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Illustrated News

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CALEDONIAN GAMES AT DECKER PARK, MONTREAL, ON DOMINION DAY.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 18.

DOMINION DAY CELEBRATIONS.

We can this week give but one of the several illustrations under preparation to commemorate the entrance of the new Dominion upon its fifth year of existence. Throughout Canada the day was universally observed as a holiday, and, especially in the cities and towns, was celebrated with much enthusiasm. It is a pleasant and convincing proof of the loyalty of the people of Canada that, despite the absence of any legal enactment to that effect, the strong force of their own opinion enforces the observance of the first of July as virtually a statutory holiday. In Montreal the observance was very general indeed, and except as to places where holiday folks must apply for refreshment or amusement, business was at a standstill. The pleasure-seekers flocked in all directions; some to private pic-nics on the Back River; many to the Camp at Laprairie to view the gallant braves there training for the defence of their country; nearly, if not more than five thousand persons went to the Decker Park at Mile End to witness the performances at the Sixteenth Annual Gathering of the Montreal Caledonian Society. Mr. Murray, the President, and Mr. Logie, the Secretary, were especially attentive to the visitors who appeared there as the invited guests of the Society, and much praise is due to these gentlemen as well as to other officers for the kind supervision and most excellent management they displayed in carrying out the arrangements, thus avoiding all cause for unpleasant reflections and leaving the patrons of the Society's annual gala day fully persuaded that they had received ample and most pleasant enjoyment. His Worship the Mayor visited the Park about noon, and, during the brief period at his disposal, entered heartily into the enjoyment of the sport then going on. The lunch, served some time after mid-day, was admirably got up, while the arrangements as to refreshment rooms, dancing, &c., were such as to give every facility for enjoyment without license, so that the day was pleasantly spent. Of the arrangements made, and still making, in Decker Park, we shall have to speak on another occasion. For the present, having had to leave the grounds before the conclusion of the games, &c., we copy the following from the *Gazette* as to the day's proceedings on Saturday last.

CALEDONIAN GAMES AT DECKER PARK

The sixteenth grand annual gathering of the Caledonian Society took place in Decker Park, Mile End. At an early hour in the morning the St. Lawrence Main Street cars began to fill up, and from the broad Highland brogue of many of the passengers, and the irrepressible Glasgow and Edinburgh twangs of others, it was not difficult to divine that all had the common object of reaching the scene of the gathering in view. The grounds had been carefully provided with swings for the young people; and a platform for the more elderly youngsters, who preferred to keep time to merry music with pattering feet and palpitating hearts, had been erected, and was a favourite resort. Shaded spots were also in great demand, for the sun by noonday had come out, as he usually does at this season of the year, very strong. As usual at pic-nics, there were old people and young people, people with baskets prepared with a forethought, and variety of contents, in the first instance highly creditable, and in the next highly gratifying and satisfactory when the inner man began to assert his wants. There was a fair sprinkling of bonnie lasses, guarded by blooming and matronly dames, who were not slow to see by the tell-tale deepening of the colour of the cheek who was the favoured one who came to demand the hand for the next dance, and who had long ago secured the heart. The gathering by two o'clock in the afternoon had increased to a large number, and, as usual, was composed of the most respectable classes of the community. The games were the chief object of attraction, and although there were not as many contestants as on previous occasions, they were the more keenly contested by those present. Robert Fraser, from Glengarry, famous as the man who took fourteen prizes in New York in one day, was invincible, and carried off the first prize for everything he entered for. One of the most interesting features of the games was the struggles of the boys, divided into classes of fifteen years and under, and twelve years and under, for honours. The little fellows ran, leaped, and jumped with desperate determination and energy, and as three prizes were awarded for most of the prizes contended for, a fair share of their number succeeded in obtaining a reward for something or another. The clever performances of Master John McRobie, son of Guardian McRobie, of No. 2 Fire Station, were particularly noticed; in almost all the games he entered for in the juvenile class, under twelve, he succeeded in carrying off the first prize. His hop, step, and jump of 24 feet, for a youngster of eleven years of age, is a capital performance. The games of quoits began at ten, and the others at eleven o'clock. The following gentlemen acted as judges: Lieut.-Col. Fletcher, C. M. G.; Lieut.-Col. Isaacson, Messrs. Alexander McGibbon and Stanley C. Bagg. The President and officers of the Society were indefatigable in their exertions to make everybody comfortable, and to add to the success of the occasion. About sunset the games came to a conclusion, and soon after the assembly dispersed, much pleased in the manner in which they had spent the day. The following is a list of the prizes and successful competitors:

LIST OF PRIZES.

Quoits, 8 entries.—Mr. W. McRobie, 1st prize, silver quoit medal; D. Wright, 2nd do., cash, \$3.
Grand Dam Brod Match, 4 entries.—Mr. Andrew White, gold medal.
Throwing Hammers, 22 lbs. and 16 lbs., 2 entries.—Mr. Peter Fraser, heavy, 28 ft.; light, 82-3 ft., 1st prize, \$4; Geo. Anderson, heavy, 18 ft. 4 in.; light, 73 ft. 6 in., 2nd prize, \$3.
Putting Heavy Stone, 22 lbs., 2 entries.—P. Fraser, 33 ft. 8 in., 1st prize, \$4; Geo. Anderson, 30 ft. 1 in., 2nd prize, \$3.
Putting Light Stone, 16 lbs., 2 entries.—P. Fraser, 38 ft. 1 in., 1st prize, \$4; Geo. Anderson, 35 ft. 5 in., 2nd prize, \$3.
Running Hop, Step and Leap, 8 entries.—P. Fraser, 39 ft. 4 in., 1st prize, \$3; McDonald, 37 ft. 3 in., 2nd prize, \$2.

Running Hop, Step and Leap, Juvenile Class, under 15 years of age, 11 entries.—Robert McGillis, 32 feet, 1st prize, Scott's Poems; Adam Allan, 29 ft. 5 in., 2nd prize, Kilt; W. Taylor, 28 ft. 8 in., 3rd prize, Bonnet.

Running Hop, Step and Leap, class under 12 years of age, 7 entries.—John McRobie, 24 ft. 4 in., 1st prize, Kilt; George Baillie, 23 ft. 4 in., 2nd prize, Sporan; Thos. Watson, 22 ft. 2 in., 3rd prize, Hose.

Tossing the Caber, 4 entries.—Peter Fraser, 39 ft. 8 in., 1st prize, \$4; Inglis, 32 ft., 2nd prize, \$3.

Running High Leap, 4 entries.—P. Fraser, 6 ft., 1st prize, \$3; McDonald, 5 ft. 2 in., 2nd prize, \$2.

Running High Leap, Juvenile Class, under 15 years of age, 13 entries.—W. Martin, 3 ft. 8 in., 1st prize, Burns' Poems; W. Taylor, 3 ft. 6 in., 2nd prize, Plaid; D. Neilson, 3 ft. 5 in., 3rd prize, Hose.

Running Long Leap, 5 entries.—P. Fraser, 17 ft. 2 in., 1st prize, \$3; M. Newell, 17 ft. 1 in., 2nd prize, \$2.

Do., Juvenile Class, under 12 years, 8 entries.—John McRobie, 10 ft. 6 in., 1st prize, Sporan; George Baillie, 10 ft. 4 in., 2nd prize, Bonnet; James McRobie, 9 ft. 2 in., 3rd prize, Hose.

Pole Leap, 4 entries.—Peter Fraser, 9 ft., 1st prize, \$4; J. Fletcher, 8 ft., 2nd prize, \$3.

Pole Leap, Juvenile Class, under 15 years, 13 entries.—C. Howler, 5 ft. 6 in., 1st prize, Tartan Bible; C. Harvey, 5 ft., 2nd prize, Bonnet and Thistle; W. Martin, 4 ft. 10 in., 3rd prize, Hose.

Do., Class under 12 years, 6 entries.—G. Martin, 4 ft. 6 in., 1st prize, Kilt; G. Baillie, 4 ft. 4 in., 2nd prize, Sporan; Jno. McRobie, 4 ft. 3 in., 3rd prize, Hose.

Highland Fling in Costume, 2 entries.—D. McIntyre, Silver Medal.

Ghillie Callum in Costume.—W. Connell, Silver Medal.

Shetland Pony Race, qr.-mile, 3 entries.—R. D. McGibbon, Riding Whip.

Hurdle Sack Race, 4 entries.—G. Rose, 1st prize, \$3; J. Huneman, 2nd prize.

Best Dressed Boys in Highland Costume, 6 entries, President's prize.—J. Fraser, 1st prize, Box Collars; 1st Vice-President, James A. Murray, 2nd do., Scott's Poems; 2nd Vice-President, David Allan, 3rd do., Pair Rabbits.

One Mile Race, Indians included, 6 entries.—M. Newell, 5 min. 18 sec., 1st prize, \$5; J. Anderson, 5 min. 20 sec., 2nd prize, \$3.

Shetland Pony Race, half-mile heats, best 2 in 3, 4 entries.—R. W. McGibbon, Donrobin Riding Whip.

Race for Junior Class under 15 years, 10 entries.—C. McAlman, 1st prize, Campbell's Poems; Taylor, 2nd do., Bonnet and Thistle; A. Allan, 3rd do., Hose.

Do., under 12 years, 3 entries.—D. A. Campbell, 1st prize, Plaid; W. McGibbon, 2nd do., Bonnet; G. Baillie, 3rd do., Hose.

Quarter-Mile Race in heats, 2 out of 3, 8 entries.—I. Laing, 1st prize, \$3; M. Burns, 2nd do., \$2.

Wheelbarrow Race, 3 entries.—H. McKenzie, 1st prize, \$2; F. Minty, 2nd do., \$1.

Silver Medal to the boy taking the largest number of prizes, Geo. Baillie.

Our illustration shows the games at the throwing of the hammer, with the judges' stand, &c., and the inevitable piper, who is a *sine quo non* in all open air Scotch gatherings.

In our next will appear a sketch taken during the progress of St. Patrick's Society's pic-nic on Mr. Howley's grounds, west end of St. Antoine Street, and, probably, also some connected with the excursion to Sorel.

R. C. CATHEDRAL, ST. JOHN, N. B.

The R. C. Episcopal buildings at St. John are a handsome group standing on elevated ground on Waterloo St., and forming a parallelogram which covers some five acres of ground. The group consists of the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception—a magnificent specimen of the pointed Gothic—the Episcopal residence, St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum, and the Convent of the Sacred Heart—the two latter large and commodious brick buildings, which, we understand, are yet to be greatly enlarged. The Cathedral is built of native grey marble, faced with freestone, and measures nearly 200 feet in length, by 75 to 108 in width and 65 in height. A congregation of 5000 persons can find accommodation within its walls. The Episcopal Residence, standing close to the Cathedral, is built of freestone, and measures 60 ft. by 50.

THE G. W. R. STATION AT WINDSOR.

Few Canadian towns of the size of Windsor can boast of such an enormous traffic as this little town of four thousand inhabitants. Situated in an important position on the Detroit River, and commanding all the land traffic between Canada and the Western States, it is only a wonder that Windsor has not increased more than it has done—and as much as might have been expected from the terminus of a line of railway 220 miles in length.

We have already in a former number had occasion to speak of the proposed tunnel to connect the Great Western Railway with the Michigan Central; a tunnel which will pass under the bed of the Detroit river, and by allowing of direct communication between the two lines do away with the clumsy method of transporting the cars by ferry which now exists. A full account of this great undertaking will be found in Vol. I. p. 482. In this number will be found an illustration of the terminus station at Windsor.

AT ASCOT.

(From the *Illustrated Newspaper*.)

Our artist's sketch is taken at one of the most interesting periods of the day; not when the great race is being run, not the moment when the Cup is being won and lost. For the fashionable throng at Ascot this is not the most attractive time. The Royal procession is the great event of Ascot in the eyes of the groups which our artist has placed so admirably in the foreground of his work. The picture tells its own story. The Royal procession is just passing the Grand Stand. The only persons who are not excited about the incident are the Arabs of the course and the two ladies under their parasols. The interest of the haughty dame, with the pearls in her ears, is divided between her own thoughts and

the competition for her favour that has arisen between a wandering Christy and a gipsy, both characteristic types of the froth that seems to be tossed to and fro on the bosom of Derby and Ascot crowds. The flower girl in the left-hand corner is well-known also. Her pleasant face and white teeth have brought her far more customers for her nosegays than the low price at which she pretends to offer them. You get no change out of her, except a running fire of wit and pleasantry.

Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, accompanied by His Imperial Highness the Grand Duke Vladimir, left town on Monday afternoon for Titnes Park, where they remained during the week. The special train which conveyed the party started from Waterloo station at 4:55, and at 6:55 p.m. reached Sunningdale, where a considerable crowd had collected. Thence their Royal Highnesses and the Grand Duke drove to Titnes Park, the Princess of Wales and the Grand Duke leading the way, and the Prince, attended by several gentlemen, following. In the evening there was a dinner party, and during the week the Prince and Princess have entertained many guests. We are glad to notice that the popularity of the Prince is increasing. It was rumoured that His Royal Highness would not be present this year at Ascot. His Royal Highness, however, enjoys the week's amusement as much as any of the Queen's subjects, and he well knows that Ascot would be nothing without the Royal procession. To know and feel this is quite sufficient with the Prince of Wales. No Prince could show a greater desire to maintain the interest and attraction of all our national gatherings. The chief Royal novelty of the week, however, is the reappearance, in London and at Ascot, of the Duke of Edinburgh—the latest of Britain's famous circumnavigators. Though the rain fell fast and furious when the Royal carriage appeared upon the course on Tuesday, it did not damp the enthusiasm of the welcome given to the Queen's second son on his return from the Antipodes.

BOOK BORROWERS.

(From *Heath and Home*.)

If there is one small vice which people are given to more than another, it is that of borrowing and never returning books. How many families are there who have not one or more story volumes about the house belonging to a neighbour or friend? Some people, who would regard themselves as cruelly outraged were they charged with theft, think it no sin to appropriate books, or what is the same thing, never return them to owners.

We read of distinguished bibliopoles who even steal books from public libraries or those of friends. A remarkable instance of this kind has recently come to light in St. Petersburg. For the past two years, valuable volumes and manuscripts have been disappearing in a most mysterious manner from the Russian Imperial Library. The directors resorted to all manner of means for the discovery of the culprit. A decree was issued forbidding all persons, employed about the building or visiting it, from wearing furs, overcoats, paletots, mantles, or any other loose outside garments under which books could be concealed. People might read in frock coats, tunics, and swallow-tails, but not in mantles or capes. The porters were instructed to remove at once the latter from all such as declined to remove them themselves. The well-known German author and theologian, Dr. Pichler, was appointed head of the library in 1868. Inasmuch as he was in delicate health, he was excused from conforming to the above regulations. The other day, one of the porters, while assisting him to put on his overcoat, "felt something preternaturally hard about the doctor's back." Suspicion flashed across his mind in a moment. He quickly thrust his hand down the doctor's back, and drew out a handsomely bound volume of folios. The Imperial police immediately visited Herr Pichler's house, and discovered between six and seven thousand works, which the doctor had in this manner removed from the library, together with manuscripts valued at nearly five thousand dollars. The writer recalls a college acquaintance who, from being looked upon as a most exemplary young man by faculty and fellow students, was found to have sent away trunk after trunk of books belonging to members of his own and other classes. Pinnelli constantly reinforced his own treasures by secretly filching those of others. It was found after his death that Sir Robert Cotton had extended the famous Cottonian collection by stealing records, evidences, ledger books, original letters, and other State papers belonging to King Charles. Bishop Moore, the famous book gatherer, collected his library, says the historian, "by plundering those of the clergy in his diocese." A friend one day was found busy hiding his rarest books and looking up as many as he could. On being asked why he did so, he replied: "The bishop dines with me to-day." Sir Robert Saville, in introducing to a friend the founder of the Bodleian library, cautioned his friend that if he held any book so dear that he would be loth to lose it, he should not let Sir Thomas out of his sight, but "set the book aside beforehand." The intense animosity entertained by Pope Innocent toward the French was due to the fact that he was detected, when a young man, stealing a valuable book from a French collector, and exposed in a public manner.

But it is not so much book purloiners as negligent borrowers that we now have in mind. There are many people who make a habitual practice of never returning anything in the literature line, from a newspaper to an encyclopaedia volume. Owners feel a deficiency in asking for them, and are often excessively annoyed at having their libraries scattered all over the neighbourhood.

To obtain and retain books in this manner is to display marked evidence of thorough ill-breeding. Others make it a point to obtain all their reading matter second-hand. They wait for neighbours to buy new publications as they appear, and then loan them. This common practice is but a little less contemptible than that of appropriating books outright. Still others return books, but in a soiled, defaced condition. He who is fond of collecting volumes generally derives much enjoyment from keeping them in a neat, perfect condition. He is fortunate if, after being loaned to some families, they are not brought back spotted with grease, torn, tattered and minus several pages. Could borrowers witness the intense disgust and indisposition often caused to owners by such treatment of their books, they would certainly be more careful about giving them to the juveniles to play with, or allowing the dogs to pull them about the floor.

It should be a maxim with all to return books, as soon as they have been read, in as neat a condition as possible. Owners will take pleasure in loaning to those who do this.

WHERE THE CARCASE IS, THERE WILL THE EAGLES BE GATHERED TOGETHER.

(From "Punch." See last page.)

Is she dead, or but dying, that lies under—
Her white limbs half hid in her fair, fowl hair?
Are those life's last lights in her eyes that wander,
Or fires reflected in their lifeless stare?

