

war it would be worth paying something. A marine insurance policy does not insure the merchant against all possible loss of his merchandise, yet the prudent shipper insures his goods year after year, nor does he think shipwrecks obsolete because he has never experienced one. The policy of Imperial Federation, I might say if I were a punster, is an insurance policy.

In THE WEEK of June 3rd, Mr. Longley, in an otherwise thoughtful article, actually sets up the established church and hereditary aristocracy of England as additional scarecrows for Canadians who are inclined to favour federation! Canada of course would be no more bound to adopt the municipal laws and institutions of England than she would be bound to adopt those of New Zealand or South Africa, or any other of the federating partners. Besides, the non-existence of hereditary legislators in the Imperial Legislature would very likely form a precedent fatal to the retention of hereditary legislators in the Municipal Legislature of England. And the presence in England of representatives from Canada, Australia, etc., and the growing influence of these young communities on English thought, would probably also hasten the impending disestablishment of the Church of England. The federation movement is not intended to place us in leading-strings, but to emancipate us from them. If England could outvote all her new partners in the Imperial Legislature at the outset, in a few years they could outvote her. And here let me say that it is the conviction of many federationists—a conviction emphatically expressed the other day by the Halifax *Morning Herald*, a journal advocating federation—that should England, from a fear of being outvoted, and of losing her present predominance in the Britannic Empire, decline to make her great Colonies co-ordinate partners, the scheme of federation will not be consummated. No inferior status can evoke the necessary enthusiasm in the Colonies or satisfy their rising desire for a full national life. If we are to make our sacrifice, our friends in England must be prepared to make theirs. If we are to rise to the grandeur of the occasion, so must they. If it is to be "Empire First" with us, it must be "Empire First" with them also.

F. BLAKE CROFTON.

MONTREAL LETTER.

ON the shores of the beautiful Lake St. Louis a lovely property was purchased a year or two ago for the summer use of the Forest and Stream Club, where, amid lawns, hedges, and shrubbery, fishing parties, boating, dancing, and dinner parties provide a programme as varied as the tastes of the members. Immediately inland from this a large property has been secured by the Bel-Air Jockey Club, and a race-track made which is intended to compete with the finest on this continent. The club has been incorporated and has spared no expense in projecting its scheme for competition. The property lies about ten miles from Montreal, with two railways running past it, and stands in the centre of the most popularly attractive spot in the whole Island. The track is one mile long, sixty-two feet wide, with good turns, and a home stretch of quarter of a mile. A grand stand for 1,500 spectators, club rooms, refreshment rooms, judges' stand, marker's box, scales, saddling paddocks, betting booths, and suites of stables, with loose boxes and accommodation for the fiery steeds which their more despised brethren would hardly credit, constitute the appointments.

Saturday, the 29th June, was the opening day of the summer meeting, and being a half-holiday, enormous crowds went out to inspect the new course and witness the races. Heavy special trains ran on the Grand Trunk and Canada Pacific Railways. The programme consisted of five events, the most exciting of which was the race for the Queen's Plate of fifty guineas, for horses raised and trained in the Province of Quebec. The owners of several of the favourite horses were in the members' stand surrounded by bevy of lady friends, and when the start was given the fair enthusiasts dropped their fans, and the mosquitoes held the field for a few moments uncontested. Mr. Hugh Patton's "Eve" led off well, and kept her own for more than the first round. At the last turn, however, Mr. J. P. Davies' "Zea" made a dash for the inside track, and came in victorious. The races were continued during the first week in July, and although the track is still too new to be first class, the Bel-Air Course promises to supply the foundation of a future Canadian Derby.

The sublime was mingled, not with the ridiculous, but with the amusing, in scanning the assembled crowd. The betting booths were blockaded, and many thousands must have changed pockets, although, in order to check imposition, at least three distinct systems were insisted upon by the Executive. The excitement thus provided, the unusually thirsty tendencies of most of the men, added perhaps to the quantity of tobacco displayed, made up more than half of the day's sport. In spite of a lavish expenditure, a most exquisite day, a number of magnificent animals, and what appeared to be the most extraordinary speed and grace of motion, the ordinary Montreal outer would regard the Bel-Air opening day as a chance for a good cigar, a jovial lunch, a few bets, a joke with a friend, and perhaps a horse-race in the back ground.

