

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

CANADA'S SHAME.—The cartoon, on the front page of this week's NEWS, is a simple composition, containing only one figure, but it is eloquent in meaning, and points a moral which all Canadians must take to heart. The work of the Election Courts has been a terrible revelation to the electors of the Dominion. The ground at the feet of the figure of Canada is strewn with the petitions of voided elections, and the story of bribery and corruption must be repeated of them all. We have had occasion several times already to refer to this discreditable business, and we treat of it again editorially in the present issue. It seems to us that the gravity of the question has not been sufficiently appreciated by the press, but in this we hope to be mistaken, and, at any rate, there is reason to trust that the effect will be a complete electoral reform.

CREMATION OF THE DEAD.—In a recent number of the NEWS, there was a sketch of the Dresden furnace intended for the purposes of cremation, but as the case of Lady Dilke has painfully drawn public attention to the matter again, we publish new views of the same process. The apparatus of the brothers Siemens, of Dresden, is a furnace or mortuary chamber built of special brick. Around this chamber, but without communication therewith, is an open space in which jets of carbonated hydrogen burn. The coffin, being brought to the aperture of the chamber, is seized by the chain of a mechanical hoist, worked by one man. It thus descends into a cavity, which is covered by a heavy top and hermetically closed. When all is ready, the gas is lit, and, by its combustion, it raises the brick walls of the cremation chamber to a white heat. The temperature of the chamber soon rises to a degree sufficient to induce the rapid combustion of the body, whose gaseous products escape through a special chimney, while only a few calcined bones remain. After the operation, these bones may be gathered in funeral urns and handed over to the relatives. From the above description, it will be seen that the Siemens process is a simple one. The body is not directly attacked by the flame, but consumes of itself, without the admixture of any extraneous element, and by the sole action of the excessive temperature. The remains of a horse, submitted to this mode of incineration, showed after thirty minutes a heap of pulverulent bones. This experimental trial was followed by the cremation of Lady Dilke. The operation took place on the 10th October. Eleven minutes after the descent of the coffin, clothes, wood, and leather had all disappeared. There remained only the bones, the calcination of which was accomplished ten minutes later. Thus twenty-one minutes sufficed for the complete cremation of the body, and in the chamber were found six pounds of ashes to represent what was once Lady Dilke.

HUNGARIAN TYPES.—At first sight, this gallery of beautiful faces will perhaps appear to offer nothing characteristic, but a closer inspection will reveal a marked distinctive type. If the faces and heads were draped in their national gear, the effect would be more visible. There is nothing German in their physiognomies. They are mainly meridional, with a fairness derived from the mountains. Beauty is a well-known appanage of the men and women of Hungary, and among the belles who adorn the Paris salons of high life, the daughters of Pesth are always conspicuous.

THE BACKWOODS.—We present two sketches in connection with our backwoods. They are particularly intended for our foreign readers. One represents the shanty of the lumberman on the upper Ottawa, and the other the opening of a new settlement on the Free Grants of Ontario. Both are characteristic of primitive life in the forest, and form episodes of immigration.

R. GARDNER & SON'S NOVELTY WORKS.—This important firm possesses one of the most extensive and complete machine-shops in the Dominion. The buildings are situated on Brennan, Nazareth, and Dalhousie streets, having a frontage of 210 feet on Brennan and 180 feet on Nazareth streets. The main building, as seen in the illustration, runs through the centre of the block, and contains the principal machine-shop; the offices and stores occupying the Brennan-street front, and the fitting and light machine shops facing on Nazareth street. In these extensive premises are manufactured every variety of machines—steam-engines, lathes, saw-mill machinery, tobacco manufacturers' machinery, bark-mill machinery, letter-copying presses, all kinds of machinists' tools, &c., &c. Messrs. R. GARDNER & SON make a speciality of bakers' and confectioners' machinery, biscuit-cutters, &c., of which they are the sole makers in Canada, and which they not only supply to the *kneady* people of Canada, but even export to the States and to Europe. They lately filled an order from Prussia for some of their machines. They also make it a point to keep on hand a large stock of machines of their own manufacture: steam engines, lathes, &c., as well as mill and machine shop supplies of British and American manufacture. Their energy and ability to keep up such a stock is fully appreciated by customers, who find there, all ready made, what would take months to turn out to order. The works are well known throughout the Dominion, the firm having filled orders for all parts thereof, from Manitoba to Halifax and even beyond. It is only recently that they supplied machinery to a party in Winnipeg, and another in Prince Edward's Island. They have the reputation of producing well-finished articles, and of employing the best materials. The works

