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A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

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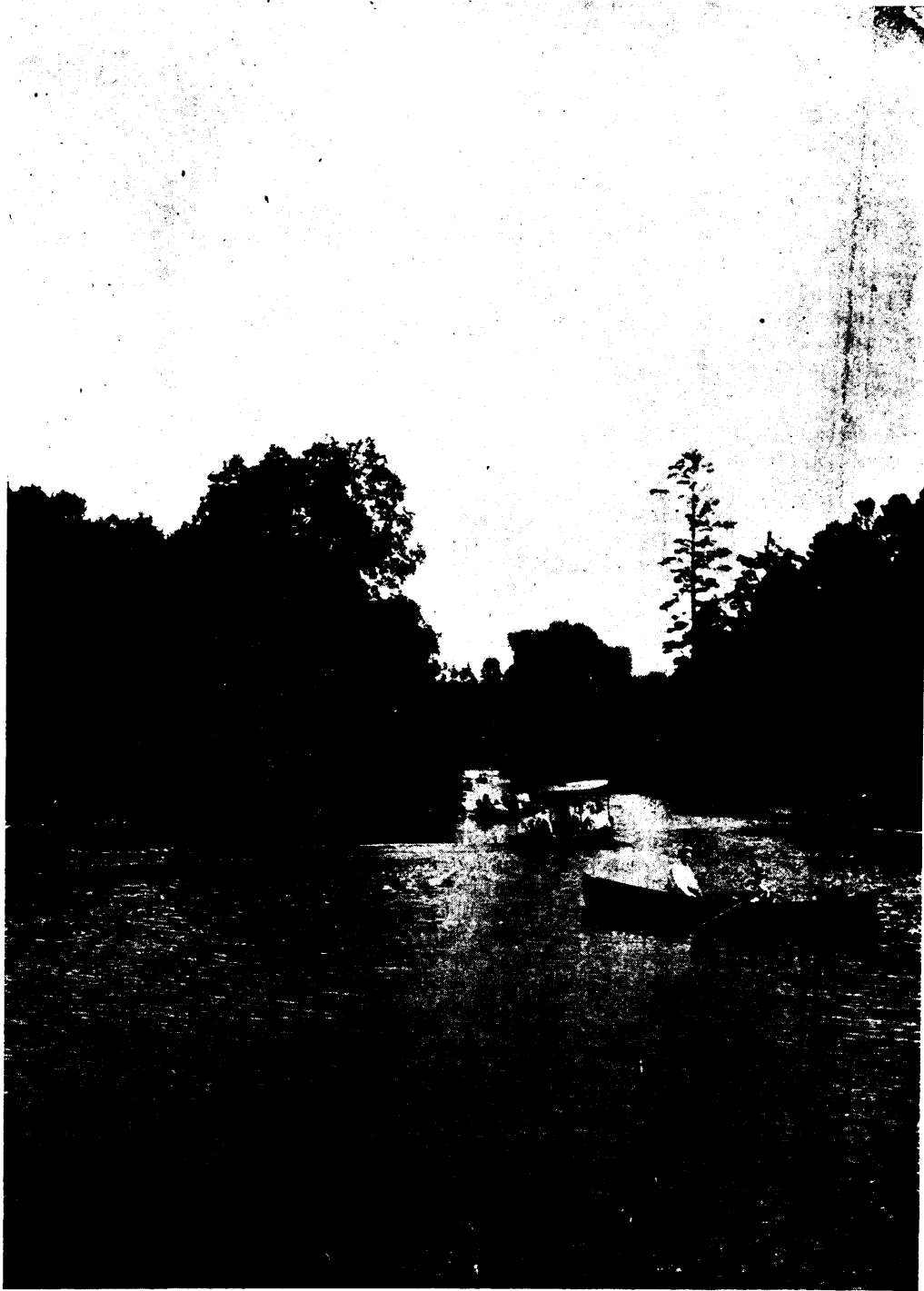
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REGISTERED

Vol. VI.—No. 148.

MONTREAL AND TORONTO, 2nd MAY, 1891.

\$4.00 PER ANNUM. IN GREAT BRITAIN, 21s. 6d.
10 CENTS PER COPY " " 6d. 6d.



ON THE RIVER HUMBER—NEAR TORONTO.
(Mr. E. Havelock Walsh, Amateur photo.)

The Dominion Illustrated.

\$4.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

THE SABISTON LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING CO

RICHARD WHITE, PRESIDENT

ALEX. SABISTON, MANAGING-DIRECTOR

The Gazette Building, Montreal.

JOHN H. GERRIE, WESTERN AGENT,

4 King-street, East, Toronto, Ont.

London (England) Agency:

JOHN HADDON & CO.,

3 & 4 Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, E.C.

SOLE AGENTS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM

All business communications, remittances, etc., to be addressed to "THE SABISTON LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING CO., MONTREAL."

Literary communications to be addressed to "THE EDITOR, DOMINION ILLUSTRATED."

2nd MAY, 1891.



To Our Readers.

We have pleasure in stating that the next issue of this journal will contain an extra supplement of a high artistic class, printed in colours, and that hereafter from time to time we propose issuing others of a similar nature. We also call the special attention of our literary friends to the liberal cash prizes we are offering for short stories by Canadian writers. Our aim in this is to assist in developing literary aspiration among the people of this country, and, in giving preference to Canadian subjects, to stimulate an interest in our history and surroundings in the minds of both writer and reader.

Von Moltke.

It seems but yesterday that the world congratulated COUNT VON MOLTKE on seeing his ninetieth birthday, and Germany on the continued receipt of valuable services from her distinguished son. The iron heart and reserved nature of the old hero could not but have been profoundly touched at the spontaneous outburst of regard and honour which he then received from all quarters. It was an expression honourable alike to the givers and to the recipient. The news of his death has, we doubt not, carried sadness into many homes in the Fatherland; and to those who fought her battles under his incomparable skill, the intelligence will be especially painful. As a strategist, as a master of the higher art of war, VON MOLTKE stood far above any soldier of this century. The great NAPOLEON at times seemed to forget his cunning, to under-rate his opponent, and to trust for success to the valour of his men rather than of his own foresight; our own IRON DUKE, singularly like the dead Teuton in many characteristic traits, occasionally gave opportunities to his enemy which might have resulted in the loss of his army and the ruin of his prospects; but VON MOLTKE entered on no campaign and, as a rule, no engagement without a careful study of chances and matured plans to meet any contingency that might arise. His skill in war, and the high standing the German Empire has reached under his control of her armies, has had much to do with the long peace that has kept the nations of Europe from shedding each other's blood. While the armaments of the four great powers have been maintained practically on a war footing for the past twenty years, and the world kept on the *qui vive* for an explosion, only one of them has had a campaign, and that with a weak and unimportant neighbour. Germany, standing in the middle of Europe, has been too great to offend. In tactics, in discipline and in improved weapons of attack she has been foremost; and her state of continuous preparation for any campaign has become proverbial. Much of this is due to VON MOLTKE; and the school of warriors that has grown up under his training will, we cannot doubt, continue to make the nation one whose very power will aid the cause of peace.

The Steamship Service.

In spite of the articles that have appeared with almost clockwork regularity each week in the leading newspapers for the last year or two, informing us that negotiations for a fast steamship service between Canada and Great Britain were nearly completed, in reality nothing whatever seems to have been accomplished. At any rate, there is neither any satisfactory result nor any sign of such; in fact, the tendency appears to be the reverse of that hoped for. The recent instructions issued by the Canadian Government, materially advancing the rates of newspaper postage, would seem to be of anything but a hopeful nature. But we think that this very fact will do much to hasten the inauguration of a good direct service. It will bring the subject prominently before the people; and added to the increase in rates, there is also the unpleasant conviction that all the mail matter for Great Britain and the Continent has to be sent through foreign territory. With the rank Canada holds for shipping among the nations of the world, this feature is anything but creditable; and viewed in connection with our excellent railway systems and general facilities for a fast direct service, the foreign shipment of mails appears unnecessary if well directed and vigorous efforts are made by our Governments—Imperial and Dominion—towards inaugurating a fleet of vessels whose speed and equipment would be beyond reproach. It is undeniable that such a line would—if properly advertised—attract an enormous patronage from the travelling public from the scenic advantages the St. Lawrence route offers and from the reduced time spent out of sight of land—two great desiderata with modern trans-Atlantic passengers. Nothing has been heard during the past few days of the negotiations said to be in progress between the ALLANS and the Naval Construction and Armament Company; but the principals of both parties are men likely to carry through anything to which they put their hands. The nature of their plans, as outlined, appear to be just what Canada wants, viz., a service which will rival in every way (except in number of vessels) that now offered by the New York route. We sincerely hope that the preliminary negotiations will be successful; the new company will then be in a position to claim the Government subsidy, and on the latter's shoulders will then rest the weal or woe of the scheme.

Behring Sea.

The postponement of the Sayward case until next October on a merely technical point, seems to indicate a weak case for the United States, or a desire to have the sealing of this season carried on free from the effect of any legal decision. The whole question is no further advanced than it was last fall; and the rather questionable *coup* by which a decision was referred to the United States Supreme Court has not had the slightest effect on the practical bearings of the case. It is not, however, at all likely that any attempt will be made by the American cruisers to interfere with the Canadian sealers this summer. With the exception of MR. PHELPS, to whose extraordinary views on the subject we alluded a few weeks ago, the drift of the opinion of those who have studied the question is unfavourable to American pretensions. This has been reflected through the press, and has sensibly affected public opinion. The British naval force at present on the Pacific station is, moreover, a fairly strong one, while it is unlikely that the United States cruisers are of an exceptionally formidable character; and, although the American sailor is not one to shrink from doing his duty, seizure of vessels under the British flag might possibly result in unpleasantness to the weaker party. The probabilities are that the programme of last summer will be repeated—that the sealers will act up to their claims without interference from the hostile vessels. If the American Government would come down from their high ground, and signify their willingness to arbitrate, the whole question could be quickly settled without all this infantile playing with edged tools. One shot fired in anger on the North Pacific might bring on a war that would deluge both nations with blood.

The Dominion Illustrated Prize Competition, 1891.

QUESTIONS.

FOURTH SERIES.

- 19.—Give particulars of a new railway mentioned as likely to be undertaken by the Russian Government?
- 20.—What comparison is made with a noted encounter mentioned in one of Captain Marryatt's novels?
- 21.—What feature of Canadian life is said to be specially noted by strangers?
- 22.—Where is mention made of the famous struggle between Char-nisay and La Tour?
- 23.—Give name of a blind lady who has recently passed with high honours through a university and mention one of her chief accomplishments.
- 24.—Who was the author of "Quebec Vindicata" and give a brief sketch of his life.

NOTE.—All the material necessary for correctly answering the above questions can be found in Nos. 131 to 147 of the "Dominion Illustrated," being the weekly issues for January, February, March and April.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Literary Competition.

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

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

On the following conditions :

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

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

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

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

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

6th—Stories on Canadian subjects are preferred.

THE SABISTON LITHO. & PUB. CO.,

Publishers "THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED,"

Montreal.

THE WHISPER OF A SPIRIT.

BY ANNIE CRAWFORD.

I had tried to be a faithful wife and mother to my husband and family; but, unlike the happy woman spoken of in sacred story, had never had the joy in my life-time of hearing them rise up and call me blessed.

My husband had been a clever man, I think—at least, far too clever to consult me, or even tell me about any of his affairs. I had tried sometimes to ask his advice in matters which interested me, but he had looked at me and answered me in a way which made me feel truly ashamed of having troubled him with anything so trivial.

During our brief courtship he had once or twice praised my bright eyes and soft brown hair; and oh, how carefully, as the years went by, I had studied to retain my beauty for his dear love. I knew that youthful bloom would fade, as it did, but too swiftly; but when my head was white as driven snow my mirror told me that the cultivation of a pure, devout and patient spirit had placed a signature of grace upon my ageing face which far outshone in comeliness the charm of youthful bloom. Yet had he ever looked at me, during all those years in which we walked the mystic way of life together, with sweet approval and the lingering look of love? I cannot remember that he ever had.

My three sons, accorded to their father that sincere flattery—imitation. But though in harshest terms he chided their unloving lives he failed to see in them the almost inevitable result of his own example.

My only daughter, sweet and winning in her words, was selfish and thoughtless in her ways; so that, while the feebleness of premature age crept over my weary frame and stiffened my once ready limbs, I found her impotent as any to supply the needs of my failing body, or the yearning of my wistful heart.

Ah, well, is it not written: "God shall all our need supply"? When I awake I shall be satisfied; yea, I am satisfied.

"For love is Heaven, and Heaven is love."

One day when the April sunshine shone softly on the wall, having been seized with a great loneliness and longing for human companionship, I besought my beautiful Belle to remain with her poor old mother for a while, though a youthful friend claimed her company in a pre arranged walk. "I would gladly, mother dear, but that I have promised to go with Florrie," she answered, and with a hasty farewell kiss she left me. Poor Belle, that one little selfish act, no worse than many another which had sorely wounded me, shall dwell in her earthly memory with oft repeated pangs.

Overcome with a strange exhaustion, I sank into my armchair, whose firm arms enfolded me as in a loving embrace, and laying my head upon its ample, if unsympathetic shoulder, the sweet old cradle song of my own babyhood and my proud maternity :

"Sleep, my child, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed;
Holy blessings without number,
Gently falling on thy head."

But I sang, not, in imagination, to those tiny beings who had grown up to tyrannize over and disappoint me, but to the aged, weary woman who had so evidently failed to influence aright the precious souls committed to her care. "Lord, I am weary," I pleaded, "take me to Thee."

Hark! Those strains of ineffable sweetness. Surely no earthly music. All my poor, starved soul is filled and thrilled with unutterable satisfaction. The sunlight darkens—the room whirls—my armchair, my body, sink away, and freed from fleshly incumbrance I open the eyes of my soul. My God! What is this? The mystery of mysteries! O joy all joys excelling, I had died!

"Mother, O mother, mother," moaned poor Belle.

"My wife, my darling," said my husband, his poor brow drawn in an agony of pain.

My sons stood by in silence, ashamed to show such grief as would have been an honour to their manhood.

Ah! Side by side with one whom they had, after all, loved dearly, all silently they had trod. Too late, for the consolation of their poor souls, they awoke to longing that their love had found expression in deeds and words of kindness, and I who had missed them so sorely, now needed their tardy ministrations no more; for I, at last, am satisfied.

No, it would be unlawful. The secrets of death are for the dead alone. Soon, for you too, will burst the veil of flesh. "I am the Beginning and the Ending, the Almighty," said the Author of all. "Behold, I come quickly, and my reward is with me, to give every man according as his work shall be." We stand but on the threshold.

To the ready imagination of the dreamer I have whispered my tale. If her mind and pen so work my desire that men are moved to echo, one to another, the heavenly music of love for which, perchance—

"Never morning wore
To evening, but some heart did break."
I shall not have lived my desolate life in vain.

A Note on the New Imperialism.

A thoughtful article under the above heading, by Charles Grey Robertson, which appears in the March number of *Time*, is worthy of the attention of your readers—of those of them at least who take any interest in the rapid development of political and social thought which is now taking place.

The author begins his enquiry by asking, pertinently, what is to be the result, and what the outcome, of the present disintegration of parties in this country. The old partisan watchwords, Liberal and Tory, are rapidly becoming obsolete and meaningless.

"A general answer to these questions is suggested by the nature of the change which has destroyed the old order of politics. And if on both sides something has been done to shape it in a particular sense, it is by those who have been mindful of this truism. The disintegration of the old parties began with the shifting of the national centre of gravity of power, represented by the extension of the suffrage to almost the lowest limit; and the formation of the new must proceed under the influence of the same great change. Both of them obviously must address themselves to the new masters of the State. On the one side, Socialism,—the appeal to the voters to use their new powers to secure their interest by the machinery of Government, thus correcting the iniquity of history real or supposed—has not been slow to declare itself. It is far otherwise with the second of our coming parties; for it a name and a cry, a leader even and a cause in the popular sense are still to find. So commonly has this been admitted that former attempts, as I have said, have not been wanting to supply these deficiencies. No such artificial incubation of a new party can possibly be successful. On the other hand, it would appear that in the natural way something has been done to form such a party, which may perhaps become

worthy of the imperial style. It is this effort, this political birth which may be described as *new Imperialism*, by which I would indicate a new grouping of men, an intellectual movement, a revivifying of principle, now actually in progress, finding expression in contemporary literature, and plainly proclaiming the formation of a great party."

There seems little reason to doubt that this is a fair and singularly accurate account of the widespread movement, which is affecting not only this country but, more rapidly and in a more marked degree, the great self governing colonies. In the United Kingdom it is as yet, perhaps, difficult to estimate the strength of the influences at work in one direction and the other—whether the mass of the newly enfranchised millions will throw themselves into the arms of socialistic doctrinaires, or whether they will give their weight and votes to the new spirit of unity and Empire, which is now making itself heard in so many quarters, and which is daily gaining ground. In the Australian colonies the tendency hitherto has been in the former direction,—in Canada recent events seem to indicate that the latter (the Imperial spirit) is likely to retain its historic hold and force.

In going on to describe this new Imperialism, Mr. Robertson says: "It exists to protect the interests not of one class, but of all. It has no doctrine of slavish submission to preach; far from that, it is first and last an appeal to the pride of race and pride of life. Therein it contrasts antithetically with Socialism. Emphatically a call to action, it has the inevitable character of energy, strenuousness and practicability. The Imperialist desiring like the Socialist to direct and control the new forces at work, displays like him a certain indifference to purely theoretical considerations. Both Socialism and New Imperialism press on to achievement, and appear somewhat scornful of mere logical symmetry. It is one, but not the only tendency strongly felt by every man who is of his time."

Later, in describing the objects and methods of these two great parties of the near future, the writer says:—"The Imperialist has at least this advantage: he does not ask of men to face the terrors of the unknown. He, too, would spur them to action, but always in obedience to the voice of experience. His love of strenuousness is governed by his respect for *history*. It is indeed the *historical* spirit which on his side gives its whole colour to the movement. The Imperialist's hopes are based on his knowledge of the national character, his appeal is to its historical conscience. He believes in its rough manliness, its sturdy independence, its tough spirit of endurance; he admires its stark common sense. 'By doing thus and thus,' he is constantly saying, 'your fathers became wealthy and strong: if you would be like them, go with might and main, go and do likewise.' Everwhere he is for setting men free to work, for arousing them to do all that is in them to accomplish. Yet he would have them put their trust in no legal redistribution of property and of gardens, but in their own right hands. It is the same historical spirit which informs the new Imperialism in its treatment of the practical problems of the day. It approves the steady and impartial administration of the law and the maintenance of order, for on that the English people have always insisted, even in revolution; the multiplying of fleets and reorganization of the army, for English sailors and soldiers have built up the Empire; the advancement and protection of commerce, for this has been the chief concern of English statesmen for three centuries. Naturally, the Imperialist is for founding new colonies and holding fast to the old. In brief, he is for large and patriotic measures, boldly conceived and prudently executed. Thus Imperialism, like Socialism, is for action, but (unlike it) always on the lines which have led to success and prosperity in the past."

It is not necessary to follow the writer of this noteworthy little article further in his analysis of the effects which this motive power is producing, or likely to produce, in the social and artistic worlds. It is sufficient that he has voiced a sentiment which many have felt growing within and around them, and has foreshadowed for this country the vital issues between political parties which Canada has already begun practically to experience. The progress of events, which daily increases in rapidity, seems very likely to justify the writer's expectations, and is certainly worthy of careful study and attention by every one whose object is not merely to drift with the prevailing current of their day and generation, but, in some however small degree, to influence or direct its course.

London, Eng.

RANKINE DAWSON.



THE AYRES OF STUDLEIGH.

BY ANNIE S. SWAN,

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

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

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

"I will, Rachel; it is your right. There may be some who will think Geoffrey has not aimed so high as he might, but only those who do not know you. I do assure you there is no prejudice or hostile feeling which you will not be able to overcome, none which can cause Geoffrey the slightest vexation, except on your account. Do you believe me, Rachel?"

"Yes. You are always true," she answered, simply. "I will try to do my duty, Mr. Ayre, and learn what I do not know, in order that Geoffrey may never be ashamed."

"Ashamed, my dear child! He has no need. As you are, you are so charming that I expect half the subalterns in the regiment will lose their heads over you. These lads always fall in love with the captain's wife, when she is lovable, and it does them a world of good. Yes, you will be a captain's wife, Rachel. His promotion came last night. But here comes Geoffrey. I have had my say, and now I must see your father. Good-bye, just now, in case I do not come in again, and remember that Geoffrey will not be fonder of his wife than I shall be of my new sister."

He kissed her again as he went away, leaving the sunshine behind. He had a long talk with Christopher Abbot out in the orchard, but the Lady Emily's name was not once mentioned.

Two days later Lady Portmayne's answer came, when they were at breakfast at Studleigh. Happily, Geoffrey was

absent in London on business connected with their voyage.

"Mamma says I had better come over to Portmayne with baby, and remain till the end of the month, William," Lady Emily said, looking up calmly from her perusal of the letter.

"The marriage is to take place on the 24th," the Squire answered. "Will you go before then?"

"Mamma means that; this is Thursday. I shall go on Monday the 20th," she replied, placidly.

The Squire's colour rose, and he kept his eyes on his plate, saying nothing.

"The Vanes are going to Portmayne or a day or two, they will arrive to-day," Lady Emily read on calmly. "They sail in the *Salamis* on the twenty-sixth. That is Geoffrey's ship. It is unfortunate, but perhaps on the other hand well that they should be prepared for what they may expect in India."

"What do you mean, Emily?" asked the Squire, with darkening brow.

"Just what I say. Lady Vane is a very proud woman. I cannot conceive how you do not see as I do in this."

