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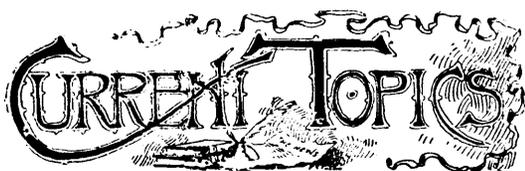
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The Baie des Chaleurs Enquiry.

No doubt the revelations that have been brought to light in the Senate respecting the Baie des Chaleurs railway were a genuine surprise to the country at large; it is extremely probable that the average Canadian ratepayer was even unaware of the existence of such a company. But the strong under-current of distrust in the financial policy of the Quebec Government that has existed in the minds of most of the English-speaking people of the province for many months, has largely prepared them for just such a revelation. Whatever were the sins of the administration that preceded the one now in power at Quebec, they were trivial when compared with the shortcomings of the latter; in racial and religious matters it has done more to embitter the feeling between French and English Canadians than the combined efforts of agitators for the previous thirty years; while its financial course has been so marked by gross mismanagement, flaring extravagance, and marked instances of diversion of the public funds to private ends, that it was felt by most thoughtful men to be only a matter of time before a case of sufficient magnitude to attract public attention came to the front. It is noteworthy that whatever particulars of questionable transactions came to light previous to this case were evolved at Quebec, and for some reason or other attracted but little attention outside of this province; but the praiseworthy act of a majority of the Senate in persisting to follow up every detail of this case made it from the first a mark of close attention from all parties, especially in view of the scandals that had just come to light in the Public Works Department. So far the evidence is clear, and damning, and goes to show unmistakably that a large sum of the finances of the Province have been misappropriated, not only with the direct sanction of the Provincial Government, but by its most prominent supporters. True, we have yet to hear the other side of the story; but in view of the gravity of the charges, which it is evident should call forth intense eagerness on the part of the accused to deny under oath the statements made,

we see them dodging off in every direction; the principal offender furtively getting away to Europe, the others pleading ill-health and all manner of excuse. The most absurd reason of all for non-attendance is the alleged lack of jurisdiction on the part of the Senate to elicit evidence. Provincialism must learn that where its projects call for aid or legislation from the Central government every measure of enquiry into those projects is permissible—nay, is essential—as a strict check on Provincial management; if the two powers are to clash on these matters so much the worse will it be for Provincialism. The tendency towards the centralisation of legislative authority, which has been steadily gaining ground of late years, will receive a marked impetus if any serious conflict is raised on this question.

Foreign Criticism.

It is refreshing to be able to draw a strict line between the Liberal party of the House of Commons and that of this Province. The leader of the former stands out perfectly clear from even the whisper of any shady transaction; he cannot afford to stultify himself by any defence of the conduct of his Quebec partisans, even if it costs him the defection of half his following. What he would lose in that respect he would more than gain in the increased esteem and adhesion of men of both parties, disgusted with the revelations of corruption in high places, and gross mismanagement in the public service. The leading party organ has also sounded no uncertain note on the subject; and the practical eagerness which the whole Liberal party and press should show towards getting at the bottom of the Baie des Chaleurs railway job would, if carried out, add greatly to their strength and popularity. It is, however, a subject for serious regret that so much unnecessary notoriety and exaggeration is given by both sides to these statements of corruption. Outsiders, both in England and the United States, have already taken grossly distorted views of the situation, and have uttered absurdly sweeping calumnies on the state of our entire political system. Their ignorance of Canada and Canadian matters is astounding, and would be ludicrous were it not that their remarks, based on an appalling degree of political exaggeration (emanating largely from Canadian sources) may seriously affect our credit in the London money market. It cannot be surprising that the effect of three-inch headlines calling attention to some supposed new scandal,—of columns of editorial charging the opposing party with crimes which are usually punished with penitentiary for life,—and of sermons which convey to the hearers the impression that the country is on the direct road to perdition—should so influence foreign readers, ignorant of the facts of the case, that they should think and speak of Canada as a hot-bed of corruption. Moderation in discussing the shortcomings of one's country becomes an act of patriotism.

James Russell Lowell.

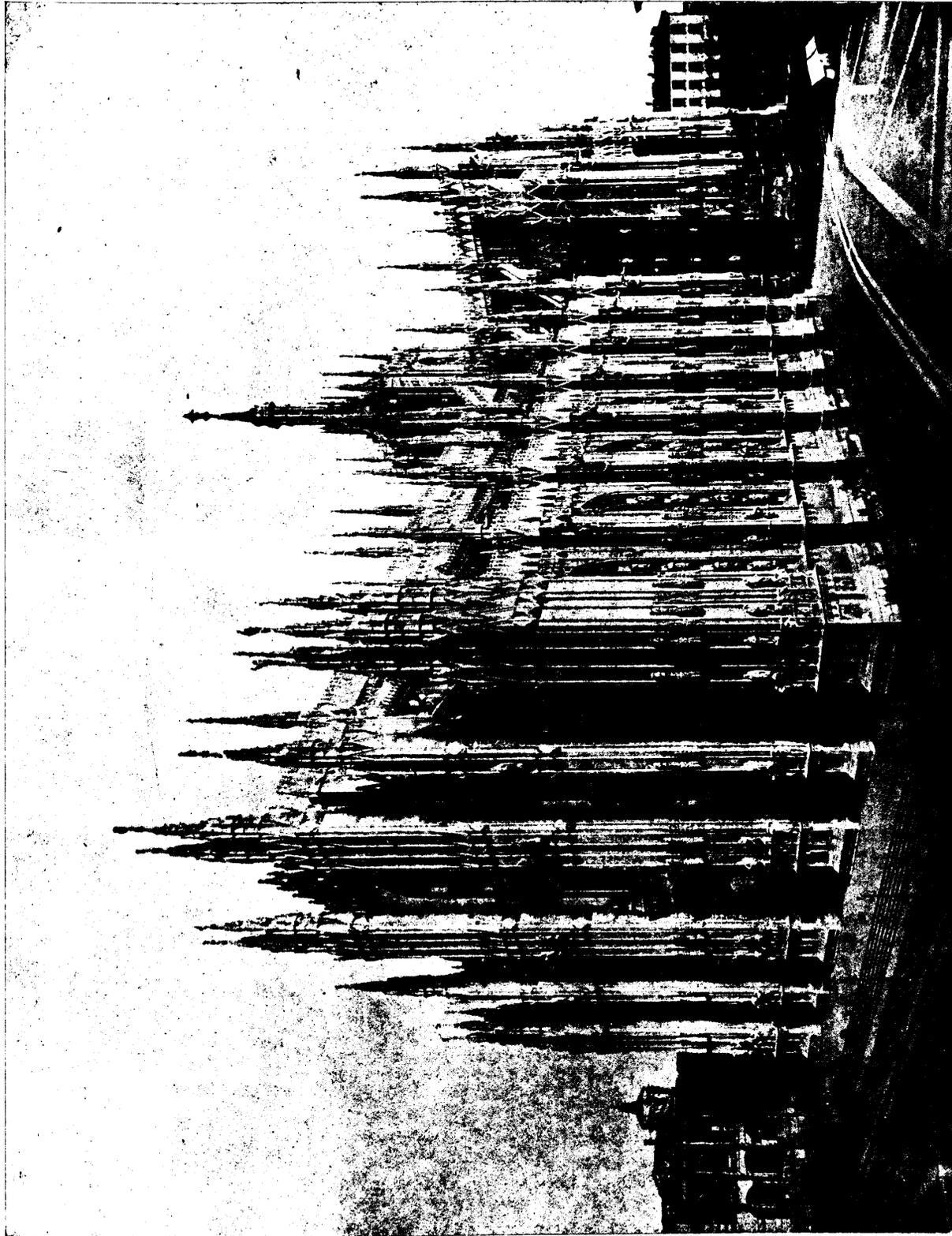
Within less than two-thirds of this year many men of high standing in the world of letters have passed away. Of the representatives of the old school of American literature few are left; and the last few days have witnessed the death and burial of one of its most prominent members. No student—no casual reader—of the literature of the United States could attain any good idea of its essentially native features without a study or perusal of the

work of JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL. Born in 1819 Mr. LOWELL entered on a literary career at an unusually early age, being but 22 years of age when his first work, "A Year's Life," saw the light, and from then down to a comparatively recent period his brain and pen were constantly at work. From 1844 to 1850 he published in quick succession, "A Legend of Brittany," "The Vision of Sir Launfal," and other poems; but these were overshadowed by the work by which he was known to fame throughout the length and breadth of America—"The Biglow Papers," a series of satirical essays in dialect on slavery and the Mexican war. These papers (which had previously appeared in the *Boston Courier*) were considered the most humorous productions of the period; concentrating keen wit under a guise which appealed directly to the sympathies of the American people, they exercised a powerful influence in the education of the masses towards a hatred of slavery, which culminated in its utter extinction less than twenty years later. He published several other works, the most noteworthy of which were "My Study Windows" and "Among My Books"—essays which are widely known and read wherever the English language is spoken; to British readers these are perhaps his best known works. His last volume, "Heartsease and Rue," a book of verse, came out in 1888, since which time his writings have been few and confined to magazines and newspapers. Fourteen years of MR. LOWELL'S life were spent in the editorship of two of the greatest of American magazines, *The Atlantic Monthly* and *The North American Review*; of the former, he was its first editor, and to his guidance for five years was due the prominence it at once assumed in the field of literature. A second series of "Biglow Papers" appeared in its columns on the outbreak of the civil war, and commanded much attention. MR. LOWELL was a man of the widest and best sense. He travelled extensively in Europe, being appointed American Minister to Spain in 1877, and in 1880 was transferred to the Court of St. James, where he represented the United States for five years; his intercourse with the English people was marked with an unusual degree of mutual affection and respect, and his withdrawal elicited many sincere expressions of regret from his London friends. Oxford recognized his worth by the bestowal of the degree of D.C.L., in 1873, and in the following year Cambridge followed suit in making him an LL.D. As a *litterateur*, a speaker, and a kindly critic Mr. LOWELL deservedly held a high position in American life, and his death leaves a conspicuous blank in the list of his country's worthies.

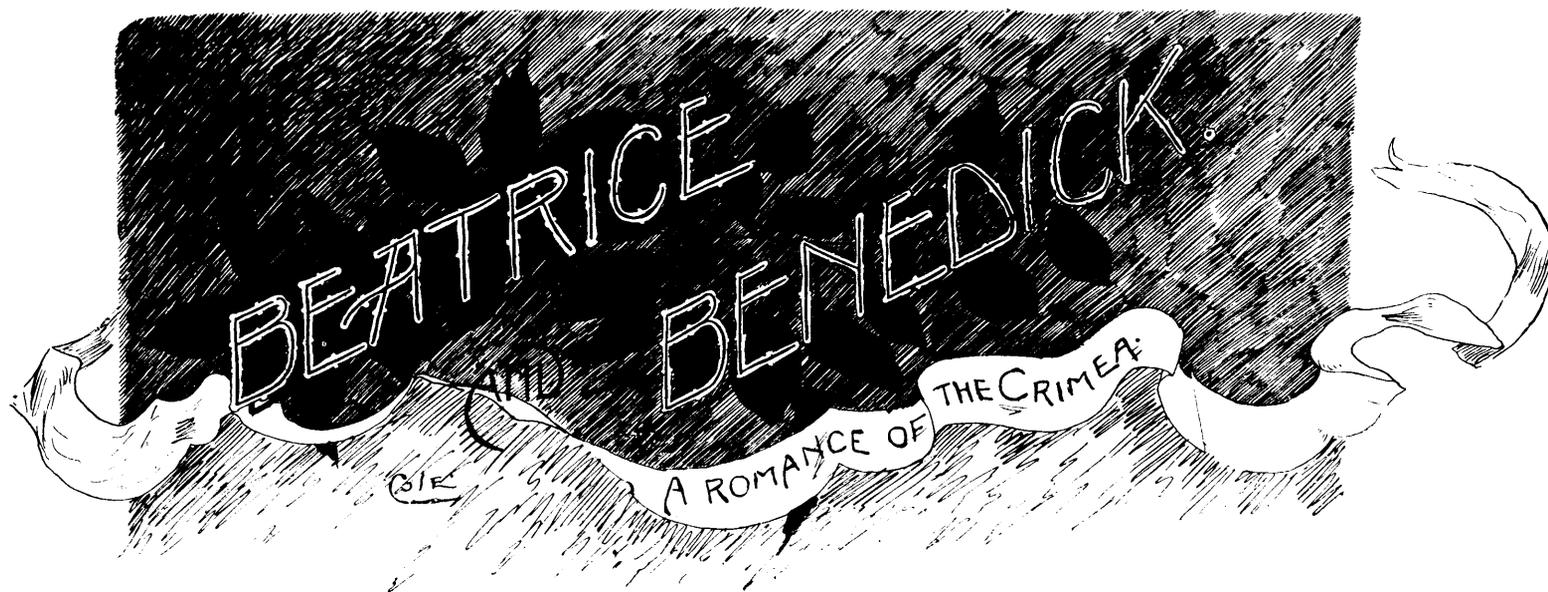
CHRISTMAS.

It may seem rather premature to talk about Christmas in this hot weather, but we wish to impress on our readers the fact that we intend issuing early in December, the most superb holiday souvenir that has yet been offered to the Canadian public. In supplements, it will be unusually rich, presenting features that have never been approached by any paper, while in general artistic and literary excellence it will be the event of the season.

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MILAN CATHEDRAL.



BY HAWLEY SMART.

Author of "Breezie Langton," "At Fault," "Tie and Trick," "Long Odds," "Without Love or Licence," &c., &c.

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CHAPTER I.—THE WALKING MATCH.



BRIGHT sun and a nor'easter, such as usually characterize the merry month of May. A white, straight, dusty road, along which a man with his loins girt up and stripped to his shirt and trousers, is walking rapidly and doggedly. He is followed by a little knot of people apparently interested in his proceedings, one of whom, walking by his side, continually consults his watch; indeed, the whole party seem extremely anxious as regards the time. The man, stripped of his coat, looks worn, travel-stained, and bears signs of weariness. If he is walking fast, there can also be little doubt from the set, defiant expression in his face that he is walking in no little difficulty. From time to time he throws a mute glance at his companion, who usually responds with much the same formula:

"Never fear, old boy—you'll do it all right; all you have got to do is to keep on walking and think of nothing else. I'm doing the *thinking* for you. You have got a mile to do every fourteen minutes, and you will just win clever!"

When Hugh Fleming three evenings ago backed himself to walk fifty miles in twelve hours, without training, the whole mess-table laughed. The brother officer who had laid two to one against his doing it, good-naturedly offered to scratch the bet any time during the evening. It seemed perfectly absurd that Fleming should perform any such feat as this. A man who had shown so far not the slightest taste for athletics—who rarely played cricket, never played racquets, and with the exception of an occasional country walk, for the most part took his exercise round a billiard-table. He had never been known to walk a match, and when this one was made, said that he had never done such a thing before. His comrades all laughed at him, and with that candour which close intimacy confers, bade him, "Not make a fool of himself, but cry off his bet before it was too late."

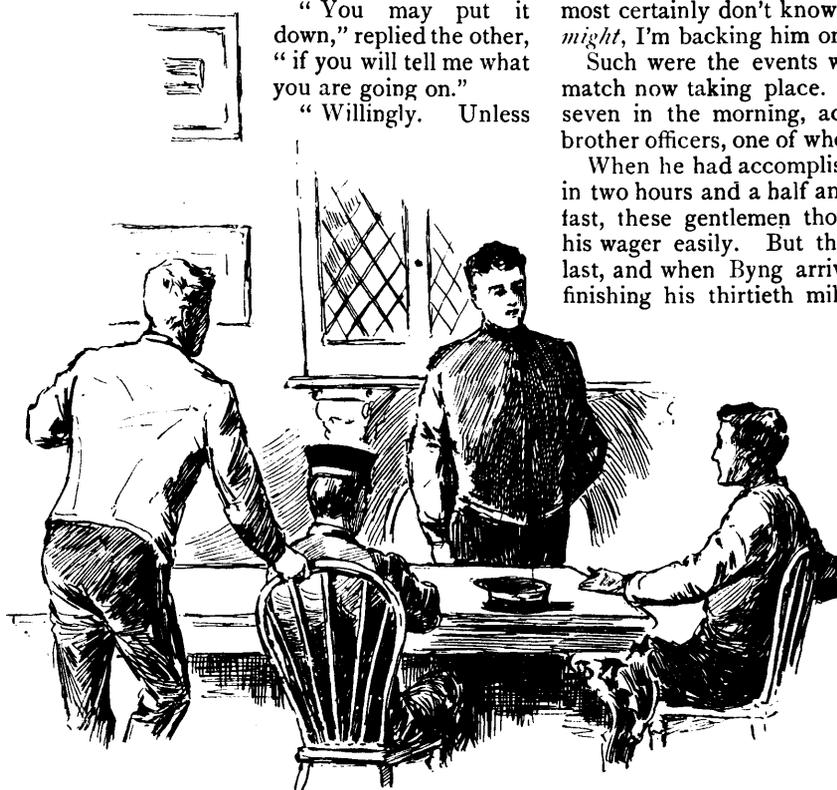
There was one exception to the popular feeling—there invariably is—and this was Tom Byng, Fleming's most intimate friend. Byng maintained a rigid silence as to what he thought of the affair, and even when appealed to declined to express any opinion thereon. He was a man who was rather an authority amongst his fellows on all matters of sport, whether with rod or with gun, whether on the race-course or on the cinder-track, and his brother officers were not a little anxious to ascertain what he might think of this foolish wager. But, no, neither at the dinner-table nor in the ante-room afterwards could he be induced to express his views. Until Fleming had retired for the night he smoked silently, and in answer to all inquiries as to what he thought of the match,

merely shrugged his shoulders and replied, "I don't know; I never saw him walk in earnest." But no sooner had Fleming retired than, throwing the end of his cigar into the fire, he turned round to the layer of odds and said—

"If you would like to have a little more money against Fleming, Brydon, you can lay me £100 to £50.

"You may put it down," replied the other, "if you will tell me what you are going on."

"Willingly. Unless



"You can lay me £100 to £50."

he is very vain, it is always very dangerous to bet against a man who backs himself; besides, when we were quartered at Portsmouth I once saw Fleming, for a joke, do a thing which, though I believe no great feat, would puzzle any man in this room to perform."

"You recollect at one end of the cricket ground there was a skittle alley, and after play, or when their side was in, men would sometimes have a turn at that fine old English game. Precious duffers at it, too, they were for the most part. Fleming was in there one day, chaffing a couple of men who were playing. When they had finished, he put up the pins again and said, 'Now if you fellows can play let's see you take those down, one pin at a time, that is, the nine pins in nine shots. You mustn't upset two a time, remember, or you will not have done what I mean.'

"Bah," said one of the men, "do it, of course I can't, or you either. I will lay you ten to one you can't do it."

"I think I can," replied Fleming quietly, "although it isn't easy. You *shall* lay me ten to one in shillings," and to our astonishment Fleming proceeded to accomplish the feat.

"I didn't know that he could play skittles, and most certainly don't know that he can walk, but he *might*, I'm backing him on the off."

Such were the events which had led up to the match now taking place. Fleming had started at seven in the morning, accompanied only by two brother officers, one of whom was acting as umpire.

When he had accomplished his first twelve miles in two hours and a half and then stopped to breakfast, these gentlemen thought that he would win his wager easily. But the pace was too good to last, and when Byng arrived just as Fleming was finishing his thirtieth mile, the match had begun

to look very black for the pedestrian. He was untrained, he had no experience of walking matches, and he had nobody to coach him. Whatever the man's capabilities might be he did not know how to make the most of them. As he had not understood the husbanding of his own powers in the early part of his undertaking, so now he did not know how to use what was left of them. He was losing time on every mile; there were twenty

more weary miles to tramp, and each one of them took him longer than those that had gone before. All the fiery dash of the morning was gone and the afternoon saw the sorely distressed man still struggling gamely with the task which it was rapidly becoming an obvious impossibility that he should perform. Had Byng not arrived at this critical juncture it had been little use his arriving at all; but the minute he understood the state of things he made a rapid calculation in his head, examined Fleming critically as he walked alongside him, and then said:

"I tell you what, old boy; if you're game and will do as I tell you, you will just pull through; but there won't be much to spare."

