



Steel rails are arriving at Hull for the Gatineau Valley Railroad.

From 1,000 to 1,200 sheep are shipped weekly from Point du Chêne.

At a meeting, held in Toronto, it was resolved to form a sheep breeders' association for the Dominion.

For large cattle shipments, the Intercolonial Railway have constructed five large cattle sheds at Richmond.

A fine cariboo made his appearance near the village of Upper Woodstock last week. No one tried to kill him.

The Quebec Province Medical Board has decided that ladies may be licensed to practice medicine in that province.

Two thousand horses have been shipped from Prince Edward Island to Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and the United States.

One of the phosphate mines at Buckingham has received an order to ship to Michigan, at once, 5,000 tons of Canadian phosphate, 80 per cent. apatite.

Oystermen at Summerside, P.E.I., are making extensive preparations for fall shipments, and fishing will be prosecuted on a more extensive scale than ever before.

Three editions in English of the evidence taken before the Labour Commission have been issued from the printing bureau for distribution in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Ontario.

Half a million tons of coal were exported from Vancouver Island, B.C., during 1887. At Nanaimo the supply is inexhaustible. This coal is truly bituminous, and superior to the Pennsylvania coal.

The work at present under contract on the Port Arthur breakwater is approaching completion. It is something like 2,000 feet long, and renders Port Arthur one of the safest harbours on the shores of Lake Superior.

The bottom of the St. Lawrence where the recent yachting disaster occurred is so uneven that the searchers, while dragging in shallow water, frequently found their hooks sink to a depth of eighty or a hundred feet, as though falling over the edge of a sub-marine precipice.

The first steamer of the Halifax and West India line left Halifax with a miscellaneous assortment of Canadian products. The ports to be visited are Hamilton, Bermuda, Kingston, Jamaica and Turk's Island. A second boat is to leave shortly for Cuba and other West India ports.

The graving dock at Esquimaux, B.C., is not a failure, as has been charged. Only a fortnight ago the British frigate *Cormorant* was in the dock for repairs. Not a bit of leakage was observed, and it was so dry that one could walk on the bottom with perfect safety. It is similar in construction to the one at St. Louis, and no fault can possibly be found with the quality.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

(FROM CAMILLE ANDRÉ LEMOYNE.)

There, where the cornfields mingle with the sky,
Where flocks and herds at twilight's hour have sought
The languid stream that wanders idly by—
A ghastly battle long ago was fought.

The Spring was joyous, as she is to-day,
And 'mid the carnage many a willing bud,
That else might soon have blossomed on its spray,
Blent its faint fragrance with the fumes of blood.

From morn to eve the combat did not slack—
Swarms of bright insects dropped to earth in showers—
Great, golden butterflies, with streaks of black,
Dragged themselves, dying, to the dying flowers.

The stream ran red—a lurid crimson smirch
Soiled with deep stain the blue kingfisher's plume—
The pendent willow and the trembling birch
Mixed their clear shadows in the river's gloom.

The rushing mill-dam long was choked with mud,
Wide ruts were furrowed in the reeking clay,
And there were pools of pestilential blood,
Where trampled squadrons perished in the fray.

But, when the tempest of the fight was still,
And jaded legions brief repose had sought,
The moon, slow rising from behind a hill,
Marked the wild havoc that a day had wrought.

There, hurled together in a tangled heap,
'Mid black artillery and standards torn,
Horseman and horse lay wrapped in dreamless sleep,
With eyes wide open, sightless, and forlorn.

Vast graves were dug at random for the slain;
The stars, those peaceful warders of the sky,
Looked down with pity on the ravaged plain,
And bathed its turf with radiance from on high.

The youthful peasant, when his glance would note
Rank pasture tinted with too bright a green,
Checked the gay carol in his bird-like throat,
And drove his oxen with a graver mien!

Montreal.

GEO. MURRAY.

QUAINT FANCIES AND RHYMES.

BY A COLLECTOR.

XIV.

BURLESQUES AND PASQUINADES.

Austin Dobson is unquestionably the most skillful and happy of the English disciples of the Provençal school, and his *virelai nouveau*, entitled "July," deserves embodying in this column, as an elegant trifle:—

Good-bye to the Town! Good-bye!
Hurrah! for the sea and the sky!

In the street the flower-girls cry;
In the streets the water-carts ply;
And a fluter, with features awry,
Plays fitfully: "Scots wha hae"—
And the throat of that fluter is dry;
Good-bye to the Town! Good-bye!

And over the roof-tops nigh
Comes a waft like the dream of the May;
And a lady-bird lit on my tie;
And a cock-chaffer came with the tray;
And a butterfly (no one knows why)
Mistook my aunt's cap for a spray;
And "next door" and "over the way"
The neighbours take wing and fly:
Hurrah! for the sea and the sky.

To Buxton, the waters to try,—
To Buxton goes old Mrs. Bligh;
And the Captain to Hombourg and play
Will carry his cane and his eye;
And e'en Miss Morgan Lefay
Is flitting—to far Peckham Rye;
And my grocer is gone—in a "Shay,"
And my Tailor has gone—in a "Fly;"—
Good-bye to the Town! Good-bye!

And it's O for the sea and the sky!
And it's O for the boat and the bay!
For the white foam whirling by,
And the sharp, salt edge of the spray!
For the wharfs where the black nets fry,
And the wrack and the seaweed sway!
For the stroll when the morn is high
To the nook by the Flag-house grey!
For the *risus ab angulo* shy
For the some-one we designate "Di!"
For the moment of silence,—the sigh!
"How I dote on a moon!" "So do I!"
For the token we snatch on the fly
(With nobody there to say Fie!)
Hurrah! for the sea and the sky!

