

by very luxuriant arm-chairs, and a couple of shaded lamps on the mantelshelf, shed a soft, pleasant light all over the large, rather desolate-looking room.

Margaret sat herself down in one of the chairs near the fire, and, bending over it, began silently and musingly warming her hands. Gaunt, in true English fashion, unceremoniously tucked his coat tails under his arms and supported himself against the mantelshelf, while I took my seat opposite our hostess and imitated her example.

"I must say," Margaret exclaimed suddenly, breaking the silence, "your English climate is abominable; what a temperature for September?"

"Your," Gaunt answered coldly, (he was a little sulky yet). "Are we to understand by that very scornful *your*, that you decline any connection with it?"

Miss Owenson shivered slightly. "Certainly: I was born in India, and have never even set foot in England till within the last year."

"I guessed you were born in some tropical country," I said, "but you are of English parentage, are you not?"

She answered simply "Yes," and, as if wishing there to end the subject, turned to the supper-table and invited us to eat.

The conversation took a graver turn than usual. I don't know whether it was true that Miss Owenson was really unwell, as she alleged, but she was certainly less brilliant and a great deal more natural and womanly.

I could not help fancying, as she more than once leant back wearily in her chair, apparently too much engrossed in some train of thought to care whether either of us were thinking of, or regarding her, that it was like the utter weariness of an actor, forcing him to lay aside his rôle, if it were but for a moment. I don't know whether Gaunt noticed it; he ate his supper very silently that night, and when he did address Miss Owenson, it was certainly in a graver, more studied manner than was habitual to him.

Toward the end of supper, our conversation, after continuing the subject of Margaret's parentage, turned on the distinguished marks of children born in India of English parents, also on the difference of the characteristics of those born in the Western or Eastern Indies.

From that we passed on to discuss the possibility of detecting the mixture of races, even to many generations. Gaunt had passed some years in the West Indies, and could speak on the matter from actual observation, and he and Margaret grew eager in the discussion.

(To be continued.)

DOMINION NEWS.

The Ontario Legislature opened on the 24th ult., when almost all the usual ceremony connected with the opening was dispensed with.

It is estimated that about one hundred million feet of three-inch pine deals will be manufactured at Ottawa next season, provided the drives turn out successful.

The gold leads in the Rawdon district of Nova Scotia have been traced over the Ardoise hills to Ellershouse, and prospectors are taking up a large number of areas on the Ellershouse estate.

The Marine Department has been asked to establish a lighthouse, beacon and buoy service on Lake St. John. The territory adjacent to the lake has been taken up rapidly by settlers since the construction of the railway from Quebec. There are two steamers on the lake at present.

Mr. John Chambers has left Lachute for Manitoba, where he intends to examine land in the neighbourhood of Springfield, about thirty miles east of Winnipeg, and, if satisfied, to make arrangements for a number of our young men from the northern townships of Argenteuil to take up land and settle in the country. Senator Abbott, with the local member, Mr. Owens, have been interesting themselves in the matter.

A short time ago the announcement was made of the unloading of nearly 700,000 acres of land in the Northwest by the cancellation of a number of grazing leases for non-compliance with the departmental regulations. Mr. Dewdney has followed this up by another recommendation cancelling orders-in-council authorizing the issuance of fifteen other grazing leases, affecting 366,000 acres, which recommendation has been approved. Over one million acres of some of the best land held by the Government have, therefore, by this timely action, been thrown open for lease or settlement within the past month.



The volume of Proceedings of the Canadian Institute, for October, 1888, contains a number of valuable papers, as usual, a special contribution being that of the eminent botanist, Professor Lawson, F.R.S.C., of Nova Scotia, on Canadian Spruces. There is one paper, however, on the "Franco-Canadian Dialect," to which we must take exception. The author is J. Squair, who professes to have spent some time at the Côte de Beupré purposely for this work. If so, his work has been in vain. The writer's ear is not attuned to French-Canadian speech, because he does not know where it comes from, and he cannot even exactly catch the native pronunciation of vowels and consonants, which he grotesquely misrepresents in his so-called phonetic tables. Then, in the second place, Mr. Squair professes to improve upon the editor's dear old friend, Oscar Dunn, in his *glossaire*. When Mr. Dunn's book was first published, he sent us a copy for additions to any oversights or *lacunæ*. We sent a few of these, in the shape of idiomatic turns and sayings, which he had overlooked, and at once embodied in the new edition that he was preparing when suddenly cut off in his prime. Another ripe scholar, some five or six years ago, who came on purposely from the Johns Hopkins University of Baltimore, was directed by the editor to the Isle of Orleans, where the genuine old *habitant* French, with a true smack of Acadian, was to be found, and, after spending a couple of months there, and on both sides of the St. Lawrence, he returned to Montreal to thank us, and to say that he had discovered precisely what he sought—the connection between the speech of this primitive folk and that of the French peasants from which they sprung. The learned professor sent me his admirable paper on the subject, which, if Mr. Squair could have seen, he would have never blundered into his present position. The pretensions of Mr. Squair are diverting. He gives a list of vowels pronounced quite broad, which is the Norman and Breton way of pronouncing even in our time. Then he says that *b* often becomes *m* in *houblon* (pronounced *omnon*). That is not true. *Aucun* is made *otien*. Not true. Then comes a farrago of ignorance. *Belout*, for *Bluet*, is pronounced here as it is in France. *Bois Blanc* is just the word for basswood. *Corvée* is pure French, as the dictionaries will tell him, for bind-day, day's work, bee. *Crine*, *divers*, *épinette rouge* and *blanc*, *fiche*, *file*, are all right, and the writer is all wrong. Another wretched want of ear makes Mr. Squair say that the *habitant* pronounces *mi* for *mil*, and he gravely puts a (?) mark to ask if timothy is meant. Of course it is meant, and is pronounced *mil*. *Pierre de meule* is good French. Look in your dictionary, Mr. Squair. *Pruche* for hemlock is right. It is a Canadian tree. *Quintau* and *quintal* are both right. *Raie* for furrow is actually quoted by Mr. Squair! *Rale* for bough we never heard of, nor did this writer. *Sapin* is right for balsam, another Canadian tree. *Par secousses* is contemporaneous Norman. *Taure* for heifer is in Littré, but the *habitant* knows the difference between *taure* and *genisse* all the same.

