

The eleventh annual regatta of the Ste. Anne's Boat Club came off on the 12th inst. The boathouse beamed with life, and the colours of the various costumes added to the beauty of a scene which is not lacking in natural charms. A number of light craft studded the course, and the "Reliance," from Lachine, bore a joyous living freight. The arrangements were carried out under the management of the committee, composed of Messrs. Townsend, Hanson, Whitlaw, Beaufield, Bradshaw and McDougall, the judges being Major Bond, Mr. Douglass, Mr. W. White, Mr. Alf. Morris and Mr. Percival. The absence of wind was a serious drawback to the day's sport. For the decked canoe sailing race there were two entries—Mr. Archibald's Mab and Mr. Barry's *Æolus*. It was the first race on the programme that was finished. It was almost impossible, with the direction of the little breeze that was appreciable, to steer between the barge and buoy, which was marked out as the goal, but by great tact and seizing every breath of wind at the right moment this was accomplished, and Mr. Barry's *Æolus* crossed the line about two minutes after the Mab, and thus finished the first sailing race. An extra-decked sailing boat race was then started, for which there were three entries, the *Freja*, Jean A. and Marguerite, which resulted as follows: Mr. Wallace's *Freja*, 1; Mr. Clouston's *Marguerite*, 2. The junior single scull race resulted thus: F. Rielly, 1; V. Henrichon, 2. For the single-paddle canoe race the entries were J. L. Girdwood, P. Taylor, C. Routh and F. Fairbanks, who came up in the order given; but, Girdwood's boat not complying with the regulations, the prize was awarded to Taylor. A double scull race was next pulled off between St. Lambert and the Grand Trunk crews, and the prize was awarded thus: St. Lambert, A. Irving and F. Rielly, 1; Grand Trunk, V. Henrichon and L. Mitchell, 2. In the tenth event, a canoe race (4 in canoe), there were two entries, both Lachine crews, and it resulted thus: J. Fairbanks, J. Stewart, C. Routh, 1; P. Rawlings, B. Levine, A. Moss, N. Dawes, 2. The four-oared race, one mile, was pulled off between the crews of A and B boats of the Grand Trunk club and resulted in an easy victory for B boat, composed of A. Green, J. Beatty, R. J. Kell and D. W. Dawes. The next event was a tandem canoe race, for which there were four entries, resulting as follows: Duggan and Sherwood, 1; Fairbanks and Stewart, 2; Rielly and Irving, 3. The last race on the programme was a canoe race (single paddle from bow), which found six entries, resulting as follows: G. Haldimand, 1; J. Perrault, 2. Besides the boat races, a swimming match and a greasy pole contest were among the amusements of the day. For the swimming match (100 yards) the following names were entered: E. Sanderson, P. F. Sanderson, G. H. Stephenson, C. Cooke, J. Kennedy, J. R. Gardiner. E. Sanderson won easily, the others following in the order of their names. A bonnet hop closed the programme.

ACHOUAPMOUCHOUAN, ST. FELICIEN.—The scene in our engraving will be familiar to those who have done themselves the pleasure, and the Quebec & Lake St. John Railway the justice, of testing the grandeur and beauty of this delightful region. The ponderous names borne by some of these ancient rivers—ancient in Indian tradition as in geological record which associates it with some great convulsion—have come to trip easily on the tongues of the happy settlers, to whom they are the parents of many bounties. Mr. Lemoine, the Hon. Boucher de la Bruere, Mr. Buies and Mr. S. E. Dawson have all depicted the resources, the scenic attractions and the facilities for sport of the grand system of water which is suggested by Lake St. John. St. Felicien, the locality here illustrated, is a thriving place, whose natural advantages are on a par with its charms of scenery.

Edmund Russell on Dress.

"In dress," said Mr. Russell in a lecture, "the development of personality is the true basis of the best expression. The grace of a costume depends mainly upon the proper poise of the wearer. The most artistic gown loses its effect when worn by a woman with a sunken chest, curving back and projecting elbows. Repose, dignity and grace of presence come only with the realization of Delsarte's idea of control in the torso and freedom at the extremities. The becomingness of a gown lies in its relation of colour and form to the wearer. There is a relation, both by correspondence and contrast. Black, by contrast, gives an added whiteness to the complexion, but by correspondence it deepens every line on the face and increases the impress of age. Three classes of color are always harmonious—for the street, shades on the tone of the hair; for the house, the tone of the eyes; for the evening, the tint of the complexion. The dress should always be subordinate to the thing decorated. Ornaments and jewels should harmonize with the dress, being the highest point in its decoration. In Greek and Egyptian vases the design is subservient to the shape of the object and follows it, instead of being, so to speak, 'stuck on,' as is often the case in Dresden and Sevres ware."—*New York Star*.

