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AT THE SWAN POND.



And Financial and Commercial Review.

Entered according to Act of Parliament of Canada in the year 1892, at the Department of Agriculture.

VOL. II.

MONTREAL AND TORONTO, JULY, 1893.

No. 5.

The Ontario Jockey Club.



THE ONTARIO Jockey Club was first organized at a meeting held at the Queen's Hotel, Toronto, in the month of June, '81, Col. Gzowski, A. D. C. being chosen chairman.

Among those present were Dr. Strange, M. P., Major Milligan, Dr. A. Smith, Messrs. T. H. Patteson, T. McGaw, T. P. Galt, J. H. Meade, C. T. Meade, J. McFarlane, E. King Dodds, T. W. Jones, John Cosgrave, E. S. Cox, T. Eccles, H. T. Smith, Jos. Duggan, J. E. Elliott, and Lyndhurst Ogden, the last named being

unanimously elected secretary. Col. Gzowski, in opening the proceedings, referred briefly to the objects of the meeting. He said there were two objects which brought him there. The first was a statement in the original circular calling a meeting to consider the organization, to the effect that racing would exist at all times and that some such association as they proposed to form was necessary to lift horse-racing out of the debasing

and degrading influences and the mire it was in at that time. His second reason was that he was satisfied if the Club was placed in the management of gentlemen of position, quite as attractive meetings might be held in Toronto as in the United States. Canadians, he said, succeeded admirably in most things they undertook. Riflemen had done well in England. Hanlan, again, had swept all before him, and he did not see why, in the time to come, a Canadian horse should not win the Derby. We give briefly the chief items of the prospectus under the consideration of the meeting:—

Mr. Joseph Duggan, proprietor of the Woodbine Race Course and Club house, waited upon Mr. T. C. Patteson and urged him to take part in the establishment of an association which would rent the Race Course and Club House and endeavor to have racing there on better principles than had lately marked the conduct of sporting affairs in this province. The first step taken was to invite the editors of the Sporting press to meet Mr. Patteson and Mr. Duggan to hear what was said and express an opinion on the merits of the scheme. Both the *Mail* and *Globe* published favorable and encouraging reports of the work in hand. Indeed everybody spoken to viewed the project with favour. Racing, the national sport of Old England, had here sunk into a slough of despond—and a pastime, followed here with great



SECRETARY-TREASURER LYNDBURST OGDEN.

success twenty-seven years ago, under the auspices of Colonel Jenyns, and the officers of the 13th Hussars—had fallen into decadence, hurtful to the country and disappointing to a large number of respectable people who have at heart the improvement of our breed of horses, and the furtherance of honest sport as a principal means to that end. Racing in some shape or form will always be carried on where the English language is spoken, and, if this be the case, all are alike interested in securing its freedom from base and defrauding influences. A Limited Liability Association called the Ontario Jockey Club was formed with a capital of \$20,000 in \$100 shares, to be called in as required, this amply sufficing for the purposes of the Club. Colonel Gzowski, the first President of the Club, on being presented with the stock book, generously subscribed his name to \$500 worth of stock.

The first board of Directors consisted of Colonel Gzowski, Messrs. W. Hendrie, T. C. Patteson, J. H. Mead, Wm. Muloch, D. Campbell, John White, A. Smith, J. D. Morrison, H. Q. St. George, C. Brown, W. Christie, J. Cosgrave, S. G. Ramsay, W. A. Dickson, Dr. Morton, J. G. Dickson, Sheriff Mercer, Dr. Strange, J. Riordon, D. Morrow, Peterboro'; N. Kingsmill, and an Executive Committee of three was chosen from the directors consisting of Messrs. T. C. Patteson, A. Sheriff, and J. H. Mead. On 16th and 17th September,

1881, the first meeting under control of the Ontario Jockey Club was held at Woodbine Park and was a complete success in every way, both from a social and sporting point of view, despite the threatening weather. There were present the Lieut.-Governor and Mrs. Robinson, Mrs. A. S. Hardy, Mrs. Briggs of Kingston, Col. Gzowski, the Hon. Messrs. Pardee, Wood, Fraser and Hardy, Mr. and Mrs. Hendrie, Miss Hendrie, and Miss Hone (Hamilton), Mr. St. George, Mr. Christopher Robinson, Mr. Shanly, Mr. Duncan Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin, Mr. Dawes, Montreal, Judge Kingsmill, Judge Sinclair, Mr. and Mrs. N. Kingsmill, Major Draper, Mr. A. G. Ramsay, Montreal, Alderman Walker, Mr. Yarker, Mr. and Mrs. Torrance, Mr. Riordan, Mr. Bunting, M.P., Mrs. S. Macdonald, Mr. Esdaile, Montreal, Sheriff Mercer, Chatham, Doctor Strange, Dr. Kennedy, Mr. Sutherland, M.P., Mr., Mrs. and Miss McFarlane, Mr. and Mrs. Galt, and others. A copy of the first day's "correct card" is appended—the officials being, President, Lt.-Col. Gzowski; Executive Committee, T. C. Patteson, A. Smith, J. H. Mead; Sec.-Treas. Lyndhurst Ogden; Judges, W. Hendrie, J. White, W. A. Dickson; Starters, J. Stauton, J. M. McFarlane; Clerks of Scales, C. T. Mead, T. W. Jones; Clerk of Course, J. Duggan; Assistant Clerk of Course, O. B. Sheppard; Timers, W. Christie, C. Brown; Distance Judge, Duncan Campbell.



SECOND VICE-PRESIDENT MR. T. C. PATTESON.

On the Lawn, Woodbine Races, Queen's Birthday.



PROGRAMME.

First Day—Friday, September 16th.

2.30 P.M.—LADIES' PURSE—\$150.

For all ages, of which \$25 to second horse; Entrance \$5; Maidens, allowed if 3 years old, 5 lbs.; 4 years 10 lbs.; 5 years and upwards 14 lbs. Winners of any race value \$200 in 1881 to carry 5 lbs. extra. Foreign-bred horses 7 lbs. extra.—Three quarters of a mile.

Owner.	Color and Sex.	Horse.	Age.	Sire.	Colors.
1. H. Paton.....	b. f.	Montopedia.....	4	Tabman.....	White, black sleeves, red cap.
2. Dr. Smith.....	gr. m.	Lady D'Arcy.....	Aged.	Thunder.....	Black, scarlet cap.
3. Dr. Smith.....	br. c.	Viel.....	3	Virgil.....	Black, scarlet cap.
4. W. R. Armstrong.....	ch. h.	Mark L.....	6	Monday.....	Orange and blue.
5. J. Dickinson.....	ch. h.	Lexington.....	5	Calogram.....	Purple, scarlet and drab.
6. D. Grand.....	ch. f.	Empress.....	3	Harry Basset.....	Blue and white.
7. Dr. Smith.....	b. g.	(formerly Malasine) Vice Chancellor.....	4	Terror.....	Black, scarlet cap.
8. W. E. Owens.....	b. m.	Simoon.....	6	War Dance.....	Yellow and black.

3 P.M.—THE MERCHANTS' PLATE—\$300.

For Dominion-bred horses; \$200, \$75, \$25; Entrance \$10; horses that have won once in 1881 3 lbs. extra; twice 5 lbs.; 3 times or more 7 lbs. extra; maidens allowed 5 lbs., and horses, not maidens, having run without winning in 1881, allowed 3 lbs.—One and one-half mile.

Owner.	Color and Sex.	Horse.	Age.	Sire.	Colors.
1. Mr. Abingdon.....	b. h.	Long Taw.....	6	Longfellow.....	Yellow, black hoop and cap.
2. Dr. Smith.....	gr. m.	Lady D'Arcy.....	Aged.	Thunder.....	Black, scarlet cap.
3. John Forbes.....	b. m.	Bonnie Bird.....	5	Judge Curtis.....	Orange and green.
4. Dr. Smith.....	b. g.	Vice Chancellor.....	4	Terror.....	Black, scarlet cap.

4 P.M.—JOCKEY CLUB STAKES—\$400.

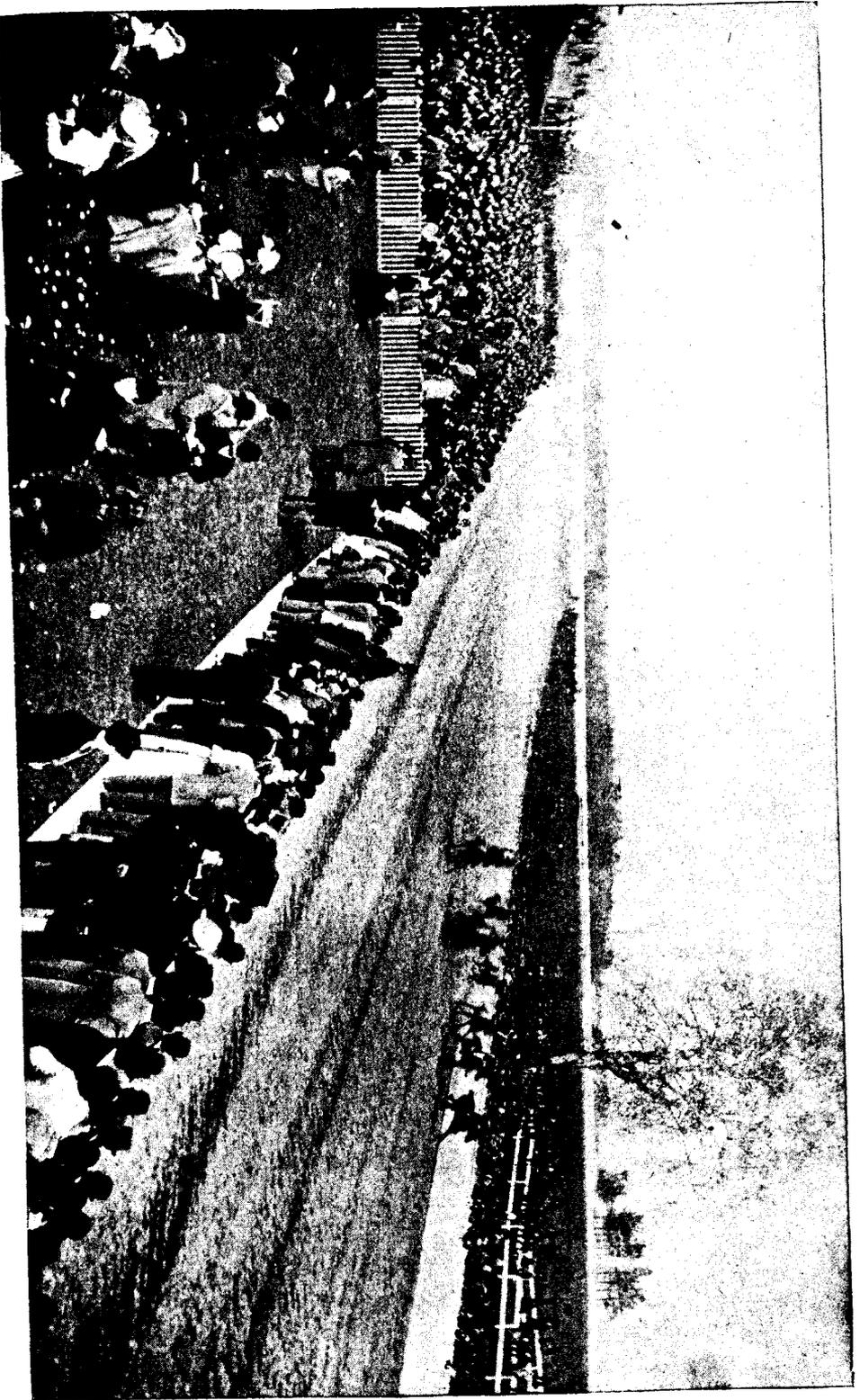
Open to all; \$325, \$50, \$25; Entrance \$15. Mile heats.

Owner.	Color and Sex.	Horse.	Age.	Sire.	Colors.
1. Mr. Abingdon.....	b. h.	Long Taw.....	6	Longfellow.....	Yellow, black hoop and cap.
2. W. R. Armstrong.....	ch. h.	Mark L.....	6	Monday.....	Orange and blue.
3. J. Forbes.....	b. m.	Bonnie Bird.....	5	Judge Curtis.....	Orange and green.
4. J. P. Dawes.....	ch. h.	Kin Head.....	4	Waverley.....	Crimson, black cap.

5 P.M.—AUTUMN STEEPLE CHASE—\$300.

Of which \$50 to second horse; Entrance \$10; to carry 28 lbs. in addition to weight for age; winners of hurdle-race or steeplechase in 1881, 7 lbs. extra.—About three miles.

Owner.	Color and Sex.	Horse.	Age.	Sire.	Colors.
1. H. Paton.....	ch. m.	Graluca.....	Aged.	Kingfisher.....	White, black sleeves, red cap.
2. A. C. Stewart.....	ch. g.	Pilot.....	Aged.	Jack the Barber.....	Green and scarlet.
3. John Forbes.....	ch. h.	Bailey.....	5	Enquirer.....	Orange and green.
4. J. P. Dawes.....	ch. m.	Rose.....	5	Hembold.....	Crimson, black cap.
5. J. Scott.....	b. m.	Julia Cruise.....	5	Extra.....	Scarlet.



The Start for the "Queen's Plate"—Queen's Birthday.

5.30 P.M.—THE SCURRY STAKES—\$100.

For horses bred in Canada, never in a public training stable, and the *bona fide* property of, and regularly ridden or driven by a member of the Jockey Club for one month prior to the date of race; gentlemen riders; entrance \$5; post entries, additional \$5; to carry 35 lbs. in addition to weight for age. Thorough-breds barred; winners 7 lbs. extra.—One and one-eighth mile on the flat.

Owner.	Color and Sex.	Horse.	Age.	Sire.	Colors.
1. C. T. Mead	b. m.	Rosalind		Reveller	Black and purple. Purple and white cap.
2. Dr. Smith	b. m.	Flora		War Cry	Black, scarlet cap.
3. Major Milligan	br. g.	Alarm		Terror	Blue, black cap.
4. D. Grand	b. g.	Atlantic		Reveller	Blue and white.

The course was well kept by the police, the weighing was promptly and satisfactorily done, and everything went merry as a marriage bell.

Vici won first race, with Simoon 2nd Mark L. third. Time, 1-18 and a-half.

The Merchants' Plate was another race to the credit of that rattling good horse Disturbance; Lady D'Arcy second, and Vice-Chancellor third. Time, 2.48.

The Jockey Club Stakes run in mile heats furnished the best race of the day,

Bonnie Bird just getting up and beating Kin Kean a short head with Long Taw third. Time, 1.48 and a-half.

Second heat, Bonnie Bird won handily by a length from Long Taw. Time 1.47 and a-half.

Mr. Dawe's ch. m. had virtually a walk over in the Autumn Steeplechase, and Major Milligan's Adam put another good race to his owner's credit in the Scurry Stakes, Atlantic second and Flat third. Time, 2.18 and a-half.

The progress of the Club has been most marked. In 1881, there were some sixty members, the membership gradually increasing each year till 1885 when one hundred members paid the annual subscription, the Club giving a two days' meeting, with purses amounting to \$1,185. In 1886 ninety-eight members "cried con-tent," the value of purses being \$3,624. In 1887 the Club numbered one hundred and twenty-six members, the

amount of purses given \$3,320. In 1888 one hundred and sixty members "faced the Secretary." Purses amounting to \$3,745.

The year 1889 showed a still further increase in the membership roll to the number of 238; amount of purses, \$4,515. With 358 members and a three days meeting, matters took a big jump in 1890, the sum of \$8,345 being distributed in purses.

The Club tacked on another extra day in 1891, with a membership of 450 and in purses to the value of \$11,789. 1892 gave us a five days' meeting, the purses being worth \$16,586, and the number of members 489. 1893—515 members, with a five days meeting and \$20,000 in purses.

These statistics do not include the Autumn meetings which have been held almost regularly since 1881.

Winners of the Queen's Plate—under control of the Jockey Club:

1882—Mr. Abingdon's b. m. Fanny Wise, 5, by Terror, 117 lbs. (Gates), 15 starters; 2.51.

1883—C. Boyle's br. g. Roddy Pringle, 3, by Hembold, 97 lbs. (Smith), 9 starters; 2.52½.

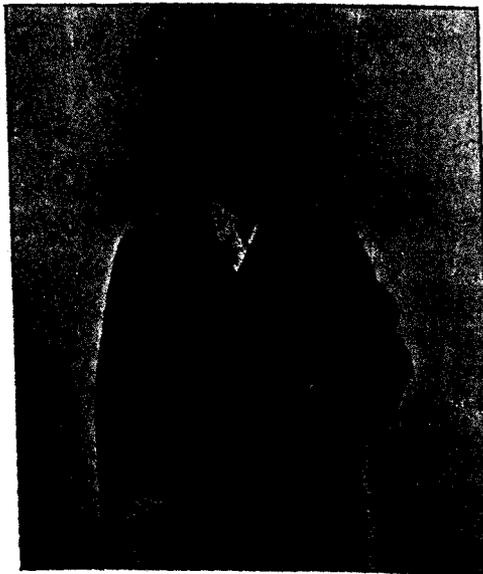
1884—John Halligan's b. g. Williams, 6, by Terror, 121 lbs. (Martin), 15 starters; 2.50¾.

1885—E. Burgess, b. g. Willie W., 4, by Princeton, 115 lbs. (Jamieson), 14 starters; 2.58.

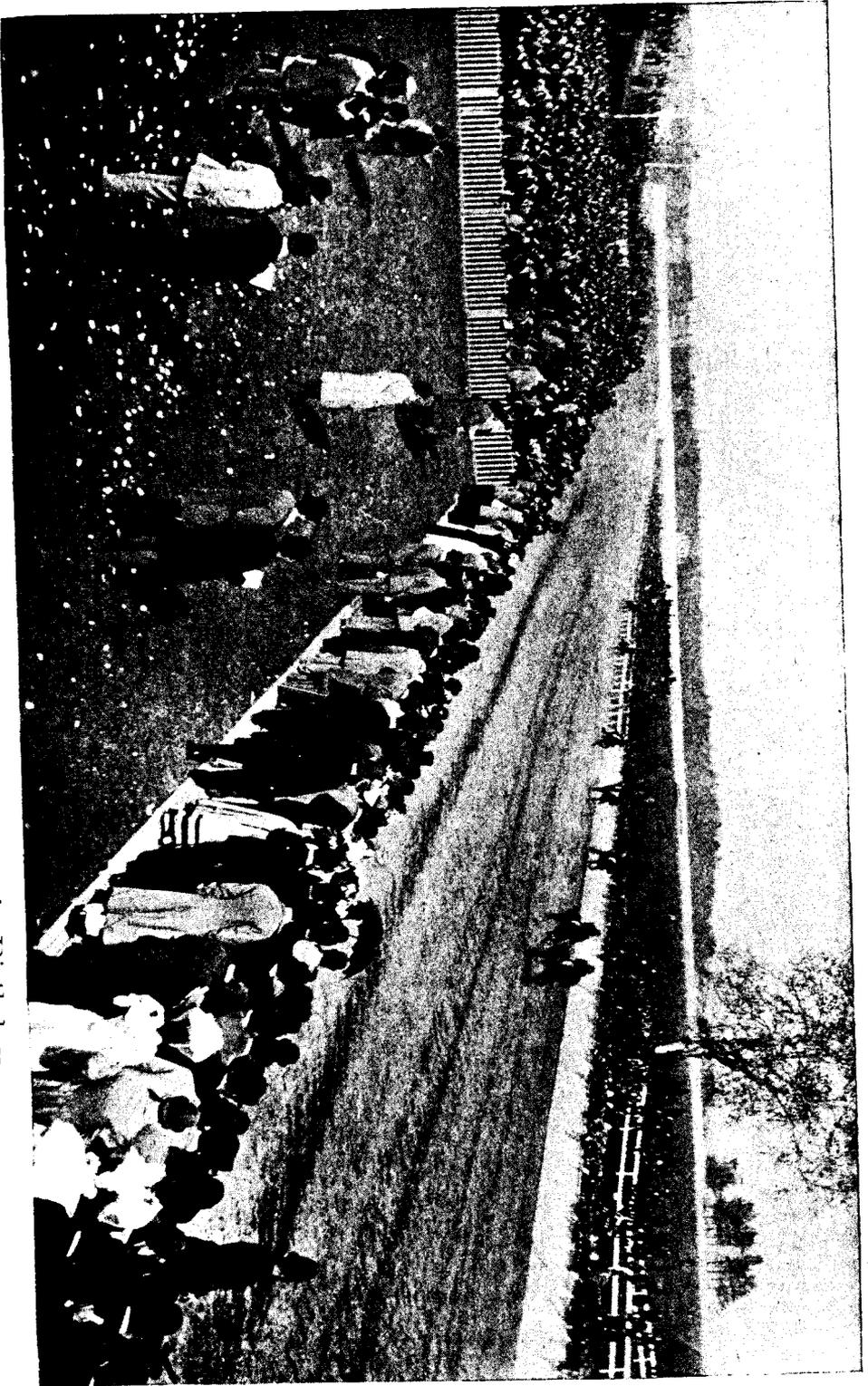
1886—D. W. Campbell's ch. f. Wild Rose, 4, by Princeton, 113 lbs. (Butler), 10 starters; 2.48½.

1887—Robert Bond's ch. g. Bonnie Duke, 5, by Judge Curtis, 119 lbs. (Wise), 13 starters; 2.19.

1888—J. D. Matheson's b. c. Harry Cooper, 4, by Long Taw, 118 lbs. (C. O'Leary), 7 starters; 2.18¼.



PRESIDENT WILLIAM HENDRIE.



Finish of the Queen's Plate—Queen's Birthday.

1889—Duggan & Matheson's b. g. Colonist, 3, by Caligula, 106 lbs. (R. O'Leary), 10 starters; 2 16.

1890—T. G. Hodgen's h. f. Kitestring, 3, by imp. Strachino, 105½ lbs. (Coleman), 7 starters; 2 22.

1891—J. E. Seagram's b. g. Victorious, 3, by Terror—Bonnie Vic, 106 lbs. (Gorman), 12 starters; 2 14½.

1892—J. E. Seagram's bl. c. O'Donohue, 3 by Cromaboo—Milly, 106 lbs. (Horton), 16 starters; 2 22.

1893—Seagram's b. g. Martello, 4 years, by Cromaboo—imp. Counterscarp, 119 lbs. (Blaylock, 9 starters. Time, 2.14 sec.

N. B.—From the year 1882 to 1886 the distance of the "Queen's Plate" was 1½ miles. Since 1887 the distance has been 1¼ miles.

For a good many years the Executive labored to foster the growth and development of the racehorse in Canada, and up to the present time have never relaxed their efforts to this end; therefore, it is not surprising that the news of their success extended across the border, when our American friends, tempted by the remunerative purses, and the good name the Ontario Jockey meetings bore, for the manner in which they were conducted, sent their horses and assisted to make the Ontario Jockey Club Spring Meetings second to none in the Dominion, and not to be beaten in any social gathering

on this continent. The Ontario Jockey Club differs from any association we know of in America, in this way, it has never been a money-making concern, even to the shareholders—no dividend ever having been paid. Every cent of surplus has gone into substantial improvements in the way of increased purses, better accommodation for the public and the much needed requirements of stabling for race horses, there being at the time of the initiation of the Club not even a single loose box to shelter a probable Queen's Plate winner.

The Park itself, is delightfully situated, and a more lovely spot is hard to find.

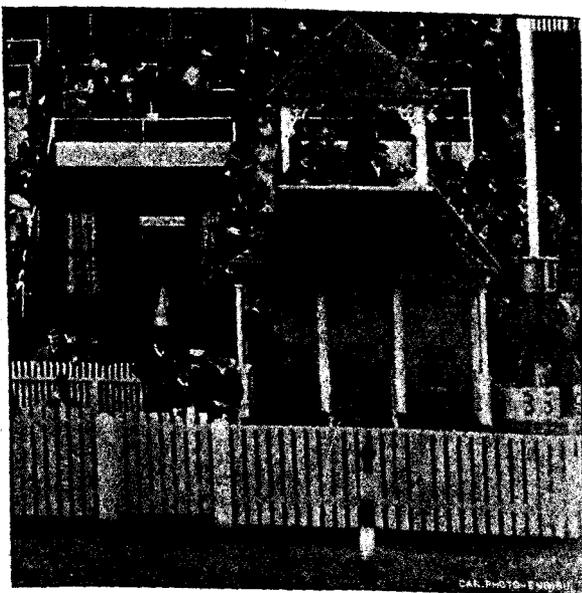
From the Grand Stand directly south a magnificent stretch of Lake Ontario's blue waters greets the eye, and refreshing breezes wafted from it serve to mitigate the intensity of the sun's rays. To the westward of the park a clump of trees shut out the view beyond, while to the eastward a beautiful sylvan landscape stretches away in undulating grandeur into the horizon. Visitors to the race course for the first time are always charmed with the scene, and on a clear day, from the roof of the new members' stand, it is possible to see the spray from the Falls of Niagara. The successive Governors-General have always chosen the Ontario Jockey Club Spring Meetings as the fitting time to make their annual

visits to Toronto, and as a proof of the estimation in which the Spring Meeting is held both here and in the States, we cannot do better than quote the following extract from the well known sporting paper of New York "The Rider and Driver," New York, February 4, 1892:

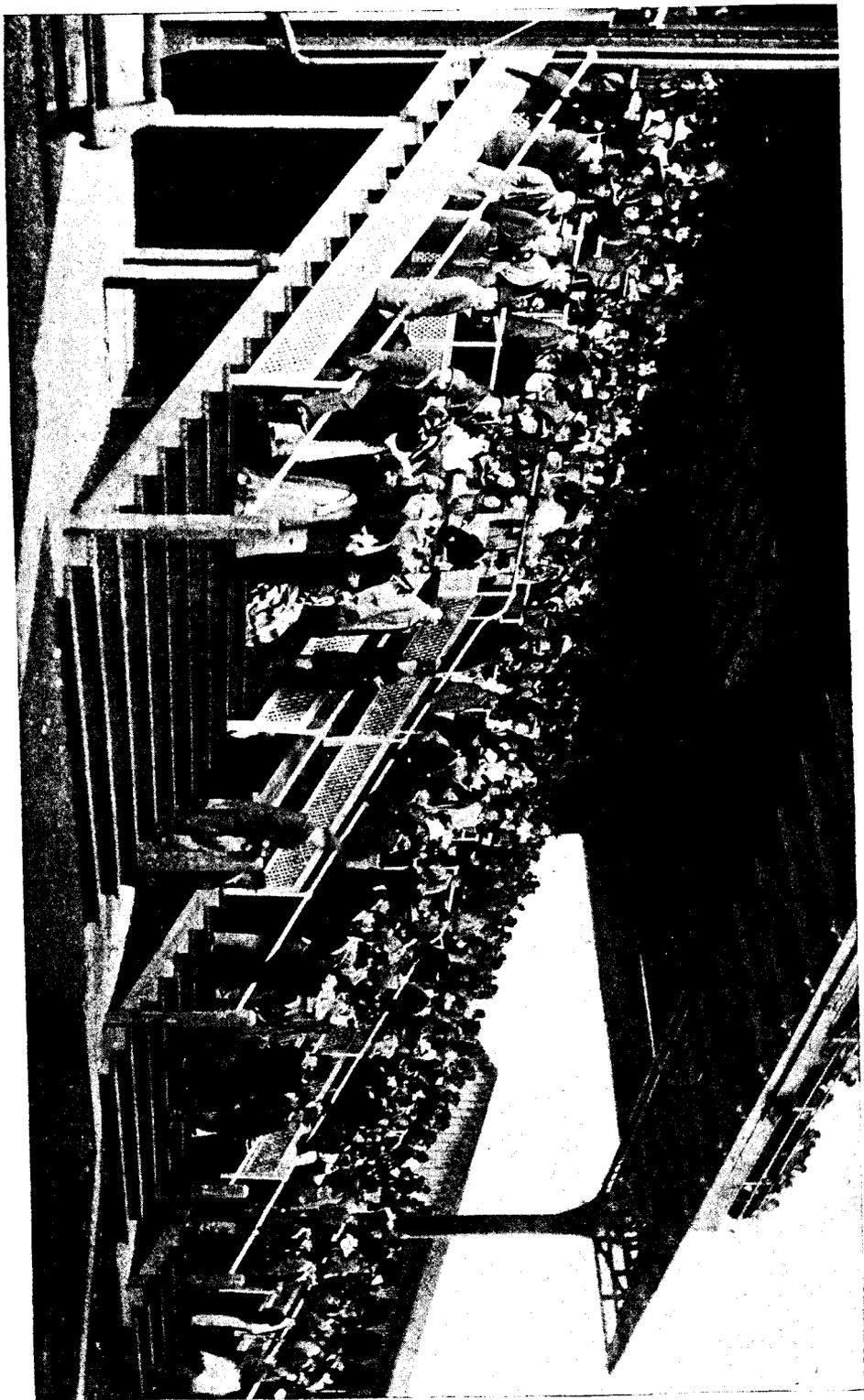
"Toronto is the recognized headquarters of Canadian racing, as it is also the place where most of

the half-bred Canadian hunters are sent to the New York market.

"The May meeting at Toronto has achieved a great reputation—the attendance is enormous, and composed of all the best people in Ontario society. Balls and parties go on all the week, and strangers are feted and flattered to their heart's content. For an outing and jollification we cordially recommend the trip; and every opportunity is given by the terms of the races to pay expenses. There is no trouble at the Custom House, and the journey which may include a visit to Niagara Falls takes less than fifteen hours. It is likely that parties will go up from



THE JUDGES' STAND.



The New Iron Stand.—Queen's Birthday.

Washington and Philadelphia as well as from this city."

The attendance this year was marvelous, the Club enclosure and the Grand Stand being simply packed with people, while the betting ring was a perfect jam. Among the distinguished visitors from foreign climes was Prince Roland Bonaparte, accompanied by his secretary, and Count Masuguina the legal advisor of the Mikado of Japan.

Mr. William Hendrie has been President of the Club since 1884, and it is needless to say, has filled that position to the acceptance of all true lovers of racing.

