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# FRANCO Illustrated News

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THE NEW CUSTOM HOUSE, MONTREAL.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LEGG & CO.—SEE PAGE 343.

## RED RIVER EXPEDITION.

In this number we place in our gallery the portraits of the three chief officers of the Supply and Transport Department of the force upon whom devolved all the arduous work of keeping up the proper supplies, the forming and carrying out of the transport, the management of the boats and command of the Indians and "Voyageurs" employed upon the Red River Expedition after it had started from Thunder Bay.

## No. 73.—ASSISTANT CONTROLLER M. IRVINE, C.M.G.,

A son of Lieut.-Col. Irvine, Provincial A.D.C. to His Excellency the Governor-General, and brother to the Hon. George Irvine, Solicitor-General for the Province of Quebec, entered the service in 1848; since which time he has served in Canada, Western Australia, Turkey and Crimea and the West Indies. In 1867 he was employed on special duty in Spain in purchasing mules for the Abyssinian Expedition; and on the Government deciding upon sending the Expedition to the Red River last year, he was sent from England to take charge of the Control Staff employed thereon, acting under the directions of Col. Martindale, Chief Controller in Canada; for this service he was made a Companion of the distinguished order of St. Michael and St. George.

## No. 74.—CAPTAIN NAGLE

Served in the Eastern Campaign of 1854; was present at the battles of the Alma and Inkerman (wounded), siege and fall of Sebastopol, and assault of the Redan; for his gallant conduct in saving the colours of the 30th Regiment at Alma, he received the medal for "distinguished conduct in the field." He is a Knight of the Legion of Honour, and has the Crimean Medal and Clasp, and Turkish Medal. He is at present serving as Town Major at Halifax.

## No. 75.—ASSISTANT COMMISSARY JOLLY

Entered the service in 1859 at the Military Clothing Depot at Quebec, whence he was posted in 1860 to the Powder Magazine at Purfleet, in 1868 to the Royal Arsenal at Woolwich, and on occasion of the Fenian invasion in the same year to Canada. Of Captain Nagle and Assistant Commissary Jolly a contemporary remarks the following, in which opinion we fully concur—

"While we congratulate Lieut.-General the Hon. James Lindsay, Col. Wolsley, and the other gallant chiefs of the Red River Expedition upon the well-merited distinction Her Majesty has been pleased to bestow upon them in appointing them to the most distinguished order of St. Michael and St. George, as notified in the London *Gazette* of the 22nd December, we cannot but feel regret when we follow the succeeding columns of the *Gazette* without seeing that promotion or reward has been granted to any of the more junior but working officers of the undertaking, upon whom really devolved the efficient and arduous carrying out of all the orders and directions connected therewith. Among others, we would name Capt. R. Nagle, late Canadian Rifles, at present Town Major at Halifax, who so efficiently organized and conducted the Land Transport; Assistant Commissary Jolly, Control Staff, who, although (as we understand) there were senior officers of his department at the base of operations, at Thunder Bay, and Sault Ste. Marie, was selected on account of his great practical knowledge of war material and army supply duties, to accompany the head-quarters of the force to Fort Garry, and there to remain for some time after the departure of the Imperial portion of the force on its return into Canada, for the purpose of making proper arrangements for the storage and safe keeping of the great variety of military stores, as well as entering into various contracts for the victualling of the force remaining behind.

"In the Crimean and all other campaigns, while the chief officers commanding were knighted or received orders at the hands of Her Majesty, those in the junior grades who distinguished themselves by their zeal and the efficient manner in which they performed their duties received as a reward a step in substantive or brevet rank. Although, fortunately, the Red River Expedition was a bloodless campaign, it must not be forgotten that everything connected with it was economically and admirably conducted, and we feel assured that the names of the officers we have mentioned have only to be brought to the notice of the proper Home authorities to receive the reward they so justly merit."

## THE TUILERIES, AS THEY HAVE BEEN AND AS THEY ARE NOW.

Late despatches from Paris bring sad news of the havoc made by the Vandals of the Commune with the beautiful buildings of Paris. Not only have the modern palaces been sacrificed to appease the fanatic rage of the mob against everything appertaining to royalty, but old, time-worn edifices—landmarks in the history of Paris and of France—have been destroyed by these insensate barbarians in their furious thirst for revenge for fancied wrongs. Falling other objects upon which to vent their anger, they fell upon the public buildings, and, one after another, the Column Vendome, the Chapel of Expiation, the Tuileries, the Louvre, the Palais Royal, the Hôtel de Ville, and numberless other noble edifices were destroyed, until Paris now remains shorn of her greatest beauties—the pride of the nation and the wonder and astonishment of foreign peoples.

Foremost among the catalogue of ruined buildings the Tuileries claims our attention. True, the Hôtel de Ville is older, and perhaps as rich in historic associations, but the Tuileries is better known, and its loss would be more deplored in the outside world than the destruction of half-a-dozen Hôtels-de-Ville. Besides, has it not been the residence of sovereigns for centuries, and have not its walls received the members of all the most illustrious families in France?

The site on which the magnificent building stood but two short weeks ago—between the Seine and the Rue de Rivoli, with the Place de la Concorde on the west—has had, however, far more illustrious associations than these. In the early days of Parisian history the ground was used as a tile yard, which, no doubt, furnished the whole of the then capital—but a small city in those days—with the *tuiles* from which the recently destroyed palace took its name. In 1564, the regent, Catherine de Medici, pitched upon the yard as an eligible piece of property, and having secured it, set to work to build a town residence. Here, a few days before the massacre of St. Bartho-

lomew, Charles IX. and the queen-mother held an infamous entertainment, being no less than an allegorical representation of the tragedy, in which all the nobility, Catholic and Protestant alike, took part. During the performance, the King of Navarre, and other Huguenots, was prevented by Charles IX. and his brothers from entering Paradise; they were pushed into Hell, and kept there some time. This was very significant, for four days after the horrible massacre took place, the whole having been arranged before the *fiat*; and there, amid the charms of music and dancing, 100,000 souls were sent unprepared to meet their Maker. The Medici's palace—more especially the grounds—was improved by Mlle. de Guise, who added a theatre, a labyrinth, and, among other attractions, a private menagerie! Under Louis XIII. further improvements were made, and Renard, the fashionable *rafachisseur*, having established his *cabaret* in the gardens, they speedily became the resort of all the court beauties and beaux. But it was reserved for Louis XIV., the Sun-King, as French writers love to call him, to make the gardens of the Tuileries the ornament of the capital. To Lenôtre, who had just finished the grounds of Versailles, was confided the task, and to him the Parisians owed those magnificent alleys and avenues which during the recent troubles were converted into shelter for the batteries, as represented in our illustration. Later on the fortune of the Tuileries began to decline. In June, 1792, the fierce Parisian mob entered it, and on the memorable 10th of August the Swiss Guard were massacred in the yard, and the raging, seething mob of hungry Parisians stormed up to the King's apartments and crowned him with the Phrygian cap.

From this day the fortune of the Tuileries seems to have been sealed. At times it rose from its humiliation to become the seat of power and of royalty, but during the greater part of the remainder of its existence it was doomed to be the silent witness of turmoil and revolution. Here, after the fall of the weak and vacillating king, Robespierre built the semi-circular benches of white marble, from which, in imitation of the games of ancient Greece, the elders should witness the athletic sports of the youths and adjudicate upon the awards. And here again, become all-powerful in the Republic, he celebrated on the 9th of June, 1794, the Feast of the Supreme Being. On a scaffolding erected in one of the fountain basins the body of J. J. Rousseau was exposed in October of the same year, previous to being removed to the Pantheon.

Later on still the Tuileries became the official residence of the First Consul; then of the Imperial Court. After the Restoration Charles X. resided there, and again in 1830 the mob entered it and drove the King out. It was the residence of Louis Philippe until the Revolution of 1848, when a party of rioters, in company with some loose girls, occupied the apartments for ten days. They turned the king's and queen's bedrooms into dining-rooms. Every thing they could lay their hands on they made subservient to their will, celebrating their orgies night and day in the most magnificent apartments of the palace. In 1849 it was occupied as a gallery for the exhibition of paintings. Since then it had been the city residence of the Imperial family. The *façade* facing the garden of the Tuileries was about 1,000 feet in length, running from Rue de Rivoli to the Seine. The style of architecture was mixed. The first or lower floor columns were Ionic, the second Corinthian, the third Composite. At the extreme of this *façade* were two lofty pavilions, with remarkably high roofs and chimneys. The one on Rue de Rivoli was called Pavillon Marsan, the one toward the Seine Pavillon de Flore. Napoleon I. conceived the idea of uniting the palace of the Tuileries with that of the Louvre, which stood parallel with it at over one-quarter of a mile distant; but political events transpired which prevented his carrying out his designs. It was left for the present Emperor to finish this stupendous undertaking. In 1852 he decreed five millions of dollars for that purpose, and in a remarkably short space of time the colossal work was finished. To last, however, barely twenty years. During the siege of Paris the Tuileries assumed its last appearance. The gardens was turned into an artillery park, and after the capitulation they were allowed to remain very much in the state they then were in, as depicted in our illustration. Ordnance of all sizes and makes were to be seen ranged under the trees, while heavy guns lay scattered round, embedded in Lenôtre's beds and plots. And then comes the last act. A second bombardment, street fighting, defeat of the Commune, and the noble old pile, that had escaped Prussian shot and shell, is set ablaze by Frenchmen to save it from Frenchmen's hands.

## THE NEW CLUB HOUSE, TORONTO.

The Toronto Club, though an institution of comparatively recent date, is one of the most flourishing of its kind in the Dominion. It has had, certainly, many dangers to encounter, but under the able management of its secretary all difficulties have been surmounted, and it now occupies a high position in its own city and among its sister institutions. The Club was first founded in 1850, but at that time, having no building of their own, the members leased a suite of rooms from the proprietors of the Rossin House Hotel, which they occupied until 1862, when they rented a building on York Street, a few doors below the main entrance of the hotel. As their affairs prospered, they were soon enabled to purchase the building, which they further improved by adding a billiard-room. At this time the greater part of the members were officers attached to the garrison, and on the removal of the military from Toronto fears were expressed that the further maintenance of the Club would be found impossible. To the surprise of many, however, it was found that not only did the Club continue to prosper, but the number of members had increased so rapidly that it became absolutely necessary to provide further accommodation. Then arose a question—would it be advisable to enlarge, or to build a new Club-House? The former course was, not unwisely, adopted, and the result was the erection of the handsome and commodious building which figures on another page, and which was completed and occupied last winter.

The "house-warming" of the new Club House—in the form of a grand opening ball—took place on the evening of the 18th ult. A more brilliant entertainment has rarely taken place in Toronto. The ball was held in the large Racket Court in rear of the Club buildings, the approach being covered in and elegantly draped, carpeted, and lined with choice flowers; the walls of the ball-room were tastefully covered with a light mauve-coloured paper, picked out with large panels formed of green and gold mouldings—the whole surmounted with a rich Grecian dental moulding. Across the

room and under the music gallery were draped and festooned flags of all nations, conspicuous among which was a very handsome blue Dominion Ensign, sent to the Royal Canadian Yacht Club by the Hon. Mr. Mitchell; and when the youth, beauty and fashion of Toronto were collected (to the number of about five hundred) in the faultless room the effect was charming. The light used was coal oil, which is far more becoming than gas. The great height and excellent ventilation of the court, added to a good floor, rendered the atmosphere all that could be desired. Not a particle of dust could be seen during the dancing, and the ladies, one and all, declared they never spent a more delightful evening. The band of the Queen's Own Rifles played at intervals in one of the Club dining-rooms a choice collection of operatic music. The music in the ball-room was extremely well performed, and the programme was carried out in a most careful manner under Mr. Toulmin's direction, reflecting great credit upon himself and his band, the 10th Royals. Lieut.-Governor and Mrs. Howland, accompanied by Captain Curtis, were present. The supper room was artistically decorated with evergreens and flowers, and praises of the choiceness of the viands and tasteful elegance of the room, were no less plentiful than well deserved. The Club steward, Mr. Backer, has undeniably established his reputation as being able, with the assistance of the Club cook, to produce a supper in far better style than those usually given. The officers and members of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club attended in their handsome uniform. Dancing was kept up with unflagging briskness until a late or rather early hour. The president of the Club, the Hon. J. H. Cameron, as well as the stewards, were indefatigable in their hospitable exertions to render the entertainment one of surpassing brilliancy, and emphatic praise is due to the committees who carried out this, long to be remembered, house-warming with such distinguished success.

We may state, before closing this brief account, that the Club Committee have bestowed upon Mr. Todd, the Secretary, a life-membership of the Club, as a recognition of his invaluable services and untiring devotion to the interests of the institution, and in commemoration thereof have caused Mr. Todd's portrait, by Fraser, to be hung in a conspicuous place in the reading-room.

## "SPRINGTIME."

We once more give a reproduction of one of the paintings of Ludwig Knaus—an artist who has already won for himself a high rank in German art, and whose works only want to be better known on this continent to be fully appreciated. Knaus' peculiarly simple style is one which at once takes on fancy. He loves Nature and Mankind—a bright, sunny bit of landscape, as in this picture, with a sunny-faced little maiden as a centre-piece. Or else, Tomers-like, he will haunt the quaint old *Kneipen* that abound in the cities along the Rhine, and transfer to his canvas the groups that surround the tables in these ancient host-tries. This latter *genre* has, we believe, obtained the greatest favour among the artist's own countrymen. But for ourselves we prefer the bright sunshine and the flowery meadows that greet his "Springtime," and the bright little maid that is making such havoc among the primroses is far more to our taste than the awkward, beak-jawed peasants of the Rheinish tavern. The detail of the picture before us is wonderfully true, while the exquisite colouring of the original must be seen to be in any way appreciated. The reproduction, true as it is, is but the shadow of the original, and the painter's fancy can but poorly supply the careful work, the delicate touch, the brilliancy and the general harmony that characterize this admirable painting.

## FROM DULUTH TO THE OCEAN.

(From the *Separate Issues*.)

Many inquiries having been made respecting the communication by water, from the head of navigation of the great lakes to the sea, we publish this week an epitome of the route, showing all the figures which bear upon the subject.

Starting at Duluth, the western extremity of Lake Superior, let us journey to the sea. From Duluth to the St. Mary River, the outlet of the lake, is 120 miles. Elevation of Lake Superior above the sea, 600 feet; average depth, 900 feet; coast line, 1,020 miles; area, 32,000 square miles. At St. Mary there is a canal a mile long, with two locks, each 350x90x12 feet, capable of passing vessels of 2,000 tons. The fall of this canal is 19 feet. From the foot of the St. Mary canal to Lake Huron, down the St. Mary River, is 54 miles, with a fall of 8 feet. From this point to the entrance to St. Clair River, down Lake Huron, the distance is 27½ miles. Elevation of the lake, 574 feet above the sea; average depth, 450 feet; coast line, 705 miles; area, 23,000 square miles. From the entrance to St. Clair River to Lake St. Clair, is 33 miles, involving a fall of 6 feet. Lake St. Clair is 25 miles long to the entrance to the Detroit River; elevation above the sea, 268 feet; average depth, 15 feet; coast line, 60 miles; area, 300 square miles. Thence down the Detroit River 18 miles, falling 4 feet, into Lake Erie, at an elevation above the sea of 564 feet, to Port Colborne, at the head of the Welland canal, 220 miles; average depth of Lake Erie, 90 feet; coast line, 576 miles; area, 10,000 square miles. From Port Colborne to Port Dalhousie on Lake Ontario, is comprised the Welland Canal, 27 miles long, with a fall of 336 feet; number of locks, 27; size of locks, two of 200x45x12, and twenty-five of 150x25x10½; the large locks being of a capacity of 900 tons, the smaller of 500 tons. From Port Dalhousie to Kingston, at the foot of Lake Ontario, is 160 miles; elevation of lake being 234 feet above tide water; average depth, 412 feet; coast line, 410 miles; area, 6,700 square miles. From Kingston to the head of Galops canal is 66½ miles, the St. Lawrence River falling 6 feet. The Galops canal is 7½ miles long, falling 15½ feet; three locks 200x45x9; canal 59 feet on bottom, 90 feet on top; capacity, 700 tons. Thence down the river 4½ miles, falling 3¼ feet, to the head of Rapid Plat canal, 4 miles in length, with two locks falling 11½ feet; locks 200x45x9; canal 50 feet on the bottom, 90 feet on top; capacity, 700 tons; then the river again, for 19½ miles, falling 2½ feet to the head of Farran's Point canal, three-quarters of a mile long; one lock, falling 1 foot, 200x45x9; canal 50 feet, and 90 feet wide; capacity, 700 tons; then down the river five miles, falling 1 foot, to the head of the Cornwall canal, 11½ miles long, falling 4 feet; 7 locks, 200x55x9; canal 100 feet on the bottom, 150 feet on top; capacity, 700 tons; then through Lake St. Francis, 8½ miles, falling 14-10 feet to the head of the Beauharnois canal, 11½ miles long, falling 82½ feet; 9 locks, 200x45x9; canal 85 feet

on the bottom, 120 feet on top; capacity, 700 tons; then through Lake St. Louis, 15½ miles, falling 1½ feet, to the head of Lachine canal, 8½ miles long, falling 44½ feet, 5 locks, three of them 200x45x9, and two of 200x45x16; canal 80 feet on the bottom, 120 feet top width; capacity, 700 tons.

