. Now it will be readily seen that the effect of a weight applied on the top of this rail will be to bring the sides nearer together at C. A sufficiency of pressure would make them touch. There will, at the same time, exist a lateral thrust of the lower sides which will tend to flatten out the arched base, the yielding of which brings into play a reserve of elasticity that is available after the sides are closed at C. The closure of the neck effects a slight change in the form of the arch at the rail top, which enhances its strength without sensibly affecting its bearing surface. The joint, B, is, in effect, a hollow spring of about sixteen inches in length, which is compressed when inserted in the ends of the rails to be connected. It binds them securely and is capable of yielding with them to the influence of pressure or percussion. The joined rails are shown at Fig. 2.

Finding that there was a practical difficulty in manufacturing the exact form of rail just described, which arose from the weld required at the base, Mr. Sanborn devised the form shown in Fig. 3, which was patented December 12, 1871. Here a separate base is secured to the body of the rail by a lap joint as delineated, which very much simplifies the construction. The elliptic form of the top arch and the configuration of the connecting spring, B, shown at Fig. 4, forms the subject matter of a further patent dated March 26, 1872. In this form the sides are at once connected with the base without being doubled over, as in Fig. 3. The elliptic arch affords a wider tread for the wheels, and the connection is rendered more secure by the enlargement of the joining joint.

The three forms of rail described are similar in principle, so far as their elasticity is concerned, and in each case the limit to the yield or give of the rail is fixed by the space left between the sides at C, and by the arch in the base. The inventor claims that by this arrangement the tread is not affected by pressure sufficiently to produce an up grade for the wheels to run on. The tubular connecting joints make, virtually, a continuous rail. The junctures are made without bolts or other fastenings, and allow of expansion and contraction taking place freely while keeping the rails securely in position. In this way the violent hammering arising from the wheels striking the ends of the ordinary T rails is obviated, and consequent damage to the rails and rolling stock is prevented by the elasticity of the joint.

The rails made as in Figs. 1 and 2 have the advantage in strength and durability, and those constructed as in Figs. 3 and 4, with lap joints, possess that of cheapness. The elliptic top may go with either construction. The inventor states that all the forms presented can be readily manufactured. The first form he proposes to make by passing a round tube of proper size through rolls constructed to press it into the required shape. The other forms, and the connecting pieces for all, may be made of rolled metal plate of the requisite thickness. He claims that a length of rail of this kind, weighing forty pounds, has as much strength as a similar length of solid rail weighing sixty pounds, and that great economy of material will consequently arise from the use of the new rail.

Mr. Sanborn designs placing his invention under the control of a stock company, by whom it would be tested and its practical worth fully developed.

CANFIELD'S RAILROAD CAR BRAKE.

This is an American invention, for an illustration of which we are indebted to the *Scientific American*. The patentee is Mr. Frederick A. Canfield, of Dover, N. J., whose name we hope to see shortly among the list of inventors taking out patents in Canada. His improved brake, illustrated on page 61, is more especially adapted for use on four wheel coal cars, or such cars as are generally used about furnaces, though it admits of various modifications of its arrangements which would adapt it to other forms of car, without altering the principle involved.

Fig. 1. represents a coal car with the brake applied to one pair of wheels. Only the upright shaft and handwheel are shown in the illustration, the other portions of the brake being indicated by dotted lines.

Fig. 2 shows the side frame of the car, in section, with the brake attached. At A are shown the brake blocks, which are made of wood or other suitable material. These are attached to a firelock iron strap, B, the ends of which are secured to the frame of the car by the nuts and screws shown at C. This strap is about three inches wide, and a quarter of an inch thick. D is a vertical brake rod which is operated by the wheel seen in Fig. 1. On the lower part of the brake rod is a screw which works in the nut E, attached to the frame of the car, and on its extreme end is the block F, which has a groove lengthwise through which the strap passes. It is prevented from falling out by a pin. The end of the brake rod works in a socket in the block in such a manner as to raise or depress the block without turning it. When it is desired to apply the brakes, the rod is screwed down by means of the wheel, and the strap is carried down with it. This brings the blocks, A, in contact with the wheels of the car, and throws part of the weight of the car upon the brakes. The amount of weight sustained by the brake blocks is dependent upon the pitch of the screw on the rod, D, and upon the diameter of its wheel. When the brake is not in use, the rod, strap, and brake blocks are elevated sufficiently to relieve the wheels of all restraint. Should the strap stretch, it may easily be brought to the proper tension again by tightening the nuts at C.

It will be noticed that the brake blocks are applied directly on the top of the wheels, which prevents the steam coming upon the boxes as it does when they are placed in any other position. On gravity roads this brake is said to work admirably. One in use on a road having a uniform grade of 200 feet per mile, did all the braking up of five cars for six months, and has been running in all two years in good order. It appears to be durable, and costs only an insignificant sum to keep in order.

Professor Nagel, of Tubingen, has successfully used strychnia as a remedy for falling sight. One-fortieth of a grain, mixed with water, is injected under the skin of the arm.

EXTINGUISHING FIRMS.—A correspondent of the *Scientific American* makes the following suggestion to parties who purpose building large warehouses or business blocks. In some part of the cellar, build a tank that will hold enough acid and marble dust to generate, when mixed, gas enough to fill the building. Let the stop-off arrangements extend to the outer part of the building; and when a fire occurs and gets beyond the control of the portable extinguisher, turn on the large one. In warehouses, the gas could ascend through hatchways; in other buildings, flues in the walls connecting with different floors would be necessary.

A NEW BUILDING MATERIAL.—A new kind of material, called "Mezzo marble," has just been introduced in England, and seems to create attention among all the architects and decorators. It is a material professing to have all the qualities of marble, not only as to beauty of finish but durability, and can be produced at one-tenth the cost of marble, and one-half that of scagliola or enamel slate. A large number of architects and other visitors were recently invited to see the works in London, and a very fine specimen of the workmanship—a splendid fountain, which is intended to be shown at the forthcoming Dublin exhibition, previous to its removal to one of the seats in Ireland of Sir Arthur Guinness.

One of the most simple modes of preventing boiler incrustations would appear to be that which, we find stated, has now for a long time been in use at the Darmstadt gas works. The engine is worked day and night, almost without interruption, and the formation of calcareous deposits has been entirely prevented by the use of crude pyroligneous acid combined with tar—being either introduced into the boiler or mixed with the feed water. Since this mixture has been in use they never have had a stoppage through incrustation, and have never had to use a hammer to remove scale. Each year, during the summer, when less gas is required, the boiler is opened, and perhaps a couple of handfuls of loose sediment taken from the bottom. The quantity of substance thus employed is very small—just enough to redden the litmus paper; consequently the iron is not attacked, and of course the boiler rarely needs any repair.

According to *Les Mondes*, M. Ferdinand Toumasi is the inventor of a new method of telegraphing through tubes filled with water, which he is at present exhibiting at Paris; the tube is of copper, 1-16th of an inch in diameter. The experiment is made with a length 3,280 feet, and the inventor hopes to obtain, first, a speed of transmission of at least 600 signals a minute, even through a length of 1,000 miles; second, a simultaneous exchange of correspondence by the same tube—that is, to signal both ways at once; third, the facility of printing despatches; and fourth, a very small cost of construction. The thread of water is in communication at each end with two pistons of the same diameter. One of these pistons is slightly pressed, and the motion is immediately transmitted to the other piston. The tubes and its pistons are in connection with an electro-magnetic apparatus to facilitate the transmission and the reception of messages.

IMPROVEMENTS IN BLASTING.—The Servian mining engineer, T. Klerity, has lately introduced an improved blasting cartridge, which is said to save much powder or dynamite, and seems to be worth a notice. The new feature of it consists of a cast-steel cylinder, which is inserted in the cartridge, and replaces a part of the powder, which is ignited through a touch-hole in the cylinder. At both ends the cylinder is very nearly the calibre of the bore hole, but its middle part, for about 3/8ths of the whole length, is reduced to half that diameter. This thin part has a channel bored through it at right angles to its axis, while another vertical channel follows the axis from the top until it reaches the transverse passage, both of which are filled with fine-grained powder, and ignited in a suitable way. The length of the steel cylinder is 12 or 14 in., and its diameter 1 to 1 1/2 in. at the ends, and 1/2 to 3/4 in. in the middle. It is inserted in a cylindrical paper bag, and the powder or dynamite filled between the reduced diameter and the paper; it is then placed in the bottom of the blast hole, covered with a certain thickness of tamping, and fired in the usual way, through the channel in the centre. Another improvement with the use of dynamite has lately been made at Raib, in Carinthia, where the dolomitic limestone is very cavernous, and much of the power of the explosive is lost, its gases expanding uselessly into these cavities. In order to prevent this, a watertight dynamite cartridge is introduced into the bore hole, and before firing it, as much water pumped into the same as it and the next adjoining cavities would hold. Through this very simple expedient a wonderful effect is said to have been produced, by which half of the former expenses of blasting were saved.

