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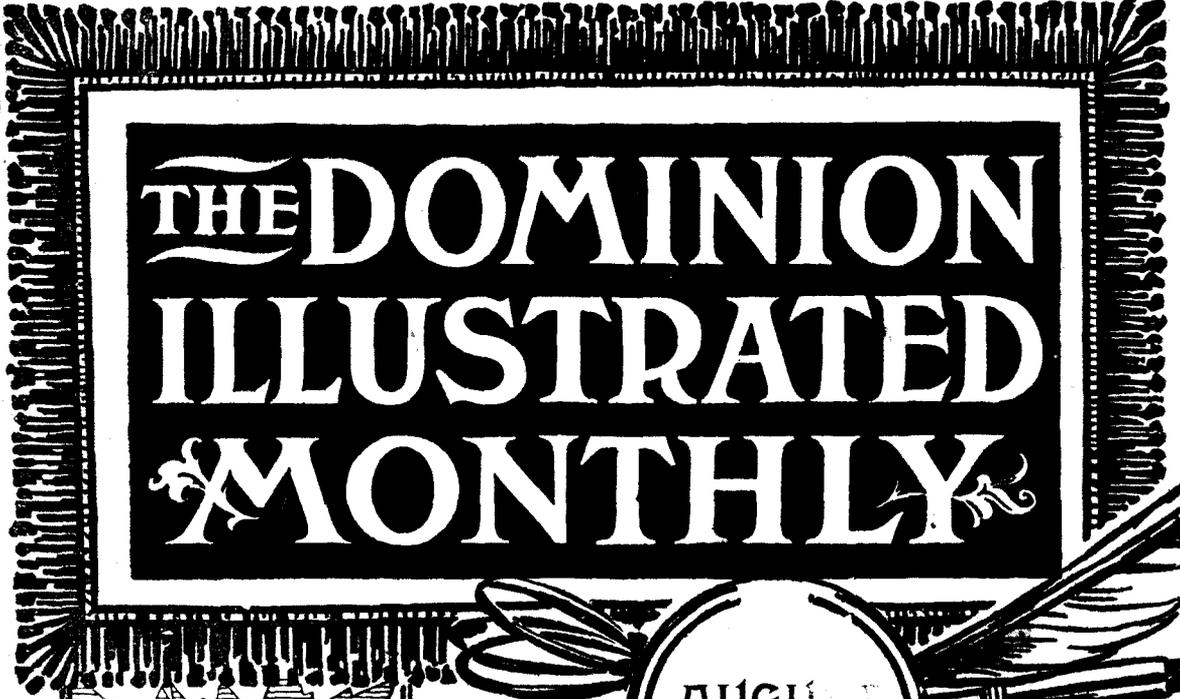
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AUGUST 1892.

## CONTENTS

Bass-Fishing on the Chateauguy.	Frontispiece.
Comic Art	
<i>Illustrated.</i> A. M. MACLEOD.....	387
The History of a Magazine.	
<i>Illustrated.</i> GEORGE STEWART, D.C.L. ...	400
A Day on Alberta Plains.	
<i>Illustrated.</i> ED. W. SANDYS.....	409
A Plea for Shelley.	
<i>Illustrated.</i> T. ARNOLD HAULTAIN, M.A.	416
En Route.	
<i>Illustrated.</i> ARTHUR WEIR.....	421
In the Old Prison.	
<i>Illustrated.</i> ANDRÉ MENNERT.....	423
Scraps and Snaps.	F. BLAKE CROFTON..... 430
Cricket in Canada.	I.
<i>Illustrated.</i> G. G. S. LINDSEY.....	432
Modern Instances.	
CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS, M.A. ....	442
Love's Seasons.	ELLA S. ATKINSON..... 444
Historic Canadian Waterways.	The St. Lawrence. III. <i>Illustrated.</i> J. M. LEMOINE. 445
The Queen's Highway.	Port Arthur and Lake Superior. H. S. WOODSIDE..... 449
Monument at Bonsecours Church, Montreal ....	455



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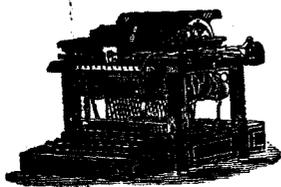
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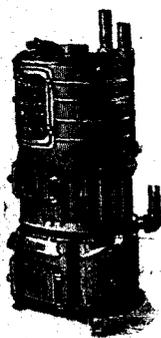
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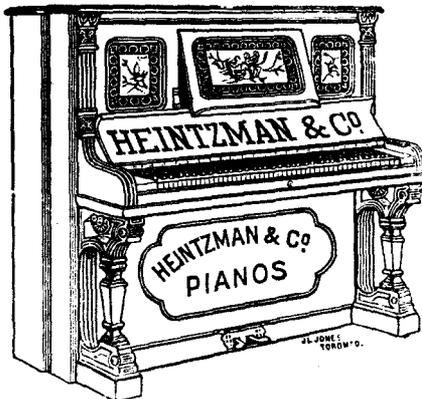
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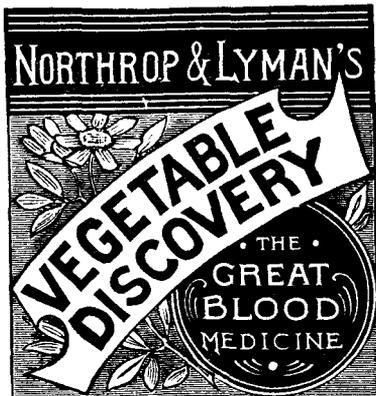
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# The Dominion Illustrated Monthly.

AUGUST, 1892.

Volume 1. No. 7

## CONTENTS :

Bass Fishing on the Chateaugay.....	Frontispiece
Comic Art.....	387
<i>Illustrations:</i> Greek caricature of Flight of Aeneas. Egyptian Drunkards. From Queen Mary's Prayer-book. Lost souls cast into Hell. Calvin, the Pope, and Luther. Thackeray's caricature of Louis XIV. Time smoking a picture. Settling the odd trick. Tiddy-Do! bringing out of the oven a new batch of Kings. "Noses to the North, young ladies." Niucompoopiaua The mutual admirationists. <i>Experimentum in corpore vili.</i> The original Gerrymander.	
The History of a Magazine.....	400
<i>Illustrations:</i> Gilbert Murdoch. George James Chubb. James Hannay. W. P. Dole. Rev. Moses Harvey. Daniel Clark. H. L. Spencer. William Murdoch. Evan McColl. Carroll Ryan. John Reade. Hon. Thos. D'Arcy McGee. J. L. Stewart. Geo. Stewart, jr.	
A Day on Alberta Plains.....	
<i>Illustrations:</i> Inspecting the Hotel Register. On the Plains.	
A Plea for Shelley.....	416
En Route.....	421
In the Old Prison.....	423
<i>Illustrations:</i> At the prison entrance. The murderer's fear. Watched.	
Scraps and Snaps.....	430
Cricket in Canada. I.....	432
<i>Illustrations:</i> Hon. John A. Beckwith. Mr. Lindsey's Eleven of the Gentlemen of Canada. Dr. W. G. Grace. Lord Harris. Spofforth. A. Shrewsbury. W. E. Roller. Ladies at Cricket.	
Modern Instances.....	442
Love's Seasons.....	444
Historic Canadian Waterways. The St. Lawrence. III.....	445
<i>Illustrations:</i> College at St. Anne de la Pocatiere. Crane Island.	
The Queen's Highway.—Lake Superior and Port Arthur, Ontario.....	449
<i>Illustrations:</i> Entering Thunder Bay. Down by the Elevator. Opening of the Electric Street Railway. A bit of the town. Kakapeka Falls	
The Bonsecours Monument, Montreal.....	455
<i>Illustrations:</i> Apse of the church of Our Lady of Bonsecours.	

## SUPPLEMENT :

SIR OLIVER MOWAT, K.C.M.G., PREMIER OF ONTARIO.

PUBLISHED BY

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4 King-St. East, Toronto.

Gazette Building, Montreal.

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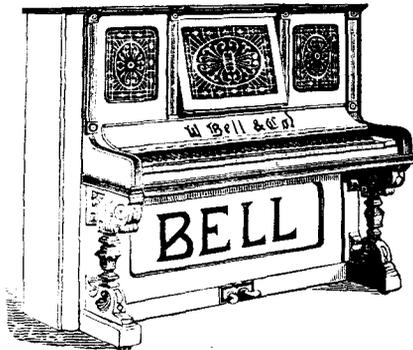
A. G. RAMSAY, *President.*

<i>Secretary,</i>	<i>Superintendent,</i>
R. HILLS.	W. T. RAMSAY.

## LACROSSE.

It was not until 1843 that the game was adopted by the Canadians. At first it did not attract much attention, and not until some twenty years afterwards did the young white men begin to see the advantages of the game, at which time (about 1860) Montreal introduced it as a recognized sport or pastime. From that time the rise and development of the game may be chronicled. The first properly-organized club came into existence in 1860, under the name of the Montreal La Crosse Club; and this proved to be the pioneer of numerous similar organizations throughout Christendom. Very soon afterwards a convention was called which resulted in the formation of the "National La Crosse Association of Canada," an organization to which the game owes more for its growth than to any other body.

It was not long before the game was carried over the borders; for



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PRINCIPAL AUSTIN, B D

Americans were not slow to perceive its chief features—the skill and science necessary to play it, and the physical development attendant upon practice therein—and the "Amateur La Crosse Association of the United States" was the outcome. This body went to pieces after a lingering existence, and was succeeded by the "Eastern Association of Amateur La Crosse Players," which is at the present time in a flourishing condition, each year the clubs included in its membership playing a series of games for the championship.—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

## JEROME K. JEROME ON THE AUTOMATIC MACHINE.

Yes, and it is not only in his pocket that they ruin a man. They damage his immortal soul. They warp his moral nature. They wreck his sense of probity and honour. There is a devil that comes out of each one of these machines that tempts a man to crime and sin. I am a fairly honest citizen myself, as

honesty goes nowadays; but never can I summon up sufficient integrity to purchase a box of wax lights or a packet of butter-scotch from one of these engines of iniquity without trying to shake it into giving me a second consignment for the same penny. That I never succeed in my nefarious design, the drawer invariably closing with a discourteous and irritating snap just at the very moment when victory seems about to crown my efforts, excites within me only feelings of sadness and disappointment, and I have another penny-worth to try again. You see, when doing business with an ordinary human tradesman, various considerations occur to you, causing you to pause before endeavouring to rob him. You think of his wife and children, or you reflect that he may possibly catch you at it and give you in charge. But from a deal with a cast iron automaton all such elevating influences are entirely absent! True, there is some shadowy sort of a company concerned in the transaction, but who ever felt a kindly emotion towards a company! The thing seems made to be robbed. The first one I ever saw stirred all the thieving instincts within me that had been lying dormant for years.—*"The Idler" for June.*

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PRESIDENT AUSTIN, B.A.

The brightest and most witty criticisms on America and Americans which has appeared in years will be found in the July *Arena*. It is from the pen of Mr. J. F. Muirhead and is entitled, "A Briton's Impressions of America." It is wholly devoid of the bitterness so often characteristic of English criticisms.

One of the most interesting of the American monthlies is *The Californian Illustrated Magazine*, published in San Francisco. The illustrations are exceptionally good. A Canadian lady—Mrs. Flesher—well known here under her maiden name of Helen Gregory, is a member of the editorial staff, and contributes very charming papers to the work.

# DR. FOWLER'S EXTRACT OF WILD STRAWBERRY

CURES OLD OR YOUNG.

## MEN,

### A SOLDIER'S STORY.



DEAR SIRs,—I have used Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for summer complaints, and have lent my neighbors some when their children were very sick with summer complaints, and it has never failed to cure. The summer of 1887 my mother was almost dead with summer complaint. Being under doctors' care, but receiving no benefit at the end of a week, we got Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, which stopped it before she took half the bottle. It cured her and saved her life.

SAMUEL C. HAGAN,  
Thessalon, Ont.

## WOMEN

### NOTHING SO PRECIOUS.



DEAR SIRs,—I can tell you I would probably have been in my grave to-day if I had not got Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. Three years ago I became very weak, and everything I ate seemed to pass right through me. The doctor did what he could, but could only stop it for a little while. I tried all the remedies I could think of until I came to Canada and heard about Wild Strawberry. This is about a year ago. I used four bottles altogether, and have not had the bowel complaint since. I would not be without the Extract for anything, as I think there is nothing so precious.

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## AND CHILDREN.

### DYSENTERY CURED.



DEAR SIRs,—I write to let you know the good my family has received from the use of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. Two of my youngest children were taken with bloody diarrhœa. We had the doctor for them, but they still got worse. The little girl was so weak she could not raise herself up, and was out of her mind part of the time. I sent with Mr. Bean (a neighbor) for a bottle of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, which I gave them with the result of curing them completely. I think there is nothing to equal it, and wish you every success.

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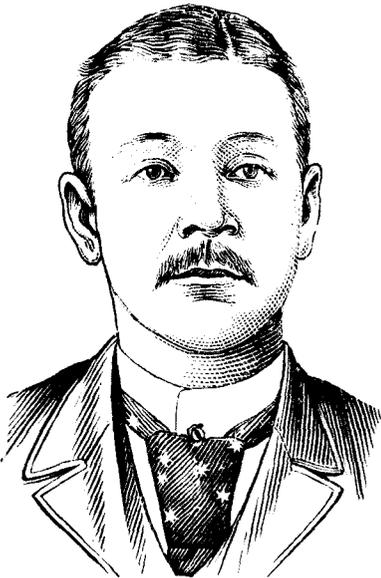
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A friend of mine who also suffered from boils, took one bottle by my advice and thanks to B. B. B. his boils all disappeared."

Yours truly,

H. M. LOCKWOOD,

Lindsay, Ont.



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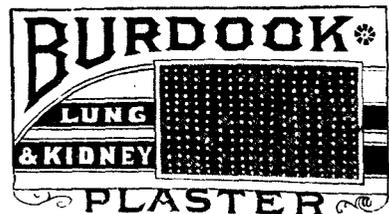
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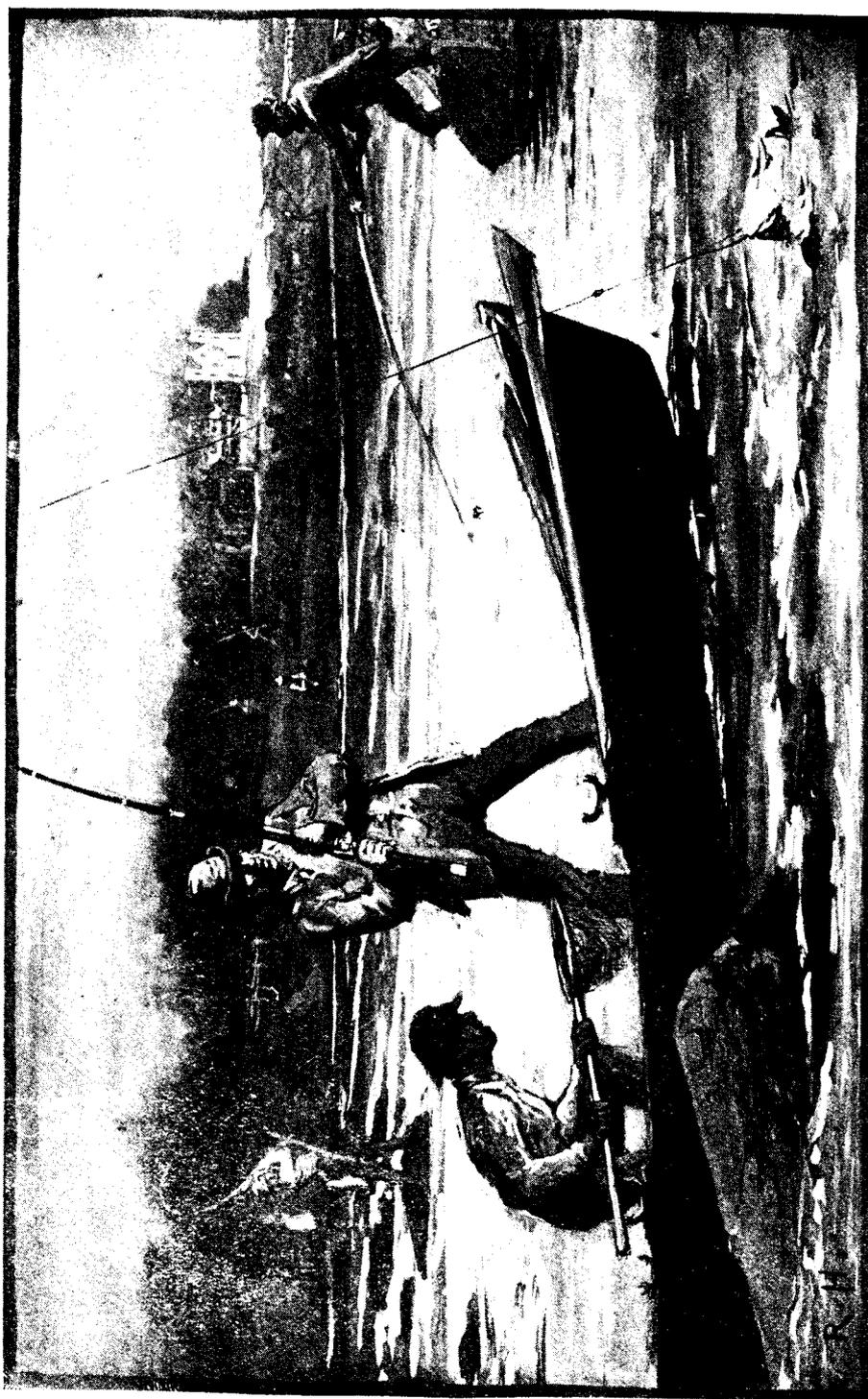
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**BASS-FISHING ON THE CHATEAUGUAY.**  
From the painting by R. Harris, R.C.A.

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MONTHLY

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Vol. I.

MONTREAL AND TORONTO, AUGUST, 1892.

No. 7.



exhibits the young lady as a high-flyer, sitting for her portrait, her lover and her poodle keeping her company—at once points a ludicrous antithesis, and (the lover being absent from the later scene) suggests that the malady may be not remotely connected with that treacherous organ, the heart.



HERE stands before me, as I write, one of those gorgeous screens—the delight of children and savages—where Christmas cards and coloured supplements end their days. “From grave to gay, from lively to severe,” the designs range; and one is irresistibly funny, a family of monkeys—or, perhaps, Missing Links—dressed as human beings and drowned in woe. The daughter—an only child, probably—reclines in an easy chair, a deathly pallor on her countenance, and her pulse within the fingers of her family physician, an eminently respectable, black-coated, ruffled-shirted, guinea-a-visit practitioner. The parents in the background look the despair they feel. A companion picture—which

This species of comic art, which represents animals as performing the actions of men, is the oldest in the world. It was practised in the very cradle of our civilization. Egyptian figure-drawing is so stiff and characterless as compared with that of the Greeks, that one is apt to take seriously what was doubtless intended as caricature. The number of animals ranking as sacred in the land of the Pharaohs adds to the difficulty of proper distinction. On the whole, one is inclined to wish that Artemus Ward's idea had occurred to these ancient carvers, and that they had distinctly marked their jokes. In many of the representations, however, the comic intention is unmistakable. A colossal rat, seated in a war-chariot drawn by dogs, is swinging his



Greek Caricature of Flight of Æneas

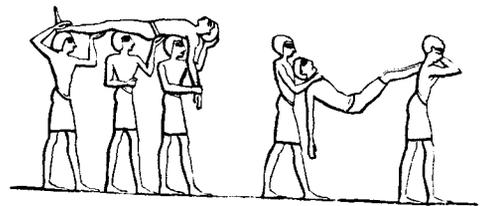
battle-axe in the exact style of Rameses in a serious picture; slaughtered cats lie all around him; a lion, enthroned as king, receives from a fox, acting as high-priest, offerings of a goose and a fan. In one of the royal sepulchres a lion and an ass sing to the accompaniment of the harp. On another, a soul, having been weighed in the balance by Osiris and found wanting, is ferried back to earth in the form of a pig. Egyptian caricature, while dealing largely in these animal representations, is not confined to them. Slaves carry home their drunken masters on their heads or shoulders. A society lady, who has also indulged too freely, calls for a basin, which, alas! arrives too late.

If we go still further east, and to an even older civilization and mythology, we shall find the same element of burlesque. Krishna, the Gay Lothario of the Hindoo Olympus, is a favourite subject with Oriental comic artists. Sometimes he is conveyed on an elephant, the body of which is formed of the female admirers who everywhere accompany him. Again, the same obliging damsels wreath themselves into the form of a bird, on which he is borne through the air. It is more interesting, however, to come down to the quick-witted, art-loving Greeks, among whom caricature was not only a source of fun, but a weapon offensive and defensive.

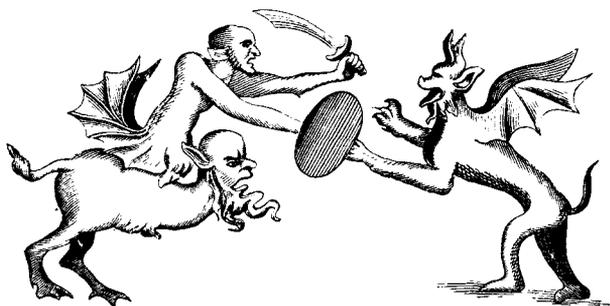
Caricature, it is necessary to remind the unhappy persons who never joke, is not the characteristic of a rude elementary stage of art. It has the same *raison d'être*

as serious art—“things seen are mightier than things heard”—and it progresses or retrogrades with it. The generous Greek spirit that would have knowledge free as air, the absence of paltry pride or jealousy in the Greek artist, which prompted him to lay his masterpieces open to the criticism of the lowest, and to profit by this criticism when he could—as in the case of Appelles and the cobbler,—created conditions not more favourable to tragic than to comic art. Unfortunately the almost total destruction of Greek painting has left both serious art of that kind, and caricature, little more than traditions. That art had its Aristophanes as well as literature, however, we may gather from the rare vase painting still remaining. A celebrated specimen makes fun of the immortals in burlesquing no less sacred a spot than the shrine of Apollo at Delphos. The god, dressed as a quack doctor, is on a canopied stage; blind old Chiron with difficulty climbs the steps, aided by Apollo pulling and a friend pushing; the manager of the spectacle calmly surveys the scene, and doubtful looking nymphs look down from Parnassus. How many caricatures of men of letters and philosophers must have raised a laugh in Athens, we may judge from the popularity of *The Frogs* and *The Clouds*. We, to whom the salient points of Socrates' philosophy and life are his aspirations after immortality and his heroic manner of achieving it, are shocked at even an attempted belittling of our hero. But before the hemlock scene, and to the witty, fun-loving generation that probably knew better the “goings-on” of Xantippe than the moralizings of the hen-pecked philosophers there were temptations, we are obliged to admit.

Passing over to Italy, we have more than traditional or inferential evidence as to the progress of caricature. Pompeii, disinterred after seventeen hundred years of burial, bears witness how the Romans jested with their chinks and chisels, in the very century that beheld the Incarnation and the Crucifixion. As among older



Egyptian Drunkards.



From Queen Mary's Prayer Book

nations, beasts and birds are depicted labouring or fighting like men. Pigmies—that race of miniature men in whom ancient writers firmly believed—appear, too, upon the scene, often as waging war upon their enemies the geese. The flight of Æneas, their ancestor and the founder of their greatness, from Troy, bearing Anchises on his back and leading the young Ascanius, was caricatured by Pompeian artists, their sketches being afterwards reproduced with the chisel on stone. The comic actor among the Romans, was indebted to the comic artist for his mask, which, like the face of Victor Hugo's unfortunate hero, would provoke a roar of laughter even when the jests were poor. Christians are caricatured as worshipping a crucified figure with the head of an ass. A rude sketch of this kind, made with chalk on the wall of a narrow street in Rome, about A.D. 103, was found in perfect preservation in 1857, the street having being walled up during the intervening period.

If we start on finding caricatures upon Egyptian tombs, what shall we say when we find it running riot in Christian churches? The introduction of animal forms in ecclesiastical carvings came from motives the most reverent. In the Gothic cathedrals which sprang up during the Middle Ages, "each minute and unseen part" was sculptured as carefully as the most imposing portions; and both the animal and vegetable kingdoms were exhausted in supplying models. Then, as the system was perfected, the artist evoked from his imagination more terrible forms than he could find in nature, and these served their purpose too. Everything was symbolic. The whole building was a cross; the naves and aisles, the triple portal, the three towers, proclaimed the Trinity; the rose-window, the Unity; the altar, with its tabernacle and ever-glowing lamp, the Real Presence; the crypt, the

under-world; and these gargoyles and other grotesque forms, without or within, were emblems of evil spirits turned to stone by the power of good. To vary a capital, the carver, by way of illustrating the command, "Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord," might make his animals pass in procession, walking upright and playing on musical instruments. All this was legitimate. As the times grew

lax, the idea of the sacredness of the church—once the controlling idea of Gothic builders—grew weaker, and art was prostituted in these holy places.

It is necessary, of course, to distinguish between scenes in which the artists' intention is reverent and only his conception and execution grotesque, and those in which caricature is evident. The struggle for souls between angels and devils, and the gusto with which the latter use their pitchforks and keep up their fires are but the manifestations of mediæval belief in a personal Satan and a material hell. But how shall we account for such burlesques as were to be found in the former Cathedral of Strasburg, for instance? How could any one who cared to enter a church at all, bear to look upon those capitals on which animals are represented as priests at Mass in the very act of consecration—their paws upon the paten and chalice—or bearing in procession the Sacred Host? Three centuries after the carving of these blasphemies, a bookseller who had placed a picture of them in his shop window was convicted of having committed a crime "most scandalous and injurious to religion." Dressed only in his shirt, with a rope about his neck and a lighted candle in hand, he was led by the executioner to the church door, where, on his knees, he confessed his



Lost souls cast into Hell.



Calvin, The Pope, and Luther.

fault and asked pardon of God and the king, after which penance and the burning of the pictures he was banished for life. A monk kissing a nun is a very common conceit—one of the most beautiful of English cathedrals has it in the carving of the chapter house. Illuminated missals, hours, and psalters are filled with burlesque devices; tournaments in which the fox tilts with the bear, the hare with the cock; monsters with one body and several heads, or with one head and several bodies. In the psalter of Richard II., preserved in the British Museum, the combat between David and Goliath is caricatured by a fight between the court dwarf and the court giant; the story of Jonah is also ridiculously represented. The drawings in the prayer book of Queen Mary of England could, in our day, neither be exhibited nor described. Malcolm, a writer—and generally an intelligent one—on the subject of comic art, therefore expresses the extraordinary opinion that Mary must have “delighted in improper ideas”; and the American Parton—whose work on the

same subject is an excellent *resumé* of the labors of Wrigh in England and Champ-fleury in France—adopts this opinion with eagerness. The book, representing the artistic license of its age, had in all probability been presented to the queen, and both writers might have recalled the proverb about looking a gift horse in the mouth. At all events, an accusation of that sort might almost as well be brought against our present beloved sovereign as against Mary Tudor.

Grotesque representations of the Devil and his satellites show how the idea of these awful powers had changed in course of time. The Devil of the Bible, of Cædmon, and of Milton, is the “Archangel ruined,” showing even in his fall traces of that transcendent brightness” with which he had outshone “myriads, though bright;” the Devil of later mediæval times is the comic character of the mystery plays. He is clever, crafty, malicious and mischievous, but men often get the better of him; and his strong sense of humour and the good nature with which, like the clown in a circus, he joins in a laugh, even when it is at his own expense, doubtless contributed to the popularity of the plays, though it took from their dignity. It is this Devil that is represented, as in Queen Mary’s psalter, bearing his victims off on his back and tossing them over his head into the flames. Death, as grossly burlesqued, was almost as popular a character as the Devil. And next in popularity to these came the long-suffering Jew.

What a blot it is upon our taste, our civilization, our Christianity, that while we no longer make merry over Death and the Devil—even when we are so far “advanced” as not to believe in the latter—we still regard the Jew as fair game. A caricature of Isaac of Norwich, executed in 1233, is yet in existence; and from long before that day to this, the Jewish nose and the Jewish love of money have been for the satirist a favourite theme—perhaps because it is so safe; for what Christian thinks it worth

his while to resent the wrongs of that unhappy race.

Americans, who claim to have risen superior to so many European prejudices, have only accentuated this one. Pick up "Puck," or "The Judge," or any of their serious papers that have a comic department, and you are sure to see the hook-nosed, oily-haired men, and the stout, Bowery-dressed women; text and picture alike pointing the moral that all Jews are usurers and all Jewesses vulgar monstrosities.

Where the Jew is a usurer, he is what the Christians made him. In the age when he was first branded with this stigma, he was frugal among the prodigal, virtuous among the licentious; and therefore it was he who had money to spare. In our own day, he is a peace-loving, law-abiding, excellent citizen. O for a pencil to satirize the Christian, whose Rule of Life was penned by Jewish hands and proclaimed by Jewish lips, whose highest type of womanhood is the Jewess Mary, whose Saviour and God is Mary's Son; yet who is so lost to the claims of justice and gratitude that the one joke of which he is never weary of ringing the changes is the joke at the expense of the Jew.

The period preceding the Reformation abounds in caricatures of both the secular clergy and the religious orders. A drawing of A. D. 1320—the oldest in the British Museum—represents two devils casting a monk into a river. The pencils of Holbein, Lucas Cranach, and Hans Sachs, supplemented the pen of Erasmus; and for a time, so far as the wit of the period was concerned, Luther seemed to be having it all his own way. The marriage of the Reformer, however, was greeted with such an outburst of caricature directed against the ex-monk and the ex-nun, that we find the bridegroom fain to justify his action with the sorry excuse that it was done in obedience to his aged father. Calvin is shown taking an active part in the burning of Servetus. One of the most amusing caricatures of the period—almost as apropos now as then—represents Calvin and Luther attacking at the same time the Pope and each other. Each of the reformers grasps an ear of



Thackeray's caricature of Louis XIV.

His Holiness; with the spare hand Calvin throws a Bible at Luther, while the latter has Calvin by the beard. English Reformation caricatures were more grim than funny. Spain, at the time of the Armada, was a favorite subject; later we have Queen Henrietta Maria, Archbishop Land, and Prince Rupert. Cavalier caricatured puritan, and puritan cavalier. Charles II., in royal mantle, has his nose held to the grindstone by a Scottish presbyter, while "Jockie" turns the stone. The queen of James II. is in one side of a confessional; in the other is Father Petre in the guise of a wolf. Louis XIV. was the most thoroughly caricatured monarch of his day, and he has not escaped in our own. Every one will remember Thackeray's amusing sketch of *Ludovicus*—a little old man, *Rex*—a fine court suit, and *Ludovicus Rex*—the compound of little old man and court suit known to history as *le grand monarque*.

The Mississippi scheme and the thousand similar projects that followed it, afforded rich subjects for the comic artist. Hogarth—whom posterity, like Walpole, is determined to regard as a caricaturist, though he himself indignantly disclaimed the name—made his first hit in ridiculing the South Sea madness. His *Marriage à la Mode*—now in the National Gallery—the *Rake's Progress*, and the other series with which everybody is familiar, represent but a small part of his labour; for with pen, pencil and brush he waged war unceasingly on vice, injustice and the more venial sins to which our friends across the border have given the name humbug. His *Time Smoking a Picture* was intended to bear out his view that a picture is better when new than ever after, and that by

the judicious use of varnish and brimstone the dealer may produce for a generation that believes the contrary any number of supposititious Old Masters.