This brings us to the City of Montreal; the river then falls 11 feet, until it strikes tide water at Three Rivers, 85 miles below Montreal, showing a total fall, since leaving Duluth, of 600 feet, with a distance of 1,422 miles, comprised of lake navigation, 1,096 miles; river, 325 miles; and canal, 72 miles. Quebec is 74 miles below Three Rivers; and from that city to the open ocean, at the Straits of Belle-Isle, it is 826 miles.

In this connection, we may state that the locks of the Erie canal (enlarged in 1862) are 116x18x7. Total lockage, 655 feet. Those of the Champlain canal are 97x14x4.

It is proposed to increase the sizes of the locks between St. Mary canal and tide water to a uniform size of 270x45x9, capacity, 1,300 tons.

THE 35-TON GUN

(From the London Engineering.)

Through the courtesy of the War Department we are enabled this week to place before our readers a perspective view of the 35-ton gun, the engraving having been prepared from a photograph placed at our disposal by General Adye, director of artillery. The gun is constructed on the Fraser principle, and is of the same type as the 9-inch gun which has already fired 1,107 rounds, and to all appearance remains as sound as when it was first made. The great gun consists of six distinct parts, first the inner or A tube, which is of Firth's steel, and is 13 ft. 6½ in. in length internal measurement. The thickness of the tube is 3½ in. at the breech end tapering down to 2½ in. at the muzzle. Next there is the muzzle, or B tube, which is of wrought iron and is shrunk on to the steel tube. The third piece is that which will be seen from our engraving forms the first stepped joint about 6 ft. from the muzzle, and is known as the intermediate coil; it holds the front end of the coiled breech piece which forms the fourth part. The fifth part is the outer or C coil with its trunnion band which is shrunk on to the breech portion of the gun binding the rear end of the intermediate piece. The sixth and last piece is the cascable, which it will be seen is made button-shaped, instead of the ordinary form. This shortened form was given to it in order to obtain the greatest possible length of bore in the gun within a restricted dimension, the Admiralty having limited the length over all to 16 ft. 3 in. As the gun is intended to be worked in a turret, the vent—which is about 15 in. from the end of the bore—is placed on one side of the breech-piece in order to render it easily accessible for firing, which it would not be if the vent were on the top of the gun, owing to the lowness of the turrets. For the same reason the external diameter over the breech had to be kept down to 4 ft. 8 in.; the diameter of the muzzle being 1 ft. 9 in.

The gun is at present rifled to a calibre of 11.6 in., but circumstances may arise in the further trials which it has to undergo for range, velocity, and penetration, which may lead to the calibre being enlarged to 12 in. The length of bore is 13 ft. 6½ in.; the rifling nine grooves, and in twist uniformly gaining from zero at the breech to 1 turn in 35 calibres at the muzzle. The grooves of the rifling are of the ordinary Woolwich pattern and 2 of an inch in depth. The outer or C coil of the gun weighed at the forge 11 tons, being formed of 18 ordinary bars of iron 7 in. by 5 in. square, joined together at the ends and giving a total length of 230 ft. The inner coil is composed of bars which when joined together gave a total length of 170 ft., and weighed about 9 tons. These two when welded up form one coil weighing about 20 tons. The weight of the projectile which this gun is intended to carry is 700 lb., the length of the solid shot being 36 in., and that of the common shell 40 in.; the shell carries a bursting charge of 35 lb. With regard to the powder charge, nothing has as yet been determined either with regard to the weight or character of the powder to be used. The gun went splendidly through its proof, the final charge being 130 lb. of pebble powder with a 700 lb. projectile. Various aberrations, both with regard to internal pressure and initial velocity, were observed, which have obliged the Committee on Explosives to reopen the question of gunpowder for this class of guns. They are now experimenting in various ways, and it is to be hoped that their labours will find a solution to the question, for as it present stands the big gun is practically useless.

The gun at present lies at the proof butts, Woolwich Arsenal, mounted as seen in our engraving, on a temporary timber carriage. Although the carriage is a very substantial one the timbers on one side were started when the 35-ton gun was lowered on to it, which was done a little too briskly. The carriage, however, was patched with iron-plating and is still serviceable for its temporary purpose. It is not at present known when the next trials will take place with the gun; they will not, however, be resumed until the Committee on Explosives have arrived at an approximately definite conclusion as to the kind of powder they deem most appropriate for it.

THE NEW CUSTOM HOUSE.

In this issue we present an illustration of the new Custom House in this city, bought by Government from the Royal Insurance Company at a cost of \$200,000. It is a magnificent building, and considered to have been very cheap at the money. The Royal is at present established at the corner of St. Paul and St. Francis Xavier Streets.

The *Evu* has discovered in a Spanish newspaper, the *Porvenir de Seville*, a very original account of the Oxford and Cambridge boat-race, which, the Spaniards are told, commences at Westminster, by the Houses of Parliament, and takes its course up the grand river to the parks of Greenwich and Richmond. The regattas of London are, "with the races of Epsom and Derby," the great feasts of the year. This year the river, on the occasion of the Oxford and Cambridge boat-race, is said to have been "crowded with two thousand steamers," at the head of which sailed the Prince of Wales in a small boat "with thirty distinguished persons." While the race was going on bands of music parade the streets, "some with black faces." "A cannon from the Tower announced the victor . . . . After the regatta, 100,000 restaurants were opened to the public, who crowded into them to drink their beer. In the villas in the vicinity of the race dinners were given to all Cambridge people to the number of several thousands, the young people afterwards enjoying the ball."

THE DORCHESTER STREET CEMETERY.

To the Editor of the "CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS."

Sir.—While thanking you very heartily for the important aid you are rendering to the cause of anti-desecration, allow me to request your correction, in the forthcoming number, of an error in the first article. It is true that the press has latterly "become silent on the subject," in order to reserve its energies for a probably impending struggle. But so far from the Corporation stultifying its vote of 17 to 4, in favour of purchasing the land for a public park, all the preliminary stages have been proceeding uninterruptedly, and probably within a few days the legal notices will have been published.

If the expropriators put a reasonably low value on the land, and distribute the cost over as large an area as the law allows, there can scarcely be a doubt that the proprietors will gladly pay, what will be to each a very small sum, for the boon of a Square in an unrivalled situation.

Yours faithfully,

P. P. CARPENTER, Ph. D.

(Secretary to the Citizens' Committee.)

OUR NEWFOUNDLAND CORRESPONDENCE.

St. John's, Nfld., May 13, 1871.

THE "CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS" IN TERRA NOVA.

We have given a very cordial welcome here to the *Canadian Illustrated News*, and we are prepared to do our part in sustaining a periodical that reflects so much credit on the Dominion of Canada. Some among us were at first inclined to doubt whether Canada could furnish an illustrated paper that could compete with British and American periodicals of a similar character; but we have been delighted and astonished to find the *Canadian Illustrated News* rapidly improving with every issue, so that it is now little, if at all, behind the best illustrated papers of London, and has already left the American far behind. In our newsroom it lies side by side with the *Graphic*, the *Illustrated London News* and the *Illustrated Times*; and, in regard to artistic excellence, it does not suffer by a comparison with these world-renowned periodicals. When such a degree of excellence has been attained by such a young periodical, we may anticipate a bright future and a successful career for the *Canadian Illustrated*. The admirable sketches of our two Cathedrals, given in recent issues, have afforded great satisfaction. We hope that, from time to time, you will present us with sketches of portions of our fine natural scenery which is often of a most picturesque and striking description. A public benefit would in this way be conferred on Newfoundland—a country regarding which Canadians, in common with the rest of the world, are, for the most part, profoundly ignorant. To aid in this laudable work, I propose to send you occasionally some *word-pictures* of the country and its inhabitants, and also to keep you informed of current events.

NEWFOUNDLAND—ITS POSITION AND PROSPECTS.

A glance at a map of the world shows that Newfoundland occupies a most commanding position between the Old World and the New, stretching out from the American shores till it approaches within sixteen hundred miles of the Irish coast. This oceanic interval has often been crossed by swift steamers in less than five days. A line of first-class steamers would place St. John's, the capital, within four and a half days' steaming of Valentia. A line of railway, 250 miles in length, crossing the island, from St. John's to St. George's Bay, would enable mails and passengers to reach Shippegan Harbour, Bay of Chaleur, in twenty-four hours, and thence railway would convey them to all parts of America. All the perils and disagreeables of a long sea-passage would thus be avoided, and three or four days would be saved. There can be little doubt but one day this will be the favourite route between Europe and America. When the Canadian Pacific Railway is constructed its extension across Newfoundland (a steam-ferry between) will be regarded as the natural and inevitable completion of the grand enterprise, if it is to compete successfully with American lines for the trade of Australia, China and Japan. Chicago, with its vast exports, wants the shortest and quickest route to Europe, in order to compete with New York; and that route lies through Canada and across Newfoundland, with St. John's as the eastern terminus. Indeed there is no reason why the line across our island should not be first constructed instead of having to wait the completion of the continental portion. The eminent engineer, Mr. Fleming, is a warm advocate of this route, and has pointed out the immense international benefits that would flow from it. The cost of the construction might be largely met by the sale of the fine tracts of land in the unexplored interior, and on the western shores of the island, which a railway would open up and render available for settlement. From discoveries already made, it is now certain that Newfoundland is rich in minerals. On the western side of the island there are three valleys containing nearly half a million square acres, according to the report of the Geological Surveyor, of fine land, with excellent timber, and extensive beds of coal, marble and gypsum. There are but a few score settlers in these immense tracts, and their resources are yet untouched. The fisheries, too, around this western shore are most productive. A railroad would speedily have the effect of converting these solitudes into thriving settlements. In the neighbourhood of St. George's Bay there is a coal-field which the Geological Surveyor estimated to contain 54,720,000 chaldrons of coal, much of it within workable depth, and this is but one of many such seams. At present an island one fifth larger than Ireland contains but 146,000 inhabitants, thinly sprinkled around a thousand miles of coast, and almost entirely engaged in fishing. The construction of such a line of railway as I have described would speedily alter the whole aspect of affairs, and communicate such an impulse to all our branches of industry as would constitute an epoch in our history.

OUR FISHERIES.

The fisheries of Newfoundland, the finest in the world, constitute the staple industry of its inhabitants. It is marvellous to think that each year 150,000,000 codfish are drawn from the waters that encompass its shores; and that on the Great Bank, 600 miles in length and 200 in breadth, nearly as many more are taken; and that all this has been going on for three centuries, without producing any diminution in the supply of this noble fish.

Amsterdam, of old, was said to be "built on herring bones."

the great Dutch herring fishery having laid the foundation of its wealth and greatness. Of Newfoundland it may be similarly affirmed that it owes everything to its cod fishery. A visitor to our shores is speedily reminded that he is in the land of Cod. If it be summer time, he sees myriads of these fish drying in the sun, and half the population busy in catching and curing cod. Should he take a walk into the country, the peculiar odour exhaled from manure heaps reminds him, rather disagreeably, that the offal of the cod is utilised for agricultural purposes, and when mixed with bog and earth forms a fertilising compost almost equal to guano. In his rambles he will observe the steam and smoke rising from numerous small factories in the various coves, where the far-famed cod-liver oil is in process of manufacture. In the larger settlements, should he peep into the merchants' stores he will find them piled to the roof with dried codfish waiting exportation to Brazil, the West Indies, Spain, Italy, or Britain. The odour of cod is in the air. The very talk of the people is fishy. Nay, the chances are that when our traveller breaks the top of his egg in the morning at breakfast, the concentrated essence of double-distilled cod salutes his nostrils, for the fowl, in prowling about, get a wonderful liking for cod, and disclose the fact both in their eggs and flesh when brought to table. So largely indeed are cod used by our population, that it no longer holds good that "all flesh is grass,"—it being nearer the truth to say that "all flesh is fish." Physiologists have recently discovered that a fish diet, containing a large proportion of phosphorus, is favourable to brain-operation; so that we ought to be a very clever people. How important to us is our codfishery may be judged of by the fact that the value of codfish and codoil annually exported is nearly six millions of dollars.

SEAL FISHERY—ITS IMPORTANCE AND ITS PERILS.

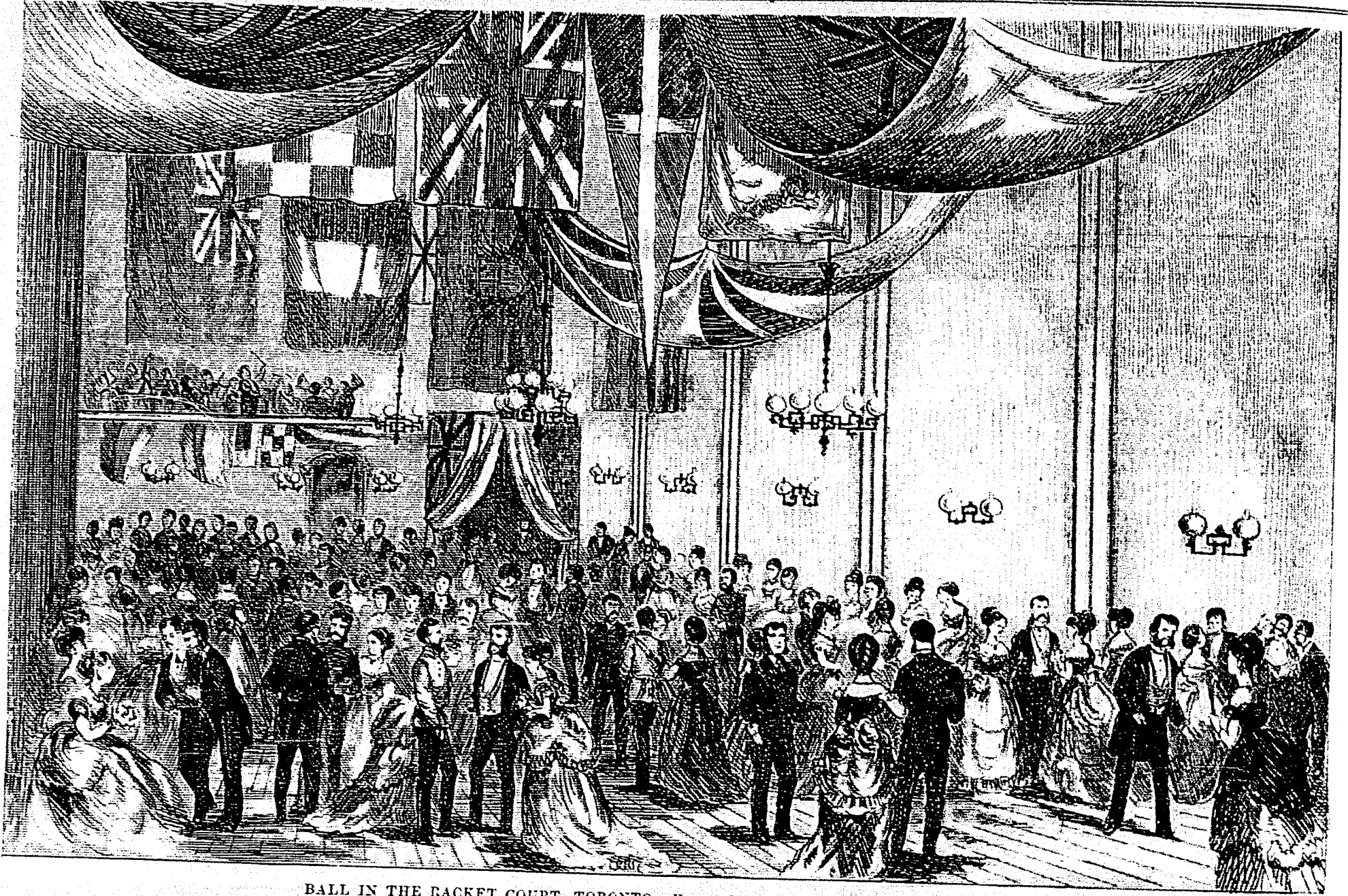
Our next great staple is the seal fishery. The great Arctic current that rushes along our shores towards the equatorial regions is in spring laden with fields of floating ice on which the seals bring forth their young about the middle of February. In stoutly-built sailing vessels, and of late years in steamers, our hardy seal-hunters push out into these stormy ice-laden seas in pursuit of the seal. Ten thousand of them embark from our various ports about the 1st of March each year, and for two months are engaged in the capture of seals. The young ones remain on the ice for the first five weeks of their existence, suckled by their mothers, and the hunters aim at reaching them during this period, when they are unable to escape, and are easily despatched by a slight blow on the nose. I hope to see in the pages of the *Illustrated News* a picture of a Newfoundland seal-hunt—one of the most wonderful sights imaginable. The vessel cleaving her way through the ice, which is sometimes "rafted" by the force of the waves, and piled all round her—the glittering icebergs towering two or three hundred feet above the surface and grandly diversifying the scenery; and then the men scattered over miles of the frozen surface, "clubbing" the seals,—"sculpting" the dead, as the process of separating the skin with the adhering fat which is alone brought away is called; and dragging their precious loads with tow-ropes over the broken hummocks towards the vessel—themselves all covered with fat and gore—all this constitutes a strange and exciting scene, and one worthy of your best artists. Fearfully perilous too, at times, is the seal-hunt—the blinding snow-drift sets in when the poor sealers are miles from their vessel; or the ice opens and leaves a gulf between them and the ship, and on an island of ice they are borne away, their only chance being to reach some other vessel. Sometimes the vessel itself is caught between two ice-masses and crushed to atoms. Only yesterday news arrived that the steamship "Wolf," one of the most powerful of our steamers, had sunk in Green Bay, an iceberg having stove in her broadside, and the men having barely time to leap upon the ice before she went down. Fortunately, they were within half of another steamer and were all saved. Had it not been so, all might have perished miserably after frightful sufferings. The annual value of our sealfishery ranges between a million and a quarter and a million and a half of dollars. In addition to these, we have a valuable herring and salmon fishery.