"Although Lady Vane is your mother's cousin, Emily, I must say I have never seen anything of this terrible pride of which you speak," said the Squire. "And if I know Sir Randal at all, he is one of the frankest and most unconventional of men. I shall not be greatly surprised if they disappoint you in their treatment of Geoffrey's wife."

"We shall see," said Lady Emily, with an enigmatical smile.

"You intend, then, to accept the invitation to Portmayne?" he said, inquiringly.

"Of course I do. What is the use of asking advice if one does not accept it? Mamma is very decided about it. She says unhesitatingly that there is no other course open for me."

"Ah, then, it would be madness for you to disobey," said the Squire, with mild sarcasm, which his wife did not deign to notice.

"I suppose you intend to be present?" she asked, after a slight pause.

"It is a superfluous question," he answered, curtly. "I thank God I am not bound by the Portmayne creed."

Lady Emily's colour rose once more.

"I would not lose my temper were I you," she said, with a slight curl of the lip. "Captain Ayre has reason to flatter himself that he is of considerable importance. I have seldom seen your composure so ruffled."

"You have never tried me more sorely, Emily, and I protest I do not deserve it at your hands," said the Squire, passionately. "Your kindred have always received from me the most delicate consideration, even when it was more than an effort for me to give it."

"I am sick of this mutual recrimination," retorted Lady Emily, losing her habitual self-control. "I could wish that Captain Ayre had been shipped from the Crimea to India direct, instead of coming to make this painful dispeace at Studleigh."

CHAPTER V.—"TILL DEATH DO US PART."

Sir Randal Vane had long held an important post in the East India Company, and had been resident at Delhi for many years. He was not himself of aristocratic birth, being only the son of a poor vicar in an outlying Yorkshire parish; but his great ability and shrewd foresight had enabled him to render such signal service to the English Government in India that he had been knighted as a reward. He had married somewhat late in life the sister of a colonel commanding a small English regiment at Meerut, a member of the illustrious family to which the Countess of Portmayne also belonged. The match had been accepted as the inevitable; and during the brief visits paid by the Vanes to England they were always well received and made graciously welcome even at Portmayne. Sir Randal was reported to be fabulously wealthy, and as they were childless, it was within possibility that some of his rupees might ultimately find their way into the somewhat empty coffers of the Portmaynes. Sir Randal, while of necessity civil to his wife's fine kindred, was superlatively bored by their attentions, which he appreciated at their true value. The Countess herself was a great trial to the plain, honest English gentleman, who hated pretensions and humbug; and it was only his genuine love for his wife that enabled him to endure the martyrdom of a visit to the Castle. Lady Vane was indeed a charming woman. As sweet Lucy Baker she had been adored by the European colony at Meerut, and had received many offers of marriage. But she remained heart-whole until she astonished all who knew her by accepting plain, bluff, honest-hearted Randal Vane.

Portmayne Castle was a magnificent residence, which certainly threw Studleigh far into the shade. It stood on a wooded height, amidst far-spreading ancestral trees, itself a monument to the greatness and importance of the Portmaynes. It made a perfect picture, with its weather-beaten and castellated towers standing out against the sky, with the picturesque ruins of a yet older castle in the background, adding a kind of pensive grace to the scene. There was reason enough for a quiet pride in those who had so long called the beautiful spot a home, whose family history is inseparable from it, whose family records told of many deeds of chivalry and valour. But with this pride, excusable in itself, there was no grace. The name of Portmayne was regarded with awe and a certain respect, born of long usage to its haughty sway, but there was no love between castle and cottage—none of that perfect service given and received from the heart, such as blessed the relations between the manor house and the people of Studleigh.

In Lady Portmayne's boudoir, which commanded a magnificent view of one of the finest bits of English scenery, she was sitting with Sir Randal's wife on the afternoon of the day on which Lady Emily was expected at the Castle. Lady Portmayne had been writing some notes of invitation for a small dinner, and her guest was busy with a piece of Indian embroidery for a dress she was to give to little William Ayre.

They were at home with each other so far that there was no ceremony observed. They had known each other since babyhood, and yet Lucy Vane looked at her cousin sometimes, and asked herself if she had ever reached the real woman. She was undoubtedly handsome, tall, and striking-looking, with an eagle eye and a haughty, determined mouth—a woman born to rule rather by fear than love. Lucy Vane, on the contrary, was a slight, fair woman, looking ridiculously young—she was almost of an age with her cousin. Her face was pleasant and sunny, with a certain archness of expression which made it peculiarly winning. She was a shrewd woman, too, and one who could hold her own; too candid and outspoken at times to please Lady Portmayne, of whom she did not in the least stand in awe.

"Well, I think that is all. Emily will be here soon," said Lady Portmayne, as she sealed her last note and laid down her pen. "I am glad you will have a chance of seeing her and the boy. He is a dear child, Lucy."

"I am sure of it," said Lucy Vane, quickly. "But for one reason I would rather she had not been coming. I think you have been positively cruel to that brave young soldier, Julia."

The Countess shrugged her shoulders.

"Cruel but to be kind. It is perfectly incomprehensible that William Ayre should have allowed a thing to go so disgracefully far."

"But, my dear Julia, you forget Captain Ayre is not a child, and that his brother could not control him even if he had the wish."

Lady Portmayne quite impatiently shook her head.

"My dear Lucy, why so obtuse? There are a thousand ways of forbidding besides actually laying down a command, which as a rule, especially with headstrong young gentlemen, defeats its own end. I flatter myself I could have managed our young Lieutenant."

There was a suspicious moisture in Lady Vane's bright blue eyes as she listened to this assurance.

"You will be perfectly horrified at us, of course, Julia," she said with a twinkle. "But Randal and I have written to Mr. Ayre inviting ourselves to the wedding, and I have also written specially to the bride, promising her my companionship, and what care I can give, being always so sick, on board the *Salamis*. So we must leave," she added, with a distinct note of triumph in her sweet voice, "at least a day sooner than we intended."

Lady Portmayne looked distinctly annoyed.

"And may I ask, Lucy, what such an extraordinary proceeding signifies? You have gone out of your way to do this, knowing my views upon it. It looks like a direct slight."

"If you choose to look at it in that light, of course you may," returned Lady Vane, with the utmost serenity. "You know that we have never agreed on certain questions, and never will. But I intend to tell Emily quite plainly what I think of her treatment of her dear husband's only brother. I will be frank with you, Julia. Randal called it inhuman, and I am sure the word was not a bit too strong."

"Your husband, of course, may be expected to take their side," retorted Lady Portmayne, with slighting significance, "and I hope you will say nothing to Emily. Pardon me for reminding you that this is a purely family matter, with which you have nothing to do."

"I won't make any promises," answered Lady Vane, quite good-humouredly. "You know I am given to plain speaking, and I really do think that you have not been courteous to Mr. Ayre. I leave Emily out of it altogether. She has not done her duty, and she will regret it, and so will you, for giving her such bad advice. Of course, I have not seen Miss Abbot, but I am very sure, knowing what I know of Geoffrey Ayre, that she will be all we could desire. In any case I intend to be kind to her, for Heaven only knows what may be in store for her as well as for us all in India during the next year."

Lady Portmayne pursed up her haughty lips and remained silent. There was nothing to be made of arguing with her remarkably candid and far-seeing cousin. So the matter was allowed to drop, and when Lady Emily arrived was studiously kept in the background. But the Vanes felt that by so freely expressing their sympathy with the young pair they had given grave offence at Portmayne, offence which would not be easily forgotten or forgiven. The atmosphere during the closing days of their visit was frigid, and they were glad to hasten their departure.

"We are going straight on to Studleigh, Emily," Lucy Vane said, as they rose from lunch to prepare for their journey. "William has very kindly asked us to remain the

night with him. I suppose we may take your kind permission as granted?"

"You are always welcome at Studleigh, Aunt Lucy," Lady Emily answered, somewhat formally, although she used the name by which Lady Vane was sometimes called in the Portmayne circle. Lady Vane looked into the lovely face searchingly, and suddenly laid her hand on her shoulder entreatingly. By this time they were alone in the room.

"Emily, do you think better of it, and come with us. Think of Mr. Ayre before anything else. It is your duty, as it ought to be your greatest happiness. You may regret it, dear, all your life."

A curious look passed over the impassive face, but whether it indicated relenting, her aunt never knew, for just then Lady Portmayne swooped down upon them, and the opportunity was lost. That lady took care that there should be no further opportunity for private talk between Lady Vane and Squire Ayre's wife.

Although it was evening when the Vanes arrived at Studleigh Station they were met by the Squire himself. The expression of his face, as he bade them welcome, indicated how greatly he appreciated their true act of friendship.

"But where's the bridegroom?" asked Lady Vane, gaily. "It was the very least he could do to come and meet us. I must talk seriously to him. He does not know how he has braved the wrath of the queen of Delhi society."

"Oh, Lucy, hold your peace," quoth Sir Randal, though looking with admiration at his wife's radiant face. She was in her element. To do a really kind action was a rare pleasure to her, and one which she seldom missed.

"Oh, Geoffrey is at the farm. I promised we should drive that way. You would like to see Miss Abbot before to-morrow."

"Oh, of course, I should. I intended to take our gift to her myself this evening. Are you satisfied with your future sister, Mr. Ayre?"

"Entirely so. She is a noble and good woman. I think Geoffrey has been most fortunate."

"I am glad of it. I felt sure of it. She will be quite an acquisition to us in Delhi."

It was quite dark when they drove up the steep ascent to the farm. The roll of the carriage wheels brought the inmates of the house to the door, and Captain Ayre was the first to assist Lady Vane to alight; but just behind stood the old man, erect and dignified looking, with a pleased light on his face. It gratified him beyond measure to see that Lady Emily stood almost alone in her bitter opposition to the marriage which was to take place on the morrow.

"How do you do, Captain Ayre? We have torn ourselves from the bosom of our family to come to you in your extremity," said Lady Vane, with a twinkle in her bright eyes. "I hope you are properly grateful. Is this Mr. Abbot? What a splendid old man." She lowered her voice so that the farmer did not hear her; but, seeing that she was looking directly at him, he came forward and took off his hat.

"Proud to see you, my lady, at Pine Edge," he said heartily, and with that fine courtesy which had nothing servile in it. "My daughter is very proud to see so many of the Captain's friends wishing to be kind; very proud but a little broken down, too, by it all," he added, softly, "being only a woman, an' so young."

Lady Vane shook hands very heartily with the old man, and in a few graceful words expressed her pleasure at meeting him. Then she went into the house, and within the dining-room door saw standing, a tall, slight figure with a beautiful, grave, earnest face, and a pair of shining gray eyes, which were full of feeling.

"Is this the future Mrs. Geoffrey? My dear, let me kiss you. You are lovely, and I know I shall love you. I had no idea you would be like this."

The noble simplicity of the country maiden won Lady Vane's heart at once and completely, and they parted that night like old friends. There was a great deal of gentle banter of the young pair, as well as much serious talk about the life they were about to enter; and Rachel, looking into the true face of Lady Vane, felt that she had made one friend who would stand by her across the seas.

The one who suffered most, who could see but little brightness in this happy bridal, said least about it, and that was the old man about to be left desolate at the farm. On the last night Rachel slept soundly, but Christopher Abbot paced the floor till morning, and more than once stole softly to his daughter's room, as if he grudged the hours spent in sleep, when to-morrow she would be gone. But he

showed a brave front. He had his little joke ready when Rachel sent away her breakfast untouched; but she was not quite deceived. She saw a certain haggardness in his face, a wistful, pathetic gleam in his clear eye, a nervousness of manner which betrayed something of the inner pain. When she came downstairs dressed in her wedding-gown, and saw her kind old father waiting for her in the hall, it came upon her suddenly, how awful the desolation at Pine Edge that night, when he should return to the old house alone.

"Are you ready, my lass? Oh, what bravery. I hardly can call so splendid a lady my lass. Hush, hush; no tears or shaking."

"Father—father—forgive my selfishness! I ought not to go, I ought not to go!" she cried. "I will stay even yet, if you bid me."

"Nay, nay, we must go; your bonnie bridegroom is waiting for you," he said, a trifle huskily. "I only want to say, lass, that you have been the best of daughters to me, and if it should please God that this be our last parting, you may know that when I die it will be blessing you with my last breath. And if we should be spared to meet again, and if my old eyes should look on a grandchild in Pine Edge, why, then, I'll bless the Lord for His goodness. But wherever you may go, my lass, or whatever your fortune, this is your home while I am in it. Come, come; fie, no tears, or the Captain will be drawing his grand sword to me at the very altar steps!"

So they drove away; and as they entered the church porch arm-in-arm, the assembled villagers did not know which to admire most—the beautiful bride, or the stately, handsome old gentleman, beaming on his neighbours with his own happy smile.

"Abbot 'o Pine Edge deserves his luck," they said one to the other. "An' she's fit for the Captain, very fit; an' a finer lady than her ladyship's own self, with all her pride!"

It was a brilliant assemblage and a brilliant wedding in the old church that sweet spring morning—a wedding that was long talked of by all who witnessed it. There was something in the romantic and touching circumstances which appealed to every heart, and many an eye was wet—many a lip trembled as the beautiful service went on.

Even the Lady Emily was but slightly missed, and the bridal lacked nothing though the august effulgence of the Portmayne was withdrawn. The provincial paper containing the elaborate accounts duly found its way to Portmayne Castle; and when Lady Emily glanced over the list of guests, and saw there the names of the most exclusive in the County, a boundless surprise took possession of her.

But as behoved her in the circumstances, she made no comment.

CHAPTER VI.—DARK FOREBODINGS.

On the shaded verandah of a bungalow in the European part of the city of Delhi, two English ladies were sitting at their sewing towards the end of a sultry evening in May. In the pleasant garden below, a native nurse-bearer, with his dusky head enveloped in a brilliant turban, was leading by the hand a little child just beginning to toddle uncertainly alone. He was an English child, with a fair, pure skin, large grey eyes, and brown curls clustering on his brow; a lovely boy of whom any parent might have been justly proud.

He chatted incessantly to his nurse, his sweet, shrill tones ringing out clearly in the heavy air, mingling with the tender cadences of the nurse-bearer's voice. His dark face, bent upon the fair boy by his side, was transfigured by its devoted love. Only those who have been resident in India, and have proved the patience, the gentleness, the absolute fidelity and endurance of these native bearers, can understand the relations between an English mother and her Indian servants.

It had been a day of heat almost too intense to be borne. The woodwork of the bungalows was blistered and split in some places where the sun beat most fiercely upon it, while within, the furniture was burning to the touch, the very linen in the drawers smelt as if it had but been newly removed from a fire. That hour was the least trying of the day, it was the first time the ladies had ventured out of the darkened recesses of the house. All Nature seemed to be sickened of the sun; the birds, with drooping wings and gaping bills, suffered intensely from the hot wind which experienced residents knew preceded a visit of the dread tornado.

The prospect spreading out before the cantonment was not without its picturesque effects. The glittering dome of the Jumna Musjid, the great mosque which is one of the glories of the ancient city, the imposing battlements of the

palace, the graceful and refreshing spots made by the acacias drooping over the flat roofs, the tall date trees, and the sluggish windings of the Jumna, with its picturesque bridge of boats and imposing fortifications, combined to form a unique and lovely picture; but it had lost its charm for these two women who sat busy at their sewing, and talking low and earnestly, with visible anxiety on their faces. One was elderly, a grave, sweet-faced English lady, whom we last saw before the altar in the old church at Studleigh, and who had amply fulfilled her promise to befriend the English girl, who that day became a soldier's wife. Rachel herself had changed: the climate of the east had tried her keenly. She was very slender, and the whitish muslin gown hung loosely upon her figure, and her face was much thinner, and had lost its ruddy hue. But there was a dignity and grace about her, intensified by a sweetness of expression and demeanour, which made her a lovely woman. Her health had been indifferent in India; she had long been delicate after the birth of her little son. Until lately her poor health had been the only cloud on her own and her husband's happiness, but now there were other and more pressing anxieties and forebodings, which not only blanched the faces of the frail women, but made the hearts of men quail in their breasts, not with craven fear for themselves, but with concern for the women and children who were dearer to them than their lives. The rumours of disaffection among the natives which had been lulled for a time had again broken out, accompanied this time by signs there was little mistaking. On that eventful Saturday night a council of English officers was being held in the Flagstaff Tower to consider the best measures to take in view of a revolt among the Sepoys at that station, their behaviour having lately undergone a somewhat suspicious change. They were arrogant and disrespectful in their demeanour towards the Europeans, and in cases of punishment for insubordination had been heard to mutter threats about a day of reckoning rapidly approaching when these insults to native pride would be amply revenged. Sir Randal Vane and Captain Ayre were among those present at the council, and their wives were anxiously awaiting their return.

"It is hard for you, my dear," said Lady Vane, with affectionate kindness. "The first years of your married life have been passed in anxiety, and even in a certain degree of peril. Are you never tempted to wish yourself back in that sweet, old farm-house at Studleigh?"

"I think of it pretty often, I confess," Rachel answered, with a smile and a quick, starting tear. "But I would not exchange my present life for the old way, Lady Vane. I seem to have really lived only since I came to India."

"You have taught some others how to live too, my dear," responded Lady Vane, significantly. "I thought it my duty some time ago to write a somewhat copious epistle to Lady Emily Ayre."

Rachel's colour faintly rose.

"On what subject?" she asked quickly.

"On the subject of the sister-in-law of whom she is not worthy," said the elder woman, with great energy. "Shall I tell you something of what I said?"

"I know it would be kind. You are always kind to me. Without you I could not have been so good a wife and mother as I have been. You have taught me everything, and shown me the highest ideal of a woman's duty."

"Nay, my dear, you are crowning me with your own laurels," said Lady Vane, shaking her head. "That is just what you have been showing to us every day since you came. I said to Lady Ayre that you had set an example to the young married women of our European colony in Delhi which cannot be over-estimated, an example of all a gentleman and a Christian wife and mother should be, and—"

"Oh, Lady Vane, hush!"

"My love, I am doing right to tell you this, because your spirits are down a little, and you are in the mood to be hard and unkind to yourself. There are times when a word of encouragement is as necessary to our fainting hearts as bread to the starving body. Oh, I shall not spoil you. If necessary, as you know, I can reprove you too."

"You have been very indulgent to me, dear Lady Vane. Geoffrey and I can never be grateful enough for the great kindness shown to us by you and Sir Randal."

"I wish, Rachel, that there was any possibility of getting you and that precious baby of yours away to the hills," said Lady Vane as she looked with undisguised anxiety in her companion's pale face. "Sir Randal is talking of sending me to Simla in June. Could you tear yourself away from Captain Ayre for two months, you most devoted of wives?"

"Yes, I could, for Clement's sake," responded the young

mother, quickly, as her glance wandered towards a clump of acacia trees in the garden, from whence came sounds of childish merriment. "How good and gentle Azim is, Lady Vane! I confess when I saw my baby first in his arms I had a curious feeling, but now I know he is safer than with me. I believe he would lay down his life for his charge."

"There are many instances on record of such devotion among the Hindoos. Long, long may these beautiful relationships between the Europeans and the native servants be maintained," said Lady Vane, gravely; and then a strange silence fell upon them, and though each knew what was occupying the thought of the other it was not put into words. A strange uncertainty had crept into European life in the old city on the banks of the Jumna—an uncertainty which had left its elements of apprehension and fear. It seemed as if they were waiting for some stupendous crisis, as if each step brought them nearer the edge of an unknown precipice. The council being then held in the Flagstaff Tower was the first direct acknowledgement that the state of matters in the city was such as to cause any anxiety. The ladies were still silent when Sir Randal and Captain Ayre entered the garden by a side gate, and came somewhat hastily up the path. They were talking earnestly, and both faces wore their gravest look. Rachel rose hurriedly from her chair, for a faint, curious sickness seemed to come over her, a prevision of immediate danger.

"There is nothing to harm you, my love," Geoffrey said, re-assuringly, as he laid his strong hand on her arm, and looked into her face with protecting tenderness. "Yes, we will tell you exactly how matters stand, and what we propose to do. We agreed in council, didn't we, Sir Randal, that though there was no imminent danger, we were justified in taking every precaution. The first is to remove the defenceless to a place of safety at once. You know that Major and Mrs. Elton had arranged to leave Delhi on Monday for Calcutta, Lady Vane?"

"I heard something of it; but surely they have hurried on their plans."

"Possibly. Mrs. Elton is utterly prostrated with nervousness, and they leave quite a week earlier than they intended. We proposed as we walked down that they should take you and Rachel and the boy in their travelling carriage, which is large enough for four."

"Did you propose any such thing for me, Randal," said Lady Vane, with a humorous smile. "Did you think it likely that I would leave you in the lurch? It is quite different with Mrs. Ayre. She has her child to consider. But I have nothing but you, and I mean to keep by you to the last."

"You'll have to obey orders like the rest of us, madam," said Sir Randal, gruffly, but he turned his grey head quickly away from her, and his eyes grew dim.

"I am not amenable to authority, my love," responded Lady Vane, placidly. "But I am delighted to hear of such a chance for dear Rachel, Captain Ayre. I have just been urging upon her the necessity that she should have an immediate change. Have you no friends at any of the hill stations?"

"Don't ask him, Lady Vane," interrupted Rachel quickly, "nor put any such ideas into his head. Whatever may happen I shall not leave him, unless I am compelled to do so."

She drew herself up—her momentary fear gone—and in its place came a quiet strength and resolution which impressed them all. Rachel had awakened to the first duty of a soldier's wife, a calm and heroic endurance in times of anxiety or peril.

"If Mrs. Elton would take charge of Clement, Geoffrey, and take him home to England, I should send him," she said, suddenly. "I believe Azim would go with him."

"Home to Studleigh?" asked Geoffrey quickly.

"No, to Pine Edge," answered Rachel, with a slight pressure of her lips.

Lady Vane took her husband's arm, and led him down the verandah steps into the garden, so that for a few moments the young couple were left alone.

