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TEMPERATURE

as observed by Hearn & Harrison, Thermometer and Barometer Makers, Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

THE WEEK ENDING

April 16th, 1883.			Corresponding week, 1882.		
Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon. 46°	42°	44°	Mon. 38°	16°	27°
Tues. 50°	32°	41°	Tues. 42°	24°	33°
Wed. 48°	38°	43°	Wed. 46°	24°	35°
Thur. 48°	38°	43°	Thur. 46°	24°	35°
Fri. 53°	32°	41°	Fri. 47°	23°	35°
Sat. 55°	47°	51°	Sat. 34°	22°	28°
Sun. 52°	46°	49°	Sun. 22°	3°	8°

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, April 21, 1883.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF CANADA.

This literary and scientific association which was established last year has been duly incorporated during the present session of Parliament. The pleasant and honorable task of presenting the measure to the House was entrusted to Mr. Joseph Tassé, M. P. for Ottawa City. We have before us the speech of this gentleman and the perusal thereof has afforded as much gratification, as we found it worthy both of the society represented and of the literary reputation of Mr. Tassé himself. Outside of his personal merits, the reason the member for Ottawa was chosen to stand sponsor for the Society was that, curiously enough, he is the only F.R.S.C. in Parliament. His proposition was seconded by Mr. Ross, member for Middlesex, in a graceful and scholarly speech, for which he deserves the thanks of the Society. The act of incorporation was well received by the House, and there was a further testimony of favor in the fact that five thousand dollars were placed in the estimates for the benefit of the Association.

The result is that the Royal Society of Canada has now an official, and consequently a responsible existence. Everything preliminary having been done for it by the enlightened initiation of the Governor-General and the liberality of Parliament, it remains for the Society itself to assure its own maintenance and take such efficient steps as will place its prosperity beyond a peradventure.

The need of such an institution in a young country like ours was long recognized, but there was a difference of opinion in regard to the details of its constitution. It was felt by many that the section of English literature, for instance, should not be included therein. This was the view of the present writer, who has himself the honor of being a Fellow of the Society, and he gave public expression to it at the time. The contrary opinion prevailed, however, and he, for one, is quite willing to give the attempt a full and fair trial. It was likewise thought that the French section of literature should be formed into a separate Academy, based in its composition on its celebrated French prototype. In spite of this, it may be as well that French letters should be incorporated in the general body, so that the whole literary element of Canada should be grouped into a whole and thus form a representative body. With regard to the scientific sections there could be no debate, as they assimilated the Association to the Royal Society of Great Britain, which is exclusively scientific.

The second annual meeting of the Society will be held at Ottawa, in the chamber of the House of Commons, on the 22nd of next May, when it is expected that all the details of the Constitution will be definitely settled. The efficient Secretary, Mr. John G. Bourinot, has sent circulars to all the learned bodies of the Dominion, most of which have kindly responded by electing one or more of their members to represent them at the session. This is a very judicious movement which, it is hoped, will result in substantial good. Furthermore, the Perpetual Secretary of the Academie Francaise has written a gracious letter to Hon. Mr. Chauveau, Vice-President, and mouth-piece of the French section, recognizing the Society and wishing it the largest measure of prosperity. Perhaps, next year, we may have one or more of the distinguished Forty attending the sitting at Ottawa.

In advance of the meeting, it is impossible to tell what form the deliberative and executive transactions of the Society will take, but it is safe to assume that measures will be adopted to have some kind of archives opened and preserved, and for this the appropriation of the Government will be found useful. A number of papers on literary and scientific subjects are being prepared by members, and as these will be carefully elaborated, it is expected that the best of them will be consigned to the Secretary for publication in durable form. Naturally these papers will not be dissertations on general topics, but essays of distinctly Canadian interest, brief and to the point. Thus will they represent the actual current of Canadian thought during the year.

We confess we look forward with much curiosity to the deliberations of the next annual meeting. Upon them will depend the ultimate success of the Society, both in the eyes of the members themselves, and of the intelligent people of the country at large. We need hardly add that we sincerely wish all may turn out for the best.

THE WEEK.

It is satisfactory to learn from the despatches that, after all, Canada will make a creditable showing at the approaching Fisheries Exhibition in London.

The Shearer scheme has been thrown out of Committee. No other result could have been anticipated after the adverse reports of the Harbor and Government Engineers, and the protests of our principal shipping bodies.

Dr. Dawson, Principal of the McGill College, has obtained a year's leave of absence which he will spend in Europe and Egypt. No term of repose was ever more richly won. May the learned professor find the boon of entire recuperation in his long voyage.

The Orange Incorporation Bill bids fair to give Sir John Macdonald a deal of trouble. No further shirking will be allowed, if we are to judge from resolutions passed at a mass meeting in Ottawa, on Friday evening, and political entanglements further complicate the situation.

The three rising men of the Liberal party in Ottawa, are Messrs. Patterson, of Brant; Ross, of Middlesex, and Charlton, of Norfolk. They spoke in the above order during the budget debate and acquitted themselves well. In any future Liberal Ministry, they are sure to be members.

In Philadelphia, a force of 1,400 men was set to work, and in the course of a single night, all the streets of that large city were thoroughly cleaned. If half of this enterprise were shown in Montreal, the cost would not be more, while the comfort and the advantage to business would be immeasurably increased.

According to Dr. G. M. Dawson, the great problem of fuel supply in British Columbia is effectively solved. Lignite and coal are found abundantly in the interior of the Pacific Province, while the Victoria bituminous coal has been proved to be very much superior to American coals in steam producing power.

The first stage in the Picheux Park murder trial has been reached. Joseph Brady has been found guilty and sentenced to be hanged. None will rejoice more at this manifestation of justice than the true-hearted Irishmen who love their country for its own sake, and feel how sorely its cause has been injured by this outbreak of violence and blood.

For the second time, the French-Canadian volunteer force will have the honor of sending forth a commander of our Wimbledon team. Col. Ouimet is the officer appointed and the choice is received with satisfaction on all sides. On a former occasion it was Col. Blanchet, late Speaker of the House of Commons, who led our Canadian marksmen.

Dr. BEERS, of this city, is hard at work making final preparations for the voyage of his double lacrosse team which sails from Portland on May 3rd, in the steamship *Sarnia*. This sporting visit to Great Britain will be one of the events of the coming summer season, and from what we learn, it will result in doing incalculable good to the vital cause of immigration.

The police are naturally reticent about the recent alleged attempt to blow up Rideau Hall with dynamite. While we must accept all such reports with caution, there is such a dangerous spirit abroad, and the devilish powder can be so secretly manipulated, that we need not be surprised any morning to learn of some terrible catastrophe at points where it is least expected.

As we write, the apprehensions of a general flood are by no means allayed. The Ottawa, Pike, Chateauguay, Yamaska, Richelieu and St. Lawrence rivers are overflowing their banks and there has already been considerable loss of property. The appearances are, however, that the inundation will be only partial and that navigation will be opened earlier than was expected.

The event of the week in Montreal has been the remarkable performances of Mr. Stuart Cumberland. That gentleman professes to expose the tricks of spiritualism, but on what other grounds can he explain his own mind reading? Thought is a spiritual entity, and however it may be affected in any single individual by physical agencies, it surely cannot be transmitted to another mind by a purely material channel.

BALANCING the figures adduced by the two interested parties, it is now pretty well understood that the Mowat Government, if not in an absolute minority of the popular vote, cannot show proof of a positive majority, and this fact, coupled with the slenderness of its Parliamentary majority, will not tend to strengthen its hands. From a constitutional point of view, the result is an anomaly which should engage the attention of legislators.

The Opposition at Ottawa continue to place themselves squarely on record against the National Policy. Hon. Mr. Mackenzie especially, is unsparing in his hostility. This would not matter so much, if the fact were not accompanied by misgivings of impending commercial trouble throughout the country. All of us, no matter what our political opinions may be, should unite in setting forth the prospects and resources of the Dominion so as to encourage immigration.

ANOTHER orator has revealed himself in Parliament. By a single speech, Mr. Foster, of King's County, N.B., has placed himself in the front rank of public speakers. Not only is he fluent and well instructed, but he has many of the highest attributes of rhetorical excellence, which remind one of merits that had not been prominent in the House since the palmy days of Howe and McGee. *Tanto magis*. Our legislature will gain apparently by his advent.

THE return of the Princess Louise is an event of political significance. Rightly or wrongly, the impression has gone abroad that Her Royal

Highness did not want to reside at Ottawa, where she has not set foot, if our memory serves us, for over two years. Her appearance in the Capital will put an end to those stories, and her presence will do much toward gracefully rounding off the last months of her noble husband's administration. On this, as well as on personal grounds, we shall all cordially welcome her back.

THE immigration returns for 1882 are wonderfully encouraging—no less than 112,458 strangers having settled in Canada during the year. There was furthermore a large number of settlers from the United States, the majority of whom were Canadians drawn back to their native land by the prosperous times. If we can keep on at this rate during the rest of the decade, we shall, with the additional aid of natural reproductions, have a couple of millions more to the good, when the next census is made out.

MR. JOHN LOWE, the able and zealous Secretary of the Department of Agriculture, has never done a more patriotic service than by proving, with the aid of the official statistics which he has the best means of verifying, that the Canadian emigration into the United States is not near so large as has been represented from the other side. After his last report, we hope to hear no more of those ridiculous stories, and we trust that none of our own politicians will so far stultify themselves as to use them in the furtherance of partisan warfare.

As will be seen by the memorial published in another column, the Quebec Cabinet is making a very heavy call upon the Federal Government. The question is quite an open one, but there is underlying it a very serious responsibility which the latter will not assume if they can possibly help it. All we shall say for the present is that it is a thousand pities the second great Province of the Dominion should see itself reduced to make such a claim. When Quebec leads, the way, the younger Provinces will, of course, want to follow.

FROM a letter addressed to us by Mr. John James Jones, and published in another column, it appears that the retirement of Sir Alexander Galt causes much regret throughout Great Britain. We have already expressed our own regret on the subject. The prospective appointment of Sir Charles Tupper to the vacant High Commissionership continues to excite surprise, and as the appointment will not be confirmed until after the close of the session, we shall have no official explanation of the change until next year. And yet the event is of sufficient importance to warrant a public exposition of the inducing reasons.

ADDRESS

FROM THE LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY OF THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC TO HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF THE DOMINION OF CANADA, CLAIMING A MODIFICATION, TO THE EFFECT THAT THE SUBSIDY TO THIS PROVINCE BE CALCULATED ACCORDING TO EACH PRECEDING CENSUS.

To His Excellency the Right Honorable Sir John Douglas Sutherland Campbell (commonly called the Marquis of Lorne), Knight of the most ancient and most noble Order of the Thistle, Knight Grand Cross of the most distinguished Order of Saint Michael and Saint George, Governor-General of Canada and Vice-Admiral of the same.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EXCELLENCY,

The loyal subjects of Her Majesty in the Legislative Assembly of the Province of Quebec, assembled, deem it their duty humbly to represent:

That, before Confederation, the Provinces had the right to levy the moneys required for the public service, by imposing Customs and Excise duties, and by all other modes or systems of taxation;

That by the resolutions adopted by the delegates appointed to consider the scheme of uniting the Provinces under one government and upon which the Union Act is founded, the power to levy Customs and Excise duties was taken from the local and conferred upon the General Government;

That the 64th resolution, which granted the Provinces an annual subsidy of eighty cents per

head of the population according to the census of 1861, declared that such subsidy was granted in consideration of the transfer to the Federal Parliament of this power of taxation;

That Sir Alexander Galt, then Minister of Finance, when explaining on behalf of the Government the financial part of the Union Act, declared that these eighty cents per head were destined, with certain local revenues, to meet the expenses of the Local Governments, including especially the administration of justice and the support of hospitals and charitable institutions, and that in transferring all the large sources of revenue to the General Government, it became evident that some portion of the resources so placed at its disposal had to be applied, in some form or other, to supply the hiatus that would otherwise take place between the sources of local revenue and the demands of local expenditure;

That although it is true that by the 64th resolution and by section 118 of the Union Act, it is declared that the Provinces should claim nothing more thereafter from the General Government; yet, such declaration was made, first, because the subsidy was deemed sufficient to meet the expenditure and also because it was hoped that this provision would oblige the Local Governments to control their expenses as shown by the following remarks of the then Minister of Finance: "It is hoped that being, in itself, fixed and permanent in its character, the Local Government will see the importance,--I may say the necessity,--of exercising a vigilant and proper control over the expenditure;"

That, as a matter of fact, amongst the expenses specially imposed upon the Local Governments, there are some which are not susceptible of control and which necessarily increase in the same ratio as the population, such as the cost of the administration of justice and the maintenance of lunatic asylums;

That the administration of justice and the maintenance of lunatic asylums in the Province of Quebec, for the fiscal years 1863, 1871 and 1881 cost the following sums:--

Table with 4 columns: Years, Justice, Asylums, Totals. Data for 1871, 1871, 1881.

Giving an increase in expenditure in 1871 of \$61,065.21 and in 1881 of \$231,136.99;

That if the subsidy were calculated upon the basis of each census, the subsidy to the Province of Quebec, for the three decades of 1861, 1871 and 1881, would be as follows:--

Table with 3 columns: Years, Population, Subsidy. Data for 1861, 1871, 1881.

Being an increase for the decade of 1871 of \$37,000 and for that of 1881 of \$197,968.80.

