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THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

TRADE MARK

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

REGISTERED

Vol. VI.—No. 142.

MONTREAL AND TORONTO, 21st MARCH, 1891.

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

TREE IN STANLEY PARK, VANCOUVER, B. C.

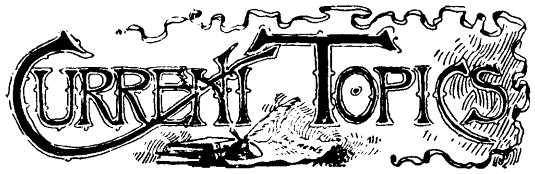
The Dominion Illustrated.

$4.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.
THE SABISTON LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING CO
RICHARD WHITE, PRESIDENT.
ALEX. SABISTON, MANAGING-DIRECTOR
The Gazette Building, Montreal.
JOHN H. GERRIE, WESTERN AGENT,
4 King-street, East, Toronto, Ont.
London (England) Agency:
JOHN HADDON & CO.,
3 & 4 Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, E.C
SOLE AGENTS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM

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

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

21st MARCH, 1891.



The Late Mr. Lesperance.

Canadian literature has suffered a heavy blow in the death of MR. LESPERANCE; this journal especially mourns his loss, for in him we have lost our first editor. The vivid impress of his style is richly scattered throughout the early numbers and in itself alone constitutes no inconsiderable portion of his best literary work. The literary jottings and quaint fancies to be found in the column entitled "Red and Blue Pencil" are peculiarly those of the gifted author of "Ephemerides," and are of equal merit to those in that now famous column. We draw the attention of our readers to MR. LIGHTHALL'S biographical sketch of the deceased gentleman, to be found in another column.

The New Orleans Tragedy.

Much has been written in the Canadian and English press condemnatory of the illegal shooting of Italian prisoners at New Orleans. It is quite possible to overdo this expression of disapproval. The facts of the case are simple. A branch of one of the most vicious secret societies in the world has existed in that city for a number of years, and has been the instigator of a large number of murders; not only so, but it has inspired such terror among those cognizant of the facts, or actual witnesses of the bloody deeds, that fear of similar treatment has either compelled them to flee the country, or to perjure themselves when put in the witness-box. That this society was composed of Italians has nothing to do with the question. They had chosen to come to the United States to make that country their home, and, even if they had not taken the oath of allegiance, the objects and results of their society placed them in the position of direct violators of the law. Numberless murders had been committed by order of the Mafia and under its sanction, and in scarcely a single instance had the assassin been brought to justice. Finally a prominent and energetic civic officer, an American, was killed, and his death clearly traced to this infamous association. The better class of citizens were aroused to a sense of desperation at the sense of being at the mercy of these degraded foreigners; arrests followed, and the whole trend of evidence showed their guilt; when, to the amazement of all, the jury, through intimidation or bribery, declared them innocent. The law had been outraged, not once, but many times, and the law's self-ordained remedies proved powerless to avenge the monstrous offence. A premium on murder would be the result, and no man's life was safe. Some drastic remedy had to be applied; and the shooting of the prisoners, although fearfully indiscriminate, will do much to minimize the power of the Mafia. Secret societies devoted to murder and intimidation are far too many in the United States, and if the law is too weak to deal with them, the people must wipe them out.

The Jury System.

The tragedy brings into prominence the utter uselessness of the jury system in a mixed community. Of the truth of this when dealing with important criminal cases in districts occupied by two or more distinct races, we have many vivid proofs in this Province of Quebec. It is unnecessary to quote chapter and verse; every intelligent being in Montreal can easily call to mind instances of a prisoner whose guilt was apparent to all, but who in spite of direct proof was declared innocent by the dozen of ignorant or partisan men to whose decision the majesty of the law had to bend. National prejudices, fanned into fever heat by the excited appeals of barristers who knew well how to play on all racial and religious feelings, were to those men of far greater moment than the rendering of justice. In other cases, as in New Orleans, and as repeatedly in Ireland, the fears of the juries as to the after results of a verdict have in very many instances resulted in the acquittal of the prisoner known to be guilty, as far as circumstantial evidence can make guilt certain. Such effects of the jury system makes it a travesty on justice. What to propose as a substitute is a grave question; but it is entirely probable that a tribunal of three or five judges would render verdicts far more in accord with the facts of the case than would be given by nine out of ten juries in any district where its inhabitants are divided by sharply-defined lines.

Mobs in American Cities.

The inadequacy of the New Orleans authorities, civic or military, to deal with mobs is painfully shown in the recent stirring events in that city. While many may sympathize with the object sought by the leaders of the crowd, the gathering and its deeds were strictly illegal, and in a well-governed city would not have been permitted, even if it became necessary to invoke the aid of a battery of artillery. Similar mobs for the perpetration of crimes of the grossest description might at any time be gathered, and the extraordinary supineness of the authorities on this occasion might well serve as a pretext for the belief in immunity from danger at future occurrences of a like nature. The laxity or negligence shown on this occasion is the more surprising in view of the many cases of violence and murder committed by armed mobs in various American cities, and which have only been put down by strong military force, and in most cases with loss of many lives. It is therefore most surprising that in a large city like New Orleans, inhabited by a mixed and excitable population, the machinery by which military aid can be granted to the civic power is so out of gear as to be practically useless in cases of emergency.

Liberals vs. Nationalists.

The acute phase now reached of the trouble between the Liberal and National parties in the Province of Quebec bids fair to make the breach a permanent one. This will not be regretted by well-wishers to Canadian interests. The Liberal party is, on the whole, honoured and respected by that large and influential portion of our people who profess that political creed, and has honest respect and often considerable fear from its opponents. But the Nationalist faction when working on the lines laid down when it sprang into existence—is an anachronism in the Canada of to-day. Based on the execution of LOUIS RIEL, it is made up of creed and race prejudices, and a persistent endeavour to give special prominence to the ideas, language and national proclivities of La Nouvelle France instead of blending all into the national life of the Dominion of Canada. Its result has been to give an unnecessarily better tone to discussions between the two peoples, and to make questions of race privilege and race patronage burning ones on all possible occasions. Its existence as a wing of the Liberal party has been a source of great weakness to that body, and was the cause of the defection of many who had been its most prominent supporters. It can now expect but little sympathy in its troubles.

The Dominion Illustrated Prize Competition, 1891.

QUESTIONS.

SECOND SERIES.

7.—Quote mention of a shipwreck on Lake Ontario; give date and particulars.

8.—Where is narrated the escape of a prisoner destined to be burnt?

9.—Quote the paragraph mentioning a suicide occurring on the stage of a theatre.

10.—Give details of the instance cited of a frontier being kept neutral in war?

11.—Where is mention made of a new literary organization in a city in the West of England?

12.—Quote the expression or expressions relative to the low standard of morality in Buenos Ayres?

NOTE.--All the material necessary for correctly answering the above questions can be found in Nos. 131 to 139 of the "Dominion Illustrated," being the weekly issues for January and February.

The third series of Questions will be given in our issue of 28th March.

JOHN TALON-L'ESPERANCE.

("Laclède.")

"The cares of day are o'er, and all alone
I wander pensive in the dreary gloaming,
And as the silent stars rise one by one,
Off to the spirit land my thonghts are roaming;
This consecrated churchyard echoing my tread,
And all my memories centred on my dead.

My dead! Ah yonder on the green hillside,
Where violet blossoms on the mounds are peeping,
And purple lilacs in rich clusters hide
The scented woodbines round their stemlets creeping,
'Tis there this lonely eve my spirit hies,
Where all I loved on earth unconscious lies.

Long has thou slept there 'neath the sheltering sprays
Torn from thy orphan baby, O my mother!
Tears, sighs and sobs through melancholy days
Here nursed the sorrow which the world would smother,
And now I kneel beside thy lowly bed
To feel thy holiest blessing on my head."

This commencement of a poem written into his "Ephemerides" column in the *Gazette*, is part of a wondrously tender, attractive personality, which has just passed from our land into that "Silent Land" towards which his spiritual nature continually faced. He was born in the year 1836 in the Mississippi Valley, of a French Creole family, originally from Canada, and was brought up in wealth and ease. "I was worth one hundred and fifty thousand dollars in a large estate and slaves," he told the writer, "but lost it in the war. Yet, after all," he added, "what are our real needs in this short life?" He finished his education at the Ecole Polytechnique in Paris, and at Heidelberg and is said to have also studied for the priesthood. In the war he fought on the Southern side, and sometimes afterwards referred, with his peculiar poetical sympathy, to the bivouac life of the soldier of both sides during that period. When his cause lost he came to Canada and settled at St. Johns, Quebec, where he married, and connected himself with Canadian journalism. He at once threw in his lot with his adopted country, and soon chose as his life-aim the cultivation of a united feeling between the French and English races, comprehending the good in each and actuated by his innate love of men. After a short time with the St. Johns *News* he joined the staff of the Montreal *Gazette*, and in about a year following (1873) became editor of the *Canadian Illustrated News*, where his life-aim had full swing Among his most spirited articles in this line was "Quebec Vindicata," in which, in reply to an aspersion on the Province, he counted up her glorious names and exploits of the past, her heroes, missionaries and discoverers, her founders of the cities of the West and of the Mississippi, her present progress, her statesmen, her record of culture, and the future whose foundations she is now laying. He always deprecated as completely whatever existed of separatism and race prejudice among the French Canadians, and when the question of the future of their language in Quebec began to be discussed, he several times wrote frankly and publicly reasons which made plain to him that it was fated to disappear. It had been his own home-tongue also, and he had himself seen it go in Louisiana and the South. To illustrate by an incident: He had been at college with Otero the New Mexican, a Spaniard, steeped in Spanish ideas, and the representative of those ideas and their tongue in his territory. Years afterwards they met, and he found that not only he himself, the Frenchman, had changed, but Otero, too, the Spaniard, had become a thorough American.

As editor of the *Illustrated News*, he supplied that poorly paid paper with much more than the value of his meagre salary, adding to his editorials a stream of novelettes, short articles and poems, besides his serial, "The Bastonnais," afterwards republished in book form. And here it was that his constitution seems to have been first sapped by overwork. He was at that time a man about forty, of fine, compact, athletic figure, and a bronzed countenance which suggested the sportsman. He wore a full, brown moustache; (an earlier photograph shows that he once wore a beard also). His large, loveable brown eyes were, however, *the* feature of his countenance, and these, with the ready, genial smile, made him a man towards whom one's heart at once warmed. There was not the shadow of deceit in those features. Always open, his expressions, whether written or spoken, and even when conveyed only by the pressure of the hand, came straight out of the soul, and revealed some measure of its spiritual springs. No budding *litterateur* or any other person was ever saddened by contact with him. Indeed, in his passion for the pure and beautiful, his fault, if it were such, was overwillingness to take the germ for the fruition, and led him to admit to his columns too much of the efforts of young writers. It is a question, perhaps, whether, after all, he was not right in this at that time, and whether the sunshine of a nature like his does not do more to bring on the struggling slip of Canadian culture than the frosts of the whole ice-chest of critical Tooley-streeters. His literary work at this period was very unequal, often too hasty in the first forms in which it appeared, though a little of the best of it was subsequently polished with great care.

In 1880 he left the *Illustrated News*, which not very long after came to an end. In 1881 he was for some time on the staff of the *Gazette*, and subsequently on that of the *Star*. In 1882 he obtained the position of Provincial Immigration Agent at Montreal, which he retained until 1886. In 1882. moreover. he was appointed one of the original members of the Royal Society of Canada, to which he contributed papers on Canadian literature and similar subjects.

In the meantime he had established in the *Gazette* his Saturday column, entitled "Ephemerides," which was soon looked for eagerly by a multitude of readers, and was to some the only part of the paper read by them. Put together in short paragraphs, containing scraps of history or antiquarianism, quotations, musings, sometimes poetry of his own or of others, classical references, an occasional announcement of a new book, and even a cookery recipe or two, the whole being signed "Laclède," after Laclède Liguest, the founder of his native city, St. Louis, its attraction lay almost altogether in its unveiling of the individuality of one of the dearest, most idealistic men who ever lived or wrote. In reading, you were admitted at once into his confidence and companionship. I have before me several of the columns. One has these paragraphs;

"If anyone wants to transport himself, within about half an hour, from modern Montreal to the middle of the eighteenth century, he has only to take the Montarville, from Island wharf, at 1.30 p.m., and sail down to Pointe-aux-Trembles. There he will find the living picture of an old Norman village—the rocky, sunken road leading up the hill; the ancient little church perched on the edge of the promonotory; stone houses of the last century the size of fortresses; gardens full of flowers; two dusty streets at right angles embowered in aspens (hence the name) and voluminous women, with bevies of youngsters, gazing at him in courteous and smiling wonderment. He gets back to town about seven, strangely impressed with what he has seen."

Another paragraph runs thus:

"A pleasant coincidence. I always had a weakness for the Iroquois as against the Huron, bred of my youthful reading of Fenimore Cooper and Schoolcraft. So-and-so, of this city, sends me the following." [Here follow a correspondent's arguments in defence of the Iroquois in history.]

His enjoyment of a picturesque tradition is illustrated in his name. To this he added the syllable "Talon," on being told by Abbe Tanguay, the genealogist, that such was its original form and that it marked his collateral descent from the great Intendant, a connection on which he dwelt with innocent pride. He showed more than any man how much interest can be awakened in the romance of the regions around us, and there is little doubt that he educated not a few permanently in that culture of the heart which alone makes the gentleman and gentlewoman. For myself, it was one of his desultory discussions on "What are the Four Greatest Novels?" two of which he decided to be Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister" and Jean Paul's "Titan," that gave me the first attraction towards and pleasure in German literature. The influence of Goethe over himself shows in comparing the lines at the head of this paper with the "Dedication" of "Faust." Though a Roman, too, in religion, he was one of those Catholics who *are* catholic, and looked askance at no true religionist. "L———," he said to me once, "you ought to know Father J———. You and he would have plenty to tell each other. He's a Jesuit, but you don't mind that. Some people cannot understand a Jesuit, just as many others cannot understand a Puritan. Isn't that so? You and I may understand them, but many cannot."

Of the quality of his real literary work I shall say this only, that the greatest of American critics, in writing to me concerning the collection, "Songs of the Great Dominion," remarked: "The *most poetical* thing in the book is L'Esperance's 'Epicedium.'"

Besides his Fellowship of the Royal Society, he had been a member of the "Kuklos" and "Athenæum" clubs, president of the Society for Historical Studies, the first vice-president of the Society of Canadian Literature, and Professor of English Literature at Laval University.

He had written, besides "The Bastonnais," two novels, "Fanchon" and "My Creoles," and had put together, in characteristically neat MS., a number of poems, which, with others, he intended to shortly publish under the title of "The Book of Honour."

In July, 1888, Mr. Desbarats established his beautiful paper, *The Dominion Illustrated*, and chose as first editor Talon-L'Espérance, who entered into the task with enthusiasm—a task which, alas, his strength was then too far undermined to bear. His friends at the Society for Historical Studies, of which he was a constant attendant, noticed his increasing fatigue. At length, in addition to some of the bitterest of griefs, his favourite daughter, a bright young girl, died, and thenceforth on towards the spring of 1889 his appearance became painful to his friends. Mr. George Murray remarked his ashen hue at one of the meetings of the society and predicted disaster. Shortly afterwards the blow fell, in an insidious paralysis attended with gentle delusions—a condition from which, especially as it seems to have had the hereditary element,—there was no prospect of any release except a speedy one by death. He was removed by his friends to private quarters at St. Jean de Dieu, until his departure on the 10th of March instant. It is pleasant to think that during his illness all his illusions, which were constant, were happy, and were mainly concerned with unbounded hospitalities and with gifts and cheques for his friends, of all of whom he retained an affectionate memory. Some days before his death it is said he recognized and accepted its approach with resignation.

"Whether is it happier," he once exclaimed, in "Ephemerides," "to waken or to dream! That depends upon temperaments. But there is positive bliss in reverie all the same. We may be poor, we may be abandoned, we may be wretched, and yet going about along the streets we may forget all our woes by giving free rein to our imagination. For the time being, at least, we are rich, we have companionship, we are felicitous. You remember that dear old German song "Das Stille Land," and it has soothed and consoled thousands:—

Once more I hear thy tuneful breezes playing
O'er music-haunted streams,
Once more my spirit through thy realm is straying
O holy land of dreams.

There do the shadows of the faithful-hearted
Wave by me to and fro,
The shadows of the loved ones who departed
In the far long ago.

There is the heart that never knew another
Sorrow than for my pain,
There murmured blessings from thy lips, O mother!
Sink in my soul again.

There, too, thou art with me, O fond and tender
As thou art good and fair;
I look in thy brown eyes' unfathomed splendour,
And read "I love thee" there.

Not with that cold and measured liking only
Which here I win from thee,
But Love, for which when saddest and most lonely,
I pine so utterly.

There, from the heroes of the distant ages
The clash of armour swells,
There, with calm, thoughtful look, the ancient sages
Walk mid the asphodels.

There the old poets, themes of song and story,
On that eternal shore,
To strains of an unutterable glory
Sweep the rich chords once more.

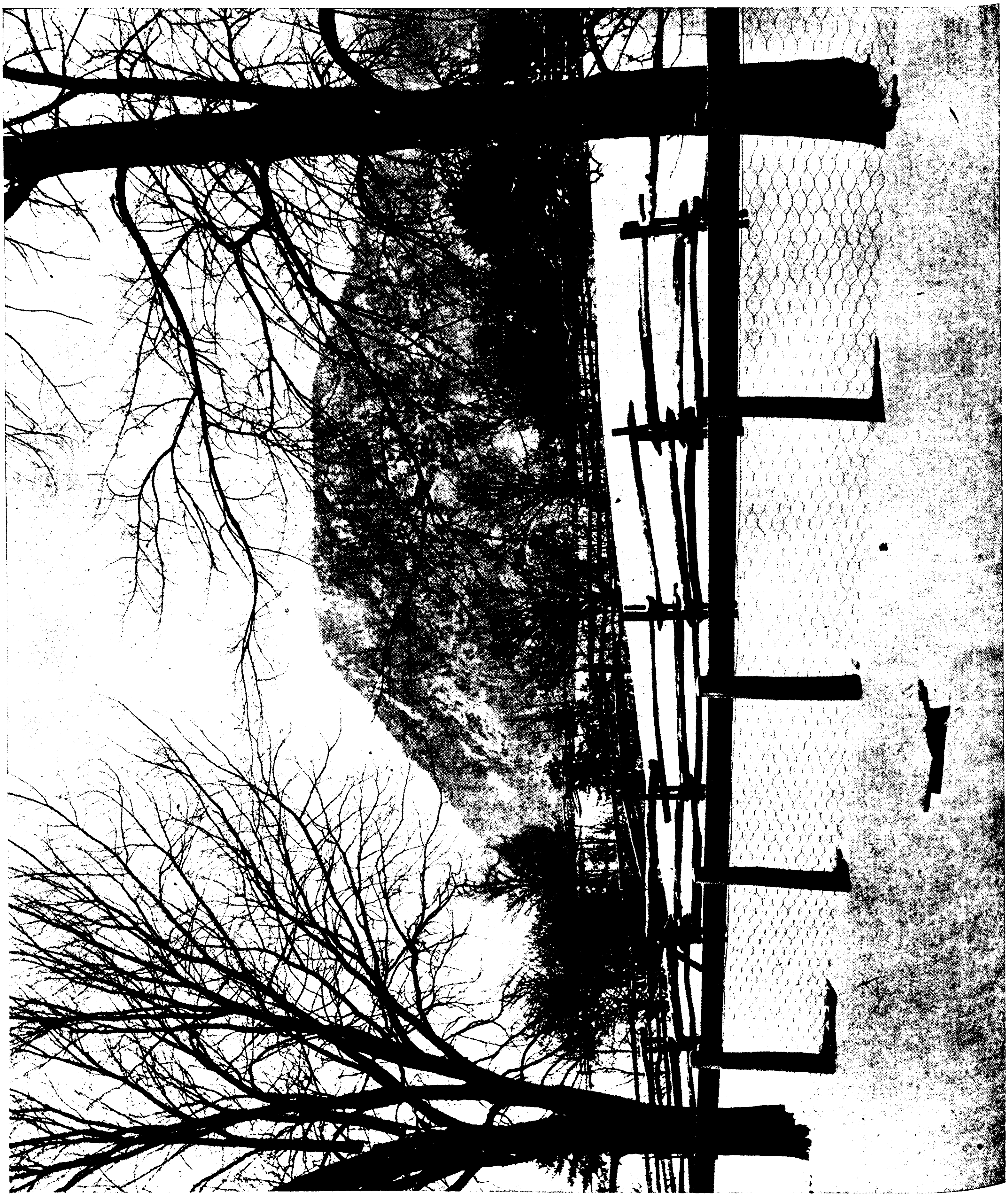
God! how my full heart leaps up and rejoices,
As through the thrilling calm,
With grand accord of their harmonious voices
They pour the solemn psalm."

* * * * *

So this child of God and brother of man has at length departed in peace. The company of his friends, standing upon this shore, send after him the adieu he loved:

VIVE ET VALE.

W. D. LIGHTHALL.



WINTER VIEW OF ST. HILAIRE MOUNTAIN, P.Q.
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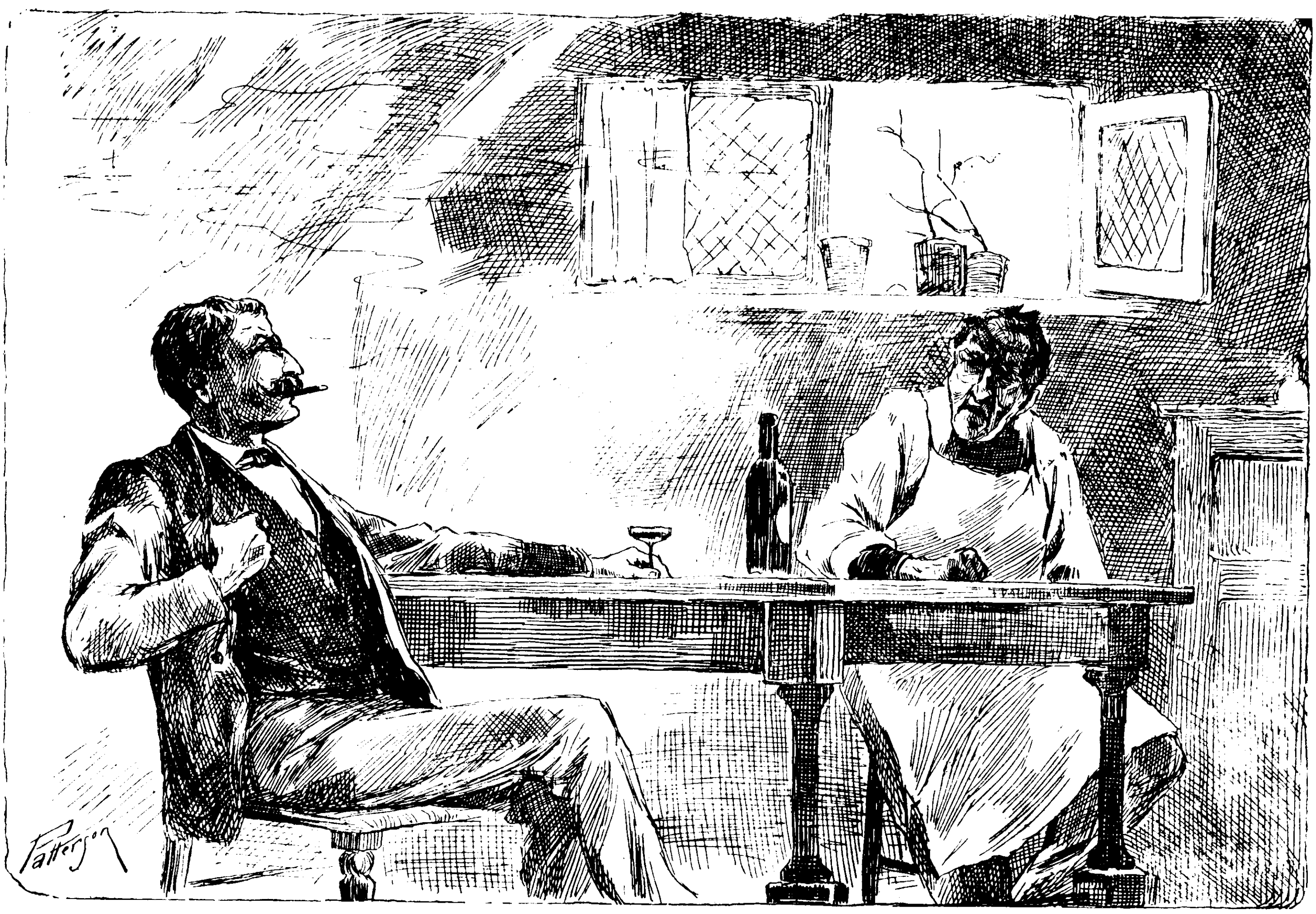

THE WEDDING RING.

