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# Canadian Illustrated News

Vol. III.—No. 15.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, APRIL 15, 1871.

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{ \$4 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

## THE ROYAL MARRIAGE.

Our "Marriage Number" has been deferred until next week on account of the arrival of the drawings at too late a day to permit of our bestowing proper care upon their exact reproduction in the present issue. They will, however, appear in the next number (22nd inst.)

The readers of the *News* will thereby have the satisfaction of obtaining a correct representation of the ceremony as it actually took place, as well as of its principal accessories; for our artist made his sketch on the spot at the very time of the ceremony, and chose the occasion in the progress of the marriage service when

### THE QUEEN GIVES AWAY HER DAUGHTER.

Neither of the two leading London illustrated papers have the same reliable

## REPRESENTATIONS

of the auspicious event; in proof of which we can refer to their own pages, wherein the bridesmaids appear draped in long lace veils, though they wore no veils at all! Of course these pictures had been prepared in advance, and shew enterprise, but they fail in exactitude. Our own illustrations of the bridesmaids are being prepared with the view to give, not only the precise mode of dress, &c., as sketched by our artist, but also

### FAITHFUL PORTRAITS

of the noble young ladies, from the most recent pictures taken by the

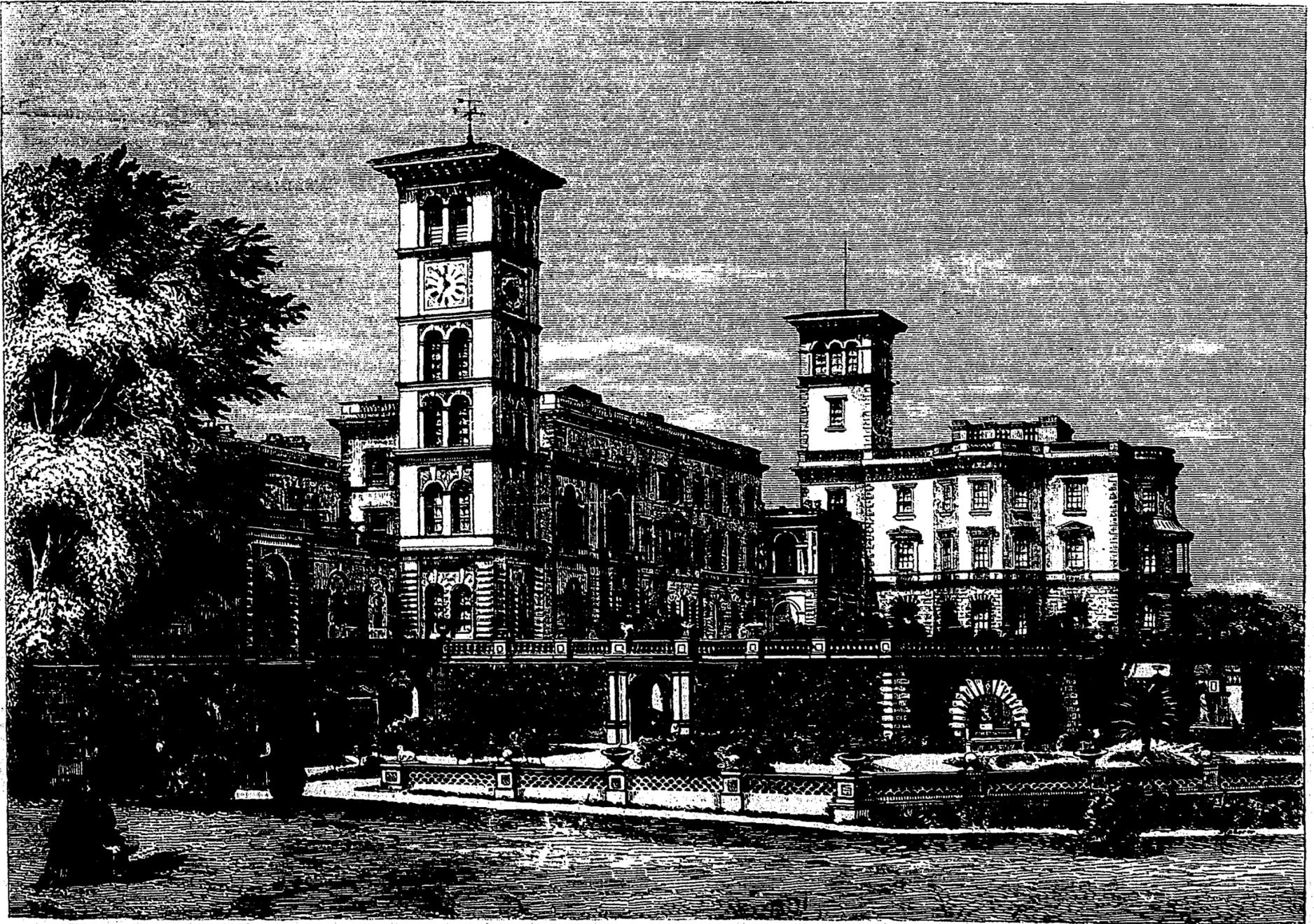
PHOTOGRAPHER TO THE QUEEN.

It is quite evident that the Marriage Ceremony has also been reproduced in London with more regard to economy in time and to scenic effect, than to accuracy of detail, the journals having had little difficulty in working it up with the illustration of the marriage of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales before them.

The readers of the *Canadian Illustrated News* will have the advantage of seeing a most effective sketch (double page) of the marriage of the

## PRINCESS LOUISE

at a very interesting part of the ceremony, our aim being to guarantee correct, as well as artistic representations of an event which will ever be memorable in the annals of the royal family of Britain.



THE PALACE OF OSBORNE, ISLE OF WIGHT.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

## THE PALACE OF OSBORNE, ISLE OF WIGHT.

On our first page we reproduce a view of the Royal Marine Palace of Osborne, on the Isle of Wight, one of the favourite summer resorts of Her Majesty. The Palace, which stands facing the sea, was erected under the immediate superintendence of Her Majesty and the late Prince Consort, by Mr. Barry, assisted by Mr. Thomas Cubitt. The Osborne estate, on which the Palace stands, was purchased by the Queen on the death of Lady Blachford, Her Majesty having become enamoured of life in the beautiful and picturesque little island from her experience of residence at Norris Castle before she was called to the throne, that mansion having been selected for her and her mother, the Duchess of Kent, in 1831.

## CLAREMONT, SURREY.

Claremont has been chosen for the present residence of the Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise. It is understood, however, that their summer residence will be within eight or ten miles of Balmoral Castle, the Princess having confirmed this opinion by saying in one of her letters, acknowledging a compliment from the people in the neighbourhood of Balmoral, that though she might not see them so frequently, yet she would keep them in remembrance when in her "own Highland home." The *Illustrated London News*, from which we copy the illustration of Claremont, says of it:

"The park and mansion of Claremont, the property of the Crown, situated close to the village of Esher, sixteen miles from London, will for the present be occupied by the Marquis of Lorne and his bride, Princess Louise. The park is three miles and a half in circuit, adjoining an open heathy common traversed by the Portsmouth road. The grounds are very agreeably laid out; they contain some fine trees, a lake five acres in extent, and a small Gothic building, originally intended for a summer-house, but now called the Mausoleum of Princess Charlotte. The house, designed by Brown, was built for Lord Clive, the famous conqueror of Bengal, just a hundred years since, at a cost of £100,000. It is of brick, with stone dressings, and the arms of Clive are inscribed above the portico. The first mansion on this ground was one built by Sir John Vanbrugh, the dramatist and architect, for himself, in the reign of Queen Anne. It was not like the cumbersome edifices he reared for others, which caused some wit to propose for his epitaph—

"Lie heavy on him, earth! for he  
Laid many a heavy load on thee."

Vanbrugh, who had purchased this site, was content with a small brick house for his own residence. This was afterwards sold to Holles, Earl of Clare, and more latterly Duke of Newcastle, from whose title it was named Clare-Mont. He added to Vanbrugh's building, and erected, to the westward, a castellated prospect-tower upon a mount. The grounds were laid out by Kent, a fashionable landscape-gardener; Horace Walpole admired them vastly, and the pineapples from the Claremont conservatories were sent to King George, in Hanover, by special couriers. The Duke of Newcastle, whose dwelling here was near his brother and Ministerial colleague, Henry Pelham, of Esher Place, having departed from the world, Claremont was bought by Clive. After Clive's death, in 1774, his newly-built mansion passed through the hands of Lord Galway and Lord Tyrconnel to those of Mr. Charles Rose Ellis, the friend and literary correspondent of Sir Walter Scott. Mr. Ellis was visited here by Sir Walter, who here wrote some of his poems. The place was afterwards sold to the Crown, which settled it on Princess Charlotte, daughter of George IV., and her husband, Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, subsequently made King of the Belgians. It was here that the Princess died, in November, 1817; and the house contains several memorials of her, portraits of herself and her husband, of her tutors and friends, and even pictures of her favourite horses and dogs. The place belonging to the late King Leopold for his life, it was put at the disposal, in 1848, of the exiled royal family of France. King Louis Philippe and his Consort, the late Queen Marie Amélie, here ended their days. It has since returned into the possession of the Crown."

## INVERARY CASTLE.

The residence of the head of the Clan Campbell, an illustration of which we copy from the *Illustrated London News*, is a spot of historic and legendary fame. We cannot at present say positively whether either of the chieftains so flatteringly spoken of in the following extract was the hero "doomed to everlasting fame" in the old Jacobite ballad, which recites that—

"Argyle, he cam doon wi' a hundred o' his men,  
A hundred o' his men, and mairlie;  
And they marched over fen, over hill and rocky glen  
For to plunder the bonnie hoose o' Airlie!"

But of a certainty the MacCallum More who undertook that murderous expedition, met with a heroic antagonist in the noble Lady Ogilvie, the mistress of the doomed mansion, who thus, (according to the song) answered his call for surrender:

"I winna come doon," Ladye Ogilvie she cried;  
"Nor will I kiss ye fairlie;  
"I winna come doon to ye, \*gley't Argyle,  
"Gin ye sudna leave a stannin stane o' Airlie;  
"But gin my gude lord were at hame this nicht,  
"As he is awa' wi' Chairlie;  
"It is na' Argyle nor a' his men  
"That wad plunder the bonnie hoose o' Airlie!"

We need hardly recite the "harry" and the burning of the "bonnie hoose" which followed, nor the quick vengeance which fell upon the mansion of Argyle, for these affairs belong to a period of strife and turmoil happily long passed away. The *Illustrated London News* makes the following remarks as to the former, and the present Castles of Inverary, the latter happily occupied by a nobleman distinguished in literature and statesmanship, and an acknowledged friend of social, moral and intellectual progress, who has just acquired the further high distinction of being able to call the Queen's child his daughter-in-law. Says the *News*:

"Far up Loch Fyne, an arm of the sea forty miles long, which pierces Western Scotland, its entrance protected from the ocean, moreover, by the lengthy peninsula of Cantire, and by several large islands, is seated the little county town of Argyllshire, with the great house of the Duke, now father-in-

\* Gley't (Scottic) "Squint-eyed."  
\* Gin "if."

law to Princess Louise. Inverary takes its name from the small river Aray, which here, with the Shiray, runs into the loch. The town is not much larger or handsomer than an English village; but it is a notable station for the herring fishery, and the "Glasgow magistrates," as the fish brought from Loch Fyne up the Clyde are vulgarly called, have a good marketable reputation. Inverary received its charter as a Royal burgh in 1648 from King Charles I., then a prisoner in Carisbrooke Castle, Isle of Wight. The population numbers about one thousand. Inverary Castle stands close by the town. It will be remembered how, in Scott's "Legend of Montrose," when Captain Dalgetty arrives here, with a guide from Sir Duncan Campbell of Ardenvohr, he sees a terrible sight in the market-place. "It was a space of irregular width, halfway between the harbour, or pier, and the frowning castle-gate, which terminated, with its gloomy archway, portcullis, and flankers, the upper end of the vista. Midway this space was erected a rude gibbet, on which hung five dead bodies, two of which, from their dress, seemed to have been Lowlanders, and the other three corpses were muffled in their Highland plaids." These were men condemned as malefactors and put to death by order of the Marquis of Argyll, who had plenary jurisdiction in the county, as the King's Justice; but the Highlander's account was that they were "just three gentlemen caterans and twa Sassenach bits o' bodies that wadna do something that MacCallum More bade them." Captain Dalgetty goes on, and at the gate of the castle, defended by two guns, finds an inclosure, within a stockade or palisado, where he sees a huge block smeared with blood, and an axe, likewise bloody, the ground strewn with sawdust, and a human head stuck on a pole. Such were the charms of Inverary in the seventeenth century. The old castle of that time, where Dalgetty was thrust into the dark dungeon with poor Ranald MacEagh, Son of the Mist, and whence he cleverly escaped by laying hands upon the Marquis, who had ventured alone to speak with them, has long since been demolished. The present mansion was built about 1750, by Archibald, third Duke of Argyll, brother to John the second Duke—two of the best and ablest public men Scotland has ever known. It was he, Duke Archibald, who, among other wise and beneficent acts, procured the abolition of those feudal privileges which some of his predecessors had so cruelly used. The architect employed for this building was Adam; this modern castle is a stately but heavy quadrangular structure, of dark slaty stone, with round towers at the angles and a pavilion above. In the great hall is kept a collection of Highland weapons, with the muskets used by the clan Campbell—on King George's side, of course—at the battle of Culloden. The park is beautifully wooded; and the conical hill of Dunquoich, overlooking the town, Glens Aray and Shiray, and Loch Fyne, commands an extensive landscape."

His Grace of Argyll also holds as a seat the Castle of Roseneath in Dumbartonshire, Scotland; and his "town" (London) residence is at Argyll-Lodge, Campden Hill, Kensington. His clubs are the Athenæum and the Travellers."

## THE FORTUNE TELLER.

The above scene is one which is familiar to every traveller in the Roman Campagna. Seated on the parapet of an old stone bridge, on which is sculptured in bold relief the papal keys and tiara, is a young Roman matron, clad in holiday garb, holding on her knee her first-born, a brown-faced, bright-eyed urchin of ten, who reluctantly holds out his hand for the inspection of a wizened old sybil, who is laying open to the anxious mother the future that awaits her child. The picture affords an excellent study of character. The young mother, with her eyes intently fixed on the fortune-teller's face, eagerly drinks in the story the old hag relates, while the latter, who might sit with success for the Witch of Endor or the Sybil of Cumæ, wears a look of impenetrable mystery, as she scans the child's open palm. The convent in the background is full of significance, as telling of the impunity with which the soothsayer pursues her calling under the very nose of the ecclesiastical authorities.

## DIPLOMATIC AND POLITICAL.

Col. Sir G. J. Wolsley, C.B., K.C.M.G., late in command of the Red River Expedition, who lost his appointment as Deputy Adjutant-General in North America upon the reduction of the Canadian Staff last year, will, it is stated, succeed Col. Whitmore as Assistant Adjutant-General in June.

It has been stated that the so-called "Irish Church Bill" of the Session 1869 never received the Royal Assent in accordance with the immemorial custom and established practice in the House of Lords—which requires that the Lords Spiritual and Temporal be actually seated in their places in the Chamber of Peers whilst such assent, whether personal or by commission, is given to any public bill; and that an empty House on the 26th of July, 1869, vitiated the whole procedure.—*Ecclesiastical Gazette*, March 14, 1871.

Mr. Odo Russell, in giving evidence on Thursday last before the Diplomatic Service Committee, said he had had personal experience of two corps which he considered to be models of thorough and perfect organization, and which proved what could be effected by the principle of selection (as opposed to seniority) when intelligently carried out—the Prussian Army and the Order of Jesuits. The witness added that he would be glad to see our Diplomatic Service on a similar plan.

"WHERE ONCE THE SIRE HAS TROD, SHALL THE SON NOT TREAD ONCE MORE?"—Alfred de Musset's prophecy has been fulfilled in a way that he hardly could have expected when he wrote his celebrated "Reply" to Becker's "German Rhine;" witness the following from the *Court Journal*:—"The Prince Imperial has joined the Chiselhurst troop of the West Kent (Queen's Own) Yeomanry Cavalry, commanded by the Earl of Darnley, and comprising many of the country gentry. The young Prince was present at drill on Chiselhurst Common on Tuesday, in plain clothes. Quartermaster Hammond has received instructions to prepare his uniform and accoutrements, and he will probably take his place in the ranks of the English Volunteers every Wednesday." The only difference is that the father served as a guardian of the peace, while the son's service will only be required in the event of war.

Mr. Voysey, the English clergyman who appeared lately before the Court of Arches on a charge of heresy, has stated through the *Times*, that he hopes shortly to open a church in London "perfectly independent of any other religious communion."

## MISCELLANEOUS.

The Dover Young Men's Christian Association have, by a majority, decided not to allow *Punch* to lie on the table of their reading-room, on the ground that it is a "publication contemptuous of religious influences, if not absolutely hostile to them." Unhappy *Punch*! How long can it survive the anathemas of the D. Y. M. C. A.?

The editor of a journal published in Antwerp sent a reporter to Brussels for the king's speech, and with him a couple of carrier pigeons to take back the document speedily. At Brussels he gave the pigeons in charge to a waiter, and called for breakfast. He was kept waiting some time, but a very delicate fricassee atoned for the delay. After breakfast, he paid his bill, and called for his carrier pigeons. "Pigeons!" exclaimed the waiter; "why you have eaten them."