That a comparison of such decennial increase of the subsidy with the increase in the expenditure for the maintenance of justice and the support of asylums, shows how this expenditure has followed the movement of the population:

That the subsidy was specially given to meet, amongst other expenditures, those for administration of the justice and the support of lunatic asylums, and the above figures establish that, in calculating this subsidy upon the basis of the census for 1861, the end in view was not attained, inasmuch as the expenditure in question increases almost in proportion to the population; and to meet it the subsidy should increase in the same ratio; and while the Government of this Province cannot, by any supervision, control this expenditure, the Federal Government, by its legislation respecting crimes and criminals, and the great public works it undertakes, contributes to increase it;

That, in order to carry out the intention of the founders of the Confederation, it would consequently be necessary that the annual subsidy, instead of being limited according to the census of 1861, should be calculated for each decade, upon the basis of the last census;

That if the subsidy were so calculated, there would not be an increase, but a decrease in the share given to the Provinces out of the revenues transferred to the Federal Government;

That in 1868, the revenues arising from Customs and Excise duties amounted to \$11,580,268.25, giving \$3.75 per head of the population of the Dominion; in 1871 these revenues amounted to \$16,137,049.28, giving \$4.68 per head; and in 1881 they reached \$23,749,114.22, giving \$5.49 per head; therefore, if the Federal Government paid to the Provinces 80 cents per head, according to the census of 1881 it would only give 14 1/2 per cent. of the receipts arising from these sources of revenue, whilst in 1868, it paid 21 1/2 per cent., as appears by the following figures:

Table with 4 columns: Years, Revenue, Population, Amount per Head. Data for 1868 and 1871.

Table with 4 columns: Years, Customs, Excise, Total. Data for 1868 and 1871.

That consequently the Legislative Assembly of Quebec begs to approach Your Excellency and prays that you will be pleased to submit to Her Majesty's Privy Council for Canada the following humble petition, to wit: That the Honorable Privy Council will be pleased to recommend that the provisions of the British North America Act 1867 be amended, so that the annual subsidy paid to this Province by the Dominion Government be calculated for each decade according to the new census.

L. O. TAILLON, Speaker. Quebec, 29th March, 1883.

THE NECESSITY OF NORMAL INSTRUCTION.

BY J. B. SOMERSET, INSPECTOR OF THE WINNIPEG CITY SCHOOLS.

The art of teaching is as old as the human race, and the schoolmaster, whatever his social or intellectual status, has always been one of the main influences in improving the civilization and increasing the intelligence of any community. His influence, exercised at a period in the life of the individual when his mind is plastic, his habits unformed, and his capacity for receiving impressions consequently large, is a greater power in shaping the character than any other brought to bear outside of the parental relation. The recognition of this influence underlies the efforts put forth by nearly all intelligent Governments for the efficient training and instruction of teachers--efforts whose earnestness and magnitude correctly indicate in each instance the degree of appreciation felt as to the importance of their results. A review of the history of the art of teaching reveals a rate of progress, especially during the last forty years, that may be almost termed revolutionary. In looking back even to our own youth, many of us smile and wonder at the effete and clumsy methods then in vogue; and we often reflect with indignation that mental growth was cramped and hindered by the lack of what seems to us now to be the first principles of the art of imparting instruction. At the same time we may reasonably anticipate that the future will be as fruitful in progress and in surprising results as the past has been: for a glance at the present state of the art will show that reform in some departments is but in its infancy, and that many of the most difficult problems to be solved in making the school teacher a skilled workman, have not yet been vigorously dealt with. One of the most notable of these problems is that of requiring from every candidate for the teaching profession, some preliminary training previous to his assumption of responsible duty in teaching. Normal Schools are provided, and the machinery necessary for conducting them; but a little inquiry into the statistics of States and Provinces, where they exist, show a surprisingly small proportion of the teaching staff of the country who have received the benefit of full attendance at these institutions. New York, with seven Normal Schools, supplies the cities of the State with trained teachers, but only a comparatively small number of the rural districts have the benefit of trained instructors. This can hardly be attributed to the poverty or sparse settlement of such an old State, but to the failure of school commissioners to realize what they lose by failing to secure a trained teacher. In the Province of Ontario, where so much has been done, especially in the last ten years, the great majority of the teachers are but rated third class, with only such training as may be secured from a short attendance at the County Model School. Previous to this provision for elementary training, the proportion of Normal-trained teachers varied from one-sixth to one-eighth of the whole teaching body. I will not discuss at this point the defects in the training imparted, the comparison at present made having reference only to the number really trained with those wholly untrained. But the study of facts accessible to everyone, regarding progress of education in places where attention is given to the training of the teacher for his work, will show beyond question the necessity of such training. In regard to the proposition sometimes advanced that experience may fairly offset the lack of training, there is this to be said in its support: That the man who loves his work, and intelligently uses his best efforts in it, will eventually discard what is false or useless in his method for that which at least common sense will not condemn. On the other hand, it must not be forgotten that invaluable time is lost by even the most apt trainer before he acquires the necessary skill, to the injury of the material worked upon. Again, the teacher outside the centres of population is an isolated being, debarr'd from the opportunities of observation and interchange of ideas concerning his work that are generally within easy reach in other departments of labor; but the most serious danger to the untrained and un instructed teacher in acquiring skill by experience alone, is that of becoming the slave of false methods, which, for

want of correction in the earlier stages of his career, become eventually fixed habits, impossible to be eradicated--which finally stamp him as "old-fashioned" or "eccentric." Another proposition--that teachers are born, not made--is one that I should desire to qualify very materially before giving my adherence to it. I think it is quite true that some persons could never be teachers, training or no training, whatever their scholastic attainments might be. Most of us have come in contact at some time with an unfortunate of this kind, who was vainly striving against fate. There are also some persons blessed with qualities of mind that fit them peculiarly for teaching, the success of whom work commands our admiration, and the apparent lightness of whose efforts excites our envy. But the class is so small that any idea of this becoming a test of fitness is at once recognized as impracticable. Some persons in the same way have a natural fitness for being musicians or artists or mechanics. But in all cases the truth of these two propositions will be admitted: First, that the ranks of no profession can be filled exclusively by those only possessing natural aptitude for its work; and second, that the possession of this natural aptitude or fitness by no means frees the possessor from the necessity of the cultivation and development of those qualities from which it is derived. The universal testimony of great artists is that hard work and constant study have been the chief factors in their success; and many a "man of talent" has made his life a failure from his unwillingness to supplement his natural talent with faithful application. Applying, then, the principle of the two propositions above given to the teaching profession, we come to the conclusion that, in all cases, a period of training is absolutely necessary (1) to bring into useful service all the natural talent of which the beginner may be possessed, and (2) to prevent the waste of time and energy that follows the effort of the student to be his own instructor in the art of teaching. Two questions here inevitably occur: (1) How is this training to be imparted effectually and universally? and (2) What will it do for the student, the better to fit him for his work? An endeavor to answer briefly these two questions will close this paper.

The difficulty of finding a solution to the first, is at once seen in view of the facts before referred to, of the small proportion of the teaching body found to have taken advantage of training institutions in countries where they are plentifully supplied and liberally equipped. There is no doubt, however, that the causes that tend to produce this state of affairs will afford a key to the remedy. I will notice two of them: (1) The failure of the people to realize the loss consequent upon the employment of an untrained teacher; and (2) the unwillingness of the student, who proposes to spend only a short time in the work, to incur the expense and delay he met! It is plain that here also, in the majority of cases, as long as there is an option between commencing to teach at once with no preparation and of waiting and paying for such training as will secure eventually better rewards, that which presents the prospect of quickest returns will prove most attractive. The removal of the option then seems to be the only course competent to meet this difficulty. But there are other expedients that call for caution and judgment in its adoption, for the schools must go on unchecked of their supply of teachers even by the carrying out of a great reform. That this reform can be effected, however, with due regard to these and other interests, there can be no manner of doubt; and we may confidently look forward to the time when, in order to secure a license to teach in this Province, every candidate must give evidence of having served an efficient apprenticeship to his profession. We will now look at the question, What is a normal training expected to do for a student in order to fit him for his work? Will it send him into his school-room a perfect teacher, with nothing to be learnt by experience and nothing to be perfected by study? While no one will venture to say yes to this, yet is it not evident that many by their actions affirm their belief that there remains nothing for them to learn, so evenly do they pursue the tenor of their way, oblivious of the busy, moving world around them, and content to perform their little round of dry duties without any disturbing reference to it?

But while the training cannot be expected, in a short session, to perfect the student in his work, it may put him into the way of commencing aright and inspiring him to continue his researches into the principles of education, and the correct application of them to the art of teaching. In this way the young teacher is enabled to begin his school-room work with definite aims before him, and with at least some knowledge of the correct method of accomplishing them. He has, by observation, become acquainted with the mode of operation in school-rooms in which teachers of skill and experience are engaged; he has also been encouraged to put into practice the instructions he has received by teaching classes in the various subjects, his errors being on each occasion pointed out to him with instruction how to avoid them in subsequent attempts. He is let into the secret of school government by the opportunity of exercising those qualities in charge of a class that he has already been instructed are necessary to its control and management; he has proved experimentally in his practice teaching that in order to give a successful lesson to any class from lowest to highest, he must come before his pupils prepared by previous thought and research

for presenting it in its most interesting form. In short, in all the routine of the school-room, he has received such instruction and had such practice as enables him to begin aright for himself when he goes into his own school, and further serves as a guide to direct his future studies. But training does not and should not stop here, simply because the teacher's duties and his influence on the plastic minds under his care are not confined to his class teaching. As an educator, his relation to his pupils influences them for good and evil in many other ways; for instance, the deportment of the teacher will soon be reflected in the manners of his pupils, and a training that sends out a teacher of uncouth manner, or of slovenly person, or who indulges in slangy English, does a grievous injury to those unfortunately under his influence; for it is useless for anyone to inculcate neatness while he himself is a "slouch," to teach good manners while his own are boorish, or to drill his pupils carefully in grammar while he himself murders the Queen's English. The teacher must then be a model as well as an instructor, and his training should fully impress the importance of this upon his mind. It can hardly be expected at once to revolutionize habits long formed, but it may put the individual in the way of thorough reformation, for, after all, the effects of training will be lost unless the teacher continue it during his teaching career. To this end he must be a reader of the current literature and news of the day, in order to keep himself abreast of the time he lives in and to prevent his sinking into a rut of self-complacent ignorance; he must mix with his fellow-men, interest himself in their lives, and be one of them, if he would save himself from drifting into a mere pedant. It may be objected that the line marked out for the teacher, and the standard for which a normal training is desired to prepare him, is too exacting for attainment; but it must not be forgotten that some do nobly meet all the requirements, and that in all cases where the aim is high, the effort made is proportionately great.--Winnipeg Times.

THE RETIREMENT OF THE HON. SIR ALEX. GALT, G.C.M.G.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Sir,--In common with thousands of others on this side of the Atlantic I have heard with feelings of deep regret of the resignation of Sir Alexander Galt, the High Commissioner of the Canadian Government in England. This regret is not solely on the ground of the loss of Sir Alexander as an especially able demonstrator of all that pertained to Canada and Canadians, but in a social sense, for never did man evidence more kindness and geniality towards his fellows than did Sir Alexander. As a business man with peculiar adaptation for the work with which he was entrusted in England, Sir Alexander I should imagine was without a compeer; and it will be extremely difficult to fill the vacancy in anything like so efficient a manner. I say this alike from personal observation and from reports of others who have had dealings with Sir Alexander, that his willingness to give the most exhaustive information and to take immeasurable trouble with applicants was proverbial, and for this his loss will be deeply deplored. As a public speaker on Canada or any other subject, Sir Alexander was interesting and instructive, and one entered his presence with a feeling that it was to deal with a gentleman in the truest sense of the word, and with a man with a thorough knowledge of his business. In a word England loses a genial friend, Canada, an efficient representative in this country, the enquiring capitalist and manufacturer a reliable source of information, and I am sure I only echo the heartfelt sentiments of my fellow-countrymen when I say with feelings of deep regret "Farewell Sir Alexander Galt."

I am, sir, Yours obediently, JOHN JAMES JONES.

93 High Street, Homerton, London England. April 2nd, 1883.

VARIETIES.

HAY IS KING.--The statistics of the United States prove that it is among the foremost crops raised in this country, if not the very first. At the present time there are estimated to be, in the United States, 40,000,000 sheep, 40,000,000 cattle, and 20,000,000 horses. In two-thirds of the country these animals require to be fed from three to five months, and they will consume an aggregate of 90,000,000 tons, which, at \$5 per ton, represents the enormous sum of \$450,000,000. Is not hay, therefore, king?

A GREAT number of Japanese are to be sent to England to be educated at public schools. The flat fashion of their nose adapts itself to the noble art of self-defence, which they may have to practice in public schools. It is said that the aesthetes find the nose of the Japs. is too utterly lovely, and grieve that they cannot adopt it; at least they might touch up their skin to the required Jap. tone. This bid for eccentricity on the part of the sunflowers is their last chance, as their little game is fast dying out, and deserved ridicule has set its fiat upon them.

