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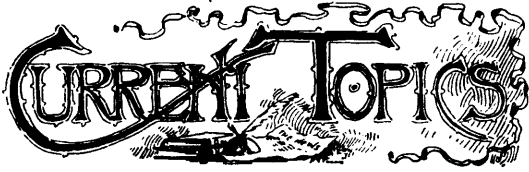
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27th JULY, 1889.



A project, long contemplated and earnestly recommended by far-seeing men, is now in course of being carried out through the construction of the Vaudreuil and Prescott Railway, which was begun last week. This line will shorten the journey from Montreal to Ottawa to a considerable extent, and will give the advantages of railway communication with the outside world to a most important section of country. It will pass through Como, Hudson, Grande Montée, Rigaud, St. Eugène, Vankleek Hill, Hawkesbury, Plantagenet Springs, L'Orignal, Caledonia Springs, Alfred, Clarence Creek, Sarsfield, Cumberland and Green's Creek—thus traversing the Counties of Prescott, Russell, Vaudreuil, Carleton and Ottawa. A large number of influential gentlemen from those counties, Ottawa City, Montreal and elsewhere, assembled at Rigaud on the 17th inst. to witness the turning of the first sod on the new road. Judge Foster, who has consented to accept the position of managing-director, set forth very clearly the benefits which the line would assure to a thriving and enterprising population. The ceremony which has come to be associated with so large a share of the world's prosperity and progress was entrusted to Mrs. McMillan, wife of the member for Vaudreuil in the House of Commons, and Mrs. J. B. A. Mongenais, wife of the president of the new road.

The appointment of a Minister of Agriculture in England may tend indirectly to promote our phosphate industry. As we have already pointed out, Canadian phosphate of lime has of late been attaining a high rank in England. Formerly, it appears, it fell somewhat into disrepute through lack of care in preparing it for shipment. The usage now is to free the mineral from adhering substances, such as gneiss, pyroxenic rock, iron, etc., and this treatment has been found so advantageous that it well repays the additional trouble. Canadian phosphate now takes rank in the English market as the best in the world. A sample exhibited at the Cincinnati Centennial Exhibition weighed 870 pounds, and was considered the largest ever taken from a mine. Its purity was no less remarkable than its size. In colour it was a rich green. It was said, moreover, to be a fair sample of the whole mine, which is in the 10th concession of Loughboro, Frontenac County. The vein from which it was taken was computed to be from six to sixteen feet in width and seventy feet in length; but the length increased with the depth of the working. For many years phosphate workings were not carried deeper than from thirty to fifty feet; but now there are places where mining

is conducted as much as a hundred feet below the surface, by means of galleries, which follow the spur or branch veins. This is undoubtedly destined to be one of Canada's greatest industries; but no delay should be risked in taking advantage of new outlets for the trade.

In January, 1885, the Lieutenant-Governor of British Columbia, in opening the Provincial Legislature, spoke with emphasis of the unsettled boundary of Alaska and that province. The rights and interests, not only of British Columbia, but of the whole Dominion, were, said His Honor, involved in the question. He considered that Canada was clearly entitled to a valuable strip of country, embracing an area of millions of acres, along the north-west coast; nevertheless, that large tract was claimed by the United States. Both Governments appealed to the Treaty of 1825 between Russia and Great Britain. This is not the first instance in which Canada has suffered from the ambiguous wording of instruments to which the authorities of the Motherland have set their signature.

According to the 3rd article of the Treaty of 1825, the line of demarcation should ascend from the southernmost point of Prince of Wales Island (which was to belong wholly to Russia) to the north, along the Portland Channel to where it strikes the 56th degree of north latitude. "From this last-mentioned point the line of demarcation shall follow the summit of the mountains, situated parallel to the coast as far as the point of intersection of the 141st degree of west longitude (meridian of Greenwich); and finally, from the said point of intersection, the said meridian of 141 degrees, in its prolongation as far as the Frozen Ocean, shall form the limit between the Russian and British possessions on the continent of America to the northwest." In further explanation of this article, it is provided in the following one that "Wherever the summits of the mountains, which extend in a direction parallel to the coast from the 56th degree of north latitude to the point of intersection of the 141st degree of west longitude, shall prove to be at the distance of more than ten marine leagues from the coast, the limit between the British possessions and the line of coast that is to belong to Russia shall be formed by a line parallel to the windings of the coast, and which shall never exceed the distance of ten marine leagues therefrom." While, on the one hand, our neighbours are unwilling to abide by a delimitation which, at some points, gives them only a few miles of interior; on the other, the location of the Portland Channel has been disputed. Difficulties have arisen between miners, settlers and traders, claiming to be British or American, as it suits them for the time being to belong to either nationality. It would be well of all uncertainty were ended by a definite understanding between the two countries before more serious complications arise.

Messrs. Dun, Wiman & Company's half-yearly report, recently issued, shows that the total number of failures in Canada during the first six months of the present year was 886, with liabilities of \$7,352,333. By provinces, these failures and liabilities are distributed as follows: Ontario, 443, with liabilities amounting to \$3,359,363; Quebec, 305 and \$3,224,208; Nova Scotia, 52 and \$248,500; New Brunswick, 32 and \$147,528; Manitoba, 25 and \$153,451; British Columbia, 16 and \$115,948; and Prince Edward Island, 4 and \$41,270. These figures, compared with those of

previous years, tell most heavily against this province. Montreal has, however, been fairly well-to-do; several branches of business are thriving and the financial institutions are in good condition. The prospect in the coming months will largely depend on the yield of the crops, as to which, the uncertainty that has prevailed hitherto will now soon be at an end.

There is some prospect of Niagara Falls being turned to account in other ways than as an attraction for tourists. Schemes for using the water power have again and again been contemplated. Now it is to be employed, we are told, to generate electricity on a grand scale. An American company has been negotiating with the Government of Ontario to secure the concession of privileges on the Canadian side. Toronto is to be the eastern limit and chief objective point of the company's operations. The result of the enterprise will be awaited with interest.

One of the latest signs of progress in the Canadian iron industry is the creation of an iron-smelting company at New Glasgow, N.S. Mr. J. P. Watt, a wealthy capitalist of Halifax, is its president. The abundance of coal and iron ore in the district makes the new enterprise virtually sure of succeeding. It is said that blast furnaces will be erected without delay.

The French shore question in Newfoundland has, we regret to learn, reached a stage which portends serious trouble unless the British Government makes some effort to secure a definite solution of it. The relations between the French fishermen and the coast populations are practically relations of hostility. Having again and again appealed for redress in vain, some of the settlers are inclined to take the law into their own hands and to make a bold strike for what they deem their rights. Those who had engaged in the canning business are in the worst plight, as their French rivals, encouraged by the prestige of previous triumphs, have proceeded to extremities and insisted on the factories being closed. Some of the proprietors talk of seeking help from the United States, despairing of any recognition of their claims by the Mother Country. Altogether the situation is extremely anomalous, and for the sake, not only of our fellow-colonists, but of the good will between France and England, which is put in jeopardy by these incessant disputes, it is greatly to be desired that steps were at once taken to effect a satisfactory arrangement. The treaty by which alien fishermen have obtained the virtual command of a considerable portion of a British colony was a grave blunder in the first instance. If for generations no serious results followed, because the coast was all but unoccupied, the case is very different now, and it is the duty of English statesmen to devise some expedient to rectify the error of their predecessors.

On the 1st of October next the convention, recently concluded between the Post Office Department and Japan for the exchange of money orders, will go into operation. The maximum amount of an order is to be \$50. Victoria, B.C., and Tokio, will be the exchange offices in Canada and Japan, respectively.

The present fishing season has so far been marked by no serious trouble. The license system, which was renewed in order to afford an opportunity for negotiations between President Harrison's Government and our own, has served its purpose—a large number of American fishing vessels having

taken out licenses, and, except in one instance, no collisions with our authorities having occurred. In the case of the only seizure that was made, that of the Mattie Winship, the owners of the trespassing craft acknowledged their offense. It is to be hoped that ere long another and successful attempt will be made to settle the long vexed question.

RESPONSIBLE GOVERNMENT.

Certain recent events have, for the third or fourth time since the boon of Responsible Government was granted to the people of Canada, prompted a doubt as to whether that boon is fully understood and appreciated by those who enjoy it. It was only conferred after a long and bitter struggle, not unattended in two of the provinces that constitute the Dominion, by the shedding of blood. On the very eve of the sanguinary crisis, which was destined to bring about the change from the sway of an oligarchy to the rule of the people through their chosen and trusted representatives, the Gosford Commission hesitated to put Canada on the same footing as England as to ministerial responsibility. The reason alleged for the refusal was that the Governor would thus be divested of his traditional and lawful power. It must be recollected, however, that the doctrine was not of universal acceptance at that time, even in the United Kingdom. In 1834 William IV. did not shrink from dismissing the Melbourne Ministry, though it was supported by a large majority in the House of Commons. It was the last occasion on which the sovereign ventured to defy that body and the public opinion of which it is the expression.

Lord Durham, in his famous Report—the most fruitful result of his mission—in recommending the reunion of the Canadas, made it clear that, to restore order and contentment in the then troubled country, it was essential to give the people the fullest benefit of representative institutions. Such institutions involved the principle that the government should be administered by persons who enjoyed the confidence of the people. It was at length recognized that only by that system—the system of Responsible Government—could harmony be maintained. Mr. Poulett Thomson (afterwards Lord Sydenham), on being appointed Governor-General, received definite instructions to carry out the ideas which Lord Durham had suggested as the only practicable basis of conciliation. Resolutions were also passed in the Legislature, which met after his arrival, insisting on the advisers of the sovereign's representative having the confidence of the people. These formal expressions of assent to the great principle of Responsible Government did not, nevertheless, ensure its unbroken observance on the part of either Governor or governed for some years to come. Difficulties arose when Lord Metcalfe refused to surrender what he claimed as the prerogatives of his office; and, in defending his course, that well-meaning but self-willed Governor cited the despatches of Lord Sydenham to prove that his professions did not accord with his real views as to the limitations of his power. In fact, according to Lord Metcalfe, Lord Sydenham held that responsibility, as well as authority, was still vested in the Governor rather than in the Government. Certainly that was the theory to which Lord Metcalfe himself clung with obstinate conviction. Viewed from the standpoint of later usage, his conduct was entirely unconstitutional;

while to him the functions of a Governor, as they are understood and discharged to-day, would have seemed to imply an inexplicable self-effacement.

In Lord Elgin's time the development of the principle reached another stage—the Governor binding himself to the strict execution of his instructions, while a portion of the Legislature and the people found fault with him for doing so. Lord Elgin's firmness, however, prevailed, and, though it exposed him to some temporary unpopularity, his good sense and judgment were abundantly vindicated in the sequel. The illustrious son-in-law of Lord Durham took pride in showing the world that the enlightened and liberal policy of that statesman could be carried out in Canada, and, although the test proved more severe than he had reason to expect (the opposition to Lord Durham's theory having hitherto proceeded from the Governors), his unflinching courage carried it to a triumphant issue. Henceforth, notwithstanding some passing perils, Responsible Government could rest on a safe foundation. The approval of his course by the Home authorities was a pledge that they would never again interfere with the constitutional rights of the Canadian people, or support any Governor in so doing. And what had come to pass in Upper and Lower Canada had also come to pass in the Maritime Provinces. It had become an admitted principle of the constitutional system that no administration could remain in power unless it commanded a majority of the people's representatives, and that no Governor should overrule any ministry which enjoyed the popular confidence.

After the establishment of the federal régime, this principle was in force throughout the whole Dominion. Temptations to forget or disregard it, nevertheless, did not fail to present themselves. Shortly after his arrival in Canada, Lord Dufferin was assailed by the Opposition of the day for hearkening to the advice of his responsible ministers. But, as in the case of Lord Elgin, his critics, in their cooler moments, acknowledged that he had been true to the spirit of the Constitution. Again, when the Marquis of Lorne, from conscientious scruples or delicacy, shrank from exercising his authority in accordance with the wishes of his ministry, and thought it well to lay the question at issue before the Government at Home, the reply that he received from the Colonial Secretary was explicit as to the duty of following the opinion of his cabinet.

In fact, the Sovereign (or the Sovereign's representative) and the Ministry are, as far as the people is concerned, an absolute unity, for all that is done in the name of the former the latter is responsible. To whom? To the people's elected representatives, who, in turn, have to answer to the people for their words and acts. Ultimately the power resides with the electorate. But Responsible Government recognizes no severance between the power and will of the Queen or Governor and those of the Cabinet. To appeal to one is to appeal to the other. The attempt to divide their functions is to assail the principle for which Britons and Canadians struggled so long, and, to succeed in such an attempt, would be to overthrow the balance of our Constitution.

Messrs. Macmillan & Co have published *in extenso* "The Recluse," which completes the triad, of which "The Prelude" and "The Excursion" are the other parts. The author's characteristics as poet and thinker are said to be "presented in an admirable epitome in the sweet and smoothly flowing fragment."



Prof. Paul Lafleur, of McGill University, has an appreciative article on Dr. Fréchette, the poet, in the last *Atlantic Monthly*.

The marriages of British peers with American heiresses will form the subject of a novel which the author of "Aristocracy" is now engaged in writing.

"The Songs of the Great Dominion" has, we are glad to learn, had a hearty reception in England as well as in Canada. Mr. Lighthall's spirited patriotism is its own reward.

"A Modern Mephistopheles," lately published by Mr. J. Theo. Robinson, of Montreal, is unlike most of Miss Alcott's works of fiction. It is a strange story, marked by originality and vigour, and is interesting in more ways than one.

The *Literary World* says it will be welcome news to the thousands who have been delighted with her "Records," to learn that Fanny Kemble has written a novel. The scene is laid in the Berkshire hills of Massachusetts. It will be published shortly by Henry Holt & Co.

We are glad to learn that Mr. J. M. Le Moine's new volume, "The Explorations of Jonathan Oldbuck, F.G.S.Q., in Eastern Latitudes," has already had an extensive sale. It is one of the most interesting and valuable of his admirable and patriotic series. We hope to have more to say of it before long.

