

552 S. G. Blanchet



Vol. I.—No. 1.]

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1869.

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H. R. H. PRINCE ARTHUR. From a Photograph by Notman.— See Page 6.]

THE PANTIN TRAGEDY.

All Paris, and it may be said all France, was horrified when the lifeless and mutilated bodies of a woman and five children were known to have been found buried in the ground near the station of Pantin, a short distance from Paris. The bodies were discovered to be those of the wife and children of Jean Kinck. It was at first supposed that Kinck, with the assistance of his son Gustave, had been the murderer. To give consistency to this theory the wife was accused of infidelity, or at least it was believed that Kinck had murdered her from a feeling of jealousy, prompted thereto, perhaps, by her step-son. It has since been discovered beyond dispute, that the murderer was Jean Baptiste Traupmann, and no doubt is entertained that he also murdered the elder Kinck, while the body of Gustave, having been discovered near the place where the others were found, dispels all suspicion of his having any part in the dreadful deed.

We shall briefly state the main facts connected with the history of the victims and the murderer:—The Kinck family, consisting of Jean Kinck, a native of Guebwiller, in Alsace; of his wife, Marie Rousselle, from Tourcoing, in French Flanders; five of their children, and a son of Jean by a former wife, named Gustave, lived in Roubaix, in French Flanders. Jean Kinck was a manufacturer, industrious and thrifty, who had accumulated about 80,000 francs, or say \$20,000—a little fortune for one in his rank of life. The family lived together in perfect harmony, and bore an unblemished character, the only alleged disagreement between man and wife having arisen from a wish of Jean Kinck to remove his habitation, or perhaps only part of his business, to his original home near what is called the "Vallon d'Alsace." A month ago a young man, named Jean Baptiste Traupmann, a native of Cernay, or Burnstadt, in Alsace, became acquainted with Jean Kinck in the way of business, worked in his establishment, made himself intimate with the family, and wormed out as much of their affairs as suited his purpose. Traupmann was the son of an able but dissipated workman; he was nineteen years old, and had only left home about seven or eight months ago; he had lived and worked at Pantin, and had become familiar with some of the Germans of loose character who have established a kind of colony in the neighbourhood. Traupmann was small and slender, but gifted, if his father may be believed, with extraordinary strength and daring. His stay with the Kincks, at Roubaix, was between the 16th of May and the 26th of July. Ten days after the latter date, Jean Kinck, full of his scheme of setting up a business in Alsace, left home for Guebwiller, whither he never arrived. A month afterwards his son, Gustave, by agreement, followed the same route and arrived at Guebwiller on the 8th of September, and was astonished to hear from his father's relatives that Jean Kinck was not and never had been there. In obedience to instructions from her husband, Madame Kinck had sent him three registered letters containing money to the amount of 5,500 francs, and these letters had been claimed by a young man, evidently Traupmann, who gave himself out as Jean Kinck, but who could not impose on the post-master and other people, to whom Kinck's age, if not his personal appearance, was perfectly known. It was about this time, from the 8th to the 13th of last month, when Jean Kinck had in all probability already been murdered, that Madame Kinck received letters purporting to be from her husband, but written in a strange hand—a circumstance explained by a statement that Jean Kinck had sprained his wrist—inviting her to go to Paris, where he, Kinck, intended to establish himself at Pantin. Madame Kinck, telegraphed her inability to go on Monday, the 13th, but she travelled to Paris, on Sunday the 19th. Three days before, Gustave, who was then at Guebwiller, received also a telegram, in his father's name, bidding him to go to Paris, and appointing a rendezvous at the Hotel du Nord. At this hotel Traupmann was already established since the 13th, having taken a room in the name of Jean Kinck. It was by all these manoeuvres that Traupmann, having already disposed of Jean Kinck, succeeded in getting together all the members of the family, between the Hotel du Nord and Pantin. By what stratagem he allured the eldest son, Gustave, into the field where his body was subsequently found, is not known; but there seems to be no doubt that this first victim fell separately, and at an earlier hour than the six others. At 11 o'clock Traupmann met Madame Kinck and her five children at the station, drove them to the place where he had already dug their grave, and there killed and buried them. That he had accomplices to aid him in his work is sufficiently probable, inasmuch as, besides the pickaxe and spade which Traupmann had bought in the Rue de Flandre, at La Villette, two other similar instruments were found on the spot, and inasmuch as a man who had been seen with Traupmann in Paris, and who was conspicuous for his athletic appearance, and especially for his enormous hands, was seen, with two others, to follow the Kinck family at a distance as they walked to the slaughter field. If Traupmann



JEAN BAPTISTE TRAUPMANN.
(Simulating sleep to avoid being interrogated.)

had accomplices—and he could hardly, however strong, have felt equal to the task of despatching so many victims single handed, even although he divided them into two batches—his accomplices must have been sought by him among those bad characters with whom he had become acquainted in that locality. But, whatever help he may have deemed necessary, there is no doubt that Traupmann alone had laid and carried out his plan, which he now deemed fully successful, and of which he trusted he had secured the benefit. Jean Kinck lay dead in Alsace, all his family buried at Pantin. Traupmann had in his possession the watches belonging to father and son, all the family papers, a seal which he had engraved by Bouillon, in Rue St. Martin, a month before, with the words "Gustave Kinck, mécanicien, Rue de l'Alouette, à Roubaix," and had gone to Havre, where he hoped to embark for New York.

The bodies were frightfully bruised and mutilated, the mother having no less than twenty-three distinct wounds. The wounds by which Gustave died were of the same character as those of his mother, brothers, and sister—the back of his head was crushed in as with a blow from a pickaxe; his throat cut from ear to ear, so as nearly to sever the head from the body; and in the gaping wound—a wound in which one could easily plunge his two clenched fists—still remained the weapon by which it was effected. This was simply a common table-knife, black-handled, but highly sharpened. The same nervous, half frantic, bestial energy that guided the assassin's hand through the infinity of strokes dealt to the other victims was to be seen here; and there remains little room for question that the same hand was guilty of all the various offences. A few hours after the murder Traupmann is proved to have written a letter to his sister, Françoise, enclosing to her 20 fr. Some of the fruits of the "affaire" he had in hand, about which he had frequently written to his parents, informing them that it was to yield him a large amount of money! This he affectionately assured them gave him great pleasure, not so much on his own account, as because it would enable him to relieve the wants of his sick mother!

Traupmann heard the account of the finding of the bodies of the mother and the five children read aloud from the newspapers. He also learned thereby that the father and son, both having unaccountably disappeared, were suspected of being the perpetrators of the crime, so that he probably felt himself safe from arrest. But after his capture at Havre, he made a statement to the effect that the elder and the younger Kinck had compelled, or induced, him to assist them; that they were the murderers, and that the day after the murder (Monday, the 20th,) he met the younger Kinck in Paris, who informed him that the murder had been discovered; that their flight was then determined on, and that Kinck entrusted to his charge the valuable documents which were subsequently found secreted on his person. He was kept in utter ignorance of the discovery of the body of Gustave, which was subsequently found near the spot where the others were found. In utter ignorance of the spectacle he was about to witness, Traupmann was brought into the presence of the body of Gustave Kinck. The sight was too much for him; he covered his eyes, first with his hands, then with his handkerchief, and nearly fainted away.

"Oh, poor fellow!" at last he muttered.

"Come," said the officer, "take away that handkerchief and look at the body. You have no need to pretend to weep over it. Do you recognize that corpse?"

"Yes, I do. It is Gustave."

"And it was you who killed him, was it not?"

"No, no; I did not. His father must have killed him for fear that his youth and his conscience might have led him to talk about the crime that they had committed."

"Well, we'll see about that," replied the officer, "but you know we can't believe your word."

"Oh!" soliloquized Traupmann, "if I could only be in his place!"

"In whose place?"

Traupmann was here wise enough to hold his tongue, and made no answer to this adroitly-put question.

"Answer me?"

But no answer came.

Then the official tried another tack.

"You have written to your father?"

"Yes."

"Your last letter was on Monday, the 20th?"

"Likely enough."

"The very day of the murder?"

No reply.

"And you sent him a lot of money on that day, did you not?"

No reply.

"But you must answer me!"

"Well, I did. Now do not ask me another question, for I won't say another word," returned Traupmann.

The object of the murderer is evident enough. He intended to possess himself of the whole of Kinck's property; probably to report that Kinck and his family had gone to America; to go there himself and return in a few years with all the family papers which he had secured, and then claim the estate. The conception was utterly horrible in its means, while the end was comparatively insignificant at best, and beset with so many chances of miscarriage, that one is astounded that any human being would be capable of entertaining it. Without a thought as to the lives he was about to sacrifice, except as to how he could best destroy them, this young man cherishes his plot of wholesale murder for months; tracks and kills the elder Kinck, tries to secure the money remitted by his wife, and finally decoys the whole family into the meshes he had laid for them, and murders them one after another, doing the bloody work with horrible and even needless barbarity. And he rejoices that his success in this "thriving affair" is to enable him to assist his parents!

There are so many ways of illegally acquiring money now-a-days, of easier attainment than wholesale murder and forgery, that one is astonished Traupmann did not try forgery without murder, or burglary, or even less desperate, though sometimes equally effective, modes of acquiring other people's property. Why he did not do so, the newspapers allege, may be found in the fact that he had read the *Mystères de Paris* and the *Juif Errant*, and had been particularly struck with the character of the Abbé Rodin, in the latter novel, a Jesuit who, among other exploits, had made his way to the inheritance of the Renepent family by compassing the death of its numerous members. It very evidently struck young Traupmann that he could emulate the achievements of his model by exterminating the whole of the Kinck family, and coming in for their little fortunes.

Traupmann now lies in jail at Paris, and every effort is being made to sift the whole case to the bottom,—the general belief, founded on some of the facts above stated, being that he must have had accomplices.

Fearing that the newspapers may not bring out the facts with sufficient clearness, we wish to have it known, in all its naked hideousness, that a trial at the Middlesex Sessions has this week established the fact, that a system of murdering children by wholesale is carried on in London under the very noses of our vigilant police. The plan is worked out by a conspiracy, in which the criminals are so divided as each to seem without guilt of bloodshed. Thus there is a den for living-in-matrons, *au secret*, somewhere in a Cold-Harbour Lane, in Camberwell, as the evidence showed. Secondly, there are nurses (so-called, the hags!) who receive such children, and get them adopted by "ladies" at £8 per head, on condition that no further questions shall be asked. These "ladies" drop the children in the fields of suburban ditches, having first drugged the poor little creatures to sleep. Of the woman detected it was said by Troughton, 3 T, "that five children had been found in Fulham since January, and twelve in Kensington since April,—an unprecedented large number for that district; and it was during this time only that the prisoner lived in its neighbourhood." Can any of the evils said to be consequent on a Foundling Hospital, as encouraging immorality, be worse than this? If punishment fail to put an end to immorality, is it not possible to find some means of remedying its evil effect, of increasing the population by making human life more valuable, and having it cared for in its early stages? The abominations of heathen sacrifices are not more hideous in detail than these criminal records of the condition of England's metropolis in the last quarter of the nineteenth century.—*Echoes*, Oct. 2.

GENERAL NEWS. CANADA.

Dominion notes in circulation on the 6th October 1869, \$5,950,000.

Sir Francis Hincks was gazetted on Saturday last as Minister of Finance, in the place of the Hon. John Rose, resigned.

The subscriptions to the Victoria College endowment fund already exceed \$57,000.

Mr. C. B. Genest is elected to the Legislative Assembly for Three Rivers by a majority of 47.

The People's Telegraph line was opened for business eastward to Quebec city on the 15th instant.

Messrs Labelle and Gelinus have both been nominated as candidates for the representation of Sorel.

Nomination day for the North Riding of Renfrew is fixed for the 2nd November. The polling will take place on the 6th and 10th of November.

James W. King, of Nova Scotia, has been appointed Inspector of Penitentiaries in place of James Moir Ferris, lately made Penitentiary Warden at Kingston.

The writ for the North Renfrew election has been issued, and Sir Francis Hincks, accompanied by R. W. Scott, Esq., M.P., left Ottawa on Monday to visit the constituency.

A railway is projected from Barrie to Muskoka, a charter for which will be applied for on the meeting of the Legislative Assembly next month.

A severe shock of earthquake was felt at St. John, New Brunswick, and at Eastport and other places in Maine, on Friday morning.

Reports from New Brunswick represent the potato crop as much injured by disease—all other crops are far above the average.

The project to construct a railway from Kingston to Madoc excites considerable interest in the locality concerned. Kingston is expected to contribute \$50,000 towards its cost.

The people of Miramichi, N.B., have sent a deputation to Ottawa to urge upon the Government and Railway Commissioners a change in the location of the Intercolonial Railway route in their neighbourhood.

Referring to the subject of Canadian independence, the Montreal Gazette says:—We cannot see any advantage to either party but the reverse, to come from further tinkering. What we want is peace to work out the institutions we have.

Thomas Murray, of Pembroke, has issued his address, in opposition to Sir Francis Hincks. He announces himself an independent candidate, pledged to no party, and protests against an outsider being elected to the constituency.

A rumour that there was a defalcation to the amount of \$15,000 in the Post Office Savings' Bank, has been met with the assertion, on authority, to come from further tinkering. The result of a clerical error, had been discovered.

The Montreal Herald does not believe that the acceptance of office by Sir Francis Hincks will weaken the Sir John A. Macdonald Administration. On the contrary, it says it will not make the slightest difference in the course of public affairs in Canada.

DAY OF THANKSGIVING.—The Moderator of the Presbyterian Church of Canada in connection with the Church of Scotland has issued a pastoral letter appointing Friday, the 5th of November, as a day of thanksgiving for the abundant harvest, and the continuance of national health and peace.

The Crown Lands Department has issued an order directing that all timber or sawn logs hereafter found to have been cut upon any unlicensed lands of the crown shall be absolutely forfeited, and that the parties trespassing or cutting on such lands shall be prosecuted to the utmost rigour of the law.

Hon. Malcolm Cameron is expected to be returned without opposition for the representation in the House of Commons of the constituency of North Lanark, recently rendered vacant by the Hon. Mr. Macdougall's acceptance of the Lieutenant-Governorship of the North-West Territories. Mr. Cameron will enter Parliament as an independent Oppositionist.

Writs have been issued for the County of Huntingdon both for the House of Commons and the Legislative Assembly, Mr. Scriver having resigned his seat in the latter on becoming a candidate to fill the vacancy created by the Hon. Mr. Rose's retirement. The nominations take place on the 29th instant and the polling on 5th and 6th November. Mr. Scriver will probably be returned by acclamation for the Commons.

The London (Ont.) Free Press, discussing the questions of protection, and the supply of raw cotton for Lancashire, says:—All we can say is, we trust the supply of cotton will be forthcoming; but whether it arrives or not, we verily believe that the hope of protection is a dream. America is getting sick of it, and it cannot be resuscitated in England.