The Honorable Frank Smith, as 1st Vice-President, by his generous subscriptions and connection with the Canadian Turf years before the Ontario Jockey Club came into existence, worthily occupies the position.

The Second Vice-President, Mr. T. C. Patteson, may well be called the father of the Canadian Turf, and a higher compliment cannot be paid him than to place him in the same rank with his old friend the late D. D. Withers, who made the American turf what it is to-day. It would be remiss not to mention the names of G. W. Torrance, chairman of the Executive Committee, Dr. Andrew Smith, and Major Meade, who have given their hearty co-operation in carrying out the inventions of Mr. Patteson. Mr. Lyndhurst Ogden (Secretary-Treasurer) a familiar figure on race days mounted, on his black pony, can aptly be said to have borne the heat and

burden of the day, and it is to his untiring efforts much of the great success of the Ontario Jockey Club is due. Few people, except those behind the scenes, can estimate the tremendous labor and responsibility in connection with this office, however, the unparalleled success of the meeting of 1893 is now a matter of history. While on this subject the names of a quintette of willing workers should not be overlooked. Messrs. C. T. Meade and J. W. Jones, who have had charge of the scales since the inception of the Club, J. Stanton, for many years starter and latterly assistant in that capacity. A. W. Smith also at one time assistant starter, and A. W. Dodd, who generously filled that unenviable position with the distance flag.

BENEFACTORS.

It would be unjust not to enumerate under this heading the names of the following gentlemen who, by their donations, have not only shown their appreciation of the efforts of the Executive of the Ontario Jockey Club as well as adding to the support of the Canadian Turf:

Mr. George Goodherham, Messrs. Hiram Walker and Sons, the famous distillers of Walkerville, and Messrs. Davis and Sons of Montreal.

Eighteen hundred and ninety-three will long be remembered as the "Seagram year," and record breaking one in the history of the Ontario Jockey Club.

W. P. F.



By The Fountain.

By LEE WYNDHAM.



IN ONE of the continental galleries, you could find, if you sought it, the picture of a woman, leaning from an open window, with one hand raised to shade her eyes, as she looks out on the road beyond, and seeks with her straining gaze, some object—only to be conjectured by those who stand before her pictured face. It is hardly a beautiful face. The brow is too high and the mouth too firm for that soft loveliness which we accept as the truest type of feminine beauty. But patience and strength and dignity, and self-forgetting love are in the shadowed eyes, and in the rigid mouth and chin. Roses grow round the casement frame—the dead leaves of one that has faded and fallen lie in the open palm of her hand, which rests upon the window sill, as though it had that moment ceased to wave farewell.

The legend this picture illustrates is surely no uncommon one. From the days when war began, how many women have watched, as this one watches, the gallant form of lover or husband ride away—with only prayers—not hopes—for their return. How many fruitless longings do those dead rose-leaves typify? No new story does this pictured face, with its lofty sorrow, and its yearning love, tell to us who look thereon.

But, just as though field on field of grass may lie before us, yet we shall seek in vain to find two blades alike, so, in the monotonous story of human love and sorrow, we find no two, in all their details, quite the same—and, in many points, the tale this picture tells us, is like to few others. For thus the story goes:—

PART I.

It was Easter Day in Fiesole, the sun shone, bright and warm. The streets were thronged with holiday-keepers, in gay, quaint costumes. Mass was over. The odour of the incense mingled no

longer with the perfumed breath of the lilies on the altar. The musical thunder of the organ, and the thrilling voices of the choir, were silent. The glittering vestments of the priests were laid aside. From the steps of the church the last worshipper had disappeared, save one—a youth of more than even Italian beauty, clad in a picturesque peasant garb, which revealed the limbs of an Antemous. He looked eagerly and impatiently at the perfumed dimness, half revealed by the partly open door of the church, and then turned his glance to the scene before him. From the steps of the church, which stood midway in a wide street he could see houses, vine-clad, and beautiful. At the end of the street was a fountain, whose steps served as seats for more than one laughing group—beyond that, a road, lined with olives and oleanders, led to a village, not far distant. The trees stood clear against the sky—whose radiant cloudless blue seemed to rest upon the snow-covered Apennines, far away, yet faintly visible. He turned, frowning, from all this beauty, and looked again at the church door. A muttered word of impatient anger was on his lips, when, from its shadow, a woman emerged—older than he, and far less beautiful. Yet, a disciple of Lavater would have seen in the Greek perfection of his face little that was higher than the chamois climbing the far-off mountains—and in hers, mild care-clouded though it was, the light of a soul exiled from a higher sphere. Her eyes kindled into life and beauty as she saw him, and she moved swiftly forward. "Ah, thou wert good to wait," she murmured, "But I was loth to leave the church—to shorten, by a moment, the glory of this Easter Day. Now, the rest of it is thine."

In the sunlight of her frank smile, the cloud had melted from his face, and taking her hand, he led her down the street, until they stood side by side before the now deserted fountain whose waters gleamed brightly, and fell musically. And there, with all the ardour of his Southern nature, and all the passion of undisciplined youth,

he poured out the story of his love, and urged her, as he had urged her many times before, that she should delay no longer to crown his life with her love.

"My love," said Lisa, turning her deep, dark eyes upon his impassioned face—"that has been thine since the day when my dying mother bade me look to thee as to a brother—for the sake of thine own mother—her much loved friend. But not yet—Caro Mia—there is no need for haste."

There was anger in his eyes as he answered, petulantly, "Ever—'not yet.' For what dost thou wait?"

She was silent. Deep in her loving heart, though not yet crystallized into thought, lay the conviction that life had been too bright for him already; that all he had wished for had fallen too easily into his grasp; that contact with the hard and stern realities of life was sorely needed to awaken and develop the dormant good within him.

"Oh, Nino Mio," she murmured, passionately, "I know not what bids me wait—but, when I would fain say yes, a voice within me cries out 'Stay!' And—canst thou be in such haste, when Luigo must wait so long?"

Nino's face clouded yet more.

"Nay, nay, Lisa. We can do him no good by waiting. With his father and poor Lotta to take care of, and that heavy debt to pay, it must be long ere he can wed. But, even to pay his substitute, he will take no help from me. Truly," he added, petulantly, "it is well I know that he loves Tessa—else might I think he had won *thy* heart—he is so often in thy thoughts."

"Do I not owe thee to his care," said Lisa, smiling, "But for him thou might'st have been dead, at the foot of that terrible crag." A shudder passed over her, at the thought of the deadly peril from which Luigo, a year ago, had rescued the playmate of her youth, and the long illness which followed, in which Luigo had nursed him with tenderest care.

The lovers were here interrupted by the approach of a pretty peasant girl, who came slowly towards them, leading by the hand, a man, old and blind. Both Lisa and Nino went forward to meet them, for the girl was Tessa, the betrothed of Luigo, who now joined the group, pushing the little chair on wheels, in which his little crippled sister sat. Lisa's grand face lighted as she saw those two. And yet her heart ached. Oh, to have seen in

Nino, whom she so passionately loved, some trace of the selfdenying love for the father and sister dependant on him. Some trace of the manly devotion to duty, which gave dignity to Luigo's simple life. Truly was Tessa to be envied—Tessa, for whom such a man as Luigo worked and waited.

The Easter day passed joyfully to all—save Nino, bitterly angry with Lisa—and wrath at the delay on which she insisted, and Lisa, saddened by his impatient and selfish words, and by the absence in him of the nobleness she longed to see. Sadened, too, by fears that her hesitation might not be the best for him—and perplexed, for the first time in all her patient, laborious, selfdenying life, as to the right path in which to tread.

PART II.

A month later, consternation was on every face, and sorrow in every heart throughout Fiesole. For war was declared once more, and the conscription levied again and again, the lot had fallen on Luigo. He had not yet paid the parents of his last substitute the full sum agreed upon, and his absence meant little less than ruin to his father and to Lotta. While for Tessa—all the gossips of the place could speak of nothing else.

The last to learn the news was Lisa. She had spent the night before and all that day at the bedside of a sick child, living in the village not four miles away. She had promised to meet Nino at the fountain at sunset, and was on her way to the trysting place, when a garrulous neighbour told her of Luigo's enrolment. Lisa listened in silence, and then hurried on. The sun had set. The western sky was still aglow; the first silver star was trembling in the darkening blue; a crescent moon hung suspended near it. Her heart was sad with sympathy: her thoughts with Luigo and his stricken friends. Nino, standing near the fountain, looked at her as she came forward, her hands clasped as though in pain, her dark brows drawn under the shadow of her white cap, looked at her—and felt his heart sink. There was that in her face which made the vague sense of distance and of difference—never entirely absent from him—rise up, a tangible barrier between them. He spoke no word, and did not move, but stayed, kneeling on one knee on the fountain step.

Lisa came forward; she put her two hands on his shoulders, and looked, with

her dark earnest eyes, into his: "Beloved of my soul—even though it be the will of God that thou shouldst fall in the battle, my Nino, thou must take Luigo's place."

* * * * *

They stood beside the fountain till all the stars of Heaven came out and glittered in the sky—till the moon had dropped below the horizon, and the night-wind stirred the leaves of the olives and oleanders. And when the long struggle was over, and Nino, grown, in the agony of that wrestle, to man's estate, had left her to seek Luigo, and bid him stay and guard his helpless ones in peace, Lisa knelt still beside the flashing waters of the fountain, and wept till morning dawned.

PART III.

He rode away next day, and Lisa watched him from her window, as the picture tells—loving as she had never loved before, yet thanking God. And though, after months of waiting, the news came that he had fallen in the battle—a solemn peace possessed her soul, and never left her face. She put on Tessa's bridal wreath, and it was Tessa who wept—not she. She tendered the dying bed of Luigo's father, and took the crippled Lotta to live with her. And though many called her life a ruined one, she never did—nor thought it such. For she loved truly, and true love seeks ever—not joy, not bliss, but: "The eternal blessedness of the thing loved."



The Megaliths of the Souris River.



ON THE banks of the Souris River in the Canadian Northwest Territories, was formerly a sacred spot of the Dakotas. With something of the same reverence

with which the Indian tribes gathered to their solemn meeting place, when were

“ All the warriors drawn together,
By the signal of the Peace-Pipe,
To the mountains of the prairie,
To the great Red Pipestone Quarry.”

did Sioux, Assiniboines, and in times of peace, wandering bands of Crees visit with awe the great rocks standing out like sentinels on the prairie banks of the Souris River.

The early French voyageurs who named the river in their musical tongue, Riviere la Souris, observed overlooking them the great sentinel rock, through which the elements had pierced or eaten an opening to be seen for miles, and designated it “La Roche percee”—a name extended to the whole fantastically formed group since called “The pierced rocks.”

The plains, in the region lying around these sacred rocks, were, as tradition and even recent history tells, black with buffalo, and when the Sioux or Assiniboine hunter had with special ardour pursued the chase to the base of the rocks, here he stopped to worship. In token of his gratitude to the Dakotan “Wakan Tonka”—the Great Spirit—he inscribed on the soft, white sandstone the story of his prowess in pictures, whose dim outlines the traveler can still trace. Awed by the strange rock mass the hunter prayed to it, for it is “Wawkawn”—mysterious or supernatural. Hither too the Kinistineaux or Cree from the North, when he could safely reach this shrine on the borderland of his tribe, came to pay his offering, and in this place of sanctuary smoked the pipe of peace with his hereditary enemies the Sioux, appealing to the protective care of his “Gitche Manitou.”

The offering made, the hunter then returned to his home hundreds of miles away—the Cree to recount on the shores of Lake Manitoba—Spirit Lake—to white, or half-breed, or Ojibway, the tale of his meeting with the awful spirit at the rocky

shrine; the Dakota, as he reached his home on the shores of Minnewakan, not Devil's Lake as wrongly called, but Spirit Water, to tell of his Northwestern pilgrimage; and the Assiniboine to revisit with reverence “Big Stone Lake,” the abode of his fathers.

“ Where first Wawkeean's footsteps pressed.
About his burning brow, a cloud
Black as the raven's wing, he wore.
Thick tempests wrapt him like a shroud,
Red lightnings in his hands he bore.”

How strange that the old meeting place of the Indian nations should be but one-tenth of a degree north of the forty-ninth parallel, the boundary line to day between Dakota and Assiniboia!

It does not surprise us to learn that when Captain Palliser's celebrated expedition crossed the prairies of the Northwest in 1857, the explorer, with Dr. Hector, his scientific assistant, diverged from Fort Ellice, and in the month of August, the queen of prairie months, made, under the leading of his well-trained guides, a pilgrimage of not less than two hundred miles to “La Roche percee”—the famous Indian shrine.

In his diary of August 20th, Captain Palliser says: “The only animals we have met since leaving Fort Ellice up to this point are bands of prairie antelopes, but we had not proceeded far after breakfast when we came in sight with two buffalo bulls, which I killed. As this hunt occasioned a delay of some time, when once again started we pushed on fast in order to reach the Souris river by night-fall.”

August 21st. “When day broke this morning we discovered on the opposite bank of the river a large camp of Indians, from the glistening of their white tents in the rising sun. We rode off to examine the river and the banks of the valley through which it runs. We found the valley very extensive. . . . As we continued riding up the valley slowly, we observed a number of Indians coming rapidly towards us. From the open manner in which they approached we saw that their intentions were friendly, so we awaited them, choosing however a good position for observing them as they neared us. A few had guns, but the majority were armed with bows and arrows. They



"LA ROCHE PERCEE."

turned out to be a party of Stoney Indians of the plains (Assiniboines) from the camp we had observed in the morning.

A little to the south of us were some wonderfully-formed rocks, among which the most remarkable was "La Roche Percee."

Dr. Hector in describing "The Pierced Rocks," when he saw them, says: "The manner in which the sandstones decompose gives rise to curious figures, which the Indians regard with superstitious dread. Hard concretions occur, which resist the action of the atmosphere for a much longer period than the softer portions, and they thus become isolated and perched in natural pillars, which are grouped as if they formed the ruins of ancient buildings. One of these pillars standing out from the side of the valley is perforated by a large hole, and is "La Roche Percee," from which the locality derives its name. The Indians never pass this stone without making some offering to the Manitou, (which to their minds it represents), such as rubbing vermilion on it, or depositing beads, tobacco, or the like in the crevices. It is also covered with rude designs carved with their knives on the soft surface of the stone."

Late in the month of August, 1892, the writer had the good fortune to visit "Les Roches Percees region, which may now be reached by a branch of the Canadian Pacific Railway, though upwards of three hundred miles southwest of the city of Winnipeg. The weather was beautiful, and a delightful week was spent rambling up and down the winding valley of the Souris.

Great forces of nature have evidently been at work here, both in times remote and recent. The huge rock monuments

speak of an age when the glaciers which have left their great moraine, in the Missouri Coteau near by, crushed down with terrific force, and only a sentinel here and there such as "La Roche Percee" escaped, as the sandstones of a preceding age were being ground to powder.

Succeeding time saw the bed of the Souris, at places three miles wide, swept down by a rushing flood of waters, leaving at intervals in the valley, elevations such as "Sugar loaf hill, "Fig. 10?" with their layers of clay, sandstone, their limestone, and lignite coal in beautiful alternations.

A subsequent age beheld the valley and its hills dried as with a sirocco, and the exposed coal seams, set on fire by lightning or by accident since the coming of man upon the scene, burned the hills, and turning the clay into brick-colored fragments, gave the stones in the valley a bright red appearance. Evidences of fire are on every side.

Lastly, kindly nature to hide the deformity caused by these Titanic forces, has clothed the slopes of the valley with herbage, largely of the aster family, though occasionally on a gravelly or hard fireclay spot may be met the pretty but suggestive cactus. Close to the river winding through the valley, there may in long stretches be seen belts of trees, growing to a considerable height, and sheltering a tangled thickwood beneath them.

"Les Roches Percees," as approached from the west have an impressive appearance. To one thus coming down the Souris valley they rise up on the heights to the right and present a striking outline on the horizon. Around them is virgin prairie. Not even a settler's cabin is to be found within miles, though the approach of the railway down the valley will soon



"THE STONE INDIAN'S HEAD."

wake the echoes, where there has been the sacred solitude of ages. The pierced rocks appear as we approach them, like a range of pillars, where once a mighty dwelling of the giants had stood; not, it is true, with the glistening marble, such as Palmyra of the wilderness presents under a Syrian sky, but great masses of brown sandstone, suggesting the poet's description.

"The ground, like one great cemetery, is covered o'er with mouldering monuments."

As the height is ascended from the valley, the chief range is found to run back toward the prairie. "La Roche Percee" proper is seen with its aperture, which is ever widening as the stone is worn away. A gap occurs between the first and second sections seen in the picture. This opening, now twenty-five feet wide, was so small a dozen years ago that visitors could step from one section to another. The process of decay, leaving one portion erect, while another has fallen, suggests to the traveller the fragmentary lines of the aqueducts upon the Campagna, east of old Rome. The crumbling sandstone keeps up the illusion of great columns of tumbling masonry, as we approach it. We can sympathize with the wandering redman as he drew near this remarkable sight upon the prairie, and called it his "Manitou."

When the height is reached, it is found, that lying to the east for hundreds of yards, there is a continuation of the rock series in parallel lines running back from the brow of the hill toward the prairie level. The fantastic forms are seen to arise from the fact that an upper stratum of the Tertiary sandstone is considerably harder than the underlying rock. The base rock is a soft, yielding sandstone, easily cut away with a knife, while that above is firmer, and withstands much better the destructive agencies of climate. This remarkable feature is observed in the rock exposures for miles along the banks of the Souris river.

Two hundred yards to the east of "La Roche Percee" may be singled out another great rock called "Little Pierced Rocks." This very much resembles that better known as the "Pierced Rock," but it too will soon have yielded to the fierce forces of nature and have become a rude sandstone cairn. What a history these silent rocks could tell were they but to speak!

Judging from investigations by Miss F.

Babbitt (Am. Assoc. Adv. of Science) among the "Little Falls quartzes" of Minnesota, Neolithic man may have wandered hither, impressed by these sheer rocks, rising up defiant to the glacial destruction. In later times generations of wandering tribes of the plains have camped beside them for shelter from the fierce storms of the prairie. Still later, visitors of every grade, including the white man of this century, have shown in emblem the transitoriness of human fame by cutting their names upon the rocks,—names so soon to crumble away, and to be lost in oblivion.

In the rocky expanse lying between the two—the greater and lesser pierced rocks—shapes of every variety arise. The visitor imagines himself in a rocky field where "that shrewd and knavish sprite called Robin Goodfellow," and all the merry elves who follow him, have been at work and left fantastic shapes on every side. Giants' tables and huge rustic seats, stone amphitheatres and elephantine masses, simulations of the bear upon his haunches, and the body of the resting buffalo are scattered around, all of which no doubt appealed to the simple imagination of the redman. One of the most noticeable of these strange forms is that called "The Stone Indian's Head." Lonely it stands with stony stare, viewing the elfish confusion—a very

"Sphinx hiding the secrets of the past."

After visiting "Les Roches Percees" for several successive days, and receiving from the objects of interest, and perhaps from the ozone of the prairie air, an exhilaration like that of wine, the writer pursued his journey down the valley. Traces of the same rock formation were visible at points along the overlooking heights.

Some distance below the sacred spot, which we have been describing, a single prominent rock was to be seen, which afforded an outlook for an observer, commanding the whole sweep of the valley. This, known as "The Scout's Stone," rising on the ascent, at this point perfectly treeless, presented a striking appearance.

A few miles down the valley, the eye was arrested by a further succession of fantastic rocks. This spot, some five miles from "Les Roches Percees," is known as "Price's Farm." In this neighbourhood is settled the pioneer white family of the region. Twelve years ago the Price family had pushed on in the van of Canadian settlement, and for years



"THE FOUR MUSHROOMS."

lived thirty miles from the nearest settler. Near their present dwelling this group of rocks is to be found—in some points rivaling those further up the river. The first of this group to attract attention, lie on the slope of the valley, and have been called "The Four Mushrooms." Their appearance is unique.

The upper layer of these odd forms is the harder layer of sandstone; while below as seen in the neck of "The Stone Indian's Head," the softer stone is wearing away.

Near by these objects, but not shown in the cut, are numerous dunes, resembling "sugar-loaf hill," outliers left by the flood of waters, that in past-glacial times wore away great portions of the valley. The "stone mushrooms" are but survivals of the destruction of the glacial age itself.

Near by the "stone mushrooms," a steep climb, up a bank covered with a few trees, and with a dense tanglewood beneath, brought the traveller to the base of what are called the "Picture Rocks." These are rugged masses of the sandstone of the valley. Caves are here and there found in them, and their shelter was found acceptable as a heavy thunderstorm threatened to mar the pleasure of the visit. In the immediate neighbourhood of these rocks the same fantastic forms as in those already described are found. The heights themselves were formerly a favorite resort for the Indians, and the strange freaks of nature had appealed to their imagination.

One object of the vicinity especially catches the eye of the visitor, viz., "Wakaw Tonka's Armchair." One side the chair was observed to have the pierced stone so characteristic of the Souris formation. In more eastern Indian legends the resting place of the Great Spirit occu-

pied an important place. Too often the art of the conjuror seized these remarkable spots, and they were used to impress the timid and extort largesse from the ignorant. Here in Wakaw Tonka's seat the Devil-worship had its hold, and this was a favourite resort for the blinded supplicants at the stony shrine.

Both at "Les Roches Percees" and the Picture Rocks numerous carvings on the rock are to be seen. The vandalism of the Anglo-Saxon tourist is exhibited here as elsewhere. For centuries Indian art had at this spot found encouragement. The prowess of the hunter, the victory of the warrior, the success of the trader, and even the joyful domestic experiences of the tepee had been commemorated in rude figures. Here were materials for history.

But ever since Captain Palliser's visit, white travellers have crossed the prairies, and with true Philistinish instincts have cut their names and dates upon the rock. The writer had well-nigh spelt out from Indian hieroglyphics a story of success in hunting the buffalo, and the incidents of the chase, when the presence of a common English name, cut in large letters directly athwart the inscription, destroyed the whole connection and lost the tale. Imagine the feelings of a patient inquirer after Indian folklore meeting a pair of cross hammers of a modern type, or an anchor engraved but yesterday, and vainly striving to make out an Indian tale among the wilderness of English names! Oh for the rarity of the poetic instinct!

Still remaining, though soon to be entirely obliterated, are the figures of the buffalo, horse, wild goose, crane, a series of round holes arranged like strings of beads, of Indians decked with buffalo heads, engaging in the famous "buffalo



"WAKAW TONKA'S ARMCHAIR."

dance," and of the trophies brought back by the braves from their tribal wars.

Bidding farewell to these less known but most impressive megaliths of Price's farm, a short drive westward and then to the north brings the tourist to the ford of the Souris. The river is of trifling width, but like all prairie rivers it is nearly as wide at this point as it is at where it empties into the Assiniboine River. Its course is run through a winding circuit of about nine hundred miles, through the plains of Assiniboia, the prairies of Dakota, and then through Manitoba; but the muddy stream at the mouth contrasts greatly with the clear, cool current which passes "Les Roches Percees." A sharp descent, a plunge through the water, and our faithful Rosinante takes us up the northern bank.

Here is a pleasant spot, and we are face to face with the ruins of the first buildings erected by the Price family on their coming to the river. There may not be such interest in the remains of the prairie settler's dwelling, as attaches to the ruined abbey or the castle of romance in the old land, or even to such a scene as that in Wordsworth's Wanderer, where stood

"A roofless hut; four roofless walls
That stared upon each other,"

but, notwithstanding, the home of a pioneer is interesting. Here the settlers had seen herds of the now extinct buffalo approach to drink of the stream; here night had been made hideous by the sharp bark of the prairie wolf; here wandering bands of Indians had called to see the daring intruder come to possess their heritage; and here all the trials and novel experiences of a settler's life had been met. The deserted buildings falling to decay will soon be levelled to the earth, but the memory of the brave family, which first faced the perils of the wilderness will live for many a year.

Rising a few hundred yards to the northwest of this spot is "Sugar-loaf Hill," already mentioned,—a landmark in the valley. A drive of a few minutes brought us to the base of the hill, and skirting it we entered a great canyon or ravine to the north of the best-known coal mine on the Souris. The solid coal is exposed to view on the side of the ravine. The miner has but to proceed with mattock and muscle to hew out an unlimited supply of "black diamonds" from the hill-side.

The writer, on entering the drift, found

it to consist of a horizontal cut through a seam of coal eight feet thick. This coal deposit is extensive and is believed to underlie, at a depth of from thirty to ninety feet, a region of at least four hundred square miles. The end of the mine, one hundred yards from the mouth, brought us to the grimy miners, where, sitting down like Cyclopes on the huge blocks of coal newly mined, visitors and miners discussed, by the glimmer of lamplight, the signs and tokens of the rich deposit everywhere around them.

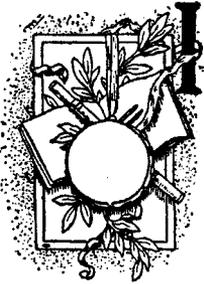
The north side of the Souris valley, by which the return journey was made, is marked by the same unique formation of rock as the south side on which "Les Roches Percees" appear. On the north bank of the Souris, opposite the Price farm, there is a striking appearance at one point of a number of Indian tents or tepees. Farther to the west the columnar appearance of the rock exposures, or palisades, as they rise above the bank, catch the eye, but perhaps the most interesting sight in the valley bursts on the view as "The Moccasin Rock" comes in view. This is on the very brink of the stream. Here the rocky outlier rises sheer up from the water beneath. A beautiful stretch of the river, well shaded by the trees, is seen many feet below, while in front of the spectator, near his own level, rises the fantastic "moccasin."

The base rock is the familiar soft, white sandstone—but here very white and beautiful. The portion called the "moccasin" is about forty feet long, some six feet wide, and two or three feet in height. It has the appearance of having been lifted by the giants in their sport, and deposited on its pedestal. No doubt in the time to come it will also fall into the stream below, as miles and miles of its former companion rocks have already done.

To the lover of the wonderful in nature this is a garden of delights, and with regret the valley is left behind. Soon the approaching civilization—so-called—will destroy these trophies of her work for so long preserved. Nine miles northwest of "Les Roches Percees," the new coal city of Estevan is rising up. It is at the junction of what promises to be two important railways. Great expectations are entertained of its future, but just in proportion as the new life increases, will the rush of progress cause the Souris megaliths to fall out of notice and decrease—the ploughshare of the pioneer will become to them the ploughshare of ruin.

Canada at the World's Fair.

PART I.



IT WAS but fitting that a people occupying half the northern continent discovered by Christopher Columbus should take a prominent part in a celebration of that event, even though Canada claims discoverers of her own in Cabot and Champlain.

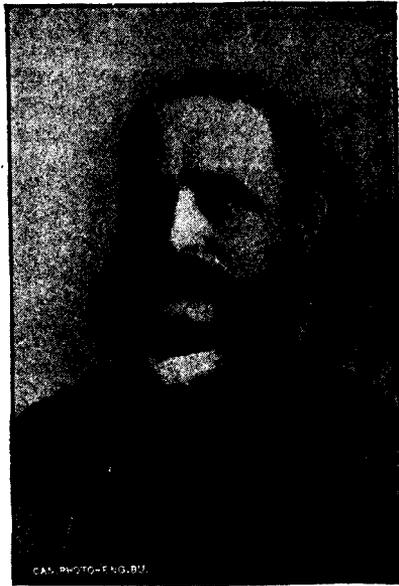
When, however, the people of the United States decided to emphasize the landing of the zeal-inspired Spaniard on the shores of San Salvador, four hundred years ago, and invited the nations of the world to participate in the celebration, Canada responded through her Dominion and Provincial Governments, as well as her more enterprising manufacturers and agriculturalists, with a result that the sightseer at the great World's Fair finds Canadian courts scattered through all the main buildings. In the Agricultural Building her exhibit is one of the finest to be seen, as is the agricultural implement section in the same building; in Machinery Hall, her large court faces the western entrance; Canadian woods occupy a prominent place in the Forestry Building; her manufactures are well represented on the main floor of the great Manufactures Building, where scores of nations compete in friendly rivalry, while one of the best educational exhibits is arranged in the gallery of this building; in the noble Mines Building the exhibits displayed under the Canadian flag are a surprise to most onlookers; the Transportation Building has our exhibits in several courts; in the great Horticultural Building we more than hold our own in flowers, fruits, plants, vegetables and wines, and

in the Canadian pavilion we have a neat and commodious structure, near the home of Great Britain's representatives and facing the long stretch of beach and the blue waters of Michigan. Instituting comparisons therefore on the basis of population, Canada has a combined exhibition which, in my opinion, is highly creditable to the various provinces concerned and to the Commissioners who have charge of the exhibits, and the result cannot help being most beneficial to the Dominion. I should add, too, in this brief introduction of what Canada has done that there remains to be exhibited, during the later months of the Fair, the live stock, and in this department preparations have been made on a scale which will cause us to take high standing in competition with any country or state, over 150 cows, 70 horses and 400 sheep having been secured for the competition.

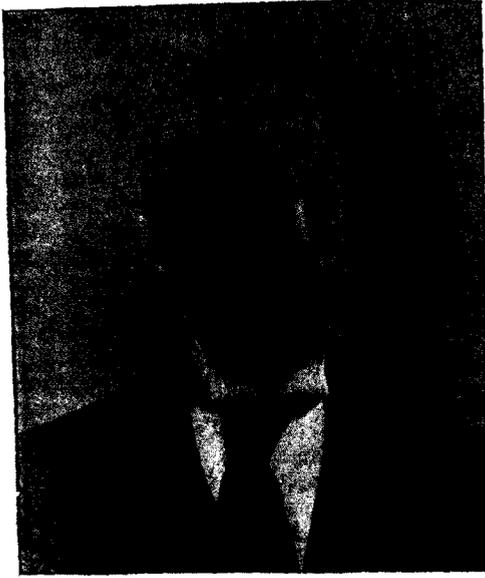
The Canadian Government representatives are: Honorary Commissioner G. R. R. Cockburn, M.P., and Hon. Joseph Tasse; Executive Commissioner Mr. J. S. Larke; Secretary of Commission, Mr. W. D. Dimock—a quartette of capable men who have proved themselves worthy of their selection and appointment.

