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THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

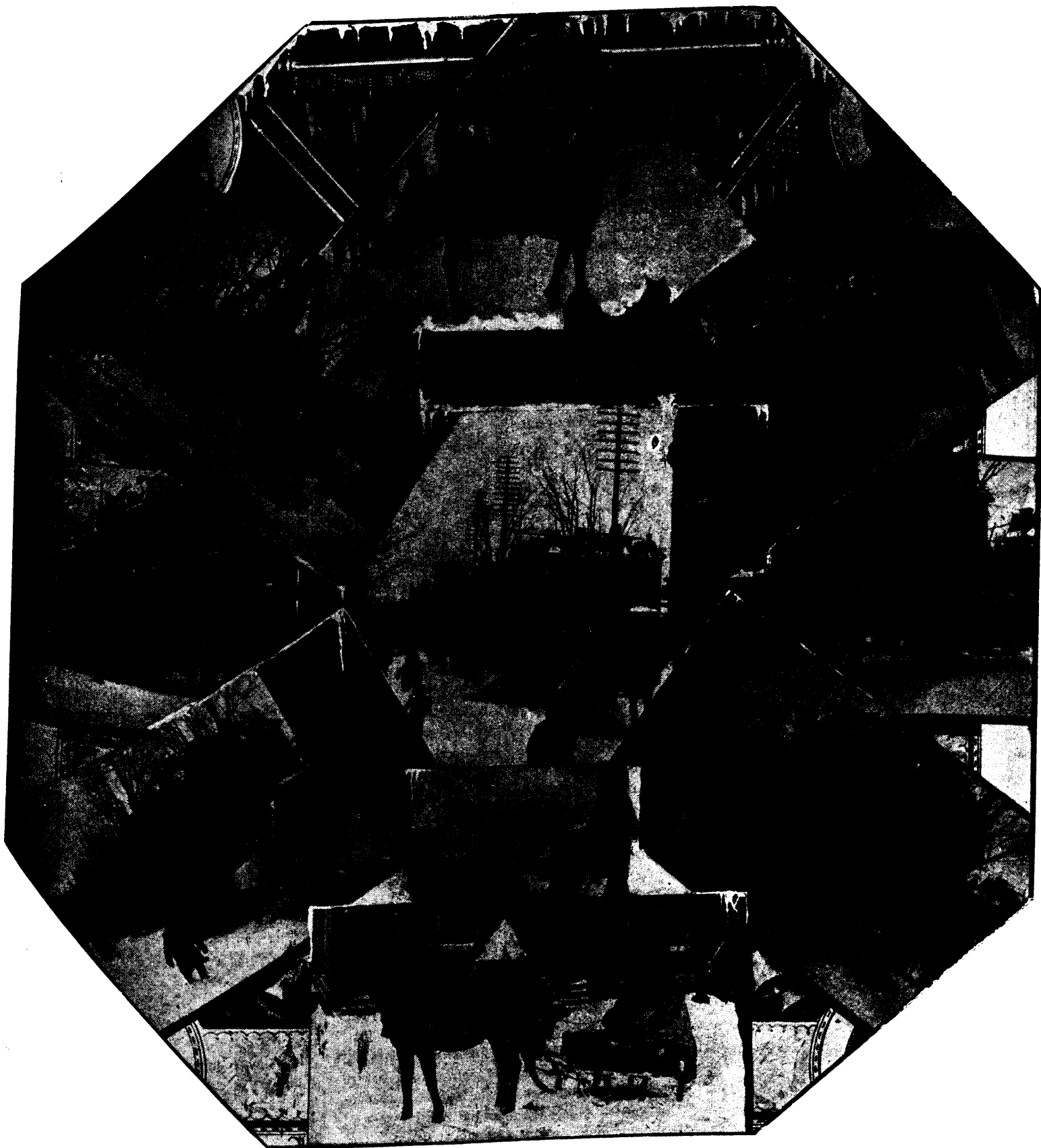
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VOL. II.—No. 36.

MONTREAL AND TORONTO, 9th MARCH, 1889.

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THE MONTREAL WINTER CARNIVAL.



THE FANCY DRIVE—A MEDLEY.

From photographs by Cumming.

The Dominion Illustrated.

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9th MARCH, 1889.

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED PUBLISHING
COMPANY.

We are forming a joint stock company to own and publish this journal. Its success as a commercial enterprise is now beyond doubt. The reception given the paper by the Press and the Public has been enthusiastic. The subscription lists keep swelling day by day. The advertising is steadily improving and the outlook generally is excellent. We started the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED with limited means, and have, single-handed, brought it to a period when the employment of additional capital is not only justified by the work done, the results achieved, and the certainty of success, but is required for the improvement, permanency and economic production of the paper. The proposed capital of the company is \$50,000, in shares of \$100, a notable portion of which is already subscribed by good business men, whose names are a guarantee of efficient and successful administration. Among these are:

Hon. Sir Donald A. Smith, K.C.M.G., M.P.,
President of the Bank of Montreal, Governor
Hudson's Bay Company, etc., etc.

Andrew Robertson, Esq., Chairman Montreal
Harbour Commissioners; President Royal
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Jacques Grenier, Esq., President of La Banque du
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R. B. Angus, Esq., Director Canadian Pacific
Railway Company, President Montreal Art
Association, etc., etc.

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George Hague, Esq., General Manager of the
Merchants' Bank of Canada.

W. W. Chipman, Esq., Manager Ontario Bank,
Montreal.

Adam Skaife, Esq., of J. H. R. Molson & Co.,
Montreal.

Gust. W. Wicksteed, Q.C., Ottawa.

Applications for shares should be sent at once
to the undersigned, as we expect to close the stock
list in a few days.

G. E. DESBARATS & SON,
Publishers,
Montreal.



Destructive and fatal cyclones have devastated
portions of Georgia and Alabama.

There have been fresh rumours of a vague
nature of commotions on the Afghan frontier.

Earnest appeals have been made to the British
public for the relief of the sufferers by the famine
in China.

Mr. Edgar, M.P., has given notice that he will
move, in committee, for an additional and rather
drastic provision to Mr. Wallace's anti-combination
bill.

By a contract recently concluded Mr. Geo. M.
Pullman has secured a practical monopoly of the
sleeping car service on all the transcontinental
American lines.

Mr. H. W. Darling, of Toronto, being enter-
tained by the Union League Club, of Chicago,
took the opportunity, in replying to a toast, of
insisting that there was no annexation sentiment
in Canada.

The passage by Congress of the Nicaragua bill
has deepened the interest of Europeans in Count
de Lesseps' uncompleted scheme, but as yet no
practical steps have been taken for the resumption
of the work on the Panama canal.

A good deal of discussion has been evoked by
the protest uttered, in the course of a sermon in
a church at Ottawa, against the agitation for the
disallowance of the grant to the Jesuits. The
agitation is largely confined to Ontario.

In his declaration of policy the new French
Premier hopes that sufficient forbearance will be
exercised by all parties to allow of the successful
holding of the exhibition. The aim of the new
Ministry will be to strengthen the rule of peace,
justice and progress.

The municipal election this year in Montreal
lacked the central excitement of a contest for the
mayoralty. Both sections of the population are
agreed as to the fitness of Mr. Jacques Grenier,
through long experience and native gifts, for that
position of dignity and responsibility.

Archbishop Fabre was enthusiastically received
by his clergy and people on his return from
Europe, where His Grace has been staying for
some months past. The Archbishop, who had
been present at the inauguration of the new Cana-
dian College at Rome, spoke hopefully of that
institution.

A terrible accident occurred last week on the
St. Louis night express near St. George, Ont., by
which nine persons lost their lives and over
twenty were more or less injured. It was due to
the piston rod breaking which caused the rail to
spread, and the dining and passenger cars were
precipitated over a bridge.

Hartford, Conn., has been the scene of a terrible
disaster by which some thirty-five lives were lost.
The Park Central Hotel, a five-storey building,
took fire at an early hour on the morning of the
18th ult., through the explosion of the boiler in
the basement, which demolished the house and
buried the inmates in the ruins.

A resolution, drawn up by Dr. Trudel, recording
the sympathy of the Legislature with His Holiness
Pope Leo in his continued deprivation of his

rights as a temporal sovereign, and praying for the
intervention of the British Government on his
behalf, was withdrawn at the request of Cardinal
Taschereau, conveyed through the Hon. L. P.
Pelletier.

The lull in Hungarian political excitement, con-
sequent on the tragic death of the Crown Prince
Rudolph, has been succeeded by a revival of
agitation against the Premier, Herr Tisza. The
demonstrations against the Military bill have been
most pronounced as against that statesman, while
marked by enthusiastic loyalty to the Emperor, as
King of Hungary.

Some conjecture was excited by the hope in-
cidentally expressed by Canada's High Commis-
sioner, in his speech at the Onslow banquet, that,
when the sad necessity occurred for replacing Sir
John Macdonald by another Prime Minister, the
vacancy would be filled by a French-Canadian.
It was generally understood that Sir Hector
Langevin was the Minister indicated.

It is gratifying to learn that the number of con-
victs in the Canadian penitentiaries is decreasing,
notwithstanding the growth of the population.
According to the last report of the Minister of
Justice, only 1094 were confined in the five penal
establishments of the Dominion, compared with
1150 in the previous years. Several reforms have
been introduced, which are said so far to work
well.

Mr. Desjardins, M.P.P., severely criticized the
financial policy of the Provincial Government,
disputing the Treasurer's claim to a surplus, and
maintaining that, on the contrary, the operations
of the last fiscal year showed a deficit of \$314,
000, and that the expenditure for the last three
years exceeded the revenue by \$1,700,000. The
Hon. Mr. Mercier complimented Mr. Desjardins
on his eloquent and vigorous speech.

In responding some days ago to the toast of the
colonies at the banquet given to Lord Onslow,
the new governor of New Zealand, Sir Charles
Tupper took occasion to explain that the debt of
Canada was due, not to extravagance, but to
necessary and beneficial efforts to build up the
prosperity and develop the resources of the
Dominion. He proudly called attention to the
fact that Canada and other colonial securities had
the highest place on the London Stock Exchange.

The fiasco that has resulted from Pigott's
double-dealing makes the *Times* cut a rather
ridiculous figure. After the reiterated assurances
on the part of the *Times* that it was justified in
holding up Mr. Parnell, as it had done, to public
scorn, as the associate and adviser of malefactors,
there was only one course left for that journal, and
that was to make the most ample and explicit of
apologies. That course it has taken. Pigott's
suicide has furnished a tragic *dénouement* to the
strange drama.

Madame Albani's tour through this province
was one continued triumph, all lovers of music
vieing with each other in chivalrous devotion to
the gifted *cantatrice*. Nor was her reception less
enthusiastic at the Dominion capital, where the
Premier claimed for himself and his household the
privilege of entertaining her. She was also invited
to dine at the Government House by Their Ex-
cellencies. Substantial tokens of esteem were not
wanting—one of the most precious keepsakes be-
ing due to the considerate ingenuity of Sir Donald
Smith.

The Hon. Mr. Lynch's bill has revived the controversy between the universities of the province and the General Council of the Bar as to the examination of graduates for admission to the study of law. The principals and professors of Laval, McGill and Bishops' College, and affiliated institutions, protest against the rule which subjects the holders of degrees in arts, law and letters to the same ordeal as ordinary candidates. This protest is based on the usage of the Bar in Great Britain and other countries of Europe. Mr. Pagnuelo, Q.C., as Secretary of the General Council, defends the uniform regulation.

The Grand Trunk railway half-yearly statement shows a balance of £145,300. This admits of a dividend of 5½ per cent. per annum for the half year on guaranteed stock, or, with the previous half year's dividend of 1½, a total dividend for 1888 of 3½ per cent. A balance of £1,800 is carried forward. The Chicago and Grand Trunk shows a surplus of £2,500 for the year. The Detroit branch shows a deficiency of £13,300. The 3½ per cent. dividend is not unexpected. The first preference holders, of course, get nothing, but it is stated that as an offset the next monthly statement will show an enormous decrease in expenses.

Washington has long been in readiness for the quadrennial *bouleversement* consequent on a change of Presidents. Mr. Harrison takes his elevation as calmly as though he had succeeded to his grandfather's place by inheritance instead of by election. The reception which greeted him was quite enthusiastic. His predecessor did not, indeed, imitate the courteous example of Marshal MacMahon, who was the first to welcome President Grévy to the headship of the Republic; but there was no lack of heartiness among the sovereign people. He has assumed office with a high reputation for honesty; whether he maintain it throughout his administration will depend upon the firmness of which he is capable.

What is known as the Sagallo incident is for France an unwelcome illustration of the proverb, "L'homme propose, mais Dieu dispose." It was not from France, but Italy, that the leader and promoters of the Atchinoff expedition looked for resistance. Yet, through the somewhat inopportune zeal of a French officer, provoked by the obstinacy of the Russian commander, an act of violence has been committed which might, in certain circumstances, lead to international complications. Had the object of his wrath been German, instead of Russian, the Frenchman's order to bombard Sagallo would have been taken more seriously. As it is, the St. Petersburg authorities can hardly be pleased at his conduct, though there is, evidently, for reasons of state, a disposition at the Russian court to throw the blame on Atchinoff. It would never do, in the present relations between Russia and the central powers, to quarrel with France, and such an issue would be equally unwelcome to the Republic.

Mr. W. F. Kay's well known collection of high class and costly pictures are about to be brought before the public for sale by auction. Mr. Kay was one of the pioneer collectors of Canada of meritorious works of art, and a large number of his very valuable pictures have adorned the walls of the Art association rooms for several years. The larger part of the pictures are by English artists who at the present day stand at the head of the English school. The French, Belgian and Dutch schools are well represented, also our own Canadians, Jacobi, Way, Edson and others.

AUSTRALIAN LITERATURE AND JOURNALISM.

