

A PICTURE.

One picture fair within my heart I carry
Unshadowed by the weary weight of years;
And often, as amid strange scenes I tarry,
A vision of my early youth appears.

The houses clustered on the water's border,
Clear imaged in the softly flowing stream;
The trees beyond it, set in gracious order,
The bridge, the road—delicious is the dream!

Each nook recalls fond thoughts, and memories soften
My heart to those that still by them abide;
I think of those that wandered with me often—
Of those who now in earth lie side by side.

Long years have rolled, and other children gladly
Rove in the woods and by the waterside;
And some who walked with me may eye them sadly,
And think of other days, whose light has died.

And yet it lives, and sheds a wondrous sweetness
Around the ways, else darkly shaded all;
Making the heart, prepared in all meetness,
Like "darkened chamber," when the bright rays fall.

A home of beauty, where the past is cherished,
Each common thing made radiant in the light;
No gleam of love or beauty that has perished,
But here, relimned, is clear to inward sight.

W. P. BLACKMORE.

* "The heart is the true camera obscura, in the lowliest making pictures that can never be painted."—SCHMIDT.

THE ANCIENT CAPITAL.

PECULIARITIES OF MEMBERS—COURTESY—JOKES
—FLOWERS—MEDICAL—THE MOB—THE PREMIER—THE POPE.

After last week's budget of political news, the importance of which must plead for its length and weight, I am able to confine myself to more interesting and personal matters.

Two Government measures have made their appearance this week, one the Phosphate Resolutions of Mr. Garneau, and the other the License Bill, introduced by Mr. Solicitor-General Baker. The former imposes a tax of 50 cents per ton on all phosphate obtained from any Government lot hereafter sold as such; and if any lot sold for agricultural purposes turn out to have phosphate, then the owner shall pay an additional amount sufficient to raise the price of the land to two dollars. The License Bill, to which Mr. Baker acts as god-father, is the product of the Codification Commission, and reflects great credit on that body. Mr. Baker, in introducing it, made his first speech of the Session, and among his most attentive listeners were Judge Lranger, Chairman, and J. J. Curran, Q.C., Secretary of the Commission from whence the Bill emanated. Some of the changes are important, principally to license holders, but as it is intended to send a copy of the Bill to anybody who wants one, I shall not trouble you with them, but simply mention that a temperance society in Montreal sent a number of suggestions to the Government in connection with this Bill, and these suggestions Mr. Baker considered of sufficient importance to read to the House one by one, and give his reasons why they could not be entertained.

The Chairman of the Committee of the Whole House on supply is Mr. Loranger, member for Laval. It is customary after the Budget speech is made to call on the member who is the Chairman of the Public Accounts Committee to take the Chair in committee, and on all occasions after that when the House goes into Committee of Supply the same member is appointed Chairman. The naming of Mr. Loranger is a coincidence worthy of mention, as his predecessor, Senator Bellerose, was not only member for Laval but Chairman of the same committees as Mr. Loranger for many sessions previous to his leaving for Ottawa permanently.

Some amusement can always be gathered by watching the actions of members while debating. Mr. Angers, the Leader of the House, has a trick, when rising to speak, of buttoning his frock coat, and when speaking turns around and addresses the Conservative members behind and on each side of him, while all the time he is supposed to be addressing the Speaker. In this he is, unconsciously perhaps, imitating the late Sir George E. Cartier. On the other side of the House, Messrs. Joly and Marchand have resolved themselves into a mutual admiration society. When one is speaking, and he makes a joke, he looks down at the other, who immediately says "Ecoutez" or "Hear, hear," while the ponderous laugh of the jolly member for Montreal Centre makes the House echo again.

When Mr. Ogilvie rises he is sure to command a hearing, and whatever he says is not only attentively listened to, but it carries great weight. By the bye, I made a mistake in my last letter. It seems Mr. Houde of Maskinonge was not at all pleased with the comparison Mr. Marchand made between him and Mr. Speaker Blanchet, and afterwards abused him roundly for his disrespect towards him in speaking as he did. I hear that Mr. Coupal, M.P. for Napierville, referring to the incident, charged Mr. Marchand, at a meeting of the latter's constituents, with being impolite to the members of the House. Mr. Marchand asked him to detail the incident which had been published in one of the French papers. Mr. Coupal read it, and then Mr. Marchand pointed out that what he had said was polite, while all the impoliteness had come from Mr. Houde.

While on that night session of four years ago, when the vote had been taken at half-past four a.m. the mace had lain on the table all night untouched, but just as the Speaker declared the question then being voted on "Lost," the head of the mace jumped off and lay prone on the table.

