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# THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

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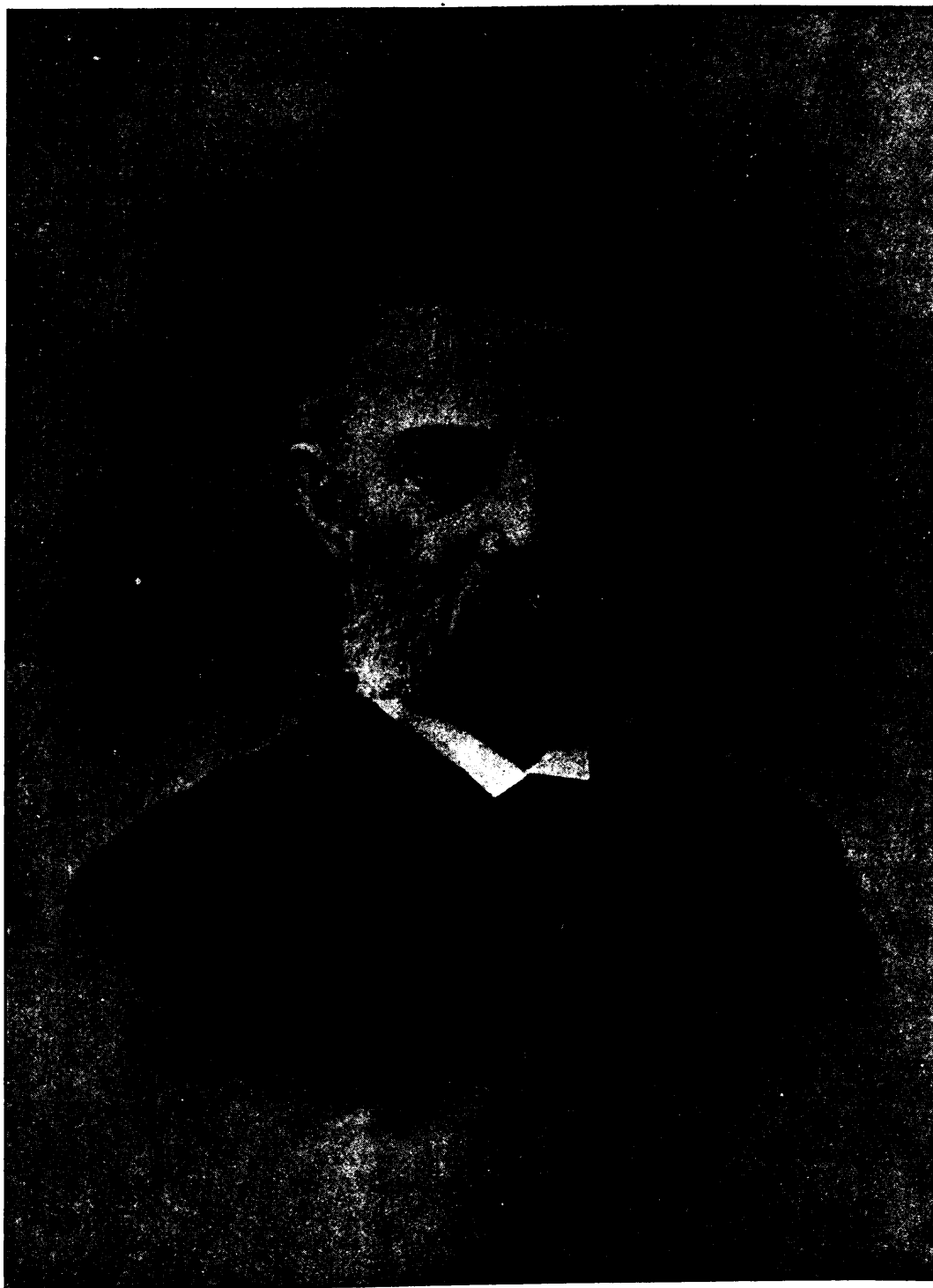
ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF PARLIAMENT OF CANADA, IN THE YEAR 1889, BY GEORGE E. DESBARATS, AT THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.

(REGISTERED.)

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PRESIDENT OF HER MAJESTY'S PRIVY COUNCIL.

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15th FEBRUARY, 1890.



A question came up recently in England in connection with the decoration of those Englishmen who had rendered special services during the French Exposition. The French ambassador had announced that he would take the occasion of a dinner at the Mansion House, London, to confer the order of the Legion of Honour on several persons to whom it had been awarded. Some of the Queen's subjects who had been marked out for this special distinction were a little scrupulous as to their right to accept the invitation. Certainly to do so was in clear contravention of a Regulation as to the meaning of which no doubt could exist. "No subject of Her Majesty," it runs, "shall accept a foreign Order . . . without having previously obtained Her Majesty's permission, . . . and such permission shall not be granted . . . unless the foreign Order shall have been conferred in consequence of active and distinguished service before the enemy . . . or unless he (the recipient) shall have been actively and entirely employed beyond Her Majesty's dominions in the service of the foreign Sovereign by whom the Order is conferred." This is an extraordinary enactment and, if strictly enforced, would deprive a great many deserving citizens of the Empire and loyal subjects of the Queen of well-merited honours. The fact is, however, that the prohibition is almost invariably waived. In 1878, on the occasion of the previous Exposition, many Englishmen were decorated by France. Public opinion looks upon the ordinance as antiquated and virtually obsolete. In Canada it certainly has not been a bar to the acceptance of foreign decorations.

Emile Zola is a candidate for the chair in the French Academy, left vacant by the death of Emile Augier. The latest succession was that of the Vicomte Eugène M. de Vogué, who, on the 22nd of November, 1888, took the place of M. Desiré Nisard. The oldest Academician is Ernest Legouvé, who was elected thirty-five years ago, and who succeeded M. Ancelot. The Duc de Broglie comes next. He had the honour of taking Père Lacordaire's place in February, 1862. Octave Feuillet, who succeeded Scribe, is third on the list. Then comes the Perpetual Secretary, Camille Doucet. Then, after Emile Ollivier, who took Lamartine's chair, comes Canada's friend, Xavier Marmier. The Duc d'Aumale, who succeeded the Comte de Montalembert, Rousset, Mézières, Dumas, John Lemoine, Jules Simon, Boissier, Sardou, Renan, Taine, the Duc d'Audiffret-Pasquier, Maxime DuCamp, Rousse, Sully-Prudhomme—these names bring us down to Pasteur, who succeeded Littré in 1881. The best known men who

have taken their seats since then are Victor Cherbuliez, François Coppée, Ferdinand de Lesseps, J. Victor Duruy, Halevy, Say, Leconte de Lisle and Jules Claretie. Of the 39 now holding chairs, all but the five first mentioned have been elected under the Republic.

In Whitaker's "Geographical Progress, 1889," reference is made to Lord Lonsdale's journey from Winnipeg, which he left in March, 1888, to the coast of Alaska, which he reached in February, 1889, after having visited the shores of the Arctic ocean. Mention is also made of Mr. E. W. Everest and Count de Sainville, who started from Winnipeg last April, proposing to follow the Arctic coast from the mouth of the Mackenzie to Behring Strait. "Wide regions in North America," adds the record, "still await the surveyor; but the work of the explorer on a large scale has been, with a few exceptions, accomplished, and his place is taken by the man of science and his coadjutors. The thorough survey of the wide Dominion of Canada is thus intrusted to a Survey Department under Mr E. Deville, while the 'Geological and Natural History Survey' is carried on under the direction of Prof. A. C. Selwyn. Among the many officers of these departments who have in recent years furnished valuable contributions to a knowledge of Canada are Messrs. G. M. Dawson, Fawcett, Ogilvie, Tyrrell, McConnell and Bell."

The quickest run yet made across the Atlantic was that of the *City of Paris* in August last. This vessel left Queenstown, Ireland, on the 22nd and reached Sandy Hook on the 27th—the passage having been accomplished in 5 days, 19 hours, 18 minutes. The total distance according to the log was 2,788 miles. The longest day's run was 500 miles. This conquest over space and time was only reached by gradual advances. We gave, in our sketch of the Hon. John Neilson, some idea of the slowness of ocean crossing and the consequent tardiness of old-world news when Canadian journalism began its career. Little change took place before the close of the century. In the *Quebec Gazette* of the 10th November, 1792, it is stated (as we learn from Christie) that the latest news from Philadelphia and New York did not pass beyond the 8th of October. Again, in the issue of December 29, it is recorded that "yesterday's post from Montreal brought New York papers to the 27th November." Official notice of November 17, 1791, gives the information that "a mail for England will be closed at Quebec on Monday, 5th December next, at 4 o'clock, p.m., to be forwarded by way of New York in H. M. packet-boat, which will sail from thence in January." Half a century later the day of steamships had arrived and the Cunard line had been organized. Here is the result as extolled by the historian: "We have now frequently, since the establishment in 1840 of the Cunard line of steamers from Liverpool to Halifax and Boston, news from India via the Mediterranean and England, in less than two months; from England in sixteen to eighteen days, regularly; from Boston and New York in three, the mail coming and going daily. And," continues Christie, "at the hour of committing this to paper (half-past noon, 4th October, 1847), we learn by the electric telegraph, just finished and in operation between Quebec and Montreal, that the steamer *Hibernia*, from Liverpool, with the English mail of the 19th ult., arrived yesterday at 2 p.m. at Boston—the information reaching Montreal by the circuitous route of Buffalo and Toronto, and which we

might have, as probably we shortly will, in one hour, when the line shall have been established direct from Montreal to Boston. Truly, in this respect, times are changed since the close of the last century, and for the better." But the last fifty years have wrought a still more extraordinary revolution. The Atlantic is now not only crossed in less than six days, but for more than a quarter of a century it has been traversed by roadways of swift intelligence which make those on this side all but eye-witnesses of what happens on the other; the globe is girdled with means of communication, and British North America is a network of railways and telegraphs.

The case of the Queen (that is the Province of Quebec) against the Labrador Company has an exceptional interest owing to the wealth of historical memorials that were put in evidence by the claimants. The original title, according to the *Régistres des Foi et Hommage*, was as follows: "Concession du 25me Février, 1661, faite par la Compagnie au Sieur François Bissot de la Rivière de la terre ferme de Mingan; à prendre depuis le Cap des Cormorans à la côté du Nord, jusqu'à la grande anse vers les Esquimaux, où les Espagnols font ordinairement la pêche, sur deux lieues de profondeur." The same *Régistres* have this record of the grant of the Mingan Islands and Islets: "Concedes le 10me mars, 1677, à Messrs. de Lalonde fils et Louis Jolliet." Frequent reference is made to this property in the *Edits et Ordonnances*, and in a judgment rendered by Intendant Hocquart there is mention of almost every branch of every family connected by descent, direct or collateral, with the original grantees. The Company's factum—a valuable and most interesting document—throws much light on the history and mutual relations of some important Canadian families, both French and English, and on the state of society in successive generations during more than two hundred years.

In another part of this issue editorial reference is made to the work of the late Dr Latham on "The Ethnology of the British Dependencies," a considerable portion of which is devoted to British North America. For what information has been collected on our aboriginal ethnology since the publication of Dr. Latham's volume, we are largely indebted to the officers of the Geological and Natural History Survey. The investigations of the Survey in this direction have been highly commended by Major J. W. Powell, who has for many years been at the head of the Bureau of Ethnology as well as of the Geological Survey of the United States. Of the fitness of geologists to undertake research in the field of ethnology, Major Powell wrote some years ago: "While thus engaged in performing their proper functions as geologists, if they are broad men, with such an appreciation and knowledge of the whole realm of science as make them worthy of being intrusted with geologic work, they necessarily discover many facts and are able to make many observations relating to other departments of knowledge than geology itself. It has thus happened that throughout the world geologists have become students of physical geography and ethnology, and to a large extent the geologists of the world constitute the chief authority in physical geography and ethnology." Then, after pointing out that the work was done with very little additional expense, he adds: "The ethnologic materials which have been collected and published by the members of the Survey of the Dominion as

a part of their natural history work are of interest and value to scholars in America and Europe alike, and it would be wisdom to strengthen this work. The savage races of all that part of the continent are rapidly changing their institutions, language and other characteristics, and if they are to be studied and their history is to become a part of the history of the world, the work of collecting the data must be begun at once and be pushed with vigour." We need scarcely say that there is no man on this continent whose word is more precious on such a question than Major Powell's, and it is to be hoped that, in the reorganization which we have been led to look for, provision for this hitherto unpaid branch of the Survey's work will not be omitted.

### OUR POLYGLOT EMPIRE.

While some of our Canadian statesmen are endeavouring to do away with the use of a second language for official purposes, a movement is afoot at the metropolis of the Empire for the practical recognition of its polyglot character. Polyglot the British Empire is and is likely to remain. We have had several attempts in recent times to overcome the difficulty of diverse speech by the invention of a common tongue. Some account of these attempts has already appeared in our columns. But the most enthusiastic upholders of Volapük, or any of its rivals, must acknowledge that there are circumstances in which its adoption would be impracticable. Out of Europe and its colonies such a plan could only be made available in rare and exceptional cases. The only certain way of holding communication with the peoples of the East, of Africa and Oceanica, is to learn their languages or teach them ours. For many long centuries England (like other countries) has depended almost exclusively on the services of the interpreter. That functionary has, indeed, played no unimportant part in the history of civilization on this American continent as well as in the Old World. Any one who has read the negotiations for any of our Indian treaties (as, for instance, in the late Hon. A. Morris's instructive narrative) will have some notion of the *modus operandi*, or rather the *modus loquendi* on such occasions. In that delightful record of travel, Kinglake's "Eothen," there is an amusing, but, perhaps, not very exaggerated, picture of a scene in which the interpreter is the bond of sympathy between the speakers. Even when the official is thoroughly accomplished and is master of the idioms of both the tongues between which he mediates, the method is awkward and embarrassing. It may, at critical moments in the history of nations, be of grave consequence that every shade of meaning should be preserved in the transfer from speech to speech, and it is more than possible that misunderstandings have arisen or been seriously aggravated through the ignorance or dishonesty of the translator.

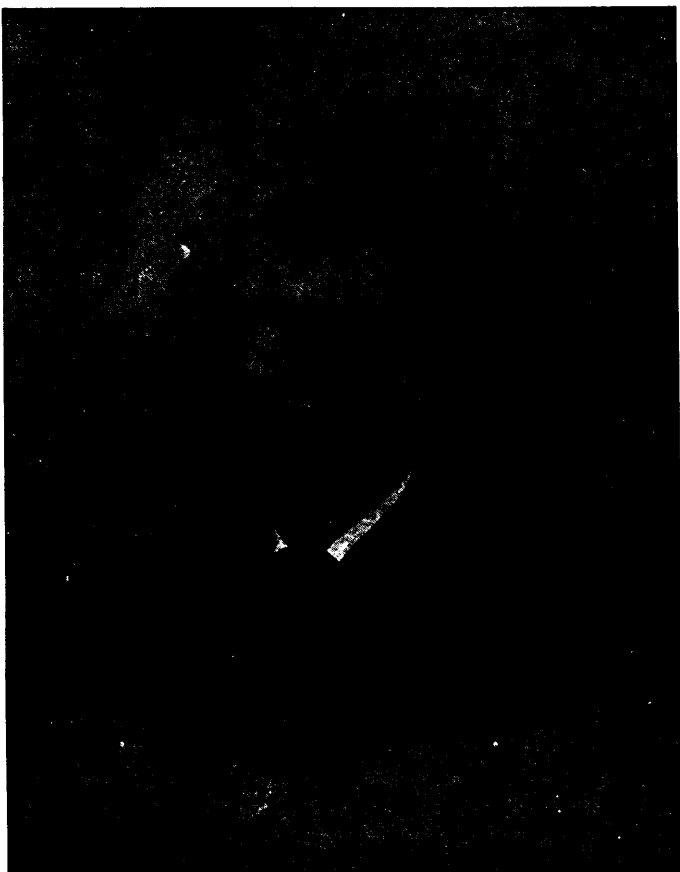
For these and other reasons it was deemed well that in the central capital of an Empire which harbours members of so many different races, speaking a vast variety of languages, there should be an institution at which a knowledge of the leading Oriental tongues and dialects could be acquired by young men entering on the paths of commerce or diplomacy. The need of such an institution has long been felt. Ever since England won control of India, some measure of linguistic training was considered requisite for those who served the government of that great and populous country. That any one person could learn all the languages

of the peninsula is, of course, out of the question. Sir William Hunter, on the authority of Mr. Brandreth, computes its non-Aryan languages alone at 142, a list of which he gives in "The Indian Empire: its History, People and Products." And this list does not include Hindi, Hindustani, Marathi, and the other descendants of the Sanscrit mother tongue, which are more or less akin to our Western Aryan languages. In India and the adjacent countries, with which British administrators and officials have dealings more or less constant and intimate, there are probably not less than 200 spoken forms of speech. More than forty years ago Dr. Latham published a treatise on the "Ethnology of the British Colonies and Dependencies," a work which may still be consulted with advantage by any one who would know how far the British Empire represents the races, languages and religions of humanity. Even in our own heritage in the New World there are communities in which the prevalent tongues are the extremes of Latin, of Teutonic and of Oriental speech; and apart from these and all the tongues and dialects that intervene, there are great families of language that have their homes altogether or almost entirely within the limits of the Dominion. In the British West Indies important groups of the European, African and Asiatic languages are represented. In British Honduras and British Guiana Central and South American tongues are spoken by the aborigines. Passing to Europe, we find Heligoland, Gibraltar, Malta, all presenting their respective linguistic peculiarities, while the British possessions in Africa are rich in various treasure for the philologist.