CANADA CENTRAL.—We are happy to learn that the financial prospects of the Canada Central Railroad are at present in good condition. English capitalists appear to have become satisfied that the road would be a paying concern, and have placed, or are ready to place, at the disposal of the company the means of prosecuting the work, which will, therefore, be proceeded with without unnecessary delay.—Ottawa Times.

After a short but agreeable sojourn at the Capital, His Royal Highness Prince Arthur, attended by Col. Emswore and Mr. Picard, and accompanied by His Excellency the Governor-General, Col. McNeil and Thos. Reynolds, Esq., left Ottawa yesterday in the steamer "Queen Victoria," which was under the personal command of Capt. Bowen. Before proceeding to Montreal His Royal Highness will stay at the hunting camp of Mr. Reynolds to enjoy the sport of deer-shooting. His illustrious father was fond of the noble exercise of deer-stalking and his sons inherit his taste. Prince Arthur will now have an opportunity, the most favorable possible, of partaking in the—to him—novel sport of deer-shooting in Canada. We trust that the party may have abundant success in their hunting expedition which we are sure that their host, Mr. Reynolds—himself a keen sportsman and capital shot, will do all in his power to secure for them. His Royal Highness and suite will, after a short stay in the woods, proceed to Montreal, and His Excellency will return to Rideau Hall at the end of the week.—Ottawa Citizen.

UNITED STATES.

The number of threshing-machines in the United States is estimated to be about 229,000.

The Boston authorities propose to close the public schools on stormy days. A certain number of strokes on the fire alarm bell will announce to all school children that they can stay at home and play.

The President in his coming message, it is understood, will recommend that the Internal Revenue tariff remain undisturbed for one year, after which time the administration will have the public debt well in hands so that a material reduction of taxation can be allowed without detriment.

Recently a negro minstrel troupe drew a crowded house in Toledo. Two blocks away, a lecture upon "Mechanical Forces in Animal Life" had an audience of twenty-eight persons.

At Baltimore, on the 29th, a large crowd of persons thronged the wharves of the Steamship Company to witness the departure of the Catholic Bishops for Rome.

George Peabody writes that he had a very pleasant voyage to England, and his health is about the same as when he left America.

Father Chiniquy's French colonists in Kankakee county, Ill., are actually in a suffering condition from destitution, owing to the failure of their crops this season.

FACTORIES FOR THE SOUTH.—The proprietor of a cotton factory near Stockholm, Sweden, has purchased a large tract of land in South-East Missouri, where he intends establishing colonies of his countrymen, and to build factories, &c.

Mr. Clark Mills is busy in Washington upon a colossal bronze equestrian statue of President Grant. The General is represented on the battle-field in full military costume.

At Wilmington, N.C., on the 19th, Commodore Higgins surrendered the "Cuba" to Lieut.-Commander Patterson, and himself a prisoner of war to the Navy of the United States. The Cuban flag was hauled down by the U.S. authorities, and the crew sent ashore.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN.

Specie in the Bank of England decreased 262,000 pounds sterling since last week.

The regular weekly statement of the Bank of France shows the amount of bullion on hand to be 6,000,000 francs greater than last week.

The National Guard will be organized at once. The Emperor will come to Paris on the 25th inst. The Ministers will remain at Compiègne until the 24th, when they will return to Paris. It is officially stated that the Ministerial programme will soon be made public.

The ultra-Imperialists, Deputies to the Corps Legislatif, meet to-morrow to re-organize their party. The meeting is called by M. Mathieu, a friend of M. Rouher. Twenty-seven deputies adhere to the manifesto of the Opposition members of the Corps.

The report that Prince Metternich, Austrian Minister, has resigned on account of the duel is positively contradicted.

Marshal Bazaine, on taking command of the Imperial Guard, issued a very energetic order of the day.

The Empress Eugenie, arrived at Alexandria from Constantinople at a late hour on Thursday evening.

A large meeting of the Irish Church Clergy was held in Dublin on Thursday last, Archbishop French presiding. It was decided by a large majority that the Laity have the right to decide upon matters of doctrine and discipline.

A despatch from Paris, dated yesterday says: It is asserted that a number of Deputies propose to introduce a law, at next session of the Corps Legislatif, to annul the decree of 32, confiscating the property of Orleans Princes.

The Patrie reports that the Ultra Radicals are visiting workshops and urging the men to take part in the demonstration of the 29th inst.

The Presse says a revolutionary committee in Paris, has warned the workmen in the provinces that on the 26th of the present month there will be a general uprising in the city.

It is rumored that Ledru-Rollin, Felix Pyat, Victor Hugo, Louis Blanc and other extreme Radicals will come forward as candidates for the Corps Legislatif in the supplementary elections soon to be held in Paris.

A duel was fought between the Count de Beaumont and the Duke de Fitzjames. The latter was dangerously wounded.

Ninety-six recruits for the Papal army arrived at Rome from Canada on the 29th.

The Crown Prince of Prussia has arrived at Vienna, and was well received by the Emperor. Peace now seems to be assured between Prussia and Austria.

A Madrid despatch dated Oct. 21 says: It is reported that Captain-General DelRosas has informed the Home Government that the rebels in Cuba have all along had active relations with the republican insurgents in Spain, and that arrangements have been made between them for mutual encouragement and assistance.

Reinforcements for Cuba to the number of 3000 men sailed yesterday for Havana. Additional troops will be sent early in November.

All republican leaders captured with arms in their possession and at the head of armed bands are to be shot.

The Presse strongly urges the immediate election of a King, and suggests the election of Espartero to the throne for life, and designation of the Duke of Genoa as his successor. In the Cortes the question of ordering elections for deputies to supply the places of those who joined the insurgents, is now under consideration.

Country generally tranquil. Senor Ogenze, the celebrated republican leader in the Cortes, has been arrested.

Indications now are that the Duke of Montpensier, will be the successful candidate for the throne of Spain.

Mr. Gladstone has written a letter to the President of the Limerick Amnesty Association on the subject of the course of the Government towards the imprisoned Fenians. He says the members of the Government have carefully considered many memorials for the release of the political prisoners which have been presented from time to time, and have unanimously decided that such release would be contrary to their duty as guardians of the public security and peace.

The Hellenic Government has conferred decorations upon the Russian and American Consuls who were representatives of their respective countries in Crete during the Cretan war of independence.

IRELAND BECOMING CONTENTED.

The enthusiasm with which the Lord Lieutenant and the Countess Spencer were recently received in Cork, is regarded with lively satisfaction as a significant proof of the popularity of the Government, and the growth of a more loyal spirit among the people. The Cork Reporter contrasts the reception with that given to others, even the amiable Lord Carlisle, and observes:

"It is no exaggeration to say that at no period since Cork ceased to be a purely English settlement would a viceroy be received here as Earl Spencer was yesterday. Why is it, then, that the people of this great city, which more truly than even the capital is a microcosm of the Irish race, receives with every demonstration of enthusiasm and attachment the present Viceroy of Ireland? Earl Spencer in every relation, adorns the great position which he fills, and is an honor to the many great men whose blood runs in his veins; but little was known of him in Ireland before his appointment to the vice-royalty, and though since that time he has won golden opinions from all sorts of men, personal reasons would not account for the magnificent reception he yesterday received. One need not go far to seek, in order to account for that reception. Whatever faults have been laid at the feet of the Irish people, ingratitude is not one of them. The prospective loyalty of our people, 'if our rulers would let them,' has been sung by the national poet. And at last there have arisen in Britain's rulers those who will let the people of Ireland be loyal. Thunders of applause rent the air yesterday because the great crowd saw in Lord Spencer one of the close friends and chosen lieutenants of the great statesman who has initiated the work of healing the wounds of centuries, and bringing comfort and repose to the fevered and exhausted frame of our beloved native land. Earl Spencer belonged to a Ministry which has earned the trust and confidence of the Irish people to an extreme never before accorded to any set of British statesmen. The trust and confidence of the Irish people is a matter of vast moment to any ministry which holds power in Great Britain."

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ARTHUR

having graciously permitted the publication of the PORTRAITS

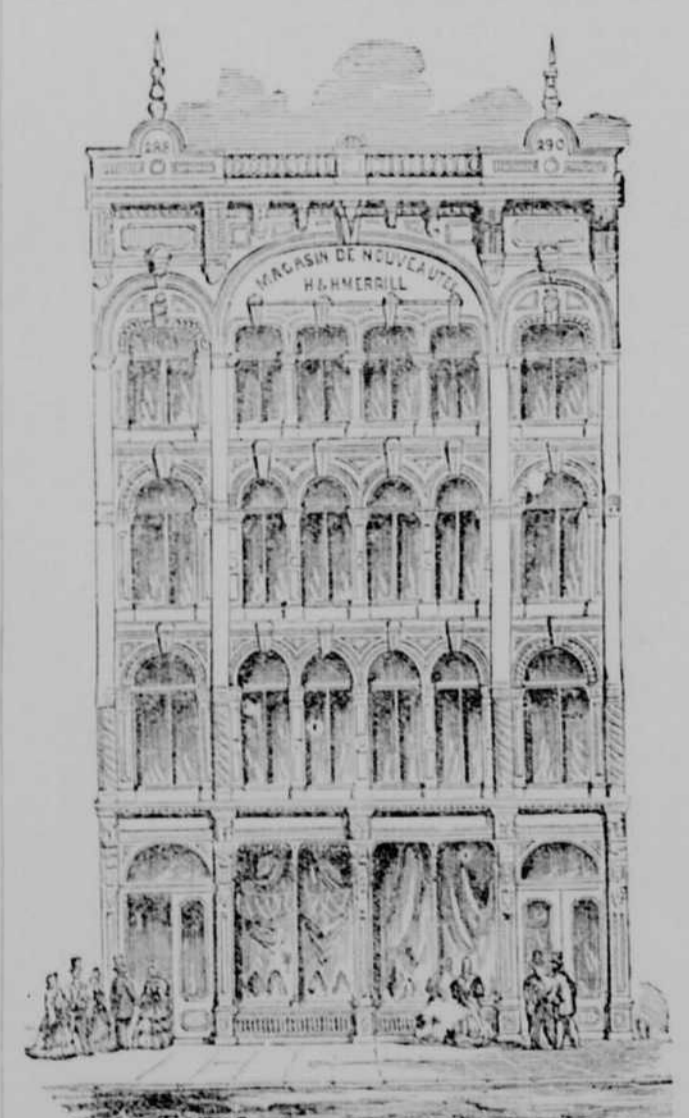
TAKEN OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

At my Studio, on October 3, I have much pleasure in notifying the Public that they are now on view and for sale in Cartes de Visite, Cabinet, and 9 x 7 Photo-Relieve, with an assortment of suitable Frames for the same.

WM. NOTMAN, PHOTOGRAPHER TO THE QUEEN.

MONTREAL, OTTAWA, TORONTO, AND HALIFAX.

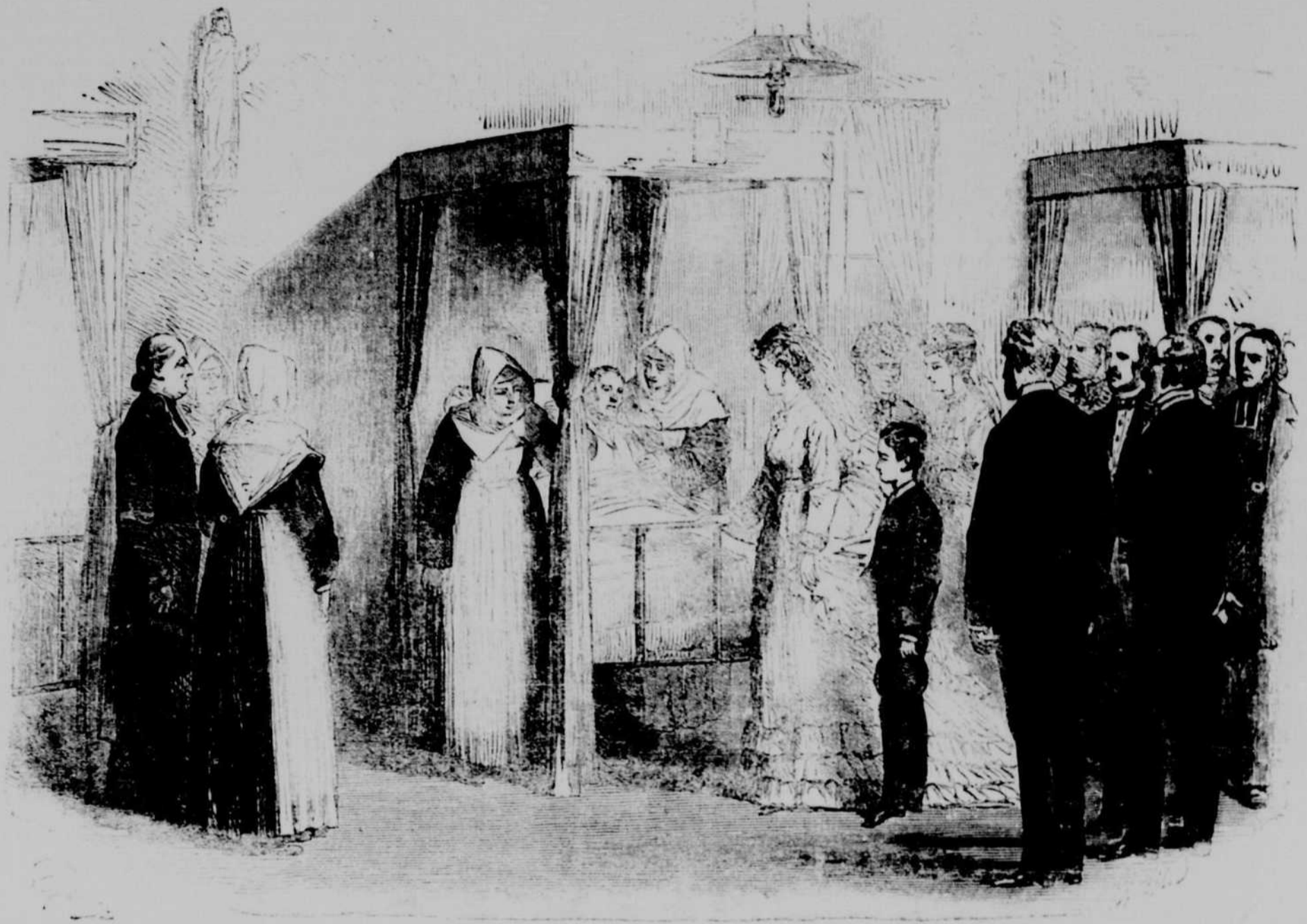
Orders by Post will now receive PROMPT ATTENTION. 10



H. & H. MERRILL, the largest Wholesale Importers of SILKS, SILK VELVETS, IRISH POPLINS, and KID GLOVES, at wholesale prices. To be had only at H. & H. MERRILL'S, 188 & 200, Notre Dame Street.

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THE EMPRESS EUGENIE'S VISIT TO CORSICA.

