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THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

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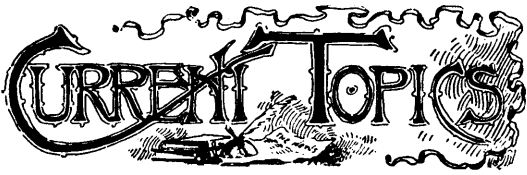
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7th MARCH, 1891.



Our Position.

We have been accused, by an anonymous correspondent in a Montreal paper, of political partisanship. This charge is a false one. Our columns show no party bias; we have nothing to gain or lose by a change of government. But we do intend to show a national spirit; to uphold with whatever power we have a Canadian nationality and loyalty to Great Britain; to stimulate to as great a degree as possible the feeling of pride in the Dominion and in the Empire. We are totally opposed to any form of alliance which might involve the surrender of the slightest measure of our rights to foreign domination, and to any form of discrimination against Great Britain or sister colonies. While allied to no party, we shall not refrain from freely expressing our opinions on any subject of national importance, even if form part of the programmes of either political party. We intend losing no opportunity to further these ends by every means in our power, and to criticise public speakers and writers whose views appear to us to be detrimental to the growth and development of Canadian national life.

The Leicestershire Regiment.

It is refreshing to note the prompt and satisfactory rejoinder given by LIEUT.-COL. ROLPH, commanding the 1st Leicestershire Regiment, to the scurrilous attack made in several American and Canadian newspapers on that corps, in endeavouring to make out that its conduct in Bermuda had been riotous in the extreme. Not only does he deny in toto the charges made—some of which were of the most absurdly sensational type—but he produces *en evidence* the report of a local society, which speaks in the most complimentary terms of the conduct of the Leicestershires while on that station. The Mayor of St. George's, Bermuda, writes to the Mayor of Halifax emphasizing still more strongly his high opinion of the conduct of the corps,—“conduct which has been characterized by sobriety, civility and good feeling towards the inhabitants.” As the regiment in question has just arrived at Halifax, and is the sole representative body of the Imperial army in British North America, it is but just to give the widest publicity to these corrections, and at the same time to denounce the calumniators of so gallant a corps as the old 17th.

It is painful to see with what readiness a certain section of the Canadian press take hold of any stories which place the army and navy in an unfavorable light. Tommy Atkins is by no means an angel—wings would be decidedly in the way of his knapsack; but, as a class, the rank and file of the army are orderly and well-behaved—far more so than men of a similiar social status in civil occupations. That the lower class of American journals and English radical sheets should sneer at and ridicule them is not to be wondered at; but it is surprising that any Canadian papers should

take up the cry. Few regiments could be sent here with a higher record for distinguished gallantry on the field and good behaviour at home than the “Royal Tigers.”

The Empress Frederick in Paris.

The attitude generally assumed by the Parisians during the recent visit to their city by the Empress Frederick is unworthy of a great and powerful nation. France to-day is in every respect one of the great nations of the world. Her army is in the highest state of efficiency and second in numbers only to that of Russia. Her navy is unusually powerful for a continental nation, and ranks next to our own. In art, in literature, in science, and in all the higher lines of civilization that tend to make life pleasant, she is in the first rank. And yet the people of her capital choose to act the part of a petty province, and hasten to show insult and hatred to the widow of a German Emperor, a man whose sterling worth had been admired throughout the civilized world. No loss of national prestige would have followed the exhibition of ordinary courtesy towards the lady, especially to one who had so recently experienced so much sorrow; the whole world would have thought more of France and of the French nation. Germany is naturally annoyed, and strikes back at once; and the good feeling between the two nations—which had been growing of late years—is gone. Worse than that, neutral nations condemn her people for their rash acts. Let us hope that a prompt and honest reparation will follow, and a degree of friendliness restored between these two great powers who hold so much of the peace of Europe in their yea or nay.

The United Empire Loyalists.

The literature devoted to one of the greatest events of the American continent—the migration of the United Empire Loyalists to Canada—has been comparatively small. Only one work, that by DR. RYERSON, has been devoted solely to the history of that (to us) all-important movement; MR. SABINE'S admirable compilation being more of a biographical dictionary than a history, while the scope of DR. CANNIFF'S book necessarily involves other than U. E. L. settlement. No concise summary of their history, drawn from the most trustworthy sources, has as yet been given to the public. It is with special pleasure, therefore, that we note COL. DENISON'S eloquent lecture on “Our Canadian Forefathers,” given in Toronto on the 27th of last month. In these days of violent political harangues it is pleasant to turn to a calm yet forcible presentation of the history of those men and women who honoured and remained true to their Sovereign during a great rebellion, and who, after all was lost, chose homes in the wilds of Canada and spent the remaining years of their life in battle against poverty and hardship, rather than surrender their birthright as British subjects, and, in the act, surrender their honour. Some people now-a-days sneer at sentiment; the Almighty Dollar is all in all. Such was not the creed of our forefathers. Too much stress cannot be laid on the advantage of such addresses in extending and strengthening the national life of our people.

The Springhill Relief Fund.

The sad disaster at Springhill has evoked much practical sympathy throughout the Dominion. A pleasing feature has been the prompt response from the smaller towns in the Maritime Provinces and the comparatively large sums they have subscribed. Official grants from the large cities have been disappointingly small, a paltry \$5,000 being Montreal's contribution, in the face of twice that sum voted to the sufferers by the St. Sauveur fire, where there were no widows and helpless children to provide for. In this case—with some 60 families suddenly bereft of the breadwinner—\$10,000 would have been little enough. As for Toronto's contribution—the less said about it the better. Why cannot the clergy of every denomination throughout the country be asked to have a special collection taken up in their churches, on a specified Sunday, in aid of this most pressing and deserving call for help?

The Dominion Illustrated Prize Competition, 1891.

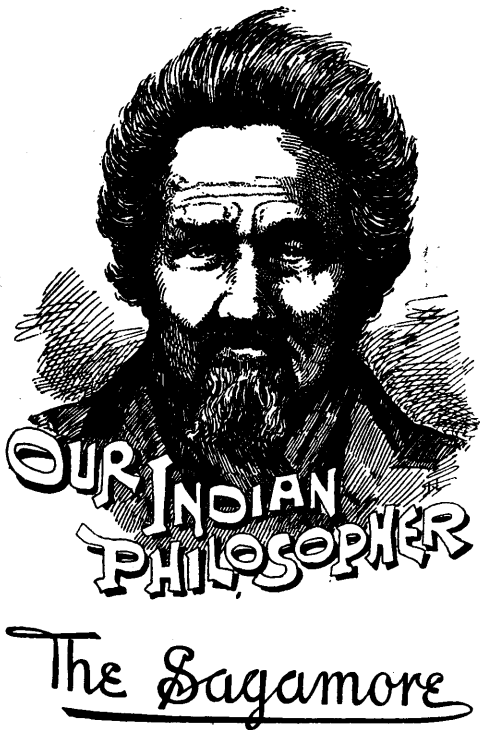
QUESTIONS.

SECOND SERIES.

- 7.—Quote mention of a shipwreck on Lake Ontario; give date and particulars.
- 8.—Where is narrated the escape of a prisoner destined to be burnt?
- 9.—Quote the paragraph mentioning a suicide occurring on the stage of a theatre.
- 10.—Give details of the instance cited of a frontier being kept neutral in war?
- 11.—Where is mention made of a new literary organization in a city in the West of England?
- 12.—Quote the expression or expressions relative to the low standard of morality in Buenos Ayres?

NOTE.—All the material necessary for correctly answering the above questions can be found in Nos. 131 to 139 of the “Dominion Illustrated,” being the weekly issues for January and February.

The third series of Questions will be given in our issue of 28th March.



"My brother," said the reporter, "you will rejoice with me that the millenium has taken another long leap in this direction."

"What you talkin' about?" demanded the sagamore, surveying his visitor with a critical eye.

"I am talking about the age of peace and good will," replied the reporter. "It has long been looked for—the time when all men shall regard all other men as brothers—and it is about to become a glorious reality."

"All men look at all other men like brothers," repeated the sagamore.

The reporter nodded. "That time's comin' pooty quick right away—eh?" questioned the other.

"That is my profound conviction," rejoined the reporter.

"What makes you think that?" asked Mr. Paul.

"A political meeting in the West the other evening was opened with prayer," was the reporter's answer.

"You think that's good sign?" queried the sagamore.

"Undoubtedly," said the reporter.

"What makes you think that?"

"How," asked the reporter in reply, "could any man, after confessing himself to be the vilest sinner, throw mud at any other sinner? Suppose, for example, it were an election for a chief of the Milicetes. Suppose you and Tom Sank were the candidates. You held a meeting. It was opened with prayer, in which, of course, all would join. Could you, then, get up and denounce Tom Sank as a pot-bellied old snoot from Snootville, who hadn't sense enough to go in when it rained, but who always managed to soak the deluded constituency that had anything to do with him? Could you do that?"

"Yes," said Mr. Paul, cheerfully, "I kin do that."

"And say that he was a dirty old skunk, from skunk swamp, who stole something every day of his life and robbed an orphan every week?"

"Yes," said Mr. Paul, "I kin say that."

"And say that his mother died of a broken heart and his father stole sheep?"

"Yes," said Mr. Paul, "I kin say all that."

"Well," said the reporter, "it is generally supposed that a prayerful spirit is the very opposite of a lying and abusive one."

"Not in them politics," replied the sagamore decisively.

"Do you mean to say that the speakers at a political meeting opened with prayer pitch into their opponents as fiercely as if it were opened with drinks all round?"

"Ah-hah," assented the sagamore.

"What, then, is the object of prayer," demanded the reporter.

The sagamore assumed a devout attitude, his hands folded on his bosom and his eyes cast upward.

"You look at me," said the sagamore.

"I see you," said the reporter.

"You s'pose I look like a man tell lies?" queried the old man.

"You are the picture of conscientious truthfulness," replied the other.

"When I look like that," said Mr. Paul, "them people b'lieve what I say 'bout Tom Sank."

"Am I to understand, then, that the whole thing is a piece of acting?" the reporter demanded.

"Ah-hah."

The sagamore grinned.

"You ought to be tarred and feathered," said the reporter.

The sagamore grinned again.

"You ought to be yoked up with Mr. Wiman and Mr. Farrar," declared the reporter.

"What's that?" sharply demanded the other.

The reporter repeated his remark.

A moment later there was a rush for the door of the wigwam and two men flew down the path at an awful speed. The reporter has since declared that his escape was nothing short of a miracle.



"And you simply have the prayer for the purpose of deluding the public into a belief that your policy is the one that makes for righteousness, while the policy of your opponent makes for everything that is vile and nasty?"

"Ah-hah."

"Well, then, the millenium has not been squinting in this direction at all," grumbled the reporter.

"Not in them politics," said Mr. Paul.

"Don't you think," queried the reporter, "that you ought to be kicked?"

"Mebbe you think so," rejoined the sagamore.

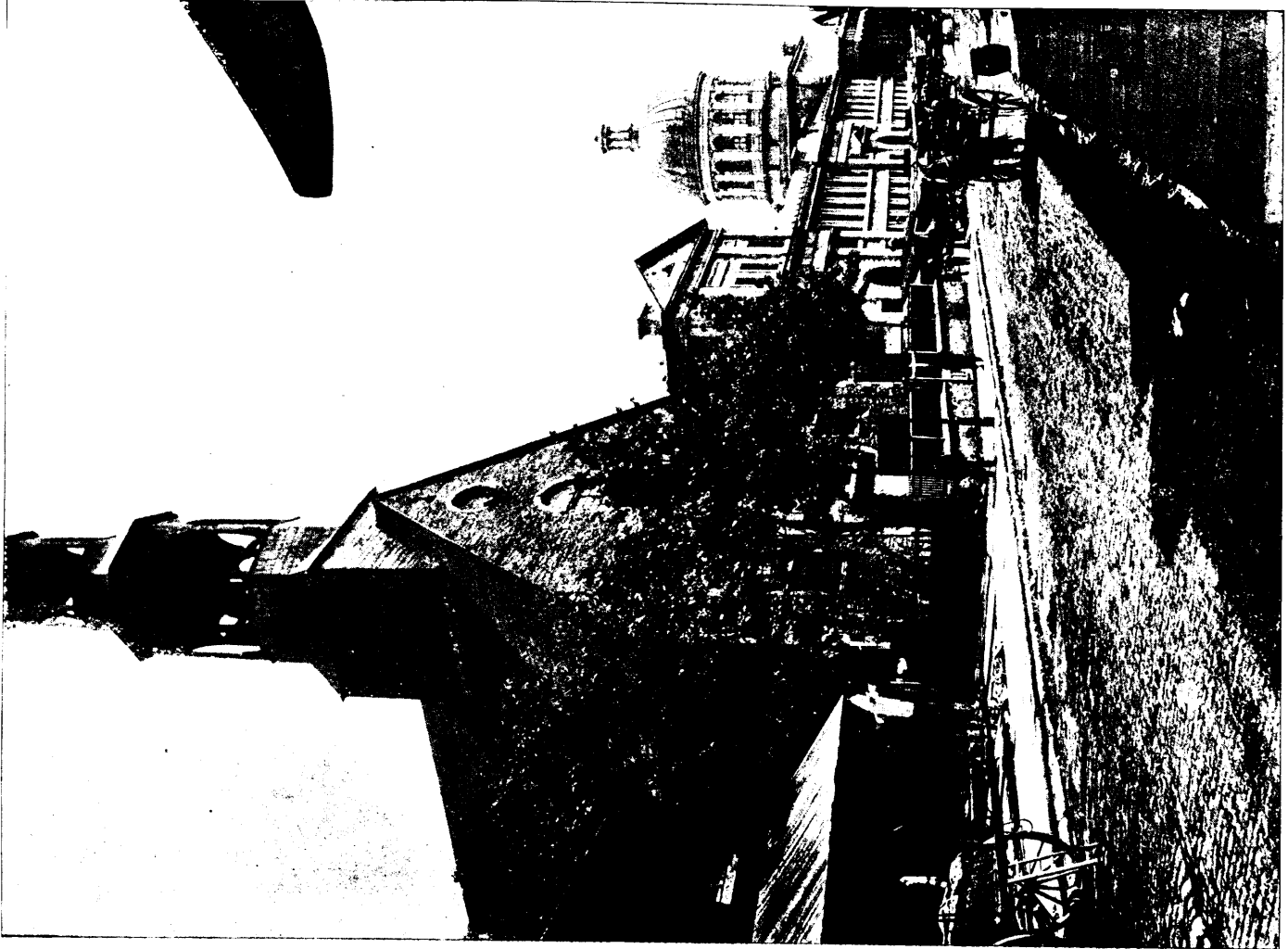
"I do," fervently declared the reporter. "I think you ought to be kicked by a cyclone. You are a sanctimonious old humbug."

Humourous Items.

PROUD YANKEE.—"Well, there's one thing you cannot deny. A ship that flies the American flag always commands attention and respect." Boastful Britisher.—"That's because it's a curiosity."

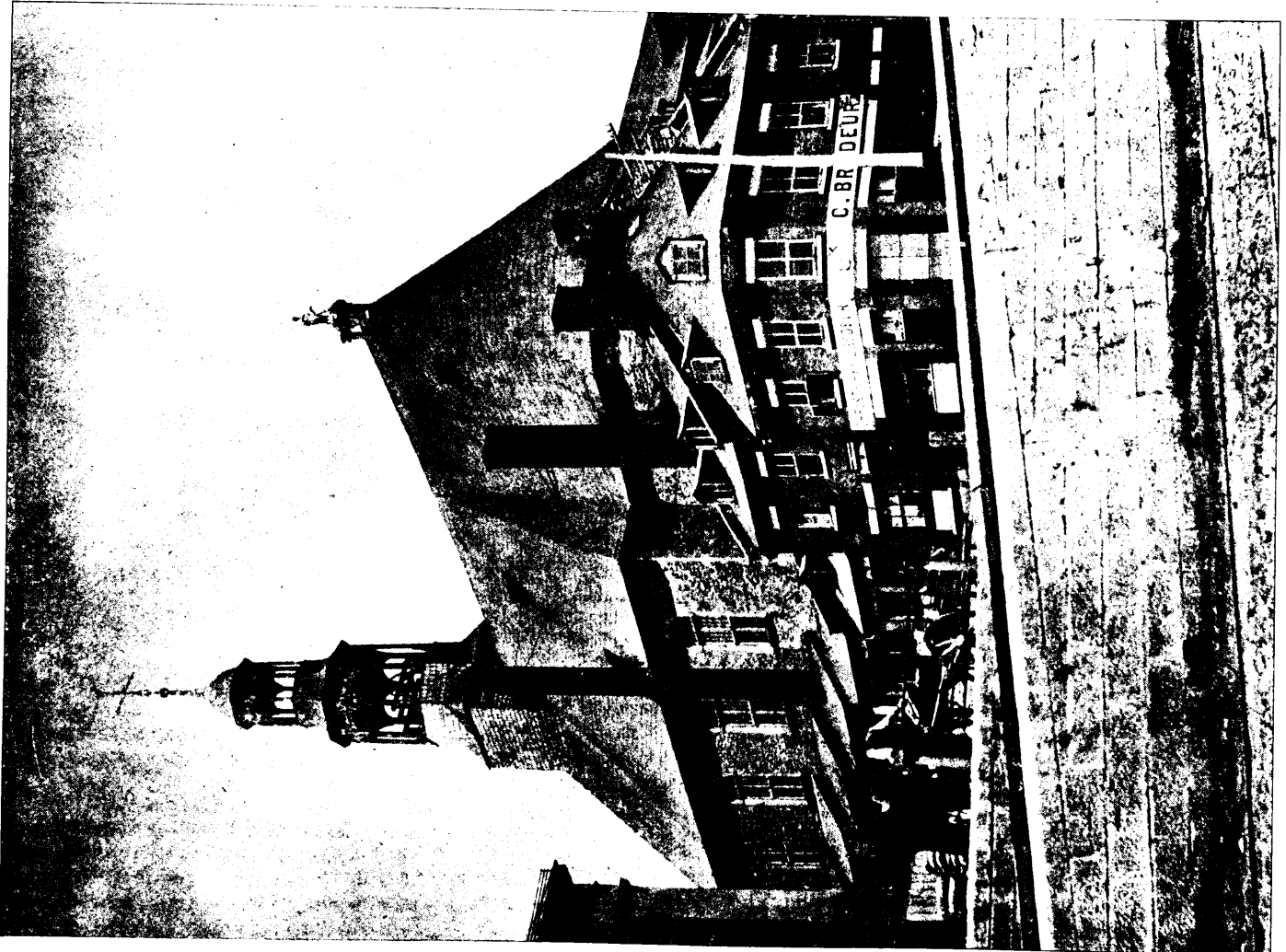
* * *

"IN our country," said the Englishman, as he leaned back in his chair, "before we marry we arrange to settle a certain sum upon the wife." "Yes, I know," replied the American, "but with us it is different. It is after we are married that we settle everything on the wife and arrange to beat our creditors." "Haw! I see. And how do the creditors take it?" "They never find anything to take."