The Dominion parliament voted \$100,000 for the purposes of the exposition, of which \$30,000 were expended in the construction of the Canadian Pavilion.

Canada occupies a very prominent position in the Manufactures and Liberal Arts Building, its series of courts on the main floor alone covering an area of 117 x 134 feet, with a facade decorated in white and gold, and surmounted by an outlook tower of unique design, across which the word "Canada" stands out in great gilded letters, facing the main Columbia avenue and adjoining on the south the fine dis-



NICHOLAS AWREY, M.P.



JAMES S. LARKE.

plays made by Denmark, Switzerland, and Italy. This facade is a reproduction of an ancient gateway at Quebec, of the Norman-French style of architecture. Directly over the arched entrance two beavers support the Dominion coat of arms, and the superstructure is ornamented with turreted peaks. Mr. James Lobb is the efficient superintendent in charge of this department. Mr. W. Morton has superintended the Liberal Arts section in the gallery of the Manufactures Building with a showing that is creditable and representative.

An Indian tepee, in the centre of an industrial scene, is the strange sight that attracts a constant crowd to still another court in the Manufactures Building, occupied by the Indian Industrial Schools of the North-West and Manitoba. Here a group of neatly-attired and intelligent-looking young Indians, in charge of grey-gowned Sisters, are engaged in weaving, sewing, printing, typesetting, and other occupations. They are from one of the nine industrial schools for Indians in the North-West, who but a few years ago were totally ignorant and uneducated and in their wild and native state. To-day they are useful and clever artisans, as the large collection of articles manufactured by them proves. I was surprised to learn that not only are there nine of these schools, as I have said, in the North-West, but there are twenty-two boarding schools for Indians in the North-West Territories, and over

two hundred day schools for Indian children, in all of which four thousand Indian boys and girls are being educated yearly. Such a record is highly creditable to the Government and to those in charge of this important field of educative work. At the schools, farming is one of the chief studies, as is carpentering, blacksmithing, shoemaking, etc., while the girls are taught household duties and industries. The quality, as well as variety, of the exhibits made afford the most convincing evidence of the good work being done at these Government schools. The exhibit, as a whole, is one of the most interesting and instructive in the vast building, especially when viewed in contrast with the distinctively Indian articles and relics shown. The exhibit is in charge of Mr. Charles de Cazes, a gentleman fully qualified to be at the head of such an institution, and full of zeal for his work.

A distinctively Dominion court is its fine fisheries' exhibit in the Fisheries Building, to which the Department of Marine and Fisheries, as well as several individual exhibitors, have contributed, with the result that the large court stands out prominently and attracts much notice.

In the Agricultural Building the Dominion trophy, which forms an entrance to the five provincial exhibits, is a decided work of art in a building where several of the states have unique and striking designs. The grouping of Canadian grains and grasses forms a very pretty picture.



HON. JAMES A. SMART.



CANADIAN PAVILION.

Mr. J. A. G. Goulet is the Dominion superintendent of the show of agricultural machinery, adjoining the large court of the Massey-Harris Company, where such well-known firms as the Watson M'fg Co., the Cockshutt and Verity Plow Works, J. Fleury's Sons, the Abell Engine Works, the Oshawa Malleable Iron Co., and others are represented.

The machinery exhibit is also under Dominion control, with Mr. James Clarke in charge. The Canadian section in this building occupies an eligible position facing the western main entrance and over thirty of our leading manufacturers of machinery contribute an excellent selection.

Many of the provincial exhibits in the Horticultural Building are united in two large courts with the word "Canada" standing out prominently, in addition to the various provincial names. Mr. L. Woolverton has every reason to be proud of his section, as it has already won the highest praise from experts. More detailed reference to the contents of these courts will be made when dealing with the exhibits of the provinces.

Canada's showing in the Transportation Building is on a par of excellence with the others, the credit in this case being largely due to Superintendent Andrews. Over fifty exhibitors are represented in this department, carriages, wagons, canoes, boats, cattle guards, carriage tops, sleighs, car couplers, etc., being among the articles shown, in addition to the magnificent Canadian Pacific Railway display of a complete transcontinental train.

The interests of the press at the Fair are ably represented by Mr. T. J. Bell, Dominion press agent; Messrs. C. W. Young of the Cornwall *Freeholder*, and F. H. Annes of the Whitby *Chronicle*, for Ontario, and Mr. E. L. Desaulniers of *Le Monde*, for Quebec. These gentlemen are doing good work in disseminating information in Canadian journals regarding our national showing.

ONTARIO'S EXHIBITS.

Apart from the exhibits distinctively Dominion, it will probably be best to deal with the provinces individually in order that each may be given its full measure of credit, and if Ontario be chosen first for

mention it is no disparagement to her sister provinces, as they all will not hesitate to accord her the praise due for a very fine display, the result chiefly of the excellent management of Mr. Nicholas Awrey, M. P. P., the commissioner appointed by the legislature of Ontario, assisted by a staff of competent superintendents.

It is difficult to say in which department of exhibits Ontario excels, but agriculturally she certainly stands high, the display occupying a portion of the Dominion court in the Agricultural Building facing the centre avenue. The pavilion, as a whole, is artistically trimmed and decorated with grains and grasses. The Ontario portion has a handsomely decorated pyramid made of hundreds of bottles of grain and festoons of grass and corn, the whole surmounted by a profusion of Canadian flags. Altogether, the province exhibits about 2,000 samples of grain in bottles, and as many in the straw.

This collection contains 330 samples of wheat in straw, as many of oats, 100 of barley, and numbers of peas, beans, buckwheat, flax, grass, millet, rye, corn,

and timothy—all in the straw. Of samples of grain, there are 426 of wheat, 300 of oats and 168 of peas, and other grains in proportion.

A prominent feature of the exhibit is that contributed by the Ontario Agricultural College and Experimental Farm at Guelph, which was arranged by Prof. Zavitz, a member of the teaching staff. The Ontario exhibit in its entirety makes a splendid display of her great agricultural possibilities.

The celebrated big cheese deserves a paragraph for itself. It was made at the Dominion Experimental Station in Perth, County of Lanark, and is the work of Mr. J. A. Ruddick of that town. It forms one of the attractions of the Agricultural Building, its weight of eleven tons, its height of six feet and its circumference of 28 feet being figures quite as imposing as its value of \$5,000, and the fact that ten thousand cows contributed one day's milking to its enormous bulk, twelve large cheese factories in Ontario supplying the curds to make it.

It will be necessary to deal with the Canadian exhibit of cheese as a whole



ONTARIO'S AGRICULTURAL EXHIBIT.

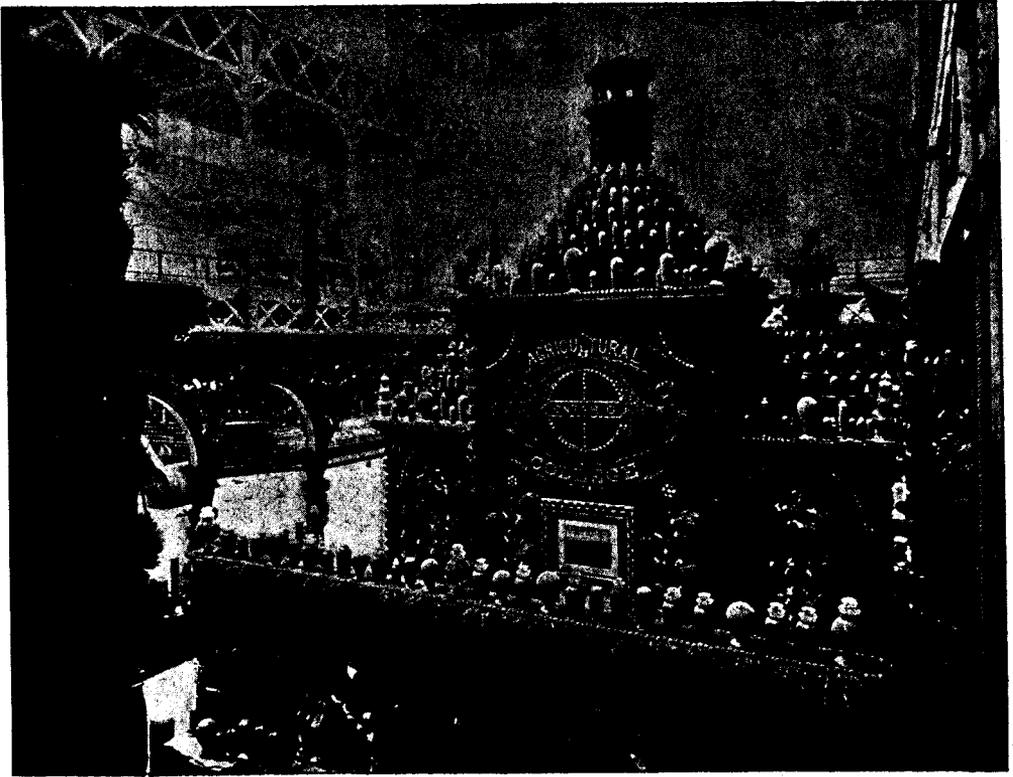


EXHIBIT OF THE ONTARIO AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

as the display of nearly one hundred and seventy cheese are from one hundred and ten factories in Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island. These are of various sizes, and include choice Stiltons and Cheddars, as well as the fancy brands, half a dozen weighing half a ton each from D. M. Macpherson's Allan Grove combination in eastern Ontario.

The awards for cheese have been made known, and it is gratifying to record the fact that the Dominion has once more established its reputation as one of the leading cheese countries of the world by carrying off over ninety per cent. of the awards. The total number of single exhibits of cheese was 667. Of these Canada sent 162, and of the total number of some 135 exhibits which won medals in the factory classes no less than 126 were from Canada. Another strong point in honor of Canada was brought out in the fact that 31 exhibits of Canadian cheese scored higher than the highest United States cheese.

One of the individual exhibitors is Mr. T. D. Millar, the well-known cheese ex-

porter of Ingersoll, the pioneer manufacturer of cream cheese, who began exporting in 1889 with less than five hundred jars, which was increased to 5,000 in 1890, 12,000 in 1891, and over 27,000 in 1892. His "Royal Paragon" make forms a unique exhibit, and he points with pardonable pride to the fact that it now finds its way to every part of the world, and is a delicacy on dinner tables in Hong Kong and Yokohama, in India, in Jamaica and the British Isles and other countries. Mr. Millar holds medals from the Amsterdam exhibition of 1884 and the Colonial and Indian exhibition of 1886.

It was peculiarly appropriate that the large biscuit exhibit of Christie, Brown & Co., should be in close proximity to the big cheese, though the former has not been given the position it merits. For uniqueness in design and variety of goods shown, this display is a marked feature of the Canadian courts in the Agricultural Building, containing as it does over four hundred specimens of goods manufactured at this firm's large establishment in Toronto; indeed comparison with the exhibits of the leading American biscuit

manufacturers results more than favorably to our Canadian showing. Nor do these four hundred varieties include any duplicates. Such a number gives one a new idea of the growth and extension of this line of manufacture. The Christie exhibit at the Colonial Exhibition in London in 1886 numbered 365 varieties, but the recent addition of what is known as an English oven, run by the "indirect" system of heating, has done much to revolutionize the production of biscuits, especially of the "fancy" brands, in Mr.

neatly labelled and capsuled facing outwards on each side of the trophy, rising step over step from the floor to the top. Several hogsheads and smaller casks in polished oak, hooped with brass, face the sides, while on each side are large photographs of the diplomas awarded these goods at the different World's Fairs, and large lithographs of the brewery buildings. Closer inspection shows that awards have been granted these goods at the Universal Exposition of Paris, France, 1887; the World's Fair of Sidney, Australia, 1877;



THE BIG CHEESE AND LABATT'S EXHIBIT.

Christie's factory, which is manned by over two hundred and eighty employees and which is a credit to the ability and energy of its proprietor, who will soon conclude a half century of labor in this particular field of manufactures.

The trophy of John Labatt of London, Ont., which fronts on one of the main aisles and immediately adjoins the mammoth cheese, is of neat and conspicuous construction, standing on a platform of about 18 inches high and about 9 feet square and rising to a height of about 25 feet. It is in pyramidal form, bottles of the various brands made by this concern

the Centennial, Philadelphia, 1876; Canadian Commission, Philadelphia, 1876; and the World's Fair, Jamaica, West Indies, 1891.

No Canadian ale or stout brewer has received such eminent testimonials nor such medals as Mr. Labatt has been awarded. His goods are conspicuous on this continent for fine quality, purity, original flavor and keeping qualities. The trophy is relieved by some finely carved wood-work, in cherry, and elegant frames on the show cards and diplomas. Miniature Canadian ensigns decorate the trophy from top to bottom, which is one of the

highest and best of those exhibited by Canadian brewers.

The Horticultural Building also does Ontario great credit with its plants, fruits, vegetables and wines. The only rival she has in the floral hall is New York state. The space the province occupies, viz. 25x75 feet, is larger than that of any other country, and the collection and arrangement of the plants has won the highest encomiums from floral experts. This meed of praise belongs to Mr. Wm. Houston, and Mr. A. H. Ewing of Toronto, who made the collection from the greenhouses of the Central Prison, Mercer Reformatory, Education Department, and other provincial institutions, and from the greenhouses of Government House, Sir David Macpherson, and the Exhibition, Horticultural and Reservoir parks, etc.

Similar praise is due Messrs. Pettit and Orr for the fruit collection, which may also be claimed to be the best display of fruit in the building, oranges excepted. Mr. Pettit has succeeded in preserving the natural colors of the glass-enclosed specimens, much of the fruit hanging from branches. The size of the smaller fruits shown, notably the gooseberries, is a surprise to those who regard England as the only country where they can be grown to any great size.

Of the exhibits in the pomological department, 130 are of strawberries, 85 of cherries, 70 of currants, 75 of gooseberries, 50 of raspberries, 27 of blackberries, 83 of peaches, 137 of plums, 189 of peas, 110 of grapes and 273 of apples.

The vegetable exhibit is placed in the northeastern portion of the building and is an excellent display. Several Canadian ladies, notably Mrs. Weaver of Chatham, Mrs. Tinning of Winnipeg and Mrs. Marvin Buck of Bowmanville, contributed to the display of pickles and preserves while scores of farmers and root growers supplied 180 specimens of potatoes, 46 of carrots and turnips respectively, 37 of mangels and others in lesser quantities.

Ontario is also represented in the honey exhibit, and is the only foreign exhibitor in competition with several states. It is evident we excel in comb-honey, while the extracted honey exhibited shows a superior clearness and coloring. Quite a curiosity in its way is a solid block of 50 lbs. of candied thistle honey shown on a silvered glass platter and one of the same weight, but covered with a bell-jar, of clover honey. The extracted linden

honey is of a lovely, light amber hue. Amongst the beeswax is a chunk weighing 50 lbs. Some of the candied honey is as white as the driven snow. Mr. Allen Pringle of Selby, Lennox county, is the superintendent of the Ontario apiarian department.

The educational exhibit of the province was expected to be worthy of the high reputation Ontario holds in this respect under the administration of the Hon. George W. Ross, and an examination of the court in the eastern gallery of the Liberal Arts Building fully realizes the expectation, this section being in charge of Dr. S. P. May, assisted by Mr. Roach. There are four front entrances to the extensive exhibit, which is most comprehensive in its scope. The Kindergarten work shown cannot probably be equalled by any other country, the production of the Hamilton schools in this connection being of a high order. The collection is also strong in its graded work, ranging from the kindergarten to the collegiate institutes. The photographs of typical Ontario public schools are a surprise to visitors in their architectural beauty and capacity. The separate schools are represented by high grade specimens from the De la Salle Institute, of Toronto, a section being tastefully arranged by Brother Maxcentius. Views of the Toronto University, the Normal School, Upper Canada College, Trinity Medical College, etc., taken by Park & Co., of Brantford, are an attractive addition to this department, as are a collection of busts of Canadian public men. The work of the Art Schools of Toronto, Hamilton, Brockville, St. Thomas, Belleville, London, Ottawa, Kingston and other centres is also of a high quality. A feature of the exhibit is several revolving globes of unique design, made by Mr. Mungo Turnbull, of Toronto, which are said to be greatly superior to those commonly in use in public schools. Lack of space has prevented an exhibition of maps, charts, school furniture and appliances, etc., as was intended. An archæological collection from the Canadian Institute is shown in the Anthropological Building.

Ontario has further achieved a distinct competitive triumph in her mineral display, both in the wide scope and high quality of the specimens and in their arrangement, the credit in this case being largely due to Mr. A. Blue, director of mines, and Mr. David Boyle who is in immediate charge of the exhibit. Like most of the Canadian exhibits, this one has the good fortune to

occupy a prominent place on the main avenue of the Mines Building. The exhibit contains as its chief ornament a massive lump of nickel ore, weighing 12,000 pounds, surrounded by smaller pieces. These form the largest and most complete showing of nickel ore at the fair, most of the specimens being from the mines of the Canadian Copper Company. There is also a large ingot of pure nickel, weighing two and a quarter tons, valued at \$2,250. This exhibit is of special interest to Americans for the nickel in the nickel-steel

lead, galena and copper are well represented from various localities, and there are over 100 samples of iron of all varieties. Mica and asbestos, two valuable products, are well represented, and there is no finer lot of phosphates, raw and manufactured, shown by any country. The increasing importance attached to chemical manures must render Ontario's phosphate deposits a source of great wealth in the near future. Petroleum can be seen in every shape in the handsome pyramid erected by the Imperial Oil Company, of



ONTARIO'S FLORAL EXHIBIT.

armour plates near the battle ship came from the Sudbury mines. Many other nickel mine owners have also added fine specimens to the collection.

The gold region of Ontario is situated for the most part in the eastern and extreme western portions of the province. The County of Hastings sends numerous specimens of ores, nickel mostly, some quite rich. The Belmont Mining Co., of Hastings Co. make a fine exhibit of gold ore. There are also some good samples from the vicinity of Rat Portage, the Ophir Mine Company sending about half a ton of ore, which assays \$300 per ton. Silver

Petrolia, from the crude fluid as it flows out of the earth to the finest illuminating oil, and the numerous solid substances into which it is manufactured. Chief among these is paraffine, out of which substance Hamilton McCarthy has carved a life size replica of a bust of Sir John A. Macdonald, shortly to be erected in Toronto. It is a speaking likeness and thousands of visitors daily stop to take a look at the familiar features of Canada's late political leader.

Marbles and granites beautifully polished, the latter equal in the opinion of experts to the best Scotch, occupy a

prominent position in the front of the court, and those interested in lithograph find a quality of stone for that purpose that has no superior.

A fine front in green and gold is made most imposing by a beautiful Corinthian arch, in which are two granite columns from the Kingston quarries of the Canadian Granite Co., who also contribute a pink granite one from South Bay, Lake Nipissing. This is at the right corner of the facade with a companion on the left in a black marble column weighing two tons, from the Madoc quarries of P. W. Ellis, Toronto. Carroll & Vick, contractors for the new parliament building in Queen's Park, Toronto, show an elaborately carved block of Credit Valley sandstone, similar to that used in the provincial capital. Another attraction is a geological and mineral map of Ontario—the largest of its kind and the most instructive in the building—covering as it does 220 square feet and showing all geological formations and the location of mineral deposits.

The verdict of the *Chicago Herald* voices the general opinion when it says: "The province of Ontario was apparently highly favoured by providence when the making of minerals was in progress, for with the exception of coal and tin it has almost every mineral of value within her borders. The display made by the province in the Mines Building has attracted a great deal of attention on the part of mining experts, not alone on account of its extent and variety, but from the fact that it is not misleading—the specimens being a fair average from the various mines and not samples of exceptional richness."

Ontario's forestry court is in the centre of the novel Forestry Building, and is a fine collection of our native woods. The World's Fair Superintendent of this building has given the Ontario exhibit high praise as one of decided practical and commercial value, which is, perhaps, the most important point to be kept in view.

MANITOBA'S EXHIBIT.

The readers of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED will probably be as much interested in a description of the exhibit made by the Province of Manitoba at the Columbian Exhibition as by that of any other province. The space allotted to Manitoba in the various departmental buildings by the Dominion not being deemed sufficient, the Government of that province erected the building on Stony Island avenue in which their excellent exhibit is to be found.

The building is 90x240 feet, the exhibition hall occupying a space of 60x100 feet, with gallery. A company has leased the remaining space, and converted it into a hotel.

Entering the door of the exhibition hall, the visitor sees a large trophy, in its size symbolic of the vast country of whose grains and grasses it is formed. Heads of the buffalo, elk, moose and cariboo of the province act as "reliefs." Prairie chickens perched here and there in the sheaves give effect and add interest. At the base of the trophy is a tank in which are to be found several varieties of wild fish. A bin of wheat is another novel feature, the grain weighing sixty-five pounds to the bushel and grading No. 1 hard. It is of the red fyfe variety, and was grown by Mr. W. McDonald, of Virden, Manitoba. With the grasses of the province, and its oats, barley and wheat in the straw, most beautiful effects have been produced. The great advantage that the Manitoba exhibit possesses is the ability to give to the visitor some idea of the chief resources of the province. The exhibits are arranged in the building in separate departments. While it is not the purpose of this article to go into thorough detail, we will refer more especially to the agricultural exhibit. This is chiefly confined to the cereals, roots and vegetables. As a matter of course, wheat holds sway, and why should it not? Large cards embossed in gold and white, distributed throughout the building, inform you that last fall the champion prize and gold medal were awarded Manitoba wheat at the Miller's Exposition of London, beating the world. The Manitoba people are justly proud of the distinction, and the position in which this places them. The wheat exhibit comprises the following varieties: Red and white Fyfe, Welman's Fyfe, Carter's Fyfe, white Russian, Ladoga, Colorado, Golden Drop, Eureka, Old Red River, Campbell's white chaff, white Connell, red Connell, Bluestein, Hungarian Mountain and Green Mountain. These are shown in handsome oak cabinets, with glass sides, ends, tops, and fronts, and are very attractive. Cards bearing the inscription of the grower, the variety of grain, give also the date of sowing and harvesting, and the number of bushels grown per acre. In one case, as high as sixty-two bushels per acre is given as the yield, while a great many run as high as forty and forty-five. Thirty-five bushels is quite an ordinary figure. Excellent specimens of oats are on exhibi-



ONTARIO'S FRUIT EXHIBIT.

tion, comprising several kinds of each of the black and white varieties, the average yield being about seventy bushels to the acre. The white oats, grown in Manitoba, are largely in demand for milling purposes, and from them is obtained a very superior quality of oatmeal.

Owing to the amount of work required for the harvesting of peas, little attention is given to this cereal, and as a consequence the crop bulletins do not show that it figures very largely in return to the farmer. But some excellent samples are shown. The "pea-bug" is not known in Manitoba. Very superior samples of barley are shown and by malsters are pronounced to be equal to any grown.

Exhibits of flax bear testimony to the productive qualities of the soil. The straw has not yet been used for manufacturing purposes, but experts state that the fibre is of unquestioned superiority. Manufacturers in this line are already looking to Manitoba as a profitable field for operation. Corn is grown only to a limited extent, owing doubtless to the fact that in the production of the staple, wheat, they

are not disposed to give attention to what they consider a less profitable crop. The same may be said of rye, buckwheat, beans, etc. Everything of this kind, however, partakes of the phenomenal growth natural to that country of wonderful productiveness.

The potatoes on exhibition are surprisingly large, some of which have yielded between six and seven hundred bushels to the acre. Turnips of marvellous size, which would be a credit to any country, share the honours and interest of the beets and mangel wurtzels that side by side with them give distinctiveness to Manitoba's agricultural wealth. It is expected that this department of the exhibit will have additional attraction in the course of a few weeks, when shipments of all kinds of garden produce will be made at regular intervals.

Not to make mention of the preserved fruits—native and cultivated,—pickles, etc., would be to slight a most attractive portion of this very interesting display. In cut-glass jars of different sizes is shown samples of honey, which compares very

favourably with the white clover honey so popular in eastern Canada.

In native grasses, sixty-four varieties are shown, some of which have been woven into artistic designs, the ingenuity of the artist giving to them as arranged in harmonizing shades, a very pleasing effect. About half a dozen varieties of cultivated grasses are on exhibition, such as timothy, hungarian, millet, etc. The native and cultivated grasses are said to yield from two to five tons per acre. According to the analysis of scientists the beef producing qualities of these grasses when fed to cattle is unsurpassed. This is proven by the fact that Manitoba cattle fed upon this grass alone, compare most favourably if they do not equal the corn-fed cattle of the Western States in the British markets. That Manitoba holds its present high position in the field of grain and grass growing is easily understood when an examination is made of the specimens of the soil shown in the large glass tubes. The soil of Manitoba is most highly spoken of by Prof. Tanner, who compares it with that of Russia, and claims that that country will hereafter be forced to take

second place in the matter of soil. The generally accepted idea that Manitoba is a bleak prairie without timber is certainly contradicted by the magnificent display which shows that she has an abundant supply. Manitoba shows specimens of the various kinds of wood from eight inches to four and a half feet in diameter. The collection comprises about twenty-two varieties of the larger woods, while the woods producing fruit are shown in some fifteen varieties. It is said that there are hundreds of thousands of acres, many thousands of them being yet unscarred by the hardy woodsmen's axe. Along many of the rivers are to be found extensive saw-mills, with sufficient output to supply the needs of the province.

In not large quantity, but sufficient for the purpose, are exhibited specimens of coal of lignite character. Where these came from the deposit is practically unlimited, and the coal is of good quality for domestic and steam purposes.

A pyramid of building stone comprises specimens from Selkirk, Stonewall, Lake Winnipeg, Tyndall, Boissevain and Grand Rapids. These are limestone, granite and



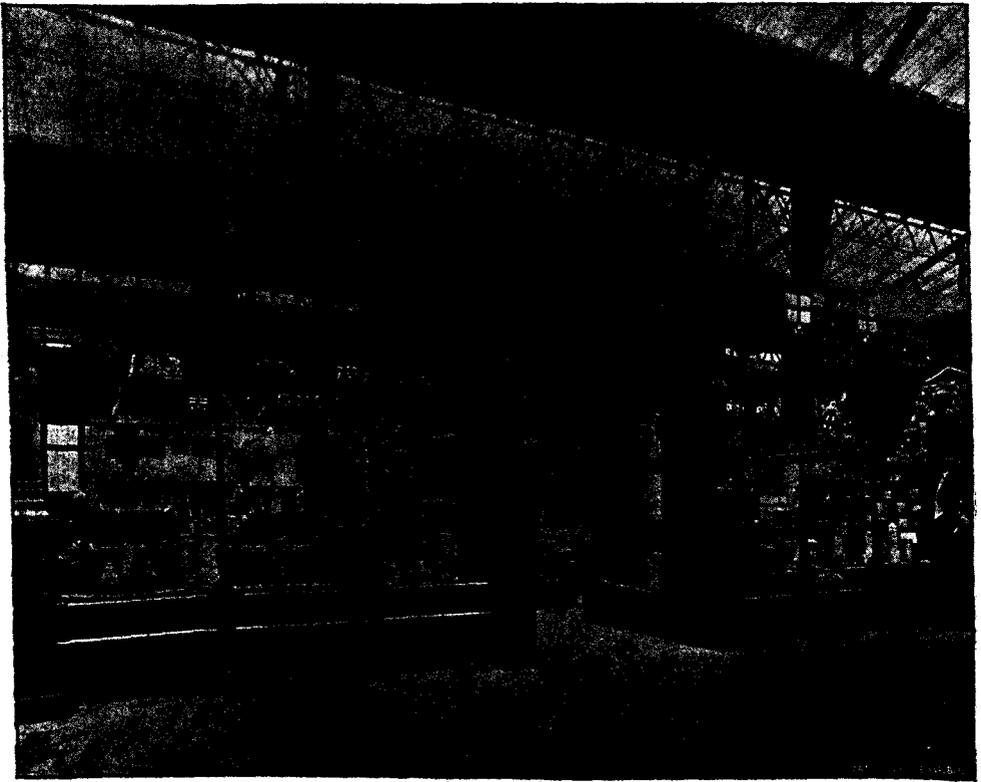
ONTARIO'S VEGETABLE EXHIBIT.

sandstone, and have been taken from a number of quarries, which are extensively operated. The mining department includes specimens of iron, gold and copper ore, taken from undeveloped claims. The iron ore is from Black Island, on Lake Winnipeg, and is reported to be of high grade. It has assayed 62% of metallic iron. There is said to be all the ingredients for "fluxing" the ore in the deposit itself. The gold ore, which is a source of much interest, has also been assayed, and yields in the neighborhood of \$120 to the ton.

exhibit a large number of birds is also shown.

In the national history section an interesting feature is the complete dog-team, showing the means of travel for many years in the far north. These dogs are said to cover in one day a distance of one hundred miles. Passing on from this we find two pair of deer's horns interlocked.

In one of the glass cases already spoken of is a buffalo calf, eight months old. This young fellow was killed during the past winter by an angry old buffalo bull and



ONTARIO'S MINING EXHIBIT.

The Province of Manitoba is rich in flora as is shown by the 1000 specimens exhibited. The collection is the result of the work of a number of years. There is a complete exhibit made of the fauna of the province. It comprises fine specimens of the moose, the elk, the deer—black and white tailed,—the cariboo, the antelope, the mink, the martin, the otter, the beaver, the silver-cross and black fox, the red fox, wolverine coyote, lynx, timber wolf, weasel, and a score of others. Over twenty varieties of game birds find a place in the large glass cases. In the ornithological

was one of Sir Donald Smith's herd of that now almost extinct family.

Sharing interest, and in its way monopolizing it, is a complete specimen of the skeleton of a musk-ox, perfectly articulated, and said to be the finest in America.

The Indian exhibit comprises paintings by Indians, some of which give evidence of considerable artistic skill, fancy work, made with silk and beads, clothing, pipes, conjuring and medicine drums, weapons of warfare, barbed arrows, and a full-sized, life-like birch bark canoe. Adjoining it is a shagganappi pony, an old Red

River cart and other interesting relics. The relics of the mound-builders on exhibition are the link that connects the unknown past of that country with the present period, and cause philosophers, historians and geologists to unite in the verdict that the past has much in it that will never be revealed.

