

THE HISTORIC FLAG.

[At the Conservative demonstration in the County of Glengary several weeks ago, there were carried at the head of the procession, by John R. Macdonald, the remnants of the Union Jack, together with the staff which his great-grand-father carried at Quebec and Louisburg at the head of the U. E. Loyalists. This flag is believed to have done duty prior to 1715, on more than one well-fought field, and as such was cherished by those who expatriated themselves after Sheriffmuir.]

Flag of my country! Flag of my sires!
Honoured, yea hallowed and purged by the fires
Of suffering, and struggle and conflict for Right
Gainst the shackles and trammels of o'erwhelming Might.

Flag of my fathers! battered and torn,
Proudly and nobly and worthily borne
In the forefront of those who reckoned not life
As worthy of thought in their loyalist strife.

Flag of the exiles! they reckon not now
Their race is long run, their chieftain laid low,
Defeated, discouraged, they left their loved land,
But brought, as their home pledge, their flag in their hand.

Flag, the remembrance of sad Sheriffmuir!
We cherish thy tatters; yet though heart-sick and sore
For the patriots who nobly and loyally bled,
We are proud of their prowess and proud of our dead.

Flag of the vanquished! great change hast thou seen,
Riven and torn where the heather grew green—
Triumphantly floated on Canada's shore,
Where the alien and stranger had held rule before.

Flag of the Union! 'tis heroes like thine
Who their names and their country in story enshrine,
No banner more glorious was e'er before seen,
Flag of our country, and of our loved Queen.

Moutreal. JNO. F. NORRIS.

REVIEW AND CRITICISM.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE for November presents an unusually attractive table of contents. Henry James, Jr., writes in his best vein of "London at Midsummer," depicting with keen observation and delicate humour some of those traits in English character and manners which puzzle and amuse the foreigner. Different in style, but not less enjoyable, is a sketch of American rural life, "The Doings and Goings-on of Hired Girls," by Mary Dean. W. A. Baillie-Grohman, author of a well-known work on the Tyrol, contributes an interesting historical paper, "The Flight of a Princess," based on documents recently discovered in the Austrian archives; and Hugh Craig describes the celebrated church or mosque of Saint-Sophia, at Constantinople, and the remarkable events of which it has been the scene. The illustrated papers, "Chester and the Dee" and "Baden and Allerheiligen," are by Lady Blanche Murphy and T. Adolphus Trollope. The new serial, "For Percival," is also illustrated. Mrs. Davis' story, "A Law unto Herself," is brought to a conclusion in a well contrived denouement. The shorter stories are by Will Wallace Harney and Virginia W. Johnson; and the poetry by Epes Sargent, Oscar Lughton and C. Rosell. "Russian and Turkish Music," in the "Monthly Gossip," is a lively paper; and "The Literature of the Day" comprises notices of Mr. Parkman's new work, Daudet's *Jack*, and other recent publications.

The November ATLANTIC is full of good things. "The Queen of Sheba" is dethroned by Mr. Aldrich, and the story ends in the most charming and satisfactory manner. R. W. Raymond has a very complete and instructive article on "The American Iron Master's Work." The account of "Portugal and the Portuguese," by S. G. W. Benjamin, will cause a good many people to revise their opinions about the Latin races generally and Lusitania in particular. Chapter VII. of "Crude and Curious Inventions at the Centennial Exhibition," by Edward H. Knight, gives numerous illustrations of Japanese methods of making sugar, oil, lacquer, curing tea, and many other interesting processes. "Kathern," by Fearn Gray, is a Southern story, well told, simple and touching. In "Some Aspects of De Quincey," by George Parsons Lathrop, the admirers of that brilliant essayist will find a very satisfactory vindication of him and his habits. Mark Twain, in the second installment of his "Rambling Noces of an Idle Excursion," spins a dozen good yarns, and it is very amusing. T. R. Lounsbury criticises the "Fictitious Lives of Chaucer," and gives the real facts of his life and loves. "Carlo Goldoni," humorist and play-wright of Italy in the early part of the last century, as depicted by W. D. Howells, makes one think of the incomparable Goldsmith, with whom he was contemporary. The members of the Contributors' Club discuss a variety of topics. The poems, by C. P. Crauch, Alice Williams Brotherton, Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt; the autumnal cluster by Edgar Fawcett, Mary Townley, and C. P. Cleveland; and the characteristic one, "In the Old South Church, Boston, 1677," by Mr. Whittier, will afford unusual pleasure to all lovers of good verse. Critical notices of a large amount of recent literature, and a full and interesting account of the methods and aims of the Harvard Examinations for Women, complete an exceedingly good number.