Throughout the week the galleries have been crowded with spectators, and on Tuesday even-

ing the one set apart for the fair sex was crowded up to the ceiling, not a male among them. It was expected at one time there would have been some demonstration of disapproval during the discussion of the railway resolutions, but on the contrary, any Ministerial jokes, and they were numerous, were received with marked preference to those which came from the Opposition.

Talking of jokes, some of the members have fallen into a bad habit of crying "lost" when some motion is put in Committee of the Whole, and to which there is no objection, and immediately after there is a laugh, but where the amusement comes in it is hard to say, for if there ever was any wit in it, it has long since been worn threadbare by repetition.

Colonel Rhodes, of market-garden fame, presented the House with a magnificent basket of flowers, which were placed on the table in the centre of the House, and was used by Mr. Joly as a subject for a joke by his saying that he trusted the debates would be as flowery as the basket he saw on the table.

Dr. Lafontaine, a medical member of the House, celebrated here for his anti-vaccination proclivities, took occasion the other day to object to the annual grant of \$750 to the Medical Faculty of McGill. The Treasurer in reply said it was the first time any member of that House, and that member a medical man, objected to the pittance given to so good and useful an object as a school of medicine. The item was adopted.

On Wednesday evening it was evident from the nervous appearance of many of the members that something out of the common was brewing. The anxious looks cast every now and then at the windows showed that, whatever it was, it would come from the outside. As the time went slowly on, the symptoms increased, till at 8:30 a yell from the exterior and the glare of torches seen through the windows caused a number of members to go to those on the Opposition side of the House to see what was going on. What they saw was a mob bearing torches and transparencies and bearing on a pole a figure clad in dark clothes with a rope around its neck. This figure was set fire to, and when nearly consumed was thrown to the ground and kicked to pieces by the mob. Then more yells arose, a few windows were broken with potatoes thrown from the outside, and it having become known that the military were approaching, the mob dissolved. They vanished as suddenly as they arrived. In the meanwhile the business of the House went on. Mr. Angers sat quietly in his chair, his hands crossed with fingers interlaced, his body inclined backwards, with his head resting on the desk behind, apparently unmoved at the fact that an effigy of himself was being burned in the yard of the House. Mr. Wurtel had risen to speak when the first yell was heard, and the Speaker, immediately the members began to move, called "Order." Three times Mr. Wurtel commenced, three times the Speaker shouted "Order," and then Mr. Wurtel put his hands into his trousers pockets and waited till all was quiet, when he resumed. At the sound of the breaking glass, the ladies in the gallery started to their feet, and it only required another volley of potatoes to create a panic. Fortunately, however, all without remained quiet, and so also did affairs within. B Battery arrived shortly after nine, and guarded the House till the adjournment, about an hour later.

A debate took place during the week on a motion to abolish the Legislative Council. The Government, however, opposed it, and it was lost on a division of 38 to 21.

This morning a deputation consisting of about sixty of the leading citizens of Quebec, headed by the Mayor, waited on Mr. de Boucherville in order to support resolutions adopted a day or two since at a meeting of property holders, condemning the railway policy. Mr. de Boucherville, on their entering the Council Chamber, asked if they had come to support those resolutions, a copy of which he had received. On the Mayor answering in the affirmative, Mr. de Boucherville said, "Then, gentlemen, I must decline to receive you," and the deputation departed. They are furious at this treatment, and are breathing vengeance, but what they will do remains to be seen.

This afternoon the House was adjourned at its opening on account of the death of the Pope. The motion was made by Mr. Angers, and seconded by Mr. Joly, who stated the majority of the Province and the House being Roman Catholics, he felt, out of respect to the heavy loss the death of the Pope must be to them, it was proper that the House should adjourn.

KRIS KRINGLE.

HEARTH AND HOME.

MUSIC IN LIFE.—If one note in the organ be out of key or harsh of tone, it mars the whole tune. All the other reeds may be in harmony; but the one defective reed despoils the sweetness of all the rest. In every tune this reed makes discord somewhere. Its noise jars on in every note. And so one sin destroys the harmony of a whole life. A boy or girl may be obedient, filial, industrious, and honest; but ill-temper is a jarring reed that touches every grace with chill and discord. Let every affection and every thought, and every word, and every action, be right; then there is music in the life.