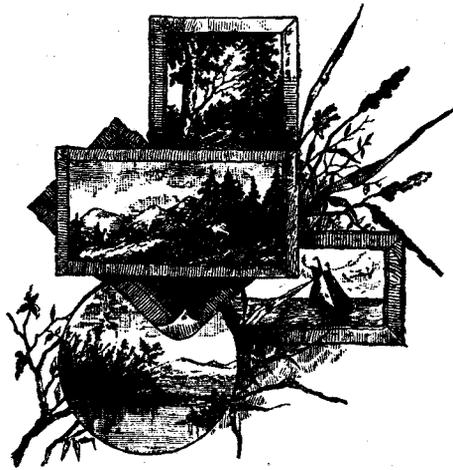
The gallery exhibit includes models of a Manitoba farm, Dr. Barnardo's home for boys, and old Fort Garry. In another section is the school exhibit. Manitoba has but one system of schools, and the work shown conveys the impression that it is of exceeding advantage to the province and to the settler. There is also a creditable display of woman's work. In manufactures, a good display is made. Drewry has there his celebrated bottled ales and lagers, and Blackwood his aerated waters. Then there are soaps, brooms made from corn grown in the province, tiling, and woollens in yarns and cloth made by the Rapid City woollen mills. A pyramid of flour directly in front of the huge trophy, is composed of specimens from the following mills: Lake of the Woods Milling Co., Alexander, Kelly & Co., Brandon ; Geo. McCullough & Co.,

Rapid City ; Leitch Bros., Oak Lake ; H. Rogers, McGregor ; Mitchell & Bucknall, Millwood ; Byron Fraser, Morden ; Preston & McKay, Morden ; Hudson Bay Co., Winnipeg ; Beautiful Plains Milling Co., Neepawa ; Austin Roller Mills, Austin ; Shell River Rolling Mills, Asessippi ; Minnedosa Roller Mills, Odanah ; Holland Mills, Holland ; J. W. Cochrane, Crystal City ; Milling Co., Carberry. In the same section is shown Nairn's celebrated oat-meal, manufactured by Stephen Nairn, Winnipeg. Another important exhibit is the pottery made by Mr. A. Daig of East Selkirk.

Very much credit is due Commissioner Smart for the manner in which the display is made, and the artistic effect that, under his guidance and direction, has been secured. That the province will be fully repaid for its enterprise, there is no question, as evidenced by the number of representative people from all the states of the union, and other countries who daily visit the Manitoba Building.

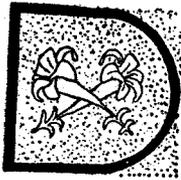
[Additional illustrations of the Dominion and provincial courts will be included in the next issue.]

FRANK YEIGH.



A Norwegian Legend.

By R. LIEBICH.



DURING the fifth decade of this century there lived in the house of the principal, because only, doctor of the little town of Honefos, a young assistant who had not been there long before many strange and fearful rumours began to be circulated about him. And his appearance truly seemed of itself to suggest an element of mystery in his life which, perhaps, needed but to be laid bare to his fellow-creatures, for them to shun him as men shun deadly sin and all that is a dread to man and a terror to children. Some said he was a "*var-ulf*," a monster that, though appearing as a man by day, changed to a wolf at night and, hyena-like, went to the grave-yard and feasted on the bodies of the dead. Since no graves were ever found violated however, there was obviously no foundation for this theory. Others said he could change himself at will to a vampire, and cautioned their children against staying out after dark, fearing their blood might be sucked by the monster. Yet others thought, or pretended to think, that he was a secret missionary come to persuade the people to abandon Christianity and re-instate the old gods Odin and Thar; and finally a few of the old wives maintained that he tried secretly to poison his patients in order to dig up and burn their bodies as sacrifices to Satan, his protector. This latter theory, however, had even less foundation than the others, as, so far from harming his patients, the assistant proved himself considerably more skilful than his old principal, and frequently cured patients when the latter's—somewhat antiquated—knowledge was not equal to the case in question. For, strange as it seems, in spite of all these rumours, the younger man was still allowed to continue to assist in his principal's practice, though, doubtless, fear was the chief factor that silenced opposition and procured him toleration, for in those days, and especially in remoter inland settlements or

little townships of the like of Honefos, the matter-of-fact and hard-headed were the exceptions among Norsemen, not the rule, at any rate in all matters concerning belief in the so-called supernatural, and the *huldra** or forest-fairy still lived in the woods and enthralled and maddened young men with her witch-born beauty; *nissen*, the water-imp, still haunted the lonely *tarn* or lakelet, and mocked and taunted boys and girls so long till they took courage and plunged down, never to return; the *troll*, the giant of the mountains, stalked over hill and dale, his appearance terrible and gigantic, but his heart benevolent and kindly when not offended. There was really no explaining how these wild rumours concerning Desper (that was the assistant's name) had originated except, perhaps, that once, not long after he had taken up his abode at the doctor's house, the old housekeeper came across to the apothecary's spinster sister, who inhabited a little cottage next door to her brother. Old Karen, the housekeeper, was pale with fright, and declared that about half an hour after Desper had come in and gone upstairs, a fox had entered the house in a manner exactly similar, had gone upstairs and roughly closed the door in a way peculiar to Desper alone, and afterwards the door again opened and she heard, *for the second time*, a pair of heavy boots placed outside the door. On creeping softly upstairs, however, she had found but *one* pair, the same which Desper usually wore when out in rough weather, and it had been very rough that day. This tale, absurdly silly as it seems, spread, nevertheless, and was adorned in time with such monstrous exaggerations that there was little of the grotesque or horrible the folk could think of that was not in one form or another applied to the unhappy assistant.

One morning the daughter of Yarlberg, the apothecary, was taken ill. She was an only child, the belle of the little town, sweet as June sunshine, and, needless to say, her father's greatest treasure. The

* In *huldra* please pronounce the *u* in the same manner as in pull, full, etc.



"O God! O God! my Inga, my Inga."

doctor was at once summoned and pronounced it "fever." What kind of fever did not matter much in those days and at Honefos,—fever was fever. Moreover, the doctor was growing very old and infirm and, as some said, incompetent; so the anxious father was not satisfied with the few words of instruction and short prescription he obtained from the doctor, and, since his Inga belonged to those very few in the village who did not share the popular antipathy against Desper, he determined to call him in to make sure that his daughter should have the best medical care obtainable.

On being summoned early on the second day of Inga Yarlberg's illness, Desper made his appearance in the chemist's house, looking even a shade paler than usual, and very anxious. When he entered Inga's room with her father, she thought she had never seen him stoop so much, almost as if he were hunchbacked, she said to herself; and his arms, disproportionately long at the best, seemed to hang so low that if he stooped but a little more he could sweep the floor with his wax-coloured, fleshless hands. His large, brown eyes, which had always looked so kind and full of feeling—when he looked at her, at any rate—to-day had a frightened, hunted look in them, which haunted her after he had gone and came back to her again and again in her feverish dreams during the rest of that long, dull day. When the two men descended the stairs together the father cast a long

and beseeching glance at the young physician, so beseeching, the latter thought, as if it really depended entirely on him whether Inga should be ill or well, and nature and her own constitution had nothing to say in the matter.

"I don't wish to frighten you," said Desper, "but she is very ill, and requires the utmost care; the fever has seized upon her more rapidly than I have ever known it to do with any of my other patients." The father groaned.

"Oh God, oh God! my Inga, my Inga," came from his lips in an agonized whisper. He could say no more, probably was unaware that he had given audible utterance even to those few words. So Desper comforted him as well as he could, said that the medicine she already had was the very best she could have, and that he would consult with his principal on the best time to open a vein and bleed her; that there was indeed some danger, but that he had seen many patients recover from ever worse. . . . His last words the distracted father seemed hardly to hear. He had sat down at the table of the little ante-room behind the shop and, leaning his head heavily on both his hands and his elbows on the table, remained motionless and dumb a long while.

Next day Inga was delirious, and the next. On the fifth day she seemed better, took a little weak broth, and, after two hours comparatively quiet sleep, greeted her father with something like a shadow of her old, sweet smile,—so the old man thought. "Tell me, father," she said, in a weak voice, "why is it Desper always comes twice every morning and twice every evening, for he always says and does exactly the same the second time as he has the first?"

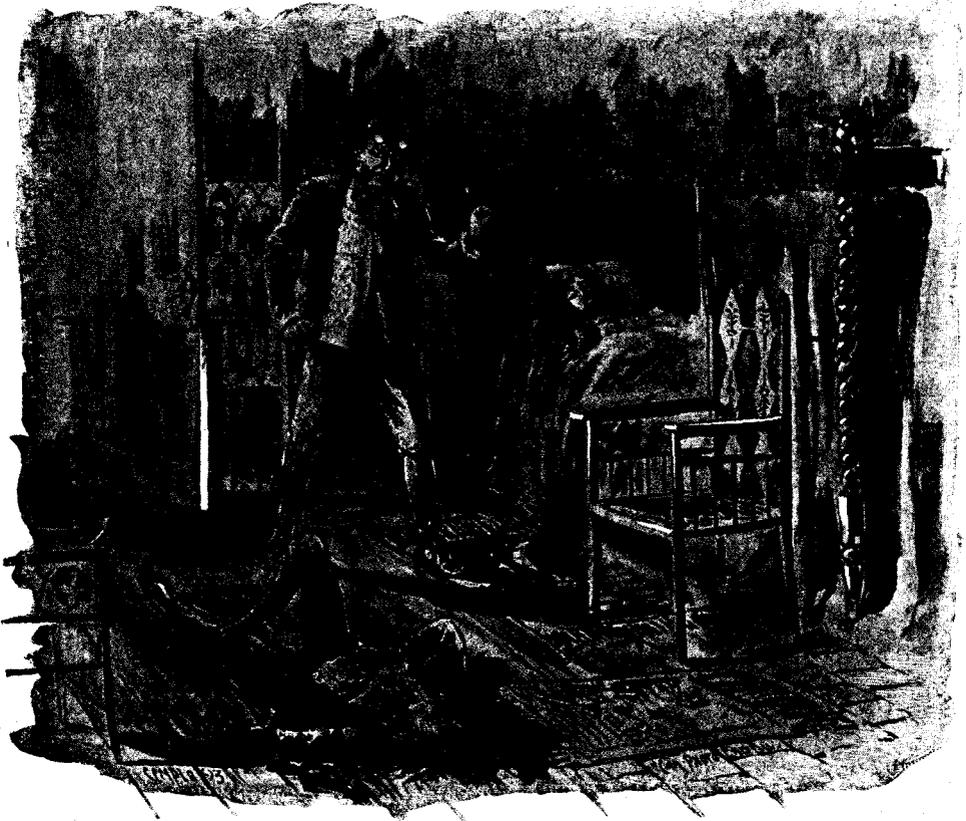


"I'm afraid I should go crazy if I were to see anything."

An anguished look of pain crossed the old man's face, but only for a moment; he bravely fought down the lump that forced itself into his throat. His Inga should not be frightened by his fears. "No, no, child," he said, with an attempt to smile, "you've been dreaming." But Inga only looked at her father with quite a new, perplexed far-away look, and presently tried to sleep again and dreamed strange dreams, the burden of which was always that there were in reality not one but two Despers, and what would they do, those

bed; he looked unearthly, old Yarlberg thought, not like a healer, but a messenger from death himself. Inga had now been ill nearly a month, and although she was allowed to have her arm-chair wheeled to the open window for several hours every day to breathe the balmy air of June, the pallor of her cheeks, and a strange spiritualized lustre of the eyes seemed never to leave her.

Late one night Yarlberg's spinster sister was startled by a subdued but rapid series of knocks at her door. Hurrying



His right hand still clutched the handle of a dagger which was buried in his heart.

two, if they ever met, if they met—here—in her room! And she would waken with a start and a catching in her breath from horror, only to sink back and dream the same dream again.

And so, her father's anxious mind alternately approaching to hope and despair, many days passed, and, though the fever grew less, the beautiful girl wasted to a shadow and seemed unable to recover. And Desper, too, grew visibly paler and paler till at last the father could hardly bear his presence at his daughter's sick-

to open it, she met Karen the doctor's housekeeper, who staggered rather than walked into the little parlour, exclaiming: "He's dying, he's dying!"

"Who's dying?" breathlessly asked the spinster.

"The doctor, our good, kind old doctor," wailed the old housekeeper, who, evidently, so thought the spinster, had very suddenly discovered in herself a liking for her master, whom, as a rule, she spoke of in terms far from respectful.

"He's dying," she wailed again, "and

what's more, I believe it's that son of Satan, Desper, who's killing him—oh! and, besides that," cried the old croun, hurrying her words in order to check an emphatic protest from the better-natured spinster, "besides that, I'm trembling so all over that I almost forgot to tell you. Last night and to-night, Desper's double has been going on something dreadful, making twice as much noise as the man himself; and what's more," she added, mysteriously, "they come almost together now! He's hardly in the house,—and you know how he's taken to walk fast of late when he's on his way home,—well, he's hardly in his room before, bang! goes the front door again, and tramp! tramp! tramp! up the stairs. I can't look out, I'm afraid; I'm afraid I should go crazy if I were to see anything!"

At this moment the two old women were interrupted by the apothecary, Yarlberg, who came in looking worn and haggard from many sleepless nights, and begged his sister to go and watch in the room next Inga's, as he must go over to the doctor's. Desper had just sent the boy across, he said, to tell him the old doctor had died.

After a long, weary and sleepless night, and having seen that Inga slept soundly, old Yarlberg, utterly exhausted, threw himself on his bed "just for half an hour's rest before the customers begin to arrive with their prescriptions" so he said to himself, and so laid his head on his pillow and slept instantly.

He must have overslept himself, though, so he thought, or had they given him a drug to make him sleep so soundly. Why was it he could not move? Surely he was awake,—awake! Yes, for that was Inga's voice, his darling's voice crying out to him for help. They were hurting her, and he could not stir to help his child,—hush! now her cry came fainter in terror, horror-stricken—great God! they were *murdering*.

With a gasp, and streaming with the sweat of mortal agony, he awoke from his night-mare, when, listen! It was true, then, it really was Inga who had called.

"Both, oh! both!" he clearly heard and then "Father!" in a piercing shriek; and with a bound as of a wild beast defending its young, he was in his daughter's room. Inga had swooned in her bed, and there, on the floor, with a small stream of dark red blood slowly oozing from his breast, lay Desper—dead! His right hand still clutched the handle of a dagger which was buried in his heart.

★

Inga recovered, and, though sad and thoughtful, was well a week after Desper's tragic end.

A diary which he had kept he had prefaced with these words: "Should I die here, I wish Sven Yarlberg and none other to take this book and to destroy it. He may read it if he will."

In it, Yarlberg found, amongst many almost unintelligible and incoherent notes as well as fragments of Latin: "There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in your philosophies," as Desper had quoted, somewhat inaccurately. And further on:

"I love Inga Yarlberg. I have never loved before, and have never thought to love, but her I have loved and do love. And yet I feel that my influence, my very presence, is baneful to her. I should kill myself but for my fear that she should be haunted by my spirit, or, worse, by the *other*—that loathesome thing that has darkened my life since I first attained manhood, and that has come nearer and nearer to me as years went on."

"How could I dare ever to speak of love to her? to her, the young, the pure—the beautiful and innocent! And I dare not go away, for who would care for her health if I left her?"

"Perhaps God will enlighten me!"

★

The old folks never believed that Desper died by his own hand. They say it was his "*double*" who stabbed him, and that Desper had clutched the handle of the dagger in a dying attempt to draw it out.



Magazine Reviews.

Scribner's.

THE theme which Arthur Hill has selected for his second article in the series on "Men's Occupation" is "Life in a Logging Camp." Mr. Hill intersperses his article on the joys and vicissitudes of a lumber man, with a few of those peculiarly to the walk of life in which he was engaged at the time he gained by experience, the intimate knowledge of the subject on which he writes ably and well.

"The discomforts of the landlookers' life try the soul as well as the body. In summer comes the plague of sand-flies, mosquitoes, and gnats, and sweltering heat and tainted food; in winter the numbing cold, the camp lost, and the night passed in storm and darkness pacing to and fro, lest sleep may come. The snow melts in the neck, and cold drops go trickling down the backbone; and then there is the plunge through the treacherous ice into the frozen stream. Feet become crippled, frozen, and every step a pang. When the snow is wet and the snowshoes load up badly, the strings which bind to the feet are thongs of torture. During one of these trying trips, vows are made, sealed with shivering oaths which shakes the tops of the loftiest trees, that never, never again, will the swearer be such a fool, etc., etc.; but, like the shipwrecked sailor, necessity and habit soon send him back to new hardships and fresh trials.

The days of "looking" Government timber are well nigh over. The landlooker is now engaged in estimating what is called "second-hand land," the land of private owners. The trips are shorter, the packs lighter, and food more varied than in the old days. In winter he sometimes carries a small folding-stove, weighing, say, twelve pounds. This not only serves in cooking, but keeps his tent warm, and thus saves the labour of getting up the half-cord of wood at night."

The writer by some very forcible illustrations impresses upon his readers the cause and enemy of harmony which whiskey proves, in the lumber camps—this is true not only of those of Michigan with which he more especially deals, but of almost every camp in the States or Canada.

He quotes several cases which have come under his observation where men have worked labouriously to amass a little pile, with a view to purchasing a small lot and settling down. The pile is amassed alright but the "lot" fails to materialize.

‡ But it is not for drink alone this misspent money goes. With the coming of spring, strange women whisk along the side-walks of the lumbering towns

with "war-paint" on, ogling these giants of the woods, who, fresh from dingy winter camp and driving tent, are quick to lay their heads in the laps of these coarse carmine Delilahs, to be shorn.

The typical shantyman works only fitfully in summer on the river or in the saw-mill, going back to the woods in the early fall. But there is a considerable portion of the camp crew, who have steady summer jobs in the mills or on the farms, who go to the woods late and come out early. Many of these have families, for whom they faithfully toil and save. Others are steady, thrifty young men who have bought, and out of their earnings are paying for, a piece of land, or perhaps are supporting a good old mother, or paying off the mortgage on the home farm."

* * * * *

"As with all uncultivated men, they exhibit in taste and feeling natural and wholesome tendencies.

Like boys, they are not schooled to restraint of feelings nor jaded with sensational fads. It is from the gallery always that virtue triumphant is heartily cheered, be it ever so awkward, and from box and parquette that vice, if artistic and "natural," gets kid-glove applause. And so with the shanty songs, the rules of music and of metre are as nothing to the sentiment they carry, and the voice of the singer to please must come not from an educated thorax, but from the heart. Honest love, and words which tell of toil and trials and adventure, make the chief burden of their verses."

This is not the only place in which Mr. Hill presents the lumber man as a different being from the drinking, swearing, brutalized fellow he is too often painted by those who know him not.

"But the shanty boy is by nature sympathetic and free-hearted. A falling limb mashes some poor fellow's shoulder. The ready cant-hook fails to catch and stop the rolling log, and there is a crunched leg, or perhaps a maimed and lifeless body.

Then you see how pitch-stained hands can be gentle, and rough hearts generous. To send the injured comrade to the hospital and provide him care, or to coffin and send to his saddened home the one whose life so suddenly ended, the boys raise a fund, each and all giving freely. And to their honour let it here be said in those primal traits of manhood—courage, generosity, and honesty—these men are equal to any. The one great fault of these bluff working-men is that they spend their own money in ways not wise. But are there not "gentlemen" who spend, instead of their own money, that of other people, in ways not wise?"

★

Robert Blum contributes the concluding paper of "An Artist in Japan." In these papers the author has, both with pen and pencil, portrayed the life and habits of the people of the Mikado in a masterly manner, and the last of the series proves as interesting as its predecessors.



Sketched from life by Dan Beard.

SUNDAY IN CAMP.

In Scribner's.

"The birds That We See," with illustrations by the author, immediately claims the attention of Canadians, and in particular of our Western Ontario friends, for the artist-scribe who has transferred to paper the results of his minute observations of the feathered tribes is Ernest E. Thompson, whose painting "Awaited in Vain," aroused such heated discussion amongst those responsible for the selection of representative Canadian artists' work for the World's Fair.

"The Birds That We Hear" would perhaps have been a more appropriate title, for Mr. Thompson deals with his aerial friends for the most part from a standpoint suggested therein.

By means of ordinary musical notation he reproduces the respective songs of the warblers, acquaintance with whose idiosyncrasies he has delightfully sought. His attention, however, has not been confined to the one feature, the article being replete with observations on every phase of the bird life of Eastern America—and to the lover of ornithology the article will prove a decided acquisition.

★

"The Opinions of a Philosopher" are enunciated by Robert Grant who manages, to endow the expression of his opinions with a piquancy and flavour which makes them decidedly refreshing.

"My wife Josephine declares that I have become a philosopher in my old age, and perhaps she is right. Now that I am forty, and a trifle less elastic in my movements, with patches of gray about my ears which give me a more venerable appearance, I certainly have a tendency to look at the world as through a glass. Yet not altogether darkly be it said. That is, I trust, I am no cynic like that tellow Diogenes who set the fashion centuries ago of turning up the nose at everything. I have a natural sunniness of disposition which would, I believe, be proof against the sardonic fumes of contemplation even though I were a real philosopher. . . ."

"The real philosophers of the present day are not quite so peculiar; but they are apt to be fearfully aged, wonderfully superior to the weaknesses of humanity. For the most part they are to be found in the peaceful environs of a university or on some mountain top a Sabbath day's journey from the hum of civilization, where they eschew nearly everything which the every-day mortal finds requisite to comfort and convenience, unless it be whiskey and water. I have sometimes fancied that more real philosophers than we are aware of are partial on the sly to whiskey and water. But that is neither here nor there; for, as I have already stated, I am not a real philosopher. I have altogether too many faults to be one, and should constantly be flying in the face of my own theories. Barring the aforesaid weakness for whiskey and water, it is fair to assume that the average real philosopher lives up to his own lights and by them; whereas I, at least according to Josephine, am liable to be frightfully inconsistent. She has never forgotten my profanity on the occasion

when we discovered after dinner that the soot had come down in the drawing-room and was over everything in spite of the fact that the chimney had been swept three weeks before. Now if there is one thing which I abhor and am perpetually inveighing against as vulgar and futile, it is unbridled language. Josephine must have heard me say fifty times if she has heard me once that the man who fouls his tongue with an oath is a senseless one. And yet I am bound to admit that when I discovered what had happened I swore deliberately and roundly like the veriest trooper. In order to appreciate the situation exactly I should add that it has long been a mooted point between Josephine and me whether chimneys require to be swept at all. My darling insists that the sweep shall overhaul the house annually, while I cling, with what she was pleased to call masculine fatuity, to the theory that soot like sleeping dogs, should be let alone."

* * * * *

"One night not very long since I was awakened by noise and, after listening, I came to the conclusion that it proceeded from house-breakers. I slipped out of bed stealthily and put my ear to the bolted chamber door in order to confirm my conviction. My movements aroused Josephine, who sat up in bed and asked hoarsely what the matter was. I put my finger on my lips quite irreverently, for it was pitch dark."

"Fred, are there burglars in the house?" she gasped.

"Sh! Yes."

"What are you doing, Fred? Oh, you mustn't go down and expose yourself on any account." She was evidently very much agitated. "Promise me that you will not."

Having ascertained that the door was secure I walked across the room and turned on the electric light. Josephine was sitting bolt upright, quivering with excitement. Her eyes followed my every movement, as, having slipped on my trousers and a pair of boots, I began to look around me, tramping sturdily.

"Fred, they'll hear you if you make such a noise," said my wife, in an agonized whisper.

"I fervently trust so," I retorted. "That's why I'm doing it."

As I spoke my eye lit at last on something adapted to my purpose. I had been trying to avoid the destruction of a wash basin, and I seized with grateful eagerness the pair of Indian clubs which offered themselves and, lifting them to the level of my brow, let them fall clamorously on the floor. The welkin rang, so to speak, and I sank with nervous exhaustion into an arm-chair.

The house seemed deathly still and it struck me that Josephine on her part was ominously quiet. When she spoke at last it was to ask:

"Haven't you a pistol?"

"Yes, dear."

"Are you going to let them take everything?"

"It is for them to decide, darling."

"But, Fred—"

Josephine did not finish her sentence. The words she uttered were, however, so full of poignant surprise and disappointment that I felt constrained to inquire with a guilty attempt at nonchalance:

"Is there anything you would like to have me do?"

"You are the best judge, of course," she answered, coldly. "Only, do you think it is the usual way?"

"The usual way?" I echoed. Among the few points in Josephine's character which irritate me is her weakness for custom, and it is growing on her. "No, I suppose that the correct social thing would have been to stand at the head of the banisters in my

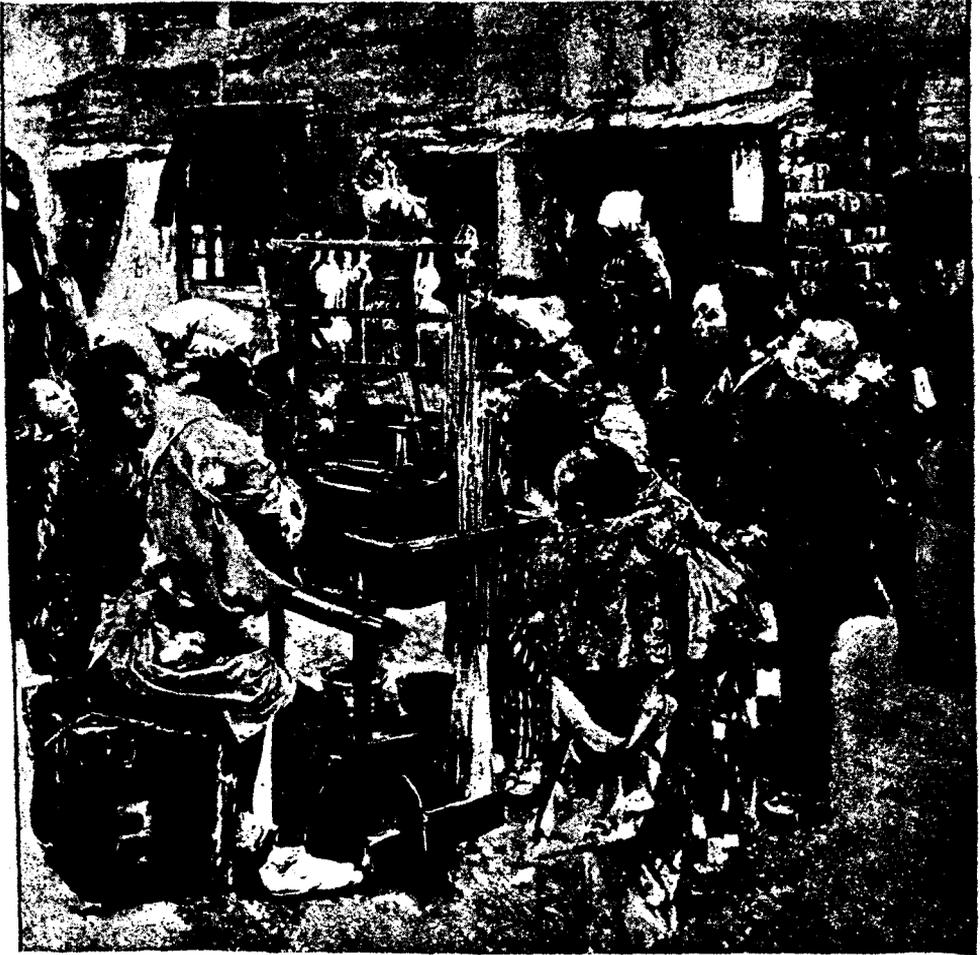
nightgown with a lighted candle and make a target of myself."

"Why did you buy a pistol, then?" inquired my better half.

"So that the children needn't shoot themselves with it after it was locked up and the cartridges carefully hidden," I replied, with levity. We were both so heated that we had practically forgotten that a burglary was supposed to be going on.

"You didn't use to talk in that way, said Josephine, with slow precision. "I only hope, Fred, for your sake that people won't hear about this."

sequently, it was a rude blow to her sensibilities to find that I was such a craven. She cared no more for our apostle spoons and gold-lined vegetable dishes than I did; it was the principle of the thing which distressed her. Why had I bought a six-shooter shortly after our marriage except to be equipped for just such an emergency? It did certainly seem that I was bound by all the laws of custom to pop at least once over the banisters, even though I took no aim and scurried back into my bedroom immediately after. That would have satisfied her, she subsequently admitted to me; but to drop a pair of Indian clubs



THE AMEYA—A CURIOUS CROWD.

In Scribner's.

"They will not, certainly, unless you tell them, Josephine."

"Tell them? I wouldn't mention what has happened for the world," she answered, looking at me with a sort of sorrowful disdain. Thus is it that the ideals which women form concerning us are one by one shattered! I am sure that Josephine would have been inconsolable had I fallen a victim to the bullet of a house-breaker. You will recall that her first impulse was to prevent me from exposing myself for the sake of the solid silver service. She had taken it for granted that I would slip the bolt and go part way down stairs, at least, pistol in hand, and she had wished to caution me against undue rashness. Con-

on the floor in order to make a clatter could be regarded as little less than pusillanimous, philosophy or no philosophy."

It will be a welcome surprise no doubt, full of reassuring solace to those whose manhood has trembled in the balance under circumstances similar to those with which our philosopher friend was confronted, to be able to silence an aggravating and unsympathetic spouse by demonstrating that such conduct was nothing

more nor less than philosophy—the pure quill.

★

In "The Haunt of the Platypus," Sidney Dickinson gives some very interesting information about this amphibious animal of the Antipodes.

Century.

Of course every magazine having any pretence to national or cosmopolitan support has had something, (and generally a big something) to say and something to show of the "great wonder of the latter half of the nineteenth century" yclept "The World's Fair." Some have overdone it, some have been miserly in the attention they have bestowed upon "Chicago's Hope"—others again have struck the happy medium, and, whilst they do not weary one with a superabundance of *minutiae*, on the other hand there has been no slipshod scampering over the small, but essential connecting links without which a synopsis of the Fair would be as disappointing and as valueless as the drawn out and word-laden narratives which, alas, have apparently been regarded with favour by the majority of editors of daily papers in Canada, the States, and England.

