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TEMPERATURE.

As observed by HEARN & HARRISON, Thermometer and Barometer Makers, Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

THE WEEK ENDING			Corresponding week, 1878.				
March 30th, 1879.	Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.	
Mon.	38°	10°	24°	Men.	28°	23°	35° 5
Tues.	41°	30°	35° 5	Tues.	27°	8°	17° 5
Wed.	32°	10°	21°	Wed.	40°	18°	29°
Thur.	37°	18°	27° 5	Thur.	42°	33°	38° 5
Frid.	44°	33°	38° 5	Frid.	44°	33°	38° 5
Sat.	45°	40°	42° 5	Sat.	53°	38°	45° 5
Sun.	42°	36°	39°	Sun.	47°	35°	41°

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, April 5, 1879.

D'ARCY MCGEE.

Hardly a decade since his death, and MCGEE has already passed into history. He has been made the subject of a public lecture, and the gentleman who has the honour of pronouncing this first lecture is Rev. JAMES ROY, the well-known minister of the Wesley Church (Congregational) of this city. *Laudari a viro laudato* is the greatest of honours, and MCGEE has received it. He will continue to receive it, too, the example thus given being sure of imitation, as the character of MCGEE was many-sided, affording scope for a variety of treatment.

D'ARCY MCGEE lying dead on the frozen pave, his glossy hair singed and cotted with blood, the cold moonlight of a boreal sky looking down upon his pale face blotched with gore—that eloquent tongue silent, that generous heart pulseless, that clear brain gorged and suffused, was a spectacle of woe which Canadians of even distant generations will recall with anguish. He was the victim that was murdered because he battled for their rights. He died in the discharge of his duties. He fell at his post, and, as Sir GEORGE CARTIER happily observed, his was the death of a "Parliamentary hero."

Irishmen of all creeds and all political opinions have mourned over his tragic and untimely end. Those who remained his friends lamented it, because of their friendship. Those who were his enemies lamented it, because it was their hate and their calumnies that brought it on. Poor MCGEE had no personal enemies—the goodness of his heart was proverbial. It was his political enemies that brutally murdered him.

MCGEE was basely maligned in this country by a handful of men who were jealous of his talents and position, and who hungered to supplant him. They made use of his famous Wexford speech as a first weapon against him. And yet this discourse was simply an advice to Irishmen to stay at home and not emigrate to Canada, if they could help it, because, everything considered, they were just as well off in Ireland as they would be in the United States. That was the sum and substance of the Wexford speech. And who will declare that this picture of Irishmen in the United States, immediately after the rebellion in 1866, was overdrawn, or that his advice to his countrymen was not a patriotic one?

A second charge against him was that he represented his countrymen in Canada as Fenians. That was simply false, and his enemies knew it to be untrue. On the contrary, he declared that Irish-Canadians were loyal, and that the Fenian organization in this country was confined to a handful of dark spirits in our chief cities. These men he combated, and it was they who bore him down.

But not by Irishmen alone was his loss felt. The whole Dominion, for which he laboured so long and so well, deplored his premature fate. No man did more for

the conciliation of creeds and nationalities than D'ARCY MCGEE. It seemed to have been his special mission, which no one has yet adequately filled after him, though we hope much from the ROYS, the CARMICHAELS, and other kindred spirits who have inherited much of his character. No one did more than MCGEE for Union and the Confederation of the British North American Provinces. His death, even to this day, is a national loss.

"He is gone on the mountain,
He is lost to the forest,
Like a summer-dried fountain,
When our need was the sorest."

As an orator he was unrivalled in Canada, and perhaps on the American continent. His was no merely sensational eloquence, but it flowed like crystal water from the living rock. There was no effort, no hesitation, no straining after effect. He indulged in no useless declamation. He never mouthed nor shouted. But the flash of his eye, the toss of his head, the quiver of his lips, the tremor of his frame, the twitching of his hands, all betrayed the fire that glowed within him. He completely swayed his audience, awing it into silence, melting it to tears, or convulsing it with laughter, as he pleased.

