



CHIEF LOUIS.—An excellent likeness of Chief Louis, who claims to be Chief of the Micmac Indians of Prince Edward Islands. There be those who say that like Hunchbacked Richard, Napoleon the Grand, and other personages of that stamp, he "did assume the crown." Be that as it may, he is a good brave, steady rifle, high line, and has, to all appearance, a fair number of years before he need be translated to the happier hunting grounds. His country is the Indian reserve of Lennox Island, 140 chains square, and his subjects 281 braves, squaws, and little Indians, all told. The portrait is from the studio of G. Lewis, Charlottetown.

THE LATE LIEUT.-COL. LEWIS, whose death occurred recently at Brockville, was the son of the late Captain W. W. Lewis, half pay 74th Regiment, whose military career had been a long and eventful one. He served in the 58th Regiment under Sir James Craig in 1805-6, and from that date until the close of the war in 1815 he was constantly in active service. After the battle of Toulouse his regiment, with many others, was sent to America, where he took part in the disgraceful affair at Plattsburgh, when the military inefficiency of Sir George Prevost brought such disaster on the British arms. His son, Lieut.-Col. Lewis, was born at Sharvogue, Ireland, in 1836, and entered Her Majesty's service when 19 years of age, receiving a commission in the 40th Regiment of Foot. His corps was sent to New Zealand, where young Lewis served a number of years, being twice promoted and receiving the New Zealand medal for his services. His commissions in the 40th date as follows: Ensign, 28th April, 1854; Lieutenant, 28th December, 1855, and Captain, 2nd February, 1864. He afterwards was appointed to a company in the 65th Regiment, but not long afterwards sold his commission and came to Canada, where he settled in Toronto. From the date of his coming to this country he naturally took a warm interest in military matters, so much so that in 1883 he was appointed Brigade Major of the fourth military district, with headquarters at Ottawa. In 1888 the third and fourth districts were amalgamated and placed under his command, necessitating his removal to Brockville, where he lived up to the time of his death a few weeks ago. Col. Lewis performed the duties of his office in a thoroughly admirable manner, and his sudden demise occasioned deep sorrow among his friends. He was buried at Brockville with military honours, the funeral being a most impressive one.

HON. W. J. ALMON, M.D.—This week we give an engraving of one of the leading citizens of Halifax, the Hon. William Johnston Almon, M.D., Senator. He is a representative of one of the oldest families in Nova Scotia, being the son of the late Hon. William Almon, M.D., member of the Legislative Council of Nova Scotia, and grandson of William James Almon, who was assistant surgeon in the Royal Artillery in New York in June, 1776, and who, having served in the army in America till the close of the rebellion, then removed to Halifax, where he settled and entered on the practice of his profession. The subject of our sketch was born in Halifax on the 27th of January, 1816, and was educated at King's College, Windsor, where he took the degree of B.A. in 1834. He studied medicine at the universities of Edinburgh and Glasgow, graduating and obtaining his degree from the latter college. He then returned to Halifax, and in 1840 married the daughter of the late Judge Ritchie, of Annapolis, Nova Scotia. Dr. Almon holds many important positions in Halifax, being trustee of the Nova Scotia Building Society, governor of King's College, and consulting physician to the Halifax Hospital and Dispensary; he has also filled the positions of president of the St. George's Society, president of the Halifax Club, and surgeon of the Halifax Field Battery. In 1872 he was returned at the general elections as member of the Dominion House of Commons for the County of Halifax; still further promotion awaited him, being called in 1879 to the Senate, where he has since taken a prominent part in debates of interest and importance. Dr. Almon, we are glad to say, retains the sentiments of his Loyalist forefathers, and is a strong believer in the policy of strengthening our connection with the Mother Country. A few weeks ago he re-

tired from active practice after service extending over half a century. This act was made the occasion of a complimentary dinner being tendered to him by the Medical Board of the Victoria General Hospital, he having acted as its consulting physician since the organization of the institution. An address from the members of the Board was read to him, expressing the esteem in which he was held and their warm thanks for the many gratuitous services which he had rendered to their hospital. To this Dr. Almon made an appropriate reply. Other toasts were proposed, and the evening was very pleasantly spent. We trust that the Honourable Doctor will long be spared to perform his duties to the country and to his native Province.

STEAMBOAT REPAIRING ON THE RICHELIEU.—Sorel, on its Richelieu side, is well-known as the wintering place for a great portion of the fleet of steamboats which in summer ply so industriously on the St. Lawrence. Much repairing and alteration to the vessels is here effected, and our engraving shows such work going on to the steamer "St. Lawrence," one of our well-known river steamboats.



THE LATE LIEUT.-COL. LEWIS.

