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THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF PARLIAMENT OF CANADA, IN THE YEAR 1889, AT THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.

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VIEW OF BELŒIL LAKE, P.Q., LOOKING EAST FROM WHARF.

The Dominion Illustrated.

\$4.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

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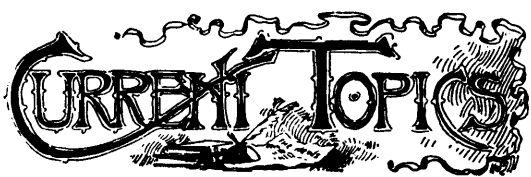
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18th OCTOBER, 1890.

Our Christmas Number.

The Christmas number of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED, which will be ready early in December, will be the finest publication of its kind both in letter-press and illustrations that Canada has ever produced. Some of the foremost writers of the day will contribute prose and poetry to its pages and no expense is being spared to make it, in artistic beauty and literary merit, worthy of our great Dominion. Early orders are requested.



A new stage in our national development has been reached by the movement set afoot in Ontario by Col. T. G. Denison and other patriotic men for the commemoration of the glories of our past. The celebration of the anniversary of Queenston Heights cannot fail to have a good result in educating our young people in true patriotism and in devotion to the best traditions of "the brave days of old."

The New York *Bulletin* is explicit in its preference for British judicial methods, which might, it thinks, be imitated with advantage in the United States. With the dispatch that characterized a trial which, nevertheless, was (in view of its importance and the multitude of witnesses to be examined) of unusual length for Canada, the *Bulletin* contrasts a murder case of startling interest lately in progress in New York, in which five or six days were exhausted in empaneling the jury alone. And this is but one of many delays to which every attempt to secure justice is subjected under the prevailing American system. Another point of contrast is the demeanour of the people, who, assured that no effort will be omitted to bring every fact to light and to weigh the evidence impartially, await the issue without that distrust of judges and jury which, beyond the border, sometimes threatens, sometimes even commits an open defiance of the law.

Courtesy and regard for the feelings of others are never thrown away. Even if they do not bear fruit in the way of grateful recognition, they prove their own reward to those who exercise them. The result is sometimes, however, more substantial, and this may be the case in the intercourse between communities as well as in that between individuals. It may be with a lively sense of favours to come that Canada takes so generous an interest in the Jamaica Exhibition, and, on the other hand, it may have been the conviction that their commercial position in the West Indies was assured which permitted our neighbours to treat the enterprise with disrespect. It is quite possible, nevertheless, that the slight may not pass with impunity. The *Jamaica Standard*, in commenting on the contrast presented by Canada's demeanour to that of the United States, makes the following significant remarks:—"It is possible that our friends in the United States do not think it worth while to take any special interest in our exhibition because they are satisfied that they will under any circumstances have the biggest of the export and

import trade with the colony. It is possible, however, that they will in this matter reckon without their host, and that they are presuming too much on the advantage of geographic position and the superiority of their industrial resources. That the friendly conduct of the Dominion will tend to strengthen the commercial and political ties between the two colonies cannot be doubted, and friendly sentiment is no unimportant factor in determining the commercial relations of kindred communities. There are, moreover, few articles which we get from the United States that cannot on quite as favourable terms be obtained from Canada, and, everything else being equal, the predilection is likely to be more than ever in favour of Canada."

There is a movement afoot to revive the ginseng trade with China. The curious history of the growth and decline of this trade under the Old Régime is told in the comprehensive memoir of M. Querdisien Tremais, who was sent out to inquire into the financial condition of the colony in the years just preceding its transfer to Great Britain. From time immemorial the species of *Panax* known as ginseng has been in demand among the Chinese as a medicine, and it is still highly prized. The officers of the French East India Company, learning of its existence in Canada, began towards the middle of the last century to carry it to the East, but the Company, on ascertaining the extent and value of the traffic, took it out of their hands. The Company found it profitable, after a while, to pay thirty-three francs a pound for it, and ordered the agents at Quebec to buy all that was offered for sale. The result was that the farmers and others neglected their ordinary business to engage in ginseng gathering, and, ultimately, so many persons devoted themselves to this pursuit, and the eagerness to make fortunes by it became so intense, that the herb placed on the market was gathered out of season and carelessly manipulated. The consequence was that large quantities of it, transported to Rochelle, remained unsold, or reaching China through vessels of other nations, made such a bad impression on the Oriental buyers, that they declined thereafter to purchase the Canadian article. In Manchuria a like imprudent zeal made the once highly esteemed ginseng of that region so scarce that only the interposition of authority prevented its extermination. In modern times the best supply has come from Corea. It is also cultivated in Japan, as well as in I-chang and other districts of the Middle Kingdom. Consul C. T. Gardner, to whose interesting report we have already referred, mentions *Panax Schinseng* among the plants and vegetable substances that form articles of trade in his consular jurisdiction, and says that it is used as a tonic. He gives a long list of herbs employed in treating various maladies—some of which being poisonous, he classes as heroic remedies. Among other articles used in medicine, he mentions snakes' skins, wasps' nests, the cast pupal shell of the cicada, a certain fossil reduced to powder, and and other substances even more nauseous than curious.

It may be remembered that Senor Romero, the Mexican Minister at Washington, who, in his official capacity, attended the Pan-American Conference as a delegate from his own government, generously undertook to gratify the curiosity of a puzzled and anxious public as to the real issue of Mr. Blaine's polyglot gathering. Perhaps polyglot is too strong a term to apply to an assembly in which at most only four and practically only two languages were spoken. M. Romero divides the delegates into Latin-American and Anglo-American. But, if we have regard to the interests involved, we find that the Southern element in the Conference consisted of several cliques or factions, which only combined occasionally as against a common foe. Whatever distrust of the United States, as the nation which had originated the movement, may have existed in the first place among the Central and South American delegates was not diminished when the representatives of the two continents came together. M. Romero

deplores the ignorance of Spanish which was the rule among the northerners. He also mildly deprecates an even graver deficiency, which he hardly knows how to characterize, though every one of his Latin colleagues quickly became aware of it—the absence of that courtesy and deference which are deemed essential by southern peoples, but are too much disregarded by Anglo-Saxons. The contrast, M. Romero testifies, was very apparent when the members of the Latin and Teutonic races came in contact. The choice of Mr. Blaine as president gave dissatisfaction primarily to a few, ultimately (through his inability to attend to his duties) to all the delegates. By way of remedy, it was proposed that there should be four vice-presidents, representing the four sections of Latin America—the Atlantic and Pacific countries of the Southern continent, the republics of Central America and Mexico. The suggestion was not accepted, a plan of rotation being adopted instead, but this proving impracticable, owing to the consequent diversity of rulings from the chair, the ballot ultimately settled the question. A Peruvian delegate obtained the first, a Mexican the second vice-presidency. The proceedings were repeatedly interrupted by absurd misunderstandings, sometimes of racial, sometimes of sectional origin. Difference of opinion also arose on the question whether delegates should give their individual views or be bound by the instructions of their respective governments. The committees appointed by Mr. Blaine were not altogether a success—the most serious troubles arising in the Welfare or Arbitration Committee. Jealousy and distrust of the United States some of the delegates from abroad made no attempt to conceal. The failure of the attempt to establish reciprocity treaties (the plan of customs unions being soon recognized as impossible) was mainly due to this prevailing fear of United States predominance. The chief issue of the Conference, M. Romero concludes, was that it left at Washington a better impression of the intelligence of the stranger delegates and of Central and South American civilization.

The presence in Canada of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, author of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," suggests memories of the great struggle which, nearly thirteen years ago, pitted two sections of the United States against each other in deadly conflict. Ever since the uncouth and inexperienced Tyrtaeus raised by his inspiring strains the courage of the late despairing Spartans, the war-song has been a power in the development of civilization. Long before Tyrtaeus, indeed, Moses and Miriam and Deborah and Barak sang songs of triumph for the defeat of their enemies, and still earlier in the world's strange history, savage tribes lifted their untrained voices in defiance or exultation. The part played by poetry and music in the wars and feuds of race and clan, of party and creed, has been by no means insignificant. Did not a wise Scotchman say that if one were permitted to make the ballads of a nation, he need not care who made the laws? And did not one who was both poet and soldier say that he never heard an old song but he found his heart moved as with a trumpet? Many a heart has Mrs. Howe's "Battle Song" moved as with a trumpet, calling them to arms for the defence of all they prized most. She has herself told us how it came to be written. Like the issue of the struggle which prompted it, darkness shrouded it as it first took shape on the paper. In December, 1861, Mrs. Howe, in company with Dr. Howe and Governor and Mrs. Andrew, paid a visit to Washington. The war was the absorbing topic of thought and conversation. Indications of the intense anxiety that prevailed met the eye everywhere. Pickets guarded the line of the railroad, and the gallop of horsemen, the tramp of infantry, the noise of drum, fife and bugle, made the air quick with ominous sounds. Returning one day with the Rev. James Freeman Clarke and other friends from attending a review of the troops, Mrs. Howe and her companions beguiled the time (for the multitude of soldiers on the road made progress difficult and slow) by singing army songs. Waking early next

morning, Mrs. Howe felt the pathetic yet rousing John Brown song ringing in her ears, and getting out of bed while it was still dark, she tried to put fitting words to it. What she indited in the dim twilight she subsequently deciphered and copied, and, on her return to Boston, handed the finished poem to James T. Fields, then editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*. In that magazine it duly appeared, but it was not for a considerable time afterwards that it awoke the popular enthusiasm with which it has long been associated. Mrs. Howe has received a welcome in Toronto worthy of her character and fame, and of a life spent in the cause of humanity.

OUR ECONOMIC RESOURCES.

In the *Montreal Gazette* for the 20th of August, 1827, the announcement is made that a society has been established in this city to promote the study of natural history in general and of these provinces in particular. The society was organized on the 16th of May in the year aforementioned for the purpose of directing attention to the great variety of productions with which nature had favoured Canada; to make illustrative collections and to afford a convenient centre for observation, inquiry and discussion. S. Sewell, Esq., was elected president; Cols. Hill and Mackay and Dr. Wm. Caldwell were chosen vice-presidents; Dr. A. F. Holmes and Mr. J. S. McLeod, secretaries; Mr. H. Corse was made treasurer; Mr. H. H. Cunningham, librarian and cabinet keeper, and Rev. H. Esson, Dr. J. Stephenson and Mr. J. M. Cairns were constituted a committee. The first report of this society—well known to many of our readers as the Natural History Society of Montreal—was extremely encouraging—the progress achieved in the early months of its existence exceeding the anticipation of its founders. During the long interval that has elapsed since its formation, the society has proved eminently useful in promoting the knowledge of our natural resources and by collecting and arranging specimens, affording an opportunity of determining their character and value. In this work, however, it has not been alone. The Literary and Historical Society of Quebec, though its name implies objects different from those just enumerated, did not reject contributions on natural science, nor did it fail to establish a museum which should contain examples of our natural wealth. It had already been in operation for three years when the Montreal Society began its career. Eastward the Nova Scotia Institute of Natural Science and the Natural History Society of New Brunswick, and westward the Canadian Institute, the Ottawa Field Naturalists' Club and Literary and Scientific Society, the Hamilton Association, the Winnipeg Historical and Scientific Society, and several other organizations in various parts of the country have devoted attention to the investigation of our physical geography, rocks, soil, fauna and flora. Our Geological and Natural History Survey, which will soon be celebrating its jubilee, has undertaken officially the task in which the societies have been voluntarily engaged, and the provincial governments have contributed in diverse ways to extend the knowledge of our natural resources. The Agricultural and Horticultural Societies and Fruit Growers' Associations and the Central and other Experimental farms may be mentioned as contributing to the same result. On the whole, therefore, there is no lack of agencies, both public and private, for promoting the knowledge of Canada's manifold products. All over our portion of the continent hundreds of persons are occupied in researches into the mineralogy, the botany, the entomology, of the successive districts, and every year fresh gains are added to the data already acquired. From as far north as Hudson's Bay, and even the Arctic Ocean, expeditions of inquiry have brought back valuable information touching the yield of both land and water, while from Atlantic to Pacific there is not a tract of country whose natural capabilities have not been fairly ascer-

What is still needed, however, is a comprehen-

sive showing of the economic worth of all the productions of Canada that are conveniently accessible for purposes of manufacture and trade, with an enumeration of the uses which they may severally serve. In Ontario, for instance, or British Columbia or New Brunswick, there must, in all probability, be products of mine or forest, of field, river or lake, which have never yet been turned to profitable account in the arts and industries. Statements have doubtless been published again and again in which such products are incidentally mentioned. But those statements may have come under the notice of only a limited number of readers and may have escaped the observations of the very persons to whom some of the articles in question would be of practical interest. This is not a merely hypothetical case, but one of which Canada has unhappily had frequent experience. Chance has occasionally revealed to a tourist, engaged in manufacture, a Canadian mineral which just met his actual wants. But for Mr. Henry Moore, who visited Canada not long since, the bulk of the English fertilizer-makers would have remained in ignorance of our phosphate lands. English paper-makers are importing pulp woods from Norway which they could get more cheaply from New Brunswick. Instances of this kind might be multiplied. The moral of them is that if Canada's products are to be appreciated abroad, Canadians must make them known, must push them in foreign markets. It is not enough to wait till the managers of some industrial museums invite our authorities to send them specimens of Canadian forest trees, or minerals or cereals or fisheries. Whatever is found between the three oceans and the American boundary line that is of economic value, it is the duty of Canadians to advertise until the whole world knows as much about it as we do ourselves. There never was a better time than the present, moreover, for compiling an exhaustive *catalogue raisonnée* of Canada's natural products. Whatever is yielded by our mines, forests, soil, waters, whatever can be used for food or fodder, for clothes, for ornament, in building, in manufacture, in the arts, or may contribute directly or indirectly to the increase of the world's wealth or to the comfort and security of human life, should be published abroad as among the economic resources of the Dominion.

In order to make such a catalogue complete and trustworthy, the coöperation of all the societies already mentioned with the departments of the general and local governments specially concerned ought to be directed to the task of revision. Experts might take in hand the classification of the different sections. We have models for such classification in the statements prepared by the Geological Survey for the great exhibitions. The product is described; the localities where it is found are mentioned; the extent to which it has been developed for home manufacture or export abroad is indicated, and other particulars are added for the satisfaction of inquirers. Our forests, our fisheries, our economic fauna, our agricultural products have also been described in some detail in various publications. But no single book of reference, showing at a glance what products Canada has to exchange with other lands, and in what countries a market has been or might be found for them has yet been compiled. The present crisis in our economic history demands that no expedient which would tend to the advantageous development of all the resources of the Dominion should be left untried, and the first thing necessary is to make sure what those resources are, where they are situated and what their value may be compared with like products in other parts of the world. Every local society which contributes something to the aggregate of such economic data is doing a work that must promote the prosperity of the Dominion.

FROM WORDS TO ACTION.

