



THE CARTOON.—This sketch, drawn with a keen sense of the situation which it is meant to depict, shows better the undignified and unworthy action of President Cleveland in regard to retaliation against a well-meaning and unoffending neighbour, than any written comment, although we took care to utter our blunt opinion on the subject in an editorial article of last week.

INDIANS MAKING CANOES.—Here is a characteristic Indo-Canadian scene, no farther away from the haunts of civilization than Murray Bay. The whole cabin has turned out—"the old man"; father and mother in the same boat; girl and boy at the door; the broad St. Lawrence to the right of the picture; and a sheer crag on the left. In a day or two that frail canoe will be spinning across the mighty river.

"LES TROUS" FALLS.—Another scene at Murray Bay, with a very odd name—"The Holes." The number of falls from Quebec to Tadoussac, especially on the north shore of the St. Lawrence, is so great as to form a distinct feature of the landscape, and, while "Les Troues" cannot vie with the Falls of Montmorenci or St. Annes, they have a stamp of grandeur quite their own.

SANDFORD FLEMING.—There are few of our public men who are better known than this great engineer, whom we present to our readers, to-day, in his flowing robes as Chancellor of Queen's University. Mr. Fleming was born at Kircaldy, Scotland, 7th January, 1827, was brought up as a civil engineer, and, coming to Canada, became engineer-in-chief of the Northern Railway. He was a delegate to England from Red River, in 1863; chief engineer of the Intercolonial Railway for thirteen years, from 1863-76, and of the Canadian Pacific in 1871, from which he retired in 1880. For his services to science and to his adopted Canada, he was made a C.M.G. in 1877; was chosen Chancellor of Queen's University, Kingston, in 1880; was delegated to the International Congress at Venice, in 1881; presented with the degree of LL.D. by the University of St. Andrew's, in 1884; represented Great Britain at the Washington Conference, for the adoption of a prime meridian, in 1884; is a director of the Hudson's Bay Company; was a director of the C. P. R. Co., in 1885; and appointed a delegate to the Imperial Federation Conference, in 1887. He received, and deservedly, the Confederation medal, in 1886, and is the author of a number of valuable professional and scientific works.

SAULT STE. MARIE BRIDGE.—The geographical position and importance of this great engineering work is its main claim to public notice. The engraving, taken from a photograph by Henderson, is impressive from its aspect of solitude, not a soul being seen on buttress, beam or water, and the broad element being as smooth as glass.

VICTORIA SQUARE, MONTREAL.—Although a familiar scene, it is one of the prettiest in Canada. The central figure is the statue of the Queen, in bronze, by Marshall Wood, unveiled by the Marquis of Dufferin some twelve years ago. The square is framed in by noble warehouses, of white Montreal granite, and among the spires in view are those, on the left, of the Y. M. C. A. and St. Andrew's; in front, of the Church of the Messiah; and, to the right, of St. Patrick's.

COBBLER'S SHOP, from a painting by Haanan.—Calz Wolaig, whose name we see over the door in this engraving, is demonstrating digitally that the charge made for repairing the young maiden's shoes is not out of keeping with the excellence of the work, which she appears to be questioning. Pending conviction, she is feeling for the wherewithal to redeem her debt, and here the artist has made a happy hit of face, form and pose. Young Boots to the right goes on steadily with his work (like most boys!), apparently uninterested in the arguments of the disputants. The cobbler, if we put any credence in the following lines, is, like the poet who entertains monotony with a little of the burlesque:

Blow, oh! blow, ye heavenly breezes,
All among the leaves and trees;
Sing, oh! sing, ye heavenly muses,
While I mends my boots and shoes!

C. Van Haanan is, we believe, a Dutchman of no mean celebrity.

THE LANSLOWNE CHALLENGE CUP.—This is the first of a series of cups and trophies which will be distributed by the Dominion Rifle Association, in their matches and games, such as is now going on at Ottawa. We shall publish the series of cups in their regular order, having also in preparation the portraits of the officers of this national body, and other views connected with the same. The cup shown to-day was presented to the association by Lord Lansdowne.

POND AND FOUNTAIN.—This is another view of the Public Gardens of Halifax. These gardens were described in a previous number in connection with a couple of sketches of the beautiful grounds.

DROWNED OUT.—A pendant sketch to the one called "The Anxious Moment," published a fortnight ago. Then the young bird was warm in its nest, fearless of harm, and the old birds were luring it from its covert. The temptation was strong and the youngster flew forth to see the world. But alas! the world was too much for him. The rain came down, the winds blew, the thunder roared, the lightning flashed, and the poor chicks were swept into the flood, where they came to grief at last.

POINTS.

BY ACUS.

A correspondent asks what is the best metre to employ in writing a love-sonnet. I would advise a sort of meet-her by moonlight alone.

They have been having a milk-combine in Ottawa. It will probably be of short duration, however, as recent rains have very much increased the supply of water.

It is often said, as a reflection upon the present order of things, that the rich go scot-free where the poor are punished. Of a similar nature is the truth that the rich get for nothing what the poor have to pay for. By merely expressing the wish, the rich and distinguished, to whom money is no object, can travel on passes from Dan to Beer-sheba; while the poor have to pay, or to trudge it. Such is life.

Nothing can more forcibly attest the charms of the pretty type-writer than the havoc she plays with the heart of the usually prosaic man of business. With the musty smell of old documents she mingles the perfume of jockey club; and the noisy tramp of heavy soles is relieved by the light patter of French heels. Through her fair influence business is therefore etherialised and transcendentalised. They say the professions are overcrowded. No wonder.

