

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la
distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear
within the text. Whenever possible, these have
been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées
lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte,
mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont
pas été filmées.

Additional comments:/
Commentaires supplémentaires:

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il
lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet
exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue
bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image
reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification
dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués
ci-dessous.

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

Showthrough/
Transparence

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from:/
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>

CANADA:

A Monthly Journal of Religion, Patriotism, Science & Literature.

"Righteousness exalteth a nation; but sin is a reproach to any people."

Vol. I.—No. 6.

JUNE, 1891.

50 Cents a Year.

WE enlarge CANADA this month to sixteen pages and cover; but we cannot furnish a magazine of this size at fifty cents a year with our present circulation, and beginning with the number for July, the subscription price will be one dollar per year, invariably in advance. Subscriptions not paid in advance will be charged one dollar and fifty cents a year. A journal of the high character which CANADA has not unsuccessfully endeavoured to maintain from the start, is cheap at one dollar a year. Of course we expect the increased subscription price to enable us to still further improve the magazine and make it almost indispensable in every loyal Canadian home. Those who have paid a year's subscription will receive the magazine for a full year at the present rate, and all who pay their subscription in advance before July 1st may send only fifty cents in stamps, and they will receive CANADA for one year beginning with July number. We cannot now supply back numbers at this rate.

Contents of June Number.

OUR SHORT STORY:	PAGE
Only a Farmer. By the Editor.....	61
OUR CONTRIBUTORS:	
In June. By Ireno E. Morton.....	63
The Singer's View of the Art of Song. By Pastor Felix.....	63
At Gaspeau. By J. F. Herbin.....	65
An Island. By G. E. T. Roberts.....	65
Notable Canadian Books, I. By the Editor.....	66
A Batch of Errors. By G. D. Randall.....	67
Two Paths. By H. L. Spenser.....	69
Montcalm and French Canada—From the French.....	68
To the Storm-Spirit. By Ernest W. McCready.....	68
OUR YOUNG FOLKS SERIAL:	
The White Cottage By S. A. Curzon.....	69
RED PENCIL AND SCISSORS:	
Canada for Canadians.....	70
At the Bar of the Lords.....	70
Stay in Canada.....	71
A Greeting to the Royal Society of Canada.....	71
THE EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO:	
Editorial Notes.....	71-73
Canadian Literary Notes.....	73
Foreign Literary Notes.....	73
JUVENILE CANADA:	
Olla Podrida.....	74
Publisher's Department.....	74

Original contributions are solicited from Canadian writers and on Canadian themes. While the Journal remains of its present size, contributions should not exceed one thousand words in length. Those not required will be returned, if stamps for postage be sent.

All communications should be addressed: "CANADA", Benton, New Brunswick.

Our Short Story.

ONLY A FARMER.

BY THE EDITOR.

ALLISON GODFREY was a young man of more than ordinary abilities. His father, who was a merchant doing a large and profitable business in a Canadian town, had given his son a university education, in the course of which the son had very greatly distinguished himself. It was his father's design, the hope of his brother and two sisters, who were very fond and very proud of him, and the expectation of his friends, that he would seek a field for the employment of his talents in a professional life. In deference to his father's judgment and wishes he had almost resigned himself to sacrifice his own inclinations, and had been dipping fitfully into legal lore. But the garden and the orchard, the river and the forest, had a hold upon him that Coke and Blackstone could not loosen. He had assured his father again and again that he had no love for law, that farming and fruit-raising were more to his taste; but Mr. Godfrey's invariable reply had been:

"Nonsense, Allison; you do not know your own mind. It would be a shame to throw such talents as yours away, and such an education as I have given you, in a solitary, humdrum farm-life. Stick to your law-books, and you will learn to like them after a while!"

A good many battles were fought between filial obligation and nature, but nature triumphed in the end, and ought to have triumphed; for, however strong the claim our parents have upon us, nature has a stronger.

When at last Allison had decided as to the course he should pursue, he sought his father at once, and firmly, though respectfully, made known his decision. Mr. Godfrey was not taken by surprise; he expected, sooner or later, it would come to this. But he had been hoping against hope, and was, of course, disappointed and annoyed. He saw, however, it was useless to argue the matter any more, and, in his love for his son, he was fearful of going so far as to alienate his son's affection and regard. So, making the best of it, and concealing his reluctance, he consented to his son's choice. He went further. After consulting with

the rest of the family (Allison's mother was dead), Mr Godfrey presented his son with the deed of a farm that had lately come into his possession, and stocked it with all that was necessary to give Allison a fair start in the occupation he had chosen.

The home clouds vanished when the suns of common-sense and love shone; but clouds arose in another quarter that were not so easily dispelled.

We have said nothing as to young Godfrey's personal appearance. The sentimental story-writer would have given him the form of an Adonis, perhaps; but features of mind are far more important than features of body in the struggle of life. Suffice it to say that his manner and spirit had captivated the fancy of pretty Grace Poirier, the belle of Greenside. Allison was twenty-one; Grace was only eighteen. Her father, of French-Canadian descent, but scarcely betraying it except in his name, was a Protestant, and a gentleman of independent means, being a sort of silent partner in several financial enterprises. The Poirier family entertained a high opinion of Allison Godfrey, saw a brilliant future before him, expected him to be a burning and shining light in law and statesmanship, and welcomed the prospect of the prominence in society which his talents would give him, and in which Grace would share. When this dream was dispelled by Allison's definite rejection of the future mapped out for him and determination to expend his exceptional abilities in raising potatoes and oats, Mr. Poirier and his wife were very angry, and, deaf to the pleadings of their daughter, compelled her to write to Allison and tell him that as he preferred the farm to her, their engagement was at an end, and she did not wish to see him again.

Why could not Allison see that she whom he loved next only to conscience and duty was disguising her own sentiments under compulsion, and her heart was true to him while her pen wrote the cruel words? If he had insisted on an interview, it might have saved him and her many years of separation and sorrow; but he was proud, took her at her word, and picked up the burden of life uncomplainingly and carried it like a hero.

Ten years passed away. Allison Godfrey is a successful farmer. His education has certainly not been thrown away. Not one of his university acquirements but has been useful to him, either as an auxiliary or a recreation. He has introduced scientific principles into his farming and it is both more economical and more productive, and the farming is better done for miles around because of Farmer Godfrey's university training. His grain, roots, orchard and dairy products take the first prizes at the County and Provincial Shows. His contributions to agricultural journals are much sought after. His reputation as a successful and model farmer is not by any means confined to the province in which he lives. He is an enthusiastic lover of nature, and beautiful little pieces of nature-painting from his pen peep out occasionally from the pages of literary weeklies and

monthlies. Nor has his abandonment of the law blocked his way to political preferment. Already he has been solicited, and may yet be prevailed upon, to come forward as a farmers' candidate to represent the great agricultural industry in the House of Commons.

But success is not happiness. Nature, in her brightest moods, cannot make up for the absence of the sweet girl-face that was the centre of all his youthful dreams. He does not wear his heart upon his sleeve. The world looks upon him as satisfied with the realised rewards of his industry and heroism. But he has only been fulfilling through years of despair the task he assigned himself in an hour of hope. He has conquered himself, but he has not conquered his love.

Five years more have passed away. October has been flinging her golds and browns and reds about over field and forest. There has been a bountiful harvest gathered in from end to end of the Canadian Dominion. Even the farmers are jubilant, and their *Miserere* is turned into *Gloria in excelsis*. The Provincial Show is being held in Greenside. And such a show the Province has never seen before. Improved methods of farming, educated farmers, new markets, have wrought almost miraculous changes. The principal feature of the Exhibition is a lecture on "Scientific Farming" by Hon. Allison Godfrey, the farmer-statesman. Men interested in agriculture have come from other provinces to hear it. No better authority on the methods of farming can be found than he.

As the member for Greenside is passing through the Exhibition buildings, among his constituents, by whom he is revered and loved, he is brought face to face with a slight ladylike figure in deep mourning, closely veiled, holding by the hand a little girl of six or seven summers. A glance at the child's face makes him start, and fills the chambers of memory with the dreams of long ago. But the lady seems to be disturbed by the meeting, and disappears in the crowd.

After the duties of the day are over, Allison Godfrey learns from his father (now an old man, retired from business) and his sister Winnie that Grace Remington has just returned to her childhood's home, bringing with her her only child, a little girl, Mr. Remington having died quite suddenly.

Allison, of course, knew all about Grace Poirier's unhappy marriage, into which she was forced by parental unwisdom. Her husband was a lawyer, it is true; but he did not shine in the profession as his friends anticipated. His dissipated habits, perhaps, prevented a success which otherwise he might have realised, and shortened his life. All this was known to Allison; but he has never entered the Poirier home for fifteen years, and during that time the name of Grace has never passed his lips.

Our pen is too unskilful to describe the emotions that swept across the strong man's soul when the proximity and the sight of her whom he had loved once and forever, vanquished the long habit of self-control and self-repression,

The drama of life hitherto has been a tragedy to both of them. Now it seems reopened by Providence, and under circumstances which add the strength of sympathy to the power of love.

Young Godfrey's phenomenal success in farming has ennobled the pursuit in the opinion of a great many, and among them Mr. Poirier. He receives even a warmer welcome now in the Poirier home than that denied fifteen years ago to the headstrong youth who seemed flying in the face of destiny. Agriculture is being justified of her children. How strange it is that one of the very noblest of avocations, that upon which more than any other our country's prosperity depends, should ever be considered unworthy of engaging the greatest talents and the highest culture!

The last scene in our story introduces us to Allison Godfrey's farm of three hundred acres, about five miles from Greenside, and the time is two years after the return of Grace, a widow, with her little girl.

A new house, to which the finishing touches have just been given, is gay with decorations, and the Godfrey and Poirier families and their friends are gathered there to await the home-coming of the squire and his bride. The house is not a mansion. It was not built to excite the envy of the farmers for miles around. It was built for comfort and convenience, while a regard for æsthetic effect is not wanting altogether, and it is in perfect harmony with the surroundings.