VIEW FROM NORTH-EAST.

BONSECOURS CHURCH, MONTREAL.
CANADIAN CHURCHES, II.



VIEW FROM SOUTH-WEST.



EDINBURGH, FROM THE CALTON HILL. 35. G.W.W.

EDINBURGH, FROM THE CALTON HILL.

A REVERENT PILGRIMAGE.

PART III.

While our pilgrimage is specially to what is old, we may well make an exception in favour of St. Mary's Cathedral, Edinburgh,—the largest and most beautiful church built in Scotland, or, perhaps, in Great Britain, since the Reformation; the gift, too, like so many of the older foundations, of women devoted to God and the Church.

So we take our way along that picturesque street, unique among streets in the old world or in the new; on our right gay shops and stately hotels; on our left fair gardens, with, here and there, the statue of some one whom Scotland delights to honour, and, towering over the grassy slopes, the Castle and the grey heights of the Old Town; the noble pile of St. Mary's before us.

There is much smooth green sod in Scotland, but this within the Cathedral grounds is surely the smoothest and greenest. Beside it the stately building, in spite of its youth, looks venerable; and the mansion-house of Coates, adjoining, is like a bit of some older world set down among the verdure.

The Misses Walker of Coates, the last representatives of an honoured Scottish family, bequeathed property, amounting to about two hundred and forty thousand pounds, for the building of a cathedral church, to be dedicated to St. Mary. The foundation was laid in 1874 by the Duke of Buccleugh, and five years later the church was consecrated by the late Bishop, of Edinburgh, Dr. Cottrill. The architect, Sir Gilbert Scott, died before the completion of the work, but his plans have been strictly carried out.

St. Mary's is in the Early Pointed style, cruciform, with choir, transepts, nave and aisles; one central or rood tower, and two minor west towers. The west front is the most imposing modern gothic facade in Scotland, severely pure in style and rich in elaboration. The massively buttressed nave, the perfect proportions of the tower springing from the high-pitched roof, the exquisitely carved figures over portals and windows, give an effect of mingled

strength and grace which is most impressive. We enter, and the effect is not lessened. The beautifully clustered columns of the choir, the long-drawn aisles and interlacing arches of the nave, the "storied windows richly dight,"—all are worthy of the grand exterior. And if we add to these the beautiful ritual so dear to all who are of that branch of the Church, we shall have, I think, just such a picture as must have been in the minds of the pious founders, when they made their munificent bequest. Many minor donors have helped to beautify this sanctuary. The peal of ten bells is the gift of the Very Reverend Dean Montgomery; the great west window is a memorial of Gordon of Cluny, and the windows in the nave and clerestory bears the arms of many ancient Scottish families.

All this would be nothing, did the work of the Scottish Episcopal Church not keep pace with its prosperity. That it does, the immense congregations, the hearty services, the missions to the very poorest parts of the city abundantly testify. The Sunday evening worshippers are mainly outsiders; and just as in St. Giles we hear the *Venite, Te Deum* and *Benedictus*; we hear at these evening services in St. Mary's the old psalm tunes. Perhaps, too, we may hear a young curate preaching from the text, "Let all the people say *Amen*" (with a very decided emphasis on the *all*); and mentioning persuasively to his non-Episcopal hearers how the possession of a prayer-book of one's own is a wonderful help in bringing in the *Amen* at the right place, and how such a book, with *Hymns, ancient and modern*, added, may be had at any bookseller's for the trifling sum of sixpence. And the modern Presbyterian does not throw her stool at the curate's head, but joins in the *Amen* of the closing collects with a will, and straightaway departs in peace—her mind made up to get the prayer-book.

Truly, times have changed in Edinburgh since the days of Jenny Geddes. They have changed wonderfully, indeed, within the last quarter of a

century; though, of course, there are stern spirits yet who class popery and prelacy together, and see in both the mystery of iniquity. At the laying of the foundation of a cathedral church in Inverness a woman, seeing the procession of surpliced clergy, exclaimed in wrath: "There they go, the 'whited sepulchres'!" Dean Ramsey tells of an old and valued servant in a nobleman's family, who, having been taken by her mistress to hear a choral service, replied in answer to the question how she liked it, "Weel, the music was bonnie eneuch, but eh, ma leddy, it's an awfu' way o' keepin' the Sawbath!" For many years the common Scottish idea of an Episcopalian church was that expressed by the countryman, who, on having an "English Chaipel" pointed out to him, remarked, as he eyed it curiously, "Ay, there'll be a walth o' images in there!" Even in Aberdeenshire, a country where for a long time Episcopalians were in the decided majority, prelacy had in some parts become such an unknown quantity, that there were people who had no idea what a Bishop was. "Save us!" cried one woman on being told that the Bishop was coming. "Will it lap milk?" And only a few years ago, when the reredos was placed in St. Mary's Cathedral, a Presbyterian brother wrote to the *Scotsman* complaining that the figure of St. Margaret of Scotland in the work savored of superstition, and suggesting the substitution of John Knox! An old Presbyterian servant, the "ae lass" of an elderly maiden lady who attended the Cathedral, expressed her approval of the idea, and in the course of an argument with her mistress on the subject, asked with fine scorn, "Is there onybody leevin' to speak to Margaret's character?" "Is there anybody living to speak to Knox's," retorted her mistress. "Ay, mem," said the undaunted Jean, "but Knoax was a Scootchman at ony rate, an' we a' ken that's a character in itsel'."

We have bared our heads at the graves of the Covenanters. But persecution in Scotland has not been all on one side, nor are the Covenanters the only people who have suffered. There is, indeed, nothing more pitiful in human nature than the ease with which the persecuted is transformed into the persecutor. It would be utterly disheartening, but that courage and constancy—being qualities peculiar to the advocates of no one cause, but common to all the earnest and sincere—immediately come



INTERIOR OF ST. MARY'S CATHEDRAL, EDINBURGH.

to the front again with another set of martyrs. The Presbyterians suffered under the Stewarts; the Episcopalians suffered for them. The faithfulness of the Scottish non-jurors arose from no personal affection to the morose and bigoted James, still less from any sympathy with him in his project of placing Britain once more under the sway of Rome. Their brethren in England had been the most outspoken opponents of his rash and ill-advised course, thereby losing for a time their liberty and imperilling their lives. They resisted in no way, nor did they incite others to resistance, but when James's own children forsook him, they dared to be true. A magnanimous enemy would have spared such men. But the King, who dethroned his father-in-law and permitted the massacre of Glencoe, was not magnanimous; he determined to ruin them. The "robbing of the curates," the burning of the churches, the imprisonment and banishment of the clergy, are matters of history. And those who fancy that prelacy is another name for pomp and self-indulgence, should read the lives of the bishops of those days. Like their clergy, they never had more than bare food and raiment, and often they had not these. Bishop Falconer's stipend was twenty pounds. There being no divinity school, Bishop Innes received two guineas for training students. Bishop Petrie rode about on a little Highland pony—"the old spavined grey." The saintly Bishop Jolly, when visited by Bishop Hobart, of New York, was found living by himself in a humble cottage, and making his own tea by a peat fire. An upper chamber, a barn, on the hillside, was their church; a shepherd's plaid their rochet.

And their poverty never soured them. They were friends with everybody.* Dean Skinner passed the greater part of his life under the ban of the Penal Laws; he had his chapels burned before his eyes, and he spent six months in prison. And yet he was always overflowing with the liveliest humour. Take some of his keen retorts: that to the man who said to him, patronizingly, "I was aince a chaipel-man (Episcopalian) mysel"—"na man, ye only *thocht* it!" Or to the gossip who warned him that if he did not do so and so, people would speak ill of him—"Ay, guidwife, and nane sooner than yersel!" Or to the grateful beggar who fervently wished the Dean might be in heaven "this vera nicht"—"Thank ye, John, but ye needna hae been sae particular as to set the time." Read his "Tullochgorum," which Burns pronounced the best song Scotland ever heard; and then admire the versatility by which classic Latin was bent to the same measure in the "Ode Horatiana—metro

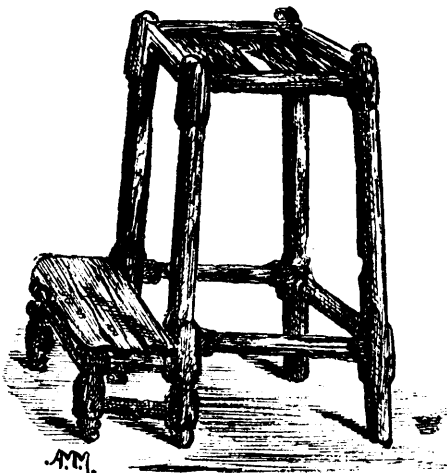
* A beautiful little incident is mentioned casually—I think in the "Life of Dean Skinner"—of the Episcopalian clergyman borrowing the Presbyterian minister's pony to go and see the Roman Catholic priest—the three being warm friends.

Tullochgormiano." Skinner, and many of his brethren, might be described in his own words:

"Cheerful, brisk and keen;
In spirits lively, in apparel clean;
With proper feelings and sufficient spring;
Good faithful subjects of their God and King."

Long after all thought of armed resistance was at an end, the exiled princes were lovingly remembered in the north. They were prayed for when such a prayer was a penal offence; their healths were drunk when such a toast was treason; and above all, they were sung of in the beautiful and pathetic ballads of which their wrongs were the inspiration. All sorts of devices were resorted to on public occasions to admit of the Jacobite toasts being given in the presence of the strongest Hanoverians: "The King—ye ken wha I mean;" "The King!" then passing the glass beyond the water carafe, to denote "over the water." Ladies were particularly defiant. One, who had vowed that she would drink King James' health in a company of Brunswickers, fulfilled her promise by proclaiming aloud, while her friends implored her silence, "The tongue can no man tame—*Jeems Third and Aucht*,"† and forthwith drinking off her glass.

Well, so far as the Stewarts were concerned, Scottish cavaliers fought, and Scottish non-jurors prayed, all in vain. Happily all in vain, we can say now; yet many a family points proudly to the ancestor who was "out in the fifteen," or "out in the forty-five."



"CUTTY" STOOL.

Do you say that I am praising all in turn? finding not only "sermons in stones," but "good in everything"—and everybody? In these brief wanderings, dear fellow-pilgrim, it is as in the longer and graver pilgrimage of life: the good is apparent

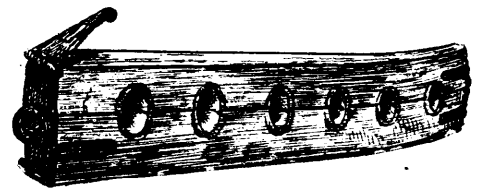
† In reference to James being Third of England and Eighth of Scotland.

to every one who will not shut the eyes of his soul persistently against it

Before we leave Edinburgh, let us look at one church more. In strange contrast to St. Mary's is the plain and ugly West Kirk; yet the latter is on the site, and its parish bears the name of the Culde church of St. Cuthbert—older than any record in Scotland, and supposed to have been founded in the eighth century.

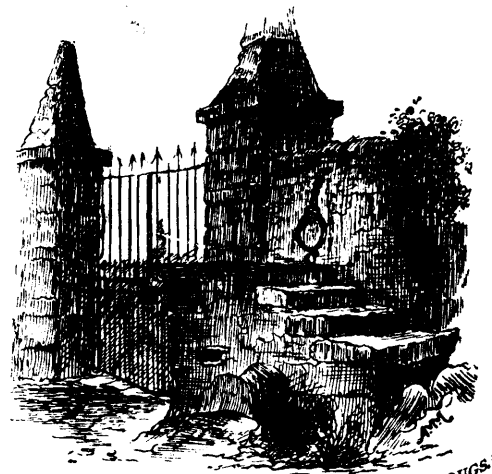
Apropos of the Stewarts, it was a minister of the West Kirk who, having been ordered to pray for King James, after the battle of Prestonpans, offered in the hearing of many of the Highland soldiers the following prayer: "Bless the King—Thou knowest what King I mean—may the crown sit long on his head. As for the young man who has come among us to seek an earthly crown, we beseech Thee to take him to Thyself and give him a crown of glory." The Prince, on hearing of the petition, laughed and expressed himself satisfied. Happy for him had it been heard, and he had gone to his death, young, gallant and generous.

In St. Cuthbert's, or the West Kirk, as in other old churches, we find traces of that somewhat stern church discipline which prevailed after the Reformation. Iron jugs and repentance, or "cutty" stools were a regular part of the church furnishings, and were by no means intended for ornament. The cutty stool from Greyfriars is pre-



OLD STOCKS.

served in the Antiquarian Museum with the maiden that laid low so many ambitious heads, the thumb-biken that did such cruel work on the Covenanters, the stool of Jenny Geddes, etc. In the West Kirk jugs, according to the records, there figured among others a certain "pottriman" for "plucking geiss upon the Lord his Sabbath, in tyme of sermon," and another, for "taking snuff in tyme of sermon." It is curious to note how "in tyme of sermon" is added as one of those "several aggravations" which, according to the Shorter Catechism, makes the sin more heinous. As the years went on, the jugs disappeared or, at least, culprits ceased to figure in them. Reproofs by words of mouth were substituted; and when the offender had the hardihood to "speak back," the scene must have been a strange one. In many of the



GATEWAY OF DUDDINGSTON CHURCH WITH "JUGS."

true stories of this later era, the parish idiot plays the leading rôle; one of them who had been specially warned against coughing "in tyme of sermon," raising his voice in the pathetic remonstrance, "Minister can a puir body like me no gie a bit hoast (cough)?" and another whose seeming attention had been used to point a rebuke to sleepers—"Even Jamie Fraser, the idiot, does not sleep, breaking out indignantly, "An I hadna been an idiot, I micht hae been sleepin' tae!"



THE CANONGATE TOLBOOTH, EDINBURGH.

I should like to have shown you—I should like to have seen myself—the collegiate church of the Holy Trinity; founded in 1462 by the widowed queen of James II, Mary of Guldres. It stood for four centuries close under the rocky steep of the Cutton Hill; and then—to the shame of Edinburgh be it said—it was torn down and the ashes of its royal foundress removed to make way for the North British Railway. As a peace offering to those who had the good taste to be opposed to the deed, the choir of the old church was re-erected as an appendage of the Jeffrey Street parish church; but as special care seems to have been taken to make the old stones look “amaist as weel’ the new,” the structure is now chiefly valuable as a monument to vandalism.

high honour of being immortalized by Dunbar in his beautiful “Lament of the Makaris,” as one of the poets whom Death, “that strong unmerciful tyrant” has “ta’en out of this countrie.”

“He has ta’en Roull of Aberdeen
And gentle Roull of Corstorphine,
Twa better fallowis did na man see,
Timor mortis conturbat nie.”

The “gentle Roull,” if his ghost still lingers about the place where he ministered, when James IV reigned and Dunbar sang, must be somewhat surprised to see the changes wrought, not by time but by ruthless restorers. Mutilated as the fine old church is, however, it has still much of that picturesque quaintness which we find in the older



THE COLLEGIATE CHURCH, RESTALRIG.

Is it not sweet, O fellow pilgrims, in the freshness and stillness of this country village as among the crowds and noises of the city, to step into these ancient holy places, and by the tombs of those who lived and prayed hundreds of years ago lift up our hearts to God? Where can we more fitly remember how soon we too shall pass, and be perchance, not even a name, a memory, but a mere handful of dust over which the coming pilgrim shall tread, and where can we more fitly stay ourselves upon the one supreme consolation. “But THOU art the same, and THY years shall not fail!”

A. M. MACLEOD.

Personal and Literary Notes.

The American Academy of Political and Social Science will shortly issue a translation of Prof. Meitzen’s great work on Statistics. English literature on this subject is so very meagre that every one interested, either in its theoretical or practical aspects, will be glad to learn of this important accession to our stock of scientific material. Dr. R. P. Falkner, of the University of Pennsylvania, one of our most prominent students of statistics, has made the translation.

Mr. W. Blackburn Harte, whose political and social articles in the *Forum*, the *Cosmopolitan* and the *New England Magazine* have been widely discussed, has been appointed assistant editor of the latter magazine, and has left New York for Boston.

According to Lord Beaconsfield’s letters, which are now being published by Mr. Froude, there was once a proposal on the part of the Greeks to make the late Lord Derby King of that country, but he declined the honour with thanks.



CORSTORPHINE CHURCH.

One glance we will give to the ruined church of Restalrig, and another to the church of Corstorphine—the latter an older religious foundation than Holyrood, and as a dependency of St. Cuthbert, included in King David’s gifts to the new Abbey. One of the provosts of the church has the

parish churches of England. The chancel has been debased into a porch; but the altar-tombs have been spared with their recumbent effigies: fifteenth century knights and ladies, and one solitary sleeper of much older date, supposed to be a crusader.

OUR LONDON LETTER.

LONDON, February, 1891.

The success of the Military Exhibition, held last summer at Chelsea has encouraged the promoters to commence the organization of a Naval Exhibition on the same lines, to be held in the same place. The idea originated with the Prince of Wales, who is the Hon. Admiral of the Fleet, and the Queen will be one of the patrons and will lend a large number of interesting exhibits from her private collection. One of the most interesting exhibits will be a large working model of the "Victory," of the same size as the original, and which will cost £4,000. The greater part of the ship will be an exact representation of the "Victory" as she went into action at the Battle of Trafalgar, and she will be manned by trained crews from Sheerness. It was first proposed that the original "Victory" should be brought round from Portsmouth, but it was found that not only would she be unable to stand, in her present mutilated condition, the sea voyage, but also the Thames bridges would be insuperable objections. Another object of interest will be a huge working model of a turret-ship, which is being constructed at a cost of £5,000. There will also be a large model, 170 feet high, of a light-house, which will be fitted with hydraulic lifts to carry people to the top, where they will be initiated into the mysteries of the search and revolving lights. It is estimated that the guarantee fund already reaches £50,000.