The little men of the High School provided for us a pretty spectacle at their annual military inspection on their playground a few days ago. The young soldiers made an army of two Battalions, the first composed of three companies between the ages of ten and fourteen, and the second of four companies all younger than ten, the very quintessence of neatness and

tininess. Such marching and wheeling and discipline were displayed that the youthful apostles of Mars are to be organized into a cadet corps, and are already looking forward to their new uniforms. The commanding and inspecting officers were in full regimentals, and two prizes were distributed, the battalion prize going to No. 2 (the diminutive men), and the company prize to the 4th company of the same lilliputian battalion. After providing us with an hour's such delightful enjoyments the men (!) paraded through the streets to the strains of martial music.

The Military Camp on St. Helen's Island is occupied by the Montreal Field Battery. The following "Orders" are posted for drill and instruction: Reveille, 4 a.m.; stables, 4.15 a.m.; squad parade, 4.45 a.m.; turn out, 5 a.m.; breakfast, 7.45 a.m.; mid-day stables, 12 noon; dinner, 12.30; evening stables, 6 p.m.; evening field drill, 6.30 p.m.; supper, 7.30 p.m.; evening parade and guard mounting, 8.30 p.m.; first post and gun fire, 10 p.m.; last post and roll call, 10.30 p.m.; lights out, 10.45 p.m. At homes and dances have been given by the officers, and the official inspection took place on the 2nd instant.

During last year's winter months, a few gentlemen made an effort to inaugurate the Café system, which has made such strides in financial success and popular favour in England. Several meetings were held, and committees were appointed, the only practical step, however, being the proposal to rent the property which our policemen know so well as that of "Joe Beef," a gentleman of restaurant fame, of whom the Swan of Avon might have sung when he said, "Men's evil manners live in brass, their virtues we write in water." The gentleman, since deceased, must have actually rejoiced in some virtues, in spite of the efforts of his clients to transform them into the material out of which *brass* biographies are made, for his widow resolutely refused to accept the offer of the Café Company, the stumblingblock being that the gentlemen took no account of the "good will." During the interval the company has been regularly organized; stock has been issued; directors have been elected; and, at a recent meeting of the shareholders, the Queen's Restaurant on St. James' Street was purchased. It is now being rapidly renovated and furnished, and is expected in a few weeks to initiate the movement, to aid the cause of Temperance, by providing the very best quantity and quality of cooking and service at the most reasonable prices consistent therewith. The new Café is to supply what has long been needed in Montreal, a room where ladies may have luncheon by themselves, and is intended as the first of a chain of cafés at scaled prices, to range from the luxurious to the penurious. Notwithstanding the fact that one or two clergymen are among the promoters, the scheme has, from the first, been contemplated only on a purely financial basis. I hope the reverend gentlemen may not prove so many Jonahs.

The Provincial Association of Protestant Teachers have opened, under their auspices, a Summer School for Teachers, and all who are preparing themselves for that self-abnegating life. The school is at Durham, and the participants will live in the Ladies' College from the 1st till the 19th of July. A curriculum of French, Botany, Drawing, Elocution, and Vocal Culture; a foretaste of collegiate life; an opportunity of studying nature and human nature; with board and lodging for the entire term of three weeks are supplied for \$9.25.

There is little appearance of subsidence in the irritation of the public mind against recent postal legislation. A company has been started for a private postal service in the city, and small blue stamps have been issued at one cent each. Criminal proceedings have, however, been instituted against the company for an infringement of the rights of the Postmaster-General. The two cent city postage is conspicuous for its non-use. Every imaginable plan is being resorted to, many of them, I fear, less economical, in order to avoid the semblance of approval. An evil much more serious and less easy to detect and combat is the practice of sending sacks of post matter to the United States to be posted there for Canadian destination, at a saving of 33½ per cent. on letters.

The first lady doctor in Montreal, if not in the Province of Quebec, has, after a long conflict with red-tapeism, succeeded in establishing herself as a physician among us. Her consulting rooms are in Dominion Square, near the Windsor Hotel, and are decorated by a modest brass plate with the inscription, Dr. Elizabeth Mitchell. Miss Mitchell is well-known in Montreal society, a graduate of Kingston, London, and Edinburgh, and has the promise of a sure footing among her old friends. As her specialty is the long list of sufferings peculiar to women and children, we shall watch her career with more than usual solicitude. Having enjoyed the privilege of hospital practice in London and New York, Miss Mitchell starts on her profession with exceptional advantages.

In an excavation for a building on Metcalfe Street, the reputed scene of the Indian village of Hochelaga in Cartier's days, some Indian remains were unearthed.

Bonaventure Station is at last to be roofed in.

VILLE MARIE.

