

Russia has long ago yielded the naval supremacy, and is destined ere long to make grim reparation to the Turks for Sinope, by voluntarily sinking her own fleet in the mouth of Sebastopol Harbour. That an expedition of some sort has been decided upon, that the combined forces of French and English are about to embark and the war to commence in bitter earnest, is now well-known, though the exact destination of the expedition is kept as secret as possible. But let it land where it will, it will be upon Russian soil, and that a pitched battle will speedily follow is confidently predicted. This time the Quid Nuncs are right; another week or two, and all England will ring with the victory of the Alma. A little longer, and men look grimly and women weep over those terrible lists of killed and wounded which inevitably follow all glorious victories. Men think sadly of many a good fellow who they will never clasp hands with more, and maidens think sadly of friends who had been rather more than friends to them but a few months back; and who they had dreamed might in the future be something dearer still. But those who conduct wars have no time for sentiment; the ravening monster requires perpetual fresh food for his insatiable maw, and the sole thought of the authorities is how the losses are to be made good—how to fill the places of those who have fallen; and it was already evident to all military men that to find the necessary reinforcements will tax our small army to the utmost. Men who are fretting their hearts out because they have been so far "left out of the dance" grew jubilant. They feel that it cannot be long now before they are called upon to bear their part. Then comes the false report of the fall of Sebastopol, and these restless spirits are filled with alarm lest the whole thing should be over without their having anything to do with it. But that canard is soon exploded, and when the real state of things becomes known England generally awakes to the fact that this is no military promenade, but that if she is seeking a big war she has got it. A few weeks more, and home comes the story of Inkerman, and when the bulletins of that glorious but grisly battle are read—accounts of such fierce hand to hand fighting as recalled the storming of Badajoz, and other such scenes in the Peninsular war—sensible men could no longer doubt we were committed to the biggest struggle we had been engaged in since the Titan was caged at St. Helena. The country has woken up in earnest now and not only is every available soldier in the United Kingdom hurried to the front, but, from all parts of the Empire, England's sons are summoned to her aid.

It is needless to say that the —th had received marching orders; they were to go to Malta in the first instance, thence to be pushed on to the Crimea in the early spring. Hard-worked and hard-pressed though the army at the front was, yet the authorities found they were hard put to it to feed it, dreadfully depleted though its ranks were.

Some months had elapsed since that great ball which inaugurated their arrival in Manchester had been given to Her Majesty's—th, and in that time the officers had naturally become intimate with the people of the place. Miss Lynden for instance had become well known to several of them, but the most persistent visitor at the Doctor's house was Hugh Fleming. He made no disguise to himself that he was falling deeply in love. He knew, and if he didn't it would have been for no want of telling that what his chum, Tom Byng, was continually dinning in his ears was true, that there was no higher pinnacle of folly than the committal of matrimony by a subaltern in the army, but as matters stood at present all love-making ought to be punishable by court martial; that the idea of a man who is just going out to fight for his Queen and country, for pay and plunder, for glory and promotion, whispering love speeches was criminal with no extenuating circumstances, and deserved to be met by placing a bandage round the culprit's eyes and interviewing him with a few file of loaded muskets, at the back of the barrack square.

"Why do I tell you all this, young un? Why do I keep pitching into you, you — it, because you want it. You're getting spoons, disgusting spoons, awful spoons, on Miss Lynden; that's a

nice thing to do, as things are at present, for a young man who is legally supposed to have come to years of discretion."

"Shut up, Tom, we're old friends, and I don't want to quarrel, but I won't hear anything against Miss Lynden."

"Who wants to say anything against Miss Lynden? She is just the nicest girl I know, and that's the only excuse for your selfishness and folly. I suppose you think you're behaving well to the girl you profess to love by bringing her heart into her mouth every time she hears the newsman yelling out, 'Glorious victory,' to make her heart jump and her colour come and go whenever she hears the Crimean mail is in, and finally to make her cry her eyes out because your worthless carcase has been riddled by Russian bullets."

"Well, Tom," rejoined Fleming laughing, "it's to be devoutly hoped that you are not gifted with second-sight, because the view you are taking of my immediate future is, to put it mildly, unpleasant. Why am I more likely to be shot than you, I should like to know? You're much more likely to run your thick head into danger than I am."