"Could you really part with the boy, Rachel," Geoffrey asked.

"I could. I have been fearfully oppressed all day with a sense of impending evil. If baby were safe I would not mind for myself. Besides this heat takes the life out of him. He has been so languid all day. Will you tell me, Geoffrey, quite frankly, what is the danger you apprehend, and what its consequence would be? It will be better for me to know exactly what may happen."

Geoffrey Ayre hesitated a moment. The nature of the danger was easily known; its consequences were such as not an Englishman in the city, soldier or civilian, dared face. It meant a handful of Europeans in the grasp of a mighty horde of Mohammedans, in whose breasts the instincts of a savage race had not been extinguished or much modified by the touch of civilization.

"There has been a revolt at Meerut, Rachel. A dak runner brought the news this morning; and he says the mutineers are marching on to Delhi," he replied briefly, but kept back the fact that the greater portion of the European residents in Meerut had been massacred. "If our Sepoys join the rebels it will go hard with us, we must admit that, dear, for we are only a handful."

"And have you any idea of the state the Sepoys are in?" Rachel asked, quite quietly still.

"Disaffected still, so far as we can judge or trust them," answered Geoffrey, somewhat gloomily. "The commandant ordered out the regiments this forenoon and told them the news, and exhorted them to stand true to their colours. They cheered him to the echo; but it is just possible that an Indian cheer and an English one may have different meanings. I wish you would take advantage of the Eltons' carriage, dearest. Such scenes and anxieties are not for you just now."

"When are they going?"

"On Monday morning."

"I shall go to Mrs. Elton now, and see if she will take baby."

"And you?"

"No, I shall stay here with you, Geoffrey."

"My darling, it will be terrible to part from you; but it would make my mind easier if you were away."

"And what about my mind, Geoffrey?" she asked with a slight, sad smile. "I should certainly die of apprehension about you. I came to India because I loved you, and that love makes it easy for me to share every risk to which you are exposed. Let it be as I say."

He put his arm about her slender shoulders and drew her to his heart.

"My wife, in such troublous times as these I could almost wish I had left you in safety at home. Do you not blame me?"

"I blame you?"

Never had her eyes looked into his with a more enduring and perfect trust. She touched his bronzed cheek with her white fingers, and that touch had the power to thrill him as of yore.

"Though this should be the last day of my life, Geoffrey, I bless the day I became your wife. There is no happier woman in the wide world than I."

It was an assurance passing sweet to the soldier's heart—an assurance recalled with sudden sweet vividness to his heart a few hours later, when the storm broke and he was where those who knew him expected him to be, in the very hottest forefront of the battle. To her life's end Rachel Ayre thanked God that in that last moment of confidence she had been moved to utter those true, tender, wifely words.

"It's going to be an ugly business, Lucy," said Sir Randal Vane to his wife in his gruff, practical way. "An ugly business. I suppose it will take the total extermination of the Europeans in different parts of India to convince that wooden-headed Government at home that the military service in India is a perfect mockery of the name. Why, we've nothing but the Company's servants and a few English officers to cope with these Mohammedan devils. I beg your pardon, Lucy, but they're nothing else. Graves had them out this forenoon appealing to their loyalty. Loyalty! As well appeal to that rat's loyalty. It would be about as satisfactory."

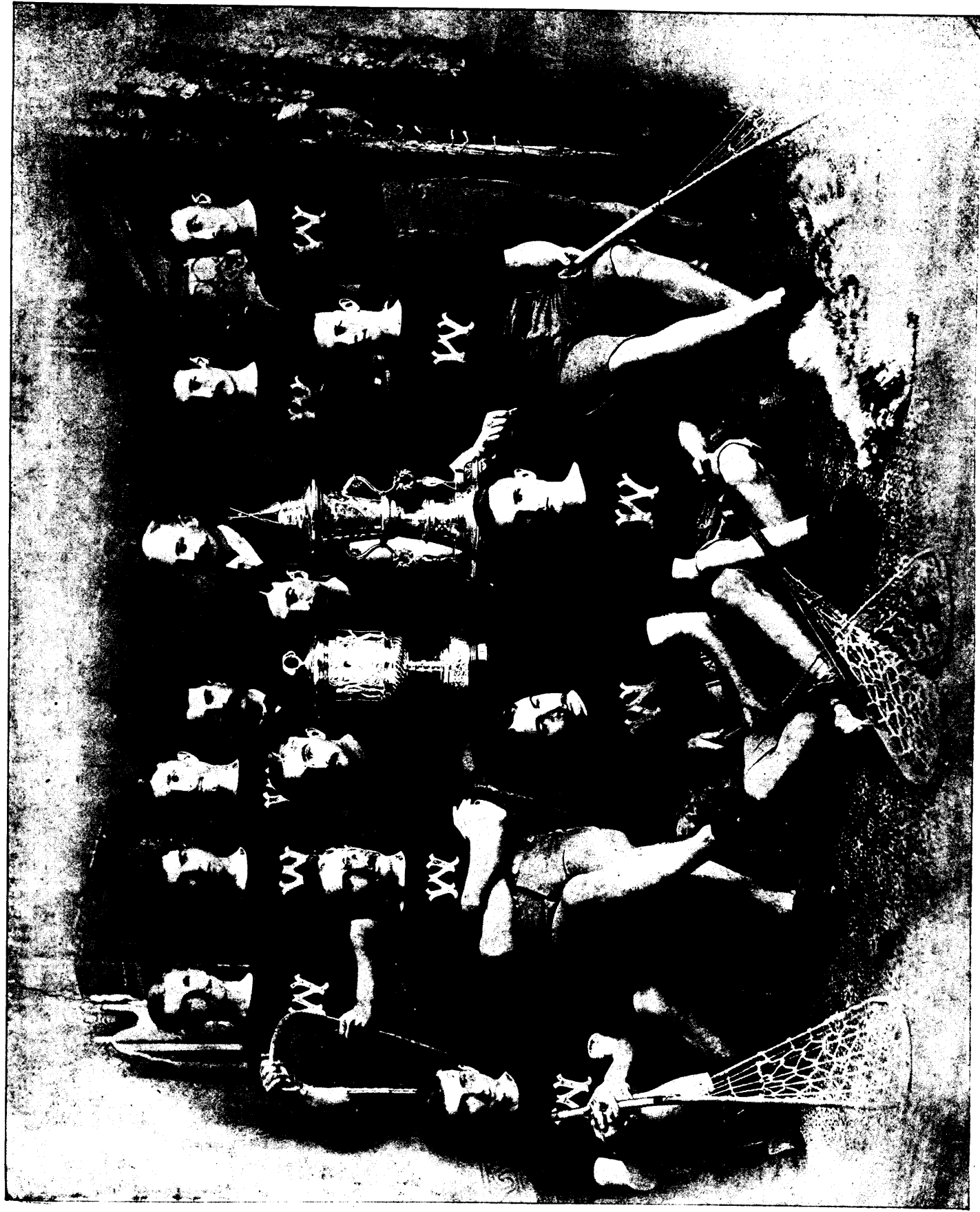
"We must just be brave and trust in God," said his wife. "I suppose so. It's all that's left to us anyhow," responded Sir Randal, quickly. "There's no man's help in this forsaken place to be depended on. Before another sun-down it may be every man for himself with us all."

(To be continued.)

BROOKLYN MOTHER.—Is that one of those horrid dime novels you are reading?

Her Little Son—Yes'm.

Mother—Oh, dear! The next thing, you will be reading the New York papers.—*Brooklyn Life.*



FIRST TWELVE OF THE WINNIPEG LACROSSE CLUB.

THE YUKON RIVER, ALASKA.

I.

Robert Campbell, Discoverer of the Yukon River.

Mr. Campbell is a survivor of the old school of explorers who, when the world was much more spacious than it is to-day, travelled far and endured much without advertising their achievements or posing as heroes on their return to civilization. Mr. Campbell's explorations in the far North-West date back to a period in which many even of the larger geographical outlines of the continent of North America remained undetermined, and may be placed in the same category with those of Sir Alexander Mackenzie, Simon Fraser and other worthies of the latter part of the eighteenth and early decades of the present century. In these years the officers of the Hudson's Bay and North-West Companies were engaged in practically outlining the limits of what was afterwards to become the Dominion of Canada, much in the same way that the African pioneers are now fixing bounds for British rule in the newer continent of Africa. Often single-handed and almost alone, they enlarged the commercial boundaries of the fur companies, seeking new regions for trade, and enlarging the bounds of knowledge.

In 1838 Campbell volunteered his services to establish a trading post on the south-western sources of the Liard River. Leaving the Mackenzie, he eventually reached Deere Lake, in what is now the northern part of British Columbia, built houses and wintered there in the face of many hardships, and even of starvation. He and his men were obliged to eat the parchment windows, and their last meal before abandoning the post in the spring of 1839 consisted of the lacing of their snowshoes. Campbell was a fur trader, and not a miner, and thus it is not to be wondered at that though his winter quarters were situated in the centre of what afterwards became the Cassiar gold-field, from which several million dollars worth of bullion was obtained, he remained ignorant of this wealth.

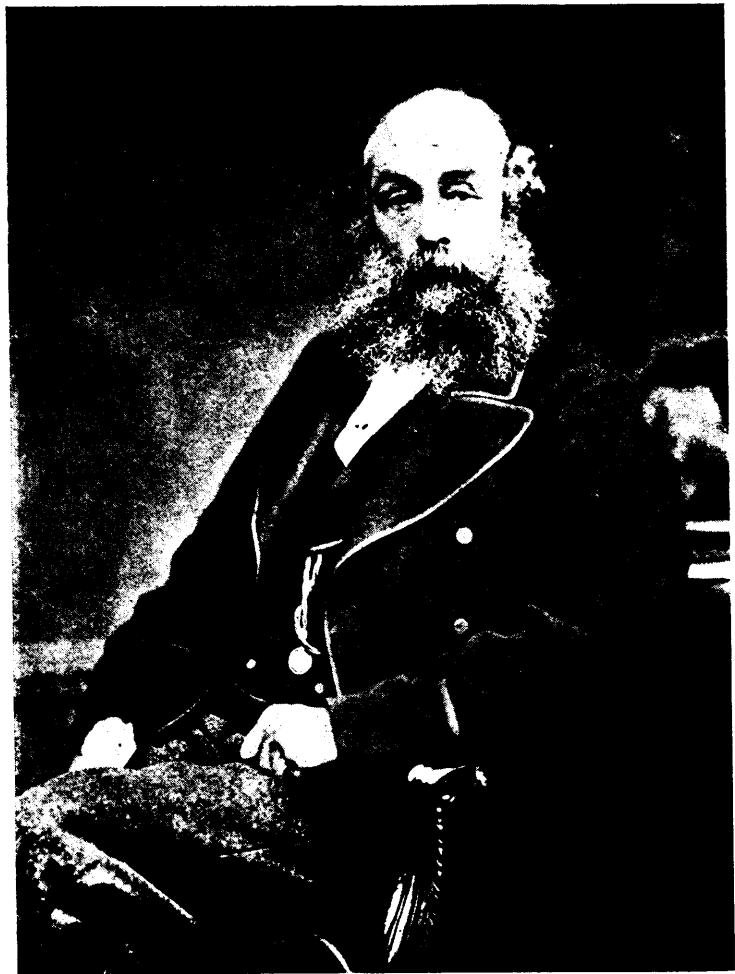
In the spring of 1840 Mr. Campbell was commissioned by Sir George Simpson, the Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, to explore the north-west branch of the Liard River. This he ascended till he reached a fine lake at its head, which he named Frances Lake. Here he and his small party left their canoes, and shouldering their guns, upon which they depended for subsistence, struck overland through the mountains till they reached another large river, which then received the name Pelly, by which it is still known. This was in a north-westerly direction, and was in reality the upper part of the great Yukon River. In 1842, the Company resolved to follow up these discoveries. Birch bark for a large canoe was transported to the banks of the Pelly, and in the following year Campbell, launching upon the Pelly, descended it for several hundred miles, to the confluence of another wide river, which was named the Lewes. "Here," says Campbell, "we found a large camp of Indians. We took them by no ordinary surprise, as they had never seen white men before, and they looked upon us and everything about us with some awe as well as curiosity. We smoked the pipe of peace together and I distributed some presents. When we explained to them, as best we could, that we were going down stream, they all raised their voices against it. Among other dangers, they indicated that inhabiting the lower river were many tribes of bad Indians 'numerous as the sand,' who would not only kill us but eat us. We should never get back alive, and friends coming to look after us would unjustly blame them for our death. All this frightened our men to such a degree that I had reluctantly to consent to our return, which, under the circumstances, was the only alternative. I learned afterwards that it would have been madness in us to have made any further advance, unprepared as we were for such an enterprise."

It was not till the year 1848 that Campbell was enabled to determine whither the great river which he had discovered flowed. It had been conjectured that it was the Colville River, the mouth of which had been noted some years previously by Messrs. Dease and Simpson on the Arctic Coast, but this proved to be incorrect. In 1848 Campbell established a post, which he named Fort Selkirk, at the

place where he had formerly met the Indians, and continuing his voyage descended the stream to the confluence of the Porcupine River, which he ascended, crossing the Rocky Mountains within the Arctic Circle, and returning by the Mackenzie to Fort Simpson, the headquarters of the Mackenzie River district. Thus was the identity of the Pelly with the Yukon (which had been meanwhile reached by way of the Porcupine in 1846) established, and the knowledge gained that the Yukon itself was in reality the upper part of the Kwikhpok, discovered some years previously at its mouth on Behring Sea by the Russians.

In 1852 Fort Selkirk was raided and its slender garrison driven out, though without loss of life, by a party of Coast Indians. The forts on the Upper Pelly River and on Frances Lake had previously been abandoned in favour of those on the more easily travelled route of the Porcupine,

and the whole of this great country reverted to its pristine solitude. Even the geographical results of Campbell's journeys appear to have fallen out of sight; for though clearly shown on some of Arrowsmith's old maps, later geographers, ignoring these, had preferred to adopt hearsay accounts of the country, and on them to draw imaginary maps with new outlines. When, in 1887, Dr. G. M. Dawson, of the Geological Survey, determined to follow the old route to the head waters of the Yukon, Mr. Campbell's description and sketch of this route, which he gladly furnished, formed the best and only trustworthy authority, and proved to be essentially correct. The country was found, however, to be without inhabitants; no sign of the old trail from Frances Lake to the Pelly remained, and it was with some difficulty that even the overgrown sites of the old posts were recognised. The prospector in search of gold may be expected to be the next to investigate the numerous streams which drain toward the Liard and Pelly, for gold in greater or less quantity exists on all these rivers; but at a later date the fair country through which they flow is destined to be more thickly peopled with a hardy population and to form a not unimportant part of the Dominion.



MR. ROBERT CAMPBELL,
Discoverer of the Yukon River.

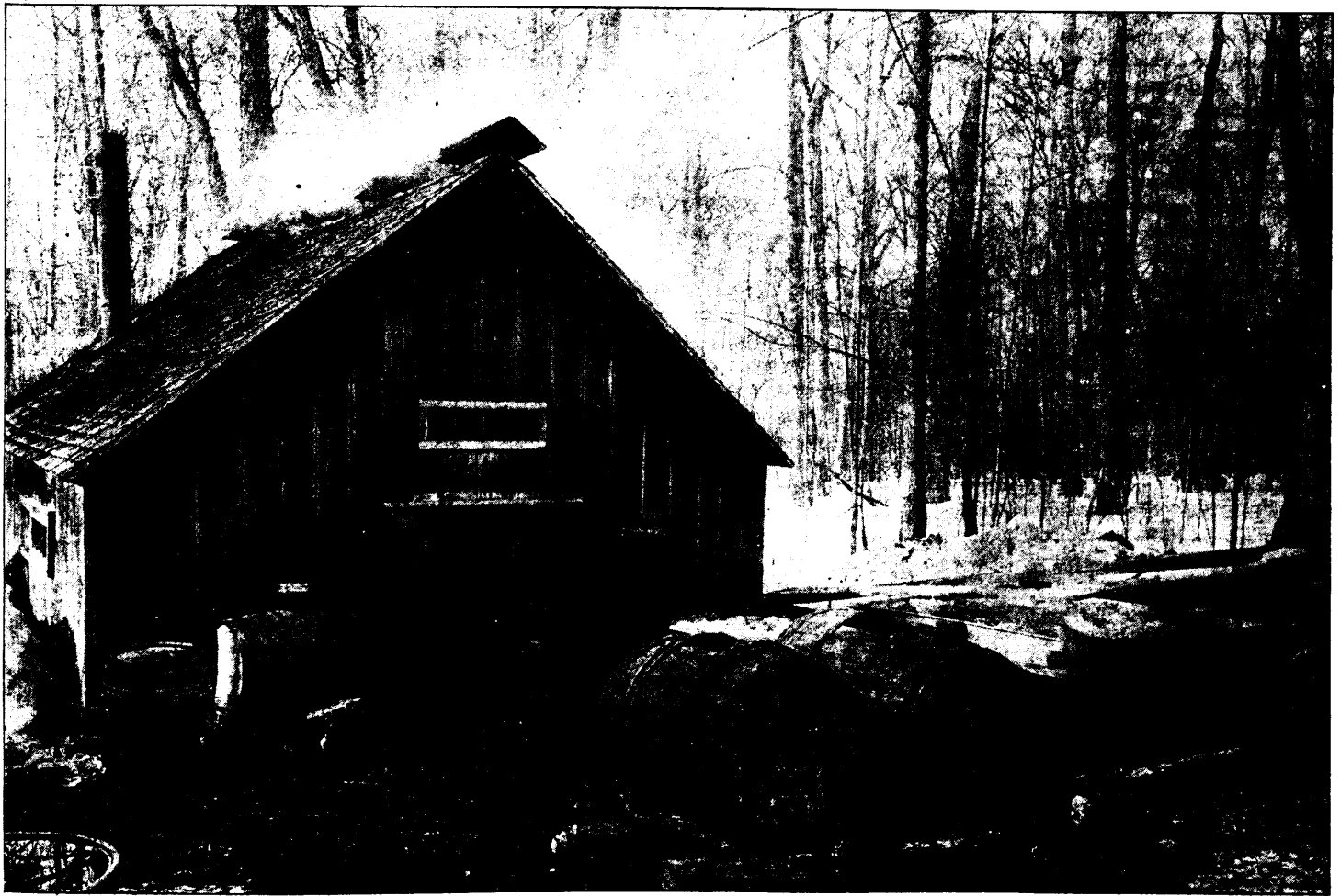
Mr. Balfour's Sudden Fame.

There is no instance in English political life of a still young man making such a rapid advance to a premier place as is supplied in the case of Mr. Balfour. Lord Randolph Churchill had a meteoric flight, but he had been for several sessions steadily forcing himself into prominence before, in the Parliament of 1886, he blossomed into Chancellor of the Exchequer and leader of the House of Commons. Up to the day when all the world wondered to hear that Mr. Balfour had been appointed Chief Secretary for Ireland, he was a person of no political consequence, his rising evoked no interest in the House, and his name would not have drawn a full audience in St. James's Hall. Within twelve months, and in rapidly increasing degree within two years, he has gained for himself one of four principal places in debate in the House of Commons, and his name was one to conjure with in Conservative centres throughout the United Kingdom. In personal appearance and in manner no one could less resemble Cromwell than

the present ruler of Ireland. To look at Mr. Balfour as he glides with undulous stride to his place in the House of Commons, one would imagine rather that he had just dropped in from an exercise on the guitar than from the pursuit of his grim game with the Nationalist forces in Ireland. His movements are of almost womanly grace and his face is fair to look upon. Even when making his bitterest retorts to the enemy opposite, he preserves an outward bearing of almost deferential courtesy. Irish members may, if they please, use the bludgeon of Parliamentary conflict; for him the polished, lightly poised rapier suffices for all occasions. The very contrast of his unruffled mien presented to furious onslaughts of excitable persons like Mr. W. O'Brien adds to the bitterness of the wormwood and gall which his presence on the treasury bench mixes for Irish members. But if he is hated by the men some of whom he has put in prison, he is feared and in some sense, respected. In him is recognized the most perfect living example of the mailed hand under the silken glove.—*North American Review.*



BRINGING IN THE SAP.



THE BOILING-HOUSE.
MAPLE SUGARING SCENES.

Our London Letter.

LONDON, April 11, 1891.

The book of the week, nay, the book of the month, is Mr. Samuel Smiles' "A Publisher's Letters and Friends," which Mr. John Murray has just published. The book is a history, well-written as befits its author and subject, cram full of interest and literary anecdote, of the great publishing house of Murray from the year 1768, when it was first started by the great-grandfather of the present head of the firm, right down to the present day. The most interesting part of the two interesting volumes is that which deals with the John Murray who managed the house from 1793 to 1842; for he was the publisher and originator of the *Quarterly Review*, and publisher and intimate friend of Lord Byron, Southey, Gifford, Crabbe, and nearly every famous literary light of the first part of the present century. The letters that passed between Lord Byron and his publisher are particularly interesting reading; so, too, are the chapters devoted to the starting of the *Quarterly* as a rival to the *Edinburgh Review*, which up to then had been all powerful in matters literary. I think I have already spoken of the energy and enterprise of the *Illustrated London News*, which is now far and away the best of the weeklies illustrated, but this week they have surpassed themselves by getting Mr. C. J. Longman, the head of an older and equally influential publishing house to review Dr. Smiles' work.

