

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS..... \$4.00 per annum  
 THE FAVORITE..... 2.00 "  
 THE CANADIAN PATENT OFFICE RE-  
 CORD AND MECHANICS' MAGAZINE 1.50 "  
 L'OPINION PUBLIQUE..... 3.00 "

THE DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING COMPANY;  
 Montreal; Publishers.

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## CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1874.

Mr. McDougall, member for North Renfrew, has moved a Parliamentary Committee to enquire into the state of the Quebec office for culling and measuring wood, and to recommend, with a view to efficiency and economy, such changes in the regulations and the staff, in and out of office, as may be required by the existing circumstances and dimensions of the Quebec timber trade. The object of this proposition is to obtain that all the timber passing through Quebec should be properly measured. As this duty is of an important character, the men belonging to the office should have sufficient salary to keep them all the year round even when there is no work to be done. The annual amount made by cullers is about four hundred and seventy-four dollars. The rotation system hitherto employed has certainly some disadvantages, and we do not wonder that some of the members who took part in the debate on the subject denounced it in very severe terms. Yet, as Mr. Cauchon properly remarked, it is a very difficult matter to get a perfect system—one equally adapted to the buyer and the seller. By the present system, if a merchant wants a particular culler he must wait his turn; while the poor man, who is perhaps not able to wait, has to have his timber measured by the culler then in rotation, whether he be competent or not. That a false standard is given to our lumber in European markets by this hap-hazard mode of culling is only natural. The Member for Quebec Centre produced a rather startling proof of the fact by stating that when in France, and on a visit to the Marine Department, he tried to induce the authorities to buy Canadian timber for their vessels. The answer he got was, that Canadian timber is not good, and that the standard of our goods in Liverpool is a false standard, that marked A 1 upon the wood being only A 2. It is clearly important for the purchaser, as well as for the buyer, not only in Quebec but throughout the country, that the standards should be all that they claim; and if a school for cullers, apprenticing them to their business, and with a severe examination for efficiency, could be adopted, there is no doubt that rotation could be changed into a positive advantage. The Committee of Enquiry has been adopted, and we shall look forward to its report with lively interest.

In the whole annals of the Canadian courts it would be difficult to find a parallel to the scene enacted on Saturday in the Court of Queen's Bench in this city on the occasion of the delivery of the verdict of the jury in the *Witness* libel suit. The account of the affair reads like one of the not always too veracious stories that are the delight of the Bar in all countries. On the return of the jury into the Court and on being asked their verdict they replied almost unanimously "not guilty," and "*non coupable*." One of the French jurors added "*M. Mousseau est non coupable*;" another "*il est bon homme*;" and several of them said that Mr. Mousseau was not guilty. Thus it seems that after the case had been patiently and thoroughly gone into—the trial having occupied some eight or nine days—after the judge's extremely lucid exposition of the case and the bearings of the law thereupon, the only impression left on the mind of these enlightened jurymen was that Mr. Mousseau was undergoing his trial—for what offence it is difficult to say, but it is supposed they imagined for the abduction of the woman who was at the bottom of the Lormier affair. After some further misunderstanding the jury finally returned a verdict of "guilty," against the Messrs. Dougall, whose legal representative immediately filed a protest. Such a termination to so important a trial as this is in the highest degree unsatisfactory. The verdict was only such as, considering the facts of the case, it was natural to expect; but coming as it does from the lips of men who have proved themselves totally unfit for the responsible position they occupied, it is stripped of all the significance it should possess.

"A protest has been entered against his return; and founded upon allegations which, if proved correct, will unseat him, and render him incompetent to re-enter the present Parliament. As the trial is about to come off, we make no further remark about it than this—that we trust sincerely it may be found just to rid Parliament of his pestiferous presence." This is how a Halifax journal speaks of a member of the House of Commons. If this is a specimen of the kind of thing that is usually served up at Halifax breakfast-tables, it must be confessed that the universal jollity and kindness for which the Halifax people are noted are remarkable phenomena. A persistent course of perusal of such rancorous language as that quoted above would breed a fertile crop of envy, hatred and malice in most people's hearts. But in Halifax it falls dead. Probably because the people there are not in the habit of taking for gospel everything they are told, and this indifference and incredulity will probably be found to account for the atrabilious style of journalism for which Halifax is notable.