The grain has been harvested, the orchards are glorious with ripe and ripening fruit, the cattle and horses, Holsteins and Jerseys, Clydes and Percherons, are cropping the aftermath, the barns are full,—it is the season of reward, and more to Allison than all his farm and fame is the guerdon he has won after long years of bitterness and brings home with him to-day. A throng of his friends and constituents meets him at the station, and Allison and his bride are brought in triumph to their home. It is indeed a goodly company, representing the wealth and culture of the town and county, we find assembled to do honour to *only a farmer*.

Our Contributors.

IN JUNE.

BY IRENE ELDER MORTON.

SOME glad thing comes to me
Always in June;
Some new joy fitly set
To a sweet tune;

Some dear long-absent face
Answers some prayers;
Or may be just a sign
That someone cares.

Some good things hidden long
From Summer's noon,
Say, "Let us go to her,
For it is June.

"Why cheat her any more?
Are we not hers?
Unlock the dusty door!
Our being stirs

"With longings to behold
A human face,
And with a touch of joy
Add some new grace."

When first Earth's wrinkled face
Saw the white moon
Shine on unfinished forms,
There was no June;

But, as the thoughts of God
Shewed perfect spheres,
We think He called up June
To gem the years.

When we are inward drawn
To God's dear heart,
And the white silence falls
As we depart,

And the new air seems filled
With some rare tune,
How sweet our last earth-look,
If it were June!

The Chalet, Wilmot, N. S.

THE SINGER'S VIEW OF THE ART OF SONG.

BY PASTOR FELIX.

Myself I thought
Born to that end, born to promote all truth,
All righteous things.

—Milton.

"I WAS confirmed in this opinion," wrote England's loftiest master, "that he who would not be frustrate of his hope to write well hereafter in laudable things, ought himself to be a true poem; that is, a composition and pattern of the best and honorablest things; not presuming to sing high praises of heroic men, of famous cities, unless he have in himself the experience and practice of all that which is praiseworthy." Thus he insists on purity and elevation of character in the poet, while at the same time he exemplified his doctrine; and one who best loved and understood this elder muse has named unworldliness—the disentanglement from superficial follies and vain shows—as a characteristic of the ideal singer, and also the constancy to work out the "soul's highest vision", whatever men may say.

Creative art **
Demands the service of a mind and heart
Heroically fashioned—to infuse
Faith in the whispers of the lonely muse,
While the whole world seems adverse to desert.

And, oh! when Nature sinks, as oft she may,
Through long-lived pressure of obscure distress,
Still to be strenuous for the bright reward,
Brook the continuance of weak-mindedness,
And in the soul admit of no decay.

So spake Milton, so spake Wordsworth, of the poet's mission; but not so thought Pope, who declares: "All the advantages I can think of, accruing from a genius for poetry, are the agreeable power of self-amusement, when a man is idle or alone, the privilege of being admitted into the best company, and the freedom of saying as many careless things as other people without being so severely remarked on." As a matter of consequence the man of Twickenham did not prophesy.

Since we have in Canada several persons more or less devoted to the art of verse, and who are now recognised in the English-speaking world for the genuineness of their spirit and the excellence of their work, I have deemed it might not be an uninteresting or unprofitable task to collect the sayings of some of them, and to note what they think of their own vocation. Some things, not within my reach, may be omitted; and others by reason of the narrow limits of this article.

Charles G. D. Roberts, who unites to scholarship and technical skill, sensitiveness, and warmth of feeling, evidently believes in an inspiration of some sort, arguing from his Prelude to "Orion":

Surely I have seen the majesty and wonder,
Beauty, might and splendor of the soul of song;
Surely I have felt the spell that lifts asunder
Soul from body, when lips faint and thought is strong;
Surely I have heard
The ample silence stirred
By intensest music from no throat of bird:—
Smitten down before thy feet
From the paths of heaven sweet,
Lowly I await the song upon my lips conferred.

"To the Spirit of Song", he addresses himself. And what Spirit is that? We suppose it to be the mighty and universal Being invoked by him who sang of Paradise, and by him whose loftiest song was of Immortality,—the creative Spirit who gave the lyrical faculty, and who may be supposed best to inspire it.

Roberts' brother poet, Bliss Carman, seems to have tested the consoling and healing power of Nature, to whom a few give fidelity, and to have followed her in her sweetly subtle ways. He sings:

I see the ancient Mother stand,
With the old courage of her smile,
The patience of her sunbrowed hand.

But though beautiful as Ruth, she waits in the fields for them who love her, there are few who come.

. . . Where the wild shy things abide,
Along the woodside and the wheat,
Is her abiding, deep withdrawn;
And there the footing of her feet.

There is no common fame of her
Upon the corners, yet some word
Of her most secret heritage
Her lovers from her lips have heard.

Her daisies sprang where Chaucer went;
Her darkling nightingales with spring
Possessed the soul of Keats for song;
And Shelley heard her skylark sing;

With reverent, clear, uplifted heart,
Wordsworth beheld her daffodils;
And he became too great for haste,
Who watched the warm, green Cumnor hills.

She gave the apples of her eyes
For the delight of him who knew,
With all the wisdom of a child,
"A bank whereon the wild thyme grew .

But the old secret shifts, and waits
The last interpreter; it fills
The autumn song no ear hath heard
Upon the dreaming Ardisio hills.

The poplars babble over it
When waking winds of dawn go by;
It fills her rivers like a voice,
And leads her wanderers till they die.

Archibald Lampman,—who certainly has "eyes made for seeing" that recondite beauty, lurking in unsuspected places, and a cunning hand to depict with an almost scientific certainty, and in accurate detail, that which he sees,—recognises the strange mingling of good and ill in the poets; sees how now, as Whittier has it, they climb up to Heaven's "seven-fold glory", and then sink back to the lowest, among "worms and other creeping things". To give a reverse, and yet true, picture, he should write another sonnet on "The Poets"; but so he paints them:

Half God, half brute, within the self-same shell,
Changers with every hour from dawn till even,
Who dream with angels in the gate of heaven,
And skirt with curious eyes the brinks of hell;
Children of Pan, whom some, the few, love well,
But most draw back and know not what to say,
Poo: shining angels, whom the hoofs betray.

Half brutish, half divine, but all of earth,
Half way 'twixt hell and heaven, near to man,
The whole world's tangle gathered in one span,
Full of this human torture and this mirth:
Life with its hope and error, toil and bliss,
Earth-born, earth-reared, ye know it as it is.

Happily, from such a characterisation Mr. Lampman's purity of thought and life may exempt him.

An old divine used to say to such aspirants to the sacred office as he thought might be unbidden, "Never enter the ministry if you can be contented out of it; if you are called all other things will be made uneasy for you." He deemed this vocation the highest, and the most worthy of a noble self-devotion; and he knew that no unconsecrated and mistaken spirit could well support himself under its royal rigors. So would my friend, doubtless, say to the would-be poet, who could get on very well with a more accessible spring than Helicon; and so in substance has he said to the little "Georgie",—speaking in paternal manner. We quote from George Martin:

If Parnassian blooms invite thee
Up the sacred mount to climb,
Think, before its lightnings smite thee,
What the honey-combs of rhyme
Cost the builders: save a few,
Weeping willow and the yew,
Restful Silence, Bride of Time,
Are the only signs that tell
Where the baffled singers fell
Broken-hearted ere their prime.

Yet, if from the circling heaven
Mystic voices call thee hence;
Call, and whisper, morn and even,
Captivating soul and sense,
Harken gladly, hark and trust,
To thy higher self be just;
See thou offer no offence
To the linked harmonic powers
That pervade this world of ours,
Rhythmic, passionate intense.

Phillips Stewart paints the poet's sorrow and loneliness, and puts in his plea for him, thus :

Mock not the poet's dreams ; the poet sings
The Golden Age. It is his hapless lot
To suffer scorn in youth ; mock not his dreams,
Lest in clear depths thou dost but mock thy shadow.
Our highest thoughts are but poetic dreams,
Therefore the poet hath his brothers' love,
Flushed gleaners in the yellow fields of hope,
Beside the hell-sweet waves of memory,
That ever chime.

The larger vision hath unrest,
And Resignation is the only path
To death for poets and philosophers,
The consolation of a generous heart,
The noble freedom of a faithful mind.

Frederick George Scott regards him as a monarch, and speaks with strength and sweetness of "The Poetic Empire".

What power can break the inner harmonies,
The rich imaginings heard like distant sea
O'er purple meadow-lands at eve, while we
Look starwards mute? Hopes that like mountains rise
Into mid-heaven, and to entranced eyes
Horizon-glories of what is to be,—
All these and more lie round us infinitely,
Beyond all language fair in cloudless skies.

This is the poet's empire. Here may he
Reign king-like; throned in splendor and in power
No power can shake, so he indeed be king.
Free as the wind, untamed as the sea,
When earth weighs heavily, most in that hour
He cleaves the heavens in scorn on eagle-wing.

John Reade suggests the heavenly origin of the poet's inspiration in this exquisite little lyric :

Apollo dropt a seed of song
Into my heart one day,
And, smiling godlike, passed along
Upon his heavenly way.

I saw him make his golden arc,
For many a weary day,
But still the little seedling, dark
Lay hid beneath the clay.

But gentle eyes, one joyous hour,
Shone where my seedling lay,—
O love, tend well thy little flower,
And let it not decay !

The restlessness of the poet, ever seeing some bright illusion beckon, is the subject of a good sonnet by Arthur Wentworth Eaton :

O restless poet soul that know'st no bounds,
A world of unspent song lies back of thee ;
Thou livest in a land of melody,
For thee earth hath no common sights or sounds.
With wool the people bid thee stuff thine ears ;
"Be satisfied" they cry, "with what we teach;"
Then laugh, and say : "what is it that he hears ?
Song is but song, truth loves staid forms of speech."