The presence in our city for some weeks of Mr. Douglas B. W. Sladen, B.A., Oxon., author of "Australian Lyrics," "A Poetry of Exiles," and other melodious reminiscences of the Greater Britain of the South Pacific, gave us a welcome opportunity of learning something at first hand concerning literature and journalism among our distant kinsmen. Though not a professional journalist himself, Mr. Sladen has contributed to some of the high-class weeklies and dailies of England, Australia and America. Since he left Melbourne, where he resided for several years, he has kept up a constant correspondence with the Victorian capital and other great cities of the new world of the Southern Sea, to the communities of which his impressions of Canada and the United States are sure to be of interest.

We on this continent are so wont to lose ourselves in admiration of its journalistic enterprise that we are likely to forget that, in many respects, the journalism of Australia has no superior in either hemisphere. Our readers have, doubtless, had glimpses from time to time of the bulky, many-paged, well-filled mail bulletins, especially prepared for readers beyond sea. Some of these are handsomely illustrated, and as for news of all varieties, they overflow with it. Local information is, indeed, made a special and constant feature in the Australian press. The most remote settlement in the interior is ransacked for items by correspondents who are sure that their manuscript will not be cast into the limbo of the waste paper basket. Every town or village of any importance has a paper of its own, most often a daily. The large cities—such as Melbourne, Sydney, Adelaide, Perth—have more newspapers, in proportion to their population, than the English provincial towns or even London itself. One Melbourne paper has a circulation of about 65,000, though the population of the entire colony of Victoria does not exceed a million. An Adelaide office sends a paper to one out of every eleven persons in South Australia. The hunt for local news, to which reference has been made, was, perhaps, necessitated by the isolation to which its distance doomed the country from the outer world of civilization. But of late means of telegraphic intercourse have effected a considerable change, and general news is now much sought after. The telegrams occupy a space to-day which, not many years ago, it would have been impossible to devote to them. The system of management, division of work, arrangement of material and general make-up are more after English traditions than in Canada. Even the now rare articling of apprentices to learn the business is occasionally kept up.

The weekly, monthly and quarterly publications of Australasia—headed, perhaps, by the Melbourne *Review*—are more than half way up to the thousand. A goodly number of these may be classed as purely literary, and the activity in book publishing is in harmony with the foregoing enumeration. Mr. Sladen made a special study of the subject while preparing his Australian volume for Walter Scott's "Canterbury Poets." It is entitled "Australian Ballads," and we hope to present our readers with some illustrative specimens. For the Windsor series of the same enterprising publisher, Mr. Sladen compiled "A Century of Australian Song." As to the themes of

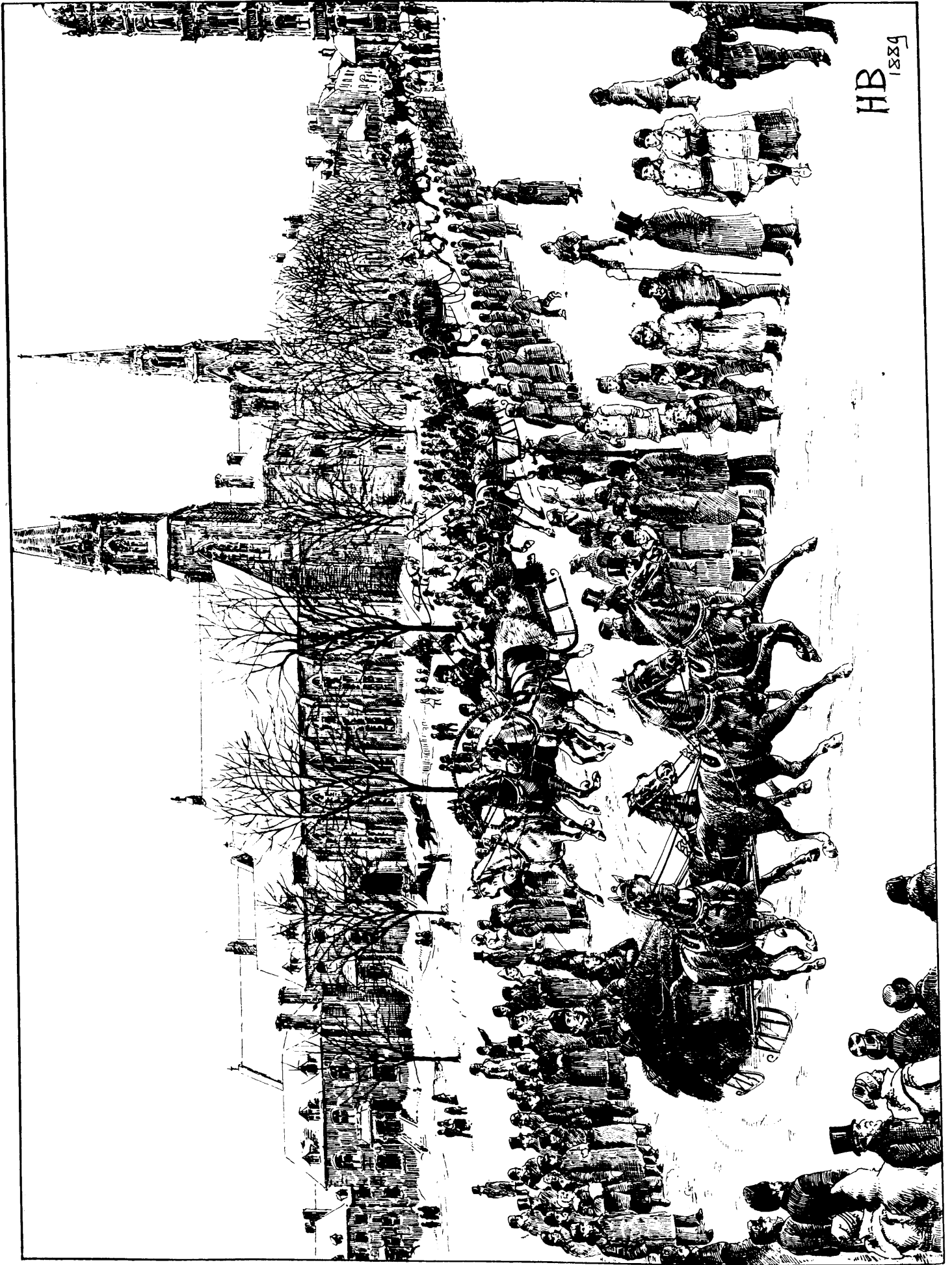
both anthologies, he might say, if modesty permitted the utterance, "Quorum magna pars fui." Certainly among Australian poets he takes a high place—the highest, in the judgment of more than one English critic. In his address before the Society of Canadian Literature he mentioned, as one who had caught the colour and given musical expression to the spirit of certain phases of Australian life, little known (at least, as to the poetic side of it) beyond the shores of the great island continent itself, the name of Lindsay Gordon, like himself an Englishman and an Oxonian, but, alas! carried away in his prime after what was, in a more than worldly sense, a wasted career. "The Sick Stock-rider," one of Gordon's most characteristic compositions, and in its way a masterpiece, we hope soon to present to our readers. Marcus Clark and Henry Kendall have also taken rank among the favourite singers of the Pacific continent. To the latter—a native of the soil—a monument has been erected by his admiring compatriots. Of Mr. Sladen's own work we shall have more to say in coming numbers.

PORTRAIT PAINTING AMONG THE GREEKS.

By way of appendix to what was said in a recent number of the *DOMINION ILLUSTRATED* on the subject of Grecian art—as described and characterized in Abbé Desmazes' admirable lectures—it may not be without interest to our readers to call attention to a wonderful gallery of portraits now on exhibition in the city of Munich. It is no exaggeration to qualify the exhibition in question as without parallel in the annals of modern art. Both in the story of its origin and in the revelations that it furnishes of the artistic methods and social life, with side-lights on ethnology and religion, of ancient Greece, it is one of the most instructive of object lessons that modern research has placed within the reach of civilization. Again and again have the historians of Hellenic art deplored the absence of all remains that would justify a judgment, well grounded and impartial, of the character of its painting. The names of Polygnotus, of Zeuxis, of Parrhasius, of Apelles and other masters had, indeed, come down to us with high commendations of their works. There were also, we know, different schools among the Greeks as amongst mediæval and modern painters, and the points of distinction between those schools have been dilated upon. But for the nature of that excellence to which Apelles, for instance, or Zeuxis owed his brilliant renown, we have been left very largely to imagination. What rank a Greek portrait of the best class in any of the ancient schools might take, if it were placed side by side with one of the acknowledged *chefs d'œuvres* of the Middle Ages, or our own generation, or any intervening period, we had no means of ascertaining.

But now, at last, the curtain is raised, and through Herr Graf's exhibition, or the reproduction by photographer and engraver in *Scribner's Magazine*, we can survey the stage on which the ancient artists and those who sat to them moved and lived, felt, thought and spoke and acted, as though by some magic transformation we had found ourselves in Athens or Byzantium, in Massilia or Alexandria. The Graf collection is, indeed, in certain respects, more interesting than if it consisted entirely and avowedly of master-

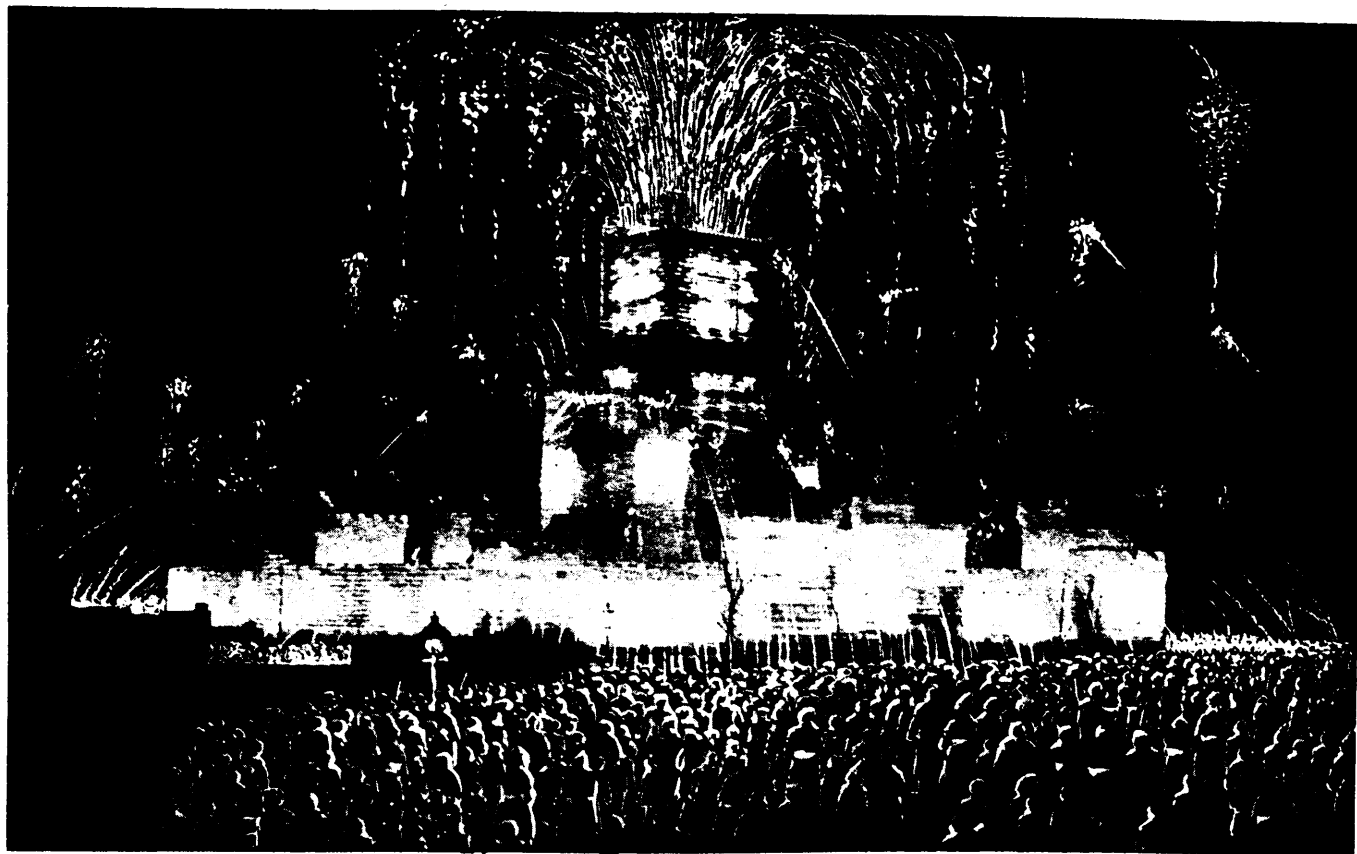
THE MONTREAL WINTER CARNIVAL.



THE CITIZENS' DRIVE.

