

stones were sent through the windows by individuals outside to warn them of their perilous position. So great, however, was the noise made by the fifes and drums of the band that the roof had crashed in, and all danger had passed, and yet not one of the bandsmen had heard any sound but that made by the instruments in their hands.

The Drill Shed was completed and handed over to the civil authorities in the Fall of 1868, at a cost of nearly \$70,000. It covers an extent of over two acres of ground, and was roofed with what is called segmental girders, with tie-rods, the whole resting on iron shoes securely fastened to the stone wall.

What was the cause of the accident it is hard to say. There was a considerable quantity of snow on the roof, but not nearly the quantity there was on it this time last year. By many it is said that the sudden change from mild to severe weather, which took place yesterday afternoon, had so contracted the iron girders of the roof that they snapped, and so left no support for the rafters, which at once gave.

It has recently been proposed to convert the building, after having removed the debris, into an open market for the convenience of the habitants, the side offices serving as butchers' stalls.

As physicians and surgeons are liable to prosecution for malpractice, we think it would be only fair that architects and builders should be held equally responsible. Will the Corporation try the case in respect of the Drill Shed?

THE WOOD FAMINE.

It was a sad misfortune for the poor of Montreal, and for many other people besides, that the ice should have taken in the canal and the river before the full supply of wood for winter had reached the city. Immediately on the close of navigation the wood merchants sent up their prices some two or three dollars per cord, though of course the freezing of the river had not added a cent to the cost of the wood they had on hand. The Corporation, started into something like feeling by the freezing of the two children previously mentioned, made a large purchase of wood at Acton, which, by arrangement with the Grand Trunk Railway, was delivered in small quantities to the poor, at the rate of \$1.50 per cord. In addition to this, as we have already mentioned, Mr. A. B. Foster gave a hundred cords free, and the generous farmers of the parish of St. Jerome, under the leadership of the good Father Labelle, brought in to town a great number of loads of wood to be given free to the poor under the direction of the several charitable organizations in the city. It will be seen, by one of the vignettes in the illustration by our artist, that to the distribution "satan came also," as he used to do of old in the land of Uz when the goodly men assembled. We have reason to believe, however, that few if any frauds have been perpetrated in regard to the distribution of the wood. But why should a commercial city like Montreal have wood at twelve dollars a cord in January which can be bought for half the price in July? Another winter's experience like that of the present will assuredly lead to the formation of a Co-operative Society for the supply of cheap fuel.

CHAIN GATE AND PRESCOTT GATE, QUEBEC.

As the ancient capital is beginning to put off its antique appearance and become modernised its ancient landmarks acquire especial interest. The "Chain Gate," illustrated on another page, which is intended to assist in guarding the Citadel from the approach by St. Louis Road, is not however among the doomed relics of an exploded system. But Prescott Gate has shared the fate of St. Louis, having been demolished for the convenience of travel.

THE GUT OF CANSO.

The view which we give in this issue, from the pencil of our special artist, W. O. C., shows the entrance to the Gut of Canso from the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The Gut of Canso is pretty familiar to seafaring folk, but the landsman may be informed that it divides Cape Breton from Nova Scotia; that it is about seventeen miles in length, and, on an average, two and a half in breadth. There are numerous bays on it, and a hardy population of fishermen surround its shores.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, ST. JOHN'S, Nfld.

The Government House of Newfoundland is a plain, substantial building, of considerable dimensions, with an interior very commodiously laid out. It commands a splendid view over the city of St. John's and of Signal Hill and the Narrows. The entrance is on the northern side; the opposite side has a frontage of a handsome shrubbery looking down Cochrane street, which is ninety feet wide. It was erected in 1825, during the administration of Sir Thomas Cochrane, at a cost of £30,000 sterling, which was defrayed out of the Imperial Treasury. This heavy expense arose from the circumstance that most of the cut stone required was imported from Britain, as well as the workmen who were employed in erecting it. It is generally allowed that it is too large for the income attached to the Government, and is, in other respects, inconvenient. A much larger salary than that allowed the Governor would be required to sustain a state accordant with a mansion of such capacities.

