



Editor's Table.

Mr. Beaugrand, ex-Mayor of Montreal and journalist, has published from the presses of *La Patrie*, which he owns, a neat volume containing three lectures, read by him before three different bodies, within the past two or three years. The subjects are: "From Montreal to Victoria;" "The Birth and History of the Newspaper;" and "Anita," a sketch of love and adventure in the French expedition against Mexico, under Bazaine.\* It is needless to say that the author, with a skilled pen of many years' work, has done justice to the three several subjects which he treats. He pays a deserved tribute to the management of the Canadian Pacific Railway, admits the good which it has achieved and its future influence on the material development of the country, and, in a manly way, like Mr. Mackenzie before him, speaks well of an institution which he and his party fought against at almost every stage of its progress. The same spirit of fair play is displayed by M. Beaugrand in his account of the splendid growth of the French press, in Canada, within the past decade, where he accords a meed of praise to the journals of his adversaries. This "conference" is very full for the press of old France, as well, the author having drawn material from the fullest sources. But the best paper of the three is the last, where the lecturer appears in the light of a *diabolo colorado*; spurs through the lines for a tryst with a dark-eyed Anita; falls into the hands of the bandit *chinacos*; is brought before Trevino, who sends him to Santa Rosa, instead of hanging him by the ears upon a tree; is rescued in a skirmish, and reaches camp without having seen his dulcinea. The story is told with a sort of guerilla dash, and is tropical in its warmth. An English translation would doubtless be read with pleasure.

Not content with his valuable handbook, "Canada," published for the Indian and Colonial Exhibition of 1886, Mr. George Johnson, of Ottawa, has just put forth another book, called "Graphic Statistics,"† the fruit of special studies on the financial, commercial, industrial and other statistics of the country. The learned author chooses 1887 as a year marking the twentieth of Confederation, and whose statistics form a natural standard of comparison with the past. It will also be the year of comparison with the future. This book wants to be seen in order to be understood, but it is easily understood, and thus becomes true to its name of a graphic statistical record. It is one of those books of easy, quick and reliable reference, which the business man, first, then the public man and the several classes of the studious ought to have always at hand for reference, and for the decision of knotty points. Everything is there; nothing is forgotten. The tables are drawn up in graduated parallelograms, so as to inform the eye at a glance. The aggregate trade of Canada and the United States, for thirty-eight years; the assets, the banks, securities, coasting trade, deposits, excise, exports, fire and life insurance, fisheries, forests, furs, Government notes, imports, manufactures, money orders, bank and Dominion notes, post offices, railways, savings banks, shipping, spirits, stocks, steel and iron, customs, tobacco, transit trade, wheat exports, and a list of other material will be found fully tabulated. We most earnestly commend this book, on business and national grounds.

Although the name of Mr. James D. Edgar, M.P., has been connected with the poem of the White Canoe,‡ no less than with political campaigns and parliamentary life, the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED takes an early opportunity of saying a word to its readers on the merits of this poem. The scene is meant to be Canadian, inasmuch as

the tribe of the Ottawas never wandered far from the valley which still bears their name. The legend is drawn from that vast storehouse, the monumental folios of Schoolcraft, and having been left untouched by Longfellow, Mr. Edgar felt free to use it, and this he has done in the swinging monotone of Hiawatha. It may be said at once that the imitation is well done, as a rule. The metre is by no means simple, as the author seems to intimate in his preface, and to save it from the dullness of prose requires an ear attuned to the music of the forest; the flow of the waters; the song of the wild-birds; the simmer of the sunset, and the stillness of midnight in the wilderness. The story is the search of Abeka for his love, the fair Wabose, with the euphony of whose name, we confess, we are not enamoured. He rose with the sun, one morning, followed by his hound, strapped on his snowshoes with thongs of deerskin, and walked on steadily till he reached a lofty terrace, where he is confronted by a vision of the dead Paw-guk, who comforts him by assuring him of his friendship.

Thus Abeka learned the secret  
Of those weird and mystic visions  
That had filled his mind with wonder—  
Hope and wonder, strangely blended.  
And he heard, with deep emotion,  
Why the White Dove hovered round him,  
In his fasts and in his vigils,  
Stirred his thoughts and shaped his fancies,  
Till she led him through the forest,  
Toward the land of Souls and Shadows.  
These things all were told Abeka  
By the Master of the Wigwam.

The second half of the poem is much the best, describing the scenery, delights, peace and happiness of the Island of the Blessed, where the lovers meet at last and roam together, and it should have given its name to the verses, instead of the White Canoe, which is only incidentally touched upon, as in this passage:

Floating on the crystal waters,  
A canoe of dazzling whiteness,  
Fashioned out of purest White Stone,  
Waited, ready for Abeka.

In this white stone canoe, accompanied by Wabose, in a similar one, he glided to the Isle of Souls and Shadows. The poem ends by the hero's summons back to his people in order to prepare them for a migration to the Happy Island, while Wabose stays behind to await his second coming.

Always young and always faithful.

We repeat that we are very much pleased with this poem. It is a distinct addition to our literature, and a book that one will like to take up, in certain moods, and read with a kind of dreamy enjoyment. It has caught the breath of that mysterious Indian mythology—whose vagueness suggests much of the charm of the ideal. The illustrations of the volume are six in number, but we hardly know what to think of them. It is plain enough that Mr. Blatchly's drawing is correct and appropriate to each scene—we specially like the fourth or the vision of the dove, and not all the fifth, or the two white stone canoes—but there is something about their spread on the page which gives them a "washy" look.

