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THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY

MAY
1892.

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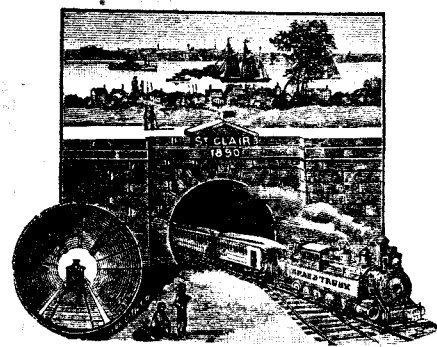


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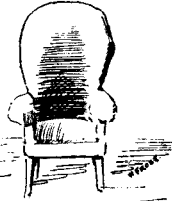
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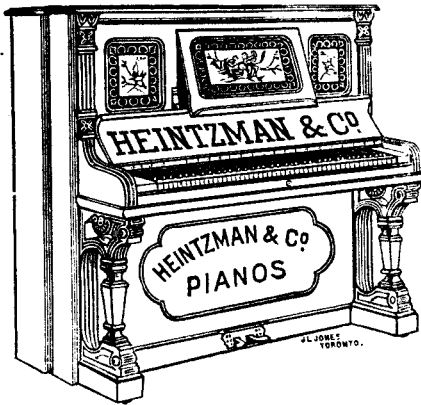


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"Having been informed of the composition of **PECTORAL BALSAMIC ELIXIR**, I feel it my duty to recommend it as an excellent remedy for pulmonary affections in general."

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Professor of chemistry at Laval University.

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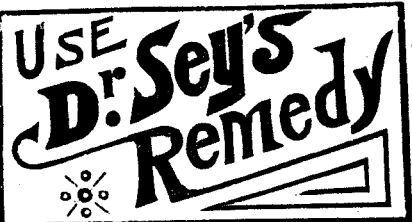
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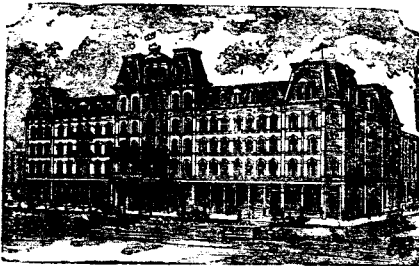
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Patronized by Royalty and the best families.
Charmingly situated, overlooking Toronto Bay and
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REMODELED AND REFURNISHED.

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Finest Temperance House in the Dominion.

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Rates moderate.

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J. C. PALMER, Proprietor. Rates \$2.00 Per day.

Also Kensington Hotel, just opposite, on European
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THE DRIARD,

Victoria, B.C.

Odds and Ends.

A Missouri newspaper has 700 cords of
wood due on subscription, and not a single
stick in the woodshed. — *American Art
Painter.*

* * *

But few words rhyme with "advertiser."
The advertiser,
He is wiser
Than the Kaiser.

About exhaust the panel. — *Detroit Free Press.*

* * *

His Premature Death. — A young French-
man of Des Moines, Ia., advertised for a wife,
and as there was no response he killed him-
self. If he had succeeded in getting the wife
he might have lived at least three months
longer. — *Judge.*

* * *

City Editor—You'd better go home and go
to bed, Stickleback. You can't write in that
condition.

"Can't, eh? Thash all rish, ole mansh.
Shush in condishoush wri'sh dialec' story'sh."
— *Town Topics.*

* * *

Managing Editor (to Proprietor)—"Flyer,
our up-town man ought to have a desk. He's
the best reporter we've got."

"Proprietor—"How's that? I thought he
was a regular stick."

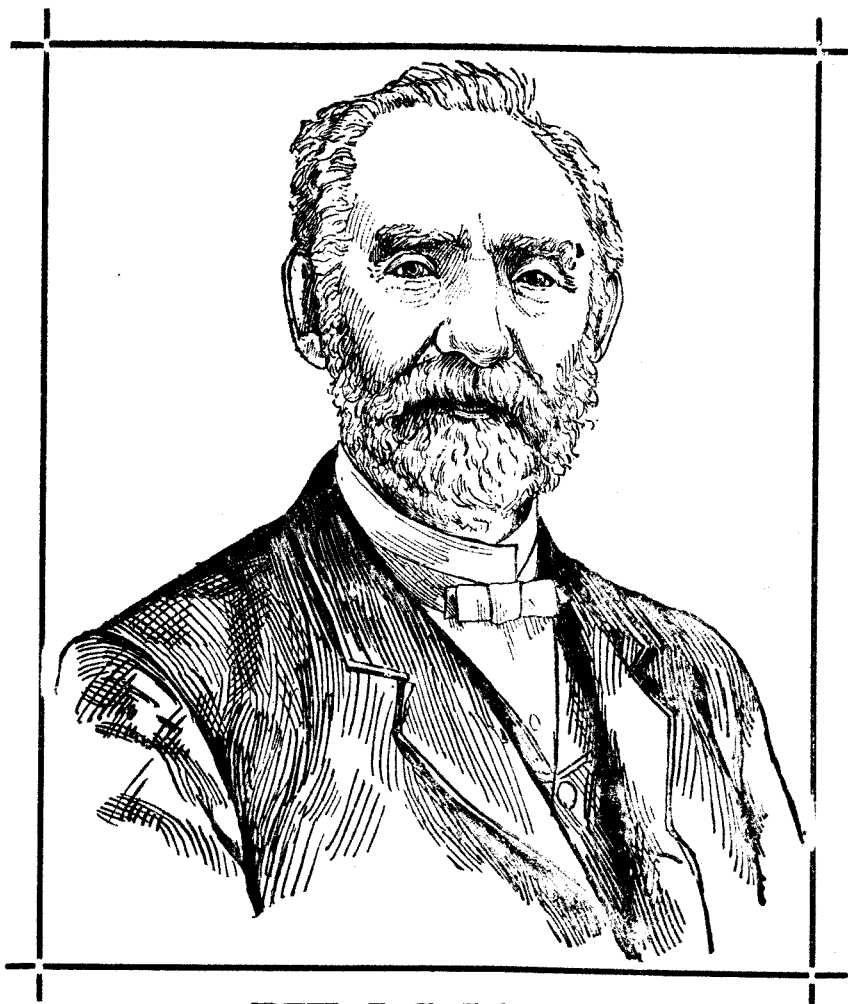
"Managing Editor—Stick? Why he's a
genius. He found that broken rail that
caused that accident in the Zig Zag Central
and sat on a stone eight hours waiting for the
accident to occur, so he could get the story in
to-night's paper." — *Drake's Magazine.*

Mr. Barrie's Works.

Even with the spell of "The Little
Minister" still upon me, I am con-
strained to confess that I am more
deeply moved by "A Window in
Thrums" than by anything else that
Mr Barrie has written. Were I to
say all I think of it, some scoffer
might accuse me of extravagance; but
for me it is a book of books. It is
humorous; it is pathetic; it is real-
istic; it is romantic; above all, it is
human. If you can read the chapter
where Jamie comes home from London,
and catches sight of his mother's win-
dow, when he reaches the elbow of the
brae; and then that other chapter
where he comes home once more, and
the mother, ay the father, and the sis-
ter, too, are all dead,—if you can
read these two chapters with dry eyes,
you have a heart to which pathos
addresses itself in vain.

In these days of the making of many
books, one forgets most tales almost
as quickly as one reads them; but Jess
sitting at her "Window in Thrums"—
where things happy and mournful

and terrible come before her—is an
unforgettable figure, as immortal as
Jeannie Deans. Will Babbie the
Egyptian in "The Little Minister,"
with her conquering beauty, her way-
ward, inescapable charm, dwell also
among the immortals of fiction? I
am less certain of it; and yet in some
respects Mr. Barrie had touched his
high-water mark in "The Little
Minister." The men and women in its
pages are alive. The book deals with
larger and more comprehensive issues
than its predecessors. In the relation
between the minister and his mother
the author touches yet more keenly the
same chord that bound the hearts of
Jess and her wayward Jamie in the
"Window in Thrums." Margaret's
pride in her son is so perfect and so
unfailing that even when di grace has
overtaken him, and the the chief elder
of the kirk goes to tell her of it, she
fairly conquers him by her simple
faith, and makes it actually impossible
for him to speak.—*Mrs. Louise
Chandler Moulton, in May LIPPIN-
COTT'S.*



REV. J. G. LAIRD.

A LIFE SPENT IN THE MINISTRY !

**One of Canada's Most Popular Methodist Ministers
Testifies Strongly.**

His Convincing Evidence in Favor of Paine's Celery Compound.

**His Remarkable Letter should give Hope to Every
Sufferer in Canada.**

The special attention of every reader of the "Dominion Illustrated Monthly" is directed to Rev. J. G. Laird's letter on the following page. Mr. Laird's honest, solemn and heart-felt words will no doubt be the means of directing many poor sufferers to the source of healing and new life.

Rev. J. G. Laird's Testimony

442 King Street,
LONDON, ONT., March 18th, 1892.

WELLS & RICHARDSON CO.

DEAR SIRS :—Having received great benefit from the use of **Paine's Celery Compound**, it affords me pleasure to give my testimony in favor of its beneficial effects. Six years ago this spring I was prostrated with nervous debility. I was then closing my thirty-eighth year in the active work of the ministry in the Methodist Church. Until then I had been a strong, vigorous man, and an earnest worker in church work. Suddenly I became so prostrated that I was forced to resign my charge. I could not sleep, was afraid to be left alone, and could not refrain from shedding tears when speaking to any person. My kidneys, liver and stomach became very much weakened, so that I was a helpless invalid.

For about two years I tried everything I could hear of, such as Magnetism, Electricity, Clifton Springs, etc., and applied to several physicians, but received no permanent relief. About four years ago a friend brought me a bottle of **Paine's Celery Compound**; I experienced some benefit from its use; I got some more and soon realized great benefit from it. Soon I slept well, my organs and nervous system became greatly restored, and my dread of being alone was removed.

I still continue to use it. Have used about two dozen bottles. If I go from home, to guard against sleeplessness, I take a supply with me. I do not expect to be made young again, as I am now in my 69th year, but I am a very different man compared with what I was four or five years ago. Had I known of this remedy when first afflicted with nervousness, my conviction is that, with the Divine blessing, I would not yet be on the list of retired ministers.

Yours respectfully,

J. G. LAIRD,

Methodist Minister.

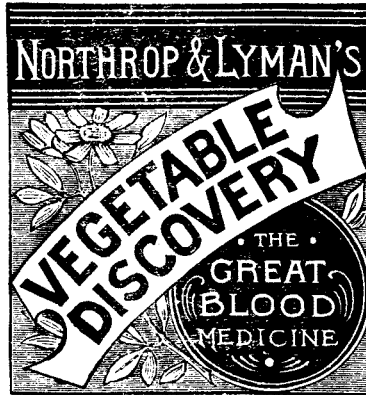
In a subsequent letter, dated April 2nd, 1892, Rev. Mr. Laird says :—

“I have not the slightest objection in your using my testimonial in your advertising work. I might have said more in favor of **Paine's Celery Compound**, as it has greatly helped me; it may be of benefit to others, and no doubt will. I am feeling very well at present—have not felt so comfortable at the opening of any spring since my first attack as I do now.”

A MAN'S LIFE SAVED

I WOULD not be doing justice to the afflicted if I withheld a statement of my experience with Jaundice, and how I was completely cured by using **Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery**. No one can tell what I suffered for nine weeks, one-third of which I was confined to my bed, with the best medical skill I could obtain in the city trying to remove my affliction, but without even giving me temporary relief. My body was so sore that it was painful for me to walk. I could not bear my clothes tight around me, my bowels only operated when taking purgative medicines, my appetite was gone, nothing would remain on my stomach, and my eyes and body were as yellow as a guinea. When I ventured on the street I was stared at or turned from with a repulsive feeling by the passer-by. The doctors said there was no cure for me. I made up my mind to die, as LIFE HAD LOST ALL ITS CHARMS. One day a friend called to see me and advised me to try Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery. I thought if the doctors could not cure me, what is the use of trying the Discovery, but after deliberating for a time I concluded to give it a trial, so I procured a bottle and commenced taking it three times a day. **JUDGMENT OF MY SURPRISE** at the expiration of the third day to find my appetite returning. Despair gave place to Hope, and I persevered in following the directions and taking Hot Baths two or three times a week until I had used the fifth bottle. I then had no further need for

the medicine that had **SAVED MY LIFE**—that had restored me to health—as I was radically cured. The natural color had replaced the dingy yellow, I could eat three meals a day, in fact the trouble was to get



enough to eat. When I commenced taking the Discovery my weight was only 132½ lbs, when I finished the fifth bottle it was 172½ lbs, or an increase of about half a pound per day, and I never felt better in my life. No one can tell how thankful I am for what this wonderful medicine has done for me. It has rooted

out of my system every vestige of the worst type of Jaundice, and I don't believe there is a case of Jaundice, Liver Complaint or Dyspepsia that it will not cure.

(Signed) W. LEE, Toronto.

WHAT IS IT?

This celebrated medicine is a compound extracted from the richest medicinal barks, roots and herbs. It is the production of many years' study, research and investigation. It possesses properties purely vegetable, chemically and scientifically combined. It is **Nature's Remedy**. It is perfectly harmless and free from any bad effect upon the system. It is nourishing and strengthening; it acts directly upon the blood, and every part throughout the entire body. It quiets the nervous system; it gives you good, sweet sleep at night. It is a great panacea for our aged fathers and mothers, for it gives them strength, quiets their nerves, and gives them Nature's sweet sleep, as has been proved by many an aged person. It is the **Great Blood Purifier**. It is a soothing remedy for our children. It relieves and cures all diseases of the blood. Give it a fair trial for your complaint, and then you will say to your friends, neighbors and acquaintances: "Try it; it has cured me."

A happy thought, that, to print a whole story in each number of a magazine; not a short story, either, but a full-fledged novel, such as magazines used to take a year to complete. Only a wide-awake magazine would have thought of it. It *was* a wide-awake one,—LIPPINCOTT'S. And such stories!

The new idea came in with a whoop with a story of Habberton, entitled "Bructon's Bayou." 'Twas setting a high mark for whoever followed. There was no question about the Bayou, but what of what was to come?

Well, they've been coming once a month ever since for *sixty months*. Up to the mark! Plump! Crowd the mark, if anything. And there are many more to follow. It is not only the novel that you get, but a good magazine, besides. Chock full of bright articles on popular subjects, poems, sketches, short stories, and lots of other things. Is it a wonder the circulation *jumps*? It pays to be wide-awake.

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RUSSIA LEATHER.



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CRAB-APPLE BLOSSOMS.
(Extra-Concentrated.) Reg.

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SOLD EVERYWHERE.

ATKINSON'S WHITE ROSE
Universally admired. Other Odours pall upon the sense, but ATKINSON'S "White Rose" is ever fresh and sweet.

ATKINSON'S EAU DE COLOGNE
Renowned for a couple of centuries, this Perfume has given rise to a legion of Worthless Imitations. Use only ATKINSON'S ENGLISH—the finest. Of all Dealers.

Old & E. ATKINSON,
24, Old Bond Street, London.

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MAY, 1892.

Volume 1. No. 4.

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COLOURED SUPPLEMENT.

Moving Day—From the Painting by Lengo.

PUBLISHED BY

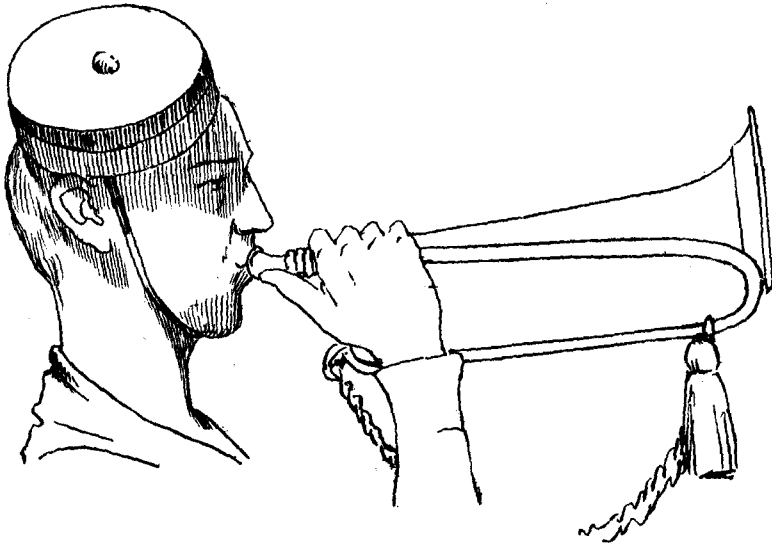
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AFTER WATERLOO.

On the field of Waterloo we made Napoleon rue
That ever out of Elba he decided for to come,
For we finished him that day and he had to run away,
And yield himself a prisoner on the Billyruffium.

'Twas a stubborn fight, no doubt, and the fortune wheeled about,
And the brave Mossoos kept coming most uncomfortable near,
And says Wellington, the hero, as his hopes went down to zero,
"I wish to God that Blucher or the night was only here!"

But Blucher came at length, and we broke Napoleon's strength;
And the flower of his army—that's the wonderful Old Guard—
They made a final sally, but they found they could not rally,
And at last they broke and fled after fighting bitter hard.

Now Napoleon he had thought, when a British ship he sought,
And gave himself uncalled-for, in a manner you might say,
He'd be treated like a king, with the best of everything,
And maybe have a palace for to live in every day.

He was treated very well, as became a noble swell,
But we couldn't leave him loose, not in Europe anywhere,
For we knew he would be making some gigantic undertaking
While the trustful British lion was reposing in his lair.

We tried him once before near the European shore,
Having planted him in Elba, where he promised to remain;

But when he saw his chance, why he bolted off to France,
And he made a lot of trouble—but it wouldn't do again.

Says King George to him, "You know, far away you'll be
to go,

To a pleasant little island off the coast of Africay,
Where they tell me that the view of the ocean, deep and blue,
Is remarkable extensive, and it's there you'll have to stay."

So Napoleon wiped his eye, and he wished King George good
bye,

And being stony-broke made the best of it he could;
And they built a pleasant dwelling on the island of St. Heleny,
And Napoleon Buonaparty is provided for for good.

Now of that I don't complain, but I ask, and ask in vain,
Why me, a British soldier, as has lost a useful arm
Through fighting of the foe, when the trumpets cease to blare,
Should be forced to feed the pigs on a little Surrey farm.

While him, as fought with us, and created such a fuss,
And in the whole of Europe did a mighty deal of harm,
Should be kept upon a rock, like a precious fighting cock,
And do no work whatever, which would suit me to a char-

R. F. MURRAY in *Longman's Magazine*

DR. FOWLER'S EXTRACT OF WILD STRAWBERRY

CURES OLD OR YOUNG.

MEN,



A SOLDIER'S STORY.

DEAR SIRs,—I have used Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for summer complaints, and have lent my neighbors some when their children were very sick with summer complaints, and it has never failed to cure. The summer of 1887 my mother was almost dead with summer complaint. Being under doctors' care, but receiving no benefit at the end of a week, we got Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, which stopped it before she took half the bottle. It cured her and saved her life.

SAMUEL C. HAGAN,

Thessalon, Ont.

WOMEN



NOTHING SO PRECIOUS.

DEAR SIRs,—I can tell you I would probably have been in my grave to-day if I had not got Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. Three years ago I became very weak, and everything I ate seemed to pass right through me. The doctor did what he could, but could only stop it for a little while. I tried all the remedies I could think of until I came to Canada and heard about Wild Strawberry. This is about a year ago. I used four bottles altogether, and have not had the bowel complaint since. I would not be without the Extract for anything, as I think there is nothing so precious.

MRS. ANSON HANNON,

Mount Albion, Ont.

AND CHILDREN.



DYSENTERY CURED.

DEAR SIRs,—I write to let you know the good my family has received from the use of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. Two of my youngest children were taken with bloody diarrhoea. We had the doctor for them, but they still got worse. The little girl was so weak she could not raise herself up, and was out of her mind part of the time. I sent with Mr. Bean (a neighbor) for a bottle of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, which I gave them with the result of curing them completely. I think there is nothing to equal it, and wish you every success.

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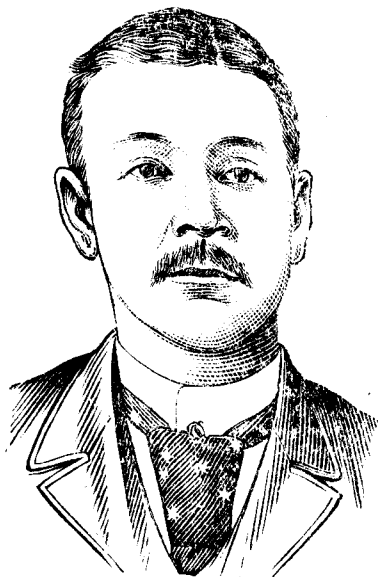
PURIFIES THE BLOOD

—AND—

STRENGTHENS THE ENTIRE SYSTEM!

HAD 53 BOILS.

Suffered Severely.



Mr. H. M. Lockwood, of Lindsay, Ont., whose portrait is shown above, is a well known Railway employee, and has lived in Lindsay for the past three years.

Mr. Lockwood was born and brought up in Hastings County, where he has many friends who will be glad to hear of his recovery from the trying complaint which afflicted him so severely. Mr. Lockwood writes as follows:

"I was terribly afflicted with boils, having no less than 53 in eight months, during that time I tried many remedies without relief, Doctors' medicine did not relieve me, in fact I could not get rid of them at all until I began using B. B. B. It completely cured me, and I have not had a boil since taking the first bottle. I write this to induce those afflicted with boils to try B. B. B. and get cured, for I am confident that but for Burdock Blood Bitters I would still have had those terrible boils, which shows plainly the complete blood cleansing properties of this medicine, because everything else that I tried failed.

A friend of mine who also suffered from boils, took one bottle by my advice and thanks to B. B. B. his boils all disappeared."

Yours truly,

H. M. LOCKWOOD,

Lindsay, Ont.



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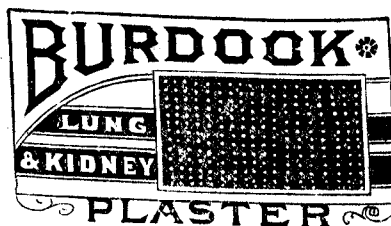
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FALLS OF THE RIVER STE. ANNE.
On North Shore of the St. Lawrence, near Quebec.

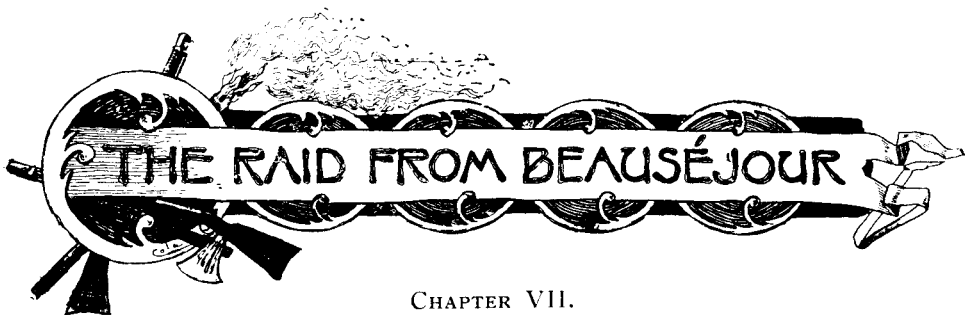


ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF PARLIAMENT OF CANADA IN THE YEAR 1892, AT THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.

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MONTREAL AND TORONTO, MAY, 1892.

No. 4.



CHAPTER VII.



HIS question which Lecorbeau asked, all Beauséjour was asking in an hour or two. That night an Indian, sent from Le Loutre, who was lying in exhaustion at Cobequid, arrived at the fort and told the fate of the expedition.

As already stated, the English authorities in Halifax had been warned of the movements of the Indians,—though they could only guess the part that LeLoutre had in them. Without delay they had sent small bands of troops to each of the exposed settlements, but that dispatched to Kenneticook arrived, as we have seen, too late. When the breathless soldiers, lighted through the woods by the glare of the burning village, reached the scene of ruin, of all who had that night lain down to fearless sleep in Kenneticook there remained alive but one, the little child whom Pierre had snatched from death.

When the English emerged from the woods and saw the extent of the disaster, they knew they were too late. Not a house, not a building of any kind, but but was already wrapped in a roaring torrent of flame, and against the broad illumination could be seen the figures of the savages, fantastically dancing. The

English leader formed his line with prudent deliberation, and then led the attack at a run.

Never dreaming of so rude an interruption, the raiders were taken utterly by surprise and made no effective resistance. A number fell at the first volley, which the English poured in upon them in charging. Then followed a hand-to-hand fight, fierce but brief, which Le Loutre didn't see, as he had wisely retired on the instant of the Englishmen's arrival. He was followed by two of the Acadians, and two or three of the more prudent of the Micmacs ; but the rest of his party, fired with blind fury by the liquor which they had found among the village stores, remained to fight with a drunken recklessness and fell to a man beneath the steel of the avengers.

Left masters of the field, the rescue party gazed with horror on the ruin they had come too late to avert. With a grim, poetic justice they cast the bodies of their slain foes into the fires which had already consumed the victims of their ferocity. While this was going on the leader of the party, a young lieutenant, stood apart in deepest dejection.

"What's the matter with the General?" inquired a soldier, pointing with his thumb

in the direction of his sorrowing chief.

"I'm afeard as how that little niece of his'n, as you've seed him adanderin' many a time in Halifax, was visitin' folks here. If so be what I've hearn be true, them yelin' butchers has done for her, sure pop. I tell ye, Bill, she was a little beauty, an' darter of the Cap'n they murdered last September down to Fort Lawrence."