The most important business in Congress for the week ending December 16, was the passage of the Apportionment bill by the House of Representatives, which fixes the number of members at 283, distributed as follows:

Table with 2 columns: State and Number of Members. Includes Maine (5), New Hampshire (2), Vermont (2), Massachusetts (11), Rhode Island (2), Connecticut (4), New York (32), New Jersey (7), Pennsylvania (26), Delaware (1), Maryland (6), Virginia (9), North Carolina (8), South Carolina (5), Georgia (9), Alabama (7), Mississippi (6), Louisiana (5), Ohio (20), Kentucky (10), Tennessee (9), Indiana (12), Illinois (19), Missouri (13), Arkansas (4), Michigan (9), Florida (1), Texas (6), Iowa (9), Wisconsin (8), California (4), Minnesota (3), Oregon (1), Kansas (3), West Virginia (3), Nevada (1), Nebraska (1).

VARIETIES.

Maori notions on the subject of matrimony are somewhat loose, "Rapai Horomona" (very good Solomon) being the usual expression of Maori approval on learning that the wise king of Israel had a thousand wives.

Mr. St. Swithen Williams, of Oxford, has written to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, stating that it is his deliberate intention not to pay the income-tax. "In a humble way," he says, "I shall do what Hampden did about the ship-money: I shall take care not to break your laws, but within the limits of your laws I shall withstand you to the utmost."

New York seems determined to put an end to the reign of King Bogus. A bill was last week introduced into the Legislature of that State prohibiting the manufacture of any jewellery of a grade below fourteen carats, or of silverware of less than nine hundred parts of silver to one hundred of baser metal, under a penalty of fifty dollars for every article so manufactured. The bill also provides a similar penalty for affixing a false stamp to any article of jewellery.

The gentlemen connected with the Liverpool press have been made the subject of a hoax. An advertisement appeared in the local papers a few days ago, announcing a lecture in the Concert Hall on a subject of great interest. The name of the chairman was given, and cards of invitation were sent to the different newspaper offices in Liverpool. The reporters and the chairman were the only gentlemen present; and the latter, having waited for some time, stated that he was afraid a hoax had been perpetrated, as the subject to be lectured upon was "The Reclamation of the Desert of Sahara."

A story is told in connection with the presentation of a loyal address to Prince Frederick Charles, by the German residents at St. Petersburg. The orator was in the midst of a florid compliment to the Prince as "having entered France with the resolution to conquer or to die," when the Prince interrupted him with a quiet request to "name his authority for that statement, it being wholly untrue"—which so disturbed the patriotic speaker that he broke down altogether. Those who read this anecdote will doubtless remark as usual, "Si non è vero, è bene trovato;" but we should judge that the informant (who himself formed one of the loyalist deputation) possesses neither the inclination nor the intellect to invent such a libel upon his countrymen.

FRENCH GAME.—A gentleman was staying at a little French country inn, and there was a melancholy looking owl, which hopped about the garden, and had only got one leg. Two or three days after his arrival he had some *gambes* for dinner. The "game" was very small, but he enjoyed it immensely, and the next day he missed the owl from the garden. "Where has the owl gone to?" he inquired of the landlord. "Monsieur had a little dish of *gambes* yesterday," was the answer, to the consternation of the traveller. "Why, did you kill the owl for my dinner?" he next asked. "I kill owl, monsieur! no; he die himself."

During the Franco-Prussian war a great deal of fun was poked at the New Jersey editor who read in the cable dispatches that "Bazine has moved twenty kilometers out of Metz." He thereupon sat down and wrote an editorial, in which he said he was delighted to hear that all the kilometers had been removed, and that the innocent people of Metz were no longer endangered by the presence of those devilish engines of war—sleeping upon a volcano, as it were. And then he went on to describe some experiments made with kilometers in the Crimea, in which one of them exploded and blew a frigate out of the water.