TRUE LOVE.—No great feeling is wholesome where it comes up as a feeling and is allowed to go down as a feeling. Love that burns at first as love leaves the heart desolate unless it takes on activity. All great feelings must incarnate themselves and assume some form of definite

action, or they will perish, and will perish in a way that after a time prevents their ever existing again with such purity and power as in the beginning. When the attraction of love first brings persons together, and they come into holy matrimony, if they all the time wait for this feeling to exist as a feeling they wish for a mirage; but, if it takes on the form of self-denial, of mutual service, of etiquette, or respect, or courtesy, or acts of love, then the emotion changes itself into a habit which is better than any mere emotion. Love that ceases to have a flame and has action is deeper than love that has a flame and no action. But little observation of life is necessary to prove this.

ELIGIBLE WIVES.—A competency is essential to happiness and to comfort. It is wise in a young man in selecting a wife not to be wholly indifferent to the consideration whether she has been brought up to save or to waste. A wise economy is much farther removed from meanness than that reckless extravagance which leaves nothing for oneself or anybody else. The love and poetry of the honeymoon are seldom long preserved without something in the locker. Mothers should teach and daughters should learn domestic economy. They ought to insist upon this as of the greatest importance.

KNOWLEDGE OF OTHERS.—The only way by which people can be thoroughly known is by living with them in the same house or travelling with them in the same carriage. The smooth surface which we can maintain, with so much success for a short time gets broken up then by the thousand petty details of daily life, and tempers are tried and characters revealed to an extent which years of ordinary drawing-room intercourse would not have allowed. Then the real man or woman comes out, and the human nature which has been suppressed reasserts itself, sometimes with startling sincerity, and almost always in unexpected places; for no one is what his casual acquaintances and superficial friends believe him to be, and the depths reveal secrets never so much as outlined in the shallows.

SLEEP.—The tired brain must have repose; true, sleep does not give the brain a total recess from labour; imagination and memory are often vividly active during sleep, and unconscious cerebration likewise takes place, but enough rest is obtained for the renovation of the brain, and that which has been torn down during wakefulness is to a certain extent rebuilt. Sleep is a most wonderful power, often stronger than the will, as in the case of the sleeping soldier—and more mighty than pain, as when sick persons and tortured prisoners sleep in the midst of their suffering. No torture, it is said, has been found equal to the prevention of sleep. The amount of sleep needed differs according to the constitution and habits. Big brains and persons who perform much brain labour need a large amount of sleep. Children need more sleep than grown people, because construction is more active than decay in their brains.

A PHYSICIAN'S OPINION.—Let the children wear short socks, by all means. I trust the custom of confining children's limbs in hot, and especially in dark-coloured stockings, will, at least in summer, give way before the pretty fashion—now almost universal in France, Italy, Belgium, and Holland—of keeping boys and girls, especially the latter, in socks. As a medical man, I am convinced that, provided a child is healthy, and otherwise warmly and suitably clad, it is all the better at any time of the year for having its limbs exposed. In summer there is no doubt about it. There is no finer health-giving agent than fresh, warm air and bright sunshine. Children cannot have too much of either. Their limbs ought to be bathed in both. Those who see our little people wallowing on the sea-shore, delighting to paddle for hours in the waves, their scanty clothing tucked up charmingly, know that children are never so happy as when their arms and legs are bare and free.

THE HUMAN GARDEN.—Look at your flower garden, lying yonder before your windows. You know what care you must give it if you would have it prosper—how you must train the tender vines, and water the young plants, and weed and loosen the soil. Left to itself, great weeds would soon choke the flowers; and, though you find it hard to have as many roses as you want, it would be difficult to be rid of all the crop of nettles that would spring up if you forgot those beds a week. So it is with a human garden. The bad things grow faster than the good, and without help too; while you must not only help the earthly blossoms—the human herbs of virtue—but fight for them against the human weeds. It is romantic and pretty to say that good always triumphs, and the right is always victorious, but it is not true; and those who have power should always remember this. One of the noblest tasks a great man can take upon himself is, to weed the human garden and give the good, the pure, and the honest chance to bear flowers and fruit, of which those stinging nettles, evil men, are always striving to rob them.

BURLESQUE.

A hand-organ man was making his way up the street, when a boy met him, and asked, "How many tunes do you play?"

"Xixteen shunes—nice, sweet shunes," replied the man.

"My father is fond of music, but he is a little deaf," continued the boy.

"Oh, dat make no deference—I mak a him hear."

The boy led the way up the street to where a plaster bust of Sir Isaac Newton had been arranged in a bay-window to look like a living man, and the Italian spit on his hand and began on the crank.

He ground out all the tunes in rotation, and then began at the bottom and ground back up the scale till he got all the tunes in the garret of the box again. The man in the bay-window didn't move a hair, and the Italian drew a long breath, and sighed, "Play moar muzeek—mak a him hear soon."