A GOOD CELLAR.—Messrs. Christie and Manson, of London, (Eng.) sold the other day the cellar of wines belonging to the Rev. John Hodgson, lately deceased, who was for many years secretary to the Clergy Mutual Insurance Society. According to the printed catalogue it consisted of sixty dozens of sherry and thirty dozens of port, of the vintages of 1847, 1851, 1858, and 1865; also, seventy dozens of old East India sherry, sixty dozens of pale sherry, also ten dozens of old Madeira, seventy dozens of port (upwards of twenty years in bottle, from a nobleman's cellar), twelve dozens of Veuve Cliquot's champagne, vintage of 1846; and seven dozens of Moët's champagne, vintage of 1848, from the Duke of Hamilton's sale—in all, 3,924 bottles.

An odd incident occurred in the House of Commons the other night. Whilst the leader of the Opposition was talking, the Marquis of Lorne came into the gallery to hear him. Many members had taken the same point of advantage, and the Marquis sat down without seeing that his next neighbour was Mr. Peter Taylor. The two looked at each other, of course with no sign of recognition; but neither seemed very comfortable. Mr. Taylor tried to edge away, but could not, for the member on the other side of him enjoyed the joke, and would not make room. The Marquis could not go away; that would have looked gauche and absurd. So the two sat side by side in unpleasant juxtaposition—the future husband of the Queen's daughter next to the senator who had tried to prevent the Queen's daughter from having any dowry.

A REPORTER'S JOKE.—Mr. Thomas Gill, a veteran newspaper reporter who died in Boston a week or two ago, in his lifetime was very fond of a joke, and possessed a keen sense of humour. The Washington "Chronicle" gives an amusing instance of his drollery. The Hon. Robert Rantoul, jr., was delivering to an immense audience an oration at a celebration on Bunker Hill, in the course of which he described with great pathos and effect the famous battle which had occurred on the very spot where they were assembled. As he resumed his seat Gill, who was seated near him, carelessly remarked, "My father was in that battle." Rantoul immediately sprang to his feet and announced this fact, whereupon there were vehement calls from the crowd for the son of the Revolutionary hero. Mr. Gill modestly rose, and after acknowledging the vociferous cheers which greeted him, quietly informed his hearers that it was true that his father was in the Battle of Bunker Hill, but—he was fighting on the other side! The scene that followed "beggared description." Mr. Gill was an Englishman by birth, and one of the first professional reporters who came to America.—*N. Y. Standard*.

## CANADIAN PARLIAMENT.

## SENATE.

There was no session of the Senate on Monday.

Tuesday, April 4.—The session was entirely taken up with the British Columbia debate, Hon. Mr. CHAPUIS, in a long and able speech, defending the policy of the Government.

Wednesday, April 5.—The British Columbia debate was resumed and the Bill eventually carried by 39 to 21.

Thursday, April 6.—A number of private bills, with the Fisheries Amendment Bill, were read a third time and passed, after which the Senate adjourned.

Friday being a statutory holiday there was no session.

Saturday, April 8.—Some conversation took place respecting the placing of certain works of art in the Senate Chamber, after which the House, having received and read for the first time a number of bills from the Commons, and having passed certain other bills, adjourned until Monday.

## HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Monday, April 3.—Some conversation took place respecting the Parliamentary Printing, several members taking occasion to complain that the rates paid the printers were too low, and as a consequence the work was defective. Mr. CARTWRIGHT moved for an address to the Queen on the subject of the withdrawal of garrisons and munitions of war, and in a lengthy speech severely criticised the policy of Great Britain towards her North American colonies. The motion passed, and the House went into Committee of the Whole and reported progress. Mr. BLANCHET made a motion for instructions for the establishment of a corps of stenographers to report at length the debates of the House, in both languages, and thus lay a foundation for an official Hansard. Mr. MACKENZIE brought forward statistics to show that a vote of \$12,000 was all that would be required for a session's service. The motion was exceedingly well received by the majority of the House, and after some discussion was carried with the following amendment, made by Mr. CHEVAL, "that the expenses be paid out of the personal indemnity of the members." On Mr. COLBY's motion for the second reading of the Bill to repeal the Insolvent Act, Sir G. E. CARTIER made a test motion to adjourn the reading until Thursday week, and the amendment being put to the vote was lost by 60 to 79. The second reading was thus carried, but Mr. COLBY stating that he would content himself with moving to refer the bill to committee on Thursday week, several new amendments were offered, the SPEAKER finally settling the matter at the instance of Mr. CRAWFORD by deciding that the bill was out of order. Mr. BOWELL having withdrawn his bill to legalize certain marriages after a lengthy discussion, the House adjourned at 1 a.m.

Tuesday, April 4.—Sir G. E. CARTIER moved for a Committee of the Whole for the following day to consider a resolution providing that the Pacific Railway should be worked by private enterprise and not by the Dominion Government. On the motion for the third reading of the Bill to amend the

Customs Act, Mr. CAMERON (Huron) moved to strike out the word "salt" wherever it occurred, stating that the removal of the duties on salt was a breach of faith with those who had invested large amounts in the trade, and tended to destroy an important branch of commerce. Mr. BOWELL made a further amendment, re-imposing all the duties lately repealed, except those on coal and coke; which, being put to the vote, was lost by 8 to 110. Several other amendments were offered and lost, that of Mr. CAMERON being also rejected, and the bill finally passed its third reading. Mr. MACKENZIE called the attention of the Minister of Militia to the fact that the stipendiary magistrate had recently used his influence, as an authorized agent of the Government, in the recent elections at Windsor. Mr. JONES, of Halifax, charged Dr. TUPPER with having also interfered in the elections in Nova Scotia. A long debate ensued, in the course of which Mr. MACKENZIE offered a resolution reflecting strongly on the action of the Government and the conduct of Dr. TUPPER. This resolution, being put to the vote, was lost by 51 to 93. The House then went into Committee of Supply, and having passed a few items of the estimates, adjourned at 1.16 a. m.

Wednesday, April 5.—On motion for concurrence in an item for the Intercolonial Railway from Committee of Supply, Hon. Mr. McDougall moved to alter the gauge from 5ft. 6in. to 4ft. 8½in. The motion gave rise to a debate which lasted until recess, but was ultimately thrown out, as also another motion from the same member, providing that iron rails should be used in place of steel. Several private bills were read the third time and passed, and also the Fisheries Amendment Act. After some conversation respecting the system of Militia Administration the House went into Committee of Supply, and passed the items under the head of Militia. Committee rose and reported, and the House adjourned at 11 30 p. m.

During the day's session two Manitoba members, Mr. DeLorme (Provence), and Dr. Schultz (Lisgar), took their seats, the former on the Government, and the latter on the Opposition benches.

Thursday, April 6.—Hon. Mr. McDougall moved the House into committee to consider certain resolutions for an address for amended regulations for the survey, distribution, settlement and sale of lands in Manitoba. He criticised the present regulations, stating that emigrants would not travel through 200 or 300 miles of Prairie Country in the Western States, where there were no embarrassing conditions of settlement, to settle in Manitoba, where such close to settlement did exist. He also attacked the regulation fixing the area of townships, and complained that the Government had acted arbitrarily in their administration of the 1,400,000 acres. He denounced the price fixed by Government—for the settlers would not pay one dollar in Manitoba when land could be had in the States for nothing, and for 75 cents in Ontario. Hon. Mr. MORAN defended the Government system. Mr. BOWELL urged an amendment of the regulations in a manner to allow volunteers land in Manitoba, whether they became settlers or not. Sir GEORGE CARTIER replied that the Government intend granting a lot to each volunteer who went to Red River, whether he became a settler or not, the sole exception being in the case of those discharged for bad conduct. Those who settled would receive a second lot on the same conditions as other settlers. Dr. SCHULTZ then rose, and in a vigorous and argumentative speech defended the Government policy, winding up by stating that he had been instructed by his constituents to thank the Government for the land grant. After recess Sir GEORGE CARTIER moved the House into committee to consider an Act to make temporary provision for the election of members to serve in the House of Commons, introducing several amendments to avoid difficulties arising in elections, as, for instance, in the case of the Kamouraska election. After a lengthened discussion the Bill, with slight alterations, was reported by Committee, and the House rose at midnight.

The House did not sit on Good Friday.

Saturday, April 8.—After some conversation relating to printing and binding, the Election Bill was taken up, Hon. Mr. DORIOS moving an amendment to leave the law in its existing state with regard to returning officers, which was lost on a division by 38 to 90. Mr. TREMBLAY then offered an amendment providing for voting by ballot, which was also lost—39 to 90. Several other amendments were offered and lost by considerable majorities, after which committee rose and reported the bill with some trifling amendments, and the bill was read a third time and passed. The Bill respecting Insurance Companies as amended by the Standing Committee on Banks and Banking passed through committee and received its third reading, after which the House adjourned at midnight.

THE BOYS' HOME, MONTREAL.

Without preliminary excitement or noise one of the long-felt wants of our community was a few months ago quietly filled. The building which the above engraving represents rising to its present proportions on Mountain street, near St. Antoine Market, was a puzzle to passers-by until the explanatory words appeared over the door to show wherefore it had been built. Our enquiries into the history and design of this enterprise have elicited the following facts:—The property upon which it is built was acquired some years ago by the Montreal Infant School Association, for the purpose of carrying on the work which the name of the society indicated, and in connection with it, if possible, a home for homeless boys. Soon afterwards the Protestant School Commissioners expressed their determination to make complete provision for the youngest children who could go to school; and the Roman Catholics having long before had the same want supplied, the Association determined to devote its energies for the present to helping poor boys to become useful members of society. At a meeting of the Board, called to consider the requirements of the matter, Chas. Alexander, Esq., one of its members, announced his determination that the work should not drag for lack of funds to build, and offered to pay the balance on the land and build the house. Another member, Mr. Baylis, at once volunteered to assume the debt on the property, and thus leave Mr. Alexander's hands free for future efforts. At the formal opening of the building some months since it was explained that money would still be needed for the furnishing and maintenance of the house, an announcement which was greeted by many large subscriptions, which were handed unsolicited to Mr. Alexander. When the time came to admit the boys a supper was given to them by their benefactors, and on the next night the house was opened to those who wished to sleep in it. Although a work of benevolence, there was no

idea of charity in its ordinary modern meaning. It was not for paupers or charity boys. The boys were required to pay for all they got at rates within their means, and were independent as boys who earn their own living ought to be. On the first night the tremendous character of the undertaking became evident, as Mr. Ritchie, the self-sacrificing Superintendent, and Mr. Alfred Perry, also a devoted friend of the boys, can testify. The utterly untamed character of the beings among whom they found themselves, whose condition no really civilized person can imagine, and which we are not here going to describe, made the task of maintaining order among them appear desperate. But no task was too unpleasant to be undertaken for the sake of these bright independent lads, almost all of them newsboys, with weather-beaten faces and stentorian lungs, and a few days of cleanliness, good and regular meals, wrought marvels. Mr. Ritchie, who, as he tells us, did not during the first week of his work get more than two or three hours' sleep all told, and whose no mean strength was threatening at one time to give way altogether, is now after a month or two able to look with the same satisfaction which every one else feels at the wondrous change which has been wrought on the lads, who now go out each morning like young gentlemen to their work, and returning in the evening put their earnings in the bank, and then, after proper ablutions and a good meal sit down to an evening's reading or study as they may prefer. In study they are guided by a regular teacher, assisted by friends who spend evenings at this labour of love under the supervision of the Montreal Teachers' Association.

It is a lovely sight to see night after night wealthy men or gentle girls sitting side by side with these young children of Ishmael, helping them in their struggles through the intricacies of addition and subtraction, and teaching, the while, silent lessons of Christian sympathy and love.

Their progress in writing and counting has been already quite surprising. They have music now and again with the help of an organ which lady friends come to play, and once a fortnight they have some kind of entertainment, such as a magic lantern, or a variety of songs. On Sundays every effort is made to induce them to attend whatever church they belong to, and in the afternoon they are entertained with such tales and songs as may make the day of rest pass rapidly away. We cannot too highly commend the liberal management which is manifest throughout this enterprise, and the way in which the individuality and self-respect of the boys are fostered. The managers have still many plans which will be carried out when the means are forthcoming. No considerable subscriptions have come in for some time. There may be some who have not before known about this work of practical christianity who may now feel inclined to lend a hand.

The subscription list thus far stands as follows:—

Table with 2 columns: Name and Amount. Includes Chas. Alexander (\$5,536), Jas. Baylis (1,200), J. S. McLachlan (300), John Dougal & Sons (100), Mrs. Dougall (100), Wm. Clonbuneng (100), E. K. Greene (100), Mrs. Geo. Hazen (100), Hon. Robert Jones (100), A. F. Hall (100), Mrs. H. Lyman (100), An old boy (100), John Caverhill (100), M. Haman (50), Laird Paton (\$ 50), Wm. McDonough (25), J. H. Hird (25), Crathern & Caverhill (25), Mrs. John Redpath (25), Gilbert Scott (23), J. G. McKenzie (20), W. J. Patterson (20), John Watson (20), John Henderson (20), W. F. Kay (20), Minor sums (117), Total \$3,476.

OLD ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH, MONTREAL.

The observant pedestrian who threads his way along St. Joseph Street, from Chaboulliez Square in the direction of the Place d'Armes, will miss a familiar landmark that stood among the buildings that line the thoroughfare, and one that, if perchance he be an Episcopalian and a Benedict, will bring to his mind pleasing or sad recollections of the day that has been treasured up in his mind as "the happiest in his life." On turning the bend of the road a little to the east of the square, the most conspicuous object in the vista of bricks and mortar that opens itself to view was an antiquated-looking, square grey stone tower, that bore unmistakable evidence of having suffered at the hands of both time and weather. This tower was the belfry of old St. George's—the church that for nearly thirty years bore the same prestige among the monde of Montreal as does its namesake of Hanover Square among the rank and fashion of the British metropolis, and which now, having done good service, is in process of demolition previous to being converted into—a Safe Factory!

The old Church of St. George (the epithet is given merely as a distinguishing mark, and not on account of the actual age of the building) was erected about the year 1842, by a limited number of individuals—some fifty, if we reckon right—and was intended to serve as a Chapel of Ease to the Parish Church, (Christ Church) which at that time stood on Notre Dame Street, on the site now occupied by the Crystal Block. The congregation at the time was small, consisting almost entirely of the families of the subscribers to the church; but the number of these increasing with unprecedented rapidity, it was soon found necessary to add galleries for the accommodation of the large number of worshippers who weekly flocked within its walls to hear the celebrated preacher Dr. Leach. In a few years the little proprietary church stood first in the rank of city churches, and the congregation continuing to grow, it was lately decided, after much hesitation and long debate, to build a larger and more convenient place of worship on a site to be selected in the west end of the city. The site chosen was on the corner of St. François de Salle and Janvier streets, where a handsome building has been erected, which was occupied early in the winter. The fate of the old church was soon decided. Having never been consecrated it could be turned to secular purposes, and accordingly it was sold to a large manufacturer, who is now engaged in converting it into a factory. The upper story of the building will, we understand, be used as a concert or lecture-room.

The peculiar style of architecture of St. George's Church was calculated to produce a false impression by making the building appear of far more ancient date than it could really claim, and many a tourist has been found gazing upon its stones with a reverent interest in his look, evidently deeming it to be some ancient landmark, some venerable relic of the past that had escaped the Destroyer's hand to remind the present generation of the piety and enterprise of their forefathers. To such it must be rather a blow to learn that the church is only twenty-nine years old, and was erected within the memory of hundreds of the present inhabitants of Montreal.

The style of the building was the Modified Early English—that of Salisbury Cathedral, to which, had the spire been

completed as originally intended, St. George's would have borne a near resemblance, except in point of size. That honour, however, has never been attained. The spire never existed except on paper, and now at last the tower itself has disappeared for ever, and the building, instead of resounding with solemn music, will ring with the clatter and din of the workshop.

Old St. George's was built after the designs of Mr. W. Footner, the well-known and able architect of the Court House and Bonsecours Market, and of St. George's Church, Toronto.

THE R. C. CATHEDRAL, ST. JOHN'S, N. F.

In 1841 the Right Rev. Dr. Fleming, the then R. C. Bishop of St. John's, laid the foundation of the Cathedral of St. John's, and fourteen years later, in 1855, it was consecrated by the then Bishop, the Right Rev. Dr. Mullock. The site is one of the most remarkable in the world, overlooking the city of St. John's, and facing the Atlantic Ocean. At an elevation of three hundred feet above sea level, it is at once the most conspicuous object, and the chief architectural ornament of the capital of Newfoundland. It is built in the style of a Roman Basilica, is 246 feet, 6 inches long, and 186 feet, 6 inches in the transept; and the façade is 99 feet wide. It is, with the exception of the ambulatories, or low aisles, faced with cut limestone from Galway, in Ireland, and the quoires, mouldings, cornices, window-frames, and string and belt courses, are of Dublin granite. The façade is flanked by two towers, 150 feet high; the nave and transept are 52 feet wide, without including the pillars; and the low side-aisles, or, as they are called, ambulatories, open into the main building by a series of elegant arches. The walls are ornamented with Corinthian pilasters, surmounted by a cornice 13 feet wide; while the arches are artistically ornamented. The ceiling of the nave, like many of those in Italy, is flat, enriched with elaborate centre-pieces; but that of the ambulatories forms a succession of groined arches, corresponding to the arches that open into the nave. The apsis of the church is semicircular, and forms the choir behind the great altar; and already eight other altars have been erected, all ornamented with statuary. The four evangelists are placed at a height of about 30 feet from the ground, at the intersection of the nave and transept. The great altar, is, perhaps, the finest specimen of art in the whole western world. It stands apart at the intersection of the nave and transept, isolated, like many of those in the ancient churches of Rome. The altar and tabernacle are faced with white marble, the rest is of Caen stone, or a soft, cream-coloured marble. A triumphal arch, or Baldacchino, beautifully carved with wreaths, and the ceiling coffered in rosettes, like the arch of Titus in the Roman forum, is surmounted by a group of angels bearing aloft the cross, at a height of 52 feet from the floor of the church. This canopy, or arch, is supported by eight monolithic columns of polished granite.