It is in the East, however, that England comes in contact with a veritable Babel of tongues—some in groups, some isolated. Some of these it is essential to the maintenance of good relations between the ruling class and the communities that they govern that at least a certain number of English officials should be able to converse in. The vernaculars of India have, for more than a hundred years, been studied with more or less success by Anglo-Indians. The universities of the United Kingdom have done a good deal in encouraging Oriental learning, and have produced some excellent Oriental scholars. Sanscrit, Persian, Arabic, Turkish and Chinese have been added to Hebrew, Chaldee and Syriac, and lectures have been given on the history, grammar and literatures of these languages. But for practical purposes something more was required, and when in 1887 the Imperial Institute was created to commemorate the Queen's Jubilee, it was thought advisable to inaugurate, in connection with it, a School for Modern Oriental Studies. Last year the preliminary arrangements were completed in association with University and King's Colleges, London, and a few weeks ago Prof. Max Müller delivered the inaugural address before a distinguished gathering, over which the Prince of Wales presided. The army and navy, diplomacy, administration, India, the colonies, including Canada, commerce, the great seats of learning, and the learned professions were well represented. Major-General Sir C. Teesdale, V.C., Sir Allen Young, the Duke of Fife, Sir Lyon Playfair, M.P., Sir Charles Tupper, Bart., Sir John Lubbock, Bart., Lord Harris (whom some of our readers may remember as a cricketer), Sir Monier Williams, Sir F. A. Abel, F.R.S., Lord Rayleigh (who presided at the Montreal meeting of the British Association), Sir W. W. Hunter, the historian of India, Sir Saul Samuel, Lord Hers-

chell, chairman, and Sir Lowthian Bell, vice-chairman, of the Institute, Sir Somers Vine, Sir Douglas Galton, and several other illustrious persons were at the Royal Institution on the occasion.

Professor Müller, in his address, pointed out that, instead of the movement being one to excite surprise, what was really strange was that England, which had so many interests in the East, so many dealings with Oriental peoples, should have been so long in establishing such a school. St. Petersburg, Vienna and Berlin have all been beforehand with the British capital as centres of Oriental study. In France the government founded long ago *une école pour les langues Orientales vivantes*. The Oriental Seminary at Vienna is a famous and fruitful institution, and the Imperial press has one of the richest existing collections of Oriental types. The Seminary of Oriental Languages at Berlin, though recently established, bids fair to surpass all kindred seats of learning. It has a Professor of Chinese, assisted by two native teachers, one for north, the other for south, Chinese, and the same plan is applied to Japanese, Arabic, Persian, Hindustani, Syriac, Turkish, and other languages. It has also a teacher of Swaheli, the most important of the East African tongues. Of its 115 students, twenty-three are devoted to mercantile pursuits, four to theology, fifteen to philosophy, medicine and physical science, three are technical students, five officers of the army. The success of this movement in Germany speaks volumes for the earnestness with which our Teutonic cousins are bent on pushing German interests abroad. German diplomatists, explorers and merchants will go forth well equipped to their respective spheres of labour. Nor is Russia behind in ardent pursuit of this branch of knowledge. Not even Germany has excelled her in producing polyglot diplomatists, soldiers, traders, and men of research. It is full time, therefore, that England, with citizens and interests in every quarter of the globe, where every tongue is spoken by people of every colour, should not be left in the rear on the ground that she has made her own. The new school starts well. It gives instruction in all the chief Eastern languages, from Romaic and Russian to Chinese and Japanese—native teachers aiding learned professors. Her missionaries, explorers, diplomatists, administrators and men of science, will no longer have to depend on the dragoman. The importance of a knowledge of living languages in both peace and war was clearly set forth by Prof. Müller. He recalled, as not without significance, in view of Russia's progress in Central Asia, that more than fifty years ago the Imperial Academy of St. Petersburg had a professor of Pushtu, of which in England there is as yet no teacher, though it is the language of Afghanistan. How many Englishmen may have perished through lack of knowledge! In war, as in statecraft and diplomacy, England would undoubtedly have profited had she followed Russia's example in this respect, as in the Soudan and Burmah the commissariat officers had good reason to know. To the mercantile community the knowledge of modern languages of the East as of the West would prove a precious boon. He knew what the lack of it cost some persons from the frequent letters of inquiry that he received. Prof. Müller closed his address by dwelling on the moral effect of such studies in removing prejudices and misconceptions. To become acquainted with a language is to obtain a more intimate knowledge of the people speaking it, to get to their hearts and to understand their aspirations.



R. H. POPE, Esq., M.P.  
Mover of the Address in the House of Commons.  
(Presby, photo.)



LT.-COL. EDW. GAYLER PRIOR, M.P.,  
Seconder of the Address in the House of Commons.  
(W. J. Topley, photo.)



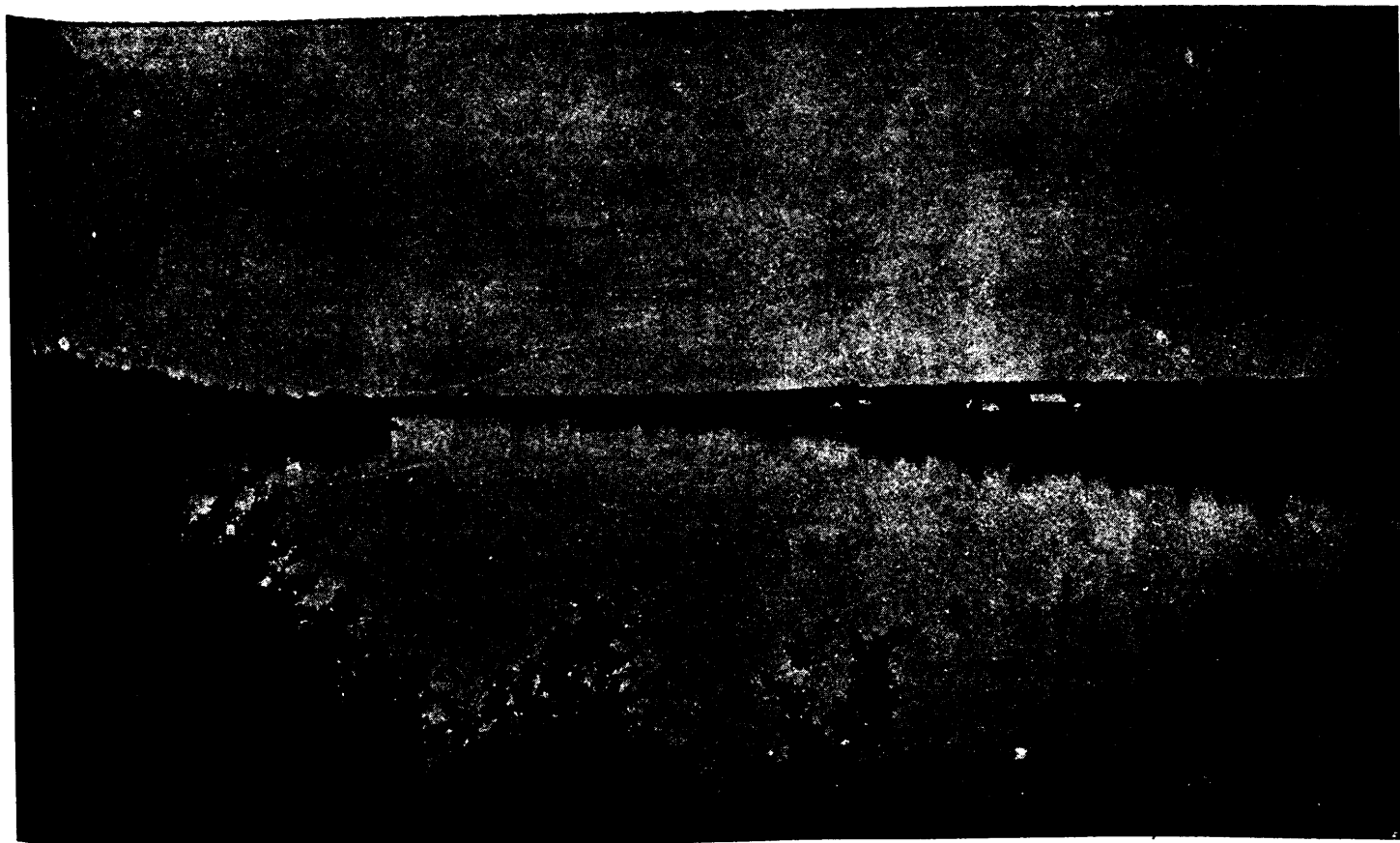
EDMONTON, ALBERTA, FROM DOWLER'S BANK.



LIEUT.-COL. HON. C. A. BOULTON,  
Mover of the Address in the Senate.  
(W. J. Topley, photo )



HON. J. H. LOUGHEED,  
Seconder of the Address in the Senate.  
(W. J. Topley, photo.)



SASKATCHEWAN, ALBERTA, N.W.T.



**THE HON. C. C. COLBY, PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL, ETC.**—This gentleman, whose elevation to a position in the cabinet gave satisfaction to many friends in this province and elsewhere, was born on the 10th of December, 1827. His father, Dr. F. M. Colby, who was well known in the Eastern Townships as a medical practitioner, was a member of a Cheshire family that came to America before the Revolution and settled in New Hampshire. After some years of practice in Vermont he settled in Stanstead in 1832. In 1834 he was elected to represent the county in the Legislative Assembly of Lower Canada, and continued to serve his constituents in that capacity until the suspension of the constitution in consequence of the Rebellion. Mr. C. C. Colby, who had not passed the stage of infancy at the time of his parents' migration, was brought up in Canada, and is an excellent type of the enlightened, energetic, enterprising Townships man. After attending school in Stanstead, he entered Dartmouth College, N.H., and graduated at that institution in 1847. In 1855 he was called to the Bar of Lower Canada. In addition to his professional pursuits, he has interested himself in many undertakings connected with the development of the Townships. He has been a director of Massiwiippi Railway, of the Crown Mining Company, and of the Waterloo and Magog Railway. He has also been vice-president of the Quebec Temperance and Prohibitory League. He was first returned to the Parliament of the Dominion at the general elections of 1867. In 1882 he was re-elected by acclamation and again in 1874. He was also returned in 1878, in 1882 and 1887. On the re-adjustment of the cabinet some months ago Sir John Macdonald asked him to accept the position of President of the Council. His election, on an assuming office, was contested by the new Equal Rights party, but Mr. Colby was victorious, obtaining a majority of 1,042 in a total vote of about 2,200. In December, 1858, Mr. Colby married Miss Harriet Child, of Waybridge, Vermont. In his county the Hon. Mr. Colby exercises large and deserved influence, and in private life is universally esteemed.

**MR. RUFUS POPE, M.P.**—This gentleman, to whom, according to the usual course of parliamentary practice, the duty of moving the Address in reply to the Speech from the Throne was entrusted at the opening of the present session, is a son of the late Hon. John Henry Pope, for many years in the cabinet of the Dominion. Some months ago he succeeded his father as member for Compton in the House of Commons, and he thus begins with excellent auspices a career in which the large share of ability which he is known to inherit promises him success. He was born in the county whose interests he represents, and is in the prime of life and usefulness.

**COL. E. PRIOR, A.D.C., M.P.**—Col. Edward Gawler Prior, second son of Rev. Hy. Prior, was born at the parsonage at Dallowgill, near Ripon, in Yorkshire, Eng., on the 21st of May, 1853. He was educated at the Leeds Grammar School, and served his articles with J. Tolson White, the eminent mining engineer, of Wakefield, Eng. In 1873 he went to Vancouver's Island as assistant manager for the Vancouver Coal and Land Co. (Ltd.), with whom he stayed five years. He was then appointed Government Inspector of Mines for British Columbia. He held this position till 1880, when he resigned and entered mercantile life. He is now the senior partner of the large and well-known firm of E. G. Prior & Co., of Victoria, B.C., iron merchants. He first entered politics in 1886, when he was returned at the head of the poll to represent the city of Victoria in the Local Legislature. In January, 1888, he was presented with a large petition by his constituents asking him to resign his seat in the Local House and run for the Dominion House of Commons, in which a seat had become vacant by the resignation of Mr. Shakespeare. No opposition coming forward, he was returned by acclamation. He is a life member of the "North of England Institute of Mining and Mechanical Engineers." He is Lieut.-Colonel commanding the British Columbia Brigade of Garrison Artillery, and is one of His Excellency the Governor-General's A.D.C.'s. He is largely interested in mining and other industries on the Pacific Coast, and is always one of the foremost to enter into any enterprise for the development of the splendid natural resources of the province in which he lives. Col. Prior was the seconder of the Address in reply to the Speech from the Throne in the House of Commons at the opening of the present session of Parliament.