By Robert Buchanan.

Author of "The Shadow of the Sword," "God and the Man," "Stormy Waters," Etc., Etc,

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"Your man is now in New York," said Mr. Hawk. "I could take out papers to prevent him leaving, but I have private reasons for not doing so; he sails this forenoon on the Mesopotamia. You have only half-an-hour to spare if you want to see him," and with an ugly look and a nod Mr. Hawk disappeared.

Jake hesitated a moment, then hailed a yellow cab which was passing.

"Drive like —— to the Cunard wharf."

Away they go as hard as they can drive. As they come down to the wharf they can see the steamer still alongside the wharf, a crowd of people looking on.

There would be just time—nearer, yet nearer still. Once aboard, that is all he asks.

"Quicker, quicker!" he cries. "Five dollars if you're in time."

Thus urged, the man makes a detour through a narrow lane to the left, which he calculates will enable him to cut off a few hundred yards. As he rattles down, they encounter full butt a government van laden with stores leisurely rolling along from the opposite direction.

This is an obstacle impossible to pass.

"—— you, drive on," roars Jake, "drive over it, over the pavement, over anything."

The driver catches the fever of excitement and rushes horse and cab upon the pavement Even then there is not room. The cab and van collide; with the shock Jake is thrown out head foremost. He is not killed; the poor maimed hand saved his head—perchance his life. He takes no heed of that, but runs as fast as his feet can carry him towards the pier.

As he reaches the mouth of the lane the great liner is moving from the quay side.

If he can only be in time to take a flying leap on deck!

Fast as he speeds, the preparations on board speed faster still A forest of waving hats and handkerchiefs shut out the vessel. He buffets his way through the crowd. He reaches the edge of the pier to find that he is too late.

Not too late, however, to catch a passing glimpse of his dead wife's paramour, who stands aloft upon the hurricane deck, dressed as though he had just turned out of a bandbox. He nods pleasantly and kisses his hand to some quondam friend. Jake's curses are drowned by the mighty roar of "God's speed—good-bye!" amidst which the great ship passes out to sea.

CHAPTER XIX.—The Great Waters.

For a brief space Jake Owen was paralysed with disappointment. He stood haggard and wild upon the quay, watching the mighty ship till it disappeared, and to the eyes of those who observed him, he seemed rather like a man mourning some loved one who had departed from him, than one intent on terrible revenge.

But his was a nature of strange tenacity. Had he lain hands upon his enemy, as he had hoped, he might have spared him; but his purpose, from being defeated, grew in strength and violence—so that he was more than ever bent on bringing the foe to bay. Recovering at last from his stupor, he rushed to an hotel and consulted a time table, from which he discovered to his joy that a vessel sailed that day for Liverpool from Hoboken, on the other side of the city.

Without losing a moment he proceeded by car and ferry to Hoboken, and arrived there in time to get on board the vessel, which was under weigh.

The John Macadam was a screw steam-vessel of about 3,000 tons burthen, belonging to the famous Macadam line of packets, trading between Liverpool and New York. She carried both cabin and intermediate passengers, as well as a large steerage complement forward. Her captain was Andrew Macpherson, a sturdy weather-beaten Scotchman, and all the officers, as well as the surgeon and a large portion of the crew, belonged to the same nation. On week-days the vessel was spick, span, and business-like from stern to stem, and on Sunday it was solemn as a church. When the captain read prayers in his broad Annandale accent, it was like a Covenant meeting on a Scotch hill-side.

Jake Owen, not being wasteful of money, had taken a berth in the intermediate, or second, cabin. His companions were small traders, Jews on the pilgrimage to the shrines of Mammon, farmers returning from a trip to the new country, and one or two rough miners returning home to bring out their families.

Lost in gloom, and deeply determined on revenge, Jake kept almost entirely to himself, while the great vessel steamed out through the dark waters, leaving the white elephant of Coney Island behind her and steering due east into the ocean. The dull mechanical thunder of the engines, ceasing neither night nor day, kept tune to the miserable throbbing of his brain, to the deeper beating of his sad, overburdened heart.

Surely, he thought, no man breathing on this planet could be more miserable, no man, however unfortunate, could have had a heavier load to bear. His passion for Jess had been the master-purpose of his simple life. What tore his soul to frenzy, what he could not endure or reason calmly upon, was the bitter sense of shame at having been so cruelly befooled. For the poor fellow was proud as Lucifer, and he felt himself in the present situation an object for all the world's contempt.

Well, it was all over. Jake had drunk his cup of humiliation to the dregs; and all he thirsted for now was a meeting with the man who had mixed the poison for his drinking. Would he find him? Yes, if he hunted the earth from pole to pole. And then!

Revenge, more than almost any other evil passion, leaves its signs upon the outer man. Few men would have recognized in the gaunt, moody, gray-haired creature, with that cruel, far-off look in his eyes, the tall and powerful Jake Owen of a year before. He wore a rough seaman's jacket and a wide-awake; he had given up shaving, and altogether looked more like a low-class adventurer than an honest son of toil.

The nights and days passed on, Jake had made no male friends, and was generally voted a sullen, disagreeable fellow. Yet the purifying breath of the sea had not altogether failed to do its work. He was calmer now and not so restless; as determined as ever to have it out with his enemy, but not so cruel. We are creatures of the elements we breathe, and oxygen, if absorbed in full measure, will disintegrate even revenge, as well as solider secretions.

Only one person in the intermediate cabin had awakened his interest in the slightest measure. This was a young woman of about his wife's age, and not unlike her in features, dressed in widows' weeds, and accompanied by a little girl about five years old. Her look of abstraction and deep unhappiness had first attracted him. Here, he thought, is some one almost as miserable as myself.

During the rough weather out, the woman was very ill, and as she was quite helpless and alone, Jake paid her some little friendly attentions, for which she seemed very grateful. One evening, when the vessel was labouring in a calm but heavy sea, they got into conversation, and after some hesitation she told him something of her story.

Her maiden name, she said, was Ellen Windover, and she was going home to join a married sister at Plymouth. Six years before she had married, or so she thought, a gentleman who said he was an officer in the army, and who had met her when she was a governess in a wealthy quaker family, in the suburbs of Philadelphia. For about a year, and up to the birth of her child, she lived a life of comparative happiness, despite the fact that her husband was of idle and dissipated habits. At last, however, he left her almost without a word, and almost simultaneously she was informed that he had another wife living—a discovery which, she said, almost broke her heart.

"The villain!" cried Jake, indignantly. He added, with flashing eyes, "Aye, the parsons are right—there *must* be a Hell!"

"I have forgiven him long ago," said the woman, sadly. "My only grief now is for my little girl."

"And you have never seen him since?"

"Never, sir!"

"Well, maybe it's better so. The Lord will punish him somehow, make no mistake about that!"

The woman lifted her eyes timidly to his face, and with genuine intuition, almost guessed his secret.

"I think," she said, "that *you*, too, have been unfortunate. I only hope your misery has not been as great as mine."

Flushing to the temples, he forced a laugh.

"No, my lass," he returned. "I ha' had my troubles like other men, but a man wi' health can defy the blue devils. It's strange, though, that in so bonny a world there should be so many wicked devils unfit to live. Aye, aye, there must be a Hell! There are some men—and maybe some women, too—that need purging in fire. Your mate was one of them, and I know another! It's him I'm follering across the sea."

And with a forced laugh and a nod, he walked away, and looked sullenly across the lonely waste of waters.

Days and nights passed away, till the vessel was within a few days' sail of the North of Ireland, when suddenly there swept upon her a furious southeasterly gale, laden with the spume of Antarctic frost and fog. It was an anxious and awful time. The passengers were kept prisoners below for forty-eight hours; but Jake Owen, who knew something of sea-craft, offered to make himself useful, and was allowed to keep his place on deck and assist the men. It was a strange scene, a curious mingling of the picturesque and the diabolic, and he watched it with a sort of savage delight.

The great iron ship lay helpless as a straw in the trough of the sea, and as the mighty waves came rolling up with crash of thunder and flash of foam, they washed her stern to stem, staved in her boats to starboard, cleared her decks of every loose fragment, and on one occasion, upleaping high as the funnel, nearly put out her engines. For twelve hours together, it was necessary to keep her head to the gale, but despite the power of full steam, she swung this way and that way at the mercy of the billows, and had she not been built of malleable stuff, would have split to pieces.

The old captain kept the bridge, trumpet in hand, and had the Caledonian hymn-book in his pocket. For days together, his sole sustenance was whisky in moderate doses, qualified with natural piety. The hubbub below, the thunder above and all around, were deafening, but the grim old Scot never lost his head. He gave his orders as calmly as if he were giving the psalm from the precentor's desk, and regarded the vast Ocean as just so much contemptible matter in disturbance, which a word from the Almighty could stop at once.

At last the gale ceased, and there came a great peaceful lull. The captain dived down into his cabin to snatch a little sleep, the seamen crept hither and thither repairing damages, and the chief officer guided the good ship on her way to port. The next morning, however, she found herself in a fog so dense that it was impossible to see the end of her own nose—that is to say, of her bowsprit; and as it was some days since the sun had been visible, or it had been possible to take any reckoning, the engines were slowed to half speed, and she stole through the fog leadenly, like a blind woman groping her way.

The fog increased, till all was black as Erebus on every side. The air was so bitter cold that the masts and shrouds were frozen, and the decks crackled like ice underfoot. There was not a breath of wind. The sea, still rolling with the force of the tempest which had subsided, was sinister looking and black as ink.

Jake watched the old captain and his officers in frequent consultation, and saw by their looks that they were very anxious. At last, the engines stopped altogether, and the ship rolled in the seas like a log, while they waited for the fog to clear. Every now and then soundings were taken, and entered in the ship's log.

Thoroughly tired out by the exertions of the last few days, Jake went down to his berth and slept like a log for many hours. He was awakened at last by a hard roaring and crashing, and simultaneously he found himself nearly swinging out of his berth by a lurch of the vessel to leeward. Hurrying on his clothes, he ran on deck, and found that the fog had partially cleared, and that another tempest, from the south-east this time, was blowing great guns.

It was just about daybreak, or so it seemed by the dim, wan, doubtful light which flickered now and again in the eye of the howling wind. Clinging on the bridge, the captain was trying to get a reckoning, and after infinite struggles he partially succeeded. The result did not seem reassuring, for the ship, instead of being allowed to continue on her way, was put round to face the gale, and the engines increased to full speed.

Such was the fury of the tempest, however, that she seemed to make no way whatever, and again and again she fell off and drifted sidelong in the trough of the sea. The clouds and vapours, trailing low upon the water, swept over her and mingled with the upleaping waves.

All day long, if day it could be called where all was a doubtful and sinister twilight, this state of things continued. When night came, the blast had somewhat slackened its fury, but the violence of the enormous seas was greater than ever.

Meantime the passengers were tossed about with mingled feelings of discomfort and terror. Again and again, as some more than unusually violent sea struck the ship, making it quiver through and through till destruction seemed imminent, the cries of women and children rose from the cabin. Many fell upon their knees, clinging to the quivering woodwork, and prayed.

Among those who seemed least panicstricken was the poor woman named Ellen Windover. Pale but calm, she watched by the side of her little girl, who was too prostrate with sea-sickness to comprehend the danger. On the night of which we now speak Jake found her kneeling by the child's side, and wetting its lips with a little milk and brandy.

"Things be mending, I think," he said, going over to her. "At any rate the wind has fallen. How be the little lass?"

"Very ill, sir. She has eaten nothing for so long, and was never very strong."

"And you? I'm glad you keep up your courage. Many men aboard might take a lesson from you."

She looked sadly up into his face.

"If it were not for my darling, I should not mind much what happened."

"Come, don't say that!"

"Ah, sir, my life is wasted, and I have little left to live for. Perhaps it would be better for both of us if we sunk down this night into the deep sea."

As if in very answer to her words, at that moment there was a crash like thunder, the cabin in which they stood seemed rent and riven, she herself was thrown violently forward on her face, and Jake was shot like a bullet right away to leeward. The after part of the cabin shot up to an angle of fifty degrees, forming an inclined plane, at the bottom of which struggled a mass of shrieking human beings. Another crash! and another! Then instead of righting herself, the ship stood firm, raised up aft and dipping down forward, while thunder after thunder of raging seas roared around her.

She had struck!

With a wild cry of horror and surprise, Jake crawled rather than ran up the companion, and came out upon the deck. What a sight met his eyes! The breakers were white as milk around the ship, rising and whirling high up into the air, and on every side was horrible darkness. The wailing of the wind, the loud quivering of the vessel, the crash of the seas as they smote upon her, the shrieking of the officers and the bewildered crew, all stunned the ear and filled the sense with horror!

The truth soon became apparent. Beaten backward before the blast, now fronting the seas and now blowing sidelong, she had at last drifted on some terrible reef or shore. The engines were going at full speed, but she was wedged in between the sharp teeth of the submerged rocks. Nor was this all. The propeller, half broken away and dangling by the steering chains, was beating like a sledge hammer on the ship's sides, threatening momently to stave them in, and as Jake stood listening and gazing, an enormous sea, sweeping over the vessel forward, rolled right over the decks, swept into the engine room, and put out the fires.

What next happened he scarcely knew. The crew seemed distracted, and the terror-stricken passengers, shrieking and struggling, many in their night-dresses, swarmed the deck. Upon the bridge still stood the old Captain, roaring out his orders and trying to still the tumult.

Suddenly a wild shriek went up that she was going to pieces. Another enormous sea swept her from stem to stern, carrying away with it many human beings. At this moment Jake Owen saw the young woman clinging to the door of the intermediate companion, holding her child in her arms. He rushed to her assistance. As he did so there was another crash which stunned him. He seemed to be drawn down, down, into some whirling gulf of darkness, and when he recovered consciousness he was clinging to a spar and struggling like a straw in the trough of the foaming waters.

After many hours, he and two others, seamen of the ship, were picked up by a passing vessel. All the rest, including the brave old Captain and Jake's one friend, had been swept, with the "John Macadam," to the bottom of the sea.

CHAPTER XX.—The Prodigal Returned.

The mutual recognition of husband and wife, and Gillian's swoon, following upon it, happened so swiftly that the witnesses of the scene did not at first comprehend what had happened. Venables was the first to recover his presence of mind. He laid Gillian on the sofa, and taking from a table near at hand a glass flower-stand dipped his fingers in the water, and threw the drops smartly in her face.

"My darling Gillian!" said O'Mara, bending over her. "My *wife!* Look up, and speak to me."

"Your wife?" cried the baronet, pausing in his ministrations. Mr. Herbert echoed the words. Dora meantime was clinging to her mother's insensible hand, and sobbing over her.

"Yes," cried O'Mara, with a face of agony, "my dear wife! Separated all these years and now to meet like this! Oh, sir, if you are a friend of her's—if you have a heart to pity us, send a messenger at once for a doctor."

Venables leaned against the wall with a stifled moan, like a man stunned by a physical blow.

"His wife!" he repeated, wonderingly, as if the words bore no significance.

Mr. Herbert, recalling a little of his lost presence of mind, bade Dora run for Barbara. At first the child only clung the faster to her mother's hand, but after a little persuasion left the room.

"This is no place for us, Venables," he said, touching the baronet on the arm, "Come!"

He took the poor fellow by the arm, and led him, dazed and stupefied by this sudden cruel blow, from the room which, scarcely a minute before, he had entered so gaily with his affianced wife. O'Mara looked after him with a grim, soundless laugh, which changed again to an expression of harassed solicitude as Barbara entered the room with Dora.

"Eh, my poor lady!" cried the faithful servant. She went on her knees beside her, and loosed the collar of her dress, and held a bottle of smelling salts to her nostrils.

A faint colour tinged Gillian's cheeks and leaden lips. She shivered, sighed, and opened her eyes, looking round vacantly.

"Mamma!" cried Dora, "oh, mamma, don't look so. Speak to me, mamma!"

Memory returned at the sound of the loved voice, and Gillian cast her arms about the child.

"Ah!" said O'Mara, in a tone of devout gratitude, "thank God, she returns to life. Thank you, my good woman. Leave us, if you please, and take the child with you."

"And who be you?" asked Barbara, wonderingly and suspiciously.

"I am this lady's husband," answered O'Mara.

"Leave us, Barbara," said Gillian, in a low voice. "He speaks the truth. Go, my darling."

She kissed Dora with icy lips, and rising led her firmly, though with uncertain steps, to the door, and closed it on the beseeching, tear-stained little face. As she turned O'Mara came towards her with a radiant smile and hands outstretched.

"Don't touch me!" she cried, "don't come near me. The knowledge of your presence is enough!"

Her horror of the man, who after years of cruelty and desertion, had returned to dash the cup of happiness from her lips, banished her weakness.

"My darling!" cried O'Mara, in a wounded voice. "The shock has turned her brain," he added, pityingly, for the behoof of Barbara, or of any other possible listener.

"What do you want here?" asked Gillian. "How did you come?"

"By the purest accident, my dear Gillian. I entered the house and asked permission of your venerable friend the Vicar to sketch the interior of this charming room. You still retain—nay, you have positively improved upon—the exquisite taste you always possessed. While conversing with him, my child, *our* child, Gillian, came into the apartment."

He produced his handkerchief and made play with it at this moment.

"I learned from her own sweet lips that her name was Dora. My memory flew back to the time when I had possessed a cherub of that name, and even then, when yet I was ignorant that the child was mine, nature seemed to draw me to her. I half thought that I could trace in her little lineaments the features I had loved so well."

He flourished the handkerchief before his eyes.

"It was too good to be true, I thought, such bliss was not for me, and yet, not only in her face, but in her voice, her manner, in her happy frankness, the child recalled the wife I had never ceased to mourn. The little one, perhaps with a divine instinct that I had need of consolation, asked for music. This beautiful dwelling, the odour of the flowers, the sweet Englishness of the scene, the presence of the child, her name, with its remains of that happy time we spent together, too short, alas, and shortened I must own, by my own intemperate folly, which I have bitterly repented, and which, I see in your dear face, you have long since forgiven; all these influences flooded a heart which, with all its shortcomings, has ever been open to the influences of external beauty and poetic feeling. The dear old song you used to sing came back to me, 'Home, sweet Home.' Ah, I thought, as my fingers dwelt upon the keys, if this peaceful and beautiful dwelling were indeed my home, if this angelic child were the Dora I had loved and lost, if you were by my side, as in the dear dead days! And the dream *is* true, my Gillian, my bride!"

The strained and flimsy rhetoric, the theatrical gesticulations with which he spoke this rigmarole, contrasting with the diabolic half grin upon his face, was an epitome of the man's character. The words and voice were for the possible listeners, his gestures expressed his sense of the dramatic value of the situation, the smile bespoke a pleasant sense of humour. It is not often that a born torturer has a mere perfect chance of displaying his instincts than this that fate had just put into the hands of Mr. O'Mara.

He made a second step towards her.

At his first advance she had shrunk from him in terror, but now she stood firm, drawing herself to her full height, and meeting his eyes with a look which changed his mocking regard to one of half-sullen admiration.

"Listen," she said quietly. "I know the powers you have, the privileges the law gives you. I know that all I have is yours, that it is just as much in your power to-day to strip me of all I possess as it was to rob me seven years ago. You are welcome to do so. Take all I have—I shall speak no word of complaint, make no effort to assert the right—I know God recognizes though the law denies it. But try to do no more. Lay a hand upon me, advance one step towards me, and you will find that I am not unprotected. I have but to raise my voice to have you thrown out of this house like the thing and cur you are. You will be wise not to provoke me to such a measure. Go, and leave me to myself for awhile."

Her calm did more than any raving denunciation of him could have done. The quiet contempt of her words and look left him quite untouched, but he recognized the force that lay behind them, and gave way, marking his retreat in his usual flowery glances.

"I comprehend, Gillian. You want quiet to accustom yourself to these changed circumstances. I can understand that my sudden apparition is something of a shock to you. I am not here to rob you, as you call it. You do me injustice in thinking that the prosperity of your circumstances adds one iota to the joy I feel in finding you. It is not your wealth I want, it is only yourself, the affection you once had for me I would revive. Try not to think too harshly of me, Gillian. I was not blameless in that past time, I admit my faults, my errors, I confess them with tears. I leave you for a time, your better nature will conquer—I am sure of it. You will forget and forgive the errors I deplore, you will hear the call of duty and affection. We shall be reunited. Here, in this delicious spot, I shall taste the felicity which in my foolish youth—I confess it, Gillian—I threw aside. God bless you, darling, and our dear little one. I will return presently to meet, I hope, the reception dear to a husband and a father."

He left the house, and walked towards the village, his face grown hard with lines of calculation.

"I shall have trouble with her," he said to himself. "Gad! how infernally handsome she is. These last seven years have improved her prodigiously. She used to be a little thin. I arrive *apropos*. That burly baronet was hard hit when I proclaimed my identity, but I don't suppose I shall have much trouble with him. I have made one friend already in that thick-witted old parson, and to have the clergy on one's side is half the battle with women. But that fellow, Bream, will be the *clou* of the situation, I'm afraid."

He reached the "Pig and Whistle," where Stokes was smoking his pipe in the porch. O'Mara passed him with a slight sideward motion of the head, and went upstairs to a room overlooking the street. A minute later Stokes knocked and entered.

"Well?" he asked eagerly.

"Your penetration was not at fault," said O'Mara, "Mrs. Dartmouth is my wife."

"You've seen her?"

"Yes, and she has seen me."

"What did she say?"

"Nothing you would be the wiser for knowing, or that I should care to repeat."

"I can believe that," said Stokes, "if you treated her as you did the others out yonder," with a jerk of the head in the supposed direction of America. "I could find it in my heart to wish as I'd never told you anything about Mr. Bream and the scrap-book."

"Never mind what you could find in your heart, my good Stokes. See if you can find a bottle of drinkable brandy in your bar."

Stokes went and returned with the brandy. O'Mara motioned him to a seat on the other side of the table.

"Just to get things straight in my mind," he said, "I will tell you the morning's adventures."

He told them, plainly and succinctly, as he could speak when he chose, and Stokes listened.

"What do you make of that?" he asked, when he had finished.

"She's going to bolt," said Stokes, "and she'll most likely take the kid with her."

"That is my reading of the situation also," said O'Mara. "I shall want your help, Stokes."

"Then I wish you didn't," said the publican, uneasily, nerving himself with a gulp of spirit, "and I've a ——— good mind as you should do without it."

O'Mara, with his hand on the table, and a cigar stuck in the corner of his mouth, looked at him with a smile of dry contemptuous enquiry.

"I'm sick o' being made a tool and catspaw of, I had enough o' being your jackal, out yonder. Nice jobs as you put me on, too! If I'd ha' held my jor about that parygraph, as likely as not you'd ha' gone away from here no wiser than you'd come. And if I'd ha' known as Sir George was sweet on her, I'd ha' seen you———[Mr. Stoke's language was remarkably forcible at this point] afore I'd ha' said a word."

"You are really shockingly immoral, Stokes," said O'Mara.

"Go it, go it!" said Stokes, disgustedly. "I mean it, though. Mrs. Dartmouth's a lady. When I was down with the rheumatic a queen couldn't ha' been kinder than she was to me. Jelly and port wine, every day she sent me. The poor man's Providence—that's the name they give her hereabout. A nice Providence you'll be to anybody, won't you? And Sir George is a good sort, too; he's going to rebuild this place and give me a new lease on the old terms."