He ran out eight tunes, and threw some gravel at the window. The bust didn't even work its ears, and the Italian leaned the organ on the fence, and loudly sang:—

"Oh, who shall drink of me som moar.
When I am far a-way!"

The seven other tunes were rattled off at a lively pace, while the man coughed, whistled, kicked on the fence, and encouraged a dog fight, in order to attract the deaf man's attention.

"Sing louder—play harder!" called the boy from the next street corner.

The grinder secured a stand for his feet, unbuttoned his vest, and the way he roared brought out the citizens by the score. He kept his eyes on the bust, and gave no heed to the crowd, and the axle was smoking hot when he left off the grind. Resting the music on the ground, he leaped over the fence, and got a square look at his victim. His quiet grin faded into a look of woe, and misery, and murder, and, getting his eyes on the boy with the red necktie, he ran him four streets, and into a carpenter-shop before a still small voice whispered that he had better hold on.

ROUND THE DOMINION.

A MOTION to abolish the Legislative Council of Quebec was negatived by 38 to 23.

THE Northern Light has been frozen in five miles off Pictou, and will probably remain until the ice breaks up in the Gulf.

Two hundred thousand whitefish ova from the Ontario lakes have been placed in the Nova Scotian fish-breeding establishment at Bedford.

DRS. FENWICK and Worthington, the defendants in the celebrated medical forgery case tried at Montreal, have been fully committed for trial.

STEPS are being taken by claimants to share in the Half-breed reserve, Manitoba, to stop the wholesale denudation of trees carried on for a supply of cordwood and railway ties, which appears to have been going on to a great extent.

A MOB at Quebec, estimated at 6,000 strong, marched on the night of the 6th, with a band, torches and tar barrels, to the Parliament House, which they were prevented from entering by the Government Police. They broke some of the windows, and then burned the Hon. Mr. Angers in effigy in front of the building. They afterwards paraded the streets of the city. Col. Stranges-Battery was called out, and the mob quietly dispersed.

HUMOROUS.

"MONEY-SYLLABLES"—I. O. U.

A ROUND OF AMUSEMENTS.—The circus.

SNORING is now politely described as indulging in sheet music.

WEDNESDAY last was as cold as the glance of a rich man at a poor cousin.

WHEN is a walk on the Thames Embankment good for weak sight? When it is "igh water."

WHY are novelists the most remarkable of animals?—Because their tales come out of their heads.

ALMOST anybody can send a boy on an errand, but only the wealthy have leisure to spare to wait for him to get back.

THE Jew who said, "My deeds upon my head. I crave the law," was an extensive real estate owner, and had his office in his hat.

THE "Hamlet" in a strolling dramatic troupe in Arkansas was arrested for drunkenness last week, and had to pass a melancholy Dane, the County jail.

If Thomas Lord, the New York millionaire, who at 87 married Mrs. Hicks, is proved to be of unsound mind, the widow will have taken the name of Lord in vain.

NEVER do things by halves, and always go to the root of the matter. A Chicago German who wanted to add a postscript to a letter after he had mailed it began to dig up the lamppost.

THE statement that the coal-fields of the world will be exhausted in two thousand years brings no permanent solace to the man who has to carry the present daily supply for the family up three pairs of stairs.

THE rising youth feels the need of an invention that will instantaneously absorb a lighted cigar, and save him the trouble and danger of putting it in his coat pocket when he unexpectedly meets either of his parents.

EYES have they, but they see not—potatoes. Ears have they, but they hear not—orn-stalks. Arms have they, but they hug not—windmills. Legs have they, but they walk not—tables. Heads have they, but they think not—cabbages. Hands have they, but they toil not—tramps. Noses have they, but they smell not—pitchers. Lips have they, but they kiss not—tulips. Teeth have they, but they masticate not—buck-saws. Wings have they, but they fly not—houses. Feet have they, but they walk not—verses. Pans have they, but they grumble not—windows. Joints have they, but they bend not—grain-stalks. Hearts have they, but they love not—trees.

NOTICE TO LADIES.

The undersigned begs respectfully to inform the Ladies of the city and country that they will find at his Retail Store, 196 St. Lawrence Main Street, the choicest assortment of Ostrich and Vulture Feathers, of all shades; also, Feathers of all descriptions Repaired with the greatest care. Feathers Dyed as per sample, on shortest delay. Gloves Cleaned and Dyed Black only.

J. H. LEBLANC. Works: 547 Craig St.