**THE HON. LIEUT.-COL. BOULTON, SENATOR, ETC.**—Lieut.-Col. Boulton, who moved the address in reply to the Speech from the Throne in the Senate, is a descendant of Judge Boulton, who came to Canada nearly a century ago and settled in Toronto, leaving that beautiful residence, "The Grange," as a monument to his memory. It is now worthily occupied by Professor Goldwin Smith. An interesting episode in connection with Judge Boulton's appointment to the young colony is worth recording here. On his way out to New York in the year 1799, the vessel was captured by a French man-of-war, and he, with the rest of the passengers and crew, were all taken to France and there incarcerated. At the end of nine months they

were released by an exchange of prisoners, and in August, 1800, he landed in New York and joined his wife, who, unaware of his capture and imprisonment, had preceded him. Judge Boulton's eldest son married Miss Robinson, a sister of the late Sir John Beverly Robinson, Chief Justice of Upper Canada, and their son, Lieut.-Col. D'Arcy Boulton, who is now the senior officer on the Active Militia list of Canada, established himself in the practice of the law at Cobourg in 1837, where he still resides. He married in 1838 the daughter of Lieut.-Colonel Heath, a brigadier-general in the East India Company's service, who died on the field in India in the year 1820. Charles Arkall Boulton, their eldest son, was born in Cobourg in the year 1841, and was educated at Upper Canada College. At the age of 16 he obtained a commission in the 100th Royal Canadian Regiment, a regiment that was being raised for service in India during the Indian Mutiny. He went abroad with the regiment in 1858 and served in Gibraltar, Malta and other stations, returning with his regiment to Canada in 1866. In 1868 he left the service to remain in Canada instead of going abroad again with his regiment. In August, 1868, he was appointed major of the 46th Battalion under the late gallant Col. Williams. In June, 1869, he joined Col. Dennis' surveying party which went to the North-West for the purpose of laying the foundation of the future surveys of that country. The history of the stirring period that followed during the winter of 1869-70 is graphically told by him in his book entitled "Reminiscences of the North-West Rebellions." His capture and imprisonment, his being put in chains, the sentence of death passed upon him by Riel, his subsequent reprieve at the solicitation of Sir Donald A. Smith, the late Archdeacon McLean, and others, form an interesting episode in the history of the North-West, and identify him in a prominent way with the early development of that country. After thirty days' imprisonment he, with his fellow prisoners, was released upon the intervention of Archbishop Taché, and he shortly after returned to Ontario and engaged in lumbering in the village of Lakefield. For three years he was Reeve of the village of Lakefield, and in 1885 he was invited to contest the West Riding of Peterborough, but financial difficulties arising from the panic of 1873 in the United States, which was so destructive to the lumbering interests of Canada, and from which he did not recover, forced him to decline. After spending a couple of years upon an Ontario farm, he determined once more to start afresh upon the broad prairies of the West, and in 1880, with a yoke of cattle and six months' provisions, he took his family and settled in the Shell River district, 350 miles north-west of Winnipeg, when his nearest neighbour was 30 miles distant. Since that time he has been closely identified with the development of that portion of the Province of Manitoba and its public life. He was the first Warden of the County of Russell, and held that position for three years, and was afterwards chairman of the Judicial Board of the Western Judicial district. In 1885, when the rebellion broke out, he tendered his services to General Middleton to raise a corps of mounted men from his own neighbourhood, which were accepted, and he had the honour of serving through that memorable campaign at the head of a fine body of men. When the campaign was over, he added to his diversified experiences that of author and publisher, giving a personal narrative of the two rebellions, in which he had been an active participant, which will serve as a valuable book of reference in the future history of the country. He has established two villages on the line of the Manitoba & North-Western Railway—Russell and Shellmouth, and is at present engaged in dairying and stock raising at the latter place, which is the junction of the Shell river with the Assiniboine. In 1886 he received the nomination at the Conservative convention in Minnedosa to contest the County of Marquette, a constituency 220 miles long by 100 miles broad, against the sitting member, Mr. Watson, but was defeated by 58 votes, out of 4,500 votes polled. He now fills the vacancy in the Senate consequent upon the appointment of the Hon. Dr. Schultz to the post of Lieutenant-Governor. We append to our sketch an extract from the Winnipeg *Free Press* in commenting upon Lieut.-Col. Boulton's career:—"Both those who know him personally and those who know only his record, will be rejoiced to learn of the deserved appreciation of Major Boulton and his services to his country by the Government, as manifested in conferring upon him the distinction of a seat in Canada's Upper House of Parliament, and they will hope that he may live long to enjoy what is doubtless intended and accepted as a high honour."

**THE HON. J. A. LOUGHEED, SENATOR, ETC.**—The Hon. James Alex. Lougheed, Q.C., Senator, seconder of the Address in reply to the Speech from the Throne in the Senate, was born Sept. 1st, 1854, in the town of Brampton, County of Peel, and is consequently in his 36th year and the youngest member of the Senate. He removed early in life to Toronto, where he studied law with the firm of Beatty, Hamilton & Cassels. He went to the North-West in January, 1882, and located in Calgary, where he practised law as the senior partner of the firm of Lougheed, McCarthy & Beck. Senator Lougheed married in 1884 a daughter of the late Chief Factor, Wm. Hardisty. He is largely interested in and identified with North-West enterprises. He was appointed Q.C. in December, 1889. He was nominated some time ago to the Senate to succeed the late Mr. Hardisty.

**EDMONTON, ALBERTA, N.W.T.**—In this engraving our readers have a view of a place which a few of them perhaps have visited, but which they have all, doubtless, heard or read about. Long before the organization of the

North-West on its present basis, before the district of Alberta had been created, or the great transcontinental line was constructed, Edmonton was a local habitation and a name. It is one of the ancient fortresses of the old company regime and still bears some traces of its former semi-military aspect. It is situated on the Saskatchewan in a picturesque district in Northeast Alberta, in sight of the Beaver Hills, which are rich in various minerals. It is on the line of the original C.P.R. route, the divergence of which was a temporary disappointment to the inhabitants. But it will soon have ample accommodation in the way of railways, and is destined to be one of the most thriving centres of trade and industry in the North-West. Our engraving gives a striking view of the town.

**SASKATCHEWAN, ALBERTA.**—This town, so called from the famous river, on whose banks it is situated, is only a few miles from Edmonton, so that what is said of the surroundings of that place applies equally to its neighbour down the river. Like Edmonton, too, it was originally a Hudson Bay Company's post, and its name occurs frequently in the annals of that famous corporation. It is now a thriving town.

**RAPID CITY, MANITOBA.**—In this engraving our readers are presented with a thoroughly characteristic prairie province landscape. The locality is noted for its fertility, and was early marked out as the home of a thriving colony. The elevators visible in the foreground tell their own tale of progress, and the surface of the ground reveals the source to which it is due. The interest of the picture is economic rather than artistic, but the undulating character of the country in the background shows that a certain picturesqueness is not wanting.

**NEPEAN POINT, OTTAWA.**—This is a scene with which some of our readers are no doubt familiar. Our engraving shows it in some of its most striking aspects. The best description of this spot, so well known to the residents of our capital, is that of Mr. F. A. Dixon in "Picturesque Canada": "Beyond Major's Hill, or rather at its extreme end, is Nepean Point, a rival to the big rocky promontory to the westward, upon which the Parliament Buildings stand. Here is the saluting battery, from which, on certain high 'white stone' days, the curl of smoke and boom of big guns tell of a fresh birthday for the Queen, or for the young Dominion, or of the state visits of England's representative to the Senate, or of the opening or closing of Parliament. From this, of all the many points from which the 'Buildings' can be viewed, they present, perhaps, the most picturesque aspect. Sufficiently near to be taken in as a whole, and yet far enough off to be merged in the grace-giving vest of the atmosphere, their effect in the warm glow of the sun as it sets in the west is simply delightful to the painter's eye. Bit by bit their dainty towers and pinnacles and buttresses fade out in the subdued tones of evening, changing from the 'symphony in red' to a 'harmony in gray,' till moonlight makes them all glorious as a 'nocturne in silver and black.'"

**SCENE AT CHAUTAUQUA, NIAGARA ON THE LAKE.**—Except to call attention to its beauty, which our readers will promptly recognize, there is nothing of special importance to say of this engraving. It is, however, worthy of note as a specimen of the taste and work of the Toronto Amateur Association, by one of whose members, Mr. E. Havelock Walsh, the view was taken, and to whose courtesy we owe the photograph.

**FORT PELLY.**—This post, as well as the River Pelly, was so named after Sir H. Pelly, a governor of the Hudson's Bay Company. It was constructed in the year 1842. The story of Mr. Robert Campbell's explorations, in which it is mentioned, was published in a recent issue, in connection with the remarkable survey work of Mr. William Ogilvie.

**THE LIFE-BOAT.**—This is a most touching picture. The motive of the artist is evident. The sweeping tragedy that has left desolation where once so many happy homes were clustered in prosperous neighbourhood is brought out with even more melancholy distinctness by the gentle humour of the central scene. It is a fair illustration of life where laughter and tears often quickly follow each other, or are drawn from sources that lie not far apart. The locality is in France, where the painter had doubtless witnessed such disasters as he has here depicted.

**A STAMPEDE, BY ROSA BONHEUR.**—The scene depicted in our engraving is one of the most spirited and truthful representations of an agitated herd that the great lady animal painter has given to the world. Every figure in the picture merits study. Every limb and muscle, the expression of the eyes, the bearing of the head, the peculiar movement due to strain or push in the larger beasts, the crowding of the sheep, the mishap of the lambkin, the energetic efforts of the herdsman—one with uplifted stick in the foreground and his fellows dimly seen in the rear—these and other details indicate the conscientious care with which the artist has studied nature. It is a thoroughly characteristic example of her best style.

**TWO BUNCHES OF CHERRIES FROM NEW WESTMINSTER, B.C.**—In a recent issue we gave some account of the progress of the fruit-growing movement in British Columbia. These bunches of cherries furnish satisfactory evidence of the success that has already been attained in the cultivation of some of the smaller varieties. New Westminster is the centre of a district which was long since marked out as likely to excel in fruit-culture, and now that the industry has been organized and put on a safe economic footing, its future may be regarded as assured. We have already given

our readers some indication of what New Westminster can do in rose cultivation. It is famous for both flowers and fruit, its climate and situation being especially favourable to the growth of both. By and by we hope to present our readers with further demonstration of its success in both these respects.

## THE CLERGY RESERVES QUESTION.

To the Editor of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED:

SIR,—In your issue of February 8th Mr. E. J. Hemming charges me with a misstatement of historical facts in regard to the attitude of the French Catholics towards the Protestant Clergy Reserves. To substantiate his position he quotes the division lists upon the final votes, which apparently support his view. It is not safe, however, to base an argument simply upon a vote which the exigencies of politics may force out of a popular assembly. Take for instance the vote of Parliament upon the Irish Question on the 20th April, 1882, by which an address was adopted, without a dissentient voice, advising Her Majesty upon the proper method of governing Ireland; if any person in after years should come upon that vote and conclude anything as to the real sentiments of members upon the subject, he will be very much mistaken. Mr. Hemming has taken a similar surface view of the Clergy Reserve vote.

It is not only a fact recorded in history, but one within the memory of many living men, that the French took no part in the agitation for the secularization of the Clergy Reserves. As L'Arreau (p. 255, Hist. de Droit) puts it: "La question des réserves ne fut pas directement un sujet de griefs dans le Bas-Canada. Au contraire, dans le Haut-Canada, cette grande question créa des discordes et des jalousies." In the address of Parliament on the subject, in 1850, it is clearly shown as an Upper Canada question in the following passage: "That it appears from the facts above stated, that during a long period of years, and in nine successive sessions of the Provincial Parliament, the representatives of the people of Upper Canada, with an unanimity seldom exhibited in a deliberative body, declared their opposition to religious endowments of the character above referred to." Sir Francis Hincks, who chiefly brought about the secularization, states (p. 43 Religious Endowments in Canada) that "the French Canadians as a party were extremely unwilling to commit themselves on the Clergy Reserve or Rectory questions," and he mentions Sir L. H. Lafontaine, Sir Etienne Taché and Mr. L. H. Viger as being very strongly opposed to the movement.

The following letter will make the matter very clear. Of all the English Governors who have ruled in this country, Lord Elgin was the most able and clear-sighted. The measure was carried while he was Governor, and this is his view of it.

Letter from the Earl of Elgin, Governor-General of Canada, to Earl Grey, Colonial Secretary, dated Toronto, July 12, 1851:—

"As to the insinuation that the movement against the endowments of the Church of England is prompted by the Romans, events will give the lie to it ere long. The following facts, however, seem to be wholly irreconcilable with this hypothesis. Before the union of the Provinces there were very few, if any, Roman Catholic members in the Upper Canada Parliament; they were all powerful in the Lower. Now it is recorded in history that the Upper Canadian Legislative Assembly kept up year after year a series of assaults on the 'Clergy Reserves,' in proof of which, read the narrative part of the Address to Her Majesty on the 'Clergy Reserves' from the Legislative Assembly last year. And it is equally a fact that the Lower Canadian Legislative Assembly never meddled with them, except, I think, once when they were invited to do so by the Government." (Walrond—Letters of Lord Elgin, p. 139.)

Lord Elgin was not in favour of the drastic measures which the Upper Canada majority were urging. His biographer says, p. 135: "So violent was the feeling that it threatened to sweep away at one stroke all the endowments in question, without regard to vested interests, and without even waiting for the repeal of the Imperial Act

"by which these endowments were guaranteed. "More loyal and moderate counsels however prevailed, owing chiefly to the support which they received from the Roman Catholics of Lower Canada."

The Roman bishops never complained of these endowments, nor were any petitions got up nor any agitation raised about them in Lower Canada. It was clearly against the interest of the Roman Church to advocate openly or covertly any principles of secularization.

Lord Elgin's editor, basing his statements on the letters, goes on to say (p. 136): "The more moderate and thoughtful men of every party are said to have been at heart opposed to it, but it was impossible for them to stand against the current of popular feeling. The Bill speedily became law; the Clergy Reserves were handed over to the various Municipal Corporations for secular uses; and though by this means a noble provision made for the sustentation of religion was frittered away so as to produce but few beneficial results, a question which had long been the occasion of much heart-burning was at least settled, and settled for ever. A slender provision for the future was saved out of the wreck by the commutation of the reserved life-interests of incumbents, which laid the foundation of a small permanent endowment; but, with this exception, the equality of destitution among all Protestant communities was complete."

I do not wish to be misunderstood. I have not expressed any opinion as to the merits of the subject, and I shall not go off into any side issue on a dead question. I am merely inquiring as to who broke up the Protestant endowments; and, to adopt the words of the Address of Parliament, I am compelled to say that it was "the great majority of Her Majesty's subjects in Upper Canada, to whom these endowments had been for many years a source of intense dissatisfaction."

The question, however, after a long agitation in Upper Canada, got down into the region of practical politics. Sir Francis Hincks says (p. 73, Religious Endowments): "There had never been any difference of opinion on the Clergy Reserve question among the Upper Canada members of the Government (Lafontaine-Baldwin), but the time had arrived when it was necessary to come to an understanding with the Lower Canadians." The Hincks-Morin Ministry was then formed with the two chief planks in its platform of the Secularization of the Clergy Reserves to please Upper Canada, and the Abolition of the Seigneurial Tenure to satisfy Lower-Canada. It is not necessary to follow in detail the shifting phases of politics which succeeded during the next two years, but at last a coalition Ministry emerged out of chaos bearing with it these same two planks, and in 1854 both measures were carried. Mr. Hemming points out that French Roman Catholics were among the majority which carried it. It is true that their scruples were at last overcome. Let the following extract from Mr. Louis Turcotte's valuable history explain how:—

"Les députés du Bas-Canada supportèrent la mesure ministérielle, afin de se rendre aux désirs de la population du Haut-Canada. M. Cartier (afterwards Sir George) rappela à l'opposition que la sécularization des réserves n'avait pas été soulevée par les catholiques du Bas-Canada, mais par la grande majorité protestante de l'autre province. C'était à elle qu'il fallait en attribuer la responsabilité. Les dernières élections avaient prouvé que la sécularization était une idée populaire parmi cette population. Si l'on n'avait pas envoyé une majorité écrasante en faveur de la sécularization, les catholiques n'auraient pas voté pour la mesure."—Le Canada sous l'Union, p. 231.

From these extracts the true history of the Clergy Reserve secularization clearly appears. I have no wish to renew ancient griefs or revive the memory of sectional quarrels, but the "double majority" theory was then doing its work, and if, after so long and rancorous a struggle in Upper Canada, the French had assisted the minority to bind the Clergy Reserves upon the immense and finally triumphant majority of Protestants, there stood men

ready and waiting to raise the cry of "French Catholic domination"—a cry potent in Upper Canada to arouse a storm before which many a well meaning politician has quailed, before which the Ministry would have been swept away and the abolition of the seigniorial tenure indefinitely postponed. Excepting as a matter of theoretical principle, the French had no interest in thwarting the English in their resolution to secularize the endowments of the Protestant clergy and to abolish all relation between the Protestant Church and the State. They were deeply interested in the abolition of the Seigneurial Tenure, for which the aid of the English vote was necessary, and which did not concern Upper Canada. Both parties were pleased; but, as a Protestant success, it was not brilliant. It is true the preamble was passed "that it is advisable to remove all semblance of connection between Church and State," but then the Act goes on with very deficient logic, to apply its sweeping principle to Protestants alone. Not a voice was then raised to point out that the Roman Catholic Church was established by the very same Imperial Statutes which created a provision for a Protestant clergy, and, now that the Province of Quebec is almost autonomous, it is expected to carry out that advisory preamble with the logical consequences of which the Parliament of Old Canada shrank. When the French Roman Catholics desire to disestablish their own Church they will do so; there is nothing to prevent them; but to do it by resolutions of Protestant assemblies here or in Ontario seems to indicate a deficient sense of humour.

