



THE GHOST DANCE (No. 1.)

## The Ghost Dance.

The latest novelty in the way of amusement practised at some of our fashionable summer resorts is known as the "Ghost Dance." It is managed in this way: The ladies and gentlemen, guests of the hotel, who are to act as ghosts, array themselves in their gruesome garb (sheets and pillow-shams of their bed-rooms), preserving great secrecy. When ready for the sport the lights of the parlour are suddenly and mysteriously turned down, leaving but a faint glimmer; a march is played by the orchestra and the ghosts file into the parlour in couples; the music is changed to suit a quadrille, and the dance begins. All this is done so suddenly and so secretly that the other guests who happen to be in the parlour at the time are taken by surprise and stare in hushed astonishment at the spectral group moving in their white habiliments with measured steps, in the obscurity that fills the apartment, so brilliantly lighted but a moment before. Legends of sheeted churchyard visitants, wandering among tombstones in the pale moonlight, crowd upon the memory of the spectator, and as the dance proceeds it is some minutes before he can realize that the dancers are something more than shadows. When sufficiently recovered from his dazed perplexity to grasp the reality, he laughs at the joke, and declares it is worthy of a place in THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED. Fully agreeing in this opinion, we give the "Ghost Dance" in our present issue. It is from a flash-light photograph, taken at St. Leon Springs by Martin.

### POINTS.

BY ACUS.

To point a moral and adorn a tale!  
—Johnson: *Vanity of Human Wishes.*



HERE is something amusing if not pathetic about the apprehensions with which the average foreigner regards his first Canadian winter. When the leaves begin to turn he probably breathes his fears into the sympathizing ear of a physician, with enquiries as to his capabilities of endurance; then he sallies forth upon the search for warm clothing. I may remark just here that the tam-o-shanter may be pretty good and becoming; but the stranger who chooses it in preference to a fur cap may find that he has laboured under a misapprehension. It is a peculiar fact

supplied with fur robes; and generally we manage to fight Jack Frost pretty successfully.

Doubtless many of the readers of this journal are familiar with the name and work of Mr. William Bradford. I believe he has lectured in Montreal; at all events he is expected to lecture there sometime during the ensuing season. Mr. Bradford has become celebrated as the painter *par excellence* of the scenery of the far north, the land of the midnight sun. He has conducted several expeditions north for the sole purpose of studying Arctic scenery; so that he may be regarded as an authority, as indeed he is. Having lectured by request before the most learned societies abroad, and upon this continent, Mr. Bradford's conscientious work has received high recognition; and his paintings command a high price, some selling as high as \$12,000. Naturally this artist stands high with Arctic explorers. The unfortunate De Long and his family, Greeley and others, have been close friends of Mr. Bradford; as also literary men, such as Wilkie Collins, whom he entertained while on this continent. During a recent holiday I had the pleasure of meeting this distinguished artist, and of being invited to peep into his studio. Mr. Bradford resides by the sea in the delightful village of Fairhaven, Mass.; in which neighbourhood also reside J. G. Whittier, Louisa M. Alcott, Theodore Thomas and other celebrities. His studio occupies a very old wooden building at the extreme end of Union street wharf, commanding a charming outlook. Storm-beaten, weather-stained, and salt-soaked, this picturesque old building stands in a remarkable state of preservation; though it is estimated as being over a hundred years old.

Ottawa as a rule has been rather free from labour complications. Outside of the lumber industry there is not a great deal of labour employed in this district. Commercially, Ottawa and the adjacent city of Hull may be regarded as one. The prosperity of the lumber industry is intimately connected with the prosperity of Ottawa. Consequently anything tending to unsettle this industry is regarded in Ottawa with grave apprehensions. The recent strike is remarkable for the absence of anything like bitter feeling on either side. It has been conducted as a matter of business, in a business-like way. As between employers and employed the equities seem to be pretty evenly divided; but it is generally conceded that the strike was ill-timed. The mills expected shortly to close for the winter anyway, so that at the worst it would only be closing a little sooner.



THE GHOST DANCE (No. 2.)