"I'm about cooked," replied Fleming, "but I'm quite good to go on till you say it's hopeless."

"It's a long way off hopeless at present," replied the other, for the first time giving the advice which he is reiterating at the beginning of the chapter.

As they turned at the milestone, for under Byng's guidance, the mile being tolerably level, the match was to be completed over that mile, walking it backwards and forwards, there was a slight commotion among some of Fleming's partisans, who had now assembled to watch the conclusion of his task. What it was, was hardly discernible at the distance they then were from it, but as they came nearer it was evident that in their zeal for his success some of Fleming's partisans had stopped a smart carriage full of ladies, for fear it should prove a hindrance to their champion. The fair tenants had willingly acquiesced upon understanding what they had to pull up for. Two young ladies stood up as Fleming went by, and scanned him narrowly.

"Who did you say it was, Pritchard?" enquired a tall showy girl, of the coachman.

"It's one of the officers, Miss," replied the man, touching his hat; "but I didn't catch his name. He's backed himself to walk a lot of miles in a certain time."

"They are a new lot, Nell," said the speaker; "they only came in about six or seven weeks ago. Papa has but just called, and I haven't met any of them yet. Besides, you know, in common decency for those who have gone; the —th were a very nice lot of fellows, and very popular; we really must, so to speak, wear mourning for them a little."

"More than they will do for you, my dear," replied her companion, laughing. "Soldiers and sailors are marvellous hands at quick transfer of the affections."

"Ah, well, I don't suppose there's much harm done on either side. Singed wings here and there, no doubt, but for most of us only many a pleasant dancing party to look back upon, and genuine regret that our pet partners will meet us no more. This looks promising for the new comers. As long as a regiment has some go in them, there's always



Frances Smerdon.

hope for us. A very pretty taste in balls and picnics I have noticed often accompanies sporting tendencies, but when we get a regiment that does nothing, as now and again we do. Ugh!" and

Miss Smerdon shrugged her pretty shoulders, as much as to say no words could express her feelings for the British soldier who socially failed to do his duty.

A tall, good-looking girl, with a profusion of wavy, brown hair, Miss Smerdon was considered a beauty in her own part of the country. She was the only daughter of a wealthy iron master, and in spite of her having two brothers, she was likely, if not an heiress, yet to bring her husband a substantial dowry. She was a popular girl, and no one could say that Frances Smerdon was deficient in "go." Elderly ladies sometimes shook their heads over her doings, and whispered "bold and fast" behind their fans, but for all that there was no real harm in her. She rejoiced in high spirits, and was perhaps a little too given to defy conventionalities, but her escapades, when looked into, were of a very venial nature, and more prompted by her love of fun than anything else. She enjoyed life keenly, as well she might with both youth and wealth at her call, and threw herself into whatever she was doing with all her heart. How she and Nellie Lynden had become such intimate friends was rather a puzzle to their acquaintance. The latter lived in Manchester, but was in the habit of paying long visits to Monmouthshire, where, some half-dozen miles from Newport, Mr. Smerdon, had a handsome country seat.

"No! don't let him drive on, Frances, we are in no hurry, and I want to see that officer come back again; I don't know what he's trying to do, but I am interested in it. I feel sure he will do it whatever it is."

"Stay where you are, Pritchard," replied the other, laughing. "We wish to see a little more of this match."

"Well," she continued, turning to her friend, "Love at first sight we've heard of, but faith at first sight such as yours I have never yet met with. Why such belief in this unknown pedestrian?"

"It's a striking face," rejoined Nell Lynden. "I don't mean a particularly handsome one, but a more resolute bull dog one I never saw. He was in distress when he passed us, but that man will do the task he has set himself, or drop by the way-side."

And now once more Fleming and his three or four attendants passed close to their carriage. He keeps side by side with his mentor, and there is a set, dogged look on his face, which, pale though it is, shows no sign of flinching. He is evidently very beat, but there can be little doubt he will go on to the bitter end, and it is evident to all the lookers on that Byng is determined he shall. To do the latter justice it is not his own stake on it that he is thinking of, but his blood is up, he has identified himself with his *protégé* and he is resolved he shall win. He has made up his mind to take the last ounce out of his man, as he would out of his horse in riding a punishing finish. He has spared himself not a whit since he came upon the scene, and has walked sixteen miles by his friend's side; only four miles more to go, and if his *protégé* can but keep at the pace he is going, the match will be won with five or six minutes to spare. The excitement waxes intense as the finish draws near. Win or lose—it is a match, and must be a very close thing. It takes all Byng can do to keep his man up to the requisite pace, and there can be no doubt, that, left to himself, Fleming would have imperceptibly slackened in that matter. It is very hard for a beaten man to keep both his eye on the

watch and regulate his speed at the same time. The sympathies of the regiment and even of the lookers-on, who had come out of the neighbouring town to see the finish of such a sporting affair, are all with Fleming. The public always wish success to the man who backs himself in anything of this sort. It requires pluck to perform such an arduous task, and that is a thing which always enlists the sympathies of Englishmen. Even Brydon could not resist the excitement.

"Upon my word," he exclaimed as the last mile but one was begun, "I think he'll win. It will cost me a couple of hundred if he does, but I can't help hoping he will. We don't know much of each other till a pinch comes, that's certain. Who'd have thought that Hugh Fleming had such stuff in him."

But this mile Byng had no little trouble to get



"You will just pull through; but there won't be much time to spare."

his *protégé* along. Now and again Fleming stumbled in his walk. The truth is he was suffering from one of the most severe trials to which a man is exposed in a long walk of this nature. His feet were giving way, which means that before long the walk must be reduced to a hobble, and that to crawl a mile within half-an-hour will be about all that he can accomplish. He had lost two minutes in spite of all Byng's exertions over the last, and there remained to him but eighteen minutes in which to walk the concluding mile.

The young ladies had lingered to see the finish of the match, and as Fleming passed their carriage for the last time with still half-a-mile to get, Nell Lynden turned to her friend and said:

"Now let's go home, Frances. He'll do it; but I wish we hadn't stopped to watch him go by this time. Poor fellow, he is suffering terribly. I could see his lips twitch as he passed us."

They well might, for to say nothing of being dead beat, Hugh Fleming was experiencing the sensations of a cat on hot bricks every time he put his feet to the ground. Pritchard turned his horses round, and in accordance with Miss Smerdon's instructions drove leisurely homewards.

But ere they had gone far the sounds of a ringing cheer fell faintly on their ears, and told them that Hugh Fleming had won his match. It had

been a close shave, but the fifty miles had been completed with two good minutes to spare.

"A fine thing, and a pretty match," said Byng, "but I tell you what, Brydon, if he'd only had a week in which to harden his feet, he'd have won with half-an-hour in hand. If you want your revenge, I'll back him to walk——"

"No you don't," cried the hero of the hour, as his partisans picked him up and carried him to the carriage which was in waiting. "This child has had enough walking to last him his natural life. And he's beginning to think that cavalry is the branch of the service which would suit him best."

CHAPTER II.—WAR MUTTERINGS.

Nell Lynden's father and Mr. Smerdon had been friends in their schoolboy days, at which period the position of Lynden's family was certainly superior to that of the latter's. But both boys had their way to make in the world; neither had any prospect of succeeding to any fortune from their parents. Robert Lynden went up to London and was speedily lost in the whirlpool of the great city. What became of him, what he did there, no one knew. For the first year or two that he was in London, they heard from him regularly at home. He had apprenticed himself to a chemist, and entertained serious thoughts of turning to medicine as a profession later on, and to enable him to attend the schools his father volunteered considerable pecuniary assistance. For a few months young Lynden drew steadily for this purpose, then suddenly all communication from him ceased. He not only abstained from writing for money, an expediency apt to ensure punctual correspondence, but he did not write at all. His mother grew very anxious about him, enquiries were set on foot, the chemist to whom he had bound himself was duly communicated with, and replied that Robert Lynden, after voluntarily apprenticing himself, had broken his indentures at the end of a year, and that he had neither seen nor heard anything of him since. His father went up to town and made enquiries in every direction. He even consulted the police on the subject; but no, nothing could be heard of the missing youth. London seemed to have swallowed him up, and all endeavours to ascertain his fate proved useless. He was advertised for in all directions, for his people were well enough to do to be able to spend some little money in trying to trace their boy. But nothing came of enquiry or advertisement, and after a time his mother mourned for him as dead, while his father came sadly to the conclusion that his disappearance was one of those inscrutable mysteries ever characteristic of great cities. Whether he had been foully done to death who could say? or whether he was the unrecognized victim of some accident. But that their son was dead, neither Mr. nor Mrs. Lynden entertained the slightest doubt, and in due course of years went to their graves undisturbed in that belief.

Nellie Lynden could have told you very little about her father's antecedents. She could barely remember her mother, who had died when she was very young, and from that time her life had simply been a progress from one school to another. Clever and sensitive, even as a child the thought had oppressed her that she belonged to nobody. She was kindly treated, but it was bitter for her when the holidays came and the other girls went to their homes. There were no holidays for her, for what were holidays without a home—and she had no home. Boys we know can be very cruel to each other, and I fancy girls are very little better in this respect. Some of her schoolmates, perhaps they were out of temper, perhaps from that innate desire to torture which exists in the young of both sexes, would twit Nellie when the holidays came round with having nowhere to go to. They would enquire, with affected interest, if she did not find it dull being there all those weeks by herself. And she did find it dull—horribly dull, and they knew it.

Her school-mistresses were kind enough, but what could they do. Their engagement with her father was that they should always take care of her in the holidays, as he had no home to take her to. He was kind enough to the desolate girl upon

his few brief visits, and lavish with regard to money for her dress or anything else she fancied as she grew older. But, except occasionally for a very few days, he had never taken her away with him. And then an hotel had been her home. The result of this peculiar training had been to make Nellie Lynden a somewhat reserved girl, not one to give away her friendship lightly, and though popular in every school she had ever been in, she had never formed one of those gushing friendships which girls are apt to contract in these days.

Some four years before our story commences she had been called upon to come home and take charge of her father's house. For the first time in his life Dr. Lynden admitted of having a house. Nellie further wondered on the receipt of this letter whether he had also a practice. Questioned once upon this point, he had replied that he had practised chiefly abroad, that he had given it up now, and only prescribed in an amateurish way for a few intimate friends or acquaintances. He had further made some rather severe strictures on the vice of curiosity, and avowed his opinion that there was no such bore alive as a painfully inquisitive person. This was quite sufficient hint for Nellie. She never ventured to inquire further into the past life of her father. She accepted things as they were, and admitted that she had no cause to complain. The Doctor's house in the suburbs of Manchester, though not large, was extremely comfortable. Nellie was perfectly satisfied with the rooms put apart for her exclusive use, as well as the drawing-room and dining-room. The doctor reserved for himself besides his bed-room, a large room fitted up as a laboratory, which he called his "den." The peculiarity about this room was that it was guarded by elaborate double doors from the rest of the house, and further had a separate stair communicating with the outside, so that it was possible for the Doctor from his laboratory to leave the house without the knowledge of the other inmates. The outer of these doors was kept jealously locked, which the Doctor explained by saying that evil smells were emitted from apartments of that description, and that he did not wish the rest of the house poisoned; moreover that servants could never resist touching things, and that he did not wish a housemaid to blow her head off by fiddling with a retort that did not concern her. He had had a passion for chemistry from his youth up, but it was really only of late that he had found leisure to indulge it.

"I can't say as yet, Nell, that I've made any discovery calculated to benefit mankind. I don't suppose I ever shall, but it amuses me, and hurts nobody. I've done my best to render my hobby inoffensive, so you must put up with it."

"My dear father," said Miss Lynden, "why shouldn't you do as you like in your own house? As for your laboratory, the double doors are so effective that I am sure no one could ever detect that there was such a thing in the place."

If Dr. Lynden went out but little himself he was not forgetful of his daughter. He made arrangements with a lady, with whose husband he was tolerably intimate, to act as Nell's chaperon, and as the young lady herself was by no means unattractive, she was not long before she knew a good many people in Manchester. Her chaperon, Mrs. Montague, was one of those vivacious ladies who contemplate passing an evening at home with dismay. This restless lady could not bear the idea of not assisting at everything that was going on in Manchester, and would work with untiring patience and assiduity to obtain tickets. The more difficult they were to come by, I verily believe the more she enjoyed it, and she was perfectly callous to all social rebuff in matters of this nature.

Some two years ago, Nellie, while under the wing of Mrs. Montague, chanced to meet Frances Smerdon at a dinner party, and the iron-master's daughter at once conceived a strong liking for the quiet, reticent, lady-like girl. Miss Smerdon, who had come on a month's visit to Manchester, contrived to see a good deal of her new friend in the course of her visit. In the first instance the liking had been entirely on the part of Frances, but gradually Nellie thawed under the advances of her

more impressionable friend, and before Miss Smerdon left, it had been arranged that Nellie should pay her a visit in Monmouthshire. Dr. Lynden, as soon as he knew who she was, took the greatest possible interest in Miss Smerdon. He enquired after her father, who he recollected as the employe of a great iron company in South Wales, and seemed much struck at discovering that he had blossomed into a large iron-master on his own account. Although reticent about his own past as ever, he told Frances that he and her father had been school-fellows, and this seemed an additional link in the friendship of the two girls. It had subsisted now about two years, and Frances was enthusiastic in Miss Lynden's praises.

Knowing her father's strong opinions on the sin of curiosity, Nellie was rather amused how extremely interested he was in all particulars concerning the life of his old chum, Matthew Smerdon. He never wearied of asking Smerdon's daughter about him on such occasions as Frances was in Manchester, and cross-examined Nellie on her return from Monmouthshire in a manner diametrically opposed to his expressed opinions. Smerdon, too, in his turn, had been curious to hear of his old school-boy friend, and the two girls sometimes discussed their respective fathers, but there was this difference, whereas Matthew Smerdon's career was not only well-known to his daughter but to all his neighbours from the very outset, nobody knew anything about Dr. Lynden's from his disappearance almost as a boy in the great London wilderness until his reappearance as a retired medical man in Manchester some four years ago. That he had practised on the Continent, and made money, was the brief account that Dr. Lynden deigned to give of his past.

* * * * *
At this particular juncture there commenced a bickering between England and the great autocrat of the north, which little as any one dreamed of it at the time, was shortly destined to set all Europe by the ears. Europe had been at peace ever since Waterloo, and that big battles were again to be fought amongst the western nations was apparently looked upon by politicians with incredulity. Still that real or mythical will of Peter the Great had always been kept steadily in sight by the rulers of Russia. To come to Constantinople sooner or later is ever their fixed resolution, and the Turks still believe just as firmly that they will, and that it is their *Kismet*. But as to about the time when they are to arrive there the Russians have fallen into great mistakes. If the Turk submits resignedly to his *Kismet* in the end, yet he will fight bitterly to avert it, as he has shown at Plevna and elsewhere. Moreover the nations of Europe have regarded with jealous eyes the idea of Russia at Constantinople. The Czar, Nicholas, was doubtless aware of all this when he made up his mind that the pear was ripe for plucking. Europe might not like it, but who was there to interfere with him. There was no united Germany in those days. France had only recovered from its state of chronic revolution to have a relapse in the shape of a *coup d'etat*, while for England, one might as well expect to see a Quaker in the prize ring as Great Britain intervening by arms in any of the quarrels of Europe.

The nations of the west might not like it; but then, in the words of the immortal Wegg, "The nations of the west were at liberty to lump it." Very busy was the English Government with notes and protests, circulars, &c., finally dabbling with that most dangerous of all documents, an ultimatum. That England would ever fight about such a trifle as Russia annexing the Danubian provinces of Turkey was a thing neither believed in by the Czar nor the British Government. But the temper of the English people had to be reckoned with. The English people may be thick-headed, but they are also extremely obstinate, and close on forty years ago John Bull made up his mind that he would stand no Russian aggression, and that it was his bounden duty to protect the Turks. After Waterloo, the Millennium; forty years, and there comes another big war; forty years again, and those gallant Turks for whom it was waged are pronounced "unspeakable." And I fancy there

MILAN CATHEDRAL.



"poem in marble" this beautiful cathedral has been fitly called. To the lover of pure styles, its mixed architecture—a kind of florid or modern Gothic, with some Romanesque features—is at first, perhaps, a disappointment. To be entirely satisfied, one should see it first from a distance sufficient to show the effect of the whole; and then, as he approaches for a nearer survey, he should study it as sculpture rather than architecture. A subdued light, too, while it conceals somewhat the exquisite carving, adds much to the general effect.

The cathedral was begun in 1386 by Giovanni Galeazzo Visconti, Duke of Milan, and

for five hundred years the sound of the workman's hammer upon it has not ceased. It is cruciform in plan—four hundred and seventy-seven feet long, and one hundred and eighty-three feet high, with a tower which rises to the height of three hundred and sixty feet. The tower is surmounted by a colossal gilt statue of the Blessed Virgin, to whom the church is dedicated. A gallery in the tower is reached by five hundred and twenty steps—well worth the climbing; for from the height there is a splendid view of the Lombard plain and the distant Alps and Apennines. On the wonderful marble roof are ninety-eight Gothic turrets and hundreds of pinnacles, each surmounted by a life-sized statue. Two thousand such statues are on the roof alone; while on and in the entire building there are six thousand, with niches for four thousand more.

The interior satisfies you at once. Fifty-two columns, twelve feet in diameter—the capitals of which are canopied niches for statues—support the roof. The floor is of marble mosaics. The frescoed ceiling would pass for the finest carving. The sunshine, softened by the richly coloured windows into a "dim religious light" befitting the place, brightens the dusky chancel with gleams of crimson, and emerald, and gold. On your right, as you enter, is the tomb of Archbishop Herébert, the champion of Milanese liberty. Beyond it is that of Otto, first reigning prince of the house of Visconti. In the right transept is a monument to Giacomo di Medicis—the corsair of Como—brother of Pope Pius IV. and uncle of Cardinal Charles Borromeo. The embalmed body of St. Charles is preserved in the crypt in a silver sarcophagus faced with rock crystal. The Cardinal was a pure and holy man in a corrupt age; he was canonized specially for his good deeds in the famine and plague of 1576.

More impressive than all the beauties of the architecture and all the sanctity of the relics are the groups of worship-

pers that in the profound silence of the sanctuary kneel motionless before the various altars. You may have come only to gaze; but you will be all the better if you linger for a moment to pray. Those around you may be praying to saints whose very names, perhaps, are unknown to you. That need not prevent your kneeling beside them and lifting up your heart to Him "to whom the saints themselves do pray."

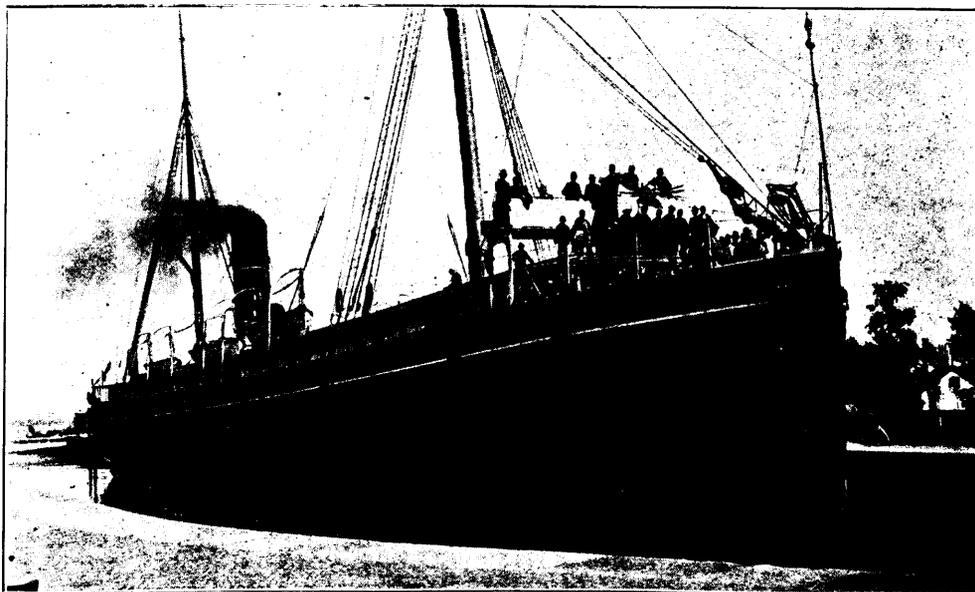
Milan has one treasure more famous (as a work of art) than even its magnificent cathedral. On the wall of the refectory at the Convent of S. Maria delle Grazie is *The Last Supper* of Leonardo da Vinci—perhaps the best known picture in the world. The moment represented by the artist is that of the utterance of the words, "One of you shall betray me!"; and the brief sentence affects each of the disciples differently, according to his individual character. Judas grasps the bag, half concealing it, and holds up his left hand deprecatingly, with a certain hesitation which almost marks him as the guilty one. St. John clasps his hands with feelings too deep for utterance, and St. Peter leans forward with a vehement gesture of denial.