Everyone has been talking of the census, and the papers have been full of anecdotes, articles and illustrations about it—but why? It was not a formidable undertaking (except to the Registrar-General and his myrmidons), it only took five minutes to fill one's schedule out, and then (if one was not summonsed for filling it out incorrectly) one has only to wait, and wait, many months for the return—which is certainly interesting when it comes. Great Britain, in the manner of her "numbering of the people," stands alone, for all the work is done on a single night, and not, as in other countries, spread over a considerable time. The "enumerators," as they are called, are all volunteers, who are, like most Government servants, sadly underpaid; for a guinea is all they get for their services, which are very tedious, as they both have to leave the schedules and collect them, and they are also responsible for their correct filling up. The obloquy which the enumerator meets with is wonderful—the lower classes generally think him the tax-collector or summons-server, and treat him "as sich." Then, too, he has dreadful trouble with the ladies, who, one and all, object to filling out their ages. This last peculiarity has given rise to endless amusing stories; but perhaps the best is that about the lady who, being politely requested for her filled-out schedule, replies with withering scorn that she has sent it, sealed, to the Registrar-General, for he alone shall see her age.

Londoners—especially jaded ones—are always grateful for a new sensation, whatever it may be, and Mr. Horace Ledger has provided them with one by bringing from Paris, in all its entirety, "L'Enfant Prodiges," which was produced at a matinee at the Prince of Wales' Theatre on March 31, and which achieved so great a success that it will be placed on the evening bill of that theatre next week. "L'Enfant Prodiges" is a reversion to the first forms of dramatic art, for it is pantomime, pure and simple; not the modern pantomime, played at Christmas, in which idiotic fooling and badly rhymed dialogue are combined, but a real pantomime, lasting over two hours, but depending solely on action and facial gesture, not a single word being spoken from start to finish. The artists engaged are the same who played the piece in Paris, so that now Londoners will have an opportunity of studying French acting without all the troublesome accompaniments of attempting to follow the French dialogue. The story told is a very old and simple, although a very dramatic one, each part being played to perfection by an excellent company, of whom Mdlle. Jane May, as the young hero, was the best.

Another book which is well worth reading, and which is being talked about, is Dr. W. G. Grace's "Cricket," which Mr. Arrowsmith has just published. It is a history of cricket and cricket notables from the very first, and no man is better fitted to tell the tale than Mr. Grace, the captain of the Gloucestershire eleven, the dozen of English cricketers, and the best all round man at the game.

In pursuance of his policy of revival of old comedies, Mr. Charles Wyndham produced Sheridan's "School for Scandal" at the Criterion Theatre to a none too enthusiastic audience. On the first night (I am told that it has picked up since) the play seemed to drag rather, the dialogue did not sparkle, and the players did not seem to feel their parts. Mr. Charles Wyndham, of course, was, as always, excellent as Charles Surface. His acting, combined with that of Mrs. Bernard-Beere as Lady Teazle and Mr. William Farren as Sir Peter Teazle, indeed saved the play. The chief disappointment was the Joseph Surface of Mr. Arthur Bowchier—his rendering of this difficult character was looked forward to with eagerness, but the result was not good.

At last Mr. Henry Lee, the new lessee of the Avenue Theatre, has achieved a success which I hope will recompense him for his past failures. Bronson Howard's "Henrietta" is being played by a capital company, numbering Mr. Lewis Waller, Mr. W. H. Vernon and Miss Fanny Brough, and the piece has, in current slang, "caught on." The literary finish has been, I am glad to say, particularly appreciated.

"Belphegor; or, the Mountebank" is to be the next of Mr. Wilson Barrett's revivals at the New Olympic Theatre—a play which will revive memories both of Fechter and of Charles Dillon. It was in "Belphegor," too, that Mrs. Bancroft, then Miss Marie Wilton, first made a mark on the London stage.

Mr. John L. Toole is on his way back from Australia, where his tour has repaired his health and been a great financial and social success, and will appear again shortly in a new play at his little theatre in King William street.

On May 31 the American Skating Rink at Olympia is to be closed after a very successful season, and then the huge building will be given over to Mr. Augustus Harris, who, I believe, is going to give us a spectacle on an even more magnificent scale than "Nero," with which Mr. P. T. Barnum surprised London in 1889. We shall not, however, be altogether without a skating rink, for a company, with the indefatigable Mr. John Hollingshead as chairman, has just been formed to open a large hall in London in which a substitute, possessing all the qualities of real ice, will form the floor, which will be just as slippery as real ice, and on which ordinary steel skates will be used.

GRANT RICHARDS.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Political Creeds.

To the Editor of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED:

SIR,—It is not quite easy to discover why Mr. J. Castell Hopkins is so deeply concerned in my political views, or what important public purpose is subserved by his raking up old speeches and writings of mine. Let it be understood that in my references to Mr. Sladen's remarks, I laid no special claim to "Canadianism;" this is Mr. Sladen's gratuitous assumption. If I understand accurately Mr. Hopkins' ideas of "Canadianism," I should be very sorry to be cumbered by any such article. But lest my silence might be construed into acquiescence in his imputations, I have no objection to giving my "creed" to the public, so far as it is possible for a thinking person to do so at a period when all is change and transition and when most important events are likely to occur in our history within a short period.

If by "Canadianism" is meant a deep and all-pervading love for this country and a desire to advance its best interests by every means possible, then I am a Canadian; for I know of nothing that lies nearer to my heart than the weal of Canada. But if by "Canadianism" is meant a resolve to toady to any particular interest or to defy the laws of nature by attempting to build up an artificial and profitless trade between two communities that have nothing in common commercially, then you cannot conceive anything less Canadian than I am. If "Canadianism" implies that my fellow-citizens are not at liberty to grow wealthy by selling their products to the United States at a profit rather than to Ontario at a loss, then put me down as the anti-thesis of everything Canadian. If by "Canadianism" I am debarred from seeking any destiny for my country that will be most generally for her permanent well-being, and bound to advocate a destiny which I consider unwise and

injurious, to meet the requirements of lick-spittle sentimentalism, then I am a sad specimen of a Canadian.

I am firmly convinced that not only would the largest measure of reciprocity between Canada and the United States be most advantageous to this country, but that events will conspire to make it an inevitable necessity; and, believing this, I am ready to support it, even if it involves discrimination against Great Britain, France, Egypt or the Sandwich Islands. In a word, I put the good of the Canadian people above everything, and hold it to be the first duty of a Canadian public man to make the welfare of his own country the first and supreme consideration. To say that it is patriotism to make Ontarians trade with Nova Scotians, or Nova Scotians trade with Ontarians, both at a loss, when each can trade with profit and advantage with a foreign community is, to my mind, so ludicrous that it has only to be stated to be contemned. To say that any obligation is imposed upon the Canadian people to make preference in the way of trade with the British Islands on purely sentimental grounds is something against which my reason rebels.

When I have visited the United States I have stated openly and candidly that I believed that the natural trade relations of all sections of Canada were with corresponding sections of the United States, and that it was entirely in our interests to have the most intimate commercial relations. Any one who does not believe in this doctrine is at liberty to dissent, and I never sought to impose upon Mr. Hopkins or Mr. Sladen any obligation to agree with my views on reciprocity. What I do object to is that I engaged in any "plots." Whatever I have done or said has been done and said openly, and with the sole aim of advancing the interests of the Canadian people.

I have never advocated political union with the United States, and I am conscious in my heart of never having desired such a solution of the problem of the future. Nevertheless, I have always taken the ground that it was perfectly legitimate and proper for any man who believes in this solution to advocate it. Any Canadian has just as good a right to believe in political union with the United States and advocate it on the platform and in the press as imperial federation. There is no law in Canada against advocating political union with the United States, provided it is done in an open and manly way. No man has a right to plot against his own country with the representative of another country; but that is entirely different from a frank and untrammelled discussion of the several alternatives open to the Canadian people and which, sooner or later, have got to be considered seriously and settled finally. Let there be an end of an attempt to drag people into a false loyalty by gagging free discussion. Mr. Goldwin Smith, as I understand, believes that the best interests of the race would be subserved by a union of the English-speaking people of this continent. Rev. Dr. Grant believes that an imperial federation would be the best solution. Both of these distinguished men are within their right in advocating their respective views. Both stand exactly on the same moral plane. Both views are equally consistent with the highest patriotism. Yours,

J. W. LONGLEY.

HALIFAX, April 16, 1891.

Credit Where Credit is Due.

To the Editor of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED:

SIR,—The name of Dr. Amand Jeannot, of Paris, France, has become well known by a great "discovery." It consists of a formula of oils for the cure of consumption, to be used in a vaporizer and inhaler. The Toronto papers had a column devoted to Dr. Jeannot and his method of treatment. It so happens that the same method was discovered and introduced six months before Dr. Jeannot by Dr. C. L. Coulter, medical health officer and G.T.R. surgeon of the Lindsay district, Ontario. Whether Dr. Jeannot came to the same conclusions as Dr. Coulter by independent means is uncertain. But that all the honour should be given to Dr. Coulter, who was the first to discover and introduce it, is beyond a doubt. We are very averse to seeing a foreign doctor calmly take the laurel which properly belongs to one of our own citizens.

I am, your obedient servant,

F. A. MURRAY.



Sunday, the 12th inst., was the centenary anniversary of the birthday of Nova Scotia's naval hero, Admiral Sir Provo Wallis. The gallant centenarian was born at Halifax, April 12th, 1791, and was lieutenant of the "Shannon," under Captain Broke, on the occasion of her famous duel with the American frigate "Chesapeake," under the gallant Captain Laurence; Captain Broke was wounded early in the engagement, and the command fell on Wallis, under whose conduct the "Shannon" and her prize were brought safely to Halifax. Of all the provinces of Britain's vast possessions, none can point to as great or illustrious a list of heroes as Nova Scotia; Wallis is only one among such names as Williams, Inglis, Welsford, Parker and others whose memory will live until history dies.

A brilliant ball was given at Government House, Charlottetown, the week before last. There is no more sociable place in the world than Charlottetown, and nowhere is a good time more thoroughly enjoyed; moreover, everyone dances—there are no wall-flowers. The affair was pronounced a brilliant success, the tasteful decorations in bunting, Chinese lanterns and flowers lending a charming background to the gay scene.

Charlottetown is one of the most self-contained little places you ever knew; it has even been accused of insularity, but if this is true, it does not appear to an objectionable extent; on the contrary, it is quite refreshing to hear the islanders sticking up for their own island and city, and praising their institutions to the extent that is usual. The saying, "A prophet is not without honour," etc., does not apply to Charlottetown; in Charlottetown they will not admit that anyone is superior to an islander, no matter what his walk in life may be. I do not accuse Charlottetown of undue conceit; I rather commend them for faith in themselves and each other. The tight little place is also noted for its hospitality, and justly, too; and another thing I like about it is that the young women give the young men their due amount of appreciation, and do not neglect them for the benefit of visitors; in any place but Charlottetown this might be due to the fact that inasmuch as visitors are only to be had during two or three of the summer months, the girls could not afford to offend the men, for fear of retaliation when the summer was over; but in Charlottetown it is due to the appreciation of their own country, which I referred to above, and the ladies think there are no young men in the world like the young men of Charlottetown. It is a pity this sort of vanity could not be instilled into Halifax and Windsor, where the military in the one case and the university men in the other absorb almost all the regard of the fair sex to the exclusion of the townsmen, who are really the back-bone of the place.

It seems to me that "Progress" devotes most of its increased space to the enlargement of its social directory. There seems now-a-days to be actually no line limiting the qualification of candidates for notice in its columns. It strikes me that the practice of recording the petty happenings in the private life of Tom, Dick and Harry, Jane, Betsy and Maria, which is now so common, is pandering to a very gross side of human nature, and it is no compliment to intelligent people to suggest in this manner that they entertain this morbid desire for seeing their names in print. The plea for it is that it makes the paper popular, and more valuable as an advertising medium, because its sale is thus increased; this may be true, but does it promote the great end that all newspapers claim to aim at, namely, the elevation of the people? But it occurred to me that the social directory in "Progress" might be turned to good account as a geography in the public schools; it would have the great advantage that the pupil, in addition to learning the names of all the towns, villages and hamlets in the Maritime Provinces, might also learn the names of their inhabitants.

The provincial houses of parliament are nearly all in session now; in New Brunswick the legislative council has been legislating itself out of existence like a little man, or men; in Nova Scotia the legislative council ought to be

doing the same thing, but the hon. councillors have short memories. In Halifax we have a military guard of honour to render more imposing the opening ceremonies; at the opening of the house the regulars appear in their new overcoats and fur caps, as it is usually midwinter; it is always considered a good omen for an early spring if, at the closing of the house, the military parade without overcoats; the parade is ever so much more handsome and more imposing too, the smart scarlet and blue, or scarlet and white, of the uniforms lending a striking contrast to the imposing array of beaver and silk hats sported for the occasion by the members of the two houses. This parade of hats is much more interesting than you might imagine at first; you see, our members and hon. members are chosen as a rule from a class of men who do not run much to high hats, and seldom see one from one year's end to another except on this occasion. Now most of the hon. councillors have been in one house or the other for years and years,—some, I daresay, for 40 or 50 years; consequently there are beaver hats in the legislative council which were old when Joe Howe was a printer's devil, and which were hoary when our Dominion was born; moreover, the array in the lower house starts from the brand new silk hat of the leader of the Opposition, and runs back until it meets the oldest beaver in the council. It is thus easy and most interesting on opening or closing day to study all the styles in hats for the past fifty years. I doubt if such an opportunity as this is afforded in any other country in the world.

By the way, speaking of the society columns of the would-be popular newspapers, the other day one of them gravely published a statement that a gentleman, whom we shall call Mr. James Wilson, of that town, had been spending a few days in M——r. I happen to know Mr. Wilson, and saw him on one of the two or three days referred to; he was in town on the biggest kind of a "tear," and, after assaulting a Methodist parson, frightening two women almost to death by pretending he was Jack-the-Ripper, and burglarising a dry goods store by climbing down the coal-hole, he finished up by executing a ghost-dance on the stipendiary magistrate's front steps, and was promptly lodged in gaol. After he had "spent" two or three days in that institution he was allowed to return to his native place, after contributing the sum of \$10 to the revenue of the town he had been visiting. I would like to gratify a curiosity I have to find out how many of the personal notices we read are based on excursions of this kind.

I read an account of a large ball the other day which gave a detailed description of the dress of every lady present. Most of the ladies, it said, looked charming. Those who were distinguished by not being referred to beyond a description of their dress, I presume were the wall-flowers. But I was disappointed not to find a single word about how the gentlemen looked; it seemed very unfair that one sex should absorb all the attention to the exclusion of the other. Now, if I were writing an account of a ball, I shouldn't think of leaving out the gentlemen; I should write something like this: "Mr. George Ponsonby looked charming in a white shirt front and spotless tie." "Mr. Clarence Snobson wore a swallow-tail of the short waist pattern, with Mareschal Neal rose for a bouquet." "Mr. Howard Robinson had the stunniest tooth-pick shoes, and looked bewitching with his hair parted in the middle." "Mr. Wilson Barnes' single eye-glass was pronounced a great success." And so on; it would, at least, have the merit of novelty.

I trust you will note I have filled the whole of my allotted space without once referring to the military, and give me credit accordingly.

PICTURE SUNDAY.—(What our artist has to put up with.)—Fair Damsel (to our artist, who is explaining the beauties of his picture)—"Charming! charming! But, oh, Mr. FitzMadder, what a delightful room this would be for a dance—with the musicians in the gallery and all the easels and pictures and things cleared away."—*Punch*.

NOT TO BE DONE.—Traveller: "I can offer you here a splendid book, dirt cheap." Gentleman: "Thanks, I don't care for reading." Traveller: "But, your children, perhaps?" Gentleman: "Haven't any. Only a cat." Traveller: "Well, a book might be useful to throw at that."—*Funny Folks*.



Nehilakin.

II.

THE MOONLIGHT RIDE.

Before the smoking lodge, within a gleam,
The Ocka's fiercest brave exultant stood
Bridling his fair Suppelma,—fond as fair.
White as the pear, full-blossomed in the woods,
In stately loveliness her neck she reared,
Or drooped it modestly to his caress.
When he would stroke her silky-flowing mane;
A steed a noble rider well bestrode,
Complete in spirit, form and gentleness.
He strained the saddle-girth, and drew it close,
Uncaring for the finger-nipping frost,
Then mounted and rode quietly away.

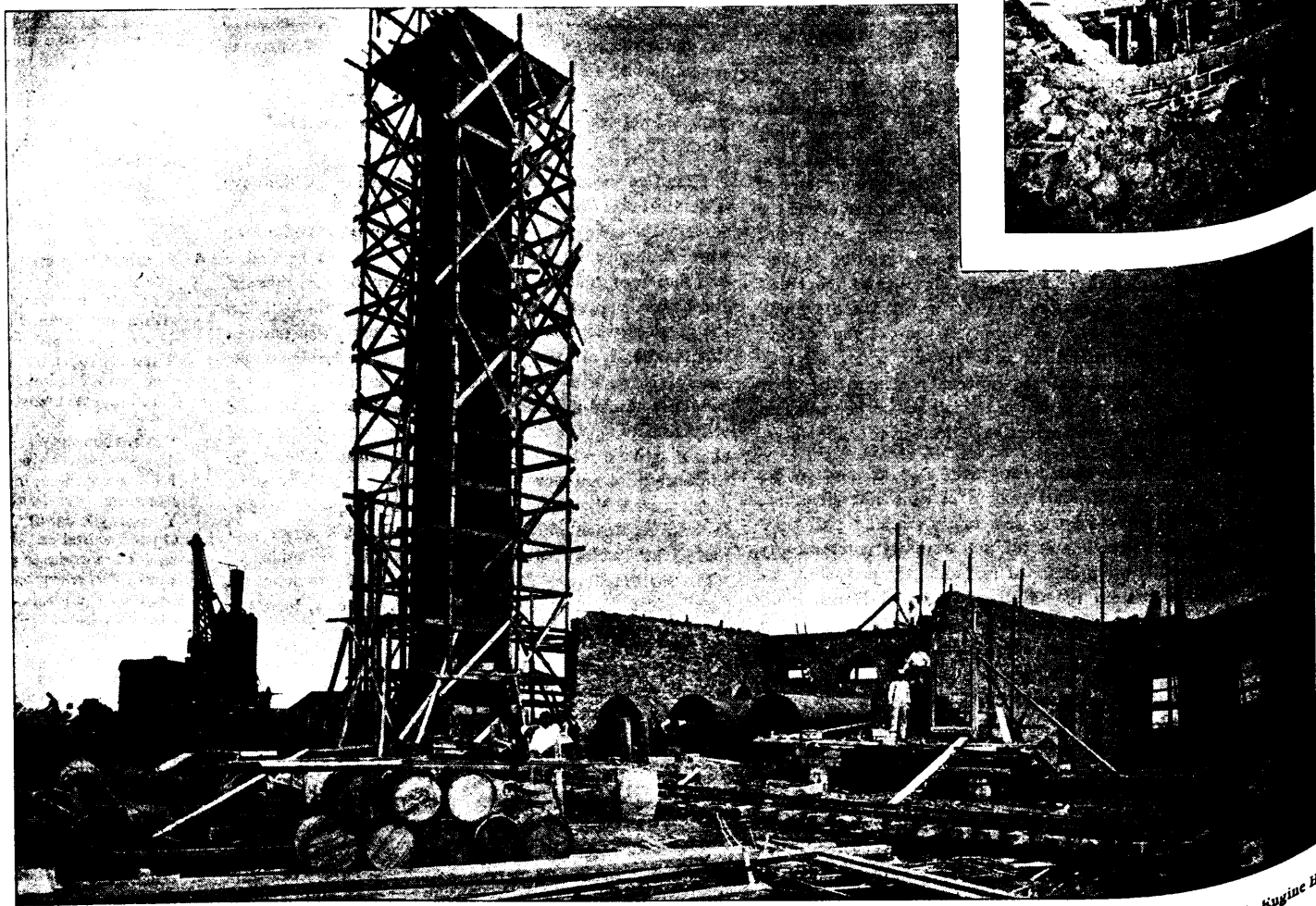
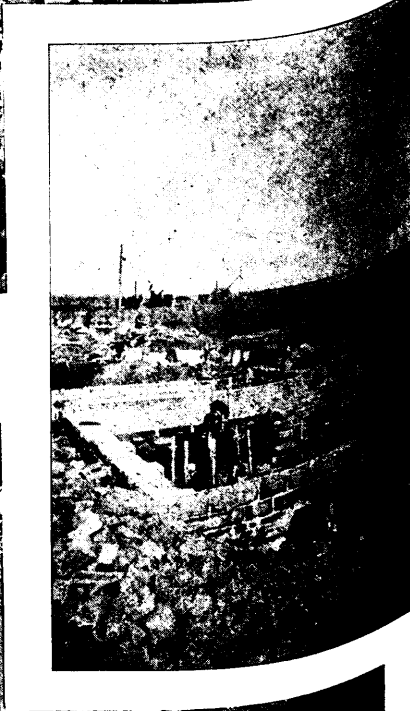
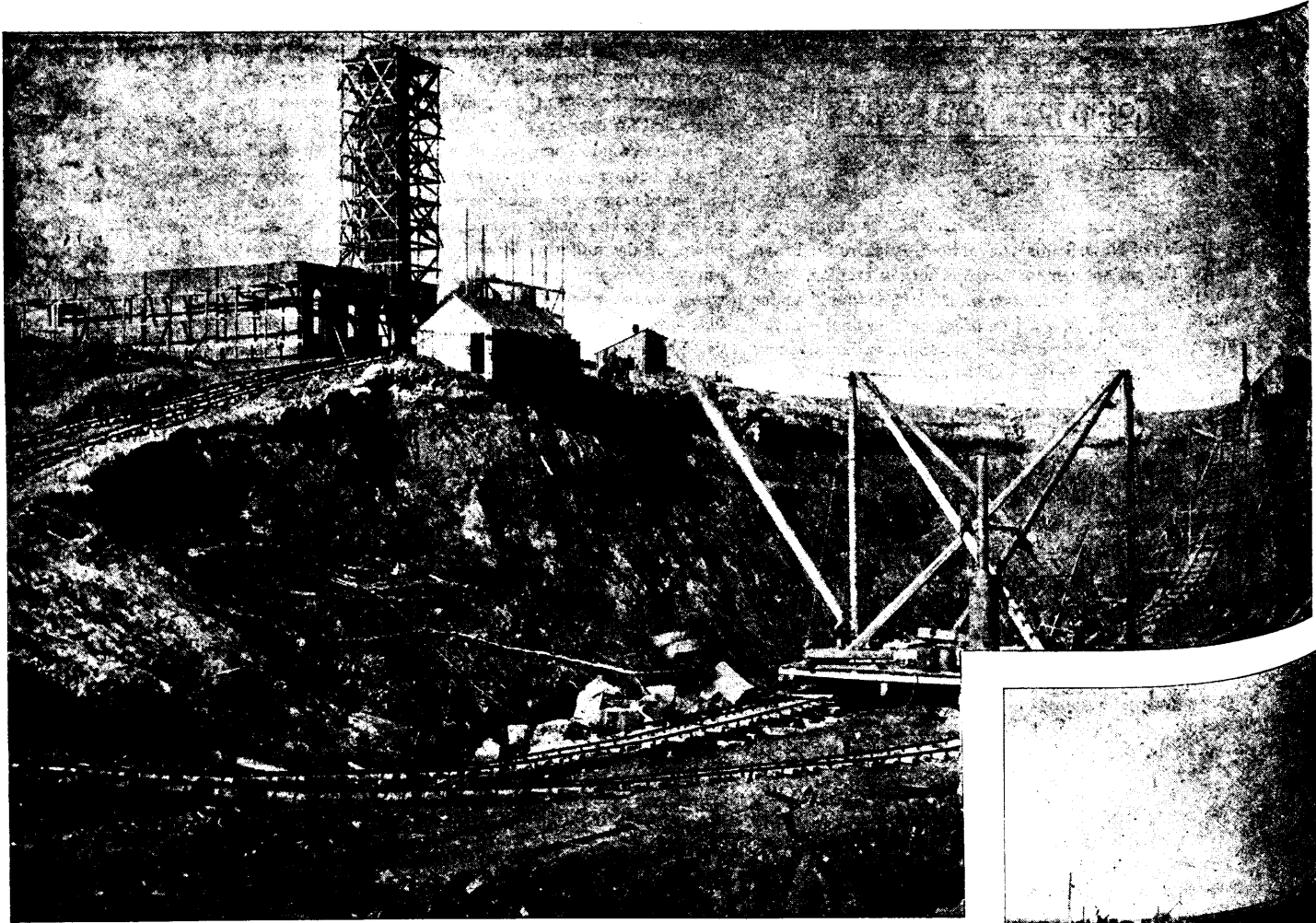
Peace lulled the eve, and Beauty highest won,
Sitting upon her most illumined throne,
Tinting with lustres new her fairest stars.
As down the piney slope with crackling hoof
Upon the crusty snow Suppelma trod,
Nehilakin o'erlooked the clustering woods,
High-hung, and rested his desiring eyes
On the pure brow, expectantly a-bloom,
Of that religious, heaven-communing mount
Toward which he worshipped ere his haughty will
Turned him ungentle from the Manitou.
Brighter it grew, and brighter, still renewed
In radiance; till, at length, sublimely white
As some high vestal rising to her shrine,
Above the highest spur upclomb the orb
Breeding enchantment in her silver womb.