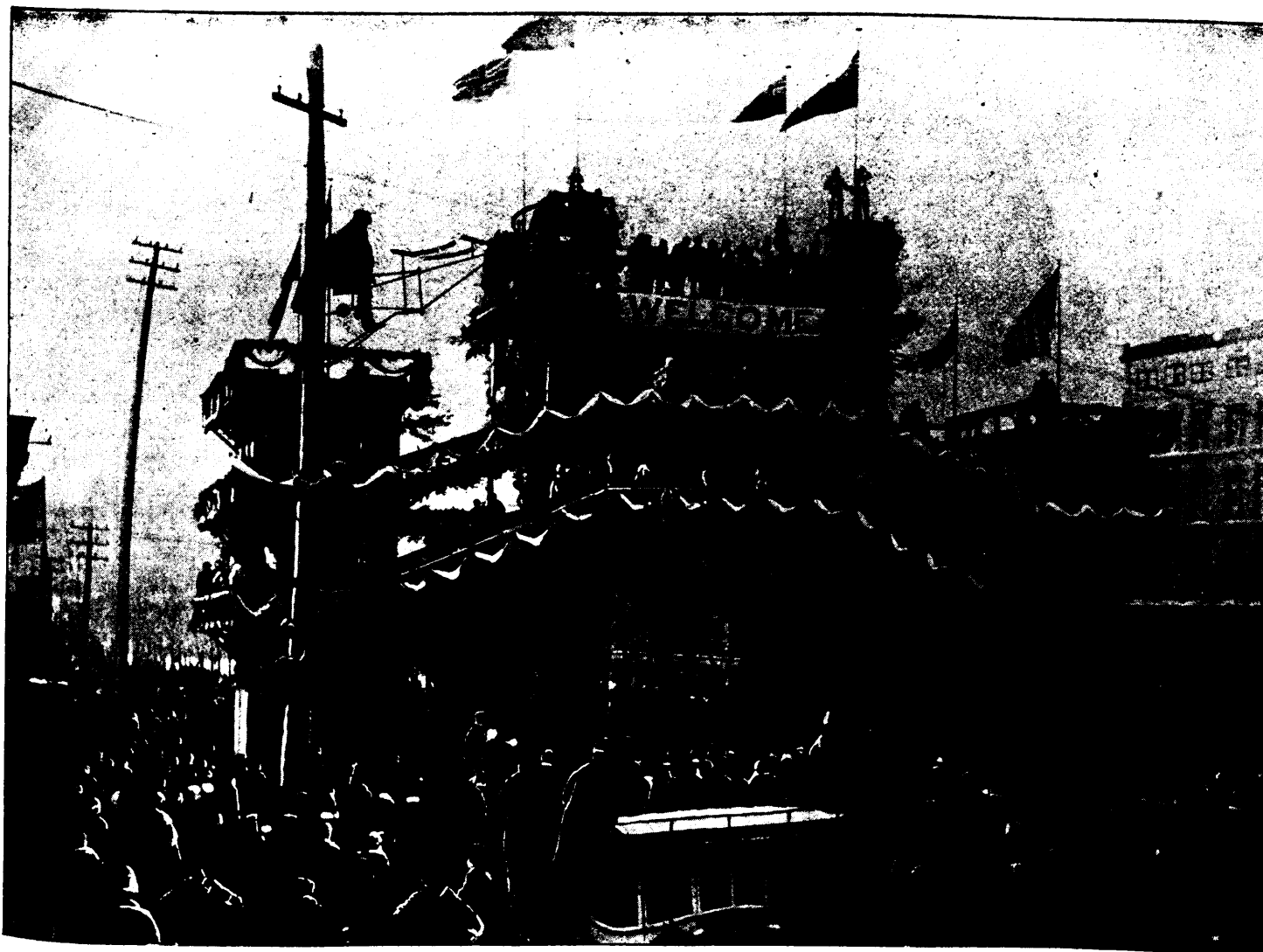
From a sketch by Capt. Bunnett.

THE MONTREAL WINTER CARNIVAL.



STORMING THE ICE CASTLE.

From a photograph taken at night by Cumming



THE LIVING ARCH; HIS EXCELLENCY'S SLEIGH PASSING UNDER.

From a photograph by Cumming.

pieces. It gives us a glimpse of Greece, not at the centre, but at one of the outposts, of the national life. "The sunny wisdom of the Greeks," as Faber sings, "o'er all the earth is spread," and, undoubtedly, there were few regions of "the world as known to the ancients"—the "ancients" being the non-barbarian communities—into which Grecian enterprise had not penetrated. From the shores of the Atlantic to beyond the Indies we can still trace the paths of Hellenic expansion by the guide posts of geographical names. The greatest figure in that march of conquest was Alexander of Macedon, and it is to those who followed in the tracks of his triumphs that we are indebted for the portraits that Theodor Graf has been unveiling to the art enthusiasts of the Bavarian capital. As Mr. Thomas Sergeant Perry tells the story in the pages of *Scribner*, no discovery of our time can be pronounced more interesting, more startling. The portraits, seventy in all, that constitute the *matériel* of the exhibition, were unearthed in July and August, 1887, at a place called Rubaiyat, near Fayoum. The Greeks, it would seem, after settling in Egypt, had adopted the custom of the country, of putting portraits of the deceased along with the bodies when laid in the graves, and those found at Rubaiyat give evidence of being close likenesses of the dead originals. They represent men, women and young people between the ages of fifteen and forty, and were painted on panels from a foot to a foot and a half long and from six to eight inches broad. Clearly portrait painting was common during the centuries when those Greco-Egyptians fell asleep and were laid to rest. Prof. Ebers, than whom there is no higher authority on such a question, thinks that they were produced during the interval between the third century B.C. and the second century A.D. "This," says Mr. Perry, "would bring them into the flowering time of Alexandrine art, when the Antinous, for example, was produced, in the reign of Hadrian, 117-138 A.D. The ten illustrative specimens given in *Scribner* show considerable diversity of skill—some being very fine, others poor, the work, possibly, of third or fourth-rate artists. There they are, however, a wonder to see, the "counterfeit presentments," as though photographed yesterday, of men and women and maidens that were once as warm with life and thought and feeling as we who gaze upon their pictured features to-day.

ALBANI.

What joy, Albani, dost thou wave
Upon the eager vibrant air
To each enamoured list'ner there
Whom thou hast made thy slave?

Whence came thy rare, mysterious power?
Say whither hither has it come,
With sweetest tones of "Home Sweet Home,"
In this triumphant hour.

Or when, aloft with purest sound,
Steals "Angels ever bright and fair,"
We seem to join the angels there
And leave earth's common ground.

Songstress, what more dost thou require?
Thy captives unto thee are bound
With chains of an ecstatic sound,
Forged in thy vocal fire.

We'll ever keep thy memory green,
For art thou not our own *jeunesse*,
And wer't thou not sweet song's princess,
Tho' now thou'rt song's sweet queen.

Toronto, 11th Feb., 1889

T. E. MOBERLEY.

[Mr. Moberley would like to see his enthusiastic tribute to our great *prima donna* in the language of the singer herself. Will some of our French readers gratify him?—ED. DOMINION ILLUSTRATED.]



THE FANCY DRIVE—A MEDLEY.—Our engravings, though presenting only a few out of the something like seventy vehicles which took part in the Fancy Drive, will give something like an idea of the pieces which went to make up that feature of the programme provided for the visitors. It was an approach to, though not a plagiarism upon, the famed New Orleans and St. Louis Mardi Gras processions, which, by the way, were in order during the present week. The long line of the grotesque march was a succession of life scenes, from the quixotic clown in wig and spangles, astride of his sorry Rosinante, to the representation of the King of the Carnival, holding high court and bestowing largesse and honours upon his obedient subjects as the cavalcade slowly moved along. The Montreal "terribles and horribles" were, in their way, immense, and the peculiarly local aspect of the affair was capital.

THE CITIZENS' DRIVE.—Few communities can boast of better horses and equipages than can be seen in Montreal. During Carnival week—towards, indeed, the end of it—the citizens turned out, and with their fours-in-hand, their unicorns, their randems, their tandems, their double and their single teams, made an admirable display of horse-flesh and driving appointments. Some of the ladies who "handled the ribbons" approved themselves to be as skillful and quite as self-possessed as the members of the sterner sex. Indeed, this feature of the Carnival exercises was one that was very much admired.

"THE STORMING OF THE ICE CASTLE" is a picture, the original photograph of which was taken by night. Under the shimmer of the stars, as they bedecked the deep blue sky, illuminated by scores of electric arc lights, the castle stood out grandly. It was in itself one massive illumination, and was an object to be gazed upon in admiration and wonder. But when the hosts of invading snowshoers, bearing torches and armed with rockets, crackers, bombs and other harmless instruments of warfare, attacked it, its cold, repelling ramparts soon became as it were alive, and its gallant defenders poured the hottest of shot upon those who attacked them. Upon both sides there was severe fighting, and though the castle was compelled to capitulate, its defenders did so with honour, both sides having given a highly creditable demonstration of how, in a measure, positions were fought for and taken in the long ago.

THE ICE CASTLE, as it appeared by day and as it is presented in the present number, was veritably a thing of beauty; but, unfortunately, it cannot be spoken of as a joy forever, since, owing to the weather being out of joint, it was impossible to make it all that it was designed to be, while under the glare of the sun it was more or less impaired before it was completed. Its design was, however, most striking and effective.

HON. JAMES ARMSTRONG, Q. C., C. M. G.—The late Judge Armstrong, to whose portrait we direct our readers, was born in 1821, at Berthier, in the Province of Quebec. He was of United Empire Loyalist stock, and among the papers which he left behind him are some interesting documents bearing on the great struggle, which, in its issues, was hardly less important for Canada than for the United States. Having studied at Berthier and Sorel Academies, and passed through his law course, he was called to the Quebec Bar in 1844. In 1864 he was appointed Crown Prosecutor for the Richelieu District, and in 1867 won distinction by his conduct of the case for the Crown in the trial of Provencher for the murder of Joutras. In 1871, Mr. Armstrong accepted the position of Chief Justice of St. Lucia, in the West Indies, where the old French law, in which he was an adept, was still in force. In 1880 he was also made Chief Justice of Tobago, holding the two positions conjointly until his resignation in December, 1881. In 1879 his services were recognized in England by his admission as Commander to the Order of St. Michael and St. George. He received warm thanks from the Legislative Council of St. Lucia, especially for his share (in conjunction with Sir George William Desveaux, then Governor of the colony) in the codification of the civil law, a task for which his knowledge and experience peculiarly fitted him. In a despatch to the Secretary of State, on the occasion of his retirement, the Governor expressed himself in most laudatory terms of the manner in which he had discharged both his official duties and the task of codifying and revising the statutes. On his return to Canada, Judge Armstrong took up his residence at Sorel. In 1886 he was appointed chairman of the Labour Commission, the enquiries of which, covering a wide field, were conducted with patience and assiduity. Judge Armstrong married Charlotte, daughter of the late Major H. Olivier, who, with several children, survives him. Messrs. L. O. and C. N. Armstrong are his sons. The deceased judge was the author of some legal works, among which may be mentioned "A Treatise on the Law of Marriage in the Province of Quebec," and "The Law of Intestacy in the Dominion."

THE LATE MR. C. J. BRYDGES.—Mr. Charles John Brydges, an excellent portrait of whom appears among the illustrations of our present number, was born in England, in February, 1826, and had thus barely completed his sixty-

third year when death carried him off last month. He early became associated with railway enterprise, in which connection he was long a well known figure in older Canada, and especially in Montreal, where he had his residence for many years. He came to this country in 1853 as managing director of the Great Western Railway. In 1862, when negotiations were begun for the amalgamation of the Great Western with the Grand Trunk, he accepted a like position in the latter line, and, the arrangement falling through, was succeeded on the Great Western by Mr. Thomas Swinyard. Mr. Brydges was identified with the interests of the Grand Trunk Railway during a most important period of that line's operation. On his retirement from the post, which he had held for some twelve years, he was, in 1874, appointed General Superintendent of Government Railways east of Quebec—the Intercolonial and Prince Edward Island roads being under his supervision. That position he occupied until 1878, when, at the suggestion of Sir John Rose, he was made Land Commissioner of the Hudson's Bay Company in the Northwest. Mr. Brydges was a devoted member of the Church of England and took an active part in the work of charity and benevolence. The Winnipeg Hospital, during a visit to which he was attacked by the illness which proved so fatal, was virtually the offspring of his own thought and energy. He always took an interest in militia questions. He served for years as Lieutenant-Colonel of the G. T. R. Brigade (since disbanded) and was also President of the Quebec and Vice-President of the Dominion Rifle Association. Mr. Brydges left a widow and four children. His son, Mr. F. H. Brydges, lives in Winnipeg, where he carries on business. Mrs. Ernest Stuart, of Montreal, Mrs. Connal, of Glasgow, and Mrs. Seybold, of Winnipeg, are his surviving daughters.

ON THE ALERT. "AUX ABOIS."—There is a good deal in Rosa Bonheur's work, as in the circumstances from which her inspiration derived its lasting stimulus, that recalls Sir Edward Landseer. Like him, she was the child of an artist; like him, she became the most famous member of an artist family; like him she had the pleasure of seeing the promise of her youth acknowledged without dispiriting delay. The parallel might be carried further. Landseer became for the English people the interpreter of the little read book of animal emotion, while to Rosa Bonheur was assigned a similar task in France. With such general resemblances of career, it was only to be expected that choice of subject should sometimes coincide. Of correspondences of that kind instances are not unfrequent in the youthful efforts of the two artists. That they are, at least, not entirely wanting in the more material products of their genius, is proved by the fine picture of Rosa Bonheur which we present to our readers in this issue—a picture which has its mate in Landseer's collection. The attitude, expression and environment of the noble beast, beset in his own realm by remorseless foes, whose footfalls he is straining every sense to detect, tell the story of "On the Alert." Rosa Bonheur has been praised for rude vigour more often than for delicacy or grace. Perhaps the fact that, being a woman, she affected themes in which the stronger sex is supposed to take more delight than her own had its share in promoting the criticism. However that may be, there is surely no lack either of beauty or pathos in the central figure and in the quiet autumn woods, so harshly disturbed by the warfare of the chase.

LAKE EDWARD.—Two of the illustrations in our number of the 2nd inst. were views of Lake Edward, the largest and one of the most picturesque of the many interesting lakes that dot the country between Quebec and Lake St. John. It is 113 miles from Quebec by rail, and in its narrowest part its waters are confined by the track of the Quebec and Lake St. John Railway. Here are the Lake Edward station and machine shops of the road, and here also are a couple of small but comfortable boarding-houses and any number of boats for the accommodation of tourists and sportsmen. Lake Edward is 21 miles in length and of irregular shape, being prettily varied by the jutting-out into its waters of richly wooded headlands and the occurrence of numerous islands. In width it varies from a third of a mile to three miles. Excepting at the railway station, there is not a single clearing around the edge of Lake Edward, the shores being generally quite steep and precipitous. A couple of log huts, about five miles from the station, on either side of the lake, are dignified by the names of Farnham's and Murray's camps, having been erected respectively by Charles H. Farnham, of *Harper's Magazine*, and "Adirondack" Murray, who camped out here for a portion of the summer of 1887. The water of the lake is beautifully clear, and, in places, of very great depth, with a veritable sportsman's paradise, the speckled trout, which it abounds, being remarkable for their flavour, quality and size. The supply would seem to be inexhaustible. It is a very poor rod that cannot kill several dozen fine fish in this lake per day, and they often run from 1½ to 2½ lbs. in weight. Several parties who fished this lake last summer enjoyed such excellent sport that they threw back into the water all uninjured fish taken by them and less than a pound in weight.