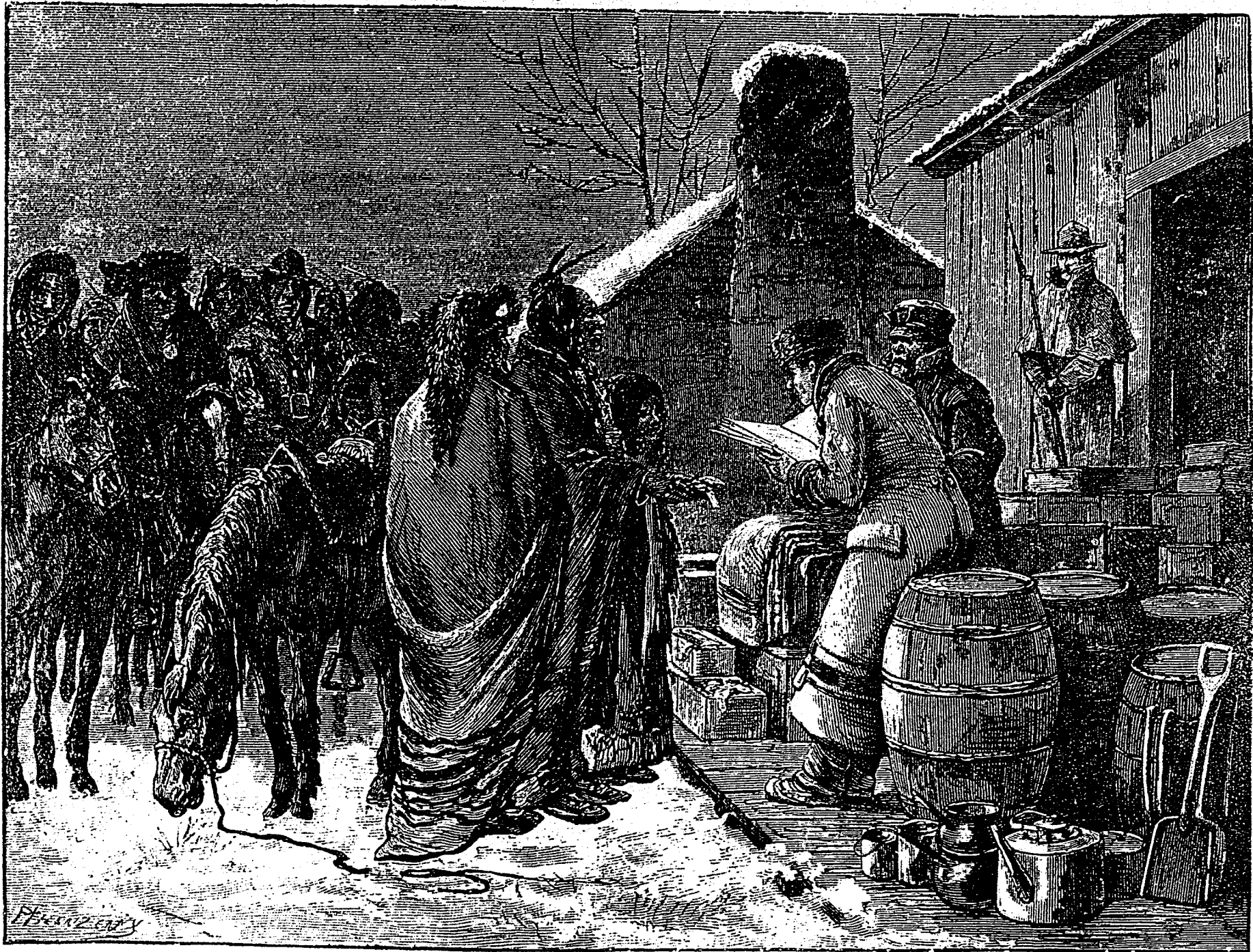
* A paper read at the Seventh Annual Convention of the Manitoba Teachers' Association, 14th October, 1882.



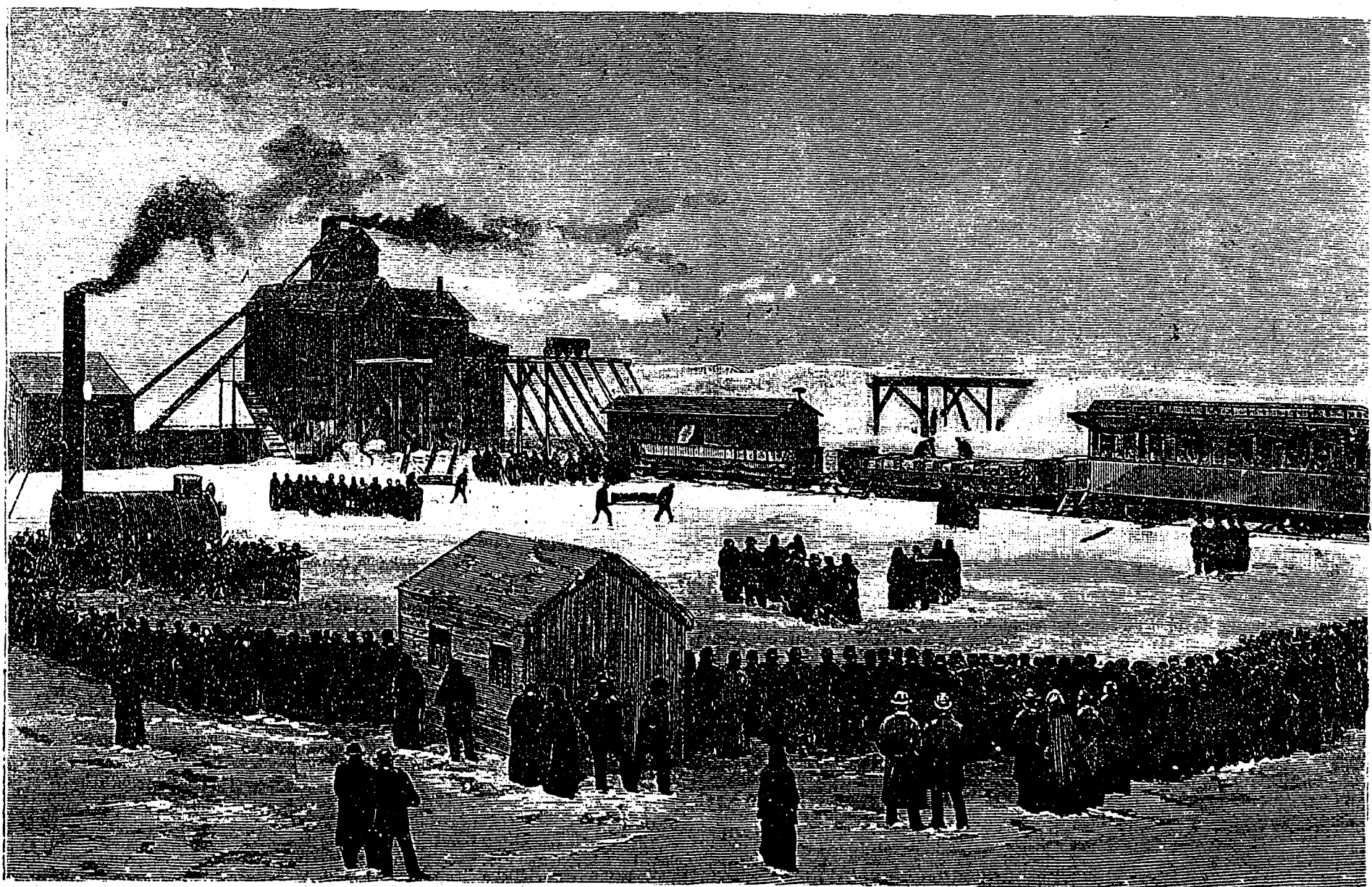
PARIS.—FRENCH UPRISING ON 9TH MARCH.—CHARGE OF THE GARDE DE PARIS.



PARIS.—FRENCH UPRISING ON 11TH MARCH.—SCENE AT THE SALLE RIVOLI.



INDIANS AT THE RESERVATION STORES.



DISASTER IN THE DIAMOND MINE, BRAIDWOOD, ILLINOIS.

I WEEP WHEN I REMEMBER THEE.

I weep when I remember thee,
My mother fond and true,
When fancy brings thy gentle face
Once more before my view.

I weep when I remember thee,
So patient and so mild;
So gentle with the stubborn will
Of me, thy wayward child.

Oh! many a look of petulance
That knit my youthful brow,
Many a thought, unheeded then,
Comes back upon me now—

Comes back, altho' long years have past
Long, busy, anxious years,
Since we upon thee looked our last,
And wept our parting tears.

Oh, mother, when I think on thee
And thy sweet quiet brow,
I know I must have loved thee then,
And feel I worship now.

I weep when I remember thee,
Upon thy dying bed,
When death, with slow but steady aim,
Advanced with noiseless tread.

We saw thy fixed unconscious gaze,
We felt ourselves unknown,
Near thee, and yet how far removed,
With thee, yet so alone.

Oh! mother dear, 'twould be a sin
To wish thee back to me;
Yet, oft I think how I should feel,
If such a thing could be.

Oh! it would seem so dear a boon,
A bliss so near divine,
Nought but a life's idolatry
Could show a love like mine.

HER RIVAL.

BY FLORENCE B. HALLOWELL.

"I have written to Muriel Lennox to come and pay me a visit."

"Again!" Jack Forrester looked up quickly, and set down the coffee-cup he had half raised to his mouth.

"Yes. If you can have your friends here, I certainly may be allowed the privilege of having mine."

"Oh, of course."

Jack went on with his breakfast, apparently having nothing more to say; but his wife was not content to drop the subject so easily. She was a woman who possessed a most peculiar temper, as Jack had found out to his cost. The truth of the old adage, "Marry in haste and repent at leisure," had been fully exemplified in his case.

"Your dislike to Muriel seems very extraordinary to me," said Mrs. Forrester, trifling with the spoon in her cup of chocolate, "since it was through her that you made my acquaintance."

"I never said I disliked her."

"Your actions speak for you. Every time I have suggested her coming you have made some sort of trouble about it; while you may invite Mildred Darrell as often as you please, and I must not say a word."

"You know very well that I always have Stacy down here in the Fall."

"Yes, because you like his wife."

"I confess it," cried Jack, with some heat. "She's pretty, pleasant and clever, and my own cousin into the bargain. However great your antipathy to her, I couldn't very well ask her husband down here without including her in the invitation."

"I think the correct reading of that would be that you wanted Mildred, and didn't care whether her husband came or not."

"As you please," said Jack, now thoroughly irritated. "Your opinion does not alter the facts of the case in the least."

"If she had any delicacy whatever she would decline to accept an invitation which was not seconded by the mistress of the house."

"She is so utterly free from all jealousy and ill-temper herself, that she does not suspect it in others," said Jack, rising from the table with a clouded brow, and leaving the room before his wife could speak again.

He sauntered out upon the lawn, where Hester Hayward, the governess, was walking with his two children, aged respectively six and eight years.

Jack Forrester was a general favorite with men and women alike, and his handsome face and fine figure made him admired as well as beloved. Of unusual height and muscular build, he possessed one of those fair, frank faces which is the guarantee of a kind and generous heart. He had always a pleasant word for every one, and now, as he overtook the governess, he stopped and spoke to her a moment, laughing heartily at something she said in reply, unconscious that his wife's eyes were jealously watching him from the window of the breakfast-room. She could not hear what he said, but she could see the smiles which brightened his face, and the apparent interest with which he listened to Hester.

The wife's heart was filled with rage and bitterness.

"To every other woman he is pleasant enough," she muttered. "He saves his exhibitions of temper for me."

Mr. and Mrs. Darrell arrived the next day. He was a fine-looking young man, good-tempered, and very fond of his wife; while she was a decided beauty, a blonde, with vivid coloring, plump, white shoulders and flashing dark-blue

eyes. She was unaffectedly glad to see her cousin, and, much to Mrs. Forrester's disgust, permitted him to kiss her on both cheeks, and to hold her hands rather longer than required for an ordinary welcome. But Mr. Darrell did not, apparently, see anything wrong in it, and Regina did not dare remark upon it.

The evening was spent in card-playing and music, and Hester Hayward thought the master of the house seemed brighter than for weeks past. He sang duet after duet with his cousin, standing by her side at the piano, with an air of the greatest enjoyment.

Mrs. Forrester sat apart, her hands employed in some fancy-work, at which she made but little progress, for her eyes were ever fixed upon her husband and Mildred, and not a glance passed between them that escaped her. Their utter unconsciousness of her keen interest irritated her, and she was glad when the time came for retiring. She bade Mildred good-night very coldly; but Jack was exceedingly demonstrative.

"You make me feel young again, Mildred," he said. "I have thoroughly enjoyed the evening. I think I must persuade Stacy to buy a home somewhere near here."

"Don't," said Mildred, laughing. "I should lose all my vivacity and become as blue as a whetstone if I were thrown upon my sole society all the year round," and she cast a roguish glance upon her husband, who smiled good-naturedly.

"You'd have mine, too," said Jack.

"Well, that might temper the wind to the shorn lamb, perhaps; but it would be a dangerous experiment, nevertheless. I sha'n't let Stacy try it."

"It is late," said Regina, who was standing at the foot of the stairs, candle in hand, and a very disagreeable expression upon her face. "Perhaps you will be willing to defer your discussion until to-morrow."

"Certainly," said Mildred, pleasantly; and she snatched her candle from Jack's hand and ran gayly up the stairs, humming a tune; but as soon as she was safely within her own room, the door closed behind her, she turned to her husband with a very grave expression of countenance.

"Stacy," she said, "that woman is a perfect shrew!"

"I agree with you, my dear," said Mr. Darrell. "Poor Jack! I think I'll go down and keep him company in the smoking-room for a little while."

"I hope he is able to smoke away his unpleasant thoughts," said Mildred. "He must have plenty of them."

"Not a doubt of it," said Stacy, as he left the room.

Three days later Muriel Lennox came, much to Regina Forrester's delight. She was a pale, delicate looking little woman, with very insignificant features. Her large, dark, melancholy eyes alone redeemed her from positive plainness. She dressed very soberly, in dark colors, and wore no ornaments whatever. She was certainly not the style of woman to cause any one a headache, and Regina Forrester's affection for her was a matter of wonder to Mildred Darrell, who looked upon Muriel as a good, quiet, harmless little thing, who was too shy and too stupid to ever do anything calculated to shock, surprise, or interest anybody.

Jack was in the hall when the carriage containing his wife's friend drove up to the door, and he went down the steps and helped her out, saying something in a low tone, to which she made no reply. She dropped his hand as she stepped upon the ground, and the next moment was in Regina's arms.

Regina gave her a very different welcome from that she had bestowed upon Mildred. She kissed her repeatedly, saying over and over again how glad she was to see her, and then hurried her away to the pleasant room which had been prepared for her reception.

Mrs. Lennox was not the only visitor who arrived at Glen Haven that day. The dinner was interrupted by the announcement that Regina's aunt, a Mrs. Markleby, whom she had not seen for years, had just driven up in a fly she had hired at the station.

Mrs. Markleby was an elderly woman of severe aspect and large and bony figure. She had for many years been obliged to make her home out of England on account of her husband's health, and had returned now only that she might attend to some business which required her personal supervision. She had felt that she ought not to leave England again without seeing her niece, and had, therefore, run down to Glen Haven for a few days.

Regina was unaffectedly glad to see her, and as soon as dinner was concluded drew her into a secluded corner of the drawing-room, and began to talk over the events of the past few years. But suddenly her aunt interrupted her.

"Who is that person to whom your husband is now talking?" she asked.

"That is my friend, Muriel Lennox," answered Regina. "Such a dear little woman, Aunt Charity, as I am sure, you will say when you know her. Jack doesn't like her, and seldom takes the trouble to be even civil to her."

"I should say she was scarcely civil to him," said Mrs. Markleby. "She hasn't so much as looked at him since he began to talk to her."

