

his own terms. He is universally popular. Bradley has the best English traditions as a journalist. The genial Charles Belford is here for the Mail. He can dash off an editorial as rapidly and well as he can a report, and is distinguished for his great political knowledge. Another handsome man—they are nearly all good-looking these Gallery men—is Mackintosh, of the Ottawa Citizen, one of the rising journalists who will soon get into Parliament. He wields a cultivated and effective pen. Still another well-known figure is Carroll Ryan, who keeps watch for the Halifax Chronicle. His experience in journalism gives his name much weight. The Short parliamentary letters to the Witness, of your city, have attracted attention for two sessions from their fullness and impartiality. Phelan, of the Star, has the secret of condensation, while when he wants to sketch a scene on the floor, none can do it more happily. We have lost Norris, of the Herald, who has gone to Montreal, but his return is hoped for. He is a prodigious worker, a rapid writer, and his social qualities give him the clue to much that goes on behind the curtains. The influence and popularity of the Hamilton Times are mainly due to its editor, Lumsden, and he is doubly busy during the session furnishing it with telling copy. A later comer, but the more welcome from that circumstance, is Griffin, of the Halifax Herald, a splendid man, of scholarly tastes, who seems to enjoy the rush and roar of militant journalism. I think that he too will soon be in Parliament.

The labor of the newspaper man during the sessions of Parliament is greater than anybody but the initiated can understand. The reporter goes to his desk at three o'clock in the afternoon, scratches away till six, runs down to his hotel for dinner, is back before eight, and scratches away again without much intermission till midnight, or one, two, three, in the morning. Fortunately late sittings are rather discountenanced this year. Then he must be up bright and early, so as to dress, breakfast, and enjoy a smoke before going to the committee meetings at ten. These committee meetings often last up to the lunch hour, and are generally very important, requiring unusual attention on the part of the reporter.

The French representatives of the press are not short-hand writers, as a rule. They confine themselves to observing events from the Gallery, making notes of speeches, and out of these materials constructing letters for their papers. Some of their descriptive letters are the best record we have of Parliamentary transactions.

PLINTH.

QUEBEC.

As an item of interest to those favoring historical pursuits, it may not be amiss to mention that the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec, ever mindful of one of the chief objects of its Royal Charter, to wit: Canadian History, has gone to considerable expense to procure the missing files of the old Quebec Gazette, already in its possession. Neilson's old Quebec Gazette is unquestionably one of the most useful one of the most reliable records of current events in the Colony from 1764 to 1875. It will always be sought for, were it only as containing the early history of the great parliamentary struggle from 1822 to 1838, as written by its most able editor, the late Hon. John Neilson. Its columns contain, over and above, masses of solid material for history, and teem with an infinite number of minor incidents of interest for the general reader.

In turning over its files for 1842, I find in the issue for 1st June, a notice of the arrival at Quebec, on the 27th May preceding, in the steamer Lady Colborne, from Montreal, of the great English novelist, Charles Dickens and his lady. They were accompanied by the Earl of Mulgrave, who had been their fellow passenger across the Atlantic. "They proceeded on landing to the house of Dr. Fisher," Dr. John Charlton Fisher, the well remembered President of the Literary and Historical Society—with the late gifted Andrew Stuart, Q. C., and the present Judge Adam Thom, of London, was joint author of Hawkins' "Picture of Quebec," published in 1835. Dr. Fisher, father of Mrs. Ed. Burstall, late of Kirkella, Sillery, lived in the house, facing the Ring, now occupied by Dr. W. Marsden. He died in 1849.

Dickens and party lunched on the citadel, the honored guests of the officers of the Grenadier Guards, and appeared to enjoy very much the scenery of Quebec. They returned to Montreal, per steamer, same day. In a November number of the Gazette, I find Dickens' estimate of the old Rock, as borrowed from his American Notes, which being new to many, I beg to subjoin:

"The impression made upon the visitor by this Gibraltar of America, its giddy heights, its citadel suspended, as it were, in the air; its picturesque steep streets and frowning gateways; and the splendid views which burst upon the eye at every turn, is at once unique and lasting. It is a place not to be forgotten or mixed up in the mind with other places, or altered for a moment in the crowd of scenes a traveller can recall. Apart from the realities of this most picturesque city, there are associations clustering about it which would make a desert rich in interest. The dangerous precipice along whose rocky front Wolfe and his brave companions climbed to glory; the Plains of Abraham, where he received his mortal wound; the fortress so chivalrously defended by Montcalm; and his soldier's grave, dug for him while yet alive, by

the bursting of a shell, are not the least among them, or among the gallant incidents of history. That is noble monument too, and worthy of two great nations, which perpetuates the memory of both brave Generals, and on which their names are jointly written.