"IN GAOL FOR DEBT," OR THE ARTIST'S REVENGE.—The following anecdote is told of M. Wiertz, the celebrated German painter, who was sometimes called the crazy artist:—"After having finished a portrait of the old aristocratic Countess de —, who pretended to be only thirty when nearly sixty, she refused to accept the painting, saying that it did not look anything like herself, and that her most intimate friends would not recognise a single feature of her on that piece of canvas. Wiertz smiled kindly at the remark, and as a true knight of old gallantly re-conducted the lady to her carriage. Next morning there was a grand disturbance in the Rue de la Madeline. A big crowd was gathered before a window, and the following words were whispered from ear to ear:—"Is the Countess de — really in gaol for her debts?" Wiertz had exercised a little vengeance towards his noble but unfair customer. As she had refused the portrait, he set to work and painted a few iron bars on the picture, with these words, "In gaol for debt." He exhibited the painting in a jeweller's window, in the principal street of Brussels, and the effect was instantaneous. A few hours later the Countess was back in Wiertz's studio, pouring invectives on him at high pressure—to have exhibited her likeness under such scandalous, &c., &c. "Most noble lady," was the artist's reply, "you said the painting did not look anything like yourself, and that your most intimate friends would not have recognised a single one of your features in the picture. I wanted simply to test the truth of your statement—that is all!" The portrait was taken away, the city laughed, the artist charged double price, and gave the amount to the poor of the city.

CHESS.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 28.

- White. Black. 1. B. to Q. 4th. P. takes P. 2. B. to K. Kt. sq. P. moves. 3. R. to Q. sq. P. takes R. (Q.) 4. Kt. to R. 5th. 5. Kt. to Kt. 3rd. mate.

CHARADES, &c.

NUMBERED CHARADE, No. 9.

Composed of twenty letters.

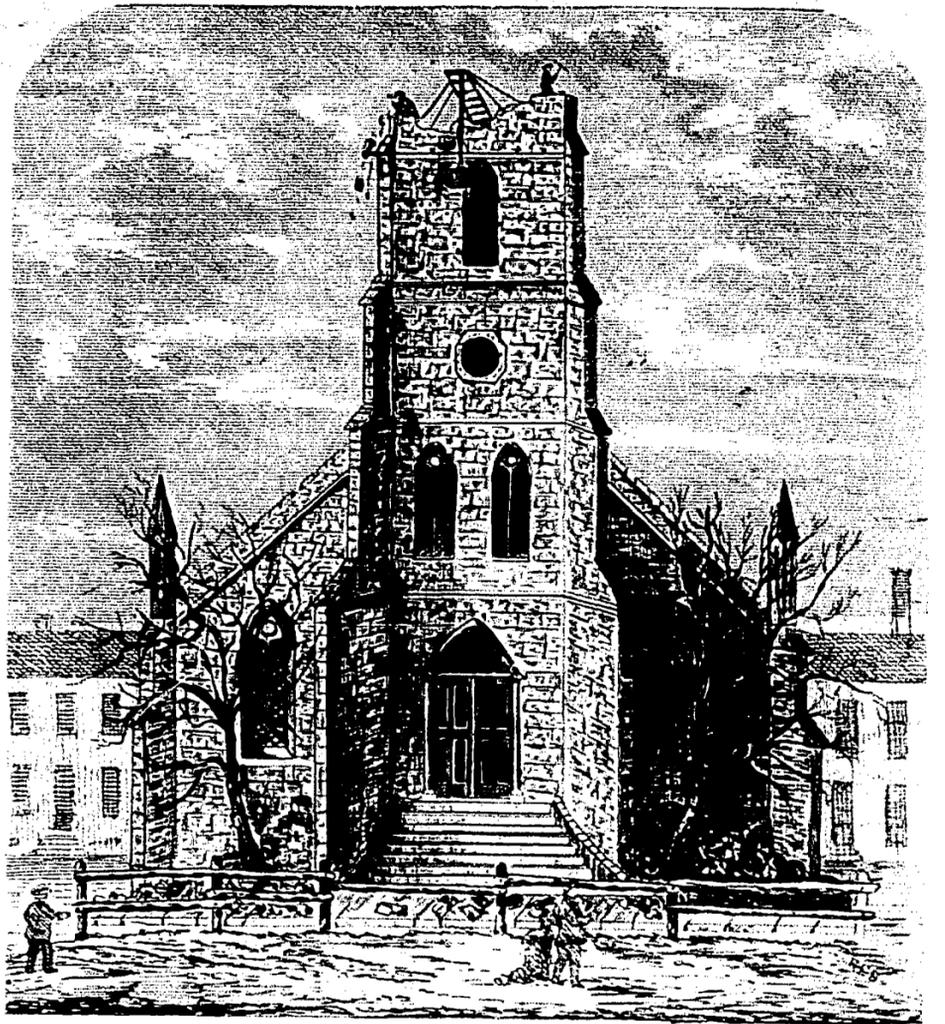
- My 20, 4, 12, 5 is a period of time. My 8, 1, 10, 3 is used in hospitals. My 18, 15, 3, 4, 14 is a necessary of life. My 13, 11, 7, 10 is a quadruped. My 6, 5, 9, 18, 2 is a coin. My 10, 19, 16, 17 is a part of the human body. And my whole is the property of the Dominion Government. R. T. A. L., GUYSBORO, N. S.

TEMPERATURE in the shade, and Barometer indications for the week ending Saturday, April 8, 1871, observed by JOHN UNDERHILL, Optician to the Medical Faculty of McGill University, 220 Notre Dame Street.

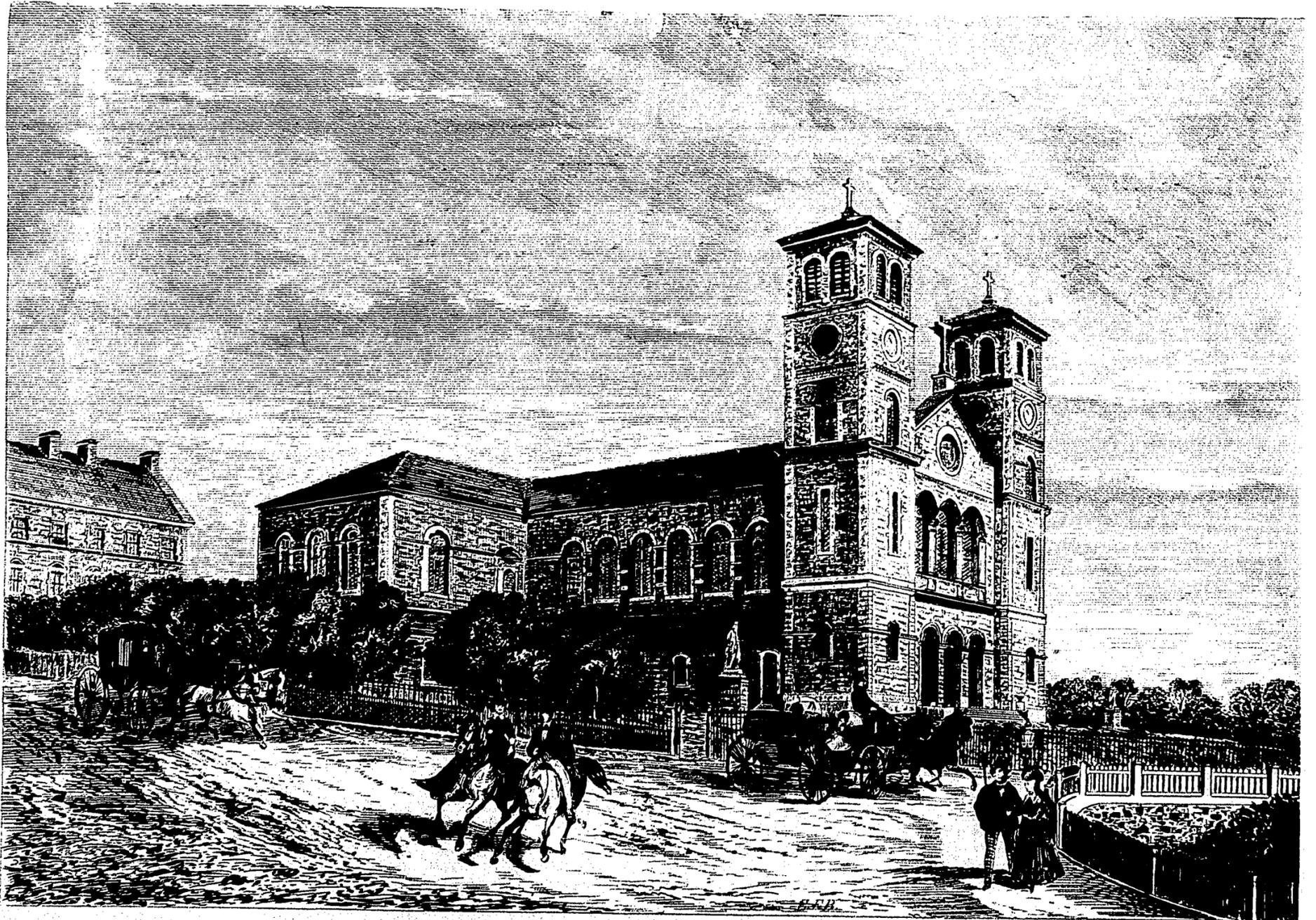
Table with 12 columns: Day, Date, 9 A.M., 1 P.M., 6 P.M., MAX., MIN., MEAN, 9 A.M., 1 P.M., 6 P.M. Includes data for April 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8.



THE BOYS' HOME, MONTREAL.  
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR ARTIST. SEE PAGE 227.



OLD ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH, MONTREAL, IN COURSE OF DEMOLITION.  
FROM A SKETCH BY ALFRED SANDHAM. SEE PAGE 227.



THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL, ST. JOHNS, Nfld. SEE PAGE 227.

No. 68.—HON. E. B. WOOD,  
M. P.,

TREASURER OF ONTARIO.

Mr. Wood has not been long in public life considering the high position he has achieved. A little more than seven years ago he entered Parliament for the first time, yet it is almost four years since he became a Minister of the Crown. For this rapid promotion he is probably indebted, in about equal proportions, to his own ability and the favour of circumstances. Going into the Legislative Assembly as a supporter of the then existing Macdonald-Dorion Government, after having defeated Mr. Ryerson for one of the Ridings of Brant by a very large majority, his Parliamentary duties were at first not very burdensome, consisting chiefly in voting steadily with his leaders. It soon happened, however, that his party exchanged seats with their opponents, and in the Opposition ranks Mr. Wood was not long in gaining for himself a high position. His powerful physique, and his store of legal lore, supplemented by great facility of speech, soon won for him a leading part as a debater, and during the stormy and exciting period which preceded the formation of the coalition of 1864, he had the opportunity of breaking a lance with almost every leading man of the Conservative party. If our memory is not astray, it was during that time that poor McGee, in allusion to Mr. Wood's powerful style of oratory, as well as to the fact of a large Indian settlement being within his county, gave him the *soubriquet* of "Big Thunder," and indeed the volubility and thundering tones of Mr. Wood's voice gave McGee's well meant pleasantry so much of aptitude that it has not yet been quite forgotten. When the Coalition was formed on the basis of Confederation, Mr. Wood gave it his hearty support, and continued, during that and the two following sessions, to adhere to the general policy of the Government. It was fitting, therefore, from the position he had won for himself in the ranks of the Reform party, that the Hon. J. S. Macdonald should seek his assistance in forming the first Cabinet for the Province of Ontario.

Edmund Burke Wood was born near Chippawa, U. C., on the 14th February, 1817. His father, who was of Irish extraction, removed from the United States to Canada in 1812. Mr. Wood completed his education at Oberlin College, Ohio, and returning to Canada, devoted himself to the study of the law. He was called to the U. C. bar in 1854, and commenced his profession at Brantford, where he still carries on a lucrative practice.

At the general election of 1863 he offered himself for South Brant in the Reform interest, and was returned by a large majority. At the next general election (the first under Confederation) he was elected both to the House of Commons and the Legislative Assembly of Ontario. At the late election for the same Province he was again returned by a handsome majority, thus proving that he possesses that very necessary element of strength to a politician—the confidence of his constituents.

When the Ontario Cabinet was formed by the Hon. J. S. Macdonald in July, 1867, Mr. Wood became Treasurer of that Province and a member of its Executive Council. His position in that important office has been an enviable one, for he has had, year after year, in his budget speeches, to recite the story of an ever-accumulating surplus. The financial arrangement under the Union Act, which was said by many to have been unfair to Ontario, and which, in fact, gave a smaller proportion per head to that Province than to any other, has resulted in endowing it with a surplussage of funds already counted by millions of dollars, while some of the other Provinces are represented as scraping at the bottom of their lockers. This

OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY.



HON. E. B. WOOD, M. P., TREASURER OF ONTARIO.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN.



WOODLAND SCENE NEAR THE TOWN OF DUNDAS, ONT.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. R. STARR, WOODSTOCK.

apparently inexplicable fact will be readily understood, however, when it is stated that the Upper Canadians pay for their roads and bridges, and for the maintenance of the greater part of their public educational establishments and charitable institutions, by local or municipal taxation. Were a like system followed to the same extent in the other Provinces the plethora of funds would not be confined to Ontario. It must be said, however, that the Ontario Government has been economical, almost to parsimony, and of this policy Mr. Wood has ever been the staunch champion.

In the House of Commons and in relation to the Arbitration between Upper and Lower Canada, Mr. Wood has been no less zealous in the advocacy of Western interests. He battled earnestly against the "better terms" conceded to Nova Scotia, bothered the late Minister of Finance not a little as to the financial settlement to be made between the Dominion and the late Province, and finally succeeded in getting a verdict from the arbitrators in favour of his Province, which we think, however, will hardly "hold water." Though Mr. Wood has entered his fifty-fifth year, he is still fresh and vigorous, and, being of a strong constitution, appears to be fit for very many years of hard work yet.

WOODLAND SCENE NEAR DUNDAS.

We have already described the small but thriving town of Dundas, in the South Riding of the County of Wentworth, Ont., and illustrated some of the neighbouring scenery. The view here presented is on the stream which furnishes the water-power to the various industries in the town, and was photographed by Mr. Stark, of Woodstock.

The Duke of Gloucester, third son of the Prince of Wales, father of George IV., was a dull child, and his mother used to cause him great distress at times by jeering him on account of his dulness, in the presence of his brothers and sisters; on one particular occasion telling them to laugh at the fool. The sensitive child held down his head and said nothing; upon which the princess changed her tone, and accused him of sulkiness. "No," he said, "he was not sulky, he was only thinking." "And pray what are you thinking of?" inquired the princess, with increasing scorn in her manner. "I was thinking," said the poor child, "how I should feel if I had a son as unhappy as you make me."

It is now perfectly understood that the Prince and Princess of Wales will visit Ireland in the month of August next. His Royal Highness has accepted the office of President of the Royal Agricultural Society, and in that capacity it is expected that he will preside at the annual dinner which will take place—the show being held this year in St. Stephen's green, Dublin—in the Exhibition Palace. It is said that the Prince of Wales is most desirous of affording the Princess an opportunity of viewing the magnificent scenery of Killarney, and that for this purpose Viscount Castlerosse has placed his charming residence at the disposal of their Royal Highnesses, whom he has invited as his guests. If our information prove correct, the stay of the Royal party in the autumn, 1871, will not be as brief as former visits, but will constitute in real truth a Royal progress through Ireland. Other seats than those of the nobleman mentioned will, it is thought, be visited. The Victoria and Albert yacht will be commissioned for the service of the illustrious party.

The *Courrier du Pas de Calais* says that a petition to the Assembly at Bordeaux has been signed by seventy-five persons in Boulogne, praying the Assembly to offer the Crown of France to the Count de Chambord, on condition that he shall recognise the Count de Paris as his heir presumptive.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, APRIL 22, 1871.

SENDAY, April 16.—*Loic Sunday*. Battle of Culloden, 1746.  
 MONDAY, " 17.—*St. Stephen*. Ab. Benjamin Franklin died, 1790.  
 BROOK'S Monument destroyed, 1840. Magdala  
 burned, 1868.  
 TUESDAY, " 18.—Judge Jeffries died, 1689. First newspaper pub-  
 lished in America, 1704. Abernethy died, 1831.  
 WEDNESDAY, " 19.—*St. Alphege*, Abp. & M. Melancthon died, 1560.  
 Battle of Lexington, 1775. Byron died, 1824.  
 THURSDAY, " 20.—Rump Parliament dissolved by Cromwell, 1653.  
 Louis Napoleon, ex-Emperor of the French,  
 born, 1808.  
 FRIDAY, " 21.—*St. Anselm*, Abp. Cromwell created Protector,  
 1653. Prince Eugene of Savoy died, 1732.  
 SATURDAY, " 22.—Fielding born, 1707. Odessa bombarded by the  
 Allies, 1854.

## THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, APRIL 15, 1871.

THERE is no international question of more immediate consequence to Canada than that of the relations between Great Britain and the United States. It is gratifying, therefore, to read that the Joint High Commission are making satisfactory progress. We cannot suppose, with Sir John A. Macdonald as a member, that Canadian rights are being surrendered, neither do we believe that the people of the Dominion would tamely submit to being despoiled of local rights for the sake of Imperial interests, nor that the Imperial Government would ask such a sacrifice from this country. Hence it is that Canadians have looked upon the labours of the Commission without the slightest apprehension. No people are more anxious than they that there should be an amicable settlement between the American and Imperial Governments, for the somewhat selfish reason that no people would suffer more from a rupture between the two; but it has never appeared yet that Canadians either shrunk from performing their duty to the parent State, or consented to surrender the privileges which are theirs in virtue of their connection with Great Britain.

The Commission is reported to be making very rapid progress, not only with respect to the Fishery question, but also as regards that of the "Alabama" claims. The bone of contention is said to be that of the San Juan boundary, between Vancouver Island and the United States, in the Gulf of Georgia; and on this question the Americans doubtless find themselves unpleasantly situated, because, in former times, Yankee shrewdness had won from British incapacity concessions that facts, subsequently revealed, proved to be wholly unjustifiable. Americans would certainly not hurt their reputation before the world by frankly disavowing, at once and for all, the outrageous pretensions of General Harney, whose ignorance on the international boundary question was little less than his desire to bring the two countries into conflict. There are still men filled with Harney's aspirations, who would rejoice at creating a quarrel between Great Britain and the United States, even if the ground of it were utterly frivolous, and of all men in the world these are they whom Canada has the greatest reason to abhor.

In regard to the trade relations between Canada and the United States, a letter appeared in the *New York World* of the 3rd inst., in relation to the Canadian fisheries, which, we think, ought to assist the Americans in coming to a correct conclusion as to the wisdom, or the reverse, of their trade policy towards Canada. There it is shown by figures which are indisputable, that in spite of the high American tariff the trade with Canada in the article named has very greatly increased. The writer says, in fact, that, while during the four years immediately following the abolition of reciprocity our whole export in fish only increased by eleven per cent., that to the United States increased by thirty-three and a third per cent! This fact alone is sufficient to prove the erroneousness of the policy pursued by the American Government in so far as its own people are concerned. The complicated system of protection which the United States have adopted, and which has really very little to do with high taxes, is undoubtedly ruining their industries. It is not the burthen which the tariff imposes directly that is oppressive, but the almost incalculable amount it abstracts from the pockets of the consuming public on the same article manufactured or produced in the country. Thus, the American people who buy the fish imported from Canada, not only pay the duty thereon, but they pay a corresponding amount on American caught fish, which goes into the pocket of the American fisherman, and helps him in turn to meet the enormous exactions imposed by other protective provisions in the American tariff. The process is a simple one, needing little elucidation to show its injustice to the public, but a great deal of ingenious argument to prove that it can in any fair and comprehensive sense be promotive of native industry.

The "Canadian's" letter to the *World* to which we have alluded is suggestive on other matters as well as that of

the fisheries. If in regard to them foreign duties do not prevent exportation, the same may be assumed regarding other products, whether national or manufactured, so that again we reach the cardinal principle of the free trader's creed, that the consumer pays the duty. The question, however, of who pays the duty is really of far less consequence than it might seem. Those who can afford it may well pay duty, but unfortunately these high customs imposts impose upon those who have the control of money the obligation to protect themselves, and as a result even a free article carries a high price in a highly taxed country, because large profits become a necessary part of the fictitious system thereby created. Real values are utterly lost sight of. The importer adds the duty to the cost of the article, then he adds his percentage of profit and sells it. Frequently a "middleman" comes in between the retailer and the first buyer; but even if he does not, the retail dealer has to add his profit, not only to the value of the article, but also to the government duty and the wholesaler's profit thereon, thus making the consumer pay the same rate of profit on the government impost that he does on the bare market value of the goods bought. That on imported goods this exaction should represent at least a dollar and a half for every dollar that the government receives is a very moderate computation, and ought to teach people that however irksome more direct modes of taxation may be, yet the customs duty, which seemingly costs so little, is in reality by far the most expensive. It should be computed that all customs duties cost the country from twenty to fifty per cent. of their amount independently of the expense of collection.

### SHROUDING OF THE BODY OF CHRIST.

The enquiry for the engraving which formed the supplement of our last week's issue has been so persistent, that a separate edition, on PLATE PAPER, has been issued, of which copies can be had at the very low price of 25 cents. Copies will be mailed, on rollers, safely packed, and prepaid, at 35 cents.

Our gallant Premier has been terribly caricatured in the American illustrated papers, which, however, have atoned for their artistic deficiencies by acknowledging that Sir John is the ablest man on the British side of the Joint High Commission. To look at his American portrait, one would take him for a pensive, soft-headed lad, though all the American journals speak of him as a Statesman of the first rank.

THE THEATRE ROYAL.—The patrons of the drama have been gratified by the presence this week of an accomplished troupe at the theatre, in which the old Montreal favourite, Miss Kate Reynolds, has been the brightest star "Saratoga," which has had such a tremendous run in New York, was given on Tuesday night with fine effect, Miss R. filling the part of the "American Girl" to perfection, and all the others performing their respective roles in a most creditable manner. "Saratoga" is by Daly, the American Comedian, and is a clever hit at American life at the fashionable resort. The troupe close their season this, Saturday, evening.

CANADIAN ENTERPRISE.—In glancing over our advertising columns this week we notice an instance of enterprise so extremely creditable to the firm who engaged in it that we cannot refrain from drawing public attention thereto. We have already had occasion in these pages to speak of Messrs. Brown & Claggett's Dry Goods Warehouse on Notre Dame Street, and to recommend it to our readers as a reliable and satisfactory House, where the newest and most fashionable goods of all kinds may be procured. Further proof of what we then advanced we find in the advertisement alluded to; speaking of certain goods lately arrived from Paris, it states that they were bought by their European agent, who paid a visit to the besieged city during the Armistice, and forwarded them to the Recollet House. Enterprise like this is not to be beaten on the other side of the lines, and speaks well for the state of Canadian trade.

### LITERARY NOTICE.

ONCE A WEEK: New York, Frank Leslie.—"Once A Week" is the title of a new six cent weekly periodical, published in the interest of the young ladies—thereby filling a gap in American magazine literature that has long been a fruitful source of complaint. Though the price is so low, within the reach of the smallest purses, yet the periodical is wonderfully well got up, profusely illustrated, and contains plates of the latest fashions. The reading matter, though light in character, is not of the wishy-washy description so frequently met with on this continent. In fact the whole periodical resembles, both in style and appearance, its well-known and popular English namesake.

### THE NORTH-WEST TERRITORY.

No. 19.—BRITISH COLUMBIA AND THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

By the Rev. Wm. McD. Dawson, Ottawa.

There appears to be something wanting in our Parliamentary system. There exists, indeed, that powerful institution—the Opposition. It is vigilant and assiduous in the exercise of what it conceives to be its duty—the task of keeping the Government straight, or, at least, of pointing out and holding

up to public view its real or supposed errors—its perverse and crooked ways. But, *aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus*. Even the lynx-eyed political censor, although, indeed, not by any means a poetical person, takes example from the prince of poets, and whether from exhaustion, or the utter hopelessness of correcting predetermined iniquity, falls asleep. For this reason, ought it not to be made part and parcel of our Parliamentary economy, that there should be a supplementary Opposition, some *fidus Achates*, in time of need, who would not fail to fulfil the duties of the terrible but indispensable censorship, when the venerable Cato himself finds it necessary to renew his strength and his youth, perhaps also his ideas, by a well-timed siesta? If ever such an institution, which will leave nothing to be desired in Parliamentary Opposition, comes to be established, the manifest drowsiness that came over the Opposition which now is, on occasion of the recent debate on the reception into the Canadian Union of British Columbia, will not have been adverted to in vain.

From the intangible nature of the arguments, if, indeed, arguments they can be called, which Opposition members were pleased to adduce against the measure for Union, proposed by the Government, there is no resisting the conclusion, either that these gentlemen were not really hostile, or, that their inventive powers had gone to rest. One only of their remarks, as it is disparaging to the newly established colony of British Columbia, need be dealt with at present. Mr. McKenzie, (as reported in the *Ottawa Citizen* of 29th March), stated that "there may be small tracts of good land in British Columbia, but even the small population now there cannot maintain themselves on the productions of the soil, but, on the contrary, derive a large revenue from the importation of flour." Without considering this statement as an argument against the admission of the Colony into the Union, let it be viewed merely in regard to its fairness or unfairness towards British Columbia. It cannot surely be considered fair, when it contains both the *suppressio veri* and the *suggestio falsi*. It is unfair towards British Columbia and a suppression of facts, as regards its agricultural capabilities, to say that it imports, without stating also that it exports flour. Even if it were not yet able to export, truth would have required that the hon. member should have admitted explicitly that its agricultural resources were increasing so rapidly since they began first to be developed, only a very short time ago, that it would soon be in a position to export as well as to import flour and other produce of the fields. His words, however, convey the impression that it never could become capable of doing any such thing, possessing, as he scarcely admitted that it does, only "small tracts of good land."

At the time of the greatest rush to the Cariboo gold fields, British Columbia could only import agricultural produce, for the obvious reason that gold diggers only, and no farmers, at least in any number, had come to the country. Of late years a great change has taken place. A less adventurous population appears to have occupied the land, which was thought at one time to be capable only of quenching, if indeed, such a thing be possible, the thirst for gold. Agriculturists, as well as a more business class of miners, have betaken themselves to their respective diggings. And it has been found that the richness of the soil is not surpassed by that of the mines even, which, it is acknowledged, are the best in the world. The close vicinity of these unrivalled mines cannot tempt the farmer to abandon the plough, and it is becoming every day more manifest that there is a wider field for the labours of the husbandman than some "small tracts of good land," the existence of which even they who cry down the colony only admit as problematical. Works of undoubted authority abundantly establish this position. In the valley of the Lower Fraser there are 20,000,000 acres of the best land in the world.

Of these only 6,000 have been improved, as yet. But when it is considered with what wonderful results the cultivation of this comparatively small tract has been attended, it is easily understood how so many prefer to dig the earth for wealth, rather than the rich mines of Cariboo. It will not long be necessary to import any flour at all for the actual wants of the country, when there is so much land that has been found by experience to be capable of producing sixty bushels of wheat per acre. There are good horticulturists in Canada; but have they ever succeeded in raising such vegetables as are the ordinary produce of this tract of good land, which can hardly be called "small," since it is 20,000,000 acres in extent. In the parts that have been cultivated, cauliflowers grow to the weight of 26 lbs., cabbages 41 lbs., mangle wurtzle 36 lbs., sugar beet, 18 lbs., carrots, 9 lbs., parsnips, 1/2 lb., turnips, 30 lbs., vegetable marrow, 36 lbs., and the squash 76 lbs. Ascending the course of the Fraser we meet with lands which, although not quite so rich, are, nevertheless, abundantly fertile. Above the New Westminster, and nearer the great mountain ranges than the tract just referred to, there are very eligible lands, where many wheat crops, in succession, have yielded at the rate of 35 bushels to the acre. This region appears to be in high favour with agriculturists, for no fewer than 20,000 acres are already occupied as farms. Still more inland—in those elevated regions where the great rivers are as yet confined within the rocky fastnesses of the mountains—there are very extensive tracts of arable land. Of this fine land, extending along the Upper Fraser, Thomson River, and Lake la Hache, there are

many millions of acres that may be profitably cultivated. Sixty thousand acres are already occupied, and of these twenty thousand are under cultivation. Nor are the grain crops precarious or scanty in these higher levels. Wheat yields from twenty-six to thirty bushels per acre, and vegetables of great and excellent quality are easily raised. The proximity of the mines has probably led to the improvement of these lands. The great expence and inconvenience of obtaining provisions for the numerous mining population from Oregon and California, set the farmer to work, and the miners are now supplied with the fruits of native industry. British Columbia still imports. But need this be wondered at, when every year new farms are opened which must require more seed, grain and cattle for stock, than the farms already in operation could probably afford? Must not her farmers, also, be allowed to seek in foreign lands, as all intelligent agriculturists do, the best breeds of oxen, sheep and horses? In 1869 574 cows were imported at a cost of \$24,070. This was not to feed the miners or residents, but obviously to stock the farms. For the same purpose, the colony obtained from abroad 151 calves, and no fewer than 2,014 horses, which cost \$121,970. Making due allowance for the requirements of travelling, especially of the long journey by horse-waggons to the Cariboo mines, there still remains something handsome in the shape of horses for the purposes of agriculture.

British Columbia possesses also immense tracts of excellent grazing land. Nothing could surpass the Chilcoatin plain, whether for tillage or the rearing of cattle. There is another plain of greater extent, and almost equal to the Chilcoatin in fertility. It extends between the Rocky Mountains and the Cascade range. The climate here is milder than towards the Southern boundary, the elevation of the ground being less by several thousand feet. Vegetation is very luxuriant. Innumerable herds of cattle could be sustained and fattened on the rich herbage. The Americans admit, although no doubt reluctantly, that grazing is so good in this region, that they have no grounds for live stock that can compare with it. A two-year old ox weighing 500 lbs. excites no surprise in these excellent pastures. The colonists do not appear to have turned them to much account, as yet. More cattle must be imported before the vast prairie can be said to be at all occupied. Twenty thousand horned cattle and as many sheep—the present amount of flocks and herds—is but small stock for so great a farm.

The interesting colony, which, on account of its excellent harbours on the Pacific Coast, and its immense mining resources, will be a most valuable addition to the Dominion of Canada, has begun to export the produce of its farms. Two thousand and twenty barrels of flour were exported in 1869, realizing to the exporters twelve thousand one hundred and twenty dollars. Oatmeal, potatoes, rice, sugar, wines, ale and porter, spirits, tobacco, cigars, soap, butter, pork and beef, are also largely exported. Coal, which is so abundant, is not yet exported in such large quantities as might be expected, the value in 1869 being \$119,820. Lumber is a lucrative article of export, having brought \$252,454 in 1869. Furs and hides are also a source of wealth, the export of which amounted in 1869 to \$233,652. Wool, tallow, salt, fruit, fish and fish oil, iron and gold, are exported yearly in great quantities. The registrar's tables do not show the full amount of gold annually exported by the colony. Nor is it possible to ascertain the exact sum from any other source, about one-fourth probably of the whole being carried away by private hands. No less than \$1,780,587 were shipped by the banks in 1868. It must now surely appear that British Columbia exports, as well as imports, great varieties of marketable goods, and to an amount highly creditable to a colony so recently established.

## OUR ENGLISH LETTER.

(From an Occasional Correspondent.)

London, March 23, 1871.

On Tuesday morning I was up with the lark and wended my way to Paddington Station, from whence I started for Windsor with a full train, all bent like myself to see the Royal Marriage. The morning opened dull, cold and cheerless, but as the day advanced the sun began to shine and to throw a warmth around the gay scene in the old town of Windsor. The Royal Flag seemed to float more proudly from the top of the Castle, as if conscious of the interesting event about to be enacted within its walls. The Great Western Station was neatly decorated with flowers, and the houses generally along the principal streets were hung with flags, &c.; and even at the early hour of my arrival in the town, crowds decked in their Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes, with white favours, were promending the streets.

Having breakfasted with your artist, we wended our way towards the Castle, and at the gate presented our pass and were admitted into the yard or castle green. I at once took up a position on a slope in front of the residences of the Old Knights of Windsor and opposite to the main entrance to the St. George's Chapel. On the Castle Hill about 900 Eton boys were ranged in a line, and a joyous, happy-looking lot they appeared to be. The 91st Regiment, Argyllshire Highlanders, with their band and pipers, were drawn up near the Chapel cloisters through which Her Majesty was to enter; beyond them, near the gate, was a guard of honour of the 1st Battalion Grenadier Guards.

A great many carriages containing the invited guests were arriving, and then marched in a body of the Yeomen of the Guard with their long pikes, who took up a position within the Chapel.

At about half-past eleven a *cortège* of upwards of twenty Royal carriages, with the coachmen and footmen in their scarlet and gold liveries, then arrived, with the Ministers of State, the Ambassadors, &c., with their wives and families; and as each carriage passed the people standing near me shouted, "there goes Gladstone, Ben Dizzy, Bobby Lowe, &c."

The bridegroom, with his supporters, Lord Ronald Gower and Earl Percy, then arrived, and were received at the south

entrance of the Chapel by the Vice-Chamberlain. He was not dressed in Highland costume as anticipated, but wore the uniform of the Argyllshire Artillery Volunteers, as did also his groomsmen. The uniform is a very handsome one of blue cloth, covered with silver lace and ornaments, and he looked quite handsome. Of course his arrival was greeted with a shout, and I think it was generally applauded his appearing in his Volunteer uniform, instead of Highland costume, which after all is only a fancy dress.

The bells in the tower were merrily ringing, the bands playing, and the sun, then shining out brilliantly, made the scene from the castle green particularly gay and brilliant—the bright uniforms and dresses of the members of the household as they passed hither and thither lending enchantment to the scene.

At twelve o'clock ten carriages, containing the Prince of Wales and the Royal Household, and their respective attendants arrived, being duly escorted by a Captain's Guard of the 2nd Life Guards, on their prancing black steeds, with their shining steel helmets and breast plates—the Princess of Wales, with her children, being most vigorously cheered. The bride's procession consisted of four carriages, the bridesmaids having preceded, in readiness to meet the bride at the west entrance.

In the fifth carriage came Her Majesty and the bride, escorted by a Field Officer's Guard of the 2nd Life Guards, in a magnificent close carriage, drawn by four fine gray horses, with postillions, and in a seat behind of course "John Brown."