Smoke and dampness have almost obliterated this treasure. In the wars of the first Napoleon's time the room was used as a stable, and the monks—greater Philistines than the soldiers, even—had a door cut through the picture as a short cut to the kitchen. It is remarkable, however, that not one of the thirteen faces has lost its characteristic expression. That of Our Lord is, of course, a subject where all art must to a certain extent fail; but the deep and solemn beauty and the noble majesty of thought here expressed, show how full of reverence must have been Leonardo's conception of the God-man, Christ Jesus.

A. M. MACLEOD.

The Shipbuilding Industry in Canada.

Writing from Halifax, Nova Scotia, to the *Economist*, Mr. Peter Imrie predicts that Canada will eventually control the shipbuilding industry. It is now practically proved, he argues, that steel mixed with from three to five per cent. of nickel is double the strength of ordinary steel, and that it does not corrode or take on barnacles, so that ships constructed of it will never require scraping. Moreover, as ships of nickelated steel may safely be built much lighter than ordinary steel ships, their engine power and consumption of coal may be safely reduced without diminution of speed. In short, nickelated steel seems bound to supersede ordinary steel, and probably also all other materials in present use, in ship construction. Nickel has thus become a necessity, and the nation which is in a position to produce this material must necessarily control the shipbuilding trade. And, for the present, at least, there is no known supply of nickel worth mentioning outside that of Canada. Canada possesses nickeliferous pyrites without limit. The entire bleak region extending from Lake Superior to Labrador is rich in it. Experts declare that the Dominion can supply a million tons of pure metal annually, if necessary, for an indefinite period. All the other sources of supply known in the world just now would not suffice to keep even a single first-class shipbuilding concern on the Clyde in full working.



C. P. R. STEAMER ALBERTA, OF THE OWEN SOUND AND PORT ARTHUR LINE.

are a good many big battles yet to be fought before we come to the final field of Armageddon.

The English nation had taken the bit between its teeth, and was "neither to hand nor to bind." It was bent upon fighting, and no government could control it—kicked the government of the day indeed out of the saddle in very short time. Whether we were ready for war, or indeed whether any nation in Europe was what would be termed ready for war in these days, is open to question. Before we knew where we were, we were committed to it, and had to make the best of it. That it should occasion much confusion at the Horse Guards, as it was then, and much ordering and counter ordering of troops, was only natural. One thing which still further complicated affairs was the persistency with which the government clung to the belief that the whole thing would end in "a demonstration," that the strengthening of our garrisons in the Mediterranean and the landing of a small army at Gallipoli must convince the Czar that we were in earnest. It was not likely that the proud ruler of the hordes of Turkestan and the Steppes of Tartary would flinch from lifting the gauntlet we had thrown down, and of this our rulers were very shortly destined to be convinced.

Now all this led, of course, to much shifting and change of troops, the places of regiments that had been promptly shipped off to the East had to be filled by others, brought from wherever the authorities could lay hands on them. Our military chiefs of those days were painfully cognisant that they could do with many more regiments than we actually possessed, and that the British army was terribly small in comparison to all that was required of it. Regiments got shuffled about in rather higgledy-piggledy fashion in those days. One thing safe to keep clearly in mind, was that wherever a regiment might be sent it was as well it should be handy to a port of embarkation, for it was patent to anyone that if there was really going to be a war every soldier that could be laid hands on in the United Kingdom would be required on the scene of action. The result of all these changes was that Her Majesty's—th found themselves, much to their disgust, in Manchester one fine day, having been sent there to relieve a regiment told off for the East.

Miss Smerdon, who happened to be staying with the Lyndens, picked up the news in the course of her morning walk. Nearly a year had elapsed since the great walking match, and Frances Smerdon had seen a good deal of the—th since then, but it so happened that Miss Lynden had not. She had paid one short visit in the autumn, but the only one of the officers from Newport she had met during that time was Captain Byng. Frances laughed at the time and said, "It's not my fault, Nell, I assure you we asked your hero to dinner, but he's away on leave somewhere and I could not catch him."

"Oh you may laugh at my hero," rejoined the girl, gravely, "but they will all have a chance of being heroes shortly."

"Why, nobody thinks there's going to be a war, really," exclaimed Miss Smerdon.

"Oh, yes, Frances, they do. My father does for one. He not only thinks there'll be a war, but a big war, too."

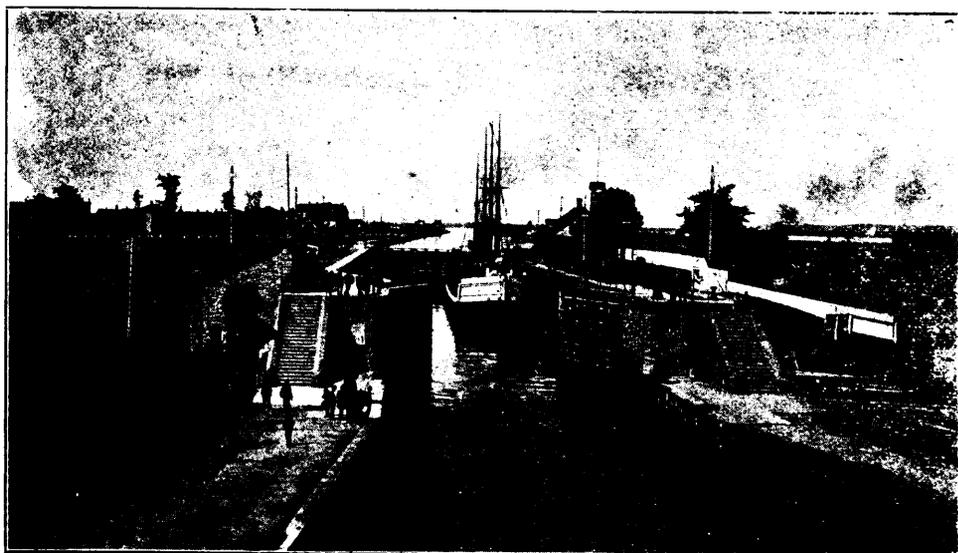
"But even if there should be, the—th are not under orders for it, and I hope they won't be. I don't want to think my friends, my partners, men whose hands have only lately pressed mine, are carrying their lives in their hands."

"They'd not thank you for wishing them out of it," cried Miss Lynden, as her eyes sparkled.

"Didn't you hear that spirited new song the other night, 'Boot and saddle, the pickets are in,' how the officer who sang it gave out the line, 'And we're not the lads to leave out of the dance.'"

"I can understand a soldier would feel that; however, your Newport friends needn't fret. If war is really meant, as my father thinks, he says none of the soldiers need trouble themselves about their not going out, they will all find themselves there before long."

"Ah, well, I can only hope Dr. Lynden's wrong," said Miss Smerdon, "and now give me some lunch, for I am nearly starving." (To be continued.)



SAULT STE. MARIE CANAL AND LOCKS.



TORONTO, 15th August, 1891.



HE speeches of our distinguished visitor, Mr. Howard Vincent, M. P., at Ottawa, on trade relations within the empire, have awakened a strong desire on the part of many to hear him for themselves. Mr. Vincent will be in Toronto and address a special meeting of the Board of Trade in the rotunda on the 18th inst., and members are permitted to invite their friends. It is, however, very desirable that a more public opportunity should be given our citizens of listening to the words of a man, than whom few are more capable of dealing with the principles on which Imperial Federation must rest; and in a commercial city like Toronto it is of the utmost importance that these principles should be well discussed and understood. The League should certainly avail themselves of the presence of Mr. Vincent in Canada to call a public meeting for him.

I am glad to see that the neighbours and friends of Capt. McMicking of the 44th Batt., Niagara Falls, Ont., who won the Prince of Wales' prize (£100 and a gold medal), at the Bisley meeting this year, are to honour him with a banquet of welcome. There is more in prize-shooting than many people think. The crack shot is not the product of a day, or a season, or of a good eye; his superiority comes of close attention to duty, of obedience, of industry, of patience, and of perseverance. He must obey rules and orders implicitly; he must work, hot day, cold day; dry day, wet day; in the early hours of the morning when the grass is white with dew, in the burning sun of midday when the air quivers with heat; the man who emulates a prize must be at the targets, learning from failure the secret of success, and by long continued endeavour year after year reaching at last—if, even after such a course of work, he be so happy—the goal of his hopes and endeavours.

The McMickings come of an old U. E. L. family, which settled in the Niagara district, where they are still represented, and it is meet that the heroes of Canada's past should yet give a hero to the present.

It is difficult to discover the animus of the *World's* attack on the Industrial Exhibition committee for inviting Major-General Herbert to open the show. The *World* decries Gen. Herbert because he is a soldier, and therefore, as it considers, disqualified from taking a prominent part in a peace institution. But the *World* should remember that war opened the way for peace; that war, or rather the power of defence, backed up commerce on that very spot where our annual Industrial Exhibition takes place, as is testified to-day by the handsome pillar that marks where Fort Rouilli,

the first trading post of the Hurons and Mississaugas stood, when the Toronto of to-day was undreamed of. Moreover, it seems very appropriate that the chief officer in charge of the defences of the Dominion should know what that Dominion produces, and its value to the world at large.

In speaking of defence, I am reminded that I visited Fort Niagara the other day, and was astonished at the extent of the works.

A strong and high stone wall defends the Fort on the river side, through which an iron-studded door gives entrance to the top of the high bank on which the Fort stands. Within is a large white building, once the light house, and, perhaps, in earlier days a barracks, and this building by many is mistaken for the fort; a few shells however would soon render it untenable. The fort proper is really a rectangular enclosure of strong earthworks, now peacefully and luxuriantly grass grown, to which we gained entrance by a low arched passage covering a flight of broad stone steps on which a company of men could readily march four abreast. At the bottom we found ourselves in an extensive series of vaulted chambers, built of brick, looking, together with the pillars of the same material that supported them, as fresh and as perfect as if newly built. Light came in through casemates, piercing a six or eight foot thick wall, and showed no other impedimenta on the perfect stone floor than a few withered leaves and the red dust that falls from the brick under the slow alchemy of Time, but in no sense expressive of age or decay. The whole works appear to be fit for occupation any minute, and, as far as civilians could judge, would accommodate a thousand persons with ease. One road, strongly lined with stone, pierces the works and gives access to a bye-road past a green, on two sides of which are strong stone buildings that a very little labour would put in useful order again, and in the midst of the green is the fort, well covered by an iron grating; the green and road protected by other earthworks overgrown with trees and bushes.

A little farther back than the fort are many buildings, residences of the subordinates of the fort and others connected with the military, of which two companies are always stationed at Niagara, and of the Lighthouse service. The new lighthouse is a very fine building, commanding both river and lake, and furnished with the finest glass but one in the United States. I did not hear, but should suppose, that the lighthouse is also an observatory station. The inspection being looked for daily, the inside of the building had received a new coat of black paint, and no visitors were admitted.

Descending the hill—having passed the threatening looking door which stands open all day—to the river bank, where our boatman awaited us, we found the waterworks, which serve the Fort and the little town beyond, in process of enlargement, a new boiler lying upon the stocks close by.

On our own shores and nearly opposite stand the new waterworks of Niagara-on-the-Lake, as the old town has come to be called, and behind it, at a quarter mile distance, lie all that is left of Fort George. The earth-works—if they ever concealed any such chambers as Fort Niagara—conceal them still and too effectually, for the only evidence of military occupation is the ruins of the powder magazine which General Vincent blew up before retreating to Burlington, thereby seriously interfering with the equanimity of General Dearborn, who found he had got a shell with no kernel in it.

The Ontario Government three sessions ago began the work of restoring Fort Mississauga, which was built on the lake shore, near to the entrance of the river. This strong little work was built of the bricks left after the burning of Newark, though it had previously existed in a less enduring form.

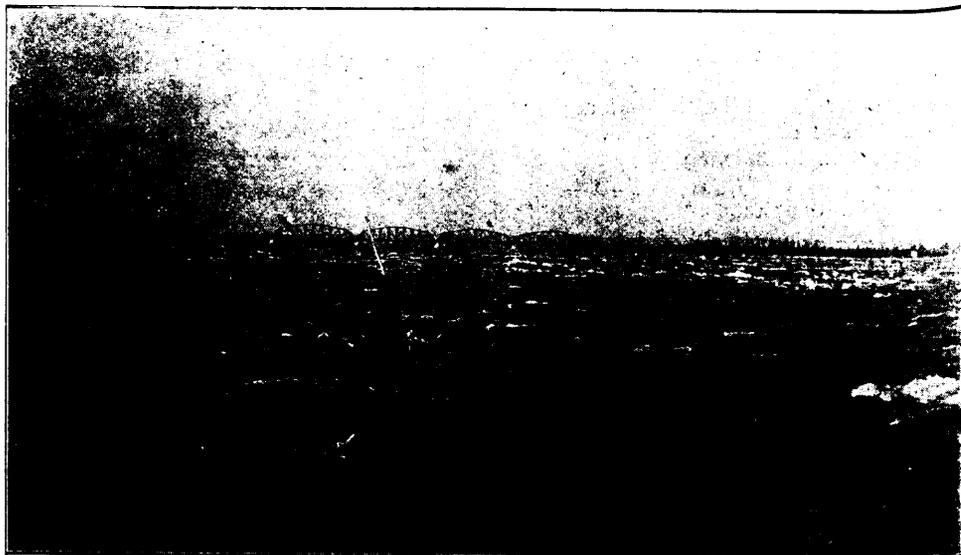
Of late years it had fallen into ruins, and an accidental fire had destroyed all its interior woodwork. But the patriotism of the townspeople desired to retain the Fort in permanent shape, and it has been restored within and without, lookouts from three points on the roof giving the visitor prospects of one of the most delightful panoramas of country that can be found anywhere. It is intended yet further to make the Fort attractive to visitors by fencing in a small park around it, to be laid out in flower beds and resting places. Already visitors have found out the charm of the place and enter its strong oak doors, speculate upon the probable uses of the few apartments, and ascend the dark steps to the second story, to go away charmed with the views afforded, and come again. The Fort could be put into defence in a very short time should need be.

While I have been away my *Canada* for July has arrived, and I am pleased to see that the first number under the raised subscription—said advanced subscription being but a dollar—is a most worthy number. The contributors are all among the highest literary talent, and their contributions are consequently as valuable *per se* as they are interesting and timely.

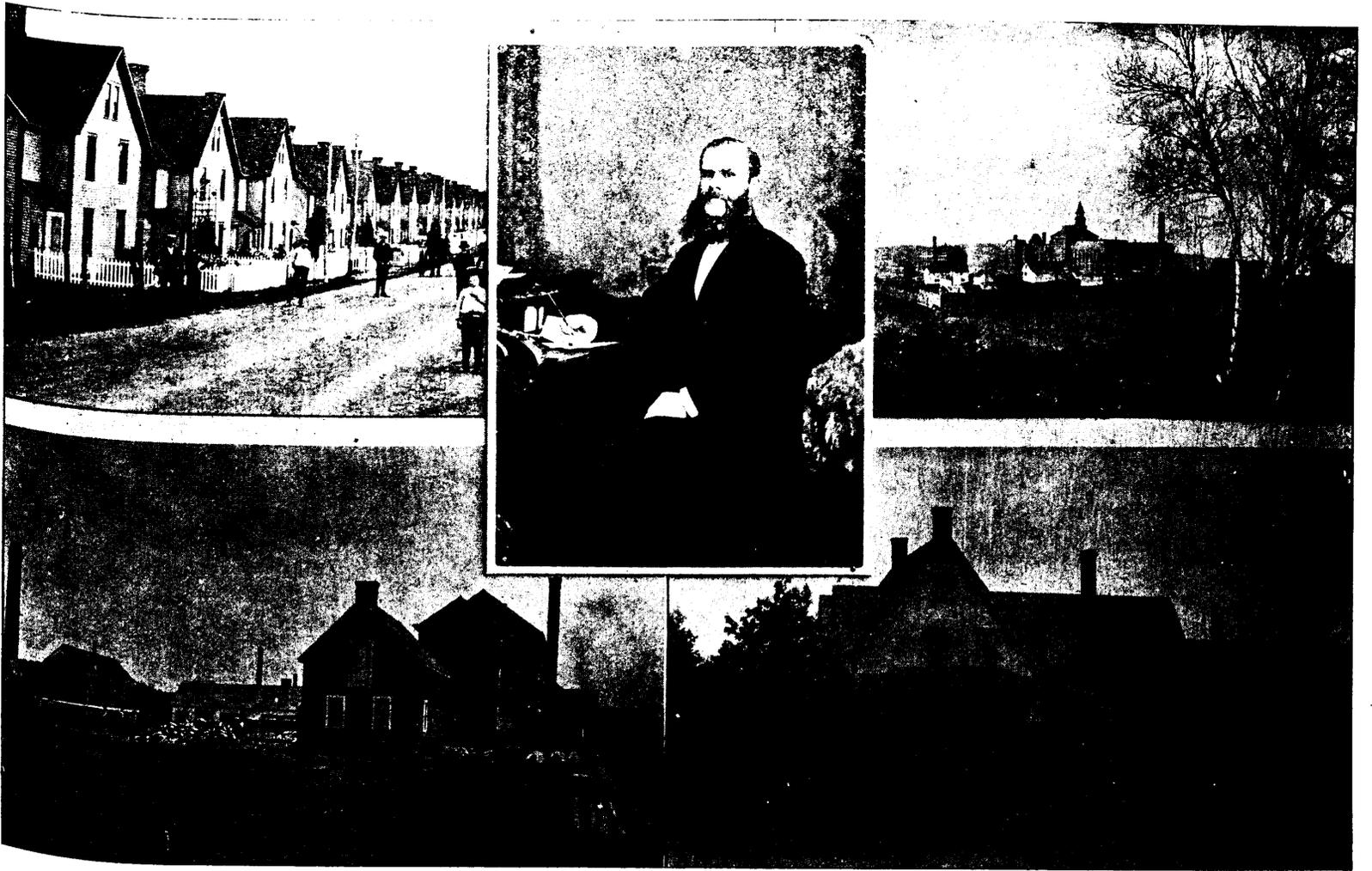
The paper on "Clare Everest" is as delightful as it is mournful, but we know she who sang so sweetly below sings yet more sweetly above; and another on "Dollard," by Pastor Felix, is at once inspiring and elegantly written.

But my space is full.

S. A. CURZON.



THE "500" RAPIDS AND BRIDGE.



Residences of the Officers.