There have been two important theatrical novelties during the past week. Mr. Jerome K. Jerome's "Woodbarrow Farm" has been placed in the evening bill of the Vaudeville Theatre—which has been redecorated and rebuilt—and has achieved a great success. It is, without doubt, the best piece of work that Mr. Jerome has yet done, dealing, as it does, with country life in an idyllic and charming manner. The company includes Mr. Thomas Thorne, the lessee and manager, Mr. Bernard Gould, the clever young artist-actor and Miss Vane.

The other novelty is the production of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones' new play, "The Dancing Girl," at the Haymarket Theatre. The play was an immediate and a deserved success, and the critics, one and all, speak of it as Mr. Jones' greatest and most successful work—a work which marks a new era in the history of the British stage. Unconventional in treatment and marked with a great gift of literary expression, "The Dancing Girl" is sure to draw all London—at least that portion of it which believes in the mission of the Drama to exalt not just to provide an entertainment which will pass away a few hours. The play deals with the two opposites of life, Quakerism and Bohemianism. A beautiful girl, brought up with the greatest strictness by her Puritan parents in Cornwall, is sent to London to earn her living in service. But the change of life is too great, she loses her head and becomes the mistress of the Duke of Guisebury, the owner of the island in which her parents live. Occasionally she goes back to visit them, dressing herself in the Puritan garb and allowing them to think that she is in a good situation in London. The plot is too long and too complicated to give here in its fulness, but it is intensely interesting and held the audience from beginning to end. Mr. Beerbohm Tree, although he had the managerial cares of a first night upon him, acted with wonderful cleverness and finish as the dissolute duke. Miss Julia Neilson as the Quaker maiden who relapses into ways of wickedness, acted with a force and 'go' which surprised everyone. The company included Mr. Fred Terry, Mr. James Fernandez and Miss Rose Norreys.

Mr. Oscar Wilde's novel, "The Picture of Dorian Gray," which attracted such a large amount of attention when published last summer in *Lippincott's Magazine*, on account of its originality and boldness of treatment, is about to be published in book-form.

"Ivanhoe" has been produced and has been hailed on every hand as a perfect grand opera both in its music (by Sir Arthur Sullivan) and its libretto (by Mr. Julian Sturgis). Of course there have been dissentient voices, and there are signs of a reaction and of a latent feeling that, perhaps, the first night criticisms were a little too hasty and a little too audacious, but then it is not everyone who dares (or is able)

to criticize seriously Sir Arthur Sullivan. The musical critic of the *World*, (Mr. George Bernard Shaw, the Socialist) however, pitches into the opera with the greatest courage. He says that neither composer or librettist have treated Sir Walter Scott fairly. Why, he asks, has not Sir Arthur done for Scott what he did for Mr. W. S. Gilbert in "Patience" and its forerunners? He says the composer has failed to reproduce in music the vivid characterization of Scott, and he says that he has treated the majority of the characters as if they were mere personages from the savory comic operas and that a number of the songs are mere paraphrases from the same source. Of Mr. Julian Sturgis, Mr. Bernard Shaw says that "he has gutted the story of every poetic and humorous speech it contains," and he protests against "a Royal English Opera which begins by handing over a literary masterpiece for wanton debasement at the hand of a journeyman hired for the job." If it was anyone else who had written all this very little attention would have been paid to it, but Mr. George Bernard Shaw has the reputation of being one of the best musical critics, and his criticism in the *World* is exciting a great deal of attention and has been setting people asking whether "Ivanhoe" is really such a great work and such a classic as was first stated.

There is a club in London (started two or three years ago) called the "Play-goers Club," which is gradually becoming a power in the theatrical world and which is getting itself hated by both actors and managers alike. Enthusiastic theatre-goers are its members, who turn up on first nights in great force, and a play has, to a large extent, to stand or fall by their judgment, for they have the courage of their convictions, and when they don't like a play they hiss vigorously—and when the play begins to hiss it is all up with the play. It is only fair to say, however, that they use their power sparingly. All the members of the club call themselves earnest students of the drama, and debates on all burning questions touching on dramatic art are held from time to time, and papers have been read by such well-known men as Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, Mr. A. W. Pinero, Mr. Jerome K. Jerome and Mr. Sydney Grundy. If anyone wants to know anything of the progress of the theatre here in England he should get the first number of their organ, *The Play-goer's Review*, all the articles being outspoken and to the point.

The mountain has laboured and has brought forth a mouse. After all the fuss and talk the first number of *Black and White* is very poor, the letter-press being purposeless and, except in one or two cases, utterly beneath contempt. The illustrations, too, may be very artistic and splendidly engraved, but they are not living, not on the nail, so to speak. The public, who buy sixpenny newspapers, want something very much up to date, not simply reproductions of old masters. Of course all allowances must be made for it being a first number; but really it will have to be vastly improved in every respect if it is to sell and give any return for the huge capital said to be sunk in it. As a rival to the *Illustrated London News* it is simply nowhere.

Mr. W. T. Stead, resting for a moment from his labours on the *Review of Reviews*, has found time to write a short article on "How to Become a Journalist" in the current number of *The Young Man*. He, of course, advises everyone to learn shorthand, German and French and the typewriter, and he advises none to take to journalism as a man takes to shop-keeping or a woman to dressmaking. No man, he says, can be a successful journalist who cannot feel intensely and who is not sympathetic. The more you can feel, the more you can take a real and fervent interest in, the better you will get on. The journalist, he says, is the eye of the people, and it is better that he should be sympathetic than crammed with learning and a gigantic intellect. "Dry-as-dust may be a very good fellow in his library, but he is out of place in the editorial sanctum." Every aspiring journalist should read the article, for it is cram-full of common sense and it gives just the information most required.

GRANT RICHARDS.

Poetry.

In Memoriam.

(E. E. F., DIED OCTOBER 21ST, 1890.)

To earth hath fall'n the last pale, quiv'ring leaf,
And all the Autumn trees, so dark and bare,
Pulsing in every limb with some sharp grief,
Moan out their sadness on the sunless air.

Cold, cold the days when all the leaves are dead,
Deep buried under silent drifts of snow,
And when from life, Hope's presence fair is fled,
Cold, cold the days the broken heart must know.

In Spring, they say, this sadness will depart,
And Life, once more, with bloom will bless the world,
But Spring dawns not upon the broken heart,
Whence Hope, in Autumn days, is ruthless hurled.

No, Hope is dead, like yonder perished leaf,
Now, as the cov'ring snows of Winter fall,
So, let the storms of unavailing grief
Bury dead Hope, and pile her funeral pall.

With tears and prayers and thoughts remorseful, mad,
Of this that is—and that which might have been,
Of all the glorious scope that life once had,
Now prisoned narrowing walls of pain between.

But, can it be, those wild, unworded prayers
Have won an answer from beyond the bound
Of dull-eyed Grief?—the breath of evening bears
A voice of tender yet triumphant sound.

Hope cannot die like to the withered leaf
That, falling, finds its end upon the sod,
For Hope, ev'n midst the agonies of grief
Sees still Faith's finger pointing up to God!

He took life's burden from the faithful hands,
And homeward did the world-worn spirit bring
The weary feet that trod these Autumn lands,
Found their glad rest in Heaven's Eternal Spring.

—HELEN FAIRBAIRN.

Montreal, November, 1890.

Joe Birse, the Engineer.

(See Vol. V., pages 388, 396 and 397.)

Have we not still our heroes
With pulses strong and true—
Still, in life's stress and conflict,
Ready to dare and do?
Let all who hold true manhood
And knightly courage dear,
Do honour to the hero,
Joe Birse, the engineer.

The train sweeps through the darkness
Its precious freight of lives,
Of fathers, mothers, brothers,
Of sisters, husbands, wives,
Straight to the cold black river,
None dream of danger near,
None see the deadly peril
Save Joe,—the engineer.

O'er the white flying snow wreaths
The headlight throws its glare
On to that awful blackness,
That gulf of dark despair!
Swift speeds the panting engine
With fiery throbbing breath
Defying brake and throttle
It dashes on to death!

Oh, hearts and homes awaiting
Those husbands, fathers, wives,—
Must the dark river swallow
That treasure of dear lives?
Does he think,—in the quiver
Of nerves at utmost strain,
Of one home that is waiting
For him—and waits in vain!

No time to pause or question,
One impulse is in his breast,
If power of man can do it
That he must save the rest!
With one tremendous shudder
The train stops—short and sheer—
But on still darts the engine,
God help the engineer!

God help him? Nay! he called him
To win life's noblest crown,
As in the cold dark water,
He went unflinching down!
What better than to follow
Where Love Divine hath trod
Himself to give, for brother-man,
Then—through the dark—to God!

—AGNES M. MACHAR.



THE WEDDING RING.

By ROBERT BUCHANAN.

Author of "THE SHADOW OF THE SWORD," "GOD AND THE MAN," "STORMY WATERS," ETC., ETC.,

(Exclusive rights for Canada purchased by the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED.)

"I wish I had something as pretty to take care of every journey," said Kansas, with the air of a man who meant it, and Spartan, in his sense of duty, waved his hat and drove away with the empty coach, as the cavalcade, headed by the bride and bridegroom, set out at a gentle gallop for Jacob's Flat.

CHAPTER XV.

AT JACOB'S FLAT.

For a year after his wedding Jake Owen was as happy a man as the most enthusiastic of the crowd of celibate women worshippers among whom he lived could have believed him to be. The district was one of the richest within a few days' ride of San Francisco, and Jacob's Flat was one of the luckiest camps in California, but Jake's good fortune was so singular as to cause him to be known to everybody as "Happy Jake." His luck became legendary; it was averred of him he had only to stick his spade into the ground to *make* gold, however unlikely the spot might be.

Nobody grudged him his good fortune, though it was only human nature to envy it, for Jake was emphatically what his comrades called him, "a white man," with a sturdy English honesty of character supplemented by much kindly shrewdness learned in his travels, and by a native happiness of temperament and generosity of heart. His popularity doubled with the arrival of his wife, and the "Duchess," as she was called with affectionate pride, had every reason to be as happy as her husband.

Whatever rude luxuries were possible in so wild a place were here. Jake's cabin windows were

beautified with coloured hangings. Its earthen floor was concealed by a carpet of the gaudiest procurable pattern, and Jake, in the full flower of his honeymoon happiness, had gone the length of procuring a piano from San Francisco. The circumstance that neither Jess herself nor any other person in the camp knew a note of music, detracted no wise from the satisfaction of Jake and his comrades in the possession of the instrument. The piano was a splendid fact, a fitting background to the beauty and distinction of "the Duchess." There was no piano in Dutch Gulch, which one-horse community persisted in an attempt, which might have seemed almost profane had it not been so hopelessly absurd, to proclaim its equality with the Flat.

It befell, upon a certain hot and dusty summer evening, that Jake Owen, returning from a distant town on the hill-side, came, at the outskirts of the camp, upon a man lying on the wayside under a tuft of azalea blossom.

Jake's first impression was that the man was intoxicated, his second was that he was dead. He lay with his arms broadcast and his open eyes staring at the sky, and the breast of his shirt was caked with stiffened blood.

Closer examination, however, disclosed that he was still alive. Jake poured the remnant of the whiskey left in his flask down his throat, and, as the man gave signs of returning consciousness, he propped him against the bank at the roadside, ran to the saloon and pressed into his service a couple of men drinking there, who, provided with a broad plank, bore the sufferer to Jake's cabin.

There was no qualified doctor in the place, but several of its inhabitants had some rough notion of surgery, and it was evident to the little knot of men who gathered in Jake's sitting-room that the wounded sufferer was in a very critical condition.

"A darned ugly cut," said one critic. "The knife slid off the rib, you see. He's lost a sight of blood. Say, what'r ye goin' to do with him, Jake?"

"Keep him till he's better," said Jake. "Eh, Jess? Why lass," he exclaimed, seeing her look a little doubtfully at the sufferer, "ye wouldn't have us throw him out on the road again? Do as ye'd be done by. It might be my turn tomorrow."

"He must be taken care of, of course," said Jess.

"He'll want nussing, too," contined Jake, "and you're the only woman in the camp; we're the best able to afford it, too, thank God!"

The girl's not very strong opposition to her husband's proposal was easily understood, for the wounded man was a ghastly object. He had smeared his face with his own blood, and the red dust of the road had caked upon the stain. His hair was wild, his cheeks rough with a week's unshaven beard, his clothes foul with blood and mire.

They got him to bed and dressed the wound with the best rough skill at hand. It was not intrinsically serious, a large flesh wound, rendered dangerous by effusion of blood. When the stains had been washed from the sufferer's face an instantaneous change of opinion regarding him took place in Jess's mind. He was a distinctly handsome fellow, of a species of male beauty not common in the Flat. His features were finely cut and delicate, his hands soft as a woman's, his hair abundant, and wavy and silky as Jess' own.

"A gentleman, I should think," said Jake, "English, too."

It was a day or two before the wounded man recovered consciousness, and a longer time still before he could give any coherent account of himself.

Then, at long intervals, for he was weak from loss of blood, he told him his story.

He was an Englishman, as Jake had surmised. His name was Philip Mordaunt. He had been travelling in America for some years, painting, hunting on the prairies, and recently, more for love of adventure than for need of money, as he hinted rather than said, had been digging. He had made a little pile at Empire Camp, and had started on horseback for 'Frisco with his partner, also an Englishman. Some twelve hours before Jake had found him the partner had treacherously stabbed him, rifled his body of all his possessions, and ridden off with the horses. He had crawled with great difficulty to the spot where he had been discovered, and there had finally lost consciousness.

"I should have died but for you," he said, pressing Jake's hand with his delicate and feeble fingers. "How can I ever repay you. I haven't a penny in the world."

"Pay me!" answered Jake, "who talks about payment, sir? You pull round, that's what you've got to do, and we'll talk about payment later on. We're rough folks, sir, but we're proud to be able to serve a gentleman in misfortune—and from the old country, too. That we are," said Jake, heartily.

It was Jack that Mordaunt thanked with his lips, but he kept his eyes on Jess' face. Fine eyes they were—dark, lustrous, and the more interesting to a woman from the deep humidity with which weakness and suffering had filled them.

When once Mordaunt had definitely turned the corner of his illness, it was not long before he was sufficiently convalescent to leave his bed. The denizens of the Flat were a roughish lot, but they were not without their sympathies, and Jess' patient became a favourite with them, many preferring to come to the cabin in the evening to take a quiet smoke and drink with him and his host, to passing the evening at the bar. Mordaunt was hail-fellow-well-met with all who came, accepting the deference they paid him as his due, but friendly and familiar with them.

It was reckoned as another specimen of Jake Owen's wonderful luck that he should have had the privilege of finding such a guest. He was a delightful companion, full of stories of travel, jokes and repartee.

One night, towards the end of his convalescence, Jess told Jake that morning that she had found him playing on her piano. A universal demand for music followed this revelation, and Mordaunt, nothing loth, played a score of airs for them, good old simple home tunes they had not heard for years, and sang, in a rather weak voice, "Tom Bowling" and "Annie Laurie."

Affectionately interested already, the camp acclaimed him that night as its king and hero. The musical evenings became a feature, and drew so splendidly that Pat McClosky, the bar-keeper, after declaring that it was no longer any use in keeping a saloon to which nobody came, and seriously entertaining thoughts of going elsewhere to make his livelihood, hit on the magnificent idea of offering Mordaunt two hundred dollars a week and his liquor to play nightly at his establishment. Mordaunt cemented the admiration of the camp by refusing the offer.

"I play to please my friends," he said, "not to make money."

The camp swore by him, and swore at McClosky copiously and in many languages. Pete Durgan, the half-witted, half-breed fiddler came to the camp on his round, and when it was found that Mordaunt could play as brilliantly on his instrument as on the piano, there was no reserve stock of enthusiasm left to draw upon.

Mordaunt's recovery became complete, but there was no hint of his leaving Jake Owen's shanty. Indeed, so far from anything of the kind being mooted, Jake had, with his own hands, in the intervals of necessary labour, built out an additional room to his shanty, and furnished it even more gorgeously than his own parlour, for the accommodation of his honoured guest. Mordaunt repaid his hospitality by teaching Jess how to play the piano, in which art she made astonishing progress under his skillful tutelage, and by painting a portrait of her which

the simple digger and his chums looked at as the most wonderful effort of white magic in their experience. His only other occupations were to lounge about the camp and the bar, to play poker and euchre, at which games he was proficient, and to write letters for illiterate "pikes" with friends and relations in other parts of the world.

Now, a camp of diggers is not the kind of community which shines in morals when contrasted with a well-regulated convent or a boarding school, and Jacob's Flat was not on a higher kind in such matters than other places of like nature. But almost every conceivable set of social conditions results in its own peculiar scheme of morality, and in one or two particulars a man who knew the world would have found the crowd among which Jake Owen and his wife passed their lives a curiously simple and Arcadian people.

They were habitual devotees of the whisky bottle, and spasmodically addicted to the use of the knife and pistol. They were always more or less coarse, and often profane in their language, their play at poker and other games they loved was often more remarkable for skill than for strict probity. There were men among them who would have been shy of entering any civilized city, even San Francisco, which at that date was not an oppressively moral community, and who would have been shot at sight or judicially hanged in the eastern cities. They were a rude and desperate lot, but with all allowance for their less amiable side, they had their virtues.

Like desperate men in general, they had a high ideal of personal friendship, and a detestation of anything resembling treachery. A friend, to them, was a man in whose hands a man might trust his possessions and his life, with a sense of absolute security.

As regarded women, they were not, perhaps, much more logical in their views than the rest of the world. In towns, and cities, where women are plenty, they had as little sentimental regard for feminine purity as any Parisian *boulevardier*, and their vices lacked the saving civilizing grace. But in the camp, where the fairer half of the community was represented by one woman, they clothed her, half unconsciously, with every attribute of sacredness.

She would have been safe from all but blunt and honourable courtship had she been alone among them. But she was a chum's wife, and the lowest blackguard of the crowd would have been ashamed of harbouring a thought against her happiness; she was something apart from and above them, she breathed a finer air, seemed to be of another order.