There was a Royal salute, the band playing the National Anthem, and general shouting. The grand organ then pealed forth the march from Mendelssohn's "Athalia," and the ceremony commenced.

The service was performed by the Bishop of London, during the absence of the Archbishop of Canterbury, who, it is said, had gone for change of air, but really on account of the ceremony taking place in Lent, contrary to his wishes.

Full particulars of the ceremony in the Chapel I shall leave to your artist, who was so fortunate as to obtain a "Lord Chamberlain's Ticket" of admission.

The Prince of Wales wore the uniform of the 10th Hussars, Prince Arthur that of the Rifle Brigade, and Prince Leopold a Highland Dress.

The *Court Newsman* furnishes the following description of the dresses:—

The Queen wore a black satin dress, trimmed with crape and jet, and a diadem of diamonds over a long white tulle veil. Her Majesty also wore a ruby and diamond brooch and necklace with a diamond cross, the Ribbon and Star of the Order of the Garter, the Orders of Victoria and Albert, and Louise of Prussia, and the Saxe-Coburg and Gotha family Order.

The Princess of Wales wore a dress of rich blue satin, trimmed with blue velvet, and train of blue velvet edged with white Brussels lace and blue feather trimming. Heddress, blue feathers, pearls, and diamonds; ornaments, pearls and diamonds, and the Victoria and Albert and Danish Orders.

The wedding dress of Princess Louise was of a rich white satin, covered with a deep flounce of Honiton point lace, trimmed with cordons of orange blossoms, white heather and myrtle, and a train of white satin trimmed to correspond with the dress. Her Royal Highness wore a wreath of orange blossoms and myrtle, with a veil of Honiton lace, held by two diamond pins in the form of daisies, the gift of Prince Arthur, Prince Leopold, and Princess Beatrice. Her Royal Highness wore a diamond necklace, to which was attached a large ornament of pearls and diamonds, with a sapphire in the centre, the gift of the Marquis of Lorne; and a diamond and emerald bracelet given by the Prince and Princess of Wales. Her Royal Highness likewise wore a diamond bracelet which had belonged to the Duchess of Kent, and the one given to her by the people of Windsor. On leaving the Castle after the marriage ceremony Her Royal Highness wore a white corded silk dress, trimmed with swansdown and fringe, made by Miss Gieve, and a white chip bonnet with a wreath of lilies of the valley and orange blossom.

Princess Beatrice wore a dress of pink satin, trimmed with Brussels lace, a wreath of white heather, and emerald, diamond, and pearl ornaments.

The bridesmaids' dresses were of white glacé silk, trimmed with satin, and a tunic of gossamer and fringe, cerise roses, white heather and ivy, with wreaths to correspond.

On the conclusion of the ceremony, the bells rang out a merry peal, and a royal salute was fired by a battery of the Royal Horse Artillery stationed in the Long Walk. The procession was then reformed and off drove the happy pair amid such cheers as Englishmen alone, I think, are able to give. Never, perhaps, has a royal union been viewed with more hearty popular favour than that which took place this day between our bonny English Princess and her manly young Scottish lover, and which will be as another tie binding the Throne to the country.

Among the numerous presents given to Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise—Her Majesty presented her with a richly chased silver gilt dessert service, necklace and earrings of diamonds and opals; the Duke and Duchess of Argyll—a tiara of diamonds and emeralds; the Marquis of Lorne—a beautiful pendant ornament, with a large sapphire, forming a bracelet; the Clan Campbell—a necklace composed of pearls and diamonds, from which is suspended a locket, in the centre of which is a magnificent Oriental pearl, surrounded with diamonds, the pendant being an emerald sprig of bog myrtle (the Campbell badge), bearing in the centre the Galley of Lorne; and to

The Bridesmaids—the ladies and gentlemen of the Household also gave magnificent presents.

After the *déjeuner*, about four o'clock, I heard a commotion among the crowd in the street, and looking out found it was the Marquis and his bride, both looking as happy as could be, on their way to Claremont. They were in plain travelling costume in an open carriage, drawn by four greys with postillions only; and escort of Life Guards. I then pushed my way back to the station and returned to town, having thoroughly enjoyed the, to me, novel sight, and with my heart beating with loyalty, having drunk the health and happiness of the Marquis of Lorne and Princess Louise.

I should have said that after the ceremony of the marriage Her Majesty conferred the honour of knighthood on the Marquis of Lorne, and invested him with the insignia of the Order of the Thistle.

On the banks of the Thames, anywhere between Putney and Mortlake, may be witnessed every afternoon a sight which is unique in the world. The spectacle visible just now between

these spots is both pretty and enlivening. Mr. Disraeli has devoted the eloquent opening of a chapter in *Lothair* to a panegyric upon the beauties of "the king of English rivers," with "its picturesque bridges and its abounding stream." To many minds these features of loveliness will not be a little enhanced by the fact that the shore on either side is at present daily crowded by many hundreds of eager pedestrians and equestrians, who have come to form their opinion (whatever it may be worth) on the respective merits of the two academic crews.

"May the best boat win," say I, but I still think the "light blue" are in best form.

The shops everywhere are decked with the Oxford and Cambridge colours, and the ladies, even, are beginning to show their *penchants*. One I met in the Park yesterday was light blue from "top to toe,"—hat, feather, gloves, dress, sash, Grecian bend, boots and tassels, all to match—the Cambridge light blue. Her lover, I presume, was a Cambridge scholar.

The Emperor Napoleon has arrived at Chiselhurst. He was received at Dover by the Empress, Prince Imperial, Prince Murat, Prince Lucien Bonaparte, and others. The Emperor, as is reported, whose hair and moustache (the latter no longer having its ends waxed) are quite grey, was evidently in excellent health, and was much pleased at his reception.

The news from Paris is most alarming. The Insurgents at Montmartre, who had set up their entrenched camp on the northern heights overlooking the city, are, so far, masters of Paris. After being tolerated for too long, it was thought that the time was come when they should be disbanded, and they were summoned on Friday to deliver up their arms and artillery, and the men in charge yielded without resistance.

No sooner was it known that the Government had seized the arms and artillery, than the *rappel* was beaten and the National Guards marched towards the Camp. The line then reversed their muskets, and fraternization followed. The officers of the line, in almost every instance, acquiesced in the treason of the troops, and those who were faithful lost their lives. Generals Lecomte and Thomas were taken prisoners, and shot.

The *Times* remarks that "if the army that is about Versailles can be trusted, it might be led against Paris, in which case the uncertain grasp of power which the men of Belleville possess would be at once relaxed, and a short conflict would put an end to the crisis."

It is hard to say what will be the end of the conflict. It is reported that the Prussians will again occupy France, but I do not think so. Thiers seems powerless to act, and it is probably best that Paris should be left to itself. It is idle to blink the fact that the Red Republic is in absolute possession of Paris, however unknown to fame may be its leaders; and any armed intervention from Versailles would be useless. It is said that the Emperor Napoleon was cognizant of the attempt at insurrection, and was a party to it, but his former secretary, M. Rouher, having to flee for his life does not look as if the insurgents were in his favour.

One looks for stirring news from Paris the next few days, and the course the Assembly will take.

W. M. F.

## THE REVOLUTION IN PARIS.

Affairs in Paris have taken a turn decidedly unfavourable to the insurgents, who are now beginning to lose heart, and to express a desire for the interference of the foreign representatives in the city with a view to the re-establishment of peace. One section of the Commune, however, seem desirous of carrying their operations through until the last; and are pursuing a policy of intimidation which cannot but have the most disastrous results. Already a large number of priests and nuns have been arrested, the magnificent cathedral of Notre Dame has been sacked, and the Archbishop has been submitted to the most humiliating degradations, having been stripped naked, "buffeted, and spit upon," and literally exposed before the infamous rabble for hours. Such a state of affairs cannot last long, and hearty wishes are silently made by all law-abiding citizens for the return of the Germans and the restoration of peace and quietness. In the meantime Paris is once more in a state of siege, and is undergoing a second bombardment—this time at the hands of the army of the French Government, commanded by McMahon. Several engagements have taken place between this army and the insurgents, in all of which the latter have been driven back, and it is now announced that a breach having been made in the fortifications, an attempt will shortly be made to take the city by storm, which attempt, it is earnestly to be hoped, will prove successful.

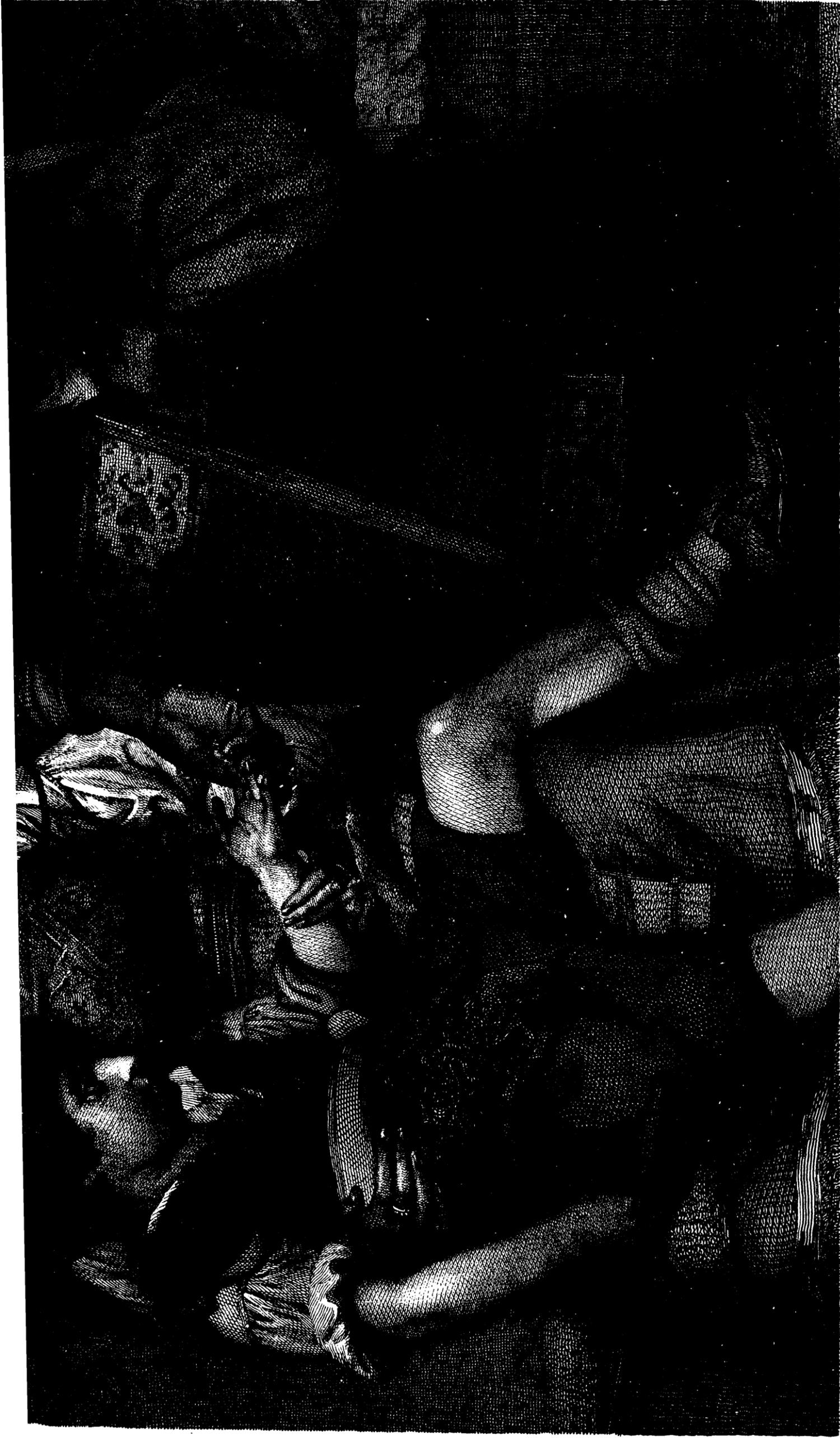
## SUTHERLAND'S WHOLESALE PAPER AND STATIONERY WAREHOUSE.

256 & 258 ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL.

This fine establishment, situated on St. James Street, near McGill Street, and adjoining the Ottawa Hotel, is considered the most extensive warehouse for imported writing papers and stationery in the Dominion. The building, as will be seen from our illustration on the last page, is five storeys in height, terminating with a Mansard roof. The whole premises are used either as a warehouse or for manufacturing articles in trade. In the first, second, and third flats are kept the stock for sale, comprising every description of English and Foreign writing papers, drawing papers, cartridges, fine tinted and coloured papers of all kinds, with numerous articles in stationery, account books, leathers and book-binder's materials. The fourth and fifth flats are devoted to the manufacture of Blank Books of every description, from the smallest size Memorandum Book to the huge Ledger. This Department is made a speciality of in the business, and here may be seen to perfection the fine machinery necessary to successfully carry on the ancient trade of Book Making. The Large Guillotine Cutting Machines, Perforating Machines, Paging Machines, Ruling Machines, Standing and Hydraulic Presses, together with a variety of lesser machinery and tools, put this establishment at the head of the Blank Book trade.

A Bonded Warehouse is also kept on the premises, where large quantities of paper, not immediately wanted, are kept stored ready at a moment's notice to meet the requirements of all who may give this house their orders, either for home consumption or export. Mr. Sutherland ranks with the oldest houses in connection with the trade in Canada, having been engaged in the same line of business during the last twenty years in Montreal, and known as managing partner of the late firm of Robert Weir & Company, long connected with the *Montreal Herald*.





FROM A PAINTING BY SCHNETZ, ENGRAVED BY T. BOSQ.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, 15TH APRIL, 1871.

# THE FORTUNE TELLER.

## EDITH WALSHINGHAM.

## I.

I was always very romantic. At fourteen, I wrote verses of a dark and dreary character, and was melancholy and misanthropical; at seventeen, I proposed to a young lady twice my age, who very wisely refused me; and I was so profoundly miserable, or thought myself so, that I meditated for days about suicide, but could not determine upon the exact form of violent death that might be advisable. Even Oxford, with all the boating, and beer-drinking, and cricketing, wine-parties, whist, billiards, and various boisterous diversions, did not quite cure me of my sentimental tendencies. I was all but plucked for my little go; because during the vacation before this dreadful ordeal, I had been flirting with a blue-eyed cousin named Ada, instead of devoting myself to Euripides, Horace, and Euclid.

In my twelfth term—that is, after about two years and a half residence at college—it seemed almost time to make some preparation for my final examination or 'great go'; and I was informed by a candid tutor at the close of the summer term, a few days before the glorious saturnalia of Commemoration, that nothing would save me but very steady reading during the whole of the long vacation. Whereupon I packed my portmanteau full of clothes, and an enormous deal-box full of books, and shunning my blue-eyed cousin, I got into the train, and giving myself only a two days' holiday in London, I went forthwith to Sandhaven.

Everybody knows Sandhaven and its dull High street, and its sands and its assembly-rooms, and its bazaars and bathing-machines, and flies and young ladies on horses, and old ladies in vehicles, and infants in perambulators drawn by chubby-faced nursery-maids; its billiard-rooms, eating-houses, suburban tea-gardens; its steamers arriving daily and departing daily; its circulating libraries, not a novel less than ten years old; its three churches and eight chapels; its wind, its dust, its heat, its glare; the terrific greed of its lodging-keepers; and, during the season, its generally unquiet, unstudious character. What could have induced me to select Sandhaven, I know not; but the stubborn fact is—I did select it.

I established myself in very expensive, and not very comfortable apartments. They had these recommendations: there was a fine view of the sea; the landlady, a widow of about forty, was plain; her daughter, a girl of seventeen, still plainer; and the servant positively hideous. I shall at least, thought I, be safe here. Arriving on Friday I thought it as well to see something of the place during that and the following day. If I set to work on the Monday, and made a fair start, it would be better than to begin before I knew anything of the institutions of the town or its inhabitants. So on Friday and Saturday I bathed and boated, and had a donkey-ride, and dropped into various billiard-rooms—rather astonishing provincial pool-players by the experience attained at Oxford—and I also haunted the various bazaars, and danced, though with much decorum, ay, even solemnity, at the assembly-rooms. On Sunday I went to church.

Full of good resolutions, on the evening of that day I retired to bed early; but before doing so, arranged an elaborate machinery to enable me to rise early the next morning. I am a very heavy sleeper, and had no alarm with me, so I tied a string round my finger, passed it under the door, and gave orders to the servant girl to pull the string until I got out of bed. She obeyed me scrupulously; and at seven, despite various remonstrances, which I growled forth in tones not by any means gentle, I was pulled out of bed by my finger, and half an hour afterwards was unpacking the colossal deal-box, and arranging my library for the ensuing literary campaign. I was to read only eight hours a day; this I thought moderate; in prospect it looked so; if necessary, this was to be increased to ten or twelve. More steam might be put on—that was the exact expression—as the danger grew more imminent; but at present eight hours would do. I drew out my programme, which ran thus:

Before breakfast	7:30 to 8:30	—1 hour.
After	10 to 2	—4 "
In the evening	8 to 11	—3 "

I was not a candidate for honours, but only for the simple 'pass,' in the old days of 'passes.' My subjects were divinity, logic, Latin composition, four plays of Sophocles, the *Odes*, *Epodes*, and *Ars Poetica* of Horace, the four books of Herodotus, and the *Bucolics* and *Georgics* of Virgil. These were to be mastered in the following method:

7:30 to 8:30	.....	Divinity.
10 to 11	.....	Logic.
11 to 12	.....	Latin Writing.
12 to 2	.....	Sophocles.