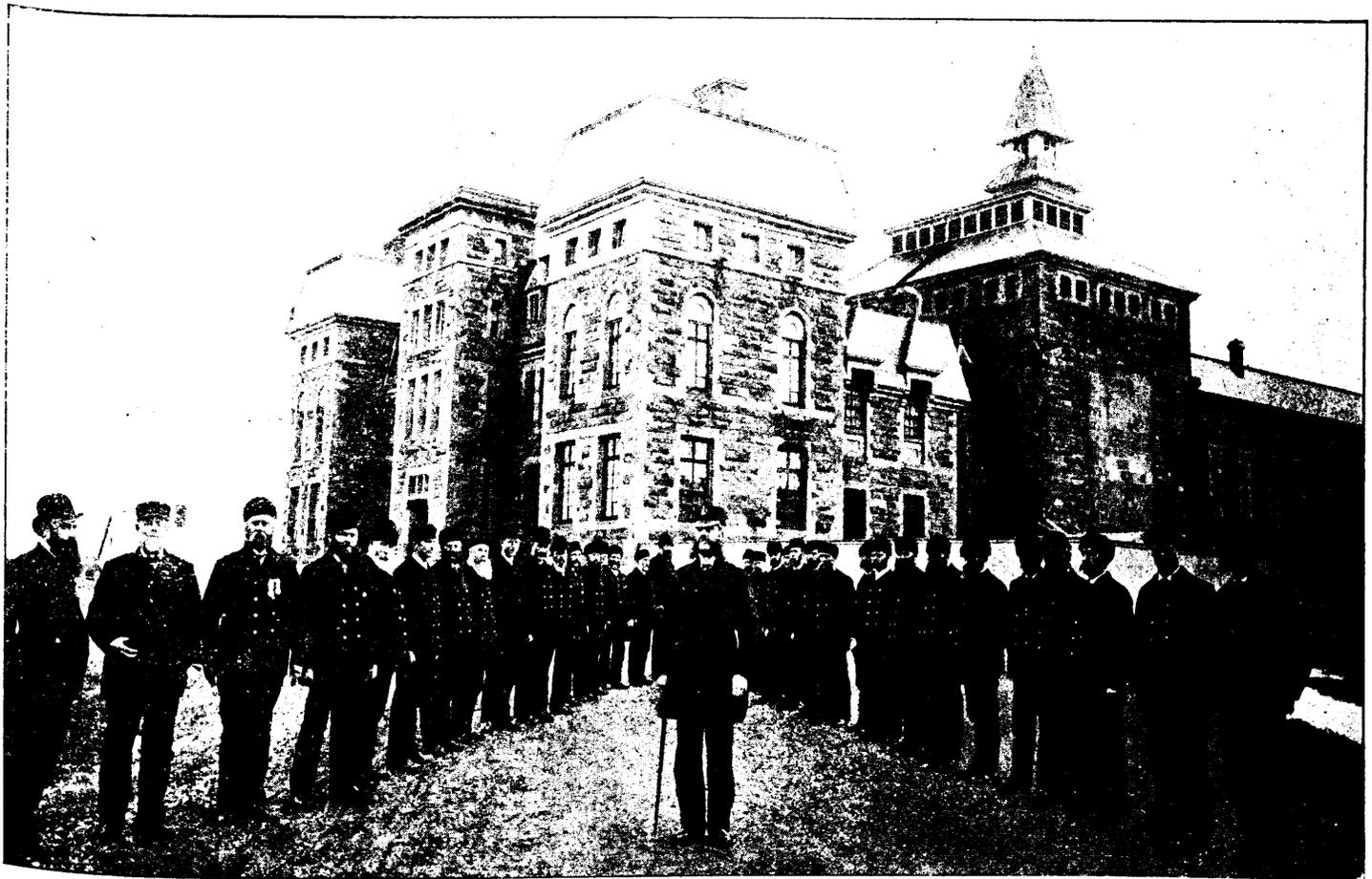
Boiler House and Workshops, inside enclosure.

Warden Forster.

Bird's Eye View of Penitentiary.

Warden's Residence.

VIEWS OF DORCHESTER PENITENTIARY.



WARDEN FORSTER AND STAFF
DORCHESTER PENITENTIARY.



BREAKFAST TABLE IN THE PENITENTIARY.



VIEW OF THE CORRIDOR.
DORCHESTER PENITENTIARY.

Dorchester Penitentiary



THIS institution is so named from the town where it has been located, being the shire-town of the County of Westmoreland, in the Province of New Brunswick. It is sometimes called the "Maritime Penitentiary," from the circumstance that

under the B.N.A. Act of 1867, it is the Dominion Penal Institution for the Maritime Provinces of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island.

The prison was opened in the month of July, 1880, on the 14th day of which month 58 convicts were transferred from the old St. John Penitentiary to their new home, and on the 16th, sixty-one were received from the Halifax Penitentiary, whilst the Prince Edward Island contribution, six in number, was received on October 12 of the same year.

The work of transference was one of very considerable delicacy, but it was accomplished without the least hitch, under the personal superintendence of the inspector.

The site of the institution is admirable for elevation, healthfulness, and convenient supply of water. It stands on a ridge of fertile upland that runs parallel with the Memramcook River. It commands a magnificent view of the surrounding country, and of the head waters of the Bay of Fundy.

The immediate precincts consist of eighteen acres, and are enclosed within a solid and well built stockade, which is nineteen feet high, and within this enclosure are the main buildings, which are well built of stone found in the neighbourhood, together with all other buildings necessary to such an institution, as the hospital, bakery, blacksmiths', tailors' and shoemakers' shops, barns, mills and machine shops.

Near to the immediate precincts is the Warden's lodge, and on the lower side of the main Post Road are the guards' houses, consisting of fifteen uniform double cottages. The houses are fairly convenient as regards their general arrangement, each being supplied with water; and notwithstanding the radical error of the local architect in placing them on the lower, instead of the upper side of the road, the general effect is good.

In addition to the eighteen acres within the stockade, the institution owns one hundred and twenty acres of valuable marsh, about ninety acres of well cultivated upland, and four hundred and seventy acres of woodland, forming altogether a magnificent property, the entire value of which, land and buildings, is about \$420,000.

Standing on its own grounds, the institution has a large and a smaller reservoir, which are supplied from living springs of the purest water, the former with a capacity of 216 000 gallons, and the latter of 10,000. The source of the springs is so elevated that a stream of water can easily be thrown above the cupola, and the general provision for the prison and the offices, as well for consumption as for protection from fire, is admirable. And if only the clear-headed counsel of building the reservoir of stone and cement, instead of wood, had prevailed, this feature of the institution would have been unrivalled.

The number confined within the prison on Monday, April 6—being the Dominion census day—was one hundred and sixty-nine male convicts; and as this, with the exception of five female convicts at Kingston, represents the criminal population of the three Maritime Provinces, it is a showing, when compared with the total population, that is highly honourable to the general morality and law-abiding character of the people.

As far as is practicable, all prisoners are kept at some useful occupation or productive industry; anything like competition with outside industries being, as far as possible, avoided. Only unreasoning self-interest could advocate that a large body of men of the character of convicts should be kept in enforced and unproductive idleness. No responsible public man, conversant with the facts, could recommend such a fatuity; and yet, confessedly, manufacturers and striving mechanics should not be substantially injured or interfered with. It must, therefore, be entirely satisfactory to the Dominion taxpayer to know that if our criminal population cost them money, that they are also made to contribute \$26.83 per capita, towards their own maintenance. Convict labour makes all the clothing, both of the prisoners and of the staff, makes all boots and shoes, bakes all the bread that is eaten, does all carpentering, painting and glazing, blacksmithing and machine work.

All the gardening, farming and stock raising operations are carried on by convict labour, in a manner profitable to the country. All stock raising is done on the premises, whether horses, cattle, pigs or sheep—and very fine they are. In addition to four teams of excellent working horses, there are several fine colts being raised, seventy head of cattle, and about forty sheep. The prison raises all its own pork, and but for exceptionally unfavourable seasons, its own vegetables.

Like all other kindred institutions, the Dorchester Penitentiary is officered by a warden, deputy-warden, chaplains, surgeon, accountant, and several other heads of departments. The first warden was Blair Botsford, who died on April 7, 1887, at New York, of malarial fever, contracted in Florida, where he had gone for the benefit of his health. He was succeeded by the present warden, John B. Forster, who, at the time of his appointment, was deputy warden. On Mr. Forster becoming warden, chief keeper Keefe was promoted to be deputy; and when, together with his wife, deputy warden Keefe unhappily lost his life, by fire, in his quarters, on December 10, 1888, Mr. Chas. Ross, then steward, was promoted to be deputy warden. Mr. Ross is now the senior member of the staff by service, having been appointed at Halifax in the year 1867. In this series of applications of the rule of promotion, the government has been singularly happy as regards the effect upon the staff, inasmuch as the members all feel that they have something to hope for.

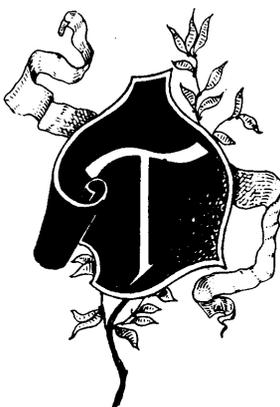
The chaplains are the Rev. Father Cormier, and the Rev. J. Roy Campbell, B.D.; the physician, Robert Mitchell, a graduate of Edinburgh; and the accountant, John A. Gray, who also holds with that office the position of schoolmaster.

The chapel is used jointly by the Roman Catholics and Protestants, and whilst it lacks the great beauty of the Roman Catholic chapel at St. Vincent de Paul, it has none of the extreme dinginess of the Protestant chapel of that institution. The chapel wears an air altogether devotional and inviting, there being no trace of a prison visible; it has rather the appearance of a well appointed parish church.

Whilst it would not be becoming in the writer to institute comparisons between this and kindred institutions on any economical question—the blue-books tell all that is needed—we may be pardoned for referring, in conclusion, to the uniform testimony of the inspector to the excellent *esprit de corps* that has, from his first report in 1881 to his last in 1890, always characterized the staff. And to this one fact may fairly be referred that other, viz., that the first official investigation or enquiry into the affairs of this prison has yet to be held.

Long may it be so.

The Prince Edward Island Tunnel.



THE greatest public work the Canadian government has now in contemplation is the construction of a railroad tunnel under the Straits of Northumberland, connecting the shores of New Brunswick with those of Prince Edward Island. At the request of the Dominion government Sir Douglas Fox has made a report on the cost and feasibility of the work, of which the following is a brief summary:

The greatest depth of water is 96 ft. at high water, with a rise of tides of 6 ft. at springs and 3 ft. at neaps, and the speed of the current does not exceed three knots, with two hours of slack water at each tide. The distance from shore to shore is given at about 13,200 yds., or say from shaft to shaft 13,500 yds., exclusive of land approaches on either side, of which about 2,000 yds. would be in the tunnel. The shores on either coast are well adapted for railroad approaches, varying from 15 to 35 ft. in height above high watermark, with a mean altitude of 25 ft., the soil being largely red clay. The higher land on the Prince Edward Island shore falls away toward the interior, which will shorten the approach on that side. It is considered that about 5½ miles of railroad, including some 2,000 yards of tunnel, as before mentioned, will be necessary beyond the shafts to connect the tunnel with the respective systems of railroad, which, however, are of a different gauge, viz.,

4 ft 8½ in. in New Brunswick and the Dominion generally and 3 ft. 6 in. in Prince Edward Island.

From the above it will be seen that the length of tunnel from shaft to shaft would be 7.67 miles, while, with the connections to the present railroad on each side, the whole tunneling required would be over 9 miles.

The estimates are as follows:

In the dry portions of the work, a tunnel of brick-work, in cement, averaging 1 ft. 6 in. in thickness (the bricks being of local manufacture), and where feeders occur, with cast iron casing 1¼ in. in thickness, with 6 in. flanges, laid with steel rails weighing 50 lb. to the yard, is estimated to cost £66 10s., nearly, per lineal yard, or say £897,500 from shaft to shaft, or with the land tunnel and contingencies a total sum of £1,075,200.

Should it be decided that the tunnel must be of sufficient dimensions for a railroad of the 4 8½ gauge, and that the railroads of the island shall be altered to that gauge, a tunnel of 16 ft. in diameter would appear to just accommodate passenger and freight cars of the normal Canadian and American type, but not drawing room and sleeping cars, nor some of the cars running upon the Intercolonial railroad. This size does not allow of a very satisfactory permanent way, nor does it provide proper space for the platelayers. Such a tunnel constructed in the shale, of brickwork in cement, 1 ft. 10½ in. in thickness, and where feeders occur with cast iron casing, 15 in. in thickness, with 9 in. flanges, and laid with steel rails weighing 70 lb. to the lineal yard, is estimated to cost £122 10s., nearly, per lineal yard, or say £1,652,506 from shaft to shaft, or with the land tunnel and contingencies a total sum of £1,971,800.

Sir Douglas Fox is of opinion that to properly accommodate the Canadian and American rolling stock the tunnel should have an internal diameter of not less than 18 ft. Such a tunnel, constructed as specified for the 16 ft. tunnel, is estimated to cost £140 per lineal yard, or say £1,890,000 from shaft to shaft, or with land tunnel and contingencies a total sum of £2,225,500.

It is recommended that, before inviting tenders for the main work, a shaft placed at Carleton Point, so as to be afterward available for permanent pumping and ventilating purposes, should be sunk well into the red clay shale, which lies above the carboniferous sandstone. Borings similar to those taken at the Sarnia tunnel (viz., from a vessel or platform through 16 in. wrought iron pipes, so as to insure cores of sufficient size and undamaged being brought to the surface) should be made across the straits and down to the carboniferous bedrock. With this information obtained, much closer tenders may be expected for the construction of the tunnel.

When the work is resolved upon, immediate steps should be taken: 1st. To connect the existing railroads with the tunnel work.

2d. To establish brickyards at the nearest available site where good clay free from lime is to be found. The quantity of bricks required will vary from 30 to 60 millions, according to the size of the tunnel.

3d. To erect dwellings, stores, etc., for the staff and workmen.

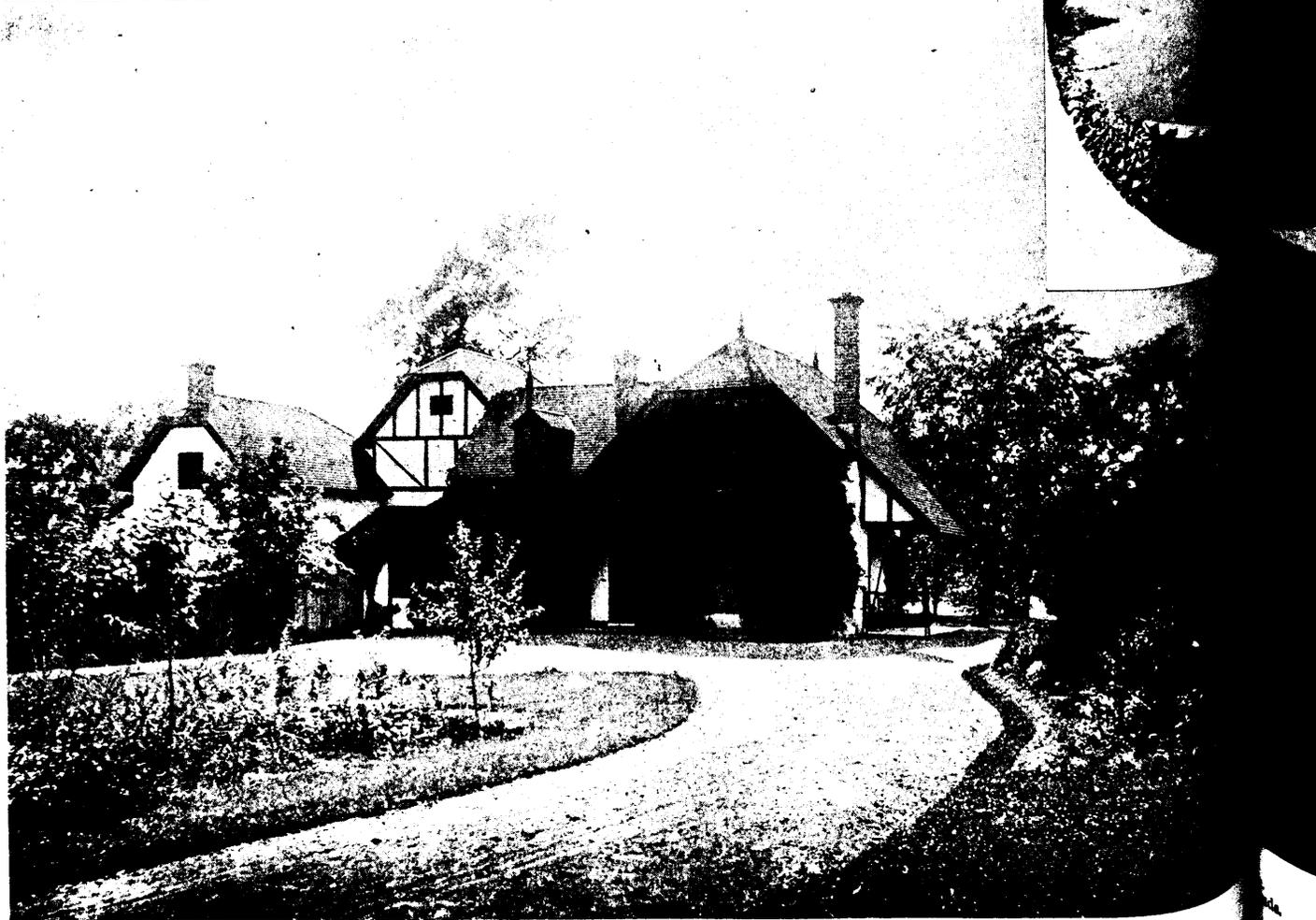
4th. To put down the permanent pumps and provide the necessary plant for temporary purposes.

5th. To install the necessary electric plants and motors.

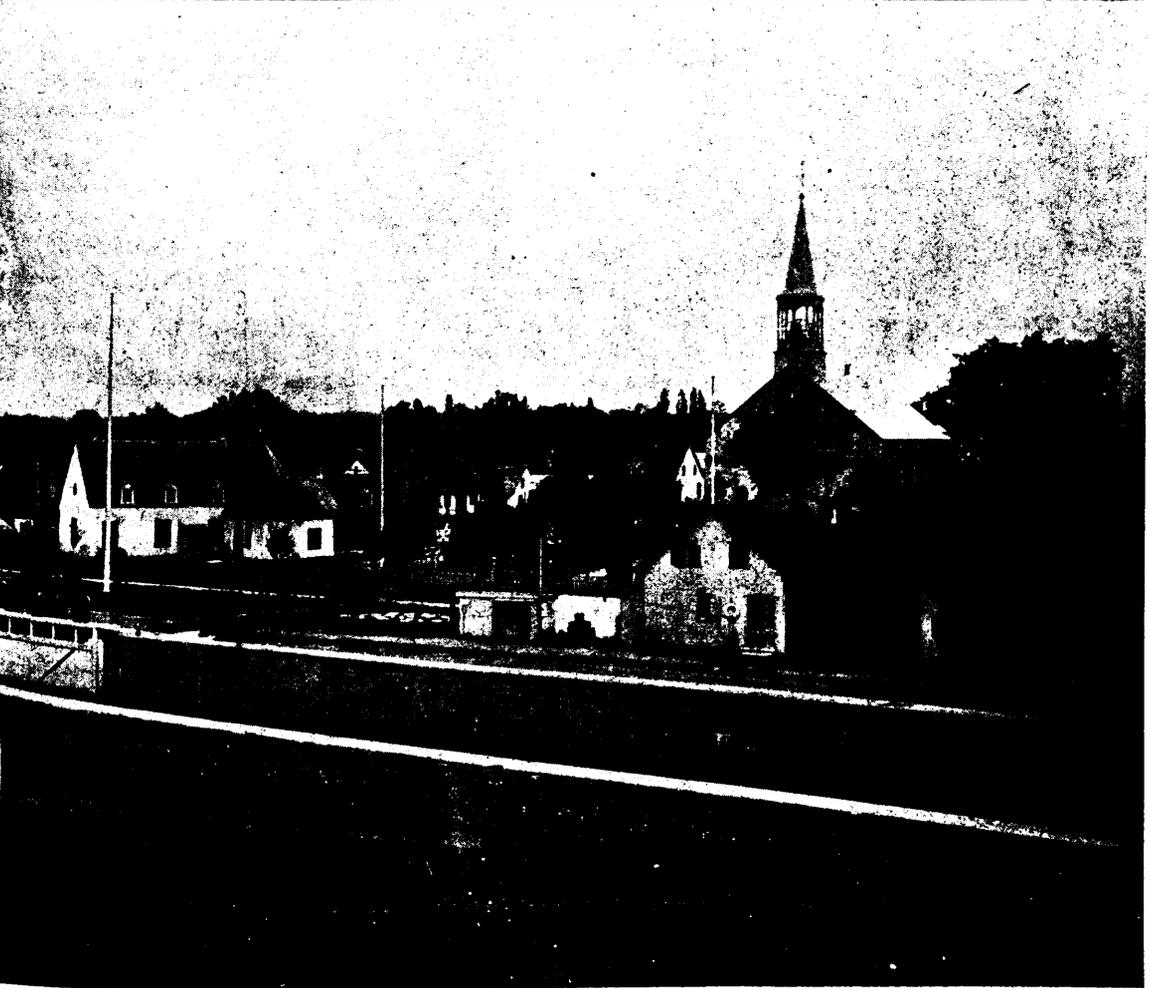
6th. To provide and fix the compressed air machinery.—*Railroad Gazette.*

The Organisation of the Royal Artillery.