"The city is rich in public institutions and in Catholic churches and charities, but it is mainly in the prospect from the site of the Old Government House and from the Citadel, that its surpassing beauty lies. The exquisite expanse of country, rich in field and forest, mountain-heights and water, which lies stretched out before the view, with miles of Canadian villages, glancing in long white streaks, like veins along the landscape; the motley crowd of gables, roofs and chimney tops in the old hilly town immediately at hand; the beautiful St. Lawrence sparkling and flashing in the sunlight; and the tiny ships below the rock from which you gaze, whose distant rigging looks like spiders' webs against the light, while casks and barrels on their decks dwindle into toys, and busy mariners become so many puppets; all this framed by a sunken window in the fortress and looked at from the shadowed room within, forms one of the brightest and most enchanting pictures that the eye can rest upon."

J. M. L.

Spencer Wood, Grouse, 1st March, 1877.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE LIBRARY OF PARLIAMENT.—This magnificent building is perhaps unrivalled in any country, and if it has a fault, that is to be found in the exiguity of its accommodation. The pit is that more ample room was not provided. The building is full to overflowing, and yet fully 20,000 volumes are left in the Supreme Court.

TORONTO STATION AND ITS STAFF.—On the far shores of the Atlantic, in a wild, uncultivated strip of land, which forms part of the Dominion of Canada, is Torbay Station, the seat of transatlantic telegraphic reports. The name is well known. What goes on in that solitary spot would form the subject of an interesting paper. That there must be fun and enjoyment there, notwithstanding the circumstances, is evident from the youthful, handsome countenances of the staff of operators which we give to-day. We trust that one of them will send in his experiences of life and telegraphy on that remote tongue of land.

We publish two sketches of a pipe head which was found several years ago, in an Indian pit in the Township of Flos, midway between Barrie and Penetanguishene, Ont. The material of which it is made is very hard. The surface is of a drab colour, and very smooth. Beneath, it is of a dark grey. There appears to have been on it, at first, two human faces, of which, however, only one remains. Usually, when a face is put on a tobacco pipe, it looks from the smoker. In this case, it looks towards him.

The artist who modelled the pipe has given the face high cheek-bones, but whether this is in imitation of the people among whom he lived, or because he was not a first-class modeller, is an open question. This pipe appears to have never been used. It would be well if all pipes, you and cigars too, remained unused. But that by the way. There is also a sketch of a piece of a pot which was found several years ago, in a pit of the kind already referred to, on the Humber heights at Woodbridge, about 17 miles from Toronto. The material of which it is made is more gravelly, and, consequently, not so hard as that of the pipe. The outside is brown, but without the smoothness and polish of the pipe. The inside is blackish. There is a piece of a Druidical urn in the Museum of Knox College, Toronto, the material and decoration of which are very much the same as those of the fragment which we are now describing. There were a great many skeletons in the pit where this was found, and, very likely, there are more yet. In the course of researches we came on a skull which had received a blow from some sharp instrument, and a piece of another which had been burned, but whether before or after death, we, of course, could not tell. We found, also, a heap of ashes, and a stone about—if we rightly remember—the size and thickness of a painter's stone, hollowed in the centre about the depth of a saucer. The pit is in the woods. We understand that it was discovered by a human skull sticking to the roots of a tree which the wind had blown down.

THE TUILLERIES RESTORED.—Our readers will remember that this historic palace was almost wholly destroyed during the insurrection of the Commune in 1871. Of course, the Government of France could not allow it to remain in ruins, and hence the reconstruction has been going on rapidly so as to be completed before the opening of the Exhibition next year.

BEFORE THE MATINEE.—We make it a point to introduce, as often as possible, pictures on purely artistic subjects. That representing the beautiful girl of fashion giving the last touch to her toilet, and taking the last indispensable feminine glance in her mirror, deserves attention from the accuracy of its drawing and the character which it imparts to the face of the handsome creature.

OUR CARTOON.—We are not alarmists by any means. But it is none the less true that many departments of Canadian trade and industry are being driven over to the United States. Canada cannot resist the monopoly of the United States unless she has effective legislative assistance.

This is not a political or party question. It is a national issue. Canada for Canadians, or Canada for America—that is the problem, in a nutshell.