"I don't wonder she snubs him, and I can't blame her," said Regina. "He makes his dislike to her so very apparent, that, though she has never said so, I am sure she has noticed it."

"Where is her husband?" asked Mrs. Mark-

leby. "It seems to me he ought to be here, too."

"He seldom, I might almost say never, makes a visit," answered Regina. "He is devoted to science, and spends all his time poring over dull books, and sorting stones and mosses."

"Leaving his wife meanwhile to eat her heart out," said Mrs. Markleby.

"Oh, no aunt! Muriel is quite devoted to him, and though she would like to have him here with her, of course, would not be so selfish as to take him away from his pet pursuit."

"She isn't pretty, and she dresses badly," said Mrs. Markleby. "She affords a great contrast to your other guest—what did you say her name was?"

"Mildred Darrell. She is Jack's cousin. I think she dresses entirely too much, and is too anxious to show her shoulders. The idea of wearing that low-necked black satin at a quiet, home evening!"

"You're jealous, perhaps," said Mrs. Markleby, bluntly.

Regina's face flamed.

"I am not in the least jealous," she said, with a short, contemptuous laugh. "But I don't like her. I confess it frankly. She is not here on my invitation. It is Jack who always asks her. She is a flirt—always angling for the attentions and admiration of every man within her reach. See her now with Jack! It is simply disgusting."

Jack had left Mrs. Lennox, and was leaning over the back of the chair in which his cousin sat, and Mildred was smiling up at him, her eyes sparkling, her rich color coming and going. She looked more than usually beautiful, and admiration could be plainly read in Jack's caudid eyes.

Not far from them sat the governess, engaged upon some crevel work, from which she glanced up occasionally to look at Muriel Lennox, who seemed, in some way, to excite her curiosity.

Jack's colloquy with his cousin ended in an adjournment to the piano, where they sang duets until Mildred declared her throat was sore, and began to play a waltz.

Jack hesitated a moment, and then, going over to where the governess sat, asked her to dance with him.

Hester glanced at Mrs. Forrester as she rose to comply with the request; but that lady's eyes were bent on the carpet, and her face betrayed nothing.

"Do you think I ought?" asked Hester, in a low tone.

"Certainly; would I ask you if I did not think so?"

Another moment and his arm was about her waist, and they were gyrating round to the strains of the "Bine Danube."

"Do you permit that?" asked Mrs. Markleby, keenly regarding the pallid face of her niece.

Regina made no reply; but rising abruptly, crossed the room to where Muriel Lennox sat.

"I hope you don't think I have neglected you, dear?" she said. "I felt obliged to talk to my aunt."

Muriel, with an evident effort, roused herself to answer.

"Not at all," she said. "I have spent a very pleasant evening; but my head aches, and I think, if you will excuse me, Regina, I will retire."

"Is there nothing I can do for you?"

"Nothing whatever. A good night's sleep will set me all right again," and she left the room without further remark.

Her departure was the signal for a general break-up, and soon the house was dark and still.

Mrs. Markleby was an early riser, and it was only eight o'clock when she came out of her room the following morning, and took her way down-stairs. She intended sitting in the library until breakfast-time; but not being familiar with the house, she made a mistake, and opened the door of Jack's study, instead of that of the library, which adjoined it.

There was a sudden exclamation, the rustle of a woman's dress, and the sound of the violent closing of a door; but when Mrs. Markleby entered she found the master of the house alone, a gun in his hand, over the lock of which he seemed exceedingly busy. The face he raised as his wife's aunt came in was flushed—with bending over, probably.

"Oh, I thought this was the door of the library," said Mrs. Markleby, in some confusion.

"I'm afraid I interrupted you."

"Not at all," said Jack, as he snapped the lock again and again. "Only too glad to have you give me a call. I'm getting ready for to-day's sport, you see."

"Are you going out to hunt?"

"Yes; Stacy and I expect to bring in game enough to last a week," was the answer.

"Was that Regina who just went out?"

"Regina! No, she is never down until ten, and she isn't feeling at all well this morning. She's caught cold, I believe."

"I thought I heard some one go out as I came in?"

"No, I fancy not," said Jack, pulling open the drawer of the table, and beginning a violent search for something.

"I will go up and see Regina at once," said Mrs. Markleby, as, with compressed lips and a face which spoke volumes, she went out, closing the door behind her.

The door of the library closed simultaneously, and, to her surprise, Mrs. Markleby found herself face to face with Muriel Lennox.

"You are up early," said the elder woman, grimly.

"Yes, I could not sleep," was the reply, in a voice which shook strangely. "I have been looking for a book I left in the library last evening."

"Perhaps you will find it in Mr. Forrester's study," said Aunt Charity, with peculiar emphasis, as she moved away in the direction of the staircase.

Muriel made no reply, but her pale face grew paler still, and she pressed her hands with a quick motion to her heart. Then, with a long sigh, she walked towards the breakfast-room.

Regina did not appear at breakfast. She complained of a pain in her chest, and great difficulty in breathing. But she would not listen to her aunt's proposal to send for a doctor.

"It is only a cold, and will wear off in a day or two," she said, fretfully. "Please don't worry me about it, and don't give any one the idea that I am sick."

But, as the day wore on, she appeared to grow worse instead of better, and her aunt waited with impatience for Jack's return.

He came in with Stacy Darrell about four o'clock. Both seemed agitated, and in Jack's hand was an ominous yellow envelope which had been handed him at the lodge by a messenger who had ridden hot haste from the station.

"Where is Mrs. Lennox?" he asked.

Muriel came out from behind the heavy curtains which hung before the window which overlooked the avenue to the lodge. Her face was perfectly ashen, and she was shaking as if with a chill.

"Something terrible has happened," she said, in a low, faltering voice. "Don't keep me in suspense—tell me at once!"

He handed her the telegram without a word.

She opened and read it, a strange, rigid look on her face. Then, without speaking, without even a look at the anxious countenances about her, she turned away and walked out of the room.

"Her husband is dead," explained Jack, as the door closed behind her. "Died of heart disease this morning."

His voice sounded hoarse and unnatural. He seemed utterly overcome by the blow which had fallen upon the poor, plain little woman whom his wife had so often accused him of hating.

Regina was horrified at the sorrow which had come so suddenly upon her friend. She would have gone to her, but found herself unable to move without the most intense suffering.

"Do go and comfort her, Aunt Charity," she begged. "She was devoted to the poor professor."

"Humph!" said Aunt Charity, in a tone of incredulity. "I fancy she'll survive the affliction. She don't want me, anyway."

"You haven't taken a dislike to her, surely," said Regina, fretfully. "If you have, it's Jack's fault. I daresay he has been prejudicing you against her already."

"I've done nothing of the sort," said Jack, hotly, as he turned from the window, where he had been standing for some time looking out on the bare fields.

"Then why won't you go yourself and say something to comfort her?"

"What could I say?" gloomily.

"Say you feel for her, and will do anything you can to help her. Say—oh, you'd find plenty to say if it was Milly Darrell who was in trouble!"

"Perhaps so," said Jack.

"You didn't want her to come here," went on Regina, peevishly, "and you are not generous enough to even feel sorry for her now."

"No, I didn't want her to come here. I wish to heaven she never had!" said Jack, as he stalked out of the room.

"You hear him, aunt! Isn't he utterly heartless? He has no more feeling than a stone!"

"In my opinion he has far too much," said Mrs. Markleby; but she refused to give any explanation of her words.

"I hate mystery," said poor Regina. "Now that Muriel is feeling too wretched to come to me, I have no one who will talk pleasantly to me."

"Perhaps I'd better leave you alone a little while," said her aunt.

"I wish you would. I might fall asleep," was the response.

As Mrs. Markleby left her niece's room she was surprised to see Mrs. Lennox standing at the head of the stairs, listening intently to what was going on below. She looked wild and strange in the fast gathering dusk. Her hair was unbound and hung like an inky cloud about her, and she wore a loose black wrapper which trailed on the floor behind her.

She started as she saw Mrs. Markleby, and before the latter could utter a word, slipped back into her room, which was close at hand, and quickly closed and bolted the door.

"I hate mystery, too," muttered Aunt Charity, as she descended the stairs, "and there's plenty of it in this house, that's certain."

There was no sound of mirth in the drawing-room that evening. Ordinary occupations seemed forbidden, and no one could talk apparently on any subject, save that of the blow which had fallen on Mrs. Lennox, who was to leave for her home the following day. And to add to the gloom, Regina was decidedly worse. The physician for whom Jack had sent had pronounced her condition one of great danger, and

had recommended perfect quiet and the best of care.

Judge then of the surprise of those assembled in the drawing-room when the door suddenly opened, and Regina entered, so haggard, so wild, so strange, that they scarcely recognized her.

"Regina!" exclaimed her husband, starting up; but as he advanced towards her she waved him back.

It was evident that something more than usual was the matter. Her face was deadly pale; her dark hair flowed in confusion over her shoulders, and she wore only a loose white cashmere wrapper over her night-dress. Stern and rigid she advanced, her eyes riveted upon Mildred Darrell.

"Traitor!" she hissed. "I have found you out at last! And before your husband I will expose your shameless intrigue."

"Regina!" cried Jack, "how dare you! Not another word! I command you to be silent."

"Let her go on," said Mildred, whose beautiful face expressed no sign of guilt, only indignation and astonishment. "I wish her to explain her accusations."

"This will explain it," said Regina, taking from her bosom a letter. "I found this at the door of your room half an hour ago, as I passed it on the way to see my friend," and in a voice which shook with passion she read as follows:

"My darling, I must and will see you. What you told me this morning troubles me beyond expression. And now my heart aches as it never ached before. If you must suffer, let me suffer with you. You cannot blame me for feeling as I do. Heaven knows we have paid dearly for the folly which separated us. Let me know how and where I can see you."

"Well," said Mildred, quietly, as Regina paused. "What do you make of that?"

"It is in the handwriting of my husband," said Regina. "It is the proof of what I have long suspected. He has never loved me, and you, his own cousin, are my rival."

Before Mildred could reply, Jack Forrester darted forward, and struck the letter from his wife's quivering hand. He was fairly livid, and his eyes blazed like two coals of fire.

"I did not write that letter to Mildred Darrell," he said, in a voice of thunder.

"To whom, then, was it written?" demanded his wife, her eyes turning towards the shrinking form of the governess, who, pale and frightened, looked as if about to faint, and shuddered under that baleful gaze.

"I decline to say."

Regina's jealousy and rage seemed to render her incapable of speech. She turned her ashen-gray face from one to the other of those about her, as if seeking their aid in solving the problem, and then riveted her eyes upon her husband. For one moment she stood thus, and then, with a hoarse cry of despair, fell like a log at his feet.

He raised her in his arms and bore her back to her room, and as the sound of his retreating footsteps died away, Mildred turned to her husband, and threw herself, with a burst of tears, into his arms.

"How could she accuse me of such a thing!" she sobbed. "Oh, Stacy, take me away from this horrible house. I shall never enter it again!"

"We will go to-morrow by the first train," said Mr. Darrell. "The woman must be degraded! Mildred, darling, you know how I love and trust you. Don't cry so bitterly. She is not worth a single tear, dearest."

"I know it," was the sobbing reply; "but to think that she should have dared to speak so to me!"

Mrs. Markleby had been a silent and horrified witness of the scene, and had accompanied Jack when he carried his wife to her room. For a long time she was kept busy applying restoratives to Regina, who lay like one stricken with death.

It was midnight before her aunt thought that she could leave her, and then, feeling the need of rest, she directed the maid to sit by the bedside, and quietly left the room.

But not at once did she seek the repose so much needed. She passed the door of her own room, and knocked at that of Muriel Lennox.

A faint voice bade her enter. She did so, and found the widow lying on a lounge, her hands clasped over her heart, and her dark eyes fixed on the ceiling with a look of hopeless despair. She started, and uttered a faint cry as she saw the grim face of her friend's aunt.

"You have heard of the scene in the parlor, I suppose?" said Mrs. Markleby, advancing to the side of the lounge.

The widow's pallid lips formed the word "Yes," but no sound issued from them.

"Mrs. Forrester told you, perhaps?"

This time the answer was a deep, shuddering sigh.

"I am not easily deceived. I read your secret within an hour of my acquaintance with you. I felt sure some such tragedy as this would be the result, but did not expect to witness it so soon. You ought never to have come to this house."

Into the great dark eyes came a pit-ous look of appeal.

"I know it," in a voice so low that Mrs. Markleby scarcely caught the words. "God forgive me! I was very weak."

"Wicked as well as weak," said Aunt Charity.

The widow started up with sudden energy, and threw back from her face her long, dark hair.

"I never meant to be," she said. "Jack and I loved each other long before he ever saw Regina. There was some misunderstanding, and he went away. While he was gone I—I—married. When he came back and found the wall which in a moment of anger I had raised between us, he was furious, and—married Regina. It was not possible for us to forget in a moment the love which had been so strong and true; but Mrs. Markleby, as heaven is my witness, we have wronged Regina only in still loving each other. It was to tell him that I had over-estimated my strength, and must immediately return home, that I sought him early this morning in his study. I could not stay here, accepting Regina's love—but why speak of it longer? I am punished for every wrong or unwisely thought by my husband's death. He believed in and trusted me. Ah, how it cuts me to the heart to think of it!"

She fell to weeping, her face covered with her hands, and when at last her sobbing ceased, and she looked up again, Mrs. Markleby was gone.

The early morning train bore away Stacy Darrell, his wife, and Muriel Lennox, and the day following their departure the Hall was closed, and the windows and doors hung with black. For Regina was dead, and lay in her coffin in the room and on the very spot where she had stood vainly seeking to discover her rival.

Two years later Mrs. Markleby, established for the winter with her invalid husband in Rome, opened an English paper to read the news to him as he sipped his chocolate.

Her eyes wandered over the paper, resting at last on the column devoted to marriages and death notices. She gave a sudden start, and the paper fell from her hands.

"My dear," she said to her husband, who looked up in surprise, "what I have been expecting has at last occurred. Jack Forrester has married Muriel Lennox."

"Write and congratulate him," said Mr. Markleby. "Poor fellow! I hope he will know something of happiness now."

His hope was gratified. Jack Forrester and happiness were never strangers again.

