

sands against it in the country. This statement was also met by loud ironical cheers and laughter. It was, however, one which showed what is the real object of these protracted debates, as it is well known that all the amendments the Opposition may move in the House are foredoomed and their only hope is to produce some effect in the country. A very large portion of Mr. Blake's speech was taken up with sharp negative criticism of the statements of Sir John Macdonald; and he moved a series of amendments altogether too long for the space at my disposal to enable me to give a summary of. But I may say that their general scope was not to affirm, but to negative. They in fact, negated everything, and particularly declared that the action of the Government in making an arrangement for the construction of the Pacific Railway was not justified by the Act of 1874; that wholly new conditions were proposed, that the Railway Act provided that the work should be given out by tenders. In fact, the whole argument we have had was done up in this style. It is, however, altogether too late to obtain a consideration of points of this sort. The broad question is, that even if the Government have not followed the precise prescriptions of the Act of Parliament, it is quite competent for Parliament now, to cure any little errors of that kind, if there are any; and I what the country wants is the through railway.

As respects the new Syndicate, notwithstanding the assertions to the contrary, Mr. Blake committed himself to the declaration that he had never seen it until it was laid on the table of the House nor had been consulted on it, and if he had been he would have recommended some important changes in it. Several of the Opposition members said substantially the same thing, and they would only vote for the new Syndicate propositions as a choice between two evils. The poor new Syndicate, therefore, gets more kicks that half-pennies both from friends and opponents.

Sir Leonard Tilley followed Mr. Blake, and dealt particularly with the financial aspects of the question. There was much in his speech that I should like to dwell upon, but the limited space at my disposal forbids. The same remark applies to Sir Richard Cartwright's speech which followed, and also to that of Mr. Kirkpatrick who opened the debate on Wednesday. I should say that Sir Leonard had a desire after this Parliament, to retire into private life. The debate continued on Wednesday until half-past one, when Mr. White, of Carleton, moved the adjournment and the floor on Thursday. He made many points in substantiating the same sense as Sir John Macdonald. The debate is in fact, utterly worn out and it seems impossible for even the ablest speaker to say anything new on the subject.

On Friday, however, when Mr. William McDougall made his speech there was great interest manifested to hear him, and the seats which were empty, soon filled when he rose. His speech was able and delivered from an independent standpoint, while not agreeing with some details he supported the Central as a whole, and stated his belief, founded on his late visit to Hilton that it would be supported by the country. His greatest difficulty had reference to the rates the Company might charge. But on this point Sir John Macdonald rose and said that he would see before the session was over that that clause in the Railway Act, that had reference to this question should be made so clear, as not to leave room for doubt.

The Senate has been discussing on a motion of Hon. Mr. Power, Prof. Hinds, charges of intentional falsification of the statistics used in the Canadian case before the Fisheries Commission. Mr. Power moved for papers and in a speech of some length very clearly showed that such of the charges as he had examined, were without foundation, and in fact, frivolous and vexatious. He showed, moreover, that Mr. Hinds had not even apprehended many of the points he is so anxious to have the world believe are frauds, involving the character of men of the highest standing, who have hitherto been beyond reproach. Mr. Power hinted indeed that there was quite sufficient evidence in Mr. Hinds' own letters to show that he is simply a lunatic. I have carefully read his letter to Mr. Delossé and that to Sir Alex. Galt, in which he states his case with great prolixity. I applied myself to this perusal with an earnest desire to ascertain for myself what the merits of the question were, and I rose from my task with the painful conviction that the writer was simply out of his mind, and his lucubrations fit for nothing except a lunatic asylum. There is nothing in these letters that any man can understand. Several other Senators showed with great clearness, the utter nonsense of some of his particular statements.

**TOBOGGANING PARTY AT RIDEAU HALL.**

A correspondent in the city sends us the following letter lately received, descriptive of the tobogganing party at Rideau Hall, which will be illustrated in our next issue.

Dear \_\_\_\_\_  
I was at Rideau the other night (Monday, January 3), and as it was one of the prettiest nights I have seen for a long time, I must give you the best description I can of it, although words fail me when I need them most.

