

city's poor. The receipts of all places of amusement in Paris are taxed ten per cent. to support the indigent.

A new reform has been launched, that for weaning away Frenchmen from cafés to pass their evenings in the bosom of their families. This is love's labor lost in advance. A café is a positive home for thousands, and a present necessity for but too many. It is a cheap place of amusement for those who cannot afford going to a theatre, as they can meet friends and play cards, dominoes, etc., read the newspapers or engage in games of billiards. A pater-familias comes to his café, after driving with his family, as he repairs to his club. As well expect a leopard to change its spots, as the café frequenter his habits. If he can afford it, he will pass one evening in the week with his wife at the theatre. As a rule, the most domestic inhabitants in Paris are the Jews; they rarely if ever indulge in amusements without their families sharing in the joy. But café life has within the last fifteen years been altogether changed. It is supplanted by the *brasserie* or beer salon. Gambirinus has overthrown Bacchus. It is beer, but without skittles, that apparently constitutes life. The richest industrial in Paris has just died, and he made his millions by representing German brewers, till ultimately, it was his own, not the brewer's name that stamped the house. "Pousset" is the name of the deceased; he commenced life penniless, and was a schoolmaster. He was on the eve of going to Japan, as a professor of French, when he was struck with the circumstance of so many wine and beverage shops, and all coining; in five, certainly in ten years, the owners of these establishments had made a sufficient fortune to retire from business. Why ought not he also to succeed? He opened a humble establishment, and sold there the beer of a first class Munich house; clients flocked; he opened a second, a third branch, and they too proved Golcondas. He was now in a position to aim high; he had capital. He henceforth went in for palatial *brasseries*, or cafés; he fitted them up in a Renaissance style of his own; in place of marble tables, he had tables in carved wood with seats to match; he dispensed with the immense wall mirrors, and replaced them by tapestry; the large plate-glass windows had to give way to the colored glass windows of the middle ages that shed a subdued light in the interior. When an important firm failed he bought the premises and opened in due course his modern café, but where beer was the dominant beverage.

But any other kind of drink could be had. No billiards were connected with the establishment; smoking was permitted when the smoker pleased. However, in connection with the beer sales were the materials, chiefly for lunches and suppers, where ham and cold meat largely figured, and more especially the famous *moussau* or ox snout sliced as slender as a pine apple; the Frankfurt sausage was flanked with *choucroute* and the poultry with truffles. Rye bread generally was served, or those confection open-worked biscuits, powdered with salt to whet the appetite and produce thirst. In each establishment was a mural portrait of beer-king Gambirinus, and it was Pousset himself who sat for the god. His establishments at present rule Paris, and are quietly but surely killing the ordinary cafes that are trying before yielding up the ghost to attract clients by supplying music, vocal and instrumental, and kindred Music Hall attractions, but as the law

threatens to make these houses pay ten per cent. on receipts, they cannot survive the competition for any length of time.

A curious trial is to come off. Some sportsmen were in a village tavern at *déjeuner*, when one of them, taking out a bank note for 100 francs to lend to a friend, let it drop into his cup of coffee; one of the dogs made a snap at it, drinking, as was its habit, or trick, the coffee at the same time. The owner of the dog was called upon either to pay the 100 francs or kill the dog and extract the note, he would do neither; the dog was placed in the custody of the police, charged doubtless with abstracting a bank note.

Patriotism runs wild; an advertising dairyman in Paris announces, "French milk from French cows."

THE VIOLET.

(From the German of Goethe.)

A violet in the meadow grew,
Unknown and hidden far from view,
It was a tender violet.
A shepherdess came here one day,
Whose step was light and heart was gay,
This way; this way,
She came this way and sang.

"Were I the loveliest," thought the flower,
"Of all that grow in Nature's bower,
And not a little violet,
Then might I gently be caressed
And worn upon my true love's breast
For but one little hour."

But ah! but ah! when came the maid,
She did not see the flower displayed,
But trod upon the violet.
It sank in death full willingly,
And, dying, murmured tenderly,
"My love, tis she,
Beneath whose feet I die."