CLERICAL ANECDOTES.

When Archbishop Moore died, Manners Sutton was Bishop of Norwich, and also Dean of Windsor. He was at that moment residing at his deanery, and was entertaining a party of friends at dinner. In the middle of the dinner the butler came up to him with an excited face. "Beg pardon, my lord, a gentleman wishes to see your lordship directly, but he won't give his name." "Nonsense," said the bishop; "I can't come now, of course."

"The gentleman says it is very important—very important, indeed, my lord, or he wouldn't disturb you." "Well," said the bishop, somewhat crossly, "ask him to wait a few minutes till I have finished my dinner."

"Beg pardon, my lord," said the butler persistently, and with some confidence, "but you had better see the gentleman directly." The bishop, amazed at his man's coolness, made an apology to his guests, and went into the next room, where he was still more amazed to find King George III., who, as usual, was breathless and rapid. "How d'ye do, my lord? how d'ye do? eh, eh! Just come to tell you Archbishop of Canterbury's dead; died this morning; want you to be new archbishop, you know, new archbishop. What d'ye say—eh—eh?"

The bishop stood dumfounded, and the king broke in again, "Well, well, d'ye accept—d'ye accept, eh, eh?" The bishop had by this time recovered himself sufficiently to bow gratefully and murmur his thankful acceptance. "All right," said his majesty, "go back; got a party, I know; very glad you accept. Good night, good night. And with that he bustled away. The fact was that he anticipated exactly what happened. Mr. Pitt came down to his majesty next morning to inform him that the archbishop was dead, and to recommend to his majesty Bishop Pretymann (Tomline) for the vacant primacy. The king, who had had rather too much of Bishop Pretymann at Mr. Pitt's hands, resolved to be first in the field, and was now able to tell his prime minister that he had already appointed the Bishop of Norwich.

Bishop Pretymann had a reputation for parsimony. This characteristic story is told of him:—In the summer of 1816 he was on a confirmation tour, and driving with a chaplain in the neighborhood of Strathfieldsaye. Staying to lunch at the village inn they heard the bells ringing, and on inquiring the cause found that it was the eighteenth of June, the first anniversary of Waterloo. "Bless me, so it is," said the bishop, "and here we are at Strathfieldsaye. Really we ought to drink the duke's health, I suppose. Waiter, a bottle of your best port."

The wine was no-sooner brought than the chaplain upset it accidentally and broke the bottle. The bishop looked at it ruefully. "What's to be done?" he muttered; then, after a long pause, he continued grudgingly, "Waiter, I suppose you must bring us another—it need not be the best."

Archbishop Howley was a very bad speaker. With a most delicate and almost fastidious taste as to style, he was always making corrections in his speaking as some writers do on their manuscript, a fatal fault in a speaker, and one

which occasionally led the good archbishop into fearful bathos. Thus, presiding at an anniversary of the Clergy Orphan Girl's School at St. John's Wood, he delivered himself thus:—"No one can see—(corrects himself)—can look upon—these respectable looking girls—(corrects himself)—the nice-looking girls—(corrects himself)—these good girls—(corrects himself)—these female girls—"

Here there was a suppressed titter, under cover of which the speaker hurried on to the conclusion of his sentence, not recorded. He used to rub his hands anxiously together while speaking, as if he were washing them. I have seen him twice, and once saw a bishop imitate him to the life. There is a story that he used to bewail his own nervousness as a speaker, and that one of his chaplains recommended him to shut himself up in the Addition dining-room and address the chairs, imagining people in them. "How did your grace get on?" he was asked after the first experiment.

"Well, you see, I think I got on very nicely at first, but all at once I caught sight of that high-backed chair there in the corner and he looked so formidable that he put me out and then I broke down."

JEW'S AS FINANCIERS.

Pre-eminent financial success seems to have been only attained by the Jewish race in those countries where Christians are not conspicuous for business qualities and where the Hebrew, prevented from entering the professions, has been driven to concentrate his energies on business and finance. But in France, England and the United States Jews have not, as money-makers, attained any extraordinary pre-eminence, either as creators of great fortunes or as financiers. Necker, who stands out with prominence as a financier in France, was of Irish origin. His family abandoned Ireland, in the time of Queen Mary, to avoid persecution as Protestants, and went to Switzerland; and similarly, the famous financial family of Say abandoned France for the same refuge, ultimately returning to France. In England, in the last century, not more than three or four Jews rose to the haute finance rank. One of these was Sampson Gideon, who died in 1762, and was buried with great ceremony—indicative of the reverence paid, even then, in England, to one of his faith in high position,—in the famous burial-ground in Mile-End Row, where Lord Beaconsfield's forbears are interred. Mr. Bauld observed that the carriages of Dissenters almost invariably carried them in the second generation to the parish church; in like manner, the Jew in England who gets rich, and obtains social recognition and position, seems to have a tendency to become an easy convert to Christianity. Gideon's son, before long, found himself a church member, a baronet, and ultimately a peer; and, dropping his Hebrew-sounding patronymic, assumed the more euphonious appellation of Eardley.

Of the names distinguished in England as authorities on financial subjects, scarcely any are Hebrew, save that of Ricardo. Ricardo quarrelled with his father, who wished him to go into business, for which he had no taste, and became a Christian. He has had high reputation as a finance writer; but Sir Henry Parnell, great uncle of the agitator, and Lord Overstone, also very high authorities on such subjects (the latter being, further, the most-moneyed son of Britain), could not either of them claim any Jewish blood. Of other Jews who have risen to fame in England, Sir Menasseh Lopez, whose son became a Christian, and Sir Francis Goldsmith and Sir M. Montefiore, may be mentioned,—all very wealthy, yet not in the front rank of wealth. Rothschild's connection with England did not begin until he was solidly established in Germany, when he sent his son Nathan to Manchester.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

LONDON, March 31.

THE Poet Laureate is engaged upon a new dramatic poem, of which Mr. Henry Irving, as usual, will have the refusal.

THE Prince of Wales will visit York in July, as originally reported; the date will be from the 16th to 18th, both inclusive.

MR. A. N. HORNBY, the well-known cricketer, intends changing the tented field for the field of politics. He will solicit the suffrages of the Blackburn people.

HASTINGS is to have a thorough system of electric lighting. The thing is to be well done, and to embrace all parts of the town—so it is said. Really this is advancing.

A PARTY of Sioux Indians is shortly to visit London on an exhibition speculation. Young people may like to see what the native Sioux is like, and he may be taken educationally after a visit to the Zoo.

ESTHETES are tired of plates for purposes of mural decoration, and the absurd mania has gradually yielded to a more pronounced form of lunacy which is covering walls with violins and guitars.

EARLY this season it is reported that the Princess Frederica of Hanover will return to England after her long residence abroad, which, it is gratifying to hear, has been very beneficial to her health.

SUICIDE will have an additional horror if, as is stated, the proprietors of a great waxwork exhibition intend to procure photographs of Mont Carlo victims, and to show waxwork representations of them.

POOR old Chang the giant is very unwell; the cold snap of weather has got at him, and he is reported to be losing flesh fast. Of course he would do it by the stone; nothing under that would be visible.

THE dismantling of the Old Law Courts is making rapid progress, and already the improvement which the demolition of this excrescence will make is very perceptible. The southern side of the Palace, hitherto obscured by be effectively restored.

SOUTHWARK is coveted by the Conservatives, and there seems some hope of winning it. Many young aspirants have been nibbling at it, and now Mr. Baumann has, we hear, taken the bait. We may state that the Marquis of Salisbury gives him his support, and will ere long address the constituents.

MR. HENRY IRVING is reported to be meditating building a house in the north of London—more circumstantially stated, on the heights of Fitz-John's Avenue. The residence will be after his own ideas and taste as to what a dwelling should be, and will be ready for him to occupy when he returns from America.

As Mr. Chatterton is taking to public readings, we would suggest a fortune to him, namely, to give a reading or lecture on the experiences of a London manager. With what he knows, and could tell if he would, well dished up by a smart writer, there would be a remarkably good evening's entertainment for the public, and they would not fail to patronize it.

PRINCE NAPOLEON has directed inquiries to be made for a suitable residence in England. He may change his mind when the residence is found; but there ought to be very little difficulty about such a matter as this. A hundred should be forthcoming from the agents at the very whisper of a desire for "an eligible property."

THE prevalent opinion in Bar circles seems to be that one of the present judges will be moved up, and that it is not unlikely Mr. Horace Davey will be offered the puisne vacancy thus created. By the way, the Solicitor-General is not the only name mentioned of the Hebrew persuasion as a possible successor to Sir George Jessel. The friends of Mr. Arthur Cohen are already active and energetic on his behalf.

HUMOROUS.

THE *World* says a peg inside the boot is described as a sole-stirring article.

QUEEN VICTORIA should hereafter slide down on the balusters.

A CORRESPONDENT writes to us to know if oysters are healthy at this season. Guess not. The consumption of oyster at this season is terrible.

RECENT experiments have demonstrated that the day is not far distant when people will be able to order their tea direct from China by telegraph.

ONE of the sweetest pictures of domestic economy is a poet blacking a white stocking so that it won't show through the figure of his boot.

IT was "darling Gweorge" when a bridal couple left Omaha: it was "dear George" at Chicago; at Detroit it was "George"; and when they reached Niagara Falls it was "Say you!"

ONE of the best definitions of faith was given by a bright Sunday-school boy to his teacher: "As near as I can make out, it is feeling perfectly sure of a thing when you have nothing to back it up."

PRACTISING on flutes, flutes, cornets or other wind instruments will, it is said, improve the condition of people with weak lungs. Not only this, but it will improve the health of next-door neighbors. Throwing bootjacks, old shoes, etc., is good exercise.

"GOOD-MORNING, Mr. Blank. Pa told me to bring back your snow shovel, which he borrowed last fall, and says he will be very much obliged if you will lend him your spade and rake and wheelbarrow. He says he will send the spade back in time to borrow your lawn-mower."

PROFESSOR YOUNG, of Princeton College, says: "Take a railroad from the earth to the sun, with a train running forty miles an hour, without stops, and it would take about 235 years and a little over to make the journey." He estimates the fare, at one cent per mile, to be \$230,000.

ENTHUSIASTIC professor of physics, discussing the organic and inorganic kingdoms: "Now, if I should shut my eyes—so—and drop my head—so—and should not move you would say I was a clod! But I move, I leap, I run: then what do you call me?" Voice from the rear: "A clodhopper." Class dismissed.

THE Prince of Wales, according to the *National*, of Brussels—which states that it has obtained its information from a sound source, although the fact is not mentioned by any other paper—when he recently passed through that capital, demanded from the King of the Belgians the hand of the Princess Clementine for his eldest son.



SPRING, GENTLE SPRING.



M. JULES FERRY,
President of the Council, Minister of Instruction.



M. CHALLEMEL-LACOUR,
Minister of the Foreign Affairs.



M. WALDECK-ROUSSEAU,
Minister of the Interior.



M. MARTIN-FEUILLÉE
Minister of Justice.



M. TIRARD,
Minister of Finance.



M. RAYNAL,
Minister of Public Works.



M. CH. BRUN,
Minister of Marine.



M. HÉRISON,
Minister of Commerce.



M. MÉLINE
Minister of Agriculture.

THE NEW FRENCH MINISTRY.

AN APRIL WEDDING.

I'll never be friends with the swallows again.
In the April sun, in the April rain,
I will not watch
That I may catch
The dip and glint of their glancing flight
In the dewy dawn or the evening light.

They know how it was with my love and me,
For they heard him whisper, "Good-by to thee!"
They heard him say,
"Some April day
The swallows and I will come back to thee."
Here are the swallows, but where is he?

We shall not be friends, though they are my guests:
Though they twitter, and chatter, and build their nests—
Mid shadowing leaves
Under my eaves:
For they came alone, and they did not bring
The love of my heart and a golden ring.

It was rain and shine, it was dark and clear,
But her tender soul held a trembling fear.
And all was wrong—
The robin's song—
The primrose star, and the hatches green—
Till a glad voice call'd her, "Helene! Helene!"

With a golden sun and a silver shower
Came the April joy of the wedding hour.
In earth or air
Now all is fair—
Blossom, and leaf, and the wild bird's strain—
Now she is friends with the swallows again.

THE IMPORTANCE TO ENGLAND OF HER AMERICAN COLONIES.

By the middle of the eighteenth century the colonies had indeed come to be a factor of immense importance in the political world: if any proof were needed, it is afforded by the tremendous struggle between France and England for the possession of North America. But while our attention is thus directed to the immense development of civilized life in what had lately been the American wilderness, we must not forget to consider the equally immense reaction of this fact upon the development of the resources of the mother country. We are so accustomed to think of England as a dominant power in the modern world, and to see the record of her prowess shining so brilliantly for so many generations back, that we are apt to forget how subordinate her position was in the sixteenth century compared with what it had become in the eighteenth. The London of to-day—a city of four million inhabitants—is twice as large as Paris; but in Sir Walter Raleigh's time Paris—a city of four hundred thousand inhabitants—was twice as large as London. And this fact serves to measure the change that has taken place in the relative weight of the two nations. In the reign of Henry VIII., though the memory of Agincourt, but a century old, insured respect for England from a military point of view, she was distinctly rated as a second-class power when compared with France or Spain or the Empire. In Elizabeth's reign the victory over the Spanish Armada greatly raised her prestige. During the evil days of the Stuarts her power increased rapidly, though the foreign policy of these vile and detestable tyrants was such as to cover the name of England with shame before the world. But between the time of Cromwell and the time of the elder Pitt—between 1650 and 1750—the growth of the physical power of England was so prodigious as to make her indisputably the foremost of civilized nations.