There is considerable excitement in artillery circles over the forthcoming Royal Warrant, which is to effect certain changes in the organisation of the Royal Artillery, and which, it is understood, will make its appearance in August. It has been no secret for some time that the pay of regimental officers in the Garrison Artillery is to be raised, so as to enable it to vie with the attractions of the mounted branches of the Royal regiment. It is also announced that certain special appointments will be created, and paid at an increased rate, and it is added that the change in organisation will introduce what is known as the double company system. Although strenuously denied, there is also no doubt that one effect of the new arrangements will be to commence that separation of the mounted from the dismounted branches, so much longed for by all young "gunners" who picture themselves going through life in the handsome "jacket" of the Royal Horse Artillery.—*Daily Graphic.*



Residence of R. R. Angus, Esq.
Residence of J. A. Gillespie, Esq.



Residence of Hon J. J. C. Abbott
View of Canal Locks.

CULTURE, DEFINED AND QUALIFIED.

BY T. HENRY CARTER.

THE word "culture" and its less fashionable synonymic "cultivation" are derived, the former directly, the latter through the French, from the same Latin root, meaning originally no more than the tillage of the soil, and hence applied figuratively to the corresponding process in the human mind. "Cultivation" used to be the term oftenest heard some years ago, at least on the other side of the Atlantic. Mr. Richard Grant White, the eminent etymologist, even stigmatizes "culture" as an odious word, though without giving any other reason than its novelty. Perhaps, coming from Boston, he got more of it than was good for him. For my own part, I confess with him to a preference for the older term. If one hears a person described as "a man of cultivation" one feels inclined to take for granted that he is a gentleman, while "a person of culture" one apprehends, is more liable to turn out a humbug or a snob. The dictates of fashion, however, are not to be questioned or criticized, and "culture," not "cultivation," is to be the theme of our discourse this evening.

In the widest sense culture, as applied to human beings, may be defined as, "Any process by which man is raised above the conditions imposed upon him by the necessities of his nature." This, I think, is agreeable to sense and Matthew Arnold, but it would not suit everybody. To supply a definition of culture, not open to criticism, is not a simple matter. Thus one well known authority lays it down as, "That which makes an intelligent being more intelligent and tends to make reason and the will of God prevail," while another writer, scarcely less eminent and polished, lays down the law after this sort:—

"Perhaps the very silliest cant of the day is the cant about culture. Culture is a desirable quality in a critic of new books and sits well on a professor of belles lettres, but, as applied to politics, it means simply a turn for small fault finding, love for selfish ease and indecision in action. The man of culture is, in politics, one of the poorest mortals alive. For simple pedantry and want of good sense no man is his equal. No assumption is too unreal, no end is too unpractical for him. But the active exercise of politics requires common sense, sympathy, trust, resolution and enthusiasm,—qualities which your man of culture has carefully rooted up lest they damage the delicacy of his critical olfactories. Perhaps they are the only class of responsible beings in the community who cannot with safety be entrusted with power."

We need not here stop to discuss the propriety of this summary, but, having quoted the extremes of definition, we will take our own for granted and proceed:—

The only necessities felt by man in his lowest condition are those of food and shelter. When these are supplied the upward impulse begins to assert itself and the adoption of clothing may be held to mark the first step in culture.

Wants supplied become in time necessities, and, as culture supplies man's wants, it adds, with the expansion of his ideas, to the number of them. When man is clothed he advances to ornament; and feathers and paint mark his second step in culture.

We will not wait to trace at length the development or evolution of culture, but merely note that what are really the typical expressions of a forgotten culture may be thoughtlessly regarded as examples of its absence. Nobody, for instance, nowadays regards as a person of culture a prize-fighter or ballad singer. Yet such, with their congener, the juggler, represent the very summit of culture in the heroic age, and similarly the Spanish matador, and even the Indian medicine man, though worthy to be abolished before superior civilization, mark, in their way, steps in later cultivation.

Leaving out the culture of plants and of the lower animals, though a cultured orchid or a cultured retriever is an object we might fain linger over, we come down, or rather come up, in the long process of evolution, to what is commonly understood as culture among civilized mankind in our own day. This we find to be the same in principle as that of the rudest epoch—the raising of ourselves above what is merely necessary to health and comfort in our surroundings, and the gradual modification or softening of the brute heritage represented primarily by the passion for war. Is this striving then—for it must involve effort—worth our while, if we include as necessities amusement, society and personal ease, and exclude from our notion of warfare the necessary contests of

the stock exchange and dry goods counter? I think it may be shown to depend upon what are our aims and objects.

If Mr. Gladstone and his recent discoveries in political economy are to be followed, the opinion of the masses ought in all cases to be consulted and accepted as final, and this opinion is by no means always given in favour of culture. Yet, whether these ignorant and infallible people are sure to be right or not on matters of taste, there is little doubt that they possess an unerring instinct for the detection of nonsense and cant in any question or matter in which their political principles and prejudices are not involved. If then they sometimes appear to show a hostility to culture, it would follow, what might, in fact, be taken for granted in the nature and constitution of things, that there is a true culture and a sham culture, and that the latter is sometimes more apparent and obtrusive than the former.

Nobody deliberately proposes to follow what he knows to be false; how then is true to be known from spurious culture, the sterling coin from the base counterfeit?

The difference between a silver spoon and a plated one, or between an oil painting and a chromo, is apparent to the meanest capacity, but to apply similar distinctions to processes of the mind is not so simple, for there, amid the endless complexity of human motive, the true and false, like the wheat and the tares in the parable, are ever liable to be more or less mingled. The worst sham culture will take in its little five per cent. of truth's unleavened bread, and rare is even the truest culture that is not disfigured by a tincture or flavouring of twaddle. Still, despite these drawbacks, we can usually make shift to pronounce an opinion upon the culture of our neighbours. The question is: What about our own? If we have decided, as I think it may be shown, that culture is worth our pains, how are we ourselves to eschew the evil and choose the good with a reasonable confidence of being in the right track? It seems to depend upon motives, as I have said, or what one might call a minor kind of faith. The follower of false culture—to take him first and get rid of him—is misled by a petty ideal (if he has any ideal at all and is not merely running after fashion and novelty). He has, perhaps, found that he cannot play the violin or poker and, as he must get himself talked about or perish in the attempt, he makes a rush at general culture, as a vesture in which he may masquerade without the disagreeable apprehension of being found out. Thus, if he has a taste for wine (which is not improbable) and is also, say, of a mathematical turn, he may get up all the different brands, colours and flavours, find out about Tokay, hock and hermitage, and eke matters out with a casual reference to Jupiter's satellites or the properties of oblate spheroids. In the same way, if he affects the collecting of coins or egg shells, he can tell you all about the medals of Augustus and Valentinian, throw in a speculation on bacteriology and wind up with some severe reflections on the discipline of Siberian prisons or any other convenient enormity that is sufficiently far off. If he can contrive to get himself suspected of atheism he scores a point, but if not, it will do nearly as well to commit popery. Far different from him who has walked alive with truth, his design is not to improve himself but to startle his neighbours, not to become well informed so much as to seem so. By dint of assurance he may manage to get himself accepted at his own valuation, and flourish for a time like him whom the psalmist observed spreading himself like a green bay tree. It is even possible for him to possess the gift nearly allied to genius itself, of not getting found out at all, but most often he is relegated to his proper place by the unscientific, yet pretty accurate sizing up of public opinion. Some untoward incident betrays him when least expected, like the policeman killed by the accidental discharge of his duty, and, sooner or later, he sinks under the reputation of a bore. But before condemning even such a character we must be on our guard against judgments dictated by spleen, bearing in mind that the habit of sneering criticism is easier to get into than to get out of. "There is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty." He is doing well that can gauge the depths of his own heart, and none can sound the heart of another.

"O my soul come not thou into their secret, unto their assembly, mine honour be not thou united; for in their anger they slew a man, and in their self will they digged down a wall." Such was the denunciation of the dying Jacob, not

against human error but against the uncompromising and indiscriminate upholders of virtue. After all, there should be no objection to a rational degree of conceit. Your man who has no conceit about him—you want to button up your pockets when he comes round. He is liable to have a note at four months somewhere about him that he wants your signature on the back of.

The man of true culture presents to the character we have been criticising thus mildly, and in the aggregate, a strong, but not immediately apparent contrast. His talents, if he has any, may be about the same, his intellectual habitat not dissimilar, but his aims and methods are different. His culture, so far from being to his advantage, is just as likely to be a hindrance to his success in business and in society; yet, though he knows to his cost that it is as well, from a worldly point of view, not to be too cultured, he is not concerned to resist the subtle fascination. His objects in pursuing culture are threefold,—

Firstly—That he may more fully appreciate the true and beautiful.

Secondly—That he may develop and make the best use of his powers, and in so doing contribute in his small way to carrying out the designs of his Maker.

Thirdly—That he may be able to sympathize more fully with kindred spirits and with the joys and sufferings of mankind in general.

He has his reward and finds in culture a consolation under disappointment and a refuge from the storms of fate; a glory that shall not fade away or die into the light of common day. And if his investment should not turn out to pay from the standard of dollars and cents, in the satisfaction of the better and nobler aspirations it opens up an ever widening field, from the pastures of which the toiler after wealth for its own sake, lading himself with the thick clay, and the still shallower devotee of frivolity are destined, from the nature of their pursuits, to remain strangers.

Commercial travellers, it is to be feared, do not read the bible; and one reason for this abstinence is to be sought in the fact that they find a copy of the sacred scriptures upon every toilet table in the hotels they frequent. Similarly a good many not very profound people think culture too cheap and easy to be worth going out of their way about. If the prophet had bid them do some great thing they might have done it, but when it involves no more than a little extra civilization it does not seem worth while—(like the Highlander, when they wanted him to take a bath). Others will say,—"the people I am thrown among are not friendly to culture, they don't understand it; for my own part I like it ever so much, but I don't want to be left to my own devices." "Silence," says Confucius, "is a friend that will never betray," and those who cannot stand a little of it had better give their spare time to getting up their waltzing and small talk and leave culture alone.

But in fact culture, no more than cookery, can be acquired in six easy lessons. A \$2 subscription to the "art amateur" is not going to do the work. Not only effort is necessary but also enthusiasm, a determination which can rise superior to privation and outweary disappointment.

When the celebrated Dr. Schliemann was a half-starved boy in a dry-goods store he considered for a time what service he should render to culture when he should be able to afford it, and decided upon the design of disentering the ruins of ancient Troy. At twenty-one he had advanced as far as thirty-two pounds a year and continued faithful to his early project. At thirty-eight he retired from business with a fortune, which he spent in accomplishing those discoveries which will ever make his name illustrious.

Or hear the experience of Yoshida, the Japanese proto-martyr to progress, only a few years ago. He was ugly and laughably disfigured with the small-pox; and while nature had been so niggardly with him from the first, his personal habits were even sluttish. His clothes were wretched. When he ate or washed he wiped his hands upon his sleeves, and, as his hair was not tied more than once in two months, it was often disgusting to behold. With such a picture it is easy to believe that he never married. Such was his passion for study that he even grudged himself natural repose, and when he grew drowsy over his books he would, if it were summer, put mosquitoes up his sleeves, and, if it were winter, take off his shoes and run barefoot on the snow. His handwriting was exceptionally villainous; poet though he was, he had no taste for what was elegant, and in a country where to write beautifully was not the mark of a scrivener, but an admired accomplishment, he suffered his letters to be jolted out of him by the press of matter and the heat of his convictions. This man, having determined to penetrate the

secret of western civilization, although the penalty of attempting to do so was death, with a common soldier who had caught his enthusiasm seized a fisherman's boat and rowed out to join an American vessel. Their very manner of boarding was significant of determination, for they had no sooner caught hold upon the ship than they kicked away their boat to make return impossible. But it was one of the Treaty stipulations that no Japanese was to be aided in escaping from Japan, and Yoshida and his follower were handed over as prisoners to the authorities. That night he who had been to explore the secrets of the barbarian slept, if he might sleep at all, in a cell too short for lying down at full length and too low for standing upright. Yoshida and the soldier suffered a long and miserable period of captivity, and the latter indeed died while yet in prison, but such a spirit as that of Yoshida is not easily made or kept a captive, and that which cannot be tamed by misfortune you shall seek in vain to confine in a bastille.

It is, indeed, "better to be a crystal and be broken than to remain perfect like a tile upon the housetops." Being found guilty he was eventually put to death.

"It is not enough to remember Yoshida," says Stevenson, "We must not forget the common soldier. It is exhilarating to have lived in the same days as these great hearted gentlemen. Only a few miles from us, to speak by the proportion of the universe, while I was droning over my lessons, Yoshida was goading himself to be wakeful with the stings of the mosquito, and while you were grudging a penny income tax the common soldier was going to his death with a noble sentence upon his lips."

True culture is catholic and comprehensive, overleaping with a noble contempt the narrowing bounds of nationality and still more the distinctions, otherwise insuperable, of rank and position. The advantages of trade unionism, conspicuous enough in iron puddling and the plumbing trade, do not apply in that of culture, nor can the collective wits of a multitude atone for the intellectual leanness of the individual.

The more you find culture segregating itself into little cliques and coteries with their ignoble masonries of signs and passwords, the more reason there is to suspect its genuineness. It is too late in the day to make out of culture a "cultus" confined to the proud or the rich, with its hierarchies and mysteries, its flamens and oracles, which people of the commoner sort must be content to revere from a distance, or to convert the republic of letters into a decidedly "limited" monarchy. It may have been different a century or two ago, when none but a "person of quality" was supposed to write or read elegant literature (or to pay somebody else to read or write it for him). But it matters not now nor ever again can matter what a man's station or circumstances may be if he have the instinct of self-improvement; for none now-a-days are too ignorant to read, or too poor and mean to converse on equal terms with the noblest and best of mankind through the medium of a circulating library. "There are many spiritual eyes," says one, "that seem to spy upon our actions,—eyes of the dead and the absent, whom we imagine to behold us in our most private hours and whom we fear and scruple to offend."

This communion and fellowship with the far off great ones and across the grave and gate of death itself is not confined to readers. It is the immortal privilege of culture to conjure it up at will through the keys of the organ, the sculptor's marble or any other of the many vehicles through which its power is felt and its voice heard.

This great commonwealth is the only one we are like to see, till we shall lie down in the dust and the worms shall cover us, in which all men are free and equal. The small and the great are there, and the slave is free from his master. A cultured coachman is just as feasible as a cultured cabinet minister,—perhaps more so, nor ought his harness to be rubbed up or his axle-trees greased any the worse on account of his determination to polish himself. On the contrary the enlargement of his ideas should make him punctilious as never before in rendering to all their due. When the work he is paid for is done, and not till then, will he repair to sweet oblivion of his daily care where the colours glow and the lights sparkle—in fairy-land.

Some people allow their culture to run too exclusively into one channel or pursuit. This is a great mistake. There are breeds of dogs that improve the faculty of scent to a degree that no scientist would for an instant believe in if it went on the authority of the bible or any number of credible witnesses testifying on oath; if he did not, in short, see it put to the proof with his own eyes in every street. But this marvellous faculty of scent is acquired at the expense of all the other senses. Nature allows of no improvements in her arrangements and proportions, and so it comes that eyes and

ears have to suffer in the exact proportion that the nose is unduly exalted. In fact, to get on at all the dogs require a sort of artificial sixth sense that other animals can do without—that of wagging their tails. In like manner people who allow their culture to run too closely in one groove are apt not only to get, but to deserve, the injurious reputation of cranks.

There ought to be nothing feverish or fussy about culture, though there may be about genius. A man who seems to have combined both gifts, the musician Handel, did not publish anything of note till he was turned of fifty, and many a fiery literary enthusiast has had occasion to regret in later life that he did not follow his example. Neither should it be pursued immoderately or without proper attention to time and place. A sensible cook, though cultured, will not attempt "effects of colour" out of marmalade or grow ecstatic over symphonies in grease, and as to the necessity for moderation, culture beyond any doubt may be, and often is, carried too far; and, in the reaction of nature consequent upon such overtraining, a frame of mind may result like that of the solitary to whom "it seemed far better to be born to labour and the mattock hardened hand, than nursed in affluence and made to understand." "I have seen all the works that are done under the sun," says one who lived three thousand years before Lord Tennyson, "and behold all is vanity and vexation of spirit. That which is crooked cannot be made straight, and that which is wanting cannot be numbered. For in much wisdom is much grief, and he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow. For what hath man of all his labour and of the vexation of his heart wherein he had laboured under the sun? For all his days are sorrow and his travail grief, yea his heart taketh no rest in the night. This also is vanity. For there is no remembrance of the wise more than of the fool for ever, seeing that which now is, in the days to come, shall all be forgotten. And how dieth the wise man? As the fool. Therefore I hated life, because the work that is wrought under the sun is grievous unto me. For all is vanity and vexation of spirit."

Yet even this cynic is hardly quite in earnest. He evidently does not expect us to take him too literally, for—"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might, for there is no work nor device nor knowledge nor wisdom in the grave whither thou goest."

Pitfalls of this sort, like the unclean spirit who walked through dry places, beset the idle and self-centred. For the humble effacer of self upon whom has descended the afflatus of enlightenment, like the holy light, offspring of heaven first born; for him, not led away by the contemplation of his own greatness or the littleness of his neighbours, there is no fear of such a conclusion. He does not need to risk moral dyspepsia by attempting, like Ecclesiastes, the whole menu of knowledge. With him culture is not so much mere learning, (there are learned men, like Mr. Frederick Harrison, who have no culture about them at all and who do not want any,) as a way of looking at things in the light of experience and research, which, when persevered in, brings at last the rare gift of seeing them in their just proportions; a calm temperance of judgment, a disposition to admit the possibility of error on his own part and to hear what may be said on the other before coming to any decision, which, without impairing his force of character, rubs off the crudeness of his self-esteem and comes in time to influence all his actions and to modify his thoughts.

Having spent, say a year or two, in welcoming anything or anybody that would help him to get rid of his naturally enormous egoism, he is ready to begin the pursuit of culture with a proper sense of his insignificance and some wholesome doubts touching the quantity and quality of his own brain. However accurate such a diagnosis may be he must bear in mind, for comfort, that mother nature is ever ready to make all reasonable allowances; and, with whatever seeming cruelty she may have fashioned him, never forgets her compensations if he do but feel after them and find them. From this point of view indeed culture might be defined as the quality that enables a person to get on and bear up without cleverness and without impudence. Between such a one and him of the bastard culture there is a great gulf fixed, deep as tophet and wide almost as that which divides the professional from the amateur, yet entitled to the respect of good men as having its origin in reason. What though his unpretending efforts get sniffed at by the scribes and pharisees of cultivation, who will want to know, "How knoweth this man culture, having never learned?" To him it matters little who has acquired pre-eminently the faculty of appreciating himself. Of course amateurs have no business to exist, any more than quack doctors, but where they do presume to be it is

sometimes possible for them to find consolation in the reflection of one who had good reason to know what he was talking about. "Better is a poor and wise child than an old and foolish king who will no more be admonished," or, to do the sentiment into modern English, Better a Bashkirtseff than a Bierstadt!

We sometimes hear it said that genius can safely be left to itself. On the long run merit will come to the front and criticism does not kill. A little severity will not kill, but it is possible to escape bleeding from the fangs of the lion to be ravined by rats or stung to death by mosquitoes. "Merit will assert itself."—It sounds all right, something like that other piece of sententious wisdom, that "Truth is mighty and will prevail," so often on the lips of those who want to be excused the trouble of giving her a helping hand. In the name of Spenser and Chatterton and the Keatses and the Isabella Crawford Vallenceys I must protest against the doctrine that inspiration is always associated with check.