"I ricklecs the child well," replied Bill, shaking his head slowly. "It *was* a pretty one, an' *no* mistake! An' Cap'n Howe's darter, too. I swan!"

In a little while the careless-hearted soldiers were asleep amid the ashes of Kenneticook village, while the young lieutenant lay awake, his heart aching for his golden-haired pet, his widowed sister's child. The next day he gave his men a long rest, for they had done some severe forced marching. When at length he reached Piziquid, he little dreamed that the child whose death he mourned was at that very moment sailing down the river, bound for Beauséjour and a long sojourn among her people's enemies.

In the house of Antoine Lecorbeau things went on more pleasantly than with most of his fellow-Acadians. With the good-will of Vergor, the commandant of Beauséjour, who made enormous profits out of the Acadian's tireless diligence, Lecorbeau became once more fairly prosperous; and Le Loutre had grown again friendly. But most of the Acadians found themselves in a truly pitiable plight. There were not lands enough to supply them all, and they pined for the farms of Acadie which Le Loutre had forced them to forsake. Threatened with excommunication and the scalping-knife if they should return to their allegiance, and with starvation if they obeyed the commands of their heartless superiors at Quebec, they were girt about on all sides with pain and peril. Vacillating, unable to think boldly for themselves, they were doubtless much to blame, but their miseries were infinitely more than they deserved. The punishments that fell upon them fell upon the wrong shoulders. The English, who treated them for a long time with the most patient forbearance, were compelled at length, in self-defense, to adopt an attitude of rigorous severity; and by the French, in whose cause they suffered everything, they were regarded as mere tools, to be used till destroyed. At the door of the corrupt officials of France may be laid all their miseries.

After the affair at Kenneticook Le

Loutre found that Cobequid was no longer the place for him. He needed the shelter of Beauséjour. There, by force of his fanatic zeal, his ability, and his power over the Acadians, he divided the authority of the fort with its corrupt commandant. He never dreamed of the part Pierre had played that dreadful night on the Kenneticook. He knew Lecorbeau had somewhere picked up an English child. But a child was in his eyes quite too trivial a matter to call for any comment.

As time went on Pierre's little one, as she was generally called,—"*la p'tite de Pierre*"—picked up the French of her new Acadian home, and went far to forgetting her English. In the eyes of Lecorbeau and his wife she came to seem like one of their own, and she was a favourite with the whole family; but to Pierre she clung as if he were her father and mother in one. As soon as she had learned a little French she was questioned minutely as to her parents, her home. Her name, Edie Howe, had at once been associated with that of the lamented Captain.

"Edie," good-wife Lecorbeau would say to her, "where is your mother?"

At this the child would shake her head sorrowfully for a moment, and pointing over the hills, would answer:

"Away off there!" and sometimes she would add—"Poor mamma's sick!"

At last one day she seemed suddenly to remember, and cried, as if she were announcing a great discovery,—"*Why, mamma's in Halifax.*"

Mother Lecorbeau was not a little triumphant at having elicited this definite information.

On the subject of her father the little one had not much to say. When questioned about him she merely said that she was his little girl, and that he had gone away somewhere and some bad people wouldn't let him come back again. She said her mamma had cried a great deal while telling her that papa would never come back,—and from this it was clear at once that the father was dead. To get any definite idea from the child as to the time of his death proved a vain endeavour. She was not very clear in her ideas of time. But she said he was tall, and a soldier. She further declared that he hadn't a lot of hair on his face, like father Lecorbeau, but was nice and smooth, like her Pierre, only with a moustache. All this tallied with a description of Captain



“Here’s about how it stands,” remarked the sergeant, shaking the ashes of his pipe into the hollow of his hand.”

Howe, so Lecorbeau concluded that she was Howe’s child. As for the people with whom she had been visiting in the hapless village of Kenneticook, they were evidently old servants of her father’s family.

“I was staying at nurse’s,” she used to say. “Uncle Willie sent me there, because my mamma was sick.” Of this Uncle Willie she talked so much and so often that Pierre used to say he was jealous.

While several years rolled by, bringing no great event to the cabin in the willows at the foot of Beauséjour, a cloud was slowly gathering over the fortified hill. The relations between France and England in Acadie were growing more and more strained. It was plain that a rupture must soon come. In the cabin, by the light of fire or candle, after the day’s work was done, Pierre and his father, with sometimes the old sergeant from the fort, used to talk over the condition of affairs. To Pierre and the sergeant it was obvious that France must win back Acadie, and that soon; and they paid little heed to Lecorbeau’s sagacious comparisons between the French and English methods of conducting the government. Lecorbeau, naturally, did not feel like arguing his points with much determination; but across the well-scrubbed deal table he uttered several predictions which Pierre recalled when he saw them brought to pass.

“Here’s about how it stands,” remarked the sergeant, one night, shaking the ashes of his pipe into the hollow of his hand, “there’s hundreds upon hundreds now of your Acadians shifting round loose, waiting for a chance to get back to their old farms. They don’t dare go back while the English hold possession, for fear of his Reverence yonder;”—signifying, of course, Le Loutre,—“so they’re all ready to fight just as soon as France gives the word. They don’t care much for France, maybe,—not much more than for the English,—but they do just hanker after their old farms. When the government thinks it’s the right time, and sends us some troops from Quebec and Louisbourg, all the Acadians out of Acadie will walk in to take possession, and the Acadians in Acadie will bid good-day to King George and help us kick the English out of Halifax. It’s bound to come, sure as fate; and pretty soon, I’m thinking.”

“I believe you’re right!” assented Pierre, enthusiastically.

“What would you think, now,” said Lecorbeau, suggestively, “if the English should take it into their slow heads not to wait for all this to happen? What would you do up there in the fort if some ships were to sail up to-morrow and land a little English army under Beauséjour? You’ve got a priest and a greedy old woman (begging Monsieur Vergor’s pardon) to lead you. How long would

Beauséjour hold out? And suppose Beauséjour was taken, where would the settlements be,—Ouestkawk and Memramcook, and even the fort on the St. John? Wouldn't it rather knock on the head this rising of the Acadians, this 'walking in and taking possession' of which you feel so confident?"

"But we won't give the English a chance!" cried the warlike pair, in almost the same breath. "We'll strike first. You'll see!"

The English authorities, seeing what the French *might* do, naturally supposed they would try and do it. To prevent this, they were planning the capture of Beauséjour. Governor Lawrence in Halifax and Governor Shirley in Boston were preparing to join forces for the undertaking. In New England Shirley raised a regiment of two thousand volunteers, who mustered, in April of the year 1755, amid the quaint streets of Boston. This regiment was divided into two battalions, one of which was commanded by Colonel John Winslow, and the other by John Scott. After a month's delay, waiting for muskets, the little army set sail for Beauséjour. The chief command was in the hands of Colonel Moncton, who had been sent to Boston by Lawrence to arrange the expedition.

On the night when Lecorbeau, Pierre, and the old sergeant were holding the conversation of which I have recorded a fragment, the fleet containing the Massachusetts volunteers were already at Annapolis. A day or two later they were sailing up the restless tide of Fundy. On the first day of June they were sighted from the cloud-topped mountain of Chepody, or "*Chapeau Dieu*." As the sun went down the fleet cast anchor under the high bluffs of Far Ouestkawk, not three leagues from Beauséjour. As the next dawn was breaking over the Minudie hills there arrived at the fort a little party of wearied Acadians, who had hastened up from Chepody to give warning. Instantly all Beauséjour became a scene of wild excitement. There was much to be done that should have been done before, in the way of strengthening the earthworks. Urgent messengers were sent out to implore reinforcements from Louisbourg, while others called together all the Acadians of the neighbourhood, to the number of fourteen hundred fighting men. As Pierre and his father were taking the rest of the family, with some warm clothing and a plentiful supply of

provisions, to the shelter of a little wooded semi-island beside the Tantramar, some miles from the fort, Lecorbeau could not help saying to his son:

"I rather like the idea of that bold stroke of yours and the sergeant's! When do you think it will be carried out?"

Pierre looked somewhat crestfallen, but he mustered up spirit to reply:

"Just wait till we've beaten off those fellows. Then you'll see what we'll do."

"Well," said his father, "I'll wait as patiently as possible!"

After placing the mother and children in their refuge, which was already thronged, our two Acadians, with a tearful farewell, hastened back to take their part in the defence of Beauséjour.

CHAPTER VIII.

The refuge of good wife Lecorbeau, and the children, and "Pierre's little one," was a wooded bit of rising ground which, before the dyking-in of the Tantramar marshes, had been an island at high water. It was still called *Isle au Tantramar*. Among the trees, under rude lean-to-tents, and improvised shelters of all sorts, were gathered the women and children of Beauséjour, out of range of the cannon-balls that they knew would soon be flying over their homes. The weather was balmy and their situation not immediately painful; but their hearts were a prey to the wildest anxieties.

By this time the New Englanders had landed, over against Fort Lawrence, and had joined their forces with those of the English at the Fort. The numbers of the attacking army filled the Acadians with apprehension of defeat. Many of them, like Lecorbeau, had in the past taken oath of allegiance to King George, and these feared lest, in the probable event of the English being victorious, they should be put to death as traitors. This difficulty was solved, and their fears much mitigated, in a thoroughly novel way. The commandant assured them solemnly that if they refused to join in the defence of the Fort, he would shoot them down like dogs. Upon this the Acadians conceived themselves released from all responsibility in the matter, and went quite cheerfully to work. Even Lecorbeau, feeling himself secured by Vergor's menace, was quietly and fearlessly interested in the approaching struggle. Lecorbeau was no faint-heart, though his far-seeing sagacity often made him appear so in the eyes of those who did not know him well. As for Pierre, he was

now in his element, sniffing the battle like a young war-horse, and forgetful of the odds against him. Le Loutre was everywhere at once, tireless, seeing everything, spurring the work, and worth a hundred Vergors in such a crisis as this.

Beauséjour was a strong post, a pentagon with heavy ramparts of earth, with two bomb-proofs, so-called, and mounting twenty-five pieces of artillery. Some of the guns were heavy metal for those days and that remote defence. I have seen them used as gate-posts by the more aristocratic of Beauséjour's present inhabitants. Within the fort was a garrison of one hundred and sixty regulars. Three hundred Aca-

breast-work on the opposite shore. This breast-work, as far as they could see, was unoccupied.

Appearances in this case were deceptive. Hidden behind the breast-work was a body of troops from Beauséjour. There were nearly four hundred of them,—Acadians and Indians, with a few regulars to give them steadiness. Pierre, as might have been expected, was among the band, beside his instructor, the old sergeant.

Trembling with excitement, though outwardly calm enough, Pierre watched, through the chinks of the breast-work, the approach of the hostile column. Just as it reached the point opposite, where the



"The sergeant grabbed him by the arm."—(See next page.)

dians were added to this garrison—among them being Pierre and his father. The rest of the Acadians spread themselves in bands through the woods and uplands, in order to carry on a system of harassing attacks.

Across the Missaguash, some distance from its mouth, there was a bridge called Pont-à-Buot, and thither, after a day or two of reconnoitering, Colonel Moncton led his forces from Fort Lawrence. They marched in a long column up the Missaguash shore, wading through the rich young grasses. As they approached they saw that the bridge had been broken down, and the fragments used to build a

bridge had been broken away, he heard a sharp command from an officer just behind him. Instantly, he hardly knew how, he found himself on his feet, yelling fiercely, and firing as fast as he could reload his musket. Through the rifts of the smoke he could see that the hot fire was doing execution in the close ranks of the English. Presently he heard the old sergeant remark:

"There come the guns! Now look out for a squall!"—and he saw two field-pieces being hurriedly dragged into position. The next thing he knew there was a roar,—the breast-work on one side of him flew into fragments, and he saw a score of his

comrades dead about him. The roar was repeated several times, but his blood was up, and he went on loading and firing as before, without a thought of fear. At length the sergeant grabbed him by the arm.

"We've got to skip out of this, and cut for cover in those bushes yonder. We'll do more good there, and this breast-work, or what's left of it, is no longer worth holding."

Pierre looked about him astonished, and found they were almost alone. He shouldered his musket and strode sullenly into cover, the old sergeant laughingly slapping him on the back.

Firing irregularly from the woods, the French succeeded in making it very unpleasant for the English in their work of laying a new bridge. But, notwithstanding, the bridge grew before their eyes. Pierre was disgusted.

"We're beaten, it seems, already," he cried to the sergeant.

"Not at all!" responded the latter cheerfully. "All this small force could expect to do has been already done. We have suffered but slightly, while we have caused the enemy considerable loss. That's all we set out to do. We're not strong enough to stand up to them; we're only trying to weaken them all we can. See, now they're crossing,—and it's about time we were out of this!"

It was indeed so. The bridge was laid, the column was hastening across. A bugle rang out the signal for retreat, and the fire from the bushes ceased. In a moment the Acadian force had dissolved, scattering like a cloud of mist before the sun. Pierre found himself, with a handful of his comrades, speeding back to the fort. Others sought their proper rendezvous. There was nothing for the English to chase, so they kept their column unbroken. As Pierre entered the fort he saw the enemy establishing themselves in the uplands, about a mile and a half from Beauséjour.

When night fell the heavens were lit up with a glare that carried terror to the women and children on Isle au Tantramar. Vergor had set fire to the chapel, and to all the houses of Beauséjour that might shelter an approach to the ramparts. "Alas," cried the unhappy mother Lecorbeau to the children about her, "we are once more homeless, without a roof to shelter us!" and she and all the women broke into loud lamentations. The children, however, seemed rather to enjoy the scene, and Edie told an interested audience

about the great blaze there was, and how red the sky looked, the night her dear Pierre carried her away from Kenneticook.

For several days the English made no further advance, and to Pierre and his fellow Acadians in the fort the suspense became very trying. The regulars took the delay most philosophically, seeming content to wait just as long as the enemy would permit them. Pierre began to wish he was with one of the guerilla parties outside, for these were busy all the time, making little raids, cutting off foraging parties, skirmishing with pickets, and retreating nimbly to the hills whenever attacked in force. At length there came a change. A battalion of New Englanders, about five hundred strong, advanced to within easy range of the fort, and occupied a stony ridge well adapted for their purpose.

Within the ramparts things went but ill, and Pierre became despondent as his eyes were opened to the almost universal corruption about him. Enlightened by the shrewd comments of the old sergeant, the quiet penetration of his father's glance, which saw everything, he soon realized that fraud and self-seeking were become the ruling impulse in Beauséjour. "Like master like man" was a proverb which he saw daily fulfilled. Vergor thought more of robbing than of serving his country, and from him his subordinates took their cue. Le Loutre, with his fiery fanaticism, went up, by contrast, in the estimation of the honest-hearted boy. As the siege dragged on some of the Acadians became homesick, or anxious about their families. These begged leave to go home,—which was of course refused. Others quietly went without asking. An air of hopelessness stole over the garrison, which was deepened to despair when news came from Louisbourg that no help could be expected from that quarter, the town being strictly blockaded by the English.

At length, in rather an ignoble way, came the crisis. In one of the two vaulted chambers of masonry which were dignified with the title of "bomb-proofs," a party of French officers, with a captive English lieutenant, were sitting at breakfast. A shell from the English mortars dropped through the ceiling, exploded, and killed seven of the company. Vergor, with other officers and Le Loutre, was in the second bomb-proof. His martial spirit was confounded at the thought that the one retreat might turn out to be no more bomb-proof than the other. Most of his subordinate

officers shared his feelings,—and in a few minutes, to the pleasant astonishment of the English, and in spite of the furious protests of Le Loutre and of two or three officers who were not lost to all sense of manhood, a white flag was hoisted on Beauséjour. The firing straightway ceased, on both sides, and an officer was sent forth to negotiate a capitulation.

Pierre threw down his musket, and looked at his father, who stood watching the proceedings with a smile of grim contempt. Then he turned to the sergeant, who was smoking philosophically.

“Is *this* the best France can do?” he cried in a sharp voice.

“The English do certainly show to rather the better advantage,” interposed Lecorbeau; but the old sergeant hastened to answer, in a tone of sober grief:

“You mustn’t judge *la belle France* by the men she has been sending out to Canada and Acadie these late years, my Pierre. These are the creatures of Bigot, the notorious. It is he and they that are dragging our honour in the dust!”

“Well,” exclaimed Pierre, “I shall stay and see this thing through; but as there is no more fighting to be done, you, father, had better go and take care of mother and the children. There is nothing to be gained, but a good deal to be risked, by staying here and being taken prisoner. The English may not think much of the powers of compulsion of a man that can’t fight any better than our commandant.”

“You’re right my boy,” said Lecorbeau, cheerfully. “My situation just now *is* a delicate one, to say the least of it. Well, good-bye for the present. By this time to-morrow, if all goes as expeditiously as it has hitherto, we shall meet in our own cabin again.”

With these words Lecorbeau walked coolly forth, on the side of the fort opposite to the besiegers, and strolled across the marshes toward Isle au Tantramar. Two or three more, who were in the same awkward position as Lecorbeau, proceeded to follow his example. The rest, considering that for them there was now no danger, the fighting being done, stayed to see the end, and to pick up what they could in the way of spoils. As for Le Loutre, realizing that his cause was lost and his neck in the utmost jeopardy, he hid himself in a skilful disguise and fled in haste for Quebec.

That same evening, at seven o’clock, the garrison marched out of Beauséjour with the honours of war; whereupon a

body of New Englanders marched in, hoisted the flag of England, and fired a royal salute from the ramparts of the fort. By the terms of the capitulation the garrison was to be sent at once to Louisbourg, and those Acadians who in taking part in the defence had violated their oath of allegiance to King George were to be pardoned as having done it under compulsion. All such matters of detail having been arranged satisfactorily, Vergor gave a grand dinner to the English and French officers in the stronghold of which his cowardice had robbed his country. The fort was re-christened “Fort Cumberland,” and the curiously assorted guests all joined most cordially in drinking to the new title.

On the following day Lecorbeau brought his wife and family back to the cottage under the willows, and Pierre was reunited to his beloved “petite.” Isle au Tantramar was soon deserted, for the families whose homes at Beauséjour had just been burnt returned to camp amid the ashes and erected rude temporary shelters.

Among the English officers encamped at Beauséjour was the slim young lieutenant who had led the band of avengers at Kenneticook. He spoke French, he was interested in the Acadian people; and he moved about among them inquiring into their minds and troubles. The cabin under the willows, almost the only house left standing in Beauséjour village, at once attracted him, and he sauntered down the hill to visit it.

The household was in a bustle getting things once more to rights; and a group of children played chattering about the low, red, ochre-washed door. As the lieutenant approached, Lecorbeau came forth to meet and greet him. The Englishman was just on the point of grasping the Acadian’s outstretched hand, when a shrill cry of “Uncle Willie” rang in his ears, and he found one of the children clinging to him rapturously. For an instant he was utterly bewildered, gazing down on the sun-burned fair little face upturned to his. Then he snatched the child to his heart, exclaiming passionately, “My Edie, my darling!” To Lecorbeau, and to his wife and Pierre, who now appeared, the scene was clear in an instant; and a weight of misery rolled down upon the heart of Pierre as he realized that now he should lose the little one he loved so well.

For a few minutes the child and her new-found uncle were entirely absorbed in



"The cabin under the willows at once attracted him."—See page 201.)

each other. But presently the little one looked around and pointed to Pierre.

"Here's my Pierre!" she explained in her quaint French,—“and there's papa Lecorbeau, and mamma Lecorbeau, and there's little Jacques, and Bibi, and Vergie, and Tiste. Won't you come and live with us, too?"

Her uncle covered her face anew with his kisses. "My darling," he said "you will come with me to Halifax, to mamma!"

"And leave Pierre?" she cried, her eyes filling. "I can't leave my Pierre, who saved me from the cruel Indians."

This recalled the young man's thoughts to the mystery of the little one's presence at Beaséjour. Lecorbeau gave him a bench, and sitting down beside him told the story, while Edie sat with one hand in her uncle's clasp and the other in that of Pierre. The young Englishman was deeply moved. Having heard all, and questioned of the matter minutely, he rose and shook Pierre by the hand, thanking him in few words, indeed, but in a voice that spoke his emotion. Then he poured out his gratitude to Lecorbeau and his wife for their goodness to this child of their foes; and little by little he gathered the Acadian's feelings toward the English, and the part he had played throughout. At length he said:

"Can you allow me to quarter myself here for the present? I cannot take Edie into the camp, and she would not be will-

ing if I could. I see from her love for you how truly kind she has found you. I want to be with the little one as much as possible; and moreover, my presence here may prove of use to you in the near future."

The significance of these last words Lecorbeau did not care to question, but after a glance at his wife, who looked dumbfounded at the proposition, he said:

"You may well realize, Monsieur, that with this small cabin and this large family we can give you but poor accommodation. But such as it is, you are more than welcome to it. Your coming will be to us an honour, and a pleasure, and a most valued protection."

The lieutenant at once took up his abode in Lecorbeau's cabin. When, a few weeks later, the first scenes were enacted in the tragedy known as the "Expulsion of the Acadians," the friendship of the young lieutenant and of Edie stood Lecorbeau in good stead. This storm which scattered to the four winds the remnant of the Acadians, passed harmlessly over the cabin beneath the willows of Beaséjour. When Acadie was once more quiet, and Edie and her uncle went to Halifax, Lecorbeau added fertile acres to his farm; while Pierre accompanied his "petite" to the city, where his own abilities, and the lieutenant's steadfast friendship, won him advancement and success.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

THE END.



JOHN GILMARY SHEA.

IN the death of John Gilmary Shea, which occurred of tumorous cancer of the stomach, on the morning of February 22nd, at Elizabeth, N. J., the Roman Catholic church in America loses one of her most faithful adherents, and, perhaps, her ablest scholar. He was a many-sided man, genial and sweet-hearted in his intercourse with his fellows, a close student of religious and historical truths, an untiring worker, and a most industrious investigator. In addition to these virtues he possessed the pen of the ready writer. His excellent judgment of men and events was rarely at fault, his literary style was pictorial, clear and interesting, and his skill in knowing what to accept and what to reject amounted almost to genius. I met him for the first time in December, 1886, shortly before Christmas. Dr. Francis Parkman had given me a letter

of introduction to him, and I found him in his little den in New York, in the editorial department of Frank Leslie's Magazine. His work on the monthly did not call for the exercise of his great abilities. The latter were expended on tasks which appealed especially to the historian and theologian. Dr. Shea chatted away in his easy, graceful fashion, bursting into a laugh now and then, and nimbly skipped from one subject to another, until two hours had vanished. His talk was varied, but he continually returned to Canadian and Colonial history, — topics which always seemed to claim the first place in his mind. He had many irons in the fire, editing, annotating, translating and revising. Not one, but half a dozen publishers were engaged in sending him proof-sheets to look over, and he must have kept many printers busy setting up

his matter on all sorts of themes. He was born in New York City on the 22nd of July, 1824. His father, James Shea, was a native of Ireland, who came to America early in life, and married a lady who traced her descent to Nicholas Upsall, the New England puritan. Young Shea was educated at the grammar school of Columbia College, in which institution of learning his father held the post of principal. He had been baptised John Dawson Shea in St. Peter's Church, New York, but being nervous and delicate, and more girlish than boyish in his manner, his father nick-named him "Mary." To this he added, after he had grown up, the prefix "Gil,"—which in the Irish tongue means "servant." And so he came to be known as John Dawson Gilmory Shea. Of "Gilmory" he was very fond, for it meant the servant of the Virgin Mary, and in most of his books we find the name "Dawson" left out, and "Gilmory" in its stead. He studied industriously, but lessons were easily acquired tasks with him, and at fourteen years of age he wrote a paper on Cardinal Albornog for the Young People's Catholic Magazine, which Archbishop Hughes, then Bishop Hughes, found able enough to draw from his own brilliant pen, a criticism and estimate in the *Freeman's Journal*,—to the great delight, we may be sure, of the young author. This incident is mentioned to show that even in his early teens Gilmory Shea was a youth of a very serious cast of mind and good general knowledge. A year before he wrote his article on the Cardinal he entered the office of a Spanish merchant, and learned to speak and write the language of Cervantes. These accomplishments served him in good stead, in later life, when he went exhaustively and energetically into the development of his chosen paths of study and research. His father had intended him for the law, rightly deeming that a liberal acquaintance with the teachings of that science would add grasp, alertness and astuteness to his mental faculties. Nor was he mistaken. The son diligently applied himself, mastering the details of his profession so well that in 1846 he was called to the Bar. But he never practised. He concerned himself with literary work mainly, the bent of his mind being strongly drawn to religious thought and topics. He was getting nearer the Church than he knew at that time. The splendid work which the Jesuit mission-

aries had done for Christianity and colonization made a deep impression upon him, and in 1848 he announced to his friends his firm determination of taking orders and becoming a Jesuit father himself. Accordingly he entered the novitiate of that body in Fordham. He remained six years, but at the end of that period he discovered that his future calling must be something else beside the priesthood. He retired from the field and took up literature as a profession, well equipped with legal and ecclesiastical lore, gained in schools of the highest character. He had examined into the early Catholic missions among the Indians while yet a student, and it became his fixed intention to write the history, progress and career of his church in the United States. With that end in view, he began thus early to collect material on what has been proved to be one of the most valuable works on the subject extant. Three volumes of that monumental history have been published, viz., "The Catholic Church in Colonial Days," (1886); "Catholic Hierarchy of the United States," (1886); and "Life and Times of Archbishop Carroll," (1888). The fourth volume is in proof, and the fifth volume has been left in almost complete condition, in manuscript. In 1856 he translated De Courcy's "Catholic Church in the United States." His other ecclesiastical writings may be briefly catalogued. They include a "History of Catholic Missions among the Indian Tribes;" "Bibliography of American Catholic Bibles and Testaments"; corrections of several of the erroneous Catholic Bibles; a revision of Challoner's original edition, a small Bible dictionary, and numerous essays in religious magazines and newspapers. In 1854 Dr. O'Shea espoused the hand of Miss Savage, who, like his mother, came from New England stock. His wife and two daughters survive him.

