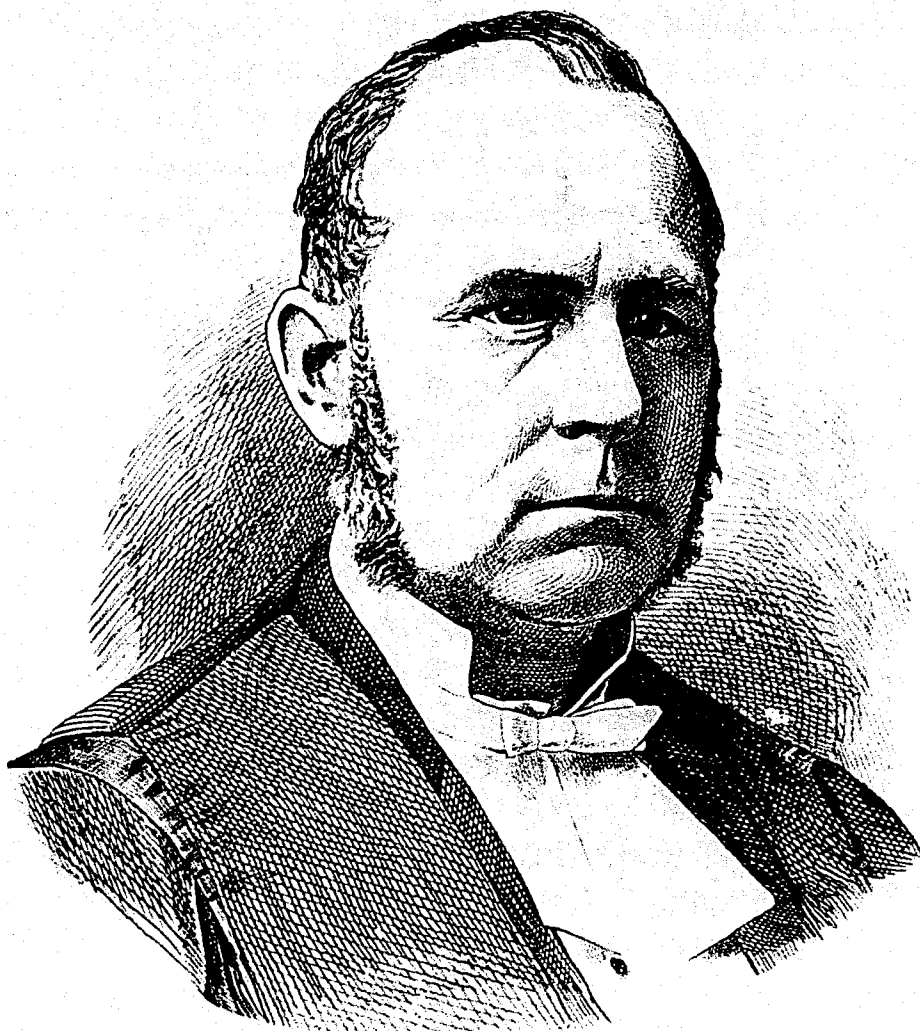


HON. BENJ. R. STEVENSON.

The Speaker of the New Brunswick Legislative Assembly is of Scotch origin and was born at St. Andrews, on the 10th April, 1835. He was educated at the Grammar School there and at the University of New Brunswick where he obtained the degree of Bachelor of Arts, in 1854. In the year 1866, he married Kate, sister of the late John Bolton, Esq., who represented Charlotte Co. in the House of Commons from 1867 to 1872. He was called to the New Brunswick Bar in 1860 and was Registrar of Probates for Charlotte, until his resignation in 1867. On the 23rd February, 1871, he was appointed a member of the Executive Council and Surveyor-General of the Province. He has been a delegate to Ottawa on several occasions on behalf of the New Brunswick Government. He was first returned to Parliament for Charlotte in October, 1867, and again on several occasions. At the last general election in June last, he was re-elected, and on the 13th July resigned the position of Surveyor-General which for seven years and five months he had occupied, and remained in the Executive Council until the 23rd of January last, when he also resigned the office of Councillor. At the opening of the New Brunswick Legislature on the 27th February last, he was unanimously elected to the high and responsible dignity of Speaker.

It would appear from M. de Fonvielle's new work, *Miracles outside the Church*, that in the last days of the Second Empire Mr. Home succeeded in convincing the Empress Eugénie that she could shake hands with the spirit of her deceased sister, the Duchess of Alba. It is well known that the Emperor was present at some of Mr. Home's *séances*.

At Longueville has died, at the age of seventy, M. Reinert, a bygone celebrity. He has left a fortune of several millions of francs, which he owed to the late Emperor Napoleon III. Reinert was able to render valuable services to Prince Louis Napoleon during his sojourn in Switzerland, and after his accession to the throne Napoleon rewarded him by giving him the contract for furnishing beer to the French army.