THE PEOPLE—THEIR MANNERS AND EMPLOYMENTS.

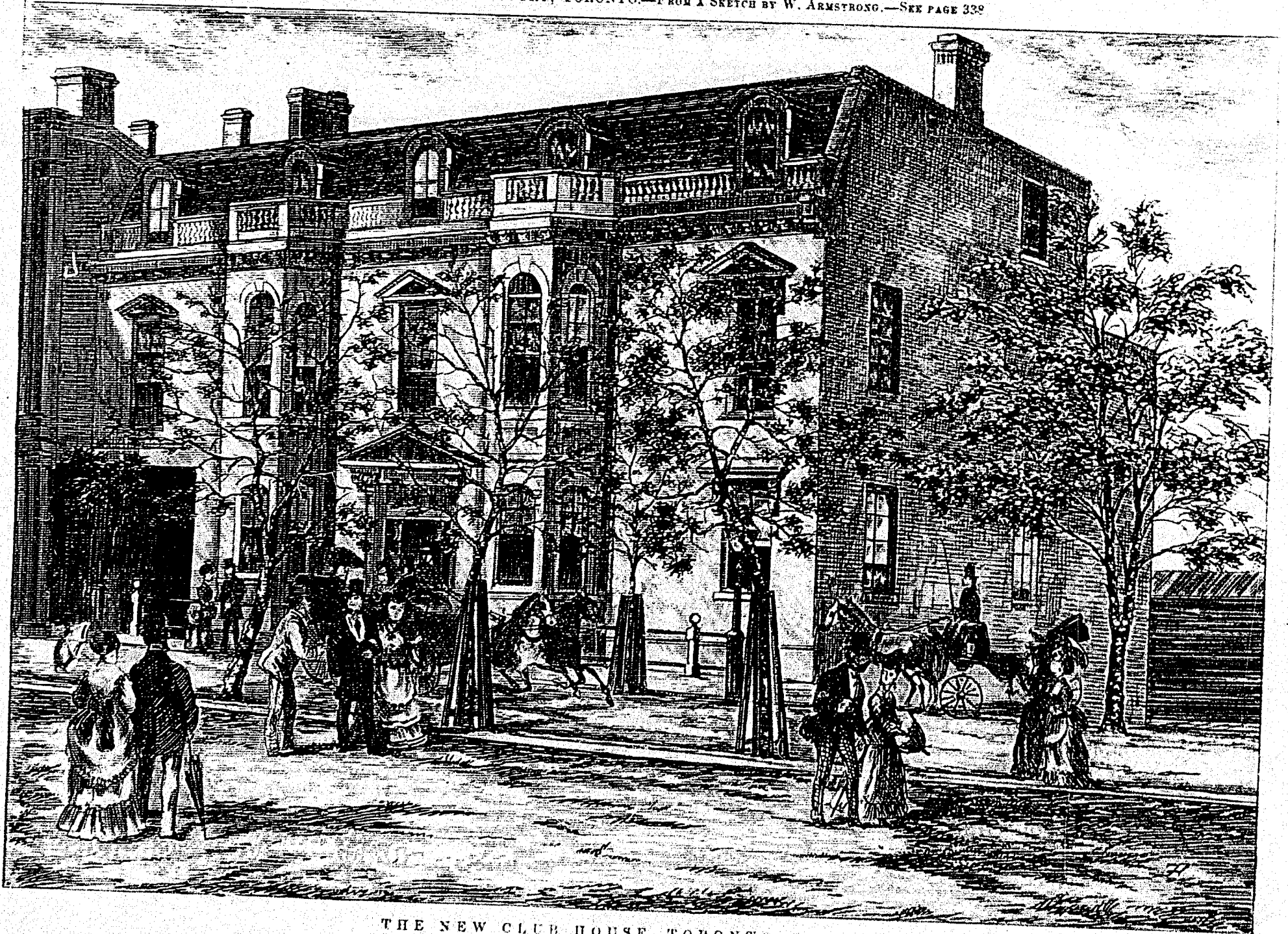
Our people are a hardy race, inured by their employments to hardships which have made them a robust, manly, much-enduring people. Their habits of life are simple, and there is very little crime of a serious character. They are of Saxon and Celtic (Irish) origin, the former having a majority of 24,000. Living in small, detached settlements around the coast, and but very insufficiently supplied with means of communication, it cannot be expected that they are far advanced in civilization. Education and increased means of communication with more advanced communities are their most pressing wants. The fisheries furnish but a precarious source of subsistence, and disastrous failures frequently entail widespread suffering. Were agriculture, manufactures and mining combined with the fisheries, the country would rise into prosperity. Those, however, who have been accustomed, for generations, to gain their living by mining in the silvery quarries of the sea, acquire a strong repugnance to the plodding industry of the farm, the factory or the mine. The excitements of the fisheries, the prizes that are often taken, the "spurt" of severe toil, and then the delightful season of entire idleness—all these present irresistible attractions to our population, and indispose them to other pursuits. Time alone and the spread of education and intelligence, will wean them from exclusive dependence on the fisheries, and lead them to direct their energies to more steadily productive channels.

THE SEAL-FISHERY OF 1871.

We are now in a position to judge of the results of the seal-fishery for this season, for although all the vessels have not yet returned, the greater number have been reported or have already arrived. Beyond all doubt this is the best fishery Newfoundland has ever seen. At the present date more than half a million of seals have been brought into port—the value being, at the rate of \$3 a seal, \$1,500,000. It is confidently expected that the total "catch" will approach 800,000 seals. All the gold and silver mines of Peru cannot compare in value with this sea-mine, which, after being worked for more than two centuries, is as productive as ever. A vast amount of wealth is thus poured into the country; but the drawback is that a great proportion of it is spent by our wealthy capitalists on the banks of the Clyde and the Mersey, where they reside, instead of being reinvested here to develop further the resources of this fine island.



BALL IN THE RACKET COURT, TORONTO.—FROM A SKETCH BY W. ARMSTRONG.—SEE PAGE 339



THE NEW CLUB HOUSE, TORONTO.—SEE PAGE 338

THE RED RIVER EXPEDITION.



ASSIST. COMMISSARY G. A. JOLLY.

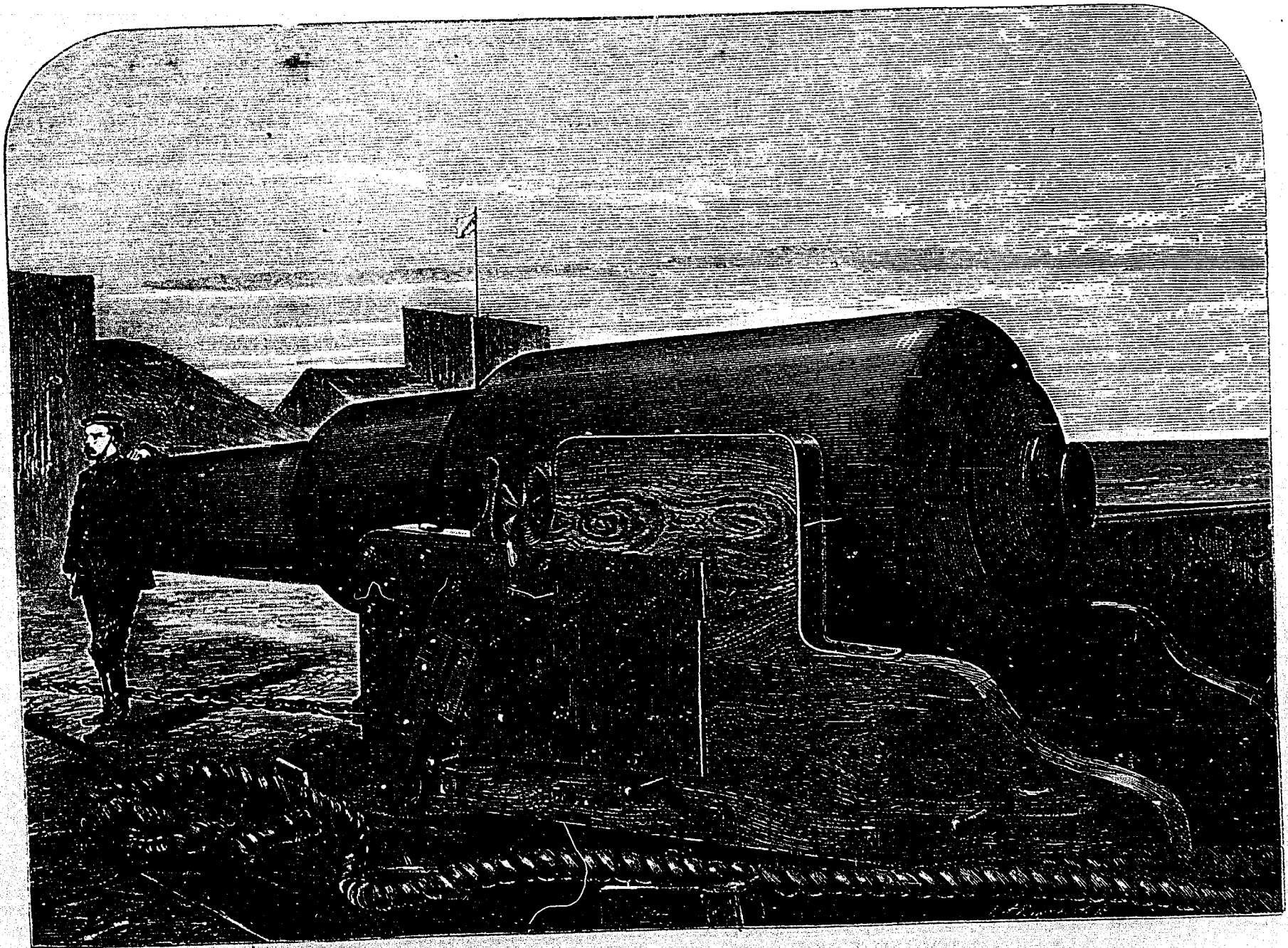


CAPT. NAGLE.

SEE PAGE 338.



ASSIST. CONTROLLER M. B. IRVINE, C.M.G.



THE 35-TON GUN AT WOOLWICH ARSENAL.—FROM THE LONDON "ENGINEERING."—SEE PAGE 339.

TEMPERATURE in the shade, and Barometer indications for the week ending Saturday, May 27, 1871, observed by JOHN UNDERHILL, Optician to the Medical Faculty of McGill University, 220 Notre Dame Street.

		Aneroid Barometer compensated and corrected.								
		9 A.M.	1 P.M.	6 P.M.	MAX.	MIN.	MEAN.	9 A.M.	1 P.M.	6 P.M.
Sun.	May 21	78°	88°	80°	90°	69°	75°	30.05	29.95	29.86
Mon.	" 22	74°	75°	72°	78°	62°	70°	29.92	29.90	29.84
Tue.	" 23	58°	68°	61°	68°	42°	52°	30.15	30.13	30.11
Wed.	" 24	68°	64°	61°	65°	34°	50°	30.48	30.45	30.42
Th.	" 25	62°	75°	75°	78°	35°	56°	30.30	30.20	30.09
Fri.	" 26	70°	76°	75°	80°	60°	70°	30.10	30.06	29.98
Sat.	" 27	68°	65°	62°	68°	44°	56°	30.40	30.35	30.28

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, JUNE 10, 1871.

SUNDAY	June 4	—	Trinity Sunday. George III. born 1738. Battle of Mactenta, 1836.
MONDAY	" 5	—	St. Boniface, 16 p. M. Battle of Stoney Creek, 1813.
TUESDAY	" 6	—	Aristotle died, 1333. Jeremy Bentham died, 1822. Count Cavour died, 1851.
WEDNESDAY	" 7	—	First Reform Bill, 1832.
THURSDAY	" 8	—	George Christy, Mohammed died, 632. Nova Scotia settled, 1822. First meeting of Parliament at Ottawa, 1856.
FRIDAY	" 9	—	Lilly the astronomer died, 1331. St. John's, Newfoundland, burnt, 1846. Dickens died, 1870.
SATURDAY	" 10	—	St. Margaret. Steamer "Admiral" burnt, 1833.

## THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JUNE 3, 1871.

The Treaty of Washington has been the source of much discussion in the press, but we are glad to observe that only a very few journals have endeavoured to make political capital out of it. The scenes that are now coming to a close in a neighbouring country warn us of the folly of international quarrels, and we trust that, in our humble way, we shall show the world a spectacle of unanimity and forbearance that will be an example hereafter. Better any catastrophe than a war between the United States and England; yet, if the Washington Treaty had not been concluded, who could have said that such a war could have been avoided?

That is the real question for Canada. Our people have got to face this issue in every international question that may arise; and though we have to complain sometimes that Great Britain neglects our interests, we must, in the majority of instances, confess that we are pretty well cared for. Lord Ashburton made a pretty bad "sur-render" some twenty-five or more years ago. General Harney made an entirely unprovoked attack upon our little island on the Pacific some ten years later. But in international affairs have so far outgrown their former proportions that really as good friends of Canada we feel more than half disposed to ask our readers to accept what the Joint High Commission may have done rather than to risk the danger of a quarrel.

This may be a severe request to ask of the Canadian people, and, so far as we know, very much more than their good nature will allow; but the Americans are powerful, and Britain is indisposed, righteously we think, to draw the sword, and hence we have no reasonable choice but to submit. In the future this fact may be turned into an argument against our present dependent position. But to this there is the ever-recurring answer "would we not have been capable of less if standing alone?" Most assuredly; and now, when we see France compelled to make such hard terms with Germany, may we not be glad that by this Treaty, even if some of its provisions have been seemingly hard, we are yet permitted to preserve the peace. It is too soon yet to discuss what the Canadian Parliament may do as to the fisheries and canal stipulations; we feel confident, however, that nothing will be done rashly, and that while Canadian honour is preserved, as it ought to be, Imperial interests will not be lost sight of. We, who owe so much to the Imperial protection, would be but base ingrates, could we not afford some sacrifice for Imperial peace; but while making that sacrifice we should neither forget ourselves, nor fail to remind the country in whose behalf it was made, why we made it.

### BOTH DROWNED!

Spaight and Lodge! They are both gone. "Let us have a pull on the river." Surely! it was the Queen's Birthday, the joyous Twenty-fourth of May. And why shouldn't they have a pull? They who were so fond of aquatic sports; who dawdled in the water as if it had been their natural element? Poor fellows! we knew them both so well. And we not only knew them, but had learned to like them for their qualities, which, perhaps, only brother journalists can discover in each other. Was there a characteristic belonging to a gentleman? Then Spaight had it. Was there an easy-going sprightly feature you would look for in an accomplished man-of-the-world; then be sure you could find it in Lodge. Our readers know them both already. They know of the "Double-bedded Room," of the little fairy tale, and of "Desmond," which have appeared in our paper with Lodge's name. Perhaps they do not know that George S. Spaight wrote the beautiful verses entitled "Snaffle and Spur," with which we accompanied one of our sporting pictures. Very likely they are entirely

ignorant of the fact that Spaight was a poet—that he had written some magnificent verses—verses fitted well to take their place among the classics of the English language. They will be still more surprised to hear that the faultlessly written paper, which we conclude in this number (giving the 3rd and last No.) entitled "In Hospital," was from his pen! Yet such indeed is the simple truth, and we therefore make but little apology to our many thousands of—at the most—personally unknown readers, in asking them to bear with us, and even to share with us, the deep, the indescribable sorrow we are compelled to feel, in being forced to mourn the sudden loss of two friends, who were not merely co-labourers with us, but sincerely, and, as we have every right to believe, most warmly attached friends!