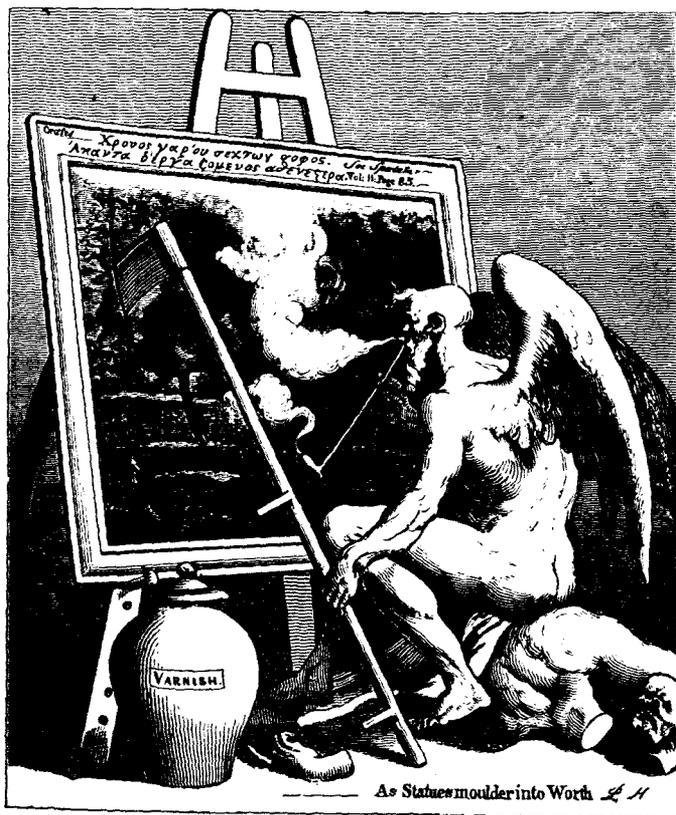
Gillray, the next great English caricaturist, had all the coarseness of the Georgian days. "Many of his works in the earlier years of George III," says Parton, "were of such extravagance and brutality that the exhibition of them nowadays would subject the vender to a prosecution by the Society for the Suppression of Vice." "You might as well be merry," says another, "over the doings of Swift's Yahoos, who are certainly not more offensive than some of Gillray's men and women." The later burlesques of this artist, however, are among England's best. Many of them are at the expense of Bonaparte. In one, Tiddy-Doll (Napoleon) "the great gingerbread bread baker," is represented as drawing from a bake-oven a new batch of kings. In another, ridiculing the threatened invasion of England, the Emperor as Gulliver manages a miniature sail boat in a tank,

for the amusement of the Brobdingnagian king and court.

The vagaries of fashion have always been a fertile theme for the caricaturist. In *The Odd Trick*, published in 1778, four ancient dames seated at a card table support towers of hair equalling in height their natural stature; caps and feathers raise the structure several feet. An immensely hooped lady at a banquet receives refreshments from a salver fastened to a pole, the only way in which she can be reached. Matrimony is, of course, a standard subject, though treated in widely different ways in different countries. The gulf which separates French and English tastes in this particular may be readily ascertained by comparing Gavarni and Cruikshank. The wife who betrays her husband, the *enfant terrible* whose prattle leads to exposure, the disgustingly precocious boy who smokes cigars and discourses of "succeeding with women," are not the material of which English jokes are composed; the last, if encountered in real life in England would be certain of

receiving what he so evidently needs — a sound threshing. In the more delicate shades of burlesque the French are unrivalled. The illustrations of Daudet's *Port Tarascon*, for instance, are worthy of the fine and delicate humour of the text. And what could one say more?

German jokes are extremely mild though the *Fliegende Blätter* is frequently quoted by American papers. Popular taste in literature is caricatured in the following scene: — A young lady is purchasing a *Lover's Letter-writer*, and complains of the price. "Oh!" says the clerk, but if you buy the *Letter-writer* you have Schiller's works thrown in; and if you buy this pamphlet on potatoes you get all Goethe." Parsons are gently satirized. A



Time smoking a picture. Hogarth.



Settling the odd trick.

pastor happening to look back as he is entering his church door sees a lady just beginning the ascent of the icy steps, and gallantly goes to the rescue. "And now," says the lady, as they reach the top, "will you add to your kindness by telling me who is to preach to-day?" "Pastor Friedel," replies the minister, who is no other than Pastor Friedel himself. "Oh, then," cries the lady, "I beg you will help me down again." "Very good," says the amiable pastor. "I wouldn't go to hear him myself if I were not obliged." Again, a pastor's wife tells the cracknel man that half his wares are scorched. "Yes," the man acknowledges coolly, "I have the same luck as the pastor. Neither sermons nor cracknels are always equally good." Prussian army discipline is touched off. An officer going the rounds at night is fired at, but fortunately missed, by the sentinel to whose "Halt!" he has paid no attention. "Three days in the guard house for your bad shooting," cries the Major promptly. So virtuous an officer rather reminds us of the governess who freely forgave her weeping pupil for sending her a comic valentine, but punished severely her dis-

respect to Lindley Murray in the ungrammatical confession, "It was *me*!" As we might expect, political caricature is almost unknown in Germany.

The land of Cervantes is but poorly represented in comic art, and such specimens as are produced are more suggestive of *Gil Blas* than *Don Quixote*. A glance at any peninsular comic paper informs us that the French opinion of women is also the Spanish one. In Italy the home of epigram and satiric jest since the days of Pasquino who gave his name to them, wit has been of the tongue, not of the pencil. And yet Italy is the modern home of the Punchian drama, the little comedy that children--and grown people, too--of almost every country in the world have laughed at for at least three thousand years.

The mention of the Punch of the streets suggests that merry wanderer's merry namesake, the most powerful and the most popular caricaturist in

the world. *Punch* is a gentleman as well as a wit: there is the secret both of his power and of his popularity. His satire is sharp; but never bitter, never personal; above all, never vulgar. George Cruikshank, who refined and purified comic art as Samuel Johnson refined and purified literature, was the founder of the school represented by *Punch*. How humorous and yet how free from malice and grossness he was, a glance at his sketches will show. The mistress of a boarding-school, out walking with her charges, sniffs danger in the air, and with voice and gesture gives warning: "Noses to the north, young ladies! Here come two horridly handsome officers!" A lawyer with a plethoric bag, divides between two litigants all that is left of the property in dispute. "Gentlemen," he says, "it was a very fine oyster. The court awards you a shell each." Doyle, familiarly known from his signature as H. B., was so popular that his caricatures were let out in portfolios by the printsellers, in the evening, and were in great demand by the givers of entertainments. Seymour, the contemporary of Doyle, first suggested



Tiddy-Doll bringing out of the oven a new batch of Kings.

to Dickens the characters so happily wrought out by the latter in the *Pickwick Papers*. His lamented death (he died by his own hand) occurred when only one number had been issued; but already he had drawn the now universally known picture of Pickwick, and had at least foreshadowed Winkle, the Fat Boy, and others. The intention of the publishers was that the text should illustrate the pictures; when "Boz" began to write, however, the order was very soon given that the pictures should illustrate the text.

The political caricatures of Leech and Tenniel in *Punch* are often records of battles, not always fought as decorously in reality as in caricature. Lord John Russell, who introduced the bill to prevent Roman Catholics from assuming ecclesiastical titles, and then consented to its repeal, is represented as a boy who, after chalking up "No Popery" on Cardinal Wiseman's door, is running away as fast as he can. Looking over the old numbers of *Punch* is an excellent as well as an agreeable way of reviewing history. From Lord John Russell and the Duke of



"Noses to the North, Young Ladies"



## NINCOMPOPIANA.—THE MUTUAL ADMIRATION SOCIETY.

(Our Gallant Colonel, who is not a Member thereof, to Mrs. Cimabue Brown, who is). "And who's this young Hero they're all swarming over now?"

Mrs. Cimabue Brown. "Jellaby Postlethwaite, the great Poet, you know, who sat for Maudle's 'Dead Narcissus'! He has just dedicated his *Latter-Day Sapphics* to me. Is not he Beautiful?"

Our Gallant Colonel. "Why, what's there Beautiful about him?"

Mrs. Cimabue Brown. "Oh, look at his Grand Head and Poetic Face, with those Flowerlike Eyes, and that Exquisite Sad Smile! Look at his Slender Willowy Frame, as yielding and fragile as a woman's! That's young Maudle, standing just behind him—the great Painter, you know. He has just painted Me as 'Héloïse,' and my Husband as 'Abelard.' Is not he Divine?"

[The Colonel hooks it.]—Punch.

Wellington down to Salisbury and Gladstone, there is no man of mark in English public life that has not figured in its pages. The church, the army, the navy, the bar, have all passed in review before that keen but friendly criticism. Aristocrat, democrat, plutocrat—each has had the pleasure and advantage of seeing himself as others see him; so has everybody, down to Hodge with his smock and his aspirations after three acres and a cow. The English soldier or sailor, fighting with savages or demons, half a world away, knows that Mr. Punch's eye is upon him, and while waiting for Westminster Abbey or St. Paul's, counts Mr. Punch's praise not the least of the "sweet rewards that decorate the brave." As for foreigners—whether emperors, anarchists, or our American cousins—when we see what short work our doughty champion makes of these, we can but thank God that we, Britons, are not as other men.

Du Maurier's pretty children and pretty women and well-bred satire have been before the public for twenty years, and the public gives no sign of

growing weary. Perhaps it would be more correct to say that his pretty women have been developed from his pretty children. The artist naïvely confesses that he has grown to love the graceful, high-bred English girl of his pencil as a daughter; that sometimes he tries to vary her—makes her shorter, stouter—but always finds himself mechanically altering till he has again his favourite type. Who would have her otherwise?

Among the hundreds of sketches this charming artist has given us it is difficult to choose. One dated twenty years ago shows two children invading their aunt's bedroom on a Sunday to show a drawing just made. "There, Aunt Mary! what do you think of that?" asks George. "I drew the horse and Ethel drew the jockey." "But," observes the aunt, "what would mamma say to drawing jockeys on a Sunday?" "Ah, but look here," says the young diplomatist, "we've drawn him *riding to church*, you know." A recent picture shows Tommy and his little sister just home from a children's party. "Mamma!" cries Tommy, con-



## THE MUTUAL ADMIRATIONISTS

(Fragments overheard by Grigsby and the Colonel at one of Prigsby's Afternoon Teas.)

Young Maudie (to Mrs. Lyon Hunter and Daughters).  
 "In the supremest Poetry, Shakspeare's, for instance, or Postlethwaite's, or Shelley's, one always feels that &c., &c., &c."

Young Postlethwaite (to the three Miss Bilderbogies).  
 "The greatest Painters of all, such as Velasquez, or Maudie, or even Titian, invariably suggest to one, &c., &c., &c."—Punch.

scious guilt in his face, "I have a very great favour to ask you. *Don't ask me how I behaved.*"

That Du Maurier notices the growing popularity in England of the American version of the fifth commandment, is evident. "After all," says one of his pretty women to the gallant Colonel who is catering for her in the supper room, "there is nothing like the wing of a chicken, is there, Colonel?" "I don't know," promptly replies the gallant Colonel. "I never tasted one; I never have anything but the drumstick. When I was young, my parents ate the wings, and now that I am old, my children eat them."

Du Maurier's exquisite drawing gives his sketches an interest far beyond that which would attach to them as mere caricatures of the whims of society. As caricatures, perhaps those executed at the expense of the Oscar Wilde school of æstheticism bear away the palm; and the fact that they are aimed at higher game than the willowy men and women whose appearance and conversation amused both hemispheres for a season or two, by no means detracts from their popularity. The pre-Raphaelite movement, Theodore Child avers, was not artistic but literary. To many of us this defin-

ition will appear as limited as the other. In its inception, at least, the movement was far higher. It was as if the Spirit of God, after so wonderfully revivifying religion, was about to usher in the golden age of art, and that every page and every canvas should proclaim that poet and painter were breathing a diviner air. The mythological and legendary subjects of Burne-Jones were a decline in this spiritual intention from the religious themes of Holman Hunt and the mystical themes of Rossetti. The secularization became more marked when *The Blessed Damozel* and *Veronica Veronese* were shrined in the "Peacock Room" of a west-end mansion beautified by Whistler. Gowns of sad-coloured stuff—fearfully and wonderfully made, peacock feathers, sunflowers and lilies, coiffures *a la* Veronica Veronese, and large wild eyes that did their best to cultivate a yearning look, suddenly appeared in London drawingrooms; and with saint-in-church-window postures and a certain shibboleth anent "leonine rudeness" and "precious purity" were hailed by those who had accepted Oscar Wilde's apocalypse as the outward and visible signs of æsthetic grace. Could more tempting subjects for a satirist be imagined. In the two examples repro-



## EXPERIMENTUM IN CORPORE VILI.

*Head-Milliner.* "You will now be able to judge, Madam, how becoming a green wreath is to a person with your coloured hair!"—*Punch.*

enced here, the pre-Raphael *motif* is evident. There is, indeed, an unpleasing element about the school that not even the reverent intention of its founders can make acceptable. If a Gregory the Great might hail the lovely Englishmen of some of Du Maurier's sketches as *Not English but angels*, an art-loving Leo X. would assuredly pronounce some of the pre-Raphaelite creations as *Not angels but Bilderbögies!*

There is nothing more difficult than for one people to do justice to the fun of another; and the difficulty is enhanced where—as in the case of Britain and the United States—a common language serves to accentuate points of difference. We all know Howells' opinion of English novelists; it would be interesting to have an exhaustive English criticism of America's comic literature and comic art. Americans would say, of course, we were too heavy, too slow, to understand their wit; but they would profit by the criticism all the same. An American reviewer of *Port Tarascon*, after lauding his countrymen's appreciation of it, proceeded to point out that this might be owing to the inestimable privilege they enjoyed in themselves possessing the prince of humorists, and forthwith drew a parallel between Alphonse Daudet and Mark Twain! You might as well compare the finest champagne to small beer or a dram!

The same buffoonery and want of delicacy which characterize Mark Twain is seen in many of the comic prints of our neighbors. The great Benjamin Franklin, Parton tells us, was the first American caricaturist. He hated the solemnity in which most of the great ones of his day—generals, statesmen, politicians, and, above all, ministers—enshrined themselves. The clergy, indeed, did well to be and to seem solemn—it was expected of them; some of them were miracles of self-righteousness as well, and these to a fun-loving spirit offered irresistible temptations. Far funnier than Franklin's wit at Cotton Mather's expense is that divine's announcement to the public in regard to it. "Some good men," he gravely writes, "are afraid that it may provoke heaven to deal with this place as never any place has yet been dealt withal."

Mrs. Trollope's strictures on America were enriched by illustrations showing the amenities she had witnessed: coatless men lounging in private boxes at theatres; others sitting on the parapet of the gallery, their backs to the play; etc., etc. The Americans retorted in kind. The New England militia drill was a standing subject for caricature—if we may talk of caricaturing that which was always more ridiculous than any picture of it. The gerrymander a word very familiar to Canadian ears at present—originated in



The Original Gerry-mander.

Massachusetts after the redistribution of the State by the Democrats. A coloured print of the State was issued by the other party to illustrate Democratic iniquity, and Gilbert Stuart, the painter, observing that the outline somewhat resembled a monstrous bird, added a beaked head and claws. As Elbridge Gerry's creation, the nondescript was christened Gerry-Mander. The name has given us a verb—to say nothing of the process for which the verb stands.

So far American art was in its infancy; its manhood begins with the work of Thomas Nash. Nash had the gift of drawing a speaking likeness with a few strokes of his pencil. The gift was new in the United States, and it elicited intense admiration. The times gave the artist his opportunity. A long-suffering, but finally outraged public, rose against Tammany and Tweed, and Nash's pencil put the situation into pictures, and it is said by those who ought to know, largely contributed towards putting Tweed in his proper place. The majority of Nash's drawings differ from those of the English comic artist in having little or nothing of the imaginative element. The touches of fancy, of humour which Mr. Punch and his satellites introduce into similar subjects is utterly lacking; all here is sternly realistic.

Frost abounds in fun, pure and simple, but, like Mark Twain, it is not always refined fun. Take that series, for example, illustrating the adventures of the tramp who appropriated the clothes of a yellow

fever patient. The ambulance man, sent to burn the clothes, having forgotten matches, leaves the infected garments in a solitary spot while he returns for them. The tramp, coming suddenly upon them, supposes they belong to some bather, and with ready roguery slips them on, leaving his rags in their place. From behind a tree he sees the ambulance man return and burn his rags; he also sees that the van is marked *Yellow Fever*. The clothes are doffed as quickly as they had been donned, and—probably for the first time in his life—the tramp takes a bath.

When he reappears, he is clothed in grasses, secured round the waist and legs, and in this guise he frightens into a backward somersault a tourist, who, with the aid of a paper of sandwiches and a flask of whiskey, had been enjoying nature. Explanations follow; and the best picture of the series represents the tramp, seated on the log, a gigantic sandwich in hand, the enterprising tourist explaining to him what a fortune there would be in the exhibition of him as a wild man—the captive of his (the tourist's) bow and spear. The expression of the tramp as he begins to believe in a good time coming, of which the sandwiches and whiskey are the earnest, is a study for political economists. The face is becoming humanized, an evolution plainly conveying the moral that if you desire to convert an attacker of property into its protector, you must give him some property to protect. The programme is carried out, and we are glad to see the comfort in which the extramp, when off duty as the caged wild man, lives. The introduction of the bearded lady spoils the fun, and marks the difference between English and American ideas of it. Such a finale would never have appeared in *Punch*.

When the pictures are not of Frost's "Stuff and Nonsense" style, the fact that fun is intended has too frequently to be conveyed by the letter press. A young gentleman leans against a table, a young lady sits beside it. "And what are you doing in Paris?" asked the lady. "Studying eyes, Miss Daisy." "Oh! how interesting! And which colour do you prefer?" You look at the stiff attitudes and stolid faces, and wonder if the picture and text have not been jumbled together by accident.

There appeared in *Scribner's Magazine*, several years ago, an article on "Contemporary American Caricature," by J. A.

Mitchell, himself a caricaturist. Comic art as illustrated by Nast and the artists of *Puck*, *Life*, *Harper's Weekly*, &c., is fully discoursed upon, and the article ends with the prediction that in the coming ten years Americans will "produce the very best examples of the art, and outstrip their former masters." The guild of artists is a generous one, and cosmopolitan enough to wish all wielders of the pencil, whatever their nationality, god-speed. But we somewhat question Mr. Mitchell's gift of prophecy when his criticism places the society pictures of Gibson and Van Schaick upon a par with those of Du Maurier.

On one point we entirely agree with him: the excellence of some of the prints caricaturing—or rather illustrating—negro life. Here is a field entirely American,—and one only beginning to be worked, for the reason that the negro must be interpreted by those who really know him. A Northern artist may draw him, but only a Southerner can arrange the pose. One such Southerner has appeared, the author of "Marse Chan" and "P'laski's Tunaments." Those of us who have lived in the South know that the negro cannot possibly be represented

as funnier than he is. Take Rogers' picture in *Life*, "Docking Jonah's Tail,"—a white woman holding a vicious-looking mule, while an old negro, safely fortified behind a tree, aims at Jonah's tail with his shears. Funny as the scene is, it is fact, not fiction; I well remember a similar case. A favourite cow having lost through an accident all the bushy part of its tail—no trifling loss in the fly days—its mistress, a Virginia lady, decided to fasten it on, and called a negro man to assist. The stump was tender, the cow resented having it touched, and the old man flatly refused to approach till "ole Mis'" had tied the cow to a tree and promised to "hole de stump." The operation was finally performed, but not till the cow's charges and Uncle Zeke's flights had convulsed the neighbourhood.

Let the American comic artist who is in search of subjects not trite and who is not above taking an interpreter, go to Frank Nelson Page. And should he be in danger of forgetting that the negro is something more than funny, that his heart is often as true and tender as his appearance and actions are grotesque,—let him go to Mr. Page again.

A. M. MACLEOD.

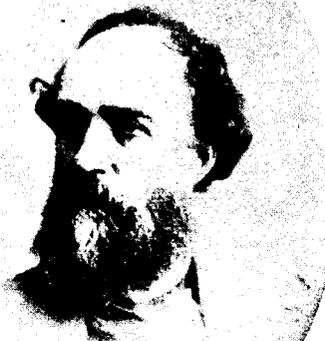


# THE HISTORY OF A MAGAZINE.

BY GEORGE STEWART, D.C.L., LL.D.



I HAVE been repeatedly asked to write an account of the magazine which I founded in St. John, N.B., a quarter of a century ago. From a financial point of view, the *Quarterly* was not on the whole successful, but as a vehicle for the dissemination of Canadian thought, it did fairly well. Our literary men and women were exceedingly kind, and from all parts of the Dominion came contributions and good wishes. I continued my work for five years, and saw the magazine grow from forty pages to one hundred and twelve. The literary godfather of the magazine was a very old and dear friend of mine, Mr. Gilbert Murdoch, a gentleman of fine literary tastes and feeling, and broad patriotic views, though he wrote little himself. I well remember the night that we both



Gilbert Murdoch.

softly stole into a little room where I kept my books and art treasures, and discussed the momentous project. Of course, I was full of the idea, and rattled on at a great rate. To my mind the time had come for literary development in Canada, and especially in New Brunswick. Our best writers then, as now, were sending their work to the British and American magazines, and I was convinced that the country could and would afford a decent support to a monthly or quarterly publication. I think I favoured going into a monthly at once. My friend, however, is a Scotchman, and prudence and caution are characteristics of his which must not be interfered with. He favoured the scheme, outlined its difficulties with ready tact, encouraged me to go on, but declared that it would be better to try the quarterly plan at first. He rather touched me on a weak point when he said that all the great moulders of thought in his day had been the quarterlies of Scotland and England, and as I was then a keen admirer of the *Edinburgh Review*, I agreed that my serial would be a quarterly too. Then came the naming of the bantling. I was in favour of calling it the New Brunswick Quarterly, but my mentor said no, call it after yourself. We have Blackwood's, Bentley's, Chambers', Harper's, etc., why not call the magazine Stewart's Quarterly? I may confess that I was not displeased at the notion, and promptly adopted it. The conference lasted about three hours, and then we adjourned to a sumptuous repast of hot boiled potatoes and salt, and coffee, in an adjoining apartment. The memory of that eventful night often comes back to me, and I think that queer little supper tasted better on that occasion than many of the great banquets that I have attended since. The next day, full of my project, I sought a publisher. The John Murray of St. John was George James Chubb, as genial a fellow as ever lived, with a heart as tender and as open as a woman's. He put no obstacle in the way, and offered me every facility which his large publishing house then possessed. When we talked about terms, he cut the Gordian knot in two by saying that he would take



George James Chubb.

no profit out of the venture. This liberal arrangement was continued from the first number to the last. Mr. Chubb had travelled much, and he knew good pictures as well as good books. He was an omniverous reader, talked well about authors

and authorship, loved a good story, and had a warm leaning towards all the arts. More than once I had the benefit of his excellent judgment, and it was always wise to assume that his advice was the one to follow. I found it so, at all events. Having secured a publisher, the next task was to procure contributors. The first number was wholly written in St. John. James Hannay was my most enthusiastic contributor. He furnished a ringing poem on the St. John River, two short papers, "The Moustache Movement" and "Burglary," a book review and a dramatic story. Hannay was a young lawyer in those days, trying to wean himself from the engaging caress of Blackstone and Chitty. He had studied his profession with David S. Kerr, an able barrister, but a severe and conscientious task-master, and he kept his student close to his books, and it is safe to say that Mr. Kerr's outside door never, during office hours, had such signs tacked on to it as "Back in ten minutes," "Out," or "At the Court House." If the astute Queen's Counsel was absent Hannay was sure to be in. But journalism and literature were bound to have the young lawyer sooner or later, come what may. In his boyhood days he served an apprenticeship to the muses, and wrote numberless ballads and poems and sonnets in the old *Weekly Courier* and *Morning News*, over the *nom de plume* of "Saladin." He also tried his hand at prose, managing successfully almost every branch, turning out rapidly, stories, sketches, essays, reviews, dramatic criticisms, historical papers and editorials about everything and anything. He made a feature of ballad writing, and it was my privilege to present the public



James Hannay.

through the *Quarterly*, with specimens of Hannay's best work. He wrote for me, also, several historical papers of great value and interest about the old forts of Acadie. Since then he has become a prominent historian, and is the author of the *History of Acadia*, the *History of the Loyalists*, the *War of 1812*, and a *Life of Sir Leonard Tilley*. I print here a portrait of Hannay as he looked in 1867. Indeed, all the portraits presented represent the subjects as they appeared, while writing for the *Quarterly*, twenty and twenty-five years ago, I regret that I can furnish only a few of them.

In my first number, Mr. Watten Small, who more than thirty years ago gave promise of doing something in literature, also figured. He wrote a story under the pseudonym of "Earncliffe," entitled "The trials of John Markham." Small wrote regularly afterwards for the *Quarterly*, in prose and verse, and published a volume of poetry which he dedicated to Hannay. I have not seen his name attached to a piece of literary work for nearly twenty years, and presume that he has forsaken a calling which claimed his love and his time so long ago. His strong point was descriptive writing. He had a graceful and poetic manner, but lacked force. I think the best thing he ever wrote for me was "In the Shadow." E. S. J., who appeared in No. 1 of the magazine, as the author of "A Courtship by Proxy; and how it ended," was

Edwin J. Nelson, son of V. H. Nelson, author of "The New Brunswick Minstrel," a popular bookseller in St. John, in the forties and fifties, and a reading man. Young Nelson was an assistant in a bookstore, and as a large periodical business was done by his employer, he was kept tied to the shop until a very late hour in the evening. He had not much leisure in which to write. Most of his work was done at meal-time, and I had to get his "copy" by instalments. He wrote on little bits of paper, old envelopes and newspaper wrappers with a stubby lead pencil, and his stories came to me half a dozen small sheets at a time. He kept his matter well in hand, and really turned out in this way many sketches and tales which did credit to the *Quarterly*. He was always original and bright, and I used to be often asked the name of the author of the things he wrote. Occasionally he sent me some verses, and these, often were very good, though he made no pretensions to the title of poet. Of late years Nelson, now the proprietor of a bookstore himself, has devoted his leisure hours to patriotic song writing. The best of these efforts is "My Own Canadian Home," which enjoys popularity all over the Dominion.

It is not my intention to give my readers the table of contents of each succeeding number of "*Stewart's Quarterly*." I thought it well, however, to say something about the first number, and those who made it what it was. I was fortunate in getting out the second number in July, 1867. A friend had disappointed me in sending his matter in time, and as I had depended upon him, I was at my wit's end as to how I could fill the gap. In my dilemma, I met Harry Venning, sportsman of sportsmen, raconteur, artist, and *litterateur*. He wrote with great force and vigour, and in older days than mine had wielded a powerful pen, always on the side of the right. He was a master of satire and invective, and when he wished to strike a blow he had only to dip his quill into an ink-bottle, and lo, the thing was done. He had a captivating literary style, and terrible earnestness. Varied, indeed, were his talents. He could paint, gild, set type, bind a book, catch a salmon, cook a fish, kill a moose, discuss theology and science, write a thesis on Economics, and prepare papers on nearly every topic that enters into our every-day life, such as literature, politics, art and sociology. I said to this man of

many talents, can you help me? And he responded, yes. Then he handed me a precious manuscript, entitled "Sporting sketches in New Brunswick and Maine, or a Bunch of Salmon Tails from the Miramichi;" a most appetizing title, certainly. He modestly declined to give his real name. I think I suggested that we call the author "The Deft Un," but to this he demurred, on the ground that it might too clearly indicate the authorship. So they were published from the pen of "An Old Angler." Never has sport and literature been so admirably blended. The anglers were men of high literary culture. At their camp-fire they discussed letters, art, and the drama. Science came in for a word, now and then. Each character developed his peculiar traits, and the talk they indulged in was particularly brilliant. Mr. Venning told all about the haunts of the salmon and the trout, and gave instances of the killing of the noble game, which set the blood tingling through one's frame. He pointed out the beauties of the scenery and the mysteries of the pools; explained the technique of loops and the virtues of the various flies, and told how to tie them, as well as how to cook the silver salmon, the speckled trout, and the gamey partridge, after the approved manner of the true sportsman and hunter. Francatelli could cook fish, but I venture to say the anglers of Burnt Hill Brook could give him a pointer or two on the subject. Venning instructed as well as amused, and his remarkable sketches, enlivened by agreeable talk about books and men, instantly gave the magazine a strong push forward. I was glad to get a second series a few months afterwards.

One of the *Quarterly's* old stand-by's was Mr. William P. Dole. His ripe scholarship and extensive acquaintance with English literature made him a most desirable contributor. At college he was accounted a good Greek. He furnished several striking papers, which he preferred to send out as the work of Lælius; they were classical in tone and graceful in form and expression. Mr. Dole reminded me much of George William Curtis, though he lacked his humour. His literary manner was very pure, very wholesome and very readable. His criticism of Mr. Gladstone's "*Juventus Mundi*" was pronounced by high English authority to be one of the best American reviews that had appeared on this volume on the Heroic Poets. Mr. Dole's sonnets fre-

quently occupied an honoured place in the magazine. One of his best is :

## ABSINT NENLE.

Why cling to this frail life ! Vain the vague dread  
Of Death that clouds the soul with chilling fears ;  
'Gainst Nature's law no power have Love's own  
tears,

Nor heart-drawn sighs re-animate the dead,  
The withered leaf, its duty done, is shed  
Earthward in silence ; upward grows for years,  
The tree is nourished. Aught that disappears  
From finite mortal sense alone is fled.

Nature's grand lesson let us humbly learn,  
Which her fair works, silent and calm, rehearse ;

On all things writ this fairest truth discern ;  
Over decay fresh beauty still is spread ;  
Our seeming death is but a little thread  
In the vast web of life that wraps the universe.



W. P. Dole.

Besides essays and sonnets, he wrote from time to time very many translations from the Greek, Latin and French languages.

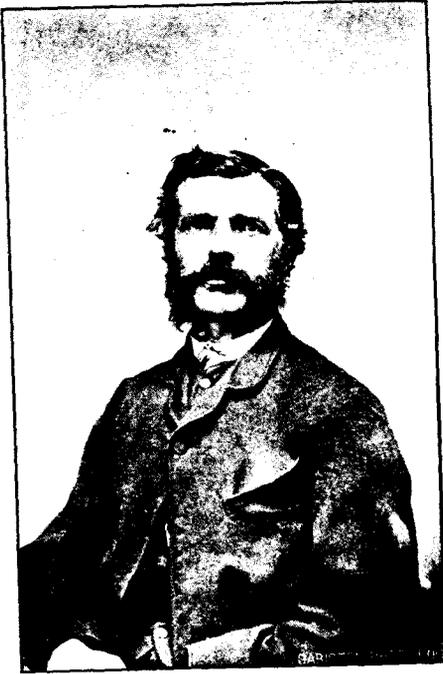
Very early in the history of the Quarterly, the Rev. Moses Harvey of St. John's, Newfoundland, began to write. He discussed principally the story of the misknown island where the best years of his life were passed. He wrote also on Columbus, Charles Dickens, "Human Progress," "A Trip to the Old World," etc. But his Newfoundland articles gave fame both to the author and the magazine. They were thoroughly done, and the treatment was pictorial throughout. The



Rev. Moses Harvey.

geology, the fauna, the flora, and the geography of the country were described in what may be called poetic prose. He knew the land from one end to the other. He knew the people, and understood well their habits and customs. He knew the economical and physical history of the country, and his estimates and views, based on what he saw and heard, supply the best account of Newfoundland yet written. Much of the matter published in the Quarterly was embodied in Dr. Harvey's history of the island, published not long ago, and in his sketch of Newfoundland and Labrador, in the last edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica. In Moses Harvey the magazine had always a firm friend, and it was through his good offices that Judge Prowse was induced to send valuable papers on Thackeray, and Spain, and the amusing political squib, "How I Became Member for Marshboro."

Dr. Daniel Clark, of Princeton, now of Toronto, graced the pages of Stewart's Quarterly very often. He published his famous series, "Pen Photographs," therein. Afterwards they came out in book form. The doctor had been in the American Civil War, and knew every inch of the ground in Virginia where some of the severest fighting occurred. He wrote tenderly, yet graphically, of the dark days of 1864. Carlyle, Simpson and Syme also claimed his pen, and one of these remarkable papers sent men to their thoughts. This was his "Photograph of the Soul"—a striking study of

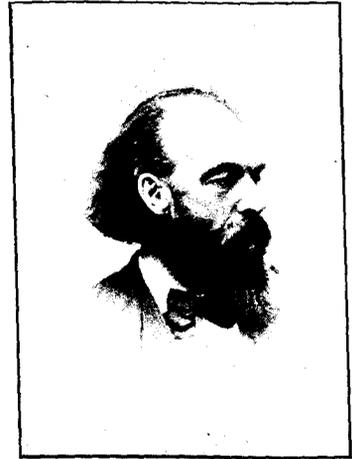


Daniel Clark.

speculative science. Dr. Clark wrote a great deal two decades and more ago, and always had an appreciative constituency to talk to. He is writing still, but his mind has undergone a change, for he only gives us pamphlets and addresses on certain aspects of medical science.