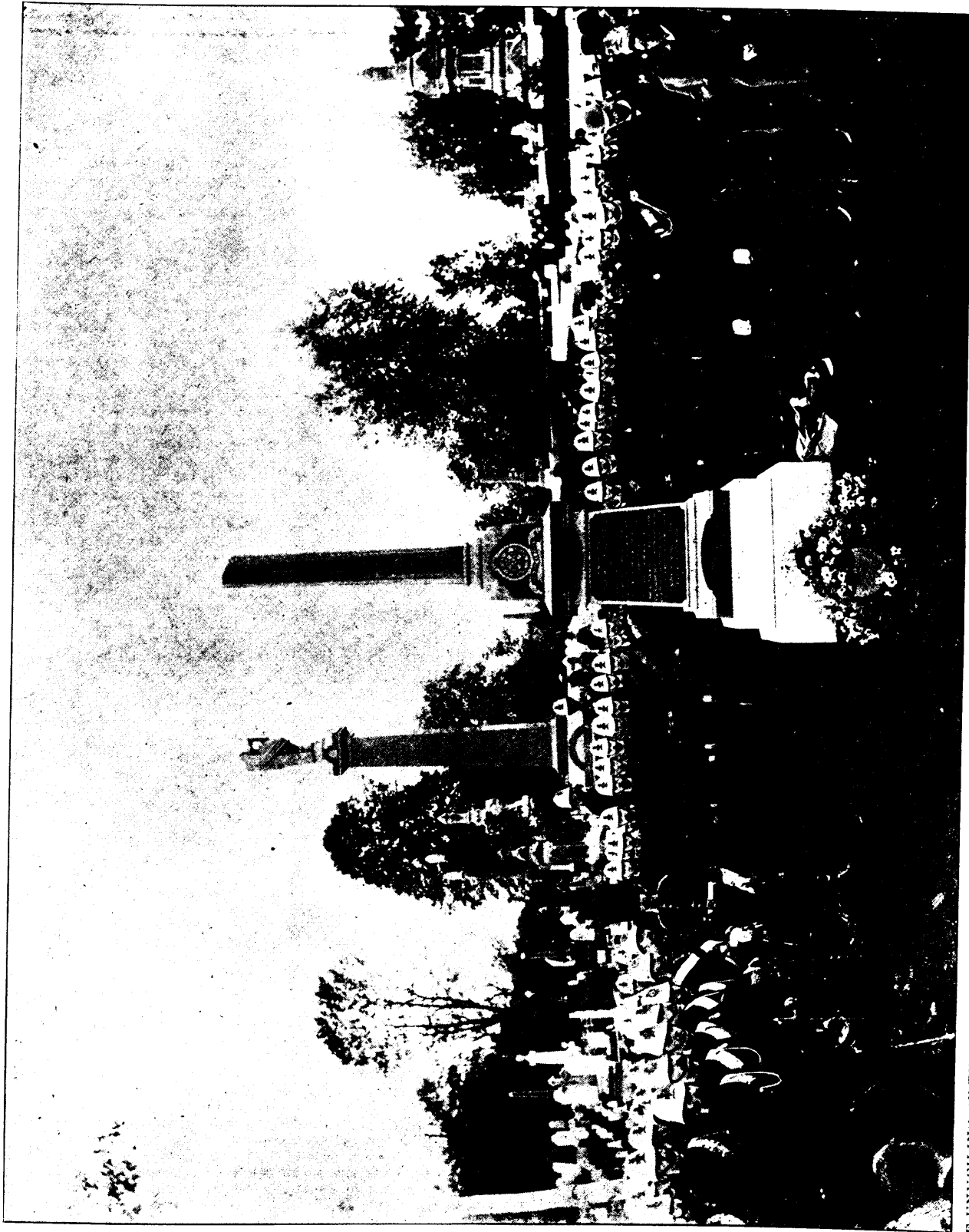
Some time ago, in connection with the meeting of the Forestry Congress at Quebec, we gave a brief survey of the state of forest administration in Canada, as modified by the movement begun about

nine or ten years ago. How little has really been done, notwithstanding all that has been written on the subject, is disclosed by the recommendations put forward at the Quebec Conference. Most of them are virtually the same that were proposed, discussed and adopted at the Montreal congress eight years ago. The chief advantage gained in the interval is that, thanks to the earnest efforts of a few practical men, officially or through inclination interested in the subject, the public mind is better prepared for the suggested changes than it was in 1882. Of words we have had enough from both experts and amateurs. The forestry agitation has swept over the whole continent and beyond it. Indeed, as we have already pointed out, the movement in Great Britain anticipated the American awakening by several years, and as Great Britain implies a good share of Asia, Africa, Oceania and America, public attention had been directed to the waning of the forest primeval in Australia, Ceylon, India and South Africa, before cis-Atlantic enthusiasts began to spread the alarm. The comprehensive report which we have already summarized is evidence of the fact. We may add that in England the agitation was not fruitless, for the simple reason that it was only necessary to cross the channel to find in operation an admirable system of forestry education and management. It has been computed that, had our Viking Motherland continued to place dependence on wooden walls, long since every oak (not to speak of other timber) would have been exterminated from the face of the "tight little island." On the continent they were more provident. Both in France and Germany it was long ago foreseen that, at the actual rate of destruction, even the apparently endless contiguity of shade which had won the admiration of Roman writers two thousand years ago, would within an appreciable time have disappeared from the Fatherland, thus causing all kinds of damage to the denuded regions. Due precautions were, therefore, taken. Forest conservation and renewal became an affair of state, and the state took care that its salutary provisions were not disregarded.

Some of our readers who visited France last year may doubtless have been attracted to the forestry exhibit of the Exposition, one of its most interesting and instructive features. In the admirable report prepared by M. H. de Parville it may be advantageously studied. We are not surprised, therefore, to find that, among the papers read at the Quebec Congress, one of the most practically valuable (that of Mr. J. X. Perrault) is based on the French administrative system. Mr. Perrault, who has a right to speak with authority, being secretary to the Quebec Forestry Association, counsels the prompt adoption and enforcement in this province of the French plan of forestry regulation and supervision. He recommends the Government to send to the Forestry School of Nancy a few intelligent young men, who in due time would be qualified to take the direction of our forests. He would have the whole provincial domain divided into five forest regions—those of the Ottawa, the St. Maurice, the Saguenay, the Eastern Townships and Gaspésie, and each division placed in charge of a trained superintendent, with a trained staff of assistants. The pith of his paper, however, lies in the recommendation of the "coupe réglée," by which plan the yearly cut is not to surpass a twentieth of the timber growth within any division. The remaining 95 per cent is left to its natural development and strictly protected from aggression. The other regulations concerning the supply of the market, the safe and economical preparation of the timber, guarding against forest fires, issue naturally from the central feature of the system. As the main objection to any innovation of this kind is its expense, Mr. Perrault disabuses the minds of his readers on that point. He urges that, once the system is in operation (and to this end trained experts are a primary necessity) it will be greatly cheaper in the end, saving the country the waste of one of its most precious resources, and preventing (what is sure to come if some plan of precaution be not applied) the gradual exhaustion of our forests—a nemesis that has overtaken lands as richly endowed as our own.



SKETCHES AT BRITANNIA VS. MONTREAL FOOTBALL MATCH. 11th OCTOBER.
(By our special artist.)



THE UNVEILING OF THE MONUMENT TO THE LATE JOHN H. SAMUEL, VICTORIA RIFLES, IN MOUNT ROYAL CEMETERY, MONTREAL, ON 11th OCTOBER



JAMES HANNAY, ESQ., HISTORIAN, EDITOR OF THE ST. JOHN, N.B., "GAZETTE."—James Hannay, whose portrait we publish in this issue of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED, is one of the best known literary and newspaper men in Canada. He was born in Richibucto, Kent Co., N.B., April 22, 1842. His father was the Rev. James Hannay, minister, at Richibucto, of the Established Church of Scotland. His mother was Jane Salter, member of a family long settled in Hants Co., Nova Scotia. His father's family is a very ancient one, and belonged to Lorbie, Wigtownshire, Scotland, in which county James Hannay, sr., was born. That well-known critic and author, James Hannay, the friend of Thackeray and his contemporaries, was a member of the same family. The subject of our sketch was educated in Scotland, and studied law in St. John, N.B. In 1866 he was called to the Bar of New Brunswick. A year later he became reporter of the Supreme Court of that Province, and held this position with great acceptance until 1876. During his incumbency he published two valuable volumes of Law Reports, covering the decisions of the court, 1867-72, inclusive. He early established a connection with the press of his native province, and from 1863 onward he regularly held important posts on the daily and weekly newspapers of St. John. From 1872 to 1883 he was editor of the *St. John Telegraph*. From 1883-84 he occupied a similar position on the *Montreal Herald*. Tempted by a good offer from the *Brooklyn Eagle*, he left Canada in 1885 and joined the staff of that able journal, first as general writer, then as literary editor, and finally as associate editor. In 1888 he returned to St. John, N.B., to accept the chief editorship of the *St. John Gazette*, which, under his conduct, has assumed a notable place in the press of the Maritime Provinces. The paper has been three times enlarged, and is now the largest daily in the Lower Provinces of the Dominion. Mr. Hannay is a far-seeing and brilliant editor, a writer of elegant and correct English, and a man of quick perception and broad views. His style is admirable in form and texture. With the development of his genius as a journalist has grown his fame as an author in prose and poetry. When quite a young man, he wrote poems over the signature of "Saladin" for the *St. John Courier* and other newspapers, which attracted the attention of a wide and cultured circle of readers. Over his own name he published at intervals the ballads of Acadia, an apostrophe to the River St. John, a number of sketches of the early forts in New Brunswick, and several spirited tales in *Stewart's Quarterly*, 1867-72. He is the author of numerous ballads and minor poems, short stories, sketches and lectures. In 1875 he published the "Captivity of John Gyles," with notes. His elaborate and scholarly "History of Acadia,"—the best work on the subject—appeared in 1879 from the press of J. & A. Macmillan, St. John, N.B., and Sampson, Low & Co., London. In 1883 he wrote the "Story of the Queen's Rangers," one of the Loyalist regiments in the war of the Revolution, and he has just completed a work which he has had in hand for several years, entitled, "A History of the War of 1812," which will be published shortly, and promises to take a high position in the historical literature of this country. Mr. Hannay has identified himself with several learned bodies in Canada. He is vice-president of the New Brunswick Historical Society, historian of the Loyalists' Society, corresponding member of the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec, and of the Nova Scotia Historical Society. He has lectured frequently before the latter society and the members of the St. John Mechanics' Institute. Mr. Hannay's literary manner is worthy of the highest praise. It is rich in force, thought, diction and originality. As an historical writer he has no superior in Canada, while his lighter work is easy and graceful. At the age of 48, he is in the very zenith of his power as a scholar, thinker and writer. In 1864 he espoused the hand of Margaret, daughter of Elias T. Ross, of St. John.

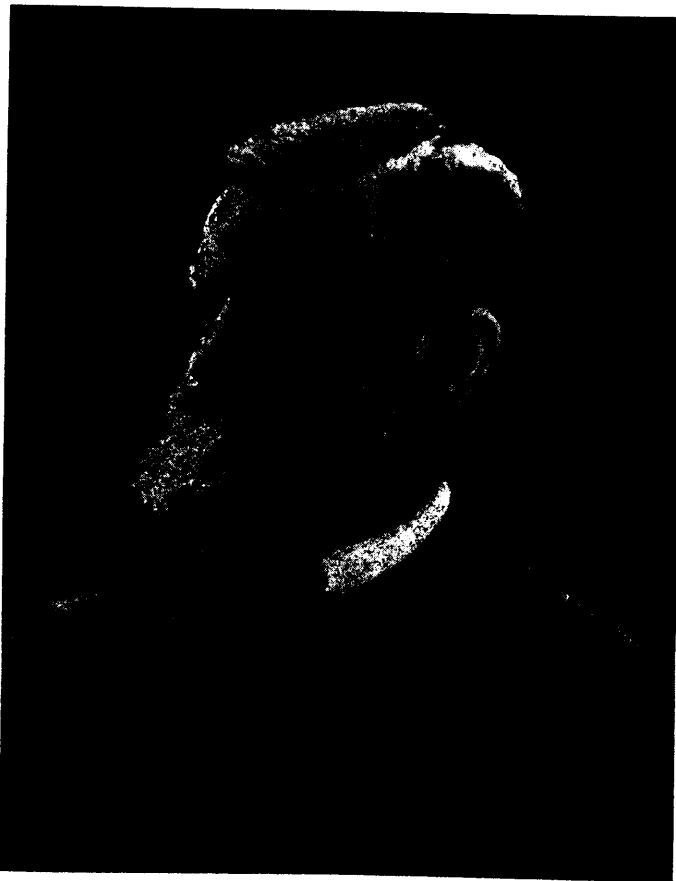
SAND BANKS, ONT.—Of all Nature's wonderful masterpieces, this unique reach of white hills is among her most beautiful and weird. They are situated on the shore of Lake Ontario, about ten miles from Picton, in the County of Prince Edward, and visitors passing to them through Picton, thus have occasion to drive over one of the pleasantest roads in Ontario, bordered in summer-time with waving grain fields, gardens and groves of rich-foliaged

trees of many varieties. Here are two fine views of the hills by a Picton artist, Mr. W. F. Johnston, who has taken first prize on work exhibited at the Art Association of Canada, Toronto. One shows the southerly limit of the hills, with the lake and its rocky shore in the foreground. The second view shows the lake in the distance, and is a characteristic one of the hills, although there are arid reaches where no trees are found, only fragments of time-shattered limbs and roots. The hills are certainly a beautiful curiosity, and travellers from many parts of America come to visit them and rest awhile by the great shore.

MILITARY BALL AT NIAGARA.—This animated scene will, we believe, have attractions for both our fair readers and their martial friends. It is not without significance that, among the uniformed figures which give life and colour to the picture, the soldiers of United States as well as of Canadian regiments are represented. Let us hope that their presence in the historic town may be always as pacific, but Niagara has memories of less friendly intercourse with the warriors of the Republic.

SOUTH FALL, JACQUES CARTIER RIVER.—This characteristic example of the scenery of this province is in continuation of the series of engravings illustrative of the Jacques Cartier River, of which a portion has already appeared.

LAKE ON BELLEIL MOUNTAIN, P.Q.—The series of views here presented gives a fair idea of the nature and variety of the attractions that draw so many pleasure-seekers to this delightful locality. Belleil is interesting to the naturalist and to the student of history as well as to the lover of the picturesque. It is one of those eruptive masses of rocks of manifold and often curious structure which are so remarkable a feature of the Palaeozoic plain around, and especially south and south-east of Montreal. These rocks vary in the



JAMES HANNAY, Esq.

different elevations of this irregular circumvallation, being of olivine-diabase in Montarville, Rougemont and (though in different proportions) in Mount Royal, while in Belleil they are partly of augite-syenite, partly of nepheline-syenite. The Natural History Society of Montreal, under the direction of Sir J. W. Dawson, Dr. Baker Edwards, Dr. Sterry Hunt and other men of science have, more than once, made Belleil the destination of their annual excursion. To our French Canadian fellow-citizens the mountain has acquired claims to veneration from the visit of the saintly Bishop Forbin-Janson. The seeker of recreation may go farther and fare worse, and our group of engravings shows what resources for outdoor amusement its forest-clad sides, with the lovely lake there nestling, affords in the summer season. Among the advantages of the spot we must not forget to mention the admirable hotel accommodation.

FOOTBALL MATCH.—For particulars of this not unfamiliar scene our readers are respectfully referred to the account under the heading of "Sports and Pastimes," in another page of this issue.