So Phillis, the fawn-footed, hie
For aansom. Ere close of the day
Between us a "world" must lie—
Good-bye to the Town! GOOD-BYE!
Hurrah! for the sea and the sky!

The following "Villonism," by W. E. Henley, is not an imitation of the quaint rhymes in Villon's "Jargon" or "Jobelin," but a paraphrase, in thieves' patter of London to-day. The verses are a capital study of Cockney street slang:—

"*Tout aux tavernes et aux filles.*"

Suppose you screeve? or go cheap jack?
Or fake the boards? or fig a nag?
Or thimble rig? or knap a yack?
Or pitch a side? or smash a rag?
Suppose you duff? or nose and lag?
Or get the straight, and land your pot?
How do you melt the multy swag?
Blooze and the blowens cop the lot.

Fiddle, or fence, or mace, or mack;
Or moskeneer, or flash the drag;
Dead-lurk a crib, or do a crack;
Plad with a slang, or chuck a fag;
Bonnet, or tout, or mump and gag;
Rattle the tats, or mark the spot;
You cannot bank a single stag;
Booze and the blowens cop the lot.

Suppose you adopt a different tack,
And on the square you flash your flag?
At penny-a-lining make your whack,
Or with the mummies mug and gag?
For nix, for nix the dibbs you bag!
At any graft, no matter what,
Your merry goblins soon stravag:—
Blooze and the blowens cop the lot.

THE MORAL.

It's up the spout and Charley Wag
With wipes and tickers and what not,
Until the squeezer nips your scrag,
Booze and the blowens cop the lot.

And now a bit, with the American flavour, from the pen of H. C. Bunner:—

On Newport beach there ran right merrily,
In dainty navy blue clothed to the knee,
'Thence to the foot in white *au naturel*,
A little maid. 'Fai' was she, truth to tell,
As Oceanus' child Callirhoë.

In the soft sand lay one small shell, its wee
Keen scallops tinct with faint hues, such as be
In girlish cheeks. In some old storm it fell

On Newport Beach.
There was a bather of the species *he*,
Who saw the little maid go toward the sea;
Rushing to help her through the billows' swell,
He set his sole upon the little shell,
And heaped profanely phraséd obloquy
On Newport Beach.

A NOVELETTE IN VERSE.

THE SITUATION.

While the fish were in the ocean and the country in commotion, wily Joseph took a notion that he'd do and die; he took a sail;

And o'er many a costly supper did himself and Sir Charles Tupper fabricate an easy crupper for the harried Lion's tail.

For the senators unstrangled, and the caudal member dangled, and by frequent pullings mangled, till its beauty was no more,

And, indeed, 'twas necessary that the senators so merry should be shut off, in fact, very—for the tail was getting sore.

THE TREATY.

So with Bayard's help they framed it and quite garrulous declaimed it, and when questioned went and blamed it on desires for mutual peace.

And o'er bumpers big of stingo all hands laughed at Bayard's jingo, and in their peculiar lingo said they had our statesmen's fleece.

And the president waked pensive as he thought of votes extensive got by methods inexpensive from the fishermen of Maine;

And his whole administration tried to have the Yankee nation take up Joseph's invitation; sure he thought we were insane!

THE SENATORS.

Then the Senate had its innings, and it jumped on Bayard's sinnings, and the Lion got no winnings in the long-winded debates.

Holy smoke! It was a wonder how retaliation thunder was directed at the blunder of the Cabinet heavy weights.

So the treaty was rejected in a way that much reflected on the way that Grove expected to catch Anglo-maniac votes—

With the Democrats abusing and Republicans enthusing, it was really quite amusing to reporters taking notes.

THE PRESIDENT.

Then thought Grover, "Now, I wonder, can I steal somebody's thunder? The Republicans I'll plunder!" So he set his wits to work.

While the Senate was a fighting he his message was inditing, the Canadians inviting to take water where fish lurk.

"Our relations we will sever. It is better late than never. Now admit that I am clever!" was the burden of his song.

Did you hear the Lion roaring as the Eagle high is soaring?
Is the Union Jack a-lowering? Bet your boots there's nothing wrong!"

—Chicago News.

[Although these verses have appeared in several Canadian papers, we thought it well to give them a place in our columns, as a clever contribution to the serio-comic chapter of Retaliation, in the Fisheries business.—ED. DOMINION ILLUSTRATED.]

MILITIA NOTES.

The Indian Prince Victor Duleep Singh arrived at Halifax last week and attached himself to the staff of Gen. Sir John Ross.

The difficulty between the Governor-General's Foot Guards of Ottawa and Col. Macpherson has been smoothed over, and the officers have withdrawn their resignations.

There is great fun at Halifax among the bailiffs and city merchants who are hunting for York and Lancaster regimental officers who are eluding their creditors. They embarked for Jamaica.

Col. R. S. Liddell, hon. secretary of the Waterloo Memorial Fund, has communicated to the Governor-General the desire of the committee to make the object a thoroughly national one by soliciting subscriptions from the whole of Great Britain and her colonies.

Orders have been issued by the Imperial War Office for an increase to the strength of the eighteenth company of Royal Engineers, now serving at Halifax, by a strong draught from the submarine section of the Royal Engineers and the depot companies from Chatham.