

Our Canadian cities, and Montreal in especial, must learn a lesson from the great disaster at Port Jervis. We are liable even this year to a flood arising from the jamming of the ice. Our American friends, with characteristic energy and ingenuity, resorted to artificial means for the breaking up of the ice, while we, year after year, are exposed to loss of life and property, without adopting any mode of prevention. In the case of Port Jervis, the blasting with nitro-glycerine proved not efficient against a gorge of accumulated ice three or four miles in extent. At the beginning of the gorge the river was blocked only at a single point, and it was against this barrier that the ice, constantly brought down by the stream, accumulated. The successive contributions of new ice from above kept lengthening the gorge, which froze together in the cold nights and became cemented and consolidated into a compact mass miles and miles in extent. Of course there was no possibility of blasting out such a coherent mass and opening a free course to the river. But had time been taken by the forelock, and had the nitro-glycerine blasting been begun when the extent of the gorge was only a few rods, instead of several miles, it would have succeeded at once and have averted this catastrophe. The experiments in blasting furnished abundant evidence that had they been begun in the first days of the obstruction they would have been completely successful. And so they would be here if proper precautions were taken betimes.

We have received a pamphlet containing a list of the registered tonnage of New Brunswick up to the 31 December 1874, with summaries of the tonnage of Canada, and other commercial statistics. It is published by the *St. John Daily Telegraph*, one of the fullest and most reliable commercial authorities in the Dominion. From this exhibit of the Mercantile Marine of Canada, during the year, we trace an increase of 151 vessels and 84,849 tons. The tonnage of all the Provinces has increased, except British Columbia, which shows a small decrease. Nova Scotia added 29,968 tons of shipping to her fleet, Ontario 24,101 tons, New Brunswick 16,891 tons, Prince Edward Island 9,470 tons, and Quebec 4,903 tons. St. John heads the list of Canadian ports with 263,401 tons of shipping, standing nearly 130,000 tons in advance of the second port of the Dominion, Yarmouth. The total registered tonnage of the Dominion on the 31st December, 1874, was 1,158,567 tons, but if the steamers in the Upper Provinces registered under the old Canadian Act were remeasured according to the Imperial Standard, from 75,000 to 100,000 tons would have to be added to this amount.

The Insolvency Bill has passed its third reading, after a searching discussion. The clause providing that no insolvent shall receive his discharge unless his estate realizes thirty-three and a third per cent. on the dollar, was carried by a large majority. The object of this clause is to prevent persons going into insolvency who only pay ten or twenty cents on the dollar, and as soon as they obtain their discharge set up business again. There is perhaps no question in the whole range of legislation more difficult to settle than this of insolvency, as the example of England proves. There the subject turns up every two or three sessions, and the courts have often overridden the decisions of Parliament.

Col. FLETCHER, the Governor General's Secretary, left by the last steamer for Scotland to remain. He took his family with him. He has been promoted to the full colonelcy of his Regiment, the Fusilier Guards; and goes home to join it. He does not return to Canada. His departure is a loss to the country. He is a thorough business man; and possesses great attainments as a military man. His duties as Governor's Secretary were often

of great delicacy; but they were always carefully and thoroughly done. Personally, Lord Dufferin will miss him, and so will the public service.

The late intercollegiate contest in New York has been imitated by the colleges of Ohio, seven of which, through representatives, participated in an oratorical contest at Akron, on the 11th instant. No prize was awarded, but the decision of the judges entitles the winner to represent the State of Ohio in an inter-State collegiate competition, to be held in May next, at Indianapolis. There is also to be a grand intercollegiate contest during the American Centennial next year. In a mild way, as we have before suggested, and stripping off the taint of sensationalism, could not our Canadian colleges imagine some such mode of friendly rivalry?

A member of the New York Legislature is going to attempt a wise thing. It is to force conductors of street cars and omnibuses by law to provide every passenger with a seat, on penalty of forfeiture of pay money. This is to do away with the nuisance of overcrowding public conveyances and yielding one's seat to ladies who persist in coming in when the car or omnibus is quite full.

THE WHISKEY WAR.

AN ANGEL IN A SALOON.