UNVEILING OF MONUMENT TO THE LATE MR. J. H. SAMUEL.—This impressive ceremony, both creditable and gratifying to the friends of the late Mr. J. H. Samuel, who lost his life, through accident, while discharging his duty as a volunteer during the opposition that arose in this city to the enforcement of vaccination in the cause of the public security, took place on Saturday, the 11th inst., in the Mount Royal Cemetery. As Rev. Canon Ellegood remarked,

the erection of a monument to the young soldier's memory was a "righteous and graceful act" on the part of the Victoria Rifles, the citizens of Montreal and the Dental Association of the Province of Quebec, of which body the deceased was a member. Ever faithful in the discharge of duty and possessed of a disposition which endeared him to all, it was but fitting that the memory of such a life, suddenly cut short in its prime, should be honoured, and as long, at least, as the hard stone lasts that memory will endure. The monument which marks the last resting place of Mr. Samuel is of grey Massachusetts granite, and is in the form of a broken pillar, on a high, square base, symbolical of a life ended long ere it reached the allotted span. On the pedestal are cut the arms of the Victoria Rifles' Association, and beneath is the following inscription:

In memory of
JOHN H. SAMUEL,
A member of the Victoria Rifles of Canada,
Who was accidentally shot while on duty with his regiment at the Montreal Hospital grounds on the 3rd of October, 1885. Erected by the City of Montreal, the Victoria Rifles and the Dental Association of the Province of Quebec as a tribute of respect and regret for the loss of a young life of much promise.
Born 31st October, 1859; died 3rd October, 1885.

Around this stone the ceremony of unveiling took place, there being gathered a number of civilians, and drawn up in three sides of a square there stood in open order a detachment of the Victoria Rifles of Canada and commanding officers of sister corps. The volunteers having met at the armory, marched to the cemetery by way of Cathcart street, Union avenue, Sherbrooke street, Park avenue and Fletcher's field. The officers of the Victoria Rifles present were Lieut.-Col. Henshaw, in command; Major Radiger, Major Starke, Capt. Beckett, Busted, Meakins; Lieuts. Badgley, Guy, Townshend, Pope, Stewart, and Surgeon Campbell, whilst other battalions were represented by Lieut.-Cols. Massey, Crawford, Caverhill, Davidson, Major McArthur; Capt. Ibbotson, Des Troismaisons, Desnoyers, Pelletier, Lieut. Roy and Sergt.-Major Gauthier. At the request of Rev. Canon Ellegood, chaplain of the Victoria Rifles, Rev. James Barclay, of whose congregation Mr. Samuel was a member, pulled aside the Canadian flag with which the monument was veiled, the Vics. at the same time presenting arms and their band sending forth the grandly solemn strains of the Dead March in "Saul." Rev. Canon Ellegood then repeated the Lord's Prayer, and as his voice fell on the still autumn air, which was disturbed by scarce a sound, save the rustling of the leaves as they gently fell from overhead, the words were reverently taken up by those who, with bowed heads, stood around. The Rev. Canon Ellegood then paid a worthy tribute to the memory of Mr. Samuel, referring to his virtues as a soldier and a citizen, and to his loveable qualities in social and domestic life, after which Rev. Mr. Barclay spoke touchingly of his life and death, closing with this appropriate aspiration: "Be it ours, I say again, to pray and strive that, when we are gone, some sweet voices, soft and low though they may be and heard only by those who loved us, shall still speak lovingly and wisely from the other side of life's borderland, and when they shall lay us in the dust and shall turn to tread again the busy pathways of life they shall be able to pronounce a blessing on our name, as we pronounce it today on our brother, and shall say one to another: "He being dead yet speaketh." The impressive ceremony was at an end. The volunteers formed into marching order and proceeded to the Vics' Armory, where they dispersed; the civilians slowly wended their way citywards, and one who was honoured in life and not forgotten in death was left to sleep peacefully on beneath his flowery coverlet.

FIRE AT THE PILLOW-HERSEY COMPANY'S ROLLING MILL.—Many of our Montreal readers may recognize this scene of desolation as the site of the Pillow-Hersey Manufacturing Company's Rolling Mills on Conde street, Point St. Charles. About midnight on the night of Friday, the 10th inst., one of the workmen discovered fire in the main workshop and the company's private alarm communicating with No. 9 Station on Island street was sounded, and a general alarm, followed by a second and a third, was sent out from No. 9, bringing the whole brigade to the scene of the fire in a short time. About ten minutes after the first alarm was sounded part of the roof fell in, but all the employees had escaped and no one was hurt. A short time after, however, Fireman O'Rourke was struck on the head with a burning beam and had to be removed home. The fire was fought from the exterior and interior of the building. Inside, the firemen found all the machinery running—no one had turned it off, and it ran till the leather belting was consumed. There was now some danger of the fire spreading, but Chief Benoit raised ladders to the opposite houses to be of use at a moment's notice, and poured volumes of water on houses in the rear. The spike, nail and horseshoe mills, which front on St. Patrick street, escaped without injury other than that sustained by the floods of water, which put out the fires and painted a thick coating of yellow rust on the machinery. On the following morning (Saturday) the mill was a smoking ruin—charred beams projecting from the debris in all directions, and the whole scene being one of bleak desolation. The works covered the entire block bounded by St. Patrick, the Conde, Montmorency and Richardson streets. The burned building consisted of a long structure fronting on Conde street. Running from this building back towards Montmorency street were two wings. One of these wings and a portion of the main building were occupied by the rolling mill; the other portion and wing by the nail works. The rolling mill is destroyed; the nail works, with the exception of a little damage to the end next the rolling mill and the roof, escaped unscathed, as did the store-house.



SAINTE-BEUVE.

One of the daintiest and at the same time one of the most satisfactory of small books is the volume devoted to Sainte-Beuve ("Essays on Men and Women," edited, with Critical Memoir by William Sharp) in Stott's new half-crown library, entitled Masterpieces of Foreign Authors. No person who would know the importance of the rôle that criticism fills in literature can afford to neglect Sainte-Beuve. He was not the first, nor has he been (as some would have us think) the only great critic, for critics there have been since the days of Aristotle. Some judgments, moreover, of the older guides, have never been surpassed since the revival of letters. To apportion due praise to the critics who preceded Sainte-Beuve, would require much discrimination, but that some of them are still worthy of study may be conceded even by the most sanguine admirers of the later schools. Among the lights of this century there is none whose reputation has stood the test of time more successfully than Sainte-Beuve. It is twenty-one years since he passed away at the age of 65 years, just in time to escape seeing the downfall of the Empire (which he had much more than tolerated) and the humiliation of France. How he came to be a man of letters is thus related by Mr. Le Sueur, of Ottawa in an article contributed to the *Westminster Review* for April, 1871:

He was born at Boulogne-sur-Mer, on the 23rd of December, 1804. His father held at that town the office of "Contrôleur principal des droits réunis," and is said to have been a man of some literary taste. He died, however, six weeks before the birth of his son; and the future poet and critic was left entirely to the care of his mother and an aunt, a sister of his father's. Both these ladies were fervent Catholics; and a satirical biographer, De Mirecourt, asserts that they tried to make a perfect little seraph, after the Catholic fashion, of their youthful charge. Whatever efforts they may have made in this direction were not permanently successful, for Sainte-Beuve himself tells us that he began his life as a pronounced adherent of the most advanced form of eighteenth century philosophy. "Là," he says emphatically, "est mon fonds véritable." His mother is spoken of as a woman of very superior mind; she was of English origin, and her son was indebted to her for an early introduction to the English language and literature. At the age of fourteen he was sent to Paris, and there attended the Collège Charlemagne and the Collège Louis le Grand, and at both institutions carried off high honours. After going through the usual academical course he entered upon the study of medicine, and obtained after a time the position of *externe* at the Hôpital St. Louis. Literature, however, was already his favourite pursuit; it was that for which he felt the greatest natural aptitude; and one day when he was about twenty-one years of age he carried an article he had written on some literary subject to Dubois, the editor of the *Globe*. Dubois recognized at once the talent of the writer, and engaged his services for the paper. This was sufficient encouragement for Sainte-Beuve; he threw up his situation at the hospital, and resolved to devote himself to literature. The decision was doubtless a wise one, for with such decided leanings towards literature as he possessed, it would have been extremely difficult for him to have given an undivided attention to any other pursuit.

How fruitful Sainte-Beuve's literary career was is thus revealed in the "Critical Memoir," which forms the introduction to the present volume:

What range for one man to cover! Let one but glance at the contents of all these volumes: besides this novel, these three collections of poems, here are seven volumes of "Port Royal" (containing a multitude of vignettes and sketches, as well as carefully-drawn pictures and portraits), fifteen volumes of the "Causeries du Lundi," volumes upon volumes of "Nouveaux Lundis," "Portraits Littéraires," "Portraits des Contemporains," "Derniers Portraits" and "Portraits des Femmes," this "Tableau historique et critique de la Poésie Française et du Théâtre Français aux xvi Siècle," these miscellaneous essays and studies. Then those richly suggestive "Notes," and "Thoughts," and "Remarks" must be added, and the recent volume edited by M. Jules Troubat, Sainte-Beuve's latest secretary and a good friend with qualifications, and an "Introduction" here and an "Étude" there. Let us take up M. Charles Pierrot's "Table Générale et Analytique" (forming the appended volume to the *Causeries du Lundi*), and glance through his painstaking analyses. Sainte-Beuve, we find, has written no fewer than nineteen separate studies on celebrities of the sixteenth century—among them personages so distinct as Rabelais and Casaubon, Marie Stuart and Montaigne; seventy-four upon the great spirits of the seventeenth century, including more than one careful essay upon Pascal; forty-three upon the men of the eighteenth century, comprising Le Sage and Voltaire and Vauvenargues, Rousseau and Diderot and Grimm, men of letters, men of science, philosophers, priests, kings and diplomats; thirty, again, upon those who flourished in the reign of Louis XVI., with vivid portraits of Malesherbes and Necker, Rivarol and Beaumarchais, Condorcet and Bernardin de St. Pierre; eleven not less thorough *études* upon

the rarest spirits of the Revolution, Mirabeau and La Fayette, André Chenier, Mme. Roland; and, at last, those brilliant essays upon the makers of our own century, from Napoleon and other generals on the one hand, and from Chateaubriand and Joubert on the other, to Gustave Flaubert, and Taine, and Théodore de Banville;—in all, one hundred and five "portraits" of men and women of the most diverse genius. To these (close upon three hundred, including the not infrequent two or even three essays upon one individual) must be added the studies upon foreign writers of ancient and modern times,—Theocritus and Firdausi, Virgil and Dante, Frederic the Great, Goethe, Gibbon, Cowper,—not to speak of a score or so of essays on various themes, from "Du Génie Critique" in the "Portraits Littéraires" (Tome i.) to "Du Roman Intime" in the "Portraits des Femmes."

Our readers will find it worth while to read the whole of Mr. Sharp's "Memoir" before beginning the "Essays." The selection comprises some of Sainte-Beuve's finest work, "Pascal," "Rousseau," "Madame Roland," "Frederic the Great," "The Abbé Galiani," etc. Of the fourteen essays seven were translated by Mr. William Matthews; the remainder are from the pen of Mrs. Harriet Waters Preston. Mr. Sharp, in citing his authorities, mentions the "admirable anonymous article in the *Westminster Review* for 1871. The reference is to Mr. Le Sueur's article, from which we have already quoted. The book is dedicated to Mr. Paul Bourget. (David Stott, 370 Oxford street, W.)

Through the Magazines.

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

An article from Professor Bryce, author of "The American Commonwealth" and "The Holy Roman Empire," who recently crossed Canada on our Pacific Railway, is the *pièce de résistance* in this month's *North American*. The editor had requested the illustrious visitor to take part in the controversy on the functions of the Speaker of the House of Representatives, provoked by that official's action in counting members who were in the House, but did not choose to vote, as present for the purpose of a quorum. Professor Bryce declined to be mixed up, even indirectly, in a dispute of American party politics, but he has contributed a thoughtful and practical paper on the nature of the Speaker's office and the best modes of dealing with obstruction. It also comprises an interesting and to our neighbours, doubtless, an edifying comparison between English and American usage. In the House of Commons the Speaker's position is purely judicial, while in the House of Representatives it is admittedly that of a partisan, sure to side with the majority. At the same time, recent parliamentary experience in England is by no means entirely satisfactory. The closure, adopted with reluctance, has been proved to be a necessity, and, though the incidental evils are real evils, the House cannot retrace its steps, and the future is not contemplated without anxiety. The House of Commons is, nevertheless, as Prof. Bryce clearly shows, more master of the situation than its cis-Atlantic compeer. Reference is made in another part of this issue to Senor Romero's account of the Pan-American Conference, the second part of which appears in the October number of the *Review*. Under the heading of "Crowns and Coronets," Mr. G. P. A. Healy gives some entertaining reminiscences of distinguished persons whose portraits he has painted during a long artistic career of well nigh sixty years. Mr. John Burroughs, who is always worthy of attention, writes of "Faith and redulity"—crossing swords with no mean antagonist, the Rev. Dr. Fisher, of Yale. Madame Adam, one of the few surviving French queens of the *Salon*, gives a European, as Mrs. Sherwood lately gave an American, judgment on "Those American Girls in Europe." It is certainly one of the cleverest of the articles (and Mrs. Sherwood's was clever, too) that have been written on this delicate subject. Madame Adam is severe, but not without compensation. Though American girls sometimes have unbearably shocking ways, she concedes that they are never vulgar, they never "look like shopkeepers' daughters." The American girl of whom the critic approves is the one who goes to Europe—that is, to France—to "suck its flowers of civilization." It is such as she who "prepare for the new world a pleiad of superior women." Mr. E. L. Godkin writes on "Municipal Reform," Mr. Davitt on "Labour Tendencies in Great Britain," Dr. Andrew D. White on "The Future of American Universities," and Prof. Shaler on "The Peculiarities of the South"—all instructively. The "Notes and Comments" include some timely remarks on questions of the day. The *North American Review* (now in its seventy-sixth year) is edited by Mr. Lloyd Bryce, and is published at 3 East Fourteenth street, New York.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

There is something for every taste in the copiously illustrated and well-filled pages of this cheapest of monthlies. Mr. George W. Edwards takes us through "The Gates of Hel," an old-fashioned town in Brabant, where there is no end of curious things to see and be told about. The title of his charming sketch, made more acceptable by quaint illustrations, is "A Brabantian Happening." After the tragedy which drove Barry Dane to indignant song, our readers will like to have "A Glimpse of Guatemala," with Mr. Francis J. A. Darr for cicerone. Mr. George G. Bain favours us with some readable papers on the "Executive Departments of the Government of Washington," with

portraits of ministers and officials and good views of interiors. Mr. Brander Matthews supplements Messrs. James and Le Maitre's portrayals of Francisque Sarcey by one of his own, which is more generous than those of his predecessor. His sketch is adorned by likenesses of Sarcey, John LeMoine, François Coppée, Henri Meilhac, Charles Garnier, Henri Taine, Theodore de Banville and Edmond About. In the way of fiction, there are Mr. Julien Gordon's serial, "A Successful Man," and Maccougal Buel's "Miss Devilet," while H. B. Sudduth, J. B. Kenyon, Helen T. Clark and Fred Peterson contribute poems. "Horses and Riders," by Henry Cabot Lodge (the only unillustrated prose article); "A Piscatorial Dinner," by C. Pelham Clinton (a capital Greenwich sketch); "The Twin Cities of the North-West," by Charles King; "Social Problems," by E. E. Hale; "Norsemen in the United States," with portraits of Prof. Boyesen and others, a biographical and critical sketch of John Boyle O'Reilly by our young compatriot, J. J. Roche, and the "Last Stage" in Miss Bisland's "Flying Trip Around the World," complete an excellent number. In taking leave of her *compagnons de voyage*, Miss Bisland pays this eloquent tribute to the stock from which she sprang: "Starting two months ago from a vast continent which the English race have made their own, where the English tongue, English laws, customs and manners reign from sea to sea, in my whole course around the globe I have heard that same tongue, seen the same laws and manners, found the same race; I have had proof with mine own eyes of the splendour of their empire, of their power, their wealth, of their dominance and orgulousness, of their superb armies, their undreamable commerce, their magnificent possessions, their own unrivalled physical beauty and force—and lo! now at last I find from a tiny island, ringed with grey seas, has sprung this race of kings. It fills my soul with a passiou of pride that I too am an Anglo-Saxon. In my veins, too, runs that virile tide that pulses through the heart of this lord of the earth—the blood of this clean, fair, noble race! It is worth a journey round the world to see