So that Mordaunt's constant presence in Jake's house, his continual association with his friend's wife, the intimacy he never tried to conceal, which would in another kind of community have excited suspicion and remark, and would have stamped the simple Jake either as a fool or as a too complaisant husband, seemed the most natural and innocent business to the simple-minded crew of desperadoes. Mordaunt owed his life to Jake, the clothes he wore, the food he ate. Their almost superstitious reverence for the only pure woman many of them had known since childhood, the high value their dangerous lives had taught them to put on comradeship and gratitude, and Mordaunt's open bearing and universal friendliness of manner kept them from any such suspicion as people of infinitely more reputable life than theirs would have jumped at without hesitation.

The halcyon dream of happy Jake's life was doomed to be rudely broken. The simple, honest, heart had no skill to read the sign of the coming disaster, which grew so plain to him in later days.

It was the old sad story, so often told, which we may allow to pass as an episode in this chronicle without long dwelling on its details—the story of the dull, loving husband whose affection has grown stale and common-place to the poor, silly woman who has won it, of the smooth, polished man of the world, gradually weaning her heart from the accustomed round of daily duties with which it has grown content.

Jess was as innocent a little creature as drew breath, not in the least wicked, only weak and fatally fond of admiration. The handsome, glib,

clever stranger, had trapped wiser women than she in his time, and at every turn he contrasted with Jake and the rough crowd about him. To the ignorant little woman his manners seemed those of a royal prince, his knowledge and his accomplishments prodigious and superhuman.

She felt the fascination growing, and did her feeble best to fight against it. Jake remembered after, how pathetically she had clung to him, how, in a thousand ways, her apparent love for him had gone on strengthening almost to the dreadful hour when he had learned her sin.

The discovery had come suddenly. Jake returned home one night to find the cabin empty. There was nothing in that to excite his suspicions, it had happened a score of times before that Jess and Mordaunt had gone out riding or walking together, and had let the meal time slip by.

He cooked his own modest supper, ate it with a good appetite, and dozed peaceably over his pipe and a week-old copy of a 'Frisco newspaper.

He grew uneasy with the passage of time, and towards midnight strolled out to the saloon to learn what news he might of the missing couple.

Nothing had been seen of either since noon, when they had started for a ride together.

Next morning news came. They had been seen at nightfall forty miles from the camp. The meaning of that was clear even to the simplest mind.

CHAPTER XVI—THE PURSUIT.

The wretched man on whom this heavy blow had fallen like lightning from a summer sky was, as is usual in such cases, the last to hear the dreadful news.

It came to him in a fashion characteristic of the time and place. He was sitting alone in his cabin, devoured with curiosity regarding his wife and friend, racking his brain to discover some admissible reason for their absence, some method of assuring himself of their safety, without a shadow of suspicion of the terrible truth, when a distant heat of horses' hoofs came to his ears, and a minute later a score of men galloped up to the cabin, drew bridle, and entered.

They ranged themselves in front of him as he stared at them, and for a full minute there was a silence broken only by the pawing of the horses outside and the occasional shuffle of a boot upon the floor.

"Well, boys?" said Jake, at last, in a tone of question.

There was another interval of silence, and Simpson elbowed Prairie Bill to the front.

"You speak," he said.

Bill cleared his throat with unnecessary loudness, fidgeted uneasily with the breast of his shirt, stooped and wiped a splash of red mud from his boot with his forefinger, and finally said:

"We've bad news, Jake."

"News," said Jake. "Of Jess—Mordaunt?"

Bill nodded with a sudden grimness of face.

"What about em? Where are they?"

There was another silence and then Bill spoke again.

"They were seen last night at eight o'clock, together, just along by Pete's Pocket."

Jake's look was one of pure relief and expectation.

"Thank God their alive, anyhow," he said.

A man in the back-ground broke into a hoarse, short laugh.

"I'm glad you've got something to laugh at," said Jake. "What's the joke? Don't keep it all to yourself."

The men looked at each other as if in doubt if this unsuspecting ignorance could be real.

"Has anything happened, anything bad?" he continued. "I've often told Jess that she shouldn't get too far from home. It's a rough place, and there's a good many bad characters about, as might hurt even her. But Mordaunt was with her. Is it him? Has anything come to him? He'd stand by her, I know."

Simpson uttered a sort of groan. Jake's face turned in his direction, with a sudden pallor and wonder on it, and then he looked to Prairie Bill. The burly ruffian's face was full of an almost womanly pity.

"You've got to know," he said, "though I'd blame sight rather cut my tongue out than tell ye." He manded himself to the disclosure.

"She's gone, Jake, she's left ye."

"Left me," cried Jake, rising.

"She's left ye for that white faced, white livered sneakin' snake, that Mordaunt."

Jake sprang to his feet with his eyes blazing.

"——!" he cried, "I'd have the blood of e'er another man alive as said it!"

"We're old pards, Jake," said Bill. "It hurts me as much, pooty nigh, to say it, as it does you to hear it. But it's true— What else can it be— but that? We're out after 'em, and you'd better come along."

Jake came forward with his arms extended like a blind man, or like one groping in black night in an unfamiliar place. He looked along the line of faces, grim, resolute, but pitying, and after swaying for a moment like a drunken man, rushed from the cabin to the mud shanty where his horse was stabled.

For three hours the party rode in dead silence, till they sighted a solitary horseman riding across their trail. They shouted to him and rode on at a gallop; he waited for them. A rapid fire of questions resulted in nothing save that, early that morning, just after dawn, on the other side of Pete's Pocket, he had remarked the track of two horses, side by side. It was the faintest of clues, but they followed it in the same grim silence. Jake seemed the only man in the crowd who rode without thought or purpose. He was dazed, and only occasionally raised his eyes to look with a dumb, pitiful hopelessness about the prospect.

By hard riding they reached Pete's Pocket in the early afternoon. It was a deserted mine, long since worked out and abandoned, with the doubled solitude of a once populous place, which has fallen back to its pristine savagery. By the clues their informant had given, they found the trail, and followed it till evening was closing in. Jake's dazed mind had seized upon it as something positive and actual, and the sight of the hoof-prints had strung him to as intense an interest in the hunt as was shown by his companions. It made for the rising ground in the direction of San Francisco, till suddenly, at the foot of a little eminence, it split, one line of the track going straight on, the other inclining to the coast.

A halt was called, and a hurried consultation held.

"It's a pretty thin dodge," said Simpson. "Both them roads lead to 'Frisco—there ain't any other place ye can get to from here in that way."

"That's so," said Bill, and see here now. This to the left is a heap heavier than the other. That's his trail—sposin' as it's him at all, and that's hers. Small prints, ye see, just such as the little mare would make. We must split, boys. I'll follow the big track. You'd better take the other lot. "Which'll you go with, Jake?"

To the momentary surprise of everybody present, Jake elected to follow Mordaunt's trail.

"Means business," said Simpson to his lieutenant, as they trotted along the lighter trail. "He'll blow daylight into that covey when he finds him, see if he don't."

Not a word was spoken among the other party, who galloped on along the trail till the lights of the city came in sight, and the track was lost among a hundred others. They made for the office of the police, then a newly-organized force, recently succeeded to the functions of the old vigilance committee. Their story was heard, and all possible assistance at once promised.

"We'll make a house to house visitation, if need be," said the captain.

By this time the other party, headed by Simpson, arrived, and the whole contingent, worn out with their long ride, made for a saloon for meat and drink.

Jake sat stonily among them. He refused food, but drank, and presently went out and roamed among the crowd in the streets, peering in the faces of every couple that passed him. A dozen times his heart thrilled at the distant glimpse of a figure resembling that of Jess or Mordaunt.

When past midnight, he rejoined his companions; the captain of police was with them. He had vague news of a couple who answered somewhat to the description of the missing parties. They had passed through the town separately, making no stay there, and it was supposed that they had gone in the direction of Los Perros, a mining settlement twenty miles inland.

They had a start of nearly twenty-four hours, and even if they were the people sought, such an advantage made the chase look very hopeless.

"We'll follow," said Bill. "Saddle, boys."

They tramped out of the town, and did the distance on their jaded horses in two hours, only to learn that Los Perros knew nothing of the run-aways. "They've doubled on us, Jake," said Bill. "It's a royal flush to a busted sequence agen us now."

"We never ought to ha' left 'Frisco," said Jake. "It's a biggish place; they can lie quiet there for a bit, and then start across for New York, or take ship for somewhere."

"They'll watch the boats for us," said Bill. "Our best holt is to strike in and over the country."

He and his mates were staunch to the cause of friendship, though they had little enough hope of success in their search.

"We must spread ourselves," he continued, "and cover all the ground we can."

He rapidly mapped out all possible routes which might be taken by the fugitives, and told off the men to follow them. Some rest was distinctly necessary for the horses, though one or two of the most ardent, amongst whom were Jake and Bill, managed to effect exchanges of their tired beasts for fresh ones and to start at once. The final rallying place was the Flat, at which all the party were to put in an appearance in two days or send news of the trail they were pursuing.

The men straggled back to the Flat on the second day, newsless and hopeless. There was absolutely no trace. The fugitives had vanished as utterly as if they had melted into air. Even conjecture was at a standstill. Police and volunteers had dragged the whole country side as with a net. Every possible course of action had been tried, but Jess and her seducer had melted beyond pursuit.

The betrayed husband took the successive disappointments with a stony calm, sitting in the little room in which he had known so many tranquilly happy hours.

"Thank you, my lad, thank you, kind and hearty, for what you've done," he said to each, as he unfolded his tale of failure. He had not broken bread since the solitary supper he had eaten three days ago, or closed his eyes during the chase, but when the last straggler had come in he ate heavily, and fell to sleep with his arms on the rude table and his head laid upon them. An hour or two later he came to the claim where his partner was working.

"I want to talk to you," he said, and led the way to his shanty, his partner following.

He waved him to a seat, and set a bottle before him.

"I wan't to talk to you," he said again. "A bit of business." He sat for a space, and then repeated, "a bit of business." His eyes, wandering around the room, fell upon Jess' portrait, painted by Mordaunt, which hung upon the wall. He went and took it from its place, tore it from its frame with a sudden, deliberate strength, rent it to ribbons, and cast the fragments into the grate.

"The claim's been yielding pretty fair," he said, after sitting down again. "I want to sell it. Will you buy?"

"Sell!" said his partner. "What d'ye want to sell for?"

"I'm leaving this place," said Jake, "and I want money."

He spoke quite calmly, and the other, who necessarily guessed his purpose, was surprised at the quietness of his manner.

"She ain't worth it, Jake. Nor him. Let 'em rot. Can't you wait till luck gives you a chance, and go for him then."

"What's the claim worth?" asked Jake in reply.

"I'll stand you five thousand for it," said the other, falling into his companion's humour with a scarcely susceptible shrug of the shoulders.

"I'll take four," said Jake. "That's as much as it's worth. Let me have the brass to-night, mate."

He nodded a dismissal, which his partner obeyed, promising to bring the money before nightfall, and, left alone, began to busy himself with his simple arrangements for his journey. He filled his saddle-bags, loaded his revolver, weighed his dust and nuggets before dropping them into the belt about his waist, and then went out and groomed and fed his horse, doing all these little tasks in a quiet, every-day fashion. No stranger who had witnessed his preparations could have guessed the nature of the journey he meditated, the faint chance of even the tragic measure of success which was all that was left to him to hope for. His face was as a mask, his movements quite orderly and regular. His arrangements completed, he sat down beside the window in the fading light, quietly smoking and waiting for his partner.

The man came. He placed a bag on the table. "I reckon ye'll find that about right," he said, "if ye'll heft it. It's two thousand, and that's the rest in greenbacks."

"Thank you," said Jake, and there was a moment's silence.

"I said ye'd like to go alone," continued the partner. "Taint the kind o' business ye want other folk foolin' round. Some of the boys talked about comin', but I stopped 'em."

"I'd rather be alone," said Jake. "Thank you, Tom."

"They'd take it kind if ye'd just turn into the saloon for a drink. They'd like to say good-bye to ye." He saw a spasm cross Jake's face in the dim light.

(To be Continued.)

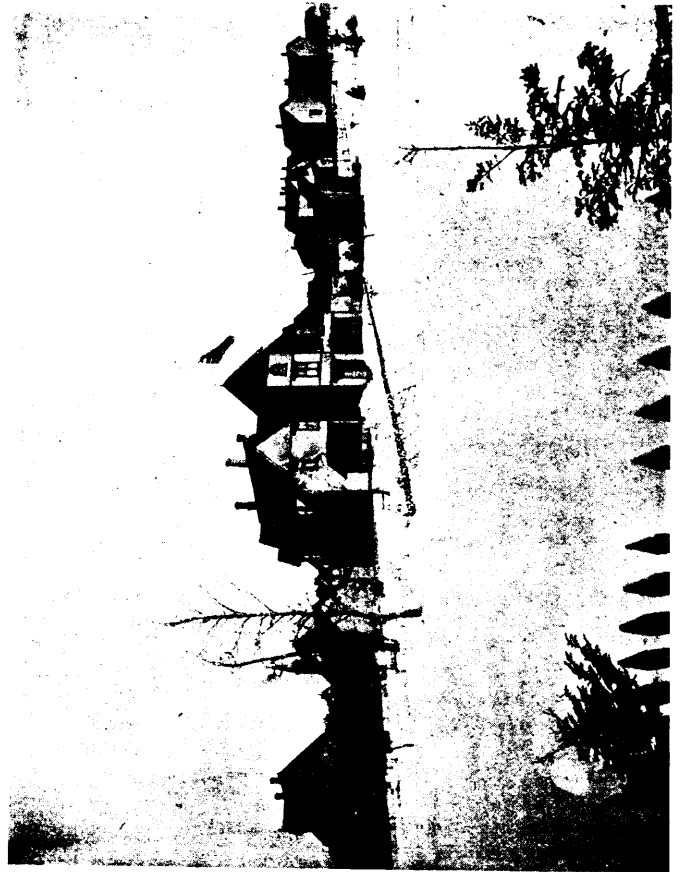
OUR CANADIAN CHURCHES, II.

Bonsecours Church, Montreal.

In our review of the more noteworthy Canadian churches, we this week present two views of the old Bonsecours Church, St. Paul street, Montreal. To the diligent tourist few buildings are better known. Apart from its age, it possessed a certain quaint beauty, which to a great measure has disappeared under the vandal touch of the "restorer," as, a few years ago, repairs and changes were thought necessary; and these, as usual, have resulted in sad deformity and in the loss of many of the valued bits of beauty about the old structure. The present building is about 120 years old; but its predecessor, which held the same name and occupied the same site, was commenced as far back as 1658, so that the two buildings bridge over a period of 233 years. The original building, while commenced, as stated, in 1658, was not completed until several years later, its founder, the celebrated *Sœur Marguerite Bourgeois*, meeting with unexpected obstacles which caused delay; in fact, but for the following peculiar circumstances, the chapel might not have been completed. During a visit to France, she called on M. Chevrier, Baron de Fancamp, a priest, and one of the first proprietors of the Island of Montreal, but then resident in Paris. He had in his possession an image of the Virgin, of supposed miraculous virtue, which he desired should be removed to Montreal, if a chapel would be built for its reception. *Sœur Bourgeois* undertook to see this done, and brought the image out to Canada with her. On her arrival the pious citizens of Montreal did their utmost to assist in the furtherance of her plans, with the result that the building was completed in 1675, the first service being held on the 15th of August of that year. This was the first church on the island built of stone. It existed until 1754, when it was destroyed by fire. The protracted war with Great Britain was then just commencing; and the vicissitudes and troubles inseparable from war under such conditions, and its culmination in the conquest of Canada by England, rendered it impossible to proceed with the rebuilding until several years had elapsed. In 1771 work was commenced on the new church, and came to a completion on 30th June, 1773. The photos. from which these engravings are made, are from the studio of Messrs. Wm. Notman & Son, Montreal.



SPRINGHILL, FROM THE WEST SLOPE.



MANAGER COWAN'S RESIDENCE.



SPRINGHILL FROM THE RAILWAY STATION.



MANGLED LODDIES OF HORSE - FROM THE MINES.

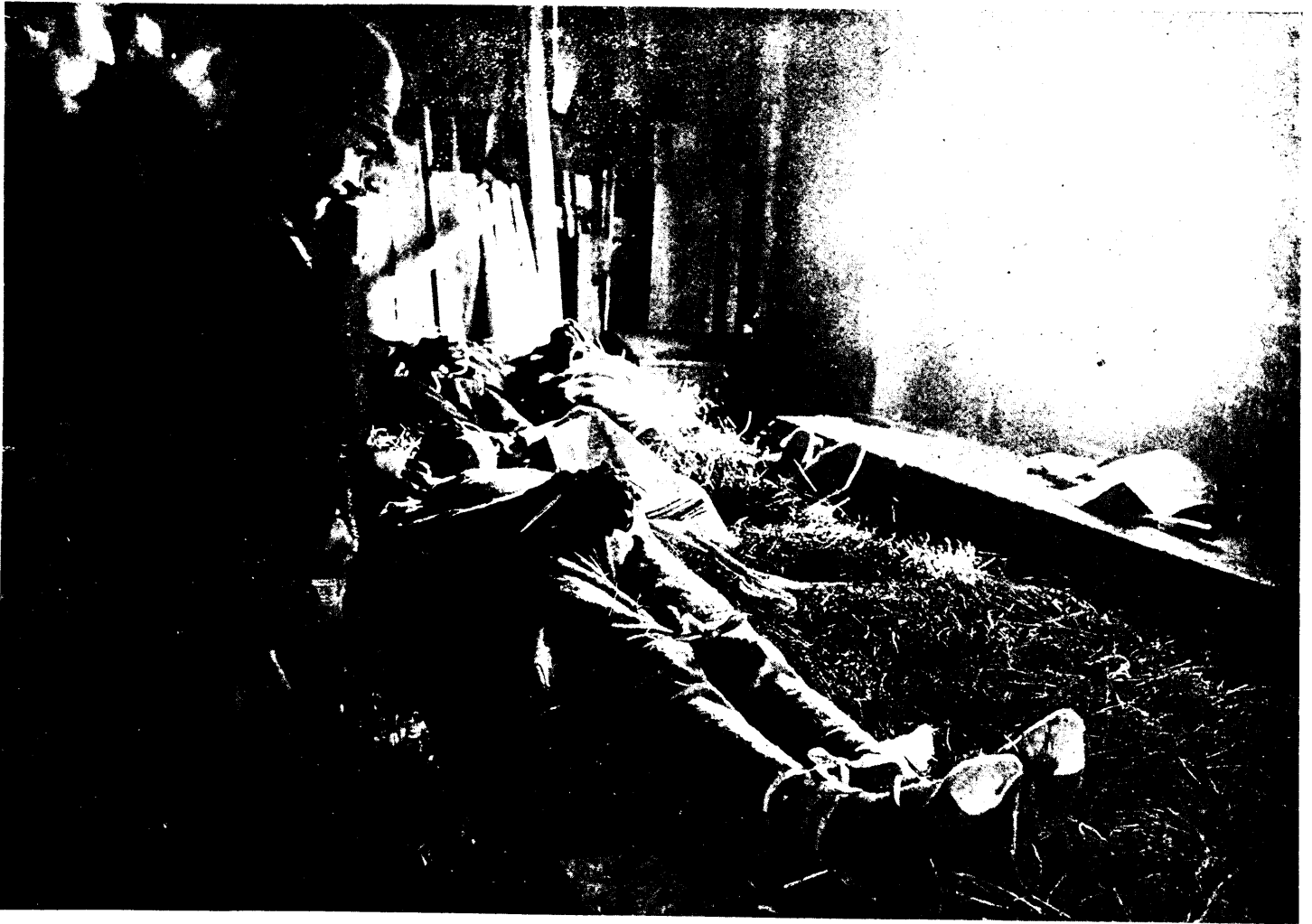
THE SPRINGHILL COLLIERY EXPLOSION.



