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# THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

(TRADE MARK)

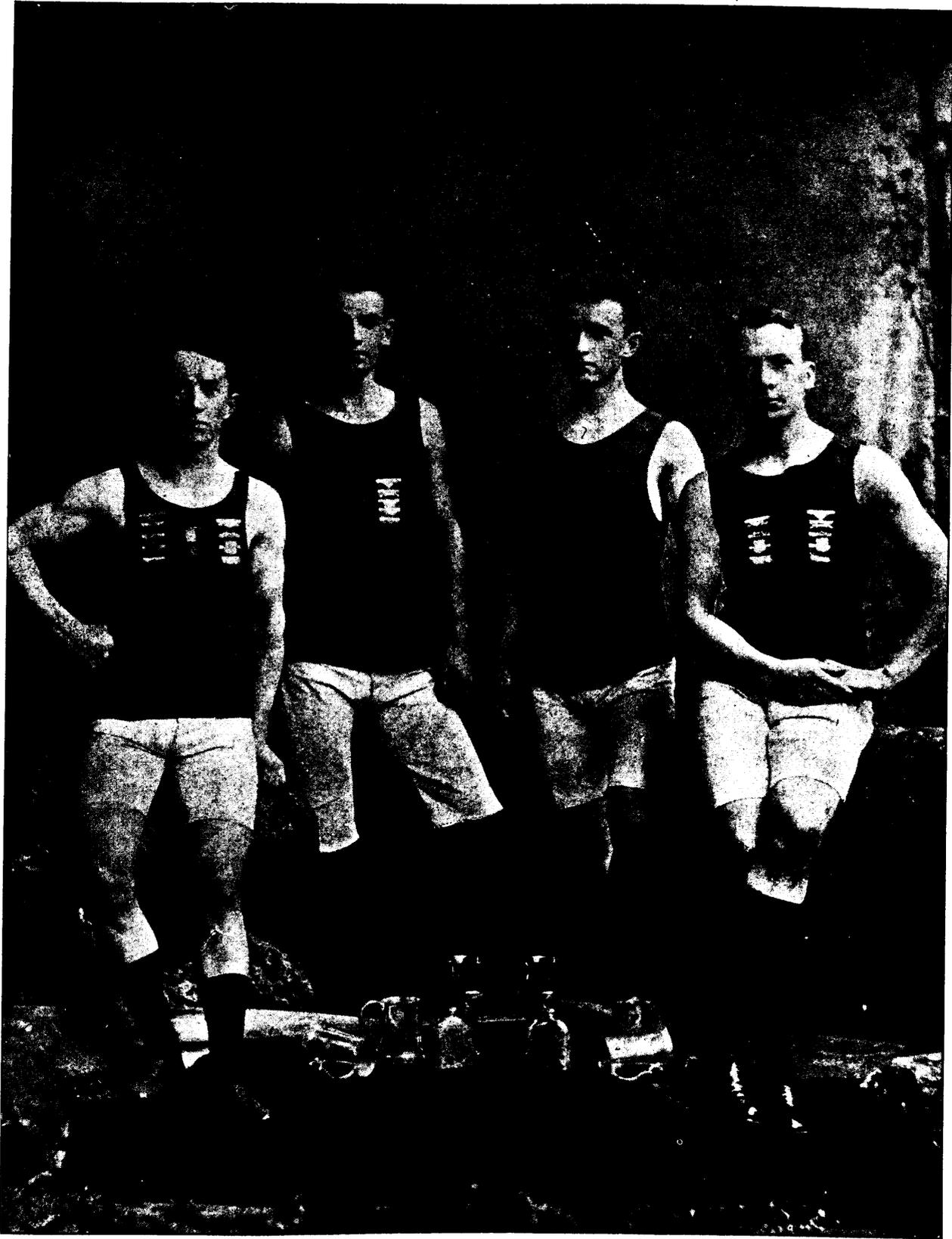
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THE LEANDER CLUB CHAMPION CREW OF HAMILTON.

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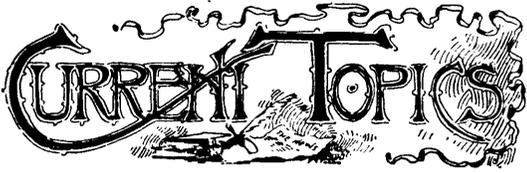
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SOLE AGENTS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

2nd NOVEMBER, 1889.



This last year, according to the *Militia Gazette*, has been a most satisfactory one with regard to military matters all over the Dominion. Hamilton's Thirteenth Battalion has been distinguishing itself. At Washington its fine band won deserved praise. Toronto's Thanksgiving Day parade will afford another opportunity for testing its merits. The Queen City is justly proud of its projected drill hall, which, if the plans are adhered to, will be one of the finest in Canada. It is also looking forward to the establishment of its Cavalry School. London is not behind the sister cities of Ontario—its credit being well maintained by D Company of the Infantry School Corps, which, having vanquished C Company with the rifle, is about to engage in a like contest with C Battery, British Columbia. B Battery, Quebec, has had an enthusiastic and successful rifle meeting. Prince Edward Island's artillery men have also had their triumph; so have the island rifles. In Montreal Major Atkinson's contemplated cadet corps is inspiring the expectation of great things, which will doubtless be fulfilled. In fact the activity in militia circles all over the Dominion is healthy, fruitful and hopeful. Our volunteers have that spirit of self-reliance, which, with the generous patriotism which gladly sacrifices time and means to the demands of duty, has accomplished so much in the past, and is destined to have still grander triumphs in the future. "Taken all through," says our contemporary, in closing its review, "there has probably been greater progress made by the militia this year than in any other since the organization of the force."

These retrospects are always interesting. But, except for a comparatively brief period, they are virtually impossible. Sometime ago we had occasion to make inquiry about a very simple fact connected with the militia annals of this district, but though we spent some days in the quest, we could find no record of it. Every military district, every battalion, indeed, ought to have its historiographer. The military history of Canada is not lacking, we need scarcely say, in features of romance. Even the reports of the Departments abound in incidents of interest and value as evidence of our national growth. Those who would have a vivid conception of the change that has overtaken our military organization in a comparatively brief period should read Col. Robertson Ross's account of the "Reconnaissance of the North-West Provinces and Indian Territories" which he made in 1872. Having finished his annual training in the old provinces he proceeded by Lake Superior and the Dawson route to Manitoba, whence he crossed

the plains and mountains to the Pacific coast. He arrived at Victoria on the 28th of October, having accomplished the journey from Fort Garry in seventy days, of which fifty-one were occupied in actual travel—the distance by the route selected being nearly three thousand miles, of which more than two thousand miles were travelled on horseback. Some of his party saw "immense herds of buffalo," but the brisk trade carried on between the Indians and the whiskey smugglers was making sad havoc in their ranks. During his stay in British Columbia Col. Robertson Ross arranged for the organization of the militia in that young province, and it was mainly to his suggestions, based upon careful examination of the condition and needs of the country, that the formation of the North-West Mounted Police was due.

The following is the section of the North-West Territories Act to the repeal of which the present movement is directed: "Either the English or the French language may be used by any person in the debates of the Council or Legislative Assembly of the Territories and in the proceedings before the courts; and both those languages shall be used in the records and journals of the said Council or Assembly; and all ordinances made under the Act shall be printed in both those languages." According to the *Calgary Herald*, this section was introduced by Senator Girard, of Manitoba, into the Amended Act of 1877.

The failure to recognize the share of skilled workmen in the progress achieved in the industrial arts at our provincial and other exhibitions is a grievance of which the class left out in the cold has long had reason to complain. Prizes are, indeed, offered in abundance; but they are the prerogative of the manufacturer or dealer. The brain that planned and the hand that wrought the improvement are never taken into account, and only in the case of a rare coincidence is the credit allotted to him whose thought and toil deserve it. It is meet, of course, that the enterprise and foresight of those who invest their capital to advantage for themselves and their country should have due acknowledgment. But it is not fair that they should monopolize the whole honour. The workman should not be ignored. Even on the highest public grounds it is wise to show appreciation of his skill and industry. He has borne a part, at least, of the burden and heat of the day and ought not to be forgotten in the bestowal of honorary rewards. If medals and other prizes were awarded to efficient workmen for exhibits of their production, the effect would be to stimulate ingenuity and taste and painstaking, so that employers and the public would be the gainers as well as the prize-winners. This subject, to which the *Canadian Architect and Builder* opportunely called attention on the eve of the Toronto Exhibition, has of late been ventilated both in Great Britain and on the continent of Europe, as well as amongst our neighbours.

As an instance of this recognition of the rôle of the workman in a class of skilled labour with which, however meritorious his share in it, he is by name so rarely associated as to confirm the rule of negation, we may mention one of the most important undertakings of which the Canadian press has as yet assumed the responsibility—the reproduction of the "Œuvres de Champlain." On the title-page of the edition, which was brought out at Quebec in 1870, we are given to understand that it was published under the patronage of Laval

University, by (the late) Abbé C. H. Laverdière, M.A., Professor of History at that institution, and in the preface we learn that he was assisted by Abbé Verreau, Abbé Casgrain, M. J. C. Taché, and (the late) M. A. Gerin-Lajoie, and (the late) Abbés Ferland and Laplante. There are other points of interest mentioned in the preface which (apart from the exceptional character of the undertaking) make its publication memorable in the history of Canadian typography. For the present, however, we would simply cite, as an example of rare justice to the workman, the inscription which closes the last volume. It is this: "Noms des principaux ouvriers qui ont travaillé à cette seconde édition des Œuvres de Champlain—MM. Paul Dumas, chef d'atelier; Ignace Fortier, imprimeur; L.-Robert Dupont, compagnon imprimeur; Jacques Darveau, compositeur; Edouard Aubé, compositeur; Leggo et Cie., lithographes et phototypistes." And those who have made acquaintance with the work will appreciate the significance of that roll of honour.

## OUR SCHOOL HISTORIES.

A paper on the study of Canadian history was read at the recent convention of teachers which met in this city. The essayist, Mr. Patterson, expressed the opinion that none of the text-books actually in use answered the requirements of our schools, and suggested that a committee should be entrusted with the task of compiling a work that would be acceptable in all the provinces. A motion to that effect was seconded by the Rev. Mr. Parsons, who claimed that existing text-books lacked interest, and the committee is to report at the next convention. It seems strange that such a grievance should have to be ventilated a third of a century after the establishment of our normal schools. If valid, it reflects no credit on either the profession or the educational authorities, and it is not complimentary to the publishers of the Dominion. But those on whom the implied reproach falls most heavily are the authors who, in the face of public apathy, have given their time and talents to the composition of school histories. We take it for granted that the gentlemen who brought the charge of inadequacy against the works of Drs. Bryce, Withrow, Miles, Hodgins Messrs. Archer, Jeffers, Adam, Mrs. Roy, and the other writers of Canadian histories, carefully examined their books before they decided that they should be all swept out of existence. They would hardly pass such a sweeping censure on books that had been approved by our highest educational authorities without grave reason. Such being the case, Canada makes a poor figure before the rest of civilization. Here is a country of some five millions of people, with an educational system second to none, with as many universities and colleges as the United Kingdom, with historical societies in every province, and hundreds of earnest students engaged in historical research, and yet with all these advantages it has not a school history that is worthy of the confidence of teachers.

There is certainly no lack of material for a history of Canada at once accurate and readable. There is no part of the American continent which has had a more eventful, more romantic past. For more than a hundred years Canada was the stage of a struggle which, in its successive phases, abounds in much that is heroic, pathetic and picturesque. Nor is its later history destitute of the charm that surrounds great ideas taking form

in great deeds. Yet for our young people no person, it seems, has worthily related this story of a nation's birth and growth. It is hard to believe it. Young Canada is not devoid of patriotism. Somewhere the sons and daughters of the land must have caught the enthusiasm which finds expression in Mr. Lighthall's anthology. There is not one of the text-books already mentioned that does not contain, in more or less compendious form, a narrative of the main events in the two dispensations under which Canada has developed. No text-book can do much more. Take the most succinct of them, that of J. Frith Jeffers—it omits nothing of importance, and, in the hands of a good teacher, with a fairly full library at his command and that of his pupils, it might be made to serve every purpose of a school history. The other text-books are larger than Mr. Jeffers's Primer, and some of them are excellent manuals. It is not the writers of our histories that are at fault, so much as the stinging style in which they are printed. In our schools we have no such volumes as Eggleston's History of the United States and its People, with illustrations of the domestic and public life of every generation since the days of John Smith and Pocahontas. Every thing that typographic skill and the engraver's art can do to make a book attractive has been lavished on it. Let our Canadian text-books be presented in like garb (and some of them are well worthy of the distinction) and they will be found quite as interesting. But, when all is done, a great deal will depend on the teacher's knowledge, sympathy and tact. With a mere outline text-book the history of Canada may be made a most fascinating study, if the right impulse is applied, while the most animated pages, with all the wealth of illustration that our age affords, may become dull and dry if the teacher lacks the faculty of breathing life into them.