IMPERIAL DURBAR AT DELHI.—The great ceremony of proclaiming Her Majesty Empress of India took place on New Year's Day, on a large plain near Delhi. A large semi-circular amphitheatre had been formed on the plain for the accommodation of the various native Princes and Chiefs, and the higher European officials, and fronting this semi-circle was a handsomely built dais, on which the Viceregal throne was placed. Lord Lytton, the British Viceroy, received numerous deputations from native principalities prior to the ceremony. On the morning of January 1st the roads to the plain presented a truly marvelous appearance: British troops marching to their posts headed by their bands; processions of rainbow-hued elephants numbering from ninety downwards, and gold-plated camels belonging to the native chiefs; detachments of the retinues of the various princes equipped with uniforms and arms of every conceivable form and age; European dignitaries with their escorts: a herd of ambulatory photographers, jugglers, acrobats, medal vendors, and finally the great mass of intending spectators, ranging from gayly dressed ladies in dashing equipages to the humblest servant—all combined to make motley and picturesque panorama. As the Viceroy ascended the throne the band played the "National Anthem," and then the Herald read the Act of Parliament empowering Her Majesty to assume the Imperial title, and the Queen's Proclamation announcing her assumption of the style and title "India Imperatrix," "Empress of India." Next was read a Hindoostanee translation of the document, after which there was a great flourish of trumpets. The Royal Standard was run up the flag-staff, and an imperial salute of 101 salvoes of three guns each from the artillery, and three *feux de joie* from the infantry, announced to the world that the proclamation had been made. The bands of the various regiments were then massed together, and played the "National Anthem," and, after another flourish of trumpets, Lord Lytton stepped forward, and, clanking in Oriental fashion in different directions, read a long address, stating the reasons for the assumption of the Imperial title, thanking native princes and European officials, officers and soldiers, and the native subjects, for their fidelity and services, and announcing the formation of a new order of merit—the Order of the Indian Empire. Lord Lytton next read a telegram of greeting to the assemblage from the Queen, and then, after more trumpet flourishes and three cheers from the whole multitude, declared the assemblage dissolved. No untoward accident marred the day's proceedings.

THE ELECTORAL COMMISSION.—One of the final scenes in the session of this historical body which decided to "count in" Louisiana for Hayes, and thus elect him to the Presidency of the United States.

STEAMER L'AMERIQUE.—A few weeks ago we gave a sketch and description of the stranding of the French steamer *L'Amérique*, at Scarborough, near Long Branch. We spoke also of the buoy or safety-boat apparatus by which passengers were landed. To-day we publish a sketch of the safety-boat and of its *modus operandi*.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

THE ladies fairly revel in the sweet buy and buy.

"I DEFEAT masquerades," said a beautiful lady to a gallant officer. "No wonder, madam," he replied, "since you do so much execution unmasked."

A NEW YORK girl sang "Darling, I am Growing Old," with an expression so pertinent and truthful that her procrastinating lover left her for good.

ON one of the recent dismal days a lady, dressed in the deepest myrtle-coloured cloth, told another that she had put on a deep-toned crimson bow to brighten the room.

Says a Philadelphia paper—"Those unburnt young ladies with noses suggestive of a cold morning who missed fire during the leap-year just passed now sadly sing, 'It may be four years and it may be for ever.'"

"SPEAKING of shaving," said a pretty girl to an obstinate old bachelor, "I should think that a pair of handsome eyes would be the best to shave by."—"Yes, many a poor fellow has been shaved by them," the wretch replied.

THE fair daughters of this land: may they add virtue to beauty, subtract envy from friendship, multiply amiable accomplishments by sweetness of temper, divide time by sociability and economy, and reduce scandal to its lowest denomination.

SEVERAL old ladies in Detroit report that, from a careful estimate, the average number of Detroit girls who go out each year after autumn leaves is 460; the number who get any leaves is 19; the number who discover young men, and forget all about leaves, is 441.

AN old maid was heard to explain, while sitting at her toilet the other day—"I can bear adversity, I can encounter hardships, and withstand the changes of fickle fortune; but oh, to live, and droop, and die like a single pink—I can't endure it; and what's more, I won't!"

"MRS. SAGE, I should like to know whose ferry-boats these are that I tumbled over in the hall?"—"Ferry-boats indeed, sir! Those are my shoes. Very polite of you to call them ferry-boats!"—"I didn't say ferry-boats, Mrs. Sage; you misunderstood me—fairy boots, I said, my dear friend."

SIR THOMAS MORE for a long time having only daughters, his wife prayed earnestly that they might have a boy; who, when he grew up, proved but simple. "Thou prayedst so long for a boy," said Sir Thomas to his wife, "that at last thou hast got one who will be a boy as long as he lives."

JEAN PAUL said that Rachel was the only woman he ever met who had true humor. Jean evidently never made the acquaintance of the New Jersey woman who stood a full coal scuttle half way up the hall stairs, and patiently waited in the dark for her husband's return from the Lodge.