"Mediocre" is the best can be said of far too many would-be graphic descriptions with which the reading public has been satiated. Its decidedly refreshing to turn from these to MRS. SCHUYLER VAN RENSSELAER'S "At the Fair" in the *Century* for May.

Thoroughly interesting in itself the value of the contribution is considerably enhanced by the addition of several drawings from the pencil of Mr. A. Castaigne. These are eight in number and a marvellous degree of beauty is the characteristic of one and all. The white reflections of marble palaces mirrored by the water, be it in the silvery softness of early morn, or the golden brilliance of evening's sunset, are presented in that pathetic indescribable light, the production of which, on canvas, we have been inclined to regard as an art which was born and *died* with Turner. The grandeur of effect with which the artist has invested his work, and which has been well retained in the process of reproduction, is perhaps best seen in "The Golden Doorway, and part of the Transportation Building—on a Quite Afternoon."

I must not, however, in my admiration of the pictorial artist, forget the painter in

words, who says some very clever things, and gives some very sound advice to those whose good fortune it shall be to visit the Fair. To those to whom this boon is denied, Mrs. Van Rensselaer will be none the less interesting in her very readable contribution.

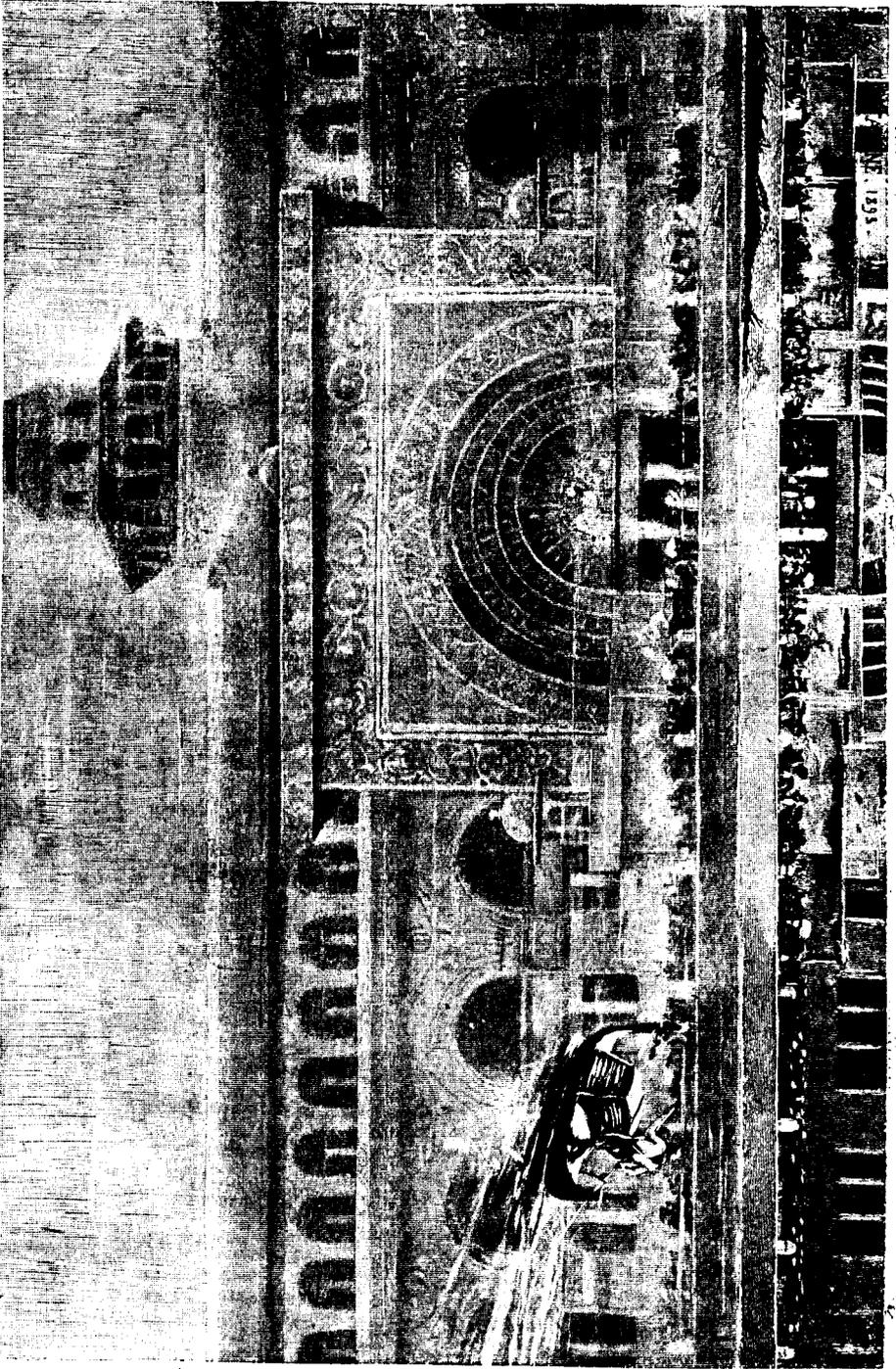
But little space is devoted to anything resembling a guide book description of the Fair. The writer confines herself to an expression of her views on the benefits derivable from a visit to Jackson Park and the best manner in which to obtain the greatest possible benefit.

After expressing her satisfaction, which as a good American she is bound to feel, that the fair and all its predicted glory are now *faits accomplis*, the writer proceeds to give advice in a very brisk and piquant style :

"If you are going to enjoy your visit to the Fair in the way that will leave the best residuum, that will satisfy you when the prickings of mere rivalry in sight-seeing have died out, when the excitement of crowds and vast architectural panoramas will have faded, when the temptation to sit in the shade on a plausibly marble bench under a deceptively marble colonnade, and watch the sun shine on fluttering flags and party-colored awnings and reaches of shining water, will seem, in the retrospect, to have been a devil's drug narcotizing your sense of duty—if you are a conscientious person with a real practical interest in any one department of the Fair, you must at least take part of your pleasure in the Fair very sternly.

I know whereof I speak, for I went to Paris in 1889 with an insistent need to acquaint myself with modern art. I stayed five weeks; I did not go every day to the Fair, but I went very often; I tried to do my duty, and I did devote myself especially to the art galleries; but while I hardly saw the contents of any of the other buildings, and did not even set foot within so vast and varied and interesting a one as the Palace of the Liberal Arts, I left Paris with a sense of shame and defeat. I did not really see the pictures and statues; I did not really learn about modern art.

Nor, at Chicago, will you learn about the things which are dear to you unless you are very wise and steady, patient and self-denying. Take a day first to satisfy your curiosity, to gratify your sense of wonderment and your love of beauty, to get your bearings and discover how much exertion you can support. Go all over the Fair grounds, and to the top of at least one of the big domes or towers. See the Fair, as a Fair, from its various centers, and from different parts of its circumference, especially from the lake. I think you can do this in one or two days, if you start early and end late, if you are strong, and if you have yourself conveyed by all available means of conveyance,—encircling railways, boats, and rolling-chairs,—and if you do not step inside a single building except for the ascent in search of your bird's-eye view. Then go home, stay in bed the following day, if you are wise, and the next day spread the wings and stiffen the spine of your conscience, and go in search of the things you have come to study—steam-boilers or roses, fishes or stuffed birds, needlework or statistics of idiot asylums, methods of slaughtering men or cattle, or of preserving human life or edible



THE GOLDEN DOORWAY AND PART OF THE TRANSPORTATION BUILDING.—ON A QUIET AFTERNOON.

In the Century.

fruits. Stay at this task until you have finished it, or until it has exhausted your powers of application. Then release and relax yourself. Go to see something else—palms if you have been studying plows, pictures if you have been studying electric motors. The things you know least about, and care least about, will then seem delightful, for you will have purchased the right to idle, and only its purchasers know the whole of the charm of idling. There are few pleasures like looking at things in which one feels no concern after looking with profit at those which concern one deeply. There is no exultation like the cry of the spirit when, tired but self-approving, it says to itself, "It doesn't matter an atom whether I understand this or not, whether I remember it always or forget it to-night." If you take your idling first and your working afterward, you will miss, I say, the fulness of the pleasure of desultory looking, and you will probably never get to your working at all in such an idler's paradise as our Fair will be.

Of course, after what your rustic fellow-countrymen would call a "good spell" of idling you will be ready to come back, refreshed, to your work again. Or, if you have completed it, you will go home with the satisfactory feeling that you have enjoyed both sides of the Fair, its instructive side and its mere pleasure-giving side."

So much for the moral aspect of a visit to the Fair as reviewed by Mrs. Van Rensselaer. Two things are evident. The writer is an enthusiastic believer in the unrivalled wonders of "our paradisiacal Fair" and its efficacy as a panacea for the ills to which the mind, if not the flesh, of man is heir. She also strongly inclines to the opinion that sight-seeing must be done systematically if any real benefit is to result. No experienced traveller will dissent from this.

Mrs. Rensselaer is followed by W. Lewis Frazer who devotes his attention to "Decorative Painting at the World's Fair."

Like his fair colleague Mr. Frazer is enthusiastically American and enters his protest against the accusation from foreign quarters, that "we are overestimating what America has done in Jackson's Park." He admits there are shortcomings but inveighs against an attempt to belittle what is of undoubted excellence. He grows eloquent over the work of Melchers and MacEwen. To the former's composition "The Arts of War," he awards the larger meed of praise.

★

In "Personal Impressions of Nicaragua" Gilbert Paul conveys a good deal of new and instructive information about that much disturbed country and its people.

The author produces a drawing from his own pencil which would indicate that the monotony of the daily routine of Nicaraguan police is broken by calls of

duty at which, I fear, our staid Canadian defenders of life and property would look askance.

Californian.

The June number does not belittle the name of the monthly, there being much of a local flavour about the majority of the articles and illustrations. One of the exceptions, and a noteworthy one, is "Our Treaties with China," by Frederic J. Masters, D.D. In view of the troubles with which the Government of the States is confronted in regard to the Chinese immigration problem, Masters' article possesses an especial interest.

In the opening paragraphs the writer ably points out that we—the Anglo-Saxons—have none but ourselves to thank for the presence of the undesired Chinese in our midst.

"One hundred and eight years ago, when the American flag first appeared in Chinese waters, China was hermetically sealed to the outside world. Hedged in by impenetrable walls of exclusion, prejudice and pride, she looked out with arrogant disdain upon the barbarians around her, and desired nothing better than to be let alone. Two hundred years had then passed since Xavier, the devoted Jesuit missionary, standing upon the Macao promontory facing that inhospitable coast from which he had just been repelled, uttered the pathetic words: 'O rock! rock! when wilt thou open to my Master!' Fifty years ago her gates were still closed. The rock was still unopened. The middle wall of partition still severed her from the nations of the west.

It is well for us to remember that there was a time when America possessed no charms for John Chinaman. He was content with his own land. It was to him the Middle Kingdom, the center of the universe, and no promised land of the Golden West, in those days, could have allured him. It is also well for us to understand that had we minded our own business, stayed at home and let him alone, John Chinaman would have done the same by us. It was cupidity and a woman's curiosity that prompted Pandora to look inside the box in Epimetheus' house. Through the lifted lid blessings and plagues escaped, which she was never able to gather up and replace. There was a time when China was a sealed casket. The Anglo-Saxon came along, whose business has always been to poke his nose into other people's affairs. Contrary to China's expressed wish, we drove her people out of their shell. Finding things turning out different to our expectations, we are now eager to have them boxed up again. China has been opened, and opened by the white man. Her people have gone abroad upon the earth through the fences that Americans helped to break down, and 'all the king's horses and all the king's men cannot get Humpty Dumpty back again.'"

Dr. Masters' comments on the forcing process to which England and France subjected the previously don-locked kingdom of the Mandarin; first England alone in 1840, and France and England allied in 1857. On the first occasion the American Government protested against Eng-



A NICARAGUA POLICEMAN ON DUTY.

In the Century.

land's high-handed policy. Dr. Masters very pertinently adds that the American people were not slow to occupy the port opened and to reap the advantages gained "at the expense of our cousins' blood and treasure."

In '57 America was invited to join England and France in their demands upon China, but America declined.

"A second war was begun. President Buchanan appointed Mr. W. B. Reed, United States envoy to watch the course of events. He was particularly instructed to assure the Chinese Government that America's attitude was that of a peacemaker, rather than a party to the hostilities he so much condemned. After making virtuous protests against the aggressiveness of England and France, it was a great mistake of Mr. Reed to follow in the wake of the allied fleets up the Peiho, as if resolved to reap all the advantages to be gained by the armed force he deprecated so much. It is certain we got all the benefits of John Bull's conquests without spending a dollar, or a drop of blood. Mr. Reed obtained the second treaty

which gave the United States the privilege of sending a minister once a year to Peking, and allowed Americans the right of residence and trade in six more open ports. The first article of this new treaty said: 'There shall be, as there has always been, peace between the United States of America and the Ta Tsing Empire and between their people respectively. They shall not insult or oppress each other for any trifling cause, so as to produce an estrangement between them,' etc. It is remarkable to note what gushing obsequiousness marked our relations with China during that happy period when the voice of the Chinaman's sewing machine had not been heard in the land, when Chinamen had not learned to make 'white labor cigars,' and when Californians dreamed of a monopoly of the China trade, with San Francisco the great tea mart of the world. How delighted everybody was to see John come out of his shell and make our acquaintance! How everybody cheered the Chinese contingent marching in the procession that celebrated California's admission to the Union! How the miners chuckled over the laundymen that gave them clean shirts, or the workmen that made them underwear, and cobbled their shoes! Woe to the hoodlum that had the temerity to fire rocks at the Chinese who marched in procession on the Fourth of

July, 1851, and joined in the hurrah for the stars and stripes. Nobody then doubted that John Chinamen was a man and a brother. These were the little brown man's halcyon days never more to return.

"Never did this nation stand in such high esteem with China as when Mr. A. Burlingame was United States minister to China in 1863. No other foreign minister ever won such popularity at the Chinese capital as this distinguished diplomat. The posthumous honors conferred upon him by the Ta Tsing Government mean a great deal more than a monument in Westminster Abbey to Mr. Lowell. When Mr. Burlingame returned to China, there was a cry in California for more laborers. The Pacific Railway had to be constructed, there were marshes to be drained, forests to be cleared, tule lands to be reclaimed, and Mr. Burlingame went to assure China that a million Chinese laborers could find a welcome and employment on the Pacific Coast. China of course accepted in good faith these assurances. There was no difficulty in negotiating a treaty between two countries in such sweet accord. This third treaty, which was ratified by the United States Senate in 1868, contained, *inter alia*, one remarkable clause:

"The United States of America and the Emperor of China cordially recognize the inherent and inalienable right of man to change his home and allegiance, and also the mutual advantage of the free migration and emigration of their citizens and subjects, respectively, from the one country to the other for purposes of curiosity, of trade, or as permanent residents."

Thus does an American writer show how his country has encouraged, by every means in its power, the interchange, not only of commodities, but of inhabitants, with a people whom they are now attempting to ostracise from the land to which they were enticed, in the first place, by assurances of good faith and friendship often reiterated, and which were sealed with the nation's token of honour. The Scott Exclusion Act of 1888, and the still more recent "Geary Bill," are denounced by Dr. Masters as cruel and infamous.

"There was once a treaty, still supposed to have some existence, which guaranteed to Chinese resident in this country the same rights, privileges and immunities as may be enjoyed by subjects of the most favoured nation. Yet here is a law which treats Chinese as ticket-of-leave men, or as dogs that need to be tagged to save them from the poundman's cage; that inflicts upon them cruel and unusual punishment, deprive them of their liberty and the enjoyment of their property without the process of the law.

Surely such a law has scattered to the winds the last rags of the tattered treaty that was ratified with such acclamations of joy only twenty-four years ago."

Dr. Masters concludes his able article with the following last appeal to his countryman's honour and love of justice:

"Whether China retaliates or not, this country cannot afford to persist in a course that takes such a wide departure from the glorious traditions of her history. This country is too brave and good to find pleasure in bullying and oppressing a people who, we think, are too weak to resist. A nation that has so valiantly championed the cause of human rights and human freedom, and has for over a century stood forth among the nations of the world as the bright

exemplar of that righteousness which exalteth a nation to the highest pinnacle of greatness, cannot long bear the odium and discredit of having broken faith with a heathen nation that we are sending missionaries to Christianize.

"There is something in this world more precious than a nation's treasure, more desirable than new openings for trade, more glorious than political victories; something which, if lost, can never be compensated for by the exclusion of a few thousand Asiatic labourers from our shores. It is national honour, justice, fidelity and truth, the maintenance of our good name among the nations of the world, and the preservation to our children of a national escutcheon that has never yet been tarnished by one speck of dishonour and shame.

"Blessed is that nation that sweareth even to its own hurt and changeth not."

The Strand.

The June number of Geo. Newnes magazine, *The Strand*, comes to hand full of interesting matter. Writers of established reputation are represented in story, poetry and the different articles scattered throughout the mid-summer number of *The Strand* magazine. The opening number is a story from the pen of Iza Duffus Hardy, "In the Shadow of the Leaves." The author of "A New Othello," "Glencairn," "A Broken Faith" and other novels, fully maintains her reputation in this, her latest story. The Royal Humane Society receives generous treatment throughout seven pages of cuts and prints. Prominent amongst the portraits are those of General Melman, General Fraser, Lord Chas. Beresford and Henry Irving's leading support—William Terrieter, whose robust rendering of "Nemours" and other characters is familiar enough to all theatre-goers. All these portraits are those of men who are decorated with the Royal Humane Society's medal, and the story is told in each case as to how the medal was won. Amongst "The Portraits of Celebrities" are those of Herkmer, Erchine Nicol, MacWherter, and J. Forbe Robertson in the various stages of infancy, childhood, youth and maturer years. A. Conan Doyle's "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes," is advanced another stage and well maintains the interest established in previous chapters. "From Behind the Speaker's Chair," is a series of sketches of parliamentary characters past and present, a marked perponderance of which lingers around Lord Randolph. Mrs. Newman in the completed short story "At Dead of Night," pleasantly winds up a story which in its earlier stage threatened misery and disgrace to all concerned. However, all is well that ends well, and

this narrative ends in the most satisfactory fashion. At this final stage of 19th century life most people have lost their objections to the publishing of portraits of beautiful children, and the nine children whose good looks are set forth on pages 125, 126 and 127, are sufficient to soften the heart of the hardest and most confirmed of child-haters. The balance of the number is quite up to the standard of excellence, which has already secured such a large and constantly increasing circulation for *The Strand* magazine.

Cosmopolitan.

An article by Murat Halstead, on "The City of Brooklyn," occupies the opening pages of the *Cosmopolitan* for June. The selection was a good one, and the theme has lost nothing in interest from being subjected to treatment by Mr. Halstead. Brooklyn has a past, a genuinely historical past, and where is the reader for whom the work of connecting the present with the past has no attraction?

"One of the most historical and remarkable, and one of the richest in recollections and resources of the great American cities, is Brooklyn. There are two hundred and fifty years of history, but many of them are misty; and there are the mysteries of tradi-

tion, and the fancies and facts in such entangling alliances, that it is hard to say how far the prehistoric period encroaches upon authentic annals. Two hundred and fifty years ago there was established a ferry between the straggling town of New York and the village of Brooklyn, across the strait, and New York's first hotel and Brooklyn's first boarding-house were in that year opened to the public. . . . The first settlers of distinction on the beautiful heights and slopes of the west end of Long Island were Walloons, and the earth and air seem to have received something of their enthusiastic fervor in matters of faith. The grand old Dutch imprint is even more legible now in Brooklyn than in New York, and the Walloon, exceeding in this locality the Puritan in antiquity, disputes with him the primacy in the establishment of public character."

Commencing with this tribute to the lasting moral results which have been derived from the arrival of the old-time Hollanders on the Western Continent, the writer proceeds to discuss the part Brooklyn played in the War of Independence. Incidentally we are told that the laudations bestowed upon George Washington by American historians have not contained that full measure of praise which was justly the due of the First President. This will surprise a great many. Mr. Halstead thinks that it is as a military man history denies justice to Washington, for whose blunder, in fighting for New York when the British were masters of the sea,



MRS. HENRY WARD BEECHER IN HER STUDIO.

In the Cosmopolitan.

and ready and able to send their light armed vessels up the rivers and sounds, Mr. Halstead appears as a *fin de siècle* apologist. It was, Mr. Halstead reminds us, when the hostile forces assembled on Staten Island and crossed to Lake Brooklyn in the rear that Washington met them. With the East River behind him, and in that perilous position suffered the most destructive and dangerous defeat in his career of vicissitudes.

A well known writer of the female gender, recently stated that the church was to the woman what the club was to the man. If this be so Brooklynites of both sexes must be peculiarly happy, for, says Mr. Halstead.

"The fame of Brooklyn as a city of churches may justly be supplemented by a reputation for club houses, in which she is not surpassed in New York, and the churches and clubs show the self-reliance of the people proving there is a social life in Brooklyn that is rich in resources and satisfactory in itself. The city has not multiplied hotels, for it is not a city of strangers. Her celebrity is in homes and in schools, but her churches, clubs and theatres rank with those of New York. Her parks and cemeteries are remarkable for their beauty. Prospect park is nowhere surpassed for natural charm and landscape art. Cypress Hill seems wedded to eternity by its solemn outlook upon the ocean. Greenwood has a gracious loveliness becoming a city of the dead, and among its treasures are the graves and monuments of the newspaper founders and editors—James Gordon Bennett, Horace Greeley and Henry J. Raymond. The city exceeds New York in street mileage, and her system of elevated railroads is superior in rapid transit, convenience and capacity to those of any city of like dimensions; with the single exception of her overbearing neighbour."

New York evidently chafes the nature loving soul of Mr. Halstead, and he speaks bitterly of the indifference with which New Yorkers regard each other's welfare. A very different state of affairs exists in Brooklyn, we are assured, and a kindly love of mankind animates all classes.

"The difference between the people of Brooklyn and those of the metropolis is accounted for on geographical grounds."

"The character of the English people is visibly affected by the silver streak that narrows to twenty miles in width and divides the imperial island from the continent. It is a question whether the salt stream a mile in breadth, between Manhattan and Long Islands, has not been one of the most important agencies in producing distinctions that have a perceptible place in characteristic developments."

The political history, as well as that of its press, is dealt with at length, but Mr. Halstead lays particular stress on the fame Brooklyn has attained as a centre of religious thought. Naturally he refers to the eminence of the late Henry Ward Beecher, whose widow, an octogenarian,

resides near the scene of her husband's labours. Denominationally Brooklyn is divided as follows:

Denomination.	Mem- bers.	S. S. Members.	Value Prop'ty.	Sittings.
Baptist.....	14,916	17,196	\$1,979,000	33,000
Congregational.	12,410	20,014	1,775,000	31,000
Lutheran.....	13,889	9,958	1,161,500	18,500
Methodist.....	17,708	21,687	2,266,000	47,500
Presbyterian...	18,700	19,235	1,999,500	33,500
Episcopal.....	19,345	14,078	3,552,000	35,000
Refor'd (Dutch)	5,300	9,347	1,137,000	20,000

Murat Halstead's gives vent to a final outburst of fervent admiration in the following paragraph:

"Whether we approach Brooklyn from the bay or the bridge, going up or coming down the river, or by the ferries, or the railroads of Long Island, there are before us a score of square miles covered with buildings, many that would be richly decorative of the streets of any city on the earth. There are hundreds of churches, a score of sumptuous club houses, theaters galore, public halls and libraries, hospitals and school houses extraordinary in size and merit, tens of thousands of home roofs, brilliant shops of wide reputation, gigantic manufactories; there are the warehouses, the seats of a commerce that invades all the continents and the islands of the sea; there are shadowing the river the mighty sugar castles, whose homely grandeur tells of an industry that is colossal. And behold not a mere bridge head with a church on a hill and scattering country-seats, but a massive metropolis, stretching as far as the eye can reach, elevated railroads and surface roads interminable; and reserved in the background an island itself exceeding any of the Grecian Archipelago, or Cyprus, or Sicily, surpassing indeed all that glitter around Europe—England alone excepted—a situation for an imperial city surpassing that of Constantinople."

OTHER ARTICLES.

In "The Chase of the Chongo*" Chas. F. Lummis tells how the public enjoy what might almost be termed their national pastime.

"Sorosis," by Margaret Manton Merrill, is an interesting sketch of this pioneer of women's clubs.

Captain Thos. Selfridge, Jr., U.S.N., tells the story of the conflict between the Merrimac and the Cumberland. On the latter ill-fated vessel he was serving as second lieutenant at the time, and the narrative for this reason has a peculiar value.

"The Rise and Decline of the Hawaiian Monarchy," by Herbert H. Gowen, with sixteen illustrations, furnishes pleasant and especially appropriate subject at this particular period, when Hawaia is passing through a crucial period. The subject is handled in an extremely fair manner by

* The Egyptian queque adopted by both sexes.



THE NAVAL ENGAGEMENT BETWEEN THE MERRIMAC AND CUMBERLAND—EFFECT OF THE MERRIMAC'S FIRST SHOT.

the writer, who is an American, which does not necessarily account for his dictum that a limited monarchy will ultimately have to give way to the republican form of government. Hawaia is an earthly paradise, if the human element were eliminated. The latter uneliminated, the country is on the verge of a perpetual volcano.

★

Camille Flammarion contributes the sixth chapter of his work, "Omega, the Last Days of the World."

★

"The Deserted Homes of New England," by Chaplain Johnson. "The First Woman of Spain," by Sylvester Baxter. "Notes of the Brussels Monetary Conference," by E. Benj. Andrews.

Selected Poetry.

AN OLD SONG.

The Song of Solomon v. 2, 5.

LOVE, I have wondered a weary way,
A weary way for thee,
The East is wan by the smile of the day—
Open thy door to me!

My hair is wet with the dew of the night
That falls from the cedar-tree;
The shadows are dark; but the East is light—
Open thy door to me!

The stones of the road have bruised my feet—
The hours till morn are three—
Thou that hast spikenard precious sweet,
Open thy door to me!

Stay not thy hand upon the lock,
Nor thy fingers on the key.
In the breeze before morn the tree-tops rock—
Open thy door to me!

My love is the fairest, the only one,
The choice of her house is she—
The height of the heaven hath seen the sun—
Open thy door to me!

The holy kiss of my lips and thine
Shall the sun have grace to see?
The hours foregone of the night are nine—
Open thy door to me!

H. C. BUNNER.—In *Scribner's*.

★

THE WHITE CITY.

I.

GREECE was; Greece is no more.
Temple and town
Have crumbled down;
Time is the fire that hath consumed them all,
Statue and wall
In ruin strew the universal floor.

II.

Greece lives, but Greece no more!
Its ashes breed
The undying seed
Blown westward till, in Rome's imperial towers,
Athens reflowers;
Still westward—lo, a veiled and virgin shore!

III.

Say not, "Greece is no more."
Through the clear morn
On light winds borne
Her white-winged soul sinks on the New World's
breast.
Ah! happy West—
Greece flowers anew, and all her temples soar!

IV.

One bright hour, then no more
 Shall to the skies
 These columns rise.
 But though art's flower shall fade, again the seed
 Onward shall speed,
 Quickening the land from lake to ocean's roar.

V.

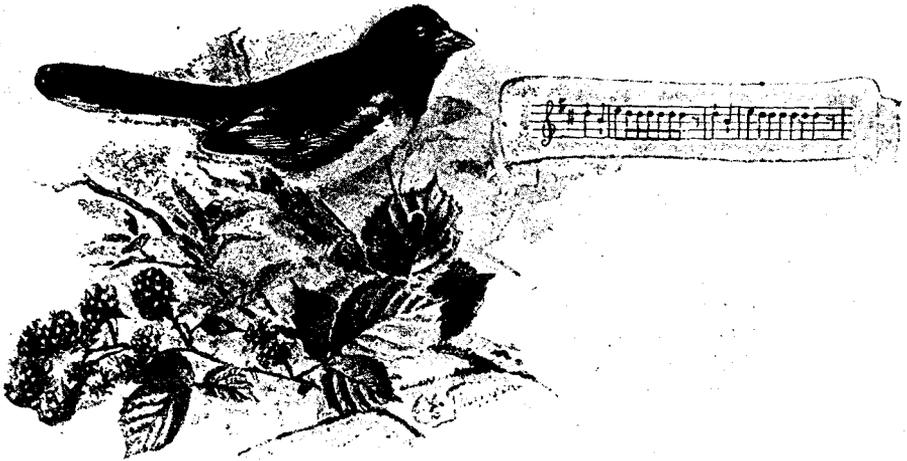
Art lives, though Greece may never
 From the ancient mold
 As once of old
 Exhale to heaven the inimitable bloom ;
 Yet from that tomb
 Beauty walks forth to light the world forever.

R. W. GILDER.—*In Century.*

TO EDWIN BOOTH.

AS one sad prince holds in his hands a skull
 As tenderly as it had golden strands
 And were blue-eyed, so at thy reverent hands
 Most worthless baubles are no longer dull,
 But take a wondrous luster not their own ;
 While diamonds cut by one of long ago
 So richly shine as he alone could know
 His precious jewels one day would be shown.

Like to a zephyr with a spice,
 New and most strangely sweet that wanders by,
 So steals a phantom thought before our eyes,
 Born of our love for that which will not die ;
 For such alone, dear Booth, for such as thee,
 Through the dark years he wrought so wondrously.

EUGENE FELLNER.—*In Outing for June.*

In the Valley of Bohemia.

An Interrupted Dream in an Attic.

I RETURNED to my rooms, or, to put it more correctly, the attic of which I was joint proprietor with Akenside, about eight o'clock one summer night after a long day's work at the S— office. All was dark as I opened the door, I had to kick the lower panel to facilitate my entry, and it was evident that Akenside was from home. Home is a queer name to give that crazy attic away up under the stars; but it was all the home we possessed while we waited for that problematical fame which seemed so long in coming.