IMPROVEMENT IN STREET WATERING.—An official trial lately took place at Hyde Park Corner, Knightsbridge, Eng., of the system for watering streets, public parks, and market gardens, patented by Messrs. Isaac Brown & Co., Edinburgh. The patented apparatus was shown upon the drive at the east end of Rotten Row, Hyde Park, and upon one of the large enclosed flower plots, which has been fitted with it by order of Mr. Ayrton, her Majesty's First Commissioner of Works. In one of the illustrations of the new mode of road watering, one and one half inch lead pipes are laid along close to each kerb stone, these subordinate pipes being supplied from the mains. At intervals of about two feet apart, the pipes are drilled with small holes of from a sixteenth to a thirty second of an inch, in groups of three, each of which is pierced at a different angle. These apertures from the pipes command the complete road, which at the place where they are exhibited is about nineteen yards wide. The water is, of course, supplied under pressure, with a head of about 100 feet, and a shower of a quarter of a mile in length can be commanded with a one and one half inch pipe. The other experiment for road watering was by a central pipe in the middle of the road, which throws its jets towards the kerb stones. The pipes are protected by shields, and provision is made for the surface water being sent past the sides of the pipe to the bottom, where it finds a passage. The central pipe is of course upon the crown of the road, and is protected by an asphalt covering. An apparent objection may be that the small apertures may get choked up by the debris of the roads. In practice, however, this is found not to be the case, as the pressure of the water, when it is put on, keeps the drilled holes open. In winter, when there is the danger of freezing, the watering pipes are kept empty, which is not found to be a matter of much practical difficulty.

MISCELLANEOUS.

It has been proposed to place a painted window in Westminster Abbey to the memory of the officers and men who went down in the Captain.

A writer in *The Field* states the very curious fact that a hen, after hatching out two ducklings from eggs placed under her for that purpose, and attempting in vain to induce them to come out from the water to which they had immediately betaken themselves, herself swam in after them, and pushing them before her, actually forced them to the land.

The Agricultural and Arts Association of Ontario has determined to hold two grand Provincial Ploughing Matches this season, at a date subsequent to that of the Provincial exhibition, and to offer \$400 in prizes at each match. One of these matches is to be held within 20 miles of Belleville, or between Belleville and Kingston, and the other near London. Tenders are asked for 30 acres of land for each match, and implement manufacturers and others are invited to offer supplementary special prizes.

The word "sheepish" has altered curiously in meaning since the twelfth century. In some old English Homilies, of which the MS. is in Trinity College, Cambridge, and which Dr. Richard Morris is now editing for the Early English Text Society, "sheepish men" are thus defined. "Some men lead a pure life, and neither do or say anything unpleasant to their fellow-men, but love God, and go each day to church, as sheep to the fold, and give gladly their dues to the church, and alms to poor men, and beth ycleped *sheepess men*," (are called sheepish men)."

A CANADIAN CLAIMANT UNDER THE WASHINGTON TREATY.—An examination of Robert Wray, Esq., of Quebec, and other witnesses, to substantiate the above claim has been opened at Kingston, at the U. S. Consul's Office, before John Mudie, Esq., barrister-at-law. Colonel Hance appeared as counsel for the United States, and G. A. Kirkpatrick, M. P., for the claimant. The evidence was very interesting, and the battle grounds of South-west Missouri were gone over in succession. The history of Mr. Noble's arrests, hardships and privations would form an interesting chapter. He claims \$300,000 for damages to property, loss of business, &c., &c., and as his claim has already been accepted as coming within the jurisdiction of the Washington Treaty, we have no doubt of his receiving a large compensation.

BLOOD DRINKERS.—A Paris letter writer says:—"We have a society of 'blood drinkers'—not the wildest wretches of the Commune, but quiet, orderly-loving citizens. The abattoir of Paris is situated at La Villette; at 10 o'clock in the morning the slaughtering of the animals commences. It is at this moment invalids suffering from impoverished blood or consumption answer the ringing of a bell, step into a room where they are served with a glassful of the life blood of sheep and oxen, hot, and even steaming. It is said excellent results have followed this strange cure. There is also fitted up in the same place a bath-room, where persons—children especially—suffering from weak limbs or general debility can take a dip in the water in which the tripe has been boiled for the market. The later mode of treatment I have witnessed."

The *Court Journal* is responsible for the following story. Two gentlemen were conversing the other night not very far from the lobby of the House of Commons, and immediately after a debate in which the Premier had taken a prominent part. The speakers were a well-known member of the House and a distinguished Prussian nobleman. The conversation turned upon the Berlin Vatican troubles, and the M.P. said smilingly, "Ah, Count, I wish you would lend us Prince Bismarck for a short time; he would soon settle our Galway troubles." The Prussian smiled assentingly. "And," continued the member, "not to take an unfair advantage of your generosity, we would lend you"—"Mr. Gladstone in return," he would have said, but the indignant German cut the sentence short. "No, sir," said he fiercely, "take Prince Bismarck, if you please. He is not my idea of statesmanship. Take him and keep him; but for your Mr. Gladstone—thank you, no!"

The *Pall Mall Gazette* says:—"A musician at Huddersfield has just been sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment for various little domestic offences, including the performance of the 'Dead March in Saul' over his wife during a severe illness. This gentleman was remarkable not only for his love of music, but also for his peculiarly playful disposition, for whenever any of the neighbours interfered to protect his family from ill treatment, he was in the habit of stoning them and bidding them 'stand their mark.' He seems to have undergone no little suffering, owing to the populace being unable to understand his temperament, and a few days before he was taken into captivity he was with difficulty rescued by the police from a mob who desired to lynch him. Yet, although at first sight it seems a mistake for a husband when requested by his wife to run for a doctor to play the 'Dead March in Saul' by her bedside instead of seeking medical assistance, it must not be forgotten that some of our best English writers have lent their sanction to this course of proceeding. For instance, Keats says, 'Let me have music dying and I seek no more delight.' Again, Milton remarks, 'I was all ear, and took in strains that might create a soul under the ribs of death.' And Carlyle speaks of music as 'a kind of inarticulate, unfathomable speech, which leads us to the edge of the infinite, and lets us for moments gaze into that!'"

DR. HOWE ON THE USE OF FELLOWS' HYPOPHOSPHITES.

PITTSFIELD, ME., March, 1872.

MR. JAS. I. FELLOWS—Dear Sir: During the past two years I have given your Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites a fair though somewhat severe trial in my practice, and am able to speak with confidence of its effects. In restoring persons suffering from emaciation and the debility following Diphtheria, it has done wonders. I constantly recommend its use in all affections of the throat and lungs. In several cases considered hopeless it has given relief, and the patients are fast recovering; among these are Consumptive and old Bronchial subjects, whose diseases have resisted the other modes of treatment. For impaired digestion, and in fact for debility from any cause, I know of nothing equal to it. Its direct effect in strengthening the nervous system renders it suitable for the majority of diseases.

I am, sir, yours truly,

WM. S. HOWE, M. D.

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

HOME DREAM.

Weary and forlorn 'neath this ancient gable
I sit me down to wipe my brow and rest,
While in the distant West
Light vapours of alternate white and sable
Wave plumelike o'er the veil which shrouds
The sun in golden clouds.

I tire now of Alpine dale and mountain,
And roaming over foreign boreal fields
Where Nature sternly yields
Her hardest fruits; this classic fountain—
These Druid woods—even the beautiful sea
Have lost their charms for me.

I feel, as never I felt, the grievous burden
Of loneliness press upon my soul,
I see the intangible goal
Vanish into space, and no hopes of guerdon
For manly strivings in my solitude, now rise
Before my straining eyes.

But on this summer eve, a new sensation
Throbs through my spirit like a vital spark,—
A beacon in the dark
Of weary, weary years,—a strange pulsation
Waking sweet music upon rusted strings
In oracular murmurings.

My eyes with tears of joy are streaming,
And an infantile jubilation leaps
From unsuspected deeps
Of my drained heart—the boon before me gleam-
[ing]
I grasp at with both hands and cry
In thankfulest ecstasy.

Ah! Home to the wanderer when his day is ended,
Home to the orphan in the lanes of life,
Exhausted with the strife
Of one against the many,—Home! where all joys
[are blended,
Joys of the present, the future and the past,
Sole joys of earth which last.

Joys never tasted! I close my eyes and listen
To distant echoes from the vale—the muffled
[sounds
Of busy household rounds,
The sweet low tones of wives whose soft eyes
[glisten
With love upon their offspring, and the grave
[word
Of benison at the board.

I see through the inner gloom the light of faces
Illumed by the hearth—the innocent smile
Of maidens without guile,—
The father's kindling look—the thousand graces
Of childhood in the crib, and, holy as angels'
[prayer,
The mother's infinite care.

Would that a country home were mine!—and
[sobbing,
I think of quiet farms and winding streams,
And yellow, founted gleams
Of sunshine on the corn,—the warm air throbbing
With the shimmer of beech leaves—and the simple
[lease
Of rustic families.

Oh! I will take my pilgrim staff to-morrow,
And turn away from these bleak Northern climes
To where the silver chimneys
Of my parish bells invite me. All the sorrow,
All the cark of solitary travel then will cease,
And I shall dwell in peace.

Yes, I will rest among the few who love me,
Or will create new loves where none remain,
And mingle in the train
Of those who live and hope. An angel above me
Beckons me onward to the purple shore,
My Home for ever more.
JNO. LESPERANCE.

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

THE
MYSTERY OF SAINTED GROVE.

BY DION.

CONCLUSION.

