

ideas as to the duty of the people in sustaining the consolidation of British power on this continent.

**"DR. BAKER EDWARDS' IMPROVED AUTOMATIC VENTILATOR."**

One of the forms in which this useful contrivance is now offered to the public is represented in the accompanying illustration.

Its object is **ECONOMY, EFFICIENCY, and READINESS OF APPLICATION.** It is adapted to things as they are; and furnishes a cheap and ready improvement thereon, which may be at once adopted with advantage in every household which is provided with "a stove-pipe hole," and where is the house in Canada without one?

The simple principle of the hanging curtain, placed between two perforated surfaces, ensures a current of air, inwards to the chimney, whenever the atmosphere in an apartment becomes heated and before it becomes oppressive. Cold air falling as a down draught in the chimney is on the other hand distributed in fine streams by the perforated back, and closes the curtain. Soot and smoke are thus prevented from entering the chamber, and the ventilator can only act, and will act constantly, as a vent for overheated air and the products of its combustion. By its constant action an oppressive condition of the air is effectually prevented.

The principle is adapted to much larger application, but the above is the every day—and every house—convenience which will meet the requirements and the pockets of the multitude of Canadian householders.

Fig. 1.—Front view, showing Tin Flange and the openings of the perforated metal.

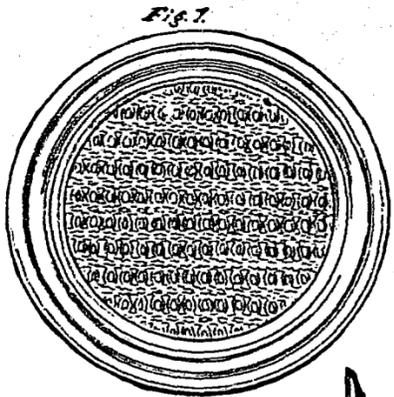


Fig. 2.—Sectional view, showing: a, the perforated front; b, the suspended curtain; c, the perforated back; d, the outer tin casing.

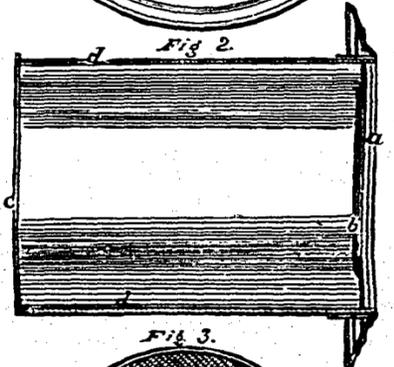
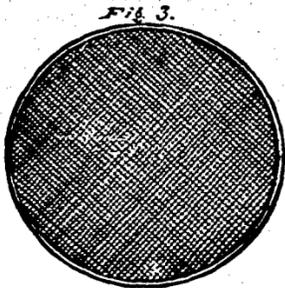


Fig. 3.—The perforated back in elevation.



**THE PEACE REJOICINGS AT BERLIN.**

Never yet perhaps was the good city of Berlin in such a ferment as on the morning of the 17th of March last. For eight months the country had been engaged in a deadly war with a neighbour that once bore the reputation of being the first military power in the world, and now that that neighbour was crushed and humbled, the victorious German legions were returning home, and the Berliners were anxiously waiting to welcome the King of whom they had taken leave over half a year before, and who now came back to them with increased honours for himself and his people, and new dignities for his dynasty.

The scene in the streets of the Prussian capital on that eventful day, and the reception of the victorious Emperor by his family and his people, has been graphically described by the correspondent of the London *Daily News*, whose account we here reproduce:—

"Long before four o'clock every street was crowded, the throng being specially dense by the station, where the great people had begun to arrive to await the Royal arrival. The Princess Frederick Charles, Queen Elizabeth, and the Baden family, were among the earliest arrivals. A great cheer rings out as Count Bismarck, bluff and smiling, drives up with his wife in an open carriage.