S. E. DAWSON.

Montreal, February 10, 1890.

## IN THE ARENA.

I.

Life's mighty amphitheatre was filled  
With many a fair and many a brutal face,  
As o'er the vast arena to his place  
A Spartan strode, strong-limbed and iron-willed,  
And for a moment the great noise was stilled;  
First came against him Grief, a Greek from Thrace,  
With dagger swift; but soon a bloody trace  
Signed from the sand his enemy was killed;  
Then like a Samnite, waving sword and shield,  
Sorrow fell on him fiercely and was slain;  
Gaunt Misery, a Mirmillonean, steeled,  
Fought and was vanquished; Sin the net in vain  
Threw to ensnare him; all he overcame  
Till thick the air grew with the world's acclaim.

II.

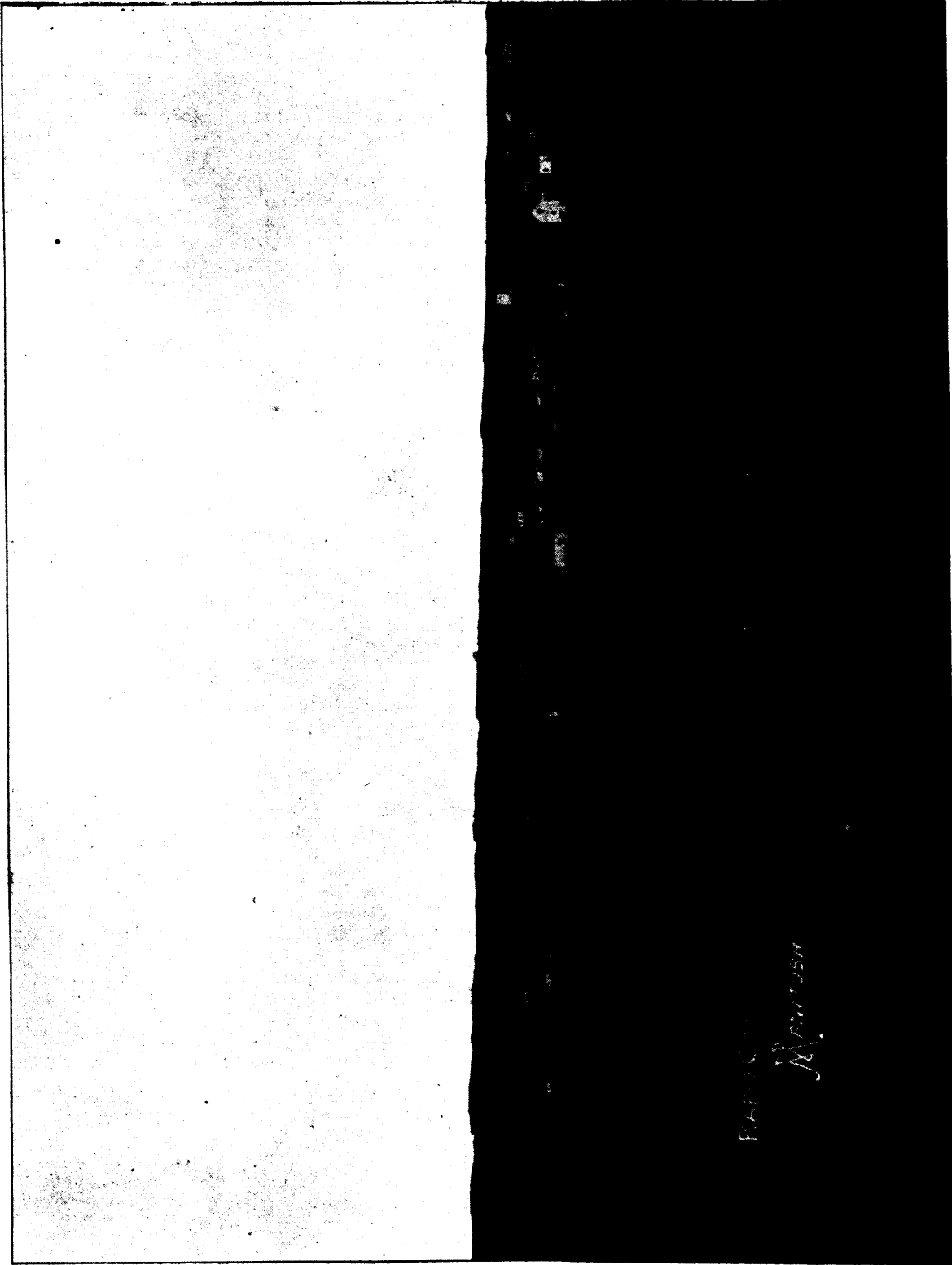
But, lo, a woman at the gate appears  
With jewel'd hair, arm'd only with a dart,  
And at the sight of her with awful start  
The victor pales and trembles; cursing jeers  
Crash through the ample space as o'er the spears  
And swords of his slain foes he bares his heart,  
Crying "Love, spare me, for my life thou art;"  
And she, with shuddering frame, affrighted hears.  
Then, with her weapon poised at his breast  
And mantled eyes, she waits, aware his life,  
If she but look, must be her pity's gift,  
And with a sigh drives home the point well press'd  
To end for him the gladiatorial strife,  
While laughs the world, its mocking thumb uplift.

SARAPTA.

## FATAL CHRISTMAS INDULGENCE.

Everyone has had occasion from time to time to pity the helpless plight of infants in the charge of drunken parents. Neglect and mismanagement are the least of the dangers which continually surround these poor little creatures. Accident and even death are ever present possibilities which, as the sequel shows, may be very easily realised. Last week no fewer than nine inquests were held by Dr. Macdonald on the bodies of children who had been overlain and suffocated by their intoxicated parents on the nights of Christmas Day and the days before and after it. This kind of accident is, unfortunately, not unusual. Sometimes it has recurred so regularly in a family as to suggest some doubt whether a purpose did not underlie the evident neglect. In most cases, however, the excuse, faulty though it is, of inadvertence must in justice be admitted. Notwithstanding this allowance, the parent's conduct, of course, is far from blameless. We should seriously question whether it is not legally punishable. Granted the accident, its import is materially aggravated by the fact of intoxication, and further by the previous neglect in failing to provide what the poorest household may easily obtain—a separate sleeping crib of simple structure for the infant. The chief lesson to be learnt from this Christmas catalogue of avoidable deaths, indeed, is that the general introduction of this excellent preventive arrangement is highly advisable for the reason above suggested, and probably also for others besides.—*Lancet*.





RAPID CITY, MANITOBA.  
(Davidson, photo.)



NEPEAN POINT, OTTAWA, FROM THE ROOF, OF THE PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS

(Topley, photo.)

## A Montmorenci Adventure.

BY GEORGE STEWART, JR.

The Trent affair brought to Canada a goodly number of soldiers, representing almost every arm of the Imperial service. There were Guardsmen, who had fought in the Crimea, resplendent in gay uniforms and sparkling with medals, Highlanders who had won their insignia of bravery on the hills of India, and Artillerymen who had sustained British prowess and valour in many a sharp engagement. Of soldiers of the line, there were two crack regiments whose drums and standards told of valiant deeds, and perhaps, more famous than they all, was a smart corps of Rifles, whose pleasant lot was cast in the ancient and picturesque capital town of Quebec. The brilliant scarlet uniforms of the Fusiliers and Guards caught always the eye, but somehow or other it was the sombre rifleman who captured the most hearts. In that regiment of Rifles there were some splendid fellows, and it was not long before they began to play sad havoc with the affections of fair young Canadian maidenhood. Lieutenant Jack Bellson and Charlie Black, who had lately joined, were inseparable companions. They were up to everything, and seemed ready always for the day and its events. Thought of the morrow never entered their heads. They were soldiers, and attention to orders was their only care. To them the world was very fascinating, and as they hadn't a responsibility to bother them, they made the most of what some of their comrades were wont to describe as their exile. Life in Quebec, however, was no torture or trial to Bellson and Black. When off duty they played a pretty stiff game of racquets, danced, flirted, skated, and shot down steep, glittering slides in fleet toboggans with the best of their fellows. No two men were more in request in the ball-room, and their cards were always full before the first dance was called. The Rifles, at the time of our story, were commanded by Colonel Hall, a bluff veteran of sixty, to whom, however, promotion had come slowly. All under him loved him, and to the younger officers he behaved like a father. If he had a favorite, it was Black. If he had two favorites they were, undoubtedly, Black and Bellson.

Quebec, always gay in the winter-time, has never been as gay as it was during the period of its occupancy by the troops. The soldiers mingled freely with the citizens, and many were the interchanges of civilities between both. Picnics to Montmorency, drives to Lorette, and sleighing parties in all directions, were the order of the day and night. They afforded an agreeable change to the festivities of the city, which for the most part took the form of a dinner or a dance.

It was on the occasion of one of these drives to Montmorenci that Jack Bellson lost his heart. He had often been to the Falls, which in winter are even more strikingly beautiful than in summer, and his was ever the first toboggan to essay the feat of riding down the hazardous cone. On this crisp, frosty day, a party of twenty sleighs wended their way through the lovely village of Beauport. The roads were in capital condition. The spirits of the young people were high, and the merry shout and musical jingle of the sleigh-bells brought to the door of every French cottage the amused face of Marie or Josephine, who, after seeing the last cariole shoot swiftly by, returned to her indoor avocations with just the slightest little sigh in her heart. Bellson's sleigh led the party. He usually drove a spanking tandem team, but this time he contented himself with a pair of greys. With him sat the daughter of a retired town major, whose sparkling black eyes and almost olive complexion told the story of her Canadian origin. Many thought that Jack had serious intentions towards Maud Drayson. He liked the girl well enough, though to be sure she was a sad flirt, and during the last three or four years she had regularly transferred her allegiance from the line to the Guards, and when the Rifles came she, nothing loth, took up promptly with them. Maud Drayson was just the woman to turn the head of any young fellow. She was always full of life, bright in her sayings, and the admirable evenness of her temper made her a favorite in the lively circle which she adorned. Men said she was difficult to please, but those who knew her well were sure to say that when the right man came along it would be all up with Miss Maud, who would surrender without a moment's hesitation. Not that she held herself cheaply. On the contrary, she rather prided herself, did this charming young person of twenty-three, that in the matrimonial market the most valuable prize which could be drawn would be her own dear, delightful self. Everybody envied Jack when he and Maud Drayson danced together, or drove together, or skated together. They made a handsome pair, and it was the idea in everyone's mind that one day, not very far off either, Jack would lead the great prize to the altar. Jack himself, however, declared that he was not a marrying man, and that while he found the society of Miss Drayson very delicious indeed, she was really—and this he said to his intimates only—not quite his particular style. But, notwithstanding all this, she was ever his first choice when a dance or a drive was proposed. The young people seemed to be understanding each other pretty well. In the same sleigh sat Wilkins, of the Artillery, and his fiancée, the beautiful La Tulippe girl, with whose conversation, however, there is little need to concern ourselves. All told, this particular sleighing and toboggan party consisted of between fifty and sixty persons, the greater number, of course, belonging to the gentler sex. This party was the second of a series, and, after nine miles of sleighing, it was

the intention of the company to devote a couple of hours to the exhilarating pastime of sliding. Then, after a hot supper, the drive home would be made by the soft light of the silver moon; fitting time, indeed, for the pledging of the faiths of men and women.

Jack Bellson blew a blast from his tin trumpet as he drove briskly into the court-yard of the Montmorenci Arms, and tossing the reins to his servant, gaily sprang down and helped his fair charge to alight. One after the other the carioles and cutters flew into the yard, and in the course of ten or fifteen minutes the whole party were indoors. A blazing log, resting on andirons which crossed the ocean with the Duke of Kent, illuminated the quaint old hearthstone and sent a rich glow through the room. The ladies enjoyed a biscuit with their mulled port, while the gentlemen partook of something stronger in the cosy coffee-room on the ground-floor. Meanwhile, all was activity in the yard on the right of the inn, where a steep toboggan slide stood in readiness for the afternoon's pleasure. The structure was in splendid condition, ice and snow being well packed, and seeming to invite all to make the swift descent. Little time was lost in preparation, and the tobogganers were soon observed climbing the narrow pathway to the summit of the slide, and dragging behind them their fleet toboggans. Bellson, with three ladies, led, and shouting joyously, he madly plunged down the long and glittering incline. He was followed in quick succession by the others. Those who steered wildly got a bath in the snow for their pains, but the skilful conductors brought their precious burdens safely to the end of the journey without a mishap. The time passed so pleasantly away that it was not until young Wilkins looked at his watch that it was found that in less than three-quarters of an hour more supper would be ready. Bellson proposed that the party should cross the road in the meantime, and try a slide from the top of the cone at the foot of Montmorenci Falls. The suggestion was no sooner made than it was acted upon, for the true tobogganer scorns danger, and is never so happy as when his sport is extra hazardous. The falls on this day bore out well the truthfulness of their ancient title, *la vache*, and as the cone, formed by the spray, reared its head, the sight presented was a very pretty one, indeed. All of the party had not come to the falls, for the wooden slide had fascinations of its own which some could not withstand. Nor would all those who had come attempt the dashing feat. Miss Drayson decided to look on, and her decision had its effect on the other ladies. Six of the gentlemen climbed the cone with their toboggans and sleds. Black offered to steer, but Bellson would not hear of it. There was some excitement as the toboggans were adjusted, and when the three coursers clattered down the side of the miniature mountain, the spectators below held their breaths. And well they might, for the height was full seventy feet. Bellson and Black were the first to leave the top. They were over-confident perhaps of their skill. Certainly they did not notice the hollow in the cone, about half-way down the steep. They came with a rush, and when the indentation was reached the frail bark gave a great spring in the air, and came down with a crash, smitten in twain, on the other side. Black rolled down the cone, and save a bruise or two, was unharmed. Bellson, on the contrary, fell with such force that his arm was broken, and his left foot, bending under his body, sustained a severe and painful wrench. He dropped over on his side, and lay in a state of unconsciousness for several minutes. Gentle hands lifted him up and conveyed him to a friendly farm-house hard by, where the matron and her husband received him with sorrow on their faces. The best room was given him, and by the time that he was placed in bed the surgeon of the Rifles, who had been sent for by one of the party, arrived, and in a very few moments pronounced his patient seriously injured. On no account could he be removed to town. He must stay where he was for at least two or three weeks, arm and foot requiring care and nursing. He dressed his young friend's wounds, gave him a stimulant, and ordered him to go to sleep. Then the old doctor took Pierre Lemieux aside, and told him who his guest was, and asked him to take care of him, and suitable remuneration would follow. The wounded man was not long in adopting the advice of the surgeon. He was very tired, his injuries pained him, and the stimulant he had taken made him drowsy. Almost instantly he fell asleep, and dreamed of all sorts of things. The sleighing party partook of supper with very bad heart, and soon afterwards the drive home was undertaken. Black sat by the side of Miss Drayson, but neither felt like talking. Even the sleigh-bells tinkled sadly on the way, and Charlie made the drive home in quicker time than it had ever been made before.

Meanwhile, matters went along very well with the patient. After a somewhat restless night, he awoke with the sun, and the first sight which met his eyes as he looked towards the open door-way was the figure of a young girl of about eighteen years of age. She was tall and erect, graceful in form, though rather slender, and while her face was dark, she had the loveliest pair of blue eyes in her head that Bellson, in all his travels, had ever seen. Her features were clean cut and regular. Her hair, which hung in ringlets down her back, was coal black. When the lovely vision spoke, her voice sounded like sweet music to the entranced ears of Bellson. In purest French, she asked him if he had rested well, and if he would partake of coffee and hot rolls. Coffee, Bellson said, he would drink, but he did not care, just then, to eat anything. The doctor arrived soon, and when he and his patient were alone, the first words he uttered were, "I say Jack, old man, that's a

deuced pretty girl, that eldest daughter of old Lemieux, Josephine, I think."