Such was the tale implicitly believed by Antoine, but inquiry as to the character of the man who told it disclosed the following facts:—

Some years before, there had come to the village in the capacity of school-master, one of those stray waifs of fortune who are to be found in almost every hamlet in America. Nothing was known of his previous career save what dropped from his own lips. His real or assumed name was Henry Daubrey, and he admitted that he was a native of the Island of Jersey. Beyond this, his history seemed shrouded in mystery; but it was evident to those who were competent to judge that he must have received a fine classical education. Possessing a perfect knowledge of the French language, he was very successful as a teacher, and his popularity in that capacity was great in all quarters; but as a set-off to his usefulness, he was unfortunately a drunkard of the worst description. The fees received for the task of licking the ideas of the village children into shape were barely sufficient to keep his "soul the body's guest," but his small income was augmented by the quarterly allowance granted by the Government for educational purposes. Amidst the circumstances in which he was placed, he never in his sober state lost those characteristics which are so visibly impressed on the man who has been accustomed to good society, and always, save in his cups, retained the deportment of a gentleman. From the hour, however, he received his salary until it was spent, and all other sources of credit stopped, he lived in a chronic state of drunken-

ness. When in this condition, the habits of the man were altogether changed, no subterfuge was too low to descend to, if by it he could gratify his appetite for drink, and clever and shrewd were the schemes to which he would resort to accomplish his purpose. His constitution, greatly undermined by the reckless life which it was evident he had led previous to his arrival in the settlement, at length succumbed to a spree which had been unusually protracted, and without a hand to close his eyes, or a lip to breathe a prayer, this clever but misguided man had resigned his soul to His Maker in the midst of a debauch about a year before my residence in the village. As soon as I learned the character of Daubrey, I concluded that the parchment document and its accompanying story had been employed as the means to borrow money from my friend, by playing on his peculiar ideas on the subject of buried money. Indeed the parchment when closely examined carried self-contained evidence which proved it a fabrication. On the back could be seen the marks where writing had been erased by scraping, but this had not escaped the notice of Antoine, and Daubrey had accounted for it by telling him that originally on the back there had been written a complete inventory of the treasures, and that one of his ancestors for some reason had removed it. A minute examination revealed to me the outline of certain words of legal phraseology which bore a suspicious appearance, and could not be erased without destroying the sheet, on account of the ink having penetrated further than in those parts which had disappeared. It needed no efforts of the imagination to distinctly trace "Victoria by the Grace of God," "whereas," together with other words that always find their way into those pleasant fictions of law called "The Common Courts," and I concluded that the sheet had originally been used in what is called a "Nisi Prius Record," and perhaps after furthering one scheme of extortion had fulfilled its mission, and I lamented with Jack Cade "that the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment, and parchment being scribbled o'er should undo a man." Knowing how delicate a matter it is to impeach the integrity of a dead man to a friend who bore the highest respect for his memory, I kept my discovery to myself. The knowledge of human nature possessed by Daubrey would at once suggest the idea of wresting the current superstitions of the place to his plan, and making the grove the centre of attraction. The employment of parchment, a substance completely unknown to Antoine, instead of paper, was a bright thought of this clever but unscrupulous man, whilst the introduction of the black cat was a brilliant stroke of genius, which indefinitely postponed the search, as poor Antoine mournfully assured me, that a cat "able to fill the requirements was not to be found in any house for miles along the coast." Only in one place had he seen a cat that seemed to possess the peculiar requisites desired by the Prince of Darkness. It was in a hotel at Bathurst, kept by one Baldwin, as jolly and warm-hearted an Irishman as ever enveloped a glass of whiskey, and whose stories had kept me in roars of laughter during the few days I lived in his house before proceeding down the coast. As I had to visit this place before leaving Carquette, I promised Antoine that I would procure the cat if it was at all possible, and kept my promise by bringing it with me on my return, my jolly landlord being glad to be rid of it. No words can express the joy of Antoine, when he found the animal was all that could be desired, every hair being of the deepest sable. All that we now required was such a night as that on which Tam O'Shanter set out on his homeward trip. I do not know whether Antoine followed the formula laid down in "The Book of Common Prayer," and prayed for rain in the set phrases directed to be used when we desire Providence, for one especial benefit, to change those immutable laws by which the Universe is governed, but day passed after day without a cloud appearing in the sky, and I commenced to congratulate myself that I would be able to avoid the foolish adventure in which I promised to play a part. During the few remaining days that I intended to stay in the village, I amused myself by visiting my favourite spots around the neighbourhood, accompanied by the truest friend that I had in the place. This companion in my pedestrian tours was a large and shaggy dog of the Newfoundland breed, owned by the people in whose house I boarded, and who reciprocated the notice I extended to him by all those outward signs of affection peculiar to his species. His fondness for me at last became a source of annoyance, as he was continually quarrelling with all the dogs he met in our rambles, and it at last became a necessity, when I did not desire his company, to confine him in an outhouse in which cattle were kept during the winter season. So sagacious, however, was "Boule," that on being released after my departure from the house, he would at once proceed to my favourite retreats, the first one visited being "Sainted Grove." His intimate knowledge of my habits at last led to the ludicrous scene I am about to relate. On the last evening that I was to spend in the village, the clouds, for

the first time in many weeks, began to gather in dark and rolling masses, and the sea to exhibit those unmistakable signs which, to an experienced eye, foretell a heavy storm. The fishing boats had stood in for the land early in the afternoon and were safely moored under lee of the shore, the earliest to arrive being my friend's boat, his practised eye foreseeing that the night about to follow would be such as was necessary for our adventure. For the first time since our acquaintance had commenced, I felt annoyed at his inquiry for me, but his kindness had been so unremitting that I felt it would be the basest of ingratitude if I refused to fulfil my portion of the agreement. The people with whom I boarded gave me more credit for common sense than I perhaps deserved, and when I left the house in company with Antoine, they had little idea that I was starting out to locate the spot at which the pirate of the Sainted Grove had deposited his blood-stained wealth. The ash tree, which I had discovered in a previous visit, was in no way remarkable, those swelling rings being frequently observed in that species. With a tape line Antoine had borrowed from a land surveyor in the village, we soon located the spot we were to dig, marking it with a small stake, which Antoine carefully covered with the dried leaves found scattered around. We then separated at the Grove, our roads lying in different directions, after agreeing that in case of a thunder-storm we should set out to meet each other about half-past twelve, and that Antoine was to bring the gift-offering to Satan enclosed in a small brass studded valise that I had left in his boat on my last fishing excursion, together with a pick and spade. Long before I reached my dwelling the play of the lightning could be distinctly seen in the west, but on account of the distance no thunder could be heard. Gradually, however, the storm approached the village, and long ere the appointed hour the heavens vomited forth in rapid succession the most vivid flashes of lightning I ever witnessed, whilst peal after peal of terrific thunder reverberated incessantly along the shores of the bay. In the midst of this storm I set out for the Grove. I confess that long before I arrived at the spot I was heartily sickened of the projected enterprise, and fervently hoped that Antoine was affected in the like manner, but in this hope I was doomed to disappointment, as he arrived almost at the same moment as myself. We then took our path through the wood, and such was the vividness of the lightning that it penetrated the dense foliage, and at times afforded me glimpses of the pallid features of my friend with fear written on every line, and which was only kept in check by his determined character. Arriving at the stake, we commenced to dig, Antoine turning the first sod. Not a word was spoken, yet I must admit that I was excited with alarm, not by any superstitious feeling, but from the awful character of the storm. Close by the spot where we were digging was a small hillock, about the size of an infant's grave, and on this Antoine rested whilst I took my turn with the spade. From where we stood we could see through the trees the bay beneath as when its waters were illuminated by the lightning. We had thus worked on for some time, when Antoine suddenly seized my arm and pointed down to the shore, and there during a flash that followed, I plainly perceived a small black vessel running in beneath the point. The scene was closed for a moment by darkness, and when the thunder for an interval ceased, I could distinctly hear the clanking of a chain cable being rapidly payed out at the base of the grove. Fear, like small-pox, is eminently contagious, and I am free to confess that my philosophy at this stage had nearly disappeared, and nothing but a feeling of bravado, which was anything but courage, kept me from at once leaving the place. Our utter silence, the fearful nature of the storm, the sudden appearance of the vessel, the clanking of the cable, and the novelty of the enterprise, all combined to produce a state of mind which was the opposite of calm and collected. We had now scooped out a hole to the depth of nearly three feet, when Antoine, who was digging, struck his spade on something which gave out a hard metallic sound. Motioning me to take his place, he hurriedly opened the valise and took out our feline surety, stroking it with one hand, whilst with the other he held it pressed to his side. Such was the fear that had gained possession of me, that even the ludicrous nature of this scene did not restore me to my senses. At this moment, directly in front of where we stood could be heard at a distance the rustling of feet amidst the leaves, then after a short interval I could distinctly hear the snapping of a dried twig. Nearer and nearer approached the footsteps, sounding to our overstrung ears like the tramp of an elephant, whilst every flash of lightning revealed the figure of Antoine dancing round the spot uneasily, and holding with outstretched hands the sable wretch that was doomed to the Plutonian shades. By this time, I had altogether ceased digging, and stood breathless and motionless, spade in hand, in the hole we had excavated. To and fro went the steps with an awful regularity of tread, and then stopped; suddenly almost beside us a loud and unearthly snort could be heard. The

spade dropped from my hands through terror, and when a flash of lightning for a moment lit up the spot, there on the mound before me stood a huge black figure with two great eyes fixed steadfastly on mine. I sprang from the place and in my eagerness to escape tripped on the edge of the hole I had been digging. Urged by the law of self-preservation I instinctively seized the leg of my friend; he uttered two shrieks that must have been heard above the peal of thunder that followed the flash, and in his nervousness must have clutched the cat rather violently as she dropped on my back when I slipped in my haste in getting from the haunted spot. What direction my friend took, I know not, but as fast as fear could lend speed to my feet, I fled with a soul filled with terror along the pathway leading from the grove, still pursued by the horrible figure, and not until I had gained the road, nearly dead from fright and the superhuman exertions I had made in my flight, did I discover that the friend by whom I had so persistently been pursued and whose eyes had so terrified me when gazing down from the knoll was my old friend, Boule, who, missing me from my room, had concluded I was to be found at my favourite retreat in Sainted Grove, and had by his unexpected appearance robbed me of the only opportunity that ever presented itself by which I might have been placed in the ranks of the millionaires, those mighty nabobs of the world.