A clear, frosty night, the mercury down below zero, only a degree or two, but enough to give a crisp frostiness to the air to make the snow sound under one's feet with that delight-

ful scrunch that is so musical to a Canadian's ears, not a cloud in the pale, blue sky, scarcely a star visible, the wind that had been blowing in short gusts all day, driving the snow into whiter wreaths than ever had gone with the sun, leaving the night air still. The sky over the ravine behind the Hall a blaze of light, flecked with a thousand starry sparks as they flew up from the great bonfire below. It would be difficult to say from which point the scene was prettier. From the foot of the long toboggan slide, banked on either side with snow in which flaming torches were set upright to the top of the natural hill, long strings of coloured Chinese lanterns swinging up the sides of the artificial continuations, the great reflectors at our backs giving it the appearance of being an almost perpendicular descent of a hundred feet, down which, in rapid succession, sped the toboggans, with their living freight in the picturesque blanket coats and tuques. On one after the other at high lightning speed to the bottom, where breathless and merry they shook themselves free of the snow, and trailing the empty toboggan behind up over the deeper snow, past the great bonfire to the stairway behind the slide, to mount, load, and go down again. Away to the left on higher ground, the log house with its lighted windows in amongst the trees, before its doors the whistling skaters, the trees hiding them one moment, the bright lanterns behind showing them the next but for such an instant that almost before one could see them they were gone. Round and round, in and out, some dark, some light, some such delicious bits of colour, some so little and graceful, that with the swinging lights around, the heavens above and the faint strains of the band floating up from the valley below, one could well believe there is poetry in every thing. Or, standing on the edge of the upper rink, the circling skaters behind one under the light of the "Happy New Year," written in the trees with coloured lights, one looked down into the valley, the blazing fire the centre object. Toboggans flashing past, and from behind its light the returning ones stepping out like a moving panorama of strange figures. On either hill the lights like stars among the trees, the reflector's great eye keeping guard over all and beyond on the summit the vast pile of Rideau Hall. Its round tower and square wings rising black against the frosty sky—the jingle of the sleigh bell on the brow of the hill as more blanket-coated figures were added to the throng. The warning shouts from the descending toboggans, the notes of Norma falling on one's ears between the friendly greetings meeting one on all sides, the lights, costumes, colours and music recalling to our memory another scene, the *piece de resistance* of Lord Dufferin's entertainment the Fancy Ball, and giving Lord Lorne's tobogganing party a like place there when from the wilds of the great North-West we look back upon the luxuries of civilized life.

With kind regards, ever yours,  
"Ottawa."

**OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.**

**THE NORDENFELDT GUN.** practice with which is illustrated on another page, is a recent improvement in construction of rifled machine guns. Its shooting is said to be remarkably close and accurate as well as rapid.

**THE SURRENDER OF DELICHO.**—The story of the final surrender of this place has been told so fully in the daily press, that the accompanying sketches taken from the London *Graphic* will speak for themselves without description.

**LIFE IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.**—We have been pressed so often by correspondents in the far west to insert in our paper some drawings illustrative of the life and manners in the Land of the Future, that we are constrained to endeavour to fulfil their wishes. We publish this week a page which we hope will be appreciated by all to whom British Columbia is of interest, and to whom is it not to-day. The sketches have been gleaned from various sources, and, if appreciated by our friends we shall give them others from time to time. We have made arrangements also for a series of original sketches of the North-West which will shortly appear.

**THE WINTER SCENERY AT NIAGARA FALLS.**—The page which we present our readers with this week has been unavoidably delayed in production. The beautiful forms and fantastic shapes in which the Frost King loves to clothe the surroundings of the monster cataract speak for themselves without description. The engravings have been made from photographs kindly furnished us by Mr. George Barber, photographer, of Main street, Niagara.

**FIGHT BETWEEN CREES AND SIOUX.**—Our illustration represents the sanguinary engagement which took place a few weeks since in the Cypress Hills, but of which information only recently reached Abrams, Battle river, some two weeks after the occurrence. According to the accounts received from a Cree Indian, himself one of the combatants, the Sioux were the aggressors. Forty lodges of the half-breeds who had pitched across the Missouri River had all their horses stolen, and out of this arose a quarrel, in which the half-breeds were supported by the Crees. The police endeavoured to prevent bloodshed, but their numbers were not sufficient to enable them to interfere with success, and the affair culminated in a pitched battle. Of the loss sustained by the Sioux, who were left

masters of the field, we can obtain no accurate information, but the Crees report 30 of their number and 6 half-breeds missing.

