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A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

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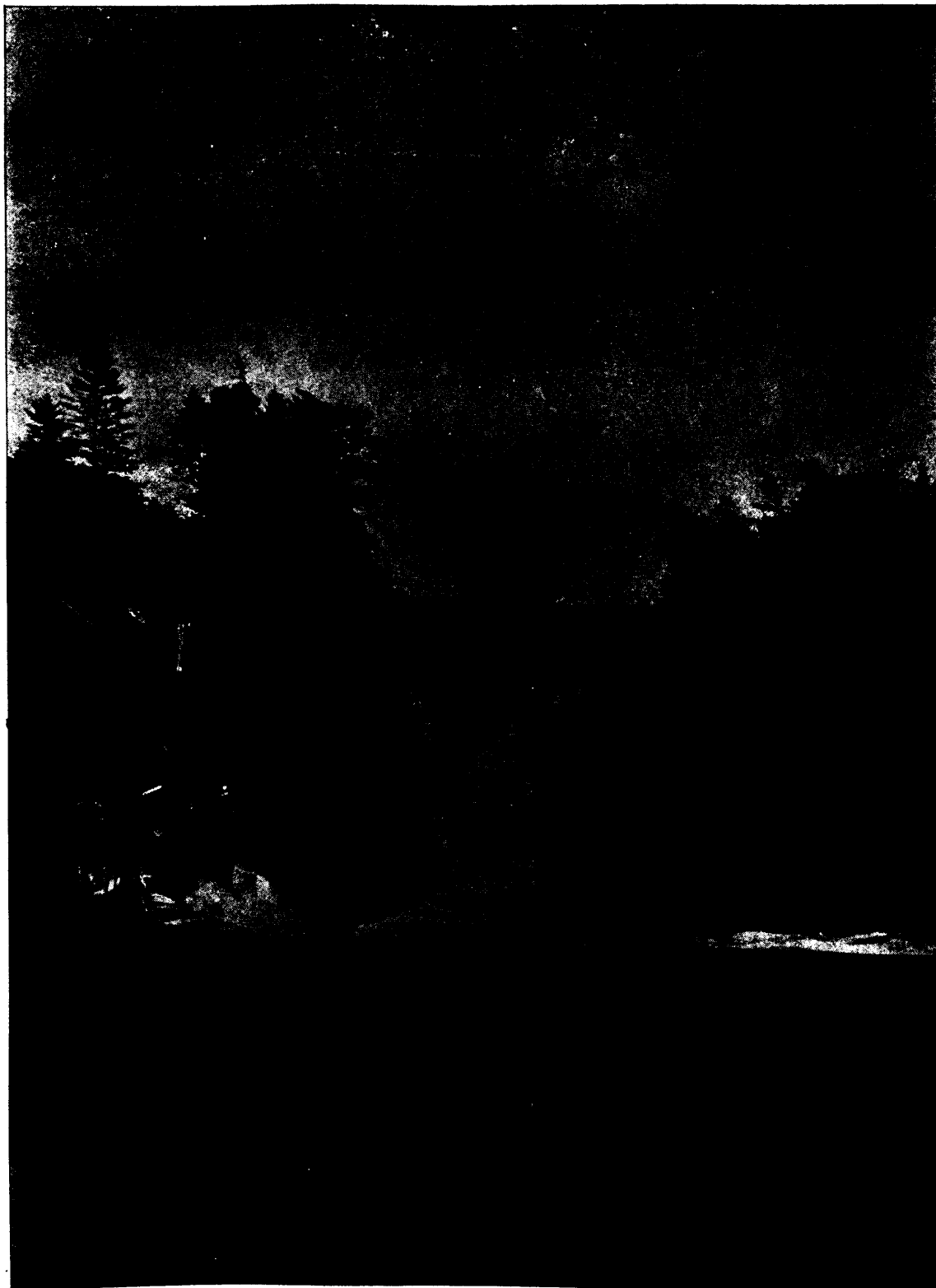
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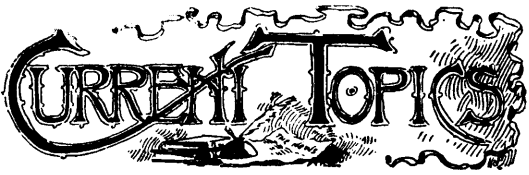
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The Awful Disclosures of Tranby Croft.

The enormities of the Heir Apparent have been so vividly pointed out by the great moral newspapers—to say nothing of the less brilliant lights—of Great Britain, Canada and the United States that it would seem unnecessary to here expatiate on them. Nothing so appalling has evidently come to light for many a day, and the resources of the English language have been exhausted in enlarging on the crimes and reckless depravity of the Queen's eldest son. That he should perpetrate the solecism of playing cards with a party of friends in an English country house; that in the game he should use a set of counters which had been given to him by some personal friend; that, contrary to all usages of English society, he should play this game for money; and to crown the iniquity—that on learning that one of the party, a man high in social and military rank, was cheating, he should not have instantly handed over the offender to incur the ostracism and contempt of all the social world—make up a volume of wickedness that is unequalled in the history of the decade. Of what avail is the record of his universal courtesy, of his willingness, nay eagerness, to accommodate all sorts and conditions of men with his presence and influence at public entertainments, at charities, at the opening of great institutions or any measure of public interest or advancement that would gain *eclat* or a more substantial emolument by his attendance; or of what effect have been his efforts to publicly preserve the dignity of his Royal mother, his wife, and his large family on an income totally insufficient for the scale of living he is expected to keep up; what are all these against the orgies at which the great and lesser moralists of the day hold up their hands in horror? Nothing whatever; his previous honours are but feathers in the scale against the heavyweights of a press and of a stern array of public teachers. All their former loudly-voiced protestations of loyalty and respect are now righteously admitted to have been but empty words in the face of the vicious action of the Prince as revealed by the disclosures of the card party at Tranby Croft.

A Manly Apology.

But the PRINCE OF WALES can console himself with the knowledge, that however much he may have erred in playing cards for money and in endeavouring to shield a man of high rank and of still higher reputation from social extinction, he has made manly and honest efforts to atone for his mistake by placing himself on the level of a commoner in every feature of the resulting trial, and by a public apology before the representatives of the whole nation; and that the most manly and honourable exponents of public thought in the Kingdom, while expressing regret at his action,

dealt fairly with his case, and, although not withholding blame, have given credit where credit was due. The intelligent mass of the English people will recognize and respect his efforts at reparation; while to the narrow-minded and venomous radical, nothing good, bad or indifferent that may be done by any one of Royal blood can appear but as deserving calumny and condemnation, heightened by every accompaniment of slander and falsehood. To many of a better type who have on this occasion taken an active part in the campaign of unqualified attack, regret will in time come that they have lowered themselves by falling into line with the most malignant and least just of the American and English press.

The Premier and the C.P.R.

It is a curious phase of the Canadian politics of to-day that the most hostile criticism on the Governor-General's action in having entrusted the position of First Minister to the HON. MR. ABBOTT is not on the ground of the personal unfitness of that gentleman for the position, but largely because he has been connected in a legal capacity for many years with one of our two great railways. The attack is the more unjust from the fact of it being well known that MR. ABBOTT promptly resigned all connection with the road immediately on his acceptance of the Premiership, and went to the rather extreme point of disposing of all his stock in the Company. In reading the utterances of some of our papers on the subject a stranger would imagine that to have been connected with the Canadian Pacific Railway was a disgrace, and barred out a man from public usefulness; but on his learning what that road has done for Canada,—aided by Canadian money and land,—with what speed and solidity it has bound together the East and the West of the Dominion, with what skill and enterprise it has been conducted, and that to-day it is excelled by no railway in the world, he would naturally think that to have been connected with such an institution is rather creditable than otherwise—something of which to be proud rather than be ashamed. That the fact of a veteran like the Premier having been until recently connected with the Company would influence him in showing it undue partiality is contrary to common sense; to a fair man the very fact of the public knowledge of such a connection and its consequent scrutiny of his action would naturally lead him to be especially wary to avoid giving his enemies an opportunity for attack on that score, and would discriminate, if at all, rather against the interests of that road than in its favour.

Note.

In answer to many enquiries, we wish to state that our last issue—the number illustrating the funeral of our late Premier—is entirely sold out.

Note Extension of Time in PRIZE COMPETITION.

Literary Competition.

The Publishers of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED offer the sum of \$130 in four prizes for short stories from Canadian writers—

1st prize.....	\$60
2nd ".....	40
3rd ".....	20
4th ".....	10

On the following conditions:

1st—All stories must be delivered at the office of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED not later than 1st August next.

2nd—Each story to contain not less than 5,000 words, and not to exceed 8,000 words.

3rd—All MS. sent in for this competition to become the property of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED.

4th—Each story must contain a motto on top of first page, and be accompanied by a sealed envelope, inside of which is stated the name and address of the writer. The outside of envelope to bear motto used on story.

5th—MS. to be written in ink, and on one side of paper only.

6th—Stories on Canadian subjects are preferred.

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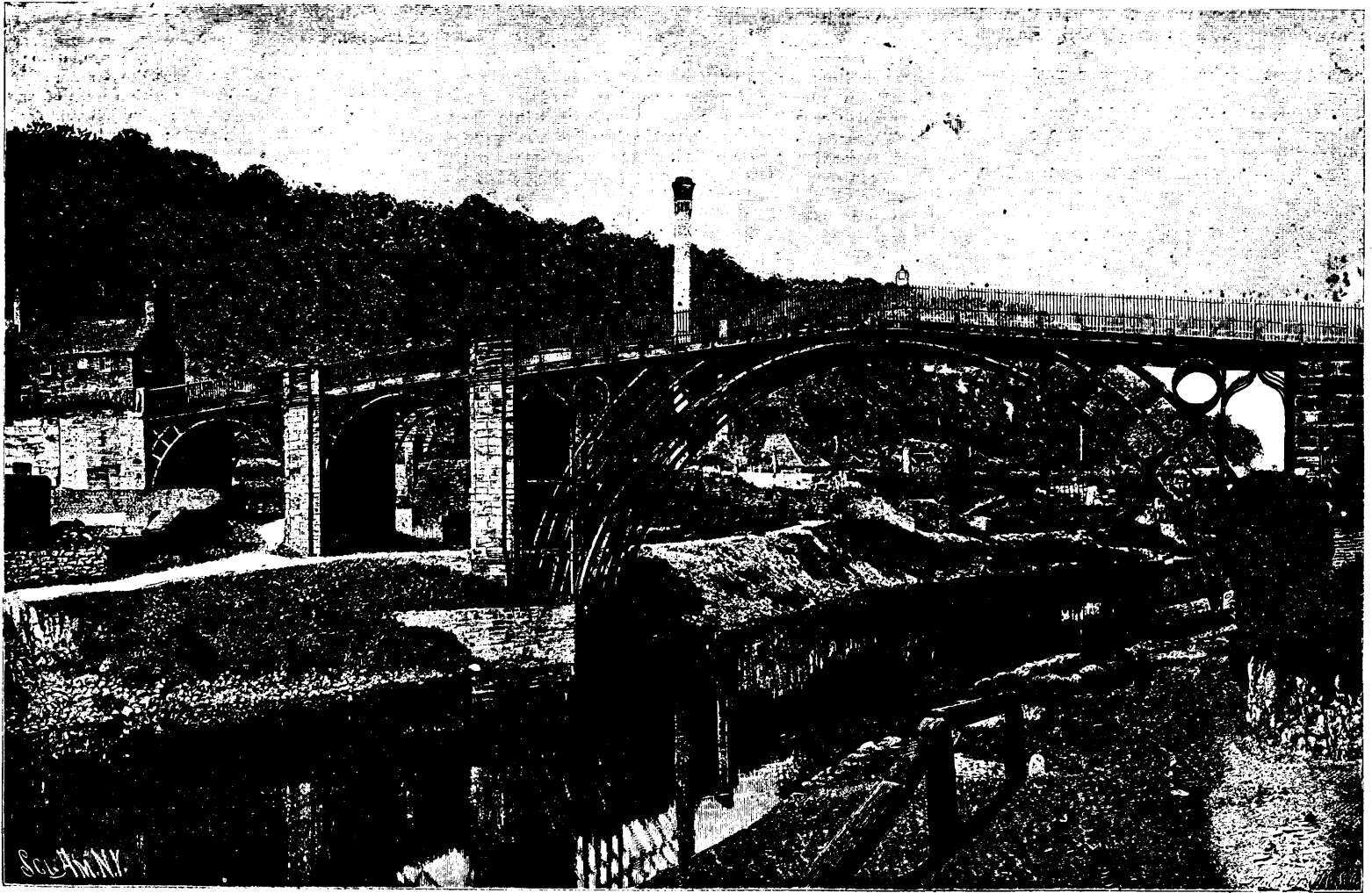
The Dominion Illustrated Prize Competition, 1891.

QUESTIONS.

FIFTH SERIES.

- 25.—Quote where it is stated that a certain prominent literary society held a session during the summer of 1890?
- 26.—Where is mention made of a fire in St. Johns, Que., in the 18th century?
- 27.—In what building in Montreal was H.M. 39th Regiment quartered after the Crimean war? Quote the sentence.
- 28.—Where is mention made of a tobacco pouch being made out of human skin?
- 29.—Quote a few lines by Thackeray, unpublished until very recently?
- 30.—In what one sentence is mention made of three prominent Nova-Scotians?

NOTE.—All the material necessary for correctly answering the above questions can be found in Nos. 131 to 152 of the "Dominion Illustrated," being the weekly issues for January, February, March, April and May.



THE OLDEST CAST IRON BRIDGE IN THE WORLD. (See page 618.)

Gossip from Nova Scotia

I doubt if there is a more pleasing spot in the whole of the Maritime Provinces than Edgemoor—the site of the church school for girls in Windsor. Occupying the crest of the highest hill in the town, it commands a panoramic view of most beautiful country for miles in every direction, extending out beyond King's College and across the wide marshes to the base of the great blue hills which frame the prospect wherever the eye may turn,—crossing the river, and including a stretch of rich hill and dale almost to the very foot of grim old Blomidon, and then to the southward sweeping out over the beautiful and historical old parish burying ground, and the new cemetery, and on to the hills again. I doubt if anywhere a more suitable and attractive situation could be found for an institution of this character; if natural conditions have any influence in moulding the natures of our young sisters, then beyond doubt Edgemoor ought to turn out the most amiable, cheerful and healthy lot—both mentally and physically—of young people to be found in these degenerate days. Young ladies who attend this institution are singularly fortunate, if they could only know it; every young lady who eats caramels and reads romances is bound to have moods, and here is material for the indulgence of every variety known to female fancy. Should the opposite sex be the subject of her reverie, she has only to glance her eyes to the westward, and they fall naturally upon the old college cricket ground, and she can now and then catch faint sounds of the voices as they are borne to her on the gentle west wind—perhaps even detect the voice of the one who is responsible for this particular mood. Or, if she is of such a tender age as scarcely to aspire to the contemplation of a full-blown collegian, with cap and gown, she need but move her eyes two points to the southward, and they are abruptly captured by the buildings of the collegiate school, with its commodious and cheerful play-ground. Should her meditations be of a more serious mould, and the vanity of the things of this life be in contemplation, in full view one hundred yards below her lies the Roman Catholic burying-ground, which cannot but

assist reflections of a grave character. If on the other hand her bent should be of that frivolous nature which is more usual in young ladies of a certain age, she can join the Shakespeare Society, where they dance and sing, and have just as good a time as Shakespeare himself would have had in such charming company. If lastly, which, however, is very seldom the case, she should be in that state of mental imbecility which is able to search out and enjoy the charm of such things, she can regale herself with the “personal” columns and notes of the local papers. By all of which it is easy to see what peculiar advantages are within the reach of the fortunate Edgemoor scholar. The corner stone of the new building will be laid with the usual pomp and ceremony on June 23rd. The school is in a most flourishing and satisfactory condition.

* * *

Full three weeks later than usual, but none the less welcome on that account, the fleet have arrived and the gay and festive “season” will forthwith commence; in Halifax the much neglected civilian will be more in the shade than ever, for the kind-hearted Halifax fair ones will regard it as only their duty to soothe the loneliness of the poor tars who are pining for the girls they left behind them in Bermuda; and the threads of life will be taken up where they were dropped last summer when the sailor boys left for the South, and another block of the summer pattern will be woven alongside that which was woven in the winter; and behold, such is the benignity of Fate, the two patterns agree with one another in the main comfortably. This is the “Bellerophon’s” last summer here; she will be succeeded by the “Hercules,” a mighty man-of-war, as the name betokens, and as powerful again as the present flagship. Beside the flagship there are the “Canada,” “Pylades” and “Thrush,” the latter commanded by Prince George. The “Bellerophon,” “Canada” and “Thrush” will pay their annual visit to Montreal and Quebec about the middle of July; after their return, Prince George will take the “Thrush” home, when it will go out of commission.

* * *

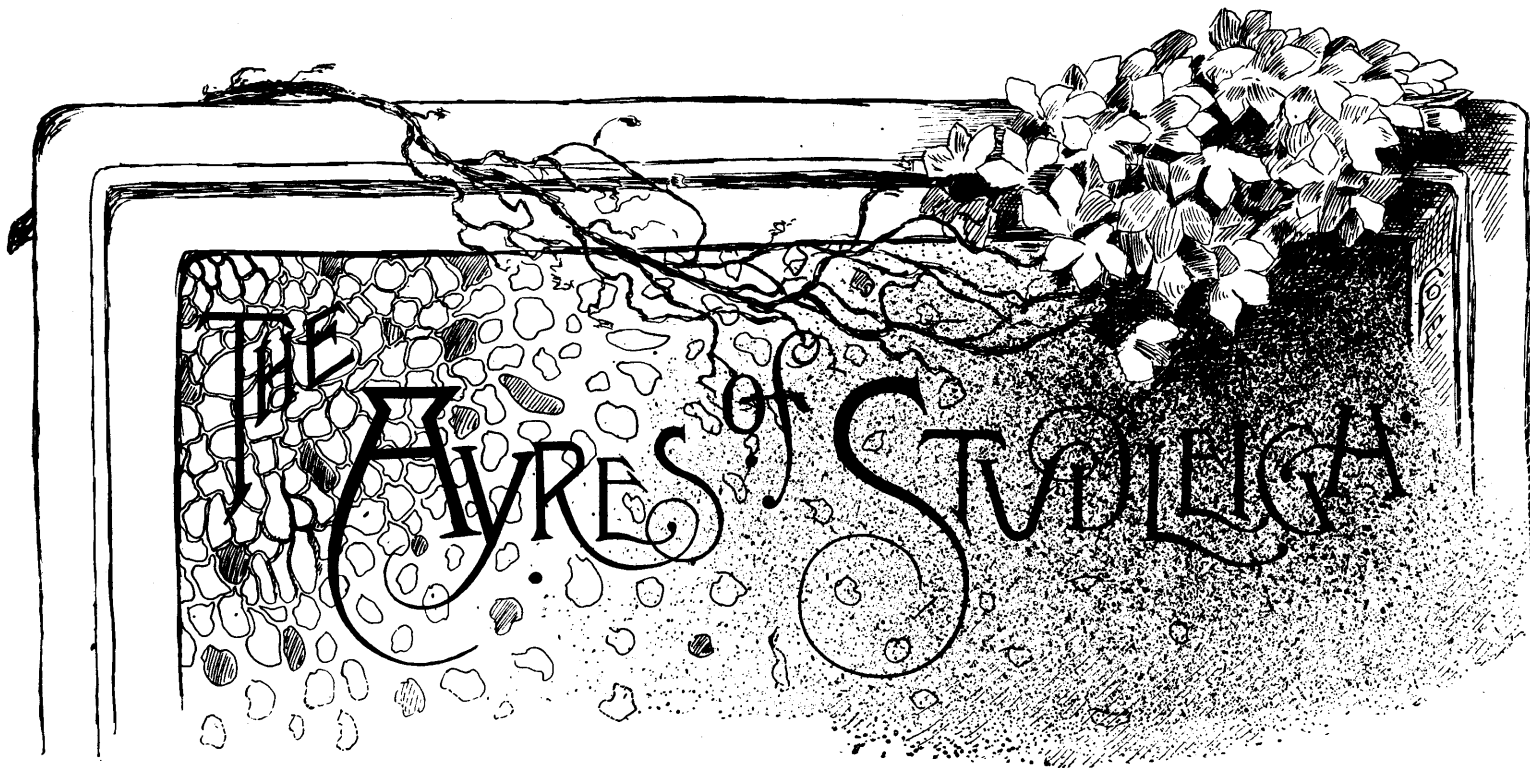
Windsor’s great gala day of the whole year is Dominion Day: Christmas Day, New Year’s Day, the Queen’s Birthday and Thanksgiving Day are all very well, and are usually observed in a mildly joyous manner; but the grand event to which the town and the country, for miles around, look forward, from year to year, and yearn for with eager soul, is Confederation Day. The maiden who can only afford one

new dress a year, gets it for Dominion Day; she who cannot afford a new one, makes over her old one for the same event, while every swain, who is worth calling a swain, arrays himself gorgeously in store clothes and a new cambric tie, and proceeds to town intent on the dissipation of his savings in the deadly lemonade, and pop-corn and toy balloons. When the first of July began to have a national significance, a certain patriotic gentleman, who commonly went by the appellation of “Carrots,” took upon himself the whole burden of providing entertainment for the multitudes who flocked to town. With this intent he was in the habit of erecting a “greasy pole,” and luring numbers of confiding countrymen to the ruination of their waistcoats and nether garments by the statement that there were four dollars on the top of the pole for the man who could climb to it. I remember on one occasion, a great many years ago, how some wicked, designing men took a long board, and placing a young ragamuffin in position around the pole, proceeded therewith to hoist him to the much coveted top, first instructing him to be sure to “clinch” the money when he got there; but the wicked men were careless, and they hoisted the ragamuffin so high that he fell over the other side and came down so quickly that he forgot all about the money. “Carrots” used also to provide a greased pig for swift men to run after; and they would run, and, sometimes, when they fell and hurt themselves, they would swear, and the man who could catch the pig could keep him; but the pig was usually a knowing animal, and made a bee-line for “Carrots” back yard which was his sanctuary,—and generally this part of the entertainment was inexpensive to the provider of the sports. Then there were races, and dancing, and in the evening a promenade concert and fireworks. But this was a long time ago, and he that was called “Carrots” does not live in Windsor now, and I dare say there are very few who remember him or his green plaid nether garments. His place now-a-days is filled by the Windsor Amateur Athletic Club, and on the ensuing Dominion Day this energetic organization will provide a programme of amusements that will cast the one I have detailed quite into the shade, though I venture to predict that there will not be half as much genuine amusement as the greased pole and pig afforded to the then-simple multitudes. A long list of trophies has been provided, to which a large number of “Esquires” have contributed; in reading over the list again, as published in the local papers, I see the names of two Presidents figuring prominently; one is the president of the College, the other is the president of the Cotton factory. “Carrots” would be very much struck at this contrast with his simple old list of sports.