Next morning at the break of day I sauntered down to the scene of our last night's exploit, in order to hide the pick and spade, and remove my valise, when I discovered Antoine coming along the road with hasty strides. The joy of the poor fellow at seeing me seemed almost as great as if we had discovered the strong box which we had been in search of during the previous night, as he informed me afterwards that he was sure I had been seized by the horrible figure with the glistening eyes, that presented itself on the small mound before our frightened gaze, and which our heated imaginations invested with huge and horrible proportions. When I told him the story of "Boule," he seemed thunderstruck at the discovery, but, at last roared out in almost convulsive laughter. His hands were terribly bitten by the black wretch, on which we relied to save us from demoniacal vengeance. Instead of taking the path from the highway, we walked down to the beach, where a small black schooner with a low hull sat like a duck on the water in safe anchorage. A part of the crew had come ashore to fill a water cask from a small spring that trickled down the face of the bank.

"Good morning, Skipper," said I, addressing myself generally to the company. "You must have arrived pretty late during the night."

"Well, yes," answered a man who seemed to command the party, "between one and two, we just grazed the point there, and if it had not been for the lightning, which lit up considerable, I assure you, we would have been ashore. We had just time to slip the anchor and snub her."

"Fishing, I suppose," said I.
"Yes, we belong to the "Lizzie A Tarr," Gloucester, after mackerel, but I say, Kurnel, who lives up in the woods there."

"No person that I know of," I answered, "at least, I know of no one, and I am about here almost every fine day."

"A nice quiet neighbourhood to live in, I fancy, if a person was inclined to be nervous," he queried, with an ironical smile playing on his lips.

"Oh, I don't know," said I carelessly, "the property, I believe, is owned by the Church."

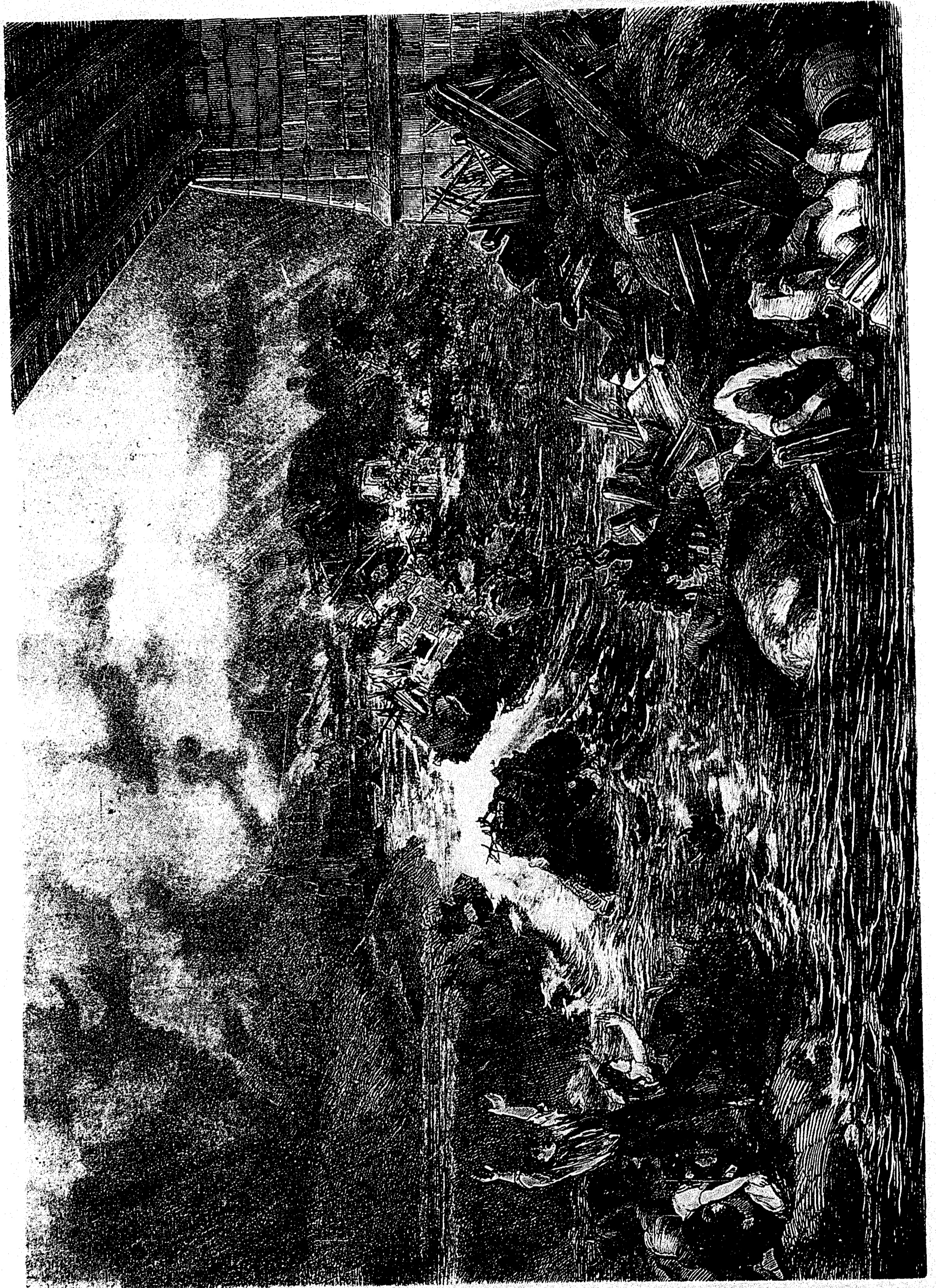
"Well," said the Captain slowly, "if I am any judge of property, and there was any way of settling the question, I'd bet the drinks that the devil holds a first mortgage on it. Why, last night, stranger, after we anchored, we heard two screeches up in the bush there, that beat all the noises I ever heard before,—I heard a fellow scream as he was washed from the deck of the "Amabel Lee" in Casco Bay, one dark night, and I heard an old gentleman yell, after he broke through the fall ice opposite Bangor,—but, Lord! their screams was music to what I heard last night."

"The people around here, do say," said I, carelessly, "that the place is haunted, but I have never seen or heard anything myself that would lead me to suppose so."

"Kurnel," replied the Skipper, impressively, "I never was a ghost believing man, and don't put much faith in what the people say, but I guess, this time, I'll take their word for it, unless some one can trot out a living human that can make the same infernal noise I heard last night,—any chance to buy mackerel round here, Kurnel?"

I gave him all the information I possessed on that subject, and with Antoine took my way to the Grove. We both laughed heartily at the Captain's story, which he afterwards repeated at the village, thus adding the testimony of a stranger to the truth of the superstition.