FIRE AT BONSECOUR MARKET.—This building, one of the finest markets in America, narrowly escaped entire destruction by fire on the 24th ult. Our artist has depicted the scene during the progress of the conflagration, which, luckily, resulted in much less damage than was expected, \$20,000 being a fair estimate of the total loss. A peculiarity of the event was the extraordinary volume of smoke, so dense that no less than twenty firemen were rendered *hors de combat*, and had to be taken to the hospital. Reserves were called up to replace the disabled men, and finally the efforts of the brigade proved successful. The building was built in 1847, and is interesting as having been much used for military purposes, H. M. 39th (Dorsetshire) Regiment having been quartered there after the Crimean War, the halls being subsequently used for drill and armoury purposes by the Montreal Militia Regiments. The whole interior, as well as the exterior, is now devoted to the needs of the market.

THE SPRINGHILL COLLIERY EXPLOSION.—Such full details of this terrible disaster having already appeared in all our daily papers that it would be superfluous for us to go over the same ground. It is sufficient to say that the explosion occurred about noon on Saturday, 22nd February, and resulted in a loss of life far in excess of that due to any previous accident in the Provinces. About 125 perished, of whom many were married, and in most cases

left destitute families. A careful enquiry is now going on into the cause of the fatality, but so far no blame appears attachable to the management. The scenes around the pit were heartrending in the extreme, as might well be expected from the sudden wrenching of family ties in the loss of those nearest and dearest. We are indebted to Mr. R. S. Pridham, photographer, Amherst, N.S., for the very complete set of views after the disaster which are reproduced in this issue.

The Halifax Market.

To say the least, the name of this little city by the sea does not suggest a pleasing locality. A fact, perhaps, explained by the ordinary obijuration of "Go to Halifax!" Yet it is a quaint, old place, adored by the average traveller. In the summer crowds of assiduous American tourists flock thither. They regard the Province of Nova Scotia as Longfellow's especial property, and are determined "to do" it thoroughly for the honour of the Stars and Stripes. They see the wistful eyes of Evangeline in the sweet face of every French girl, whose ancestors were once so rudely hurried to the Gaspereaux mouth, while, perhaps, forgetful of the unkindly treatment their own Indians have experienced at their hands, they rhapsodize over the Micmacs who still linger on the borders of the towns, and who, in company with their dusky-faced squaws, are not infrequent even in the metropolis of Halifax. Strangers never tire of the old time market-place, and I doubt if any town on the globe can show a similar one. The post office, a quadrangular building of grey stone, occupies a square on one of the principal streets. The market is held about this square, on the steps of the building, on the pavement or the curbstone—it matters little. The produce from the neighbouring settlements is chiefly brought in by negroes. If it be spring, some "auntie" will be found, well-braced in an angle of the porch, with her capacious lapfull of fragrant May-flowers and trailing vines, blissfully unconscious of the effect of the dainty pink blossoms against her dark fingers, or the picture she makes as she snuffs up the grateful woody odour. Near by, perhaps, stands a woolly-headed urchin proffering sprays of lilies of the valley. In the streets stand the country carts—lumbering, primitive contrivances drawn by long-haired horses—or, perhaps a solitary ox chews its cud, and the matronly driver calmly continues her knitting while her "good man" hawks about his wares—bricks and cones of new maple sugar or tempting barks of maple candy. Many of the coloured women bear heavy baskets on top of their gay turbans, their noble, upright carriage suggesting a strain of Maroon blood. An Indian may be the next to claim our attention, as he silently holds out his string of speckled trout for inspection. By his side, his son offers for sale miniature bows and arrows and tiny bark canoes. Meanwhile, the squaw, the chief mainstay of the family, with papoose strapped on her back, is peddling her baskets from door to door. Her wares vary in size from the great clothes baskets to the tiny toy that can be slipped inside a thimble—all the work of her deft, sinuous fingers.

July and August are the gala market months, for then the negroes are happy in the warmth of the sun-heat on the stone pavement, and in the lavish display of colour around. The carts are gay with blossoms, all awaiting purchasers. Gorgeous nasturtiums, flaunting orange lilies, nodding sunflowers, all these combining with the vivid blue of the wild iris make a lasting impression on the eye. A black baby slumbers tranquilly under the ample shade of a rhubarb leaf. A group of pickaninnies enjoy a surreptitious game of marbles with a set of round radishes. The fat old women bask delightfully in the sunshine and shell green peas for your dinner while you wait. Early potatoes and tomatoes are at hand, and a brisk trade is carried on. In the fall these colour-loving people bring in garlands of autumn leaves in yellow, red and dappled green, staring bunches of dahlias, ferns, already bleached by the breath of the early frost, and sturdy forest plants potted for the winter. Even in December, when one thinks that the longed-for colour-effect may be lacking, with the help of the snow-covered ground and the sparkling icicles the market is more picturesque than ever. Wreaths of everlasting, dyed in gorgeous hues, make their appearance in connection with Christmas trees of all sizes. From the branches swing, perhaps, braces of frozen rabbits, whose bulged eyes tell the story of their death in the snows, while in the lower boughs rest a stick of rigid grey smelt. The glossy spruce, frosted by Dame Nature herself, the purple and crimson scarfs of the sellers, and the dusky faces about, have an indelible impression.

ELLA J. HUNTER.