The *Athenium* states that the trustees of the late Sir Robert Peel (Viscount Hardinge and the Speaker, in succession to Earl Stanhope and Viscount Cardwell), intend shortly to bring out a selection from his papers, so arranged as to give the continuous history of his life. The work, which will include matters of personal as well as of political interest, will be edited by Mr. Charles Stuart Parker, M. P., and published by Mr. Murray.



We have received, through the courtesy of the author, whom we have known by reputation for some years, a copy of "Gentleman Dick o the Greys and Other Poems," by Hereward K. Cockin. (Toronto: C. Blackett Robinson). It is not a very large volume (only 120 pages), but its merit is more ample than its dimensions. That the author has his share of the divine afflatus cannot be disputed. He can be fiery and he can be pathetic, and he is certainly not devoid of humour. We shall give our readers some samples of his diverse moods at an early day. Meanwhile, here are some stanzas from the title poem:

We were chums, Dick and I, in the old college days,
Came to grief on the "Oaks" and enlisted—the Greys.
Ne'er a braver than Dick ever sabre blade drew,
From his plume to his spurs he was leal and true,
And his bright, handsome features and devil care ways
Won the soubriquet, "Gentleman Dick o the Greys."

Then war was declared and Dick's regiment
was ordered to the Crimea, and the end was not
delayed:

Down the valley their grey-coated infantry stepped,
In a whirlwind of fury their batteries swept,
But the Greys led the charge in the bright morning light,
With the French on our left and the Sixth on our right;
And, swift as the bolt from the cloud lightning-riven,
The Muscovite flank on the centre was driven.

But, ere we could re-form our grape shattered ranks,
The Vladimir regiment burst on our flanks,
And 'twas hack, cut and slash—little parrying there—
If the Russians were devils what demons we were!
Right nobly our handful disputed the field,
For a Briton can die! tho' he never can yield!

Three Russians beset me; at last I fought free,
Made much of my charger, and turned, God! to see
A Vladimir horseman charge Bulstrode Hayes,
And, 'midst the infuriate yells of the Greys,
Deliver cut six—and Hayes dropped from his horse,
And his curse-writhen lips were the lips of a corpse.

Too late for his life—that had gasped its last breath—
But in time, by the gods! to avenge him in death;
One prick of the spurs in the flanks of the grey
Three bounds, and I held the fierce Russian at bay,
And crash! as their trumpeter sounded "the wheel,"
From his skull to his teeth I had crimsoned the steel.

As the sabre-cleft helmet discovered his face,
As he fell from his charger in death, I had space
For a glance—oh! my God! at those wild staring eyes,
For one look at those features upturned to the skies,
And I reeled in the saddle, my brain all ablaze,
For the dead man was "Gentleman Dick o the Greys."

Old Rugby boys (and we know that there are a few of them in Canada) will thank us (if they have not seen it already) for directing them to "A Brief Handbook to Rugby and its Schools," lately published by George E. Over, 15 High street, Rugby. The spirit of the age has come upon the scene of Dr. Arnold's most noteworthy labours to an extent which would (were he still living) arouse the wonder of even that champion of progress. Rugby School (founded in 1567, by Lawrence Sheriffe, a native of the place), is no longer the only educational attraction of the town. Even in that centre of interest things are no longer what they were a generation ago. The system has been virtually revolutionized (as to admissions and as to course of study) in a democratic and practical direction. There are also preparatory and lower schools and a girls' school, with a gymnasium, to which all who please and pay can have access. There is, of course, full opportunity for recreation—cricket, football, lawn tennis, etc. The history of the town is traced back to the 12th century, and in Domesday Book it is said to be entered as Rocheberie. The first rector was Alexander de Rokeby, whose institution took place in 1253. The old Roman road—Watling street—runs within three miles of Rugby, and the entire district abounds in spots of interest to the antiquarian. A fine view of the school, from a little volume. The "Handbook" may be ordered from the publisher, or through any bookseller.

Now that we have had a chance of seeing and hearing Max O'Rell, we ought to read what he

says about people and institutions with enhanced interest. His new work, "Jonathan and his Continent" (only think!) has been issued in cheap form by a Toronto publisher. He has more to say of Jonathan than he had to say of John Bull, but, though he gave a volume to the subject of John Bull's daughters, he ignores the most promising member of the family, Miss C., altogether. Yet Mr. Blouet was dined by enthusiastic Canadians, both French and English. After all, it is better so. For, to make Miss C. figure as a character in the drama of "Jonathan and his Continent," would be really intolerable. Though much of the book might have been written by one who had never left London or Paris, there are, of course, sparkling passages containing acute comments on American life. We have marked some of these for reproduction.

We thank the gifted and gracious author for her "Housekeeping Trials" (London: Simpkin, Marshall and Company), and shall not forget to give our fair readers the benefit of "Leena's" experience and judgment. Meanwhile, we recommend them, without a moment's delay, to go to that Montreal bookseller who has studied the art of fulfilling orders with decent expedition, and ask for a copy.

In the way of periodical literature we have seen few undertakings that better deserve success than the *Hertfordshire Constitutional Magazine*, edited by Quincey Lane. As the title indicates, it is intended to be devoted primarily to the interests of the important county of Hertfordshire. In conducting it the editor is "personally supported by the four county members." Besides those gentlemen, Viscount Grunston, Baron Denisdale, and Messrs. Abel Smith and T. F. Halsey, it is countenanced by the Marquis of Salisbury, Earl Brownlow, Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, Bart., Canon Wigram, the Rev. G. H. P. Glossop, Mr. S. G. Foulkes, F. W. Silvester, Dr. John Evans, F.R.S., Miss Preston, and several other persons of standing and influence. It is admirably printed on rich thick paper and is altogether delectable to the sight and touch. As for the contents, though largely (as might be expected) of local interest, that qualification comprises a wide range, not only in time, but in space. As to time, the antiquities of Hertfordshire embrace much that is most noteworthy concerning pre-historic, Celtic, Roman, Saxon and Norman England, having memorials of all those successive periods. As to space, it occupies the centre of the eastern half of England south of a line drawn from Carnarvon Bay to the Wash. It includes the site of the capital of the Catuvelauni, the coins of some of whose kings have been collected by Dr. Evans. Some of the articles relating to Old Landmarks (a specialty) are not only deeply interesting, but they have the seal of authority, being written by persons who have devoted years to the elucidation of their chosen themes. Besides that department there are biographical sketches, stories, poetry, articles on general topics, literary, scientific and social, and, in fact, all the features and characteristics of a high class magazine. Good illustrations still further enhance its value. The *Hertfordshire Constitutional Magazine* is printed at Berkhamsted by the *Post Newspaper Company*.

"Mr. and Mrs. Morton," by the author of "Silken Threads," is an extraordinary story. Whether it is a satire on the taste of the day, or is to be taken seriously, as a novel, supposed to be based on the realities of life, we cannot pretend to know. If it be a satire, it is not wanting in cleverness, but if its leading incident be meant to figure among the possibilities (except on grounds which the author's delicacy prevents him from even hinting at) of civilized society, we can only raise hands of surprise and horror. It has, it seems, reached a sixth edition. The Montreal publisher is Mr. J. Theo. Robinson, and the price, 30 cents.

The participants in a recent ball, in Paris, drank 51,000 glasses of ale, wine and champagne, besides 5,000 bottles of claret and 4,000 cups of iced coffee. There were eaten 14,000 sandwiches, 12,000 buns, etc.

LITERARY NOTES.

Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse has undertaken to write a life of Charles Kingsley for the "Great Writer" series.

The late Dr. Hueffer's new work, "Half a Century of Music in England, 1837-1887," is in the press, and will be issued by Messrs. Chapman and Hall.

Professor A. W. Ward, of Owen's College, Manchester, has written a volume on "The Counter-Reformation" for the series of "Epochs of Church History," edited by Professor Mandel Creighton.

The voluminous "Coke Papers" in the muniment room at Melbourne Hall, Derbyshire, will shortly be completely arranged and analyzed, through the patient labours of Mr. W. L. Fane, the present tenant.

Literary men don't always keep their gifts. Among the volumes presented by Mr. Gladstone to the library of the National Liberal is Cardinal Newman's book on universities. In the fly-leaf is an inscription in the Cardinal's neat regular hand, "From his affectionate J. H. N."

Messrs. Macmillan & Co. have in the press a work on the "Principles of Inductive or Empirical Logic," by Dr. Venn, based upon lectures delivered at Cambridge. The general treatment will be somewhat more in accord with that adopted by J. S. Mill than with that of most recent English works on logic.

According to the *Academy*, Mr. P. G. Hamerton has collected his papers on "French and English," which appeared last year in an American magazine, and they will be published shortly in a volume by Messrs. Macmillan. They deal with such subjects as education, patriotism, politics, religion, virtues, customs and society.

An authorized translation of Dr. Geffcken's "Pen Sketches of the British Empire" will shortly be published by Messrs. Sampson Low & Co. The work will also contain essays on Prince Albert, Lord Palmerston, Lord Beaconsfield and Mr. Gladstone. A preface has been written for the English edition by Dr. Geffcken.

Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein & Co. will issue shortly the "The Dead Leman, and other Stories from the French," by Dr. Andrew Lang and Paul Sylvester. The volume contains *nouvelles* by Mérimée, About, Théophile Gautier, Th. Bentzon, Tolstoi, and Balzac, and an introductory essay on the place of *novellette* in literature by the authors.

The Historical Manuscripts Commission have recently issued the first volume of Mr. Fane's abstracts and transcripts, chiefly dealing with the decade immediately preceding the Commonwealth, when Sir John Coke was "principal secretary" to the King. The second volume may be looked for early in the summer, and the third volume, with index, by the end of the year.

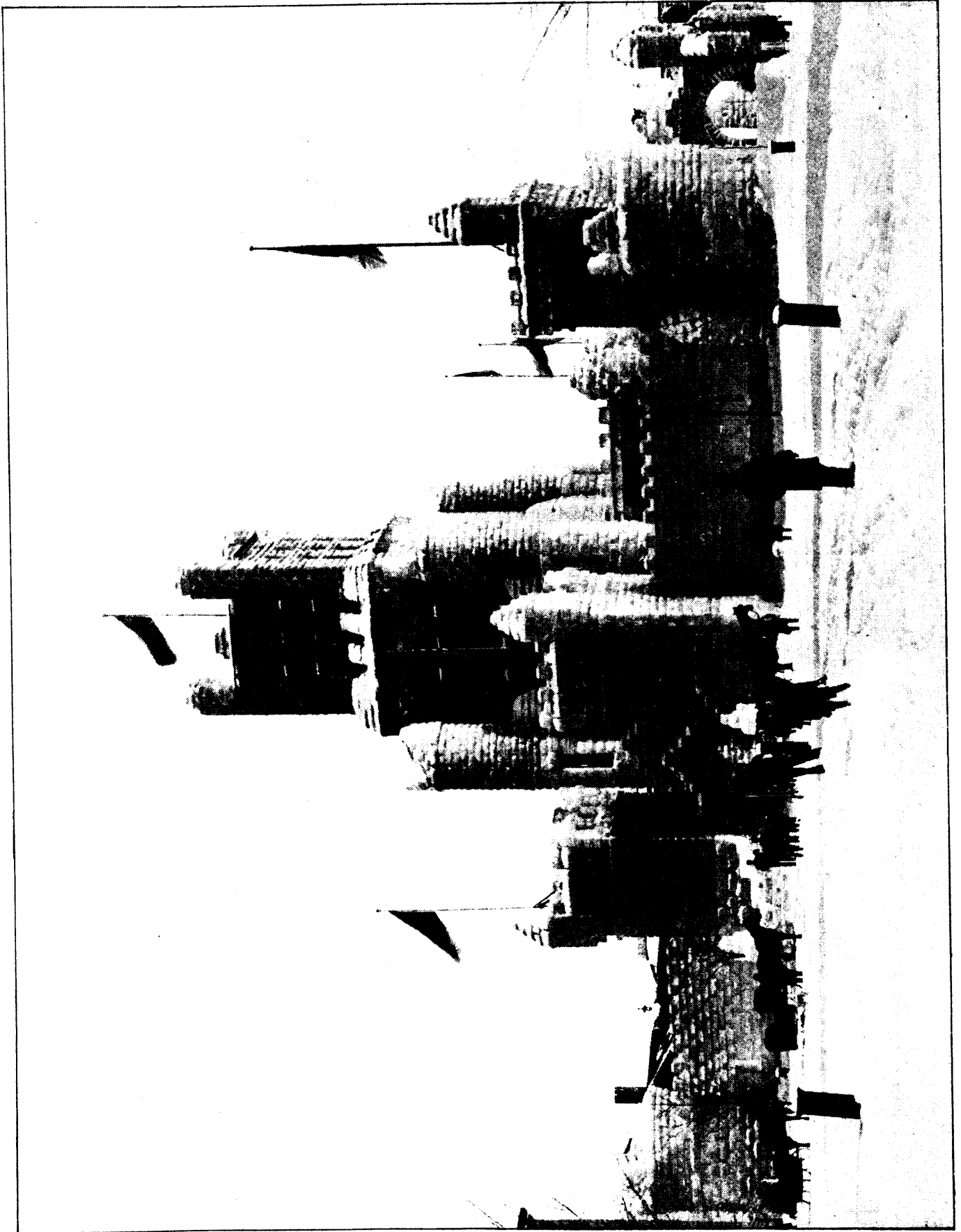
The printing of the revised version of the Malagasy Bible has been completed. It will be remembered that the revision committee, presided over by the Rev. W. E. Cousins, of the London Missionary Society, commenced their work in December, 1873. It has thus taken fifteen years to accomplish the great work, which has now been happily brought to a successful conclusion by the printers, Messrs. Richard Clay & Sons.

Mr. Alexander Gardner will shortly publish "Scotland in 1298," edited by Mr. H. Gough, of the Middle Temple. It will consist of documents relating to the campaign of King Edward I. in that year, and especially to the battle of Falkirk. Among these—the greater part of which have not before been printed—are two copies of the "Roll of Arms of the Commanders" on the English side, and copies of two "Rolls of the Horses," forming a kind of army list.