Hiram L. Spencer came to St. John as the agent of Dr. J. C. Ayer, the sale of whose proprietary articles he did his best to extend. He was a kindly-disposed man in those days, a good talker, a congenial fellow in every respect, and the last man in the world one would take for a poet. He was modest withal, though he had written a bit of verse entitled "A Hundred Years Ago," which sent William Cullen Bryant into raptures. It had been published anonymously, but the author of "The Flood of Years" thought it so good that he promptly added it to his collection of songs and poems. Spencer used to be very proud of the letter which the venerable poet sent him, about his little poem, when he discovered who it was who had written it. And well he might be. One day the *St. John Telegraph* printed a sonnet by Enylla Allyne, which set everybody talking. Then another sonnet came out, and then another, until some fifteen of the gems had seen the light. The signature was the

same read backwards and forwards. Many shrewd guesses as to the identity of the poet were indulged in, but without success. The grim old poet kept his secret well. He did not even tell me who Enylla Allyne was, though we met every day and spoke frequently of the subject uppermost in the minds of many. Of course the "Quarterly" had an article on the mysterious Enylla, and the general impression in town was that the author must be a woman. At last, however, the poet's identity was disclosed, and then everybody learned that Enylla Allyne was Hiram Ladd Spencer, also the author of the Colophon poems,—the latter evidently suggested by Chatterton's fiction, the Rowley manuscripts. After this Mr. Spencer wrote regularly for the Quarterly.



H. L. Spencer.

There was always an air of sadness about his writings, as if some great disappointment had come to him in life. He rarely struck a joyous note. His poems seemed to spring from the heart, only half uttering the story the poet wished to tell. Here is a touching strain:

## I.

Now the rose blushes that above his head  
 Opens its petals to the dews of heaven,  
 But from my buried rose the blush is fled,  
 And unto marble my sweet rose is wed,—  
 How dost thy slumber in thy clay-cold bed,  
 Rose, from my bosom rudely, rarely riven.

## II.

Tell me, oh rose! Is it of happiness  
 Thy blushes are conceived? Is it pity or sorrow?  
 Tell me, oh rose! Methinks the answer is,  
 "I blush to feel the south wind's ardent kiss,  
 But I shall die and be forgot I wis—  
 But I shall die and be forgot to-morrow!"

## III.

To-morrow ! Oh, to-morrow !  
 For this consuming sorrow,  
 What repentance can I borrow  
 From to-day or from the days to be ?  
 None !

For laughing give me crying :  
 None !

For living give me dying :  
 From the light, oh, let me hide me in the cloud that  
 mantles thee !

## IV.

Like a warrior the breast of the sea is,  
 Yet in the dark caverns below  
 Are boiling and seething the caldrons  
 Of wo, unspeakable wo !  
 As deep in the sky as thine eyes 'twas,  
 As sweet as the wind is thy breath,  
 But who will resolve to me why 'twas  
 That one smiled and one laughed at thy death ?

## V.

*We are but atoms in this world of sense—  
 We are but leaves upon the winds of Time—  
 We crumble dust-like—we are hurried hence  
 By blasts untoward—and the pantomime—  
 The mocking pantomime your existence ends.*

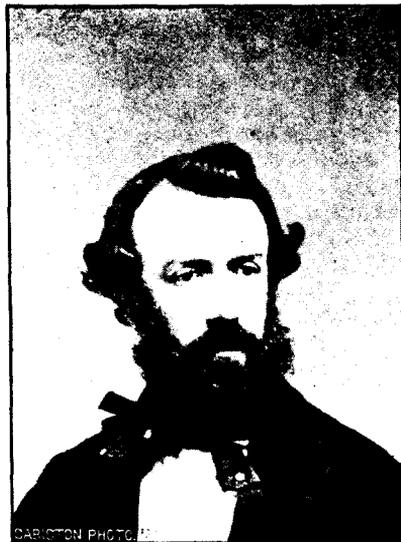
—Around the world a funeral train extends  
 Whose march began when Time its first fruits  
 bore—  
 Whose march will end when Time shall be no  
 more.

This sonnet, I regard as Mr. Spencer's  
 most finished performance :—

Upon the beach I walked at eve alone,  
 And listened to the moaning of the sea,  
 And watched the sails that in the moonlight shone  
 As the horizon : Unto me  
 There came a voice, as from below the waves, —  
 "The less'ning sail will soon be seen no more,  
 "And as I sweep thy footprints from the shore,  
 "Time mosses o'er a world of unknown graves.  
 "And it is well. If men could not forget,  
 "With phantoms all the earth would peopled be ;  
 "The ghosts of buried joys their hearts would fret, —  
 "A flood of tears, like blood, would drown the sea.  
 "Rail not at Time—the healer of thy woes—  
 "As of those thou has forgotten, shall be thy last  
 repose."

The poet is with us yet, and now and  
 then, he gives us a taste of his quality in  
 the old manner, but the newspaper occu-  
 pies most of his time, and vigorous  
 prose has taken the place of melodious  
 verse.

A trio of Scotch poets enriched the  
 Quarterly with a stave now and then.  
 Alexander McLachlan, William Murdoch  
 and Evan MacColl were the bards, the  
 latter writing Gaelic as well as English.  
 The first and last named are still living,  
 but Murdoch is dead. He came from  
 Paisley, which is equivalent to saying  
 that he was a brainy man. He resided  
 for a while at Partridge Island, but  
 ultimately settled in St. John. He fol-  
 lowed the calling and craft of Gifford for  
 a time, and then took a position on the  
 editorial staff of the *Daily News*. It was

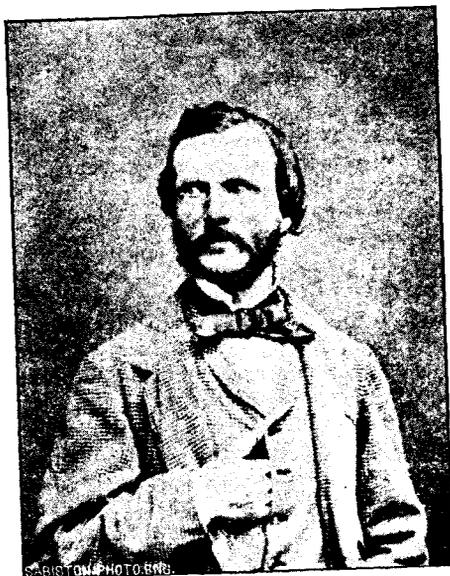


William Murdoch.

part of his duty to attend the theatres,  
 and supply the dramatic criticisms for his  
 paper. He introduced me to that art,  
 and when his engagements called him else-  
 where, I took the pen. Manager Lanergan  
 of the Lyceum catered very well for his  
 patrons. He employed such "stars" as  
 Charles Matthews, Charles Dillon, E. L.  
 Davenport, Fred Robinson, C. W. Cou-  
 dock, Wyzeman Marshall, Carlotta Le-  
 clerq, Chanfrau and others. His stock  
 company was always well selected, and  
 as he kept his theatre open only during  
 the summer months, he had the pick of  
 the American stage for material. This  
 was before the advent of the society  
 drama. Mr. Lanergan's company gave  
 us the tragedies and comedies of the great  
 playwrights. Murdoch wrote prose fairly  
 well, but it was as a poet that he made  
 his reputation. He employed the Scot-  
 tish dialect principally, but he could write  
 in English very sweetly. His *City of the  
 Dead* is perhaps, his noblest effort. Two  
 stanzas will give an idea of its texture :—

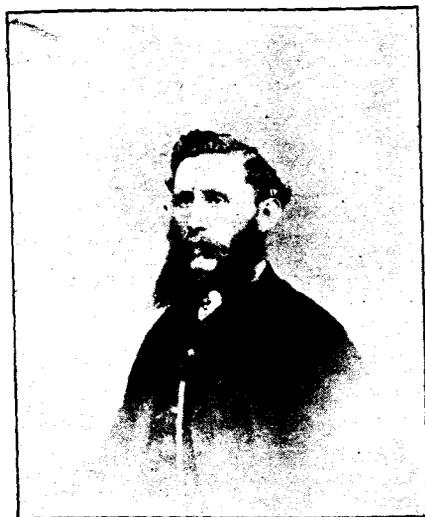
Alone, like exile far remote  
 From country, friends and home,  
 I seek thy mazy cedar walks,  
 In musing mood to roam ;  
 Or awe-struck, gaze with silent grief  
 Upon each narrow bed,  
 Which holds for thee, my kindred's dust—  
 Lone City of the Dead.  
 I see within thy solemn gloom  
 The ghosts of other years ;  
 Their love notes come on every wind—  
 Their hopes, their joys, their tears ;  
 But soon, too soon, the transient dream  
 Which rapt my soul is sped,  
 And left alone thy spectral spires—  
 Dark City of the Dead.

His Highlander's Wife is an affecting story of Scottish life and character, and To the Robin, the lines addressed to the ill-fated Tannahill, the Exile's Dream and Crookston Castle best illustrate the bard's manner and motive. He published three volumes of poems and songs. Alexander McLachlan and the Highland Minstrel, bard of Loch Fyne, Evan MacColl, sent the Quarterly the best they had to send. McLachlan was living in Erin then, and writing a good deal. I published a set of his rugged lines under the general title of Canadian Characters. MacColl's home was Kingston. He had just published a book, and was gathering material for another volume. Once I astonished my readers by printing a war song in Gaelic, MacColl's translation of Bruce's Address. It looked very formidable in its ancient dress. Charles Sangster was another of my poets. He



Evan MacColl.

too, was a pioneer in Canadian literature. His Hesperus, and the St. Lawrence and the Saguenay had given him a position as a poet. He kept the magazine supplied with some very pretty things. One poem, Avondale, I remember, was particularly strong. Among the other poets who appeared in the Quarterly occasionally were Louisa Murray, William Lyall, Prof. Gray, Rev. Maurice Swabey, George Coventry, Carroll Ryan and Mary A. MacIver. The latter became husband and wife. Ryan, in his early days had been a soldier, and his volume of Songs of a Wanderer, is full of episodes experienced



Carroll Ryan.

during his career in the Crimea. The most successful poem he ever wrote first appeared in the Quarterly. It was called the Convent Porter, and I think nearly every paper in Canada reprinted it. Not long ago I saw it going the rounds of the press again. Mr. Ryan also wrote "Waifs,"—a charming bit of prose, and his wife rendered into English some tasteful conceits from the French. John Reade, whose "Prophecy of Merlin" drew such warm praise from Matthew Arnold, was a favourite Quarterly poet. His work was always faultless and exquisitely



John Reade.

finished. His "Bellerophon" had a fine classical flavour, and so had "The Lament of Andromache for Hector." Mr. Reade's poetry was always of a high order of merit, and usually on topics which interested and drew the scholar.

The present Clerk of the House of Commons, Dr. John George Bourinot, C.M.G., early lent his aid to the Quarterly. He wrote a very able paper on "Cape Breton, its History, Scenery and Resources;" a most interesting study of "The Maritime Enterprise of British America;" and a striking essay on "Statesmanship and Letters." In fiction he contributed "Among the Pines" and "The Mystery at the Chateaux des Ormeaux." Dr. Bourinot's pen was as brilliant and forcible a quarter of a century ago as it is to-day, though he has transferred his allegiance from the legend and the essay, to books on the constitution, and treatises on comparative politics and parliamentary law and practice. He too, was a writer who never failed in doing his share in the work of intellectual development in Canada. He felt a patriotic interest in the Quarterly, and helped to make it what it was. The last article written by D'Arcy McGee, "Oxford, the City of Colleges,"



Hon. Thos. D'Arcy McGee.

was published in the magazine a few days after his death. A line reached me from Montreal saying that he was just starting for Ottawa, where he expected to remain two or three months. He had read and returned the proofs of his paper. His "History of Ireland," was sympathetically reviewed in the Quarterly by the Rev. George W. M. Carey of the Baptist Church.

The Rev. James Bennet once in a while furnished a poem, but he wrote much in prose for the magazine. His writings were greatly admired for their ripeness and originality of thought. "A Dream of Rags," "The Year," "Phrenology of Churches" and "Petofi, the Magyar Poet," were his principal contributions. Dr. Bennet, Dr. William Elder, Prof. A. W. McKay, Prof. Cameron, Dr. Silas Alward,

Dr. A. A. Stockton and Dr. I. Allan Jack kept the Quarterly well supplied with strong meat, while Miss Massman, Miss Beatrice Jones, Mr. Jonas Howe and Mr. Nelson wrote in a light vein the fiction of the numbers. Mr. John V. Ellis, editor of the St. John *Globe*, found time to write three pointed and bright papers, "A Bit of Gossip on the Colonial Press," "A Query Concerning Truth" and "Some Gossip on a Social Subject." He did himself justice in all three. The subjects called for delicate handling, and in Mr. Ellis's happy style, they fared well. He told much of interest about early newspaper life in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick in the days of Howe, Crosskill, Nugent, Fenety, Chubb and Cameron,—great press names forty years ago in Halifax and St. John. Prof. William Lyall, of Dalhousie University, metaphysician, and author of "The Intellect, the Emotions and the Moral Nature," put all students of English literature under a debt of gratitude. He discussed English Letters in a series of sparkling essays, enriched by extracts from the authors, whose works he described. In some of the schools these articles were read to the more advanced pupils, and I was several times asked to try and induce Dr. Lyall to publish the collection in book form. This, however, was never done. Mr. James M. Le Moine was beginning to put into literary form his large fund of historical ana and notes, the first year after confederation. His "Maple Leaves" had drawn the attention of the public to his rich stores of material. I invited him to take a place in my gallery of Olympians, he accepted, and contributed regularly sketches and annals of early life in Quebec and vicinity. The Garvies, Alexander Rae and Thomas Chalmers, (William, the ablest of the three gifted brothers, was dead at that time) joined the Quarterly's staff, and wrote several purely literary papers, and good old Father Dawson, of Ottawa, also tendered his assistance, and supplied one of the first accounts written of the North-West of Canada. Prof. John W. Gray, the artist contributed a paper entitled "Color as applied to ladies' dress," which had considerable vogue, and created comment in the newspapers, and Robert Murray, editor of the *Halifax Witness*, described Halifax scenery, and discussed Dominion English. Andrew Archer's papers on Shakespeare, and Scott, Mr. J. E. B. McCready's "Cana-

dian House of Commons," Prof. Fowler's "Plea for the Study of Natural History," Mr. James Woodrow's "Sketches of Acadian History," Mr. E. Peiler's "Disquisitions about music and the great composers" and Miss Irene Elder's articles on social subjects maintained the character of the magazine, and added a pleasing variety to the table of contents. Other writers than those mentioned, there were of course, but as their contributions were confined to one or two manuscripts each, it may not be necessary to refer to them now. One exception, however, may be made, for though Mr. James L. Stewart, now editor of the *Chatham World*, and a distinguished yachtsman, wrote occasionally for the *Quarterly*, under his own name, he was a frequent contributor under a variety of *noms de plume*. His pen was keen and searching and he had a way of saying things which made at once a distinct impression. "Before the Embers," "Thanksgiving Day," and "Destroying Old Letters," are admirable samples of good magazine work. They compel thought, short as they are, Stewart's style being direct, clear and original.

Begun in April, 1867, the last number of the *Quarterly* was published in January, 1872, completing a life of five years. I

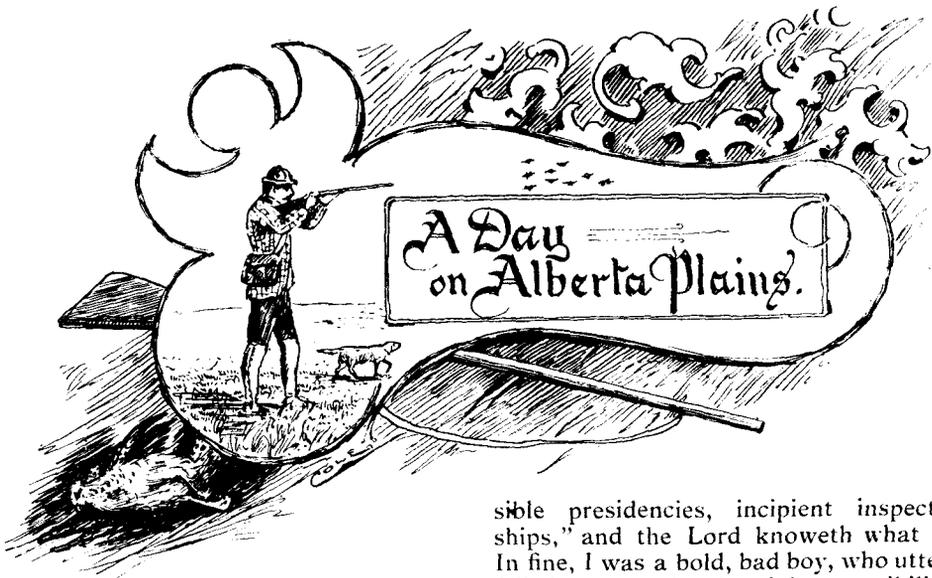


J. L. Stewart.

do not regret my connection with it, and I was very sorry to withdraw it from the public. It accomplished something when it brought together, from the various sections of our common country, the men and women who were contributing to the mental outfit of the new Dominion.



Geo. Stewart, Jr.



THE man who is truly fond of sport and whose business almost compels him to enjoy his favourite recreation, is indeed to be envied.

But where is there such a man? I know not now, but not so long ago I might have posed as the horrible example. Passionately devoted to field sports—not merely the killing of game or fish—but sport proper, wherein one cultivates the closest observation, studies the magnificent open page of Nature's wondrous tome and insensibly draws very near to the earth's grand old heart—any occupation that favoured this taste appealed to me irresistibly. Looking backward through the misty veil of years, I can hardly help laughing as the memory of that eventful day arises, when I plunged over the traces of business, fired the confounded books into their places in the vault, and vowed most solemnly that a bank or banking business should know me no more, save I cashed a cheque from the *right side* of the counter—a vaguely improbable performance, by the way.

My estimable relatives were simply horrified.

"What! Left the bank! Good Heavens, boy!—you must be mad!"

I was mad—madder'n a wet hen; mad all through—mad at books and banks, at the man who wrote "banks are bonnie," and mad beyond endurance at the eternal columns of figures that invariably totalled differently every time I ran them up.

"But I'd forfeit all my chances of promotion and future managerships; of pos-

sible presidencies, incipient inspectorships," and the Lord knoweth what all. In fine, I was a bold, bad boy, who utterly failed to comprehend social responsibilities and what he owed society. I have since found society, as a whole, to be deuced bad pay itself, and have ceased to worry over what I owed it.

"But I really must settle down. Nobody could ever be anybody unless he settled down—besides, it was the proper caper!"

To all of which I replied—"To Halifax with the proper caper and settling down—settling up's the great problem of this life—I'm going shooting."

And shooting I went—away on a glorious, never-to-be-forgotten jaunt; with a sinful Yankee railroad furnishing the needful, and a pair of brown mustangs the motive power. Away, away, away, toward sunset land; through Wisconsin's painted woodlands; o'er Dakota's sunny plains, and thence across Missouri's infant stream to where the sun slid down the backbone of the Continent to a crimson couch of Pacific's waves.

It was glorious. Nothing to do but to smear brains over paper, when and where I pleased; with inspiration in the air and sport on every side, and so, one glorious summer sped until Autumn scaled the Rockies' mighty barrier, lighting his signal-fires of flame-tinted foliage as he passed above the tiny tent of one poor refugee who had humbly crept to worship at one of God's most glorious altars.

Though it was my intention to repeat the trip the following year, unforeseen circumstances interfered—best laid plans were frustrated, and it was not until three years later that I had sufficient leisure to

make such an extensive jaunt. In the meantime, I had learned more of our own broad heritage; I discovered that I had been, so to speak, worshipping in the *Chapel*, while the *Cathedral* was located north of the Imaginary Line. I would worship in the Cathedral—I had, it is true, forfeited my social and financial position, but when it came right down to worshipping I wanted the best. So, manlike, I deserted the first love (at so much a desert) in response to stronger attractions, and, as perhaps sometimes happens in affairs of the heart, lost nothing by the change.

I made a pilgrimage across Canada—a go-as-you-please pilgrimage, the most delightful of all, and learned much *en route*, prominent information acquired being that mine uncle and acting-stepfather Sam, might easily have included a few more "arpents of snow" when settling the Boundary, and might indeed have extended his



"I noticed a big, burly, and decidedly good-looking plainsman scanning the register."

farm to the Polar regions with superb advantage to himself.

One of the most enjoyable experiences of this pilgrimage was obtained at Calgary, that strong young offspring of the Western foot-hills—a coming city if ever child was father to the man. There, two good fellows, sportsmen to the core, were met by chance, and man could ask no better fortune than to meet many such. And with this pleasant memory is blent a tinge of sadness.

Poor T—soon after climbed the range and trailed the long, lone trail to hunting grounds eternal. Prince of good fellows, one of God's own gentlemen, with a mind as bright as the sparkling Bow, with a heart as big as his adopted plain—he got the signal, and laying down the breechloader, started game and true to run the trail that men's souls run—the sunless, unblazed trail, no man may teach, and one man learn but once.

I had heard of T—as an enthusiastic sportsman, and had been advised to make his acquaintance if possible, but my other friend—H—was then an unknown quantity. The meeting with H—was natural enough. Coming down into the general lounging room of the Royal hotel—then the best hostelry in Calgary—I noticed a big, burly, and decidedly good-looking plainsman scanning the register. His hair and long drooping moustache were nearly pure white, but his general appearance was suggestive of anything rather than failing powers. In fact, he seemed to be a man in the full prime of life, bronzed beautifully by exposure, but sound and strong—a typical specimen of the grand race yet to arise upon the broad plains of newer Canada. At his feet were crouched as tidy a brace of Irish setters as I had seen for many a day—mother and son, of useful size, just that happy medium between lumbering and snipy which forms the all-day dog. Quality

and breeding showed in every line of their graceful bodies, and it needed but a glance to discover that they were in the pink of condition. Evidently this big, snowhaired, western giant knew a good dog, and his general cut was so sportsmanlike that I was drawn to him at once. He meanwhile, placed his finger upon the inky tangle which represented my name and abiding place, and abruptly inquired of the clerk:

"Say, Bill, who in thunder is this?"

Bill responded vaguely "Dunno, it blew in last night."

"Well, give the gentleman my compliments and explain to him that whiskey's not allowed in the territory, and that he'd better go to Banff and have a dip in the hot springs before he signs his name again."

A hearty laugh followed this sally, in which I, of course, joined, and then I thought it a fitting time to approach the playful giant.

"Excuse me sir, but perhaps I can enlighten you about that signature. It looks a trifle shaky I confess, but the hand that wrote it has held a gun about the right place and fairly steady at times."

Then I told him what it meant and explained my connection with it. He promptly extended his hand, saying: "My name's H—No offense?"

Upon being assured that the joke was fully appreciated, he added: "If you are a sportsman and are going to stay here a day or two, we may be able to show you some fun."

Herein I was fortunate indeed, and I at once signified my intention to stay.

"Then come along with me; we must find my friend T. We always shoot together, and I'll introduce you," and off we started.

A fellow-feeling works wonders, and ere T. was discovered H. and I had become capital friends; for it turned out that we had shot quail and ruffed grouse in the same covers in western Ontario, and that I knew several of his former associates intimately. T. proved to be a right good fellow, ready and willing to take the stranger in, and after a smoke and chat and a discussion of the merits of different strains of dogs, H. departed with the understanding that we were to call at his house at nine o'clock the following morning and devote the day to the prairie chickens.

I do not purpose introducing scientific

terms into this sketch, being satisfied that dead game is more important than dead languages; but be it known that the "prairie chicken" of Alberta is the sharp-tailed grouse. The true prairie chicken is the pinnated grouse, a bird that has only become plentiful of late years on the broad plains north of the international boundary. At present it is abundant throughout the province of Manitoba, and appears to be rapidly spreading over the western prairies. It has been stated that the true prairie chicken drives out the sharp-tail species, but I could obtain no reliable evidence of this, nor find a man who had ever seen the two species fighting, either during the mating season or at any other time, and moreover, on two occasions, I killed a specimen of each right and left. The birds rose together, which did not indicate that relations were very much strained. Of hybrids showing clearly a cross between the two I have never heard.

T. warned me that H. was a desperately punctual mortal, so at three minutes to nine o'clock the pair of us were legging it as fast as possible within a short distance of his house, arriving with seven seconds or so to spare. H. smiled grimly and remarked: "I bet that fellow has been telling you a lot of stuff about me; I don't draw the line as sharp as all that. But jump in, if you are all ready."

Being a bit of a horseman I delayed long enough to glance over the team and neat spring wagon, and could find no fault with either. The nags were cross-matched, but they were of good size, with plenty of bone and substance. The cleanliness of their legs and their blood-like heads proclaimed them to be at least half-breds. The dogs, four in all, were settled comfortably under the seats upon a soft bed of prairie grass. The two Irish friends of the previous day were there, and a liver and white pointer, and an orange and white setter, the property of T. Under the forward seat was the lunch, and a supply of water and the gun-cases, and two pair of feet occupied the space immediately in front. H., looking every inch the workman, gathered up the ribbons, and with a bound we were off. After a few joyful plunges the team settled into the smooth, swift gait of the ideal roadster, and with heads and tails gaily raised, bowled us through the town at a clinking gait.

And such a drive as it was! The prairie trails of that little traveled coun-

try are as smooth and soft as a carpeted floor; the cool morning air filled our lungs and fanned our faces as we sped along, until nerves were tuned to the proper pitch, and we felt that we must shoot well. A belt of trees ahead marked the course of the Bow River, and, after covering a few miles, we turned down into the valley to reach the ford.

The country west of the Bow is an Indian reservation for several miles, being occupied by the Sarcees, a branch of the Blackfoot tribe. Their great annual Sun-dance had been held a short time before, and we passed the scene of the festivity by the way. The big bough-house was still standing, and I regretted very much that the curious rite had been missed. A leading feature of the Sun-dance is a sort of ordeal whereby the nerve and manhood of young men aspiring to the doubtful honour of being considered braves are determined. The performance is highly interesting, especially to the candidates. Before the assembled tribe, he who would face the music appears, decked in such savage finery as his wardrobe can produce. After considerable pow-wowing and prancing around, some of the long-headed old reprobates prepare to give him the grand degree of the noble and untrammelled scalpers and horse-stealers. From the top of a tall pole hang two stout tethers, the free end of each bearing a short piece of bone or strong wood. The breast of the victim is gashed with a knife, and these pieces of bone or wood are forced beneath the skin. He is then turned loose to show off as much as he likes, and after playing about like a black bass on a troll, as long as his nerve will allow, the skewers are finally torn loose and he is a man—fit to take a wife, the warpath, or anything in sight that isn't nailed.

After fording the Bow, a swift, shallow stream, beloved of mountain trout and cold as its parent glaciers, the route led through a dense growth of spruce, birch and poplar, until the further slope of the valley was climbed and the rolling prairie again reached. A swarthy son of the wilderness, mounted on a stout little cayuse, rode past us, yielding us the narrow trail. His gay-coloured blanket and feathers made him quite a picturesque object, but he was villainously dirty and fully armed. His face suggested the sample card of a paint factory, but his eyes were Indian, and wild Indian at that, and their expression of sullen defiance

told of no love for the white intruders.

At last we reached a series of irregular terraces crowned with brushy bluffs, the extreme foothills of the Rockies. The dogs were released, to their intense satisfaction, and were soon racing merrily ahead with our wagon slowly following.

"Look at Nora!"

The graceful red colleen had paused in her onward rush and turned sharp to one side, and now stood with nose elevated feeling the air for surer trace of some hidden quarry. Blarney was first to notice his oft-tried mate, and near one hundred yards away he wheeled and waited. Old Bob, the orange and white, took the cue from Blarney and drew slowly down on him, closely followed by the pointer. We pulled up and waited to let them unravel the mystery for themselves. It was a treat to see Old Bob's dismay when he reached Blarney. His tail drooped, and he looked the very picture of shame. Then he circled wildly and as he did so he saw Nora away down the slope. Once again, with the pointer at his heels, he straightened himself and drew grandly down to learn if this, too, was a false alarm.

"He's our tester," remarked H—. "If birds are there we'll soon know it. The old boy never lies, but he wont back any dog living except he's sure. Ha! there you are."

Three yards behind Nora the old fellow halted with head and tail raised high above the level of his back, and then sank down in the grass until he was almost hidden. From there you could not budge him, though the waggon drove over his body. He had read the secret and knew what was ahead, though yet some distance away. Not so the pointer. Though a good, reliable dog, he was not so obstinately staunch as the setter, and he drew ahead of patient Nora, and then followed as pretty a drawing match as man could wish to see. Nora flashed past him with a couple of cat-like bounds, then pulled up to a quick sharp trot, only to slow to a carefully measured walk, slower and slower until she crept by inches. At her flank was the dappled fellow, stealing cat-like to get his crafty nose in front, and trembling in every muscle as though smitten with a frightful ague. Now he had a head in front and waited with staring eyes and slowly twitching jaws as though measuring every breath lest the game be disturbed. Nora paused to gauge the scent again; then like a shadow she stole

ahead—her glossy side brushing the pointer's gaunt ribs in passing—until she was half a length in advance and had the point sure, for her eager rival dared not venture on another step. The lady's delicate nose had a trifle the best of it and she was satisfied, though the pair of them quivered in an agony of suspense. Behind, on the crest of the slope, stood watchful Blarney, his hot Irish nature subdued by rigid discipline, waiting the finale. No doubt he understood every move of the struggle and gloried in the triumph of his lovely consort. Who knows, could he have spoken, but he would have voiced his admiration in an Irish whoop of delight at seeing his beloved Nora "gettin de length 'av dat baste av a pinter."

Being the guest, I was sent after them to take the first shot, and as I neared the trembling indicators I was perfectly aware that four eyes were closely watching every movement, and that two minds would shortly form their opinion of the stranger. With a tremendous buzz of wings, an old cock grouse sprang from the grass and sped away with a defiant tucka-tucka-tuck, offering a fair straightaway chance. At about thirty-five yards his career ended amid a whirl of scattered feathers.

"Good shot, sir! Let Bob retrieve him," shouted H—, and, while the others remained down, the old dog dashed gladly after the game and brought it in faultlessly. That bird was an old "solitary," but while the dogs were beating anxiously for trace of more, T— noticed a large covey entering the brush some distance off. It had been a particularly favorable season and birds were strong and full grown, and the lot marked must have flushed from some bare knoll at my shot. However, there they were, and the sport could begin whenever we chose. The team was unhitched and secured to the waggon, a liberal supply of oats placed in their reach, and, after giving the dogs a drink and taking a pull at the cold tea ourselves, we started for the bluff. Let not the reader imagine that the words "cold tea" cover any intoxicant. Few plainsmen or woodsmen carry anything else, and there is no question about its merit as a beverage when afield. As we progressed my comrades discussed the chances of best working the heavy brush, and H— turned to me and said: "We generally kill fifty birds a day. We can give away a portion of that number and utilize the rest. Some we eat as soon as sufficiently hung, and others we store for winter. If

you want more than fifty, all O.K." As I had no earthly use for any birds the usual number of fifty was agreed upon.

H— volunteered to go into the brush and drive the birds out, T— and I positioning ourselves in what seemed the best positions. Presently we heard a warning "Mark!" and a brace of grouse came whizzing over T— and he dropped them right and left. A few seconds later H—'s big ten sounded twice and then the fun waxed hot. Birds kept flushing in threes and pairs and singly, and we fired and reloaded as fast as possible with varying success. Ere the last bird had been driven out, another large covey was flushed and scattered, and when H— appeared he had five birds in the slings, and we had dead ones lying all around us. The four dogs went energetically to work seeking these until no more could be found. We then sought the wagon, where we counted fourteen plump birds, and after smoothing them carefully we laid them away, and, after a hasty lunch and another pull at the tea, we started again.