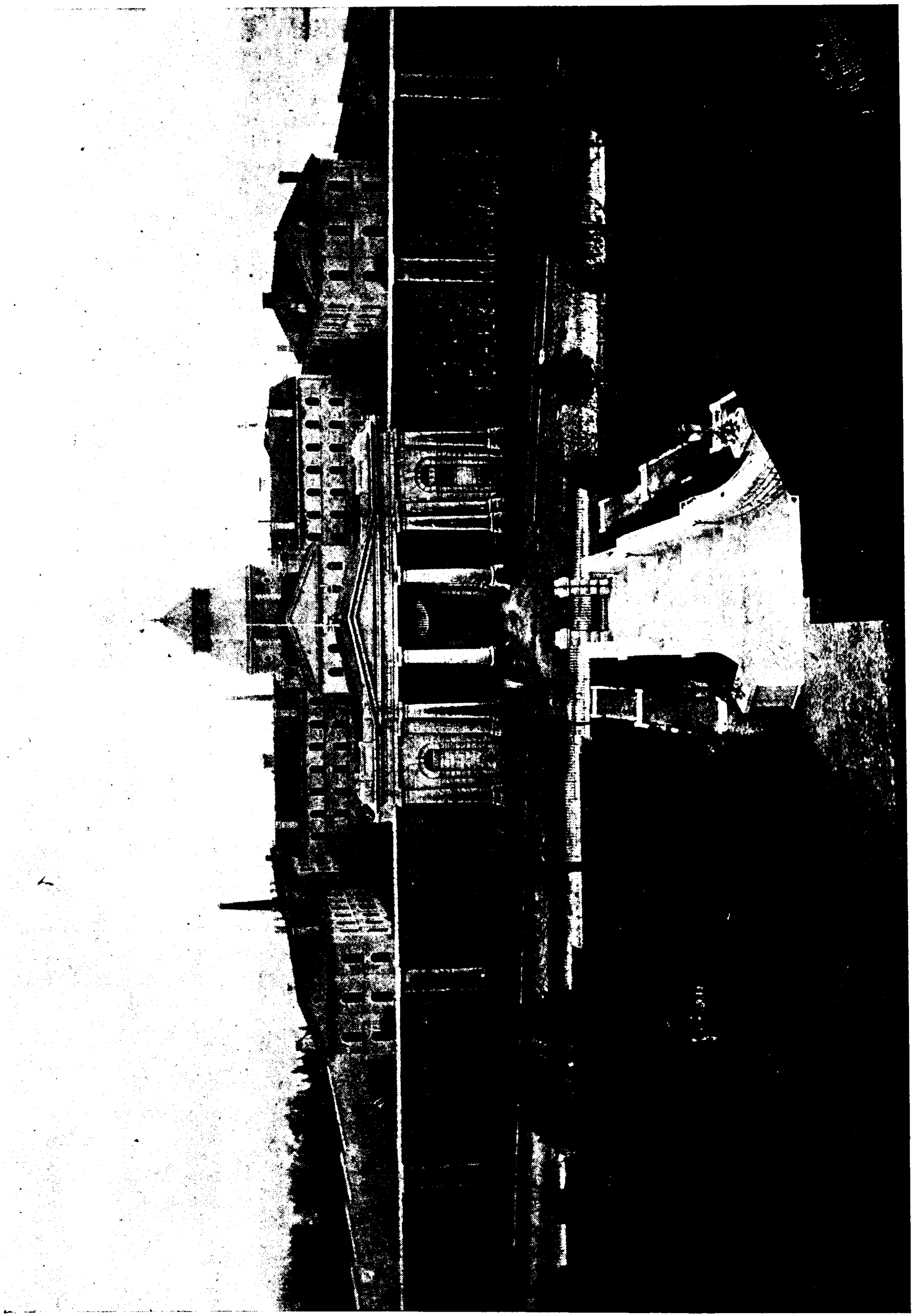
"Bucolic Philistine!" said O'Mara, "why can't he leave the house alone? It's charmingly picturesque. I am afraid, Stokes, that you didn't shed many tears over that paragraph announcing my untimely decease."

"I shouldn't cry over better men nor you, Mr. O'Mara."

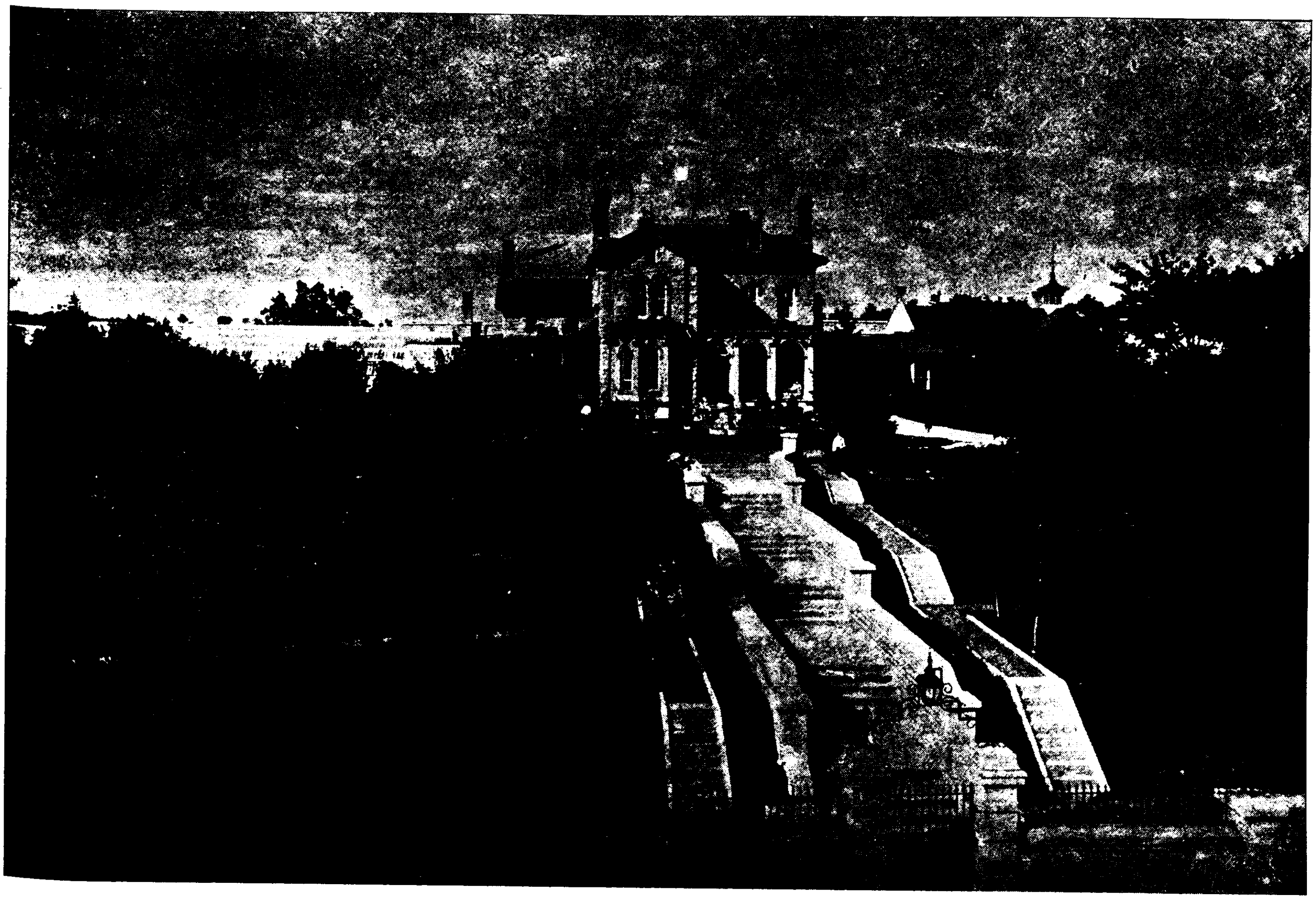
"Wonderful are the ways of Providence," said O'Mara. "When that infernal ruffian left me on that beastly hill, twenty miles from anywhere, I little thought what a good turn he was doing me. I wonder why he kept the letters, though, for the matter of that I don't quite know why I had kept them myself. I'm glad he did keep them. I was't popular in that part of the States, and his death with those letters on his person was a godsend to me."

"Yes," said Stokes, "the devil's mindful of his own."

(To be continued.)



THE PENITENTIARY, KINGSTON, ONT,



THE WARDEN'S RESIDENCE, KINGSTON PENITENTIARY.

Our British Columbia Letter

An animated correspondence has been going on lately between Prof. Elliott, of the Smithsonian Institute, Washington, and Judge Swan, of Port Townsend, on a subject of natural history relating to the haunts and habits of the seal. The controversy is an interesting one in some of its aspects, which bear directly on the Behring Sea question. It is widely discussed among sea-faring men here, who have formed their opinions from personal observation, and who claim that their views, being the result of practical experience, are more likely to be correct than any number of theories from Washington. Prof. Elliott holds that the young or baby seals are born only on the Pribyloff Islands, and that it is necessary for the United States to close Behrings Sea in order to prevent their total extermination. On the other hand, Judge Swan, who is admitted to be an authority on marine questions on the Pacific seaboard, asserts that the young seals are to be found everywhere along the coast, and that the States cannot declare Behrings Sea a "mare clausum" for the reason given by Prof. Elliott. In this contention he is upheld by all the Victoria sealing men. Capt. Warren, president of the Sealers' Association, says that Judge Swan is quite right, aad that he has seen baby seals with their mothers as far south as the Queen Charlotte Islands. They could not possibly have come a distance of 1,400 miles from the Pribyloff Islands. Captain Cox, of the "Sapphire," caught two seal pups not a week old near the same place, and kept them as pets on the schooner during the cruise; and there is much testimony to prove that that they are being constantly found on the numerous beds of kelp along the shore. It is possible that a special commission from Congress will be sent out here to investigate the statements made on both sides. It is a case in which the decision as to a simple matter of fact may be more far-reaching in its consequences than is at first imagined.

The fur seals are unusually plentiful this season. The Sechelt Indians have already secured over a hundred and fifty skins by simply going out in their canoes. There have not been so many about Cape Flattery and the Straits for twenty years, and the Indians say that the very mild weather has brought them in. The schooners "Pioneer," "Rosie," "Olsen," "Wanderer" and "Mary Taylor," went to sea last week to get some of the coast hunting. Several other vessels are now under construction in the Victoria shipyards, and will be ready to sail for Behring Sea next month.

The American revenue cutter, "Bear," is at present being prepared for her summer cruise at San Francisco. She is having her spar deck strengthened, and is being fitted with gun carriages for two long four-inch rifles. This, of course, may not be of any significance; but, on the other hand, may possibly be intended as an inducement to the sealers to heave-to if they are requested to do so. All the officers belonging to the cutter say that they know nothing of the arrangements made for their cruise this year.

We have had a change of weather at last. The first snow of the season took every one by surprise last week, and has remained until now, when it is gradually disappearing again. To have a few inches of snow on the ground for some days is such an unusual occurrence in this part of the world that the glimpse of winter is thoroughly enjoyed while it lasts. It was amusing to see all the varieties of sleighs that made their appearance in the streets; in many cases they consisted simply of boxes mounted on some kind of runners improvised for the occasion. The proud possessor of a "real sleigh" was regarded with all the respect due to a possible benefactor of his kind, and experienced for once all the sense of exhilaration that a fleeting fame can give. The expression of public appreciation had been withheld for a time, it is true, but that only proved that his admirers were no fair-weather friends; on the contrary, it was when the skies were overcast and the snows of winter fell thick and fast around him that the long pent-up enthusiasm of his fellow-citizens burst its bounds and he discovered for the first time what a popular member of society he really was! "Everything comes to him who waits."

The children have, perhaps, enjoyed the snow-fall most of all. They have had a gala week with all the delights of coasting and sliding. Every hill was crowded with boys and girls, some of them from parts of the world where such pleasures are unknown, and others who had not yet forgotten the winter sports of Ontario and Quebec. To all of them it was a time of unalloyed fun and merriment; if they were not lucky enough to have a "bob-sleigh," almost anything would do instead, boards and even ladders were pressed into the service, and every expedient was greeted with fresh peals of laughter, that showed how much the unaccustomed pastime was enjoyed. Even "children of a larger growth" made up sliding parties by moonlight, and I will venture to say that a tobogganing party on the best appointed slide of Ottawa or Montreal is a solemn function compared with these impromptu amusements.

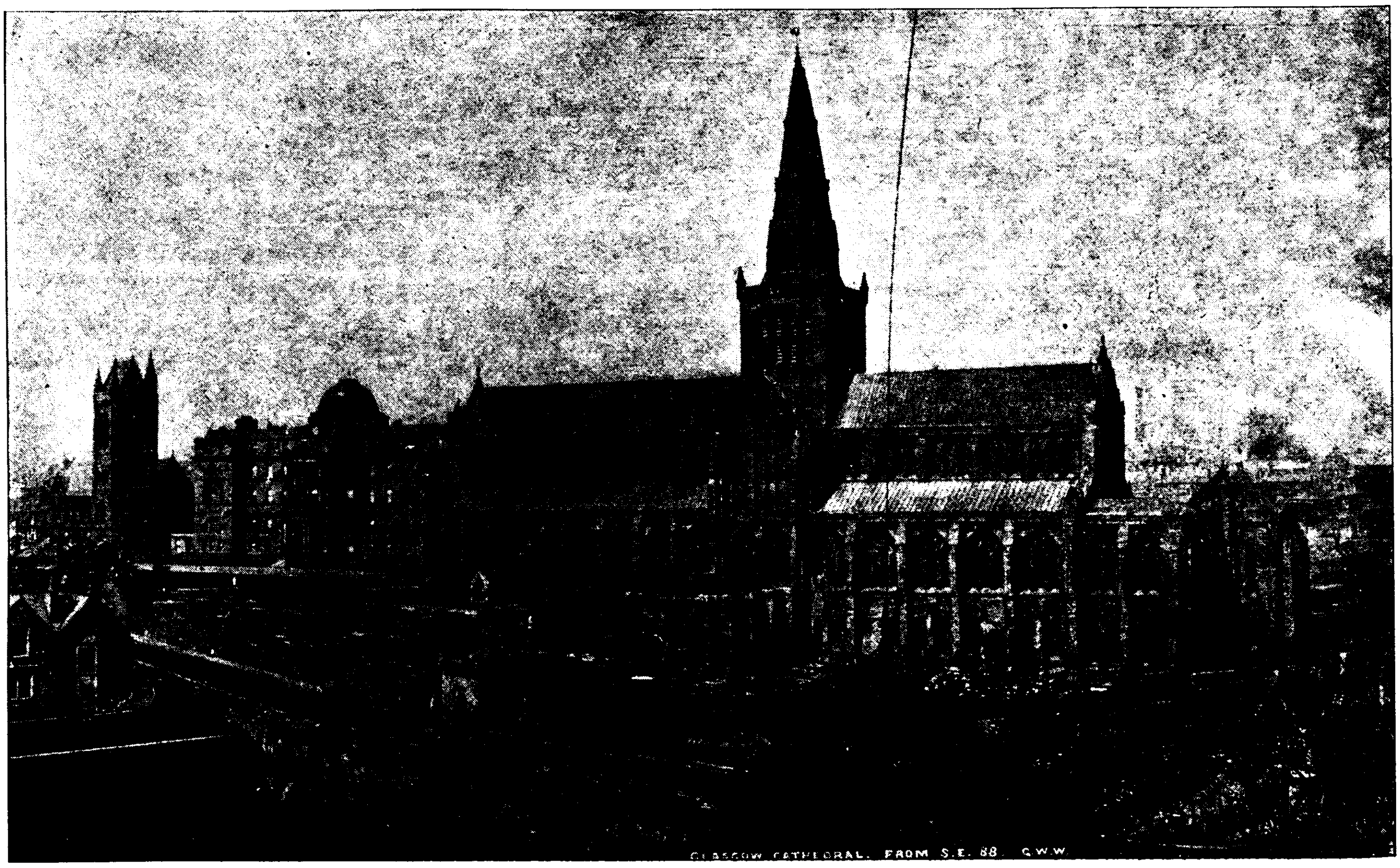
A very large block is to be constructed at the corner of Fort and Government streets, Victoria. It is to be called the "Five Sisters'" block, and the cost will probably exceed $100,000. Mr. T. Sorby is the architect, and the contract has been awarded to Mr. G. Mesher. The Bank of Montreal has secured premises in this building and will remove there when it is completed.

A specimen of a very rare fish has been presented to the Provincial Museum. Accurate drawings and photographs were sent to Mr. Jordan, of the United States Fish Commission, and he has pronounced it to be *cheirolophis polyactocephalus*, the tufted blenny. This fish has only been twice reported, and never before so far south as Alert Bay, where this specimen was caught.

The Hon. Chas. Burnett, the distinguished American geographer, has been spending some days in Vancouver as the guest of Mr. Jay Ewing, the United States consul. Mr. Burnett has left Washington, where he was in charge of the Pacific division of the Government survey, and is about to establish himself in business in Seattle, where he will act as representative of the American Geographic Society.

There has been very little going on lately in the way of gayety. Dinner parties and five o'clock teas seem to be considered a mild form of dissipation suitable to the Lenten season, but several large entertainments are on the tapis and will be given after Easter. Just now special services are being held in many of the churches. The Rev. F. Duvernet, of Toronto, is holding a mission in Christ Church, Vancouver, which has been well attended.

LENNOX.



GLASGOW CATHEDRAL.

A REVERENT PILGRIMAGE.

PART IV.

> "Glasgow for bells,
> Lithgow for wells,
> Fa'kirk for beans and peas,
> Peebles for clashes and lees,"*

says the old proverb. Linlithgow, Falkirk and Glasgow—to name them in due order—are all in the pilgrimage we begin to-day. As for Peebles—were it on the line of march and had it an ancient church to draw us,—the rhyme should not keep us away; for that old town on the Tweed, the occasional residence of the Stewarts, and the scene of the poet-king's, "Peblis to the Play," is well worthy of a visit.

Linlithgow Church, which stands between the Palace where Queen Mary was born and the town, is one of the few specimens of Gothic architecture still remaining in Scotland. It was founded by David I, the builder of Holyrood Abbey, and by him dedicated to St. Michael the Archangel, who was also regarded as the patron saint of the town. It was in an aisle of this church that James IV saw the mysterious apparition, warning him against the expedition which was to end in fatal Flodden. I will let Pitscottie tell the tale:

"The king came to Lithgow, where he happened to be for the time at the Council, very sad and dolorous, making his devotion to God to send him good chance and fortune in his voyage. In the meantime there came a man, clad in a blue gown, in at the kirk door, and belted about him in a roll of linen cloth. He seemed to be a man of two-and-fifty years, with a great pike-staff in his hand, and came first forward among the lords, crying and speiring for the king; but, when he saw the king, he made him little reverence or salutation, but leaned down grofling on the desk before him, and said to him in this manner: 'Sir king, my mother hath sent me to you, desiring you not to pass, at this time, where thou art purposed; for if thou dost, thou wilt not fare well in thy journey, nor none that passes with thee. Further, she bade thee mell (meddle) with no woman, nor use their counsel; for if thou do it, thou wilt be confounded and brought to shame.'"

"By this man had spoken thir words unto the king's grace, the evening song was near done, and the king paused on thir words, studying to give him an answer; but, in the meantime, before the king's eyes and in the presence of all that were about him for the time, this man vanished away."

Modern science—or scepticism—which does not believe in apparitions, explains this one as a contrivance of James's queen. The advice was excellent at any rate, whether ghostly or otherwise.

Of the "wells" remaining, the most curious is a fountain, surrounded by a figure of St. Michael and bearing the legend: SAINT MICHÆL IS KIND TO STRANGERS.

Falkirk's old church, founded in 1057—which, from the colour of its stone, gave the town its original name, Eglishbreck, or "the speckled church"—was demolished about fifty years ago. But you must note, as you pass the place, that almost every foot of ground is historic. Here Wallace and his friend, Sir John Graham, were defeated by the troops of Edward I. in 1298.* Further on, Prince Charlie and his Highlanders gained a complete victory over the Hanoverians under Hawley. Still further is Bannockburn—the thought of which makes Scottish hearts beat faster, even to-day. Sir Walter Scott's story of his countryman, the farrier, who, having removed to England, had the audacity to practise as a full-fledged M D., justifying his possible or probable homicides on the plea, "It'll be lang before I mak up for Flodden,"—has lately made its periodical rounds. What may pass as a companion to it is not, perhaps, so familiar. An English gentleman, visiting Bannockburn, was much pleased with his guide, and, on leaving, proffered a handsome *douceur*. "Thank ye, kindly, sir," said the Scot, "but I couldna tak it!" "You and yours," he added compassionately, waving his hand over the battle-field, "hae paid dear eneuch for Bannockburn." The tale, I confess, seems to require more than the usual "grain" of allowance. The peasant proud of Bannockburn is common enough; but the guide who, on such delicate grounds, refuses a fee, is more incredible than Pitscottie's apparition.

And now, fellow-pilgrim, grasp your good staff with firmer hand, for we are going to climb to yonder heights, where Stirling Castle keeps watch and ward over many and many a mile around. The Greyfriars' or Franciscan Church stands on the declivity of the castle rock. Built in 1494 by James IV, and added to by Archbishop Beaton, uncle of the Cardinal,—it is a well-preserved specimen of the later pointed Gothic. To the English antiquary it might appear a century older than it is, for the depressed or perpendicular style which prevailed in England at the time of its erection was never adopted in Scotland. The massive column of the interior still remains intact, and the external walls, with the exception of those of the transept, are in good preservation. In this church the Earl of Arran, regent of Scotland, abjured Romanism in 1543. In 1567 the youthful James VI was crowned in it, John Knox preaching the coronation sermon. In one of the two places of worship into which it has been divided, Ebenezer Erskine, founder of the Secession church, officiated.

But, pilgrims to holy places as we are, we are drawn from the Church to the Castle—the proud stronghold, for the taking of which Edward I. was forced to bring all the besieging engines in his Tower of London. Alexander I. died in it. Bruces and Baliols held it in turn. About the time of the accession of the house of Stewart it became a royal residence, and it was always a favourite abode of the Jameses—some of whom were born, some baptized, and some crowned in it. Its situation is as grand as its historical associations are interesting, and there are few finer views in the British Islands than that to be seen from its battlements; the romantic Abbey Crag rising from a wilderness of verdure; the fertile Carse of Stirling, with the labyrinthine windings of the Forth; hills bounding the horizon in every direction; and in the west the purple Highland mountains rising, peak upon peak, from humble Uam-var to lofty Ben Lomond.

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* Gossip and lies.

*Sir John Graham and Sir John Stewart, both of whom fell in the Battle of Falkirk, sleep in the churchyard of "the speckled church."

This venerable ruin by the river is "Cambuskenneth's Abbey grey"—another foundation of the "sair sanct for the croun," and, like Holyrood, bestowed upon canons regular of St. Augustine. A ramble of a dozen miles or more brings us to one of its dependencies, the ruined monastery of Inchmahome, or the Isle of Rest—in Lake Menteith—the little island where, in company with her four Maries,—Mary Beaton, Mary Seaton, Mary Livingstone and Mary Fleming—Queen Mary spent what were, perhaps, the only restful years of her life. The archæologist looks with delight on richly carved doorway and lancet windows; on crypt, sedilia and piscina; on sleeping knight and lady sculptured in one great stone. And then, if he be not entirely joined to his idols, he turns with even greater interest to a tiny plot of ground, of which the delightful author of "Rab and His Friends" thus discourses:

> "Wandering through the ruins overgrown with ferns and Spanish filberts, and old fruit trees, at the corner of the old monkish garden you come upon an oval space of about eighteen feet by twelve, with the remains of a double row of boxwood all round, the plants of box being about fourteen feet high and eight or nine inches in diameter, healthy, but plainly of great age. What is this? It is called in the guide-books Queen Mary's Bower; but besides its being plainly not in the least a bower, what could the little Queen, then five years old, and 'fancy free,' do with a bower? It is plainly *the Child-Queen's Child-Garden*, with her little walk, and its boxwood, left to itself for three hundred years. Yes, without doubt, 'here is that first garden of her simpleness.'"*

Retracing our steps to Stirling and continuing westward, we come to Dunblane, another of the old sees. The architecture of the Cathedral is of three periods:—the tower, Norman; the nave, early pointed; the choir, later pointed, with mullioned windows and other decorated work. Within, the prebends' stalls, of carved oak, are still preserved, and there are many interesting monuments. The gentle Leighton was Bishop of Dunblane in those troublous times when the majority of Scotsmen thought a prelate, even of the Reformed Church, little less than an emissary of the evil one, and, prejudice notwithstanding, was beloved by everybody. He sleeps in the old cemetery, and his library, which he bequeathed to the diocese, is yet preserved. A portion of the cathedral is still in use as the parish church.

* * * * *

Into that enchanted land which the genius of Scott has made classic, we wander now. Even the tourist from beyond the sea, who has the fortune, or (as it seems to us, proud possessors of what Washington Irving calls our "own conveyances"), *mis*fortune to be "personally conducted;" who "does" all western, southern and central Europe in two months, and Scotland in two days, is permitted to give one of these days to the Trosachs. Shall we take a less picturesque route than the "personally conducted?"

No. But to make picturesque ways a success, it is well to be matter-of-fact in respect to garments. Add a waterproof to your *impedimenta*, therefore, and, if you happen to be of the gentler sex, attach to your pilgrim-staff that combination of silk and whalebone known in our watery islands as an "*en tout cas*"—a name doubtless invented with special reference to Scotland, where, as American travellers complain, it is "always doing something." True lover of Scotland as I am, I dare not say that its climate is all I would like it to be. There are days—many days, alas! dark, damp, chilling to the bone, fatal to the liver, apt to make you answer Mallock's famous question with a prompt *no*.

And yet, terrible as such days are in the city, they have among the lochs and mountains a beauty of their own. There are wonderful rifts in the black storm-clouds, wonderful lights among the "fine gloom" of the hills, wonderful wreaths of silver mist that float across the slopes and crown the lofty summits. And then, if you are fortunate in your day, what a never-to-be-forgotten day it is! O the freshness of the moors! O the coolness of the waters, where golden salmon leap and flash! O the grandeur of the everlasting hills, with their mystery of ever-changing shadows! O the magic of the air you breathe—fatigue unknown and mere living a delight! O the pride with which you say to the admiring wanderer from another land, "A poor country, sir, but my own!"

