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GRAND

Illustrated News

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MONTREAL, SATURDAY, MARCH 25, 1871.

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OUR CANADIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY.

No. 64.—HON. J. C. CHAPAIS, P. C.,
RECEIVER GENERAL.

It is not eloquence that gains for the public man a position in his country. Some comparatively silent men have risen to place and power through mental endowments and personal characteristics which manifest themselves by deeds rather than words, and, we believe, Mr. Chapais is a prominent exemplar of this class. Indeed, many of our most successful public men have achieved their greatness without establishing any claim to the gift of oratory, and he may well be credited with the further tribute of never having laid claim to it. Close business habits and a quick appreciation of the bearings of the questions submitted to his judgment have won for Mr. Chapais a position of great influence in his own Province, though his quiet carriage, and general abstinence from active participation in the Parliamentary debates, have rendered him much less known throughout the other Provinces of the Dominion than those of his compatriots who have filled, or now fill, like exalted positions.

Jean Charles Chapais was born at Rivière Ouelle, a large village on the South Shore of the St. Lawrence, about ninety miles below Quebec, and is now in his fifty-third or fifty-fourth year, though he wears his age so well that he would readily pass for ten years younger. His father was a merchant in this village, and the long residence of the family in that district—Kamouraska—added to their honourable conduct and intimate business associations with the inhabitants, has created a powerful family influence, the predominance of which was challenged at the last general election by the opposing house represented by the Hon. Letellier de St. Just, and resulted in the somewhat notorious Kamouraska election riots of 1867, which occupied the attention of a special committee of the House of Commons, and were the subject of no little comment in the press. M. Pelletier, on that occasion, opposed the Hon. M. Chapais, but the result of the committee's deli-

berations, bring to declare the constituency vacant, M. Chapais was called to the Senate in January, 1868, to replace, if we mistake not, the Hon. Senator Bossé, then elevated to the Bench. M. Chapais married a daughter of the late Hon. Amable Dionne, of Kamouraska, a member of the Council of the old Province of Quebec, and

that time until the Union, in 1867, he continued to represent that county in Parliament, and on the formation of the Coalition in 1854, gave his adhesion to the Government then formed. During part of the time when the country was officially represented at the Grand Trunk Railway Board, he was a Government Director of that road, and first entered the Ministry on the retirement of the Macdonald-Dorion Government in 1864, when the Taché-Macdonald Government came into power. In this Cabinet M. Chapais held the portfolio of Public Works, and continued to preside over that important department until the Union. With his colleagues he was a consenting party to the Coalition of May, 1864, and the consequent adoption of the policy of Confederation. He took part in the deliberations of the Quebec Conference at which the seventy-two resolutions laying down the basis of Confederation were agreed to, and in the first Dominion Government, 1st July, 1867, he was sworn in as a member of the Queen's Privy Council for Canada, and appointed Minister of Agriculture. This office he held until the autumn of 1869, when on filling up the vacancies that had occurred in the Cabinet, M. Chapais retired from the Ministry of Agriculture, and succeeded the Hon. Mr. (now Sir Edward) Kenny as Receiver General, which office he at present holds.

It is not improbable that the quiet dignity of the Senate Chamber is more congenial to him than the turmoil and excitement of the House of Commons, so that the disturbances which rendered null what would otherwise have undoubtedly been his triumphant return to the House of

Commons as representative of his native county, have in the end, contributed to his personal comfort and convenience, while they have not injured his influence in his native province. He represents the County of Champlain in the Legislative Assembly of Quebec, but it is reported that he will not seek re-election; at least the statement has been made that, in the event of his retirement, another candidate is ready to take the field. The choice,



HON. J. C. CHAPAIS, P. C., RECEIVER GENERAL.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN.

subsequently a Legislative Councillor for the Province of Canada, by nomination of the Crown. His education having been finished at the Seminary of Quebec, M. Chapais established himself in business at the Village of St. Denis (de la Bouteillerie) in his native county. At the general elections of 1851 he offered himself as a candidate and was returned for the County of Kamouraska as a supporter of the Lafontaine-Baldwin party. From

whichever way made, will be purely a personal one, as he has sufficient influence to place his re-election beyond a doubt, provided he desires it.

No. 65.—HIS GRACE THE MOST REVEREND DR. TASCHEREAU,
ARCHBISHOP OF QUEBEC.

THE death of Mgr. Baillargeon, the late Archbishop of Quebec, and Primate of the R. C. Ecclesiastical Province of that name, which until very recently embraced the whole of Canada and the North West Territories, though an event long looked for, created, when it did occur, on the 13th of October last, much interest among the adherents of the Roman Catholic Church in this Province, as to who should be his successor in the Archiepiscopal See. The interest was, however, purely of a personal character, and probably confined itself to a commendable aspiration that the virtues of the deceased might be reflected in the life and conduct of his successor. If so, the Catholic community of this Province, by the concurrent testimony, clerical and lay, that has reached the public ear, from that body, testifies that the hope has been amply fulfilled in the election and appointment of the Venerable Vicar-General Taschereau, late Rector of Laval University, to fill the important office. Almost concurrently with the demise of the late Archbishop, the Ecclesiastical Province of Toronto had been set apart from that of Quebec, including the whole of Ontario, save the small portion attached to the diocese of Ottawa; but the growth of the country had rendered this division necessary, as on former occasions it has imposed from time to time the creation of new dioceses, and the erection of the Ecclesiastical Province of Halifax. Probably at no distant day other divisions, diocesan as well as Provincial, may be made; but as in Ireland the ancient See of Armagh retains the Primacy of "all Ireland," so here, the Archiepiscopate of Quebec will retain the Primacy of Canada. It may be said, therefore, that Mgr. Taschereau is the highest dignitary of the Roman Catholic Church in British America, and in this character, as well as in that he has already proved himself a Canadian of distinguished ability and of rare devotion to duty, even when it exposed him to great personal dangers, his portrait and a brief account of his previous career will doubtless prove interesting to all our readers.

Mgr. Elzéar Alexandre Taschereau is descended from an old French family, a member of which, Thomas Jacques Taschereau, emigrated from Touraine to Canada about the beginning of the last century. Soon after his arrival, M. Taschereau was appointed Marine Treasurer, and in 1736 received a grant of a seignory on the banks of the river Chaudière. The new Archbishop is the grandson of this gentleman and was born at Ste. Marie de la Beauce, on the 17th February, 1820, and has, consequently, but just completed his fifty-first year. When but eight years of age he was sent to the Quebec Seminary, where he soon became distinguished for his great talents and close application to study. In 1836, when sixteen years old, he visited Rome with L'Abbé Holmes of the Seminary, and in the following year received the tonsure at the hands of Mgr. Piatti, Archbishop of Trebizonde, in the Basilica of St. John Lateran. In September of the same year he returned to Quebec and commenced his theological studies, which, with other branches of learning, he earnestly pursued for six years. At the end of that time, so fully had his proficiency commended itself to his superiors that, though still under canonical age, he was ordained Priest, on the 10th September, 1842, at the Church of Ste. Marie de la Beauce, his native place, by Mgr. Turgeon, then Coadjutor, and subsequently successor to Archbishop Signai. Shortly afterwards the Rev. M. Taschereau was appointed to the Chair of Philosophy in the Seminary, and this position he held for twelve years.

In 1847 the terrible scourge of ship fever broke out among the emigrants at Grosse Isle, and it is said that the Rev. M. Taschereau was the first to volunteer his services to assist the Rev. Father McGavran, the present Rector of St. Patrick's R. C. Church, and at that time Chaplain at Grosse Isle, to minister to the spiritual necessities of the Irish Catholics who had flocked in hundreds to the western world to escape the consequences of the horrid famine which, a couple of years before, had made a charnel house of their own country. These unfortunate creatures, whose constitutions had been permanently injured by their long endurance of gaunt hunger, fell ready victims to the malignant typhus born of the improper sanitary arrangements then existing for the care of emigrants, and no heroism could be greater than that which accepted the certainty of life in the midst of loathsomeness with a great risk of death, for the sole purpose of giving them consolation in their pitiable condition. But the Père Taschereau felt the call of duty, responded promptly to its voice, and laboured indefatigably in its fulfilment until the fell disease chose him for its victim, and brought

him to death's very door. This episode in his career, speaking so loudly to the hearts of the Irish people, cannot fail to inspire them with a feeling of gratification at his elevation to his present exalted position, and of security that from him they will receive all the fatherly care for which the most dependent of them upon the ministrations of the Church are accustomed to look. The English journals of the Ancient Capital, and of other parts of the Province have commented with especial pleasure upon this notable incident in the early career of His Grace, and they augur from it a happy prospect for the future.

He was one of the promoters of the establishment of Laval University, which institution has done much for the spread of higher education in Lower Canada. In 1854 he returned to Rome, charged by the second Provincial Council of Quebec to submit its decrees for the sanction of the Pope. There he spent two years, chiefly devoted to the study of the Canon Law, and in July, 1856, the Roman Seminary conferred upon him the degree of C.L.D. (i.e. Doctor of Canon Law.) He then returned to Quebec, and was appointed Director of the *Petit Séminaire*, a position which he filled until 1859, when he was elected Director of the *Grand Séminaire*, and appointed a member of the Lower Canada Council of Public Instruction. In 1860 he became Superior of the Seminary and Rector of the Laval University, in which latter capacity we represent him to our readers on another page. In 1862 he accompanied Archbishop Baillargeon to Rome, and returned again to Quebec the same year, when he was appointed Vicar-General of the Archdiocese. In 1864 he revisited Rome on business connected with the University. His term of office as Superior having expired in 1866, he was again appointed Director of the Grand Seminary, which office he held for three years, when he was re-elected Superior. He attended Mgr. Baillargeon as Theologian to the Ecumenical Council, and on his return from Rome resumed the discharge of his duties as Superior of the Seminary and Rector of the University. After the death of the late Archbishop, he administered the affairs of the Archdiocese conjointly with Grand Vicar Cizeau. It soon began to be rumored, after the death of Archbishop Baillargeon, that Vicar-General Taschereau would in all probability be his successor, and on the 13th of last month the announcement of his nomination arrived at Quebec from the Secretary of the Propaganda. Ten days later the bulls were received, and on Sunday last His Grace was consecrated in the presence of a vast concourse of people, many of the clergy of the diocese and of the Bishops of Quebec and Ontario, the Archbishop of Toronto officiating. Of this imposing ceremony we shall give an illustration and some account in another issue.

LUDWIG KNAUS' "GAMBLERS."

The double page illustration we print this week is a reproduction of a painting by the celebrated German artist, Ludwig Knaus, the very Teniers of modern German art. As we shall, in a future number, have occasion to refer at length to the great painter, we shall merely state in this place that he was a pupil of an artist well known and appreciated in Canadian art circles—Mr. Jacobi, formerly painter to the Court of Nassau, and at present a member of the Society of Canadian Artists, and a resident of Montreal.

RABBIT SNARING AND DEER HUNTING IN
LABRADOR.

The first of our Labrador Views this week represents the process of snaring rabbits, and the particular scene is laid some fifty miles inland on the Betzimets river. The mode is a very simple one and is commonly used by the Indians in the forests where the rabbits are plentiful. The pole is balanced in the fork of a tree with a snare at the end on the track of the rabbit, which is usually followed with much regularity. The snare is generally composed of a piece of string or wire, the latter being preferable, but the Indians, not infrequently, resort to the use of the small fibrous roots of the spruce tree when other material is unavailable. Instead of using a balanced pole a small tree is sometimes bent, but this, though quicker in its action of raising the entrapped animal, is not quite so reliable. By way of attracting the rabbits to the snaring ground, or rather of encouraging them in their beaten track for the purpose of capture, branches of white birch, of which they are very fond, are laid near the snares. Large numbers of rabbits are caught on the North Shore of the St. Lawrence.

The other view, that of deer hunting, supplies no special features save that of the scenery. The reindeer is very abundant in Labrador, and in winter obtains subsistence from the moss growing in the swamps. Upwards of three hundred have been counted in a single herd, from an eminence overlooking a stretch of swampy ground.

THE POULTRY EXHIBITION.

On Tuesday, the 13th instant, was opened in the building No. 234 St. James street, until lately occupied as a carpet warehouse, an exhibition which, in this city at all events, was of an unusual kind. In most of our agricultural exhibitions, the farmyard is certainly represented to a considerable extent, but we believe that a show devoted exclusively to the exhibition of poultry and domestic animals is a novelty in this neighbourhood. The exhibition was certainly a success, as it deserved to be, both for the variety and excellence of the animals on view, and also as an evidence of the determined efforts and enterprise of the fanciers of the city and vicinity.

On another page we reproduce a sketch made by our artist of some of the more striking animals on exhibition—striking, some on account of their great size, others of their surprising littleness, some by their beauty and the symmetry of their figure, and others again by their surprising ugliness and ungainly proportions. The majority of the animals exhibited were enclosed in green cages, arranged, though but indifferently classified, in rows along the rooms. The variety was, however, so great that a better disposition could hardly have been expected. The exhibition occupied three storeys of the building.

On the first of these were several birds that attracted special notice, notably some Golden Pheasants—perfect specimens of that beautiful birds—the property of a Grand Trunk bridge-tender, of the name of O'Shaughnessy. A couple of Irish game-cocks, belonging to Joseph Bowman, were also the objects of much attention, as being the only ones of the kind in the show. Mr. Costen, Mr. Esdaile, and Mr. Brunau also exhibited some fine animals. Mr. Wm. McGibbon was, as usual, the principal exhibitor; nearly the whole of the second flat was occupied by his fowls, which were, as was remarked by more than one connoisseur, the most numerous as well as the best in the show. Of Brahmas alone he had no less than six cages—fine, handsome birds, some of them of immense size. He had also seven pens of gold and silver Hamburgs, than which there was nothing finer on the premises. He exhibited also a large variety of Dorkings, Polands, gold and black, Cochins, white and buff, the latter being of extraordinary size and beauty; black Spanish, Red Game, Houdans, and white and Black Bantams. He also exhibited a pair of Rouen and a pair of Aylesbury ducks, and a splendid pair of Cambridgeshire turkeys. Mr. P. G. Varner had a very interesting collection of silver pheasants and game fowl of various kinds, such as the duck wing, the pile game, and the black and red. A handsome pair of peafowl, the property of Mr. Chartres, were much admired. On the third flat was an immense variety of pigeons and singing birds, to say nothing of a lot of rabbits of various breeds, a number of dogs of various breeds, and one poor solitary Tom Cat which looked quite bewildered at finding itself in such an unusual situation. Mr. Wm. McGibbon exhibited a large variety of Canadian canaries which attracted much attention, some of them being exquisitely pretty. He had also a lot of pigeons of various breeds which were well worth seeing. In the latter department, however, Mr. Leon Buncaneau had probably the largest and finest collection. He had some splendid specimens of the carrier breed, the services of which in Europe have recently made them an object of interest. He had also a fine collection of tumbler and fantail pigeons. Some beautiful specimens of English birds were shown by Sergeant Wilson of the Water Police. He had a pair of singing thrushes which were remarkably fine, and some pretty grey linnets—a bird not often seen in this country. He had also a number of Canadian canaries of superior breed, which were much admired. Mr. Wilson is besides a great dog fancier, and showed a pair of skye terriers of pure breed. These little fellows were as alike as two peas, and look remarkably proud of the attention bestowed on them.

CANADIAN PARLIAMENT.

SENATE.

Monday, March 13.—Hon. Mr. CAMPBELL introduced a Bill to exempt the North Shore Railway Company from the obligation to build drawbridges over navigable rivers. The orders of the day were deferred till the following day and the House adjourned.

Tuesday, March 14.—The Bill to amend the Census Act was read a second time, and the House then went into Committee on the Bill to extend the Criminal Laws to Manitoba. Committee having reported, the bill was read a third time and passed.

Wednesday, March 15.—Senator LOCKE presented a petition from the Halifax Chamber of Commerce against changing the Nova Scotia currency. The North Shore Railway Drawbridge Construction Bill was read a second time, and the Census Amendment Bill passed through Committee.

Thursday, March 15.—The only business of any importance transacted was the third reading of the Census Amendment Bill.

Friday, March 17.—Hon. Mr. CAMPBELL stated, in answer to a question put by Hon. Mr. DICKSON, that the Government had received advices from Winnipeg, dated 1st March, and St. Cloud, 16th inst., by which they learnt that up to that date, though the elections were going on, there had been no disturbances whatever. The Bill on Corrupt Practices in connection with the Collection of the Revenue was received from the Commons and read a first time, after which the Senate adjourned at 3.30 p. m.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Monday, March 13.—Mr. STREET moved the House into Committee of the Whole to consider certain resolutions to give power to attach vessels in cases of non-payment for repairs and provision. A long debate followed, and ultimately the motion was withdrawn on the assurance of Hon. Mr. Tupper that the Government intended introducing a measure as soon as the result was known of the work now proceeding under the Imperial Government to consolidate the shipping laws. The adjourned debate on Hon. Mr. DOMON's motion respecting the Arbitration, and Sir GEORGE CARTIER's and Hon. Mr. HOLTON's amendments was then taken up by Mr. BELLROSE, who condemned the action of the members for Hochelaga and Chateaugay as extremely injudicious, and which, if carried out, would leave Quebec ten times worse off than before. Mr. HARRISON reviewed the arguments on the award, maintaining its legality. The debate was continued until past midnight, and resulted in the throwing out of Mr. HOLTON's amendment on a division of 16 to 96. Mr. MILLS then made an amendment to the effect that the majority of the arbitrators having made an award the Government should act upon the basis of that award. This amendment was lost by 25 to 84, and was followed by another, offered by Mr. JOY, expressing regret that the Government had not interfered after the retirement of one arbitrator, which was also lost, by 15 to 95. Sir GEORGE B. CARTIER's amendment was then put and carried—yeas, 69; nays, 40. The original motion as amended was then carried on a division, and the House adjourned at 12.50.