The general reader will be more interested, perhaps, in Dr. Shea's historical writings and translations than in his purely ecclesiastical works. He has put Canadians as well as his fellow-countrymen across the border under a debt of gratitude which can not easily be repaid. To him we owe the best and most scholarly translation of Père Charlevoix's noble work, "*Histoire et Description Générale de la Nouvelle France, avec le journal historique d'un voyage fait par l'ordre du Roi dans l'Amerique Septentrionale; à Paris, 1744.*" This work presents, as our

readers are aware, the Jesuit side. An abridged translation of the work by Heriot was published in 1804. Dr. Shea's edition appeared in six sumptuous volumes, carefully annotated and beautifully printed, in 1866-72. Despite his "carelessness,"—as Parkman points out,—Charlevoix must be accorded great praise for his work as a whole. Shea had a high opinion of his merits, naturally, for the Father belonged to the order which once claimed the devotee of 1848, and whose heart and soul were imbued with the teachings and sentiments of the followers of Loyola. Shea says of Francis Xavier de Charlevoix: "Access to state papers and the archives of the religious order to which he belonged, experience and skill as a practised writer, a clear head and an ability to analyze, arrange, and describe, fitted him for his work." Charlevoix came to Canada in 1720. His task was to inspect the missions, and the expedition took him through the limits of New France and Louisiana, and by the Illinois and the Mississippi to the Gulf. As I have said elsewhere, "his work is commensurate with his opportunities; his faults and errors were those of his order; and his religious training inclined him to give, perhaps, undue prominence to the ecclesiastical side of his subject; and though the character of Frontenac suffers but little at his hands, some of the prejudice which Charlevoix bestows upon the Recollets necessarily colours his judgment in matters where the Governor came in contact with the Jesuits." But if Charlevoix rendered scant justice to the Recollets fathers, the latter brotherhood had an able defender in the person of the père Le Clercq, whose rare volume, *Premier Établissement de la foy dans la Nouvelle France*, is so justly prized by bibliophiles and students of our early annals. It is referred to here because Dr. Shea has given us an excellent translation of the book in two small volumes. It is quite the best account to be had of the ecclesiastical history of Canada during the first Recollet mission. In his edition Dr. Shea supplies an interesting memoir of the holy father and author, whose book is said to have been written under the very eye of Frontenac. Le Clercq arrived in Quebec in 1673, and two years later he found his way to Gaspé as a missionary. In the "Establishment of the Faith,"—to use the English title of his work,—the Jesuits are as cavalierly treated as the Recollets are by [the pen

of Charlevoix half a century afterwards. Indeed, the Jesuit stayed his hand rather than lent it free rein, as compared to Le Clercq's management of the periods under their respective treatment. Justin Winsor, in his really great "Narrative and Critical History of America," points out that "the original edition of the *Établissement* had two varieties of title, one bearing the author's name in full, and the other concealing it by initials. It is very rare with either title, but copies can be found in the Carter-Brown Library, and in the Sparks collection at Cornell University. Dr. Shea notes other copies in Baron James Rothschild's library at Paris, and in Abbé H. Verreau's collection at Montreal. Mr. Stewart tells me there are copies in the libraries of Laval University, of the Quebec Government, of the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec, and of Parliament at Ottawa. The Lennox Library has a copy of what seems the same edition, with the title changed to *Histoire des Colonies Françaises*, Paris and Lyons, 1692. Mr. Lennox, following Sparks and others, claimed that the 1691 edition was suppressed; but HARRISSE disputes this in a long notice of the book in which he cites *Œuvres de Messire Antoine Arnould*, Paris, 1780, xxxiv, 720, to the contrary. LeClerq's book should have a map, "*Carte générale de la Nouvelle France*," which is given in fac-simile in vol. ii. of this translation. It includes all North America, except the Arctic regions, but, singularly, omits Lake Champlain. President Sparks wrote in his copy: "An extremely rare book.... It is peculiarly valuable as containing the first original account of the discoveries of La Salle by two (Recollet) missionaries who accompanied him. From this book, also, Hennepin drew the account of his pretended discovery of the Mississippi river. Sparks, in his *Life of La Salle*, first pointed out how Hennepin had plagiarized from the journal of Father Membre, contained in LeClerq. See further in Shea's "Mississippi Valley," p. 83, *et seq.*, where Membre's journal in Shea's translation from LeClerq was printed for the first time, and the note on Hennepin, following chapter viii. of the present volume, (Winsor's History, vol. iv.). HARRISSE, *Notes*, etc., p. 160, points out what we owe to this work for a knowledge of La Salle's explorations. The bibliographers are agreed that others than LeClerq were engaged in the *Établissement*, and that the part concerning

Frontenac was clearly not by LeClercq. Charlevoix says Frontenac himself assisted in it; and it is Shea's opinion that extraneous matter was attached to Le Clerq's account of the Recollet missions, to convert the book into an attack in large part on the Jesuits."

The chapter numbered vi., in Winsor's History, 4th volume, discussing "The Jesuits, Recollets, and the Indians," is from Dr. Shea's pen, and like all his work, is strong, fresh and exhaustive. Of course, he leans now and then to the side of his old friends of the Society of Jesus, but he exhibits his gentle prejudices in such an amiable way that no one experiences a shock. He is naturally an impartial writer, a man of good judgment and nice critical taste and discrimination. But he invariably gives the benefit of the doubt, in all places where doubt arises, to the Jesuits.

Dr. Shea edited and put into English the Lennox edition, (1862), of Father Isaac Jogues's *Novum Belgium, an account of New Netherland in 1643-44*. This zealous priest and martyr remained in New Netherland from August, 1642, to November, 1643. His book is crowded with valuable data concerning the tribes among whom he worked. Dr. Shea also provided an English copy of the *Novum Belgium*, with a sketch of the life of the reverend father, in the New York Historical Collection. The letters of Father Jogues are among the most valuable and trustworthy in our annals.

In 1866 Dr. Shea put historical and ethnological students under further obligations for his admirable edition of Cadwallader Colden's History of the Five Nations,—a work which all writers on the subject must quote. The book was originally published at New York in 1727. The second and third editions came out in London, but the fourth, and by all odds, the best, was printed in New York, with Shea's valuable notes and bibliography. Winsor ranks this history as "the most important of the works of the last century." Dr. Shea's wonderful and extensive knowledge of early colonial history well fitted him for his task. He knew what books the public stood in need of, and contrived always to present editions which eclipsed the original copies in the extent and variety of the information supplied. Wherever it proved possible to add a note or an explanatory line he did it. The result is that any edition of an important historical work about

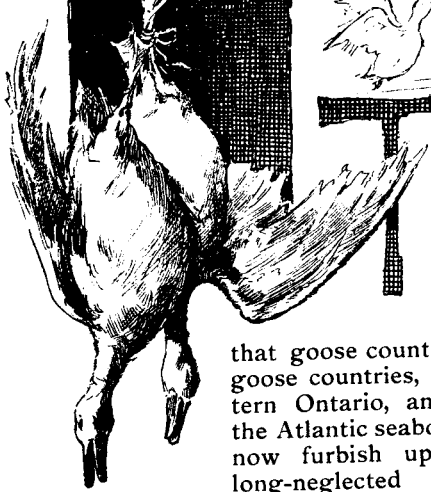
French domination on this continent, which bears his name, may promptly be set down as the most authoritative version in the way of translation in existence. He was a thorough editor in every sense of the word, as well as a careful and painstaking annotator and commentator.

Useful books of his are (original and translations) "The Fallen Brave, 1861;" "The Operations of the French Fleet under Count de Grasse in 1781-82, translated with notes, New York, 1864;" "The Lincoln Memorial;" "Early Voyages Up and Down the Mississippi;" "Hennepin's Description of Louisiana," and "Penalosa's Expedition." He prepared a collection of four and twenty volumes entitled "The Cramoisy Series of Relations and Memoirs Treating of Early French Colonization." They came out in antique style, with the type, tail-pieces, initials and heads of Cramoisy. Another series of his books was called "Library of American Linguistics," in fourteen volumes.

His press work included the editorship of the "Historical Magazine," 1859-1865; "Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper;" "Chimney Corner;" "Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly" and the "Catholic News,"—his last journal. He contributed voluminously to the various encyclopedias on his chosen departments of literature and history. Always willing to meet the wishes of friends and students, draughts from his large fund of information were never denied to the seeker. Indeed, much of his time passed away in solving problems and answering queries sent him from all parts of the two continents. He had friends everywhere, and especially among the archbishops, bishops and priests of his church, with whom his name was a tower of intellectual strength. Dr. Shea toiled with unceasing activity to place before the reader the best that his learning and patient investigation was capable of producing. He has left behind him an honoured name, and many shelves full of books, edited, written and translated by him, all of them useful, instructive and important. But like Matthew Arnold and Cardinal Manning he leaves no fortune; indeed, to enable him to publish his great ecclesiastical history, the church to which he belonged, and in whose behalf he surrendered the best years of a noble and self-sacrificing life-time, had to raise a fund some two years ago.

GEORGE STEWART.

A RIVER OF GEESE



THIS month is, perhaps, more closely connected with geese—human and otherwise—than any other of the twelve. Sportsmen of the icy “blinds” of the St. Lawrence, of the sodden marshes of

that goose country of goose countries, western Ontario, and of the Atlantic seaboard, now furbish up the long-neglected weapons and prepare for the oft-abused spring shooting. It may be wrong, nay, in my inward conviction *it is* wrong to slaughter duck while the birds are performing their wonderful northward migration and seeking safe sanctuary for the reproduction of their species. In the spring the killing of a male and female wild duck probably means the prevention of the production of from eight to fourteen young birds, which, had their probable parents been allowed to pursue their northward spring flight unmolested, would have been safely reared in the far North, and would have visited the marshes of St. Lawrence or Ontario in the succeeding autumn, and then furnished just so many more feathered targets for the good sportsman's aim, and so many more plump young birds for the table.

Not so the geese. I believe in spring shooting where geese are concerned. They, the wariest of all Canadian feathered game, are quite capable of taking precious good care of themselves, and I don't think that the closest search among the shooting fraternity of Quebec or Ontario would bring to light one man who felt that he had killed more “Canadas” than he should.

In the spring the geese fly northward, and in the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of shells, loaded with the product of powder mills, and shot towers with capacity for producing

pellets big enough to stop a bear. I have been greatly amused time and time again by the description given me by sporting friends of Montreal of their failures at goose shooting. They, by their own accounts, would get cold, wet, tired, in fine, would get everything but *geese*. The sportsmen above the Lachine Rapids construct blinds of ice upon the firm ice and lie in wait therein, and, in spite of the proverb that all things come to him that waits, the geese come not. Such sportsmen not infrequently take awkward chances, for it is not beyond the possibilities that the ice upon which their hides are built may part and slide the venturesome Nimrod down Lachine Rapids, unless he be promptly rescued by a friend in a shooting skiff. But the sportsman of the St. Lawrence knows in reality but little about goose-shooting; he takes the chances, and may now and again, if lucky, get his goose, or, perhaps, a couple of them, for a big bag of geese is seldom made in eastern Canada.

Everybody, or everbody of the sportsman's fraternity, is familiar with the wonderful spring migrations of these fowl. They know well the wedge-shaped phalanx that sweeps high overhead bound north or south at the birth or the close of the temperate period; they have seen the feathered battalions cleaving the air northward, led by their marvellous instinct northward, ever northward, true as needle to the pole at the season when winter still lingers in the lap of spring. They have heard the resonant challenges, “wonk-onk-a-wunk-onk-ank,” sounding defiantly from blue space, and have seen the wavering wedge gliding far o'erhead upon that pathless, mysterious journey which

our waterfowl perform twice per year. Many a man has watched the geese sliding overhead, many a finger has itched to pull trigger at close range at just one flock, and many a heart has felt the full force of the lines :

"Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong
As daily painted 'gainst the crimson sky
Thy figure floats along."

But the resident of Ontario or Quebec never sees a typical flight of geese. The Bluenose of the Maritime Provinces may fare better, for along the Atlantic seaboard vast flocks of the fowl appear during the season of migration, but it is only in nor'-western Canada, upon the great plains of Manitoba and the Territories, that the observant sportsman can form a true idea of what a "lot of geese" implies, or enjoy goose shooting in perfection.

Thither, at this season, fly uncounted myriads of waterfowl, duck, pelican, crane, geese, each species eager to reach their chosen breeding grounds. The geese comprise not only "Canadas," but "wavies," brant, and other varieties, and they appear in flocks such as are never seen in older Canada. The sloughs and waters of the Nor'-West are their homes, and upon those rapidly settling prairies they find everything a goose could desire, i.e., food abundant, safe sanctuary and the opportunity for reproducing their kind in peace.

When the branch of the Canadian Pacific Railway was constructed south-westward from Winnipeg to the vicinity of Whitewater Lake and beyond, it rendered accessible a crack goose resort, where the visiting sportsman could enjoy shooting good enough to satisfy any reasonable mortal.

It was to this lake, two seasons ago, that a good friend, a Winnipegger, and the writer journeyed in quest of geese, and the success we enjoyed may give a fitting illustration of what goose-shooting in the Nor'-West really is.

Our head-quarters was a small "shack," which had been built, but never occupied, by some rest-

less settler, and it stood within a hundred yards of the shallow, pea-soupy-looking flood of Whitewater Lake. This lake is a "cracker" for all the varieties of waterfowl which visit Manitoba. Huge white crane, their blue relatives, lazy pelican, geese *ad lib.*, wooden-headed canvasback, mallard, gadwall, myriads of web-footed, swift-winged fowl, find temporary homes in spring and fall on and about Whitewater, and to stop a few of these gentry was our immediate object.

The first day was a blank one. Over all the desolate-looking expanse of water but a few scattered fowl were dotted, and nothing could be done but enjoy the feeling of being free out-doors and loaf around in the glorious sunshine.

I had remarked to my comrade :

"Billy, I think if your ears were only an inch longer you'd make an extraordinarily fine jackass. What the deuce is the sense of bringing a fellow to this alkali soup kitchen, anyhow? I'll lay that I've seen more geese in one field within ten miles of Montreal than there are in a whole country of this confounded yellow, buffalo-grass monotony."

Billy replied: "Now you know better than that; we're a shade too soon, but they'll come along as you never saw in your mortal life. They should be here now, but just you wait."

That night was softly warm,—a moonless, dreamy night, filled with the glad-



"We sat outside and smoked."

dening freshness of spring, and we sat outside our "shack" and smoked and chatted of old days in Ontario covers. In time there came a hiss of wings through the blackness above, that increased as moments passed, till the whole atmosphere seemed to be alive with hurrying fowl. We sat and listened.

"Whiz-huz-whiz-whew-whir," wings incessant were beating restlessly to and fro, and swift bodies hissed through the air and a confused medley of cries and splashing of water sounded from the lake. "Splash-plump-splash-whish," and an endless chattering seemed to reveal the fact that rare fun was going on out there in the darkness. Sudden right overhead sounded a heavy beating of broad pinions,—*"wiff-wiff-wiff,"*—and a ringing call dropped like a rock down through the night—*"a-runk-onk-ar-runk!"*

Billy, heedless of grammar, remarked, enthusiastically, "Nomad, your friends have come!"

And they had come, sure enough. Flock after flock, battalion after battalion, they swung above unseen in hosts till the air quivered with their joyous calls and exchange of greetings. Then another cry was heard,—*"Ha-ha-ah! ha-ah-hah! ha-ha-haha!"*

"What's that,—laughing geese?"

"Yep, and there's a thousand of them."

Then the whole chorus mingled in a general uproar of calls from "Canadas," wavies, laughing geese and duck, and when we finally turned in half a dozen brass bands might have been played in vain in the midst of the din of clanging notes that lulled us to sleep.

We were out ere daylight, and with sunrise we saw the explanation of the night's demonstration. Geese everywhere in great rafts,—stately, dusky-looking "Canadas," foaming breakers of snow-white "wavies," slate-coloured phalanxes of "laughers,"—one and all preening and splashing, delighted to reach their favourite waters. In time they scattered to fields of young wheat, &c., in search of food, and we scouted about and knocked down what we wanted for specimens for my taxidermist's use. Then I sought a knoll covered with long, withered grasses, and laid down, not to shoot, but merely to watch the proceedings and study the movements of the fowl as they returned to the lake. As I lay there the old prairie seemed to take on a kindlier expression, and I pondered on the magnificent possibilities of those spreading

miles of fat lands, waiting as farms ready-made for the iron argument of a plow-share. Vivid touches of pale green shewed here and there where the new growth was making; overhead was a sky that is seen only in the Nor'-West, with a sun like a ball of fire swung from a flawless dome of purest blue. It was worth a long journey to lie there in what seemed to be sunny space and gaze over the billowy expanse of limitless plain that spread like an ocean far as eye could see. Presently a faint murmur of wild music reached my ear. It came from the south, and sounded like the faint thrilling of dying bells. I rolled over and stared intently at the quarter of the heavens whence the sound seemed to come. Not a living thing was visible, but the strange sound came in faltering waves, faint and far, but musical ever, like the whispirings of some magnificent organ. Again and again I caught its wondrous melody—rising, falling, wavering, swelling—*"eling-eling-klang-klung."* Gradually it gained force and came in sudden gusts, as one catches the sound of a military band parading through the streets. Soon I marked a shimmer of light flashing and disappearing in the blue distance southward. Then appeared an undulating line of purest white; then a winding ribbon of silver; then a snow-cloud rolling forward, which finally proved to be the head of a serpentine column of "wavies," seeking the lake. The flash of spotless bodies, the flutter of countless sheeny wings in the sunlight, dazzled my eyes, while the musical clangour swelled in volume until it shook the very air. I could see them now distinctly, and could mark the ebon pinions, which characterize the species, clearly defined against the mass of white. Far as eye could see the narrowing torrent of white geese extended, winding about like a silver brook through a blue meadow. A flock of geese, nay! rather a river of geese, flowing northward like a flooded torrent. When the head of the winged column reached the space above the lake, it dipped—dipped with a roar of wings like thunder—like a Niagara of milk plunging downward over an unseen precipice. Twenty, thirty, forty abreast, the well-drilled army rolled on, every file stooping where its predecessors had stooped, plunging downward with a rush and roar of wings as though their airy path had ended with a sheer descent. And so the white cascade tumbled from the sky lakeward, for good

fifteen minutes.

I had seen geese and many of them before, but I had never seen aught like this. There were thousands of them, and for the first time I learned what goose migration meant in a country where they size up a flock by the acre—not so many geese, nor so many flocks of geese, but so many *acres* of them!" I have shot in many parts of Canada, where game was plentiful; I have seen serried ranks of duck and geese speeding above the famed marshes of Lakes St. Clair and Erie in their best days, but the memory of that

dred miles from east to west. During that trip a funny thing happened. Billy and I were lounging together one morning upon a grassy ridge which marked the ancient shore of the lake, though the water had receded fully two hundred yards from its old-time limit. The dead grass was about two feet high along this ridge, and we lay full in the sunlight upon the lake side of it. Suddenly we heard a thump-thump upon the ground and a rustle in the grass. We looked at each other, then rose silently as fog and peered about. The ridge of high grass was not



"A red streak was hurling itself over the plains for cover."

white torrent of winged life cascading downward from blue space eclipsed many times over my wildest imaginings of geese. It was naught else but a river of geese seeking the level of the lake.

How many did we kill? Not so many as might be imagined, for geese are not easy game, even in Manitoba. But the total for a week was enough to fill the souls of Ontario or Quebec sportsmen with an envy as broad as the great plains—and they measure close on to nine hun-

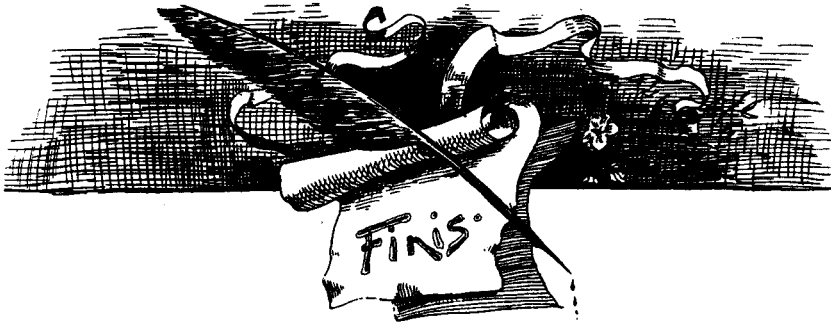
more than twenty feet broad where we were, about the centre of it we saw a reddish, bushy tail, tipped with white, waving to and fro. Our eyes met and our lips shaped without uttering a sound, for the word "fox." It was a big dog fox hunting mice, and though only ten feet from us he never dreamed of our presence. As we looked he bounded above the grass, with his back to us, and struck the ground with his forefeet, evidently trying to pin some creeping mouse by the sound of its

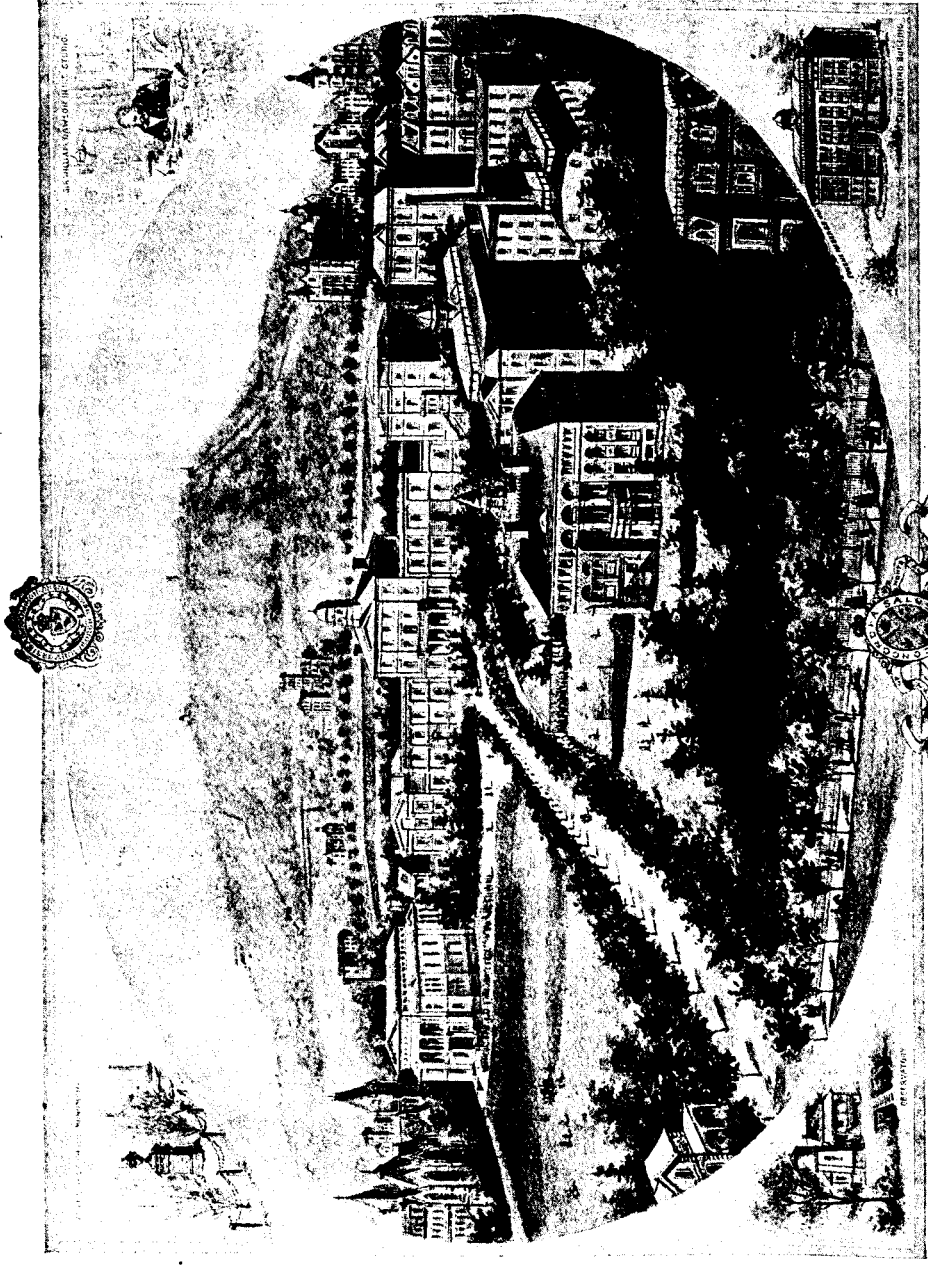
movements in the grass. Once more his brush waved proudly, then again he bounded and again failed to locate his quarry. We were choking with laughter, but stood erect with guns ready. A third time he leaped above the grass, and this time, as he leaped, he turned so as to face us directly. Ye gods! Such an expression as came over his crafty face when he found himself almost within touch of his direst foes. He seemed literally to surge backward while he was still in the air, and an instant later a red streak, apparently ten feet long, was hurling itself over the plains for cover. Thirty yards away he turned a handspring, whimpered and died, and I don't believe he ever guessed how we happened to be there.