"Was that Josephine who has just left us?"

"Yes."

"Well, I do think she is pretty, and, by Jove, she's good too, so thoughtful, so considerate."

"You would hardly take her for the child of a wood-cutter, would you Jack?"

"No, but in this country you do not have to probe very deep before you find blood as gentle as any that flows. I'll wager a sovereign now that that girl has Normandy blood in her veins, aye and blood of the purest too. But, say, Doctor, when are you going to get me out of this? I am anxious to get back to quarters."

"Oh you will have to be patient; injuries like yours cannot be healed in a day. It takes time. Besides, here you won't be bothered with visitors. Some of our fellows will be out to see you every day, but none of them will stay long. I have advised them on that score. I have brought you out some books, a bundle of newspapers, an invitation to a dance at the widow's to-morrow night,—of course you will cut that,—a card to Madame Granger's beauty show on Friday, and a note to meet the Dashwoods at dinner at the Chief Justice's. Your letters—three or four of them—are tied up with the invitations. Now, good bye, old fellow. Porridge for breakfast, no whiskey beyond the allowance I make you, and eat a light dinner, and we will have you with us again in a fortnight, or I resign my position in the corps."

And then, the old surgeon, wrapping his great coat tightly about him, bade adieu to his friend, and to Josephine, who opened the door for him, and jumping into his cariole, dashed rapidly away in the direction of the town.

Bellson, after all, was not sorry to be alone. He lay back in the bed, and wondered if he really would be all right again in a couple of weeks. Was the doctor chaffing him? His arm pained him a good deal, and fractures do not heal quickly always. It was just like the old surgeon to make light of the accident, and to say a cheerful thing or two about it. But, in his own mind, he felt that when a fortnight passed away he would still be with the Lemieuxs. As matters turned out, he was not wrong. Instead of two weeks, he spent half a dozen weeks, and during all that time Josephine nursed and consoled him. He soon learned to watch for her coming. She was very patient, and never tired doing comforting things for him. She cooked his food, mixed his drinks, and talked to him in that winsome way which went straight to his heart. Often his eyes kindled with pleasure at her animation, and he soon found that she had more than good looks to commend her. Gentle in manner, she had one of those voices which instantly soothe, and Bellson was not long in discovering that her presence gave him a peculiar joy. He began, at last, to realize that he was not insensible to her charms, and though he had visitors enough from town,—Miss Drayson had called three times—somehow, he was always glad when they left. He was in the mood to be easily bored, but all trace of irritation passed from him, when the threshold of the door was crossed by the daughter of the house. He fancied that she might care for him, but he felt sure that it was not yet time to speak; and so the days slipped by, and the hour of his going away was drawing near, before he ventured on the word which might mean so much to both of them. But all this time, if Bellson and Josephine had been careful to conceal their love, there were keen eyes looking at the scenes in the little drama which was being so unconsciously played. The doctor soon noticed the marked way in which the young people regarded each other, and once or twice he thought he noticed the beam of love dancing in their eyes. Bellson said nothing to him on the subject, and he said nothing to Bellson, but he kept his own counsel for a while. After a visit to the farm house, however, on one particularly stormy afternoon, he resolved on confiding his suspicions to the colonel. Hall listened with great attention, for he was, in a measure, responsible for the young fellow, and he knew how Bellson's uncle, Sir Geoffrey, would view the projected alliance. Marriage with the daughter of a Canadian wood-cutter was decidedly out of the question. He would go out and see how matters stood, and if they had gone far, he was determined to write home to the old baronet, tell him to get his nephew recalled on one pretext or another, and exchanged into another regiment. Accordingly, he drove out the next day, and had a long and not very comforting interview with the young man. He found, for Bellson confessed it, that he really did love the girl, though as yet he had not spoken a word to her on the subject. "Would he abandon the idea?" asked the colonel, with feeling in his voice. Well, no; Bellson thought that if he could get the girl's consent he would marry her—for he had been hit badly—and risk the consequences. In vain the colonel spoke of Sir Geoffrey. In vain he stamped his foot, and characterized the act as that of a madman. Bellson was firm in his stand, and told the colonel plainly that he would speak to Josephine that very night. The colonel was a wise man, and he thought a moment, and then withdrew. On his way out he encountered the girl, and calling her to him, he said:

"Lieutenant Bellson will have to leave here to-morrow. He says that to-night he intends speaking to you on a subject which is always interesting to young women. I hope you will behave sensibly and honestly in this matter. Of course you know you can never become his wife. He is an officer and heir to a baronetcy. He must marry a lady of his own class."

A quick, hot flush, crimson red, mantled the cheek of

Josephine, who was stung to the heart by the bitter words. She said in a low voice, and her accents trembled as she spoke, that she understood full well the meaning of the old soldier. She would be sensible and honest.

After he had gone she went to her room. There she gave vent to her feelings, and she never knew till then, when he appeared to be passing away from her altogether, and never to be seen by her again, how much she really loved him. He was not for her. He must marry a lady who moved in his own circle. The thought nearly drove her mad. Her heart she felt was breaking. She had never dreamed that it would come to this. They had glided so easily into each other's affections that she had never thought that Class would step in between them. She could not understand why this cruel barrier should rise up and separate them from each other forever. The whole thing was incomprehensible to her, but she knew her duty, hard though it was, and while the colonel's words stung, they seemed so true that she felt bound to act on them should Bellson speak to her. And so he was going away on the morrow! She had not heard of that. Would he come out to see her soon again? Ought she to allow him to meet her after what would pass when next she saw him? The more she thought of it, the more she felt that she ought to obey the injunction of the colonel, who, doubtless, spoke with authority. It would cost her a terrible pang, but she would go through with her ordeal, cruel as it was. At last, relief came to her in tears, and when she grew calm again, she went down stairs and busied herself with household duties until it was time for the evening meal. Bellson had made up his mind to leave on the morrow, but before going away he determined to speak to Josephine, avow his passion and learn his fate. Entering the sitting-room, he sat down by the fire and tried to read; but he could take no interest in the page before him, and he laid the book away and stared mechanically at vacancy. He must have sat in his chair half an hour, when the door opened and Josephine walked in, scarcely looking one way or the other, but intent on finding a place to rest. Almost together his eyes and hers met, both blushed violently, and he rose, and taking her by the hand, gently led her to the sofa, when they both sat down. He had not spoken a word, but her fluttering heart told her that now he would speak. He began in a low voice to thank her for all that she had done for him during the days of his illness and convalescence. Her kindly acts he never would forget. On the morrow he was going away, but before departing from her father's hospitable roof, he had something to say which was for her ear alone. And then taking the maiden in his arms, he told her that he loved her and asked her to be his wife. The fair girl was too proud and happy to speak. Mistaking the cause of her silence, he again implored her to say the word which would make him the happiest man in the world. Disengaging herself from his embrace, she said in broken accents, mingled with tears, that though she reciprocated his love, she could never be his. A barrier had arisen between them, and she had only discovered it that very day, when, alas! it was too late. Bellson's cheek paled as he heard this. Had another stepped in between him and his love, or had the maiden given her heart to an earlier swain? He was not left long in suspense. Josephine was not a disingenuous girl. She had none of the artifices of her sex. Though she felt that she ought to act on the advice of the old colonel, she did not see that it was necessary to hide from her lover the true cause of her conduct. She thereupon told him of everything which had passed at the interview which had taken place that day. She told him all, and she never for one moment showed that her pride was touched. She felt—and this she could not conceal despite her efforts—that, in declining to give her hand to Bellson, she was giving up everything that she prized in the world. He listened, at first with amazement, then with indignation, that any one should have dared to interfere in his private affairs, and finally with pain, for somehow this young, inexperienced, timid girl, impressed him with the notion that she would fulfil the obligation Colonel Hall had imposed on her. He was not mistaken. Over and over again she admitted that she loved him, that she would marry no one else, but that marriage with him was out of the question. With a heavy heart Bellson left the room and climbed the stairs to his own apartment. He paced up and down with nervous, excited steps. Ever and anon he would pause in his walk and give vent to his anger or mortification. He did not blame the girl, whose own heart he knew was bleeding sorely. But he did blame the colonel, and he blamed more than everything else that inexorable law of society, which he knew his uncle respected more than any other rule which governs life. There was no help for it. He must go and trust to time to have his wounds healed. Oh! how he wished for a war to break out so that he might find relief in the cares and trials of an active campaign. What could he do now? What was life to him? Could he again mingle in gay society, and Miss Drayson, too, and those Armstrong girls, whose designing mamma made so much of him, how could he meet them? At a glance they would discover his secret. How could he meet the fellows at his quarters? The thought was maddening to the high-spirited young soldier. But what else could he do but face his position? That night he ate nothing. Busy with his thoughts, he did not sleep, but tossed, uneasily, on his fevered pillow. In the morning he drank a cup of coffee, and saying good-by to his hosts—Josephine not pre-drawing off to the city. He was received with open arms by his comrades, but he said very little to them. He did not feel as well as he expected, he said. The long drive had

chilled him. Would the fellows excuse him? He must go to his room. He left the apartment and sought his chamber. Five weeks afterwards he was joined at mess by the colonel, who came in wearing a serious face and holding in his hand an open letter. He was very grave, and Bellson's heart misgave him, as he wondered what it was which had happened. His own griefs were enough for him, and he hoped that the colonel's troubles, whatever they were, might not refer to him, in even the remotest way.

"My dear boy," began Hall, "you are ordered home. I have just received this letter," and so saying, he handed over the sheet of paper to Bellson, who took it absently. True enough, he must leave for England by the next steamer, which left Halifax on the coming Saturday. He had three days in which to prepare himself, but to a soldier, three hours were enough.

And now he was filled with a strange emotion. He was glad of the chance to cut Quebec and the Falls, and a certain firmhouse, and the associations they called up. But then, how could he leave Josephine? He did not know that this recall, which had been presented to him with so much gravity by Colonel Hall, was the result of a deep-laid plot. Hall, like the judicious commander he was, knew that the only remedy for Bellson's infatuation was separation. He promptly despatched a letter to his lieutenant's uncle, giving him his ideas of what was going on, and begging Sir Geoffrey to lose no time in using his influence at the Horse Guards to get his nephew ordered home, where, under the avuncular eye, a proper matrimonial alliance for the young man might be made. There was Lady Alice St. John. She would be a good match for the heir to one of the oldest and richest baronetcies in the kingdom. Sir Geoffrey lost no time, we may suppose; but his letter reached Quebec long after Bellson had declared his passion. Matters between the two young hearts had gone on more briskly than even Colonel Hall had at first supposed, and he thought he had acted exceedingly early. Bellson told the colonel he was ready. The next day he drove out to Montmorenci and begged an interview with Josephine. She was lying down, her mother said, but she would call her. When she did appear, the colour had gone from her cheeks, and her lustrous eyes showed that much weeping had done its work with them. She received Bellson with a sad smile, and then the two sat down, and he told her that in a day or so he was going to England, and he asked her to give him one ray of hope before he left. It would encourage him to live, he said. They talked together for full two hours, and when he left his face beamed with triumph, while the roses nestled in her cheeks again, and a bar of a tender song escaped her lips.

Three years passed away. Josephine Lemieux was still the sunbeam in her father's house. War had not broken out and the troops were returning to England. The Guards, the Rifles and the Artillery had changed about a good deal since Col. Hall commanded the old corps. His regiment had been ordered abroad. Bellson had never rejoined it. He left the service after arriving at his uncle's home. At first he wrote pretty regularly to Josephine; but after a while this regularity ceased, and his letters grew infrequent. She never doubted him, though the gossips of the village said that she would never see her cavalier again. The curé said little, but in his heart he felt sure that one day Josephine Lemieux would become a *religieuse*. As a Sister, how much good she could do, she of the gentle heart and kindly manner! From such as she were the convents annually recruited. Josephine's friends shrewdly shrugged their shoulders and exchanged significant glances when they met. But all through the crisis Josephine preserved her even temper, and if she suffered from heart anguish, or from any other cause, no one knew it, for she made no outward sign and kept her secret well. One day, however, there was a stir in the little village. It was a lovely autumn day, and the leaves of the maple were just beginning to turn. Along the road, mounted on a mettlesome steed, there dashed a tall and handsome stranger. He drew up at the door of Pierre Lemieux's house, and sprang from his saddle with an air of evident impatience. Before he could knock at the door it flew open, and Josephine, radiant with smiles, took her lover's hands in hers.

"I have come for you, darling," said Bellson. "We will be married at once."  
"And your uncle,"—she broke.  
"He died three weeks ago. I am his heir and you will be my lady."

### BE TRUE TO THYSELF.

Be thine own image builder, nor have fear  
To overthrow the idols of past days.  
Test all by thine own touchstone; Truth displays  
Her beauty in the light of doubt most clear.  
To be A Man thy Maker sent thee here;  
Then swerve not from thy truth, fall blame or praise  
On thee from fools who follow in the ways  
Of pilot minds. In all things be sincere.

There is none other wholly like to thee;  
Thou hast a task none other man may do,  
Nor canst thou do it, if thou dost not wage  
Eternal strife with all thou think'st untrue.  
Be faithful to thyself, and of thine age  
Thou shalt become the grand epitome.

Detroit.

ARTHUR WEIR.

## LITERARY NOTES

Mr. Andrew Lang has in press a new volume entitled "Old Friends: Essays in Epistolary Parody."

Prof. Roberts has sonnets in the two last numbers of the *Century* on "The Winter Fields" and "Blomidan."

Dr. Pigou, Dean of Chichester, is likely shortly to publish with Messrs. Bentley "A Dean's Reminiscences."

The Hon. James Russell Lowell is living at Cambridge, Mass., his old home, busy with his book on Hawthorne.

Four stories by "Vernon Lee," under the title of "Hauntings: Fantastic Stories," will shortly be brought out in England.

Emile Zola is a candidate for the vacancy in the French Academy caused by the death of M. Augier. He insists on presenting himself.

"Browning's Message to his Time," by Dr. E. Berdoe, will shortly issue from the press of Messrs. Swan, Sonnenschein & Co., London.

The Worthington Company, of New York, has brought out a cheap edition of Algernon Charles Swinburne's "Study of Ben Johnson."

Mr. W. P. Mackenzie, author of "A Song of Trust," has published "Voices and Undertones in Song and Poem." It is published by Messrs. Hart & Company, of Toronto.

The series of articles on modern and mediæval Greece, which were done into English in the *Scottish Review* from Demetrios Bikelas, will shortly be issued, with the Marquis of Bute's name as translator, in a separate volume.

Chicago claims to be a great literary centre on the ground that the average (1,569) of daily readers in the Public Library of the Lake City is larger than that of the readers in the British Museum (620). In the character of the reading there will probably be considerable difference.

The *Athenæum* gives a charming instance of Browning's kindness of heart. A young girl had been asked to write a criticism on "Prospice." Not being quite sure of her essay, she sent it to the poet, who took the pains to revise and complete it, and then returned it with words of encouragement.

Among Canadians represented in Volume 30 of "Poems of Places," edited by the late Henry W. Longfellow, is Miss Katherine L. Macpherson, better known by her *nom de plume* of "Kay Livingstone." Her poem, "Aca Nada," taken from that pleasant volume, will be found in our present issue.