Ibsen's Prose Dramas.

Walter Scott, of London, whose Canadian agents are Messrs. Gage & Co., of Toronto, and Mr. Picken, of this city, has recently published another volume of Ibsen's prose dramas. It comprises "Lady Inger of Oestrat," "The Vikings at Helgeland," and "The Pretenders," and fully equals in interest the preceding volumes of the series.



Mrs. William Lamont Wheeler, who is not unknown in Canada, is the author of "Stray Leaves from Newport," prettily brought out by the J. G. Cupples Company, of Boston.

"The Voyage of the Ark" is a droll parody on history, from an Irish standpoint, by Mr. F. M. Allen, the clever author of "Through Green Glasses." It is published by J. S. Ogilvie, New York.

"By Order of the Czar," Joseph Hatton's thrilling tale of Russian prison life, which has excited so much interest in England, has been brought out in a cheap edition by Messrs. John Lovell & Son. It is well worth reading.

The novels of "W. Heimburg" have been made accessible to English readers, by the Worthington Company, of New York. The latest of the series, translated by Mrs. J. W. Davis, has just appeared with some fine photo-gravure illustrations.

"Marie Gourdon," a romance of the Lower St. Lawrence, by Miss Maud Ogilvy, has been favourably reviewed by the press. The heroine, who gives the book its title, is a Canadian girl, of Scotch descent. It was published by Messrs. John Lovell & Son.

"The Duchess" is as busy as ever. Not long since "April's Lady" was reviewed in the magazines. Now "Her Last Throw" is demanding attention. Perhaps the name is significant. A Canadian edition has been brought out by Messrs. John Lovell & Son.

"The Robe of Nessus" is the title of a romance of Greek life in the fifth century before Christ, by Mr. Duffield Osborne, author of "The Spell of Ashtaroth." It is ably written, and is evidently the result of careful study of Grecian history. The Belford Company, New York, has brought it out.

The delightful "Conversations in a Studio" of W. W. Story, the sculptor, which were first contributed to *Blackwood's Magazine*, have reached a third edition. Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., of Boston and New York, have just favoured the public with the work in two neat volumes from the Riverside press.

"Northern Studies," by Edmund Gosse, the latest volume of the Camelot series (Walter Scott), contains biographical and critical sketches of Hendrik Ibsen, Runeberg, four Danish poets and a sketch of Norwegian poetry since 1814. The introduction is written by Prof. Ernest Rhys, the editor of the series.

An important work by Sir J. W. Dawson, entitled "Modern Ideas of Evolution as related to Revelation and Science," has been published by the Religious Tract Society of England. It deals with the views of Haeckel, Wallace, Romanes, Le Conte, McCosh, and other Darwinians, and shows where, in the author's opinion, they are inconsistent with not only Revelation but Science.

"Stray Leaves from the 'Book of Wonders,'" with a preface by Hart Harlee, edited by Ben Zeene, is so full of cleverness and goodness, so pleasant to read and yet so sad to contemplate, that it demands more than the passing tribute of either tear or smile. To it, as to many other postponed, but not forgotten tasks, we shall return again. Meanwhile we may say that it is published by Davison Brothers, Wolfville, N.S.

"Was America Peopled from Polynesia?" is the question that Mr. Horatio Hale undertakes to answer in a paper contributed to the International Congress of Americanists at Berlin, in October, 1888, and which has been published in the Transactions of that important society. (Berlin: H. S. Herman.) We know of no one on either side of the Atlantic more qualified by native gifts and by special knowledge to discuss such a problem. It is a paper of great interest to the student of American archaeology.

An important contribution to Canadian history—the Loyalist settlement in Ontario especially—is a work by Judge J. F. Pringle, of Cornwall, entitled "Lunenburg, or the Old Eastern District: Its settlement and early progress; with personal recollections of the town of Cornwall from 1824; to which are added a history of the King's Royal Regiment of New York and other corps, and the names of those who drew land in the Counties of Stormont, Dundas and Glengarry up to November, 1786." It is published by the Standard Printing House, Cornwall, and is a volume of very real historical value.

Through the kindness of Mrs. Curzon, we have been favoured with a copy of "The Battle of Queenston Heights," by Mr. Ernest Cruikshank—a thrilling narrative of the famous battle in which General Brock died defending his country. It was delivered as a lecture in December last at Drummondville, Ont., and is published by the Lundy's Lane Historical Society. Mr. Cruikshank has contributed largely to the elucidation of our history—of our battlefields especially—and his studies all show the research of an enthusiastic patriot and lover of the truth. We would be glad to see the series published in a volume.