But thou with music melting thee to tears,
Bring'st nobler strains through their fond, fragile creeds,
Like one who gives sweet songs on simple reeds ;
And thou art deaf to all their frets and fears.
Sing then thy strains however poor they be,
A world of unspent song lies back of thee.

That Love is one chiefest impulse to song is the burden of the lyric with which this dissertation closes. Indeed Love in some of its forms is the ever living motive of all singing ; and without the experience of Love how shall we sing of Love ?

Love sayeth : " Sing of me ;
What else is worth a song ?"
I had refrained
Lest I should do love wrong.

" Clean hands and a pure heart,"
I prayed, " and I will sing."
But all I gained
Brought to my word no wing.

Stars, sunshine, seas and skies,
Earth's graves, the holy hills
Were all in vain,—
No breath the dumb pipe fills.

I dreamed of splendid praise,—
And Beauty watching by
Grey shores of Pain ;
My song turned to a sigh.

No song ! In vain to sight
Life's clear arch heavenward sprang ;
Heart still, or sick !
—I loved ! Ah, then I sang !

AT GASPÉREAU.

BY J. F. HERBIN.

BELOW me winds the river to the sea,
On whose brown slope stood wailing homeless maids ;
Stood exiled sons ; unsheltered hoary heads ;
Pale sires and mothers dumb in agony.
The awful glare of burning homes, where free
And happy late they dwelt, breaks on the shades
Encompassing the sailing fleet, then fades
With tumbling roof. Deep as the night-bound sea
And black, are sunken hope and sorrow. Harsh,
The stranger voice ; and loud, the homeless wail.
Then silence came to dwell ; the tide fell low ;
The embers died. On the deserted marsh,
Where grain and grass stirred only to the gale,
The moose unchased dare cross the Gaspereau.
Wolfville, N. S.

AN ISLAND.

BY G. E. THEODÔRE ROBERTS.

An island, friends ; a cool green land,
Neither with bustle nor heat of the town :
In misty air the great trees stand,
Shading the grasses that wave on the strand,
Laughing with dewdrops golden and brown.

ON the smooth surface of the river, with the morning sun
looking through the tall trees as through prison bars
and with the first rays stealing among the green leaves
and over the tops of the still white tents, lies an island. It
is early morning, and the sky herons stand sleepily beside
our two canoes, gazing now at the tall wet grasses and now
at the water, as the surface is ruffled by the passing of some
fish, or it may be a water-baby. From a bank willow near
by a noisy kingfisher takes his departure, and his loud rattle
is heard far down the stream, while the soft branches of the

willow shake down a shower of silver dewdrops as if weeping for his return.

At the lower end of the island the tall grasses and water-weeds grow several yards out into the river, and their long arms catch every stray piece of drift-wood that floats within their reach, and in this way has been formed a barrier of sunken snags and floating blocks, capable of defending the shore against any but the oldest canoests. Here the willows are not so green, and in their branches rest old pieces of bark and clumps of grey grass—the gifts of some spring freshet.

In one of these lone looking bushes sit two crows, perseveringly humming over some new tune and paying no attention to the wishes of a poor heron who is trying to sleep in the grass below.

On rounding this end of the island, we find that the water is shallow, and rising here and there above the surface are small mounds of green grass, and sandbanks, over which the water is not more than a few inches in depth, are scattered profusely about between the island and mainland.

Small brown pipers flit over the sand, and, as we look towards the breakwater which stretches off from the other end of the island, we see a company of swallows and purple martins sitting on its edge and bending their heads together as if in a deep discussion.

The rattling of the tin pans causes us to look towards the camp, and we see the forms of the cooks among the trees. Turning to the shore, we glide in among the tall grasses, to the horror of a small sandpiper who is just enjoying his morning promenade. The bow of the canoe touches the warm grey sand on the shore, and we spring out, each with a paddle, my friend and I.

The dripping canoe is turned up on the warm sand to dry, and, as a heavy swell rolls over the sand and then retreats behind its companions, we look out to the river and see a large tug gliding through the grey morning mist like some grim water-sprite.

Across the sand we trudge and enter the dreamy road that leads to camp. Every plant is glistening with dew. The tall grasses bend their heads under their fair burden, and the shrub willows awake to drink their share of this nature's wine. White morning-glories, and tall plants with pink blossoms which keep their name to themselves, stand in thick groups along either side, like a gay army ready to cross spears before any who intrude into the dreamy peacefulness of Camp Fentroberson.

Just as we come to where the road ends and the grove begins, the voices of the cooks reach us from the fire, and, remembering that it is our day to carry water, we arm ourselves with pails and start for the river by a short path down the bank. As we are about to fill them from a half-sunken log, a startled heron rises from the grasses beside us, and we see him swiftly wing his way to the other end of the island, where he falls among the reeds once more and watches unpolsted for his breakfast. —*Fredericton, N. B.*

NOTABLE CANADIAN BOOKS.

BY THE EDITOR.

I.

ONE of the most useful and fascinating of recent Canadian books is "Stories of New France", in two series, the first series by Miss Agnes Maule Machar, the second, with the exception of one story, by Mr. Thomas G. Marquis. This most delightful volume was published by the D. Lothrop Co., of Boston. It is neatly bound in cloth, 314 pages and 12 full-page illustrations. Miss Machar contributes eleven chapters, of which the titles are as follows:

How New France was Found.

The Story of Jacques Cartier.

The Story of Marguerite de Roberval.

The Marquis de la Roche and his Forty Thieves.

The Story of St. Croix.

The Story of Port Royal.

The Story of Champlain.

The Adventures of Père Le Jeune.

The Martyrs of the Huron Mission.

The Story of Ville Marie de Montreal.

The Story of Robert de la Salle.

The share of Mr. Marquis in the volume is confined to six chapters. These are:

A Canadian Thermopylæ.

The Heroine of Castle Dangerous.

The Three War Parties.

The First Siege of Quebec.

The Acadian Exiles.

The Great Siege of Quebec.

Rev. Principal Grant, D. D., contributes a Preface, in which he says: "The seventeenth century may be called the heroic age of Canada. The infant colony had to struggle for existence against pitiless enemies and forces of nature almost insurmountable. The struggle brought out a race of heroes whose names no one in the Old or New World should willingly let die. Champlain, Maisonneuve, Daulac, La Salle remind us of Arthur's Knights of the Round Table. Le Jeune, Jogues, Brébeuf, Lallement consecrated the colony by lives of noblest endeavour and heroic death. Their memories belong to the Church universal. Their names are worthy of a place in any martyrology."

From the many enthusiastic notices of the book at the time of its appearance we have selected three for quotation. Prof. Goldwin Smith said in *The Bystander*:

"This work enables the student to pick up his reading of Canadian history without having to wade through uninteresting and interminable details. The chronological order is preserved in the stories, which cover the period of French dominion in Canada. The subjects chiefly dealt with are French discovery, colonisation and missionary enterprise, with the tragic story of the incessant wars with the Iroquois. The stories are told with spirit, and, on the whole, with a close adherence to facts. Apart from the native histories,

there is a place for the book, and our young people, especially, will find it instructive as well as entertaining reading."

Our next quotation is from a notice of the work in *The Christian Union*, and it will serve to show how warmly the book has been commended in the highest literary circles outside of Canada

"Never, probably, in the history of the world have the highest and lowest qualities of men been more strikingly displayed than in the earliest story of Canadian exploration and colonisation; never have religion and the lower interests of men been so subtly and curiously interwoven as in the transactions which took place on the shores of the St. Lawrence; never, perhaps, have the elements of romantic interest been more numerous or more striking than in this same story. French explorers, governors and priests seemed to partake of the heroic and romantic aspect of the times, and the biographies of such men as Cartier, Champlain, La Salle, Tonty, Brébeuf, Le Jeune, Daulac and Frontenac have all the interest of the most thrilling novels. Upon this material the authors of this volume drew with a free hand, and they have told the marvellous story with succinctness, but without divesting it of its romantic charm. . . . We commend this volume heartily to all those who have not found time to read Mr. Parkman's delightful books, and especially to younger readers, who ought not to be ignorant of the history of any portion of the continent."

One more quotation must suffice. *The Canadian Advance* of March 8th, 1890, says:

"From the pens of two Canadians we have a contribution to Canadian literature that is not only welcome on its own merits, but because of its national theme. It is a book distinctly suited to young Canadians, and should be read by every boy and girl. It is the common heritage of Anglo and French Canadian. Divested of the dry details of history, it presents all the romance and adventure of Canada's heroic age, in concrete form, and told in a simple yet fascinating manner. Where Parkman, valuable and attractive as are his pages, will be passed by, these pages will be eagerly scanned, and those who have neither time nor inclination to dig history for themselves have here a means of escaping from the reproach of ignorance of their country's roll of achievement."

To these generous and yet wholly deserved notices of the work it is not necessary for us to add words of criticism or appreciation. We merely remark that we know of no book in Canadian literature that it would please us so well to have placed in the hands of every young person in Canada.

A BATCH OF ERRORS.

MR. SHIEL, M. P., had said of a certain disclaimer by a personage of very high rank—"When I am called to give credit to such a statement, I take refuge in one of the dicta of my creed and say, 'Credo quia impossibile'."

To this Mr. James Hume, M. P., appended the following free translation, "Let whosoever will believe it, I will not."

We do not know exactly what was the "creed" of Mr. Shiel, but it was probably in the main that of the Roman Catholic Church; yet the creed of that Church would scarcely be expressed by the words, "Credo quia impossibile."

Mr. S. had probably in his mind a misrepresentation of a sentiment of Tertullian as found in his Treatise, "De carne Christe". In that work we find the words, "Certum est quia impossibile", which words were somehow, whether intentionally or not, translated into the "Credo, &c.", of Mr. S., and other orators and writers.

Byron perpetuates the blunder and widens the sphere of its diffusion by incorporating it in a stanza of one of his most famous poems, and in so doing adds a blunder of his own. His words are—

"But St. Augustine has the great priority,
Who bids all men believe th' impossible
Because 'tis so. Who nibble, scribble, quibble, he
Quiets at once with,—'quia impossibile.'"

