

the quantity of it may be conveyed. Not since a few barrels of oil were taken across the Atlantic in a large grain vessel, and the rest was thus the great portion of the grain spoiled. It is thought, then to press into service, as a kind of retributive justice, the whale ships, for if the supply of the oil comes, the whales will be left to enjoy their capricious gambols undisturbed by the harpoon. Press from the pursuit of the whale to be the makers of ready-made oil, would not be difficult, though decidedly unromantic.

Some such plan were adopted, this natural well, if the supply continues, become one of the most useful and economical substances known, and will find its way into hundreds of uses. Already such experiments have been made as to convey the conviction that gas of a similar kind can be made from it at sixty cents thousand feet, while for the ordinary purposes of light, the supply being so plentiful and areally unlimited, the illuminating fluid now must fall in price to such an extent as to be as artificial light, to use a vulgar phrase "as cheap as daylight." From whatever point this subject is viewed, whether as regards the origin of the oil; its supply; the extent of country over which it is found; the uses to which it can be applied; the revolution it is making in the use of artificial light, in each and all it is most desirable, and we question if a more interesting thing than that of the Canadian Oil Springs at present exists in any part of the world.—*London Free Press*.

THE LAND OF PARADOX.—The quicksilver, I will sometimes disappear, like the water in the pipe of the Great Geyser, and even then the water will be tolerable. But that is as it should be, and quite in keeping with the regions of paradox which we are approaching, where the earth forgets its affection for the pole; where any as nine suns have been seen in winter without affording the warmth of one; where the right time for thunder and lightning is midwinter; where a river of to-day becomes a mere chain of to-morrow, and *vice versa*, where dunes rise out of the ocean, and sink down again, as if nothing had happened; where tiny islands, according to the testimony of voracious gulls, at times swoop down like falcons on the heads of the wayfarer and disorder his brains. A part of which is dug that mysterious surturf which geologists have been adding their names to explain the origin of, but in vain; a part where the people get their wood from the sea, and where ocean cod are taken in inland waters; where, if you find a stalactite, it is due to the drip of water; where dark ducks with white rings round their eyes swim in the boiling sea—and where ice and fire are often on the same terms with each other. So that fine weather and low glass are really quite the correct thing.—*The Oxonian in Iceland*.

A PLACE WHERE NO WINTER IS.—The exceptional warmth of the winter climate of Mentone, even for the Riviera, is proved by the presence of groves of large, healthy lemon trees, which occupy the sheltered ravines and warmer hill-sides, wherever water can be obtained, constant irrigation, summer and winter, being necessary for their cultivation. They are, indeed, much more numerous than the orange trees, although many fine plantations of the latter are found throughout the district. Orange trees can bear without injury several degrees of frost, whereas one degree destroys the fruit of the lemon tree, and two or three degrees destroy the tree itself. On one side of the second bay, near the Port St. Louis, the warmest and most sheltered region of Mentone, the side of the mountain is partially covered with lemon trees, which ascend on terraces to a considerable height above the sea. In these "warm terraces" winter certainly may be said not to exist. Throughout its entire duration insect life is abundant, and the swallows come and go, and never migrate. They are constantly seen arching among the rocks. The harebell, the red valerian, violets, and our own pretty veronica, flower in December and January in this favoured spot, long before they appear elsewhere. The lemons produced at Mentone are known throughout northern Europe, and fetch a high price in the market. The lemon tree at Mentone flowers all the year round, never resting, and bears four distinct fruit crops. Its existence in groves of large trees, from twenty to thirty or more years old, without artificial protection, and its profitable cultivation throughout the year, prove that there must have been freedom from frost for many years. I was told, however, that about twenty-five years ago nearly all the lemon trees in the country were destroyed in one night, which may account for no very old trees being seen.—*Mentone and the Riviera as a Winter Climate*; by J.H. Bennet, M.D.

THE MOTH'S WING.—Touch with a camel's-hair brush any part of the wing, so as to remove scales, dab the brush on a pane of glass, put it under the microscope, and then see how each particle of the almost imperceptible and impalpable coloured dust which clothes the wings becomes manifest as an elegantly formed scale, sculptured with designs of singular beauty and regularity, formed of at least two, if not three separate membranes, and waved, toothed, or fringed at the extremity, according to its position on the wing. Just consider how many hundreds of thousands of these scales are needed to cover a surface so great, and the inconceivable care which is required, not only in making them, but in setting them in rows more regular than the slates on a house-top, each overlapping the other, and arranged so as to defend the delicate membrane of the wing from moisture. You cannot wet a moth's wing with water, for it runs off in drops as if the wings were covered with oil.—*St. James's Magazine*,