A LOST ITEM.—The amusing ignorance displayed by English papers, even the best informed, of matters appertaining to America, and especially Canada, is aptly illustrated by the annexed paragraph which we clip from an editorial in a recent number of *Bell's Life in London*.

"It will be remembered that they (Mace and Coburn) met at Ottawa, Canada, to fight for 2,000 dollars and the American Championship, on May 11, when most respectable proceedings took place, and eventually the authorities put their veto on the affair before a blow had been struck, although the man had occupied the ring for a considerable time."

This is an item of news to the people of the Capital, who will be duly thankful therefor to our English sporting contemporary.

FISK'S FIRST MISTAKE.—Fisk used to often tell about his first mistake in life. Said the Colonel, "When I was a little boy on the Vermont farm, my father took me up to the stable one day, where a row of cows stood in the stable. Said he (James), the stable window is pretty high for a boy, but do you think you could take this shovel and clean out this stable?" "I don't know, Pop," said James, "I never have done it." "Well, my boy, if you will do it this morning I'll give you a bright silver dollar," said his father, patting him on the head, while he held the silver dollar before his eyes. "Good," says James, "I'll try," and away he went to work. He tugged, and pulled, and lifted, and puffed, and, finally, it was done, and his father gave him a bright silver dollar, saying, "That's right, James; you did it splendidly, and now I find you can do it so nicely, I shall have you do it every morning, all winter!"

Everybody has heard of the chemist's apprentice who, during the performance of the last scene in *Romeo and Juliet*, became so excited by the apparent reality of the stage business that he jumped from his seat, dashed his hat over his forehead, and shouting, "Hold him up, Juliet, while I run for the stomach-pump," rushed out of the theatre. But this story is equalled by an anecdote fresh from the Portsmouth Theatre. An amateur performance of the *Lady of Lyons*, the male parts being taken by sergeants of a regiment quartered in the adjacent barracks, had proceeded as far as the end of the garden scene, when the feelings of a raw-boned Fusilier, who had been unduly excited by the villainy of Beausant, the scoundrel of the piece, found a somewhat unexpected vent, greatly to the amusement of the pit and gallery, and to the manifest embarrassment of the patrons in the dress circle. Beausant had just developed the plot he had planned for the humiliation of Pauline, and having exclaimed, "And then I think the haughty beauty will prefer even these arms to those of the gardener's son," when the Fusilier loudly exclaimed from his place in the side-boxes, "What a — scoundrel you must be!"

A TALL HOUSE.—A Down-Easter arrived in New York, and took lodgings at one of the high houses. Telling the waiter he wished to be called in the morning for the boat, both of them proceeded on their winding way upward, till, having arrived at the eighth flight of stairs, Jonathan caught the arm of his guide, and accosted him thus, "Look here, stranger, if you intend to call me at six o'clock in the morning, you might as well do it now, as 'twill be that time before I can get down again."

The *Printer's Register* lately mentioned the Emperor William among the members of the "gentle and noble" craft of typography. This is an error, in so far as the Emperor is concerned. The exalted typographer, who may really and truly be claimed as a member of the craft, is the Crown Prince of the German Empire, who began his practical studies as a compositor in the year 1845, after a visit to Hanel's printing office in Berlin, when the Prince took a strong and lasting fancy to the business.

THE REBUILDING OF PARIS.—The destination resolved on for the great buildings of Paris, burned under the Commune, is as follows:—The Hotel de Ville will be rebuilt by the city; the Tuileries and Palais Royal by the State; the Palace of the Legion of Honour by subscription; the Caisse des Dépôts et Consignations by the society itself. The Cour des Comptes, the Grenier d'Abondance, and the Ministry of Finance, being totally destroyed, will be razed to the ground and the sites sold. M. Thiers is particularly anxious for the restoration of the Tuileries, and will, himself, shortly present a proposal on that subject. The pavilion by the side of the river will alone be preserved in its present state. The two others and the connecting walls will be pulled down, as they are so damaged as to be useless.