It cannot be doubted that the poet had in view the words of Tertullian (not St. Augustine) which Mr. S. had erroneously made a part of his "creed". Whether the Irish orator knew the origin of the dictum any better than did the noble poet or not does not appear; but we would expect of him to be better informed in the matter than the sceptical, sneering, creedless author of the "Don Juan".

The two versions of the sentiment of Tertullian are not materially different in meaning,—the only question is as to the Father who employed the language.

Byron pursued the subject a little further because it was a congenial one yet, and as he introduces a thought which somewhat redeems the sneer cast ostensibly at the "saint" but in reality at the church of the saint and at the religion of which he was so distinguished an expounder, it may with propriety and perhaps ought in fairness to be reproduced. He proceeds—

"And therefore, mortals, cavil not at all,
Believe, if 'tis improbable, you must,
And if it is impossible, you shall;
'Tis always best to take things upon trust.
I do not speak profanely—to recall
Those bolder mysteries which the wise and just
Receive as Gospel, and which grow more rooted
As all things must, the more they are disputed."

It is pleasant to quote the latter half of the stanza; but it is only a specimen of much that is just and proper scattered throughout the writings of the poet, unfortunately too often irreverent and sadly irreligious.

There is a pleasant story told of Erasmus, the learned Hollander, in which the "Credo" again figures. He and Sir Thomas More, the conscientious and able advocate of Catholicism, were, notwithstanding the difference of their religious views, fast friends. Erasmus had been making Sir Thomas a visit—he often came to England—and among other topics had discussed the *Real Presence*. When he left for home his friend lent him a horse to carry him to the sea side. So pleasant did the paces of the animal prove, that E. could not persuade himself to part with him; but instead sent the owner the following epigram—

"Quod mihi dixisti de Corpore Christi,
'Credo quod edis, et edis',
Sic tibi rescribo de tuo palfrido,
'Credo quod habes, et habes'."

C. D. R.

Wolfville, N. S.

TWO PATHS.

H. L. SPENCER

ONE walked the world with downcast head,
 And o'er his heart his hand he wore;
 "I trust no more in man," he said,
 "In woman, never more."
 He died! forgotten ere he died,
 And no one wept and no one sighed.

One walked the world with kingly tread!
 "The world is faithful and true," said he;
 "But if it proves faithless and false," he said,
 "Faithless and false I too can be."
 And so he lived and so he died,
 And a willow wept his grave beside.

St. John, N. B.

MONTCALM AND FRENCH CANADA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF CHARLES DE BONNECHOSE
 BY THE EDITOR.

II.

Versailles, midnight, January 25th 1756.

"PERHAPS, Sir, you have given up expecting to hear from me on the subject of our last conversation the day you came to say farewell to me at Paris. I have not, however, for one moment, from that time to this, lost sight of the proposition which I then made to you, and it is with the greatest pleasure that I announce to you its success. The king has fixed his choice upon you to assume command of his troops in North America and on your departure will honour you with the rank of field-marshal".

It was thus that M. d'Argenson, a minister who had no other ambition, he said, than to discharge to his country the role of an honest man, announced to a brigadier-colonel, almost unknown at the Court, his nomination to the post left vacant by the sad misadventure of the baron Dieskau. M. d'Argenson had divined in him one of those rare officers who, at this period of decadence, "bore themselves still as heroes", to use an expression of the marshal de Noailles.

Louis-Joseph, marquis de Montcalm, was born February 28th, 1712, at the château de Candiac, near Nîmes. His family, one of the oldest in Rouergue, knew how to shed its blood for France; "war," it was an old saying of the country, "is the tomb of the Montcalms".

The education of the boy was committed to a master celebrated as a teacher, Louis Dumas, the inventor of the typographic bureau, a curious process which, in capable hands, has more than once produced marvellous results, witness the younger brother of Louis-Joseph, dead at seven years, speaking Hebrew, Greek and Latin. When having just entered his fourteenth year, young Montcalm left school for the army, but without giving up study. From the camp at Otrebach, in 1734, he writes to his father; "I am learning German—and I am reading more Greek, thanks to solitude, than I have read for three or four years".

In truth, this taste for the ancient languages he will cultivate all through his life: few literary men have understood antiquity better than this man of war, who, by this trait, as well as by an indomitable energy, bears more likeness to the captains of the sixteenth century than to those of his time.

He saw his first campaign with the marshal de Berwick, already growing old, but always victorious. Some years

later, the war of the Austrian Succession led him into Bohemia; there he became acquainted, in 1741, with the hero of the sealing of Prague, the modest, intrepid Chevert: there and then a close friendship was formed between them worthy of their noble hearts and which ceased only when one of those hearts had ceased to beat. From Bohemia Montcalm passed into Italy, where he appeared upon almost every battle-field. He commanded the regiment of Auxerre Infantry at the defeat of the French before Plaisance (1746): there his career was well-nigh arrested. "We have had yesterday", he writes to his mother, "a very disastrous engagement. A number of the officers, generals and colonels, have been killed or wounded. I am among the latter with five sabre-cuts. Happily none of them is dangerous, of this I am assured, and I judge so by the strength which I still have, although I have lost blood in abundance, having an artery cut. My regiment, which I had rallied twice, is annihilated". The year following, barely recovered, behold him at the head of his regiment conducting it to the assault of Col d'Exilles, where the rash chevalier de Belle-Isle went to his death with four thousand of his army. In this stupid affair Montcalm received new wounds.

Between two campaigns he had married, espousing as it chanced the little niece of that Talon who was the true founder of the royal administration in Canada. Before going to die apart fifteen hundred leagues from his own, he had known the joys of the domestic hearth, but also the anxieties and sorrows of these holy affections. "I have had ten children", he wrote in his journal at the commencement of 1752; "there remain to me but six. May God be pleased to keep them all and make them prosper both for this world and for the other".

Before being called in 1756, to the enviable command of the troops in America, Montcalm had not yet met *his opportunity*. He was till then unknown. Fortune at length goes to meet him with a smile, but in her deceitful hands she will bring to him only anguish, desertion and defeat. One favour, however, she bestowed upon him,—death. By his immolation after prodigies of valour, he imposed upon the conqueror admiration of the conquered. He had this supreme honour of engraving on one of the extremities of the earth, the rock of Quebec, imperishable regard for the name of France; of this France always fairest, always most respected, when misfortunes add to her glory that "je ne sais quoi d'achevé" with which Bossuet crowns a hero.

(To be Continued.)

TO THE STORM-SPIRIT.

BY ERNEST W. M'CREADY.

AT thy fierce breath the ocean pales, and o'er
 Its wide expanse the troubled billows move
 In swift retreat. The phantom clouds above
 Like Arab warriors wheel, and fast before
 Thy strength invisible to safety fly
 In straggling squadrons. The dark forests bow
 Before their conqueror. With heads bent low
 The mournful pines make moan, and to the sky
 Rises the sound of music strange and wild.
 Now weaker grows the weak, stronger the strong.
 Thy clarion note but makes the brave to long
 For the rude conflict. The untutored child
 Fears thy fierce coming, but thy thunders warm
 My breast to rapture; for I love the storm!

St. John, N. B.

Our Young Folk's Serial.

THE WHITE COTTAGE: Or the Fortunes of a Boy-Emigrant in Canada.

BY MRS. S. A. CURZON.

CHAPTER II.

OLD JOSIAH.

THERE was an old pensioner lived in our village, a funny old man with one arm, one leg and one eye, who used to tell us boys wonderful stories about Nelson, Copenhagen and Canada. Like lads who love everything wild and adventurous, we liked his stories of Red Indians, wolves and rattlesnakes best, and cared very little for the doleful plights in which he told us soldiers often found themselves with wounds, fevers and agues; and it was reckoned one of our greatest enjoyments when old Josiah would be persuaded to talk about "Kanady". One evening, as I was returning to the farm where I lived as a ploughboy, after having been home to see how mother was getting along, old Josiah called to me from his cottage door to come in and read him a letter which the carrier had just brought him. It was from one of his sons in Canada, and told in a very cheerful tone of his possessions, prospects and hopes; and, while I was reading it, old Josiah would often rub his hands with delight, and bid me "read that again". The letter ended thus: "Though I came here with only your gift of twenty pounds, I am sure you would think I had made good use of it, if you could see my hundred acres, fifty of them cleared, a good house, a team, and a cow and a few pigs for the wife, though I can't say but I have to work hard, and the missis too, but then the place is *my own*".

"I should think I should"! cried old Josiah; "I should think I *should* think thee had'st done well, and all in a matter o' ten year, but then Joe wur al'ays stiddy".

"Joe must have got good wages over there to have bought a farm, even with your money to help, Mr. Jackson", said I.

"Not much 'o that, not much 'o that, lad", he replied; "he on'y got ten dollars a month, that's forty shillin', when he just went over, and that on'y in the summer; the winter they doant gie so much, his waäge wur six".

"But forty shillin' a month and lodge in the house that's a good lot; here's me only a gettin' ten shillin', and I work hard for it too".

Waäges is bigger in Canady, because labour's sca'ce lad; but things is a good deal dearer—böots and all kinds o' clothes, but land's cheap, very cheap, and a poor man stan's a chance o' gettin' a few acres for himself if he's industrious".

When I left old Josiah that night, my mind was all in a whirl. I felt as if a great fortune had been left me in

a distant country, and I had only to travel there in order to obtain it. Plan after plan of what I would do for my mother, for my sisters, for my brothers, for everybody that needed it, chased one another like shadows through my excited brain. How different the world looked all at once! I had left my mother's house angry and depressed, notwithstanding her parting kiss and word of praise. Why should we be so poor, and others be so rich? Why should some seem to have everything, and others nothing? Why were some men large landed proprietors and able to leave fortunes to their children, while others would have to be buried in ground paid for by others, not even a poor six foot of earth to call their own? And no hope that it would ever be otherwise! My memory told me well enough how it was in our case, but I was determined to adopt the grievances of the whole parish, nay, of the whole country and to be discontented and covetous. But now! I no longer envied the squire his fields, and the lord of the manor his money. There was a way opened to me to get money and lands, and get it I would, but how? there was the question. How should I get over to that happy country? And where was the twenty pounds to begin with that Joe Jackson's father had given him? That was the old man's prize money, but my father—oh! dear.

