



Sir Donald Smith is expected back home by the beginning of the new year.

The Archbishop of Ottawa, who is now in Rome, will spend nearly six months abroad.

Mr. Goldwin Smith has withdrawn from public life, meaning to spend his time in literary work.

Hon. J. J. C. Abbott has made an important purchase of 4,000 volumes for the Montreal Fraser Institute.

Sir John H. Johnston, of St. Osyth's Priory, England, is interested in the phosphate mining operations at Buckingham.

Senator Alexander has written to a friend in Ottawa to say that ill health will prevent his attending the coming session.

Hon. Mr. Blake will spend some days again at the Capital to watch the interests of his clients in the great railway case.

Sir Donald Smith has had plans prepared for a handsome stone cottage at St. Andrews, N.B., where he will live each summer.

Mrs. Alexander Cameron, of Toronto, formerly of Detroit, has made her will, disposing of upwards of four millions of dollars.

Hon. Mr. Price, the lumber king of the Chicoutimi and Saguenay, has been raised to the Senate in the room of the late Hon. J. G. Ross.

Hon. Mr. Chapleau and Mrs. Chapleau sailed for Paris on Saturday last to consult a physician for the Minister, who expects to be back by February.

Mrs. Barnabas Tilton, mother of John Tilton, Deputy Minister of Fisheries, died at Lancaster, N.B., yesterday. Deceased was in her eighty-first year.

Mrs. Hannah Macdougall, mother of the Hon. William Macdougall, who died in her 84th year, was born at St. Andrews, on the Ottawa River, and came to Toronto when fifteen years of age.

Mrs. F. X. Quintal a few days ago celebrated the 95th anniversary of her birthday, surrounded by her 14 children, 113 grand-children, 138 great-grandchildren, and 20 great-grandchildren.

The memorial window presented by Lady Macdonald to St. Alban's Church, Ottawa, in memory of her mother, was manufactured in England from a Canadian design, is understood to be very handsome, and cost about \$1,500.

Professor Wiggins, of tempestuous fame, has scored another success, and is receiving greetings from all parts. He foretold an earthquake somewhere, and all along the south shore of the St. Lawrence to Rimouski the earth trembled. No casualties.

On November 22, 1888, at the advanced age of 82 years, being born in Montreal 12th August, 1806, there passed away one of the last surviving members of the Montreal branch of the well known Canadian family of Sewell. Mrs. Durnford was a daughter of the late Stephen Sewell, K.C., formerly solicitor-general for Lower Canada.

Sir Charles Tupper writes us from his office, at London, asking that the following facts be added to his biography which we lately published. He obtained the M.D. degree at Edinburgh University, and also the license of the Royal College of Surgeons in 1843. He was created a baronet in the present year, 1888. He was one of the three (being Minister of Railways at the time), who made the agreement with the C.P.R. Syndicate for the building of the road, and he carried it through Parliament the next year, the Imperial Parliament having nothing to do with it.

QUEBEC IN 1830.

At this period several British regiments occupied the Citadel and Jesuits barracks, composed of infantry, armed with the antiquated flint lock "Brown Bess" gun, the Royal Artillery and Engineers and Commissariat department. The artillery and engineers were located in barracks at the foot of Palace street, and the commissariat a building on the *Place d'Armes*, the officers' mess on St. Louis street, where they and invited guests dined, enlivened by the strains of a regimental band. The entrance to the city was by five gates, namely, St. Louis, Palace, St. John, Hope and Mountain Hill gates, at each of which was a guardhouse, with sentry boxes for the soldiers, who paced for two hours, till relieved by others in their turn; besides a guardhouse near the old chateau and Castle St. Louis (since burned), the residence of the Governor-General. At about the midnight hour might be heard the words of a sentry: "Turn out the guard!" "Who goes there?" "Rounds!" "What rounds?"

"Grand rounds." "Stand and give the counter-sign." "Pass, grand rounds." The officers of this guard then proceeded to the other guardhouses, till the round was completed, the occupants being supplied with rations, selected by the commissariat. On Sunday a review of the troops took place on the Esplanade by the Governor-General (then a superior officer of the army), accompanied by a brilliant staff, the troops, after marching and counter-marching, then proceeding to their barracks. A grand review of all the troops at the Plains of Abraham, on the Queen's birthday, was an imposing sight to those then living (alas! how few remain), who witnessed the military display. The firing of the cannon on the Citadel, at 9 p.m. in summer, and 8.30 p.m. in winter, summoned the soldiers to their barracks from the taverns in the suburbs, where some remained after roll-call, or fell struggling on their way, to be picked up by a corporal's guard, and to undergo the penalty of extra drill on the following morning. This brief pen and ink sketch must suffice, as the art of photography was unknown in those days, which would otherwise have afforded some more vivid conception of "Quebec as a garrison city" to the readers of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED.

Ottawa.

G. S. P.

RED AND BLUE PENCILS.

Murray's Magazine is amusing in its description of the ideal oyster, by which it means, of course, the British native. The shape should be like the petal of a rose leaf. Who ever heard of the petal of a leaf? Its shell should be as thin as china. It should have a metallic ring and an opalescent hue. The hollow should be like an egg cup and the flesh firm, white and nut-like. All of which is very fine, but what about the *taste* of your native? Why that smack of copper?