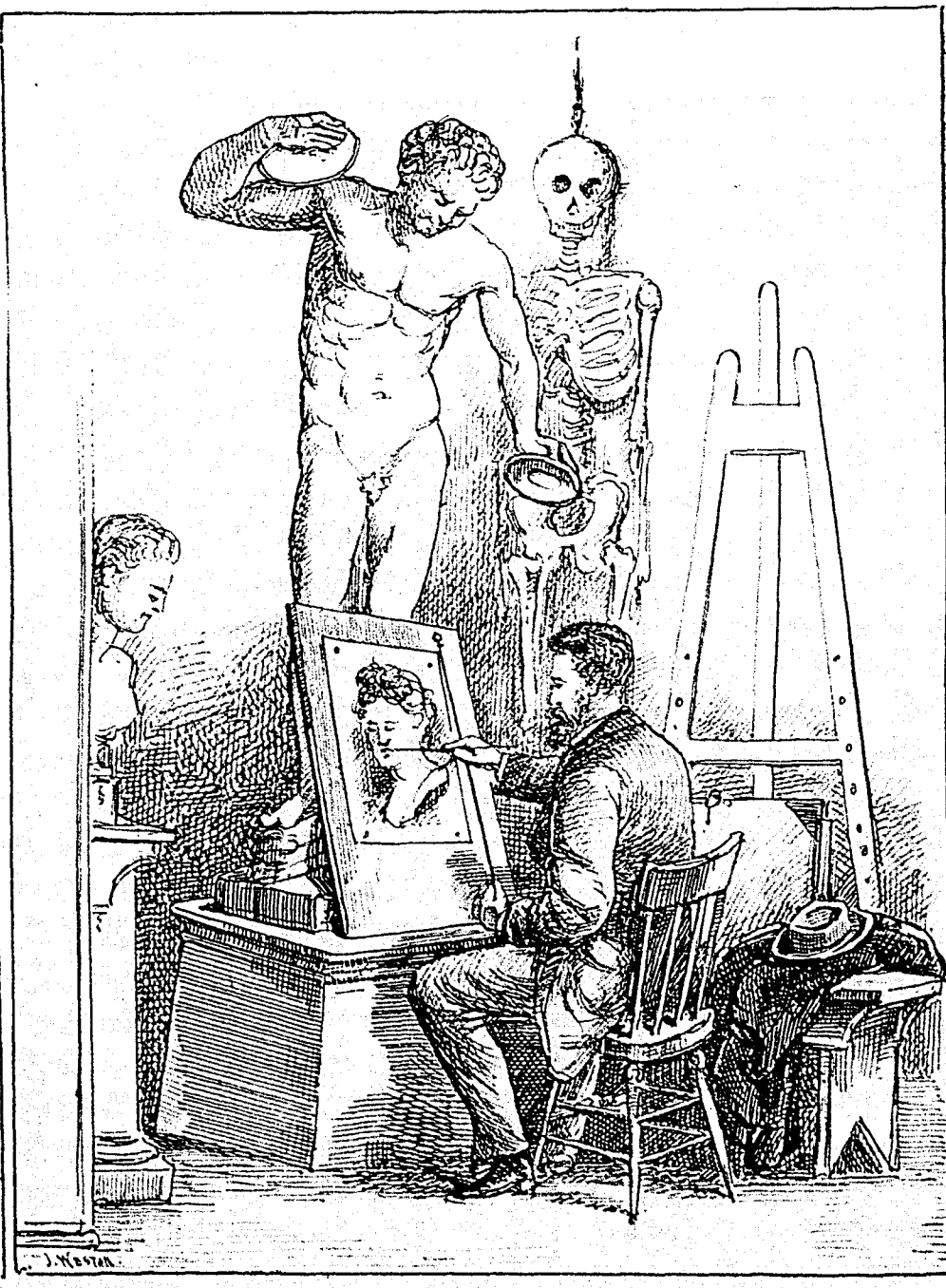
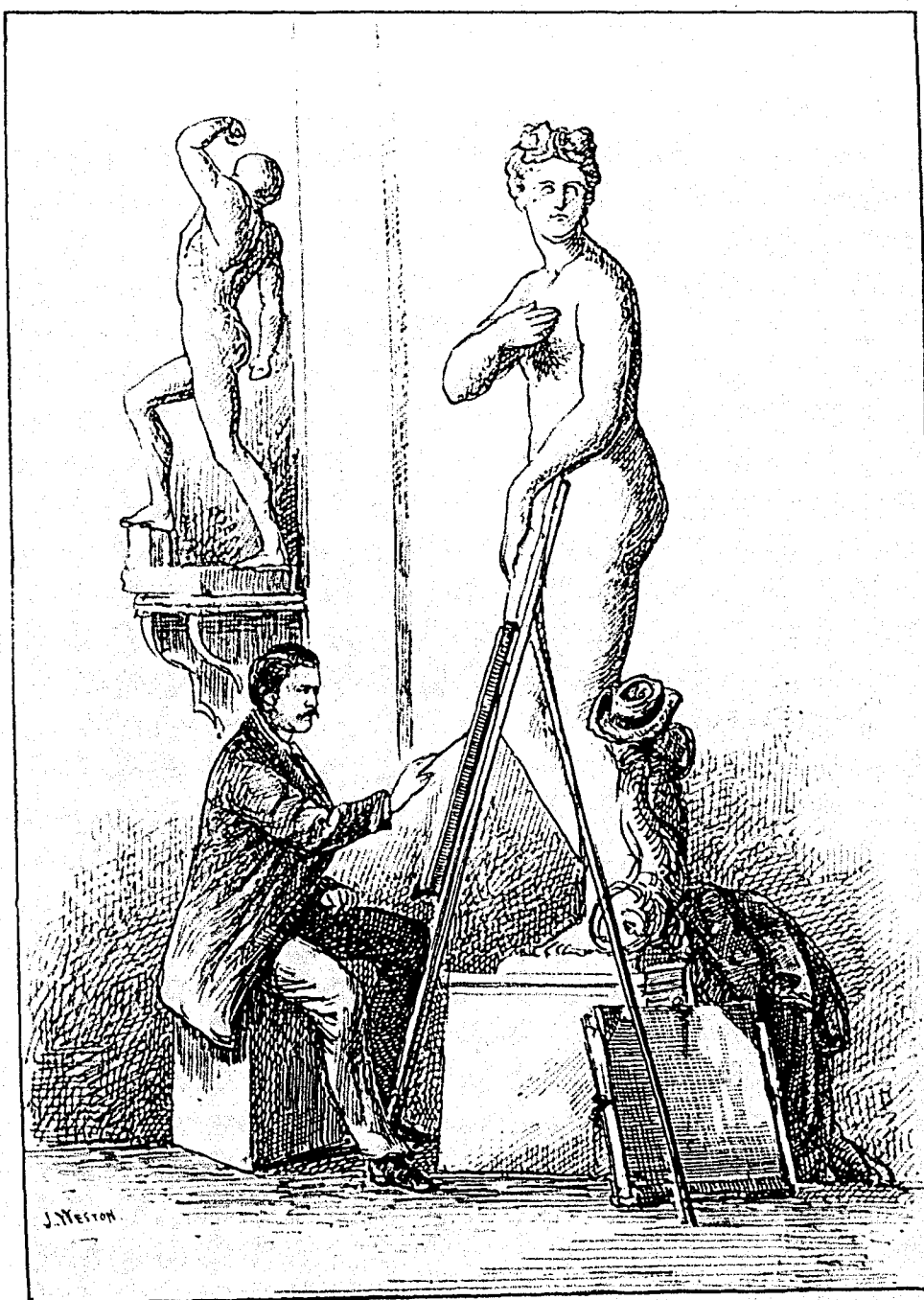