The kind-hearted people who take the *News* will forgive us for reciting in brief the sad story. It was on the Queen's Birthday. Both Spaight and Lodge were on the staff of our contemporary, the *Gazette*; the former as assistant, the latter as night editor. Circumstances which need not here be mentioned made the writer somewhat instrumental in getting them both positions. Spaight he knew several years ago, and could well afford to recommend him to any friend who wanted a real working journalist. Lodge he knew sufficiently to be able to give him a commendatory introduction to the Messrs. White on their acquisition of the *Gazette*, and it is now, when both are gone, no small pleasure to feel that both were in the employment of such honourable and kindly gentlemen as we know the Messrs. White to be. From the recent change in the proprietary of the *Gazette* both our friends have worked, with scarcely an intermission, in the respective capacities mentioned. They soon got to know each other, and it seemed to them, as it had been to many who had met one or both of them, to know was to love. Both were passionately, we had almost said absurdly, fond of the water, and boating was their usual recreation. On the Queen's Birthday Lodge invited Spaight, or rather coaxed him, seemingly against his will, to go up to Lachine for a few hours' sail. The rest of the story is soon told. They rented their boat; they went out into the river, and by and bye they were seen struggling in the rapids, "pulling," according to the evidence of an eye witness, "as never before had men been seen to pull." The boat was in mid-rapids, the poor men pulling frantically. The frail craft was arrested for an instant, by the sheer strength—in their death struggle—of the two men; it made a desperate leap in obedience to the current with which it could not float because of their resistance. One was thrown up in the air, only to fall into the greedy eddy below; the other went quietly and calmly over with the boat! That was all! Only two men drowned!!!

### GEORGE S. SPAIGHT.

Mr. Spaight was an Irishman by birth, having been born at Ennis, in the County of Clare. His family held a most respectable position, and associated on equal terms with the local gentry and notables, as not a few in Canada who formerly knew them can testify. He completed a most elaborate and thorough education at Trinity College, Dublin, whence so many noble and generous-hearted Irishmen have come forth, and it seemed as if not one of his earlier lessons had he ever forgotten. At an early age he travelled forth to see the world, and the same retentive memory which had distinguished him at his studies was apparently but whetted and turned into riper growth the more he saw of the world. Though born in 1838, and consequently but in his 33rd year, he had visited every quarter of the world. Paris was as familiar to him as London, London as Dublin, and Sydney, Melbourne, &c., just as familiar as either. At last, his weary wandering feet rested in Canada at the political Capital, where the writer had first the sad pleasure of introducing him to the dreary drudgery of Canadian journalism. Spaight had been a magazine-writer of some note before that time; he had been a correspondent for the *London Telegraph*. Subsequently he wrote not a little for the *Ottawa Times*. Then he became associate editor of the *Volunteer Gazette*; next assistant on the *Spectator*; then he held for a short time a place on the *Montreal Gazette*, after which he went to England about two years ago, and returning within a few months filled the position previously occupied by the editor of the *C. I. News* on the *Ottawa Times*. Thence he went to Hamilton to resume his engagement with the Messrs. White, with whom he came back again to this city. Is not the rest of the story already told?

### CHARLES E. F. LODGE.

Mr. Lodge, like his friend and co-labourer Mr. Spaight, was an Irishman, and was born, we believe, in the county of Kildare, about the year 1844. Of his earlier life, previous to his arrival in Canada, we know nothing beyond that he was educated at Rugby, and thence, if we are not mistaken, went up to his national Alma Mater at Dublin. His education completed, he entered the army, and was stationed for a time in Canada, but owing to an accident with which he afterwards met at Gibraltar, and by which both his ankles were fractured, he was compelled to retire. On his return to England he embraced the literary profession, for which both his education and his tastes eminently adapted him, and in which he achieved no mean success as a magazine writer. He was for some time connected with the leading English periodicals, and

was a contributor both with pen and pencil to the columns of *Punch*. Early in 1869 Mr. Lodge arrived a second time in Montreal, where he accepted a subordinate position on an evening paper. In the summer of the same year he removed to Toronto and entered the staff of the *Globe*, first as paragraphist and subsequently as an editorial writer. In January of 1870 he again returned to Montreal and for a time held the position of editor of a local paper which he exchanged eight months ago for the night-editorship of the *Gazette*, the position which he held at the time of his death.

Mr. Lodge was highly educated, an easy and versatile writer, a laborious, untiring worker—in a word, a model newspaper man. During the earlier part of his life he had travelled extensively both in Europe and the East, and the information thus acquired, combined with that absorbed in a wide course of reading—both European and Oriental (for he was a talented linguist and a proficient Oriental scholar)—proved invaluable to him in his literary career. Of his productions, both in prose and verse, our readers have had ample opportunity of judging, as he was a frequent and welcome contributor to our pages. Among his friends—for we speak of him not only as a *confrère*, but as a dear friend who is gone—he was a universal favourite. A man of more than usual ability, he was entirely devoid of vanity or pretension, and his equable temper, his unvarying kindness and cheerful manner endeared him to all who knew him. A gentleman in every sense of the word—by birth, position and manners—a kind and true friend, and a considerate *confrère*, his loss will be keenly felt by every member of the circle in which he moved.

### LITERARY NOTICES.

THE HEARTHSTONE, Montreal, Geo. E. Desbarats.—The next number (June 3rd) of this widely-circulated family paper will contain a variety of entertaining reading matter, among the great features of which will be found the serial "General Average," by the author of "Nothing to Wear," and a new story entitled "Little Men," by the popular American authoress, Louise Alcott. The large and increasing circulation of the *Hearthstone* is an encouraging sign of the favour with which it has been received in Canadian families. The Editor, the Rev. Dr. Keatinge, D.D., LL.D., is a gentleman of acknowledged talent and very wide reputation, not only throughout the States, but in many parts of Canada. Under his manipulation, we are sure that the *Hearthstone* must prove a success. It may be stated that while every effort will be made to keep it up, in interest, to the best sensational papers of New York, nothing will be allowed to appear in its columns offensive to good taste. The publisher may, therefore, be well credited for doing two things grateful to Canadian feeling—in the first place with supplying the reading public with so-called sensational reading; and secondly, with taking care that there shall be eliminated from it everything offensive to morality or good taste. In our strict confidence of the sincere compliance with these conditions we heartily recommend the *Hearthstone*, and we venture further the prediction that who ever takes it will not be disappointed.

Mr. Inglis Harrington, of Halifax, publishes, under the title of the "Railway and Steamboat Guide," (for Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island) a small volume that will be found invaluable by all travellers and tourists. The *Guide* contains the time-tables of the principal railways in Canada and the Northern States, together with those of the Lower Province steam-boat lines, and is prefaced by a lengthy description of the itinerary between Montreal and Gaspé, taking in the principal points of interest on or adjacent to the route. A new feature in this guide-book is the introduction in the itinerary of the memorandum system—every alternate page being left blank. A quantity of local information of the utmost value to the tourist will be found in the *Guide*.

THE PSYCHOLOGICAL JOURNAL, New York, S. R. Wells.—The *Journal* contains a number of vigorous sketches on every possible variety of subjects, and cannot fail to please. To earnest thinkers and thoughtful readers we especially recommend it.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, Boston, James Osgood & Co.—The *Monthly* is a magazine so perfectly well known to our readers that it is in us a mere work of supererogation to speak of it. It is not, however, so much to the magazine itself that we would direct our readers' attention—for they will find in its pages much that will prove of but slight interest—as to certain individual articles which will well repay perusal. First and foremost among these is No. 6 of "Our Whispering Gallery," containing many pleasant reminiscences of Dickens and of his first visit to America. Then comes the opening letter of "Encyclopaedia of a Traveller," a chatty, amusing article on house-hunting and keeping in Rome. "Botanizing" is another capably-written paper—on a somewhat dry subject one would have thought, and yet the thing is so attractively done that one absolutely derives pleasure from its perusal. "American Life in France" is a misnomer, at least as far as the present number is concerned, for the letter bearing this title—not by any means an unattractive, but an exceedingly delusive one—treats of nothing in the world but stormy French politics. John G. Whittier gives a short poem, "The Robin," on an old

English legend, which he treats in his usual happy manner. The remainder of the reading matter would have no attraction for the casual reader, as the majority of the articles and tales are mere fragments of serials. There are no less than eight such fragments in the number before us.

Dr. Carpenter has called our attention to an error into which we inadvertently fell while speaking of the Dorchester Street Cemetery. The correction will be found in his letter elsewhere published. We cannot say, however, that we have much faith in his assertion that the city press was merely reserving its strength. Indeed the paragraph in Wednesday's *Gazette* rather indicated that everything was being condoned because of the action of the Corporation. The *Fabrique*, we are told, gave the land to the Corporation, ergo the bones of the dead, supposed to have received Christian burial, are to be tossed into broken old chip-baskets, or carted away to Victoria Square, at the discretion of the Corporation workmen! It is some satisfaction, however, to learn that there is a good prospect of stopping the ghoulish work of trafficking in dead men's bones, and that by the action of the Corporation the remains of those not yet disturbed for street widening or kitchen cellars will be allowed hereafter to rest in peace!

**THEATRE ROYAL.**—A new star has made her appearance during the past few days on the boards of the Montreal theatre, in the person of the celebrated American actress Mrs. D. P. Bowers—a *tragédienne* of great powers, whose fame has preceded her to the city, and whose acting fully bears out the encomiums we have heard pronounced upon her performances. Tragedy is so seldom put upon our stage that we regret to see that Mrs. Bowers plays for the last time to-night, after which she will be succeeded by the great comedian, Mr. John E. Owens. We ought not to forget to mention the magnificent acting of Mr. Albaugh the other night, and may, perhaps, elicit some sympathy when we express the wish that he would appear more frequently upon the boards.

The following is copied from the *London Photographic News*:—

"There is also another place of photographic interest here. I allude to the photo-lithographic establishment of Messrs. George Desbarats & Co. You some time ago described the Leggotype process in your pages, a process for obtaining transfers upon stone, which may be printed in the steam lithographic press, and the invention of Mr. W. A. Leggo, of Montreal. While many others have been experimenting to obtain a method of reproducing drawings and photographs from nature, these gentlemen have quietly accomplished it, as you shall see by the specimens I send you. I mail you several copies of the *Canadian Illustrated News*. It is published by Mr. Desbarats, and the whole outside pages, letter press, portraits, landscapes, and all, are printed in the steam lithographic press. You observe that the illustrations are of no mean quality. The services of an etcher are made considerable use of, as you see, on the negatives, before the exposure of the film is made, and it would defy any one to tell some of the results from the finest wood cuts, while they are produced at a comparatively small price.

"Mr. Desbarats has everything here in the neatest and best of shape. His glass house, 28 by 34 feet, is arranged principally for purposes of reproduction, and he uses the Ross wide-angle doublet lenses, having one of eight inches diameter mounted on a huge camera, and another smaller one, in use. It is a model establishment, and a credit to any country. For many years Mr. Desbarats was printer to the Queen, in Ottawa, and his father before him. I wish I had space and time to describe his establishment minutely, but must deny myself until some future occasion."

We have no fault to find with the above friendly notice, except that instead of *two*, as implied, we have got in use about *two dozen lenses*. It is for us some matter of pride that no establishment on the continent can compare with ours, and we doubt very much indeed whether even London can beat us. This is not said by way of boast, but as mere matter of fact.

**PARIS AND THE COMMUNE.**

The news from Paris will be hailed with thankfulness by all true lovers of peace and order. At the same time we cannot but regret that the Versailles should have sullied their victory by a ferocity worthy of the Commune itself. The history of Paris for the past week has been a story of bloodshed and wholesale butchery that recalls the fearful days of the first Reign of Terror. Infuriated by the stubborn resistance of the Communists, who fought with a courage inspired by desperation, and contested every point with a spirit that one can hardly help admiring, despite the cruel deeds that signalized their day of power—the Versailles troops massacred without mercy, sparing neither old men, women, nor children. It is to be hoped, however, that these scenes of blood are now terminated, and that peace is more restored in poor disturbed Paris. The defeat of the Commune was perfect. 60,000 men were killed in the carrying of Paris, exclusive of those shot after the occupation by the Government troops; and the list, it may be expected, will be swelled to half that number again, as the governments of the different countries bordering on France are arresting all Communist fugitives, who will be delivered up to the Versailles Government.

The condition of Paris is described as most desolate. Nearly all the public buildings have been destroyed by the Communists, and the capital, once alive with mirth and gaiety, now looks completely cowed. A correspondent writes:—

"The shops are all closed, and even those of vital necessity, such as chemists', remain shut. Restaurants, bakeries, and grocery stores have ended business. I walked across Paris last night and never saw anything so desolate. I saw no human beings but sentinels every hundred yards and one shabby civilian. There were no sounds but the foot-falls of the sentinels, and the thud made when they struck their muskets on the flag-stones.

"The old revolutionary system of denunciations is going on with terrible ferocity. Nadar, the aeronaut, has been arrested for supposed sympathy with the Commune. Nobody is safe even in the presence of their most intimate friends. A rash word or impudent gesture by a man or woman insures instant death. Men, women, and even children, are seized by the brutal soldiers and shot."

Such is the revenge taken by the troops upon the murderers of Archbishop Darboy and his sixty priests, whom the Commune sacrificed in their blind hatred of religion, authority, and true order.

**A GERMAN STUDENTS' BEER PARTY.**

A correspondent of *Land and Water* describes a Beer Party among German University Students, contrasting it with the "wines" so common at the English Universities in a manner exceedingly depreciatory of the latter. The scene is laid at Bonn. He says:—

"On Friday night I went with Zingeler to a beer party of German students. He is president of a club called the "Arminia," which is established for the purpose of "good fellowship." I came to the kneipe, or inn, where they meet, and was shown into a long room with a rough wooden table down the centre. Upon it were five-and-twenty tall and thick glasses, and before each glass a student. I sat at the right hand of my friend the president, and was most courteously received by the surrounding members of the club. A barrel of "bier" was in the corner. My friend made a speech which I was unable fully to understand; but he congratulated the society on re-meeting, welcomed all strangers, and declared the business of the evening entered upon. At the end every one stood up and drank, and then dashed his glass violently down on the board, but neither board nor glass broke. At Oxford, where there is less economy, the glasses would undoubtedly have been sacrificed. Shortly after "Silentium" was proclaimed, and books of "Songs for Students" (fifteenth and stereotyped edition) handed round. My friend read out number and page as if he were officiating in a church, and began the song. The company joined in chorus, and sang most perfectly—no mistakes and all together. Afterwards songs occurred at intervals—a strange medley. Sometimes a hymn, such as "Ein feste Burg," etc., (A Strong Tower is our God," etc.) and directly following, "Maiden, will you kiss me?"

Then came the ceremony of admitting a new member. They held a mock trial over him. The speeches were long and carefully worked out, and evidently full of witticisms, which were, unfortunately, lost upon me. So many different German dialects seemed a parody of Babel to me. After a good many speeches, which amused the company very much, everybody round sang a song solo. The president then hung a monster horn round him full of "bier;" this was the stirrup cup. At eleven o'clock the meeting broke up. No one was drunk, though they certainly imbibed a great quantity (the average was, I calculated, nearly a gallon apiece), but it is very weak, and no doubt the effect not half so bad as that of the quantity of mixed wines drunk at Oxford on corresponding occasions.

I was struck by the extremely intellectual character of the proceedings. There was an entire absence of stupid boisterousness; there was no dull face withal, and every one seemed in the seventh heaven of bliss. Then the constant singing—the best music and fine old words from the middle ages, or Goethe and Schiller—was a great advance on anything we have in England. In short, these beer parties, which have so bad a name, seem to me to be very much superior to anything of the sort in English Universities, and do not deserve the censure thrown on them."

**How to GET OUT OF PARIS.**—The *Journal de Rouen* gives an account of the proceedings of a gentleman who has lately made his way to that city from Paris. He went to the Prefecture of the Police early in the morning, and found in the great square a *queue*, consisting of about 3,000 persons. A man in a blouse, who was almost the first, offered to give him his place for a franc. The franc was paid, but such a tumult resulted that the purchaser did not dare to take the place. A National Guard, however, soon afterwards offered to admit him at a price into a room whence he could obtain access to the hall. On entering this room he found it already filled with persons who had purchased the same privilege. A drummer who came in then offered for 5 francs to take him into the guard-room, whence he could enter the hall. He paid the money, and found he had to wait in the guard-room while the men there consumed the value of his 5 francs, which they hospitably insisted on his sharing with them. After some time, however, he reached the hall, where he found some officials smoking comfortably, and now and then singing a pass; however, after some delay here, he obtained one of the precious documents, and returned to the guard-room, where he encountered a lieutenant of the guard who had not been present when he had previously passed through, and whose lowering brow was only smoothed after a parley with his friend the drummer, and further expenditure of 20 francs. After all the traveller did not regret the expenditure, which procured for him liberty to breathe fresh air and to move at his ease.

The French war indemnity—which by its delayed payment is seriously testing the patience of the victors—has been subjected to so many calculations by German financiers and journalists, in order to bring its immensity home to the vulgar mind, that one would think the subject had been thoroughly exhausted. One calculation has, however, been omitted until a few days ago; wonderfully enough, for it seems the most natural of all to the German mind. The defect is remedied by a Berlin paper, which now compares the amount with the quantity of beer that it might buy. As the result it is shown to be sufficient to supply the entire German army, numbering a million of men, with what we must, on the authority of the paper, regard as its regular allowance of the favourite national beverage for no less than sixty-eight years and a half. The arithmetician allows each man five "seidel"—about equal to our pint—per day, making the total 20,000 German tons, or about 14,000 hogsheads. The tun reckoned at ten thalers (thirty shillings) brings the money value up to 200,000 thalers per day, or five milliards in sixty-eight years and a half. Considering that the indemnity is to be otherwise disposed of, it is hardly fair of the Berlin editor to make the thirsty German army's mouth water by the tantalizing calculation, touching as it does one of the tenderest chords of the German character.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

By the Mutiny Act just passed in England two very welcome changes have been made in military matters. In the first place, the branding of deserters has been abolished, carrying away with it, in the second place, the main cause of desertion—the bounty system. As the *Pall Mall Gazette* very justly observes:—Bounty and branding were almost indissolubly connected one with the other. Branding was necessary to prevent deserters and men of bad character from re-enlisting and obtaining a fresh bounty, only to desert again or to be again discharged—repeating the process *ad infinitum*, and securing a fresh bounty on each enlistment. The bounty was, in fact, a direct inducement to the enlistment of men of bad character. They very often enlisted solely for the bounty, and with no intention of doing a day's honest service. Now that that inducement has disappeared, the necessity for marking men in such a way as to prevent their re-enlistment disappears also. If a deserter or a man of bad character now re-enlists, he will do so not for the sake of a miserable pound or so and the few hours' drink and dissipation which this money afforded him the means of indulging in, but because he is honestly desirous of trying soldiering once again.