The Canadian man of letters likes his own hard shells, because they come from the deep, have the zest of brine, are fed, not on slops nor sewage, but on kelp and slippery sea weed, with lesser mollusks that make them fat and plump. Then look at the kingly size of them—the *Bouc-touche*, large as your hand; the *Saint-Simon*, tapering and firm; the *Malpecque*, with its bunches of pearly meat, and the little *Caraquette* that holds in solution a saline elixir.

"Foy," of Quebec, has sent me several pieces of verse, all clever, but not always polished enough with Horace's file. There can be no good workmanship without the *limae labor*. The following triolet, however, from his pen, shows that he has a fine touch:—

L'HIRONDELLE.

Petit hirondelle,
Joli voyageur,
Voles donc vers ma belle,
Petit hirondelle!

Demandes lui qu'elle
Me renvoie mon cœur,
Petit hirondelle,
Joli voyageur!

The *Varsity Gazette*, of Toronto, gives this list of college newspapers:—*University Review*, Trinity College, Toronto; *College Times*, U. C. College, Toronto; *Knox College Monthly*, Toronto; *The Varsity*, Toronto; *McGill Gazette*, Montreal; *University Monthly*, Fredericton, N.B.; *Portfolio*, Hamilton Ladies' College; *Sunbeam*, Whitby Ladies' College; *Gazette*, Dalhousie College, N.S.; *King's College Record*, Windsor, N.S.; *Journal*, Queen's College, Kingston; *Acta Victoriana*, Cobourg; *Argosy*, Sackville, N.B.; *Journal*, Manitoba College, Winnipeg; *Presbyterian College Journal*, Montreal; *The Owl*, Ottawa College. From this it will be seen that nine papers are published in Ontario, two in Quebec, two in New Brunswick, two in Nova Scotia, and one in Manitoba. Of these, two are from ladies' colleges in Ontario. *The Varsity* is the only weekly among the number; there are several fortnightly, but the great majority are monthlies. The list lacks *The Athenæum*, of Acadia College, Wolfville, N.S.; the *Almafilian*, of Alma College, St. Thomas, Ont., and *Le Couvent*, of Joliette, P.Q.

Not better than our own, but pleasing from association, is the *Oxford Magazine*, published, with its buff cover and frontispiece of MOVSIKE and GYMNASIKE. It comes out weekly during term. The number before us contains this cynic and scholastic outburst:—

ODE TO THE TEMPORARY BRIDGE AT OSNEY.

Proud monument of British enterprise!

Stately highway of Commerce! thou art old:

Since with enraptured gaze we saw thee rise

Three winters o'er thy perilous planks have rolled,

Each with its load of carriages and carts:

Freshmen, who saw thy birth, are Bachelors of Arts.

Majestic arch, that spans the Isis' flow,

Fraught with the memory of our lives imperilled,

We could not hope to keep thee—thou must go.

Yet shall no bard in Chronicle or Herald,

No civic Muse, deplore thee! none of all

Who paid augmented rates to rear thee, mourn thy fall.

Thou art of schemes municipal the symbol,

As crazy, and as tortuous. Fare thee well!

Not long o'er thee shall Undergraduate nimble

Evade the Proctor and his bulldogs fell:

Business and Pleasure to their old forgotten

Path will return again, and leave thy timbers rotten.

Perchance some Alderman, or Member of

The Local Board,—his shallop softly mooring,—

Beside thy site contemplative will rove

And weep awhile thy glories unending:

And unimpeded by thy barring wood

Dead cats and dogs shall float adown the central flood.

A. G.

We have two more monuments that are spoken of. The first is to the memory of Thomas D'Arcy McGee. All Canada owes him this tribute for his services in the cause of good fellowship and national union. We, men of letters, have special cause to enlist in this good work. Poor D'Arcy was a born orator, and, in his published speeches, the very best are those delivered after his settlement in the Dominion. He wrote much pretty verse, and so ductile was his mind that, among his gathered poems, we find quite a little collection of ballads on Canadian themes.

The other monument is to the Iroquois virgin and saint, Catharine Tagakwita, born near Auriesville, in the Mohawk Valley, and who lived and died at Caughnawaga, over against Montreal, or, as it was called in her time, Sault St. Louis. Rev. Clarence Walworth, Rector of St. Mary's, Albany, had this statue made and inscribed at his own cost, and sent over to Caughnawaga to be set up. In some unaccountable way the stone has been stopped on the road, near Portage River, six miles from the Sault, and it is said that the hitch lies in \$40 of Customs' duties which have not yet been paid. The writer of these lines, with other men of letters and students of history, are going to see that this mistake is mended.

TALON.

OLD FRIENDS.—Never give up old friends for new ones. Make new ones if you like, and when you have learned that you can trust them, love them if you will, but remember the old ones still. Do not forget that they have been merry with you in time of pleasure, and when sorrow came to you they sorrowed also. No matter if they have gone down in the social scale, and you up; no matter if poverty and misfortune have come to them, while prosperity and plenty have fallen to you— are they any less true for that?

OATMEAL AS A FOOD.—Many of the keepers of big groceries in this city tell of the large extent to which oatmeal is used as an article of diet. In thousands of families a plate or a bowl of oatmeal porridge, which ought to be of the best quality, well boiled, and taken with cream, is the first thing at breakfast. The children are apt to be very fond of it. It is wholesome, nutritious and advantageous to the digestion. It is surprising that more people do not learn how to prepare for the breakfast table oatmeal cakes, those thin, crisp, most excellent biscuits which one finds in all households in Scotland, and which ought to be eaten with fresh milk. They are easily made, worth making, possess most of the merits of porridge, and are a desirable change from it at times,