The November number of SCRIBNER is the first of its fifteenth volume. Edward Eggleston's new novel, "Roxy," is begun, with an illustration by Walter Shirlaw. The scene is laid in Indiana, where lived "The Hoosier School-master" and other interesting characters with whom Dr. Eggleston has made the world familiar. Henry James, Jr., has a short story in this number, Bret Harte a poem, John Burroughs a

tramping paper entitled "A Bed of Boughs," and George M. Towle a sketch of the career of Thiers. The opening illustrated article is one of SCRIBNER'S sporting series, entitled "Canvas-back and Terrapin," by W. McKay Laffan, of Baltimore, illustrated by the author himself. This paper tells about methods of hunting which will be new to most readers. Mr. Frank R. Stockton comes back from the island of Nassau with glowing accounts of its winter climate, and a number of pictures of curious and interesting persons and things there. Col. Waring's usefully and amusingly illustrated papers on the saddle-horse are begun, the first paper being devoted to thoroughbreds and Arabians. An article on "The Countess Potocka" gives the romantic life of a lady, with whose portrait (here reproduced) every one is familiar, but of whose history nearly every one is ignorant. Mrs. Herrick's article on "Bees" is accompanied by thirteen illustrations drawn on the block by the author. Miss Trafton's story "His Inheritance" is continued, and tells about "The Cousin on the Jersey Shore," and "A Game of Cards." An article by John G. Stevens on "The Erie Canal"—in which he predicts its abandonment—is likely to be as much talked about as anything in the present number.

Dr. Holland writes about "Women's Winter Amusements," "The Bondage of the Pulpit," and "Indications of Progress." The Old Cabinet contains, among other things, a letter from L. Clarke Davis on "Joe Jefferson in London," and in Bric-à-Brac, Frank R. Stockton has a contribution which shows how every man can become his own letter-writer.

ST. NICHOLAS for November begins the fifth volume with generous measure. It is closely packed with autumn cheer, and its chief attraction is a clearly written article on how to get up home-made Christmas gifts, giving the youngsters just the kind of work they like, for filling the long in-door evenings. The paper occupies twenty-two pages and has forty-six illustrations.

Professor Proctor furnishes a timely contribution, with six illustrations, about "Mars, the Planet of War." Under the title "Chased by Wolves," there is a stirring account, with a telling picture, of an adventure such as boys delight in. The girls will find great attractions in a capital illustrated story called "Mollie's Boyhood," in the historical sketch "A Child-queen," with the accompanying frontispiece by Fredericks; and in the cleverly named and touching little tale, "Polly: a Before-Christmas Story."

Younger readers will rejoice in Mr. Judson's account of "Nimble Jim and the magic Melon," and in the delightful pictures by Bensell that go with it. They will ponder the tantalizing mystery of "The Story that would not be told," and pore over its thrilling picture of ogres and little boys. The pretty poem, "The Willow Wand," with illustrations by Jessie Curtis, will charm children of all growths; and there is a lovely little Thanksgiving Hymn, by Mary Mapes Dodge, to the music of William K. Bassford.

The Departments are fresh and entertaining, especially the "Letter-Box," which treats the young folks to two poems from the lately found book, "Poetry for Children," by Charles and Mary Lamb, and the boys particularly to a kindly letter of advice from General W. T. Sherman of the U. S. Army, besides telling the latest news about the Moons of Mars, and talking of the Russo-Turkish war.

THE MONTREAL YACHT CLUB.

It has often been said that those who love the sports of the water, lose all enthusiasm for recreations ashore; and until ballooning is perfected, or some ingenious inventor can give us the plumes and the pinions of the eagle that we may enjoy the poetry of motion in the air, the yacht must hold its sway among those who love poetry of motion at all. Yachting is the nearest thing we have to flying. It is a kind of a flight too, without much personal exertion, yet what is there in the treacherous shallows and currents of our harbour to induce yachtsmen in Montreal to don the blue jacket and to feel the sailors' joy of "scudding before the wind?" But the instinct of race must have scope for outlet; and like goslings our amateur sailors rule the waves in Longueuil and Lachine, where, of a summer evening or a Saturday afternoon, business cares and airs are cast aside, and hard workers go in for hard play.

A few Saturdays ago it was our luck to be in Longueuil in the nick of time to see the Montreal Yacht Club preparing for a race to come off in the afternoon, and for the first time we learned that the yachts, owned by individual yachtsmen in that resort, had been mustered and formed last May into a like fleet of sixty active members, and about fifteen yachts, under the command of Commodore Brewster,—one of the pioneers of English settlement as well as yachting on Longueuil.