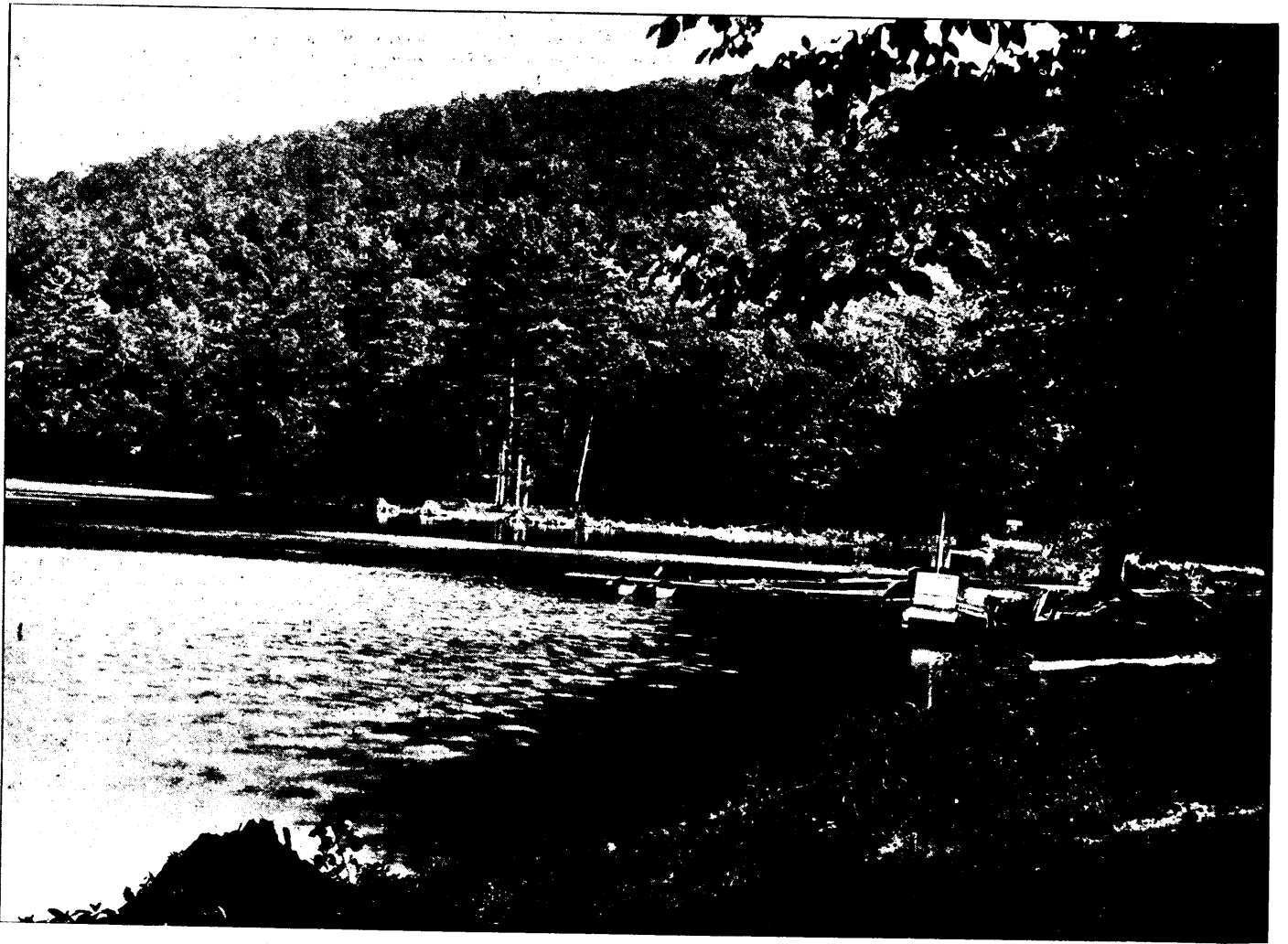
This royal throne of kings, this sceptred isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise;
This fortress built by nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of war.
This happy breed of men, this little world;
This precious stone set in a silver sea;
This blessed plot of earth, this realm, this England,
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
Feared by their breed and famous by their birth,
Renowned for their deeds so far from home,
For Christian service and true chivalry,
This land of such dear souls, this dear, dear land—
England, bound in with the triumphant sea!

and I understand now the full meaning of this trumpet-cry of love and pride from the greatest of earth's poets—an Englishman." The *Cosmopolitan* deserves its phenomenal success, and we cordially recommend it. It is edited by John Brisben Walker, and is published at Fifth Avenue Broadway and 25th street) New York.

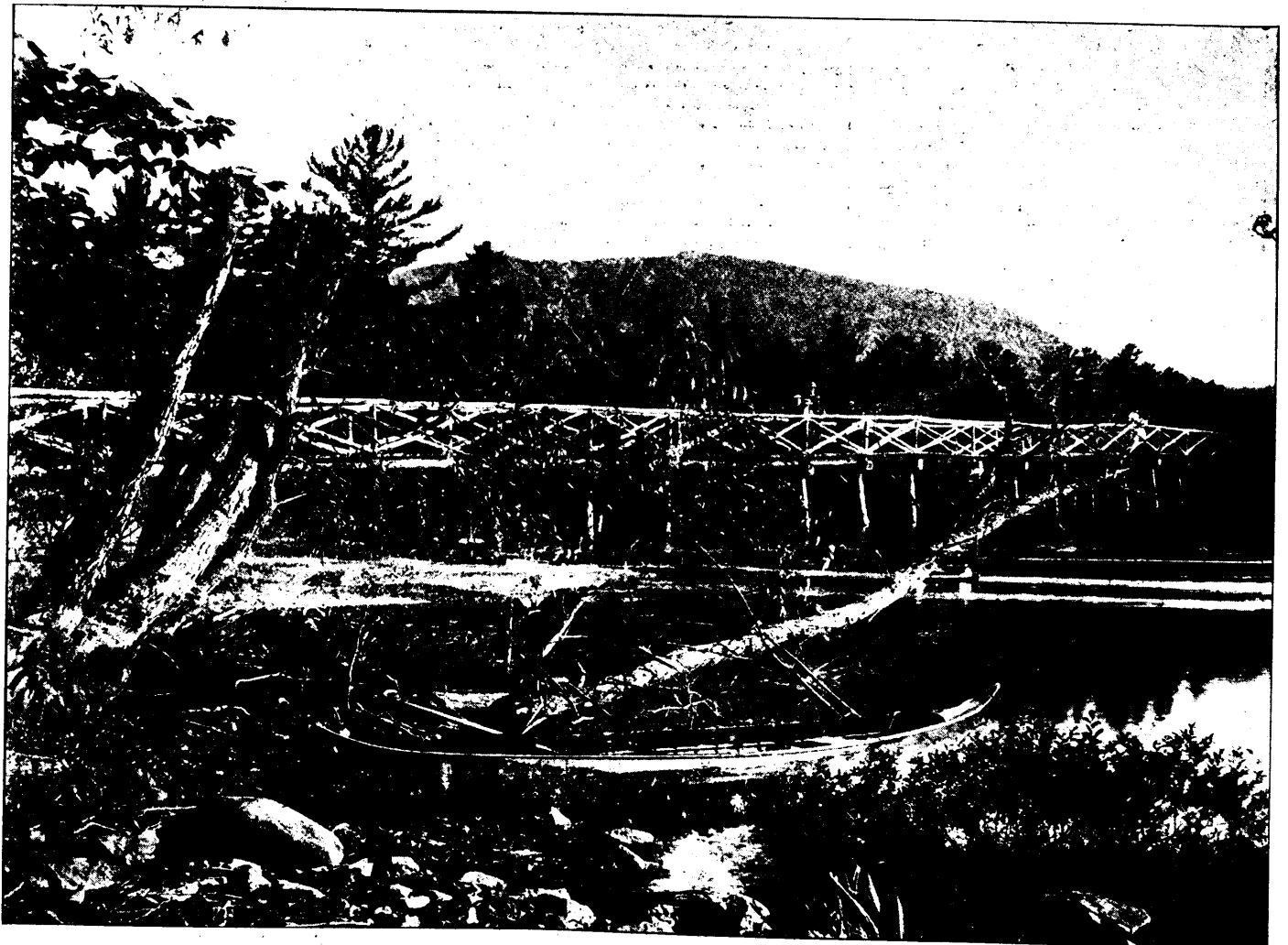
LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Recent numbers of this valuable thesaurus of periodical literature contains the *Fortnightly's* "In Memoriam" to Cardinal Newman, from the pen of W. S. Lilly; a remarkable paper on "Rome and the Romans," from the *Cornhill*; "Water in Australian Saharas," in which a problem of a very urgent character is dealt with (*Macmillan*); "The Vale of the Manor and the Black Dwarf"—a reminiscence of Scott and an interpretation of one of his novels (*Blackwood*); a timely discussion of some circumstances connected with the "Change of Government in Germany" (*Fortnightly*); "Chairs by the River" (*Gentleman's Magazine*); "Odd Foods" (*Scottish Review*); "Chapters from Some Unwritten Memoirs," Part II. (*Macmillan*); "The Kings of Sweden and Holland" (*Leisure Hour*); Cardinal Newman (*Spectator* and *Speaker*); "The Lost Lakes of New Zealand" (*Gentleman's Magazine*); "A Great Russian Police Officer" (*Times*); "Robert Browning" (*Church Quarterly Review*); "Progress in Japan" (*Edinburgh Review*); "The Modern Spirit in Rome" (*Macmillan*); "Dryden and Scott" (*Temple Bar*); "Eight Days," Part IV. (*Cornhill*); "Five O'clock Tea" (*Spectator*), with the usual selections of poetry and various other reading matter. *Littell's Living Age*, which will soon be celebrating its jubilee, has kept up with the advance of our time in periodical literature, sharing in every new enterprise and benefitting by every improvement. The four annual volumes contain whatever is most worth preserving in the publications of the year, while its appearance weekly enables the publishers to present whatever is most desirable while it is yet fresh. The price, \$8, is cheap for over 3,300 pages of the best reading, while for \$10.50 any of the \$4 monthlies or weeklies will be added. Address, Messrs. Littell & Co., 31 Bedford street, Boston.

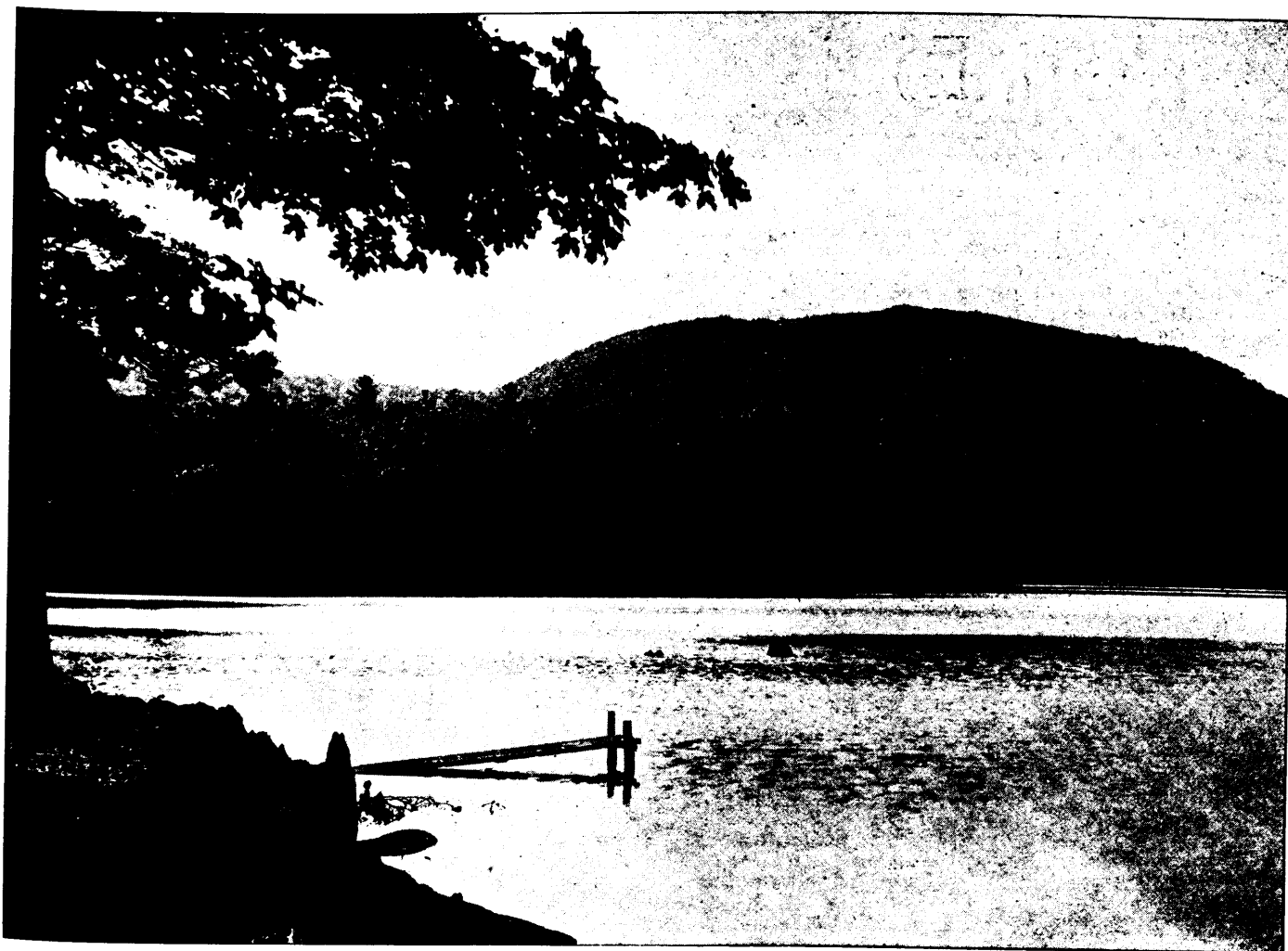
When baby is having a bath do not let him remain long in the water, and, when he is lifted out on your knee, dry quickly and thoroughly with a soft, warm towel. When he is perfectly dry, rub his skin briskly with your warm hand. Be careful all the while to have him well protected from a draught. If any part of the skin be chafed, dust it with a little violet powder, or a little starch well powdered down.