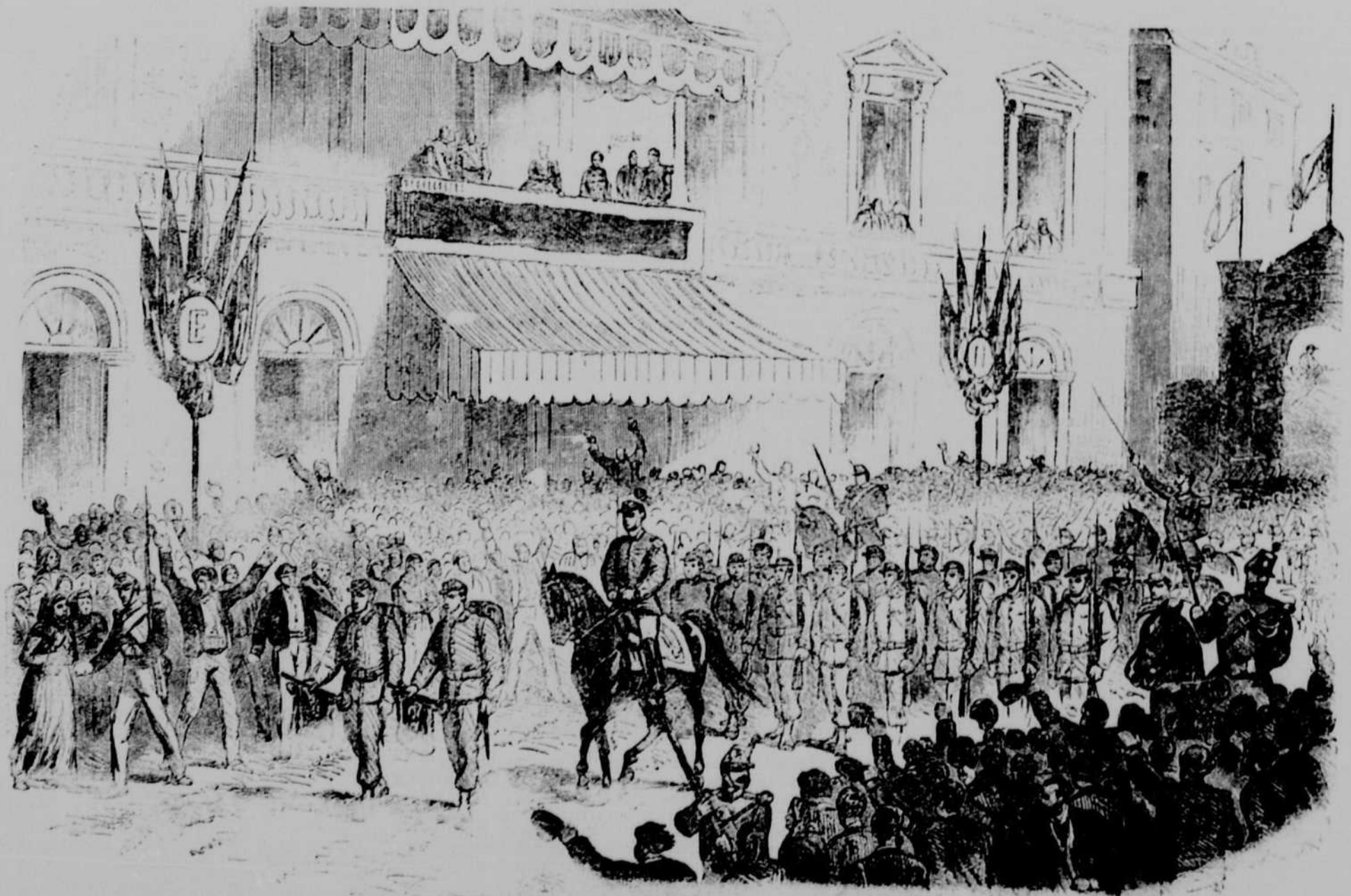


THE EMPRESS VISITING THE HOSPITAL AT LYONS.

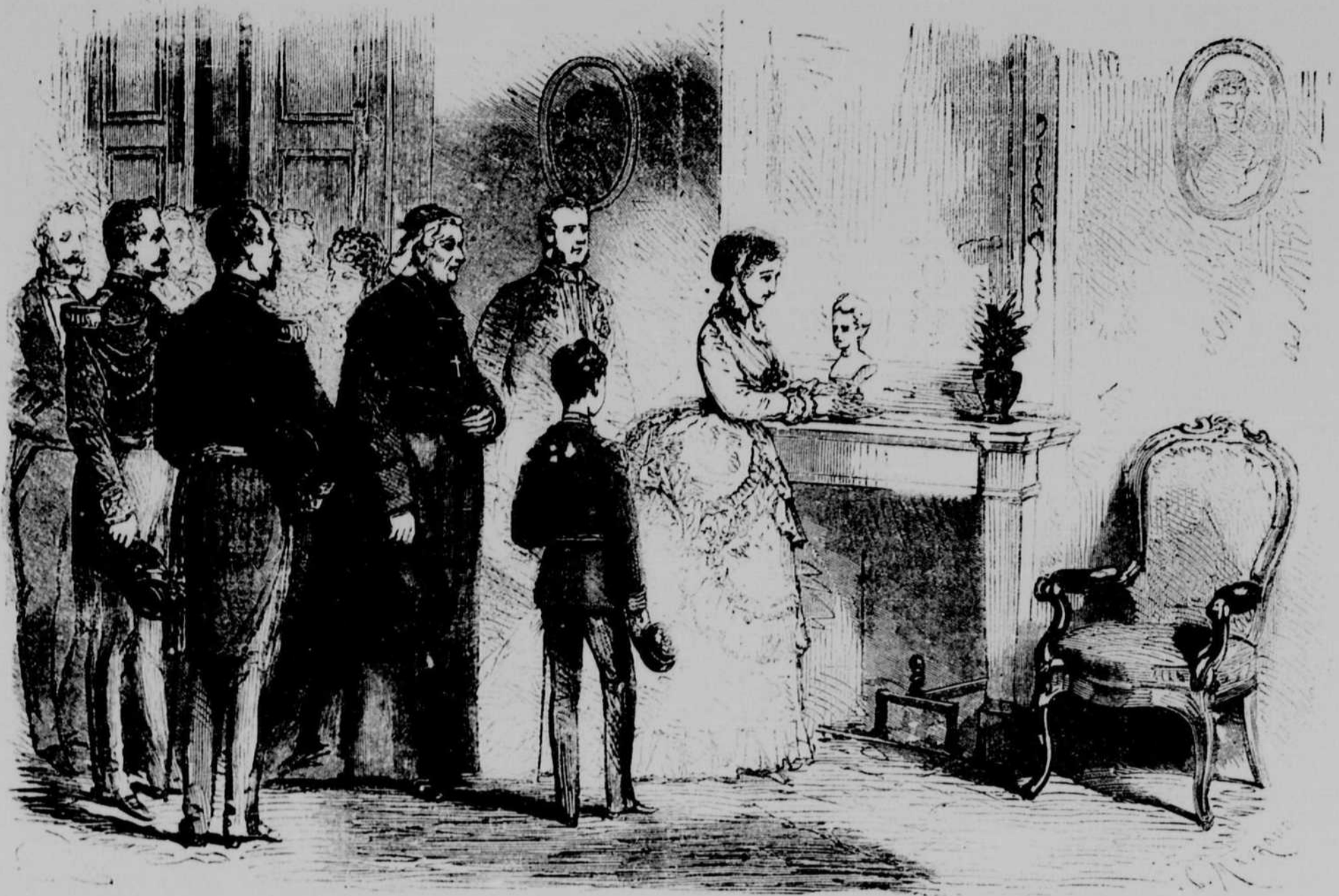
We copy from some of the French journals three illustrations of the incidents associated with the recent visit of the Empress Eugenie and the Prince Imperial to Corsica. This excursion was undertaken on the 23rd August, when the

Imperial party reached Fontainebleau from Paris. On the following day they proceeded by railway to Lyons, where they were greeted with a most enthusiastic reception. There the Empress visited "L'Asile Sainte Eugénie," an institution

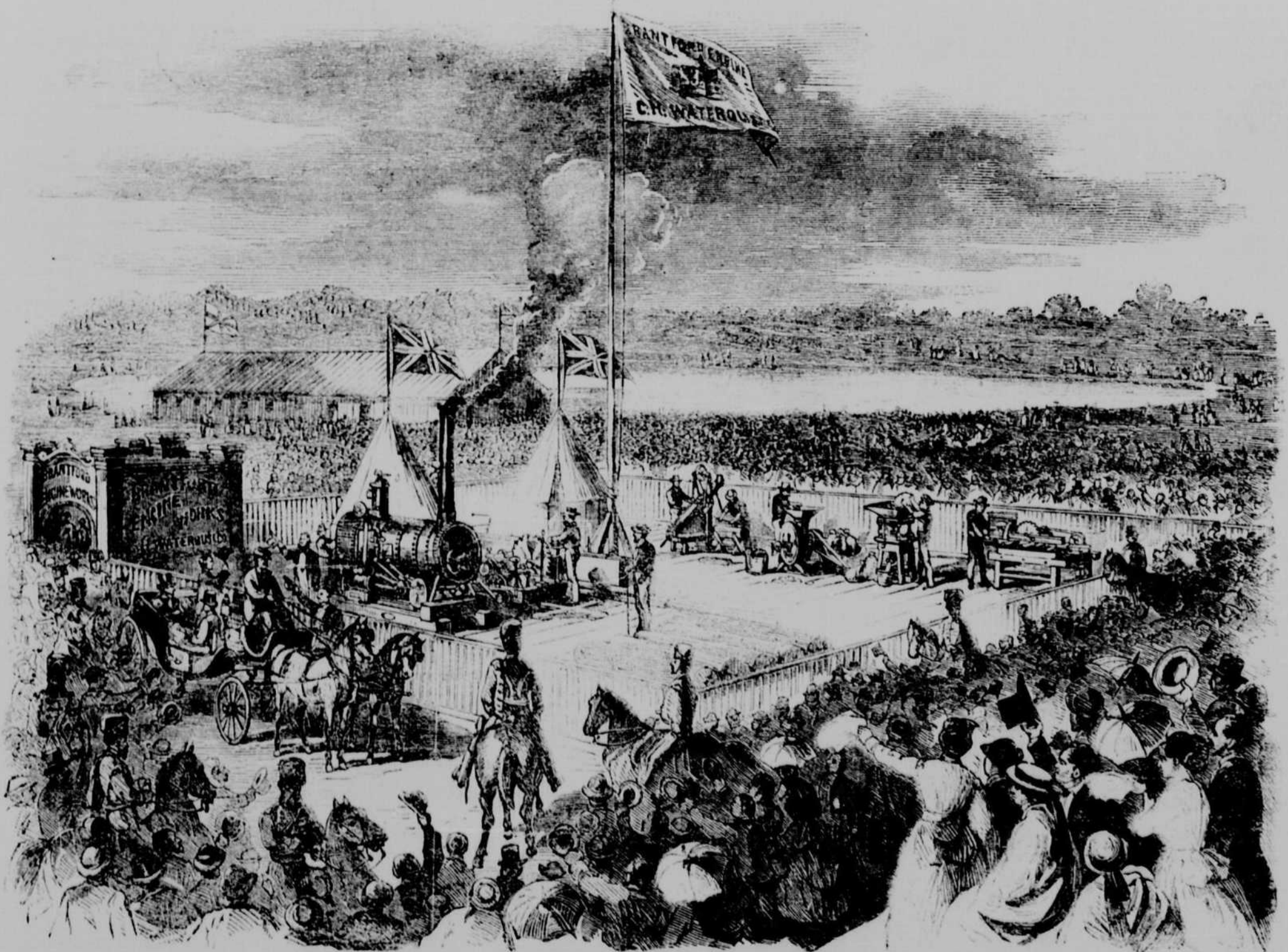
founded by herself. Her Majesty also visited the Chamber of Commerce and was much interested in the various processes of Silk manufacture which were exhibited and explained by the President of the Chamber. The Prince Imperial, more



REVIEW OF THE GUARD OF HONOUR TO THE PRINCE IMPERIAL AT BASTIA.



THE EMPRESS PLACING THE BUST OF THE PRINCE IMPERIAL IN THE ROOM IN WHICH NAPOLEON THE FIRST WAS BORN.



PRINCE ARTHUR'S VISIT TO THE PROVINCIAL EXHIBITION, LONDON, ONTARIO, SEPT. 1869.

interested in military affairs than in the fabrication of silks, betook himself to the Grand Camp to witness the review.

At Toulon, the reception was quite as enthusiastic as it had been at Lyons. On the 26th August, the Empress' yacht *L'Aigle* entered the harbour of Bastia, and Her Majesty was received with due formality by M. Gery, the prefect of Corsica, the Civic and Military authorities, &c. Here, under direction of an enterprising youth, the son of Dr. Conneau, had been organized a large body of juvenile Volunteers to act as a guard of honour to the Prince. This feature of the reception at Bastia excited great interest. The Empress remained but a short time, when she again put to sea in *L'Aigle*, and arrived at Ajaccio the following morning about nine o'clock. Ajaccio, as the birth-place of the first Napoleon, must doubtless have excited peculiar emotions in the heart of the Empress; and that she appreciated the significance of her presence there was made apparent, by her placing a bust of the Prince Imperial in the house, and it is believed, in the very room, in which the first Napoleon was born, on the 15th August 1769. She kept her intention in this respect a profound secret, having brought the bust concealed in the folds of her dress. When at the house she expressed a wish to visit the chamber alone; and on her returning the bust was discovered on the mantel-piece between the portraits of the father and mother of Napoleon. The Corsicans exhibited the greatest enthusiasm in paying honours both to the Empress and the Prince Imperial.

THE NORTH-WEST TERRITORY, THE EXTREME NORTH.

(By Rev. E. McD. D., Ottawa.)

Now that Canada has obtained possession of the vast regions of the North-West, and has appointed a Governor and organized a Government in order to bear rule in her name over territories comparatively little known, it may not be out of place to enquire, *cui bono?*—whether an acquisition, apparently so rich and great, will meet the public expectation. If there be truth in all that has been related, concerning soil and climate, in the North-West, no doubt valuable settlements and happy homes for many millions of the human race, will, ere long, be found there, and the cause of humanity will be more effectually served than it has ever been, as yet, by any event in connection with our country. There is no reason to disbelieve what has been stated regarding the favorable nature of the climate in many parts of the North-West Territory. It is not pretended that it is everywhere alike good, or that the soil everywhere presents the same facilities for cultivation. Throughout regions extending from the boundary of the United States northwards, as far as the Arctic Ocean, there must be great varieties of climate. But, that in many places, it is moderate and advantageous to gardening and agriculture, we have no difficulty in believing, when we consider, that on this continent climate improves as the influence over it of the frozen lands of Northern Labrador, the great North Sea and the North Atlantic Ocean, diminishes. Along with this diminution of deteriorating influences which is so noticeable as we proceed westward, must be taken into account another cause which tends to modify climate in the same direction. The power of the cold and stormy weather can be but little felt beyond the higher grounds which separate Lake Superior from the countries of the North-West, whilst as this power decreases, the genial influence of the calm and warmer waters of the Pacific Ocean begins to be felt. Towards the Rocky Mountains, and within the wide range of those fastnesses of British Columbia, it becomes the ruling power. Hence, the luxuriant vegetation of those regions which has no parallel in the same latitudes towards the eastern coasts of the North American continent.