HON. BENJ. R. STEVENSON,
SPEAKER OF THE NEW BRUNSWICK LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY.

M. Reinert established a brewery at Sèvres, and opened in Paris about fifty retail houses for the sale of beer. A few years later he was decorated with the Ribbon of the Legion of Honour.

A CRAZE for dime necklaces has broken out in America, and promises to be a greater scourge than were the dreadful button-strings of ten years ago. The dime necklace is built by levying tribute upon one's friends. A young lady concludes to possess one. She asks every soul that she can call a friend to contribute a dime with his or her monogram engraved upon it. After she collects twenty-five or thirty monogrammed dimes, she gets a jeweller to string them together, and the necklace is an incontrovertible fact. As it costs fifty or seventy-five cents to have each dime polished and engraved, the young lady with necklace intentions is studiously avoided.

WHEN DOES THE SIN COMMENCE?—MR. JOHN BRIGHT ON DRINK.—To drink deeply—to be drunk—is a sin; this is not denied. At what point does the taking of strong drink become a sin? The state in which the body is when not excited by intoxicating drink is its proper and natural state; drunkenness the state farthest removed from it. The state of drunkenness is a state of sin. At what stage does it become sin? We suppose a man perfectly sober who has not tasted anything that can intoxicate; one glass excites him, and to some extent disturbs the state of sobriety, and so far destroys it; another glass excites him still more; a third fires his eye, loosens his tongue, inflames his passions; a fourth increases all this; a fifth makes him foolish, and partially insane; a sixth makes him savage; a seventh or eighth makes him stupid—a senseless, degraded mass; his reason is quenched, and his faculties are for the time destroyed. Every noble and generous principle within him withers, and the image of God is polluted and defiled. This is sin, awful sin; "for drunkards shall not inherit the kingdom of God." But where does the sin begin? At the first glass, at the first step towards complete intoxication, or at the sixth, or seventh, or eighth? Is not every step from the natural state of the system towards that of stupid intoxication an advance in sin, and a yielding to the unwearied tempter of the very soul?



SKETCHES IN THE MONTREAL ART SCHOOL.