"A palpably miserable evasion of the question," returned Byng. "You're getting desperate spoony on Miss Lynden, and worse still, you are letting her know it. It's not right; bottle your feelings up, repress your emotions as I do; do you suppose you're the only fellow who's —" and here the speaker stopped abruptly, conscious of having in his zeal said more than he meant.

"No other fellow what?" ejaculated Fleming in considerable surprise.

"Never mind, nothing, remember what I have said, drop making love to Miss Lynden," and with these words, Byng somewhat hastily left his friend's rooms.

I daresay Byng's advice was theoretically good, but human nature is wont to play the very deuce with theories. There is nothing like a big war to precipitate matters of this kind, and it is just where the love words ought not to be spoken that our feelings get beyond our control, and those love words slip out which are never forgotten. Ah, well, I doubt if those from whose eyes the tears are destined to flow, those who are doomed to mourn their dead, would have had it otherwise. There is something sweet in those sorrowful memories.—

"For the mark of rank in nature  
Is capacity for pain,  
And the anguish of the singer  
Makes the sweetness of the strain."

(To the Conductor.)

### Our Representatives.

The people of Canada have selected to represent them in the House of Commons, 58 lawyers, 56 merchants and commercial men, 29 farmers, 21 doctors, 13 journalists and printers, 9 lumbermen and mill-owners, 7 contractors, 3 surveyors, 3 notaries, 2 tanners and a distiller, besides 11 honourable gentlemen whose profession is not stated. Of the lawyers, 34 are Conservative and 24 are Liberal; of the commercial men 33 are Conservative and 23 are Liberal; there are 13 Conservative farmers and 16 Liberal; and of the doctors 9 are Conservative and 12 are Liberal.

### Hard on the Squire.

In some parts of Canada it is customary to call a justice of the peace, or local magistrate, "The Squire." One of these worthies, a very estimable man, who always enjoyed a good story, even if it was at his own expense, used to be fond of relating an experience he once had with an uneducated English farmer. After transacting some business the squire and the Englishman sat down to enjoy a smoke together. When they had lighted their pipes the solid Britisher started the conversation by remarking:

"Hi notice as 'ow folks calls you 'The Squire.'"

"That's because I am a justice of the peace," replied the Canadian.

"Things is so different hat 'ome."

"Indeed!"

"Yes. In Hingland a squire—W'y, bless your 'eart, a squire 'e's a gen'l'man!"—*Harper's Monthly*.

## Our Biographical Column.

[Many Canadian papers furnish their readers every week with portraits and biographical sketches of more or less distinguished citizens of the United States. Not to be behind in so patriotic a particular, the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED has acquired the exclusive right to publish a series which, it is hoped, will be found both interesting and instructive.]

HON. WEXFORD SLACK.

The most distinguished of the many gifted men who have made famous the name of Oleanderville, Ohio, is unquestionably the Hon. Wexford Slack. Born of rich but pious parents, he early developed a capacity that almost amounted to genius for eating parsnips. This statement might at the first blush be regarded as an attempt at a joke, but young Slack's appetite for parsnips led to great results. He studied the natural history of the parsnip, experimented with different species, and by judicious cultivation produced the famous Slack parsnip, of which it only requires a bushel to fill a barrel. Hon. Mr. Slack is a gifted orator on agriculture and cognate sub-



jects, and keeps a cow. He sat in the town council for two terms and has also been a member of a temperance society and a by-road commissioner. In politics, Hon. Mr. Slack is a staunch upholder of pure methods, having more than once refused \$10 for his vote. When approached by the hirelings of the spoilsman he is apt to confound them with a quotation from Scripture, such as, "Doth Job serve God for naught?" Hon. Mr. Slack has many friends in Canada, chiefly retired bankers and other gentlemen of affluence. When last seen he wore a linen duster and light pants, also a wide straw hat and chin whiskers. He has a bilberry mark on his nose and holds a good poker hand. As a Sunday school superintendent he was always opposed to the international series of lessons, holding that sameness produces monotony, and monotony spiritual stagnation. Any information regarding him will be thankfully received by the sheriff of Oleanderville or his deputy.

Canadian children may learn many valuable lessons from the published biographies of such eminent Americans as the Hon. Wexford Slack.

### A New Occupation.

The following advertisement appeared in a local weekly paper in Lower Austria:

Large Snowdrifts in Krems.—Owing to the defective arrangements for removing the snow, a man with large feet is wanted to tread out a path on the most frequented thoroughfares, every morning from 5 to 7. Apply to the town surveyor.