The beneficial action of the warmer winds of the Pacific Ocean, being duly weighed, it is not difficult to understand how ingenious men of science have been able to describe across so great an extent of the continent, isothermal lines, which show, in more northern latitudes of the North-West Territory, a climate quite equal to that which is remarked in countries much farther to the south in the north-eastern portion of the continent.

One of these lines which passes between the 50th parallel of N. latitude and the south branch of the Saskatchewan, points to an equal summer temperature of 70°, thus giving as warm a summer on the Saskatchewan as is enjoyed in any part of Canada. Another isothermal line, according to Prof. Dove, of Berlin, indicates a mean annual temperature of 35° - 36°, at about 60 degrees N. latitude, towards the northern extremity of the Rocky Mountain chain. This may appear extraordinary. But it must be borne in mind that the region, which enjoys this very moderate temperature, is very far west as well as very far north, about 122° long. W.,—where the mountains are not so high as they are farther south in the same longitude.

There is, notwithstanding, however, direct evidence which shows that the climate in the high latitude referred to, is pretty much the same, as in those countries of Northern Europe, where excellent wheat is raised about the 60th degree of N. latitude. At Fort Liard, on Mountain River, a tributary of the McKenzie, at 60° N. latitude, wheat may be cultivated, if reliance can be placed on the testimony, given on oath, before a select committee of the House of Commons. This fact, it must be admitted, wonderfully corroborates the conclusions at which those men of science have arrived, to whom we are indebted for the isothermal lines. Let it be granted that these lines alone do not afford a satisfactory proof of temperate climate in the higher latitudes of the North-West Territory; when taken in conjunction with such facts as the production of wheat crops in those latitudes, there is no questioning the force of their testimony. Mr. Isbister, in his evidence before the select committee of the House of Commons, (question 2648) says that wheat has been occasionally raised on the River Liard, that the soil is of better quality there, and that the more hardy cereals can be produced in abundance. Sir J. Richardson (q. 3124) states that at Fort Simpson, two degrees to the north of Fort Liard, they cultivate barley and rear cattle. If this can be done, it must be possible to raise hay. The Hudson Bay Company find it more economical, however, to bring the hay necessary for their stock in winter, 150 miles down the river. Not being agriculturists, they must find it more easy to reap the produce of natural meadows at some distance, than to cultivate the "better" land around their post.

In these northern latitudes of the North-West Territory, the subsoil is permanently frozen. But this does not hinder the raising of grain, the summer thaw extending to the depth of eleven feet. Siberia, in the same latitudes, produces excellent wheat.

Such facts as these admirably sustain the theory, otherwise

apparently well founded, that the climate of the North-West Territory improves towards the west. What could be more conclusive, for instance, than the circumstance that whilst the summer thaw at York factory, on Hudson's Bay, towards the eastern limit of the Territory, penetrates to the depth of three feet only, it softens and warms the ground, as far as eleven feet below the surface, at Fort Liard and Simpson? These places, it must be observed, are not more to the south than the less hospitable lands along the shores of Hudson's Bay. Still farther north, at Fort Norman, (64° - 65°) oats, barley, and potatoes have been raised. Such crops as can be cultivated, although they could never be such a source of wealth as to encourage purely agricultural settlements in those northern regions, would, nevertheless, afford valuable resources to the trading population that may, one day, come to be established along the banks of the McKenzie River. This fine river is navigable for ships of large tonnage, with only a slight obstruction near Fort Simpson, as far as Great Slave Lake—a distance of nearly 1,200 miles. This facility of navigating one of the greatest rivers in the world will, at some future time, be of the highest value if only on account of the whale fisheries in the neighbouring sea. These fisheries have been already opened by the enterprising citizens of the United States, and it is known on the best authority, that of an official report by the Secretary of the United States navy to the Senate, that in two years there was added from this source alone more than 8,000,000 of dollars to the national wealth of America. The fisheries of the McKenzie River itself are capable of being developed in connexion with the sea fisheries. There is already a very valuable salmon fishery, and herrings are in the greatest abundance. The lakes and rivers, tributaries of the McKenzie, are well stored with fine fish; and as salt is abundant, they may yet become an important resource of trade. The whole valley of the McKenzie River is described by men of science, who have traversed it, as being a mass of minerals. The banks of the river are composed of deep beds of bituminous shale, associated with alum and beds of iron clay. The soil is said to be actually plastic in many places with the transfusion of mineral tar. Near Great Slave Lake, there are immense quantities of salt in a pure state, and not very remote from the mouth of the McKenzie; at the Barry Island, there are inexhaustible seams of excellent coal. Some rare vegetable productions, also, abound in those northern wilds.

Sarsaparilla of superior quality grows spontaneously all over the territory. Great Britain imports 180,000 lbs. of it yearly from Russia, the Honduras and other countries. May it not become, some day, an article of trade with the North-West? Russia supplies the British with 40,000 gallons of cranberries every year. What would they think of employing some of the hands for which they have so little to do at home, in gathering a few bushels for them, along the shores of Hudson's Bay, where this fruit grows in abundance? The Labrador tea plant might also be found to be a not unacceptably luxury. It grows in such quantities that, in one year, the Hudson's Bay Company sent to the London market, and sold there, no less than eight hogheads of this North-western tea. But the painted teas of China must be preferred to the productions of any country that we can call our own.

From these few remarks it will be seen that the more northern portions of the North-West Territory may be rendered available for many purposes. If the extreme north promises so well, what may not be said concerning the countries which are situated more to the south and enjoy a more genial climate? But of these anon.

PRINCE ARTHUR'S ARRIVAL IN MONTREAL.

On Friday the 8th inst., Prince Arthur, third son of Her Most Gracious Majesty, arrived in Montreal to join the P.C.O. Rifles here stationed, he holding a Lieutenant's Commission in this splendid regiment. The route of the Prince's progress from the landing at the Jacques Cartier Wharf, by Jacques Cartier Square, Notre Dame st., Place D'Armes, Great St. James st., Radegonde st., Beaver Hall, &c., to his chosen residence on Simpson street, presented a most animated appearance early in the morning. The day throughout was more than usually fine, with a bright sun, a clear sky and a lively breeze to float the flags so profusely displayed, in honour of the Royal visitor about to become a resident of the City. The preparations for his fitting reception, included the erection of several very handsome arches along the line of march, one of which forms the back ground of the principal illustration in this number of our paper. Of this part of the line of procession one of the morning journals says:

"The Place d'Armes with the Church of Notre Dame, the esplanade in front of which was occupied with a mass of people, the fine Banking and Insurance buildings and the shrubbery in the centre, had a very fine effect, and were spoken of by the Prince in terms of great admiration."

Though expected at 12 o'clock the Prince did not arrive till two, the steamer "Magnet" having been detained at Cornwall by the fog in the morning. The large crowd of spectators lining the wharves, and swarming about the vessels in the harbour were but slightly diminished even when it became generally known that a delay of two hours must take place before the Prince's arrival; and the little gatherings along the route noticeable during the morning around some favourite arch or gaily contrived festoon continued to increase in numbers as the day advanced. At a few minutes past two o'clock the "Magnet" was seen steaming down the river above the Victoria Bridge, and soon afterwards drew up at the wharf which was the signal for an enthusiastic cheer from the crowd. The Mayor, with General Windham immediately went on board and the General introduced His Worship to the Prince, after which Prince Arthur, the Mayor, General Windham and Col. Elphinstone came ashore, and entered the pavilion which had been erected on the wharf for the purpose of enabling the Prince conveniently to receive and acknowledge the address. Within the pavilion there were the members and chief officer of the Corporation; Major-General Windham, Captain Hare, A.D.C., Col. Lord Alexander Russell, Col. Wolsley, Col. Esler, Col. Marindale, Col. Thackerwell, Major Galletly, Captain Genaghty, Town Major, Major Lloyd, Lt.-Col. Doyle, Lt.-Col. Osborne Smith, D.A.C., Lt.-Col. Bacon, B.M., Lt.-Col. Belle, Lt.-Col. Lyman, Lt.-Col. Tatu, Rev. Dr. Bancroft, Rev. C. Bancroft, Jr., Rev. Fathers Dubé and Lamonde, and Rev. Dr. Irvine.

The Prince on entering the pavilion mounted the dais, and the Mayor read the following Address:

To His Royal Highness ARTHUR WILLIAM PATRICK ALBERT.

May it please Your Royal Highness:—

We, the Mayor, Aldermen and Citizens of the City of Montreal, most respectfully beg leave to approach Your Royal

Highness, and in the name and on behalf of the people of Montreal, to congratulate Your Royal Highness upon your safe arrival, and to extend to the son of our Beloved Sovereign a most cordial welcome to our city.

The people of Montreal, upon hearing of Your Royal Highness' intention to visit the city, looked forward with unmixed pleasure to that event; but they now experience increased delight in the knowledge that Your Royal Highness has been pleased to select this city as your abode for a period which they fear will only be too short.

We earnestly hope that the sojourn of Your Royal Highness, in Montreal, may prove to be one of unalloyed happiness and satisfaction; and, on behalf of the people, we pledge ourselves that every exertion will be made to render it so.

We pray that Your Royal Highness will accept the assurance of our dutiful loyalty and attachment to the person and crown of Your Royal Highness' Mother, our Beloved Sovereign.

WILLIAM WORKMAN, Mayor.

CHARLES GLACHEMEYER, City Clerk.

CITY HALL, Montreal, 8th October, 1869.

After the Mayor had read the address in English, the City Clerk read it in French, presenting it at its conclusion to His Royal Highness. The Prince handed it to his Secretary, and then proceeded to read the Reply:

To the MAYOR, ALDERMEN and CITIZENS of the City of Montreal.

Mr. Mayor and Gentlemen:—

I thank you very sincerely for the warm expressions of welcome, and the congratulations upon my safe arrival at Montreal.

Many addresses have I received as loyal as the one you have just read to me, but none to which I attach a higher value.

Other communities have seen me, but as the passing visitor of a few hours; whereas, the people of Montreal cannot consider me otherwise than as a resident, and their assurances of welcome are therefore all the more appreciated.

Most anxious am I to consider Montreal, for the time being, my "Home," and to lose no opportunity of becoming acquainted with its institutions, its people and its commerce, and from the kindly feeling and consideration shown towards me throughout this Dominion, I feel confident that no exertions are needed on your part to render most agreeable my sojourn in this city.

That your loyalty is already well known to, and duly appreciated by Her Majesty, needs no further assurance. The selection of Montreal as my residence is a sufficient proof of the confidence Her Majesty places in the devotion of the citizens to her throne, her person, as well as to her family.

Prince Arthur read his reply in a well modulated, clear, ringing voice. While he occupied the dais the assembled multitude had an excellent opportunity of scanning his appearance. Those of our readers who had not the pleasure of being present on that occasion, are referred to the portrait on our first page, from a photograph taken by Notman, the day after the Prince's arrival in Montreal.

After the presentation of the address and the Prince's reply, His Worship the Mayor introduced the members of the Corporation, the clergy, and several other gentlemen, with each of whom the Prince shook hands. The Prince, with the Mayor, General Windham and Col. Elphinstone, then entered the carriage, an elegant open barouche drawn by four white horses. Capt. Muir's cavalry formed the escort, and officers of the staff rode immediately in front of the Prince's carriage. As the Prince was driven off the crowd cheered lustily, and many thousands began to run towards some by-roads through which they hoped to strike the line of the procession further on, and get another look at His Royal Highness. Throughout the line of march the vast crowds lustily cheered the Prince, and bouquets were showered upon him by fair hands from open windows, all which attentions he gratefully acknowledged. When the procession reached the head of Simpson Street in front of the gate leading to the Prince's residence, the police formed in line opposite a company of the *Chasseurs Canadiens* previously drawn up as a guard of honour, the rest of the procession passing through the gate. The field officers and cavalry formed in line in front of the entrance. The Prince alighted from his carriage amidst the cheers of the crowd, and with General Windham and the Mayor, ascended to the portico, where a number of regular and volunteer officers were introduced to him. He then entered the house and wrote a telegram to the Queen, informing her of his arrival in Montreal, and of his gratification at the enthusiastic reception which had been given him.

The following (Saturday) morning the Prince, accompanied by Col. Elphinstone, Lieut. Picard, and Mr. A. W. Ogilvie, M.P.P., visited the Lacrosse grounds at Sherbrooke Street to formally open the Tournament. At ten o'clock, preceded by the No. 1 Troop of Montreal Cavalry, under command of Capt. Muir, His Royal Highness drove on to the ground, and between two ranks of Lacrosse players went to the platform, where he was received by the Committee, and presented with an address, accompanied by a very handsome gold-mounted Lacrosse, and an elegantly bound copy of Mr. Boer's work on the Game. Prince Arthur briefly thanked the Committee, and then proceeded to open the Tournament by tossing the ball of his crosse into the field. He watched the games with great interest for some time. A feature in the amusements of the day was the "war dance" of the Indians in full costume. This exhibition, which lasted for about a quarter of an hour, was quite as ludicrous, in view of the surroundings of the scene, as it could be made by tomahawks, paint, feathers, and similar trappings, with the wild yells and whoops, and fantastic tricks of the performers. Mr. Inglis succeeded in securing a photograph of a group of Indians witnessing the Lacrosse games, from which we obtained the legotype elsewhere printed.

In the afternoon the Prince visited the adjoining grounds on which the Athletic Games were being contested. Escorted by No. 1 Troop Montreal Cavalry, he drove into the grounds and was received at the platform by the members of the Committee and others, the spectators cheering, and the band playing the National Anthem. He manifested great interest in the sport, and remained for about an hour.

H. R. H. left Montreal on Monday, the eleventh, for Ottawa, where he was the guest of His Excellency Sir John Young. The Prince "ran the slides," visited the Upper Ottawa, and enjoyed a few days' hunting, in company with some of the leading sportsmen of the Capital. He returned to Montreal on Thursday evening last.

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1869.