Having stumbled over the coal box, and nearly upset Akenside's easel, I eventually found the match box on the floor and lit the lamp. The room, with its slanting ceiling and uncarpetted floor, seen by the hazy light of the lamp, the chimney whereof had not been cleaned for a month, looked but cheerless after the comfortable office and well lighted streets; but I was in high spirits, for had I not that afternoon met the wealthy and famous B— (noted for his kindness and liberality to those at the foot of the ladder), who had invited me to a *conversazione* that night. After months of squalor and the companionship found in taverns and music halls (not that I wish to disparage Akenside—good old chap—there never was a truer comrade), I was once more to enter a brilliant drawing room, hear the soft music of women's voices, and see the jewels glisten on the snowy bosom of beauty, enter into the conversation of men of my own intellectual endowment, and rub shoulders with the powerful and wealthy. I, the half-starved literateur, the follower of Henri Murger, was about to fancy myself a rich Philistine; nay, no doubt, I was to partake of a bountiful, a luxurious supper.

Pondering pleasantly over these matters I drew from my pocket a small parcel containing a white tie, a pair of silk socks, and a pair of white gloves. I gazed on these superfluities (bought at the expense of my dinner, for was I not to have a supper fit for a king that evening?) with delight, and foresaw my triumphal entry

into halls of dazzling light. To my surprise and relief I found water in the broken-lipped and handleless ewer, and I knew where a white dress shirt, belonging to Akenside, had lain wrapped in newspapers for many a week. I felt a soft and soothing joy at the reflection that my dress clothes had been rescued from mine uncle's about a week previously, during a period of brief and almost unexampled prosperity consequent upon a rare and confiding magazine editor; dress clothes still perfectly respectable, if not of the newest cut, which had come into my possession before my father died, and I—, well, it is no use raking up old stories about a young fool.

Having found my razor in one of Akenside's boots, after a protracted search; I propped a small triangular piece of looking glass against the lamp and proceeded to flay myself alive.

How well I remember the room at that moment. Akenside had evidently been what he called putting things to rights that afternoon. Tidying up with him meant slinging all the clothes and things generally strewn about the floor into the one cupboard, on to the shelves, and under the beds. He had also that evening been dining on fried sausages washed down with beer, and the broken viands of the feast still graced the festive board that was innocent of tablecloth. His empty tumbler, with a piece out of the rim, as if some thirsty soul had taken a bite out of it in his eagerness, stood on a copy of "La Vie de Boheme"; "Rabelais" and "Chaussee Harlowe" lay together on the floor; on the bookshelf Sheridan's plays stood in friendly juxtaposition with Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," and the "Essays of Elia" shouldered "Tom Jones." Daudet's "Sappho" almost hid Akenside's Bible from view on the bed, and "Thomas A. Keenpis" reposed on one of the chairs and a volume of Congreve on the other. Akenside had evidently been dipping into "Zimmerman on Solitude," in order, no doubt, to support my absence before issuing out for his nocturnal rambles, and

the thick volume lay open by his plate propped into a convenient angle for reading by "Ruskin's Sesame and Lilies," and the mustard pot. Many of the books in the room did not enter into Sir John Lubbock's list; but they were precious possessions, for all that. A half finished picture stood on Akenside's easel, and rough but spirited caricatures covered the low walls and sloping roof; tubes and brushes lay everywhere, and the lay figure stood in an attitude of scientific self-defence against the cupboard door with a Turkish fez on its head; the room had not been swept for some time, and tobacco ashes and burnt matches mingled with old slippers and books on the floor. How different from the scene I was about to see, and I chuckled softly at the thought.

After having, with excruciating torture, removed the stubble from my chin, I paused a moment and considered where to look for my dress clothes; but thinking was of no avail, and I proceeded to rout out the cupboard. No dress clothes were there; but I extracted Akenside's shirt, and having carefully tied my white tie I further proceeded to don my white stockings and patent leather shoes. The shelf produced no good results, and with growing distrust and horror I got down on my knees and looked under the beds. Nothing but Akenside's violin case, a few dirty shirts, and an old sock or two. Then I became frenzied. I turned over the contents of the cupboard and the shelf again; I even looked into the coal box and under the pillows and beneath the mattresses, but with the like result—nothing. As I stood in despair in the middle of the room, amidst a chaos of miscellaneous articles, of which coal formed a large ingredient, my gaze, lighting on the book shelf, beheld there an envelope. With the vigour born of despair I darted across the room and seized the missive. It was addressed to "My trusty and well-beloved cousin" in Akenside's handwriting. I tore open the envelope and pulled forth—a *pawnbroker's ticket for a suit of dress clothes*.

I burst into a torrent of expletives, until, the ludicrous side of the question striking me with sudden force, I sat down on the bed and roared with laughter till the attic rang again. Here was I, having surreptitiously abstracted Akenside's one clean shirt, anathematizing him for pawning my dress clothes. The fact is, no especial blame could be attached to Akenside, for, in our easy philosophy, the presentation of the pawn ticket was a sufficient

guarantee of good faith, and we had both often been guilty of the same trick before, with far less disastrous effects however.

I reflected ruefully on what I had lost; but of course could not but perceive that Akenside was ignorant of my invitation that evening. The wearing of dress clothes was very rare indeed with me, and with Akenside even more so, seeing that on the very few occasions on which he wore the evening garb of the gentleman and the writer, he borrowed my plumes. There was no help for it; Akenside was probably spending the proceeds of my clothes in joyous and unholy revelry with similar minded convives, and I had not even the satisfaction of helping him to spend the money. Nothing now was left for it but to submit to the inevitable; and, attiring myself in an old pair of trousers and a ragged smoking jacket, a relic of palmier days, I sat down and made my supper off two cold sausages and some flat beer.

My sumptuous repast ended I lit a big pipe, and, turning out the light, I threw open the window, through which the moonlight poured, and putting my feet on the window sill prepared to enjoy the fragrant tobacco. Before this, however, I prepared for the festive Akenside by slightly opening the door and propping the basin, half full of dirty water, between its top and the wall.

The hum of the city rose to me, myriad-voiced, where I sat. Over the crowded roofs and grotesque chimney tops my gaze leapt to where the moon rode through the sky

"A weary traveller through the realm of night
With service to be done."

The battlerented clouds below the luminary of the night with their deep, unfathomable shadows, and high, white lights, seemed the border range of some mysterious land far away beyond the ken of mortal man. Just over the tallest cloud peak a star gleamed like a beacon guiding the wanderer home, and that melancholy longing which seizes us all when we gaze at the illimitable, crept over my spirit. Gradually the multitudinous sound of the diverse throng died on my ear, roof and chimney, sailing moon and heavenly cloud mountains faded from my sight, and I fell asleep.

Methought I stood without the garden of my youth and the gates shut to forever. From the mountain slope where I stood the sun was visible just above the horizon, and all the valley below lay in shadow; but even as I gazed the sun's great orb

rose majestically, dispelling the mists of morning, and the busy hum of men rose to me where I stood. Downward I turned my steps along a straight, white, descending road to join my fellow mortals in the strife. But a little while and I came to a fork of the roads spanned by two great arches, the left hand one of fair white marble, veined with blood-red streaks, the other built of brick and stucco. The latter stood open to receive all travellers, and along the arch ran, in letters of gold, "The Road to Success lies Here"; but the former was guarded with strong gates, and a gaintess, helmed and armed with a great spear, stood thereby. On her shoulder sat a blinking owl, and her eyes were serene yet awful; and the arch above her bore this inscription:

"Here enter not smug counter jumping elf,
Here thou shalt gather neither lands nor pelf,
The smooth faced hypocrites not valued here,
Take thou the other road that leadest where
The goul mart clamours if thy heart inclines
To gain the world's high places; Philestines
Here enter not; the bigot has no part
In our communings; life, and love, and art
Sway not to fat bank balances, nor seem
To those who dwell herein an empty dream.
Take thou the right hand gate
Thine is another state,
The world's strong thrall
Of gold is all
About thee, e'er too late
Take thou the right hand gate.

"Here enter ye who worship at the shrine
Of art, and love, and song, the spell divine
Of beauty, heaven descended, draweth thee
To join us here, the summer sun shall be
O'er all our revels; true we a'l grow old
And there's no fuel stored against the cold,
Yet, while we may let beauty reign supreme
Youth comes but once, life's but a passing dream;
Who knows but in our dreaming we may light
A beacon for the wanderers in the night
All those the sacred fire
Has touched with high desire
Come in, come in,
Leave the world's din
To those who in the mire
Know not the sacred fire."

And even as I read the last lines, the goddess stretched forth her spear, and lo! at its touch I hastened forward, and the great gates swung apart.

The valley lay before me partly enclosed by three great mountains, partly by a high strong wall, in which were gates of peculiar construction.

For those within the valley, it was possible to gain the outside world either by throwing open the gates by main force or by sleight of hand; but once outside, it was impossible to re-enter. Comfortable, sleek looking burghers sometimes peeped

through the bars, disgust and amazement on their faces, and others there were who pressed their faces against the gates and looked with a touch of regret at the revelry within. For revelry there was of every kind. Sunny glades were there, and many a gay pavilion, over which floated the flag of Spain, and from which came a sound of music and dancing. There were also dismal swamps, reeking with miasma, and bordered with gnarled trees, heavy with hoary moss. In their gloomy shade, here and there, walked a solitary figure, but the vast majority lived in the sunlight.

As I threaded my way though the gay walks, I became aware of two curious circumstances. The universal language was one, strange indeed to my ear, but perfectly clear to my understanding, and the faces of nearly all the inhabitants were familiar; nay, men and women I had only hitherto dreamed of, passed me, or were passed by me, every moment. That *dame de comptoir* must be Becky Sharpe, and the gallant she is flirting with, as she serves him with a glass of Rhenish, is none other than d'Artagnan in the uniform of a mousquetaire of the Guard; that small dark man who stole away just now, after having deftly explored my pockets, (and who is now reciting a ballade to an admiring crowd), is Villon, villain and poet. Falstaffe sits at the door of yonder inn talking to Master Shallow, and shaking his fat sides; Dante goes by, alone amid the throng, and Shelley lectures on vegetarianism beneath the shade of a pleasant grove. On the slopes of the Mount of Knowledge sit

"Plato the wise and large browed Verulam,
The first of those who know,"

And he who wrote those lines, late come, but largely welcome, sits with calm eyed Shakespeare, Milton, blind no more, but far-seeing as his soul, and many an eastern mage; Horace is deep in conversation with Omar Khayam, and Lamb is jesting with Montaigne.

Opposite the Mount of Knowledge, and across the valley, is the Hill of Liberty, steep with precipices and scarred with the lightning. Above it the thunder clouds gather, and there are many climbing its straight sides. Sobieski, and Kosciusko, and Czartoryski; Cavour, Mazzini and Garibaldi, Leonidas, and Marco Bozzaris, the Suliote, and Byron, spent with excesses, but striving upward still. And there are not wanting others: Zwingle, and Luther, and Melancthon,

Coife the high priest with his lance, and Huss, and bitter Calvin.

Beyond all, the prop of heaven, clear cut against the blue, unreachable, immaculate, untrudged by the foot of man, unstained by the flight of centuries, untroubled by the storms below, its snowy peak glittering in the sun, towers the Mount of Truth, alone with eternity and the Infinite.

Near one of the great gates I beheld a graybeard, who held forth unceasingly in a strong Scotch accent to an ever increasing crowd. Outside the great gate, listening, with but little attention, stood a crowd with familiar faces, and as I looked more attentively, I saw that those outside were indeed familiar to me, being none other than mine own contemporaries in Canada, many of them high in power. Seeing them, I pressed forward through the crowd to greet them, but arrested my course as the speaker's voice became articulate to me. Thus he spoke, and all perforce, listened.

"Is democracy a creed outworn? A question, no doubt, quite unspeakably foolish to most people, yet, to a few, a matter of some importance, nay, a question, perhaps, of the most vital sort to all persons, tho' coming within the purview of only a few. The democracy of Athens was not rightly a democracy, a ruling through the votes of the many-headed, at all, but rather an aristocracy. An aristocracy, if you will, of right citizenship, of intellect (which is individual power), but still an aristocracy indubitably. Democracy, rightly understood, sprang into being through the pen of Rousseau in the "Contrat Sociale," to be baptized in blood by the French Revolution, and from that time onward to be the ruling spirit in social life, gathering, as it goes on, ever increasing impetus, carrying us with it—whither?"

"This young hobbledohy giant of Canada of yours, flinging its adolescent limbs from Atlantic to Pacific, has many troubles before it; but also a great opportunity. Consider how, in these days of universal knowledge, education of the masses, public schools, and what not, the history of the world lies open for its enlightenment; for examples to imitate and inaptitudes to avoid; chiefly the latter truly, but not altogether so. To nations, as to individuals, comes the hour when the Sphinx cries 'Whence?' Inarticulately 'at first, more loudly and clearly as time goes by. With nations now in their dotage or strong

manhood you have no manner of business whatever; but your own 'whence?' and 'whither?' is a most momentous matter. With nations it is as with individuals. Can they read the riddle of Destiny, propounded by the Sphinx. Of each man she asks daily, in mild voice, yet with a terrible significance: 'Knowest thou the meaning of this Day?' Answer her riddle, it is well with thee. Answer it not, pass on regarding it not, it will answer itself; the solution for thee is a thing of teeth and claws.

"Here, in this half chaotic new country, man is again face to face with the hour which comes but once, 'for that hour man is free and master of his Destiny.'

"The question then arises, shall we let it slip by unnoticed, and in the same no-way wander on to become involved in the same nineteenth century labyrinth in which the older nations wonder?; or shall we, taking thought betimes, taking warning from the mistakes which have been, face the future with a new front.

"Viewing the land, then, with philosophic eye, we see a very army of the Practical Workers mainly, not Thinkers, perhaps, altogether too few of these latter. The struggle is for life and the necessaries of life, in which world-battle the more graceful arts must seem but futile, the jewels and gewgaws of life principally these products of the Thinker, not the plain substantial homespun for protection against rough weather. Yet to the right making of even corderroys is there not a mind wanting, without which all were vain stitching and idle snipping of good cloth.

"A very army of Philistines fills the land, therefore, strong armed and of equally strong common sense, the scouts of that great Anglo-Saxon army, a Hun-like horde, which seems destined to overrun the waste places of the earth; deserted, at least of all but unproductive barbarians, redskinned or otherwise. A great advancing tide of civilized whites, sometimes *not* civilized, but so naming themselves, pressed onward and outward by natural laws upon which it reasons not, obeying only the command, 'Flow on,' till prairie and mangrove swamp, Canadian prairies and equatorial jungle growths, acknowledge the hands of their masters and smile back at them from fields of red fyfe and coffee.

"Reviewing this situation then, and recognizing some necessity for government, we may rightly ask 'How, then, is this governing to be done?' In the old way by party, doubtless once necessary, nay, good and right; but how appearing now?"

Perhaps worn out and not useful—nay, unthinkably obstructive.

“Is it to be party government then? The government of the vestry board, of which that at Westminster is at once the type and highest known form of idealization; but notwithstanding that, still la vestry-board, with its petty quarelling over personal interests, its bumbledom and its self-seeking, in which self interest stands first, and, *facile princeps*, adherence to party next, and, last of all, nigh hidden and oftenest quite forgotten, comes love of country; if indeed we are to count this last as an appreciable factor at all, and not rather something much talked of, but in reality non-existent. In this connection it is not without value, nay, rather of the utmost moment, that we enquire, ‘Who is to be our Ideal man?’; to what does every individual look as the highest type, towards the realization of which every nerve is to be strained, every thought subordinated. Is it to be the red face and white waistcoat of the idealized corner grocer, conveniently blind to the sand in the sugar, but loudest in his responses in conventicle, chapel, or episcopalian edifice, to whom there seems but one goal in life easily symbolised thus—\$—whose every act, and thought, and function is ruled by this huge Sindbad old man of the nineteenth century, the omnipotent golden calf before which all men bow the knee?

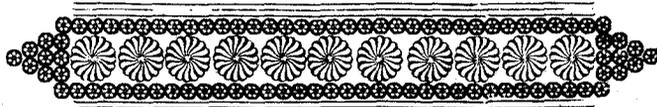
“Does he of the white waistcoat and most decorous broad cloth’d respectability profess friendship for any man?; be sure that he has calculated the advantage to his own most respectable self; does he give in charity that he may be rewarded hereafter? or rather that he may be recompensed in more substantial manner (to his thinking) by the filling of his till here. Does he cleave to any political party?; be sure he seeks a sinecure. Does he not join himself to that congregation which comprises most worshippers, not because its numbers argue the greatest truthfulness of that particular view of Christianity,

but because the greater the number of fellow-worshippers on holy days the greater the influx of customers on week days for sanded sugar and shoddy cloth. Does not the great Mammon God, brooding in vast bat-form overhead, quite blot out the view to this Man-fearer of One higher and, therefore, far withdrawn. Take thought then ye who boast emancipation, how all ideals—as vain endeavours—that, in your hard-headed common sense ye do not fall hopelessly mired in the bog of utilitarianism, and that when your time comes, as it surely must, to read the riddle of the Sphinx, ye fall not a prey to the teeth and claws, which haply befalling you, no white waistcoats, bank accounts, nor church attendances shall in anywise serve as protective armour; but otherwise, as a mesh to your feet as ye turn to fly from the open jaws.

“Thinkest thou O man of much faith, to make thy way black-coated, large stomach’d, lip-serving heavenward. Nay, rather, weighed down by bank balances, company shares, and what not ephemeral trumperies, thou goest elsewhere. The mystic symbol \$ shines to thee in the shadow of the bat-winged Mammon as the Roman eagle to the legion, the Cross to the early Christian. The fool! the wild Bohemian in the midst of his tobacco smoke and empty beer pewters, does homage yet to some ideal, were it but some pagan worship of beauty; but thou hast set up a big gross man, fat-faced and smug of aspect; him thou hast placed on pedestal of ledger and day book, and so placed, contentedly worshippest. Truly with thee ‘God is the Brocken phantom of self, projected in the mists of the non-ego.’”

A peal of thunder rolled from the hill of Liberty, the audience scattered in dismay and faded from my sight, and I awoke to find the moon down, the city asleep and silent, the attic plunged in cimmerian gloom and Akenside cursing in the darkness.

BASIL TEMPEST.



Canada as a Summer Resort.



ANADA, a summer resort?

Canada, the land that for a century or more has been exploited as the rival of the North Pole for frigidity, and the equal of Siberia for sterility and inclemency;

the land of the reindeer and the snowshoe; the track for the sleigh and the skater; the nature-made chute for the toboggan; the home of the frost king and the ice palace; the country whose plains of glittering snow stretch northward in deadly whiteness from the ice-sheathed shores of the St. Lawrence to the mysterious borderland of the Arctic; has this land indeed a summer, a blue sky, a soft wind?

The idea of Canada generally accepted by foreigners would make such questions as the above not unnatural, and warrant such a reply as the writer here attempts.

Yes, I would answer, Canada is a land of summer resorts, is, in fact, one vast summer resort, if viewed as a whole; presenting a range and diversity of attractions which few, if any, countries can exceed. Thus, its great area of a million and a half square miles,—the size of all Europe, more than eight times as large as France and Germany combined, two-and-a-half times as extensive as China, with her population of nearly four hundred million,—comprises thousands of miles of seashore and river banks, extensive forests virgin in strength and rich in game, inland seas impressive in their immensity and stored with the world of the deep, shoreless plains acting as magnets to lovers of the level mountains in ranks and battalions, rural paradises where nature's moods of sweetness and tenderness are revealed—all the gamut, in a word, that nature can run on a world, is to be seen in this new England, built on the world's oldest surface.

As each province has its distinguishing characteristics as to race and habits, so each can boast of special charms to attract the summer pleasure-seeker; even our salt-sea sister that takes up so small a

space on the map—Prince Edward Island—is a garden for beauty, invigorated by the breath of the ocean, with a climate of delightful equality, with streams filled with trout and salmon, and with woods alive with game. Its summer climate is delightful, free alike from chilling fogs and excessive heat. The landscape is sufficiently undulating to relieve it from the monotony of the prairie, while the bays and winding estuaries to be seen on every hand, with their silvery waters and varied banks, together with the dark and bright green foliage of the ever-green and deciduous trees, and the rich verdure of the meadows make up a scenery which, if not grand, is, at least, beautiful and quietly picturesque. Surrounded by the Gulf of St. Lawrence, whose waters are almost as saline as those of the ocean itself, it enjoys all the ozone and coolness of the sea breeze, and the advantages that can only be derived from sea bathing.

Nova Scotia and Cape Breton have many points in common to win the traveller within their boundaries, especially the fisherman, Nova Scotia—notably the Tusket region—being said to be “full of fish.” Far-away Cape Breton, stretching its rocky finger to the northward, is as wild and romantic as the valleys of historic Arcadia are peaceful and lovely, with their grain-laden fields and fruit-bearing orchards. The scenery of eastern Nova Scotia and Cape Breton is held by some to be as fine as that of Switzerland, with skies that rival the Italian for clearness and blueness. The valleys are perhaps the chief charm of Nova Scotia where nature is seen at its loveliest, and where peace broods like a dove. In Halifax the traveller will find a thoroughly English city, with a harbour where a thousand ships can anchor, and with surrounding points which will well repay a visit.

New Brunswick can boast of much that her sister provinces possess—its shore line now retreating in deep bays, and now boldly thrusting itself into the surges of the Atlantic. No part of the world perhaps presents a bluer sky, a more invigorating air, better salt-water facilities, or more picturesque surroundings than does this eastern member of our federated

family. It is rich in its St. John river—the Rhine of America—in its picturesque cities of St. John and Frederickton, in the mighty Bay of Fundy with its wonderful tide, in its great bays that face the Gulf, in its deep forest retreats, and in its lovely and fertile farms.

Coming westward, either by rail through the virgin forest of northern New Brunswick, or viewing the rocky coast of Gaspe and the mighty Gulf of St. Lawrence from the deck of the steamer, the home of the *habitant*, and the sentinel rocks of the Saguenay are reached, and the broad St. Lawrence is entered upon. Fortunate indeed is the country that is traversed by such a noble waterway as the St. Lawrence, its hundreds of miles of shore being studded with scores of world-famous summer resorts that attract thousands of visitors.

While the Province of Quebec has chiefly been made the scene of the exaggerated stories of ice and snow that have proved a stock attraction in English journals and foreign fiction, yet its summer attractions are perhaps more widely known than those of any other province. Who has not heard of Cacouna and Murray Bay, of Trinity Rock and Cape Eternity, of Tadousac and Chicoutimi? Who has not read the fascinating history of citadel-crowned Quebec and mountain-topped Montreal? Who, that has not already done so, has not registered a vow to penetrate to Lake St. John or stand at the base of Montmorenci Falls? These are but a tithe of Quebec's summer resorts, where the entrancing history of the French regime supplements the great natural beauties of river and forest.

Approaching Quebec from the mouth of the gulf, a panorama of unique beauty is unfolded which tells of the people and their homes. The white-housed villages with the big stone churches looking down upon them border the river, behind which we see the queer little narrow strips of farms or the dense forest or sometimes the stern rock. All along the coast is indented with inviting bays and deep-

flowing rivers, chief of which is the regal Saguenay impressive in its scenic grandeur and mysterious in its awful shadows.

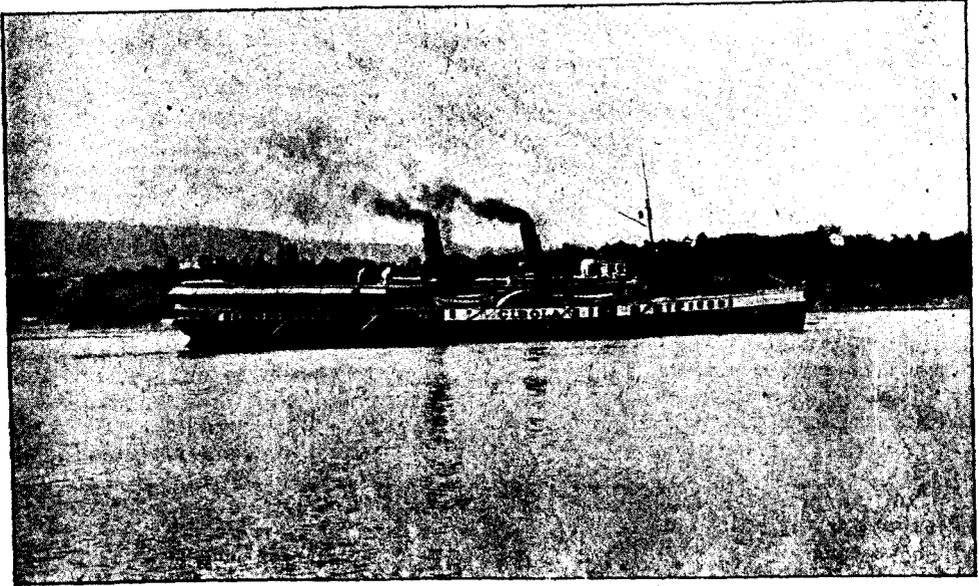
The vast region of lakes and rivers to the north of Quebec city, known as the Lake St. John district, still further adds to Quebec's claims as a province of summer resorts. Lake St. John is the haunt of the Ouananiche, the celebrated freshwater salmon which has brought piscatorial devotees from many countries to angle for him.

Ontario as a province also presents an array of summer resorts to which reference can only be made in a general sense. As a continuation of the attractive points on the St. Lawrence, the Thousand Islands, with the series of rapids lying



BURLINGTON.

between them and Montreal, are the centre of a bewildering number of resorts on mainland and on islands—extensive hotels, throbbing with modern life and gayety, and quiet retreats on sylvan isles. That is one feature of our Canadian summer life that may well be emphasized at this point—the wide range of choice the summer traveller has. The chief means of travel over the St. Lawrence is the well-known "Royal Mail Route," the Richelieu & Ontario Navigation Company, whose daily service of boats covers the great distance from Toronto in the west to Montreal and Quebec, and the resorts east of the latter city. I know of no route in the world that presents such a varied panorama as does the St. Lawrence.



CIBOLA—NIAGARA NAVIGATION CO.

The citizen of Toronto is most highly favoured in the facilities he possesses for summer enjoyments. Probably no other city in the Dominion has such a variety of water routes or so many attractive neighbouring resorts, and one has only to contrast the magnificent fleet of pleasure steamers that ply on Lake Ontario to-day with the small, slow-going and sometimes dangerous craft of even a decade ago, to measure the advances made in naval architecture. Then, too, there were but few rendezvous to attract people. What do we now find? A fleet of over thirty steamers leave the Toronto docks. With bows heading eastward, the Richelieu steamers daily leave for Kingston, the Thousand Islands and Montreal, making the run in a day and a half. With spacious staterooms, promenade decks, excellent cuisine and a scenic route unexcelled in the world, it is no wonder this trip is a popular one. Their prows pointing westward, the trim and fast Clyde-built steamers, the Modjeska and the Macassa, furnish communication with the neighbouring city of Hamilton, the two-hours run between the cities revealing to the passenger a delightful vista of rolling and fertile farm lands, miniature bays, sleepy hamlets and spire-sprinkled towns until the pretty beach of Burlington is reached, with a background of tree-environed cottages, and finally Burlington Bay is traversed. Southward, a trio of palatial steamers—the three C's—the Cibola, the

Chippewa and the Chicora, maintain a service to historic old Niagara that attracts many thousands of tourists during the season.

This again is a route possessing peculiarly attractive features—first, the thirty miles sail across the end of the lake, the outlines of the great city dimming and disappearing as the shore line to the south looms up and grows into reality; then the stop at Niagara—dear, sleepy, grassy, memory-rich Niagara, lying quietly between the earthworks of old Fort George on the west and crumbling and deserted Fort Missisauga on the east, and facing the mouth of the swift currented river and the walled fort of her American neighbours on the opposite shore. This splendid steamer service, and the rural attractiveness of the old town are in themselves good reasons why so many hundreds make it their summer Mecca, but the existence of the immense hostelry on the lovely sloping banks, facing river and lake—the favourite Queen's Royal—has no doubt much to do with the popularity of Niagara as a summer resort. For many years this hotel has been a feature of Niagara life, and the scene of many a summer convention, tennis tournament or cricket contest. Its social life is not its least interesting feature and fond memories linger of many a ball of rare delight held within its walls. Like its namesake, the Queen's, of Toronto, the Queen's Royal can boast of



QUEEN'S ROYAL HOTEL—NIAGARA-ON-THE-LAKE.

its situation. The former is surrounded by croquet and tennis lawns, is bordered by fine trees and within but a block of the bay; the latter stands out prominently on a bluff at a historic point only fourteen miles from Niagara Falls and twelve miles from St. Catharines. It is accessible by railway or steamboat, being only thirty minutes ride by either the New York Central Railway, via Lewiston, N.Y., or direct all-rail route via Michigan Central Railway from Niagara Falls and two hours by steamer from Toronto. The facilities for black bass and other fishing, bathing and boating are unsurpassed. The old town is further attractive by reason of the inviting drives it affords, whether along the river bank to Queenston or over winding roads that traverse a country of rare beauty.

A line of busses will convey the pleasure or health-seeking traveller to another lovely spot situated on a high bluff overlooking the lake—the Canadian Chautauqua, a mile or two from the wharf, with its picturesque cottages of much more than usual architectural beauty, and its unique audience room. In one direction you may revel in an old-fashioned apple

orchard, and in another a grove of noble trees, mighty in stature and gnarled with age.