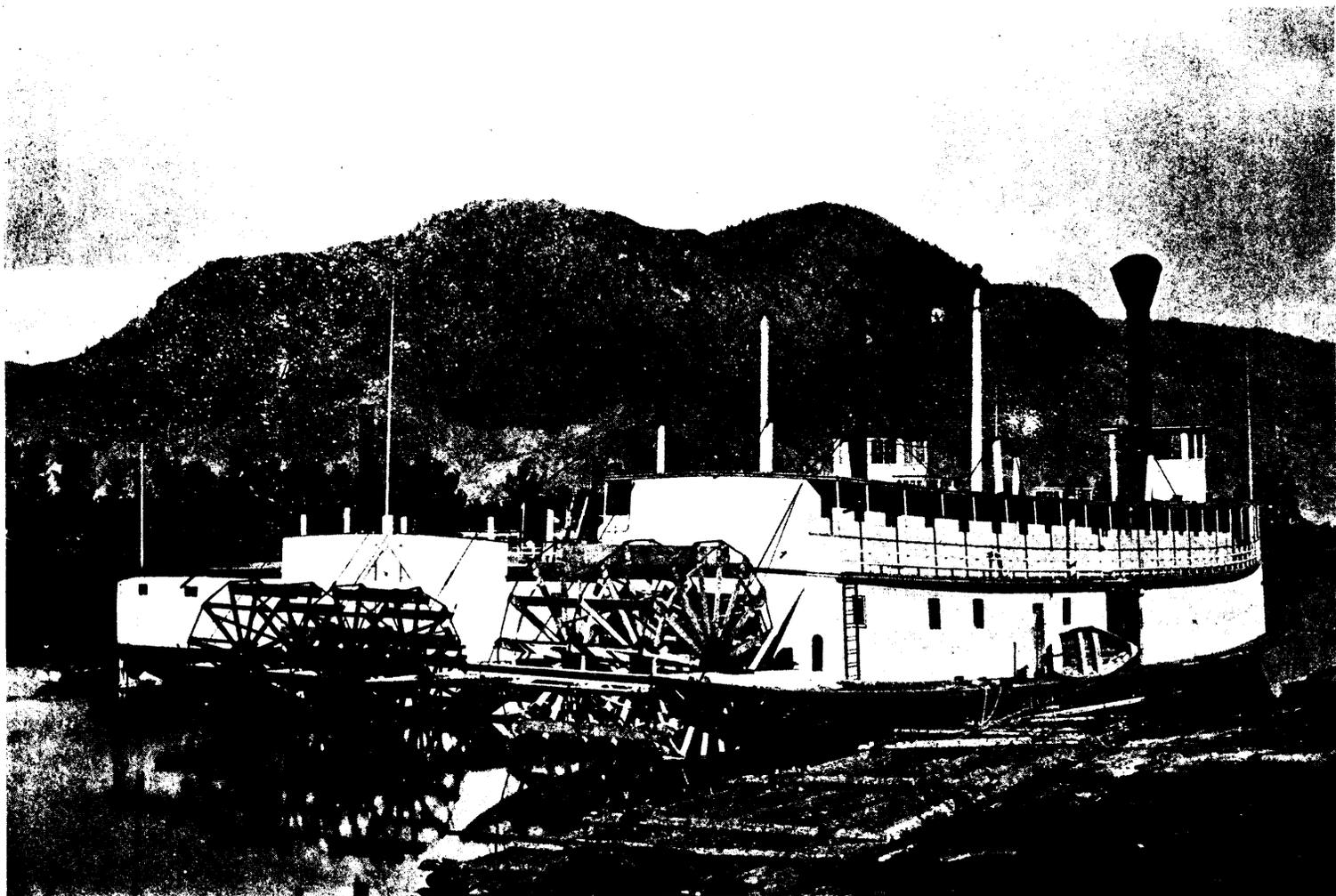
But if it is meant that the chances of any aspirant to fame who knows himself to be contemned and thinks he ought to be encouraged, turning out to be a man of genius, are slim, I think so too. The number of good poets for instance, over the world, is about one to ten or twenty millions of the population, and tends to grow smaller as time goes on and railways and Nelly Blys increase, and the chances of any individual rhymester being that ten millionth or twenty millionth person are not great; or if the proverbial philosopher means that he wishes people would leave off encouraging mediocrity and imposture and take to patronizing merit for a change, I quite agree with him, but I see no reason to expect it on any great scale before the millenium. The truth is that for genius to bear up in spite of the proud man's contumely requires one of two things, a private income or a good strong constitution, mental as well as physical; and the early grave of many a mute inglorious Milton testifies that he or she had neither the one nor the other. When it is too late people are sorry, but rapture and beauty they cannot recall, and he is fortunate who is not pursued beyond the tomb by the erection of what they are pleased to call his statue in Central Park. In short the world, although inclined on the whole to treat good humouredly those who do not come before it with sour looks and sulks, yet cannot, in its great stupid heart, imagine of anybody with anything in him (outside the bible) who does not elbow and jam himself into the chief seats in the synagogue and into the uppermost rooms at feasts.

It is related of a great genius that all his merit could not procure him a bare subsistence. Being driven by degrees into a hatred of all mankind from the little pity he found amongst them, he even ventured at last, ungratefully, to impute his calamities to Providence. In his last agonies when the priest entreated him to rely on the justice of Heaven and ask mercy from Him that made him,— "If God," replies he, "has shown me no justice here, what reason have I to expect any from him hereafter?" But, being answered that a suspension of justice was no argument that should induce us to doubt of its reality,— "Let me entreat you," continued his confessor, "by all that is dear, to be reconciled to God your father, your maker and friend." "No!" replied the exasperated wretch, "you know the manner in which he left me to live, and"—pointing to the straw upon which he was stretched—"you see how he leaves me to die!"

Socrates used ungallantly to thank his Gods every morning that he was a man and not a woman. We should thank Providence when we say our prayers that we are what we are and not persons of Genius. But this is an old story; and besides, in dwelling upon the calamities of greatness, we are wandering somewhat from our point, which is the advantages of culture—a very different matter. Yet I like to remember that I did not pay money to see the Angelus, when I knew that its immense valuation was owing in part to the circumstance that its maker was lying in his grave—half starved.

I have tried to put before you some of the more prominent facts and circumstances of culture as I understand it, and showed, or tried to show, that, like the divine wisdom itself, the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver. There are, or may be, corresponding advantages reserved by nature for the solace of the uncultured which do not come under the scope of our present enquiry. The moral and conclusion would seem to be to "choose whom ye will serve," and not to keep trying, like some people, to be on both sides of the fence at the same time.

It may be objected to this presentation of the matter that we are making of culture something too like a religion. Yet what, after all, is culture but religion? Not the sneaking, retiring dilettantism nick-named culture, so justly dis-



THOMPSON RIVER BOATS, KAMLOOPS, B.C.

dained by the earnest and zealous amongst all sorts and conditions of men, but the true aspiration upward, breathed in communion with, and hope toward, the lowest of our kind, unalloyed by the lust of lucre and undarkened by the portentous shadow of self. Although culture may not of itself effect moral regeneration or make an honest man out of a scoundrel, yet there is no civilized religion without culture, and there is no culture worthy of the name that does not breathe the spirit and purpose of religion.

But why should we relegate the devotee of culture to the masculine gender? Politeness and probability would alike suggest the contrary. Let us suppose *her*, then, to be, as is most reasonable, of the female sex, and to take up say music in the right spirit of culture, making her principal study of what a poet calls "the sounds that cannot lie, for all their sweet beguiling. The language one need fathom not, but only hear and feel." Here is a spell whose witchery was felt before written language was. It roused to ecstasy the old time Greeks in days of culture's childhood, when it had to be invoked upon three stringed citharas and scranell pipes of straw. "O sovereign of the willing soul," cries the minstrel Pindar in a modern paraphrase that renders the spirit of the original with exquisite fidelity:—

"Parent of sweet and solemn breathing airs,
Enchanting shell! The sullen cares,
And frantic passions hear thy soft control.
On Thracia's hills the lord of war
Has curbed the fury of his ear
And dropped his thirsty lance at thy command.
Perching on the sceptered hand
Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feathered king,
With ruffled plumes and flagging wing.
Quenched in dark clouds of slumber lie
The terror of his beak and lightnings of his eye."

The enthusiast will doubtless have some hardship to endure, perhaps to inflict, in her wrestling with scales, solfeggi, scores and keys; but, having decided from right and conscientious motives to make the most of her gift, she will persevere, and ere long the cares of everyday life are gilded and half forgotten in harmony, and though she may not attain to composing oratorios yet over the din and travail of the vexed

city, will voices, unheard before, come to her from another, a greater and happier city, whose builder and whose maker is God.

She decides in favour of natural history, and lo! her whole horizon is pushed backward, like that of some grand Turner landscape into infinity, and she begins to understand a language in which nature has hitherto been speaking to her in vain. Or does she feel drawn toward poetry? There is no necessity laid upon her to break forth into singing or to alarm friends and foes with an eruption of stanzas. Many a true poet has never written an iambus, and has a great deal too much respect for rhyme and reason to make the attempt, but far from the strife of the market place in which she has so often been worsted, the brooks will tinkle a friendly welcome and the alder boughs beckon to sympathy and rest. In glassy waters at noontide she will see the reflection of this broken and disproportioned existence, one day, she trusts, to be made whole, and in the stillness of dying sunset a soothing contrast to life's unrest and a grateful earnest of eternal peace.

Russian Brutality.

The *Times* prints the following from a correspondent:— "A terrible act of brutality perpetrated by the Russian authorities at Warsaw has caused great indignation throughout Poland. As usual, the facts have come out little by little and considerably after date. It was on May 31 last that the daughter of General Pouzereff, who is but a child, was playing with a ball in the Saxe Gardens, at Warsaw. She chanced to meet a boy named Winter, and struck him with her ball. The boy, who was only ten years old, seized the ball and threw it back, probably with some violence. Thereupon the servant in charge of General Pouzereff's child rushed forward, caught the boy Winter and began to beat him. The boy, however, resisted, hit back at the servant, and called her names which showed that he was a Pole and had been taught to look with contempt upon the Russians. The servant now called for the police, and the boy was

taken and locked up all night. A full report of the incident was drawn up and sent to the Governor-General of the province, General Gourko. On the morrow General Gourko replied that the boy must be flogged, and should receive twenty-five lashes. According to the law, corporal punishment can only be administered to children by their parents, but Winter's father was dead. The police, therefore, should have applied to the boy's mother. They preferred seeking out Mr. Olchefski, the boy's tutor or guardian. They told Mr. Olchefski that if he did not carry out the sentence they would close his business house, a *café* and confectionery shop. The tutor, fearing that he would lose his means of livelihood, reluctantly consented. The preparations were then made in due form. In accordance with the law the prison doctor was called, then the boy was brought from his cell, stripped, and the flogging began. At the seventh stroke he fainted, and the doctor, interfering, said it would be dangerous to inflict such violent punishment. The boy was of a highly nervous disposition, and the doctor could not answer for his life if such torture was continued. Mr. Olchefski, also, was horror-stricken at the effect the blows had produced. He angrily threw the whip away, and said the police might close his *café* and ruin him if they chose, but nothing should persuade him to finish the flogging. Finding that both doctor and tutor remained obdurate, the police and prison authorities sent a despatch to the Governor-General, asking for instructions, and relating all that had occurred. It will scarcely be credited that General Gourko, the hero of the Plevna Pass, at once telegraphed back that the flogging was to be finished. The police, therefore, the tutor persisting in his refusal to act, had to give the unfortunate boy the remaining eighteen blows so as to complete the sentence. Insensible, covered with blood, his flesh torn from his back, and in a state of violent convulsions, this young boy was brought back to his mother. The unhappy woman had all this time been kept in ignorance as to the fate of her son; and the shock that his return in such a condition must have produced upon her feelings may well be imagined."



INDIAN FARM AT JUNCTION OF SPUZZUM AND FRASER RIVERS, B.C.

(Wm. Notman & Son, Photo.)

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SKETCHES AT ST HELEN'S ISLAND



SUNDAY SCENES AT ONE OF MONTREAL'S PARKS—ST HELEN'S ISLAND.
(By our special artist.)



CATCH OF MOUNTAIN TROUT AT DEVIL'S LAKE, BANFF NATIONAL PARK.

(S. A. Smyth, Calgary, photo.)

OUR ENGRAVING

SAULT STE. MARIE.

A charming summer trip is that by steamer from Owen Sound to Port Arthur, passing through the famous "Soo" Canal. The scenery along shore varies from the quiet pastoral to the grandly picturesque, and the route is rapidly growing in popularity among tourists. On another page will be found views showing the "Soo" Canal locks, the well known rapids and handsome bridge, and one of the C.P.R. steamers plying on the route named. The Alberta is a Clyde built steel vessel, 270 feet long and 2,300 tons burden. She is lighted by electricity and fitted throughout in palatial style. The traffic through the canal is enormous. In 1890 over eight million tons of iron ore alone were carried through. The town on the American side has about 7,000 inhabitants, and has an electric street railway five miles long. The Canadian town is smaller, but a very stirring place. The "Soo" is a very promising infant.

FISHING IN DEVIL'S LAKE.

In addition to its other charms, the famous Banff region, under the shadow of the Rockies, offers attractions to the fisherman. Lake Minnewauka, or Devil's Lake, as it is generally styled, lies eight miles from Banff, in the great National Park of Canada, and affords the finest fishing to be found in the mountains. Mountain trout, weighing from thirty-eight to forty-two pounds have been caught in this lake, and our engraving shows the record of a day's trolling—thirty-five fine trout. The engraving is from a photo by S. A. Smyth, Calgary.

THE COLONIAL AND INDIAN TROOPS.

We have pleasure in reproducing from *Black and White* an engraving from a painting by Capt. Bunnett, V.R.C., so well known in Montreal. It requires little explanation, being types of the soldiery of the outlying portions of the

empire. All the principal colonies are represented; on the left is a trooper of one of the finest corps in Greater Britain—the Mounted Infantry of Victoria, Australia. A detachment from this regiment was recently in England, and took a prominent part in the great Military Tournament in the Agricultural Hall, Islington, receiving unbounded applause for their magnificent riding and jumping. Next to the Australian is a trooper of the Cape Mounted Rifles—a corps somewhat similar in organization and equipment to our own mis-named Mounted Police, and whose members have done incalculable service in the maintenance of law and order in South Africa. Next comes a splendid representative of our Indian empire, a trooper of the 1st Bengal cavalry, a fitting representative of that "trump-card" that Britain holds in the game of the Eastern Question, the Indian army; a portion of which, quietly landed at Malta by Lord Beaconsfield when Russia threatened the peace of Europe, gave the Bear such a fright that he became at once amenable to reason. Then we have one of our own "Vics," a battalion well known and well loved all over Canada, and always ready and eager to go to the front *pro aris et focis*. Last comes a type of the West India regiments; a force unique in its uniform and organization. Formed in 1795, they have served with distinction in the few occasions they have come into action; as, stationed only at Sierra Leone and Jamaica, their scope is naturally very limited. The military forces of the Empire in themselves constitute a federation of great vitality and uniformity of interest. While each member is ready to defend his own country, all bear allegiance to the same Sovereign and salute the same flag. The scarlet tunic or the rifleman's jacket, in Canada, in Australia, in India, in Africa, in every quarter of the globe covers hearts as truly British in sentiment and aspiration as are found in the Wellington Barracks or on the parade at Aldershot.

SKETCHES ON ST. HELEN'S ISLAND.

Montreal has many shortcomings, but the lack of public breathing spots is not one of them. No city on the continent has made better provision for its people in the way of parks; and when its citizens have acquired for public pur-

poses the Nun's Island, opposite Point St. Charles—as should certainly be done—the park system of Montreal will not only be incomparably larger in extent, but will present a variety of diversified scenery and natural beauty unsurpassed by any city throughout the globe. In our artist's wandering last Sunday afternoons he found himself *en route* for the favourite summer resort of our less wealthy citizens, St. Helen's Island, a beautiful place, standing sentinel in the St. Lawrence, directly opposite Montreal, and to a great extent open to the public as a recreation ground. Hither flock crowds of people on every Sunday and holiday, and from the frequency of tables, chairs, and opportunities for feasting, many families spend the whole day on the island, and, with the aid of friends and relatives, dispose of a large share of viands. Here a visitor may see families numbering from six to sixteen souls surrounding a table and polishing off a substantial meal with a gusto which must be aided by the fresh air and bright, cheery surroundings. Sentimental couples walk lovingly, often hand in hand, each with no thoughts or eyes for anyone but the object of his or her affection; while the children abound in every nook and corner of the place. One cannot visit such a park without being struck with the markedly beneficial effect such places must have on the life of the rising generation of city bred people, and contrasting it with the civic life of a century or even half a century ago, when narrow streets, lack of drainage, and absence of facilities for systematized recreation combined in producing a marked decrease of physical capabilities, and in a state of affairs which invited disease and death.

ST. ANNE'S.

One of the most attractive and fashionable summer resorts in the vicinity of Montreal is St. Anne's, situated at the head of the Island of Montreal, about 20 miles west of the city. Here the Ottawa and St. Lawrence meet, the former expanding into the Lake of Two Mountains, a magnificent sheet of water, which affords ample opportunity for yachting, canoeing and camping out. The permanent residents of the village are largely French-Canadian, but the summer residents—of whom there are a great number—are now almost exclusively English.

SIDNEY'S LOVE AFFAIR.

BY WALTON S. SMITH.

PART I.—ON THE RIVER.



It was a hot day in August, and the scene was in Canada. Let it suffice that this story is of our country, and that the principal characters are compatriots. Demand not, I beg, that I speak of time or place. My doing so may involve me in difficulties, that, being of a prudent and timorous disposition, I would fain avoid. I have no wish to be waited upon by a score of outraged young people come to ask with blood in their eyes—

“Do you mean any of us, when you write of such and such an one?”

Therefore, I repeat, it was a hot August day, and the scene was in Canada. And I wish to introduce two of my characters. That solemn, ugly youth, with the large, dreamy eyes and fat face, is my hero, Sidney March. He was in the stern of a trim little skiff, drinking deep of the peace and brightness of his surroundings, with calm enjoyment.

There was a strong poetic strain in my hero's composite nature. The same was manifested, for the most part, in fantastic utterance. Those who did not know him well put him down as an oddity. Those who knew him better declared, with conviction, that he *was* an oddity. The world's opinion is usually correct in the main, and, to save time, it will be as well to re-echo it. Therefore Sidney March must be an oddity. When he was questioned on the subject, he sighed, and declared it was always the fate of great minds to be misunderstood. And that was his sole protest against the popular voice.

As he lay back in his cushioned seat, there was, as has been said, an expression of dreamy content on his face, and there was that in the look that instinctively made the beholder inclined to laugh. Yet he was influenced strongly by the sweetest and most ennobling feeling known to man! For his very soul expanded to the touch of nature, and was lifted up by the same. That his features took not the softened dignity that came to others on such occasions was surely not his fault. He could not be other than as God made him. It was his misfortune that the world looked upon him as a fantastic trifler. He was philosophical, and bowed submissively to the mundane view. His ready flow of language, his soul's quick response to all the finer influences, and his grotesque appearance, conspired against him. Men said smiling—“Behold the trifler!” when my hero did but act as his nature urged. Frank Merton, the athlete, the man of bone and brawn, was at the oars. He pulled along with steady, sweeping strokes, each movement of his figure showing the pliant muscles of his arms and chest. His sunny hair fell in some disorder over his brow, and, for a wonder, his face was grave. When Frank did not smile, he was beautiful as an ancient statue. Ordinarily though, the classic outline of his face was marred by an expansive grin.

At the present moment, however, he was by no means the least pleasing part of the whole in which the æsthetic Mr. March found the fullness of content.

“Frank,” he said, breaking off from a long re-

verie, “you are positively the most disappointing person I know. To look at you now, one might well imagine you a youth of superior parts. But you are not.”

Frank grinned at this, thereby instantly destroying the effect his gravity had fostered.

The soul of his friend waxed wroth. “I never could understand how I came to associate with you!” he declared disgustedly. “Your regard for me is natural, it is in accordance with the universal scheme—mediocrity always looks up to, and admires genius. But, that I should think well of you, is something I cannot reconcile to reason. It is a freak of the mind beyond all definition.”

“Well you see, Sid., old man, your mind is generally acknowledged to be a freak,” exclaimed Frank imperturbably.