The census of Newfoundland shows the entire population of the Island to be 145,436, of which 37,250 are engaged in catching and curing fish; 20,847 are returned as able-bodied seamen, engaged as fishermen; 1,784 as farmers, 2,019 as mechanics, 98 clergymen, 24 lawyers, and 42 doctors; number of children attending school, 16,429; not attending school, 18,843. Protestants, 85,505; Catholics, 61,070. The number of vessels engaged in the fisheries is 986. Acres of cultivated land, 41,715.

**CHESS.**

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

The members of the Montreal Chess Club meet every Tuesday and Saturday at their new quarters in the Gymnasium, Mansfield street. Rooms open from 2 p.m. until 11. Players desirous of joining can leave their names, any Club evening, with the Secretary. Chessplayers visiting the city are invited to call.

The second game of the match by telegraph between Toronto and Hamilton.

(From the *Daily Globe*.)

**KING'S BISHOP'S GAMBIT.**

<p>Hamilton. <i>White.</i></p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1. P. to K. 4th.</li> <li>2. P. to K. B. 4th.</li> <li>3. B. to B. 4th.</li> <li>4. K. to B. sq.</li> <li>5. Q. to K. B. 3rd.</li> <li>6. P. to Q. 3rd.</li> <li>7. P. to K. R. 4th.</li> <li>8. Q. takes B. P.</li> <li>9. B. takes Q.</li> <li>10. Kt. to Q. B. 3rd.</li> <li>11. K. Kt. to K. 2nd.</li> <li>12. K. Kt. to Q. 4th.</li> <li>13. R. to Q. sq.</li> <li>14. Q. Kt. to K. 2nd.</li> <li>15. P. to Q. B. 3rd.</li> <li>16. B. to Q. Kt. 3rd.</li> <li>17. B. to Q. B. 2nd. (c)</li> <li>18. P. to K. Kt. 3rd.</li> <li>19. P. to Q. B. 4th.</li> <li>20. P. takes P.</li> <li>21. R. takes B.</li> <li>22. B. takes Q. P.</li> <li>23. P. to Q. B. 5th.</li> <li>24. K. to B. 2nd.</li> <li>25. P. takes Kt. ch.</li> <li>26. K. R. to Q.</li> </ol>	<p>Toronto. <i>Black.</i></p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>P. to K. 4th.</li> <li>P. takes P.</li> <li>Q. to R. 5th. ch.</li> <li>P. to Q. 3rd. (a)</li> <li>Q. to K. B. 3rd.</li> <li>P. to K. Kt. 4th.</li> <li>P. to Kt. 5th.</li> <li>Q. takes Q. ch.</li> <li>P. to K. R. 4th.</li> <li>P. to Q. B. 3rd.</li> <li>B. to K. 3rd. (b)</li> <li>K. to K. 2nd.</li> <li>B. to K. Kt. 2nd.</li> <li>Kt. to K. 2nd.</li> <li>P. to Q. Kt. 4th.</li> <li>Kt. to Q. B. 3rd.</li> <li>Kt. to Q. B. 2nd.</li> <li>P. to Q. R. 4th.</li> <li>P. takes P.</li> <li>B. takes Kt.</li> <li>Q. Kt. to K. sq.</li> <li>Kt. takes B.</li> <li>K. Kt. to Q. B.</li> <li>K. to K. 2nd.</li> <li>Kt. takes P.</li> <li>Kt. to Kt. 4th. (d)</li> </ol>
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And the game was abandoned as drawn.

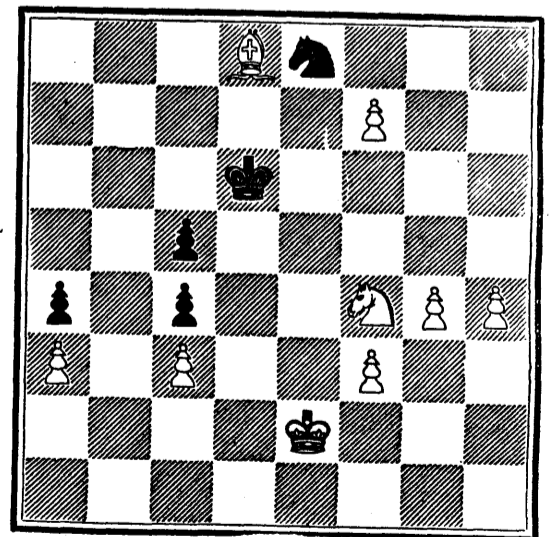
NOTES BY A TORONTO PLAYER.

- (a) Black gives up the attempt to maintain the gambit pawn.
- (b) The play of these opposing Bishops becomes interesting, each party trying to force the other to exchange, in order to gain an open file for the Rooks.
- (c) To enable the (c) Kt. P. to drive away the Kt. if he should attempt to advance, and also to prepare for throwing up their centre pawns. Black dare not take the offered Q. R. P.
- (d) White would now play their R. to Q. R. 4th. and we should take their game for choice, as Black will find it difficult to maintain his unsupported pawns, but the positions appeared to Toronto so equal as not to call for another night's play, and they accordingly offered to draw. The Hamilton players have fought their way most skilfully through a very difficult game.

**PROBLEM No. 29.**

By J. W.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

**CHARADES, &c.**

**NUMBERED CHARADE, No. 21.**

Composed of 19 letters.

- My 3, 7, 14, 11, 9, 6 are requested to keep the peace.
- My 12, 19, 13, 2, 5 is to take another's property.
- My 15, 4, 17, 18, 13 is a very useful animal.
- My 10, 16, 1, 19 is what all Englishmen enjoy.
- My 8, 2 is an abbreviation of the word number.
- And my whole is the name and residence of an ex-ruler of one of the European nations.

WM. RONALD, Toronto.







FROM A PAINTING BY L. KNAUS, ENGRAVED BY WILHELM

LEHMANN, PUBLISHED BY G. BROSCH, NEW YORK, 1871

## SPRING-TIME

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

UNDER THE LILACS.

Under the lilacs where my dead  
Repose within the grassy mound,  
I saw her walk with limber tread,  
Her black eyes drooping to the ground;  
Her slender shadow as she went  
Waved by me through the palisade,  
A silent invitation sent  
To meet her 'neath the lilac's shade.

Under the lilacs sweetly rest  
The dearest of a much-loved race,  
But none more dear than she who pressed  
Her light foot on that holy place:  
I almost feared to open the gate,  
And break in on her silent prayer,  
For a living angel she seemed to wait  
On the dead angels slumbering there.

Ah! power of love—she felt me nigh,  
She heard my footsteps on the sand,  
A soft light trembled in her eye,  
And she held out her rosy hand:  
Under the lilacs! There we met  
The first time in our rounds of love,  
The providential moment set  
The union of our hearts to prove.

I know not why, but the time and place  
Intensified my hopes of bliss,  
All shame, all tremor fled apace,  
Our hearts were melted in a kiss:  
Mine was no mood for idle talk,  
My silence pleaded best for me,  
We stood quite still on the gravel walk  
Distracted with love's dear mystery.

I gazed profoundly in her eyes,  
The while her colour went and came,  
I saw her bosom fall and rise,  
I felt my temples throb with flame:  
Under the lilacs! In that hour  
My life hung on one single word,  
She spoke that word of ethereal power,  
My being's deepest founts were stirred.

"O Rose!" in passionate tones I said,  
"We must adore the ways of heaven."  
And kneeling on the grass, we prayed,  
Wrapped in the violet light of even:  
The lilacs shivered and rained down  
Their purple blossoms on us there,  
O Rose! it was thy wedding crown,  
God's answer to our bridal prayer.

JOHN LESPEYER.

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

PRIVATE THEATRICALS AT BARBADOS.

From Miss May Wilton, to her Cousin Kate,  
in Canada.

MYRTLE VILLA, January 2nd, 1871.

Dearest Kate—  
I confess you've been thinking it strange,  
That you've not heard from me since I quitted the  
Grange.

But darling, I've really had so much to do,  
I've had no time for writing, not even to you,  
But I send the first moment, and true to my word,  
Sit down to penning you with all that's occurred,  
Since I left Uncle Ned's, as I've not the least doubt,  
You've been longing to know what we've all been  
about.

You'll be glad to hear, Kitty, our play long projected,  
Came off in due course, on the day we selected,  
With scarcely a hitch, in fact quite a success,  
Before eight or ninety spectators, not less,  
Though when first I came home, we were all much  
afraid.

The performance would have to be some weeks  
delayed,  
Through some troublesome business connected with  
it.

Which kept Harry from home for a fortnight or more,  
But at length when he returned, he made good  
amends.

For his shrewdness in coming, by bringing two friends,  
Both capital actors, especially one,  
Who, Harry informed us, would be our great gain,  
And on every theatrical point would enlighten.

Most wonderful luck and wary in their utterance,  
Such a hard case they were, they held our attention,  
To a certain point, I do, whose name I won't mention,  
Well, we managed at last with the aid of mamma,  
To obtain the consent of poor dear old papa,  
Who allowed us the horse, with this one stipulation,  
That his study and books should receive protection,  
Which we gladly agreed, and on the same day,  
Assembled a meeting to fix on the play.

And settle our parts, which was not done with ease,  
Because mamma's always as hard to please,  
And on what side is best for each, no one agrees,  
For example, little stout Mr. Robinson, dear,  
Was longing to stalk as a gay cavalier,  
And give Mr. Mopes, who calls it his old head trail,  
Of all sorts of horrors, would have something dread-  
ful.

Then Alzernon Walters, a long whiskered swell,  
Who has a good name, and performs very well,  
And was cast for Alphonso, a lover, looked grave,  
And objected at once, when requested to have,  
And the two old Miss Primmers, in spite of our tact,  
So pushed themselves forward, determined to act,  
We were forced to employ them, and once on our list,  
Just as if they were girls, would absolutely persist.

In taking young parts, being very romantic,  
A proceeding which nearly drove poor Harry frantic.

Well, we looked over lists, and we puzzled our wits,  
But all our selections appeared like misfires:  
One piece was too long, another too short,  
Another, we could not arrange as we ought,  
Till at last our Critcher conceived a bright thought,  
And determined to write us a play of some sort,  
Which he said he'd arrange, so that each one would  
find.

The part he was cast for, was just to his mind,  
This determined our author and Harry proceeded,  
With pipes and tobacco, and all things they needed,  
To the small room down stairs, where the door being  
locked.

Captain Grey, Harry's friend, set to work to assist,  
And working each day with fresh zeal, did not cease,  
Till he'd managed to write us a capital piece,  
So well put together, in plot, and in action,  
That to every performer it gave satisfaction.

This obstacle vanquished, we all commenced working,  
In real down right earnest, no idling or shirking,  
Mr. Walker, the carpenter, summoned in haste,  
And provided with canvas, and tin-foil, and paste,  
And other things needful, commenced the erection  
Of our drawing-room stage, under Harry's inspection:  
And, oh, darling, you should have heard poor papa's  
ravings.

When he found all the stairs littered over with  
shavings,  
Which the carpenter's boy had upset, stupid fellow,  
When he tumbled down stairs, with a pot of chrome  
yellow.

Captain Grey, as an artist, much talent displayed  
In painting our scenes, and he asked for my aid.

Which, of course, as we really had no time to lose,  
It would have seemed very unkind to refuse,  
And especially, after the Captain's complaint,  
That it gave him a great deal of trouble to paint  
Those parts of the scenes that involved decoration,  
Unless he had near him, for close consultation,  
Some young lady of taste, to supply information,  
So, of course, cousin mine, we had much conversation,  
And this painting arrangement occasioned such fun,  
I was really quite grieved when the scenes were all  
done.

After that, Fan and I set to work with all speed,  
To make up our dresses, from patterns decreed,  
By our well-informed Captain, who drew a design,  
For both, and oh, Pussy, you should have seen mine,  
The Princess Clotilde, of the court of Lothaire,  
A long white silk robe, with the body cut square,  
Puffed with violet satin, and pearls in my hair,  
A veil of white tulle, all embroidered with stars,  
And a velvet train, made from a dress of mamma's.

Now, darling, don't think me conceited, and so old,  
When I tell you, that during that night I was told  
That one person who acted, was heard to declare,  
He never had witnessed a vision so fair,  
As the Princess Clotilde, with her long golden hair,  
And,—but stop,—Kitty dear, I've said quite enough,  
I can fancy you frowning, and saying "what stuff!"  
I had no idea the child was so vain!

Her head has been turned by this nonsense, that's  
plain!  
So, Miss Sober-sides, on second thoughts, I had better  
Leave out what was said, and go on with my letter.

Soon rehearsals commenced, how they made us all  
laugh,  
What with blunders, and jokes, and what Harry calls  
chaff.

And, oh, what a time the dear Governor had,—  
He told us he thought the whole house had gone mad,  
And he wasn't far wrong, for indeed, what with  
shouting,

From up-stairs to down-stairs, and laughing, and  
speaking,  
And running about, and rehearsing, and singing,  
And the banging of doors, and continual ringing  
Of the area bell, as things poured in from Town,  
Myrtle Villa was certainly turned up-side down,  
And with costumes on every side scattered about,  
Poor papa who's so absent, one morning went out,  
To walk to his office, his dear old head crowned  
With a tall brigand-bonnet, most tastefully bound  
With feathers and lace, which he'd taken in haste  
From the bag where his own modest beaver he'd  
placed.

Well, the evening arrived, and the guests came in  
scores,  
And the room was quite crammed, from the stage to  
the doors,  
Our dramatic persons at length were assembled,  
Arranged for the piece, and, oh, Kate, how I trem-  
bled!

And seemed to forget every word at my part,  
Though an hour before, I had known it by heart,  
And, oh, goodness! the fears that some of us out,  
You should have seen how the Miss Primmers did  
stunt.

Redeemed in robes of the brightest of hues,  
All tixed and laced from their heads to the shoes,  
And poor Mr. Robinson, dressed as a knight,  
With his fat little figure, you know he's not slight,  
Compressed into armor, remarkably tight,  
And a sword about three feet too long for his height.

As the hour drew near, when we should have begun,  
There were dozens of things that had yet to be done,  
And imagine our feelings, at getting a note  
From one of our gentlemen actors, who wrote,  
Requesting that some one would act in his stead,  
As he'd got such a tooth-ache, and pain in the head,  
He regretted to say he was going to bed.

Which, of course, put us all in a terrible stew,  
For though Mr. Wilkins had not much to do,  
It was in the first act, and I would alter the scene,  
So the morning's business, he'd written now.

Then, Sister Penelope, who teaches as a singing  
Came rushing to Harry, behind the scenes, bringing  
A list of the music the band was to play,  
And informed our poor manager,—filled with dismay,  
That two of his band had mistaken the day,  
And that out of the sites on the programme displayed,  
Three had either been stolen, or lost, or mislaid,  
And the poor little man, with a spring and a groan,  
Poured his grievance as farth, with a horrified look.

Near the main troubled group, round our manager  
stood,  
Stood Madeline Tremblay, our tragedienne,  
With glittering jewelry, and rousing the blow  
By which she intended to settle her foe.

By which she intended to settle her foe,  
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By which she intended to settle her foe,  
By which she intended to settle her foe,  
By which she intended to settle her foe,  
By which she intended to settle her foe.

A dealer in bones, broken bottles, and rags,—  
A scene which, of course, as you'll guess, was intended  
For the farce, to be played when the drama was ended.

Then, our ill-fated warrior, dear, who wore  
A complete suit of mail, as I mentioned before,  
A very tight fit, and amongst other things,  
A helmet that closed by mysterious springs,  
As he strode to the front, like a cavalier brave,  
Determined the much injured princess to save,  
And grasping his sword, at the count made a dash,  
His steel visor came down with a terrible crash,  
And shut up inside; our poor knight ran about,  
Puffing forth smothered cries, let me out! let me out!  
As he rushed off the stage, amid a general shout,  
And really, you know, it was no case for joking,  
For the poor little man was indeed, nearly choking.

The clasp being stiffened by ages of rust,  
And the air-holes entirely choked up with dust,  
But, oh, Kitty, darling, he looked such a goose,  
And had such a scared face, when he set his head  
loose!

As we thought of his chivalrous vows, just before,  
Every person that saw him went into a roar,  
Well, I really must no longer spin out this rhyme,  
Or my letter will never be posted in time.