He was distinguished, too, as a poet. Indeed, his imagination and delicate sensibilities indicated a rare poetic temperament. He versified some of the most beautiful ballads of old Ireland, and, in HAY'S collection, there are no pieces more patriotic than his. The SADLER edition of his poems is a volume that ought to be in every Irish-Canadian library.

His mind had also a decided historical bias, and, according as he grew older, he would probably have devoted himself almost exclusively to historical researches. His "History of Ireland," though meant for a popular work, has much merit as a reliable record, and, had he lived, his intention was to revise and enlarge it. His prose style was remarkable for its pure, terse and castigated English. He had formed himself on the best models, especially BURKE, whom he resembled, more than any Irishman of the present day, in eloquence, in imagination, in learning, and a taste for philosophical and historical inquiry.

But, spite of Mr. ROY'S revival of him, he is gone. The voice is hushed, the pen is laid by, the volume is closed.

"Like the dew on the mountain,
Like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain,
Thou art gone and for ever!"

But his memory will live. In Tara's Halls, when Ireland's illustrious dead shall be gathered there, the loftiest of its niches will be reserved for THOMAS D'ARCY MCGEE, the orator, poet, essayist, philanthropist, statesman, and Irish patriot.

In the meantime, a towering shaft should be raised to his name, somewhere on or near the slopes of Mount Royal, and looking down on the fair city which he so nobly represented.

INSPECTION OF FOOD.

Whether or not it is owing to official inspection or to the honesty of dealers, it is some satisfaction to be able to state that there is comparatively little adulteration of food in Canada. We have the suspicion that the business of inspection is not carried on very extensively, being, as it were, still in an inchoate condition, but, even admitting that, it looks very much as if adulteration had not yet got ingrained as one of our commercial vices. There is only one exception, and it is a remarkable one—that of milk. Of one hundred and seventy-six samples officially examined, in different cities of the Dominion, seventy were found to be adulterated and ten were of doubtful character. This is an appalling proportion—nearly forty per cent. We need not say that steps should at once be taken to stay the evil, by clearly defining what constitutes adulteration of milk and arresting those who violate these provisions. There is not much vitiation of butter. Very little coffee is pure. Genuine cocoa is rarely met with, sugar and starch

being almost invariably added in large quantities. A caution should be given about potted meats, the use of which is visibly increasing. Inferior articles are not above suspicion. Sugar is pure enough, and none of its admixtures are deleterious. The chief of these is glucose, or grape sugar, which is not injurious, but sensibly lessens the sweetening force of the staple. Tea passes through the ordeal quite creditably, but some of the adulterations are very bad, and in one sample no tea was discovered at all. Water comes next. The examination of water used for domestic purposes, especially that sold and distributed by carriers, who are liable to obtain it from impure sources, has therefore engaged the attention of the Department, and instructions have been given to the proper officers to take samples of such water. Up to date, only one analysis has been reported, but the result fully justifies the representations which induced the Department to have it analyzed.

Although Canada may, perhaps, not be congratulated on having attained as great a degree of general purity with regard to articles of food and drink as has been attained by the Mother Country, for instance, yet the Inspection Act so far has worked well and done good service. The publication in the annual Blue Book of the names of the vendors of all the articles which are found to be adulterated is an excellent deterrent, to which, doubtless, we owe much of the success thus far achieved. We trust that the zeal and skill hitherto displayed will be still further encouraged, and that the provisions of the Act may not only be enlarged, but more rigidly enforced. The case with regard to milk is one of the extremest hygienic importance, especially in view of the abnormal death-rate among children in Montreal, and our municipality should step in with a by-law to support the inspectors and analysts.

We referred, a couple of weeks ago, to the British practice of making diplomatic and other public appointments without regard to the political bias of the appointee—as instanced in the nomination of Lord DUFFERIN to the embassy of St. Petersburg. We find, however, somewhat to our regret, that our compliment must be qualified, self-denial not being so much more rigidly exercised among British politicians than it is among ourselves. We are assured that Lord BEACONSFIELD'S followers have resolved to let the latter know that he is not at the head of a Liberal, but of a Tory Administration. The Conservative discontent is chiefly connected with the appointments of the Marquis of LORNE, Lord DUFFERIN, and Sir HENRY LAYARD. The London *Globe* feels it is high time to speak out on the subject. It insists that "purely political appointments have been very properly considered the reward of political supporters, to whatever party they may belong;" and with suppressed emotion Lord BEACONSFIELD is warned that "habitual neglect of political service is neither graceful nor politic."