Now this prodigious growth of the power of England between 1650 and 1750 was largely due to her commercial intercourse with the colonies she had planted in America. Their influence on the "trade and manufactures of England had been enormous. The exports to the colonies in 1775 were equal to the whole export trade of England, including the colonies, in the first year of the century; while the growth of individual settlements may be estimated by that of Pennsylvania, which in 1772 took in nearly fifty times the amount of British imports which it consumed in 1704." But the effects of this direct intercourse between England and the colonies, great as they were, were surpassed by the effects which the colonies wrought upon England through the plantations in the West Indies. "Sugar, Mr. Speaker!" cried William Pitt, one day, as he rose to address the House of Commons; and as some frivolous members began to laugh at this commonplace exordium, the great orator, after waiting a moment, again cried, "Sugar!" in such portentous tones that those who sat and listened felt their hearts knock against their ribs, and were convinced, without further parley, that sugar, rather than the sun, was the real centre of the solar system. The philosophic historian who has come too late into the world to have listened to the eloquence of the greatest of modern orators will nevertheless be quite ready to admit the supreme importance of the West India sugar trade during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. "How great the importance of the plantations was to Europe in general may be judged of from the fact that at the time of the French Revolution France drew as much wealth from the single island of San Domingo as England drew from India, or Spain from Mexico and Peru." It was estimated that every Englishman employed in the plantations furnished work for four pairs of hands at home; so that, early in the eighteenth century, one-seventh of the entire population of England were dependent upon the West India trade, which occupied very much such a place in those days as the cotton and iron manufactures occupy in our own time. But this immense development of the West India trade was rendered possible only by the agricultural de-

velopment of the North American colonies. In the course of the year the English West Indies did not raise a single day's dinner; but the American colonies fed them, while they devoted all their energies to magnifying beyond precedent the lucrative commerce of England. So important did this commerce become in its effects upon English society that it raised the commercial class to something like an equality with the great landed proprietors, gave support to the political doctrines of the Whigs, and during the long and beneficent ministry of Sir Robert Walpole quite transformed the general tone of English political thought. Through such a complicated network of circumstances did England, between the days of Cromwell and the days of Pitt, acquire commercial and maritime supremacy in the world. But for the American colonies no such result could have been wrought. But for them England could not have dictated the glorious treaty of 1763, or have become the mistress of the seas.

IN FLORIDA.

President Arthur, accompanied by T. G. Phillips, Private Secretary; Wm. E. Chandler, Secretary of the Navy; Charles E. Miller, Private Secretary; Mrs. G. A. Mercer, Miss Jessie Bruce, Miss Hattie Cope, and Reginald Fry, arrived at Sanford, Florida, on the 7th April, at 2 p.m.

The distinguished company met with a most enthusiastic reception. The piers and wharves were lined with spectators. As the St. John's river steamer, *Frederick Delany*, approached the wharf a salute of twenty-one guns was fired. His Excellency was welcomed by Rev. Lyman Phelps, Louis Lawrence, E. R. Trafford, and other prominent citizens. The President and party are the guests of General Sanford, who ordered extensive preparations to be made at the Sanford House to ensure comfort, rest and quiet, so much needed by His Excellency the President. The apartments placed at the President's disposal are magnificent—the parlor is artistically decorated with flowers and palmetto leaves, and choice pine-apples, lemons, oranges and other semi-tropical fruits from Belair and Onoro were tastefully arranged on a side table. Your correspondent was privileged to make a drawing of said interior decorations.

A visit to Belair orange-grove, personally conducted by the Rev. Lyman Phelps, whose thorough knowledge of botany and chemistry has brought Belair grove up to its present high state of perfection, was much enjoyed by the President, who personally thanked the rev. gentleman for the varied information he had imparted to the entire company. After spending about two hours admiring the citrus family, over thirty varieties of oranges, including the thornless orange trees, as cultivated in the Sicilian groves, eighteen varieties of lemons, many pine-apples, guavas, date palms, fiber, and numerous other semi-tropical plants, imported by General Sanford from different parts of the world, the sun was sinking in the west, so we turned our horses' heads towards Sanford.

The distinguished personages are to visit Onoro, the property of Rev. Lyman Phelps, whose enthusiasm and scientific knowledge of fruit culture has produced results which has placed Onoro at the head of the list of orange groves in Florida.

The President, being fond of flowers and the picturesque, will find much to admire at Onoro, which, by the way, is an Indian name, signifying "the place of beautiful waters." General Sanford has chartered a special train, to convey the President and party over the South Florida Railroad to Orlando, Winter Park, Maitland, Kissimmee, and back to Sanford. The President has not, as yet, perfected plans for any subsequent trip.

WM. DOUGHERTY.

JERSEY—A SKETCH.

When I asked a friend, an old Indian officer, what induced him to reside in the Island of Jersey he replied that he went there to smoke twenty thousand Trichinopoly cheroots free of duty. A Jerseyman, to whom I put the same question, said the place was the best place in the world to take one's wife to, because the passage across from England was so bad that once Madame got to Jersey she would never trouble to go away again. Inquiring of a third what is the chief exportation of the island, he answered "Mrs. Langtry," but, after a moment's thought, added "new potatoes." The information thus supplied seemed so quaint and peculiar that I longed to see this favoured land of Beauty, Tobacco, and Contentment. Fortunately, there is no great difficulty in reaching the Channel Islands, the Channel only excepted. One can go from Southampton—at midnight—every day of the year, except Sundays, and one might go the Sabbath, too, it is rumoured, only for the "unco-gudeness" of the Islanders of Guernsey, who will not have a post—and reasonably, too—upon what is called the Day of Rest. Or the voyager can take ship from Weymouth, if he prefers it, thereby saving himself an hour or two of basin occupation, or he can go from London or Plymouth, or, in the summer, from anywhere. The Southampton and Weymouth boats, however, which look like steam yachts, and are about 300 tons burden, are very comfortable for their size, and for those persons who really like the sea the voyage is rather amusing than otherwise. Early in the morning, if there is no fog—

log is the enemy of all these Channel steamers—one sees Guernsey, Alderney, and Sark, the first a very green island suffering apparently from an eruption of windmills. And what is far less agreeable to see, the Race of Alderney, which is perhaps called the Race from the haste of people to get out of it. Soon afterwards—that is to say some time probably in the forenoon—the eye rests gratefully on the verdure of Jersey, wearied as it has been with the continuous spectacle of tumbling green waves, and dishevelled tourists. Indeed, there are few prettier places than Jersey from the sea, or, for that matter, from the land too. It is as green as the Emerald Isle, and is pleasantly wild to look at. It is not until we round the Corbière Lighthouse, and St. Aubin's beautiful bay, that we have promise of the highest civilisation as represented by terraces, villas, crescents, and all the usual indications of seaside existence. Nestling in a bay, and protected by two antiquated forts, is the little town of St. Helier's, the capital of the island, and containing in a wonderfully compact space some 30,000 inhabitants, it is said. The beauty of St. Helier's is that it has no suburbs to speak of. It is *Ras in Urbe and vice versa*. Take the gilt statue which stands in the centre of the Royal Square—and from which all the distances in the Island are reckoned—a centre, and in a quarter of an hour a pedestrian may be in the country among the green lanes, or, if he prefers it, by the bright blue sea. No place I know of combines the advantages of town, country, and seaside so conveniently as St. Helier's, for as town the shops are excellent, as country the green lanes are delightful, and as sands, St. Aubin's and St. Clement's Bays leave little to be desired.

That is one of the peculiarities of Jersey—that it appears to have been infested by saints in the olden time. What the attraction was that brought so many holy men to this little green spot in the midst of the dark blue sea, it would be too late to inquire now. It is certain, however, that Jersey has a reputation for pretty girls and apples, and the two have been associated since Eden. Everywhere a saint could sit or stand he seems to have rooted himself. But one or two of these ancient worthies must have had a bad time. St. Helier, for example. According to tradition this saint lived on the top of a small rock which faces the town, and is well out at sea, and most probably fed on winkles. It must have ennobled the good man's discomfort to know that his brother saints were in clover among the Jersey cows and the Jersey orchards on the mainland; but it may have been that St. Helier swam ashore now and then for a spree. Yet he is generally respected. There is only one other antique which is more respected by the islanders, and that is the gilt statue aforesaid, which suggests to the irreverent the appearance of the Man in Brass. I am informed that this gilded ancient is the effigy of Duke Rollo of Normandy—a singular worthy in the estimation of all Jerseymen, but, as the islanders are not without a sense of humour, it may be that some of their historical facts are constructed specially for the benefit of the stranger. Of this Duke Rollo extraordinary fables are told. His sanctity is so great that his name must not be used in vain. If one calls out "Haro! Haro!"—which in the Norman slang of the period means "Ha! Rollo to the rescue!"—some one is bound to be punished to satisfy the manes of Rollo. And this brings me to Channel Islands' law, which would make agreeable light reading for a Chancery barrister, or a Judge of the Court of Arches. It is not hard to understand when you find yourself in prison. But the study of Jersey law requires care and attention before you go there. Some people abuse the local laws as musty—they are only a thousand years or so old—but if the proof of the pudding is in the eating then the Jersey laws must be very good pudding indeed. There are only twelve policemen in St. Helier's, I am told, and no beggars. Crimes in which it is necessary for the police to interfere must probably therefore be rare, and the local laws are surely entitled to the credit of this security of life and property. But the stranger had better beware how he buys landed or house property in Jersey. A cheerful notary who endeavoured to explain the Jersey law of conveyance to me after an excellent dinner at a popular hotel, made it out that the purchaser not only purchases the property he desiderates, but also all the debts of the vendor, for which he becomes hereafter responsible. The advantage of this law seems to be, that if you pay for a castle you may very likely get a jail. And it is not advisable to leave the island in debt to any one—not even to the extent of a cabbage-stalk. My friend, the notary, heard of one traveller who was in bodily peril of being brought back from the steamer in which he had embarked for forgetting to pay for the article in question. But to explain this particular instance of affection on the part of the hospitable islanders, it is necessary to enter into the natural history of the Jersey cabbage-stick. In other countries the cabbage is content to grow in a modest unassuming manner, and with no higher aspirations than the pot, but in Jersey the vegetable takes leave of its senses, and endeavours to rival the bean-stalk of the nursery tale. In appearance it is a very truculent-looking plant, four or five feet high, and the islanders revenge themselves on it by cutting it up into walking-sticks for tourists. Every tourist is known by his piece of Jersey granite jewellery and his cabbage-stalk stick. By these outward and visible signs the shop-keepers and others know how to charge him five-and-twenty per cent. more than anybody else, yet such is the waywardness of the

"Five-Pounder" that he rushes, so to say, upon his fate, and is in a tremendous hurry to get from the landing place to the very first spot where cabbage-sticks and granite jewellery are sold. "Five-Pounder," however, is a term of reproach which requires as much explanation as that vegetable, which I think ought to be christened the Jersey mandrake.

VARIETIES.

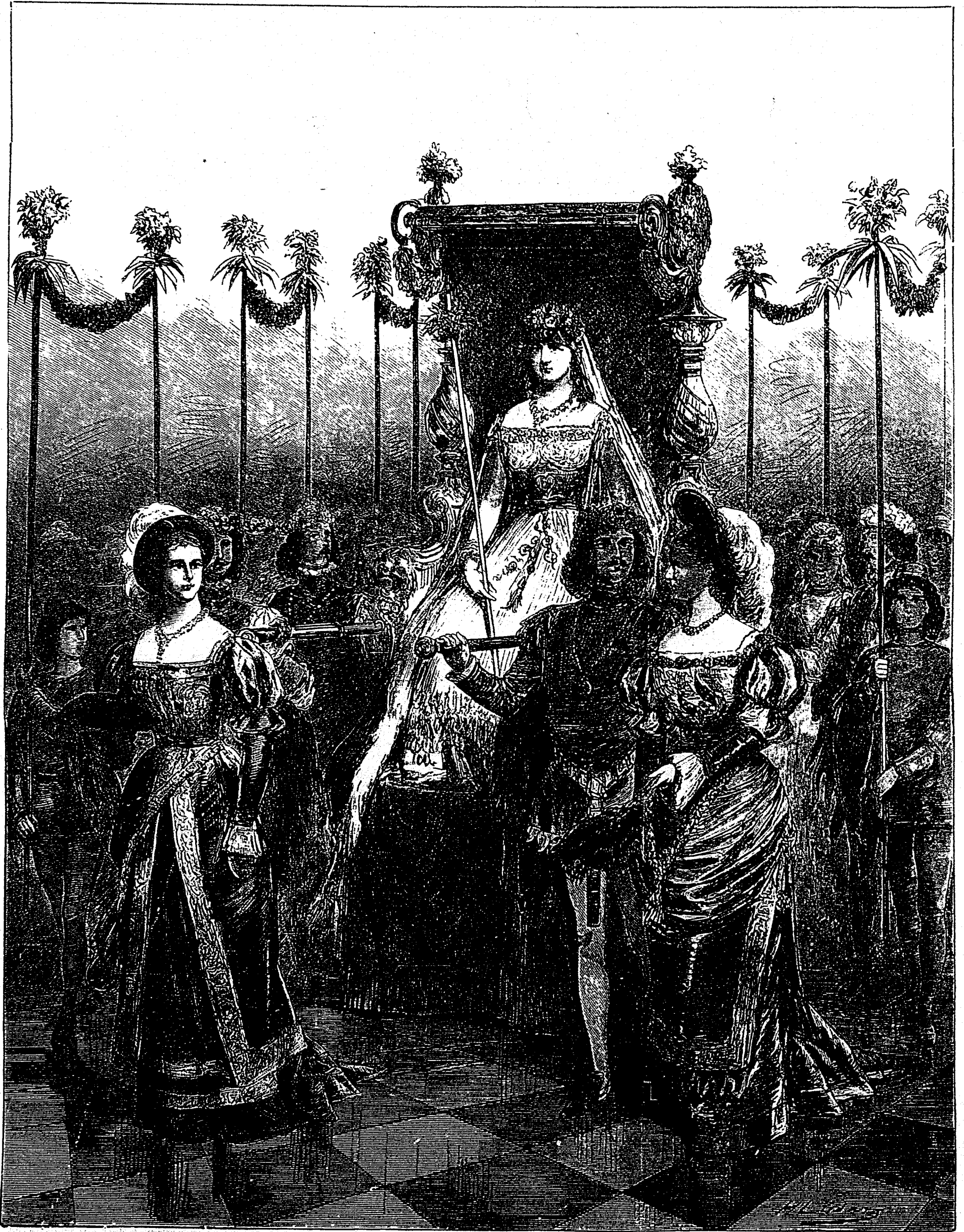
ALL visitors to Paris will have visited one of the most interesting of its many interesting public institutions—the Hotel Cluny—a museum so rich in its unique collection of armour, objects of antique furniture, rare porcelain, and numberless curiosities. The novel addition is just made to the treasures of the Musée de Cluny of a collection of boots and shoes of all ages, gathered together by the late Mr. Jules Jacquemart. In this collection will be found, with the shoes of Louis the XIII. and Louis XIV., and of Catherine de Médicis, shoes of many nations, the moccasins of the Red Indian, and the tiny shoe of the Chinese lady. To a later age we of to-day can believe such a collection would be found incomplete without representative examples of ladies' boots and shoes, such as are produced in perfection, for walking, dancing and all exercise, and adapted for each changing season by the house of Messrs. Waukenphast and Co., of 61 in the Haymarket.