#### A NEEDED REFORM.

According to a circular issued some time ago by Dr. Rosebrugh, of Toronto, on behalf of the Prisoners' Aid Association of Canada, it appears that a movement is on foot, with the co-operation of a number of religious bodies, to secure certain reforms in our system of prison management, as well as to provide some practical plan of help for convicts who have served their time. This agitation is not altogether new even in Canada. The method or absence of method in the disposal of criminals in our gaols has been again and again the subject of earnest appeals to those in authority—with what precise result we do not know. One thing is certain, there is still ample room for improvement, and if the Association succeeds in awakening the public conscience and those who have its power of attorney as to the enormity of huddling young and old, the comparatively guiltless and the hardened reprobate, the enemies of society and its victims, into one house of correction or detention, they shall have gained no small triumph. It ought to be borne in mind, however, that prison discipline, like other branches of civil polity, can only be dealt with fruitfully when it is regarded in the light of experience and scientific knowledge of human nature. The criminal who acts anomalously in the eye of the law or from the standpoint of ethics is as much a subject for careful scientific study as the lunatic whose thoughts and acts are out of harmony with the common sense of mankind. For a person who has never examined the statistics of crime and the data fur-

nished by experts in the treatment of criminals to deliver judgment on prison discipline is as rash as though a novice in mechanics undertook to pronounce *ex cathedra* on some complicated piece of machinery. Unhappily, the day has not yet arrived when appointments to the supervision of criminals are made solely on the ground of intellectual and moral capacity; and, therefore, outsiders whose only reason for interference is the plea of humanity and the public weal, consider themselves perfectly qualified to advise men who have spent a good part of their lives in actual contact with prisoners. The privilege of protest against wrong-doing or blundering in the administration of the *res publica* is, indeed, one of the boons of our system of government; and so long as grave mistakes are persisted in—especially, as in this case, when such mistakes affect the entire community—it is the duty of the citizens to call attention to them till they are rectified. The only danger is that, in the exercise of this liberty of agitation and appeal, the people's champions may arrogate to themselves not merely the suggestion of reforms, but the dictation of the *modus operandi*. Better, however, excess of zeal—even of zeal without knowledge—than the deadly stagnancy of apathy and indifference.

There is one point in connection with prison administration which cannot be too often or too emphatically urged upon the attention of those in power—the advisability of segregating the young from old and hardened offenders. For the neglect in Canada of this application of a principle which is as ancient as ethics there is no excuse whatever. No country in the world is so favourably situated as ours as to opportunities for the industrial training of young people whose native environment exposes them to temptation. It is, indeed, so rarely endowed in this respect that ultra-oceanic philanthropists have made it their chosen field for the hopeful distribution of those waifs and strays of London and other British cities who, if left to the influences amid which they were cast into the world, would be sure to swell the ranks of evil-doers. It has, indeed, always seemed to us somewhat anomalous that, while Canada should thus be made the stage of humanitarian effort, having its centre of operation beyond the sea, our own little arabs should be deprived of any of the benefits offered by our great cultivable areas and the constant demand for farm and other labour in new districts. Now should we not have, either in the North-West or in every province (for there is land to spare in them all) a grand training farm to which the children taken off our streets—in many cases to be solemnly apprenticed to older criminals—might be sent to learn agriculture? There is no reason why other occupations should not also be taught in such an establishment, which might, moreover, be so conducted that there would be no room for complaint from the ranks of honest industry. The object of such a farm-school would be not so much to reform criminals as to prevent the rising generation from lapsing into crime by removing its allurements. Year after year Dr. Barnardo and other workers in the same field send to Canada scores of young people, not of Canadian birth, to serve as farm hands or in other trades—in some cases to find homes in happy households, while our police magistrates are puzzled how to apply the law for the disposal of youthful offenders with the least shock to their own consciences. They know that in most cases, when they pronounce sentence of imprisonment, they are

simply banishing them—often for life—from every influence that would tend to save them from perdition. If the Prisoners' Aid Association would devote its efforts to the task of making for these young wards of Canadian society, born on our own soil, and having the first claim on our merciful regard, some provision of the kind which we have ventured to suggest, they would, we believe, be conferring a very real boon on Canada by diminishing the number of criminals and saving souls from the pit of ruin and moral death.

#### THE MADONNA'S ISLE.

Embosomed on the deep there lay  
A green Elysian isle,  
With curving shore and crystal bay  
Whose waters glowed awhile,  
Crimson and golden, as the day  
Sent down a parting smile.

It seemed to sleep, a holy spot  
Amid the sleepless sea,  
Where guilt and grief might be forgot,  
And man, from passion free,  
Might cease the sole, black, sullyng blot  
On God's fair earth to be.

There, like some phantom that we meet  
In visions of the night,  
The tenant of that calm retreat,  
Arrayed in stainless white,  
Strayed, lost in meditation sweet,  
A virgin pure and bright:

Bright, as the dreams of childhood's sleep,  
Which waft the soul to Heaven:  
Pure, as the tears that angels weep  
When man with God hath striven,  
And sinned dread sins, perchance too deep,  
Too dark to be forgiven!

She knelt, immaculately fair,  
With love-illumined face,  
And, like some lute, the voice of prayer  
Breathed spells around the place,  
Up floating through the summer air  
To reach the throne of grace.

But hark! hoarse shouts her prayer arrest,  
Her piteous face is pale!  
For lo! to that green Eden-nest  
A boat with sur-lit sail  
Airily skims o'er ocean's breast,  
Like sea-bird in the gale.

Its crew are rovers, bold and free,  
Men stained with human gore,  
And, when they marked with savage glee  
The Presence on the shore,  
They bounded madly o'er the sea  
With lengthened sweep of oar.

Rude threats they mutter, as they row,  
Against that hallowed one:  
They scoff and jeer—they do not know  
The Mother of God's Son.  
Heaven shield their helpless prey, for oh!  
Compassion they have none.

With eyes upraised, that maiden mild  
In speechless woe implored  
Quick succour from a sinless Child,  
Her offspring, but her Lord:  
It came—and shrieks of terror wild  
Burst from the pirate horde!

Fiercely, Euroclydon awoke,  
And lashed each angry wave,  
Far-echoing peals of thunder spoke  
In tones that shook the brave,  
While shadowy derths asunder broke  
In many a yawning grave.

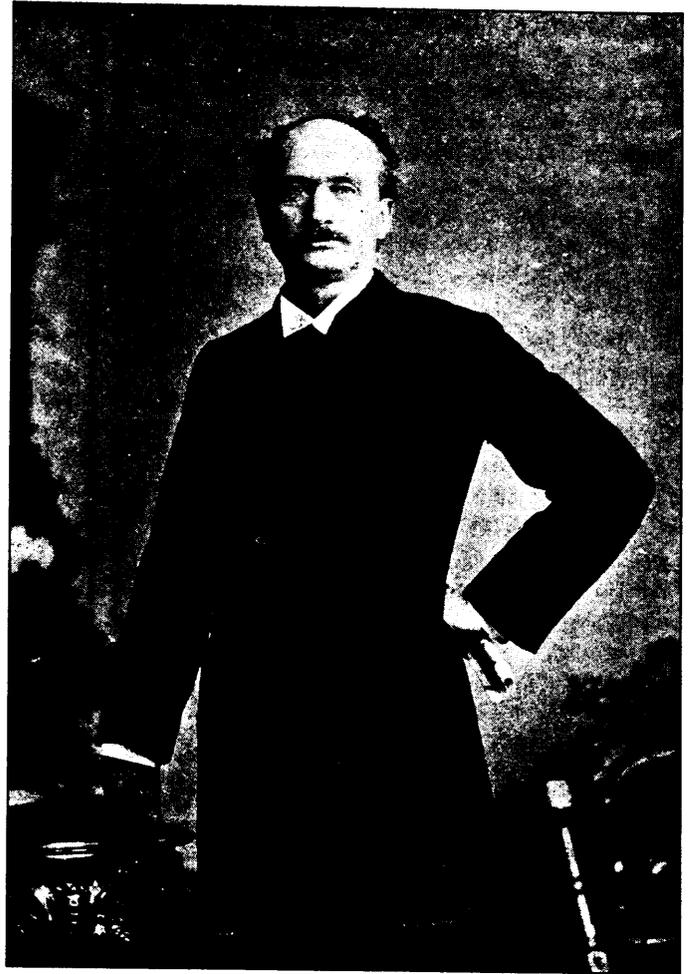
Men struggled with unearthly might,  
And gasped with gurgling breath,  
And when the lightning in its flight  
Glared on the wreck beneath,  
Just God! it was a ghastly sight  
To see their ghastly death!

The gentle Moon hath charms to still  
The murmurs of the main,  
As mothers, at their own sweet will,  
Can soothe an infant's pain:  
That night, she hushed them not until  
That ruthless band was slain:

And when the billows' vengeful might  
Had swept those sinners o'er,  
Oh! calmly then her cloudless light  
The gentle Moon did pour  
Upon the Virgin, clothed in white,  
Still kneeling on the shore!