ARRIVAL AT THE MORGUE OF BODIES FROM THE PITS.



THE MORGUE, WITH EAST SLOPE ON THE LEFT.
THE SPRINGHILL COLLIERY EXPLOSION.



AT THE MORGUE AWAITING IDENTITY.

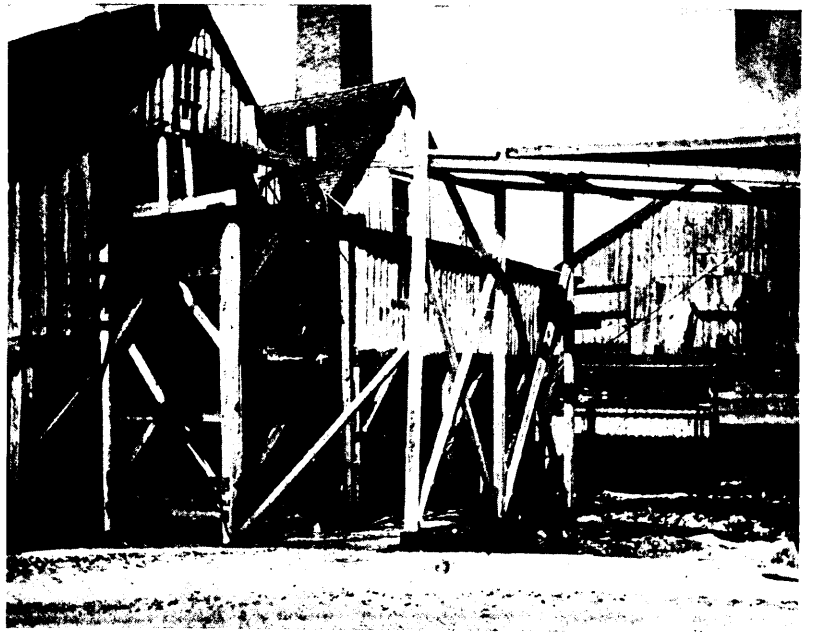
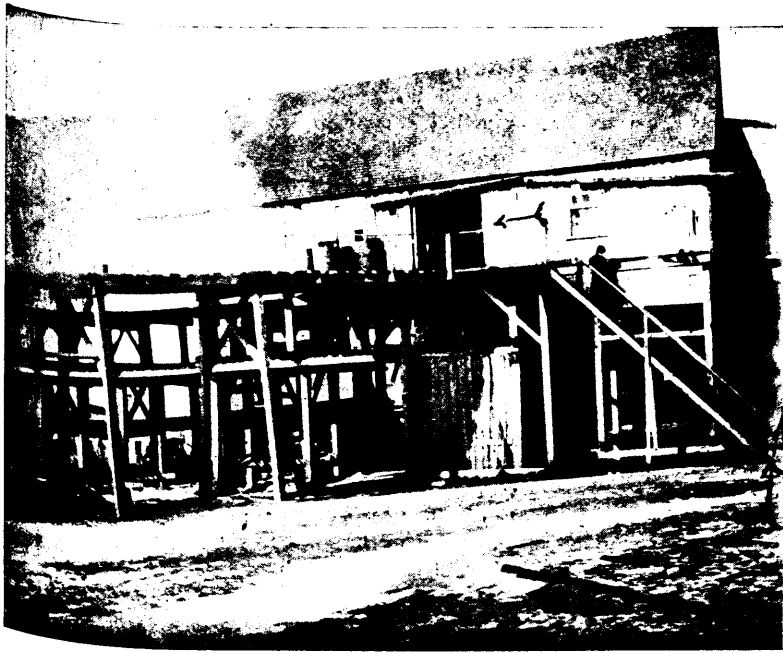


GOING TO THE CEMETERY.



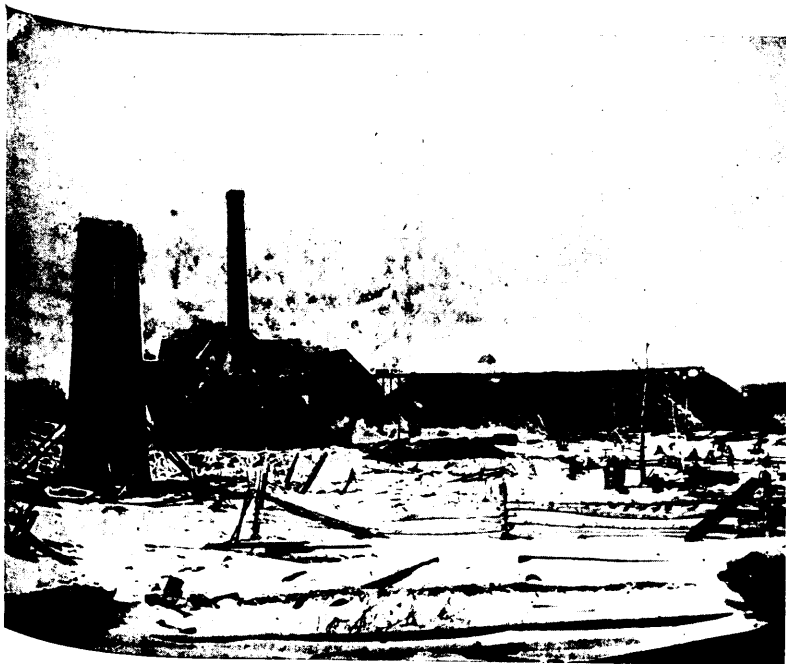
LEAVING THE CHURCH.

THE SPRINGHILL COLLIERY EXPLOSION.



ENTRANCE TO EAST SLOPE, FROM WHICH MOST DEAD BODIES WERE TAKEN.

ENTRANCE TO WEST SLOPE.



EAST SLOPE, SHOWING DUMP.

A BURIAL.



A LONELY FUNERAL.

A SAD SCENE IN THE CEMETERY.

THE SPRINGHILL COLLIERY EXPLOSION.



CHIEF LOUIS.—An excellent likeness of Chief Louis, who claims to be Chief of the Micmac Indians of Prince Edward Islands. There be those who say that like Hunchbacked Richard, Napoleon the Grand, and other personages of that stamp, he "did assume the crown." Be that as it may, he is a good brave, steady rifle, high line, and has, to all appearance, a fair number of years before he need be translated to the happier hunting grounds. His country is the Indian reserve of Lennox Island, 140 chains square, and his subjects 281 braves, squaws, and little Indians, all told. The portrait is from the studio of G. Lewis, Charlottetown.

THE LATE LIEUT.-COL. LEWIS, whose death occurred recently at Brockville, was the son of the late Captain W. W. Lewis, half pay 74th Regiment, whose military career had been a long and eventful one. He served in the 58th Regiment under Sir James Craig in 1805-6, and from that date until the close of the war in 1815 he was constantly in active service. After the battle of Toulouse his regiment, with many others, was sent to America, where he took part in the disgraceful affair at Plattsburgh, when the military inefficiency of Sir George Prevost brought such disaster on the British arms. His son, Lieut.-Col. Lewis, was born at Sharvogue, Ireland, in 1836, and entered Her Majesty's service when 19 years of age, receiving a commission in the 40th Regiment of Foot. His corps was sent to New Zealand, where young Lewis served a number of years, being twice promoted and receiving the New Zealand medal for his services. His commissions in the 40th date as follows: Ensign, 28th April, 1854; Lieutenant, 28th December, 1855, and Captain, 2nd February, 1864. He afterwards was appointed to a company in the 65th Regiment, but not long afterwards sold his commission and came to Canada, where he settled in Toronto. From the date of his coming to this country he naturally took a warm interest in military matters, so much so that in 1883 he was appointed Brigade Major of the fourth military district, with headquarters at Ottawa. In 1888 the third and fourth districts were amalgamated and placed under his command, necessitating his removal to Brockville, where he lived up to the time of his death a few weeks ago. Col. Lewis performed the duties of his office in a thoroughly admirable manner, and his sudden demise occasioned deep sorrow among his friends. He was buried at Brockville with military honours, the funeral being a most impressive one.

HON. W. J. ALMON, M.D.—This week we give an engraving of one of the leading citizens of Halifax, the Hon. William Johnston Almon, M.D., Senator. He is a representative of one of the oldest families in Nova Scotia, being the son of the late Hon. William Almon, M.D., member of the Legislative Council of Nova Scotia, and grandson of William James Almon, who was assistant surgeon in the Royal Artillery in New York in June, 1776, and who, having served in the army in America till the close of the rebellion, then removed to Halifax, where he settled and entered on the practice of his profession. The subject of our sketch was born in Halifax on the 27th of January, 1816, and was educated at King's College, Windsor, where he took the degree of B.A. in 1834. He studied medicine at the universities of Edinburgh and Glasgow, graduating and obtaining his degree from the latter college. He then returned to Halifax, and in 1840 married the daughter of the late Judge Ritchie, of Annapolis, Nova Scotia. Dr. Almon holds many important positions in Halifax, being trustee of the Nova Scotia Building Society, governor of King's College, and consulting physician to the Halifax Hospital and Dispensary; he has also filled the positions of president of the St. George's Society, president of the Halifax Club, and surgeon of the Halifax Field Battery. In 1872 he was returned at the general elections as member of the Dominion House of Commons for the County of Halifax; still further promotion awaited him, being called in 1879 to the Senate, where he has since taken a prominent part in debates of interest and importance. Dr. Almon, we are glad to say, retains the sentiments of his Loyalist forefathers, and is a strong believer in the policy of strengthening our connection with the Mother Country. A few weeks ago he re-

tired from active practice after service extending over half a century. This act was made the occasion of a complimentary dinner being tendered to him by the Medical Board of the Victoria General Hospital, he having acted as its consulting physician since the organization of the institution. An address from the members of the Board was read to him, expressing the esteem in which he was held and their warm thanks for the many gratuitous services which he had rendered to their hospital. To this Dr. Almon made an appropriate reply. Other toasts were proposed, and the evening was very pleasantly spent. We trust that the Honourable Doctor will long be spared to perform his duties to the country and to his native Province.

STEAMBOAT REPAIRING ON THE RICHELIEU.—Sorel, on its Richelieu side, is well-known as the wintering place for a great portion of the fleet of steamboats which in summer ply so industriously on the St. Lawrence. Much repairing and alteration to the vessels is here effected, and our engraving shows such work going on to the steamer "St. Lawrence," one of our well-known river steamboats.



THE LATE LIEUT.-COL. LEWIS.

FIRE AT BONSECOUR MARKET.—This building, one of the finest markets in America, narrowly escaped entire destruction by fire on the 24th ult. Our artist has depicted the scene during the progress of the conflagration, which, luckily, resulted in much less damage than was expected, \$20,000 being a fair estimate of the total loss. A peculiarity of the event was the extraordinary volume of smoke, so dense that no less than twenty firemen were rendered *hors de combat*, and had to be taken to the hospital. Reserves were called up to replace the disabled men, and finally the efforts of the brigade proved successful. The building was built in 1847, and is interesting as having been much used for military purposes, H. M. 39th (Dorsetshire) Regiment having been quartered there after the Crimean War, the halls being subsequently used for drill and armoury purposes by the Montreal Militia Regiments. The whole interior, as well as the exterior, is now devoted to the needs of the market.

THE SPRINGHILL COLLIERY EXPLOSION.—Such full details of this terrible disaster having already appeared in all our daily papers that it would be superfluous for us to go over the same ground. It is sufficient to say that the explosion occurred about noon on Saturday, 22nd February, and resulted in a loss of life far in excess of that due to any previous accident in the Provinces. About 125 perished, of whom many were married, and in most cases

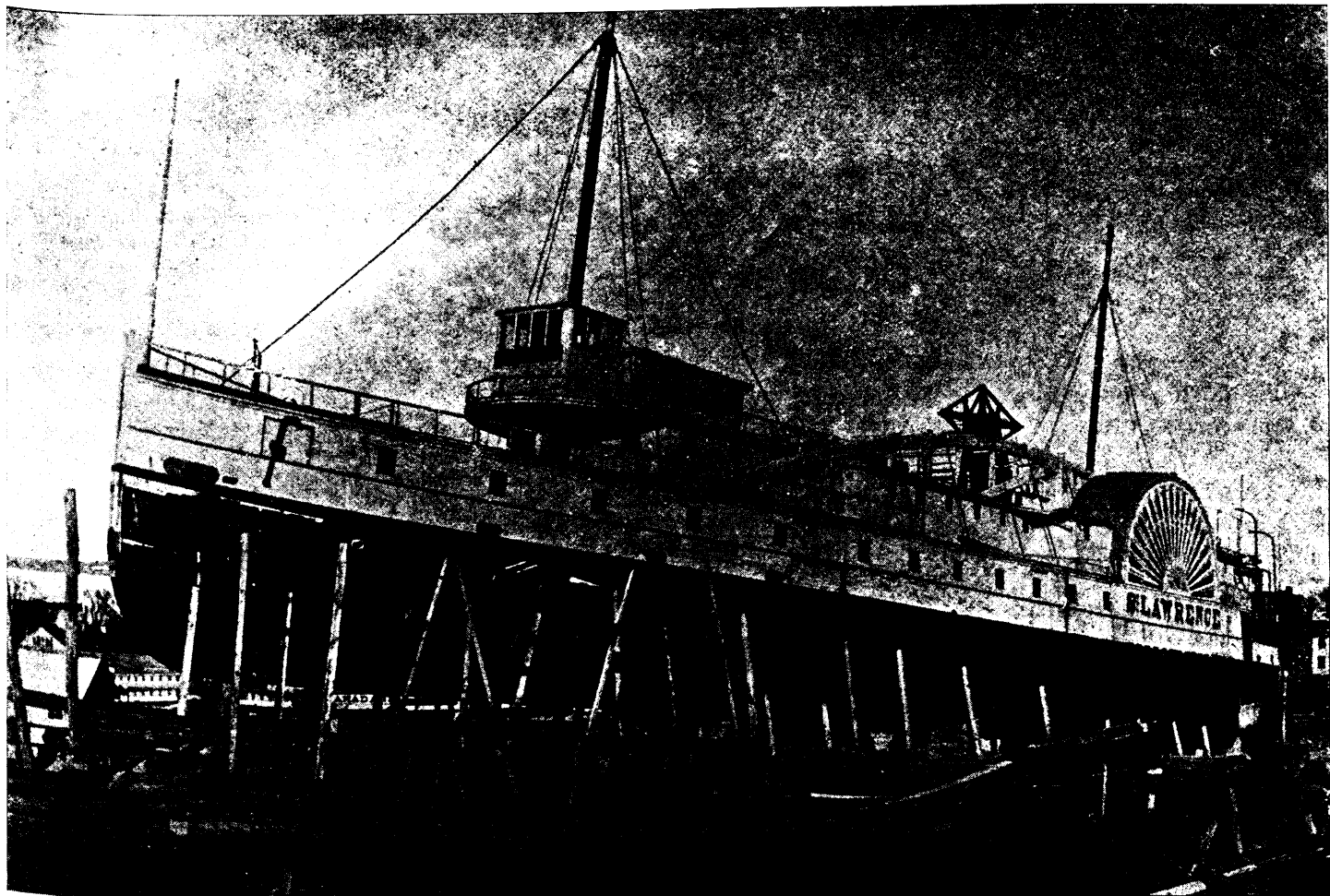
left destitute families. A careful enquiry is now going on into the cause of the fatality, but so far no blame appears attachable to the management. The scenes around the pit were heartrending in the extreme, as might well be expected from the sudden wrenching of family ties in the loss of those nearest and dearest. We are indebted to Mr. R. S. Pridham, photographer, Amherst, N.S., for the very complete set of views after the disaster which are reproduced in this issue.

The Halifax Market.

To say the least, the name of this little city by the sea does not suggest a pleasing locality. A fact, perhaps, explained by the ordinary oblation of "Go to Halifax!" Yet it is a quaint, old place, adored by the average traveller. In the summer crowds of assiduous American tourists flock thither. They regard the Province of Nova Scotia as Longfellow's especial property, and are determined "to do" it thoroughly for the honour of the Stars and Stripes. They see the wistful eyes of Evangeline in the sweet face of every French girl, whose ancestors were once so rudely hurried to the Gaspereaux mouth, while, perhaps, forgetful of the unkindly treatment their own Indians have experienced at their hands, they rhapsodize over the Micmacs who still linger on the borders of the towns, and who, in company with their dusky-faced squaws, are not infrequent even in the metropolis of Halifax. Strangers never tire of the old time market-place, and I doubt if any town on the globe can show a similar one. The post office, a quadrangular building of grey stone, occupies a square on one of the principal streets. The market is held about this square, on the steps of the building, on the pavement or the curbstone—it matters little. The produce from the neighbouring settlements is chiefly brought in by negroes. If it be spring, some "auntie" will be found, well-braced in an angle of the porch, with her capacious lapfull of fragrant May-flowers and trailing vines, blissfully unconscious of the effect of the dainty pink blossoms against her dark fingers, or the picture she makes as she snuffs up the grateful woody odour. Near by, perhaps, stands a woolly-headed urchin proffering sprays of lilies of the valley. In the streets stand the country carts—lumbering, primitive contrivances drawn by long-haired horses—or, perhaps a solitary ox chews its cud, and the matronly driver calmly continues her knitting while her "good man" hawks about his wares—bricks and cones of new maple sugar or tempting barks of maple candy. Many of the coloured women bear heavy baskets on top of their gay turbans, their noble, upright carriage suggesting a strain of Maroon blood. An Indian may be the next to claim our attention, as he silently holds out his string of speckled trout for inspection. By his side, his son offers for sale miniature bows and arrows and tiny bark canoes. Meanwhile, the squaw, the chief mainstay of the family, with papoose strapped on her back, is peddling her baskets from door to door. Her wares vary in size from the great clothes baskets to the tiny toy that can be slipped inside a thimble—all the work of her deft, sinuous fingers.