Captain Pasfield Oliver, F.S.A., is preparing and editing a series of works on Madagascar for the Hakluyt Society. The first volume will contain the personal memoirs of François Cauche, 1638-44, and a translation of De Flacourt's "Relation de ce qui s'est passé en l'Isle Madagascar depuis l'Année 1642 jusques en 1660." Later, Robert Drury's "Journal" will appear, together with M. de Rennefort's narrative and other voyages to the great African island during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

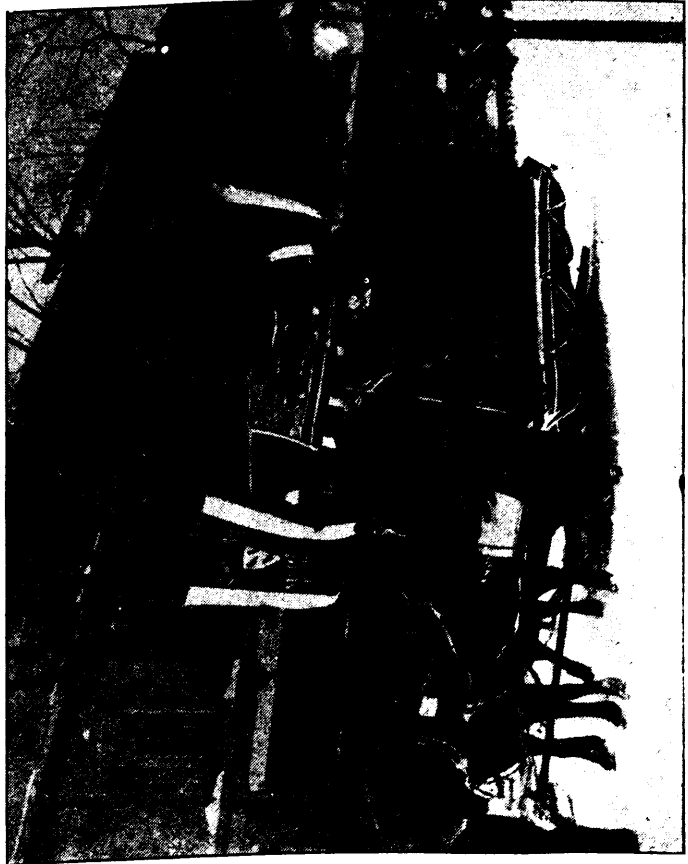
WELSH BIBLE, 1677.—Mr. S. E. Thompson, librarian, Swansea Public Library, writes to say, with reference to Earl Spencer's letter to Lord Aberdeen in the *Times* of the 27th inst. upon the interesting discovery just made of a copy of the above Bible in his lordship's library at Althorp, "that the reference library at Swansea contains 27 editions of the Welsh Bible, including that of 1677. The earliest is dated 1588, being the first translation of the entire Bible into Welsh, done by Bishop Morgan; the second, published in 1620, is the corrected or new version by Bishop Parry, and is much the same as that in use at this day. The remaining 25 date from 1677 to 1867. The editions wanted to complete the series of Bibles printed before the year 1800 are the following:—1st 8vo. edition, 1630; 2nd 8vo. edition, 1654; 7th 8vo. edition, 1727—all printed in London; and the 2nd 4to. edition, 1779, printed in Carmarthen. The library also contains a copy of the first translation of the Liturgy in Welsh by Bishop Davies, assisted by William Salesbury, dated 1567. This work is exceedingly rare and valuable. The date of the earliest edition of the Common Prayer Book in Welsh in the British Museum is 1599. There is also a copy of the New Testament, mostly the work of William Salesbury, printed in the same year. Both the latter works are somewhat imperfect."

THE MONTREAL WINTER CARNIVAL.



THE ICE CASTLE.
From a photograph by Notman.

THE MONTREAL WINTER CARNIVAL.



1. THE MEDICOS' CAR, (McGILL).

3. THE CO-EDUCATIONAL CAR, (SCIENCES, MCGILL).

2. THE M. A. A. (TUQUE BLEUE) CAR.

4. "LE TRAPPEUR" CAR.

SOME OF THE CARS IN THE FANCY DRIVE.

From photographs by Summerhayes & Walford.

The Lady in Muslin.

Brunlow was among them, and he, with superior instinct, soon guessed the accident. With a long, deep howl, he bounded forward, and, as he met Gaunt carrying his senseless burden, his sorrowful howlings and short barks soon directed every one to where assistance was required.

As I walked a little in advance, I was the first to reach the planks—cause of all this trouble—and, to my horror, who should I see coming along, and with daring but steady foot crossing the slippery bridge, but Margaret Owenson.

"Is it Cecile?" she asked, as she came up. Her face was as pale as Gaunt's, her countenance almost as horrified. I pointed back, exclaiming "There!" A quick, dark flush came into her cheeks as she looked. Gaunt was coming along, his hat off, his dress in disorder, bearing the dripping little form in his arms. The poor white face, with its closed eyes, looked ghastly; the hands hung down lifelessly.

For an instant Miss Owenson stood gazing, then she advanced quickly, and, the group separating unasked to let her pass, stood beside Gaunt.

She did not look at him, but, bending over the child, peered closely into its face, touching, at the same time, the little cold hands. "Go on," she said in a calm voice, "she is not dead"; then turning away with a look which I cannot describe, but which suited strangely the dispassionate tone in which she spoke, she herself ran forward towards the inn.

When we arrived there, the first person who stretched out her arms to receive poor Cecile was Miss Owenson.

Already there was a fire burning and blankets, warm bed, and restoratives near; and there stood Margaret, with her ready hands and woman's calm sense, to direct their application.

Fortunate it was for the poor child that she was there; else, in the absence of all medical assistance, she would have fared badly among the kind-hearted but ignorant persons who surrounded her.

With the quiet, but authoritative tone of one accustomed to command, and to have her commands obeyed, Margaret sent some here, others there, quickly dispersing the useless spectators, keeping only, as her assistant, the landlady.

As for Gaunt and myself, we required no second bidding from those smileless lips to take ourselves off and leave the little sufferer to her. We should have been exceedingly grieved, but awkward and useless, spectators of her active exertions to restore Cecile to consciousness.

All that I have described passed so quickly that I could scarcely believe, when I re-entered the parlour, that barely half an hour had elapsed since I had been sipping my still unfinished glass of wine, and considering Gaunt's countenance with such perplexed thoughts.

In spite of my wet clothes and wounded arm, I felt too much interested in watching Gaunt and waiting for the reappearance of Margaret Owenson, to retire to my room and attend to my personal comforts; so, throwing myself in the armchair, I took up my post of observation.

XIII.

MARGARET OWENSON AS SICK NURSE.

Gaunt placed himself in his favourite position against the mantel-shelf and commenced his favourite employment of stroking and pulling his moustaches, maintaining, meanwhile, a silence that was evidently more forced than meditative.

In the adjoining room we could distinctly hear the quick and constant movements of Miss Owenson and her assistants, but no sounds from Cecile; and, as minute after minute passed, and we listened in vain for some sign, were it but a cry or a moan, our anxiety became intensely painful.

Gaunt moved about, changed constantly his position, and at length took to pacing the room with a stride that witnessed to his increasing anxiety.

Suddenly he paused, and grasping my arm, in a manner that was anything but agreeable in its wounded state, he exclaimed, in a low tone: "I

wish you would go in and see what they're all about, Mark."

"To what use?" I replied, groaning. "She told us before we were only in the way."

"I know," he said, in the same low tone. "Still, one of us ought, I think, and—and—you see I can't bear facing her. I'm a confounded coward, Mark, I know," he added, beginning to bite his nails in the most schoolboy fashion; "but she's got such a look about her—at least she had—and yet for all that I can't help—"

Dick paused. Had I not thought of the poor little white face lying senseless under that "look," I should have been infinitely amused at my poor friend's address. As it was, the comic manner was lost in the painful doubt he conveyed, more by his manner than words, and so, in spite of feeling more than half-guilty of treason to Margaret, I rose, answering, "Perhaps one of us ought to take a look."

"Just for the sake of—not that—" Dick stammered, as I walked across the room, and laid my hand on the door handle.

I turned it very gently and entered; but my courage failed me as Margaret, turning abruptly from her position by the bed, faced me, angrily. "You only embarrass us, and can do no good."

Without even daring to ask how Cecile was, I backed out immediately.

"It's no use, Gaunt," I said, pettishly. "If you want her watched, you must do it yourself. It's absurd; of course, it's all right."

"Of course it is," Dick replied, nervously. "It is only my anxiety, you know."

I threw myself on the sofa. Dick resumed his position by the mantel-shelf, and another quarter of an hour passed silently by.

I don't know what Gaunt thought, but I myself felt extremely guilty and uncomfortable whenever I remembered Margaret Owenson. To repay her disinterested kindness to the child by such doubts was cruel—ungentlemanly. What should we be doing, far away from medical aid, if it had not been for her? Nevertheless, I could not help wondering what had caused that ugly look on the beautiful face, as she said, so coldly, almost disappointedly, "She is not dead."

My unpleasant meditations were interrupted by hearing hurried footsteps, and then the deep tones of a man's voice mingling themselves with those of the women in the next room.

"The doctor at last!" I exclaimed.

Gaunt roused himself, and then, with sudden energy, boldly opened the door of the sick-room and entered, leaving me alone.

I listened very attentively, but I could distinguish no words. I heard Dick's deep voice lowered to a kind of growl, mingling with the others, and I heard his step, heavier than the rest, move about; but from no sound could I discover how the little sufferer was progressing. More than once I felt inclined to risk Miss Owenson's fierce looks and join Gaunt, but somehow, I scarcely know why, a feeling of delicacy retained me.

There was some strange mystery binding Gaunt, Margaret and Cecile together, which, though I was not certain each was aware of, each suspected more or less, and which Gaunt at least desired should remain a secret.

Half an hour passed, the daylight had faded, and I lounged there in the dusk, listening, musing, and still too anxious to pay any attention to my own discomforts, when the door opened gently and some one entered.

The footstep that approached me was much too light for Gaunt's, and yet I started and exclaimed with surprise, as Margaret Owenson said, quietly: "Cecile is much better. I can attend to you now, Mr. Owen." "Thank God!" I exclaimed. She proceeded to light a candle, and then holding it up so as to throw the light full on my damp and rather muddy person, she exclaimed: "What! have you not changed yet?"

Miss Owenson was extremely pale, and her countenance bore the expression of one who had recently been intensely anxious. Even then it had a tinge of something—I know not what—on it that aged it considerably.

"Cecile is better then?" I said, taking no notice of her exclamation.

"Much," Margaret replied in her quietest tone. "Completely restored."

"Thank heaven! I was getting fearfully anxious."

"Her insensibility was caused by some blow she received in falling," Miss Owenson went on in the same voice. "She was not long enough in the water to do her much harm. The doctor assures us there is no cause for further alarm."

She certainly seemed tolerably free from it. As if wishing to end the subject, she drew a chair toward me, and said, in a softer tone, "Now let me attend to you; your arm is hurt, is it not?"

"A slight bruise," I replied, "and a scratch. I fell against a stony part of the bank in my descent."

"Then it was *you* who saved Cecile," she exclaimed, with interest, "and not Richard Gaunt?"

"It was certainly I who took her from the water. I ran faster than Dick."

"Ah!" Whether that sound was an explanation or a sigh I knew not. At any rate it ended all Miss Owenson's questions concerning the accident. She applied herself to the examination of my hurts, and while she bound up and plastered my arm, confined herself entirely to remarks on that interesting occupation.

Miss Owenson was very kind indeed; I had never seen her in a more genial, womanly humour, and as her soft adroit fingers laboured away, now plastering, now binding up my wounds, while her pleasant voice uttered sympathetic nothings it is true, but still extremely consoling and delightful nothings spoken by her lips, I could not help thinking that under none other of her Protean-like changes was she so attractive or so winning.

Did she tend Cecile as she tended me? Wherever had our cruel doubts sprung from? Was it Gaunt's fancy or mine that had produced them?

"Now," she said, as she finished the dressing operation, "if you take my advice you will certainly go and change those damp clothes."

I obeyed, for, the doctor departing, she returned to Cecile, and the dark room in her absence was not sufficiently attractive to make the further neglect of my own comforts supportable.

When I came back I found the lamp lighted, the table cleared, and Gaunt sitting in his armchair with a tolerably cheerful expression of countenance.

"It's all right, Mark," he exclaimed, as I entered. "Hinks says she'll be well enough in a day or two. No harm done, thanks to the plucky way in which you pulled her out of the water. Thank you, old fellow!"

Dick's heavy hand clutched mine, and judging of the extent of his gratitude by the pain he inflicted on me, I had every reason to be satisfied with it.

It startled me a little, however, for truth to tell I never fancied Dick had noticed that I had taken Cecile from the water; or if he had, had considered it anything more than a slight advantage I had gained over him by my superior swiftness.

Having given vent to his feelings, and received my "Oh, yes—all right," in acknowledgment, Mr. Richard Gaunt resumed his seat, and I supposed felt embarrassed, for he again took to biting his nails.

"Under all circumstances, you know, Mark," he began, suddenly, "I can't help feeling particularly obliged to you. Many men," he continued, struggling to express himself clearly, and at the same time not in direct terms, "would have perhaps felt that—the position—I mean want of confidence, as you may fancy—you understand, Mark, don't you?" he added, winding up quickly, and looking up at me with his pleasant, honest eyes quite aglow with the excitement of his feelings.

"Oh, yes! Of course I do," I replied, wishing to end explanations as much for my own sake as his (I abominate anything approaching a scene), though the exact meaning of what he wished to convey found its way rather mistily to my mind.

(To be continued.)



RED AND BLUE PENCIL.

Some of our readers may be glad to know that Messrs. Raphael, Tuck & Sons, of London, offer five hundred guineas in prizes for the best copies by amateurs and art students of any of their "general studies," "door panel studies," "British or American scenery," or other art publications. The copies are to be exhibited in January, 1890, in the Royal Institute Galleries, the judges being Sir G. E. Millais, and Messrs. Marcus Stone, G. H. Boughton and S. J. Solomon.