We soon reached the spot from which we

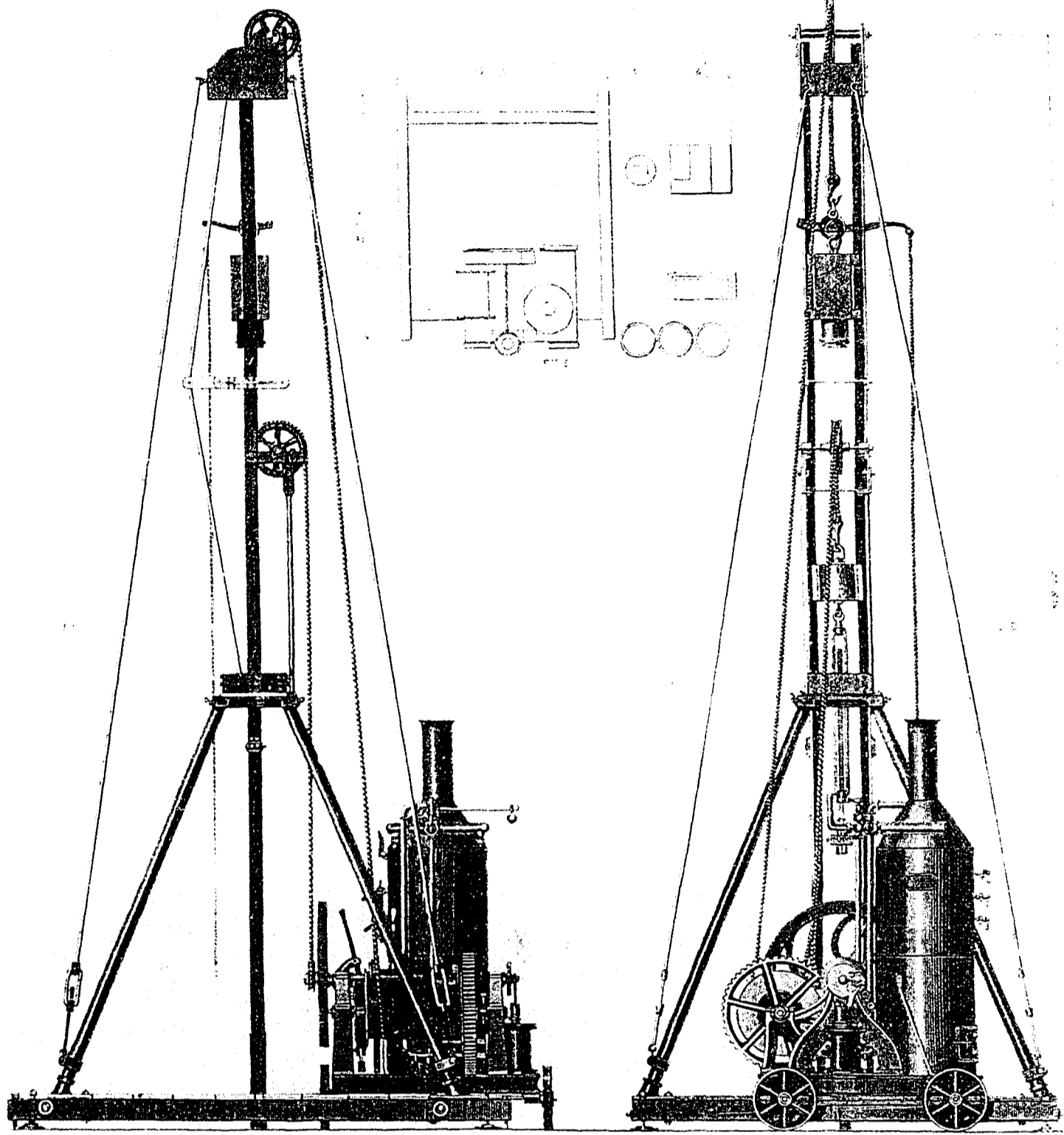


THE INUNDATIONS IN BOHEMIA SCENE IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF KOENIGSAL.

PORTABLE BORING MACHINE.

We illustrate on this page a portable boring machine, constructed for the Department of Docks in New York, and designed by Mr. Isaac Newton, assistant engineer. It has been employed for the purpose of making borings along the water front of Manhattan Island, in order to determine the position and general character of the bed rock. The drills were in all cases driven far enough to ascertain that it was the rock itself, and not boulders merely, that had been reached. The design of the machine will be clearly understood from the engraving, in which it will be seen that the framing is of the lightest form possible, and that it can be easily taken apart and reerected. It was found more convenient to do this than to employ a heavier and less easily shifted apparatus. The time required to take down the machine, and to pack it into a truck for removal, is forty minutes. The means provided for working the boring rods consists, as will be seen, of a rope attached to an eccentric on the flywheel of the steam-worked winch, and which passing over a pulley running in a bracket on the frame, is secured to the weight and coupling rod, to which the rope carrying the boring tool is fastened. In addition to this the machine can be used as a pile-driver, or for sinking tubes to serve as linings for artesian wells. In this case

SCIENCE AND MECHANICS.



PORTABLE BORING MACHINE, FOR THE DEPARTMENT OF DOCKS, NEW YORK.

DESIGNED BY MR. ISAAC NEWTON, ASSISTANT ENGINEER.

the boring gear is removed, and the drop weight shown at the top of the machine is employed.

The apparatus has been in full and successful use for more than a year, and reflects much credit on its designer.

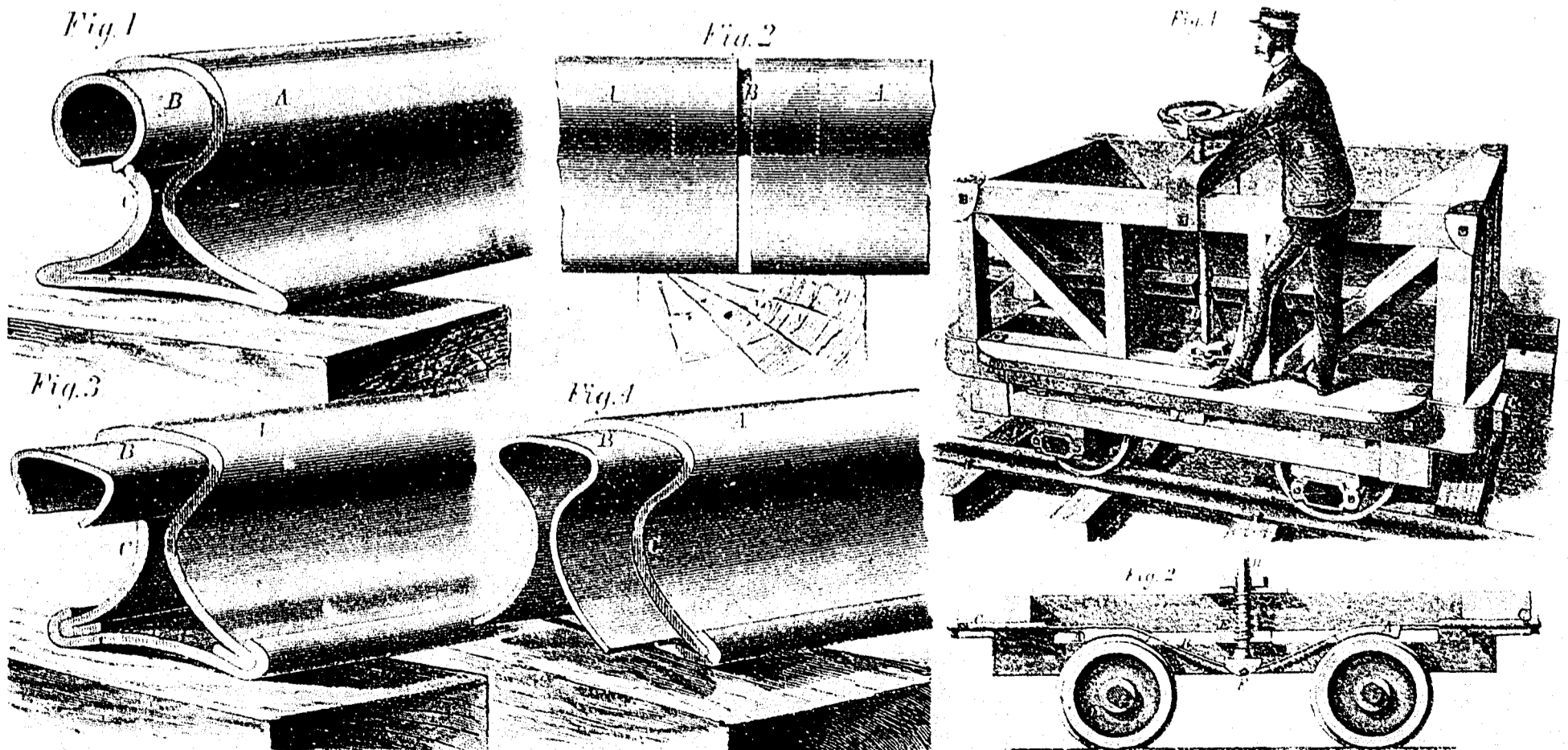
SANBORN'S RAILROAD RAIL

(From the Scientific American.)

The improvements in railroad rails, which we this week illustrate, are designed to give to the rail that degree of elasticity which will enable it to bear all the pressure and shocks to which it may be subjected with the least possible amount of wear and tear to itself and the rolling stock which passes over it. To effect this much to be desired object, the inventor relies on the merits of the form and construction of his rail, the material of which it is made, and his method of joining the ends of adjacent lengths. Several designs for the rail are shown in our engraving, where generally, A is the rail and B the connecting piece, all of which are secured by letters patent.

The first patent granted to the inventor, Mr. Rufus S. Sanborn, of Rockford, Ill., dated August 8, 1871, was for the rail and joint shown in Figs. 1 and 2. It will be seen that the rail is tubular, the upper part being nearly cylindrical and the lower somewhat of a triangular figure. The material of which it is formed

(See page 58.)



SANBORN'S RAILROAD RAIL.

CANFIELD'S RAILROAD CAR BRAKE.

Continued from page 59.

[REGISTERED in accordance with the Copyright Act of 1868.]

TECUMSEH,

The Shawnee Brave.

BY ALIQUIS.

(Of Kingston, Ont.)

CHAPTER IV.