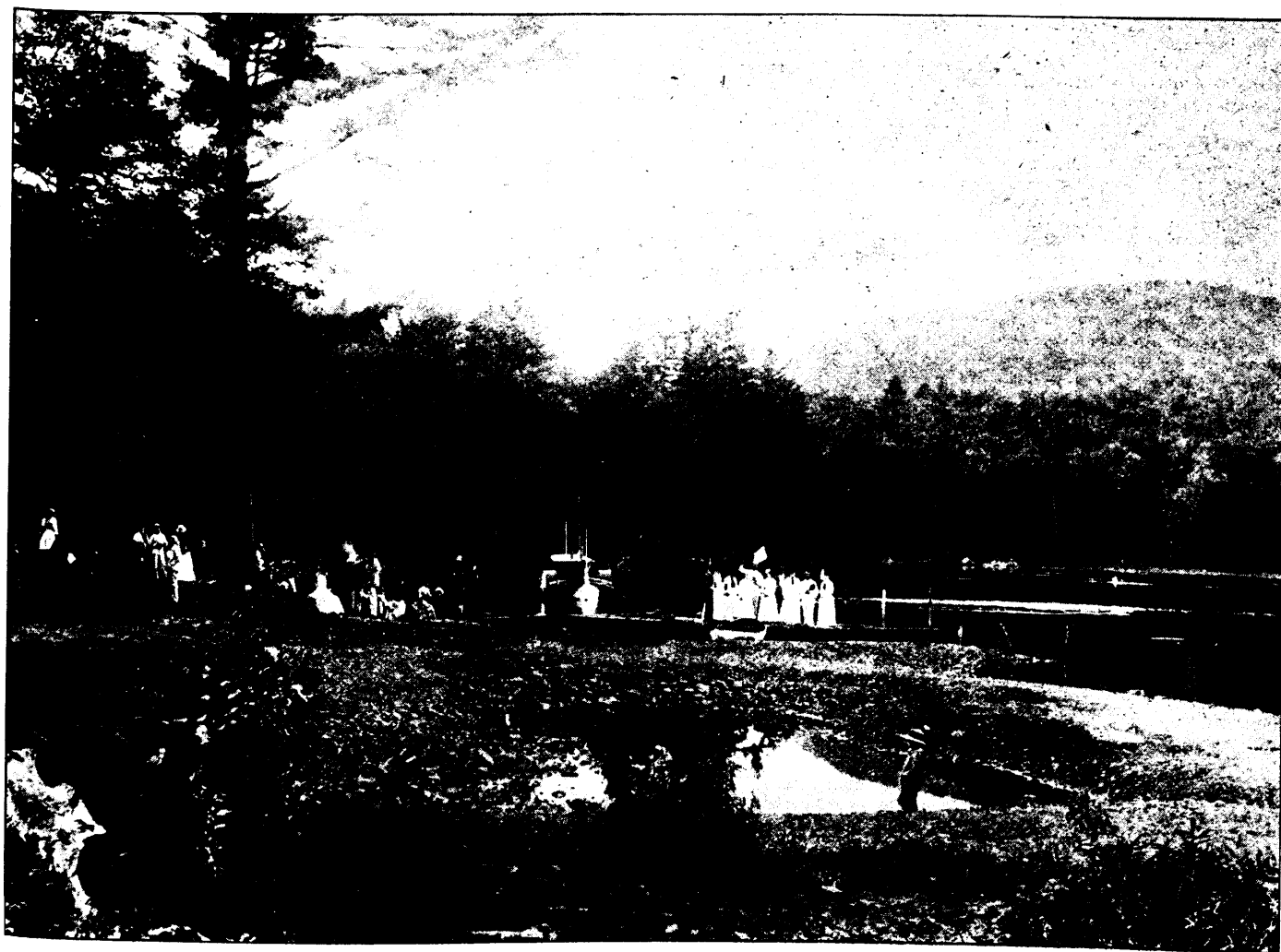
VIEW OF LAKE LOOKING SOUTH.



RUSTIC BRIDGE AT EAST END OF LAKE.
VIEWS AT BELCEIL-LAKE, P.Q.



VIEW OF LAKE, SHOWING SUMMIT OF BELCEIL MOUNTAIN.



SCENE ON DAY OF REGATTA.
VIEWS AT BELCEIL LAKE, P. Q.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES

Saturday last was a great day for Rugby, and so many matches took place that it is impossible to do much more than barely mention the facts in this column. The Montreal-Britannia struggle demands first attention. I had looked for a somewhat closer score; but there was not much fault to be found with the game, though more open play would have added to the pleasure of the spectators. Luckily on Saturday those who faced the threatening elements were old football men who rather enjoy a series of scrimmages, and consequently the game was a good one to look at. One thing should be said for the Brits, and that is, that they play a great losing game and never flag.

The Hamilton Rugby team did not have an easy thing with the Torontos on Saturday last, but they managed to defeat them by a close score of 8-5. Toronto's weak point was the forward division, and they were also at the loss of their crack quarter back, Smellie and Muntz. The Hamiltonians have improved wonderfully since last year, and they now can hold their own with the best of them. Saunders and Prie, the half-backs, have no superiors in the Dominion, and their work was fully up to their reputation. In the first half Toronto got the first point on a rouge, which was immediately offset by Hamilton securing a try, and when time was called the score stood Hamilton 7, Toronto 3. In the second half the Ambitious City added one more and the Torontos two points to their score. The match was practically a series of scrimmages and marred a good deal by a fondness for laying on the ball.

The Ottawa College seem to have started the season with the intention of keeping up their reputation as winners, and the thrashing administered to Ottawa City of 25 points to one, augurs fairly well for their success during the rest of

McGill.	Position.	Montreal.
Donahue	Back	C. Nash
Small		E. J. Fry
Russell	Half backs.	W. Hagan
Goulet		Monserrat
Shaw	Quarter back	Claxton
Switzer		Barry
Bickerdyke	Wings.	James
Clemesha		Robertson
McPherson		Christie
King		Lighthorn
Guthrie		D. S. Louson
Drum	Scrimmage.	Angus
Molson		Twovey
Hamilton		Buchanan
Featherstone		

Referee—McPherson.

Association football is having a big boom at present, especially in the West, and on Saturday two matches were played off in the league championship in Toronto, the 'Varsity defeating the Scots four goals to one, while the Marlboros' score was six to St. Michael's College nothing. In the Toronto Association series, 'Varsity second easily defeated the Strollers six goals to one.

It is a long time since St. John and Halifax had any very important struggle for aquatic supremacy and it will be like going back to old times, when representative forms from both cities will meet in Halifax on the 21st inst. The St. John crew is a fast and good one, consisting of Craig, Campbell, Foley and McCormick, but it is altogether doubtful if they will be able to get away from the Halifax four, two of whom will be MacKay and Hamm. It is a sort of semi-professional affair and the Haligonians ought to win it.

Nothing seems to delight the professional oarsman so much as saying something real pleasant about somebody in the same line of business, but very likely it has to be done to keep up appearances, else where would the regular purses come from? Messrs. Gaudaur and Hanlan are not on the best terms now; and Mr. Hanlan says that Mr. O'Connor will trim Mr. Gaudaur when the champion of America gets home, and then, besides, nobody need go the three miles in nineteen minutes to beat Jake.

Speaking of sculling, the work of next year promises to be of unusual interest, the principal event being the race for the championship on the Pacific coast. It was first a Canadian who showed sportsmanship liberal enough to go to the other end of the earth to row for the championship of the world, when he already held the title, but Hanlan's star had then passed its zenith and after years of unbroken victory he came back a defeated man. Beach accepted all challenges for the world's championship, but insisted on



THE HAMILTON vs. TORONTO FOOTBALL MATCH.—Referee starting a scrum.

even when the odds seem overwhelmingly against them. There was a marked difference between the teams. Montreal was strong in the rush line and full back, but otherwise weak in the back division, whose idea seemed impetuosity instead of judgment. In the Britannia team the scrum was the weak point, but the back division was splendid. With these qualities settled as marking both teams, and remembering that the game was a series of scrimmages, the result is hardly to be wondered at, and if Montreal is to be defeated by the Britannias, the forwards must be strengthened. There was one remarkable decision given by one of the touch judges in the second half, which resulted in Montreal securing a touch-down, and the gentleman who gave it must have been as excited as the players, for the ball was at least half a yard out of bounds. But there was no grumbling. The Montreal partisans were jubilant and the Brit followers were simply astonished, and seemed to think it was only another bit of hard luck to struggle against. Montreal scored the first two points of the game. This was a severe punishment for one of the Brits lying on the ball—for the penalty was a free kick for Montreal, which was followed by a well combined rush, and the Brit back had to touch down. A few minutes after the kick off, the leather was again in Britannia territory, a rouge going to the credit of the Montrealers. Then another series of scrimmages and clever passing put the leather near the Britannia line, and Baird succeeded in making a try. This looked bad for the visitors, but Arnton, who kept cool all the way, saw an opening and a splendid kick from the field gave his side six. When half time closed, Montreal had put on another rouge, and the score stood 9 to 6. The opening of the second half saw a touch down in favour of Britannia, and things were very interesting, until Campbell, by a fine kick, added another six points for Montreal. Britannia scored another rouge and Montreal a try, and there the game ended. It was a hard fought, well contested one all through, and the figures were—Montreal, 19; Britannia, 9. The teams were:

Britannia.	Position.	Montreal.
E. Rawlings	Full Back	J. Miller
J. G. Ross		J. D. Campbell
J. J. Arnton	Half backs.	A. D. McTier
Wm. Warden		H. Drummond
J. Rankin, (captain)	Quarterback	J. Dunlop
J. K. Bruce		Alfred Fry
J. Patterson	Wings.	Arthur Fry
H. Tatley		G. Baird
B. B. Stevens		V. Buchanan
W. A. Cameron		J. B. Bell
C. A. S. Atwood		A. E. Leatham
K. D. Young	Scrimmage.	E. Black (captain)
A. McA. Murphy		A. Drummond
J. H. Browne		A. Reford
F. A. Crathern		A. Higginson

the season. One peculiar thing about the game was that Whitehouse, the trainer of the Ottawa A.A.C., was permitted to play. The College is almost but not quite as strong as last year, and their passing and tackling will puzzle a good many before the season is over.



THE HAMILTON vs. TORONTO FOOTBALL MATCH.—In the thick of the fight.

The third fifteens of the Montreal and McGill Rugby clubs played on the College grounds on Saturday, and for third teams to put up such a game was a decided surprise. The 'Varsity had it all their own way practically, and whitewashed the Montrealers to the extent of sixteen coats, but there was hard play to the end, and the victors did not earn their honours easily. The McGills are strong and their back division play with combination and good judgment, while not so much can be said for the same end in the Montreal team. Passing back is good play all the time if not sent further than half back, but when passed to the full back it is too dangerous and throws too much responsibility on the latter's shoulders, especially if the forwards are at all alert. This was Montreal's principal fault, and this more than anything else lost the match. The score was—McGill, 16; Montreal, 0. The teams were:

rowing in Australia. Searle chose neutral ground and defended his title on the Thames, when for the first time in a championship struggle the Toronto man met defeat and the championship remained in the antipodes. It was after successfully winning the title of champion of Canada and the United States that William O'Connor, nearly a year ago set out for the land of the kangaroo and duck-billed platypus. He had many difficulties to surmount, but he bore himself bravely, and although coming back without the wreath he will find that he will not be without honour in his own country. Peter Kemp is now following the ample of Hanlan and going out of his way to prove that he is truly entitled to the championship he claims, and his course will be approved of by all sportsmen.

The conditions of the Kemp-O'Connor race are about

as follows:—They will row some time in March next for a stake of \$2,500 a side, on a course on the Pacific coast to be chosen by Kemp, the race to be three miles with a turn and Kemp to have £50 allowed for expenses, or £75 if O'Connor should win. The first deposit has already been put up and the remainder will be in the stakeholders' hands ten days before the race.

* * *

One of the local institutions that has made remarkable progress in a very short time is the St. Lawrence Yacht Club. They were enthusiasts who started the idea, and the results of their work has surpassed even their most sanguine expectations. What a difference there is in the fleet now and a couple of years ago, and what a healthy spirit of improvement can be noticed all along the line. But, as one of the members told me the other day: "We have just begun. Of course we must adjust our boats to our water facilities, but even with this drawback, you will be surprised what can be done." For some time past the classification committee have been working hard and on Wednesday last presented an elaborate report at the club meeting, together with comprehensive tables, mysterious to everybody but a yachtsman. But this subject is too important a one to consider in limited space and must be left over to a later date.

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The Hamilton Yacht Club have had a discussion on a matter which importantly affects the sailing regulations of the L. Y. R. A. Some yachts, by altering their rig may so decrease or increase their measurements as to be eligible to sail in two classes. This seemed hardly fair, although there was nothing in the rules prohibiting such a course. The club decided that at the next meeting of the Lake Yacht Racing Association it be recommended that article 25 of the classification rules be amended to read "and each yacht shall sail in one class only." Another amendment was also approved of to the effect that a yacht may sail in the class above her in all regattas, provided no prizes are offered in the class to which she belongs. It is altogether likely that both suggestions will be adopted by the association.

* * *

The Toronto Hunt Club was not blessed with the best kind of weather for the annual steeplechases at Woodbine, but notwithstanding this fact, there was a good day's sport and one big surprise for the knowing ones in the open steeplechase handicap, when a 15 to 1 chance dropped to 6 to 1 at the post and came in a winner. The state of the ground made the time very slow, as will be seen from the following summary:—

Green steeplechase, about 2½ miles—Dr. Smith's ch g Raffle, 1; Charles Brown's b g The Kid, 2; W. D. Crand's b g Chester, 3. Time, 5.39.
Open steeplechase handicap—J. W. Murray's b g Burr Oak, 1; A. E. Gates' ch m Evangeline, 2; C. P. Gates' blk g Wild Thorn, 3. Time, 5.09.
Selling race, mile and a furlong—Higgins' b g Everett, 1; Charles Phair's br f Periwinkle, 2; Alex. Shields' blk h Mirabeau, 3. Time, 2.05.
Hunters' steeplechase handicap, distance 2½ miles—F. E. McDonald's b g Lochiel, 1; Moorehouse & Pepper's g g St. James, 2; Dr. Smith's b g Inspire, 3. Time, 5.04.
Green hunters' flat, mile and a furlong—Charles Brown's ch g The Baby, 1; Moorehouse & Pepper's c m Violet, 2; Owner's ch m Sweetheart, 3. Time, 2.19.
Hunters' flat handicap, distance 1¼ miles—Dr. Smith's dr g Hanover, 1; Bayview stables' b g Mackenzie, 2; Jas. Carruthers' ch g Glen Fox, 3. Time, 2.24.

* * *

The Maritime Provinces Athletic Association are stirring things up pretty well down by the sea and interest in athletics seems to be spreading, as will be seen from the following: When the last annual meeting was held, it was suggested that owing to the financial question, the games should alternate between Halifax and St. John, but this resolution was not carried, as judging from the increased interest taken in the games it was altogether likely that other cities would see their way to making the required guarantee, and take their turns at the championships. At the annual meeting of the M. P. A. A. the following officers were elected:—President, G. A. Troop, Wanderers' A. C.; 1st vice, Wm. Curry, Windsor A. C.; treasurer, H. D. Creighton, Chebucto A. C.; secretary, Wm. Lithgow, Lorne A. C.; executive, W. L. Brown, W. E. Leverman, Red Cap S. S. C.; R. H. Humphrey, Wanderers' A. C.; C. S. Lane, Chebucto A. C.; W. D. Dimock, Truro A. C.; G. A. Richards, Lorne A. C.; J. P. Walsh, Crescent A. C. The St. John Lacrosse Club held their annual sports on Thursday, embracing all the games usually seen at championship meetings.