Landor's "Pentameron," Poe's "Tales and Essays," and "Political Orations," edited, respectively, by H. Ellis, Ernest Rhys and William Clarke, are the latest issues of the Camelot series of Walter Scott, 24 Warwick Lane, London. The firm is represented in Canada by W. J. Gage, Toronto, and W. Drysdale & Co., Montreal.

Mrs. Deland, the clever author of "John Ward, Preacher," is said to be a rather pretty, little, plump and very pleasant-faced woman of about thirty. She looks upon life, and especially upon literature, as very solemn affairs indeed, and there is little of the *insouciance* and superficial brilliance and brightness of the modern American woman-novelist about her.

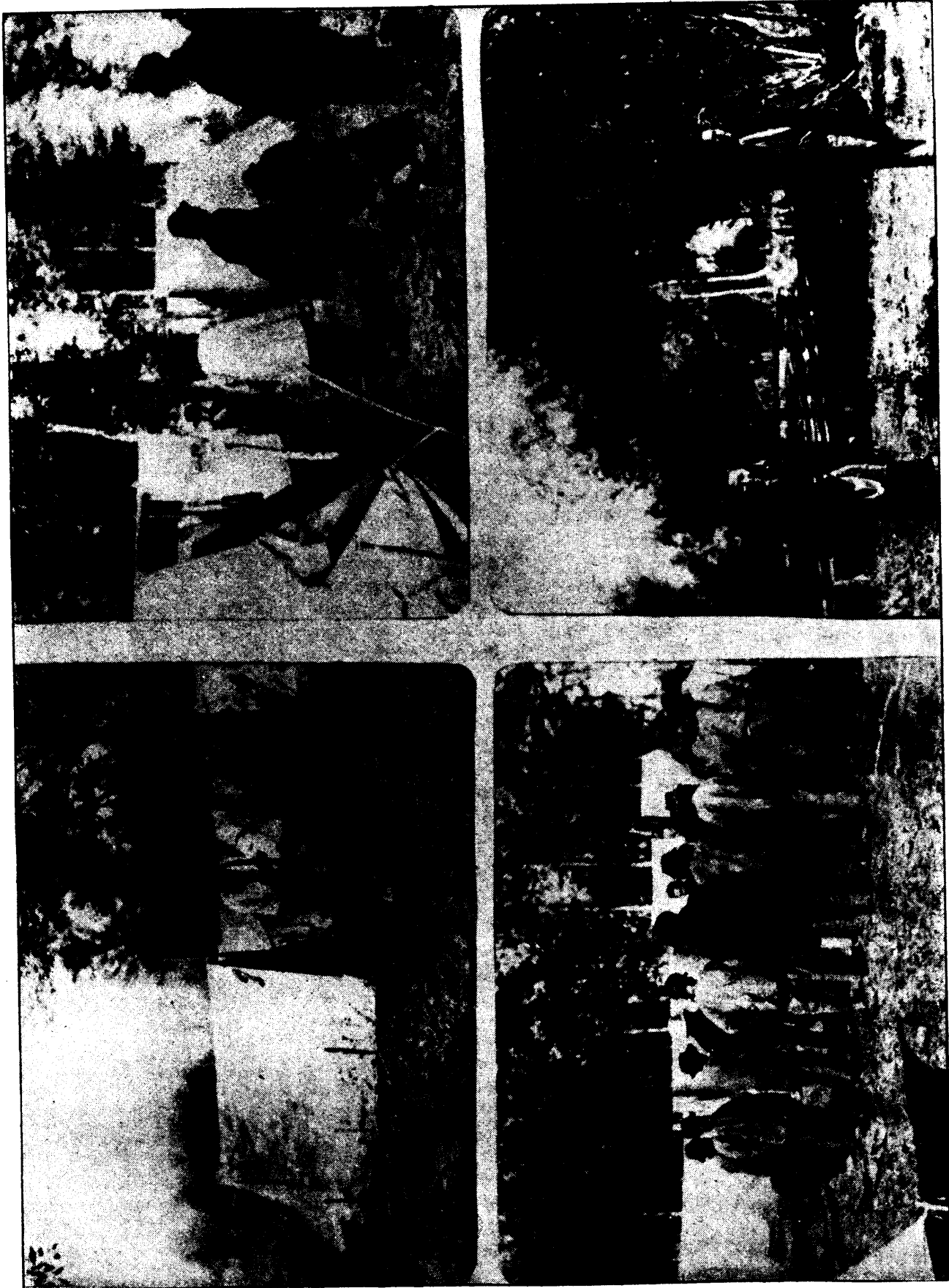
Lovell's Canadian Copyright Series, every work in which is published by arrangement with the author, to whom, moreover, a royalty is always paid, comprises "The Wing of Azrael," by Mona Caird; "The Fatal Phryne," by F. C. Philips; "Derrick Vaughan, Novelist," by Edna Lyall; "The Search for Basil Lyndhurst," by Rosa Nouchette Carey; "The Luck of the House," by Adeline Sergeant, and "Sophie Carmine," by John Strange Winter. Several others are announced.

"Acadian Legends and Lyrics," by Arthur Wentworth Eaton, is the latest addition to our growing library of Canadian song. It is brought out in handsome form by Messrs. White & Allen, of London and New York, and does credit to the author and to Canada. A review of the book will appear in our next number. The Rev. A. W. H. Eaton, who is at present doing duty in Boston, Mass., has won high praise for another work, "The Heart of the Creeds: Historical Religion in the Light of Modern Thought." It was published by Messrs. C. P. Putnam & Sons, and has reached a second edition.

We find the following appreciative reference to one of our prized contributors in a late issue of the *Portland Transcript*: We note the entrance of another singer to the growing choir of the Dominion, and mark a distinct and individual voice ringing sweet and clear down on that shore of mine, the fairest, most romantic of the Maritime. Mrs. Sophie Almon Hensley, daughter of the late Rev. Henry Pryor Almon, D.C.L., and the recent bride of Hubert A. Hensley, Esq., of Stellarton, N.S., is the singer in question, and the author of a little volume of songs, sonnets and rondeaux, printed for private, but worthy of an extensive, circulation.

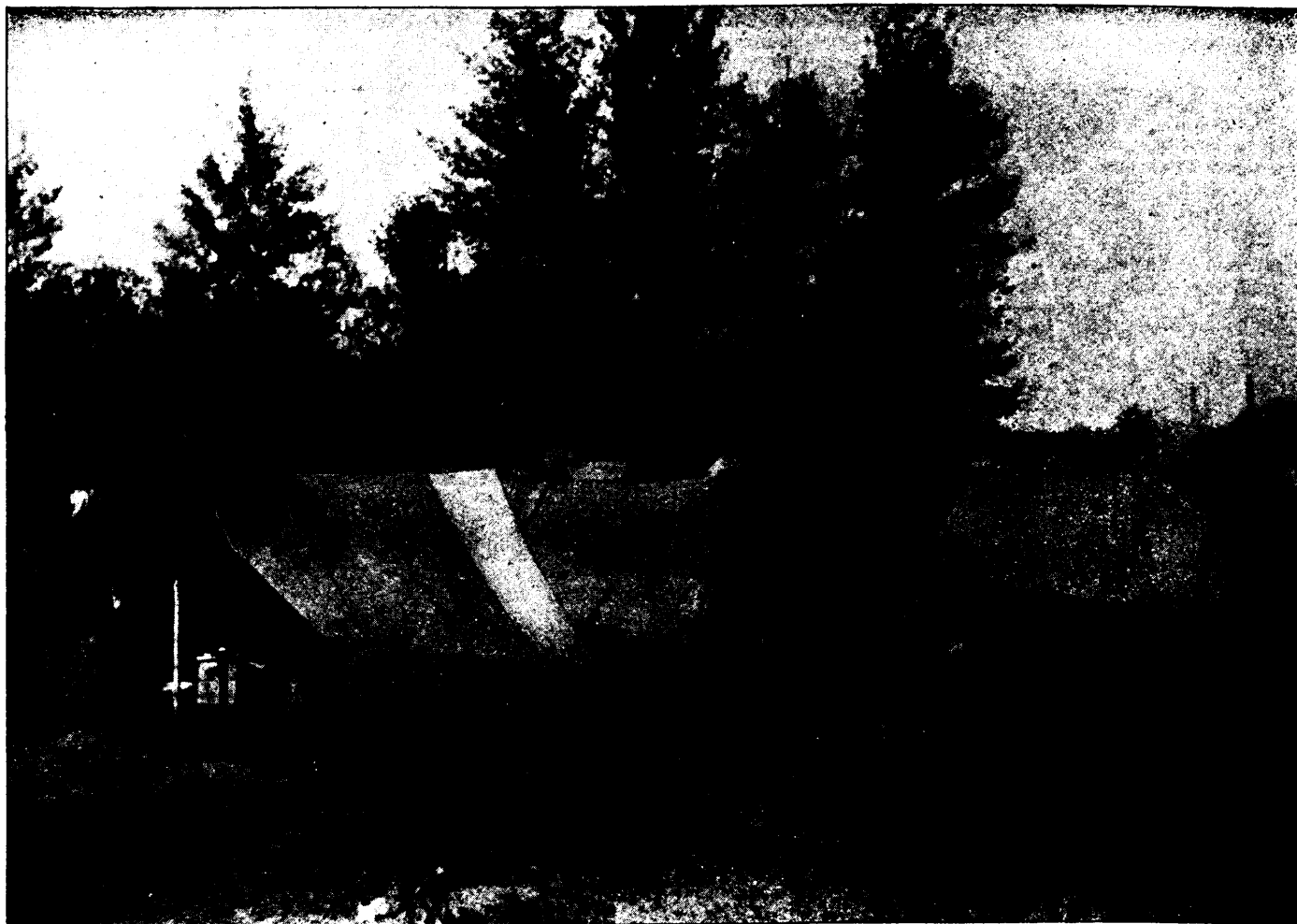
Mr. Theodore Watts, the leading literary critic of the *Athenaeum*, and the intimate friend of Dante Rossetti, Mr. Swinburne, and most of the great poets of our time, is remarkable for having obtained, and deservedly, a widespread reputation without having published a single volume. To the newly started *Magazine of Poetry*, published at Buffalo, Mr. Mackenzie Bell will contribute an article about him, prefixed to a selection from his poems. Mr. Bell is well known as the author of "Old Year Leaves," a volume of poetry, which obtained high commendation from the British literary press, and of "Charles Whitehead: a Monograph," biographical and critical.

A gentleman well on in years, the possessor of a thin, sensitive, refined and well-cut face, may often, says a contemporary, be seen on the trains of the Hudson River Railway between New York and Yonkers. The shape of his silk hat is a little old-fashioned and the general air of the man is distinctive and withal aristocratic and intellectual. He scans his morning paper with an eye as clear as when, nearly three decades ago, it epitomized the follies and foibles of New York society in that brilliant satire "Nothing to Wear." This old gentleman is none other than William Allen Butler, whose *Flora McFlimsy* will ever stand as the classical American appellation for the "girl of the period."



CHINESE CAMP SCENES IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

From photographs by Surveyor-General Deville.



CHINESE CAMP SCENES IN BRITISH COLUMBIA

From photographs by Surveyor-General Deville.



THE HON. E. DEWDNEY, M. P., MINISTER OF THE INTERIOR, ETC.—We present our readers with this fine engraving of the Hon. E. Dewdney, Minister of the Interior, in connection with a series of illustrations relating to the Northwest, which we have been contemplating for some time past and are now happy to begin. Of the importance of that vast region, which falls especially within the purview of Mr. Dewdney's administrative jurisdiction, our readers have not to be informed. There are, however, many details associated with the country's condition and progress, natural resources and scenery, and the population that is gradually filling up its waste places, on which Eastern Canada is still in the dark. To shed light on such topics is one of the principal aims of a journal like ours. The Northwest has a history which goes back over two hundred years—a history by no means destitute of romance, and traditions which take us to still remoter periods. The last word has not yet been said as to the origin of the Indians of Manitoba and the Territories, and the story of exploration has still to be comprehensively written. There are many vestiges of the past that are worthy of careful illustration. The sway of the Hudson Bay and Northwest companies and the rule of the united bodies over the great expanse, which once included a large part of the United States, offer a fine field for research, studded with spots as picturesque as any in the world. The later régime of the Dominion—purchase, occupation, colonization, conflict, railway construction, growth of cities and towns—is full of varied interest. It is our purpose to lay before our readers all that deserves attention and appreciation in the whole range of subjects thus outlined, and the Hon. Mr. Dewdney, as the representative of the Northwest both in Parliament and the Cabinet, naturally takes the leading rank among the prominent men associated with this manifold progress. The Hon. Edward Dewdney is an Englishman by birth, a civil engineer by profession. He is still in the vigour of his age, having been born in 1835 in Devonshire, that nursery of great men. He was for some time connected with the Canadian Pacific Railway, but had entered public life long before it was contemplated. In 1868 he sat for Kootenay in the Legislature of British Columbia, and, when that province entered the Confederation, he was among the first members of the House of Commons returned by its constituencies. In 1879 he was made Commissioner of Indian affairs, and in 1884 was nominated Lieutenant-Governor of the Northwest Territories. In 1887 he was named Minister of the Interior, in succession to the late Hon. Thomas White, and, as such, sits for Assiniboia in the House of Commons.