**FATAL BOILER EXPLOSION.**—Our illustration represents an occurrence which took place on the 10th of January last, near Lucan. About 11 o'clock on the afternoon of that day the boiler of a threshing engine belonging to Mr. Bolton, London Township, and manufactured by F. W. Glenn, Oshawa, exploded while threshing at Mr. Alexander Ironside's, killing Alexander Bolton instantly and injuring three other men, who had a narrow escape with their lives, as the bulk of the engine and trucks passed just over their heads while in the act of fixing something around the cleaner in the barn. Mr. Ironside was in the act of fixing a barrel for the band cutter to stand on when it was smashed to atoms in his hands, but strange to say, he was unhurt, with the exception of a slight bruise on the arm. The threshing machine was driven completely through the barn, striking the logs of the straw pen, driving it and the straw back some feet. The engine went through the barn, striking the farther door post, thereby breaking the plate, roof, &c., leaving the barn in a wretched condition. After having spent its force, it turned upside down just outside the door. The engine and cleaner are a total wreck. The accident appears to have happened through carelessness or want of ability on the part of those in charge of the engine, they having discharged their engineer about two months ago.

**THE ELECTRIC LIGHT IN NEW YORK.**—The first practical exhibition, on a large scale, of the electric light in this city, was that on the 25th ult., by the Brush Electric Light Company of New York. Broadway, from Fourteenth to Thirty-fourth streets, was illuminated, and nightly, ever since, the brilliant exhibition has been repeated with constant and unvarying success. Twenty-two lamps, one on each block, each of 2,000 candle-power, and mounted on iron posts twenty-five high, are used, the electric current being generated by a 100 horse-power Corliss engine in West Twenty-fifth street. Two circuits, one for outdoor public lighting, and the other for dwellings, hotels and stores, will be connected with this station, which will be supplied with five Brush dynamo-electric machines. The No. 7 machines, now in use, each requiring fourteen horse-power, and calculated to supply ten to eighteen lights, weight about 2,000 pounds each, and are about six feet long by two and one-half wide and high. A larger machine (No. 8), which will require from thirty to thirty-five horse-power, and is intended to run forty lights, is now entirely completed. The Brush lights, which are extensively used, are exceedingly simple and effective. This first introduction of the Brush electric light into New York for street lighting is only repeating here what has been done in other cities on the continent. The longest circuit known for electric lighting is that on the wharves of own city, where one of the Brush machines works a circuit of 14,600 feet, or nearly two and three-quarter miles in length. The inventor, Charles F. Brush, who is a quiet, unassuming man, has been zealously at work in perfecting his inventions. While some have been engaged in heated newspaper arguments and in assertions of what might be done with the electric light, the Brush Electric Light Company has been putting down its plants and has successfully introduced electric lighting.

**CHIEF JUSTICE MOSS.**—We omitted in our last week's issue to thank Messrs. Notman and Fraser, of Toronto, for the portrait of Chief Justice Moss, from which our engraving was taken.

**LAWYERS AND JUDGES AT THE COURT OF HYMEN.**

It is remarkable how many lawyers have gone wrong in the one affair of their lives which might have been supposed to call forth all the circumspection and astuteness of which they were capable—some of them, too, eminent for their lack of these mental characteristics which are commonly accredited with most of the mischief in this direction. There was Lord Braxfield, for instance. The very form in which he is said to have proposed to the lady of his choice seems unmistakably to indicate a man of an eminently practical turn of mind—a man not given to sentiment or likely to be taken in by mere superficial appearances. "Lizzie," said Braxfield, "I'm looking out for a wife, and I think you are just the person to suit me. Let me have your answer off or on the morn, and nae mair about it." It is as difficult to conceive of a man who could pop the all-important question in this fashion being blinded by sentiment as it is to imagine a judge running into matrimonial complications without carefully considering what he was about. It is quite evident that Justice Clerk Braxfield had been very carefully considering the matter, and came to the conclusion that Lizzie was just the person to suit him. Now, it might be supposed that when an experienced judge seriously sets himself to form a correct estimate of a person's character, and can take his own time and his own means of investigation, he would be in very little danger indeed of arriving at an utterly false estimate. This judge made no secret in after years of having made an egregious blunder in the business. When Lord Stonfield on one occasion sent to apologize for his absence from his seat on the Bench, Braxfield wanted to

know the cause of his absence. "What excuse can a stout fellow like him hae?" he demanded. "He has lost his wife," was the answer. "Has he?" ejaculated Braxfield, "that's a good excuse, indeed. I wish we had a' the same." Lizzie, it appeared, had turned out a tartar, with whom neither husband nor servants could get along at all comfortably. The butler once went to his master and gave notice of his intention to leave, as he found it impossible to put up with his mistress's temper. "Ye've mickle to complain o', mou," exclaimed the Judge, "you may be thankful you're not married to her." Chief Justice Holt was another occupant of the Bench who was reported to have made a deplorable mistake in this little matter, and Judge Gilbert was another.