In his letter to Mr. S. E. Dawson, published in the second edition of "The Princess: a Study," Lord Tennyson protests against the craze for parallelisms which has beset so many critics. Burns, if he were alive, might also protest against the judgment of Professor Minto, who, we are told, in a recent lecture, showed by examples taken from Allan Ramsay and Robert Ferguson that Burns usually, if not always, wrote with a model in his eye, and that the bard's obligations to English literature as a whole, in respect of artistic principle, were great. In all this Professor Minto, says the *Literary World*, is undoubtedly on impregnable grounds, although his remarks may be contested by those who make more than they should of Burns' spontaneity. Professor Minto has been requested to publish his lecture, but he has not decided whether he will or not. Perhaps he does not think it quite safe to do so. All Scotchmen may not be so forbearing as those of his Edinburgh audience.

We entirely agree with M. Max Cohn that the librarian is an educator and not a mere machine for delivering books. The most important factor in the public library, according to Mr. Cohn, is the educational capacity displayed; and that librarian is not properly fulfilling his duties who does not, to some extent, inspire in his readers a desire to improve the character of their reading.

Now that every subject, interest and craze has its special literature, it is only right that the venerable art of shorthand should have a little department of its own. An essay on "Ancient and Mediæval Shorthand," mainly translated from the work of Dr. Zeibeg, by N. P. Hefley, and first printed in the Proceedings of the New York State Stenographers' Association for 1887, has been brought out in book form. It goes to show that shorthand was not unknown among the Chinese, the Egyptians, the Jews and other nations of antiquity. One of the extant letters of St. Basil consists of instructions to his shorthand secretary. According to Diogenes Laertius, Xenophon employed a system of tachygraphy in taking down the discourses of Socrates. Some commentators have claimed a shorthand value for certain inscriptions of the second century, but the earliest undoubted instances go no farther back than the tenth. A Paris MS. of Hermogenes is the most noteworthy example of it.

In the *Womans' World* Ouida strongly protests against the principles and practice of "Old Kaiser Wilhelm, who, with the praises of God on his lips and Bible texts at the end of his pen, plunged his hands into the bleeding entrails of France." As for his grandson, if he were to renew the struggle with France, he would be simply doing what his training and the example set him justified him in doing. For, continues Ouida, the education of princes "is based entirely on war, and the tactics and engines of war are made their chief glory and study; and she concludes by saying that the only chance of the general disarmament of the world will be that the game will become so costly that the most reckless of its players will be unable to risk its stakes."

The word "boycott" is formally installed, as an English noun, adjective and verb in the new Encyclopædic Dictionary, just published by Messrs. Cassell & Co. "Boulangism," or "Boulangism," is too recent and comes too early in the alphabet to take rank with recognized words. Its turn will come, doubtless, in the next edition. "Boulangite," which, however, means something quite different—taking its name from that of a celebrated mineralogist—has long had an acknowledged place among our scientific terms.

It is by no means improbable that the death of Mr. C. J. Brydges will lead the Hudson's Bay Company to effect modifications in the land department, which experience has shown to be desirable.

A freak of nature has occurred at Hillsborough, N.S., in the appearance of a calf belonging to Mr. John Wallace, collector of customs at that place, which has two distinct heads, four legs in front and two tails.

A notary skipped out from Quebec recently with a large amount of funds entrusted to him by his clients. The Ursuline nuns are said to be heavy losers by him. His creditors at once put a seizure into his house only to find that he had made away with almost everything.

Mr. Justice Church has received a letter from Hon. J. A. Chapleau, in which the Secretary of State stated that his health was thoroughly re-established, but that on the advice of his physician he will spend a short time in the South of France to rid himself of some bronchitic symptoms which the foggy weather of Paris developed.

The Government of Nova Scotia has issued a circular to secretaries of agricultural societies stating that a circular was issued early in January announcing a proposal to import a quantity of superior variety of barley from England, provided a sufficient number of societies and others were prepared to take the grain for experiment at cost price. Many favourable replies were obtained, and more than the quantity expected to be taken up was ordered.

The Toronto City Council and the Board of Trade have sent a deputation before the local board to express approval of the scheme for consolidating the debenture debt of the city as laid out in the bill now before the Legislature, whose main proposal is to increase the borrowing powers from 12 per cent. on \$50,000,000 and 8 per cent. on \$62,000,000 to 12½ per cent. on \$100,000,000 and 8 per cent. on all assessments over that. The authorized debt of the city at present is \$10,449,000.

When the late David Thompson was sitting for Haldimand, in the days when the record of the riding was an unbroken series of Liberal victories, he was laid aside for nearly a whole session through illness. When he returned, Mr. Thompson drew a friend aside and opened his heart to him with these words: "About the first man I met on coming back was Blake. He passed me with a simple nod. The next man I met was Cartwright, and his greeting was about as cool as that of Blake. Hardly had I passed these men when I met Sir John. He didn't pass me by, but grasped me by the hand, gave me a slap on the shoulder, and said: 'Davy, old man, I am glad to see you back. I hope you'll soon be yourself again and live many a day to vote against me as you've always done.'" "Now," continued Mr. Thompson with genuine pathos, "I never gave the Old Man a vote in my life, but hang me if it doesn't go against my grain to follow the men who haven't a word of kind greeting for me, and oppose a man with a heart like Sir John's."

ONE OF DANTE'S SONNETS.

Vede perfettamente ogni salute.—*La Vita Nuova.*

TWO TRANSLATIONS.

I.

For certain he hath seen all perfectness
Who among other ladies hath seen mine:
They that go with her humbly should combine
To thank their God for such peculiar grace.
So perfect is the beauty of her face
That it begets in no wise any sign
Of envy, but draws round her a clear line
Of love and blessed faith and gentleness.
Merely the sight of her makes all things bow:
Not she herself alone is holier
Than all; but hers, through her, are raised above.
From all her acts such lovely graces flow
That truly one may never think of her
Without a passion of exceeding love.

—*Dante Gabriel Rossetti.*

II.

All welfare hath he perfectly beheld
Who amid ladies doth my lady see;
And whoso goeth with her is compelled
Grateful to God for this fair grace to be.
Her beauty of such virtue is indeed,
That ne'er in others doth it envy move;
Rather she makes them like her to proceed,
Clothed on with gentleness and faith and love.
Her sight creates in all humility,
And maketh not herself to please alone,
But each gains honour who to her is nigh.
So gentle in her every act is she,
That she can be recalled to mind by none
Who doth not, in Love's very sweetness, sigh.

—*Charles Eliot Norton.*

Here is a piece of wholesome moralizing on a postage-stamp, from the pen of the Rev. Frederick Arnold: "There may be all sorts of wrong and evil connected with letter-writing; but to specialise an instance: you may have been writing an angry letter. It may be a clever, caustic letter, and you feel rather inclined to regard it approvingly considered as a literary production. But it may be a passionate and unjust letter. It may be unreasonable and untrue. You may be giving unmerited pain by sending it. You may bitterly regret the moments when your hand obeyed the immoral behest of your mind. You have heard of the physician's prescription about the cucumber—to peel it carefully, slice it tenderly, be gingerly with your vinegar and plenteous with the oil, sprinkling the pepper, brown or red, over it—and then fling the mess out of the window. So when you sit down to your letter, my dear and slightly excited friend, pile up your invectives, accumulate your adjectives, be caustic and cutting in your phrases; but just before you post it give a thought to the ethics of a postage-stamp, light your pipe with it and save your halfpence!"

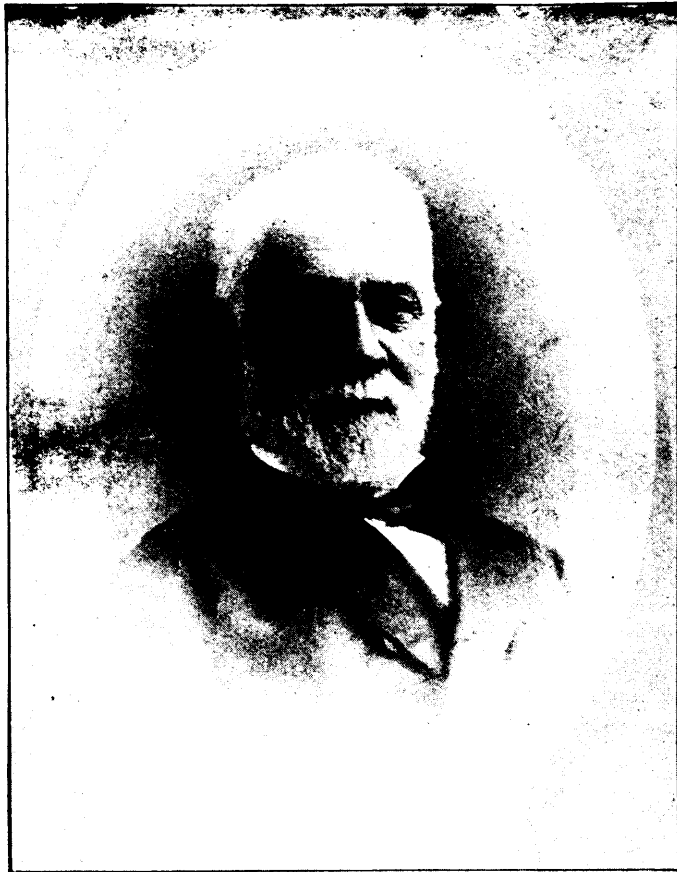
Lovers of high musical art may find subject for thought in the following remarks of a recent critic: The Wagnerites are accustomed to assert that Wagner's music does not injure the voice. But this pleasing delusion will not bear the test of experience. Let any one listen to Heinrich Vogl when he comes, fresh from his summer vacation, to such rôles as Severus or Don Ottavio, and then hear him again after he has been through the Nibelungen Cyclus, and there will no longer be the slightest question as to the effect of Wagner's music upon the voice. Vogl has the advantage of a perfect method added to the gift of an organ exceptionally strong. Yet the tired sound does not leave his voice for weeks afterwards, and there is no doubt that his power will fail prematurely in consequence of the tremendous strain so frequently applied. The best singers of Wagner's music, says the same critic, to-day are the singers who were trained in the old Italian school and developed through the practice of Italian opera. But, unfortunately, these singers are dying out, and their successors have neither their training nor their practice to fortify them against the demands of "the music of the future."

We should not be surprised if his latest study, "The Viking Age," should be the very pick in interest and value of Paul B. du Chaillu's works. It will deal with the early history, manners and customs of the ancestors of the English-speaking nations, which are illustrated from the "antiquities discovered in mounds, cairns, and bogs, as well as from the ancient Sagas and Eddas."

A little book of great interest to all lovers of Burns will soon be published in Kilmarnock, the town which gave the poet's first edition to the world. It will consist of a *verbatim et literatim* copy of the famous holograph MSS. acquired by the trustees of the Kilmarnock Museum early last year, and will show all the alterations and emendations made by Burns on those documents during the time they were in his possession, together with his peculiarities of spelling.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

One feature of Winnipeg life is the desire of its citizens to extract from the varying extremes of the seasons all the enjoyment possible. From the youth with his puppy dog attached to a home-made sleigh to the man on the shady side of middle age who haunts the alluring precincts of the curling rink, all classes and conditions take advantage of the bracing climate to enjoy the benefits of exercise and recreation. The social clubs formed in Winnipeg, for the furtherance of snowshoeing, skating, tobogganing, curling and horse racing in the open air, prove that the people have winter pursuits and pleasures that tend to the strengthening and hardening of muscles and the acquirement of health unknown to the listless and perspiring people of equatorial countries. A peculiarity of Winnipeg's winter sports is the keen zest of the boys for dog racing. Two-thirds of the boys, from eight to fourteen years of age, own some description of a dog train. The snowshoe and toboggan clubs have a strong social basis for their success, as the youth of both sexes lend their presence and assistance at the gatherings.



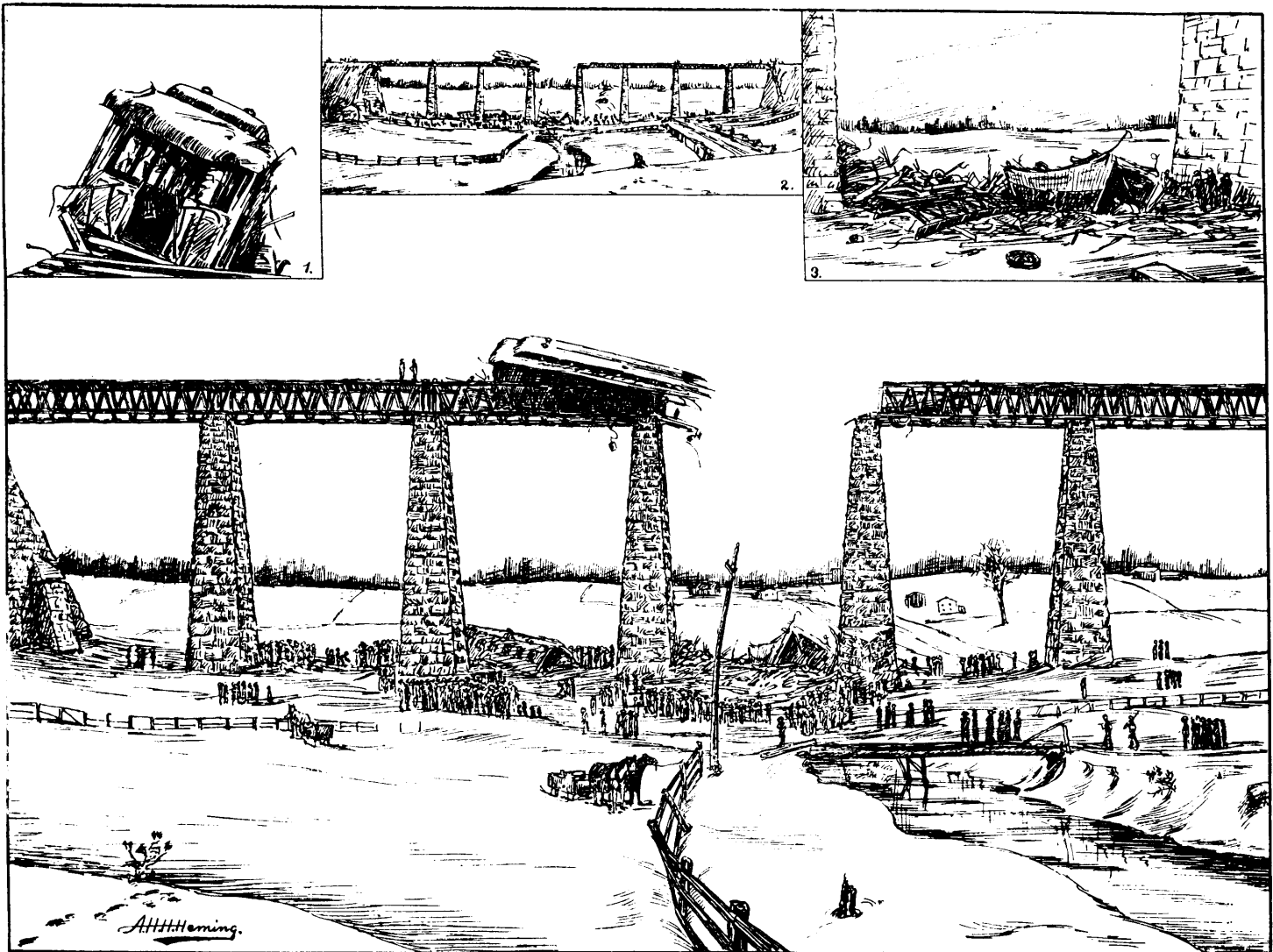
THE LATE JUDGE ARMSTRONG.