Old Bob and the pointer showed a marked inclination to link their fortunes with mine, so, as it was better to separate, the others went off after the Irish pair. For the next three hours the shooting was as good as man could desire in reason. The terrace we were beating was about a mile wide by perhaps five miles long, and dotted over with brush-bluffs, the open spaces covered with short, brown prairie grass. Within this limit were hundreds of birds, it being apparently a favorite rendezvous for dusting purposes. Covey after covey was found and driven to cover, until birds were scattered here, there and everywhere,

In the bluffs the shooting was difficult enough to thoroughly test one's skill, but out in the open, the large size of the game made them easy marks enough, though they flew swiftly.

There was, of course, a great sameness about the shooting, varied only by birds bustling amid the cover or darting across an opening. Whirr-bur-r-r.! tucka-tucka-tuck!—an instant's pause, and the grouse went down, or slanted upon set wings safely into cover again, as the case happened to be.

Time sped on, and the faithful workers showed signs of their unflagging toil. Lolling tongues and heavy panting, told how hard it was, forcing their way through the tangled brush, and my bunch of grouse had gained weight wonderfully.



" A shout called me to them "—Page 415 )

The guns of my comrades sounded regularly in the distance, and a glimpse of Blarney or Nora retrieving, or a chicken tumbling earthward, proved that they too were holding straight.

A shout and a wave of a hat called me to them and we met on a lofty knoll. Each of us had a nice bunch of birds dangling by the necks from the slings, and a count showed forty-seven, including those in the wagon. T—volunteered to carry the lot to the wagon and hitch up the team, if I would secure the three grouse necessary to fill the bag, while he did so. It was an easy condition, but something far better than the killing of a brace and a half of grouse was coming. As we turned to descend the knoll H— said: "See, the haze is lifting. Wait a few minutes and watch the sky over that big blue bluff." I turned, and gazed steadily westward, for perchance the sight would now be revealed for which I had longed all day. Slowly the gauzey curtain of haze, or smoke, rolled upward until cloud-shapes that moved not, showed dimly blue and far on the horizon. Sharper and clearer they were defined, until a vast semi-circle of purple pyramids filled the view, North, West and South. Then came a sudden gleam of a snowy pinnacle high above the darkened masses; then another and another; some, silver white and others rose-tinted in the wonderful atmosphere, till the sky was pierced with half a thousand glittering bayonets and I saw the majestic cordon of the Rockies in all its imposing grandeur. Grim sentinels are those huge monoliths of parti-colored rock—Titans that guard the homes of elk and grizzly, sheep and goat, and the stored treasures of British Columbia's gold, silver, coal and timber—but seen afar, their savageness is lost in mellowing distance and only the beautiful remains. Amid all those silent ranks, one grand mass of white, rose proudly prominent. White-haired commander of them all, was he, rearing high into blue space his burnished helm of silver, that now flashed dazzling fair, now turned cold as winter's self as changing lights passed over it. We stood for minutes,

gazing in mute admiration at nature's grandest monuments, feeling that the seldom granted vision was alone ample reward for the trip. The charm was rudely broken by a hail from our comrade.

"Come on, you fellows!"

T— was evidently waiting, and it was high time to bag the three grouse. The dogs were partially rested, and at the word, the Irish brace dashed off, scorning fatigue, and ready to run as long as they had a leg to stand on. Soon they halted by some scrub a few feet high, then swept half round it in a swift curving draw and settled like graven images.

"Kill 'em as soon as you can," said H—.

Three birds flushed and a brace fell. Then, up whizzed another and another, as fingers strove to insert fresh shells. Just as the hammerless clicked shut, a bird rose wide to the right and started to cross directly in front. Away in the distance was the mountain range, and the course of the bird would take it directly between my stand and the snow-crowned monarch that had won my heart. A whim seized me to kill the last bird of the day as it was passing that unknown peak, and the gun was swung well ahead until the dark body and buzzing wings showed fair and clear against the spotless background, and there the leaden hail overtook him, and thus the last bird died in mid-air, and for one instant had a dome of everlasting snow for couch of death. It was planned and executed on the impulse of the moment, a whimsical notion, nothing more; yet it fastened the scene forever on my mind, and through the blurring haze of years that brown reach of prairie with its withered grass and tangled scrub, the line of purple mountain masses, the vast dome of snow and the stricken bird wi'll live—a beacon on the backward path to guide the memory to brown Alberta, till glad eyes see the mists again roll upward and the halted line of giants rear aloft their silvered spears about their snow-helmed chief.

ED. W. SANDYS.

# A PLEA FOR SHELLEY.



ON the fourth of this month falls the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Percy Bysshe Shelley.

It seems to be a law to which there are not many exceptions that the greater the man, the fewer the number of his contemporaries who appreciated him. Genius, if, like gravitation, it acts directly as the mass, unlike gravitation it acts directly also as the square of the distance. Exceptions of course there are, but of the exceptions the causes generally are discernible. The law remains true; a great work of art is premature, is in advance of the comprehension of its evaluators. "Contemporary criticism," Shelley himself averred, (*a*) "only represents the amount of ignorance genius has to contend with." The great man "dwells apart;" he sees too clearly and too far for any but the few to follow him; and till these few have guided many, or till the many have reached his point of view, the great man is considered obscure, or extravagant, or fanatical.

However, Shelley's fame has come at last. He shares with Spenser and Shakespeare and Chaucer and Goethe and Browning, the dubious honour of a "society;" the centennial of his birth is in England celebrated, amongst other things, by the erection of a monument and the presentation of a play; his writings, prose and poetry, good and bad, juvenile and mature, have been collected with scrupulous, not to say superfluous, care; anecdotes, useful, useless, and worse than useless, have been religiously preserved; fragmentary portions of insignificant conversations have been committed to print; exhaustive, not to say exhausting, "Lives" in two volumes have been written and read; at the very university from which eighty years before he was expelled has been issued an annotated edition of one of his poems (*b*) on the most approved of modern methods; and lastly, so profuse have been of late the expressions of opinion on his name and fame, that Professor Freeman complained of the "chatter about Shelley."

(*a*) In a conversation with Byron.

(*b*) The *Adonais*, edited with introduction and notes by William Michael Rossetti, Oxford, at the Clarendon Press, 1891.

It is significant, this devotion to a once maligned man. The Oxford Fellows of 1811, the literary compeers and the critics who dismissed his works with a sentence or a censure (*c*), the "Men of England" who regarded the exile as an atheistic and socialistic pest, carrying about with him moral contagion of the most virulent type—could these see their descendants—such descendants as Robert Browning and Edmund Gosse—writing laudatory introductions to collections of letters (themselves spurious) and delivering laudatory lectures in series devoted to him alone, they would either have to conclude that such descendants were degenerate indeed, or else be constrained to put their hand upon their mouth and their mouth in the dust and to confess that they had grievously misjudged a strange and wonderful character. Posterity has issued a writ of *certiorari*, and Shelley is to be tried before a higher tribunal than that of his contemporaries. I purpose in the following pages briefly to seek some of the sources of this change of opinion. The question is: What has caused the spread of Shelley's fame?

M. Hennequin, by some considered I believe, to be one of the acutest of modern French critics, lays much stress on a correct estimate of the *milieu* of a poet as a key to a correct estimate of his influence. In general, of course, this is true; but not always. Shelley, however, does owe and owes very much to the age in which he lived. Everything, said somebody petulantly, is traced to the French revolution, and in the case of Shelley, born in the very year of the proclamation of the first Republic, it might be tempting to do the same. But the French revolution had no direct influence over him. There were influences at work in his own country powerful enough and active enough without that.

What was the condition of affairs in England during Shelley's most plastic and receptive period? Gloomy in the extreme. The drain on the country caused by the great Napoleonic wars—the acute temporary suffering induced by the first gen-

(*c*) Mr. Symonds speaks of the treatment he received from the *Quarterly* as "brutal." ("Shelley," by J. A. Symonds, London).

eral introduction of machinery—the high price of bread, the result of the corn laws—the increase of rent from a variety of causes, leading to an increase at once of the wealth of the rich and the poverty of the poor, and also perhaps of the arrogance of the one and the antipathy of the other—the harshness of the criminal laws—the decay of discrete individual labour, which was now succumbing to that in factories—the sudden and abnormal augmentation of the labouring classes owing to the disbandment at the close of hostilities of the army and navy—the crude administration of the poor-laws—these and numberless other ills then depressed England. “Never under the most despotic of infidel governments,” said Byron in the House of Lords in 1812, “have I beheld such squalid wretchedness as I have, since my return, in the heart of a christian country.” (d). “My views of the state of England,” wrote Lord Grey in 1819, “are more and more gloomy. Everything is tending and has for some time been tending to a complete separation between the higher and lower orders of society.” (e) “The great proportion of the population,” says Mr. Spencer Walpole, “. . . were perpetually becoming more and more impoverished. . . Nothing seemed wanting to complete the universal misery and distress.” (f) Surely we need go no farther for the sources of at least one class of Shelley’s formative influences. And what was the effect of these influences upon him? With a boundless love for humanity, a hatred of oppression equally strong, and with a passion for practical reform equalling these two, (g) is it any wonder that the man, lyrical poet though by nature he was intended to be, in such day and in such conditions threw himself headlong into an attempt at the solution of sociological problems of a complexity altogether hidden from his youthful eyes? And why does this affect Shelley’s fame to-day? Because we too to-day are attempting the practical solution of these self-same sociological problems with which he so strenuously contended. What are the topics discussed at this

moment the civilized world over, in every newspaper, in all magazines, in books by the score, in deliberative assemblies by the six hundred?—capital and labour—nationalisation of land—a single tax—trades-unions—monopolies—combines—socialism—nihilism—anarchy—divorce—co-education of the sexes—technical education—the marriage tie—the status of women—factory legislation—child labour—pauper immigration—wearing—the eight-hours day—artizan life insurance—co-operation, one and all without exception purely and solely sociological problems. Society, in all its complex aspects, is the study begun in grim earnest by this closing decade of this nineteenth century. The Renaissance was the period of intellectual and artistic activity; the Reformation, of religious activity; the French revolution, of political activity; the nineteenth century, of scientific activity; the twentieth century will be the period of sociological activity, and we to-day are witnesses of its birth. And it is just because Shelley, more than any among his contemporaries, or perhaps solely among his contemporaries, was so radical, so modern, we may almost say so more than modern, in the solutions which he attempted of these same enigmas which so loudly clamour for instant answer now, that it is to him that now we turn. Keats was content to dream of beauty, Coleridge of philosophy; Moore sang songs, Scott sang chivalry; Wordsworth prosed on Nature, Byron railed at Man; Shelley, greatest lyric of them all, was determined not to know anything among them but humanity, and humanity as it was then tyrannized.

That sociological subjects were his favourite fields of thought needs surely no proof. “I consider poetry,” he said, “very subordinate to moral and political science,” (h) (and is not sociology just this combination of moral and political science, the ethics of citizenship that is; the science of the conduct of the individual considered as a member of a political community?); and again, “should I live to accomplish what I purpose, that is to produce a systematical history of what appears to me to be the genuine elements of human society. . . .” (i). The more important of his poems, too, are saturated with the same sentiment. What

(d) Quoted by Mr. Spencer Walpole in his *History of England from the Conclusion of the Great War in 1815*, vol. I, ch. ii.

(e) *Ibid.*

(f) *Op. cit.*, *ibid.*

(g) Browning has insisted on the “peculiar practicalness” of Shelley’s mind.

(h) Letter to Peacock, 1819.

(i) Preface to *Prometheus Unbound*.

is the "Prometheus Unbound" but a utopia, a moral and social utopia which for sublimity of imagined possibilities surpasses beyond all measure anything before or after conceived; a utopia before which that of Plato, of Sir Thomas More, of Bacon, of Mr. Bellamy, of "General" Booth, or of Mr. William Morris pales its ineffectual light? So too in numberless minor poems we catch the same strain: in "The Masque of Anarchy," in the choral passages of "Hellas," in "Charles I," in "The Revolt of Islam;" in his Irish episode we catch it; and above all in that posthumous prose work entitled "A Philosophical View of Reform" of which Professor Dowden gave a synopsis in the *Fortnightly Review*, (j) "a piece of writing," said the redactor, "belonging to his period of full maturity, which may be viewed in a certain sense as a prose comment on those poems that anticipate, as does the "Prometheus Unbound," a better and a happier life of man than the life attained in our century of sorrow, and toil, and hope." This I conceive to be a reason for what may without any hesitation be called the intense admiration, the enthusiasm, with which so many, especially among the young and the ardent and the sanguine, to-day regard the name of Shelley.

Let us pass now to the character of the man. Here we strike difficulty. Shelley's character is one of the most intricate enigmas in the whole range of literary biographical criticism—or so at least it was considered up to within a very easily measurable period. Latterly, however, under various influences, a more tolerant view of his opinions and actions has taken the place of a bigoted hatred, and Shelley is allowed by a gradually increasing majority to have had a reason for the hope that was in him.

A transformation in habits of thought has occurred within the hundred years which separate us from the date of Shelley's birth. With the loosening of political and ecclesiastical fetters there has come about a loosening of intellectual fetters also. 'Prærogative' is a word now seldom used, and 'dogma' is fast going out of fashion. We no longer bow submissive beneath monarchical or hierarchical rule. Private judgment, as well in politics as in religion, is allowed to all. The result is a greater tolerance of opinion. And we are especially tolerant

in regard to great men. Carlyle exercised a wide influence in this respect. His estimate of Cromwell, of Mirabeau, of Mohammed, of Johnson, opened the eyes of critics and brought about a more liberal mode of judging of the lives and works of leaders of thought. True, in the opinion of many, this has sometimes been carried to excess. The puritanical element, still strong in English feeling, hesitates before M. Taine's laudation of Byron. Not many follow Mr. Froude in tracing to conscientious religious scruples Henry VIII.'s sextuple matrimonial experiments. Rousseau's admirers have still to combat the antipathy aroused in the majority of the readers of the "*Confessions*." But perhaps these very excesses are the best proof of the existence of this more tolerant spirit.

We all believe, no doubt, that anything of permanent worth must have been produced by something good—morally good. No one can think that "error in the round of time," in Tennyson's phrase, can "father truth." If we did not hold that mankind, despite all its frailty, clung in the long run to what is known to be true, good, we were pessimists of the pessimists. The difficulty is, to decide whether from one to whose conduct we could not apply the adjective "moral" we can obtain work which in its influence is really moral. Mr. Ruskin would probably answer in a categorical negative. But Mr. Ruskin's categorical negatives must often be taken with a pinch of salt. It is easy at this point to fall into error. The Honourable Roden Noel suggests a timely caution when he says, "I do not see why sinners of genius should be inveighed against as *ipso facto* greater sinners than average men." (k) It would be absurd to go so far as to say that a work is great in proportion to the goodness of its author, for greatness is a compound quality of which the beautiful and the true are as essential elements as the good. Æsthetic perfection, in short, in an imperfect world, is not identical with ethical perfection, however closely they may be allied. The appreciation of objective beauty, beauty of form and colour, and the apprehension of verisimilitude are not the same thing as the appreciation of subjective beauty, beauty of thought and will. A man, that is, may possess a keen sense of artistic proportion and a deep love of truth, and at the same time possess a dull sense of ethical proportion—

(j) November, 1884.

(k) *Essays on Poetry and Poets*.

Francis Bacon and Benvenuto Cellini may be taken as salient examples of the one and the other. In fine, intellectuality is not synonymous with virtue. Even if, as Goethe insisted, "all art must and will have a moral influence," yet at all events to a certain extent, in the words of Schopenhauer, "it is as little necessary that the saint should be a philosopher as that the philosopher should be a saint." Many immortal poems there are, the results of the labours of any but "perfect and upright men," men that "feared God and eschewed evil." Not that evil can produce good, but it is impossible to find good wholly free from evil. It is not solely to the good side of the character of a great man that we are indebted for the masterpiece, for it is a masterpiece rather because it is artistically perfect than because it is ethically perfect.

It would not be necessary to give utterance to truisms such as these, if it were not that they are nearly always lost sight of in computing the value of Shelley's work. At first blush Shelley's misdeeds — and mis-opinions, one may add — if stated bluntly and without explanation, do present a formidable list for a counsel for the defence to overcome. He instils a sort of atheism into the mind of a girl of sixteen; he aids and abets her in rebellion against parental authority; with a disbelief in the marriage tie he marries her on next to nothing a year; in less than three years he elopes with another girl; shortly afterwards he publishes the most extravagantly endearing language regarding a third; he writes and promulgates what to orthodox ears sounds fearful blasphemy; he holds curious and decidedly out-of-the-way views regarding connubial relationships — such, briefly is the indictment usually presented against him. However, every one of these charges has been amply met. Amply also has it been proved that he was staunch in his adherence to what he believed to be the truth. "He had formed to himself," wrote Byron, "a *beau idéal* of all that is fine, high-minded, and noble, and he acted up to this ideal to the very letter." Coleridge declared that his so-called atheism was the next best religion to christianity. Browning believed that "had he lived he would have finally ranged himself with the Christians." Shelley's conscience, it has often seemed to me, kept, we may say, cosmic time; that of his contemporaries kept standard time. No wonder they often differed.

But neither the fact that with Shelley as with ourselves the deepest concerns were the welfare and prosperity of his fellowmen, nor the fact that a juster estimate of his life has released his work from the opprobrium under which it so long lay, is to be compared, as a factor in the present fascination which he wields, with what may be simply called the character of his poetry. No other poet in the whole range of English literature can approach him in the combined height and delicacy of his lyricism. He soars above mortal vision, but his own eagle eye, unblinded by the sun-light of imaginative ideals, never diverted its gaze from earth. There was something universal, something cosmic in his imagination compared with the planetary influences of his fellow poets, and yet it was intimately connected with the smallest satellite in the social system. He was no "idle singer of an empty day," but he linked his gift of song with the most practical issues of life. This it was that was so new and so unintelligible to his contemporaries. He reminds one of Wagner. Wagner attempts to lay bare in music the human heart, to formulate in sound a philosophy, an ethic. And how was Wagner received? Mendelssohn's most favourable criticism after hearing Tannhäuser was that a "canonical answer in the adagio of the second finale gave him pleasure." This irresistibly recalls Wordsworth's "Won't do" when asked his opinion of "The Cenci."

All the critics are agreed as to the novelty of this quality in Shelley's poetry, but very few of them attempt to characterize or to interpret it. "As a poet," says Mr. Symonds, "Shelley contributed a new quality to English literature." "He was a new force in literature," says Professor Sharp. "Woven with his songs," said Browning, "were words which seemed a key to a new world." Professor Masson declared that "Shelley's poetry [had] something very peculiar in quality.... It is very peculiar." This does not throw much light on the peculiarity, unless we regard that extraordinary sentence "Shelley is pre-eminently the poet of what may be called meteorological circumstance" as enlightening, a phrase which might lead the ignorant to imagine that Shelley's poetry had to do with hygrography or degrees Fahrenheit. Browning, as vaguely as enthusiastically, calls him the "sun-treader." Matthew Arnold is equally unsatisfactory. He applies to him those

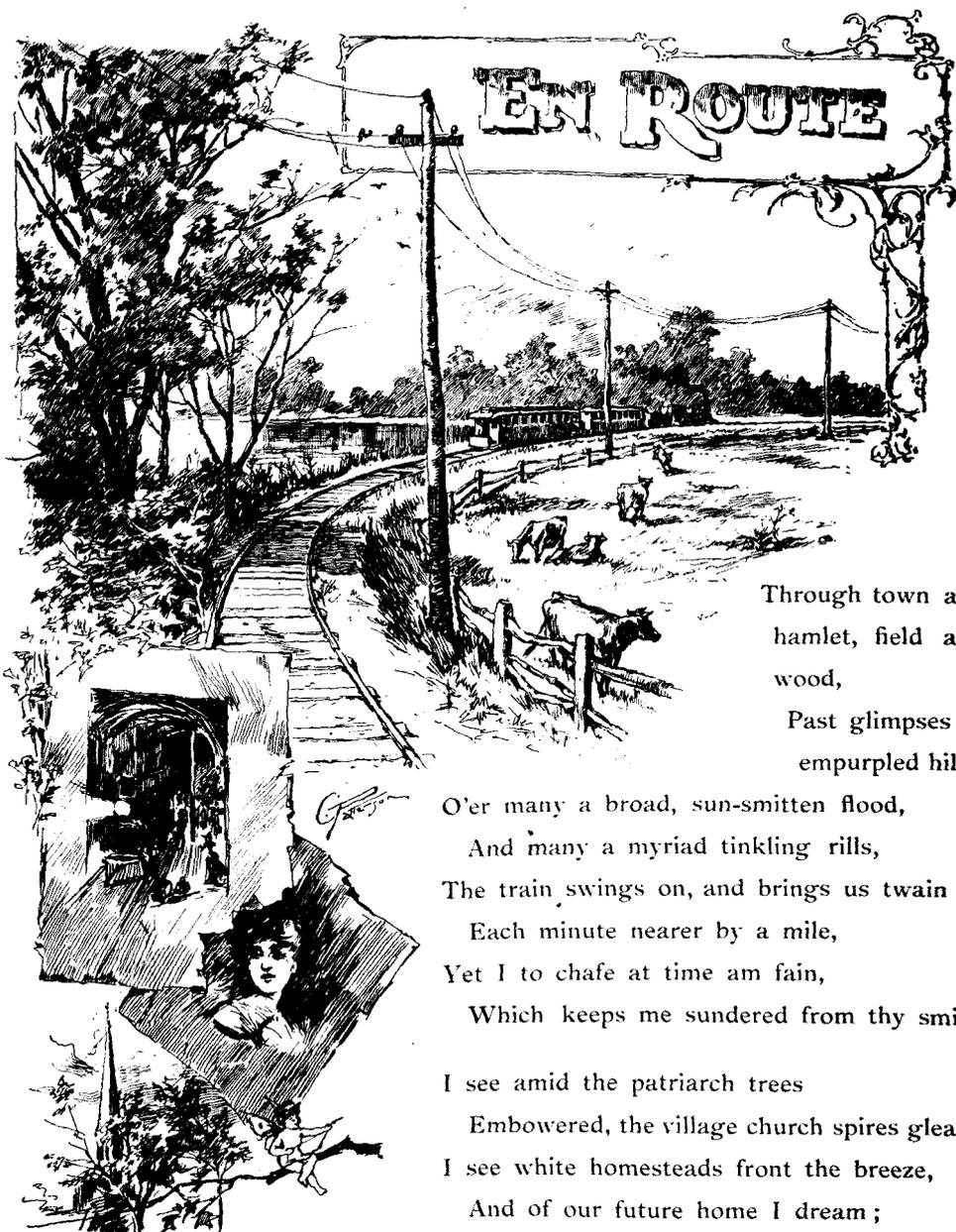
magnificent words, "A beautiful and ineffectual angel beating in the void his luminous wings in vain." It was Matthew Arnold too, who declared that "the man Shelley . . . was not entirely sane, and that Shelley's poetry was not altogether sane either." Well, "one of those who know" has called the poet *εὐθεὸς καὶ ἑκφρῶν*, and another has spoken of "the poet's eye in a fine phrensy rolling." Certainly Matthew Arnold's poetry is very sane; there are some who think, too sane.

Mr. Symonds is perhaps the most lucid and at the same time appreciative in his explanation of this "new quality"—"a quality," he says, "of ideality, freedom, and spiritual audacity." Is it not precisely these three things that most powerfully appeal to us to-day? To us who for the last fifty years have been the thralls of science; who have been taught to believe in the non-existence of everything invisible at the other side of a 1-18 objective or in a 6 ft. reflector; upon whom materialism has laid its cold hand, explaining thought as a glandular secretion, and emotion a thing to be measured by the correlation of forces; whose teachers scout the idea of an immaterial universe and scoff at spirit; to whom the highest ideal is a multiplication of the discovery of natural laws, meaning by "natural," laws relating to ponderable and tangible objects of sense; to whom biology is all in all, and sarcoid and stimuli the explanation of the sum of existence—to us thus schooled for half a century, Shelley's poetry, with its ideality, its freedom, and its spiritual audacity, brings with it airs from heaven.

Already there are many not insignificant evidences of an approaching release from this narrowing influence of science. The growing interest in oriental phases of philosophy, even if this is shown by such movements as theosophy and so-called Buddhism, are straws showing the direction of the wind. So is the Society for Psychological Research. So are those curious currents of thought which attract de-

votes to faith-healing, Christian science, and similar idiosyncrasies. Hypnotism, animal-magnetism, thought-transference, mental suggestion, telepathy, or whatever else this group of mesmeric phenomena may be called, are receiving grave attention. The curiosity aroused concerning the lives and thoughts of such men as Paracelsus and Jakob Boehme; the dictated and printed "trances" of Anna Kingsford; the publication of such books as "The Occult Sciences," "Isis Unveiled," "The Secret Doctrine," "Phantasms of the Living," "Karma," "The Tarot of the Bohemians," "Scientific Religion," "Sympneumata," "Esoteric Buddhism"; the semi-revival of cheiromancy and magic—all these are greater or lesser proofs that the pendulum is swinging back from the ultra-scientific extremity of its arc. And to those whom this newer influence has reached, the author of "Prometheus Unbound," of "Epipsychidion," of the "Hymn to Intellectual Beauty," of "Adonais," of "The Defence of Poetry," of "The Triumph of Life," speaks a language not understood of the scientific; vague, perhaps, altogether untranslatable into prose, but "of imagination all compact." This ideality, freedom, and spiritual audacity it is, which marks out Shelley amongst all his contemporaries as the particular object of the enthusiasm of the youth of to-day—him whom Gilfillan beautifully called "the eternal youth." Keats is unrivalled in the exquisiteness of the poetry of the beautiful; Byron's poetical power is magical; Wordsworth's insight into the heart of Nature and his occasional sublimity of expression over-awe us; Moore we cherish; Coleridge we marvel at; Scott we love; Leigh Hunt we admire; but Shelley, in the words which Edmund Scherer used of another great English poet, "wraps us in the skirt of his robe and wafts us with him to the eternal regions where he himself dwells."

ARNOLD HAULTAIN.



Through town and  
hamlet, field and  
wood,

Past glimpses of  
empurpled hills,

O'er many a broad, sun-smitten flood,  
And many a myriad tinkling rills,  
The train swings on, and brings us twain  
Each minute nearer by a mile,  
Yet I to chafe at time am fain,  
Which keeps me sundered from thy smile.

I see amid the patriarch trees  
Embowered, the village church spires gleam,  
I see white homesteads front the breeze,  
And of our future home I dream ;

While still the fleet train draws us twain  
Each minute nearer by a mile  
Through the far-stretching fields of grain  
Which keep me sundered from thy smile.

The wheat fields shimmer in the sun,  
Glad cattle on the grasses browse,  
Nor raise their heads as past we run,  
The lithe-limbed steeds and patient cows.

And still the fleet train draws us twain  
Each minute nearer by a mile,  
Yet I to chafe at fate am fain,  
Which keeps me sundered from thy smile.

Onward we sweep, yet all our speed  
Leaves not pursuing Night behind.  
Stars glitter in the sky's broad mead,  
And homeward plods the weary hind  
And as the fleet train draws us twain  
Each minute nearer by a mile,  
Like theirs, my heart is turned again  
To revel in my loved one's smile.

ARTHUR WEIR.





THE back windows on the first floor of the Hotel Rockingham were exactly on a level with the back windows on the third floor of the tenement house behind it, down the hill. Mrs. Arbuthnot by way of relief from the bare floor, black register, and sewing machine which were salient points in her furnishing fell into the way when her day's work was over, of sitting in the dark and watching a comfortable sitting room in the Hotel Rockingham, where the blinds were never drawn down.

There was an open fire; a lamp instead of electric light; nay more, on the table stood shaded candles. (Joan Arbuthnot felt childishly that she could bear her unbearable life if only now and then she could afford a wax candle!) Every evening a servant brought in a coffee service, every evening the occupant of the room made and drank two cups of black coffee, and then settled to his work at the writing table in the window.

By and bye he would light his pipe, clouds of blue smoke would blur a little the sharp picture of comfort and well-being; but not so thoroughly as the tears which filled the lonely watcher's eyes.

She had been ashamed at first, of spying on her aristocratic neighbour.

But as the winter evenings grew darker, she forgot that; she sat boldly by her window in the dark and looked on the comfortable interior till it grew to be a spurious home to her.

Incidentally, she looked upon it's owner. Some times he had visitors; she was jealously glad when they left; she wanted no one in that softly lit room but the man who sat and smoked and wrote so far into every night.

Mrs. Arbuthnot had lived once, in just such a room; but would never again. Her husband had dragged her with ease and rapidity, down a hill she could never re-ascend. Hand to mouth and the third floor of the Water street tenement, was the best she could do for herself; even that was only just attained, and she had not outgrown the haunting fear that Mike Arbuthnot might find her out some day, and take her back to the depths with him. She huddled uncomfortably in her uncomfortable rocking chair, and looked again at the luxury opposite; at the bent black head and fore-shortened face of it's owner, of which she knew every line; and an unpleasant thrill went through her as she looked.

A stranger had entered her Peri-viewed Paradise; a man in an over coat. The owner of the room dropped his pen, and rose; as though he too, had experienced a disagreeable thrill.

"Business!" thought Mrs. Arbuthnot. She wished the unwelcome visitor would go; she liked to watch the one busy figure, which had a lonely look, not unlike her own. Suddenly she started:—

there was surely a familiar something about the visitor over the way! Was it possible that he reminded her of—Mike?

Nonsense! She had not seen Mike for seven years; would not know him now if she did see him!

The two men were standing, talking. The stranger had his back to her. He was a little bald, as Mike might be, by this time; he gesticulated, just as Mike used. The owner of the room was facing her. She could see his clean shaved lips move as he laconically answered the excited speeches of the other man. Presently he turned round, stooped over a drawer in his writing-table; bent double, looking for something.

Mrs. Arbuthnot leapt from her seat.

She was down stairs, out, and in the side door of the Rockingham, (which was used to her, for she did mending for it's guests,) and upstairs, noiseless and unobserved.

Breathlessly she turned the handle of that Paradise she had never expected to enter. Marvellously quietly she set the door ajar. She meant to stand there and shriek for help, while she stopped the way of any one who tried to rush past her. But she did nothing like it; she stood dumb. Through the crack of the door she stared at the face of the strange visitor who had apparently changed occupations with his host. He stood bent over the same drawer, searching the same mass of papers, in which the other had been fumbling. With thickish fingers which shook, he picked out a paper, and lifted his head with a sigh of relief—to see the door ajar.

Before he could spring to it Mrs. Arbuthnot had opened it boldly, and was in the room. Before he could lay a hand on her, had called him by name.

"Mike!" she said sharply. He had his arm raised to strike her, but he did not; he gave a fierce astonished exclamation.

"Yes; it's I!" she returned, more low, more fiercely.

She locked the door behind her, but without taking her eyes off him.

The owner of the room said nothing; he was lying in his own blood across the writing table, among it's litter of written and virgin pages.

"I saw you. I have come round to rouse the house." Mrs. Arbuthnot looked with eyes which did not waver at the face of the man who had been her husband. A swollen bloated face, hand-

some still. He had been drinking, but he was sober now.

"You fool!" she said.

She looked at the man she would never watch again as he wrote in his fancied solitude.

"I loved him. My God! I love him!" she broke out. For a year he had been her silent comrade, her unconscious comforter; and he lay dead before her.

"He was your lover!" Mike threatened her with his great fist.

"No." Heavily. "I was *his*! I never spoke to him."

Had she seen his sneer he would have swung for it; but she did not look at him.

"Where did you come from?" Mike demanded.

She pointed to the window.

"I live behind there. *I saw you!*" in a sick whisper.

He sprang at her.

"Who else saw me! Who else?"

"I don't know."

He turned to the prostrate body and cursed it.