MULLEIN AS A REMEDY FOR COUGHS.—Dr. Quinlan, of Dublin, who last year read a paper at the British Pharmaceutical Conference on the hemostatic properties of the *Plantago lanceolata*, has recently investigated the properties of the common mullein, *Verbascum thapsus* (*British Medical Journal*, January 27, p. 149). This plant has long been used in Ireland as a domestic remedy for consumptive cough, and Dr. Quinlan has made a series of experiments with a view to determine if it really possesses the valuable properties attributed to it. He finds that when boiled in milk the patient takes the decoction readily, and experiences a physiological want when it is omitted. Its power of checking phthisical looseness of the bowels and the relief afforded to coughing were very marked, so that the patients took hardly any other cough mixture. In early stages it appears to have a distinct power of increasing weight, but in advanced cases Dr. Quinlan remarks that he is not aware of anything that will do this except koumiss.

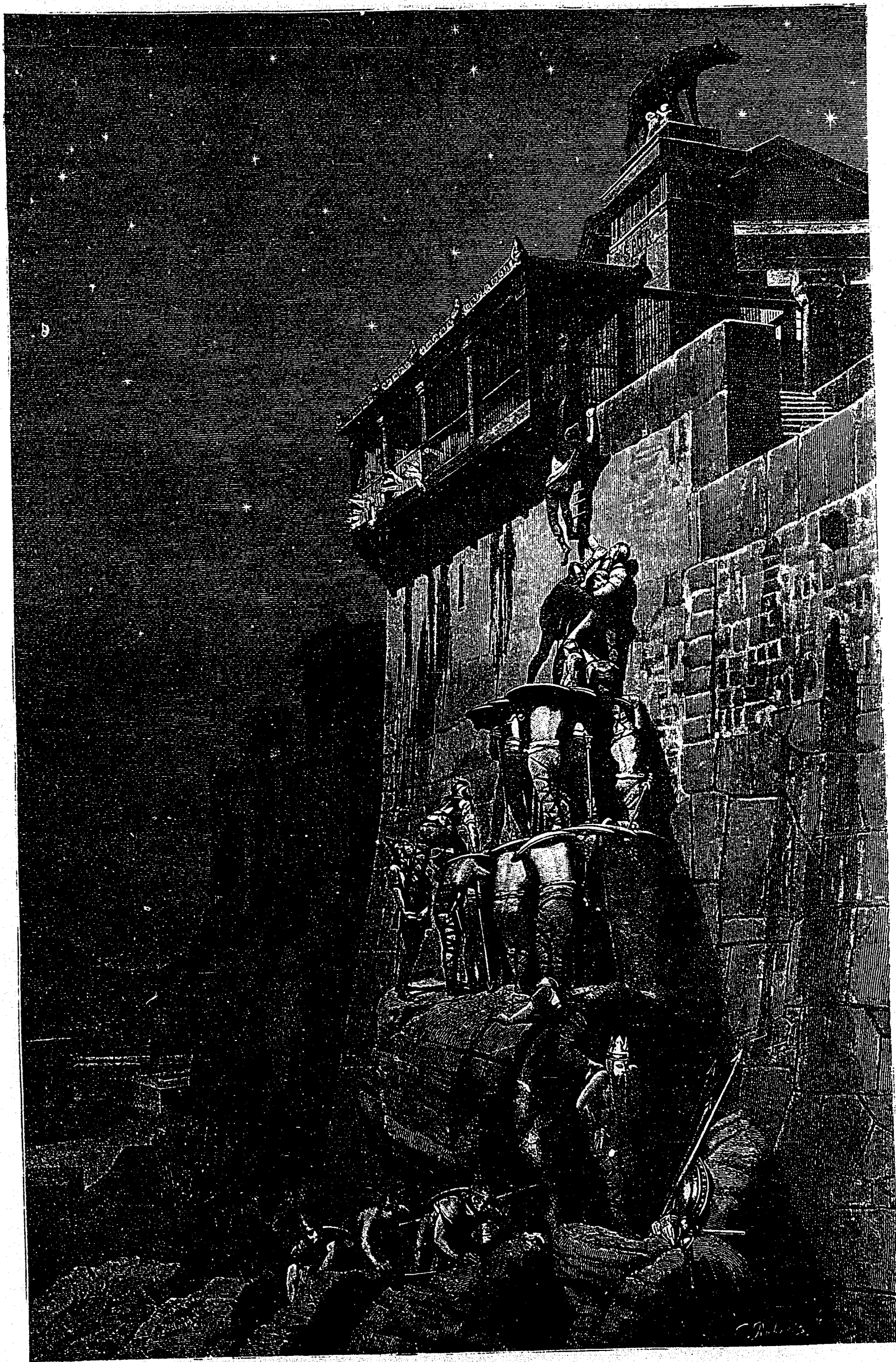
—A novel idea will, we hear, be introduced in society after lent, by one of our social leaders, whose wealth is greater than her *savoir faire*. She is determined to give her friends something to talk about if nothing else. The entertainment she has on the tapis is to begin at 9 A.M., when infants in arms are to be invited with their nurses. At 10, children from infancy to six years of age will appear on the scene, and at 11 the ages will vary from six to twelve. Noon will witness a gathering of maidens of fifteen and youths of twenty. The afternoon will embrace the dowagers and *paterfamilias*, and the evening ladies from twenty to an uncertain age. The great difficulty lies with this last portion of the affair, for while there is no lack of maidens of an uncertain age thronging our society, the beaux to mate them must either be drawn from the callow youth who swarm at balls ordinarily, but whom the regulations of Mrs. — have relegated to noontide, or else old men and maidens will be the order of the evening. Should this be decided on, one belle of California street, who has waltzed through twenty seasons, declares she will stop at home sooner than be "bored" with the "old things."—*San Francisco News Letter*.

At most clubs of any standing the hall porter is a man of considerable penetration. He knows every member of the club by sight, and in the familiar parlance of domestic servants, can "reckon him up"—that is to say, he knows who the member is, and in a general way all about him. London hall porters, as a class, are very astute. They have little to do but to exercise their memory, and, in consequence, their memory acquires a power something like that of the famous calculating boy. The Roman had a servant called a *nomenclator*, whose duty it was to go about with his master. When a stranger came up the *nomenclator's* function was at once to inform his master who the man was, what he was, where he came from, and what he wanted. A good club porter acquires this kind of mechanical memory. It is said of the heads of certain Royal houses that they never forget a face. A cub porter has the same kind of instinct, and when he retires to a better world his place in the entry-box is taken by a successor who has been trained under him. It may seem strange that a man should perfectly well know fourteen hundred gentlemen by sight. But when your work is mechanical your powers of memory become strangely quickened. We may take it for granted that if a man were to attempt to enter a first-rate club without being a member he would be promptly stopped on the threshold by the hall porter. Should he once pass this ordeal of Cerberus, he will be safe enough. Club waiters are a fluctuating body, and he will be able to command their services to lunch, to dine, to smoke.

A STATUE to the composer Bellini is to be erected in Naples. The monument will represent Bellini with the Muse. There will be four bas-reliefs, representing "Norma," "La Sonnambula," and other operas.



THE SILVER WEDDING OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS IMPERIAL OF GERMANY.—TRIUMPHAL MARCH OF THE QUEEN OF BEAUTY.



THE GEESE OF THE CAPITOL.

[FOR THE NEWS.]

EVENING ON THE BEACH.

(From the German of Heine.)

BY NED P. MAH.

We sat by the fisher's cottage:
Oceanward wandered our gaze.
The evening mists, ascending,
Spread high their gauze-like haze.

In the lighthouse we watched the signal
All in a moment lit;
And away on the far horizon
We saw a white sail dit.

Then we spoke of storm and shipwreck:
Of sailors and sailor life;
How they hover 'twixt sky and water—
Joy ever with care at strife.

We spoke of shores far distant:
Of the South and of the North;
And of the curious features
Each curious race set forth.

Balm and bright is the Ganges,
And zant palm trees tower
Where a handsome, silent people
Worship the lotus flower.

In Lapland are dirty people,
Flat-headed, broad-shouldered and small,
Who crown round the fire, cooking fishes,
With screaming and caterwaul.

Earnestly listened the maidens
Till none spoke more—and the bark
No more might be distinguished—
It had grown so very dark.

A MORMON REUNION.

Upon a bleak hill-top in Northern Ohio, some four miles by wagon-road from the farm of Lawnfield, the home of the late President Garfield, and in Geauga County, there has stood, desolate and unclaimed, for nearly fifty years, a "temple" built by Mormons. In outward appearance it is not unlike the ordinary type of a country church. The interior, however, is divided into three stories, each of which forms one great room, devoid of all furniture save a couple of white desks, one at either end. Huge canvas curtains are said to have formerly divided these rooms during the ministrations of the Saints.

A few old residents of Kirtland—the village enjoying the distinction of possessing this temple—relate from personal recollection many strange and ridiculous performances by the leaders of the then new sect.

Public attention is called anew just at present to this weather-beaten, half-forgotten relic of superstition, as extensive repairs have been recently made in the structure, and preparations undertaken for a great reunion of Latter-day Saints, announced to begin upon April 6.

Although it is given out that the incursion of these reunionists is but a temporary affair—a simple visit to a Mecca of their religion—there is considerable agitation among the people of the Western Reserve lest it may prove that they propose staying. Possibly this alarm may not be without some good cause, for all communities wherein this pernicious sect has once entrenched itself have discovered in its strange vitality and capacity for standing persecution a most troublesome element.

Joseph Smith, the first "prophet" and founder of the Church of Latter-day Saints, claimed Vermont for his birth-place, his parents being illiterate residents of Sharon, with some notoriety as "diviners" and fortune-tellers. The young prophet, however, first received "light" in the form of revelations near Palmyra, New York, and later at Manchester, Ontario County, New York, at both of which places his family had lived. It was in the vicinity of the latter place that he claimed to have found by inspiration the book of golden plates hidden in a hill. For these plates, which were about the thickness of tin, and bound together by rings, the following origin was claimed:

Some six hundred years prior to the advent of Christ a band of Israelites was inspired to seek the "promised land," which proved to be Central America, where they greatly increased. Subsequently a vicious and ambitious Jew named Laman was detected in a conspiracy, whereupon he and his adherents were driven forth, and migrated northward. These were the progenitors of the American Indians. A portion of the tribe, however, became a "fair and delightsome" people, and withdrew from their savage fellows, who finally surrounded them, at the scene of the recovery of the plates, and slew them to the extent of two hundred and thirty thousand, Mormon and his son Moroni alone escaping. This son, obeying his parent's injunction, buried the tablets containing the sacred history of this wandering tribe, it being recorded that he who found them should become a "prophet."

Upon this table and the alleged purport of the mythical plates the excuse rested for the production of the *Book of Mormon*, which was printed at a country job office in Ontario County, New York, in 1830. Soon after its issue the widow of Rev. Solomon Spalding, a Presbyterian minister, recognized its main features as those of a fanciful romance written by her husband chiefly for the amusement of his friends. It also transpired that one Sidney Rigdon, who was among the first promoters of the new creed, was a printer employed in a publishing office in Pittsburgh, whither the author had sent his work, under the name of the *Manuscript Found*, to be printed. Patterson, the publisher, died, and the manuscript disappeared, to come to the surface in its "inspired" form.

The original promoters of the Church soon collected a considerable following, and shortly set out for Ohio, setting at Kirtland early in 1831. After a colony had been formed, and a bank started by Smith and his confidants had been run long enough to fleece most of the faithful, another move was made to Missouri, which seems to have proven a rich recruiting ground, as the proselytes multiplied so rapidly that ere long the elders began to dictate public affairs for the people at large, and defied existing State laws. So it happened that in the summer of 1833 the people of the State dispersed them, after a severe conflict. They still hovered in various portions of the State, however, and raising troops from their number, fought the State militia, by whom they were defeated, and some of their leaders imprisoned. The whole Mormon host, now numbering upward of 12,000, concentrated at a point upon the banks of the Mississippi, in Illinois, and built, almost as though by magic, the city of Nauvoo, signaling their intention of staying there by rearing a splendid temple of stone, costing, according to the best authorities, not less than one million dollars.

In the mean time Brigham Young, also a native of Vermont, had acquired great ascendancy. The Mormon authorities had again assumed great arrogance: the "Saints" at large were recruited from the most lawless classes of the West, and "revelations" became frequent. It was here that the "divine right" of polygamy was first promulgated. Matters at length led to another great uprising, when this ulcer upon the body-politic was rooted out, as far as that section of the country was concerned. The leaders were imprisoned, and the Prophet Smith and his brother Hyrum were carried by force to Carthage, Missouri, where they were shot by a mob at the jail, after the most approved Missourian fashion.

The city of Nauvoo was laid waste, and the Mormon people, under Brigham Young, began a long winter march, to the westward, braving every danger and hardship, intent only upon founding another home where they might practice the peculiar tenets of their religion without interference. To what extent this indomitable if misguided people have succeeded in making the "wilderness blossom like the rose" is well known to the world. The writer, who visited Nauvoo but a few days since, found but a peaceful and scattering village, the centre of an agricultural region, its people living the simple life of the American rustic, and regarding the events of the "Mormon war" as something which happened a very long time ago. Of the splendid temple, "not one stone remains upon another."