are under the personal supervision of Mr. ROBT. GARDNER, Senr., and his two sons, the elder of whom is part owner. Mr. GARDNER, Senr., is a man of large experience, having served his time as a machinist in the old country, and worked his way up. He was foreman in Kerr's, then in Bartley & Gilbert's, also in Plattsburgh, and in New York City, before starting on his own account. He began in a small shop, in 1850, where he worked for the St. Lawrence & Atlantic R. R. Company; then took Barry & Co.'s shop in Wellington Street; then Sutherland & Bennett's on Chenneville and Vitre Streets, and three years later finally moved to his present location, where, since 1854, he has been gradually increasing his business and his premises, until they have attained their present proportions. The firm employs at present about seventy-five hands. Their thorough knowledge of this business, their active habits, and courteous manner, have earned for the Messrs. GARDNER the general esteem and confidence of the public.

THE OLD HOME.

BY WILL WALLACE HARVEY.

An out-door quiet held the earth
Beneath the winter moon,
The cricket chirped in cozy mirth,
And the kettle crooned, upon the hearth.
A sweet, old-fashioned tune.

The old clock ticked, a drowsy race,
With the clicking of the cricket,
And red coals in the chimney-place
Peeped out, with many a rosy face,
Like berries in a thicket.

The crane's arm empty, stuck out stiff,
And tinware on the shelves
Twinkled and winked at every gliff,
In the flickering fire-light, as if
They whispered to themselves.

The good dame, in her ruffled cap,
Counted her stitches slowly,
And the old man, with full many a gap,
Read from the Big Book on his lap,
The good words, wise and holy.

The old clock clicked; the old man read,
His deep voice pausing, lowering;
The good wife nodded, dropped her head—
The lids of both were heavy as lead—
They were sound asleep and snoring.

Oh, hale old couple! sweet each dream,
While—all the milk-pans tilting—
Puss paints her whiskers in the cream,
Till John and the belated team
Bring Maggie from the quilting.

May Time, I pray, when falling years
Make thin my voice and thrapple,
Finn my last days of life like theirs,
As sweet with children's love and prayers,
And like a winter apple.

Scotcher's for December.

[For the Canadian Illustrated News.]

THE WIFE'S MOTHER-IN-LAW.

Did it ever strike any one that wives have mothers-in-law too? 'Tis a melancholy fact, but I don't believe it ever did; the fact is that men make such a noise in the world about theirs that the voice of a woman's plaint is lost in the din. Their precious mothers never interfere with their household affairs. Oh dear, no! Alive or dead, they never rise up at unexpected times and haunt them, suffocating their wives with their superiority, melting them to tears with their reminiscences. Bless your heart, no! It's only the wife's mother that causes all the trouble. Around the husband's mother there glows a halo (brighter if she has departed this terrestrial globe) that no mild suggestions, no discovered proofs of its falsity can dim; there it shines a crown of virtue and perfection never to be attained by the partner of his joys and sorrows, the wife of his bosom, so to speak, until, worn out with the cares and small worries of every-day life, the wife's dreams, waking and sleeping, are filled with the image of the departed saint. But the living ones are the worst. A solemn sympathising look of condolence will very often nip the catalogue of the perfections in the bud, or a chirpy, cheerful way of agreeing to make the curry her way, and then going to work and making a very excellent one of your own, will have the same effect, only that ever afterwards you must let her have undisturbed possession of the receipt for that curry. If you disclose the fraud, you are done for; you must sit still and hear your husband tell your visitors, every time receipts are mentioned, what an excellent house-keeper his mother was, how his wife never knew how to make a curry until he told her how his mother made it. Or perhaps his hobby is dress. His mother never put on the outlandish head-gear and frills and furbelows the women wear now-a-days. If you are red-haired, and wish to please him by wearing the colours his mother liked, they are sure to be pink or yellow; and if you are swarthy, you must make a guy of yourself by wearing blue. Still there are ways to avoid these little idiosyncracies, if the bodily eyes of your husband's mother are not on you. If she is in the flesh, she generally looks after the furnishing of your house for you, arranges the furniture, colours of curtains, chooses what room you are to have, etc. Then in the first flush of the honeymoon, coming home, receiving visitors, etc., everything is *couleur de rose*; but by-and-by when you find you have the most northerly room in the house, that there is a draught blowing on the bed which gives you a sore throat about once a week, you must grin and