One other comical feature marked that trip. The night after we reached Winnipeg was marked by a dense fog, with a slight drizzling rain. Geese flew over the city in thousands, and the half-obscured lights confused them. At about 10 p.m. the clamour the birds made was most noticeable, and dozens of fowl descended to within fifty yards of the streets and flew blindly hither and thither in squawking confusion. Later they began to pitch at random all about the city, and a few of

us armed with sticks chased the bewildered birds as chance offered. The mud was frightful as we raced here and there without success. At last I heard a clash in some telegraph wires, and by the aid of a street lamp discovered a big white "wavy" tumbling about not ten feet above the street. I gave chase, and it finally fluttered over a high board fence and apparently crashed down in somebody's back yard. In a moment I had scaled the fence, intent upon a capture. I saw a vague white shape near the rear of the house and floundered across the muddy yard with the pious intention of knocking the goose cold with my stick. I neared the white form and raised the stick, half blinded in the misty uncertainty. There came a clash as of chains, and a ferocious "kwarr-rr-bow-wow-wow!" and I realized that somebody kept a bull-dog! Three hurried strides across a yard, a crash, as of a masculine body colliding with a clothes line and then a fence, and a long, shadowy figure rose in air and disappeared in the murky night. The goose was found next morning with its neck broken, lying on top of the verandah.

ED. W. SANDYS.





MCGILL UNIVERSITY, MONTREAL.

WOMEN'S WORK IN MCGILL UNIVERSITY.

"Knowledge is no more a fountain sealed."



IT WAS in the fall of 1884, that Sir William Dawson, principal, reported to the corporation of McGill University of Montreal, the fact that eight young women, who had passed as Associates in Arts,

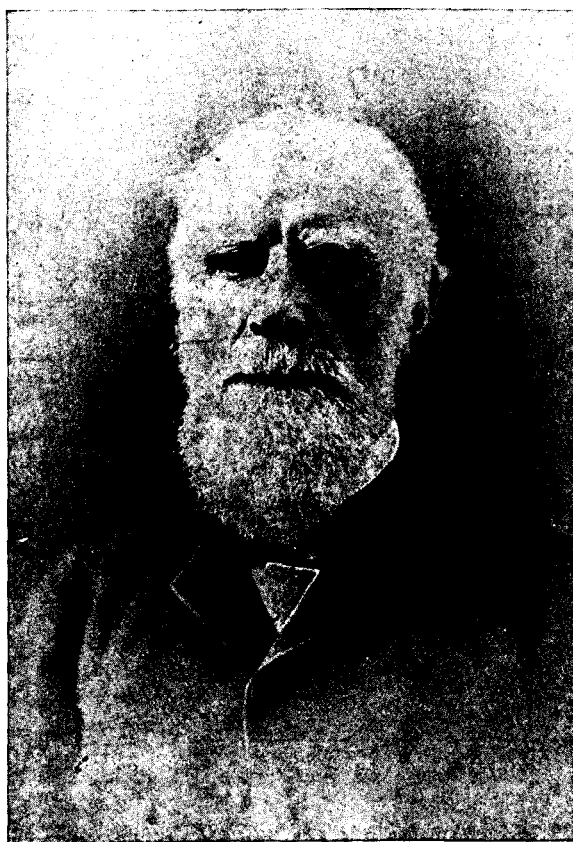
were desirous of continuing their quest of

knowledge and of entering college. This was made possible by the munificent gift of Sir Donald A. Smith, who placed \$50,000 at the disposal of the University for the endowment of a college and classes for women. Heretofore the higher education of women in this city had been confined to the work of the Ladies' Educational Association, which, while affording opportunities for hearing University men lecture on different subjects, did not satisfy the growing demand for a more regular and systematic training. In

1883 a resolution in favour of admitting women to the University had been brought before the corporation, but the committee decided to take no steps in the matter until a certain amount of information, relating to the best ways and means of so doing, could be collected. During a visit to Great Britain Sir William Dawson studied the methods in

operation there, seeing Girton, Newnham, London, Bristol, Cheltenham and other Universities. This resulted in 1884 in the establishment of separate classes for women in the Faculty of Arts for at least two years, and when our honoured benefactor, Sir Donald Smith, increased his endowment to \$120,000, separate provision

was made for the ordinary work throughout the whole college course. A choice is therefore offered the student, for the honour work, as at Newnham and Girton, is done in mixed classes. The courses and instructors are identical with those of the men with one exception, the women having the privilege of substituting German for Greek. Fees and exemptions are the same for both classes, although all the Exhibitions, Fellowships and prizes can not be competed for by women. At the request of the lady students,



SIR DONALD A. SMITH, K.C.M.G.
Founder of the Donalda Department.

the 'academic silks,' or rather 'rusty gowns,' have been donned by them, their classes showing, as a result, the same pleasing uniformity and orderly appearance to be seen in the men's rooms. (?)

For the first few years the Girls' High School sent up most of the students who were to take the B.A. course. Gradually,

however, other schools, in and out of the city, have prepared their pupils for entrance, and the ranks are now filled with representatives from most of the provinces, only two girls in this freshman year of full students coming from the Montreal High School. Of the forty-three undergraduates more than a third come from outside Montreal,—from St. John, N.B., Hamilton, Huntingdon, Ottawa, Quebec and Three Rivers. These girls do not live in the college, for there is as yet no provision for more than class accommodation. This certainly is a crying need for both classes of students, and for a University as long

superintendent or the registrar of the University.

The accompanying print shows what is talked of as a future women's college. It is situated on the McGill grounds, but at some distance from the other buildings. Considerable alterations will have to be made before fulfilling the necessary requirements, but the student will then have the comfort of a college home, as in the Harvard Annex, and the honour and satisfaction of a B.A. degree from her Alma Mater, which the Annex does not give.

The total number of women this year is about one hundred and twelve, more than



The future home of the Donalda Department.

established as McGill, dormitories should be a thing not of past question but of present fact. A dining hall is also most devoutly wished for, not of necessity 'boss'd with lengths of classic frieze,' but a comfortable place within easy distance of the college, where the student may break his or her fast in peace and plenty, and not have to depend, as the lodgers do, on a quarter's worth of indigestion and a rush for lectures. Suitable lodgings for lady students are to be had on application to the lady

half of whom are occasionals and partials. There has been little increase numerically within the last few years, except in the undergraduate classes, and that has not been great. The students, on the whole, rank as high as the men, honours and medals being taken as often by the one as the other. The women distribute themselves over the honour courses pretty much in the same manner as the other students, perhaps showing more of a leaning towards natural science and philosophy. The average age of the graduating class,

this year twenty, is decreasing, and as in the men's classes, a younger set of students seem to be doing the work than was the case a few years ago.

Notwithstanding the fact that the students do not live together, there is sufficient 'esprit de corps' among them to maintain with enthusiasm their several societies. Each year elects its own officers and committee, who perhaps are oppressed with more honour than work. This is not, however, the case with the officers of the societies. The oldest and most important of these is the '*Delta Sigma*,' called after the Greek letters of Sir Donald Smith's name, D and S. Although in existence in '84, it was not recognized as a college society until 1886. Here are weighed in the crucial balance of the feminine intellect, the mightiest questions of the day, not least among these being the question of woman herself, her entrance into the higher professions, Woman Suffrage and Co-education. The society meets fortnightly in one of the class rooms, and the exercises take the form of debates and essays. A critic is present at the meetings, and they are sometimes enlivened by music from former members of, alas! the now extinct Glee Club. The essays and prepared debates during the present session bear on subjects of Canadian interest. This is the only expression of especial interest in our country's welfare, and her history past and present, that can be found in connection with either the men's or women's departments. There are in use no text-books on Canadian history,—no lectures are given on the government and administration of the country, and the entrance examination seems to require no knowledge of the same. In this respect, compare our Canadian schools and colleges with those of the States. In all American common schools the constitutional history of the country is taught, and in the colleges, women's not excluded, numerous courses of lectures on the various branches of the subject are given. In the Harvard Annex history course for '92, I find four separate courses treating of American colonial history—of United States government and administration, of constitutional and political history, besides meetings for discussion. Our young people grow up with little idea of what is expected of them as citizens and countrymen. Does not good service lie in their knowing how to serve, and would not our fine Canada be vastly improved if her children grew up

with a knowledge and understanding of the machinery which regulates her actions, foreign and domestic?

This has, however, little to do with the *Delta Sigma*, though we must commend its present stand in treating of Canadian subjects. Of late years the society has established a prize essay competition, and has also had annual lectures from some one of the professors. An ever enjoyable part of the programme is the extempore debate, which often causes the classic halls to ring with the excited shouts of the



Miss Annie Williams, B.A., '90, first lady missionary from McGill University.

amicable disputants. The exercise is good and gives the modest maiden confidence in speaking before numbers, and practice in rapid thinking and reasoning, besides affording endless amusement to her friendly audience.

The Y. W. C. A. of McGill is doing good work. Regular devotional meetings are held weekly besides the monthly missionary meetings. Already four or five volunteers have put their names down for foreign service, one of whom, an honour graduate and medallist, leaves shortly for her field of work in the east.

The Glee Club and piano have unfortunately departed this life, but the girls meet again for a social and instructive time in the gymnasium. In the summer months this is replaced by tennis in the

grounds of the college. The gymnastic class includes only about fifteen members, but these are most alive and wide-awake,—have to be so in fact, as the class musters at 8.30 a.m. twice a week. There is a capable instructress in charge, Miss Barnjum, who sees that the tired backs are straightened, the stiff legs limbered, and a good carriage attained as they 'double, swing and double' around the spacious hall.

As Miss Annie Paysan Call says in the January number of the 'Atlantic Monthly,' more stress should be laid on the girl student's physical education. Athletics form a large factor in male colleges, and

gree than in colleges for men. This, Miss Call says, is due to a morbid self-consciousness, an over sensitive conscience and a tense excitability on the part of the girl, which causes a proportionate loss of mental power. College girls are too intense to endure a prolonged intellectual strain, they are too intense to go in for gymnasium work, regarding it, as most of them do, as an end in itself, and not a means to an end. This is the reason why so many break down. It is not that their brain is less capable than that of their brother student, but that their nervous system has less power of endurance, and is abused by them in all possible



The College Class of '93.

the change from class room to camps is a rest for the men, who, with a healthy nervous system and less intellectual excitability, have a good start in the race for intellectual distinction. This article of Miss Call—"The greatest need of college girls"—brings home to me, also, as true, what I hardly realized while at college. The want of knowing how to rest, of economizing effort in the general state of rush and worry, of keeping cool during examination time; all these are strikingly seen in the Donalda department, and in any girls' college, to a much greater de-

ways. The sooner she tries to get this sensibly and naturally under control, leading a normal and not an unnatural life, so much the sooner will the college girl be able to do justice to herself and her Maker, and perform in the best way the work which lies before her.

To return to our Donaldas, who, perhaps, are not troubled in this way quite as much as their American cousins:—The accompanying group is a typical college class, the members of which will graduate in '93. These girls spend nearly every day, from nine till five o'clock, at college.



Pioneer Graduating Class of Women, '88.

Between lectures they visit the library or museum, or seek the seclusion of their 'sanctum sanctorum,' the reading room. Here, between twelve and one, we may see the honour philosophy or classic student, her pile of books around her, peering over the pages of—'Life'!!! By her side the gymnast of the year is culling spiritual refreshment from the 'Church Magazine.' On the table all the best current magazines are to be found,—Harper's, The Century, The Atlantic Monthly, the Review of Reviews, Scribner, &c., &c. Old numbers are auctioned off as the new ones come in. Here the college girl keeps herself in touch with what is going on in the literary, social and political world around her, and it is probably her only opportunity of doing so. She has little time for evening dissipation and cannot stand the drain of late hours. The time not spent in the class room is devoted mostly to study and exercise. The college girl is then essentially *not* a society girl, and yet, I may venture to say, she is the happier of the two. She carries the secret behind her bright eyes and be-

tween her book-covers, and enjoys her occasional social outings with more genuine pleasure than the 'blasée' second-or-third-season girl of the period.

There is little to be said regarding the effects of co-education in the honour courses. It may have prevented one or two students following these courses, and others from attending the university. This latter is very improbable. As it is, I have heard of only one girl who did not take an honour course because of the mixed classes, and she contented herself with the ordinary. This can be said, however, that as far as is known, or can be judged, no evil whatsoever has resulted from the students working together, or from their meeting now and then at University conversaziones and the University dinner. The students have always behaved themselves as gentlemen, with an occasional ebullition of boyishness from the younger ones, and their courtesies have ever been reciprocated by the Donalda students.

As the fruit of these seven years' work we have over thirty 'sweet girl graduates,'

ten of whom have taken first rank in honour work, and five have gained medals in competition with the men. Three ladies from Morrin College, Quebec, have graduated from McGill, and are a valuable addition to the *Alumnæ* Society. At present the greater number of these graduates are teaching, seven or eight are studying for higher degrees, and



Miss Derrick, B. A., '90, first lady assistant (in Botany) in McGill University.

two only have married. One graduate fills the first post offered to a lady on the teaching staff of the University, as Assistant in Botany. Two have adopted medicine as their profession, though unfortunately not able to pursue their studies in their own Alma Mater. One of these, now a full-fledged doctor, headed the list in the matriculation examination of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of the Province of Quebec; won a scholarship at Kingston University, and afterwards graduated as M.D., C.M., at Bishop's College, Montreal, it being the first time in the history of the province that this degree was conferred on a woman. Miss Ritchie is now taking a post graduate course and doing hospital work in Vienna.

As a body, though scattered truly over the face of the globe, the graduates have never let their college spirit become extinct. The '*Alumnæ*' Society and the

'Girls' Club and Lunch Room,' run by them, fully bear out this statement. The former is a social and literary society, accustomed to meet once a month and read papers. These are forwarded to absent members, who are in regular communication with the corresponding secretary. The 'Girls' Club and Lunch Room' is a philanthropic undertaking, which provides lunches and entertainment for factory and shop girls at merely nominal rates. It takes the place of the happy University Settlements, which the larger cities and institutions are able to afford. A lower tenement in a suitable part of the city was rented last May, a capable caretaker installed, and two or more college girls, with their friends, are now in daily attendance, serving soup and sandwiches to their working friends over the counter. In connection with this is a reading room, containing about one hundred and fifty books, besides papers, games and magazines. A dressmaking class is held weekly by some of the graduates, and a social occurs once a month; all of which tends to bring the girls closer together, and better and brighten their lives.

'Go to the busy man if you want anything done!' We can truly say this of these busy women, who have innumerable calls on them, and are ever willing to



Miss O. G. Ritchie, B. A., '88 M.D.C.M.

try and do more. Surely they may shadow forth our ideal woman of the future. Women, who, preserving all their womanliness, charity and grace, have leapt 'the rotten pales of prejudice, disyoked their necks from custom,' and sought development of body and mind in the ranks beside their brothers; like them and yet unlike,

as 'perfect music is to noble words.' The dawn of their regeneration has commenced, and though there be clouds to dim the coming ray, it will grow in strength and brightness, until the fullness of the perfect day be in all glory attained.

HELEN R. Y. REID.



THE CHANGE.

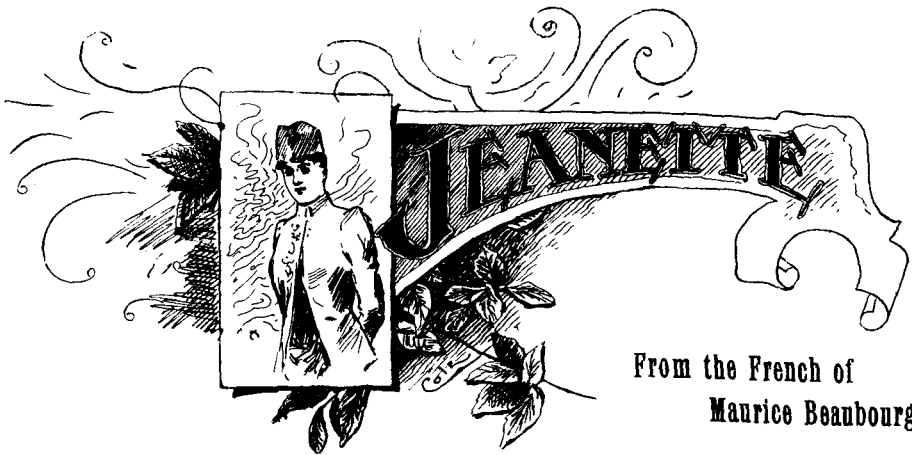
From early childhood have I learned to love
 Earth, sky and sea;
 The deepest depths and bluest heights above
 Had charms for me:
 Each page of Nature's book some picture lending,
 Fresh loveliness each day my path attending.

But now these charms and beauties crowd about
 In closer throng,
 The birds melodious from their throats pour out
 A sweeter song,
 The rustling leaves in sunnier breezes playing,
 The rippling brook through vales more verdant straying.

What power can lend an added charm to views
 So sweet before?
 What blessings can fresh loveliness infuse
 In varied store?
 What new enchantment makes the world look brighter?
 What rapturous joys thus make my heart feel lighter?

One power alone can add new grace to things
 Already bright,
 One name alone can lend to fancy's wings
 A loftier flight,
 That power is love, which comes with heavenly blessing
 And thine, dear, is that name such charms possessing.

—W. HAMLYN.



From the French of
Maurice Beaubourg.

CHAPTER I.



SCARCELY know how I came to be intimate with the Dumanoir family. The ladies of the house were relatives of mine, upon whom, however, I seldom called, unless on New Year's Day. And yet, each year, I decided to go more frequently,—these ladies giving me such a hearty welcome, and expressing a friendship for me which was touching. But unforeseen circumstances prevented me, and I said to myself, by way of apology, that I could not present myself thus at their house without any reason or plausible excuse.

Now, it happened that one day—I still ask myself why—I found myself there. Several months afterwards, when I had become intimate with the family, I would not, for anything in the world, have missed the Saturdays' of my relatives. Their private parlour was the rendezvous of an intellectual society of agreeable men and women of the world, which attracted me; and, to my youth, it was a positive astonishment to see the procession of grooms and footmen encumbering their outward room, while a crowd of vehicles, with horses pawing the ground and wheeling around, formed into line in the road before their house.

At the end of a short time I received from my little cousin, Jeanette Dumanoir, an invitation to dinner in the name of these ladies. They were kind enough to attribute to me a certain gaiety and flow of spirits,—begging me to consider their home as my own, and to come again if it pleased me. I returned, and it became afterwards a custom,—a charming custom, which I contracted.

On Saturday, at that time, I used to spend the evening with them, when their receptions were over. This custom had a double consolation, for I was living alone and rather forsaken,—which was melancholy at my age. It seemed to me that I had found a new family in the place of the one I had lost. They spoke to me in a touching tone of those who were no more. I was not ignorant of the fact that these ladies had known my mother, and the tears came in my eyes when I heard her praised.

“How affectionate and sweet your good mother always was, my dear friend! You resemble her so much that she appears to live again in you. It is *her* tone of voice, *her* expression, *her* walk! Poor Heloise!”

My two relations loved to sympathize with the sorrows of others, for fate had not spared them much either. Mad. Dumanoir, the mother, had married early a man already old, and saw her fortune swallowed up in an industrial failure. Her husband, greatly shaken by this disaster, died a short time afterwards.

Mad. Evelyne, her daughter,—her hope, her pride,—she too married a Dumanoir,—to whom she was distantly related by marriage.

It was thought that the intelligence of the second Mad. Dumanoir—her kindness, her excessive beauty—would have preserved a young man, who had once gone astray, but who, after adventures of all kinds, appeared desirous of returning to the tranquility of existence and to a life of repose and rectitude.

During one or two years in fact, the young woman hoped to triumph over intemperate habits and the lightness of a

character which was without principle,—having no aim in life. But at the end of this time the divergence of their views became more marked, and a strife—an insensible strife, without respite and unremitting, in the course of which Mad. Evelyne displayed all her courage, all her firmness—broke out between husband and wife.

Several years passed, marked by violent scenes and momentary reconciliations, and then the end came; the qualities of the wife could curb the husband no longer. Meanwhile, his consort had attempted the impossible. She had completely sacrificed her convictions—her natural conscientiousness—to make him her own; had copied his ways and flattered his tastes. She accompanied him to places repugnant to her, but which he liked; to please him she appeared interested in plays which shocked her; feigned to share his amusements however uninteresting; dressed herself in eccentric and loud toilettes, without suspecting that these would precisely recall the old days which she wished him to forget. She went so far as to compromise her dignity as a wife in the eyes of a world which rebuked these concessions.

One day, alas! nothing would do, and Mad. Evelyne, quite alone and forsaken, threw herself in the arms of her mother, bitterly reproaching her for her marriage and misfortune. And as the latter wept with her, without censuring her, the unfortunate one remembered that she herself had wished this union; that in her pride—her folly, rather—she had thought herself able to restrain the perjurer. She remembered that she had loved him. Then, during a week, she shut herself in, throwing herself on her knees in the middle of her room, imploring a useless compassion. Perhaps, at the very height of this inmost tragedy, of which she was at the same time both actor and witness, she had, in her despair, the idea of violently ending her life and her troubles. But as she remembered the three children that the traitor had abandoned to her care, she thought that she must live for their sakes, since all was over definitely for herself.

She, therefore, restrained her tears, wiped her streaming eyes, and, although bearing in her heart an incurable wound, returned to take up the burden of life where she had left it.

Already, the coming back had been made known for a long time. Mad. Evelyne kept a sweet smile upon her lips, appear-

ing to forget, and devoted herself to her children.

Robust Albert and delicate Gregory were two charming young rascals of the ages of ten and twelve, and their sister, Jeanette, fifteen years of age, kept up the correspondence of her mother and her grandmother, putting on the airs of a lady.

CHAPTER II.

Jeanette had fair hair, a nose perhaps a little too prominent, pink complexion, and two large, wondering and malicious blue eyes. Although still quite young, she possessed a number of domestic qualities. An accomplished housewife, a seamstress, and dressmaker, she made her dresses herself,—dresses half long, and of a uniform shade of iron grey, of which she was very fond.

She relieved the monotony by ornaments of oxidized silver. In the house, on her hair, which fell in plaits, she wore a red spray of the carob-tree, which suited well her lively physiognomy. In walking, she wore a tight spencer and an otter cap, which gave her the false air of a boy. Besides, she liked violent exercise, and I knew that the previous winter her great joy was to go, accompanied by her brothers, to skate in the woods. They considered her rather rough. She organized games of hide and seek with Albert; played football with Gregory, and finally brought despair to her mother and grandmother by her ways.

As for me I did not perceive it, and noticed, on the contrary, from my first visits, that Jeanette took an interest in me as much as a grown up person could have done,—enquired into my opinions, my views, and in conversation was such a charming compound of frankness and reserve, for her age, that I was astonished. She talked to me of friends, of home, of morality, of fine arts, as could a young girl, already serious and reflective. I observed that in the warmth of conversation her face lighted up and became touching and quite pretty. There were delicate pouts; a colouring of a light transparency; bloom on her cheeks, and delicious little dimples hollowed out near her lips.

Finally, I must admit it, her charms and her attractions made me forget for an instant her youth, and made me think that I had near me a formed woman, endowed by circumstances with much experience and many attainments. I took much pleasure in listening to her.

Soon it became, so to speak, impossible

for me to deny myself the original talks of my dear cousin, and Jeanette, with the assent of these ladies, undertook to correct my faults. The first thing which she discerned in me was a negligence of toilet, which appeared to grieve her. In her humble opinion, that sort of surrender proved not only that one undervalued one's self, but also that a small estimation was placed upon those whom one visited.

The negligence of my garments was the infallible introduction to my being taken down. She advised me, in order to succeed in the world (for one cannot reckon without the world) to pay earnest attention to those habits of exactitude and elegance, which exert so great an influence upon destiny.

One appreciates more a young man, amiably inclined and conventional (even if he has not more intrinsic value than another), who is ungracious and cross-grained.

Mad. Evelyne insisted on these conclusions, and Mad. Dumanoir, her mother, adding example to theory, cited to me such and such persons, whom she had known formerly, kept up by the cut of their costume. Both ladies were astonished at the instinctive logic and the precocious qualities of their child,—qualities so appreciable, and which to them, they affirmed, had always been wanting.

Thanks to Jeanette, I learnt that good manners consisted in presenting one's self in a drawing-room in an absent-minded manner—one's gloves in hand, but not put on—which stupified me. Thanks to her, I made the purchase of a high hat, with a narrow rim; a small overcoat and single eye-glass; and, anxious to please her, bought a superb suit of grey, for I knew it was her favourite shade.

One day I arrived with a flower in my button-hole. Jeanette, Mad. Evelyne and Mad. Dumanoir congratulated me on my good appearance. After great efforts I accustomed myself to walk, to sit down, to cough lightly, and, finally, to reanimate a dying conversation, and, above all, to bow. It is not becoming when one goes into society to bow too much or too little,—the excess wanting style, and the reverse bordering on impoliteness.

"One must incline the head—the head only," she insisted, "with a sustained impressiveness for ladies past fifty; a worthy but scarcely emphasized respect (which might make them feel old) for those in the sunset of life; a certain coldness (in good taste) for the newly married; finally, an

easy-going waggishness when opposite young girls." And how many other things were revealed to me by my little cousin! I learned how to drink a cup of boiling tea without giving the benefit of it to the dresses of those near me; and I could, in the recess of a window, worthily sustain a conversation with knighted gentlemen. These lessons in good manners and deportment would also be useful when I went to a ball, where I could offer my services to Jeanette.