The most curious stories of great men are not those which are recorded in history. Floating rumours are sometimes more indicative of character than the best summary made by the historian. One of these tells us that during the negotiations at Frankfort, when Poyer-Quertier and Jules Favre were invited to dinner by Bismarck, the latter was growing sulky at Jules Favre's lengthy speeches, and gave a portentous yawn, always a bad sign with him. Just then Poyer-Quertier whispered to Favre, "Stop, I have an argument more effective than all your rhetoric." Then turning to the Chancellor he said, innocently, "Does your Excellency object to beer and cigars?" Bismarck's face brightened up on the instant. This was just what he was wanting; and when the beer and cigars were produced he entered at once upon business in a jovial manner, and Poyer-Quertier succeeded in his demands.

Not long ago an official letter came from Rome to a monastery near Florence, informing a certain monk that he had been nominated to a bishopric. The good father was so terrified that he instantly began a novena to the Blessed Virgin to save him from the intended honour, and sent a written reply to the Pope, humbly but firmly declining the appointment. The reply was an order to repair immediately to the Vatican. The monk besought the intervention of the bishop, but in vain; he went to Rome, and, throwing himself at the feet of the Holy Father, implored to be excused from a burthen beyond his strength. The Pope told him that he was the best judge of his strength. The monk then pleaded that he laboured under a defective memory. "Well," replied the Pontiff, "I do not want to make you a professor of memories. The worst that can happen is that when you die they cannot speak of you officially as 'of happy memory,' 'felix memoria,' or 'recolationis.' Thus," added his Holiness, "you will find but a slight inconvenience."

Some friends visited La Fontaine one evening and found him asleep. While talking with his wife, La Fontaine entered in his nightcap, without shoes or stockings, just as he had risen from his bed. His eyes were half open, but he evidently saw no object; he crossed the dining-room where the party were sitting, went into a little closet or cabinet that served him as a study, and shut himself up in the dark. Some time after, he came out, rubbing his hands, and testifying much satisfaction, but still asleep; he then went through the dining-room, quite unconscious of the presence of any one, and retired to bed. His wife and friends were very curious to know what he had been about in the dark. They all went into his study, and found there a fable newly written, the ink being still wet, which brought convictions that he had written and composed it during his dream. The admirers of this most original author may wish to know which fable was composed under these extraordinary circumstances. It is one that is replete with the most natural and touching language—it is that which unites the utmost grace of expression language is capable of—in a word, it is the celebrated fable of *The Two Pigeons*. We are sure that many writers of our day write when they are asleep.

A daily penny paper has been started in San Francisco. It is published in the afternoon and is called the *Post*. It is a small sheet, about 24 inches by 18, with five columns each page, and contains a fair variety of news of all kinds. At the head of the first column on every page a line of blackface type reads: "Price 1 cent. Change given by the newsboys." This seems singular to one acquainted with the customs of California. The smallest piece of change in common use in that State, hitherto, has been a ten-cent coin. This is familiarly known as a *bit*. In case you buy an orange for four cents, you pay a *bit* and receive no change. If you buy an article for twelve cents, you are still expected to pay only a *bit*. If your bill amounts to twenty-two cents you pay a two-*bit* piece, which is not twenty, but twenty-five cents. At the post-offices this system has not been in use, the precise change there being demanded and given. The daily papers of California have hitherto been sold in accordance with the prevailing custom—a single copy for a *bit*. A general attack on this system is now taking place in California; cents are coming into every-day use, and the *Post* is one of the fruits of this revival of exact dealings in trade. The era of cheap newspapers does not come until a community is well settled in its social and commercial life. The success of the *Post* will demonstrate, therefore, not only the ability of its managers, but a real change in California society.

BIRTH.

In this city on the 17th of January, the wife of Walter J. Kestin of a daughter.