

with due nutrition of nerve substance. An illustration of this familiar to oculists and medical men, is the so-called tobacco amaurosis, a failure of vision occurring in excessive smokers from mal-nutrition of the retina. Another class of persons who ought not to smoke are those who have weak or unsteady circulations, and complain of such troubles as palpitation, cardiac pain, intermittent pulse, habitually cold hands and feet, or chronic languor.

Lastly, there is reason for believing that the habitual use of tobacco is likely to retard the due growth and development of the body. If so, no one should become a smoker until he is well past the period of puberty. Boys, moreover, have no excuse for smoking, for they are spared the hard wear and tear of adult life.

Now, after eliminating those who from idiosyncrasy cannot, and those who from bodily ailment or from tender years should not smoke, there will still always be a large residuum of happy folk who can smoke, enjoy smoking, and are indeed the better for it. These are they who use tobacco without abusing it—use it, that is to say, in moderate quantity, in due season, and honestly for the sake of the comfort which it gives them—a comfort every bit as legitimate as that which drinkers of tea, coffee, or wine extract in each case from their favourite beverage.

SHAWLS.

If it be true, as it is said to be, that shawls are once more on the eve of becoming a necessary appendage to ladies' dress, then Indian shawls will again be the greatest luxury that a lady can covet for her wardrobe. A real Indian shawl! Is there any article in woman's attire more beautiful than that—anything which can be compared to it for delicacy, softness, elegance, and richness *et la!* and an old Indian shawl is a rare relic. When I see one I look upon it with veneration, for I think of the wonders it might tell if it could relate its history from its birth. What mysteries it might unfold of warm beating hearts which have throbbed beneath its silken, graceful folds. Such a veteran is in my possession at the present moment. I know a portion of its history, and it has promised to relate the remainder at some future time, when I may perhaps retail it on to you. In the meantime it may not be uninteresting to trace its genealogy back to the first period of its existence.

A real Indian shawl, as every lady knows, should be of the very finest and softest texture—so fine and soft, indeed, that it should be able to be drawn through a wedding-ring. Its next peculiarity is its gorgeous colouring. It is supposed that the mountainous region which produces the real cashmere contains certain chemical properties, by which means the wool acquires those wonderful colours, which are not to be obtained in any other part of the world. The wool itself comes from the Thibet goat, native of upper Asia, and consists of a kind of soft down, which grows immediately under the hair on the animal's head, and is not unlike the eider down in appearance. It is wonderfully fine and delicate, and is generally of a white or grey colour, though sometimes it is yellowish or very dark brown. The preparation of this wool before the dyeing process begins demands the greatest care and attention. It is first washed in lime water, then the down has to be carefully picked from the coarser hair, with which it is generally freely mixed. And as the value of the texture chiefly depends upon the accuracy of this work, it is repeated two or three times on the same wool. Thus prepared, the wool is then transferred to the native spinning-wheel, and as the spinning requires the same amount of care as the cleansing and picking, it is generally performed by young girls and women, whose touch is more delicate than that of man. There are hundreds of thousands of women who spend their lives in this occupation—some from earliest childhood—and for the scantiest of wages. From morning till night they sit bent over the whirling spinning-wheel, by the flickering light of a poor little lamp, which is sometimes half extinguished by the brighter beams of a shining moon; for the delicate wool has to be spun in underground rooms, in order that neither the heat nor the glare of the sun shall rob it of any of its downy softness. Thus grows and blooms many a dark-eyed Hindoo girl—not for a sunny life and pleasure, but to live and die in harness, hard at work of the most monotonous and wearying kind, so that a distant wealthy sister may wrap around her shoulders the luxurious folds of an Indian shawl!