I played, therefore, this part with good and honourable intentions, submitting myself kindly to the least caprices of this spoiled child. Besides, she was nothing but a child. Her extreme youth prevented me from paying my addresses to her, otherwise than in jest, and she would be too rich at the death of her paternal grandfather—the father of the notorious Dumanoir (who had abandoned Mad. Evelyne)—for me, in my profound realization of the distance that separated us, ever to think of her.

CHAPTER III.

My relatives, in addition to their Saturdays, received a few friends twice a week. These were Mons. de Troisfondes and his young wife, the image of Marie Antoinette; Mrs. Betty Westman and her four daughters, among whom one very dark one had eyes of fire. Master Westman, a most embarrassing young personage; the deputy Hayot, the rich and beautiful Miss de Londéac; the General afterwards illustrious, but who contented himself then with avoiding the close connection of the "negroes' dance,"; finally the General's sister, that excellent Miss French, whose charms, kindness and consideration, I shall always remember. Join to these some young people whose families were known; M. Gruyer, the Hayotte brothers, and above all little Sarah, a young Jewess, known because of her cleverness in imitating a well-known actress. Miss French and the Dumanoir ladies, who were excellent musicians, transformed these evenings into regular concerts. Each one brought by turn her share of talent; but little Sarah was without exception, the star, as well as the life and soul. In the presence of her animation and extraordinary self-possession, those who listened to her kept their faces straight, as one does before a juggler for instance. The ladies took the initiatory in these extemporized halls, and the freedom which existed among us became a joke. The ceremony

of aristocratic drawing-rooms gave place to easy manners, and if one put on at his or her *début* a prudery and special correctness they ended by being laughed at. Jeannette invited gentlemen to polka with her, and one evening—I shall always remember that singular evening—when in my corner I was occupied in gravely talking politics with the General, she came without my understanding at first the motive of her action, knelt down before me in a gallant fashion, and, to my profound astonishment, took my hand, feigning to touch it lightly with her lips.

“My cousin,” she said, in a lackadaisical manner, “my rude cousin,—serious man, who talks politics and leaves poor young girls to be wall-flowers, will you condescend to dance this quadrille, and will you grant me the favour of dancing it with me?”

Then she dropped her head, as if anxious as to what I should answer,—waiting for an acquiescence which did not come.

A deep silence followed. Everyone looked at us. Taken by an insurmountable timidity, I remained quiet, looking dumbfounded, without finding any reply.

“Excuse me, my cousin,” I at length murmured, while the company scarcely remained serious before this extraordinary prolonged speechlessness—several little Washmans in the meantime biting their lips until they bled. “Excuse me,” but immediately I had the clear perception of smothered laughs, and when rising, finally, I began to turn round with Jeanette, I saw distinctly little Sarah making fun of me—the insolent little thing that she was. How I would liked to have chastised her, if I had not been afraid of making myself ridiculous. I was really furious against her and against myself, when, to crown all, Jeanette’s mother and grandmother began to reprimand her,—laying stress, especially, on my dulness—making it evident, manifest, flagrant. I felt all my courage leave me, and, regaining my corner, I stayed there for some time.

Happily the General returned to me—a man of great tact was this man of war—and soon after people began to leave. But in the midst of the hubbub of the departures, this foolish little thing, with her stupid laugh, kept always at my side,—dreaming, no doubt, of committing some new misdemeanor to make me more ridiculous. Her two brothers—the young rascals—deafened me with, “Good evening, rude cousin, we hope you will sleep peacefully, Sir.”

“Be quiet, Albert and Gregory,” said Jeanette, suddenly, giving a blow to each; “this becomes tiresome at last.”

“You are glad, Jeanette,” I asked, half aloud, “to have made me ridiculous?”

She remained near me, there, holding down her head stealthily.

“Well,” I said. “You will not then answer!”

“I beg your pardon,” she murmured, very low, and as if she had tried to find my hand.

“Oh! I forgive you easily,” said I, with a touch of disdain, “for you are but a child,—a little girl;” and turning my back upon her, I made my adieu to the ladies.

CHAPTER IV.

Jeanette became again, eventually, charming and amiable as before. Only, did she remember the words with which I had reproached her?

She remained always timid, blushing, her manners embarrassed, and in the corners of her poor eyes two large tears used to speak. There was in her way of treating me curious anomalies, and I noticed certain facts which astonished me very much. She who was generally so prepossessed and easy,—talkative, giddy even,—now appeared dejected and sad. Nothing engaged her attention. She had a broken-hearted “if you like,” as a reply to grand-mamma Dumanoir, and she put on a wry face towards her brothers, whose games she no longer shared.

From this time forward, neither dancing nor the mimicry of little Sarah, nor the reformation in my own dress, succeeded in interesting her. She was languid, emaciated, looking ill, and complained of not sleeping at night. She was very pale; her weakness increased, and, when offering me a cup of tea, I perceived that her hands trembled.

This state of things lasted a long time,—too long,—and I was the first to feel distressed, asking myself if my conduct had not provoked all that. This state of affairs had reacted on these ladies, who were affected by it, and the gay evenings of former times—full of smiles and affection—appeared on the point of coming to an end.

Therefore, one Saturday, I was really happy and relieved when I saw Jeanette change her attitude, and become the gay and alert companion whom I used to know. From that evening she approached me once more, began to talk and give me advice as formerly. She gave me now—in

the tone of a school-mistress—instructions connected with the manner of conducting one's self; of making one's self welcome in the world; to make a position for one's self.

"One should show one's self gracious towards everyone; tolerate the manias, the vanities, appear to take part in the stories, the most trivial tittle-tattle, without being tired, besides listening to it. It sufficed," she said, "to retain the last word of a discourse, and to repeat it in a loud voice, with conviction, interest or stupefaction, according to the circumstances, and you would at once be put down in the note-book of dowagers. You know," continued she, aside, "that it is they who have made the world what it is. You must, therefore, allow yourself to be prejudiced."

In a word, this little girl was a Machiavelli in petticoats. She began, also, to sing again, to run and to romp,—a much more appropriate occupation for her age than her dissertations on dress and her astonishing dissimulation. And as I could not prevent myself from telling her, she perceived it for herself—the sly fox—that since our slight disagreement, I no longer took her seriously, practising in this respect the theory in regard to the dowagers,—remaining for hours near her without listening to a word she said. She, in her childish heart, was exasperated at it, and when once she was convinced of it she disengaged herself entirely from me, and one fine day, after measuring and weighing me according to my value, she

ended by not speaking to me at all.

On the Saturday evenings she even adopted a third course, viz., to insult me. She pretended from this time forward to treat me as if I did not exist,—dancing solely with little Sarah,—heaping upon this young mimic, attentions and caresses—hoping, perhaps—I did not dare think it at first—to excite my jealousy.

But much occurred soon to prove it to me. It was a comedy of combined diplomatic coquetry which the young monkey was playing me. She assumed to have, when near others, unusual preferences, so as to awaken my susceptibility. I should acknowledge that I amused myself immensely at these devices, which I had been the only one, I believe, to notice.

And such glances—savouring of the stroke of a whip—which she cast at me in the hall, while her charming languor, when waltzing in the arms of little Sarah, made me laugh inwardly.

After all, it was of no importance, and as to her numerous rudenesses, for which Mad. Evelyne reproved her several times, they amused me, and I promised to retaliate as soon as an opportunity presented itself. It was not long, and once when I was explaining a phenomenon, which I had witnessed in the laboratory of my eminent professor, B—, Jeanette made enquiries about it.

"My cousin, this does not concern you," said I, gaily; "we are rational people here; go and find little Sarah."

"Oh, this is too much," cried she, furiously.

(To be continued.)



LACROSSE IN THE MARITIME PROVINCES.



Maritime Lacrosse Trophy



THE village of Hampton, on the Intercolonial Railway, about twenty miles from St. John, derives some distinction from the fact that lacrosse in the Mari-

time Provinces was first played there. The boys of the King's County Grammar School organized the Hampton Lacrosse Club in the month of September, 1873. The team was coached and captained by the late Thos. G. Ralston, a first class player and a member of one of the teams which crossed the Atlantic several years ago. A photograph of Mr. Ralston may be found in the frontispiece to Dr. Beers' book on lacrosse, one of the finest works in the literature of field games.

Between 1875 and 1884 clubs were also

formed in Moncton, Newcastle and St. John, but there being no concerted effort to establish lacrosse on a firm basis, all these clubs enjoyed a very brief existence.

The national game made better headway in Nova Scotia. In that province the town of Pictou was the first to adopt it. R. W. Oliver, now the secretary of the Pictou Amateur Athletic Association suggested the organization of a lacrosse club in the autumn of 1877, and the idea was received with general favour. The local chronicler says: "The first game witnessed a muster of some twenty-five or thirty men. Not a man of the lot had ever seen the game played, or had any but the vaguest ideas concerning it. But at it they all went, with the most enthusiastic vigour; wherever the ball was, there was the whole crowd. Pity the one who was undermost! Experience, however, and reading soon combined to impart knowledge. In the spring of 1878 came a challenge from the newly formed Halifax club to a match game."

The Halifax team here referred to was organized by Robert Burns, who previous and subsequent to this date played on senior teams in Montreal and Toronto. The match was played at Truro on the twenty-fourth day of May, and the result was a tie—three goals each. The Halifaxians, coached by Burns, far excelled their opponents in knowledge of the finer points of play.

The records of the Pictou club show two more matches with Halifax in the autumn in which the former were victorious. These defeats, and the departure of Mr. Burns had a depressing effect on the Halifax team, but in '83 the Pictou boys were again encountered. The latter had kept in practice and were able to defeat the former team, who were mostly all inexperienced, with great ease. This reverse had the effect of putting a stop to lacrosse in Halifax for a time.

Clubs had been formed in New Glasgow and Stellarton, but, owing to the non-existence of competing teams in their vicinity, their lives were short, and for a number of years the Pictou club enjoyed a solitary existence.

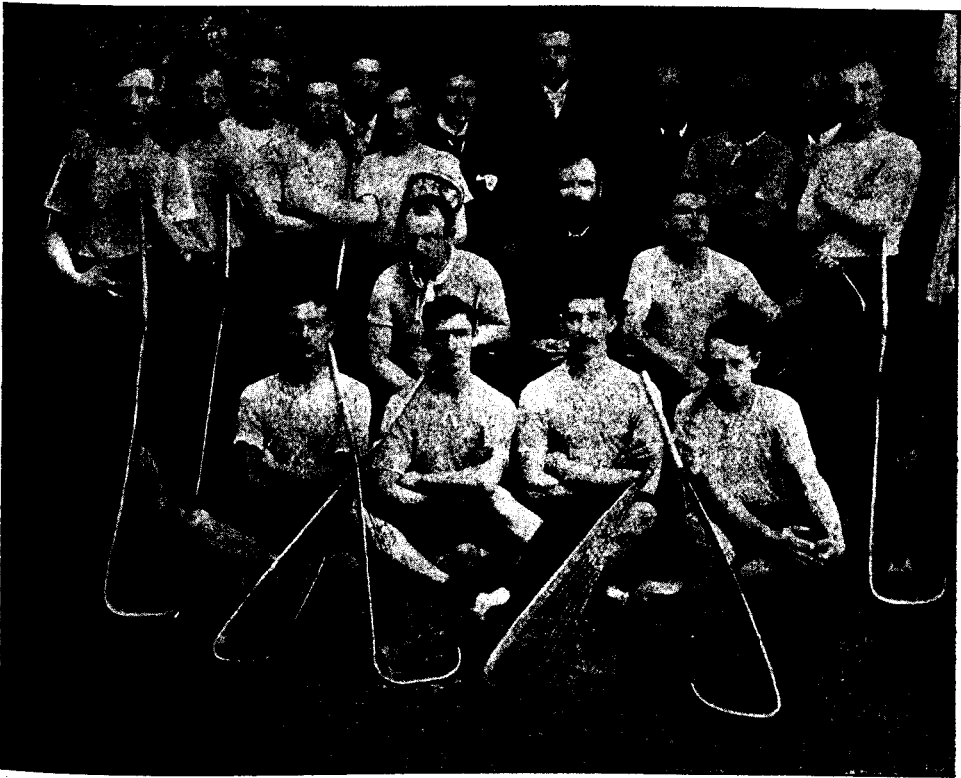
It goes without saying that lacrosse received no fair trial in these early essays.



UNION LACROSSE CLUB, ST. JOHN, N. B.

How could the finest of field games, when played by mere novices, win its way into popular favour when Fredericton and Halifax could boast of cricketers inferior to none in America? Baseball clubs were almost countless, and moreover, on account of the proximity of Boston as compared with Montreal and Toronto, the United States game as played by the professionals of the league was familiar to hundreds of New Brunswickers and Nova Scotians, while scarcely any of them had ever seen a good exposition of

ally: "Lacrosse is our national game, and an attempt to establish it in the affections of New Brunswickers ought to meet with encouragement and approval. Mr. H. H. Allingham of St. John is trying to introduce the game, and gives as one of his reasons for so doing his belief 'that it is one of the best means for fostering a national sentiment, and bringing the people of the upper and lower provinces together.' There is sound sense at the bottom of this idea. Lacrosse—healthy, honest lacrosse—is typically Canadian, is



Springhill N. S. Lacrosse Club, Champions of Nova Scotia, 1891.

Canada's game. The great achievements of the famous Paris crew had given rowing a wonderful popularity, and there seemed to be no room for a new pastime.

It is not surprising, therefore, that lacrosse should have taken, for a while, a very subordinate place to the admittedly fascinating, if less athletic, games of cricket and base ball.

Owing chiefly to the efforts of the writer, lacrosse has been revived and placed on a comparatively firm footing in the Maritime Provinces, and in this respect the *Toronto Empire* said editori-

redolent, so to speak, of the land of sunshine and freedom, and if taken hold of in New Brunswick, would be an addition to the common interests that unite the east to the west. What makes the scheme practical is the Canadian Pacific Railway's new short line, which has removed an obstacle to co-operation in this as in other weightier concerns. By all means let us widen inter-provincial lacrosse, and so increase inter-provincial acquaintance and friendship."

After persistent agitation in the press, and preparatory canvassing of the



Geo. K. McLeod, St. John.

athletes of St. John—who were annoyed at the apparent indifference displayed by the management of the St. John A. A. Club towards amateur athletics, on account of professional baseball monopolizing their attention—the Union Lacrosse Club was formed with Mr. A. H. Bell as president and captain on the 11th of April, 1889. The Y. M. C. A. of St. John organized a club within a week, and the morning of Good Friday, April 19th, saw the first lacrosse match ever played in New Bruns-



J. S. Esson, St. John.

wick between rival teams. The sticks and balls had only arrived that morning, so the majority of the players had never handled a lacrosse before. The Y. M. C. A.'s were victorious by a score of three games to none. Almost immediately afterwards the Echo social club entered the arena under the name of the Beaver Lacrosse Club. Later in the season the Unions proposed a league of the three clubs but the Y. M. C. A.'s did not fall in with the idea. A club was started at the University of New Brunswick at Fredericton by Leonard Tilley (son of Sir Leonard Tilley) and Lee Street, in May of the same year, but has done very little more than practice.

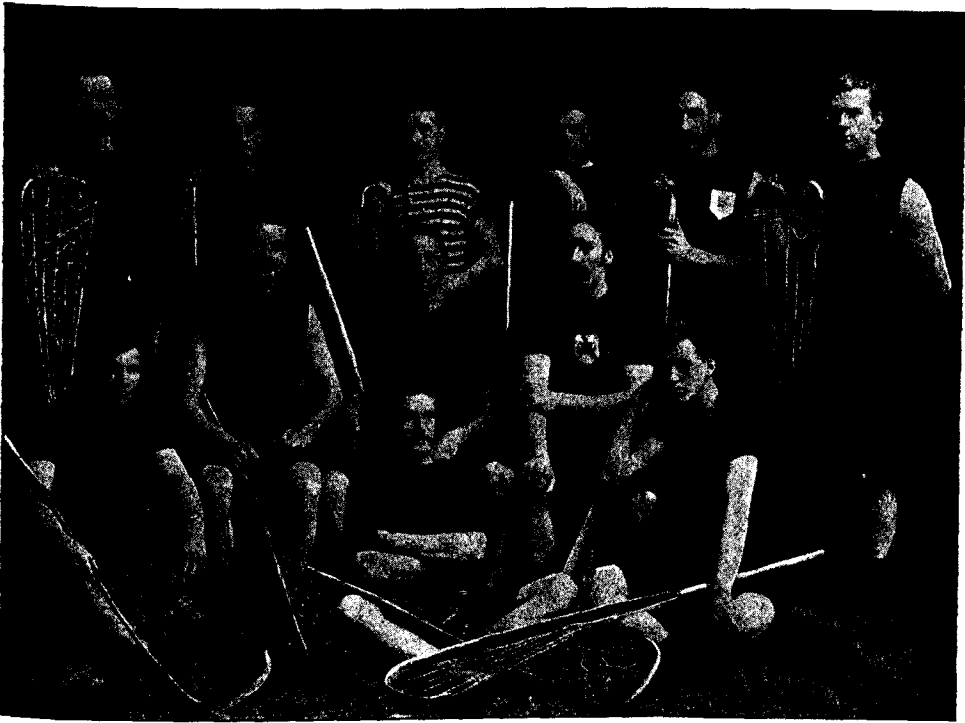
In Nova Scotia the Truro Athletic Club adopted lacrosse, and has since practised



J. C. Simpson, Windsor.

the game assiduously. The Truro club has one of the best grounds in the Maritime Provinces, and there the annual sports of the M. P. A. A. were held in 1890.

During St. John's summer carnival in July, 1889, a team of the Caughnawaga Indians were brought to the city by a syndicate of gentlemen, and played two matches, July 25 and 26, with a picked team of St. John players, aided by five of the Montreal Orientals, viz Irwin, Watt, Millard, Anderson and Houghton. These games drew large crowds in spite of the many counter attractions, and the play was very even and exciting. The Indians won the first match by three games to two, and lost the second by the same score reversed. The red men



Wanderer's (Halifax) A. A. C. Lacrosse Team, 1891.

caused quite a sensation on their way to the grounds with their head-dresses of feathers.

In September the Pictou club was met and defeated at Moncton by a team from the Unions, assisted by a couple of outsiders. This was quite a surprise as the Pictous had been in existence for about twelve years.

The season of 1890 opened auspiciously. The St. John teams, highly elated by the receipt of a handsome trophy presented by H. A. Nelson & Sons of Montreal, formed an association and played a series of games for the championship of the province. The Nova Scotia clubs were also included in the contest for the Nelson trophy.

The Unions and Pictous played an exhibition game at Halifax on the Queen's Birthday, the Unions winning. The Premier Athletic club of the lower provinces, the Wanderers, and also the Crescents, of Halifax, took up lacrosse and played matches with Truro and Windsor, which latter club, with one at Spring Hill Mines were also organized about the same time. The Orients of Montreal visited St. John and Halifax in

August, and found little difficulty in defeating the local teams—their stick work being a source of wonderment to our people. The year closed with the deciding game for the Nelson cup between the Pictou and Union teams, winners of the series in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. The match was played at Moncton and resulted in quite a severe defeat for the former club. The Unions numbered several old players in their ranks, among them V. G. R. Vickers, now in Montreal, and J. H. Davis of Toronto. During this season they lost but one goal to local clubs.

Lacrosse rather languished in St. John during 1891, and the Pictou club went into temporary retirement, but the year was not without progress. The Unions again won the Cup and it is now their property. The deciding match was played this time against Spring Hill, in a down-pour of rain while the field was fairly afloat.

The Wanderers, however, lowered the colours of the crack St. John club in two hard fought games, the first played at Halifax on May 24th, and the second at St. John on June 21st. The latter match



W. A. Henry,
Halifax.

especially being the best exhibition of the game ever given in the Provinces by local teams.

The promoters of lacrosse in the Maritime Provinces have every reason to feel pleased with the results of their efforts to establish Canada's national game during the last three years. While three years ago the lower provinces could boast of but one club, and that one in a very languishing condition—and in reality the game had hardly been heard of by the rising generation,—there are now at least a dozen teams ready to take the field in 1892.

These results have been achieved not only without the aid, but rather in spite of the opposition, or, at all events, the most dampening indifference, of the principal athletic clubs.

In St. John the lacrosse clubs have had the use of very inferior fields for practice, and in the case of matches have been constrained to pay the St. John or Shamrock Athletic Clubs a high rental for the use of their grounds. In justice to the latter club it is only fair to say they have been most generous in their terms. The former club also appears ready to make amends for its errors in the past, and proposes to make lacrosse a central attraction during the coming season.

The Unions have graciously decided to donate

the Nelson cup which they now own, for competition among city clubs, and should the N. A. L. A. keep its pledge, trophies will not be wanting. Two flags were voted the New Brunswick and Nova Scotia clubs at the last meeting of the National Amateur Lacrosse Association, but at the close of the season were not forthcoming. Although "amateurs contend for credit," such prizes are a wonderful incentive, and the non-appearance of the banners promised has caused a strong desire for the formation of a "Maritime Lacrosse Association." An effort will also be made during the coming season to procure a trophy for competition among the school boys, a proceeding which is absolutely necessary if our national game is to gain a permanent footing among us.

The increased interest manifested in athletics, and the vast improvement in amateur records in the Maritime Provinces during the past three years, may in part be ascribed to the organization of the M. P. A. A. A., but particularly in St. John it has been chiefly effected by the lacrosse clubs. Proof of this is found in the fact that all athletes in St. John with

but one exception (Mr. Frank White) take an active part in the game. In this respect the Beavers deserve praise for their indefatigable efforts to promote lacrosse and general athletics.



C. H. McLeau,
St. John.



C. E. Tanner,
Pictou.



L. P. D. Tilley, St. John.



H. H. Allingham, Hon. Sec.-Treas.
Union Lacrosse Club, St. John.

No notice of lacrosse in the Maritime Provinces would be complete without personal reference to some of the players and their records as players and athletes. First and foremost in the lacrosse ranks is G. K. McLeod, point of the Unions. He first played the game in Galt, Ont., at the Collegiate Institute. In 1882 he went to Cambridge University, and was one of those mainly instrumental in organizing the Cambridge University Lacrosse Club, which has done so much to popularize lacrosse in England. In 1884, during the visit of the team from the United States, Mr. McLeod played four times against them, and before leaving England his name was considered a by-word in lacrosse circles. He plays equally as well on the home, defence or in goal.

Mr. J. S. Esson is another graduate of the same college, and has played lacrosse and football almost continuously since 1876. He was a member of the early Halifax team, and was on the Wanderers Football team of '82 to '88. When leaving Halifax he was elected an honorary life member of the Wanderers A. A. Club.

Mr. W. A. Henry, of the Wanderers, is another player with an international reputation. In 1880-'81 he played for Merchiston Castle school and in 1882, 1883-1884 for Harvard University. He was chosen to accompany the United States team to England in 1884.

Mr. J. C. Simpson of the Windsor, N. S. Collegiate School, also deserves special mention as a first-class defence player. He is from Ontario and has seen some hard playing in the early days of lacrosse in that province. He is working vigorously to establish lacrosse at the college, and is turning out some excellent young players.

Mr. A. B. Cameron, of Orillia, Ont., a recent addition to the Unions, is considered one of the best exponents of the game. He is also well known in amateur rowing circles, he with his partner, (Curran) having won the double scull championship of America in 1890, for the Bayside Rowing Club of Toronto.

The following players show good form, considering the amount of practice they have had: R. M. Bartsch, F. P. Magee, J. R. McFarlane, Unions; A. J. Baxter, C. McNutt, K. Frith, Beavers; A. J. Tufts, C. H. Milligan, C. H. McLean, Y. M. C. A.; H. Oxley, F. Grierson, R. Wallace, T. Middleton, Wanderers; C. E. Tanner, W. E. McLellan, Peter Carroll, Pictou; C. Parsons, F. Heffernan, Spring Hill; J. P. Phelan, W. R. Racey, Fredericton; Wm. Smail, Acadia Mines; A. M. Smith, Wm. McKay, A. McCulloch, Truro.



Geo. Tracey, Halifax.

Although athletics do not come within the scope of this article, it is so closely identified with lacrosse that a brief reference to it will not be out of place. It is the belief of many, that, should an article on the amateur athletes of the provinces by the sea be written, it would be clearly shewn that they have for years, and do at the present time, rank among the very best in the Dominion, and in some cases the equal of any in America, from an all-round stand-point. Taking Mr. Henry, of the Wanderers Club, for instance. He

against United States since 1886 with one exception. His best performances on the cinder path and turf are as follows: 50 yards dash, 6 secs.; 100 yards dash, 10½ secs.; 220 yards dash, 23½ secs.; 120 yards hurdle, 18½ secs.; 440 yards run, 56½ secs.; mile run (1881), 5 min. 3 2-5 secs.; broad jump, 20 ft. 2½ in.; high jump, 5 ft. 2½ in.; throwing cricket ball, 119 yds. 1 ft. 7 in.; kicking football, 161 ft. 10 in.

The next lacrosse player and athlete with a continental reputation is Mr.



Beaver Lacrosse and Athletic Club, St John.

has been playing lacrosse occasionally since 1881, football for thirteen consecutive seasons with Merchiston School, Harvard College, and Wanderers, and in the season just closed scored eight tries in eight matches. In 1887 he was chosen to visit England with the Canadian Rugby team. For eleven seasons he has played cricket with the first elevens of the above named clubs. Was with the Gentlemen of Canada team in England in 1887 and returned with the best batting average, and a brilliant fielding record. Has been selected to play on all Canadian teams

George Tracey, also of the Wanderers. He is probably the possessor of more athletic prizes than any other amateur in Canada. Space will not permit mentioning his local records, therefore only his performances away from home need be given. In 1886 he won the 600 yards run in the games of the Olympic A. C., of New York; in 1887 won the half mile championship of America at the M. A. C. grounds, New York, winning it again at Detroit in 1888. At Travers Island in 1889 Mr. Tracey again ran, but his chance was spoilt by an unlucky collision with



A. J. Baxter, Beaver L. & A. C., St. John.

the present world's champion Walter C. Dohm. His time for the half mile is within a fraction of a second of two minutes.