Next time I went home I told mother all about Josiah's letter, and the prospects for a strong lad in Canada, adding my desire to go thither. At first mother was very averse to thinking about it, but as I urged the chances that I might prosper as well as another, and the hopelessness that ever I should buy even an acre of land in England, (though I knew there was every reason to hope that by steady industry I might be able to rent a snug little place such as I was born in), she at last began to entertain the idea, and acknowledged that it would be a benefit to me if I could get the chance. Seeing that mother sympathised with me, I began to discuss matters freely with her, and when I went home next time, I found that she had been to see old Josiah, in order to learn how I might reach Canada, how far it was off, and what it would cost; but she foresaw difficulty with my father, who always looked to my wages to pay the year's rent. And if he heard of the prospect in a new country, he was likely to think that he had the best right to try it. "Which would be ruin, Tom", said my mother, and I felt that it would, indeed.

"Say nothing about it to anybody, Tom; leave it to me; pray for the direction of the Almighty, and keep steady at your work, and we'll see what can be done".

This was delightful language to me. I knew that mother would never leave off trying as long as there was the slightest hope of success, and I went to work again, happy.

Several weeks went by, and poor dear mother was no nearer finding an answer to the riddle than ever, and I began to get both impatient and despondent. I always wanted to do a thing right off, which, though a very good rule in its way, is not always best. Some things require a good deal of thinking about, and others when decided upon cannot always be accomplished at once, and it is very foolish in young people to give way to an impatience that will do no good, and, indeed, does harm. "Let patience have her perfect work", says the Scripture, and, if we can see no other consolation, we should remember that patience is a Christian virtue, and as such is accepted in the sight of God. But I forgot all this, and began to doubt dear mother's ability, nay, I even went so far as to doubt her intention.

How I regretted it afterwards! How often have the tears of repentance sprung to my eyes since in remembering how unjust I was to her.

It was now February. The snowdrops were up, and the birds began to look lively. At the Farm we had the plan of the sowing pretty much all laid out, and ploughing was being proceeded with on every fine day. I kept torturing myself with the thought that at this rate all the summer work would be done before I should reach Canada, and nothing but winter work and low wages would be my "luck", as I angrily called it. The following Sunday afternoon, while father was asleep, and the children mostly at Sunday school, my mother called me into the garret and told me she thought we could manage it.

(To be Continued.)

Red Pencil and Scissors.

CANADA FOR CANADIANS.

To the "Old Party".

OUT from our bounds they're going, scores, hundred, day by day,
O'er country roads and city streets they take their lingering way;

They choke down tears and smile "good-bye", our gallant boys and true—

The lads that love the dear "old flag" at least as well as you.

Yet must they seek an alien shore, to live as exiles there,
For lack of place to earn their bread, though that might be to spare;

For lack of room for honest toil their feet afar must roam,
The lads that ought to be the stay of their "old folks at home".

Ye send our best and brightest forth, our nation's hope and pride—

More precious to our country's weal than all her wealth beside—
To be the strength of alien States, of empire not our own,
And all to "build the nation up" without its corner-stone!

Then, from the dregs of other lands, the wretched and the weak,
Unfit for what before them lies, new suffering come to seek.
Will they give back to Canada the strength she casts away?
Will they replace the gallant lads that leave our shores to-day?

Drag not the generous, brave "old flag" into a party cry—
Its folds have waved for freedom oft on many a day gone by;
Claim not its name, its grand old fame, for tyranny disguised,
To hide the need of selfish greed, or power and place misprised.

The motherland we hold so dear, across the stormy main,
Seeks not to fetter freeborn sons for sake of petty gain;
The mother liveth for the child, a mother sure is she;
Our gain is hers; her truest good a prosperous child to see.

Look at our ruined toilers driven from their fathers' fields!
See what a mournful harvest a selfish sowing yields!
Hear the "Starvation Army's" mournful cry for work or bread!
Will ye stop the tide of plenty from whence they might be fed?

Let the old free trade banner wave to the freshening breeze!
Let Britain's lead be followed by her sons across the seas!

Break down restrictive barriers that dam the waters back,
That in a thousand streams might flow with blessings in their track!

God gave this mighty continent to this our fathers' race;
The North and South He made for all, and crowned them with His grace,

That each might fill the other's lack, and love and plenty reign;
What he hath joined together, let no man cleave in twain!

Good doth but grow by using, and mutual help begun
Shall grow and spread to other lands till all earth's trade be one!
Awake from prejudice and hate, and falsehood's baleful spell,
And save a suffering people, and the land we love so well.

Kingston, Ont.

FIDELIS.

AT THE BAR OF THE LORDS.

W^hEN we explained quite recently the case of Newfoundland, and have described the uncomfortable situation in which it finds itself by reason of the rights secured to the French by treaty, and of the restrictions imposed upon its own people by the same treaty.

The peculiar position of the colony, suffering under what it regards as an intolerable grievance, and yet wholly unable to help itself, was the occasion of a highly picturesque scene in the British House of Lords one day in April. The colony had sent to London a delegation of its most prominent public men to endeavor to dissuade Parliament from passing a bill introduced by Lord Knutsford, the Colonial Secretary, which the colonists of both parties regarded as highly injurious to their interests.

These delegates were permitted to appear at the bar of the House of Peers while that body was in session, and to speak to the House and the country in the name of the colony. There was a very distinguished company in attendance, including the Prince of Wales, and the scene was significant and impressive. The delegates spoke, one by one; they were heard attentively, and the impression they made was a good one.

It cannot be said, at the time we write, whether or not their protest will be effectual; but the event itself is interesting from two points of view.

The appearance of the delegates before one of the Houses of Parliament is a striking illustration of what is known as the right of petition in its most remarkable form. It is a form not unknown to the parliamentary procedure of this country, although the similar right as exercised in the United States may not be generally recognized as corresponding to it.

Delegates from Territories are allowed free access to the floor of the House of Representatives, although they are not members of it, and have no vote, but they are permitted at any time, when they can get the floor, to discuss matters before the House, even when those matters do not concern directly the people of the Territories they represent.

It is a privilege accorded to the Lord Mayor of London, by immemorial custom, to present petitions of the City of London to the House of Commons; and other petitioners have, from time to time, been admitted to the bar of the House, not to speak but to lay their written requests on the table.

But the more interesting phase of the Newfoundland matter is that in which the colony appears as a self-governing community, but as possessing no power and not even a voice in the matter of its most important relations, those to other communities.

Treaties which bind Newfoundland and every other colony are made by the British ministry, and that ministry is virtually appointed by the House of Commons, in which no colony has even a single representative. Canada, with four and a half million inhabitants, has not so much influence in choosing those who are to direct the foreign policy by which Canada is to be governed, as have the people of some small English town.

It is true that Canada does not at present find this situation an unpleasant one. She is entirely satisfied to pay for the privilege of her connection with England by allowing the home government to make treaties that control her.

But it is human nature to be contented with such a condition of affairs only so long as arrangements thus made by another power do not harmfully limit the free action of a community. Newfoundland was contented until the French treaties, as interpreted by Frenchmen, began to bear hardly upon its industries. Its loyalty is now strained almost to the breaking point. And this will always happen, in any liberty-loving colony, so soon as it seems to the colonists that their interests are sacrificed for the benefit of the general government, in the choice of which they have no voice.—*The Youth's Companion*.

A GREETING TO THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF CANADA.

W^oELCOME! our Royal Masters of the Pen,
 To this our Royal city, proud to greet
 Our country's Magi, who in council meet,
 Bearing—the wealth of your illumined ken—
 Such gifts as shall uplift the minds of men.
 And lure pale Psyche from her dim retreat
 On joyous wings the azure air to beat,
 And visit her elysian haunts again.
 Here, while you sow the golden seeds of thought,
 Whose harvest we shall reap and oft recount,
 As if all other heritage were naught;
 Here, in the shadow of our Royal Mount,
 Let every flower that welcome breathes be brought
 To strew the marge of the Pierian fount.

GEORGE MARTIN.

Montreal, May 27, 1891.

STAY IN CANADA.

REV. GHOSN-EL-HOWIE, Ph., D. the oriental preacher and lecturer, has just returned to the city from a tour throughout the states of New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania. Dr. Howie appears to have devoted much attention to the condition of Canadians over the line. He said to an *Empire* reporter: Canadian newspapers are invariably up to the time in chronicling the emigration of Canadians to the States, leaving the impression on the minds of readers that such emigration is necessarily an improvement in the condition of emigrants. Many Americans boastfully assured him that one-fifth of the population of Canada is already in the States, but from personal enquiries and interviews with Canadians over the line Dr. Howie is convinced that four-fifths of said fifth fare far worse in the States than they had done in Canada, and only pride or poverty, or both prevent their return to this fair Dominion. Only picked Canadians do well in the States, and these would have done as well had they remained at home. Average emigrants have a hard time of it; they find little work and get less for it. Farm land in Pennsylvania has gone down in value from 20 to 50 per cent. during the last decade; at any rate, so say farmers there. Wages are not higher than in Ontario. In the conference of Philadelphia (a great centre of wealth and population) the average minister's salary is barely \$800 per annum. A deputation from Dakota conference assured the preachers' meeting in Philadelphia, in the hearing of Dr. Howie, that unless they be assisted at once much of mortgaged church property will be lost. The people there are too poor to defray their own expenses. Many a French Canadian in New England is now cursing the day in which he left Quebec. Character, prudence and hard work, may do well in the States, but they do as well and better in Canada. "My prayer", added Dr. Howie, "is God save the Queen and bless beloved Canada, the country inferior to none, and my opinion is, whatever it be worth, that Canadian newspapers should pay more attention to this subject, and make the truth more widely known, to prevent more disappointment and suffering. Tell Canadians, if you have any way of doing at all, in your own interests, stay where you are, unless you go under appointment, unless you know beforehand what is awaiting you. Never leave on chances if you can at all help it".