"You are wrong, Aunt Rachel. Evelyn is fit to rank with the highest and best in the land." (See page 607.)

THE AYRES OF STUDLEIGH.



BY ANNIE S. SWAN.

Author of "Aldersyde," "Twice Tried," "A Vexed Inheritance," "The Gates of Eden," &c.

(Exclusive rights for Canada purchased by THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED.)

CHAPTER XXI.—IN BITTERNESS OF SOUL.

Lady Adela Brydges had been a somewhat giddy, frivolous girl in her first season when she married the middle-aged Marquis of Winterdyne. It was a marriage which astonished not a few, and there were many predictions that it would not prove a success—predictions which, however, were never fulfilled, for as the years went on the two, who had married for love, became dearer to each other. Lord Winterdyne was a man of singularly noble character, with high aims above all the prejudices which sometimes mar the character of those in high places. His nature was rather reserved than open. Many called him proud and haughty, but in his family circle and among his intimate friends he was greatly beloved. He was a keen politician, and one eminently fitted to be a leader of men. His judgment was matured and reliable, and his opinions carried weight even among his opponents. He was a man on whom his party absolutely relied, and to whom his compeers looked for guidance and example. His wife was his companion and helpmeet in all things, and with her happy spirit and light-hearted ways lent the necessary brightness to his home. She received Lady Emily Ayre with affectionate cordiality, and the Marquis greeted the son of his old friend with marked pleasure. There were three children at Winterdyne, two sons and one daughter—the blue-eyed, saucy Sybil, on whom Lady Emily's ambition for her boy was centred. The Ayres drove the distance from Studleigh, and arrived shortly before dinner, so that it was not until they went down to the dining-room a few minutes before eight, that they were introduced to the young people. Lord Raybourne and Will were already acquainted. Lady Emily looked at him with but a passing interest, her whole attention being given to Sybil, a bright-faced, happy-hearted girl, with no nonsense or affection about her.

"I am indeed delighted to meet once more one of whom my wife has talked so often," said Lord Winterdyne, in his somewhat dignified way. "Come, Sybil, and greet your mother's old friend."

Sybil looked with open admiration at the queenly figure as she lifted up her face to give the kiss of greeting. Lady Emily's unwonted tears rose at the young girl's graceful action, and she turned somewhat hurriedly to her son.

"I fear you will find that I have somewhat forgotten the usages of polite society, my dear," she

said, with that grace which none could make more winning. "Come, Will, and do duty for your mother!"

"Oh, Mr. Ayre and I have met before at Stonecroft, Lady Ayre," cried Sybil, gaily. "I don't think we feel at all strange to each other."

"I thought of asking Mrs. Geoffrey Ayre to dine with us to-night, Emily," said Lady Winterdyne, entering at the moment. "But again I thought we should have a great deal to say to each other. Where is Norman? He is an incorrigible boy, always late."

"I saw him, mamma, about an hour ago from my dressing-room window, wading into the lake after some sort of water-plant which has come into flower out of season," said Sybil. "I am afraid he will have forgotten all about dinner."

"He often does," said his mother, with an indulgent smile. "My Benjamin is a curious boy, Emily. I don't know from whom he inherits the tastes of a naturalist, but he has a museum in the old picture gallery which would amuse you. He is so utterly happy among his toads and fishes that we are glad to leave him in peace."

At the dinner-table that night Will was amazed at his mother. She looked so beautiful and so gracious, and her conversation was so brilliant and fascinating that all were enchanted with her. She was in her element, and felt surprised to find how pleasant it was to meet once more with congenial and delightful society.

"I begin to think, Adela, that I have made a mistake living in retirement so long," said Lady Emily, when she was alone with her friend in the drawing-room after dinner. The young people were out on the terrace; they saw Sybil's white gown glancing among the trees, and the bright scarlet of Raybourne's coat.

"How do you mean?" asked Lady Winterdyne, as she leaned back in her lounging-chair and sipped her coffee.

"I know to-night how much I have missed. What a delightful life you must have."

"I am very happy. Winterdyne is devoted to me, and my children are as good as gold. The only cloud on my sky at present is that Harry will talk on as if war were the most desirable event in the world. He and Clement Ayre are absolutely agreed upon the subject of their profession."

"Is it not rather a disappointment to you and

Lord Winterdyne that your eldest son should have chosen the army?"

"It was at first, but we soon saw it was no use trying to force his inclinations. Why, Harry has played at soldiers, and drilled Sybil and Norman, since their babyhood. I really don't know, Emily, who is to fill the father's shoes. Norman bids fair to be a naturalist and a scholar, and there is not a politician in the family. Our only hope must be in the son-in-law to be; and about whom we are in a doubtful state of uncertainty."

"Your daughter has had no suitors, then?" asked Lady Emily, with interest.

"Oh, suitors in plenty; but she seems to favour none. I believe she is fancy free. I admire your son very much. His manners are perfect."

"He has been the best of sons to me, Adela," Lady Emily replied, with strange emotion. "It would make the last years of my widowed life boundlessly happy if what you spoke of should take place."

"I should be pleased. Frankly speaking, Sybil is so full of nonsense, just as I was at her age, that it would be well that she should marry a man of firm character and stability. That, I am sure your son possesses, in conjunction with a singularly amiable disposition. Yes, it would be very desirable, but we cannot control the destinies of our children, even if it were desirable that we should."

Lady Emily looked very grave, and slightly shook her head.

"I sometimes think it might be better for some young people if they were compelled to submit to the wise decisions of their elders."

Then suddenly she sat forward and looked her friend full in the face.

"Adela, tell me, are you really intimate with the family at Stonecroft?"

"Yes, the young people are inseparable—Clement and Harry being such friends. Why do you look at me so, Emily? Is there anything objectionable in such an intimacy?"

"Nothing objectionable, of course," Lady Emily answered, significantly. "But I am surprised—very much surprised—that is all."

"Tell me why?"

"Tell me first what you think of Mrs. Geoffrey, Adela?"

"I admire and love her. Winterdyne thinks her perfect. Why do you ask?"

"You know, of course, who she was before she married Captain Ayre?"

"A daughter of one of your tenants, was she not? But a very old family, and she is most refined. Yes, I have heard the story, I think, but both you and I, Emily, know that these old distinctions are

fast breaking down ; in a word, that the old order changeth."

"It is a pity and a shame, I think. I cannot bear this levelling tendency. It threatens so much that we have been taught to cherish," said Lady Emily, with a passionate bitterness which amazed her friend.

"It depends on the view one takes," she said, good humouredly. "You must get into discussion with the Marquis. He will astonish you. But to return to Stonecroft. I thought one of the greatest inducements I could offer in my invitation was our proximity to your friends. Have I made a mistake?"

"Yes."

"I am very sorry for that. Your face tells me more than your brief monosyllable. But you must be quite frank with me, Emily. It will prevent unpleasantness while you are here. Have you and Mrs. Geoffrey quarrelled?"

Lady Emily's lips curled slightly.

"You do not know me very well, when you ask such a question. I never quarrel. We have only met three times since Mr. Ayre's death. I have disapproved of the marriage from the first, and never countenanced her afterwards. We have had no quarrel, Adela, but we do not meet."

Lady Winterdyne sat silent for a little. She was grievously disappointed in the friend of her youth. "Did you take this course simply because you thought Captain Ayre was marrying beneath him?"

"Yes ; I did not think her a desirable wife for him in any respect."

"You had met ; you knew something of her before, then?"

Yes, as much as I might know of any of my husband's people."

"I am very much surprised, Emily ; I cannot understand it."

"It does not touch you so nearly, Adela. You, who have never been so tried, must not blame me."

"I am quite disappointed, and I confess I do not know what to do. You would not refuse to meet Mrs. Geoffrey, I hope, because I have asked her to come while you are here?"

"I shall not forget what is due to you, Adela, as my hostess, even if you were not my friend," Lady Emily replied, quietly.

"Fortunately I have only definitely invited them for Sybil's fête. I must just leave the rest alone. I dare say Mrs. Ayre will understand. I remember now that she said nothing at all when I spoke of your meeting here."

"Has she never complained of me to you?"

"Never. I think you are under some grave misapprehension regarding Mrs. Geoffrey. I cannot believe that you know her at all. How delightful if Winterdyne should be the birthplace of new and sweeter relations between Studleigh and Stonecroft."

Lady Emily shook her head.

"Is my nephew really as fine a fellow as they say? I have not seen him since he was a school-boy. And Will is too absurdly enthusiastic over the whole family."

"He is a fine fellow, a little outspoken and independent perhaps, but he has a right to be, and his tender devotion to his mother is one of the most beautiful things I have ever seen."

"Are you not afraid, Adela, to encourage so much intimacy between them and your own young people? Is it wise?"

"I leave these things to right themselves. Emily. I am not one of the worldly-wise. I want my children, above all things, to be happy, and their father agrees in my way of thinking. Well, shall we go down. I fancy I hear Sybil singing."

"Is she musical?"

"Moderately so. Her voice is sweet and tuneful. Evelyn Ayre sings most exquisitely, and when her mother plays her accompaniment, I assure you it is a musical treat of no ordinary kind. Then her entire absence of consciousness, or straining after effect, adds to its charm."

"I am afraid that after all the gifts and graces of my relatives at Stonecroft, you will find us rather tame, Adela," Lady Emily said with a faint, ironical smile, which slightly annoyed her hostess, and

she led the way from the drawing-room without a word.

The music-room was downstairs, adjoining the library, and was a large, lofty room, with an exquisitely painted roof, and quaint niches in the panelling on the walls, which held statues of the great composers. The instruments were of the finest, Lord Winterdyne himself being an accomplished musician. It pleased Lady Emily well to see Will close by Sybil at the piano, evidently deeply interested in the fair musician. She thought, in the pride of her heart, what a goodly pair they made ; and a passionate desire, which was almost a prayer, took possession of her, and for a moment she was oblivious of the other occupants of the room.

"This is my boy, Norman," Lady Adela said, and a lank, rather sallow-faced lad, in an Eton suit, came forward and made a bow, then Lord Raybourne sprang up from the lounge and the evening paper to give the ladies a seat. The heir of Winterdyne was rather a common-place youth, with a square, manly figure, and a good-natured, though by no means handsome face. There was something very pleasant about him, however—a simple straightforwardness and sincerity which at once made him a favourite.

"My son seems very much at home," Lady Emily said, and her hostess marvelled to see the softening of her proud face into tenderness as her deep eyes rested on the young pair. "Will you not sing something else specially for me, Sybil? I may call you Sybil, I suppose, since I am so old a friend of your dear mother."

"Oh, certainly. But Mr. Ayre has promised to sing, and we were looking for something to suit him. Perhaps he is accustomed to your accompaniments, Lady Ayre. Let me resign my seat."

"Oh, no. I should like to hear you play. If you will be so kind, I am sure Will will sing all the better," Lady Emily said, and Sybil laughed at the frank compliment.

"Very well. Come then, Mr. Ayre, and you mustn't knit your brows as papa does when I make mistakes."

Will sang well. His voice, a sweet, clear tenor, rang through the room, and made Lord Winterdyne rise from his desk in the library and set the door wide open, in order that not a note might be lost.

So with music, and song, and happy talk, the pleasant evening wore away ; and when Lady Emily retired to her dressing-room she sat long over the fire brooding on past memories and disappointments, from which, however, her brilliant dreams for the future took the sting.

CHAPTER XXII—HOPES AND FEARS.

"What shall we do to-day?" Sybil asked at the breakfast-table next morning.

"Drive to Stonecroft," responded Raybourne, with a promptitude which brought a curious twinkle in his sister's bright eye, but under her brother's steady gaze she dropped them quickly, and a faint colour rose in her face. Then Raybourne smiled a satisfied smile and looked towards his mother.

"I should like to drive Will and Sybil in the dogcart, if you would take Lady Emily in the phaeton."

"We shall not go out this morning, Harry, dear," his mother answered quickly. "After her long drive yesterday Lady Ayre wants a rest. Will you come back to luncheon?"

"It depends ; don't bind us, mother. I have such a lot to say to Clem."

"Plotting against the nation's peace," laughed his mother, but she was secretly at a loss what to do. She felt the desire to offer an unstudied and generous hospitality to the family of Stonecroft, but she was in duty bound to consider her guest. She was quick to note the eagerness with which young Will acceded to Raybourne's proposition, and concluded that he was very far indeed from sharing his mother's dislike of his kindred. She felt slightly vexed with Lady Emily, and yet in a sense sorry for her. It was perfectly evident that she was a woman who had tasted but little of the brightness of life ; it made it none the less pathetic that it was

in a great measure entirely her own fault, and that she wilfully passed by the good she might from day to day enjoy. Lady Winterdyne's philosophy, to make the best of everything as it came, and extract as much sunshine as possible even from gloomy days, was of a kind unfathomable to her old friend. It was the bright, happy woman's desire, already confided to her husband, to try and convince Lady Emily of her mistake, and to induce her to take a larger, sweeter, more generous view of life.

Winterdyne, looking on, watched the experiment with admiring interest. Warned by his wife, he was careful to make no allusion to Stonecroft ; but it was impossible to keep young mouths silent, even if it had been advisable, and Lady Adela foresaw that twenty times in every day her guest would be compelled to listen to praise of the kindred she abhorred. It was part of her punishment, which Lady Adela may be forgiven for thinking was not quite undeserved.

It was a very happy party which set out for the drive across country an hour later. The young Squire was already "Will" to Raybourne and his sister, and if Lady Emily had been better versed in the ways of young people, she would not altogether have approved the frank, confident, sisterly demeanour of Sybil towards her son. It showed clearly that she was very much disposed to regard him in a sisterly light which is death to any nearer tie.

She looked very dainty and sweet, in her tailor gown and felt hat, with the fresh, keen wind blowing the little ringlets about her bright face, and when Lady Emily saw Will tucking the rugs about her with the greatest possible care, and the radiant smile with which she thanked him, her heart swelled with the proudest hope which had yet visited it. Oh, that fair creature would make a royal mistress of Studleigh, and the lustre of her own rank would sustain the prestige which Lady Emily imagined her title had added to the honour of the Ayres. She did not know how they said in Ayreleigh that luck had departed from Studleigh since the very day its first titled mistress entered it.

"They are a merry party. Just listen to Harry's stentorian laugh. What a great strong fellow he is. He will deal destruction to the enemy who is unfortunate enough to encounter his strong arm," said Lady Adela, as a high-stepping mare carried the dogcart splendidly down the avenue.

"Yes, you have fine children, Adela. You may thank Heaven you have more than one," said her friend, with a return of that bitterness she had exhibited on the previous night.

"Why? Your ewe lamb may be worth my trio," said Lady Adela, with her happy laugh. "I do think, Emily, you fret yourself needlessly over trifles, and leave all the good of life untouched. Why, at your age, and in your circumstances, you ought to be enjoying life to the full! If all Winterdyne tells me about your husband is true, dear, I cannot but think it would grieve him that you should be so melancholy ; and another thing—I am going to speak quite plainly to you—it is not just or kind to your boy. You have saddened his early manhood. I see how anxiously he looks at you always—have you never noticed it yourself?"

"He cannot say but that I have devoted myself to him," cried Lady Emily, almost fiercely. "I have sacrificed my whole life to him—no mother could do more."

"No. Your devotion has been very perfect, but I think he has felt it weigh upon him. He does not wish you to sacrifice yourself. He would be far happier if he saw you happier and enjoying life. You must stir yourself up for his sake, and give him more latitude in every way. We cannot curb youth too much, Emily, or it becomes a narrow, stunted existence, barren of usefulness or happiness. Leave your boy alone. Let him choose his friends, let him love his cousins if he chooses, and I repeat it they are worthy of his love. I could not bear to see how he looked at you this morning when Harry spoke of Stonecroft."

"You are not afraid to speak, Adela," said her guest, with a strange smile.

"No, why should I be? We are not acquaintances of yesterday. We are in a sense women of the world, Emily, and the world's wisdom, to keep

away from anything higher, bids us accept the inevitable with unaltered faces. But let us leave that sore subject for a pleasanter one. Sir Randal and his energetic wife will be here to-night. You will be pleased to meet them again."

"Yes, but Aunt Lucy will take sides with you, Adela, and I shall be nowhere."

"Winterdyne will tell you that it is always the duty of the minority to surrender gracefully. It is a favourite remark of his that were that sensible rule acted on in the House there would not be such a disgraceful waste of valuable time," said Lady Adela, with one of her winning smiles. "Emily, I am going to make you amiable and lovely in disposition, as so beautiful a woman ought to be; and I always have my own way."

It was a fine winter morning. A hard frost held the earth in a band of iron and had frozen all waters except swift-running rivers and the noisiest of brooks. The keen air was exhilarating and delightful, and brought the rich glow to the faces of the young people as they drove rapidly over the hill to Stonecroft. When they arrived at that comfortable family house they found no one at home but Mrs. Ayre, who received them in that fine, unaffected, genuine way which won all hearts so readily. There was something very pretty in Sybil's manner towards her, a caressing deference which to a close observer might have seemed something like an appeal. They were warm friends, both possessing that perfect naturalness which is an irresistible charm.

"All alone, Mrs. Ayre; and where is Clem at this hour of the morning?" asked Raybourne, making no secret of his disappointment. "It would be like my luck if they should have gone away anywhere to spend the whole day."

"Oh no, Clem only took his sister over to the lake to see whether the ice is bearing," Rachel answered with a smile.

"Oh, that's all right. I'll go round and hunt them up. Are you coming Sybil?"

"No, no, Harry, your sister is quite chilled. She must warm her fingers here," protested Mrs. Ayre, but Sybil assured her that she felt no cold, and seemed so eager for the walk to the lake that Rachel said no more.

The grounds about Stonecroft, though not extensive, could boast of a large and picturesque lake, which had been the delight of Clement and Evelyn, summer and winter, since they changed their home. Indeed, the lake had nearly reconciled them to leaving Pine Edge.

"I am sure you like Raybourne and his sister, Will," Rachel said, when she was left alone with her nephew. "They are so simple and kindly, thanks to their mother's fine training."

"I like all the family, Aunt Rachel," said Will, heartily, and yet with a curious gravity. "I had really no idea that you were so intimate with them. Am I not right in supposing that there is a greater attraction here for Harry than his friendship for Clem?"

"I cannot tell, Will, dear; sometimes I hope not."

"Why, Aunt Rachel?"

"Because I would not wish my daughter to suffer as I have suffered," Rachel replied, with unwonted intensity. "And I know very well my fortuneless Evelyn could be considered no match for Lord Winterdyne's heir."

"You are wrong, Aunt Rachel. Evelyn is fit to rank with the highest and best in the land," Will retorted, and the flush rose high to his brow as he uttered these passionate words. His aunt looked at him with mild surprise, but never for a moment did a suspicion of truth dawn upon her.

"You and I, out of our love for Evy, think her so, perhaps," she admitted, with a smile. "But the world will have another verdict. Of late, Will, I have been visited by strange and sad previsions of coming trouble. I cannot rid myself of them. Oh, my boy, it will be fearfully hard if I have to give up my son as I had to give up his father. Pray that the sacrifice may not be required of me."

"Do not needlessly distress yourself, Aunt Rachel. There is no immediate prospect of war."

Rachel shook her head.

"The news from the Cape is not very reassuring. It would be amusing, if it were not so terribly real, to see the eagerness with which Clem and I look at the Cape telegrams every morning. It is true that Sir Bartle Frere has written for reinforcements; and I heard from Major Cartwright yesterday that there is a rumour that troops are to go out at once."

Will regarded his aunt with compassionate sympathy, but could think of nothing to say.

"It seems a pity that Clem should be so eager, and yet when I look at him, Aunt Rachel, I do not wonder," said Will, with a slight, sad smile. "It would be impossible for the embodiment of such splendid manhood to be content quietly at home. His fine energies must have scope, and I feel sure we shall have another soldier hero to add to the honours of Studleigh. But he must be very careful of himself for all our sakes. Have you ever thought, Aunt Rachel, how very slender a barrier there is between him and the old place?"

He smiled still as he asked the question; but the tears rose in Rachel's eyes.

"Will, don't suggest that. We cannot bear it! Studleigh cannot spare you, nor can we. Never, never hint at such a thing again."

"It is true, Aunt Rachel; though, if it pains you I will not speak of it," he answered. "I know just how much my life is worth; nor am I deceived by this spell of good health, though I am thankful for it."

Rachel for a moment could not speak.

"Hush, hush, Will. You have grown morbid about yourself. You have outgrown your weakness, and look nearly as strong as Clem. Is there nobody at Winterdyne," she asked, in gentle banter, "who could tempt you to take home a sweet mistress to the old place?"

Again the red flush rose high to the young man's brow.

"Not at Winterdyne, Aunt Rachel, nor, nor perhaps anywhere else. I know that my father re-

gretted his marriage, that he lived to change his mind on certain points. I believe with him that it is not only weak, but wrong for a man with a feeble constitution like mine to burden others with it. No, Aunt Rachel, my feeble health will go down to the grave with me, and another race will rise and blossom into a goodly tree. You will live to see Clem's sons and daughters in the old place, Aunt Rachel, and though I am away I shall not be forgotten."

"Oh Will, you will break my heart!"

"Why, Aunt Rachel, you have always been strong to face what must be, and there is no one else to whom I can speak. But you will not fret about me. I am neither morbid, gloomy nor unhappy; on the contrary, I mean my life, whether it be long or short, to be very bright."

He turned away from her for a moment, and stood looking across the little park to the thick belt of dark pines that skirted the shore of the lake. As he looked a curious expression came on his face, a look of absolute pain. There were moments, unrevealed when he rebelled against the hardness of his destiny, when his manhood cried out for the joy which blessed the lives of others. Not always could even that unselfish soul keep self in the background. It was only for a moment, then he turned and beckoned to his Aunt with a sunny smile on his face.

"Come here, Aunt Rachel, is not this a picture?"