One afternoon in the month of June, a lady in deep mourning, followed by a little child, entered one of the most noted whiskey saloons in the city of N—. The writer happened to be passing at the time, and, prompted by curiosity, followed her in to see what would ensue. Stepping up to the bar, and addressing the proprietor, she said:

"Sir, can you assist me? I have no home, no friends, and am not able to work."

He glanced at her and then at the child, with a mingled look of curiosity and pity. Evidently he was much surprised to see a woman in such a place, begging; but, without asking any questions, gave her some change, and turning to those present, he said:

"Gentlemen, here is a lady in distress. Can't some of you help her a little?"

They cheerfully acceded to the request, and soon a purse of two dollars was put into her hand.

"Madam," said the gentleman who gave her the money, "why do you come to a saloon? It isn't a proper place for a lady, and why are you driven to such a step?"

"Sir," said the lady, "I know it isn't a proper place for a lady to be in, and you ask me why I am driven to such a step. I will tell you in one short word," pointing to a bottle behind the counter labelled "whiskey"—"that is what brought me here—whiskey. I was once happy, and surrounded by all the luxuries wealth could produce, with a fond, indulgent husband. But in an evil hour he was tempted, and not possessing the will to resist the temptation, fell, and in one short year my dream of happiness was over, my home was for ever desolate, and the kind husband, and the wealth that some called mine, lost—lost never to return; and all by the accursed wine-cup. You see before you only the wreck of my former self, homeless and friendless, with nothing left me in this world but this little child"; and weeping bitterly, she affectionately caressed the golden curls that shaded a face of exquisite loveliness. Regaining her composure, and turning to the proprietor of the saloon, she continued:

"Sir, the reason why I occasionally enter a place like this is to implore those who deal in this deadly poison to desist; to stop a business that spreads desolation, ruin, poverty, and starvation. Think one moment of your own loved ones, and then imagine them in the situation I am in. I appeal to your better nature, I appeal to your kind heart—for I know you possess a kind one—to retire from a business so ruinous to your patrons.

"Do you know the money you take across the bar is the same as taking the bread out of the mouth of the famishing? That it strips the clothing from their backs, deprives them of all the comforts of this life, and throws unhappiness, misery, crime, and desolation into their once happy homes? Oh! sir, I implore, beseech, and pray you to retire from a business you blush to own you are engaged in before your fellow men, and enter one that will not only be profitable to yourself, but to your fellow creatures also. You will excuse me if I have spoken too plainly, but I could not help it when I thought of the misery, the unhappiness and the suffering it has caused me."

"Madam, I am not offended," he answered, in a voice husky with emotion, "but I thank you from the bottom of my heart for what you have said."

"Mamma," said the little girl—who, meantime, had been spoken to by some of the gentlemen present—taking hold of her mother's hand, "these gentlemen want me to sing 'Little Bessie' for them. Shall I do so?"

They all joined in the request, and placing her in the chair she sang, in a sweet, childish voice, the following beautiful words:

"Out in the gloomy night, sadly I roam;
I have no mother dear, no pleasant home;
No one cares for me, no one would cry:
Even if poor little Bessie should die.
Weary and tired I've been wandering all day,
Asking for work, but I'm too small they say;
On the damp ground I must now lay my head
Father's a drunkard, and mother is dead."

We were so happy till father drank rum,
Then all our sorrow and trouble begun;
Mother grew pale, and wept every day;
Baby and I were too hungry to play.
Slowly they faded, till one summer night
Found their dead faces all silent and white:
Then with big tears slowly dropping, I said,
'Father's a drunkard, and mother is dead.'

Oh! if the temperance men only could find
Poor, wretched father, and talk very kind;
If they would stop him from drinking, then
I should be very happy again.
Is it a late, temperance man? Please try.
Or poor little Bessie must soon starve and die.
All the day long I've been begging for bread;
Father's a drunkard, and mother is dead."

The game of billiards was left unfinished, the cards thrown aside, and the unemptied glasses remained on the counter; all had pressed near, some with pity-beaming eyes, entranced with the musical voice and beauty of the child, who seemed better fitted to be with angels than in such a place.

The scene I shall never forget till my dying day, and the sweet cadence of her musical voice still rings in my ears, and from her lips sank deep into the hearts of those gathered around her.

With her golden hair falling carelessly around her shoulders, and looking so trustingly and confidently upon the gentlemen around her, the beautiful eyes illuminated with a light that seemed not of this earth, she formed a picture of purity and innocence worthy the genius of a poet or painter.