A correspondent of the *Daily Graphic*, whose letters on American peculiarities have created not a little sensation in New York, thus inveighs against the women's crusade against the whiskey shops:—"What can be more contemptible than your woman's whiskey-war? First you virtually confess that you are a nation of drunkards, without manliness enough to give up the vice. Then you fall to abusing the men who supply the spirits which you demand, and send your wives and sisters—delicate, refined women—into dirty bar-rooms to make themselves ridiculous by a display of public hysterics, and to break up by unfair means the business of men who are at least as respectable as the men who patronize them. I confess that anything more childish and cowardly and mean and disgraceful than this whiskey-war I never dreamed to be possible. For Heaven's sake, if you are all imbecile drunkards, do quietly drink yourselves to death without disgracing your women."

The agitation against intemperance was overdone in the West, as it was only natural that it should be. The consequence is that several very disgraceful scenes of riot have been enacted, in some sense doing more harm than liquor itself. Taught by the experience of their Western sisters, the ladies of Philadelphia have decided to proceed in a more quiet and undemonstrative manner. Committees of two or three will visit the saloons, not in a way calculated to draw crowds, and try their powers of persuasion on the proprietors in secret. Thousands will do this who would shrink to go praying and psalm singing on the streets, and perhaps more good will be accomplished.

Livingstone is to be buried to-day in Westminster Abbey. His funeral is to be at the public expense. This is well. As a representative Briton, an illustration of the courage, hardihood, and indomitable perseverance of his race, the great traveller deserved a place in the national temple of the dead. When the whole story of his life and death shall have been told, it will be found that perhaps few careers in our day have been so full of heroism and pathos as that of this solitary wanderer. We may be allowed to hope that Englishmen will crown their honours to the martyr of science by devising a generous support for his children and two aged sisters who are in straitened circumstances.

All kinds of conjectures are indulged in to account for the unexpected resignation of Mr. Brydges. They are all idle, inasmuch as we shall soon have full particulars from London. It is more to the purpose to busy ourselves about Mr. Brydges's successor. We fancy he will not be so easily found. Taken for all in all, Mr. Brydges had remarkable adaptations for his late position. Spite of several glaring errors, which might be easily pointed out, it may be truly said that his career, at the head of the Grand Trunk Railway, was an illustration of superior management. It is some comfort to know that his talents will not be lost to the country.

An important step has been reached in the much disputed German Military Bill. The government have agreed to a compromise which is almost a surrendering of their principal claims. The strength of the army will be limited to 400,000 men, and the period of service to seven years. It is quite possible that Bismarck used his influence to bring about this agreement, threatening to resign unless a speedy settlement of the question was arrived at. The result is a matter of congratulation. For all practical purposes, Moltke has men enough, while the country is relieved of an intolerable burden.

Yet another example of the gross ignorance displayed

by the English newspapers of matters pertaining to this country. One of the higher-class weeklies speaks of the Komoka disaster as "a dreadful accident on the American Great Western Railway."

### FROM THE CAPITAL.

THE SPEAKER.—A CRUCIAL TEST.—MR. HOLTON.—RIEL.—THE ISSUE OF HIS CASE.

OTTAWA, APRIL 14.—If any test of the new Speaker's ability was required, it was given last week. I believe few men in his position were ever in so tight a predicament as he was, during the rambling interrogatory of Attorney General Clarke relatively to the Riel business. If Mr. Anglin were an angel, he could not help remembering that he only lately was a partisan and a pretty bitter one at that. Hence, spite of himself, he felt strongly in the matter and could not help showing it. Mr. Bowell was a thorn in his side. If the member for Hastings had been a Government man, and acted precisely as he did, Mr. Anglin would have had no trouble. But Mr. Bowell happens to be a determined Oppositionist, and there, to the observer who knew the ins and outs of the comedy and of all the players therein, from the Speaker down, was the root of the whole trouble.

