

was his work. The first Registration and Municipal bill for Lower Canada was prepared by him. The first Board of Works bill was also of his composition. Under the Hon. Mr. Draper's instructions he drafted the first Municipal bill for Upper Canada; under Sir L. H. Lafontaine's direction, he prepared the first Post Office bill; under Sir Francis Hinck's administration the first Currency bill was from his hand. And these are only a few out of many measures which he put into shape, under succeeding ministries, between 1841 and 1867. Under the present regime the task of drafting, consolidating, revising, amending, was continued. Whatever party was in power, Mr. Wicksteed had its confidence; his counsel was ever welcome; his aid was ever sought. From all he received courtesy and consideration and to all alike he gave the benefit of his information and experience. But it was not on parliamentary and legal documents alone that Mr. Wicksteed expended his literary skill. From early manhood he has been a devotee of the Muses. A generation before the "Young Canada" that now, somewhat noisily at times, seeks recognition for the products of its thought and fancy, had begun to make its voice heard, Mr. Wicksteed was known in all the Capitals of our years of itineracy as one who handled the pen of a ready writer, both in prose and verse. In 1872, more than fifty years after his advent to Canada, he gratified a host of friends by consenting to gather together his "Waifs in Verse" (as he modestly terms them in his title-page), between the covers of a presentable little book. This volume, reprinted, in 1887, by Messrs. A. Bureau et Frères, Ottawa, is rich in memories that take a wide sweep and touch many chords. From the author's "Apology" and "Notes" we have culled most of the facts which we have been laying before our readers. To the poems we hope to refer at some length on another occasion. For the present, enough to say that they treat of many themes and cover a period of nearly sixty years. We are borne back, on the wings of imagination, to the days of unrest that preceded Lord Gosford's fruitless commission. Quebec was then as gay as Charlevoix found it, and Mr. Wicksteed has many graceful allusions to the fair ones whose supremacy no party conflicts endangered. Mr. Wicksteed was contributing poetry to the Quebec journals before William IV. ascended the throne; his hand had not lost its cunning nor had his poetic fire burned out when Queen Victoria celebrated her jubilee. Reading between the lines we can almost imagine that Mr. Wicksteed was meant to be our Charles Greville, and that these "Waifs" are but the harbingers of a thronging fleet of reminiscences of a past, troubled with sounds of conflict, but with voices of promise breaking through for those who had ears to hear. Like another memorialist, Sir Henry Taylor, he has had, all his life, the faculty of song, and his song was ever hopeful. Nor have his hopes been deceived. He has lived to see a few scattered provinces become a great nation. His career in Canada covers more than half the period since its cession to England. How rich and varied must be the store of recollections treasured up in those nearly three score years and ten! For as much of that store as he has chosen to give us in these "Waifs"—dedicated affectionately to wife and children and friends—we are cordially grateful. Mr. Wicksteed has been twice married—first to the second daughter of John Gray, first President of the Bank of Montreal; and secondly to the eldest daughter of Captain John Fletcher, of H.M. 72nd Regiment, formerly an officer of H.M. Imperial Customs at Quebec.

**CANADIAN CHESS ASSOCIATION.**—Patron, His Excellency the Governor-General; Honorary President, T. LeDroit, Quebec; President, H. Aspinwall Howe, Esq., L.L.D., Montreal; Vice-Presidents, Messrs. W. H. Hicks, Montreal; J. B. Halkett, Ottawa; C. P. Champion, Quebec; Managing Committee, Messrs. D. E. Grant, H. Ievers, Quebec; George Barry, Montreal; W. Morgan, J. B. Hurlbert, L.L.D., Ottawa; E. B. Greenshields, J. P. Cooke, B.C.L., J. W. Shaw, Montreal; Secretary-Treasurer, J. Henderson, Montreal. The sixteenth annual meeting and tournament took place, under the above patronage and staff of officers, in the city of Montreal, on the 14th January. Nine competitors having entered the lists of the tournament, after a close and spirited contest, the prizes were awarded as follows: First, Mr. R. P. Fleming, Montreal; second, Mr. J. E. Narraway, Ottawa; third, Mr. J. P. Cooke, Montreal; fourth, Mr. A. T. Davison, Toronto; fifth, Mr. George Barry, Montreal. The association was organized in the city of Hamilton on the 24th September, 1872, its first president being Professor J. B. Cherriman, of University College, Toronto, and Secretary-Treasurer, I. Ryall, M.B., Montreal.