Blood money rolls up appalling statistics. Two and a half millions of men have perished in war during the past twenty-five years, from 1854 to 1879. In the Crimea, 750,000; in Italy, 45,000; in Schleswig-Holstein, 3,000; in Austria, 45,000; in Mexico, 65,000. The Franco-German war laid low 215,000, showing how bravely the French fought against overwhelming odds. The Turco-Russian war foots up a terrible bill of 600,000 in eight or nine months. The American civil war counts a loss of 800,000 men killed. As regards the value in money, the Crimean war cost the countries engaged £340,000,000; the Italian, £60,000,000; the American, £1,480,000,000; the Schleswig-Holstein, £7,000,000; the Prusso-Austrian, £66,000,000; the Mexican expedition, £40,000,000; the Franco-Prussian, £500,000,000; the Turco-Russian, £250,000,000. Total, £2,743,000,000.

HENRY WARD BEECHER has a way of illustrating theological subjects which is, perhaps, neither reverent nor dignified, but certainly plain to the common understanding. In speaking of prayer the other day, he said that he might visit a dear friend, and, finding him in trouble, tell him: "For anything you want, call on me." The friend, might ask him for a loan of \$35,000. This he would not grant, because all promises carry with them their own limitations, and a prayer may be reasonable to be granted. Mr. BEECHER said that he was often bothered and hunted until he could not sleep. Then it was no use asking God for a sedative; he generally took bromide of potash first. This may not be sublime theology, but it is first-rate chemistry.

PENETRATING to the roots of things is useful now and again. A man in St. Paul, Minnesota, took out a life insurance policy for \$5,000, one of the conditions being that it would be null if he committed suicide. He became insane, and killed himself. His widow sued for the \$5,000 on the ground that being driven to self-slaughter by insanity, a disease, does not constitute a violation of the suicide clause, which can be applied to criminal self-destruction only. The Supreme Court decided for the widow. The law is none the worse of a little common sense occasionally.

THAT Colonial Museum scheme about which we heard so much toward the close of the Paris Exhibition, does not appear to be making much progress. It is admitted, we believe, that the Colonies, including Canada, of course, are prepared to contribute their share for the building and site, but it is not so clear that they would be willing to incur the whole cost of maintenance without some assistance from the Mother Country. We trust, however, that a compromise will be arrived at, as the scheme is one deserving of all success.

It appears to be settled now that the great military review of the year will be held at Montreal, on the Queen's birthday. Toronto, Ottawa, Quebec, and perhaps London and Hamilton, are expected to be represented. But the main feature of the display will be the appearance of the 13th N. Y. Regiment, of Brooklyn, who are coming that great distance, and at heavy outlay, to keep up the example set by the St. Albans' boys last year.

ONE of the most curious commentaries on the present tariff is the loud call of the New York *Herald* for an immediate reciprocity treaty, before this country experiences the benefits of Protection. Give us this treaty, and we shall rescind our tariff. The Government is pledged to it.

ALL honour to the delegation, headed by Sir ALEXANDER GALT, which lately urged a revision of licenses before the License Commissioners of this city. There is not much prospect of their success this year, but the seed is sown, and sooner or later must fructify.

THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

OTTAWA, March 29, 1879.—On Monday the events in Parliament were of slight importance, it being private members' day; and Tuesday, the Annunciation, was a holiday. But it was understood that with Wednesday the discussion on the Tariff would again commence, and continue *de die in diem* until the close. The intervening time was made the most of by the Opposition in the attempt to find possible weak spots in the Ministerial shield. And this was a little favoured by the known discontent of the French members at the non-action of the Government as respects the removal of Lieutenant-Governor Letellier. The air has been alive with rumours. One is that the French members sent a round robin to Sir John; and another, that it is decided the dismissal is to take place. It was also confidently whispered that the Opposition leaders calculated on inflicting some severe de-