* * *

After all the newspaper controversy and club talk which the recent road race between teams of the Wanderers and Toronto Bicycle Clubs has given rise to, Mr. Nasmith, of the Toronto Club, tried to put an end to the matter once for all by issuing the following challenge:—"I hereby challenge any amateur bicycle rider in Canada to ride a race on the Kingston road, any distance from 30 to 170 miles, for the road championship of Canada and a gold medal, the race to take place during the present month of October. I appoint Mr. A. F. Webster, 58 Yonge street, Toronto, president of the Toronto Bicycle Club, to act for me, and I would suggest that any individual or club accepting this challenge send an entry fee of \$5 as a guarantee

of good faith. I will immediately deposit the same amount on the acceptance of the challenge. Yours etc., Dave Nasmith, Toronto Bicycle Club."

* * *

Truly we seem to have struck an era of phenomenal record-breaking. Day by day some wonderful performance is recorded, and Old Father Time seems to be getting the worst of it every turn. Both men, bicycles and horses are shaking the dust of the old time marks from them and the only question is when will the limit be reached. It has got to come some time and it seems as if we were getting pretty close to it these days. Mr. Bonner and other horsemen think that the ideal trotter may one day be able to go the mile in 2 minutes, but there are a great many others who think differently. Mr. Hamlin, however, wants to be a record-breaker, right up to the time when the limit is reached, and with the latest improvements in the composition and shape of tracks, he thinks there will be quite a lot of cutting down yet. On Friday last at Terre Haute, Belle Hamlin, with Justina as mate, were sent against the world's team record. The first half was done in 1.08½, and the old record seemed safe, but the last quarter was a scorcher, and without even a break the grand pair went under the wire in just 2.15.

* * *

The Western curlers are still hard at work electing officers and preparing for the winter campaign. The Royal City Curling Club are in line now and the officers for the year are:—Patron, Col. Macdonald; patroness, Mrs. Macdonald; president, W. W. Macalister; vice, H. Lockwood; representative members, J. Kennedy and T. Anderson, (Milland); secretary-treasurer, R. Mackenzie; honorary members, James Innes, M. P., and Geo. Sleeman; committee, J. Hewer, T. Anderson, W. Spalding, J. A. Lillie, R. Hood, W. I. Luke, A. Mennie, D. A. Macdonald and J. Kennedy.

* * *

The annual tournament of the West Toronto Gun Club was one of the most successful shoots ever held by the club, the ties in the first class being remarkable, Briggs killing 13 straight at 32 yards rise, while Beldam knocked over 12.

* * *

It has been estimated that to keep the training table up at which the Princeton footballers eat for something less than two months, cost, every cent of \$3,000, and then nobody but themselves and the trainer and the hotel people know what the food consists of. But this amount is not so great as it looks when it is remembered that there are always more than 30 kickers in training.

* * *

Now they are going to question the authenticity of Owen's record for the 100 yards on the ground that he beat the pistol. If Owen can beat the pistol with George Turner's finger on the trigger, who will they get to start under the heavens if a record is to be made?

R. O. N.

Science and Art in Toronto.

[From an Occasional Correspondent.]

A very interesting ceremony took place on the 2nd inst. in connection with the opening lecture of the eighth session of the Toronto Women's Medical College, Sumach street. It was the unveiling of a portrait of the founder and first dean of the college, Dr. Michael Bauch. The lecturer of the day, Dr. Duncan, concluded an able address on the progress of medicine by a warm eulogy of the late dean, whose pupil he had been at Trinity Medical School, rating him as the first physiologist in Canada. After the ceremony of presentation and acceptance on behalf of the Faculty and the Trustees, and the unveiling by a last year's graduate of the college, Dr. Susan Boyle, the venerable Dr. Workman, a warm friend of women's medical education, spoke a few words in praise both of the man and of the portrait. He said: "I knew him intimately during a long career, and am glad to see the familiar features so excellently reproduced. The artist deserves our hearty thanks for having given us a likeness upon which we may look with the fullest satisfaction and pleasure, melancholy though that pleasure be." The likeness is kitcat size, framed handsomely in gilt, and will hang in the Dean's room of the college. The artist is our townsman, Mr. J. W. L. Morsta. The year's work began on Monday, the 6th inst., at 8 a.m. The list of students is not yet made up, but already counts over a score and a half.

At the School of Practical Science, in the convocation hall of that building—lately much enlarged and improved—the annual convocation of Toronto University was held. The College Glee Club enlivened the proceedings with several pieces, and also with others, musical and otherwise, not upon the programme. The speakers of the occasion, which is by no means the imposing and important ceremony that commencement is, were: Faculty of Medicine, Prof. J. W. Cameron, M.B.; Faculty of Law, Hon. Mr. Justice Proudfoot, the Hon. the Minister of Education; President's Address, Sir Daniel Wilson. The degree of LL.B. was conferred on L. Elliott, and seven gentlemen took their B.A. Among the scholarships Miss J. S. Hillock took the George Brown scholarship for modern languages with history, the same lady taking the prize for history in the second year. In the Faculty of Arts D. McGee took the Governor-General's gold medal in the third year and J. A. McLean the same silver medal in the second year. The Stanley medal for Physics was not awarded, nor was that for Modern Languages, the gift of the presi-

dent. Neither the Shutt medal, awarded under the direction of the Natural Science Association of University College, and called the Caw horne medal, found a recipient, nor the McMurrich medal for Natural Sciences. The Lyle medal, the gift of the Central Presbyterian church, Hamilton, for Oriental Languages, was taken by a young Wycliffe College student, J. L. Scully, who has already shown great talent in Hebrew. The Starr gold medal and the University gold medal in Medicine were taken by the same individual, Mr. L. F. Barker, and the four silver medals were also awarded. Arrangements have been made for the year's lectures and work on a convenient basis, so that the students will bear no loss through the want of the University building proper. It is, however, cheering to see restoration already begun and some of the old lines replaced.

The congress of the Association for the Advancement of Women convenes for its eighteenth annual meeting next week. Many who were at first indifferent to the claims of this association upon people of progress and culture have been aroused to a sincere enthusiasm, and the projectors of the congress for Canada are encouraged and justified by the prospects of a successful result of their arduous labours. The list of papers prepared by our visitors ought to prove an attraction not to be resisted by the intelligence and thought of any country, much less of Canada. Among these papers the following are particularly noteworthy; "Woman in the State," Mary F. Eastman; "Practical Value of Philosophy," Julia Ward Howe; "Working Girls' Clubs," Helen Campbell; "The Scientific Work and Influence of Dr. Maria Mitchell," Prof. Mary Whitney; "Scientific Training for Mothers," Frances F. Wood. It is not often that Canada has the opportunity of welcoming women like the writer of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," or the author of "Prisoners of Poverty," while the story of the work of the Mary Somerville of America, that great astronomer, Maria Mitchell, is one that every person of culture must wish to hear. Rarely has Toronto retained her autumn beauty so far into October as she has this year, and it is to be hoped that the propitious weather may continue at least until the end of the congress, so that our visitors, a few of whom may have been here before, will see us in attractive array.

Jarrah Wood.

The new *New Bulletin* contains an interesting section on the properties and uses of the jarrah wood, a species of eucalyptus, native to Western Australia. The main difficulties in connection with its use in this country are the cost of freight for such heavy timber from Australia and its intense hardness, which makes it difficult for ordinary English carpenter's tools to work it. The tree which produces it grows generally to a height of 100 feet, and sometimes 150 feet. It is found only in Western Australia, extending over the greater portion of the country from the Moore River to King George's Sound, forming mainly the forests of these tracts. According to Mueller, when selected from hilly localities, cut while the sap is least active, and subsequently carefully dried, it proves impervious to the borings of insects. Vessels constructed solely of it have, after twenty-five years' constant service, remained perfectly sound, although not coppered. It has been tried at three places in the Suez Canal, and, after having been down seven years, the trial samples were taken up in order that a report on their condition might be sent to Paris. From certain correspondence between Kew and some London vestries, it appears that jarrah has lately been used by the Chelsea Vestry for paving the King's Road, and by the Lambeth Vestry in the Westminster Bridge Road.

Aspiration.

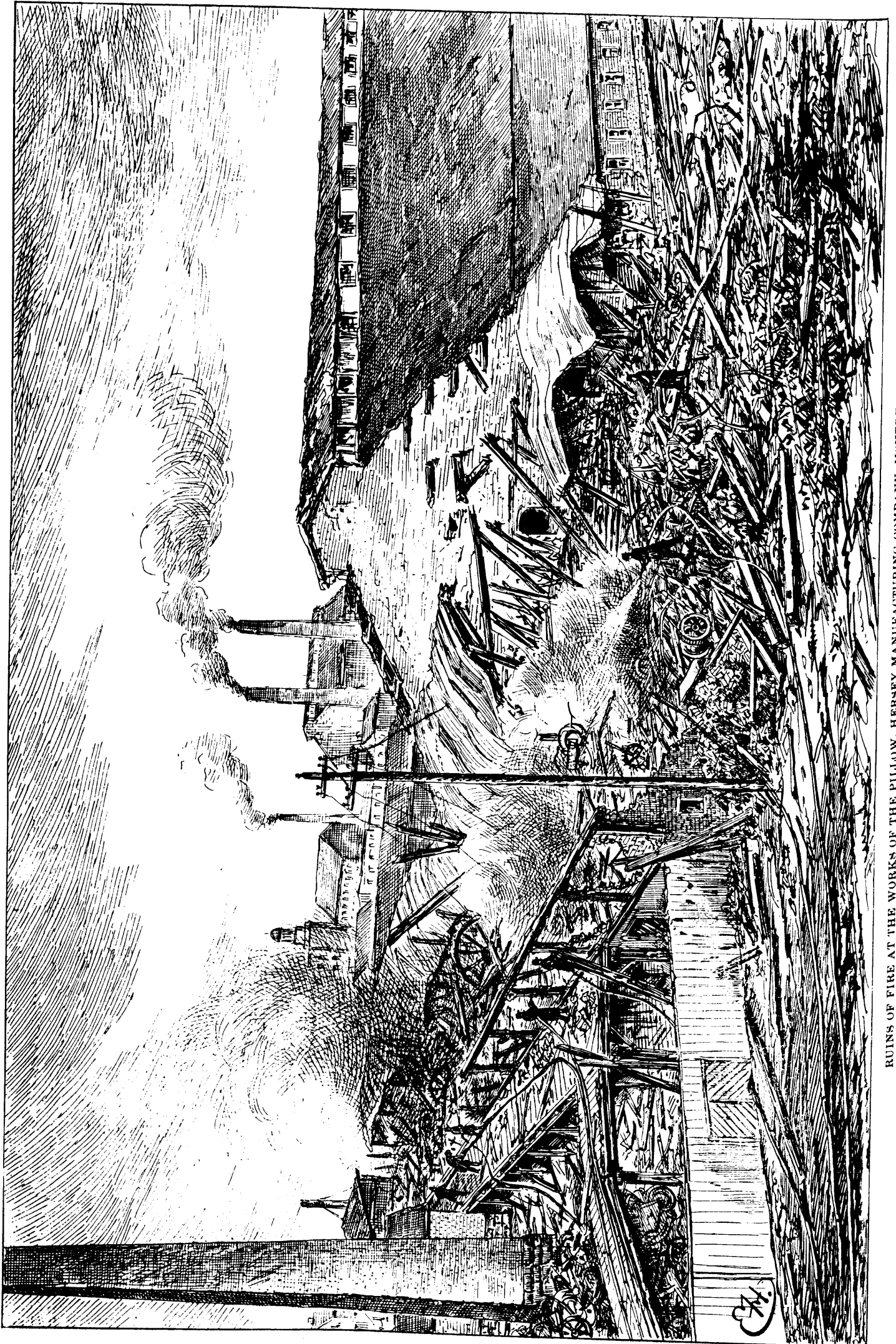
[From the Autograph Album of the late Mrs. E. J. D.]

To-day the mystic breath of Spring
Has stirred the soul of everything,
And forth from shell of brown and gold
Came Psyche quivering in the Sun,
I watched to see the wings unfold
With fairy colours one by one;
Alas! no Sun the sweet time brings,
To flash with birds, the azure through,
For marred and crumpled were the wings.

Alas for weaving! little gain,
And weary waiting—all in vain;
The sunny dream of wings to come,
With bursting buds and swallows flight,
And drowsy tune of wild bees hum,
Not yours the fault, poor luckless wight,
If Spring a sullen mis'ry brings
To creatures meant for airy height,
That trail in dust with shrunken wings.

Ah! well, it is the fate of all
We only suffer as we crawl,
And know not where the great fault lies;
What guides the strange unerring law
That governs thus our destinies
And mars a life by unknown flaw.
For cruelest of all cruel things—
To those who crave the boon of flight,
Is this poor gift of useless wings.

Bob.



RUINS OF FIRE AT THE WORKS OF THE PILLOW, HERSEY MANUFACTURING COMPANY, MONTREAL, 11th OCTOBER.



SCENES ON THE NIAGARA FRONTIER.—A MILITARY BALL AT NIAGARA, ONT.



IN FAIRYLAND.

The moon is shining with tranquil splendour and the space between heaven and earth is filled with a soft luminous dimness. There is an influence in the air which will not allow us to slumber, and led by an ever active sympathy with Nature, we wend our way to some well known sylvan haunt where none but invisible people dare intrude, and where we can muse and dream to our hearts' content in the moonlight.

The bewitching, bewildering lovely moonlight. How can we describe it! Let us dip the tip of our pen into its shimmering radiance and perchance we may catch a beam of inspiration. Yet no, such fascinating sprites as moonbeams are not to be caught by aught that is human, for just as we think we have captured one it slips noiselessly away, and so it is the whole time "Catch me if you can!" "Catch me if you can!" until at last we give up our daring attempt.

See how the shadows vary on the green sward as the breeze moves the leaves and transmits the moonbeams from one to the other. Look how the graceful boughs are touched with silver one moment; the next, fade into the night. Those tall trees whose waving tops are bathed in moonbeams remind us of great men whose heads are crowned with glory whilst their lives are hidden in gloom; and there winds a dark forest glade through which the moonlight glimmers, gliding lithely and thither like the most ethereal of spirits. In some places where the foliage is not so dense, we can see the forms of maple leaves fantastically outlined on mounds of illumined moss. Let us wander through this glade and think on the eyes that saw too clearly, the lips that spoke too truly, and the hearts that loved too dearly.

There is a fragrance in the air breathed by the herbs and grasses. Complete stillness surrounds us. Even the ordinary noises of the night, the faint murmur of summer insects, the stirring of leaves by the wind, the peevish twitter of some restless young bird. Even these seemed hushed. Our eyes are heavy. Let us close them and people the solitude in which we are enveloped with the fairy folk. Our own dear fairies. They are always welcome, for they come to us singing:

Wouldst thou have us nensive
Or wouldst thou have us gay,
Sing a song of gladness
Or a mournful lay?
Tell us which is sweeter,
Sad or merry metre,
We will try to please, Sir,
We thy will obey.