Tuesday, March 14.—The resolutions for the amendment of

the law respecting Banks and Banking having passed through committee, Sir FRANCIS HINCKS introduced a bill founded thereon. The resolutions for a Fenian Raid indemnity were also concurred in and a bill introduced, after which the House went into committee on the Election Bill. Hon. Mr. DOMON introduced an amendment to prevent a returning officer from disputing the validity of election lists under a penalty of \$500. The amendment excited considerable discussion, but ultimately the committee adjourned. The Bill for the Prevention of Corrupt Practices in the Collection of the Revenue was read a second time and passed through committee, and the House then went into committee on the subject of Savings Banks, and the issue and redemption of Dominion notes. Some verbal alterations were made in the resolutions which were reported. In reply to Hon. Mr. HOLTON, Sir F. HINCKS stated that the repeal of the five per cent duties would take effect on the first of April. The House then went into Committee of Ways and Means on the resolution for placing upon the free list certain raw materials and machinery used in Canadian manufacture, and also for the imposition of a duty of \$1.50 upon hemlock bark. In the discussion much opposition was made to the latter clause. A lively passage at arms took place between Hon. Mr. TUPPER and Hon. Mr. MACDONALD, each accusing the other of inconsistency. The resolutions were formally adopted, and Hon. Mr. HOLTON made a suggestion that the repeal of the five per cent duties should come into effect on the day but one following (the 16th), which was accepted by the Finance Minister. The House then adjourned at 11 o'clock.

Wednesday, March 15.—The Bill to Prevent Corrupt Practices in the Collection of the Revenue was read a third time and passed; and the Savings Bank Resolutions having passed through their second reading, Bills founded thereon were introduced. The House then received the report of the Committee of Ways and Means, and read a second time the resolution for the removal of the five per cent duties. On the second resolution, giving power to the Government to place certain articles on the free list, Hon. Mr. HOLTON moved an amendment in the contrary sense, which was lost by 37 to 84. The third and fourth resolutions were passed, and the next, relating to the export duty on hemlock bark, was withdrawn by a majority of 98 for the Government, the vote being 112 to 14. The Uniform Currency Bill was read a second time and passed through committee, and the House then went into Committee of Supply and passed the following items:—Militia and Defence, \$27,930; Department of Secretary of State, \$22,827; Secretary of State for Provinces, \$16,630; Receiver-General's Department, \$15,950; Finance Department, \$36,307; Customs Department, \$21,940; Inland Revenue Department, \$18,150; Public Works, \$10,940; Post Office, \$53,520; Department of Agriculture and Statistics, \$21,999; Marine and Fisheries Department, \$16,725; Treasury Board, \$3,000; Finance Offices in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, \$7,500; Marine and Fisheries, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, \$3,100; Departmental Contingencies, \$50,000; Stationery, \$15,000; Increase under Civil Service Act, \$25,000; Certain Services, \$15,000; Department of Justice, Miscellaneous, \$10,000; Administration of Justice, \$10,000; Dominion Police, \$25,000; Montreal Water Police, \$10,000. Committee then rose and reported. The resolutions for effecting the uniformity of Weights and Measures and of the Inspection Laws passed through committee, and the House then rose at 11:15 p.m.

Thursday, March 16.—In answer to questions by several members having reference to Manitoba, Sir G. E. CARTIER stated that the Government had received no news from the North-West confirming the newspaper reports of the rebellion. The missing writs had arrived, and the Governor had issued a proclamation for the holding of the elections. Mr. McFARLANE'S Railway Act Amendment Bill, together with other two railway bills, was read a second time and referred to the Railway Committee. Mr. HARRISON'S Bill—adding pistols to the list of dangerous weapons the carrying of which is proscribed—was read a second time; and also the Bill to amend the Insolvent Act, which makes provision to allow of assignees calling first meetings of creditors at the office of the interim assignee, together with two other bills relating to the same subject—the one to permit the interim assignee to collect his fees before handing over the estate to the official, and the other providing that the oaths be administered by the Clerk of the Court as well as the Judge. The report of the Committee on uniform weights and measures was received and a Bill founded thereon introduced, after which the House adjourned.

Friday, March 17.—Hon. Mr. HOWE stated that the Government had received news from Winnipeg up to March stating that the elections had passed off quietly. On the motion of Sir F. HINCKS to go into Committee on the Act for the Uniformity of the Currency, Mr. E. M. MACDONALD moved in amendment that the time be extended to January, 1872. The amendment was, however, lost, and the several clauses of the Bill passed. The report of Committee having been adopted, Mr. JONES moved an amendment for delay, which was lost by 27 to 90. Sir G. E. CARTIER presented a message from the Governor-General containing a series of resolutions relative to the union of British Columbia with the Dominion. The House then went into Committee of Supply, and passed the following items:—Salaries and contingent expenses of the Senate, \$42,245; House of Commons, clerks' estimate, \$79,590; salaries and contingencies per Sergeant-at-Arms' estimates, \$40,268; Parliamentary library, \$6,000; printing, binding, and distributing the laws, \$10,000; printing, printing paper, and book-binding, \$35,000; sundries, \$3,000; marine hospitals, \$39,000; Items for Ocean and River service, \$145,441; Items for Observatories, \$16,700; Arts, Agriculture, and Statistics, \$365,770; and Immigration and Quarantine, \$100,172. Committee then rose and the House adjourned at 11:30.

Signor Blitz, the magician, while travelling on the cars, once stopped at a station where an apple boy entered the train. Blitz, after patronizing him, cut open an apple and took a silver half dollar out of it, greatly to the boy's astonishment. "If that is the kind of fruit you sell, I'll take another," said Blitz, which he did and lo! there was another half dollar inside it. Blitz, assuming great excitement, then asked the boy what he would take for the whole basket of apples, saying it would be a grand speculation. But the lad refused to sell even at five cents apiece, and on leaving the station, Blitz saw him seated by the wall cutting open the unsold apples, in a vain search for silver half-dollars.

ABOUT BILLIARDS.

"Who invented Billiards?" will probably be the first question of the reader interested in the "Noble Game," who lights upon the above heading. Truly a question hard to answer, for the early history of the game is involved in the deepest obscurity. Some writers maintain that it was originally a Persian amusement, transplanted to Rome, by that prince of *bons-vivants*, Lucullus, while others contend that the introduction of the game from the East dates a century later, and was the work of the Emperor Caligula. The former opinion seems to have been held by Shakespeare, or at least to have been adopted by him for the purpose of making a point, for in his "Antony and Cleopatra" he makes the Egyptian beauty while away the lonely hours after the departure of her Antony by playing at billiards with her dark-eyed attendants. The evidence offered by the dramatist is, however, worth little or nothing, and we shall have to turn to other authorities to establish the antiquity of the game. This is furnished us from a most unexpected quarter. A high Church Dignitary, being no less a personage than the late Archbishop Hughes of New York, who was himself no despicable billiard-player, stated some time ago that he remembered reading in the Confessions of St. Augustine, written about the middle of the fifth century, an allusion to billiards. It is to be regretted that the most reverend gentleman did not state at the time the exact part of the Confessions where the passage is to be found, as that would have enabled each one to form his own opinions upon the point. Failing this, however, we have other authorities, going even farther back. If the student of history will turn to O'Reilly's English translation of Father MacGeoghegan's "History of Ireland," he will find conclusive evidence that the game was known in Ireland nearly a thousand years before the First Crusade. On page 32, the author gives the substance of the will of Cathire More, one of the petty Irish kings, who died A. D. 148. The passage alluded to runs as follows:—"To Drimoth he bequeathed fifty billiard balls of brass, with the pools and cues of the same material, etc., etc." Our author states that he gives the information "merely to show the singular tastes of those early times." Singular, forsooth! Imagine Drimoth and his friends playing on their stone tables, and polling away at the fifty brazen balls with their "cues of the same material" amidst a racket and clatter like that raised by the phantom bowlers of Sleepy Hollow.

In England, however, it would appear that billiards were unknown until the return of the Crusaders, by whom the game would seem to have been exclusively practised, for at the close of the wars it gradually fell into disuse, until it disappeared altogether with the extinction of the Templars. It was destined, however, to be revived, and its revival, by a strange coincidence, was due to the same cause as the invention of playing cards. In the early part of the fifteenth century, the latter amusement was designed for the purpose of distracting the King of France, Charles VI., during the fits of madness to which he was subject, and a century and a half later, under Charles IX., the game of billiards was revived by one Henrique De Vigne, a French artist, for the amusement of the Dauphin, at that time a lunatic confined at Versailles. The new game became immensely popular and spread rapidly to the neighbouring countries, where it was received with no less favour. In Germany especially, it was studied with great care, and its merits being fully understood and appreciated, it received the high-sounding and antithetical title of "King of Games, and Game of Kings." At that time the *modus operandi* of Billiards was very different from that of the present time. De Vigne's table was of stone, covered with cloth, with a hole and hazard pocket in the centre, into which the balls or *billes* were driven. From *bille* came the French *billiard*, which we have adopted, in preference to the old English word *balyard*. The cue was of plain wood, without a tip, which addition was made by the celebrated player and politician Mingot as lately as the year 1823. Yet, even in this rough state the game acquired such popularity that not only the highest in the land, but the highest intellects, the hard thinkers, devoted themselves to its practice. Even with women it became a favourite. Mary Queen of Scots, in a letter written on the eve of her execution, complains bitterly that her "billiard table had just been taken away from her, as a preliminary step to her punishment." The witty Madame de Staël was a patroness of the game, and her example was followed by the Empress Josephine. In a word, the game has been a favourite relaxation, not to say an agreeable study, with the most famous characters of history, who have all united in conferring the title bestowed upon it by Louis XIV.—the Noble Game.

It would be unnecessary here to enter into any explanation of the different games as played at the present time. Besides the various pool games, we have the four ball carom game, for which the table without pockets is required; the four ball American game, for a corner pocket table; the French, or three ball carom, for the table without pockets; the English six-pocket game, and a variety of German games that are generally unknown and very seldom to be seen on this side of the Atlantic. As the latter are, in all probability, unknown to our readers, some little description may not be uninteresting. The tables used for all the varieties of the German game are of the English fashion, with corner and side-pockets. Five balls are used, which are placed in the following fashion: a yellow ball at spot, a blue ball spotted on the baulk line, a red spotted in the middle of the table between the two side-pockets, and the two white balls played as usual from baulk. The red ball is known as the "Caroline," and can only be "potted" into either of the side-pockets, when it counts two to the player. Should it fall into a side-pocket his adversary counts two. Any other stroke, whether hazard or carom, counts one. A variation of this game, which is exceedingly popular in South Germany, makes the yellow ball the "Caroline," counting six in the side-pockets, and deducting six if sent into any of the corner-pockets. A carom counts one, "potting" one's adversary the same, the blue hazard two, and the red three, thus making the game of exceedingly short duration.

As to the sanitary advantages of billiards, little need be said. It stands to reason that a game requiring so much movement, such walking, posturing, stretching, and striking, must act beneficially upon the system. The various motions made in the course of the game call into action all the sinews, tendons, joints, and muscles of the frame, giving them that gentle and healthy exercise they require, without over-tasking the strength or injuring the system. Nor is this the only way in which the game is of use to invalids. It has been found—

notably at a certain establishment for the treatment of consumptives in the west of England—of the greatest benefit to persons afflicted with liver complaint, consumption, and dyspepsia. The celebrated Sir Astley Cooper, when asked his opinion as to the value of the game in a medical point of view, spoke of it in the very highest terms of praise and recommendation. "We should all sleep more soundly," said he, "if we made it a rule to play billiards for an hour or two each evening before going to bed." To this we would add, by way of rider—be sure that your table, balls and cues are of the best. If there is one miserable thing in the way of amusement—a dreary, unwilling sacrifice to the god of pleasure, it is an evening in an ill-appointed billiard-room, spent in endeavouring to extract some recreation out of a seedy, hilly, patched and evil-cushioned table, with its attendant horrors of tipless cues, and discoloured, uneven balls, worn out of their roundness by old age and hard usage. There are many such billiard-rooms in this city—many in every city—and frequently in places where one might expect something better; while of saloons such as Mr. Chadwick's, which we illustrate on another page, there are but few to be found in the length and breadth of the land. In a large and elegant room, handsomely decorated, lofty, well lighted and well ventilated, with fifteen Pheasant & Collender's standard American Tables to choose from—a private room if you will—first class attendances and a willing and attentive staff, it must go hard if the most blue-devilish man cannot have an evening's enjoyment, while those in perfect health, following Sir Astley's advice, may take their hour's play, and sleep the sounder and the better for it. To strangers visiting the city it may not be unpleasant to know that this splendid saloon is situated on Great St. James street, in Nordheimer's block.

JOHN F. SCHOLES,

THE WINNER OF THE COHEN & LOPEZ PIPE.

There has been very great interest manifested in the snow-shoe sport during the past winter, and some little astonishment at the carrying away of the great prize of the season, the \$200 Pipe, by a Toronto snow-shoer, must certainly have been felt among the patrons of the race in this neighbourhood. Scholes is, however, the "hero of a hundred fights" in the running line, as his record shows, and to have been distanced by him was a defeat that may all the better be endured with equanimity. He was born in Moat, Queen's County, Ireland, on the 23rd December, 1846, and has consequently just completed his 24th year. In 1848 his family brought him to Canada, and for the last fifteen years he has resided in Toronto. He is a fine strapping youth, six feet in height, and his "running weight" is set down at 175 lbs.

The following list of his achievements at the races in which he has taken part during the past eighteen months may indicate how formidable an antagonist he is. His first competition in a public race took place at Toronto in August, 1869, when he beat E. Griffiths, one mile, for \$100 a side; time, 4:57½. He was defeated by Bingham, 100 yards dash, \$50 a side. He beat Conway at Toronto in September, 1869, one mile, for \$100 a side; time, 4:49½; and E. Griffiths at Toronto, October 2nd, 1869, three miles, for \$250 a side; time, 15:50. He was defeated by George Forbes, of Woodstock, December, 1869, quarter mile, for \$100 a side. In addition to the above Scholes has won at Athletic meetings a large number of cups, &c., as well as many money prizes.

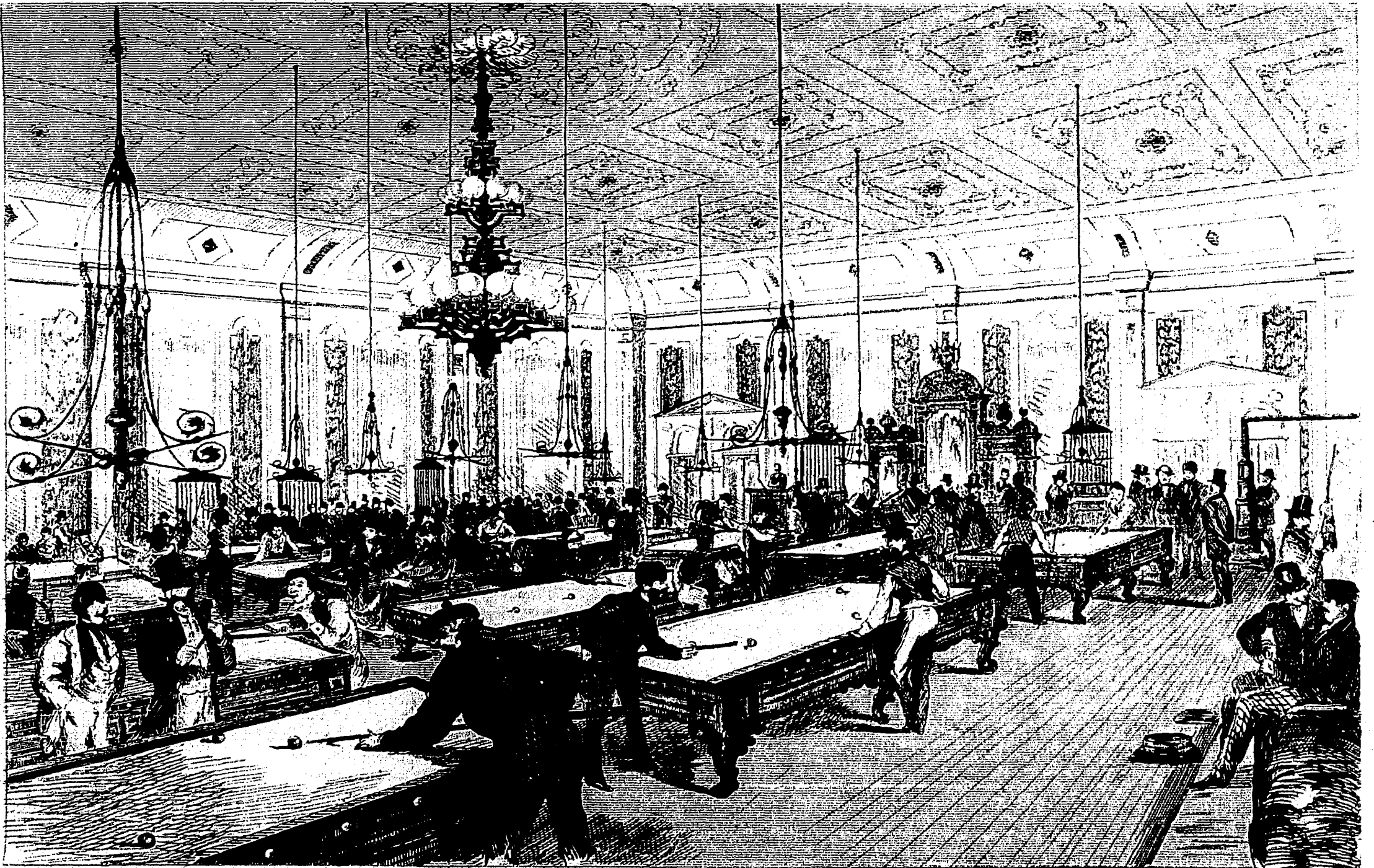
The following is a list of prizes won by him at the Snow-Shoe Races, Montreal, during the winter:—Feb. 11, at G. T. Club S. S. Races, ran third in first heat, for \$200 champion pipe, presented by Cohen & Lopez; open to the Dominion. Feb. 22, at Montreal S. S. Club Races, won second heat, for \$200 pipe, in 5:39½—fastest time on record. Won half mile Green, open, for gold medal; time, 2:52. Feb. 25, at Alexandra S. S. Club Races, won third heat, for \$200 pipe, in 7:05½, thus winning race and pipe. March 4, at Maple Leaf S. S. Club Races, won two miles, open, for a gold medal; time, 12:06½. March 9, defeated by Keraronwe, one mile, for \$100 a side. March 11, at the Alexandra Supplementary S. S. Races, won one mile, open, for gold medal, in 7:11.