A "first appearance" is always a trying ordeal. Whether it be the entry of the blushing maiden into society, the *début* of the lawyer at the bar, the first essay of the young divine in the pulpit, or even the blossoming of the editorial *w*, in the infant number of some newly-born journal, already heralded before an expectant public through the rash promises of the well-written and carefully considered prospectus, or whatever else may be the occasion, there is a hesitancy, a trepidation, a veritable "catching of the breath," from which no one, sensible of the value of other people's opinion, or desirous of winning a favourable judgment from the world to which she or he appeals, can reasonably hope to escape. Long training on the beaten path makes the old "stager" callous to the popular verdict as to the merits of his pace, but when he is driven for the first time over a new course, the doubts, the hopes, the uncertainties, and the fears which beset his "first appearance" will overtake him again, though mellowed somewhat by experience. The fear of failure, and the hope of success are alike susceptible of toning down from the sharp lines that distinguish them on the threshold of active life; and if we meet the public for the first time in the new character and new dress of the *Canadian Illustrated News*, with less enthusiasm of hope than if we had never faced that public before, we also meet it with a surer confidence of success than usually falls to the lot of the mere novice. Relying on an entirely new process for the reproduction of the scenes from Life, Nature, and Art, with which the pages of the *News* will be graced; and knowing that those entrusted with the working of this new process have thoroughly mastered it, in all its details, and are fully capable of performing all they promise, we have no reason to doubt of success, unless we doubt the appreciation of the public; and, having already seen and felt so much of the kindness and generosity with which the Canadian people patronize Canadian talent and enterprise, we cannot find room for the shadow of a fear of failure.

The public do not like apologies, and we do not offer any. But some facts may be stated to account for the appearance of our first number a few days behind time. The presses, types, and machinery of the *Canadian Illustrated News* Establishment are entirely new, and of the best description that could possibly be obtained for the execution of the work. Artizans and mechanics frequently make the discovery that they cannot fulfil their promises as to the precise day on which a stated undertaking will be completed; and it so happened with the *News* office that several days more than had been supposed would be necessary were required to complete the fittings of the machinery, and to place everything in working order. For the rest, the absence of a complete exchange list, the novelty of the undertaking, and all the other difficulties incident to the getting up of a "first number," (which professionals only can understand) will account for the large margin left for improvement in the letter-press matter of the *News*, and of which margin we intend to take the fullest advantage hereafter, by endeavouring to make each succeeding issue better than its predecessor.

It will be noticed that the Proprietor of the *Canadian Illustrated News* has offered premiums for the best romances founded on Canadian history. In the absence of any original composition in the line of fiction, deserving of publication, we have copied from an English Magazine a pleasant story, very pleasantly told, the conclusion of which will appear in our next number. In the third number of the *News* (Nov. 6th) will be commenced an interesting romance, translated from the German, expressly for the *News*, and the lovers of exciting narrative will be gratified to learn, in advance, that some of the most thrilling scenes of the first French Revolution are skilfully interwoven in the tale. On the completion of this romance, we hope to have the production of some successful competitor for the Proprietor's prizes to lay before our readers. And this liberal offer for the encouragement of Canadian literary talent should suggest to the public the obligation of patronising the *Canadian Illustrated News*, which in itself embraces the three branches of Canadian Enterprise, Canadian Art, and Canadian Literature. Experienced publicists, well disposed towards the success of the *News*, have frankly told us their conviction that Canada is too small a field for such a journal. The illustrated papers of England, France, Germany, and the United States, count their constituencies by thousands for our Canadian hundreds; but the Australian Colonies have already shown that they can sustain more than one illustrated paper which will compare favourably with those of Europe or America; and surely Canada, which plumes itself on being the foremost of British Colonial possessions, ought not to be behind the antipodean colonies in public spirit and artistic taste. As already stated, our conviction that the *News* will prove a success, rests upon our faith in the new art by which it

will be illustrated and in the generous spirit of the Canadian people.

To our brethren of the press who, irrespective of political association, have already bespoken, in such flattering terms, the good will of the public towards the *News*, we return our most grateful thanks. The *Canadian Illustrated News* enters on the cultivation of a field now lying fallow in the wide domain of Canadian journalism. If it shall succeed, as we believe it will, and as all connected with it have resolved it *must*, in reaping a profitable harvest, then it will have shed a fresh lustre on the Press of Canada, and conferred upon our country a new title to rank with the foremost nations of the earth, in refining taste and popularising art.

The Canadian Constitution is not yet two and a half years old, but already there is a demand that it should be set aside in favour of still other political relationships. This constant craving for change is not, however, so deeply seated in the public mind as might, at first sight, be supposed. Confederation was rather the work of the politicians than of the people. Among the constituencies the "Quebec Scheme," embodied in the resolutions of 1864, was viewed with indifference if not with some degree of hostility. But nineteen-twentieths of the people rejoiced that the country had escaped from the party wrangles which had threatened to make all government impossible. They regarded with satisfaction the prospect of closer commercial relations with the sister Provinces, even while some of them, influenced by their early political education, dreaded that the cost of the alliance might be more than its worth. Considering the situation as it really was when the Coalition Government secured the sanction of Parliament to the Quebec Scheme, and remembering, that between the first session of '65 and the meeting of the Legislature at Ottawa, in the summer of '66, some incidents had occurred calculated to revive old party animosities, we cannot be surprised that with the short experience of two years the people still look upon the new Constitution in the light of an experiment, at the failure of which many of them would be by no means astonished. It is not so much because of active hostility to the existing governmental machinery, as because of the wide-spread feeling of indifference towards it, that the agitators for another change in our relations with the Empire, and with the world at large, are heard throughout the land, to an extent entirely disproportioned to their numbers or their influence.

If the advocates of Canadian independence, or of annexation to the United States, have any political history of their own to boast, the chances are ten to one it will prove them to have opposed Confederation, or accepted it only from the exigencies of party, and with many reservations. It has not yet appeared that any of the early supporters of the measure have turned their backs upon it; while several public men of high character, personally and politically, who opposed it at the beginning, have now given their adhesion to the policy of 1864.

The demand for "independence" comes not, therefore, from the friends of the present constitution, though many of these believe in the inevitable necessity of some day cutting Canada loose from the Parent State. Throughout the whole period, when the new constitution was under consideration, there was even in Ontario a larger numerical opposition to it than the "Independents" can muster to-day. It would therefore be a mistake to assume, because the cry of Independence, or even of Annexation, may have been heard within the Dominion, that the public mind of Canada is so fickle as to seek already to discard the new relationship with the Empire. If there is one point upon which the public mind has given evidence of being firmly settled, it is that things as they are shall receive a full trial, and that agitation for constitutional changes will be resolutely discountenanced. The Imperial authorities have assuredly not encouraged Canadian Independence, if by that is meant the severance of our connection with the empire. But they have encouraged a policy of true Canadian independence by emancipating the country from the trammels of Imperial legislation in the management of its own affairs, and conferring the fullest powers of self-government consistent with the preservation of the Royal Prerogative. With this form of independence Canada may well be contented for many years to come. Is there another offering greater security for peace and the progressive development of the country's resources? We have heard frequently of a "guaranteed" independence. It was a favourite dream with a certain few during the early years of the late war between the Northern and Southern States. Then it was argued that under the joint protection of England, France, and the United States, Canada would become a country of perpetual peace; that, secured for ever against interruption from war's alarms, the people would more surely enjoy uninterrupted progress. The theme was then discussed as "Canadian neutrality," the terms of the proposition being, that the powers named guarantee that Canada should be regarded

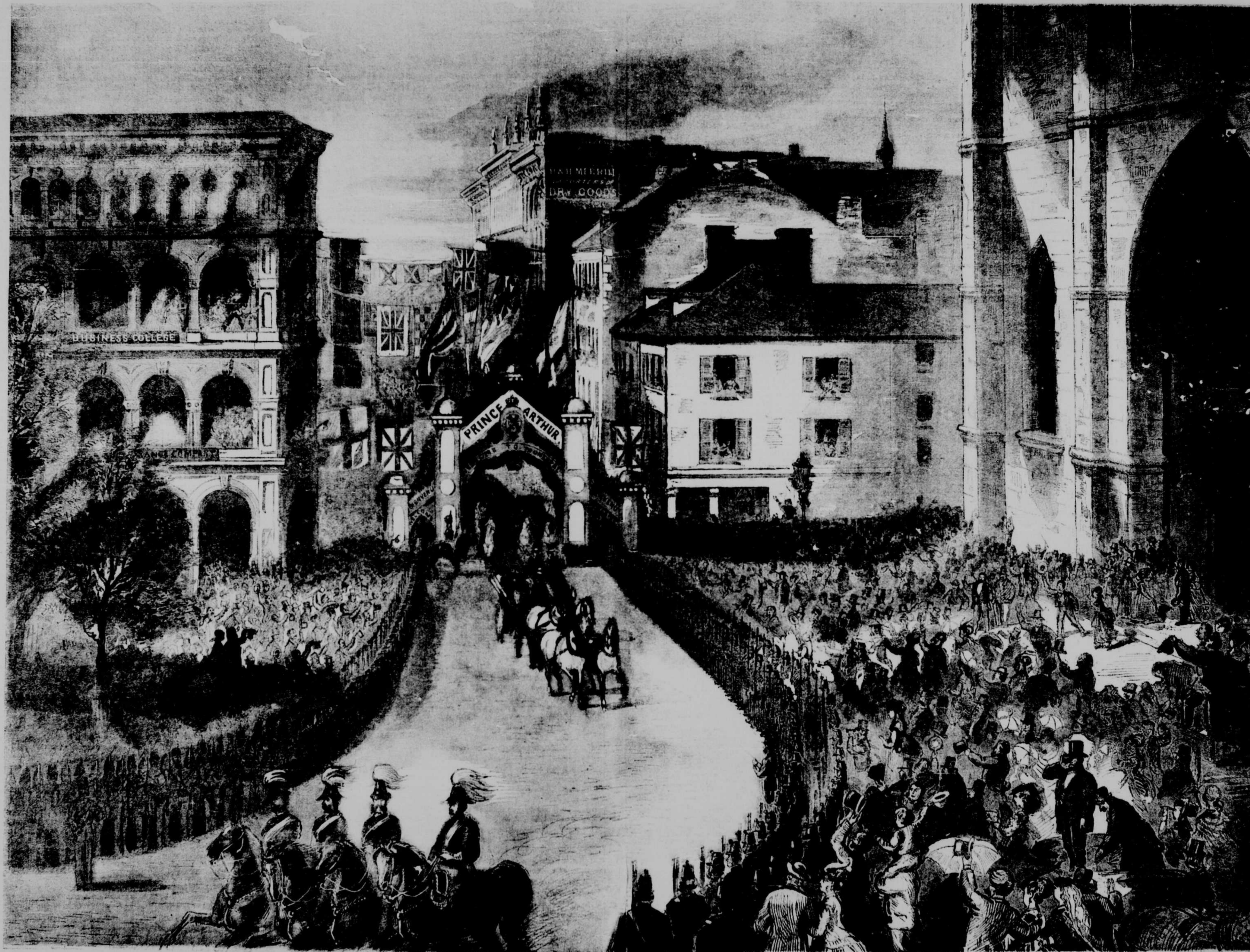
as neutral ground. It was a very preposterous, and a very pusillanimous proposition. It involved the surrender of the sovereignty of the crown over British North America, and the placing of the affairs of Canada to some extent under the direction of the protecting powers. To say nothing of the impracticability of such an arrangement, or of the degrading position in which it would have placed Canada, could it possibly have been carried out, there is abundant evidence of the very slight hold it had then, even in the face of some danger, upon the Canadian mind, in the fact that the young men of the country rushed to arms with zeal and alacrity the moment the excitement about the Trent affair promised them the probability of real work in the defence of crown and country. The humiliating position of enforced neutrality would ill-comport with the traditions of the races from which the people of Canada have sprung; and certainly it would add but little of dignity or self-respect to the Canadian national character, which, happily, is now being developed under better, more generous, and manlier impulses than those which the "neutral ground" policy, with its abiding sense of national incapacity would inspire.

The independence of Canada guaranteed by England, though less offensive, in that it would not openly proclaim to the world that Canadians were sneaks and cowards, can have no solid advantages, either for Canada or for the Empire, which are not already secured by the existing arrangement. For England to guarantee the independence of Canada would be to invite her enemies to assail that independence; and assuming, what of course is possible, though improbable, that the United States and England drift into war, Canadian independence, resting on England's guarantee, would as certainly drag the people of Canada into the conflict, as would the present Colonial connection. But to assume independence even on such a guarantee, which, in all human probability, England would never give, would involve this country in much heavier charges for its government than it is at present called upon to pay. There is in fact no middle house between our present relations with the Empire and absolute independence, for the country already possesses all the advantages which independence could confer in the management of its internal affairs, while it is relieved of international obligations by the connection with the mother country, which the severance of that connexion would necessarily impose. It would be a waste of space to discuss the probable consequences of an early separation from the Empire, because as we have said, the people of Canada, those who have the franchise in their hands, are in no humour to try another new Constitution, or any serious alterations of the existing one, just yet. They do not consider themselves one whit the less Canadians because they are also Britons; nor can they be persuaded to believe otherwise than that the prestige and dignity of the Empire are shared in by Canada so long as the Imperial connection is maintained.

Mr. E. H. King has retired from the position of General Manager of the Bank of Montreal, and is succeeded by Mr. P. B. Angus, the Manager of the Montreal Branch. It is reported in Toronto that Mr. Yarker, the Manager of the Branch there, is "booked" for promotion, probably to succeed to Mr. Angus. Mr. Anderson, who has been President of the Bank for the last ten years, is now said to be desirous to resign, and he will probably be succeeded at the Board and in the Presidency by Mr. King. One of our city *confrères* says: "Mr. King retires from the active management of the Bank, after having made a large fortune." This is no doubt true, but it should also be said that he retires, after having brought up the Bank to a condition of strength and prosperity such as must add largely to the "fortune" of the Shareholders. The position just vacated by Mr. King is one of great importance as well as extreme difficulty; and measuring his exertions by the common standard, *i. e.*, the result, it must be admitted that he has been preeminently successful as a Bank Manager.

We invite the attention of the Editors of the London *Art Journal* to the principal illustration (double page) in this number of the *Canadian Illustrated News*. The plate from which it is printed was produced directly from an ordinary Sketch in Indian Ink, the photographer taking the place of the engraver. As the print is a faithful reproduction of the drawing, it is only justice to the artist to say that the Sketch was made in an incredibly short space of time. We mention these facts and call the attention of the *Art Journal* thereto, because of the article in its October number, on "the Graphotype." We hope in future numbers to show that wherein the Graphotype has been a failure the Legotype will prove a success.

Père Hyacinthe, who is at present in New York, has been "interviewed" by the reporter of the *New York World*. He declares himself still a Catholic, and says he has not rebelled against the Church, but against the abuse of authority. The *World* irreverently "chaffs" the Boston divines who threatened the *Père* with a public reception. It is said he will deliver a course of lectures before leaving America.



RECEPTION OF H. R. H. PRINCE ARTHUR IN MONTREAL. THE PROCESSION AT PLACE D'ARMES. From sketch by our Artist.—(SEE PAGE 8.)

MR. HARDCASTLE'S FRIENDLY ATTENTIONS, AND WHAT CAME OF THEM.

(From London Society.)

CHAPTER I.

BEWILDERMENT AT BRIGHTON.

'If the gentleman who found the lady's glove at the ball of the —th Dragoon Guards at Brighton on Wednesday last will be at the Zoological Gardens in London on Sunday next, he may hear of something to his advantage.'

