

Lord and Lady Lansdowne have returned to Ottawa, after a stay of about three weeks in Montreal. They have left behind the best memories, and steps will no doubt be taken to have their visit repeated every year.

Hon. John Beverly Robinson is about to retire from the Lieutenant Governorship of Ontario with the golden opinions of every one. Blood always tells. His Honor comes of good Ontario stock and has done justice to it.

Mother St. Louis, the sainted superior of the Hotel Dieu, has just died, at the early age of 45, after a career of remarkable usefulness. She was the first superior that died in the Hotel Dieu since 1809, at which time Mother de Celeron died.

HISTORICAL NOTES.

The New England and other American colonies were about synchronous with New France, and it is well to make note of this in studying Canadian history. The geographical proximity of the two peoples brought them into contact almost from the beginning, and these relations turned to hostility long before the final meeting in 1763.

The colony of Virginia, so called in honor of the maiden queen, Elizabeth, was founded in 1607, the James river, named after the king of that period, being discovered the year before. Virginia was thus the first and oldest English colony in the New world.

In 1609, Hendrick Hudson, navigating in the service of Holland, discovered and explored the beautiful river which bears his name. Dutch settlements were at once founded on its banks under the title of New Holland, and they were afterward transferred to the British, who changed the appellation to New York, in honor of the Duke of York.

In 1624 and the following year, the coast of New England began to be settled, and in 1620 occurred the memorable advent of the Puritans who formed the colony of Massachusetts and began at once an eventful history.

In 1623 the beginnings of New Jersey were laid down, but the colony got along very slowly and did not reach any permanence till the establishment of Elizabeth Town in 1664. Elizabeth is still one of the finest cities in Jersey State. The people of this colony had a character of their own.

From 1623 to 1670 a number of other colonies were established, representing the well known names of New Hampshire, Maryland, Connecticut, Rhode Island, South Carolina and Pennsylvania. Georgia and North Carolina came later, as also Vermont, so called from its Green Mountains.

All these American colonies grew in numbers and wealth much faster than their French neighbors, the reason being a radical difference in the mode of government. They were left mostly to shift for themselves, while the French always relied on government financial aid and military protection.

The man to whom Canada is the most indebted for her organization and permanence is Talon, the Royal Intendant. He was a great administrator and if his system had been maintained, New France would not have suffered so much as she did later, in the day of trial.

Talon did his utmost to free the people from all restrictions in regard to commerce, especially from commercial companies and other monopolies, and his boast was that his peasants of New France could clothe themselves from head to foot with apparel of their own manufacture.

We have already given the date of the discovery of Hudson's Bay. It was in

1669, during the governorship of De Courcelle and the intendancy of Talon, that Charles II, of England, granted the original charter of the Hudson's Bay Company.

In June 1672, an exploring party sent forward by Talon, by the way of Tadousac, the Saguenay and Lake St. John, succeeded in reaching the southern coast of Hudson's Bay, which the French called the North Sea.

Talon had a nephew named Perrot, whose name is also prominent in the history of that period, 1665-1684. An island above Montreal bears his name and, curiously enough, a neighboring island is called Bizard after one of Frontenac's officers, whom Perrot insulted. This Perrot must not be confounded with another, Nicholas Perrot, a celebrated *engag e* who flourished for about 40 years, from 1663.

AN AMATEUR MODEL.

He was drawing from the glorious antique in the British Museum. He was sketching the Discobolus. Right by another student was murdering the Hadrian, another making havoc of Disraeli's Apollo, another turning Julius Caesar into a crayon Malay.



A great many high spirited young art aspirants were there. They are still there. Some, one in a thousand, succeed. A great many give it up altogether. Some take to giving lessons in drawing at suburban and nob's girls' schools. Some take to drawing posters. Some take to drink. A good many of the latter.

A very pretty girl was standing beside him, well dressed, as he was himself.

"And you mean to paint me as the 'Bride of Abydos,'" she said.

"We should honour," he answered, "what we love in art. That which stirs the soul should be an aspirant on canvas."

She thought this very fine indeed, but went on eating chocolate creams all the same.

He had a fairish study. "I shall keep my 'Bride of Abydos,' who shall one day really be my bride. Is it not so, sweetest?"



"Oh, yes, Edward!" she answered, "but I really mustn't stay any longer."

If mamma only knew, it would be too dreadful. And if you do turn up at the 'Cinderella,' please, dear, don't come in mended gloves."