"I don't know why I did it! He drove me crazy," he said sullenly. "I suppose I must get out of this now."

"If I let you!"

But she knew she would let him. She felt a guilty woman standing there, though she had never spoken to the dead man.

"You will let me, Joan!" Mike spoke like a gentleman, as he had been used once to speak.

"You'll help me. My God, you *must!*"

For the first time comprehending what he had done. "Joan, take me home with you, till this cursed thing blows over!" he appealed. Home to the room whence she had been wont to look on the dead man, not dead but living. Never!

She crossed the room and closed the shutter.

"That would be to run your head into a rope!" she retorted. "My place is full of people, any of them may have seen you as well as I." She shivered. "Why did you kill him?" she said faintly.

"Because he'd ruined me. He had a paper of mine he held over me and when I saw it to-night—I—He was a pal of mine once, thought you might not think it. I came to borrow some money off him, and all he did was to turn round and drag out that cursed paper!" flicking it where it lay on the floor.

Mrs. Arbuthnot did not heed him, she was looking at the dead.

His head lay side ways on the table, his eyes were open, he looked uncomfortable. She had known he was stone dead from the moment she entered the room, yet she could not leave him lying so, a motionless huddled Thing.

She went to him, and with shaking fingers closed his eyes.

A rattling at the door made her turn. It was Mike, turning the handle to leave the room; she looked at him triumphantly, for the key was in her pocket.

"I am going to give you up, —have you arrested," she said, the blood beating in her temples like strong hammers.

The man did not move, he stood with a hand on the useless door knob, not daring to make the noise of breaking the door open.

"Do!" he said. "It will look well. A wife at the hanging of her husband."

Hanging! Once the word was out, it seemed to echo through the room. Husband! Joan Arbuthnot stood erect.

"No husband of mine!" she cried. "You deserted me—it is seven years!" Her breath came hard.

"All the same, I am your husband." If he was frightened he did not show it. He went on speaking quietly, mindful that in a hotel the walls have ears.

"You swore once," he said, "to love me? To cherish."

"What have you done by me?" she broke in. Some where down in the hotel there was a noise. Mike turned pale with fright!

"The child!" he exclaimed. "My God! Joan, think of the child! Don't go back on me."

The child. In bitterness she had repented she had ever borne a child.

"Where is she?" she muttered, and he saw his advantage.

"At mother's! She's doing well, she's so pretty—and her life will be ruined if—"

Even Michael Arbuthnot had no nerve to finish. Ever since that day he had vanished with her two year old child, a terror had haunted the wife he had deserted, haunted her day and night. What would become of her baby at the tender mercies of a man like him. And he had had tender mercies, after all. There had been that much good in him! She almost wavered.

"It will all come out," he said thickly. "My record and yours. With such a father, such a mother, who will have anything to do with *her*? But give me up if you like!" as she made an indefinite

movement of her head which he took for disregard of his words.

"All right," he said recklessly. "I'm a worse man I suppose, than you are a woman, but," he swore, "I couldn't do this by you!" in the silence the dead man's watch ticked loudly in his pocket.

Nerveless, limp, the woman leaned on the table for support. Fifty hangings, fifty lives such as Mike's could not make the man she loved live or breathe again. It was all the same, since he was dead; all the same to him. The threat concerning her past had no terror for her. It was a past of poverty, not sin. But it had deadened her, numbed her. Right and wrong and expediency had all grown one indistinguishable blur. Who had made her a judge to send a man to the gallows, and stamp with that ineradicable die the child who called him father!

"Come, then," she said heavily. "I'll help you. But it's for her sake, not yours. I'd not stir one finger, for you."

A step passed the door.

"Come! We must go," she repeated, when it had died away.

"The knife. It's mine," Mike demurred. He took it from the close lipped wound with a "swish" which turned her faint, and wiped it on the table cloth. No, no! She would not save him. He could hang!

"You promised!" said Mike, quickly.

She could not answer him. With sudden terror she feared the dead man who had been as a God to her.

"Come!" she muttered thickly. It was Arbuthnot who fitted the key in the lock, and locked the door again when they were outside. But once out of that silent accusing presence the woman led the way boldly through the brilliant corridors and out the little side entrance of the hotel. They met no one, not even a porter; and they turned into the dark alley which led to her home.

"Have you no where to go? Nowhere you would be safe without me?" she asked, loathing him.

He shook his head.

"I only came here on the train last night; I don't know a soul; I've not a cent to get out of the place."

Money! He would want money, and she had none. By the time she received her week's wages every train and steamer would be watched. Like lightning she remembered a desolate place where ten murderers—Heavens, Mike was a murderer!—might lie hidden for weeks.

"Wait here," she said.

He grasped her arm.

"Joan, you're playing fair with me, you won't give me up?"

"You're her father, or I would!" she said wildly; breaking from him she ran down the alley. He waited; he did not trust her, but what could he do?

Presently she returned with a bundle.

"We must be quick!" she led the way through a labyrinth of dark streets, carefully avoiding the electric lights which glared on them whenever they crossed

Near by was a fishing village; every day schooners came and went; it would be easy comparatively, to get Mike safely away in one. The man recoiled at the sight of the black pile.

"Here?" he cried. "It's a prison You—!"

"It's the only safe place I know," she said, unmoved by the epithet. "I found it out by chance; no one ever comes here. And it is a prison without a door." Pointing significantly to a black archway, whence the wooden door had long been taken.

"I won't go in!" he declared obstinately. "Do you mean to keep me there forever? How am I to get away?"

She told him.

"Why not now, to-night?"

"Because it's winter, and there mayn't be a vessel for a week."

How she hated him; with what agony she still saw the man whose life he had taken! Better finish before she repented.

She went before him into the dark archway. The winter moon crept out from

a thoroughfare. Gradually they drew out into the open country, having met no one.

It was very cold, the ground frozen into stone. The wind cut like knives as after a couple of miles of walking they descended a hill and came out on a bare field. Beyond it rolled the sea, "thicked with cold;" in the midst of it rose grim and massive the deserted prison, left to the bats and the four winds this thirty years.

The woman drew a long breath of relief.



"I won't go in!" he declared obstinately."

the clouds and sent a piercing shaft after them as they disappeared; sent another through the narrow slitted windows of the prison, and found

them,—husband and wife standing in the wide corridor surrounding the white-washed square of black-doored cells which rose tiers on tiers to the roof ; at each cor-

ner their bodies and breaths had warmed and rendered close the narrow cell.

"Where are you going?" he cried, clutching her.



"Where are you going," he cried, clutching her."

ner a stout stair wound to each of the four iron galleries, the moon's ray fell on the nearest. "We must go up to the highest. It is most out of the way!" said the black shadow of the woman to that of the man in the chill silence of the vaulty hall.

Once more she led the way, carrying her bundle. Mike's footsteps sang on the granite as he followed her; the whole place reverberated, and she stopped in terror though there was no ear within a mile. "Walk quietly!" she cried, and went on like a cat up the icy stone steps. The moon vanished again, and she felt her way in utter darkness, at her heels a murderer.

Into the first cell on the highest gallery they turned. It was blackly dark. She struck matches from her bundle.

There was the wooden shelf which had held the convict's bed ; she spread on it the shawl she had brought, a loaf of bread which had been meant for her own breakfast.

Side by side the two who had not met for seven years sat through the long hours till dawn ; sat almost speechless, their intolerable burden between them. Once he huddled close to her for warmth, and she pushed him off violently. When day broke she rose shivering, though

up and down the gallery to get warm!"

He did not answer, but let her go in silence till she was half way down the stairs. Then he called her, and she hurried back.

"Find out—you know!" he said. "And bring me something to smoke."

She recoiled from him, and staggered against the railing. She had forgotten the horror of talk she would have to face. She could not do it!

"Mike, I can't do it! I can't go! I'll get you things some other way ; I'll beg, I'll steal"—frantically—"but I can't go home."

"They'll suspect you then!" he returned.

"No! I often go over to Northway for a week's upholstering without leaving word for the girl. There's no one else." She sobbed in agony ; it had always been a wrench to go away even for a week from her picture, from the light of her eyes. And now it was gone for ever. She could never go home!

All that day she sat in silence, the ashes of desolation on her head. Mike grumbled uninterruptedly that he had no tobacco—when evening fell said he was starving—had as soon hang as this—; and when his wife rose at last, painfully straightening her stiff limbs, acquiesced without a word

"Home—to my work."

"Why could'nt you have kept me in your room while you were at work, instead of in this beastly place?"

"Because I have a girl there working with me. And because there's not even a cupboard where I could put you."

"When will you be back?"

"After dark."

"I suppose you've got to go?"

"Or you must starve!" she retorted harshly.

"There's bread for you—you can walk

to her leaving him since she was going for food.

On the outskirts of the town stood a bare wooden house, where every evening soup and bread were given freely to all comers by the sister in charge. Joan Arbuthnot was going there. She had twelve cents, and she went to a shop and bought a tin pail. The bread was given away in paper bags, one to each comer; the soup was drunk on the spot, the applicants having neither cans to carry it away in, nor fires to heat it by.

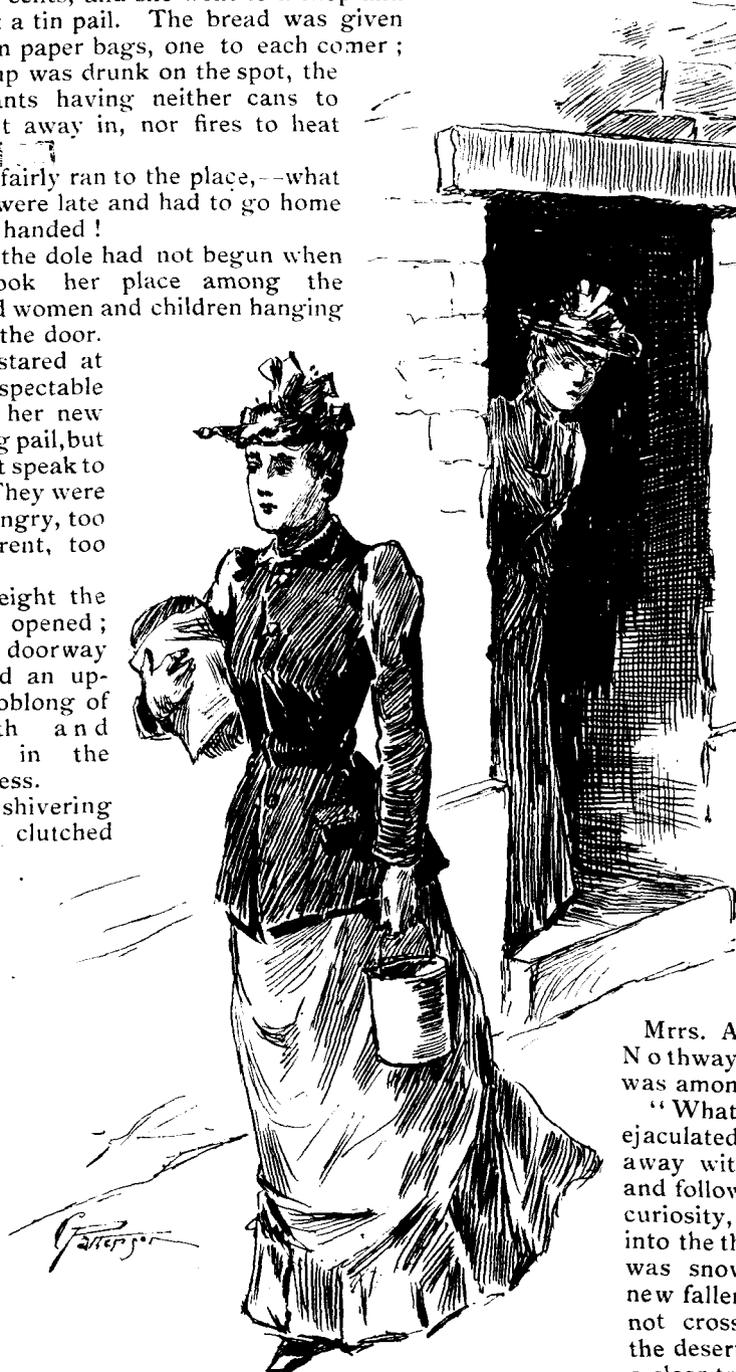
She fairly ran to the place,—what if she were late and had to go home empty handed!

But the dole had not begun when she took her place among the ragged women and children hanging about the door. They stared at her respectable dress, her new shining pail, but did not speak to her. They were too hungry, too indifferent, too cold.

At eight the door opened; the doorway glowed an upright oblong of warmth and light in the darkness.

The shivering crew clutched

and tore at the paper bags handed them from an overflowing basket, and gulped like animals the steaming bowls of soup. Joan smelled the keen odour of it over the sickly smell of rags. She held out her shining pail, and turned away bread in hand; the sister in charge looking after



her as she hurried out of sight.

For three nights she came; took her portion; and fled.

The fourth night there was a delay. She was kept waiting. Some one passing, not a sister, eyed her keenly.

It was the girl who sewed in her room.

Mrs. Arbuthnot did not see her, and the girl stared astounded, then stepped into a dark doorway and watched in amazement.

Mrs. Arbuthnot was in Nothway! Yet here she was among the beggars.

"What on earth!" she ejaculated. She saw her go away with her provisions, and followed her, wild with curiosity, till she turned off into the the country. There was snow on the ground new fallen; as Mrs. Arbuthnot crossed the fields to the deserted prison she left a clear track.

"She saw her go away with her provisions."

The girl went back to Water street and talked; without malice, but for conversation. Somehow her talk ran like wild-fire through the ward.

Mike met his wife as she mounted the weary stair, but he did not seize as at first on the food she carried; instead he sat down beside her on the plank bed. A change had come over him in those three days; he was patient though there was no sign of a schooner in the bay; was grateful; his face was haggard instead of bloated. He eyed her miserably.

"Did you hear—anything?" he said.

She shook her head, listlessly.

The food stood unheeded by him.

"I wish I had not done it!" he broke out. "I wish I'd been dead first."

She said nothing. Repentance here did not mean much.

"I know what you think," he continued slowly.

"But it's not this place nor the cold that makes me sorry. Somehow it's *you!*"

"I?" stupidly.

He nodded.

"You've put yourself out a good deal for me, you know!" he said simply, and the ludicrously inappropriate phrase struck neither of them.

She turned to him savagely.

"I don't believe you know what you've done! I don't believe you realize it. Oh! I'm not a praying woman, — but if I could say a prayer that would undo your work I'd say it if I'd to give my life for an Amen!"

"Why do you say that?" he interrupted. "What has life got to do with it?"

"Blood will have blood." Weeping.

"Don't you know that once you've done a thing you can never get away from it? If there was only some—some expiation!" her thin face distorted.

"Mike!" clasping the knees of the man whom three days ago she hated, whom she had not seen for seven years—"Can't you pray? Can't you do *something*? Can't you even care?"

He did not answer. In the dark his weak face hardened.

"Why are you crying?" he asked roughly. "Is it for *him*? It can't be for me!"

"I—I—" She could not speak at first.

"I swear I never spoke to him, Mike! But I used to sit and look at him. It was so lovely; I hadn't any one else."

"I don't see why you didn't give me away!"

"I couldn't! I don't know why.

Mike—" suddenly "we are a pretty bad pair to have had a child! What if—" The words stuck in her throat.

"Hold your tongue." He said faintly, sweating in the icy cell.

It was getting late, the prison was pitch dark; they could not see each other.

"Joan!" he whispered, setting his teeth—"If you like—I'll give myself up!"

"Never!" she cried frantically. "You must get away. Think of the child, think of her up in the country there, with all the papers calling her father a murderer!"

The two who had not met for seven years locked fast in each other's arms in the black dark.

"God forgive you! Oh, God forgive you!" she sobbed. "Mike—can't you, can't you say amen?"

Downstairs in the corridor round the square of cells was a faint sound. It entered the cell through the inch open door. What was it?

In breathless quiet they listened.

Nothing! Then a soft pad; cautious, unmistakable.

Bare feet coming up the stairs!

"Quick!" she breathed. "It's people, men."

She opened the door, and stared into the dark gulf below the gallery. Suddenly, for half a second there shone the flash of a dark lantern. She caught Mike by the arm.

"Police!" she said. "Run."

Side by side they crept along the gallery to the far stair.

"Go on, Mike!" she gave him a little push; they could hear feet distinctly now in the whispering gallery of a place. But Mike moved quite gently, without a semblance of haste.

Out of the darkness at Joan's elbow started a shadow.

With frantic strength she clutched it.

"Go!" she cried, holding on. "Don't be taken. The child—"

She held the man at the head of the stair, fighting like a cat; but half way down two more men were posted.

Mike paused. The full light of a dark lantern glared on him and confused him. He thought of the child—of expiation—of hanging.

There was a rush; a void. A silence.

And after it a thud; far below; but no cry, no whisper.

What had been Mike Arbuthnot lay awful, and unrecognizable on the stones of the great corridor. He had said his Amen!

ANDRÉ MENNERT.



**I**N this Dominion it is only in Halifax that one comes in contact with the imperial services. But there, as in other garrison towns, the new titles of army medical officers (Surgeon-Colonel, Surgeon-Lieutenant-Colonel, Surgeon-Major, Surgeon-Captain, etc.) have caused some social perplexities and misunderstandings. Some medical officers object to being addressed as "Doctor," a few because they have never taken doctor's degrees, and a large number because they prefer the title indicating their military rank. The aspirations of these knights of the lancet, it is gossiped, is not for the unwieldy and mongrel style of "Surgeon-Lieutenant-Colonel" or "Surgeon-Major-General," but for the neat and martial "Colonel" or "General" or "Captain." "Surgeon-Major" sounds so like "Sergeant-Major" that it can hardly be coveted by these would-be warriors. Many army medical officers, it is fair to say, have no sympathy with these sticklers for etiquette, and are quite content with being called doctors, as they are likely to be, until people generally take the time to look up their proper but ponderous titles. Following suit, the veterinary surgeons in the army, I am told, have pressed for and obtained the martial titles of "Veterinary-Surgeon-Lieutenant," "Veterinary-Surgeon-Captain," etc. It is a compensation that the authorities have abolished the former lengthy titles of commissariat officers, such as "Deputy-Assistant-Commissary-General"—a rank so sonorous and imposing that Sam Slick "allowed" it would capture any girl in Onion County.

\* \* \*

At the beginning of the century army doctors had legitimate complaints to make regarding their status and titles. Dr. Henry, author of a pleasant anonymous

book, entitled, "Trifles from My Portfolio," has this note upon his first commission (in the time of the Peninsular war):—"I was in due course gazetted 'Hospital Mate' for general service in His Majesty's forces. The title grated in my ear at first, as cacophonous to the last degree; but one gets accustomed to disagreeable sounds. It has sunk since beneath the growing intelligence of the age, like any other barbarism of the middle ages." Dr. Henry had very varied and interesting experiences in the Peninsula and France during the war, at St. Helena (where he was present at the autopsy on Napoleon), in the East Indies, in Upper and Lower Canada during the rebellion, and in Nova Scotia. He had many friends all over British North America; his book was first published in Quebec in 1839, and the copy from which I quote was presented by the author to a Halifax lady.

\* \* \*

The last census returns show that the Roman Catholic Church is still growing in Canada and the United States. A character in one of Haliburton's works long ago declared it probable that Roman Catholicism would some day be the *established* church in America, judging from the figures of successive censuses. Quite independent of the merits or demerits of this great Christian church, its growth, especially among persons of the highest intelligence, is not surprising to me. Reasoning and inquiring minds, in their eager quest for religious or philosophic truth, are likely to drift temporarily into many creeds. These they may abandon one after another, as Socrates did in his time, disillusioned by some fallacy or contradiction. But once embracing a faith which asserts the infallibility of its high priest, which discourages doubt and bans disbelief, the active seeker after truth is fain to rest there and to welcome its re-

pose. A fish with exploring tendencies may stray from sea to sea and try to penetrate the depths of each, but when it has wandered into a net its explorations usually end. It acts upon MacMahon's plan: "*J'y suis, j'y reste.*"

\* \* \*

But there are dangers in withdrawing from the combat with doubt. Professor Drummond in his "Natural Law in the Spiritual World" gives several striking instances of the degeneracy attending the non-exercise of certain faculties in various animals, and argues forcefully that an analogous spiritual decline may follow the disuse of any mental or spiritual faculty. In a plea for imperial federation, in *The Week*, of October 23, 1884, I urged that a similar danger threatened a nation content to delegate its foreign relations permanently to a protecting power. A thoughtful friend has recently pointed out another painful result of following the example of the hermit-crab. The comparative lack of liberality of the Anglican Church in Canada and in the United States in providing for its institutions has often been remarked upon; and more than one instance of it have been brought before the public in the deliberations of the last Nova Scotian Synod. This want of generosity and self-reliance my friend attributes wholly to the fact that the Episcopal Church in Canada, and even in the United States, was nursed too long by the establishment in England and the S.P.G. To such an extent has the colonial church learned to lean upon that of the mother country, that, when a deficit occurs in the funds of a colonial college or diocese, one of the first proposals for removing it is, even to this day, to send a begging delegation to England.

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That irreverent journal "Modern Society" twits the Duke of Argyll upon his refusing leases to publicans while he

tolerates a number of distilleries upon his property. The duke, it observes, "is a strong advocate of temperance—among the lower orders." This reminds me forcibly of the spirit of a manifesto issued by the earliest modern temperance association that I know of. The original manuscript, which I copy verbatim, is undated, but from the names of the signatories the late Dr. T. B. Akins thought it must have been signed at Windsor, N.S., in or about the year 1793,—

"We whose names are hereunto subscribed, sensible of the great obstructions to agriculture, and to the well-being of the province in general, which have arisen from the excessive use of spirituous liquors among the labouring poor, to the ruin of their morals and health.

And sensible also that much of the unfortunate attachment to such drinks, that prevails amongst them, proceeds from spirituous liquors being given by their employers as rewards for extraordinary exertions in labour:—

Convinced moreover that such a practice if continued under the present enormous price of rum, will prove ruinous to the farmer:

Do hereby bind ourselves to the public and each other that we will not, after the first day of November next, give any sort of spirituous liquor to any servant or labourer in our employment: nor suffer any to be given with our knowledge.

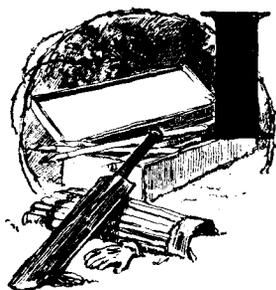
And we do severally agree that if we act contrary to the true intent of this association, our names may be published to the world as regardless of good faith and the public interest.

Wm. Cochran,	Benj. Wier,
J. Emerson,	Shubael Dimock,
Geo. Deschamps,	Daniel Hammill,
Richard Cunningham,	W. H. Shey,
John Clarke,	John Van Norden."
Nathl. Thomas,	John McLatchy,

How far this pioneer temperance pledge was prompted by tender solicitude for "the labouring poor," or how far this tender solicitude may have been stirred into activity by a selfish regard to "the present enormous price of rum," is a point which I leave for some bolder speculator. Some "temperance folk" are afflicted with such tempers that it is awful to fancy what they might be if inflamed by rum.

F. BLAKE CROFTON.

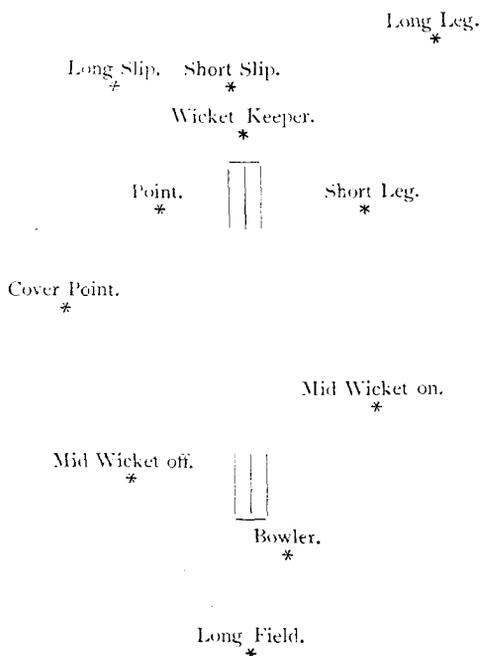
# CRICKET IN CANADA.



THIS is the writer's intention to deal with his subject in two articles, though so considerable is the amount of material at hand, largely contributed by enthusiastic cricketers from

the various parts of the Dominion, that it would be no difficult matter to put together a dozen. The literature of the game, where it exists at all, is scattered, and the real difficulty in the way of him who would treat his subject historically, is bridging the hiatuses not covered by the records at hand. The game in Canada was never more popular nor generally played than now, so that the histories of the individual clubs of to-day, and the capabilities of the more modern players, will be more interesting to many than the histories of the past; yet the former will be better told in a subsequent number,—these pages being devoted rather to events and institutions which have given an impetus to, and left an imprint on, the game generally throughout the country. Some of these institutions have ceased to be, though their effect is still felt, others have in the past exerted and are now exerting a wholesome influence.

There is no out-of-door sport so difficult to understand and enjoy as cricket. It is essentially a scientific game with countless points only to be appreciated by the knowing; even the rudiments of the game are unknown to the many. For those readers who are uninitiated it will be well to give a diagram of the field ready for play and a short description of how the game is played, but it is not pretended, in doing so, to do more than give the barest outline of the sport.



The foregoing sketch shows how a bowler whose pace is medium should place his men for a right-handed batsman at the commencement of the game. Afterwards he must use his judgment to vary them according to the style of play of the batsmen, and of course the above positions vary with the style and pace of the bowling. There are eleven players a side. The side "in" sends two batsmen who take up their positions in front of either set of wickets which it is their duty to defend. The side "out" are the fielders, whose positions are shown in the diagram, there being two bowlers; he who is not bowling for the time being usually fields in the slips. Four, five or six balls constitute an "over." After an over is bowled the man who has bowled retires to the field, the bowler at the other end commencing his "over," while the fielders arrange them-

selves in the same positions relatively to him as they previously occupied towards the other bowler. It is the batsman's object to hit the ball safely, that is, not in the air, but along the ground to such a distance as to enable him and his partner to run to opposite wickets once or oftener, every time they exchange wickets counting one run to the batsman who hit the ball. When a batsman is caught, bowled, run out or stumped, his place is taken by another player, and so on till all ten men are disposed of, when the side's innings is concluded. To do more than thus cursorily describe the game would be to travel beyond the boundaries of the present article. Each side has two innings, and that which scores most runs in the aggregate wins the match.



Hon. John A. Beckwith,  
Father of Cricket in New Brunswick.

The game is of English origin, and its implanting and growth in this country were largely due to the presence in Canada before Confederation of the military. Indeed, in looking back over the records, it is at once evident that with the departure of the British troops came the almost total obliteration, in certain quarters, of the game. Up to 1866 it was in Eastern Canada and the Maritime Provinces that the game flourished most; since then, like the Star of Empire, it has been wending its way westward, till Ontario has come to be the great cricketing province, and Manitoba is fast bowling to the front. Halifax, the only garrison city left to us, has now, as it has always had, some of the finest clubs in the Dominion. Except that Parr's eleven played one match at Hamilton, it was not till the year 1872 that a visiting English team thought of

venturing further west than Montreal.

Since 1859 many foreign elevens have visited us from across either ocean. England has sent seven, Ireland two, and Australia and the West Indies each one team of crack cricketers to try conclusions with us. While in no case were the laurels of the visitors much, if at all diminished, yet there is no better way of evidencing the progress of Canadian cricket than by showing in sequence the results of the play of each particular foreign eleven. It will be noticed that where in early years twenty-two players were unsuccessful, in recent years eleven have not been any more so, and indeed have once vanquished their opponents. In return for these visits only one Canadian eleven has crossed to Great Britain and Ireland, Lindsey's eleven of 1887, which succeeded in winning one-half the played out matches. We say advisedly that only one Canadian eleven has gone abroad. In 1880 an eleven styling itself Canadian, played in England a series of matches under somewhat unfortunate circumstances, but there were few native Canadians on it. Some of the players were Americans; others English residents, and others again picked up in England. It can hardly, therefore, be claimed for it that it was a representative Canadian eleven, although it did some good work. Lindsey's eleven, on the other hand, were all born in Canada.

Of the visiting teams, Parr's in 1859 was the first. C. F. Pickering, of the Montreal Club, is credited with having induced it to come. The men Parr brought with him were considered the pick of English cricketers, and they won all their matches, though playing only twelve men, as against twenty-two, at Montreal, New York, Philadelphia, Rochester and Hamilton. It is not to be wondered at that they carried all before them when we read their names. John Lillywhite, Wisden, Hayward, Carpenter, Diver, H. H. Stephenson, Coffyn, Calsar, Lockyer, Jackson, Grundy and Parr.

The scores were: Parr's eleven, 117 and 32 for 2 wickets, Montreal twenty-two, 84 and 63; Parr's eleven, 79 and 41 for no wickets, Canadian twenty-two, 66 and 53.

The Canadians who played at Montreal were Swain, Lieut. Surman, R.C.R.; Lieut. Rymons, R.A.; Lieut. Boomer, R.A.; Fisher, Foundrinier, Hardinge, Ravenhill, Capt. Earle, C. F. Pickering, Capt. King, Daly, Webber, G. Bacon,



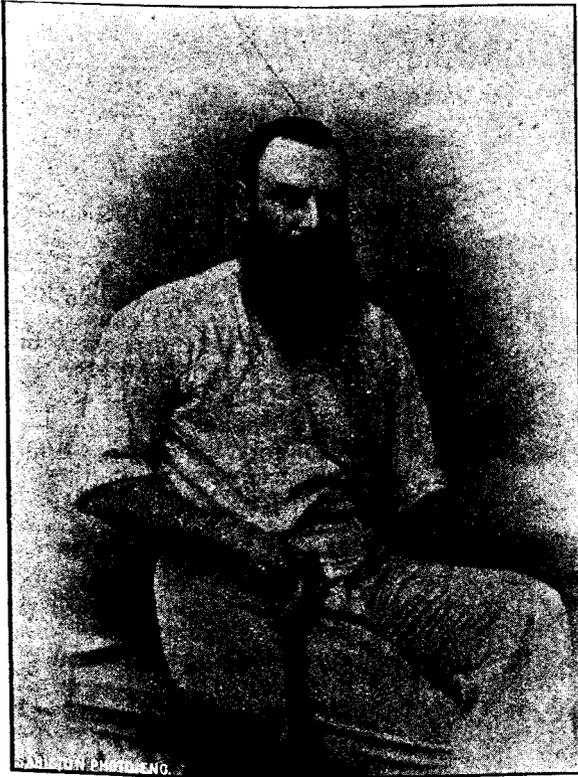
C. N. Shanly, *Umpire*. W. J. Fleury. G. G. S. Lindsey, *Manager*.  
 W. W. Jones. L. Ogden. D. W. Saunders.  
 C. J. Annand. W. A. Henry. B. B. Ferrie.  
 R. C. Dickson, *Scorer*. G. W. Jones. W. W. Vickers.  
 A. Gillespie. E. R. Ogden, *Captain*. W. C. Little.  
 A. C. Allan. Lyon Lindsey, *Correspondent*.

MR. G. G. S. LINDSEY'S ELEVEN OF THE GENTLEMEN OF CANADA.

Morgan, Smeltenham, J. W. Smith, Napier, Ellis, Prior, Tilston and Kerr, and those who played at Hamilton were: Starling, Rev. T. D. Phillips, Bayley, Harris, Worswick, C. Rykert, B. Parsons, J. O. Heward, Read, W. Tottin, Rogerson, Dykes, Jones, W. Pickering, Bosteed, Stokes, Sharpe, Gillespie, H. Tottin, Hamilton, Despard and O'Reilly.