As a matter of course, at the close of the play,  
When the servants had cleared chairs and tables  
away,  
The dancing began, which I need scarcely state,  
We kept up with spirit till dreadfully late,  
And, oh, Pussy, it really quite shocks me to say,  
That I danced seven times with my friend, Captain  
Grey.

I'm afraid it was wrong, but then, darling, you see,  
We found our two valse steps so nicely agree,  
And it's very annoying, I'm sure you'll allow,  
With partners to dance, who perhaps don't know how,  
And who tread on your toes, bump, and stumble, and  
hop!

But there,—my dear cousin, I really will stop,  
So, goodbye for the present, fond love to dear Nell,  
Uncle Ned, and Aunt Ellen, and kisses as well,  
And fondly expecting, at no distant day,  
That you'll pay us a visit, and make a long stay,  
I remain, dearest Kitty,  
Your own Cousin May.

P. S.  
Captain Grey has just come in to know,  
If I'm not very busy, dear Kate, if I'll go  
For a stroll in the grounds, for a very short way,  
Every now and then, I imagine he's something to say,  
Perhaps, in my next you may hear something more,  
Ta-ta, darling Kitty, adieu, adieu!

T. S. SOMERVILLE.

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TALES  
OF THE  
LINKS OF LOVE.

BY ALEXANDER SOMERVILLE.

LILLYMERE.

CHAPTER XXI.

SUMMER TOURIST TRAVEL—GRAND TRUNK RAIL-  
WAY DRAWING-ROOM COACHES—LOVE IN THE  
HULLMAN FLUKE PALACES—MEN AND WOMEN  
OF THE "LINKS OF LOVE" ENJOYING THE  
DELIGHTS OF BEAUTIFUL CANADA—IN GOR-  
GEOUS SALOONS OF LAKE AND RIVER STEAM-  
SHIPS, GLIMPSSES OF THE BOYS THAT NEVER  
WEARY.

THE "Canada Hall" Hotel at Conway was  
five floors high, exclusive of basements. In  
length and width nobly capacious. The richly  
variegated furniture woods of Canada, manu-  
factured in Montreal and Toronto with ex-  
quisite skill, carpets, hangings, linen, pic-  
tures, lustres, mirrors, china and glass imported  
mostly—all of choice excellence—gave the  
interior a gorgeous beauty.

The north and west sides, windows and bal-  
conies, commanded views of gardens, or-  
chards, greenhouses, strawberry farm of a  
hundred acres, dairy farm, race-course, sugar  
maple groves, and homestead buildings. The  
Barnasine hills up north, and Barna river  
coming down at play and at work, strong  
enough and ready for a thousand times the  
work; coming down in bold vigour or grace-  
ful indolence, contributing its volume to lordly  
St. Lawrence.

On south and east sides, windows and bal-  
conies, one looked at a series of descending  
terraces, each a flower garden with fountains  
throwing aloft spray, enriching the fragrant  
air with rainbows. At foot of the terraces,  
the great conservatories, other fountains, other  
gardens. Cascades filling small lakes carrying  
fleets of fairy shipping. Other orchards;  
another strawberry farm; fields of grain and  
meadows sloping to the broad St. Lawrence.

Everywhere within or around "Canada  
Hall," the eye rested on rich decorations and  
flowering plants in varying groups of kinds and  
colours. All pleasing or charming or ravish-  
ing, according to sex, age, power of percep-  
tion, or temperament of persons. State of  
Liverpool grain market, New York stocks,  
current personal finances, subject of this morn-  
ing's letters, fluctuations in the smile of  
friends, style of Rosa's bonnet, Lily's dress,  
Euphemie's three dresses a day, all affected  
the beauty and charm of the gardens of  
flowers and fountains. For the "Hall" had  
of late years become a place of assembly—one  
of many—where well dressed tourists, from  
the States and Europe, sought relaxation from  
business and city amusements amid the mag-  
nificent scenery of beautiful, youthful, buoy-  
ant, joyous Canada.

Toby, on return to the post offices of his  
address, Hamilton and Toronto, found await-  
ing call the usual letters, and at the bank the

accustomed remittances from the London soli-  
citor. No sign yet of evil done to his perso-  
al fortunes by that maniac fiend or gipsy who  
audaciously tempted his integrity, then struck  
at his life.

Replenished in bank account Toby was soon  
refitted in dress, and came to Conway in best  
style of fashion modified by refined taste. He  
took rooms in the "Hall"; a bed chamber and  
private parlour on south-east corner, third  
floor. Poet's corner, his rooms might have  
been named; so charming the aspect of things  
inanimate; so romantic, dramatic, as well as  
charming, the probable personal story of each  
of the hundreds and hundreds of travelling  
people gathering, resting, dispersing on the  
paths below.

Toby rose early on the morning following  
his interview with Rhoda and Abel Renshaw.  
The night had been full of fantasies. Again  
came the assassin in Michigan forest. The  
couch in the silken tents of Eurybia, and the  
strange words of the beautiful Donna that he  
was not Toby, but young Lillymere the lost.  
The black nurse whispering this again in  
depth of night. His flight into the forest un-  
dressed. His concealment with the Yerkers,  
who thought him "resurrected." The idolatry  
of Inawena, Indian maiden, to whom he  
realized the only divine idea yet conceived by  
her. The astounding delusion of a spontane-  
ous aspiration in that young red woman kneel-  
ing at his feet, clasping the knees, kissing the  
feet. Against his remonstrance that he was  
mortal and a sinner like herself, she still  
kneeling, imploring, adoring, confiding her  
faith in daily worship of a fancifully superior  
superlative beautiful being, whom the raging  
fiend now travelled—was told by the negress  
to be now travelling over the earth to kill.  
His half horror, half daring delight at  
Inawena's idolatry. His flight to escape her.  
The descent of Bertha Merly, woman of  
colour, into the waters of baptism. Bertha's  
wondrous spiritual beauty. The dark-skinned  
father's entreaty for Toby to accept twenty  
thousand dollars with the daughter of colour  
and be to him a white son. His flight, Abel  
Renshaw conducting him to Rhoda, who told  
of his infancy.

With such imprints of occurrences fresh on  
the brain, Toby had a night of many visions.  
From the chamber of sleep, he passed into  
the "post-corner parlour," south-east angle,  
third floor; looking down upon the terraces,  
fountains, flower gardens, conservatories, lakes,  
cascades, meadows and rolling river. In the  
hollows lay white fleecy cushions of fog. On  
margin of the river a low white curtain;  
gossamer textiles, woven in looms of the  
sophists.

Thither Toby descended for a morning walk.  
He met Renshaw, who thus accosted him:  
"Morning, Mr. Toby; thou be soon astir  
like I. How did thee rest? Dream any? Dream  
some, I guess, of what Rhoda told. It be  
downright truth, Toby; thou be some one  
other than what thou think."

"What proof could Rhoda, or you, or any  
one give that I am—I may not name whom,  
but the one you say I am?"

"DeLacy L., that's who you be. Coming  
along there mayhap you observed thin flosses  
of fog. Didst thee? Well, that fog fled as  
thou approached. It turned to pearly dew-  
drops; and shines now on leaves, grass and  
flowers. Then are to be a pearly dew-drop  
gathered out of the fog?"

"An evan-scent life, according to that  
simile. Gust of wind, glimpse of sunshine,  
the glistening drops vanish."

"Aye, sure. They vanish from sight a  
while, to return as dew in the evening. Or,  
they vanish from sight an hour to descend as  
refreshing rain."

"Variable conditions, Mr. Renshaw. A poor  
fortune mine, if like a drop of dew."

"Nay, Mr. Toby; unvarying conditions.  
Constant, blessed, blissful, blissgiving. Sweet-  
ening the breath of the morning; ascending  
as a spirit upward; dwelling a time in the  
sky; descending again to earth; refreshing  
things of earth. I'm not learned, Toby. I'm  
but the gaoler of Conway, sorting people into  
ins and outs; but I observe a sight of things,  
both in the outs and ins. When thou goes to  
England to be a lord, as thou'rt sure to, I be  
give thee some human nature to think on,  
speak on, make laws out of, as you be not  
likely to learn otherwise."

"You are merry with me, Mr. Renshaw.  
Were I pretending to title and fortune in Eng-  
land, relying on assertions so slight as yours,  
what cell in the prison would be strong  
enough to restrain my insanity? dark enough  
to punish the offence?"

"Mr. Toby, good proofs of your birthright  
would be in possession before you pretended.  
Thou ragged at us last night, but now I'll tell  
what we know. A lady was here from Eng-  
land, a week since, looking for DeLacy L. My  
wife and I know who you be. The lady is  
searching all America for you."

"Who is she? Her name? Her name, Mr.  
Renshaw?"

"Her name given me is Mary M. Ester. Not  
the real—anyway not the full name. I found  
the real name and title on articles of dress  
when she were in prison. She had assumed  
outward clothes of a servant girl, but omitted  
to change the other apparel."

"In prison! An English lady of title in

prison? A lady looking for DeLacy L? You mock me, Renshaw. Good morning."

"Stay; I'll tell you it happened." Toby listened, then eagerly inquiring where the lady might now be found, was told she had left Conway hurriedly, offended no doubt at some of its people. Had gone, the police said, to Montreal.

The young gentleman quickly departed, taking first train for that city.

"Letter from Agnes," said Lady Mary Mortimer to herself, sitting alone soon after emerging from Conway gaol, and opening letters which had accumulated in the thirty days for Mary M. Ester. Viewing the Schoolar seal, and the recognised handwriting, the lady repeated: "from Agnes." Then, after reading, said:

"No hope of escape, seemingly, from that hated marriage. It was to be about the last week in June; and may be even now in progress, or completed. Mercy on Agnes! If she has really done something dreadful in her despair, as confided to me in England she would do; rush to the bridge of suicides in wedding attire, leap into the Thames!

"Horrible! She wouldn't do that, I trust; nor any other desperate thing of which she then spoke. Yet, to be married where not loving, but abhorring the man? In her position, at her age, I'd have done—what would I have done? Fled, perhaps. That would have been best. Though I counselled Agnes to comply I'd rather she fled, now I've listened to the lives and early loves of bushwhacker outcasts—some so like her in evil compulsion to marry with men abhorred. In America the course of true love seems to run as unsmoothly as traditionally in older communities. That poor crushed flower, the Buffalo bushwhacker girl met in prison is, she says, like many American young ladies who have been compelled in financial concerns to marry—or were in peril of marrying—where they gave no love. In her case she did love, and in financial arrangements was deserted after—oh, Heaven! Let me not doubt there is moral government in Providence with compensation to lost, crushed, socially wrecked Susan May—this Buffalo girl! What a woeful tale is hers?"

"So like Agnes in her story; as somewhat in person. I now grieve that Agnes was counselled to comply. Hope she may flee in time; flee to a ship; flee to me. Perhaps she may; no intimation of it in the letter, but she may. Not convenient for me—as Mary M. Ester, to remain longer in this town of Conway for the present. The woman, Rhoda Renshaw, seems unwilling to be explicit about the heir of Lillymere until communication is had with her relatives, in the Southern States or in Mexico. If I dared disclose who I am, she might hesitate less. But that disclosure getting abroad, the youth's life might be imperilled in other quarters.

"I now travel. Abel Renshaw has dropt hints of where some may be met—at Toronto one; at Detroit others; but all are to be travelling on trains and steamers of Canada, he says, now the influx of American tourists is commencing for the season.

"About Agnes Schoolar, should she fly, and the flight bring the poor bird seeking me? I'll leave letters for her at different post-offices.

"But—new mountain of troubles! Now that I know Lud the radical weaver's boy and Tobias Oman to be one, and that one to be Lillymere. And that I know further, as confessed by Agnes, that though they had not conversed in words, young love spoke love to eyes which spoke again. Where, in this complexity, lies the duty of Lady Mary Mortimer? In character of Mary Ester, I'd say let natural instincts alone. But in the policy of the house of Boyalfort, of which, for the time, I assume to be directress, it might be wrong and lead to disasters were a matrimonial union effected between the heir of the Earldom and daughter of the Earl's law agent.

"Alas! for the woman of the world remaining in me! The heir of Lillymere is not yet found, and never may be. And poor Agnes is yet in the toils of an evil destiny at home. Besides, Lillymere, not knowing his birth-right, knowing only he is Toby, or Lud the parish boy, may have married or engaged himself in America, after Adam contemptuously ejecting him from the Schoolar clerkship."

Lady Mary did not know, none had been informed, that Toby was commissioned by the elder Schoolar to travel in the States and Canada in search of the lost heir. To travel, inquire, observe, search, until he found—himself! And little knew the elder Schoolar whom he was sending out upon the world!

Arrived at Montreal, Lady Mary summoned her secretary from Quebec, where, by command, he had remained during the Conway seclusion of thirty days. His presence and interference in the term and conditions of imprisonment would have been highly undesirable.

"Reuben," said the lady, when he joined her, "the Canadians are an eminently religious and moral people; I esteem and admire them. It is a gratifying satisfaction of one's moral nature to abide a time in a country where public sentiment so worthily sustains the social virtues by enforcing public decorum. Yet it is inconvenient to incur penalties unwittingly. I now travel as a plain gentle-

woman, the uncomfortable character of servant girl laid aside. I've engaged a companion, you attending both as secretary. To incur risk of being a second time arrested as an idle vagrant loitering on the street, would be too hazardous. No knowing how serious the charge might become. A mob hooted me at Conway, calling: 'there goes the old Eli-quester girl, just out of gaol! Mind pockets! Mind spoons!' But the sentence of thirty days in prison was an incident logical to the advanced civilization and religious culture of Canadians; an incident doubly fortunate for me. In every way it can be looked at fortunate. I learnt inside the gaol as a prisoner what might never have come to me elsewhere in the matter of Lillymere. I have seen, on terms of prison equality, my sister woman, and learnt how to love and serve her. How to love her in the conditions of greatest distance from the glory of pure womanhood. Could not have learnt that elsewhere."

"Pardon one remark, my lady. In conflict of practical affairs, more woman in your ladyship and less saint, might withstand wear and tear of life better."

"Roy Reuben, you are one of the political economists; cold souled materialists, only capable of discerning public wealth in lifeless matter, or in flocks and herds of cattle. Philosophers with dogmas void of humanity."

"Pardon, Lady Mary. The political economy I've expounded in books, pamphlets, papers—waggon loads of pamphlets and newspapers—personally observing in all varieties of social conditions and industries, has ever placed the human being foremost as primary element in public wealth. And the advancement—I don't say acquisition, observe, but the advancement—of human happiness in its social aspects, as the true function of political economy. However, I again ask pardon, shrinking from controversy with a lady, to whom I'm but a shadow in the lustre of her goodness and genius."

"A substantial shadow, Mr. Secretary. But to business: we journey for a time on the Grand Trunk Railway, the lake and river steamers. I hope to meet those I look for, or some of them whom it is unnecessary now to name. In the palace drawing-room coaches—those wondrous flying palaces; in the Inland Navigation and Richelieu Companies' steamships, now that the influx of American summer tourists is commencing we may find the months pass pleasantly."

A week of dry heat followed by a night of rain. A morning of hazy grey, the haze parting in detached clouds, the clouds in the sunlight ascending high and gently sailing; rising high, yet higher, thinner and whiter. So lofty, the Canada clouds, as you may seldom see in other skies; yet they mark and distinguish for the eye a vaster distance in the ethereal blue lying immeasurably out beyond them.

And now, breathing the refreshing air, thoughts come up in their spontaneity, vigorous, elastic, bounding; and footsteps partake of thought. Decrepitude, pausing in sight of the grave, feels likely to live a few years more. Babe at the breast, its head in its heaven, quits to flutter and fly, wriggling, crowing; then dives anew to the joy. Eyes, looking into baby's eyes, invite more merriment, for gladness pervades the air. Purest air of all around the world, the atmosphere on the hills, vales, lakes, mountains, in the region of river St. Lawrence.

The goodness and truth, habitual openness in the personal womanhood of Lady Mary, refused to comply with farther efforts of will in "strong mindedness." She had assumed the name, Mary M. Ester, at first in a generous impulse for useful objects. "But now," she said, addressing the secretary, "you will register in full at the hotels we visit, Lady Mary Mortimer."

"The officers of the garrison and their city friends will soon call, my lady; what rule of exclusion may I regard as your ladyship's command?"

"We shall talk the cards over when they come, Mr. Secretary. I may not be so popular as you expect. Not at all likely to be visited if the Eliquester girl, who had thirty days in gaol, be identified. Should anything disagreeable arise, however, avoidance is quite easy. I shall travel; indeed must travel."

Reference to Roy Reuben's notes suggests that Lady Mary remained in Montreal a considerable time; or, being away, returned at short intervals.

After registering the title and name at the "Hall," newspapers soon announced the distinguished arrival.

Society was charmed. But Lady Mary was more than charmed with society, both in Montreal and Quebec, as subsequently at Toronto. Charmed is rather an emphatic phrase; but the Secretary seems to have written it as expressive of that pleasure which is not soon tired of new friends.

Some books of travel, hastily written by tourists hurrying through a few of the hotels, had given this traveller the expectancy of meeting in Canada, and in the States, well dressed, or over dressed people with much pretension to gentility; so much of it as to be in its assertion boisterous. Of refined and educated persons not many were to be expected according to the books.