"Let us hurry on to the reserved parts of the platform, where all are in uniform or court dresses save your correspondent. Here is staunch old Marshal von Wrangel in the uniform of a white cuirassier, rather bandy, but good seemingly for another twenty years. Here comes Prince George, the only civilian of the Royal Family, wrapped in a large cloak, with an attendant bearing his helmet of state. He has a chat with a Jager private with one leg, who has got somehow in the forefront. Here, too, is General Vogel von Falkenstein, grey and grim; and Von Steinmetz, all the way from his Posen governorship. But the list is too long for enumeration. I notice that every pillar of the long station is in a flutter of flags; that on the pillars on either side of the Royal passage

are blazoned the words Metz and Strasburg, while over the statue of Victory behind are Sedan and Paris. Is it by accident or design that opposite the platform on a siding an ambulance train is halted, from the windows of which pallid faces look out with hollow eyes on the brilliant scene? Its roof is clustered with convalescents, and a little squad of men in uniform at Spichenen and Courcelles give Steinmetz a cheer—old Immer Vorwärts, as they lovingly style him—and so with gossip and endless kindly salutations, the moments of expectancy fleet by.

"Twenty minutes later, at the sound of a shrill distant whistle, out of the waiting-room stalks Count Bismarck in full war paint; Wrangel doffs his plumed helmet; a stream of ladies and children follow Bismarck's stalwart form; in three minutes more a near rumble, and the train, bedizened with flags, rolls into the siding. Three carriages pass a flight of steps, and the fourth comes into sight; there rises a mighty cheer, and at the window stands the Emperor William framed as in a picture. The old man's face is working as the cheers ring in his ears. He is down the steps, and kissing the Dowager Queen Elizabeth. What! Will the women of his family mob him, then, as they crowd round him for his kisses, while grandchildren hang about his knees? No wonder that he has to brush his eyes with the back of his hand as he struggles through the women folk before him. In his path stands the white figure of Wrangel, the rays of the setting sun flashing on his snow-white hair. The soldier-patriarch raises his hand, and would fain lead off a cheer, but his voice fails him, and the tears roll down his face. His master, not less moved, kisses his servant on either cheek. The two old soldier comrades embrace, while one of Steinmetz's wounded fellows heads, from the top of the carriage, a real rousing cheer. Then the Emperor grasps Bismarck by the hand, and kisses him too. He serves Von Steinmetz in the same manner, notwithstanding the calumnies anent that gallant soldier. He kisses his way right through out of sight into the waiting-room, the Empress following him with a look of conscious ownership, and so exit Kaiser William.

"Behind him as he came from the carriage was a younger face, that of his eldest son. I wonder the Princess is not jealous to see all these pretty girls, princesses, grand duchesses, and what not, hugging her husband "with affection." But not she. She has fast hold of his left arm, and she looks about so proudly and gladly, the light of love in every feature. Her back hair had come down, and it streamed over her shoulders in beautiful confusion.

"It was comical to see how she gently extricated "Our Fritz" from the press, when it seemed as if there had been enough of the kissing. But, then, the Prince had hairier faces to kiss, and more stalwart forms to embrace ere he reached the haven of the saloon. Von Roon, Blumenthal, all the well-known Versailles faces, follow, and then the women burst into the reserved space, and hugged and kissed the staff men who belonged to them as they came out of the carriage. The scene was like an April day, showers and sunshine, tears and smiles in about equal proportions—all state and ceremony went down before the gush of homely affection.

"The Emperor almost at once passed to his carriage, and drove off unescorted at a trot, followed by carriages containing the Royal Family and the other personages, along the Thier Garten, through the Brandenburg gate, and down Unter den Linden to the Palace, amidst immense cheering. As he passed under the arch the Imperial flag was run up on the Palace. The cheering continued after he alighted. His Majesty lingered on the threshold, and at length went in; but his subjects were not to be denied, and he had to appear again on the balcony, helmet in hand and the Empress on his arm. His last appearance was at the window of the corner room, where he showed himself on the declaration of the war, and here he listened to the *Wacht am Rhein*, sung by the crowd. The Imperial Crown Prince had also to come repeatedly to an open window of his palace, accompanied by his wife and their children; the eldest boy, dressed in full Uhlan uniform, especially delighting the people. The Princess, with her eldest son, had accompanied the Empress to Wildpark.