The War of Independence in the United States put an end to foreign visits for nine years. It was not 1868 that Willsher and Freeman's eleven came to Montreal, where alone in Canada they played. The Englishmen were all well-known and capable players, their names being familiar to the men of ten years ago. Some are still playing. They were Willsher (captain), Freeman; J. Smith, Tarrant, James Lillywhite, jr., Charlwood, Pooley, Grif-

fith, Humphrey, Jupp, Rowbotham and A. Shaw. We give a description of the game at Montreal, taken from Lillywhite's *Cricketer's Companion of 1869*:—"On Tuesday at twelve play commenced, the 22 winning the toss decided to go in, but so tremendous was the bowling of Willsher and Freeman that they were all out for 22. And if they were weak in batting, they were much more so in bowling, as the score of the eleven proves, not even being second rate. They were unfortunate in losing several of their best bats. The weather in this match was miserably cold and wet, the last day being fearfully so, causing the match to be drawn. England having made the great score of 310 for the loss of nine wickets, Griffith 69, Jupp 53, Smith 49, and Pooley (not out) 34, being the great scorers."



Dr. W. G. Grace,  
Captain of Fitzgerald's English Eleven.

Mr. T. C. Patteson conceived the idea of bringing over an English team in 1872, and carried it into effect. His expenditure in time and money was considerable, but he has only the glory refulgent from the success of the enterprise to compensate him for both. The deficit, after disbursing the money taken at the gate, was \$1500, whereupon an application was made to the various clubs to help him to meet it. Only one club—a country one—sent a subscription, which was returned. "*Sic itur ad astra.*" This eleven was known as Fitzgerald's, and was made up of the famous W. G. Grace, C. J. Otway, A. N. Hornby, A. Lubbock, the Hon. G. (now Lord) Harris, W. H. Had-dow, E. Lubbock, C. K. Francis, A. Appleby, W. M. Rose, F. P. U. Pickering and R. G. Fitzgerald. Their matches were against twenty-twos of Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, London and Hamilton, in all of which they were highly successful, the best stand against them being made at Toronto, where the respectable total of 214 was reached.

Fitzgerald's eleven (one innings), 255; Montreal twenty-two, 112.

Fitzgerald's eleven (one innings), 102; Ottawa twenty-two, 43—49.

Fitzgerald's eleven (one innings), 319; Toronto twenty-two, 97—117.

Fitzgerald's eleven (two innings) 89 and 161; London twenty-two, 55—65.

Fitzgerald's eleven (one innings), 181; Hamilton twenty-two, 86—79.

Grace scored 81, 73 and 142 in the first three matches.

For the Canadians, Henley, of the 60th, made 12 and 12; for Ottawa, J. Brunel, 10 and 4, J. Smith, 0 and 16; for Toronto, Hemsted made 7 and 28, J. Whelan, 3 and 24, T. Swinyard, 29 and 1, Buchanan, 0 and 18; for Hamilton, Whelan put up 31 and 12, Hope, 0 and 12; for London, Hyman got 10 and 9. We give the names of those who played for the home teams, in order to make the record as complete as possible, while we omit the complete scores, more for want of space than because of their insignificance, for small as they are they are of interest.

The Montreal twenty-two, it will be noticed, has not the same *red-coat* hue as former teams from that place. The players were W. Smith, W. Holland, F. Tetu, G. Murray, W. Mills, Lieut. Henley, C. McLean, J. Hardman, A. Laing, R. C. Bucknall, H. Green, S. Hardinge, W. J. M. Jones, G. Campbell, F. Fourdinier, J. Liddell, W. McKenzie, W. Matthews, R. Harper, L. W. Benjamin, F. Colson, and J. Laing. The names of the Ottawa twenty-two were E. R. Benjamin, J. Bootleroyd, C. B. Brodie, J. Brunel, G. Brunel, W. Carter, G. F. Hall, F. Halliday, T. Miller, M. C. Herbert, Lieut. Henley, A. Jones, R. Killaly, T. D. Paterson, A. J. Peden, Rev. T. D. Phillips, C. S. Scott, D. Shaw, Jas. Smith, Dr. Spragge, Jas. Smith, and T. Swinyard. The Toronto men were B. Parsons, E. Hemsted, J. Brunel, R. Kirchoffer, H. Totten, J. Whelan, F. Armstrong, G. Brunel, R. K. Hope, J. Wright, Dr. Spragge, R. D. Gamble, S. J. Gosling, T. Swinyard, J. O. Heward, R. B. Blake, C. H. Sproule, W. Hector, H. Forlong, T. C. Patterson, G. P. Buchanan, and A. Baines. London put in the field W. P. R. Street, Dayrill, Neville, W. B. Wells, J. Whelan, Lieut. Henley, J. Goldie, C. Hyman, J. Wright, Bray, D. Shaw, T. D. Patterson, S. Rae, Saunders,



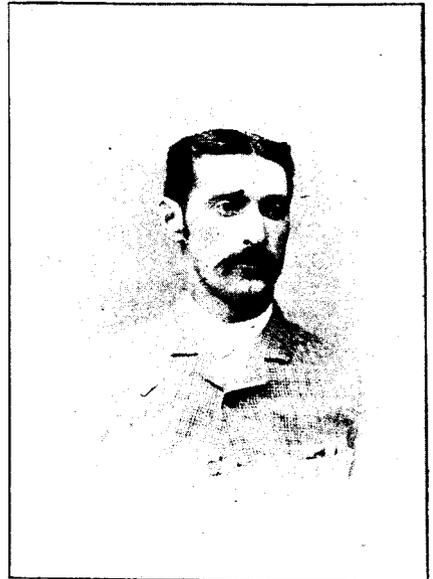
Lord Harris  
Played here in 1872 with Fitzgerald's Eleven.

Cooke, D. Ebberts, Bradbeer, Fradd, Despard, Danks, Mclean, and J. Gillean, while Hamilton played M. C. Hebert, W. P. R. Street, E. W. Spragge, Henley, Crossthwaite, R. Kennedy, J. Whelan, T. Swinyard, Van Allan, R. K. Hope, J. Wright, J. Smith, Clouston, D. Shaw, S. Cummings, H. Totten, D. M. Eberts, R. Harper, E. H. Gough, Bickle, Clarke, and Dr. Woolverton.

The first Intercolonial match was with the Australians who came here in 1878, and played against twenty-two of Ontario at Toronto, and twenty-two of Montreal and vicinity at Montreal. It was late in the season, the 9th of October, before Bannerman, Horan, Spofforth, Murdoch, Boyle, Gregory, Bailey, Blackham, Garrett, Allan and Conway began their first American innings at Toronto, in which they compiled 123 runs. The Ontario scores were 100 and 54, to which Ray contributed 16 and 3, Sproule 8 and 8, Hall 12 and 0, and Adams 17 and 0. The Australians had 32 to make to win, which they did without the loss of a wicket. At Montreal the visitors in their only essay scored 319 for nine wickets, Bannerman getting 125. The home twenty-two put together 91 in their only innings, of which J. Smith got 10, W. Smith 11, Hardman 31 and T. D. Bell 10, the match thus ending in a draw. The Montreal players were J. Smith, J. C. N. Badgley, W. Smith, E. H. Goff, E. T. Galt, C. McLean, J. D. Smith, E. W. Hare, F. Per-

kins, J. L. Hardman, Godson, T. Dawson, F. Stancliffe, C. B. Brodie, R. A. Starke, H. Benjamin, T. D. Bell, Beemer, Arthur, Holmes, Whitton and Carter. Ontario's representatives were S. Ray, C. H. Sproule, J. Laing, G. Hall, H. C. Symonds, C. Hyman, G. Powell, Young, Adams, G. B. Behan, R. Kennedy, E. W. Spragge, N. Kirchoffer, C. Shanly, W. Townsend, Lucas, C. R. Postlethwaite, W. Wells, White, C. J. Logan and J. Gillean. Logan did the bowling for his side, and Spofforth, the "Demon" bowler of Australia, captured the wickets for his for an incredibly small average.

The fourth English, or Richard Daft's eleven, visited Canada in 1879. Unlike its predecessors it was made up entirely of professional cricketers. On no other visiting English team since then have there been any professionals. The reader must understand that there are two classes of men who play the game,—those who indulge in it for the recreation and pleasure it affords, and those who make it a business; the former called gentlemen players, the latter professional players. The names of Daft's players are familiar to every reader of cricketing journals, and all came from either one or other of the two renowned cricketing counties, Notts and Yorkshire, the former sending Oscroft, Barnes, Daft, Shrewsbury, Selby, A. Shaw and Morley; the latter, Bates, Lockwood, Ulyett, Emmett and Pinder. These are household names in England,



Spofforth,  
The "Demon" bowler of Australia.



A. Shrewsbury,  
Of Dafts Professional Eleven.

and it would have been difficult to strengthen them materially. They played twenty-twos of Ontario and of Canada at Toronto, of Western Ontario at London, of the English residents in Canada at Toronto, and seventeen of Hamilton there. The results were as follows, the game against the English residents being unfinished:

Daft's eleven, 122, one innings; Ontario twenty-two, 65 and 54.

Daft's eleven, 101 and 3 for no wickets; Canada twenty-two, 31 and 72.

Daft's eleven, 209, one innings; English residents, 76 and 67 for 14 wickets.

Daft's eleven, 71 and 139; Western Ontario, 37 and 38.

Daft's eleven, 186, one innings; Hamilton sixteen, 48 and 35.

The highest individual innings was played by Lockwood, who made 88, Shrewsbury and Oscroft coming next with 66 and 62. Shaw bowled 178 wickets for 426 runs, or an average of 2.70 runs per wicket. The names of the home players were: English residents in Canada, G. Simpson, W. E. Bailie, C. B. Brodie, J. T. Harris, Cooke, W. P. Pickering, N. P. Tod, W. R. Baker, W. Townsend, H. Brock, F. W. Armstrong, F. J. Gosling, R. Adams, G. Trousdale, W. F. Jackson, G. B. Behan, L. Ogden, Holland, J. W. Kirchoffer, C. P. Fisher, S. E. Hardinge and F. S. Blake. Kirchoffer made 21 and 10, Brodie, 0 and 14. Western Ontario: J. Liddell, R. Adams, H. A. Lemon, Parkes,

Jukes, C. R. Atkinson, C. Hyman, Hammond, Oliver, R. Kennedy, Hannuck, Cameron, J. Nichol, D. W. Saunders, J. H. Park, H. Totten, Whitlaw, Moscrip, Paine, Hunt, R. B. Ferrie and J. Gillean. R. A. Kennedy alone made doubles, 10. Canada: H. Totten, S. Ray, J. Brunel, D. J. Smith, C. H. Sproule, W. B. Wells, A. Gillespie, C. L. Hyman, J. B. Laing, E. H. Osler, G. F. Hall, E. W. Spragge. R. Kennedy, R. R. Boulton, Lyndhurst. Ogden, (Captain) J. B. Brophy, P. Æ. Irving, H. S. Scadding, J. H. Parke, R. B. Ferrie, C. J. Logan and G. Drummond, Wells and Hall each made the same score, 0 and 11. Ontario twenty-two: S. Ray, C. H. Sproule, H. Brock, F. J. Gosling, J. Brunel, H. Totten, P. Æ. Irving, F. W. Armstrong, C. B. Brodie, W. Townsend, E. W. Spragge, L. Ogden, W. Bailie, G. B. Behan, R. Blake, W. Pickering, R. R. Boulton, A. Boulton, C. B. Brophy, H. J. Campbell, and C. J. Logan. Behan got 23 and 13. Hamilton sixteen: R. A. Kennedy, A. H. Hope, R. K. Hope, A. Gillespie, H. C. Symonds, J. H. Park, B. W. Waud, A. Harvey, C. J. Logan, R. B. Ferrie, P. Æ. Irving, T. Swinyard, C. S. Hyman, F. W. Armstrong, J. Gillean, Parker and Connor. Parker made the highest score, 12 and 3.

Following Daft's team and in the same year we were honored by the first visit from an eleven of the Gentlemen of Ireland, who played matches with Toronto, Hamilton, Whitby, and Cobourg. For the first time the Canadians began to realize the uselessness of playing twenty-two men and considerably reduced the number of players, Hamilton competing on even terms, and doing remarkably well too, being only beaten by 60 runs. The Toronto fifteen were defeated by an innings and 85 runs. Whitby put sixteen men in against whom the Irishmen scored 396 in one innings, leaving the game unfinished, as was that with the eighteen of Cobourg, who made 137 and 65 against the Irishmen 102 and 52 for 3 wickets. The names of the Irish Gentlemen were N. Hone, R. A. Miller, Sir Geo. Colthurst, W. Hone Jr., D. H. Trotter, G. Casey, G. B. Hone, W. Hone Sr., J. H. Nunn, Joe. Hone, H. Hamilton, and A. Exham. For Toronto the players were S. Ray, R. Adams, W. Snyder, Garrett, F. W. Armstrong, Strathy, G. B. Behan, W. Pickering, H. J. Campbell, J. Wright, Clark, J. Snyder, Hallworth, Clarke and A. Shaw. Hamilton was represented by A. Gillespie, S. Ray, A. H. Hope, H. C. Simonds, B. W.

Waud, C. Hyman, R. K. Hope, R. A. Kennedy, J. H. Park, A. Harvey, and R. B. Ferrie. Whitby's sixteen were F. Blake, Garret, Hemphill, Osler, Armstrong, Trousdell, S. Ray, Woods, Price, Smith, Reynolds, Ross, Mathieson, McMurty, Burns, and C. Ray. The Cobourg men were J. Hayden, Kennedy, Nelles, J. N. Kirchoffer, A. Wood, F. W. Armstrong, S. Ray, Osler, Crosthwaite, Hall, C. E. Wood, Galbraith, Hill, J. C. Grace, D. Armour, Salisbury, Gardiner, and Munson.

Six year after the Irishmen returned to the Emerald Isle, E. J. Sanders brought out his first English eleven. They were Rev. R. T. Thornton, A. J. Thornton, W. E. T. Bolitho, J. A. Turner, T. R. Hine-Haycock, W. E. Roller, A. R. Cobb, A. E. Newton, H. Bruen, C. E. Horner, and H. O. Whitby. Three days had been set aside for a match against eleven of Ontario at Toronto. The Home men were W. W. Vickers, M. Boyd, A. Stratford, A. Gillespie, E. R. Ogden, D. W. Saunders, A. Dixon, A. C. Allan, W. W. Jones, S. Cummings, and R. B. Ferrie. On the first day Ontario scored 76 and 38, Vickers alone making a stand in the first innings for 32. The Englishmen made 133 in their only innings, winning on the first by 19 runs. The remaining two days were devoted to a return match, in which the visitors made 225 and Ontario 63 and 64. Saunders got 28 and 1, and Jones 14 and 13. The next match was at Montreal against fifteen of that place, F. Stancliffe, T. D. Bell, W. C. Little, Lacey, B. T. A. Bell, Short, E. H. Gough, A. Gillespie, Wilson, W. Pinkney, McDonell, Sills, Attwood, Townsend, and Vaughan. The local men scored 28 and 42, the Englishmen 110.

The next year, 1886, E. J. Sanders brought over his second English eleven. They were a strong lot of men, of whom T. R. Hine-Haycock, J. A. Turner, W. E. Roller and A. R. Cobb had been here the previous year. The others, H. W. Bainbridge, J. Key, E. H. Buckland, Rev. A. T. Fortescue, C. E. Cottrell, H. Rotherham and F. T. Welman. Again Canada put eleven men only in the field, and a decided improvement is noticeable in the general results. Against Ontario the Englishmen, with scores of 169 and 15 for two wickets, won by 8 wickets, Buckland and Fortescue contributing 54 and 58. The home team made 72 and 111, F. Harley scoring 40 and 1, A. C. Allan 0 and 45, and R. B. Ferrie 7 and 38. The other players were W. W. Vickers, F. B. G.



W. E. Roller,  
Played here with both of Sander's Elevens.

Allan, H. Guthrie, A. Gillespie, W. W. Jones, M. Hamilton, G. Simpson and W. Rose-Wilson. Against sixteen of Montreal the Englishmen scored 257, the home men making 85 and 55. Lacey made 24 and 4, Boakes 12 and 3, Beever 14 and 7, Pemberton 3 and 13. The other Montreal players were B. T. A. Bell, F. Stancliffe, T. D. Bell, W. Pinkney, W. Smith, P. Barton, E. H. Gough, T. Browning, R. D. Savage, W. F. Sills, Atwood and Bourgeois.

In the same year, 1886, an eleven of gentlemen from the West Indies touched upon our shores. It is a matter of great regret that their visit has never been returned; nay, more, it is a lasting discredit to Canada that it has not been, and no one feels it more than the writer, who has several times endeavoured to secure an eleven to fight over again on West Indian wickets the hostilities of 1886. A nicer lot of cricketers never visited us, and no more enjoyable tour could be arranged than one through Jamaica, Demerara and Barbadoes. G. Wyatt, L. Kerr, A. Swain, T. S. and E. W. Skeete, W. O. Collymore, L. R. Fyfe (captain), Lieutenant J. Lees, L. Isaacs, W. H. Farquharson, E. N. Marshall, P. Isaacs and J. W. Browne, ought to have arrived at Montreal on the 14th of August for the match on the two following days, but only the latter seven turned up in time, the others, having left by a different steamer, were

unavoidably detained on the voyage. The first game was, however, drawn. In their intercolonial contests the visitors' record is good. They scored four wins, one game was drawn and they sustained one defeat. A glance at the schedule appended will show the different scores :

Montreal C. C., at Montreal, 112 and 130; West Indians, 60 and 101 for 4 wickets.

Halifax Wanderers, at Montreal, 113 and 64; West Indians, 319.

Ottawa C. C., at Ottawa, 67 and 54; West Indians, 67 and 80.

Toronto C. C., at Toronto, 71 and 57; West Indians, 167.

Ontario C. C., at Toronto, 101 and 43; West Indians, 51 and 109.

Hamilton C. C., at Hamilton, 116 and 63 for 3 wickets; West Indians, 114 and 63.

The Hamilton players were : W. Woolverton, Patterson, R. Gillespie, Francis, H. Guthrie, S. Cummings, Dixon, R. B. Ferrie, Robertson, A. Harvey and R. A. Kennedy; the Ontario eleven: W. W. Vickers, D. W. Saunders, W. W. Jones, F. G. B. Allan, J. Biggs, S. D. Smith, A. C. Allan, A. Winslow, A. Lloyd-Jones, L. Coste, H. J. Bethune and G. W. Marsh; the Torontos: W. W. Vickers, D. W. Saunders, A. W. Winslow, G. W. Marsh, W. L. Jones, M. Boyd, W. F. W. Creelman, F. S. Dickey, G. G. S. Lindsey, G. B. Behan, A. G. Brown and A. H. Collins; the Ottawa: V. H. Steele, A. F. Austin, L. Coste, A. G. Smith, F. H. Smith, E. G. Powell, W. Makinson, C. L. Lawrence, E. J. Smith, F. W. Hamilton and P. B. Taylor; the Halifax Wanderers: F. A. Kaiser, J. Harris, H. Oxley, W. A. Henry, C. J. Annand, W. H. Neal, W. S. Duffus, W. A. Duffus, J. G. Bligh, L. J. Fuller and W. K. Thompson; the Montreal: Rev. J. A. Newnham, F. Stancliffe, R. W. Liddell, Lacey, P. Barton, E. H. Gough, J. Smith, A. Taylor, W. F. Sills, A. Fraser and R. D. Savage. W. A. Henry made 40 in his first innings and W. W. Vickers 32 and 7.

When Lindsey's eleven was in Ireland, a return visit to Canada was promised by the Hibernians, and sure enough in 1888 they sent over a rattling team, composed for the most part of men fresh from the universities. W. Cronin was captain, the others were J. W. Hynes, E. Fitzgerald, Lieut. J. Dunn, J. P. Fitzgerald, D. Gillman, J. P. Maxwell, F. Kennedy, J. Meldon, T. Tobin, W. Synnott, Lieut. W. Johnston, and R. Johnston. T. C. Lyall

accompanied the team as manager. They began against fifteen of Kingston, and defeated them by 10 wickets, scoring 180 in the first and 41 in the second innings for the loss of two wickets. Kingston made 141 and 78, to which Straubenzie contributed 23 and 14, L. Williams 29 and 4, Rivers 31 and 7. The other players were Bedford-Jones, Dobbs, Leonard Field, F. Ireland, C. Williams, McLeod, T. Greet, Galloway, Merritt, Bacon, and Burrowes. Fifteen of Ottawa did not do so well, W. C. Little contributing 7 and 12 to totals of 38 and 61. The Irishmen by putting together 150 left their competitors 51 behind, and had an innings to spare. The Ottawa players besides Little were H. B. McGivern, B. T. A. Bell, J. H. Senkler, J. Brunel, Turton (*pro*), H. Steele, W. T. Wilson, G. Brunel, L. Coste, A. G. Smith, E. C. Senkler, E. J. Smith, G. B. Taylor, and J. P. Nutting. A fifteen of the Northern Counties at Orillia did not finish their game, the Irishmen making 144 and 283 as against 121 in the first innings of the North. The Northmen were F. B. G. Allan, W. Fleury (20), A. C. Allan (36), E. A. Anderson, Walker, G. F. Hall, G. C. Davidson, C. P. Fisher, Rev. F. W. Armstrong, C. Scadding, G. Wright, Hammett, W. Marston, R. G. Dalton, and H. S. Scadding. Their next game was played against the Gentlemen of Canada, eleven of whom they defeated by one innings and 86 runs, the Irishmen getting 249 in their only innings, the Canadians 114 and 49 in two. Canada played D. W. Saunders 4 and 21, W. A. Stratton, A. Gillespie (21), A. C. Allan (11 and 6), P. C. Goldingham, E. R. Ogden, A. H. Collins, W. J. Fleury (17 and 5), H. B. McGivern, W. W. Jones, and W. A. Godwin. In an unfinished one innings return match Canada scored 172 against 65 of the Irishmen for the loss of seven wickets. In the last match against fifteen of Hamilton which was drawn, the visitors got 146 and 173, while Hamilton put up 175 in the first and only innings. Hamilton played E. R. Ogden (56), Dixon, A. Gillespie (29), H. Guthrie, R. B. Ferrie (17), T. S. C. Saunders (16), H. B. McGivern (13), R. Martin, H. J. Senkler, Southam, E. G. Rykert, T. H. Stinson, A. Hawely, F. Martin, Barnard, and Patterson.

In 1891, Lord Hawke brought over a very strong eleven that easily defeated in one innings the representative elevens of Western and Eastern Ontario. The West scored 82 and 48, the East did somewhat better with 106 and 90. The Englishmen



TORONTO CRICKET CLUB —LADIES vs. GENTLEMEN.

SABISTON PHOTO. ENG.

got 184 in the first match and in the second 280. For the visitors J. J. Hornsby made 38 and 19, Lord Hawke 35 and 21, C. Wreford Brown 18 and 38, G. W. Ricketts 0 and 71, S. M. Woods 25 and 54, Lord Throwley 27 and 26. The others were C. Wright, H. T. Henck, R. McAlpine, and Hon. H. Mills. H. J. Key was absent on both occasions. For Western Ontario M. Boyd made 26 and 12. The other players were Bowbanks, Rev. F. W. Terry, J. M. Laing, W. J. Fleury, P. C. Goldingham, E. Hall, W. W. Jones, Dr. Stevenson, F. S. Dickey, and A. H. Collins. For Eastern Ontario McG. Bristowe made 35 and 47, B. T. A. Bell 11 and 10, A. G. Palmer 15 and 9, the other players being J. F. Mackie, T. H. Warden, L. Coste, A. Browning, Turton, O. C. Hill, H. Acland, and C. J. Harrod.

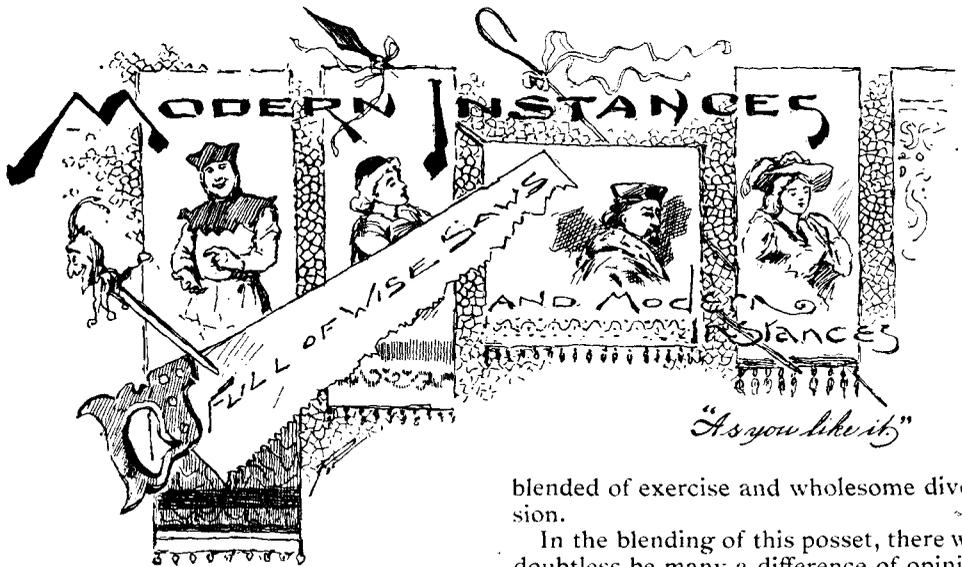
As before mentioned, cricketers purporting to be Canadian and playing as such gathered in England in 1880. The *New York Herald* of April 27th 1880, says, "The Canadian or North-Western Cricket Team as it has come to be called, composed of many leading players of the Dominion, will sail from Portland, Maine, on the 30th instant. Although among its list of players the names of many well known cricks are to be found, yet it is not by any means what can be called a representative team of Canada, or what the people of the Dominion would wish to see go out for the first time to represent them. In the first place, a number of those selected are not Canadians, and besides, several of them do not even hail from the Provinces." The *Toronto Mail* of June 29th says "It would really be interesting to know of what that wonderful "Canadian" team is composed; and on the 30th "Still there are enough to show that the team neither represents Canada, the United States, or the North-West! and who does it represent then, and what right have the members composing it to allow themselves to be known as the Canadian Cricket Team? Perhaps an answer may be echoed back from across the Atlantic, but victorious or defeated, successful or unsuccessful, the people of Great Britain will please understand the team is not a representative Canadian one." The telegram from

Montreal announcing the sailing of the team told of the departure of G. F. Hall, Port Hope, J. S. Gillean, London, R. W. Hilliard, J. L. Hardman and H. Millar of Montreal, A. Dingwall, John Wilson and A. S. Treolar of St. Louis, W. Pinkney, T. Jordan, (really Dale, who was arrested in England after his arrival as a deserter from the Army) H. G. Lemmon, E. Kearney of Halifax, W. McCartney and W. Wilson. A letter from London, England, dated July 15th, after stating that the Canadians had given Wright, the Nottingham professional, who they engaged on Jordan's arrest, his *congé*, adds by way of postscript. "Just as I am about to post this letter comes the news that the trip has come to a sudden collapse, and that Hall, Gillean and Smith are on their way home in the Allan steamer *Moravian*. That the affair can have come thus hopelessly to grief can hardly be a surprise. It was a rash scheme, hastily devised, and injudiciously carried out; that the team had very bad luck in the matter of weather must be admitted, but under the most favourable circumstances their chances of even paying their way were hopeless. Their failure must of course command a certain amount of sympathy, but it must be remembered that they embarked on the venture against the advice of those who, from experience, could judge well of their prospects, and in the face of the almost unanimous hostility of the Canadian press." The team played a good many matches, mostly against weak teams; they rarely played a County match. The result of their efforts is chronicled in the *Mail* of August 2nd, which says, "The so called Canadian team's record in England does not read so badly after all. They played seventeen games, won five, lost five, and seven were drawn. They never played a two days' match without rain, and the gate receipts at only one of the matches paid expenses."

(To be continued.)

G. G. S. LINDSEY.

[Want of space prevents our concluding in this issue the series of foreign matches.]—ED.



### THE HORSE FOR THE BRAINWORKER.

IN these days of philanthropy and high pressure, any one who can boast a really sensitive regard for his neighbour's affairs must be sorely put to it for time to attend to his own. To effect anything one must specialize, not less in matters philanthropical than in matters scientific. The investigator who is fain to husband his powers and leave behind him some such addition to the knowledge of the world as the world will not willingly let die, may perhaps confine his researches to the variations in the antennæ of the water-beetle, or to the parallelisms in the convolutions of the inner ear of the common spider, or to some other equally definite and limited field. The philanthropist who wishes to contemplate easily the fruits of his endeavour, may perhaps interest himself in the organization of Societies for the Promotion of Politeness to Book-Agents, or in some cognate and not less congenial undertaking. For my own part, I may avow that the active zeal of my philanthropic impulses extends not beyond the limits of that unhappy class known as brain-workers. To alleviate, if not to cure, the many ills of which these unfortunates are wont to declare themselves the victims, I have but one panacea to offer. It is not a Brain Food, it is not a Nerve Tonic, it is not a Vitallized Hypophosphite, it is not even a remarkable and newly discovered extract of a long-familiar esculent. It is nought but a homely posset,

blended of exercise and wholesome diversion.

In the blending of this posset, there will doubtless be many a difference of opinion as to the proportion which should be observed between the milk of exercise and the wine of wholesome diversion. It is quite possible to take exercise without diversion, as it is to divert oneself without taking exercise. There are many pursuits for which it is claimed by their admirers that they secure a prudent apportioning of the two ingredients. *Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci.* Of course, every pursuit for which so much is claimed should be judged by its ability to substantiate the claim. For my own part, however, I am ready to be guided by the testimony of tradition and long experience. The wisdom of ages has declared in favour of *riding*, as that pursuit which most happily mingles the elements of exercise and wholesome diversion.

Riding, however, though it be the sovereign panacea for the ills which so abundantly afflict the brainworker, must be taken considerably. Not all brainworkers are so constituted as to derive the most beneficial results from the riding of the common horse. The common horse is uncertain in temper, and also expensive to maintain. He is of little service to those who may chance to be confined to their bed-chambers. He is of little service to anyone in bad weather. To those who are nervously uninformed as to his peculiarities (which with brain-workers is not seldom the case), the employment of him savours much more strongly of exercise than of wholesome diversion. There are yet other drawbacks to the common horse, considered as an aid to the pursuit of

riding ; but enough has been said, I think, to make it clear that if the brainworker is to enjoy that panacea, his choice of steeds must not be restricted to the excellent but inconvenient common horse.

What is wanted, in fact, is a steed that need not cost much to purchase or to keep,—that may be inexpensive or costly according to the circumstances of its master. If, besides this, it have a temper so mild as to be incapable of terrifying the most timid, and a constitution so hardy that months, or even years, of the most oblivious neglect will have no injurious effect upon its health, there is surely little more to be desired. It is the ideal steed for the brainworker. And this ideal steed is none other than the despised, the uncomplaining, the perennial hobby-horse.

Of the hobby-horse there are innumerable breeds. I suppose it is not conceivable that there should exist a brainworker so fastidious or so impecunious that he could not find a variety to his taste. Some kinds are delicate at first ; but with handling and training they come to take the colour of their master's idiosyncrasy as the common horse will never consent to do, and thereafter they develop wonderful stamina. When a brainworker is so fortunate as to possess a hobby-horse of easy pace he soon learns to appreciate the treasure. In the companionship of the kind beast he finds inestimable escape from care, and achieves the completest relaxation for his too tense nerves.

A word of warning, however, to the unwary brainworker who, moved by my words or by the summer weather, may set out to get himself a hobby-horse. There is a creature allied to the Hobby, as the zebra is allied to the docile ass. There are objectionable people, alas, in great numbers, who devote themselves to the rearing and dissemination of this creature, which is known as the Fad. Many a guileless brainworker who has gone forth to purchase him a hobby has come back cursed with a fad. This animal is easily known by its disposition, which is baleful and obnoxious. The fundamental distinction, however, between the Fad and the Hobby is this :—You may ride your Hobby to death, if you will ; but your Fad will ride you to death, whether you will or no.

THE ENTERTAINING PURSUIT OF CHARACTER COLLECTING

OF all hobbiesthemost universally approved, perhaps, is that of collecting something. The taste for collecting

seems to pervade all creation. It adds zest to the sprightly existence of the magpie, whose special tenderness is for things that glitter and are easy to convey. It gives purpose to the leisure of the school girl, whose passion is for long strings of odd buttons. It preserves from languor and indifference the undistracted days of the bibliomaniac. He surreptitiously instructs in geography the unsuspecting stamp collector. And the fashion even in a somewhat modified form, pervades inanimate nature ; for the books we are all supposed to read *will* collect dust ; and stones, if permitted to cease from rolling, promptly set themselves to gather moss.