Dr. Howie has left Toronto for Syria.—*The Empire*, (Toronto).

The Editor's Portfolio.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

A CANADIAN NEWSPAPER CLIPPING BUREAU has just been organised at Ottawa. The object is to furnish politicians and public men with newspaper references to themselves. Canadians have hitherto been dependent upon the United States concerns for this service. The necessity and advantage of such a Bureau must be evident to all, though the references may sometimes be of such a character that it would be better for one's peace of mind never to see them. Those who want to know what the world thinks of them, or whether it thinks of them at all, had better address the Canadian Press Clipping Bureau, Box 1047, Ottawa, Ont.

SOME important questions will be discussed at the Postal Union Congress in Vienna. Instructions have been sent to Sir Charles Tupper, who will represent Canada at the Congress. The Canadian

Post Office Department approves of the following changes among those that will be proposed: a reduction of letter postage to the most distant places in the Union from ten to seven cents, an increase in the weight of single-rate letters to three-quarters of an ounce, a uniform registration fee, and the general acceptance of the principle of pecuniary responsibility for registered letters up to the value of ten dollars. Among the questions which ought to be discussed at the Congress is the introduction of an international stamp of the value of a single letter rate, which could be used in remitting fractions of a dollar from one country to another, or could be enclosed in a letter to prepay reply.

For several reasons which it is not necessary to state now, we have given up our project of issuing a special Dominion Day number of CANADA this year. Next year will be the 25th anniversary of the young Dominion, the 250th anniversary of the founding of Montreal, and the 400th anniversary of the discovery of America by Columbus. We hope that the growth of our subscription list will enable us next year to furnish a number that will be better worthy of our Natal Day than it would be possible for us to furnish now. There will be twenty-five years of material, social, literary, educational and religious progress to review.

PROHIBITION of the liquor traffic has apparently forced itself upon the attention of Parliament this session as never before. The most sanguine, we think, did not expect a prohibitory law to be enacted this winter; but good must result from the discussion of the question on the floor of the House. Some of the prohibition members seem to have fallen into the error of ignoring or forgetting the character of the audience they were addressing. The appeals to sentiment which may carry the masses by storm will not produce much effect upon a deliberative assembly. Not rhetoric or eloquence, but facts, and especially legal, political and fiscal facts, are what the statesman calls for. It may be that the Prohibition Party has not given sufficient attention to these aspects of the question. If the Government could be induced to submit the matter to a popular vote before the next session of Parliament, this would be, it seems to us, the very best solution of the problem. The revenue might be affected injuriously for a year or so, but we think that after a time the increased prosperity and morality of the country would counterbalance this loss. Temperance sentiment may reject the principle of compensation; but justice, of course, and not sentiment, must rule, and when once the country by a popular vote demands prohibition, the question of compensation may be safely entrusted to the wisdom and justice of Parliament.

THERE is no money expended by business men which brings them in better returns than that which they spend in advertising when wisely placed; but the number of advertisers who place their advertisements unwisely is very large, and the amount of money simply thrown away in this way is very great. A circulation of one thousand of the right sort is worth more than a circulation of ten thousand of the wrong sort. The cheap sensational story papers are a very poor medium for advertising, whatever their circulation may be. They are bought and read only for the story and then torn up and thrown aside. Many advertisers, who are wedded to antiquated and mistaken notions and methods, will learn by-and-by through a very costly experience, that they have been misled by the glamour of large circulations, and that a high-class weekly or monthly journal, with a limited circulation, gives far better returns for the money expended.

We clip from *The Critic*, of Halifax, some remarks of Eliot Northam concerning advertising which it would be well for all advertisers to ponder carefully. "For over twenty years, in Eng-

land and America, I have been a general advertising agent, and I can speak from a varied and sometimes exciting experience. *Experientia docet!* I have been taught that all kinds of business may be advertised profitably in weekly and monthly periodicals, and only certain lines in daily papers. To get the very best results for the very best goods, always use first-class weeklies. They charge less than the dailies in proportion to space, circulation and life; and they live for seven days, it must be remembered. A first-class weekly, with a circulation of from five to twenty-five thousand per week, is a better advertising medium than any daily. Its circulation is among the purchasing class, it lives one week, its appearance is more attractive than a daily's, its matter interests the thoughtful, watchful, careful men and women, and its power with its reader surpasses the short-lived, hastily-read morning or evening paper". Every word of the above may be applied with still greater emphasis to a high-class monthly periodical, which lives for one month, and then is carefully filed away and preserved for years. The readers of magazines are the most valuable class of all to advertisers.

THE Royal Society of Canada is a useful institution and cannot be too highly commended; but as the membership is limited to a small number of our literary men and excludes our literary women altogether, it can only be the centre around which other societies will grow up and from which they may derive inspiration. We have in the Maritime Provinces local scientific and historical societies, but not a purely literary society. We think that a sufficient number of literary workers and amateurs can be found in these eastern provinces to organize an Acadia Literary Club or Maritime Literary Society. We drop the suggestion that such a society be formed, to meet annually at some convenient point, that a membership fee of two dollars per year be charged, that half of this fee be given to CANADA, in consideration of which CANADA will publish the reports and transactions of the Society and send a copy of the magazine regularly to every member of the Society. We shall be glad to hear from our literary friends on the subject.

It is said that the systematic attempts which have recently been made to injure the credit of Canada in Great Britain can be traced to telegraphic sources in the United States. By the reports which have been circulated Canada is represented as being on the verge of political and financial ruin, and their general publication has caused them to be believed by the mass of the English people. For ways that are dark and for tricks that are vain, we are afraid Uncle Sam is becoming peculiar. Such methods are not calculated to promote closer relations between Canada and the Republic.

UNDER a Christian civilisation woman has occupied for a long time a throne of her own, and her influence has been immeasurable both for good and evil, but generally for good. The physical and spiritual differences between the sexes have been recognised, each has been permitted to approach its highest development in its proper sphere, and the world has been immensely the gainer. Woman has been revered, loved, almost worshipped by man, and is still where the true womanly type remains. But this true womanly type is not so common as it once was, and we are afraid that if certain tendencies which are very marked at the present day continue to gather strength, this true type which man honours and loves will eventually disappear. The more masculine woman becomes, the less charm she has for men and the weaker is the influence she can exercise over him. A masculine woman is man's *bête noire*.

From the American Newspaper Directory for 1891, a bulky volume of 2,240 pages, published by George P. Rowell & Co., of

New York. we gather a few interesting statistics of Canadian periodical publications. The total number of periodicals now published in the Dominion is 837. The aggregate circulation of each issue of these is 1,967,750 copies. The average circulation is 2,351. Ten publications in Canada have a circulation of 25,000 and over each. Ontario issues 42 dailies, 365 weeklies and 69 monthlies; Québec, 20 dailies, 74 weeklies and 31 monthlies; Nova Scotia, 6 dailies, 49 weeklies and 4 monthlies; New Brunswick, 7 dailies, 28 weeklies, and 5 monthlies; Prince Edward Island, 2 dailies and 10 weeklies; Manitoba, 3 dailies, 28 weeklies and 10 monthlies; North West Territories, 1 daily and 15 weeklies; and British Columbia, 7 dailies and 8 weeklies.

—

We give the titles of some of the papers read before Section II of the Royal Society of Canada during the recent meeting at Montreal, all of those given being of special Canadian interest.

The Site of Fort La Tour.

Ticonderoga and its Memories. By Rev. Dr. Withrow.

Cape Breton and its Memorials of the French Regime. By Dr. Bourinot, C. M. G.

Notes on a Hooped Cannon found at Lonsburg. By Rev. Dr. Patterson.

Governor Murray and the First Years of British Rule in Canada. By John Reade, A. M.

Opportunities for the Study of Folk-Lore in Canada. By John Reade, A. M.

Notes and Observations on the Shuswap People of British Columbia. By Dr. George M. Dawson.

The Ethics of Crime and Punishment in Primitive Canada. By J. M. Lemoine.

The North-West Territories. By Charles Mair.

—

The bright little descriptive sketch, "An Island", which appears in this number, is from the pen of a lad of thirteen years, a brother of Prof. Roberts. We shall always be glad to receive contributions from any of our young readers when they are as good as this one.

—

As we pen these sentences, the greatest of Canadian statesmen and the foremost man in the Dominion lies at the point of death, the doctors believe, while the young nation to whose cause he consecrated his life and genius is watching in sorrow beside his bed. His death will be more than a Canadian loss; it will be a loss to the whole empire. Let us hope and pray that even yet such a calamity may be spared us! No human being is free from errors; but both friends and political foes must acknowledge that Sir John A. Macdonald has been throughout his career thoroughly devoted to the interests of Canada and honest in all his endeavours for her prosperity. To not one of her sons does she owe so large a debt of gratitude, perhaps, as to him. The position which she occupies to-day, her material prosperity and her influence abroad, she owes very largely to the brilliant genius and patriotic efforts of this one man.

—

THE elevation of Sir George Stephen to the peerage will establish a precedent which may very materially alter the complexion of the House of Lords in England. It is probable that other colonial lords will be created in the course of time, and this will very much simplify any imperial federation scheme which may be proposed and make it more acceptable to the empire at large. The existence of an Upper House from which all colonial representatives must be forever excluded would be a fatal objection to a closer imperial union.

CANADIAN LITERARY NOTES.

THE *Westminster Review* for May notices favourably Kingsford's History of Canada.

THE scene of a story in the May number of *Macmillan's Magazine*, "Pete Warlow's End", is laid in British Columbia.

IN the death of Dr. T. B. Akins, of Nova Scotia, antiquarian and historical research in Canada has sustained a heavy loss.

