

OCEAN STEAMERS DUE AT CANADIAN PORTS.

SS. "Alexandria," (Anchor), Halifax, from Glasgow, about Aug. 31.
SS. "Prussia," (Allan), Quebec, from Liverpool, about Aug. 31.
SS. "Preston," (Dominion), Quebec, from Liverpool, about Sept. 2.
SS. "Canadian," (Allan), Quebec, from Liverpool, about Sept. 3.
SS. "Scotland," (Temperley), Quebec, from London, about Sept. 3.

THE COMING WEEK.

SUNDAY, Aug. 31.—Twelfth Sunday after Trinity.
MONDAY, Sept. 1.—Montreal: McGill Normal School Reopens. Sherbrooke, Que.: Annual Meeting Shareholders St. Francis and Megantic RR.
TUESDAY, " 2.—Quebec: SS. "Manitoba," for Glasgow. Toronto: Ontario Rifle Association Meeting.
WEDNESDAY, " 3.—Toronto: Upper Canada College Reopens. London, Ont.: Hellmuth Ladies' College Reopens. Quebec: SS. "Memphis," for Liverpool. Toronto: Grand International Regatta.
THURSDAY, " 4.—Montreal: Meeting Provisional Directors Canada Agricultural Insurance Co. Quebec: SS. "Ambassador" for London. Toronto: International Regatta. Second Day.
FRIDAY, " 5.—Montreal: French National Fete in Honour of the Liberation of French Territory.
SATURDAY, " 6.—Lennoxville, Que.: Bishop's College School Reopens. Quebec: SS. "Scandinavian" for Liverpool. Toronto: International Regatta. Third Day.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Letters on business matters should be addressed to the Business Manager.

Communications intended for the Editor should be addressed to The Editor of the Canadian Illustrated News, and marked "Communication."

Rejected contributions are not returned unless stamps for return postage have been forwarded.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, AUGUST 30, 1873.

ANOTHER step forward has been taken in the history of the Pacific Railroad "Scandal." On Saturday last the *Gazette* announced the appointment of Judges Day, Polette, and Gowan to form a Royal Commission, with power to examine under oath, for the purpose of enquiring into the charges made by Mr. Huntington. The appointment has certainly not given universal satisfaction, for the outcry of the Opposition journals is almost as loud and as bitter as it was during the few days following the prorogation of Parliament on the 13th inst. There are, however, exceptions to this rule. The *Globe* says that the appointees "are all Conservatives of an extreme type, and of such character and position as to render an expectation of a full enquiry, independent of Ministerial influence, an absurdity." On the other hand the organ of the Hon. Mr. Cannon has indirectly admitted that the majority of the Commissioners are good men and true. On the strength of the report that the Commission would consist of Judges Draper, Day, and Polette, the *Journal de Quebec* fell foul of the first-named gentleman, but admitted that it had nothing to say against the two last. With regard to the *Globe's* appreciation of the personnel of the Commission, it is, to say the best, unfair to affirm that the mere fact of the three Judges belonging to the Conservative party is sufficient guarantee that they will prove false to their duty. And were one inclined to go upon the axiom that it takes a rogue to catch a rogue, one might form some very unpleasant deductions from the suspicions and hints in which the *Globe* writer indulges. The Commissioners held two or three preliminary sittings last week and then adjourned until the 4th prox. We trust this adjournment is not a fore-taste of what we have to expect. There has already been delay enough in sifting the charges against the Government, and any further postponement would be most injudicious. At the time of the prorogation it was understood that the House would meet again after ten weeks. Three weeks of the ten will have passed by the time the Commissioners meet, and little or nothing done. We see, by the way, that it is stated that Mr. Huntington will not appear before the Commission, or if he does appear will refuse to give evidence. Some of the Opposition journals on the strength of this statement are beginning to foreshadow his martyrdom, "Mr. Huntington," we are told, "can refuse to answer at the risk of imprisonment." This is hardly the way to advance the inquiry for which the whole country is clamouring. Indeed if the Ministry be guilty, as he so confidently asserts, there is hardly a move that would suit them better. There would be no need of imprisonment. The onus of attempting to prevent enquiry would lie with the accuser, and there would be an end of the matter.