bear it, until by some happy providence she goes on a visit, for a couple of months, to some friends in the country, when you can get up some plausible excuse for changing; but woe betide you if you ever are foolish enough to attempt it while she is in the house or within five miles of it, for she will set on you like a nightmare with a lace cap on, looking the sweetest prettiest picture of a dear old lady, drawing down upon your devoted head the congratulations of your friends upon the pleasure and happiness it must be to you to have such a "dear old love of a mother-in-law always with you." Then when Tom comes home at night, she is so loving and tender, so afraid he has been caught in the storm and got wet, she will get every thing he needs, for "that dear foolish Mary has been moving the furniture all day and must be far too tired for any more exertion." "What furniture?" exclaims the tired man, and straightway there looms up before his mental vision scenes of wild disorder, fruitless searches for missing things that have been moved and "tidied," and no after persuasions of Mary's can convince him of the wisdom of her change. Then it is always this "dear old lady" who tells him any piece of good news which is really your own property, and which you have been bottling up as a surprise for him, referring to it as if he already knew, and when asked for an explanation, elevates her eyebrows and says, "Oh, didn't Mary tell you?" So poor Mary gets a look of mild reproach, instead of the one of glad surprise and love, the expectation of which has all day made the children's fretfulness less wearisome, and the cook's mistakes less irremediable. This "dear old lady" goes out visiting too, takes her work and sits half an hour with a neighbour. A week after, you are condoled with upon having so much to do in the house, so many dresses to make, etc., that your poor husband has to be content with his old mother's company when he is at home.

But these are only a few of the little peculiarities of that "nice old lady," a whisper of which you daren't breathe to your husband, for most men have such love for their mothers that they cannot see with your eyes, and having grown up with a belief in their perfections, they fail to see that your sight is the clearest. All honour to them say I, for this love, for as long as a man loves his mother there is a germ of good in him nothing can eradicate; but let them believe that our love for our mother can be as great, and not make the name of their mother-in-law a by-word and a reproach among nations.

OTTAWA.

RETURNING FRENCH CANADIANS.

The following little paragraph appears in the Boston *Globe* under the heading of "Vermont news":

"Owing to the reduction of wages in many sections of the States, a large number of French Canadians are returning to Canada."

We have no doubt of the truth of this statement. We have had reports for some time past of the continued returns of French Canadians to the Province of Quebec from the neighbouring states. The stagnation which has followed the commercial crisis in the U. S. that commenced in the fall of last year, has been so great as to depress almost every kind of industry, and has caused very severe distress among workmen. Many thousands have in consequence, emigrated back to Europe and some thousands have come to Canada. We see it stated in the American newspapers that 33 per cent. of the immigrants in the United States during the last quarter recrossed the ocean. The time is, therefore, a favourable one, to obtain the return of the French Canadians in the U. S. and to colonize them in Canada. It is rumoured that the Dominion Government is going to make some move in this direction, and if they do so, it will likely be very popular in the Province of Quebec. The late Government did take a step in this direction by sending the Rev. P. E. Gendron to the United States to make a report as to the possibility of obtaining a return of French Canadians to their own country. He found among them, the utmost willingness to come; but the chief obstacle in the way was want of means. He said, "a very large proportion of the Canadians resident in the U. S. were not in possession of sufficient savings to defray the expense of returning to the part of Canada from which they emigrated." As a general rule, their success has not been commensurate with the expectations they entertained when leaving Canada. Mr. Gendron thinks that 200,000 is the outside number of French Canadians now in the New England States. The last U. S. census gave the number of the republic born in the Province of Quebec and Ontario as 412,000; and probably their descendants added to this number would make a total of over three quarters of a million. The number of French Canadian origin in the Western States is estimated at 150,000, and in other states at 50,000, making altogether a total of persons of French Canadian origin in the U. S. of 400,000. It may, however, be remarked on this point, that the people of the Northern part of this continent, in the United States as well as Canada, are remarkable for their migratory habits, and the emigration from the New England States to the West, within the last ten years has been altogether greater than the emigration from Canada to the States. The argument to be deduced from the migration which has taken place from Canada to the U. S. is not a simple one, but mixed with many important considerations. In the coming ten years, the balance will probably be redressed.