The 'Southdown Reporter and Devil's Dyke Free Press,' in which the above advertisement was contained, fell from the hands of a gentleman who was reading that enterprising print in the coffee-room of an hotel in the town first referred to—the Sybarite Hotel, facing the sea. I suppose it was the advertisement that caused the surprise, not to say emotion, which evidently possessed him. It could not be the attack upon the Mayor, nor the denunciation of the Town Council, nor the exposure of the Gas Company, nor the clever article upon the dearth of local amusements, nor the pleasant reference to 'Our Autumn Visitors,' nor the eulogistic review of 'Our talented fellow-townsmen's' volume of poems, nor even the facetious letters about ladies' bonnets and high-heeled boots. Yes, it must have been the advertisement.

There is one thing that a man is sure to do when an announcement in a newspaper exercises upon him such an effect that he drops the newspaper upon the floor. The odds are at least Lombard street to a China orange that he picks the newspaper up and reads the announcement again. The gentleman in question adopted this inevitable course of action; and while he is engaged in mastering the interesting paragraph, and making his reflections thereupon, I will tell you who he was and all I knew about him up to this period of his career.

You could see for yourself, as he sat in the bow-window in the twilight, with the broad sheet spread before him, that he was a gentleman, in the conventional sense of the term; that he was a well-made, manly-looking fellow of unmistakably military cut, with a leisurely expression of countenance suggestive of the fact that he need be in no hurry to assert his good looks, as they were sufficient to assert themselves; and if he kept curling that long jawny moustache round his thumb and finger you might be sure that it was an action caused by nervous anxiety rather than by any thought of improving that appendage. If you guessed his age to be somewhere between twenty and thirty you would not be mistaken; and if you made a bet that he was the Hon. Harry Doncaster, brother to Lord St. Leger, and a captain of light dragoons on leave from India, you would win your bet beyond all chance of dispute.

But you would never suppose, unless you happened to know, what a troubled life Harry Doncaster was leading. Money had never been the strong point of his family, at least during the last two generations. His brother the Viscount had not much, and what he had he wanted—for viscounts must have money, of course, come what may. His family set Harry up in the cavalry—he took a great deal of setting up, by the way, though he got his promotion by luck—and he inherited some private means from his mother. But in reference to the latter he made the not uncommon mistake of confounding capital with income; and the original sum, after several abortive settlements in life, refused at last to be made the sport of an unscrupulous cheque-book, and disappeared indignantly below the financial horizon. After this pecuniary crisis Harry Doncaster, as far as any additions to his pay were concerned, was supported, like the hospitals, by voluntary contributions. But the voluntary system was no substitute for an establishment in his case; and in a thorough state of disendowment, without edifices, glebes, or any consolation of the kind, he found himself in a state which he described as 'dependent on the generosity of my family, who refuse to give me anything.' Then he began to borrow, which was crisis the second in his career. He began by merely overdrawn with his agents; and Cox, it must be said for that obliging firm, allowed him a considerable fling. But there is a point when even Cox loses patience; and Harry Doncaster, when he found his pay looking very small in perspective, compared with the massive foreground of liability, did not relish the effect of the picture, and squared up with Cox by a great convulsive effort. It was then that he took to borrowing in a direct manner, and came to crisis the second, as I have said. Now crisis the second would not much matter; but it is very apt to lead to crisis the third, when borrowing becomes so difficult as to approach the confines of impossibility. And to this gloomy boundary, I regret to say, Harry Doncaster had arrived at the period in question. He did not know, as he declared, how to turn himself round, and performed the process only, like the scorpion girt by financial fire, the circle narrowing with every successive turn. He began serious borrowing in India—that gorgeous land which has the fatal gift of credit in a bewildering degree—and where the trail of the serpent (of high interest) extends from the rice-fields of Bengal to the rose-gardens of Cashmere. He had a few debts in England at the time. He thought they would not matter; but they did. And he soon found that the process which follows non-payment in the one country is much the same as the process which follows non-payment in the other; the principal difference being that in India you are arrested by a bailiff in a looser pair of trousers. On coming home upon leave he made another discovery—that Eastern impetuosity is a tree of hardy growth, and will bear transplanting to the West with considerable success. It was with a profound conviction of this important truth that he began serious borrowing in his native land; and for a time his native land treated him with her well known liberality in the way of advances, and equally well known consideration with regard to their return. But there is a time for all things, and that for payment comes with remarkable punctuality, and when it really means business is apt to be a difficult customer. This is just what Harry Doncaster is beginning to discover when we find him at the Brighton hotel conning over the advertisement. He

has exhausted worlds of leave, and will have to imagine new if he wants much more of it. But he dares not return to his regiment under present circumstances, and remaining in England seems equally out of the question. He has an idea that the interior of Africa would be a proper part of the world for his future sojourn; but a recent event has made him reluctant to turn his back upon the land of his youth; and the latter feeling, I fancy, has some connection with the advertisement.

Were I to follow the example of many misguided novelists I should represent Harry Doncaster, at this juncture, as soliloquizing aloud, and giving a summary of his past life and present prospects, with a statement of the nature of the question which occupies his attention, for the benefit of anybody who might happen to be listening. But people never do this in real life; and, confining myself to facts, I shall simply mention that a few muttered words escape him to this effect,—

'Must be meant for me—will risk it—can't come to any grief on a Sunday.'

And with the newspaper still in his hand he rises, with the intention of making for the fireplace, by the side of which is the only bell-handle he happens to call to mind, though there are half a dozen about the room. But he pauses in the act, for there is a stranger sitting with his back to the bell-handle, finishing his dinner in a leisurely manner; and it is evident that Harry Doncaster cannot get to the bell without disturbing the stranger. The two have been taking their respective repasts a few paces apart. Each has been well aware of the presence of the other, but each has ignored the other's existence, as in conventional duty bound—a very proper arrangement, by the way, in a public room, which ought to be a private room to anybody who pleases to make it so.



MR. HARDCASTLE'S FRIENDLY ATTENTIONS.

Having an object in so doing, Harry Doncaster considers himself warranted in addressing the stranger, which he does by asking him to ring the bell.

There are various ways of asking a man to ring a bell, and Harry's, upon this occasion, was a little unceremonious—unintentionally so. But the stranger obeyed the mandate, and had evidently no intention of ordering the other stranger's carriage, as the superb gentleman who invented Brighton did with Mr. Brummell under similar circumstances; for before the waiter could obey the summons he remarked to Captain Doncaster—

'It is not the first time that I have obeyed your orders.'

'Indeed,' said Harry; 'I don't remember that you have served with me.'

'No, but I have served things for you at Harrow; don't you remember your fag, Jack Shorncliffe?'

'Of course I do, and I am very glad to see you again, but should not have known you, you're so altered.' Mr. Shorncliffe, as he now appeared, was a person of small stature, particularly neatly and compactly built, with a face that was particularly neat and compact also, and the same character belonged to his hirsute adornments. He had a very keen eye, and was very decided in speech and manner.

'Well, you don't expect me to look such a fool as I was then,' said he. 'I knew you at once; saw you the night before last at the Plungers' ball, but couldn't speak to you—always with some girl.'

'You mean you were.'

'Yes, of course; you seemed to be mooning about doing nothing.'

'And what are you doing yourself, in another sense? You were going into the service, but I never heard of you, or noticed your name in Hart.'

'No; the paternity changed his mind about me. He made the discovery that at least nine out of ten of our immediate family who have gone into the army have

punctually come to grief, and are at the present time head over ears in debt.'

Harry could not deny that there are officers of the army in such a predicament.

'So he put me in his bank instead, where I am a partner—awfully rich—want a few hundreds, eh?'

Harry started at the question—jestingly put as it was—for he was by no means used to such pleasant inquiries. For a moment he felt a fiendish temptation, but he restrained himself. The thing would never do, at any rate it would be premature at the present time. Mr. Shorncliffe abruptly returned to the subject of the ball.

'I saw who you were looking after there, the unknown enchantress with the pompous papa. Did you find out who they were? I could not. Governor must be an alderman, I suspect; they came from London, that was all I could pick up.'

Harry Doncaster looked a little confused, but he answered carelessly—

'Ah! I know the people you mean, but I did not find out their names. Of course I admired the lady, like everybody else.'

'Superb creature,' pursued Mr. Shorncliffe. 'It would be invidious to particularise where all is perfection, as puffing critics say in the papers; but I think her great points are her eyes and shoulders—it would be difficult to say which are the brightest of the two.'

Harry Doncaster pretended to laugh at this criticism, but did not half like it. Jack Shorncliffe proceeded—

'I suspect her eyes are too blue to be very bright by day; but there is no mistake about her shoulders. Alabaster is a ridiculous comparison. There are no complexions like alabaster, and I should be very sorry if there were; her shoulders are simply like ivory, and the elephant tribe ought to be much obliged to me for the comparison.'

Harry was getting angry by this time, but he refrained from any manifestation which might betray his secret (you know as well as I do that he had a secret), or, still worse, make him appear ridiculous. The subject of conversation, too, was pleasant to him upon any terms, so he allowed Shorncliffe to proceed.

'I should like very much to know who found her glove,' pursued that gentleman. 'I know that she lost one, for a man who saw her leaving the ball said she turned round to look for it while stepping into her carriage, and that the governor said, "Oh, it doesn't matter, you are close at home." You have seen the advertisement in the paper, of course? Ah! you have the paper in your hand.'

Harry Doncaster, at the commencement of this colloquy, had taken his seat at Shorncliffe's table, and had brought the 'South Down Reporter and Devil's Dyke Free Press' with him, for the simple reason that he did not think of laying it down. However, there was no betrayal involved, and Harry simply said that he had seen the advertisement, adding, what was strictly true, that he was as much mystified by it as his companion.

But I am sorry to say that the matter did not end here. The two gentlemen spent the evening together, as well as that process could be performed in the absence of private engagements; that is to say, they walked out upon the new pier, and returned at ten o'clock or so to the hotel, where they were both staying. During their walk the conversation had not fallen upon the lady of the lost glove, but it did so when they returned, and Jack Shorncliffe, growing confidential, avowed himself an ardent admirer of the lady, whose acquaintance, he said, he was determined to make. The family lived in London, he knew, and if nobody would introduce him he would introduce himself. He was possessed, he added, of 'a genial audacity which might be mistaken for cheek,' that never failed in such cases. This was not at all pleasant to Harry Doncaster; but he could not help remembering that one stranger has as much right to be in love with a lady as another stranger. When, however, Jack Shorncliffe grew bold over his not unqualified seltzer, and began to express his admiration in a similar strain to that in which he had previously indulged, Harry remonstrated, somewhat to the speaker's astonishment—

'Why, the lady is nothing to you?' said Shorncliffe, inquiringly.

'I am not sure,' replied Harry. 'And then, I regret to say, he was weak enough to own the state of his own feelings, and, what was worse, to acknowledge himself as the finder of the glove, which article he produced from his breast-pocket in proof of the assertion.'

Mr. Shorncliffe was very far from relishing this revelation, and the pair presently found one another's society not quite so pleasant as it had been before. They discovered, in fact, that sitting up was a bore, and determined to go to bed. Harry Doncaster was the first to leave. He did not go to bed, but went out for another walk by the sea.

When he returned to his room he felt in the breast-pocket of his coat, remembering that it would not be well for its contents to come under the notice of his servant in the morning.

The glove was gone!

CHAPTER II.

WHAT HAPPENED AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

Sunday at the Zoological. The season is drawing to a close, but the day is one of the fullest that there has been since its beginning. Everybody is there; but that is not saying enough. There are all the necessary nobodies to keep the everybodies in countenance, and save them from staring at one another like idiots. There is even a Royal Prince and a Royal Princess, and these illustrious personages actually seem to like being present, for nobody bores them with intrusive attentions.

The day is one of the finest as well as one of the fullest of the season, and the one fact, I suppose, accounts considerably for the other. It has doubtless influenced the toilettes, which are lighter and airier than ever, as far as the ladies are concerned; and what wonderful coiffures these same ladies wear! Coiffures seem to reach their culminating point at the Zoological; go anywhere afterwards and you always notice a declension.

There is nothing to do, of course, at the Zoological after you have been to see some of your favourite animals. There are always a few of these in fashion, and you 'do' these rigorously. This object accomplished, you concentrate your attention upon trying to get chairs, a pleasing pursuit which passes away an hour very well. As everybody tries to get chairs, I suppose they are the unsuccessful candidates who walk about; and it is well that somebody should so disport themselves, otherwise sitting would be comparatively dull work.

An elderly gentleman, to whom I wish to call your attention, has been foraging for seats ever since he entered the gardens. He has not regarded the chase, like more philosophical persons, as an incidental piece of amusement, and has been actually out of temper at the delay. But see, he has at last brought down his game, and comes upon the grass with a chair in each hand; and his satisfaction is complete when, on joining two ladies who form his party, he finds that one of them has found a seat for herself. As he also is thus saved from standing you might suppose that he would begin to be amiable. But he does nothing of the kind. He dislikes the place and the people also, and, as he says, doesn't care who knows it. A more insane way of passing the afternoon he cannot conceive, and he expresses his dissatisfaction in audible terms. He is a portly person with a pink face, dresses scrupulously in black, with a white cravat of a previous period of society, and a big diamond brooch in the bosom of his shirt which 'would buy half Northumberland,' if half Northumberland happened to be for sale. Both his pink face and his portliness are appearances in his favour. Neither is too pronounced, and both draw that nice line between prosperity and apoplexy which one always rejoices to see in elderly gentlemen.

Of the two ladies one is evidently his wife and the other apparently his daughter.

His wife is tall, stately, and reserved; grandly rather than gaily dressed, like many courtly persons of her period in life whom one meets in the exclusive circles of Madame Tussaud—persons whose manners have considerably more than the repose which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere; for so little influenced are they by vulgar emotion that a condescending inclination of the head, or a haughty turn of that appendage upon their aristocratic shoulders, are all the signs they deign to make of taking the smallest interest in their fellow-creatures. The lady in question has evidently modelled herself upon one of these courtly dames. You can see at a glance that her ideas of good breeding are entirely of a negative character; and without overhearing any family conversations you may be sure that she tells her daughter not to do this and not to do that, because great people never do anything of the kind, neglecting, of course, to add what it is that great people *do* do, and in what respects the nature of their activity differs from that of little people.

Her daughter, ah! her daughter is very different. You have heard some account of her in the artless criticism of Mr. Shorncliffe; for—there need be no mystery in the matter—she is indeed the unknown enchantress of the Plungers' ball! But Mr. Shorncliffe, with all his enthusiasm and powers of description, did nothing like justice to her loveliness, which in its general character was like that of a lolling lily, if you can fancy a lolling lily with an aggressive abundance of chestnut hair and eyes the colour of the corn flower. She has, as Mr. Shorncliffe observed, an ivory delicacy of surface; but that gentleman forgot to mention the pale coral tints that gave it relief. I am bound to admit also, on my own account, that I have never beheld a lily, lolling or otherwise, arrayed to such purpose in pale blue. It was Solomon in all his glory and the lily combined.