The wool, when spun, is arranged in skeins and sent to the dyer's. Now a dyer of note—and in India dyeing is considered an honourable and hereditary profession—boasts that he can produce no less than sixty different shades of colours, each one having its own particular national name. Thus crimson is derived from the Indian pomegranate blossom, there called *Gulmar*. After the dyed wool has been further prepared in boiling rice-water, and the colours sorted, it is at last transferred to the loom, where it passes entirely into men's hands. The pattern is worked from a black and white drawing, on which are marked the colours, and number of threads required for each colour. The average number of these threads varies according to the pattern, and its complication from 609 to 15,000. I need scarcely say that the more the pattern is complicated the more slowly it is worked. Sometimes it takes three men to work about a quarter of an inch of the pattern during a whole day; and a good shawl is rarely finished under a year or a year and a half.

When the weaver has finished his work the shawl goes to the clever's, who cuts off all the ends and knots. Then it goes to the stamp office, where it receives its certificate, and then it passes into the merchant's hands. Here again it undergoes a careful cleansing, after which it is packed in several soft wrappers, and begins its journey through the world, perhaps to grace the shoulders of an empress, queen, or duchess, or perhaps to grace your own fair shoulders, reader mine.—(*Lady's Corner, Land and Water.*)

IMITATION OF LEATHER.—This is an age of imitations; and the sham is so often taken for the real that even judges themselves have been misled. In manufactures, there is such a constant demand for something new that the best energies of man are severely taxed to meet the requirements of the hour, and it is surprising how promptly this craving is satisfied. As an instance of the extending power of the imitator's art, which will be interesting to carriage trimmers, we have noticed that Messrs. Elkington & Co., of Birmingham, have arranged to produce, by the electrotype process, imitations of the choicest grains of leather. They say that the system of producing leathers *fac simile* of morocco, seal, and other skins,

by means of electro-deposited copper rollers, has now become an established branch of leather manufacture. The fine grain of the most rare and valuable skins can, by this process, be reproduced at a merely fractional cost, as compared with the ordinary imitations.

The system, as described by the *Mechanics' Magazine*, is as follows: An ordinary machine roller is fitted with a mandrel, upon which is deposited, by a new process, the copper *fac simile*. The latter is an exact copy of any rare or choice skin required to be reproduced, and it is only by a recent improvement in electrotyping that the difficulty of depositing upon such a substance as leather has been surmounted. An ordinary skin can thus be impressed with the beautiful surface of morocco skin, even to the finest variations of grain, and several thousand may be copied by one deposit. In all cases the actual skin required to be copied must be sent. These rollers are supplied ready for the machine; or, if preferred, manufacturers may send their own mandrels, and have the *fac simile* deposited thereon.—*The Hub.*

CURE FOR LEAD POISONING.—The last published volume of Chambers' Encyclopedia recommends the following treatment as a sure and speedy cure for lead poisoning:—The patient should be placed in a sulphuretted bath, which converts all the lead salts in the skin into the inert black sulphide of lead. These baths should be repeated till they cease to cause any coloration of the skin. At the same time he should drink water acidulated with sulphuric acid or a solution of sulphate of magnesia, with a slight excess of sulphuric acid, by which means an indissoluble sulphate of lead is formed, which is eliminated by the purgative action of the excess of sulphate of magnesia. Iodide of potassium is then administered, which acts by dissolving the lead out of the tissues, and allowing it to be removed by the urine. The palsy may be specially treated, after the elimination of the lead, by electricity, and by strychnine in minute doses. Persons exposed from their occupation to the risks of lead poisoning should be specially attentive to cleanliness, and if they combine the frequent application of the use of sulphuric lemonade, or treacle beer acidulated with sulphuric acid, as a drink, they may escape the effects of a metallic poison.

TREATMENT FOR FAINTING AND LOSS OF CONSCIOUSNESS.—Where the mind becomes intensely excited, it is liable to disturb the circulation to such an extent as to result in loss of consciousness. It is best treated by placing the patient at once on the back with the head slightly elevated and the arms extended; water should be dashed in the face, and the palms of the hands and soles of the feet slapped or rubbed briskly. No more persons should be allowed to gather around than is absolutely necessary for the case; if immediate consciousness is not restored, ice should be applied to the spine, or, in the absence of ice, cold water should be dashed along the spine. Spirits of ammonia may be applied to the nostrils, and brandy or whisky injected into the bowels in extreme cases.