CHINESE CAMP AND STREET SCENES, VICTORIA, B. C.—These excellent views of scenes characteristic of Chinese occupations, habits and customs are from photographs by the Surveyor-General, Capt. Deville, F.R.S.C. The Chinese population of our Pacific Province has been the theme of much discussion in the House of Commons, the Provincial Legislature and the press. Some years ago a commission was appointed to inquire into the subject, with a view especially to ascertaining if certain charges brought against the Celestials were true, and, if so, to suggest what course had best be pursued to diminish their number and influence. The Hon. Mr. Chapleau, as head of the mission, with Mr. Nicholas Flood Davin as secretary, visited British Columbia, California and Oregon, and examined a large number of witnesses, some favourable, others opposed, to the presence of Mongolians in American communities. The Report was published in a bulky blue-book, giving a history of the Chinese from the earliest time to the present, setting forth their racial affinities, the peculiarities of their language, their religious beliefs, the diversities in stature, features, dialects and manners of the populations from which the immigrants are mostly drawn, the services they have conferred in railway building, mining, manufactures and other forms of industrial development, the amount of truth in the imputations made against them, the real grounds of the aversion which they have excited in certain classes of the Christian community, their vices—especially the use of opium and certain forms of immorality—their assiduity and frugality, their cheapening of the rates of labour, their quickness in learning, their skill, their usefulness as servants and other points of interest. The result of the commission's labours was the passage of laws restricting their importation, which have in the main been rigidly carried out. The prejudice against them is undoubtedly largely due to the competition which they occasion in the labour market, a competition which, owing to their mode of living, so different from those of Europeans or Americans, has the effect of taking from many of the latter the means of earning a subsistence. In California it is placed beyond doubt that many employers encouraged Chinese immigration while pretending to oppose it, and the deft Celestials are still largely employed in various branches of manufacture. There are some who maintain that their connection with the western coast of this continent is not of yesterday, but has, on the contrary, existed in remote centuries. An alleged find of ancient Chinese coins in British Columbia, some seven years ago, gave rise to considerable controversy. They were said to have been taken out of the banks of a creek in the Cassiar mining district, some thirty in number, of brass, and strung on an iron wire. The latter is reported to have dissolved

into dust on exposure to the air, and some experts claimed that the coins were extremely ancient—1200 B.C., perhaps. Mr. Edward P. Vining has written a book—based on a Chinese work of early date—to prove that the Chinese, with the aid of some Buddhist monks from northern India, discovered America in the fifth century. However that be, there is no doubt that the Chinese of the present day have taken to our western coast as if “to the manner born,” and can make themselves quite at home there, and, indeed, anywhere, so long as they find employment and are not interfered with. Our engravings give a fair idea of their looks, demeanour, occupations and amusements. They are greatly addicted to gambling, but the “events” on which they stake their money would not always interest occidental betters—cricket fights, for instance. They also train quails to mortal combat. Hundreds of dollars are sometimes staked on these encounters. They also gamble with dice, cards, etc., and some of them are no strangers to the devices of the Christian sharper, who has occasionally found the heathen Chinese a tough customer, when matched against himself in “intent to deceive.”

STAFF OF THE GEOLOGICAL SURVEY OF CANADA.—This engraving gives the portraits of the members of our Geological Survey—one of the most important and fruitful branches of the public service. Its history dates back to the early years of the union of Upper and Lower Canada. In the first parliament of the united provinces attention was called to the advisability of establishing such a department, and £1,500 sterling were granted for that purpose. It was not, however, until the 1st of May, 1843, that its actual work began. In the interval Mr. (afterwards Sir) W. E. Logan was appointed chief of the Survey, with the late Mr. A. Murray, afterwards the able head of the Newfoundland Survey, as his principal assistant. The objects of the institution were stated to be the making of an accurate and complete geological survey of the province, and to furnish a full and scientific description of its rocks, soils and minerals, accompanied by proper maps, diagrams and drawings, and a collection of illustrative specimens. Dr. T. Sterry Hunt was soon after attached to the Survey as chemist; and with this small staff and a moderate outlay, the operations of the Survey were prosecuted from year to year. Reports of the work accomplished were presented to Parliament, and the progress achieved in carrying out the provisions of the Survey was remarkable. In 1851 the collection of minerals sent to the first great London Exhibition was pronounced the most interesting and comprehensive of all the colonial collections. In 1855 a like exhibit, sent to the Paris Exhibition of that year, won general praise, and gained high honours for the director. In 1863 a voluminous report was published under the title of “Geology of Canada,” which contained, in a condensed form, the substance of all the previous reports, and is still (though out of date in some points) considered a standard authority for the geology of Quebec and Ontario. In the preface to that work Sir W. E. Logan gave some interesting information as to the distribution of the work among his colleagues and himself. Besides those already mentioned, the late Mr. James Richardson, Mr. (now Dr.) Robert Bell, Mr. J. De Cew, Mr. James Low, Mr. Richard Oatey, the Rev. L. T. Wurtelle, the late Mr. Billings, Dr. (now Sir) J. W. Dawson, the late Dr. Holmes, Mr. Sandford Fleming, the late Rev. Andrew Bell, Mr. Matthew, Mr. T. Macfarlane, and a large number of other gentlemen are spoken of as official or volunteer contributors of data or specimens. After Confederation an act (40 Vic., cap. 9) was passed setting forth the functions of the head and other officers of the Survey, in view of the enlarged sphere of operations opened up by the union of the provinces. These were, in general, comprised in the following clause: “To elucidate the geology and mineralogy of the Dominion, and to make a full and scientific examination of the various strata, soils, ores, coals, oils and mineral waters, and of the recent fauna and flora, so as to afford to the mining, metallurgical and other interests of the country correct and full information as to the character of its resources.” In 1870, on Sir W. E. Logan's retirement from the directorship, Dr. A. R. C. Selwyn, who had served for many years in a similar capacity in Australia, was selected to succeed him. During the nearly twenty years which have since elapsed, the whole expanse of British North America, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and north to the shores of Hudson's Bay, and to points still more arctic towards the west, has been explored by Dr. Selwyn and his colleagues. The yearly reports and subsidiary volumes on special subjects—those on Palæontology, for instance, by Mr. Billings and his successor, Mr. Whiteaves, and on Botany, by Prof. Macoun—form an extremely valuable library on Canadian geology, mineralogy and natural history. The following are the names of the staff of the Survey, as at present constituted and as depicted in our engraving:

1 Dr. Selwyn	16 C. W. Willmott	31 Prof. Macoun
2 Dr. Dawson	17 M. O'Farrell	32 T. C. Weston
3 J. F. Whiteaves	18 L. M. Lambe	33 Dr. Thorburn
4 Dr. Ellis	19 H. Fletcher	34 R. L. Broadbent
5 Rev. Dr. Laflamme	20 J. B. Tyrrell	35 Robert Chalmers
6 F. D. Adams	21 A. S. Cochrane	36 W. McInnes
7 Dr. Lawson	22 H. P. Brumel	37 A. E. Barlow
8 A. P. Low	23 Amos Bowman	38 Alfred Robert
9 Dr. Bailly	24 James White	39 W. H. Smith
10 S. Herring	25 Scott Barlow	40 D. B. Dowling
11 E. D. Inghall	26 Wm. R. McEwan	41 E. B. Kenrick
12 John Marshall	27 John McMillan	42 L. M. Richard
13 Dr. R. Fell	28 Eugene Coste	43 James McEvoy
14 K. G. McConnell	29 R. A. Johnston	44 E. R. Faribault
15 N. J. Giroux	30 Hy. M. Ami	45 J. M. Macoun

GHOST RIVER CANYON.—Our readers have already had opportunities of becoming acquainted with these profound river gorges and their rocky sides, varying from the well-

nigh perpendicular to an acclivity that may be climbed. The canyon of Ghost River is, in some respects, one of the most interesting of the mountain region, and the view in our engraving is of a grandeur rarely equalled.

SUSPENSION BRIDGE, NEAR SPUZZUM.—This engraving calls attention to a leading feature in the section of the old Government road between North Bend and Yale. It is situated at a point which is unsurpassed in scenic attractions of a kind that is characteristic of the Fraser country. The chasm crossed by the bridge is startling enough, but by the time that he has got to that stage on his journey, the C.P.R. tourist is accustomed to nature's terrors.

LOOKING UP SPUZZUM VALLEY.—The creek called Spuzzum, in affectionate remembrance of a savage patriarch, who was once chief in that district, is one of almost countless streams, that swell the volume of the Fraser after its junction with the Thompson. The view up the valley gives a fair idea of what is a familiar spectacle in this region. British Columbia has been called a sea of mountains, but in the hollows of its mighty waves there is fertile soil enough to support the population of a good portion of Europe.

THE MAN WITH A HISTORY.

In one of our ominous Arab wars,
We read of a regiment lured astray,
Surrounded, its men shot down in scores,
In the path of the whirlwind of foes all day,
And faint with the heat of the Red Sea shores.

The sword that shone in each captain's hand,
And the sergeants' uniforms caught the eye
Of the lynx foe crouched in the desert sand;
And singled the officers out to die,
As though they were stamped with a curse's brand.

The last to fall was in school-boy youth;
And yet the soldiery broke and fled
When he fell, as though he had been in sooth
A hero and veteran, who had bled
Long ere the Russians crossed the Pruth.

They broke and fled, and from every side,
Like vultures from far at the scent of gore,
Fresh Bedouins, hitherto unespied,
Wheeled down to finish the work of war,
And gloat over victims before they died.

The soldiers—half boys—had forsaken their ranks,
And huddled like sheep to escape the foe,
Who leapt like lions upon the flanks
Of a herd of terrified buffalo—
Caught—careless with thirst—on a river's banks!

And all to a man must have perished there!
When out of the ranks stepped forth apace,
One with a look of the devil-may-care
In his blood shot eyes and his vice-worn face,
Who flashed the dead officer's sword in the air,
And thundered his orders to form a square.

The men, when they heard the familiar word,
And saw the familiar signal flash,
Fell into their places with one accord;
Defiant alike of the Dervish dash,
And the hail of lead from the ridges poured.

Till a spy made his way from the foe, and led
Swift to the rescue their host, in force;
And the savages reeled away in dread,
Before the charge of avenging Horse,
Leaving the man who had foiled them dead

(Pierced through the heart, when the fight was fought,
By a ball, which an Arab, in headlong flight,
Fired at a venture, though fate-befraught),
With the sword of the dead boy in his right,
And the colours fast in his left hand caught.

The Brigadier leaped from his horse in his haste
When he heard the story the saved men told;
And, while the Hussars the foeman chased,
Stooped down to loosen a chain of gold—
A slender chain round the swart neck laid.

Unbuttoned the dead man's stock and shirt,
And drew, from its hiding against his breast,
A wallet of leather engraved with dirt;
Close to his heart for safe-keeping pressed,
And wet with the blood of his heart's death hurt.

And, with dew in his eyes, which the men could see,
Discovered—only the miniature
Of a beautiful maiden of high degree,
Womanly-passioned and angel-pure
And a letter written, while tears fell free,

On paper gilt with the lordly crest,
Borne by her sires in the battles of aye,
In an envelope, worn with the pocket, addressed,
“Captain, the Hon'able Charles Le Grey,
No. 1000 Cromwell Road West.”

DOUGLAS SLADEN.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes advises young men not to smoke. “It is liable to injure the sight,” he says, “to render the nerves unsteady, to enfeeble the will and to enslave the nature to an imperious habit likely to stand in the way of a duty to be performed.”



He reaches success first who oils his wheels with civility.

A lie, though it be killed and dead, can sting sometimes like a dead wasp.

Life would be one delightful slide if we did not have to drag our sledges back up the hill.

People should always make the most of fine weather when it comes, because there cannot be too much of it.

Every man is the architect of his own fortune. And it is lucky for most of us that there is no building inspector around.

Fame is nothing more than the enjoyment of being abused to your face now, and being praised behind your back some hundred years hence.

There are two things needed in these days; first, for rich men to find out how poor men live; and, second, for poor men to know how rich men work.

There comes a time in most men's lives when the bell rings for prayers; and unhappy is he who finds nothing to answer to his heart's supplications.—*Augustine Birrell.*

It is a great deal better to live a holy life than to talk about it. Lighthouses do not ring bells and fire cannon to call attention to their shining—they just shine.—*D. L. Moody.*

Only the few favoured by fortune can scale the rock of fame; but there is plenty of other work to be done by the multitude, as good and true in its own way if not so enduring.

Of all charities mere money giving is the least; sympathy, kind words, gentle judgments, a friendly pressure of weary hands, an encouraging smile, will frequently outweigh a mint of coins.

In England young men speak of their father as "the governor," "pater," the "overseer," etc. In America they say "dad," "the boss," or "the old man." In heathen countries they say "father," but they are a long way behind the age.

Old age has its privileges. It is a blessed thing to grow old and be respected, and honoured, and humored. The very old and the very young are the light and the hope of the world. The dignity and wisdom of age and the innocence of childhood are the best features of life.

The Cross of Christ has presided over all the destinies of the modern world; it is linked with its trials, and with all its glories, it has served as a basis to its institutions, and a standard to its armies; it has consecrated the most dazzling pageantries of civilization, and the most secret emotions of piety; it has sanctified the palaces of emperors and the huts of peasants.—*Montalembert.*

FIDELITY.—Never forsake a friend. When enemies gather round—when sickness falls on the heart—when the world is dark and cheerless—is the time to try true friendship. They who turn from the cry of distress betray their hypocrisy, and prove that interest only moves them. If you have a friend who loves you and studies your happiness, be sure to sustain him in adversity. Let him feel that his former kindness is appreciated, and that his love was not thrown away.—*Sterne.*

My fairest child, I have no song to give you,
No lark could pipe to skies so dull and gray,
Yet ere we part, one lesson I can give you
For every day:

"Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever,
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long,
And so make life, death, and the vast forever
One grand, sweet song."

—*Charles Kingsley.*

FINISH YOUR WORK.—Always finish work that you begin. One thing finished is worth a hundred half done. The completion of an undertaking yields more pleasure and profit than dozens of plans. The man who is always planning and scheming is rarely, if ever, successful. He often furnishes ideas for others, who go persistently to work and finish what his ideas suggested. "That was my idea—my plan," we frequently hear some one say; but the man who carried it out was the one who benefited himself and others. Do not begin what you cannot finish. What you undertake to do, do, and reap the reward of your own ideas and skill.

HOW TO BE HAPPY.—The simplest receipt for happiness is to make some other person happy. This rarely fails. We are so eager to do some great thing that we are apt to overlook opportunities which occur every day for doing little kindnesses. A few flowers or a simple delicacy daintily served to one of the "shut-in;" the loan of books to hungry souls who count them a luxury they have no money to buy; a drive into the country for a poor woman whose days are spent in household drudgery; and full pay to the seamstress or washerwoman when her work is done; an unexpected interval of leisure to a faithful employee by now and then cutting short the prescribed hours of labour; a bright, cheerful good morning to a labouring man, with a kind word about his work and welfare—these are trifles, take little time, cost little money, give little trouble, but they brighten the drudgery of work-a-day life.