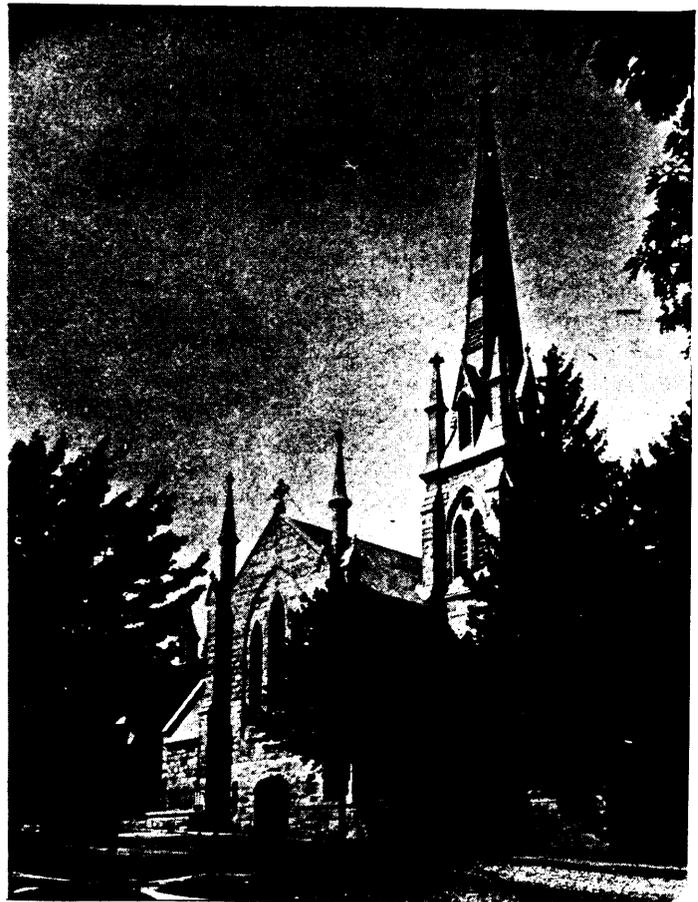
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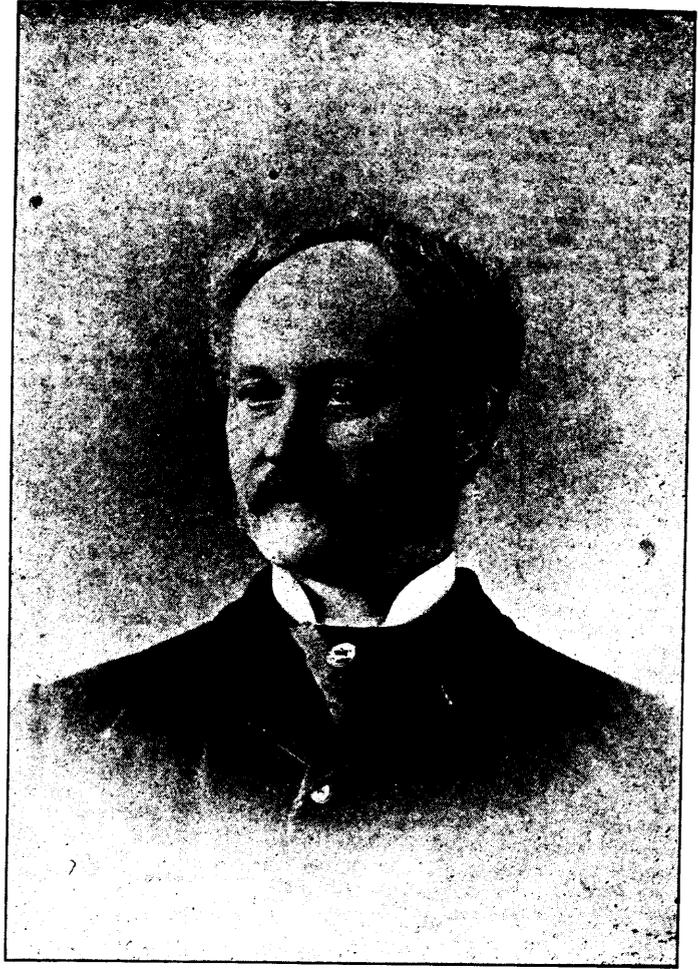
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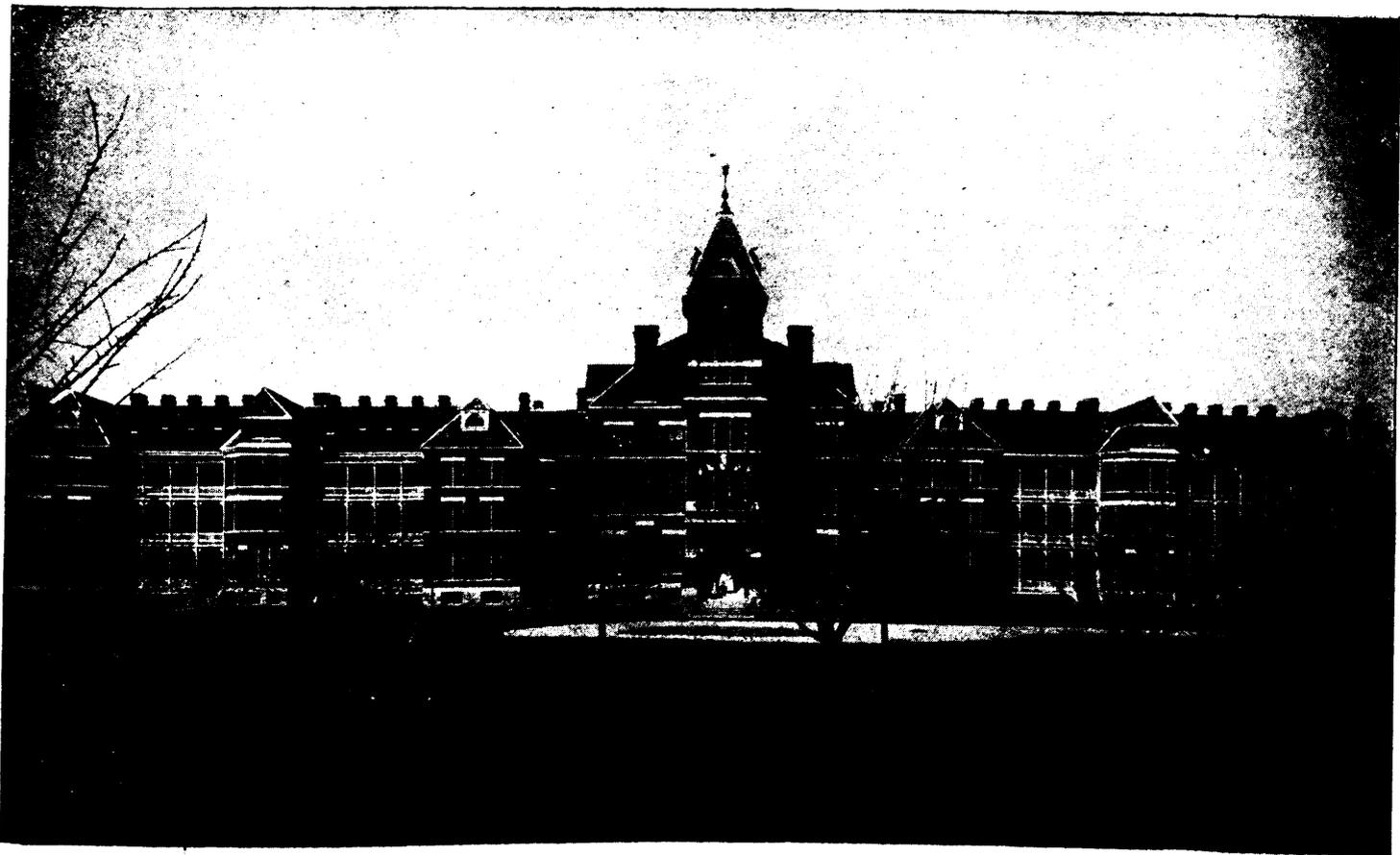
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NEW DEPARTMENT OF THE INSANE ASYLUM, HAMILTON.  
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**THE LEANDER CLUB CHAMPION CREW.**—This fine group of aquatic heroes won their laurels towards the close of September, when the Leander Club gave a most enjoyable "at home" and held their annual regatta, which was most successful. Though the weather was rather chilly, there was quite a large attendance, including many ladies. Among those present were:—Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Stinson, Mrs. Frank MacKelcan, Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Lucas, Mr. and Mrs. H. McLaren, Mrs. Henderson, Mrs. Crawford, Mr. and Mrs. Maitland Young, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Baker, Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Skinner, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Martin, Mrs. Billings, Mr. Ridley, Mr. and Mrs. Ricketts, Mr. and Mrs. Moore, the Misses Hobson, the Misses Ridley, Miss Brown, Miss Fuller, Miss Baker, Miss Dunlop, the Misses Hamilton, Miss Lottridge, Miss Tremaine, of Buffalo, Miss Dewar, Miss Billings, Miss Robertson, Miss Walker, Miss Katie Mills, the Misses Martin, Miss Crerar, the Misses Young, the Misses Powis, and others. For those who found it to trying on the water, dancing and conversation furnished ample entertainment, the music being furnished by Robinson's orchestra. The four-oared race was got through with on Saturday, September 21. There were four heats, the first of which was won by Labatt's crew easily. The second heat resulted in an exciting race between Dewar's and Simpson's crews, the latter winning through superior steering by a few feet. Bowman's crew won the third heat. In the final the Simpson crew got the best of the send-off, and, although hard pressed, they succeeded in beating the Labatt crew. The winners are all young lads in their teens, who, however, row well together and give promise of developing into first-class oarsmen. The first heat of the fours was between:

J. Briggs, bow.	T. Molineux, bow.
R. Ferris, No. 2.	T. Bruce, No. 2.
T. Davidson, No. 3.	W. Champ, No. 3.
R. H. Labatt, stroke.	M. Young, Jr., stroke.

Labatt's crew rowed in grand form, while Young's crew did some very ragged work. The former forged ahead and won easily by over three lengths. The second heat of the fours brought out:

B. Dewar, bow.	A. Heming, bow.
C. Acres, No. 2.	A. Jarvis, No. 2.
H. Gates, No. 3.	G. Heming, No. 3.
B. P. Dewar, stroke.	E. Simpson, stroke.

They caught the water together, the Simpson crew rowing a much faster stroke than the Dewar crew. It was nip and tuck all the way down, the Simpson crew crossing the line six feet in front, after one of the best races of the day. The third heat of the fours was between:

C. Klimes, bow.	R. Watson, bow.
C. Powis, No. 2.	R. Bull, No. 2.
W. Bowman, No. 3.	H. Champ, No. 3.
C. B. Bowman, stroke.	D. M. Cameron, stroke.

This was a good race for one-half the distance, and then the Bowman crew went to the front and won by four lengths. The three winning crews came together for the final. Simpson's crew drew the outside course, Labatt's next and Bowman's the inside. The Simpson crew got the best of the start, but Labatt's crew, rowing in splendid form, gave them a hard race, the Simpson crew finally winning by nearly three lengths. The Bowman crew nearly swamped at the finish. Mr. S. Mewburn and C. W. Tinning were starters; J. B. Patterson, of the *Herald*, referee, and J. Blakely, of the Nautilus Club, judge at the finish. In the pair-oared race Simpson and Jarvis won the first heat, while the Heming Brothers captured the second heat. Darkness supervening, the final heat was postponed till October 2, when the first trial at 5 p.m. resulted in a dead heat. Mr. Bryson Osborne, captain of the Leander Club, acted as starter, while Mr. R. B. Harris officiated as judge at the finish. The course was four-fifths of a mile, straightaway, from a point opposite Dundurn Park to the Leander boathouse. Simpson's crew got the best of the start, and immediately took the lead, which they held for about a third of the course, when the Hemings put on a spurt and took the lead. They kept in front until close to the finish, when Simpson put on a desperate spurt, closing up the gap rapidly and overhauling Heming right on the finishing line, which both crossed together. The Heming crew slowed up when near the finish, which undoubtedly lost them the race. The final heat was rowed on the afternoon of October 3. The race was a grand one. Mr. Geo. E. Martin was referee and starter, and Mr. John Blakeley, of the Nautilus club, judge at the finish. The contestants, Messrs. Arthur and Geo. Heming, and Messrs. E. Simpson and Arthur Jarvis, got a fair start, and Heming brothers having a little the best of it. Heming's crew soon had a noticeable advantage, which was maintained until within a hundred yards or so of the finish. Then Simpson's crew made a grand spurt and closed up the lead. The race was watched by quite a number of people, and many on the shore, as well as some of those in boats, felt sure that Simpson's crew had gone ahead and crossed the line first, but Mr. Blakely, who was in the best position to judge, pronounced Heming's crew to be the winner, having crossed about three feet ahead of their opponents.

**THE HON. JOHN MORRISON GIBSON, M. P., HAMILTON.**—This gentleman, whose portrait may be seen on another page of this issue, was born in the county of Peel, Ontario, on New Year's Day, 1842, and is the son of the

late William Gibson, who came to Canada from Glamis, Forfarshire, Scotland. He was educated in Hamilton, under the care of Dr. Sangster, of the Central School, and graduated in University College, Toronto, in 1863, with high honours, including the Prince of Wales prize. He won the silver medal for classics and modern languages and a prize for Oriental languages. He began the study of law with a firm of which Mr. (now Judge) Burton was head, and took his LL. B. and a gold medal for proficiency in his legal studies. He was called to the Bar at Michaelmas, 1867, and after practising alone for a year, entered into partnership with Mr. Francis McKelcan, Q. C., with whom he has ever since been associated. During the Trent excitement in 1861 Mr. Gibson enlisted in the University Rifle Company, and, after graduating, joined the 13th Battalion. Having attended a military school, he obtained a commission in the same corps, with which, as lieutenant, he was present at Ridgeway in 1866. In October, 1876, he was gazetted as lieutenant-colonel. He accompanied the Wimbledon Team in 1874, 1875 and 1879, and won high distinction as a marksman, in this last year carrying off the Prince of Wales prize of £100 and a badge. In 1881 he commanded the team when it won the Kolapore Cup. He was at Creedmoor in 1876, and commanded the Canadian team which defeated the Americans at long range shooting in 1882. Col. Gibson is a member of the Council of the Dominion, and has been President of the Ontario Rifle Association. In educational affairs he has taken a deep interest, and has been chairman of the Hamilton School Board. He was in 1873 elected a member of the Senate of Toronto University, and has been Examiner in the Law Faculty. In 1879 he was elected to the Ontario Assembly over Mr. Hugh Murray, the Conservative candidate, and again, in 1883, over Mr. R. Martin, Q. C. In 1884 he was appointed Chairman of Standing Committees. He is now Provincial Secretary of Ontario. Mr. Gibson is a prominent member of the Masonic Order. He is Commander of the Provincial Consistory of the Scottish Rite, and a Past District Deputy Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Canada. In October, 1869, he married Emily Anne, daughter of Ralph Birrell, merchant, of London, Ont. In 1876, his first wife having died, he married Caroline, second daughter of the late Hon. Adam Hope, Senator, who died in October, 1877. In May, 1881, he married Elizabeth, daughter of the late Judge Malloch, of Brockville, by whom he has two children, a son and a daughter.

**THE HON. W. E. SANFORD, SENATOR.**—This distinguished business man was born in New York in 1838, but while still a child, his parents having died, he came to live with his uncle, Mr. Richard Jackson, of Hamilton. Having received a liberal education in a New York academy, he entered the publishing firm of Farmer, Brace & Co., of New York. A change taking place in the establishment through the death of the senior partner, he returned to Canada, married Miss Jackson, only daughter of his friend, Mr. Edward Jackson, with whom and others he entered into partnership under the name of Anderson, Sanford & Co. This firm carried on one of the largest foundries in western Canada. Disheartened by the death of his accomplished wife after eighteen months of wedded happiness, Mr. Sanford retired from it, but soon after engaged in the wool trade, in which he was very successful. In 1861 he formed a partnership with Mr. Alex. McInnes for the manufacture of ready-made clothing. In 1871 the name of the firm, on Mr. McInnes's retirement, was changed to Sanford, Vail and Bickley. In 1884 it assumed the designation of W. E. Sanford & Co. Meanwhile Mr. Sanford had married in 1866 Miss Sophia, youngest daughter of the late Mr. Thomas Vaux, M. P. In 1888 Mr. Sanford was appointed a Senator of the Dominion. He is a member of the Methodist Church, in whose work he takes an active interest. As a citizen he is held in high esteem, and has filled some important offices, such as President of the Board of Trade, Vice-President of the Hamilton Provident Bank, and Director of the Exchange Bank.

**MR. ADAM BROWN, M. P.**—This gentleman, whose portrait will be found on another page, has been largely identified with the prosperity of Hamilton. While actively engaged in business, he has ever been energetic in helping on the interest and industries of the city. He did good service in securing the construction of railways leading from Hamilton to the interior. He was chairman of the Hamilton waterworks when the splendid system now in operation was introduced into the city. He has been president of the Hamilton Board of Trade and of the Dominion Board of Trade. Mr. Brown was elected member for the city for in House of Commons at the last general election. He is a Conservative and a staunch National Policy man. He is a ready and effective speaker; and, as the *Spectator* says: "He does his city credit wherever he goes." Mr. Brown has been appointed by the Canadian Government to participate in the mission to the Australasian colonies along with Hon. J. J. C. Abbott, and those who know him will deem the choice a wise one.