A PARIS OPIUM CLUB.—The *Constitutionnel* says:—“A new club has just been formed in Paris, under the name of the Club des Opiphiles, and owes its existence to the sadness of the present times, and the necessity of escaping the sorrowful reality. The club-house is situated in a magnificent mansion in the vicinity of the Arc de Triomphe, and has been furnished with the most exquisite taste. On a large gallery, all festoons and astragals, are arranged a number of most enticing boudoirs, the principal piece of furniture in which is a most luxurious couch. At the head of each couch is a small night-lamp, intended to set fire to the opium which the smoker inhales. There is, besides, a servant for each smoker, to assist him in all the details. Each member is to note down in a register the sensations he experiences during the trance produced by the effects of the opium. These will constitute the memoirs of the club, and will be published every year.”

EXAMINE YOUR TEAPOTS.—A writer in the *Ohio Farmer* says: A caution has lately been largely copied in the domestic columns of newspapers to the effect that cracked dishes, after being long used for holding gravies and fat of any kind, become rancid and unwholesome. And later comes another, with good medical authority to back it, against using tin vessels—more especially teapots—which have become rusted or blackened inside. The acid contained in the tea, combines with the iron of the exposed portions of the vessel, and forms a chemical compound, not unlike ink. It corrodes and darkens the teeth, and cannot be offensive to the stomach. I have seen the discoloration, both of natural and artificial teeth, prove so obstinate, from this cause, as to require several scourings with soap and ashes, with a stiff brush, to remove it. When housekeepers hear any of the family remarking, “This tea tastes like ink!” it is time to examine—possibly to throw away—the teapot. The most palatable and wholesome tea is made by steeping in a bright tin or porcelain cup, then pouring into a freshly scalded earthen teapot. Thus treated it will never acquire the astringent quality so deleterious to the teeth and to health.

One of the hotel grievances in this country is that no one on entering the establishment knows what will be the amount of his bill when he leaves it, and it is to be regretted that hotel proprietors in England do not hang up in some conspicuous place some such prospectus as the following, which, according to an Indian paper, is to be found at an hotel at Lahore:—“Gentlemen who come in hotel not say anything about their meals they will be charged for, and if they should say before-hand that they are going out to breakfast or dinner, &c., are if they say that they not have anything to eat they will not be charged, and if not so, they will be charged, or unless they bring it to the notice of the manager of the place, and should they want to say anything, they must order the manager for and not any one else, and unless they not bring it to the notice of the manager, they will be charge for the least things according to hotel rate, and no fuss will be allowed afterward about it. Should any gentleman take wall lamp or candle light from the public rooms they must pay for it without any dispute its charges. Monthly gentlemen will have to pay my fixed rate made with them at the time, and should they absent day in the month they will not be allowed to deduct anything out of it, because I take from them less rate than my usual rate of monthly charges.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*”

The Legislature of Quebec is summoned to meet for the despatch of business on the 7th of next month.

During the storm on Sunday last, which created a panic in some of the city churches, we exceedingly regret that a young lady, Miss Annie Clarke, only daughter of John Lowe, Esq., was suddenly killed at Cote des Neiges by the falling of a tree. She had taken a book for perusal, and seated herself in a summer-house; but, alarmed by the violence of the storm, rushed out only in time to be struck by a falling tree. Her skull was fractured, and she died in a few hours without seemingly having recovered consciousness. Miss Lowe was only eighteen years of age, and possessed of great natural ability. Her sudden death is sincerely regretted by a large circle of friends.

Of all possible places whence to date a letter, “The Bottom of the Bay of Naples” is surely one of the oddest. Yet Professor Salmieri, whose own postal address appears to be “Mount Vesuvius,” has received a letter which was not only dated from “The Bottom of the Bay of Naples, 26th August, 1871,” but was written thence on that date. The writer was Signor Toselli, and his business down in such low water was to fix a pleasant sort of a machine called a “sea mole,” which is an iron cylinder filled with powder, and warranted to go off upon the passage over its resting-place of an enemy's ship. Signor Toselli stopped below for four hours, and at the date of his letter there was in the reservoir of compressed air with which he had been supplied a supply for four longer. Signor Toselli says that the element surrounding his machine did not look like water, but like a mass of transparent glass, compact, immovable, and transmitting sufficient light to enable him to write and read. Immense quantities of fish were passing by in all directions. The stillness was almost painful. In other respects Signor Toselli felt quite well, and had a peculiar pleasure in the act of breathing.