Silence was on the earth,—stillness supreme,—
A hush that, entering, soothes the heart of man,—
Silence, that was ere voice had leave to be,
Or turbulence began. Then, when his eyes
He lifted, poet-visioned to construe
Her smiling revelation, and beheld,
Like some sea-maiden, swimming from the rock
Where late she sung, the midnight's stately Queen,
Ascending from her radiant mountain shrine,
He made the rapturous silence musical:
"O spirit of the cloud, or of the blue
Unbodied deep, who walkest heaven serene,
Swinging thy mellow lamp, that burns not dim
Until thou bearest it through the gates of morn:
What time thou lookest through these wintry trees,
Jewelled with ice and ermined with the snow,
Man's musing spirit ever loves thee well!
Thy stainless maidenhood that, wandering lone,
Holds still in chastity the wondering stars
Hath ever smiled upon Nehilakin:
So shalt thou have from him thy praise, for, lo!
Amid all beautiful things of earth and air,
In eve's blue gallery, to the dreamer's eye
Thou art most beautiful, and lendest all
The shapes below, obscure and multifarious,
Thy magical transforming loveliness.

"Ah, thou may'st still be beautiful! Yet not
Thy sea-controlling spell constrains the feet,
Nor sways the spirit of Nehilakin!
For now he seeks the wood's wild denizens.
Yon graybeard of the lodge hath lately laid
On the galled ear the burden of reproof,
And I am come to ravin and destroy.
Youth is o'er-counselled; and the grayhound's neck,
Escaped the leash, is stretched toward its aim,
For provocation of its captive days.
So hide thy cloudy face, or blush for shame;
Or, heavenly maid, descend and hunt the deer!
Aid me, ye skiey host, belligerent!
Ethereal champions, from your crystal halls
Descending, that do rouse the warrior-blood,
And feed its lust of war, be mine to-night!
Thou doughty giant of the South, Orion,
Lift thyself now for combat; add thy thews
To steel my own, unstrung; and let thy glare,
Thou deep, resentful Taurus, fiery-eyed,
With thy brave splendours animate my breast;
And with thy bloody glitter light my way,
Thou, Aldebaran, and victorious Mars;
That, foremost in the battle or the chase,
I may no taint of fear or pity know."

He rode amid the giants of the wood;
Now down some widening avenue, and now
Out where the mounting moon unhindered shone.
Still scanned he whether trace of bear or deer
Might be, or whether any bird took wing;
But sign of nothing living met his eye.

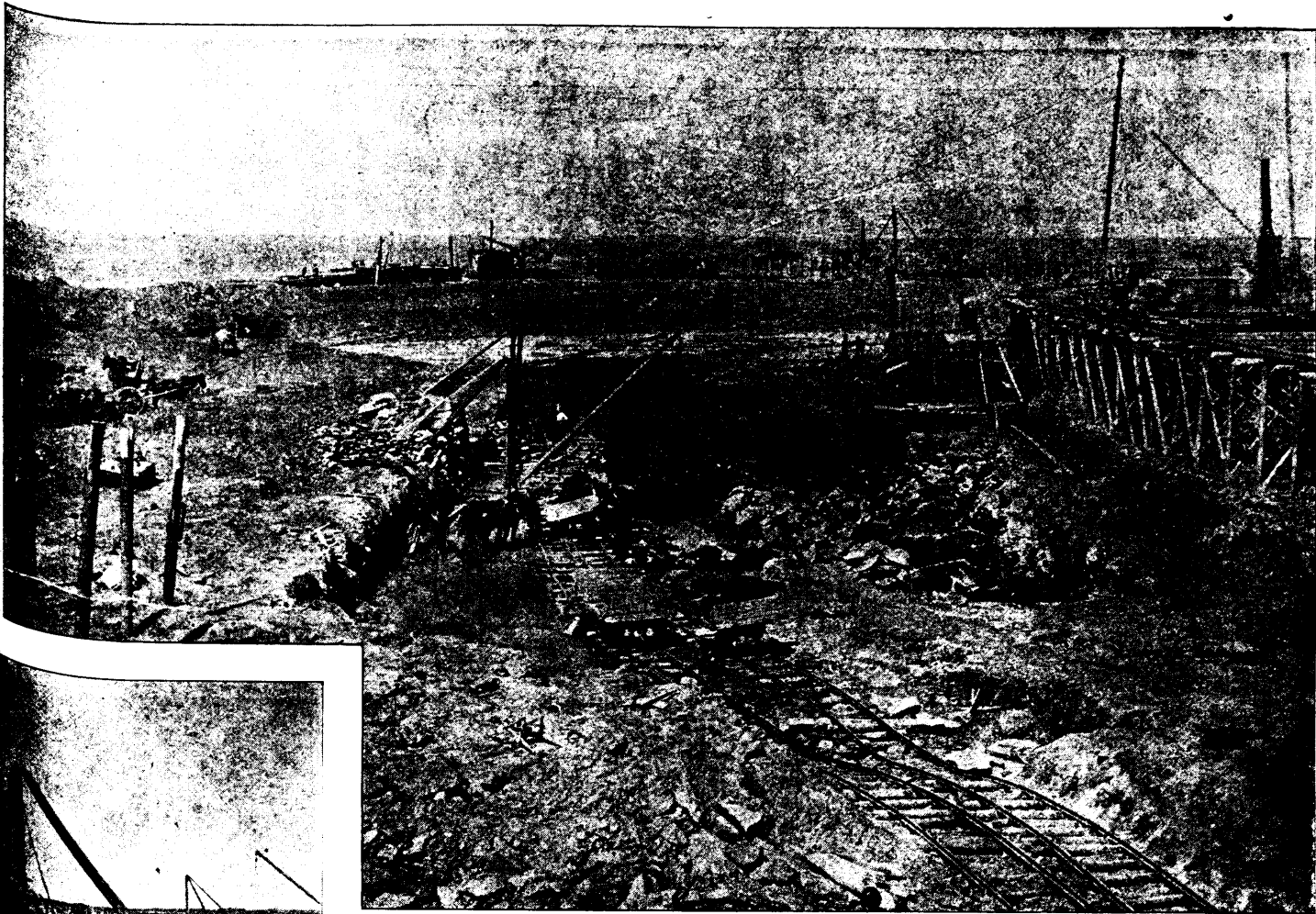
—ARTHUR JOHN LOCKHART.



Amherst Dock and Engine House.
Hydraulic Engine House at Amherst Dock under construction.

Hydraulic Engine House
THE CHIGNON

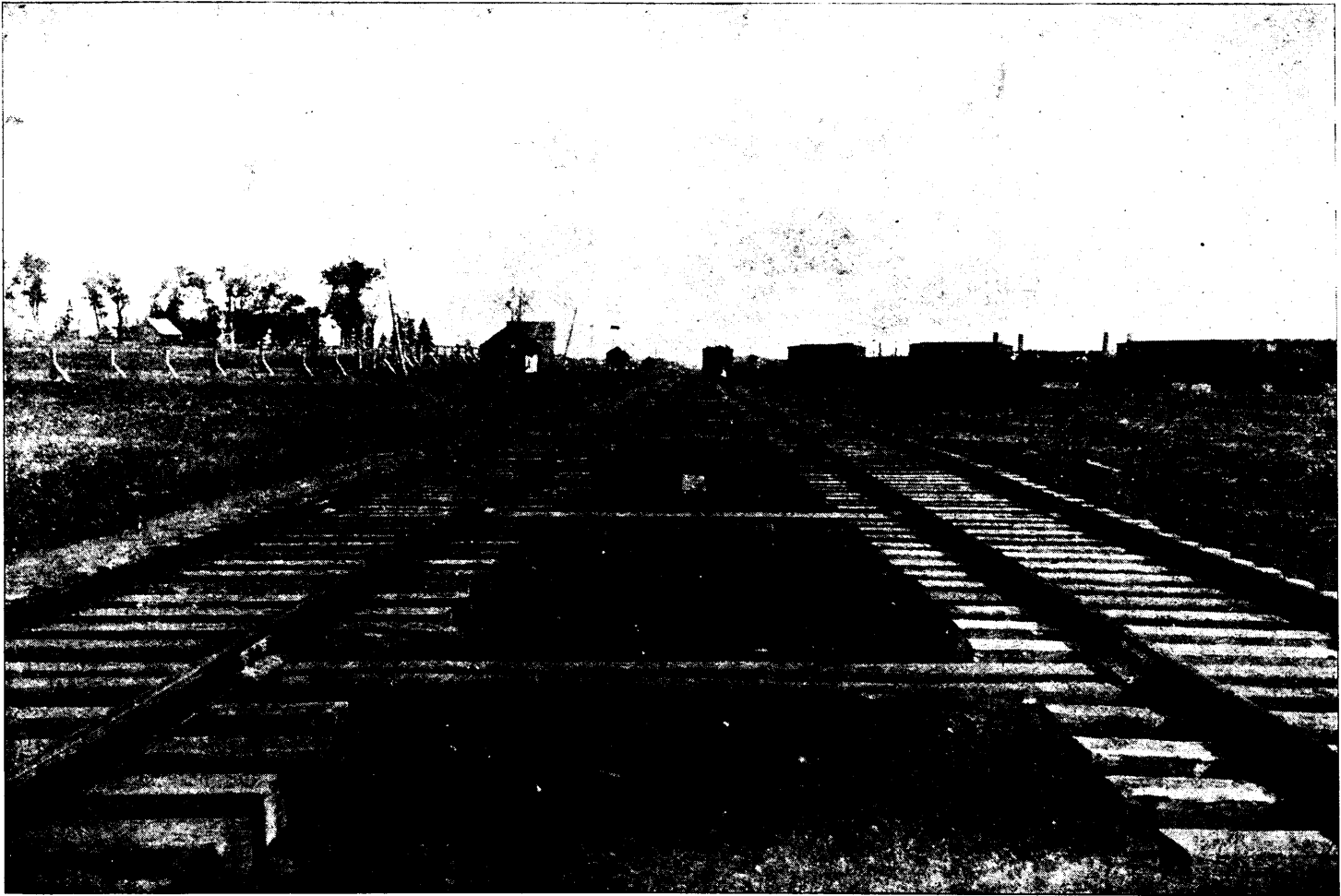
VIEWS OF THE GREAT CANADIAN WORK CONNECTING



View of Tidnish Dock and Moles.
Dredging inside the Moles at Tidnish.

House under construction.

CONNECTING RAILWAY.
ST. LAWRENCE WITH THE BAY OF FUNDY.



PERMANENT WAY.

THE CHIGNECTO SHIP RAILWAY.

CHIGNECTO SHIP RAILWAY.

To very many persons, one of the most interesting displays at the great exhibition held last autumn in St. John, N.B., was the model of the Chignecto ship railway, placed there by H. G. C. Ketchum, C.E., the father and moving spirit of that great enterprise. The lifting docks, the railway and all were there in miniature, and under the manipulation of a skilled attendant, or of Mr. Ketchum himself, the model ship was almost constantly being hoisted up, run across the supposed isthmus and lowered down on the other side. An accurate and comprehensive map, showing the provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, the Isthmus of Chignecto and the adjacent waters was of material benefit in making clear to visitors the stupendous import of this exhibit, which occupied so little space in the great buildings.

There were some who remembered that as far back as 1875, some five years before Captain Eads submitted to the public his scheme for a ship railway across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, Mr. Ketchum had shown at an exhibition in St. John that year the plans and details of his own scheme, now being practically carried out in the construction of the marine transport railway across the Isthmus of Chignecto. To Mr. Ketchum belongs the highest credit for having developed this scheme and pressed its feasibility and importance with such persistence and energy as first to secure a subsidy from the Dominion Government and then to enlist the co-operation of capitalists for its completion.

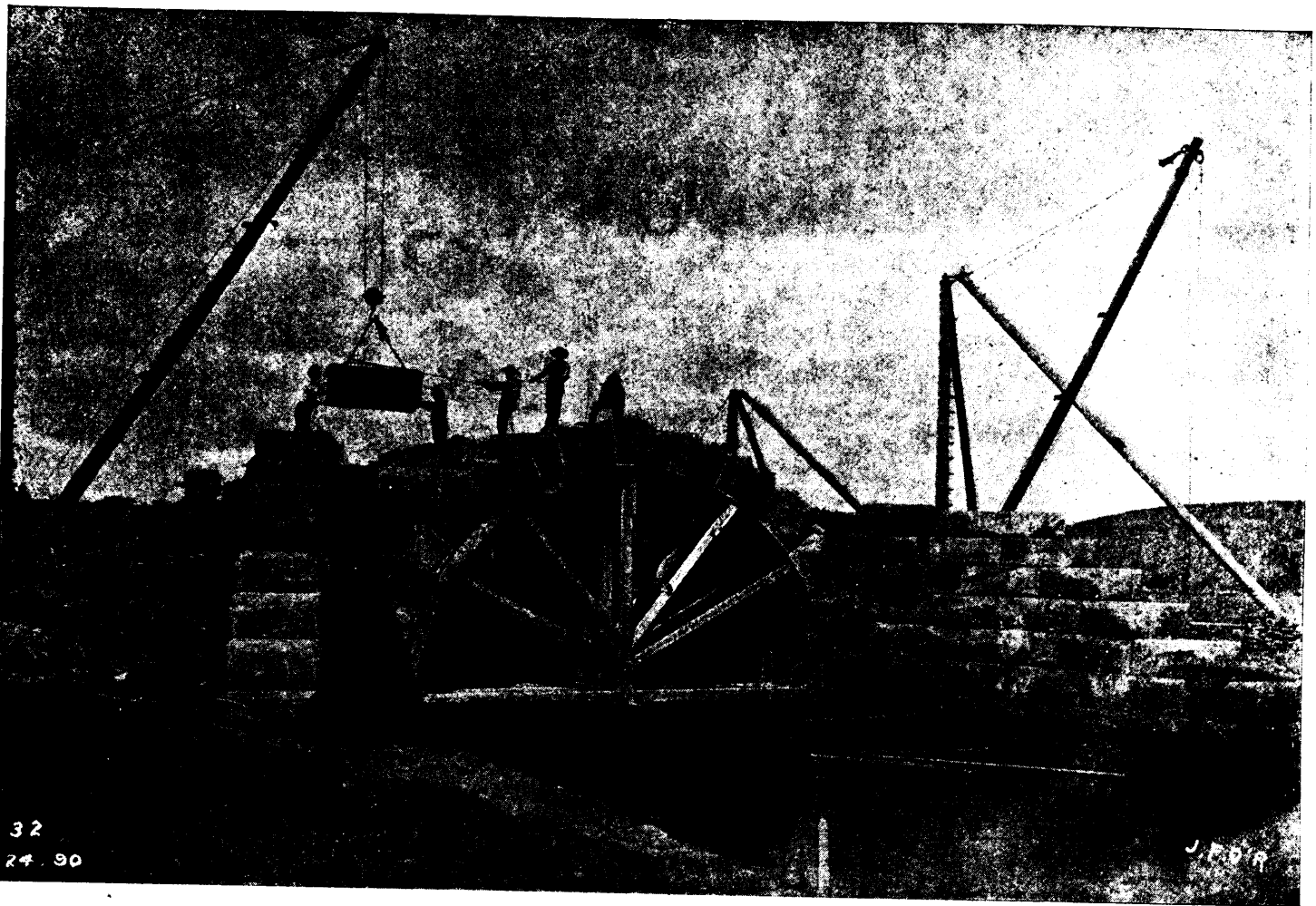
Most Canadians are familiar with the commercial importance of this enterprise, should its success realize but a measure of the anticipations of its promoters; but the facts will bear re-stating. Vessels plying between the Gulf of St. Lawrence and Bay of Fundy or United States ports are now compelled to sail around the Peninsula of Nova Scotia. But they may also have to sail around the Island of Cape Breton, as the Strait of Canso, which separ-

ates Nova Scotia from Cape Breton, is usually blocked with ice for three weeks longer than the gulf, and the passage of which, owing to the weather, is not always available to large ships. If, instead of taking either of these courses a vessel could be transported across the Isthmus of Chignecto and make her passage by way of the Bay of Fundy, the distance to St. John from St. Lawrence ports would be lessened 500 miles as compared with the Canso route, and probably 700 miles as compared with the route around Cape Breton. Another important consideration is that vessels from the lakes could easily make St. John via the isthmus, which would not be risked in the rough weather that sometimes sweeps the Atlantic coast of Nova Scotia. If the reader will study a map of the Lower Provinces in connection with these statements the importance of the proposed new route will be apparent. Its value has been recognized for a century past by the people of the Lower Provinces, and a ship canal project has been before the public for much more than half that length of time. But the vast difference in the rise and fall of tides in the Bay of Fundy and Gulf of St. Lawrence, together with other difficulties, was fatal to that scheme, and it remained for Mr. Ketchum to solve the problem. The Isthmus of Chignecto is only seventeen miles wide, the line of the railway is straight across, and the heaviest gradient but a fifth of one per cent. But two large cuttings had to be excavated, and one bog filled up. The road is, practically, a dead level. But one stream had to be crossed (the Tidnish), and a single span sufficed. So that, though in a sense difficult, the physical features to be overcome could hardly be called formidable.

Now, as to the railway itself, and the method of construction. At the head of the Bay of Fundy is a narrower bay of the same name as the isthmus. Into this at its head

empties a tidal stream called La Planche, and at its mouth is the western terminus of the railway. Here, by excavation and construction, is being built a dock 530 feet long, 300 feet wide and 40 feet deep. At the entrance there is a gate 60 feet wide and 30 feet high, which can be closed so as to retain the water in the dock when the tide recedes. This wet dock will accommodate six ships of a thousand tons each. At its inner end will be a lifting dock of solid masonry 230 feet long and 60 feet wide, equipped with 20 hydraulic presses capable of lifting cargo laden vessels a height of 40 feet. At the bottom of this lifting dock will be the ship carriage, or cradle, on wheels. It is provided with keel blocks and bilge guards, which may be gauged to suit whatever sized vessel may be placed on the lift. This cradle is necessarily of the most powerful construction, is provided with heavy springs, and will have under it 240 wheels. When a vessel has been placed over the centre of the lift and the blocks properly adjusted the hydraulic power is put in operation and the cradle and ship rise until the former is on a level with the railway. The rails on which its wheels rest are adjusted to those of the railway, and by means of hydraulic capstans the novel train is hauled upon the main line, to be drawn by powerful locomotives across the isthmus. The weight of ship, cradle, and "gridiron" upon which the cradle rests while in the dock, may weigh as high as 3,500 tons, from which an estimate may be gained of the power of the hydraulic lift. In order to avoid trouble arising from the great rise and fall of tide at this end of the line, varying from 36 to 45 feet, and sometimes more, the gates of the dock will be closed at half ebb and not re-opened till half flood tide is reached again six hours later.