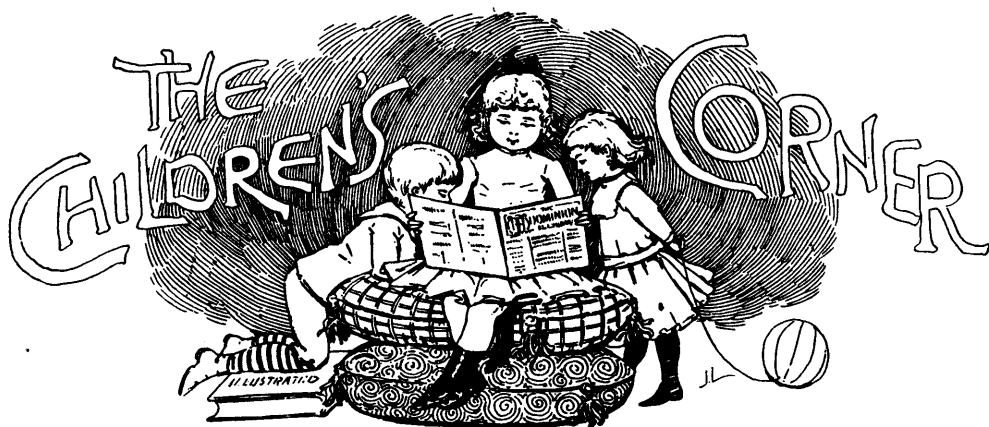
Across the park came two couples sauntering leisurely, Clem in front, bending from his great height to look with undisguised tenderness into the bright bonnie face of the Lady Sybil, Raybourne behind with Evelyn's hand within his arm.

"That is as it should be, is it not?" Will asked, with a quizzical look into his aunt's bewildered face. "It can't be prevented now, and nobody can say but that they look as if made for each other."

(To be continued.)



THE OLD PROFESSOR.



Farmer Brown's Wonderful Adventures In the Moon.

BY MORDUE

(Continued from No. 155.)

Poor Farmer Brown sank down with a sigh of relief; the rapid movements of these wonderful little people were somewhat tiring to his larger frame. But scarcely had he sat down and looked about him than he uttered an exclamation of delight.

"What now?" said Squibbs, as he uncoiled himself from a short nap he was indulging in.

"Look!" said Farmer Brown, pointing to the sky

"Well, I am looking. Here, Squibbles, rouse yourself, Farmer Brown wants us to look at the sky."

"I should think," answered Squibbles, gravely, as he adjusted his helmet, "that this was hardly the time for jesting."

"Hear him! jesting forsooth! there's little of it left in me, what with three arrow-heads sticking in me."

"Eh! why don't you pull them out," said Farmer Brown, in great concern for his little friend.

"I did pull them out; but you see the wounds are there all the same; but let us return to the sky. What is it that you see there?"

"Why, see! that huge body hanging in the sky; what a brilliant light is shining from it; it looks something like your moon appears to us, only much larger. And how dazzlingly bright the stars are; it is truly a wonderful sight; pray tell me what you call that large object?"

"It's your own planet, to be sure; ha! ha! do you hear that Squibbles, Farmer Brown doesn't know his own world."

"Really, Squibbs! you grow worse every day," cried Squibbles, shaking him wrathfully by the shoulder. "You forget that everything is strange to Farmer Brown."

"True! true! pray pardon me; but come, I will make amends by telling you what I know about these planets; not that I am much of an astrologer, but I have learned somewhat from our wise men. That large object that you see yonder is the earth, the planet on which you live, and which gives us a far more brilliant light than we give you, for the reason that your planet covers a space on the sky more than a dozen times as large as that covered by ours, in full moon, as you call it. Look closely now, and tell me if you can see the whole of the earth lit up."

"No," answered Farmer Brown, "I see only half lit up."

"Right; but the other half you can plainly see by means of that ring of light round her, caused by the shining of stars as they pass behind her thick atmosphere. And now I must tell you about the way in which your planet is always trying to draw us away from the sun."

"Eh? I never heard tell of that," said Farmer Brown, with his mouth and eyes wide open, as he listened in astonishment to Squibbs.

"No, I daresay you didn't," answered Squibbs, in a patronizing tone, "but it is a fact, as Squibbles there can tell you." Whereupon Squibbles gravely nodded his head.

"Your astronomers speak of our planet as the earth's satellite, and say that she journeys round

the earth. Well, so she does; but at the same time, just as surely as the earth travels round the sun, so does the moon. So we are, you see, two sister planets, travelling round the same sun. Do you understand?"

"I—I—think so—you say our earth is a planet and your moon is a planet, and together we journey round—round—ahem! the—

"Sun!"

"Exactly! round the sun; but wait a bit. I don't see how if your moon journeys round our earth she goes round the sun also."

"How stupid you are, Farmer Brown. Why it is just as plain as plain can be—"

"Well, explain it to him," interrupted Squibbles.

"Oh, come now, I can't stop to answer such foolish questions or I will never get through. I repeat they both journey round the sun, who pulls them with great force towards himself—"

"Dear! dear! you don't say so. What does he pull them with?"

"Farmer Brown! if you ask me any more such questions I will stop. What does he pull them with, indeed! Do you think anybody could answer such a question as that?"

"It is so very extraordinary," murmured Farmer Brown, somewhat frightened at the fierce tone of Squibbs; "but pray continue, and I will try and not interrupt you again."

"He pulls," continued Squibbs, somewhat mollified, "our planet quite as strongly as he pulls the earth. The earth, as I told you, pulls the moon; so also the moon pulls the earth; though the far greater weight of the earth causes her to pull the strongest. If the moon and the earth were of the same size they could pull each other with equal force. So you see our planet is pulled one way by the sun and the other way by the earth; but the pull of the sun is more than twice as strong as that of the earth, and if it were not that he pulls the earth quite as hard as he pulls the moon, he would soon overpower the earth's influence and drag us away altogether."

Here Squibbles paused and looked at Farmer Brown, whose face by this time wore the look of one hopelessly dazed.

"I think you have had enough about astronomy for the present. I will tell you more later."

Farmer Brown breathed a sigh of intense relief and nodded his head.

"Bless my heart!" he said to himself, "supposing he should question me about that pulling business; I can't for the life of me answer one question. Eh! what is it he said," suddenly starting up, as one of the guards poked him with a spear. "Oh, yes, to be sure, the sun pulls the earth; no, I mean the earth pulls the moon—"

"What is the man talking about," cried the guard in astonishment. "Here, I say, wake up; its time to march."

"Ay! ay! to be sure; to be sure. I thought you wanted to know something about—"

"You have no right to think at all; you have just to listen and obey orders."

CHAPTER VIII.

QUEEN VENUS AND HER FUGITIVE ARMY LOSE
THEIR WAY AND COME TO A WEIRD AND
AWFUL PLACE IN THE MOON.

"It is very strange," said Squibbles, after they had been marching for a long time, but it is cer-

tainly growing dark, and it must be near morning."

"You are right, Squibbles, it is growing darker, and look at the scenery we are passing through, it has been gradually becoming more and more rugged. See!" and Squibbs pointed to a lofty range of mountains upon whose summits and sides not a tree or shrub could be seen. "Never before did I see aught so desolate in all our wanderings over the moon. What if we should have lost our way and are coming to that dreadful place of which I have heard somewhat from our wise men. They say that nothing lives there, and that the mountains send forth fire."

By this time they had reached the mountains and were passing through a gorge.

"Bless my heart; you don't say so," cried Farmer Brown in great fright.

"Yes, and that day and night last a fortnight."

"Had you not better go and inform Her Majesty?"

"And get my head cut off for interfering."

"I think," said Squibbs, in his grave way, "that it is our duty to inform Queen Venus of the danger that you think threatens us, even if we have to lose our heads for it."

Suddenly the order to halt was given as they came out of the gorge, and found themselves in a vast, desolate, rough plain, with ranges of rugged hills and towering cone-shaped mountains rising on all sides. Not a tree, bush or blade of grass was visible, while a deadly stillness pervaded the place. The atmosphere was charged with sulphurous vapor which rose from the various cone-shaped mountains. The heat was intolerable. Hastily consulting with her officers, Queen Venus was advised by them to send for the three prisoners.

"For Your Majesty may learn somewhat from them concerning this dreadful place, whether it will be advisable to continue on our way or to turn back."

So the three were brought before Her Majesty and questioned, whereupon Squibbs related all he knew, and that undoubtedly they were now in that part of the moon, and to penetrate further would be certain death.

Scarcely had he finished speaking when a dense darkness settled down and the ground began to work violently beneath their feet.

And the next moment a flame of fire shot forth from one of the distant mountain peaks, while at the same instant a noise like furious cannonading rent the air and from the sky there rained down what looked like balls of fire. Fortunately but few fell where they were.

As soon as darkness had settled down Squibbs and Squibbles had placed themselves one on each side of Farmer Brown and taken firm hold of him, resolved to be true to the trust imposed on them by their king.

"Don't stir; keep where you are!" said Squibbs, as Farmer Brown showed signs of restlessness as he felt the ground shake beneath his feet. As the flame of fire shot from the mountain and lit up the darkness, Squibbs saw a large opening in a rock near them, and shouted as loud as he could, for the noise of the cannonading was tremendous.

(To be continued.)

The Daffodil.

O, I love the daffodil, the brave and bonnie daffodil;
Frailer blossoms shake and shiver,
When the Spring winds through them quiver,
But with saucy smiling face,
With a lovely laughing grace,
Blows the bonnie daffodil, the fresh and fearless daffodil.

O, dear daring daffodil, golden gracious daffodil,
Shining bright and never weary,
Brighter still when skies grow dreary:
Storm-stayed sunshine swept from heaven,
To thy heart for shelter driven,
Merry, mocking daffodil, Spring's sweet darling daffodil!

Ah! poor drooping daffodil, summer stricken daffodil,
Petals pale and paler growing,
Summer beauties round thee blowing,
Softly grieving, gently going
To the after world of growing,
Fare thee well! O, daffodil, dearest dying daffodil.

Halifax, N.S.

MARY E. FLETCHER.



"UNDINE."
(From the painting by Conrad Kiesel.)



June, 1891.

We have laid our great Premier in his quiet tomb. We have said to ourselves with pity for ourselves as not having yet come to that happy resting time, "After life's fitful fever he sleeps well." We have set our national flags at half-mast, we have draped our public streets in mourning weeds; we have looked with lingering gaze upon the "presentments" of the departed, hoping to catch some touch or line in the familiar features that would bring us a little nearer to him, if only for the brief interval of the gaze itself; we have piled flowers upon his tomb and scattered with loving hand sweeter flowers of tender words upon his memory, and now that the last knell has tolled, the last mourner has gone to a lonely home, we know that it is useless to ask for a brief space wherein to stand aside from the rapid business of life and reflect, albeit it be upon our own end; as citizens of the Dominion he made, we are nevertheless forced to cry with the newly-kinged Henry:

"Now call we our High Court of Parliament,
And let us choose such Limbes of Noble Counsaile
That the great bodie of our State may go
In equal ranke with the best-governed nation,
That warre or peace, or both at once may be
As things acquainted and familiar to us."

Subscriptions for a national monument to the honour of the Father of Confederation are already being taken by the *Empire*, to which, no doubt, Parliament will make a suitable addition at the proper time; it would be well, further, to remember that Sir John Alexander Macdonald died a poor man, and therefore it would be but a graceful tribute to his memory, and one which, sooner than any other, he would approve, were the country to authorize a grant to the faithful wife and wise counsellor who has stood by his side for twenty years, sharing his burdens of state, supporting his social position worthily, setting a good example to the nation by the benevolence and liberal-mindedness of her private life, and who is now left with her only child, a delicate daughter, to face the further battle of life alone. That Canada is the highway of the world she owes to the strong foresight, the wonderful faith, energy, enterprise and courage of Sir John Macdonald; that she is now entering unhampered upon a great career of commercial development is due to his wisdom, and it will be to the eternal honour of the Dominion to act with a becoming and dignified liberality in the matter of a worthy commemoration of a Premier, whose memory will ever be her boast, at a juncture the like of which in all the future that lies before her may never come to her again.

Only a few hours before his hand fell upon the home at Ottawa, Death took from the side of her devoted husband, in their quiet retirement at Niagara, the beloved wife of our great loyalist poet, William Kirby. Mrs. Kirby belonged to the Secvos family, the head of which family obtained, by virtue of his own and his ancestors' devotion to his hereditary prince, leave to emigrate himself and his numerous family of stalwart sons to the Dutch Provinces in the New World; and when the stress of after times put some of these sons upon their mettle, they threw in their lot with the loyal servants of the King of England, and formed part of the band of U. E. Loyalists at Niagara and helped to make it the garden of beauty and the homestead of patriots that it has ever been, despite the storms of war that have swept over it and the craftiness that has striven to undermine it until to-day. In the honour rolls of the Niagara peninsula, Teutonic names are as plentiful as English and Scotch.

Notwithstanding the utmost research at the time, there is always a vast amount of new material that reaches an author's hands after the publication of his book, and in such connection the author of "Ten Years of Peace and War, 1805-1815," says of her book: "Were it ever to reach a second edition I have numbers of valuable notes already collected which might be added."

Convocation at Toronto University was as interesting as usual—and as crowded. Thirteen ladies took the degree of B.A., among them a daughter of the Hon. G. W. Ross,

Minister of Education for Ontario. Several of the ladies carried bunches of roses and ribbons, but it is in bad taste to thus paint the lily and adorn the rose, since the supreme interest of the occasion is the degree and all that it typifies, namely, as the president elegantly phrased it, the escape from tutelage into the wide arena of life, wherein the graduate manifests the result of his training in the way he honours his Alma Mater. In England ladies present themselves in cap and gown and severely plain attires. The English custom is thus cited in *The Woman's Tribune* of Nebraska, for June 6:—Pennsylvania Woman's Medical College.—The students this year for the first time adopted the English academic gown and cap as a graduation costume. Invitations to the exercises of this Commencement all bore the words, "no flowers," the result of a movement started several years ago by one of the most popular students who proposed that flowers should be dispensed with on graduation day, as some of the students are always from a distance and not likely to receive them. Thus the dress question, which had a way of obtruding itself on graduation day, and the flower custom, which had brought pain as well as pleasure in its observance, have been abolished as disturbing elements in academic circles.

The various denominational synods, conferences, presbyteries, etc., which generally usher in June, are over so far as this city is concerned; and it is to be hoped the delegates to each, both lay and clerical, have carried home with them good for themselves and for the congregations to which they belong. The most noticeable resolution submitted among the Methodists was that dealing with the founding of an order of deaconesses. There is no doubt the idea will bear good fruit, particularly as it has already budded in the institution of a Society for Home Nursing, a Society that furnishes competent nurses to take ordinary cases of sickness in the poor man's household, and willing to look after domestic matters of all sorts should the mistress of the house be the sick person, or to assist her if she wishes, if it be other members of the family who need looking after. The ordinary trained nurse is too expensive a luxury for a poor man, and moreover the duties they will undertake are too limited.

It is a pity that clergymen, particularly of the age and experience of Rev. Dr. Langtry, should waste their time in resolutions that cannot fail to be abortive of results because they can never be formulated into law, such as that the reverend gentleman moved in the Church of England Synod, which looked to a regulating of the expenses and customs of funerals. As Rev. Arthur Baldwin remarked, it is no part of a Church Synod's duty to tell people what kind of a coffin they shall bury their dead in, whether they shall employ a hearse or a hand-borne bier, and whether they shall put on crepe. It may be well to cultivate the spirit the Apostle recommended to the bereaved of his times that they should not "sorrow as those without hope," but when Jesus wept at the sight of the suffering of the bereaved, is it likely that the sorrowing will ever cease to sorrow for their departed, or that the 'cheerful' view the resolution recommended will ever be taken? And would it be good for humanity could it be so?

The laying of the corner stone of Victoria Theological College last Monday was a most interesting ceremony 'well and duly' performed, and in presence of a great crowd of spectators, mostly Methodists, as was natural seeing it is their own denominational college. Many sympathisers from other churches were present, and despite the heat which stood at 90° in the shade most of the day, everybody was quite enthusiastic. Welcome Victoria.

It is something of a surprise to many of his admirers to find Rev. Prof. Clark of Trinity supporting the running of Sunday street cars on the ground that he would allow no one to regulate his manner of spending his Sundays. That may be all very well from one point of view, but if carried to a legitimate conclusion would, as a man so intellectual as Prof. Clarke knows, land us in the midst of chaos. Society—man—must be regulated by laws, and what these laws should be we have looked to the law of God to tell us, and to the church as God's Vicar to impress on us, but if the teachers of that law are to throw discredit on laws either in word or deed what is to be the end? Had Prof. Clark said there is something to be said in favour of cheap vehicular conveyance for the poor folk cooped up in little hot houses, tiny back yards, dusty and comfortless streets, he would have been right.

How we feel it—such of us as feel at all for our poor brother—on a hot day! And how the need of physical refreshment for the crowded is to be properly met, is a problem to be solved. But if the numbers needing such provisions by reason of their exposed residence within close quarters were censured, it is probable the demand for car accommodation might resolve itself into very small proportions by reason of the fact that our work people live greatly on the outside limits of the city and not at the centre. Of course there is a sense in which vehicular accommodation for all classes is legitimate, the demand of requirement, and in this sense the Apostle has again and again laid down the rule "to His own Master he shall stand or fall," but that rule puts the individual on a footing out of the pale of society, and must be so recognized.

The York Pioneer and Historical Society held its annual picnic at the exhibition grounds yesterday. The venerable president, Rev. Dr. Scadding, took the centenary of the founding of the province as the text of his address, and in his elegant and concise style led his hearers back a hundred years to the date of the first French Revolution, 1791, the beheading in 1796 of Louis the Sixteenth, and, more memorable still, the fourth century behind us, 1491 the era of the discovery by Columbus of the new world. The address urged upon Canadians the advantages accruing to the country of the gathering together by means of the Historical Societies those records that told the social life of the past and which lying hid in the family lumber room of the pioneer were in danger of being lost for ever unless speedily rescued. Several speeches full of reminiscences were made by members, and on this occasion, as on that of the annual meeting of the Provincial Historical Association held at Brampton, the tone of loyalty to Canada and the Queen was the strongest note of each speaker. The presence of the first lady member of the York Pioneer and Historical Society was made the occasion of many graceful allusions to the share woman has in the building up of a country, and the ladies present were urged to join freely the Historical Societies of their neighbourhood, each of which now has a rule admitting women.

The *Temperance Caterer* for May aptly says:—"This is an English speaking country. Then why in the name of all that's sensible do so many of our hotels and restaurants use French on their menus? bills of fare, we should say. It not only shows a lack of good taste but good sense, and, to say the least, is confusing and irritating. It is abominable. We venture to say that not one in a hundred is able to read it. We are frank in saying that we know little or nothing of French, and we are not one of a class, but one of the people. We do not recollect of ever having seen an English printed bill of fare in Paris. The French people read and talk French. The English should read and talk English." A white satin bill of fare lately had Rosbief a Langlisse and Galanty de Vaux as a part of its list. Isn't English pure and simple in better taste?

An agricultural college—Chaffey Colleg—lately established in Australia—forgive the wideness of the locale—has made the science of irrigation part of its curriculum. Would not this be a valuable study in Canada also?

S. A. CURZON.

[FOR THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED.]

Quatrain.

Yon crescent moon that rides the mystic height,
The blue air trembling near her horned car;—
From her full treasures, through the perfumed night
Has dropt a bit of gold,—the evening star!

DOLORES.

A Flower Fancy.

The secret reason, at last, I know,
Why, of all the flowers that bud and blow,
The lily, with tiny bells a-row,
Under its green leaf shield,
Was ever the fairest in field.
I know why I always lov'd it dear;
It was trying to tell me you were here,
In this world of ours; at last it's clear,
For again your lips on mine,
Breathe the lily's fragrance fine;
If its fairy bells could chime apace,
Your voice I'd hear. And the lily's grace
Is the constant light of your pale, sweet face.

ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN.

OUT WEST.

II.

Eastward and northward toward the land of adventure! Wearing with the monotony of the prairie we sought the home of the Northern Lights, where we might drive away dull care undisturbed by the fancies and customs of civilized life. The years are few when all over this prairie land we travelled undismayed by the presence of the gentler sex and the endless iron pathway which spans the continent from sea to sea. No longer may we don our suits of buckskin, and astride the irrepressible Indian cayuse travel leisurely, feasting on slap-jacks and pemmican. Civilization has invaded our territory and we must without a murmur submit to the inevitable. How our hearts long for the days of yore, when the prairie was our dearest couch and the Indian our truest friend. Alas! the songs of freedom unbounded which oftentimes we sang, now die upon our lips, for scarce a note is sounded ere the noisy shout of the civilized cur arouses us from our prairie reveries, and we behold the change which has already come. Strangers to luxury are we, so in nowise undaunted by the terrors of a day upon a construction train. We bid adieu to the fair city on the plains of Assiniboia—Regina, the capital of the Northwest—and northward our eyes are turned in eager expectation of the glories of valley and forest and lake in the great northland. Leisurely the train crawls over the rails newly laid, and around Long Lake—the watering place of the Regina district—until the day is well nigh spent, and we slowly glide across the iron bridge which spans the Saskatchewan. Saskatoon looks down from its lofty station on the prairie across the river to the temporary station house and the few houses lately built. Northward still we journey past historic scenes and places with ever-memorable names. Duck Lake and Batoche cannot be forgotten, and as we gaze upon the troop of half-breed children gathered at the station we let fall a silent tear for the sorrowing ones who still mourn for the brave soldier boys whose blood stained the grass upon the prairie and whose lives were laid down in defence of our honour. There fell the lad we loved, who left, across the briny deep, an aged mother with silvery locks, who still weeps for her darling boy. Thick darkness enveloped us ere we reached Prince Albert, but before the midnight hour we found repose in the house of a friend. The sun had scarcely risen when we sought to view the places of interest, memories of the years gone by. The town lies scattered along the banks of the river, stretching towards the hills whereon are erected some of the finest residences. Upon the hillside lay the Mounted Police Fort, the Court House and the Nisbet Academy. Struggling and straggling the town seemed to be praying for help, but the dawn of prosperity is at hand for this rising city of the North. Prince Albert claims the honour of having the first and only college in the Territories—Immanuel College, the pride of the founder, my old friend Bishop McLean. He rests at peace in the pleasant God's Acre belonging to the English church—and there lies also the youthful Methodist missionary, E. W. Skinner, who bade farewell to the pleasures of city life in Toronto, and westward sped to tell the red men the story of the Cross, but alone upon the prairie he laid himself down—killed by an accidental discharge of his gun. Strangers mourned over him and gave him a final resting place in the Anglican cemetery. The town was founded by the Rev. James Nisbet, a Presbyterian minister, in 1866, and amid many vicissitudes it has developed until churches, schools and all the advantages of eastern towns belong to it. Immanuel College, the Roman Catholic Convent and the High school supply the educational wants of a population of over one thousand. The Saskatchewan Institute, composed of the literati of the rising city, has striven to rescue from oblivion the early history of the district, and the customs, traditions and tales of the half-breeds and Indians gathered around the camp-fires. The Nisbet Academy was burned down within the past two years and the noble efforts put forth on behalf of education by the Presbyterians were suddenly terminated. There is a prospect of a commencement in the near future. It is surprising indeed to meet such a large proportion of educated men in these small towns in the Northwest, connected with the press, the pro-

fessions, as storekeepers and farmers. Many of the clergymen are graduates of British and Canadian Universities. A doctor of science is editor of a newspaper in this town, and the genial *litterateur* and author of "Tecumseh," Charles Mair, is found among the most enterprising men of the community. As homeward we sped we saw large quantities of buffalo bones neatly piled up ready for shipment. The buffalo have not been in this district for the past ten years, and yet the half-breeds are gathering the bleached bones which lie upon the prairie and selling them. Time failed us to visit the Sioux Indian Reserve of Chief White Cap, but we accepted as compensation a half-breed encampment near Saskatoon. Forty-nine Red River carts were drawn up and formed a square *corral*, wherein were gathered the half-breeds. Half a dozen boys were sporting themselves, throwing their knives in the air and letting them fall to the ground, reckoning the number of times the blades stuck in the ground. The elder lads had dug a hole in the prairie and made a fire, by which they were cooking their dinner. In primitive garb arrayed they were making bread, using a frying-pan as an oven, and the product of their labour appeared to be very good. The brigade of carts had journeyed from Battleford to Saskatoon at the rate of twenty miles a day, and the return trip would be accomplished within the same time. Slowly we travelled southward, and when darkness had fallen heavily upon us, we were roused from our dreams by the shrill whistle announcing our approach to the Royal City of the West. Weary pilgrims glided homeward, singing as best they could "Home Sweet Home."