When the term *musician* is applied to one who is an instrumentalist merely, is it not misapplied? It seems to me that the instrumentalist is to music just what the elocutionist is to literature: both are interpreters. Careful and persistent application has made many an instrumentalist, and many an elocutionist, but all the application in the world could not make them the authors of such works as they interpret. The true musician (like the poet) is born, not made. Technique, however, is a matter of industry. Numbering several excellent instrumentalists among my friends, I should be the last to underestimate their very valuable services. There are also, among my friends, one or two whom I would call musicians. And I like to observe this distinction.

In many instances the geographical nomenclature of this country is not without its spice of romance. Of course the well known derivation of the word Lachine is one of the pearls of Canadian history. Still further examples are to be found outside of the ordinary lines of travel and communication. At a certain part of the Shuyan River, in the County of Pontiac, the swift current is split about the centre by a huge rock. The story goes that from the brow of an overhanging cliff one Père le Blanc made a suicidal leap into the river, and the rock from which he jumped broke and followed him. Accordingly the place is called *Père le Blanc Chute*. Another fanciful instance is to be found in connection with a pretty lake. Owing to its peculiar elevation,

"When the sunset's golden glow reflecting,"

it appears like a veritable lake of gold. And hence indeed it is called *Golden Lake*.

Fine writing has been defined to be spontaneous thought and laboured expression. Laboured expression it is, often enough. Some writers and speakers can start out with a simple, spontaneous idea, and inside of a few minutes involve it in more complications than one would imagine possible. Swift used to object to anything like condensation, saying that it was a pernicious habit acquired at the university with a view to economy of time and paper. Well, economy of paper is not so great an object, but economy of time is something. A working and weary public has not time, these days, to wade through long and abstract theses. The public palate takes to short, crisp paragraphs. The writer of to-day is nothing if not terse. The one whose prose is a short cut to his meaning is the one to be read. We prefer, as someone has said, to take our mental pabulum with a spoon, instead of with a shovel.

There is a field of romance with abundant sheaves and but few gleaners to be found in the wild and picturesque experiences of shanty-life.

A death-scene in the shanties has its own peculiar impressiveness. Anything more desolately lonely than its occasional circumstances, it would be difficult to imagine. Take the case of a poor fellow of whom no one knew anything as to his name, his home, or his friends. In the absence even of a priest, he could only mutter to himself "Hail Mary." The Valley of the Shadow we must cross alone; but we like those we love to see us to the border. Except an infrequent call from a young book-keeper, the man died without attention. Then they hewed out a log, just as they sometimes hew one out to make a rude boat, and improvised a rough coffin of it; into which, with the body, they placed the violin and all the other possessions of the man. The only burial-service was performed by the young book-keeper, who read a chapter from the Bible, while the shanty-men stood solemnly round with uncovered heads. Out of hemlock boughs they fashioned a rude cross. And there, amid the silence of the forest, he sleeps. If this paragraph is his only obituary, I am not sorry that it is written.

A CONALCON POEM.

IN MEMORY OF THE LATE CHARLES JAMES KICKHAM

[A Conalcon poem is one in the style of Amergin, son of Maelgwyn, a brother of Heber, Heremon and Ir. He alone of the Irish poets of old wrote in this kind of verse. The last word of each line must be the same as the first word of the following line. I merely attempted this style in English as an experiment. "Conalcon" is a Celtic word meaning "The Reverberation of a String." The reader is referred to Barron's work on the Celtic Language.—J. K. F.]

Kickham, thy halo'd grave is made,
Made on Ireland's holy soil;
Soil on which the fruits did fade—
Fade despite the constant toil,
Toil and prayer,
Prayer and love,
Vow'd and pray'd for the Island fair!

Fond of the land that saw thee born,
Born in the land that saw thee die;
Die, and to see but the flush of morn,
Morn of freedom on her sky,—
Sky and streams,
Streams and towers,
Towers illum'd in the golden beams.

Thy harp is broke, thy spirit fled,
Fled to thy home with God above;
Above thy tomb our tears are shed,
Shed for the bard we learn'd to love—
Love and praise,
Praise with pride—
Pride in thy noble Irish lays!

Sleep in peace, 'till the trumpets sound,
Sound a call to the buried dead!
Dead tho' thou art, from thy sacred mound,
Mound of death, thou shalt raise thy head;
Head and heart,
Heart and harp—
Harp whose spirit now is fled.

Or sleep 'till thy country's chains are broke,
Broke by men of hands like thine;
Thine object won—a gleam of hope—
Hope for Erin's fate may shine—
Shine on thy tomb—
Tomb and home—
Home no longer deep in gloom.

Leave thy harp "on a willow bough,"
Bough that droops to the silver waves,
Wave that sighs and speaks the vow—
Vow that was spoken o'er thy grave—
Grave and sod,
Sod and rest!

Rest thee till then above with God!
Aylmer, P.Q.

JOSEPH K. FORBES

THE TIME WILL COME.

RONDEAU.

The time will come, when thou and I
Shall meet once more before we die;
The links of passion's broken chain
Shall be united once again,
In coming days for which we sigh.

And thus the sorrows I defy
That cloud the sunshine of our sky,
For Hope still sings her sweet refrain,
The time will come.

O that the hours which loiter by
Would match my swift desire, and fly;
But fond impatience I restrain,
Sure that Love's trust is not in vain,
And that, in answer to my cry,
The time will come.

GEO. MURRAY