"I will not read history," Sir Robert Walpole is reported to have said, "for I know that is false." The newspaper readers of the present day might pass much the same verdict on a good deal of the "Paris correspondence" brought them by balloon during the siege. If one assertion was made more generally than another in the letters received in England by balloon it was that all the animals in the Jardin des Plantes had been eaten. Who can have forgotten those stories about monkey, and elephant, and kangaroo, and porcupine flesh, and the price lists forwarded in each letter? Who does not bear in mind the amusing persiflage of the "Besieged Resident," who detailed from time to time his gastronomic experiences, and who discussed the qualities of porcupine and other rare creatures, and could only say of the Corsican mouflon that it was more like mouflon than anything he had ever tasted? The Besieged Resident and every other correspondent must have been egregiously deceived, for the special correspondent of the *Times* at Paris, writing of a visit he paid to the Jardin des Plantes, asserts, on the authority of the custodians, that not one animal of the collection was eaten during the siege, and that the two elephants and the camel which really appear to have been devoured belonged to the Jardin d'Acclimatation.

It is intended during the present year to introduce the Prussian system of sham campaigns into the English army, in order to instruct both officers and men in the work they may expect in actual warfare. The authorities at the War Office are strongly impressed with the desirability of adopting a similar plan. The idea is to divide the available forces, which will embrace as many men as can be got together at one place, into two armies, under separate commands, and after furnishing each officer with a rough plan of the intended operations and a map of the country over which it is proposed to manoeuvre, to let them work out the details according to their individual judgments, umpires being appointed to criticise every movement. The manoeuvres will probably be deferred till after the harvest, when the damage done to the land over which the troops will have to pass will be only nominal, and the compensation small; but open tracts of country will be made available as far as possible, and already Dartmoor and the moors of Scotland are spoken of as available for the purpose. The campaigns will extend over several days, so as to effectually test the commissariat, military train, and other services with which each division will be furnished as completely as in actual warfare.



JOHN F. SHOLES, THE CHAMPION SNOW-SHOER.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN.



CHADWICK'S BILLIARD HALL, MONTREAL.



PRIZE POULTRY AT THE EXHIBITION HELD LAST WEEK IN MONTREAL.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY,
APRIL, 1, 1871.

SUNDAY,	March 26.—	Fifth Sunday in Lent.—Bank of England incorporated, 1694.
MONDAY,	" 27.—	James I. of England died, 1625. Prince Pierre Bonaparte acquitted of the murder of Victor Noir, 1870.
TUESDAY,	" 28.—	Canada ceded to France, 1632. The planet Pallas discovered, 1802.
WEDNESDAY,	" 29.—	Raffaello born, 1483. Swedenborg died, 1772. The planet Vesta discovered, 1807.
THURSDAY,	" 30.—	Sicilian Vespers, 1282. Vauban died, 1707. Lord Metcalfe Governor-General, 1843.
FRIDAY,	" 31.—	Battle of La Colle Mill, 1814. Charlotte Bronte died, 1855.
SATURDAY,	April 1.—	Bishop Heber died, 1823. Canada repaid English loan, (20 years) 1854.

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, MARCH 25, 1871.

The "Narrative of the Red River Expedition," the general and ungenerous partizan statements of which we have in preceding articles exposed, seems in a fair way of receiving a complete confutation as to certain matters of fact upon which the charges of corruption and political dishonesty against the Canadian Government were based. In the report of Colonel Wiley, Director of Stores, which appears appended to the report of the Adjutant-General of Militia, there are certain details given as to the manner in which the supplies and equipments were furnished that would almost lead one to the belief that the "officer" who contributed his experiences and his prejudices to *Blackwood* did not really know in what manner the supplies and material for transport had been procured. He blames the Canadian Government for its mismanagement, and asserts that had the stores been procured by the Imperial instead of the Canadian authorities, they could not only have been supplied more cheaply, but of better quality; he complains of the difficulty in putting the boats together because they had not been properly fitted, and especially that the harness was ill-fitting, of inferior material, in fact almost rotten, and its frequent breakages caused no end of trouble. The conclusion he came to on these grounds was that the whole outfit for the Expedition should have been under the direction of the Imperial officers, when, of course, everything would have been well done. Had he stopped with this piece of self-complacency the statement might have been overlooked, but he puts this matter of the supplies forward as one instance of the general corrupt administration of public affairs in Canada; and, in fact, throughout the whole series of three papers in the "Narrative" displays this spirit of depreciation of the Canadian contribution to the fitting out of the Expedition.

When we last referred to the "Narrative" we expressed the conviction that some of its statements should be received with great doubt, though at the time we were not in the possession of the necessary information to warrant us in contradicting them. But from Colonel Wiley's report it is obvious that if the harness, &c., had been defective, the Imperial and not the Canadian authorities were to blame. After stating the estimate furnished by Mr. Dawson, of the Public Works Department, of the numbers, quantities, &c., required, and the names of the parties with whom he contracted for their delivery, Colonel Wiley says:

"I am happy to be able to report that all the arrangements entered into with the above parties were most satisfactorily carried out by them in every particular, no delay whatever occurred, and all the articles supplied stood the test of the most rigid inspections, not only those instituted on the part of the Dominion Government, but also those of the boards of officers subsequently appointed to this duty by the Lieut.-General commanding, nothing being received by the Imperial authorities unless approved by of these Boards."

Surely the "officer" of the expeditionary force could not have been a member of the Imperial Board of Inspection! It is gratifying to find that the Canadian Inspection was approved by the Imperial Board, but still the responsibility was fully assumed by the latter, and the censure of the writer in *Blackwood*, if deserved at all, was deserved by the inspectors appointed by "the Lieut.-General commanding." The harness was made the subject of special complaint, and Col. Wiley, in giving details regarding each article, says of it:

"The harness, after being inspected and approved by the Imperial officers, was carefully fitted to the horses, and numbered with the number of the horse it was intended for, by the collar makers of the Royal Artillery Battery, then stationed at Toronto."

Here again the blame, if any, rests with the Imperial authorities. If the collar makers of the Royal Artillery did not do their duty, their failure was surely no evidence of Canadian corruption or incapacity. It almost appears that the "officer," in these remarks about supplies, meant

to covertly attack General Lindsay while ostensibly abusing the Canadians. Had he known under what conditions they were accepted he would at least have offered an excuse for the failure of the Imperial inspection, when he lauded so highly the Imperial capacity for procuring them.

There is a tender pathos in the closing paragraphs of the third and last part of the "Narrative," where the "officer" bewails the absorption of the world's attention in the startling events of the Franco-Prussian war, to the utter exclusion of all thought of the sublime deeds of the Red River Expedition, which, but for that untoward event, might have astonished Europe, and have been acknowledged as a second Abyssinian Expedition, winding up with—well—somebody—as Lord Winnipeg! Such lapses are, however, frequent in the world's history; but while we do not, by any means, belittle the importance of that Expedition, or fail to appreciate the happy consequences of its success, we must, once for all, enter our solemn protest against the bigotry and malice (or ignorance) of its self-constituted historian. How do Canadian Volunteers, Canadian Militia Officers, and even the Civil Officers in the Militia and Defence Department of the Government of Canada appreciate the prospect of being snubbed and insulted, and finally "written down" in the English Magazines everytime they may be called upon to act in concert with Imperial troops? They do not like it at all, and the "officer," whatever his rank, who undertakes, upon such slim foundations as did the writer in *Blackwood*, to traduce them, is reflecting no credit on the Imperial service. No man more than the professional soldier ought to remember, and act up to, the very ancient and very wholesome maxim: *Ne sutor ultra crepidam*.

Napoleon arrived at Dover on Monday afternoon, having been escorted from his cozy prison house at Wilhelmshohe by a Prussian guard of honour. On touching land in England he was greeted with enthusiastic cheers from the French refugees and others who had assembled to see his landing. He proceeded immediately to Chiselhurst to rejoin Eugenie and the young Louis.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Les Œuvres de Champlain, publiées sous le patronage de l'Université Laval, par M. l'Abbé C. H. Laverdière, M. A., Professeur d'Histoire à la Faculté des Arts et Bibliothécaire de l'Université. Seconde édition. 6 Tomes. Québec: Imprimé au Séminaire, par George E. Desbarats, 1870.

Lest it might "smell of the shop" for us to speak in such terms as the labour of M. Laverdière and the enterprise of Mr. Desbarats deserve, we have taken the liberty of transferring to our columns the notice which the above named unique and highly meritorious work has received from the great exponent of English opinion, the *London Times*. Our "Occasional" correspondent has already mentioned the article, which appeared in the *Thunderer* of the 14th ult., and is as follows:

"The history of the French settlements in North America itself as much attention as it deserves. It presents almost the only successful example of colonization to which France can point, and forms one of the most interesting chapters in her annals. We, on the other hand, have a natural inclination to investigate the causes which condemned the French Colonies, with their charters and privileges and large share of courtly patronage, to a career of weakness and ultimate subjugation, while our own settlements in New England, little favoured by the Mother Country, rose to a degree of prosperity and strength that led easily, perhaps inevitably, to independence.

"The French Canadians have hitherto neglected, equally with European students, the duty of preserving and reproducing the early records of the colonizing period. But since Canada, in becoming a Dominion, has taken a step towards the dignity of a nation there have been evidences of change. An admirably executed edition of the works of Champlain, the real founder of "New France," as in early days Canada was called, is a creditable and promising contribution to a task too long deferred. Champlain was not only an adventurous explorer and an accurate observer, but a statesman of large views and exhaustless energy. He was the first Frenchman to work out practically a part of the scheme projected by Coligni, "the great Admiral," of founding a colonial empire for France co-equal with the magnificent possessions of Portugal and Spain. Champlain it was who fixed the seat of French power in the western world on the historic heights where the City of Quebec slowly rose, and who turned the efforts of his countrymen from the pursuit of a precarious and insignificant traffic in furs to well-planned designs of planting European civilization along the course of the St. Lawrence, and preaching Christianity to the Indian tribes. His work was left imperfect, but what he accomplished proved enduring, and it was with difficulty that a later generation of incapable politicians succeeded in undoing it.

"Champlain wrote copiously, with vigour and clearness; it was the purpose of his life to make known in France the material resources and political value of Canada. He published, between 1603 and 1632, no less than five editions of his "Travels," the last, of course, being much more extensive than the first. It was his custom to incorporate new matter, descriptive of his most recent voyages and labours, in each edition with the accounts previously published, and it might be fairly supposed that by this means he had secured for his work an extensive circulation, and the certainty of being preserved. In his preface, however, to the New Quebec Edition,

the Abbé Laverdière tells us that Champlain's works are very scarce. Of the edition of 1603 no more than one copy is known to exist, and this is preserved, if it has not perished by some Prussian shell, in the Bibliothèque Impériale (or Nationale, as it now is) at Paris. Of the edition of 1613 some ten copies are to be found, and the only perfect one, possessing the valuable maps, in Canada was purchased by the Abbé in Paris for 500 francs, and is now in the library of the Université Laval. The edition of 1619 is still more difficult to meet with, while that of 1632, usually sold for 200 francs, without the important map which should accompany it, is represented by a single perfect copy in the Bibliothèque Fédérale. It has long been felt in Canada that this neglected and scattered condition in which the writings of the great colonizer were allowed to remain was a disgrace to the country; after much preliminary research, and some pecuniary difficulty, the task was undertaken by the Abbé Laverdière, under the patronage of the Université Laval and the Seminary at Quebec. Great pains were taken to provide antique type which should do credit to the reproduction of Champlain's quartos, and to provide facsimiles of the curious plates and maps which illustrate the text. At last, by the liberality and energy of Mr. George E. Desbarats, the first edition, with its illustrations, was nearly finished at Ottawa, when a terrible fire reduced the whole to ashes. Fortunately, a single copy of proofs was left at Quebec. This disaster nearly put a stop to the work, but Mr. Desbarats recovered courage, and undertook to reprint Champlain at Quebec. His willing labour has cost him £2,400, a free gift to the cause of historical learning as laudable as the Abbé Laverdière's years of unrecompensed toil. The result is every way creditable. The typography and paper admirably imitate the style in which Champlain's voyages were originally published, and are quite a surprise to those who are familiar with the rough execution of most American, and especially of Canadian books.

"The method pursued by the editor also deserves commendation; he prints intact the several editions of Champlain's voyages, justly observing that although much repetition thus becomes unavoidable the frequent alterations made by the author, as his experience became wider and riper, in his narrative, and still more in his deductions from what he saw, are essential to a thorough knowledge of his views. The Abbé Laverdière also preserves with scrupulous care the verbal and literal antiquities of Champlain's style; typographical errors, mistakes of fact, and so on, are carefully pointed out in notes at foot of the page, but the text is preserved as it stands in the original editions.

"The first volume includes a copious biographical notice of Champlain, written, it must be admitted, in a spirit of too unqualified laudation. The editor's clerical profession leads him to condone the unquestionable element of intolerance which underlay the excellent qualities of Champlain; he excuses, passing lightly over it, the suppression of free Huguenot worship in Canada by the exertions of the illustrious voyager. This, however, was the fault of the age, not of the man. It is noteworthy that Champlain, who was a devoted, and might even be called a bigoted, Catholic, bore one of those names, drawn from the Old Testament, which were used by the Huguenots especially as a protest against the saintly appellations favoured by the Catholics. Samuel de Champlain was possibly the son of a Huguenot, for in those days men changed their creed without much intellectual exertion, and it is certainly curious that in the earlier part of his career he was the willing and faithful servant of the Sieur de Monts and other Calvinistic leaders.

"Following the Abbé's *Notice Biographique* we find the rest of the first volume taken up with Champlain's voyage to the West Indies, in which he had won fame before he directed his energies to the north. This voyage is illustrated by a most remarkable series of maps and plates, excellently representing the eccentricities of the original, and depicting some most extraordinary plants and animals and scenes of savage life. It is curious to observe how even so cautious and exact a writer as Champlain was so far dominated by the imaginations of his age as to believe in, and even believe that he had seen, flying serpents and birds of paradise without legs.

"The remaining five volumes contain the five editions of Champlain's voyages to Canada, with the maps of the original. They give the history of his efforts to promote European settlements along the St. Lawrence, and the early labours of the Catholic missionaries whom he brought over. They are, as we have said, of the highest historical value, and in parts are interesting; but, as a whole, they are not likely to attract readers other than those who may undertake a history of Canada."

THE CANADIAN PARLIAMENTARY COMPANION, 1871. Edited by Henry J. Morgan.

This exceedingly useful compilation has now reached its sixth edition, and year by year it has been improved as the pains-taking Editor has had time and opportunity for doing so. The present one is corrected up to last month, and gives also the complete returns for the last general election, and of the first Provincial elections under Confederation. This is a new feature, and one which adds much to the value of the "Companion." Those who desire to keep themselves fully "posted" ought to patronise the "Companion" as regularly as they do their favourite Almanac. It is for sale at Dawson's.

THE CONDITION OF FRANCE.

Since the conclusion of peace, if we may believe the reports sent from across the Atlantic, France, with the exception of its capital, seems to be gradually recovering from the prostration it has suffered during the past six months. By the kind endeavours of numerous sympathizing friends both in England and America much misery has been alleviated, and assistance has been given to those in the agricultural districts who had suffered from Prussian requisitions. In Paris alone there is no sign of recovery. Immediately after the withdrawal of the Prussians from the left bank of the Seine, and the removal of the German headquarters to Ferrières, the unruly citizens of Montmartre and Belleville, feeling the only restrictions placed upon them removed, broke out in open rebellion. Our latest despatches inform us that they not only hold a strong position, and have resisted successfully all the attempts

of the Government troops to disperse them, but that, emboldened by their success, they have assumed the offensive, surrounded the Hotel de Ville, and mercilessly slaughtered all the prominent men who fell into their hands.

GRAND LAKE COAL OPERATIONS.

The operations of the Queen's Mining and Manufacturing Company, in boring for lower seams of coal at Grand Lake, are progressing in a manner which, it is hoped, will result in success to their enterprise.

The work of boring is performed by a joint bar, composed of several pieces of iron, which, together, measure forty-four feet in length and weigh about half a ton.

Up to present time the company has expended about \$3,000, one-half of which has been paid for necessary buildings, machinery and tools, and the balance for wages and fuel.

Specimens of all that has been passed through in boring, have been preserved, and although they have not been submitted to a practical geologist, yet the company feel sanguine of striking a bed of importance, the boring being of the character usually found in the vicinity of the best coal beds of the Province.

Professor Dawson, one of the best authorities on the subject in the Dominion, referring to the appearance of the coal area of New Brunswick as compared with that of Nova Scotia, says that the prevalence of sand stones, and the flat, undisturbed condition of its beds are remarkable.

It is quite probable that measures will be taken by the Local Legislature, during the coming session, to ascertain something more definite than is already known with reference to the value and extent of the Grand Lake coal deposits.