"On the contrary," said Lady Mary, instructing the Secretary what notes to make; "one meets quiet intelligent refinement everywhere. The French of Quebec and Montreal, as of minor towns in Lower Canada, are delightful. They combine with the courteous dignity of the France of old, the vivacity of modern Europe. In English speaking society one meets no vulgar assumption of superiority, as asserted by the inobservant book tourists. They are a refined, and superior people needing no assertion of position. Perhaps the French and English derive mutual advantage in social relations, living in amiable harmony, exchanging ideas, modifying tones of thought."

"What may I note, your ladyship, of the higher city residences?"

"The families of fortune reside in mansions remarkable for costly furniture, and for the floral appurtenances of summer gardens with winter conservatories. Otherwise I observe no specialities. They are nice people. The ladies beautiful as well as elegant; and munificent in their charities; so I learn from other sources than themselves, Earnest piety in families is notable in Montreal; as moral decorum in the public streets. The French working orders of people are exceedingly polite, more so in rural parishes perhaps than in cities.

"The institutions, educational, scientific, philanthropic, surprise me. As in Montreal, so in all Canada and the States, I'm told. In my absence, Roy, you will please go through the institutions personally and observe minutely, comprehensively for our future use. Most of them are patterns to older countries. The diligent industry of all the people is remarkable. The wealthiest gentlemen attend to business in its routine of daily duties, as if salaried assistants.

"The dwellings of working people are far from satisfactory; too much like the cities in older communities. Perhaps the wonderful Donna Euryzia, who illumines America somewhere, of whom one hears so much, may rebuild the habitations of industry in Montreal, as has been done, or is to be done in so many other cities.

"The refined elegance of attire, both of ladies and gentlemen, since you again press for my opinion; their unvarying consciousness of equality with the highest anywhere, and self-possessed manner are charming. Their consciousness—not boasted, but quietly entertained as a faith, that they are the capitalists of a country vast in area, rich in resources rapidly developing into real wealth, give a pleasing ease to society in Montreal; as no doubt in other cities of Canada.

"Their respectful speech about the American people on one side, admiration of Americans I may term it; and on the other the loving veneration, the almost impassioned loyalty and love for our Gracious Sovereign the Queen, and the dearly remembered old country, are very—very gratifying; promising well for continued peace in these Provinces, without which there is no prosperity, material or moral."

"My lady, you spoke of being absent. Admission for your ladyship's secretary may be then impossible at some institutions?"

"Omit impossibilities. Enter where doors are opened. The ladies of a Scottish Society tell of a woman, of whom there is not the equal anywhere. It is desirable I become informed of the management of remarkable women. In my absence get introduced there. With the ladies and gentlemen of the Society's Committee I may honour myself by a visit, on return to this city."

"But meanwhile, your ladyship?"

"Meanwhile, Mr. Secretary, you accompany me. For the next month or two, I and friends travel by railway, lake and river steamers. We need your assistance."

(To be continued.)

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

IN HOSPITAL.

(For private, but I hope extensive, circulation.)

III.

I CAN'T say that I cared greatly. A couple of nights or days of intense torment will go far to extinguish sentimentalism. Only I could not quite understand why this dead man should have been introduced among the living at all. Is it possible that they actually performed the amputating operation there on the very bed on which I now lay? Was there no accident ward in the establishment? Or did they only bring him in after death, and if so for what purpose? I don't know which idea is the more revolting—that of compelling a number of bed-ridden invalids to witness a fatal surgical operation with its accompaniments of moans, of insensibility, of painfully returning consciousness just previous to the end; or that of the deliberate lodgment of a corpse between two of their number and in open sight of all. Both proceedings appear to me strangely unlikely to promote convalescence. There are some, perhaps many, people with organizations sufficiently sensitive to receive a dangerous shock from either. In fact there had been no little consternation through the entire ward, when as evening deepened there ran an awful whisper that it was to be left there until the Coroner's inquest next day.

The hardest inmate—invalids may be forgiven some nervousness—shuddered at the prospect of passing the long dark hours in the same chamber with the mutilated dead. That mysterious instinct which invests for all of us with the attributes of dread any form of humanity from whose nostrils God's breath has been withdrawn, made itself silently but awfully sensible. So that when they found that I was to be their companion instead they were quite prepared to welcome me, as indeed, under similar circumstances, I have no doubt they would have welcomed Satan.

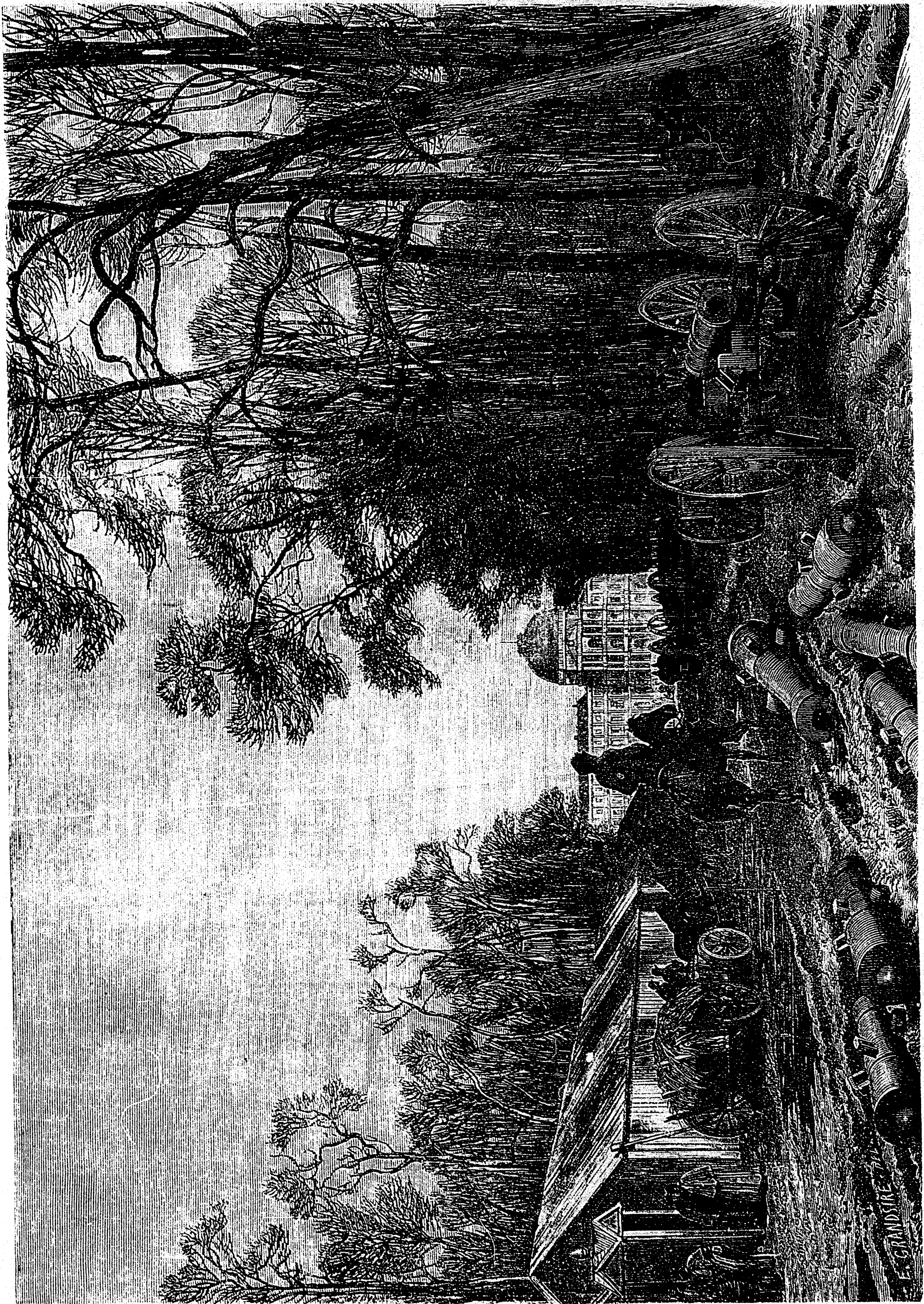
There was naturally more room for the study of character here than I had enjoyed before. Opposite me lay a slight delicate lad, scarcely fourteen, whose face and neck had been badly crushed by a cartwheel, and whose injuries, as well as their treatment, caused him no common share of pain. I had "from another place" listened ruefully to the short quick girlish cries forced from his boyhood by the touch of surgeon or dresser, but when left alone he was always quiet and endured bravely. This day his sister, a fragile pretty girl, neatly, even daintily dressed, came to visit him, bringing with her oranges, which, in true schoolboy fashion, he insisted on immediately "serving round." She stayed some time, kneeling by his bed, and seemed with great difficulty to free herself to go. About an hour after she had left I was surprised and grieved to find the little fellow sitting up with his face covered in his hands and sobbing bitterly. At first he would scarcely be induced to say what caused the paroxysm, which most of them were inclined to set down to a sharp recurrence of physical pain. At last, however, unable to control himself longer, he passionately entreated the nurses to give him his clothes so that he might go home! They, totally unaccustomed to anybody going home until he was forced home, stared in blank bewilderment, and then utterly refused to hear of a proposition so monstrous, passing it off with a banter, meant no doubt to be good natured, but evidently in the keenest degree distressing to its object. He broke out into a wild burst of imploring lamentation that might have affected even them. His aunt, he said, was ill at home, and he could not bear to be forbidden to see her. The tears that had so rarely come for his own sufferings flowed in streams for her, nor would he receive comfort except in the permission to satisfy his longings of affection by a visit to her bedside. The motherly woman, however, did not seem to believe in such romantic nonsense, and utterly declined help in the matter. But I am pleased to say that another patient, one of the robust convalescents, took the trouble to seek out the superior medical authority, and thence to obtain permission for the boy's departure. I have never seen so intense delight occasioned in a public school by the winning of a first prize or by making the largest of the season's cricket scores. When they brought him his clothes the rapidity with which he dressed was something dazzling, and then, with his poor face all out of shape and its muscles twitching nervously still, sped off eagerly on his loving errand. She must be a good woman, that aunt, to have won the boy's heart so thoroughly. And, as I think so, there rise, between my vision and the frowsy beds around, pictures of a pleasant cottage at Dover, with a smooth triangular piece of sward in front upon which donkey-boys will persist on driving their animals for the purpose of provoking the wrath of the tall, elderly hand-some lady in the very stiff dress and with spectacles across her aquiline nose, who, calling her maid Janet to assist, continually sallies to their repulsion. Of a bald-headed old man who flies a large kite all day long, save when he is busy with an interminable manuscript which he calls his Memorial. And of the wretched little foot-sore vagrant who dragged himself thither from London, with just strength enough left to claim his relationship, and implore its consideration. Thanks to the genius of the great Master who is gone, for one half hour I have escaped my misery.

There came at intervals two or three women to visit and comfort their friends or relatives. And their presence it was which made the man next to one peculiarly repulsive. There was something the matter with his back which necessitated the application of ointments, and the bandages covering these sores he would, with his shirt, persist in removing whenever there were present any women visitors whom it might be expected especially to disgust. The fond manner in which he would attempt to leer round at his spine, after exhibiting it previously, with appropriate remarks, to every quarter of the horizon, made the ludicrous touch to what otherwise was simply hateful. He was the only man from whom I, at any time, heard utterance of foul language, the only one there who seemed totally dead to all instinct of decency. Surely, I thought, prejudice is capricious, and in its caprice mighty. Here are seven or eight full-grown men who can endure without remonstrance the companionship of this Yahoo, and yet cower in childish terror at the thought of the quiet presence of him whose death-bed I am listlessly occupying!

Even in that far-off country and that forgotten age they had missionaries, well-mean-



PRIVATE THEATRICALS AT BARBADOS. — FROM A SKETCH BY G. S. SECORNER — SEE PAGE 316.



THE TULLER ES GARDENS SINCE THE BREAKING OUT OF THE CIVIL WAR.—SEE PAGE 338

F. GRANDSIE

ing, no doubt, but ill-judging. One of them approached me and enquired if I would take a tract. I answered politely, although I considered the man impertinent: "Certainly, sir, if it will give you any pleasure." He seemed to think that it ought to give me pleasure. It did so, though perhaps after a fashion unexpected by the donor: for I only read the title, "Naaman the Syrian," after which I considerably sent in the brochure to the Dirty Man next door, to whom it seemed peculiarly applicable. But, lying idly there, with imagination quickened from forced incapacity for physical action, it was easy, upon the hint thus given in the suggestion of the marvellous old story, to paint with closed eyelids upon the tablets of the brain a gorgeous picture. A picture of the soldier's pride and the prophet's power, of the childlike enthusiasm of the "little maid" who dared so greatly as to make her small voice heard within the splendours of the harem, of the exultant joy with which she must have accepted the news of her advice being adopted, of the sublime confidence in her soul that Jehovah would vindicate her faith in His omnipotence. I passed with the royal train, glimmering in gold and purple and priceless gems, through the portals of the House of Rimmon, between the pillars of basalt, carved with the pictorial history of a hundred centuries, and guarded by those awful winged bulls whose gaze seems to mirror eternity. I stood abashed before the Deity himself, inscrutable in his cold colossal majesty, on whose brow could be figured no trace of a frown, on whose lip no glimmer of a smile. And I marked how the cheek of the hypocrite blanched and the beatings of his heart became hushed as he made his false cowardly obeisance, and lifting his head saw fixed upon him the inexorable scrutiny of the god he had abjured and whose temple he even then desecrated with the foot of an apostate. I don't envy Naaman those closing years of a perjured conscience, and I should hardly wonder if some day in his madness, mocked by the implacable, unchanging, fathomless regard with which moon after moon Rimmon had struck terror to his craven soul, he had poignantly himself at the very steps of the altar, leaving stained upon the porphyry for king and courtiers a bloody hieroglyph beyond their skill to read.

The fanciful vision past, I waited for the visiting physician to whom I had been transferred from the care of that other one who wouldn't come. The transfer scarcely proved a distinguished success, as this one wouldn't come either. It is weary, weary work waiting hour after hour for help one is impotent to seek, help which has been solemnly assured, but which arrives never. Every foot-step heard outside seems to herald the expected one, to herald every opening door to give token that his advent is at hand. No circumstances can be more incompatible with the received idea of a condition of peaceful repose than are those involved in such feverish anticipation. But I don't think I was any worse off than others. During two days I saw in two wards but one visiting physician attending one case. This gentleman entered with a train of attendant students to lecture them upon an inflamed eyelid, at least so I will call it in my Philistine ignorance of surgical technicality. "Observe, gentlemen," said the leech, "observe this eyelid. It is granulated. It is very much granulated. It is what we call ocular granulation." Then, to the granulator: "I think you may go out whenever you please. I don't want to tell you to go, but perhaps it would be all the better for yourself if you were to go at once." The patient, however, seemed to think otherwise, for he kept on granulating where he was. Meanwhile Mr. Bob Sawyer and Mr. Benjamin Allen, and every other young deputy-sawbones, their comrade, instead of attending to the lecture, amused themselves by considering me. I only hope that they took more gratification than did its object from the prolonged scrutiny.

A visit towards evening from the False Friend gave opportunity for soliciting his influence towards my release. I pointed out to him what I have here endeavoured to point out in print, that my situation was exactly such as must, if protracted, compel illness in place of curing it. I begged him to apply to head-quarters for an order to resume my apparel, threatening otherwise that I would walk down the town in a panoply of blue robe and trousers, megatherium slippers and grotesque night-cap. He promised to make it all right, and departed for that purpose. Returning presently, he said that he had made it all right, and that the permit would arrive directly; and then hastily and without warning departed. I subsequently ascertained that he had represented me to be very ill indeed, and begged that no heed might be paid to my delirious demands for emancipation. Of course he could not look for my perpetual confinement *au secret* or otherwise, but he desired to gain time to fly the country before the whirlwind of my vengeance could have chance to burst and overwhelm him. He guessed cleverly then, and he learned sadly afterwards, what a foaming vial of wrath had been fermenting during my imprisonment for his devoted head. Happily his machinations were in vain. Another power, to whom he

had omitted notification, arrived, and I was free. I have never been wont to take much pride in my ordinary apparel, but I think it would have been hard for Count D'Orsay himself to regard with greater complacency the highest artistic triumphs of Stultz, than that with which I viewed my own humble raiment, my own once more. It was a hurried toilet but delightful, and I fled, when the doors were opened, even as a young gazelle.

First, however, they presented me with a bill, the counterpart of the ticket over my bed, but with the date inserted of my discharge, and all reference to my death omitted. Why they gave it I don't know, because they took it away almost directly. Perhaps it was expected that I should endorse it with some observations as to the character of the establishment, or some expressions of the great benefits I had derived from its gentle care. I have since regretted the omission on my part to jot down a few comments in such sense, but then the card was small, and my heart was very full. I make, in these papers, such tardy reparation as is possible after the lapse of one hundred and fifty years.