At the Tidnish, or eastern terminus of the line, the machinery is, of course, the same, but no flood gates are needed to keep the vessels in the dock afloat, as the rise and fall of tide on that side of the isthmus is only about six or seven feet. It was necessary, however, in order to construct the lifting dock, to build a cofferdam and pump out the water. It was also necessary, owing to the shoal



CULVERT OVER, TIDNISH RIVER.
THE CHIGNECTO SHIP RAILWAY.

water along the shore, to run out two moles or breakwaters, forming a partially enclosed semicircle opening seaward.

When a ship has been hauled from one side of the isthmus to the other the locomotives are shunted upon a siding, and the vessel and cradle are hauled out upon the "gridiron" just as they were hauled off it at the other end of the line—by means of hydraulic capstans. The cradle is then lowered till the ship floats off. If there is another to be at once floated on to go the other way, it is done; but if there is another coming from the other side the cradle which has just been lowered is raised again, hauled ashore and shunted out of the way.

As already stated, the roadbed is straight and practically a dead level clear across. It is constructed with special regard to the heavy traffic for which it is destined. There is a double track, standard gauge, eighteen feet from centre to centre. It is laid with 110 lb. rails of especially powerful build. The ties are 9 ft. x 7 ft. x 12 in., laid 2 ft. centres, the two ties at each joint being 27 ft. long to connect the two tracks, and thus preserve exact gauge for the cradle. The locomotives run on one track only, of standard gauge, two locomotives being used for one cradle. There are no turnouts, but traverse tables at each end; frogless switches riding the rails being used for switching the locomotives. Rock ballast under the ties is used throughout. The work is now well advanced. The roadbed is nearly finished and the track laid for the greater portion of the distance. Work on the lifting docks is in a forward state. During winter, however, not much can be done. Only about 150 men have been employed during the past winter, but it is expected that the summer force will be put on almost immediately. The work is under the personal supervision of Mr. Fletcher T. S. Kelsey, C.E., who resides at Amherst, where the offices of the company are situated. Mr. Kelsey is well known to the public through his connection with the famous Tay bridge. A conservative estimate dates the completion of this vast work at the expiration of twelve working

months, which means, of course, owing to climatic effects, something more than the same number of calendar months.

A great deal has been written on the question whether this enterprise will prove profitable as a commercial venture even if successful as an experiment. The arguments need not be repeated here. The Dominion Government has been convinced to the extent of granting a subsidy of nearly three and a half millions to the project, and a company with an authorized share and bond capital of five and a half millions has been induced to take up the work. The engineers are the London firm of Sir John Fowler and Mr. Benjamin Baker, with Mr. Ketchum as resident head engineer and associated with him Mr. Kelsey. Should the scheme prove as successful as anticipated it will be another triumph for Canadian genius and Canadian pluck, and add another to the list of magnificent public works whose construction has done so much to advance the commercial interests of the Dominion. To have built the first ship railway in the world will be an honour not unworthily held by the young nation that already claims the possession of the greatest of the world's great lines of railway transportation.

It is worth noting, in connection with these references to the Isthmus of Chignecto that it is historic ground. Who that has read Acadian history does not remember Beausjour, Fort Lawrence, Beaubassin and the men who met there in the struggle for supremacy between French and English almost a century and a half ago? The outlines of the two first named places may still be traced, but the last has given way to the flourishing town of Amherst. This reference cannot be more fitly closed than by quoting the words of Charles G. D. Roberts, in an article on this subject. "Tourists," he says, "seeking the delicious summers, the fair landscapes, the game haunted forests and waters of the maritime provinces will doubtless frequent this route in great numbers. The travellers who but now were gazing over their ship's rail into the seething red flood of the Bay of Fundy will find themselves looking down into green waving acres of luxuriant grass empurpled with clover

blossoms laced with the blue-flowered vetch, and outlined at intervals with the brilliant pink of the wild roses which array themselves in gay procession along the ditch borders. With his Parkman in hand he will mark the tender gleam of Acadian romance brooding over the old orchards that clothe the gentle slopes. He will dream perchance that he sees the lilies and the lions flapping over the volumes of cannon smoke that obscure those rival hills, or that he detects a line of painted savages creeping through the deep grass into ambush behind the dikes."

"Virginians."

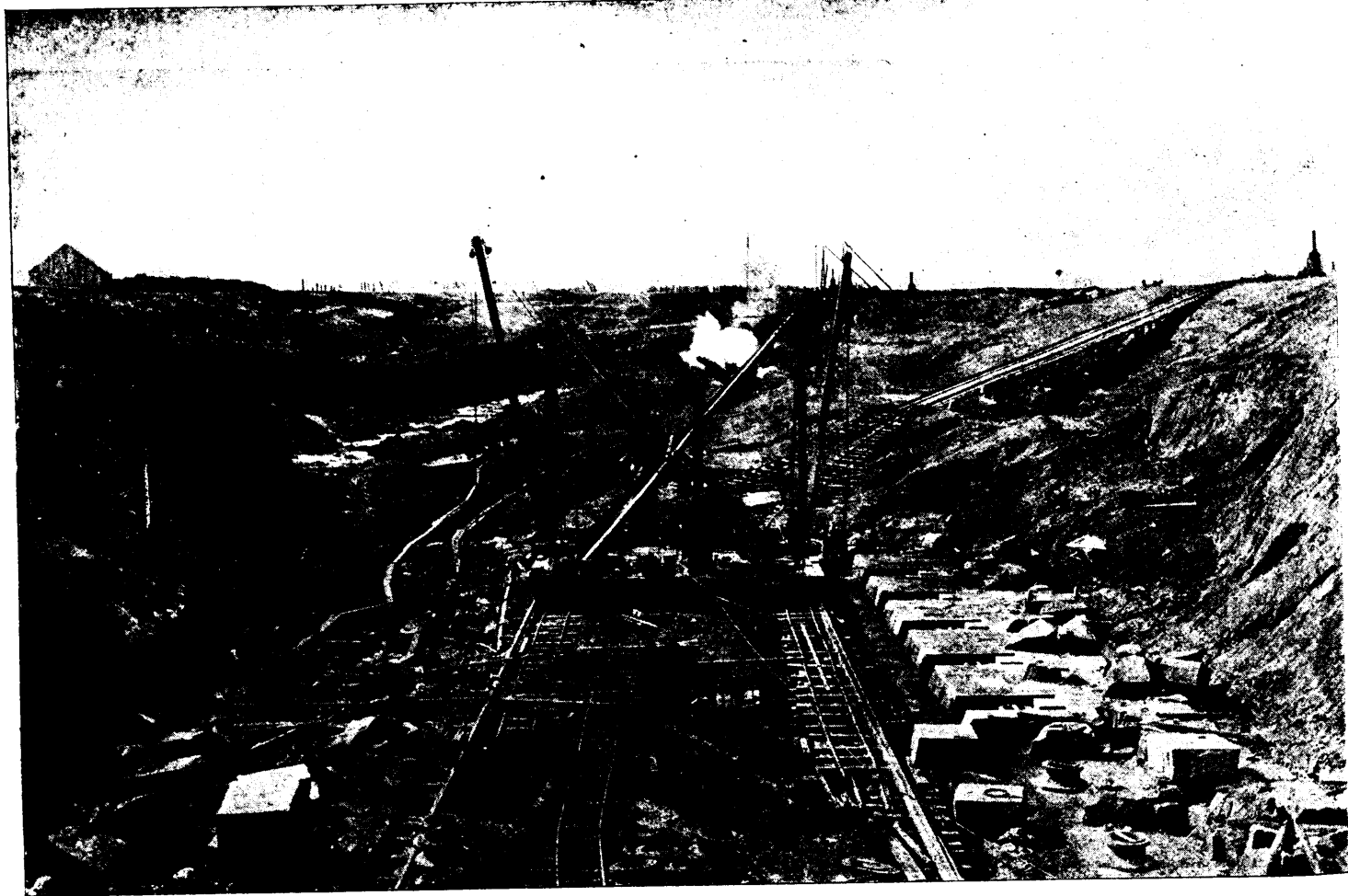
An interesting and valuable book has found its way back across the Atlantic. It is a copy of the first edition of the "Virginians," with illustrations on steel and wood by the author. It is in two volumes, bound in cloth and uncut. The edition was published thirty-three years ago by Bradbury & Evans, at that time Thackeray's publishers. This particular copy was a present from the author to one Peter Rackham, to whom it is despatched "with the best regards of the author." On the title page of the first volume is written, in Thackeray's hand, the following verse:

"In the United States and in the Queen's dominions
All people have a right to their opinions
And many don't much relish the 'Virginians,'
Peruse my book, dear reader, and if you find it
A little to your taste I hope you'll bind it."

—*Sheffield Independent.*

Height of Presumption.

An old woman was praising, in rather enthusiastic terms, the sermons of a Scotch minister who had acquired a great name for depth and sublimity. The suspicions of her auditor were a little roused, and she ventured to propose a question to her:—"Well, Jenny, do you understand him?" "Understand him!" ejaculated Jenny, holding up her hands in astonishment at the question; "Me understand him! wad I hae the presumption?"



AMHERST HYDRAULIC DOCK.
THE CHIGNECTO SHIP RAILWAY.

POINTS.

BY ACUS.

To point a moral and adorn a tale!
—Johnson: *Vanity of Human Wishes.*

Even at the risk of being put down as "from the country," many of us must confess to a weakness, when not in a hurry, for peeping into the shop windows. Of course, with the exquisites, it is not the wares, but the window itself that is the attraction; for, especially if there should happen to be any black velvet behind the plate glass, it forms an excellent public mirror. It is the privilege of the poor to feast their eyes upon a window of coveted treasures, and ponder what things they would buy if they were only rich; just as it is their privilege, through the medium of the society novel, in imagination to revel in all the airs and graces of the aristocracy. Perhaps, to the average saunterer, a fine jeweller's window is the most attractive, outshining all the wealth of Ormus or of Ind. One may take a lively interest in "bargains in diamonds;" although it might be of no earthly advantage to him, even were the jeweller to offer much better bargains. Sometimes I indulge a weakness for looking into booksellers' windows, and reading the backs of the quaint and curious volumes arrayed therein; although the back is all I am ever likely to read of most of them. But so far as beautiful things are concerned, the privilege of looking at them is equivalent to possessing them. It has been well said, that the child who cries for the rainbow is not so foolish in that he does not know he cannot possess it, as he is in that he does not know that he already possesses it in the only true sense that the beautiful can be possessed.

There could be no more mistaken idea than that figures never lie. That they frequently do lie, any defaulting accountant will prove to you. An eminent statistician remarked in conversation that figures undoubtedly do lie often enough, and confessed that he had sometimes *made them do it* himself. Possibly the idea that figures never lie may have originated with some rogue who was making them lie all the time, but who with an air of innocence was shrewdly denying the possibility of such a thing. Did you never have a bill sent you charging what you had never bought, or what you had paid for, and which caused you to realize that figures are capable of lying in the most shameless manner? That is

what has been the trouble with some of the great weather predictions: the prophet (?) had calculated the thing to a nicety, but his figures lied to him. Figures have lied many a harebrained inventor into a lunatic asylum; but give him a pencil and paper and he will make his bewildering calculations lie to you in the most plausible manner, as they have done to him. Of course figures will lie. The figures of the fashionable ladies, do not they—very well, we will change the subject, if you like.

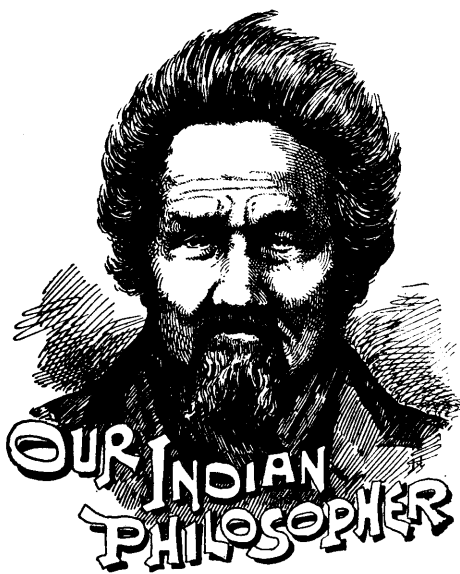
* * *

Like the wine, the after-dinner speech is liable to become flat shortly after being, as it were, uncorked. At the time the utmost hilarity and enthusiasm may be roused by remarks which make a comparatively indifferent showing in cold type the next morning. Unless the banquet be of a political or kindred character, it seems a mistake, as a rule, to "prepare" one's remarks; for it is impossible beforehand to gauge the *spirit* of the company, and a great deal depends

upon that. The inspiration, like the refreshment, should be to some extent in liquid form. The success of a banquet depends as much upon its toast-list as upon its menu, and the latter should be to the former something as cause and effect. Some happy individuals can oblige the company with a comic song, and so dodge the speech-making altogether. Never does the comic song receive such a royal reception as at a banquet. The singer has an audience of most lenient critics, who are ready to overlook a flat note or a cracked voice so long as there is a chorus. Mr. Chauncey Depew is said to be the best after-dinner speaker; it would be hard to say who is the *worst*, perhaps the humble individual who has now the honour to address you, unaccustomed as he is, et cetera. Once upon a time I did prepare a few remarks for a public dinner, but being unexpectedly called upon to speak a second time I had to "go it blind;" and my remarks in the second case being better received, it tended to weaken my faith in preparation.



AT FORT LAWRENCE.—EXCAVATING FOR THE CHIGNECTO SHIP RAILWAY.



The Sagamore

One summer, when quite a little boy, the reporter had one day varied the string of chubs and redfins, which it was his daily wont to pull from the limpid waters of the Kennebec-rasis, with a large and beautiful trout. It was his first trout. Throwing down his fishing pole, forgetting all about the other fish, and also forgetting to restore the cap which had fallen off, to its accustomed place above his ebony locks, he snatched up the trout and with a wild yell started at breakneck speed for home. On one other occasion, when disturbed at night-fall by a groan from behind a graveyard fence, he had also put on some speed; but never since those halcyon days had his legs unlimbered themselves to such purpose as on Thursday last. He was quietly perusing his newspapers when the shock arrived. When it did come he crunched a paper into his hand and took the trail for the wigwam of the sagamore at a rate of speed that a bank defaulter might have envied. Panting and breathless he reached the wigwam, and burst in upon the meditations of his mentor.



"Oh, Mr. Paul!" he gasped. "Have you heard? Did anybody tell you? Oh!—I'm nearly dead. Say—has nobody told you?"

He fell gasping upon the nearest stool and fanned himself with a shingle. The sagamore, who had removed his pipe at the sudden advent of his visitor, put it between his teeth again and stared stolidly.

"I don't believe you've heard a word about it," cried the reporter, as soon as he could gather energy enough. "Say—haven't you? Great guns and things! Why,—it's the talk of the continent. Haven't you really heard?"

"Heard what?" curtly demanded the sagamore.

"Why—that Rev. Dr. Talmage has gone and got shaved!"

"Huh," grunted the sagamore.

"Is that all you care about it?" indignantly demanded the reporter. "Why, man, the papers are full of it. Dr. Talmage hasn't shaved before for years and years—that is to say, of course, his whole face. Of course he shaved part of it, you know. The paper says he always wore some whiskers. But now he's shaved clean! Not a hair on his face. My gosh! Just to think of it—Dr. Talmage shaved clean! Aw—what are you looking so glum about? One would think you didn't care a cent about it."

"Shaved clean off, eh?" queried the sagamore.

"Yes—clean off. And he looks for all the world like Henry Clay. He says so himself. He told one of the reporters that every time he goes to Kentucky they say down there he looks like Henry Clay. Think of that, now!—Dr. Talmage looks like Henry Clay."

"Who's Henry Clay?" asked the sagamore.

"Oh, he's the man that invented bricks or something. I don't know what. But it doesn't matter. Dr. Talmage looks like him—for a Kentucky darkey told him so. He says himself the darkey did—told the reporter—Dr. Talmage did. His likeness to Henry Clay almost scared the darkey to death."

"Who'd you say he is?" queried Mr. Paul.

"Dr. Talmage—the great Brooklyn preacher. You know Dr. Talmage."

"He's man went to that Holy Land, eh?"

"Exactly," cried the reporter. "And he looks just like Henry Clay—and now he's got shaved clean."

"He's man made believe he preached heap sermons on things he seen in Holy Land," went on Mr. Paul, "when them sermons was all wrote out long 'fore he left home."

"Aw—what does that signify?" cried the reporter scornfully. "He looks like Henry Clay—and he's shaved clean. And the newspapers are full of it. Don't you think we'd better call a meeting and pass some congratulatory resolutions or something of that sort and send to Dr. Talmage?"

"You better write him letter ask him what makes him talk to reporters 'bout his whiskers," rejoined the sagamore. "Then you better write to them newspapers—ask 'um if they can't find some things for them reporters to do."

"What?" gasped the reporter, "Something better to do than talk to Dr. Talmage? Oh, Mr. Paul! Why, I'd just love to talk to Dr. Talmage about his whiskers. Mr. Paul—why don't you shave? Maybe you look like somebody, too. I'll have my moustache off to-night—or bust. And I'll speak to our editor about it. There's licks of people would buy a paper that had a good whiskers column."

"Young man," said the sagamore gravely, "go out and dip your head in the brook."

"Oh! I'm not warm, Mr. Paul. Indeed, no. But just to think that Dr. Talmage—"

"You better look out," interrupted the sagamore in a warning tone. "I don't want no more fool talk round here. If you kin keep your tongue still little while that's best thing you kin do."

"But, Mr. Paul! Can't you see—"

"Shut up!"

"But—"

Mr. Paul's hand sought his belt and the reporter suddenly paused.

"If you don't want to lose all hair off top your head," grimly declared the warrior, feeling the

edge of his scalping knife, "you better not talk any more 'bout hair on that man's face."

"But there isn't any hair on his face. He's clean—"

The sentence was never finished. The sagamore made a rush for the reporter, and the reporter made a rush for the door. He reached the open air in safety but did not tarry in that vicinity. In fact he disappeared almost as quickly as Dr. Talmage's whiskers may be supposed to have done when the Brooklyn barber got fairly settled down to work. Or as quickly as his own topknot would have disappeared had Mr. Paul's pliant wrist been permitted to get in its work.

Despite the ungracious manner in which Mr. Paul received the intelligence, the reporter is bound to confess that Dr. Talmage's heroic sacrifice of his whiskers and evident resignation to the loss are matters of no little import to the world at large. That Dr. Talmage is able to descend from the

loftier regions of thought and the contemplation of the tremendous problems of life and destiny, and gravely discuss with a reporter a matter of whiskers and his likeness to Henry Clay, and what a Kentucky darkey said to him about it, is a fact that cannot be too widely known. If it were also known whether Dr. Talmage was shaved with a hollow-ground razor, what kind of soap was used, whether any of the lather got in his mouth and how he liked the taste of it if it did; and, finally, whether the Doctor would care to talk to the newspapers about it if he had resembled the darkey instead of Henry Clay, the public mind would be immensely relieved. These are points that might very appropriately be made the subject of a series of New York telegrams to the newspapers in other parts of the republic and in Canada. People like a newspaper if it gives them the news.

Spring.

Now brightly shine re-kindling suns,
And softly smile the pale blue skies;
And now the brook unfettered runs,
And sounds of swollen torrents rise.

Ontario rolls his mighty main
And takes a lighter shade of blue;
The south wind warms the frozen plain
And wraps the hills in misty hue.

And now the bird, whose song we lost
When Autumn woods grew pale and sere,
Re-urns upon the path he crossed,
To herald in the vernal year.

Again he warbles wood notes, wild,
From favourite haunts of orchard trees;
Or flies afar, free Nature's child,
To desert tracts, as sweeps the breeze.

And other birds, by Nature taught
To dip the wing in pool and stream,
The far Canadian wilds have sought
Where countless lakes in soft airs gleam.

To sheltered sides of wooded hills
Spring brings again the fair wild flowers;
And everywhere her breath she fills
With odours sweet from woodland bowers.

Hepaticas of milky white,
Or pearly pink, or shaded blue,
Are first in woods to greet our sight
And paint the earth with floral hue.

And Adder Tongues with marbled blade,
And brilliant flower of golden tint,
Shed light along the forest glade
And line its marge with yellow print.

Now Trilliums tall of starry ray,
Untinged by Phœbus' rising beams,
Are pale as girls that shun the day
And nurse in lordly halls their dreams.

Then, last, the deep and ancient wood,
Where late but sombre brown was seen,
Bursts into life, an ocean flood
Of softly light and lustrous green.

While beauty smiles on Nature's face
And warblings charm the balmy air,
Let us an idle hour embrace
To walk through scenes thus made so fair.

Ottawa, 1891.

CROWQUILL.

"Darkest England."

"General" Booth's "Darkest England" scheme is at length assuming practical shape. He has opened one or two "shelters" in the East End, he is preparing a match factory in Hackney (it has been proposed to name the matches "Salvation Blazes"), and next month he will deport some of his people to a farm he has taken at Essex. Meanwhile he is studying the map to find a suitable "Over-sea Colony." The real difficulty, however, would seem to be not that the colony might not suit his people but that his people might not suit the colony. Victoria has already written, through its agent-general in London, a strong protest against the plantation of a colony riotous with Salvation banners and drums. The "General" has replied that Victoria might have waited till he proposed to do such a thing; but Victoria insists that she has a right to know what his intentions are. The probability is that the good man does not know them himself.—*National Observer*.

The poet and the editor were playing lawn tennis, and the latter was beaten.

"Yon serve well, but you can't return," said the poet.

"Can't I?" asked the editor. "Send me a poem and see."—*Harper's Bazar*.



MAJOR ROBERT ROGERS.
Commanding "The Queen's Rangers," 1756.
(From painting in British Museum.)

Incidents in the Early Military History of Canada, I.