From a photograph by Topley.



THE LATE C. J. BRYDGES.

From a photograph by Notman.



THE G. T. R. DISASTER AT ST. GEORGE, ONTARIO.—SCENES NEXT MORNING.

From sketches by A. H. H. Heming.

No. 1. Parlour Car on the Bridge.

No. 2. Full View of Bridge.

No. 3. The Dining Car.



ON THE ALERT.

By Rosa Bonheur.

Photograph supplied by G. E. Macrae, Toronto, Director for Canada of the Soule Photograph Company.



CRANBERRIES KEPT FRESH.—To keep cranberries fresh, an experienced housewife says to put them into cold water. No matter if they freeze; there is no way that they keep so nice and fresh. One needs to be careful not to break the skins so that the juice will run out; but they will be just as fresh and round in May as in November. There is, no other method that keeps them uncooked as nice as this, and cranberries are always better when fresh than when preserved, and take less sugar too, either for pies or sauce.

OF DOING GOOD.—If it be in our power to communicate happiness in any form, to wipe away the tear of distress, to allay the corroding fear, to comfort, to help, to guide, to encourage, to inspire any one, the more speedily we set about it the more good we shall do. The emotions of love, compassion, and sympathy soon die out in the breast of one who withholds or delays their natural expression, or they turn into a useless and sickly sentimentality; while in the heart of him who hastens to embody them in his life and actions they will become living fountains of joy to himself and of good to others.

AN ANXIOUS PARENT.—"I confess I am sometimes sorely perplexed," said the father, with a heavy sigh, "when I think of the future of my boys. It is a great responsibility to have the choosing of a calling in life for them." Through the open window came the voices of two of the lads at play. "Look here!" loudly exclaimed Johnny, "that isn't fair! You've divided these marbles so as to get all the best ones in your own bag." "Didn't I have the trouble of dividing 'em?" reiterated Willie hotly. "Think I'm going to spend my time at such jobs for nothing?" So far as Willie is concerned," resumed the father, after a pause, "the task of choosing a vocation is not so difficult. I shall make a lawyer of him."

EATING WITH THE FINGERS.—The list of things that can be eaten from the fingers is on the increase. It includes all bread, toast, tarts and small cakes, celery and asparagus, when served whole, as it should be, either hot or cold; lettuce, which must be crumpled in the fingers and dipped in salt or sauce; olives, to which a fork should never be put any more than a knife should be used on raw oysters; strawberries, when served with the stems on, as they should be, are touched to pulverized sugar; cheese in all forms except Brie or Roquefort or Cumbefort, and fruit of all kinds, except preserves and melons. The latter should be eaten with a spoon or fork. In the use of the fingers greater indulgence is being shown, and you cannot, if you are well-bred, make any very bad mistake in this direction, especially when the finger-bowl stands by you and the napkin is handy.

DIFFERENT WAYS OF LOOKING AT THINGS.—The most of the things of this life may be set to music, but people get the wrong tune and sing "Naomi" or "Windham" when they ought to set things to the music of "Mount Pisgah" and "Coronation." We may not all of us have the means to graduate at Harvard, Yale or Oxford, but there is a college at which all of us graduate—the College of Hard Knocks. Misfortune, Fatigue, Exposure and Disaster are the professors; kicks, cuffs and blows are the curriculum; the day we leave the world is our graduation; some sit down and cry; some turn their faces to the wall and pout; others stand up and conquer. Happy the bee that even under leaden skies looks for blossoming bouquet! Wise the fowl that, instead of standing in the snow with one foot drawn up under the wing, ceases not all day to peck! Different ways of looking at things:

Raindrop the first—"Always chill and wet, tossed by the wind, devoured by the sea."

Raindrop the second—"Aha! The sun kissed me, the flower caught me, the fields blessed me."

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

Two hundred girls are now being educated in the medical schools of India, and Madras has already supplied six fully qualified female doctors for the northern part of the country.

The Indian princess Sarah Winnemucca, who attended Wellesley College, and has written stories under the *nom de plume* of "Bright Eyes," is now teaching an Indian mission school.

Mrs. Gould, the wife of Jay Gould, was a very gentle woman, whose chief liking was for children and flowers. In late years she spent much time in her conservatories. Mr. Gould built them for her at a cost of \$500,000.

Mrs. Josephine E. Poe, widow of Judge Neilson Poe, of Baltimore, died in that city on a recent Sunday. The *Baltimore Sun* says: Her maiden name was Josephine Clemm, and she was a daughter of William Clemm, of Virginia. Her sister was the lovely Virginia Clemm, the wife of the poet, Edgar Allan Poe, and the Lenore of "The Raven."

Natalie, the former queen of Servia, was received with royal honours during her recent tour. At the Russian frontier she was welcomed by Russian officers, in behalf of the Czar and Czarina. At the various towns at which she stopped, the local officials presented bread and salt, expressing, at the same time, the hope that she might recend the throne.

Dr. Morton Bryan Wharton, late United States Consul to Germany, has written a book on the "Famous Women of the Old Testament." Its chapters treat of Eve, The Mother of the Human Family; Sarah, The Mother of the Faithful in every age; Rebekah, The beautiful but Deceptive Wife; Rachel, the Lovely Wife of Jacob; Miriam, The Grand, Patriotic Old Maid; Ruth, The Lovely, Young and Honoured Widow; Deborah, The Strong-Minded Woman; Jephthah's Daughter, The Consecrated Maiden; Delilah, The Fair but Deceitful Wife; The Witch of Endor, Enchantress of Samuel's Ghost; Hannah, The Praying and Devoted Mother; Abigail, The Wife of the Shepherd; The Queen of Sheba, Solomon's Royal Guest; Jezebel; The Woman of Shunem, Elisha's Friend; Esther, The Deliverer of her People. The varied qualities, work and offices of women are described in this book, which abounds in startling incidents and rich illustrations.

A few days ago we were able to announce what should have been tidings of great joy to all elderly and delicate ladies who are obliged to attend Court functions in the bitter days of an English spring. A Drawing-room need no longer be as fatal as a battlefield; nor will it be necessary for ladies to shiver for hours with bare shoulders in wind-swept carriages and drafty corridors. The Queen has approved "high" dresses. The following is the official announcement, which will be circulated immediately from the Lord Chamberlain's office:—Description of high Court dress approved by the Queen. No. 1. Bodice of silk, satin or velvet, high and turned back in front with revers. High collar at back of neck, and small ruffle of lace inside, falling in a narrow V-shape down the front. It has also a flat folded fichu on either side, which passes under a stomacher, such as was worn in the eighteenth century. Sleeves to the elbow, turned up with small cuff, below which fall long drooping ruffles of lace. No. 2. Demi-toilette bodice of silk, velvet or satin, cut round at back three-quarter height. The front heart-shaped. Sleeves to elbow, with full, deep ruffles of lace. Transparent sleeves may also be worn with this bodice. Trains, gloves and feathers, as usual. Patterns may be seen at Miss Metcalf's, 111 New Bond street.—Lord Chamberlain's Office, St. James's Palace, February, 1889.—*St. James's Gazette*.

MILITIA NOTES.

At the annual meeting of the Dominion Artillery Association Lieut.-Col. A. H. Macdonald, Guelph, was re-elected president of association. Lieut.-Col. Turnbull was elected president of the council, and Captain J. B. Donaldson re-elected secretary-treasurer.

Lt.-Col. the Hon. J. A. Ouimet, the Speaker of the House of Commons, has been re-elected chairman of the Council of the Dominion Rifle Association. Lieut.-Col. John Macpherson, treasurer, and Lieut.-Colonel Thomas Bacon, secretary, have also been re-elected.

The coast defences of British Columbia are occupying the attention of the Senate just now. Replying to a question of Senator McInnes, Hon. J. J. C. Abbott said the subject of the Pacific coast defences had received due consideration, and negotiations with the Imperial Government were progressing satisfactorily.

Captain Wm. M. Cooper, of the 12th Battalion, has just invented and patented, with Mr. Cashmore, a new repeating rifle, which, if it does all that is claimed for it, will replace many of the existing models. In addition to other new features it has an automatic bayonet, so constructed as to slide up and down the magazine.

The reports of the musketry instructors at the different camps last summer show the shooting of the volunteers to have been very poor. How can it be otherwise when only twenty rounds of ammunition are allowed each man, as Captain Jas. Adam suggests in his report as musketry instructor of No. 2 District camp. Let each man have a competent musketry instructor and sergeant instructor, allow each man eighty rounds of ammunition, and you will get better shooting.

THE SHORTCOMINGS OF ENGLISH ART.

In the course of a remarkable address delivered some time ago by Sir Frederick Leighton, at the Liverpool Art Congress, the great academician spoke as follows of the shortcomings of English art: Our charge is that with the great majority of Englishmen the appreciation of art, as art, is blunt, is superficial, is desultory, is spasmodic; that our countrymen have no adequate perception of the place of art as an element of national greatness; that they do not count its achievements among the sources of their national pride; that they do not appreciate its vital importance in the present day to certain branches of national prosperity; that, while what is excellent receives from them honour and recognition, what is ignoble and hideous is not detested by them, is, indeed, accepted and borne with a dull, indifferent acquiescence; that the æsthetic consciousness is not with them a living force, impelling them towards the beautiful, and rebelling against the unsightly. We charge that while a desire to possess works of art, but especially pictures, is very widespread, it is in a large number, perhaps in a majority of cases, not the essential quality of art that has attracted the purchaser to his acquisition; not the emanation of beauty in any one of its innumerable forms, but something outside and wholly independent of art. In a word, there is, we charge, among the many in our country, little consciousness that every product of men's hands claiming to rank as a work of art, be it lofty in its uses and monumental, or lowly and dedicated to humble ends, be it a temple or a palace, the sacred home of prayer or a sovereign's boasted seat, be it a statue or a picture, or any implement or utensil bearing the traces of an artist's thought and the imprint of an artist's finger—there is, I say, little adequate consciousness that each of these works is a work of art only on condition that it contains within itself the precious spark from the Promethean rod, the divine fire-germ of living beauty; and that the presence of this divine germ ennobles and lifts into one and the same family every creation which reveals it; for even as the life-sustaining fire which streams out in splendour from the sun's molten heart is one with the fire which lurks for our uses in the grey and homely flint, so the vital flame of beauty is one and the same, though kindled now to higher and now to humbler purpose, whether it be manifest in the creations of a Phidias, or of a Michael Angelo, of an Ictinus, or of some nameless builder of a sublime cathedral; in a jewel designed by Holbein or a lamp from Pompeii, a sword-hilt from Toledo, a caprice in ivory from Japan, or the enamelled frontlet of an Egyptian Queen. We say, further, that the absence of this perception is fraught with infinite mischief, direct and indirect, to the development of art among us, tending, as it does, to divorce from it whole classes of industrial production and incalculably narrowing the field of the influence of beauty in our lives. And with the absence of this true æsthetic instinct, we find not unnaturally the absence of any national consciousness that the sense of what is beautiful, and the manifestation of that sense through the language of art, adorn and exalt a people in the face of the world and before the tribunal of history; a national consciousness which should become a national conscience—a sense, that is, of public duty and of a collective responsibility in regard to this loveliest flower of civilization.

THE SWELL GIRL.—The New York girl's ideal—that is to say, the ideal of the swell girl—is to look like a well-groomed horse. Hair sleek and shining as satin, skin polished and fresh, raiment built on a fixed model, trim, taut, and subdued in colour. Altogether well-groomed, thoroughbred, and a high-stepper, and a good one to look at, she is, too, only the artists don't care about her. She's all too stiff and set for him; he wants individuality, soft, flowing lines, rich, full drapery, deep colour.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

"Queen's Evidence" held the boards of the Montreal Theatre Royal, and the usual large houses were present.

Madame Roze once sang to perhaps the strangest audience that ever singer addressed. It was an audience of convicts, at a prison in the Western States of America, and singing moved many of her auditors to tears. She is married to a son of Colonel Mapleson, the impresario, and lives in a charming house in the Finchley road, London.

There are two classes of people who should never go to the theatre; or if they do, it should be upon a night set apart for their especial benefit. They are the provokingly dull, and the hypercritical. The former indulge in tiresome, irrelevant talk, interspersed with needless queries. The latter sustain a series of comments and comparisons no less annoying to adjacent seat-holders.