But it will save trouble to tell you at once who these people are.

Mr. Surbiton is principally known for having made a great deal of money. It is a very good reputation to have, and will carry its subject a considerable way into society. It is not quite understood how the money had been made, except, I suppose, by Mr. Surbiton's old and more immediate friends; but he is supposed to have begun in a very small way and ended in a very large way, and being now retired he is of course in no way at all. But do not suppose that people in general care in what particular line of business the money had been made, and very few would trouble themselves on the subject but for Mrs. Surbiton's horror at any hint of her husband having been in trade, which makes her friends laugh occasionally, and of course tends to keep the fact before their eyes. Two-thirds of her life, I should think, are passed in trying to conceal what she considers this family disgrace, and, as far as any degree of success is concerned, she might as well proclaim it periodically from the house-tops. Her main object at the present time is to effect an aristocratic alliance with her daughter. That young lady, by the way, is happily uninfluenced by the peculiarities of her parents. Being no more than seventeen or eighteen years of age, she is not able to remember the humbler state of the family, and having been educated away from home she is unaffected by any of its traditions.

Scarcely have Mr. and Mrs. Surbiton and their daughter taken possession of their chairs than they are joined by a gentleman, a stranger, who addresses himself to the head of the family in a manner indicative of some special errand.

But I must here leave them to note a scene which is enacting in another part of the gardens.

Harry Doncaster has been two or three times up and down that long walk where the walkers seem to congregate for the amusement of the people in chairs. He has performed the process with some impatience, having an object in view apart from being stared at. But his glances right and left are evidently not rewarded by the sight of some persons of whom he seems to be in quest, and after mingling for a few minutes with the crowd on the grass he turns away as if for the purpose of being alone. His mood is plainly not a pleasant one, and he seems preoccupied to an extent incompatible with enjoyment of the Zoological. So he sits under a tree and has an interview with himself—a very unsatisfactory interview, I should

say, judging from his frowns and occasional ejaculations. It would end in a violent quarrel, I have no doubt, but for a diversion caused by the appearance of a stranger.

Harry Doncaster, being rather slender in figure than otherwise, did not occupy the entire seven or eight feet of the bench upon which he had chosen to rest; so the stranger availed himself of the vacant accommodation. This stranger was one of the most agreeable persons you ever beheld. He was not a fat man, but he was certainly a plump man, with a beaming, radiant presence, confirmed by his face, which was so happy and healthy, smiling and benevolent, as to be irresistibly attractive. A sanguine complexion and sandy hair may have something to do with the prevailing effect, but the genial nature of the stranger shone especially in his eyes.

Harry Doncaster, preoccupied though he was, could not avoid notice of these characteristics; so when the stranger spoke to him he did not resent the intrusion, but showed himself to be favourably impressed.

'You do not remember me, Captain Doncaster?' said the stranger.

Captain Doncaster could not dispute the proposition. The stranger continued—

'No doubt you do not; you were a small boy when we used to meet. But I was well acquainted with your father, the late viscount—was, I may say, his friend, and had the pleasure of obliging him in many ways. Always happy to do it, too, having the greatest respect for him and his family. Besides, it's always better to make friends than enemies, and every man has it in his power to do some good in his generation if he only has his heart in the right place.'

Harry Doncaster was charmed to hear such generous sentiments, and professed some hereditary gratitude for the services rendered to his father, not that he knew their nature, but he guessed they might have been of a pecuniary character.

'You do remember my name, I dare say,' pursued his obliging neighbour—'Matthew Harcastle.'

Harry Doncaster thought he remembered it—was not sure—yes, he certainly—it seemed familiar to him—he must have heard it at home when he was young.

'Ah! I thought you had not forgotten my name, at any rate,' said Mr. Harcastle, with a pleasant chuckle; 'and now let me tell you why I have recalled myself to your recollection. Frankly, I wish to render you a service. There is too little sympathy in this world between man and man; we ought all to do more for one another than we do; the curse of the world is selfishness.'

'My dear sir,' said Harry Doncaster, 'it is charming to hear you express such noble sentiments, but I am not aware in what manner you can do me a service. I am full of troubles, but they are of a nature very difficult to provide for, and a stranger—'

'Not a stranger,' interrupted Mr. Harcastle, taking Harry's hand and grasping it with much warmth; 'say a friend. It is indeed in my power to render you a service, and fortunately it is not necessary to test my friendliness by any sacrifice on my own part. The service I am able to render you will cost me nothing. On the contrary, I shall be a gainer by conferring an obligation in another quarter, not a pecuniary obligation of course. What I mean is that I shall gain the lasting gratitude of the family of one of my oldest friends, and that is payment to me enough. Nobody ever said that Matt Harcastle ever did a good action only for money, though that perhaps is no merit of mine. I don't know what I might have done had I been poor, and we must always be charitable to the errors of needy men. Happily I have always been beyond the reach of temptation.'

'You puzzle me,' said Captain Doncaster, who thought that his new friend would indeed be a clever fellow if he could do anything for him. But he remembered that he had read of equally wonderful things in the 'Arabian Nights' Entertainments.'

'Now, let me be frank with you,' Mr. Harcastle continued. 'I know your position at the present moment to be one of great embarrassment. I know that you have for years past spent a great deal more than your income. You have had expectations, doubtless, and were justified in so doing; but these expectations have not been realized as yet, and you have no time to wait for them. I know that besides a—if I may so call it—somewhat reckless personal expenditure, pardonable in a young man of family belonging to an expensive regiment, you have been unfortunate in horses and have dropped a little at cards. You have met debts of honour by contracting legal obligations. There are some of them considerably over due, and unless—in the immortal words of our friend Micawber—"something turns up" for you, you may be considered in the light of a ruined man.'

Harry was obliged to own that this was but too faithful a picture of his state and prospects in life; but he expressed some surprise that Mr. Harcastle should have arrived at so accurate a knowledge of his condition.

'Never mind how I came to know it,' said that gentleman in his most genial manner; 'I know a great many things about a great many people that they little suspect. The fact is that I have rather a speciality for doing friendly offices for people in my humble way, and such cases reach my ears sooner than they reach those of most men. Now there is only one way of extricating yourself from your difficulties, and that one way is—marriage.'

Harry Doncaster was deeply disappointed at the nature of the remedy proposed. As if he had never thought of it before! Why, it is the first idea that occurs to every spendthrift who is hard pressed. Harry did not avow this contemptuous opinion, however, but contented himself with saying—

'I am much obliged, my dear sir, for your suggestion, and I must confess it had occurred to me before. But there has always been this difficulty in the way. I have a prejudice against marrying a woman I don't like, and I have hitherto been unable to combine the necessary conditions. When I have liked, or fancied that I have liked, a girl, she has always turned out to be without a penny, and richer than myself only through having no debts. On the other hand, women with fortunes sufficiently large to enable them to take me, debts and all, have always

been objectionable persons one way or another, besides being mostly cads. Indeed, women in my own rank of life are not to be had under the conditions, and I have never found any with money enough whom I cared even to ask. I am not very particular about grade, but in any grade I have always met with the same difficulty. As for selling myself entirely for the benefit of my creditors, I have not quite arrived at that pitch of heroism. Of the two I prefer the creditors to the kind of wife I could get—they may ruin me, but they cannot force me to suffer my ruin in their society.'

'But if I could introduce you to a lady whom you would be sure to like?'

'Thank you very much, my dear sir,' rejoined Harry Doncaster, somewhat decidedly, and getting rather red in the face, 'I have reasons, at the present time, for not being prepared to make the experiment.'

'An attachment already formed, eh? Excuse me—I am an older man than you—for asking the question. It is so, I see by your face. No doubt it does you honour, and so do all the sentiments you have expressed. It is something strange to meet with the finer feelings in a man who has passed through your career. But supposing that I could assist you with the object of your choice?'

'My dear sir, I have not told you that I have any choice, and I repeat—'

'Now, my dear friend, don't make a stranger of me, who only wish to oblige you. It is just possible that your choice—or shall I call it your fancy?—is but a few days old.'

'You are certainly determined, Mr. Harcastle, to know as much as I know myself.'

'It is not improbable that you never yet spoke to the lady?'

'Mr. Harcastle, I—'

'That you do not even know her name?'

'You are most determined in your interrogatories.'

'That you never saw her but once—at a ball?'

'Well, you evidently know something about it,' said Harry Doncaster, his first instinct of resentment appeased as he found his obliging friend really as well informed as he pretended to be.

'Supposing, then, as I have said, I could introduce you to the lady in question?'

'You would indeed please me, but I know not to what it could lead. To tell you the truth, I came here on purpose to see her; but even had I seen her I should scarcely have ventured to introduce myself, for I have no right to suppose that either she or her family desired to meet me, and the only excuse I had for intruding I have somehow lost.'

'You have lost the glove, then?'

'And you know about the glove?'

'Yes, I agree with you that they were not likely to advertise for such a very unimportant article, and it would certainly be strange if they advertised for you.'

'That is just what occurred to me. And you have seen the advertisement too?'

'Well, I have heard about it. But you won't want the glove if I present you myself.'

Harry Doncaster could not withstand the temptation; and in a few minutes the pair were in the midst of the promenaders, and peering in every direction among the occupants of the much-coveted chairs.

I left the Surbiton party taking their rest, and being joined by a stranger. You may guess who it was—Mr. Shorncliffe, of course.

Mr. Shorncliffe rushed in where Captain Doncaster feared to tread; but he considered himself the lesser fool of the two on that account, and I suppose he was in the right.

Lifting his hat with a half recognition of the ladies, this enterprising gentleman addressed himself to Mr. Surbiton, who rose from his seat with a certain air of deference; for Mr. Shorncliffe's manners were imposing—to Mr. Surbiton, at any rate.

'I have taken the liberty of intruding upon you here,' said Mr. Shorncliffe, with composed audacity, 'in obedience to your hint.'

'My hint, sir,' replied Mr. Surbiton, surprised out of politeness. 'What do you mean?'

'Mean, sir! Is it possible that you have forgotten the Plungers—the Dragon Guards' ball at Brighton, and the advertisement in the "South Down Reporter"? I am the finder of the glove.'

The latter communication was conveyed in a low, confidential tone, as if it bore the weight of a state secret. Poor Mr. Surbiton was sorely perplexed. As soon as he could find words to reply, he said—

'Ball! Yes, I remember the ball, and a very dull affair it was. But what the deuce you mean by the advertisement and the glove I can't say. You must take me for somebody else, or have gone clean out of your senses.'

And here the horrible idea seized upon Mr. Surbiton that he had to do with a lunatic of a dangerous kind; so, with a precautionary instinct as creditable to him as his promptitude of action, he seized the chair upon which he had been sitting, covered himself with it, and covered the ladies with it, while awaiting a further demonstration on the other side.

The attitude was so unusual at the Zoological as to attract the attention of several bystanders; but they were well-bred persons, and did not precipitate a scene. The ladies, if not alarmed, felt very awkwardly placed, and Mrs. Surbiton told her husband in quiet, but commanding tones, to resume his seat, and hear what the gentleman had to say.

'I can assure you, sir,' continued Mr. Shorncliffe, rather amused than otherwise, and speaking round the chair for the benefit of the ladies, 'that I am not a madman, but am most pleasantly in my senses, and that I have intruded myself upon you simply because I supposed you desired my presence.'

(To be continued.)



ROSEMOUNT.—THE RESIDENCE OF H. R. B. PRINCE ARTHUR.—(THE PROPERTY AND FORMER RESIDENCE OF HON. JOHN ROSE.)

GEN. CARLOS MANUEL CESPEDES.

The President of the Cuban Republic, or more properly said, the chosen leader of the Cuban revolutionists, is now in the 51st year of his age, having been born at Bayamo, on the 18th of April, 1819. In 1838 he graduated at the Havana University. After visiting Spain he returned to Cuba, and commenced the practice of the law in his native city. From early manhood he has been an ardent advocate of Cuban independence, and his zeal in the cause has led to his arrest and imprisonment on more than one occasion. In the early part of 1895, when the rebellion was being organized against the perpetuation of Spanish rule, Céspedes took an earnest part in the proceedings of the revolutionary Juntas, and when the rebellion did break out in October of last year, he was found at the head of the five hundred revolutionists who, on the 10th of that month, swore allegiance to the flag of liberty. He achieved several substantial advantages over the Government forces within the next few days, and his army having swelled to three thousand strong, he laid siege to his native city of Bayamo, the small garrison of which capitulated, after holding out for three days. He continued at the head of the Revolutionary party from the commencement of the outbreak, and since the formal organization of the machinery of a government, has been styled President of the Republic of Cuba. As an earnest of his devotion to the cause of liberty, Céspedes granted all his slaves unconditional freedom, on the occasion of his capture of Bayamo.

THE PROVINCIAL BUILDING, HALIFAX, N. S.

We present our readers this week with a view of the Provincial Building at Halifax, the ownership of which has been matter of dispute between the Provincial and the Canadian Governments. By the arrangement for "better terms" to Nova Scotia, effected last November, between Messrs. Howe and McLellan on the one side, and the Hon. Mr. Rose, then Finance Minister, on the other, and subsequently confirmed by Parliament, so long as this building may be retained by the Provincial authorities of Nova Scotia, interest at the rate of five per cent per annum on the cost of its construction will be deducted by the Dominion Government, from the Provincial subsidy. This building was intended for a Custom House and Post Office. It was commenced in the spring of 1864 and finished about a year ago. The site, a central position in Halifax, was acquired by the Government, during the Hon. Mr. Howe's term of office, and when the Tupper administration came into power, the building was commenced under the direction of five Commissioners, viz: Messrs. Duffus, Jones, Dault, Kenny and Stairs. The total cost, including site, is about \$189,600. The building is four stories high; length, 125

feet; breadth, 34 feet; central projection, 92½ feet; height to the apex of the gables, 75 feet; to summit of cupola, 129 feet. It is constructed of Picton freestone, except the basement, which is built of Halifax granite. The interior arrangements are in perfect keeping with its handsome exterior, the central hall being 24 feet wide, at the end of which is a spacious freestone staircase. Mr. David Stirling was the architect appointed by the Commissioners, and he has succeeded admirably in making the new building an ornament to the city. No doubt the Government will devote this building to the purposes for which it was originally designed.