MIRIAM HOWARD.

had retreated so rapidly on the preceding night, and discovered the cause of the metallic sound we had heard, which proceeded from the spade striking against the pick which had fallen into the hole, whilst the unearthly snort that had afterwards alarmed us, was the noise usually made by large dogs on being suddenly startled. Together we proceeded to hide the pick and spade a short distance from the road, but before leaving the spot where we had been digging, I suggested that we should form a mould at the bottom of the hole, as if a box had been removed. Antoine quickly fell into the humour of the idea, a few spadefull of earth were then firmly trampled on all sides of the valise, which was then withdrawn from its bed. Had we every appliance the world afforded, we could not have made the deception more perfect, the mark of the brass studs on its sides and bottom could clearly be seen imbedded in the mould and it really looked as if a box with secure fastenings had laid there for centuries. The adventure of last night, with the morning's revelations, for I now spoke freely on the subject of the parchment document, seemed to have partly cured poor Antoine of his implicit belief in spectral appearances and buried treasures but, the cure was of a doubtful character. He seemed depressed in spirits, and to have lost all the inspiration from which he had derived the energy of his character, for he had fully counted on the final success of the enterprise, and as I was about to bid him "Good bye" he asked me if I thought he could find any employment in the States, whether I was about returning. Seeing him in this mood and being glad of his company, I offered to delay my departure for a few days, until he made his arrangements for leaving, and promised to do all in my power to assist him to get employment. He grasped eagerly at my offer and in two days he had converted his boat into money, bidden his friends farewell, and was on the road. After living with me in an inland town where I resided for more than a year, the papers began to tell of the wondrous success of mining parties operating in British Columbia, and I was not astonished when my friend one evening informed me that he had resolved to push out in that direction. By his industry and prudence, he had gained sufficient to carry him to Vancouver Island, with a little to spare on his arrival there. Two days after our conversation he started, after first trying to persuade me to accompany him. On his arrival at his destination he wrote me, stating that he had joined a party proceeding to the Cariboo region. For a year and a half I heard nothing further from my friend, although, as I afterwards learned, he had written several letters. One morning, however, I received a letter stating he was to leave San Francisco in the next packet, but he did not allude to his worldly circumstances. At length he made his appearance with an immense beard, wavy moustache, and rather more tanned than when he had left. His dress was of the best and most fashionable style, without descending into swelldom, but his display of jewellery was rather exaggerated for good taste. He was still the same warm hearted fellow he had ever been, and many were the laughs we enjoyed when we alluded to our midnight exploit. His story was brief; after enduring severe hardships in the gold regions, one of the party struck "pay gravel." Three months of hard work rolled riches which they had never anticipated into their possession, and after placing what he deemed a sufficient competence in the hands of a responsible banker at "Frisco," he sold out his share in the claim to an American Mining Company, and with the salmon-like instinct of the people from whom he was descended, he turned his face homeward.

It appears that on the Sunday after we departed, a pair of wandering lovers had discovered the pick and spade, my friend having neglected to remove them, whilst another party had stumbled on the place we had excavated. Amazed at the sudden departure of Antoine, the curiosity of the people became excited by the hole which we had moulded with the valise, and many were the conjectures as to the fact whether Antoine had or had not discovered anything at the place. Arriving home, where his wealth became the sole theme of the village, all doubts on the point were forever silenced, and the old sages who had shaken their heads with such wondrous wagging, when I resided amongst them, now declared they had always prophesied the final success of Antoine. In view of its favourable termination in the case of my friend, the profession of money digging became a favourite pursuit of the young and aspiring fishermen, and next to Antoine, the village maidens smiled the most graciously on the adventurous youth who most neglected his daily duties; and instead of being a term of reproach, the title a young man most ardently coveted was that of "Chercheur de trésors," for none believed the stories told by Antoine respecting his mining experience in Columbia, but contended that his wealth was due to the discovery of the pirate's hoard in "The Sainted Grove."

THE END.

The glories of summer had faded and gone; autumn had decked the forests in garments of brightest hues, which in their turn had given place to the robe of virgin whiteness cast over all nature by winter's chilly hand; but now again spring had returned to gladden the hearts of the poor children of the soil.

Late one afternoon Miriam Howard was sitting on a rock overhanging the clear still waters of the little lake beside her Indian home; shaded by the fresh green leaves of a far branching oak she was watching the little fish sporting themselves in the cool waters below, thinking sadly on her captive lot and longing for deliverance from her captivity and a return to her friends. So wrapt was she in her own sad thoughts that she did not notice the threatening clouds that, rising from the horizon, were rapidly spreading like a heavy pall over the bright blue sky, nor did she hear the dull mutterings of the approaching thunder-storm. Suddenly she was startled from her reverie by the appearance of Tecumseh, whose dress showed that he had just returned from one of the excursions against the people of the young Republic of the United States in which he was constantly engaged.

The boundary line between the States and the Indian territory had never been satisfactorily settled, and the Americans, urged on by that spirit of acquisitiveness which has ever influenced them, and in these last days culminated in the purchase of half a million of square miles of snow and ice, and an earthquake-stricken island—were always endeavouring little by little to encroach on the lands of the red man. After the terrible defeat of the Americans at the Miami villages, General Wayne, who led the army of the Republic, was striving by fair means or by foul to obtain possession of a large tract of land west of the Ohio. In this he was opposed by all the border tribes. The director and leader of the mighty band of warriors was a fierce Chief named Weyapiersewan, (famously called "Blue-Jacket" by the whites;) and he at all times found in Tecumseh a willing and ardent seconder of his schemes, for the leading trait in Tecumseh's character ever was his hatred of the white man and the civilization he introduced. "Death to the pale face," was ever the war cry by which he sought to arouse the braves to do battle for the land which the Great Spirit had bestowed upon them.

But to return from this digression. Miriam's cheek blanched as she gazed at the horrid trophies of the bloody fight which hung from the chieftain's belt. His keen eye noticed the pallor that came over her face, and a dark frown shadowed his brow, yet he spoke not of it, but said:

"Does not my sister see that the giant turkey has left his wigwam in the sky; that he is coming down to earth to gather together the snakes and the evil spirits? Are her young ears grown old that she cannot hear how the clouds grumble and moan as he walks with his heavy tread? Are her eyes closed that she does not see the fire flashing forth as he flaps his mighty wings? Come, my sister, to the shelter of the hut; Tecumseh has something to show thee."

Thus warned of the coming storm, and thus invited to return, Miriam went with the sachem to her tent. When there the warrior drew from his leathern girdle a piece of bark, on which were roughly cut the words "Miriam," "Percy." With an effort the girl repressed the cry of joy that quivered on her very lips; for the words, few and simple though they were, conjured up before her mind's eye visions of the bold fairheaded English boy, who before she had left her father land had vowed that he would come for her and take her as his wife. Thoughts of him, of his love, of the despair that must have been his when he had found her gone from her pleasant western home, and longings for the wings of a dove that she might fly away to him and be at rest, flashed through her throbbing brain quicker far than travels the electric spark. Yet, with perfect calmness, she asked:

"What wants the mighty son of Pukeesheno to know from his sister? Where found he this piece of wood?"

"A young Mohawk brave who was with me in the war path gave it to me. He received it from a pale-faced warrior who was lodging in the wigwam of the great chief of the Iroquois, Tyendinaga. And although to me the wampum and the pictures of the red men are clear as the noon-day sun, still the Great Spirit has closed my eyes that I cannot see what this means," replied the chief.

Miriam then told the chief that the meagre

characters represented her own name and that of a friend she had known far away across the great salt lake. Tecumseh was satisfied, and before he could say more a summons came to him to attend a council of the chiefs without delay. He arose and went, leaving the poor young girl to herself and her thoughts. How strangely were joy and sorrow, hope and despair commingled in Miriam's mind that night; but at last she thought that Percy Seaforth, the brave, the handsome, was searching for her, conquered all, and like the rod of the leader of the Israelites of old swallowed up every other thought. Then she knelt and prayed to the Father of the fatherless that Percy might come and save her, and at last fell asleep on her couch of furs with hands clasped towards heaven, and murmuring with her ruddy lips, "Come, Percy, come, my dear one!"

CHAPTER V.

THE COUNCIL.

GENERAL WAYNE at this time—the spring of 1793—was marching into the Indian country at the head of a large body of troops, determined to seize the lands lying to the west of the Ohio and Alleghany Rivers. The Indians, becoming alarmed, sent ambassadors to treat of peace if the Americans would consent to make the Ohio the boundary line; for rightly did they foresee that the mighty wave of white population rolling westward and northward would soon engulf and drive them forever from the face of the earth, unless a line was fixed beyond which the whites would not pass.

But the Commissioners accompanying the American army, rendered more greedy by their constant acquisitions, refused to take the waters of the Ohio as the dividing line between the original lords of the whole continent, and those who by force and fraud, by fire, sword, and poison, were determined to win for themselves that goodly inheritance which the Great Spirit had made for the hunting grounds of the Indians. Some of the envoys, deeming it helpless to struggle against the strong arm of the Republic, were in favour of peace at any price; but the Shawnees, the Miamis, the Wyandots, and the Delawares scorned the idea of yielding up their birthright, and determined neither to plant the tree of peace nor bury the hatchet. Yet before again going on the war path it was resolved to hold a grand council of the tribes at Niagara; and the arrival of the runner appointed to summon the chiefs of the various nations to this grand meeting, was the cause of Tecumseh's sudden departure from Miriam's lodge.