**MR. WILLIAM HENDRIE, HAMILTON.**—This gentleman is the head of the firm of Hendrie & Company, extensive contractors and railway cartage agents. He is well-known to be a man of great energy and enterprise. Born in Glasgow, he came to Canada in early manhood, and for a number of years was entrusted with work of great magnitude, apart from his regular business as cartage agent, for the old Great Western of Canada, and the Grand Trunk, in Hamilton, Toronto, and other Ontario cities, as well as Detroit, Milwaukee and Grand Rapids. Mr. Hendrie has

a large interest in the Detroit City Railway, which now extends for sixty-five miles. The firm has several thousand horses employed in the cartage agencies and the Detroit Railway. The cartage horses are all Clydes and Shires. Mr. Hendrie's firm also purchases horses largely for the British Government. Altogether Mr. Hendrie is one of the most busy and active men of the day. He is president of the Hamilton Bridge Company and the Ontario Cotton Company, besides being connected with various other public companies. One hundred and ten of the finest horses in Canada were furnished by Hendrie & Company for the trades procession during the Summer Carnival in Hamilton. In fact without Hendrie's horses the committee would have been at a loss what to do. Notwithstanding his many important duties, Mr. Hendrie finds time to enjoy himself with his farm and racing stable. He is president of the Ontario Jockey Club.

**THE CHURCH OF THE ASCENSION AND THE POST OFFICE, HAMILTON.**—Hamilton has no less than six Anglican churches, and one of the oldest and best known of these is the church of the Ascension. In the year 1834 the Rev. J. Gamble Geddes (afterwards Dean of Niagara) was sent by Bishop Stewart to Hamilton, where, it was said, the Church of England people were desirous of building a church. Soon after the clergyman's arrival, a meeting was held for the purpose, and no less than three gentlemen offered ground for the site. Mr. George Hamilton offered a piece of ground on Upper John street; Mr. Nathaniel Hewson, another, on the east side of James street, while a third was offered by Mr. (afterwards Sir) Allan N. Macnab. The site on James street was the choice of the committee appointed to make the selection, and thereon arose old Christ Church, pronounced at the time one of the handsomest churches in North America. Some seven or eight years later Christ Church was considered too small for the congregation, and it was resolved, after some discussion, to build a second one. A site was purchased by a generous churchman, Mr. R. Juson, and presented to the congregation, and this site was the very plot of ground formerly offered for the earlier edifice by Mr. Hamilton. Thereupon arose in 1851 the Church of the Ascension, one of the most charming churches in western Ontario. The Post Office is one of a splendid series of buildings which was erected in 1883 and following years for the accommodation of the postal, customs and other offices of the Dominion Government. It is in keeping with the other edifices, public and private, of this handsome city.

**THE INSANE ASYLUM, HAMILTON.**—This fine structure, built in conformity with the strict demands of modern science for the care of the insane, is one of the architectural ornaments of Hamilton. Our engraving gives a good idea of its style, situation and capacity.

**THE NOONDAY NAP.**—This engraving, from one of F. Kraus's most life-like paintings, is its own interpreter. The stillness of the summer day is over everything. Great Pan is enjoying his slumber. Hardly a leaf stirs in the trees of the park. The deepest quiet reigns all around. Even the little winged wanderer is fascinated by the brooding hush. The figure of the lady in the centre of the picture is the embodiment of this breathless calm of nature. The book has fallen from her listless hands, and lies on her lap unread. The head has sunken sideways in languorous submission to the influence of the hour. The cushion has swerved with the helpless head, the dead weight of which keeps it in its place. The morning gown of some soft yielding stuff falls in sleepy folds, as though it felt the power that has conquered its wearer. The background and surroundings are admirably in keeping with the painter's motive, and the whole scene shows the thought and touch of a master.

**THE OTTAWA CANOE CLUB.**—The Ottawa Canoe Club was formed on the 15th March, 1883, under the patronage of the Marquis of Lorne, and since that time the club has steadily increased until now it numbers some eighty odd members, and canoeing under its auspices has grown to be the most extensively patronized of all the aquatic sports at the Capital. Our engraving shows the club fleet mustering at the boathouse for one of their delightful Saturday afternoon cruises down the Ottawa River. The boathouse is built in a sheltered nook at the foot of Nepean Point. Opposite, as shown in our illustration, Parliament Hill is seen, crowned by the House of Commons and Library buildings, while the Club House of the Ottawa Rowing Club nestles at its base. The following are at present the officers of the club:—Patron, the Right Honourable Baron Stanley of Preston, G.C.B., Governor-General of Canada; Commodore, Edward King; Captain, Francis H. Gisborne; Hon. Secretary, Henri Roy; Hon. Treasurer, W. H. Cronk; Committee of Management, W. McL. Maingy, A. O. Wheeler; Auditors, R. W. Baldwin, J. S. Brough; Official Measurer, E. A. Black.

**WHERE IS THE FIELD?**—Lovers of the chase will enjoy this spirited scene. Wherever the field is there is no question as to where it ought to be.

After paying his compliments and his criticisms to John Bull and Brother Jonathan, Max O'Rell at last turns his attention to his own countrymen and gives us a picture of *Jacques Bonhomme*, not as the world sees him, but as he knows him to be. He admits the possibility of his being a little partial to his own countrymen, which he regards rather as a virtue than a failing.



Whether or not there be justification for the complaint that there is no school text-book of Canadian history worthy of our country, there never was a period in our annals when historical research found more strenuous and enlightened workers than at present. During the last five years the number of works on almost every phase of our development—some of them works of high merit, based on original sources of knowledge long inaccessible—has been extraordinary. Not a month passes that does not bring us some valuable addition in the form of narrative, criticism or *piece justificative* to this important department of our native literature. One of the latest of these additions is from the pen of Mr. Desiré Girouard, Q.C., M.P., and is entitled "Le Vieux Lachine et le Massacre du 5 Aout, 1689." As our readers are aware, the dreadful interruption to the peace and prosperity of the young colony, of which this title reminds us, was commemorated by a memorial fête of which one of the features was the recounting of the tragedy. The task fell to Mr. Girouard, and better selection could not have been made of a historiographer. On every page of the volume we find evidence of patient and painstaking search after truth—a search which has certainly not been fruitless. Mr. Girouard's professional experience and acquaintance with the depositories of ancient documents bearing on the grant and transfer of property stood him in good stead. He has carefully examined all the printed records relative to the topography and annals of Lachine, including the massive volumes recently issued by the Quebec Government. He has naturally made the massacre the central incident in his critical narrative. Among those who heard the lecture, as originally delivered, were several descendants of the victims of the Iroquois' vengeance, to whom the recital of the fearful drama must have been intensely interesting. But the historian does not pause there. He takes his reader past the scene and hour of terror and desolation and pictures for them the rebuilt settlement, the destined starting-point of trade and missions and exploration for nearly two centuries; the sign-post of north-western discovery, the living prophecy to generation after generation of that true passage to the Orient, which is the grandest triumph of our own time. La Salle is, of course, the leading figure. His portrait forms the frontispiece, his signature closes the letterpress. Mr. Girouard dispels an illusion as to the site of La Salle's manor house, but his searches have enhanced the interest which every student of history must feel in the topography of Lachine. There is, indeed, no spot on the American continent more fascinating through its association with the past. The illustrations comprise a reproduction of M. de Catalogne's plan of Fort Remy, as it was in 1671; a view of the Cuillerier mansion, as Mr. Girouard designates the old building on the Fraser farm, erected he thinks, after 1700; the old church, built in 1701 and demolished, after being sold to the Pères Oblats, in 1869; the house of Messrs. Le Ber and Charles Le Moyne de Longueuil, now occupied by the Wilgress family; and an extract from the Plan Terrier of the Island of Montreal, copied by Mr. J. A. U. Beaudry from the original in the Archives of the Seminary of Saint Sulpice. Other documents that add to the value of the history are a table of the inhabitants of Lachine in 1689; a list of the victims of the massacre and census of Lachine in 1681 from Mr. B. Sulte's *Histoires des Canadiens-Français*.

We have much pleasure in greeting the re-appearance of the *Canadian Antiquarian and Numismatic Journal*—Volume I. of the second series. The back numbers of this excellent periodical—the organ of the Numismatic and Antiquarian Society of Montreal, whose quarter centennial medal has the place of honour, are now invaluable. The Hon. Judge Baby, whose head adorns the medal, is still president of the Society—the Hon. Edward Murphy, Senator, being first vice-president; Mr. Charles T. Hart, 2nd vice-president; Mr. W. D. Lighthall, secretary; Mr. Roswell C. Lyman, treasurer, and Mr. J. A. U. Beaudry, curator. In the salutatory remarks that open the new series, the editors are fain to accept the *Antiquarian's* thirteen years of existence as evidence that such a medium of intercommunication is prized by those concerned in the questions with which it deals. A paper of unusual interest on "Canadian Communion Tokens," by Mr. R. W. McLachlan; a contribution on the "Services of the Hertel Family," by Mr. A. C. de Lery Macdonald; an article of exceptional interest by Mr. G. M. Fairchild, jr., of New York, on "The First Canadian Coin," and a number of other communications make up a number which gives good ground to hope that the new series will be no less valuable than the old to students of Canadian antiquities. The editing committee is composed of Messrs. H. Mott, R. W. McLachlan and A. C. de Lery Macdonald, to any of whom subscriptions and correspondence may be addressed, P.O. Box, 1310, Montreal. Terms, \$1.50 per annum in advance. The *Canadian Antiquarian and Numismatic Journal* is published by Messrs. D. English & Company, 30 St. George street, Montreal.

We have received the "Report of Proceedings of the Association of Dominion Land Surveyors at its sixth annual meeting, held at Ottawa, February 19, 20 and 21, 1889," which contains much valuable information on matters intimately associated with the development of the Dominion.

We shall take an early opportunity of referring at greater length to some of its contents. The Report was printed for the Association by Messrs. John Lovell & Son.

Every year adds to the number of the periodicals issued from the press of the Old World and the New. The mass of reading matter on every topic of interest, literary, scientific, political, religious, professional and economic thus submitted to the world of readers has increased so amazingly that only by some plan of careful selection can one derive any real edification from it. Of course, a good deal of what appears in the magazines and reviews is of merely ephemeral value. Still, when the extent and constant expansion of such literature is taken into account, the proportion that is of permanent worth as well as of current interest is by no means trivial. But how to make the choice and how to preserve it—that is a somewhat perplexing problem to solve. Even the most omnivorous reader, whose means are on a par with his literary appetite, can master the contents of but a small fraction of the ever enlarging whole. And as to preserving what he deems most useful for future reference, he finds the task virtually impossible. This task has, however, been satisfactorily discharged, during nearly half a century, for thousands of American and Canadian readers by the publishers of *Littell's Living Age*. This eclectic magazine, appearing every week, gives, while still fresh, what is of most moment in the whole range of European periodical literature. As we have had an opportunity of watching its course for a quarter of a century or more—taking it regularly for fifteen years—we can bear witness, from a journalist's standpoint, to the judgment, taste and unvarying opportuneness of its selections. It saves time and money, enabling the student of current events and literature, for a trifling weekly payment, to keep abreast with the best and latest results of literary criticism, scientific research, political discussion, travel, exploration, and every other phase of culture and progress in the Old World. For consultation, the bound volumes form a rich store of miscellaneous information covering the period from 1844 to the present year. A complete set of *Littell's Living Age* (five series to the end of 1888) contains an amount of valuable reading, illustrative of modern progress during what may be called the scientific era *par excellence* to be met with in no other work with which we are acquainted. Colleges, schools, public libraries and other institutions could make no more profitable investment. To the student of his own time, its life, literature and varied progress, we can confidently recommend it as the best of eclectics and the most satisfying of magazines. The numbers for the month of October contain selections from the *Fortnightly*, the *Contemporary*, *Blackwood*, *Temple Bar*, *Macmillan's Magazine*, the *Gentleman's Magazine*, the *Nineteenth Century*, the *London Quarterly Review*, *Longman's Magazine*, *Murray's Magazine*, the *National Review*, the *Academy*, the *Spectator*. Price, \$8 a year, for 52 weekly numbers, making four quarterly volumes of 824 pages each. Boston: Littell & Co., (31 Bedford street.)

#### SIGNAL.

The brave March morn  
Is white and still  
And crisp and froze.  
In a cleft of the hill  
From his low tent door  
The Warrior Sun  
Gets up from sleep,  
And something awakes  
On the plains afar.  
No sound is borne  
On the windless weather.  
Only, abreast  
And aflame together,  
Above the white crest  
Of that tent in the dawn,  
Unfurled with a sweep,  
The signal pennons  
Are out for war.  
For one last fight  
In this border feud,  
One cheer and a fray,  
Till the rebel brood  
Break up and away,—  
We left our home  
In the quiet valley  
Where burns run on  
To the twilight's bar.  
The leaguer of night  
In the trenches of time  
Shall quail and be wrung,  
When the bugles at prime  
Take breath and give tongue  
To the spirit of man,  
And under their rally  
The host of dawn  
Is awake for war.  
Yea, the serfs of despair  
Shall decamp and depart,  
Disperse and deploy,  
Till manhood's heart  
Is the lord of joy,  
Made pure of lust,  
And clean of sorrow,  
As the white planets  
Of morning are.