The three hours in the evening were to be devoted respectively to Herodotus, Horace, and Virgil, all which I had read before, and was therefore only compelled to refresh my memory by re-perusing them, with the assistance of an English translation and a Manilla cheroot.

During the early part of Monday my progress was marvellous. The hour intended for theology was spent in unpacking; but at ten I assailed the logic with vigour; moved on to the Latin writing at eleven; and soon after twelve was absorbed in the woes of Antigone. At one, or thereabouts, I heard the tramp of horses, and what more natural than for one moment to leave the twin sisters and that truculent tyrant Creon, and rush to the window to see who might be the passer-by? Would that I had never done so!

## II.

Can I ever forget the witchery of that smile, the heaven of that calm pale brow, the latent music in those eyes, the poetry of that tiny foot, the glitter of those pearly teeth, the majesty of that arm, the temptations of that waist, the rapture of those wavy ringlets? O, Edith?—no, not Edith either.

What a perfect command she had of her horse! (To be sure he was daily overworked and underfed; was that her fault?) With what grace she sat in her saddle, and how fascinating was the tremulous vibration of that feather in her wide-awake hat! Can it be matter for wonder that, after gazing on such charms from my window, Ismene appeared an insipid and pusillanimous time-server; Antigone, a strong-minded woman with a grievance, sadly addicted to vapouring and sentiment; Creon, an utter ruffian, and the Chorus a bore?

Before two my books were closed, and I was wildly searching through the streets and shores of Sandhaven for the lovely object of my strong though sudden passion—in vain. That day at least I found her not—nor the next—nor even the day after. Not one line could I read; it was utterly useless to attempt it.

Friday is usually accounted an unlucky day. *Quintam fuge*. It is a classical superstition which the moderns have indorsed. I found it in my case the fortunate one; for after three days' vain and restless roving to and fro, in quest of the faultless creature whose beauties had lured me from my Sophocles, and destroyed my equanimity on Friday, I caught a glimpse of her on the sands. She was with two other young ladies, whom I took to be her sisters. They were amusing themselves in gathering shells and pieces of sea-weed. They were unaccompanied by any gentleman. Each wore a wide-brimmed brown straw-hat—it was the year those abominations came into fashion. She—Edith I was going to say—I had imagined her name must be Edith—looked beautiful even under that grotesque and dreadful covering. I passed and repassed them. In looking at her, I threw an energy and fervour into my admiring gaze, which I thought in no way displeased her. I sat down on a rock some two hundred yards off, and taking a volume from my pocket—not Sophocles this time, but Keats—I affected to read, but watched their movements narrowly.

I saw her writing with her parasol on the sand. How my heart palpitated! Is it, I thought, some tender sentiment, some gentle encouragement?—does she inscribe her name, possibly add her address? I was in a fever of expectation. I sat absorbed, as they may have thought, in my book until they moved away some distance, when I followed to the spot where she had written in large clear characters, Edith Walsingham. It was then Edith. This, then, was her name. How true my presentiment! Had it been revealed to me in a dream? I looked round to see that no one watched me, and wrote in large letters under it my own name, Henry. I then hurried after them, that I might, if possible, see what the earthly abode of this goddess was. Everything favoured my design; they never looked round once, but went directly up a hill from the sands, and entered the door of 17 Promenade Villas, Prospect Place.

I returned immediately to the sand. How happy was I now! That morning, when I left my lodgings, all was doubt and uncertainty; now, did I not know everything?—her very name and address? I felt so calm and contented that I could have almost returned to the society of Antigone and Ismene for an hour or two, but I determined first to re-visit the seashore. I wandered back to the spot where I had written my Christian name under hers, and was hurt and disgusted to find that some mischievous and ill-meaning person had scrawled under them in large coarse-looking letters, A Pair of Idiots. This was the treatment which sentiment met with at the hands of the vulgar. I had always been a friend to education, except in my own particular case; I now bitterly regretted that the masses, or any of them could write. I looked around, but to no purpose, for the miscreant who had committed this sacrilege. Not a bone in his body should have remained unbroken.

I quickly obliterated the ribaldry that had been added, and left the two names as they stood originally, until it occurred to me that I would destroy her surname, place my own opposite, and bracket the two Christian names together. I then sat myself down on the shingles, and watched the tide come in, ripple after ripple washing up nearer and nearer to the writing until at last the two names still united were submerged under the waters of the Atlantic; and as the tide now reached me, I woke from my reverie with my shoes and stockings wet.

That evening I dined with some appetite; it had entirely forsaken me during the three preceding days. With my cheroot, I attempted Herodotus, but soon laid the venerable Father of History aside; took up Virgil, but with the same result. Even my favourite Horatius Flaccus could not on this occasion be tolerated, but was exchanged for my pen, with which I wrote an acrostic on Edith Walsingham. I went to bed reciting my lines, which at the time seemed a very happy effort of my muse, repeating the euphonious name which had inspired them, and meditating on the beauty of its enchanting owner.

Next morning I was up betimes, long before the hideous servant had plied the string fastened to my finger. I had now some object in life—that object was Edith Walsingham. I would read, ay, read even before breakfast, and divinity too; so for one hour I applied myself unremittingly, and afterwards took my first meal with cheerfulness and appetite.

Before I should commence my logic at ten, there was ample time for a short walk, and what could better settle my mind for the day's study than one glance at 17 Promenade Villas, Prospect Place? When I approached it, there was an unusual stir and bustle in the front of the house. Servants were running about; the dining-room table, so far as I could see from the opposite side of the way, was covered with a cold collation. Presently up dashes a carriage and pair to the door, and out floated one of the young ladies whom I had seen with Edith on the sands, robed in soft Indian white muslin.

A horrible suspicion seized me; I felt dizzy, and staggered, as the thought passed through my mind that there was to be a wedding, and that Edith was to be the bride of another. Suspense was torture I could not endure, so I walked boldly over to the driver of the carriage and pair. "Is there a wedding here this morning?" I asked.

"Yes, sir," answered the coachman.

"One of the Miss Walsinghams?" I suggested.

"No, sir: Miss Jones."

I breathed freely. It was not my Edith; but she would probably be a bridesmaid, and I should see her in all the virgin purity and whiteness of muslin, light as gossamer. I was again happy, and full of expectation. What would I have given to be invited to the breakfast, and been called on to propose the bridesmaids' healths.

In another moment another carriage arrived, and this time two India muslin bridesmaids descended—one I recognized as of the trio on the sands, but not my Edith. When would she come? I crossed the road again to Jehu the second, and remarked in a very unconcerned way, that I believed Mr. Walsingham lived here.

"No, sir," he replied, firmly: "Mr. Jones."

"Then, Miss Walsingham is on a visit to Mr. Jones's?" I, by way of conjecture, observed.

"Dare say she may be," said the chriooteer; "there's a deal of company in the house."

Carriage after carriage drove up. I had now counted six bridesmaids, and Edith was not among them. But, heavens! what is this? Edith leaning on the arm of an elderly gentleman—Edith arrayed as a bride, rustling in glauc silk, covered from head to foot with Brussels lace, and veiled. Oh, Edith—Edith Walsingham!

I gazed for one moment at the carriage as it rolled away; I would have followed to the church, but had not strength to do so. I reeled home, and threw myself on my sofa. The plain landlady called her plainer daughter; they held a consultation in the passage, and were sending off the very plain servant for a doctor, when I rose and rebuked them, and then lay down again. I slept I scarcely know how long—I hardly remember anything more of that awful day.

Next morning, though I ate no breakfast, I tried to read the *Times*, and got as far as the supplement and the marriages, among which I saw—"On Saturday, 17th, at St. Paul's Church, Sandhaven, by the Rev. Peter Jones, uncle of the bride, Mary, eldest daughter of Alexander Jones, Esq., to Percy Batkin, Esq., of the Middle Temple, barrister-at-law."

"Mary Jones, now Mary Batkin," I soliloquised—"what could have induced her to inscribe on the sand that other name?"

Two hours after I purchased a copy of the *Sandhaven Herald*, in which was the following paragraph:—"We rejoice to state that Percy Batkin, Esq., the celebrated author of many works of fiction, led to the hymeneal altar, on Saturday last, the eldest daughter of our respected fellow-townsmen, Alexander Jones, Esq. Mr. Batkin is, we understand, upon the point of giving to the world of letters another three-volumed novel, under the attractive title of "Edith Walsingham."

And it was this, then, of which she was thinking when I saw her write! Need I add that I at once left Sandhaven a blighted being, but found that in addition to being blighted, I should be, if I did not read, also plucked—that I, therefore, read—passed "great go"—and am now romantic no more.

## THE CANADIAN FISHERIES.

INFLUENCES AND INCIDENTS OF A RESTRICTIVE POLICY.

OTTAWA, Canada, March 28.

To the Editor of The World:

Sir,—The *World's* observations on the practical effect of restricted trade between the United States and Canada, founded on the Canadian returns of trade and navigation for 1870, remind me that as regards the supply of dutiable fish, your protective tariff (intended to be prohibitory) has indirectly promoted an increase of our fish exports to the American market, and at average prices considerably in advance of those realized during the existence of the Reciprocity Treaty. Thus, for example, while our entire exportation of the produce of the fisheries to foreign countries from 1866 to 1870, both inclusive, exhibits an increase of only eleven per cent., our exports of cured fish to the United States during the same period have increased 33½ per cent. Whether the producer or consumer pays the heavy imposts placed on British catch, in order that competition with American catch may be so crippled as to secure your own fishermen the full control of the United States market, is a question which, in this instance at least, is clearly answered by the facts. Take the case of mackerel, by way of illustration. The averaged prices at the commencement of reciprocity ruled, in Halifax, from \$10 to \$12 per barrel, and in Boston from \$14 to \$16. Last year the prices ranged from \$18 to \$20 in Halifax, and from \$23 to \$27 in Boston. There was no scarcity of mackerel in Halifax, because Nova Scotia fishermen actually took 38,679 barrels more in 1870 than in the previous year, in consequence of foreigners having been kept off our inshore fishing places. The Canadian article being mostly class No. 1, a maximum rate might be taken, but I state general averages as between gross and net values of various brands. Canadian producers very nearly doubled their former receipts, besides sending you last year an unusual quantity of mackerel. Judge for yourself who really paid the duties to your government, producer or consumer. The difference between Nova Scotia and Massachusetts prices cannot be altogether owing to the relations of demand and supply, but seems chiefly due to its enhanced cost to the original purchaser and his profits, with duties added thereon, all of which somebody pays. Is it not the fish-eater?

It is quite true that the fact of a majority of United States fishing vessels having returned home with scant fares, and many others being deterred altogether from making voyages to our shores because of the vigilance of cruisers and the known impossibility of catching fish except in our inshore waters, lessened the returns of what are pretty freely reckoned in your trade statistics as "the produce of American fisheries," but which ought rather to be distinguished as American catch in British waters, and made it necessary therefore for your dealers to buy provincial catch for home consumption and foreign exportation. Hence directly our increased export. But this circumstance simply makes our selling prices higher both at home and in your market, even while we have more of the commodity to sell. The indirect effect of augmenting our exports and enhancing the value of the commodity proceeds from your tariff. But your duties never touch the cost to us of either the production or the disposal. If these duties were repealed to-morrow, the ensuing freedom of commercial intercourse would undoubtedly be a great convenience to us, and might cheapen fish to your population. It would not, however, be any substantive gain to Canadians. Doubtless you would trade more readily, and perhaps, buy more; but if your own fishermen were prosperous at the same time, our prices and yours would correspondingly decline. It is mere mockery, therefore, to discuss the removal of duties from our fish as an equivalent for admission to our exclusive and lucrative privileges. We command the sources of supply. If your fishermen could participate in them freely, the catch of Canadian fishermen might be neither as certain, as abundant, nor as saleable. The advantage to the producers would be mostly yours. Yet consumers in both countries would obtain fish all the cheaper for the busy competition of domestic industry and foreign enterprise. In your country they would be spared the extra cost of fictitious aid to American fishermen, although deprived of the luxury of discriminating against Canadians.

High duties on provincial-caught fish of any kind are of very slight consequence to us. The only fish we send to your market in appreciable quantities are just those kinds and qualities which your people must have at any price, and that our waters alone can furnish. The best markets for the bulk of Canadian cured fish are in Southern Europe, Great Britain,

the British and foreign West Indies, Brazil, &c., &c. These are now our established markets. Prime mackerel, salmon, certain grades of codfish, some halibut and herrings you are obliged to procure from Canada. We are content to trade these with you at reasonable figures. Sometimes your fishermen manage to filch from our waters the best mackerel, choice codfish, herrings, and halibut. Sometimes, too, they obtain their cargoes in barter for salt and other stores. They manage by such means to make up their fares pretty cheaply. The salt they have probably withdrawn from your warehouses subject to a drawback of duty. Last year this allowance amounted to the handsome sum of \$123,474.56. Towns in Massachusetts figure for \$96,124.48 of this amount. The always-complaining town of Gloucester absorbs the greatest proportion. Do these fishermen sell the fruits of their ingenious poaching and clever bartering any cheaper to the tax-paying consumers of the Union? Not a cent. They make them pay an extra price equivalent to the Customs duties. When we shut them out of our in-shore fishings, where they are as much lawless intruders as if they were veritable Rob Roys in our cattle pastures, these fishermen must either return home empty, or buy fish cargoes in Canadian ports and harbours. It's your affair if they take them into ports of Maine and Massachusetts with or without paying revenue duties. They pay us neither more nor less for the article. In this respect especially it makes no odds whatever to us whether your duties be high or low, or that there were none at all. But the heavier they are the more your much protected fishermen piles on the price at his own market. Who pays? He quite forgets to make you any deduction either for the cheapened salt which he has bartered at par in violation of our regulations and your own. He omits to credit the consumer who pays him the duty with the drawback saved by patriotically evading your warehouse laws and treasury regulations. He tells you the customs charges were designed for his protection and apply to Canadians and their fish, not to him and his fish. He overlooks the fish eater and pork curer of the Western States, and other interests somewhat heavily to protect your great salt producers—they must pay duties on their imported salt and on his salted fish into the bargain. It might be some little comfort to the pork packer in Chicago if he could, in his turn, salt the fisherman down East on the cost of the barrels of pork included in his fishing supplies. But he cannot. Maine and Massachusetts fishermen don't enjoy protection by halves. They buy their pork when on the fishing voyage in Canada at cheap rates. But I can tell you of something else that he doesn't forget to do. He never forgets to make a grievance of the outrages perpetrated on him by Canadian authorities in interfering with his fishing inside the prohibited limits, and trading his bountied salt and other "truck" for fish, bait, ice, stores, and provisions. According to his complaints United States citizens have been denied their treaty rights, the national flag has been outraged, and insolent Britishers have molested innocent men—"hardy fishermen." He wants more protection. He would have the whole American navy close at hand, and war to the knife, rather than put up with such "vexatious treatment." Such are his ideas of protection.

Whilst trade was free between us and fishing unrestricted, your fishermen caught all the fish they wanted, and sold them at moderate prices. Canada took from you such as your dealers found unsuited to domestic and foreign markets. We know that our fishermen caught less fish than they do when American fishermen are excluded. They would continue to do so. But while reciprocity removed all obstacles to fishing and trading there was mutual prosperity. Your people and our own enjoyed an abundance of good and cheap fish food. We want our population to enjoy it still. Retaliation by taxing the fish you send to us would be quite easy. We refrain. Rather we take from you all the fish you can spare without driving them away from the mouths of consumers by taxes which we think simply enhance their cost to the customer. In the meantime, your people will continue to buy from us what fish they need; and in exact proportion to the rigour with which your fishermen are excluded from our rich fishing grounds will the dependence of your trade and consumers on Canadian catch be continued. You can settle amongst your selves out of whose pocket comes the toll which respected Uncle Samuel takes on every mouthful of fish food that goes to feed the active brains, nerves and sinews of his energetic and intelligent family.

Your obedient servant,  
CANADIAN.

#### BORES AND PRIGS.

(From *Tinsley's Magazine*.)

A prig is a prig from his cradle. As a rule the boy who loves his book is one; and there are few brothers and sisters blessed with a superior belonging, who took honours, say, at the University, who cannot feelingly lament what they have to undergo. One does not know whether most to pity or be amazed at the father of such a paragon. Reason and his wife (whose painful task it is, for the sake of domestic harmony, to insist constantly on the young man's perfections, even should she entertain secret doubts of them) tell him he ought to be proud of being the parent of so distinguished a son; but his own instincts and feelings whisper persistently that the honour, though great, is overpowering; and he turns with relief to the unregenerate, good-for-nothing-but-athletic brother, who is guiltless of honours, never looks in a book, but who is genial, natural, and companionable, and does not look on his progenitor as an anachronism, whose old-fashioned ideas are not even worth combating. It is out of the question to discuss any topic with one of these pragmatic individuals. Their utterances must be listened to in silence; and if any difference of opinion be expressed, the dissident is addressed, with a gesture indicative of slightly-veiled contempt, in a sarcastic supercilious voice, intended to convey immeasurable surprise at his ignorance or audacity. A prig is not always literary, however. There are specimens as empty-headed and stupid as they are self-sufficient. Some callings foster priggism more than others. We never met a military or naval prig. It would, perhaps, be invidious to name one or two learned professions which produce a plentiful crop. Why cleverness and priggishness so frequently (not always—we would not be understood to say so for a moment) go together we have never been able to fathom. Is it that "to love his book" is unnatural to a male animal, and produces this extremely unpleasant effect? "Well, my boys mayn't be clever, but, thank God! they are not prigs," exclaimed a mother, whose sons were distinguished for nothing but a love of shooting and cricket, after parting from two nephews who had

taken high honours, and who had just been inflicting their superiority on her. To this super-excellent, but disagreeable class of persons belong those writers who have given to some well-known journals a tone of priggism which nullifies the pleasure to be derived from their perusal, and prevents the good they might otherwise do. No really great writer is a prig. Thackeray, Dickens, Macaulay, George Eliot, are entirely free from the vice. It is hard to say which suffer most from prigs—men or women. The latter are said to like them sometimes. It may be so in very exceptional cases—certainly not as a rule. But they may be more tolerant of them, either because from circumstances they are forced to endure them, or that they are quicker in discerning the good which may be mixed up with so much alloy. The proof that generally women as well as men dislike prigs is to be found in the unpopularity so often attached to the superior young man of the family. We started by asking which is least unendurable—a bore or a prig. The answer must depend on each individual's temperament. There is keen pleasure to be derived, we admit, from horrifying a prig; but it is doubtful if the faculty he possesses of making one's angry passions rise, and thus disturbing one's equanimity, does not counterbalance the amusement. A prig offends of malice prepense; while a bore has no bad intentions. He bores you simply because he is too obtuse or too egotistical to see that he is doing so; while there is an implied flattery in his making you the recipient of his confidences, though you are aware he would do the same to any ready listener. But even when Christian charity forces us to acknowledge the prig's good qualities, he draws so largely on our patience by his insufferable exaltation of his horns, that we think, were the suffrages of society to be taken respecting two inevitable evils, the chances are the bores would have a majority in their favour. Stupidity is less offensive than self-assertion.