Is't diamond or paste, this shattered star,
That mocks pale brows, and eyes no more impassioned?
Whence these black blood-gouts that her beauty mar,
And dash her robes, so fine and featly-fashioned?

Is this blood hers—or from that bird of death,
Whose throat she still grasps—that scarce-strangled vulture?
Which 'neath her dying hands gasped its foul breath,
And found in blood and ashes fit sepulture!

What says the true Word? "Where the carcase lies,
There will the eagles gather them together."
Methinks she must be dead—
Dark of a sudden, in this summer weather.

With hungry eagles, that wheel o'er her head,
And for her fallen crown make rival proffer:
They had not ventured, but that France lies dead,
Or all too weak to warn or waive them off her?

The Bourbon Eagles—drawn from alien skies,
Nearly allied in kin, but not in kindness:
The elder bird, with feeble wing, and eyes
By introspective gaze fitted into blindness:

The younger, with a swifter, stronger flight,
And keener, closer, farther-reaching vision:
Ready to sink old feuds, in pride's despite,
And bow in feudal family-submission.

And, hovering more apart, with watchful eye,
Belying languid sweep of draggled pinion,
The Imperial Eagle, whose day seemed gone by,
And quenched his chances of renewed dominion.

And round these eagles, callow enlets shrill,
Wheeling and waiting for their elders' swooping—
And France stretched dead, or seeming dead—
Her limbs, so helpless 'gainst those eagles' stooping!

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

VERGISS MEIN NICHT.

(Translated from Alfred De Musset.)

Remember me, when Morn, with trembling light,
Opens her enchanted palace to the Sun;
Remember me, when silver-mantled Night
In silence passes like a pensive nun,
Whene'er with ecstasy thy bosom heaves,
Or sweet dreams haunt thee in the summer eve,
Then, from the woodlands lone
Hear a low-whispered tone,
Forget me not!

Remember me, when unrelenting Fate
Hath forced us two for evermore to part,
When years of exile leave me desolate,
And sorrow blights this fond, despairing heart,
Think of my hapless love—my last farewell—
Absence and Time true Passion cannot quell,
And while my heart still beats,
Each thro' for thee repeats,
Forget me not!

Remember me, when 'neath the chilly tomb,
My weary heart is wrapt in slumber deep:
Remember me, when lonely flowerets bloom
O'er the green turf that shrouds my dreamless sleep,
I shall not see thee—but from realms above
My soul shall watch thee with a sister's love:
And oft, when none are nigh,
A voice by night shall sigh,
Forget me not!

MONTREAL.

GEN. MUREAU.

"LA BELLA."

TITLIS.

This picture, a copy of which we give with our present number, represents a surpassingly beautiful woman in the full perfection of her charms. The original of the painting, for it is a portrait, was the Princess Pamphili, an ancestor of the Dorin family, who played a conspicuous part in the turbulent reign of the Medicis. She is represented with the usual gold chain worn by ladies of high birth. Over one arm is the border of a fur robe, indicating princely rank. She is telling a rosary composed of precious stones, but apparently with a distrust air, for the eyes are looking elsewhere, and a smile hovers over the lips. The finish of the picture is wonderful. The folds and texture of the robes and linen, the delicate contour of the unulating bosom, the full rounded throat, and the perfect lines of the mouth, render it a gem of portrait painting. There are critics who assert that this lady was the *chi'e amie* of Titian, and, certainly, her face is as constantly recurring in his pictures as that of the celebrated Forarina of Raffaele. The "Bella" is one of the numerous art treasures of the Pitti palace at Florence, the property of the Italian Crown, and residence of the King of Italy. It was carried to Paris by the first Napoleon, and placed in the Louvre, but restored after the fall of that monarch.

THE ARREST OF GEN. CLUSERET.

Like all the other military leaders in Paris during its second siege, Gen. Cluseret drew upon him the contempt of the people by his inability to perform the promises he made on assuming the supreme command, and, like his successors in office, ended his career with the usual "cell in Mazas." It would appear that the real cause of his disgrace was a quarrel with Dombrowski, in which the Communist leaders sided with the latter, and it was consequently decided that Cluseret must fall. A pretext was easily found. The National Guards under Mège had failed to maintain their position at Issy, had, in fact, evacuated the fort and retired upon Paris. This was enough for the jealous members of the Commune. The executive commission issued an order, which was sanctioned by the Commune, for the arrest of Citizen Cluseret; and accordingly on the 1st of May, the General was arrested as he left the chamber where the Commune was in session.

REFUGEES FROM NEUILLY ENTERING PARIS.

Our illustration on page 29 represents the scene at the Porte des Ternes during the brief armistice, when the inhabitants of Neuilly, a suburban village situated on the right bank of the Seine, just beyond the Arc de Triomphe and outside the Porte Maillot, were allowed to quit their dwellings and remove their families into Paris. They had been forced to leave Neuilly by a peremptory order from the Communist dictators. All the houses, indeed, outside the enceinte of fortifications on the western side of Paris, and even those inside the ramparts which are near the Grand Avenue of the Champs

Elysées, became unsafe abodes since the bombardment was commenced not only from Mont Valérien, but from the batteries at Courbevois and the bridge of Neuilly, to which the Communist battery at the Porte Maillot endeavoured to reply. The townspeople of Paris, nevertheless, ventured into the Champs Elysées, attracted by curiosity, near enough to hear the noise and see the smoke of the exploding shells, fragments of which were constantly picked up and offered for sale as relics or tokens in remembrance of these strange events.

SEA-BATHING.

There are circumstances necessarily connected with a visit to the sea-side, which greatly tend to increase its beneficial effects. In almost all instances the used-up man of business or of pleasure, the man suffering from general debility, occasioned by his mental or physical powers having been overtaxed, or from continued residence in close, unhealthy towns, and persons suffering from general languor and lassitude, or undergoing difficult and tedious convalescence from the effects of severe illness or accident, are benefitted. To these people it is not the sea air alone, nor yet change of air; but it is change of sense and habit, with freedom from the anxieties and cares of study or business, the giddy rounds of pleasure, the monotony of every day life, or of the sick room and convalescent chamber, which produce such extraordinary beneficial effects—a seemingly perfect renovation of wasted energies and renewal of the powers of life—effects not to be obtained by means of any purely medical treatment.

With bathing in the open sea, there is to be considered, first, the shock experienced on entering water at its natural temperature, when shivering, convulsive respiration and oppression of the chest are always experienced, although but for a moment, and pass away on immersion and free action in the water; secondly, the stimulating effects of the saline substances; thirdly, the mechanical action and pressure of the large moving mass of water and the motion of the waves acting as douches, which, combined, are not in all cases well borne by delicate persons and children. The direct effect of cold bathing is sedative and benumbing, and causing the blood to recede from the surface of the body into the grand arterial trunks, congesting the brain and internal organs, depressing the vital powers, and as it were bringing on death. It is this direct effect we have to guard against, and this we can only do by encouraging sufficient and healthy reaction, indicated by the genial glow, feeling of general vigour, and increased appearance of blood to the surface of the body, sometimes wearing the aspect of a healthy skin, but at others exhibited by small red patches like measles, diffused redness as in scarlatina or spots like flea bites. It is, therefore, how to avoid the direct evil effect, and how to encourage sufficient and healthy reaction, that we have to consider.

First, the duration of a cold bath should not be too prolonged, and it is to be laid down as an unexceptional rule that a certain degree of vigour and power of reaction are essential in all by whom cold-bathing is to be attempted. Thus it is not advisable that old people, the weak and delicate, including children, or such as are disposed to internal congestion or hemorrhage, should take a cold sea bath. General lassitude, with tendency to sleep, headache, or toothache, sensitiveness of the breast, increase of appetite, and constipation, are frequent results of a cold bath at the commencement of a course of sea-bathing.

For bathing, therefore, in the open sea, it is desirable to prepare the delicate and unaccustomed by giving them a few preliminary tepid baths, which produce a gently stimulating action on the skin, acting at the same time as a sedative to the nervous system; and by gradually lowering the temperature of these baths, the patient becomes strengthened to undergo the shock of a cold bath without risk, the severity of which very rapidly becomes diminished by the force of habit in bathing. The latter part of the month of July is the most suitable time to commence a course of cold sea-bathing, the delicate or invalided having been previously inured by tepid baths.

In the morning, before ten o'clock, the temperature of the sea is at its lowest, and it is, therefore, at this time unsuited to the unimured and delicate, while it is most bracing and invigorating to the strong, and to such as can aid the action of the circulation by the exercise of swimming. The sea reaches its maximum temperature at twelve o'clock, and continues the same until five; it is, therefore, during this time the delicate should bathe, the earlier the better, but in this, of course, persons must be guided by the tide.

THE BUILDERS' TREE OF MADAGASCAR.

There grows on the island of Madagascar, says the *Manufactures and Builders*, a remarkable tree, called by botanists *Urania Speciosa*. From a solid trunk varying in height from ten feet upward, and similar in appearance, though not in nature, to that of the southern palmetto, springs up a bunch of stems, each about six or eight feet long, and each supporting a leaf of the same length and some ten or twenty inches wide. The leaves, when dried, form the thatch of all the houses on the eastern side of the island, making a perfectly water-proof covering, while the stems are used for partitions and sides. The bark of the tree is very hard, and, unlike that of the palmetto, is easily stripped from the interior soft parts. For large houses this bark is cut in pieces of twenty or thirty feet long and twelve to eighteen inches wide, and the entire floor covered with the same, as well joined as ordinary timber. The benefits derived from this tree are not limited to builders only. The green leaves are used by traders in place of water-proof wrapping-paper for packages; by the women for table-cloths, and the heavy pieces cut out of them for plates at meals, while certain portions are even formed into drinking vessels and spoons. But the chief peculiarity of this remarkable tree is, that while standing in the forest the stems always contain a quantity of pure fresh water, of which travellers and natives make use in the arid seasons, when the wells and streams are dry. To obtain it a spear is driven a few inches deep in the thick end of the stalk, at its junction with the trunk, and then withdrawn, when the water flows out abundantly. As every one of the twenty, thirty, or forty or more stalks can give from a pint to a quart of water, a large amount is contained in each tree. For this reason it is called by some the "travellers' tree."

The London *Grocer* gives the following statistics respecting Beet Root Sugar.—The number of manufactories at present engaged in the manufacture of this article is on the increase

in Central Europe. It appears that there are no less than 1,675, which are divided as follows: Great Britain and Italy have each 1 manufactory; Sweden, 4; and Holland, 20. Next comes Belgium, with 135; then Austria, with 228—136 of which are in Bohemia, and 26 in Hungary; and Germany, with 310. Prussia possesses 230 of this number, the greater portion of which—namely, 143—are in the Province of Saxony. The South German States have fewer in proportion, Wurtemberg having 6, Bavaria 5, and Baden only 1, which is, however, perhaps the largest in Germany or elsewhere, consuming annually a million cwt. of beet root. Russia and France have about an equal number of these manufactories—namely, 481 and 483. The most of the sugar in France is made in the Department du Nord, which has 187 manufactories, or more than a third of the whole. At present this article is not produced in any of the following European countries: Spain, Portugal, Denmark, Greece, Turkey, or Roumania. In America it is still in the very first stages of development. It was unsuccessfully attempted for several years in the State of Illinois, but a manufactory has lately been set going in the State of Wisconsin.

The fastest railroad train in the world, probably, is said to be a new express on the Exeter and Great Western Railways, from Plymouth to London, the journey of one hundred and ninety-four miles being arranged to occupy four hours and a quarter.

CHESS.

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

A lively game played recently in the Montreal Chess Club.

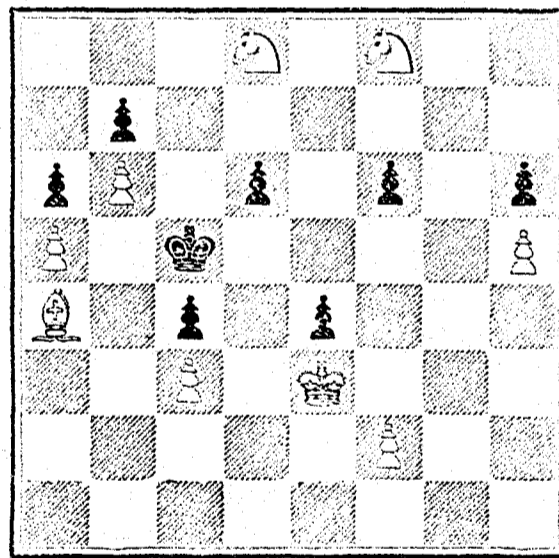
EVANS' GAMBIT.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>White.
 1. P. to K. 4th.
 2. K. Kt. to B. 3rd.
 3. B. to B. 4th.
 4. P. to Q. Kt. 4th.
 5. P. to Q. B. 3rd.
 6. P. to Q. 4th.
 7. Q. to Q. Kt. 3rd.
 8. Castles.
 9. B. to K. Kt. 5th.
 10. B. takes Kt.
 11. Kt. to K. 5th.
 12. B. takes P. ch. (a)
 13. Q. to Q. Kt. 5th. (b)
 14. Kt. to K. B. 3rd.
 15. Kt. takes P.
 16. Kt. takes Q.
 17. B. to Q. Kt. 3rd.
 18. K. Kt. to Q. R. 3rd.
 19. K. Kt. to Q. B. 4th.
 20. Q. Kt. to Q. 2nd.
 21. Q. R. to K. sq. (c)
 22. R. takes Kt.
 23. R. takes Kt. P.</p> | <p>Black.
 P. to K. 4th.
 Q. Kt. to B. 3rd.
 B. to B. 4th.
 B. takes P.
 P. to K. 4th.
 P. takes P.
 Q. to K. B. 3rd.
 K. Kt. to K. 2nd.
 Q. to K. Kt. 3rd.
 Kt. takes B.
 Q. takes K. P.
 K. to Q. sq.
 P. to Q. 3rd.
 Q. to K. B. 4th (e)
 Q. takes Q.
 R. to K. B. sq.
 P. to Q. R. 3rd.
 B. to Q. Kt. 3rd.
 B. to Q. R. 2nd.
 Q. B. to K. B. 4th.
 B. to Q. 5th. (d)
 B. takes R.
 R. takes B. P. wins.</p> |
|--|---|

- (a) If Kt. takes B. P. Black might have replied with P. to Q. 4th.
 (b) Kt. to B. 4th. seems preferable.
 (c) This was perhaps the best move, as it enables Black to force exchanges, and free his game.
 (d) Overlooking, apparently, the obvious rejoinder.
 (e) After this, the defence has an easy winning game.

PROBLEM No. 31.

By J. W. BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in four moves.

CHARADES, &c.

REBUS, No. 22.

1. A Hindoo God.
2. An Eastern bird valued for its feathers.
3. A valuable medicine.
4. A town in the north of Nova Scotia.
5. An exhilarating beverage.
6. An important Act of British Parliament passed in May, 1679.
7. A measurement.
8. An elevated plain in Asia.
9. The most beautiful woman of her time.
10. A rugged projecting rock.
11. The path of a planet.
12. An exceedingly troublesome insect.
13. A kind of fine cotton cloth.
14. The name of thirteen popes.
15. An American Senator and orator.
16. An art in which the Greeks excelled.
17. One of the Western States.
18. The place where the sun rises.
19. The pride and glory of England.

The initials will give the official designation of a body of men who drew up and signed the document given by the initials.

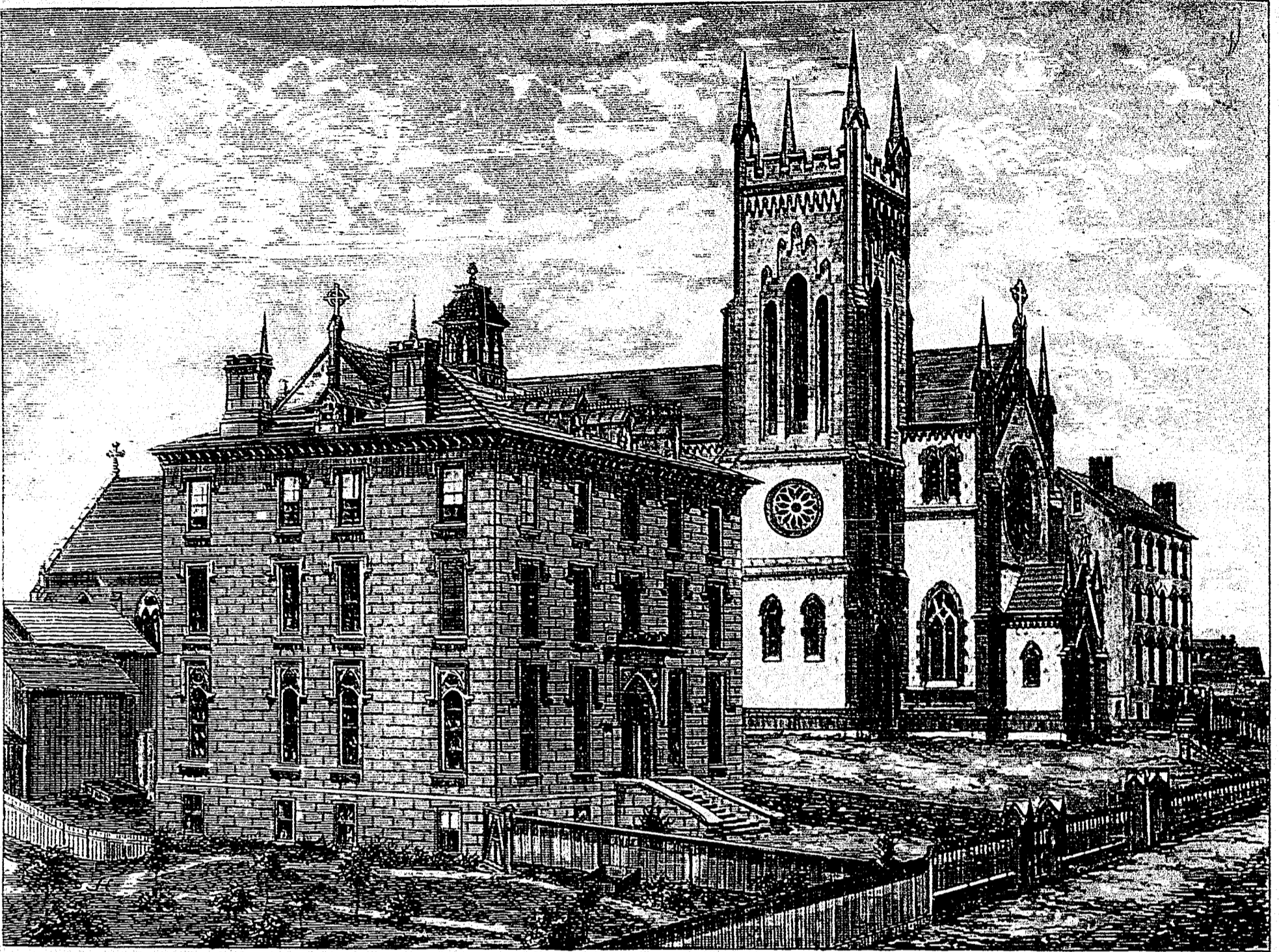
N. X.