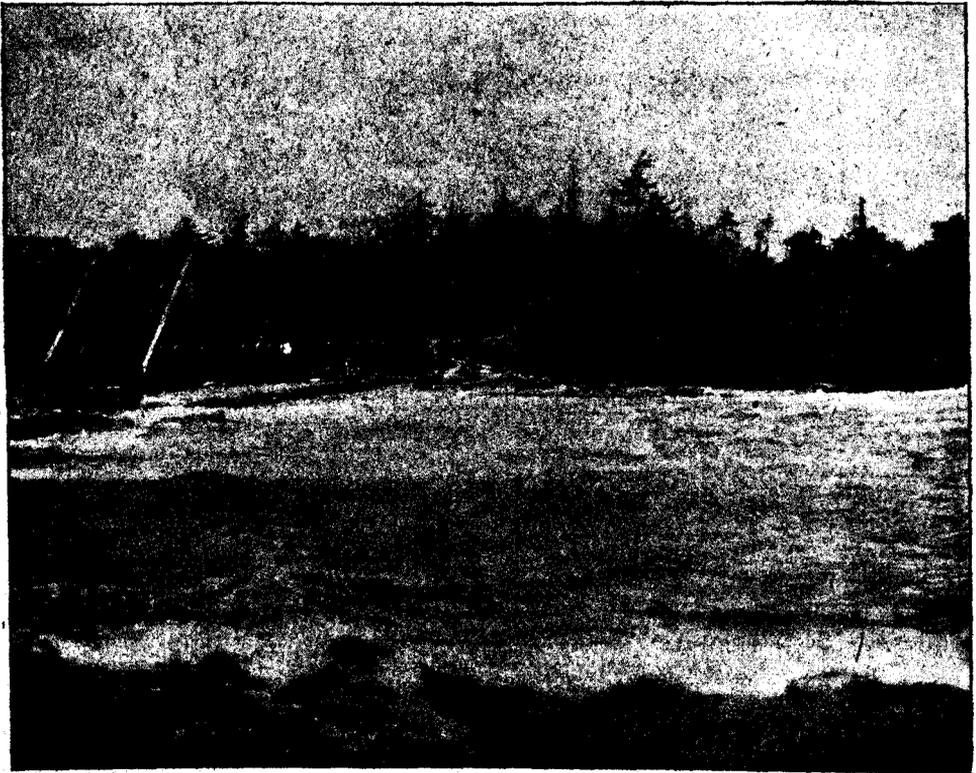
The final stage of the steamer's journey is the eight miles sail up the Niagara River to the terminus at Lewiston. I doubt if this stretch of river scenery can be anywhere duplicated. To describe it adequately would call for the use of the superlative in adulatory adjectives. Like a beacon the massive and impressive shaft rises from the summit of Queenston Heights to the memory of the brave British soldier, Brock. At the base of the precipitous cliffs the long-fretted waters of Erie, Huron, and Superior emerge from their titanic conflict in rapids and whirlpools, and with their awful impetus sweep onward to join the waters of Ontario. Leaving the steamer at Queenston, the tourist can now enjoy a new sensation—an electric line of observation cars which run on the very brink of the Canadian bank, most of the time in full view of the turbulent river far below.

One wonders that the enterprise of capital did not long ago discover the possibilities of a steam or electric railway on the Canadian bank of the river, and now

that such a line is an accomplished fact, equipped with the newest design of observation cars, Niagara can be seen to such advantage as never before. Reaching from Queenston to Chippewa, a distance of about fifteen miles, the route traverses, as has been said, the grandest scenery the continent can boast of—the lovely Heights of Queenston, overlooking a stretch of country as fair as God ever made, bounded by the blue waters of Lake Ontario, and overshadowing the little village of Queenston. The mysterious current there carries one swiftly along the bank, down which the traveller

the upper part of the Park with its pretty group of islands and intersecting bridges, and by the upper rapids, until the roar of the cataract has given way to the quietness of the country and the sleepy hum of the old village where the line terminates.

Midway between Hamilton and Niagara a long-established and popular resort is situated in the heart of the famous fruit district of the Niagara peninsula—Grimsby Park—which is in direct steamboat connection with Toronto. Over twenty years ago this spot was chosen as a campground by some members of the Methodist denomination, and the one large tent



NIAGARA RAPIDS—From Niagara Falls Park and River Railway.

can gaze to the awful turmoil below, where the whirlpool and rapids never cease their dull and sullen undertone. The route continues by the old Suspension and the new Cantilever bridges, past the pretty homes of Clifton, past Wesley Park, through the length of the new Ontario Park, which is a credit to the Provincial Government that set it apart and maintains it in such a state of beauty, by the very fringe of Niagara Falls, giving the sightseer an unequalled view of the mighty cataract as a whole, on through

was surrounded by a few score of canvas homes. To-day, the visitor sees a small town of hundreds of artistically built cottages bordering well kept gravel roads and crescents and lily ponds. An immense "temple," constructed on a novel plan, accommodates great audiences, the dome-shaped roof being built of thousands of planks overlaid and resting on massive supports. The chief charm of Grimsby is its grove of natural trees,—great pines and oaks that have heard the waves break on the sandy beach long be-

fore their avenues were invaded by the white man. Grimsby also possesses all the essentials of a successful summer resort in well-equipped hotels and adequate steamer and railway accommodation. The managers of the Park provide yearly a programme of wide scope and rich promise, combining the best religious teaching by eminent divines, with educational advantages, such as a summer school of oratory, music, calisthenics, and kindergarten work. Recreation has also a prominent place, for which baseball, lacrosse and lawn tennis grounds are provided.

Another magnet along this part of Ontario's shores is the quaint old town of

Port Dalhousie, the locks of the Welland canal and the prettily-situated inland town of St. Catharines. Excellent steamer connection is had from Toronto with these places by the Empress of India, the Garden City, and the Lakeside—a trio of modern steamers with fine accommodation for the public.

Within a nearer radius of Toronto are a succession of parks with much natural beauty. Ten miles to the east, Victoria Park occupies an eligible site on the wooded crest and slopes of the Scarboro' Heights, the wide beach being peculiarly adapted for bathing and the waters of the lake for boating. Accessi-



GRIMSBY PARK.



VICTORIA PARK.



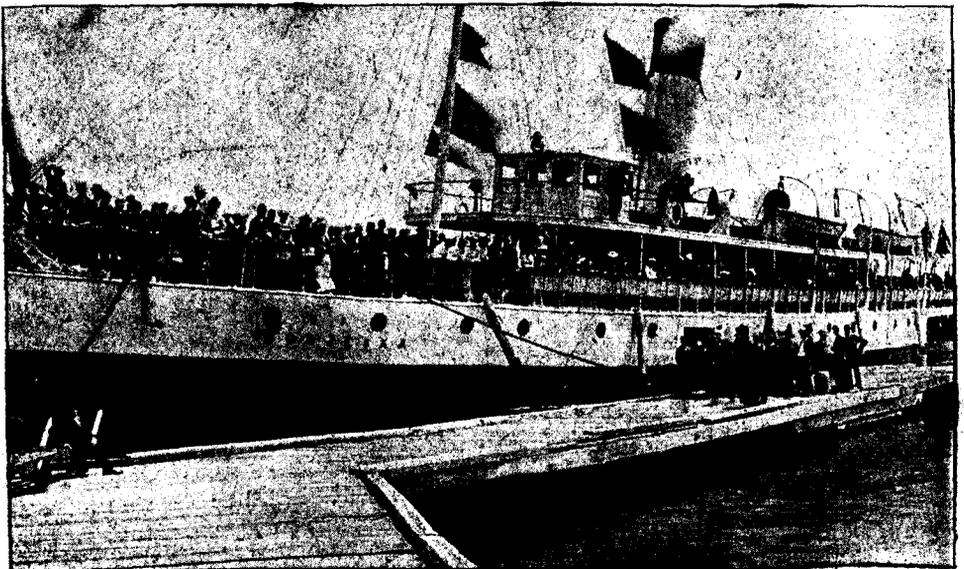
HOTEL LOUISE—Lorne Park.

bility is a modern necessity for a retreat, and Victoria Park has this in its hourly steamer service and the electric car lines within a short distance of its boundaries. The view from the Observatory on the summit of that Park comprehends a great sweep of shoreline, lake, island, bay, city, suburb, and country.

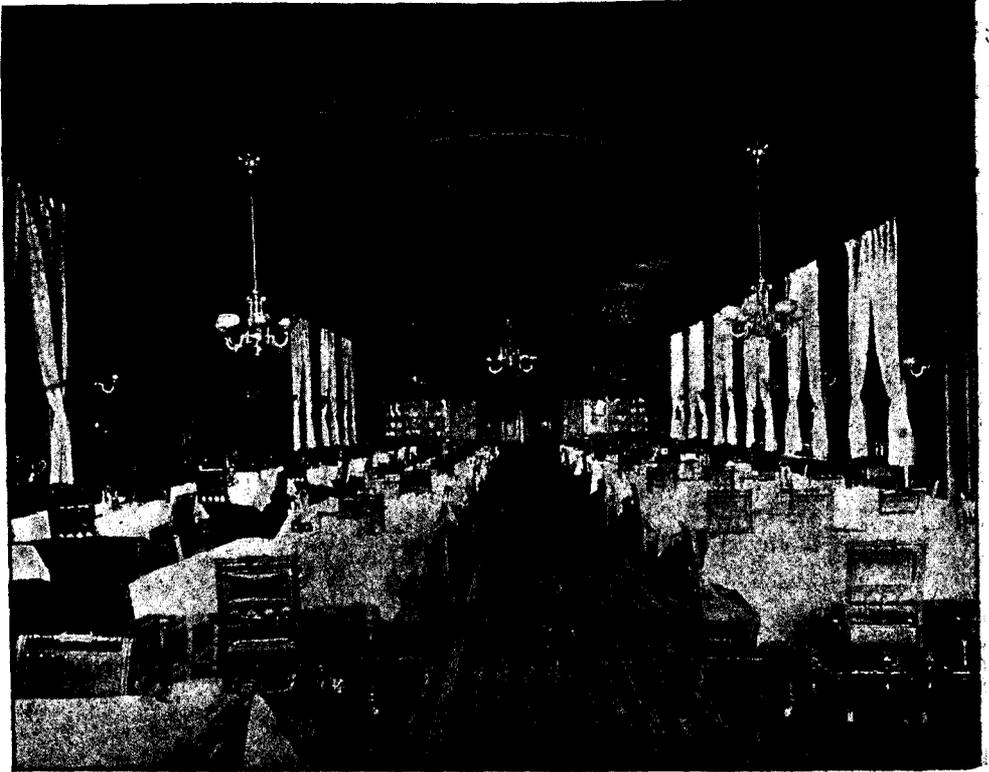
An hour's sail along the western shore of the lake carries one past the pretty suburb of Parkdale, the semi-circular Humber Bay and the village of Mimico

to Lorne Park, which boasts of groves and beach and shady nooks and walks of inviting quietness, with spacious pavilion for picnic parties, large open stretches of greensward for games and races, a pretty beach, fine pier, and good hotel accommodation.

An article such as this would be unpar-donably incomplete if our leading Canadian cities were not strongly emphasized as summer resorts in the broadest and best sense. Halifax has the advantage of



FIRST CALL OF THE MODJESKA AT LORNE PARK, JULY 1ST, 1893.



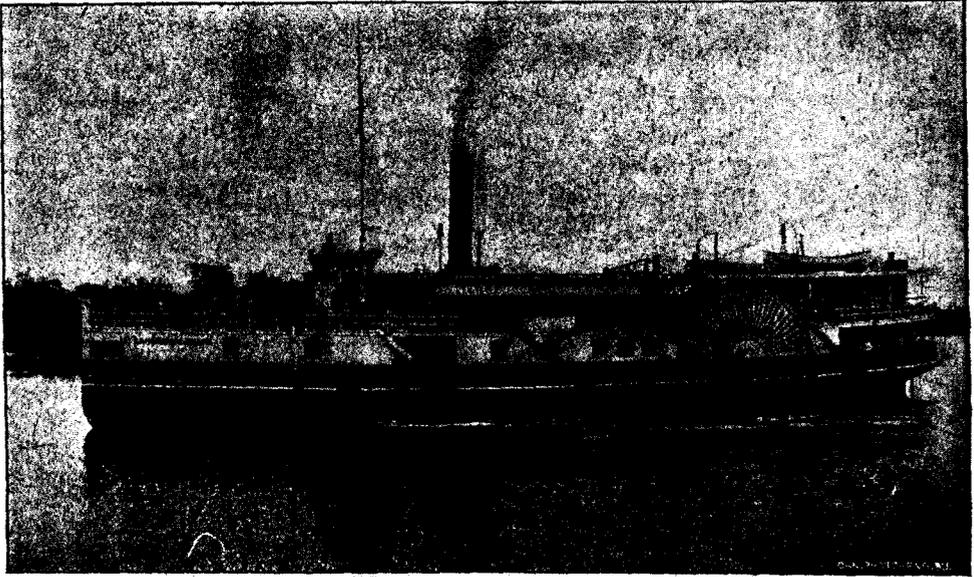
ROSSIN HOUSE DINING HALL.

being within hearing of the roll of the Atlantic, while Quebec and Montreal rise regally on the banks of the St. Lawrence. Old Quebec is the gateway also to the vast region that lies behind her. Quebec is—is—Quebec! What more can or need be said unless a book, and a book of many pages, is to be written regarding her. And so as to her French-Canadian sister, the city of Champlain, with its great cathedral, rising like a benediction far above the halls of commerce that crowd around its grey walls. To one who is surfeited with the life and scenes of the modern city, or to one who has travelled far and seen many lands and many cities, it seems to me Montreal must impress them as a delightful surprise, for surely no great centre has her distinguishing marks, her peculiar history, her union of old France and New Canada, her striking contrasts in a hundred ways. As the home of the Windsor Hotel, this great maritime city is no less famous, and it is easily understood why its magnificent halls attract such a cosmopolitan company.

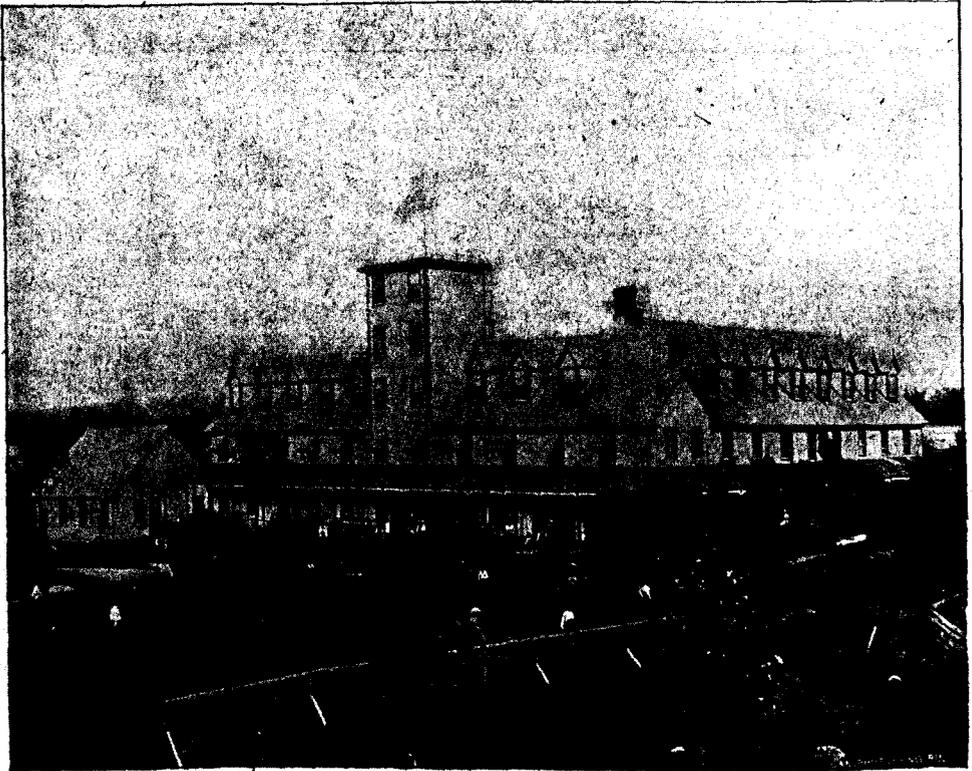
Toronto cannot boast of a very lengthened history. It is just a century ago

since Governor Simcoe chose the spot as the capital of the new province, but to-day it is a city of no mean proportions and of decided attractions as a summer resort, not alone in its internal attractions of pretty parks, beautiful streets, a surrounding country of inviting richness, but in the exceptional water facilities which have been referred to. Toronto is also fortunate in having on one of its main thoroughfares an excellent hostelry, and one of a long-sustained reputation, in the Rossin House, which has been the temporary home of thousands of tourists who have found this city to be a fine summer resort, while the long-established Queen's Hotel is no less popular.

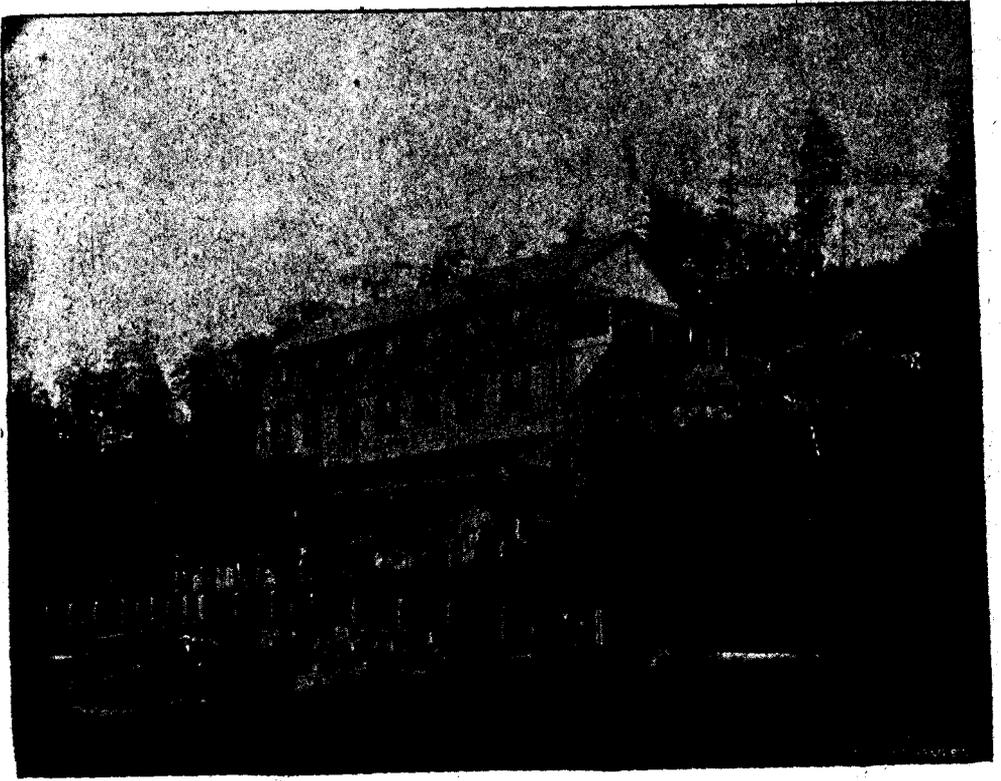
North and north-east of Toronto a vast chain of lakes and rivers dotting the map reveal possibilities on the line of summer resorts that have been discovered by a few fortunate ones. Where will one find a counterpart of the Muskoka district and the Georgian Bay region, with their hundreds of beautifully-wooded or rocky islands, of every conceivable shape or size, forming in some parts such a labyrinth as only the experienced mariner of those waters can penetrate. So rapid has been



M. AND G. B. N. CO'S. S.S. "NIPISSING."



BEAUVAIS HOTEL.



STROUD'S HOTEL.

the development of the Muskoka Lakes as a summer resort that a score of commodious hotels occupy the vantage grounds, while a goodly proportion of the islands have cottages partly hidden in the trees or standing out in full view. The Muskoka and Georgian Bay Navigation Company have an excellent fleet of steamers on the Muskoka Lakes proper as well as the inner channel of Georgian Bay and the sinuous and dark-watered Magnetawan. Eight steamers now comprise their fleet, which cover all the points of interest and touch at all the hotels and at cottages when signalled. The Grand Trunk Railway Co. provides a very complete service of fast trains from Toronto, London, Hamilton, etc., connecting with the steamers of the M. & G. B. N. Co., also lines taking the tourist to the principal summer resorts on Georgian Bay and Lake Simcoe, where nestle such charming towns as Allandale and Barrie, and to the shores of Lake Huron.

On Leaving the Grand Trunk train upon its arrival at Gravenhurst, Brace-bridge or Muskoka wharf, the traveller is at once conveyed by one of the M. & G. B. Co.'s fine steamers to any required

point on the lakes, the first stopping place of importance being Beaumaris on Tondern Island, which is a scene of life and animation as it is the connecting point for all steamers up or down and across the lakes. And here it will be as well to mention, or to answer the question which will most naturally be asked by any tourist: What accommodation for those desiring comfort and convenience is to be found in the wilds of Muskoka? A brief sketch of some of the principal summer hotels with the product of the camera's faithful testimony will answer this question.

The Beaumaris Hotel on Tondern Island, the first hotel of importance on Lake Muskoka is kept—and well kept—by mine host, Edward Prowse, with as genial a face as ever met the fagged out city traveller. This hotel commands a fine outlook, as indeed they all do, in common with the private cottages which are becoming more numerous year by year, the sites being chosen for the best natural advantages.

Behind Tondern Island, on the mainland, and accessible by bridge or boat nestles the picturesque retreat known as Milford Bay House or Stroud's Hotel,



STRATTON HOUSE -Port Carling.

with spacious grounds, good wharfage and the purest of spring water.

Soon we reach Port Carling, one of the most important stopping places on the three lakes, being surrounded by beautiful bays and islands; all steamers travelling north or south must necessarily pass through the lock at this port, and this renders it a scene of constant change and animation. It boasts of some good stores and post office, and is well known for the popular Stratton House, the most conspicuous object which arrests the traveler's wandering glance, and a tour of inspection over the house reveals views from the spacious verandahs which are full of beauty and interest. In this neighbourhood are to be found beautiful lily ponds, and the retreat of the much sought for pitcher plant.

Prospect House, at Port Sandfield on Lake Joseph, is one of the most popular resorts on the lakes, situated between Lakes Rosseau and Joseph. Occupying an important position, and possessing beautiful surrounding scenery it is very attractive to the young people and many of the gayest events and festivities of the season take place there.

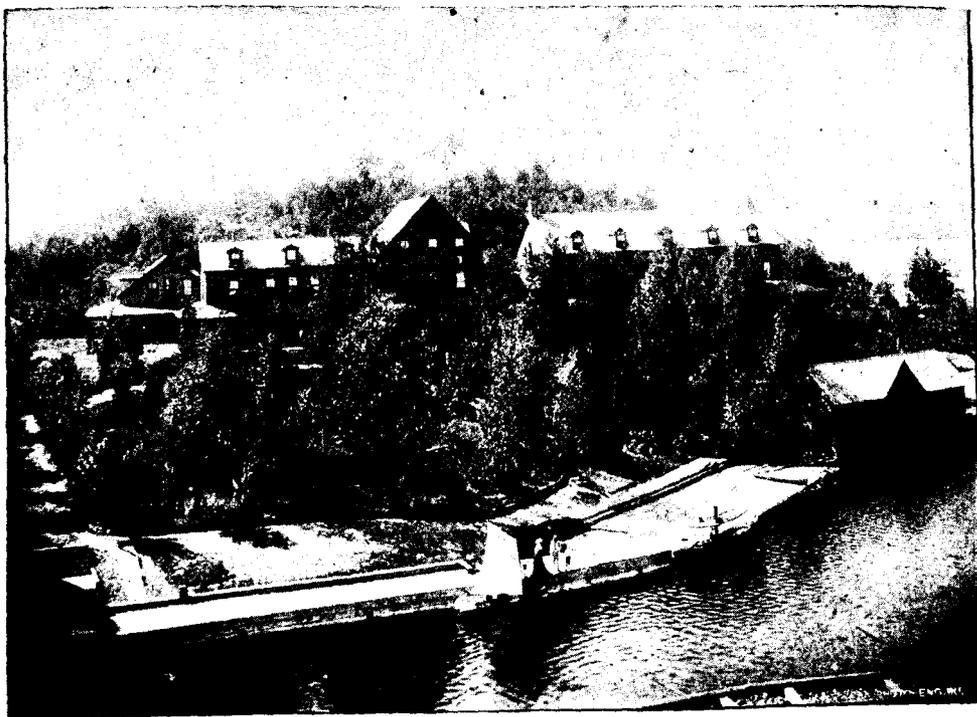
Another beautiful spot is Little Lake Joseph, between Lake Joseph and Joseph River, in a sheltered locality which offers every inducement to the wooer of the wary specimens of the finny tribe—bass, pickerel and salmon trout. Port Cockburn occupies the post of honor on Lake Joseph being at the head of this sheet of water, and possessing all the attractions of a first-class summer resort with the convenience natural to a port of such significance. Summit House is the noted hotel which adorns this spot, and a great attraction it is, commanding a beautiful view from the eminence on which it is built.

Muskoka offers the very best inducements for those desiring aquatic sports, the numerous wants of the canoeist, oarsman, yachtsman or angler being abundantly supplied by the location of well-stocked boat-houses, at nearly all the principal hotels and ports, under the supervision of one able management in the person of Henry Ditchburn of Rosseau.

Taking the trip up Lake Rosseau one arrives at perhaps the most conspicuous hotel on the lakes, distinguishable across



SUMMIT HOUSE—Port Cockburn.



PROSPECT HOUSE—Port Sandfield.

the four miles stretch of water from the outlet of the Indian River, near Port Carling. The view from the verandahs of Windermere Hotel is beautiful and of great extent, and can be enjoyed by all visitors to Lake Rosseau.

Situated in close proximity to Windermere Hotel is the Fife House on a somewhat lower level, with picturesque surroundings of grateful shade trees and separated from its companion hostelry by a good road. These two comfortable houses command a splendid view of one of the widest uninterrupted stretches of Lake Rosseau, being easily distinguishable from the opposite shore.

At the head of Lake Rosseau opposite the village or town of the same name, a pleasant surprise awaits the tourist who has travelled the full stretch of the lakes from Gravenhurst. On landing at the well-known "Maplehurst" the wanderer is met by as genial a personage as is to be found in Muskoka, and is ushered with old-time courtesy through carpeted halls into elegantly furnished reception and drawing-rooms, which compare with any well appointed city residence. This retreat is "par excellence" the haven of

rest for those desiring all the luxuries of a first-class hotel, combined with the very best boating facilities to be obtained. A few minutes pull in a boat or a few strokes of the paddle in a canoe and the enthusiastic seeker after nature's half-hidden beauties is gliding softly up the famous Shadow River, which is as well worth a journey to see as the wonderful Falls of Niagara. It is indeed a paradise for the artist or the kodaker.

Two "supply boats" or small steamers, fitted up as general stores, call at all the islands and hotels on Lakes Joseph and Rosseau for the convenience of residents, and furnish every requisite at little more than town prices.

Canada possesses a noble heritage of water, island, and forest in the Georgian Bay and its environments, the whole forming a rich field for summer resorts. The towns along the southern shores are the starting points of a number of splendidly equipped steamship lines which, in a series of fast and cheap excursions, carry thousands of tourists to Parry Sound, the pretty towns on the great Manitoulin Island, the fishing villages along the north shore of the bay to the thriving town of



DITCHBURN'S BOAT HOUSE, MUSKOKA WHARF—Showing G. T. R. Station.



FIFE HOUSE—Windermere.

Sault Ste. Marie, and the picturesque island of Mackinaw. The reader who has never travelled over the Georgian Bay routes can gain a slight idea of its possibilities of scenery from the fact that it is said to contain thirty thousand islands, and the number does not seem to be an exaggeration when one has cruised through them several times. The public are well served by two steamship companies, both of which have a fleet of fine passenger steamers. The North Shore Navigation Company have the new steamer, the City of Collingwood, the City of Midland, the City of London, the Favorite, and the Manitou, which take in all the Georgian Bay ports, the Sault, Mackinaw, and Chicago. The same route is practically followed by the Great Northern Transit Co. with the favourite and well-known steamers, Pacific, Atlantic, Baltic, and Northern Belle. Close connections are made with these boats by the G. T. R. at Collingwood and other ports on Georgian Bay, and by C. P. R. at Owen Sound and the Soo.

The central and eastern counties of the Province boast of chains of lakes of great beauty, the ideal haunt of the boater or

canoeist and the fisherman. The lakes in the Peterboro' and Midland district are yearly attracting large numbers of tourists, and they deserve all the praises that have been sung regarding them.

The foregoing brief references fall far short, however, of all that Ontario can claim as summer resorts. The Ottawa River, its banks the scene of much of Canada's early history, provides a water trip from Montreal to Ottawa of surpassing loveliness, while the Rideau lakes and Canal, connecting Kingston and the Capital, have a beauty all their own. In the vicinity of both of these scenic routes many a summer home can be found. The Bay of Quinte enchants the traveller, and it is not strange that its banks are dotted with summer hotels and the white tents of the campers.

A realization of the necessity of preserving large tracts of forests on the part of Governments is among the comparatively recent facts to be noted. The United States Government has within the past year or two added to their forest reservations great areas of country, similar to the Yellowstone Park. In the same way the Dominion Government has set



MAPLEHURST HOTEL—Lake Rosseau.



WINDERMERE HOTEL—Windermere.

apart a park in the Rocky Mountains, and, during its last session, the Ontario Government has followed these good examples by reserving a block of some fifteen townships in the district of Nipissing, to be known as the Algonquin Park, where, under strict rules and wise management, it will prove a boon to not only the people of Ontario but visitors from other lands, as a great summer resort on a colossal scale. Inasmuch as this region is the source of half a score of the largest inland rivers of the Province, and as it is interspersed with chains of beautiful lakes, some of great size, the followers of old Izaak will find the Algonquin Park a magnet-land. The passing of adequate laws for the preservation of both fish and game was a wise move, and will result in ultimately making it a great game preserve. Nor are the benefits to be derived from such a Government park as a sanitarium, the least of the good results likely to accrue from its establishment.

Not many miles from the Algonquin Park to the north-east, still another summer resort full of possibilities is reached—Lake Temiscamingue and the River Mattawa, which is connected with it. Many tourists yearly find their way to this delectable region, where man has done but little toward making an inroad on the banks of the great lake.

But we must move northward by the spirit-haunted waters of Lake Nipissing to Sault Ste. Marie—a spot specially suited for summer visiting, as is Port

Arthur and Fort William. And, finally, before leaving Ontario, reference must be made to the vast area comprised in the Lake of the Woods and the great Rainy Lake and River—noble sheets and streams whose beauties will no doubt soon attract thousands.

