

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE TANNERIES COMMITTEE.

The sittings of this committee have an interest, not only for the Province of Quebec, but for the whole Dominion, on account of the very great issues with which it has to deal. We have, in consequence, deemed them worthy of permanent reproduction, in an illustrated shape. Our artist has sketched the committee as it sat on the last day prior to its adjournment to Quebec, while it was receiving the important testimony and the important reticences of Mr. Dansereau. The figures are nearly portraits, which will be easily recognized. Hon. Mr. Church sits at the head of the long table; standing at his right is Hon. Mr. Ouimet, ex-Premier of the Province; sitting at his right is Mr. Joly; to Mr. Joly's right is Mr. Bachand, a member of the committee; to the right of Mr. Bachand is Mr. Loranger, counsel for the Government; and to the right of this gentleman is Mr. Mousseau, counsel for Mr. Ouimet. To the left of Mr. Church is Mr. Trudel, a member of the committee; to his left is a handsome reporter, and then, deeply ensconced in his chair, with half-closed eyes, is Mr. Dansereau, right opposite his examiner, Mr. Loranger. The rest of the room contains spectators and lawyers.

SCENE AT MR. DEVLIN'S ELECTION.

It is seven o'clock. The lamps are lighted, and shed a lurid glare over the soft snow. A dense, nervous, enthusiastic crowd is gathered in front of the Liberal headquarters, on St. James street. The votes have just been counted. Up to the twenty-ninth polling place, the majority was for Ryan, but the thirtieth arrived with thirty-nine majority for Devlin, and was followed by five or six confirming his election. At that supreme moment, a cry went forth, "Devlin is elected." Then the air rung with snouts, and, spite of the cutting blast, an upper window was thrown open, and the form of Mr. Devlin appeared. He proceeded to make a speech. It is this feature of the scene which our artist has chosen for delineation, and the night effect he has reproduced with rare effect.

THE NEEDLE THREADER.

She used to thread a needle deftly in her younger days, when her eyes were very bright. Indeed, she needed not her eyes then, so great was the force of habit in threading. But now, Granny has still to sew, and the threading of her needle is quite a labour. As a piece of art, our illustration is perfect.

THE POLITICIAN.

While the grandmother sews, grandfather reads his weekly newspaper. It is an hebdomadal bliss. He has his pipe and his mug of beer, and his face shows that he has lighted on something interesting. But surely grandfather might have taken his hat off.

THE LOVE LETTER.

How beautiful she is. The tossed ringlets held by a single ribbon, the opening corsage, the swelling bosom, and the sharp, attentive features, all tend to heighten the effect of her loveliness. Look at the taper hands, how firmly they hold the letter, how the large brown eyes gloat over it, how the budding mouth is softly pronouncing its message. Sweet girl! Still in that innocent phase of life which believes in love letters.

COURRIER DES DAMES.

A GOOD HOUSEWIFE.—A good housewife is one of the first blessings in the economy of life. Men put a great value upon the qualifications of their partners after marriage, however they may weigh with them before, and there is nothing which tends more to mar the felicities of married life than recklessness or want of knowledge of the new housekeeper or the duties which belong to her station. Men admire beauty, order, and system in everything, and men admire good fare. If these are found in their dwellings, and are seasoned with good nature and good sense, men will see their chief enjoyment at home—they will love their home and their partners, and strive to reciprocate the kind offices of duty and affection. Mothers who study the welfare of their daughters, will not fail to instruct them in the qualifications of married life, and daughters who appreciate the value of these qualifications, will not fail to acquire them.

WOMEN AS DECORATIVE ARTISTS.—It has been one particularly gratifying incident of the passion for decoration in England that it has been the means of opening to women beautiful and congenial employments. Miss Jekyl, who was one of the first to take up this kind of work, attracted the attention of Mr. Leighton, Mme. Bedichon, and other artists by her highly artistic embroidery, and has since extended her work to *repousse* or ornamental brass work, especially sconces and many other things. There has been established in London a school for embroidery which has succeeded in teaching and giving employment to a number of gentlewomen who had been reduced in circumstances. Miss Philott, whose paintings have often graced the walls of exhibitions, and have gained the interest of Mr. Ruskin, has of late been painting beautiful figures and flowers in plaques, which, when the colours are burnt in by Minton, make ornaments that are eagerly sought for. A Miss Coleman has also gained great eminence for this kind of

work. Miss Levin, the young daughter of a well-known artist, has displayed much skill in designing and painting pots, &c., with Greek or Pompeian figures. Many of these ladies have begun by undertaking such work as this for personal friends, but have pretty generally found that the circle of those who desire such things is very large, and that their art is held in increasing esteem among cultivated people.