MASSACRE OF LACHINE.

This pretty little village is situated on the River St. Lawrence, nine miles above Montreal, and, on the 5th of August next, the citizens intend holding special services—one in the church in the morning and an historical soirée in the evening—in memory of the terrible massacre which took place there in the early days of Canadian history, just two hundred years ago. Three causes may be said to have led up to this massacre. First, in the year 1687 the French Governor, M. de Denonville, according to instructions received from the Court of France, seized a number of Iroquois chiefs, whom he had induced to come to Cataracoui, as if to a conference, and sent them off to France, where they were put to work in the King's galleys like convicts. The second cause was the severe chastisement inflicted by de Denonville on the Senecas, who were the most numerous, if not the bravest, of the Five Nations. The seizure of their chiefs and the defeat of the Senecas roused the ferocity of the other tribes. They attacked the fortified places and ravaged the settlements along the Richelieu, and were with difficulty driven off. In the meantime word was sent out from the Kings of England and France instructing their colonial governors to abstain from hostile acts against each other, and also to see that their Indian allies did the same.

Accordingly, the English Governor advised the Iroquois chiefs to make peace with the French on the following terms: Compensation to the Senecas, the restoration of the Iroquois who had been carried off to France, as well as other captives, and to demolish Forts Niagara and Frontenac. De Denonville met the Iroquois deputies at Three Rivers, and agreed to their terms in reference to prisoners and forts; but the other points were not settled, and the Iroquois returned for further instructions from their own people. On their way they were met by a certain renowned Huron chief, named Kondiaronk "Le Rat," who, with his followers, suddenly fell upon them, killing and wounding several before he would listen to their protestations that they were a peace party on their way home. Pretending to be much surprised at this, he assured them he was acting under orders received from the Governor himself. The Iroquois acted just as "Le Rat" had anticipated; they were completely deceived, and returned home burning with revenge for the supposed wrong done to them. The efforts of "Le Rat" to prevent the Iroquois and French from coming to terms were but too successful, and a terrible act of revenge and slaughter was resolved upon, which culminated in the massacre of Lachine.

Months passed away in doubt and uncertainty, and with the 14th of July, 1689, came the news that the mother countries were now at war with each other in consequence of James II. taking refuge at St. Germain, and the colonial governors were now released from their former orders. As a storm gives warning of its approach, so did the fury which was about to burst upon the unfortunate colonists begin to show itself by certain movements among the Iroquois tribes. Père de Lamberville and LeMoyne de Longueuil were sent to quiet, if possible, the hostile feeling of the Senecas, but they failed to produce any effect upon the chiefs. Quietly but surely the Iroquois went on with the preparations for their bloody work.

The 4th of August, 1689, dawned clear and beautiful, as only a Canadian summer day can. A cloudless sky looked down upon the happy homes of the peaceful little village, nestling among the woods which fringed the banks of the broad St. Lawrence. The cheerful clatter of the *sabots* of the housewife as she moved to and fro on her errands, the joyous shouts of children as they mingled at play, and the distant murmur of men's voices as they worked in the fields, were the only sounds that broke upon the stillness of that quiet scene. No thought of cruel treacherous foe lurking on the other side of the river, with hand grasping tomahawk and poisoned arrow, came to disturb the minds of the people. Night with its creeping shadows came on, dark angry clouds now swept the sky, the wind moaned drearily through

the trees, the waves rose and fell with a sullen sound on the shore. Darker grew the night, fiercer and wilder howled the wind around that doomed place. And then, amidst a storm of rain and hail, numerous canoes glided forth from their hiding place and shot across the water. No sooner had they touched the land than out leaped hundreds of savage warriors, who, with stealthy step, grouped themselves round each home. No cry from sentinel arose to warn those doomed ones of the awful fate which was about to overtake them! If some nervous sleeper did awake and listen for a moment with that nameless dread of some pending calamity, "It was but the noise of the storm," he said, and sleepily laid down again—to wake to what? To the yell of the Indian war-whoop, to the glare of burning houses and the shrieks of men and women as they were hurled into the flames, or fell beneath the tomahawk. The cruelties committed on that awful night were indescribable. Never before or since has so terrible a tragedy occurred in Canada. The few who escaped were cut down as they fled on their way to Montreal. The ruin and havoc extended for miles and miles; not a home was left standing; even to the gates of Montreal they were burned.

THE GARDENS OF JUDEA.

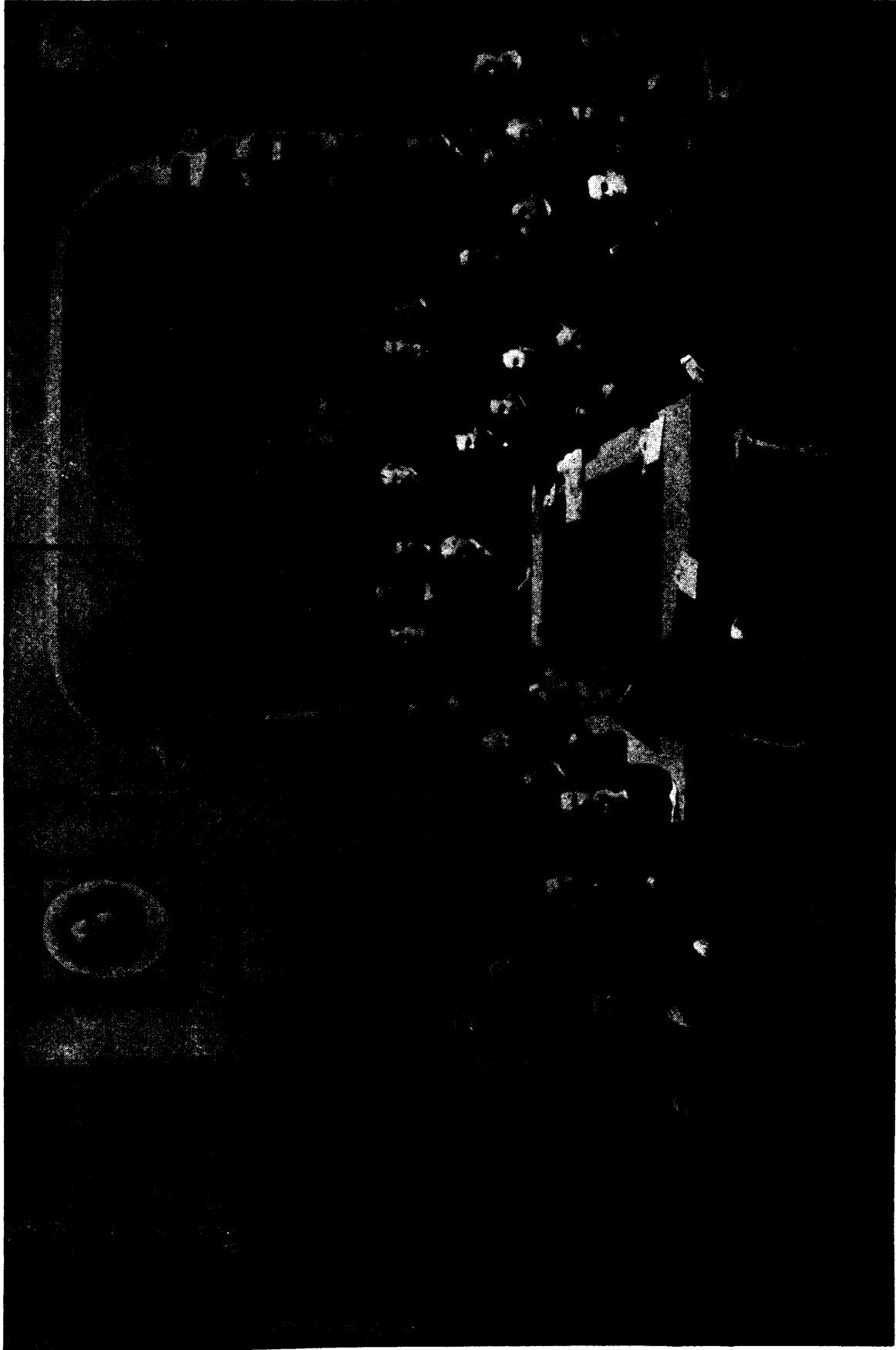
We may conclude that while gardens were known and prized in Judea, they played no such conspicuous part in royal and priestly life as they did in most Oriental countries, while the private citizen, unusually devoted to agriculture and devoid of wealth, rarely, if ever, created them on an extensive scale. Moreover, we can divine that the royal gardens themselves were primarily places for propagation of fruit trees and other useful plants. Even the poetical imagery of the Bible reveals this fact, speaking much more of fruits, sweet-smelling herbs, and serviceable trees than of plants prized for their beauty or for the luxury of the shade they gave. Flowers were not required in religious ceremonies, but incense was, and odoriferous herbs are constantly referred to in the Scriptures, sometimes as very precious things. A "balsam garden" at Jericho was important enough to be noticed by Strabo, but in reading authors of his time we must not forget the great influence which Greek and Roman conquest had then had upon the world. Of course, flowers cannot have been neglected in Judea—there is no civilized time or country when this has been the case. But their rôle was private, not public; and plants are only mentioned in connection with the temple in those simulated forms of pomegranates, palms, and "flowers of lilies," which entered into the carven decoration. So learned and enterprising a King as Solomon may well have filled his gardens with exotics obtained from his constant helpers, the travelling and trading Phœnicians, and the mention of planting "strange slips," in Isaiah, xvii., 2, seems to indicate that they were especially valued. The Levitical law against the propagation of mixed species must, however, have stood in the way of such horticultural operations as have enriched the garden flora of modern people. The Jews had a peculiarly keen sense for the beauty and grandeur of natural scenery and of wild-growing forms of vegetation. Why, then, were their gardens less numerous and important than those of other Oriental nations? Partly, as I have said, because of their relative poverty and simple ways of life, but partly because, while the Egyptians, for example, were artists by nature, the Hebrews were not. The same difference which shows in the history of gardening shows in that of other forms of art. Art of every kind was vitally essential to the religious ceremonials of Egypt, but it played a minor part in Judea, and in many of its developments was absolutely outlawed. It was proscribed as a spring of spiritual danger. But it would hardly have been proscribed for this or any other reason among a people endowed by nature with a strongly artistic temperament. The Jews were a highly imaginative race, but their imagination concerned itself most of all with moral and spiritual things, least of all with the things of art.—*Garden and Forest.*

Noah would have failed as a railroad man. He even built an ark to keep stock from being watered.



GHOST RIVER CANYON, CANADIAN ROCKIES.

From a photo. kindly lent by H. N. Topley.



10 8
26 12
22 24
18 34 4
40 34 16
41 36
42 28 2
30 43 44 45 32 1
38 39 37 33 35 25 19 27 29 21 15 5 23 17 9 11 7

THE GEOLOGICAL SURVEY OF CANADA.

From a photo by W. Topley.



The physical side of modern education is, to a large extent, a return to the methods of the Greeks. Some of our games were in vogue among both the Greeks and Romans. Professor Mahaffy is disposed to identify our lacrosse with an ancient variety of ball-playing described by a Byzantine writer in these words: "Certain youths, divided equally, leave in a level place, which they have before prepared and measured, a ball made of leather, about the size of an apple, and rush at it, as if it were a prize, lying in the middle, from their fixed starting-point (a goal). Each of them has in his right hand a racket (rhabdon) of suitable length, ending in a sort of flat bend, the middle of which is occupied by gut strings dried by seasoning, and plaited together in net-fashion. Each side strives to be the first to bring it to the opposite end of the ground from that allotted to them. Whenever the ball is driven by the *rhabdoi* (rackets) to the end of the ground, it counts as a victory."

Père Lafitau, in his important work, "Moeurs des Sauvages Américains Comparées aux Moeurs des Premiers Temps," has anticipated Professor Mahaffy, who considers the rules for the game of lacrosse exactly the same as those for the Greek game, *episcyrus*, as described by Pollux. Ball playing, in some form, is found among almost all nations and has been practised since the earliest times. It is mentioned by Homer, it was common among the Mexicans and Peruvians when the Spaniards conquered them. Charlevoix seems to think lacrosse peculiar to the Miamis, a tribe that lived on the banks of the Fox River, on the farther side of Lake Michigan. It was, however, well known to most of the other tribes west of the Mississippi.

Was it native to America, or did some newcomers of past centuries bring it by sea or land to this continent? Charlevoix tells a story which, if we could credit it, would account for the similarity of usage between the people of Asia and the inhabitants of the new world, which has given occasion to so many conjectures. He relates that a certain Father Grellon, having spent some years as a missionary in New France, had afterwards been sent to Tartary in the same capacity. In the latter country he was surprised, one day, to meet with a Huron woman whom he had formerly known in Canada. He asked her by what chance she happened to be so far from home, and she replied that, having been taken prisoner in war, she had been conducted from nation to nation, till in the course of time she found herself where she was.

"Capel Court" sends us the following parody on a well known poem of Longfellow's:

THE STOCKJOBBER AND THE SCHEME.

I launched a scheme of promise fair,
The public asked for every share;
For if you frame prospectus right,
The "gudgeons" always keenly bite.

I worked the market with such care
There soon was premium on each share,
And when the stock was firm and strong,
I did not hold my own shares long.

Twelve months afterward—what a joke!—
My little scheme went up in smoke,
And the gain, from beginning to end,
Was in the pockets of me and a friend.

Our readers have, no doubt, called to mind

"THE ARROW AND THE SONG."

I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long—long afterward, in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

WITH BEAK AND TALON.

Barrel-built, yellow-haired, thin in flank,
Halko the Jarl, the Berserker,
Took his place on the rowing bank,
And yelled, as he grasped the oar of ash:
"Ho! cast off the landward chain!"
(In the red chain rattled amain).
"One! Watch well the rollers' wash,
Dip your blades together as one!
Two! Make of it a single splash!
In the name of the Trinity, three!
Dip!"—and the Serpent shot to sea.