IN recent numbers of *The Independent* are poems by W. W. Campbell and Bliss Carman, and an Acadian story by Prof. Roberts.

THE feature of *The Dominion Illustrated* of May 30th is a four-column poem of Hunter Duvvar's, in his quaint and inimitable style. The title is "On the Tigris".

WITHOUT *The Week*, which is strong and bright as ever, we are afraid the world would entertain a low opinion of the literary culture and taste of Canadians.

THE *Writer* for May has an appreciative sketch of Mrs. Harrison, under the title "A Poet of Canada". In *The Author* for the same month we find a short sketch of Prof. Roberts.

THE short stories of Prof. Roberts, E. W. Thomson, J. Macdonald Oxley, C. H. Lugin and Edmund Collins are making Canadian scenery familiar in the United States and England.

REV. ROBERT MURRAY, editor of *The Presbyterian Witness*, Halifax, has been invited to reside in Montreal and occupy a remunerative editorial position there, but has not yet decided to accept.

IN *The Week* of May 8th is a very interesting poem by Mrs. S. L. Allison, entitled "The Death and Burial of Innisco". It gives a faithful picture of the scenery, the customs and belief among the Indians in the Similkameen district of British Columbia.

THE article by the Marquis of Lorne on "Canada and the United States", in the current number of the *North American Review*, will correct a number of misapprehensions concerning the Dominion, and attract a wider and more appreciative attention to our resources and destiny.

Le Glaneur for May maintains its interesting and valuable character, and is just the thing for students of the French language. The price is only one dollar a year. "Un Peup' Martyr", is an article upon England's treatment of Ireland, and is interesting reading, if somewhat unjust to British statesmen. (Box 55, Lévis, Québec.)

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

BOUND up with the May number of *The Author* is a reprint of the Copyright Laws of the United States. This will be found very useful for reference. The department "Personal Gossip about Writers", is very interesting, and is worth the price of the magazine. (Box 1905, Boston, Mass.)

THE *Magazine of Poetry* for April contains an additional feature which is a step in the right direction. We mean the study entitled "Francis Saltus Saltus". Heretofore it has been very little more than a collection of scraps of verse, and some of it very poor verse too. Some of the prominent names in this number are Robert Buchanan, Arlo Bates, Lord Lytton, Harriet H. Robinson and Sir Edwin Arnold.

THE *Cosmopolitan* for June is as good as ever. Beautifully illustrated articles are "Japanese Women", "The Royal Arsenal at Wolwich", "The House of Madame de Pompadour", "A Remarkable Artist", "A Modern Municipality" (Dresden), and "The Light of the Harem". The Prize Essay on "The Needs of the Farmer", is humourously illustrated by Dan. C. Beard and F. G. Attwood. The three months' serial, "The Elixir of Pain", grows in power and interest. (Price 25 cents; \$2.40 a year).

Juvenile Canada.

QUESTIONS IN CANADIAN HISTORY.

41. What young French soldier left Montreal in the Spring of 1661, with sixteen comrades, to fight the Iroquois?
42. What was his fate?
43. What did he accomplish?
44. What dream at first led the adventurous to explore the unknown regions in the New World?
45. Who, among the most remarkable of these, came to Canada in 1666?
46. What was the Gulf of California then called?
47. What city now occupies the site of Fort Frontenac?
48. Where and how did the brave La Salle die?
49. Who was the heroine of "Castle Dangerous"?
50. Give the date of the first siege of Quebec?
51. How did the second siege of Quebec terminate?
52. In what year did General Montcalm arrive in Canada?
53. Who was then Governor of Canada?
54. Give the date of the great siege of Quebec?

PRIZE COMPETITION.

The first among our young readers to answer correctly the Canadian History Questions and Hidden Ore contained in the March, April, May and June numbers of this Journal will receive *The Youth's Companion* for one year, subscription price, \$1.75; the second will receive "Stories of New France", price \$1.50; the third will receive a book worth \$1.00.

The answers for the four months must be sent in at one time, after the appearance of the June number.

Competitors must be under eighteen years of age.

Some member of the competitor's family must be a subscriber to CANADA, and only one can compete where only one copy of the Journal is taken. The subscriber's name must be sent with the competitor's.

HIDDEN ORE FOR YOUNG MINERS.

NUMERICAL PUZZLE.

I am composed of 22 letters.

My 14, 9, 17, 22, 7, 13 is the name of a plant.

My 6, 15, 13, 11, 12, 13 is a place for meat.

My 19, 2, 5, 3 is a Bible character.

My 18, 8, 12, 4 is the plural of an animal.

My 13, 20, 1, 9, 3 is an Eastern title.

My 16, 2, 21, 18, 10 is a punctuation mark.

My whole is a Canadian statesman.

TOUCHING LOYALTY.

The grand old Douglas motto, "Tender and True," was once touchingly illustrated by the representative of another Scotch family. The Duke of Athole had a disease which was certain to end fatally. When he was assured that he would soon be taken, he called on all

his tenants, and bade each one farewell with a cheerfulness that testified to his peace of mind. During his last days there occurred a touching incident, which is told in *Blackwood's*.

Queen Victoria visited Blair-Athole to bid adieu to the dying Duke. She had returned to the station, where a crowd of persons had collected, but in sympathy with the solemnity of the occasion, they maintained perfect silence.

The train was about to start, when there was a shout of "Stop! stop!" and a brougham was seen driving rapidly from the castle.

Out of it, wrapped in flannels, staggered the Duke. He went to the door of the royal car, knelt, kissed the Queen's hand, waved his cap and called out, "Three chairs for the Queen!" Then re-entering his carriage, he drove back to the castle, and never left it again alive.

Olla Podrida.

In an English breach of promise suit seven hundred love-letters were produced. The plaintiff won her suit.

If you want to save fifty cents, send your subscription to CANADA before July 1st.

An Indianapolis man has lived thirteen years with his wife and does not know her first name yet. He probably calls her Say.

After July 1st the subscription price of CANADA will be one dollar a year.

The trouble with our praying is that we all want to be on God's Ways and Means Committee.

Fifty cents in stamps remitted before July 1st will pay for the enlarged and improved CANADA for one year.

A father said to his son: "Choose your calling, stick to it, and you will succeed." The son chose the law, stuck to it, and now he is known as the best-checker player in the county.

Only fifty cents! Read this whole column and find out what it means.

"Is your husband a religious man?" "I'm not quite certain. When I hear him speak in the prayer meeting I think he is; but when I hear him speak at home, I don't know what to think."

There may not be many facts in this column, but there is one that ought to interest you; by sending fifty cents in stamps to the publisher of CANADA, you may secure that publication every month for one year.

"Down with the low-necked dress!" exclaims a reformer. "I think it is too low now," says another. "What I say is, up with it."

Until July 1st one dollar and fifty cents will pay for "Stories of New France" and CANADA for one year.

It takes about three seconds for a message to go from one end of the Atlantic cable to the other.

To those who neglect sending in their subscriptions to CANADA until after July 1st the price will be one dollar.

The debt of the whole world is estimated at \$150,000,000,000.

We have now a new supply of "Stories of New France" and can fill orders promptly. \$1.00 only to paid up subscribers.

Near Akron, Ohio, a tramp got into a field where a cross bull was feeding. It was a tight race for eighty rods, and at the end of it the tramp leaped over a fence eight feet high, and doesn't think he was doing anything wonderful.

Read the press opinions of CANADA in this number and then send along your subscription.

The professor: Did you ever read that romantic old novel, 'The Children of the Abbey?' Miss Ingenue: "Why, I didn't know an Abbé ever had children."

Where will you get for 25 cents as much high-class Canadian literature as has appeared in CANADA during the half year ending with this number? Our aim is to make the magazine still better during the remainder of the year.

"A commonplace life," we say, and we sigh. But why should we sigh, as we say? The commonplace sun in the commonplace sky. Makes up the commonplace day.

We should like to add one thousand subscribers to CANADA's list before July 1st, at fifty cents each. The subscription price will be one dollar in every case after that date.

The schoolmaster was talking about the Great Salt Lake in Utah, and told the boys that the water was so extremely salt in the lake, no fish could live in it.

"What, sir," said one of them, "can't mackerel live in it?"

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

CANADA is a monthly Journal, cheap, pure, interesting, instructive, and thoroughly Canadian, and is published by Matthew R. Knight, at Benton, New Brunswick.

Subscription Price.—In Canada and the United States, 50 cents per year, or 75 cents when not paid in advance; in Great Britain and Ireland, Newfoundland and Countries of the Postal Union, 75 cents per year, strictly in advance. Three copies will be sent to one address in Canada or the United States for \$1.00 per year, in advance, but when subscription expires these will be charged at full rate.

Discontinuances.—Subscribers wishing to have CANADA discontinued at expiration of subscription must notify us to that effect, otherwise we shall continue sending it.

Remittances.—Remittances should be made by Post Office Order or Registered Letter. Fractions of one dollar may be sent in Canadian one and three cent and American two cent stamps.

Advertisements.—Rates on application. When the number of insertions has not been specified in contract, advertisements will be charged for until ordered to be discontinued.

Agents Wanted.—We want a good agent in every city and town in the Dominion to solicit subscriptions for CANADA, and to those who mean business we are prepared to offer very liberal terms.

Clubbing Rates.—We do not publish a full clubbing list, but we can quote clubbing rates with almost all the leading Canadian and American periodicals, so our friends have a host of chances to get CANADA for nothing.

PRESS OPINIONS OF "CANADA."

ONTARIO OPINIONS.

As it gives and promises pure Canadian literature it should receive the support of thousands of our countrymen.—*The Daily British Whig* (Kingston).

This promises to be a useful addition to Canadian literature.—*The Canadian Church Magazine* (Toronto).

CANADA maintains its high standard, and its last number received is a credit to Canadian journalism. Among the contributors are some of the ablest writers in our country.—*The Week* (Toronto).