Everyone has heard of H. W. Mackintosh, of the same club, who ran the mile in Montreal last autumn in 4.32, and made the celebrated George (closely followed by Orton) do the mile in 4.27 2-5 at the Canadian championships at Toronto one week later. He is comparatively a new man, and will no doubt be even more favourably heard from this season.

Dal. Patterson, of Pictou, is a good type of the Canadian who seeks rational recreation in outdoor games. On the water with a scull in hand, or with a curling stone, when the water is too solid for a boat, he is equally at home. He is a good man at several field games and has run the mile in 4.50.

Frank Grierson, of the Wanderers, has quite a local reputation as a runner and walker. The mile run in 4.40 and the three mile walk in 25.45½ are among his best records.

A. J. Baxter, of the Beavers, son of Dr. Baxter of Toronto, is a young runner of much promise. His favourite distance is the mile. He got under 4.40 last summer, and hopes to beat 4.30 this year.

He is also a good cross-country runner, as well as a sprinter of some ability in in-door sports.

R. A. Watson, another Beaver, is St. John's best general athlete. His forte is the 100 yards dash and the high jump, but he is also a good one at the hurdles, as well as in the hammer and shot contests.

W. Vincent, also of the Beavers, enjoys the distinction of being the best broad jumper in Canada; he has cleared over 21 feet in actual competition, and can do much better. He is also a good runner at any distance up to the quarter mile, as well as a hurdler and high jumper.

Chas. E. O'Reilly is the crack athlete of the Shamrocks. St. John has never had a quarter mile runner to cope with him. He can do the quarter on our slow tracks in better than 53 seconds, and can shave two minutes very close in the half mile. He also carried off the honours in the 220 race last fall.

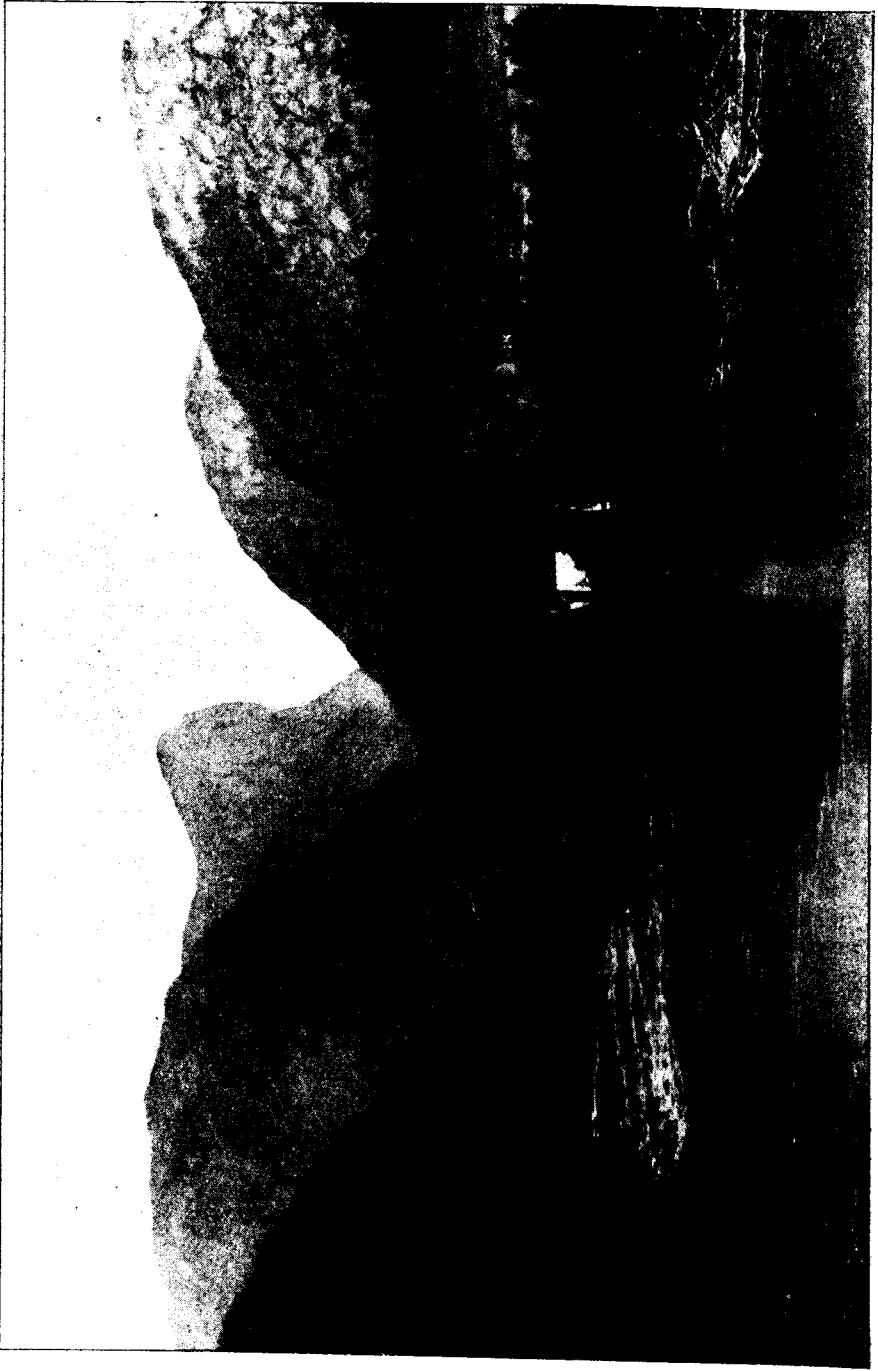
Charles Lawton, of the Y. M. C. A. team, is a good mile runner and the champion at cross-country work. He did eight miles last autumn on a wet, muddy road, on a most disagreeable day, in 48 minutes.

Mr. A. W. McLeod, the secretary of the Y. M. C. A., is a good all round athlete and gymnast.

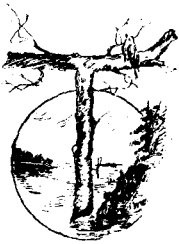
H. H. ALLINGHAM.



P. A. Watson, St. John.



LE PETIT SAGUENAY, LOWER ST. LAWRENCE.



THE very name of Tadoussac takes one back to the cradle of Canadian history. Venturesome Breton, Basque and Norman fishermen are supposed to have frequented Tadoussac long before the era of Jacques Cartier.

For years Tadoussac, Stadacona, Three Rivers and Hochelaga were the chief emporiums of commerce,—the fur trade marts in the whole colony. Stadacona, Three Rivers and Hochelaga have expanded into large, wealthy and populous centres, whilst Tadoussac, the most frequented of them all, has remained stationary, and is nothing more at present, in winter, than a dreary hamlet of 590 souls, representing 106 families.

Tadoussac, when the brave St. Malo captain landed there, was the great fur mart of the northern and eastern Indian tribes. Here the Nepissings, the Temiscamings, the *Tête-de-Boule* and the Whitefish Indians met the Micmac, the Abenakis, the Huron, the Etchemin and the Montagnais savages,—the Hurons giving in exchange,—for arrows, beaver, otter and cariboo skins,—their flour, Indian corn, tobacco, &c.

Jacques Cartier had landed at Tadoussac, in September, 1535, and Pont Gravé and Chauvin had founded there a fishing port as early as 1599. At Chauvin's death, neither commander de Chatte, nor de Monts continued the establishment, though the fishing company of De Guay de Monts, traded there until 1607. It was only in 1622 that it became a regular trading post. Champlain found ships there in 1610, and remarks that their arrival dated since the 19th May, which was an earlier date for arrivals from sea than had been witnessed for the last sixty

years; this evidently favours the belief that ever since de Roberval's voyage, in 1549, Basque, Breton and Norman vessels had continued to trade there in peltries.

In 1648, the Tadoussac traffic yielded more than 40,000 *livres* in clear profit, and the commercial transactions, in amount, exceeded 250,000 *livres*; the weight of the fur attained at least 24,400 lbs., and there were more than 500 deer skins. In 1628, Admiral William Kertk, a former Bordeaux wine merchant, took possession of Tadoussac. A few years later we read of the Calvinist, James Michael Kertk, his brother, having such violent religious discussions with the athletic Jesuit de Brebœuf, that he threatened to knock him down. Kertk seems to have had the best of it during his life, but notwithstanding the grand military funeral bestowed on him at Tadoussac, on the part of the English ships, then at anchor at Moulin Baude, on the departure of the British sailors the Indians dug up his remains, hung them on a tree, and, after mutilating them, gave them for food to their dogs. Religious rancour is now a thing of the past at Tadoussac; in 1885 the Protestant tourists subscribed handsomely towards the reconstruction of the old Roman Catholic chapel, erected in 1746, on the site of a church dating from 1615.

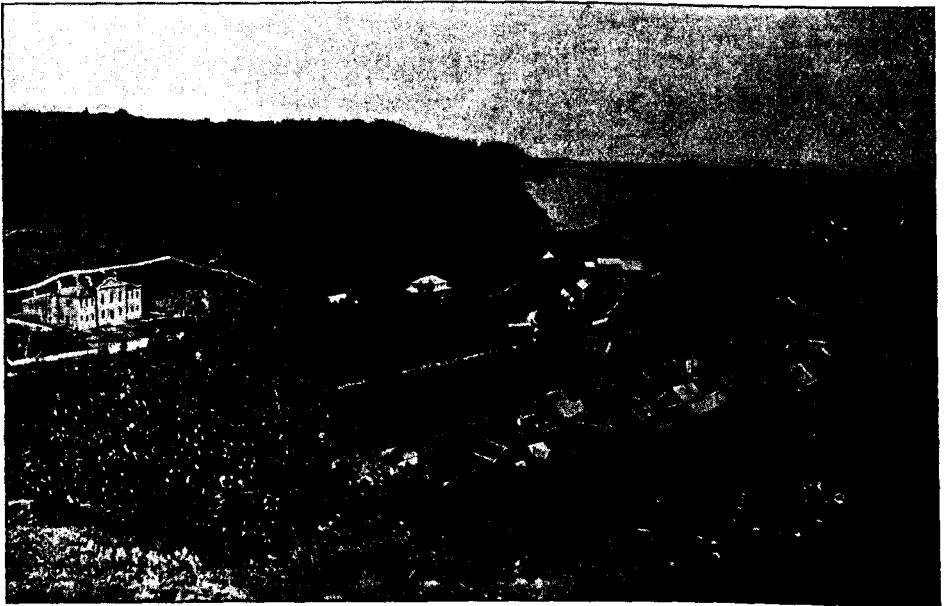
The salmon breeding establishment, opened next to the steamboat wharf, in the Hudson Bay stores, by the Department of Fisheries and Marine, is well worthy of a visit. In 1876, it had facilities for the incubation of 1,000,000 salmon ova. The building being lofty, one story has been devoted to a collection of the numerous sea-fowl frequenting the shores of the Lower St. Lawrence. The idea and success of the Tadoussac museum is due chiefly to the intelligent agent for the marine department at Quebec, J. U. Gregory, Esq. In 1865, a joint stock com-

pany, under a parliamentary charter (29 Vict., ch. 93) founded the spacious hotel on the heights overhanging the harbour. The bay is adorned with several elegant villas, one of the most conspicuous of which is that of our former Governor-General, the Earl of Dufferin and Ava.

Tadoussac is an Indian word, and means Knobs or Mamelons, which is illustrative of the irregular and broken formation of the land. One of the Indian legends of the locality has furnished Adirondack Murray with the subject of his sensational romance,—the DOOM OF THE MAMELONS.

Murray Bay—Mount Murray. Kamouraska—Rivière Ouelle. After a few hours

Brigadier-General James Murray, who granted it, 27th April, 1762, to two worthy Scotch officers of the 78th Highlanders,—Captain John Nairn and Lieutenant Malcolm Fraser, both conspicuous by their gallantry at the siege of Quebec. The eastern portion, known as Mount Murray, was conceded to Lieutenant Fraser, and the western half, divided by the Murray Bay stream, was granted to Captain John Nairn, as Murray Bay proper. These gentlemen brought a number of soldiers and followers,—Warrens, McNeils, McLeans, Blackburns, Harveys,—whose descendants represent large families, Scotch in name, but, in language, customs and



Entrance to River Murray, Murray Bay.

steaming from Tadoussac, the traveller lands at the pier at Pointe à Pique; let him ascend the breezy heights, and tarry at the hotel to enjoy, for a few days, the bracing air of our Canadian highlands.

Murray Bay was explored in June, 1608, by Champlain, who named it Malle Baie, on account of the furious tide running there; "even though the weather is calm, the bay is greatly moved."

This district was formerly known as the King's Farm, and had 30 houses at the time of the conquest of Canada, by England, in 1759. To the natives it is still generally known as Mal Baie, though the English use the name Murray Bay, given to it in honour of

faith, French Canadians. Overseer of works James Thompson, hospital sergeant under Wolfe, in 1759, was sent here by the Government, in 1776, to superintend the erection of a depot for American prisoners, taken at the blockade of Quebec, 1775-6. The structure was built near the Nairn manor, the captives working themselves at the erection of the barracks. One morning there was great commotion in the settlement; Arnold and Montgomery's followers, thirsting for freedom, had taken advantage of the shades of evening, and a land breeze, to venture across to the opposite shore, about thirty miles, in flat *batteaux*. A reward from the British authorities soon brought back to

their healthy prison, these ill-fated invaders of British soil.

The war of 1759 left at Murray Bay, as well as on the remainder of the north shore of the St. Lawrence, up to Quebec, bitter souvenirs. In these piping times of peace, this "memory of sorrow," however, has faded away. The descendants of the Savard and Dufour, who laid ambushes for Admiral Durell, fraternize and intermarry with the progeny of the ruthless Highlanders, who harried the Murray Bay hen-roosts and farm-yards a century ago and more.

Of all the picturesque parishes on the margin of our ocean-like river, which tourists visit every summer for salt water bathing, none will interest the lover of the sublime landscape more than Murray Bay. One must go there to enjoy the ruggedness, the grandeur of nature, the boundless horizons. You may not find there the waving wheat fields of Kamouraska, the shining shores of Cacouna—grateful retreats during the dog-days, but you will enter in communion with savage, unconquered nature and view points yet more majestic than those of the rugged coasts and granite walls of Bic. In the interior, precipice on precipice; impenetrable gorges in the projections of the rocks; peaks which lose themselves in the clouds and among which the bears wander in July, in search of blueberries; where the agile cariboo browses in September; where the solitary raven and the royal eagle make their nests in May; in short, alpine landscapes, the pathless highlands of Scotland, a Byronic nature tossed about, heaped up in the north, far from the ways of civilized men, near a volcano that



The Trouis—Murray Bay.

from time to time awakens and shakes the country in a manner to scare, but not to endanger, the romantic inhabitants.

Dozens of pretty seaside hamlets, owned by leading citizens of Quebec, Montreal and Toronto, line the Murray Bay and *Cape-à-l'Aigle* heights; extensive modern hostelrys throw wide their portals to accommodate the thousands of tourists attracted thither. An Episcopal church and kirk were wanted during the summer; a site for the same was generously presented by the seigneuresse, the late Mrs. John Nairn, and a handsome R. C. chapel was added on the 12th July, 1888, to the *Pointe à Pique* village, chiefly through the energetic efforts of Madame Routhier, whose husband, Hon. Mr. Justice Routhier,

owns a handsome summer cottage a few rods from that of the Hon. Chancellor Blake, of Toronto.

One of the chief charms of Murray Bay is the nunneries,—built at a cost of \$4,000,—to which the Protestant residents generously contributed. Lakes and streams, abounding in trout, are to be found in the neighbourhood: *Grand Lac, Petit Lac, Lac Gravel, Lac Comporté*, the *Chute*, and the delightful drives all round the Bay and on both shores of the River Murray.

A SWEET MEMORY OF MURRAY BAY—LONG,
LONG AGO.

Lay thee down, my gentle traveller, in sweet seclusion, under the shade of trees

Despite the mist of advancing years, I can yet recall a memorable one undertaken when dawned the purple light of youth—when the young blood coursed through our veins, with its rushing overpowering sense of hope and freshness. Ah, me! what preparations for the gala day! such pyramids of veal and chicken pie! hampers of cold mutton, baskets of India pale ale, crowned with sundry bottles of “green seal and Medoc!”—but this was in the good olden time, for rich and poor—when banks paid 8 p. c. dividends, when a fleet of thirteen hundred merchantmen, crowded three deep along our Quebec quays, to convey to other climes the



Indian Huts—Murray Bay.

on this rocky ledge, facing St. Lawrence's roaring tide. You are safe against city dust, city noises—far away from the disturbing influence of business telegrams and the disquieting effects of vacillating telegraph and bank stock quotations.

To-morrow a caravan of haycarts will convey you full nine miles to St. Agnes—beyond the yawning depths of the *Grand Ruisseau*—of all the Laurentian Hills the mightiest. The St. Agnes pic-nic, let me tell you—an annual one—cannot with propriety be omitted by any well-born Canadian, whether of Saxon or Gælic race.

wealth of our forests, without having to say to a French or Hibernian ship-labourer, “By your leave;” when forty odd new ships were annually launched from St. Roch's and Levi shipyards, where this labouring class prospered without strikes!

Let us bravely trust our lives to the sturdy Norman ponies, over that dark abyss of the *Côte du Grand Ruisseau*, and return safe to our cottage in the Pointe-a-Pic Highlands—renovated in mind, refreshed in body.

* * * * *

A SUNSET ON THE LOWER ST. LAWRENCE.

Broad shadows fall. On all the mountain side
 The scythe-swept fields are silent. Slowly home
 By the long beach the high-piled hay-carts come,
 Splashing the pale salt shallows. Over wide
 Fawn-coloured wastes of mud the slipping tide
 Round the dun rocks and wattled fisheries,
 Creeps murmuring in. And now by twos and threes,
 O'er the slow spreading pools with clamorous chide,
 Belated crows from strip to strip take flight.
 Soon will the first star shine; yet ere the night
 Reach onward to the pale green distances,
 The sun's last shaft beyond the grey sea floor
 Still dreams upon the Kamouraska shore,
 And the long line of golden villages.

—A. LAMPMAN, in the *Independent*.

Long ere noisy Cacouna rose—when in fact the Richelieu and Saguenay line of steamers was little more than a project, I can recall a delightful view of this Canadian Brighton, at sunset, from the deck of a sailing craft. It was high tide, the orb of day amid the lengthening shadows was declining to rest in western splendour, suffusing with an expiring ray, the lofty peak of Cape Tourment. Our white-winged yacht, *La Belle Françoise*, borne on the brisk breath of the land breeze, was making good time, shooting past the cluster of green isles that, with their luminous beacon, stand sentry over the little haven of Kamouraska: *Grosse Isle*, *Isle Brulée*, *Isle de la Martunque*, *Isle de la Providence*, *Isle aux Corneilles*, the latter a favourite trysting place to myriads of crows, who, at sunrise and sunset, crowd in sable legions to feed on the mussels, left by the tide on the “pale salt shallows,” and on the young smelts, wastefully thrown on the sand by the fishermen from the neighbouring weir fisheries.

One and all rapturously expatiated on the lovely landscape; fertile, grassy meadows, waving wheat fields and verdant pasturage, dotted with lowing kine awaiting the milk-maid; a short distance beyond, in full view, was the stately parish church; to the east, crowning the *Petit Cape*, the old Taché seigniorial manor, imbedded in trees; to the west, several handsome villas, enzoned in diminutive pretty flower gardens, whilst in rear gently rose the heights of land, with sparse clumps of firs and spruce here and there.

St. Louis de Kamouraska is fortunate in having found, among those it has sheltered and charmed, so many appreciated bards to sing its praise in prose and in mellifluous verse.

“Who,” asks Judge A. B. Routhier, “does not know Kamouraska. Who ignores that it is a blithe village, bright and picturesque, bathing its feet in the

crystal of the waters of the river like a naiad, and coquettishly viewing the reflections of its two long ranges of white houses so near the river that, from all the windows, the great waves may be contemplated and their grand voices heard?” On all sides, except towards the south, the horizon extends as far as the eye can reach, and is only bounded by the vast blue curtain of the Laurentides. At the north-east the eye rests on a group of verdant isles, like a handful of emeralds dropped by the angel of the sea. These isles are the favourite resort of the strangers who visit Kamouraska. There they fish or bathe or seek other amusements. Many the gay pic-nics on these charmed spots. Kamouraska is not without its historical souvenirs; the war of the conquest has also left here indelible marks. Clever writers and artists have found also here subjects for their pen or pencil.

We have left far behind the Pilgrims—a remarkable group of rocks, visible from their height (300 feet)—at a great distance, and, in summer, ever varying in shape, under the delusive effect of mirage. These Canadian *Fata Morgana* have been the subject of frequent disquisition and scientific observation. Soon we shall be abreast of the rocky and wooded point of Rivière Ouelle, the home of the porpoise, and famous for its legends. Once the crack of the musket and the loud shout of victory resounded on this headland. In October, 1690, Admiral William Phips, on his way to besiege Quebec, with his thirty-four New England ships and Gloucester fishermen, attempted a landing in boats, but he had calculated without taking in account the bellicose old Rivière Ouelle pastor, the Abbé Trancheville, who, after pointing out forcibly to his warlike parishioners the audacity and godliness of *ces mécréans de Bostonnais*, for whom Canadian houses and Canadian altars had nothing sacred, placed them in ambush, under the shelter of the trees and rocks at the point; they poured into the first boat so well directed a volley that the inmates were killed or disabled, all except two, who made good their escape, on which the other boats retreated in hot haste. “Was it the remembrance of this repulse,” asks Abbé Casgrain, “which impelled Wolfe’s followers to wreak such signal vengeance on this and on the adjoining parishes in 1759, by ruthlessly burning the dwellings, grist mills, &c.?”

J. M. LEMOINE.

(To be continued.)



SOME time ago a comic paper depicted the perplexed editor of a certain magazine lamenting that several of his celebrities had disappointed him, and asking the advice of his assistant editor as to the best means of filling the gap. "Suppose we try a literary man for once," suggested the rather fresh assistant. Now, Berry the hangman, who has "worked off" 140 "clients," is in the lecture field and offers a rare chance to the enterprising magazine editor.

* * *

It is not unlikely, at this writing, that the New York Legislature may abolish execution by electricity and restore hanging. Whether this change would be a real kindness to murderers must remain doubtful, as it is not proposed to submit the question to the votes of the class most directly interested, and reporters are not likely to describe the comparative sensations of these modes of execution—their enterprise in this line having so far been bounded by an interview with a guillotined head. But if the legislators of New York and other States would prohibit the mongrel word "electrocution" and "electrocute" its author, they would be conferring a favour on many worthy persons who have been, perhaps unfortunately, educated to a sense of etymological propriety.

* * *

The development of this sense of propriety has its drawbacks in an age when new words are generally launched by reporters and when a sensibility sharpened by study is bound to be hurt by strange and vulgar hybrids. Besides, sensibility about such things is sneered at by the complacent proficient in the three "R's." Time was when everything unknown commonly passed as magnificent; but the semi-educated citizen of to-day, accus-

tomed to dominate, generally sets down everything unknown to himself as not worth knowing.

* * *

A new word now in vogue in Paris is noted in *Truth*. A *rastaquouère*—so named from Senor Rastaquoueros, a sort of Parisian W. F. Windham or "Jubilee Juggins," who hailed from South America—is a rich and self-advertising vulgarian. "One may be a snob without being a *rastaquouère*," says the Paris correspondent of *Truth*, "but one cannot be a *rastaquouère* without being a snob. The former is the snob triumphant, through the things that money can procure." The dominant idea expressed by the term at first was ostentatious liberality, but at present is merely ostentatious display.

* * *

All the Year Round some time ago remarked that "nearly all the poets and members of the literary profession have been addicted to tobacco." Among the British poets who were smokers it instanced Milton, Addison, Congreve, Scott, Campbell, Moore, Byron, Hood, Tennyson and others. Among eminent prose writers Carlyle, Hobbes, and Sir Isaac Newton are mentioned as inveterate smokers; and it would be easy to add dozens to the list. I believe that the partiality of British *litterateurs* for their pipe is shared by most of their brethren in Canada and the United States. Not many weeks ago Mr. Lampman had a short plea for tobacco in *The Globe*.

* * *

Notwithstanding the weakness of writers for the weed the Athenæum Club seems to have had no smoking room when Judge Haliburton joined it. It is evidently of this club that he makes a gentleman observe in *The Season Ticket*: "Defend me from a learned club like mine! The

members are not genial, and they must be incurable, when such men as Thackeray, Sam Slick, and Dickens, who (to their credit be it spoken) are all smokers, can't persuade them that what the white man and the black man, the Jew and the Gentile, the savage and the Spanish lady do, has at least the sanction of the majority." When the Nova Scotian humorist was thus bracketing himself with the two greatest English novelists of the age, he probably had no idea that the papers which he was then writing anonymously for the *Dublin University Magazine* would subsequently be collected into a book, with his name upon the cover.