SOLUTION TO CHARADE No. 21.

Napoleon. Chiselhurst.
 Thus:—Police. Steal. Horse. Hunt. No.

SOLUTIONS RECEIVED.

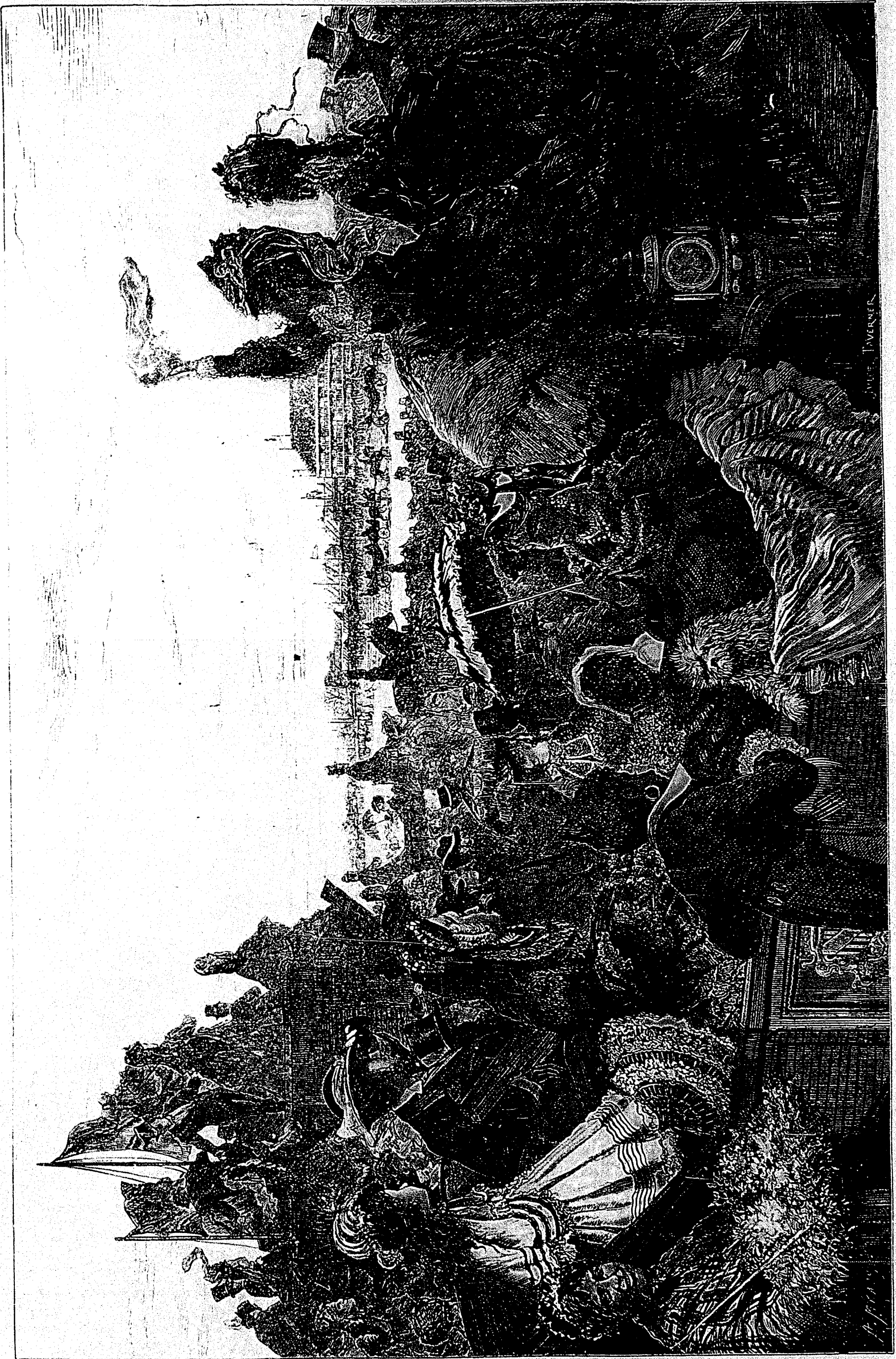
John Underhill, Montreal; R. S. Cornwall.



R. C. CATHEDRAL, ST. JOHN, N. B.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WOODBURN & McCLURE.—SEE PAGE 18.



GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY STATION AT WINDSOR, ONT.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.—SEE PAGE 18.



ASCOT, 1871.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, JULY 15, 1871.

SUNDAY,	July 9.—	<i>Fifth Sunday after Trinity.</i> Importation of slaves into Canada prohibited, 1793. Cholera in Montreal, 1834.
MONDAY,	" 10.—	Columbus born, 1447.
TUESDAY,	" 11.—	Prince of Orange assassinated, 1584. Canada invaded, battle of Black Rock, 1813. Peace of Villa Franca, 1859.
WEDNESDAY,	" 12.—	Erasmus died, 1536. Sir J. C. Sherbrooke, Gov.-General of Canada, 1816. Crimea evacuated, 1856.
THURSDAY,	" 13.—	Napoleon surrendered, 1815. Duke of Orleans killed, 1842.
FRIDAY,	" 14.—	Dr. Hunter died, 1728. The Bastille destroyed, 1789.
SATURDAY,	" 15.—	<i>St. Swithin.</i> French Revolution commenced, 1789. Ollivier announces to the Corps Legislatif the determination of the Government to declare war against Prussia, 1870.

WILL SHORTLY APPEAR,

IN

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS,

DR. GEORGE MACDONALD'S

GREAT STORY,

WILFRID CUMBERMEDE,

WITH RARE ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

This story, which is attracting so much attention in England and the United States, has been ceded to the Proprietor of this Journal, who ALONE possesses the right of publication in the Dominion, in serial form. All persons infringing the same, will be proceeded against.

EVERY PERSON SHOULD READ THIS TALE.

TO BOOKSELLERS AND NEWS AGENTS.

NOTICE HAVING APPEARED in the Newspapers relative to

"A Terrible Temptation,"

By Mr. CHARLES READE,

I beg to inform you, that, with the sanction of the Author, Messrs. CASSELL, PETER, & GALPIN (his London Publishers) have conceded to me, for a valuable consideration, the exclusive right to publish the above great work of fiction, in serial form, for the Dominion of Canada.

The *Hearthstone* is the only newspaper in which "A Terrible Temptation" can legitimately appear, and we warn all newspaper proprietors that proceedings will at once be taken to stop the circulation of such papers in the Dominion of Canada pirating the said Story.

GEORGE E. DESBARATS,
Proprietor *Hearthstone*.

Montreal, June 16th, 1871.

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JULY 8, 1871.

THE revelations concerning the vast ramifications of the "International Society," which the collapse of the Communist revolution of Paris has produced, ought surely to awaken, in the minds of all lovers of order, serious thoughts as to how far it is wise in the interests of human society that these socialistic *doctrinaires* should be encouraged, or even tolerated. It is not yet forgotten that Mr. Gladstone was the earnest partizan of Garibaldi in the revolutionary movements which have led to the so-called "unification," and which will yet bring about the financial ruin, of Italy; nor that one of his whilom colleagues was an almost open conspirator with Mazzini in propagating the "doctrine of the dagger."

These dangerous tamperings with principles or theories that tend to the destruction of human society, even when applied to foreign countries, have the fatal faculty of rebounding upon those countries which encourage them amongst their neighbours. Surely England's Broadheads, Beesleys, Bradlaughs, and Odgers, have already given practical proof of this. But if further evidence be wanted the signs are not distant that it will be forthcoming in due time. There ought to go forth a strong and indignant protest against the Communistic utterances now seemingly finding favour in England. Especially from this country, where the foundation of the social fabric may be said to rest upon the rights of property; where labour alone, or labours' worth, can acquire it, and where only labour, or its well understood equivalent, can maintain the ownership, ought public opinion to speak with trumpet tongue against the disorganising and immoral doctrines that inspired the Commune and its supporters. Perhaps the terrible experiences of Paris may have only "scotched, not killed," the social serpent, and while the world owes to Paris the revelation of the real danger with which it is menaced, it owes to itself the more serious obligation of seeing, in time, to its own protection. Were the absurd doctrine to prevail that "all property is robbery"—and that is the cardinal principle of socialism—then labour itself would be robbery, for labour is the legitimate foundation of all property. In an ancient record, which is happily yet held in high reverence among the nations, we read of the ownership of a certain well being founded on the fact that the owner "dugged it." So we see it every day exemplified in Canada that it is substantially the owner's labour which is the real foundation of his title. There has been no departure from the very ancient landmark just referred to.

Even if the owner may have simply "dugged" in the making of some railway track, or inherited the fruits of some other person's "digging" in any legitimate pursuit, the passing of the mutually determined value between the old holder and the new, and a due record of the fact, are not only safeguards to the maintenance of the social order, but as indefensible a title in favour of the new ownership as that referred to in respect of the ancient well.

It is no reproach to modern society that easier means for the transfer from one to another of the fruits of labour have been found than those of exchanging oxen and asses, or crude gold and silver, for other kinds of property or rights of personal ownership, no more than it is possible to conceive of the success of socialistic doctrines without its bringing in its train complete destruction to the full rights of labour itself. It may be, no doubt, a very popular theme to descant upon, this labour right movement. But when it takes the form of a Trades' Union, and compels the good workman to accept the same wages as the bad, or coerces capital to pay the bad one at the same rate as the good, is it not in both cases a rank injustice? In the former case, labour is manifestly defrauded of its just reward; in the latter, capital of its just return; but in both instances it is labour which is the real victim, for capital, being no longer able to make a profit from the employment of labour, creeps into its shell, and leaves the labourer to starve. Thus it is that the so-called friend of the workingman is really engaged in cutting the ground from under his feet, and allowing him to drop into an abyss of misery and starvation, which he could readily avoid by an intelligent co-operation with capital. And why should not labour and capital co-operate, since capital is but labour realised?

On this continent the disorders likely to arise from the spread of these doctrines are more likely to have a social or commercial, than a political bearing, and therefore we deem it unnecessary to say much as to the political tendencies of the Communistic programme. The execution of ministers of religion, the confiscation of private property the degradation and imprisonment of colleagues who ventured to disagree in opinion with the majority of their associates, all show the delightful kind of liberty to be enjoyed under the reign of these political and social reformers. Universal peace would be of easy compass could we "make a desert and call it peace," and these worthies seem to have forged chains for both conscience and action, and called them liberty. The defence by the London Socialists of their Parisian co-conspirators against order and real liberty is simply a scandalous fabrication of sophistically woven falsehoods. When it justifies the Commune for executing the Archbishop and the other sixty-three hostages—so-called—seized without even cover of law, upon the ground that a traitor named Blanqui, who had forfeited his life, and ought to have been disposed of by "drum-head court martial," was not restored to liberty, surely the document and its authors have fairly forfeited every claim to consideration.

The modern world owes much to France; very much of evil, and very much of good. And at this day if, through her sufferings and disgraces, it can be convincingly proven that inordinate national ambition, as embodied in the Empire, and the despotism of the mob, as illustrated by the rule of the Commune, are both national crimes that inevitably bring their own punishment, then France will, at a frightful cost, have established a new claim to the regard of the nations, of which they surely ought not to be unmindful hereafter.

OBITUARY.

LOUIS BEAUDRY, ESQ.

The late Mr. Louis Beaudry, who died in this city on Monday, was born at Quebec on the 5th of October, 1819. His father was then a merchant at Quebec, but subsequently removed to Three Rivers. The deceased came to Montreal in 1836, and commenced life as a clerk. He afterwards entered the employment of Mr. Joseph Masson, where his business tact caused him to get on rapidly, and since the death of Mr. Masson, he has been the administrator of the Masson succession, amounting now to a million dollars. He has also been for seventeen years manager of the New City Gas Company, the success of which is attributed in some measure to his energy and excellent system of administration. Mr. Beaudry was also a Director of the Jacques Cartier Bank, and of the North British Assurance Company. He was also of great assistance to several benevolent institutions, and was Vice-President of the Pontifical Zouave Committee. He leaves a wife and four children. The funeral took place on Wednesday morning, and was attended by the members of the St. Jean Baptiste Society in a body, the deceased having long been one of the most zealous members of that society. There was also a very large concourse of citizens to mark the general respect in which deceased was held.

STATUTES OF QUEBEC, 34 VICTORIA, 1870. Charles Langlois, Printer to Her Most Excellent Majesty the Queen.

We have to acknowledge the receipt of a copy of the Statutes of Quebec for the past year. It seems to us promotive of an intelligent public appreciation of the laws to supply journalists with copies of the statutes, and on behalf of this journal we accordingly make our acknowledgments to the Quebec Government—acknowledgments which we do not owe either to the Dominion, or any other of the Provincial Governments. It is the fashion of the country to place within easy reach of the public its laws and other official documents of general interest, and since all are interested in their due observance, the conclusion is logical that all are equally interested in the general dissemination of their provisions. Now, the cheapest and at the same time the most effective way to secure this end is to supply the plodding newspaper man with the necessary *data*, which the Government of Quebec seem prompt in doing.

THEATRE ROYAL.—Mr. Robert McWade has been the chief attraction during the week. His representation of "Rip Van Winkle" is entirely original, and gave much enjoyment to the audiences who witnessed it on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings. He was ably supported by the Company.

THEATRE COMIQUE.—This new place of amusement was opened on Saturday last at Nordheimer's Hall, and has been run during the week with very great success. The manager has made an engagement with Mlle. Tarelli, from the Royal Italian Opera, who makes her *debut* to-night, and will no doubt attract a crowded house. The performances of the company are most highly appreciated by all who have witnessed them, and the Theatre Comique bids fair to be a remunerative as well as a popular institution.

PECULIARITIES OF REPORTERS.

(From the American Newspaper Reporter.)

If editors are often eccentric and peculiar in their sayings, the embryo editor—the reporter—is frequently much more exaggerated in his statements, and, being almost irresponsible will sometimes make the wildest and most ridiculous statements out of pure intellectual 'cussedness.' Reporters lead a very hard life. There is little pleasure in walking three miles [for a reporter seldom has a car-fare] to make an item of three lines. There is still less fun in receiving but twelve dollars a week for their labor and exposure. Yet there are pleasures in the reporter's life; it has at least the charm of variety, and after he becomes used to his duties, there crop out many whimsicalities. Some of these we will record.

Here is one in which the author appreciates the deliciousness of obesity:—'Elopments.—From Carthage, near Cincinnati, February 1, Mrs. Thomas Horton, thirty-eight years old, with a fat boy of seventeen, name unknown.'

Now that word fat was certainly added by a hungry reporter. He thought how nice it would be to become a fat boy and elope. And he added, besides, to the piquancy of his paragraph.

The following is as evidently from a well-fed reporter as the above from a comparatively hungry one. He was probably the 'dramatic man' with \$3 extra salary. He says:—'We yearn toward Celia Logan more readily than toward the gross and stupendous Olive.'

While a Boston critic writes:—'How our soul went out to the graceful Dora as she waved her pulpy inexpressibles in the bewildering atmosphere of Morris' saloon; and we departed with a new revelation.'

Sometimes a reporter will be chiefly interested in the artistic consideration of the horrible, as, for instance, in reporting an execution, one of them says:—'Much credit is due to our sheriff and Mr. Marden, the executioner, for the neat and dexterous manner in which their unpleasant duties were performed.'

In the following case of accident, however, he seems to have quite entered into the sufferer's feelings:—'Mr. McElsley was struck by lightning a few days since. He describes the sensation as 'lying crosswise on a red-hot stove and unable to get off.'

But here is a case in which his feeling for the marvellous quite gets the better of his pity for animal suffering:—'Some of Mr. Quinn's hens were subsequently discovered miles away, part of them entirely stripped of their feathers by the force of the hurricane.'

