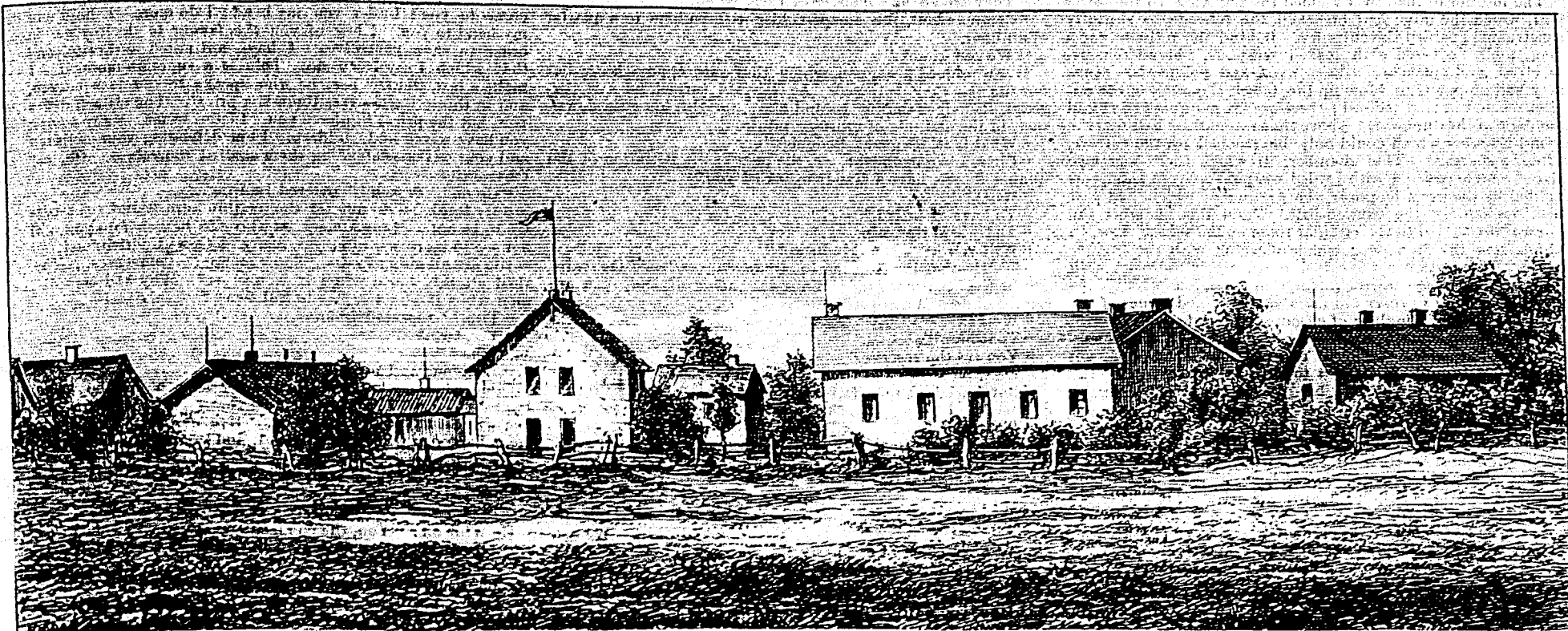


SKETCHES IN THE NORTH WEST.



FORT DUFFERIN.—BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE MOUNTED POLICE.

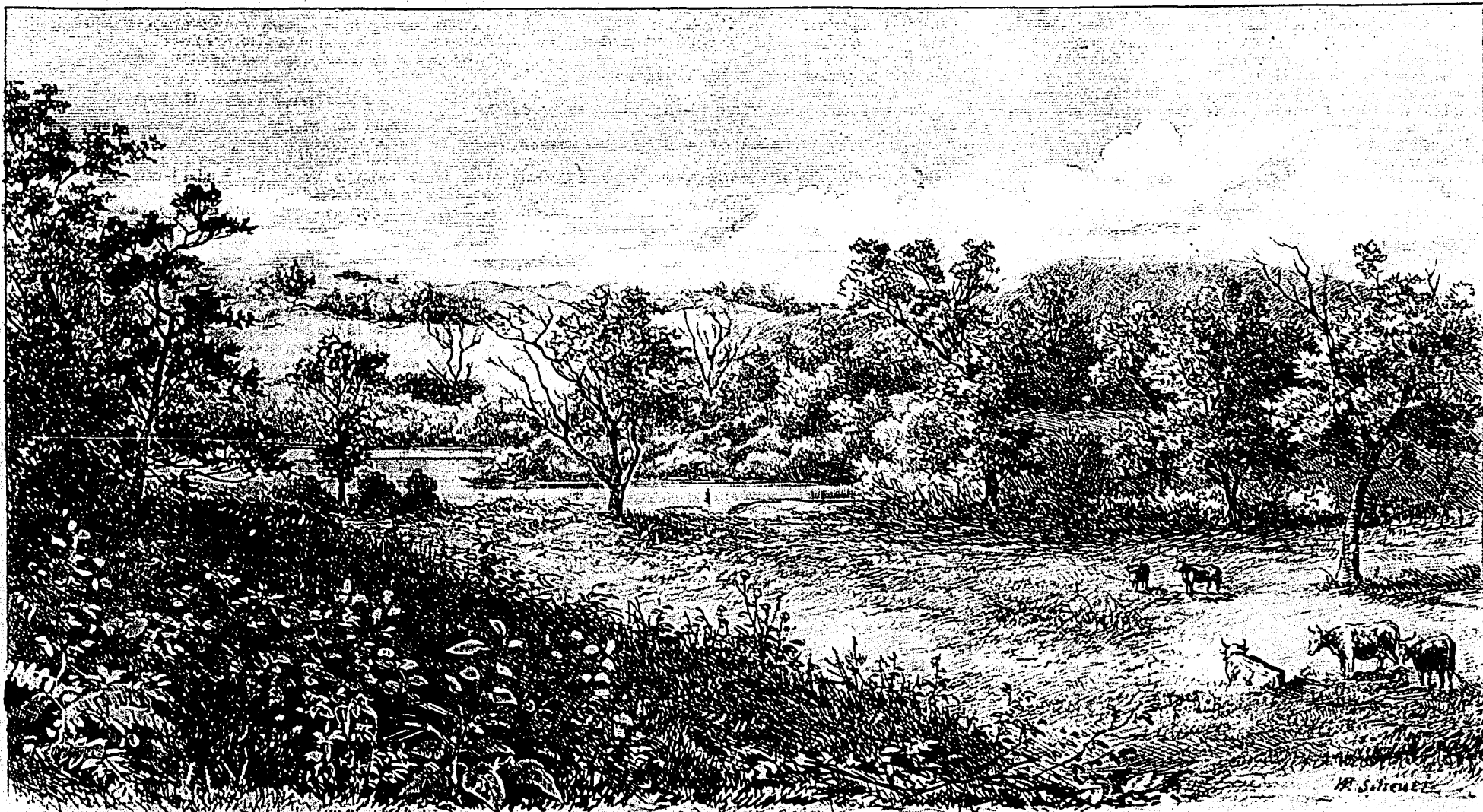
SKETCHES IN THE NORTH-WEST.