And so, by "Katrine's silver strand" and Ellen's Isle, by Lomond, with its Rob Roy's Cave and Rob Roy's Prison, and its

"Fairy crowds
Of islands that together lie
As quietly as spots of sky
Among the evening clouds,"

we reach Glasgow.

The people of the commercial metropolis of Scotland are proud of many things in their city—of none, certainly, with greater reason than their minster, the most perfect now remaining of all those sanctuaries with which the piety of our forefathers beautified the land. The Bishopric of Glasgow was founded about 560 by St. Mungo or Kentigern; and the Cathedral—which was dedicated to the saint—by Bishop John Achaius in 1133 or '36. The building is cruciform, with short transepts; its size, three hundred and nineteen by sixty-three feet; its style, early English. The crypt is notably beautiful. Its revenues, in its palmy days, were large, including the royalty and baronies of Glasgow, eighteen baronies in various parts of the kingdom, and a large estate in Cumberland, known as the spiritual dukedom. At the Reformation, a part of these revenues was seized by the Crown, and the rest bestowed upon the University. The latter—the charter of which is nearly a century and a-half older than that of its Edinburgh sister—preserves also the original structure, a long range of monastic-looking buildings, harmonizing well with the venerable minster.

How the Cathedral managed to escape the fury alike of English invaders and Scottish reformers, is matter of conjecture. The Bishop's Castle being in its vicinity, it was, in the early days of the Reformation, repeatedly defended by Archbishop Beaton. There is a tradition in Glasgow that when, later, the Privy Council sent an order for its demolition, the deacons and craftsmen of the city arose in might, and threatened with death the would-be destroyers. The only evidence in reference to the matter now extant, however, while ordering the destruction of the altars and images, has this postscript:

> "Fail not bot ze tak guid heyd that neither the dasks, windocks, nor durris be onyways hurt or broken, either glassen wark or iron wark."

After the Reformation, the building was divided into three churches. It was in one of these, the Laigh Kirk, or Crypt, that Francis Osbaldistone received Rob Roy's mysterious warning. In 1588 seats were introduced, the ash trees of the church-

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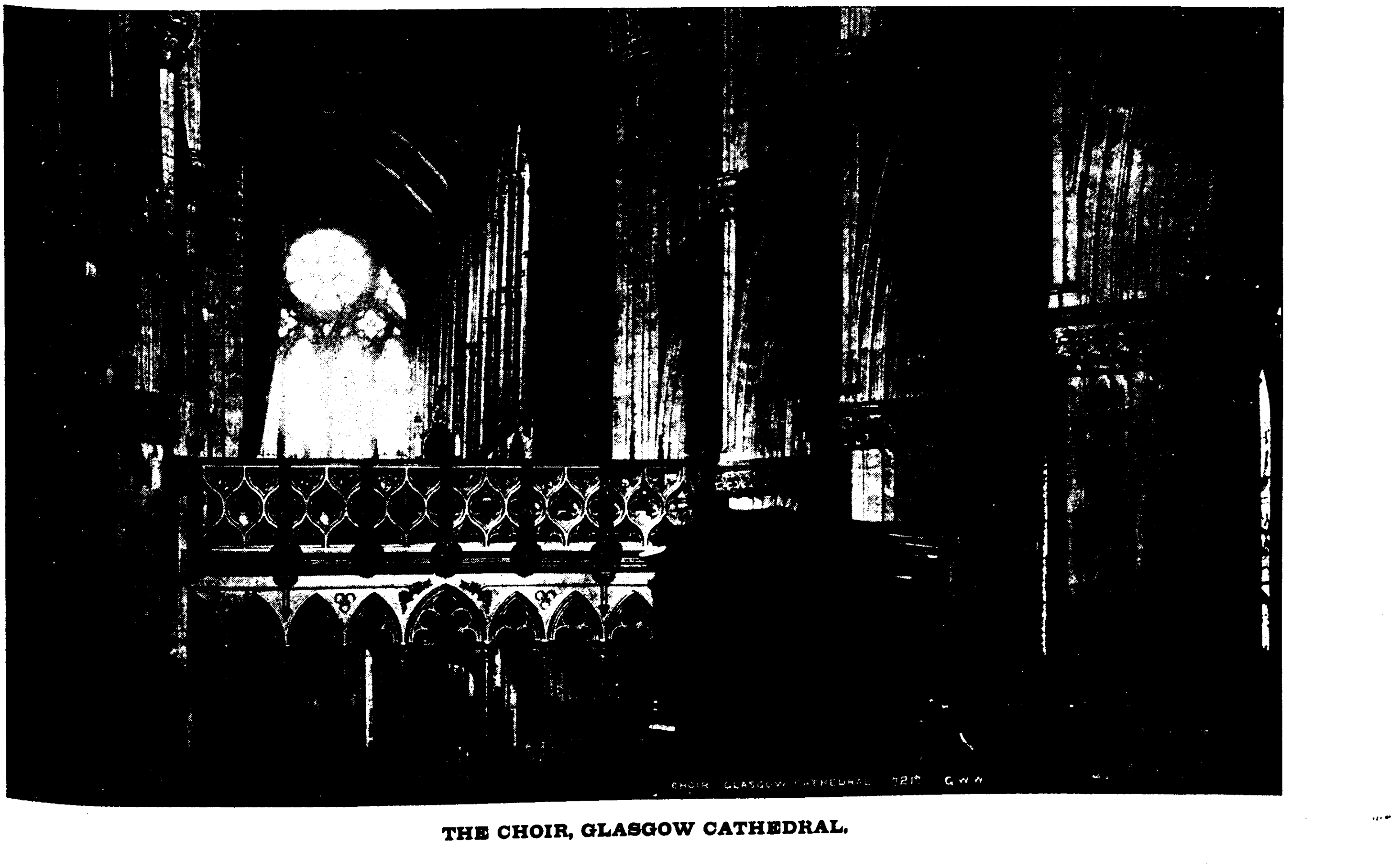
*"Horæ Subsecivæ," Vol. II.



THE CHOIR, GLASGOW CATHEDRAL.

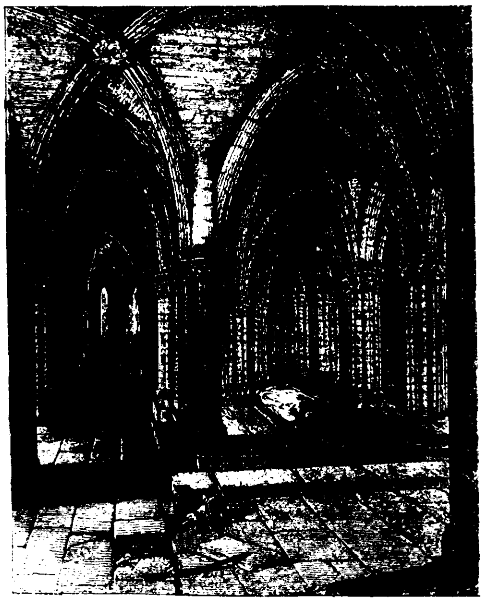
STIRLING CASTLE FROM THE LADIES' ROCK.

STIRLING CASTLE—FROM THE LADIES' ROCK.

yard being, with true Glasgow thrift, cut down to make them, but it was expressly ordered that women were not to make use of them, but to "sit laigh" (on the floor) or bring stools with them.

THE NAVE, GLASGOW CATHEDRAL.

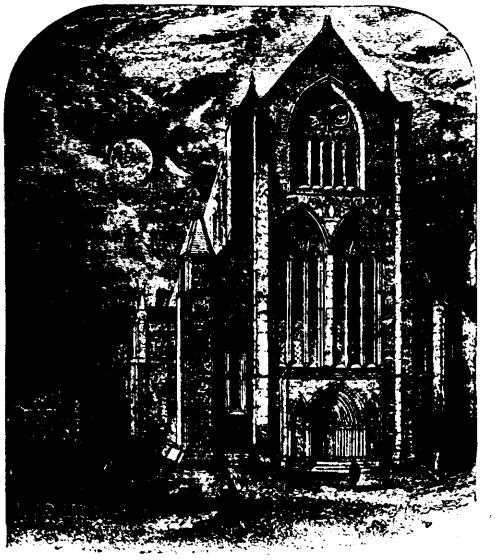
The men of these days, in truth—in more respects than this ungallant order—would seem to have been strangers to the motto of good old William of Wykeham, *Manners makyth man*. Even clergymen went armed; brawls were constant, and blood was shed on the slightest provocation. In 1587 a minister, being attacked by an unfriendly pair, father and son, who called him a liar and drew on him a "quhingear" and a "pistolet,"—cast his gown over his arm, drew his quhingear, and, with the assistance of the Parson of Renfrew, who opportunely appeared upon the scene with *his* quhingear, put his enemies to flight. Another minister, who had taken possession of a pulpit to which he had no right, fared not so well. "Honest Master Howie," it is recorded, "was pulled out of the pulpit and had the hair of his head, which was very long, very ill torn, and several of his teeth beaten out, to the great effusion of his blood and the manifest danger of his life."



THE CRYPT, GLASGOW CATHEDRAL.

After reading this solemn statement, I think we may give ourselves the credit of being not only a more polished, but a more courageous generation, than that of Glasgow three hundred years ago. Had "honest Master Howie" been educated at a modern school, or operated upon by a modern dentist, he would not have made such a fuss about nothing.

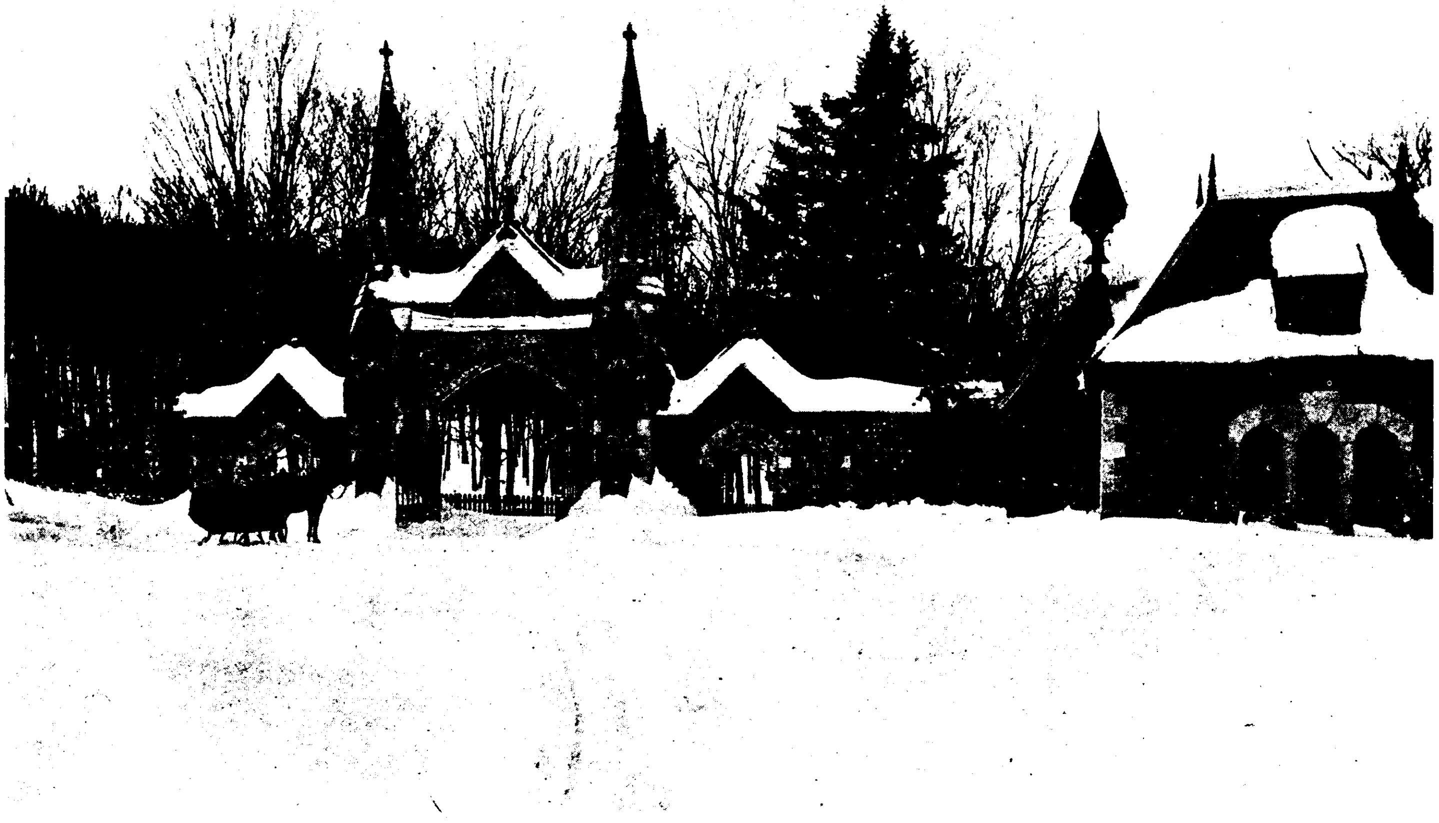
As for the men who spared St. Mungo's, they probably indemnified themselves by taking a hand in the destruction of the neighbouring Abbey of Paisley. The traveller who is rushed past—or over rather—that uninviting-looking town, on the railway bridge, is startled to discern through the thick smoke that always veils and blackens it, a graceful Gothic ruin. It is that of the Abbey Church, dedicated to St. James and St. Miren by its founder, Walter Stewart, the husband of Marjory—daughter of Robert Bruce—and the ancestor of the royal line of Stewarts.



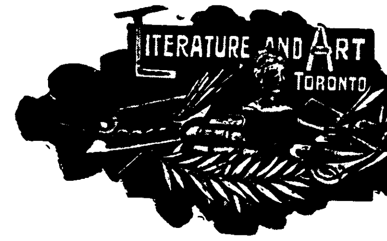
PAISLEY ABBEY, WEST FRONT.

To return to Glasgow—it is needless to say that all that the wealth and taste of our day are capable of doing, has been done for St. Mungo's. The nave has been opened up, restoring its original noble proportions, and the windows filled with beautiful stained glass. And there the old Cathedral stands: the great city not encroaching on the greensward on which its shadow falls; the ship-laden Clyde in the fore-ground; the rocky eminence of the Necropolis throwing it into bolder relief; and in the distance the blue hills, alone unchanged since the days when—Cathedral, and Bishop, and Saint, and Christianity itself, unheard of there—the arch-priest of the sun, in the groves that then crowned the Necropolis height, cut with his golden sickle the sacred mistletoe.

A. M. MacLeod.



ENTRANCE TO MOUNT ROYAL CEMETERY, MONTREAL.
(Mr. E. F Kerr, Amateur photo.)



TORONTO, March, 1891.

The elections being over, cheerfulness pervades society once more, and people are as ready to invest in real estate as ever. A very excellent bust of Sir John A. Macdonald, in plaster of Paris, by a local artist, is the form in which a good number of Torontonians have been purchasing real estate during the past week.

* * *

Another concert by the Toronto Vocal Society, under the leadership of Mr. Edgar Buck, comes off on the 21st April. The members are hard at work on several four-part songs, most of them old favourites; such as 'Caller Herrin' for instance.

* * *

A great honour has been done a young Canadian composer, Mr. Clarence Lucas, a son of Rev. D. V. Lucas of this city. At the annual meeting of the Manuscript Society of Composers of the United States, held in New York, the membership of which is limited to one hundred, Mr. Lucas sent in a few selections from his compositions, hoping that his name might be proposed at some future time, within a few years. To his astonishment his name was at once placed on the list of members, an honour scarcely ever before bestowed, and one of which his country, as well as the young composer himself, may be proud. Mr. Lucas has published several compositions, and has in view an operetta on a subject of the *Cluerentola* school. Canada will hear more of her gifted son, undoubtedly.

* * *

"Why has no Canadian premier ever written a novel?" suggested Mr. Carter Troop in his lecture on Lord Beaconsfield this afternoon, naming several titles for such contributions to our literature, one being "The Hon. the Senator from Ontario," *a la* "Mr. Isaacs of New York," and another "The Missing Letter."

Truly if the Premier were to 'rush into print' now, he would make the "success of the season," not only for Canada, but the wide world.

Is it for such a spur that Canada's literature languishes?

* * *

The lecture on Lord Beaconsfield by Mr. Troop would do credit to a much older and more experienced man. It is a sketch of a great statesman's life by a clever hand. And while the lecturer does not see fit to hide his own predilections both in church and state affairs, he deals justly with the subject he has in hand and glozes nothing.

The lecture was marked by many sallies of wit, a good deal of fire, and a perfect appreciation of all the points the lecturer wished to make. The literary gifts and productions of Disraeli were well and truly estimated. Mr. Troop evidently thinks for himself, and is not led by the clique that saw nothing but feathers and fustian in Disraeli's writings.

A graceful delivery, and, except when too rapid, a clear enunciation, distinguishes Mr. Troop's method, and he possesses that rare gift, a clear and penetrating voice.

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The death of Rev. K. L. Jones, rector of St. Mark's Church, Barriefield, has removed from Canadian literature an earnest and graceful pen, which will be sadly missed.

* * *

I copy from the daily papers:—"City Clerk Blevins has received a letter addressed to the 'Town Clerk, Toronto, U.S.A.' It came from the Town Clerk's Office. Corporation of Dublin, and accompanied the first volume of the ancient records of Ireland's capital.

One can fancy the 'junior' who addressed the letter exclaiming, "Where's Toronto, anyhow?" pulling a big old Atlas down, hunting up *North America*, running his finger over the map, seeing 'Toronto' at the edge of the lake, and sagely concluding that all North Amerca is United States, 'anyhow,' addresses the letter accordingly.

Canada is, however, rapidly teaching the world better.

* * *

Some remarkable pictures have a place in the Royal Canadian Academy just opened. Mr. G. A. Reid, the painter of 'The Story-tellers,' has another canvas, 'Family Prayer,' which cannot fail to add to his growing reputation. Before the picture was removed to the society's rooms, Mr. and Mrs. Reid entertained a few invited guests to a private view at their salon; a treat to be desired, since the furnishings and arrangement of the rooms are in the highest artistic taste, and contain many rare and beautiful things.

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Another picture, "The Silurian Gates at Elora," carries its Canadian nationality on its face, and will be a revelation to natives as well as strangers in showing them one of the numerous scenes of beauty with which we are so richly endowed, even in this province, which some have contemned as not picturesque. In this picture science and art meet, geology as well as painting.

The Canadian *historical* painter is yet to come.

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An important meeting on behalf of Art was held at the Architectural Sketch Club's rooms the other day. A deputation from the Central Art School met the Trades' and Labour Council committee to discuss art training and its relation to operative classes. After free and full discussion of several relative topics in connection with production, Mr. S. M. Jones, a member of the Art School Board, the Art Students' League, and the Ontario Society of Artists, spoke at length on the value of art in technical training, and among other important points made the following, which deals well with a much-vexed question that has for a long time been agitating the Education Department and our School Trustees. Mr. Jones said: "That technical education is a necessity for young Canada it were useless to deny, but that the general taxpayer should be called upon to fulfil the duties of the employer by teaching each apprentice his trade—after hours—or rather attempting to teach him, after the apprentice has exhausted his vitality by ten hours drudgery at some section of his calling, is a purely commercial idea of justice and wisdom. In fact, the whole modern system of quasi-apprenticeship seems but a cunning device of the big exploiters of labour the world over to force down the standard of quality, because it is more profitable, apparently, to make a large quantity of indifferent goods than a smaller of more solid quality."

"We are contending," said Mr. Jones further, "for a separate, not necessarily an antagonistic issue—namely, a more thorough and genuine training of the whole of the citizens in the rudiments of art proper; for the artist and the art workman, that he may the better produce objects of true beauty, and for the purchasing public also, that they may learn to judge more justly and appreciate more keenly what constitutes true art." Mr. Jones probably did not know that he was expressing, if not in so many words, the very plea put forward by the late Prince Consort for the collection of manufactures gathered together in Birmingham in 1850, which was the parent of those great exhibitions which have since studded the world at intervals, educating the people and encouraging art production in a manner before unknown. Local exhibitions such as our own have degenerated into mere bazaars or fairs; but if their original conception were restored, as it ought and might be, we should soon see a corresponding growth of appreciation of art among our people that would bear valuable fruit as well commercially as educationally.

S. A. CURZON.

LITERARY AND ARTISTIC NEWS FROM NEW YORK

The great dog show in the Madison Square Garden is over. The sensation of it was the purchase by the divine Sara of a Yorkshire terrier, named Dude, for $200. The show in St. Bernards was very fine, and the villainous-looking but much appreciated boar hound was not absent.

Edmund Clarence Stedman, the poet, and the prince of American critics, has not been at all well. He has felt the strain of the financial crisis coming just as he was preparing his lectures for the Johns-Hopkins Chair of English literature. For Mr. Stedman is a broker and as well known on Wall street as in literature. He is very self-critical in his prose. He makes every sentence an epigram. But he recovered in time to deliver his first lecture at Baltimore with great *eclat* before one of the highest calibred audiences ever seen in that city.

I see the name of Edmund Collins, the Newfoundlander, (formerly one of the leading literary men in Toronto, and the biographer of Sir John Macdonald), cropping up perpetually as a contributor to the leading magazines and journals. There is no more successful writer of boys' stories in New York. He had a charming fanciful poem on the Auroral phenomena of Canada in this week's *Independent*, which we quote in another column.

Daly's Theatre has introduced a complete novelty this week—an Italian comedy pantomime, lasting three hours, in which the Italian dumb show was rigidly adhered to. Those who are familiar with its Italian prototype pronounce it an unequivocal success, and Miss Ada Rehan looked charming in tights as Pierrôt the younger. She has a lovely figure and her movements are full of grace and as light as a feather. Personally, I paid the worst compliment one can to a play by feeling bored. This was very likely my bad taste. If Miss Rehan had set out to convey the story by simply acting as she would have in any other play, I think she would have succeeded admirably, but she also wished to convey the traditional idea of Pierrôt, and the necessary buffooneries were tiresome to an Anglo-Saxon audience. She danced charmingly. The programme is worth reproducing for its novelty. I think Mr. Daly showed his usual unerring judgment in recognizing that, handsomely as the piece was criticised, it was never going to be more than a *succès d'estime*.

The general impression in New York is that the new newspaper, the *Recorder*, has come to stay. It is conducted in a level-headed way, freely advertised and backed by two millions of dollars.

C. P. Huntington, the railroad king, is said to have put a million dollars into the other new paper, the *Continent*.

The literary sensation of the week has been the Brayton Ives sale. On his books Mr. Ives has lost about $40,000. He gave $160,000 odd for them, and they fetched $120,000. For the Gutenberg Bible, the first book ever printed, he received $5,900. For an autograph letter of Christopher Columbus, which had cost him $2,200, he received $1,600. For the beautiful Pembroke missal he paid $10,000 for, he received only $5,900.

Americana works have gone down about 25 per cent in value since the big Barlow sale last year. Dodd, Mead & Co., the publishers, were among the principal buyers.

The Sunday *Herald* of March 1st devotes nearly a page to an interview with Erastus Wiman, headed, "Canada's Crisis Lucidly Explained. Erastus Wiman's Careful Statement for the Benefit of Americans who are Beginning to Ask Questions Upon the Subject, Etc.," and trotting out all the old stalking-horses of the Erastian heresy, like Barnum's street processions when he brings his circus up to Canada. It has also another article on Mr. Wiman and Mr. McKinley, which leads to the irresistible conclusion that Mr. McKinley ought to have been put into a good humour by being asked up to one of Mr. Wiman's Niagara Falls picnics. Mr. Wiman gives these picnics purely for the benefit of Canada, and Mr. McKinley should have been "placated," as they say in Australia.

I sent my "Art of Travel," purchased by the Minerva Publishing Company, of New York, to the printers this week. Miss Norma Lorimer has kindly reviewed "Germinie Lacerteux," "Whom God Hath Joined," and "Sidney" for me. She made many friends in Canada, and they will be delighted to hear of the progress she is making in literature. During the last few weeks she has sold articles to the *Independent*, *Frank Leslie's Monthly*, the *New York Herald*, *New York Sun*, *Once a Week*, etc.

WHOM GOD HATH JOINED (Laird & Lee, Chicago), by Frank Cahoon. A name, we should fancy, given by the publishers in sarcasm, as it is one of the weakest books we have ever wasted an hour over. In the case of each couple "whom God hath joined" there is a terribe and bloodthirsty man to put them asunder. There is not a striking scene in the book from beginning to end, and the realistic incidents seem to us crude and vulgar. The heroine whom we are expected to admire, and who is always dressed in clouds of filmy lace, answers her husband by "slamming the door in his face," and he takes leave of her in the embraces of her lover, whose arms still ache with the deadly blow with which he has killed her husband.