A CRAZY ADMIRER.—SINGULAR CONDUCT IN A THEATRE.—Since the little mad gentleman in the black small clothes declared his passion for Mrs. Nickleby by the medium of cucumbers and vegetable marrows, we have not heard of any more eccentric mode of expressing admiration than was adopted by an individual who formed one of the audience at the Canterbury Theatre not long since.

lady part in which was filled by Miss Roselle, a very graceful and pleasing young actress. Shortly before the curtain rose, a pretty little bouquet of snowdrops and green leaves was left at the stage door, with a note addressed to Miss Roselle, couched in terms of admiration but perfectly respectful and polite.

"I'll dream of thee to-night, Roselle, I'll dream of thee to-night, Thy face will haunt my dreams, Roselle, Though absent from my sight, My love for thee no words can tell!

F. R. M.

The writer said he was occupying a stall, the number of which he indicated. At the end of the play Miss Roselle found awaiting her a fourth letter with a parcel. The former contained a most enthusiastic declaration of ardent affection, referred to the writer's large properties in the West Indies, and solicited permission to present to her the accompanying example of the produce of an estate in Havana—the said "example" proving on examination to be an enormous piece of sugar-stick, literally stick, for it was upwards of two feet long, and fully an inch thick.

In the course of the present war the French have often called their enemy by the names of Goth and barbarian, and bystanders have been so far moved as from time to time to agree with them. But it was reserved for a famous Professor of Berlin to fix this title upon his countrymen as a compliment, and by way of strict historical parallel made in cool blood.

"The Roman knows nothing of what is outside his city walls, and despises it; for strangers, under the disguise of a most ready courtesy, he has at bottom nothing but a contempt.

The literary point made is a good one, and probably the historian was too much taken up with the stiffneckedness of the Romans to consider the merits of Alarie's enterprise.

The Kansas City Bulletin is responsible for the following:—"A Missouri farmer wrote to Horace Greeley to know if silk culture could be made profitable in Missouri. The veteran agriculturalist thought it could. He said it would necessitate some trouble and expense to import the silk-bearing sheep from the mountainous regions of Central Asia, but thought they could be easily domesticated in Missouri.

A curious story is told of three young candidates for the Scottish ministry. The first one put upon his trial, while putting on his robes, happened to desecrate an ancient looking, well worn roll of paper, which proved to be a sermon upon the text, "Jacob was a plain man, dwelling in tents."

CHARADES, &c.

CHARADE No. 6.

My first is in Bold, but not in Reserved. My second is in Tongue, but not in Ham. My third is in Peat, but not in Bag. My fourth is in Tart, but not in Pie. My fifth is in Borrow, but not in Lend. My sixth is in Water, but not in Wine. And my whole is a Canadian River.

JOHN UNDERHILL.

NUMBERED CHARADE, No. 7.

Composed of nineteen letters.

My 15, 18, 1, 9, 17, 10, 6 is a mineral. My 3, 11, 5, 8 is used for roofing. My 7, 16, 2, 14, 8 is a river in Europe. My 18, 2, 9, 6 is to conceal. My 19, 13, 7, 4 is unpleasant to handle. My 12, 7, 17, 14, 8 is a lazy person. My 1, 18, 13, 10, 6 is a river in France. And my whole is a well-known nursery story.

JOHN UNDERHILL.

NUMBERED CHARADE, No. 8.

Composed of forty-seven letters.

My 22, 5, 20, 37 is a mineral product of Nova Scotia. My 6, 30, 35 is used by printers. My 47, 4, 2, 38 is a part of the human body. My 31, 41, 15, 26 is an emblem of purity. My 8, 29, 25, 10, 14 is a title of royalty. My 43, 5, 9, 23, 7 is a flourishing town in Nova Scotia. My 11, 33, 18, 39, 17, 28, 34, 35 is a great European statesman. My 28, 47, 42, 24, 10 is a river in Europe. My 47, 41, 32, 25 is one of our leading statesmen. My 13, 28, 40, 16, 46, 21 is worn by gentlemen. My 19, 23, 3, 1 is the name of a Roman philosopher. My 24, 36, 37 is a conveyance. My 45, 13, 36, 28 is wild animal. And my whole will give the constituent parts of a British Colony.

R. T. A. L, Guysboro, N. S.

SOLUTION TO CHARADE No. 5.

"Canadian Illustrated News."

Thus—

- Sarnia. Dan. Lustre. Lent. Rats. Ice. Dew.

SOLUTION TO REBUS No. 1.

- 1. Wing. 2. Office. 3. Ratio. 4. Kleber. 5. Sleeping. 6. Operate. 7. Feeble. 8. Cleveland. 9. Horace. 10. Archimedes. 11. Mob. 12. Pagoda. 13. Luther. 14. Asia. 15. Interest. 16. Naples.

Ans.—Name of book, "Works of Champlain," name of its publisher, "George E. Desbarats."

CHESS.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 27.

White.

Black.

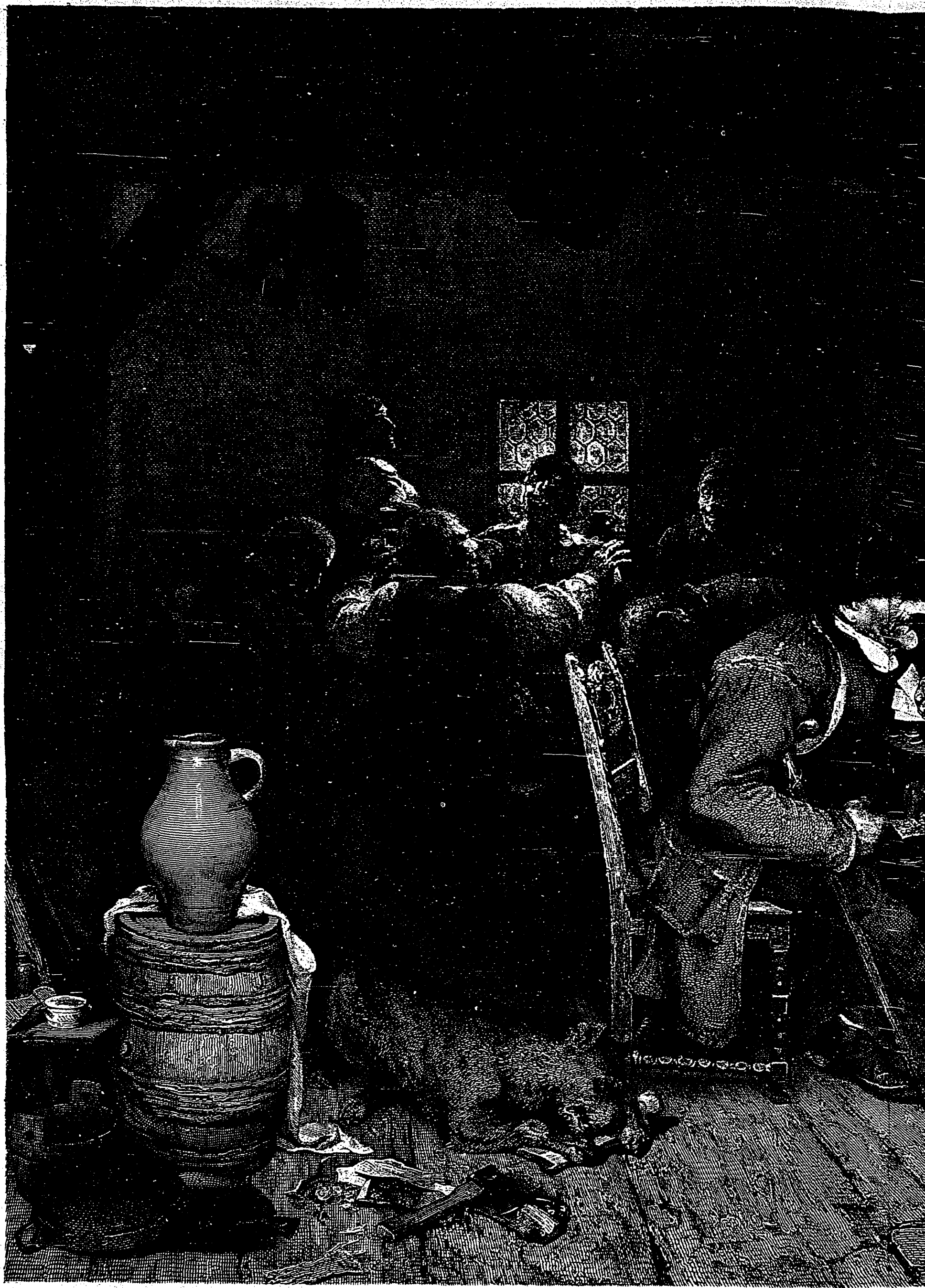
- 1. P. to K. 3rd. R. takes P. (best.) 2. Q. to K. Kt. sq., ch. K. moves. 3. Q. to Q. B. sq. Any move. 4. Q. mates.

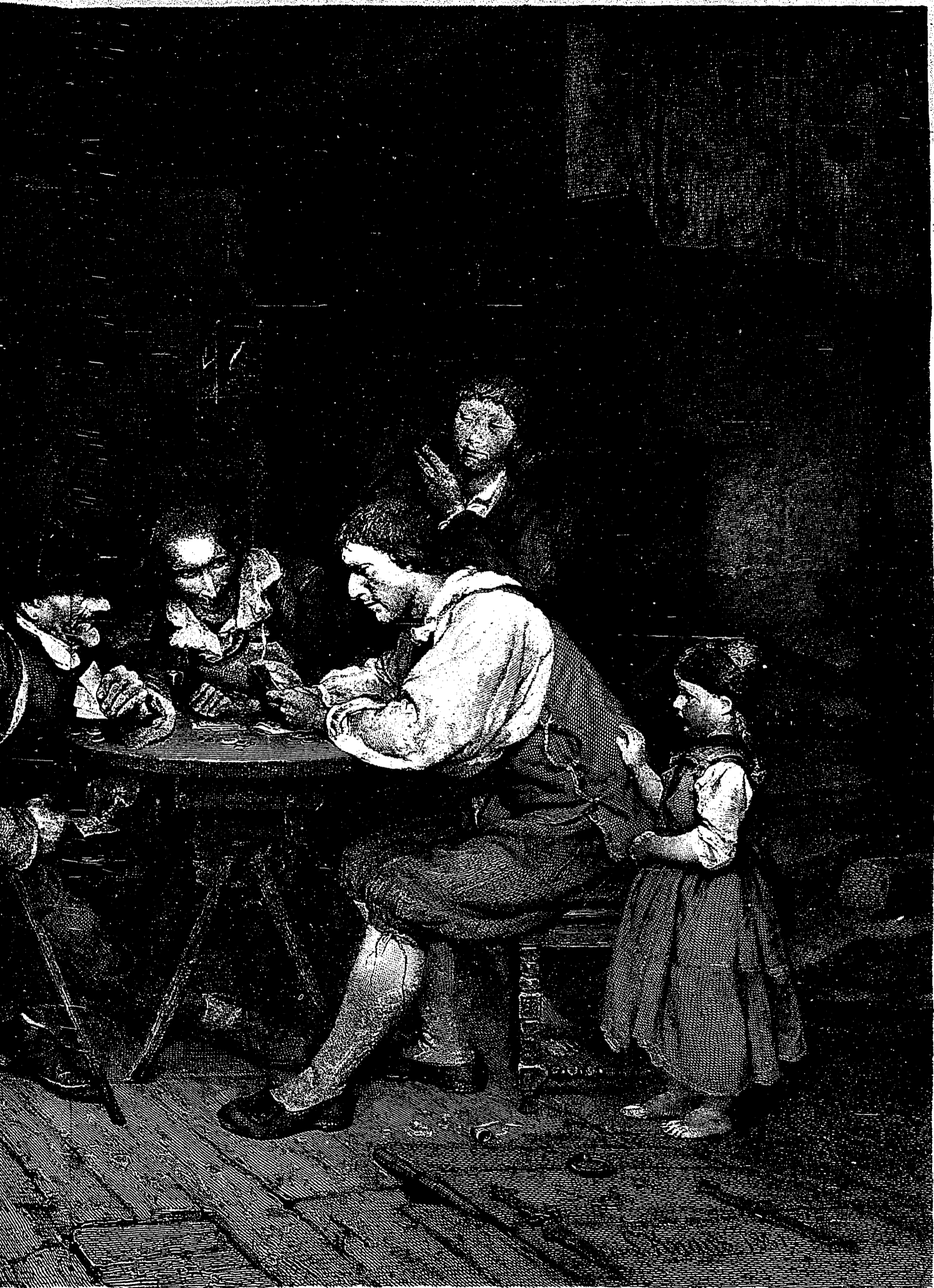
Temperature in the shade, and Barometer indications for the week ending Saturday, March 18, 1871, observed by John Underhill, Optician to the Medical Faculty of McGill University, 299 Notre Dame Street.

Table with 4 columns: Day, Date, 9 A.M., 1 P.M., 6 P.M. and 4 columns: Day, Date, Max., Min., Mean.

Aneroid Barometer compensated and corrected

Table with 4 columns: Day, Date, 9 A.M., 1 P.M., 6 P.M.





GAMBLERS.

FROM A PAINTING BY LEONARD KNABE.

See Page 178.

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

TRANSLATION FROM VICTOR HUGO.

GENIUS.

Woe to the hapless child of clay,
Who, on this cruel earth,
Feels in his lonely soul a ray
That owes to Heaven its birth!
Woe to the wretch! for Envy pale
His noble life will soon assail
With all a vulture's ire,
And, maddened by his triumph, tear
His new Prometheus, if he dare
Display celestial fire.

Fame, like some phantom strangely bright,
His ardent gaze beguiles:
He bows before the fatal light
Of her imperious smiles.
So the poor bird in woodland brake
In vain would fly the treacherous snake,
And its bewildering eyes;
From branch to branch they lure him still
With fascinating charm, until
He flutters down and dies!

Or, if he wins in distant days
The fame for which he bled—
If living he is crowned with bays
That bloom to deck the dead—
Still, still by Ignorance belied,
By Hatred dogged, and spurned by Pride,
With aching heart he sighs:
And oft the victim, wrung by pain,
As victor enters Glory's fame,
Then—at her altar dies!

GEORGE MURRAY.

A SOUVENIR OF A DINNER.

STANDING irresolute at the book-stall at the Great Northern terminus, King's Cross, uncertain in which of the red and yellow volumes I should invest half-a-crown for my mental delectation on a journey to Edinburgh, my eye rested on a little brochure called "The Art of Dining."

We all know how to eat, but very few of us know how to dine. The one is a suggestion of nature, the other is an effort of high art, in which we are constantly frustrated. Providence sends meats, and the proverb tells us how those good things are neutralised by the envoys of the Prince of Darkness. There is no enterprise to which the human mind can be directed more noble in itself, or more profitable to mankind, than the conversion of fish, flesh, fowl, fruits, and vegetables into sapid and nutritious *matériel*. I will not say it has been the study of my life to dine well, for in our hot youth we care little what we eat, or when or how the meat is dressed. *C'est toute autre chose* when the actual palate becomes a little fantastical from use, the ideal taste somewhat refined by experience, and the gratification of epicurean guests an object of social and often of high political importance. Hence the last half of my life has been consecrated to gastronomic considerations. At thirty, I began to suspect the merits of boiled mutton and caper sauce; at forty, boiled beef and mutton-chops were discarded from my table; at fifty, I peremptorily discharged my cook for daring to place a suet-pudding before me. But if I thus circumscribed the limits of my *carte* in one way, I enlarged them in another. If I dismissed my old-established *pièces de résistance*, my heavy battalions and siege-train, I enlisted an immense body of light infantry and flying-artillery in their places. The radius of my bill of fare is very extensive, comprising innumerable French dishes with ingenious titles, and many of my own conception with loyal and popular designations. Ask at the Waterloo or Anderson's (late Macgregor's), in Prince Street, for a *pâté à la provost d'Edinbourg*, or an *Auld Reekie mayonnaise*, and you will see that I have some pretensions in culinary skill. Still, I am not satisfied; none but egotists are easily pleased with their own work. I believe I have yet much to learn of the sublime science of dining. The Walkers, Udes, Savarins, and so forth, thought only of providing for a party varying from eight to twenty guests, and even more. Few have taught us how one person may dine. The other day, in the Dover train, I fell in with an alderman who was going over to Paris for the first time in his life. "To dine at the *Trois Frères* or *Durand's*?" I concluded.

"O dear, no—to see the Tooleries and the Loover, etcetera. What do I care for French kickshaws? No—a man must be partickler indeed who couldn't be satisfied with old English fare."

"Just so," I replied, falling into his humour—"turtle, venison, turbot, and all that."

"Now," said he, turning towards me, and looking me full in the face, "how you talk! You fellows of the West End, or the country, have the most erroneous conception of an alderman's appetite. It is true, we give the best of fare in our power to our guests on public occasions; but see us in private—we are perfect anchorites!" And he sank back in his seat, the very type of a self-denying Silenus.

"You amaze me," I rejoined: "the popular notion runs quite the other way."

My curiosity was greatly piqued, and I resolved to lead my companion to a disclosure of an ascetic alderman's fare *en solitude*.

"Tell me, sir," said I, continuing the conversation, "if I don't take too great a liberty, what may be your ideas of gastronomic simplicity?"

"My ideas of simplicity! Why, give me but a basin of Scotch broth (the most exhilarating of broths—the very champagne of soups), followed by a tender rump-steak and oyster-sauce; a bird, according to the season; a pudding or a tart, and a piece of Stilton; with a glass of sherry after my soup, porter with my steak, and a pint of port after my cheese; and I would wish for nothing more!"

If I was amazed before, I was now petrified. Truly, a most moderate gourmand; quite a rigorous, self-denying Barmecide. The description conjured to my mind a vision of Sancho Panza feasting in prosperity. But the alderman's little sketch did not provide the lesson I expected. It did not help me to arrange a dinner for a solitary bachelor of delicate appetite and limited means. I was, and am still, at a loss in that important particular; therefore it was that (the reader must pardon the long digression) I laid out eighteenpence in the "Art of Dining"—one of Mr. Murray's volumes of "Railway Reading"—and had cut all the leaves before the train had emerged from the tunnel which darkens the road between King's Cross and Potter's Bar.