Passing over the great plain westward from Winnipeg, the Rockies are reached. The very word suggests Calgary and Banff; glaciers and gorges; snow-covered peaks and mountain lakes. If Canada could boast of no other region than the Rockies, with the intervening valleys, it would establish her claim to be considered a summer resort land, but many leagues still to the westward she can direct the pleasure-seeker to the cities by the Pacific, the salmon rivers of British Columbia, and the island of Vancouver.

Has the initial question been answered, even in this necessarily skeleton form, for every page could be quadrupled with the subject? Does not this rapid glance at our wealth of natural beauty in ocean, lake, river, and stream; in ice-capped mountain and grass-grown hill; in pastoral plain and rural retreat; in the virgin forest and the carpeted grove; in the mighty cataract and the roaring rapid; in the great city and secluded village; in the glory of atmosphere and sky the Creator has given her—does it not prove, I repeat, that Canada is not only a land, but *the* land of summer resorts?

TRAVELLER.



The Fiscal History of Canada.

PART II.

During the Reciprocity period the Maritime fisheries proved exceedingly valuable to the Americans. In 1850 there were 2,414 U. S. vessels, and in 1862, 3,815 employed in the British fisheries; receiving a return in the latter year of over \$14,000,000. Our foreign trade, as already pointed out, was largely diverted from the St. Lawrence to American ports; we hardly obtained a dollar's worth of fish from the U. S. coasts in return for the great quantity taken from the British fisheries; and the Americans enjoyed the free use of the Welland and St. Lawrence Canals as an outlet for the commerce of the North Western States. Well might E. H. Derby, Commissioner of the United States Treasury say, in commenting regretfully upon the repeal of the treaty, "It quintupled our trade with the Provinces, gave an impulse to public improvement and utilized the new canals, railways and other avenues of commerce." But some "sop to Cerberus" was required; some means of striking at Great Britain and Canada, after the close of the war, had to be found, and the abrogation of this treaty was evidently the nearest instrument at hand, besides being likely, in the opinion of a large school of Yankee politicians, to force the Provinces into the Union. "Treat with the Provincials or annex the Provinces," as one of them said, with a decidedly expressed preference for the latter.

Aside, however, from the real reason for this abrogation, it must be admitted that there was some apparent ground for the ostensible reasons put forward by the United States opponents of the Treaty. For many years, it will be remembered, the duties imposed by the Provinces upon manufactured articles had averaged about 10 per cent. But after 1854 those imposed by Upper and Lower Canada began to rise, and although increased nominally for revenue purposes and applied to Great Britain as well as the United States, they naturally gave room for American criticism, and in time formed a very comfortable basis for the treaty abrogation. The following table will give an idea of the

position of Canadian duties upon leading articles in the respective years:

	1855.	1856.	1857.	1859.
Molasses	16	11	11	30
Sugar (refined).....	32	28	25	40
Sugar (other).....	27½	20	17½	30
Boots and Shoes.....	12½	14½	20	25
Harness	12½	17	20	25
Cotton Goods.....	12½	13½	15	20
Iron Goods.....	12½	18½	15	20
Silk Goods.....	12½	13½	15	20
Wool Goods.....	12½	14	15	20

In a document prepared for Mr. Howell Cobb, Secretary of the Treasury, by Hon. R. Hatch, a Special Commissioner appointed to examine into the Treaty, it was reported—March 28th, 1860—that the Canadian Government had set itself deliberately to promote trade transportation of products within the Provinces and upon Canadian waters, besides trying to increase commerce at American expense. Mr. Hatch, curiously enough, also tried to prove in the most elaborate and lengthy manner, that the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada was the great commercial and political power of the Provinces; a great British monopoly, designed by the Government to divert the carrying trade from the Western States, and to build up British interests at the expense of American. It reads very much like a present-day diatribe against the C. P. R.

And there can be no doubt that the increased duties of these years were designed to protect Canadian interests. Probably the influx of British goods into the United States under its low tariff was also effecting Provincial industries injuriously. At any rate Hon. Isaac Buchanan, of Hamilton, had for some time carried on a vigorous protectionist campaign, and in 1858 Mr. Wm. Cayley as Inspector-General, or Finance Minister, as we would now term it, raised the duties considerably. But it was left to Hon. A. T. Galt, who held that position in the succeeding year, to inaugurate a consistent policy of protection. Public meetings were held and numerous signed petitions presented dealing with the state of the country, the collapse of mercantile credit and the paralysis of industry following upon the crisis in the United States, and as a consequence of the low duties prevalent in the Provinces as well as in the Republic. The

result of this condition of affairs—one so strikingly similar in many ways to that when history repeated itself in 1878—was the tariff act of 1859, an increase of revenue over expenditure, a decided protection to Provincial products, and the inauguration of a policy which has ever since been carried out, though in a very fragmentary way at that time, and sometimes very inefficiently since then, of Canada for the Canadians.

Of course these duties were not uniform in the Maritime Provinces. There they usually averaged ten per cent. upon American products not included in the Reciprocity Treaty, and generally the same rate prevailed against goods from Canada—as Ontario and Quebec were then called. One interesting feature about the tariff of 1859 reminds us of the events of 1879, and the imposition of the iron duties in 1885. The Chamber of Commerce of Sheffield, and other similar bodies protested vigorously against Mr. Galt's tariff—as it was called—and in an address to the Duke of Newcastle, then Colonial Secretary, the former organization made the following modest request :

“The merchants and manufacturers of Sheffield have no wish to obtain special exception for themselves, and do not complain that they have to pay the same duty as the American or German; neither do they claim to have their goods admitted free. All they ask is that the policy of protection to native manufactures in Canada should be distinctly discountenanced by Her Majesty's Government as a system condemned by reason and experience, directly contrary to the policy solemnly adopted by the Mother country, and calculated to breed dissension and distrust between Great Britain and her colonies.”

The assumption of control is excusable after long years of the old Colonial policy, but the assumption of all wisdom in the reference to the evils of protection is ludicrous, coming from men whose position had been created by hundreds of years of strenuous protectionism. The whole episode, however, shows by implication that the tariff of 1859 must have hit American manufacturers as well as British. But when the Reciprocity Treaty was abrogated in 1866, the excuse furnished by the measure had no real existence, as the effect of the civil war upon American industries was so injurious that hardly any protection was required against them. Indeed, between 1868 and 1872

the low Canadian average of 15½ per cent. was found quite sufficient to guard the industrial interests of the new Dominion against any competition. After the revival of their industries in that year the position was, of course, different. The Civil War having, therefore, rendered the American manufacturers practically unable to do more than supply their local markets, Canadian duties of a small percentage, more or less, could hardly be termed a grievance.

But the Treaty was abrogated, notwithstanding, and with that event begins a new era in Canadian history, a new and clearly defined Canadian national life, and a development of fiscal policy and general prosperity far beyond anything dreamed of either by the makers or breakers of the Reciprocity Treaty of 1854-66. Confederation was created, and from it has followed the evolution of a powerful British community in North America, with an area, resources, prospects and prosperity second to none upon this continent or elsewhere.

The Provinces of Canada started out in 1867 with a great country, greater indeed, than they knew of, and with possibilities of progress, which the last twenty-five years have, to some degree, made clear. Confederation was in its broad sense a natural result of evolution towards a Canadian nationality; in detail, it was the product of American aggression, of commercial necessities, of provincial jealousies and legislative dead-locks. All through the debates of the Legislature in 1865, runs the fear of further United States action, following upon its year's notice that the Reciprocity Treaty would be abrogated in 1866, and the general belief expressed by American politicians, that the result would be annexation. The Premier, Sir E. P. Tache, frankly declared, that as things were, the Provinces were sliding down an inclined plane towards that end; D'Arcy McGee eloquently plead for union, in order to promote development as a British, rather than an American country; George Brown asked for Confederation, so as to enable us to meet the threatened abrogation of the Treaty; Sir George Cartier, emphatically declared, that “we must obtain British American Confederation or be absorbed in an American Confederation”; Sir John Macdonald, pointed to “the hazardous situation in which all the great interests of Canada stand with respect to the United States.” As to what was

expected, Hon. George Brown clearly declared that :

"We propose now to lay the foundations of the structure—to set in motion the governmental machinery that will one day, we trust, extend from the Atlantic to the Pacific. And we take special credit to ourselves that the system we have devised, while admirably adapted to our present situation, is capable of gradual and efficient expansion in future years to meet all the great purposes contemplated by our scheme."

In 1867, the union became a national fact, approved by the Imperial authorities, and before very long, by the entire people. By it, all vexatious tariffs between the Provinces were swept away, and a uniform rate of fifteen per cent. established upon the products of all countries outside the Confederation. And with Viscount Monck as Governor-General, Sir John A. Macdonald as Prime Minister, and members of the Government such as Sir A. T. Galt, Sir S. L. Tilley, Sir A. Campbell, Sir Hector Langevin and A. G. Archibald, the new Dominion was fairly launched upon its path of progress.

For some years, fiscal matters were in the back-ground, and fiscal history was not a subject of such interest as it became in later years. The small revenue tariff served, under the depressed condition of things in the United States, as sufficient incidental protection to permit of considerable industrial development, while the great prosperity prevalent in England prevented any sacrifice sale of surplus English products in our market, in order to obtain possession of it. Different causes produced in this case the same result. United States manufacturers had not recovered from the financial dislocation of the war, and British concerns seemed to possess a monopoly of the great markets of the world. Consequently, Canada was let alone, and our little fifteen per cent. dutier were sufficient for the moment. But in 1872, the change in conditions commenced. Up to that time the new Confederation had been fairly prosperous, and Parliament had devoted the most of its time to local disputes and international questions such as the Fenian Raids or the Washington Treaty. The results anticipated from the abrogation of the Reciprocity Treaty had been averted by the Union, or else the fears expressed prior to the event, had been tinged with an exaggerated idea of its importance. Mr. (afterwards Sir S. L.) Tilley, was able to announce in 1872 a revenue of \$19,300,000 as compared with one of \$13,600,000 at Confederation, together with a surplus of over three

millions. At the same time, however, he announced what was then becoming evident to many far-seeing students of the situation, that American industries had revived, and that their competition would very soon become dangerous to Canadian manufacturers and injurious to the general welfare of the Dominion. And he stated that during the next session the tariff would be increased in the direction of protective duties.

But fate and the Canadian people ordained otherwise, though not in reference to that particular issue. The Pacific Railway charges and a shower of slander intervened, with the result exhibited by the elections of 1873 and the accession of Hon. Alex. Mackenzie to power. The fiscal policy of the Liberals during this period is so well known as to require little explanation. Mr. Mackenzie's opinions upon free trade *v.* protection are familiar to every one as are those of Sir Richard Cartwright, changeable though the latter may be. But the difference in surrounding conditions during his term of office practically made the Liberal policy an entirely different one from that of the preceding administration even while the duties were exactly similar. This fact is too often disregarded or unknown in the fiscal discussions of to-day. It soon made itself felt however at the time. Mr. Tilley, while Finance Minister, had been able to take the duties off tea and coffee, thus remitting a million of taxation, but Mr. Cartwright before very long had to re-impose them in order to replenish an empty exchequer and provide against deficits which threatened to become chronic. It is speaking by the book to say that the revenue decreased while the expenditure increased from \$19,174,647 in 1873 to \$24,445,381 in 1879; that deficits totalled up to \$6,000,000 during the same term of years; that every branch of Canadian life—commercial, financial, and national either slumbered or retrograded. It was not that the Government of the day was primarily to blame; they did nothing to produce the general depression or to render more acute the competition which destroyed our industries, deprived our artisans of food and work, or checked the development of the country, the progress of trade or the natural expansion of revenue. It was simply that they did nothing to avert the evils which threatened Canada in 1873; nothing to ameliorate the troubles which afflicted it from that time up to 1879. A glance at

the following table of duties imposed by the United States upon specified Canadian products and those imposed by Canada upon American products will reveal the situation at a glance :

	CANADIAN DUTY.	AMERICAN DUTY.
Wheat.....	Free.	20c. per bush.
Rye and barley.....	Free.	15c. per bush.
Indian corn and oats..	Free.	10c. per bush.
Wheat flour.....	Free.	20 per cent.
Rye flour, cornmeal..	Free.	10 per cent.
Oatmeal.....	Free.	½c. per lb.
Potatoes.....	10 per ct.	15c. per bush.
Live animals.....	10 per ct.	20 per cent.
Coal.....	Free.	75c. per ton.
Salt.....	Free.	In packages 12c per 100 lbs.; in bulk 8c. per 100 lbs.
Wool.....	Free.	25 to 50 per cent.
Pig iron.....	Free.	\$7 per ton.
Bar iron.....	5 per ct.	25 to 75 per cent.
Plate and boiler iron..	5 per ct.	\$25 and \$30 per ton
Iron rails.....	Free.	\$14 per ton.
Steel rails.....	Free.	\$25 per ton.
Bricks.....	Free.	20 per cent.
Trees, plants, shrubs..	10 per ct.	20 per cent.
Flax, dressed.....	Free.	\$40 per ton.
Flax, undressed.....	Free.	\$20 per ton.
Flax seed.....	Free.	20c. per bush.
Starch.....	2c per lb.	1c. per lb. and 20 per cent. ad. val.

And a more grossly unfair picture it would be hard to find in the fiscal history of the world. Whatever the value of the United States market was—it was much more valuable to us then than now—Canadians had no power of entering it, while American manufacturers and producers had the full and free sweep of ours. And they made good use of their privileges. American goods were steadily “slaughtered” here until home-made products were utterly discouraged and even the importation of British goods reduced from \$68,492,000 in 1873 to \$37,314,000 in 1878. There was little money in the country and little enterprise or progress evident amongst these classes which have since become the bone and sinew of its industrial development. As with manufacturers so with the farmers. In 1878 the Dominion actually imported \$17,909,000 worth of flour, grain, animals and general agricultural products from the United States in competition with home-grown productions. Nor was the situation unrecognized. The Conservative party after their re-organization from an almost overwhelming defeat, were unanimous in demanding remedial action; the *Hamilton Times* then, as now, a pronounced supporter of the Liberal party, demanded reform in the direction of protection; Mr. John Charlton made a most

able plea for the same policy in 1876, though he repudiated it the next year; Mr. Laurier and Mr. Joly both expressed a belief in the advantages of moderate protection; Mr. Patterson, of Brant, declared himself in favour of a defensive policy against the United States, and finally on February 16th, 1876, Mr. David Mills, who became Minister of the Interior six months afterwards, was put up to move in the House of Commons for the appointment of a “Select Committee to enquire into the causes of the present financial depression.” Mr. Mills spoke strongly as to the necessity of his motion, and his remarks throw a light which will not be considered partisan upon the condition of the country at that time. The following sentence may therefore be quoted :

“I assume that there exists at the present time a very considerable extent of financial stringency in the country. When we notice in the newspapers from day to day, the failure of men engaged in manufacturing or commercial pursuits in various parts of the country—when we observe statements that a very large number of men formerly employed in the lumber trade and in other pursuits, are out of employment—I think that it is unnecessary to bring before the House any array of facts for the purpose, of establishing a proposition which, I suppose, will meet with general assent.”

Mr. Cartwright referred to the “commercial tornado” by which the country was being assailed, and the Committee was duly appointed. Its proceedings were keenly discussed, and an examination of many interests was entered into, but with a result which might have been expected. The conclusions arrived at, and no doubt honestly arrived at, were profoundly hostile to protection, and have recently been summarised practically as follows :

1. A protective system might diminish the consumption of foreign goods.
2. It would diminish the revenue by \$9,000,000.
3. Its object would be to increase the price of home manufactured goods.
4. The consumer would have to pay a heavy tax.
5. It was a proposition to relieve general distress by a redistribution of property.

This Report had the anticipated effect of preventing the ministry from doing anything, though it is not likely that Messrs. Mackenzie and Cartwright could have been persuaded in any event to move in the direction which now appeared to be necessary. But the Opposition did not hesitate. The year 1876 had seen the be-

ginning of their fight for protection, and 1878 witnessed its triumph. In that year the Finance Minister put the seal upon his own lack of energy and enterprise, by comparing the Ministry to the officers of a ship, which had to lie to in a storm, while the people decided that a change was necessary, and a more progressive policy essential. With the return of Sir John A. Macdonald to power, a new fiscal era was inaugurated, one which stands out with distinctness upon the canvas of our national history. Opinions have very strongly differed as to its success or failure. Criticism has been severe and censure plentiful, but the facts as exhibited in the trade and navigation returns, and in the various official figures of the country, are the safest guides to inquiry, and the most honest source of information. Without any expression of opinion, I propose to let these tell the tale, merely premising that the National Policy, so-called, should be judged in its entirety, and as including the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway, the development of our canals, the practical creation of the North-West, and the extension of ocean communication, as well as in the promotion of industrial and commercial activity by means of better fiscal regulations. The most immediate change noticeable in 1879, after Sir Leonard Tilley had introduced his Budget and the new policy, was a decided improvement in the general condition of business. Confidence was restored and enterprise revived. The soup-kitchens disappeared and with them seemed to go that spirit of hopelessness or listlessness so injurious to any people, but especially so to a young community such as that of Canada. It was not altogether the tariff, but the mere fact of a strong, vigorous government with a mandate from the people having taken things in hand, which served to help business and trade, before even the schedules of the tariff were guessed at outside the walls of the Finance Minister's private office. Apart from improvement in business, the first pronounced effect of the new regulations was a growth in eternal trade which has since been maintained, and in late years materially increased. In 1878, our exports were

\$79,323,667; in 1892, they amounted to \$113,663,375; in 1878, our total imports were \$93,089,787; in 1892, they were \$127,406,068. This gives an increase in trade of nearly \$70,000,000. In 1878, our trade with Great Britain was \$83,372,719; last year it rose to \$106,254,984, and is annually increasing. Similarly our trade with the United States rose from \$73,876,437 to \$92,125,599, but is now decreasing yearly. With France, our commerce jumped up a million dollars; with Germany, six millions; with the West Indies, three millions and a quarter; with China and Japan, nearly three millions; and with other countries about four millions. As regards trade, we may therefore divide the fiscal history of Confederation into three distinct periods, which, owing to the causes already noticed, group themselves into the following table, by which the relative progress may be seen at a glance:

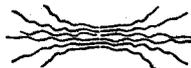
Incidental Protection, 1868-72, increase \$63,000,000
 Revenue Tariff, 1873-79, decrease 63,000,000
 Moderate Protection, 1880-92, increase 67,000,000

An expanding trade naturally promoted development in other directions. People began to save money, and while buying more goods abroad deposited much more at interest in the banks of the Dominion. In 1868, such deposits had been small and almost nominal—\$32,000,000. By the 30th June, 1878, they had risen to the total of \$79,197,510, and on Dec. 1st, 1892, the total reached the large sum of \$222,997,404, an increase of \$140,000,000 millions in fourteen years. These figures include, of course, the Post-Office, Dominion and other savings banks, as well as deposits in the chartered institutions. Another result was a redundant revenue, and large surpluses, excepting in the two years 1885-6, when an abnormal war expenditure had to be met. The situation during the three tariff periods may be seen by a glance at these figures:

YEAR.	REVENUE.	EXPENDITURE.
1868	\$13,687,928	\$13,486,092
1872	20,714,813	17,589,468
1879	22,517,382	24,455,381
1891	38,579,311	36,343,568

J. CASTELL HOPKINS.

To be continued.



A Trip to Darjeeling.

It was in April 18—that my regiment was quartered at Lucknow, one of the most beautiful cities in India. I had obtained leave and was anxious to visit the different hill stations of the Himalayas, but first of all Darjeeling, the neighbourhood of which is so noted for its magnificent scenery, also its vegetation and animal life. You must know that it is there that entomologists and ornithologists revel, as the butterflies and birds are the most gorgeous in the world, with, perhaps, the exception of Brazil.

Having spoken of my intentions to a brother officer who had also obtained leave and who was undecided where to go, he and I agreed to travel together; therefore, making our preparations, which took us about two days, we started.

The railway journey to Silligori, which was the last railway station before Darjeeling, differed little from all railway journeys in India at that time of year—hot, dusty, bibulous, so I will refrain from going into further particulars concerning it.

Having reached Silligori we had to hire tats (native ponies), miserable little half fed animals, and whose pace was about on a par with that of the proverbial tortoise, to travel along a straight level road in a burning sun. No pleasant change even from the train.

We were now approaching the Himalayas which, we were unable to see until about three miles from them owing to the dust and misty haze over which every now and then a blue line rose which we knew to be hills.

The road now became, on each side, a dense jungle entangled, impenetrable; at last we began to ascend and the road became tortuous, so that in travelling six miles we had risen 4,000 feet through wonderful scenery of timbered gorges and quaintness of innumerable creepers festooning the trees; huge lichens hanging on their branches like wind-torn seaweed, tree ferns and grand torrent beds, across which the road was "plank built," and often with only a timber railing on our left hand separating us from a drop of 1,000 feet or so deep. But while details were endless and beautiful, distance was

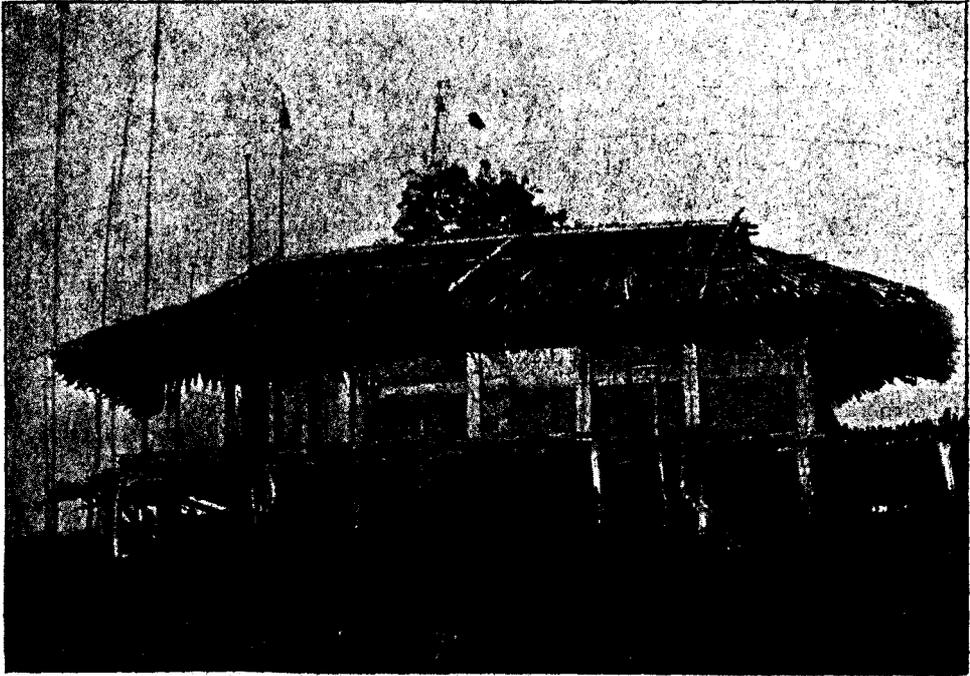
left to our imagination. Haze hung on the crests and filled up the valleys below and we could see nothing at any distance except at small intervals we could just catch glimpses of the tree-covered crests and the cleared and tea-planted mountain side, but we could get no view generally of the beautiful scenery through which we knew we were passing. At last we reached Kusscong, the resting place before arriving at Darjeeling, at about eight o'clock in the evening, very tired and thirsty, and having partaken of a light meal we retired to bed.

It was pleasant to awake the next morning and pull the blanket up over one, so different indeed from the sultry heat of the plains the day before, it was also pleasant to breakfast with the thermometer at 76° instead of 96° , but even here it is very hot in the middle of the day. After breakfast we smoked our cigars and waited for the haze to clear off so that we could see the beautiful scenery that surrounded us, but we were still doomed to disappointment, the mist was still impervious. This mist is caused by the heat rising out of the valleys, combined with the forest fires, that are continually burning at this time of the year, and I believe it is not until the autumn, about October or November, that the atmosphere becomes clear, except after a storm, which are frequent, and at times can only be described as terrible; but we cared little how terrible, we wanted one just now.

My friend became discontented and said that he wished he had gone to Nynee Tal, another fashionable hill station, as the air here did him harm; the fact was he had that dread disease consumption, and not Nynee Tal or elsewhere could benefit him much. The heat even here seemed to oppress us for coolness only came and went with darkness.

The following morning, after a chota hassasee, or little breakfast, consisting of a cup of tea, an egg and a slice of toast, we started for Darjeeling, the road, too, beginning to improve, and in spite of obtaining no better views, the ride became enjoyable.

We reached Darjeeling about noon, and



BAMBOO POLES WITH PRAYERS ATTACHED.

having put up at the principal hotel, we had a bath, changed our clothes and waited for what would turn up in the shape of a view or anything else.

"Waiting till the clouds roll by" is often very tedious, especially at Darjeeling where they hide, and a grand panorama of snow-clad mountains, to which the Swiss Alps are but little hills; twice we thought we saw Kinchin junga apparently floating like some fleecy cloud in the distance.

Darjeeling is a straggling place built on a ridge, and its bungalows perched up on every spur, and is 4,000 feet above its own immediate valleys, and 7,500 feet above the sea level; it also runs across to a neighbouring ridge and then down to the tea plantations beneath. Then below these tea plantations are torrent beds, then more abruptly rising heights, more plantations, an occasional planter's bungalow and low white factory surrounded by coolies huts, and beyond to the south, north and east the mountain tracts of the uncivilized celestial.

One sees queer specimens of these these hill folk in Darjeeling, especially on market day in the bazaar; they are short, ugly little fellows with flat noses, and with legs sturdy and thick beyond all proportion of their bodies, the men carry either a knife or small sword. The women are quite as

ugly, if not more so, than the men, and it would be hard to speak of either sex as having a typical color as they vary from light yellow to mahogany.

All the natives wear quantities of quaint jewelry such as necklaces of rupees, nose rings of silver and sometimes a little turquoise stud in the nose; also, they nearly all have bangles of brass or silver, and as they gamble fearfully, many of their ornaments find their way into the markets. My friend and I obtained a few bangles, etc., from a native jeweller or precious stone dealer. The market itself is such as is seen in all Indian cities, the eatable products being birds, poultry, salt fish, grain and disgusting looking sweet-meat or sweet-meats, for there are many kinds. There is an English Church in the station and a little below the market place is a mosque, but the natives seem to be little in need of the latter, as you will see here and there, scattered about long, bamboo poles with pieces of rag attached on which prayers are written, floating in the breeze, they also wear prayers around the neck attached to their necklace, and frequently you will see men and women carrying little things like rattles which they twist round, grinding out prayers as it were; this is indeed praying by machinery.

The tea plantations begin down in the



HIMALAYA JUNGLE SCENERY.

Terai, a most unhealthy place, and where, the following year, the same friend and I were deserted by our Coolie bearers, and had to remain two days unable to proceed, for he was too weak to walk, until we were found by a native rajah and his retinue, who took us upon his elephant to the nearest dak station, from whence we could get fresh bearers. I always attribute these two days to the hastening of my friend's death, for he died the night I brought him into Nynee Tal, where we were going to spend some portion of our leave.

But to return to Darjeeling. We made up our minds to investigate the whole process of tea cultivating and curing, and consequently visited a planter's bungalow for this purpose. We found the planter a hospitable, genial sort of fellow, and ready to give us information or anything else in his power. We asked him if he often visited his neighbouring planters and he said: "Not often, for those planter's bungalows which appear so close, it takes hours of toil up and down mountain paths to get to them." He also remarked "a planter must be content here, at any rate, with a life of solitude as well as little brain work, but, notwithstanding, he has to use great tact to get the proper quantity of work out of the Coolies." He then showed

us his plantation and described to us the whole process of tea culture and curing, but I take it this is so generally known it would be only useless to describe it here.

One industry though, the description of which may be interesting to some of my readers, and that is the making of gold ornaments such as necklaces, bangles, rings, etc., so I will describe a part of the process I saw of the making of a necklace.

We sent for a native jeweller and gave him four gold Mohews (an Indian gold coin) and with which he set to work. First of all he scraped a little hole in the earth floor of the verandah and quickly made a fire by placing a few bits of charcoal in it. He then put the gold Mohews into a little earthenware vessel and put them on the fire, which he blew into a great heat with a little piece of bamboo, his only bellows, for about ten or fifteen minutes, until the gold was melted. He then made a scratch in the floor, placed in it a piece of flannel or some such material and poured the gold in this simple mould. Result, a bar three-and-a-half inches long and about three parts the thickness of one's little finger. But the tools were the things that amused us most. He then took a split log of wood, put two or three stones under it to keep it steady, and with a hammer and rough

chisel, cut a hole about one-and-a-half inches square and about half an inch deep on its upper or round surface, and into this he hammered down his navil, a little iron block of about three cubic inches. His apparatus was then complete. For the rest of the day he was occupied alternately heating and hammering the gold until he had beaten it into a bar about ten inches long and had cut this into certain lengths. We found out it would take him about three days to finish it, and the labour was to cost ten rupees (about five dollars at that time). We were sorry we could not stay to see the whole ornament finished, so we left him the money for the labour and desired the proprietor of the hotel to get it and forward it to Nynee Tal our next visiting place. The main reason for our leaving so soon was that we were tired of inactivity and cloudland and absence of view, so we decided to start the next day.

The ride back to Kusscong was delightful, as the thermometer had fallen to forty degrees, and the view we had been waiting for became visible, we supposed from a storm somewhere, in the hills but not near

enough for us to see it or hear it, for these storms are unvariably accompanied by terrific thunder and lightning. Such a sight cannot be described in a few words, it was nevertheless one I shall never forget as long as I live, although I have seen many a grand mountain scenery since in other parts of the world.

It is worth remarking, before I conclude, that I bought a thermometer at Kusscong on my way down, more for its comfortless amusement than anything else. Now, as I have said, Kusscong is only six or eight hours journey from Darjeeling, and this thermometer stood at one hundred degrees, exactly sixty degrees more than at the latter place; by this you will readily see what a difference there is between the plains and the hills, and why Europeans are so anxious to sojourn in the hills whenever they get a chance. You must bear in mind also, that the hot weather was only just commencing. At some future time I will describe life in an Indian city in the plains, which, except for the intense heat and sundry visitations of cholera and fever, is enjoyable enough.

VIATOR.