Eight days full they tugged the sweeps,
Eight full days they trimmed the courses,
Full eight days they ploughed the deeps,
Eight days spurred the white sea-horses,
As, like flails, the rowers' ranks
Smote the running rollers' flanks,
Whilst the gull and cormorant,
Screaming, fled before the sail,
And behind was the gale,
Till, in time, with yards aslant,
Ran the Serpent on the strand
Of the Nose of Iceland.

Halk, the jarl, came to a mound
Paven with brown blasted turf,
Lying within reach and sound
Of the ever-flying surf.
Thrice he smote with good grey sword:
"In the name of the Lord,
Open, mound, and let me in,
I am Halko, the berserker."

With a thunderous grumbling sound,
Such as ship on leeshore awes,
Sullen, oped the blasted mound,
As the kraken opes its jaws,
And Halk, the jarl, went in.
There three women, giant tall,
In three robes of dusky pall,
Each one, silent, spinning, spinning,
As they've done from the beginning—
Spinning out the fates of men.

Bold, outspoken, cried he then:
"Dames, so grandam-like! what cheer?
What foul witch-woof spin ye here?
Give to me a swatch of web—
See! I cut it with my sword,
In the name of the Lord.
I to sea sail with the ebb,
And want the raven and the kite;
I want the pestilence and the flame
And famine and pain and woe;
Give me the carnage, give me blight
Of dishonoured name and fame
For Snorro Snorrson, my foe."
What happened more no tongue can name,
But, bearing a fateful shred of clout,
Halko, the berserker, came out.

Eight days' run to Skjortahaven—
The ninth day did battle yield,
When the foul kite and the raven
Fed on corpse, with screech and snarl,
Till they could not fly afield,—
But it was on Halko, the jarl.
Thus it has been since the beginning,
Special gifts aye prove a curse,
And the bravest gets the worse
Of the Valkyrs' spinning.

Hernewood, P.E.I.

HUNTER DUVAR.

Perhaps some of our readers can oblige an inquirer by giving the names of the authors and titles of the following stanzas:

I.

As you sit where lustres strike you,
Sure to please,
Do we love you most or like you,
Belle Marquise?
Just a pinky porcelain trifle,
Belle Marquise.
Pale tendre rose, Du Barry,
Quick at verbal point and parry,
Clever, *coites*—but to marry,
No, Marquise.

II.

I wonder what day of the week,
I wonder what month in the year;
Will it be morning or noonday or night?
And who will watch at my bier?
As the carriage rolls down the dark street,
The little wife laughs and makes cheer;
But I wonder what day of the week,
I wonder what month in the year?

A physician in New York reports that during an epidemic of diphtheria in that city there were five times as many cases on the shady side of the street as on the sunny side.

Leprosy is increasing in Russia. During the last ten years 49 patients were treated in the St. Petersburg hospitals, half of whom were natives of the city. The Baltic provinces suffer most from the disease.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

On the great streams the ships may go
About men's business to and fro.
But I, the egg-shell pinnace, sleep
On crystal waters ankle-deep:
I, whose diminutive design,
Of sweeter cedar, pithier pine,
Is fashioned on so frail a mould,
A hand may launch, a hand withhold:
I, rather, with the leaping trout
Wind, among lilies, in and out

The Canoe Speaks.

This song of the canoe from the first romancer of to-day speaks his love of nature, his delight in unsophisticated scenes remote from cities, where discursive paddle and sail are exchanged for the hard and fast path-ways of your steam-bound traveller. Robert Louis Stevenson is of Scottish blood, and in his sketch of "The Foreigner at Home" he tells us how it comes that men of his race have enriched English literature with its noblest descriptions of scenery and with so much of its stirring romance:—

"A Scottish child hears much of shipwreck, outlying iron skerries, pitiless breakers and great sea-lights; much of heathery mountains, wild clans and hunted Covenanters. Breaths come to him in song of the distant Cheviots and the ring of foraging hoofs. He glories in his hard-fisted forefathers, of the iron girdle and the handful of oatmeal, who rode so swiftly and lived so sparely on their raids. Poverty, ill-luck, enterprise, and constant resolution are the fibres of the legend of his country's history. The heroes and kings of Scotland have been tragically fated; the most marking incidents in Scottish history—Flodden, Darien, or the Forty Five—were still either failures or defeats; and the fall of Wallace and the repeated reverses of the Bruce combine with the very smallness of the country to teach a moral rather than a material criterion for life."

Three strains mingle in the blood of Scotchmen.—Celtic, Saxon, Norse. Each brings its freight of sentiment, sense, sensibility. The name and features of Robert Louis Stevenson show him most a Norseman. If we seek confirmation for this, we find it in his delight for the sea which can keep him on deck through most of that least romantic of voyages,—across the curve binding Liverpool to New York. In a yachting cruise his pleasure approaches rapture, for does he not bring to the water not only delight for wave, sky and sea-bird, but that equal gift, an imperturbable stomach in the worst weather? And apart from any betrayals which consist in his glee aboard ship, do we not see a Norseman's weird imagination in the romances he has woven for us? Such men as the author of "Dr. Jekyll" and of "Markheim" must have written the Sagas, told the stories of the Vikings. Norsemen have ever found his painful pleasure in dwelling on the might of nature and the insignificance of man; in probing the deep enigmas of conscience, which some modern philosophers cannot guess, and therefore count insoluble.

Robert Louis Stevenson was born in Edinburgh, most picturesque of cities, November 13th, 1850. His father, Thomas Stevenson, who died in 1887, was a builder of light-houses and harbours, an inventor who devised many of the most ingenious appliances employed in modern light-houses. He was fortunate in having not only great talent for his profession, but a strong taste for it. Inheritance prepared him to delight in his life-work,—he was the sixth of a family devoted to making the mariner's path one of safety. He was in his brother Alan's service during the building of Skerryvore, the noblest deep-sea light extant. Thomas Stevenson was in many ways as remarkable as his son, but as his field was confined to inconspicuous professional work, few could know his ability and merit. His gifts in conversation were impressive; he delivered his opinions pithily in a copious, unhackneyed vocabulary. This facility of expression did not follow him to the desk. In writing his books on engineering topics, books which stand high as authority, his style was laboured. Toward the close of his life, practice began to give him something of the freedom as a writer that he had always enjoyed as a talker. His was a somewhat sombre temperament, but this fortunately formed no part of his son's inheritance, with whom buoyancy is as natural as

courage. Thomas Stevenson espoused the daughter of a Presbyterian clergyman, a charming lady whose son is worthy of her simply because he resembles her. As he was an only child, it was but natural that his father should desire to train him up for the profession which was the family's inheritance, and seemed to be its mission as well. But at an early age the boy gave "promise of a disappointment." When but three and a half years old the instinct for composition began to stir within him. His father was absent from home, and his little son dictated a long letter to him, setting forth among other things that he had seen a bird's nest, "and how nice it was for there to be pretty eggies in it for the wee birdies to eat!" At six his uncle offered prizes among the youngsters of his family for histories of Moses. Robert, Bible-taught, was full of Moses and very anxious to contribute and win a prize, but how could he when he was unable to write? His mother came to his rescue by acting as amanuensis. Soon afterward, when he had learned to wield a pen, he wrote a history of Joseph, and a very creditable history it was for so small a boy. Both compositions were illustrated by his pencil, his ancient Hebrew subjects disporting garments much resembling those of modern Scotchmen. He was delicate from birth, often ill, and while yet very young manifested consumptive tendencies, which later assumed the fibroid form of pulmonary disease. When a boy it often became necessary to seek milder skies than those of rugged Scotland, and so long visits were paid to Southern Europe; upon scenes then stamped on his impressive mind he has drawn in writing many of his stories. At twelve he went through the Brenner Pass in the Tyrol; we have the impression transcribed in "Will o' the Mill." He has always been fond of long tramps, and before his health became seriously impaired was able to cover five miles in an hour. He several times tried to get over a mile in ten minutes, but could never manage it. On one of his tramps so fascinating was the scenery before him that he made an inconsiderately long detour. To regain home required an exertion under which he came near sinking. This bit of experience was in his mind when he came to describing David Balfour's utterly fagged out state as a fugitive in "Kidnapped." Ill-health has placed bounds to a natural activity which would delight in the whole round of out-door sports. Caution restrains him to quiet, unextended walks; to sailing, with just a little rowing now and then on calm water. Once in Switzerland, he was so delighted with coasting as to over-exert himself at it, and bring on the first of his hemorrhages.

With such unavoidable interruption as illness occasioned, Master Stevenson received an excellent education. At school it was his invariable practice to start a manuscript magazine among the boys, always contributing a story to it himself. His compulsion to write grew stronger and stronger upon him, but his talent came to the birth neither soon nor easily. In "Memories and Portraits" he says:—

"All through my boyhood and youth I was known and pointed out for the pattern of an idler; and yet I was always busy on my own private end, which was to learn to write. I kept always two books in my pocket, one to read, one to write in. As I walked my mind was busy fitting what I saw with appropriate words; when I sat by the roadside, I would either read, or a pencil and a penny version-book would be in my hand, to note down the features of the scene or commemorate some halting stanzas. Thus I lived with words. And what I thus wrote was for no ulterior use, it was written consciously for practice. It was not so much that I wished to be an author (though I wished that too) as that I had vowed that I would learn to write. That was a proficiency that tempted me; and I practised to acquire it, as men learn to whittle, in a wager with myself. Description was the principal field of my exercise; for to any one with senses there is always something worth describing, and town and country are but one continuous subject. But I worked in other ways also, often accompanied my walks with dramatic dialogues, in which I played many parts; and often exercised myself in writing down conversations from memory."

When sixteen he wrote an account of the Pentland Rising, which so pleased his father that he had it printed for private circulation. His father—good man—was so convinced that dioptric lights and mathematical investigations into the propagation of waves were among the chief ends of man, perhaps the chiefest of a Stevenson, that the evidences of his son's ambition were quietly blinked. On went the work of preparing the youth for the profession passionately beloved of his father. Harbours and light-houses in construction were visited, and Robert was given tasks in a carpenter's shop and a brass foundry. Incidentally he was brought to ship-yards for such knowledge as circulates in their tarry air. It soon became clear that his heart was in none of these things. One evening his father and he had it out, and he acknowledged that he cared for nothing but literature. "That's no profession," said his father, "but you may be called to the bar if you choose." So, at the age of twenty-one, he began to study law, not however to the abandonment of his pen. His pen was soon to prove full inheritance of his father's constructive genius, but the gift was to be applied elsewhere than on brawling reefs and sea-coasts. In 1873, when in London, Mr. Sidney Colvin saw some of his work and at once recognized its power and promise. He introduced the young author to the editor of the "Portfolio," in which his paper "Roads" soon appeared. A second article, written that same winter at Mentone, "Ordered South," came out in Macmillan, and is reprinted in "Virginibus Puerisque." It alone among all his writings gives a picture of the life he has led for years as an invalid, journeying from one health resort to another. "Ordered South" cost its author three months labour. He felt that he had it in him to write, but to prove it demanded inflexible persistence. His rich mine of expression was gold to be sure, but when did ever mine yield its treasure, smelted, refined and minted?

A legal career abandoned for letters, Mr. Stevenson began work with an earnest industry only limited by his precarious health. Whilst staying at the Burford Bridge inn, where he went to be near his friend, George Meredith, he made a study of the rascal-hero, Villon, reprinted in "Men and Books." His subject inspired him to write concurrently one of his strongest short stories, "A Lodging for the Night." Here he began the first "New Arabian Nights," continuing them through five months of travel which included sojourns in London, Edinburgh, Paris, Barbizon and Le Monastier. This last place came in during his tour in the Cevennes, described in his "Travels with a Donkey," an exquisite little book, entertaining, sprightly and philosophic. He gives us his motive for the tour quite candidly:—

"Why any one should desire to visit either Luc or Cheylard is more than my much-inventing spirit can suppose. For my part I travel not to go anywhere, but to go, I travel for travel's sake. The great affair is to move; to feel the needs and hitches of our life more nearly; to come down off this feather-bed of civilization and find the globe granite underfoot and strewn with cutting flints."

His travels in the Cevennes concluded, his little donkey Modestine sold and paid for, our author found himself greatly invigorated for his work. That autumn and the following winter he wrote "Providence and the Guitar," and the "Inland Voyage." "The Pavilion on the Links" was next commenced in London, to be finished during his first visit to America in 1880. Whilst in California an event occurred which, let us hope, may yet induce him to take up his permanent abode within the wide latitudes of America. This event was his marriage to Mrs. Osbourne, *née* Van De Grift. This gifted lady was born in Indianapolis during Mr. Beecher's pastorate there, and was baptized by him. Her literary talent has enabled her to give her husband invaluable aid as collaborator. An office within recent months also bestowed upon her son, Mr. S. Lloyd Osbourne.

(To be continued.)

Some people never pay anything but visits to their relatives.



MR. HARRY LEE, of the Hamilton Yacht Club, has purchased the cutter Vera, of Port Dover. She is a fine cruising yacht of 30 feet l. w. l., and was built for Mr. Ball, of Port Dover, in 1884, from a design by A. Cary Smith, of New York.

PETERSON TO ROW HANLAN.—Arrangements are being made for a single scull race between Henry Peterson, of Salt Lake City, the Pacific Coast champion, and Ed. Hanlan, who is now in San Francisco. Peterson's friends have already put up \$2,500, and the chances are the race will come off at Garfield Beach about Aug. 1.

BASEBALL is getting to be all the rage in Cuba. At the last game in Havana the attendance was 9,000. The Spaniards never used to patronise any other sport than bull fighting, but now they take far more interest in baseball. Leading citizens assert that baseball will kill bull fighting, and a couple of years from now the latter sport will never be heard of again in the island.