Gird we, and fare  
To the battle's front!  
And hold you dumb  
In the stress and brunt,  
So victory come!  
We fight to-day,  
We march to-morrow,  
And three days hence  
Is the end of war.  
Leave guerdon and gain  
For a prize to kings;  
For what dost thou  
With the sharers of things?  
Free born, even now  
In the dayspring of years,  
With the children of light  
Thou art sealed and chosen  
For evermore.  
Beat down like rain  
On the ruin of winter;  
Smite up like sun  
To crumble and splinter  
One after one  
The bulwarks of dark  
In the cordon of night,  
Till the herald of peace  
Is the slayer of war.  
Low, clear,  
Under the dawn  
To yearn and aspire  
There stirs and is gone—  
Something desire  
Takes heed to learn,  
As wind may unravel  
The rainbird's song  
When the rain is hoar;  
Takes heed to hear,—  
To capture a-race  
On the weather-gleam,  
As a passing face  
Will refashion a dream  
Lost long ago,—  
Ere ever the travail  
Of time began,  
Or earth was set  
For a ravelin of war;  
Takes heed to follow  
A trace to find,  
A trail to pursue  
Secret and blind  
As the way of the dew  
On windflowers over  
The wind's highway,  
Bowing their reverence  
Star by star;  
Takes heed as a swallow  
Takes heart to go  
With the sun and the rain,  
The regions of snow  
To rejoice and regain,  
Nor'ward alone  
For a scout of May,  
When Spring draws on  
To the seasons' war:  
Only the call  
Of a wild brown thing,  
The sharp sweet cry  
For delight in the Spring  
When dawn goes by,—  
A sparrow that hears  
His mountain river  
Go joying down  
To the sea with a roar!  
Can this be all?  
A lyric burst  
Put the world to rights?  
The storm dispersed  
By harbour lights?  
Why have we dreamed  
Of one to deliver  
The slaves and children  
Of fate and war?  
Was not the rote  
Of the sea for herald  
A champion lord  
Should free this perilled  
Camp with his sword?  
Where is the captain  
Of the world  
No fame should measure  
Nor failure mar?  
Listen! Afloat  
On the quiet weather,  
From low unto loud,  
Alone or together,  
Crowd after crowd  
On the battle verge,  
Is broken and hurled  
The blare of clarions  
Loosed for war.





A NOONDAY NAP.

From the painting by F. Kratz.

# IN THE THICK OF IT.

A TALE OF 'THIRTY-SEVEN.

Entered according to Act of Parliament of Canada in the year 1889, by Sarah Anne Curzon, in the Office of the Minister of Agriculture.

"All in a ferment," replied Stratiss. "Monsieur Papineau is a great man. His eloquence is like electricity, it penetrates everywhere. He has a fine following down there: but they need arms, as we do."

"There's the rub," cried Howis. "But what of Messieurs, the priests? Will they give a hand in this business?"

"Not a bit of it. They are not such fools! They will neither play cat nor monkey. They know they shall get the chestnut whoever pulls it out of the fire. They may be mistaken, however."

"And the *habitants* themselves?"

"O, they are sincere and excited enough. Just the people to be made dupes of. Never at liberty to exercise an independent judgment in any matter, not even getting married. The priest, because the most plausible speaker, always gets their voice. If the people in this province were as easy to be led, we would soon raise the music to a lively tune. However, it will not be long now before something happens! But I tell you, Howis, it will be just a flash-in-the-pan, make a great to-do, and get a lot of poor fools hanged or transported, and little to show for it."

"A pretty way of getting men to join us!" cried Howis angrily. "If I did not know you too well, Stratiss, I should suspect you of cowardice, or something infinitely worse."

"If you should suspect me of being a fool for meddling in what does not concern me, you would come much nearer the truth," replied Stratiss coolly.

Howis gazed sternly at him, but meeting a calm, defiant eye, he laughed at length and said: "Come, Captain, it won't do for us to waste time in altercation; you have the blues this evening, and no wonder, for you have not tasted bite or sup since you came in. What's the matter with that supper, I wonder!" and rapping upon the table violently, he summoned a lad to whom he gave very imperative orders to hasten the evening meal. It was soon upon the table, and as he helped his guest, Howis cried, "Cheer up, old fellow, you see it isn't bad tack they give us here. When we go a-campaigning we shall get worse, I doubt not."

"Small fear of that," returned Stratiss, "they'll give us plenty of powder and ball, not the easiest thing in the world for digestion. I've fought the Canadians before and know how it goes. I only wish we had a few hundred in proper fighting trim."

"We are not ill off for men well acquainted with fire-arms, Captain," replied Howis.

"Pooh, pooh, Howis, you know as well as I do that shooting prize turkeys and running deer isn't shooting at a man, especially at one who can shoot back. What have we now?—the majority?—loose fish, lots of them: Britishers, disappointed because they cannot get place and power in the country they honour with their notice; men with high-flown theories drawn from Tom Paine, Voltaire, and the French Revolution, ready for anything wild and destructive; people from our side, primed with democratic notions run mad, or hungry for land or plunder. And how many deceived by their dense ignorance alone! But where are the Canadians, the true settlers, the strength of the country? Not one to five! Of these quite a large proportion are men like our friends H. and H., of the Hollow, who, agreeing to the necessity of a change in the plan of government, are willing to wait until the thing can be done in a constitutional and peaceful manner. They will fight against us, not with us, if they fight at all, when the time comes."

Howis had risen from the table and was striding the floor with rapid impatience, and he now interrupted Stratiss angrily.

"Come, Captain, this will never do! What you say may be true, yet it is not, I think, wholly so. You had need to employ your eloquence in gaining men for our cause if you think it so ill-equipped;

instead of which you speak as if you would like to leave us.

"No, no, Howis. You need not fear me. I am as deep in the mud as you are—any of you—in the mire, and I do not forsake my friends, as you ought to know. I have no oath to break; I never swore allegiance to His or Her Majesty, and besides, quiet is distasteful to me. I must have tumult; danger and I are old companions and loving ones; the oftener we meet the better I like it."

"That's more like Captain Stratiss," cried Howis. "But let's adjourn to my chamber, where, over a bottle of whiskey, I'll show you a list that will do your eyes good."

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE BROTHERS.

Frank Arnley found himself very stiff and dull on the day following his encounter with Howis, and although exceedingly anxious to seek that gentleman and demand an explanation of his cowardly conduct, he was obliged to remain quiet. He therefore requested Henry Hewit to go and inform his uncle that he was indisposed and would stop at Mrs. Hewit's house that day and the following night. Frank was an orphan; he had no recollection of his mother, and his memory of his father was slight. He thought he could remember being lifted into the arms of a soldier on horseback, who kissed him and showed him how to pat the horse's warm neck with his little hand, but that was all. His father's brother, an old bachelor, had, however, adopted the little boy, and had given him an education consonant with his breeding, that of a gentleman. Squire Arnley was very fond of his nephew, but seldom let his tenderness appear; the genial temper of the boy, however, sufficed for his childhood's happiness, and won for him all the friends he needed both young and old. As he grew up, his quick intuition taught him to estimate, his uncle's character rightly, and he yielded him the most perfect respect in every particular, as well as returning the affection he knew was his own with loving but unobtrusive tenderness.

Knowing his uncle's irascibility where cowardice was concerned, he begged Henry to hide from the old gentleman the real cause of his indisposition, lest he should drive Howis from the district, which his great social influence was quite able to compass, but a result that Frank did not ask for as he meant to deal further with Howis himself.

Henry Hewit also intended to demand an explanation and apology for his conduct towards Frank from Howis, and therefore made it his business to call at the Howis place on his way to see Squire Arnley. Miss Howis saw him coming and was much perplexed at so unusual an event. She knew but little of Henry Hewit, and had heard her brother speak of him generally as a stiff, proud fellow, very particular in the choice of his associates, and one whom there was no hope of winning over to their cause, and whose influence it was, therefore, most desirable to discredit and destroy. Being perfectly sure that he could not have heard of his brother's treason, Miss Howis came to the conclusion that he was coming to demand an explanation of the Arnley matter, and, therefore, opened the door to Hewit herself.

Not satisfied with her replies to his enquiry for her brother, Henry accepted an invitation to enter, but was soon assured that Howis was not at home, and after some trifling conversation departed, saying to himself as he left the gate, "Ah, William, it will be a bad day for you if ever you let that girl obtain an influence over you, for she is as cold and calculating as she is handsome and talented."

Having succeeded in appeasing the displeasure of Frank's uncle at his nephew's, to him, uncalled for absence from home, and persuading him to accept an invitation to ride over and see his brother, Henry called at William's house, when, although it was high noon, he found his brother in bed.

Hastening in alarm to his room he was more surprised still to see William throw a note he had been reading into a drawer and spring out of bed, bidding Henry welcome as he proceeded to dress. To Henry's eager enquiry if he were ill, or what else might be the matter, William replied in anything but his usual manner:

"No, Harry, no. I'm well enough, but I was up very late last night, and felt sleepy and lazy this morning."

"And why do you come home so seldom now?" enquired his brother, "mother has become quite uneasy, and insisted I should come and see what was wrong."

"Oh, as for that, Harry," replied William, "you know my farm is large enough to require all my time, and, besides, when I did go home more frequently you did not return my visits very regularly."

"I have no mother here anxious to see me, or the case would be different," replied Henry, rather warmly.

"Oh, I know; but mother may be sure I am all right; I'm not a lad now, and she need not be alarmed if I do not get home two or three times a week. And she is always so catechetical and lecturing, I get a little tired of it."

"Is that the way you talk of mother?" exclaimed Henry, "for my part I hope I shall never be too old to listen gratefully to the advice of mother and to feel that she can do me good."

"That's all very well, but it's different with you; she has such confidence in you that you can do nothing wrong in her eyes," said William.

"You are in a strange humour to-day, Will; I cannot understand it; you are the first I ever heard remark that our mother made any difference between us."

"Well, well," rejoined William petulantly, "run home now, and tell her what I said."

Seeing his brother in so strange and excited a mood, Harry felt there was more in it than he could at present discern, and therefore to William's childish speech he merely replied:

"I think, Will, your hospitality would be called in question if you sent me away without my dinner."

"Oh, I beg your pardon, Harry, too long a sleep does not agree with me; it has made me bad-tempered," returned William, admiring in his heart the self-abnegation and brotherly love evinced by Harry's well-bred reply. "Come along and let's see what Mrs. Prissel has to give us."

During the meal Henry watched his brother closely and was more than ever convinced that he was ill at ease. At length, as a probe, he referred to the encounter between Arnley and Howis by asking his brother if he had told him of it.

"No," replied William, "but I heard of it."

"How was that?" said Henry, "I thought no one knew of it but the parties concerned and the doctor."

"The doctor!" exclaimed William, colouring, but avoiding his brother's more direct question. "Surely it was not so serious as that."

"I hope it will not prove so," said Henry, "the doctor was called in time to prevent mischief, though the intent of his assailant was evident enough. I tried to have a word with the fellow, but he was not at home."

"Was it not *done* in fair fight?" asked William.

"Scarcely: Howis struck Frank in the temple with a pistol, if you call that fair fight."

"Impossible," replied William emphatically.

"I have Frank's word and the doctor's opinion, both evidence enough to convince me," returned Henry.

"Still, they may be wrong. I know Howis well, and he is the last man to take advantage in such a way. It was a piece of presumption on the part of a youth like Arnley to face a man like Howis."

"Do you think so?" replied Harry significantly; "he is ready, however to face him again and accuse him of his cowardice."

"Arnley had better be advised and let Howis alone; he is not a man to be trifled with."

Further conversation followed, and after some time Henry departed. But it was with an aching heart. He saw clearly that the Howises had established an influence over his brother that overshadowed that of his own relations, and he began to fear also that in some way William had compromised himself with the agitators. His knowledge of William's tastes led him to conclude that it would not be to Howis, but to his sister, that William would succumb, and he had seen enough

of the girl to distrust her in every way. His thoughts became more and more painful as he dwelt on the effect such a disaster, even in anticipation, would have on his mother, and what the effect of William's defection from the ranks of loyal and patriotic citizenship would be on public opinion, now in a ferment that forbade deliberation and just conclusions. The memory of his father and his grandfather on both sides, true to the Crown, and ready to sacrifice all they held dear for their King and country rose before his mental vision in proud array, forcing from his eyes the burning drops of anticipated and unmerited disgrace, for if his fears proved well-founded where would be the glory whose halo had hitherto glowed round the family name. Proud to be a Hewit he had ever been, and knew he had good reason to be, but if

The sound of horses at a canter broke upon his reverie, and he turned to find himself overtaken by Alice Leslie and her father.

"Good morning, Mr. Hewit," cried the cheery voice of Dr. Leslie, as he reined up. "Were you in the blues that you walked along so heedless of what was either before or behind you, neither hearing our horses nor avoiding the tree you ran into just now?"

"Oh, papa," said Miss Leslie, bowing in return to Henry's salutation, "Mr. Hewit has many things to think of beside what is going on on the high road."

"I think I ought to have minded the tree, nevertheless, Miss Leslie," said Henry, colouring and smiling. "But you are coming to see my mother, are you not?"

"Not now, Harry," replied Dr. Leslie in a grave tone. "Make my excuses to Mrs. Hewit," and, lowering his voice after glancing around, he continued, "do you know where that man Howis is? That he is at the bottom of the rapidly growing disaffection to the government, that is becoming so evident in this district, especially among the farm labourers, I am sure, but I want to get hold of something more tangible than the conclusions of my own judgment. George Samos tells me that he has heard the echoes of some sort of military drill more than once when sleeping with his window open, as he does on a fine night, but his utmost endeavours have led to no discovery. I want you to help in keeping a lookout for similar hints, for there is something going on not far away that must be put a stop to."

"This is serious," cried Henry, as he watched the graceful figure of the horsewoman who had set her beautiful bay at a trot while her father was speaking.