With Extracts from the Journals of the Officer commanding the Queen's Rangers During the War 1755 to 1763.

A Lecture delivered on the 12th January, 1891, by Lieut.-Col. R. Z. ROGERS, 40th Battalion—
Lieut.-Col. W. D. OTTER, President, in the Chair.

I have been asked to give an address before this Institute, embracing some of the incidents during the early military history of the country, and in particular to the part taken by the Queen's Rangers, a colonial volunteer corps that was raised in the New England settlements in the year 1756 for the purpose of assisting in repelling the encroachments of the French, who then were the possessors of the north-eastern portion of North America. This body of hardy bush rangers continued to take an active part in the various campaigns till the conquest of Canada was fully accomplished, when they were disbanded and were not reorganized until during the American revolution, when they again came to the front under the old name and did good service in the Loyal cause. The same corps was subsequently commanded by Col. Simcoe, in 1777, who afterwards became the first Governor of Upper Canada.

The information which I am enabled to give on the subject is derived chiefly from the journals of the commanding officer and original organizer of the Rangers, Major Robert Rogers, a printed copy of which I have here, and from which I propose to make some quotations, as being more authentic and interesting than a more modern narrative of the facts. This book was published in London in 1765, and must have been regarded with some favour by

those in authority, as the author was shortly afterwards, by special command, presented to the King, and his portrait, painted in full uniform, with a group of his Indian allies in the background, was about the same time entered in the British Museum as a compliment to the Provincial troops that had rendered such valuable assistance in bringing the seven years' war with France to a successful conclusion.

I have here a photograph copy of that portrait, which, to military men, is somewhat interesting on account of the style of uniform and equipment then in use. You will observe a badge of authority is worn in the shape of a small sword, and I have no doubt some of those present would be pleased to handle the identical sword worn and used by one of our volunteer officers 135 years ago. This is the sword. I can remember seeing the leather scabbard with its silver mountings, but I am sorry I cannot produce it to-night.

You will notice the chief weapon is the flint-lock musket. In these days an officer is not allowed to take part in the firing. In fact, a captain of my regiment, on duty during the N. W. rebellion, was severely reprimanded by the General for carrying a Winchester rifle at a time when such a companion was likely to be called on for help at any moment. But in the old days of bush warfare, when

both officers and men were liable to a man-to-man conflict, firearms were carried and used effectively, as many of the pages of this old book testify.

Another peculiar feature in the outfit is the powder-horn. I have no doubt there are some present who have never seen one. I am sorry I cannot show you the powder horn carried by the old Major, but I have one here which was worn at that time through many a hard fought conflict by his brother James, who, at the date engraved upon it, commanded one of the companies of the Rangers. In addition to a lot of fanciful carving on this old horn are the words, "James Rogers, his horn. 19th June, 1757." Some of the letters are nearly obliterated by a scar or bullet mark, and the story in connection with that mark is, that in one of the deadly encounters between the Rangers and Indians the owner of this horn became engaged in single combat with a Huron warrior. Whilst each from his own tree watched for his opponent, Rogers managed by a clever device to draw his enemy's fire by exposing his fur cap on the end of his powder-horn. The cap and this old horn were badly hit; but, as breech-loaders were not then in use, the Huron brave was caught at a disadvantage and soon despatched to the happy hunting grounds.

The object of this address is to supply information of the early military history and the modes of warfare of those bygone days. I am afraid the impression is too general that our British Americans have very little in the way of history of events of the past to be worth remembering or enquiring into. But I feel it is the duty of every one who is able to contribute anything in the way of information on that subject to do so, and thereby assist in building up and strengthening a more patriotic and national feeling in this British Confederation of Canada.

I think it will be a matter of interest, and possibly advantage, to our volunteers to enquire into the systems and observe the exploits of our forefathers in arms 130 years ago. A little reflection on the equipment and means of transportation of those days will, I think, help us to bear up against the difficulties and so-called hardships of our militia service.

At the time this book commences (1755) the chief frontier forts of the French were Louisbourg, Crown Point on the west side of Lake Champlain, Oswego, Niagara, Pittsburgh on the Ohio River, Detroit and Michillimackinac on the extreme west. For some years previous vigorous and systematic encroachments had constantly been made by the French on the English settlements to the south. In all of these the Indians within the French territories, particularly the Hurons and the Algonquins, always took an active part. These hostilities eventually brought about the formal declaration of war between the two nations, which lasted for seven years, during which the conquest of Canada was accomplished and the whole of North America, except Mexico and Florida, brought under the British flag.

The events I propose to refer to transpired in the vicinity of Lake Champlain and Lake George. Of all America's beautiful lakes these two, perhaps, present the greatest interest to the greatest number; to the tourist and pleasure-seeker, no more charming scenery can be found; to the student of history and the lover of legends and romances of a bygone age, no district can produce a greater abundance of interesting subjects. Previous to the settlement of the country by Europeans, Lake Champlain, which is 120 miles in length, had been the chief highway for warlike expeditions between hostile and powerful Indian tribes, and after the settlement it continued the same in reference to the French and English colonies. Therefore, scarcely a point or an island on either of the lakes but has been the scene of some desperate conflict between fierce contending enemies.

Before going further, we will briefly refer to some of the chief objects of interest from a military point of view in the neighbourhood of these waters.

About the year 1730 the French conceived the idea of establishing a province extending from the Connecticut River to Lake Ontario, with its chief centre at Crown Point, where they built a fort, although it was considerably to the south of their proper and legitimate boundary. In 1755 a further advance was made and Fort Ticonderoga was built also on the west side of the lake and near the outlet of Lake George, which latter lake lies to the west of and parallel to the southern part of Lake Champlain.

*Also spelt: Michle-Maciac, Michilimackinac, Mackinaw.

At the southern extremity of Lake George, which is 33 miles long, the English built Fort William Henry in the autumn of 1755.

To the south-east of Fort William Henry, about 14 miles distant on the way to Albany, was Fort Edward, the base of operations for the English forces during the French war.

To the north of Crown Point about 25 miles is one of the most remarkable physical features among the many interesting head-lands on Lake Champlain, and is known as Split Rock. I wish to draw attention to this for a moment in connection with the boundary question.

The rock is about half an acre in extent, with smooth perpendicular sides rising from the water's edge, and divided across by a chasm ten feet wide.

This rock was formerly the dividing line between the Mohawks and the Algonquins, whose territories were respectively occupied later on by the English and the French.

In 1710 it was acknowledged by the Treaty of Utrecht to be the northern limit of the English dominions, and in 1760 it was fixed as the boundary between the colony of New York and the newly acquired Province of Canada.

This same limit was officially acknowledged as late as 1774, but during the Revolutionary war the insurgent forces made demonstrations considerably to the north of it, and ultimately, when the boundary was under consideration, by another of those lamentable instances of English indifference to Yankee aggression, the boundary was fixed 77 miles further north, where it now remains.

Had the British Commissioners on that occasion restricted the rebellious colonists to their previous limits, Canada would now embrace that part of northern New York lying north of the 44th parallel, which leaves the lower end of Lake Ontario at Cape Vincent and about evenly divides the States of Vermont and New Hampshire and intersects the Atlantic Coast at a point that would have continued about seven-eighths of the State of Maine as British territory.

The author of these journals was born at Londonderry, Ireland, and came to America with his parents and five brothers in 1740, being then 14 years of age.

He commenced his military career in New Hampshire by organizing a company of scouts, of which he took command in the early part of 1755, and actively engaged in defence of their northern frontier against the French and Indians.

In July of that year he was summoned to Albany, the military headquarters of Major-General Sir William Johnson, who was in command of the Provincial troops.

It was then arranged that he was to take charge of the scouts, or bush-ranging service, and from that time these journals give the chief events that occurred within his own personal knowledge until the completion of his celebrated voyage in command of the first British expedition up the great lakes after the fall of Quebec and Montreal to take possession of the Western French Forts of Detroit and Michillimakinak.

In the introductory chapter the writer of the journals remarks: "Should the troubles in America be renewed and the savages repeat those scenes of barbarity they so often have acted on the British subjects, which there is great reason to believe will happen, I flatter myself that such as are immediately concerned may reap some advantage from these pages.

"Should anyone take offence at what they may here meet with, they are desired to consider that it is the soldier, not the scholar, that writes, and that many things here were written, not with silence and leisure, but in deserts, on rocks and mountains, amidst the hurries, disorders and noise of war, and under that depression of spirits which is the natural consequence of exhausting fatigue.

"This was my situation when the following journals and accounts were transmitted to the generals and commanders I acted under, which I am now not at liberty to correct.

"Between the years 1743 and 1755 my manner of life was such as led me to a general acquaintance both with the British and French settlements in North America and especially with the uncultivated deserts, the mountains, valleys, rivers, lakes and several passes that lay between and contiguous to the said settlements. Nor did I content myself with the accounts I received from Indians, or the information of hunters, but travelled over large tracts of the country myself, which tended not more to gratify my

curiosity than to inure me to hardships, and without vanity I may say to qualify me for the very service I have since been engaged in."

He mentions several "scouts" that he was engaged in in the neighbourhood of Fort Edward, and says "while I was on one of these, Baron Dieskau was defeated and made prisoner by Major-General Johnson on the 8th September, 1755, at the south end of Lake George."

This book gives the details of between 40 and 50 expeditions for reconnoissance and attack under his command, with parties varying in numbers from a small squad to several hundred men, and generally involving from 25 to 150 miles travel by land or water—by snowshoes through the bush, or on the ice.

(To be Continued.)



TORONTO, April 24, 1891.

We are enjoying a most delightful change in the weather. Under the magic of a few warm showers, followed by bright sun and gentle breezes, our boulevards and lawns are softly and deliciously green, our shade trees are budding and the herald robin pipes boldly from the topmost bough the arrival of his queen, the Lady Spring. Our gardens are gay with crocuses and sweet with violets, and from the woods comes the tender hepatica in clusters, and whispers that the arbutus is awakening and the spring beauty's hood is peeping out of doors.

And O, how odorous are our back lanes!

We are a little exercised about the cutting things Mr. Blackburne Harte has lately been pleased to say of Art in Canada. He has accused us, as a people, of "despising the arts, painting—music and literature"—and our "collectors" of valuing their possessions only as representations of money.

To this and many other sharp and unjust things Mr. Harte has said of us in the same article, we take strong exception; we think facts point the other way, and that as a people we shew ourselves as appreciative of art for art's sake as any other people. There is a great deal of art taste in Toronto, as may be proved by an examination of the valuable pictures, cabinets, and other antique furniture and bric-a-brac which finds a regular sale here, not among those who have money, though it is very necessary to have money, and a great deal of it, to become possessed of these treasures, but in the houses of our cultivated and refined citizens who know what art is, and value it accordingly. Moreover, Canadian art receives its due share of attention from these people, and you will be pointed to a picture of O'Brien's or Bell Smith's exactly as to one by Holman Hunt or Millais. Sweeping denunciations miss of their aim, doing nothing towards an improvement of the conditions denounced.

Let us listen to what Holman Hunt has to say on painting:

"The painters' art is the power of presenting to the spectators an image of an idea disentangled from confusing surroundings and then developed into beauty, not by falsifying the facts, which may appear very imperfect in the example chanced upon, but by study of their typical and essential elements, and putting these together in true relation and harmony, that so other minds shall feel the exaltation which the thought gave to the worker, and that it may be capable of infecting these minds in turn with the desire to extend heaven's harmonious workings among men."

Noble words these, and equally applicable to the study of poetry as of painting.

The second annual spring exhibition of the Woman's Art Club, Mrs. Dignam president, opens to-day.

The Toronto Vocal Society, Mr. Edgar Burke leader, gave its second concert in the Pavilion this week. The soloists were Miss Clementina De Vere, who made her first tourney to a Canadian audience on that occasion; Mr. Franz Wilczek, who has been heard in your city at the Santley concerts, and Mr. Harold Jarvis, a townsman of our

own of whom we are becoming very proud, his fine tenor voice, excellent manner, and painstaking attention to his art promising much in the future.

The chorus of one hundred and fifty voices rendered a difficult programme very satisfactorily; their shading and inflection were particularly well done, and in "O, Take Care," *Dregert*, and "The Rhine Raft Song," *Pinsuti*, they exhibited much skill and precision.

The wonderful power of adaptiveness that is only to be found in the human voice proves how superior it is as an interpreter of musical sounds to any instrument we possess, and under Mr. Burk's training a vocal concert displays peculiarly attractive beauties.

It is only fair to say that in his chorus he counts some of the most educated amateur singers Toronto can boast. The audience was a fashionable one, and by rapturous applause of both chorus and solo manifested its satisfaction.

The Haslam Vocal Society gives a concert on the 28th inst., with Herr Dippel, Myron W. Whitney and Mdlle. Vandel Hende as soloists.

Miss Marie Tempest, of the Lyric Theatre, London, is here next week with the J. C. Duff Opera Company. Miss Tempest's repertoire embraces "The Red Hussar," "Carmen," "Dorothy," and "The Bohemian Girl," a sufficiently varied showing.

The Harmony Club (amateurs) gave "Iolanthe" at the Grand Opera House under the auspices of the Royal Grenadiers.

The Grenadier entertainment has come to be looked upon as quite an event, and a most brilliant audience filled the house, even "the gods" being for the nonce filled by a well-behaved crowd of the city's youth.

Miss Maud Gilmour played *Phyllis*, Mrs. Frank Machelcan, *Queen of the Fairies*, Miss Lash, *Iolanthe*, Mr. A. H. Bell was *Lord High Chancellor*, Messrs. J. A. Macdonald and T. C. Beddoe were the two *Earls*, Mr. J. A. Kirk played *Strophon*, and Capt. Manly was *Private Willis*. The fine band of the regiment acted as orchestra.

The most notable book of the week is "Constitutional Documents of Canada," by William Houston, M.A. (Carswell & Co., Toronto.) Nothing but a full review can give an adequate idea of its value; a partial list of the documents, from which it gives large extracts, will indicate its gist and scope, namely, the treaties of Ryswick, 1697; Utrecht, 1713; Aix-la-Chapelle, 1748; Paris, 1763; Versailles, 1783; Paris, 1814; Ashburton, 1842; Convention of London, 1818, all more or less intimately connected with the interests of Canada, Newfoundland and The Thirteen Colonies. Besides letters, papers, commissions, judgments, &c., are given the full texts of the capitulation of Quebec and Montreal, the Quebec Act, 1774, the Constitutional Act, 1791, the Union Act of 1840, and the Confederation Measure. *The Empire* of the 22nd inst. says, justly: "Such a formidable list is alone enough to make the most casual reader of this work ponder over the vast and intricate negotiations, intellectual labour and stirring state-craft which lie at the basis of that constitutional structure which is so little appreciated by many Canadians who are to-day reaping the reward of decades of weary and unremitting toil, hardship and war, suffered by the founders of this country for the love of their allegiance and the blessings of British liberty and constitutional growth."

Mr. Houston, who is Provincial Legislative Librarian, a member of the University Senate, and a man of great liberality of sentiment, is well known as an indefatigable student of constitutional history and an ardent supporter of the enlargement of the University curriculum by the addition of chairs of Political Economy and Literature. The former chair, which was added only two years since, is ably filled by Professor Ashley, of Oxford.

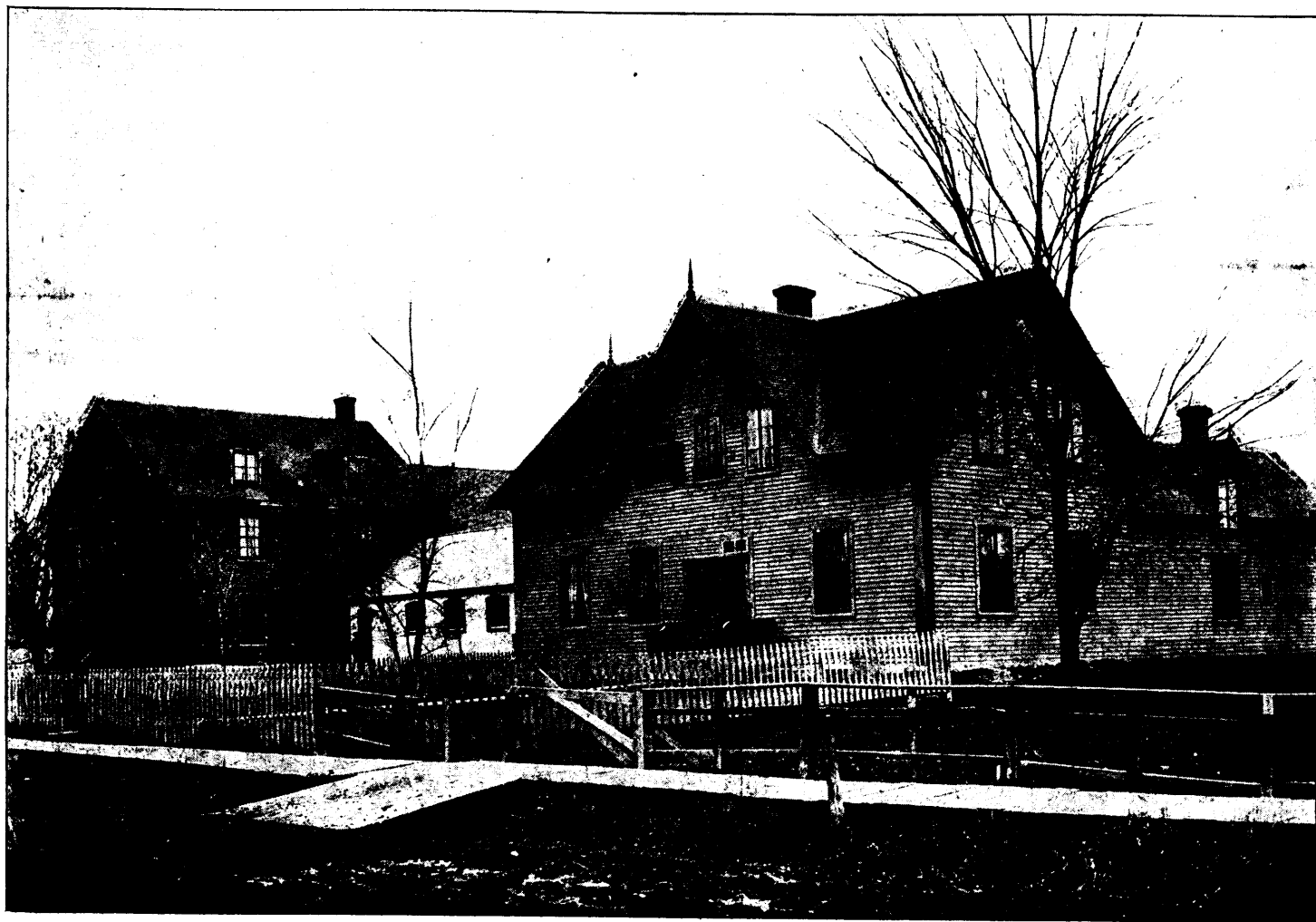
I am glad to know that Mr. Hereward K. Cockin is preparing a series of lectures for the public on literary and national subjects. Mr. Cockin is a fluent speaker and heartily in accord with national aspirations, so that whatever he may have to say will command respectful attention.

Let me take this opportunity of correcting an error in one of my late letters with regard to Mr. Cockin. I find that my information with regard to the personality of "Don," the critic of Mr. Blake, in *Saturday Night*, was wrong, "Don" being Mr. Edmund E. Sheppard, and not Mr. Cockin.

S. A. CURZON.



THE LAST ROSES OF PÆSTUM.
(From the painting by Salles.)



THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL, BERTHIER, QUE.



ON THE LOWER LACHINE ROAD.
(Bridge over the St. Pierre River.)



THE WINNIPEG LACROSSE CLUB.—The Winnipeg Lacrosse Club is the leading organization of its kind in the prairie province. Last summer its senior team won the championship of the Manitoba Lacrosse Association, capturing the challenge cup; and for the second time in succession won the championship of the city of Winnipeg and secured possession of the Drewry cup, which is now their property. The Winnipeg Juniors won the district junior championship and the intermediate provincial championship. The group photograph of the senior team is given in this number. During the past season it played nine matches with three other senior teams in the province and won eight of them, its only defeat being from the Montrealers of this city, the ex-champions of the province. Its record of matches for 1890 was as follows:—May 26th, defeated Ninetieth (of Winnipeg) 5 to 2; June 18th, defeated Brandons 5 to 1; June 19th, defeated Plum Creeks 5 to 2; June 28th, defeated by Ninetieth 3 to 2; July 1st, defeated Brandons 4 to 0; July 19th, defeated Ninetieth 5 to 1; Aug. 30th, defeated Ninetieth 5 to 3, and on Sept. 14th, 5 to 0. The team also visited Grand Forks and played a picked American team, defeating them five goals to nothing. The champion twelve was made up as follows:—R. R. McLennan, goal, probably unsurpassed in this position in Canada; R. McDonald, point, a strapping six-footer and a famous long distance thrower; Oscar McBain, cover-point, a sure and steady player; J. M. Shea, defence fielder, (formerly of the Paris, Ont., Brants) a swift and tireless runner and a brilliant stick handler; T. J. McCrossan, defence fielder, a steady player of some four or five years experience; J. Pitblado, defence fielder, the fastest man of the team; J. G. Harney, centre field, an indefatigable worker and a terrific check; A. G. Chestnut, home fielder, (formerly with the St. Catherines Athletics) a tricky and brilliant player and a persistent scorer; W. E. Ditchburn, home fielder, (formerly of the Ottawa Capitals) an effective and speedy fielder; R. Fleet, home fielder, the "colt" of the team but one of the best players on it; N. McLean, home, easily the best home player in the province, and probably as good as any in the Dominion; and George Tate, inside home, (formerly of the Paris, Ont., Brants) who plays his difficult position admirably. Alex. Dunlop, for many years the inside home player of the team, is captain. The team was regarded last summer as pretty nearly up to the standard of the eastern senior league. Mr. Joseph Lemon is president of the club, which has a membership of about 150 and a playing strength of about 40.