And here is one in which the reporter, feeling for what must have been excruciating torture, runs into apocryphal ridiculousness:—'A Norwich man took a drink of whiskey from the family aconite bottle, the other night, and in about an hour two abled-bodied labourers were stirring up his alimentary canal with a stomach pump. The pump had a pretty good suction, and for some time it was a question whether the seat of his pants was going to give or the handle break. But he's all right now.'

Here is a local which is very brief considering its contents:—'In Louisville, on Monday, two men were killed by a rock, two were murdered, an editor committed suicide, a printer was found dead in his bed, and two cases of cow-hiding by women occurred.'

'Locals love to be sarcastic on each other, and paragraphs like this often occur:—'The *Telegram* had some local intelligence in it to-day,' meaning of course that it is a rare occurrence.

Reporters are so peculiar that one cannot always tell whether they really intend a joke or make a mistake. Here is a sample in which a funeral is described:—'The procession was very fine, and nearly two miles in length; as was also the prayer of Dr. Perry, the chaplain.'

The fact is, reporters, as a rule, do not love ministers very well. One cause lies in the fact that, as has often occurred in the writer's experience, they are often asked to 'puff,' and not unfrequently have a laudatory article given to them by a

clergyman, accompanied with an invitation to dinner. A recent reporter shows a little of his spite as follows:—'There is to be a lecture this evening by a converted Episcopalian minister.'

While another desecrates a religious term by saying:—'Forty-three persons received the rite of vaccination yesterday.'

Here is one who says:—'A party by name of Jones has written a book to prove that 'The United States is the Kingdom of Heaven.' But no one believes that Jones has done any such thing.'

The genuine reporter takes great delight in such society news as he can fan with. A recent article, describing an interview with some wealthy 'Southern Ladies of African Descent,' is a fair sample of the terms often used on similar occasions in lighter circles. The interviewer calls one of them 'Miss Catherine de Medicis,' and observed that:—'She made a most impressive sweep of her ample train as she curtsied in her own elegant manner.' He then goes on to say: 'Recognizing the importance of the occasion I made my best bow, a la Brummell, and my tired extremities swerved gracefully to the edge of a costly and sumptuous chair.' It must be remembered that the assured, yet quiet modesty of the accomplished interviewer is so all-pervading and determined that he is always ready to assume that all that is known of either etiquette or learning is at his fingers' ends. Here is the manner in which the reporter referred to entered the "mansion" (never the "house") of these colored ladies: "Carefully arranging my garments, I gently pulled an elegant silver-plated bell-handle of most enormous size and elaborate design. An antique silver salver, exquisitely carved, received my 'pasteboard,' and I was immediately ushered into the presence." Then comes the usual expressions of "carved eyebrows" and "pencilled nose," [or vice versa], and,—the reader knows the rest.

Some of their descriptions are first-class examples of brevity. Here is a report of an antislavery meeting:

"They met—they mauled—they mizzled."

We see many instances of the contemptuous manner in which a reporter often speaks of human greatness. A recent item tells us that the great hotelier, Warren Leland, "started for Saratoga last evening, with six tons of paint and six dozen paint brushes, to paint the Grand Union Hotel inside and out."

While another insists that the "Mayor" calls Greeley the "ancient rooster who scratches a farm at Chappaqua, and fills his hours in regulating the heavens and the earth, and in editing the *Tribune*."

Here is one who has heard that Greeley had learned two things well; first, "That if a man don't drain his farm, his farm would drain him; and, second, "If a man don't dam his farm, his farm will damn him."

Here is a sample of incredible disrespect to our Vice-President: "Having determined to leave public life and engage extensively in the manufacture of corrugated calico coal-hods, Mr. Colfax is able to look without personal prejudice at the political situation, and his judgment is consequently valuable."

Without having been able to give more than a mere smattering of the many peculiarities to be found in reporters, we must draw to a close. The forms of a newspaper are not elastic. Perhaps our remaining space could not be better occupied than in giving a few of the reporters' whimsicalities in general description.

One of them, in giving the state of the weather, says: "The norther, Monday, knocked the hot weather all into a cooked hat."

But his rival "beats him hollow" with: "The music of the wind to-day sounds like the nervous scratching of an old whitewash brush against the side of the rough plastered wall."

Another paper about the same date, and a thousand miles away, had this local, describing the burning of a pig-packing establishment:—

"It soared, it sung, it seethed, it sizzled,
And left but grease-pots, grim and grizzled."

Here is a sample of juvenile reportorial energy in describing a prize-fight. It found expression in "verse" somewhere in North Carolina:—

"They mauled and mashed and mangled,
And wrung and wrenched and wrangled;
They bullied, busted, basted, bled,
Their eyes were blackened, noses red,
But still they bunged, and bunged, and bited,
These horrid-sighted pugs, benighted,
And kicked, and gorged, and gushed, and gored,
'Till from the ring one pug was bored.
O! I was glad when that last lunge
Made flat-nosed Bill throw up the sponge."

And here is a railway accident: "The old South Railroad Bridge got discouraged, and lay right down with a train on it."

The following gives the cause and natural result of a street accident: "A waggon-wheel was knocked off yesterday, near State and Water streets, by getting in front of a big truck wheel."

This one unites the pathetic with the descriptive: "The pig which was run over by an express waggon on Hoyne street yesterday is grease, but live grease no more."

And here is one which soars into the regions of the marvelous: "A fish-dealer in Petersham came jogging into town on a foggy Saturday afternoon with a load of fresh haddock, and not only alive, but wagging their tails, and even smiling cheerfully, notwithstanding their change of condition."

The following gives a long story successfully in a half dozen lines: "A Jefferson County (N.Y.) farmer laughed when his prudent wife advised him not to smoke on a load of hay. He footed it home that night, with his hair singed, most of his garments a prey to the devouring element, and the iron work of the waggon in a potato sack, and then his wife laughed."

Yet in closing this article on "peculiarities," we must give the palm to the boy local, who called to mind the declamation of his infantile school-boys, and used it fearlessly in his "Canal Items": "As a river boat was loading at La Crosse, a large grey mule refused to go on board. The mate sung out to the deck-hand: "Twist his tail and he'll come." Like Casablanca, that deck-hand obeyed orders, and like Casablanca he nobly died."

HOP REFUSE FOR PAPER.—A large paper manufacturer near Marseilles, France, has sent agents to the various hop merchants of the Continent to purchase the waste of hop vines

for the purpose of mixing it with other stock as a substitute for wood and straw. The fibre is said to be strong, and well adapted for paper. The process by which the raw material is worked up is kept as a trade secret, but it cannot materially vary from the treatment to which wood and straw are now subjected. As hop raising has now become an important branch of agriculture in Northern New York and Canada, it would be well to take note of the French example and save the refuse for the paper manufacturer. Paper can only be made from waste with profit, and such material as wood, straw, seaweed, grass, cornstalks, hop vines, and the like, naturally fall into the same mill with the rags so long used for this purpose. Cheap paper is associated with cheap books, and the latter with higher civilization and intelligence; therefore we hall with pleasure the introduction of any new material for its manufacture.

SPORTING.

GRAND CRICKET MATCH BETWEEN MONTREAL AND QUEBEC.

This match, as previously announced, was played on Dominion day on the Plains of Abraham, Quebec, and terminated in favour of the Montreal Club, with seven wickets to spare. The Quebecers won the toss, and went to the bat themselves, but owing to the magnificent bowling of A. Laing and the sharp fielding of the Montrealers, they only succeeded in obtaining 24 for their first innings, Toole and Young being the only ones who made a stand. For their first innings the Montreal team secured the handsome total of 88, Ramsay, Mackenzie, Grant and J. Laing, by good and steady play, contributing well to the total, and Goldie's 16 and not out being the finest cricketing of the day. The Quebecers were more at home in their second innings, their last wicket falling for the very fine score of 92, Matheson, Turnour, Thorpe and Toole getting well into the bowling, and running up the score in a very brilliant and lively style. The Montrealers, for their second innings, required to make 29 to win, and this they did with the loss of three wickets, J. Laing and Pelham batting steadily and finishing the game between them. G. White's very swift, and Turnour's steady bowling for Quebec was good, and also the long-stopping of Toole; and Laing and Pelham did all that could be required in the shape of bowling for Montreal. The affair was in every respect a brilliant success, and nearly "all Quebec" turned out to witness the game. In the afternoon the scene was greatly enlivened by the presence and grace of the beauty and aristocracy of Quebec, and also a number from Montreal. The magnificent Band of the 60th Rifles was present, which is sufficient to say that the music proved no small part of the day's enjoyment. The Montreal Club, we understand, are greatly pleased at the very handsome treatment they received from their fellow-cricketers in Quebec, and in the afternoon the players and friends partook of an excellent dinner.

The following is the score:

QUEBEC ELEVEN—1ST INNINGS.

Eppes, 60th Rifles, bowled A. Laing	0
Hunt, run out	1
Thorpe, 60th Rifles, c A. Laing, b A. Laing	2
Turnour, 60 Rifles, c Carter, b A. Laing	0
Toole, 60th Rifles, bowled A. Laing	6
Matheson, 60th Rifles, bowled A. Laing	0
Henley, 60th Rifles, run out	0
G. White, bowled A. Laing	2
Young, c. J. Laing, b Pelham	6
Stuart, not out	1
Homan, b A. Laing	0
Extras	6
Total	24

MONTREAL ELEVEN—1ST INNINGS.

Murray, bowled Matheson	4
Ramsay, bowled Turnour	7
W. MacKenzie, bowled White	8
Grant, bowled White	7
Pelham, run out	1
J. Laing, c Hunt, b Turnour	13
Goldie, not out	16
A. Laing, bowled Turnour	0
Tollemache, run out	2
Carter, bowled Turnour	0
Bell	0
Extras	30
Total	88

QUEBEC—2ND INNINGS.

Stuart, bowled Pelham	8
Henley, c Goldie, b Pelham	0
Matheson, bowled Pelham	8
Young, bowled A. Laing	3
Turnour, 1 b w, b A. Laing	13
Thorpe, bowled A. Laing	12
Toole, bowled Pelham	13
Hunt, bowled A. Laing	0
G. White, c Carter, b Bell	5
Eppes, bowled Pelham	0
Homan, not out	0
Extras	30
Total	92

MONTREAL—2ND INNINGS.

Goldie, c Eppes, b Homan	0
Tollemache, c Young, b Homan	5
Grant, c Henley, b Turnour	0
J. Laing, not out	8
Pelham, not out	6
Extras	10
Total	29

Now AND THEN.—An old negro woman, in accounting for lack of discipline among youngsters, insists that it is because their mothers wear gaiters. "You see, when we wore low shoes and the chillum wanted whippin', we took off a shoe mighty quick and giv' em a good spankin', but now, how's a body to get a gaiter off in time? So the chillum gits no whippin' at all now-a-days."

RAISING THE BODIES OF DROWNED PERSONS.—In the case of a recent accidental drowning, in the Hackensack River, N.J., several persons made attempts to recover the body, but without success. A French Canadian, named Busché, then undertook the job, and is reported to have proceeded after the following scientific manner. Having supplied himself with some glass gallon jars and a quantity of unslacked lime, he went in a boat to the place where the man was seen to go down. One of the jars was filled half full of lime, then filled up with water and tightly corked. It was then dropped into the water, and soon after exploded at the bottom of the river with a loud report. After the third trial, each time in a different place, the body arose to the surface and was secured.

Charlock, a troublesome weed hitherto, is found to be excellent human food. This is a discovery for which the agricultural world is indebted to Mr. E. Wet, of Salford, near Bristol. He heard this first from a Wiltshire shepherd, and says, "charlock," when boiled as "greens," are excellent food. But not being satisfied without practical evidence, he gathered a quantity, and had them cooked for dinner, and an excellent vegetable they proved to be—equal, if not superior, to any turnip greens. What an acquisition for poor people, and for destroying the farmer's weeds. The tops should be broken off just before they are in blossom, as below the breaking-off point they will prove tough and stringy.

A CODFISH CAUGHT BY A DOG.—"Tis not every day we hear of dogs being fond of the piscatorial art. The following case is somewhat exceptional:—At Salt-househead, Peterhead, lives a man who owns an excellent retriever. The other Sunday, when Juno was down among the rocks by the seaside, he saw, near the surface of the water, a fine codfish disporting itself, and with all the enthusiasm of a disciple of dear old Sir Isaak, he sprang at the tenant of the deep, seizing him by the back. For an instant he lost his grip, when down went the cod, and down followed Juno. The second time he caught his scaly friend by the tail. A struggle ensued—the fish for the vasty deep, and the dog for dry land. The latter proved himself victor, and, with a considerable air of pride, he marched up to his master and laid the prize at his feet. The cod, a fine full fish in excellent condition, measured 2 ft. 10 in., and the depth of the water from which he was taken was from ten to twelve feet.

STUDY OF GERMAN IN FRANCE.—While nearly all the rest of the world of France is bent upon shutting out Germans and everything German from its sight and knowledge, M. Jules Simon, the Minister of Public Instruction, has exhibited a very different and far more enlightened spirit. He has addressed a circular to the rectors of the Universities, recommending them, as an imperious necessity, the study of the German language in all the *lycees* of the country, setting forth the argument that if rising generations desire to stem the current of German invasion, they must learn to understand German, and thus to comprehend the writings, the acts, and the progress of the German race. This contrasts favourably with the conduct of France in general, which, in trying to shut out Germany from light, is repeating the act of the foolish bird which, when its head is buried in sand, imagines that its body is hidden from its enemies.—*Journal of the Society of Arts*

CAR PEDDLERS.—Add there were the peddlers. I bought out the pop-corn to get rid of him, because I was trying to compose a poem for a young lady's album, and did not want to be disturbed. But he came right back with a stock of peanuts. I took a few and hurried him away, and he returned with some ice cream candy. I don't like ice cream candy and peanuts together, but I invested at once, because an inspired rhyme had been borne to me, and I wanted to set it down before it slipped my mind. Then the scoundrel came back to me with oranges, imitation ivory baby-whistles, fig-paste, and apples; then he went away and was gone some time, and I was encouraged to hope the train had run over him. He was only keeping his most malignant outrage to the last. He was getting his literature ready: And from that time forward that degraded youth did nothing but march from one car to another, and afflict the passengers with specimen copies of the vilest blood-and-thunder romances. "The Perjurer's Doom," and "The Desperado's Re-venge" were some of his milder works, and on their backs were pictures of stabbing affrays and duels, and people shoving other people over precipices, and wretched wood-cuts of women being rescued from terrible perils of all kinds, and they are always women who are so criminally homely that any right-minded man would take a placid satisfaction in seeing them suffer sudden and violent death. But that peddler-boy peddled these atrocious books right along for hours together, and I gave up my poem at last, and devoted all my energies to driving him away, and trying to say things that would make him unhappy.—*Mark Twain*.

THE CREATION OF WOMAN.—A poet in the *Keene Republican*, celebrating the works of Dame Nature, has an idea which comes very near being original:—

"She next made Woman—so the story goes—
With an improved material and art;
Gave her a form, the choicest one of those
That make aught beautiful, and to her heart
A power to soften man—and forced the rose
Its blushing tint to her soft cheek impart—
Then chopp'd the rainbow up, and with the chips
She went to work, and finished off her lips!"

How often in the last twelve years has the first favourite won the Derby?—Four times. In 1859, Musjid, who started at 9 to 4; in 1865, Gladiator, who started at 5 to 2; in 1866, Lord Lyon, who started at 6 to 5; and in 1869, Pretender, who started at 5 to 4.

When Lord Sandwich was to present Admiral Campbell, he told him that probably the king would knight him. The admiral did not much relish the honour. "Well, but," said Lord S., "perhaps Mrs. Campbell will like it." "Then let the king knight her," answered the rough seaman.

DIED.

In this city, on the 30th June, aged thirty days, Marie George René Ivanhoë, only child of Lieut.-Col. Gustave d'Odet d'Orsonmens, Brigade-Major.





EDUARD MANDEL SCULPS 1868

REINOLD MANDEL DEL 1858

GIULIO TIVIT

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HUGH DAMER'S LAST LEGER.

BY MISS M. E. BRADDON.

CHAPTER IV.

"Fill the can, and fill the cup:
All the windy ways of men
Are but dust that rises up,
And is lightly laid again."

We went to the races in great style, Hugh Damer driving a drag, with the majority of his masculine guests on the roof, and a merry party of ladies inside. Mr. Dashwood travelling in his handsome barouche with Laura, the county matron, and one of her daughters—Laura a vision of loveliness, in some cloudy costume of mauve and white, under a big white silk umbrella. Arrived on the course, Hugh posted both vehicles in an admirable position for seeing the race, and then speedily disappeared with the Squire, and a good many of his friends. I, to whom the things of the Turf were utterly indifferent, remained with the ladies, but was not the less anxious for him whose fortune depended so much on the hazards of the day.

I knew nothing of Damer's engagements—what horses he had backed, or how the numerous events of the day were likely to affect him, but I heard from several quarters that the running was of an unexpected character, calculated to cause disappointment to the majority.

Hugh came to us several times in the course of the day, and, though he talked and laughed with Miss Dashwood and the rest, and might have seemed, to a casual observer, to be in excellent spirits, I saw that in his face which looked ill for the issue of the day. He drank a great deal of brandy and soda—drank with a feverish eagerness; but I noticed that he ate nothing all through the day. I secured a seat on the box for the return journey, anxious to know the worst, and at once.

"Well, Hugh?" I asked, in a low voice, when we were clear of the crowd, and bowling rapidly along a smooth high road, bordered with noble old timber.

"Well, Fred, I told you about that rooted conviction of mine. It was pretty correct—that's all."

"Then the day has been a bad one?"