"So serious," replied Dr. Leslie, "that unless we who are loyal are not as energetic as these mischievous fellows, we shall be overtaken by evil before we are aware."

"You can count on me, Dr. Leslie, and it shall go hard if something more be not soon known of these nefarious doings."

"I knew I might, Henry, and therefore I spoke to you. Good-bye, now, my horse is restless"

With bows, and a bright smile from the lady, father and daughter proceeded at a gallop, Harry watching them with beating heart as long as he could see them, for he loved Alice Leslie, and had received no uncertain signal that she favoured his love.

#### CHAPTER VII.

##### A DISCOVERY.

The week following Frank Arnley's adventure found him and Henry Hewit again out on a hunt. Frank, who had wholly recovered, was in his usual happy mood. The forenoon had passed without the finding of any game, and the afternoon had nearly gone by, when suddenly a fine buck sprang up before them. Frank, with his usual impetuosity, fired, but without sufficient care. Away bounded the deer unharmed and swift as an arrow, but swifter than an arrow sped a ball from Henry's rifle.

"You've hit him, Hal!" shouted Frank, "see, he staggers! Bad luck to the brute, though, why couldn't he have run straight and had the honour of falling by my ball, for I'll swear the ball went

straight, so it is clearly the deer's fault—shows what bad taste some things have. Pshaw! the deer always show a liking for you, Hal. I'll warrant if I proposed to a certain little deer near a certain little lake, all the answer I should get would be that she preferred Harry Hewit."

"Come, come, Frank, honour bright. If I have told you more than anyone else it was with the intention of stopping your tongue, just as the ministry bring over a troublesome member of the opposition by some potent promise. But you sha'n't have your piece of bride-cake if you peach. Hark! that is Beaver's yell; he has driven the deer to close quarters somewhere."

The two young men now hurried over logs, through underbrush, and across bog until they reached a small and beautiful lake. "The dew had taken the water, but the hound had not followed him, and was running round the bank heading the deer to prevent him from gaining the shore. Henry sent Frank to the other side of the lake or pond, and then sent in the hound, which soon forced the beast to scramble up the bank, where Frank's rifle put an end to him. A short time sufficed to put the deer in a safe place, it being too late to return that night for him; and then the friends resolved to rest themselves in a saw-mill at the foot of the pond before proceeding further.

The mill was in a lonely out-of-the-way spot, being at the back of the owner's farm and nearly a mile from the road.

"An odd situation for a saw-mill," remarked Frank, as they advanced toward it. "Some say it is a meeting place for the agitators."

"I have heard such a rumour," replied Harry, "and should not be surprised if it proved true."

They had now reached the mill, which was not in operation that afternoon, and at first they thought it entirely deserted, but on looking around the premises they came upon a small sleeping-room, where, upon the rude bed they found a man in such a state of intoxication that they could not arouse him. A whiskey bottle nearly empty stood beside him.

"Well," cried Frank, "this looks refreshing; shall we try a 'horn.'"

"No," replied Harry, "I never touch spirits."

"I won't then," said Frank, and set down the bottle, but as he did so his toe caught in one of the loose boards of the floor and threw him forward upon his knees. "I am not drunk, most noble Harry, though thou mightest well think so to see me thus make a fool of myself," cried Frank, but suddenly changing his tone he exclaimed: "By Jupiter! Look here, Harry, look here! a whole storehouse of arms, muskets, rifle, shot-guns and pikes. Here's a find."

"Traitors! Proof enough. Rumour told no lies this time," said Harry, as he knelt to look beneath the boards.

"What's to be done with them? not leave them here."

"No; let us raise them and drop them in the pond."

"That's good, Harry, but can we, just we two?"

As he spoke Frank let himself down into the place, which seemed to have been made on purpose for the secretion of property. It was not more than four feet deep, by about twelve long, and the arms were placed in a rude chest formed of rough boards and without a cover.

"I think we can lift the whole affair," said Frank.

"Wait a moment; there's some one near; the dog acts like it."

Harry was not mistaken; Davis, the owner of the place, was nearly upon them. To spring on the floor and re-adjust the board was the work of a moment, and Frank joined Harry outside. Davis eyed them sharply as he came up, but Harry soon dispelled any suspicions he might have entertained by entering into an animated account of the chase they had just had after the deer.

"Where is my man, I wonder?" said Davis after civilly replying, "I left one here when I went to the house."

"Had there been one here he would have shown himself, I should think," said Frank, "however, we only just came in; he may be about somewhere."

Davis looked sharply round, then entering the mill, proceeded to the room where Hewit and Arnley had found the arms. The door latched on the inside, and when Frank came out he had pulled it to, so that the latch had caught and could not be opened from the outside.

"The fellow is drunk, I'll wager, and I'll not be able to awake him," cried Davis in a tone of dudgeon. He climbed up so as to be able to look over the top, when he found his expectations realised; he could not wake his man and had to leave him to sleep off his stupor.

Hewit and Arnley now took their leave, determined to return again that night and see what they could do for their country. They called at a small wayside inn about two miles from the mill, and while Frank remained, Henry proceeded to a farmhouse at no great distance, whence he soon returned with an accession to their party of three brothers, friends of his, George, John and Richard Samos, all men of great size and strength and each a host in himself in a fight.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

##### A DARING ADVENTURE.

The young men sat down to a supper such as was to be seen in the country at that date. No kickshaws and hashes, but a smoking joint of beef, steaming potatoes, home-made bread, buckwheat cakes and maple sugar. And seldom had an equal number done more ample justice to the good old-fashioned fare than was done by the five friends, all on patriotic works intent.

Night had drawn her sable veil over the face of nature before our party left their comfortable quarters to face the north-west wind and the biting frost, for the night was intensely cold. As they proceeded various plans were proposed for the disposal of the arms, but as they could not employ a team to remove them to responsible quarters, they concluded it would be best to slide them, case and all, from the east side of the mill into a deep swamp hole close by; for, as Harry said, it would be late before they could get through if they attempted to carry them off, and attended with too much risk, while by getting the chest on to the rollers used for moving lumber, they could roll it by means of slabs into the hole, where it would sink out of sight by its own weight, and by daylight a couple of inches of ice would be over it.

The moon had arisen before they got through the woods, and by the time they got within sight of the mill it was light enough to see for some distance. It was agreed that they should separate and reconnoitre carefully as they advanced. There was a piece of ground of some extent around the mill, that had been cleared off and the moon shining down into it revealed objects much smaller than a man. Harry and Frank kept together, and their companions took different courses. It was agreed that if either of the party saw anyone around the mill they should hoot in imitation of the owl.

Harry and Frank had not proceeded far when Frank grasped Harry's arm whispering:

"Make an owl of yourself quick, Harry, look there."

"I see," was the whispered reply.

As he spoke the cry of an owl rang at a distance in another direction. Harry answered the signal and told Frank to remain where he was while he went on to observe more closely.

*To be continued.*

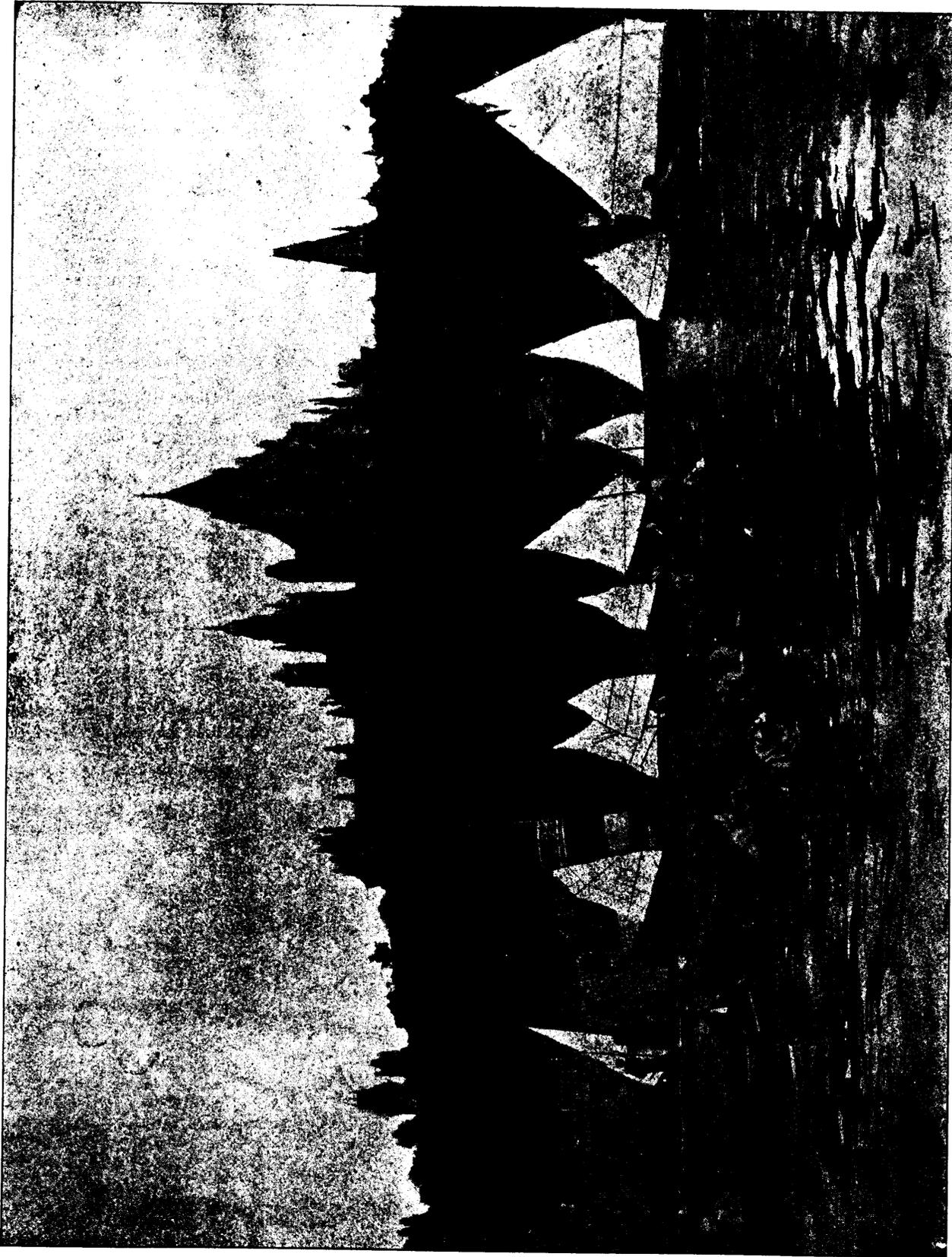
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##### ZENITH.

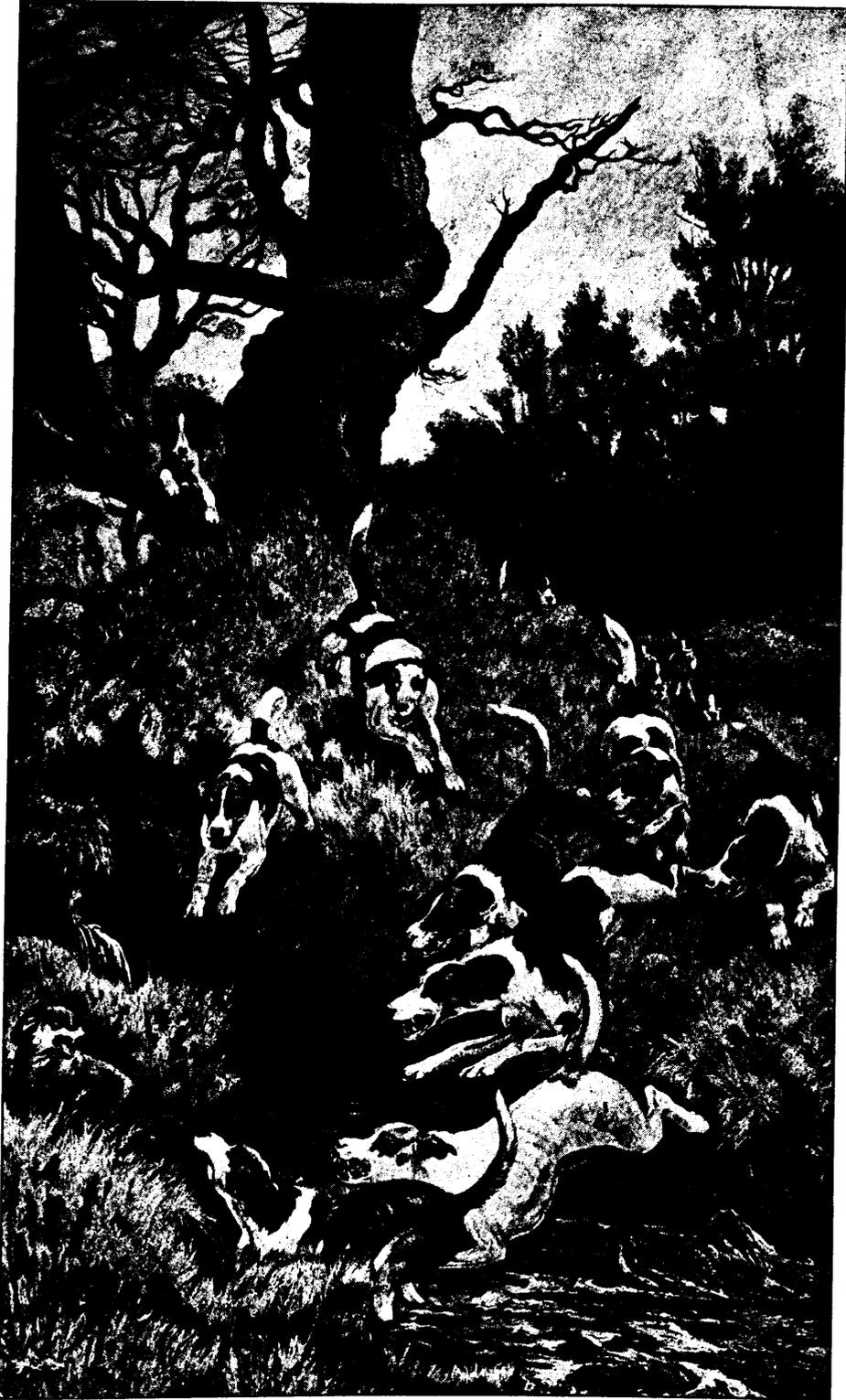
There are who say that in life's tale of years  
One hour there is, one moment, when the height  
Of joy is reached, the onward sweep of light  
Bursts into full and perfect blaze; heart-fears  
And keen desire melt, and Heaven appears,  
And then the tide rolls back, and never sight  
Of such dear bliss may charm again the night;  
Joys may appear, but mingled aye with tears.