Was there ever bath big enough to satisfy the desires which animated my soul? The Atlantic Ocean might possibly have served, but I have my doubts as to the Mediterranean. How shocked would have been the Dirty Man could there have entered into his conception my revel in the one I seized! How terrified he would have been at my reckless change of raiment: how amazed at my abhorrence for my luckless hat, my loathing of my unhappy boots! I cut off all my hair, and shaved my face close. If I could readily have discovered a skilled operator, Apollo, for example, I think I should have requested to be flayed. Nothing that had touched any article of hospital furniture should again touch me, unless after many days it could be restored purified as by fumigation.

I have never been in hospital since. When I next become seriously ill and there is no help at hand, I will crawl into the bush to die in peace, far from all obscure sights and sounds; or I will drift down the St. Lawrence in a birch canoe singing, like the lady of Astolat, my own dirge. And yet it was the hospital that cured me. The terror of its "attentions," and the appalling dread of their possible prolongation alone drove the fever away.

[THE END.]

MISCELLANEOUS.

AN ASTOUNDING BILL OF FARE.—For the benefit of such of our readers as take an interest in matters gastronomic, we re-publish from *Land and Water* the menu of the last annual dinner of the British Paleontographical Society, held on the 31st of March, at the Ludgate Hill Station in London.

SOCIETAS PALEONTOGRAPHICA.

PRID. KAL. APR. 1871.

ERA.—Palæstinum. Verrum.  
PISCES.—Salmo elixus omni jure astacensi. Nugae testaceae ventis levibus puras. Piscos volitantes immersis in aceto. Solace inossae. Batavorum more. Buccina undata quasi testudines. Clupeae quaedam mites, alterae diabolorum more connectae.

PAROSIDES.—Ranarum alae, modo Lugdunensi. Pullae pulvere ardenti Indico more conditae. Erinaceus elixus, cum albo jure, fungis circumjacentibus, secundum Bohemos. Podes agnini agre cocti, agricolis grati.

CARNES.—Agnina pars quarta assa. Sella ovina. Melagriss Gallopavo elixus.  
FERINA.—Alaudae.—Anates assae.—Coturnices.

DELICIA.—Farcimentum modo senatorio. Jus gelatum monachorum liquore adjuvante. Placentae cereales quibus tu. Louisa, faves. Maringuae pomis repletae.

The following is the translation of this astounding bill of fare:—

PALEONTOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

FRIDAY, MARCH 31, 1871.

SOUP.—Palestine. Spring.  
FISH.—Boiled salmon with lobster sauce. *Vol au vent* of mussels. Flounders *Souchés*. Filleted soles, *sauce Hollandaise*. *Whelks en tortue*. Whitebait, plain and devilled.

ENTREES.—"Wings" of frogs, *à la Lyonnaise*. Curried fowls *à l'Indienne*. Calves' tails, *aux financiers*. Hedgehogs, with white sauce and mushr *ms*, *à la Bohémienne*. Stewed lamb's feet, *à la Jardinière*.

JOINTS.—Roast quarter of lamb. Saddle of mutton. Boiled Turkey.

GAME.—Larks.—Teal.—Quails.  
SWEETS.—Cabinet pudding. Chartreuse jelly. Vermicelli patties, *à la Louisa*. *Meringues* of apples.

Needless to say that this tough *menu* gave rise to much mirth. Learned doctors were for some time puzzled to recognise a *vol-au-vent* in *levibus ventis*, and frequent laughter broke out in various parts of the room, as it gradually dawned on one another that calves' tails *cum mercatoribus cordi sunt* might possibly be cooked *aux financiers*, and that the *quasi testudines whelks* were served *en tortue*.

An amusing "printer's blunder" occurred a few days ago in a London newspaper. It had been speaking in the highest terms of a new tenor—a *rara avis* of a tenor, who had delighted and entranced all hearers. The criticism was gorgeous, but it ended with "he was sentenced to three years' penal servitude, so that society will for some time be freed of his presence!" This astounding assertion was simply due to the fact that the end of a police case had been "lifted," and left at the bottom of the critique, to which it formed such an incongruous pendant. An extraordinary blunder some years ago occurred the same way, in one of the Scotch papers. A couple of lines of a news paragraph, announcing the arrival of several soldiers in a district town, got mixed up in a notice of a birth. The result was as follows:—At — Street, on the — inst., Mrs. K—, of 1 sergeant, 3 corporals, and 15 rank and file; premature!

Mr. Halliwell (the *Athenæum* says) has had the good fortune to discover evidence that Shakspeare acted on two occasions before Queen Elizabeth, in the year 1594, in company with Kemp and Burbage, all three being described as "Servants to the Lord Chamberlain." Critical students of the biography of Shakspeare will at once appreciate the significance of these interesting facts. The poet was then in his thirty-first year. No record of his performances as an actor at so early a period has yet been produced, but the circumstance of his then being a member of the Lord Chamberlain's company is of still greater interest. We now know, what hitherto has been merely a conjecture, that the great dramatist belonged to that body before the Globe Theatre was opened, and when the company were performing at Newington the old play of "Hamlet," the predecessor of Shakspeare's tragedy.

The *Israelit*, of Mayence, derives the word German from the name of the eldest son of Japhet, Gomer. "One of the oldest Aramaic translations of the Bible, the 'Targum Jerushalmi,' falsely ascribed to Jonathan ben Uziel, speaks of 'Germania' as one of the countries in which Gomer's descendants were living. That by a simple metathesis 'Gomer' has become converted into 'German' is clear to any one who knows Hebrew. The Babylonian Talmud, too (Joma, f. 10), and the Talmud 'Jerushalmi,' in the first chapter of the treatise 'Megillah' describe 'Germania' as the residence of the descendants of Gomer. We cannot here omit to observe that the eldest son of Gomer is called in the Bible Askenas, and that in Jewish literature, as well as in the popular language, this name is commonly used for Germany. Now the Askenians are, if not the oldest, at least one of the oldest of the German dynastic families. Hence it would follow that the descendants of Gomer, called, after their ancestor, 'Gomrans' or 'Germans,' settled under the direction of Askenas, the eldest son of Gomer, in the country which they then called 'Germania.'

In the cell at Mazas in which Cluseret was confined there are inscribed these words:—"Citizen Cluseret, you have me in here. I expect to see you in a week.—Gen. Bergeret."

The great Tyrolese rifle match at Meran was opened by the Emperor of Austria on the 10th ult. Great numbers of Tyrolese riflemen in picturesque national costumes assembled from all parts of the country, and among them were two descendants of Andreas Hofer, the hero of the Tyrol. The Emperor, his son, and several members of his suite took part in the shooting.

Despatches have been received at the Foreign Office from Dr. Kirk, the acting British Consul at Zanzibar, containing information of the safety of Dr. Livingstone in October last. Dr. Livingstone was then at Manakoro awaiting the supplies that have been despatched to him; his immediate wants appear to have been met by the Arabs.



CORPORATION OF MONTREAL.

TO BUILDERS AND CONTRACTORS.

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

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

[By order.]

CITY CLERK'S OFFICE,  
City Hall,  
Montreal, 1st June, 1871.

THEATRE ROYAL.

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

ENGAGEMENT OF THE INCOMPARABLE MRS. D. P. BOWERS.

Thursday, June 1.—LADY OF LYONS.  
PAVANE. When she will appear as MRS. D. P. BOWERS.

Friday.—Benefit of Mrs. D. P. BOWERS.  
When she will appear as ELIZABETH, QUEEN OF ENGLAND.

Saturday.—Last Night of Mrs. D. P. BOWERS.  
When she will appear as LADY MACBETH.

Monday and Tuesday, June 5 and 6.  
The celebrated Comedian, MR. JOHN E. OWENS, in  
SOLOUS SHINGLE and THE LIVE INDIAN. 3-25a

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

LASH & COMPANY, SUCCESSORS TO J. G. JOSEPH & CO.'S Retail Business, KING STREET, TORONTO.

STAMPS—FOREIGN STAMP DEPOT—STAMPS

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

FOREIGN POSTAGE STAMPS.  
3-25 P. O. Box 49, St. John, N. B.



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

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

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

By order,

F. BRAUN, Secretary.  
Department of Public Works,  
Ottawa, 24th May, 1871. 3-25a



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

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

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

By order,

F. BRAUN, Secretary.  
Department of Public Works,  
Ottawa, 22nd May, 1871. 3-25a



NOTICE

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

By direction,

F. BRAUN, Secretary.  
Department of Public Works,  
Ottawa, 20th May, 1871. 3-25a



CORPORATION OF MONTREAL.

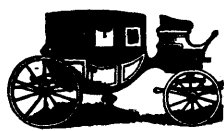
EAST AND CENTRE WARDS.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned have completed their Assessment Rolls of the EAST and CENTRE WARDS of this City; that copies thereof have been left with one of their number, at their Office in the City Hall, where the same may be seen and examined by any person interested until FRIDAY, the 16th day of JUNE next, and that said Assessors will meet at their Office aforesaid, on SATURDAY, the 17th day of JUNE next, at TEN o'clock A. M., to review their Assessments of the Real Estate set down in the said Assessment Rolls; and that they will then and there hear and examine all complaints in relation to such Assessments of Real Estate that may be brought before them.

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

ABSTRACTS' OFFICE,  
CITY HALL,  
MONTREAL, May 29, 1871.

3-25b



CANADA COACH FACTORY, No. 74, St. Antoine Street, MONTREAL. N. & A. C. LARIVIERE, Proprietors. 3-22d

NOTICE.

CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT, OTTAWA, 19th May, 1871.

REFERRING to the notice of 5th inst. of articles transferred by Order in Council, to the list of goods which may be imported into Canada free of duty, it is decided that the term "Annatto" therein mentioned means "Annatto" in either a liquid or a solid condition.

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

3-2lc

SUMMER HATS!

PANAMAS, STRAW, ALPACAS, LINENS, CORK.

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

AND OFFERED AT LOW PRICES. ALSO

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

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

DAVID CRAWFORD,

GROCER.

Wine and Spirit Merchant,

179, St. JAMES STREET, 179,

MONTREAL. 3-21-tf

W. M. BOWIE,

Importer of

HOSIERY, GLOVES, & HABERDASHERY,

ALSO,

MANUFACTURER OF

SHIRTS, COLLARS, TIES, &c.,

No. 185, St. JAMES STREET,

(Next to Wesleyan Church)

MONTREAL. 3-21-tf

SUMMER WINES!

BARTON & GUESTIER'S,

AND

NAT. JOHNSTON & SON'S CLARETS,

SAUTERNES,

BARSAAC,

&c., &c.,

OF ALL GRADES.

REAL GERMAN SELTZER WATER

AT

C. J. BAIRD'S,

221 St. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL. 3-21-tf

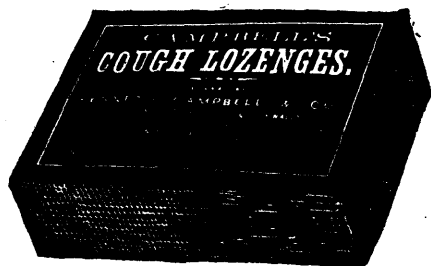
FRANK B. STREET,

GENTS' HOSIER AND HABERDASHER,

No. 237 St. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL.

(Opposite the Ottawa Hotel.)

Manufacturer and Importer of all kinds of SHIRTS, COLLARS, CUFFS, SCARFS, TIES, UMBRELLAS, BRACES, GLOVES, HANDKERCHIEFS, &c. Shirts, Collars and Cuffs made to order. 3-21tf



\$25 a week Salary. Samples Free. No humbug Address (with stamp.) GRO. MANSON, 37 PARK ROW, N.-Y. 3-8m

GUINNESS'S DUBLIN STOUT, BOTTLED BY BURKE.

BASS & Co's. EAST INDIA ALE. BOTTLED BY HUBBERT.

TENNANT'S EAST INDIA ALE, TENNANT'S EAST INDIA DOUBLE STRONG ALE,

In Bottles and Stone Jars. 750 CASKS AND CASES FOR SALE.

ALEX. MCGIBBON.

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

3,000 CASES

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

Among which will be found the following:

MEDOC, ST. JULIEN, BATAILLEY, CHAT. LANGOA, CHAT. MOUTON, CHAT. LEOVILLE, CHAT. LAFFITE, CHAT. MARGAUX, CHAT. LATOUR, WHITE GRAVES, LATOUR BLANCHE, CHAT. YQUEM.

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

HOCK AND MOSELLE,

SPARKLING AND STILL.

1,000 CASES from the Celebrated House of

FEIST, BROS., & SON, Of Frankfort-on-the-Main.

ALEX. MCGIBBON.

CHAMPAGNE,

JULES MUMM & Co's.

CARTE BLANCHE, IMPERIAL, VERZENAY.

In Pints and Quarts.

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

ALEX. MCGIBBON.

CIGARS.

To connoisseurs Subscriber can confidently recommend his stock of

GENUINE HAVANAHS,

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

ALEXANDER MCGIBBON, ITALIAN WAREHOUSE.

3-21-tf

A NEW ERA IN WASHING!

LABOUR,

TIME,

CLOTHES

and



FUEL

SAVED

By the use

of

WARFIELD'S

COLD WATER SELF-WASHING SOAP!

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

SOLE AGENT FOR THE DOMINION,

J. B. BUSS, 254 GREAT St. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL. 3-21-d

O'FLAHERTY & BODEN,

PRACTICAL

HATTERS AND FURRIERS, 221 MCGILL STREET,

(NEAR NOTRE DAME STREET).

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

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

LEGGO & Co.,

Leggotypers, Electrotypers, Stereotypers, Engravers.

Chromo and Photo-Lithographers, Photographers, and

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

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

TRAVELLERS' DIRECTORY.

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

HAMILTON.

ROYAL HOTEL.....H. E. IRVING.

INGERSOLL.

ROYAL HOTEL.....DRAKE & McQUEEN.

LONDON.

REVERE HOUSE.....B. BARNARD.

MONTREAL.

ST. LAWRENCE HALL.....H. HOGAN.

ST. JAMES HOTEL.....}

OTTAWA.

THE RUSSELL HOUSE.....JAMES GOVIN.

QUEBEC.

ST. LOUIS HOTEL... } WILLIS RUSSELL & SON.

THE CLARENDON... }

STRATHROY.

EXCHANGE HOTEL.....W. LONG.

TORONTO.

THE ROSSIN HOUSE.....G. P. SHEARS,

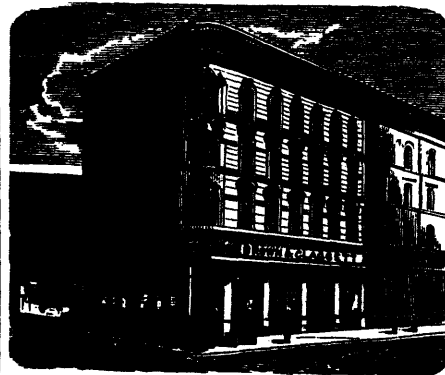
Lessee and Manager.

THE QUEEN'S HOTEL... CAPT. THOS. DICK.

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

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

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



THE RECOLLET HOUSE CONTAINS the best selected Stock of DRY GOODS in the Dominion.

Just received—SPRING MANTLES, SPRING & SUMMER SHAWLS, NEW SILKS, NEW POPLINS, NEW DRESS GOODS,

A new and complete assortment of MOURNING GOODS. BROWN & CLAGGETT, CORNER NOTRE DAME AND ST. HELEN STREETS. 3-20tf

CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT, OTTAWA, 12th May, 1871.

Authorized discount on American Invoices until further notice: 11 per cent.

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

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



USE ONLY

THE GLENFIELD STARCH,

EXCLUSIVELY USED IN THE ROYAL LAUNDRY OF ENGLAND,

and in that of His Excellency

THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA. 18tf

SEEDS! SEEDS!! SEEDS!!!

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

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

A liberal discount allowed to Storekeepers and Agricultural Societies.

J. GOULDEN,

CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST,

175 ST. LAWRENCE MAIN STREET, 175.

Branch: 363 St. Catherine Street. 8-15tf

MONTREAL BUSINESS HOUSES.

WATCHMAKERS & JEWELLERS.

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

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

HOUSE FURNISHING HARDWARE.

SIGN OF THE GOLDEN PADLOCK. STOVES, CUTLERY, REFRIGERATORS, CORNICERS, TINSMITHS. L. J. A. SURVEYER, 524, Craig Street. 3-10-zz

INSURANCES.

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

DYERS AND SOOURERS.

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

SHOW CARDS.

SEND for Catalogue of HICK'S New Show CARDS, 154, St. James Street, Montreal. 3-6zz

HAVANA CIGAR DEPOT.

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

MERCHANT TAILOR.

SAMUEL GOLTSMAN, 226 St. James Street. 3-3-zz

HOUSE AND LAND AGENTS.

JAMES MUIR, 198 St. James Street,—Adjoining Molson's Bank. 2-26-zz

HABERDASHERS.

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

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

MANUFACTURING AND WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS.

LYMANS, CLARE & CO., (ESTABLISHED 1803.) WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS, MANUFACTURERS OF LINSEED OIL. IMPORTERS OF FOREIGN DRUGS, PAINTERS' COLOURS, OILS AND DYE STUFFS, 382, 384 and 386 St. PAUL STREET, MONTREAL. 2-24-z

HATTERS AND FURRIERS.

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

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