The late Speaker was a little man, low voiced, retiring and apparently timid. His rulings were by no means infallible and there was no prestige about him to awe the House. Yet he got along very smoothly for seven years. Mr. Anglin, on the other hand, has a certain presence, plenty of self assurance, and a good sounding voice. Still he cut a sorry figure.

In the first place, he talks too much. A ruling should be brief, clear as crystal and final as fate. One superfluous sentence spoils its effect. Mr. Anglin utters many superfluous sentences. In this respect, he is like Doctor Bernard in the Mayor's Chair of your city. He explains, expostulates, nay even argues from his seat.

Mr. Holton was the *Deus ex machina*. He came to the rescue of the Speaker in season and sometimes out of season. People here praise him for this disinterested conduct. I may be cynical, but I fancied the member for Chateauguay took a little malicious delight in it. It is only thus I can explain the excess of his zeal.

Riel's persistent concealment has affected his reputation among his admirers. They understand that he had to travel through Ontario in disguise; that a certain mystery would invest his case with some interest and romance, and that it was prudent to keep in the background on first coming to Ottawa. But now that his hiding has lasted nearly three weeks, some begin to suspect that the man is not exactly the hero they figured him to be. They gave him credit for bravery above all things. What if he should turn out to be a coward? The police here never anticipated any danger from his taking his seat. And if the authorities had been very anxious, the detectives could easily have laid hands on Riel.

The sitting of the committee to investigate this whole Red River affair is not looked to with much favor, for the reason that it will postpone a final settlement of the same. The arrival of Archbishop Taché is, however, expected with some curiosity, as it is hoped, he will feel himself justified to give *vis-à-vis* testimony which he withheld in his pamphlet.

CHAUDIERE.

### THE OLDEST STOVE IN AMERICA.

A. Packard, now of Thorold, Ontario, but a native of Massachusetts, a patriarch of over eighty winters, sends to the *Springfield Republican* a bit of historical reminiscence about the oldest stove in America. A stove made in England in 1770, and still used to heat the State Capitol at Richmond, Va., has been widely credited as forming the greatest antiquity. Mr. Packard, however, matches this relic with a specimen in Plymouth County of this State that out-dates it by nearly half a century. In 1735, he says, a Quaker family by the name of Barker located in the old colony and built a block-house twenty feet square, intended as a kind of fort or protection against Indians. Additions and improvements were made from time to time as circumstances required, till it has reached the magnitude of a two-story, double-front, old-time form mansion. This with all its appurtenances has been handed down, and is still in possession of one of the original descendants bearing the same name, and yet is a comfortable residence. The room as first built has been kept as much in its primitive state as time and circumstances would permit, and has been used as a kind of museum or receptacle for ancient relics. The original chimney has given place to a more modern one of brick. In this fire-place stands a stove, similar in construction to the old Franklin, bearing on its front in legible figures 1722, which is supposed to be the date of its make. The resident proprietors know nothing of its former history, (they are now about eighty years old), but think it was cast in the neighborhood. It has ever been doing good service where it now stands for one hundred and fifty-two years.

### ARISTOCRACY OF THE MIND.

Intelligence is the true criterion of greatness. We often see persons who are styled aristocracy with feelings of pity, if not of contempt, realising, as we do, the shallowness of brain, intellect, and culture. Intellect is a glorious star, that only fades when life expires. The rich man may lose by misfortune his wealth, or he who owes his position to the accident of birth, and invariably he fails to support himself in the walks of life in which the change of wealth places him. But the intellectual man has a source of never-failing riches within, which is like a good vein of ore, the more it is wrought the more it produces. Therefore, we claim, there is but one standard of greatness, and that is intelligence; and whether in the halls of the great or the humble cot of the lowly, we are proud to render it homage. In our land successful intelligence is not confined, as in the Old World, to the lordly palace and gilded halls of the nobles, but we find it in the workshop, at the blacksmith's forge, behind the plough, and at the humble fireside of the poor. The humblest schoolboy may become the great statesman, the poorest student the eloquent orator.