THE BERTHIER GRAMMAR SCHOOL, BERTHIER-HAUT, P.Q.—This institution was founded in 1864, mainly through the indefatigable efforts of the then Rector of Berthier, the late Rev. W. C. Merrick. It has passed through many hands and had many vicissitudes. Five years ago it seemed to be at its lowest ebb. Mr. Max Liebich, the present principal, then came out from England and took it in hand. Since then it has been steadily increasing, and its prosperity seems assured. The building on the left is the main edifice, and it is the one that was always occupied for school purposes. The Rev. E. McManus, when principal, built the house on the left as a private dwelling for himself. Shortly after his leaving Berthier he sold it to the school trustees, who let it to various tenants. In 1889 Mr. Liebich took the house, finding he had not enough room for all the pupils, and placed the gymnasium, which had been meanwhile erected chiefly through the exertions of Lt.-Col. Hanson, in its present position in the centre, where it forms a communication between the two houses. The school is in all respects a first-class boarding school, and prepares either for commercial life or for the universities, giving special attention to the French language.

MAPLE SUGARING IN CANADA.—The two views given on another page are from photographs taken in the sugar woods on the farm of Mr. Wm. McColl, the owner of a splendid property some miles back of Oka, in the county of Two Mountains, P.Q. The maple woods found in some portions of Quebec province are of very considerable value to the owners on account of the syrup and sugar produced from their sap each spring. The most extensive woods are

in the eastern townships, notably in St. Armand, Brome, Missisquoi and Shefford, where farmers tap all the way from 200 to 5,000 trees. The sugar woods are cleared of all other trees and bushes, and may therefore serve as excellent pasture lands in summer. The sugar season begins in the latter part of March or early in April, and may last from one to four weeks according to the weather. Cold nights and warm days make the ideal weather, causing a fine flow of sap, though there is also usually fine flow after a storm. Trees from six inches upward, in diameter, are tapped. The tapping bit or spout penetrates the tree for about an inch, and as it prevents air from entering there is no injury to the tree. The sap drops from this into tin pails, and is gathered by teams, being emptied from the pails into barrels or puncheons. It is hauled to the boiler house, and emptied again into a large receiving tank outside. Inside the boiler house there is a large furnace, with a galvanized iron pan with a capacity of forty or fifty gallons or more, and the boiling process is constantly going on. When boiled down to the right consistency for syrup it is taken off and strained, and then put in cans or kegs for the market or for home as the case may be. If it is intended to reduce it to sugar, the strained syrup is placed in a small pan and boiled down to that form. A gallon of syrup will yield about 5 lbs of sugar. For these photographs we are indebted to Mr. Kerr, amateur photo.

ON THE HUMBER.—With the arrival of summer weather the lakes and streams of Canada awake to new life. In the vicinity of populous centres this is especially the case; no better feature exists among our young people than the love all seem to have for a day's boating. The Humber river is a small stream which rises in the Township of Vaughan, County of York, and falls into Lake Ontario a few miles west of the city of Toronto. All through the summer season, but especially on Saturdays and holidays it is a favourite resort for the young men and maidens of the Queen City, and thus affords opportunities for much whoesome recreation.

SCENE ON THE LOWER LACHINE ROAD.—No drive or walk in the vicinity of Montreal can equal the Lower Lachine Road for variety of scenery. With the rapids dashing down on one side, between islands and picturesque rocks, and the trim farm houses and villas on the other, with their wealth of orchard and farm, the scenes along



THE LATE COUNT VON MOLTKE.

the road are of great beauty. It is not to be wondered at that a drive out to Lachine by the "lower road," passing *en route* the historic house of La Salle and the site of the old King's Posts, is one of the first things which a thoughtful tourist decides on as necessary when visiting Montreal.

THE LATE FIELD MARSHAL COUNT VON MOLTKE.—This distinguished officer, who died on the evening of Friday 24th April, was born in Parchim, Mecklenburg, on the 26th of October, 1800, and was therefore in his 91st year. He was educated for military life, and, his family having removed to Copenhagen first entered the Danish service; in 1822 he went into the army of Prussia, his native land, and received a lieutenant's commission in the 8th Infantry. In 1835 he travelled in Turkey, and by wish of the Sultan aided in the reorganization of its army, remaining with it for several years. In 1839 Syria rebelled against Turkey, and in the campaign which followed, Von Moltke took a prominent part. In 1845 he returned to Prussia and thereafter received rapid advancement, being appointed to the Grand General Staff; in 1849 he became Chief of the Staff of the Fourth Army Corps. In 1858 he was promoted to be Chief of the General Staff of the army, and in 1864 and 1866 planned and carried out the Danish and Austrian wars, in the latter of which he especially distinguished himself by the tactics which inflicted on Austria the crushing defeat of Sadowa. Between 1867 and 1870 he laid careful plans for the rapid action of his army in the event of the war with France, so that when Napoleon declared war, the Prussian army was mobilized and set in action with marvellous rapidity. The extraordinary success of Germany in that campaign was largely due to his brilliant strategy, and on its conclusion, he was appointed Chief Field-Marshal of the Empire; he having previously been raised to the peerage. Notwithstanding his great age, he remained on active duty as Chief of the army until 1888 when he retired, and was succeeded by General Waldersee. Last 26th of October he celebrated his 90th birthday amid general rejoicings and congratulations, particulars of which will be fresh in the recollection of our readers. In addition to his incomparable mastery of the art of war, Von Moltke was a man of unusual culture; being an adept in ancient and modern languages, music, literature, painting, and a liberal patron of the arts and sciences. Quiet and reserved in manner he possessed an inflexible will, and has been aptly called the "Iron Duke" of Germany. His life presents a singular instance of what can be attained by self-mastery, and attention to systematic study. Above all he was devoted and loyal to his Sovereign and to the Fatherland.



The programme which has been arranged for the coming season by the St. Lawrence Yacht Club is bound to meet the approval of all interested in this glorious branch of sport. On May 23rd and 24th the club sweepstake cruising race will be held, open to all classes. The big fellows in class A have June 20th, 27th, July 1st and 11th set apart. The 29 footers have an opening race on June 13th, and then the same dates as class A with the exception of the 20th. The 24 footers will be out on the 13th and 27th of June as well as the 1st and 18th of July. June 20th, 27th, July 1st and 18th fall to the lot of 21 feet boats, while the 18 footers have four consecutive dates, beginning with June 20th. The club is to be congratulated on the rapidity of movement of its hard-working committee, to whose efforts are mainly due the possession of a permanent home for the club. A handsome and commodious structure is now in course of erection, and will, in all probability, be ready for occupation by the middle of next month. Among the attractions of this new institution will be a fully equipped workshop and ways, as well as all the necessary storage room for yachts, small boats and canoes, not to speak of sleeping accommodation for the members. It is likely, too, that the club will extend its line of operations during the coming summer, and half a dozen owners have made known their intention of taking part in the races of the Quebec Yacht Club. To meet the increased expenditure necessitated by the above mentioned improvements it has been deemed necessary to slightly increase the fees, which will hereafter be as follows:—

Senior resident members, entrance fee, \$5, (not enforced until 1st May); annual subscription, \$5. Junior resident members, under eighteen years of age, entrance fee (not enforced until 1st May) \$3; annual subscription, \$2. Non-resident members, residing 20 miles from the Dorval boat house, no entrance fee; annual subscription, \$2.

There was quite a lively time at the annual meeting of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club on Saturday last; the attendance of members was the largest in the history of the club, and excitement ran very high over the election for commodore. Mr. Boswell, Q.C., who filled the position last year, had for an opponent Vice-Commodore Thos. McGaw. For some days previous the friends of both parties had pursued an active canvass, and it was only at midnight that the polls were closed, with the result that Mr. Boswell got the coveted honour. It is such contests as these that keep the members alive and stir up a good healthy interest in the welfare of a club. Some of Montreal's clubs in other branches of sport, at whose annual meetings it is hard work to drum up a quorum, might take a lesson with advantage.

When it became necessary to the minds of several wealthy sportsmen that Montreal should have a first-class jockey club and track, there were many who, seeing the elaborate preparations and the money being spent, said that it would never pay, that it would never be a success, that it was too far out, that there were not horses good enough in Canada to make any kind of a decent race, that if there were such they would not come to Bel-Air because the purses were not large enough to tempt them, that it was no good anyhow, and that settled it to their own satisfaction. Then, when during the first season the beastly weather necessitated a sparse attendance, these croakers chuckled a quiet croak and said, "I told you so."

But the gentlemen at the head of the club were made of sterner stuff than that, and kept at the good work in the face of many difficulties. The expense was great, but they had confidence in themselves and in the public. The latter is bound to put confidence in such a club when it is seen that the owners of horses, those most interested, have every faith in it. This was never better exemplified than in the magnificent entries which have been received for the stake races—the Carslake, the El Padre and the Walker. The gentlemen whose generosity has thus enabled the club to add rich purses to their meeting deserve the thanks of all sportsmen, and the country could get along very well with a few more of like sort. Not counting the entrance fees or the forfeits, nearly \$6,000 in purses and added money will be run for in the three days' meeting. The programme which has just been issued by the secretary is an elaborate one and would do credit to any jockey club. In fact a look over the bill of fare will be sufficient to prove that anybody with a thorough-

bred worth mentioning at all can here find something to his liking. The first day's programme gives us an opening scramble for all ages for a purse of \$275. The second race is the Queen's plate. A \$300 purse for a mile and a sixteenth follows this classic event. The Merchants' purse for \$500, for three year olds and upwards, comes next, and the day's racing will be brought to a close by the "Walker's Club" handicap steeplechase, over two and a half miles. The second day in brief is as follows:—Purse \$275, same conditions as opening race, six furlongs; Canadian Derby, for which there are twelve entries; El Padre handicap, \$1,000, the richest stake of the meeting; Brokers' purse, \$400, and handicap steeplechase, \$350. The Carslake stakes will be the event of the closing day, besides which there will be a six furlong dash, a two mile steeplechase, an open handicap, a mile and a quarter, and a consolation purse of \$200 for the unlucky ones. With such an attractive card as that and the improvements that are being constantly made at the track, where nothing will be left undone to conduce to the comfort of the public, it will be strange indeed if the summer meeting of the B. A. J. C. is not the most successful in the history of racing in Montreal.

But to turn from the thoroughbred to the trotter—the lovers of the latter animal will have ample opportunity to enjoy their favourite sport during the coming summer. Two meetings will be held very close together in the beginning of June, and this will be decidedly convenient for owners by saving travelling expenses. The opening meeting will last three days and will take place at the much improved Fashion Course, Blue Bonnets. A new management has leased the track and they have started out with a will. New pipe drains have been put in, so that the track will not be wet or heavy for any appreciable time. Box stalls of the most comfortable kind are in course of construction, the road leading from the Railway station to the track will be newly macadamized and a broad plank sidewalk laid all the way to the grand stand. If a lavish expenditure of money on sensible improvements goes for anything a new era of prosperity is about to dawn on Blue Bonnets.

If there is a thoroughly mean and despicable personage in the eyes of a horseman it is that bane of the trotting turf, the ringer. There is not anything microscopically small enough to escape him, and he would sooner filch the coppers from defunct parental optics than leave them there. Under these circumstances, when anything can be done to curtail his little operations it is hailed with delight by honest horsemen, and Mr. Sol. White, of Windsor, has merited the thanks of the latter class for introducing a bill into the Ontario Legislature that should help considerably in the good work of suppressing rascality. The bill provides against entering a horse under false name or pedigree, against changing the name of a horse, except under the recognized conditions, against entering an animal in any class to which he is not eligible; and provides "that any person violating any of the provisions contained in this act, shall be guilty of an offence thereunder, and shall, on conviction before any justice of the peace, forfeit and pay a sum not less than \$100 nor more than \$1,000 for each offence, together with costs, and in case of non-payment shall be liable to imprisonment for a term not exceeding six months." A couple of half yearly sentences would do a lot of good, even more than expulsion from a trotting association.

Speaking of trotting, the biggest event in the annals for many years was the organization of the Breeders' Registry Association. During recent years the trouble between "old man" Wallace, who owned the "Register," and the National Association of Trotting Horse Breeders gradually grew worse, and at last it was found necessary that something should be done. This resulted in the great convention held in Chicago last week, when the association was formed and the Wallace Registry plant bought in for \$130,000.

The baseball war has fairly taken hold of our brethren on the other side of the line, and the Italian question and even the Ripper have lapsed into comparative obscurity, while the multitudinous crank pores over the score in the morning papers. The infection, though, is not confined to the United States, for even in Canada we have our cranks. Toronto has several clubs that can put up a very fair game of ball and several other western cities can do likewise. In Montreal there is also to be an amateur league, consisting of five clubs: the Crescents, Clippers, Hawthornes, Beavers or Comets, and one more whose identity is not yet decided

on. These clubs are of the junior type, but for all that on off Saturdays they can depend on having a considerable audience.

The Manhattan Athletic Club had their little laugh at their brethren of the winged foot when the latter openly announced that they would pay professionals for giving boxing exhibitions before the members of their club. But Manhattan would not condescend to encourage professionalism of any sort—oh, dear no; the idea was too horrible. So they got up a little boxing match by all genuine, unimpeachable amateurs. The prizes were to be gold watches, but by some strange freak of nature these gold watches were suddenly transmogrified into cheques. Then a couple of the watches were taken to expert jewellers, who pronounced them worth \$50 apiece. The laws of the A.A.U. distinctly provide that no trophy or prize shall be of greater monetary value than \$35. When brought face to face with this fact, what do you think was the excuse given? Secretary Hughes, of the M.A.C., who runs an athletic bureau at the palatial club house, actually did not know there was any such law, and neither did Captain Cornell. Such innocent people as these two ought soon to expect to find wings sprouting.

The action taken by the delegates to the Senior League has resulted lamentably, and a blow has been dealt the national game that will not be recovered from for many a day. The pursuance of a short-sighted policy that can possibly be of benefit to only one club in the league as it now stands—and even that is a very doubtful quality—has made many of the older heads wonder why clubs should not send men to represent them with an average amount of common sense. However, the business is done now and cannot readily be undone, but there will be great weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth when the books are gone over at the end of the season; and the galling part of the thing will be that the clubs forced out will not be the losers. It is quite likely that before the playing season begins there will be another club which, if not entitled to seniority after the manner of the N.A.L.A., will be able to play well enough to make it very interesting for either Toronto or Montreal, and with home and home matches between such a trio, there would be no danger of particularly poor gates. The scheme is not matured yet, but it is well under way.

The action of the board of directors in admitting the Montreal Cricket Club to its ranks without enforcing membership in the whole association was a good one as far as the interests of the game were concerned. By that means the fees are considerably reduced and a largely increased membership may confidently be looked for. The ground in a few days will be in fairly good condition, and very shortly an excellent wicket will be had. Montreal has been strangely backward in the old game for some time past, and visiting clubs from the United States or across the water have been obliged to give us the go-by and play at such comparatively insignificant places as Napanee. Several American clubs are making preparations for a summer tour in Canada, and if our local club is materially strengthened there is every reason to believe that they might be induced to prolong their stay and pay a visit to the metropolis. The Germantown Club, of Philadelphia, have already fixed three dates for Toronto, July 16, 17 and 18. In the meantime the lady cricketers have not been idle, the Stanley club, of St. Thomas, Ont., having organized for the season with the following officers: Hon. president, Miss Finlay; president, Miss T. Parker; vice-president, Miss M. Reynolds; secretary, Miss A. Walker; treasurer, Miss L. Nelles; committee, Misses A. Frew, W. McKinnon, M. Campbell, M. Jones, E. Adams; captain, Miss Lenore Cullen.

Ottawa is going ahead in the way of organizing new clubs, the latest addition being the Ottawa Golf Club and the Ottawa Riding Club. The former had 50 members on the roll the first evening, and a very suitable ground has been secured. Obtaining the services of an experienced player is the next matter to be attended to. The following are the first year's officers:—President, Hon. Edgar Dewdney; vice-president, Charles Magee; committee, Col. J. MacPherson, Col. Irwin, Dr. Thorburn, J. L. Pierce and W. L. Muller; secretary-treasurer, Alexander Simpson. The Riding club's officers are:—Hon. president, Sir Adolphe Caron; president, Robert Gill; vice-president, T. C. Bate; secretary-treasurer, A. H. H. Powell; committee, Capt. Gourdeau, Neil Stewart, C. D. Graham, R. Brown, D. B. Gordon and C. J. Jones.



TWO BAD EGGS.

"Waiter: 'Bring me a gun. Look sharp.'"

A Pretty Afternoon Dress—Marking—Pretty Stationery.

A pretty afternoon dress that is not expensive, and yet smart-looking, is a thing that is certain to be useful to a great many of us. I think that with such a multitude of new materials it is well to know how best to utilize them, and what are the most effective ways of making them up. Some of those that are universally becoming, such as greys of various shades, are particularly pretty when made up in this style. The original of the design I give was of mouse grey beige, or very thin cloth, and had a double waistband of paler grey satin ribbon, the lower line tied behind with the ends hanging down over the skirt of the dress. I give a back view of the bodice to show that the ribbon of the upper line crosses like *bretelles*, and finishes

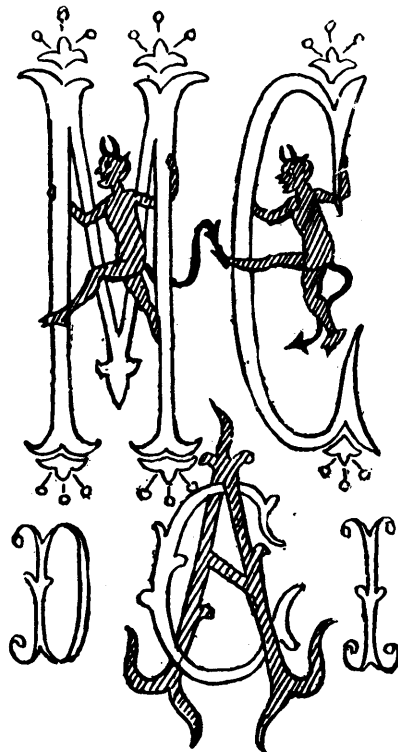


on each shoulder seam, which you will, I am sure, notice as a great novelty. The *guimpe*, or chemisette, was of cream surah, but if a more dressy arrangement is desired I would suggest one of green, with green waistband, or even ruby velvet, and waistband of velvet ribbon. By taking out the *guimpe* and substituting a fichu of soft Indian muslin or gauze *chiffon* the dress will be converted into a costume suitable for home evening wear. In that case a band of the same coloured velvet or ribbon should be worn round the neck to match the lines of the waist-

band, and the muslin being on each side of the neck or chest should fold across the front, making an open V shaped opening to the bodice.

* * *

Marking is a pretty accomplishment that very few ladies take much trouble about, because nowadays they can get it done for them so easily; and yet it is such lovely, dainty work, and there are few nicer presents for either a gentleman or lady friend than some specially fine and good cambric pocket-handkerchiefs, nicely marked with either monogram or initials by the donor's fair hands. I give some designs of letters for marking either handkerchiefs or table napery, and any one with a little ingenuity can develop any other letters they require from these in the same style. To mark really successfully it is best to draw your letters very clearly and correctly on a piece of note-paper, out-lining them quite distinctly in ink. Then fold this two or three times, so as to make it thick and firm, and tack it into the corner of



your handkerchief, so that a line from the centre of the corner would come up in the exact middle of your letters. A great deal of the success of the embroidery depends on the tacking, which should be done most carefully in and

out of all the little interstices of the letters, so as to make the cambric lie perfectly tight and smooth on the paper. Now with your fine embroidery cotton follow out the pattern in a fine running stitch till it is all traced round. The thick parts of the letters will need stuffing to make them stand up in high relief. This is best done by using a coarse, soft cotton, like darning cotton, or thick, loose embroidery cotton, which, when necessary, may be used double. Work backwards and forwards in ordinary chain-stitch, so as to make it firm and hard till you have made it stand up above the level of the cambric. When all the thick parts of the letters are stuffed, then take your fine embroidery cotton and work the whole in satin-stitch very closely, so that the threads make a smooth, even, shiny surface like satin. I am a great advocate for using coloured cotton sometimes for the initial of the surname, or to outline letters with, as it makes them more distinct, and is thus of great service to the laundress, who can quickly see it when sorting the handkerchiefs. I hope it is not great treason to say so, but in the marking of stockings and underclothes I must confess that I am heartily tired of the old rigid sampler style of cross stitch marking, and immensely prefer the quicker and quite as effective chain-stitch, which does not necessitate that daz'ingly, fidgety business of counting threads. Well embroidered monograms are also very pretty on the covers of furniture when they are of some plain material like brown holland or linen, and not a chintz or cretonne. They are also very effective on counterpanes, afternoon tea-table cloths, etc., etc., and, of course must be sufficiently large to show up well.

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Pretty stationery is, I confess, a great weakness of mine, and I am always on the look-out for it. I fear our English stationers are not very enterprising, for nearly all the very prettiest writing paper comes from Paris and Vienna. I was prowling about the other day in one of my favourite "hunting grounds," in the neighbourhood of New Bond street, and I saw most lovely kinds of note-paper that were quite a novelty. Some were adorned with the rich purple heads of the heartsease flower dotted about at the top, which was certainly a pretty suggestion. Nothing but sweet, soothing words ought to be written on that paper. It would be a horrible travesty of these favourite blossoms to write some of the snappy things that people's relatives all over the world seem occasionally to delight in doing. The other two kinds were also very new, and consisted, the first of a pale green brocade pattern, very finely drawn all over the paper, and the other covered with quaintly-printed thread lines in pale blue, like blue linen, which was very neat, and unlike any of the various kinds to which we have been treated for a long time.