The chiefs were all assembled in solemn conclave, sitting on the ground, and each solemnly smoking his pipe. The messenger having announced the object of his coming, each sachem in turn gave his opinion on the matter slowly and sedately, without any of the hurry, confusion or interruption too prevalent in the deliberative assemblies of more civilized mortals. And when the youngest had spoken his last word and the last whiff of smoke had issued from the pipes of these dusky senators, they had concluded to send deputies to take part in this grand gathering of the nations. Tecumseh, of course, was one of these representatives, and he at once prepared to set off to join those who were soon to be assembled beside the mighty torrent of Niagara.

Miriam Howard, sick and tired of the monotony of savage life, wearied of embroidering moccasins and leggings with the quills of the porcupine, of wandering in the woods and there reading the glories of God writ by angel hands with the flowers of the field, of listening to the ceaseless voices of the squaws, of her own sad musings, longed to go with Tecumseh, thinking that at Niagara she might learn more of Percy Seaforth. But she knew that Tecumseh would not consent to her going, so long and deeply did she meditate to discover some plan by which her existence and whereabouts might be made known to her lover. At last she determined to give to Tecumseh as a fastener for his robe of state a brooch which at parting had been given her by Percy, feeling assured that if he once beheld it he would follow up the scent until he found her in her Indian hut. Accordingly, when Tecumseh came to bid her farewell, she gave him the brooch, which he accepted with every sign of delight; for although—unlike most Indians—this chief was not fond of gaudy decorations, yet he fully appreciated the gift of the white maiden.

So Tecumseh left the land of the Wabash and the Miami, and after going northwards to Lake Erie, embarked in a canoe paddled along the shores which once were thronged with the Erie tribe, until he came to the Niagara River. Poor Miriam, left in the Shawnee encampment, tried to while away the slowly flying hours as best she could.

CHAPTER VI.

THE SPEAKERS AND THE FEASTERS.

It was in the early summer of 1793 that this great council of chiefs met together to

deliberate on the then critical state of affairs. There came together in peace and harmony many braves who had oftentimes met in savage conflict; but now the petty quarrels of the tribes were hushed and the contest was one of the Indian against the American citizen. To that mighty assemblage came the chiefs of the Mohawks, Tuscaroras, Oneidas, Onondagas, Cayugas, Senecas, Shawnees, Miamis, Delawares, Wyandots, and of all the other tribes who dwelt on the northern and western confines of the Republic.

The place chosen was in keeping with the importance of the occasion: it was within sound of the mighty cataract of Niagara, (or Onguiaarha, as called by the natives), the home of the Spirit of Thunder and his troop of giant sons, where the waters of the four great lakes after rushing, dashing, and foaming down the rapids, fall with a mighty roar into the abyss below, and then rush on heaving with furious surges like the mighty ocean and boiling with rage like a mountain torrent between cliffs of appalling height and steepness.

At that conference was the great Mohawk Chief Tyendinaga—called by the English Brant,—whose name is forever entwined with those of Wyoming and Cherry Valley; but fierce and terrible as he was, Tyendinaga was not the "monster" Campbell paints him, and time has shewn that many of the atrocities attributed to him might with greater truth and justice be laid to the charge of so-called Christian gentlemen. But so long as the English language lasts will the sad tale of Gertrude of Wyoming be read, admired and wept over, and the beautiful fiction will be received as truth by tens of thousands. Brant is described as being "a likely fellow, of a fierce countenance, tall and rather spare. He generally wore moccasins trimmed with beads, leggings and breeches of superfine blue, short green coat, with two epaulets, and a small laced hat: by his side he hung a silver mounted cutlass, and his blanket of blue cloth was gorgeously decorated with red." The conqueror of General St. Clair, the great Mishikinakwa, was there, like Saul of old, towering about his fellows. He was six feet high, of a sour and morose countenance, and crafty and subtle look. His dress consisted of moccasins, a blue petticoat that only half covered his thighs, an English waistcoat and surtout: his head was covered by an Indian cap that hung down his back bedecked with more than two hundred silver brooches: in each ear were two earrings, (the upper parts formed of three silver medals as large as dollars, the lower of quarters of dollars,) hanging in pendants more than twelve inches long, one from each ear falling on his breast, the other down his back: besides all this he had three large nose jewels most curiously painted.*

Honaynwus, or Farmer's-brother, was another conspicuous chief. He it was who at the head of his warriors attacked a party of English teamsters and hurled them all into that frightful chasm, black and awful as the very gates of hell, known as the Devil's Hole, near Niagara Falls: horses and men, teams and waggons, were sent over the side of this dreadful pit and fell crashing upon the rocks full eighty feet below, bleeding, broken, dead. And many were the other famous chiefs there present, concerning whom time and space will not suffer me to speak.

The council was duly opened by a chieftain who, filling the pipe of peace with tobacco, lighted it and slowly raised it towards the blue vault of heaven, then lowering it turned in the directions from whence the four great winds do blow; thus mutely inviting the spirits of heaven, earth and air, to sanction their doings and aid them in their deliberation by their gracious presence. Then another chief taking the pipe drew forth from it a few whiffs of smoke, which he solemnly sent towards the abode of the Great Spirit in heaven, then all around the assemblage, and last of all, towards the earth on which he stood. Next, the calumet was handed to all the other chiefs in order of rank, each of whom pressed it to his lips in solemn silence. After this, long and ably did they debate the question whether peace or war was to prevail; harangues many and powerful were delivered; and words of eloquence flowed freely forth from the lips of these untutored children of Nature. Some of the chiefs defended the conduct of the United States, while others assailed it and inveighed bitterly against the constant encroachments of the Americans. "There was a time," they said, "when our forefathers possessed the whole land from the rising to the setting sun: the Great Spirit had made it all for the Indians. He made the buffalo and the deer for food; the bear and the beaver that their skins might clothe us. He did all this because he loved his red children. But an evil day came, the white men arrived in their big canoes. Their numbers were few, and they found us friends not foes: they asked for a small seat, we took pity on them, and granted their request: we gave them corn and meat when they were hungry—they gave us poison in return. More pale faces came; we gave them a larger seat: still more came, and they wanted more land: war arose, the white man hired Indians to fight against Indians: they

* This is his appearance as portrayed shortly after his great victory.

brought firewater, it was very strong and has slain thousands. Our seats were once large, and theirs very small: now they are a great people, and we have scarcely a place where to spread our blankets. The spirits of the woods and graves, of the waterfalls and lakes, cry aloud to us to seize the hatchet, and fight for them and for ourselves."

One fierce Mohawk cried, "Who is it, ye assembled braves and warriors, who is it that causes these waters to rise away far off among the snows of the chilly north and empty themselves into yon boiling abyss? Who is it that causes to blow the loud winds of winter, and that calms them again in the bright days of summer? Who is it that rears up the shadows of these lofty forests and blasts them with the quick lightning at his pleasure? It is the same Great Being who gave to the pale faces a country on the other side of the great waters, and gave ours to us: and by this we will defend it." And with a whoop that made the forest ring again, and was echoed and re-echoed from cliff to cliff, from crag to crag far down the mighty river, he flung his tomahawk against a neighbouring tree, where it sank quivering up to the very handle. Many a brave sprang to his feet in wild excitement, madly brandishing his knife; and for a time war, bloody and disastrous, seemed coming upon the land. But there arose other chiefs who in smooth and gentle tones poured oil upon the troubled waters, advocating more pacific measures, deprecating the idea of war, and showing the advantages that would accrue to them from living in friendship with the people of the United States. In the end the peace party prevailed, and it was determined to bury their angry passions and maintain peace. It was also unanimously resolved to meet the Americans in a grand council, to be holden at an early date, at some convenient spot on the south side of the Lake, to arrange a permanent treaty on terms agreeable to all.

Thus ended the great council of Niagara, and every one returned to his own home, to meet again shortly at the Miami Rapids.

There had come to the assembly with Brant, a young English officer, fair, tall, stout of limb and brave of heart; his strength and good nature had won for him the affections of all the Indians with whom he came in contact; but to our hero Tecumseh he seemed especially to attach himself, and, the council being dissolved, he accepted an invitation given by that Chief to visit him among his own tribe. Rapidly flew their light canoes along the wooded borders of the lake, and in little more than a week they arrived safely at the Shawanee village, which had been removed to the banks of the Miami of the Lakes, where also were assembled all the confederate tribes.

To do honour to the returned delegates, as well as to exhibit his own wealth and resources, the Chief who had been at the head of affairs during Tecumseh's absence, gave a grand entertainment, inviting all the warriors in the village to the feast. The invitation was short, simple, and to the point: "Come and eat," were the words addressed by the messenger to the Englishman, and he was sufficiently acquainted with Indian habits to know that to go he must, or else give the direct offence to the expectant host; so straightway he repaired to the hut where the feast was provided. Each guest as he entered saluted the entertainer with the monosyllabic grunt "Ho!" and forthwith squatted himself on the ground beside his predecessor. Proceedings were begun by a long lugubrious chant, (after the fashion of the court of the pious Saint Edward the Confessor.) After this grace, the host, whom etiquette forbade to sit, proclaimed the contents of the kettles that hung steaming and hissing over the fire, while the attendant squaws ladled out the messes into the bowls that each guest had brought with him. With talking, singing, laughing and smoking the company sat on till the morning dawned clear and bright.