ROBIN RUSTLER.

Moosejaw, Assiniboia.

A young lady was recently married in the South and the local newspaper made this notice of the event: "Miss Marielon Armstrong is one of those rich, rare, ripe beauties in face, form, mind and soul that by their virtues, power and worth gave to the South a race of heroes that has never been approached in manly manliness by any land or any clime."
—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

Stray Notes.

Over Their Afternoon meal.—First Goat: What wonderful progress has been made in lithography of late years.

Second Goat—Yes. Things look daintier; but really the ink they use isn't half so sweet as it used to be.—*Brooklyn Life*.

* * *

Plenty to Be Done.—"I can't find anything to do," groaned an unfortunate hack writer to Sheridan, who had been advising him to buckle down to work.

"Can't find anything to do?" cried Sheridan. "Why, man, don't you know that not a line of Dickens has been written yet?"—*Puck's Cyclopaedia of Anecdotes*.

* * *

Worthy of a Crown.—Plain Citizen (to editor of Dinkeyville *Clarion*): Why do you call Wahoo a prominent and influential citizen? He has never done anything worth noticing.

Editor—Hasn't, hey? Good heavens, man! He has just paid me two years' subscription in advance!—*Brooklyn Life*.

* * *

The Purist.—Publisher: How many words has your story?

Author—About three thousand.

Publisher—But, my dear fellow, we can't make a book out of three thousand words. It wouldn't fill fifteen pages.

Author—Yes; but I've used the words over and over again, you know.—*Puck*.

* * *

Regular Rates.—Young Man: I have a poem here.

Editor (after examining it)—Well, how does ten dollars strike you?

Young Man—That's really more than I expected.

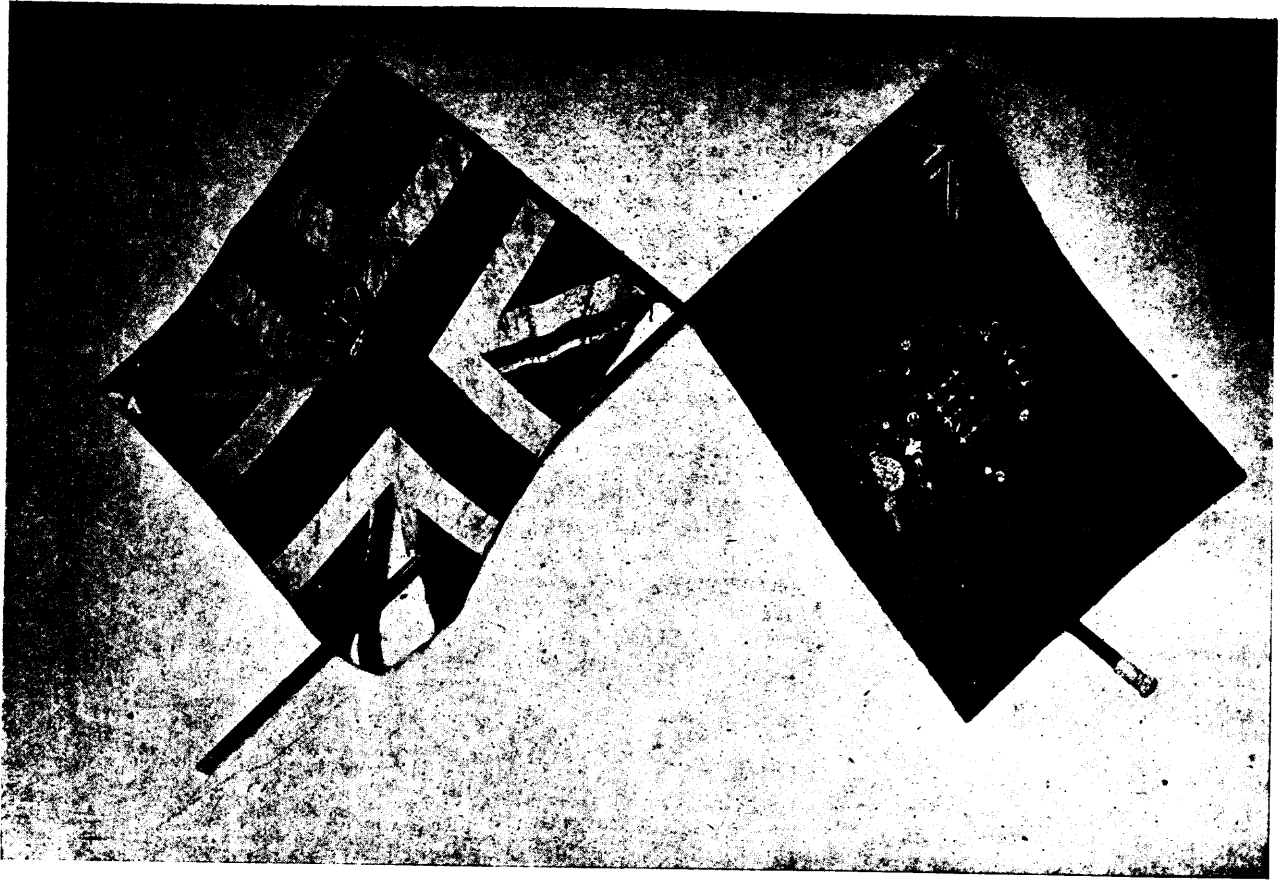
Editor—Well, we can't publish such a poem as that for less than ten.—*Judge*.

Mrs. Moulton's Writing Room.

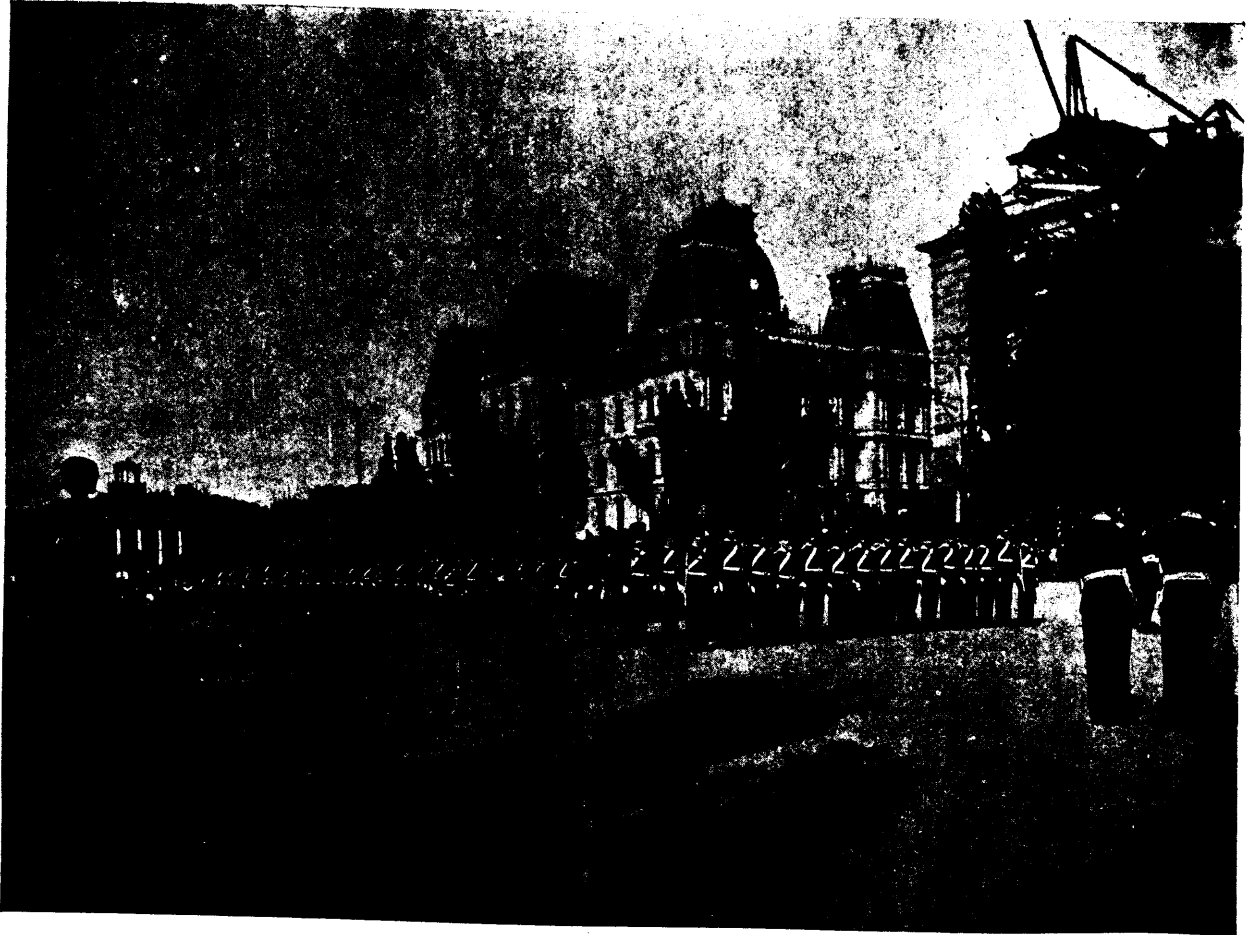
Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton's place of writing is the front room on the second floor of her house. It can hardly be called a study, for there is nothing severe or professional in its aspect. In the centre of the room is a table always filled with the newest books, and from the walls look down pictures of poet or saint, or ideal form of beauty. The dainty desk has no official character, nor has its possessor any fixed methods of composition. A flower, a passing face, a sunset, a storm at sea, a picture, a thought or an ideal vision, each in turn will touch the spring of her poetic power and the melody flows forth.—*Boston Budget*.



FLOWER-GATHERING.

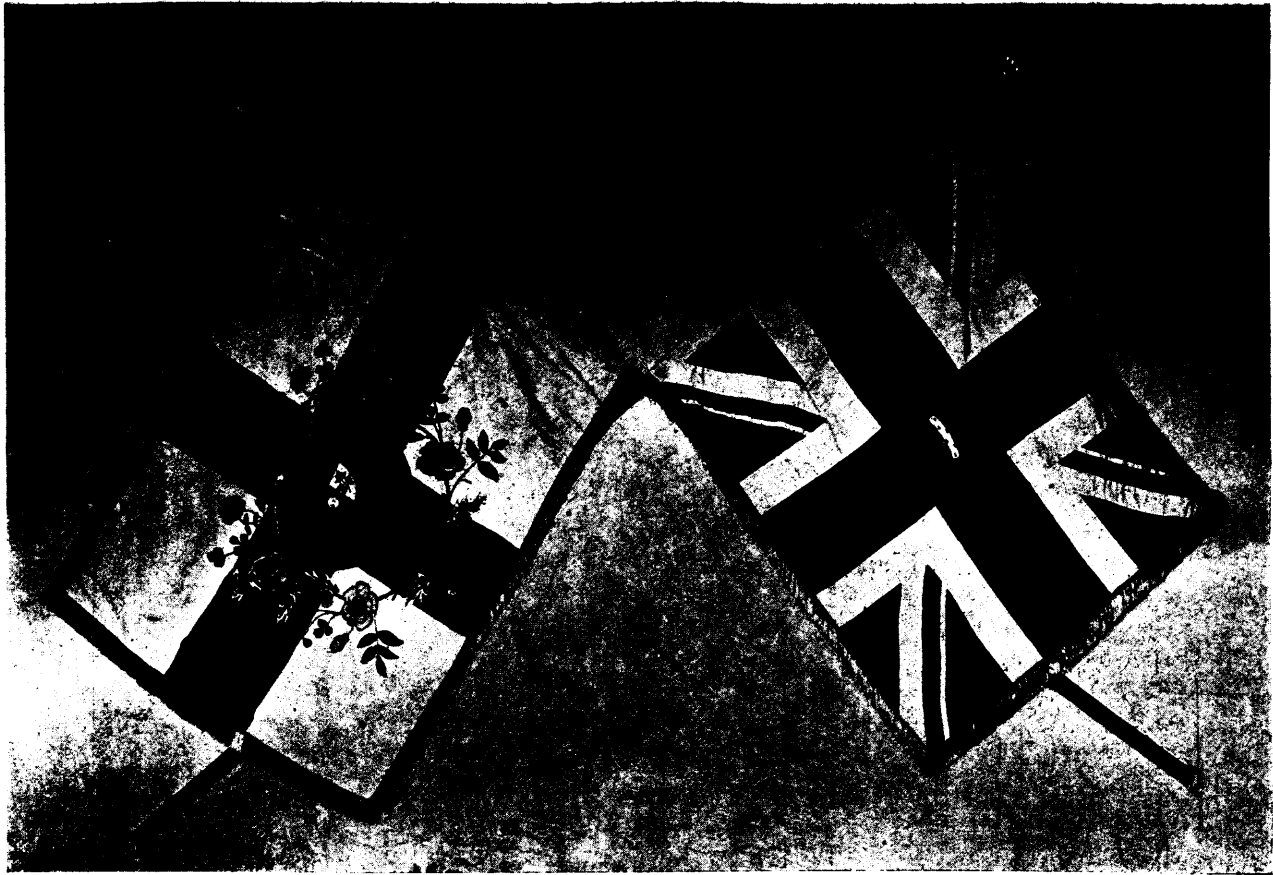


THE OLD COLOURS.

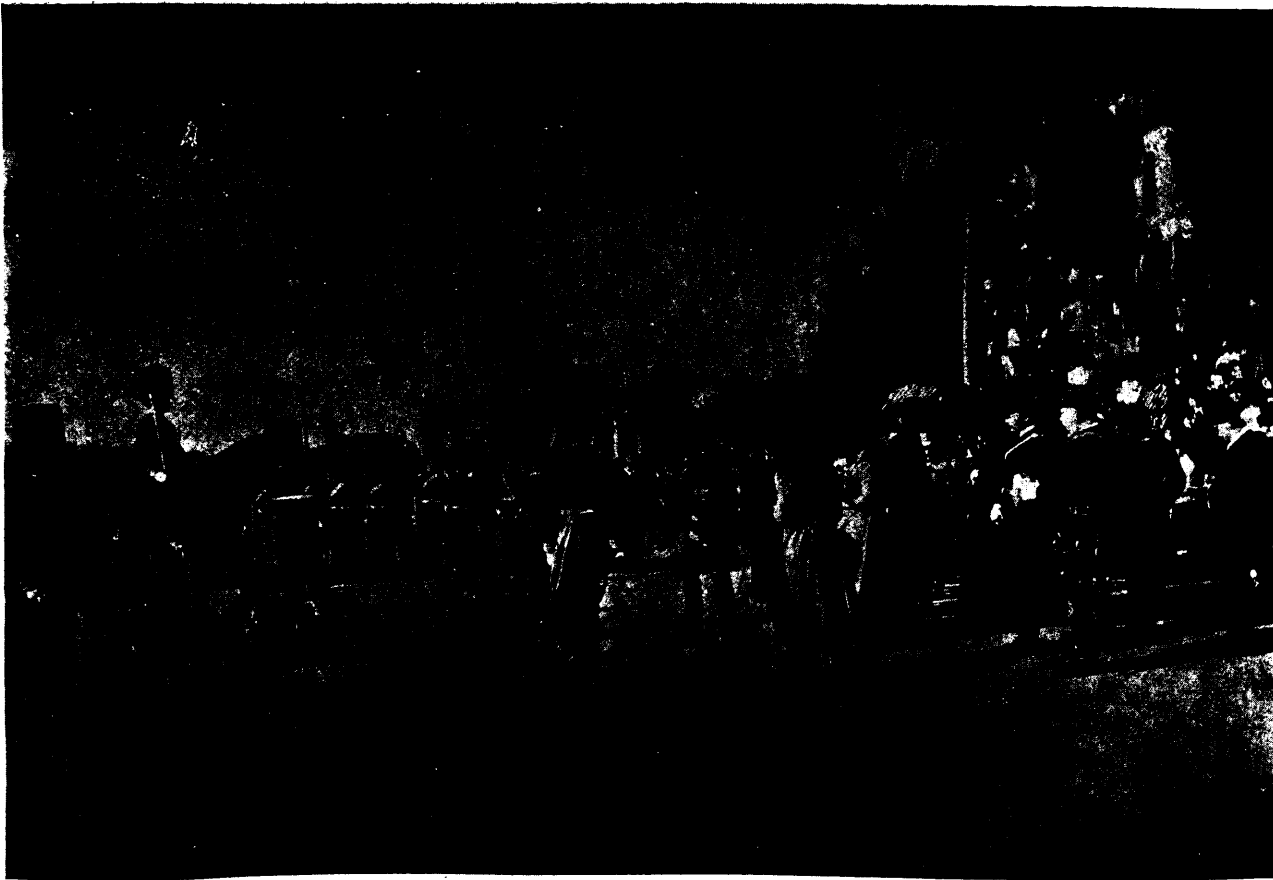


INSPECTION OF THE REGIMENT BY MAJOR-GENERAL HERBERT.

PRESENTATION OF NEW COLOURS TO THE

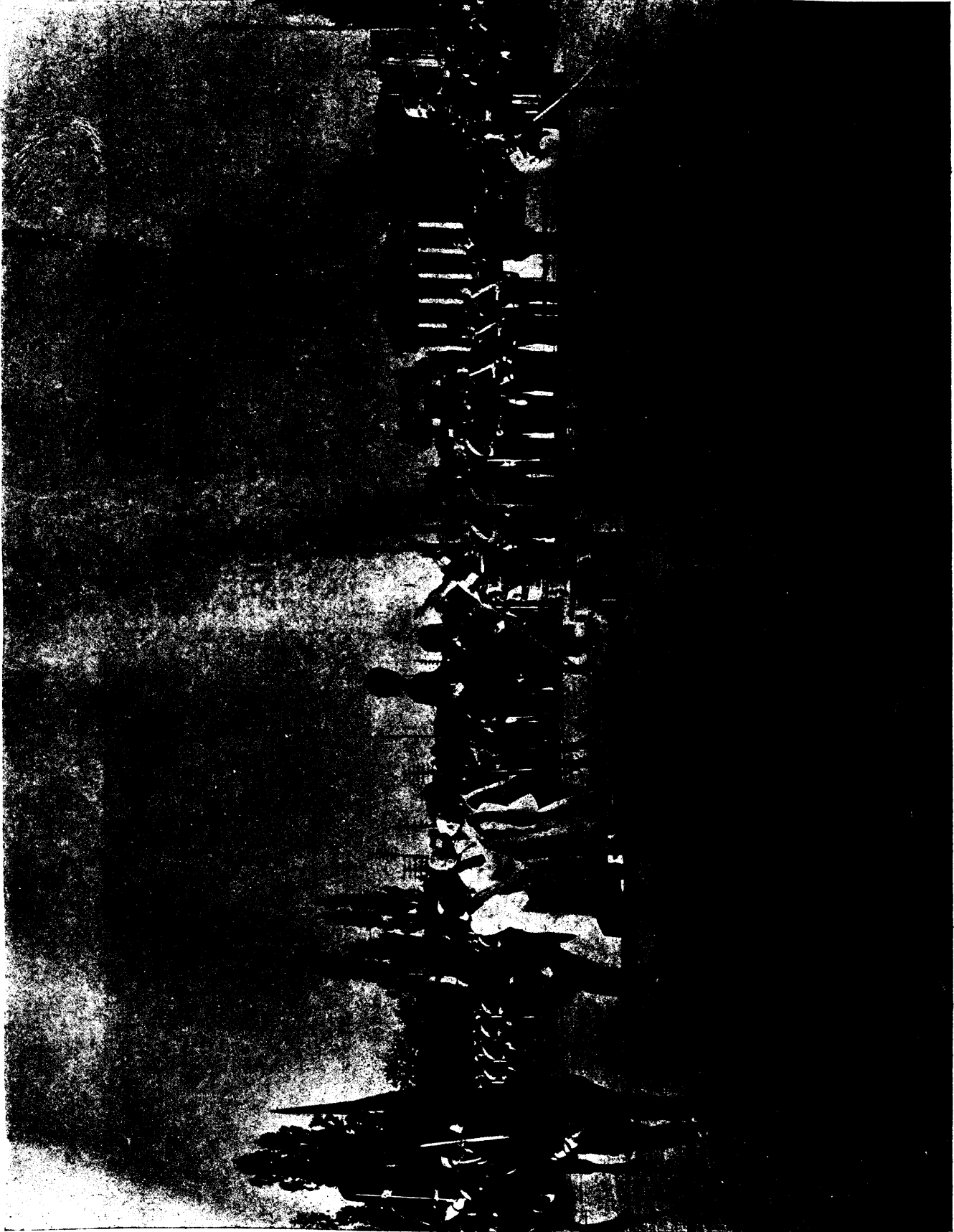


THE NEW COLOURS.