"About as bad as it could be."

"But there's to-morrow," I said, with a faint attempt at hopefulness.

"Yes; and my luck will be about the same to-morrow that it has been to-day, I have no doubt. Did you ever see anything like the running to-day? No man can stand against such a collapse as that. Ptarmigan won the Chester as easily as these four bays of mine could win a race against a costermonger's donkey, and to-day he let himself be passed by a plater. If I didn't know the character of his stable, I could swear the brute had been got at."

"Was the day good for the ring or the public?"

"Oh, the bookmen get the best of it of course. None of the favourites won."

"Were you unfortunate in everything?" I asked.

"Yes, everything."

"You don't know the trouble it cost me to make my book, Fred. It was a great combination, which *might* have made my fortune—the last venture of a desperate man, who wanted to redeem all by one great coup. But I have no further faith in it now. The campaign has opened with defeat. To-day has been my Moscow; to-morrow will be Waterloo."

I tried to cheer him, in a few low words. I don't think there was anything but gloom and bitterness in his mind; but he had that natural pride which shrinks from the revelation of misfortune. He roused himself with an effort, and talked loudly and cheerily all the way home, and I doubt if any one upon the drag except myself suspected that he had been a heavy loser by that day's work.

And by and by at the composite meal, half dinner and half supper, which awaited us at Churleigh—a sumptuous banquet in its way, at which the men drank deep of Badminton and Moselle cup in huge silver tankards of the Georgian era, while the ladies sipped tea and coffee, or trifled with a glass of Clicquot—the gayest at the long oak table was the host, who led every peal of laughter, and said the best things that were uttered that night. We sat long and late, the ladies only retiring at midnight, Miss Dashwood declaring, as she bade her last good night, that she had never in her life spent so delightful a day. "I was always fond of races," she said, with a deprecating air. "I suppose it is a pernicious taste that is natural to a Yorkshirewoman—but I never enjoyed anything as much as the racing to-day."

"I hope it is not the last by a great many that you will spend at Churleigh Wood," Hugh said, with a strange smile.

Late as it was when our party broke up that night, Hugh Damer and Mr. Dashwood were closeted together in the library for a full hour after the rest had gone to their rooms. I heard their voices as they wished each other

good night on the stairs, and heard my friend's step as he walked slowly and heavily along the corridor leading to his own quarters. It was not like his accustomed footfall, and I knew that interview in the library must have been an unpleasant one.

"You've sold Churleigh Wood, Hugh," I said to him, as we drove to the races next day.

"Yes, old fellow, the deed is done. The old place is gone from me for ever and ever. There was no time to lose. I may want the money before the week is out. The manufacturer was very liberal; has paid me a splendid price for his fancy; and the place is gone—and Laura's children will play under the oaks I used to climb fifteen years ago."

"God grant they may be your children as well as Laura's," I said. "I cannot bear to think your birthplace is quite gone from you."

"Rather hard lines, wasn't it? But a man must reap what he has sown, Fred, and I have scattered the evil seed with a free hand. I don't deserve anything better."

The next day was the Leger. That clean, airy little town, which is, in its normal condition, brimmed over with human life, and rang loud with the buzz and clamour of innumerable tongues. This great autumnal meeting is the saturnalia of the North, and looking at it from the outside, a pleasant festival enough; but I contemplated that noisy gathering with a jaundiced eye and my heart sickened as I thought how the day might end for Hugh Damer.

I was too anxious to remain with the ladies to-day. Though Lucy Dashwood, in a fresh toilette of pale blue and a dainty bonnet that was all forget-me-nots—as if that floral reminder were needed!—who could forget Lucy, once having known her?—was lovely and fascinating enough to have held any man—not bitten by the scorpion of the Turf—bound like a slave to the wheel of her barouche. I was very uneasy about my friend, and followed him everywhere, with the air of a meek Pylades dancing attendance on a very fiery Orestes—into the ring—into the paddock—and out into the pleasant stretch of turf on the other side of the course to see the horses take their show-off canter.

"There she goes," he cried: "Baron Von Bourse's Jezebel—that bay yonder with the small head—green body and pink sleeves. I wonder how many men's hearts she carries at her hoofs. My future depends on her, Norris. I saw her win the Guineas. I'd put every sixpence I could stand upon Pasteboard—the bony grey that had been winning everything in the autumn—and she flew by him like a bird. Look at her, old boy! By Jove, she's a clipper. Isn't it a graceful action? There was a confounded lot of rain last night, and the grounds heavier than I like to see it. But I think she must win—there's nothing that can touch her, to my mind."

"Not Conjuror, your great Yorkshire horse?"

"Conjuror is as fat as a pig."

"There's a brute yonder—with the Jockey in black and crimson—that I hardly like the look of, Hugh," I said, doubtfully. "He's got a splendid stride. See what a lot of ground he covers."

"That!" cried Hugh, contemptuously: "a raw-boned beast that never won a race in his life, unless it was some pettifogging plate at the Curragh."

We posted ourselves about a quarter of a mile from the stand, just outside the phalanx of carriages, drags, wagonettes, barouches, family omnibusses, landaus, Whitechapel carts, and the rest; posted ourselves at a point from which we could get a very fair view of the finish—Hugh standing on an old cask, looming gigantic above the rails; I just in front of his knees. There was a cold, dead weight at my breast, as the flag dropped and the hoarse, clamorous cry arose—

"They're off!"

The start was beautiful. For the first quarter of a mile you might have covered the field with a tablecloth. Then some obscure animal got away, and began to make the running. Then half a dozen more crept after him; then the favourite, Jezebel, shot forward to the front, and took a lead which she held steadily till she was within something less than half a mile of the judge's chair.

"She wins!" roared that mighty chorus; "the mare wins!"

Hugh Damer clapped his hand on my shoulder—such a muscular grip—it felt like a hand in an iron glove.

"God bless her!" he cried—not impiously, I hope; "she has saved Churleigh."

"Alas! too soon had they cheered the victor—that raw-boned plater of which Damer had spoken so scornfully came tearing over the heavy ground, with a thud upon the turf that was like distant thunder, and gained on the graceful Jezebel. There was carthorse blood in him, I believe—nothing thorough-bred could have pounded over the clay like that."

I looked up at Damer. Oh, God, what a white agonised face I saw—fixed and rigid—with the eyes glaring at the winner.

"Good bye, Churleigh," he cried, with a choking sound, that was half laugh, half sob. "That brute has ridden away with my birthplace and my wife. The ring has got the day,

old fellow. There'll be boasting and rejoicing in the tents of Kedar to-night. Come along, old chap. Let's go back to the women and hear their pretty baby-talk about it's being such a splendid race—and, oh, please, which is the Leger, Mr. Damer; is it an epergne or a tankard, and may we go and see it?"

He put his arm in mine and dragged me off, after he had given that feeble cask a kick that sent it spinning into space. This hollow-hearted gaiety which he put on seemed to me very piteous. I think I would rather have seen him cast himself prone upon the turf and weep aloud.

On this last night I had contrived to secure the seat beside him as we drove home, and once more, and in the same spot, I asked him the question I had asked at the end of the first day:

"Well, Hugh?"

"It's all over, dear boy. I am done for."

"Quite ruined, Hugh?"

"Past all possibility of redemption."

"It can't surely be so bad as that," I said;

"let me help you. I am better off than you give me credit for being, I dare say. I can do something at the worst."

"No, no, my dear fellow. Anything you lent me would only be a drop in the ocean. It's like you to make the offer, but it would be letting you in for a loss without doing me any good. I must make the best settlement I can with my creditors, and then —"

He paused, and I waited in vain for the end of that sentence.

"And then what, Hugh?" I asked, anxiously.

"Who knows? Who knows what becomes of all the men who go to the dogs? They go across the seas somewhere, I suppose, and drop out of the knowledge of the circle they have lived in. Anything is better than the chance of being met in Oxford Street by an old acquaintance, out at elbows and with boots that are in themselves a history."

"Then you mean that you will emigrate, Hugh?"

"I mean nothing at present—except to make the best settlement of my debts that I can."

"Hugh Damer, give me your honour as a gentleman that you will do nothing rash."

"Rash! you mean that I mustn't make a sudden end of a worthless life. Don't be afraid, Fred, men have a weak way of clinging to existence, let it be ever so troublesome. Life is a habit, you see, and sometimes a very bad habit, but it's not one of which a man can easily cure himself. I shall go on living, depend upon it, somehow."

"And remember, Hugh, how many men have to face the world without a sixpence, to trust to their own talents alone for success. And you have powers so much above the ruck. You are young enough to begin life again."

"At thirty, Fred, and after living at the rate I have lived, I doubt it. But don't waste any thought upon my future, dear boy—I'm not worth it."

My heart bled for him as we drove up the long avenue leading to Churleigh, and I saw the old Tudor mansion, with its many-shaped windows flashing brightness upon the autumn night. Within there was the glow and warmth of fires, welcome even at this early season. The flash and glitter of rare old glass and silver on the long dining-table, and withal that air of mingled repose and grandeur only to be found to perfection in an old house, where every object has the grace and charm of an age that has gone by.

The Dashwoods, and all the rest of the guests, were to leave next day, but, at Hugh's earnest request, the manufacturer consented to stay till the following Monday morning.

"Let us have one quiet Sunday together," my poor friend pleaded, glancing from George Dashwood to his daughter, who stood a little way apart, watching him, with parted, faintly tremulous lips, and a somewhat richer bloom than usual on her cheeks; "just one quiet Sunday. You see the house has been so full of people that I have really been scarcely able to enjoy your society—and we are something more than ordinary acquaintances. We are friends, are we not? and I should like for us to have just one quiet day together."

"Friends! yes, I should think we are," the manufacturer answered, heartily; "and I hope we shall pass many days together. However, as you make such a point of Sunday, why we'll stay; you don't mind, do you, Laura?"

She shook her head, with a gracious smile, and a still deeper blush, and then bent down to caress a favourite pointer of Hugh's.

"I shall be glad to have a walk round the grounds and a little serious talk with you, Damer!" her father went on. "There are some alterations I think of making, and I should like your opinion about them."

"Alterations!" cried Laura; "surely you wouldn't change anything where all is so perfect."

Hugh gave her a grateful look—only one brief glance, but it expressed a great deal, I thought.

(To be continued.)

The author of "Ginx's Baby" has a new volume ready, entitled *The Clogs: His Rights and Wrongs*.

(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 XXIV—Continued.

Reverting to the bed-chamber on the occasion when Tilda, wife of the silken reins, got up at dead of night—intent on carrying her point, and brought Tommy "soomak to eat," conjoined with other arts all her own. Arts which governed an obstinate, avaricious miser. A man of insatiable greed of appetite, and greed of mind; one of far reaching sagacity; keen perception; measureless cunning. Mr. Inkle having eaten, and returned to bed, spoke:

"That mortgage of Rasper Clynych covers good property. It has been offered Coney's friend for the marriage settlement; but is refused. The establishment must be mine one of those days, now Clynych is dead."

"What mortgage do you mean?"

"Dunderdyke and Willinhurst. They are like to strike oil there; but I've an injunction preventing. Will at once foreclose that mortgage. Then go in for oil."

"It was but yesterday you said Clynych had made a Will, leaving all estate, after the widow's dower, to Lully Lundy, a neighbour. Why was that property mortgaged?"

"Clynych speculated much, and gambled some. He but to have shares in all new projects, and came to me for money. You know what Rasper was in fowd country afore we came away."

"Was that the son of Rasper Clynych of Werneth, as was so grit with Uncle Clegg?"

"Aye, sure. He made a sight of money in Canada, but were given a deal too much to speculating. Anyhow he mortgaged his land; and now it's bound to be mine."

"If that Lully Lundy be sole legatee he may administer and at once pay off the mortgage?"

"He's already administering, greatly to the surprise of the widow, and every one else in Dunderdyke. But I'm not surprised."

"Tommy, darling, you know a sight of people's secrets?"

"Would need to, Tilda. Am like to know a sight of secrets. With three detectives on the track of the bank customers, and detecting one another, Lundy will be allowed to proceed with the fictitious Will, stolen as we believe from Clynych. He may be arrested for stealing the document, or procuring its abduction. He may be arrested for conspiring to forge it. If he defends himself he will come up on a more serious charge; a greatly more serious charge, Tilda."

"Tommy, darling, what may that be?"

"The murder of Rasper Clynych. Sending Clynych and companions into the torrent with purposely broken oars."

"Dear Tommy, what a sight of secrets you do know!"

"The bank of Inkle wouldn't stand long if I didn't know secrets a bit. Well, Tilda, what is it? This isn't winter, you know; why come so close?"

"Tommy! Her own Tommy! Tilda's own dear Tommy! You'll give Captain Coney's friend instruction to insert one hundred thousand dollars in Emily's marriage papers, won't you dear?"

"I see keep to the fifty thousand in cash down, and fifty thousand real property. None could be a better security than that Dunderdyke and Willinhurst estate."

"But the Captain cannot remain in Canada to fight all those people with arrests and trials, proofs of forgery, proofs of murder; besides compelling foreclosure of mortgage. Captain Coney is a gentleman."

"So am I, Tilda, else thou wouldn't be a lady. It would do the Captain good to remain in this country and take to business."

"Willt thou give him a co-partnership?"

"What! in the Bank of Inkle?"

"Yes, in the Bank of Inkle. The Captain's friend informed me that would not be refused."

"Tilda, as well ask me to skin the hide off my body and put Coney into it."

"You're a savage, Tom. Coarse and brutal. There!"

"Ah, well, Tilda, turn thy back, lass. Weather's hot. Thou's turn thy face when winter comes. Thou's face round when something's to be coaxed out of Tommy again."

"Look thee, Tommy, I'm out of bed. Never do I enter it again with Tom Inkle; never. If thou rouses the blood of the Clogs of Oldham in me, Tom, thou's be worried out of thy life. Come out of bed right away, and in black and white with thy name, give in my hand the instruction for Emily's settlement, one hundred thousand dollars cash down."

"And if I don't, thou'll never come in thy bed again?"

"Never, Tom, never."
 "Then stay up, Til. We'll see who tires first. I'm going asleep. Good night."
 "Brute! Killing poor Emily with slow murder, this is. Exposing her to ridicule of town and country, and killing me. Look here, Tom; you talk of Lundy murdering Clync; thou'll be took for murdering thy own flesh and blood. The wife of thy bosom; the daughter we've trained up as a flower—a tender, beautiful flower; beloved by all the world but her father—cruel, hard-hearted father. Hear me, Tom Inkle! I stamp! and tramp! and tramp! I'll tear the house down! The blood of the Cleggs is roused at last. Write that paper!"
 "Tilda! Dear Tilda!"
 "Ah, you're out of bed, eh?"
 "His own Tilda! Dear Tilda! Hand the paper, pen and ink. One hundred thousand dollars, cash down on day of the wedding; there it is."
 "Her own Tommy again. Good old Tom. Get the wedding set at once; next week, no longer. Emily will be so happy to see this in the morning. So happy; and I so glad, glad to have so good a Tommy!"
 "Now, Tilda dear, the weather is hot, go to sleep like a good lass. I must lie awake a while to plan what is to be done about Dunderdyke mortgage."
 The *Ariel* in neat white-gloved terms announced that:
 "One of the fairest of the fair in Conway, sole daughter of her father's house, whose delicate health has more than once rendered postponement of the happy day indispensable, to the destruction almost of the gallant affianced; to the alarm of her family, and gloom of society, is now—we rejoice to publish, knowing town and country will rejoice to read—so fully restored in health as to admit of the marriage being celebrated next week. Thursday, we believe, is appointed. Madame Celestine, with all the resources of her superb establishment, is engaged on the preparations. So are numerous tradesmen in their several departments. Six bridesmaids are chosen, three from Conway, three from other cities, the belles of beautiful Canada."
 "And, pleasing association of ideas! belles of youth and beauty suggest the sweet jangling of the joyous wedding bells. Grand sire Treble Bob Majors, five thousand changes, will be rung nightly all the week by the 'Young Lancashires,' from the tower of our noble High Church; partly in practice for the day of the great event, but chiefly, we may state, in proclamation that an event approaches so pleasing in itself, so honourable to the sons and daughters of old Lancashire, once humbly toiling hand-loom weavers, now possessing territory, wealth, power, highest social distinction in this new country."
 At Niagara Falls Lady Mary Mortimer and party still remained, after excursions to American lake cities, and across Lake Ontario to cities of Canada, in the 'Black Eyed Susan,' Captain Clapper Hayvern's steam yacht. Letters being to hand one morning—three weeks after the events in the torrent and whirlpool—the Duke of Sheerness, addressing his aunt, said:
 "You remember that person from Conway with the showy carriage and liveries, Inkle, she is to have a wedding in her family next week, and invites us."
 "I have a letter of invitation, also; do you think of going, Conrad?"
 "Do they know you are the Mary Ester whom they sent thirty days to gaol for not walking fast on the street?"
 "Don't think they do. In the brief call we made at Conway to see Renshaw about Toby, I did not enter the town. We drove from the Grand Trunk Station, you remember, to Canada Hall hotel, and then back. Don't think any recognised me as Mary Ester. Indeed, Rhoda and Abel Renshaw inform me as a certainty, that none have the least idea that they made a mistake about the slow paces of Mary Ester's walking; which the constable, good, honest, dutiful man! very properly named 'loitering.' I like those Conway people for their sincerity."
 "Would they have called the slow paces 'loitering,' had you been known as Lady Mary Mortimer?"
 "Very likely not. They'd have known that the 'loitering' of Lady Mary Mortimer was harmless. You are illogical, dear Conrad; and hardly pay me the compliment you intended, while suggesting censure on Conway civic government."
 "Pardon, Lady Mary, dear. I ought to have remembered your presence is itself an atmosphere, purifying all who may be privileged near it. Yet this consideration remains: as I understood the matter, Mary Ester came as a servant girl, was offered engagements, but declined the wages proposed, preferring to look around her for a time. Then Conway town, by act of its constables and magistracy, leapt to the conclusion that the stranger was not an honest servant girl, but had come to—loiter."
 "Conrad, they were wiser than she."
 "I don't quite see that. Observe how the logic you exact from me operates now. The name and character of Lady Mortimer, if known, is very properly, to protect her from a constable's suspicion, even though she be a