A story, worth repeating, is current, concerning the ethnological excursionists who visited the Island of Aran after the meeting of the British Association in Dublin. Amongst the objects of interest in the once holy island, pointed out for admiration to the assembled savans, was a rude specimen of those domical buildings of beehive form, variously called oratories or clochans. These are stone-roofed structures of narrow proportions, with low entrances, and containing one or more small chambers. Into that selected for inspection only a few of the visitors could at the same time gain admission, and whilst Dr. Wilde, who on this occasion acted the electronic, was descending on the architectural peculiarities and profound antiquity of a structure once, perhaps, the residence of Fírbolg or Danaan Kings, one of the excluded excursionists, whilst waiting his turn to enter, sought such mysterious information about the mysterious pile as he could glean from the crowd of wondering natives congregated around. “Pray, friend,” said he, addressing an Aranite, “is that a very ancient building? I suppose a thousand years old at least?” “O no, yer honour,” was the reply, “I think it is no more than four or five years ago since Tim Sullivan built it.”

HOW TO KEEP YOUR MONEY SAFE.—How to keep one's money safe is an art which many have desired to learn, and which seems to have been at last discovered by a peasant of Fribourg. This good fellow went recently to the post-office at Lausanne and asked for an order on a certain town. Struck by the fact that the names of the sender and receiver were the same, the clerk made inquiries, and the answer was readily given. Jacques Mathieu was drawing an order in his own favour, which he could only get cashed at the end of his journey, thereby securing himself from the danger of losing or spending his money on the way. “I know myself,” said he, “if I take the money it will not reach Lausanne.” There are a good many people of whom it may be said that their money burns a hole in their pockets, to whom we commend—in the absence of asbestos purses—an imitation of the system of Jacques Mathieu.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A New Hampshire man, when asked to give his consent to the marriage of his daughter, turned with a beaming face to the applicant, and answered frankly, “Yes, yes; and don't you know some likely young man who will take the other?”

Apprehensions of a visitation of the cholera next season have reached Slabtown, and an old resident makes the suggestion that measures should be taken meantime to ascertain the manner in which prayer-meetings are usually conducted.

The Russian mitrailleuse seems to be among the most diabolical machines ever invented by man for the wholesale slaughter of men. It fires from 300 to 400 rounds per minute, or 6,000 in 24 minutes, allowing for pauses and interruptions, the ranges extending to 4,000 paces.

Oh l'amour propre va-t-il se nicher? We have been much amused at the reason given by a French journal for the arrival of two hundred Laplanders in Paris. “These people,” says the journal, “although complete savages, have been stirred with pity on hearing of the misfortunes of our country, and have undertaken this long journey for the sole purpose of judging with their own eyes of the barbarous usage we have sustained at the hands of the Prussians.”

A gentleman was describing to Douglas Jerrold the story of his courtship and marriage—how his wife had been brought up in a convent and was on the point of taking the veil when his presence burst upon her enraptured sight and she accepted him as her husband. Jerrold listened to the end of the story, and then quietly remarked, “She simply thought you better than *mon*.”

A clergyman who had been staying for some time at the house of a friend, on going away called to him little Tommy, the four-year-old son of his host, and asked him what he should give him for a present. Tommy, who had great respect for the “cloth,” thought it his duty to suggest something of a religious nature, so he announced, hesitatingly: “I—I think I should like a Testament, and I know I should like a pop-gun.”

TO MAKE ARTIFICIAL MARBLES FOR PAPER WEIGHTS OR OTHER FANCY ARTICLES.—Soak plaster of Paris in a solution of alum; bake it in an oven, and then grind it to a powder. In using, mix it with water, and to produce the clouds and veins stir in any dry colour you wish; this will become very hard, and is susceptible of a very high polish.