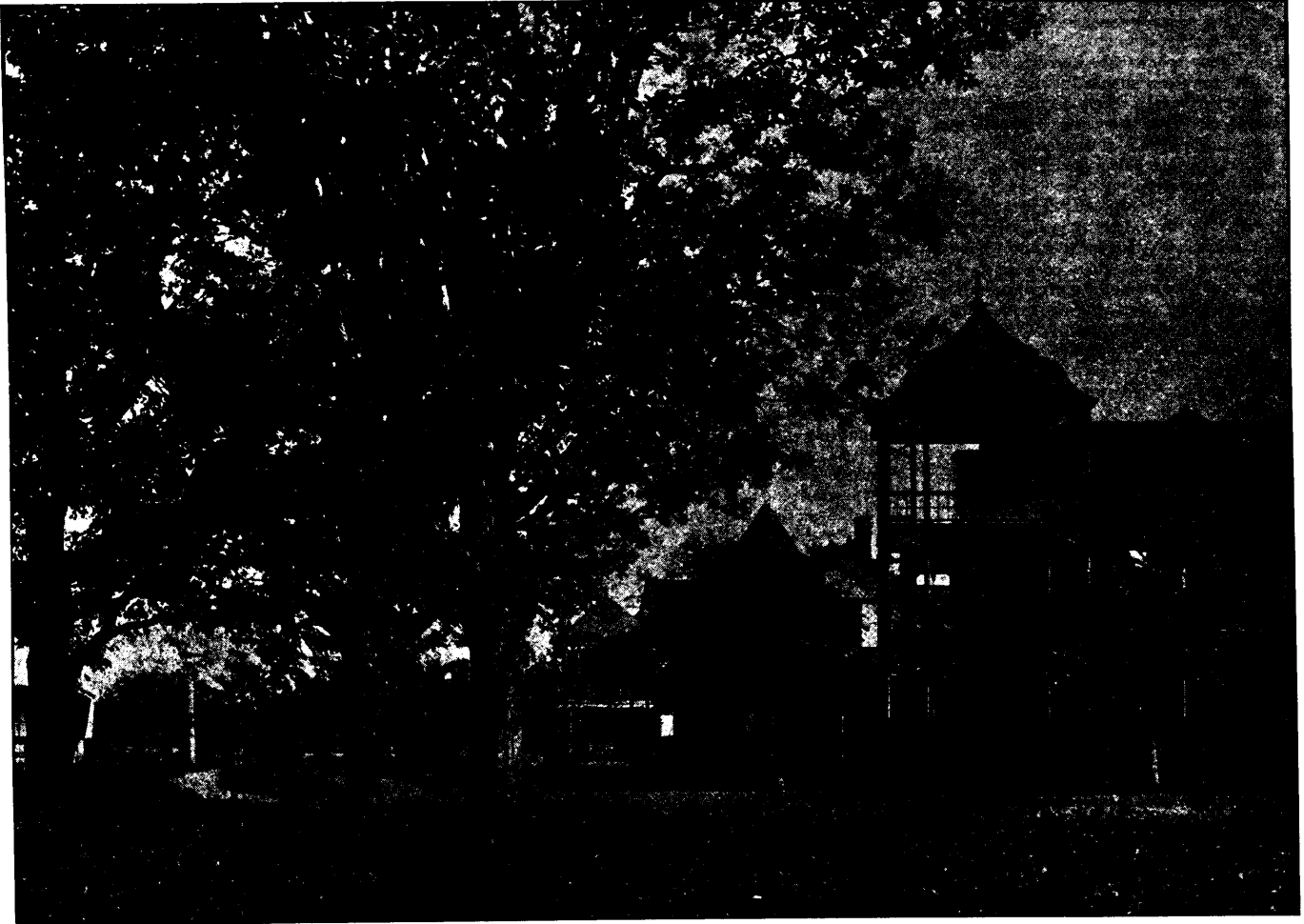
Mr. Leadman, F. S. A., of Boroughbridge, Yorkshire, who is engaged on a study of the Battle of Marston Moor, will be glad to hear from any of our readers who happen to possess any family tradition of the event. He has already consulted seventy-two authorities, and had transcripts made of many newspapers or broadsides printed in July, 1644, and still accessible.

Next month some important manuscripts will be sold at Sotheby's, London, including the autograph of the interpolated pieces in Tennyson's "Princess"—"Home they Brought her Warrior Dead," and four others. A letter of Nelson, evidently written with the left hand, dated from Tenerife, 1797, and addressed to W. Kingston, Esq., is also among the curios of the collection.

The Goethe Society, at a recent meeting, heard Dr. Bellemann, of Berlin, read a prophetic poem of Schüller in which he answers in the affirmative the question whether the Germans have reason to be proud of their nationality, and points to a time when Germany will be more powerful than either England or France. The discovery of this unpublished poem has given great pleasure in German literary circles.

### RELICS OF SHAKESPEARE.

"Very few authentic personal relics of the great dramatist," writes Mr. Phillips in the preface to his catalogue—"that is to say, 'articles' that were at one time indubitably in Shakespeare's own possession, are known to be in existence. They, are, in fact, restricted to the will now preserved in the Somerset House and to a small number of title deeds; for there is not a single other domestic memorial of any description the genuineness of which is not open to either doubt or suspicion. But that the title-deeds of his un-mortgaged estate, those that are dated previously to the 23rd of April, 1616, were once in his own hands, does not admit of rational question; documents of this kind having been in his day jealously guarded by their owners, never being intrusted, as now, to the custody of solicitors. Of these title-deeds there are no fewer than six in the present collection—the four New Place indentures and the two original indentures of a fine between the poet and Hercules Underhill that was levied in the year 1602. To these may, in all probability, though not with absolute certainty, be added the original conveyance of Shakespeare's Blackfriars estate, 1613, which was unquestionably on the table when the poet executed the concurrent mortgage; and as it must have been formally passed over to him, it is altogether most unlikely that he did not touch it with his own hands."—*Chambers Journal*.



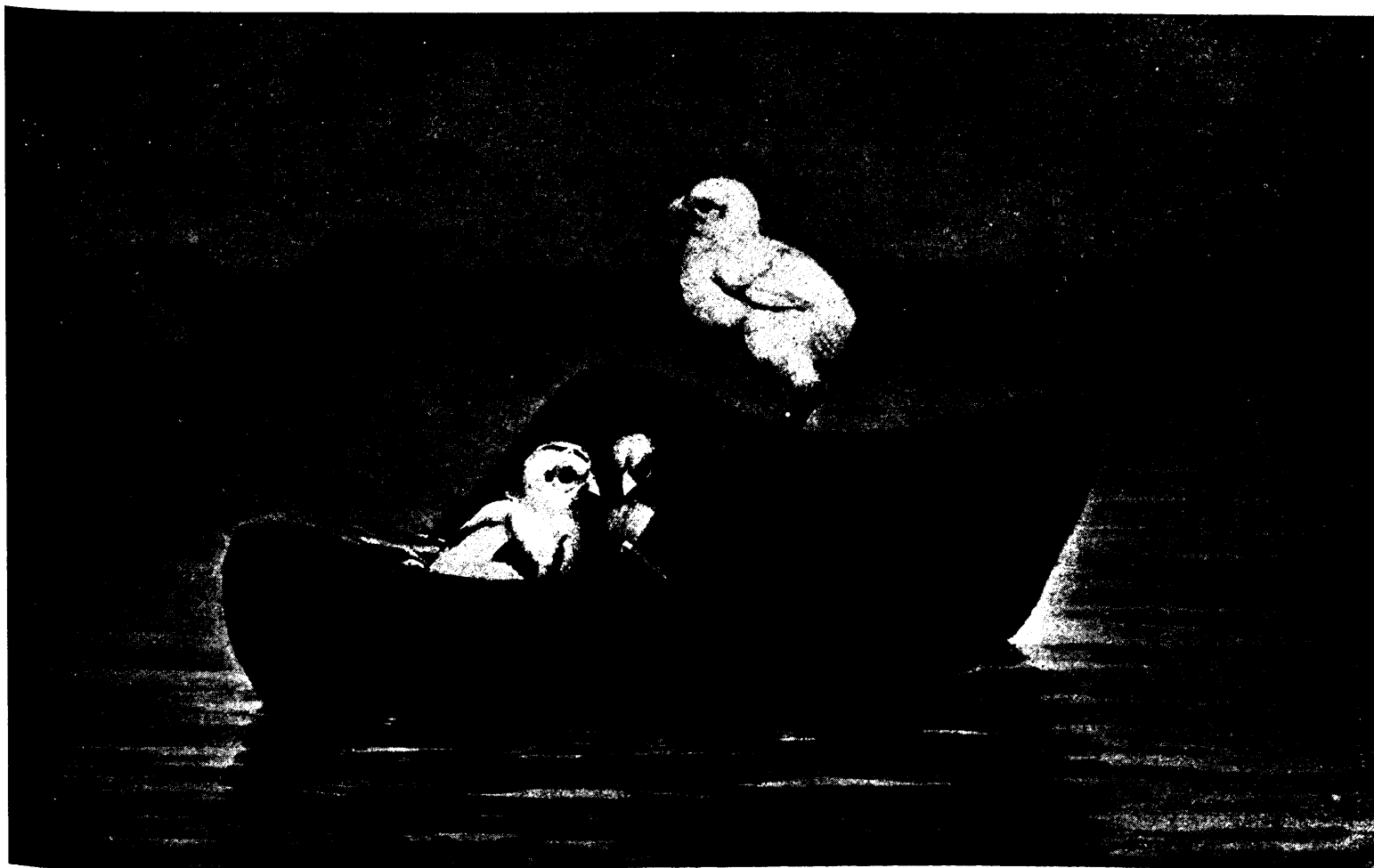
VIEW AT CHAUTAUQUA, NIAGARA-ON-THE-LAKE.

(From a photo. by E. Havelock Walsh, Toronto Am. Photo. Ass.)

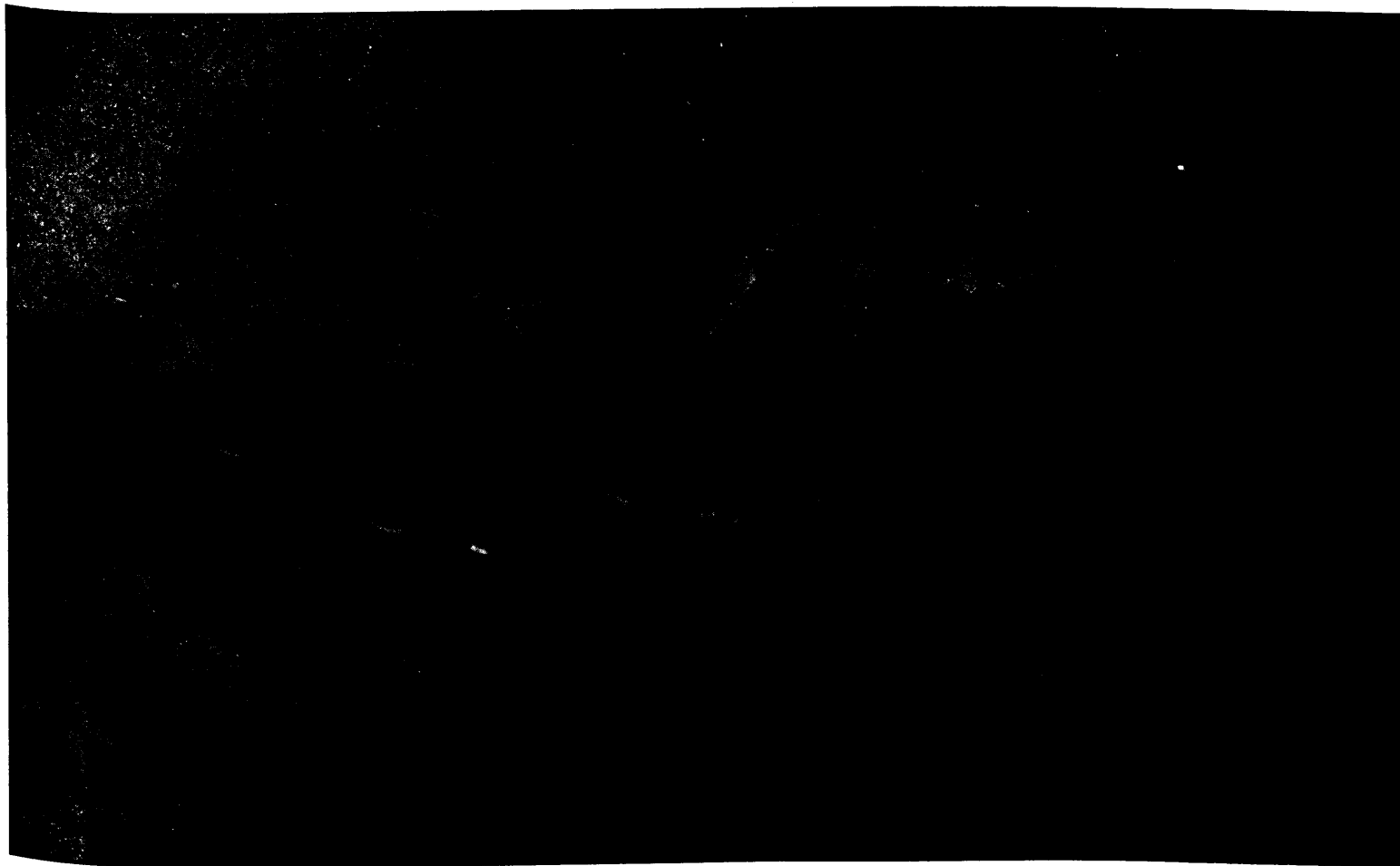


FORT PELLY.

(From a photo. by J. B. Tyrrell, Esq., of the Geological Survey of Canada.)



THE LIFE BOAT.  
(From the painting by Charodeau.)



A STAMPEDE.  
(From the painting by Rosa Bonheur.)

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



## FEBRUARY MUSINGS.

"How dazzling white the snowy scene! deep, deep,  
The stillness of the winter Sabbath day,—  
Not even a footfall heard, smooth are the fields,  
Each hollow pathway level with the plain:  
Hid are the bushes, save that here and there  
Are seen the topmost shoots of brush or broom."

Mountain, field and home lie shrouded in their winter dress. All night and all day the pure, fairy flakes, silently chased each other down, only stopping when daylight faded into night. And then through the heavy gray clouds above a shuddering sigh ran again, and yet again, till the clouds were parted, and lo! the Moon, with her attendant satellites, appeared.

Oh! glorious light, so pure, so ethereal, that lookest alike on the homes of misery and affluence, what seest thou this night?

I see a city, beautiful to look upon, with its mighty river fast locked in the icy hands of winter. Thrice were her waters caught by those strong hands, only to be laughed to scorn, as with a wild rush she made her escape and bounded on her wayward course to the ocean, till caught again, she yielded. Behind the city rises the mountain to the height of some five hundred feet, covered with its naked trees, save where the pine groves lift aloft their dark green heads. Here the fairy flakes have clustered, crowding one upon another, till the needles in a low murmur made complaint, and called upon the north wind to rid them of their burden.

"Nay," said he in his lowest whisper, "to every one is given his work. Sometimes it is light, sometimes it is heavy. Be thankful when it is light. Pray for strength to bear it when it is heavy. And you are ungrateful to complain of a burden which does but increase your loveliness."

Quietness broods over the city. As leaving the mountain I steal through the deserted streets. The merry tinkling of the sleigh bells has ceased, and save a few belated ones, whose noiseless footsteps sink into the soft snow, sound there is not.

The homes of the people are in darkness. Stay! There is a light. The curtains are not drawn, so I look within and see a room, the furnishing of which speaks of wealth and culture. Seated by the fire is a man. Suddenly the door of his room opens and there appears a shadowy something. Gliding to a seat, it leans forward and looks into the other's eyes.

"Who art thou? What does thou want?" cries the man, shrinking from this vague shadow.

Then it made answer: "What were thy thoughts before I entered?"

"That there was no such thing as a God and a hereafter, that life has but a dreary existence after all, and that I was tired, tired of everything."

"Come," said the shadow, "and I will show you a thing or two."

Opening the window the two stood upon the balcony. "Cast thine eyes upward, note the deep blue heavens dotted with their wondrously beautiful stars. Now downward, let thine eyes wander over the scene that meets them. What sayest thou now, oh wretched man, of brief life here below?"