GERMINIE LACERTEUX, by Edmond and Jules Goncourt. A translation from the French of a powerfully realistic book; not one, however, which we enjoy reading. The love story of an ugly "maid of all work," made hideous by the minute details of her degradation through the brutality of her lover. It is wonderfully Zolaesque, though the De Goncourts can hardly be called disciples of the Zola school, for the book was written years before Zola was heard of. The death of the servant-maid, who has cleverly managed to keep her devoted mistress in ignorance of her drunken and immoral life for years, is one of the many striking scenes in this undoubtedly clever book.

SIDNEY, by Margaret Deland (Houghton Mifflin & Co.), came out originally in the *Atlantic*, a charming book well worth reading for those who still have time to digest a writer who reminds one of George Eliot in her minute details of country life and simple country people's love affairs. There is no great plot in the book, and yet the reader's interest is sustained all through. It is full of theological discussions, for the heroine, Sydney, whom Mrs. Deland evidently admires intensely and we object to strongly, is a thorough-going New England atheist, and her lover as thoroughly orthodox. The story hangs on the fact that Sidney's old father has brought her up with the idea that "marriage is a failure"; in other words, that it is wrong to walk with eyes open into anything which can end only in intense misery on one or other side, death being the end of all things. Her father having lost her mother scarcely two years after their marriage, Sidney sees death in everything and no hope in the hereafter. Eventually she is converted at the deathbed of her old aunt, Miss Sally, who shares the privileges of heroine with her beautiful niece, and has a touching little love story of her own at the tender age of forty, which carries out Sidney's theory, ending in death for her aunt. Her almost boy lover's jilting her breaks her heart, and the gentle little gray old maid dies from having no heart to live any longer, her death arising from no apparent illness. Sidney is a much more loveable young person after her conversion, and acknowledges herself to be in love with her young doctor lover, and marries him just an hour before he dies from heart disease.

A MARRIAGE FOR LOVE, by Ludovic Halevy (Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago and New York). It was a capital idea for Mr. Halevy to make a young husband and wife disclose by reading conveniently-kept diaries of the history of the growth of their love for each other. But the utter unruffledness, the canal-like smoothness and sluggishness of the narrative reminds me of a London editor who told me that he had just bought a story from the great Australian authoress. "What was it like?" I asked. "Was it up to much?" and he answered, "Not even indecent." In the English translation, at all events, it isn't even charmingly told. But it has one golden quality—the whole novel only contains about ten thousand words, so spread out in the printing as to occupy over a hundred pages.

DOUGLAS SLADEN.

EDITOR'S TABLE

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

An exceptionally good number of this magazine greets us this month. The articles on "Richard Grant White," by Mr. Church, and on the "Capture of Louisburg," by Mr. Parkman, are alone worth twice the price of the number. To many of us the name of Richard Grant White recalls one of the most scholarly and accomplished writers of America, and also one whose criticisms of England and of English manners is especially remembered for its freedom from prejudice and appreciation of all that is beautiful and good in the scenery and life of our Mother Country. To Canadians, Francis Parkman's writings are always especially welcome, and his clear, concise statements of the part taken by the New England militia in the capture of the great fortress show no falling off from his previous masterly style. An interesting paper is one entitled "My Schooling," by Mr. James Freeman Clarke, whose account of the systematic and solid training of his early years is of especial value in view of the superficial methods now so common in the teaching of boys. "The State University of America" will be interesting to educational students as a sketch of the evolution of a system of colleges under district control and for distinctively district purposes. In fiction, Mr. Stockton's serial, "The House of Martha" is brought well on its way. Other articles of interest are "The Present Problem of Heredity," "An Unexplored Corner of Japan," "The Speaker as Premier," and "Pleasure and Heresy"; the last mentioned article is an especially thoughtful one on a subject which has been too little written of. Reviews and literary notes close a number which has proved most interesting to us. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

OUTING.

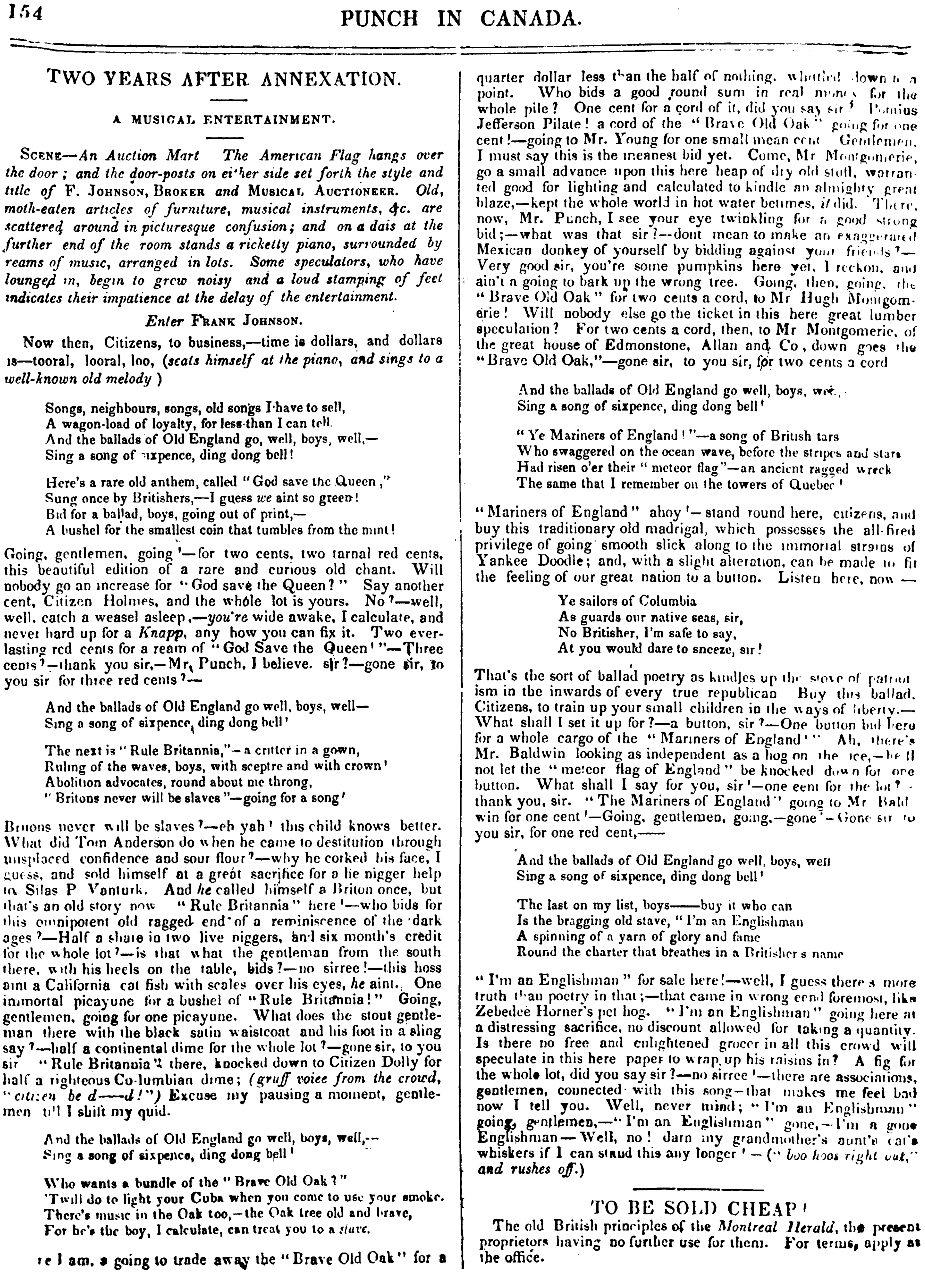
The March number of "Outing" is, as usual, bright and cheery, and just the sort of book to make one long for summer and summer sports. The contents are varied, and cover a large ground. To us the *piece de resistance* of the number is Mr. Charles Turner's article on "How Old England Trains Her Redcoats," which is a well written and concise sketch of the training and drill of the Imperial soldiery. We regret that the cuts illustrating the article are not larger and more vividly brought out, although the frontispiece, "A Soldier and an Aristocrat," is an excellent piece of work. In "Association Football," by Mr. Roberts, a good account is given of this game, now so popular in Scotland, Ontario and the North of England; it is a good companion to the article on "Rugby Football," which recently appeared in the same journal. Mr. Macphail gives a charming little sketch of winter shooting near Prince Edward Island, entitled, "Goose and Brant on the Canadian Coast," and Mr. Arnold Haultain, of Peterboro, gives a vivid little sketch of "Fish Spearing on the Otonabee." Landscape photography is treated of by Mr. Wallace, and a few charming little views of English rural scenery are reproduced. A musically sad threnody is contribnted by Mr. Shermon as a memorial to Charles Henry Luders, a former well-known contributor to "Outing." Other articles of interest are: "Cycling in Mid-Atlantic," "The Sports of an Irish Fair" and "A Bout with the Gloves," and the Sporting Notes at the end are, as usual, complete and interesting. London and New York: "The Outing" Co.

◆

"About Curling." That is just what thousands of eager participants and admirers want to know, and *Outing* for February, through the trusty pen of a patriarch of the game, G. E. Gordon, tells the story of the game and its social influences and characteristics. A favourite pharaphrase sums these up in the pithy words:

> "Ours is the game for duke or Lord,
> Lairds, tenants, hinds and a' that,
> Our pastors, too, who preach the Word
> Whiles ply the broom for a' that.
> For a' that, and a' that,
> Our different ranks an' a' that,
> The chief that 'swoops' an' plays the best
> Is greatest mon for a' that."

With such democratic base and so many excellent recommendations in itself, no wonder that curling has spread through the land from Dan to Beersheba.



TWO YEARS AFTER ANNEXATION.

A MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT.

SCENE—*An Auction Mart The American Flag hangs over the door; and the door-posts on either side set forth the style and title of* F. JOHNSON, BROKER *and* MUSICAL AUCTIONEER. *Old, moth-eaten articles of furniture, musical instruments, &c. are scattered around in picturesque confusion; and on a dais at the further end of the room stands a ricketty piano, surrounded by reams of music, arranged in lots. Some speculators, who have lounged in, begin to grow noisy and a loud stamping of feet indicates their impatience at the delay of the entertainment.*

Enter FRANK JOHNSON.

Now then, Citizens, to business,—time is dollars, and dollars is—tooral, looral, loo, (*seats himself at the piano, and sings to a well-known old melody*)

Songs, neighbours, songs, old songs I have to sell,
A wagon-load of loyalty, for less than I can tell.
And the ballads of Old England go, well, boys, well,—
Sing a song of sixpence, ding dong bell!

Here's a rare old anthem, called "God save the Queen,"
Sung once by Britishers,—I guess *we* aint so green!
Bid for a ballad, boys, going out of print,—
A bushel for the smallest coin that tumbles from the mint!

Going, gentlemen, going!—for two cents, two tarnal red cents, this beautiful edition of a rare and curious old chant. Will nobody go an increase for "God save the Queen?" Say another cent, Citizen Holmes, and the whole lot is yours. No?—well, well, catch a weasel asleep,—*you're* wide awake, I calculate, and never hard up for a *Knapp*, any how you can fix it. Two everlasting red cents for a ream of "God Save the Queen!"—Three cents?—thank you sir,—Mr. Punch, I believe, sir?—gone sir, to you sir for three red cents?—

And the ballads of Old England go well, boys, well—
Sing a song of sixpence, ding dong bell!

The next is "Rule Britannia,"—a critter in a gown,
Ruling of the waves, boys, with sceptre and with crown!
Abolition advocates, round about me throng,
"Britons never will be slaves"—going for a song!

Britons never will be slaves?—eh yah! this child knows better. What did Tom Anderson do when he came to destitution through misplaced confidence and sour flour?—why he corked his face, I guess, and sold himself at a great sacrifice for a he nigger help to Silas P Vanturk. And *he* called himself a Briton once, but that's an old story now "Rule Britannia" here!—who bids for this omnipotent old ragged end of a reminiscence of the dark ages?—Half a share in two live niggers, and six month's credit for the whole lot?—is that what the gentleman from the south there, with his heels on the table, bids?—no sirree!—this hoss aint a California cat fish with scales over his eyes, *he* aint. One immortal picayune for a bushel of "Rule Britannia!" Going, gentlemen, going for one picayune. What does the stout gentleman there with the black satin waistcoat and his foot in a sling say?—half a continental dime for the whole lot?—gone sir, to you sir "Rule Britannia" there, knocked down to Citizen Dolly for half a righteous Co-lumbian dime; (*gruff voice from the crowd, "citizen be d——d!"*) Excuse my pausing a moment, gentlemen till I shift my quid.

And the ballads of Old England go well, boys, well,—
Sing a song of sixpence, ding dong bell!

Who wants a bundle of the "Brave Old Oak?"
'Twill do to light your Cuba when you come to use your smoke.
There's music in the Oak too,—the Oak tree old and brave,
For he's the boy, I calculate, can treat you to a *stave*.

re I am, a going to trade away the "Brave Old Oak" for a quarter dollar less than the half of nothing, whittled down to a point. Who bids a good round sum in real money for the whole pile? One cent for a cord of it, did you say sir? Pontius Jefferson Pilate! a cord of the "Brave Old Oak" going for one cent!—going to Mr. Young for one small mean cent Gentlemen, I must say this is the meanest bid yet. Come, Mr Montgomerie, go a small advance upon this here heap of dry old stuff, warranted good for lighting and calculated to kindle an almighty great blaze,—kept the whole world in hot water betimes, *it* did. There, now, Mr. Punch, I see your eye twinkling for a good strong bid;—what was that sir?—dont mean to make an exaggerated Mexican donkey of yourself by bidding against your friends?—Very good sir, you're some pumpkins here yet, I reckon, and ain't a going to bark up the wrong tree. Going, then, going, the "Brave Old Oak" for two cents a cord, to Mr Hugh Montgomerie! Will nobody else go the ticket in this here great lumber speculation? For two cents a cord, then, to Mr Montgomerie, of the great house of Edmonstone, Allan and Co, down goes the "Brave Old Oak,"—gone sir, to you sir, for two cents a cord

And the ballads of Old England go well, boys, well,
Sing a song of sixpence, ding dong bell!

"Ye Mariners of England!"—a song of British tars
Who swaggered on the ocean wave, before the stripes and stars
Had risen o'er their "meteor flag"—an ancient ragged wreck
The same that I remember on the towers of Quebec!

"Mariners of England" ahoy!—stand round here, citizens, and buy this traditionary old madrigal, which possesses the all-fired privilege of going smooth slick along to the immortal strains of Yankee Doodle; and, with a slight alteration, can be made to fit the feeling of our great nation to a button. Listen here, now —

Ye sailors of Columbia
As guards our native seas, sir,
No Britisher, I'm safe to say,
At you would dare to sneeze, sir!

That's the sort of ballad poetry as kindles up the stove of patriotism in the inwards of every true republican Buy this ballad, Citizens, to train up your small children in the ways of liberty.—What shall I set it up for?—a button, sir?—One button bid here for a whole cargo of the "Mariners of England!" Ah, there's Mr. Baldwin looking as independent as a hog on the ice,—he'll not let the "meteor flag of England" be knocked down for one button. What shall I say for you, sir!—one cent for the lot?—thank you, sir. "The Mariners of England" going to Mr Baldwin for one cent!—Going, gentlemen, going,—gone!—Gone sir to you sir, for one red cent,——

And the ballads of Old England go well, boys, well
Sing a song of sixpence, ding dong bell!

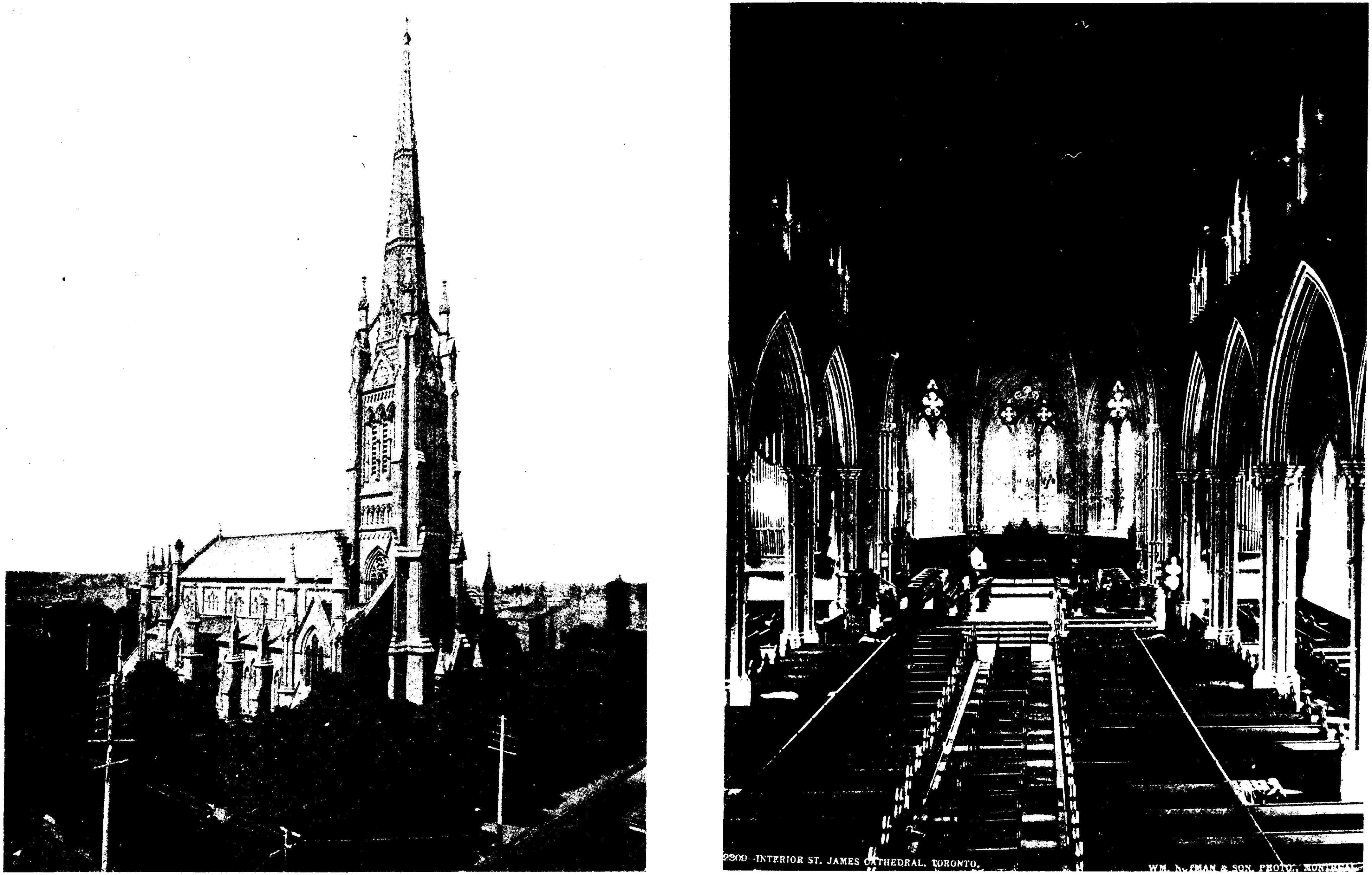
The last on my list, boys——buy it who can
Is the bragging old stave, "I'm an Englishman
A spinning of a yarn of glory and fame
Round the charter that breathes in a Britisher's name

"I'm an Englishman" for sale here!—well, I guess there's more truth than poetry in that;—that came in wrong eend foremost, like Zebedee Horner's pet hog. "I'm an Englishman" going here at a distressing sacrifice, no discount allowed for taking a quantity. Is there no free and enlightened grocer in all this crowd will speculate in this here paper to wrap up his raisins in? A fig for the whole lot, did you say sir?—no sirree!—there are associations, gentlemen, connected with this song—that makes me feel bad now I tell you. Well, never mind; "I'm an Englishman" going, gentlemen,—"I'm an Englishman" gone,—I'm a gone Englishman—Well, no! darn my grandmother's aunt's cat's whiskers if I can stand this any longer!—("*boo hoos right out,*" *and rushes off.*)

TO BE SOLD CHEAP!

The old British principles of the *Montreal Herald*, the present proprietors having no further use for them. For terms, apply at the office.

FACSIMILE OF A PAGE OF "PUNCH IN CANADA," OCTOBER 20th, 1849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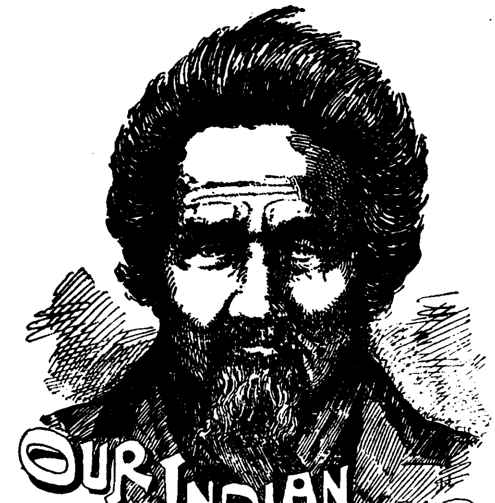
CANADIAN CHURCHES, IV.



OUR INDIAN PHILOSOPHER

The Sagamore

Mr. Paul lay on his couch with his head bandaged up. His general appearance was pitiful in the extreme, and at once aroused the sympathy of the reporter.

"My dear Mr. Paul!" he ejaculated. "What in the world has happened?"

The sagamore groaned.

"Are you ill? Or have you been hurt?" asked the reporter.

The old man asked to be straightened up to a sitting posture. This was done, and he took a whiff or two of the reporter's breath, which strengthened him considerably, for the former had not forgotten to honour St. Patrick, as had long been his annual custom.

The reporter repeated his question.

"It's all 'bout that Blake letter," said the sagamore.

"What Blake letter?" asked the reporter.

"That one them people kep' back till after them 'lections," said Mr. Paul.

"Oh! you mean Hon. Edward Blake's letter on unrestricted reciprocity and the future of Canada," said the reporter.

"That's what I mean," rejoined the old man. "That's what makes me sick. I been tryin' to find out all 'bout that letter—I'm pooty near crazy now."

"I don't see why it should have that effect," said the reporter. "It seemed to me to be a rather harmless sort of epistle, on the whole."

"I tell you how it comes," said Mr. Paul. "One them Injun boys kin read bully. He read over that letter. Then he read what them grit papers said 'bout it. Then he read what them tory papers said 'bout it. Then he read what Mr. Blake he said 'bout it las' week. Then he read what them grit and them tory papers said 'bout that. Then I set down try find out if I kin understand it that's what makes me sick."

"Overtaxed your thinker, did you?" queried the reporter.

"Ah-hah."

"What appears to be the chief difficulty?"

Mr. Paul, in reply to this question, talked for about half an hour, but without making it clear either to himself or his listener just how the case stood. For his mind was in a terribly muddled condition. The reporter, however, was able to glean from his remarks that he was in doubt on the following, among other points touching the case.

(1) Whether Mr. Blake meant what he said in his first letter.

(2) Whether Mr. Blake said what he meant in his first letter.

(3) Whether Mr. Blake meant in his first letter what he said in his second letter that he did not mean in his first letter.

(4) Whether Mr. Blake meant in his second letter to say what he meant in his first letter.

(5) Whether Mr. Blake meant to say in his second letter what he meant to say in his first letter—and if so, what?

(6) Whether Mr. Blake meant anything at all in his first letter, or his second letter, or both, or which he meant, or what he meant, and where or when.

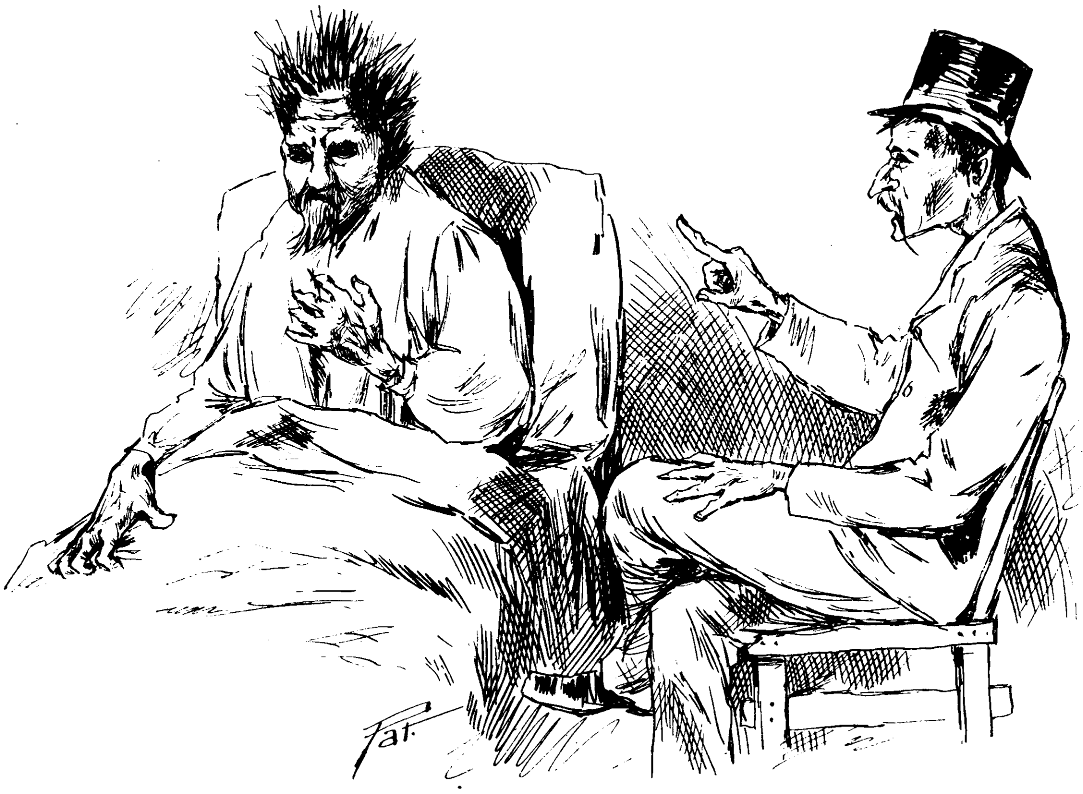
(7) Whether Mr. Blake meant what the tory papers said he meant or what the grit papers said he meant—or either or both—and if so how much.