"As I write, the capital is bursting everywhere into brilliant illumination. Its streets are thronged with a joyous but decorous population. On inquiry at the Palace I learn that the Emperor suffers no fatigue from his journey, and that he is better than he has been since he left Versailles. "Berlin air is doing him good already," said the Chamberlain."

The illustration given on another page shows the Rathhaus, or City Hall, as it appeared on this eventful night. The whole of the facade was illuminated with lampions; lampions ran along the cornices; the tower was in a perfect blaze with red Bengal lights, while in the great niche over the principal entrance stood the bust of the Kaiser, bedecked with many coloured flags and surrounded by a bright halo of light—the great object of attraction for all eyes in the surging crowd beneath.

**"LOVE ON A VISIT."**

Our large double-page plate, after the painting by Hamon, illustrates the oft-quoted verse of Béranger's well-known *chanson* "Les Gueux."

Quel dieu se plaît et s'agite  
Sur ce grabat qui fleurit?  
C'est l'Amour qui rend visite  
A la pauvreté qui rit.

Les gueux, les gueux  
Sont les gens heureux!  
Ils s'aiment entr'eux,  
Vivent les gueux!

The conception and execution of the picture are equally good—the painter having completely grasped the poet's idea, and considerably embellished it in transferring it to his canvas. The knowing *sournois* look of Dan Cupid is admirably expressive, and it is small wonder, seeing the winning smile of "la pauvreté qui rit," that the little god thought a visit would be welcome.

**THE GRAIN EXCHANGE OF THE WORLD.**

No two syllables are more familiar in every grain-growing country of the four continents than Mark Lane. They head a column of all British newspapers; are quoted in French, German, Spanish, and American journals. The Corn Exchange takes the name of the street in which it stands. It is the only market in London for corn, grain, and seed. England is al-

ways a buyer of grain. The 77,000,000 of acres in the United Kingdom never produce a sufficiency of cereals in the most abundant harvest to fill the mouths of the 32,000,000 people throughout the year. Hence the price that England pays for grain, settled tri-weekly at the Corn Exchange in Mark Lane, rules the prices not only at home, but, slightly decreasing in the ratio of distance, all over the world. Mark Lane stands in the heart of mercantile London. It is close upon the Thames. On every side are vast warehouses, crammed with the freights borne in by every tide. Pendulous bales swing from fifty feet aloft. Casks plunge and duck headlong into cellars. The street is jammed with loaded wains. The wayfarer dives beneath nose-bags, and rubs shoulders with dripping trees of broad-wheeled waggons.

The Corn Exchange stands in the centre of Mark Lane, on the eastern side. It was built soon after 1747, when the present system of factorage commenced. In an open Doric colonnade, sheltered, well lighted, roofed in from the weather, and covered by a large and handsome dome, stand before stalls filled with samples of every variety of grain and pulse productive of food for man and beast, factors and millers, lightermen and granary keepers, bluff country gentlemen and Kentish farmers. There are more than seven hundred independent places of business. The counters are polished by the friction of grain. They are covered with open canvas bags containing samples. All responsibility rests with the principals, who, if they do not deliver goods according to the sample, must abide the disagreeable consequences. Grain lies in heaps everywhere. It is under the stalls, on the seats, over the counter, and ankle-deep covering the floor. The ever-moving crowd are grinding it under foot. A hundred hands are taking samples from the bags, rubbing and comparing, and "palming" them, and then throwing them up on the floor. "Why is the grain not returned to the bag?" was the question put to a friend. "That would never answer," he replied. "Suppose I were buying oats. I take a sample, try its dampness or dryness in my hand; shift it to my other, move it about, and examine its colour, smell and taste. It has lost its dryness or dampness, is no longer a sample; and to return it to the bag would be to deceive the next comer. Of course I throw it on the floor. It is somebody's perquisite."—*Ex.*