July and August are the gala market months, for then the negroes are happy in the warmth of the sun-heat on the stone pavement, and in the lavish display of colour around. The carts are gay with blossoms, all awaiting purchasers. Gorgeous nasturtiums, flaunting orange lilies, nodding sunflowers, all these combining with the vivid blue of the wild iris make a lasting impression on the eye. A black baby slumbers tranquilly under the ample shade of a rhubarb leaf. A group of pickaninnies enjoy a surreptitious game of marbles with a set of round radishes. The fat old women bask delightfully in the sunshine and shell green peas for your dinner while you wait. Early potatoes and tomatoes are at hand, and a brisk trade is carried on. In the fall these colour-loving people bring in garlands of autumn leaves in yellow, red and dappled green, staring bunches of dahlias, ferns, already bleached by the breath of the early frost, and sturdy forest plants potted for the winter. Even in December, when one thinks that the longed-for colour-effect may be lacking, with the help of the snow-covered ground and the sparkling icicles, the market is more picturesque than ever. Wreaths of everlasting, dyed in gorgeous hues, make their appearance in connection with Christmas trees of all sizes, the branches swing, perhaps, braces of frozen rabbits, whose bulged eyes tell the story of their death in the snows, while in the lower boughs rest a stick of rigid grey smelt. The glossy spruce, frosted by Dame Nature herself, the purple and crimson scarfs of the sellers, and the dusky faces about, have an indelible impression.

ELLA J. HUNTER.



REPAIRING STEAMER ST. LAWRENCE, ON THE RICHELIEU, NEAR SOREL.

Our New York Letter.

This is how Mrs. Langton, whose translation of "Le Mouchard" will shortly be brought out by the Minerva Company, "sizes up" the divine Sara: Last night we went to see Sara Bernhardt as Cleopatra, and think, if we had not been kept waiting for half an hour between each of the six acts, that we might have enjoyed it very much. The extreme weakness of the orchestra was only rivalled by the faintness of the applause which greeted the "divine one" when she made her first appearance on the stage. She was led on, haltingly, giving one the idea (if one did not at once recognize that Sara's match-like proportions had considerably extended since last we saw her) that she was a very infirm, elderly lady; or, possibly, that the tremendous amount of manicuring that must have taken place to reduce her toes to that pink state of perfection might have in some way injured her walking powers. At last, however, she is fairly landed off her sumptuous galley; she seems very weak and faint; possibly, "Ye Ancient Roman History" does not tell us so, she has had a very rough voyage, and has suffered, like the "lowest of her slaves"—upon whom, by the way, she loves to set her dainty foot—from the awful effects of mal-de-mer. One forgives, however, all these little infirmities and eccentricities when, after much arranging of her very lovely Eastern robes by two hideously ugly slaves, Cleopatra, "not Rider Haggard's nor another's," but something quite original and unique, first speaks. Her voice is truly that "most desirable thing in woman," and her accent and gestures "beyond reproach." The entire play seems to be a succession of lovers' quarrels, very fierce and exciting at first; but, after an act or two, such a "dead sure" thing that Cleopatra wins that all betting on Cleopatra, Sara Bernhardt is exquisitely graceful. If not statuesque, she is distinctly Sara-esque, and manages to throw herself into more positions in a few minutes than any one (short of a Japanese acrobat) could imagine. Her love-making is a thing to dream of. We are not surprised at Antony "going back" on his uninteresting young wife, Octavia, when the imperious Sara gives him another lesson in the art. The death scene is a really wonderful piece of acting. The asp, a little overgrown—the local snake is

too tall and slender in its figure to play the "Worm of Nilus" successfully—is brought in, in a cradle several sizes too large for him. Cleopatra takes him out and pets him (Antony is dead, and she must love something); then, after a magnificent oration, all about death and the meeting of her beloved once more (where, we wonder) she deliberately drops the slimy, wriggling little beast down her neck, and with a piercing shriek falls dead over her lover's body. (Fun for Antony, but death for the snake, as Sara must weigh 160 pounds.) Two minutes afterwards she and her departed lord are up again, bowing to the feeble applause of their weary audience. We were really overcome by Sara's acting in the death scene. I was thinking of wiping my eyes, had not the inevitable American boy just as she dropped the snake down her neck started humming "Down Went McGinty."

The *Herald*, which is a curiously sane paper, says this morning: "Apropos of the proposed naval review in the harbour of New York as an accessory to the World's Fair in Chicago in 1893, it can be made a very interesting affair, especially if any considerable number of foreign ships take part in it. If, for instance, Great Britain should send a fleet of twenty or twenty-five of her best battle ships and twice that number of cruisers they would present to our people an object lesson of striking value. Not even the most stupid could fail to understand what would be the danger to our seaports if such a fleet were here on a war-like instead of a peaceful errand. If an appropriation for such a review will tend toward securing a contrast between our weakness and other nations' strength, it will be money well spent."

Here is another piece of *Herald* common sense: Here is a Canadian marksman who hit the bull's-eye and rang the bell. He says: When any one asks you the meaning of the McKinley act, tell him that it came into being because a great people lost their heads; and it will vanish into oblivion whenever they fully recover their senses. And it has been talking in the most level-headed and withering way of that disgraceful plot of Wiman, Attorney-General Longley and the Toronto *Globe*. The *Herald* "has no use" for such men.

Inspector Byrnes is frightening well to do New Yorkers. Mr. Bartlett asked him if any of Porter's census enumerators were known to him as untrustworthy persons. He

replied "yes," with an emphasis which ought to make Mr. Porter's hair stand on end. He named two, at least, whose pictures hang in the Rogue's Gallery. One is a professional thief, the other a notorious shoplifter. Perhaps these are the gentlemen who stole from the city of New York the extra two hundred thousand inhabitants she claims, with the accompanying increase of representation in Congress and the Electoral College.

One of the saddest things for a pen to have to record is the death of an only child. Mr. and Mrs. Rider Haggard have lost their only child in the city of Mexico. Details have not arrived yet.

The event of last week was, of course, General Sherman's funeral. There was not a great deal of decoration. Those of the Brunswick Hotel, which draped its balconies in black, and the Fifth Avenue Hotel, which draped its fine porch, being the principal features. The procession was well-managed, and impressive to a degree, with the exception of the disposition of the Grand Army of the Republic. Something ought to be done about this old chestnut of the G. A. R. on procession days. Everybody respects such of these sturdy old veterans as fought for their country. But why ten, or twenty, or thirty thousand of them should intrude themselves into the middle of a procession passes the understanding of man. If they are going to turn out in such numbers their place is at the end. After all the interesting part of a procession is over, enabling spectators to get home—there would be no objection to a million of them taking part, provided that they walked as they usually do—in line—at company or half company distance, so as to allow traffic to cross them. It was getting on for seven o'clock before the last of them passed us on Fifth Avenue at the corner of 32nd street, and the procession was advertised to start from 71st street, only forty blocks up, at two o'clock. Processions ought to be selections of the very best appropriate material. The English Jubilee, with its couple of thousand picked troops and dozen or two of princes, was far more imposing and infinitely more gratifying to a spectator than a New York procession with fifty thousand or more participants, only one-twentieth of whom are really picturesque enough for a procession at all. Processions should be for the benefit of spectators, and not for the benefit of those who wish to advertise themselves by taking part in the march.

DOUGLAS SLADEN.



The Owl and The Pussy Cat.

The owl and the pussy cat went to sea,
In a beautiful pea-green boat ;
They took some honey and plenty of money
Wrapped in a five-pound note.

The owl looked up to the stars above
And sang to a small guitar :
"O lovely Pussy, O Pussy, my love,
What a beautiful Pussy you are."

Pussy said to the owl : "You elegant fowl,
How charmingly sweet you sing !
Oh ! let us be married, too long we have tarried ;
But what shall we do for a ring ?"

They sailed away for a year and a day,
To the land where the bong tree grows ;
And there in a wood a piggy wig stood,
With a ring at the end of his nose.

"Pig, are you willing to sell for a shilling
Your ring ?" Said the Pig, "I will."
So they took it away, and were married next day
By the turkey that lives on the hill.

They dined on mince and slices of quince,
Which they ate with a runcible spoon ;
And hand in hand, on the edge of the sand,
They danced by the light of the moon.

Farmer Brown's Wonderful Adventures In the Moon

By MORDUR

(Continued from No. 138.)

Down at the bottom he lay with his feet held fast by a monstrous fish, who slowly and carefully swallowed him ; then rising to the surface this monstrous fish swam to the island and gently deposited Farmer Brown on the shore, amidst shouts of laughter from the sprites, who had already landed. There he lay helpless and limp, hardly realizing he was still alive.

"Come, come Farmer Brown, don't be so down-hearted, I will give you another suit of clothes and you will be none the worse for your little episode."

"Oh, Your Majesty, I am afraid I am done for, I feel so queer, and then there's Molly, she will never believe that I have been inside of a fish, inside of a fish ! ough to think of it," and in his excitement Farmer Brown raised himself on his elbow but speedily sank down again saying in a listless manner, "farewell Your Majesty, I feel that my breath is going."

"Then you don't want to see your geese?" said the Man-in-the-Moon, with a sly twinkle in his eye.

Up started Farmer Brown, the name was enough to rouse him once more to action. "Oh yes, I assure Your Majesty I am quite better now, and the fact is, I don't think I will say anything to Molly about it for I am afraid I would never get her to believe me."

CHAPTER IV.

Farmer Brown Meets His Geese,
And Makes a Speech to the Army.

The next morning, the Man-in-the-Moon took Farmer Brown out to the terrace, and pointing to a distant plain, covered with tiny, white tents, said : "That is where my army is encamped ; we will join them shortly, for there is to be a great battle fought between my army and that of Queen Venus. She has for some time been encroaching on my domain. I sent several ambassadors to warn her that if she continued in her present aggression I should have to take measures to protect myself. I lately had intelligence that a vast army was on its way to over-

throw my kingdom. Are you fond of battles, Farmer Brown?"

"Well, your Majesty, I hardly know, I have never seen one, but I would like to accompany you, if you have no objection."

"That you shall, and some wonderful fighting you will see, for Queen Venus' army, I am told, is in splendid condition, and they will not give in without a hard struggle. And now, if you are rested, we will go to the camp."

Farmer Brown glanced down at the lake and then at His Majesty, who laughingly said : "You are afraid to cross the lake again, but be at rest, I will send you over another way ;" turning to one of the attendants he asked if Flying Jack were ready. "He is, Your Majesty."

"Then come with me, Farmer Brown, and I will see you safely on him." Down the terraces they went, and there, at the side of the lake, stood the largest goose Farmer Brown had ever seen ; it was



the size of a small pony and perfectly white, with an immense yellow beak.

"Oh, you beauty!" exclaimed Farmer Brown in wild delight, stroking his neck.

"Quack, quack," answered the goose.

"You are friends already ; he must know you are Farmer Brown ; no doubt your geese have told him all about you. He is the leader of the flock that accompanies the army, and as we were rather short of geese I borrowed yours, knowing they were to be relied upon."

"It is a great honour, Your Majesty, and may I ask in what way you make use of them?"

"Wait till we go to the camp, and then you will see. Now, Flying Jack, you must take Farmer Brown safely across the lake. Jump on, Farmer Brown, and hold on to his neck, for he goes like the wind. We will follow in our boats."

On jumped Farmer Brown, not at all frightened, for he knew he would play him no tricks, like the turtle. Swift and straight, as an arrow speeds from the bow, did Flying Jack bear Farmer Brown across the lake, so delightful was the motion that he felt loath to get off. The Man-in-the-Moon and his retinue soon joined him, and they started for the camp.

As they neared the outskirts they were observed by the sentinels, who immediately shouted : "His Majesty comes, and with him Farmer Brown."

"Why, they know my name already !"

"Oh, yes, and they will expect a speech from you."

"A speech ! Why, I never made a speech in my life !"

"Time you commenced then," was the smiling answer. "But what think you of my army?"

"Magnificent, Your Majesty ; it seems to be a great one."

"Yes, it is a large army, and yet my warriors are not all here, as they are doing duty elsewhere ; but here comes my General ; allow me to introduce you,—Farmer Brown,—General Quicke."

"Truly an appropriate name," thought Farmer Brown, as he looked at the little figure, clad in a complete suit of armour of rich workmanship, and whose bright eyes twinkled and danced about at a great rate.

"Would Your Majesty like to review the army?"

"Yes, General, I think I would. We will show Farmer Brown what kind of an army we have." Accordingly they were put through manœuvre after manœuvre, which they executed with wonderful skill. Even Farmer Brown's unpractised eye saw that they were in a high state of efficiency, and looked with admiration upon the splendour of their

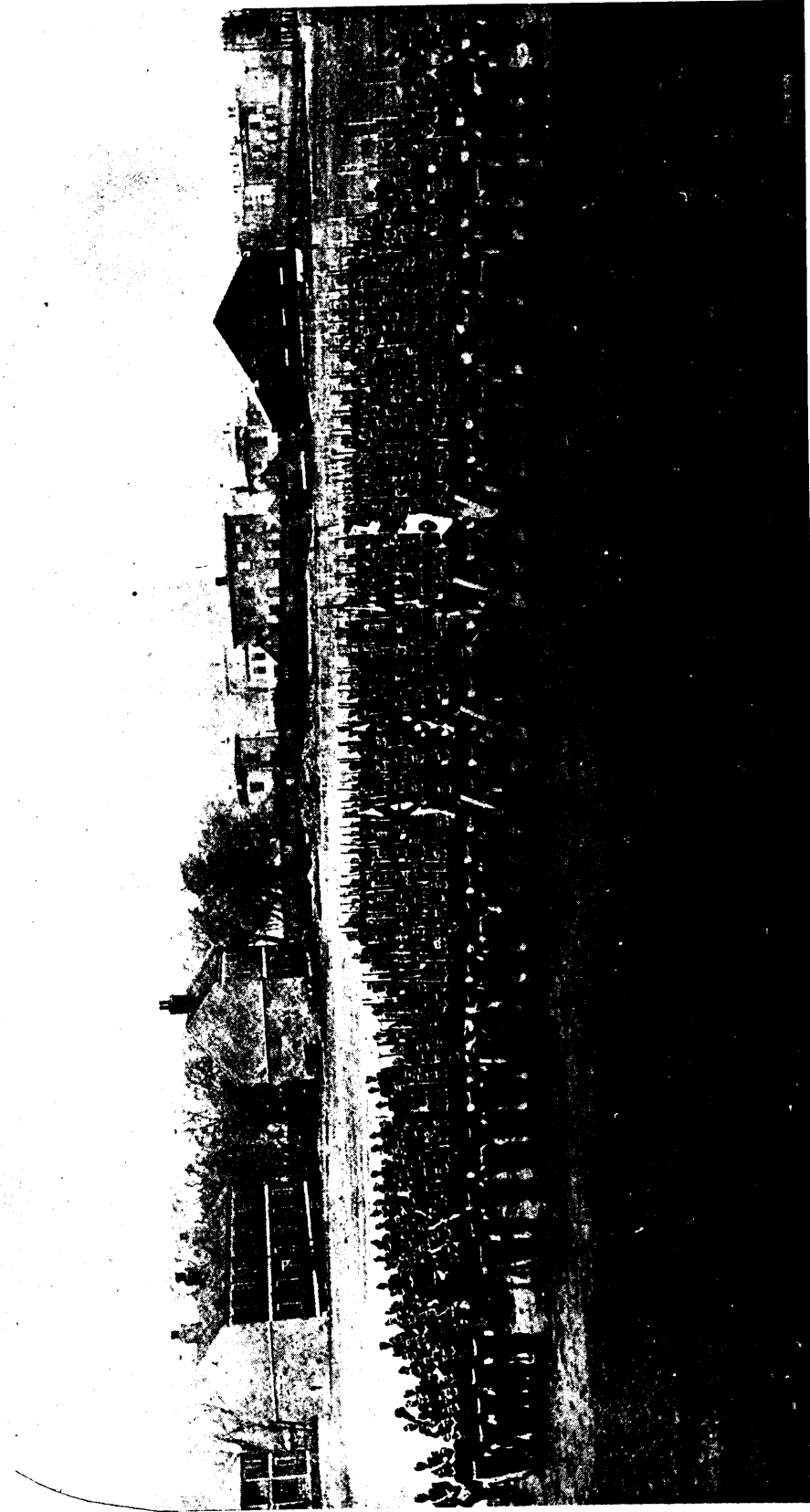
equipments. Each company was clad in different styles of armour ; some carried short swords, others clubs ; then besides these were the archers, dressed in dark green. After the review was ended the Man-in-the-Moon made a short speech, in which he praised the men for their soldier-like appearance and execution. Immediately at the close of his speech came cries of "A speech from Farmer Brown."

"You see, I told you they would expect an address from you."

"Oh, I beg of Your Majesty, to excuse me, I really can't do it."

"Oh, yes you can ; say anything you like ; they will not be satisfied till you speak to them ; just listen how they are calling you !"

(To be continued.)



THE 2nd BATTALION DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S REGIMENT, IN GARRISON AT HALIFAX, N.S. FOR THE PAST THREE YEARS.
(Mr. W. Notman, Halifax, photo.)



TORONTO, February, 1891.

In face of the failure of the railwaymen's strike in Scotland, it is highly satisfactory to learn that the Canadian Pacific Railway has acceded to the request of their men for advance of pay. The knowledge that one is on a train the men of which are well paid, from conductor to fireman, and who are not rendered incapable for their responsible duties by overwork, affords the traveller a feeling of security and comfort that is entirely absent under less just conditions, and, moreover, gives the company that acts justly, returns in the shape of the confidence of the public that cannot fail to tell in their books.

* * *

Capt. Ernest Cruikshank, of Fort Erie, delivered a valuable address on the "Battle Fields of the Niagara Peninsula in the War of 1812" on Monday night last.