A GREAT MISTAKE OFTEN MADE.—Boys and young men sometimes start out in life with the idea that one's success depends on sharpness and chicanery. They imagine, if a man is able always to "get the best of a bargain," no matter by what deceit and meanness he carries his point, that his prosperity is assured. This is a great mistake. Enduring prosperity cannot be founded on cunning and dishonesty. The tricky and deceitful man is sure to fall a victim, soon or late, to the influences which are forever working against him. His house is built upon the sand, and its foundations will be certain to give way. Young people cannot give these truths too much weight. The future of that young man is safe who eschews every phase of double-dealing and dishonesty, and lays the foundation of his career in the enduring principles of everlasting truth.

DOMESTIC QUARRELS.—Married people who have common sense and control over themselves do not openly quarrel. Quarrelling destroys their peace of mind, makes the servants and people in general talk, and leads to no practical results. When two persons are tied together for life, and there is not a superabundance of affection on either side, the best thing for them to do in a utilitarian point of view, is to avoid open ruptures, and jog along together as smoothly as circumstances will permit. This is what is in many cases done. The man goes to his club or becomes absorbed in his business. The woman flies to her friends, and keeps herself in good heart by discussing the affairs of her neighbours, and conclusively knowing that the latter are, in their domestic relations, about as miserable as they can well be.

THE PRETTY WOMAN.—An old description of a pretty woman is—"She was just about that height which the greatest of Greek sculptors deemed the stature most perfectly consonant with perfection of female beauty—five feet two. She had a quiet, handsome face, decidedly classical, and rich black hair, neatly arranged in heavily-plaited coils at the back of a dainty little head. She had faultlessly round white arms, and she probably knew how pretty they looked, inasmuch as she had turned up the sleeves of her dress even as far as the ivory smooth curves of her shoulders. Her figure was full and graceful and strong—the figure of a girlish Venus de Milo."

NEW PARISIAN BONNETS.—First, there is the "Bibi"—a kind of soft-crowned cap of black velvet. Round the crown a wreath of blush roses, and on one side a butterfly perched on one of the roses. White tulle scarf, proceeding from the back, to tie under the chin in front. Then there is the "Eurydice," of white felt, surrounded by a rouleau of black velvet, and long lancer feather hanging over the crown, with a wreath of roses under the brim. The "Imperatrice" is of jetted velvet, with feathers and aigrette at side; a wreath of "Sphinx" leaves under the brim. A "Marie-Amelie" is composed of black velvet. The brim is drawn, and is lined with blue satin. On the forehead a wreath of primroses and a tuft of feathers, falling back over the crown. The "Aramis" is a model, fashioned after the hat worn by Dumas's celebrated hero. The sides are thrown up, and a corkscrew feather covers the whole of the crown. The "Crillon" is in gray velvet, with a feather flowing loosely to the winds; the front, a bird of paradise as clasp. All these bonnets are but fancies—pretty fancies, certainly—but not one is worn more than the other. Almost every vagary is allowed. The essential is to look pretty; ugliness alone is set aside; and, certainly, if a lady does not look pretty now, it is her own fault, for there are styles and shapes to suit every kind of face and countenance.

THE SCHOOLMASTER'S STORY.

When I taught a district school, said he, I adopted as a principle to give as few rules to my scholars as possible. I had, however, one standing rule, which was, "Strive, under all circumstances, to do right," and the text of right, under all circumstances, was the golden rule, "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them."

If an offence was committed, it was my invariable practice to ask, "Was it right?" "Was it as you would be done by?"

All my experience and observation have convinced me that no act of a pupil ought to be regarded as an offence, unless it be such when measured by the standard of the golden rule. During the last year of my teaching, the only tests I ever applied to an act of which it was necessary to judge were those of the above questions. By this course I gained many important advantages.

In the first place, the plea, "You have not made any rule against it," which, for a long time was a terrible burden to me, lost all its power.

In the second place, by keeping constantly before the scholars, as a standard of action, the single text of right and wrong, as one which they were to apply for themselves, I was enabled to cultivate in them a deep feeling of personal responsibility.

In the third place, I got a stronger hold on their feelings, and acquired a new power of cultivating and directing them.