I will not have it so! For us, O Heart,  
The ebb shall never come! Ah God! if this  
Dear joy we know be now full flood-tide, let  
Our souls grow numb, the dreaded death-dews wet  
These bodies, that our spirits may depart  
Even 'mid the thrilling rapture of our kiss.

SOPHIE M. ALMON.



A MEET OF THE OTTAWA CANOE CLUB.



WHERE'S THE FIELD!

From a painting by Thomas Blinks.

Photo. supplied by G. E. Macrae, Toronto, Director for Canada of the Soule Photograph Company



**SPRAINS.**—In a severe sprain of the ankle immerse the joint as soon as possible in a pail of hot water, and keep it there for fifteen or twenty minutes. After removing it, keep it bandaged with hot cloths wrung out of water.

**CARE OF THE HAIR.**—Hair that is brushed regularly night and morning, if only for a few minutes at a time, will require less frequent washing, and meanwhile will be clean and glossy. Too much washing renders the hair harsh and dry.

**NAPKINS.**—It is said that the French fashion of using very large napkins is obtaining in a great measure. Those who wish to be in the extreme of fashion buy napkins a yard square, putting a heavily embroidered initial in one corner. Opposite corners of the table-cloth are decorated with the letter several sizes larger. Occasionally the whole name is embroidered diagonally across one corner in old script. Heavy overlaid embroidery is used for these decorations, no open work being allowed. The fashion of having one's name, initial or monogram wrought in the linen is fast giving out. Hotels and restaurants have a monopoly of that.

**JELLY FOR INVALIDS.**—Soak an ounce of gelatine in half a pint of cold water for an hour or more. It is an advantage to soak gelatine over night when convenient, because it is then more easily dissolved. Boil six ounces of lump sugar in a pint of water, skimming it until clear; then throw in the soaked gelatine, let it boil slowly for five minutes, removing all scum as it rises. Dissolve in a basin one quarter of an ounce of citric acid, in lump, in half a gill of boiling water, pour the jelly on this, when more scum will rise, which should be carefully taken off. Now add a gill of wine and a little lemon flavoured, and, when nearly cold, put the jelly into a mould. Lemon juice can be used instead of the citric acid, but the jelly will not then be so bright.

**ORNAMENTS FOR THE TABLE.**—The present style of low floral decorations for the dinner table is provided for by a variety of flower bowls in several sizes, the smaller ones to be placed at each plate and larger ones in the centre of the table. Some very beautiful bowls are in cut glass, and their diamond-like glitter, especially under the gas light, adds much to the brilliancy of table decoration. Other charming table ornaments are china sprays of leaves and flowers, forming a capital decoration; for instance, the thick green stalk, leaf, bud and full-blown water lily, artistically designed and most delicately coloured. There are long and short sprays to suit every taste and table. One in particular, with a large, broad leaf with curled edges, would hold berries and, with moss or ferns in the open flower, make a picture of daintiness. Another novelty is the tulip shaped ornament. This is a centre piece, and smaller pieces are made for the corners as well as buds for menu holders—a combination both novel and pleasing.

**HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.**—A use for old tennis balls: At the end of the lawn tennis season, when balls that have been well played with become rather soft and are discarded as useless, is the time for an energetic caterer for bazaars to step in and make off with her spoil. The most attractive babies' balls can be made by covering them with worsted. A tray of red, green, orange, pink, and blue balls, heaped up one upon the other, labelled "Baby's balls," soon attracts the attention of purchasers. The work is easy and very pleasant. Hold the ball in your left hand and bind a piece of string over it to form six divisions, keeping your finger and thumb tightly on; take a needle and thread, secure the string at each end, and fasten off; then, with a needleful of worsted, work round and round till the ball is covered, passing the needle under, and then twice over each piece of string to form a ridge all the way round. If the needle is merely passed round the string—that is, once over—the surface is smooth. Odds and ends of wool can be used by making circles of colour. It is pleasant work for old ladies and invalid children. With odds and ends of arrasene or chenille the effect is very rich.

**REMEDY FOR HEADACHES.**—When in certain painful affections the physician advises the use of cold applications, and if the affect from them is not pleasing, then that hot should be tried, the patient is likely to consider it rather an uncertain sort of treatment, of doubtful value either way. It is, indeed rather a curious thing that heat and cold can often be used interchangeably with like effects. Extreme heat will destroy the skin, and extreme cold will do the same. Now, headache is sometimes relieved by hot applications, and yet in some instances it aggravates the trouble. In case of the latter, oftentimes the cold applications will effect a cure. As a general rule a throbbing headache, with tenderness and soreness of the scalp, can best be relieved by hot applications. Whereas, when the head feels full and "bursting," if cold be applied to the head and heat to the neck and spine, the effect is most agreeable. Probably one of the best external applications which is most serviceable in the different forms of headache is menthol. A solution of that should be made in about the proportion of one drachm of menthol to ten of alcohol. It can be applied on a thin strip of cloth large enough to cover the forehead. That should be kept wet with the solution. It is very cooling, and the effect in many cases of headache is very agreeable from the first.

## THOMAS HOOD.

BY ERNEST SMITH.

This celebrated and popular poet and humorist was born in April or May, 1798. Very little of importance is known of him up to the time of his attaining the age of seventeen. He was a very sickly, puny boy. Thomas Hood was the son of Mr. Thomas Hood, partner in the firm of Vernor, Hood & Sharpe, booksellers and printers, whose place of business was situated in that historical part of the City of London known as the Poultry. He does not appear to have distinguished himself by any marked progress at school. After leaving school, owing to his delicate state of health, he was articulated to an engraver. This occupation was not, however, so conducive to health as had been at first anticipated and he was sent to Dundee, his father's birth-place. While there, surrounded as he was with picturesque scenery, he wrote many simple sketches, and at the end of two years he is seen floating on the sea of literature, with apparently but slight chance of success and every possibility of failure. When he was twenty-one, the editor of the *London Magazine* having been killed in a duel, Hood was appointed sub-editor, and in that capacity he remained for some years. This was his first introduction to the literary world. It was his duty as sub-editor to read over and correct manuscripts sent in for publication. He also edited Answers to Correspondents in the "Lion's Head," of which "The Echo" in *Hood's Magazine* was a continuation.

Here are some of his whimsical answers, all of which are characteristic of him who wrote them:

A chapter on bustles is under consideration for "our back numbers."

**VERITY**—It is better to have an enlarged heart than a contracted one, and such a hemorrhage as mine, than a spitting of spite.

**N.N.**—The most characteristic mysteries of London are those which have lately prevailed on the land and the river, attended by collisions of vessels, robberies, assaults, accidents and other features of metropolitan interest. If N. N. be ambitious of competing with the writer whom "he names, let him try his hand at a genuine, solid, yellow "November Fog. It is dirty, dangerous, smoky, stinking, "obscure, unwholesome and favourable to vice and "violence."

The position which Hood held on the *London Magazine* led to his introduction to Charles Lamb, Allan Cunningham, Hartley Coleridge, Rev. Julius Hare and many other eminent men. Conjointly with Mr. Reynolds, he wrote and published (anonymously) "Odes and Addresses to great people." This book had a tremendous run, and caused much speculation among *litterateurs* as to its authorship. This, the following interesting letter, written by S. T. Coleridge, to Charles Lamb, clearly shows:

**MY DEAR CHARLES,**—This afternoon, a little, thin, mean looking sort of a foolscap sub-octavo of poems, printed on dingy outsides, lay on the table which, the cover informed me, was circulating in our book club, so very grub-streetish in all its exteriors, internal as well as external, that I cannot explain by what accident of impulse (assuredly there was no motive in play) I came to look at it. Least of all, the title, "Odes and Addresses to Great Men," which connected itself in my head with "Rejected Addresses" and all the Smith and Theodore Hook synod. But, my dear Charles, it was certainly written by you or under you or *una cum* you. I know none of your frequent visitors capacious and assimilative enough of your converse to have reproduced you so honestly supposing you had left yourself in pledge in his lock-up house. Gilman, to whom I read the spirited parody on the introduction to "Peter Bell," the "Ode to the great unknown," speaks doubtfully of Hood and Reynolds. No! Charles, it is *you*. I have read them over again and I understand why you have anon'd the book. The puns are, nine in ten, good, many excellent, the *Newgatory* transcendent. And then the *exemplum sine exemplo* of a volume of personalities, contemporaneities, without a single line that could inflict the infinitesimal of an unpleasance on any man in his senses—saving and except, perhaps, in the envy-addled brain of the despiser of your lays. You are found *in the manner*, as the lawyers say. So, Mr. Charles, hang yourself up and send me a line by way of token and acknowledgement. God bless you and your

Unshamabramizer,

S. T. COLERIDGE.

A copy of the first volume of Hood's Comic Annual was sent by Mr. Hood to His Grace the Duke of Devonshire, who acknowledged its receipt,

at the same time asking Mr. Hood to favour him by giving some inscriptions for a door of sham books, to be fixed at the entrance of a library staircase at Chatsworth. His Grace intimated that such inscriptions as "plain dealings," "a chapter on wood," etc., were overdone and wearisome, and that he wanted something strikingly new. Mr. Hood made up his mind not to weary the Duke so he sent a long list of fictitious titles, among which were the following:

Danté's Inferno or Description of Van Demon's Land.  
Percy Vere, in forty volumes.  
Lambe's Recollection of Suett.  
Lamb on the Death of Wolfe.  
Tadpoles, or Tales Out of my Own Head.  
Boyle on Steam.  
Autographia, or Man's Nature known by his Sig-nature.  
Peel on Bell's System.  
Chronological Account of the Date Tree.  
Cursory Remarks on Swearing.  
In-i-go, or Secret Entrances.

The whole list so much pleased the Duke that, when acknowledging the receipt of them, His Grace asked the favour of being allowed to thank the author in person. After this, many communications passed between the two, and the Duke continued to be Hood's friend and benefactor until death removed him from the literary world. At the end of 1834, Hood, in common with many others, was thrown into great pecuniary difficulties by the failure of a firm. He struggled against the tide of misfortune for some months, but never gained any headway. Many of his friends advised him to put an end to his anxieties by one or other of those sharp, but sure practices, which the legislature had so neatly provided for all such evils. Nothing, however, was further from Hood's mind than the adoption of such plans, and he determined to wipe out his liabilities with his pen rather than with legal whitewash.

He, therefore, sold all his effects, and leaving every shilling with his wife, he procured an advance on his future labours and set out for Rotterdam in the Lord Melville. He had a fearful voyage, his body being racked by the pangs of seasickness, and his mind doubly distressed from the knowledge that his wife was very dangerously ill. This was the saddest thing about it, for it would be impossible to find a more united couple than Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hood. Hood attributed much of his illness to the mental and bodily strain he experienced during his journey to Rotterdam.

When he was settled, he wrote a long letter to his wife (always his first thought), telling her how the Lord Melville had been nearly swamped, and giving her instructions how to come out to him. He knew her delicate state of health, and it is wonderful how careful he was not to distress or frighten her. He told her that such storms only come once in seven years, and that unless she saw four men at the helm she must consider herself perfectly safe. When she saw four men at the helm she might anticipate some rather rough weather.

When S. T. Coleridge wrote to Charles Lamb criticising the anonymous "Odes to Great Men," he said that although this was a volume of personalities there was not one word or reference to be found in it at which any one could possibly take offence. This can be said indeed of every line written by Hood. He was one of the most sensitive of men, full of humour, and at the same time most careful not to hurt the feelings of either the rich or the poor. Nearly all his poems have some object in view, principally that of arousing sympathy for the oppressed. It has been said that his true character was never known; that he had greater ability than was ever shown in his writing, and that this deeper, purer tone was kept back on account of his poverty. He wrote for cash, and he was obliged to write to please the popular taste rather than express the true sentiments passing through his mind. It is a fact worth noting that those poems (I refer to humorous poems), which have caused most merriment were written during his saddest moments. He was decidedly unselfish, and, as I have said, had something to write for when he wrote.