This form of hobby must be considered, taking it all in all, as one of the most agreeable and beneficent of the whole species. It becomes objectionable only when it takes the shape of a passion for collecting things that belong to other people. This passion, however, is not a true hobby, but a variety of the fad ; and it is frequently designated, when its votaries are socially prominent, by the harmonious term "Kleptomania." It is a passion which has been known to associate itself in the closest intimacy with even so dignified and elevating a hobby as that of book collecting. On a *priori* evidence such a statement might very properly be called in question ; but, alas ! it has the support of well nigh universal experience. We are told of one amiable collector of books, who was gifted with such an ingenious humour and so excellent a knowledge of his kind, that he caused to be inscribed on the title page of every book in his library the following pleasant verses :—

Of thieves there are a great variety,  
Found even in the best society.  
Some steal our hearts with charming looks,  
While others—don't return our books !

There is, however, one very admirable hobby which enables its possessor to collect what does not belong to him, without falling under any suspicion of kleptomania. The collector of characters may take what he desires and leave no one the poorer by his acquisition. One may collect characters without taking them away ; just as he who plies a kodak may appropriate the features of his friends, and leave them all unaware that a virtue has gone out of them. At the same time it is important to bear in mind that the collecting of a character gives one peculiar facilities for destroying it ; wherefore it is to be hoped that this particular hobby may not commend itself to

any but the benevolent and the wise. The hobby of character-collecting, discreetly ridden, may conduct one to a great increase both of wisdom and of knowledge. It derives its sufficient authority from the dictum that the proper study of mankind is man ; and so long as the right degree of latitude be allowed to the term man, there can be no doubt as to the exquisite diversion which lies within reach of him who rides this hobby. It is very necessary that one should observe his own character before proceeding to make a collection of those of other people ; and this preliminary self-observation sometimes leads to excellent results. Moreover, if one does not proceed too in-

discriminately, he may often reinforce his own virtues by a contemplation of those characters which most adorn his collection. If he be of a humorous disposition, he may solace his discomforts by considering those characters which bring to his collection rather variety and grotesqueness than beauty ; for entertainment lies in the contemplation not less of our neighbour's defects than of our own attractions. But to the collector who desires accuracy rather than antithesis, I would suggest the following rule :—To know the heart of man, study its weaknesses in yourself, its excellences in your neighbours.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

## LOVE'S SEASONS.

Two stranger-eyes looked into mine,  
 In spring-time glad and bright ;  
 I marked their depths of earnestness—  
 Their kindly, cheery light.

Two friendly eyes looked into mine,  
 'Neath summer skies of blue ;  
 Beyond their gentle strength I saw  
 A spirit brave and true.

Two lover-eyes looked into mine,  
 When autumn fields were bare ;  
 I trembling read with happy heart,  
 Love's own sweet message there.

Two husband-eyes looked into mine,  
 While yet the snow-wreaths lay ;  
 And in their trusting glance I saw  
 Love's sun-bright, fadeless day.

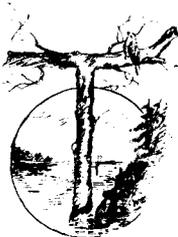
ELLA S. ATKINSON.



### THE ST. LAWRENCE. III.

“ Je t'aime, mon beau fleuve, avec tes grands rivages,  
 Tes montagnes d'azur et tes forêts sauvages,  
 Dont les dômes hardis semblent percer les cieux,  
 Avec tes frais valons, tes riantes presqu'îles,  
 Tes anses, tes rochers, tes pittoresques îles,  
 Avec tes havres spacieux.”

“ *Le Saint Laurent,*” W. Chapman.



HE scenery on both shores of the St. Lawrence between St. Anne de la Pocatière and Quebec—seventy-two miles—deserves special notice.

St. Anne is an old feudal French land grant.

An enlightened Crane Island priest, Rev. N. Painchaud, devoted his savings to founding, in 1827, at this parish, of which he was incumbent, a classic school of learning—St. Anne's College. Two hundred and fifty students attend at present its courses, which comprise the English, French, Latin and Greek languages, as well as belles-lettres, logic and mathematics.

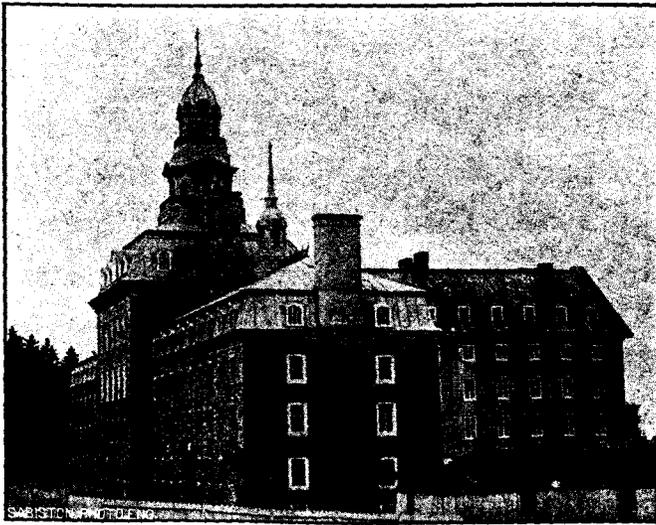
The stately pile, with a sumptuous chapel, wooded park, agricultural school and model farm, peeps out from a luxuriant grove of lofty trees on a height close to the shore; surely a fit place for study and meditation; a healthy retreat as well. The philanthropic pastor, who closed here in 1839 his meritorious career, now sleeps the long sleep under the quiet sanctuary of the rustic fane where for years he worshipped, close to the grand seat of education which he founded.

The next hamlet, St. Roch des Aulnaies, marks the term of salt-water navigation. The green, briny billows scarcely reach further up the river, except when driven by furious easterly gales, when the river water has been known to taste brackish as high up as Crane Island.

The traverse or dreaded narrows, shunned by big ships sailing at low

tide, commences at St. Roch des Aulnaies. The pent up, intricate channel, now so well buoyed and marked out by the stone, the wood pillar and the red floating light-ship, seems to have inspired no dread in 1759 to the English fleet, even after the buoys and beacons had been removed by order of the French authorities at Quebec. That plucky old salt, Capt. Killick,\* commanding an English transport, whom Capt. Knox and after him Francis Parkman has immortalized, safely piloted through his own and the remainder of the ships of the English fleet, by using freely the lead and closely studying the colour of the water. St. Jean Port Joly adjoins St. Roch des Aulnaies. Here yet may be seen the mossy old seignorial manor of P. A. Gaspé, the genial author of “The Canadians of Old.” Opposite, with the lofty crags of Eboulements as a background, lie the verdant beaches and white dwellings at Ile-aux-Coudres—a low, fertile, grassy island, five and a-half miles long by two and a-half broad.

\* “25th June, 1759.—As soon as the pilot came on board to-day, he gave his directions for the working of the ship, but the master would not permit him to speak. He fixed his mate at the helm, charged him not to take orders from any person except himself, and, going forward with his trumpet to the fore-castle, gave the necessary instructions. All that could be said by the commanding officer and the other gentlemen on board was to no purpose. The pilot declared we should be lost, for that no French ship ever presumed to pass there without a pilot. ‘Aye, aye, my dear,’ replied our son of Neptune, ‘but, d— me, I’ll convince you that an Englishman shall go where a Frenchman dare not show his nose.’ The Richmond frigate being close astern of us, the commanding officer called out to the captain, and told him our case. He inquired who the master was, and was answered from the fore-castle by the master, who told him ‘he was old Killick, and that was enough.’ I went forward with this experienced mariner, who pointed out the channel to me as we passed, showing me by the ripple and color of the water where there was any danger, and distinguishing the places where there were ledges of rocks (to me invisible) from banks of sand, mud or gravel. He gave his orders with great unconcern, joked with the sounding boats who lay off on each side, with different colored flags for our guidance; and when one of them called to him and pointed to the deepest water, he answered: ‘Aye, aye, my dear; chalk it down, a d—d dangerous navigation—eh? If you don’t make a sputter about it, you’ll get no credit for it in England,’ etc.” (“Knox’s Journal,” vol. i. p. 291.)



College at Ste. Anne de La Pocatiere, founded in 1827

Jacques Cartier is credited with having attended here on the 7th September, 1535, the first mass solemnized from his ships on Canadian soil. "A beautiful Mosaic in the pale emerald setting of the river," says Bayard Taylor, describing this pastoral land.

For years the most remunerative calling of the islanders in summer was the capture, in state fisheries, of the white porpoise. Of this industry, Rev. Messrs. Mailloux and Casgrain, the annalists of the island, have furnished an animated account. In few corners of New France are more fully preserved the manners, customs, traditions of the first Norman and Breton settlers of Canada, though the land grants are all posterior to 1720. Here, officiated and died, in 1765, the devoted missionary, Father de la Brosse; here, his brave colleague, Father Compain, performed a portion of his arduous apostolic labours.

The population of the island, all Roman Catholics, reaches to 750 souls. Formerly the woods used to be infested by myriads of bitterns; the natives call them *Quacs*. They nested in security in this sea-girt domain. The young were juicy and tender. Bittern or *quac* pies were a national institution; hence the jocular name bestowed on the islanders, *Mangeurs de Quacs*—"Bittern-eaters."

A noted and odoriferous production of the place is a species of cream cheese, known as *fromage raffiné*. It acquires its peculiar flavour, it is said, from being allowed to ripen and get mellow in moist

hay. Gourmets relish the flavour, but the smell is not fetching.

The great siege of Quebec brought out in relief the remarkable dexterity of the islanders as marksmen with their long duck guns—*canardières*. On the 23rd June, 1759, when the van of the English fleet, on its way to Quebec, anchored at a spot now called Le Mouillage Anglais, Admiral Durell had good reason to remember Isle-aux-Coudres, as his grandson, a middy, and two other officers were made prisoners at Cap-à-la Branche, whilst riding over the island,

some chroniclers say in quest of game, others to plant the English flag on an eminence. They had their horses shot from under them, without themselves being in any wise hurt, by two Canadian militiamen, François Savard and Nicette Dufour, who had secreted themselves in an ambush planned under the directions of Captain de Niverville, then stationed at St. Joachim, or Baie St. Paul, with a party of sixty Abenakis Indians and sixty Canadian militiamen. The gallant British youths praised the skill of the Canadian marksmen, were sent to Quebec, where they were closely questioned, then transferred to Three Rivers, and finally exchanged and released in the ensuing season.

Between Isle-aux-Coudres and the north shore was the dreaded whirlpool of former times—styled Le Gouffre, which had the nasty habit, at certain periods of the tide, of laying hold of and casting on the beach of Pointe-a-la-Cariole boats caught in its swirling eddies. It has improved its ways of late years. Opposite, lies in a deep indenture in the shore, Bay St. Paul pier, recently erected at the entrance. It facilitates very much coasting navigation. The Swedish naturalist, Peter Kalm, was botanizing and exploring for mines in 1749, amidst the hills of Bay St. Paul; the soil yields iron, plumbago, limestone, garnet rock and curious saline sulphurous springs. Bay St. Paul, like other neighbouring sites, seems to be a volcanic region. The great earthquakes of 1663, 1791, and 1870, left indelible traces all round,

whilst the spring freshets which annually swell the wild and turbulent mountain streams occasionally spread devastation in the valley below.

One of the loftiest hills of the whole Laurentian range meanders from the village up to the dizzy height of Cap-au-Corbeau. I recollect one bright June morning climbing up the arduous slope and standing on its crest. What a marvellously varied and striking panorama was spread before me; at my feet the white-sailed schooners at the entrance of the bay; the sinuous course of the Mare stream and of the serpentine Gouffre, among the hills; to the south old mansions and rich pastures, the Roman Catholic church and convent, and the long straggling village, Cap-à-la-Ray; the bay, far away, dimly visible; the small hamlets, St. Antoine, Perou, St. John, St. Joseph, St. Francis. Cap-au-Corbeau is thus described by a tourist:

"The Cape has something of the majestic and wonderful. At a little distance it might be taken for one of the immense tombs erected in the middle of the Egyptian deserts by the vanity of some puny mortal. A crowd of birds, children of the storm, whirl continually about its fir-crowned brow and seem by their sinister croakings to intone the funeral of some dying man."

About mid-channel, opposite to St. Jean, Port Joli, forty-five miles below Quebec, in the St. Lawrence, which here expands in breadth to twenty-one miles, there rises a bleak, uninhabited island, five miles long at low tide, by one mile broad: Seal Rocks, or Seal Island—the French call it Battures-au-Loups Marins. Doubtless, the seals, for ages, as plentiful as the morse were on the Magdalen Islands, up to the middle of the last century, have now found a safer and more secluded habitat in the far north, though each winter they return to the ice-bound coast. Long after the seals had bidden adieu to these solitary Canadian downs, the native sportsmen put in an appearance. For many years past, with each autumn, and often in advance, the gunners find their way to this famous preserve. In 1854, a l'Islet sportsman, O. B. Fournier, purchased from the provincial government this game resort. The August high tides—exceptionally high, as we all know—reduces the seals' old haunts to about one mile in length and seven acres in width.

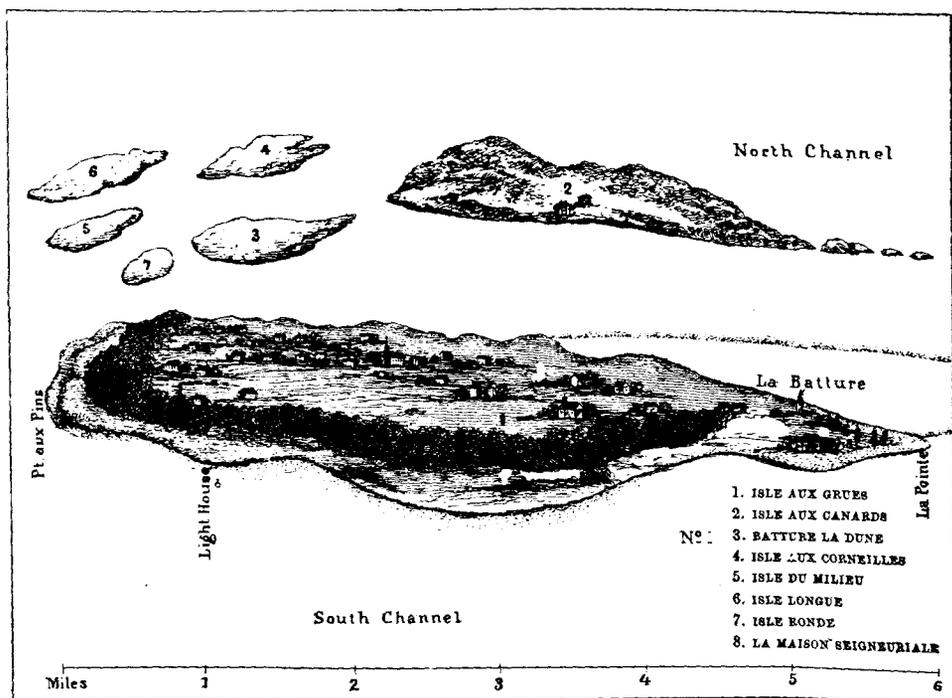
Seal Rocks, lately acquired from Government by F. X. Toussaint, of Quebec, are one of the most noted game preserves in the Province of Quebec.

At early autumn their sedgy beaches re-

sound with the discordant voices of water-fowl feeding there.

Occasionally a few brant hover round, and the Canada goose and white goose, in his daily excursion, in September and October, from the Battures Plates, at St. Joachim, after enjoying a substantial luncheon on the muddy shores at Crane Island, prolongs, hoking as he goes, his rapid, wedge-like flight to Seal Rocks. The shores are also much frequented by sandpipers, plover, curlew, godwits and other small beach birds in August.

The highest area of the Seal Rocks, unclaimed by high tides, is known as the Sportsman's Refuge. On it stands a rude hut, where gunners find a shelter against the easterly gales which sweep over this desolate shore with great violence. Close by, on Chatigny's mound, is the hoary apple-tree of which Mr. de Gaspé in his Memoirs records "that one half bears sweet and the other half, sour apples, though there exists no trace or record of the tree having ever been grafted." This knoll is inseparably associated in the minds of the readers of his sunny memoirs with the gruesome story of Chatigny, the youthful sportsman so cruelly left on the island to starve and die by his perfidious chum, Pierre Jean. A brilliant Fellow of the Royal Society, Prof. G. R. Robert, has in an elegant translation recently familiarized English readers with Mr. de Gaspé's French work. The narrow but deep channel in the St. Lawrence, north of Seal Rocks, generally taken by French ships prior to 1759, is not now travelled over by ocean craft. It is, however, daily used in summer by the Quebec and Saguenay line of steamers and coasting craft. French vessels from sea seem to have steered north-west for Cape Tourmente, from whence they shaped their course through the narrow pass at Pointe Argentenay, on the Island of Orleans, for St. Michel de Bellechasse church, soon reaching the harbour of Quebec. Let us greet, as we ascend the stream, the populous settlements of Islet, Anse-à-Giles, Cape St. Ignace, the lofty, glittering parish church-steeple in each towering above the cluster of surrounding white dwellings which line the highway; a distant, moving column of smoke in the highlands follows the course of the Intercolonial Railway on its daily excursion from Lévis to Halifax and *vice versa*. At night, the shining Pillar light begins its minute revolutions in the offing due north. Here was stranded, in 1858, the ill-fated Allan steamer Cana-



CRANE ISLAND, MONTMAGNY COUNTY.

dian, on a lovely, star-lit night. Was the pilot in charge mad, drunk, dazed or bull-dozed?

Amid channel, with de Beaujeu or McPherson's sandbank intervening, lies Crane Island, the largest and most picturesque of the group, granted by Louis XIV, in May, 1646, to his trusty lieutenant holding court at the Château Saint Louis, Quebec. A famous Nimrod, we would fain believe, was this sporting Knight Grand Cross of Jerusalem, Charles Huault de Montmagny. The flourishing county, which embraces in its electoral limits Governor de Montmagny's cherished shooting-box, now rejoices, under a recent act of Parliament, in the name of Montmagny.

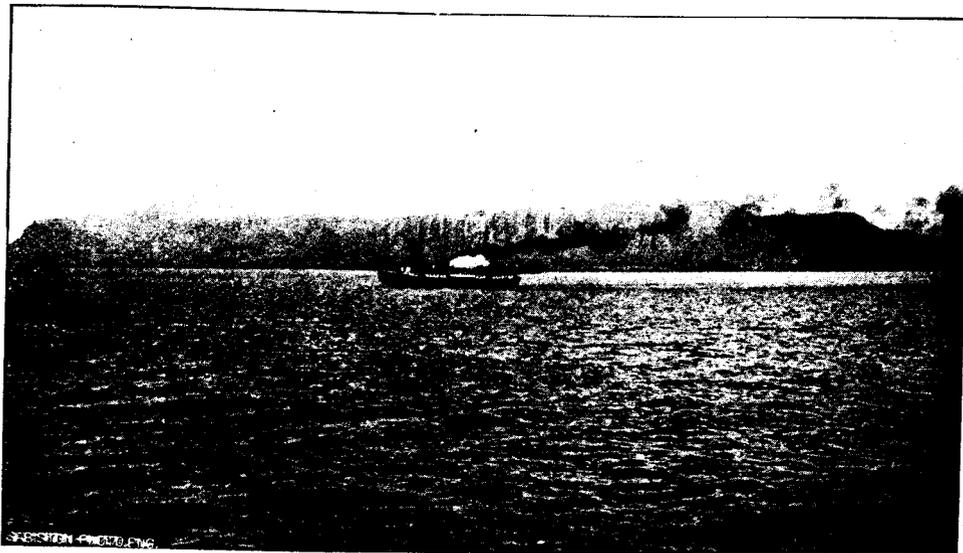
Of the bags of game he annually made up on the verdant and swampy beaches of his isles, of the black duck, teal and snipe he had served up to his merry little court within the sacred precincts of Castle Saint Louis, we have no record save the faint tracings of tradition.

It has been a subject of deep regret to sportsmen and others that stringent legis-

lation was not called into action to protect the ducks nesting on the meadows during the mating season and whilst the young are yet unable to fly. Pot-hunters hunt the helpless fledglings with dogs in July. Night-shooting scares the old birds, who have gradually left the spot to seek secure breeding-places in the more secluded isles on the Labrador coast or in the neighbourhood of Lakes St. John and Mistassini. A few still return to Crane Island each fall. The famous snipe grounds of former times have been partially destroyed by removing the underbrush and ploughing up the marsh near the main road, and being remorselessly and unceasingly shot over. Little Goose Island, connected with Crane Island by a green meadow, covered by water at every high tide, used in former days to be much haunted by Canada geese (*outardes*) and a sprinkling of snow geese. Ravaged by the Iroquois in 1653, it is supposed once to have owned an old feudal manor, in which was immured for years a solitary prisoner of high parentage. The mystery has not yet been solved.

J. M. LEMOINE.

(To be continued.)



Entering Thunder Bay.

# THE QUEEN'S HIGHWAY.

LAKE SUPERIOR AND PORT ARTHUR, ONTARIO.

“THE Unsalted Sea,” “North American Sanitarium,” “Brother to the Sea,” “Big Sea Water,” or by whatever name Lake Superior may be known, no name, no matter how high sounding, will convey an adequate idea of the majestic beauty of this flood, girdled by its lofty granitic shores, and broken by rocky islets both great and small, with rugged promontories dividing its waters and deep bays pushing far inland. This region was conceived in no gentle mood, for nature, in a paroxysm of anger, piled the rough rocks mountain high, lifted up sheer walls and belted the flood with a dyke so high and impenetrable that its surface lies over six hundred feet above the ocean's level, although its deepest part is over seven hundred feet below the surface of the sea. This immense body of water, owing to its great depth, never becomes warmed to the degree that its shallower fellows do, and as a result the air is cooler around Lake Superior in summer than in an inland region of the same latitude. Thus when the great lake cities of Michigan, Huron, Erie and Ontario are sweltering in a tropical heat, the cooling breezes blow soft over Superior carrying life and health in their very

breath. Year by year the number of people who make the Lake Superior trip is increasing. In the heat of early summer I have heard the dweller in the lower Mississippi valley speak of the delights of the lake trip, and have seen the Canadian exile in St. Louis brighten at the thought of its midsummer pleasures.

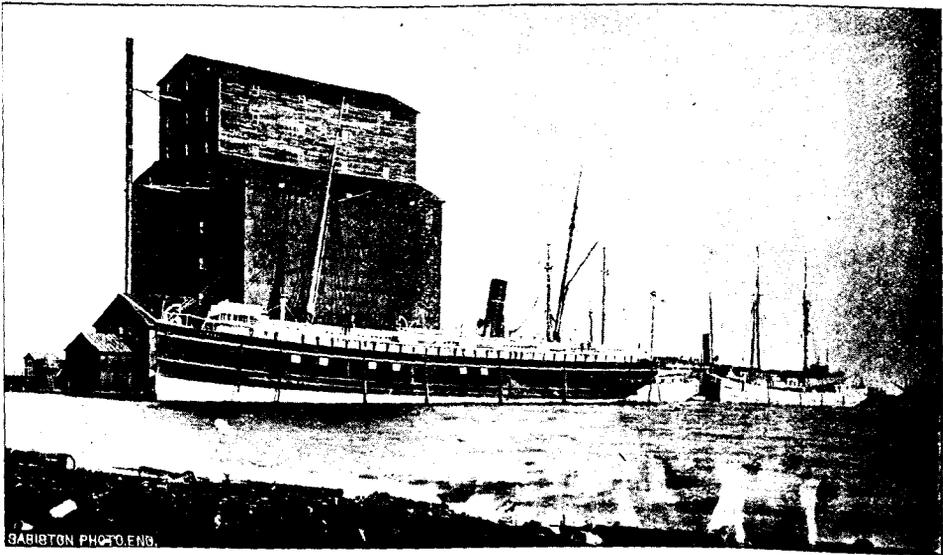
Viewed in the beauty of its early morning repose, when the thin mists are fleeing away in the life and sparkle of mid-day, or in the resistless strength of its roaring breakers when the storm god moves upon its face, this lake is always majestic; “The Throne of the Invisible.”

Fleets of vessels enter Lake Superior at Sault Ste. Marie and steam over its bosom for days before they enter the furthest harbour. Thousands of tourists make the round trip, and go home determined to return with each successive season. Those floating palaces of steel and wood, the steamers of the Canadian Pacific and the Sarnia lines, cross the lake from the “Soo,” and, steering by the end of Isle Royale, enter one of the grandest natural harbours in the world, rimmed around by sheer promontories, lofty island piles and precipitous mountain chains. On the western shore of this

great bay, under the immediate shelter of welcome islands, lies the pretty town of Port Arthur, rising gently step by step from the water, until its topmost houses dominate the crest of a hill two hundred and fifty feet higher than the wharves below and beyond it. A safe harbour has been rendered doubly safe by the construction of a long breakwater, running from the extreme north to the extreme south of the town, which was built at a cost of half a million of dollars. Within the protection of these strong walls a fleet of vessels may lie in perfect safety at any one of the row of piers jutting out into deep water, or by the big elevator looming up on the north side of the town.

position and site have marked for it a bright future, when the growing stream of grain will pour in an ever-increasing tide onward to the shores of Lake Superior from its source on the prairies of Manitoba and the west.

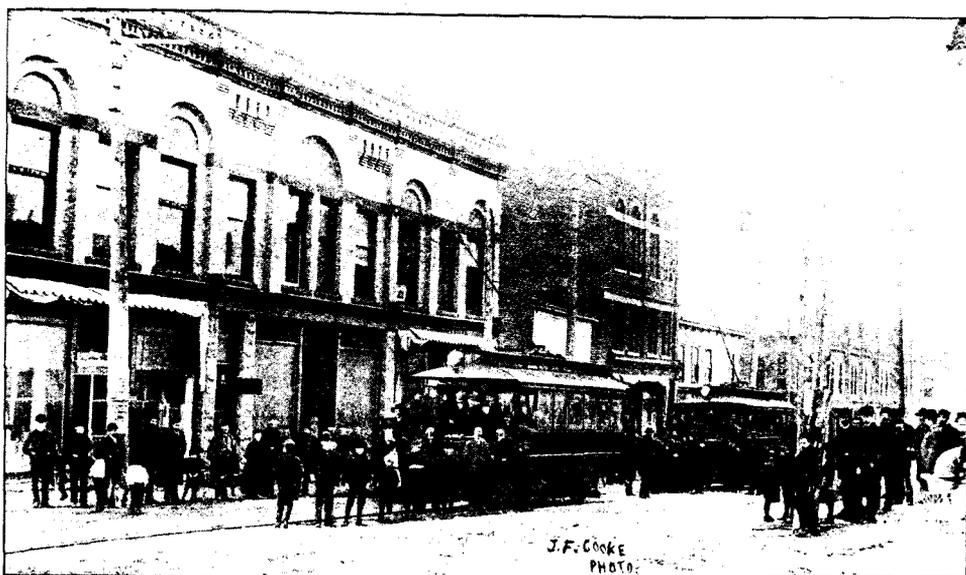
Where inland carriage ceases and water carriage begins, where hulk is broken and merchandise is transhipped, where the steamer exchanges freight with the box car and the elevator transfers grain to the barge, there a great city must grow up, and its growth will keep pace with the development of the country whose lake port it is. Duluth and Superior draw their trade from half a dozen states, but they have no broader acres nor more generous



"Down by the Elevator."

For more than thirty years steamers have plied between Sault Ste. Marie and this place, and years before Lord Wolseley gave it its first name of Prince Arthur's Landing in 1869, it had been the only steamboat port on the north shore. With the beginning of the construction work on the C. P. R., the town rose slowly into importance, until during the building of the North Shore section it felt the influence of a genuine boom, and a rapid growth followed. It was, however, doomed to feel the depression consequent upon the completion of that section of the railway and the withdrawal of the great force of men employed upon it. It has passed safely through the worst of the depression and is now surely drawing up the grade. Its natural advantages of

land, nor finer grain country, nor better grazing regions, nor richer mines, than those which lie on the Queen's Highway beyond the "Big Sea Water." With the settlement of Manitoba's prairies and the increase of herds in the northwest provinces, will come that greater volume of trade that means growth and prosperity to the lake port of those provinces, which in size and resources discount that region from which Duluth draws her traffic. As an evidence of growing trade, the customs returns for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1892, may be cited. The exports were \$2,427,326; the imports \$525,274; on which duty amounting to \$114,546.54 was collected. The figures of the previous year were, exports, \$304,752; imports, \$487,255; duty collected, \$107,625.81



Opening of the Electric Street Railway.

In these figures are included the trade of Port Arthur and her twin sister Fort William, an outpost of that town.

In the area of her piers seven in number, having an average length of nine hundred feet, the port has sufficient to accommodate all the merchandise which seeks her shores and capable of giving wharf facilities to a whole fleet of lake vessels. Sometimes representatives from all the leading Canadian lines and some American lines plying on Lake Superior may be seen lying by the wharves discharging passengers and freight. The three steel propellers of the C. P. R. line, and the two wooden ones of the Sarnia line call regularly here, and there is the usual detail of tramp steamers and vessels in the coal and wheat trade coming and going, and the local boats owned in the town. The principal one of the latter is the big steel barge "Algonquin," valued at \$130,000, being 253 feet long and capable of carrying a cargo of 80,000 bushels when loaded to draw sixteen feet of water, or 68,500 when drawing fourteen feet of water; she is owned by the "Canadian Steel Barge Co." of Port Arthur. The "Cambria," a large side-wheel vessel containing thirty-two well appointed staterooms, is owned by a local company, and makes three trips weekly to Duluth, to accommodate the local traffic. There are also the tugs engaged in the fish trade of the town. This is one of the most important fishing ports on the lakes; five

tugs, thirty-five sailboats and one hundred and thirty-five men are employed by one company alone, and their catch, which is principally whitefish and salmon trout, aggregating four hundred tons, is valued at \$30,000. It is disposed of in eastern and southern cities of Canada and the United States. The fishing is carried on principally in the deep waters of Thunder and Black Bays. The fish when caught are immediately cleaned and packed in ice to be shipped thus to their destination.

Inside the breakwater in summer may be seen extensive booms of sawlogs towed across the lake, or brought down the line of the P. A. D. & W. R. from the great limits thereon. One firm (Vigars Bros.) produce from one and a half to two million feet of lumber, square timber, lath and shingles, the value of their output running from \$30,000 to \$35,000 per year, the industry employing forty men. The lumber trade of Thunder Bay is yet in its infancy, but is rapidly growing in importance, the estimated cut of lumber on the P. A. D. & W. R. this year being about eight million feet. The large foundry and machine shop of Woodside Bros. supplies the region with iron manufactures, and does the repairs for mines, steamboats, etc.; a good planing factory is also in operation here. The elevator of the C. P. R. with a capacity of 330,000 bushels of wheat has been rented by Marks, King & Co. for the purpose of carrying on the general business of grain cleaning and

storing on an extensive scale, already employing twenty-five men in the work. The trade of Port Arthur embraces sections of the C. P. R. east and west, and the whole of the P. A. D. & W. R. already constructed seventy miles west. Quite a wholesale business is carried on by Port Arthur merchants, as this is the distributing point for the whole of Thunder Bay region, with its fish, fur and timber trade, and its mines of gold, silver, copper, iron, lead, nickel, asbestos, and phosphates. All of these minerals are found here in varying quantities, from the almost unparalleled riches of some of the silver mines and the vast deposits of iron ore to the latest "finds" in zinc and nickel. From the time when Oliver Dounais was

stones, agates, amethyst, greenstone, serpentine, etc., all found in abundance on the north shore of Lake Superior. Tourists buy these freely as mementoes of their trip up the lakes, and their quaint and useful forms may be seen on many an eastern table.