* * *

Mr. Lampman alludes to the Wakabees who "maintain that, next to blaspheming the name of God, smoking and drinking 'the shameful,' as they define tobacco and wine, are the two deadly and unpardonable sins." The funniest argument against tobacco that I have ever seen is that recorded by Voltaire in his "Charles XII." "A gentleman of undoubted veracity assured me that he was present at a public disputation (in Russia) where the subject of controversy was, whether the practice of smoking was a sin? The respondent alleged that it was lawful to get drunk, but not to smoke, because the holy Scripture says, 'Not that which goeth into the mouth defileth a man, but that which cometh out of the mouth, this defileth a man.'"

* * *

Those strong-minded ladies who maintain that every woman is a man must be

charmed with Messrs. Macmillan, who are including Queen Elizabeth in their excellent series of "Twelve English Statesmen." By a coincidence Mr. Andrew Lang informed us a short time ago that, in the plot of a novel once projected by him, the sovereign known as Queen Elizabeth actually *was* a man during most of her (his) reign, the Queen having been personated by Darnley ever since she was blown up in his stead at the Kirk of Field. At the time of the explosion she had been presuming on her strong family likeness to Darnley and masquerading in a suit of his clothes in Edinburgh, spying into the conduct of her cousin Mary. Mr. Lang would doubtless have depicted his hero as struggling fiercely with the temptation to become an impostor in petticoats, as nobly rejecting the minor inducements of securing safety and power and as only stooping to the fraud to shield the reputation of a cousin and a queen.

* * *

In an obscure journal, which I do not propose to advertise by naming, my comments of last month on the objectionable and one-sided idea of Irishmen which prevails among certain classes of Americans have been garbled and distorted into abuse of Ireland. For the credit of my native land, I trust that the writer of so wretched a libel may not be an Irishman, or that, if he is, his billingsgate may be due to simple idiocy and not to wilful malice.

F. BLAKE CROFTON.



ODDS AND ENDS ABOUT EDINBURGH.



WHEN sanitation comes in at the door, romance flies out at the window. Considerations of health, occasional fires, and, above all, the modern mania for "improvement"—too often another name for vandalism—have done more than the wear and tear of time to destroy the ancient picturesque landmarks of Edinburgh.

And yet how picturesque it is still—that breezy, wide-streeted, new town, with its ups and downs, its pleasant gardens, its statues of those whom Scotland delights to honour, its glimpses of the wide firth and the further shore; and that grim, grey old town, gabled and turreted, smoke-darkened and storm-battered, towering high above its young fair off-shoot. Let Ruskin say what he will against our new-town archi-

ecture, let us acknowledge humbly as we may that the Greek orders were meant for lands with sunnier skies than ours; the fact remains that no other style would so enhance by contrast the charms of older Edinburgh, or have its own beauties so enhanced in turn.

From MacGregor's in Princes street (for you are almost sure to arrive at the Royal) you have a charming view of old and new. And gazing from the windows of its spacious drawing-room, you may recall by this same law of contrast the ancient White Horse Hostel in St. Mary's Wynd, where a greater than you, Dr. Samuel Johnson, arrived on his famous visit to Scotland. St. Mary's Wynd, demolished in 1869, has given place to a spacious thoroughfare, known as St. Mary's street; and the old inn lives but in memory and in pictures. Thither, summoned by Johnson's curt note, repaired Boswell, to find the Great Lexicographer storming at a waiter for having used his fingers instead of the sugar-tongs in sweetening his lemonade. Much as Johnson liked attention—particularly of the obsequious or Boswellian kind—it may be doubted if he really enjoyed the change from the White Horse to his admirer's residence. "A tavern-chair," he was wont to say, "is the throne of



White Horse Inn, where Dr. Johnson arrived on his visit to Scotland.

human felicity. There is no private house in which people can enjoy themselves so well as at a comfortable tavern." And certainly a tavern was the place for him—if he ate and drank as Macaulay describes. "He could fast; but when he did not fast he tore his dinner like a famished wolf, with the veins swelling in his forehead and the perspiration running down his cheeks. He scarcely ever took wine; but when he drank it, he drank it greedily and in large tumblers. Everything about him—his coat, his wig, his figure, his face, his scrofula, his St. Vitus's dance, his rolling walk, his blinking eyes, his insatiable appetite for fish sauce and veal pie with plums, his mysterious practice of treasuring up scraps of orange peel, his morning slumbers, his midnight disputations, his contortions, his mutterings, his gruntings, his puffings, and added to these "his insolence" and "his fits of tempestuous rage," must have rendered him a somewhat undesirable guest in a private family. Mrs. Boswell pronounced him a "great brute" and her opinion was shared by the scholars and wits of the northern capital, whom Johnson seemed to take pleasure in insulting. Some of these repaid his contempt in kind; others made merry over the "auld dominie's" weaknesses—the brilliant Erskine, for instance, who, after gravely regarding him, slipped a shilling into Boswell's hand with the whispered remark that it was for the sight of his English bear.

The tavern of Dr. Johnson's day, the inn where Shenstone found his "warmest welcome," may yet survive in London in rare instances, (in the old "Cheshire Cheese," for example, where also, by the by, "Johnson moralized and Boswell twaddled") but in Edinburgh it is quite extinct. In Liberton's Wynd stood Johnnie Dowie's tavern, sacred to Burns as was the White Horse to Johnson. The name of Liberton's Wynd occurs in a charter of James III., as far back as 1477; in later times, after the destruction of the Old Tolbooth, the "Heart of Midlothian, it had the unenviable notoriety of being the place of public execution. Henry Mackenzie was born in it. "Mine host" of the famous tavern, Johnnie Dowie himself, decked out with cocked hat, knee and shoe buckles and cross-headed cane, was none too grand to draw the cork of his brown ale and fill for his guests the long slender glasses. Nor' Loch trouts and Welsh rabbits were



Johnnie Dowie's Tavern—a favourite haunt of Burns.

the delicacies for which Dowie's was most esteemed. But what were they in comparison with the immaterial banquet—the "flow of song" if not the "feast of reason"—which must have been free to the choice spirits of the place when the poet-ploughman began to come among them. In a small, dark room, known as his "coffin," Burns composed several of his best songs—among them "O poortith cauld and restless love!"—and revelled far into the night, or morning, with the pair immortalized in "O, Willie brewed a peck o' maut"—school masters—both of them. Johnnie Dowie, we gather from the bard, had no law about shutting up, or if he had, it was not like that of the Medes and Persians:

"It is the moon, I ken her horn,
That's blinkin' in the lift sae hie:
She shines sae bright, to wyle us hame--
But by my sooth she'll bide a wee."

The stern moralist who is so hard on Burns, may well be reminded of the drinking habits of his day. Five-bottle and six-bottle men were to be found on the Scottish bench and in the Scottish pulpit. A tavern was the common resort of men of wealth and standing. Judges and lawyers adjourned to it for their "Meridian" or twelve o'clock dram, and spent in it many a festive night. Men of

business and magistrates often transacted their affairs at the tavern, and invariably when it was transacted elsewhere retired there to drink to its success. The Star and Garter in Writers' Court, the haunt of Pleydell, to which Dandie Dinmont conducted Colonel Mannering, was another of these famous taverns, and Scott's picture is from life. Cleriheugh's, as it was generally called, was in appearance so wretched, that Colonel Mannering "could hardly conceive how a gentleman of a liberal profession and good society could choose such a place for social indulgence." Mean as was its appearance, however, solid comfort was

tion. Currie's tavern, in Craig's Close, was as late as 1847 noted for a particular brew—a compound of whiskey and small-beer "curried" with oatmeal, called pap-in; a sort of dissipated gruel, we should conceive. Among the curiosities of literature in the Signet Library may still be seen "The Gentleman's New Bottle Companion," bearing date 1777, containing toasts and sentiments supposed to be suitable for all occasions, and numerous enough to serve at scenes of "high jinks" until the toasters had fallen asleep or dropped under the table.

These haunts are gone, and with them many private houses sacred to the great



The Edinburgh home of John Knox.

to be found there and in others of its kind, and substantial fortunes were often made by tavern-keepers. At the White Horse Inn, though the best rooms were over the stables and Johnson complained bitterly of the slovenliness of the *ménage*, the value of the napery (house-linen) was reckoned at five hundred pounds; and Dowie, Burns' host, left a handsome fortune to his son—a major in the army. At Peter Williamson's tavern, in Parliament Close, the civic authorities were in the habit of partaking of the "deid-chack"—a repast with which they recruited their energies after the fatigue and excitement of witnessing an execu-

tion. And when a stranger attempts in that same old town region to locate in piles still remaining this or that literary personage, it is often an uphill business. "Is this where David Hume lived?" you ask a red-haired lad old enough to know; and he replies, solemnly as though you had put him on oath, "There *is* ane Hume lives up the stair, but I dinna ken if his name's Dawvit. He's a tylor to his trade." The want of intelligent cicerones is so great, both in old Edinburgh and old London, that we venture to call to it the attention of such ladies as are always looking for new openings for their sex. Here is a sphere in which

they would be absolutely certain to excel. The measure of words you can get from a woman for one small coin of the realm can be readily estimated by those who have had the pleasure of listening to the ancient custodians of Shakespeare's house at Stratford-on-Avon.

In the new town you have haunts of genius galore, and all to be found without the slightest trouble. The shortest walk from MacGregor's takes you to what is now the most famous house in Edinburgh, 39 Castle street—for years the residence of Sir Walter Scott : and all around that region lingers the charm of the Augustan days. If, for the sake of economy or quiet, you settle yourself in apartments, you may drop into famous quarters and perhaps see a ghost that will be better worth looking at than half our living men. They say that the wife of a California millionaire—perhaps the same who sued a railway company on account of his "damaged" Venus de Milo—having come to Edinburgh in her travels, directed an agent to secure for her apartments either in Holyrood, in the Castle, or at 39 Castle street. Finding that even a millionaire could not bid high enough for Queen Mary's bedroom or Sir Walter Scott's, she next directed that a house with a ghost should be secured, and in course of time expressed herself satisfied with her agent's choice. Her experience may, or may not, appear in the records of the *Psychical Society*.

When the fine frenzy which seizes the American on his first visit to Edinburgh subsides sufficiently to permit his vision to embrace the matter-of-fact as well as the romantic, two features of the scene are sure to engage his attention—the chimney-pots and the apartment signs. In the new world you may be born and live four-score years, and finally die, in a house, and never know more about its chimney than that it has one. An old-world chimney would scorn to be of so little consequence, and Auld Reekie is the paradise of wilful chimneys. "No smoke without fire," says the proverb; "No fire without smoke," the Edinburgh housewife amends it. Worst of all, every individual chimney has its individual disposition, which has to be studied and humoured : hence these heterogeneous rows, including, perhaps, half a dozen varieties—from the slender, insignificant cylinder in white or red to the huge black iron structure which, with its bent head and groaning apparatus, suggests an old

witch brooding over the house and muttering her incantations.

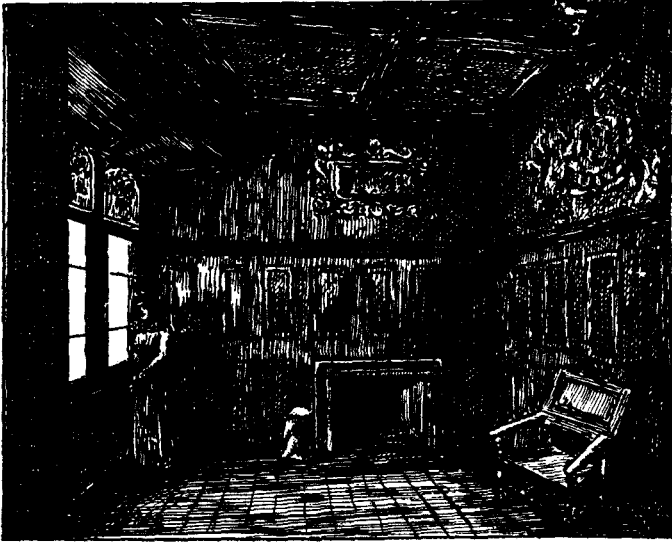
In addition to its primary use, the chimney-pot does its part in redeeming old country life from the charge of tameness so often brought against it. We have no ingeniously exposed, heavily charged wires for the passer-by to grasp, no mislaid or overlooked packages of dynamite for the curious, nor have we even the deadly icicle, which adds such a pleasant zest to winter walks in Montreal; but we *have*, as regularly as the equinoctial gales, the falling of the chimney-pots. To see two solidly-built dames—with their massive drapery and marvelous head-pieces—in full flight in opposite directions, and one of these wicked things dashing itself to pieces on the very spot where they had been



Tirling-pin from Lady Lovat's House, Blackfriars Wynd.

conversing so decorously, is—a pretty New Yorker pronounced—"not very exciting but better than nothing."

As for apartment signs, they are legion. Boarding-houses, with few exceptions—and these mainly filled by Americans—are unknown; but rooms may be had in every quarter of the city—accommodation and prices varying from the aristocratic "apartments" of the west end to the "lodgings" of less fashionable localities, and from these down to the "ludgins" of the Cowgate or Canongate. Most of the best apartments are kept, and well kept, by retired servants from good families. In many cases they accumulate fortunes; and if they do not invariably make a comfortable living, it must be their own fault. There is much grumbling on the score of extortion; but after American prices those of Edinburgh are not likely to seem high. A large and delightful drawing-room—its three windows looking first on the gardens opposite and beyond their greenery on the Forth and the shores of Fife—and three bed-rooms were secured, by four of us in Queen-street, the old home of Christopher North and Sir James Simpson, for four guineas a week—the honour of having an earl for a neighbour thrown



Room in Edinburgh Castle in which James VI. was born.

in. Food supplied to order is, of course, a considerable addition; but unless you are great gourmands, the charges, when divided among your party, will be moderate for each. As for Thackeray's apartment-house cat—the malign animal that eats your joints and drinks your wine, and is even able to draw corks—in a pretty thorough experience with apartments we have never encountered it.

In the poorer part of the city shelter may be had—and respectable shelter—for almost nothing. Burns had his "share of a deal table, and a sanded floor, and a chaff bed," for eighteen pence a week. Many a student has paid as little; and by living on the bag of meal and the bag of potatoes brought from his country home, has taken his degree at a cost of little more than the university fees, or at no cost at all if he has been fortunate enough to win a bursary. A like sum was paid for lodging by William Chambers, and there is nothing in the annals of literature more honourable than the self-denial by which he and his brother achieved their splendid success. William's weekly wages were four shillings. With the half-crown left after paying for his room, which he shared with a poor divinity student, he not only fed and clothed himself but actually saved money enough to begin a business in old books.

A hundred years ago, or little more, wheat waved where now stands the fashionable quarter. Henry Mackenzie, who died in 1831, remembered shooting part-

ridges, snipes and hares in the locality of Queen-street and Heriot Row. Land that is now worth fifteen thousand pounds sterling per annum was in 1730 offered by the magistrates to a resident in perpetual fee, for the annual rent of a crown bowl of punch; and so worthless did it appear that the offer was rejected. Three or four manor houses were then the only edifices in the entire new town, the principal of which were Drumsheugh House and the mansion house of Coates. Of the former there remains but the rookery in Randolph Crescent; the latter has fortunately been spared.

This beautiful specimen of the architecture of its day, built by Sir John Byres, of Coates, about 1161, was the country residence of its owner—his town house being in Byres' Close in the High Street. The lintel of the latter, bearing the legend, *Blissit be God in al his giftis*, is now built into the manor-house, with other fragments of sculpture from the old town. The estate of Coates was left by its late owners, the Misses Walker, to the Scottish Episcopal Church for the erection of a cathedral, and the venerable mansion is now within the cathedral grounds.

The Scoto-French style of Coates House, its crow-stepped gables, turrets, dormer-windows, and sculptures, claim kindred with the older mansions in the High Street, and remind us of the ancient alliance between Scotland and France—so close that for many a year the history of the one is almost the history of the other. The gentle-tongued guide—English, not Scotch—who shows you over the Castle gives you a gentle reminder of the fact as he mentions the mother of Queen Mary: "A French princess, sir, which her name was Mary of Guise." The Guise Palace, on the Castle Hill, was, until recent times, a substantial reminder of this able and virtuous regent. Many of the beautiful oak carvings from it are still preserved, with other curious remains, such as the chimney chain to which, in Scotland, the poker and tongs were fastened, to prevent them being turned into weapons of offence in case of a quarrel.



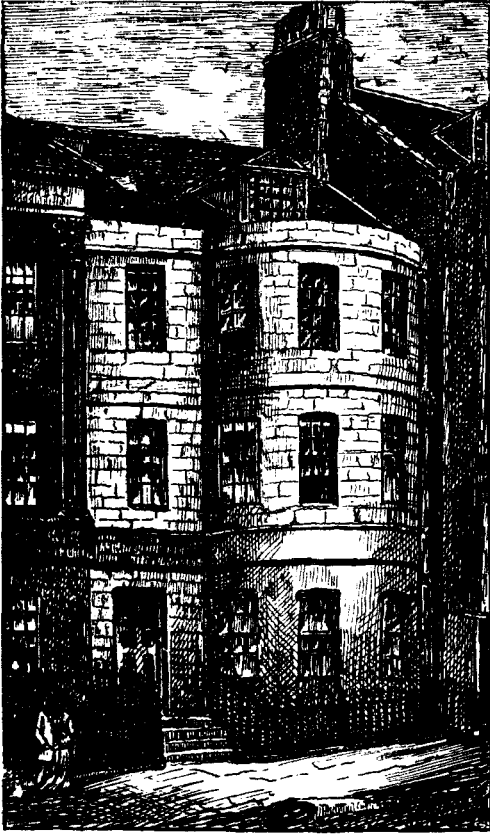
Mansion House of Coates (within the cathedral grounds).

Modelled after the cities of France, Edinburgh was walled, and made provision for the increase of her citizens by building up—in some cases eleven stories and even more—instead of extending her area. The language, too, bears witness of the intimacy between the people. “Gardey loo!” (*Gardez l'eau!*) the maids used to cry from the window, ere they emptied their buckets into the street, the only sewer. Many French words have been incorporated into the language and are in common use in Scotland to-day, especially among those who are entirely unconscious of ever having spoken or heard a French word. Gooseberries are groserts (*groselles*); cherries are geans (*guignes*); partridges are pertricks (*perdrix*); a meat-dish is an ashet (*assiette*); a leg of mutton is a gigot (*gigot*); a troublesome thing is fashions (*facheux* or *facheuse*); a wine-case is a gardyveen (*gardevin*); the national delicacy, (!) on which Burns bestowed his glowing benediction, is haggis (*hachis*); a petticoat used to be a jupe (*jupe*); slippers pantufles (*pantoufles*); a water-bottle, all over Scotland, is never called anything but a *carafe*. And we might multiply instances *ad infinitum*.

French grace, if it ever obtained a foothold in Scotland, must have died out sooner than French words. For several generations there was a class of Scotch ladies—particularly maiden ladies—whose habit of calling a spade a spade,

and of saying at all times and in all companies exactly what they thought, must have made them formidable enemies, and almost equally formidable friends. Yet Lord Cockburn, writing of this class as he knew them, calls them “a delightful set—strong-headed, warm-hearted, high-spirited;” though he acknowledges that their good qualities were “embodied in curious outsides,” seeing “they all dressed and spoke and did exactly what they chose.” Could their strong-mindedness have had anything to do with their single estate? That the latter was not always voluntary, we may judge from the remark of a certain old lady, at the beginning of this century, when solicited for a subscription towards raising volunteers: “Deed, I’ll gie nae sic thing. I ne’er could raise a man for mysel’ and I’m no gaun to raise men for King George.” One of the sisterhood having occasion to inquire into the qualifications of a servant, impatiently interrupted the stranger who was recommending the woman as a thoroughly decent person—“Oh, d—— her decency! The question is, can she make good collops?”

And yet these same ladies cultivated the graces after their fashion and patronized the “Assemblies” which the more straight-laced of their day regarded with horror. Belonging to the gentry, they were Jacobites in politics; and it is probable that the odium with which the Assemblies were regarded by the Presby-



Sir Walter Scott's Edinburgh House, 39 Castle street.

terian party was as much political as religious. Scurrilous letters were written against them; and on one occasion the mob attacked the rooms and perforated the doors with red-hot irons. The first Assembly Rooms were in the West Bow, and among the regulations hung up in them were the following:

"No lady to be admitted in a night-gown (probably *negligée*), and no gentleman in boots.

"No misses in skirts and jackets, robes-coats and stay-bodied gowns to be allowed to dance in country dances, but in a set by themselves."

It is to be doubted if the pretty New Yorker would have thought that even "better than nothing!"

From the West Bow the Assembly was removed, in 1720, to a close in the High Street, to which it gave its name. The Honourable Miss Nickey Murray, sister of the Earl of Mansfield, was lady directress; and a decayed gentleman, a claimant to the earldom of Kirkcudbright,

sold gloves in the lobby! "Gentlemen," says the author of *Old and New Edinburgh*, "usually sorted themselves with one partner for the whole year. A gentleman's cocked hat was unflapped and the ladies' fans were placed therein, and, in a species of ballot, the beau drew forth the latter; and to whomsoever the fan belonged the drawer was to be partner for the season. What would the "summer girl" think of such a system as that? The lady directress would have won golden opinions from Ward McAllister and the Four Hundred. A would-be *debutante*, no matter how beautiful or well-bred, was inadmissible unless "of that ilk;" and if by any chance Miss Nicky saw an ineligible gentleman present, "she went up to him, taxed him with presumption in coming there, and turned him out of the room."

Those who have a genuine desire to see ghosts—an amiable weakness, as the dread of seeing them is a pardonable one—should settle themselves in or near the High Street, or the Canon-gate—the region where Scott was never weary of wandering. The most famous of the houses of the old nobility still remaining—Moray House, Milton House, and Queensberry House*—have long been put to such matter-of-fact uses that the ghosts have probably left them in disgust; but "haunted houses" are still to be found. The

reader of Mrs. Oliphant will remember the nameless horror which crept over the "Wizard's Son" when taken into the room where the "auld warlock played his pliskies." Mary King's Close was so universally believed to be the abode of supernatural beings, that for generations after its depopulation by the plague it remained uninhabited. In "Satan's Invisible World,"—published in 1865—a work by no less a personage than a professor of moral philosophy in the University of Glasgow, we have a full account of the apparitions, &c.: heads with grey beards and without bodies floating through the air; hands, also without the proper accompaniment of body, insisting on shaking hands with a courageous couple that had braved the terrors of the place; and deep and awful groans, as of persons giving up the ghost

*Moray and Queensberry Houses, and the terrible tragedy connected with the latter, were described in a former article.

by violence. In 1845 the place was still uninhabited.

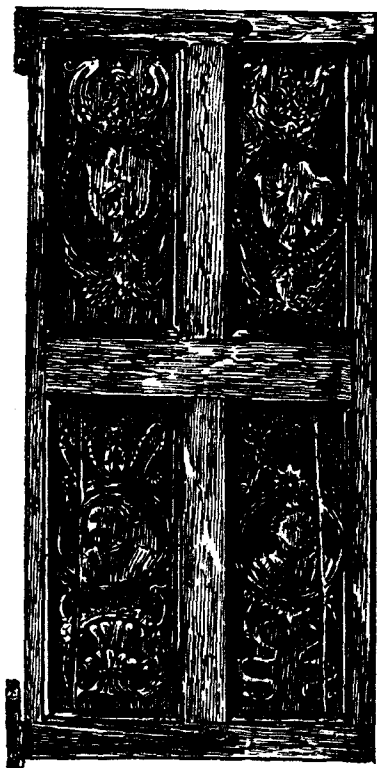
The most terrible tales of witchcraft in all the records of Edinburgh are those of Major Weir and his sister—the former of whom was strangled and burned and the latter hanged in 1670. The house of the Weirs, which stood till 1878, shared the uncanny propensities of its owners—the stair having the peculiarity that people who ascended it felt as if they were going down instead of up. The Major, whose rank was from the covenanting army, was nominally a zealous Presbyterian, and so gifted in prayer as to be thought more an angel than a man. In his seventieth year, however, while suffering from illness, he declared that his piety had been but a cloak which had hidden crimes of every description. A magic staff, the gift of the devil, and the fetich in which his chief power resided, being cast into the fire with him, was observed to writhe about as though in agony, and was as long in burning as he was. The sister confessed that her mother had been a witch, and that herself and her brother had inherited her powers. Of course the house where such doings were said to have taken place was haunted. Unearthly lights illuminated the windows at nights, and dancing and howling broke upon the stillness. Sometimes the Major glided by like a shadow; sometimes he rode off in a whirlwind of flame; sometimes the devil drove the guilty pair home in a coach and six, to spend the night at their old quarters, and called for them in the same style on the following morning. An old soldier who was offered the house rent free, saw such sights the first night that he never spent another in it. And so it was left to the powers of darkness till the Improvement Commission demolished it.

Of all the Edinburgh tragedies connected with private life, that with which the names of Burke and Hare are associated is the most terrible. Burke and Hare were Irishmen who lived in company with two disreputable women in Tanner's Close—a wretched alley that opened from the West Port. The house, named after the deceased husband of one of the women, was known as Log's Lodgings—beds being let in it to any one miserable enough to seek such a shelter. A bed-closet, the window of which looked out on a dead wall, was the scene of the murders. An accident seems to have suggested the

long series of crimes. A lodger died in Hare's debt, and the latter, to reimburse himself, sold the body, with Burke's connivance, to the surgeons for anatomical purposes. Elated with the sum they received, it at once occurred to them to make a business of furnishing subjects.