At the close of the song many were weeping; men who had not shed a tear for years wept like children. One young man who had resisted with scorn the pleadings of a loving mother, and entreaties of friends to strive and lead a better life, to desist from a course that was wasting his fortune and ruining his health, now approached the child, and taking both hands in his, while tears streamed down his cheeks, exclaimed in deep emotion:

"God bless you, my little angel. You have saved me from ruin and disgrace, from poverty and a drunkard's grave. If there are angels on earth, you are one! God bless you! God bless you!" Putting a note into the hands of the mother, the young man continued:

"Please accept this trifle as a token of my regard and esteem, for your little girl has done me a kindness I can never repay; and remember whenever you are in want, you will find me a true friend;" at the same time giving her his name and address.

Taking her child by the hand she turned to go, but, pausing at the door, said:

"God bless you, Gentlemen! Accept the heartfelt thanks of a poor, friendless woman for the kindness and courtesy you have shown her." Before any one could reply she was gone.

A silence of several minutes ensued, which was broken by the proprietor, who exclaimed:

"Gentlemen, that lady was right, and I have sold my last glass of whiskey; if any one of you want anymore you will have to go elsewhere."

"And I have drunk my last glass of whiskey," said a young man who had long been given up as utterly beyond the reach of those who had a deep interest in his welfare—sunk too low ever to reform.

A PARISIEN PANORAMA.

A Paris correspondent writes: "Have you ever observed that, next to inducing your friends to adopt your favourite remedy for rheumatism, your special reading-lamp, the homeopathic system of medicine, your theory of spiritualism, or your infallible method of making up a comfortable fire, warranted to last through the longest evening, you have the greatest difficulty in persuading them to go and see a panorama of anything? I was almost unpersuadable about the Panorama of the Defence of Paris, in the Champs Elysees, myself, but since I went, rather sulkily, to see it, and recognized it as one of the most interesting and extraordinary spectacles I ever beheld, I am wildly anxious to make everybody go there (I verily believe I am occasionally suspected of a vested interest in the exhibition), and I am wearily aware that they won't go. It is really very up-hill work, and I don't know why I should do it; but it makes me quite uncomfortable when people say carelessly, in answer to my eager question, 'Have you seen the panorama?' 'No, we don't care much for panoramas.' I understand them—I, too, was 'born so.' I had a notion that a panorama was a daub picture, which never left off being unwound by some complicated machinery, to an accompaniment of spasmodic music, and the 'horrid grind' of a professional showman. Perhaps the same is my secret belief about a diorama to this moment, but I am an enthusiastic convert to the panorama, as on view, *en permanence*, just across the road, at the far side of the Palais d'Industrie, where, by the bye, they had a *concours* of lovely pigs and poultry, and such sheep as any one might be proud to conduct in a straw hat and with a rose-garlanded crook, Watteau-like, during the week before Lent. You must see the panorama to believe in

it; your mind is merely cramped by looking at the outside of the circular building, but it expands when, after you have studied a terribly realistic picture of the bombardment of a street, with the houses blown to pieces and the people killed by the flying missiles, you find yourself transported bodily to the centre of Fort Issy, and in the midst of the busy operations of the defence, with the Prussian batteries firing, with a seemingly vast space around, and the doomed city below you. The men, the horses, the guns, the ammunition; the constant movement and as constant vigilance; the terrible *ensemble* and the minute details; above all, the incomparable illusion, the impossibility of believing that you are merely within walls of painted canvas, the impressive silence of the few spectators—each comes lightly up the winding stair to the central platform, and is in his turn struck into the dumb, solicitous attention which adds to the reality of the scene—all must be witnessed and felt to be understood. Nobody could describe it—I only urge upon travelling mankind—go and see the panorama!"

HOW THE SPIDER BUILDS.