#### SCIENCE AND ART.

St. Louis had a shower of what at first was supposed to be sulphur, since it appeared upon the sidewalks as a yellowish-green powder. The people were struck with wonder, gathered the powder, burnt it, and smelled the odor of the sulphur. Dr. John Green, however, put it under the microscope and found it to be the pollen of the pine tree, probably blown from the pine forests of the Carolinas, and washed from the atmosphere above St. Louis by a shower of rain.

An Indian vernacular paper, called the *Budh Akbar*, has been giving its readers lithographic copies of pictures of scenes from the war which have appeared in the *Illustrated London News*. These copies are made by native artists in Lucknow.

PAPER.—From the *English Mechanic* we learn that Africa appears to be capable of supplying the want of all our paper-makers; as besides the esparto grass and the bark of the Adansonia, there is a fibre-producing plant called diss-grass, which, though difficult to work, and not so valuable as the better-known esparto, can yet be obtained in such quantities and at such a price as will render it a useful luxury. The dwarf palm can be obtained in almost any quantity in Algeria, but the cost of collection is rather more than that of esparto, as each leaf is picked separately, and its manufacture into paper is more difficult and expensive, the texture of the fibre varying in different parts of the leaf, one portion of which contains some yellowish wax or resin, extremely difficult to kill, and almost impossible to detect till it is discovered on the hot rollers and the paper is spoiled. The rivers of South Africa are in many places choked with a plant known as the palmets, a kind of large rush, eight or ten feet in height, of which large quantities can be obtained, and which, in all probability, will be found of use in the fabrication of ropes and paper.

#### LITERATURE AND THE DRAMA.

Madame Parepa-Rosa is so seriously unwell that her medical advisers have ordered complete rest and change of scene.

Her Majesty has signified her intention of conferring knighthood on M. Jules Benedict, Dr. Sterndale Bennett, and Dr. Elvey.

We understand that Dr. Ferdinand Hiller, the great German composer who lately visited England, has consented to write a grand march for the opening of the International Exhibition on May 1, and that he will personally conduct its performance.

It is stated that Mr. J. Anthony Froude is writing a history of Ireland under the old penal and Roman Catholic laws, and after embodying the salient points in a series of lectures, he contemplates delivering them in various parts of the United States.

Two of the most successful and best paid editors in New York are women—Miss Mary L. Booth, of the *Bazaar*, who receives \$4,000 a year, and Mrs. Mary E. Dodge, of the *Hearth and Home*, who has a salary of \$3,000.

A Portland paper is publishing extracts from a diary kept by Hawthorne when a boy of ten years, of which this is a sample:—"This morning the bucket got off the chain and dropped back into the well. I wanted to go down on the stones and get it. Mother would not consent, for fear the well might cave in, but hired Samuel Shano to go down. In the goodness of her heart she thought the son of old Mrs. Shano not quite so valuable as the son of the widow Hawthorne. God bless her for all her love for me, though it may be somewhat selfish."

FRIENDLY CRITICS.—Two lessons from the facts connected with the early history of *Waverley* may be taught us. First, let friends beware of their critical advices. Two of the best novels ever written had nearly been strangled in this way. Godwin gave his *Caleb Williams* to be read by a friend, who returned it, telling him "that, if published, it would be the grave of his literary reputation." Ask how it fared with *Waverley* we know. Probably hundreds of similar instances might be quoted from D'Israeli the elder, and other collectors of literary *ana*. The second lesson is, that authors should never allow the criticisms of friends to drive them in rash disgust to burn or otherwise destroy the children of their brains.

Let them put them under as many locks and keys as they like; let them observe Horace's precept, "Premat ad nonum annum," as religiously as they please; but let them spare their lives. Nay, let them keep them as carefully as the Mohammedans do the least scrap of paper they find, lest peradventure it contains the name of Mohammed or Allah. Depend on it, their day may come.—*Life of Sir Walter Scott, Bart.*

Speaking of "Herve Riel," a contemporary says when Mr. Browning published "Bells and Pomegranates," some innocent readers wondered what the title meant. Dear me! said the poet, innocently; I thought everybody knew that, in Rabbinical lore, bells meant sound, and pomegranates sense. Such was Mr. Browning's idea of what everybody could understand. That story about "Sordello" is well known. It has been said that the poem contains only two intelligible lines. Douglas Jerrold lit upon it just as he was recovering after a long illness, and couldn't make it out. He asked his wife to dip into it. "Why, I can't understand a word!" cried the poor lady. "Thank God, thank God!" shrieked Jerrold, slapping his leonine brows, "I am not mad! I thought I had gone stupid during my illness."

#### MISCELLANEA.

The latest Parisian *bon-mot* describing the sentiments of the Parisians for the Germans is *Prusse-chien* (Prussien), *Autrichien* (Autrichien).

It is understood at the Hague that the bargain for transferring Dutch Guinea to Great Britain will shortly be completed. The purchase-money is believed to be about £75,000.

Alsace and Lorraine are to become a separate territory of the German Empire, under a Government appointed by the Emperor. Strasburg is to be the capital.

One day when Eschine was, as usual, on his way to Westminster Hall, with his large bag full of briefs, he was accosted by a boy, who asked him if he was a dealer in old clothes. "No, you little imp," replied the counsellor, "these are all new suits."

It seems to be certain that the cantons of Wissembourg, Lauterburg, and Sulz, the northernmost portion of Alsace, will be ceded to Bavaria to reward her for her alacrity in taking the field eight months ago. This district belonged in past times to the Bavarian Palatinate, numbers 50,000 inhabitants, and is about equal in size to what King Ludwig was obliged to cede to Prussia after the campaign of 1866. The rest of Alsace will be placed under the central Government of Germany.

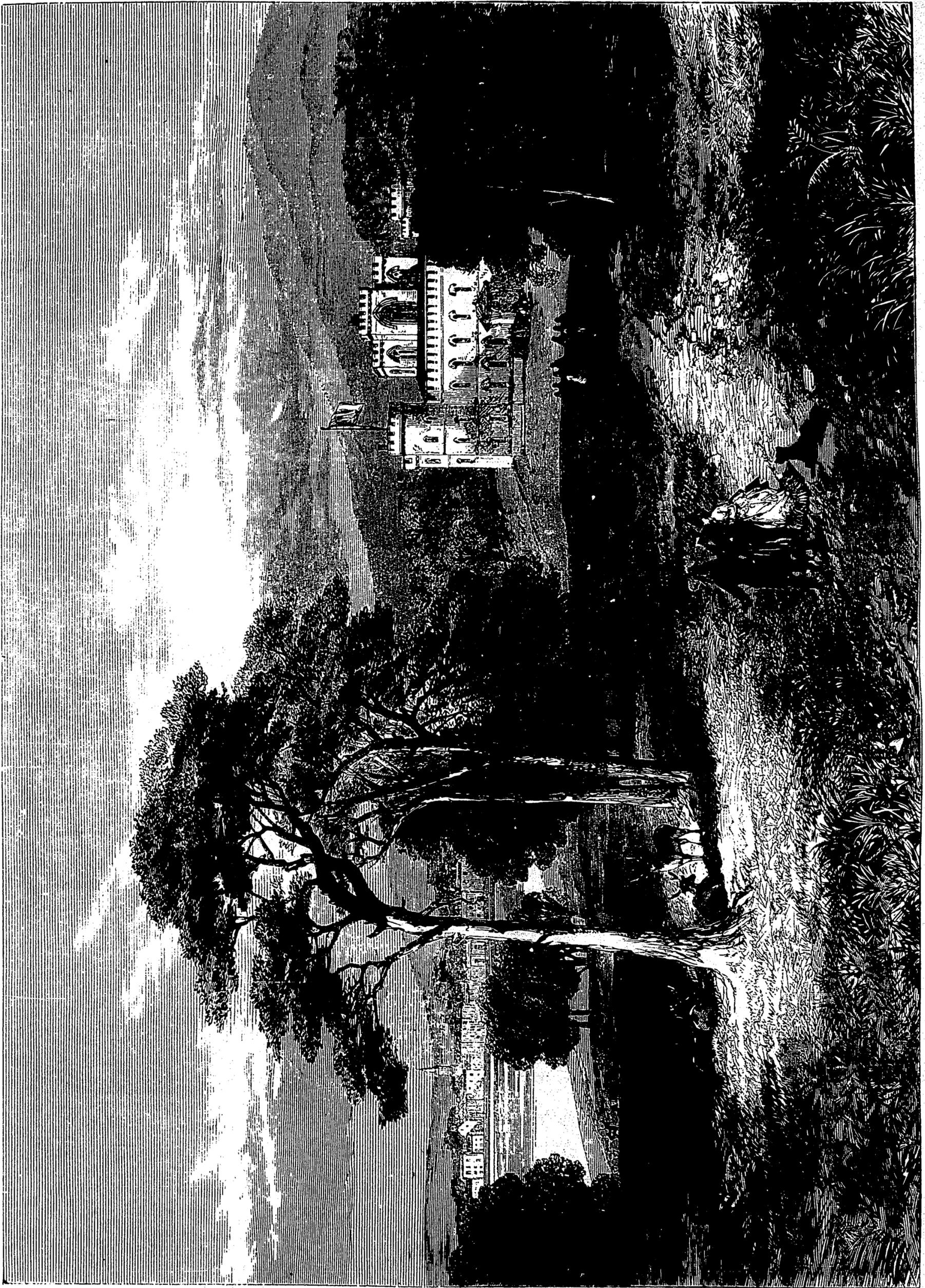
In a recent county court case, a witness testified that he removed an iron rod from a piece of wood only two hours previously, at the same time producing the rod and wood in court, and pointing out to the jury the identical hole from which the rod was removed. The counsel for the defence discovered that, at some time, a spider had spun his web in the hole, and that it still remained there, together with the dead spider. It has since been a mooted question whether or not spiders spin their webs in February; and, if so, whether it could have been spun, the spider die, and dry up in so short a space of time.

A London photographer started for France a day or two ago, specially to procure a photograph of that daring Lieutenant Benhardy, of the 14th Hussars, who was the first German to enter Paris, and whose pluckiness has made for him a name in history. He rode alone down the Avenue des Champs Elysees to the Place de la Concorde with his drawn sword in his hand, and on arriving there checked his horse, smoothed down the animal's mane with his sword, and calmly looked around to see if any one was disposed to shoot him. He will be used up as an important character in many a circus procession this summer, and become a prominent hero in the fictions of the future, wherein the Franco-German war shall be chosen for a subject. When he gets back to his native land he will have a laurel crown put upon his head, and four-and-twenty maidens, all in white, will sing to him a choral lay.

AN ANCIENT MITRAILLEUSE.—The following notice is taken *verbatim* from the *Edinburgh Advertiser* for December 7, 1764:—"A Scotch shoe-maker has contrived an instrument of war by means of which six persons are to do as much execution as a whole regiment. This instrument, if we may believe the projector, will discharge 4,400 balls in the space of two minutes; is quite portable and easy of carriage; in case of surprise, may be knocked to pieces in less than a moment's space, so as to render it entirely useless to the enemy; and, if recovered again by any change in the field, may be got together in less than a minute and a half, so as to be fit for use as before. In case, also, of any sudden charge by horse or foot during the intervals of loading, at the touch of a spring a harvest of bayonets are to arise, with their points directed towards the foe. To this the inventor—who, though a shoe-maker, is likewise a military man—has added a system of discipline, relative to the use of his machine, perfectly easy and speedily to be learned."

FRENCH PHOTOGRAPHERS AND GERMAN SITTERS.—The special correspondent of the *London Daily News*, writing from Paris under date of February 27th, says:—"The French are always very intense in their national likings and dislikes. It is terrible to see their hatred of the Germans at present. I have recently told you that no Germans will henceforth be employed in Paris—that they will be excluded from clubs—and that the French loathe the idea of modifying the terms of their Treaty of Commerce with Prussia and with the Zollverein, not simply as a question of money, but because they wish henceforth to have nothing to do with their enemies, upon whom one day they will take a fierce revenge. I have been reminded of all this by some English friends who went on Sunday to a photographer. Photographers here do a great deal of business on Sundays if the weather is fine. The people are generally in their best clothes, and like to be photographed, perhaps, for lack of talk. My friends went to a very famous photographer on the Boulevards; but their accent betrayed them—they were evidently foreigners—perhaps Germans. "Are you Prussians?" asked the photographer; "because if you are, I cannot take your photographs." His visitors made their nationality evident by the production of sundry passports, and then at last, his patriotic soul being satisfied, he found it in his heart to take their portraits."





INVERARY CASTLE, THE CHIEF SEAT OF THE DUKE OF ARGYLL. SEE PAGE 226

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

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

## TALES OF THE LINKS OF LOVE.

BY ALEXANDER SOMERVILLE.

### LILLYMERE.

CHAPTER XIV.—Continued.

That sportive youth having been in street literature somewhere socially educated to the delight of anonymous malice, now groaned the name of Larrik as the doer of all the evil. A lad, who if merry was not mischievous; if guilty of a fault never denied it; but who, on the contrary, despised the cowardice of anonymity.

"We'll make Larrik work for this some day," said the master to comfort the sufferer; "and you do no more work until entirely recovered. My mother will doctor and nurse you; kind woman my mother."

But the Doctor said he could not answer for the patient's life if not removed to Conway Hospital. So that was done, Larrik, generous boy, conveying the sufferer in a waggon with great tenderness.

The bridegroom danced in one reel, but no more. Though inclined, as he said, to make a day of it, he desisted because the bride refused to dance with the Minister, or with any one, even with her joyful husband. And for that reason the reverend guest also declined to step a measure, though loving it dearly.

"Do you still hold against dancing, my dear, on principle? You admitted, some time ago, that no principle was involved."

"It is not that, Thomas. I have discovered something never expected to be seen by me; never expected to be seen by eyes of mine: never, never."

"My dear, my loved, my darling bride, what have you discovered?"

"Of all days in my life that it should fall on this day."

"What is it, Tibby, my own one? My own darling bride, and pride, and love, and wife! My own wifey, what is it?"

"That it should happen at all, but on this day, of all days, and under the roof where I have come expecting contentment, peace, and moral propriety."

"Gracious, Tibby! What is the matter?"

"The matter? Matter enough."

"Tibby, such words of gloom make me fear you see the end of the world coming again?"

"The end of the world coming again? Better it did come than have such ongoings."

"Is it anything I have done?"

"No, Thomas; nothing you have done."

"Anything mother has done?"

"Nothing your mother has done, dear, good creature, no."

"If neither mother nor I have done the wrong, why not out with it? We should correct it if we can."

"Correct it if you can? All creation will not mend it. Since the Fall of Man in Eden's Garden, the world has had nothing more astounding and confounding."

"And is it something which your own eyes have seen? And in this house? In my mother's house?"

"In this house. And my own eyes saw."

"Tibby, my own dear wife, riddles of this kind, beginning on our wedding day, don't promise well. I ask but once more, if you don't tell the thing right out, keep it. What did you see?"

"I saw the Deacon's wife, in private, in the arms of Donal Clandonal, the Flying Piper! After staring at him for hours, she at last sidled in beside him, whispering; and he whispering again. Oh, the world! the world! the world!"

"What Deacon's wife do you mean?"

"I mean Nancy Pearly. Deacon Willy Pearly's wife—poor man."

"Delusions, my dear girl. Your brain must be touched with the whirl and excitement of the day. What! Nancy Pearly, one of the flowers of womankind, talk secretly with that gallant, the Flying Piper! Kissing and being kissed, as you insinuate! Impossible."

"I did not speak the unchaste words; but since your lips, Thomas, have given them utterance, they are not retracted. They did embrace, and in secret, too."

"Some near relation, unexpectedly discovered."

"He is no relation. If one of her kin, wouldn't she speak to him openly before her husband?"

While bridegroom and bride troubled themselves in this manner, Mrs. Pearly sought her husband, but he had gone to his farm, on duties of the homestead, intending to return. Taking her daughter Essel aside, when one of the dances closed—a girl in her eighteenth year, and almost peerless among the many beauties present—mother and maiden talked together. Essel's features glowed and paled alternately; her eyes seeking and resting on the sprightly Highlander, who now sat apart,

at the entrance of a bower within the garden.

