



There are about 1,300 Protestant teachers in the Province of Quebec.

Seven divorce suits will come before the Dominion Senate next session.

It is understood the Minister of the Interior has under consideration a scheme for very materially enlarging the scope of the industrial schools in the Northwest.

The setting up of the voters' list for the Dominion will be completed about the 15th of January. There are over 1,000,000 names on the list. The great bulk of the matter will be kept standing in type, so that the cost of revision will be trifling.

In the Northwest Assembly Judge Richardson, on behalf of the legal experts, presented a report in reference to the constitutionality of the Assembly taking a vote on the question of prohibition or license for the Territories. The report concludes that the power of legislating in the way proposed is not vested in the Assembly.

A very considerable emigration from those rural districts of France from which the first settlers in Canada came is expected in the province of Quebec next year. The curés in these districts are said to be interesting themselves very much in the movement, and the people being dissatisfied under the present *régime* in France, are disposed to emigrate.

M. J. Bourgeois, Dominion Government land surveyor, has just returned from the Northwest, bringing with him several relics. Among them is a revolver, said to have belonged to Captain French, who was killed on showing himself at a window in Batoche's house, and the chair which served Riel as a throne during his short reign and is said to have been made by Gabriel Dumont.

### SOMETHING ABOUT EGGS.

Every element, says a writer in *Health*, that is necessary to the support of man is contained within the limits of an egg shell, in the best proportions and in the most palatable form. Plain boiled they are wholesome. The masters of French cookery, however, affirm that it is easy to dress them in more than 500 different ways, each method not only economical but salutary in the highest degree. No honest appetite has ever yet rejected an egg in some guise. It is nutriment in the most portable form, and in the most concentrated shape. Whole nations of mankind rarely touch any other animal food. Kings eat them plain as readily as do the humble tradesmen. After the victory of Muhldorf, when the Kaiser Ludwig sat at a meal with his burggrafs and great captains, he determined on a piece of luxury—"one egg to every man, and two to excellently valiant Schwepperman." Far more than fish—for it is a watery diet—eggs are the scholar's fare. They contain phosphorus, which is brain food, and sulphur, which performs a variety of functions in the economy. And they are the best of nutriment for children, for, in a compact form they contain everything that is necessary for the growth of the youthful frame. Eggs are, however, not only food—they are medicine also. The white is the most efficacious of remedies for burns, and the oil extractable from the yolk is regarded by the Russians as an almost miraculous salve for cuts, bruises and scratches. A raw egg, if swallowed in time, will effectually detach a fish bone fastened in the throat, and the white of two eggs will render the deadly corrosive sublimate as harmless as a dose of calomel. They strengthen the consumptive, invigorate the feeble, and render the most susceptible all but proof against the most malignant jaundice. They can also be drunk in the shape of that "egg flip" which sustains the oratorical efforts of modern statesmen. The merits of eggs do not even here.

In France alone the wine clarifiers use more than 80 millions a year, and the Alsations consume fully 38 million in calico printing and for dressing the leather used in making the finest of French kid gloves. Finally, not to mention the various other employments for eggs in the arts, they may, of course, almost without trouble on the farmer's part, be converted into fowls, which, in any shape, are profitable to the seller and welcome to the buyer. Even egg shells are valuable, for allopath and homœopath alike agree in regarding them as the purest carbonate of lime.

### THE WEeping WILLOW.

The Tyrolean peasants hold the weeping willow sacred; because, in spite of its prayers and tears, its boughs were used to scourge our Lord; the sorrowful tree has never ceased to mourn and weep over the dreadful deed.

Fairest among the trees of Eden grew the willow. Tall and strong, it shot forth its many branches, higher and still higher, each leaf springing upward toward the glowing heavens.

Exulting in conscious strength and vigour, it grew every day more proudly beautiful. When our first parents' fall threw the shadow of sin and sorrow over every growing thing on earth, the willow alone remained unmoved.

Whenever the wild, roaming beasts rested under its shade, they howled mournfully, and their pitiful savage voices seemed to say: "Alas! unhappy tree!"

Then the willow, rearing aloft its noble head, thought in its arrogant heart: "Fools! I need no compassion."

And whenever the birds alighted on its branches, their joyous notes were changed, and in their melancholy song the tree heard plainly, "Alas, unhappy willow!" But she rustled her dainty leaves, and answered scornfully: "I have no need for pity."

The summer insects, buzzing in the sultry air; the soft wind playing with the boughs; the rain drops pattering on the upturned leaves—all seemed to murmur sadly: "Alas, unhappy willow!" But still the tree grew strong in ever increasing pride and beauty.

Many years passed. But one day came fierce and cruel men, who tore from the willow her glowing branches, and with them scourged the Lord their God. Then the tree, shuddering with grief and horror, and bowed down with unutterable shame, drooped its proud head to the earth, and wept.

And ever since, uncomfited, it has never ceased to mourn the sufferings of our Saviour, but weeps day and night over the Sacred Drops of Blood which flowed beneath its branches. Shrinking from the sun, it hangs its head and sorrows always, and when the wind stills the heavy leaves, they murmur in their pain, "Alas!"

### MILITIA NOTES.

The 91st Battalion, of Winnipeg, has been disbanded.

The changes in Montreal corps gazetted are: Montreal Garrison Artillery—To be surgeon, F. Gault Finley, Esq., M.D., vice Charles Ernest Cameron, whose resignation is accepted.