He slightly frowned. His great artistic soul glowed in to anger in his dark eyes. He slightly clutched his right hand. He might, perhaps, have washed it as well as clutched it. But, no matter!

"My 'Bride of Abydos,'" he said "will ever be my greatest treasure."

She left the studio, perchance, with rather a bored look.

An out-at elbows man, with a collar like a wisp of dirty rag, with trousers down at heels, with grease on his sleeve, with a slouching walk, with drink stamped in his face—branded—branded (if you like to pun, burnt into his very soul, with a canvas under his arm, that he is taking into a pawnshop.

"Bride of Abydos." The pawnbroker's man grins from ear to ear. "It'll do to cover them towels and things in the corner of the window. Three bob and a tanner, that's all."

The man walks away. "A last pint," he says, "and then good night to it all. Thank God, there's such a thing as drink and laudanum to take you out of it all. The 'Bride of Abydos' is some good at last."

A woman, a well-dressed, middle-aged woman, walks into the pawnshop. She is slightly agitated, but very little.

"I wish to buy that picture. How much is it?"

"Two guineas, ma'am. Splendid bargain. First-rate thing. Painter in reduced circumstances." The man looks at the "Bride of Abydos," then at the lady. "Hum," he says to himself.

"Do you suppose the artist is much reduced?" She has paid the money, so it does not matter what he says.

"He lives at No. 3 up the court, nigh starving."

"Oh, indeed," says the lady. "Put the picture into my carriage."

She walks leisurely up the dirty court. There is a crowd outside the dirty house, a constable keeping order.



"He poisoned himself last night."

"Why, my dear, that's a portrait of yourself. Where on earth did you pick it up? 'Bride of Abydos,' too."

She was perhaps a little dull that afternoon. Still, she cheer'd up at last. She even boxed her little daughter's ears quite briskly before she dressed for dinner.

"Is it possible to teach girls how to whistle?" asks an exchange. It is, if you will only leave them alone after they get their lips puckered up.

A MAN begins to understand what a Winter carnival is like when his wife reminds him that the coal bin is empty and that she wants a new fur lined toboggan suit.



THE DOUBLE BASS.

Behold him there in the orchestra— That clap with the jumbo fiddle— Tho' placid now is his vertebra As a cake on an ice-cold griddle, There will come a time when his spinal chord Will break at the temperate zone, And you'll wonder how the man can afford Such a liberal slack of bone.

Just take him in! What a frigid thing He seems in a quiet pose! Like the centre-pole of a circus ring Or a scarecrow waiting for crows; Like a marble bust, or a tyra crust Stuck up in a solemn place, Is the chap that soon will his jocular thrust O'er the wing of the double-bass.

Ha, ha! The maestro's baton taps, There's stir in the broadcloth seam; The hinge of the spinal column snaps And crooketh the elbow beam; Anon there glides a giant bow O'er the fiddle's big abdomen, And the overture, in its easy flow, Seems only a pleasant omen.

But mark! There's an obbligato called With an accelerando spurt, And the way that bridge of size is mauled Imperils the old man's shirt; For he dives down over the bulging breast Of his ten-foot violin, And saws, and saws at the tough old chest Till you'd think he'd cave it in.

Then he wags his bow with a jerk and a Thro' a rising agitato, And the off-hand scuts up the wire-bound Like a bee-stung Thomas-eat O! The ague tackles his every limb, The seams give way in his jacket, And—well, if you'd live to note his vim At the grand finale's racket,

You'd say, as you saw his brisk coat-tails In a meteoric spatter, And his whole anatomy whiz like flails In an ob-time threshing patter, "There isn't a man in the world, I vow, Or in t'other orbs of space, That earns his bread by the sweat of his brow Like the chap of the double-bass."

NO FUN IN HIM.

MAMMA: What's the matter, Bertie? I thought you'd stay and play with Tommy Carroll all the afternoon.

BERTIE: Tommy ain't got no fun in him.

MAMMA: He hasn't?

BERTIE: No; we was playin' house and every time I hit him with the whip he yelled. I don't want a cry-baby around me.

FRIENDLY CHAT.

CLARA: I understand that Mr. Fetherly paid me a very pretty compliment to-day?

ETHEL: Yes? What was it?

CLARA: He said that among the most beautiful young ladies at the party was Miss Clara Smith.

ETHEL (with a cough): Yes, I noticed you among them.