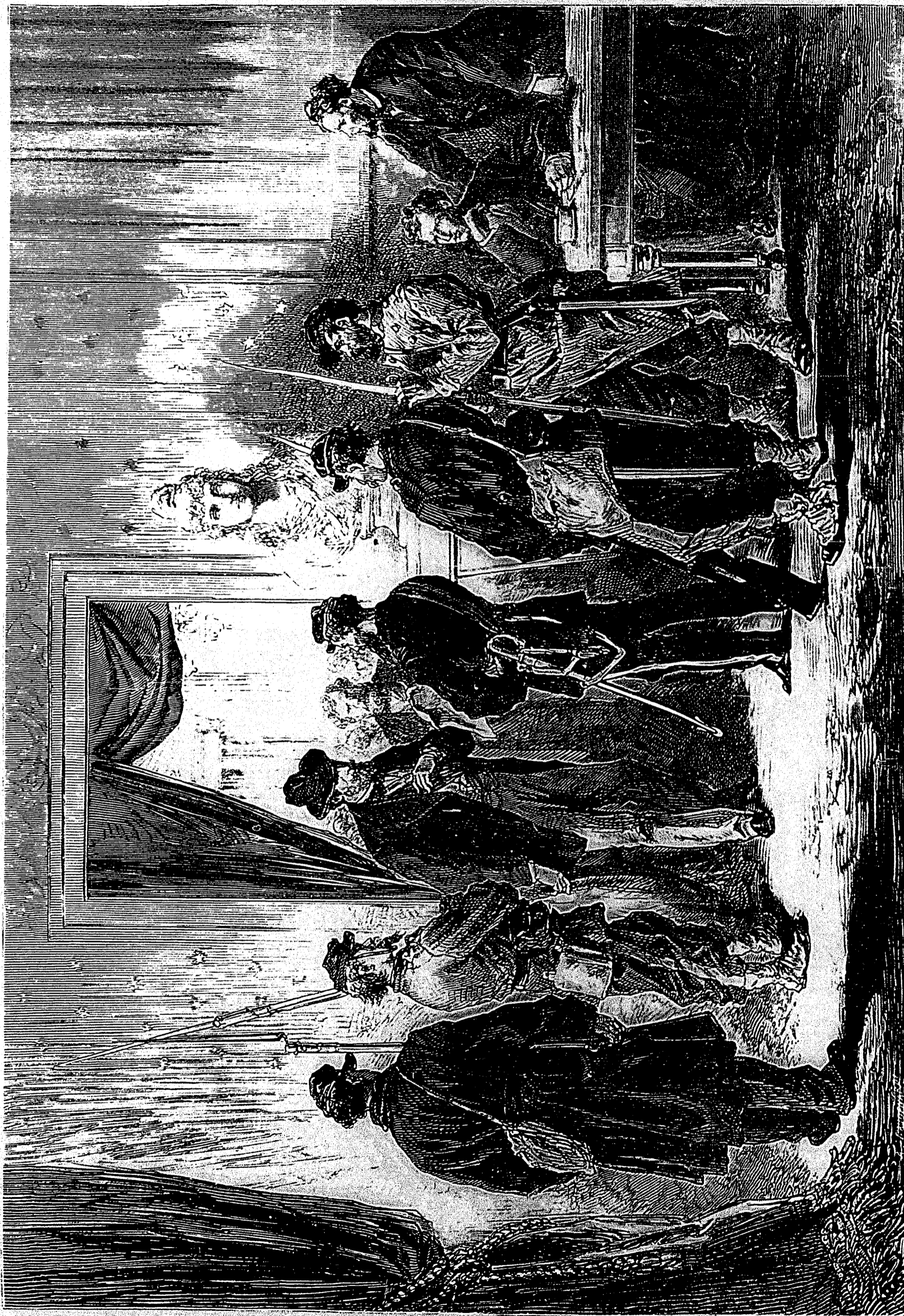
stranger in town. Grant that. Well, why shouldn't the name and character of a newly arrived servant girl protect her?"
 "Conrad, that girl refused service, never intended taking service, but walked about the streets. The fault was hers. They served your dear aunt right."
 "But, Lady Mary, pardon if I suggest this for consideration. Your ladyship is not the only one bearing the proud historic name of Mortimer; have you thought of that?"
 "She is not. And your Grace may recall another Mortimer lately in a position so equivocal as to have been talked of two days ago—as—not the most discreet of gentlemen. Conrad, dear, I think we'd better let the one Mortimer balance the other. There seems likely to be talk of one of them descending from his eminent pinnacle to be very much in the society of the Hon. Stephen Pensyldine, senator of the United States."
 "No descent from a pinnacle there, Lady Mary. The senator is in every respect equal to the Duke of Sheerness. I hardly think your ordinary good sense suggested that remark, my dear aunt."
 "I included the society of the Hon. Mrs. Pensyldine."
 "Nor do I descend there. Mrs. Pensyldine is an estimable woman, as you admit."
 "Well, admitting the senator and lady to possess all those excellencies, which we and others freely accord them, they have daughters."
 "Nice girls, aren't they?"
 "Is there any descent from the pinnacle of the Mortimer there, dear Conrad? I'd have you be very careful in that direction."
 "Why, Mary, you have said a hundred times, since the whirlpool events, that Sylva Pensyldine is one of the most superior girls you ever knew."
 "So she is. I say more; she is charming; so is her mother. The senator is one of the most agreeable, learned, perfect gentlemen ever I met, at home or abroad."
 "That being the case, Mary, what descent from high position can your nephew, Conrad Mortimer, make in prolonging his stay in the senator's society?"
 "Your Grace comprehends what I mean; only, you tease me to be very explicit. There is a void at Mortimer Castle awaiting a Duchess; could that be filled by—?"
 "You'd say Sylva Pensyldine, if I gave you time. I cannot reply as to filling the emptiness at Mortimer Castle. You, dear Lady Mary, will be frankly consulted before that occurs."
 "But don't forget, dear Conrad, the honour of a Mortimer is the honour of a man and Christian; you may, unguardedly, excite in that sweet creature hopes that are to become ashes."
 "Lady Mary, do you go to Conway to the Inkle wedding?"
 "Certainly, if your Grace inclines to be present. Will the Pensyldines go?"
 "If invited, no doubt they will. Or if your ladyship invites them to be of our party they may."
 "Your Grace desires I should?"
 "I told Pensyldine that personally, and as a member of one of the Houses of the British Legislature, the immigrant settlements where industrious people in humble circumstances had made a home, most of them acquiring much wealth in a very short time, presented a subject of study alike attractive and instructive. I proposed and the Senator assented we should take another trip across Ontario lake in the 'Black Eyed Susan,' and see more of those people. Captain Hayvern has placed the steam yacht at our service. No doubt if the Inkle wedding be one of the objects of attraction and we accept the invitations, the Pensyldines may join in the marriage festivities. The bridegroom is a gentleman of Her Majesty's service."
 "So, Conrad, you don't think there is descent from high position in the head of the historic Mortimers attending the marriage of an old handloom weaver's daughter, if only so fortunate as to be accompanied to Conway by the Pensyldines?"
 "Not more of a descent from high position, my beloved relative, than Lady Mary, aunt of the head of the historic Mortimers, 'putting in,' as the story is, a term of thirty days in gaol at Conway, accompanied only by one of the Renshaws."
 "The sooner I appear openly in that place, and have this reproach explained the better, dear nephew. What will the Pensyldines say, if hearing a street mob cry, 'Old Eliquester girl just out of gaol! Mind spoons! Mind pockets!' They should be prepared for such possible occurrence."
 "They know all about it. That was one of the stories told to amuse Sylva in the torrent, second night of our wreck. Only I didn't say Lady Mary Mortimer was my aunt. It was told as one of many instances of remarkable misadventure."
 "Let us to Conway at once. Instruct that delightful, eccentric, noble old hero, Captain Clapper Hayvern, to get 'Black Eyed Susan' in trim for day after to-morrow. If that day suits the Pensyldines it is convenient to me and De Lacy Lillymere; also to Sir Kenneth, I presume, who, with his friends and Captain Pinkerton, remains in my party yet a while."

So they steamed to Conway in Captain Hayvern's yacht, a happy party. Arrived at the Canada Hall they were a happy party. De Lacy Lillymere—Toby Oman no more—young Simon Lud no more, resumed his former inhabitancy of the delightful Poet Corner rooms.
 A description of the wedding does not fall within the scope of these pages at this advanced time, with so much matter of profound importance to occupy the limited space yet remaining.
 All the effects which wealth, splendour, show, grand choral music, ringing of bells, firing of cannon, were capable of producing, gloried around the Inkses, on that day until about three o'clock in the afternoon. Then came a surprise on Conway town.
 Private intelligence reaching the bride's father, sitting at the banquet, he arose asking to be excused an hour. To the alarmed Mrs Inkle he said, in a gasping hurry:
 "Tilda, I must, must! I must drive to Rama right away at gallop. The sales of two lots to me not concluded, and gold found! Privately found as yet. The land may be mine in two hours from now! Must go—must drive at gallop, at gallop!"
 Seeing Inkle drive out of town at a very fast pace in midst of his daughter's wedding festivities, Dr. Inglis inferred an accident as likely. With lancets, lint and plasters he leapt to horse and spurred and galloped also, up the road to Rama. The apothecary, I forget his name, who was setting up against the doctor, got to horse and rode too.
 Soon people on foot set out walking and running. They in the church tower ringing peals of wedding clamour bells, were told all the town had run; they might stop. Looking from the tower they beheld riders, runners, wheeled carriages issuing from every street, and shooting away in clouds of dust. Captain Clapper Hayvern in sailor's gala dress rode past at almost a gallop. And so went several thousands.
 But the wedding company remained. They were in large part military gentlemen who would have remained quiescent had it been an earthquake—probably. Or a bombardment—if ordered.
 They remained unmoved, but not unamused at what was going on. It was the commencement of a great, but not the greatest gold rush! And you may be pleased to know that the nuggets—large, true nuggets of pure gold, were found by that scientific, poetical, loved and lovely Anna Liffey, of the Rama school teacher. The young lady of geology with the curling, flowing, sloe black hair.
 Mr. Inkle returned home, resuming his place as father of the bride in the various remaining festivities. So radiant, cheerful, jocular, fluent, you would have almost thought him beneficent. Even Tilda glowed more radiantly than in the morning, if that were possible. Another triumph had attended the house of Inkle with its renown and its profits.
 "A lesson of life to you, gentlemen," cried the banker rising to his feet. "Had I not made every earthly concern subordinate to business, none of you would have been here to-day at the marriage of a rich man's daughter. Had I not left you as I did and driven at a gallop nine miles out, I'd not have been the legal proprietor of two lots of land of two hundred acres each, where one private person unknown to all else but to me and my detective, is taking out nuggets of pure gold. All that land and its gold is mine now. I'll sell claims of quarter acres at a profit of a hundred thousand per cent, or thereabout. That is the kind of day's work Captain Coney's father-in-law does at a pinch! Couldn't have done that had I stayed at home at Owdham, Lancashire! Oo knows that; don't thee, Tilda!"

CHAPTER XXV.

NAME OF THE DRESS OF THE SKELETON—AGNES SCHOOLAR, WHO WAS AGNES SCHOOLAR? BURN IT—TAKE CARE! BURN THE BANK WOULD BE ———— HARK! ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR! ONE, TWO, THREE! BOX FORTY-THREE, INKLE'S BANK—FORTY-THREE, INKLE'S BANK AFIRE!
 LADY MARY MORTIMER, the Duke, the Pensyldines, and other select American families travelling with them, drove to the High Church, occupying by invitation the Rector's, Churchwarden's, and two adjoining pews. That far they countenanced the Coney-Inkle marriage, but did not otherwise share in any matter related thereto.
 De Lacy Lillymere—hitherto known as Toby—declined being present to see Emily made the wife of another man. This Lady Mary approved on knowing some of the reasons. That the affair had terminated thus she pronounced one of the happiest occurrences which could befall. For which reason, too, her ladyship could not personally attend the Inkle festivities; an absence that guided the rest of the party, except the General. Sir Kenneth remained away because he disapproved of young officers of the line pursuing matrimonial alliances as the chief aim of army life. Yet he preferred they should marry rather than flirt, break hearts, be wicked.
 It was alleged that Sir Kenneth, being an

old East India war-battered veteran, had no sentiment; and had said a soldier ought to care for no woman but a mother, a sister, and Her Majesty the Queen. I doubt if not care for were the words really used.
 In a remote glen of the Scottish Highlands his own aged mother and elderly maiden sister lived, made glad for many years past out of his affection and army pay; which may have been a reason why he had not married.
 But had he never loved? The man who dutifully sustained his mother's grey hairs in honour, and gave his sister gladness, was capable of all the other tender sympathies. I think the solution of Sir Kenneth Claymore's disapproval of army matchmaking lay in his very tenderness for woman; who, if dowered with beauty only, was sprung at by tigers. If dowered with money without beauty, was exposed to monkeys. If with beauty and money, was courted by a crowd; having one chance of a good fellow, to about three the other way.
 Howsoever it may have been with the veteran, Lady Mary Mortimer esteemed Sir Kenneth very much. She thought it exceptionally good, that from his slender army pay he lived honoured in the service, and maintained in competence his mother and sister. For which sympathy, coming so sweetly from Lady Mary, the General perhaps oversteaid the military leave he had granted himself. To make the best return in his power, and all in the way of good service, too, a grand field day and s'm fight was promised to come off at Logan's Farm, when her ladyship, the Duke, the Hon. Stephen Pensyldine and American friends visited Montreal.
 And there was talk of Lady Mary or the Duke of Sheerness giving a *fete*. Or the staff officers giving one in honour of the Duke. The latter was the accepted idea, as several young Peers, Commoners, and ladies were expected from England by next ocean steamer to congratulate Conrad Mortimer on his escape from the astounding catastrophe, "Over Niagara Falls." That having been the story as it first crossed the Atlantic. The congratulations would no doubt include Captain Pinkerton. But the Captain was not head of an ancient noble house, with good estate unencumbered. He was only an army officer, possessing three or four hundred pounds a year more than his pay and field allowances.
 With news of such passengers of rank, youth, beauty on the ocean, soon to land at Montreal—some of them, and at New York others—no wonder if *ettes* were talked of, and reviews at Logan's Farm. Small wonder, too, if the Duke of Sheerness felt embarrassed and Sylva Pensyldine looked sad.
 De Lacy Lillymere, I said, declined going to church to be present at the Coney-Inkle marriage. He remained at the hotel engaged on his manuscripts; either poem, novel, or travels; for the three worked alternately in the alembic of his brain. Taking into account his youth, fervent temperament, personal fortunes, recent relations with the bride, it is likely he was at the poem. The grandeur of its stanza suited the occasion and his present mood of thought.
 When the marriage service terminated Lady Mary hastened from church to rejoin her fondling, to be either with him, or within half a minute of time from his room. The precious lost one she had yearned to find, and had found, could not be yet hazarded out of sight more than a very short time.
 Captain Coney and bride departed towards evening by Grand Trunk train, in one of the luxurious drawing-room cars, comprising a bridal-chamber. They were bound first for River du Loup; then to live the delectable time at Chateau St. John, on shore of the Lower St. Lawrence.
 They went a happy pair: not alone by courtesy so termed, but really happy; Emily forgetting Toby as if he had never existed, and properly too; clinging to her own handsome, gallant, loving, lawful husband.
 To them the world, from the day of creation until that day, had been only preliminary. Now, it came bounding out of its childhood into fullness of time, and almost more than fullness of bloom and beauty and joy. So happy, so happy! They would never be old.
 Out of eternity that day had been growing and had grown. It filled the whole scope of vision and thought from centre to horizon with a golden prosperity. It gilded with gold any misery left, if such a thing as misery were left. Enriching all the earth and them with the glory of perpetual youth. So happy, so happy! They would never be old.
 Until that day the universe had been incomplete. Now, all things culminated in the Coney-Inkle marriage, and attendant splendour of brilliant abounding fortune. So happy, so happy! They would never be old.
 One of their enjoyments did excel in marvellous circumstance all that bride and bridegroom, except a very few Americans, had ever known since the world began. Not as an illusion of vision, or feeling, or fancy; but as a fact in conditions of locomotion.
 That day, it happened, that one of the progressive advances in passenger cars on the Canada Grand Trunk Railway was completed, excelling in sumptuous attraction any preceding railway coaches. And this happy pair were the first to occupy the nuptial chamber.



THE LATE CIVIL WAR.—ARREST OF GENERAL CLUSERET.—SEE PAGE 19.



THE LATE CIVIL WAR—REFUGEES FROM NEULLY ENTERING PARIS.—SEE PAGE 19.

In that superb boudoir the bride beheld herself reflected on every side in panels of richly set crystal; the framings of choicest furniture woods. On the vaulted roof were figures of beauty winged; illumined through the lateral clerestory by the glowing sun; or lighted at night from radiating lustres softened by applied science.