Then the amazed bridegroom and bride from another flowery arbour near by, saw through intervals in the leaves, that Mrs. Pearly led Essel to Donal Clandonal's presence; spoke a few words to both, then—what then? the Flying Piper threw his arms around Essel, imprinting two distinct kisses, one of which the young lady returned; yet blushed, and paled, and blushed again, seeming as if she would faint and fall, when all three came away, moving towards the house. Donal, as he passed the arbour of the listeners, was heard saying to Essel, in accents of tenderness, something which included the words:

"My daughter," and "Found at last!"

His daughter? All in the township knew Essel Pearly to be Willy and Nancy's second child.

It meant something, but what this strange incident did mean, the few who witnessed external appearances could not satisfactorily surmise.

The Piper, for reasons best known to himself, engaged a light waggon and driver to take him to Conway, and at once departed; but promised to return before dark, after conferring with his sister and her maid.

Willy Pearly soon returned from his farm, and before seeking wife or daughters, dived, as it were, into the depths of a manifold dance, then heated, and in gay spirits, he partook of simple, deaconly, orthodox refreshments, cups that cheered but not—betrayed. Then looked for Nancy.

"Willy, oh Willy! so glad, so glad!"

"I'm glad also; but you are not all yourself, Nancy; have you taken anything that is disagreeing?"

"Nothing; taken only cold water to cool me. Oh, my Willy, my dear husband, what a day this is. Never in my life did such a day of fortune, of gladness, of joys, of joys dawn on me."

"Hoots, Nancy, that's haivers. You had a wedding-day yourself once; and not so long ago your daughter Alcy had a wedding-day to give us gladness. We may rejoice with neighbours, but our own happy events concern us most."

"It is another kind of happiness than that of wedding-days; and you'll be as glad as I, Willy, when you know. Come within the arbour alone and we'll talk it over. Let Essel come also."

"Certainly, let Essel come; why not? Here is a nice shady quiet seat. Now, what is flustering you, Nancy? If I did not know my wife so well, as discreet and good, and—and, in fact, all goodness, as she once was the lovely, lovely Nancy, bonny lass of Branxton, I'd say you've been taking something."

"I have taken something, William, since you half insinuate, but not what runs in your mind at present; something not intended to have been named just yet, but for that remark; and hardly proper to be said by a wife to a husband."

"Nancy!"

"I've been enfolded in a stranger's arms, and embraced in your absence."

"Nancy! Nancy!"

"And who, of all people here, do you think enfolded me in arms?"

"The bride may, in a fit of gaiety; but I would have hardly expected such remarkable demonstrations from her to you."

"The bride! No, indeed. What think you of Clandonal, the Flying Piper?"

"Nancy!"

"He whom half the ladies of Conway are said to be crazed about."

"Nancy! Nancy! Nancy!"

"And, by my introduction, after enfolded me, the Flying Piper took our daughter Essel in arms, calling her by the most endearing epithets."

"This is wholly improper to be spoken of, even as a jest. Surely you have partaken of drinks, or meats, or magic potions, improper to be tasted. Who is the rowdy run-the-gate? I suppose some hundred and nineteenth Highland cousin of yours, never before heard of?"

"Willy, did not your honest eyes detect the Clandonal, or suspect him, to be only a man in pretence?"

"No, I thought him a real, fine, bonny lad; and would think him so still, but for what you say; but for his—his—impudence. Where is the rascal now?"

"Gone to Conway, but returning to stay with us all night, if you do not object."

"Object! If I do not object? He shall not enter our door. There is sin in some form; covertly or openly, it is present in this matter. Even if a woman in male disguise the misconduct is unwomanly, and indefensible. I do object, most seriously."

"You may think otherwise on knowing good reasons for the disguise."

"There may be reasons; they cannot be good reasons. Say on, however; I listen."

"You remember our daughter's full baptismal name?"

"Yes, Essel Bell; named after the missing child who lost the babe, Lillymere, in the woods of Ogleburn—poor young dear, whom we all loved so well, refusing to think she had any share in losing the infant of purpose."

"And you remember what we heard of

Essel Bell, after her departure from Ogleburn Castle, frightened at threats held forth by some people?"

"Yes, we heard the ship she went in from Liverpool to her native country, the Ten Thousand Islands lying between Canada and the States, was wrecked; all on board perishing."

"All did not perish. Clandonal, the Flying Piper, is no other than that missing young lady, Essel Bell."

"Nancy!"

"I knew him—her, I should say—and after much observation, and some indifferent questions about his native country, assuming him to be Scotch born—her, I mean—which I knew she was not, being of Scotch parentage born on one of the Thousand Islands, I hazarded the inquiry pointedly and direct."

"May the villain, catching at your credulity, not be deceiving you?"

"I knew the person to be Essel Bell. She told me things in corroboration which no other creature under the skies could have named; things known only to me and to her."

"Where has she been all those years?"

"We are to learn everything, in time."

"Knows she anything of the babe Lillymere, which so mysteriously disappeared?"

"Only lately, quite lately. She had cause to expect that he, now a young man, would come to Conway about this time in search of himself—for he does not know who he is, but is employed by instruction from England to make search for the lost heir of Lillymere; and that, though not knowing her, nor that she assists, he might be accompanied by some one interested in deceiving him, who would prevent their meeting."

"Nancy, if this should turn out to be all as told to you, it will indeed be a day of gladness and of wonders. Yet I fear it impossible. Essel Bell to be alive, after all those years! And the lost babe of Lillymere to be alive, also!"

"Yes, Willy; we may yet see that babe which disappeared in the Ogleburn woods, by a wild eagle, or by gipsies, poor little Essel could not tell which; and I myself, running, running when she screamed, was the first to discover her down on the point of rock, fifty feet from top of the cliff where the babe lay asleep, and from where she fell;—we may yet have the happiness of seeing Essel's innocence clear to everybody as it always was to me and you; and that babe may be restored to its birthright, and in time be the English Earl Royalfort, owner of the great landed estates and wealth of that family."

"And a worthy successor, I trust, of that wisest and best of noblemen, the present Lord. But—but, Nancy, if this Flying Highlander be lying?"

"The Flying Highlander is my loved, long lost young mistress, Essel Bell; no other."

"It was really Essel Bell, you are sure, who enfolded you in arms, embracing your lips?"

"No other, Willy dear; no other."

"And embraced our Essel, calling her daughter?"

"Meaning daughter in friendship, named after herself."

"And this good reason for disguise is the hope of discovering lost Lillymere, unknown to persons interested in concealing him?"

"It seems so, William; is it not an admissible reason?"

"What should set her dancing and piping and singing?"

"Not to earn money, Essel owns sufficiency of wealth; but her object in Conway demanded disguise; and on us, for the present, she imposes secrecy."

"Did people see this unfolding in arms and embracing?"

"None, so far as I am aware. What if they did? I was at no pains to conceal it."

"But this person imposes secrecy, you say; may not the good name of our daughter suffer?"

"I'll not permit that. If a whisper arise against her, all shall be fully explained."

"In that case, at risk of your own good name, Nancy?"

"My good name is not to be so lightly touched."

"But your discretion may. What if this Flying Piper disappears from Conway before morning, never to return?"

#### CHAPTER XV.

MUSIC ON THE WIND, AT ONE TREE BRIDGE.

In the hamlet of a hundred houses, about to be incorporated as a village, and likely in a few years to be a town, owned chiefly by the bridegroom of yesterday,—one pretty cottage, embowered in flowers, was the dwelling of Anna Liffey; a young lady, aged nineteen, learned Directress of the Female Seminary. She came two years previously from a city training school as a junior assistant.

Not long could a lady teacher be retained in Ramasine, or anywhere else in rural Canada. Like marriageable servant girls, all went away as brides. So might Anna, any time in those two years, but for an early engagement with a medical student. She was bridesmaid

yesterday, and this youth came from the West to be groomsmen. Few persons knew then or previously, but it became demonstrated in time, that the hard-toiling, reputedly miserly blacksmith—Laird of the Corners—had, with his revered mother, done many generous actions to persons touched by misfortune. This boy fell under blight. In one of the sectional commotions Humfry Horn, who had assumed the office of Baptist preacher, went out at a 'rising' to pray with, guide and restrain the insurgents from evil, but being found in such company was accused of complicity, and condemned. Popular clamour, because he was a Baptist, demanded to know what Humfry did with his flail among the insurgents, if not guilty? The law said he "abetted and comforted." None assumed the toil, danger, expense, as in a later case, of searching for and sifting out the facts to arrest execution of the law after the hurried, helter skelter trial. Humfry Horn, not a favourite in the sect, only an interloping chaplain of the movement, self-appointed, was led to the scaffold. History said, "taken red hot."

The widow, Bess-of-the-Barn, removed to the States with her child. After a time this boy returned to Conway, seeking to recover his father's lot of land. Spurned by most people as son of Humfry Horn, he was kindly treated, from the depths of her natural tenderness, by the blacksmith's mother. She and son put him to a superior school, then to the University and medical classes.

On the occasion of "happiest day in his life," Ramasine had the best suits of dress for himself and groomsmen which town artists could produce, going to excess in some things, that his young friend might be arrayed in freshest style of elegance. Hence such items as silken hose and pumps of glittering patent leather, gold studs, a diamond or two on themselves, and several brilliants on the bride.

This young gentleman, Ocean Horn by name, born at sea, (Chapter V.) stood early in the morning after the wedding, within the floral arbor embowering the dwelling of the bridesmaid. Thus ran his thought:

"Given the latitude of Rama River, dawning in the dell behind the dwelling of Anna Liffey, 45° 22' 36" N.—Day of the year, 18th of June. Sun above the horizon one hour by Tom's sun dial; and I waiting, expecting, longing—waiting and longing for my love to rise. Given these data, to find the minute when she will rise."

"To find the time to awaken Anna, girl of my joy with the sleek black tresses, glossy, curling, flowing hair."

"Lips all rosy, but so pure, so nearly holy, almost too sacred for touch. Eyes softly eloquent, spiritually mystic. Long eye-lashes enclosing the mirrors where her lover looks reading, or learning to read in the deep, deep mysteries. Reading psychological essences of two young beings finding their affinities. Looking in the mirrors of Anna Liffey's soul, reading in their witcheries that in the innermost recesses she holds, as in a treasury—a sealed and sacred treasury, the image of this impetuous young Æsculapian, Ocean Horn."

"To find the time to awaken my love, by salutation of convulvuli, roses, honeysuckles, flowering branches, embracing the crystal of her chamber windows."

"Rosebuds saluting their sleeping sister; shooting kisses on sunbeams into the chamber, flushing muslins, dimities, damasks, laces. Purities surrounding my own bird of paradise."

"Come, my darling, come walk in the woodlands, among pink and white anemones, down on the banks of Rama: clear, limpid water, boldly flowing river."

"I venture, I whisper, faint to awake her. Anna, my darling, you promised to be early, and walk to the maple grove down by the river, then up the banks of Rama to One Tree Bridge. Are you waking yet, or sleeping, Anna?"

To be continued.



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3-15-d  
ISAAC F. SCRIPTURE.

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BEALES & HAWKSEY'S  
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J. UNDERHILL, Optician to the Medical Faculty  
of McGill University,  
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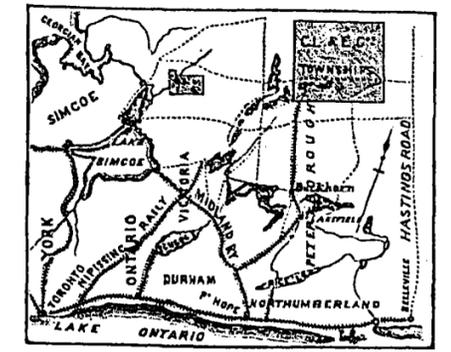
**DOMINION OF CANADA,**  
CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT,  
Ottawa, 30th March, 1871.  
Invoiced Goods.  
NOTICE.  
BY DIRECTION OF THE HON. THE MINISTER OF CUSTOMS.  
NOTICE is hereby given that, from and  
after the first day of May next, the 49th section  
of the Act respecting the Customs 31 Vict. Cap. 6,  
which declares that "if any package is found to con-  
tain goods, not mentioned in the invoice, such goods  
shall be absolutely forfeited," will be strictly en-  
forced, and the goods not invoiced shall be forfeited  
accordingly.

3-15-c  
R. S. M. BOUCHETTE,  
Commissioner of Customs.

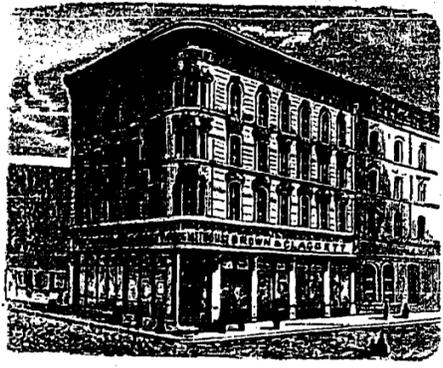
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3-15-4



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Stock of the Cheapest Goods (quality considered) they  
have ever shown.  
The IMPORTANT FRENCH PURCHASES were  
made by our agents during the panic, when French  
Manufacturers were compelled to sell for gold at any  
sacrifice.  
The STOCK OF DRESS FABRICS include several  
clashes that were made for Paris, and bought much  
under ordinary value.  
COTTONS are at the lowest point they have been  
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ceived.  
One thousand dozen Scarfs, and a beautiful lot of  
Sashes and Sash Ribbons to select from.  
The purchases have been made under the most  
advantageous circumstances, and are now submitted  
on the lowest possible scale of profits, each article being  
marked in PLAIN FIGURES THE LOWEST CASH PRICE.  
Inspection and comparison are with much confi-  
dence invited.  
We have just received two Pattern Mantles from  
Paris, bought by our agent who paid a visit to the  
besieged city during the armistice, and forwarded  
them by express specially for the Mantle Department  
of the Recollet House.  
The MANTLE ROOMS contain a large stock to  
meet the increasing patronage of this Department.  
The BEST PATTERNS are selected with great care.  
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AND FANCY GOODS.  
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An Inspection is Invited.  
ALEXANDER WATSON & Co.,  
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**NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.**  
SEALED TENDERS, addressed to F. BRAUN,  
Esq., Secretary of Public Works, will be received at  
this Office until NOON of MONDAY, the 24th inst.,  
for the Construction of Supporting Piers and Cross  
Rooms in the Timber Basin at Lachine.  
Plans and Specifications can be seen at this Office  
on and after FRIDAY, the 14th inst.  
The signatures of two responsible persons who are  
willing to become sureties for the performance of the  
work must be appended to each tender.  
The Department does not bind itself to accept the  
lowest or any tender.  
By ORDER,  
(Signed.) JOHN G. SIPPPELL,  
Supt'g Engineer  
CANAL OFFICE,  
Montreal, 10th April, 1871. 3-15-1b

**LACHINE CANAL.**  
NOTICE is hereby given that the water  
will be drawn out of the Lachine Canal on the  
25th inst., or as soon after as the repairs can be pro-  
ceeded with, and will remain out until the necessary  
repairs have been effected.  
By order, (Signed) J. G. SIPPPELL,  
Supt'g Engineer.  
LACHINE CANAL OFFICE,  
Montreal, 20th March, 1871. 3-12-d

**THE DOLLAR STEAM ENGINE.**

**EXPLOSION is impossible.**  
Every machine warranted.  
Any child can run it. By mail, post-  
paid, for \$1.20. Scientific attach-  
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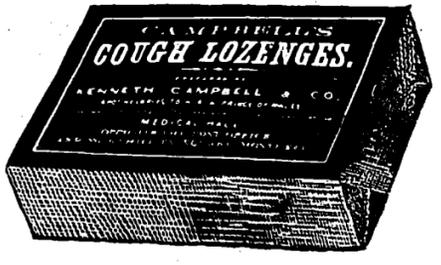
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**PUBLIC NOTICE**

IS hereby given, that up to and upon the  
20th day of APRIL next, Tenders will be re-  
ceived at this Department, for the lease of the  
Ordnance property at the Coteau du Lac, known  
as the "Old Fort," consisting of so much of the  
land acquired by the Ordnance authorities in 1814,  
from the Hon. William Campbell, as lies south of  
the Highway, and of the land beyond reaching to  
the shores of the Rivers St. Lawrence and Delisle,  
with the old Military Works and the Buildings; and  
the use of the Canal constructed thereon, and of the  
water-power created thereby.  
The term of the said Lease to be for five years, to  
date from the 1st MAY next, 1871.  
Tenders to state rental offered per annum,  
to be paid semi-annually, and the names of two  
sufficient securities to be given for the payment  
of the same, and the fulfilment of the conditions.  
The Department has the power of resuming  
possession of the property on giving three months'  
notice for military or other purposes.  
The Lessee to keep the Canal in repair, so that in  
the event of war or other emergency it may be used  
for Canal purposes.  
The said Lessee to have no power to sub-let with-  
out special authority in writing from the Depart-  
ment.  
The Buildings on the land may be used, but not  
destroyed or removed without the sanction of the  
Department.  
A plan of the property may be seen at the office of  
the Ordnance Lands Branch of this Department.  
E. PARENT,  
Under Secretary of State of Canada.  
W. F. COFFIN,  
Ordnance Lands Agent,  
Ottawa, March 29, 1871. 3-13-d

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2-21-1f



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charged, as heretofore. The travelling community  
will consult their own interests by remembering the  
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ROYAL LAUNDRY OF ENGLAND,  
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THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA. 187f

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