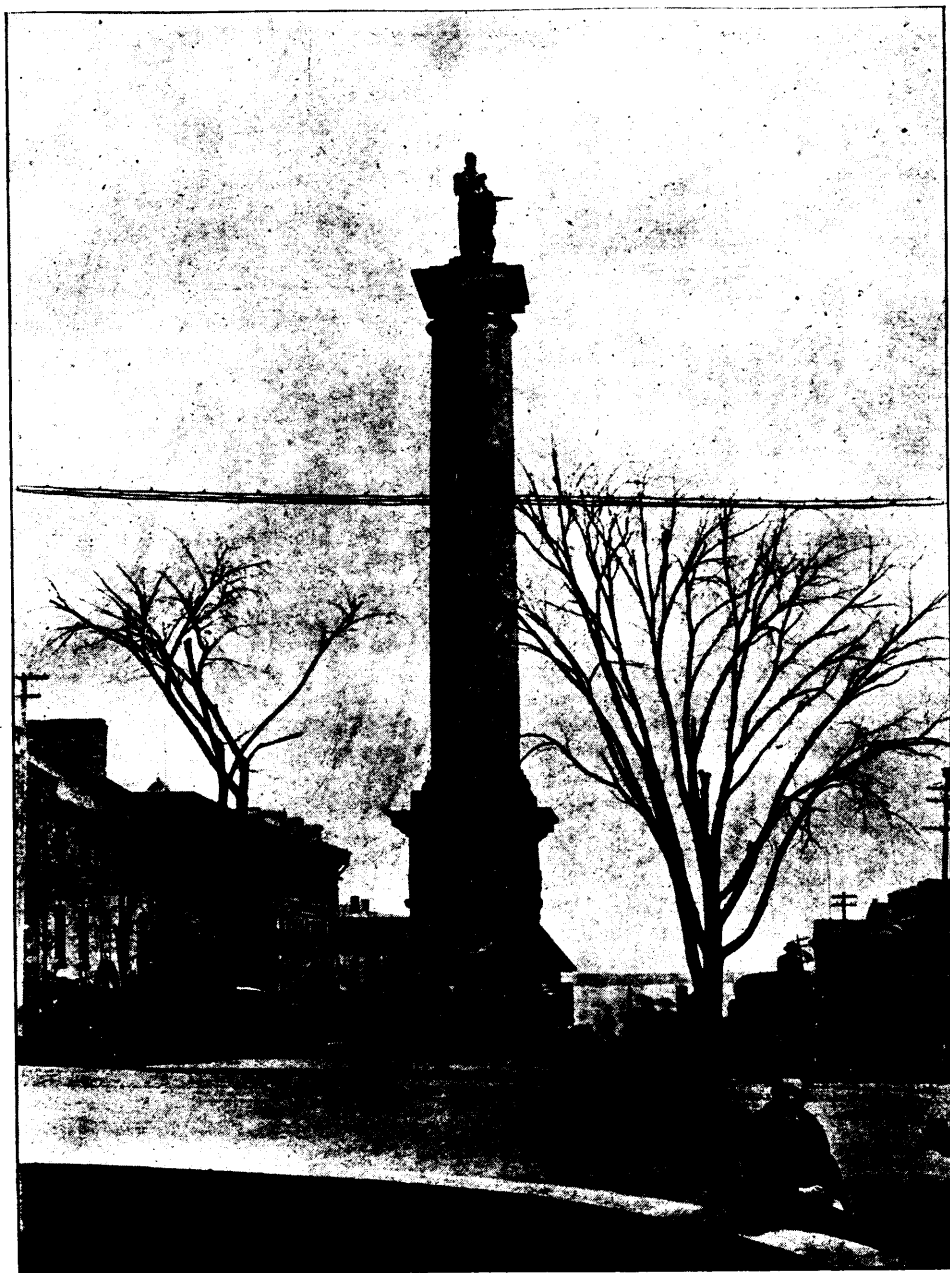


MAJOR-GENERAL HERBERT ADDRESSING THE OFFICERS AFTER THE PRESENTATION.

USILIERS, MONTREAL, 6th JUNE, 1891.



PRESENTATION OF NEW COLOURS TO THE SIXTH FUSILIERS.—THE CEREMONY OF CONSECRATION.



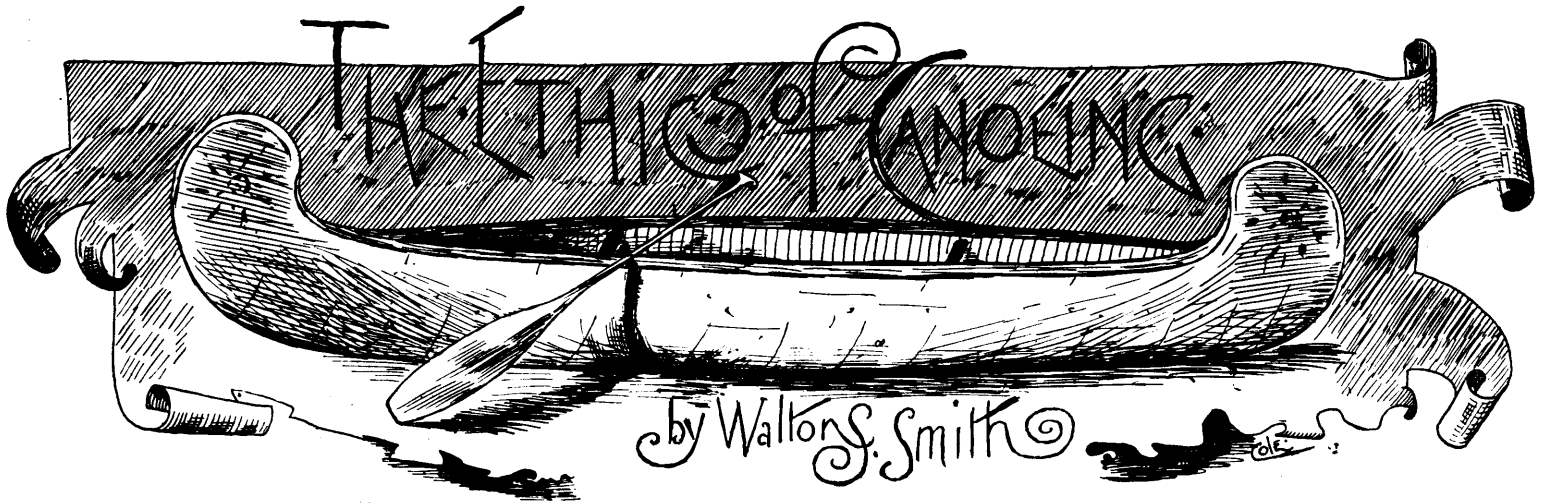
NELSON'S MONUMENT, MONTREAL

OLD MONTREAL.

COPY OF ORIGINAL SUBSCRIPTION LIST FOR THE ERECTION OF NELSON'S MONUMENT.

MONTREAL, 180,		SUBSCRIPTION.	
Thomas Forsyth	12	“	“
Ch. de Lobiniere	6	“	“
J. B. Raymond	5	“	“
Kenneth Walker	2	“	“
Rod. Mackenzie	12	10	“
Carried forward		£251	13 4
The gentlemen of the Social Club	100	“	“
J. M. Mondelet	2	“	“
Jno. Blackwood, jr.	10	“	“
James Caldwell	4	“	“
S. Gerrard	20	“	“
W. Henderson	7	“	“
H. Robertson	15	“	“
Louis Charland	5	“	“
Wm. Hamilton	4	“	“
A. McKay	10	“	“
Thomas Howard	20	“	“
J. M. Gray	5	“	“
R. Wadsworth	1	“	“
Thomas Blackwood	4	“	“
L. Lyman	1	“	“
R. Grant	5	“	“
John Ogilvy	20	“	“
Thomas Thain	10	“	“
John Molson	10	“	“
George Wardell	8	“	“
A. Cuyler	3	“	“
George Selby	4	“	“
J. Somerville	2	6	8
W. Shatrel, jr.	2	6	8
J. R. Welles	5	“	“
R. Sym	1	3	4
John Gregory	5	16	8
David David	15	“	“
J. Wilson	2	6	8

W. Blake	2	6	8
Robert McKenzie	5	“	“
Pierre Foretier	1	3	4
T. Vothier	10	“	“
Joseph Lumothe	1	“	“
Alex. Henry	2	“	“
A. Cameron	5	“	“
Carried forward		£591	13 4
James Berss	2	“	“
A. Logir	2	“	“
J. Shay	2	“	“
P. Shakle	2	“	“
James Cowie	2	“	“
B. Gosselin	1	“	“
S. de Beaugueur	2	10	“
F. Desrivier	5	“	“
J. Stuart	5	“	“
J. La Croix	3	“	“
A. G. Winklefass	10	“	“
H. Lordell	2	“	“
F. Summerman	4	“	“
Richard Brooks	5	“	“
William Logan	5	“	“
Alex. Allison	10	“	“
Alex. Davidson	10	“	“
Edward Edwards	2	“	“
James Swan	2	“	“
Dom. Bousseau	5	“	“
Jas. Tough	7	10	“
William Ireland	2	“	“
James Brown	2	“	“
Sam David	2	“	“
C. Laframboise	2	“	“
J. Paison	3	“	“
A. Gillis	1	“	“
John Lilly	2	“	“
Et. Cherrier	1	3	4
R. Gillespie	2	“	“
M. Dumas	1	3	4
S. Dumas	1	3	4
Peter Luken	1	3	4
B. Gibb	2	“	“
Richard Dillon	1	“	“
William Sanderson	1	“	“
J. Bouthillier	1	3	4
Amount brought forward		£706	10 “
Jos. Bedard	2	“	“
Pierre Berthelot	3	“	“
John M. Arthur	1	3	4
J. P. Leprohon	2	10	“
B. Beaubien	2	6	8
St. George Wupcr	2	“	“
J. Blakely	5	“	“
R. Cruikshank	5	“	“
Louis Lamontagne	1	“	“
J. Mountain	10	“	“
Phillip Shorts	1	“	“
Finley Fisher	3	“	“
John Clark	3	“	“
Alex. Dowie	2	6	8
George Moffatt	1	“	“
John Vickie	1	“	“
James Finley	1	“	“
Pierre Lambert	5	“	“
Ken. Mackenzie	1	“	“
John Gray	5	“	“
Louis Guy	4	“	“
John Mure, of Quebec	1	3	4
Thomas Porteous	10	“	“
J. Reid	5	“	“
P. H. Latour	2	“	“
Robert Gilmour	1	3	4
W. Porteous	2	6	8
W. Gilmour	2	6	8
Connard Masteller	2	“	“
Thomas Busby	2	“	“
H. Mackenzie	2	6	8
David Shirk, of Cornwall	7	10	“
Alexander Kennedy	2	“	“
Duncan Cameron	6	“	“
Will Sax	2	“	“
E. Deschambault	1	“	“
Amount brought forward		£828	13 4
David Smith	1	“	“
J. Christian, H. M. N. B. Regt	2	“	“
Joseph Donegani	1	3	4
James Mackenzie	5	“	“
John Sayer	5	“	“
Peter Grant	5	“	“
Edward Ellur, of London	20	“	“
William MacKay	10	“	“
H. Fraser	10	“	“
N. W. Coy	100	“	“
Col. Ellis	10	“	“
Norman A. McLeod	5	“	“
Interest		1,002	16 8
		120	
Jan. 8th, 1806.		£1,122	16 8
Committee appointed by ballot :-			
Sir John Johnston	46	votes	
J. Monk	38	“	
J. Richardson	46	“	
J. Ogilvy	47	“	
L. Chaboillez	44	“	
			Hon. J. McGill. £10



(CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 556.)

"We cannot take it along, you know," said my friend, hesitatingly.

"Suppose not!" I agreed, doubtfully. Another exchange of guilty looks, then:

"Pillows get lost sometimes," quoth Cary, "especially when you are running rapids." And he looked at the *habitant* again.

Neither of us said anything, but I pointed to the pillow with a gesture and smile; he took it, eyed me questioningly a moment, then, reassured by my nod of acquiescence, tucked it under his arm with a proprietary air.

"She need never know," I muttered to my companion, as we proceeded to stow the carpets, etc., back into the canoe.

"I suppose she meant well," he returned; then he glanced from his coat to his white flannel trousers, and added doubtfully, "but—but—" He did not finish the sentence, but there was that in the halting delivery thereof that suggested tears, and was far more eloquent than the most vivid poem.

It may be that the reader requires a key to all that has been said regarding that pillow. Ah, sir and madam, there are, as you must be aware, subjects which require to be handled with great care. That was no ordinary pillow, and it required careful handling—*vide* my friend's hands! Let it suffice that it was a great loss—we treasured it, not because of its *monstrous* value, nor yet on account of its being comfortable—other pillows might be purchased and would be quite as serviceable. But we held this particular one as very precious because of the way it had come into our possession, and because of the source whence it came—"verbum sat sapienti."

You who have been afloat in a canoe, far remote from home and mother, with the darkness approaching and a portage of about a hundred yards in prospect over several fences, one steep hill and a ploughed field—you will understand and sympathize! Sympathy is sweet, and 'tis encouraging to address oneself to an audience who understand—so I now speak to you, O vast congregation of sports!

Has it ever come to you, after a hard day's paddle, when darkness is gathering, that home is a beautiful place? It is to us, and in consequence, though we said little, we repined much. I could never exactly account for it; the only explanation is that my companion's vile temper was stirred to more than usual violence and so beat down the barrier of amiability wherein I am accustomed to be entrenched. Moreover, I was hungry and very weary—consequently, for all men are mortal, I became less on my guard and thereby liable to do that which, in more composed moments, my soul would abhor. And added to this, a demon entered my being—why, I ask, should I personally be blamed because a demon entered my being?

When I became sensible of the fact that my vitality was low, we were making a portage up the side of the cliff, which was on the west bank of the river. We were obliged to do this in order to reach the canal. Being very prudent, as well as very brave, we thought it best not to venture over the last and most dangerous rapid of the river in the gathering dusk.

On reaching the crest of the cliff, Cary dropped his end with a nasty exclamation, and went on wrathfully:

"I believe you have loaded that abominable grip of yours with lead?"

Then he seized the offending article and cast it viciously into the stern, in order that the weight complained of might fall more heavily on me. For a moment I felt disposed to do or say an unchristianlike thing, but sternly I repressed the desire.

In silence we resumed our laboured march. I saw that my companion was also very tired and—such is the selfishness of a man who is possessed of a demon!—I rejoiced that it was so.

It gave me a devilish pleasure to push my end on hurriedly whenever I saw him stumble over rough ground. We had gone about half the length of our portage when we came to a fence. As we approached I noted that the earth thereabouts was swampy, and accordingly that demon whispered his fiendish council into mine ear. I saw Cary stumble, and, with a baleful chuckle, gave my customary mean little push. Just as I did so, however, I also reached the marshy tract, and plunging forward myself converted my mean little push into a violent shove, which precipitated my companion into the fence. He dropped his end of the load and burst forth into a wild wailing lament, the words whereof are mere detail. And I, still holding to the stern, finding the motion of our burden thus suddenly arrested, discovered that the instrument I had used to torture my friend was converted into an obstacle which I could only get over by falling headlong into. I did so promptly, and banged my nose against one of the thwart.

"Oh you—you idiot! Why did you drop it?" I shrieked, and Cary burst into a peal of hysterical laughter.

"I nearly stove in a rib against this blamed fence!" he panted at length, in an interval of brief gravity.

I watched him for a moment with rage unspeakable; then—such things are so horribly infectious—I began to roar with laughter myself. But no, it was not laughter, it was a miserable burlesque of the same, and, while it lasted, tortured me beyond words. Finally we staggered to our feet, and, in sullen silence, seized our burden. And therewith—also staggering and in sullen silence—we moved on doggedly until at length it was launched in the waters of the canal.

That was the second lesson of the great grim teacher who drives home such bald and uninteresting truths—and it went far towards destroying my childlike trust in myself and in mankind.

Fortunately there is an end to the longest period of trial, a light to follow the blackest night! To the weary traveller in the desert there is an oasis in prospect, where water bubbles from the earth and birds sing gaily as they fit to and fro amongst the fresh green foliage. To the storm-tossed mariner there is the harbour light. All wandering pilgrims have comforts in futurity—and we were even as they. To us came rest eventually, and therewith the reward of those who labour much with their hands—to wit, a hearty appetite!

"Supper for ten hungry men," quoth Cary, entering the hotel at Chambly, and I almost forgot that he had offended me, that he had not only dealt a sad blow to my trust in human nature, but had, at the same time, been instrumental in allowing me to become possessed of a demon.

My companion had never before been in that haven of rest—the hotel at Chambly—yet, with an instinct that was simply marvellous, he led the way into a long, brilliantly-lighted room, with a counter running across the opposite end. A man in shirt-sleeves stood behind this counter, and behind that man were many rows of bottles.

I gasped and said,—“Oh Cary!” Nevertheless I followed him meekly.

For a quarter of an hour we talked in a desultory way with the man behind the bar, whom my friend addressed as a coatless minion, then we were summoned to supper,—Oh, that supper!

We kept two maidens busy running to and from the kitchen for nearly an hour ere our appetites showed signs of repletion.

Finally my friend leant back in his chair and gave utterance to a sigh expressive of deep content. And his gaze, which before had scarcely once left his plate, wandered fitfully about the room to settle at length upon the prettiest of the two girls who had ministered so faithfully to us. He eyed her contemplatively a moment, then said:—

"Thank you dear, I have really done!"

The girl looked at him and smiled, then she gazed at her companion and they both smiled—finally they giggled in unison and fled into the kitchen.

Thereupon Cary tilted back his chair, put his thumbs into the armholes of his vest, and declared himself.

"That's the way!" quoth he,—“no use in a chap being too uppish at a country hotel, especially if he has a pretty girl to wait upon him.”

Need I say that I remonstrated? But this did not serve to bring out more clearly the darker shades that were in my friend's character. Moreover, it was another experience that went to show the truth—that all men are more or less base. Cary was not only deep, he was capable of taking advantage of the innocence of one whom he called his friend. He did it by appealing to a passion that is latent in all mankind, to wit, the love of filthy lucre! And this was his *modus operandi* :—

He drummed softly on the table and stared thoughtfully at me the while; at length he said loftily:

"Your mind is too gross to appreciate the delicate workings of the female heart!"

No man likes to be told that his mind is gross, is it to be wondered if I protested?

"Women are coy!" quoth Cary, grandly; "they like a little delicate attention, though they may pretend to resent the same!"

Then he knocked sharply on the table. "Bet you a dollar I get a kiss from that pretty one now!" he said.

I rose to the bait eagerly and pulled out my money—even as he had calculated on my doing—just at the moment the fair damsel re-entered the room in response to his summons. She tripped demurely to the table and I saw her bright eyes linger an instant on the bill I had drawn from my pocket, and pass thence to the one Cary held forth in a particularly ostentatious manner. I noted that her glance was comprehensive, but methought surely so fair a damsel was not possessed of a mercenary nature. Alas, 'twas but another illusion to be destroyed by experience—that ruthless dealer in truths.

My friend addressed the maid in an affable tone, "What is your name, my dear?"

"Marie, *M'sieur!*"

"Marie; eh? Ah! Very pretty name indeed—and you are a very pretty girl." He rose from his seat and held the money towards her, adding: "I cannot say how I appreciate your goodness and the—er—er—graceful way in which you have waited on us. Let me present you, and—" as she advanced to take the money, "allow me!"

The scoundrel took her outstretched hand, placed the dollar bill in it, closing his own palm firmly over all, to prevent her escape (a needless precaution, by the way; she was gentle as a lamb, the hussy), then putting his arm around her he imprinted a—, is he not a scoundrel? But the end was not yet. I was perforce obliged to pay the same fee and go through the same ceremony with the other, who I

may state was of homely aspect. When we had lighted our pipes, and were discussing another glass in the bar, preparatory to retiring, I gave Master Cary a lecture on the duplicity of his conduct, and the dollar which he had mulcted from me by his sharp practice. The first was given with hearty good will, the last with extreme reluctance, and the recipient thereof took both with characteristic hardihood; he hearkened to my first rebuke without moving a muscle, and he pocketed my money with a nervous contraction of the left eyelid. Verily the wiles of the wicked are tortuous and obscure!

"Experience," said Cary sententiously, "is a hard master, but it's lesson is necessary. Like all necessary things it costs money," beyond that he said nothing. And so it was I first came to sit at the feet of the great and very grim teacher of truths whom men call "Experience"—and so it was that a change came over me whereby many once cherished illusions were ultimately destroyed.



The only lacrosse match of any importance played last Saturday was that between the Cornwalls and the Shamrocks, in which the large number of nine games was required to decide the match. Of course it should be remembered that one game only occupied twenty seconds and the other only thirty. The quality of the lacrosse was not up to championship form, that is, not continuously so; two games were fast and well contested, when players on both sides recognized the fact that they had a man to cover and to check and not merely chase a ball and do individual work. There are not many grand stand players on either team, but there seems a sort of epidemic forgetfulness that a team consists of twelve men, and that what is known as "team" play occasionally simplifies matters considerably. Outside of the games spoken of, there were five which were very loose indeed; not but that there were many clever and attractive bits of play and some brilliant runs and hard checks, but taken from a general point of view they did not come up to the standard that both clubs are capable of reaching. A singular feature of this match was the difficulty with umpires. It is a long time ago, if it ever happened at all, since it was found necessary to change umpires twice during the progress of a match. It may have proved the necessity for absolute carefulness in the choice of officials, and as such may serve a good purpose in the future. Still this system of changing is a bad one, for one reason. When an umpire is changed after a game has been given, there can be but one opinion in the minds of the spectators, and that is, that the game was not scored, notwithstanding the fact that it counts as such. It is one of the beautiful paradoxes in our national game that an umpire may be removed for giving a game where none was scored, while the team, which that aforesaid umpire credited with scoring, is allowed to count that self same game. The system is absurd on the face of it. If the ball goes between the poles and a goal is scored, why should the umpire be removed for saying so? If the ball does not go between the poles and the umpire is removed for saying it did, why should that particular game be credited to a side that did not score? Now, it is all very well to talk about official decisions having nothing to do with bets on amateur sports. Everybody knows that considerable money changes hands at every lacrosse match. It may be sinful and all that, but the fact remains just the same, and a majority of the people who support the game financially by their attendance usually have a little "something on", and those who lose on a decision like Saturday's naturally think that they have been defrauded. It is all very well to say that people should not bet, but when people do bet they ought to have some little protection at a lacrosse match as well as at a race track. There is one remedy for this. Our lacrosse magnates have done some ponderous legislation in their time, and a very simple little bit might be added to the already voluminous laws. If after taking evidence the referee considers it his duty to change umpires, why not let that same decision be equivalent to disallowing the game in dispute?