(8) Whether the grit papers said what they meant when they said what they thought Mr. Blake meant.

(9) Whether the tory papers said what they meant when they said Mr. Blake meant what they said he meant.

(10) Whether the grit papers meant what the tory papers said, or the tory papers meant what Mr. Blake said, or Mr. Blake meant what the grit papers meant he said, or the tory papers said he meant, or whether Mr. Blake and the grit and tory papers meant to say what they said they meant, or meant what they said they said—and if so which and under what conditions.

Having reached this stage in the diagnosis of Mr. Paul's malady the reporter paused in the investigation and gave the old man another whiff of his breath.



Somewhat revived, the sagamore was about to proceed further but the reporter objected.

"Your symptoms," he remarked, "are rather serious, but I think you will pull through. You needn't tell me any more. Is that boy of yours around anywhere?"

"I kin send git him right away," said Mr. Paul.

"Very well," said the reporter, "let him get a few editorials from the American press touching the recent Canadian elections and read them to you. That will divert your mind and do you good. Comic fiction is an admirable stimulant if judiciously prescribed. Don't take too much. Even laughter may prove injurious. I will call and see you again to-morrow."

"You better hold on till I tell you some more," said the old man. "One thing troubles my mind more'n anything else."

"What is that?" queried the reporter.

"I been tryin' to find out whether Mr. Blake knowed himself what he meant in them letters."

"My brother," said the reporter gravely, "be warned in time. Don't tackle that problem in your present condition. And if Mr. Blake should write a third letter I positively forbid you to allow it into your wigwam. There has got to be an end of this thing sometime. The affairs of the world must not be paralyzed because Mr. Blake has written a letter. The issues of life and death and human destiny do not hinge upon the movements of one man, however distinguished. Mr. Blake and myself, for instance, might both pass into silence and the sun would not refuse to shine nor the grocer to render his weekly bill. It is true that the public mind has been more exercised over Mr. Blake's letters than it has been over almost anything else since our cow was threatened with the whooping cough. But the thing must stop. Life is short and Mr. Blake's first letter was a buster. Burn it up. Drop the whole business. Stop speculating in futures until you have worked off some of the problems in sight. I knew a man once who got in the habit of writing letters to the newspapers. People read them for a time and talked about them. Some even tried to find out what the fellow was writing about. A few died in the effort. Then the interest relaxed, and to-day that man's letters are as little read and as little regarded as a notice of a patent medicine. You take my advice. Get something to divert your mind and you'll pull through. Then you will load your gun, and the first man that says Blake to you will do so at his peril. Send your youngster after that comic reading matter right away."

Having thus delivered his instructions the reporter departed. The first man he met stopped him to ask what he thought of Blake's letters. The inquirer was the larger man of the two, but he will carry the marks of that struggle to his grave.

Stray Notes.

In Montreal the other day a man was seen cleaning a street crossing. He soon became the centre of a wondering crowd.

* * *

The people of New Orleans are down on prize fighting, and the authorities there would just like for once to get their clutches on Sullivan or Kilrain. So small a matter as the killing of a dozen or so of Italians by leading citizens does not worry their consciences, but if they could just catch a real prize fighter—Gosh!

* * *

Last year the Irish constabulary were busy using their clubs to prevent the people from pitching into "the enemies of Ireland." This year their clubs are kept busy to prevent the Parnellites and McCarthyites from pitching into each other. The "enemies of Ireland" is an expression rather hard to define just now.

* * *

The question arises as to who shall arbitrate provided England and the United States finally agree to submit the Behring Sea dispute to such a tribunal. Doubtless Mr. Eratus Wiman would undertake the task for a nominal consideration. He is not a bashful man, and rather likes to shape the destiny of nations in his little odd intervals of leisure. What's the matter with Mr. Wiman?

◆

The London *Standard* some time ago criticised a new poet strongly, saying among other things: "And this extraordinary production Mr. —— modestly conceives to be equal to Goethe." The poet's publisher turned the tables by inserting among the favourable comments on the book printed in his newspaper advertisement the following:—

Extraordinary production * * * equal to Goethe.
—*London Standard.*

OUR ENGRAVINGS

Views of Kingston Penitentiary.—The Kingston Penitentiary is pleasantly situated on the shore of Lake Ontario, about two miles from the city of Kingston. It is the largest institution of the kind in the Dominion, and receives criminals convicted of crime and sentenced for a period of not less than two years. It is a Dominion institution and under the control of the Department of Justice, Ottawa. There are about 12 acres of land enclosed within well built stone walls, some twenty-five feet high, with watch towers at each angle. In this inclosure all the prison buildings, workshops, &c , are placed, all of dressed stone and solidly built. The penitentiary property consists of some 240 acres, less than half of which is suitable for cultivation. There are extensive quarries, from which all the stone required for building purposes has been taken. There is accommodation for over 900 convicts ; the present population is about 600. All the labour required in erecting and repairing the buildings, in making and repairing the clothing, in fact all work required in such a place is done by convict labour, farming included. The staff numbers 84 of various grades, from warden down. The buildings are heated by steam and lit by electricity. Each convict has a light in his cell until 9 p.m. On the water side of the walls large and commodious piers are built, admitting of the deepest draught vessels loading or unloading. There are two chaplains, Protestant and Roman Catholic, excellent libraries and school. Every attention is given to the health, moral and physical, and the necessary comfort of the inmates attended to. This penitentiary was opened for the reception of convicts on the 1st June, 1835. Henry Smith, Esq., was the first warden. There was also a Board of Inspectors appointed for the general purposes of the penitentiary, which, with varied changes, continued until 1875, when it was superseded by the appointment of one "Inspector of Penitentiaries." During the incumbency of Warden Smith the prison passed through varied changes. When, as the result of a prison commission, appointed in May, 1848, the warden and some other officers were retired, D. A. Macdonnell, Esq., succeeded Warden Smith. In 1869, owing to advanced years, Mr. Macdonnell retired, and was succeeded by Mr. J. M. Ferres, who, after a brief term, died in the early part of 1870. Mr. John Creighton was offered the appointment, as successor to Mr. Ferres, and entered upon his duty January, 1871. During Mr. Creighton's administration great advances were made in developing the institution. Mr. Creighton died January, 1885, and immediately his place was filled by the appointment of the present warden, M. Lavell, M.D., who had been surgeon to the institution since 1872. During the last twenty years many improvements have been effected. At the present time important structural changes are being made in view of a better classification of prisoners. It is gratifying to be able to state that the Kingston Penitentiary will compare favourably in all respects with the best institutions of the kind on this continent.

Warden's Residence, Kingston Penitentiary.—This is outside the penitentiary, on an elevation opposite the north entrance to the prison. It is a large, fine stone building, of pleasing appearance, and beautifully situated within extensive and well kept grounds. It is nicely terraced, being approached from the south by a series of stone steps, and from the east by a hedged drive and walk. The site of the residence (about 4 acres) was originally a quarry, out of which has sprung house and grounds not surpassed for beauty and convenience anywhere in the vicinity, all of which was accomplished by convict labour.

Dr. M. Lavell was appointed warden of Kingston Penitentiary in February, 1885, having previously occupied the position of surgeon to the penitentiary since 1872. He commenced the practice of his proession at Peterboro', Ont., in 1853, removed to Kingston in 1858, appointed professor in the medical department of Queen's University 1860, surgeon to penitentiary 1872, a member of Medical Council of Ontario 1866, and its president 1874-75, surgeon to Kingston General Hospital 1862, president of Faculty of Womens' Medical College, Kingston, from its inception. These various positions were held up to his assuming the duties of warden. In religion he is a Methodist, a member of present and each preceding general conference, upwards of twenty-five years a member of Board of Regents and Senate of Victoria College, and an ardent supporter of its independence, which caused his retirement from the Board at the recent General Conference. He holds other important positions in the church, and devotes as much of his time as official duties permit to its work and interests.

View in Stanley Park, Vancouver, B.C.—The most prominent feature in this engraving is the enormous tree ; it is a noble representative of that magnificent timber for which British Columbia is so famous. Unless one has seen these giants of the forest it is hard to realize their enormous size. They constitute one of the main sources of the natural wealth of the province ; the export is growing rapidly, and has now assumed large proportions. The great size attained by these trees has been attributed by so high an authority as Dr. Dawson to the mildness and humidity of the climate ; certain it is that nothing impresses a stranger more than a visit to a British Columbia forest. The Douglas pine frequently exceeds 300 feet in height and is remarkably strong and straight.

DR. LAVELL, Warden Kingston Penitentiary.

Mount Royal Cemetery.—Never a day but sees some sad procession wending its slow way around the mountain to the city of the dead. In forty years more than thirty thousand bodies have been laid to rest within the gates of the Protestant cemetery alone. Somewhere about half a century ago the Protestants of Montreal found that the old burial ground on Dorchester street was becoming too small for the requirements of the growing city, and they began to look about for suitable grounds elsewhere. A number of gentlemen organized a company called the Trafalgar Cemetery Co., and purchased the property of the late Albert Furness, near the Cote des Neiges toll gate. This property was not sufficiently extensive, and other objections were urged against it. There were but few burials before it was abandoned. In 1851 a charter was secured incorporating the Mount Royal Cemetery Co., who purchased the farm of 53 acres belonging to the late Dr. MacCulloch. Additions have since been made till at present the property comprises over 250 acres. The new cemetery was first opened on October 19th, 1852, for the interment of the remains of the late Rev. Mr. Squeers. Since that date, up to November 30th, 1890, there have been 30,524 bodies buried within its limits. It is a beautiful cemetery in summer, with hill and valley, shady avenues, artificial lakes, streams, flowers and all that can render lovely a spot sacred to so many human hearts. The avenues make a continuous drive of over seven miles. The grounds are laid out in the most beautiful manner. On the top of the highest peak (Mount Murray) is an observatory, from which a vast and varied range of country can be seen. The view extends both up and down the river and away north to the Laurentian hills. The trustees of this cemetery are chosen from the Episcopal, Presbyterian, Methodist, Congregational, Baptist and Unitarian churches. The superintendent, from the date of opening down to last October, was the late Mr. Richard Sprigings. The present superintendent is Mr. Frank Roy. Among the countries represented by those whose ashes rest here are Canada, Newfoundland, the British Islands, United States, France, Germany, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Switzerland, Sicily, the West Indies, Finland and the Cape of Good Hope. There are many from the British Islands and the United States, and here and there one finds the grave of someone who came over many a farther league of sea and land to sleep at last beneath the shadow of Mount Royal.

Punch In Canada.—In view of the recent frequent reference by several prominent newspapers to the annexation movement of 1849, we have reproduced in fac-simile a page from a Montreal comic paper of that date, which will be seen to refer entirely to the absorbing political movement. The little journal existed for quite a long time, taking into consideration the comparatively small population of this city at that time, and the brief careers enjoyed by its successors in the same line of journalism. It was by long odds the most clever of all the comic papers we have had, and it gave no uncertain sound, loyalty to the Crown and to British connection being a prominent feature of its politics. The annexationists of that period were well cartooned and ridiculed in its pages, while Lord Elgin, as the signer of the infamous "Rebellion Losses" bill, received an equal amount of contemptuous banter.

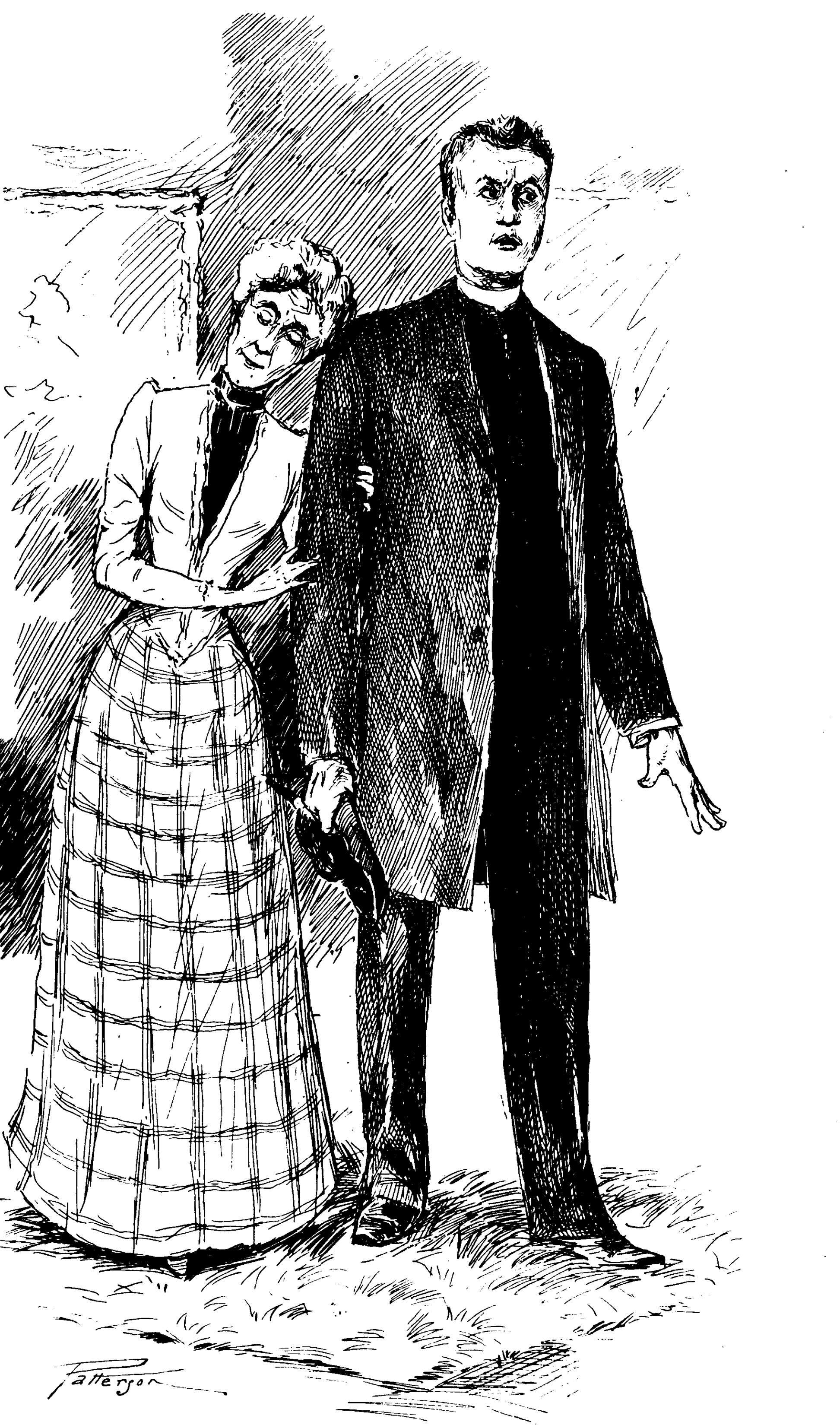
National Upheavals and Literature.

It is difficult to make any general statement concerning the relation which great national crises bear to the development of literature as a whole, or of historical literature in particular. Sometimes after a nation has passed through a period of struggle, the same mental energy which has carried it through the conflict bursts forth into great literary activity. Sometimes such a period is followed by a time of silence, as if the national forces had been exhausted in military and political effort. In the case of wars for freedom, liberty and independence, however, it is generally the former which happens ; for, whatever the losses of war, the gain of liberty and of opportunity for free expansion is felt to be far more than a compensation, and the sense of freedom gives a freshness and spontaneity that urge toward literary expression. Thus the French Revolution, unfettering all the forces of the national life, brought on a period of activity in historical production more remarkable than any since the sixteenth century, and one noteworthy in general literary activity.

In the United States no movement so noteworthy resulted from the successful accomplishment of the war for independence. Not much literature of considerable value, historical or other, appeared during or immediately after the Revolution. One reason, no doubt, was that crudity of life and thought which is inevitable to colonial state ; the country was too young and too immature to make it reasonable to expect a great literature.—From "The History of Historical Writing in America," by J. F. Jameson, Ph. D., in *New England Magazine* for March.

Royalty at Work.

The daughters of the Princess of Wales, says Lady Elizabeth Hilary in *The Ladies Home Journal*, are sensibly educated. They know how to sew so well that they can make their own gowns, and their knowledge of every art taught them is thorough. They can go into the kitchen and cook—cook well ; they understand the art of bread-making, and if they were ever thrown upon their own resources would be able to take care of themselves. And this has been done not only as an example to other mothers in the kingdom, but because Her Royal Highness thought it right for her daughters. I wonder how many of the daughters of American gentlewomen could make butter, sew, paint, are good musicians, have a knowledge of sculpture and can read and speak three or four languages? And yet this is true of the daughters of the Princess of Wales, who was herself, while thoroughly educated, taught all the industries that would be a part of the knowledge of a daughter of ordinary gentlefolk. Sweet-faced, healthy-looking girls, they are always gowned in the most simple manner and work at their books and with pencil and needle in a way that would shame the daughter of many a tradesman who ought to thoroughly understand everything that is really woman's work.



And yet I could not believe that you could ever care for me — poor little me.

THE CURATE'S DILEMMA.

BY ADELINE SERGEANT.

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The Reverend Edward Crisp was an exceedingly popular young man. Not only in Underwood, but for many miles round, was he known as a capital cricketer, a first-rate tennis player, a good friend, and an excellent preacher. He was not musical, which was a drawback; but, on the other hand, we in Underwood had suffered so much from the pretensions of curates who sang a little, played the flute a little, or intoned a little—through their noses—that we were naturally disposed to look amiably on Mr. Crisp's deficiencies in this respect.

Mr. Crisp had other claims to deference beside mere personal qualities. He came of a good family and had a fairly large private income. His father was a baronet, and, although Edward was only the second son, there was a chance of his succeeding to the title, because his elder brother was unmarried and very delicate. Add to this that Mr. Crisp was very good looking—athletic, muscular, tall, straight-featured and dark-eyed, and you may fancy for yourself the attractions that he possessed in the eyes of all mothers with marriageable daughters in the neighbourhood.

Mr. Crisp was well aware of his dangers, and, as soon as we were friendly, he allowed me to see the light in which he regarded these attempts upon his peace. I do not mean to say that he was coxcomb enough to fancy that every woman he met wanted to marry him, but he saw and resented the fact that deference and attention were paid to him because he had money and social position, not because of what he solemnly considered his "sacred calling." "I wish I hadn't a penny of my own," he said to me one day, in a fervour of vexation; "I wish I had the ordinary curate's stipend and nothing more. It would deliver me from a good deal of fuss and flattery, I am sure."

"What has happened?" I asked.

He was standing on my hearthrug, looking very tall and stiff and black in my pretty little drawing-room, with its many-coloured pots of flowers and light chintz draperies. His short black hair was ruffled, and there was a decided frown upon his brow.

"I know I can trust you, Mrs. Daintrey. It won't go any further, I am sure. I was out this morning, walking with Jones—Mr. Jones, of Cumberly, I mean—"

"The perpetual curate with nine children and two hundred a year? Yes, I know him." I did not add that he wore the shabbiest coat and hat I had ever seen on the back of mortal man calling himself a gentleman.

"Jones is a very good fellow," said Mr. Crisp, as warmly as if I had said something in his dispraise. "He's a thorough scholar—knows a great deal more Greek than I ever did, Mrs. Daintrey! Well, I was walking with him when Lady Blethers passed us, and the moment she saw me she stopped her carriage, and began to talk in a most effusive manner—asked me to a garden party and all that sort of thing? Would you believe it? although Herbert Jones is her parish priest, she only gave him a slight nod, never asked him to the party, and said to me in an undertone that she wondered at my making myself remarkable by going about with that ridiculous little man!"

"Very ill-bred of Lady Blethers," said I, "but everyone is not like her."

"I shall never enter her house again," exclaimed the curate vehemently. "Poor Mr. Jones was very much hurt. But you are right—everyone is not like her. I have found some very true friends in this parish," and he gave me one of those bright smiles of his which were so very winning. "Yourself and the Rector's people."

"And the Elliotts," I said, not without malicious intent.

A slight colour rose to the young man's cheek.

"Well, yes, the Elliotts," he admitted almost reluctantly. "I think Dr. Elliott is a man whose friendship is well worth having."

And what about Dr. Elliott's daughter? I said to myself. But Mr. Crisp was not exactly the sort of man to whom one could put such a question, and so I kept it to myself, although the intimacy between the curate and the doctor's family was so pronounced as to have already excited considerable remark in the village.

Dr. Elliott had lost his wife some years before Dr. Crisp came to Underwood. Since Mrs. Elliott's death, the eldest daughter, Mary, had managed the house with great success. She was now seven and twenty, but looked older, and was considered as staid a chaperon to her four younger sisters as the heart of Mrs. Grundy could desire. Alice and Augusta were lively, handsome girls of twenty-three and twenty-one. Alice was engaged to be married, and Gussie was likely to become so very soon. But neither of them could compare for beauty with Dora, the blue-eyed girl of eighteen, who gave promise of a loveliness which, when a little more rounded and developed, was likely to be quite remarkable; and their liveliness might also in time be eclipsed by the sharp wits of Miss Charlotte, the youngest girl of all, who, at the mature age of thirteen, was reported to keep the whole family in order. And it was with Dora that I suspected Mr. Crisp of being in love.

The Elliotts were an unworldly set of people. They did not fully recognize the charm of Dora's beauty, and certainly they built no hopes upon it. Dr. Elliott used to shake his head, and Mary would look grave, when a word of admiration reached their ears. "It is sad for a motherless child to be so pretty," I have heard the doctor say. And Mary dropped trite little reflections on the worthlessness of beauty, and the advantage of character over good looks. I believe that they were not in the least degree proud of the girl, as many people would have been; on the contrary, they were vexed and worried at the compliments which they overheard, and tried as much as possible to keep Dora in the background. She was still supposed to be in the schoolroom, and under the sway of her governess. But in a country place a girl cannot be buried and hidden away as she can be in a London house. She is surrounded by those who have seen her grow up, by people who have known her from a baby, who insist on taking her out with their own daughters and ask for her when they visit her elder sisters—her light cannot be hidden under a bushel nor her gifts kept secret from the world. So it must be confessed that Miss Dora had of late given her friends considerable anxiety.

I must say that it was not Dora's fault. A sweeter-natured girl I never knew. She was gentle, intelligent, refined, and spirited withal. She submitted without a murmur to Mary's restrictions, because she conscientiously believed in Mary's right to impose them; but she was not at all inclined to submit to the domination of everyone and everybody. Least of all was she inclined to submit to it from her father's younger sister, Miss Dorinda Elliott, after whom Dora had been called. And nobody could wonder at this fact, for Miss Dorinda was a person who inspired very little admiration, very little respect, and most certainly very little affection in the world.

Perhaps it was the contemplation of Miss Dorinda's life and character that made Dr. Elliott and his sensible daughter so careful on Dora's behalf. Miss Dorinda had been a beauty in her youth, and, even at the age of forty-five, possessed remains of good looks, which she prized more than they deserved. She had hair of a golden tint, and although its gloss was faded and the locks grown scanty, she valued it on that account. Her eyes were blue, but pale and sunken; her complexion was pale and unhealthy; her once graceful figure was meagre and angular. Worst of all, her lips had a fretful droop, and her forhead was scored with lines of ill-humour and disappointment. She had been expected to make a good marriage; she had lived for nothing else, and she had failed. The failure soured her, and she had passed the last few years in repining at her misfortunes and generally accusing Providence of treating her very harshly.

It was not a surprise to me, therefore, when Mary looked so alarmed one day after hearing that Dora was a beauty. "Oh, no, no, I hope not," she said anxiously. "Do you really think she is so very pretty, Mrs. Daintrey?"

"Of course I do," I answered, "and so must everyone who has eyes to see."

"I'm afraid I have *not* eyes, then. I do not see it at all. She is—yes, she is pretty, of course I know she is; but we are used to it—and really it is nothing out of the way—I prefer Alice's style or Gussie's."