* * *

The Canadian Military Institute, which secured Capt. Cruikshank's services, is of scarcely more than a year's standing; but it has already taken hold of a highly cultivated portion of our community, and will do the country a service in giving opportunity for the presentation in a more or less literary form of the military history of the various provinces of which our vast Confederation is composed. The admission of ladies to the lectures was inaugurated at Capt. Cruikshank's lecture; and, though the subject was a large one, and necessarily somewhat abstruse, being intended for none but military ears, the attention of the ladies was held to the end, showing that women are not so ignorant of these subjects, nor so given up to light reading, as some would have us believe.

* * *

The Canadian Institute is also doing a valuable work in giving an opportunity for the reading of papers dealing with the archaeological side of Canadian history. Mr. Alan Macdougall, C.E., read a paper at the regular Saturday evening meeting last week on the Boethick or Bethuc Indians of Newfoundland. A paper on "Ginseng; its Medical Properties and Commercial Value," was read in the Biological section by Mr. Jas. H. Pearce, and another historical paper by Mr. J. G. Ridout, late of Sandhurst, on "The Campaign and Field of Waterloo, 1815-1890," was read on the 21st inst.

* * *

It will not seem out of place to give, in connection with these historical literature memos., a poem by "The Khan," a well-known signature in the Toronto daily press, entitled "Canada is Not Coming." Poems of far less deserving have been copied and re-copied in our literature, and echoed from a dozen platforms, but none have a truer ring than this, to say nothing of its literary merit, even though it be a parody, in some sense, of that tender little thing we all know—"As I Went Over the Hills One Day."

CANADA IS NOT COMING.

[Uncle Sam to Canada: "Either come in or stay out, but don't keep me waiting."—*New York World*.]

As I went up the frontier way,
I heard the wondering people say,
"Our land is wide and richer far
Than all the golden Indies are.
Our fathers' lives are past and spanned,
Our fathers' glorious swords are sheathed,
Then shall we fling away the land
The God of Hosts to them bequeathed?"
From sea to sea, in sun and snow,
The answer thundered southward, "No!"

As I stood on the frontier way,
I heard the indignant people say,
"Who fought and bled to save our rights
At Chateauguay and Queenston Heights,
Who is it fills each silent grave
That marks the hill or dots the plain?
The dust of patriots true and brave,
Who if they lived would cry again
'You're welcome as the flowers of May,'
To Queenston Heights and Chateauguay."

As I went up the frontier way,
I heard the patriot people say,
"No alien flag shall ever wave
Above the hero's honoured grave.
No alien heel shall e'er defile
Each green and grassy diadem;
No cunning tongue shall wean or wile
The shelter of our swords from them.
Their names shall never pass away,
From Queenston Heights and Chateauguay!"

As I stood on the frontier way,
I heard a dauntless people say,
"God loves a patriot people—He
Despises those who won't be free.
Shall traitors our proud ensign drag?
Shall we submit in fear and frown?
If they would have the grand old flag
They'd better come and pull it down."
"They're welcome as the flowers of May,"
Roar Queenston Heights and Chateauguay.

* * *

Another death in the Maclean family, that of the honoured head, Mr. John Maclean, sr., himself an old newspaper man, demands (and receives) our sympathy for the bereaved widow and family. Notwithstanding such severe personal affliction, however, Mr. W. F. Maclean has entered upon the political arena as a candidate in the Conservative interest for East York.

* * *

If doubters want proof of what women are doing in the way of hard, disagreeable, exhaustive work for the help of humanity, they should look through the "Fifteenth Annual Report of the Toronto Relief Society in Connection with the Young Women's Christian Association, 1889-90." There they will find that the society has divided the city into fourteen divisions, each with its superintendent and secretary and a list of ten or twelve presiding ladies, each of whom takes the management of one district among those into which the division to which she belongs is separated. Fifteen by laws formulate the work to be done by each officer, and among the items of this work is to be found the appointment of a sufficient number of visitors and collectors to each district to see that the work is properly done; to find work, when possible, for applicants for relief; to collect money, clothing etc., and to keep exact lists of subscriptions and donations, all in themselves tasks at once onerous and trying. But the work is done, and well done, and though fully half the items of collection are in 25c pieces, yet the treasurer's accounts show no less than \$3,921.03 gathered for the year, beside handsome gifts of clothing, fuel, etc., from business and private people, all of which are disbursed by rule, and a great deal of the clothing rendered more valuable by undergoing alteration to suit recipients at the industrial room belonging to each division. All this independently of what is done for their own poor by the Ladies' Aid Societies of the churches.

* * *

Is not the following worthy of the consideration of Canadians: "Our mothers can be the best cultivators of patriotism, and the mothers of the future are in our schools to-day. Shall not these mothers, then, taught in school-days the fundamental principles of American independence in the nobleness of honest citizenship, feel with Cornelia of ancient Rome that the most precious jewels she can show are her patriotic children."—*Samuel Mendum, in North American Review*.

S. A. CURZON.



CANADIAN PEN AND INK SKETCHES.—Many gems of historical information on early Canadian life lie scattered through the ponderous fyles of our newspapers—living and dead. The careful student who has the time and energy to carefully collect these and keep them in shape available for ready reference, has a practically unique fund of information at his command. The book now in question is largely if not exclusively made up of articles contributed by our well-known fellow citizen Mr. John Fraser to various newspapers and magazines; and historical students should be sincerely grateful for the author's having collected and republished

them in the handsome volume before us. The field covered is a comprehensive one. From a few years ago back to the seventeenth century many events of interest are touched upon. Outside of Montreal, comparatively few persons are aware that the old homestead of the famous explorer La Salle still stands within a few miles of this city—and the fact of this being on the old family estate, gives Mr. Fraser a special interest in the subject; and he has vividly sketched the old building, its associations and surroundings, the habits and deeds of its illustrious occupant. The story of the massacre at Lachine by the Iroquois in 1689 is told in a masterly way, a minute description of old Lachine greatly aiding the reader in following the recital. Special attention, however, is devoted to the stirring events of the war of 1812-15 and the rebellion of 1837. The sketches of the former, and brilliant descriptions of several of the more noteworthy engagements, were written after careful personal examination of the battle-fields, and aided by reminiscences of the fights from the lips of men who had fought in them. The story of Stoney Creek is especially well told. Of the rebellion of '37-8 Mr. Fraser gives by far the most interesting details that have yet appeared in book form. Himself a veteran of the 2nd Company of the Lachine Brigade, he knows whereof he writes and was a witness to many of the events he so graphically describes. The account of the capture of 64 rebels by the loyal Caughnawaga Indians on the 5th of November 1838 and more especially of their transmittal to Montreal under escort of the Lachine volunteers is vividly told; but we emphatically dissent from the author's flattery of the "patriots" (sic) at the conclusion of the chapter, and the comparisons drawn. Surely a joke must have been intended. It is a pleasing fiction, and current with some journals at the present day, to claim for the rebels of '37-38 in Lower Canada that they took up arms for constitutional rights. Nothing is farther from the truth. Every phase of the history of that period shows that independence from British rule, and alliance with the American republic were the sole aims of the misguided insurgents. Sketches of life in Glengarry, in Lachine and in other localities near Montreal fifty years ago are well given and present an excellent idea of Canadian country life at that period. The book abounds with original anecdotes and personal sketches, and altogether is a most interesting and valuable work. It would have been an improvement had the sketches of each subject been placed in consecutive order, but this is a minor detail. The book contains nearly 400 pages, is well printed in large type—our eyes shrink from the wretchedly minute type in which good books often appear—and is tastefully bound in cloth. Every student of Canadian history and social customs should find a place for this work in his library. Published by the *Gazette* Printing Co., Montreal.

JOURNAL OF THE ROYAL COLONIAL INSTITUTE.—The authorities of this well-known institution are now publishing their papers and collections in monthly parts, and we are in receipt of the numbers for December and January. To Canadians this journal is always of special interest; the papers being in accord with the, we hope, universal sentiment of our people, the perpetuation of the ties between us, our sister colonies and the Motherland. The new volume commences with a spirited lay, contributed by Mr. Wood, of Melbourne, Australia, entitled, "Briton's Land," comprising in few words an admirable panegyric of Imperial Unity. An interesting paper on British East Africa, by Mr. G. S. Mackenzie, is the *pièce de résistance* of the number; and with the discussion that followed its delivery, gives the casual reader an admirable insight into the much involved question of African colonization. Interesting memoranda as to the donations to the library, book reviews, etc., occupy a good part of both numbers, and are interesting and instructive. The January part is largely filled with a paper on the Aborigines of Australia, by Mr. Edward Greville, read on the 9th of December last, and which met with considerable discussion. The subject is an interesting one for all ethnological students, in view of the rapid disappearance of that race from the Australian continent. The paper gives a very vivid account of the habits and present condition of the natives and the supervision that is necessarily exercised over them. We note with pleasure that papers on the following interesting subjects are to be read throughout the winter under the auspices of the Institute: "Agricultural and Technical Education in the Colonies," "Canada," "Australasian Defence," "Forestry in the Colonies and Queensland." The magazine is edited by the Secretary and published by the Institute, Northumberland avenue, London, England.

Gossip from Nova Scotia

It seems as if many weeks had elapsed since I promised the letter that is to be written specially to my lady friends. Last time something occurred to prevent my writing it, and this time it must be again postponed, because there are several things which I wish to say upon other subjects, and I want all the space allowed me for the one matter, when I once start in upon it. Next time, without fail, expect the voice from the Maritime Provinces to the sisters in Upper Canada upon a subject which cannot fail to be interesting to every Canadian woman.

The papers here are full of politics, as is, of course, to be expected. We of the weaker sex are not supposed to be so intensely interested in the election and its outcome as our brothers who vote, but I expect many of us have more feeling in the matter and more influence than is popularly imagined. We, women, are Canadians as much as though we voted, and if we cannot use our influence for the good of our native country we are poor creatures. As long as we have any voice or mind left we will oppose the party who would make our glorious country but an insignificant part of the neighbouring republic. "No stars and stripes for us," say we!

I am an advocate of Temperance, most decidedly; every right-minded person is; (at all events if the temperance be spelled with a small t.) But the Charlottetown (Prince Edward Island) *Guardian* makes me feel that there is such a thing as intemperate Temperance. The paper is Scott Act and Total Abstinence from beginning to end, which has the effect of making it somewhat uninteresting, not to say tiresome, to the general reader. In my humble opinion, the position of editor of a paper should never be filled by a "crank," and a crank, albeit over a worthy subject, *this* editor most assuredly is. Sometimes we hail the *Guardian* with joy, for the face of our dear friend, Hunter Duvar, looks out upon us from its pages; then, indeed, is the paper interesting to us. Here is a charming bit of his, which I clip from a recent number:

KING SOLOMON AND THE DJIN.

BY J. HUNTER DUVAR.

Sunset befell in Judah's land,
And one last ray aslant the heights
Of Mount Moriab, threw a band
Of rose, and mingled with the lights
That with a steady lustre shone
From out the many windowed, grand,
High-builed House of Lebanon
That proudly o'er the hill-clefts spanned;
And outlined where the Temple stood
Massive, gold doomed, a holy rood.
The King went down a golden stair
That gave upon the mountain's crown,



HON WILLIAM JOHNSTON ALMON, M.D., HALIFAX, N.S.

And standing, with a pensive air,
Looked down upon Jerusalem town,—
Not in his robes and ermined stole,
But in a caftan coarse and spare;
When crept a djin out of a hole,
Dwarfish and brown and weird
And stood up with a ghastly grin;
And the King said, "What would'st O Djin?"

Up spake the elf; "Dread Jewerie,
Son of the Shepherd King, than thou
No king shines more resplendently;
No greater crown than on thy brow;
Thy caves with wealth flow to the brim;
Thy keels plough up the Ophir sea;
Thy thousand wives are fair and trim;
If thou art happy tell to me!"
Sighed Solomon and said, "All these
Are vanity of vanities.

Then the djin laughed, an eldritch laugh;—
"Why do men call thee Wise, O King?
Pride counts for half, and Care for half,
Nor comes Content with anything
Men are not wise; their ways are droll;
Let me get back into my hole."
Hereswood, P. E. I.

Miss Laine, the sweet singer, who has pleased the ears and taste of the Halifax music-loving public for the last few years, is leaving Nova Scotia to find a larger field for her talents; she will be much regretted and greatly missed in musical and dramatic circles.

The St. John *Progress* is sending a valentine to its contributors this year in the shape of a larger and more interesting edition of itself. The *Progress* ranks now among the leading periodicals of Canada; the paper and print are excellent and the reading matter exceptionally good. Our good friend, Pastor Felix, writes a column of charming literary notes for this paper each week; we always look first for his article. My thoughts seem to run on papers this week. While I am on the subject I must not forget to say a word or two of praise for our Halifax *Evening Mail*. Besides its comprehensive news columns it has lately added some interesting features in the contributed letters,—one by a clever individual who resides in Halifax, and signs himself "Wrangler," another from California, and two from New York. These last are so different in their styles, and both so amusing and edifying to the general reading public that of themselves they should largely increase the popularity of the paper.

Lent now holds sway here, as elsewhere. We allow ourselves no frivolity but the sewing circle, no dissipation but the drinking of afternoon tea. I tremble to think of the fearful reaction that will come with Easter!

The Identity of "T. P. B."

To the Editor of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED:

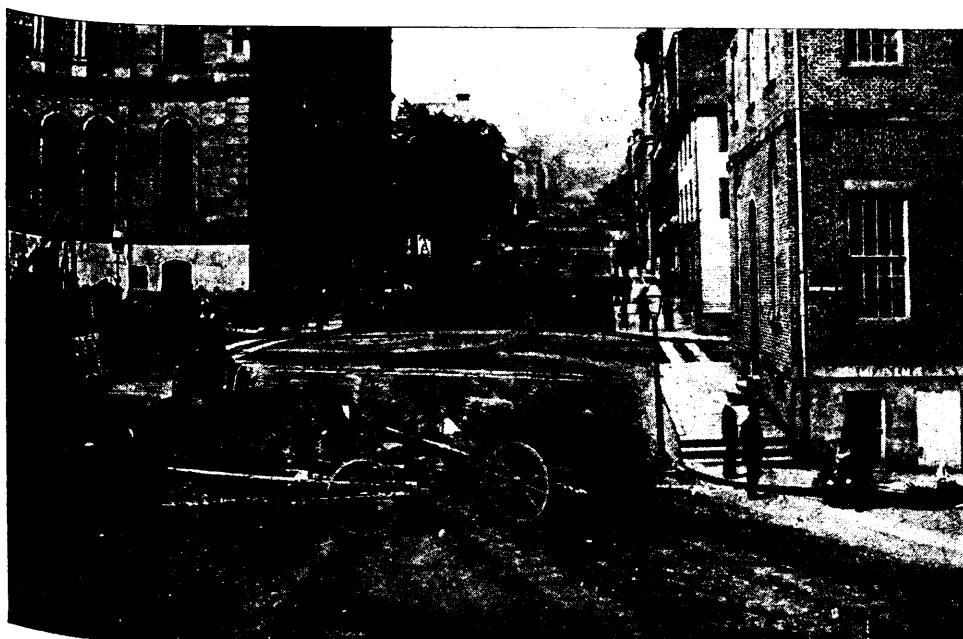
SIR, I have pleasure in answering part of the enquiries of your Toronto correspondent of date Jan. 30th, DOMINION ILLUSTRATED Feb. 14th: Thomas Pope Besnard (the "s" silent), called "T. P. B." by his intimate friends, was an Irish gentleman of good family and, I think, an officer, in one of Her Majesty's regiments. He had a passion for theatricals and for their management, in which, of course, he was never financially successful. He was a good amateur actor, particularly in such characters as Sir Lucius O'Trigger and Tom Moore in *The Irish Lion*, and a great favourite with the Toronto public. There must surely be many people there who remember him. He was at that time (1847) recently from the West India Islands, where, I believe, he returned, as the climate of Upper Canada severely taxed the health of his wife and daughter.

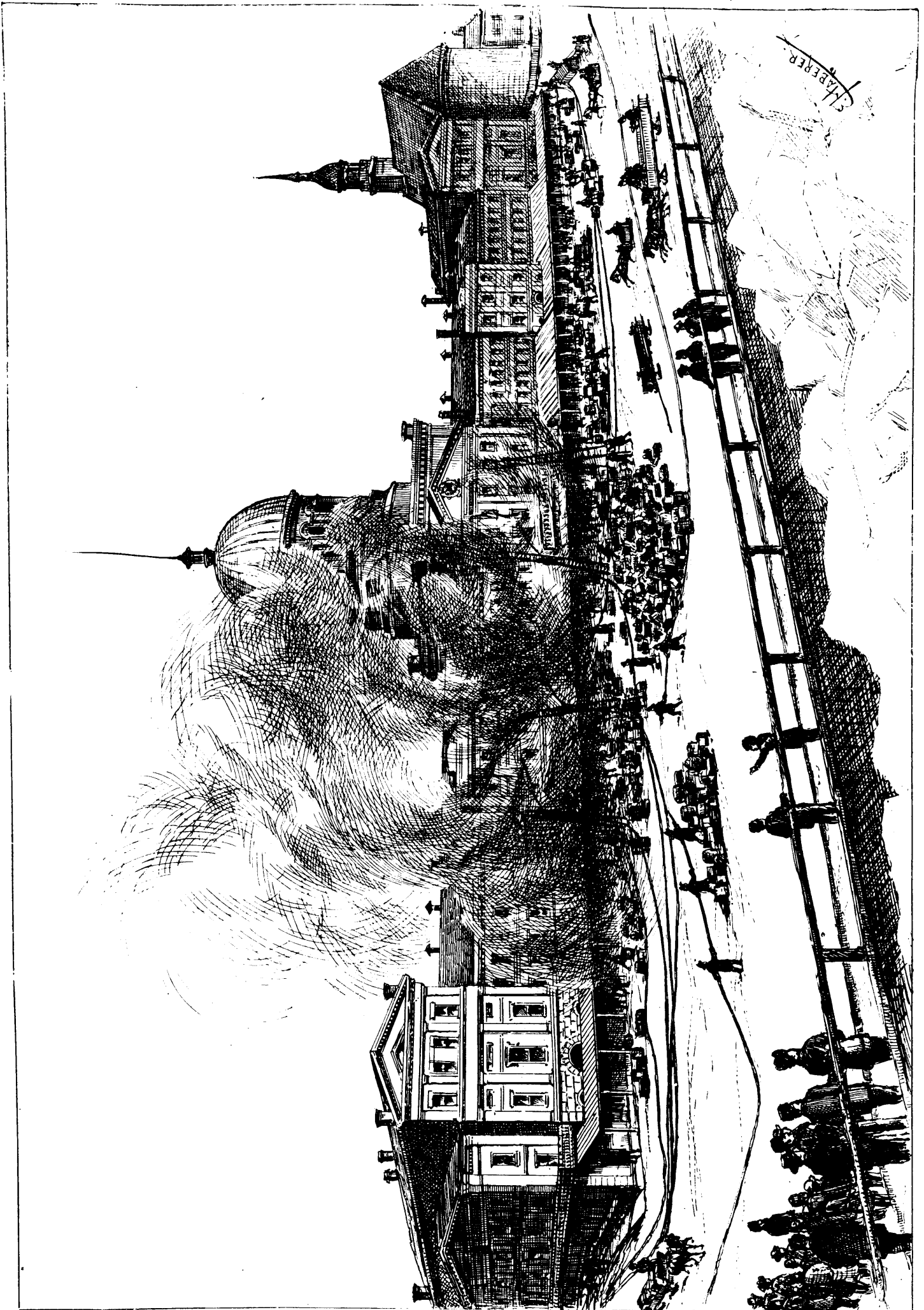
Very truly yours,

R.