The "Twelve Temptations" in the Academy of Music. Montreal, has been succeeded by M. Coquelin and his admirable dramatic company, whose repertoire consisted of "Le Surprises du Divorce," "Le Gendre de Mons. Poirier," "Le Mariage de Figaro," "Un Parisien," "Le Voyage de Mons. Perrichon" and "Jean Dacier." The performances are everywhere spoken of in terms of the highest gratification.

As a rule, men prefer comedy. Where one is found who enjoys a tragic play, a dozen may be counted who find in comedy, either in the form of drama or light opera, their chief delight. And the older they grow the more pronounced are their tastes in this direction. Women are somewhat different. They love the luxury of tears, and the paths or solemnity whose trend is toward emotion is always appreciated by them.

As discussion is still vivacious as to the merits of Miss Terry's *Lady Macbeth*, an opinion from India on that character may be deemed not out of place. The owner of the opinion was a Bengalee Baboo, who had to answer this question at an examination: "Put down in your own words what you think of the character of *Lady Macbeth*." Thus encouraged to be frank, the Baboo wrote, "O, indeed, she was a brazen-faced female."

On Monday and Tuesday evenings Mr. Frederic Villiers, the renowned war artist and correspondent of the *London Graphic*, lectured under the auspices of Lt.-Col. Stevenson and the officers of the Montreal Field Battery. The subjects, "War on a White Sheet" and "Here, There and Everywhere," were illustrated with striking stereopticon views, which added colour and effect to the recital of Mr. Villiers' thrilling experiences around and upon the field of battle.

Toronto has been having among her attractions Miss Cora Tanner in "Fascination" and Miss Ada Gray in "East Lynne," while during the present week Mr. Gilmore's great legendary spectacle, "The Twelve Temptations," has been drawing crowded houses to the Grand Opera House. Jacobs & Sparrow's Opera House was the scene of the performance of Reilly & Wood's new show, with a full hand of variety attractions. The great Levy, assisted by Signora Stella Casta, the French prima donna, gave one grand concert in the Pavilion, and a fancy dress carnival was the attraction at the Victoria Rink on Tuesday evening.

Mrs. Stephens, who talks of retiring from the British stage, must have been quite forty-five years in the profession. It was in 1847 that she began her engagement at Sadler's Wells; she had been in the provinces three years previously; and, before that, made her *debut* at the Olympic. She first played *Mrs. Willoughby* in '63. She was in the original London casts of Robertson's "For Love" and "Progress," Byron's "Cyril's Success," "Not Such a Fool as he Looks," and "Sour Grapes," Mr. Gilbert's "Randall's Thumb," Tom Taylor's "Lady Clancarty," Albery's "Spendthrift," and so on, and so on.

Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast. There is no refuting the truthfulness of this sentiment, but it is not always put to such uses. They had been engaged to be married for 15 years, and still he had not mustered up courage enough to ask her to name the happy day. One evening he called in a yes darling frame of mind, and asked her to sing something sweet and touching, something that would penetrate to his heart's core. Now was her opportunity, and she availed herself of it. She sat down to the piano, and sang "Darling, I am growing old!" This fetched him, and they were married in as many days as they had been courting years.

The type of theatre-goer is so varied that it includes nearly all classes of society and all phases of humanity. But of a surety, the men and women who receive most benefit from witnessing the drama are they who enter into the spirit of the play with the uncritical abandon of a child. To such as these the stage is a veritable place of enchantment where draughty wings and shifting scenery, cosmetics and wigs, prompters and call-boys, and all the dry and dusty stage paraphernalia are things that exist not. Imagination transports them into the very heart of the romance that is being unfolded before their eyes, and they become unconscious participants therein. They laugh and weep, are sombre and mirthful, as the lights or shadows of the drama are cast about them, and yield themselves wholly to the spell of music and colour of glowing words and heroic deeds, of fair women and brave men that fill the fascinating mimic world beyond the footlights.

HERE AND THERE.

There are six prosperous Shakespeare clubs in Concord, Mass., and there is talk of organizing more.

The recent strike of the New York horse car employees resulted in a loss of wages to the men, of \$100,000.

The underground electric railway in London will be only 12 feet below the street level, and the roof will come within about two feet of the surface.

Jenny Lind's monument, to be erected in London by her husband, has been completed in Glasgow. It is in the form of a beautiful cross, about ten feet high.

A speech by the Greek orator Hyperides has been discovered at Athens. Hyperides lived about 400 B. C. It is a suggestive fact that the speech just found refers to bribery in elections.

London *Truth* says that the art of the working goldsmith is disappearing, owing to the cheapness of diamonds. Every one who buys an ornament insists now upon precious stones, and estimates it rather by the value of the stones than by the beauty of the workmanship.

In 1888, of the 754 vessels which carried grain from New York to Europe, only three were owned in the United States. British vessels carried in that year nearly 16,000,000 bushels of grain from New York, while American vessels carried less than 200,000. While in 1887 some 74 sailing vessels were engaged in carrying grain, last year only 16 were so employed.

One of the greatest problems now perplexing scientific men—the production of heatless light—has been solved by nature. The light from a luminous beetle sufficient for reading a newspaper—is shown by the spectroscope to be all of one kind, and just the kind for seeing, while the thermopile finds no evidence of heat. Yet in all our artificial lights vast quantities of fuel are wasted for useless heat.

The Berlin corporation, being favourably impressed with the new rubber pavement, has had a large area paved with India rubber as an experiment, and the magistracy of Hamburg is also trying the pavement. It is asserted that the new pavement combines the elasticity of India rubber with the resistance of granite. It is perfectly noiseless, and unaffected either by heat or cold. It is not so slippery as asphalt, and is more durable. As a covering for bridges it ought to prove excellent, as it reduces vibration; but question may arise as to its cost.

OLD MAN MORRICE.

A hearty buck he must ha' bin,
With lengthy legs and well turned shin,
And body lithe and hale and young;
His coat was of the silk, I ween,
A queue his shoulders bobbed atween,
And small sword at his tail y' swung.
As well besemed him, who, by chance,
Gave his own name to the Morrice dance.*

Fit fifers, make your reed flutes squeak;
Clash, marrowbones and cleaver eke;
Ye drunken fiddlers, viols thrum.
Wind, whipster, your good conch horn blow,
As in the field the bull doth low;
Drum, lad, rap-tap the copper drum.
Make music all, that we may prance
And bob around in the Morrice dance.

Come, neighbours! form a sooth round ring,
Your baubles rattle, handbells swing,
Each shepherd pick your blithemost lass,
Give her a sounding smack, but chaste,
And link your arm around her waist,
And foot it fealty on the grass.
Haul Joan out and Moll and Nance,
And hop it gay in the Morrice dance.

Shepherds! bethink old man, Morrice,
How much more heartsome, brave and nice
Than he who found out thunder-guns;
More hearty, gay and glorious far
Than he that goeth forth to war,
Or prating men or courtly ones
Compared with him they have no stance.
Hey! old man Morrice, and hey! his dance.

HUNTER DUVAR.

* *Morrice*, from *Moresco*, Moorish.

It is not good for man to be alone; it is better.

A curious fact about the dead languages is that they still live.

Politeness always pays. The last man into the elevator is the first man out.

Marriage has always been a lottery; in ancient times a wife was selected by Lot.

"Mockery never degrades the just," says a philosopher; but it often makes the just awfully mad.

When a woman shows enough interest in a man to pick a piece of lint off his overcoat he can marry her if he only says so.

Scene: Grammar Class.—Teacher: What is the future of "He drinks?" Johnny (after considerable thought): "He is drunk."

The army of the king of the Sandwich Islands is said to be reduced to a brass band of sixty-five pieces. This will be sufficient to resist invasion.

Landlord: "Excuse me—aw—what stuff is your coat made of, Pat?" Pat: "Bedad, and, I dun' no, but I think most of it is made of fresh air, sur."

The Fog.—Muggins (on doorstep to policeman): All right, officer; don't you bother about me. This is my house. Can't get in; fog's got into the key-hole."

Even the most absent-minded man generally remembers to stop short of the division line between his own and his neighbour's sidewalk when he is shoveling off the snow.

Lawyers' fees are generally high, but then it should be remembered that every lawyer has to spend years in preparing himself to make sufficient excuses whenever he loses a case.

Mistress (to Bridget): "Is it possible Bridget, you are looking through my trunk?" Bridget (calmly): "Yiss mum, an, didn't I catch you lookin' through mine the other day?"

On the Wedding Eve.—Mr. Edwards: "Just another day, Dolores, and—just think of it—we shall be one." Voice from aloft (speaking through clenched teeth): "It's one already."

Why they are deterred.—"Do many Polanders settle in Boston?" asked a New York man of a Hubite. "No; not many." "They do not want to become bean Poles, I suppose."

"Tommy, as it is your birthday to-day, you may tell me what would give you most pleasure," Tommy, blithely, after a moment's reflection: "Give little brother a good spanking."

"I hope, my lad, that a nice-looking little boy like you had nothing to do with tying the kettle to that poor little dog's tail." "No, indeed, I did not ma'am, but (rapturously) jimminy, didn't he get over the groun' fast!"

The craze for whistling among girls is seriously troubling the humorous editor of the *Boston Transcript*. He says it is almost impossible to tell whether a girl is soliciting a kiss or is only preparing to pucker. He ought to give the girl the benefit of the doubt.

They have queer ways of getting money for charity out West. One of them is a dainty bazaar occupied by five pretty girls and the girls are adorned with the following legend: "Drop \$5 in the slot and girls will throw you five kisses." "Throw 'em!" Huh!

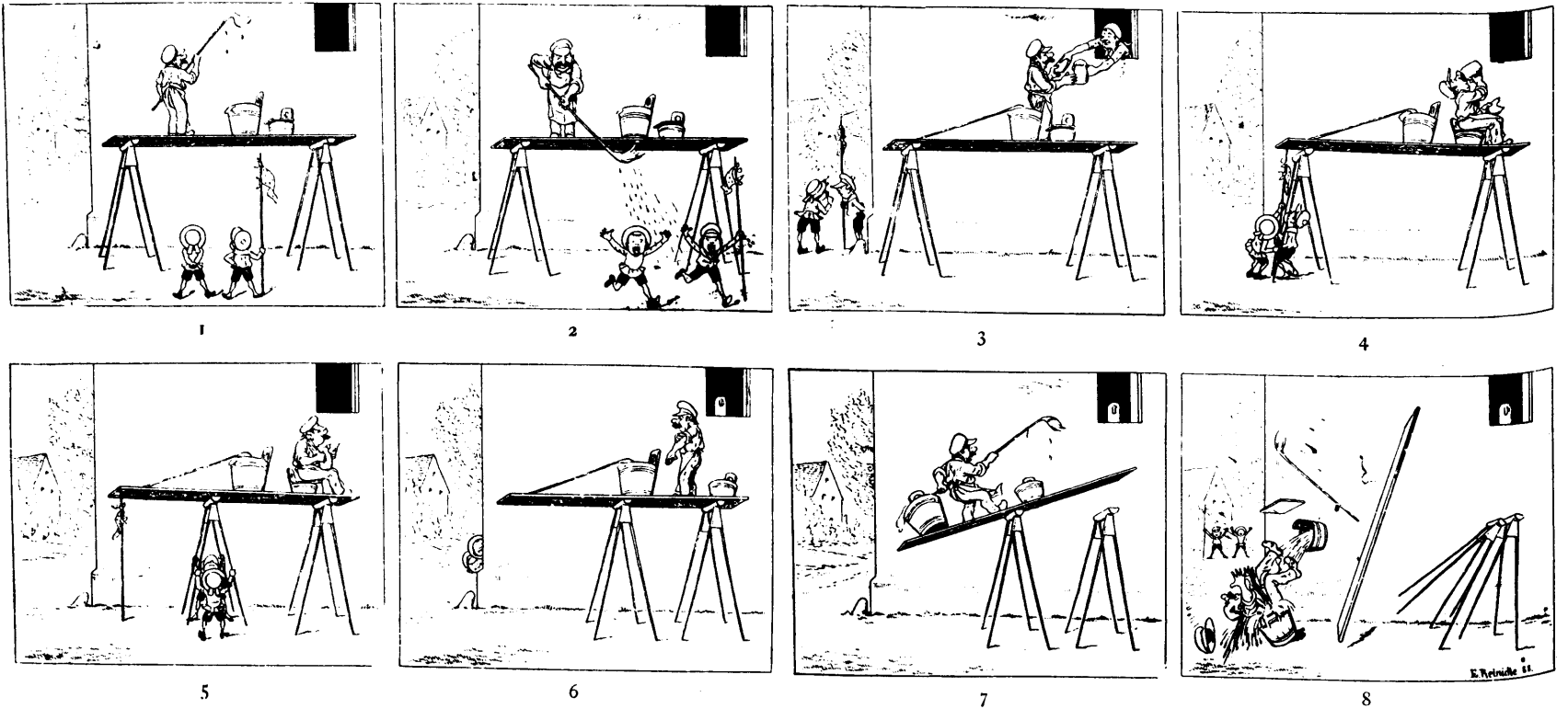
Unsuccessful Coaching.—Mrs. Hayseed (in hotel dining room): What a bright light those lamps give! Mr. Hayseed (whispering): Say gas jets, Marier; them ain't lamps. Mrs. Hayseed (loudly): Yes, as I was saying, what a bright light the gas jets give; I guess they're fresh trimmed.

AND THAT'S ENOUGH.

She isn't an angel,
She isn't a goddess,
She isn't a lily, a rose, or a pearl,
She's simply what's sweetest,
Completest, and neatest,
A dear little,
Queer little,
Sweet little girl.

Tonsorial Artist: You want to try some of mine patent hair tonic; your hair vos got thin on top already. Customer: Why don't you try yourself? You're balder than I am. Tonsorial Artist: Ya; but I rebrsent "before using." Look at dot parber, py der next chair; he rebrsents "after using two bottles." Ve know our peeznes, ain't it?

Forgotten how.—It was a time of immense public excitement, and the streets were filled with people discussing the latest news of the strike. First citizen: "There! (triumphantly handing the paper to his neighbour). "That's the way the *Morning Fishball* looks at it. What do you think?" Second citizen: (gloomily): "I don't think; I'm a professional juror."



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