Sidney was silenced; he turned again to admiring the beauty of their surroundings. And he mused, in an aimless fashion, on the emptiness of things. “Here is Frank now,” he thought, “a perfect specimen of young manhood, a face like a god, and shoulders like a barn door, yet his mind soars not beyond a cigarette and a flirtation with some insipid Miss who has no mind at all, and therefore cannot soar. Frank never reads, and he finds it a nuisance listening to talk that is not nonsense. Yet he is naturally bright, and will, I dare say, turn into a sensible pot-bellied merchant-prince in time. But what a life, and what a success! The sterner and better part of him put to heap up gold and then his leisure wasted in folly! Alack!”

Suddenly his thoughts were interrupted by the sight of a couple in a small skiff, a short distance ahead. Their course was in the same direction as he and his friend were taking, but their speed was much less. The oarsman, a broad shouldered, ruddy faced young fellow dressed in white flannels, was evidently in no great hurry. He dipped his oars mechanically in the water, and the light skiff responded; but evidently he had no direct object in view—nothing that required speed at least. And, as he worked listlessly, he gazed intently at his companion. It was the latter that attracted Mr. March's attention too; he also eyed her curiously.

A young girl it was. She sat in the stern. She was clad in a cool white dress, and on her head was a broad straw sunshade; and, over all, she held a gay-coloured parasol to keep off the glare. It was the graceful pose of her figure that struck Sidney most. She was leaning slightly to the left, her head cast down, watching the clear water surge up and curl lovingly about her rounded arm. My hero was interested; he manœuvred the helm so as to pass near enough to obtain a good look at this very attractive damsel. At the same time he said *sotto voce* to Frank:

“Youth and love; the ardent boy and the coy maiden now appear. Gaze upon them.”

Frank smiled comprehensively, and put the least bit more strength into his stroke. As yet the tableau was invisible to him, and he wished, with idle curiosity, to have a view of it in his turn.

As they came close astern, the young man looked up and regarded them carelessly; but the maiden did not move. Still her head was bent low, and her arm remained with the water rippling about it.

And Sidney, as he marked anew the unstudied elegance that was there, almost hoped she would not stir. When they came abreast, Frank turned, and eyed her with some appreciation. And, at the same time, the girl became aware of their presence. She raised her head and peered shyly at them from beneath her sunshade. Only a brief glance from a pair of soft eyes, a vague impression of a beautiful, sad young face, and the head was lowered again, the face hid'den from view by the broad brimmed hat! And yet, both those young men were unspeakably moved. There was in that momentary flash a strange inexplicable influence with which both their beings were in sympathy. Ah there is that in a chance look, and in the roll of a bright eye that has, ere now, made history tell of brave deeds! Ay, and caused the very thrones of great monarchs to totter and fall. And still they tell us woman has no part to play in affairs! Ah well! this tale treats not of the affairs of nations. It does but relate briefly an insignificant episode in the life of an insignificant person whose place in the history of his time is like unto that occupied by an atom in a great swarm.

Sidney felt his heart beat, and instinctively it came to him that life had unutterable joys. And when that miserable sunshade hid the girl's face, it was as if the darkness had come upon him suddenly.

Frank murmured “Great Scott!” and in confusion spooned up some particles of water into his friend's lap. The fact that the latter failed to protest loudly at the bungling stroke, was in itself significant.

“I have an idea!” quoth Frank suddenly after a long long silence.

Sidney, who had been gazing vacantly skyward, roused himself at this and eyed his friend critically. And gradually the analysis in his look changed to one of distrust.

“Keep it in,” he advised. “Let it mature. Your ideas are so horribly crude.”

“Bosh! Listen; we will time ourselves to call at Mrs. Peyton's about five o'clock. She is sure to have a number of people on the lawn playing.”

“Tea, tennis and talk!” broke in Sidney with emphatic scorn. “And that is the great idea—oh Frank, Frank!—and in this weather too! Sir, if you were not such a hulking mass of bone and muscle, I would throw you overboard.”

“Hear me out will you?” said Frank laughing. “It will be a fine, moonlight night. Mrs. Peyton is sure to ask us to stop for tea—if she does not we can invite ourselves; at least you can. The row back by moonlight will be splendid.”

Sidney's outraged crest took a more mollified turn. “Not half a bad notion,” he said hesitatingly. And then he added still more cheerfully—

“Mrs. P. does give a good meal. But,” and he settled himself back in the cushions comfortably “the river is preferable to doing the polite in the garden. I move in amendment that we call in at six o'clock and demand a meal. We can remain till ten if we like, you know. And, as I said before, she does keep a well stocked larder.” And he smacked his lips significantly, eying his friend the while with a questioning look.

“Ay!” quoth Frank dryly, in response to the last speech, “and, strange to say, she is pleased to

countenance your cheeky self. Out upon thee for a glutton!"

"Cheek," said Sidney unctuously, "is a thing I abominate. There is not the smallest particle of cheek in me, sir. It is the unconventional effervescence of a mind too truly great to heed trifles of etiquette. But," and he looked askance at his friend, "who is to row back?"

"I will," said Frank, with an assuring nod.

Sidney loved not physical exertion, and his soul was appalled at the possibility of it.

He looked at his friend with solemn condemnation, and said:

"Last time you made that same promise, if you remember, and you basely broke faith with me."

"You are so fat!" explained the other grinning; "You are getting to be a positive sight from want of exercise!"

"Humph! you don't get me into such a trap again, that is certain. Look at me!" continued my hero eloquently, holding out five plump digits to an imaginary audience, "do you think these hands were made for hard and degrading toil? No sir."

"But, if I really promise to row back, I will keep my word," said Frank impatiently.

"Swear it," commanded the skeptical Sidney.

"This way—repeat after me," and with grotesque emphasis, he went on—"I, Frank Merton, bind myself on forfeiture of my self-respect and the regard of all men, neither by insinuation, entreaty nor direct assault, to compel or otherwise allow Sidney March to perform labour of any kind whatsoever, whilst he is in my company on board my skiff, or any other craft, this evening."

Frank laughingly repeated the words as his fanciful companion uttered them, and the latter declared himself satisfied.

Mrs. Peyton was a widow. She was wealthy, she was hospitable, and, she had the rare gift of entertaining successfully. Consequently Mrs. Peyton was a social favourite.

She was a connection of Sidney's, and, in virtue of that, and some ten years seniority, was wont to take it on herself to guide and to counsel him. Her advice was heeded about as much as such advice usually is; but nevertheless, the young man had a great regard for her. She was a bright, amusing little woman, and her house was a delightful one. It was so free, and yet, withal, everything and everybody there were always in such perfect good taste.

It was nearly six o'clock when my two heroes pulled into her boathouse and made their skiff secure. Frank was rather doubtful of their reception when the lady of the house beheld two unbidden visitors stalk up to demand a meal at such short notice. But he had great confidence in Sidney; and he had a great desire to partake of the hospitality of Mrs. Peyton. The latter had a cosy little place here where she loved to come when it grew too hot to remain in town. And she never failed to have charming people staying with her.

And Frank's inner man sighed for the bountiful refreshments which her table would, he knew, sup- ply. An afternoon on the river is conducive to engender a great longing for good victuals in the mind of the young. Frank had honestly earned his appetite; he felt he deserved a meal. Sidney's work had not been so arduous, but withal, he was just as hungry as his friend. He led the way to the house, and, arriving there, found the wide shady verandah deserted. But the front door was open, and dinner probably was waiting to be served.

Or, horrible, famishing idea, it was being devoured by the inmates at that moment! The thought spurred my hero to desperate action. He entered the house, hung his hat on a peg, and with stealthy, mock heroic stride, advanced to the dining-room door. It was closed. He opened it, and was about to peer cautiously in, when the handle, which he grasped, was pulled sharply from his hand, then it opened wide to allow a small bright eyed little woman to pass out. She stared at Sidney amazed-ly. He, with complete self-possession, bowed politely and asked:

"Madam, what have you got to eat? Behold, I am famished!"

Her bright eyes twinkled, and her lips parted in a smile of welcome.

"Why Sidney, I am so glad you have come!" and she held out her hand.

"I come to beg a meal," quoth Sidney, taking the proffered hand, "and moreover, I bring a hungry friend." He looked about him blankly as he spoke, and added in a more confidential tone. "The hungry friend is shy. I suspect his heart failed him. But he is not far off, for he is an hungry friend in very truth. You will—Saints preserve us!"

And Sidney stopped speaking to gaze open-mouthed at a young girl who came tripping down the stairs at this juncture. It was the same girl that he had seen a few hours previously on the river. The one that had so enthralled him. And she was even more beautiful now, and oh how wistful! What was it in her expression—that settled sadness that was not wholly sad? He was interested, and, somehow, vaguely disquieted. He turned to his hostess, a thousand questions in his mind which his tongue burned to utter. The young lady had passed him by with scarcely so much as a look, and vanished into the drawing-room. And the hostess was not to be seen; she too had flown. In the state of high impatience which Sidney experienced, it seemed to him that everything conspired against him. Yet he was not impatient alone. He dreamed dreams and saw visions, his mind was raised beyond the matter of fact; and the impossible seemed only too possible. An angel had come tripping down those stairs and Mrs. Peyton had flown abashed before the glorious light emanating therefrom! Had he not seen it, and had not his heart expanded to the pure effulgence of the vision? And, that he, a mere mortal, stood and dared the encounter when others fled, was surely no small thing! Was it that there was in him more of the spirit of good than in others? Sidney was not wanting in self-esteem, and the idea, whimsical as it may appear to the ordinary sensible mortal, took firm hold of him. And it was but partly dispelled when Mrs. Peyton's voice was heard without in laughing converse with his friend Frank. Obviously she had hastened thither to assure the doubtful one that he was a welcome guest. My hero was quick-witted enough thus to explain the circumstance of her sudden exit. But still, the idea of an angel had worked itself into his imagination; and he cherished it fondly.

"I say Sid., old chap, do you know who is here?"

Sidney was standing before the glass, trying grimly to reduce his wiry black hair to a semblance of order. The task was no easy one; the energy and determination brought to bear on it were commensurate with the difficulty to be overcome. He was cursed with the most obstinate mane that ever defied brush and comb. It was usually most irritating for him to be interrupted when struggling with it. But, on this particular occasion, and in answer to this particular question, he suspended operations at once. And he turned to his friend with a smile that was blandness itself.

"I saw her," he said promptly, with the air of one who possessed private means of obtaining information.

"The deuce you did!" said Frank with a stare. "When did you see her?"

Sidney's face changed wonderfully as a new idea occurred to him, and he asked slowly:

"Are you particularly interested in the young lady?"

The other shifted about uneasily and laughed, but to the critical eye of his observer, the laugh was forced, and there was in his general air a subtle something which gave the lie to his answer when he said:

"No—not particularly interested, but she is a jolly girl."

"A jolly girl," repeated Sidney indignantly. "Why man, she is an angel!"

It was now Frank's turn to change colour. Full well he knew the charm Sidney's quaint personality had with the fair sex, once they grew used to his unprepossessing exterior. This was indeed a rival to be dreaded! He looked furtively at his friend, and said with seeming indifference:

"I did not know you were so badly gone there, old man."

"I am not gone, as you call it," retorted Sidney.

"How can one be gone on a girl whom one has only seen twice, and that at a distance?"

"Who are you talking about?" asked Frank quickly.

"Why! that girl we saw on the river, of course. She is really the most interesting—What on earth is the matter now?" And Sidney stopped to stare in surprise at his friend, who had taken to perform the strangest contortions. He was down on the bed with his legs extended towards the ceiling. The attitude was not conducive to thought, but some minds work regardless of the position in which the owner may be. And Frank's was just such a one. Short as the time was in which he lay in this unusual posture, it was long enough to formulate a maxim—"Disturb not that which may possibly result in aiding your own designs."

And thus it was that he arose the next moment and gravely took the perplexed Sidney's hand.

"We may both admire her, old chap, but we need not on that account call each other out."

Sidney took his hand, shook it, then drew back, still regarding his friend wonderingly. "Now who is going to call anybody out?" he thought speculatively. "Certainly I am not! There is some deep scheme here! I must keep my eyes open. Something wrong surely, but I don't know what it is. Oh you villain!" he broke forth suddenly, as the other endeavoured to oust him from before the only looking-glass in the room. "Be off with thee!" And he fetched the intruder a thwack on his head with the hard side of the hair brush.

And Frank retired, laughing good humouredly, to wait until his companion's toilet was completed.

The reader will probably have divined that Frank and Sidney had been at cross-purposes, and that the former had discovered the same, while the latter was still in the dark. The fact was Mrs. Peyton had found opportunity to whisper in Merton's ear the information that a certain Miss Smiling chanced to be a guest of hers that evening. Frank admired Miss Smiling immensely. Sidney did not exactly admire her, but he was wont nevertheless to monopolize her society over much—at least Frank thought so. And thus it was he decided to allow his friend to think that he himself was also interested in the fair unknown.

Plot and counterplot, wheels within wheels, misunderstanding and misconception. Ah! each and every one of these, separately or collectively, are fostered when youth and love encounter! Is it not a pity that the most sacred delight of which the human heart is capable should, in its birth, engender such a dread accompaniment? And yet, it may be that the said dread accompaniment adds to the fires of the sacred delight. Certainly it does not quench them. But life is brief, and there is yet much to be done. Sidney's love affair has to be dealt with in particular. Not the ethics of love in general. Let me even proceed to send my two schemers down to the drawing-room now that they have completed a hasty toilet.

PART II.—AT MRS. PEYTON'S.

When Sidney and Frank entered the drawing-room, they found two ladies there. Both were old friends. Mrs. Cowan—a pretty, black-eyed dame with an animated manner; and Miss Smiling, the girl of whom mention has already been made. The latter was not particularly good-looking; her eyes rolled not nor were they given to speak unutterable things. But nevertheless there was that in her face—especially when she smiled—that Frank found very "cute." The expression is his own; it is one that he once used, in a rare burst of confidence, to explain to Sidney the attraction this damsel had for him. And, as Miss Smiling came by her name honestly, she felt she had a title to look cute as often as possible; especially was this noticeable after Sidney basely revealed to her the confidence of his friend. She was a blonde; her hair was red—at least her enemies declared it was—and her eyes were blue. And they were honest eyes; eyes that feared not to look straight at one, even though it might be an admirer. Moreover one did but need to know her to discover that she could not, even if she would, make them pretend to express a passion her heart felt not.

What a number of bulky volumes might be written, by the way, about those eyes that express much and those red lips that murmur forth words and words! A glance from a laughing eye and a vague turn to a careless, soft spoken speech! they mean nothing, they are done in all innocence; but, alack!—men are so conceited.

But let me not encourage false hopes. There is in this narrative no fair coquette. I did but make a small depression—none of my characters are given to ogle and sigh with innocence in their hearts. Sidney's love affair was no mockery, good people; it was a case where the heart was stirred. And Sidney himself was one whose heart could not be stirred without his whole nature responding. Indeed it is possible that tendency of his to be governed more by imagination than by a reckoning of actual facts will work a great change in him some day. And it may be that the change will have in it the blankness of despair. For a sensitive, high-strung nature like his is not like other men's.

The moment Sidney's eyes rested on Miss Smiling, he thought he had a key to Frank's somewhat obscure sayings and doings a few minutes before when they were making themselves presentable, and he decided maliciously that he would pay the schemer out for the same. Accordingly he anticipated his friend; he advanced quickly to the younger girl and dropped into a seat by her side. When he had made sure of her attention by this move, he began to wonder vaguely what he should say.

"Must keep up my reputation for originality," he thought (it has already been stated that my hero was not wanting in conceit.) "It will never do to mention the weather," he concluded dismally. "Ah I have it!" and he nodded his head, looking her over the while with exaggerated appreciation.

"How do you do it, Miss Smiling?"
 "How do I do what, Mr. March?" And the young lady beamed upon him questioningly.

"How do you contrive to look so cool and fresh in this hot weather? Positively you are as good as—as an ice cream! You refresh one so, after one has been out all day in the glare."

She laughed. "I don't know that it is quite complimentary to be likened to an ice cream; certainly it is a forcible way of expressing how my coolness effects you."

"Your coolness is many sided—" began Sidney mischievously. But before he could proceed, there was a rustle, and another person entered the room through an open French window that was behind him. Sidney turned at the sound, and again his pulse throbbed violently. It was she, the unknown charmer! And how gracefully she bore herself—so perfectly unstudied in her movements! How she was dressed, he did not know—few men do—but he felt that everything about her was in good taste. He was not impressionable as a rule, but there was an indescribable something about this girl that fascinated him. Whatever it was, it caused him unspeakable transport. He had on one or two previous occasions pretended to experience unspeakable transport, but the thing had been a failure, and the object of his mock admiration not a whit impressed. And at divers times, when he had devoted a few short moments to self-examination he had told himself proudly that his was a heart that was not made to beat faster for any one particular girl than for another. Has it ever come to any of you who read, to find, after years of scoffing, that there is in your life a new influence? Even the sweet agonizing doubt—"Do I—can it be possible that I love her?" And, oh how much more agonizing, how much more doubtful the doubt!—"does she love me?"

Sidney had eyes and ears for none but this newcomer now. Her face wore a look of shy composure—the words may seem contradictory; nevertheless they were the only ones he could think of with which to describe her. Evidently she had not noticed that there were two strange young men in the room until she had advanced too far to retreat. And so she entered reluctantly, the force of habit making her mask the distress she experienced by a calm dignity that sat well on her erect, graceful figure. Her eyes were dark; they had a sad, half-abstracted expression, a look that seemed to

betoken the fact that their owner was one who dwelt much within herself. Evidently hers was a nature that took most pleasure in solitary contemplation. She loved not the frivolous society into which she was thrust by the force of circumstances. And she preferred, when possible, to escape from it, and revel in a dreamland where men were men, and spoke not merely to fill up a blank pause in a conversation.

Some such notion as this was conveyed to Sidney as he watched her entry. He was not of course infallible in his judgment of character.

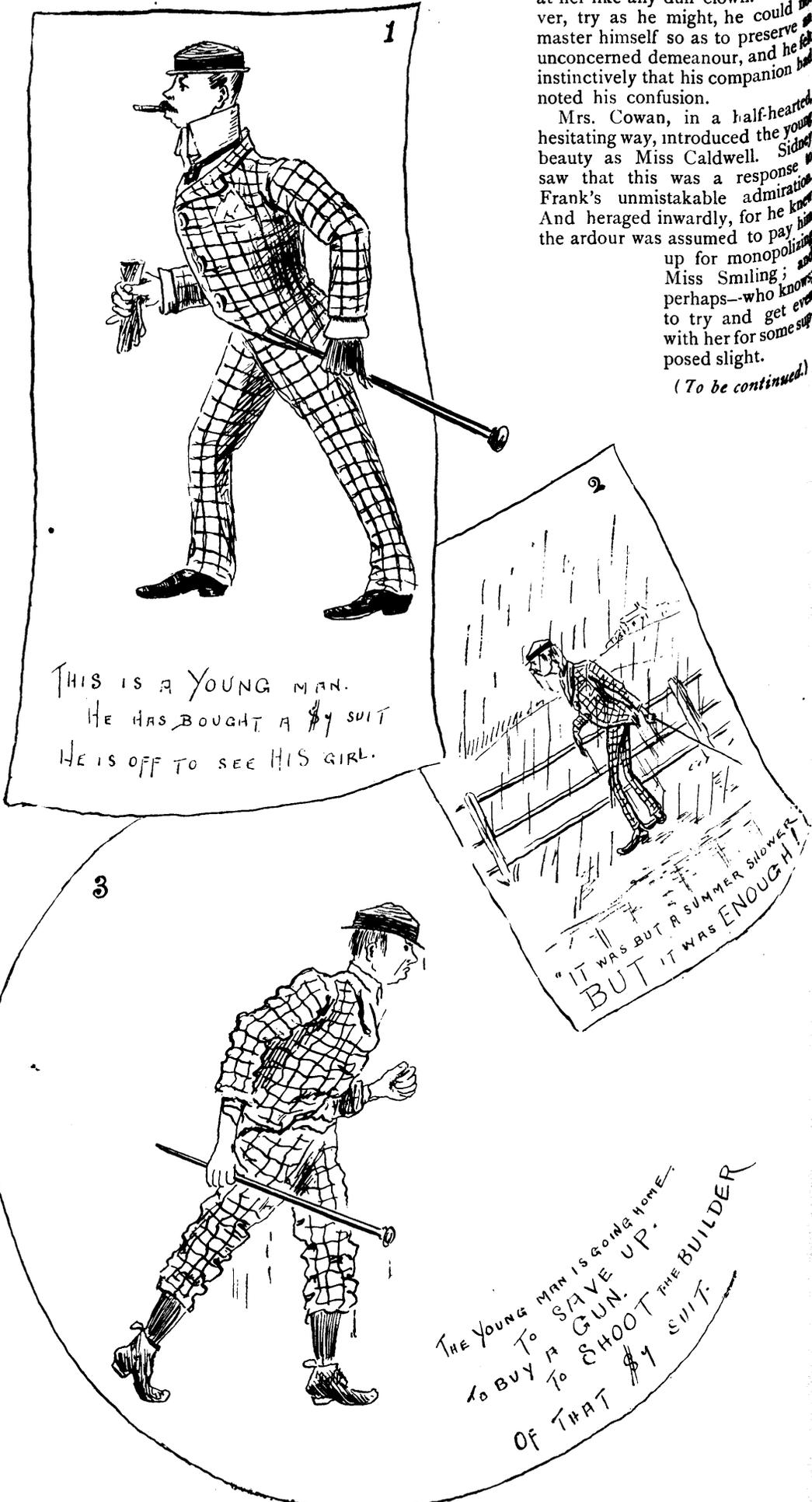
But, like other frail mortals, he steadfastly stuck to a first impression. And the idea of her disposition thus engendered was one that appealed strongly to his inner self. He also had imagination; and his fancy was wont to take strange flights sometimes. How delightful it would be to have a companion in these fantastic trips, and that a beautiful sympathetic young girl!