**UNCOMMON FOOD.**

The *Scientific American* condense from *Good Health* the following upon the food of different nations and races. After briefly discussing the use of horseflesh as food (in France during the late war), and stating that 30,000 horses were eaten at Metz during the siege of that town, the writer goes on to say:

It is now about fourteen years ago that the late Isidore Geoffrey de St. Hilaire published a series of letters on alimentary substances, and the flesh of the horse, which was pronounced to be highly nutritious. The Faculty of Paris declared it to be in every respect equal to the flesh of any other animal, with the advantage, that the proportion of fatty substance was less than that of the bullock, and a strong gravy soup might be made, much easier of digestion, and in every way superior to that of beef. In 1853, what may be termed a "horse" banquet was given at Paris at the Grand Hotel du Louvre, which was presided over by the famous *gourmand*, M. Chevet, who had given the advantage of his culinary genius to the preparations. About sixteen persons partook of a variety of dishes, and they were pronounced excellent. In 1863 and the following year, equine banquets on a larger scale took place in Paris, and enthusiastic speeches were made by several well-known naturalists, with a view to popularize the subject; and the sale of horse meat in the butchers' shops was permitted by an imperial ordinance.

In the retreat from Moscow, horse flesh furnished the French with the daily rations from the commissariat. In this matter the French have simply followed precedent of Germany, Russia, Belgium, Denmark, and other countries. In Austria, during 1863, nineteen hundred and fifty-four horses were slaughtered for food, and horse flesh has been eaten by different nations from remote periods.

A superior distinction in taste seems to be accorded to the flesh of the donkey, great numbers of which animals have been and are still slaughtered for food by the French. M. Darcel declares it is to the horse that which veal is to the ox.

Monkeys' flesh is by no means to be despised, though this may seem to some persons a near approach to cannibalism. Mr. Bates, in his "Naturalist on the Amazon," describes the meat of the spider monkey as the best flavoured he had ever tasted. It resembled beef, but had a richer and sweeter taste.

The predilection for dog eating is by no means confined to the Chinese; the Esquimaux, amongst others, vastly enjoying this food when the animals are young. A Danish captain who had acquired the dog taste, provided some of this food for a select party of guests, most of whom highly praised his *mutton*. Captain Sir J. McClintock, who relates this story, adds that baked puppy is a real delicacy all over Polynesia. "At the Sandwich Islands, I was once invited to a feast, and had to feign disappointment as well as I could when told that puppies were so extremely scarce, that one could not be procured in time, and a sucking pig had to be substituted." The same writer bears unqualified testimony to the excellency of seal steaks when cut thin, and deprived of all fat.

The Malabar coolies are very fond of the "coffee rats," which they fry in oil or convert into curry. The pig rat is in similar favour. It attains a weight of two or three pounds, and grows to nearly the length of two feet. Rat pies are eaten in various parts of England; rat suppers used to be given periodically at an inn near Nottingham. The porcupine is esteemed a delicacy in Ceylon, and in flavour much resembles a young pig. In Siam the flesh of the crocodile is exposed for sale in the markets. Alligators are sometimes eaten by the natives of South America, Africa, and South Australia. The taste of musk is, however, so strong that few strangers can eat them without being sick afterwards.

Elephants' hearts, we are told by Baldwin, in his "African Hunting," are very tender and good. The feet, baked in a large hole between bricks, are very glutinous, and not unlike brawn.

In Peter Martyn's account of the voyages of Columbus, he mentions the disgust experienced by the Spaniards when at St. Domingo, on being invited by the Indians to taste their favourite delicacy the guana, considering it a species of serpent. This dislike was, however, soon overcome. "These serpents are lyke unto crocodiles save in bygness. They call them