In the fourth place, I had the satisfaction of seeing them become more truthful, honest, trustworthy, and manly in their intercourse with me, with their friends and with one another.

Once, however, I was sadly puzzled by an application of the principle by one of my scholars. George Jones was a large boy, who, partly through a false feeling of honour, and partly from a feeling of stubbornness, refused to give me some information. The circumstances were these.

A scholar had played some trick which interrupted the exercises. As was my costume, I called on the one who had done the mischief to come forward. As no one started, I repeated the request, but with no success. Finding that the culprit would not confess his guilt, I asked George if he knew who committed the offense.

"I did not do it," was the reply.

"But do you know who did?"

"Yes, sir."

"Who was it?"

"I do not wish to tell."

"But you must tell. It is my duty to ask, and yours to answer me."

"I cannot do it, said George firmly."

"Then you must stop with me after school."

He stopped as requested, but nothing which I could urge would induce him to reveal anything. At last, out of patience with what I believed to be the obstinacy of the boy, I said,

"Well, George, I have borne with you as long as I can, and you must either tell me or be punished."

With a triumphant look, as though conscious that he had the better of me by an application of my favourite rule, he replied, "I can't tell you, because it would not be right. The boy would not like to have me tell of him, and I'll do as I'd be done by."

A few years earlier, I should have deemed a reply thus given me an insult, and should have resented it accordingly; but experience and reflection had taught me the folly of this, and one of the most important applications of my oft-quoted rule was—to judge of the nature of others as I would have them judge of mine. Yet, for the moment, I was staggered. His plea was plausible; he might be honest in making it. I did not see in what respect it was fallacious. I felt that it would not do to retreat from my position, and suffer the offender to escape; and yet that I should do a great injustice by compelling a boy to do a thing if he really believed it to be wrong.

After a little pause I said, "Well, George, I do not wish you to do anything which is wrong, or which conflicts with your golden rule. We will leave this for to-night, and perhaps you will alter your mind before to-morrow."

I saw him privately before school, and found him more firm in his refusal than ever. After the devotional exercises of the morning, I began to question the scholars, as was my wont, on various points of duty, and gradually led the conversation to the golden rule.

"Who, I asked, 'are the persons to whom, as members of this school, you ought to do as you would be done by? Your parents, who support and send you here; your schoolmates, who are engaged in the same work with yourselves; the citizens of the town who, by taxing themselves, raise money to pay the expenses of this school; the school committee, who take so great an interest in your welfare; your teacher; or the scholar who carelessly or willfully commits some offense against good order?"

A hearty "yes" was responded to every question except the last, at which they were silent.

Then, addressing George, I said, "Yesterday I asked you who had committed a certain offense. You refused to tell me, because you thought it would not be doing as you would be done by. I now wish you to reconsider the subject. On one side are your parents, your schoolmates, the citizens of this town, the school committee, and your teacher, all deeply interested in everything affecting the prosperity of this school. On the other side is the boy who, by this act, has shown himself ready to injure all these. To which party will you do as you would be done by?"

After a moment's pause, he said, "To the first; it was William Brown who did it."

My triumph, or rather the triumph of principle, was complete; and the lesson was as deeply felt by the other members of the school as by him for whom it was specially designed.

(For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.)

A GHOSTLY WEDDING.

Twilight was just creeping over the surface of Georgian Bay, and the ships gliding along seemed like misty phantoms in the distance, as I walked my horse up the winding path that led to her home.

I left my horse at the lodge and walked up the gloomy avenue. I did not go to the house; I knew that she was in the arbour across the lawn, where every evening she was wont to sit still and muse as night came on; it made her feel sad, she said, and a little bit afraid, but she could not help it; some one, she felt sure, was waiting there for her, and she must be there at the evening hour.

So I knew where to find her, and crossing the lawn, I tremblingly stood at the door-way facing her, and as I stood, I heard her murmuring to herself. She was sitting on the old-fashioned seat, her head resting on the rustic table in front, and her hands clasped before her.

She looked up as I entered, and with a sort of dreamy smile bade me welcome. I replied not, but seating myself by her side, I took her hands in mine, and gazed long and lovingly at her. She half-divined my feelings, but before she could question me, I poured into her ears the oft-repeated, never-tiring tale of love, that every son of Adam repeats differently, and yet not differently. I told her how I had watched her and tendered her since she was a child, and how I had kept back the impassioned words that rose so oft to my lips, until she had arrived at an age when she could decide for herself as to whom she would entrust her fate. And now I could wait no longer, and would she—would she—would she—?—yes! she would.