"My dear Mary," I said, almost losing patience, "Alice and Gussie are nice, healthy-looking girls, but nobody would glance at them in a ball-room if Dora were near."

"Yes?" said Mary, doubtfully. "You think so Mrs. Daintrey? To me"—with a little hesitation—"she is just like Aunt Dorinda, and, you know, we have been so used to Aunt Dorinda all our lives that perhaps we don't appreciate her good points."

"Just like Aunt Dorinda!" That was the point of the whole thing. They were afraid Dora would be like Aunt Dorinda in silliness, in perversity, in love of admiration, because she was like her in hair and eyes. There never was a more ridiculous supposition. Dora had a strong head, a clear mind, a resolute will. She was full of "character," as people say, and Dorinda Elliott had about as much character as a feeble-minded hen. But it was to guard Dora from following in her aunt's footsteps that she was forced to lead such a secluded life. If she had not been allowed to do a little church work from time to time—teach in the Sunday school and arrange flowers for the church—I really do not know how Mr. Crisp would ever have found opportunities of speaking to her, although he afterwards acknowledged to me that he lost his heart to her on the day when he first looked down upon her sweet face in the Elliotts' pew at Underwood Church.

He did not take me into his confidence just then; but after that little talk with me about Lady Blethers and Mr. Jones, he went straight home to his lodgings and took refuge from his vexation in the thought of pretty Dora. And then, as he had nothing particular to do, he discovered that it was Wednesday afternoon (when Dora had a half-holiday), and that if he called at Dr. Elliott's he might be asked to play tennis with Jack Elliott, the son of the house, and Jack Elliott's sisters, "the girls." Jack was nineteen, not a very interesting young fellow, but good-natured, and Mr. Crisp cultivated his society assiduously. He was at home just then, "reading for" something or other, and Mr. Crisp was of great assistance to him. So, at least, Jack averred.

As Mr. Crisp entered the doctor's house—a pleasant, old-fashioned building at one end of the village, with a garden and a paddock stretching away behind it—he became aware that a visitor who meant to stay a considerable time must have recently arrived. For the hall was crowded with boxes which had not yet been carried upstairs; and the hall table was loaded with shawls, wraps, parasols and handbags. Then the curate recollected, with sudden dismay, that he had been told that the doctor's sister was coming that very afternoon to stay with her nieces. Miss Elliott did not live at her brother's house; she never got on with her nieces quite as well as might be wished; and she found it more comfortable to occupy a flat in town or to go on long visits to her friends. In the summer months, however, or when any festivities were forward, she did not object to taking up her abode, for lengthened periods, at the doctor's house. But she had not visited Underwood since Mr. Crisp's arrival, and the curate had no very clear idea as to the type of woman that he was to meet.

"Dora's aunt!" That was how he phrased it to himself when he heard of Miss Elliott, little imagining how unpleasantly the words would have sounded in Miss Elliott's ear. Dora's aunt, indeed! As if she were not young enough and fair enough (in her own eyes, at any rate) to be thought of for her own sake, and without any reference to her nieces—impertinent chits! Miss Dorinda's golden hair would have stood on end at the idea!

The curate thought of her as "Dr. Elliott's sister," as well as "Dora's aunt." This was even more unfortunate. Dr. Elliott was between fifty and sixty; a spare, long-limbed, grey-haired, spectacled man; and if Edward Crisp had been interrogated, he would have said that he expected Miss Elliott to be long, lean, grey, and spectacled also. The real Dorinda was quite a shock to him.

The drawing room was on the sunny side of the house, and the blinds of the three long windows were, therefore, half pulled down. Mary was sitting at the tea-tray, as usual, and Alice was beside her. The younger members of the family were not there. But who was it that sat in Dora's seat, a stray sunbeam lighting up an aureole of golden hair? Was it Dora herself, with her hair cut short? That was the first idea that flashed across the curate's mind. He was slightly short-sighted, which must account for his mistake. For in another moment he was knowing and realizing confusedly that "Dora's aunt" was not at all what he expected her to be; that she was, in fact, ridiculously and unpleasingly like Dora herself. A likeness may sometimes be a very disconcerting thing, leading to a good deal of disillusion.

Miss Dorinda's crop was frizzled and curled until it stood out several inches from her head, and half concealed the wrinkles of her brow. In the subdued light, her complexion looked smooth and fair. Her eyes were brighter than usual, and her cheeks wore a roseate flush. Indeed, Miss Dorinda was looking remarkably well. She was dressed in a costume which would have suited Dora better than a woman of forty-five, but it was not altogether unbecoming. It was a combination of flowered cotton and soft silk of a pinkish shade, finished off with a lace hat adorned with flowers to match. It was a little elaborate for the country, but simple Mr. Crisp did not understand that, and only admired the general effect.

"Oh, yes, I have just come," Miss Dorinda was saying in somewhat plaintive tones; "and I am very glad to escape from the dust and heat of that dreadful London. I *adore* the country. I really wonder why *anybody* lives in town! I am sure you agree with me, don't you, Mr. Crisp?"

"I am very fond of the country," said Mr. Crisp.

"I knew you were. Everyone of any claim to refinement of mind must love it! I can't tell you what a pleasure it is to me to come here and see the green trees and flowers, and have the society of these darling girls. Ah, Mary, dear, you little know how often I think of you when I am in the hot, crowded streets of town."

"Why don't you live in the country then, Aunt Dorinda?" asked Alice, with what Mr. Crisp took to be a slight want of tact. "There is nothing to prevent it, you know."

Miss Elliott sighed and shook her head in a melancholy manner.

"You don't understand, dear Alice," she said sweetly—though there was a sub-acid flavour in the sweetness, "that to some people it is impossible to live without intellectual communion, without the intercourse of soul with soul. In the country one may find beauty; but beauty is not sufficient—we must also have truth."

Mr. Crisp thought this a beautiful sentiment.

"Shall we go out into the garden?" said Mary, interposing with a slight impatience which the curate discerned and was puzzled by—for why should so sensible a person as Mary Elliott be impatient of her aunt's remarks?—"The girls and Jack are playing tennis; we can sit and look on while you have a game with them, if you would like, Mr. Crisp."

Before Mr. Crisp could express a pleased assent, Miss Dorinda spoke in a plaintive tone.

"How can anyone like to run about in the sun and get so hot and out of breath? I am sure Mr. Crisp would rather sit in the shade and have a little pleasant chat than play games with the children, Mary. Wouldn't you, Mr. Crisp?"

What could the poor curate do but stammer out his satisfaction at the prospect of half-an-hour's conversation with Miss Dorinda! And Mary did not try to help him out of his difficulty, although she knew well enough that he would greatly have preferred tennis to "sitting in the shade;" but she was aware, from long experience, that it was useless to interfere with her aunt's little plans.

Pretty Dora elevated her eyebrows and pouted disdainfully when she beheld Miss Elliott and the curate seating themselves on a garden-bench beneath a walnut tree, just where they could not see the tennis players. "Oh! Aunt Dorinda has got hold of him," she said, in a disappointed tone; "and I suppose he won't play at all, now."

"What a beastly shame!" said her brother Jack. "I'm sure Crisp's longing to come. Shall I go and ask him?"

"No, certainly not. He knows that he can come if he likes, and if he prefers Aunt Dorinda's society to ours, he had better keep to it." And with this unwonted spurt of temper, which came from a little pique, and a little wounded feeling, and from something which the girl had not yet learned how to define, Dora balanced her racquet in the air and tossed a ball or two over the net, as if she had no eyes for anything but tennis.

Poor Edward Crisp was not very happy, but he was by no means as miserable as Dora would have liked him to be. He was in some ways a simple-minded young man, and Miss Elliott's attention to his utterances flattered him a little. Besides, the deluded curate thought that to make himself agreeable to Dora's aunt would advance his cause with Dora. He dreamed of asking Miss Elliott to help him in his suit. She was so sweetly sympathetic that she would surely be kind to him in his love-lorn state! Perhaps, poor soul, she had had an unhappy love affair of her own when she was a girl; she must have been pretty in her day—oh, poor Miss Dorinda!—she was not altogether unlike Dora, although she did not possess Dora's beauty. And thus musing, he gazed into Miss Elliott's face with such earnestness—thinking all the while of Dora—that the lady blushed and dropped her eyes and wondered whether such a thing as love at first sight was ever known outside the pages of a novel. For evidently Mr. Crisp was struck with her; and she was struck with Mr. Crisp.

She was still more struck with him when she learned a few facts about his means and social position. She began to think it would be a delightful thing to be a clergyman's wife. She imagined herself living in a country rectory, visiting the country people—and, now and then, the poor. It was quite a charming ideal, and she cultivated Mr. Crisp's society with diligence.

Everybody else saw what was going on, but the curate did not. He put down Miss Dorinda's interest in him to her perception of his love for her niece, and he went on dreaming of Dora and talking to Dora's aunt until even his friends began to fancy that they had been deceived, and that he wished to make the doctor's elderly sister his bride.

What Dora suffered at this time I cannot undertake to describe. She never said a word about it; but those who knew her best saw with concern that she was growing thin and pale, and that her eyes looked dim and heavy sometimes as if she had cried all night. Her beauty became more pathetic in its character, but I did not think she lost it as some people said she did. I believe that Miss Dorinda absolutely triumphed in her niece's weakness. She went about commiserating Dora for her pallor and explaining to her acquaintances that the girl had *not* got anything on her mind—that she had only overstrained herself at tennis—and so on. Little Dora's friends were sometimes inclined to wish that they could strangle Miss Dorinda.

Meanwhile the Reverend Edward Crisp, quite believing in Dora's "strain," and very much concerned about it, made up his mind that he would not wait any longer, but would reveal his love and ask for her hand. So one fine day he put on his best coat, marched up to the Elliotts' house, and asked straightway for the doctor.

Of course, the doctor was out—he might have known that. And the young ladies were out—all except Miss Charlotte and Miss Dora, who was lying down with a bad headache. But Miss Elliott (Miss Dorinda Elliott) was at home. And it was into her presence that the curate was finally conducted. He sat down in the dimly-lighted, flower-scented drawing-room, and began to talk with her. But before five minutes were over, Miss Dorinda discovered, from his frequent pauses, his hesitation, his incoherence, that he had something particular to say. And she gave him plenty of oppportunity to say it.

"I am sure," said Mr. Crisp at last, after nervously cleansing his throat two or three times, "that you must guess why I have come here this afternoon, Miss Elliott?"

"I—really—oh, Mr. Crisp, I dare not guess," murmured Miss Dorinda, softly.

"But I cannot have failed to make my meaning clear. I think?" said the curate, with some anxiety. "My increasing love, my attachment—it must have been evident to all the world. I called to speak to your brother to-day, but if you will allow me to speak to you first—if you would condescend to listen to me kindly and give me some hope—"

Poor Mr. Crisp! How little he knew what meaning Miss Dorinda attached to his words!

"You have every reason to hope, Mr. Crisp," said the lady, modestly.

"Oh, if I could only think so!" he exclaimed, suddenly rising from the low chair on which he had seated himself. She rose too, as if expectant, but he hardly noticed what she did. He went on fervently: "Nobody knows better than myself how unworthy I am of the love to which I aspire, but if my dearest Dora—"

He was proceeding eagerly—speaking of course of Dora the younger—but Miss Elliott believing that he was addressing her by name, the name by which she used always to be called, gave a scream of delight and fell into his arms.

Naturally this was an embarrassing situation, and it was rendered still more embarrassing to the curate by the fact that Miss Dorinda's embrace was witnessed by the youngest member of the family, Charlotte Elliott to wit. She had been in the garden, and was intending to enter the house by one of the low French windows of the drawing-room. The window stood wide open, and she had put in her hand to draw aside the blind, and her head to make sure that no visitors were present, when the striking tableau indicated in the foregoing sentence was revealed to her. She uttered a loud shriek of derisive laughter, and immediately sped down the gravelled walk towards a garden door, by which she made her entry. Then with the innocent malice—which looks sometimes positively fiendish—of innocent childhood, she rushed upstairs to Dora's bedroom to pour her story into Dora's ears.

The girl was lying on her bed suffering from an acute attack of nervous headache. So at least, she called it, but I think it might have borne another name. The room was darkened, but the window was open, and the soft breeze that fanned her hot head and eyes was lulling her to sleep when Charlotte burst into her room.

"Oh, Dora, Dora, such fun! Dora, I *must* tell you—do wake up, you lazy thing!"

"Oh, Charlotte, what a noise you make! I was almost asleep. Do go away."

"But I *must* tell you—it's about Mr. Crisp."

"Mr. Crisp!"

"And Aunt Dorinda."

Dora did not say "Go away" now. She did not even look sleepy. She pulled herself into a sitting posture and looked apprehensively at her little sister.

"I was just going into the drawing-room by one of the windows," pursued Charlotte, narratively, "and I thought I had better look in first to see that nobody was there, for I had been gardening, and Mary is so cross if one has dirty hands when visitors come."

"Go on quickly, Charlotte!"

"You *are* in a hurry now! And I saw Mr. Crisp standing near the hearthrug, and Aunt Dorinda had got her arms round his neck, and he had got his arms round her waist, and I know I heard his voice saying 'dearest' just as I came in. Wasn't it funny? I burst out laughing, I thought it so funny, and ran away, but I saw them both start most awfully. Dora, Dora, what is the matter? Are you ill?"

For Dora had sunk back again on the pillow, and was lying with eyes closed and lips as white as death. At Charlotte's terrified questions she opened her eyes.

"Ill? Nonsense!" she said rather sharply. "I am sleepy, as I told you, and I have had a headache all day. I wish you would not disturb me when I am resting. And for such nonsense, too!"

"But it isn't nonsense--at least it's true," said Charlotte with confidence. "I *saw* them with their arms round each other, and I believe he was kissing her. I suppose they are going to be married?"

"Of course," said Dora. "But Charlotte, you are not to talk about what you have seen. Mind, you are not to say a word to anyone but me. Do you hear?"

"Not even to Mary—or Jack?"

"Certainly not. Grown-up people like to manage their own affairs without interference from children," said Dora, quite sternly, for her. "You are not to speak of it to anybody. And now, please, run away, for I want to go to sleep again."

Charlotte retired abashed, and Dora turned her white face to the pillow—but not to sleep. Those were the bitterest moments that she had ever known. With her face hidden, and her slender frame shaken by irrepressible sobs, she went through her hour of agony, and was thankful that she was left to bear it without interruption, and that the announcement which meant a heart-break to her had not been made in public. For, before Aunt Dorinda came to Underwood, Dora had had very convincing reasons to think that Edward Crisp loved her and meant to ask her to be his wife. Now she found (as she thought) that she had been mistaken. He had played with her feelings, and had given his heart to another woman. Though, how any man could give his heart to Aunt Dorinda, poor Dora really could not see.

Meanwhile, the little comedy in the drawing-room had been going on. When Charlotte's shriek and laughter fell upon their ears, Miss Elliott and Mr. Crisp involuntarily started and stood apart from one another. The curate was rigid and speechless with dismay. Miss Dorinda was the first to recover herself.

"Those wretched children!" she said peevishly, "How rude they are!" Then she laid her hand softly upon Mr. Crisp's arm. "Never mind, dear, it does not really matter: it was Charlotte's voice, and she will save us the trouble of telling the others. She is sure to inform everybody of what she has seen!—the naughty little thing!" But Miss Dorinda's laugh did not altogether express displeasure.

"But indeed, Miss Dorinda, I never—never—meant——"

And here the curate stammered and broke down. What could he say?

"Oh, I dare say not," said the lady, soothingly. "You never meant to be found in such a compromising situation—perhaps you did not want our affection for each other to be so soon discovered to the world. I can't tell you how dear this delicacy of feeling is to me, my darling Edward. But after all it is just as well that matters should be thus precipitated. My dear brother is not the man to approve of a—a—clandestine engagement."

She bridled and blushed and smiled in a way that was almost maddening to poor Edward Crisp. He gasped with horror and confusion, but he could not speak clearly, and it would have taken very plain speaking indeed to make Miss Dorinda understand the situation. Her next speech was worst of all.

"I cannot say how happy you have made me. Ever since I saw you first my heart was drawn towards you. And yet I could not believe that you could ever care for me—poor little me. Oh, my happiness! If it were taken from me now, Edward, I should die.

And he believed her, and believing he succumbed. At that moment, at any rate, he could not tell her the truth. He would write or explain the matter to the Doctor. He could not blurt out his real feelings to Dorinda's face, and break her heart there and then, by saying that he loved her niece. All that he could do was to run away. He stammered a few words about an engagement in the village and edged himself towards the door. But Miss Dorinda was not willing to let him go so easily.

"So soon tired of me?" she cried in her most playful voice. "Ah, but I shall see you again before long! And you will want to see John, of course. But you can spare yourself the trouble, dearest; *I* will tell him. Yes, I can do that easily. You will see that he will receive you with open arms. Ah, what a nice brother-in-law for him, and what a sweet, dear, kind uncle for the girls, especially for the younger ones—that naughty Charlotte and poor, dear Dora!"

Did she speak with malice aforethought? I cannot tell, but I know that she nearly drove poor Mr. Crisp to desperation! To be Dora's uncle instead of Dora's husband—what a fate! With something on his lips which might have been a groan, but which was exceedingly like something far more unclerical, he grasped at his hat and fled from the room, regardless of the fact that Miss Dorinda evidently expected to be kissed. He was out of the house before she could arrest his steps, and he reached his lodging the most miserable man on earth.

Before an hour had passed he received a note which made him more miserable than ever. It was written by Miss Dorinda, and contained the most effusive statements as to the depth of her affection for him. Indeed, it was a very cleverly written letter, for it made the curate feel as if he could not without brutality disabuse his mind of the notion that he had proposed for her hand instead of Dora's. He began to feel as if he could not possibly do that. The wretched, miserable mistake must be perpetuated! and he would have to become the husband of a faded, fatuous, middle-aged mass of affectation like Dorinda Elliott. Good heaven! He groaned once more over the thought. Yet what could he do? Dora would not love him the more for behaving cruelly to her aunt! He must act like a gentleman, whatever came of it. He could not subject a woman to the humiliation of hearing that she had accepted him before he asked her—and when he had not meant to ask her at all.

In this dejected mood he put on his hat again and went out into the village. He had a sick woman to visit and he would not neglect his duty, however sore his heart might be. And it so happened that as he was returning by a short cut across the fields, to his lodgings over the grocer's shop in Underwood, he came face to face with Miss Dora Elliott and her sister Charlotte, who had come over on some little errand of their own before dinner time. For it was contrary to all the instincts of Dora's nature to let anyone suspect that she was wounded by what had just occurred.

She was very pale, but he could not see the redness of her eyelids, for she wore a shady hat and a veil and kept her back to the evening sunlight as she spoke. He did not want to stop when he met her, but she held out her hand in a friendly way, and he was obliged to take it.

"I am very glad to hear the news," she said, heroically lying, as women all do on such occasions. "Aunt Dorinda told me just now. I am sure I—I congratulate you, and hope you will be very happy."

And Charlotte stood by smiling, with critical amusement expressed in every line of her saucy, handsome face.

The curate never knew what he answered, nor how he got himself away. But from that moment he gave up the struggle. It was not worth fighting about. Dora did not care for him, or she could never have smiled and spoken to him in that heartless way. If she did not care he might as well marry Dorinda Elliott as anybody else. She, at least, cared for him, and would be faithful and true.

The engagement was a nine days' wonder in the county. Mr. Crisp was well known and well liked, and many were the lamentations over his fall. What could he see in Dorinda Elliott?—that was the general cry. She was not young, not pretty, not especially rich, nor of especially good family. It was like an evil enchantment, and the young man must be mad. If it had been pretty little Dora now! But, of course, little or nothing of all this came to Mr. Crisp's ears, and his manner, which had grown unusually cold and stiff, did not encourage anyone to remark that he looked the most miserable man in the world.

Miss Dorinda had begun to get her trousseau ready, and was considering the date of the wedding-day, when Mr. Crisp arrived one day with an open letter in his hand and a good deal of trouble showing itself upon his face.

"I have had some bad news," he said to his betrothed when she asked him whether anything was wrong. And on being further questioned he informed her that his father had met with some great losses, that a fraudulent speculator had decamped with large sums, and it was feared that the old house where he had been brought up would have to be sold.

"That is very unfortunate," said Miss Dorinda. "But your money, love? yours came to you from your mother, I know: that surely is all safe?"

"Some of it is gone, too," said the curate. "And the rest I shall put into my father's hands. I don't mind being poor, thank God!"

"Ah, that is noble of you," said Dorinda, with effusion. For she felt certain that a living would soon be presented to him; and then, as she said to herself. "There was always the title! *That* would come to him ultimately whether he were poor or rich."

But Mr. Crisp had another piece of news for her.

"And my father is terribly grieved about Lionel's conduct," he went on. "We always thought him too delicate to marry. . . . It seems that he has been privately married for five years, and has two fine boys and a baby girl

We had no idea of it. His wife was well, not quite in the same position of life, and——. My dear Dorinda, what is the matter? I hope you are not ill!"

For Miss Dorinda had thrown herself on the sofa, and was rapidly going into violent hysterics. Mr. Crisp helplessly rang the bell, and confided her to the care of Mary and her maid. He called next day to see her, but did not gain admittance. He came again in the afternoon, but with the same result. And on the third day he received a parcel and a note.

"Dear Mr. Crisp," wrote Dorinda. "I feel that the unfortunate circumstances which have lately occurred in your family are *too* painful. It is not the loss of money that I bewail; oh, no, not at all; it is the association with your brother's wife that offends my sense of the becoming. I hear that she was once a barmaid. You will forgive me, I am sure, if I say that I must refuse, once and for all, to become a barmaid's sister-in-law. I return your presents, with thanks, and remain.

"Always your *true* friend,
"DORINDA ELLIOTT."

Five minutes after he had read this letter Mr. Crisp was ringing Dr. Elliott's bell. But when he inquired for Miss Elliott he was told that she had left for Scotland that morning. And then Dora came out.

"Oh, Mr. Crisp!" she exclaimed. Her cheeks crimsoned and her eyes filled with tears. She thought that he would resent the insult which she knew that her aunt had put upon him. "Aunt Dorinda is gone," she said. "We are all so ashamed—indeed, we are very sorry."

The servant had discreetly retired, and the two young people stood together in the hall. Dora stole a look at the curate's face, and was quite shocked to see that it was—radiant.

"But I am not sorry at all," said Mr. Crisp decidedly. "I never was so happy in my life. Your aunt did not love me and I did not love her. Dora, it was all a mistake, and I have been wretched about it. Will you ever forgive me?"

"I don't know what you mean, Mr. Crisp," said Dora, blushing very much and looking as if she were about to cry.

"Don't you, my darling? Oh, I can't help it—I am so happy that I hardly know what I'm saying. Dora, will you come out into the garden with me and let me explain? I think I can show you how the mistake arose, and then——"

Well, "and then"—they were married in a month!

[THE END]

◆

POINTS.

BY ACUS.

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

A recent telegraphic despatch announced that while anchored in the harbour of Oporto the war-ship Dia, upon which certain insurrectionists were being tried, was attacked by a furious gale and swept out of sight of land, carrying away judges, lawyers, prisoners and witnesses. This is probably not the first time a court has been "at sea" over a case, but it is a very literal instance. The despatch does not state whether the court as a whole was sea-sick, but if so, what could be more derogatory to the dignity and decorum of so august a body. The ocean seems to have been guilty of the offence of contempt of court. In spite, however, of the disapprobation of the bench, it no doubt continued to act upon Byron's advice and "roll on." One peculiar aspect of the case is that the court instead of making prisoners, was by an odd misfortune made a prisoner itself. And, indeed, it presented something of the appearance of a vagrant, having no visible or (it being water), no very visible means of support. In that or any other capacity, the court was no doubt very anxious to be arrested. A court desiring to be arrested strikes one as odd.

* * *

The question has recently been revived, in the *North American Review* and elsewhere, as to whether a lawyer can be honest. That the subject should be so much mooted must be humiliating to the profession. And it is difficult to see why lawyers should be singled out in this way. While grocers adulterate their coffee, and doctors will not tell the truth about their patients, and politicians continue their little games, the question might as well be: Can anyone be honest? The idea that a lawyer has no scruples is probably based upon the supposition that he will plead any case brought to him, whether he believes in his client's innocence or not. As to a client's innocence, that is a very difficult point to determine. The client himself may be mistaken. For example, a man is intoxicated and gets into a quarrel; he strikes another man whom he sees fall; the next morning the latter is found dead, and the former remembers having struck him and having seen him fall; he is arrested for murder and pleads guilty; but as a matter of fact the murdered man had quarreled with someone else after his quarrel with the prisoner, unknown to the prisoner, and had been killed by a totally different person. There have been numerous cases of that kind. No man should be punished simply because he believes himself, or his lawyer believes him to be guilty. Nothing but a fair trial, to which every man is entitled, can bring out the facts; and in general the lawyer is justified in taking the case. In an English case, the prisoner informed his counsel, while the trial was in progress, that he was guilty of the murder in question. Whereupon the counsel in question consulted a judge, who happened to be present *ex officio*, as to whether he would be justified in continuing the case under the circumstances, and he was advised to go on with it. However, in a most impassioned address to the jury, he went the length of saying that he personally believed the prisoner to be innocent, which was certainly dishonest, and which he was not called upon nor advised to do. The affair gave rise to considerable discussion at the time. In all cases the lawyer appears for the client and says for him what the client is incapable of saying for himself as effectually; he is the client's representative for judicial purposes. Clients themselves have a way of making jocular remarks upon the subject of honest lawyers, which may be a case of Satan reproving sin Can a client be honest?