The man raised his eyes to the heavens. A second time over his face a wondrous change crept: sullen despair and indifference gave place to one of glad joy. Oh! what hope and faith now shone from his eyes as in low trembling tones he said: "I rejoice that now I know there is a God."

February with its storms will soon be over, and then after a while will come the long, long days of sunshine, when once more all things sleeping will feel the quickening life run through them, and, shaking off their fetters, will spring forth to meet the new life. MORDUE.

## ANOTHER WINTER'S SNOW.

Another winter's snow is round me falling,  
Another winter's storm about me raves,  
Dear twins of brightness, past all fond recalling,  
My heart seems with you in your silent graves.

'Tis not the sunshine fleet, nor summer glory,  
'Tis not the rapture swept from land and sea,  
Thou hast, my heart, another, sadder story,  
These may return, but thine no more to thee!

Thou hadst a song—ah, what enraptured singing  
Could reach the measure of that heavenly strain?  
E'en now thou hear'st in faint, far echoes singing,  
The silvery notes thou never canst regain.

Thou hadst a dream—of more than earthly brightness,  
No summer sun with half its radiance shone—  
'Tis thine no more—alas, the dreary whiteness—  
Winter is here, and song and dream are gone.

Yet something bids me wait, hope on, despair not,  
If here we lose, 'tis that we more regain;  
The spirit's highest meed they reach not, share not,  
Who win it not through grief and loss and pain!

Toronto.

M. J. W.

## THE WAR OF 1812.

And what was the position of Canada when war was declared by the United States? In a condition which seemingly placed her at the mercy of her foe, owing to the conduct of the Home Government, who, though frequently asked for assistance, and repeatedly assured of the fact that the present disturbed condition must end in war between the two countries, could not or would not believe the true state of affairs, and so put off sending the much-needed help.

The Home Government had yet to learn that the fair domain of Canada was the prize sought by the Americans, who hoped, by obtaining easy possession of it, to gratify their unreasonable hatred against Britain, and drive for ever from the Western Continent a flag which dared to lift and flaunt its colours so near their own. Aye, though it had at one time been unfurled with many a loyal shout by some of these very men who now repudiated it.

As it was, the regular troops in both provinces amounted to little over 4,000 men. The militia consisted of about 2,000 men in the Lower Province and about 1,800 in the Upper, mostly unarmed and undisciplined, but who, lacking these two essential things, possessed a courage and love for their country which was soon to be tried.

A frontier of 1,700 miles in length to be guarded against a foe who had the advantage in the commencement of the war of being the assailing party, and could thus penetrate any part of the long frontier they pleased, while the whole had to be defended. Though it is worthy of notice that during the war the frontier between Lower Canada and the States of Vermont, New Hampshire, and Maine, was unassailed by the enemy.

On the day war was declared the ships in the harbour at Boston showed their flags at half-mast, in token of mourning, and, at a meeting of the inhabitants, resolutions were passed condemning the action Congress had taken. While such were the sentiments of the more enlightened people of the United States, the Democratic faction resolved to push the war to the last extremity.

It is then to be little wondered at, that when the news of the declaration of war reached Canada, a feeling of gloom and despondency settled down upon many of the inhabitants, when they thought of how badly prepared they were to face an enemy who had long been preparing for war, and were in a much better state of drill and efficiency.

Like a ship which has lost its helmsman in a storm, and, left to the mercy of the waves, is tossed hither and thither with each contending current, so did the minds of the people battle with storms against which they felt so powerless. But suddenly a master-hand grasped the rudder and steered with a clear eye through the uncertainty and gloom. Well may Canada reverence the name of Brock, who at this great crisis of her history stands so prominently forth.

Brock had long seen that nothing short of war would satisfy the Americans, and therefore endeavoured to rouse the Home Government to take precautions. But so strongly convinced were they that the Americans would cease all hostilities on the repeal of the "Orders-in-Council," that they would not hear of any aggressive movement, but recommended a policy of forbearance. Hampered on all sides as Brock was, and his repeated warnings set at naught, he nevertheless prepared with all his strength and courage to face what seemed a hopeless struggle. He strengthened the defences of the Ancient Capital, Cape Diamond, and visited all the frontier forts, making such preparations as were in his power. On the 26th of June Brock learned that war had been declared by the United States. He immediately sent word to Captain Roberts, commandant of a small military post—and the most remote of the North-Western defences—on the island of St. Joseph, in Lake Huron, to try and gain possession of Fort Michilimakinac, a most important post situated at the northern end of Lake Huron and commanding the entrance into Lake Michigan. By the 15th of July Roberts embarked with his force, consisting of a part of the 10th R.V. Battalion, 160 Canadian Voyageurs under the command of Mr. Comford, 250 Indians—only half of whom were armed with fowling-pieces and

old muskets, and two old iron three-pounders. Reaching Michilimakinac on the 17th, he completely surprised the commandant, Lieutenant Hancks, to whom this was the first intimation of the war. He surrendered to Roberts. A quantity of valuable furs and military stores also came into his possession. As this post was in the heart of the Indian country, the taking of it by the British greatly strengthened their influence with the Indians, upon whom they chiefly relied for the defence of the North-West frontier. Much has been said and written by the Americans against the measure taken by the British in making use of allies who on several occasions were guilty of great atrocities, and over whom, when once aroused, they had no control. It seems strange that they should so express themselves, when it is a well known fact that the United States Government tried by every means in their power to detach the Indians from the British to their side. The most flattering promises were made, meeting after meeting was held, but to no purpose. Not all the tempting offers held forth could make them forget the many broken stipulations and promises. They burned to revenge their many wrongs as they saw the land of their fathers swept away from them by fraud and trickery. They flocked to the banner which had ever respected its bond. Had the British refused their services, they would have turned them into foes and increased their own difficulties, for the Americans would have had no scruples in making use of them, as is shown by their employing the few that remained friendly to them.

In the meanwhile General Hull, who had long before the declaration of war been drilling a force for the invasion of Western Canada, crossed by the Detroit River on the 12th of July with 2,300 men about three miles above Sandwich, a small town nearly opposite to Detroit. Here he published the following

## PROCLAMATION.

Inhabitants of Canada—After thirty years of peace and prosperity, the United States have been driven to arms. The injuries and aggression, the insults and indignities of Great Britain, have once more left them no alternative but manly resistance or unconditional submission. The Army under my command has *invaded your country*, and the standard of Union now waves over the territory of Canada. To the peaceable, unoffending inhabitant, it brings neither danger nor difficulty. I come to find enemies, not to make them. I come to protect, not to injure you.

Separated by an immense ocean and an extensive wilderness from Great Britain, you have no participation in her councils, no interest in her conduct. You have felt her tyranny, you have seen her injustice; but I do not ask you to avenge the one or redress the other. The United States are sufficiently powerful to afford you every security consistent with their rights and your expectations. I tender you the invaluable blessings of civil, political and religious liberty, and their necessary result, individual and general prosperity—that liberty which gave decision to our councils and energy to our conduct in a struggle for independence, and which conducted us safely and triumphantly through the stormy period of the revolution; that liberty which has raised us to an elevated rank among the nations of the world, and which has afforded us a greater measure of peace and security, of wealth and improvement, than ever fell to the lot of any country.

In the name of my country, and by the authority of Government, I promise you protection to your persons, property and rights. Remain at your homes; pursue your peaceful and customary avocations, raise not your hand against your brethren. Many of your fathers fought for the freedom and independence we now enjoy. Being children, therefore, of the same family with us, and heirs to the same heritage, the arrival of an army of friends must be hailed by you with a cordial welcome. You will be emancipated from tyranny and oppression, and restored to the dignified station of freemen. Had I any doubt of eventual success, I might ask your assistance, but I do not. I come prepared for every contingency,—I have a force which will look down

all opposition, and that force is but the vanguard of a much greater. If contrary to your own interests and the just expectations of my country, you should take part in the approaching contest, you will be considered and treated as enemies, and the horrors and calamities of war will stalk before you. If the barbarous and savage policy of Great Britain be pursued, and the savages let loose to murder our citizens, and butcher our women and children, this war will be a war of extermination. The first stroke of the tomahawk, the first attempt with the scalping knife, will be the signal for one indiscriminate scene of desolation. No white man found fighting by the side of an Indian will be taken prisoner; instant destruction will be his lot. If the dictates of reason, duty, justice and humanity cannot prevent the employment of a force which respects no right, and knows no wrong, it will be prevented by a severe and relentless system of retaliation. I doubt not your courage and firmness. I will (not) doubt your attachment to liberty. If you tender your services voluntarily, they will be accepted readily. The United States offer you peace, liberty and security. Your choice lies between these and war, slavery and destruction. Choose then, but choose wisely; and may He, who knows the justice of our cause, and who holds in his hand the fate of nations, guide you to a result the most compatible with your rights and interest, your peace and happiness

W. HULL.

By the General,

A. P. HULL,

Captain 13th U. S. Regt. Infantry and  
Aide-de Camp.

Headquarters, Sandwich, July 8th, 1812.

### HOAXES OF THEODORE HOOK.

The incidents in the life of Hook comprise many in which that unscrupulous man played the part of a hoaxer. One of his victims was Romeo Coates, a man about town, in the days of the Regency—a beau, an amateur, who delighted in riding through the streets of the West End in a bedizened pink coat of extraordinary shape. One day this eccentric received an invitation to a magnificent entertainment given by the Prince Regent at Carlton House. He was almost crazy with joy at the honour; dressed and adorned himself to the highest attainable pitch, and drove in his fanciful chariot to Carlton House. The card of invitation passed him safely through all the outer portals and corridors; but when a private secretary or chamberlain at length scrutinised it, he pronounced it to be a forgery. In vain did poor Romeo Coates protest that he knew nothing of any forgery or hoax; he was turned back; and as his equipage had driven away, he had to pick his way through the mud to the nearest hackney coach stand. It turned out that Theodore Hook had cleverly imitated the invitation card, one veritable specimen of which he had contrived to obtain the loan of for a few hours. On another occasion, he associated as a companion in a hoax the elder Mathews, the comedian, a man full of wit and frolic, but withal much more kindly and considerate than Hook. One day Hook and Mathews took a row up the river to Richmond. Passing a well-trimmed lawn at Barnes, they noticed an inscription board sternly forbidding any strangers to land on the lawn. This was enough for Hook. Tying the boat to a tree, he and Mathews landed, taking with them fishing rods and lines. Hook acted as a land surveyor, Mathews as his clerk. They paced slowly to and fro along the lawn, pretending to measure with the fishing rods as measuring and levelling staffs, and the fishing lines as yard and rod measures. Presently a parlour window opened, and out walked the occupant of the villa, a well-to-do alderman. In great wrath, he demanded what the two interlopers were about. Hook coolly, but courteously, told him that a new canal was to be cut directly across the lawn, and that accurate measurements were necessary to determine the exact direction which it should take. Partly in rage, partly in despair, the alderman invited them in to "talk it over;" a sumptuous dinner and the best of wines were just ready; and the alderman endeavoured to persuade the surveyor that another line might easily be obtained without touching his lawn at all. Hook and Mathews revealed the hoax before their departure, and managed to talk him into a hearty laugh about it—rendered all the more easy by the fact that the dreaded canal was only a myth, and that he had entertained two such eminent men as Mr. Hook and Mr. Mathews.

Mr. Douglas Sladen, the Australian poet, who has been making a tour of Canada, from Halifax to the Pacific, is collecting information for a book which he intends writing on Canada. The volume will contain his personal impressions of the Dominion, statistics of her trade, her relations with the mother country, and reciprocal benefits derived from the connection, besides the advantages offered by Canada as a trade route between England and the colonies of the Pacific.

## PERSONAL

Mr. W. B. Scarth, M.P., of Winnipeg, has taken his seat.

Miss Madge C. Buell, of Perth, has received an appointment in the Civil Service, Ottawa.

The Hon. Mr. Dewdney held a reception on the evening of the 6th inst., which was largely attended.

The funeral of the late Senator Macdonald, of Toronto, was by his own request of the simplest character.

The Rev. Geo. E. Lloyd, Protestant Chaplain to the Reformatory, Penetanguishene, has accepted the rectory of Rothesay, St. John, N.B.

Lieut.-Col. Macdonald, of Toronto, and Major Todd, of Ottawa, have been mentioned for the command and adjutancy of the Wimbledon team.

Mr. Waugh, B.A., has been elected president, Mr. Claxton, B.A., 1st vice-president, and Mr. Huff, 2nd vice-president of the Literary Society of Orillia High School.

The Very Rev. Father McLaughlin, whose work, "Is one Religion as good as Another?" was reviewed in our columns some months ago, is a native of the County Antrim, Ireland.

The venerable mother of Senator Casgrain, Mr. Casgrain, M.P., the well-known litterateur Abbé Casgrain, and Mr. E. Casgrain, of the provincial council of agriculture, has just died at an advanced age.

Dr. Ferguson, M.P., Welland, has called the attention of the Government to the military cemetery at Niagara Falls, with a view to protect from desecration the last resting place of those who defended their country at Lundy's Lane.

Miss C. Alice Cameron, B.A., graduate of the Boston Latin school, and of Queen's University, who has recently been appointed on the staff of the Presbyterian Ladies' College, Toronto, has entered upon her duties as professor in classics and mathematics.

The presidents of the Montreal Snowshoe Club since its formation in 1843 were the late Col. Ermatinger, Messrs. Romeo Stephens, N. H. Hughes, C. P. Davidson, Angus Grant, W. L. Maltby, G. R. Starke, J. K. Whyte, A. W. Stevenson and T. L. Paton.

The Rev. Hugh Pedley, of Winnipeg, preaching on the "Graves of 1889," paid a very high tribute to the worth of the Hon. John Norquay, and said there was no one throughout the province, from the Governor in his chair to the roving Indian on the plain, but felt in his death a sense of personal loss.

Canada has contributed five officers to Harvard University: S. McVane, of Prince Edward Island, Professor of History; F. C. Sumichrast, of Nova Scotia, Professor of French; F. W. Nicholson, Nova Scotia, instructor in Latin; W. F. Ganong, New Brunswick, instructor in botany; M. Chamberlain, New Brunswick, Secretary of the University.

The Sunday-school Convention held in this city last week was largely attended, and was a rare intellectual treat. Among the speakers was Mrs. Crofts, from New York, who has a world-wide reputation as a teacher of Primary Classes, Dr. Dunning, of Boston, Dr. Parsons, of Toronto, and Dr. MacVicar. Dr. Wells and Dr. Mackay, of this city, also gave learned and scholarly addresses bearing on Sunday-school work.

The lady patronesses of the Montreal Snowshoe Club Jubilee Ball were: Lady Galt, Lady Hickson and Mesdames J. C. Wurtele, C. Peers Davidson, R. B. Angus, F. W. Henshaw, R. W. Elmenhorst, William Cassils, J. B. R. Hutchins, Hugh Paton, R. D. McGibbon, Colin Campbell, H. E. Murray and Frank Bond. The invited guests were the presidents of the various sister snowshoe clubs and Lieut.-Col. Houghton, D.A.G.

Lady Macdonald received at breakfast the following ladies and gentlemen on February 5th at 11.30: Mrs. Tupper, Mrs. and Miss McLaren (Perth), Miss Chamberlain, (England), Mrs. Blackstock (Toronto), Mrs. Winans (New York), Mrs. George Thompson, Mr. Joseph Pope, Captain William Sparkes (England), Mr. G. A. Henderson, Mr. W. H. Middleton, Mrs. H. Horan, Mrs. E. Grant, Miss Marjorie Stuart, Miss Macdonald, Miss Affleck, Miss Slater.

The many personal friends of the Rev. J. M. Baldwin will be glad to hear of his safe arrival in Japan. After a fortnight's stay at Tokio with the Bishop, arranging the details of his work and obtaining the necessary passports, Mr. Baldwin went to Nagoya, a twelve hours' run by rail from Tokio, and is now with Mr. Robinson, hard at work mastering the language. While in Tokio Mr. Baldwin took part in the school work carried on in connection with St. Andrew's House, and also had the privilege of preaching, through an interpreter, to a Japanese congregation.