DONOVAN, the winner of the Derby, has been a wonderfully good servant to his master, for as a two-year-old he won 11 races out of 13, worth over £16,000, while this season his victory in the Prince of Wales' Stakes at Leicester was worth £11,000, and in the Newmarket Stakes £6,000. To this must be added the £4,000 won at the Derby, and his future engagements comprise many valuable races, which, given good health, he cannot well lose.

WINNIPEG GUN CLUB.—The Winnipeg Gun Club is the senior club of the province, and was organized in March, 1884, with W. R. Hamilton, who has since removed to Montreal, as president. The original members and founders of the club were C. W. Armstrong, Frank L. Patton, W. R. Hamilton, A. Holloway, M. Putnam, F. H. Morrice and B. E. Chaffey. The club has splendid practice grounds on Furby street in that city, and is in a fairly prosperous condition. Its membership list includes the following well-known sportsmen:—A. Holloway, C. W. Armstrong, S. P. Clark, F. H. Morrice, James Joss, P. A. Macdonald, T. G. Poyntz, R. Girdlestone, H. M. Williams, B. L. Chaffey, R. A. Ruttan, F. L. Patton, H. J. Eberts, G. W. Allan, T. Howard Wright, H. M. Howell, A. Clarke, G. F. Galt, G. Andrew, H. Galt, W. F. Henderson, G. T. Tempest, A. E. Richards, C. W. Graham, John Galt, C. A. Boxer, J. McL. Holliday, D. Smith, J. R. Waghorn, F. Drummond, Major Bell, M. B. Currie, W. A. Thompson and G. D. Wood.

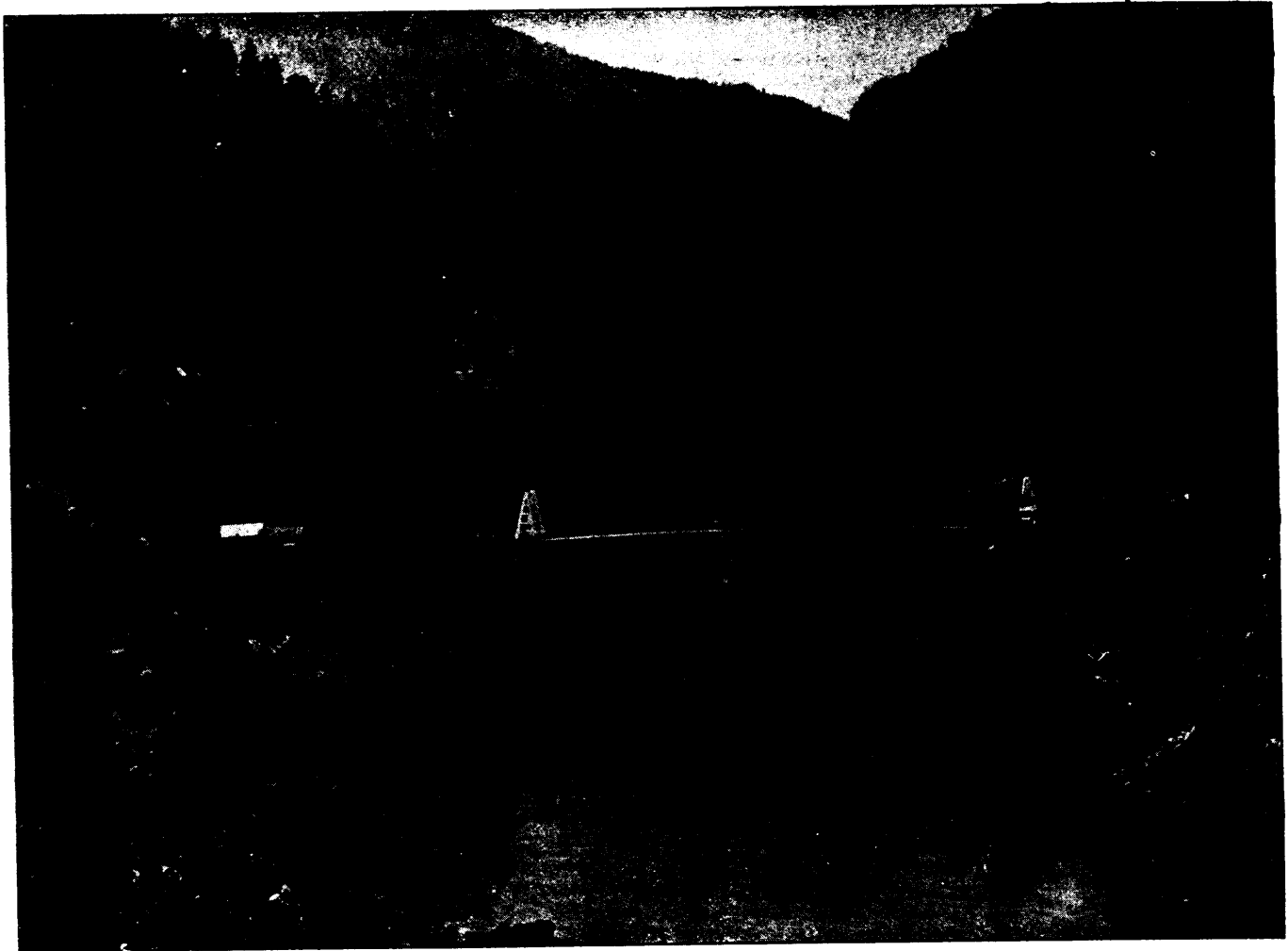
WHAT BALL TOSSERS DO.—The profession of the baseball player never stood as high as it does to-day. There never was a time when the morals of a young man were investigated upon his seeking an engagement as to-day. The drinkers are being surely and quickly weeded from the ranks, thanks to the severe penalties that are being called for under the rules. The business has attracted a large number of college bred men, and it offers them congenial occupation with large salaries. Many ball players pursue their studies in the winter and play ball in the summer, earning enough to defray all the expenses of their education. Saunders, of the Philadelphia Club, took a course in civil engineering last winter; Gunning, of the Athletics, was in attendance at the medical school of the University of Pennsylvania; Bingham, of Harvard, is to graduate from Harvard this year; Knowlton, of the Eastern Club, is a member of the Harvard medical school; Garfield, of the Pittsburg Club, is studying at Oberlin University; Mead and Cahill, of the New Haven team, are graduates of Holy Cross College in Worcester; Tyng is a Harvard graduate, Wagenhurst comes from Princeton, and many other instances could be mentioned. Nor must the cases of Messrs. John M. Ward and James H. O'Rourke, of the New York Club, be forgotten. The former took the course of Political Science in Columbia College, and, with the latter, attended the lectures in the Yale law school, where they received their degrees of LL.B., and were afterward admitted to practice before the bar of Connecticut. Mr. Ward is undoubtedly the most intelligent ball player in the profession. He is a most prolific writer for the magazines and the press, and he has written a book on baseball, which is decidedly the best and most comprehensive of the kind ever issued.—*Boston Herald*.

SONNET.

"Oh! set me up upon the Rock that is higher than I." —*Psalmist*.

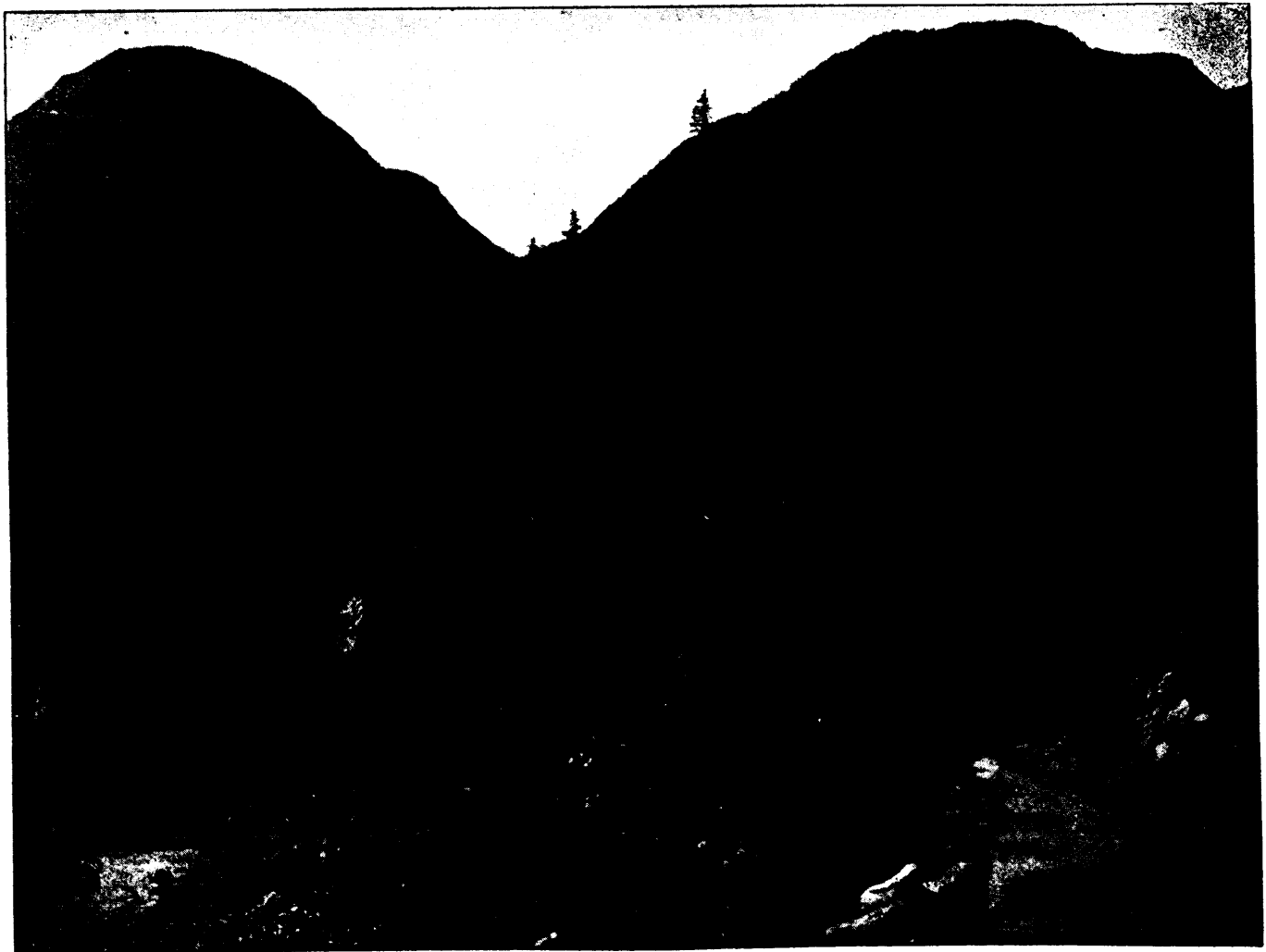
Higher than I! O infinite Friend of man!
Higher than saint or seer can reach, else dark,
That silent sea on which we all embark
Rolls round the shore of Life's uncertain span.
From sin's mysterious abyss, no plan
But Thine redeems. Christ, the sole star-like hope,
Though searching eyes the wide horizon scan,
Piercing the gloom, where, that ray lost, we grope
From desert realms by unbelief attained,
Or heights by struggling human virtue gained;
Help us to climb—though never to Thy scope
In earth or heaven the creature be sustained.
Yet, echoing David's need, lift me, I cry,
To that strong Rock that higher is than I.
June, 1884.