It was dangerous to attempt a practical joke upon him, although he was himself an adept in the

business. His wife always placed the utmost confidence in him and never suspected the possibility of his joking with her. This confidence gave him good sport on one occasion. A certain fish-woman came to the house every day with plaice, and Mrs. Hood received instructions to inspect the fish very carefully before purchasing, and never to buy at any price fish which had bright red spots on it. Accordingly, the next time the old fish-woman came round, the plaice was carefully examined and Mrs. Hood refused to purchase it, saying that it might be fresh, but she could not think of taking it with those horrid red spots, for her husband had explained to her quite recently that when plaice was spotted all over the back in bright red patches it was a sure sign the fish was stale. The old woman's indignation at this remark brought the author of the joke near enough for his laugh to be heard by the two at the door and to reveal the joke. The fish was afterwards purchased, and although it was covered with bright red spots, it was very much enjoyed by both.

(To be continued.)

### HOW SIR WALTER SCOTT STUDIED.

How one man, and a busy man, who had, moreover, nothing of the hermit about him, could possibly produce all these wonderful books along with all his other work in the time that he did may well, as you can suppose, have puzzled even those who knew him. Scott had, of course, a wonderful facility of composition. He wrote very fast, and when the subject suited him he undoubtedly wrote best that way. We have seen at what a white heat "Waverley" was composed. "Guy Mannering," again, in design and construction the best, I think, of all the novels was the work of a Christmas vacation, by way of what he used to call refreshing the machine when tired of the routine of the law courts. He was also a man of very regular habits and an assiduous observer of his favourite maxim never to be doing nothing; he had no unconsidered trifles of time; every moment was turned to account, and thus he had leisure for everything. So long as his health permitted he used to work in the early morning, so that by breakfast time he had, as he expressed it, broken the neck of the day's work. Often these were the only hours he could spare, when Abbotsford was full of company, as it commonly was, and however busy he might be, when his guests had to be entertained there was Scott, always ready for them, the gayest of the gay, as though he had nothing in his head but the amusement of the hour, and no more to do with writing books than the youngest and idlest of the party. But the real secret of the way in which he managed to combine quality with quantity lies in the phrase. "He was making himself all the time." One of his friends said once to him: "I know that you contrive to get a few hours in your own room, and that may do for the mere pen work; but when is it that you think?" "Oh," answered Scott, "I lie simm'ring over things for an hour or so before I get up; and there's the time I am dressing to overhaul my half-sleeping, half-waking thoughts—and when I get the paper before me it commonly runs off pretty easily." And in his journal there is a passage in which he contrasts his advantages over the host of imitators that his success had flooded the market with. "They may do their fooling with better grace," he says, "but I, like Sir Andrew Aguecheek, do it more natural"; he meant that they had to get their knowledge to write their books, while he wrote his books because he had got the knowledge. He had long ago, in short, made himself so thoroughly that when he sat down to his desk the ideas flowed as freely from his brain as the ink from his pen. "It commonly runs off pretty easily"; that it certainly did. I have seen some of his manuscripts, and they are marvels to look at—not exactly marvels of handwriting; indeed in that respect they bear a striking resemblance to certain other manuscripts you may perhaps have heard of by the name of *panas*. But the wonder of these sheets is that they are written almost wholly without erasures. Page after page the writing runs on exactly as you read it in print.—*Macmillan's Magazine.*



Montreal is becoming quite an amusement town, and the winter season promises to be a lively one in the way of professional and amateur entertainments. Not only have the two theatres provided a list of better-class attractions than ever before, but local, musical and dramatic organizations, which between them muster considerable talent, have been making great plans for the winter evenings.

The past week was a rather quiet one, however. "Captain Swift" at the Academy and "Out in the Streets" at the Royal drew their quota of admirers; but, besides these two attractions, very little was going on except Ragan's illustrated lectures. They were very interesting and filled the Queen's Hall every night. With Stoddard and Cromwell the lecturer forms a triumvirate that almost monopolizes this class of entertainments on the American continent, and of which Professor Ragan alone visits Canada.

Child actors are the thing nowadays, and a company of first-class people, assisted by an infantile phenomenon, will meet with success no matter what the piece presented may be. Plot or no plot, it matters not, as is proven by the latest production at the Academy—"Bootles' Baby." As a play it is a failure and much inferior to "Little Lord Fautleroy." But taken simply as a dramatic entertainment it was a great success, and certainly a spell of pure innocent amusement like that produced by Miss Claxton's company ought to be a pleasant variation of the average dramatic diet provided by nineteenth century playwrights and managers. As said before, the company is an excellent one. Mr. Chas. A. Stevenson was an ideal *Bootles*, and at the same time life-like enough to be real. It was a pity, of course, that Miss Claxton was not there, but Miss Edith Crane made an excellent substitute. As to Gertie Homan (it would be a pity to call her "Miss"), there can be but one opinion. She has the happy faculty which so many grown-up actors lack—that of losing the person in the part to be played, and the natural unaffected way in which every word is spoken and every motion made is delightfully refreshing. The finding of the baby, which, by the way, came in for a great deal of kind attention, and the love-making between the young girl and Captain Lucy, which part was taken by Mr. C. W. Garthorne, were evidently the best scenes of the evening. The entire company played well, and the members must have been selected with care. Mr. Ramsay Morris, of "Tigress" fame, who has charge of the production, has staged the piece in excellent style, and those seeking for clean, wholesome theatrical amusement, should by all means pay their respects to "Bootles' Baby."

With a much-promising title, "The Arabian Nights," as presented at the Royal, is far from realizing the expectations of the anxious play-goer who visits it with dreams and memories of the beautiful spectacle of this name that was presented at the Chicago Opera House three years ago for the first time. It seems as if the people that run the show somehow or other managed to get hold of a few people engaged in the original production and thought this sufficient to draw. The Ronaldos and the human dolls are really the only things worth noting, and even the latter are incomplete. Of course there are some pretty girls who show as much of their well-shaped forms as decency will permit, but the chorus is small and wretched; and the performance, which is announced by fac-simile printing of that of the original performance in the States, is little better than that of a second-rate variety show, and I doubt not that the managers of the theatre themselves were taken in. Charming "Corinne," the old favourite, will appear next week.

Amateur theatricals are becoming quite the rage. The first club to play this season was the Grand Trunk, who have cut themselves loose from the literary institute, and will give all their coming entertainments at their own risk. For the benefit of the Fresh Air Fund they played "Uncle Tom's Cabin" twice to large audiences. It is rather a pity that with the talent they have the members do not apply themselves to some better class of plays; but the reason therefor is probably to be found in the fact that their patrons and supporters enjoy the kind of melodrama which they put on, and their way of doing it is certainly very creditable. The next amateur performance has been advertised for Wednesday, to be given by the St. John Amateur Dramatic Club, as yet an unknown quantity, in aid of St. Margaret's Nursery. After that will come the opening performance of the Irving Amateur Dramatic Club, which during the past season has not only added materially to the treasury of some very worthy charitable institutions, but has treated us to some excellent plays, produced in first-class style, considering that most of the players were novices. They have engaged a new large hall for rehearsals, and have laid out quite a programme for the season. The opening will be on the 14th of November in the Armory, and consist of a grand temperance entertainment in aid of Terra Nova Lodge I.O.G.T., No. 78. They will produce the "Social Glass," the great American Temperance drama, and the farce "The Artful Dodger." The M.A.A.A. Dramatic Club will open in December. It comprises at present over a hundred members, besides a regularly established patronage. In future it will only

give one public performance and a dress-rehearsal for members.

The musical events this week are confined to the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestral Club and the doings of the musical talent imported by the Halloween concert committee.

It is whispered that the musically-inclined students of McGill intend to spring a surprise upon the public which has been in preparation for some time.

A smoking concert for the benefit of the drum and bugle corps of the Vics will take place in the near future.

The Montreal Press Club have made up their minds to appear this winter as first class amusement caterers. Bill Nye and J. Whitcomb Riley will appear under their auspices in the Queen's Hall on the 15th and 16th of November, and Max O'Rell sometime in February.

A. DROMIO.

At Toronto there has of late been no lack of dramatic entertainment. At Jacobs & Sparrow's Opera House large audiences have witnessed the drama of "Harbour Lights," which was succeeded by B. Campbell's play, "The White Slave." The characters in the latter are spirited, the situations are striking, and the play, with a good company, maintains its popularity.

On November 4 Torontonians will have a treat in the presence of the Boston Symphony Club, with Miss Augusta Christom, the Swedish prima donna, and special European artistes, led by Mr. Alfred de Seve, at the Horticultural Pavilion.

At the same place the united bands of the Queen's Own and the 13th Battalion of Hamilton, gave an enjoyable entertainment on Thursday of last week. Mrs. McKelcan, of Hamilton, and Mr. Schuck, of Toronto, added considerably to the pleasure of the evening.

The preparations for the grand opening of Toronto's Academy of Music have of late been pushed on with energy. When our representative in Toronto visited the place a few days ago the confusion of the preceding weeks had been succeeded by the signs of order, denoting that the completion of the work was drawing near. The arrangements are of the most comprehensive nature, nothing being omitted that tends to make the audience comfortable. The curtain represents Toronto Bay, with the Island in the distance, and the ferry and other steamboats plying to and fro. It was painted by Mr. Baldwin, of Buffalo. The opening night on the 6th promises to be a grand occasion for Toronto music-lovers. We hope to let our readers have a full account of it.

M. T.

### THE PANTHEIST.

He knows the name of every creeping thing  
And every plant in all his country round,  
And when and in what haunts it may be found.  
To name a bird he needs but hear it sing.  
He speculates what time it took a wing.

To evolve and lift an eagle from the ground;  
And scorning miracles, doth priests astound,  
Saying Nature's laws can know no altering.

He reads the mystic story of the past  
In hill and vale and rock, and says all life  
Is one and flees from form to form from Death.

And man himself but part is of a vast  
And universal energy, a breath  
Of one great AM, with Nothingness at strife.

Detroit.

ARTHUR WEIR.

What well-directed training-schools can accomplish is illustrated in the case of the dairy schools of Denmark. The Government has for years spent over \$50,000 yearly for the maintenance of dairy schools. The result has been an immense improvement in dairy products, and a lively demand for Danish butter. Within twenty years Denmark's exports of butter have increased from \$2,100,000 to \$13,000,000 per annum.

LEGEND OF THE STONE OF SCONE.—The legend of the Fatal Stone of Scone relates that it was the pillow on which the patriarch Jacob slept at Bethel when he saw the vision of the ladder reaching to heaven. From Bethel the sons of Jacob carried the stone into Egypt. Thither came Gathelus the Greek, the son of Cecrops, the builder of Athens, who married Scota, the daughter of Pharaoh; but being alarmed at the judgments pronounced against Egypt by Moses, who had not then crossed the Red Sea, he fled to Spain where he built the city of Brigantia. With him he took the Stone of Bethel, seated upon which "he gave laws and administered justice unto his people, thereby to maintain them in wealth and quietness." In after days there was a king in Spain named Milo, of Scottish origin; and one of his younger sons, named Simon Breck, beloved by his father beyond all his brothers, was sent to conquer Ireland with an army that he might reduce it to his dominion, which he did and reigned there many years. His prosperity was due to a miracle, for when his ships lay off the coast of Ireland, as he drew in his anchors the famous stone was hauled up with the anchors into the ship. Received as a precious boon from heaven, it was placed upon the sacred Tarah, where it was called *Lia-fail*, the "Fatal Stone," and gave the ancient name of *Innis-fail*, or the "Island of Destiny" to the kingdom. On the hill of Tarah, Irish antiquaries maintain that the real stone still remains. *Selma, in Oban Telegraph.*

**HUMOUROUS.**

WHEN an Englishman wants office he "stands" for it and then "sits." Americans run and lie.

"My son, which would you rather be, Shakespeare or Edison?" Little son (after meditation): "I'd rather be Edison." "Yes? Why?" "'Cause he ain't dead."

HE HAD PROSPECTS.—Little sister: Ma wants you, Sammy. Where've you been? Sammy: Fishin'. Little sister: Did you catch anything? Sammy (sadly): Nothin' 't all. Little sister (reassuringly): Oh, but you will when you get home.

FIRST QUARTER: "Please brush my hair, Carissima; your dimpled, darling fingers know the dearest way." Full moon: "Sadie, dear, I wish you would brush off my coat. You are more expert with the whisk than I am." Last quarter: "Sarah, brush the mud off my trousers there, will you? I got all splashed last night." New moon: "Say, do be a little quicker with those shoes. I'm in a deuce of a hurry."

A young lady who has recently finished her studies in Paris, and who is very proficient in French, was writing to a Boston friend one day. She was describing the progress of an affaire du coeur of a gentleman friend, the object of whose affections was not very responsive. The gentleman's mode of expressing his devotion had proved very interesting to the writer and in referring to the subject, she casually remarked: "L'amour et la fumée ne peuvent se cacher"—ordinarily translated as meaning "Love and smoke are unable to conceal themselves." Her Boston friend, on receipt of the letter, got out her French grammar, and by its friendly aid succeeded in rendering the quotation as follow "Honesty is the best policy."

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TOO INQUISITIVE.

TRAVELLER, in waiting room of railway station, to caretaker: "Is it allowed to smoke here?"  
 CARETAKER: "No, sir."  
 TRAVELLER: "Then where do all these cigar butts come from?"  
 CARETAKER: "From the gentlemen as didn't ask, sir!"

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