Through the resistless onward impulse of civilization the "Gentile" has long since reached the Mormon stronghold in Utah. The will of Young no longer sets at defiance the United States government. Salt Lake City is now largely peopled by Gentiles, and the churches of many denominations are now to be found within its confines, and the question of Mormonism seems in a fair way to solution through absorption.

It is to the credit of this people that they have always exhibited great industry and singleness of purpose. The city of Salt Lake was wisely planned and built. Its broad streets are irrigated by pure mountain waters flowing swiftly down in open channels. Its great co-operative Store of Zion is a bazaar of trade worthy of any metropolis. There are also some large factories. One of the most imposing residences is the "Amelia Palace," built by President Young for one of his favorite wives.

ANECDOTES OF WAGNER.

At Baireuth last summer I saw Wagner a number of times, and, moreover, heard from the artists who took part in the *Parsifal* performances several characteristic anecdotes of the great composer.

In the evenings, after the rehearsals and representations of *Parsifal*, the singers usually met in a small room at the Hotel Sonne. One night Materna would dress a salad and Scaria brew a punch, and the next evening the roles would be exchanged, with equally gratifying results.

On coming from rehearsal one evening Materna related how Wagner, wishing to have a phrase sung in a particular manner, attempted to sing it for her himself. In the midst of the phrase his voice broke. Turning to Liszt, who stood by smiling, he said, "Excuse me, sir; I forgot to practice my *solfeggio* this evening."

Another time, after the second *Parsifal* performance, Scaria came from a reception at Wagner's house. He said an Englishman there had examined everything in the room with an opera-glass. When Wagner entered, the Englishman rushed up to him, and seizing him enthusiastically by the hand, exclaimed, "Ah, Mr. Wagner, I am so glad to see you! I had such a good time hearing *Parsifal*!" "You should have seen Wagner," continued Scaria. "Hardly had he heard the words 'had a good time' when he turned, and rushed from the room, shrieking, as he threw up his hands in dismay, 'If you want to have a good time, go and hear something by Offenbach!'"

Another good anecdote was told of Wagner's experience as conductor of the London Philharmonic Society. This society had been joggling along its way of easy-going mediocrity, and Wagner's endeavors to infuse new life into it were received with great discontent. But he caused the greatest commotion when, at a rehearsal one day, he conducted a Beethoven symphony without a score. He had been familiar

with these symphonies for years, and could conduct any one of them by heart. But this was something unheard of to the London Philharmonic, and the protests came in so fast that Wagner apparently yielded. At the concert he appeared with a score-book under his arm, placed it on the desk, and while conducting turned over the leaves. After the performance one of the directors came up to him, and said: "Well, Herr Wagner, we were right after all. You must acknowledge yourself that the symphony went much better to-night." In reply, Wagner handed him the book from which he had conducted. It was the score of Rossini's *Barber of Seville*.

The first time I saw Wagner was at a dinner given to him by his artists and friends, in the large restaurant near the theatre. His personal appearance was very disappointing. He was short and slight, and very nervous in his actions. As he entered in a light spring overcoat and a beaver in his hand, he looked more like a little dandy than a great composer. A capacious brow was the only mark of genius; otherwise, he was insignificant-looking. I could not understand his influence over people, for as he mingled with the guests his remarks consisted mostly of eggregious puns and poor jokes. But when he began to reply to the first toast after dinner, I could comprehend his power. He seemed to grow in stature; every word, every gesture, was eloquent. His speech was in the main a eulogy of his artists.

"I am," he said, "under deep obligations to all who have contributed to the fund for the *Parsifal* performances, but I am under deeper obligations to my singers and musicians; for, after all, art is not created by money, but by artists."

That last sentence was surely worthy of the great man who all his life long had stood by what he believed to be the true and the beautiful in music.

GUSTAVE COBBÉ.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

Paris, March 31.

Mlle. LOUISE MICHEL has entered the ranks of dramatists. She has twins on hand, one is called *Le Cœur froid*, the other *Le Rouge*.

THE Marquis de Biron, the President of the Paris Jockey Club, died on Monday night at the advanced age of eighty. He was one of the pages of Louis XVIII.

A DUEL, arising out of a dispute about private matters, has recently taken place outside of St. Petersburg, between Count Bielozersky and Prince Dondoukoff-Korsokoff, Governor of the Caucasus. Count Bielozersky was slightly wounded.

THERE is to be held in Paris this year, from the 1st to the 2nd of July, an Insect Exhibition organized by the Central Society of Agriculture and Insectology. There should certainly be one at Venice.

CANNES, in common with every other winter health resort, where pleasure is left out in the utter cold, is suffering from the "maiden blush" of rigours of Lent. This will pass away, away, after a short time, and become animated, as Easter, Holy Week alone causing the skid of religious propriety to be put on the fast-revolving wheels of semi-clandestine pleasures, dinners, concerts, *apris-midi*, lawn or rather tennis tournaments as they are called, being all the rage just now at Cannes.

It would seem almost impossible to vulgarize the duel more than it is, yet a way has been found of doing so. At a recent fencing bout in shirt-sleeves, and in the dirt, at Cateau, between a banker and what is called a clubman (for want of other passport to society), the cause of the duel—a lady—arrived on the battle-field, and witnessed the affray from her carriage. The first and second blood-letting did not disturb her equanimity; evidently she came to pick up the pieces.

A DAUGHTER of Napoleon I. and of a young lady of noble family whom Napoleon met at Cologne in 1811 has just died in that city. She was known as the Countess Falkenberg, and for the last thirty years of her life had been so poor that she was compelled to work as a dressmaker, and was buried at the expense of the parish. She lived in one small room, upon the "walls" of which were several portraits of the Bonaparte family, and just before her death she asked the woman who was nursing her to give her a packet of letters out of a drawer and had them burned. Napoleon had her educated in Italy, where she lived for many years, but having spent what little fortune she had she came back to Cologne about twenty years ago. A resident at Cologne who was acquainted with her circumstances sent a petition to the late Emperor Napoleon asking him to help her; but nothing was done, and the only pecuniary assistance she received of late was an allowance of thirty marks a month from a family living on the banks of the Rhine and related to Jérôme Bonaparte, King of Westphalia.

SOMNAMBULISTS have much to answer for, their little eccentricities often getting quite innocent people into trouble. They sometimes themselves are the sufferers, but, as they are the cause, the ground for complaint is dismissed when that is the case. One of the latest instances of the trouble they create occurred recently at Neuilly, where a lady of independent means was much exercised by the regular disappearance of her valuables. Jewels, lace, and other articles systematically were missed without the possibility of tracing them. At last the lady informed her son, who was an officer in the army, of what was going on, and he undertook to keep watch one night to try and solve the enigma. Accordingly he took up a position, where he could see without being observed, armed with a revolver, and bided the issue of events. After waiting three hours and nothing occurring he got tired of his job, and was about to go to bed, when he saw a figure stealing along the passage. Without waiting to see whether it was a thief or not he fired at it, but, although his shot was answered by a scream, it was found he had made a beautiful miss. Fortunately, indeed, was he in his indifferent aim, for the person turned out to be his mother, walking in her sleep and conveying a fresh instalment of her valuables to the same place of concealment, where all she had previously lost were discovered.

LITERARY.

DR. OLIVER WENDEL HOLMES is writing the life of Emerson for the "American Men of Letters" series.

MR. JOEL BENTON has written an enthusiastic and sympathetic essay upon "Emerson as a Poet."

SOMEONE has conceived the idea of forming a selection from the novels of "Ouida," to be called "Wisdom, Poetry and Pathos."

MR. JUSTIN MCCARTHY is at work on an "Outline History of Ireland," which will go back to the earliest times and come down to the present decade.

MR. ROBERT BUCHANAN'S popularity is shown by the announcement of a complete edition of his poetical works in one volume, and also of a volume of selections from his prose writings.

MR. W. T. HIGGINSON who had engaged to write a life of Franklin for the "American Men of Letters" series, has felt obliged to postpone the writing of such a biography since the acquisition by the library of Congress of the Stevens collection of Franklin papers, which furnishes so much new material that it would be impossible to prepare an adequate life without a thorough study of these manuscripts. He has undertaken, instead, a biography of Margaret Fuller.

AT a breakfast given to the distinguished German actor, Herr Ludwig Barnay, in New York, recently, Mr. Harry Edwards urged that steps be taken to establish in New York a national dramatic library, and a committee was appointed to make a beginning. It consists of Mr. Edwards, Mr. J. Brander Matthews, Mr. H. C. Bunner, Mr. A. S. Sullivan and Mr. Allen Thorndike Rice. Before the gathering broke up, subscriptions were received to the amount of nearly one thousand dollars.

A MEMORIAL edition of the life and letters of Washington Irving, by Pierre M. Irving, is announced by G. P. Putnam's Sons, the intent of it being especially to celebrate the centenary anniversary of the birth of Irving. The memorial edition will be an exceptionally elegant piece of book-making. In addition to five portraits of Irving at different ages, it will include forty portraits on steel of distinguished people referred to in the narrative, as well as numerous illustrations upon steel and wood. The edition will be very limited, and issued to subscribers alone.

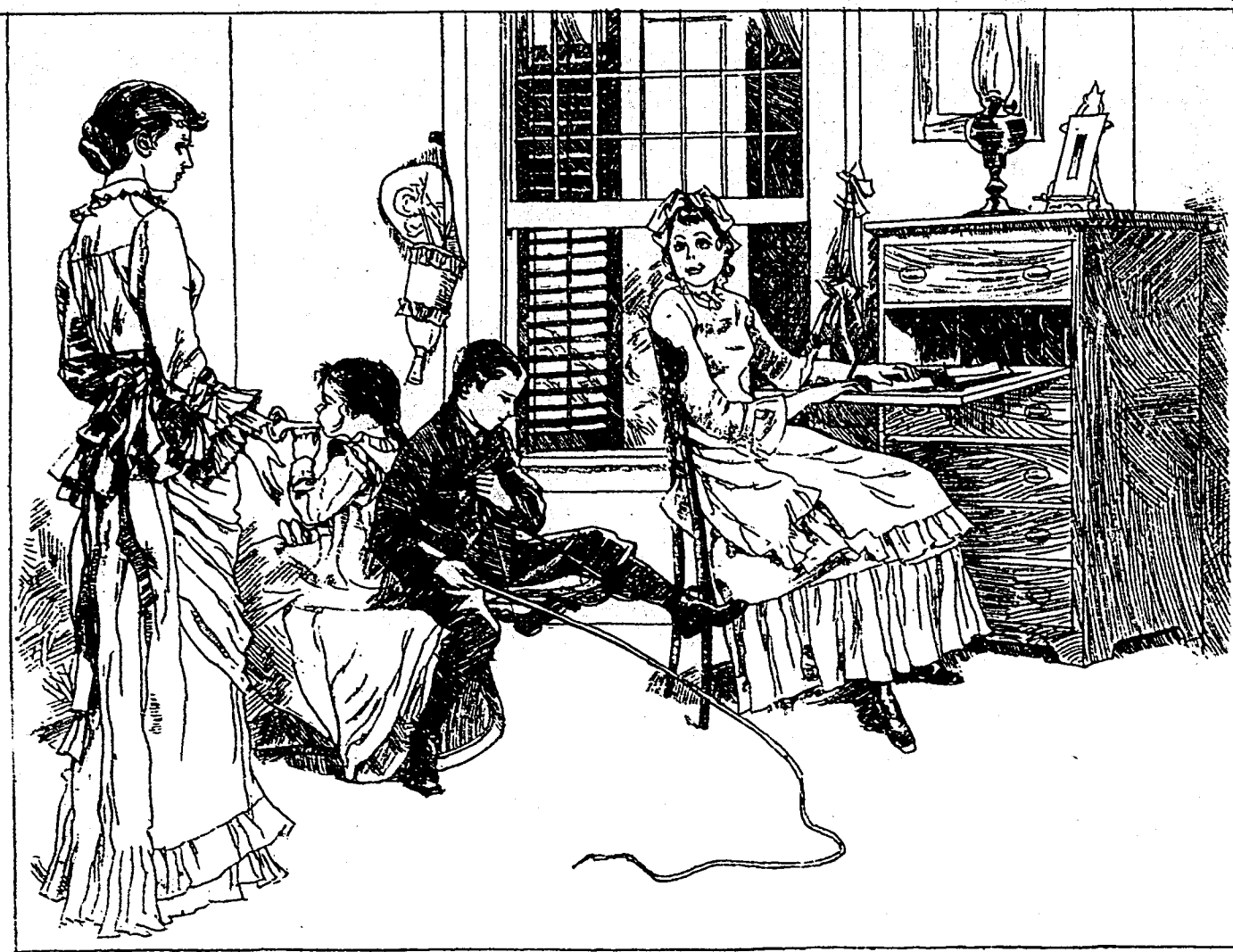
THE publishing firm of Glazounoff has purchased for twenty-six thousand roubles the right to issue a new edition of Mr. Turgénéff's works, to be brought out under the supervision of M. M. Stassyonovich. Mr. Turgénéff has again been suffering severely, according to reports from France. We see it noted also in the foreign mails that Mr. Sidney Jerrold has translated from the Russian two of Mr. Turgénéff's tales, entitled "First Love" and "Pinin and Baburin." The translation, which is made with the author's sanction, will be published shortly, with a biographical and critical essay.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

LEVY, the cornetist, has been engaged for the Masonic Garden, Philadelphia, for next summer. He will come from Philadelphia Sunday mornings in time to play at the Manhattan Beach, Coney Island, Sunday concerts.

A. M. PALMER has secured for the opening piece at the Union Square, the American right of "Storm Beaten," a new play in a prologue and five acts, by Mr. Albert Buchanan, founded on his novel, "God and Man." It made an instantaneous success at the London Adelphi on the 14th ult. The scenery is said to be elaborate and some of the effects startling.

MR. PRATT, the distinguished physician, performed his opera of "Zenobia" for the first time on any stage, in Chicago, last week. It has been pronounced a great work by musicians abroad. Parts of the opera were played by an orchestra with great success last spring in London. Miss Nilsson considers the character of "Zenobia" beautiful, and expressed a wish to appear in it on some future occasion. Mr. Pratt engaged Miss Lillian Russell to appear in the opera, but her late illness prevented her from taking part.



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