Prof. Wilder, in the *Popular Science Monthly* for April, says:—"Having first decided upon the general location of her net, the spider probably takes position head downward upon the 'leeward' side of a twig or small branch, or upon its top, and then, turning her abdomen outward, expresses from her spinners a drop of gum, which instantly dries so as to form a fine end of a silken thread. This is taken by the wind (and careful experiments have proved that a current of air is absolutely necessary to the extension of the line) and wafted outward, waving from side to side, and usually tending upward from its extreme lightness, until at last it touches some other branch at a greater or less distance from the first. When this stoppage is perceived by the spider, she turns about and pulls in the slack line, until she is sure that the other end is fast: If it yields, she tries again and again, until successful. If it holds, she attaches her end firmly by pressing her spinners upon the wood, so as to include the line. The first and most important step in the construction of all geometrical nets has now been taken, and the spider can meet with no serious difficulty in completing her task.

DOMESTIC.

FRIED POTATOES SOUFFLES.—Cut the potatoes in flat layers, fry them, let them get cold, re-fry them in boiling fat, and the feat is accomplished.

SUGAR SNAKS.—One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, four cups of flour, one egg, half a cup of water and a half teaspoonful of soda, with twice as much cream tartar: roll very thin.

CHILBLAINS.—(1.) Strong oil of peppermint need as an ointment on chilblains removes the itching sensations almost instantly, and a few applications effect a cure. (2.) Take equal parts by weight of lard and nitric acid, stir together with a porcelain or glass spatula and apply mornings and nights. The skin hardens, peels off, and with it go chilblains, bunions, and corns. A piece of kid should be used in applying it, as it will have the same effect on the fingers as on the chilblains.

OAT CAKE.—(1.) Make a thick paste of coarse oatmeal and water, knead it thin, lay it on a griddle over the fire, turn and brown on both sides. (2.) On a pound of oatmeal pour a pint of boiling water in which half an ounce of butter or lard has been melted. Make it into a dough quickly, roll as thin as the dough will hold together, cut into small shapes. Place these on a griddle of fine wire bars, and toast them over the fire, on each side alternately, until they be done crisp.

HARICOTS BLANCS.—The beans should be large and rather soft. Wash carefully, rubbing between the hands, and changing the water two or three times; put into a saucepan with water to cover them well; boil up quickly for ten minutes, change the water and boil for an hour and a half: to be eaten with pepper, salt, and a little oil. Or they may, after being cooked as above, be put in a close jar with butter, pepper, and salt, and the jar set into boiling water for half an hour, or even longer. Either way, they must be served very hot. When cold, a little oil, with a dash of French vinegar, makes them into a very good salad.

FISH BROTH.—The broth or jelly of fish, which is usually thrown away, will be found one of the most nourishing animal jellies that can be obtained. Supposing a poor family to buy a dinner of plaice—which is a cheap fish—the plaice would be boiled, and the meat of the fish eaten, and the liquor and bones of the fish thrown away. If the remains of the fish be put into the liquor and boiled for a couple of hours, the thrifty housewife will find that she has something in her pot which, when strained off, will be as good to her as much of that which is sold in the shops as gelatine. This she may use as a simple broth, or she may thicken it with rice and flour if with onions and pepper, and have a nourishing and satisfying meal; or, should she have an invalid in her family, one-third of milk added and warmed with it would be nourishing and restoring.

CHILDREN'S DINNERS.—Suet puddings are capital for hungry boys. Dr. Chavasse says: "A well-boiled suet pudding is one of the best puddings a child can have; it is, in point of fact, meat and fatuous food combined, and is equal to, and will often prevent the giving of, cod-liver oil. Before cod-liver oil came into vogue, suet boiled in milk was the remedy for a delicate child." A plain suet pudding with plums in it, or a lemon pudding made with suet, a boiled apple (or any fresh fruit) pudding with a suet crust, an apple-charlotte made of alternate layers of bread crumbs, suet, and apples, with a little sugar and nutmeg, are all favourites with my children; and so is a plain suet pudding made in the form of a "roley-poley," cut into rounds, and sent to table with jam on each round. It is absolutely necessary that suet puddings should be thoroughly well cooked, otherwise they are heavy and indigestible. A large pudding must be boiled three or four hours at least, and they ought to be served quite hot. Of course, I am only suggesting these puddings as a change from others. I would not keep my children on them entirely any more than I would give them rice five days a week. No one has said much about the last meal of the day. I give my boys, aged 3 and 5, a small cup each of Epps's cocoa; they like it, and I am sure it suits them, for they are rosy and blooming. It is made with water, with sugar and milk to taste. They eat bread and butter, biscuits, gingerbread nuts, and sometimes sponge cake, or jam or honey.