* * *

Our good friends the clergy are inclined to wince at a whiff of tobacco-smoke. Tobacco and tea are two of the greatest antidotes to the wear and tear of life. Respectable scientific authority upholds the view that the use of tea is more injurious to the system than that of tobacco. Now the curate and his cup of tea are famous for being the best of friends, and perhaps the smokers might turn the tables on the non smokers by inaugurating an anti-tea crusade. Let us draw a parallel between tea and tobacco. Tobacco, of course, has its poisonous nicotine; tea also contains a volatile or essential oil which produces the headache and giddiness of which tea-tasters complain, and the attack of paralysis to which, after a few years, persons employed in packing tea are found to be liable. Excessive use of tobacco is said sometimes to produce an effect akin to intoxication; and in China tea is seldom used till it is a year old, owing to the intoxicating effects of new tea. Tea and tobacco are most in demand among people of a nervous tendency, and I will not say that tea is more injurious to the nerves than is tobacco, but that it is injurious I am convinced. A pamphlet by Dr. Richardson, which is extensively quoted in Chambers' Encyclopedia under "Tobacco," contends that tobacco "is in no sense worse than tea." Dr. Arrott mentions the case of a sailor in vigourous health at the age of 64, who not only chewed tobacco but swallowed it, eating a quarter of a pound of the strongest negrohead every five days. You do not, as a rule, find tea-tasters in very vigourous health at the age of 64, even though they are not constantly at it. Are the clergy willing to give up their tea,—say during Lent?

◆

We rise these winter mornings
With mercury down low.
And as we take our freezing plunge,
We shiver, pant and blow.
And the ice upon our windows,
And the steps down which we climb
Or slide, perhaps, all make us wish
For happy summer time.

The thought of flowers, and trees, and birds
Delights our fancy now—
We've quite forgotten how it feels
To mop a dripping brow.
The troublesome mosquito
And the wasp that gives us pain,
Are things that we don't think about
Till summer comes again.

—From *Outing*.

OUR CANADIAN CHURCHES, IV.

St. James Cathedral, Toronto.

The religious wants of the early settlers at York were few, and up to 1803 divine service was held in the Parliament Building. In that year it was decided to erect a church, and, at a meeting held on the 8th of January, committees were appointed for the collection of subscriptions and the immediate prosecution of the work. The structure was of wood, and its erection was aided by the military, Col. Sheaffe, then in command of the garrison, having sent a detachment to assist in raising the frame. Rev. Dr. Stuart was the first incumbent, and did duty until 1813, when he was succeeded by the famous Dr. Strachan, afterwards Bishop of the diocese. In 1818 a number of changes were made in the building, and from the description on record the interior must have been most quaint and picturesque. Here the greatest men of Upper Canada's capital met Sunday after Sunday to worship the Almighty; here the Lieutenant-Governors of the Province, famous soldiers of a warlike age, Sir Peregrine Maitland and Sir John Colborne, occupied each week the square, canopied pew under the Royal Arms; here sat the officers and men of the garrison, the judges of the King's Bench, and many prominent citizens and merchants of "Little York." In 1830 the congregation had outgrown the building, and a new church was erected; it was of stone, and was 100 feet long by 75 feet in width. Its life was short; the building was destroyed by fire in 1839. Nothing daunted, the energetic congregation set about rebuilding its religious home, and another St. James' was built; this time the body of the church was of stone, the spire being constructed of wood. This soon led to another ruin; when the great conflagration of 1849 swept through the northern side of King street, the spire was covered with burning cinders which burst into flame, and the entire edifice was again consumed. The present stately building was then commenced on the same site as its predecessors. Its erection occupied four years, the first service being held in 1853, and subsequent improvements and alterations extended over a number of years. It is an imposing edifice, about two hundred feet long, with a transept width of ninety-five feet; the grounds surrounding the building are well kept, and are an ornament to the city. The tower is 140 feet high, and the spire 166 feet, the combined height covering 306 feet. The illuminated clock is a magnificent piece of work, and, being on a very large scale, the time is visible at a great distance. The cost of the entire structure was about $225,000, and altogether it is the most imposing church in the Province. We give copies of a few of the many memorial tablets to be found within its walls:

IN MEMORIAM.
Royal Grenadiers,
LIEUTENANT WILLIAM CHARLES FITCH,
Killed in action at Batoche, N.W.T., May 12, 1885.
Kind, Gentle and Brave.
Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.
Erected by his brother officers.

To the beloved memory of
SIR HENRY PARKER, FIFTH BARONET OF HARBURN, WARWICKSHIRE,
Born June 16, 1822.
Died October 11, 1877,
The fruit of the spirit is peace, long suffering,
goodness, faith.
Erected by his sorrowing widow,
MARIA JANE, LADY PARKER.

Sacred to the Memory of
CAPTAIN JOHN HENRY GAMBLE,
of H. M. 17th Regiment of Foot,
Eldest son of
Clarke Gamble, Esq., Q.C.,
of Pinehurst, Toronto.
Born at Pinehurst, July 12th, 1844.
Died at Lundi Kotal, Kyber Pass, Afghanistan,
July 14th, 1879, aged 35 years.

Near this spot rest the mortal remains of
JOHN STRACHAN,
First Bishop of Toronto,
Who departed this life November 1st. 1867,
In the ninetieth year of his age.
And the twenty-ninth of his episcopate.
His conscious labours,
His foresight and constancy in the service of the church
and of the commonwealth, as an educator, as a
minister of religion, as a statesman, form
an important portion of the early
history of Western Canada.
During thirty five years he was rector of this church and parish. In remembrance of him the congregation have beautified the chancel and erected this memorial. Easter, 1870.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES

Last week reference was made in this column to the question of the lacrosse championship. A few words more may be appended appropriately. They are in relation to the much vexed question of jurisdiction. In the old days there was no such difficulty, but every improvement seems fated to be hampered by a corresponding drawback. With the impetus that the formation of the senior league gave to lacrosse, it was thought that all obstacles had been swept out of the way, but experience has proven otherwise. When the agreement was signed for the first time there was not a dissenting voice as to the propriety of leaving all disputes to the executive of the C. A. A. A. It was recognized, of course, that that eminent body was somewhat dilatory in its deliberations and its judgments; but as that had been one of the organization's most marked characteristics from the time of its inception, no one wondered. At the second meeting of delegates, last year, the change in sentiment was most marked, and when it came to making out the agreement there was a very well developed and able-bodied "kick." The majority of the delegates did not see why the C.A.A.A. should legislate for them in matters pertaining purely to lacrosse. They wanted to do their own legislating, and accordingly voted that all disputes be left in the hands of the council composed of the delegates of the five clubs in the league. Here was one of the few cases on record where the minority carried their point. The Cornwall, Shamrock and Ottawa delegates voted in favour of what might be called self-government in lacrosse matters. Toronto and Montreal took the opposite view, and still wanted disputed questions settled by the C.A.A.A. It will be remembered that on the first vote it was decided to have all difficulties settled by the lacrosse men themselves, but at this point the Montreal club put a most effective damper on the proceedings by resigning from the league, and it was plainly understood that Toronto would do likewise, if the first year's agreement was not adhered to. This left the other three clubs in a very peculiar position. Their delegates recognized the fact that without Montreal and Toronto in the race there would be comparatively little interest in any series that might be arranged, either from a sporting or a financial point of view. The objectionable motion was withdrawn, and for once in a dog's age the minority beat the majority.

* * *

Was this decision a wise one or not, may only be answered when its effects are considered. There is not a doubt in the world that the gentlemen engaged in the discussion did what they considered best when they cast their votes making the C.A.A.A. the arbiter of their little disagreements. Subsequent events, however, have shown that the best laid plans of lacrosse folks, as well as other men, often go the wrong way. The history of last year's bickerings need not be recapitulated. There is nothing in it to be particularly proud of, but it proved one thing very conclusively, and that was that lacrosse men should legislate for lacrosse men. The C.A.A.A. may have recognized the fact that art is long, but they certainly appeared totally oblivious to the other part of the saying, that time is fleeting. In such a matter as the settling of a lacrosse dispute time is about as important a constituent as water is in the make-up of a river, and a waste of it is not calculated to improve the temper of the clubs interested, especially as the national game is not practicable for thirteen months out of the twelve. The Cornwall club was the particular sufferer, and an impartial mind will say it was hardly dealt with, though it will be acknowledged that it was rather the victim of circumstances than of any intention to treat the club unfairly; but "Men are the sport of circumstances when Circumstances seem the sport of men."

* * *

It was simply one of the results of having what was supposed to be a perfectly impartial committee legislate on a subject with which it was only partially acquainted. Good, dear-natured soul! it took its time; it had all the year before it, and, like all good-natured people who procrastinate, when the annual meeting came along it discovered that it knew about as much of the question in hand as one of Stanley's pigmies knows about ice cream, or an Eskimo about pomegranates. After keeping the unfortunate Cornwallites on the gridiron for the greater part of the season, and letting the daily press do the "turning," with an occasional prod of the fork to see that the sufferer was being well done, the executive committee decided to do something—in this case "something" is synonymous with "nothing"—and so the matter was handed over to the new committee, which immediately set to work, and, with an ardor that on most occasions would have been admirable, decreed that one of Cornwall's players was a professional. And this decree carried with it, by implication, the decision that Cornwall could not claim what is usually called the championship.

* * *

Now, I do not doubt for a moment that Leroux was a professional, at least in a technical sense; but I do assert that the Cornwall club was treated unfairly. The charge was made early in the season, but the case was not brought to trial for months, and during all this time the Factory Town club stood ready to defend their man, but a chance was not given. When the verdict did come, it was impossible to rectify the position of affairs, and Cornwall was the victim. It was like hanging a man first and getting a conviction against him afterwards. The result was that although Cornwall was entitled to the trophy it did not get it, a sort of stultifying resolution, to the effect that there was no championship for 1890, doing the business. If anything like expedition had been used the result would most likely have been different, as the Cornwallites would certainly not have played the protested man, and his loss would not have been a great one to the team. This case is simply used as an illustration of the fallacy that the senior club delegates fell into when the C.A.A.A. was made the final judge in these matters. It is all very well to say that the C.A.A.A. is the only unprejudiced body to which appeal may be made. A very brief analysis will convince anybody conversant with athletic sports that this most potent, grave and reverend body may, under the pressure of certain circumstances, be anything but impartial; and the question following in natural sequence is: Can we not do better than leave these things to the C.A.A.A.? I think so. Leave the matter in the hands of the men who represent the clubs interested. It may be said that they also will be prejudiced; possibly, but they would be forced to act immediately, and even suppose they were a little mite partial—well, have the council of the C.A.A.A. been absolutely free from the taint recently? Of the two evils we naturally take the lesser. The N.A.L.A. can only legislate for three clubs in the senior league, while Toronto and Cornwall are under the ægis of the C.L.A. Here again would be a very marked difficulty to get over. The C.A.A.A. might be a very useful factor in this matter if experience had not taught us that in cases of necessity it was about as active as a plume on a hearse, and then it nodded the way the wind blew. The senior league, as it stands, recognizes the playing rules of the N.A.L.A. and the time system of the C.L.A. Why not give to its committee of delegates the power to adjudicate in cases of dispute. There will never be unanimity as to the respective merits of the Eastern and Western association, and there will always be dissatisfaction with the manner of working the C.A.A.A. adopted in recent years. There seems only one feasible way out of the difficulty—make your own rules, live up to them, and see that your committee enforces them.

* * *

The possibilities in the trotting arena during the coming summer are more attractive than usual, especially in the vicinity of Montreal. Trotting during the last few meetings and during the old regime are two entirely different things. Everything is not, by any means, perfect yet, but the improvements have been great, and as the right spirit seems to be actuating the proprietors of tracks, even better things may be looked for. The opening meeting will be at the Blue Bonnet track, which has recently fallen into the hands of new lessees, and if energy and go count for anything good sport may be looked for. Two thousand dollars will be given in prizes, and it is expected that the Provincial Government will be again heard from in the way of encouraging home-bred stock. Lepine park will hold its meeting a few days later in June, and here again $3,000 will be hung out. These two meetings ought to be attraction enough for owners, especially as they come so close together that there will scarcely be any necessity to move horses. As these two meetings will be held under the rules of the National Trotting Association, it may fairly be expected to find sport worth going to see. In a chat with a most enthusiastic horseman the other day, he let fall a couple of wise hints, much to the following effect: "It is all very well, said he, "to have your trotting races under National Association rules, but the great difficulty is, with all the best intentions in the world, it is a most difficult job to fill the judge's stand as it should be filled. The men who know the rules and how to enforce them are very few, indeed, and the majority of these will not officiate. The result is that, to a greater or less extent, at our trotting meetings the judge's stand is occupied by gentlemen who, no doubt, are honest and well-intentioned, but whose absolute knowledge of the niceties of the law are very vague. Good intentions and strict probity are indispensable in their way, but are really of small account if not backed up by a thorough knowledge of all the technicalities of the track. The remedy suggested, too, is one of comparatively easy accomplishment. When a date is claimed by any track it is recorded in the books of the National Association. Why not, when making application for dates, at the same time make a small deposit, sufficient to cover the expenses of the three men whom the association might appoint as judges. These gentlemen could be depended on as being perfectly competent, and would certainly be as impartial as anybody else. The outlay would be comparatively small, and would be money well spent if we take into consideration the effect such a course would have on public opinion. It would do more to restore confidence than perhaps any other method, and as all the Association tracks would naturally have different dates the judges could make the circuit. By this means the judges would become recognized as, to a certain extent, public men, whom one would expect to find at all the trotting meetings, and whose position would be such that they could not afford to do anything shady. With a certainty of fair races and fair judging, it would be surprising to see how soon the number of spectators would be recorded in the thousands instead of the dozens, as is now the case. Suppose the new management of the Blue Bonnets track were to make the initial effort in this direction. It would do a lot of good to our local trotting tracks, and they would not be out of pocket over the result, either."

* * *

I am a person of an inquisitive turn of mind and, like the man whose misfortunes centered round the Circumlocution office, I would occasionally want to know you know. I saw a nice looking medal in a window the other day and it bore a legend about champion of the world for skating. Who is this new champion of the world and where did he get the title from? Is it in earnest, and how many champions are we going to have, or is it a cruel joke perpetrated on a confiding public? But then I have heard that they do strange things in Ottawa occasionally.

* * *

The Canadian Skating Association may have done a very prudent thing when its council concluded not to hold any figure skating championship competition this year; but it is very questionable whether it was altogether acceptable to the people who take any sort of interest in those matters. When associations undertake to legislate for any particular branch of sport, and are recognized as the authority in such branch, then they have a right to hold such annual championships as their bye-laws call for. We all know the circumstances that balked the Canadian Association and made it extremely difficult to follow out its programme. Still I cannot help thinking that even a nominal competition, with no foreign contestants, would have been much better than none at all. However, it is too late now to cry over spilled milk.

* * *

The Toronto Football League is one of the most thriving athletic organizations in the country, and this fact was brought out at the annual meeting, when nine clubs were represented. The principal feature of the meeting was the discussion of deliberate fouling the ball in defence of the goal, and the following resolution was passed:

> "This meeting is of opinion that legislation is desirable for the following offences, viz.: Handling the ball, holding or tripping within twelve yards of goal, and respectfully asks the Western Football Association to consider the same."

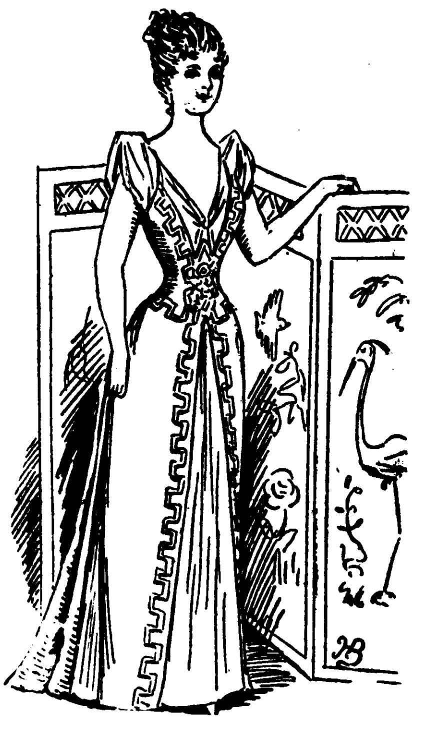
An effort will be made to bring about a meeting of the junior champions of Toronto and of the Western Association.

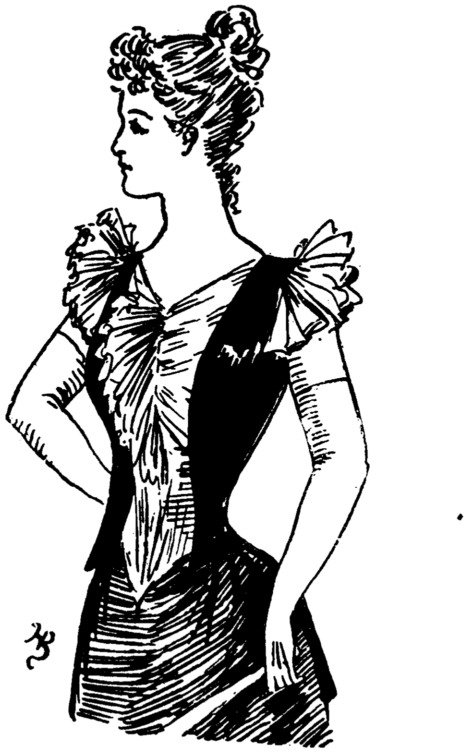
R. O. X.

TEA TABLE TALK
a Woman's Letter to Women

At This Time of Year.—An Old Velvet Jacket.—Flowers.—House Accounts.

At this time of year, which in France is called *entre saisons*, we often find that we have some one amongst our dresses that is not sufficiently shabby to cast aside altogether, and yet, in its entirety, will not at all do as it was originally made. I will suppose by way of example, that one of my kind readers may have a silk or satin evening dress that she would like to remodel. It may have been a little damaged down the front, as happens so often to the very plain fronted skirts. Take out the soiled breadth, and bring the two side ones to meet in front, pointing them slightly as they near the ground. Let the back breadth join them a little more than half way down, as in the sketch, where you will see they open to show the underskirt, which is composed of *crèpe de Chine* in an according or contrasting colour. We will imagine the dress to be a grey silk, or satin, as one of a colour that is most usual. Get some gold and gray, or plain gold galon, or passementerie, to edge it with, and have an underskirt of lemon colour *crèpe de Chine* or *chiffon ;* the former wears best, however. The bodice is similarly filled in, and the sleeves are also of the same softly draping material. If you copy the illustration you will see that the passementerie forms a kind of ornament in front of the bodice, which gives a finish to the general look of the dress. Thus, you have a pretty toilette suitable for a quiet dinner-party, a theatre or a concert, and one which, not being perfectly new, does not cause any great solicitude in wearing it.





* * *

An old velvet jacket is a thing that many of us hardly know what to do with, and yet, with a little management, it may be converted into a very pretty bodice that is useful to wear with any dark skirt of an evening. The fronts —which are quite shabby, may be cut away, and those parts on the shoulders that generally remain longest good left. to make the narrow top to the arm-hole, whilst each side terminates in a prettily cut point. The straight basques to the back may be left, cutting them clear of the hips, as in the accompanying sketch ; with an underbodice covered with pink *chiffon*, frilled out in front, and on the shoulders quite a dainty little corsage is made. I commend this idea to my readers to vary as they find useful and suitable to the materials with which they have to deal Long black kid or suéde gloves will be the correct things to wear with it, and look even smarter than light gray or tan.

* * *

Flowers have already begun to appear, and those most worn are chiefly made of velvet. Everyday they are becoming more popular, and as the spring advances we shall be certain to see them in profusion on bonnets and hats. As the bonnets are so tiny, the flowers chosen have to be equally diminutive—such as mimosas, lily of the valley, infantile rosebuds, mignonette, and already some small sprays of lilac. There are rumours of the return of the old-fashioned turban as an evening headdress, but it is at present only made of the most delicate gold or silver spangled tulle, and of truly microscopic proportions. These dainty little coiffures are set on the head so that their ends vanish under the little chignon where they are occasionally fastened by some jewelled ornament. How our great-grandmothers would smile to see this return, though in a very small fashion, to the immense head erections they used to wear.

* * *

House accounts as a subject is not pleasant, but as one of the most important parts of housekeeping is the money spent upon it, we sooner or later must face that awful word "accounts," which is little less of a bugbear than the other "bills!" I have not yet had the pleasure of meeting the person who found either of these topics in the least attractive ; in fact, I find it quite the other way, that the majority entirely agree with me that if they suffer by neglect, money matters become one of the greatest worries flesh is heir to, and from a manageable and tractable servant they have a playful way of suddenly growing to the bewildering proportions of a veritable nightmare. Therefore, if we wish to be, and to remain honest, we *must* keep accounts. I do not pretend to a knowledge of "book-keeping" so-called, nor the mysteries of single and double entry, but I hope I may be able to show how the ordinary difficulties may be surmounted. I often hear inquiries of how to divide an income of a given sum to the best advantage, and what amount should be devoted to housekeeping? Take the weeks in the year, and divide your income by them ; this will show you how much you have to spend per week ; or, if easier, write out the principal heads of your yearly expenditure thus : house, dress, sundries. Then partition your income equally between these separate items. You will, of course, find that a subdivision is necessary in the following way : Under the head of *House* you will put rent, servants, taxes, food, coals, gas, washing, &c. *Dress*, dresses, bonnets, mantles, dressmaker's bills, boots, shoes, &c. *Sundries* include travelling, doctors' bills, postage, stationery and the thousand and one little unexpected expenses that are constantly turning up. Whenever you go shopping, take with you always a tiny penny book in your pocket, and set down what you pay for each thing as you buy it. This greatly helps to defeat the wicked aims of the evil genius of money, who is only too charmed when something escapes your memory. He is also quite pleased when you take the shopman's account for granted, and perfectly delighted when you omit to count your change. I have found it not a bad plan with account keeping—and which for comfort's sake ought to be balanced weekly—to make every half-year a kind of summary, and from your account book set down what you have spent under the different heads already given. By this means you can quickly see how your money is going, in what particular thing you have been too extravagant, and must retrench, and so keep a check on your purchases, or in what item you have saved. Well, it *is* difficult, I allow, on small incomes, but oftentimes it is wonderful what little apparent necessaries can be done without ; and a shilling or a sixpence laid by, frequently followed by another, mounts up to a considerable little store without the deprivation being felt. And here I hope it will be quite understood that I recommend nothing to be done in a sordid spirit, nor in the penny saved and pound expended fashion that is some people's idea of laying by for a rainy day. These are, however, merely suggestions, for most people make ways and invent methods for themselves, and I do not at all set up mine as the best of good ways, but I have found the above plan useful, and can speak of it from experience ; therefore, like crossing a rushing river, I point back to you the stepping stones that I have found carried me over well and safely.

◆

Twilight.

Oh, twilight hour of faint and mystic light,
  When shadows fall across the fading land,
And long-forgotten voices of the past
  Float back and chant like spirits of the night,
In voices sad and solemn, till at last,
  Wavering, they cease in the uncertain light.

When mists along the water rise and drift
  And hang upon the rimpling wavelets clear,
In which the dark reflections of the trees
  Shadowy, indistinct and dim, appear.

Like spectres, tall and gaunt, the cedar trees
  Stand dark against the golden tinted sky,
Whilst from their topmost boughs the settling crow
  Utters its desolate and direful cry.

The undulating reeds sway to the breeze
  That o'er them sighs its plaintive wailing note ;
In the twilight hush like vespers soft it sounds
  As o'er the tranquil water it doth float.

Oh, silent hour, dreamlike and indistinct,
  When long-forgotten voices of the past
Return, and hold communion with the soul !
  Oh, sad and sacred hour of dying day,
Whose death the hallowed Angelus doth toll,
  Kneel thou to silent night and his dread sway.

A. J. STRINGER.

◆

Laclede.

Here, in our midst, he walked by faith—with hope.
There, far from us, his faith is crowned with sight,
Out from the shadows where we cry and grope
His way is won to pure, unfailing light.

H.F.

THE PAPER, ON WHICH "THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED" IS PRINTED, IS MANUFACTURED BY THE CANADA PAPER CO'Y.