Long and lovingly we sat there, till the stars came out one by one, and the old Colonel, her father, sent out a servant to bring her in. She would be in a minute, she said, and then, after a fond embrace, I went home again, to dream of love and her.

I called again next day, and found the family making preparations for a visit to the Great Manitoulin Island, where the Colonel had built a summer residence. I saw the party off in their snug little steam yacht, and stayed on the bank till the little white handkerchief faded away, still fluttering in the distance.

Had I known what was to happen! Ah! had I known!

Six weeks afterwards they returned. I was there to meet them. It was twilight again, as my beloved and I walked arm-in-arm up the same narrow path. She was pale, in her eyes was a strange, unearthly light, and her rich masses of hair seemed alone to retain their beautiful freshness. I remarked her looks. "Yes," said she, "I have something to tell you in the arbour." A shudder came over her as we crossed the lawn. An indefinable dread took possession of me, and an awe crept through my bones. In the arbour! Why there!

"On the Island, I used to go at twilight to the shore, and look over the water. One evening I heard music, and fairy laughter, and lo! a bright company came dancing over the waves, and far ahead a youth dressed in green, straining every nerve to reach me. I would have flown home, but something held me fast. On he came, and, like a prince, he knelt and wooed me, and his voice was like the ripple of the waves upon the beach. Meanwhile the others surrounded us, and joined their entreaties with his. I spoke not, nor stirred, and, as the first star came out, they departed.

"Next evening he came alone, and so for the rest of our stay upon the Island. In vain I pleaded my troth was plighted. He would listen with a strange smile full of deep meaning. And I feel that—but look!"

As she spoke, I looked up, and there, coming across the lawn, was the most beautiful form I ever saw; every feature was full and distinct. Dressed in the gaudiest hues of the forest, he stood forth in manly strength. He did not come out from under the shade of the trees; he but beckoned. I looked at my beloved, her eyes were riveted on him, and slowly she rose and glided towards him. I would have held her, but I was powerless. Together did the lovely pair recede down the avenue.

Just then the Colonel came out. I saw that his gaze was riveted on them. He fell down in a swoon. I rose, and, with the aid of the servants, he was carried into the house. He recovered almost instantly, and search was made all over the country.

We both knew it was useless.

She was never found.

DOMESTIC.

TO FRY EELS.—Kill, skin, empty, and wash the eels; cut them into lengths of about four inches, and dry them. Season with salt and pepper, flour thickly, and fry in boiling lard. Drain, and send to table with plain melted butter, and a lemon.

BEIGNETS SOUFFLES.—Put about one pint of water into a saucepan with a few grains of salt, a piece of butter the size of an egg, and as much sugar, with plenty of grated lemon peel. When the water boils throw gradually into it sufficient flour to form a thick paste; then take it off the fire, let it remain ten minutes, and work into it three or four eggs, reserving the whites of one or two, which you whisk to a froth and mix into the paste. Let it rest a couple of hours, then proceed to fry by dropping into hot lard pieces of it the size of a walnut. Serve piled on a dish, with powdered sugar over, and a lemon cut into quarters or make an incision in each beignet, and insert a small piece of jam or jelly.

ADULTERATION.—Chicory is said to contain properties positively injurious to health. Yet ground coffee, as sold by grocers, is often adulterated with this substance, and many persons insist that it improves the flavour of the coffee. We are informed in a recent work on coffee, that the coffee dealer adulterates his coffee with chicory to increase his profits: the chicory dealer adulterates his chicory with Venetian red to please the eye of the coffee dealer; and, lastly, the Venetian red manufacturer grinds up his colour with brick dust, that by its greater cheapness and the variety of shades he offers, he may secure the patronage of the trade in chicory.

THE VALUE OF OATMEAL AS INFANT'S FOOD.—In a communication to the Société Médicale des Hôpitaux, MM. Dujardin-Beaumetz and Hardy make known the results of the employment of oatmeal on the alimentation and hygiene of infants. According to them, oatmeal is the aliment which, by the reason of its plastic and respiratory elements, makes the nearest approach to human milk. It also is one of those which contains most iron and salts, and especially the phosphate of lime, so necessary for infants. It also has the property of preventing and arresting the diarrhoeas which are so frequent and so dangerous at this age. According to the trials made by Mr. Marie, infants from four to eleven months of age fed exclusively upon Scotch oatmeal and cow's milk thrive very nearly as well as do children of the same age suckled by a good nurse.