**OJIBWAYS ON THE NEPICON.**—Here is reproduced one of Verner's home sketches, which well presents the rugged scenery of some of our Western country and its sparse growth of forest, such as alone can flourish under the most unpromising conditions. The Ojibway Indians, in their canoes, as they skim over the face of the River, give to the scene both life and variation. The lights and the shadows are well taken, and altogether the picture is a most effective one.

**STUDY IN HOAR-FROST.**—"Exquisitely beautiful" cannot fail to be the opinion expressed at the "Study of Brush in Hoar-frost." The tracery is so delicate that one might almost believe it to be the representation of an intricate piece of needlework. But it is "Nature unadorned," which is the most adorned when she appears in her primitive simplicity, clothed only in her vestments of foliage, or having drawn around her her mantle of frost-work, in which are displayed rarer designs and more precise workmanship than it were possible for human ingenuity to con-

ceive, or mortal skill to execute. Could anything be more lovely or could anything more effectively lead one from Nature up to Nature's God?

**THE PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, OTTAWA,** in point of architectural beauty, commodiousness and situation, compare favourably with those of any nation in the world. The erection of these buildings was begun in 1860, and in September of that year His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales laid the corner stone with great solemnity and pomp. It was not until 1866 that they were ready for occupation. The style of architecture is Gothic, of the 12th and 13th centuries, with modifications to suit the climate of Canada. The ornamental work and window dressings are of Ohio sand-stone. The plain surface is faced with a cream coloured sandstone of the Potsdam formation obtained from Nepean, a few miles from Ottawa. The spandrills of the arches and the spaces between window arches and the sills of the upper windows are filled up with a quaint description of stone work, composed of stones of irregular size, shape and colour very neatly set together. These, with the Potsdam red sandstone employed in forming the arches over the windows, afford a pleasant variety of colour and effect, and contrast with the general masses of light coloured sandstone, of which the body of the structure is formed. The building, seen from Wellington street (as in our illustration) presents a very imposing appearance. The central of the seven towers, which is very rich in design, projects its width from the front of the building; its elevation is about 180 feet. The body of the building in front is 40 feet high, above which rise the slanting roofs of slate surmounted by lines of ornamental iron work. The building is 472 feet long, and the depth from the front of the main tower to the rear of the Library is 570 feet, covering an area of 82,886 superficial feet. It stands at a distance of 600 feet from Wellington street, the square bounded on either side by the departmental buildings, and front and rear by the Parliament buildings and Wellington street, measuring 600 feet from north to south and 700 feet from east to west.

## DOMINION NEWS.

The proposal for a summer carnival in Halifax is being heartily endorsed.

The report of the Directors of the Canada Central Exhibition showed a balance on hand of \$267.

Sir Charles Tupper has been elected a Director of the Bank of British Columbia to replace the late Sir John Rose.

Montreal coal merchants urge the Government to increase the duty on American bituminous coal. They claim that the American product, thanks to cheap transportation rates, is affecting the sale of the Canadian article.

Intelligence has been received of Australia's refusal to send trade delegates to Ottawa in response to the invitation of the Canadian Government, for the promotion of closer trade relations. All the colonies suggest that the conference be held in Sydney, N.S.W.

There are at Capelton, P.Q., within a few miles of Sherbrooke, deposits of copper pyrites, which, next to those of the celebrated Rio Tinto mines of Spain, are the largest in the world. The ore carries about 3 per cent. of copper, and between 40 and 50 per cent. of sulphur.

The number of Chinese immigrants reported last year as arriving in the Dominion, was 2,900, who paid the statutory poll tax imposed of \$50 each, making the income to the Treasury from that source, \$14,500, with a registration fee of 50 cents each, and 868 certificates to leave the country at \$1 each.

Canadian fruit men are moving in the matter of protection of their industry. They ask that the duty on fruit be restored. Last year the Americans sent in fruit to the value of \$831,399, on which, under the tariff heretofore in force, \$219,639 of duty would have been collected. This was nearly twice as large an importation as that of the previous year. On the other hand, Canadian exportations of fruit amounted to \$1,486,022, of which sum all but \$130,000 was for apples. These apples were chiefly sent by the Maritime Provinces and in pursuance of an established trade.