Her toilet tables near, she rested amid silken cushions, fairest damasks, richest and rarest curtains of gossamer.

Burnished silver and marble fountains gushed at her will, offering fragrant essences, or cooling refreshment.

All that science and refined taste could devise were there, soothing the senses, solacing the mind, promoting luxurious ease.

And the bride, awaiting there the coming in of the bridegroom, was aware of this gorgeous chamber shooting through space; running, running, flying, flying, flying; shooting through the hours of the wedding-day and night; over plains, through severed hills; over rivers, streets, gardens; hurrying on, whirling on; running and flying; love flying too, in chase of the senses it is ever losing.

And so they reached River du Loup, then drove to the Chateau St. John.

Young Tom Inkle, stepping from the bank a few minutes to the adjoining residence for consultation with his mother on the day following Emily's wedding, a day of excessive activity in finance, owing to the Rama gold rush, cried:

"Mother, what is the use of those two niggers, anyhow? I called Moss to ride an errand for me to Dicky Rickaby's, he couldn't go. I called Brand, he wouldn't go. What earthly object do you keep them for?"

"Mr. Thomas," replied the mother, in a tone of high state, still surviving since yesterday; "Demosthenes was then engaged on my affairs, therefore could not undertake yours. Hildebrand did not undertake your affairs because I permitted him to decline. You, sir, have an independent income; and should engage and remunerate servants for your own business."

"The young black beggars! I wanted to see Dicky Rickaby, and had none else to send. What would it have mattered, mother, had Moss saddled Stiltler and rode over to Second Concession, Lot Four? It is but two miles."

"Thomas, when my servant Hildebrand was last at Lot Four on a message to the medical student Dickenson Rickaby, who is living there because every boarding-house in town casts him out, the youth was made to suffer greatly. So alarmed by the medical student's misconduct as to return home insane, and remain partially insane a week! For that ill-usage of Hildebrand, I declined to permit Demosthenes to ride there to-day; as no inducement will ever again compel Hildebrand to step within that threshold so long as Dickenson Rickaby remains a boarder."

"For which reason, mother, I was desirous Moss should go and behold what Brand alleges Rickaby showed him. 'T would do the cuss of a nigger good."

"It might deprive me of the services of a faithfully attached page. That ends the matter, Thomas. Neither of my coloured servants can undertake to transact your affairs at Lot Four, Second Concession."

"Very well, mother, send the table maid, Betty."

"Betty shall not go, sir. The young woman was there once already, and returned home almost beside herself with fright."

"Yes? Never heard of that. Send Lingly, your maid."

"My own maid running your messages! Tom, you're going mad!"

"Mother, I only jested about Lingly; but send some one, please. We've a rush of people at the bank to-day seeking money to go in joint stock mining ventures, or to buy crushing machinery. And seeking information about price of nuggets and gold dust. Father he's away arranging mining lots and agencies; and I want to see Dicky Rickaby, bad."

"Tom, thou aren't agoing to discount for Rickaby, or lend small cash, I hope? Thy father'd brain thee if thou did."

"Don't you fear, mother. Father's son and yours, Tom Inkle is his name, is a child not likely to fool money out of hand by lending small cash to Dicky Rickaby; far less by discounting his paper. But I want him over here; and don't wish everybody on the street to know I sent for him. Let me see; who can we get? Old John Tush, couldn't you send him? Make a pretence of sending Tush to Lot Four on some of your affairs, and give my written message to deliver at the same time."

"Tom, thou'rt fooling thy mother. Those are the people, one after another, who will not approach that house while it contains the medical student lad, Dickenson Rickaby. It was poor old Tush who, by permission lying a night in the barn, saw the thing rise on the floor. He came to hospital delirious. Thou'd as soon get Johnny Tush, poor man, to climb th'high church tower, and leap o' top o' t' vestry as go message to Dickenson Rickaby."

"Mother, a minute since you talked high banker's wife English, and now you're at old Lancashire. Guess I'll be like to let Rickaby

alone till after father comes back. But one thing before I return to the bank, mother dear; say not a word to any visitor about your servants having been scared by the young doctor; nor let a hint fall to any of the servants that I know of the frightful thing alleged to be secreted at Rickaby's."

"Tell me what it is, Tom; that's a good son."

"Cannot, mother; don't know; daren't if I did know."

"Ah, me! what secrets of other people my husband and son do have a hold on! Hope some haven't got secrets of theirs of a like kind."

"Why, mother, our business couldn't go on if we didn't know everybody's mysteries. Not like as if we were a bank of issue as the chartered institutions; wish we were, and hope soon to be; but this being a business of discounting paper, and advancing on mortgage, it's fearfully hazardous, though profitable, and we're bound to know everybody's secrets. How else would father accumulate? How else retain? I'll hint this much of the Rickaby affair—quite an innocent thing in itself: it may assist your son to retain in safe keeping the treasure father is fast accumulating, and those gold nuggets now likely to flow in. That being its object, guess you'll be content, and remain silent, mother."

"A shooting machine, I'd bet my life. Is it something to kill burglars, Tommy, my son?"

"A machine of that sort, mother; you bet."

They parted. When alone Tom Inkle threw himself in the office chair and laughed. Not the hearty ha! ha! of humour and candour; but the smaller he! he! of a man who had outwitted some one, getting to know what he wanted, his immediate motive unsuspected.

Not that Tom was so bad a fellow as deceive his mother in any really serious matter. He loved his mother; sharing her impulsive nature largely; but he also inherited avarice and cunning from the other side. He had just now, for a personal object, desired to ascertain to what extent the two negro youths and other servants had been frightened at seeing a human skeleton.

Young Inkle knew where and how to find Dicky Rickaby well enough. In the evening he rode to Steelyard's Mills, a village two miles away not long since; now a suburb of the wondrously progressive town of Conway. In the Steelyard's Arms Hotel they met.

"So you think of going to the States, Dicky?"

"Think so; unless there be truth about gold digging at the Ramasine hills. I might go dig, but fear it is a got-up thing to sell mining lots."

"They who have auriferous lots to sell don't get up that sort of thing or any other, Mr. Rickaby."

"No? Thought everybody speculated in a 'good thing' if they could. Hope it is true the Rama Corners school teacher, Anna Liffey, got a basketful of nuggets. Intend trying in there before I'm much older."

"You'd better not; Anna's engaged."

"You interested there, Mr. Inkle?"

"Rather. Anyhow Anna's not open to advances from you, Dicky. Now, what do you want to see me about?"

"Mr. Inkle, my remittances have failed coming regularly of late, and I'm cleaned."

"Oh, but this is not business! You know I don't lend; have no cash of my own whatever. Thought it was another subject."

"Another 'subject,' Tom! You are funny. But this is not fun. Wish I had not had a hand in getting that 'subject' all the bother was about; it has ruined me for the next two years."

"Thought the affair was settled."

"Yes, settled in a manner. The school escaping, and poor Dicky bearing all blame and costs. Won't you help a poor fellow out of the scrape, Tom?"

"You know I'm prohibited by the most stringent articles of agreement with Mr. Inkle, my father, our sole manager, from lending cash. To lend a dollar, even, vitiates my partnership. Couldn't do it."

"I want to raise two hundred dollars some way."

"Couldn't do it. Durstn't do it, Dicky. Very sorry, but couldn't do it."

"What are two hundred dollars to you, Tom, considering our friendship and the time we've known one another? Might sell this watch and chain, certainly, but get them from my poor mother dead and gone, so cannot do that. And the diamond ring from my sister now in California, couldn't part with that?"

"Have you no medical apparatus, surgeon's instruments, books, or other properties of a student suitable for some one buying such?"

"Nothing I'd like to part with; and nothing you'd buy, Mr. Inkle."

"Buy! I'm not a broker; I buy nothing. Yet, perhaps, in this matter might speak to a person I know, to oblige you."

"Well, that's so far kind of you, Tom; only what have I to sell? There is the 'thing,' but in its present condition a non-scientist would only see a boxful of bones. I did arrange it in a manner, but imperfectly. Some

gaping idiots got sight of the figure when once or twice I showed it with lights inside; skeleton partially dressed in female attire. They made such outcry, and my landlady raved at me to such degree that I was obliged to put the whole thing in a packing case; the clothing on top to conceal the bones. Thought of sending it to the States, but the American Customs might seize it, and perhaps the police come after me. Then we'd have another trouble. Confound the thing! Wish I'd never seen that 'subject'

"No flesh on the bones? or cartilage? or anything to smell?"

"No, sir. All clean and polished, and could be easily put together, a perfect skeleton."

"Female, aint it?"

"Yes, young woman."

"Who was she?"

"Nobody knows. Died in hospital, some say. We didn't get it there. And what is more, didn't resurrect it."

"But somebody did?"

"Yes, somebody did. We paid two hundred dollars; the money advanced by me, and now I'm as usual left to face all comers; and that 'stiffest of all subjects' debt."

"Say? You spoke of having dressed it in female garments; not the grave clothes?"

"It had no grave clothes, so far as I ever saw. A party of us were at the 'comers' on an out. I made bold to go have a glimpse of Anna Liffey, whom we'd heard so much of. She was shy; but introducing myself as a Medico she relaxed, intimating that one near and dear to her was a medical student; I didn't get his name. He lived far from there, she said. Splendid girl that school governess! What reach of thought! What purity and force of style! If that lady of science has really tapped a mine of gold in the Ramasine Hills, what a confluence of treasures!"

"But the 'thing,' you were explaining about dressing it to appear in semblance of some one."

"Was I? Perhaps. My mind wanders when the image of Anna comes again in view. Were I in your boots, Tom, which seem to make everything gold they tread on, I'd away to the flowery bowers of Anna, and never leave Rama Corners but with her as my bride."

"What! Take her from the medical student fellow?"

"Aye, from any man living."

"Hah, h'm! h'm! Finish about that other affair; talk of Miss Liffey afterwards, if you must prate of her."

"Beg pardon, Mr. Inkle; forgot you may have an eye there yourself, now she's found gold. What was it? Something we did, or said to her; I did or said; ah, yes, this was it. We had just that day got the unfortunate thing, the 'subject,' I mean; and were, in fact, 'slewed some,' else wouldn't have been driving to the Corners; nor I intruding on privacy of Anna Liffey. I mentioned to her having under professional charge in town an unfortunate friendless lady of fallen fortunes, who, by accident, had lost her clothing, and was, in fact, destitute, as well as requiring medical treatment."

"You rascal! What did she say?"

"Not one word; but rose, went to her wardrobe, selected underclothing, a dress and shawl, brought them nicely done up in a parcel, gave the bundle in my hand, saying, it was kind of me to take medical charge of the unfortunate stranger. If any way near her size the clothes might suit; she could spare them. Hoped the poor creature would be kindly treated, and soon be well."

"What did you do?"

"Tom, I felt at that moment of imposture, in presence of that pure angelic being, as if the earth would open and bury me alive."

"Should have opened, you mean?"

"Yes, should have opened and swallowed me in; a hateful monster, from presence of that gracious impersonation of all that is good, great, and beautiful in woman."

"You brought away the clothes?"

[To be continued.]

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GENTLEMEN WILL FIND A FIRST-CLASS STOCK AT
S. GOLTMAN AND CO'S,
132, ST. JAMES STREET,
N. B.—A large assortment of Silk-Lined Spring Overcoats in all Shades always on hand. 26

To the Public.

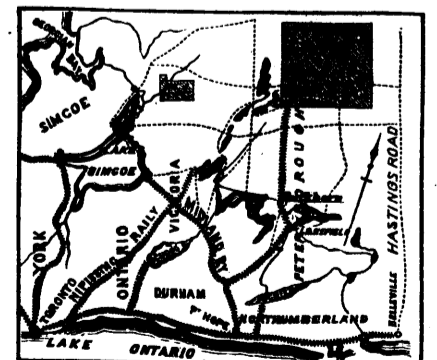
708 THE ROYAL 708
CRAIG ST. STEAM DYE WORKS. CRAIG ST.

IS THE PLACE where Ladies' Silk Dresses, VELVET and CLOTH JACKETS, CLOAKS, and GENTS' SUITS can be DYED or Cleaned without being taken apart. PRINTING on SILKS, &c. FEATHERS cleaned or dyed. KID GLOVES cleaned for 10c. per pair. WHOLE PIECES of CLOTHS, Woollen or Cotton, RIBBONS and DAMASKS, DYED on reasonable terms. Orders from the country promptly attended to. All work GUARANTEED.

OFFICE: 708 CRAIG STREET, near St. Patrick's Hall. FACTORY: 2034 FORTIFICATION LANE. MERSEBACH & CO.

SEND FOR PRICE LIST.

N.B.—The samples of our Mr. MERSEBACH were awarded the FIRST PRIZE at the EXHIBITION last year. (No connection with the Dominion.) 3-151



THE CANADIAN LAND AND EMIGRATION COMPANY

Sell on favourable terms good FARM LANDS

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PETERBOROUGH, ONTARIO.

Apply to C. J. BLOMFIELD, Manager, Peterborough; or, to T. W. COLLINS, Secretary, 28 Great St. Helon's, Bishopsgate Street, E.C., London, Eng.

3-15-1f

THE DOMINION TELEGRAPH INSTITUTE,
89 ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL, P.Q.

GEORGE E. DESBARATS,
Proprietor.

Established for the purpose of qualifying Operators for the new Telegraph Lines now budding throughout the Dominion and the United States.

This Institution having been established three years, may now be considered a permanent College. Its rapid growth and prosperity are due to the demand for the Telegraph community, and the great success which has attended the Proprietor in due supply to the able manner in which the system has been conveyed to the Pupils by the Professors attached to the Institute.

The rapid development and usefulness of the Electric Telegraph, and the consequent ever-increasing demand for First-Class Operators renders the opening of Colleges for instruction a positive necessity. Telegraphic Superintendents view this movement as one made in the right direction. Commercial Colleges have, to some extent, assumed the responsibility of teaching in this, as well as in other branches of business education. The knowledge of Telegraphy gained in this manner has always been looked upon as being of second rate. So much so that the Colleges in Chicago, Milwaukee, Buffalo, New York, &c., have discontinued the practice of Teaching, and recommend the Telegraph Institute as the proper place to acquire this highly interesting, scientific and profitable art.

The prospects for Young Men and Ladies to study the system of Telegraphy could not be better than at present, and we call upon all who wish to engage in a pleasant and lucrative employment to qualify themselves as Operators on the Lines of Telegraphy. Graduates on leaving the Institute are presented with a diploma of proficiency, which will enable them to act immediately as vacancies occur throughout the Dominion of Canada and the United States. At first salaries of \$30 a month may be secured; after two years' experience on the lines, from \$50 to \$80 a month can be commanded; while in the United States from \$100 to \$120 per month are paid.

The possession of a knowledge of Telegraphy is especially open to Ladies; in fact, they are the favorite operators both in England and America, commanding higher wages, as compared with other employments, than men, while they have the natural facility of acquiring the system sooner. A fair knowledge of reading and writing are the only qualifications necessary, and any person of ordinary ability can become a competent operator. This has been proved by graduates who, with a very slight education and no idea of the *modus operandi* of Telegraphy on entering, have become good operators in a few months. Students have also an opportunity of learning rapid writing. Some of our students who could but hardly write their names now take down a message at the rate of from 25 to 30 words a minute.

THE DUTIES OF AN OPERATOR.

There is no trade or profession which requires so small an amount of labour, and at the same time where the employee has the same amount of freedom and independence, being at all times master of the instrument over which he presides, generally in an office by themselves, without either foreman or master, merely to take and despatch messages. The usual hours of attendance required is from 10 to 12 hours per day, less the usual hours for meals. Operators are not required to work on Sundays. The Institute is fitted up in a most complete and practical manner, with all the usual fixtures, &c., of a regular Telegraph office on a large scale. Messages of every description, Train news, arrivals and departures, Market Reports and Cable messages are sent and received, as daily practised on the lines. Individual instruction is given to each pupil, according to capacity of learning the science. Neither pains nor expense are spared to qualify the students for important offices, in the shortest possible time. Students may commence their studies at any time, and continue at the College until they are proficient operators, without any further charge. There are no vacations. Hours of attendance, from 9 a.m. to noon, and from 1:30 to 6 p.m. The time occupied in learning averages fifteen weeks; but this, of course, depends principally on the capacity of the pupil for instruction. Some pupils who are now on the lines completed their course of study in from five to eight weeks.

The terms for the full course of instruction is Thirty Dollars. There are no extra expenses, as all necessary materials, instruments, &c., are furnished to each student.

GEORGE E. DESBARATS,
Proprietor.

Montreal, June, 1871.



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

Just received--
SPRING MANTLES,
SPRING & SUMMER SHAWLS,
NEW SILKS,
NEW POPLINS,
NEW DRESS GOODS,
A new and complete assortment of
MOURNING GOODS.

BROWN & CLAGETT,
CORNER NOTRE DAME AND ST. HELEN
STREETS. 3-2041

PIANOS & PIANO STOOLS.

Now in Stock, a great variety of Piano Stools of the newest designs, in round, square, Ottoman and Portfolio. Also, Rosewood and Black Walnut Piano-fortes, 7 octaves, at \$275 each, previously advertised to a low price.

A few Piano-fortes and Organs to rent.
NEW YORK & BOSTON PIANO-FORTE CO'S
WAREHOUSES,
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MOUNT ROYAL GROCERY.

McDONELL BROTHERS,
Family Grocers.