Another noticeable thing in this Shamrock-Cornwall game. That was the fact of a player being allowed to remain on

the field after committing a most deliberate foul that may have marked a man for life and that might have blinded him. Hughes, we all know, is a hard man to play on; he is not the gentlest of players either, and there are multitudinous fractures of the law down to his credit; still that is hardly an excuse for the very foul blow dealt by Kelly. And again, if Carpenter had wielded his stick in the way he was entitled to when anybody interfered with him and the ball was not in the bounds of the regulation crease, he would probably not be suffering from a sore leg. It might be as well for referees to understand that the position of inside home is not one of licensed butchery. There is a law to prevent this sort of thing, but it is a very defunct one, and referees pass it over with a placidity that is marvellous.

A summary of the games, and the names of the playing teams are subjoined:—

Game.	Won by.	Scorer.	Time.
First.....	Cornwall.....	Turner.....	4 45
Second.....	Shamrock.....	McKenna.....	15 00
Third.....	Cornwall.....	McCutche.....	5 30
Fourth.....	Shamrock.....	Tucker.....	2 00
Fifth.....	Shamrock.....	McKenna.....	0 30
Sixth.....	Cornwall.....	Danaher.....	0 20
Seventh.....	Shamrock.....	McKenna.....	3 00
Eighth.....	Cornwall.....	Danaher.....	9 00
Ninth.....	Cornwall.....	Black.....	1 30

Cornwall.	Position.	Shamrock.
Carpenter.....	Goal.....	Reddy
Crites.....	Point.....	Brophy
Murphy.....	Cover Point.....	Duggan
H. Adams.....	Defence Field	Dwyer
Riviere.....		Devine
Hughes.....		Murray
J. Adams.....	Centre.....	Kelly
Turner.....	Home Field	McVey
Danaher.....		Neville
See.....		McKenna
Black.....	Outside Home.....	Cafferty
McCutcheon.....	Inside Home.....	Tucker

Referee—P. McKeown.
 Umpires—Hunter, Scanlan, Brennan, Robertson.
 Captains—McLennan and Polan.
 Timekeepers—Tansey and Black.

In the provincial championship series the struggle this season promises to be keener than ever before. The Crescents for two years past have, so to speak, been attending a picnic and managing the lemonade counter themselves. They had everything their own way and there was some excuse for the popular belief that the earth was theirs and the fullness thereof. Just about now, however, there seems a flaw in the title and there are other aspirants for championship honours. The Orients and Montreal Juniors will be heard from in this connection before long. The latter teams are playing a really good game, and some of the senior teams might take recruits from their ranks with considerable advantage. Of course the Crescents beat the Orients a couple of weeks ago with a big B, but the game the latter played kept the victors busy, while on Saturday last the match played between the Montreal and Orients gave promise of much better things. The Orients have the speed, in fact are as fast a team as can be found almost anywhere, but they are a little short in staying power and they want to practice together. If their team play came anywhere near their speed the provincial championship trophy would change hands at the end of the season.

On Dominion day the Montreal and Toronto clubs will again cross sticks in their series for the cup. It would be hard to imagine that they will play a better game than they did in Montreal, but the Torontos have been working hard and so have the Montrealers; and if practice makes perfect, there will be recorded such a match as the Queen City has not seen for some time past. It is likely too that the Montrealers will be strengthened by the addition of the Hodgsons, but at the time of writing this is not definitely settled. The question of the trip to Cleveland has not been fixed either, but if all arrangements work well the Ohioans will see such lacrosse as has never been seen in the United States before. There have been championship teams who have visited cities on the other side and played with local clubs, which were too far outclassed to make the matches interesting ones, and there have been Canadian and Indian teams give exhibitions, but I think this is the first time when the two best teams in Canada ever crossed the line and showed the sporting Yankee lacrosse idea how to shoot. It will do the

national game good among our cousins and when next they are invited to Cleveland they may meet a twelve—certainly not able to beat them but to make a fair showing. Good example goes a long way and ocular demonstration is much better than a whole library of books of rules.

Everybody these days is talking horse and there is some excuse for it, with the prospect of three days' fine racing dazzling the eyes of the lover of the thoroughbred. The Bel-Air Jockey Club has been more successful than could have been reasonably expected as far as preliminaries are concerned. I think it was Charles Dudley Warner who said that water was an important constituent in the make-up of a river, and in racing horses come in about the same ratio as the water. The more the merrier and the better racing. With such a list of entries as have been received and anything like decent weather, there is scarcely a possibility that we should not see the best race meeting ever held in the Province of Quebec. The track has been made as good as human skill and money can make it. It will not be particularly fast, but there should be no reason for sore feet and dropping out after the first day. The trainers and jockeys who have been out during the past week have told me that for working a horse a better track could not be found; and these men, who know what they are talking about, usually incline to be hypocritical. For horses entered in several races this is just the condition of affairs to suit them and the result ought to be large fields every time the starter handles the flag. In the opening scramble there will be nine starters and the same number are down for the Plate. Twelve horses are down for the \$300 purse and seven are in for the Merchant's purse. With the seven in for the "Walker Club" handicap there should be seen a splendid race and the purse, too, is a valuable one. The Derby and "El Padre" handicap will be the leading attraction of the second day. For the latter there are thirteen entries and it would take a prophet to place one, two, three in the list. Besides these there will be the purse races, which altogether will go to make an attractive programme. The Carlslake stakes for three-year-olds will be the race best worth watching on the third day, and with thirteen entries it ought to be one of the features of the meeting. Only four—Volga, Economy, Calgary, and Polydora—of the original entries have declared out in the race. In the "Walker Club" handicap there are seven declarations—The Chicken, Overstone, Flip Flap, Skylark, Repeater, Wild Thorn and Duke of Bourbon. The declarations in the El Padre stakes are—Sun Bonnet, Sam Wood, My Fellow, Pericles, Calgary, The Chicken, Zea and Wenonah.

R. O. X.

The Phonograph Foreseen.

Phonography is thus described in the April number, 1632, of the *Courier Veritable*, a little monthly publication in which novel fancies were frequently aired:—"Captain Vosterloch has returned from his voyage to the southern lands which he started on two years and a half ago, by order of the State-General. He tells us among other things that in passing through a strait below Magellan's, he landed in a country where Nature has furnished men with a kind of sponges which hold sounds and articulations as our sponges hold liquids. So, when they wish to dispatch a message to a distance, they speak to one of the sponges, and then send it to their friends. They, receiving the sponges, take them up gently and press out the words that have been spoken into them, and learn by this admirable means all that their correspondents desire them to know."

Corano de Bergerac, in his *Historie comique des Etats et Empires de la Lune*, whose first edition is dated as early as 1650, is still more precise. He relates that the genius that guided him to our satellite gave him for his entertainment some of the books of the country. These books are enclosed in boxes. "On opening the box I found inside a concern of metal, something like one of our watches, full of curious little springs and minute machinery. It was really a book, but a wonderful book that has no leaves or letters; a book for the understanding of which the eyes are of no use—only the ears are necessary. When any one wishes to read, he winds up the machine with its great number of nerves of all kinds, and turns the pointer to the chapter he wishes to hear, when there comes out, as if from the mouth of a man or of an instrument of music, the distinct and various sounds which serve the Great Lunarians as the expression of language."—*From Scientific Dreams of the Past*, by ALBERT DE ROCHAS, in the *Popular Science Monthly* for July.



A VETERAN OF WATERLOO.

The anniversary of Waterloo has again come around, but the two great nations who crossed swords on that eventful 18th June are now on the best of terms, and long may they so continue. Few, very few, of the many thousands who took part in the great fight remain. Of our own army only four officers survive to celebrate the seventy-sixth anniversary of the day; these are General George Winchester, who served in the 52nd Light Infantry; Lieut.-Col. William Hewett, a captain of the 14th Regiment, and Ensigns Schamhorst and Trittan, of the King's German Legion.

It is not generally known that among the citizens of Sherbrooke, P.Q., resides an old gentleman who fought on that momentous day. Such is, however, the case, and we have pleasure in herewith presenting an excellent portrait of the gallant veteran. His name is Maurice Shea, and his life has been a most eventful one, full of stirring accident by flood and field. He is not yet a centenarian, but if vigour and good health give promise of many years to come, Mr. Shea will celebrate his 100th birthday in excellent form. He was born in the County of Cork, Ireland, on the 1st of August, 1794, and in 1812 joined the Kerry militia, thence enlisting in the 73rd Regiment of foot in the following year. From the depot he went on to Holland, where his battalion was at that time serving. Here he saw a good deal of service with the army under command of Lord Lyndoch, and was there when the whole world was startled with the news that Napoleon had escaped from Elba, and all the British troops in the low countries were ordered into Belgium, and put into cantonments. The battle of Waterloo soon followed, and the 73rd took an active part in that terrible day of pounding, losing heavily; but the subject of our sketch came through untouched, although men were killed all around him. On the day after the battle the army marched on to Paris, and on arrival there encamped outside the walls; and Mr. Shea mentioned, in a recent interview, that he frequently saw King Louis XVIII. and his escort pass the camp on his way to St. Cloud. In December the regiment was ordered home, and landed on English soil at Ramsgate, marching thence to Canterbury, where they were received with unbounded enthusiasm; and where the mayor and corporation—having no fear of a temperance newspaper before their eyes—threw open the public houses to the men at the civic expense. The 73rd were not long permitted to enjoy the comforts of home life. After recruiting at Canterbury they were sent off to India, where they remained for four years, during which Mr. Shea saw a great deal of active service in field operations against the native tribes. After four years of this duty the corps was ordered home, to go by way of St. Helena; when that famous island was reached they heard of the death of its great occupant, and twelve men of the regiment were allowed to go ashore to see his tomb, and of this party Mr. Shea was lucky enough to form one. The battalion proceeded to England and arrived safely; shortly afterwards Mr. Shea—then holding the rank of corporal—was honourably discharged from the service with the following document:—

I hereby certify that Corporal Maurice Shea has served under my command in the 73rd Regiment for a period of nine years, both as non-commissioned officer and a private; and that during that time he conducted himself as a faithful, honest and intelligent man, and maintained a most excellent character.

Given under my hand and seal,

At London, the 18th March, 1822.

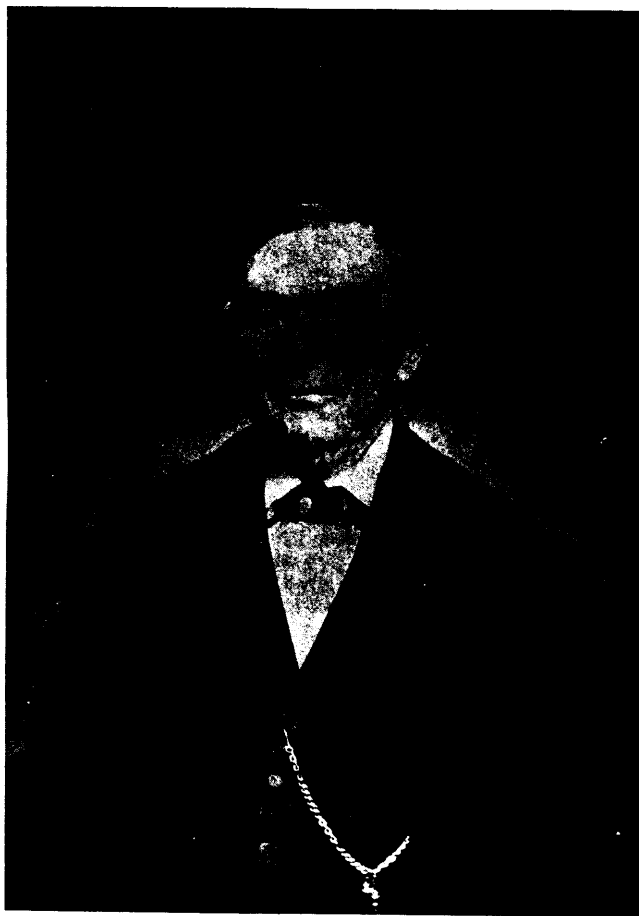
(Signed), M. C. O'CONNELL,
Lieut.-Col. 73rd Regiment.

Mr. Shea celebrated the event by taking to himself a wife; the good lady still lives and is in excellent health. After leaving the army he entered on civil pursuits until 1835, when the formation of a British Legion to aid the Queen of Spain in her struggle against Don Carlos, revived his military ardour, and he joined as Quartermaster-sergeant of the 10th regiment. The Legion soon sailed for Spain, and on arrival there was pushed out to the front, and soon became actively engaged with the enemy. Our hero took part in no fewer

than twenty-six engagements during the progress of the campaign, and relates many stirring incidents that came under his knowledge; the Carlists were men of bravery and resolution, but their valour was marred by gross acts of butchery, their leaders acting on the barbarous rule of giving no quarter to prisoners. Many men since prominent in Canadian life served in the British Legion, among whom may be mentioned Dr. Godfrey, the well-known Montreal physician, Col. Ermatinger, Major Richardson, Stewart Derbishire, and Lieut. Roach, afterwards chief clerk in the office of the Provincial Secretary. Mr. Shea was promoted to the commissioned ranks during the war, being first appointed quartermaster and subsequently entering the combatant branch with the rank of lieutenant. He holds two valuable mementoes of his service in the Legion, one of which is the "Order of Isabella II," with the following certificate:

"Conferred on Lieutenant Maurice Shea for meritorious conduct before the enemy, and particularly for gallantry at the attack on the enemy's lines in front of San Sebastian, on the 5th May, 1836. Signed by De Lacy Evans, Commander-in-chief of the British Auxiliary Legion of Spain, at his headquarters, San Sebastian, 11th June, 1836."

The other reads as follows:



LIEUT. MAURICE SHEA, A VETERAN OF WATERLOO.

SAN SEBASTIAN, 10th March, 1838.

I certify that Lieut. Shea, then non-attached, was posted to do duty with the artillery of the British Legion, on the march of the troops against Irun and Fontarabia, that he was present with my battery of field guns during those operations, and was present at the capture of both places, and that his conduct was highly deserving and brave.

(Signed), EDWARD HOWE, Major,
Commanding Artillery B. A. Legion.

After the war Lieut. Shea returned to Ireland, and remained there until 1847, when he came out to Canada. It was the trying time of the ship-fever epidemic, and contagion raged terribly in the vessel which carried him and his family; he lost four children and was himself very near to death. He served for some time in Captain Forfar's troop of constabulary, raised in Montreal, and on its disbandment obtained a position in the Montreal jail, which he retained until a comparatively recent date. A few years ago he removed to the beautiful city of Sherbrooke, where he has since resided. Lieutenant Shea was twice wounded in action; the first time in the campaign in Belgium, and again in India, where he received a ball through the leg. He proudly owns the Waterloo medal, with its red and blue ribbon, having on one side "Wellington and Waterloo, June 18, 1815," and on the reverse, "George, Regent;" on the edge is inscribed

"Maurice Shea, 73rd Regiment." We are sure that all our readers will join us in hoping that the old veteran may be yet spared many happy years of the life temporal. When death comes, few men in Canada can meet it with a prouder consciousness of having done his duty for his Sovereign and his country.

THE OLDEST CAST IRON BRIDGE IN THE WORLD.

We reproduce from the *Scientific American* an illustration of Coalbrookdale Bridge, the oldest cast iron bridge in the world. It spans the River Severn, on the west coast of England, close to the town of Ironbridge, which takes its name from the structure referred to. The bridge was erected in 1779, by Mr. Darby, the then owner of the Coalbrookdale Iron Works, and from its novelty was considered a great curiosity, exciting much interest; it is light and graceful in design, as will be seen from the engraving, its span being one hundred feet, while it has a total rise of forty feet.

THE CRICKET MATCH ON MCGILL COLLEGE GROUNDS.

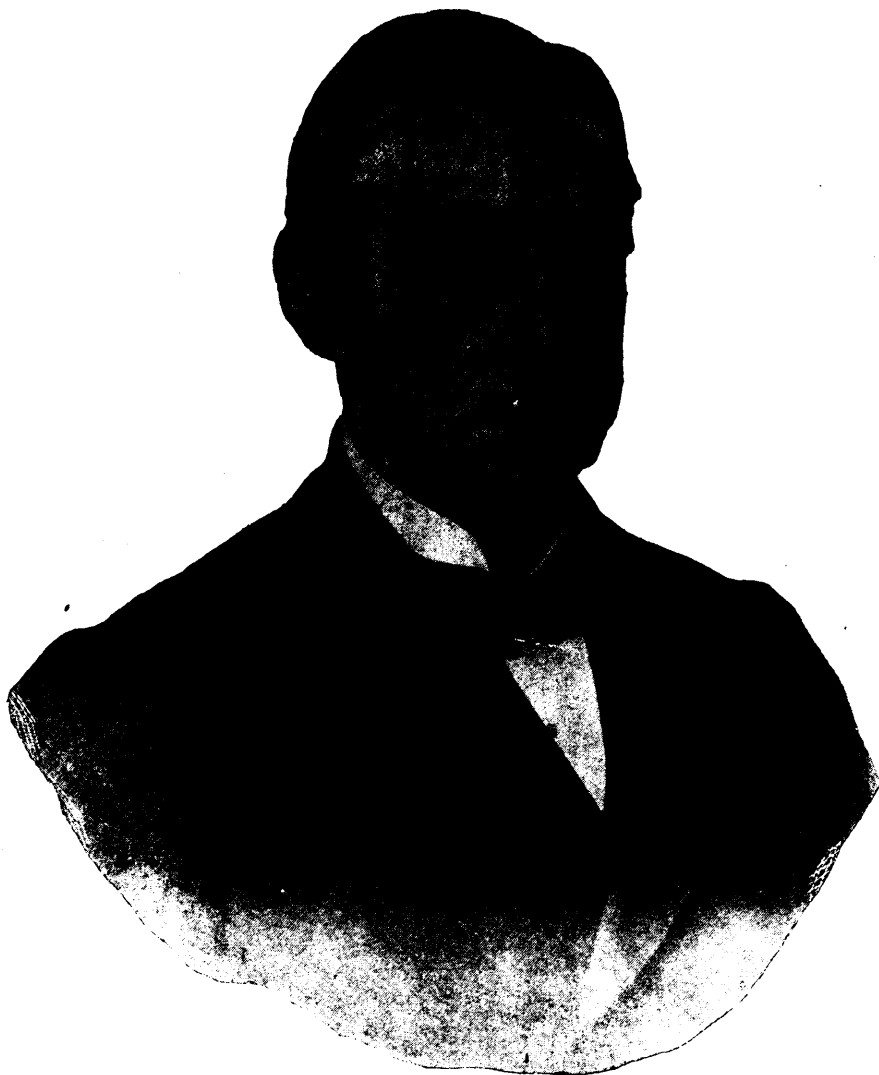
On page 624 will be found an engraving of the cricket match which took place on McGill College Grounds, Montreal, between the eleven of Bishop's College School, Lennoxville, and the McGill Cricket Club, on 6th instant. The match was played all day, and resulted in a substantial victory for the visitors by eight wickets, the scores running as follows:—McGill Cricket Club, 26 and 62; Bishop's College Club, 76 and 15 for two wickets. Of the winning eleven, Messrs. Douglas, Drury and Conyers carried off the honours in batting, while in bowling Messrs. Stone and Lloyd did most execution; for McGill the first innings was weak all round, but in the second Messrs. Mackie and Hamilton played well and run up two scores, while Messrs. Harrod and Mackie trundled in excellent style.

MAGAGUADAVIC FALLS, ST. GEORGE, N.B.

One of the most beautiful scenes in Charlotte County, New Brunswick, is the Magaguadavic Falls, near the mouth of the river of the same name and close to St. George. Adjoining the Falls are the mills in which is polished a red granite found in the vicinity. These works furnish remunerative employment for about two hundred hands and occupy the site of large lumber mills that existed here until about twenty years ago, when the comparative extension of the neighboring timber mills gave warning that other industries must be fostered. The principal market for the fish product is found in Ontario. A quantity of gray granite from the St. John's river is also polished here. Our engraving shows part of the Falls and of the mills referred to.

LORD MOUNT-STEPHEN.

We append a portrait of this gentleman, so well known in Canada as Sir George Stephen, who was created a Peer by Her Majesty on her last birthday; it is especially noteworthy as being the first occasion on which any Canadian has attained that high honour. We say Canadian, because although Lord Mount-Stephen was a native of Scotland his entire business life and associations are bound up in Canada and Canadian enterprises. He was born in Dufftown, Banff, Scotland, in 1829, and came out to Canada in 1850, and three years later went into partnership with his cousin, the late William Stephen. On the death of the latter in 1860, the former bought out his interest and greatly extended the business, who proved remarkably successful. He is chiefly known for his connection with the Canadian Pacific Railway, in which he held a very large interest and was president for a short time. His charitable gifts have been very large, the chief being one of \$500,000, made in 1887, towards the founding of the Royal Victoria Hospital in Montreal, in honour of the Queen's jubilee. In 1885 the Government presented him with the Confederation Medal, and the following year the Queen created him a baronet in recognition of his services in connection with the Canadian Pacific Railway. He has occupied the honourable positions of Director, Vice-President and President of the Bank of Montreal, and has been associated with many of the most important business enterprises of this city. In 1833 he married a daughter of Mr. Benjamin Kane; their only child, a daughter, was married in 1873 to the Honourable Henry Stafford Northcote, younger brother of Lord Iddesleigh. On his recent honour he received congratulation from all classes of the Canadian people.



THE LATE SIR A. A. DORION, Chief Justice of Quebec.