The book proved to be a reprint of Mr. Hayward's article from the *Quarterly*—a good *résumé* of all that had been written

on the subject of gastronomy, and an amusing collection of anecdotes of famous cooks, and equally famous patrons of cooks, from Louis XIV. to Lord Alvanley. It is very edifying, and nearly complete. If the author and the accomplished diners-out and dinner-givers whom Mr. A. H. consulted, have failed in anything, it is in doing justice to curries—the most delicious of all methods of dressing certain kinds of human food. See how readily the thousands of Englishmen and Scotchmen who go to India adapt themselves to it; and how the pleasure of returning to their native land in the autumn of life is qualified by the sacrifice of what had become a *sine quâ non* in the daily meal. An English curry is ordinarily a detestable mess, a gross imposition, a downright insult to the cultivated palate. Fowl or rabbit smeared with turmeric and black pepper, and served up with half-boiled rice—that's an English *ménagère's* notion of the thing. A native of the Andaman islands would recoil from it with horror; and Jack Pandey, of the 34th Bengal Native Infantry, would find in such garbage a new apology for mutiny, in which his officers would sustain him. But try a curry made as a first-class Indian *khansumah*, or butler, would fabricate it. It is easily done. I know two families who have acquired a respectable status in society by its adoption. You have all the ingredients at hand—saffron, the pulp of the cocoa-nut, butter, garlic, red pepper, onions (which should be fried separately), salt, an apple; and, mind me, use only fat meats of an open grain. The smooth, impenetrable texture of rabbit and chicken renders it quite impossible for the meat to become even partially saturated with the curry-stuff thus compounded; and unless that is done, you may as well serve up the leg of a chair or table with your rice. Shrimps and eels make admirable curries, for the same reason that pork and mutton are to be commended. They gratefully reciprocate service; they impart to the condiment some of their own exquisite flavour, while they receive the saffron impregnation. A shrimp or prawn curry, served with well-boiled rice, would enable a minister of state to win over the most bitter opponent and selfish intriguer in the shape of a foreign ambassador. But let that pass. I do not quarrel with A. H. for omitting to speak of things which only orientalist can understand. No, I forgive him for his modesty; and I also honour him for the praise *en passant* he has bestowed on my lamented friend, Alexis Soyer. He says of the deceased: "He is a clever man, of inventive genius, and inexhaustible resource; but his execution is hardly on a par with his conception, and he is more likely to earn his immortality by his soup-kitchen, than by his soup."

I am not sure that this is a just estimate, though it is kindly meant. A great cook is no more expected to make his dishes than a great general is required to head every charge of cavalry. It is his province to conceive, plan, direct, leaving to the engineers of his *batterie de cuisine* to operate their pleasant warfare. This was Soyer's forte. If he had been a wealthy man, he would have devoted his mornings to the conceptions of dishes, which his friends should have eaten in the evening. I once dined with him. He was then *maitre de cuisine* at the Reform Club. Eight or nine years have passed away, and I have eaten much since; but the recollection of that dinner is unfading. It "lingers haunts the greenest spot in memory's waste," as poor Tom Moore sang in one of his most charming *chansons*. Soyer was supreme in the basement-story. His chambers were united with the kitchen. He was "monarch of all he surveyed." The dinner took place in his chambers, and this is how it came about.

I had been conversing with the great chief about his *métier*, and observed how proud he must feel to minister to the appetites of so many hundreds of men superior by their intelligence and station to the ordinary run of Englishmen. "Bah!" he exclaimed; "they do not appreciate me or my cookery. It is thrown away upon them. There are many *gourmands* among them, but very few *gourmets*. Excepting Lord M. H., there is hardly one of them that knows how to order a dinner; and if he leaves it to me, and gives *carte blanche* as to the price, ten to one but he invites people who would as readily eat a piece of under-done roast beef. What do they know of *bouchées de lapereau à la Pompadour*, or *nissettes de veau à la Velleroi, garnies d'un soubise*? It is terrible, my dear friend, to think how great talent is prostituted before such coarse fellows." I felt he was right, and I told him so, and I repeated part of Goldsmith's notions of a good company over a haunch of venison.

"Tenez," he resumed, "I think you could appreciate a superior dinner. I think you are a man before whom I could venture to deploy the highest efforts of my poor genius. Come and dine with me on Saturday next. We can repose from the fatigues of mind and stomach on the Sunday. Invite five friends. Our table must be round, and our party limited to eight. You and I, and a French friend of mine—a confidential envoy from the *cuisinier de la bouche du Prince Président de la R-r-r-république*—will make three. Ask the rest yourself, and let them be *beaux esprits*."

I accepted the invitation.

It took me an hour to consider which of the men in my small circle would best suit the occasion. It is not often that the most brilliant intellect is associated with the most undeniable palate. Faraday was content with a cutlet; Tenyson is said to affect tripe. I don't believe it. However, when I had deliberated, made out list after list, and weeded and pruned the collection, I decided on my five. A. was a brilliant M.P., as M.P.'s go; B. was a barrister; C., an actor of abounding quiet humour; D., an artist—a superb historical painter; E., a soldier and traveller. The literary interest was represented, poorly enough, by myself.

The dinner-hour was eight: we were punctual. The table was chaste spread—a *tazza* of flowers in the centre; a vase would have obscured the guests from each other. A gas chandelier above illuminated the table. There were knives, forks, and napkins for the eight guests—nothing more—not even a salt-cellar—on the whitest of damask cloths. Soyer was cordial in his welcome. His face beamed with the pleasure which a sense of triumph and a prospect of enjoyment is sure to impart. He took his seat, and a servant brought in one dish. We had no soup.

"It is a mistake," said the incomparable Soyer, "to provide a pool for the reception of viands. You only drown them."

The first course was fish, of which three descriptions came in, one after the other, so that they should be hot. I remember there were *filets de sole à la Normande*; but I remember nothing more of the many dishes which succeeded each other at prolonged intervals, all seasoned, all cut up, and temporarily reunited, so that a silver fork removed the slices without the intervention of a knife. Their measured *entrée* allowed repose to the stomach, time for wine, and time for talk. We did

not make a toil of pleasure. There were several wines, each adapted to a particular dish; they were sipped deliberately; it was necessary that an amalgam should be established within, and the palate allowed an opportunity of reviving. Do you blame me that I do not remember the details of the dinner, fascinated as I was with the *ensemble*? Then blame the girl in Bulwer's *Pompeii* who had never noticed the colour of her lover's eyes. How many a man remembers with what intense enjoyment he read Walter Scott's *Waverley*, but how few can recall a single passage of the unapproachable work? Then blame me not if I forget all. All? no! I do remember me of one feature of the dinner: it was too striking to be forgotten.

We had reached the last course—it was midnight, and yet no one was suffering from repletion. The servitor now brought us in a ham, boiled, clothed in grated bread, and decorated with a *papillote* of foie-lasce. "O Soyer," exclaimed the guests with one voice, "what appetites you must suppose us to possess!" We had eaten of innumerable meats, and rather preferred a good dessert. "Cut," said the *gastromome* to me, indifferent to the appeal of his friends. I looked at him imploringly: Why carve what no one would eat? His expression was sternly resolute, Napoleon I.'s could not have been more obdurate. "Everybody who dines with me must eat what I command. Cut, I say; you will not repent it." Slap went the knife into the neighbourhood of the knuckle, the meat yielding with the most graceful condescension. The second insertion revealed the trick. It was a cake, of the pound-cake quality, filled with vanilla ice! Well might he call it a *jambon à la surprise*, for our weak minds were astonished exceedingly. Everybody had a corner for that ham. Soyer then told us that it was nothing very new, though uncommon. He had once practised the same device at the house of Sir Robert Peel, on a grander scale. He had prepared an entire course of imitative game—pheasants, partridges, snipe, hare—all were *gâteaux*, with iced creams in their inwards. Colonel Peel, formerly Secretary of State for War, presided; the lady of Sir Robert was at the other hand. "Why, what's the meaning of this?" exclaimed the colonel, who had the hare before him. "We have done with game." "Never mind," said her ladyship, who was in the secret; "you have only to carve; nobody's obliged to eat." And he *did* carve, as prodigiously astounded at the results as he was when Lord Derby sent to him, and placed him at the head of the War-office.

Towards the close of the dinner, one of the servants of the establishment came in with what appeared, at first sight, to be a diminutive jack-in-the-green.

"Ah, ha!" said our host, "that's just the thing. I think the duchess will be pleased."

This was another surprise, at least for us. Alexis had devised a bouquet of game for the Duchess of Sutherland. It consisted simply of a framework resembling a boy's kite, and about five feet high. On this, mingled with evergreen leaves, so as to conceal the frame, were placed with much grace and effect, a hare, two rabbits, a pheasant, partridges, grouse, plovers, snipe, larks, and ducks—all made fast to the frame. A picture for this clever contrivance afterwards appeared in the *Illustrated London News*; but a wood-cut covered with black ink conveyed no idea of the beauty of the original, or of the variety of plumage that reposed on a rich and glossy green.

We rose from table a little before one, to adjourn to the kitchen, to see the *modus operandi*, and give orders for a supper of broils and devils. As I turned round, I saw a portrait of the late Madame Soyer on the wall in crayons, and in an unusually low part of the wall. I was tempted to remark upon the singularity. "There is a little story attached to that," said Soyer, with a melancholy smile. "The house was being whitewashed; I was out of the way when my poor wife called. With her usual fun, she seized a piece of charcoal, and immediately sketched her sweet face on the wall, and when it was finished, she said to one of the plasterers: 'There, tell Monsieur Soyer that a lady paid him a visit, and she has left her card!'"

The broils proved as superb in their way as the stews, boils, roasts, and fries which had preceded them. It was two o'clock in the morning before we parted company. Tumblers of whiskey-punch crowned the feast, in which to say the truth, there had been a rare concurrence of physical and intellectual enjoyment. The barrister's wit was as sparkling as the Moselle; the M. P.'s remarks had the solidity of the port; the player's fun fizzed with the champagne. Much was eaten, a great quantity was drunk; and my concluding phrase will be the last commentary on the superlative excellence of the entertainment—no one had a headache the next day! Let us respect the memory of Alexis Soyer.

THE TARTAN OUTLAWED.

After all, Scotland, which is so proud of the Royal marital union of one of her noble sons to the amiable, accomplished, and beautiful of England's most exalted daughters, is to run the risk of never seeing back again across the border the aspiring scion of the ducal house of Campbell! An act of the Imperial Legislature, still upon record, calls aloud to the Scotch members for "repal." After all the skill of the artist and weaver has been expended on the construction of a new, handsome, and well-blended tartan, and after all the fittings and trappings of that descriptively elegant and costly suit have been adjusted before the test of the mirror—it is to prove the warrant of expulsion from Scottish soil! It may be worn at Windsor, and by its gay flaunt put the richly embroidered uniform of that locality in the shade; but if the happy bridegroom dare to set foot with "buckled shoe" and naked knee on native soil, from that day he will become "the ill-fated Lorne," unless repeal comes to the rescue. In the reign, "Anno regni decimo nono, Georgii II. regis," 17th October, 1745, being the fifth session of that parliament, it was enacted:—"None but the army to wear the Highland clothes." The following is an exact transcript of the clause:—"And be it further enacted by the authority aforesaid, That from and after the first day of August, one thousand seven hundred and forty-seven, no man or boy, within that part of Great Britain called Scotland, other than such as shall be employed as officers and soldiers in his Majesty's forces, shall, on any pretence whatsoever, wear or put on the clothes commonly called Highland clothes (that is to say) the plaid, philebeg, or little kilt, trowse, shoulder-belts, or any part whatever of what peculiarly belongs to the Highland garb; and that no tartan or party-coloured plaid or stuff shall be used for great-coats, or upper coats; and if any such person shall presume, after the said first day of August, to wear or put on the aforesaid garments, or any part of them, every such person so offending,

being convicted thereof by the oath of one or more credible witness or witnesses, before any court of judiciary or any one or more justices of the peace for the shire or stewarty, or judge ordinary of the place where such offence shall be committed, shall suffer punishment without bail during the space of six months and no longer, and being convicted for a second offence before a court of judiciary or at the circuits, shall be liable to be transported to any of his Majesty's plantations beyond the seas, there to remain for the space of seven years." What is to be done with this rock ahead? The Scotch say that according to their legal jurisprudence, acts of parliament expire in forty years, unless reclaimed by action within the period. Some of their best judges, however, say that when such a law exists, it remains in force if generally obeyed, and with all legal writers a very grave doubt is continually expressed whether that rule can apply to any other than acts passed by the purely Scottish parliament. This act in question being under "one of the Georges," evidently for safety requires repeal, and the sooner a notice is put on the papers of both Houses of Parliament the better. Noble Scotchmen of high birth and lineage have often graced the levees of St. James', the drawing-rooms of Buckingham Palace, and the halls of Windsor, in the gay and fascinating "garb of Old Gaul" (so kin to the garb of the ancient Roman), that it is a pity it should stand on the statute-book proscribed as a criminal offence to wear it inferring penal servitude. None are now more loyal than Her Majesty's Highland subjects. The great and good Prince Consort, whose taste for the picturesque, it is acknowledged by all, was not only of a high but of a first-class order, arrayed himself in this magnificent costume, and all the Princes of the Royal House, with the sanction of our beloved liege lady the Queen, have from time to time been dressed in Highland array, and therefore it only requires the slightest touch of the pruning-knife to excise this thorn from the stem of the thistle; and we assure our brave maintainers that the generosity for which they always give us full credit will be exerted to its utmost openness of liberality in assisting to cancel this penal clause. We shall be the first to take "a congratulatory snuff" from the cairngorm gold-mounted horn, when it dangles free beside the dirk, and shall most cordially shake the hand no longer required to sign over an indictment of guilty or not guilty of wearing a gauntlet to the knowledge of an assize! Purge the roll before the marriage day, and let the sheen of the claymore-hilt, and the burnished precious metals, ornate of the sporan, the buclar, and the belts, gleam back the reflex light of the emblematic light of "the altar lamp" as brilliantly as the holy flame of love beams from the blushing pair as the priestly words, "For better or for worse" make them one for ever.—*Court Journal.*

SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION.

A contributor to the *Boston Journal of Chemistry* says: Any light that can be obtained on spontaneous combustion adds not a little to the value of real estate. We believe a large percentage of the fires charged to incendiaryism are really owing to spontaneous combustion, so called. We purpose giving three cases, two of which have come under our own experience.

1. Within a year, twenty-eight rolls of cotton cloth in one of our large dyeing establishments were dyed black, and were delayed a few days before they could be starched and finished. Two of these rolls were discovered to be on fire—not in flames, but in a smouldering condition, or charred into tinder; a third roll was so hot that hands could not handle the cloth, and the wooden roller upon which the cloth was wound was heated almost to the point of ignition. The rolls of cloth destroyed were the first dyed, and consequently had been longer exposed than the others, which in a measure explains why all the rolls were not in the same condition. In the dyeing, the first rolls were dyed without washing, by an oversight of the dyer. This is the point of importance, as the chemical salts were left in the cloth. Logwood, potash, sulphate of copper, and sulphate of iron constituted the dye, and we suggest this explanation as the probable cause of the fire. The potash and sulphate of iron change to sulphate of potash and hydrate of iron, by the absorption of oxygen from the atmosphere or from moisture in the cloth, and the heat thus developed reaches the point of ignition. Cloth in drying is very liable to contain heated moisture.
2. Within a year a fire was discovered in a silk-mercer's shop in London. The fire originated in a lot of black-dyed silk, and was discovered, as in the first instance, before flame had burst out. The conclusion reached was that it was not safe to have black-dyed silk in large masses, and that each piece ought to be so placed as to allow a free circulation of air. We think it quite probable that the explanation of the combustion is the same as in the preceding case.
3. In trying to get rid of rats in a dwelling house, the floors were taken up in order to cut off their ingress, if possible. The box that held the hot-water pipes was found to be a favourite resort for the vermin, and had actually been on fire. The sides were charred, but there had not been sufficient air to sustain combustion. Upon investigation as to the cause of the incipient fire, we are not left long in doubt, for a store of remnants of greasy cloths used in washing dishes was found, which had been brought by the rats from the kitchen. Some of these were charred, and the others were well saturated with grease and oils. This fire was quite a distance from the kitchen range, forty feet at the least. It would be very natural in all these cases, if the real causes had not been so apparent, to attribute the origin of the fire to incendiaryism. We have a very firm impression that the introduction of coal oils for lubrication of machinery has very materially reduced the number of fires from spontaneous combustion, owing to the fact that the coal oils do not absorb oxygen; and that for this reason, if for no other, insurance companies can afford to insure mill property for less rates than they do at present.

"John," said a father to his son one day when he caught him shaving the 'down' off his upper lip, "don't throw your shaving water out where there are any bare-footed boys, for they might get their feet pricked."

A fisherman of Trinity Bay, on opening a codfish one day last summer, found in it a wedding ring bearing engraved on the inside the words "God above continue our love." The fish had persistently refused to swallow a spelling book.

A PAPAL CRUSADE.

A correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, writing from Rome on the 13th ult., has the following:—"It seems certain that forces for the recovery of the Pontifical States are being mustered in Belgium, a country whose independence rests on its neutrality, and that when all is ready the Pope will leave Rome and put himself at their head to lead them to the field. The *Questor of Rome* has just seized at a house in the Corso a lithographic stone, representing the bronze cross assumed by the Crusaders on their enrolment. I send you a fac-simile of this badge, which bears on one side the inscription—"Cruciata Catholica Militia Jesu Christi;" &c., &c.; and on the other the words—"Christus vincit; Christus regnat; Christus imperat in eternum; pro Petri Sede et Ecclesia." The whole is surmounted by a royal crown, with the motto "Rex Regum." Funds are pouring into the Vatican sufficient to meet every expense. During last month the Pope received 1,101,000 fr., and since the 1st of February this sum has been swelled by 400,000 fr. more. Nearly all the officers of the disbanded Pontifical army, and the bulk of the soldiers, have embraced the crusade, and are now receiving their old pay, while volunteers are mustering in every part of the Continent. General Kanzler is in Belgium, and the day before yesterday Commander Filippini proceeded to Brussels with despatches for the Nuncio and the Archbishop of Malines which are believed to relate to the expedition. An attempt will be made at the same time to effect a papal rising in Rome, and Monsignor de Mérode is labouring zealously to prepare this mine."—This story looks very much as if manufactured out of whole cloth. Had the Pope wanted to go to war, might he not have done so any time these last half dozen years, since Umbria and the Marches were pilfered from his petty domain? Surely he is not such a poor strategist as to wait until he loses all before striking—if he means to strike—for his own.

BEER SOLD BY THE POUND.

One of the brightest and strongest of Amhurst's jocular stories relates to the keeper of an ale-house, that stood near the Oxford Pound. To call attention to his liquor the tradesman announced by placard that he sold beer by the pound, whereupon the students made a run to the place of entertainment to see if they could not buy pudding by the yard from the tradesman who sold malt liquor by weight. Summoned to appear before the vice-chancellor and give an account of his commercial doings, the seller of beer, instead of satisfying the curiosity of his inquisitorial judge, began to spit about the vice-chancellor's parlour, to the lively astonishment and disgust of that great person, who demanded what the fellow meant by his unseemly conduct. "You summoned me to clear myself," answered the culprit, coughing and spitting still more profusely, "and I have come to clear myself—and I will clear myself." "Clear yourself, sirrah," roared the vice-chancellor, "I expect you to clear yourself in a different way from that. They tell me you sell ale by the pound." "No, indeed, your worship." "Don't you?—then how do you do?" To which inquiry the fellow responded, "Very well, indeed, I thank you, Mr. Vice-Chancellor; pray how do you do, sir?" The impudence of this answer infuriated the vice-chancellor, who, crying out, "Get you gone for a rascal!" turned the taverner out of the room. "Away went the fellow," says Amhurst, "and meeting with one of the proctors, told him that the vice-chancellor desired to speak with him immediately;" the proctor in great haste went to know the vice-chancellor's commands, and the fellow with him, who told the vice-chancellor, when they came before him, that here he was. "Here he is!" says the vice-chancellor, "who is here?" "Sir," says the impudent ale-house keeper, "you bade me go for a rascal; and lo! here have I brought you one." But the poor fellow paid dearly for his jokes; his licence was taken away, and he was committed to the castle prison.—*Teafferson's Annals of Oxford.*

HOME PHOTOGRAPHS IN CAMP.—A letter from the special correspondent of the *Daily News* at the German headquarters gives a graphic account of the universality of home photographs amongst the German soldiers. He says:—"I never knew a German officer or soldier who was a family man that did not carry with him photographs of his wife and children. By this time the cartes are getting dirty and thumb-marked, for they are had out for inspection and admiration very often. You will see a couple of officers in the casino, or at the mess-table, interchanging sights of photographs, and then comes a gossip about the children's ages. I have watched the growth of a warm friendship between two gentlemen I have the pleasure to know, the first link in which was the discovery at one of these quiet talks over the pictures, that one had a boy and the other a girl, who were born on the very same day of the very same year. I have seen two huge hairy sentinels at a double post far to the front exhibiting one to the other the gallery of family portraits, fetched out of a sweat-besmirched pocket in the breast of the tunic. This afternoon I was standing by the white house on the hill behind Audilly, trying, with but little success, to get a glimpse of the firing through the fog bank, when there joined me two or three men of the 26th Regiment, and we naturally fell into conversation. Presently, as I turned to go, one of them remarked, in perfectly good English, "Heigho! I wish this weary war was over, and I back in New York." The man had been for some years earning his two dollars a day as a house-painter in New York, and had got married and begot sons and daughters. When the war broke out he threw down his brush, shipped himself, wife and daughter—the boys were dead—on board a North German Lloyd steamer, and had fallen into his place in the ranks with no more fuss, or consciousness of extra patriotism, than if he had come for a holiday. Of course, out came the photographs—he carried them, to be handy, inside the folded cuff of his great coat. "Ah! isn't she a fine woman just; and isn't the girl a beauty?" He was proud of his belongings, and had no stuck-up reticence about owning up to his pride. As I walked home, after leaving him, I fell a pondering on the differences in national idiosyncracies, and there came to my recollection the pictorial contents of sundry French officers' knapsacks that German officers spoke of after Sedan and Metz, their noses in the air as if they had inhaled a foul stink."

A reporter thus graphically describes the effect of a storm in the North Sea:—"While the storm was at its height the vessel heeled to the larboard, and the captain and another cask of whiskey rolled overboard."

MISCELLANEA.

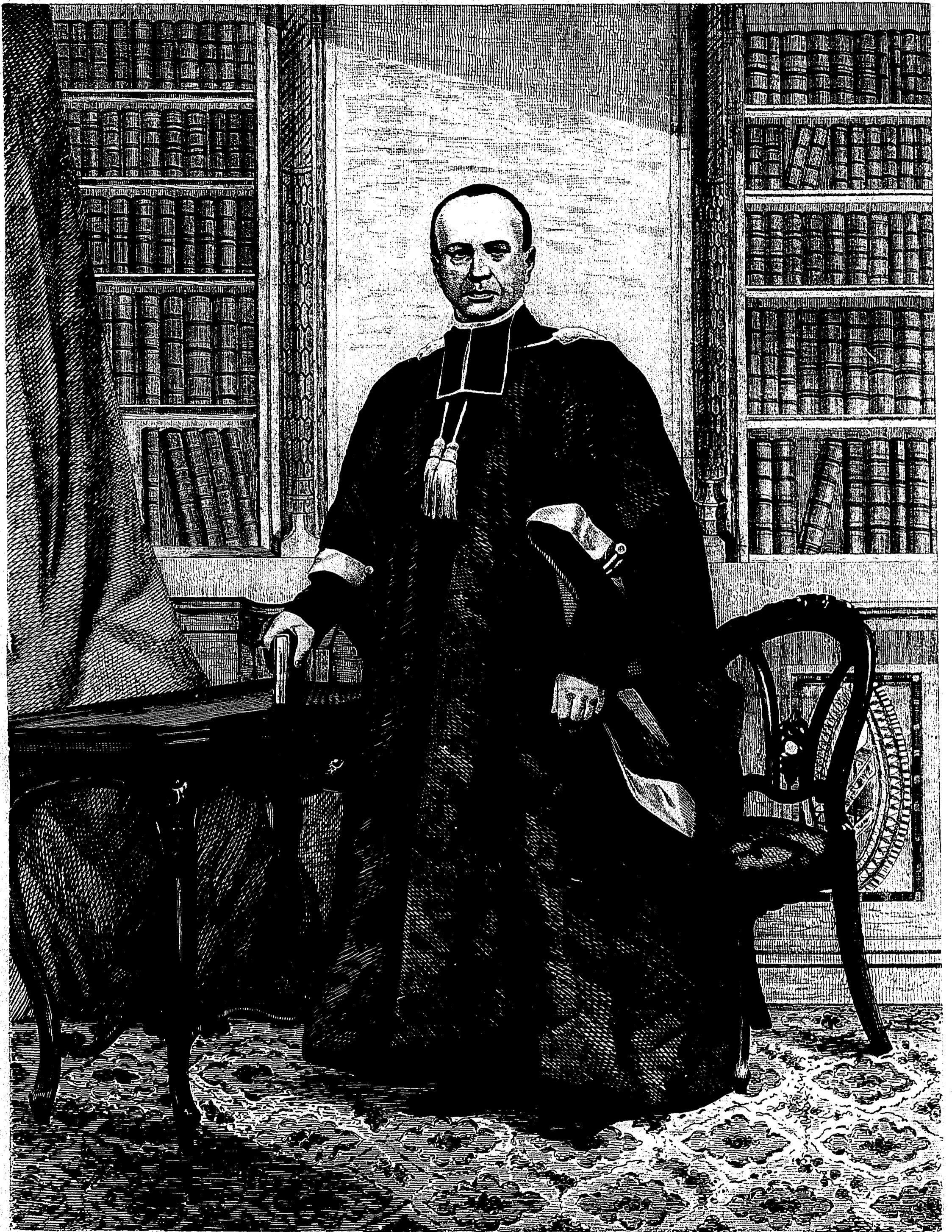
PAINTINGS OF THE ROYAL MARRIAGE.—Messrs. John O'Connor and E. C. Barnes have been commissioned by the Queen to paint the picture of the marriage of the Princess Louise.

WHY DO CHILDREN DIE?—In answer to this question, the *Medical Recorder* holds the following language:

"The reason why children die is because they are not taken care of. From the day of birth they are stuffed with water, suffocated in hot rooms, and steamed with bed-clothes. So much for in-doors. When permitted to breathe a breath of pure air once or twice during the colder months, only the nose is permitted to peer into daylight. A little later they are sent out with no clothes at all on the parts of the body which most need protection. Bare legs, arms, and necks, girted middles, with an inverted umbrella to collect the air and chill the other parts of the body. A stout, strong man goes out in a cold day with gloves and overcoat, woollen stockings and thick double-soled boots with cork between and rubbers over. The same day a child of three years old, an infant of flesh and blood, and bone and constitution, goes out with hose as thin as paper, cotton socks, legs uncovered to the knees, neck bare, an exposure which disables the nurse, kills the mother outright, and makes the father an invalid for weeks. And why? To harden them for a mode of dress which they are never expected to practice. To accustom them to exposure which a dozen years later would be considered downright foolery."

A BLACK COUNTRY LEGEND.—Early in the present century, when Bilston was a long straggling village, with one main street, which formed a part of the mail road from London to Chester and Holyhead, the Bull's Head (advertised for sale Lady-day, 1871) was the principal inn of the place, and a well-known hostelry on the old Irish route. It was naturally, and almost as a matter of course, the house at which the town worthies were wont to meet, drink good wholesome home-brewed ale out of the Staffordshire black-glazed pots, smoke their Broseley pipes, and talk over the politics of the day and the tittle-tattle of the neighbourhood. One bright summer's eve, while thus pleasantly engaged in the modest smoking-room (coffee rooms had not as yet come into existence), a gentleman rides up to the door, followed by his servant with the saddle-bags. There is, of course, great curiosity amongst the guests assembled to know who the stranger may be; and from the communicative valet they soon learn that he is an Irish officer en route to London. They become immediately desirous of his company amongst themselves, both for society and news' sake; but the gentleman unsocially keeps his own room upstairs. So that at last, driven to desperation, and perchance somewhat pot valiant, one of the company, Mr. Edward Woolley, of Stonefields, a screw-maker (i. e., of iron screws for wood), sends up the servant with his chronometer to ask the Irishman if he can tell what time it is by an English watch. Great anxiety ensues as to the result. Presently the servant returns with his master's compliments, and he will be down directly with the watch and an answer. A great shuffling of feet is heard overhead; and by and by appears Milesius, followed by his bodyguard bearing a tray with the watch and a brace of pistols on it. He unhesitatingly announces that he has come to challenge the owner of the watch, and hopes he will have the "dacency" to claim it and take up one of the pistols. (To the servant)—"Take the watch round, John!" "Is it yours, sir?" The old doctor, Moss, was the first thus addressed; and amongst others present were Messrs. Price and Bushbury. "No sir!" was the invariable answer from each put to this crucial test. At length it comes to the owner. "Is the watch yours, sir?" "No sir!" "Well then, John, since no one will own the watch, put it in your pocket; and as we do not appear to have fallen among jiltlemen, bring out the horses, and we'll ride on another stage." The tale, of course, soon got abroad, and to the end of his career poor Woolley, or rather "Ooley," as he was generally called, was accosted with "What's o'clock, Mr. Ooley?" Only within a year or two of his death, while riding quietly along in his carriage, a young urchin thus annoyed him; and in getting out to make a dash after him, "poor Ooley" was upset and grievously injured. So that he had good cause long to remember "his family turnip," and his prestige of Quixotic combativeness.—*Notes and Queries.*

HOW COAL IS DISCOVERED IN BENGAL.—The *Dombay Gazette* publishes the following:—"Coal was recently reported to have been found in great quantity and of first-class quality at Midnapore, in Bengal. The story, for there is a story, will interest more than merchants and mineralogists. We commend it to the notice of any sensational novelist of the period who may be in want of a subject. The bare plot of 'The Ticket of Leave Man, or the Black Diamonds of Midnapore,' runs thus: 'An Australian convict, named Henderson, who was serving out a high court sentence in the Presidency Jail, was sent to Midnapore to aid in sinking a well for the Central Prison there. Shortly after his arrival he reported that he had come upon coal—lumps of which were certainly produced by him from the shaft, and identified in Calcutta as "fully equal to the best English steam." The geological department, which at first had denied that coal could be found there, began to stammer out doubts as to the accuracy of its maps. Borings were made all round the site of the Central Jail—and the boring tubs, under Henderson's auspices, generally and judiciously brought up traces of coal. Great was the excitement of Dr. Mouat, great the credulity of the D. P. W. Already, in the vivid imagination of the inspector-general, furnaces flamed and chimneys smoked, and an eastern Birmingham covered the bare slopes of the jail plateau. Mr. Henderson, now out of his time, was appointed on a salary of 150 rs. per mensem, to aid in the borings; the Damooda Canal project got an extra knock on the head; Midnapore was to extinguish morally and finally all Rancegunj. It is now reported from Calcutta, and we fear with truth, that Mr. Henderson, the beneficent ticket-of-leave man, has disappeared, having spoiled the confiding traders of Midnapore of jewels and much raiment: with him, alas! has also disappeared the coal seam, and the trembling native well-diggers are confessing that, bribed or bullied by "the sahib," they had procured a few lumps of "belaiti koila" to drop down the well shaft, while a handful of coal dust shoved into the borer, when opportunity offered, seemed to make the burra sahib so "khoosh," that it would have been quite a pity not to gratify him. No wonder the Midnapore coal was "equal to the best English steam," seeing that it was indeed that precise article."

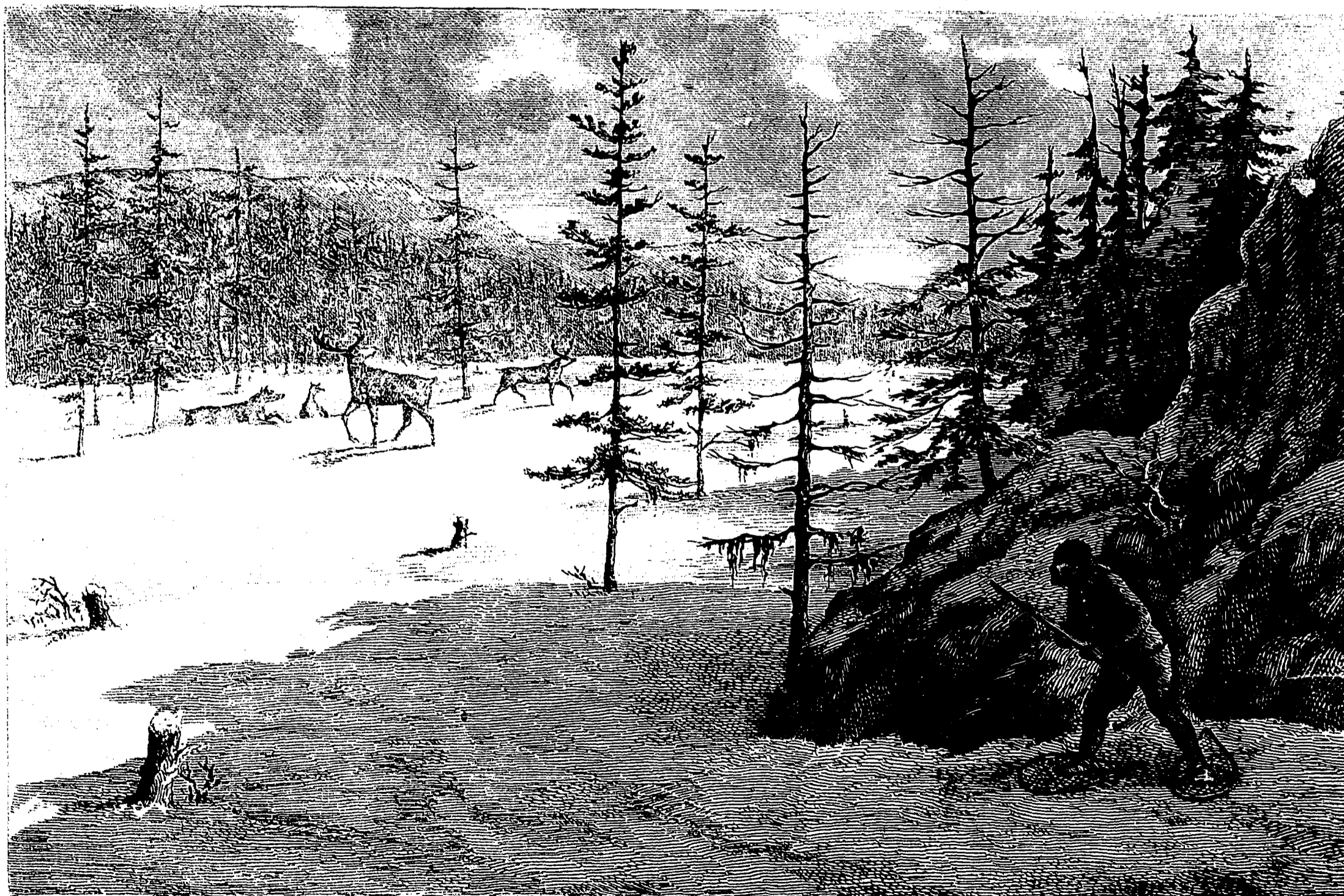


HIS GRACE, THE ARCHBISHOP OF QUEBEC, IN HIS ROBES OF RECTOR OF THE LAVAL UNIVERSITY.—SEE PAGE 178

LABRADOR VIEWS



No. 6.—RABBIT SNARING. FROM A SKETCH BY N. TETU.