THE English are contemplating an idea to lay down a postal tube between Dover and Calais. The plan is to suspend two tubes of about a yard each in diameter by means of steel cables across the channel, forty yards above the level of the sea. The steel cables will be fixed to pillars at distances of about 800 yards, and in each tube a little railway will run with cars capable of carrying 450 pounds in weight. No parcel of greater weight than this will be taken, and the cost is estimated at the modest figure of \$5,000,000.

OUR DOMINION.

LAND of broad rivers and rushing streams,
Of wild wind-battles and cataract gleams,
Whose "Mighty Waters" in thunder fall,
A seething mass, from their rocky wall;
Whose pathless prairies unmeasured roll,
In wave on wave, to the Northern Pole;
Whose trackless forests unconquered stand,
A fitting type of their native land;
Whilst fall and forest, and pathless plains
Are guarded well by thy mountain chains.
Two oceans break on thy sturdy shores,
The world its wealth in thy coffers pours,
Thy hardy sons are thy sons indeed,
And draw on thee for their every need,
Yet thy resources, exhaustless still,
Bring golden grist to thy teeming mill.
Thy ships are known on a dozen seas,
Thine emblems borne upon every breeze,
Thy name is spoken in every tongue,
Thy growing fame to the poles is flung,
Thy deeds are sung by a world-wide choir,
Thou hardy son of a hardy sire!
O sea-girt Canada! Home of mine,
The deepest love of my heart is thine.
I knew thee not as a place of birth,
Thou freest child of a dark'ning earth!
But, ere my summers had numbered three,
My infant fortunes were cast on thee.
Within my pulses, thy breezes' strife
Stirred all the blood into quicker life,
The sunny skies, to my spirits, lent
Their buoyant brightness and glad content,
Whilst brain and body, and heart and mind
Were braced alike by thy bracing wind.
What should thy sons and thy daughters be?
Stout-hearted, generous, pure, and free.
Stout-hearted, generous, pure are they,
And free indeed as the light of day.
O loyal child of the mother-throne!
Thy feet are able to stand alone;
Most favoured country beneath the sun!
Thy tale is but as a tale begun;
Our unborn children shall live to see
The glorious future in store for thee,
For even now, to the vision dim
Success and thee are a synonym.

ESPERANCE.

CAPRI.

OF all the healthy resorts around Naples the charming Island of Capri bears the palm. It lies but twenty miles off, across the bay, and in its small compass of eleven square miles more diversity of scenery may be met with than in many a larger island. It is the delight of artists of various nationalities, many of whom make it their home; the climate is delightful, there being few days in winter when you cannot enjoy the out-door life; and the heat of summer being tempered by the sea breezes which constantly pass over the little Isle. It must not be confounded with Caprera (once the home of Garibaldi) which island lies on the northern coast of Sardinia.

Geologically it differs totally from the other or volcanic side of the Bay of Naples, for here we have simply a huge rock of Limestone, almost inaccessible from its gigantic precipices, save at the two marinas or landing places, one on either side of the island; this inaccessibility combined with the beauty of its situation tempted the Emperor Tiberius to make it his home and now the ruined remains of his twelve palaces testify to the hatred in which the memory of the cruel emperor was held by the people who demolished the buildings after his death.

Approaching the island from Sorrento you pass the Cape of Campanella and are soon across the straits and sailing under the awful eastern precipice 800 feet high. The greatest of the ruined palaces, the Villa Jovis, crowns the summit and from that point it is said that Tiberius had his victims flung into the sea. Coasting along in the bluest of water under the gray limestone crags, with here and there a huge boulder lying at the base, you see right up the grassy slopes the small cultivated patches and homesteads, and the narrow ledges along the dizzy heights, where the bare-legged, brown brats of Capri climb about, bird-nesting, oblivious to all danger as are their own mountain goats.

The steamer proceeds to the Blue Grotto where, weather permitting, numbers of small boats convey the passengers by twos and threes from the steamer to the cave; the entrance is so low that you must lie down as the boat passes under the arch. After the eye becomes accustomed to the change of light, everything assumes the bluest possible hue, while the splashes from the oars are like molten silver; the bottom of the cave deep down is discernable through the blue water, and fishes are seen swimming about. The rocks around the entrance to the cave dip only a short way into the water, and thus the light penetrates, giving the beautiful effect.

The small boats all tack on to the steamer, and are towed to the Marina to be used for landing the passengers; and here we meet with the girls of Capri; they of the classic features, descended from the ancient Greeks, who peopled the island 500 B.C.; they are a beautiful race, much superior in looks to their neighbours the Neapolitans; the girls do most of the hard work, they carry your lug-