The London Times, referring to the debate in the Canadian Parliament on Canada's right to negotiate commercial treaties, says: There is no occasion for Canadians to begin to calculate the profit and loss of their connection with England. The real cause of their troubles is not indifference to Canadian interests on the part of England. The cause will be found in well-known exigencies of the Presidential election of the United States. We shall not anticipate what the Harrison Cabinet will do, but we may fairly hope that the question of immediate interest to Canada will be considered without prejudice, and with mutual good-will.

The report of the Indian Department refers to the proposed establishment of four industrial schools in British Columbia. Twelve day schools and semi-boarding schools were conducted last year. The estimated value of the animal products of the sea and forest, in the procuring whereof the services of the Indians were called into requisition, amounted to \$1,250,000. The expenditure on Indians last year in the Dominion reached \$956,000. Three-quarters of this was expended in the North-west, the figures for British Columbia being \$66,830. The Indian population in the Dominion is 123,000, of which British Columbia possesses 37,000. This is more than any other province.

## The Lady in Muslin.

XII.

SOME ONE IN THE BOUNDARY STREAM.

That day I had the largest dose of ennui that I think it has ever been my ill-luck to be forced to swallow.

The rain came down in one continuous sullen pour; so there being no possibility of venting the feverish, uncomfortable kind of excitement induced by Miss Owenson's early "quiet talk" in out-door exercise, I had no resource but literature, smoke, or Gaunt—all three of which were particularly distasteful to me in my present humour.

My thoughts, too, were disagreeable, when I remembered the interview of the morning. The very interest which it awakened in me for Margaret Owenson was aggravated and embittered by the very unflattering frankness with which she had treated me. When I thought of the previous evening, it only confirmed me in my jealousy of Gaunt. More than once I made up my mind to carry out what had certainly been a very impromptu announcement to Miss Owenson, viz., a speedy departure for London.

With a bitter kind of satisfaction, I mused upon the hardworking but serene life I led in my quiet rooms, among my books and writings, content to know of love through the love-making of my friend, and able to regard with philosophical indifference all the occasional worries and annoyances it entailed.

After each ten minutes of such meditations, I had it on the tip of my tongue to repeat to my unsuspecting friend those sarcastic words I had uttered to Miss Owenson; but somehow the desire each time faded as soon as it arose.

I roused myself and looked at Gaunt.

Dick was sitting in front of the window, which, in spite of the rain and chilly air, he insisted on having open; his legs elevated to a level with his body by resting his feet on the sill of the window, his head leaning on a cushion placed at the back of his chair—little clouds of blue smoke issuing from his mouth, which, as they cleared off, allowed his face to be seen, exhibiting a countenance with the eyes complacently regarding the opposite cottage, which was serenity itself.

As I regarded him, the words I had intended to utter vanished into thin air (figuratively speaking, of course), and my thoughts galloping forward, drew scenes of the most (to me) desolating description. I felt that in taking leave of my friend in his present mood, I took leave also of all our pleasant bachelor friendship—our agreeable evenings and little dinners, our summer jaunts, our one thousand and one enjoyments; while in their stead came a tall, fascinating Mrs. Gaunt, family dinners, christenings, children's parties, etc., etc.

Poor Dick! No; under such circumstances I could not, I ought not to leave him!

I was rather relieved in my apprehensions to find he sat there very quietly the whole afternoon, making no movement towards visiting the cottage; and after dinner—which, I noticed, he discussed with an appetite supposed to be incompatible with the *grande passion*—he took his wine and dessert very composedly—indeed more so than usual—and on my execrating wet weather in the country, merely observed, "Certainly, the evenings were deucedly long." His humour puzzled me, too. I argued, only a man in love, at Dick's age, and with his disposition, could manage to exist three weeks, as he had done, in a wretched place like Hazledean. Of course I knew that Cecile had something to do with his sudden passion for rural retirement. Still the serene and even contented manner in which he bore it, could only be accounted for by the hypothesis that he was somehow pleasantly occupied, i.e., in love-making; but such being the case, it seemed to me very odd that he could consent to pass a wearisome wet day alone, when merely a wet garden separated him from the agreeable society of the object of his supposed affections. Even supposing that the little scene of the portrait had left a lingering sulkiness, he would not