HAVE to announce that they have lately entered into that old established Business Stand, (lately occupied by A. L'Épérance), No. 159 St. ANTOINE STREET, corner of BISSON STREET, where they always purpose keeping up a fresh and well selected Stock of GENERAL GROCERIES, consisting of the finest imported TEAS, COFFEES, SUGARS, Superior CURED HAMS and BACON, Fresh and Salt BUTTER, First-Class WINES and other LIQUORS, &c., &c.

BOTTLED ALES from best Brewers.
All Goods Sold at the Lowest Possible Prices.
Goods delivered to all parts of the City Free of Charge.

Please note the Address,
159 ST. ANTOINE STREET.
4-111

GRAY'S SYRUP OF RED SPRUCE GUM.

A BONA-FIDE PREPARATION OF THE RED SPRUCE GUM.
For Coughs, Colds, and for giving tone to the vocal organs when relaxed, as well as a palliative of remarkable power in pulmonary disease.

The Red Spruce Gum has always been held in the highest esteem in this country for the relief and cure of Chest complaints. It is now offered to the public in the form of a delicious and scientifically PREPARED SYRUP.

PREPARED BY
HENRY R. GRAY,
Dispensing Chemist,
MONTREAL.

For sale at all Drug Stores in the Dominion.
Price, 25 cents.
Druggists can be supplied from any of the Wholesale Houses. 3-257

TWO ORIGINAL CASES

VERY FINE
HONEYCOMB SPONGE.
JUST RECEIVED FROM THE
MEDITERRANEAN.
ALSO,

SAARG'S TRANSPARENT GLYCERINE SOAP.
In Packets, Capsules and Liquid.

ALSO,
PERFUMED GLYCERINE
AT THE
MEDICAL HALL, ST. JAMES STREET.
AND
BRANCH, PHILLIP'S SQUARE. 3-24-6

CLARET,
SAUTERNES,
BARSAC,
CHARLIS,
CHATEAU YQUEM.

Chateau Margaux.
Chateau Latite.
Chateau Loubou.
Chateau Langeau.
Leoville.
Batallieu.
Mouton.
Larose.
St. Julien.
Medoc.
St. Loubes.

Very Superior.
Haut Sauterne.
Sauterne.
Barsac.
Charlis.
Laturou Blanche.
White Graves.

Also Cases of the above WINES just to hand from the celebrated Houses of BARRON & GOSWICK and NATHL. JOHNSON & SONS, Bordeaux.

4-111 **ALEX. MCGIBBON.**
F RANK B. STREET,
GENTS' HOSIER AND HABERDASHER.
No. 27 St. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL.
(Opposite the Ottawa Hotel.)

Manufacturer and Importer of all kinds of
SHIRTS, COLLARS, CUFFS,
SCARFS, TIES, UMBRELLAS,
BRACES, GLOVES, HANKERS,
CHIEFS, &c.
Shirts, Collars and Cuffs made to order. 3-2117

"**BEST IN USE.**"

THE COOK'S FRIEND

BAKING POWDER
IS THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE.
IT NEVER DISAPPOINTS.

FOR SALE BY ALL GROCERS. 3-1511

HELLEBORE! HELLEBORE!

For the destruction of Caterpillars on Cabbage Plants, Gooseberry and Currant Bushes, &c., &c.
CARBOLIC ACID, SOAP, & POWDER.
For Toilet, Disinfecting, and other purposes.

SODA WATER--Cold as Ice, combined with pure Syrups, drawn from the Arctic Fountain.

BRUSHES--Hair, Tooth, Nail, Cloth, Shaving, and Flesh Brushes, Dressing and Fine Tooth Combs, Sponges, Cologne, &c.

JAMES GOULDEN,
175 St. Lawrence St.; Branch, 363 St. Catherine St.,
MONTREAL. 3-24-11

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,
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TRAVELLERS' DIRECTORY.

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

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

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OTTAWA.
THE RUSSELL HOUSE..... JAMES GOULD.

PORT ELGIN, ONT.
NORTH AMERICAN HOTEL..... Wm. ALLEN,
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THE CLARENDON.....

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EXCHANGE HOTEL..... W. LONG.

TORONTO.
THE ROSSIN HOUSE..... G. P. SHEARS,
Lessee and Manager.
THE QUEEN'S HOTEL..... CAPT. THOS. DICK.



GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY OF CANADA.

Improved Service of Trains for the Summer of 1871

GREAT ACCELERATION OF SPEED.

NEW CARS ON ALL EXPRESS TRAINS.

TRAINS now leave Montreal as follows:--

GOING WEST.

Day Express for Ogdensburgh, Ottawa, Brockville, Kingston, Belleville, Toronto, Guelph, London, Brantford, Goderich, Buffalo, Detroit, Chicago, and all points West at..... 9.00 a. m.

Night do. do. at..... 10.00 p. m.

Mail Train for Kingston, Toronto and intermediate stations..... 6.00 a. m.

Accommodation Train for Brockville and intermediate stations at..... 5.00 p. m.

Mixed do. do. at..... 11.00 a. m.

Trains for Lachine at 7.00 a. m., 9.00 a. m., 12 noon, 3.00 p. m., 5.00 p. m., and 6.15 p. m. The 3.00 p. m. Train runs through to Province line.

GOING SOUTH AND EAST.

Accommodation Train for Island Pond and intermediate stations at..... 7.00 a. m.

Express Train for Richmond, Quebec, and Riviere du Loup at..... 8.30 p. m.

Express for Boston via Vermont Central at 9.00 a. m.

Express for New York and Boston, via Vermont Central at..... 3.15 p. m.

Express for New York, via Rouse's Point and Lake Champlain Steamers, at..... 4.00 p. m.

Mail Train for Island Pond, Portland and Boston, at..... 2.00 p. m.

Night Express for Quebec, Island Pond, Gorham, and Portland, and the Lower Provinces, stopping between Montreal and Island Pond at St. Hilaire, St. Hyacinthe, Upper Acton, Richmond, Sherbrooke, Lennoxville, Compton, Coatesville, and North Mills, only, at 10.30 p. m.

Pullman's Palace Parlour and Sleeping Cars on all day and night trains. Baggage checked through.

As the punctuality of the Trains depends on connections with other Lines, the Company will not be responsible for Trains not arriving or leaving any station at the hours named.

The Steamers "Carlotta" and "Chase" will leave Portland for Halifax, N. S., every Saturday after noon at 4.00 p. m. They have excellent accommodations for Passengers and Freight.

The Steamer "Linda" leaves Portland for Yarmouth, N. S., every Saturday, at 6 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., for St. John, N. B., &c.

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. 29 Great St. James Street.

C. J. BRYDGES,
Managing Director.
Montreal, June 5, 1871. 3-21-11

USE ONLY THE GLENFIELD STARCH,

EXCLUSIVELY USED IN THE ROYAL LAUNDRY OF ENGLAND, and in that of His Excellency THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA. 1871

MONTREAL BUSINESS HOUSES.

DYERS AND SOOURERS.

FIRST PRIZE Diplomas awarded to T. PARKER, 44, St. Joseph Street, near McGill, Montreal. 3-677

GLASS, OILS, VARNISHES, &c.

A. RAMSAY & SON, Glass, Oil, Colour, and Varnish Importers from first-class Manufacturers in Germany, France and Great Britain. 37, 39, and 41 Recollet Street. 161f

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

G. A. GAGNON, 360 Notre Dame Street. 2-26-zz

HATTERS AND FURBIERS.

JOHN HENDERSON & CO., 283 Notre Dame Street. 2-27zz

HAVANA CIGAR DEPOT.

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

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

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

MANUFACTURING AND WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS.

LYMANS, CLARE & CO., [ESTABLISHED 1831] WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS. MANUFACTURERS OF LINSEED OIL. IMPORTERS OF FOREIGN DRUGS. PAINTERS' COLOURS, OILS AND DYE STUFFS. 382, 384 and 386 ST. PAUL STREET. 2-24-z

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JAMES SUTHERLAND, PAPER MAKER, WHOLESALE STATIONER, AND ACCOUNT BOOK MANUFACTURER. 160 and 162 St. James Street. 111f

MERCHANT TAILOR.

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

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

WATCHMAKERS & JEWELLERS.

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

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

LASH & COMPANY, successors to J. G. JOSEPH & Co.'s Retail Business, KING STREET, TORONTO. 3-22zz

CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT. Ottawa, 27th May, 1871.

Authorized discount on American Invoices until further notice: 10 per cent.

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



SEALED TENDERS will be received at this Office until WEDNESDAY, the 26th day of JULY next, at Noon, for the supply of 200 tons of GRATE COAL, (2,000 lbs. per ton) to be delivered at Ottawa.

For particulars apply to the undersigned, By Order, **F. BRAUN,** Secretary.

DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC WORKS, Ottawa, 22nd June, 1871. 3-25z

"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.

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THE CARCASE AND THE EAGLES.



From "Punch."

SPECIAL ATTENTION IS INVITED TO
Our choicely assorted stock of
NEW DRESS GOODS.
KID GLOVES.
AND FANCY GOODS.
JUST RECEIVED.
An Inspection is invited.
ALEXANDER WATSON & Co.,
426 & 428 NOTRE DAME STREET. 3-15-1f

W. M. BOWIE,
Importer of
HOSIERY, GLOVES, & HABERDASHERY,
ALSO,
MANUFACTURER OF
SHIRTS, COLLARS, TIES, &c.,
No. 155, ST. JAMES STREET,
(Next to Wesleyan Church)
MONTREAL. 3-21-1f

**The St. Lawrence and Ottawa
Railway**
FROM PRESCOTT TO THE CAPITAL.
*The Shortest and Best Route from Montreal and
all Points East to Ottawa.*
ASK FOR TICKETS BY PRESCOTT JUNCTION.
Summer Arrangement, 1871.

ON and after MONDAY, the 5th JUNE,
1871, four Passenger Trains will run daily on
this Line, making CERTAIN CONNECTIONS with
those on the GRAND TRUNK, the VERMONT
CENTRAL, and the ROME and WATERTOWN
RAILWAYS, and with the Steamers of the ROYAL
MAIL LINE, for all points East, West and South.
COMFORTABLE SOFA CARS
On the Train connecting with the Grand Trunk Night
Expresses by which Passengers leaving Montreal and
Toronto in the Evening will reach Ottawa at 6:50 the
following morning. Charge for Berths 50 cents each.
Connection with the Grand Trunk Trains at
Prescott Junction Certain.
30 MINUTES ALLOWED FOR REFRESHMENTS
AT PRESCOTT JUNCTION.

FREIGHT NOTICE.
A FLOATING ELEVATOR always in readiness
at Prescott Wharf, where Storage for Grain, Flour,
Pork, &c., can be had.
A CHANGE GAUGE CAR PIT
Is provided in the Junction Freight Shed by means
of which Freight loaded on Change Gauge Cars
COMES THROUGH TO OTTAWA WITHOUT
TRANSHIPMENT.
THOS. REYNOLDS,
Managing Director.
R. LUTTRELL,
Superintendent, Prescott.
Ottawa, 1st June, 1871. 3-23m

J. BAYLIS.—CARPETS, FLOOR CLOTHS, CURTAINS, &c. NOTRE DAME ST., EAST OF MCGILL.

**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 11:30 A.M.

LOCAL TRAIN at 3:00 P.M., arriving at Ottawa at 8:35 P.M.

THROUGH OTTAWA EXPRESS at 3:00 P.M., connecting
with Grand Trunk Day Express from
the West, and arriving at Ottawa at
7:10 P.M.

LEAVE OTTAWA.

THROUGH WESTERN EXPRESS at 9:40 A.M., arriving
at Brockville at 1:40 P.M., and con-
necting with Grand Trunk Day Ex-
press going West.

LOCAL TRAIN at 7:45 A.M.
MAIL TRAINS at 4:45 P.M., arriving at Brockville at
10:10 P.M.

ARRIVE AT SAND POINT

at 12:00 and 2:00 P.M.
Trains on Canada Central and Perth Branch make
certain connections with all Trains on B. and O.
Railway.

Freight forwarded with despatch. As the B. & O.
& C. C. Railways are the same gauge as the Grand
Trunk, car-loads will go through in Grand Trunk
cars to all points without transshipment.
Certain connections made with Grand Trunk
Trains.

H. ABBOTT,
Manager.
3-11 1f

Brockville, March, 1871.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

Sealed Tenders, addressed to the undersigned, en-
dorsed "Tenders for work at Coteau Landing," will
be received at this Office until the evening of the 30th
June next, for the extension of the Mooring Pier at
Coteau Landing.
Plans and specifications can be seen at this Office,
or at the Lachine Canal Office, Montreal, on and
after Monday, the 5th day of June, where forms of
tender and other information can also be obtained.
The Department does not, however, bind itself to
accept the lowest or any tender.
By Order,
F. BRAUN,
Secretary.
DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC WORKS,
Ottawa, 31st May, 1871. 3-23e

THOMAS REEVES,
GUNS, PISTOLS, AND FISHING TACKLE
DEALER.
655, CRAIG STREET, 25c.
Begg to call attention to his stock of
GUNS, PISTOLS, FISHING TACKLE, &c.,
Agent for THOS. SMITH & SONS, England.
Agent for the celebrated Island & Sommerville
SELF-EXTRACTING REVOLVER. 3-24-c
AN ARTIST of good judgment and taste,
accustomed to touching up photographic nega-
tives and prints, would find constant employment at
this office.
Canadian Illustrated News Printing Works.
319 St. Antoine Street, Montreal. 3-24-1f

L. N. ALLAIRE,
MANUFACTURERS' AGENT & COMMISSION
MERCHANT.
STORE: 7 PETER ST. WINE VAULTS: SAULT AU
MATELOT STREET. OFFICE: CORNER OF
PETER & JAMES ST., QUEBEC. 3-15-zz

JAMES FYFE,
FIRST PRIZE SCALE
MANUFACTURER.
No. 24 COLLEGE STREET,
MONTREAL.
A GENERAL ASSORTMENT
ALWAYS ON HAND. 2-23c

JOHN UNDERHILL,
OPTICIAN TO THE MEDICAL FACULTY
OF MCGILL UNIVERSITY.
299, NOTRE DAME STREET,
(5 doors East of the Place d'Armes.) 21f

SUMMER WINES!
BARTON & GUESTIER'S,

AND
NAT. JOHNSTON & SON'S
CLARETS, SAUTERNES, BARSAC,
&c., &c.,
OF ALL GRADES.
REAL GERMAN SELTZER WATER
AT
C. J. BAIRD'S,
221 St. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL. 3-21-1f

THE LATEST THING OUT!
ITALIAN SHIRTINGS.
Gentlemen wishing the above style of
Shirts
WILL PLEASE CALL AT
P. T. PATTON, & Co's.,
415 NOTRE DAME,
(Corner of St. Peter Street.) 3-15-1f



ALLAN LINE.

Under contract with the Government of Canada for
the Conveyance of
Canadian & United States Mails.

1871.—Summer Arrangements.—1871.
This Company's Lines are composed of the under-
noted First-class, Full powered, Clyde-built,
Double Engine, Iron Steamships:

Ports	Tonnage	Commander
POLYNESIAN	4,100 (Building)	
SARMATIAN	3,000 (Building)	
CIRCASSIAN	3,500 (Building)	
CASPIAN	3,200	Capt. Scott
SCANDINAVIAN	3,200	Capt. Ballantyne
PRUSSIAN	3,000	Lieut. Dutton, R.N.R.
AUSTRIAN	3,700	Capt. J. Wyke
NESTORIAN	2,500	Capt. A. Aird
MORAVIAN	2,600	Capt. Brown
PERUVIAN	2,500	L. Smith, R.N.R.
GERMAN	3,200	Capt. J. Graham
EUROPEAN	3,600	Capt. Bourchier
HIBERNIAN	2,400	Capt. R. S. Watts
NOVA SCOTIAN	2,400	Capt. Trocha
NORTH AMERICAN	1,700	Capt. Richardson
CORINTHIAN	2,400	Capt. W. Grange
OTTAWA	1,800	Lieut. Archer, R.N.R.
ST. DAVID	1,600	Capt. E. Scott
ST. ANDREW	1,400	Capt. Ritchie
ST. PATRICK	1,200	Capt. H. Wylie
NORWAY	1,100	Capt. C. N. Mylins
SWEDEN	1,150	Capt. Mackenzie

**THE STEAMERS OF THE
LIVERPOOL MAIL LINE.**
(Sailing from Liverpool every THURSDAY, and
from Quebec every SATURDAY, calling at Lough
Foyle to receive on board and land Mails and Pas-
sengers to, and from Ireland and Scotland.)
Rates of Passage from Quebec:—
Cabin..... \$70 to \$80
Steerage..... \$25

**THE STEAMERS OF THE
GLASGOW LINE**
(Sailing from Glasgow every TUESDAY, and from
Quebec for Glasgow on or about every THURSDAY.)
Fares from Quebec:—
Cabin..... \$60
Intermediate..... 40
Steerage..... 24
An experienced Surgeon carried on each vessel.
Berths not secured until paid for. For Freight, or
other particulars, apply in Portland to J. J. FARMER,
or HUGH and ANDREW ALLAN; in Quebec to ALLAN,
RAX & CO.; in Havre to JOHN M. CURRIE, 21 Quai
D'Orleans; in Paris to GUSTAVE BORGANGE, 25 Quai
Voltaire; in Antwerp to AGO. SCHMITZ & Co.; in
Rotterdam to G. P. ITTMANN & ZON; in Hamburg to
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COLM; in London to MONTGOMERIE & GREENHORN, 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. 3-20 1f
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