Hon. J. A. and Madame Chapleau gave a dinner party on the evening of the 5th inst., at which there were present Hon. J. G. Haggart, Hon. C. C. Colby, Hon. Alexander Lacoste, Hon. Senator Guevremont, Hon. Senator Chaffers, Hon. Senator Poirier, Hon. Senator Macdonald (Cape Breton), Mr. J. G. H. Bergeron, M.P., Mr. J. A. Massue, M.P., Mr. Cimon, M.P., Mr. McMillan, M.P., (Vaudreuil), Mr. Joncas, M.P., Mr. Choquette, M.P., Mr. Therien,

M.P., Mr. J. A. Macdonald (Victoria), Dr. Cameron, M.P., Mr. S. J. Dawson, M.P., Mr. Lariviere, M.P., Mr. C. O. Dansereau, M.P., and Mr. G. E. Desbarats.

The Minister of Marine and Mrs. Tupper gave a dinner party on the evening of the 6th inst., to which the following were invited: Hon. W. Miller, Hon. W. J. Almon, Hon. G. A. and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Mr. D. Girouard, Q.C., M.P., Mr. R. N. Hall, Q.C., M.P., Mr. Small, M.P., Mr. J. J. Curran, Q.C., M.P., and Miss Curran, Mr. A. Desjardins, M.P., Mr. Brown, M.P., Mr. Cockburn, M.P., Mrs. and Miss Cockburn, Lieut.-Col. Denison, M.P., Mr. Landry, M.P., and Mrs. Landry, Mr. Gordon, M.P., and Mrs. Gordon, Mr. W. G. Perley, M.P., and Mrs. Perley, Mr. Corby, M.P., and Mrs. Corby, Mrs. Winans and Miss Macdonald.

The set of honour at the Montreal Snowshoe Club Jubilee Ball was as follows: Mr. T. L. Paton and Mrs. F. W. Henshaw, Mr. Justice Davidson and Mrs. Elmenhorst, Sir Joseph Hickson and Mrs. Hugh Paton, Mr. Hugh Paton and Lady Hickson, Lieut. Col. Houghton, D.A.G., and Mrs. Marler, Mr. Justice Wurtele and Mrs. F. Massey, Lieut.-Col. Massey and Mrs. Wurtele, Lieut.-Col. Bond and Mrs. Caverhill, Lieut.-Col. Caverhill and Mrs. Davidson, Mr. E. Black and Mrs. R. B. Angus, Mr. W. E. Stevenson and Mrs. Bond, Mr. Angus Hooper and Miss Angus, Mr. H. Joseph and Miss Pangman, Mr. W. De M. Marler and Mrs. Horace Joseph.

### ACA NADA.

[A doubtful tradition asserts that the name Canada is derived from two Spanish words, signifying *nothing here*, from the fact that the first explorers were disappointed in their hope of finding gold.]

Long ago a band of travellers,  
Left behind the coast of Spain,  
Turned their faces to the westward,  
Sailed across the storm-tossed main,  
Ploughed the black Atlantic waters,  
Landed on a rock-bound shore,  
Moored their argosies and left them,  
That the land they might explore.  
That the land they might explore.  
Sadly turned they homeward, murmuring  
"Aca Nada!" nothing here.

Nothing here! my Canada?  
Nay, but we have wiser grown!  
Stretching vast from dawn to sunset,  
With a grandeur all thine own!  
Rugged mountains, where the eagle  
Wheels in widening circles slow;  
Mighty hills, whose peaked summits  
Covered with eternal snow,  
Stand like angel sentinels, guarding  
Far and wide the land below!

Trackless forests, dark and lonely,  
Where man's foot hath never trod;  
Howls the wolf, and screams the panther,  
Face to face with Nature's God!  
Here the haughty stag advancing  
Kingly power undaunted sways;  
Here the timid hare bounds fearless  
Through the brushwood underways;  
In his native marsh the heron  
Seeks the waters of his love,  
While in geometric figure  
Sail the wild duck far above.  
Company of man disturbs not,  
All in careless freedom rove!

Lakes and streamlets, ever changing,  
Yet in beauty changeless still  
As when first Old Night and Chaos  
Bent obedient to His will!  
Stately rivers, onward rolling  
Ever to the restless sea,  
On thine azure bosom heaving,  
White-winged bargues ride daintily,  
Laden low with trophies golden  
Of sweet Ceres' husbandry!

Where of yore, by tideless waters,  
Pines their solemn shadows threw,  
Curls the graceful smoke from homesteads,  
Men their thrifty lives pursue.  
Where, in bygone years, the forest  
Shuddered with the tempest's roar,  
Spreads now many a stately city,—  
Solitude returns no more!  
Happy country! Happy people!  
Peace prevails from shore to shore.

Dear my Canada! I love thee  
Better than my tongue can tell;  
Land of peace and plenty, ever  
In my heart thy name shall dwell!  
Birds of evil omen many  
Croak of poverty and care,  
Fancy in them loves to wander  
Through the mazes of despair!  
Dear our country is, and lovely,  
And though night be dark and long,  
Evening red-lit clouds betoken  
Morning sunshine bright and strong!

KAY LIVINGSTONE.



**What the Recamier Preparations are and why they are to be used.**

Recamier Cream, which is first of these world famous preparations, is made from the recipe used by Julie Recamier. It is not a cosmetic, but an emollient to be applied at night just before retiring, and to be removed in the morning by bathing freely. It will remove tan and sunburn, pimples, red spots or blotches, and make your face and hands as smooth, as white and as soft as an infant's.

Recamier Balm is a beautifier, pure and simple. It is not a whitewash, and unlike most liquids Recamier Balm is exceedingly beneficial and is absolutely imperceptible except in the delicate freshness and youthfulness which it imparts to the skin.

Recamier Lotion will remove freckles and moth patches, is soothing and efficacious for any irritation of the cuticle, and is the most delightful of washes for removing the dust from the face after travelling, and is also invaluable to gentlemen to be used after shaving.

Recamier Powder is in three shades, white, flesh and cream. It is the finest powder ever manufactured, and is delightful in the nursery, for gentlemen after shaving and for the toilet generally.

Recamier soap is a perfectly pure article guaranteed free from animal fat. This soap contains many of the healing ingredients used in compounding Recamier Cream and Lotion.

The RECAMIER TOILET PREPARATIONS are positively free from all injurious ingredients, and CONTAINS NEITHER LEAD, BISMUTH or ARSENIC, as attested to after a searching analysis by such eminent scientists as

**HENRY A. MOTT, Ph.D., LL.D.,**  
Member of the London, Paris, Berlin and American Chemical Societies.

**THOS. B. STILLMAN, M.Sc., Ph.D.,**  
Professor of Chemistry of the Stevens Institute of Technology.

**PETER T. AUSTEN, Ph.D., F.C.S.,**  
Professor of General and Applied Chemistry, Rutgers College and New Jersey State Scientific School.

If your druggist does not keep the Recamier Preparations, refuse substitutes. Let him order for you, or order yourself from the Canadian office of the Recamier Manufacturing Company, 374 and 376 St. Paul Street, Montreal. For sale in Canada at our regular New York prices: Recamier Cream, \$1.50; Recamier Balm, \$1.50; Recamier Moth and Freckle Lotion, \$1.50; Recamier Soap, scented, 50c; unscented, 25c.; Recamier Powder, large boxes, \$1.00; small boxes, 50c.



**HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS.**

All even numbered sections, excepting 8 and 26, are open for homestead and pre-emption entry.

**ENTRY.**

Entry may be made personally at the local land office in which the land to be taken is situate, or if the homesteader desires, he may, on application to the Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, or the Commissioner of Dominion Lands, Winnipeg, receive authority for some one near the local office to make the entry for him.

**DUTIES.**

Under the present law homestead duties may be performed in three ways:

1. Three years' cultivation and residence, during which period the settler may not be absent for more than six months in any one year without forfeiting the entry.

2. Residence for three years within two miles of the homestead quarter section and afterwards next prior to application for patent, residing for 3 months in a habitable house erected upon it. Ten acres must be broken the first year after entry, 15 acres additional in the second, and 15 in the third year; 10 acres to be in crop the second year, and 25 acres the third year.

3. A settler may reside anywhere for the first two years, in the first year breaking 5 acres, in the second cropping said 5 acres and breaking additional 10 acres, also building a habitable house. The entry is forfeited if residence is not commenced at the expiration of two years from date of entry. Thereafter the settler must reside upon and cultivate his homestead for at least six months in each year for three years.

**APPLICATION FOR PATENT**

may be made before the local agent, any homestead inspector, or the intelligence officer at Medicine Hat or Qu'Appelle Station.

Six months' notice must be given in writing to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands by a settler of his intention prior to making application for patent.

Intelligence offices are situate at Winnipeg, Qu'Appelle Station and Medicine Hat. Newly arrived immigrants will receive, at any of these offices, information as to the lands that are open for entry, and from the officers in charge, free of expense, advice and assistance in securing lands to suit them.

**A SECOND HOMESTEAD**

may be taken by any one who has received a homestead patent or a certificate of recommendation, countersigned by the Commissioner of Dominion Lands, upon application for patent made by him prior to the second day of June, 1887.

All communications having reference to lands under control of the Dominion Government, lying between the eastern boundary of Manitoba and the Pacific Coast, should be addressed to the Secretary of the Department of the Interior, Ottawa, or to H. H. Smith, Commissioner of Dominion Lands, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

**A. M. BURGESS,**  
Deputy Minister of the Interior.

Department of the Interior,  
Ottawa, Sept. 2, 1889.

**CASTOR-FLUID**

Registered—A delightfully refreshing preparation for the hair. Should be used daily. Keeps the scalp healthy, prevents dandruff, promotes the growth. A perfect hair dressing for the family, 25c per bottle.

**HENRY R. GRAY, Chemist,**  
122 St. Lawrence Main Street.



TWO BUNCHES OF CHERRIES, FROM NEW WESTMINSTER, B.C.  
(S. J. Thompson, photo)

**HUMOUROUS.**

**THE WEARY DUDE.**—Harry: Who's that passing on the other side of the street? Charley: Dear boy, you'll have to excuse me, I'm really too fatigued to look further than the middle of the street to-day.

**DIDN'T SEE HIM.**—Mrs. Stayathome (to Mrs. Knowitall, just returned from Europe): Did you see Irving in Faust? Mrs. Knowitall: We were only one day in Faust, and I don't think Mr. Irving was there at the time. At least we didn't see him."

**TOO MUCH FOR THE HUB.**—Customer (to Boston barber): What has become of that New York man you had last week? He was the best barber I ever saw. Boston Barber: Yes, he was an artist; but he persisted in saying "nex' gent" for "next gentleman," and I had to let him go.

**VALID EXCUSE.**—Maid: There is a poor woman at the door, mum, who wants to know if you can give her a little money to buy coal. Mistress: I'm sorry I can't do something for her, but I have just paid for the dress I wore at the charity ball last night, and it took all the money I had.

**FERTILE IN EXPEDIENTS.**—Paying Teller: I can't help it if your name is Malone; you can't get the money on that cheque unless you are identified. Malone: Hould a bit wid ye! Oi'll bring Jim Maginnis in an' introduce ye to him, an' begorra he kin oidentofoy us both. Phat name, sir?

**RECITATION OF A CLASS IN NATURAL HISTORY.**—The professor is nettled at the inattention of his pupils, and exclaims: Gentlemen, I demand your attention. I am giving you an interesting lecture on the personal peculiarities of the monkey. The least you can do is to look at me."

**LADY:** I like your pictures so much, and I would dearly love to be an artist. Won't you tell me the secret how to do it. Artist: Most willingly, madam. You have only to select the right colours and put them on the right place. "Oh, thanks, awfully. I shall go home now and commence right away."

**FOREIGN POWER** (sarcastically): Backing

out, see. Uncle Sam (sorrowfully): Yes, do as you please, I won't make any resistance. Foreign Power (proudly): I knew you wouldn't dare defy me. Uncle Sam (hotly): It ain't you I'm afraid of, you old fool. I wouldn't mind a war. What I'm afraid of is the pensions.

"How is your church getting on?" asked a friend of a rigorous Scotchman, who had separated in turn from the Kirk, the Free Church, the United Presbyterian, and several lesser bodies. "Pretty weel, pretty weel There's naebody belongs to it noo but my brother and myself, and I'm nae sure o' Sandy's soundness."

Two small sisters, whose ages were respectively five and seven, were overheard gravely discussing the pronunciation of a certain disputed word. One maiden insisted on her way, and proudly quoted as authority "Webster on the bridge." Maiden number two turned upon her sister with utmost compassion and scorn in her voice as she exclaimed: "On the bridge! Hm! It's Webster under the bridge."

A COMMERCIAL traveller came to a small town in Scotland the other day and wanted to go to church on the Sunday evening. For a companion the boots of the hotel went with him. Being late the preacher was giving out his text as they entered:—"Jesus I know, and Paul I know, but who are ye?" Being disturbed by their entrance the preacher gave out his text again, when boots got up, touched his brow and said, "Please, sir, I am boots in 'The Queen's,' and this is a vinegar traveller from Birmingham."

**COURTLY ADROITNESS.**—The Duke of Grammont was the most adroit and witty courtier of his time. He entered one day the closet of Cardinal Mazarin without being announced. His Eminence was amusing himself by jumping close-legged against the wall. A less skilful courtier might have stammered excuses and retired. The Duke entered briskly and cried, "I'll wager one hundred crowns that I jump higher than your Eminence." Grammont took care to jump a few inches lower than the Cardinal, and was six months afterwards Marshal of France.

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From Windsor Street Station:  
FOR SHERBROOKE—4.00 p.m. and 11.35 p.m.  
FOR ST. JOHNS, Farnham, etc., \*9.00 a.m., 4.00 p.m., and 11.35 p.m.  
FOR BOSTON, Portland, Manchester, etc., \*9.00 a.m. and 11.35 p.m.  
FOR ST. JOHN, N.B. and Halifax, N.S. 11.35 p.m.  
FOR NEWPORT—\*9.00 a.m., 4.00 p.m., and 11.35 p.m.  
FOR TORONTO, Smith's Falls, Peterboro, Brockville, Kingston, \*9.20 a.m. For Smith's Falls, Kingston, Toronto, Detroit, Chicago, etc., \*8.45 p.m.  
FOR OTTAWA and Buckingham, \*10.00 a.m. and 4.25 p.m.  
FOR SAULT STE. MARIE, St. Paul, Minneapolis, etc., \*10.00 a.m.  
FOR VAUDREUIL, WINCHESTER, ETC., \*9.20 a.m. and \*8.45 p.m.

From Dalhousie Square Station:  
FOR QUEBEC,—\*8.10 a.m., (\*3.30 p.m. Sundays only) and \*10.00 p.m. For points on Intercolonial Ry. to Campbellton N.B., \*10.00 p.m.  
FOR THREE RIVERS,—\*8.10 a.m., (\*3.30 p.m. Sundays only) 5.00 p.m. and \*10.00 p.m.  
FOR JOLIETTE, St. Felix de Valois, St. Gabriel etc.,—5.00 p.m.  
FOR OTTAWA,—\*8.50 a.m., 4.40 p.m., \*8.40 p.m.  
FOR WINNIPEG and Vancouver,—\*8.40 p.m.  
FOR ST. JEROME, St. Lin and Ste. Eustache, 5.30 p.m.  
FOR ST. ROSE and Ste. Therese, and intermediate stations—3.00 p.m., 4.40 p.m., 5.30 p.m. Saturdays only, 1.30 p.m., instead of 3.00 p.m.

From Bonaventure Station:  
FOR CHAMBLY and Marieville etc., 3.40 p.m., from St. Lambert, connecting with Grand Trunk 3.15 p.m. train from Bonaventure Station.  
FOR CHAMBLY and Marieville, etc., 5.00 p.m.

† Except Saturdays.  
‡ Run daily, Sundays included. Other trains week days only, unless otherwise shown.  
\* Parlor and Sleeping Cars on trains so marked.  
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