“The *modus operandi* was very simple. The unknown wayfarer was lured into the ‘lodging-house,’ weary and hungry; then generally well dosed with coarse raw whiskey—glass after glass being cordially filled in contemplation of the value of the future corpse. Then all is ready. Hare holds the lips; Burke presses his twelve stone weight on the chest. Scarcely a sigh; but on a trial if dead, a long, gurgling indraught. More is not required. All is still in that dark room with the window looking out on the dead wall. By twelve the same night the body is in the hands of the skilled anatomist, who makes no inquiries.”

It was a lucrative business. From £7 10s. the price rose to £14 per subject. After having gone on for ten months, the accidental finding of the dead body of a woman in another house controlled by the criminals led to discovery. Hare turned King's evidence and escaped; the charge against the women was declared not proven; and only Burke suffered. With appropriate justice his body was sent to the surgeons, and his skeleton



Door from the Palace of Mary of Guise.



Haunts of Burke and Hare, West Port.

may still be seen in the University Museum. The victims—of both sexes and all ages—were variously estimated at from sixteen to thirty; the larger number is probably under the true one.

Let us turn from these records of vulgar credulity and vulgar crime, and behold all this region from Castle to Palace transfigured before us. Old Edinburgh wears different faces to different eyes; to Scottish—and above all to Highland—eyes, it is first, last, and always, the city of their ancient race—of Prince Charlie, of Mary, of the gallant Jameses. It is of them we dream as we pass under these sculptured lintels; their gay cavaliers and fair ladies glide up and down the dark, unlovely wynds; their pageantries blot out the common-place circumstances of to-day. The bells ring, and Bonnie Dundee “rides up the street;” they toll, and the Great Marquis—the bravest and best heart

in Scotland—is led to execution.

“Unworthy,” do you say? But there must have been something princely about those who could win such devotion. “All is best as it is,” you believe? Well, we try to believe the same. But none the less do we treasure Jacobite traditions, and reverence Jacobite relics, and sing Jacobite songs, and wear the white rose of our lost cause. For, incredible as it may seem to the stranger, love to the Stuarts survives yet—not merely as a romantic sentiment, but as a sacred inheritance.

A. M. MACLEOD.



Ancient door head from St. Mary's Wynd.



THE SAVOUR OF THE SOIL.

IT is patriotic and altogether seemly that we should expect Canadian literature to savour of the soil from which it springs. But there is peril in formulating the expectation, which may be to the Jews of uncompromising localism a stumbling block, and to the Greeks of highly superior cosmopolitanism foolishness. Yet the demand is nothing more than a demand for sincerity and sympathy. It means that we desire our literature to be genuine and original, not artificial and imitative. It is not desirable, as some would have it to be, that Canadian literature should concern itself exclusively with scenes and themes Canadian; yet this is the interpretation sure to be put upon the demand, both by the advocates of a narrow localism, who read into it much more than it is intended to claim, and by those on the other hand who affect so cosmopolitan a breadth of view as to be superior to the emotions of patriotism. It is an ignorant folly that would restrict a writer to his own surroundings in his choice of scene and theme. It is an emasculated folly that fancies patriotism obsolete, or reckons on dispensing with the native spirit. Of the two follies the latter is the more urbane, but the former is the more easily condoned, being the nearer akin to wisdom.

For the purposes of artistic creation, one may be counted native to that soil which has nourished his childhood and youth. Without doubt some obscure but inexorable laws of heredity will determine the cast

of spirit in which a man will receive the impressions of soil and clime, landscape, legend and human example, which throng in upon him during his formative years. Without doubt, too, prenatal influences will make themselves obeyed. But whether a man be born in the Orkneys or the Channel Islands, by the Liffey, by the Loire, or by the Rhine, he may be considered native to that soil which feeds and fosters his growth. It is in the morning of life that our senses are most alert, and ceaselessly diligent. Upon the impressions which our senses gather in during childhood our imagination nourishes itself. It takes the colour of that it feeds on. At the same time it is hoarding up a store of material on which to exercise, later, the more conscious and deliberate faculties.

In imaginative creation, whether dealing with words or with colours, the impulse comes from present emotion, but the material, chiefly, from emotion remembered. The impressions we receive in childhood are remembered with the most living freshness and force. The memoirs of youth seem to lie in a perpetual stream of white light. They stand out with their edges sharp. Though the poet,—and here I use the word in its widest significance,—though the poet range creation for his subject, he is bound by the terms of his endowment, if it be an authentic endowment, to come home for the vital material with which to body forth his subject. He may restrict himself rigidly to native themes, and attain supreme excellence; but the native savour is not dependent upon the autochthonous character of the theme. On the other hand, supreme excellence is hardly to be

attained, however broad one be in choice of subject, if the finished work be found wanting in this native savour. If the native savour be not there, it is because sincerity or sympathy is lacking,—and either lack is fatal to the highest excellence. Though one seek his theme in heaven or in hell, he cannot escape the tincture of his own individuality; and that individuality is much the product of the soil upon which it took shape. If he have no individuality, of course it is quite another matter; but in such a case his work is hardly to be considered in a discussion of serious art. To bring the point home, our writers may take subjects from Canadian story, and scenes from Canadian landscape, yet miss, for reasons inherent in themselves, the savour of the soil, which is the salt to keep one's product from decay. Others, again, may concern themselves little about the birthplace of their theme, yet breathe in every line the flavour of Canadian fields. Their atmosphere, their colouring, their undertone, their reminiscence,—all this is native, though, perhaps, unconsciously* so. It is, perhaps, what one does unconsciously, while busied in conscious performance, that most truly declares his personality and counts most in the final estimate of his worth. Being Canadians, we may be considered to have a preference, other things being equal, for Canadian themes; but being artists, it may be expected of us not to narrow our art by too rigid a localism in choice of subject. Dante is not less Italian, Milton not less English, because the themes and scenes of their greatest works are somewhat remote from Italy and England. Wheresoever their imaginations wander, they carry with them the savour of the soil. And

"What these strong masters wrote at large in miles,
We follow in small copy in our acre."

PHILLIPS IN 1887 there appeared in STEWART. London a slender volume entitled "Poems, by Phillips Stewart." Being the maiden effort of a very young colonial, it passed almost unnoticed in England; and having been both issued and ignored in England, it attracted but scant attention in Canada. A few here welcomed the unobtrusive volume, for love of its author; a few, also, because they were discriminating enough to see that in its pages spoke a rare and exquisite talent. But the young poet—he was only twenty-three—had little skill in putting himself before the public. The

public knew not, and the press cared not, and no great periodical took his reputation into its keeping. His friends, even, appeared content to enjoy their admiration in quiet, and never roused themselves to anything like a proselytizing zeal. Hence it came that during these last half-dozen years, when there has been on all sides amongst us much talk of Canadian literature, there has been heard but seldom the name of Phillips Stewart. Yet the name is one of our distinctions.

It is possible that the neglect in which his volume was suffered to lie was not a matter of great regret to the poet. He was keenly alive to its defects. His taste was pure, and the standard of excellence which he set himself was not easy of attainment. His ambitions aimed high. After the appearance of this volume he devoted himself to study and self-culture, and diligently prepared himself for stronger and more sustained enterprise. But now we are precluded from considering the promise of the slender volume of first-fruits, because it has become his final achievement. On the second day of February last,—just two days before the going of that other whose death I cannot but count my country's loss as well as my own,—died Phillips Stewart, in Toronto, at the age of twenty-seven.

It goes without saying that a book like the one before us must be expected to show much that is crude, much that is imitative. It is not hard to trace at times, the influence of Keats, of Wordsworth, of Matthew Arnold. But when reasonable deduction is made for the defects of immaturity, of a genius yet in process of ferment, there remains a body of work of enduring quality and of bulk enough, I think, to withstand the shocks of time. This may seem like saying a great deal, but I do not think it is an overstatement. Whenssoever Phillips Stewart found adequate expression, the result is what is known as poets' poetry. It is the stuff that the few will always love, though it is little likely to excite a widespread interest.

The dominant note of Phillips Stewart's work is one of profound but equable sadness. The contemplation of death supplies him with his most creative impulse. There is a certain affectation of gloom, a grimly fantastic melancholy, common enough in the work of very young poets. This sort is easily recognized; but not of this sort is the melancholy of Phillips Stewart. In the mood in which he looked

on death there is nothing grim or fantastic. The mood is one of absolute sincerity. The treatment is transparent, restrained, deliberate and simple. The plangent undertone of personal sorrow is held rigidly subservient to the requirements of conscientious art. Such an attitude in one barely beyond his teens would be inexplicable did we not know how Death had made him his familiar. There is little room for affectation in the grief of an only son who loses both father and mother at an age when he is best able to feel the anguish of the loss. In the severe form, direct fidelity of expression, and temperate use of detail, of the poem called "Alone," the pathos of the situation is conveyed with poignant effect. The wonder is that song deriving from so bitter sources should flow in so sweet and clear a stream, so little soiled by the taint of morbid emotion.

A purely personal sorrow, it seems to me, has rarely been given a more imaginative expansion than in the following lines:—

" I suffer now
 " As did dead worlds in ages long ago,
 " And souls that peopled many a fabled land—
 " All felt the heart-ache, fear and woe,
 " And dreary thoughts of a strange destiny.—"

A poet does not often, in his first volume, succeed in saying many memorable things; but the book before us is full of such striking utterances as:—

" Life is a pallid student at his books
 " Who falls asleep beside the midnight lamp.

and—

" Time is the reverent gaze on marble eyes."

and—

" Death is the power of life without the pain."

and—

" O God, how little do
 We cling to what we have, how much to dreams!"
 and this of melancholy—

" How precious all things grow beneath thy smile!
 " * * * The lotus and the poppy have
 " Thee in their dreamy veins, thine image dwells
 " For ever in the jewelled wine; thou art
 " The hungry beauty of Love's crescent eyes,
 " The tremour of white hands, * * * "

But the supreme excellence of Phillips Stewart is his style. Here and there he attained that indescribable and intangible charm of speech by which the ear is perpetually enamoured. How simple and unstrained is this, how perfectly wedded to the lucid and clean-cut conception! And there is a subtle cadence in it that forbids the ear to let it go.

" I hear the wondrous lyre
 " Of the blind bard, and see the Grecian throng

" About Troy's lofty walls, and Hector slain,
 " The white, stained face and blackened crest,
 " And great Achilles crumbling on his pyre.
 " Then comes Ulysses sighing for his home
 " Afar, leaving the ruins of old Troy
 " For Ithaca, where oft, a glad-faced boy,
 " He played amid the ripening vines, and heard
 " His father's voice ere he began to roam
 " The weary waves. His heart is stirred
 " With thoughts of home, and son, and wife,
 " And ever Circe holds him in her arms."

This is genuinely classical, not by reason of its subject, but by reason of the clear objectivity of its handling. Purity and precision like this, with so vital a lyric impulse behind it, is rare, indeed, in our literature. Unlike in every way, save in the possession of that incommunicable quality which so evades analysis, is the following bit of gothic fantasy:—

" In shadowy calm the boat
 Sleeps by the dreaming oar;
 The green hills are afloat
 Beside the silver shore.
 Youth hoists the white-winged sail,
 Love takes the longing oar—
 The oft-told fairy tale
 Beside the silver shore.
 Soft lip to lip, and heart
 To heart, and hand to hand,
 And wistful eyes, depart
 Unto another strand.
 And lovely as a star
 They tremble o'er the wave,
 With eager wings afar
 Unto the joys they crave.
 In a sweet trance they fare
 Unto the wind and rain,
 With wind-tossed waves of hair,
 And ne'er return again.
 And at the drifting side
 Changed faces in the deep
 They see, and changing tide,
 Like phantoms in a sleep.
 Slow hands furl the torn sail
 Without one silver gleam,
 And sad, and wan and pale,
 They gaze into a dream."

Unquestionably this is far from obvious. It is anything but precise. It is daringly romantic. Its outlines shift so loosely that to many readers it will doubtless seem quite meaningless,—to many readers whose love for poetry is not only warm but wise. To others, however, of a somewhat different temperament, it will appeal irresistibly,—in some such fashion as Morris's poem of "The Blue Closet" appeals. It has a perfect unity of impression; and its indescribable magic of suggestion and of cadence makes it one of those poems which are the ceaseless despair and delight of other poets. In a success of this kind there is surely a select and very enviable immortality.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

AN INCIDENT OF THE YEAR '13



HE autumn of the year 1813 was a season of the deepest gloom and apprehension to the loyal inhabitants of western Ontario. Driven at length from the footing it had nobly maintained so long in the vicinity of Detroit, by the pressure of overwhelming numbers the weak division under General Proctor had been overtaken and completely annihilated at the Moravian village on the river Thames. This disaster was followed by the hasty retreat of a second gallant little army commanded by General De Rottenburg, which, although half starved and clad in rags, had blockaded a much superior force within their lines at Fort George all summer long. The British flag had disappeared from Lake Erie, and the enemy had also again secured the upper hand on Lake Ontario. A well-appointed army of ten thousand men threatened Kingston and Montreal from Sackett's Harbour, while another, not quite so strong, was forcing its way into Lower Canada from the borders of Lake Champlain. De Rottenburg hurried from Niagara to the relief of Kingston, taking with him the most serviceable troops of his division and instructing his successor, General Vincent, to follow him with all possible speed to the same place, abandoning the rest of the province to the mercy of the enemy. The wretched encumbrance of a thousand sick and wounded men forced Vincent to stand at bay for the moment at Burlington, and when it was seen that

he was not closely pursued, there he was permitted to remain, in response to many urgent entreaties.

The inhabitants of the Niagara peninsula had suffered much during the summer at the hands of both armies and their attendant Indians and camp followers. They were condemned to endure a worse calamity. The country was now overrun by organized bands of marauders, who swept up everything that remained in the hands of the defenceless people. Even the doors and windows of their houses were carried away by pillaging parties when little else could be found.

The Indians of the Six Nations abandoned their dwellings on the Grand River in a body and retired in dismay with their families in rear of the British camp at Burlington, and many loyalists followed their example in sheer despair. Outside its lines the whole province from the Niagara to the Detroit lay at the mercy of the invader.

For twenty years past the tide of immigration had flowed into this region from the United States with little intermission. One resident in 1800 saw two hundred and fifty waggons on the road at once; entire families, bringing with them droves of domestic animals; "something like an army on the march." A careful and well-informed contemporary writer states that six hundred farms had been taken up in Colonel Talbot's settlement in the present county of Elgin alone during the year 1811, nearly all of them by emigrants from the United States. Some of these, doubtless, may have been belated loyalists who had tardily made up their minds to follow the flag, but the great majority were merely attracted by the cheapness and fertility of the land, and an almost perfect freedom from taxation.

Consequently it happened that in the early part of the contest there was much

apathy and not a little positive disaffection among the population of Upper Canada. At the very beginning of the war numbers of the inhabitants of the township of Westminster signed a petition urging General Hull to advance to their support, when they promised to rise and join his army. Almost to a man they had steadfastly refused to take up arms against the invader. Benajah Mallory, representative of the county of Middlesex in the last Provincial Parliament, had accepted a commission in the American army, and actually appeared in arms against his adopted country.

Many of those openly disaffected had since been imprisoned, others fled, or went into hiding, to avoid a like fate, while a considerable number, who had committed no overt act of treason but persistently refused to take the oath of allegiance, were sent out of the country.

"In some of the most populous parts of the settlements," Colonel Baynes, Prevost's adjutant-general, stated, "two-thirds of the settlers have absconded, abandoning valuable farms, and in repeated instances have seduced and assisted the soldiers to accompany them; even members of the Provincial Legislature have deserted to the enemy, and his chief source of information is drawn from disaffected settlers who remain. Had it not been checked by the war, a few years would have rendered Upper Canada a complete American colony."

Emboldened by the temporary success of the American arms, many of these refugees now appeared in the vicinity of their deserted farms, and often made their presence felt by loyalist neighbours, who had earned their enmity in one way or another. One of the most remarkable of these was a man named Westbrook, noted for his great size and strength and indomitable courage. When again driven out, he returned to burn his farm-buildings with his own hands, and repeatedly conducted raiding parties into the province, destroying mills and dwelling-houses and carrying off prisoners and cattle.

Many of the militia had given up their arms just before Vincent began his retreat, to remove any possible pretext for confining them as prisoners of war. A few of the more resolute, however, preferred to retain their weapons for purposes of defence. On one notable occasion the marauders received a sharp lesson from these.

Two refugees, Sutherland and Entine, seized the opportunity to return to their

abandoned homes near Port Dover. They were escorted from Buffalo by a party of Chapin's volunteer cavalry. Once re-established there they were soon joined by several disaffected residents, and for some days held the country-side in terror. At the same time Mallory boldly made his appearance on the Grand River, beating for recruits among the American residents.

This sort of thing could no longer be tamely endured. Colonel Henry Bostwick, of the Norfolk militia, called a public meeting in the township of Woodhouse, at which it was decided to attack the intruders forthwith. Selecting forty-five men, Bostwick boldly marched in search of the enemy. Fortunately two of them were soon overtaken and made prisoners. From them it was learned that the remainder of the band had agreed to meet for the night at the house of one James Durham, on the lake shore near the present village of Nanticoke, a place where they frequently assembled.

Before daylight on the morning of the 13th November, Bostwick quietly surrounded their supposed quarters, sending Captain Daniel McCall with about half his force to the rear of the house to cut off their retreat to the woods. No one was visible and the house seemed deserted. Accompanied only by Lieutenant Austin, Captain John Bostwick went forward to reconnoitre. Still there was no sign of life to be seen. Bostwick reached the door unchallenged, lifted the latch and entered. He was amazed to find the room crowded with men, who at once sprang to their arms. He promptly called upon them to surrender, and for an instant they seemed disposed to obey. Then two shots were fired from the thick of the crowd, one of which struck him. In a moment he was seized and disarmed.

On hearing the sound of firing inside the house Colonel Bostwick instantly advanced with his party to his brother's assistance. A volley of musketry was fired from the windows, which killed Private Chandler. A warm fire being directed towards the building, some of the inmates soon ran out at the back and attempted to gain the woods; most of these were taken by McCall's detachment. The remainder then surrendered at discretion. Three of their number had been killed and sixteen prisoners were taken, several of whom were wounded. Most of their plunder was recovered, and only two or three of the gang escaped.

This affair proved an incentive to a bolder and more important exploit.

Vincent's division at Burlington, encumbered with several thousand starving non-combatants, was suffering greatly from want of fresh provisions. On the 5th of December Lieutenant Henry Medcalf, of the Norfolk militia, was despatched from Dover with twelve volunteers from his company, and Sergeant Douglas and seven troopers of Coleman's Provincial Dragoons, in search of some cattle that were reported to be at Rondeau, rather more than a hundred miles away. Their line of march led right through the heart of the disaffected region. When the party arrived at Port Talbot, sixty-five miles on the road, it was joined by Lieutenant Rice and Ensign Wilson with seven men of the Middlesex militia. On reaching the Rondeau it was ascertained that they had been misinformed and that no cattle were to be obtained in that part of the country. While there, however, Medcalf learned that a detachment of American troops had taken post at McRae's house near Chatham, where they had been collecting supplies and were forcing the inhabitants to take an oath of neutrality. This party was correctly stated to consist of three officers and thirty-six men of one of the regiments of regular infantry in garrison at Detroit, under the command of a Lieutenant Larwill. Disliking to return empty-handed, Medcalf promptly determined to make a forced march upon their post and attempt its surprise. During that day and the next night his men marched sixty miles, much of the way through an unbroken and pathless forest; they purposely avoided the customary trails to escape discovery. Soon after reaching the Thames they were joined by Lieutenant McGregor with seven men of the Kent militia, increasing their force to thirty-

seven officers and men. They were for the most part armed with old and defective flint-lock muskets, and there were only seven bayonets in the party. One of their number, Reuben Atwood, was still suffering from an open wound received in the night-battle at Fort Erie a year before. Others were so much exhausted that they fell down by the way, nearly helpless from sheer fatigue.

Leaving four of the weakest men in charge of the horses, which were also nearly tired out, Medcalf pushed hastily forward on foot with the remainder. McGregor's local knowledge then proved of the utmost service. About an hour before break of day they surrounded the enemy's station, and so complete was the surprise, that a volley through the windows was the first intimation that the bewildered inmates received of their presence. Sergeant James McQueen, of the Norfolk militia, burst open the door with the butt of his gun and rushed in, followed by the rest of his party. The Americans made but a feeble resistance, and soon yielded, five of them being injured. Thirty-nine regular soldiers surrendered to thirty-three militiamen.

There was no time to be lost, as it was reported that a reinforcement from Detroit was expected to arrive the same day.

The wounded men were paroled and left behind, the captured arms distributed among the militia of the neighbourhood, and the return march at once begun. Two of the prisoners escaped on the road, but the remainder were safely conducted to the headquarters of General Drummond, who was so highly pleased that he immediately promoted the leader of the expedition to the rank of Captain, as a mark of appreciation of "his loyalty, gallantry and indefatigable zeal."

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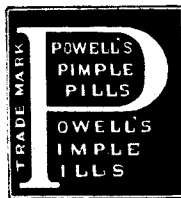
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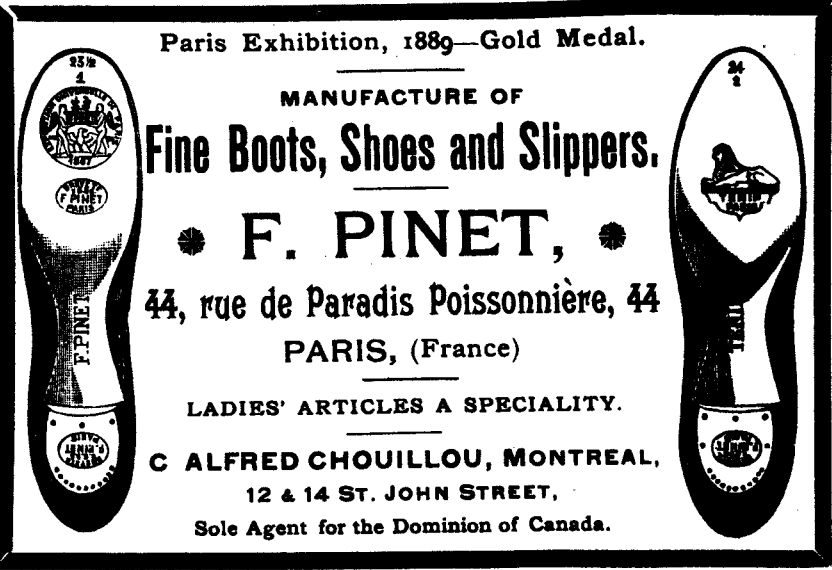
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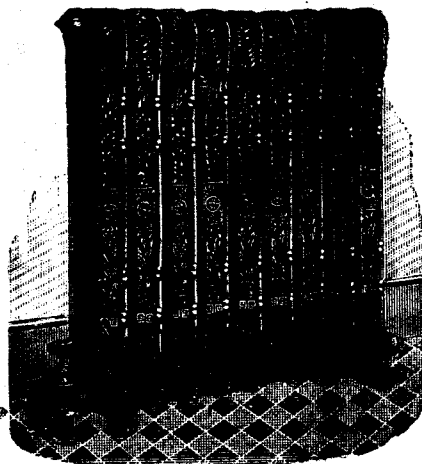
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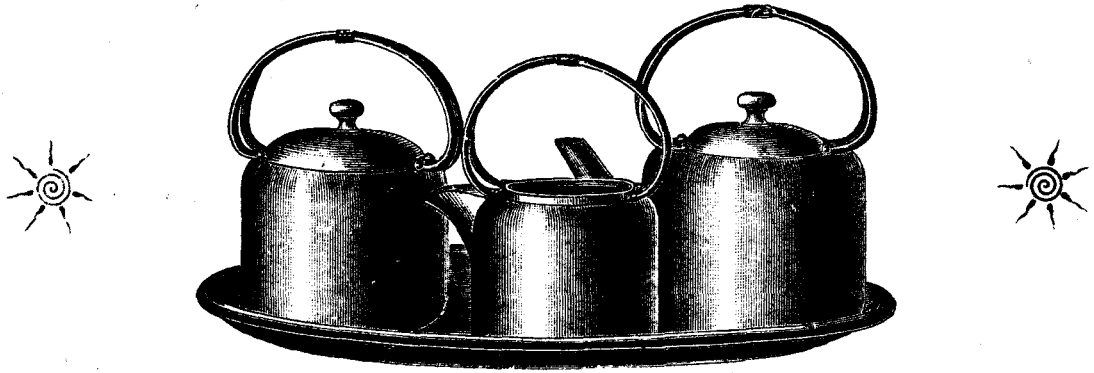
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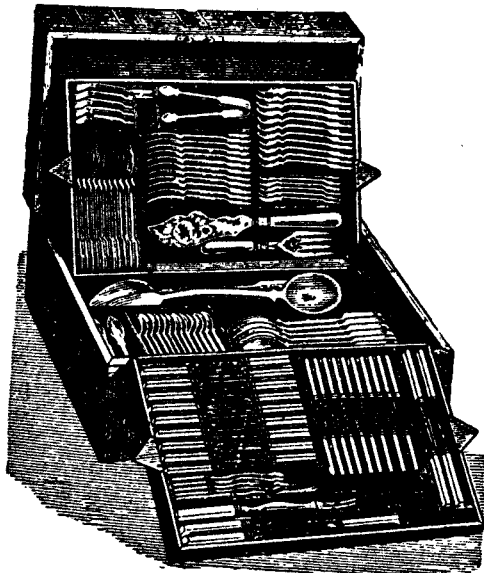
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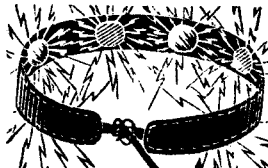
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