Lieut.-Col. Ouimet has applied to the Minister of Militia for leave to use one of the rooms in the Drill Hall, Montreal, for target practice, with the Morris air rifles, by the men of the 65th Battalion.

His Excellency the Governor-General has appointed Lieut.-Col. Henry R. Smith, of the 14th Battalion, extra aide-de-camp from the 25th July, 1888. Lieut.-Col. Smith filled a similar position under Lord Lansdowne.

Lieut.-Col. Tilton, the new commandant of the Governor-General Foot Guards, stands nearly six feet in his stockings and weighs just 250 pounds. Lieut.-Col. Anderson, the new commandant of the 43rd Rifles, stands over six feet and weighs 215 pounds.

A certain number of officers are going through special course at the St. Johns Military School. They are: Capt. E. Jones, 8th Royal Rifles; Capt. Blackwell, 54th Battalion; Lieut. Barthe, 86th; Lieuts. Oscar Evanturel, J. A. W. LeBel, A. Bourget, of the 9th Battalion Voltigeurs of Quebec.

The retirement of Lieut.-Col. Macpherson from the command of the Governor-General's Foot Guards and the promotion of Major Tilton will make other important changes in the regiment. Capt. Toller will become major, Lieut. Gray, captain, and then the corps will be minus six officers, three lieutenants and three second lieutenants.

The militia general orders contain the appointment of Major John Tilton as lieutenant-colonel of the Governor-General's Foot Guards, vice Lieut.-Col. Macpherson, who is placed on the "special list" of officers retaining active militia rank under the provisions of No. 2 general orders (7), 13th May, 1887. This will settle what has been known as the Gurd's difficulty.

Major W. H. Anderson is gazetted Lieutenant-Colonel of the 43rd Battalion, Lieut.-Col. White and Major Walsh being placed on the "special list" of officers relieved retaining rank. This leaves the two majorities in the battalion vacant. The names of Capt. Wright, of Hull, and Capt. A. P. Sherwood, Commissioner of Dominion Police, are mentioned in connection with the position.



A lady and her maid acting in accord will outwit a dozen devils.—Old proverb.

Women are extremists—they are either better or worse than men.—La Bruyere.

Women distrust men too much in general and not enough in particular.—Commerson.

Take the first advice of a woman; under no circumstances the second.—Proverb.

Woman is a charming creature, who changes her heart as easily as her gloves.—Belzac.

Of all the heavy bodies, the heaviest is the woman we have ceased to love.—Lemantey.

A man with a new idea cannot be too careful of it. It may get away from him and become original with someone else.

People who want to be in fashion now all have a cold. In that respect they resemble people who do not want to be in fashion.

For putting on a coat a darkey's instructions were—"Fust de right arm, den de left arm, and den gib one general convulsion."

No acids do in kisses lie;

Who would for honey kisses barter?

Yet when one comes to bid "good-by,"

Then kisses are the cream of "ta ta."

Lanky wife (to cranky husband): "Dear, a fancy ball is to be given. What character would you advise me to select?" Husband: "Cut your hair short and go there as a mop."

"Fifty cents, please," said the hotel clerk to the lady who had been using the telephone. "I thought the charge was only ten," she replied. "Yes," he replied; "but that is the rate for men, you know."

"They are working on a new telescope," observed De Smith, "that will bring the moon within sixty miles of the earth." "If the moon is really made of green cheese," remarked De Cantur, "that's close enough."

"Then you really think you appreciate orchestral music, Mr. Fitzroy?" she said, in a quizzical sort of way. "Well—er—yes. That is, I think I do. Once in a while, you know, the instruments seem to be all out of tune, and wander a little, but when the man hits the bass drum solid, all is clear to me."

A professor of natural history, says the Washington *Critic*, wandered away from the Smithsonian the other day and got into a lawyer's office on F street, where there is a very pompous young clerk. The professor asked two or three questions on the point at issue, and the clerk finally remarked to him, very largely: "I tell you it's true, and it is true. What do you know about law, anyway?" "Nothing, nothing at all," replied the professor, meekly, "but I know a great deal about natural history, and I think you are an ass."

The following incident occurred at the battle of Bull Run. In the heat of the action an officer, who has since become prominent and well known throughout the country, was then in command of a brigade on the right of the line. While riding over the field he discovered a soldier concealed in a hole in the ground, which was of just sufficient dimensions to afford him shelter. The general rode up to him, enquired as to his regiment, and ordered him to join it at once. The man looked him full in the face, placed a thumb upon his nose, and replied: "Oh, no you don't, old fellow! You want the hole yourself."

Last evening while sitting by Kate—

The dear, by argument, is my sister—

She pouted her lips near my face

So sweetly, I turned round and kissed her!

Though she boxed me right square on the mouth

With a force that engendered this blister.

"What possessed you," she cried, "to do that?"

And every word was a missile.

"Why, you puckered your lips!" I replied;

But her glance stung my face like a thistle,

As she said, "You presume a great deal;

I was merely attempting to whistle!"

A Western paper recently offered a prize for the best story to be written by a pupil of a public school. Here are a few passages from the contributions:

"Cora Brown was fortunately the possessor of a birthday, for she was the daughter of rich friends."

"But all this time a cloud was gathering over Mrs. Delaney, which grew large as years went by, and that cloud was full of grasshoppers."

"My father desired me to marry a bank president, a handsome, reckless man, fond of naught save the gaming table."

"Vat I dell you, vat I dell you?" shouted the Irishman.

"As she entered the room a cold, damp smell met her sight."

"She forgot the Lord and all His blessings, and after that she went and got married."