And whether we are merry or sad, their lutes are attuned to the rhythm of our heart. Here they come, wafted to our view on a sheaf of moonlight. But to-night they tell no tale, sing no song for us, for they are mourning the return to earth from fairyland of one who was beloved by them for many years. List to the sweet notes of their lament:

Inspired by hopeless sorrow,
We waft to thee a strain,
For thou art wandering lonely
Where all our love is vain.
The moon still shines as o'er thy head
It shone so long ago;
But tears bedim its radiance now
For our hearts are full of woe.

Hast thou forgotten fairyland—
The maze of golden light,
The flower-gemmed bowers, the crystal fountains,
The skies for ever bright—
Save when the evening shadows crept
Athwart the roseate blue,
And the pale Moon whi-pered to the Sun:
Say to the world, Adieu?

Hast thou forgotten how the stars
Were thine own "Evening Glories."
Or how their "poetry" taught to thee
The loveliest of love stories?
Ah! then thy spirit leapt beyond
The bounds of human gladness;
But now it soundeth o'er and o'er
The depths of human sadness.

Hast thou forgotten how the peace
Of the eternal sky
Enwrapped thy soul, whilst winds sang low
A soothing lullaby?
Oh! sweet it was to rest secure
With many a fairy friend;
But now thy head unrestinglies
And peace is at an end.

Hast thou forgotten how the voice
Of Morning, fresh and clear,
Called thee across the mountains high,
And we, who loved thee dear,
Accompanied thy joyous flight,
And hand in hand we flew
To peaks of beauty and delight,
Known to the free and true.

For thou wert like the summer breeze
That kissed thy happy brow
And sang and wandered where thou wouldst—
Oh! for that freedom now!—
And thou wert true to thine own heart—
For 'twas a trusty guide;
But now, thou knowst not what is truth,
And e'en thy heart's belied.

Hast thou forgot the fairy isles
Where laughing flowers display
Their varied hues, and blush and glow
Beneath the Eye of Day?
So, thoughts like fairest flowers arose
Within thy verdant mind;
But now thy thoughts are naught but weeds,
And shadows round them wind.

Hast thou forgot, canst thou forget,
The moonlit night when we
Would wander o'er all Fairyland
With spirits pure and free;
The soft green turf beneath our feet,
The night blue sky above—
Canst thou forget our care of thee,
Canst thou forget our love?

Oh! fairies of Fairyland, can he whom they mourn ever forget them, ever forget their country of ever-living beauty, with its boundless skies of infinite colour, its floods of radiance, its dells and groves of glorious greenness, its floor of verdant harmony, its glittering feathery foliage, its luminous vistas, its green hills undulating far, far away, its transparent sun-shot waters, its lovely odorous flowers? Can he ever forget the time when blithe and unlettered he wandered wheresoever he would, when no chains corroded his tameless spirit, when, instead of harsh embittering words, the music of unseen lyres played by unseen minstrels called forth all the tenderest emotions and thoughts, sweeter than the sweetest melodies ever interpreted by the eyes? No, never can he forget, and though now immured in a world which he dare not leave, his heart, that heart which was once so happy and serene with the peace which comes through trusting, broken, hardened and unanchored, yet, at times doth the lost music sound in his ears and a fleeting vision of the lost countries pass before his eyes.

Oh! thou who art wearied with a dull, charmless existence, and thou, whose proud intelligence makes thee restless and discontented, this Fairyland or World of Imagination is a beautiful world, which may be frequented with great pleasure and benefit, and from which thou mayst return to the duties of real life refreshed and calmed. But do not, ah! do not, yield thine whole soul to its fascinations and dwell too long therein, because 'tis a law of Nature that he who thus forgets himself (as was the case with the one whom the fairies lament), forfeits the blessings and pleasures of the real world when he returns to it. Let us think of that most sorrowful one; think how it was possible for him to be all that he had ever aspired to be; think of the happiness he enjoyed; think of the beauty which delighted his eyes; think of the love and sympathy which were his all in the World of Imagination. And then think of him in the real world—a pilgrim and a stranger! Think till the moon charms our sadness away and inspires us to address her. Dear and lovely Moon! As we watch thee pursuing thy solitary course o'er the silent heavens, heart-easing thoughts steal o'er us and calm our passionate soul. Thou art so sweet, so peaceful, so serene, that thou causest us to forget the stormy emotions which crash like jarring discords across the harmony of life and bringest to our memory a voice, scarce ever heard amidst the warring of the world—Love's low voice. Thou art so serious and so pure that it seemeth as if naught that is false or ignoble could live beneath thy gentle radiance, and that earnestness, even the earnestness of genius, must glow within the bosom of him on whose head thy beams fall like blessings. Thou art our teacher and our friend. It seems to us as if sometimes a shade of sadness were cast o'er thee—as if, perchance, thou wert grieving o'er some unrighted wrong; yet, thou continuest thy course as steadily when thy light is dimmed as when it shines the brightest. May our spirits be as invincible. The magic of thy sympathy dis-burthens us of many sorrows and thoughts, which, like the songs of the sweetest silvan singer, are too dear and sacred for the careless ears of day, gush forth with unconscious eloquence when thou art the only listener. Thou hast the power to make us happy, for thou art truthful and thou art beautiful, and wherever there is truth and beauty there is poetry, and wherever there is poetry there is happiness.

We love thee as all things animate and inanimate must love thee, as the boundless ocean, undulating rivers, still lakes, that carry thine image in their bosoms, love thee. We gaze on thy fair face floating on the clouds above us, and then, looking downwards, behold it, like a mysterious other self, gliding gracefully o'er the waters. Thy witchery is o'er meadow, grove and forest. Thou art, in fact, Nature's fairy godmother. We love thy brother also, the spirit-stirring Sun. Who can resist him? But not as we love thee. The Sun cometh forth with glory, a glory which precedes him. Brilliant banners of light, his messengers, announce his coming and disperse all shadows. The skies blush at his approach. And then when he appeareth, what a rejoicing! The air is astir, the flowers open, the birds warble, thousands of voices are heard—some loud and clear, some low and soft; but all glad with a gladness which is born of the Sun, and all raised in praise of him.

And when he retireth, and when the evening skies which reflect the hues of Paradise have become subdued and the dark shades of night are gathering, what a melancholy falleth o'er Nature—flowers close, leaves droop, birds cease singing. All is quiet and still, still and quiet; the Sun is asleep. Yes, we love the gay Sun, the renewer of joyousness, the dispeller of sadness. But not, oh! not, as we love thee, dear Moon. The Sun ariseth in glory, his heralds proclaim his approach and earth awakes and greets him. He departeth also in glory, and in his most brilliant robes waves his adieu. But to thee, sweet Queen of Night, we raise our eyes. Lo! thou art there. No voice, no sign, gave notice of thy coming. Yet, there thou shinest. So, when thou retirest, Nature, who we doubt not loveth thee well in secret, alloweth scarce a flower to open its eye when bidding thee farewell, and not a voice laments thee, save the voice of one lone bird. Modestly and sweetly dost thou instil the balm of thy presence through the night, and, when thy task is finished, retirest with silent simple courtesy.

Dear and lovely Moon, there are some who say that none but simple folks are fascinated by thy soft light, that love of thee causes melancholy and sentimental fancies, and that thou givest license to the imagination and blindfolded reason. Wherefore then do we love thee and muse on thee? Give us grace to answer them. Because melancholy is in the human heart, and if the moonlight hath power to bring it to the surface, 'tis only because the defiant gaiety under which melancholy lies buried, cannot exist under the Moon's pure light. Besides "all things are touched with melancholy," and is it not a relief sometimes to be truly melancholy instead of falsely gay? Because, though these are not the days of sentiment, yet, we believe that true sentiment alone makes life worth living. Because, dwelling in the sunlit fields of reason, we fear not to wander at times through the moonlit valleys of imagination. Because we believe that, if the sunlight is beneficent to man, so also must be the moonlight. for the Master of Life created both the Sun and the Moon and made us susceptible to the influence of both. Because, just as the Moon at certain seasons blends with the Sun until the lesser light seems (and only seems) extinguished by the greater, so also ought imagination to blend with reason.

EDITH EATON.

A Lady Botanist.

Miss Marianne North, the accomplished artist, botanist, and traveller, whose death is just announced, was born at Hastings in 1830. She was the eldest daughter of the late Mr. Frederick North, M.P. Miss North early developed a strong taste for natural history and a desire for travel, and in 1865 she went with her father to the East. For two years they resided in Egypt, Syria, and Palestine, and after Mr. North's death in 1869 his daughter devoted herself to painting as a profession. In 1869-70 she executed a large number of landscapes in Sicily, and in 1879 visited Canada, the United States, and Jamaica. Her sketches made in these places were the foundation of the present collection at Kew. She next went to Brazil to paint the flora of the country, and she was received with much distinction by the Emperor. Teneriffe, India and Ceylon were then visited, the result being a splendid collection of studies. A selection of them was exhibited before the Royal Society, and also before the Queen at Windsor. In November 1877 Miss North went to India, and on her return two years later she offered her entire collection of pictures to the authorities at Kew, in trust for the nation, and she engaged to build at her own cost a gallery for their reception. The offer was accepted, the hanging of the paintings was superintended by the artist herself, and on July 8, 1882, the gallery was thrown open to the public. There are upwards of 700 paintings, and, according to the testimony of Sir J. D. Hooker, it would be impossible to overrate their usefulness and scientific importance. On August 4, 1882, Miss North left for the Cape, to study the vegetation of South Africa. Early in 1883 sixty new paintings were sent to Kew, and in June the collection had so increased that a new room was added to the building. On September 24, 1883, Miss North left London for Mabe, the principal island of the Seychelles group, where trees and flowers flourish which are unknown elsewhere. Here also she made many valuable sketches. She subsequently visited, in pursuit of her many artistic and scientific objects, California, Borneo, Java, Australia, and New Zealand. A final journey undertaken to South America brought on a long and painful illness, from which Miss North never recovered; and she passed away a few days ago at her home in Gloucestershire.

The Magnet and Hypnotism.

A curious fact is that if the hypnotised subject, in a state of lethargy, grasps the north pole of a magnet he is filled with intense joy, and sees beautiful flames issuing from the end of the magnet; if, however, he is connected with the south pole he is profoundly miserable, and usually flings the magnet away in horror. If the north pole is placed in his right hand and the south in his left he becomes entirely passive, the two currents producing entire indifference to anything. The over-excitability of the nervous system is such in the hypnotised person that you can bring about all the symptoms of poisoning by strychnine if a small quantity of the poison in a sealed glass tube is placed on the skin in front of the neck. A tube containing brandy will produce about all the signs of drunkenness, and a tube of opium will bring about all the symptoms of a man under the influence of that potent drug.—*Court Journal*.

Men and Matters in Ontario.

[From our own correspondent.]

TORONTO, October, 1890.

In the debating club, at the social gathering, on the street corners here in Toronto in these days we are all prophets. Many of us are evil in our prognostications, for we talk of fighting for Canada. We print it, we tell it to our children, and some of us believe that we may have to do it. We all know that we would do it if we had to; but why are we exciting ourselves about it? The rest of the country seems to be in its normal condition.

The celebration on Monday last in all the public schools of the province of the anniversary of the battle of Queenston Heights is a sign of the times. This is the first celebration of the kind in the history of the Dominion. It is in Toronto, and, in fact, throughout the whole of Ontario, that annexation talk, and its companion, the belittling of Canada, is serious enough to be minded. During the last session of the Local Legislature a deputation consisting, among others, of Col. George T. Denison and representatives from the public and separate school boards of the city, waited upon Hon. George W. Ross, Minister of Education, to get his publicly expressed approval of this plan of celebration, not alone of Queenston Heights, but of all the battles in which Canada was stoutly defended against invasion. The Canadian flag was proposed to be hoisted above every school on such days, and the children were to be taken out to salute it, after which the memories of the day and incidents of the battle commemorated were to be explained to them by the teachers. Mr. Ross gave his hearty and ready approval. The idea has since then become popular, and it was thought well to make the initial celebration a most notable one—a top Sawyer so to speak. It was indeed essentially military in its features. Sir Adolphe Caron would have attended, but owing to a family bereavement, had to be in Quebec. The drilled corps of the school boys made a fine appearance on parade in the Queen's Park. They were reviewed and approved by the officers of the Toronto regiments, and won the admiration of their parents and the citizens at large. But the teachers were not left to talk to the pupils of the occasion. This was done by Col. George T. Denison, Col. Fred. C. Denison, Mr. H. R. R. Cockburn, M.P., Principal Grant, of Kingston, Rev. J. P. Lewis, and many others. The boys and girls grew very enthusiastic under the fire of oratory poured on them, and left no room for doubt that they love their land as warmly as land was ever loved.

Still another sign of the times is the new and original departure which is being made in the National Club. This is the decision of Mr. Barlow Cumberland, president of the club, to have a series of what are called "national evenings" during the winter. Such a thing never occurred to any Canadian club men before, and naturally it is creating a good deal of talk in Toronto. Comment all round seems, however, to be favourable. Mr. Cumberland is a Canadian to the marrow of his backbone, and he is being assisted and encouraged by Mr. W. R. Brock, of whose sentiments it is not necessary to say a word. His name is sufficient for all who know it. These "national evenings" will occur once a month, and the plan is that on each occasion the members of the club will listen to an essay on some Canadian national subject by some prominent Canadian. Very appropriately the first evening was on Monday, the anniversary of the battle of Queenston Heights, and Mr. Cumberland could not have chosen a better man for the occasion than the eloquent and gifted Principal Grant, of Queen's University, Kingston. Canada, her literature, her national aims, are near and dear subjects to the heart of Dr. Grant, and it was inspiring to all who heard him speak of them. Dr. Bourinot, the distinguished Clerk of the House of Commons, will be the speaker of the next evening. He will read a paper on a subject which is peculiarly his own—Canadian Government. Perhaps the third evening will be devoted to the poets, and although not yet decided, it is probable that Prof. C. G. D. Roberts and Mr. Archibald Lampman will be the bards to whose say or song, as the case may be, the members of the club will then listen. The National Club, by the way, was started about 20 years ago. It was founded by Mr. Goldwin Smith and a number of young enthusiasts of the time who belonged to the Canada First party. There were gifted men among them and boundless hopes. Mainly through the defection of Mr. Goldwin Smith the club lost its national character, and latterly, it was merely a quiet social sort of institution of its kind. But the new movement will put some of the old life into it again, and will awaken, too, some of the old members who have dropped away.

McMaster University has started on its career with bright prospects. The Baptists of Ontario are, generally speaking, a wealthy people, and they have always taken a noble pride in their denominational colleges. McMaster University is the tower of their educational structure, and they have reared it with the view of catching upon it all the sunlight possible. Dr. Rand, in his address before the public meeting which marked the opening of the arts course, laid particular emphasis on the freedom in teaching which the students in McMaster University will enjoy. The faculty have been well chosen. Dr. Rand, as chairman, is professor of science, of education, ethics, and civil polity; Dr. Albert H. Newman is professor of history; Dr. Calvin H. Goodspeed, professor in systematic theology and Christian evidence, is a graduate of the University of New Brunswick and also of Newton Seminary; Dr. Daniel M. Wel-

ton is professor of Hebrew and cognate languages; Prof. Trotter, who has relinquished the pastorate of the Bloor Street Baptist Church, takes the chair of homiletics, pastoral theology and church polity. There are several graduates of Toronto University—Mr. P. S. Campbell, B.A., professor of Latin and Greek languages and literatures; Mr. A. C. McKay, B.A., professor of mathematics and physics; Mr. M. S. Clarke, M.A., professor of modern languages and literature; and Mr. Thomas McKenzie, B.A., M.D., lecturer on biology.