No. 7.—DEER HUNTING. FROM A SKETCH BY N. TETU.

(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 XI.—Continued

The second and fourth chariots are drawn by four Arabians, handled by postilions. The third, El Abra's coach of state, by six horses with postilions. All embodying the art and poetry of carriage building. But the coach of state excels all. Every craft and art in alliance with genius came to its construction. The most choice products of the looms, ateliers, studios of India, Europe, America, commanded into service by El Abra's marvellous wealth, adorn it and the palace on El Abra Island.

But Eurynia declines to accompany her visitor in the coach. And on horseback goes only a little way, for one has told her that the young English gentleman, Mr. Tobias Oman, is out in the forest, and she sends an invitation asking him to the camp. Meanwhile El Abra departs; not disconcerted, for his mind, ever occupied with devices of business, or themes of philosophy and science, has no space for offences. He surmises that the Donna has a tender regard for some youthful stranger, to him unknown, and does not care. So goes home to El Abra Island, Rosa Myther and Lucy Lud accompanying to consult him as a sorcerer, about the lost Lillymeres, mother and son.

Eurynia had, the year before, seen Toby Oman at Detroit, and remarked on the similarity of his features to old friends, Colonel Lillymere, killed in battle, and his lady—Edith Ogleburn before marriage. She breathed not a word of this to any one but Toby himself; and now sought to see him privately again. One messenger came back without finding him. A second returned at gallop on horseback, terror in his look, whispering to the lady in fitful gasps:

"In his blood—stabbed—dead, I think, killed—murdered!"

Help went out on the instant, with a surgeon of the Eurynia Institute, and a litter. They returned, carrying a bleeding body into the encampment. Other surgical aid came, and the wound—all but mortal—was dressed.

Eurynia watched by the patient's couch. And as he slept, or fainted and revived, slept and awoke fitfully, exhausted by loss of blood, and fevered, on the second day the watcher, in her tender solicitude, saw, or thought she saw, more and more of the features of years ago—the features of Edith Ogleburn and of Eustace De Lacy Lillymere.

"If Rosa Myther were here," said the lady, in silent thought, "she might determine the resemblance better than I; Rosa saw Colonel Lillymere oftener than I did."

Worn by watching, Eurynia slept long on the fourth day, when one of the coloured nurses entered the Donna's recess in the silken tent, to report the patient's condition. Eagerly the sleeper awoke and enquired:

"No better, no worse, my lady. But the doctors have missed seeing one of his wounds. Besides that in his blessed beautiful bosom, by which he has nigh died, there is a dagger or sword like as if burned in the skin, and burning red now aback of the right shoulder."

The Donna coloured in wonder, anxiety, hope, feverish expectancy, but said nothing more than:—

"Go, arrange the couch, lay the patient on the left side if you can, and unseen by any one; mention this to no living creature; then return and conduct me privately."

This was done. None saw the Donna Eurynia enter. Gazing on the sword mark, now livid red and glowing, she made sign for the nurse to retire, and again the sign to be silent.

Then Eurynia turned the patient to the easier posture on his back, kneeling beside him in impassioned silent prayer, looking in his unconscious eyes, looking and looking on every pale feature, on every one of the brown clustering curls, looking on that noble, pale, beautiful brow; on the hazel eyes and long lashes; on the delicate hands; the arms of fine form and of power—reading in all these the son of Edith Ogleburn.

Bending on his lips, they were tenderly, piously, touched with her own. Then, as the eyes opened on hers, she spoke:

"Eustace De Lacy Lillymere!"

He made no sign, seeming not to know the name. Still gazing into his eyes in tender solicitude, she said:

"You are the lost heir of Lillymere."

He started in a spasm; his eyes gleaming in fiery terror, and muttering in gasps, said indistinctly:

"What is that? Who are you? What did you say?"

"You are the heir of Lillymere, and will,

in time, be Earl of Royalfort. Be calm—have a care—be!"

He was not calm. He sprang from the couch, and in weakness fell on the floor, exclaiming wildly:

"False villain! Fiend! Spectre of horror, avant! Murder! Murder!" Then fainted.

CHAPTER XII.

THE PEARLY FAMILY, THE PURDYS, AND THE HAYVERNS.

To LOT THREE, Ninth Concession of Conway, about the time of the Blanketeer settlers, but not of that party, came Willy and Nancy Pearly. Willy had been one of the Ogleburn handloom weavers of whom a glimpse was had in Chapter I. And his wife, in the unmarried days, was the "Bonny Lass of Branxton,"—the Nancy Fair, who, at mid-day milking in Ogleburn woods, ran up the Lady's Walk to the rescue of the child Essel Bell and babe Lillymere, waving her apron and calling in shrill notes of alarm: "Shoo! shoo! Hoo shoo! the glad!"

Emigrating to Canada three years after marriage, a daughter at Nancy's knee and another in arms, the Pearlys entered on one of the free grants in Conway Township, the two hundred acre lot just named. It was in the wild bush. No settlers having then taken land farther out than the Sixth Concession, three miles of wilderness lay between the Pearlys and nearest neighbours, and beyond them the North Pole. No inhabitants between their lot and the Pole so far as they knew. It was not the wilderness of infinity north of them, so much as the interval of three miles of tangled thicket, gigantic trees, rock, marsh and running water lying between the Sixth and Ninth Concessions, that was a trouble, tearing clothes, wetting feet, dampening hearts.

Willy made several journeys out with implements and food, excavating a recess under a shelving rock for temporary shelter, then building it up in front with loose stones against the visitations of wild beasts, if any. Lastly, he conducted Nancy, she carrying the babe, he the "Wee Pet," Aley—two years old.

As soon as Nancy arrived they chose a site for the log shanty, and another site higher on the slope where, in after years, they should build the two-storied dwelling of their prosperity, in midst of a fruit tree garden to be there planted. This chosen spot of the future was near a spring which, gushing from a rift in the rock, came down in a wimpling runlet under shadow of the great trees where they were to-morrow to begin the shanty. The pure cool water Nancy pronounced as just what she required for the prime dairy butter, to be made and marketed after they made the farm.

When they had enjoyed this vision of the future some minutes, the man kindled a fire near the excavation in the rock, placed over it a tripod of poles, and there-under, by a chain, hung the tea-kettle. And soon the kettle gave out its cheery song, dancing its lid with the steam, first time in that part of the wilderness.

Father's "Wee Pet" noticed the lid dancing and pulled mamma by the dress to look. But she had already seen and felt it. Had felt it in her heart as a happy foretaste of bright days to come, and by endearing words and caresses to baby invited that infantile witness to observe how the first kettle boiled on Lot Three, Ninth Concession of Conway, was already singing. And the infant Essel Bell, named after the missing Essel, bore witness by its ineffectual leaps, and language of kissing the air; communion of mother and babe in one glow of contented delight.

At night they built themselves in, below the rock, lying on a bed of fern and branches. With heads on other's arms, each a babe on the bosom; their souls sought peace in prayer. And, finding the repose they sought—finding it as undoubtingly by faith, in bosom of the Heavenly Father, as the babes pillowed on their own breasts had peace there, sleep came.

Sleep came; but so, after midnight, came wolves; howling, howling, and sniffing at the stones of the barricade. A growling shout from Willy, then the shot of his gun through a loophole, scared away the wolves. Until dawn of day they were heard at a distance, but none again approached so near.

With the first gleam of sunlight among the trees the Pearlys arose to prayer and thanksgiving; sang "The Lord is my Shepherd," Nancy's clear, melodious voice ascending among the trees, at which birds became mute for a minute, then renewed their own twittering anthems of love, as if joining in with the new associates. Again the tea-kettle steamed and rattled its lid, the frizzling pan with a buttery fry accompanying in the chorus. And they were refreshed; ready to begin the new home in the new land.

"Cows? Yes, Nancy; we shall have cows, plenty of them in time; and one within a week of the day I get the shanty up. I see enough of grass in the opens for half-a-dozen cows, only we would have no use for them yet awhile, and no provender in winter, or not enough. I shall begin making bog hay as soon as the shanty is up. Now, Nancy, come look on."

Selecting a tree, tall, straight, and of the

diameter best for walls of the dwelling—Nancy looking on, seated upon a rock, with the babe in arms, and Aley on her knee—Willy Pearly strode his feet out wide, swung the axe aloft above his head, and came down a chopping blow in the side of the tree thirty inches above the root, true place selected for the cut. Again and again the swinging blows and cuts, until the young maple fell, crashing through branches of other trees; crushing its own branches, and swagging on the ground—prostrate in its tall length.

Thus fell the first tree in clearing an estate of two hundred acres, to be his and the family's freehold in perpetuity.

Willy wiped his brow.

Then making a nest of branches the babes were laid to sleep. Nancy took her end of the cross-cut saw, assisting to make lengths of logs for shanty walls, which they smoothed on the upper and lower sides with the axe; she in turn with handsaw and another axe, cutting out the over-lapping ends; boring with the auger and pinning the logs together, while the stronger arms of the man levelled down more trees.

Thus the first dwelling arose. Crops came; cattle came; and more children. Roads were made as neighbours settled in; and a church was built on the Town Line.

Other shanty churches were erected on that or on adjacent Town Lines. For it happened about the time when the Pearlys built their dwelling and prayed in the cave, other settlers along that Concession were chopping their first trees, and kneeling in prayer also addressing the same longings of the soul to the same Fountain of Grace, but in different forms of supplication. So, when building a church, not one, nor two, nor three, nor four churches would quite satisfy all the diversities of form, and of theological thought.

"They cannot all be right, if indeed any be right," said one Douminus.

"Why not all be right?" rejoined Pearly. "Every tree in the forest looks heaven in the face; the oak in its great strength, the willow in its weakness, the tall dark pine, the trailing vine clinging for support to nearest neighbour; soft basswood, hard hickory; swamp cedar and iron-wood; prickly brier—not pleasant to walk with the prickly brier, I admit, but having its uses in nature and in churches no doubt; these, and all other trees of the forest, the widely spreading maple ever beautiful if in leaf, and sugary, sugary, dropping its sweet sap in the season if not in leaf—all turn their heads heavenwards, looking into the eye of the sun, from whence they have life. Why not all the people be right, if faithfully seeking the one salvation according to the light that is in them?"

"The gowk! To liken folk to trees!"

In that manner retorted Tibby Hayvern, neighbour to the Pearlys, on Lot Four, Ninth Concession.

The Hayvern family comprised two brothers and this sister, all unmarried. They looked for the end of the world soon, or a millenium. The elder brother, Clapper Hayvern, had been a sailor, and was so far abroad at one time, so Tibby told, as to have looked over the outer edge of the world. At another time his ship was so far away and the voyage so long, that the topmasts went through the sky, cracking it like a shell, the sailors thought at first, but it was the sky that had cracked the masts, as they afterwards found.

On Lot Three the Pearly family increased in number until the girls were seven, and the boys two. But though Nancy had always babies on hand, she had a dairy of many cows which became famed in the market towns, and at shows, and in newspapers for its butter, so well made, and so sweet in flavour.

When the new house was built, the garden laid out, and the orchard bearing, Nancy Pearly had preserves widely known; showing prize-taking fruit every year; rivaling the Purdys and the Sims, eminent fruit-growers. The girls all worked as they grew up, besides attending school; yet went to church, to merry-making, or gave parties at home in faultless prettiness of dress.

The Hayverns owned Lot Four, between the Pearlys and the Purdys. To the smithy, over a mile away at The Corners, Tibby walked most days to stand and look at the smith. She stood with hands to the sides, elbows out, talking of the "Elect," or on such secular topics as the award of prizes at the Annual Exhibition to the Pearlys and the Purdys.

"We have prayers every day," she said, "as well as the Pearlys and Purdys, and better and more acceptable, should think, for we are of the 'chosen,' prepared for 'that day,' since the foundation of the world. Yet their pastures are greener than ours on the same kind of soil, and carry a third more head of cattle than ours. Their butter is praised and mine is not, and brings more cents a pound in price than mine. They get prizes for wheat and barley; for turnips; for mangolds; for honey and maple sugar, and we get no prizes. Their heifers and stots wear cards and blue ribbons at the show, ours standing unnoticed. Truly it is hard to see worldly people getting so many blessings which by right belong to the 'chosen.'"

To this speech the blacksmith, Ramasine, replied:

"Tibby, this is about how it is. Willy and Nancy Pearly rise in the morning and pray for blessings; then they set to work with all their family and all their might, helping to make the blessings."

"Oh, the profane man!" she interposed, bitterly.

"Whereas," he continued, "you wait, and wait looking for the end of the world; spoiling the milk and cream, the pigs rooting up the garden because the fence is down. The fence down, and left so, because of the end of the world. The yard manure fouls the well and goes to waste instead of enriching the land to yield two-fold crops, and win the Society's prizes. If you want this world's blessings, Tibby, help Providence, don't wait. The world will last a long, long while yet, ever, and ever, and ever, I believe!"

"Oh, Tom Ramasine! Ramasine, I thought better of you."

"Yes, Tibby; and if you would secure other blessings—a husband for instance—do not rest quite content that you are of the Elect. Compel the man to love you, and to tell he loves you."

Tibby departed for home, but could not pass Lot Three without going in to gossip, not with, but at Nancy Pearly.

"Aley's growing a braw lass, almost a woman," she said; "they tell at The Corners that young Jock Purdy is looking after you; is that true, Aley?"

"Tibby, you are always clashing. What is it to you, even were it true that young Purdy was looking after Aley?"

"Well, you see, Nancy, they do not belong to the same church for one thing; they are old Kirk, and you Free. But old Purdy has rowth of gear and will give Jock a farm of his own, and set him up in cattle no doubt. They say he is importing another short horn for three thousand dollars. But Clapper Hayvern, my brother's in the old country just now, and bringing out a short horn for ourselves. And what is the price, think you? Four thousand dollars. Where will the prizes go after that bull comes?"

About the same month the following year, Tibby, otherwise called "Green Lightning," from her silk dress, coming from Conway town in her light waggon wearing that dress, and brimful of news, alighted at The Corners. Entering the smithy she raised her arms to their full stretch, her head thrown back, exclaiming:

"Did you ever—ever—ever?"

"What has happened, Tibby?"

"Have you heard the news? the news?"

"No, Tibby; what has happened?"

"Who do you think was cried yesterday in Conway?"

"Was cried? About what? In what? In a church, do you mean?"

"In the English Episcopal, I mean."

"Really I cannot guess. Any pair known out this way?"

"Known out this way? The backsliding idolators; to marry into the English Episcopal, and a man that might be her father."

"Tibby, woman, if you have any sense left, tell right out, who was it?"

"Who was it, indeed? To be cried in the Episcopal?"

"But the Episcopal make good lawful marriages; who are they?"

"Good lawful marriages! Sinful Erastians. To think the daughter of a Free Church Deacon, a light and pillar among the Frees, should be cried with English Prciafy."

"Od, woman, who is it? I know of no Free Church Deacon with a daughter old enough."

"A daughter old enough? You may well say that, Thomas Ramasine!"

"But, Tibby, who is she?"

"Who is she? Well may you ask who is she."

Saying which, Tibby Hayvern returned to her waggon, mounted like an antelope, the green silk glistening, and drove away at a slow trot. The smith, tall in figure, thin and spare by nature and hard work, almost vehement hard work, walked to middle of the highway, stood wiping his brow, head stretched in wonder, shading with one hand his eyes in the western sun.

Tibby twisting round, looked over the shoulder and slackened pace. The smith waved her to return, and she with—"Ho! Wo! Ho, Jott!" turned the light four-wheeler and drove back.

"Now, Tibby," said the smith, a bachelor, "this is kind of you to return and put me off my thorns. Tell now, right away, who are they that were cried in the English Church? And, when you are about it, just say the time when we—yes we ourselves, I mean ourselves, Tibby, are to be cried."

"Thomas, I'll drive away again and never more come in the smithy, if you fool me in that way. But I'll tell you: It is no less than the Member of Parliament, Squire Steel-yard of the Mills, and Aley Pearly."

"Aley Pearly? Willy Pearly's Aley? Surely not she is but a lassie."

"Atweel it is just Willy and Nancy Pearly's Aley. A lassie? Yes. Barely out of her teens, if out of her teens, indeed I'm sure she is not out of her teens by a year. Now, what think you of that for English Episcopal and Scotch Frees?"

(To be continued.)

THE CASH BONUS SYSTEM OF THE LIFE ASSOCIATION OF SCOTLAND.

Class A. reduces the outlay of the Policy-holder to 12s. 6d. or 15s. (instead of 20s.) per £1 of the usual premiums.

Table with 4 columns: Age, £300, £500, £1000. Rows for ages 30, 40, 50.

In Class B. the Bonuses are accumulated as additions to the sums assured, and are available as a provision for the Policy-holder himself in old age.

Intending Assurers should enter before the Thirty-Second Year's Balance, on 5th April, 1871.

P. WARDLAW, SECRETARY, Place d'Armes, Montreal.

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 proceeded with.

J. G. SIPPELL, Supt's Engineer. LACHINE CANAL OFFICE, Montreal, 20th March, 1871.

ROYAL STEAM DYE WORKS.

The Subscribers beg to inform the public that they have commenced business in MONTREAL and are prepared to do all kinds of DYEING, PRINTING, and SCOURING in FIRST CLASS STYLE.