It is emphatically loyal, and its pages teem with prose and poetry on Canada of considerable merit, by Canadian writers.—*Young Friends' Review* (London).

We are glad to observe that CANADA maintains the high standard with which it set out. We cordially commend it to our readers.—*Onward* (Toronto).

QUEBEC OPINIONS.

CANADA is ably conducted, neatly printed, and is the cheapest of literary papers.—*The Gazette* (Montreal).

CANADA should have a place in every Canadian household.—*The Land We Live In* (Sherbrooke).

CANADA for March is to hand, and is an excellent number. The new cut for the title page is one of the best designs for such a purpose that has appeared, and gives a tone to the page that is very satisfactory. CANADA deserves full and hearty support, and, we hope, will receive it.—*The Dominion Illustrated* (Montreal).

CANADA is a well-filled, bright, attractive and patriotic monthly. It numbers among its contributors some of the best literary names in the Dominion. It should be heartily supported by all who see a future in Canada.—*The Morning Chronicle* (Quebec).

NOVA SCOTIA OPINIONS.

CANADA for May continues to deserve attention and warm appreciation.—*The Presbyterian Witness* (Halifax).

Glad to see a paper of this kind, for we want to see more patriotism abroad in the land.—*The Colonial Standard* (Pictou).

Presents a most attractive appearance in its artistic cover. The contents bear the stamp of high literary tone and character.—*The Wesleyan* (Halifax).

The numbers before us are well-filled with good literature by the best of our Canadian writers, and the publication is a credit to its enterprising publisher and to Canada.—*The Acadian* (Wolfville).

There is abundant room for it. It is just the kind of publication that young Canadians, and those of riper years as well, should read, mark, learn and inwardly digest. We hope this publication will have a large circulation in our Canadian homes.—*The Shelburne Budget* (Shelburne).

NEW BRUNSWICK OPINIONS.

The contents are all original and distinctly Canadian, and the periodical promises to be one of the brightest and best of Canadian publications.—*The Evening Gazette* (St. John).

(Continued on page 76.)

—NEW—
POPULAR COMPETITION.

WE want 20,000 names and addresses of persons who will be likely to subscribe for

“CANADA”

In the Maritime Provinces, Ontario, Quebec, Manitoba, the North-West, British Columbia, and the United States. In order to secure them as quickly as possible, we offer the following

CASH PRIZES:

To the person sending us the largest list of names and addresses before September 1st, we will give \$20 in cash.

To the person sending the second largest list, we will give \$10 in cash.

To the person sending the third largest list, we will give \$5 in cash.

MONTHLY PRIZE.—To the person sending the largest list each month, we will give \$2 in cash. The winner of this prize may compete for the larger prizes as well.

SPECIAL PRIZE.—To the person sending the largest list of the names and addresses of Canadians living in the United States who are likely to become subscribers for “CANADA”, we will give a special prize of \$5 in cash. The winner of this prize may compete for the other prizes as well.

We do not want the names of all the people in your neighbourhood nor do we want a list made up from some old directory; but we want the names and present addresses of those who in your judgment are likely to become subscribers for “CANADA”.

The addresses of persons living in cities or large towns should have the street and number.

Every competitor, who is not already a subscriber to “CANADA” must enclose with his list 50 cents in stamps for one year's subscription.

Every subscriber, who wishes to compete, must enclose with his list 25 cents in stamps, which will be credited to him on our subscription books. We make this rule because many of our subscribers have received the advantage of clubbing offers or have subscribed through an agent, and so we have not received from them the full subscription price.

Those who send monthly lists will send the remittance with the first list only.

The United States addresses must be confined to Canadians residing in the States.

Where there is a tie, the first received will obtain the prize.

ADDRESS:—“CANADA”,

BENTON, - - NEW BRUNSWICK.

(Continued from page 75.)

It is not only fair to the eye, but congenial to the mind. It is full of hope and promise of literature from the best Canadian sources, and is therefore worthy of patronage; while, from its inexpensiveness, all can the more easily obtain it.—*Progress* (St. John).

It contains a good deal of original matter by Canadian writers, and is deserving of a large patronage.—*The World* (Chatham).

We are glad to know that this valuable journal is meeting with so much success.—*The Carleton Sentinel* (Woodstock).

Well-filled with Canadian literature. There is a good opening for this new periodical, and it ought to succeed.—*The Woodstock Press* (Woodstock).

MANITOBA OPINIONS.

The literary matter of the number before us is of a high order. With its motto, "For God and Canada," the new journal should be able to do effective work. There is yet one thing which Canada is in need of in the line of national literature. This is a good magazine.—*The Commercial* (Winnipeg).

Its name is not a misnomer. It is creditably Canadian from first to last. Such well known writers as Prof. Roberts, Bliss Carman and Pastor Felix appear as contributors. The editor, Mr. Knight, is a poet whose productions are spoken of by competent judges in words of highest praise. Much, therefore, may be expected from CANADA. There is room for such a publication. The succeeding issues more than fulfil the promises of the initial number. We wish it every success.—*The Manitoba College Journal* (Winnipeg).

ASSINIBOIA AND ALBERTA OPINIONS.

It is ably edited and contains much interesting and edifying matter.—*The Standard* (Regina).

CANADA is the very appropriate name of a new monthly magazine published at Benton, New Brunswick, by Matthew Richey Knight, one of the accomplished literary men of our Dominion. The editor is numbered among the poets of Canada, and under his wise administration the new literary venture must succeed. The magazine is well edited, neatly printed and attractive in form.—*The Times* (Moose Jaw).

The March number just received is most creditable in all particulars. The matter is entirely original.—*Edmonton Bulletin* (Edmonton).

OPINIONS FROM MINNESOTA, NEWFOUNDLAND AND P. E. ISLAND.

It bears a bright and scholarly impression upon its pages, and is full of the aroma and inspiration of the Maple Leaf.—*North Western Witness* (Duluth).

We hail with delight a magazine which sounds the bugle of patriotism and pure literature, as CANADA does. We wish Bro. Knight and his journalistic venture abundant success, and wish this Newfoundland of ours could boast of such a journal for fostering the rising literary talent of the colony.—*The Methodist Monthly Greeting* (St. John's, Nfld).

If the succeeding issues fulfil the promise of the number for January, we have no doubt that it will soon make for itself a place in the advancing literature of our country, and also minister to its growth.—*The Island Guardian* (Charlottetown).

WANTED FOR CASH.

USED Postage Stamps of U. S., Canada, and Provinces. Highest cash prices paid. I will pay—

Canada 3d	EACH.	Nova Scotia, 3d.	EACH.
" 6d	\$ 1.00	" 1sh.	16.00
" 7Ad	3.00	" 8½c	.45
" 10d	1.40	Newfoundland,	
" 12d	45.00	2d vermilion	1.50
New Brunswick,		4d	3.00
" 3d	45	6d	3.00
" 5d	1.60	9d	5.00
" 1sh.	16.00	1sh	20.00
Nova Scotia,		5c. brown	.75
" 1 & 6d.	1.10		

10 per cent. more if on the original letter or envelope. All kinds of stamps used during 1840-69 wanted, in any quantity, except U. S. 3c. I pay at least 10 per cent more than any other dealer will. Send your stamps with prices, all what I cannot use will be returned post free and cash by return mail 1,000,000 Canada 1, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6c., 3c., wanted, 50,000 Canada 2 and 5c. registered letter stamps wanted. Good prices paid.

HENRY GREMMEL,

80 NASSAU STREET, New York.

Reference: Germania Bank, 215 Bowery, N. Y.

BUTLER'S JOURNAL.

The only paper in the Dominion devoted to National Independence.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY —

MARTIN BUTLER, - - Fredericton, N. B.

Send for Sample Copy. 25 cents per Year.

POEMS

— OF —

TEN YEARS.

BY MATTHEW RICHEY KNIGHT.

"POEMS that have more of hopeful suggestion in them than any Canadian verse we have seen for some time. His thought is very pure and subtle, his inspiration of an really exalted, his diction vigorous, his passion noble and true."—*The Week* (Toronto).

PRICE, - 40 CENTS.

For sale at the office of "CANADA", Benton, New Brunswick, and by KNIGHT & Co., Halifax, Nova Scotia.

BARTLETT & CO.,

— DEALERS IN —

Greek Stamps for Collectors.

We have the largest stock in America of these beautiful and interesting Stamps. Selections sent on approval to responsible parties. Send for our price list, on orders from which we will give 30% discount until July next.

Address—BARTLETT & COMPANY,

Charlottetown, P. E. Island.

SPECIAL OFFER TO SECURE AGENTS.

This Self-Inking Stamp with your name and address or business, engraved on it and supply of ink sent post paid for only 25c



Marks linen, cards papers, etc. Agents big terms and how to secure a \$2.50 outfit free sent with order or on application. A few good men wanted on salary or big commission. Address,

SOUTHERN RUBBER CO., Rubber Stamp Dept, Box 481, RICHMOND, VA.

CANADA:

A MEMORIAL VOLUME.

A STATISTICAL and Descriptive Book of Reference on the Dominion. The only Hand-book yet published giving a detailed description of each Province and Territory, as well as of the Dominion at large.

"CANADA" contains 1012 pages, with 11 maps and 75 illustrations. Bound in cloth, price \$3.00.

This book, which is highly spoken of by the press of all shades of politics, will be given to subscribers of this journal who enclose a clipping of this card with order, at \$2.00.

Address:—

E. B. BIGGAR,

Publisher,

Fraser Building, MONTREAL.

"SCOTS WHA HAE!"

The only Scotch Paper in Canada.

The Scottish Canadian.

16 pages weekly. . . . \$1.50 per annum.
2 subscribers, each. . . . 1.25 "
5 subscribers, each. . . . 1.00 "

Let every loyal Scotchman get up a club in his neighbourhood.

"Brethers, this is yer ain Scottish Canadian paper, an' dinna ye forget it?"

Send your subscription to

IMRIE & GRAHAM,

26 & 28 Colborne Street,

TORONTO, ONT.