OVERCROWDED CALLINGS.

There usually comes a period when all professions and callings are overcrowded, and at the present time, according to all accounts, the supply of sempstresses and clerks is far in excess of the demand. The consequence is that both these classes find a difficulty in making a living. Probably it is the progress of education that has caused a rush upon what were formerly styled "genteel" callings. Any man who can hold a pen fancies he can be a clerk, just as any woman who can sew imagines she can make a comfortable living as a milliner. The consequence is that both these callings are overcrowded by people who earn with difficulty a scanty wage, while they might live comfortably and free from anxiety as domestic servants. If you discharge a common clerk, or are compelled to get rid of an ordinary needlewoman, you can fill their places twenty times over within the next hour. But with regard to a compositor, a telegraph worker, a carpenter, a housemaid, a kitchenmaid, a cook, a groom, or skilled craftsmen of any description, the result is very different. If every one were to be taught some craft in his youth, if education were more adapted for the station people are expected to fill in after life, this overcrowding of various callings might to a certain extent, be prevented. There is no reason whatever that among the many accomplishments that are nowadays taught at schools the acquirement of a useful craft of some kind should not be included. It is true the learner might never require to make use of it, but it might eventually prove of the greatest assistance to him. At any rate, a little superfluous knowledge can do harm to no one. No gentleman would be any the worse for being able to shoe a horse or thatch a house, and no lady would lose her dignity by being able to demonstrate practically to her maids that a fire is not properly laid, or that a step is ill-cleaned. This kind of thing is beginning to be understood, and the earnest and thorough manner in which some ladies lately went through every description of kitchen drudgery at the School of Cookery augurs well for the future. That paragon of perfection, the "girl who can walse and make melted butter equally well" is not so far distant as many people imagine. If people were less afraid of good, honest work, of wholesome, healthy manual labour, if they would only get rid of absurd notions with regard to "genteel" occupations, we should probably hear much less about the overcrowding of callings than we do in the present day.

THE EFFECT OF AN ELOPEMENT.

Young ladies in Armenia, like young ladies elsewhere are often afflicted with restlessness on the subject of religion, which prompts them lightly to hop over the barrier which divides one persuasion from another without realizing the difficulties that beset them if, as is sometimes the case, they desire to hop back again. A young lady belonging to the Armenian Catholic community of Moush, in Armenia, has lately fallen into sad trouble by a hasty step of this nature. In the latter part of September she ran away from home with a Turk, a resident in Moush. By a strange coincidence, on the very day of her departure a change took place in her religious opinions and she made a profession of Islamism. By a still stranger coincidence, on the following day she not only discovered that she had committed an error of judgment in forsaking her parents for her lover, but also in forsaking her creed. She accordingly renounced both the Turk and his religion and returned to her home, explaining that she had acted in a moment of weakness and begging the forgiveness of her parents. This pardon was accorded; but the authorities, having been informed of the affair, arrested the impulsive girl, who was taken before a court of justice and there examined as to her religious belief. Her only reply was that she wished to return to the faith which she had quitted but for one day. This answer not being deemed satisfactory the case was referred to the authorities at Erzeroum, where the girl was sent in custody, accompanied by her father. She repeated to the *medjlis* of the province her desire to remain a Christian; but by latest accounts still remains in the custody of the police, until a vizierial order from Constantinople authorizes her release.

THE TROIKA.

Gautier writes in his "Life in St. Petersburg": "The most picturesque winter vehicle is the troika—a sledge which holds four persons, sitting face to face, besides the driver, and is harnessed with three horses. Four reins suffice—the outside animals having one apiece. Nothing is more charming than to see a troika spin along the Newsky Prospekt at the hour of promenade. The thill-horse trots, stepping straight ahead; the other two gallop, and pull fan-wise. One of these ought to have a wild, excited, indomitable air—to hold up his head and seem to start aside and kick; this one is called 'the fury.' The other should shake his mane, arch his neck, curvet, and go sideways, touch his knee with the end of his nose, dance and fling himself about at the caprice of the moment; this is 'the coquet.' These three noble steeds, with metal chains on their head-stalls, with harness light as threads, spangled here and there with delicate gilt ornaments, are suggestive of those antique horses upon triumphal arches, drawing bronze chariots to which they are in no way attached. They seem to sport and gambol before the troika entirely at will.