A. C. JENNINGS.



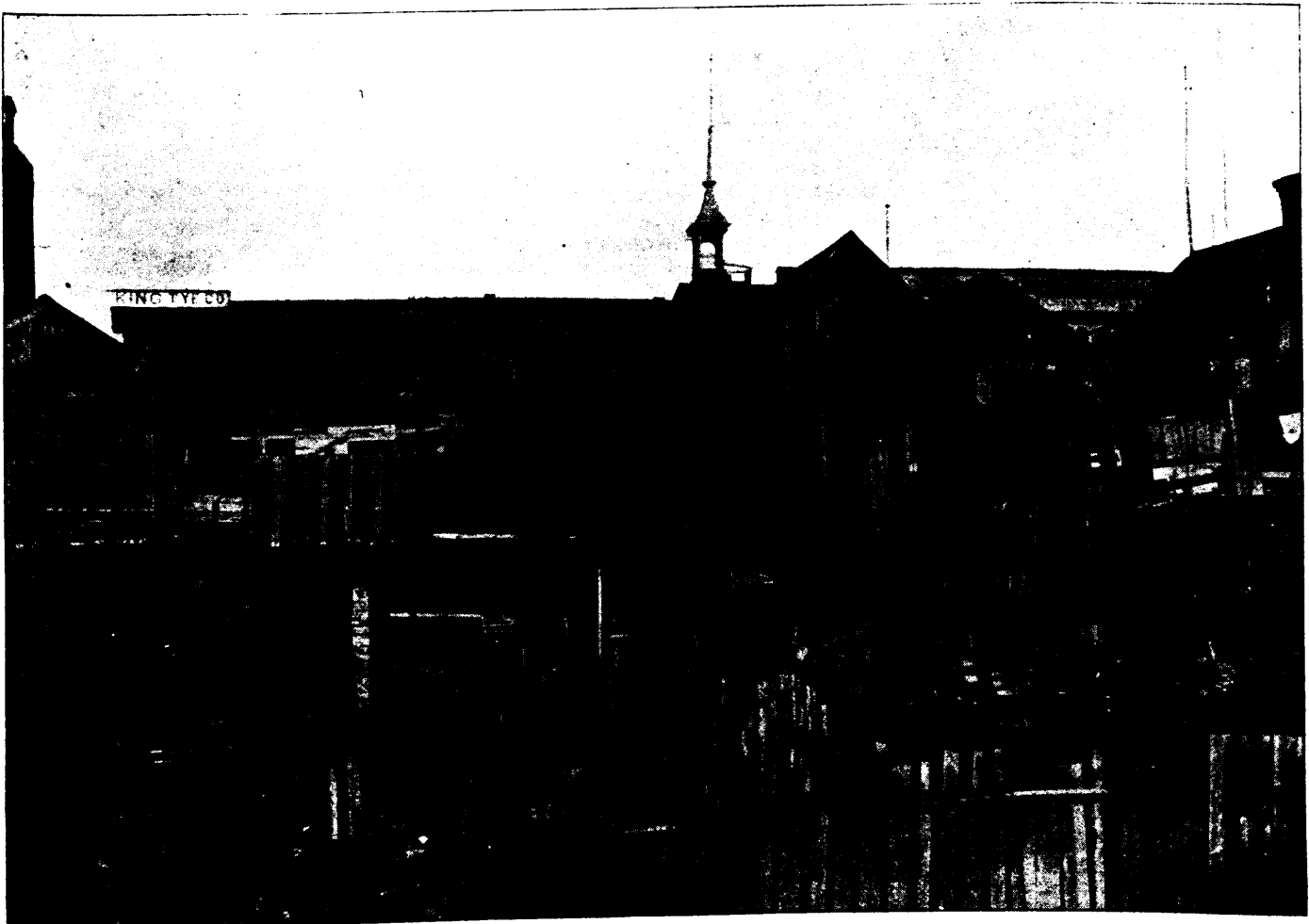
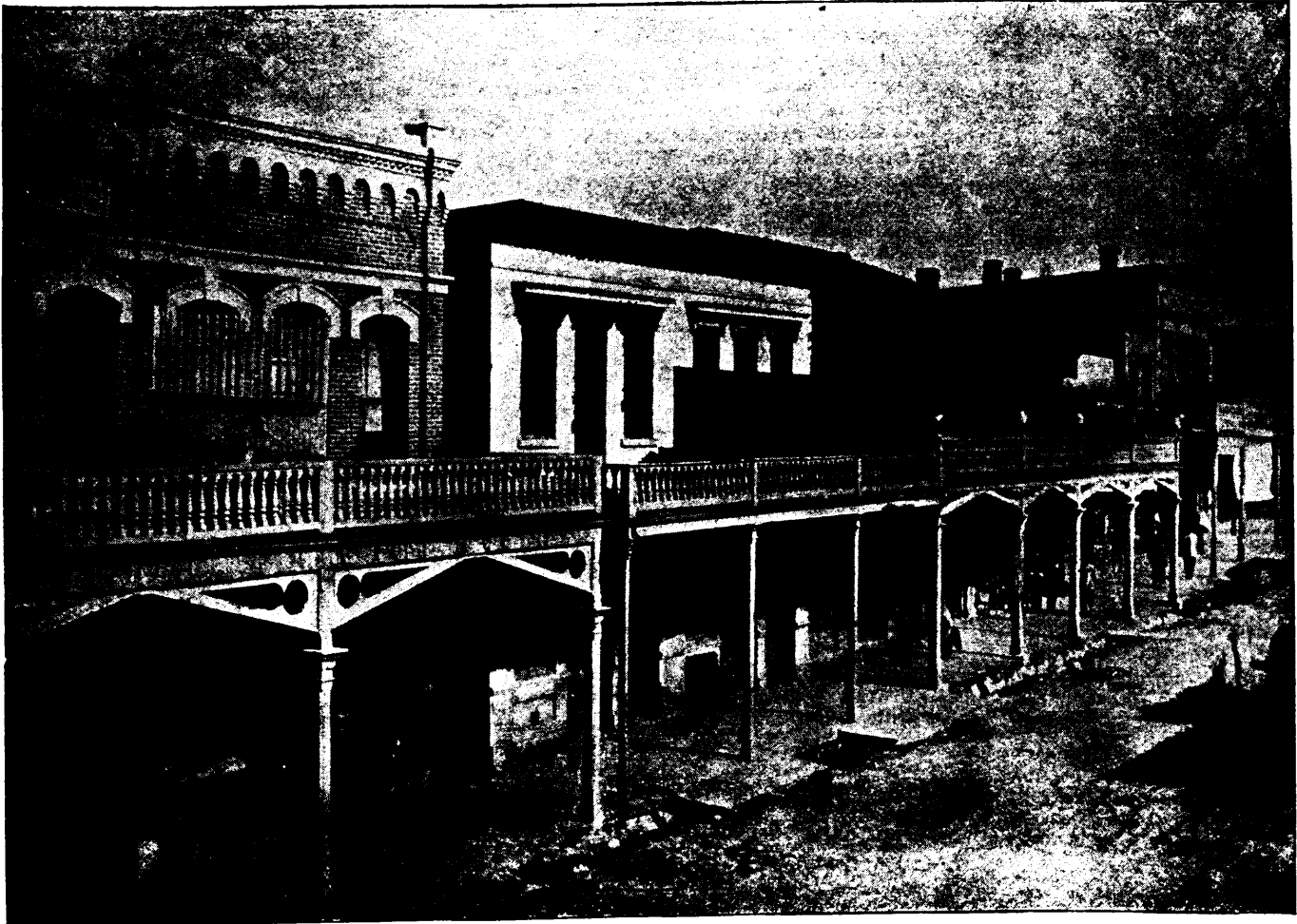
SUSPENSION BRIDGE, NEAR SPUZZUM, FRASER RIVER, B.C.

Notman, photo.



LOOKING UP SPUZZUM VALLEY.

Notman, photo.



VIEWS IN THE CHINESE QUARTER, VICTORIA, B.C.

From photos. by Surveyor-General Deville.



OLD HOMES.—If one runs over the list of the persons known to him he finds very few of more than forty years old living in the houses in which they were born. Of the twenty houses built more than fifty years ago nearest my own, only one is lived in by the family by which it was originally occupied, while most of the others have had numerous successive owners or tenants. Of my own friends near my own age there are but two or three anywhere who live in the houses which their fathers occupied before them. This lack of hereditary homes—homes of one family for more than one generation—is a novel and significant feature of American society. In its effect on the disposition of the people and on the quality of our civilization it has not received the attention it deserves. The conditions which have brought about this state of things are obvious. The spirit of equality, and the practices, especially in regard to the distribution of property, that have resulted from it; the general change in the standards of living arising from the enormous development of the natural resources of the country, and the consequent unexampled diffusion of wealth and material comfort; the rapid settlement of our immense territory, and the astonishing growth of our old as well as of our new cities, have been unfavourable to the existence of the hereditary home. There is scarcely a town in the long-settled parts of the Northern States from which a considerable portion of its people has not gone out in the course of the past fifty years to seek residence elsewhere. Attachment to the native soil, affection for the home of one's youth, the claims of kindred, the bonds of social duty, have not proved strong enough to resist the allurements of hope, the fair promise of bettering fortune, and the love of adventure. The increasing ease and the vast extension of means of communication between distant parts of the country have promoted the movement of the population.—*Charles Eliot Norton.*

TASTE IN THE HOUSEHOLD.—Taste is one thing; display is another. It is not pleasant to right-thinking people to have a man continually telling his neighbours how rich and lucky he is, either by his way of dressing his house, or himself, or his family. Those people who put everything they possess on show in their parlors, succeed in making those apartments look like shops, and the eye tires with a jumble of objects and confusion of tints. There should be restful spaces of comparative barrenness or subduing shadow in every room that is much occupied, for it is better that there should be too little decoration than too much. One would not wish to see his wife always attired in her most expensive and uncomfortable costume, and wearing all her jewels at once, yet there is a similar impression of unrelieved display in not a few domestic interiors. It is wiser for the householder to entrust a professional decorator with the task of beautifying his house than for him to undertake that work himself, when he has not the aptitude or training for it. Speaking on this point, Edmund Russell, the artist and lecturer, says: "Don't emblazon your front door with armored knights and rampant lions, because they don't belong or grow there. Don't put your initial or your name on everything you possess, so that people who pick up a fork, or look at a pillow-sham, will read, 'John Smith, my property.' It's all right to mark things of use in some such way, but not things of beauty, and if you must so mark them, mark the letters small, and put them on the back of the object, not in front. The lady who wears her initials in diamonds on a brooch is vulgar. The man who prints his monogram on his china does a useless thing for nobody is going to run away with his dishes. Don't assert too much at the table. Don't be too showy and complex. Don't make your napkin rings too emphatic and obtrusive. Put flowers on the table, but place them loosely or in a glass, for if you put them in china or any other opaque substance you conceal half their beauty—namely, their stems. Don't entirely cover your wall with pictures, and

when you have a picture, don't let the shopkeeper kill it with a big gold frame. Try bronze or something that will relate to the picture on the wall and not make it stand out like a big shiny spot of colour and gilt gingerbread."

CARE OF CHILDREN.—Children should be bathed freely, and should be allowed plenty of fresh air and exercise. The sleeping apartments should always be well ventilated. Plenty of good food should be given, and children should not be allowed to eat confectionery, cakes, pies, or any similar articles. Unripe fruit should be forbidden. Exposure to sudden changes of heat and cold, to wet and dampness, or to the direct rays of the summer's sun, should be avoided as far as possible. Avoid any crowding of the room occupied by the baby, especially at night. Do not keep a young child in the same room in which cooking or washing is going on. Keep the windows of the room open day and night in hot weather. The clothing of a young child should be loose and light during the summer months. Have the night dress thoroughly aired during the day, and the day clothes aired during the night. Do not keep the child's head heated by any covering, except when exposed to the heat of the sun. Children suffering from diarrhoea should be taken directly to a competent medical man. Purgative medicines should be avoided. Avoid also the so-called soothing syrups, cordials, etc.; they all contain opium in some form, and often children are "soothed" to death. A house in which children are often ailing with sore throat or diarrhoea is probably wrong in its drainage. In such instances be sure to ascertain the soundness of the sanitary arrangements. Every person, whether young or old, attacked with looseness of the bowels should at once give proper attention to the trouble and not allow it to run on. In very warm weather all persons should live temperately and regularly on those articles of food which they are used to and which agree with them. Fresh fish, fruit and vegetables may be taken with impunity, provided they are sound and free from taint. All food that is tainted and smells disagreeably should be avoided. Great care should be taken not to give stale, sour or tainted food to children. Sour or tainted milk is one great source of diarrhoea in children, and should on no account be given to them. Intemperance and drunkenness invite attacks of cholera morbus, diarrhoea and dysentery. Temperance in eating and drinking is a great safeguard against diseases of the bowels. It is of the utmost consequence to avoid all foul smells, as of privies, sinks, closets, drains, garbage and the like. See that your privy pits are well cleansed and disinfected with copperas (sulphate of iron), by first dissolving one and a half pounds of the material in a gallon of water, and then flushing your soil pipes with it, or by emptying the solution into the privy pit, sprinkling well the sides of the pit.—*Dr. C. W. Chancellor.*

WONDERS OF THE CAMERA.

The peculiar rhythmical effects which accompany discharges of powder and of nitro-glycerine compounds have been elaborately investigated by the aid of photography. It has also been suggested that careful photographs, taken of steel and timber just at the point of rupture under a breaking load, would conduce to our knowledge of the complicated subject of elasticity.

The lightning flash can be investigated. Dr. Koenig, in a recent communication to the Physical Society of Berlin, states that he has photographed a cannon-ball which was moving at a rate of 1,200 feet per second. The ball was projected in front of a white screen and occupied one-fortieth of a second in its passage. Marey has photographed the motions of limping people, and has thus given surgeons the materials for a study of lameness. It is said, moreover, that photography often reveals incipient eruptive diseases which are not visible to the eye. Photographs taken by flash-powders of the human eye, showing it dilated in the dark, give the oculist a new method of studying the enlarged pupil.—*Prof. Trowbridge.*

POT POURRI.

Slowly but surely our Canadian ladies are beginning to realize the delights of keeping a rose-jar, so dear to the hearts of our grandmothers, who never tire of telling how, in their young days, they gathered the great clusters of roses, still wet with the dew of early morning, to add to the old family rose-jar which stood in the hall or in the drawing-room. Some of these had been in the family for generations, and were handed down with as much pride as though they had been some rare jewels. In how many of the old country homes in England could we not find such jars? What wonderful stories they might unfold to us as they have quietly stayed in their places through the many changes in the old home! Those of our readers who are so fortunate as to possess a garden can gather their own roses; but, if they have none, they can ask any of the florists to save the rose leaves for them. Though of course roses grown outside are preferable. To those who have not as yet commenced to keep one, I would say begin at once, and see if you are not amply repaid for your trouble. Among the many recipes for making one are the following:—

POT POURRI NO. 1.—Take half a peck of fresh rose leaves, gathered, if possible, before the sun is on them, their fragrance being stronger in the early morning.

Take a large bowl, or earthen jar, strew a handful of table salt on the bottom, then three handfuls of leaves, then salt, and so on until all the leaves are used, covering the top with salt.

Let it remain five days, stirring and turning twice each day.

Add to this, at the end of the fifth day, three ounces of bruised stick cinnamon, three ounces of bruised alspice.

This is the stock.

Put it into the permanent jar, layer by layer—first a layer of leaves, then a layer of spice—and sprinkling between the layers one ounce of cloves, one ounce of cinnamon, and two nutmegs, all coarsely powdered, a little ginger root, one grain of finest musk, half a pound of freshly dried lavender flowers, two ounces of finely powdered orris root.

Then add the following essential oils at your pleasure: jasmine, rose, geranium, lavender, rosemary, violet, etc.

Lavender, Florida, and magnolia water are excellent added from time to time, as also any fine cologne, rose or May-flower water.

POT POURRI NO. 2. DRY.—Dry the rose leaves in the sun; then add two drams of spikenard, one dram of Benjamin, one-fourth dram of cloves and orris root, three grains of musk, one-half dram of Sal Prunella. Break the greens a little and mix them well with the rose leaves.

POT POURRI NO. 3. WET.—Have a large stone jar with a lid, into which throw rose leaves fresh from the bushes. Between every layer throw a large spoonful of bag salt, roughly pounded. Each day when you add more flowers, stir with a wooden spoon. After one month the curing will be complete. Transfer the mass to a china jar, and spices added, any liquid remaining to be poured away, but the mass left wet. The spices are: One-half ounce of cloves, one-half ounce of cinnamon, one ounce allspice, one ounce gum storax, one ounce orris root, one dozen grains of musk, a few sage leaves and some lavender cut small, two drams of spikenard, all roughly powdered and thrown in with the leaves and well mixed.