During the summer several interesting trips had been made together, one of which was a cruise to Lake St. Peter, lasting several days, and which fully tested the merits of the boats, and the skill of their masters. Among the fleet the *Maud*, the *Waterwitch*, *Stranger*, *Wanderer*, *Iona* and *Neva*, may be mentioned as fine sailers. At the last regatta nine yachts entered for a race of about thirteen miles, which was won by the *Stranger*, in the remarkably fast time of 1 hour 57 min. 43 sec. The following are the club officers:—

Commodore DR. CHAS. BREWSTER.
Vice " MR. A. I. MCINTOSH.
Measurer MR. R. T. MCGREGOR.
Treasurer MR. D. M. LESTIN.
Secretary MR. GREGORY GLASSFORD.
Sailing Committee:—MESSRS. A. W. GLASSFORD, C. E. O'CONNOR, WM. CAMERON.

It was a picturesque sight as the little fleet was riding at anchor in the Bay, which forms its harbour, and with the aid of Mr. Alex. Henderson, the well-known landscape photographer, we were able to give our readers a very pretty sketch of the boats. It will be seen there are only eight of the yachts in view, the rest not having come to time.

The Club is only in its infancy, and has done wonders in organization. It promises to promote this fine sport very much; and its regatta next year will be looked forward to with much interest. The rowing boats in Longueuil have already been noted for several picturesque torch-light and lantern processions at night, like the old water pageantry at London, on Lord Mayor's Day, and the Yacht Club certainly presents a show of canvass which makes it the finest little fleet in the Province.

EN PASSANT.

THE COLORADO BUG is a curious illustration of one of Darwin's most favorite theories—the development of species—since it has developed into a bug-bee in England.

GIVEN a correspondent at the seat of war who spells Russian names and localities with uniform accuracy, and you may conclude his despatches are correct—in one respect at least.

THE GLORY OF WAR is sadly dimmed by the heartrending accounts one hears of the barbarities practised by the Turks upon the bodies of their enemies whom they have literally cut up *a la Russe*.

STATISTICIANS have rendered the world eminent service. It would be interesting to know from some of them the exact number of commercial men, who upon being asked on the street "How do you do?" invariably reply "Very well, thank you."

THE BOUNTIFUL HARVEST has caused a national feeling of gratitude throughout the country. In these days of high discounts and renewals let us hope the time is near at hand when commercial paper will be regarded "as good as wheat."

OF THE THOUSANDS of pianos and cabinet organs which are annually manufactured on this continent, it would be a curiosity to see one "for the excellence of which in tone and workmanship" a prize medal has not been awarded. I regard the exception as rather a recommendation than otherwise to the instrument.

THE RESULT of the vote upon the Dunkin Act in Toronto was a triumph for the licensed and unlicensed victuallers. The most pertinent question which is now being asked by the temperance people is: Will that fact put people into possession of better spirits? But they forget that Rine wine is not a stimulant.

THE BLAKE ACT, if I understand rightly, makes it a penal offence to present loaded or unloaded arms at anyone. If this law is carried out to the letter, it will virtually exclude from our Canadian theatres such plays as "Our's," where gunpowder is about the only thing which goes off with any degree of satisfaction.

The "STEEL RAILS" matter has been revived since the recent Conservative picnic in Eastern Ontario. Without wishing to commit myself to those narrow-gauge principles which usually direct party discussions, would it not be well, in the interests of the country, generally, and of unemployed labor in particular, to arrange upon a Pacific terminus, and thus terminate the subject—*mutatis mutandis*.

Military glory has always been a costly national vanity. The Municipal Corporation of Montreal has thought fit to repress payment for the services of its active militia ordered out on the 17th July last at the burial of Hackett. Without going into the relative merits of the orange and green, it is probable that the dignity of the imperial purple will have to be sustained by the judicial scarlet. Thus does colour give tone to various modes of opinion. But some persons become colour-blind through prejudice.

IT MAY, or may not be known that Mr. Forbes, the brilliant correspondent of the *Daily News*, was at one time a trooper in the Life Guards. Since his graphic descriptions of the battle of Plevna I notice he has been referred to by several American journals as "Colonel Forbes." It is to be hoped for the sake of his permanent reputation that our Republican neighbors will not promote him to the rank of "General." If they were to do so people would begin to lose all faith in him.