"AND what would you do, Henry," asked a rather vain lady of her little nephew, who had been assuring her of his unbounded affection for her, "if your good aunt were to die, and your uncle were to marry again?" "Why," replied Henry, without the slightest hesitation, "I should go to the wedding, of course."

THEY had been engaged a long time, and one evening were reading the paper together. "Look, love," he exclaimed; "only fifteen dollars for a suit of clothes!"—"Is it a wedding suit?" she asked, looking naively at her lover. "Oh, no," he answered; "it is a business suit."—"Well, I meant business," she replied.

IT is said that a young clergyman not far from Penrith, on the eve of marriage, and not wishing to trouble any of his brethren, wrote to the late Bishop of Carlisle, inquiring, as he had already published the bans in his own pulpit, could he marry himself. His lordship made no long appeal to ecclesiastical laws, but at once capped the query with another—"Could you bury yourself?"

A DANBURY couple have a nice little daughter of some five summers. A lady visitor lately observed to the mother, "What a pretty child you have! She must be a great comfort to you."—"She is indeed," said the fond mother. "When I'm mad at John, I don't have to speak to him. She calls him to his meals, and tells him to get up the coal, and other things that I want. She's real handy."

"WHY, Bill, what's the matter with you? You look down in the mouth."—"Well, Peter, I dare say if you'd been through what I have you'd look bad too."—"What's the matter?"—"Well, you know Sarah Snivels, don't you, Peter?"—"Yes."—"I discarded her last night."—"You did! What for?"—"Well, I'll tell you. She said she wouldn't marry me, and I'll discard any girl that would treat me in that manner."

HYGIENIC.

To obviate offensive perspiration, wash your feet with soap and diluted spirits of ammonia.

REMAIN constantly in a dark room and drink lemon juice freely. This, it is said, has cured the most obstinate cases of inflammatory rheumatism.

TAKE one-third pulverized saltpetre and two-thirds pulverized sugar, mix well, and snuff two or three times a day, and it will prove a cure for catarrh.

Good temper with the majority of mankind, is dependent upon good health; good health upon good digestion; good digestion upon wholesome, well-prepared food, eaten in peace and pleasantness.

A FEVERISH thirst that refuses to be quenched by drinking water may be allayed in the following manner: Throw a slice of bread upon burning coal, and when it is all ash throw it into a tumbler of water. This remedy has been tested and proved good.

NOTED oculists, for instance, Graef, Arit, and Stellweg-Carion, recommend either blue, bluish gray, or smoke-colored glasses as a protection for weak eyes against the unpleasant effect of red, orange, and yellow light. On the same principle, the trying reddish-yellow light of candles, lamps, and gas on normal eyes as well as weak ones, can be pleasantly modified by the use of blue chimneys or globes (or at least of shades for the reflection of the light) coloured a light, ultra-marine blue. A remarkably near approach to a light as agreeable as daylight is said to be produced by a petroleum lamp with a round wick and a light-blue chimney of twice the usual length, the latter causing so great a draught that the petroleum burns with a nearly pure white flame.

LIFE-LONG discomfort and sudden death, writes a medical man, often come to children through the inattention or carelessness of the mothers or nurses. A child should never be allowed to go to sleep with cold feet: the thing to be last attended to is to see that the feet are dry and warm. Neglect of this has often resulted in dangerous attacks of croup, diphtheria, or fatal sore throat. Always on coming from school, on entering the house from a visit or errand in rainy, muddy, or damp weather, the child should remove its shoes, and the mother herself should ascertain whether the stockings are in the least damp. If they are, they should be taken off, the feet laid before the fire, and rubbed with the hands till perfectly dry, and another pair of stockings and another pair of shoes put on. The reserve shoes and stockings should be kept ready for use on a moment's notice.

"DOWN IN THE MOUTH."

Where there is a continual drooping down into the back of the mouth, with irritation and inflammation of the nasal cavities and throat, with hawking, spitting, and a sense of fullness about the head, be not deceived or fancy it a simple cold. You are afflicted with that scourge of this climate, Catarrh, the forerunner of Consumption. In its early stages a few bottles of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy will effect an entire cure. When confirmed, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery should be used in connection with the Remedy. These standard medicines have been before the public many years, and their use has been attended with the most gratifying success. A full discussion of Catarrh and its rational treatment is contained in "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser," a book of over nine hundred pages, illustrated with two hundred and eighty-two engravings, bound in cloth and gilt, price, post-paid, \$1.50. Address, Publishing Department, World's Dispensary, Buffalo, N. Y.