This past two or three weeks have been unusually fruitful in railroad accidents. On all sides of us—fortunately not among us—we hear of terrible disasters, causing immense damage to life and limb. Sad to say, nearly all, if not all, of these calamities may be directly traced to carelessness of the

most criminal kind. Disobedience, and not unfrequently drunkenness, on the part of a conductor has, in the majority of cases, caused the loss of many valuable lives. The question has been raised whether the present system of trusting the conduct of trains entirely to conductors is safe or wise. Perhaps it is not. But again the argument that the conductor, upon whom so much depends, is liable to over-indulgence in drink, is just as applicable to the person who would superintend the conductor's movements. The true solution of the difficulty is to insist upon total abstinence on the part of those who occupy responsible positions on railroads and steamers—and in fact everywhere where, by the carelessness or inattention of employes, human life may be placed in jeopardy. We observe that a step in this direction has already been taken by some of the leading officials on the Western division of the Grand Trunk. The prime mover in the matter is Mr. Spicer, the local superintendent, who has addressed a circular to agents and conductors on the line inviting co-operation. It is, however, somewhat remarkable that in the preamble to this circular Mr. Spicer does not mention loss of life as one of the possible contingencies on drunkenness and dereliction of duty. He says:—"The 'dismissals' that are recorded every few days in our Office Circulars, in consequence of intemperance, show unmistakably that there are men in the Company's service who either cannot or will not control their propensity for drinking intoxicating liquors; and such men do not only bring disgrace, suffering, and ruin upon themselves and their families, but so long as they remain in the service they reflect discredit upon and endanger the safety of their fellow employes, and cause damage to property and loss to the Company, by a loose and reckless performance of their duty—even when only slightly under the influence of drink. We know that a man who only occasionally, at uncertain periods, drinks to excess, speedily becomes demoralized and unreliable, and so far as his connection with the working of a railway is concerned, in whatever capacity he may be employed, he is not to be trusted out of sight of his superior officer, and there must be a feeling of want of confidence, which proves extremely unsatisfactory in every respect." The manner in which the interests of the company are made to take the first place appears, at first sight, somewhat remarkable; but it must be borne in mind that the company's interests centre in those of their passengers. Mr. Spicer's movement is one of the deepest importance, and we extend to it our heartiest sympathies. It cannot but be productive of the greatest results, by which we may be certain the company will be no loser.

Those who read the newspapers may obtain any amount of painful sensation, but an incident has just occurred near Ottawa that was as deeply impressive, in a moral sense, as it was painful. We learn from the journals that the Rev. T. Johnson, having exchanged duties with the clergyman of the Leslie mission on the Upper Ottawa, was driving on the afternoon of Sunday week in a two-wheeled conveyance from Leslie, where he had held a morning service, to Thorne, where he was to have held a service in the evening. While driving down a steep hill into a valley his horse appears to have taken fright and run away. Owing to the speed at which it was going down hill, the vehicle jolted as it passed over a large stone and Mr. Johnson was thrown out, striking his head against a pointed stone with such violence that death immediately supervened. Near by him, when discovered, was a manuscript sermon which he had apparently been reading as he went along, and which, strange to say, had a special reference to his own case. The text was: "I was glad for your sakes that I was not there, to the end that ye may believe." The general tenor of the discourse may be gathered from the following paragraph: "To most men, death is a theme of sadness, if not of terror. We shrink from it, and yet how constantly and vividly it is kept in our view. Every day we are reminded that we are mortal!" Other passages, we are told, follow showing that the lamented gentleman's thoughts must have been bent towards that dark valley which he was so soon to traverse. In this sad recital while drinking in those impressions which chiefly concern our souls and their destiny, and trying to gain such benefit from the painful calamity as it seems so especially calculated to bring to us, we shall nevertheless, we believe, not be wandering out of the record if we reserve for a future occasion a few remarks upon the warnings the present, and several other like cases have presented, from a material point of view, and in the light of the protection of precious lives.

(For the Canadian Illustrated News.)

ORIGINAL ARTICLES.

HOW TO MAKE A WIFE AMIABLE.

The other day my wife called me "an ass." By ginger, it set me reflecting! "An ass," am I? Well, perhaps I am; at least, I have not the materials to successfully combat the statement: but surely, I thought, you, madam, are not the party to say so. How does the matter stand? When I first met you at a picnic at Thornleigh, and after we had been introduced and began to walk round in the groves and by the springs, talking away—oh, how pleasantly!—all the day, and when night came, at length, and I offered you my arm, and we strolled about in the soft moonlight—pray tell us, did you think I was an "ass" then? Then you knew I went down to Glenpond and made a long visit, and we met every day, and were together nearly every

evening, either walking, driving, playing croquet, whist or backgammon; and sometimes we occupied a portion of a sofa, and were seated in close proximity and played with each other's hands, and spoke words in a very romantic tone—words of great affection—tell us, madam, did my amiable qualities suggest themselves to you then? Perhaps they did, and you were as unfortunate as the lady in the "Midsummer Night's Dream," who is represented as falling in love with a man with a calf's head; but then you took a queer way of showing your belief. You used to play with my whiskers, lay your head on my waistcoat, and play the affectionate generally. Queer way for a sensible woman like you to treat an "ass," wasn't it?

And then those letters, "Oh, if you could only write like me—I was so clever; said such beautiful things, and you did so enjoy my letters, and thought my poetry so fine."—Strange that an "ass" could do all this, isn't it?