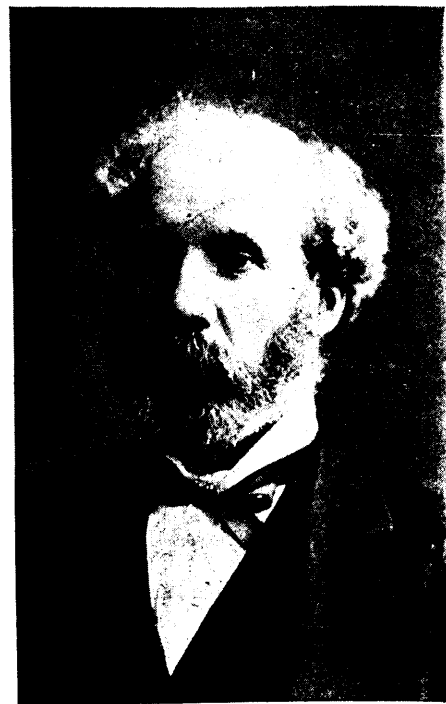
On the morning of the 31st May there passed away one who not only stood highest in the roll of the Quebec judiciary, but who had in former years taken a prominent part in the most noteworthy political events in Canada's history. To a certain degree his death, and the interest which such has awakened, has been overshadowed by the demise of the great Premier; although it must be remembered that Sir Antoine Dorion's political life practically ceased seventeen years ago, and to many of the readers of to-day he is known only in his judicial capacity.

Antoine Aime Dorion was born in the parish of Ste Anne de la Perade, in the County of Champlain on the 17th of January, 1818. His father, Mr. P. A. Dorion, was a general merchant of that place, was highly respected and of considerable influence; he represented his county in the Legislative Assembly from 1830 to 1838. His mother was a daughter of Mr. P. Bureau, who had represented the county of St. Maurice in the House of Assembly from 1820 to 1834; it will therefore be seen that the late Chief Justice came from good political stock. He was educated at the parish schools and at Nicolet College, whence he entered on the study of law; in January, 1842, he was admitted to the Bar of Lower Canada, and commenced practice in Montreal, where from his skill, good judgment and courteous manner he found hosts of clients. In 1848 he married the daughter of the late Dr. Trestler of this city, and six years later was elected to Parliament as one of the Montreal members. From his youth he had taken a marked interest in politics, espousing the *rouge* or Liberal side, and at an early stage of his Parliamentary career became the recognized leader of the French section of that party, being in close accord with the late Hon. George Brown in questions of public policy. In the famous two-day administration formed by Mr. Brown in 1858, on the rather unworthy attack on the Government by condemning Her Majesty's choice of Ottawa as the capital, Mr. Dorion took the portfolio of Commissioner of Crown Lands; but immediately afterwards was forced to lapse into Opposition. At the general election of 1861, Mr. Dorion ran for Montreal East but was defeated by

Mr. Geo. E. Cartier, and prepared to devote himself to his profession. In the case of a man of his calibre, it was, however, only a question of time before he should again take a prominent part in public affairs, and in 1862 the opportunity came. On the 30th of May of that year the Government (Macdonald-Cartier) was defeated, and in the new Cabinet Mr. Dorion was appointed Provincial Secretary, which position he resigned in September on the ground of inability to support the Intercolonial Railway policy of his associates; he shortly afterwards, however, resumed office as Attorney-General, East. In March, 1864, the Administration was defeated, and Mr. Dorion once more took his seat on the Opposition benches.

Mr. Dorion was an opponent of Confederation; but, on the completion of that glorious event, did not retire from public service, and at the first general election was elected member for the County of Hochelaga and represented that constituency for several years. In the general election of 1872, he was returned for Napierville; and on the downfall of Sir John A. Macdonald's cabinet in 1873, and the formation of a new administration by Hon. Alexander Mackenzie he became Minister of Justice, until appointed Chief Justice of Quebec on the 30th of May, 1874, when he received the honour of knighthood from Her Majesty. This position he retained until death.

He was a man of strict integrity, high principle, and courteous manner. In his judicial capacity his rulings were everywhere commended on the ground of law and strict impartiality. An excellent linguist, he was equally at home in both English and French; and in his removal from his high office, the loss to the Province and to the Bench of Canada is universally deplored. His death, like that of his great opponent, was comparatively sudden. On Wednesday, 27th May, he was taken ill, with what at first appeared to be only a slight cold, but which rapidly developed into paralysis of the brain; and in the early morning of the following Sunday he passed away, fortified by the last sacraments of his Church, and conscious of having devoted his life and talents to the service of Canada.



The Late Mr. John Lewis.

The late Mr. John Lewis, Customs Surveyor at the Port of Montreal, whose death occurred on the 9th inst., was a gentleman who, not only on the score of long and faithful service, but because of his eminently fine qualities as a man and a citizen, deserved and held the high esteem of his fellows. Born at Caerwys, North Wales, on May 20, 1820, he came when a young man to this city as an imperial customs officer. His service here began in May, 1841, and he had therefore completed half a century of service before death claimed him. Mr. Lewis was a capable and conscientious official, holding the full confidence of the department. He was deputy collector during 1865-66, and was on several occasions appointed a commissioner to investigate matters relating to the customs. He was an active member of St. Paul's church, a warm friend of the Y.M.C.A., and so liberal in spirit that the work of the Salvation Army met with his hearty approval. A friend of athletics, he filled the position of president in both the Victoria Rink and the gymnasium. He was a member of St. George's Society, and held the office of president; belonged to the Celtic Association and the Welsh Society, and always manifested a warm interest in the welfare of his countrymen. An eminently philanthropic and broad-minded man, his influence was at the command of every worthy cause. His death, which occurred after only a brief illness, is mourned by very many persons outside his family circle and intimate friends.

The Hero of Thobal.

The London *Canadian Gazette* says:—It may interest Canadian readers to know that Lieutenant Charles Grant, V.C., whose distinguished services have won for him the title of the "Hero of Thobal," is associated with Canada in more ways than one. His father, Lieutenant-General Grant, of the Madras Staff Corps, is a frequent visitor to the Dominion, and is possessed of property near Vancouver. His brother, Mr. James Grant, has for some years farmed with success at Griswold, in Manitoba, and so strong does the military instinct run in the family—whose motto, "Stand fast, Craigellachie," Sir Donald Smith, by the way, made memorable in Canadian history at the driving of the last spike of the Canadian Pacific Railway—that his brother served with the 91st Regiment all through the North-West campaign. A daughter of General Grant is married to an English resident of Manitoba, and is also settled near Griswold.

The first electrical pinnace constructed for the British Navy was launched recently. She is built rather for roominess than for speed, having a capacity for forty fully equipped men. Her length over all is 48½ feet, with 8 feet 9 inches beam and 2 feet 3 inches deep. The accumulators are contained along the sides under the seats and consist of 70 cells giving 140 volts. The transformer is placed under the stern. She is designed for a speed of eight knots per hour, and will run from ten to twelve hours without recharging the accumulators. It is estimated that the cost of running this boat will not exceed that of a steam launch of the same capacity.



**"The Baby" Costume—Pretty Lace Hats
—A Remarkable Woman—How to
Make Bread—The Wedding Season—To Dress the Neck
Tastefully.**

"The Baby" costume is one of the most charming little dresses I have ever seen for a girl's simple evening attire. It may be worn at home or at a small party, and even in a ballroom would not be too plain, for its very simplicity is its greatest elegance. It is one of many lovely creations of a French house in New Bond street, and deserves a very careful description. The skirt and bodice are made of plain white *crepe de chine*. Round the hem of the skirt is a frill of gauze ribbon of a bright green with stripes of satin in it of the same colour; these, I regret to say, are not given in the illustration. The bodice is plainly gathered to the neck in baby fashion, which gives the name to the dress. Then the green gauze ribbon, which is exceedingly wide, is brought from the side seams folded, and crossed in front, and tied



behind in a large bow with long ends. The same gauze ribbon taken in its whole width is gathered on for the sleeves, which are beautifully light looking. Thus one has an exceedingly elegant, simple-looking dress, which can be made of very costly or very inexpensive materials, and yet which could never look ordinary—for ordinary people would fail to see or feel the *cachet* that lies in so plain a costume, and

would want something much smarter and more gaudy. I think we owe a debt of gratitude to those people who, being exceedingly tasteful themselves, help us by creating really lovely things to educate our own taste, and I also think we owe it to our home people, friends, and the public generally to make the best of ourselves, to hide our defects, and to enhance our advantages. Does this strike you as vanity? It never does me, but as much a social duty as to behave oneself at the dinner-table, or elsewhere. Some people, by neglecting the most common little attentions to their toilette, make themselves into positive eyesores, and by their manner seem to think they have achieved some great moral victory. On the contrary, I think it the worst possible compliment they can pay to Providence, the Creator of everything lovely, and fail to see virtue in studied ugliness.

But, I am meandering on, when I ought to be telling you about the new pretty lace hats, which will be immensely worn this summer, once the weather manages to be consistently and durably warm. Though the glittering serpents are still seen, they are not likely to last long in favour, and, to most people, the idea of wearing reptiles anywhere about one's person is decidedly repugnant. I therefore give you some sketches of garden-party and fete hats which are becoming to all and every type of feminine physiognomy. The first is composed of cream of ecru guipure, and lined inside with pink chiffon of the palest shade of salmon. Outside the whole crown is composed of roses and their foliage, but they must be of a salmon shade also, and fastened by a bow of deep moss-green, black satin or velvet ribbon. The



second is of lace straw in a golden brown colour, lined inside with dove-grey crepe, and trimmed with yellow jonquils and their flag-like leaves, outside. The black lace hat that forms the third of my illustrations is a delicate confection of Chantilly point, arranged in *coquilles* or shell-shaped gatherings, and the crown may be trimmed with any pretty spring blossom you like, but in two colours. For instance, yellow and lilac hyacinths are very much worn just now in Paris, so are two-coloured varieties of orchids, or the very fashionable carnation, in lemon or ceise, the latter being the favourite "Malmaison"—the chosen blossom of the fair Duchess of Portland.

A remarkable woman has died in Madame Blavatsky. She appears to have been born an occultist, for in her early youth she was learned in fairy tales, and a ready listener to all the legendary lore that her nurses could give her. Like many of the badly-managed Russian children, she was allowed to defy her nurses and master her governesses, whom she would simply leave to fly up to her den in the attic, where lived numberless tame pigeons, who she declared told her endless fairy tales in their cooing. Everything in animal life seemed to have a special significance for her, and she a mysterious fellowship with it. After living years in Thibet with the Buddhists, she was one of the first to introduce theosophy to England. She might be certainly called the high priestess of the religion—if so it may be named—and was apparently much looked up to by Colonel Olcott and Mr. A. P. Sinnett, who are two faithful disciples, and may

now be ranked as priests themselves of the mysticism. In his book, "The Occult World," Mr. Sinnett gives an account of the miracles performed by Madame Blavatsky in India, in causing roses to fall down from the ceiling at dinner time, of receiving little pink notes wafted to her in the air, in filling empty water-bottles at a picnic, and in suddenly producing extra teacups when they were required, etc., etc. But very unfortunately, the miracles would not come at her bidding in England, which was really a pity, as she might have had an immense success otherwise. I shall never forget my only sight of her, which happened at an evening party at Mr. Sinnett's. On a low sofa I saw sitting a very short woman, so enormously stout that she reminded me of nothing so much as a large jelly-fish lying flat on the seashore. She had a very heavy cast of face, with half shut, what are called gooseberry eyes. Her costume was a loose sort of black dressing gown, and she smoked cigarettes incessantly, which though very usual in Russia, seemed hardly polite at an English evening party. She was the great lady of the evening, and held quite a little court, being surrounded by admiring theosophists. She struck me as a person who had a vast belief in herself, and this often compels the faith of others. One of her latest converts was Mrs. Besant, whose name has been so long known in connection with that of the late Mr. Bradlaugh. Like Mrs. Girling, the Queen of the Shakers, many of Madame Blavatsky's followers had entire faith in her immortality, and received quite a severe shock when they found she had succumbed to the usual fate of all mankind.

I will now, according to my promise, continue from last week the subject of how to make bread. First, be very careful to have everything extremely clean and dry—your hands and arms above all—the pan in which you put your flour, and the flour itself. To save trouble we will suppose that you are baking with German yeast. The proportion will be one ounce to four pounds of flour. Put the piece of yeast into a basin with warm water, and stir it until it is the consistency of cream. Then make a hole in your flour, and pour in the yeast, stirring it round with a wooden spoon two or three times until it is like a thick batter. Scatter some flour on the top, and set it by, not over, the fire to rise, with a clean warm cloth over the top of the basin. This rising or sponging process will take twenty minutes. When this time has elapsed, flour your hands, which must be spotlessly clean, and working up the flour, knead it till the dough no longer adheres to the hand. Then leave it in a nice round dumpling shape in the basin, and with a warm cloth laid over it set it again by the fire, where it must be allowed to rise for an hour. Then cut it out with a knife and make it up into loaves. Before baking throw a scrap of the dough into the oven to try the heat. One of the things about which you must be most particular is, never to allow your bread when rising to get cold or chilled, nor must it at any time be made hot, but kept at a very gentle even warmth. If you bake your bread in tins, be sure to butter them well first, previously warming them. In putting the dough into these, remember that it should only half-fill the tin; and cutting a cross on the top of the loaf, put it into a fairly brisk oven for an hour, pushing the tin to the hottest part for half-an-hour more. To see if it is quite baked, run a knife into it, and if it comes out clean the bread is done; but if the dough adheres to it, it proves that the inside is still uncooked, when return it immediately to the oven. Having by means of your knife tested that the loaves are sufficiently done, you should turn them topsy-turvy in their tins, and return them to the oven for a quarter-of-an-hour, so that the sides may be thoroughly hardened, dry, and crisp. Never stand bread fresh out of the oven to cool in a draught of air, as that will instantly make it heavy; and remember also that it takes longer to bake in an iron, than in a brick oven. To ascertain the right heat of an oven requisite for baking bread, a country recipe says that you should be able to hold your hand inside whilst you count up to twenty; if you can do that, it is fit for the loaves. Once you have tried making bread, you will find how very interesting it is, and how well rewarded you feel when the lovely loaves come out of the oven, light and beautiful, and smelling as only home-made bread can smell.

The wedding season is setting in with great severity, and it is decidedly difficult to give any fixed fashions for attire suitable to the occasion, because wedding garments follow the modes of the day, translated by the taste of the wearer. As varied as people's taste is, so do we see a remarkable difference in wedding gowns. Some like to make the greatest display possible, and that their bridal toilet should

be the culminating splendour of their general appearance. Others, with a greater appreciation of the occasion, and the solemn dedication entailed upon them, prefer—and I heartily approve of their choice—to wear a beautiful but very simple attire, which embodies or carries with it the feelings and tone of the wearer's mind in its suitability to the purpose and ceremony for which it is intended. I have a funny fancy—a romance, a sentimentality, a superstition—call it what you will—that one's wedding dress should be worn on the day of one's marriage, and on that day only, and never again. I have been so disgusted with innumerable brides that I have seen, appearing and re-appearing in their bridal finery perpetually, and I recall one in particular, who was not extremely youthful either, who even after the birth of her little girl still presented herself at evening parties in the everlasting old white satin dress and orange blossoms



that had done duty so interminably since her long-past wedding day. I, therefore, give you a sketch of a costume that is simple, and yet rich enough to please people of both ways of thinking. The underdress is entirely composed of white *crepe de chine*, in a plain skirt very slightly gathered to the waist, and trimmed with a flounce round the hem. The bodice is quite plainly drawn to the neck, and waist, which is encircled with a girdle of any white flower preferred, the same reappearing in tiny posies to keep up the puff of the sleeves, also in the neck, and in the hair. The train is of white silk, brocaded with the now very fashionable design for such beautiful stuffs, of true lover's knots. It is quite untrimmed, being sufficiently handsome, in the richness and thickness of its own texture. The veil is of tulle, and, when the wearer has them, should be fastened to the hair by diamond stars, or pins.

To dress the neck tastefully is a great art, and it is one in which French people excel, seeming to have a special talent for manipulating the dainty "confection," as they are called, that are used for this purpose. There are all kinds of pretty novelties appearing now in this line, such as chemisettes of *crepe* with tiny pleated frills down the front to wear underneath silk jackets, others puffed, or crimped like shells, forming a soft fluffy border to the neck of red, lilac, rose, or blue. Then there are ruffs of delicate black lace intermingled with little sprays of lilac, or any other spring flower. Many of the ordinary neck trimmings are of galon worked with beads of various colours, and edged with that kind of fluffy ravelled silk that so much resembles feathers. Lace, however, is to be far more worn this year than hitherto, and on many a thin summer dress you will see a wide piece of cream coloured, or *ecru* lace turned out from the neck, and allowed to fall either like a round collar on to the shoulders, or as a pointed piece that terminates only at the waist. So I give you a sketch of this pretty fashion; also a simple jabot of lace, or chiffon, for a high dress, and another lace arrangement that will be found very useful to smarten up the bodice of an old silk dress for



home evening wear. Of course there are innumerable other ways, but I think that you will find these new—and, I hope, useful—for the present.

Our London Letter.

LONDON, June 6, 1891.

It has in every way been a very eventful spring publishing season, *pace* a number of reviewers who have, in default of anything special to write about, and having exhausted what as a matter of fact was a very long list of particularly interesting and entertaining books, been complaining of its barrenness. One of the literary events has been of course the *debut* of the new firm of publishers, of American extraction, Messrs. Osgood, McIlvaine & Co., who act over here as the agents of Messrs. Harper Brothers, of New York, who have hitherto been represented in a spasmodic sort of way by Messrs. Sampson, Low & Co. These new publishers are beginning very auspiciously, having already published some of the best books of the year, notably Mr. Oscar Wilde's "Intentions" and Mr. Thomas Hardy's "A Group of Noble Danes," in which novel Mr. Hardy deserts his native Wessex and his simple country folk to write about fine ladies and of 'good society.' Perhaps the change is welcome, if it only helps to show Mr. Hardy's versatility, but his admirers will be grievously disappointed if they have no more of his charming descriptions of Dorsetshire life and scenery.

To tell the truth it is getting quite wearying—I mean the daily chronicling of Ibsen's success. He is triumphing all along the line, and the worst of it is that his enemies don't see it. Some of them are men of culture, men of refinement, but their language when they get on the Ibsen question is like that of the Heathen Chinee, 'plain' to use a very mild word. "Hedda Gähler," what a success it was! The old critics tried to argue that it was the acting, which they granted was magnificent, of Miss Robbins, of Miss Lee, of Mr. Sugden and Mr. Scott Buist which saved a bad play and which turned it into a success. And then when the piece is placed in the evening bill and only runs for a short time to indifferently poor houses, they turn round and say in effect "What did we say? Why that Ibsen was a fad, a fashion of a lot of morbid young men and women which would never be a success when played before the general public." Of course not; that is just the best of it, even in the failure the (so-called) Ibsenites get the best of the very poor argument. Ibsen is the dramatist of the cultured few, not of the many, who can see no beauty, truth or power outside the productions of the playwrights' ring—H. A. Jones, Pinero, J. R. Sims, Pettit and a few others. A good book is produced, a book in which the author has not sacrificed art to sentiment, or truth to balderdash, and although it may be hailed of the critics as a token of great joy, it is not a commercial success. Of course not, really great writers are always ahead of their generation; the only books which pay are those which are 'written down' to the intellect of the general reader, or sensational novels. The contempt of the masses should be the literary artist's greatest reward—he can then feel that he has done

good work, and the Philistine may scoff in vain. The merits of a piece of music are not judged by the number of its admirers, or we should have the professors extolling 'Two Lovely Black Eyes' instead of Beethoven, 'Little Annie Rooney' instead of Mozart; nor is the picture in the Royal Academy judged by the crowd which surrounds it, for it is the cheap, the tawdry, the sentimental, the trashy which attracts the masses. Another young actor of promise has essayed one of Ibsen's most difficult *roles* this week. (By the way Miss Ellen Terry has relieved herself of the opinion that the characters in Ibsen were so easily played—how could so clever an actress make so ridiculous an error?) Miss Rose Norreys is the third Norah we have seen, for "The Doll's House" has been acted three times, once by Miss Janet A. Church, who rose to absolute greatness in the character, and once by Miss Marie Fraser, who attempted too difficult a task, and now Miss Norreys, an actress who has done some very excellent work in the few years she has been before the public, and is now acting in one of the chief *roles* in "The Dancing Girl," has attempted the character and has succeeded but indifferently, although in the first scene she was particularly happy, for here her youth and natural spirits were of the greatest service. And now because this one actress has failed, and only just failed, the *Daily Telegraph*, which arrogates to itself not only the largest circulation but also the position of the premier theatrical daily, exclaims that now Ibsen is finished with, that his influence is over, and that he metaphorically, and his plays literally, must be put on the shelf. Oh, the pity of it!

Indeed everything points the other way, for the last fortnight has seen two burlesques, or rather satires on the whole Ibsen gospel, if gospel it is. Mr. J. M. Barrie (at least popular rumour, which in this case is almost certainly correct, ascribes to him the authorship) has written a smart little travesty in one act, which is now being acted at Toole's Theatre. It is described as a "Nedda in one act," and is entitled "Ibsen's Ghost; or, Toole Up-to-Date," and every line of it is extremely funny, full of subtle allusion and quaint quips. "Hedda Gähler" is the particular play burlesqued, but "Ghosts" and "The Doll's House" are also made the subject of laughter which rippled continuously from start to finish.

The other satire was by Mr. Robert Buchanan and was necessarily not so light or humorous, for in quiet legitimate humour no one can beat the clever author of "Window in Thrums" and "Thrums Gossip." Mr. Buchanan's play was tedious—very. He had attempted to burlesque the Ibsen gospel in a three act play of serious import, and necessarily failed—a burlesque if it is not spun out by songs and dances should never be longer than an act. "The Gifted Lady" as the play is called, (the title was changed from "Heredity" at the last moment for copyright reasons) might almost be taken as a dramatic version of the same author's "Coming Terror," which was noticed in this column some few weeks back. Mr. Buchanan stated in the book his likes and dislikes, and they are all dragged in by the heels, into his new play, for no other purpose than to be kicked and cuffed—metaphorically of course. The play was a failure, which the artists engaged did their best to obviate—Miss Fanny Brough, Mr. W. H. Vernon, Mr. Harry Paulton and Miss Cicely Richards all slaved at their barren parts, but with very little success. The wit and the sparkle were conspicuous only by their absence, and it is impossible to turn stone into cheese.