We have had on our littered table, for several weeks a little book entitled "Poems by J. Elizabeth Gostwycke Roberts, of Fredericton, N.B." She is the "little sister"—we know how much that means—of our dear friend, C. G. D. Roberts; yes, and she has already much of his introspective muse. We have read the fifteen little poems, with much pleasure, reserving one or two of the longest for future use. To-day we set our pencil—Red and Blue, Miss Elizabeth—on the following from that solid ballad, "Alice Kirby," where the local colour comes in:

Lurk still among the bushes
The ferns she hunted for,
Blue-vitch and pigeon-berry
Make all the stream side merry,
But Alice—Alice Kirby,
Shall gather them no more.

Slip softly, Nashwaak water,
Unruffled as before,
Thy woods know nought of sorrow,
No moan thy songsters borrow,—
But, ah! for Alice Kirby,
Who comes to thee no more!

"Penelope" is ever so staid, so wholesome and so beautiful.

Ah, faithful heart! through stormy seas
His bark will cleave his way to thee,
His years of toil seem hours of ease,
If at the end of all he sees
Thee faithful in the midst of these
Who cry: "O hark! O choose, Penelope!"

"Miss Tabitha Helpful" is, to our mind, the strongest poem in the little album, while, as a crowning, we shall quote in full this

BERCEUSE.

All pain, all sorrow, seem to fall
Behind us infinitely far,
What time the sleepy robins call
At twilight's dusky bar.

Lay down your head upon my breast,
O rosy nephew golden-curbed;
Joys, birds and flowers hush to rest,
So weary grows the world.

As slowly as the branches wave,
Singing, I rock to and fro;
So tune be glad, if words are grave,
The baby will not know.

Far off and faint the chirping sound,
Pale lights gleam out through darkening blue,
Soft arms of silence fold us round
As mine are folding you.

Small voice that twitters like the birds,
Grey eyes that hold the light of stars,
Too sleepy we for tune or words,
Let down the Dreamland bars!

CANADA HISTORICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE FROM SEA TO SEA, by G. Mercer Adam, author of "The Canadian Northwest, Its History and Its Troubles," "Picturesque Muskoka," etc., etc., etc., is the title of an oblong album published by William Bryce, of Toronto. Anything from the ready and graphic pen of Mr. Mercer Adams is, in itself, a passport to public attention, and the present work is no exception. After a comprehensive Introductory, we travel with our author from the Maritime Provinces, Halifax, Windsor, Grand Pré, St. John, Fredericton, the Bay des Chaleurs, the Lower St. Lawrence, Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa, the Thousand Islands, Niagara, Toronto, Ontario and the Great Lakes, Fort Arthur to Winnipeg, through Manitoba, the Prairies and the Rockies, the "Backbone of the Continent," British Columbia and the Fraser Cañons to the coast. There are one or more photographs at every page, and the whole volume is one that any Canadian would be pleased to have on his drawing-room table. It may be that our copy was an exception, but the binding looks too heavy for the weight of the paper and photographs, and hence the back gets broken.

"'EMIN,' which ought to be pronounced 'Emeen,' or 'El-Emeen,' means the 'faithful' or 'trustworthy' in Arabic," says the *St. James Gazette*. "The trusty Pasha of the Wadelai evidently knew the strong points in his own character when he assumed this name. But it is popular among good Mussulmans for other reasons. It was a name of the Prophet Mohammed, for one thing; and one of Haroun Alraschid's sons—by Zubeida—who was also called Emin. The last is a bad omen, however, for this Emin was overpowered in the siege of Baghdad and slain."

THE MARECHAL NIEL ROSE.—After his heroism in Italy the then General Niel, while returning to France, was given a basket of roses by a peasant. In it was a bud with a root attached to the stem. Niel kept the shoot and gave it to a noted floriculturist, who obtained from it four of the loveliest lemon-tinted roses the world had ever seen. Niel carried them to the Empress Eugenie, who remarked with vivacity: "I will christen this rose for you—the Marechal Niel," and from that day General Niel was a marshal of France.