The Rev. Henry Faulkner Darnell, author of "Philip Hazelbrook," "Flossy," and other works of fiction, has gained much credit by his later novel, "The Craze of

Christian Engelhart," published by D. Appleton & Co., of New York. Mr. Darnell, who is a Canadian, has marked out for himself, in this story, a hitherto unattempted path of fiction. It is largely psychological, and the interest consists more in the struggles of a sensitive moral individuality with his own over-excited conscience than in any sensational contrivance of plot. Even as a narrative, however, it is not at all without interest, and is altogether a readable story.

Belle Borne Brooklet.*

"Well do we recall the time when this lordly demesne extended from Wolfe's field, adjoining Marchmont, to the meandering Belle Borne Brook, which glides past the porter's lodge at Woolfield, due west; the historic stream *Kuisissat Saint Denis*, up which clambered the British hero Wolfe, to conquer or die, intersecting it at Thornhill." The whole place is girt around by a zone of tall pine, beech, maple and red oaks, whose deep green foliage, when lit up by the rays of the setting or rising sun, assume tints of most dazzling brightness—emerald wreaths dipped into molten gold and overhanging under a leafy arcade, a walk which zigzags around the property, following to the southwest the many windings of the Belle Borne Streamlet."—*J. M. Lemoine, Esq., of Spencer Grange, Sillery*.

Fancies innumerable hover o'er thy name,
Thou silver thread of music winding down
To kiss the haunted waves that lisp of fame,—
Lapping gray crags 'neath a Canadian town.†—

Throned on a fortress-rock high in the north,
Long while the seat of Gallia's sons of war;
From whose worn walls, of old, Champlain looked forth,
Where Wolfe, expiring, deathless honours bore.

What proud-lit eyes survey the spacious scene,
And trace St. Charles along his verdant shore,
Cheered by his glow and Sillery's groves of green,
Where, hid in woods, thou sportest evermore!

What fairy presence dwells apart with thee,
O Belle Borne Streamlet! listening to thy voice,
Mingling thy ripples so melodiously,
It seems thou hast a soul that can rejoice!

Impregned with sweets from flowery meadows won,
Or woody odors, where the grove is high,
Thou court'st the mayflowers shade, or in the sun
Glancest at trillium, or blue violet nigh.

Oft, with continuous laughter thou dost run
In mimic cascades down each stony stair,
Flinging thy crystal joy to air and sun,
Changing to gladness whatsoever is fair.

Thou sing'st aloud to Beauvoir's gay demesne,
In innocent mockery of the morning birds;
By Spencer Grange winds on thy creeping sheen,
Fond as the feeding flocks, or dreaming herds.

With thee the vesper chime is heard afar;
With the soft Angelus thou dost tinkling glide;
While the moon lights thee, or the twilight star,
And pale Romance sits hovering by thy side.

Some gentle nun has found thee her loved bourn;
Here fond-enamor'd lovers went to stray;
Here the quaint scholar greets the dewy morn,
Sprinkling from Helicon the infant day.

Now newly hath the Spring thy sprite released,
Loos'd from dumb frost thy gleesome wave wins free;
The festival of song, the flowery feast,
And the long sunshine, bring thy jubilee.

The lofty swinging pines their nursing greet;
Replenish'd, the green maples thee espouse;
The household robin and the brown thrush sweet,
Make thee clear answer from their whispering boughs.

Perhaps, at Marchmont, from some hasty brink
Thou'lt take the swallow's kiss wild-answering,
The tipsy tumbler, saucy bobolink,
Leaving the wanton trifter on the wing.

With gay caprice, the golden butterfly
Shall flicker still where thy clear eye may see;
The insect dragon dart thy pools anigh,
While near thy shallows drones the burnie bee.

What tones may reach thee through thy guardian trees,
Where thou thy mystic converse holdest all,
From the rude, clangorous world, borne on the breeze?
Or dost thou note men's voices, when they call?

The thund'rous city, deaved from morn till night,
Where clamorous throngs fill all the walks of trade,—
The echoing gun from Stadacona's height,—
Say, can they pierce thy calm, contiguous shade?

Nay! for, however man may drudge and groan
Like some strong spirit, where Time holds no sway,
A thing of joyous light, content, alone,
Unstained thou takest youth's perpetual way;—

While by thy side the wight of weariness
May find the usury of tranquil thought;
May breathe soft healing from thy wave, and bless
The harmonizing spell by Nature brought.

Not missionless through Sillery's green domain,
O Belle Borne Brook, thou wanderest wild and free!
To gentle hearts with sylvan dreams again
Thou comest, and their singing is of thee.

—ARTHUR JOHN LOCKHART.

*Suggested by a beautiful lyric from the pen of Dr. J. M. Harper in a previous issue.
†Quebec, of which Sillery is one of the environs.
‡The Indian name of Quebec.