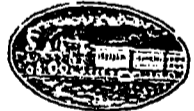
N.B.—DRESSES, &c., Dyed in all Colours, without being taken apart. The samples of our Mr. Meas's each were awarded the First Prize at the Exhibition last year.

FIRE-PROOF SAFES.

FITTED WITH STEEL DRILL-PROOF DOORS, AND MAPPINS' UNPICKABLE POWDER-PROOF LOCKS.

WILLIAM HOBBS, 4 PLACE D'ARMES, AGENT FOR WHITFIELD & SONS, BIRMINGHAM.

CANADA CENTRAL AND Brockville & Ottawa Railways.



GREAT BROAD GAUGE ROUTE TO OTTAWA.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, MARCH 6, 1871, TRAINS WILL RUN AS FOLLOWS:—

LEAVE BROCKVILLE. MAIL TRAIN at 6:00 A.M., arriving at Ottawa at 11:20 A.M. LOCAL TRAIN at 3:09 P.M., arriving at Ottawa at 5:35 P.M.

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

H. ABBOTT, Manager, Brockville, March, 1871.



ORDNANCE LANDS SALE, OTTAWA.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given that on WEDNESDAY, the 22nd day of MARCH, at Noon, will be Sold at Public Auction, by JAMES BIRMINGHAM, Auctioneer, at his Sale-room, near the Market, York Street, Ottawa, the undermentioned LOTS OF LAND in the City of Ottawa.

Lot No. 31, 48, 50, 51, 52, North side of Rideau Street. Lots Nos. 5, 6, 7, West side of Cobourg Street, Lower Town. Lots Nos. 10, 26, 34, 35, South side of Ottawa Street, Lower Town.

Purchasers to pay one-tenth of the price down at the time and place of sale, and the balance in nine annual instalments, with interest at the rate of six per cent.

WILLIAM F. COFFIN, Ordnance Lands Agent, Department of the Secretary of State, Ottawa, 15th February, 1871.

JAMES F. FIFE, FIRST PRIZE SCALE MANUFACTURER, No. 24 ILLEGE STREET, MONTREAL. A GENERAL ASSORTMENT ALWAYS ON HAND.



GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY OF CANADA.

Improved Service of Trains for the Winter of 1870.

Acceleration of Speed.

NEW CARS ON ALL EXPRESS TRAINS.

TRAINS now leave Montreal as follows:— GOING WEST.

Mail Train for Toronto and intermediate stations 8.00 a. m. Night Express for Ogdensburg, Ottawa, Brockville, Kingston, Belleville, Toronto, Ouelph, London, Brantford, Gouerich, Buffalo, Detroit, Chicago, and all points West at 8.00 p. m.

GOING SOUTH AND EAST.

Accommodation for Island Pond and intermediate stations at 7.10 a. m. Express for Boston via Vermont Central at 9.00 a. m. Express for New York and Boston, via Vermont Central at 3.45 p. m.

Sleeping Cars on all night trains. Baggage checked through.

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

The International Company's Steamers, running in connection with the Grand Trunk Railway, leave Portland every Monday and Thursday at 6.00 p. m.

Tickets issued through at the Company's principal stations. For further information, and time of Arrival and Departure of all Trains at the terminal and way stations, apply at the Ticket office, Bonaventure Station, or at No. 39 Great St. James Street.

C. J. BRYDGES, Managing Director, Montreal, Nov. 7, 1870.

TRAVELLERS' DIRECTORY.

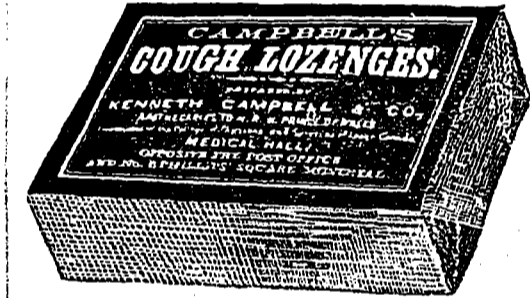
We can confidently recommend all the Houses mentioned in the following List.

- HAMILTON. ROYAL HOTEL.....H. E. IRVING. INCERSOLL. ROYAL HOTEL.....DRAKE & McQUEEN. LONDON. REVERE HOUSE.....B. BARNARD. MONTREAL. ST. LAWRENCE HALL.....H. HOGAN. ST. JAMES HOTEL.....OTTAWA. THE RUSSELL HOUSE.....JAMES GOVIN. QUEBEC. ST. LOUIS HOTEL.....WILLIS RUSSELL & SON. THE CLARENDON.....STRATHROY. EXCHANGE HOTEL.....W. LONG. TORONTO. THE ROSSIN HOUSE.....G. P. SHEARS. Lessee and Manager. THE QUEEN'S HOTEL.....CAPT. THOS. DICK.

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

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

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



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

Apply to D. R. STODART, Broker, 48, Great St. James Street

CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT, Ottawa, 24th Feb., 1871. Authorized discount on American Invoices until further notice: 10 per cent. R. S. M. BOUCHETTE, Commissioner of Customs.

ATKINSON'S PARISIAN TOOTH-PASTE CLEANS THE TEETH AND SWEETENS THE BREATH. All respectable Chemists keep it. 25 Cents a box.

NOTICE OF REMOVAL.

JAMES GOULDEN, Chemist and Druggist, begs most respectfully to inform his numerous friends and patrons that he has removed next door to the old stand, 175, ST. LAWRENCE MAIN STREET, where he is prepared to supply the public with every description of

DRUGS, CHEMICALS, PATENT MEDICINES, THE CHOICEST PERFUMES, Combs, Brushes, &c., By the best manufacturers.

PHYSICIANS' PRESCRIPTIONS carefully made up. HOURS OF ATTENDANCE ON SUNDAY: From 9 till 10 A. M., and 5 to 7 P. M. 3-10-z

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

MONTREAL BUSINESS HOUSES.

WATCHMAKERS & JEWELLERS.

LULHAM BROS., DIAMOND and FRUSCAN Jewellers, 5, PLACE D'ARMES, next the Canadian Illustrated News.

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

HOUSE FURNISHING HARDWARE.

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

INSURANCES.

THE Imperial, of London, (established 1803), Binton Bros., General Agents, 24, St. Sacramento Street, Montreal. 3-5-zz

DYERS AND SCOURERS.

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

SHOW CARDS.

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

HAVANA CIGAR DEPOT.

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

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

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

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G. A. GAGNON, 3, 0 Notre Dame Street. 2-26-zz

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LYMANS, CLARE & CO., (ESTABLISHED 1803.) WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS, MANUFACTURERS OF LINSEED OIL. IMPORTERS OF FOREIGN DRUGS, PAINTERS' COLOURS, OILS AND DYE STUFFS, 82, 384 and 386 St. PAUL STREET, MONTREAL. 2-24-z

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1870.

The first lot of Tasteless Pale Newfoundland COD LIVER OIL, of the make of 1870, can now be had at the MEDICAL HALL, opposite the Post Office, and Branch, Phillips' Square. ONLY 50cts. PER BOTTLE. 8tz

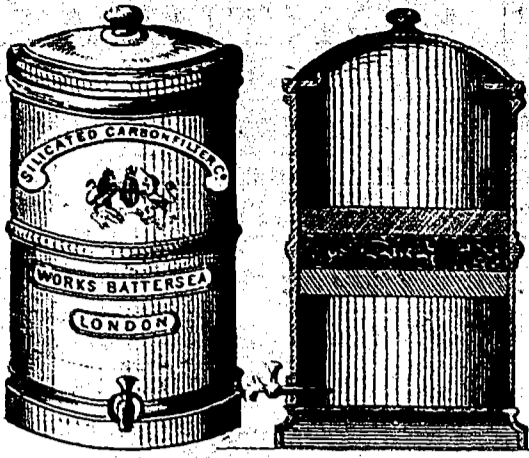
\$25 a week Salary. Samples Free. No humbug! Address (with stamp.) GEO. MANSON, 3-5z 37 PARK ROW, N.-Y.

"The Canadian Illustrated News,"

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

Subscription, in advance, \$4.00 per an., Single Numbers, 10 cents. Postage: 5 cents per quarter, payable in advance by subscribers at their respective Post Offices.

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



PURE AND WHOLESOME WATER.
JUST RECEIVED
 A LARGE STOCK OF THE CELEBRATED
SILICATED CARBON FILTERS,
 (Various Sizes.)

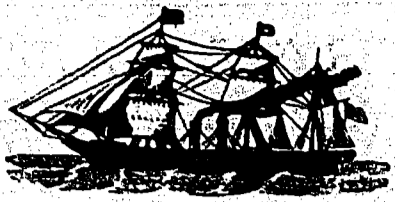
Besides animalcula of all kinds, these Filters extract Vegetable and Mineral impurities, making the Water wholesome and refreshing. They are acknowledged to be the most perfect WATER PURIFIER known.

J. V. MORGAN,
 304, Notre Dame Street.
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JOHN UNDERHILL,
 OPTICIAN TO THE MEDICAL FACULTY
 OF MCGILL UNIVERSITY.
 29, NOTRE DAME STREET.
 (5 doors East of the Place d'Armes.) 28tf

R. HORSFALL,
 IMPORTER OF
PRINTING PRESSES,
LITHOGRAPHIC MACHINES,
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 AND EVERY DESCRIPTION OF
MACHINERY
 FOR
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COALS! COALS!! COALS!!!
 WE have constantly in
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GRATE COAL,
SCOTCH STEAM COAL,
AMERICAN ANTHRACITE
COAL,
WELSH ANTHRACITE COAL,
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ALL OF THE BEST DESCRIPTION.
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ALLAN LINE.

Under contract with the Government of Canada for
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Canadian & United States Mails,
 1870-1.—Winter Arrangements.—1870-1.

This Company's Lines are composed of the under-
 noted First-class, Full-powered, Clyde-built,
 Double-Engine, Iron Steamships:

Vessels	Ton's	Commanders.
ASSYRIAN.....	3,400	(Building.)
CASPIAN.....	3,200	Capt. Scott.
SCANDINAVIAN.....	3,000	Capt. Ballantyne.
PRUSSIAN.....	3,000	Lieut. Dutton, R.N.R.
AUSTRIAN.....	2,700	Capt. J. Wylie.
NESTORIAN.....	2,700	Capt. A. Aird.
MORAVIAN.....	2,650	Capt. Brown.
PERUVIAN.....	2,600	L. Smith, R.N.R.
GERMAN.....	3,250	Capt. J. Graham.
EUROPEAN.....	2,646	Capt. Bouchette.
HIBERNIAN.....	2,434	Capt. R. S. Watts.
NOVA SCOTIAN.....	2,300	Capt. Richardson.
NORTH AMERICAN.....	1,784	Capt. Trocks.
CORINTHIAN.....	2,400	Capt. W. Grange.
OTTAWA.....	1,831	Lieut. Archer, R.N.R.
ST. DAVID.....	1,650	Capt. E. Scott.
ST. ANDREW.....	1,432	Capt. Ritchie.
ST. PATRICK.....	1,307	Capt. H. Wylie.
NORWAY.....	1,100	Capt. C. N. Mylins.
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**THE STEAMERS OF THE
 LIVERPOOL MAIL LINE,**
 (Sailing from Liverpool every THURSDAY, and
 from Portland every SATURDAY, calling at Lough
 Foyle to receive on board and land Mails and Pas-
 sengers to and from Ireland and Scotland) are in-
 tended to be despatched from Portland:—

NORTH AMERICAN.....	Jan. 14
PRUSSIAN.....	" 21
NESTORIAN.....	" 23
SCANDINAVIAN.....	Feb. 4
PERUVIAN.....	" 11
MORAVIAN.....	" 13

Rates of Passage from Portland:—
 Cabin..... \$70 to \$80
 Steerage..... \$25

**THE STEAMERS OF THE
 GLASGOW LINE**

Are intended to sail between the Clyde and Portland
 at intervals during the Season of Winter Naviga-
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An experienced Surgeon carried on each vessel.
 Berths not secured until paid for. For Freight, or
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 Voltaire; in Antwerp to AUG. SCHMITZ & Co.; in
 Rotterdam to G. P. ITTMANN & ZOON; in Hamburg to
 W. GIBSON & HUGO; in Belfast to CHARLEY & MAL-
 COLM; in London to MONTGOMERIE & GREENHORNE, 17
 Gracechurch Street; in Glasgow to JAMES & ALEX.
 ALLAN, 70 Great Clyde Street; in Liverpool to ALLAN
 BROS., James Street; or to H. & A. ALLAN, corner
 of Youville and Common Streets, Montreal. 3-3-tf

THE LARGE SIZE of Atkinson's London
 Perfumes may be had at One Dollar per bottle,
 at the **MEDICAL HALL,**
 St. James street and Phillips' Square.
 A Large Assortment just received. 33tf

A NICE DISTINCTION.



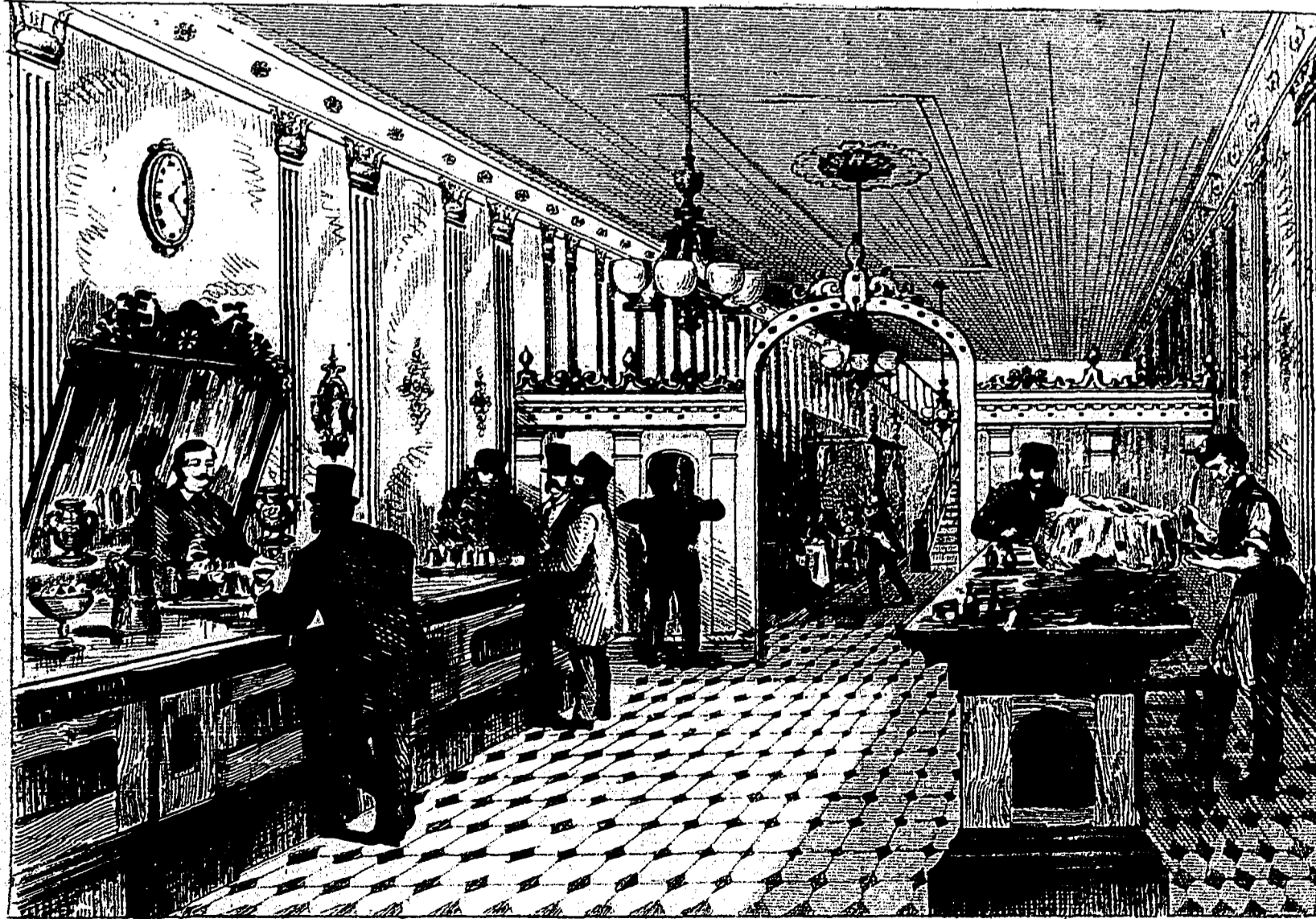
NURSERY GOVERNESS.—"Now, Master Freddy, do you call that propriety?"
MASTER FREDDY.—"No, I call that an ugly old dress, and I won't put it on."

J. BAYLIS.—CARPETS, FLOOR CLOTHS, CURTAINS, &c. NOTRE DAME ST., EAST OF MCGILL.
 GRAY'S SYRUP OF RED SPRUCE GUM, AT ALL DRUGGISTS.

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 LIQUOR LABELS,**
 ALL KINDS IN GENERAL USE, PRINTED
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 Have on hand and for Sale—
GRATE, STEAM, AND SLACK COAL.
 For full information as to Prices, &c., apply at the
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 Secretary.
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 located on McGill Street, the great thoroughfare and
 commercial centre of the city, commanding a magni-
 ficent view of the River St. Lawrence, the Victoria
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 and Mount Royal on the right. The Hotel is furnished
 in a superior manner, and everything arranged with
 a view to the comfort of guests. As one of the largest
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 tion for five hundred guests, while kept in first-class
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 will consult their own interests by remembering the
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 SYRUP OF RED SPRUCE GUM.
 OF RED SPRUCE GUM.
 This Syrup is highly recommended for Coughs, Colds,
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 FULL DIRECTIONS IN ENGLISH AND FRENCH WITH
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 PREPARED BY
HENRY R. GRAY,
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