The minds of Torontonians have partially settled upon the careful report furnished by Engineer John Kennedy, of Montreal, on the water works scare. Mr. Kennedy finds that the pumping plant had not become unfit for duty. The pumps, however, were leaky and could not supply sufficient water for the city's consumption. Two additional engines are required. No additional storage is necessary, Lake Ontario being really the reservoir on which Toronto must ultimately rely. Reservoirs in all cities are unavoidably receptacles for smoke and dirt. This last mentioned is the point from which the citizens take the greatest degree of comfort. For months the frightful idea was prevalent that the foul water of the bay was being used for domestic purposes. Now people are glad to be allowed to think that it may only be the reservoir, and they can put up with that after the dead horses have been exploded. Superintendent Hamilton claims to have known and stated time and time again all that Engineer Kennedy has discovered. The Superintendent feels bad over the whole matter, and, when the aldermen have coaxed him into a serene temper again, they may perhaps turn their attention to carrying out the practical suggestions of Mr. Kennedy. The real trouble with the Water Works Committee is that every member of it has his own convictions, and any number of experts' reports will not bring about a modification of even one of these.

Influence with aldermen in Toronto is a potent factor in delaying any schemes of proposed improvement which may be brought forward. A striking instance of this is the present matter of how the city shall be lighted. The Electric Light Company have their friends, and the Gas Company have their friends, and the result is that whether one system be better than the other or no, both will have to be used.

Prof. Ashley, who has been visiting England, brings with him as a present from Sir William Herschel to the Toronto University library, part of the library of the two Herschels, the astronomers. This collection contains some thousands of books on astronomical observations. Messrs. Parker, the Oxford publishers, make a gift of seventy volumes of their publications, including all the works in the Anglo-Catholic library—the writings of English churchmen in the 17th century. Dr. Jessop has also given a valuable donation of books.

Rev. J. Osborne Troop, Rector of St. Martin's Church, Montreal, preached to the students of Trinity in the college church on Sunday last. The address was pronounced a masterpiece.

The Hunt Club races on Saturday last were not a success, and no one was surprised there, as things turned out.

The crowd of Torontonians who accompanied their football team to the Ambitious City on Saturday last were badly used all round, and particularly in the result of the game.

The young orators of Toronto in the Conservative, Liberal, Legal and Prohibition societies, are opening their season with a flourish of trumpets.

Autograph Collecting.

In one of the quaint corners of old Paris, M. Etienne Chavaray, the great French autograph dealer, collector and expert, has his abode. Here he is generally to be found, always courteous and smiling, willing to show his treasures and explain his wares, unless, indeed, there should be a great sale on at the Hôtel Drouot, advertised as containing epistolary relics or documents relating to the great ones of this earth, or to those whose faded letters now fetch more apiece than did the MSS. of the work that made them immortal. M. Chavaray could tell many a strange and pathetic tale, if he cared to do so, of those who come to him with a view to business; friends, sweethearts, even sometimes the wives of great men, haggling, bargaining, or offering at any price, letters, *billets-doux*, and missives of all kinds never meant to meet the eyes of others than those to whom they were addressed in love or hate many a long year ago. Some few come on a very different errand; a son to beg that any paper bearing an honoured father's signature may be given back to his family at a fair price; a friend, fearful that the outspoken frankness of the dead may offend the living. All are listened to, and their business attended to, by M. Chavaray in person, who literally lives for his autographs, with his autographs, and by his autographs.

"I suppose that the autograph collector is a being of comparatively recent growth, M. Chavaray?"

"The individual who sends stamped envelopes to celebrities demanding their signatures in a 'your-money-or-your-life' kind of a way is certainly a modern innovation," replied M. Chavaray, smiling, "but we know that the old Roman poets and philosophers kept preciously the epistles sent them by their friends, and during the fifteenth or sixteenth centuries the Italian ladies of the Renaissance kept jewelled tablets on which their friends were asked to write a motto or verse."

"And here in France?"

"Well, fortunately, a well-known member of the Revolutionary Tribunal, Mathieu de Villenave, became an ardent collector and dealer in autographs, and saved many priceless documents and archives that would otherwise have been destroyed in '93. In the provinces treasures have perished, or have been devoted to unworthy uses. Imagine," continued M. Chavaray, sadly, "till quite lately the parchments and deeds found in the archives of Tours in Central France used to be employed to cover the tops of children's drums, or by the mayor's wife on her jam pots! Are you aware that in Metz the archives of the Duchy of Burgundy used to be employed to envelope the charges of the cannon? In fact our nation *n'a pas de chance* as regards rare historical documents. Some forty years ago, when the value of such things was first understood, the Government appointed a certain learned William Libri, inspector-general of museums and public libraries; he profited by this, and stole numberless documents, etc., which he sold privately to collectors and to other countries. It is to him," smiling, "that we owe the valuable historical pieces constantly reappearing in auctions and public sales."

"What sort of customers have you among autograph collectors?"

"All sorts. It used to be the fashion to simply collect autographs, now people go in for specialties. There is the amateur who only buys, begs, or steals the signatures of crowned heads; he is perhaps somewhat of a snob; the blue stocking begs for little notes, or, better still, bits of the MSS. of living and dead literary celebrities. Some go in for diplomatic and political characters. Actors, painters, great criminals, and 'actualities' all have their amateurs."

"And by actualities you mean?"

"He who yesterday was nothing, but whose name to day is in everybody's mouth. The autographs of such persons are at best but a bad speculation. Two years ago a little note signed in General Boulanger's slight, lady-like handwriting, fetched easily 50 francs; to-day I doubt whether it would find a purchaser for as many pence. But scraps of paper across which were written in still boyish characters 'Philippe d'Orléans' would still be worth more than their weight in gold."

"To what prices do good autographs run?"

"It is difficult to cite examples, so much depends on the length and interest of the letter, or the comparative rarity of some particular name in the market, etc., and upon the fashion of the moment; this last forms a very important element in the sale of autographs. A letter written in the Pompadour's own hand, bought for 17 francs a few years ago, now is worth 100 francs."

"And whose writing fetches the longest price?"

"The signature of Christopher Columbus can always find a buyer at 4,000 francs, the one letter existing in Titian's handwriting fetched 4,000 francs, and an epistle of Raphael's to some fair dame 1,500 francs. Molière never seems to have written a letter; his signature alone is worth 1,000 francs. The one letter written by Corneille which was ever in the trade was sold to Mr. Alfred Morrison, the great English collector, for the sum of 4,000 francs. The signature alone fetches 1,000 francs. The value of any particular letter varies exceedingly; thus Napoleon I.'s last letter to the Empress Marie Louise was sold for 4,000 francs, yet one of his ordinary letters can be bought for 500 francs. Royal autographs always command a certain price. Henry IV. and Louis XIV. signatures are worth almost 1,000 francs."

"And the autographs of modern celebrities?"

"Well, to begin at home, among political men Gambetta's signature and letters rarely pass into the trade, and are valuable in consequence, a good letter fetching as much as 400 francs. In literature, Alfred de Musset and Stendhal fetch 50 francs to 80 francs apiece; Baudelaire, who wrote few letters, 105 francs; Victor Hugo, who was always dashing off little notes to his friends and enemies, 20 francs to 50 francs. Among our contemporary writers, Zola's autograph is just now the fashion, and fetches in consequence 20 francs to 50 francs. Fifteen pages of one of his MSS. were sold for 140 francs quite lately. Daudet is rarely asked for in the trade. Among modern painters, a letter from Meissonier is worth 25 francs, and Millet's signature 30 francs. Theatrical autographs generally command good prices; letters written by the stars of the Théâtre Français—Lemaître, Mounet Lully, Mlle. Reichemberg, etc., are quoted at prices varying from 30 francs to 60 francs. Patti and Nilsson are worth about 20 francs apiece. A note from the charming American, Mary Anderson, was lately sold for 30 francs."

"And do you find that foreign celebrities are much asked for in Paris?"

"Certainly, and in some cases large prices given for them. An autograph of Oliver Cromwell fetches 700 francs. Here," continued M. Chavaray, opening a drawer docketed "Angleterre," "are a few letters which may interest you. This from Roger Bacon is worth 150 francs, a note from Swift 300 francs, a long letter of Pope's 200 francs, but his signature alone is only worth 20 francs. The poet Burns commands 300 francs, Shelley 500 francs, Byron 250 francs, Walter Scott 30 francs to 75 francs, Carlyle and Thackeray are each worth 100 francs, Dickens only 25 francs to 40 francs. Among great foreign politicians Prince Bismarck, who writes rarely and briefly, is worth 100 francs; Mr. Gladstone apparently writes graciously and often, his letters only fetch 20 francs; the late Cavour is worth 30 francs to 40 francs. Genuine signatures of Admiral Nelson and the Duke of Wellington always find purchasers at 100 francs."—*Pull Malt Gazette.*



WAITING FOR THEIR PREY.

HUMOROUS.

"YES, sir," began the distinguished-looking stranger, "I have delivered the same lecture two hundred consecutive nights, sir!" "That's nothing," declared Peckson, "My wife often delivers two hundred same lectures in one consecutive night."

"Don't you know, Emily, that it is not proper for you to turn round and look after a gentleman?" "But, mamma, I was only looking to see if he was looking to see if I was looking."

A SEATTLE girl thoughtlessly told a friend that the names of the donors would not be displayed with the presents at her wedding. Of course the news got abroad and when the day came not even the presents were displayed. They consisted of thirty-six plated sugar spoons and nineteen salt sprinklers.

"No, I can't give you anything," said Jay-smith to a collector for the missionary cause. "Charity begins at home," as Shakespeare said. "But Shakespeare never said it." "Oh, well, he would if he had thought of it."

WHEN a man wants to believe in ghosts, and is ashamed to, he believes in hypnotism. Many a man who cannot control his own mind talks gravely of controlling the minds of others.

"Have you the same teachers as last year?" was asked of a little chap who went to school for the second term yesterday. "Yes, they is all there. None of 'em has died yet," replied the boy.

TENDENCY OF THE AGE.—Congress (1891): Who is this knocking at my doors? Applicant: It is I, please your Highness, seeking a pension. Congress: But who are you that you should make such claim? Applicant: I am a poor, disabled census enumerator.

AT THE PARTY.—"Johnny, put down that cake at once; have you no manners?" "Don't speak so loud, papa; you ought to be glad that no one saw how badly I have been brought up."

A DISAPPOINTMENT.—She: So, Jack, your rich uncle is dead, and I suppose you will inherit a large share of the property. I

know he promised to remember you in his will. He: No, I am just as poor as ever. My uncle kept his word, though. She: Why, what do you mean? He: This is what the will said: "I promised to remember my nephew Jack in making my will. I remember the young scamp so clearly that I shall not leave him a cent."

MISS MAY TURE: Oh! Edith, dear, do you know that Fred actually proposed to me last evening. Edith: Just as I expected. Miss May Ture: Why did you expect it! Edith: Why, when I refused him last night he said he would go and do something desperate.

UNCLE SAM: You Canadians are not very wise. Canuck: What do you mean? Uncle Sam: You don't know enough to come in out of the reign.—Smith, Gray & Co's Monthly. No; but we know enough to stay out of the hail Columbia.

WOULD TAKE AN ELEVATOR.—Elevator boy (to old Mr. Kentuck, who has just arrived at the hotel): Will you take an elevator, sir? Old Kentuck (smiling broadly): Waal, I don't keer ef I do. I'm feeling a little low spirited jes' at present.

A NEWSPAPER, in announcing a death and a marriage, got the two sentiments, "a sad affair," and "a happy event," transposed, and the editor is "not in" to anybody for the present.

Not many Sundays ago a south side Sunday school was invited to participate in a union service with another school a few blocks away, and formed in line with the Superintendent at the head, and marched out of doors singing the Superintendent's favourite hymn, "Hold the Fort." Bystanders stopped, and every one looked on at the beautiful sight of the proud Superintendent marshaling his handsome cohorts of carolling children up the street. Their singing charmed all hearers, too, but when they struck the second stanza,

"See the mighty host advancing,
Satan leading on"—

somebody snickered, and the Superintendent dropped back to the rear to speak to the tutor of the infant class.

SOME FAMOUS POEMS.

Gray's Elegy occupied him for seven years.

Bryant wrote Thanatopsis in the shade of an old forest.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox composed her little poem, The Land of Nod, while rocking her baby brother to sleep in the cradle.

Cowper wrote John Gilpin's Ride when he was under one of those terrible fits of depression so common to him.

The poem The Falls of Niagara, was written by its author, J. G. C. Brainard, the editor of a small paper in Connecticut. He wrote it under pressure, in response to a call for "more copy."

General Lytle wrote I am Dying, Egypt, Dying, on the night before his death. He had a premonition that he was going to die the next day.

After the Ball, the little poem which has made the name of Nora Perry known in the world of letters, was jotted down on the back of an old letter, with no idea of the popularity it was to receive in the pages of a noted magazine.

Poe first thought of The Bells when walking the streets of Baltimore on a winter night. He rang the bell of a lawyer's house a stranger to him—walked into the gentleman's library, shut himself up, and the next morning presented the lawyer with a copy of his celebrated poem.

Thomas Moore, while writing Lalla Rookh, spent so many months in reading up Greek and Persian works that he became an accomplished Oriental scholar, and people found it difficult to believe that its scenes were not penned on the spot instead of in a retired dwelling in Devonshire.

Old Grimes, that familiar "little felicity in verse," which caught the popular fancy as far back as 1823, was a sudden inspiration of Judge Albert G. Green, of Providence, R. I., who found the first verse in a collection of old English ballads, and enjoying its humour, built up the remainder of the poem in the same conceit.

Robinson Crusoe Island.

A German traveller, Herr Alexander Ermel, has recently paid a lengthy visit to the historic Robinson Crusoe Island, and has published an interesting account of the hermit enthusiast who has been living there since 1877. In that year the government of Chili offered to rent the island to the highest bidder. Strange to say, a Swiss of noble family, Alfred de Rodt, a restless genius, who had fought on the Austrian side in the war of 1866, and on the French in the war of 1870-71, was assumed lucky competitor. The poetic flavour of the Robinson Crusoe Island attracted him, and he thought he found there a place of contentment and rest after a life of remarkable ups and downs. But he failed to find what he sought. He has discovered by sad experience that one individual cannot manage to cultivate the island. Although he put his whole fortune, fully fifty thousand dollars, into the enterprise, the end has been a failure, with himself physically a wreck. His term of lease expired in 1885, but he cannot resist the spell and fascination of the island. He still lives there, and intends to die there. He had brought only a few colonists with him; and besides these there are still a few very old men from the time when the island was a penal colony of Spain. The writer concludes, that a curse seems to rest upon this fair speck of paradise, and that the island, which ought with its wealth of vegetation to be able to support flourishing colonies, now scarcely furnishes sustenance for a few men. Such is the tragedy of the Robinson Crusoe Island in our day.

Eve's Tomb.

Situated near the desert, about a quarter of a mile from the western gate of the city of Jeddah, an object of interest to Christian and Mussulman alike, is the grave of Eve, or, as she is called in Arabic, "Sittua Hawwa," the mother of mankind. It is difficult to trace the origin of the legend that allots to Eve this desert tomb as her last resting place, and it is doubtful whether it is of any great antiquity. However this may be, the tomb is regarded with great veneration by the numerous pilgrims who visit Jeddah, and few fail to worship at the shrine.