THE BYRON CONTROVERSY.—The *Newcastle Chronicle* has sent one of its own staff to visit Mrs. Minns, once maid to Lady Byron, and residing at Jarrow-on-Tyne. Mrs. Minns, (says the *Chronicle*) is a widow, in her eighty-fifth year. She is in full possession of her faculties, discourses freely, hears well, and her sight is good. During the period of ten years she was Miss Milbanke's lady's maid, and in that capacity became the close confidante of her mistress. Some months before Miss Milbanke was married to Lord Byron, Mrs. Minns had quitted her service on the occasion of her own marriage with Mr. Minns, but she continued on the most friendly terms with her former mistress; and when the wedding day was fixed, Miss Milbanke begged her to fulfil the duties of lady's maid during the honeymoon. Mrs. Minns remained with Lord and Lady Byron during the three weeks they spent at Halmaby Hall, and then she accompanied them to Seaham, where they spent the next six weeks. It was during the latter period that she finally quitted Lady Byron's service, but she remained in the most friendly communication with her Ladyship till the death of the latter. We cannot express the unmitigated disgust with which the venerable old lady repudiates the odious charge against Lord Byron, while the supposition that Lady Byron ever harboured an unworthy thought of Mrs. Leigh is quite shocking to her. That Lady Byron should have done so, as Mrs. Stowe affirms, during the honeymoon, she declares as absurd as it is horrible. Lady Byron often spoke to Mrs. Minns of Mrs. Leigh, but always in terms of the deepest affection, often designating her as her "best friend." Mrs. Minns preceded Lord and Lady Byron to prepare for their reception at Halmaby Hall. She was present when they arrived at that mansion later on in the day, and saw them alight from the carriage. Mrs. Minns says Lady Byron, when married, was buoyant and cheerful as a bride should be, and kindly and gaily responded to the greetings of welcome which poured upon her. The old lady declares that Lady Byron was by no means of a cold temperament, but that the affectionate impulses of her nature were checked by the unkind treatment she experienced from her husband.

THE ROYAL DAIRY.

"Burleigh" furnishes the *Boston Journal* with the following account of Queen Victoria's dairy:—

"The building occupies a lodge at the gate of the palace. The interior is exquisitely fitted up. The walls and the floor are of the finest china. The royal arms and no-doubt likenesses of the entire royal family surround the room. Fountains play, and ingenious arrangements have been made for ventilation and to keep the temperature even, at all times a day and all seasons of the year. The presiding genius of this establishment is a Welch woman, scrupulously neat, in the peculiar garb of her country, the conspicuous part of which was a low-crowned, peculiar-shaped hat. The milk used on the royal table at the castle and in London is obtained from this dairy. The pans, about fifty in number, are of china and of a peculiar shape, made from models furnished by Prince Albert. The milk from twelve Alderney cows is kept by itself for the Queen's special use. From this the butter is made that is placed on the royal table. It follows the Queen wherever she goes. Daily the couriers start from Downing-street with their box of dispatches for Osborn, Balmoral, London, or wherever Her Majesty may be. Just as regular starts the messenger with the royal butter to find the Queen. At Osborn and Balmoral the Queen has her own dairy for milk, but the butter she must have from Frogmore. I saw rolls of golden butter ready to be sent off. It was very tempting to the eye and sweet to the tooth. The churn used at Frogmore is a metallic one, in shape like a barrel, and rotary. Pans, pails, and cans all bore the royal monogram—V. R. The dairy is called the modern dairy. But no one without a royal revenue could afford such an arrangement. Conspicuous in the room in golden letters is the announcement that the dairy was constructed by Prince Albert in the 21st year of Her Majesty's reign."

A curiously furnished apartment.—A bedroom with a towel-horse and a *Lindholm* cabinet.

DIGNITY OR COMPARISON.—That gate of Hyde Park is the Marble Arch, but a statue of Cupid is a marble archer.

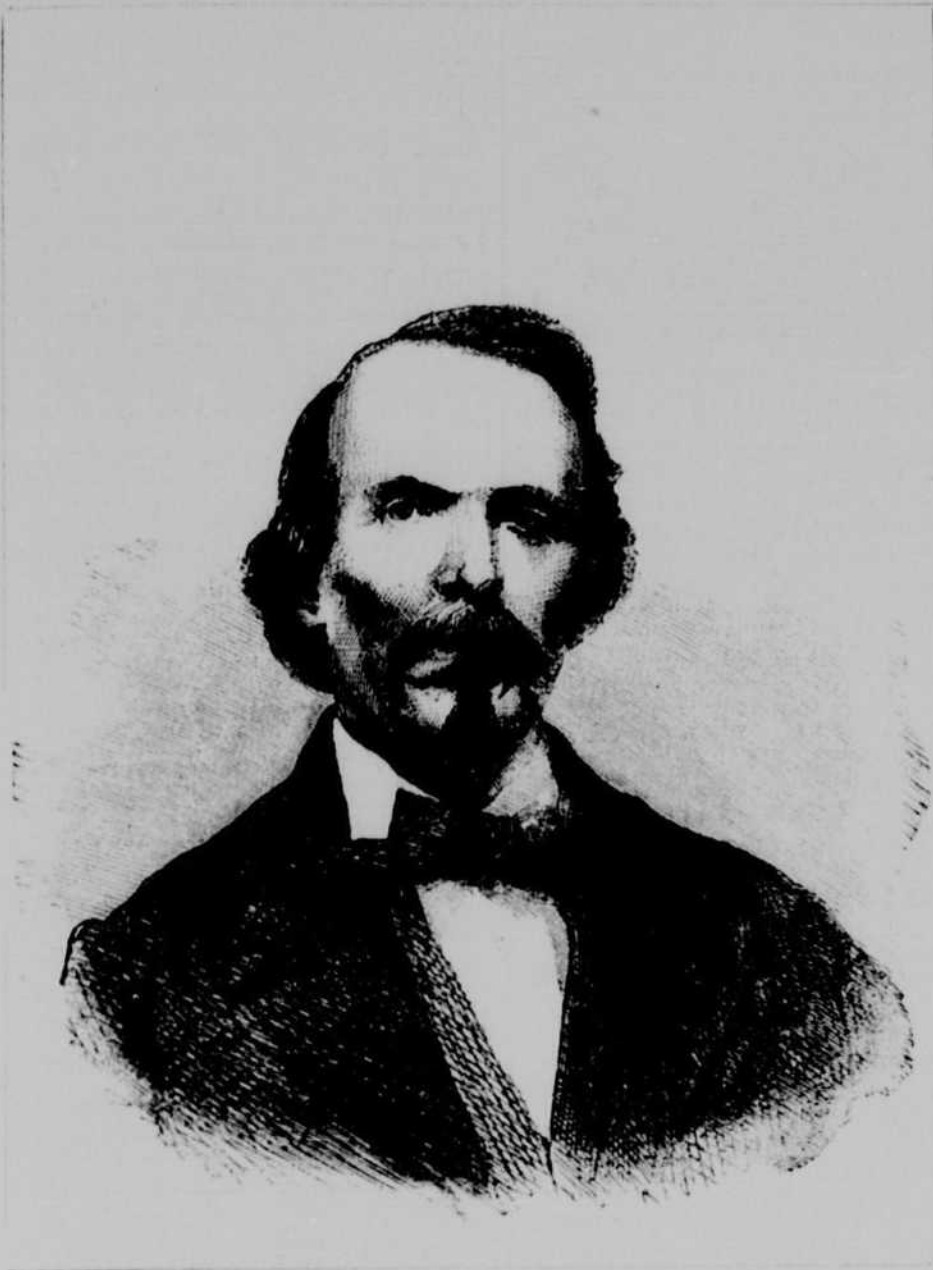
Why is a salad a devotional dish?—Because you commence making it by saying, "Lettuce, pray."

Oh! HONESTY!—If a physician gives you a prescription for your cough, what does he expect for it?—A pound of cough-fee.

Are crow-bars and raven locks of the same family?

Isn't Calcraft's business the necktie and choker line?

That glass that neither cheers nor inebriates.—The looking-glass.



GENL. CARLOS MANUEL CESPEDES.—(SEE PAGE 12.)



THE PROVINCIAL BUILDING, HALIFAX, N. S.—(SEE PAGE 12.)



GROUP OF INDIANS AT THE LACROSSE TOURNAMENT, OCT. 9. From a Photograph by Inglis.—(SEE PAGE 6.)



THE COUPLE OF THE PERIOD.

MONTREAL ADVERTISEMENTS.

DRINK CARRATRACA WATER.

THE DIRECT RADIATOR in operation: it certainly proves itself the best HEATING STOVE in the Market. Call and see for yourselves at 106, McGill Street. R. WARMINTON & CO.

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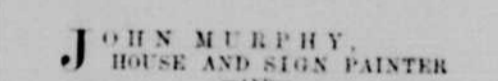
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Thus, by constant independent checks and rigid
tests, the utmost precaution is adopted to secure the
prudent conduct and permanent stability of the Insti-
tution. It has already paid to its Policy-holders
Assurances and Bonuses to the amount of
SEVEN MILLIONS THREE HUNDRED
THOUSAND DOLLARS.
The amount for last year alone being upwards of
FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS.
2d ON 5TH DECEMBER NEXT,
The Class B system will be closed for the year, and
Entrants before that date will be entitled, at the
Division of Profit, to a FULL YEAR'S BONUS more
than later Entrants.
P. WARDLAW,
Inspector of Agencies.— Secretary.
JAMES B. M. CHIPMAN. 1e

**THE SCOTTISH PROVIDENT INSTITU-
TION, (of Edinburgh.)
MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE.**
Accumulated Fund.....\$7,500,000
Deposited in Canada.....\$100,000
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JAS. FERRIER, JR., Esq., DUNCAN COULSON, Esq.
General Managers:
OSWALD BROS.,
Office: 55, St. Francois Xavier street,
Montreal, 15th October, 1869. 1e

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CANADA LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.
A purely Canadian Institution with all its funds
retained and invested in this country.
Assets (exclusive of uncalculated capital) of about \$150
for every \$100 of liability.
The Rates of the CANADA LIFE are lower than
those of British or Foreign Offices; and its larger
amount of Assurances and of Investments in Canada
than any other Company, are satisfactory evidences
of the popularity of its principles and practice.
The interest earned on investments is now alone
more than sufficient to meet the claims from death, as
shown by the following figures:
Amount of claims from death year ending 30th
April, 1869.....\$61,300
Interest earned on investments.....68,318
Leaving the main portion of the premium income for
permanent investment.
DONALD MURRAY,
General Agent, Province of Quebec,
77, St. James Street, Montreal.
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vacant Districts will please address the General
Agent. 1b

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For wholesome Bread, use the
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Martin's French Ball Blue
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Consisting in part of—
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DISSECTING INSTRUMENTS,
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Wools. Just received a variety.
&c., &c.
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A supply now landing ex "John Bull."
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LIQUORS,
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PRESERVES,
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DELICACIES,
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THIS EVENING AT 8 O'CLOCK,
PROFESSOR G. W. STONE,
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"GREAT FENIAN SCARE," 9th October, 1869.

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.
PROSPECTUS.

The imagination is so closely linked to the perceptive faculties, that the speediest and surest way of reaching the mind and impressing thereon facts and objects, is to lay them vividly before the eye (that main feeder of the imagination,) either in their reality, or in the drama, or even through their image painted or engraved. Hence the popularity of illustrated books and newspapers, through the latter of which especially, millions receive knowledge of the resources and features of various countries, and of occurrences therein, of which they would otherwise remain utterly ignorant. In the neighbouring States, and in Europe, illustrated papers flourish by scores, but Canada has no such medium of communication with its own people or the outside world. No counterpart have we to the *Illustrated London News*, *Le Monde Illustré*, *Harper's Weekly*, &c. And yet, how much have we not in this vast Dominion, our noble home,—how much of majestic nature, of grand architecture, of historical monuments, of floating palaces, of thriving manufactures, worthy of illustration in the highest style of the Engraver's art? How many interesting events, important ceremonies, elegant gatherings, now pass away forgotten, which, reproduced by the artist's skill, would in later years be recalled with pleasure and prove instructive and amusing to generations yet unborn? A Canadian illustrated paper would be as it were a mirror that would reflect Canadian nature, enterprise and art throughout the world, and tell the multitudes who crowd the cities and hamlets of Europe how much Providence has done for us, what our energy is adding to nature's ample store, and what a promising field lies open to their capital and industry. Such a paper would also bring to the notice of our neighbours the rapid strides we are making in arts and manufactures. Through it tourists would be made acquainted with the beauty of our summer resorts, and the wild grandeur of our scenery.

By picturing to our own people the broad dominion they possess, its resources and progress, its monuments and industry, its great men and great events, such a paper would teach them to know and love it better, and by it they would learn to feel still prouder of the proud Canadian name.

Therefore do we launch this important enterprise, and claim the cordial support, and energetic co-operation, of all classes, creeds, and nationalities, in every portion of Canada.

The CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS will be published weekly, and will consist of sixteen large folio pages,

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The foregoing remarks indicate the principal subjects to be illustrated. We will also reproduce, from foreign prints, engravings of special interest, or unusual merit. Our chief men will be portrayed as occasion may require, both in picture and letter press. Important improvements in machinery and agricultural implements will be illustrated and described. The fashions will monthly occupy a prominent place, and the Ladies will find interesting descriptions thereof by Paris and New York correspondents. A comic sketch may now and then rejoice the lover of ridicule, but never will our pages be disgraced by unbecoming or trivial prints.

From time to time subscribers will be presented with a large engraving, on fine extra heavy paper, worthy of being framed as a decoration to the library. This print will sometimes be colored, and will itself be worth a year's subscription.

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The condensed news of the week, from each province, and, during the sessions of the Legislatures and general Parliament, an analysis of the principal debates, will be accurately recorded.

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A column of wit and humor will be gleaned from the rich harvest of fun so cleverly reaped by *Punch*, *Judy*, the *Owl*, and other comic papers.

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In fine, we will make every effort to exceed the expectations we have held forth, and to render the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, the favourite weekly of the whole Dominion, by investing it with a high social and moral tone, making it a complete repository of current events, and a record of the feelings and ideas of the times, worthy the patronage of every family throughout the land.

CONDITIONS.

The CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, will be sold at 10 cents per number, or \$4.00 per annum, payable invariably in advance.

The first year's subscription will date from the 1st January 1870, although the publication begins in the present month. Subscribers will receive the paper gratis, from the date on which we receive their subscription note (payable on 2nd January 1870) until the end of the current year. Those subscribing within the first month of publication, will receive the back numbers of the ILLUSTRATED NEWS, without extra charge.

Postage will be prepaid by us on papers supplied direct from the office of publication.

A limited number of advertisements, nonpareil measure, style of *Illustrated London News*, will be taken at 15 cents per line for each insertion, payable in advance. This rate will not be increased until the circulation shall exceed 10,000. The first numbers will be issued to that extent, of which about 6,000 will be addressed personally to profitable subscribers over the whole Dominion.

A most liberal discount will be allowed to News Agents. Contributions, literary and artistic, will be thankfully received and carefully considered, and if accepted and published, will be liberally paid for.

In the United States, the subscription price will be \$5.00 U.S. currency, including Canadian postage; single numbers 10 cents. In England, subscribers will pay £1 stg. per annum, or 6d. stg. per number.

For further particulars address "The Publisher of the Canadian Illustrated News, 319 St. Antoine street, Montreal."

Advertising office and sales room, 10 Place d'Armes. GEORGE E. DESBARATS, Publisher and Proprietor.

ALEXANDER ROBERTSON, Editor. Montreal, 18th October, 1869.

Printed and published by GEO. E. DESBARATS, 10 Place d'Armes, and 319 St. Antoine Street, Montreal.