Let it be remembered that Clara and I have only been married about eighteen months, and have only one fond pledge, &c. I am not prepared to state, at a moment's notice, how many times she affirmed, with the most blissful assurance, during the term of our protracted courtship, "that our love was beyond the power of time to affect," but I dare say it must amount to a good three-score and ten; and yet, before we have passed our second year together in the holy bonds of wedlock, she deliberately states that I am an "ass!" I wouldn't have minded it, if she had said it in fun, but it was far otherwise; she seemed to mean what she said; and when I turned sorrowfully away and sought my pipe to ease my troubled breast, I declare I began to think she was about right; I must be an ass or I never would have believed that her love would have survived the first gust of wind.

The question immediately occurred to me, what is to be done? I cannot get out of it now, that's clear. Nothing short of death itself is a more fixed fact than matrimony; I cannot afford to give up all hopes of a loving wife and domestic happiness. What, then, am I to do?

Then I began to reflect. I found no occasion to reproach myself in anything. I had lavished upon her every kindness and affection. Instead of setting myself up as lord and master, as Scripture and the common law gives a man the warrant to do, I had rather been her slave, I had endeavoured to anticipate her every wish, and devote my best thoughts and efforts to her happiness; and yet under this treatment she has grown worse and worse, more haughty, more overbearing, less considerate, and more tyrannical, until, at last, she had come to call me an "ass." I began to look around me, to discover, if possible, if there were anything in treatment. My next neighbour, Brown's wife was the most amiable woman I knew for miles around, and yet—and yet—oh, I have the secret; I am on the right track now.

Brown is a first-class ruffian of a fellow. Talk of lavishing affection on his wife—why he has never said a kind word to her since the first week of their married life. He never even looks pleasant after he gets inside of his home. But, worse than this, he drinks. He has his regular drunken fits, in which he comes home and quarrel with everybody, abuses everybody, knocks things about the house, smashes the dishes, and breaks the furniture. In these fiendish attacks, he threatens to kill his children, and frightens his wife nearly out of her senses by the most terrible execrations and the most horrible menaces. His business is going to destruction; he provides no help of any kind for his wife, and she has to work like a slave to attend to her large family, and keep them decent and send them to school. For this, she never gets a kind word or a pleasant look. And yet I would give five thousand dollars to-morrow to have as amiable, pleasant and devoted wife as Mrs. Sylvanus Brown—and I don't care two pins if my wife sees this—I'll tell her the same to her face, if she ever again presume to level at my head the opprobrious epithet, "ass."

Now, while poor Mrs. Brown has been undergoing all these hardships and trials, Mrs. Phipps has been having a most jolly time. She has had two servants, and within the past few months a nurse; she has had a horse and carriage at her disposal, and the only thing I ever found her guilty of performing in the way of housework, was the folding up of her own night-dress. I am fond of music and got her a \$500 piano, which she plays, if she likes, and won't play, if I particularly wish it. I stay at home nearly every evening, save when she wishes to go out, when, without a word, I am at her service. Such is the life of Mrs. Joel Phipps, and such is the great civilization and enlightenment of the nineteenth century!

Now, then, I have mastered my idea; I have made my resolve and shall put it into speedy execution. I am going to try on Brown for a spell, and see how she likes that. "Two always thus with gentle woman, in joy and prosperity, haughty, supercilious and unloving; in woe and adversity, meek, gentle and affectionate."

"Oh, woman! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please;
But when comes sorrow's fiery dart,
A ministering angel then thou art

I am thoroughly convinced that a little wholesome persecution is what Mrs. Phipps requires; and, at least, she shall have the benefit of the experiment. I have been a total abstainer now for several years, but last night I stole into a bar-room and tried a little raw brandy and got down a glass without a very wry face. It has got to be done, and it is needless to make a fuss about it. Naturally I am a little soft-hearted; but I will choke off sentiment—this is a commodity that don't flourish well under such conditions as these. As I write this last page, Mrs. Phipps has just come into my study with "little Joey," and wants him to "ask papa why he sits up so late with his old writing." My first impulse was to take the little fellow in my arms, and slip my arm round Clara's waist, but I knew it wouldn't do, so I simply observed that I was "particularly busy, and did not wish to be disturbed," and I made this remark in a somewhat husky voice. Mrs. P. looked a little surprised, but I paid no attention to her whatever.

I intend to become mysterious, to do all sorts of unaccountable things, to keep all my acts and the motives dark, so that poor dear Clara will begin to fancy that I am becoming insane. That will be a capital card. I hate liquors, but I suppose I must get a little intoxicated once in a while to be perfectly consistent; at least, she shall smell my breath.

I recommend this system of treatment to other husbands whose wives are afflicted with a similar malady. I am convinced that it will be found more effectual than pills or hypophosphites. But if any fear to undertake it till they know more of its consequences, I may intimate that I will keep the readers of the *News* posted as to the progress of my experiment.

JOEL PHIPPS.