When so many representatives of the dry practicality of the law have gone astray in such affairs, it is not surprising that men of imagination—our Shakespeares and Miltons, Shelleys and Byrons—have made more or less unfortunate choice of partners in life. It would be a mistake, no doubt, to assume that lawyers and other "practical" men are in no danger of being led away by sentiment and imaginative glamour, just as it would be a mistake to ascribe all the unhappy selections of poets and painters to the misleading of sentiment. But it may be observed that in selection for matrimony the "practical" is almost as perilous a guide as the sentimental. The astute, hard-headed wooer of the old story, who rejects one lady because she betrays her extravagance by cutting off the rind of her cheese, and another because she shows herself of a greedy disposition by eating it, may live to find that the damsel who adopts the happy medium of scraping and eating, though a prudent and careful housekeeper, makes after all only a very indifferent wife. He may, upon the whole, select quite as unhappily as the man of sentiment, who marries a fictitious being, a mere creation of his own sprightly fancy. As a rule, these matters cannot be satisfactorily managed without a certain infusion of sentiment, but they require also the exercise of a certain amount of practical common sense, and it is only when the two forces are nicely balanced one against the other that matrimony may be safely ventured on. For a man to perceive when they really are nicely balanced is however just the sum of the whole difficulty; and it is because the difficulty is so serious that marriage always has been and always will be more or less of a lottery.

**NEWS OF THE WEEK.**

TELEGRAPHIC communication has been established between the Magdalen Islands and Cape Breton.

MR. E. A. SOTHERN, the actor, died on Thursday evening last.

A \$50,000 fire, which threatened to be a very serious one, occurred in the Metropolitan Hotel, New York, last week.

MR. BOOTH'S "Othello," at the Princess's, is severely criticised by the London press.

THE Cronstadt Theatre has been destroyed by fire, and eight persons were killed.

THE writs against the Rev. Messrs. Dale and Enraght have been discharged by the Court of Appeals.

THE Haulan-Laycock race has been postponed to the 14th of February.

THE surrender of Lima to the Chilean forces is officially confirmed.

**HUMOROUS.**

OLD maids are described as "embers from which the sparks have fled."

"MINE, miner, minus!" This is the general upshot of speculation in mining stock.

A CRUEL husband calls his wife "green fruit," because she never agrees with him.

IT is absurd to suppose that a man can speak above his breath, since his mouth is below his nose.

"MIKE, did you ever catch frogs?" "Yis, sorr." "What did you bait with?" "Bate 'em with a stick, sorr."

THE following recipe for eloquence is given by a "down East" orator: "Get yourself clobbered of the subject knock out the bung, and let nature caper."

IT was a married lady who began the telling of a story by saying, "Once I knew a couple of little girls, one of whom died and went to heaven, while the other grew up and got married."

**FASHION NOTES.**

A DECIDED novelty is a set of Royal Worcester after-dinner coffee cups, decorated after the pattern on an Indian shawl.

YELLOW-white and dead-white are combined in many evening dresses this winter, the latter tint being used for the front, and the former for the back.

A RED shawl look like a daisy," says an authority, and it recommends quilted borders for shawls and coverlets quilted in diamonds, to give the proper floral appearance.

THE newest thing out in sleeve-buttons is a thin, square plate of red gold, on which a griffin is stenciled. This is backed with a thin plate of santonix, and the effect is very pretty.

SUMMER gowns are made without any shoulder seams, and with the sleeve cut in one piece with the waist and having only one seam. Waists of this kind are shirred at the belt.

MONSTER furs—made of feathers painted or plainly coloured—have suddenly become the rage. They are enormous, measuring a yard across, and almost a yard long when closed. When carried folded in the hand they look like walking sticks.