The Rev. Dr. Hermaan Adler, who was promoted on Thursday last to the post of Chief Rabbi of "The United Congregations of the British Empire," comes of a very old and a very distinguished Jewish stock, his father, who died last year, having held the post of Chief Rabbi before him, and his grandfather having been Chief Rabbi of Hanover. Dr. Adler is a graduate of the London, and Doctor of Logic of the Leipsic University, and is exceedingly popular among the English Jews.

The revival of Dion Boucicault's "Formosa" at Drury Lane is worthy of a casual mention. For these modern days the play is totally impossible, both from an artistic and pecuniary point of view—it is unreal and of the stage, stagey. The scene in which the Oxford and Cambridge boat race is introduced is admirably stage managed and given an opportunity for lavish display, but the two crews disport themselves in a totally impossible way—the fault is not theirs but the author's who apparently knew nothing of University men and of their life.

GRANT RICHARDS,

MEMORY AND BELLS.

I.

'Tis sweet to hear a brook, 'tis sweet
To hear the Sabbath bell,
'Tis sweet to hear them both at once
Deep in a woody dell.

—*Samuel Taylor Coleridge.*

I thought, to-day,—while the musical monitor, hanging in its tower near by, was “sprinkling the air with holy sounds,” and the villagers were entering the sacred porch,—how, when a boy in my father's house, I used to hear on Sabbath mornings the distant ringing of church bells among the Horton hills, sounding when the air was quiet or when a favouring wind

“Scattered the tuneful largess far and near.”

Ah! how soon, in spite of cares and years, when the Magician of our youth returns, touching us, we are children again. Surely there was some invisible cord that pulled at the bells in memory.

II.

“Did the holy around
Send forth mysterious melody?”

How they ring out of the past from their minstrel-towers! Poet peals—heart-touching as any of Nature's voices—like Heine's

“Far-off chimes smiting me
With mysterious awe,”

bidding us to a sense of the infinitude of our being while

“Insatiable yearning, profound sadness,
Steals into the heart.”

--Bells, perchance, that lift the boundaries of thought and sense far off, like Milton's “distant curfew,” heard from some high plat of ground, sounding

“Over some wide-watered shore,
Swinging slow with sullen roar.”

Surely, while Milton and Gray are remembered in England the “curfew” can hardly cease,—it must still haunt the memory, tolling “the knell of parting day.”

III.

“In the void air the music floats,”

Like all music, it seems most consonant with wind and waters. The harmonies of the turret have a delicious sweetness coming down to still shores and quiet waters, to the wash of waves or the lapse of the stream. We wonder if rowers still pause on their oars to listen, as on the evening when memory's minstrel mingled the rivers of Erin with alien waters, when listening to the chimes faintly tolling at St. Annes! And, if long an absentee, has Father Prout forgotten

“The bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee?”

For the music of the bells is somehow in league with the tenderest affections. We hear the same sound to which they once listened who now, maybe, hear the singing of angels. Can it be heard, the music of “those evening bells,” telling

“Of youth and home and that glad time,
When we last heard their soothing chime,”

and we not become more human and less worldly? Will it not amend our spirit to remember that

“So 'twill be when we are gone,
Those mournful peals will still ring on,
While other bards shall wake these dells,
And sing your praise, sweet evening bells?”

I think the Irish poet's follies will be timely forgotten by many who have memory of a mother's voice singing his pensive verses.

IV.

“How sweet the tuneful bells responsive peal!
And hark! with lessening cadence now they fall;
And now, along the white and level tide,
They fling their melancholy music wide;
Bidding me many a tender thought recall
Of summer days, and those delightful years
When from an ancient tower in life's fair prime,
The mournful magic of their mingling chime
First waked my wondering childhood into tears.”

—*Bowles. Ostend Bells.*

I recall one evening of a bygone summer. I had gone into the uppermost part of “that leafy, blossoming and

beautiful Cambridge,” at the sweetest time of the Sabbath. The air was serene, the sky full of tinted light, the foliage fresh and unsullied. I was near the gate of the Craigie House—haunt of hero and minstrel—when the chimes struck up in the bowery city below, and I paused to listen. Memory bells again! He who dwelt in the home near by loved such tones, and rang them in his mellow numbers,—

“Low and loud and sweetly blended,
Low at times, and loud at times;”

for it is while lying wakeful in the Inn of the “quaint old Flemish city,” listening to the bells of the market-place, that memory awakes. In his verse are stirred the tongues of many beside the Bells of Lynn,—chimes of the Middle Ages,—

“Bells that ring so slow,
So mellow, musical and low”—

holy, half mournful sounds, such as Evangeline listened to, while standing before her father's doorway, shading her eyes with her hands, while the sun descended, and

“Sweetly over the village the bell of the Angelus sounded.”

V.

“How soft the music of those village bells,
Falling at intervals upon the ear
In cadence sweet! Now, dying all away,
Now pealing loud again, and louder still.
Clear and sonorous as the gale comes on.
With easy force it opens all the cells
Where memory slept”

So, in some hallowed hour, mused the sainted singer of Olney; and a renewed glimpse of

“the embattled tower
Whence all the music,”

animates my thought, and prompts this farther reverie. Among the chimes struck by English singers none touch us more tenderly than those of Berkhamstead, which fell so mournfully on the sensitive heart of the poet-child:

“I heard the bell tolled on thy burial day.”

Yea, and there shall be those who in the years to come shall hear it and weep! Who that loves (and who, knowing, does not love?) Cowper, but has listened to the palpitant sweetness that floated long ago from Olney tower. Fancy sees him in the ever-haunted meadow, gazing fixedly at the

“Tall spire from which the sound of cheerful bells
Just undulates upon the listening ear.”

And there is another—a poetess of our time—whom he would have called sister. You will say Mrs. Browning, but I mean Jean Ingelow. I have heard the schoolgirl give emphasis to her “Boston bells,” that rang when the “stolen tyde” overwhelmed poor Elizabeth.

“The ringers rang by two, by three;
‘Pull, if ye never pulled before;
Good ringers, pull your best,’ quoth he.”

Among her later poems is one into which she has woven among many things of beauty and harmony, music from bells in the fruitful vale of Evesham. There, amid orchards by the riverside, she seems to have heard, stealing from the old abbey, what she here gives us in a memory chime:

“Often in dream, I see full fain.
The bell-tower beautiful that I love well,
A seemly cluster with her churches twain;
I hear adown the river, faint and swell,
And lift upon the air that sound again,—
It is, it is,—how sweet no tongue can tell,
For all their world-wide breadth of shining foam
The bells of Evesham chiming Home, Sweet Home!”

“Home, Sweet Home,” and the bells,—how sweetly they go together! We put the chimes of Ingelow to match the chimes of Cowper.

VI.

“Soft hour! which wakes the wish, and melts the heart . . .
Or fills with love the pilgrim on his way,
As the far bell of Vesper makes him start.”

While we are busied with ringing memory chimes, we suddenly recollect one of the sweetest ever heard, of the most plaintive pathos, from the pages of an old poet,—the greatest of the Middle Ages. Would we might all feel the power of the strange, sweet words,—

“Lo di ch' han detto a' dolce amici a dio;
Eche lo nuovo peregrin' d'amore
Punge, se ode Squilla di lontano,
Che paia 'l giorno pianger che si muore.”

But, if we may not do this we may seek a fair compensation in the English of Rosetti, which is, on the whole, the best; though that of Byron, quoted above,—who caught the spirit of it,—is certainly fine. These verses come to one with an indescribable power. Who, with a soul to interpret the poet's meaning, would not feel,—though he had never read a page of his history,—that Dante had lived in a strange land and known the woes of an exile?—

“It is the hour that thaws the heart, and sends
The voyager's affections home, when they
Since morn have said adieu to darling friends;
And smites the new-made pilgrim on his way
With love, if he a distant bell should hear
That seems a mourning for the dying day.”

One fondly lingers, as on enchanted ground, and wishes the pilgrim will not depart. We bring our sensibility into touch with this lucent, fragrant ambregris of the mournful poet's heart and fancy, that down the centuries gains currency more and more among song-lovers. The more we chafe it the sweeter it smells. It has still the charm that Macaulay felt, and is worthy of his magnificent eulogium: “To other writers evening may be the season of dews and stars and radiant clouds. To Dante it is the hour of fond recollection and passionate devotion,—the hour which melts the heart of the mariner and kindles the love of the pilgrim,—the hour when the toll of the bell seems to mourn for another day which is gone and will return no more.”

VII.

“All men praised with lauding lips
The apotheosis of the bell.”

—*Hunter Duvar.*

Who can be talking upon such subjects and not remember Schiller and his well-conned poem, elaborate and exhaustive? Or of one, less than Schiller, as intense a worshipper of Beauty, but lacking his sustained vigour, his breadth of mentality and strength of character—Edgar Poe? Where can we hear a subtler music than he won from the bells? He is an elfin singer, and his chiming is most ærial; like those chimes heard from turrets underneath the sea, or the knells rung by the sea-nymphs in that magical play, “The Tempest.”

“Through the balmy air of night,
How they ring out with delight;
From the molten-golden notes,
And all in tune
What a liquid ditty floats.”

And what wild, merry, tipsy, talkative, companionable bells were those Dickens listened to, lending the charm of his fancy,—bells that “burst out so loud and clear and sonorous, saying: “Toby Veck, Toby Veck, waiting for you, Toby . . . Come and see us; come and see us. Drag him to us; drag him to us. Haunt and haunt him; haunt and haunt him. Break his slumbers; break his slumbers! Toby Veck! Toby Veck! Door open wide, Toby.”

“The Bells, the old familiar Bells! his own dear constant steady friends; the chimes began to ring the joyous peals for a New Year; so lustily, so merrily, so happily, so gaily, that he leaped upon his feet . . . The chimes are ringing in the New Year. ‘Hear them!’ They were ringing! Bless their sturdy hearts! They were ringing! Great Bells as they were; melodious, deep-mouthed, noble bells; cast in no common metal; made by no common founder; when had they ever chimed like that before!”

Sleep well, Charles Dickens! beneath the worn towers of that gray minster. The tolling from above shall not wake you; but such joyous peals as you have rung will ever fill the memory of man with delight. We love you well, great departed one, for your ringing of memory chimes.

VIII.

“Rustling runners and sharp bells.”

Not sharp, but soft of sound. “I like your bells,” I said to my companion, as we went gliding at evening through a woodland road, amid trees covered with late snow. “Yes,” he observed quietly, “they are chimes.” At the word “chimes” I fell into silence and went fairying. He continued: “I want something on winter evenings better than the creaking of my sleigh to listen to.” My friend furnishes me a moonlit ride and an agreeable

companion, who does not insist on perpetual monologue, but leaves you open to pleasant memories set to music of fairy bells. They do not rudely insult, they entice the ear. There is a delicate, persistent jingle-jangle, and through my brain goes galloping on—

“How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens seem to tinkle

With a crystalline delight;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme
To the tintinabulation that so musically wells
From the bells.”

For, indeed, “the sleigh-drive through the frosty night,” which is one of the imaginative joys of “Snow Bound,” can have no more musical accompaniment than the chimney tinkle of these fairy bells. PASTOR FELIX.

THE SIXTH FUSILIERS.

Presentation of a New Stand of Colors by the Ladies of Montreal—
Annual Inspection by Major-General Herbert.

Saturday, the 6th June, 1891 was a red letter day in the history of the Sixth Fusiliers, Montreal. To a British regiment, whether of the line, of the militia or of the volunteers, the presentation of new colours is an event of peculiar interest and becomes a distinct landmark in the annals of the corps; and while the battalion of which we now write has had a comparatively peaceful history since its formation (although not more so than its sister regiments), its record during the last thirty years has continually shown an eagerness to take a prominent part in any service of danger or trouble for which necessity arose. The views which we present to-day of the recent presentation of new colours to this corps will, we are sure, be found of interest not only to present members of the regiment, but to its many friends, its old members, and those who are in any way interested in Canadian military matters.

The ceremony took place on the afternoon of Saturday, the 6th June; the weather was bright and clear, and although warm, not painfully oppressive; while the presence of the enormous crowd of spectators who witnessed the presentation added much *clat* to the scene and reminded one of the reviews of days long gone by. The battalion mustered in the drill hall, and about four o'clock marched on to the parade ground, headed by its pioneers and fife and drum bands. The muster was a fairly strong one, although not as large as the importance of the ceremony deserved, and as has been seen on previous occasions; any deficiencies on this score were, however, more than made up by the excellent appearance of the men in their scarlet uniforms with white facings, unique in Canada's militia, and precisely similar to that worn by Her Majesty's regular troops. Lieut.-Col. Massey was in command; the field and staff officers were as follows:—Majors Mooney and Burland; Adjutant, Major Atkinson; Paymaster, Major Seath; Quartermaster, Capt. McLaren; Surgeon, Dr. Bell; Assistant-surgeon, Dr. Kemp; the total number of officers and men on parade was 307. The pioneers looked remarkably well and imposing, as pioneers should look, while both bands played very creditably. After marching on the parade ground the regiment formed line, awaiting the arrival of the Major-General and his staff, who did not keep them long; the staff consisted of Lieut.-Col. Houghton, Lieut.-Col. Mattice, Capt. Streetfeild and Major Strathy. After the usual salute the regiment was put into open column of companies, and in that formation inspected by Major-General Herbert, who closely scrutinized every man in the ranks. The trooping of the old colours (one of the great events of the day) was then proceeded with and executed very well, considering the limited time at the disposal of the corps for practising a movement which requires so much study and careful drill: the slow march was really the only weak feature of the movement. “A” Company acted as the escort to the colours, which were marched out to the tune of “Auld Lang Syne.” On the conclusion of the trooping, the regiment was formed into three sides of a square, the drums were piled in the orthodox manner in the centre and the new colours, encased, were borne to the front by Staff-Sergeants Edwards and Pike, and placed against the drums, the Queen's on the right and the Regimental on the left. The colours were then uncased, and the religious part of the ceremony was proceeded with, the officiating clergymen being the Rev. Dr. Norton, the Rev. Canon Ellegood and the Rev. S. Massey, regimental chaplain, duly robed. They placed themselves in the centre of the square, facing the colours, on the other side of which stood the Major-General, at attention, and with head uncovered. The consecration services were then proceeded with, after which the clergymen retired and the new flags were handed by the Majors to Mrs. Massey, who requested Major-General Herbert to make the official presentation on behalf of the ladies interested. On bended knee, the two junior regimental subalterns, Lieutenant Mit-

chell and Lieutenant Finlay, were entrusted respectively with the Queen's and regimental colours, which from that moment became incorporated in the regimental life and surrounded by a degree of interest and reverence that none but soldiers can feel. Immediately after the presentation the Major-General addressed the officers as follows:—

“Lieut.-Col. Massey and officers of the Sixth Fusiliers, I have been entrusted to-day with a duty that I feel to be the highest honour that can be conferred on any soldier. In presenting these handsome colours to the regiment, it is right I should tell you something of what they represent. Every soldier knows they represent the sacred trust that your Queen and country put in you as her and its defenders. The insignia at the top tells you what you have to look to, and every soldier should know that he is bound to salute his colours before anything else. Of the ladies who have so kindly presented these colours to your regiment I cannot speak too highly, and it ought, and no doubt will, bring to your minds thoughts of home and country and those that are nearest and dearest to you whenever you see your colours.”

Lieut.-Col. Massey replied in the following words:—
“General Herbert and ladies, I beg to tender you our most sincere thanks for the high honour paid to the regiment this day. I can assure you, General Herbert and ladies, that this honour is highly appreciated by all of us, and you may rest assured that no act of this regiment will ever bring discredit on the colours which we are all so proud to receive, as it will be our constant endeavour to maintain in the future, pure and unsullied, the reputation held during the twenty-nine years which have elapsed

“since the old colours were presented to the regiment. You have referred, General Herbert, to the insignia of the colours and the connection which they represent towards Her Majesty, and you may rely upon it that this regiment, as well as all others in Canada, will do their utmost to continue that connection in the future that we have enjoyed in the past, and these colours will always remind us of the allegiance due to the Sovereign of our land.”

The grand event of the day was now over, but the hard work was to follow. The inspection commenced with the usual cut-and-dried march past in column, quarter column and in double time, all of which remarkably useful movements were done in good style. Line to the left on the rear company was then formed, and the junior Major put the battalion through the manual and firing exercise, which was not a marked success. Lieut.-Col. Massey then took hold of the regiment and worked it for some time in general battalion movements, all of which were done with a degree of precision and vigour which constituted a good lesson to some of our Rifle battalions. At the conclusion of these manoeuvres, the usual advance in review order was made, after which a three-sided square was formed, and the Major-General addressed the battalion, expressing his appreciation of the manner in which they had gone through the movements. The line was re-formed and the corps marched off the parade in fours, and, headed by the General and his staff, marched through the principal streets of the city, making a remarkably brave show, the new colours being borne for the first time; on again reaching the Drill Hall the regiment was dismissed.

The new colours were presented by a number of ladies of the city, assisted by ladies from other places, who had expressed a special wish to help in this matter.

The Queen's colour is the regulation Union Jack, with the number of the regiment in Roman letters, and with the Imperial crown over all. The regimental colour is St. George's cross in red, on a white field, with a small Union Jack in the upper left hand corner; the centre of the cross is richly ornamented by the regimental device and motto, with a wreath of roses, thistles and shamrocks surrounding it, and supported by the Canadian national emblems,—the beaver and maple leaf. All are beautifully worked on the silk in rich colours, with a heavy gold fringe two inches in depth, and are remarkably imposing in every way; the poles are surmounted by the Imperial crown.

We congratulate the Sixth Fusiliers on their acquisition, and hope that it may be effective in maintaining and increasing that high degree of efficiency for which the regiment is noted.



LORD MOUNT-STEPHEN.
(Notman, photo.)



CRICKET MATCH ON MCGILL COLLEGE GROUND, MONTREAL, 6th JUNE.
Bishop's College School C. C. vs McGill C. C.

The Frigate Endymion.

Sir Edwin Arnold contributes to the *Daily Telegraph* a spirited poem (of which we quote some verses) on the following incident, narrated in a note in the catalogue of the Royal Naval Exhibition:—

Towards the close of the war with France, Captain the Hon. Sir Charles Paget, while cruising in the "Endymion" frigate, on the coast of Spain, descried a French ship of the line in imminent danger, embayed among rocks on a lee shore; bowsprit and foremast gone, and riding by a stream-cable, her only remaining one. Though it was blowing a gale, Sir Charles bore down to the assistance of his enemy, dropped his sheet-anchor on the Frenchman's bow, buoyed the cable, and veered it across his hawser; this the disabled ship succeeded in getting in, and thus 700 lives were saved from destruction. After performing this chivalrous action the "Endymion," being herself in great peril, hauled to the wind, let go her bower-anchor, club-hauled, and stood off shore on the other tack.

The English Roses, on her face,
Blossomed a brighter pink, for pride,
As, through the glories of the place,
Watchful, we wandered, side by side.

We saw our by-gone Worthies stand,
Done to the life, in steel and gold,
Howard, and Drake—a stately band—
Sir Walter, Anson, Hawkins bold;

Past all the martial blazonry
Of Blake's great battles; and the roar
Of Jervis, thundering through the sea;
With Rodney, Hood; and fifty more;

To him, the bravest, gentlest, best,
Duty's dear Hero, Britain's Star,
The Chieftain of the dauntless breast,
Nelson, our Thunderbolt of War!

We saw him, gathering sword by sword
On conquered decks, from Don and Dane;
We saw him, Victory's laurelled Lord,
Rend the French battle-line a-twain;

We saw the coat, the vest he wore
In thick of dread Trafalgar's day;
The blood-stain; and the ball which tore
Shoulder-gold, lace—and life—away.

In countless grand sea-pieces there
The green seas foamed with gallant blood;
The skies blazed high with flame and fear;
The tall masts toppled to the flood.

But, ever, 'mid red rage and glow
Of each tremendous Ocean fight,
Safe, by the strength of those below,
The flag of England floated bright!

"Ah! dear brave souls!" she cried, "'tis good
To be a British girl, and claim
Some drops, too, of such splendid blood,
Some distant share of deathless fame!

"Yet, still I think of what tears rained
From tender French and Spanish eyes
For all those glorious days we gained.
Oh! the sad price of victories!"

"Come then!" I said, "witness one fight
With triumph crowned, which cost no tear;
Waged gallant, 'gainst the Tempest's might."
Thus turned we to a canvas near—

"Look! the King's Frigate! and her foe!
The coast is Spain. Cruising to spy
An enemy, she finds him so,
Caught in the death-trap, piteously!

"A great three-decker! Close a-lee,
Wild breakers on the black rocks foam,
Will drown the ship's whole company
When that one anchor's fluke comes home.

"Her foremast gone, she cannot set
Head-sails to cast her off the land:
These poor souls have, to draw breath yet
As long as while a warp will stand.

"'Tis war-time—time of mutual hate—
Only to keep off, therefore;—tack—
Mark from afar 'Jean Crapaud's' fate
And lightly to 'My Lords' take back

"Good news of the great liner, done
To splinters, and some thirty score
Of 'Mounseers' perished! Not a gun
To fire. Just stand by!—no more!

"Also the Captain who should go—
Eyes open—where this Gaul is driven,
Would steer straight into Hell's mid woe
Out of the easy peace of Heaven.

"Well, let them strike, and drown! Not he!
Not lion-hearted Paget! No!—
The war's forgot! He'll let us see
Seamanship at its topmost! Blow,

"Boatswain, your pipe! 'Endymions' hear!
Forward and aft, all hands on deck!
Let my sails draw, range hawsers clear;
Paget from fate his foe will pluck!

"So bears she down; the fair white flag
Hoisted, full friendly, at the main;
Her guns run in; twice to a rag
The stormsails torn, but set again.

"And when she rounds to wind, they swarm
Into their rigging, and they dip
The tricolour, with hearts made warm
By hope and love.—Look there! his ship

"Inshore the doomed one! and you note
How, between life and death, he keeps
His frigate, like a pleasure-boat,
Clean full and by; and while he sweeps

"Athwart the Frenchman's hawse, lets go
His big sheet anchor, buoys it—cast
Clear o'er the rail. They know, they know;
Here's help! here's hope! here's chance, at last!

"For, hauling (you shall understand)
The English hawser o'er her sides,
All fear is fled of that black strand;
Safely the huge three-decker rides.

"Safe will she come to Brest again,
With Jean, and Jacques, and Paul and Pierre,
And float, to fight King George's men;
Thanks to that goodly British gear!

"Never was nobler salvage made!
Never a smarter sea-deed done!"

"Best of all fights I love"—She said—
"This fight of the *Endymion*."

—St. James Budget.