Our special artist with the North-West Mounted Police has forwarded us for publication in this issue four sketches of scenery and life in the North-West Territory. With the name of Fort Dufferin, so-called in honour of our popular Governor-General, most of our readers will be familiar, as it has frequently been mentioned in the despatches published in the daily papers in connection with the movements of the force now engaged in that part of the country in suppressing the illicit liquor traffic established by a party of unscrupulous Americans. While our own men are hard at work on our side of the boundary line rooting out the whiskey mills and rum-stations, our friends across the border are not inactive, bodies of United States troops being posted at likely points of egress along the line to arrest those engaged in the unlawful business who may endeavour to make their way back into the States. The fort is itself not much to look at, but it answers all the purposes for which it is intended. Badger, or White Earth Creek, is the spot on which the Mounted Police encamped on the 15th July. There is but little to admire in it in the way of scenery, but it is useful as giving a good idea of the kind of country to be found in this all but unknown territory. The sketches of a half-breed's dwelling are evidently taken from an optimist's point of view. Everything seems to be neat, clean and comfortable, the young squaw to the right is sufficiently comely—making up thereby for the extreme ugliness of her lord and master—and the papoose on paper, don't show the dirt.

A PARISIAN LITTERATEUR

Lucy H. Hooper, writing from Paris to the Philadelphia Press, says: "In company with Colonel Forney I had a very delightful interview with Emile de Girardin, the veteran editor of *La Presse*, and a renowned leader of the Republican party in Paris as well. The distinguished author of '*Le Supplice d'une Femme*' lives in superb style in an elegant hotel on the Rue de la Peyrouse, the apartments of which are crowded with choice works of art. On admission to the hall, the eye is at once struck by the superb bust of an Arab chief, a copy of which is in the Luxembourg Gallery, while a little further on stands a statue by Clesinger of the Dying Lucretia, opposite to which hangs a large picture by Snyders, representing a deer hunt—a very pell-mell of dogs and deer, full of life and vigour and motion. Beyond the stairs a charming statue of Andromeda chained to the rock attracted my gaze, but we were not suffered to linger before these works of art, as the servant showed us at once into the library, and then went to apprise M. de Girardin of our arrival. The library is an immensely long but narrow room running the whole length of the house, and lined with low cases which are filled with volumes in rich and tasteful binding. Right opposite to the door hangs a portrait of Rachel in classic costume, by Duval, a fine painting, but less satisfactory as a likeness than is the charming portrait of the great actress by Muller, which is exhibited in the Alsace-Lorraine exhibition, and of which I spoke in a former letter. Other works of art, including a fine original Boucher, hang upon the walls above the bookcases, and among them was one at which I gazed with deep and painful interest. It was a

crayon drawing, representing a female head reclining upon a pillow, the eyes closed, the delicate, finely cut features sharpened and wasted by disease, and a wreath of laurel above the dark dishevelled hair. It is a portrait of the dead Rachel, taken a few hours after death had closed those wondrous eyes and set a seal upon the magic of those eloquent lips. In the centre of the room stands a statue of George Sand, the powerful face, with its broad brow, evil mouth, and heavy, sensual-looking throat, showing in every line the woman who is at once the glory and the shame of her sex, the authoress of *Consuelo* and *Mauprat*, and the idol as well of a hundred lovers, to not one of whom did she ever give faithful affection of enduring constancy. Before we had half viewed the marvels around us we were summoned to the private study of M. de Girardin. There we found him, the elderly, keen-eyed, delicate-looking Frenchman, dramatist, editor, politician, a power in the Parisian world, whether of letters or of politics. He welcomed us warmly, expressed deep interest in the Centennial, and promised his fullest co-operation and assistance to our cause. Taking from the table a copy of the penny paper called *Le Petit Journal* he said: 'This paper circulates three hundred and fifty thousand copies daily, the largest circulation of any paper in France, and to this as well as *La Presse*, *La Liberté* and other newspapers which I control, will I confide the task of giving publicity to the details of your great national anniversary. And if at any time I can in any way serve America and the Americans do not fail to call upon me.' It is impossible to exaggerate in words the extreme cordiality of his manner as well as his speech.



WHITE EARTH RIVER.—BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE MOUNTED POLICE.