THE JAPANESE WOODEN SHOE.

Clatter, clatter, clatter! What a noise the people make as they go along the road! They all wear wooden sandals, and their stockings are a kind of mitten with a finger for the big toe. During wet weather their sandals become stilts, and the whole Japanese nation increases its stature by three inches when it rains. These sandals are held to the foot by straps coming over the toes, and there is a straw sole between the foot and the sandal of wood. A tall Japanese on a stilt sandal closely approaches the ridiculous. He sometimes tucks up his long gown under his belt to keep it from being spattered by the mud, and the backs of his bare calves seem to be walking off with the man. The Japanese walk is peculiar. The men put their feet straight in front of them like the American Indian. They lift them high off the ground, and they have a get-there air about them. The women waddle and waddle: they bend over as they walk, and they have what is now in America the fashionable stride. Their little feet in sandals turn inward, and all female Japan is pigeon-toed. Your Japanese beauty is not averse to showing her ankle, and the soul of the Japanese beau does not flutter when he sees a two-inch slice of cream-coloured skin above the three-inch foot mitten. The Japanese shoe store is one of woodenware rather than of leather, and the cobbler mends his shoe with the chisel and plane.—*Frank G. Carpenter's Letter.*

DOLLARD.

[The colony of New France had been repeatedly scourged by the Iroquois, and was, in the spring of 1660, in terror and despair, expecting another attack. It was known that large numbers of Iroquois had wintered among the forests of the Ottawa, and that they intended making a descent on Montreal. Dollard, a young officer, 25 years of age, commandant of the garrison of Montreal, conceived the idea of saving his country by a display of heroic valour. With the consent of Maisonneuve, the Governor, he persuaded sixteen brave men to join his enterprise, all of whom bound themselves by oath to fight to the death, and neither to give nor take quarter. They met the enemy at the foot of the Long Sault rapids of the Ottawa, which had been called "The Thermopole of Canada"]

The priest was at the altar, where
The open missal lay,
While, through the window, stole the fair
First streaks of breaking day;
Adown the chapel, in the crowd,
A solemn stillness fell,
While, in the tower, rang aloud
The startled sanctus bell.

Before him knelt, of France's sons,
A score of hearts as true
As e'er received God's benisons,
Or love of country knew.
With falt'ring voice he turned and spoke,
And bade them truly swear
Their death oath, while the incense smoke
Wreath'd upward through the air.

In low, stern words they made their vow
Before the Sacred Host—
Come joy or sorrow, weal or woe,
They would not count the cost
To save their country in its need—
Like rocks to stem the sea,
Or dare again the Grecian deed
Of famed Thermopole.

The Mass is sung and Ville Marie
Is gathered on the shore
To say the parting word, to see
What love-lit eyes of yore
Beheld from many a moated keep,
When knights, with banners gay,
Troop'd o'er the bridge, rode up the steep
Green hill, and spur'd'd away.

The river gleams in summer hues,
The lush grass trampled lies,
Where late were beached their bark canoes,
Where now a thousand eyes
Strain westward, o'er the path of light
Across the river run,
And where the billows, green and white,
Leap up to kiss the sun.

And then suspense! From out the town
No toiler drives his plough
Afield, where fertile acres down
Slope from Mount Royal's brow;
And women weep within the fort,
Or start, as if they saw
The phantom of each wild report,
The scourging Iroquois.

But Dollard leads his band to death—
Five days they stem the stream,
Then, watchful, pass, with bated breath,
Saint Anne's fair isles between;
Along the river's marge they glide,
Across the Mountain lake,—
The loon calls o'er the waters wide,
The night hawk in the brake.

They meet, where rushing, half amazed,
In many a light canoe,
The dusky foe, his war-cry raised,
Comes tumbling down the Sault:
The poplar shivers at the sight,
The trillium hangs its head,
The lily shows the garish light,
And shrinks within its bed.

A fort, built by Algonquin braves,
Twelve moons ago or more,
Gives shelter, where the water laves
The long, low river shore;
And day and night, bereft of sleep,
In smoke, and blood, and grime,
At bay the savage hordes they keep,
And calmly bide their time.

Seven hundred braves are Dollard's foes,
His men are scarce a score,
And truly every hero knows
For him life's dream is o'er;
No more he'll see Mount Royal's crown,
With hue of maple green,
Or hear the great waves rolling down
The rapids of Lachine.

They fought for God and France, they fell
As heroes only may;
They smote the Mohawk ranks so well
They slunk in fear away—
In haste they crossed the gleaming wave
For far Oneida's shore;
New France, which Dollard died to save,
Had rest and peace once more.

We all must die! Then better far,
For home or country's weal,
The bullet in the thick of war,
The sharp, quick thrust of steel,
Than coward ease; and better fame
Adown the ages rung,
Than only an unhonour'd name,
Unknown, unloved, unsung.

Kingston, May, 1889.

K. L. JONES.

RICHARD COBDEN'S DAUGHTER.

Miss Jane Cobden, the first woman elected a Country Councillor in England, is barely thirty-five years old, but her hair is snowy white. The expression of her face is refined and gentle, and she wears picturesque and becoming costumes, which complete a very attractive personality. And yet, with all her gentle womanliness, no one has done peripatetic agitation more persistently than she. She has lectured and spoken all over the country on all manners of topics. Her name is, of course, a very valuable piece of political stock in trade. It cannot be said that she really speaks well, and she dislikes it above all things, and yet her name, her pleasant voice and her obvious sincerity and genuineness never fail to make an impression. She is certain to carry her audience with her. Miss Cobden lives alone in a cosy little house out at Hampstead. Two of her married sisters are well known in the artistic world, one as the wife of Mr. Sanderson, barrister and artistic bookbinder, the other as the wife of Mr. Sickert, one of the cleverest members of the "Impressionist" school. The farmhouse at Midhurst, Sussex, where Cobden spent his declining years, still remains in the family, and his political daughter has always made use of the connection to keep alive a little spark of local liberalism in the heart of one of England's most Tory counties.

OLIVES.

The olive is one of the oldest trees mentioned in history. The ancients had almost a religious regard for it, and its branches early became the emblems of peace and good will. In this age it is valued chiefly for its oil. In Southern Europe, where it is extensively grown, the fruit, which is a small green oval, is gathered when rare-ripe and spread for several days to dry and ferment. It is then crushed in a mill, the stones being so adjusted as to avoid breaking the stone of the fruit. It is then put into coarse bags and the oil is expressed by a screw press. The crushed mass is ground a second and sometimes a third time, to obtain lower grades of oil. Besides its very extensive use as food, the oil is valuable for its medicinal qualities and for cutaneous application. The refuse, after the oil is extracted, is used to fatten hogs, and as a fertilizer. The green fruit, pickled in salt water and spiced, is esteemed by many as a relish.

NIGHT AIR.

An extraordinary fallacy is the dread of night air. What air can we breathe at night but night air? The choice is between pure night air from without and foul air from within. Most people prefer the latter—an unaccountable choice. What will they say if it is proved to be true that fully one-half of all the diseases we suffer from are occasioned by people sleeping with windows shut? An open window, most nights in the year, can never hurt any one. In great cities night air is often the best and purest to be had in twenty-four hours. I could better understand shutting the windows in town during the day than during the night, for the sake of the sick. The absence of smoke, the quiet, all tend to make night the best time for airing the patient. One of our highest medical authorities on consumption and climate has told me that the air of London is never so good as after ten o'clock at night. Always air your room, then, from the outside air if possible. Windows are made to open, doors are made to shut—a truth which seems extremely difficult of apprehension. Every room must be aired from without, every passage from within.—*Sanitary World.*



"HAVE you ever been through the St. Lawrence rapids?"
"No; but I married my third wife last week."

A GREAT many girls say "no" at first; but, like the photographer, they know how to retouch their negatives.

TEACHER (to pupil): "Johnie, what is a demagogue?"
Johnie: "A demagogue is a vessel that holds wine, gin, whiskey, or any other liquor."

GIBSON: "I don't think I shall put my yacht into commission this season. It costs too much money—a regular fund, eh?"
Dumley: "Yes, or a floating debt."

"WHAT are you doing, Patrick?" "Wakin' up your husband, ma'am." "But why?" "Because it's tin o'clock, ma'am, when I was to give him the dhrops to make him sleep."

"THIS heading, 'French Duel; a Man Hurt,' doesn't fill the line by about three-quarters of an inch," sung out Slug 47. "Fill out the line with exclamations points!" thundered the foreman.

"ENJOYED your party, Bobby?" "Oh, awfully." "Well, what little girls did you dance with?" "Oh, I didn't dance. I had three fights downstairs with Willie Richardson, an' I licked him every time."

When some one with a monster foot
Comes down upon your corn,
How clearly you recall the fact
That man was made to mourn!

"Pretty bad under foot," said one citizen to another, as they met in the street. "Yes, but it's fine overhead," responded the other. "True enough," said the first; "but then very few are going that way."

"Sing Sing!" shouted the brakeman, as a Hudson River train slowed up at that station. "Five years for refreshments!" yelled a passenger with short hair and bracelets, as he rose to leave the car, in charge of a deputy sheriff.

"MA," said Bobby, "is it wrong for little boys to tie tin kettles to dogs' tails?" "Decidedly wrong, Bobby. I hope you'll never do such a thing as that." "No, indeed, ma," replied Bobby, emphatically; "all I do is to hold the dog."

THE night before May—"Call me early, mother, dear, for I'm to be Queen of the May." "Don't be a fool, Maud. I'll call you early enough. Take up your bedroom carpet the first thing, and after that I'll find enough to keep you hustling."

SANDY BURNET, a canny, well-to-do tailor in G—, was one night aroused by his wife with the cry, "Get up, Sandy, there's a burglar in the hoose." "Wheest, then, till he get's something worth while, an' we'll tak' it frae him. I ken burglars," said the poor tailor, who was all of a tremble.

THE grave of Miles Standish has been discovered at South Duxbury, Mass., but it has been decided that the skeleton found therein has been that of a woman. When a woman crowds a man out of his own grave, the woman's rights movement has gone about far enough. We had a different opinion of Miles.—*Norristown Herald.*

AFTER breaking the wishbone—She: "There, it's yours. Now wish; but mind, you musn't tell your wish or it will never come true." He (tenderly): "But may I not tell you?" She: "Oh, dear, no." He (pathetically): "It never can come true unless I do tell you." She (shyly): "Well, then, in such an exceptional case, perhaps you had better tell me."

A GENTLEMAN was once in a company where it came to be disputed whether it was better for a man to have sons or daughters. When asked for his opinion, he gave the following sage response: "I ha'e had three lads and three lasses. I watna whilk o' them I liked best sae lang as they sooked their mither; but de'il ha'e my share o' the callants when they began to sook their faither."

A LEARNED Irish judge, among other peculiarities, had a habit of begging pardon on every occasion. On his circuit his favourite expression was employed in a singular manner. At the close of the assize, as he was about to leave the bench, the officer of the court reminded him that there was one of the criminals on whom he had not passed sentence as he had intended. "Dear me!" said his lordship. "I really beg his pardon. Bring him in."

"YES, Jennie," said the young lady's beau, as he clasped her small hand in his and gazed lovingly into her melting eyes, "although I'm in comfortable circumstances now, I've seen the day when I've been hard pressed." "Indeed?" she said. "Yes, indeed; pretty hard pressed." "I don't remember," she said, with a shy look, "of ever having been hard pressed." She was a moment after.

AN Irish judge tried two notorious fellows for highway robbery. To the astonishment of the Court the jurymen found them not guilty. As they were being removed from the bar the judge, addressing the jailer, said: "Mr. Murphy, you would greatly ease my mind if you would keep these respectable gentlemen until half past seven o'clock, for I mean to set out for Dublin at five o'clock, and I should like at least to have two hours' start of them."

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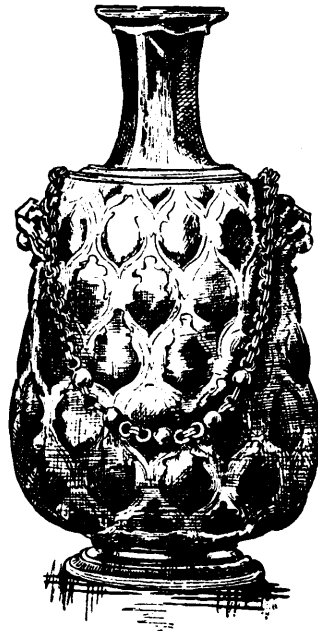
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From *The Canada Gazette*, 22nd June, 1889:
"Public Notice is hereby given that under 'The Companies Act,' letters patent have been issued under the Great Seal of Canada, bearing date the 27th May, 1889, incorporating Sir Donald A Smith, K.C.M.G., M.P., Hon. George A. Drummond, Senator, Andrew Robertson, Chairman Montreal Harbour Commissioners, Richard B. Angus, director Canadian Pacific Railway, Hugh McLennan, forwarder, Andrew Allan, shipowner, Adam Skaife, merchant, Edward W. Parker, clerk, Dame Lucy Anne Bossé, wife of George E. Desbarats, George Edward Desbarats, A.B., L.L.B., publisher, and William A. Desbarats, publisher, all of the city of Montreal and Province of Quebec; Gustavus W. Wicksteed, Queen's Counsel, and Sandford Fleming, C.M.G., Civil Engineer, of the city of Ottawa and Province of Ontario, and J. H. Brownlee, Dominion Land Surveyor, of the city of Brandon and Province of Manitoba, for the purpose of carrying on the business of engraving, printing and publishing in all the branches of the said several businesses and including publication of a newspaper and other periodical publications, by the name of 'The Dominion Illustrated Publishing Company (Limited),' with a total capital stock of fifty thousand dollars divided into 500 shares of one hundred dollars.

Dated at the office of the Secretary of State of Canada, this 21st day of June, 1889.

J. A. CHAPLEAU,
Secretary of State."

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At a meeting of the directors of this Company, held at the offices of the Company, 73 St. James street, Montreal, on Tuesday, 9th July, the following officers were elected:
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