But in spite of all the mineral wealth of the district, in spite of the richness of veins loaded with silver, a strange fatality has followed the industry of mining here. Silver Islet, after yielding over three millions of dollars of silver, was abandoned when the shell of the island alone remained to mark the spot of one of the richest mines in the world. Various other mines on the mainland have been worked in a sort of intermittent manner

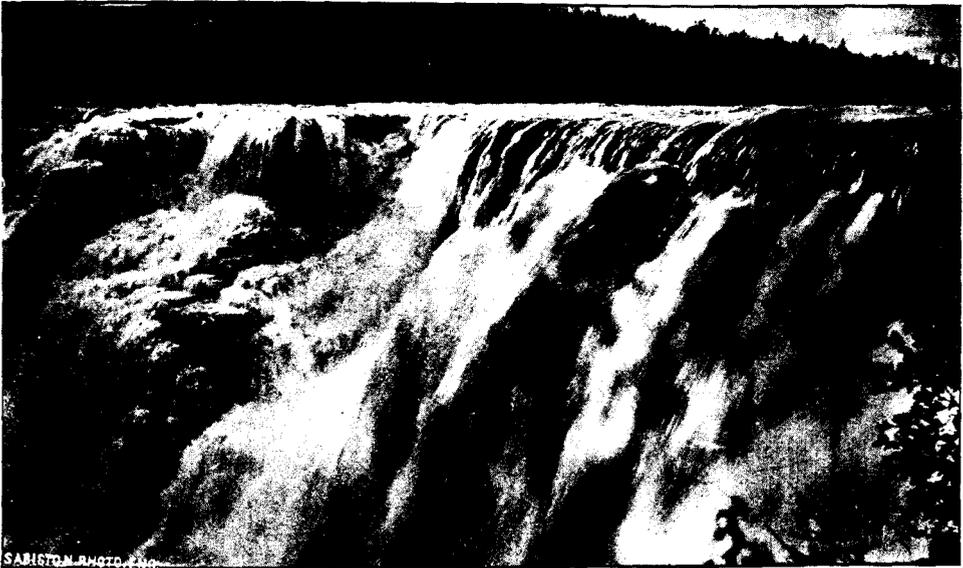


A bit of the Town.

made acquainted by the Indians with the long guarded secret of the wealth of Rabbit Mountain, finds have been made from time to time of a richness sufficient to convince the most skeptical of the mineral wealth which lies buried in the mountain ranges and bedrock of this region. Masses of pure native silver have been torn from their rocky home, that for richness and beauty are unsurpassed, and in every cabinet or collection of minerals in town, specimens of incomparable beauty may be found. The average citizen here, male or female, goes around wearing jewelry and trinkets made from quartz and silver specimens, and a large trade is carried on by jewellers and fancy goods dealers in these and in all the forms of beautiful precious

or shut down when the limited capital embarked in the enterprise was expended on preliminaries to the actual work of mining. When the treasures of Rabbit Mountain came to light and several lucky discoverers had made fortunes thereby, it was hoped that the business of mining on these finds would be carried on in a systematic manner. Death, and the unprincipled actions of some stockholders have entangled several of the most promising of these new mines in the meshes of a legal contest, and the work stands still while the fight goes on.

But this sort of thing cannot go on forever and the return of order and confidence is assured in this industry as it is in all others where capital and labor work har-



Kakabeka Falls.

moniously together. When these mines are worked by people who are content with a reasonable return on the capital invested, mining will speedily become a profitable industry in Thunder Bay. The immense iron deposits in Atikokan and Gunflint Lake are beginning to attract attention among American and Belgian capitalists; the C.P.R. is turning its attention to the former region while the P. A. D. & W. R. is building right through the latter and on to the Minnesota boundary. Within four miles of the Canadian side, lies a group of iron locations which have been consolidated into one and the company owning it have made a contract with the P. A. D. & W. R. to extend their line the necessary four miles, and in return the iron company are to ship one hundred thousand tons of iron ore over the road each year. This ore will be transhipped at Thunder Bay. Wealthy Belgian capitalists have an option on locations in the Atikokan range and are waiting for railway communication. With the development of iron mines will come the need of blast furnaces and Port Arthur's business men are preparing to move to have these established here; the town council will give a liberal bonus towards the establishment of such furnaces at or near the town. As Canada now imports over 60,000 tons of pig iron yearly, and to stimulate the production of pig iron the Canadian government have put a duty of \$4.00 per ton on it, and also

offer an additional royalty of \$2.00 per ton on its production, a genuine impetus should be given to that industry on Lake Superior, which will soon lead to the building of factories for the manufacture of machinery for the farmers of Manitoba. The Ontario government will likely also offer a bounty on the production of pig iron. The Ontario government and the municipalities of Shuniah and Port Arthur are joining hands in the establishment of a mining school for the practical and theoretical training of the young men of the district.

The deposits of brown building stone, marble, and granite, near the town will be a source of considerable revenue in the future. Owing to the presence of immense forests of spruce and poplar, the establishment of a pulp mill here should be a profitable investment. There is no valid reason why flour and oatmeal mills should not be established on the shores of Thunder Bay. The waterpower of Current River alone is sufficient for half a dozen large mills, but in addition to it there is the vast waterpower of Kakabeka Falls, and the less important streams nearer Port Arthur. The day is coming when the wheat of Manitoba will be ground on the shores of Lake Superior, Thunder Bay leading western milling interests as Duluth is beginning to lead Minneapolis.

The deepening of the present canals and the completion of the "Soo" canal are of

great interest to Port Arthur people, as they are directly concerned in the carrying trade that will spring up between Liverpool and Lake Superior ports.

The building of the Port Arthur, Duluth & Western Railway has been of great material benefit to the town. A fine traffic in pine sawlogs and cedar has already sprung up over the line, and the opening up of the iron mines means great possibilities to its lake terminus. The railway company have pushed the work forward until the rails are laid seventy miles, the roadbed completed ten miles farther, and the remaining ten miles are under construction to the boundary line. Work has also been commenced on the Kakabeka and the Rainy River branches.

But mining, fishing, and lumbering must not be considered the sole dependencies of this district. Within fourteen miles of Port Arthur lies great tracts of good farming land which have already attracted communities of farmers, and over a wide area of Oliver, Neebing, McIntyre and Paipoonge the wheat fields are pushing back the forests, and the cattle graze in the half cleared tangle of the beaver meadow's bottom. A good quality of wheat is grown and marketed at the elevators; oats, potatoes, and all kinds of field vegetables are also grown in abundance.

Moved by a desire to connect the town with the grain elevators and coal docks at Fort William, the town council in 1891 undertook the construction of an electric railway, and in spite of all obstacles they have almost completed the work. In March last the first electric cars began to run on the steel rails between Port Arthur and Fort William, and the first part of Mayor Ruttan's work is about finished. A line of three miles is now in operation, and this will ultimately be increased to eight miles. The receipts of the line were in excess of the expenses from the start and now show a handsome surplus each month. The coaches are all new and handsome, the system is the overhead trolley one, and the power house is located at Current River, a couple of miles north of the town.

Port Arthur has a number of fine public and private buildings; she has also her share of handsome business blocks. The new post office, costing \$30,000, the high school, costing \$12,000, the public school, the court house, the hospital, the nunnery, chapel and presbytery of the Roman Catholic church, the Presbyterian and

English churches and others are ornaments to the town. The place is supplied with a telephone system, and the electric light; owns a modern ambulance, has churches of all denominations, and societies of every complexion.

Port Arthur is a place where extremes meet; here the forces of civilization and nature wrestle together. The electric car and the dog train are strange street fellows; the birch-bark canoe and the Clyde-built steamer cleave the same waters; the hoary heads of rocky mounts look down on the railway train, the elevator and the nucleus of future cities. Here the brown waters of that stream start on their journey to the St. Lawrence and the sea; a little back of that the darker rivulet begins its long flow to the Hudson's Bay. The place is an outpost near the southern edge of a savage wilderness of rock and forest stretching hundreds of miles to the north, peopled with Indians and tenanted with bear, caribou, lynx, and all manner of fur-bearing animals and game.

The town has few rivals in the varied attractions within her borders. Chief among these is the great cataract on the Kaminstiquia, Kakabeka Falls, where the whole river tumbles over a rocky ledge 147 feet high, and forms one of the finest waterfalls in Canada. Those who desire to see the beauty of the falls can go there over a fine road now, and within a year a spur of the P.D. & W.R. will be constructed from Stanley Park for the convenience of visiting tourists. Nepigon, the king of American trout streams, is only sixty-five miles from the town, and many tourists outfit here for the coveted trip. A whole row of foaming rivers and streams filled with speckled trout flow into Thunder Bay within distances of twenty miles; the most famous of these are Blende, McKenzie, Current, McVicars, Neebing, McIntyre, Whitefish and Carp. In addition to these, many of the small lakes drained by them have been found to be swarming with large speckled trout. The trawling for pike in the mouths of the rivers, and for mountain trout in the larger lakes, is also good. In the fall, duck, geese, partridge, grouse, rabbits, bear and caribou are plentiful.

In the palatial Northern, not excelled this side of Toronto, and in the Algoma and other hotels, tourists may find accommodation of the highest class, and in the cool of a never-heated, but clear and bracing atmosphere in the dog days of other climes, they may renew their youth

in the most pleasant of drives, in the exercise of rowing and in the fascination of yachting.

Port Arthur is beautiful. Seen in the vivid verdure of summer, sitting royally upon her terraced throne, her feet bathed in the dark blue waters of the bay, her

diadem groves of poplar and evergreens, wrapped in robes of grass, foliage and flowers, she looks toward the east waiting for the coming of a new era, for the dawn of a great prosperity. No fairer picture can be seen in a country of royal scenery.

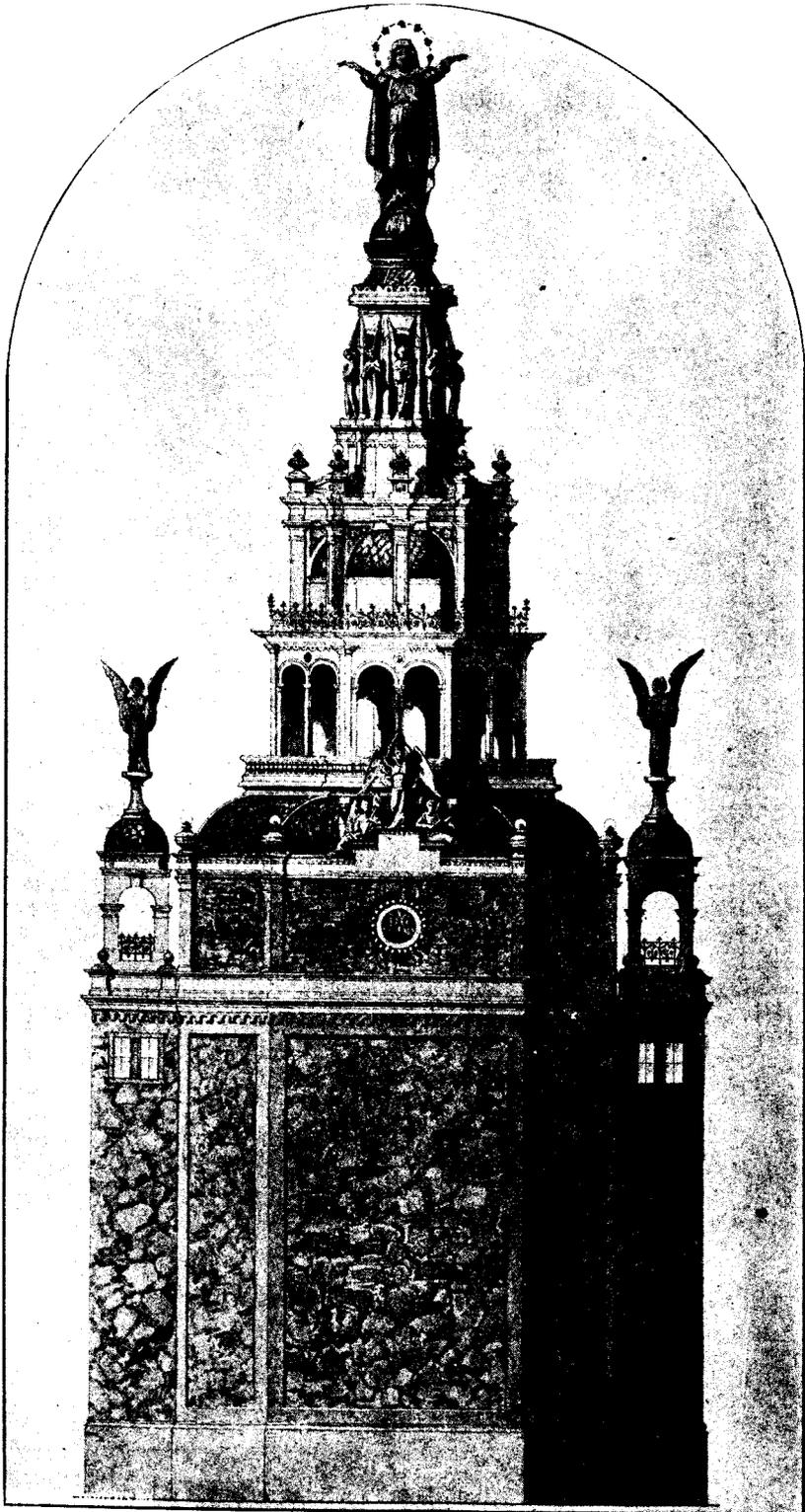
H. S. WOODSIDE.

## MONUMENT AT BONSECOURS CHURCH, MONTREAL.

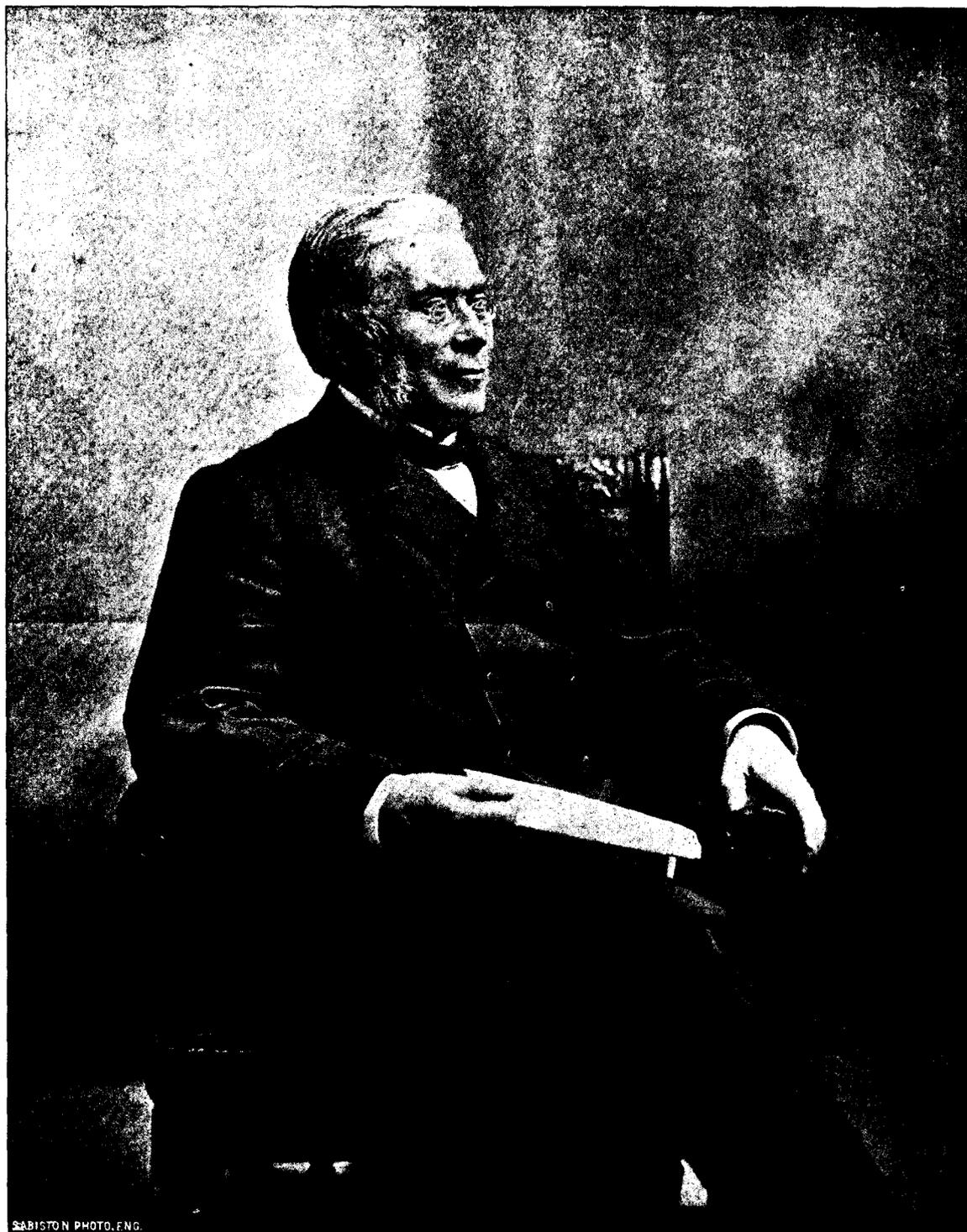
To the few monuments possessed by Montreal, the colossal statue of Our Lady of Bonsecours—an illustration of which appears on the next page—will be a most important addition. It will commemorate an event of no small interest in the history of that city—the founding of the chapel by Soeur Marguerite de Bourgeoys in 1658, on the site now occupied by that quaint memorial of the early days of *Ville Marie*, the Bonsecours Church. Begun in that year its erection was warmly aided by Chomedey de Maisonneuve, founder and first governor of the town; he gave the necessary land, and, it is said, cut down the first tree in the forest which covered the site. Unexpected obstacles delayed the completion of the edifice, and it was not opened for worship until 1675; but for the next three quarters of a century the little chapel was a prominent feature in the ecclesiastical life of the growing town. In 1754 it was destroyed by fire, and the troubles of the colony, resulting chiefly from the protracted war then beginning with Great Britain, made its rebuilding an impossibility until 1771, when work was commenced on the present church, and two years later it was opened for divine

service. Despite some so-called “improvements” which were carried out a few years ago (which were in truth mutilations of some of the most picturesque features of the building) Bonsecours church has for nearly a century and a quarter been one of the most interesting and quaint of the many churches of this city, and the centre of the religious devotion and thought of no small portion of the community.

In commemoration of the founding and history of this building the Rév. Abbé Lenoir, assisted by the Roman Catholic population of the city, is now preparing to erect this statue on the summit of a stone chapel to be built on the roof of the present edifice, in connection with some changes rendered necessary by the widening of Commissioners street for the new harbour improvements. The pediment will be of stone, supported by pillars; the statue will be of bronze, thirty feet in height, and representing Our Lady of Bonsecours. The plans and specifications have been prepared by Mr. F. E. Meloche, and the modelling of the statuary will be carried out by Mr. P. Laperle, both of Montreal.



Abside de l'Eglise de Notre-Dame de Bonsecours, Montreal.



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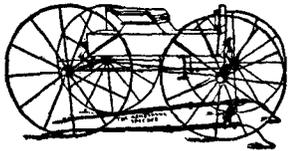
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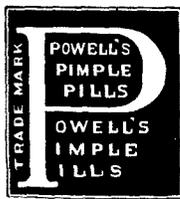
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This tall hat out of sight pretty quick  
But alas for his foot  
For a base boy had put  
Underneath it a nice heavy brick.

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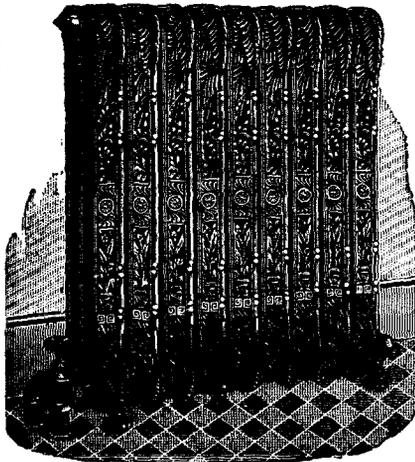
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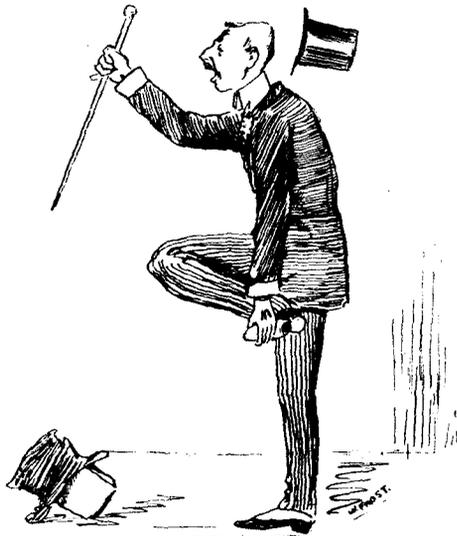
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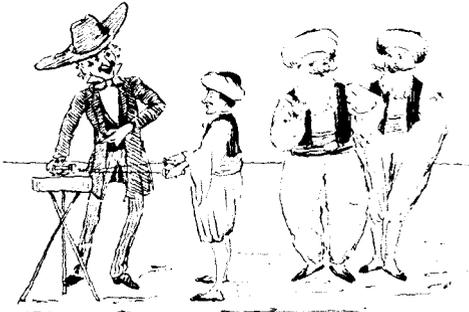
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*His intelligent foreigner cried.*

*Scientific research is my pride!*

*This machine you shall see.*

*Will recuperate me.*

*But he couldn't leave go—eeked!*



## SUMMER FOOD.

Half the illness that occurs at one season, I think I can safely say, is due to improper dieting taken at another. We hear of people feeling weak in the spring, or suffering from those different ailments due to malnutrition, such as boils, skin diseases, obesity, or debility. Now this would not be so if the person adapted his diet to his requirements and to the season. No sensible person would think of keeping a large fire burning in his room in the summer. If he did, he would undoubtedly soon feel the effect of it; but many a man who would feel himself insulted if he were not thought a sensible person, will eat in the summer to repl-

tion foods the particular action of which is to supply heat in excess. Perhaps I can not do better here than to explain that the foods that are converted into heat—that is, keep up the heat of the body—are starches, sugar, and fat; and those that more particularly nourish the nervous and muscular system are the albumen and salts; and a perusal of, or reference to, the following table will show what these are, and also the amounts of the different constituents they contain. At a glance the reader will see that the largest proportion of summer food should consist of green vegetables, cooked or as salads; white or lean meats, such as chicken, game, rabbits, venison, fish, and fruits.—*From*

*Proper Diet for Hot Weather, by DR. N. E. YORKE DAVIES, in The Popular Science Monthly for July.*

## AN ANECDOTE OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR.

The forces behind William II. are such as have never been cultivated in Russia, whose Czar lives in hourly dread of assassination, and whose people are so many items of an official budget, so many units in a military report. The German Emperor walks about the streets of his towns as fearlessly and naturally as any other man, although the life of his grandfather was twice attempted. One day, in November of 1891, he was walking with a guest through the narrow and crowded thoroughfare of a city not far from Berlin. The sidewalks were narrow, and, as the Emperor is a fast walker, he frequently had to step out into the street to pass other pedestrians, and especially clusters of people who stopped for a chat. His companion, who had been in Russia, was struck by the democratic manner in which the German Emperor rubbed in and out amongst porters, fish-wives, peasants, and the rest of the moving crowd, chatting the while, and acting as though this was his usual manner of getting about. He was struck still more by the fact that no precautions against a possible murderous fanatic appeared to have been taken, and ventured to speak of this. The Emperor laughed heartily, and said: "Oh, if I had to stop to think of such things, I should never get through with my day's work."—*Poultney Bigelow, in the Century.*

"While I write the wheels are gathering for the weekly Saturday run. Noiselessly, gracefully, they circle on the wide asphalt street before the clubhouse, or rest against the trees or railings of the emerald boulevard. Young men and old men, trimly clad, fitly trained, bright-eyed and merry, wait for the coming of 'the ladies,' of whom—oh, happy day! I may be one. Hurry, for the time is up; see, they are forming into line, *place aux dames!* In this civilized age we are expected to take the lead, eh, my sisters? How proud they are to have us! How happy are we to go! Off to the halfway-house, where tea and song and story await us; back, under the fair young moon. And to-morrow for tired bones to rest!—*Grace E. Denison, in Outing.*

## Contents of Recent Issues

OF

## THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY.

## No. 2.—MARCH.

- The Raid from Beauséjour, Chaps. III-IV, (*Illustrated*).  
CHAS. G. D. ROBERTS.
- From Canada to St. Helena, (*Illustrated*).  
A. MCCOCK.
- To My Canary Bird. GEORGE MARTIN.
- Deacon Snider and the Circus, (*Illustrated*).  
WM WILFRED CAMPBELL.
- Jamaica Vistas, (*Illustrated*). DR. WOLFRED NELSON.
- When Bill Came Down, (*Illustrated*) ED W. SANDYS.
- Historic Canadian Waterways—The St. Lawrence, I,  
(*Illustrated*). J. M. LEMOINE.
- Scraps and Snaps. F. BLAKE CROFTON.
- The New Quebec Ministry, (*Illustrated*). EDITOR.
- Curling in Canada, (*Illustrated*). JAMES HEDLEY.
- "How Jack Won His Snowshoes," (*Illustrated*).  
SAMUEL M. BAYLIS.

## No. 3.—APRIL.

- Frontispiece—Easter.
- The Raid from Beauséjour, Chaps. V-VI, (*Illustrated*).  
CHAS. G. D. ROBERTS.
- Resurgam. MARGARET EADIE HENDERSON.
- Indian Medicine Men and Their Magic, (*Illustrated*).  
E. PAULINE JOHNSON.
- To the Princess Mary of Teck. LILY E. F. BARRY.
- The Church of the Kaisers, (*Illustrated*).  
A. M. MACLEOD.
- Goodridge Bliss Roberts, (*Illustrated*). C. G. ABBOTT.
- Garry of Garmitch Bridge, (*Illustrated*).  
GOODRIDGE BLISS ROBERTS.
- Canadian Nurses in New York, (*Illustrated*).  
SOPHIE M. ALMON HENSLEY.
- April. MALCOLM W. SPARROW.
- Scraps and Snaps. F. BLAKE CROFTON.
- Curling in Canada, II, (*Illustrated*). JAMES HEDLEY.
- Recollections of Charles Hadden Spurgeon, (*Illustrated*).  
REV. JAMES GRANT.
- Modern Instances. CHAS. G. D. ROBERTS.

## No. 4.—MAY.

- Frontispiece—Falls of the River Ste. Anne.
- The Raid from Beauséjour, Chap. VII-VIII.  
(*Illustrated*). CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.
- John Gilmary Shea, (*Illustrated*). GEO. STEWART.
- A River of Geese, (*Illustrated*). ED. W. SANDYS.
- Women's Work in McGill University, (*Illustrated*).  
HELEN R. Y. REID.
- The Change. W. HAMLYN.
- Jeanette.—I. From the French of M. Beaubourg.
- Lacrosse in the Maritime Provinces, (*Illustrated*),  
H. H. ALLINGHAM.
- Historic Canadian Waterways—The St. Lawrence. II. (*Illustrated*).  
J. M. LEMOINE.
- Scraps and Snaps. F. BLAKE CROFTON.
- Odds and Ends about Edinburgh, (*Illustrated*).  
A. M. MACLEOD.
- Modern Instances. CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.
- An Incident of the Year '13. ERNEST CRUIKSHANK.

## No. 5.—JUNE.

- Frontispiece—A Cape Breton Scene.
- The Bible Oracle, *Illustrated*. FRED. GEO. SCOTT.
- Music and Musicians in Toronto, *Illustrated*.  
S. FRANCES HARRISON.
- The Gift. SOPHIE M. ALMON HENSLEY.
- McLarty's Kicking-Bee, *Illustrated*. JAS. B. STEELE.
- The Old Saxon Capital of England, *Illustrated*.  
A. M. MACLEOD.
- Jeanette. (Concluded.)  
From the French of MAURICE BEAUBOURG.
- Triumph. GOODRIDGE BLISS ROBERTS.
- A Century of Legislation. I. *Illustrated*.  
FRANK YEIGH.
- Opportunities for the study of Folk-lore in  
Canada. JOHN READE.
- Scraps and Snaps. F. BLAKE CROFTON.
- A Piece of Bread, *Illustrated*.  
From the French of FRANCOIS COPPEE.
- Canoeing in Canada, *Illustrated*. "MAMAC."
- Correspondence.

## No. 6.—JULY.

- Frontispiece.—Lake St. Joseph
- The Renunciation of Grahame Corysteen, (*Illustrated*)  
JESSIE A. FREELAND.
- A Century of Legislation, (*Illustrated*).  
FRANK YEIGH.
- A Gift of Flowers. A. M. MACLEOD.
- fooling and Fishing about Megantic, (*Illustrated*).  
ED. W. SANDYS
- Old Acadian School Days. A. J. LOCKHART.
- A Feminine Camping Party, (*Illustrated*).  
MAUD OGILVY.
- The Dominion Educational Association Convention,  
(*Illustrated*). ERNEST M. TAYLOR
- Yachting on Lake Ontario, (*Illustrated*).  
G. E. EVANS.
- Scraps and Snaps. F. BLAKE CROFTON.

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The Allison Company has perfected a device which is very simple in construction, and is operated by the brakeman of the train, who pushes a lever, whereupon a gong is sounded, and a plate is exposed to view bearing the name of the approaching station. It consists of a frame of neatly ornamented wood, placed in prominent position at each end of the car, containing a number of thin iron plates, painted with the names of the stations in characters legible in any part of the car. The backs of these plates are utilized for advertising purposes, and as a medium of advertising is excelled by none.

This indicator has been adopted by the Grand Trunk Railway for their entire system and in conformity with the terms of the contract we have the sole right to advertise in their passenger cars.



The first instalment has been completed and is a marked success, and now the Allison Company respectfully solicit the patronage of the public. As a medium of advertising one can readily understand how much superior it is to any other, when it is remembered that no advertisement except those contained in the "Indicator" is allowed to appear in any of the Grand Trunk cars; that as the advertisement on view in the "Indicator" appears directly under the plate showing the name of the station being approached, every passenger in the car can not fail to observe it; that the Grand Trunk passes through all the principal cities and towns in Canada; these and many other circumstances combine to make The Allison Railway Station Indicator the best advertising medium recommended to the public.

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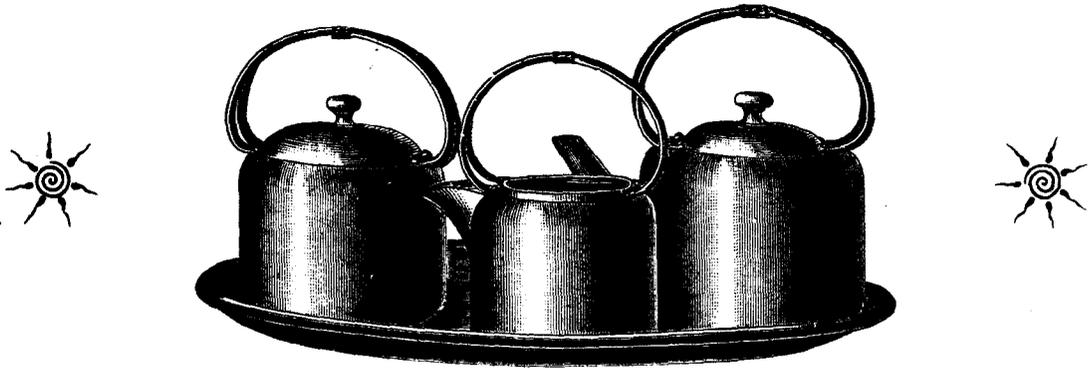
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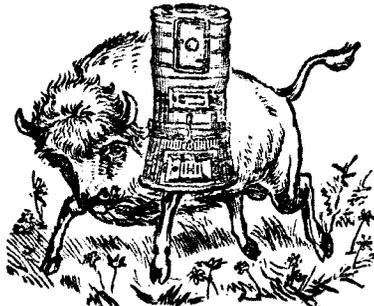
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HENRY BIRKS & CO.  
DIAMOND DEPARTMENT

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