W. W. EDGAR.

Toronto, January, 1894.

CANADA FROM AN ARTIST'S POINT OF VIEW.—III.

The close of the last paper brought us to the eastern boundary of Ontario at Lake St. Francis, on the St. Lawrence, and before entering on the details, artistic and otherwise, that make up the grand Province that now finds homes of comfort and often of luxury for thousands whose lives were beforetime full of hardship and striving, it may be well to take a short general survey of the land we are entering upon.

The largest (except British Columbia) of all the Provinces of Canada, Ontario, contains about two hundred and twenty thousand square miles; it may be said to be triangular in shape, the southern side or base stretching along the northern shores of Lakes Ontario and Erie to Windsor, opposite Detroit, thence north-westerly along the east side of Lake Huron, taking in Grand Manitoulin Island, along the eastern and northern shores of Lake Superior to Pigeon River, then still to the north-west along Rainy River and Lake to Lake of the Woods; turning almost due east along English River, Lakes Lonely and Joseph and Albany River to James Bay; due south through the Nipissing District till we strike the Ottawa, and to the south-west along that till we reach the St. Lawrence again.

Great varieties of rock, of soil, and of climate are to be met with, but the Laurentian system of rock predominates, its ridges crossing our rough triangle transversely in

two directions form the three principal watersheds, and what with the unnumbered lakes varying in size from many square miles to one or two acres and the numerous rivers, there is "water, water everywhere," but luckily all of it (except that of Toronto Bay) fit to drink. From the highest Laurentian lake, Abettibi, nine hundred feet above the sea level, all the way down the connecting streams and rivers, often joining and connecting hundreds of lakes, to the ocean, there are great numbers of waterfalls and rapids, with the concomitant advantages of water power enough to run all the machinery that could reasonably be required by the inhabitants, providing electric light and motor power, and finding diversified subjects for sketches and pictures for more artists than are likely to want them. The peninsula enclosed by Lakes Huron, Erie and Ontario, with the Ottawa River, seems, much of it, like a different country. On a lower level, with undulating swells of fine arable land, mostly old settled farming districts long cleared of woods, its rivers shallow and small, each appearing to have dwindled down from a more imposing grandeur to its present size and occupying but a tithe of its former bed, it offers a thoroughly rural and pastoral aspect, presenting us with pictures of comfortable farm-houses with fine barns and large orchards, and reminding us more of man and his doings than of nature in its wildness and picturesqueness, such as lies a few hundred miles to the north and north-east.

"Pleasant it is when woods are green and winds are soft and low," to float on the bosom of the noble St. Lawrence and watch the moving panorama on either hand past the busy town of Cornwall, past Morrisburg, Prescott and Brockville till we come to the varied picturesqueness of the Thousand Islands, and after threading our way through the charming channels, where all kinds of canoes and pleasure boats with tourists troling, boys racing, ladies reading novels and knitting, meet us as we go by, we are almost compelled, if at all artistically inclined, to stay over at one of the island hotels and get a few sketches of the fairy-like scenery, but as for the fishing we leave that to those who enjoy pulling out huge maskingnonge and pike, for after trout fishing with the fly in the northern rivers the troling business is a weariness of the flesh, and the fish caught seem, from a culinary point of view, hardly worth the trouble of catching and cooking.

But every one to his taste, and there will be fishing parties and no doubt cakes and ale, however straight laced some of us may be, and, by the way, fish stories too; this fact anyone can verify who will sit out on the hotel verandah on a summer's evening, and listen to the conversation of the guests. It is a good thing that there is no fear of the sport failing, for the fish come down from the lake, and according to the reports the biggest that are caught are mere minnows to the monsters that are hooked and get away.

Of Kingston, at the head of all these lovely spots, its military school, its defences, and its historical record much could be said, but somehow it is not so picturesque as some places of less note despite its situation. It is known as the "Limestone City" and the country round and to the north bears evidence of the fact, and much of it is of little use, the soil being too shallow for anything but poor pasture. Some of the escarpments of rock make subjects for sketching,