THE EXPENSIVE FRAUDS which have been successfully passed upon several of our leading books by means of what are known as "raised cheques," show plainly the necessity which exists of elevating the standard of mental shrewdness in those who honor them. This laxity arises from the want of a systematic habit in look-

ing at things of this kind fully in the face. I need scarcely add that the profits derived from these cheques will not go a great way toward raising the salaries of bank clerks. After all, a man's value in a banking house is principally determined by his ability to meet calls of this description.

St. JOHN, N. B., has arisen from its ashes with remarkable celerity. Four hundred brick edifices have taken the place of wooden ones. This is as it should be. But the hundreds of frame dwellings which are being built, most of which were in course of erection before the new Building Act was passed by the New Brunswick Legislature, is an apprehensive sign that the disaster may be repeated at almost any hour. This deduction is apparent from the fact that in many cases as high as six and seven per cent. premium is being charged for insurance. True, people must have some place to live in during the coming winter; but existence is almost a hand-to-mouth struggle in the face of such a calamity. The delay shown in passing the Bill illustrates the old adage that Corporations have no souls, even though their bodies might have passed through fire. PAUL FORD.

LOYAL CANADIAN SOCIETY.
GRIMSBY, ONT.

On the 13th of October, 1812, was fought the battle of Queenston Heights. That fearful engagement terminated in a total defeat of the enemy, and, after a hard struggle, more than a thousand of the invaders, under Gen. Van Ranselaer, were compelled to lay down their arms. It was a glorious victory for the Canadian people, but their rejoicing was sadly marred by the loss of their beloved commander, Major-General Sir Isaac Brock.

The Loyal Canadian Society, of Grimsby, was organized more than thirty years ago, by a number of the residents of the Niagara district, chiefly for the purpose of commemorating that important event in the history of Canada. Its members are scattered all over the Province, but the Head-quarters of the Society are at Grimsby, an interesting old village, in the County of Lincoln, about twenty miles from the Niagara River. The 13th of October is a grand rallying day, and the members assemble from all quarters, to take part in the annual dinner of the Society, which, for twenty-five years, has been held in the same hotel. The hall is usually decorated with flags and Canadian trophies, interspersed with maple leaves, already tinted by the autumnal frost. The veterans of the war are the guests of the Society, and, in earlier years, a goodly number of those gallant old soldiers occupied places of honour at the tables. But, as years rolled on, the number has gradually diminished until this, the 31st annual gathering, but one brave old hero remains to tell the story of his experience in those early times.

After the usual loyal and patriotic toasts have been proposed and duly honoured, the President invariably proposes the "Immortal memory of Major-General Sir Isaac Brock" which is honoured by solemn silence. Then follows a series of toasts appropriate to the occasion. Among the members are some of the ablest men in the land, and some of the speeches at these gatherings are magnificent specimens of oratory.

Many of the founders of the Society have long since passed away, but new members are being enrolled each year. The annual dinners have always been exceedingly interesting, and each 13th of October is looked forward to with pleasure.

The Loyal Canadian Society has done a good work in thus celebrating the anniversaries of important events in Canadian history.

W. F. McM.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

Solutions to Problems sent in by Correspondent will be duly acknowledged.

All communications intended for this department to be addressed Chess Editor, Office of CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, Montreal.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Letter and contents received. Many thanks.

Student, Montreal.—Solution of Problem No. 143 received.

H. H., Montreal.—Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 139 received.

B., Montreal.—We shall answer your question in full in our next Column.

THE INTERNATIONAL CHESS PLAYERS.

The names of the Chess players in this contest appeared in our Chess Column a short time ago. We are now informed that a photographic Chess board is proposed to be issued. Fifty-six of the squares will be occupied by the portraits of the players, the remaining eight by problem composers or players—four representing the old world and four the new. Placed in a neat frame, it will be very suitable for a Chess-player's Library.

We subjoin a game from the Westminster papers, played by correspondence between A. Smith, Esq., of Brighton, and Mrs. Down, of London. It appears that two games were played by the same antagonists, in both of which the lady was successful. We have on several occasions called attention to the fact that the fair sex are taking prominent places among Chess players, both in America and the old country. We have every reason to believe that in this Canada of ours there are to be found several of the same sex who, did circumstances present themselves, would, also, be able to show a similar ability in the Royal game of Chess.

The custom that prevails in some of the large cities of the United States of holding Chess meetings at private houses, in the same manner as social parties are conducted among ourselves, is calculated to foster among all members of a family an interest in the game, and extend its influence beyond the narrow limits of the clubroom. We submit the consideration of this custom to our Canadian players. In Canada we have a long winter, during which