Montreal, Feb. 24, 1891.

MARKET SCENE, HALIFAX, N.S.





SCENE AT FIRE AT BONSECOURS MARKET, MONTREAL, 24th FEBRUARY.
(By our special artist.)

SPORTS AND PASTIMES

Among those at all acquainted with the art there seems nothing in the way of athletic exercise to at all compare with fencing. It has not the fierce antagonism of football or lacrosse or the insipidity and languor of croquet; but it is a pastime at which ladies and gentlemen may alike take part with benefit as regards gracefulness, quickness of eye and hand, and a development of all the important muscles, not to speak of the training one's good temper gets; for the fencer who loses his temper when the foil is in his hand—either when playing with the chalked button or in the more serious business that might occasionally arise if one lived in France—is almost completely at his opponent's mercy. Unfortunately this grand exercise is as yet not appreciated to any great extent in this country. Of course there are a few who struggle to keep up the art, but they are as a drop in the proverbial bucket, and when the discouraging circumstances which have had to be overcome are taken into consideration, the wonder is that there are any at all left. The Toronto Fencing Club is pre-eminently entitled to first rank, and judging from the way things are at present running better times may be looked for in the near future. Montreal is doing its share in its own quiet way, and there are a score or so who use the Solingen blade who would be able to hold their own in fairly good company. A few evenings ago I had the pleasure of being present on a class night at Prof. Conte's academy, and was surprised at the advanced stage of many of the gentlemen. In the assaults which invariably conclude the meetings I had an opportunity of studying the methods of the two gentlemen who have made known their desire of meeting Mr. Currie, if there was a possibility of arranging a suitable place of meeting. Perhaps the event which more than any other brought the Toronto Fencing Club prominently before the public in later days was the magnificent display made by Messrs. Currie and Bevington, when they fenced for the championship of Canada some little time ago. It will be remembered that on that occasion Mr. Currie was the winner, and the form displayed by him warranted his friends in presuming that he could equal, if not surpass, the famous Dr. Hammond, of New York. But it turned out that Dr. Hammond could not lay claim to the title of champion of the United States until after the competitions which take place this month in New York are finished. As Mr. Currie wished to meet the American champion he was also desirous of being himself the champion of Canada, a title which, by the way, nobody now disputes. But in order to make sure doubly sure he invited any amateur fencer in Canada to meet him, and if he were beaten he would no longer pose as the champion. It was this invitation, which was made through the press, that Mr. Freeman and Mr. Lapallieur were desirous of accepting; but what seemed to be an insuperable difficulty lay in the way. Neither of these gentlemen could possibly go to Toronto, and very likely it would not be at all convenient for Mr. Currie to come to Montreal. At all events it is not usually expected that a recognized champion should travel about the country at the behest of anybody who desires to challenge him; but this case scarcely comes under that heading. I have seen both these gentlemen fence and I think they would stand very little chance of equalling Mr. Currie in points, especially if a target were used. But still, as they are the only two who have so far responded to Mr. Currie's invitation, if the latter gentleman could stretch a point and come to Montreal it would seem, in my mind, to clinch his title of champion, and there would be no possible cavil at his representing Canada when pitted against the American champion. It would give a great impetus to fencing, too, and would, perhaps, go a long way towards establishing yearly competitions for a Canadian championship. The opinions of other fencers would be gladly received by THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED, for it is one of the arts that the country can well afford to patronize.

At the annual meeting of the New York Yacht Club, the regatta committee made some suggestions, which, coming from such a source, are worthy of consideration by other yacht clubs, but hardly practicable on this side of the line. As a remedy for the noticeably smaller number of entries,

the following suggestions were made:—First, a time allowance based on performance. Second, an allowance based on date of construction, through which time could be given to vessels that had been out-built. The first suggestion seems good enough on paper, and would be easy enough of accomplishment if the performances of a boat were uniform; but with the unavoidable variations in performance under different influencing conditions of wind and weather, the work of the handicapper would be unsatisfactory all round. The second suggestion would do more harm than good. The owner who had been out built would calculate on getting a time allowance for age, and instead of keeping up with the modern procession would keep his old boat and say "let well alone." To the more energetic, with newer and better models, it would be discouraging to be handicapped out of sight. As we are all looking for improvements, both as to speed and stability, the suggestions of the N.Y.Y.C. regatta committee, if followed, would seem to be a step in the wrong direction.

* * *

There is some talk of making the Montreal Curling Club an all-the-year-round affair, and before long spacious club and reading rooms will be added to the already spacious rink. This will certainly increase the membership of the club, as there are a great many people who like to watch the roarin' game but who never take a hand in it. A reading room and other attractions would soon convert these passive members into active ones, and all well-wishers of curling will hope that the club may see its way to these improvements in the near future.

* * *

The wrestling match for the collar-and-elbow championship of America, which took place at the Queen's Hall on Monday night, was as good an exhibition as could be wished for, and McMahon has added another honour to his already long list. He is getting to be a pretty old man now, but there is lot of life in the old dog yet. He was overmatched in height, weight and strength when he met Cowley, but superior science told the tale, and the required two falls out of three were won by the Montreal man.

R. O. X.



2nd Batt. Duke of Wellington's (West Riding) Regiment.

The 76th Regiment was raised for service in India in the year 1787. During the years 1803 to 1805 the regiment formed part of the force under Lord Lake, which subjugated great provinces that in later years were comprised in the British Dominions of India. During this four years' campaign Lord Lake's army marched 3,500 miles and fought many decisive actions, the principal ones being at Deig, Ally Ghur, Delhi and Laswaree. At Ally Ghur the regiment lost five officers killed and a great many men. Lord Lake led the regiment into action in person at Laswaree and it was mainly owing to their exertions that the enemy who were in immensely superior numbers, were defeated. For these services in India, the King was graciously pleased to confer on the 76th the word "Hindustan," to be worn on their colours and appointments, also the East India Company presented the regiment with a stand of embroidered colours, these colours have been renewed from time to time by the Secretary of State for War and the regiment has the proud distinction of being able to carry four colours on parade.

In 1806 the regiment returned home and were sent to garrison Jersey.

In 1808 they were moved to the North of Spain and were engaged in the campaign under Sir John Moore; were present at Corunna and suffered severely.

In 1809 they were sent to Holland and remained there until 1813, when they returned to Spain and were particularly distinguished at the Battle of Nive, which name they bear on their colours to-day. At the close of the Peninsular

War the regiment went to North America and operated with the force north of New York and remained in Canada until 1827. The regiment was stationed at Kingston and Quebec from 1819 to 1821 and were at Montreal in 1826 and embarked for home in 1827 after an almost continuous course of active service abroad for 40 years.

In 1835 the regiment was sent to St. Lucia, and remained in the West India Islands until 1840; they were then moved on to Bermuda and up to Halifax in 1842, and then returned home. The regiment remained in the United Kingdom till 1850 and was then sent to Malta and was again sent to Halifax in 1853. They were quartered in various places in Canada, St. John, N.B., Fredericton and Prince Edward's Island being among others. They returned to England in 1857. The records show that the regiment received farewell addresses from the citizens of nearly every town in Canada in which they were stationed. They went to India in 1863 and remained until 1876.

On the 1st July, 1881, the late 76th was named the 2nd Duke of Wellington's (West Riding) Regiment and linked to the 33rd.

The present colonial tour commenced on the 6th of October, 1886, and after the present stay of 2½ years in Halifax it is expected that the regiment will sail for the West Indies about the 7th of March. The records show that since the regiment was raised in 1787, 20½ years have been spent in Canada. The whole regiment will sincerely regret to leave Halifax, which is always a most popular station. Halifax and Canada are equally sorry to part with so gallant a corps as the old 76th, and we sincerely regret that their garrison duty is not up with us in Montreal, thanks to the short-sighted and blundering policy of 21 years ago.

The Mashed Medico.

BY F. BLAKE CROFTON.

Her eyes flash like two diamond rings,
Her neck is alabaster,
Her soft voice to the memory clings
As fast as sticking plaster!

Like beam of sunshine is her smile,
Her blush like a fresh rose is,
Their charm so brief and volatile
Defying diagnosis!

Her sparkling wit around she rains
And dazzles the spectator,
Pleases, in turn, and piques and pains,
Like Smith's Scalp Renovator.

She charmed me by her pensive air,
And by her sylph-like action;
She drew me by her golden hair—
By capillary attraction.

Ah, mirth and laughter may bring on
The sharp pangs of neurosis!
Ah! for the glad, fond simpleton
When flirt as lover poses!

Yet for the syren's songs I yearned,
Blind to the coming crisis,
Till on my cheeks the bright signs burned
Of pulmonary phthisis!

I felt each ache sketched in Part Three
Of Burton's learned folly,
Which treats of "The Anatomy
Of Lovers' Melancholy."

At last before my eyes one night
That dude Tom Simpson kissed her,
And on my young love set a blight
And on my heart a blister!

When she said "Yes" she lightly laughed,
Nor looked the least bit shaken;
But Simpson, like a compound draught,
Was stirred when he was taken.

The torturing sight induced a fit
Of dangerous insania,
And my poor aching brain was split
With homicidal mania!

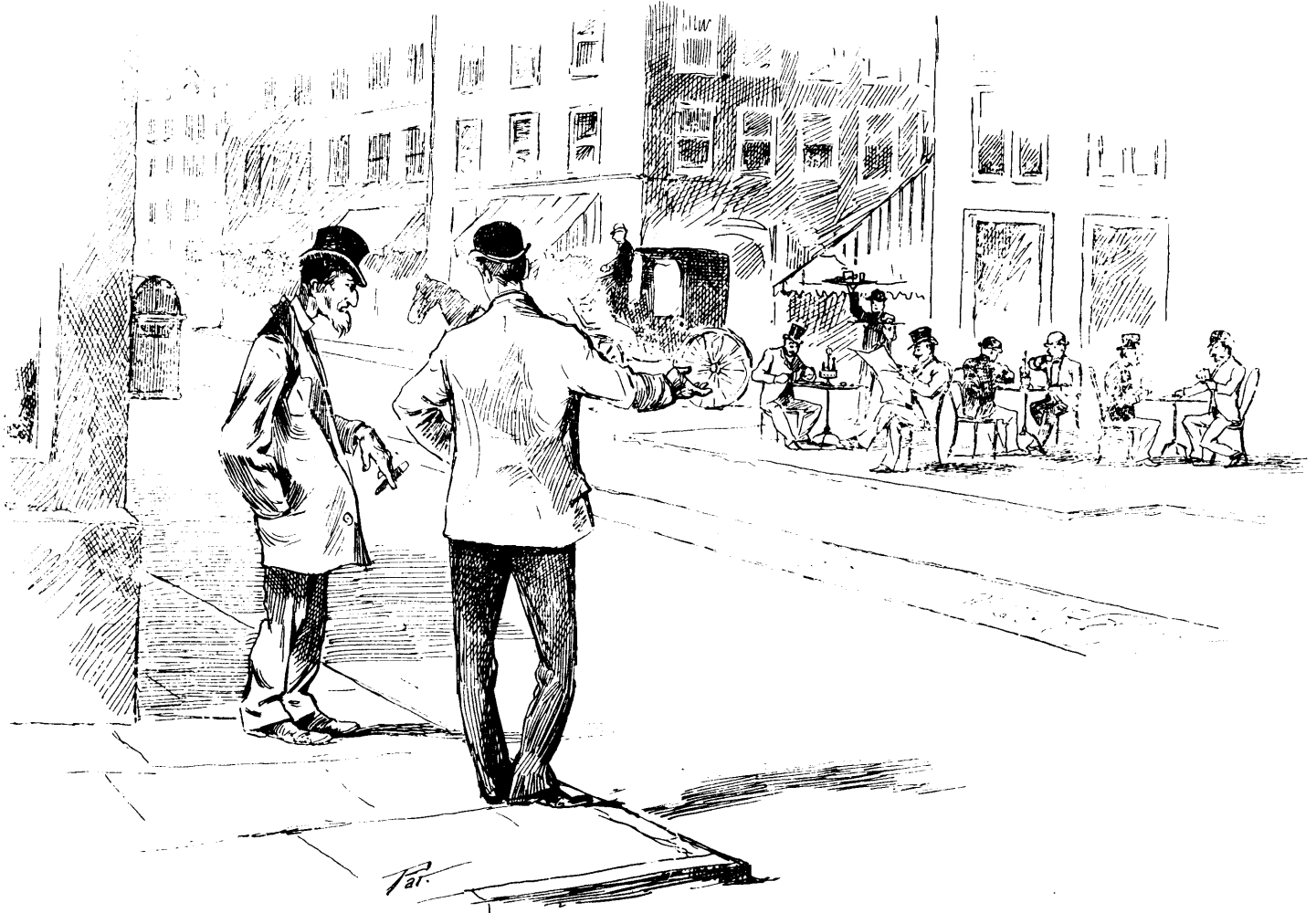
I strode up to the amorous fool
And bled his big proboscis
According to the ancient school
Of phlebotomical bosses.

But fevers do not last for aye,
And chills are evanescent;
And, thanks to her sweet sister May,
I'm getting convalescent.

And now the love of no false nymph
To blanch my cheeks is able,
For I've a phial of that lymph,
With Dr. Koch's own label.

Which knocks bacilli on the head
By nauseous changes in their rations,
For microbes sicken when they're fed
On fluids flavoured with relations.

Halifax, N.S.



THE MONTREAL STREET RAILWAY (FUNERAL) SERVICE.

A United States Senator, visiting Canada's commercial metropolis, being shown what means have at last been resorted to by its citizens, to pass the time while waiting for the cars.

POINTS.

BY ACUS.

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

Blessed is that nation whose God is the Lord. It is something to be known as a Christian nation; it is better in addition, to be known as a really religious nation. Strangers visiting Canada are struck with the largeness of the congregations which throng our churches; and especially visitors from the neighbouring Republic cannot fail to contrast our church attendance with that of the Western States especially, and even in the Eastern States many of the churches have to close altogether during the summer holidays. Canada's growing reputation as a moral and religious country cannot fail to prove of inestimable advantage to her. Even now young men seeking situations in other countries find that the reputation of their own country is there before them to give them a not unworthy introduction.

* * *

It may not be generally known that among the old historic customs and usages transplanted upon American soil by the early pilgrims, was the ringing of the curfew. In the city of New Bedford, Mass., where the custom has prevailed to this day, an interesting discussion has arisen relative to the advisability of discontinuing it. Considerable feeling seems to be manifested in the matter, and the pros and cons are energetically set forth. On behalf of the custom it is argued that while, perhaps, it may be rather out of date, still the historic associations are worth preserving; that it adds to the home sentiment, if I may so express it,

one gentleman stating that in his travels abroad he missed nothing more than the familiar curfew, and that on returning home no sound was more welcome than that of the bell; sailors also say that when steering their barques into port at night no sound could be sweeter to their ears than the home-like sound of the curfew bell; and it is maintained that the custom induces early retiring, and that being held in high esteem, especially by the older members of the community, to discontinue it would be to act contrary to the spirit of the commandment to honour thy father and thy mother that thy days may be long in the land. Against all this it is urged that historic associations are very good in their way, but they come too high at \$300 per year, that being the salary of the "ringer;" and it is said that the bell is so loud as to be heard at a distance of five or six miles, and that it disturbs concerts and other entertainments; in short, that it is a nuisance. Thus the war wages over the time-honoured but well-nigh obsolete curfew-bell. The indications are that they who favour continuing the custom will carry their point, and that the curfew will continue to "toll the knell of parting day."

* * *

Music having already considerably more signs than the Zodiac, perhaps one sign more or less would not make much difference. How would it do to add a sort of musical quotation-mark, so that a composer, if he so desired, might insert here and there in his own work passages by other authors, due credit being given. No doubt it would be difficult, if not impossible, to indicate the quotations to audiences, but the written score at least would be honest. These reflections are suggested by certain recent music which appears to contain passages of manifest plagiarism.

The strong tendency of music to remain in the memory renders one extremely liable to be guilty in this particular. Indeed, I myself was once inclined to lay the flattering unction to my soul that I had succeeded in composing a little piece of music, but my friends shattered my hopes into a thousand fragments by declaring that they had "heard it before." So, perhaps, musical writers may crib from other composers unconsciously; but should they deliberately desire to do so, why should they not be permitted provided they use some mark to indicate it?

* * *

Experts in chirography assure us that they can determine one's character by his handwriting. This contention seems hardly reasonable, because a man who writes a good hand when young may write a very bad one when older, for no other reason than that in the latter case he has to write so much that he really has not time to write well. His character, therefore, remains unchanged, but his handwriting changes of necessity. But should there be anything in the contention in question, how strongly many of us must resemble one another in disposition, taking the handwriting as a criterion. I have heard it said that all ladies who have ever attended a certain school in Toronto, write identically the same hand. And scores of gentlemen write what might be called a business-college hand, the copy-book style plus flourishes. Many Americans follow the copy-book style of writing, and their characters (written and otherwise), may be presumed to have been formed upon those highly moral precepts for which copy-books are famous. In the cases referred to, however, I think the expert in chirography would find some difficulty.