Fortunately for our white friend this had not been one of those religious feasts so common among the Indians, for on such occasions enormous portions are set before the guests, and each one must remain in his place until he has devoured every scrap allotted to him. If he were unable to eat all his host would feel himself grossly insulted—the whole tribe would be shocked at the grievous breach of good manners—while the guardian spirits, imagining themselves slighted and despised, would take summary vengeance on the whole community: sickness, distress, famine, and, perhaps, death, would fall upon the nation.

CHAPTER VII.

SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR.

In consequence of the close proximity of the many strangers who had expected their wigwams and huts near the Shawanee village, Miriam Howard now spent the greater portion of her time in her own tent, conversing with her Indian servant or practising the accomplishments of Indian maidens.

The day after the feast, Tecumseh and his new friend went to seek her, and found her embroidering a pair of moccasins, wherein she intended to incase her own little well-formed feet. At a glance Miriam recognised

in the bearded stranger Percy Seaforth, the fair haired lover of her girlish days, her first impulse was to throw herself into his arms and beseech him to take her away, but second thoughts told her that by such demonstrations of love she would arouse the jealous feelings slumbering in the dusky breast of Tecumseh, so she determined not to disclose herself to Seaforth at that time, but patiently to wait and watch. Most cordially did she greet Tecumseh, and poured forth a string of questions in the Indian tongue, paying little heed to him whom she longed to embrace, and who was far dearer to her than life itself. And Percy, on his part, failed to recognise in the sun-burnt maiden, clad in deer-skin, adorned with wampum beads, and surrounded by all the accessories of savage life, the lovely English girl from whom he had parted only three years before, for whom he had been searching for the last nine months through city and village, forest and wigwam, over the great continent of America.

Miriam succeeded in keeping up her disguise during the whole of the interview, for fortunately Tecumseh did not once address her by any name save her Indian one of Karagenasee; but the strain upon her mind was very great, and scarcely had her visitors left her when her overstrung nerves gave way, and she fell down in a death-like swoon. Thus she continued till the shades of evening began to close in, and night prepared to spread her sable robes over the encampment.

With returning consciousness Miriam resolved to abide quietly until

"Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep,"

which comes to all without distinction of race or colour, had wrapt her strong arms around the Indians and stolen away their senses, and then to set out and seek for Percy in the wigwam of the chief. Slowly did the minutes fly as the poor girl sat crouched up on her bed of furs, her temples throbbing, her pulse beating high, her blood coursing like wild-fire through her swelling veins, her whole frame quivering with excitement, joy, hope, fear. At last the moment arrived when her venture was to be made; for an hour, at least, not a sound of human being had she heard throughout the whole village, silence reigned unbroken save by the gentle plash of the waters as they rippled along the river's bank, or by the soft twittering of birds nestled in their downy beds high over head in the thickly-leaved trees.

Miriam arose and left her hut, noiselessly and swiftly did she glide by tent and wigwam until she came to that of Tecumseh; with trembling hand and fluttering heart she moved aside the buffalo skin which hung across the entrance and stepped in. It was one long low chamber affording accommodation to a dozen families, but Tecumseh's quarters were the third from the door; in a moment Miriam stood beside them, and at that instant the pale young moon, escaping from a fleecy cloud, cast its beams through an opening in the roof, and shone right upon the bed, revealing to the anxious visitor the fact that it was empty; the chief's tomahawk and gun were also gone and nothing was to be seen of either him or his English friend. Sad and weary the poor girl turned away, and with a sigh sought her own tent, there in silence and solitude to pour forth her bitter grief in a flood of scalding tears, with earnest prayers to the great God of Heaven not to lose her nor forsake her.

With the morning's light Miriam found that Tecumseh and Percy had gone to the council of the chiefs at the foot of the Miami Rapids, and thither we also must away.

CHAPTER VIII.

RED WAR AND WHITE DOGS.

The American Commissioners encamped at the mouth of the Detroit River; here on the twenty-ninth of July they were visited by a deputation from the Indians, who asserted that the boundary line established at the treaty of Fort Stanwix was the Ohio River, and said that if the Americans desired to make a firm and lasting peace they must at once remove all their people to their own side of that stream. The Commissioners replied that by treaties subsequent to that of Fort Stanwix they had acquired the territory north of the Ohio and that they could not uproot the settlements formed there, but they offered the Indians a large sum of money if they would give up more land.

The deputation then went back to their council at the Rapids, where for fourteen days the debate was carried on with all the earnestness of men debating on a question of life or death. "What bursts of thrilling eloquence—the unsophisticated language of nature gathering all its metaphors fresh and glowing from her own rich storehouse, the flowers, the forests and the floods, the sun, the stars and the deep blue sky, the winds, the earthquake, the storm—were there poured forth but to die away forever upon the ears of those that heard them!"

Tyendinaga and the Chiefs of the Six Nations were more anxious for peace and in favour of it spoke again and again; but the Shawanees, Wyandots, Miamis and Delawares,

would not listen to it. Did not the Ohio divide them from their foes. At last a written reply was sent to the anxious commissioners to the effect that the Indians would retreat no farther, that they would leave their bones in the land they now held, and that they would not meet to arrange a peace until it was conceded that the Ohio should be the boundary line. To this answer were attached the names of thirteen tribes, the emblem or totem of each being roughly drawn opposite the name.

There is little doubt but that the confederates were right in their demands, but alas! right prevails not in this world unless accompanied and enforced by might.

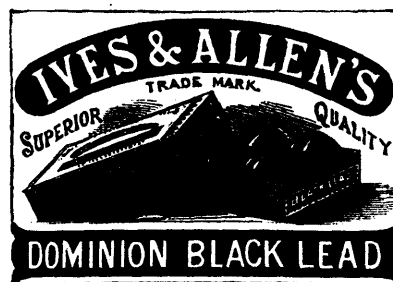
After this several other attempts to make peace without yielding up what they had unlawfully taken were made by the Americans, but ineffectually.

At this juncture events seemed to threaten a speedy war between Great Britain and the United States, the dull mutterings of approaching conflicts were heard, and bitter feeling ran deep between the two nations; so the people of Canada, who had hitherto striven to bring about peace between the Indians and their neighbours, now began to stir the former up and urge them on to war by promises of assistance. According to the Indian accounts "all the speeches received from Governor Simcoe were red as blood. All the wampum and feathers were painted red, the war pipes and hatchets were red, and even the tobacco was of the same colour." The British also erected a fort at the foot of the Miami Rapids, which, while it served as a great encouragement to the confederate tribes in their efforts against their white foes, at the same time greatly irritated the American people, who considered the Miami within the bounds of their country.

Thus during the winter and early spring of 1794, the horizon became blacker and blacker day by day, and all things portended a mighty conflict between the Indians who were rapidly gathering together from the far north of Canada and the plains across the distant Mississippi, aided and encouraged by the British forces, and the army of "the Council of the Thirteen Fires." Every now and then an Indian shot or a white man scalped added fuel to the flames of hate that burnt in the breasts of the contending parties. Tecumseh was all the while most active against the whites, day by day as he returned home were new scalps to be seen dangling at his waist, seldom did he remove his war paint, continually was he on the war trail with his company of braves, seeking whom he might destroy.

In the month of January, when the moon was rapidly waning, was held the great feast of the white dogs, an annual festival for the remission of sin. Two white dogs, spotless and without blemish, were strangled, not a drop of blood being shed, their faces were painted red and their bodies fantastically decorated with beads, wampum and feathers, and then hung up before the door of the council house. Then certain young men appointed for the purpose, put out every fire in the village, which had to be rekindled by virgin sparks from a flint; on the following days, dressed in bear skins, the youths went from lodge to lodge collecting presents and gifts; while thus engaged they received into their own bodies the sins of the whole tribe; in their turn they transferred the accumulated guilt of the people to the lifeless carcasses of the dogs, which on the ninth day were consumed by fire together with all the votive offerings. Then refreshed and relieved from the burden of their sins, at peace with the Great Spirit and each other, all the members of the tribe, rejoicing with feasting and dancing and smoking, prepared to enter upon the troubles and labours of another year.

(To be continued)



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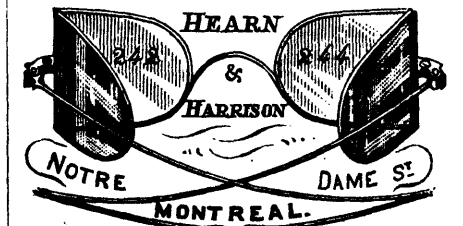
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E. F. KING, Post Office Inspector.

Inspector's Office, Montreal, 5th July, 1872.

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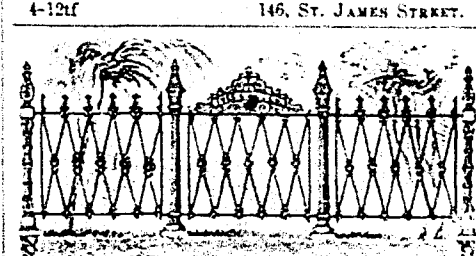
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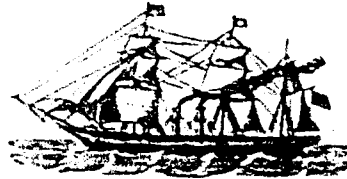
EXPRESS at 6:20 P.M., arriving at Sand Point at 9:45 P.M.

ARRIVE AT SAND POINT at 1:40 P.M., 3:10 P.M., and 9:45 P.M.

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