These thoughts flashed through my hero's mind, and he continued to gaze open-mouthed at the girl. And suddenly it came home to him that he was behaving abominably; he was staring stupidly at her like any dull clown. Moreover, try as he might, he could not master himself so as to preserve an unconcerned demeanour, and he felt instinctively that his companion had noted his confusion.

Mrs. Cowan, in a half-hearted, hesitating way, introduced the young beauty as Miss Caldwell. Sidney saw that this was a response to Frank's unmistakable admiration. And heraged inwardly, for he knew the ardour was assumed to pay him

up for monopolizing Miss Smiling; and perhaps—who knows—to try and get even with her for some supposed slight.

(To be continued.)



ECONOMY IN CLOTHES.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES



URING the last few weeks lacrosse, as far as the seniors were concerned, took quite a turn and no club more agreeably surprised its friends than did the Shamrocks. After holding on to the tail end for some time the boys in green took both Ottawa clubs in hand and made very short work of them. It is not at all likely that they will be able to overtake the Cornwalls in the race with all wins and no losses to their credit so far, but it seems well within the possibilities that they will finish about second.

In the dual league also things have taken a turn, and not an improving one at that. It was a pity to see such a magnificent crowd of spectators as assembled on the M.A.A.A. grounds on Saturday so thoroughly disappointed. It was not the fault of the Montreal club certainly, and possibly the Torontos did not have the material handy to strengthen their team, but for all that it was a lamentable exhibition. There was absolutely no comparison between the play. The Montreal team was in splendid shape and played a game that it would take a phenomenal twelve to beat, and in their hands the Torontos seemed to be standing still. Had not Montreal put up such a splendid game the match would have been more interesting, as things would have been more evenly matched. If the Toronto men wish to preserve the reputation they possessed when the season opened, they will change their methods and next time get some sort of a team together that will have a little chance of winning, or at least scoring an occasional game. Last Saturday's match was an injustice to the public which has so generously supported the big clubs.

After much talking, at last there is to be a match for the almost forgotten National Amateur Lacrosse Association's championship pennants, which at one time were the ambition of all lacrosse men in Canada, but which for three years have been laid away with the musty relics of the past. The Capitals of Ottawa, after the recent unpleasantness, are the first to remember them, and notwithstanding that their first challenge was put in over a month ago, they have not found it convenient to play until the 22nd. It is not at all likely that the Shamrocks, the present holders, will lose their hold on the trophies just yet, as it will take a tremendous amount of improvement to give the Capitals a ghost of a chance, if their last match with the Shamrocks may be taken as any sort of a criterion.

There will be plenty of lacrosse to-morrow (Saturday) at all events, for the champions of the United States, the Staten Islanders, will play with the best team in Canada. It would be more than a surprise if the visitors were to win, but even a defeat will be of advantage to them and they will have an opportunity of playing with opponents who will show them some lacrosse as is lacrosse. These international contests are good things of themselves and should be encouraged, not only for the pleasant social relations they give rise to, but also as being the best promoters of our national game abroad.

Owners of dogs who are fond of putting their pe's on exhibition will have every facility afforded them during the month of September. There are five bench shows in the Canadian circuit, beginning with the Kingston Kennel Club's show, held on September 1, 2, 3 and 4, the entries for which close August 22. Hamilton comes next in order on September 8, 9, 10 and 11. Entries for this show close on Monday next. The Toronto Industrial Exhibition Association's third annual bench show runs from the 14th to the 18th, and the date for closing entries is August 29. In

Montreal during exhibition week the bench show promises to be one of the most interesting features. The entries close on September 8th. Last on the list comes the show in Ottawa, September 29th to October 1st. It will thus be seen that the circuit is a most convenient one for owners, and it should be well patronized, as the prize list is a liberal one.

The regatta of the National Association of Amateur Oarsmen is not finished at the time of writing, but the first day's sport was a splendid one. All the conditions were everything that could be desired, the weather was glorious, the Potomac was like glass and the course was kept clear of that curse of regattas—the small boat. Canada was heard from, too, and Wright, of Toronto, won his heat in the junior singles with such ease that the final seemed a certainty. A brief summary of the races follows:—

Quarter-mile dash.
Bergen, Bradford club, Cambridge..... 1
Caffrey, Lawrence C.C..... 2
Thornton, Metropolitan, New York..... 3
Time—1.29.

Junior singles—first heat.
R. J. Fleming, Crescent Club, Boston..... 1
C. M. Dyer " " " "..... 2
Time—10.02

Second heat.
Wright, Toronto..... 1
Barry, Passaics, N.J..... 2
Paton..... 0
Haggert..... 0
Time—10.08½

Double scull—First heat.
Albany crew..... 1
Vespers, Philadelphia..... 2
Manhattan R.C..... 3
Time—8.48¾.

Second heat.
Varunas, Brooklyn..... 1
Catlins, Chicago..... 2
Baysides, Toronto..... 0
Manhattan, No. 2..... 0
Time—9.07.

Senior singles—First heat.
Higgins, Massachusetts B.C..... 1
Burritt, Argonauts, Toronto..... 2
Sharkey, Long Island City..... 0
Snyder, Allegheny, P.A..... 0
Aman, Buffalo, N.Y..... 0
Time—10.02 1-5.

Second heat.
Caffrey, Lawrence, Mass..... 1
Carney, Newark, N.J..... 2
Smithson, Potomac..... 0
Atherton, Metropolitan, N.Y..... 0
Time—9.51¼.

Tennis seems having a new boom in the Maritime Provinces, and the annual tournament which opened on Tuesday promises to popularize the game to a great extent. St. John, N.B., is a difficult place to make calculations about weather with any degree of certainty, so an unobliging rain rather dampened the ardour of the first day's contestants. The gentlemen's singles are being played at the time I write of, and the despatches say that the set in which Mr. Ryan defeated Mr. Walter Clark was as exciting a one as ever was played in a course. In the ladies' doubles, Mrs. Reader and Mrs. Alexander, of Halifax, defeated Mrs. McLeod and Mrs. R. C. Grant, of St. John.

Mr. Kananagh, the owner of the Molly Bawn, seems determined to make the St. Lawrence Yacht Club's events as attractive as any in the country. He presented the club with a very handsome silver cup for a race over a six mile course, starting from Beaconsfield. Whether the affair was known of or not, it is a pity that only four boats went over the starting line, and some of the owners on the lake shore seemed a little apathetic. The Thora won first place and the cup, while the Viking, Black Eagle and Mollie Bawn, though not fortunate, made a splendid race of it.

The interprovincial cricket match between the East and the West has come and gone and the East has given a decided trouncing to the west, seven wickets being the majority:—

ONTARIO ASSOCIATION.

First Innings.

A. Winslow, b Turton.....	0
A. T. McMartin, b Little.....	11
Rev. W. T. Terry, c MacKay, b Little.....	7
P. C. Goldingham, b Turton.....	4
J. Laing, l b w, b Crookall.....	19
D. L. McCarthy, b Turton.....	1
A. H. Collins, b Little.....	2
N. A. Davenport, b Little.....	4
F. S. Dickey, not out.....	6

H. B. McGiverin, thrown out, Coste.....	5
J. E. Hall, stmpd Warden, Bristowe.....	2
Byes.....	6
Leg byes.....	3
Total.....	70

Second Innings.

F. R. Martin, b Little.....	9
F. S. Dickey, run out.....	0
Rev. W. T. Perry, b Turton.....	0
P. C. Goldingham, b Turton.....	0
Laing, c Bouchier, b Laing.....	7
A. Winslow, l b w, b Little.....	3
A. H. Collins, b Little.....	8
D. L. McCarthy, c C. Warden, b.....	47
Leitham, c A. H. B. Davenport.....	13
Crookall, b Turton.....	9
J. E. Hall, c Warden, b Little.....	2
H. B. McGiverin, not out.....	3
Extras.....	6
Total.....	107

EASTERN ASSOCIATION.

First Innings.

G. D. Warden, c Martin, b Dickey.....	8
W. C. Little, c Ferry, b Dickey.....	2
W. J. Leitham, c Ferry, b Dickey.....	26
I. Coste, b Dickey.....	11
N. Browning, b Goldingham.....	41
G. L. Bouchier, c Ferry, b Laing.....	3
W. G. Bristowe, c b Goldingham.....	0
Mackay, not out.....	4
E. Turton, b Laing.....	0
W. Philpotts, c Dickey, b Laing.....	0
C. F. Crookall c, b Laing.....	7
Byes.....	12
Total.....	114

BOWLING ANALYSIS

	R.	W.	O.	M.
Turton.....	37	4	27	9
Little.....	33	4	21	8
Bristowe.....	21	0	11	3
Crookall.....	9	0	2	0
Leitham.....	4	1	3	1

EASTERN ASSOCIATION.

Second Innings.

W. C. Little, lbw, b McGiverin.....	5
G. D. Warden, b McGiverin.....	33
W. J. Leitham, b McGiverin.....	2
L. Coste, b McGiverin.....	6
A. Browning, not out.....	10
G. M. Bristowe, c Terry, b McGiverin.....	2
G. L. Bouchier, not out.....	5
Byes.....	2
Total for five wickets.....	64

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	R.	W.	O.	M.
F. S. Dickey.....	16	0	15	7
H. B. McGiverin.....	30	5	24	10
J. Laing.....	10	0	9	2

Umpires—J. Watson and A. Skinner.

The first annual regatta of the Lachine Boating and Canoeing Club will be held on the 22nd inst. There were a great many at the start objected to the amalgamation of the Canoeing and Rowing Clubs; there have been many conversions since to the new order of things, and it is probable that Saturday's assembly will effectually smooth over all old scars. The programme is a good one and there ought to be a good attendance.

The races at Saratoga have developed the fact that Canadians are possessed of some pretty valuable thoroughbreds, and Mr. Dawes' Redfellow has surprised some of the knowing ones at Horse Haven. The time made on a slow track like Saratoga shows that the stuff is right in the big son of Longfellow and Red Woman. R. O. X.

Sale of Pictures.

Recently a number of interesting old pictures from different collections, including that of the Marquis of Ely, were sold at the rooms of Messrs. Christie, Manson & Woods, King street, London. Amongst the best were the following:—An old woman in a red dress and fur, by Rembrandt, 330 guineas, and an old man by the same master, 250 guineas—Casella; the Earl and Countess of Ely, 1771, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, 620 guineas—Lesser; Sir Thomas Lawrence's portrait of Miss Murray, only daughter of General Sir George Murray, and niece of the Marquis of Anglesey (engraved by G. T. Doo in 1834, and later by G. H. Phillips), £1,210—Agnew; the Grand Canal, Venice, by Canaletti, 560 guineas—Bruce; Portrait of a Lady, by Gainsborough, 240 guineas—Casella; Sir Patrick Blake, by Sir Joshua Reynolds (1766), 400 guineas—Colquhoun.



The Sagamore



HE reporter wore his most subdued expression, and approached the sagamore with some degree of hesitation.

"My brother," he said, humbly, "I have come to make a confession. On the occasion

of a recent visit some property of yours was found in my pocket. I then denied all knowledge of how it came there. To-day I have to confess that in an unguarded moment I did give way to an evil prompting. I am exceedingly sorry."

"You been converted lately?" queried the sagamore.

"I have," said the reporter. "The great wave of morality that has radiated from Ottawa and is spreading over the country has affected me deeply. I am an altered man. I will never steal again. I had no idea there were so many good men in Canada till the great wave of righteous indignation and horror that is sweeping over the newspaper offices of the country struck me the other day. Why, there is hardly a rogue in the country, outside of Ottawa, and a few in Quebec. I used to think that almost any man would take a little grab if he could, but I was wrong—wrong. All the people but myself are pious, especially the editors—and I want to be an editor some day. Therefore, I will never yield to evil counsels or monetary considerations any more."

"What did you take 'fore you come here?"

"What did I take?"

"Ah hah. Gin?"

"My brother, you wrong me," said the reporter earnestly. "I speak the sober truth, based on profound conviction."

"I'm sorry to hear that," was the old man's comment. "If you been drunk that's some excuse. If you ain't drunk you must be crazy."

"How so?"

"If you b'lieve all you been sayin'," said Mr. Paul, "you're either drunk or crazy. I told you once before if you see feather stickin' up on stump don't you go tell people you know where there's a duck's nest. Don't you be fooled by all this holler 'bout thieves and robbers. Them Grits wants to turn them Conservatives out at Ottawa. Them Conservatives wants to git them Grits out at Quebec. You start right in there when you commence to think. Keep that in your head. Then you think up history a little. See if you kin find any gov'ment in any country ever been run without all this talk 'bout boodle, and stealin', and fat contracts, bein' put in them newspapers. Then you come down little nearer home. Ask yourself if every man you know is so good he won't take little grab in a bargain if he kin git it. Ask yourself if you don't know plenty men be glad to git another man kicked off if they kin git his place. See if you don't know some men all the time tryin' to make a grab one way or another. Mebbe it's a man wants fat contract from the county to do some work. Mebbe it's a man wants fat contract from the parish to make some roads. Mebbe it's a man wants to run big bill at the store and never pay it. Mebbe it's a man wants to run a store little while, then fail. Mebbe it's a man wants to insure his old house and then burn it up. Mebbe it's a preacher wants to

git sent to place where he'll git more pay and git his name in the papers more. Think you don't know any men like that round here? You ain't a fool. Young man, when you git honest voters you'll git honest gov'ment. You ain't got 'um yit. Them newspapers hollerin' so loud 'bout bribery and corruption—don't they know that in every county in this country plenty men won't vote without they're paid for it? Don't they know you can't git plenty of 'um to vote if they ain't paid for their day? Don't they know that it costs heap money every time? Don't they know that? Don't them ward workers on both sides take the lists and mark off the men they got to buy? And don't them pious editors know it and wink at it? Now they git hold of some crooked things up in Ottawa and down in Quebec, and they print big headlines 'bout it and try to make b'lieve they're almost dead with shame. It makes me sick."

"But," said the reporter, "would you have them gloss over the offences that have been proved?"

"No," said the sagamore, "but I'd have 'um hold their tongues till things had been proved. Some has been. Very likely some more will be. Some won't. I'll tell you what they're doin'," cried the old man. "They're throwin' out all kinds of hints. They're takin' things for proved that ain't, and spreadin' it all over this country. They're tryin' to make people b'lieve lot of things ain't true, as well as what is true. Then if these things ain't proved, and them committees says they ain't, them papers 'll holler 'bout white-wash. It's same way on both sides. Is that honest? Is that what you call high morality? Is it done because them papers is awfully shocked at sin, or is it done to make what you call capital bimely? They draw pictures showin' how this country is in hands of thieves and in an awful state. Newspapers in States and other countries see that and read the big headlines. They don't know anything about it, but they set right down and write about Canada bein' rotten. Then them papers in this country copy that and say, 'see what other people thinks of us.' Then some preacher reads that and gits up and hollers 'bout this country bein' byword in the earth and a thing for everybody to pint their fingers at. Then them papers print what he said and make great holler 'bout pulpit speakin' out. Them papers talks about grabbin'! Don't you know that the ones that's doin' most hollerin' is always mighty glad if they kin git fat contracts for printin'?' Young man, you're a fool."

"If I understand you correctly," said the reporter, "you seem to be of the opinion that there are no honest men at all."

"Honest men," said the sagamore, "don't go round with a label on. But you kin find 'um. But if I tell you what I think—then I tell you I think there's good many men gonto make a good bargain if they kin, whether it's in Ottawa or Ap-ol-og-neek. I don't say that's good thing, but it's true."

"Then, if you are correct," said the reporter, "I might as well break my resolution and hoe in for a share of the boodle."

"It's all right," said the old man, "for you and me to be honest. It's all right for us to say other people better be honest. It's all right to camp on people that ain't honest when we kin prove it. But if I know I'm gonto make a grab first chance I git, I ain't got no business throw mud at other grabbers. Too much of that nowadays. A little more honesty all round, and a good 'eal less blather and hypocrisy be mighty good thing for this country."

"But how are we going to get it?" queried the reporter.

"One man you want to watch mighty sharp," replied the sagamore. "You kin help it along good 'eal that way."

"Where shall I find him?" asked the reporter, rising to go in eager search.

"You see him in the lookin'-glass every day," rejoined the sagamore. "Keep your eye on him."

"But," said the reporter, "don't you think that as a newspaper man I ought to hump myself at this juncture and write some treatises on virtue and the necessity of chopping off a lot of heads at Ottawa and Quebec?"

"If you advise 'um to git right down to the bottom of this thing all round—that's enough for you to do just now," replied the sagamore. "You kin print the evidence. Never mind the big headlines. If you find when it's all over that somebody's been whitewashed, and no mistake about it, then you kin git up and holler. But don't forgit that stealin' ain't the only bad thing in this world. And don't run away with the idea that anybody thinks you're the judge and jury. Heads of what you call departments in the gov'ment got good 'eal on their shoulders—so has the heads of newspapers. If one has to try hard, to keep from

grabbin', the other better try and keep from lyin' and throwin' mud. A little house cleanin' all round wouldn't hurt anybody. And this is a bully time to begin."

"I don't know but you're right, old man," said the reporter, reflectively. "I think I'll write a treatise on the duty of editors right away. Hanged if I don't!"

Our Biographical Column.

[Many Canadian papers furnish their readers every week with portraits and biographical sketches of more or less distinguished citizens of the United States. Not to be behind in so patriotic a particular, the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED has acquired the exclusive right to publish a series which, it is hoped, will be found both interesting and instructive.]



HON. PETER P. PLUNK

The Hon. Peter P. Plunk, of Cooksville, Cadaverous County, Texas, is one man among ten thousand. Ten thousand is the population of Cooksville. The honourable gentlemen was born in Plunk Settlement, Maine, (named after his grandfather) in 1850, and went west at an early age. He is therefore in the prime of life. As a boy Peter was a good boy, though vigorous, as most healthy boys are. His first notable achievement, and one that clearly demonstrated his staying powers, was at the age of twelve years, when he chewed two figs of tobacco in ten hours. The neighbours said that Peter would go along swimmingly through life. He is an excellent swimmer. After removing to Texas, Peter tried the wild and exciting life of a bullpuncher for some years, but settled down ten years ago in Cooksville and went into the real estate business. At the last state election he was sent to the legislature, and there is no member of that body of whom greater things are expected during the current term than of the Hon. Peter P. Plunk.

Canadians, from their proximity to Texas, will be especially interested in his legislative career, and he may rest assured of their continued love, and admiration of his fine qualities as a man and as a statesman. The Hon. Peter P. Plunk uses a gilt edged spittoon.

A Solemn Abjuration.

This curious advertisement appeared in the *Springhill, N.S. News*. The name of the advertiser, a woman, is here omitted:

NOTICE.

The undersigned, _____, promises and agrees not to interfere with, stone, or set the dog on any cattle, while on Her Majesty's highway, more particularly cows owned by Thomas Letcher or Richard Letcher.

(Signed)