THE GRANDDAUGHTER OF HER GRANDMOTHER.  
—A good deal of fun is being made in the newspapers of a rich old farmer up in the Connecticut valley, who in his 85th year has espoused a 15-year-old bride, and who gives the following account of the hereditary courtship which has at length resulted in this ill-assorted match:

"I knowed her grandmam' and wanted her, but she wouldn't see to it. She married my bitterest enemy and had a daughter. I courted that daughter when her folks wasn't round, but somehow they got wind of it and I was dished agin. She went and got married and had a daughter. Says I, 'Jonathan, you will marry this'n,' and settles down, glumlike, to wait for the youngster to grow up. Martha's folks watched me close, and I began to suspect I'd have to wait for the next family, when they died—all of them died—and Martha was left without no relatives; so I popped the question, and we were married."



Humourous.

Caller—Does Miss De Guzzle live here?  
Bridget—Yiss, sorr.  
Caller—Is she at home?  
Bridget (who has received her instructions and thinks she is following them)—Yiss, sor, she's at home, but she ain't in."

Benevolent stranger to tramp, who is earnestly scrutinizing the sidewalk—You seem to be in trouble, my friend; have you lost anything?  
Tramp, pouncing on a "tin tag," and sadly releasing it—No, I hain't lost nothin'. Wot troubles me is that nobody else hasn't neither.

Customer—How is your brother doing, Isaacstein, who went to the old country a year or so ago?  
Mr. Isaacstein—Ah, poor Abraham! he was blown oop by dynamite; dot vas pad.  
Customer—You don't tell me. Were his remains found?  
Mr. Isaacstein (overcome)—My fren, not more as t-venty-five per cent. Dot vas awful.

MUCH BETTER.

"Jennie, dear, 'tis understood  
That you're engaged?" "Oh, yes, dear Etta."  
"Is he handsome?" "Yes."  
"That's good!"  
"Is he wealthy?" "Yes."  
"That's better."

"I left the business long ago," said the ex-umpire, "but it seems to follow me still, even to my old home."  
"How is that?" asked his auditor.  
"Well, my son works in an iron mill and my daughter is a fine young lady. I go home at night and find my boy on a strike and my girl gone on balls and parties. Even my wife gives me chicken wings—foul tips, you know."  
And the old umpire sighed.

The two men had occupied the same seat in a railway coach for half a day, and the train had reached its destination.

"I am indebted to you, sir, for an agreeable conversation that has relieved greatly the monotony of a long journey. May I ask your name?"

"Certainly. My name is Sullivan."  
(Jocosely.) "Not Mr. Sullivan of Boston?"  
"Yes, I reside in Boston."  
"What! not—"  
(Haughtily.) "No, sir; I am a college professor."  
"Beg pardon. Permit me to introduce myself. My name is Crowley."  
(Smilingly.) "Not Mr. Crowley of New York?"  
"Yes, New York is my home."  
"What! not—"  
(Hotly.) "No, sir! I am the president of a bank, sir."  
(Coldly.) "Good-day, sir!"  
(Frigidly.) "Good-day!"

"Yes," said Uncle Rastus, "I've been takin' brain food fo' ter stimulate my mem'ry, an' it's wakin fust rate."  
"I hope it has worked sufficiently for you to remember, Uncle Rastus, that you have owed me seventy-five cents for over a year."  
"Yes, sah; that was one ob de fust things I 'membered, an' jes' as I was gwine roun' fo' ter pay de money, I also 'membered that I wuddent have nuffin' lef' ter buy a codfish wif. Dat brain food, Mistah Smif, am er great discovery."

"Edward, why do I hear that you have disobeyed your grandmother, who told you not to jump down these steps?"  
"Grandma didn't tell me not to, papa. She only came to the door and said: 'I wouldn't jump down these steps, boys.' And I shouldn't think she would—an old lady like her."

Joe, the coloured waiting man, came in early one morning to make a fire for Elisha Carr, a sort of evangelist, who was stopping with Joe's master. It was cold and the ground covered with snow.

"Have you got any religion yet?" asked Mr. Carr.  
"No, sir."  
"Well, don't you want to get it?"  
"No, sir; I don't know as I does."  
"Well, you'd better want to get it. You'd better want to get to heaven, where it will be warm, and you won't have to make fires on cold mornings."  
The idea struck Joe with force, and he "studied" over it for a while; then, looking up with a puzzled expression, he asked: "Tell me, Mr. Carr, is dey any white folks up dar?"  
"Yes."  
"Well," sighed Joe, "you nee'n't ter tell me, ef dey's any white folks up dar, dat niggers won't have ter make fires fer 'em."

\* *Mélanges, Trois Conférences*, H. Beaugrand, Montréal, 1888, 8vo paper, pp. 149.  
† *Graphic Statistics*, by George Johnson, Ottawa, 1888, 8vo cloth, pp. 80, with 4 charts in sheets.  
‡ *The White Stone Canoe, A Legend of the Ottawas*, by James D. Edgar. Illustrations by W. D. Blatchly, Toronto. *The Toronto News Co.*, 12 mo. pp. 27.