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# THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

(TRADE MARK.)

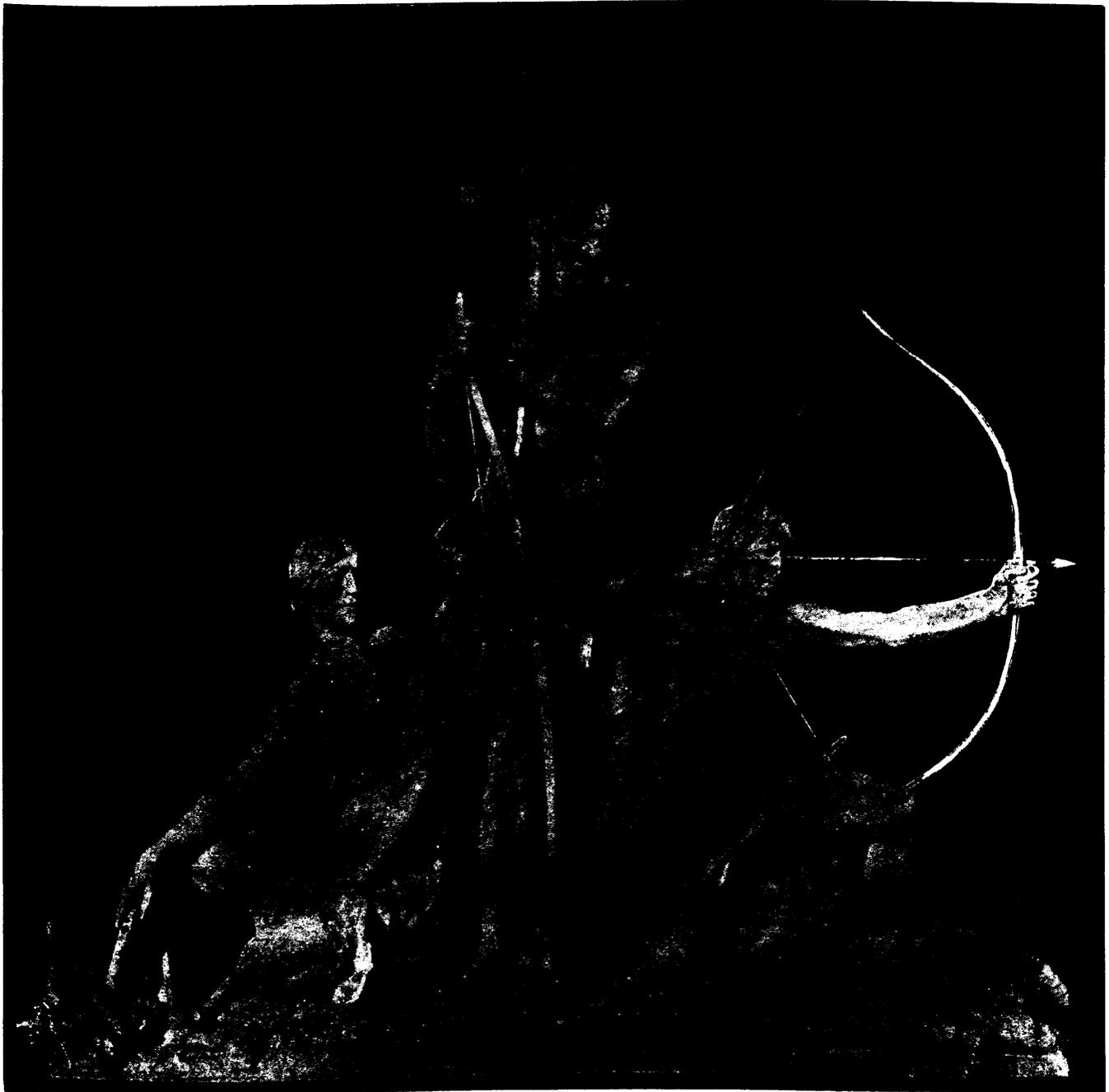
ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF PARLIAMENT OF CANADA, IN THE YEAR 1889, BY GEORGE E. DESBARATS, AT THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.

(REGISTERED.)

VOL. III.—No. 55.

MONTREAL AND TORONTO, 20th JULY, 1889.

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10 CENTS PER COPY. " " 6d. STG.



GROUP OF INDIANS,

By the Canadian sculptor, Philippe Hébert ; designed for the fountain in front of the Parliament Buildings, Quebec, and now on Exhibition at Paris.

# The Dominion Illustrated.

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20th JULY, 1889.

## PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

A series of circumstances beyond our control necessitates a change from our list of illustrations in this number as originally designed, and we are obliged to put off the publication of Mrs. Spragge's sketches, Series VII. Improvements now being made in our engraving department will enable us when completed to publish portraits, events, views, etc., with great dispatch and certainty. While these changes are in progress, we have to request the indulgence of our readers.

From *The Canada Gazette*, 22nd June, 1889:

"Public Notice is hereby given that under 'The Companies Act,' letters patent have been issued under the Great Seal of Canada, bearing date the 27th May, 1889, incorporating Sir Donald A. Smith, K.C.M.G., M.P., Hon. George A. Drummond, Senator, Andrew Robertson, Chairman Montreal Harbour Commissioners, Richard B. Angus, director Canadian Pacific Railway, Hugh McLennan, forwarder, Andrew Allan, shipowner, Adam Skaife, merchant, Edward W. Parker, clerk, Dame Lucy Anne Bossé, wife of George E. Desbarats, George Edward Desbarats, A.B., L.L.B., publisher, and William A. Desbarats, publisher, all of the city of Montreal and Province of Quebec; Gustavus W. Wicksteed, Queen's Counsel, and Sandford Fleming, C.M.G., Civil Engineer, of the city of Ottawa and Province of Ontario, and J. H. Brownlee, Dominion Land Surveyor, of the city of Brandon and Province of Manitoba, for the purpose of carrying on the business of engraving, printing and publishing in all the branches of the said several businesses and including publication of a newspaper and other periodical publications, by the name of 'The Dominion Illustrated Publishing Company (Limited),' with a total capital stock of fifty thousand dollars divided into 500 shares of one hundred dollars.

Dated at the office of the Secretary of State of Canada, this 21st day of June, 1889.

J. A. CHAPLEAU,  
Secretary of State."

## THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED.

At a meeting of the directors of this Company, held at the offices of the Company, 73 St. James street, Montreal, on Tuesday, 9th July, the following officers were elected:

Sir Donald A. Smith, K.C.M.G., M.P., President.  
George E. Desbarats, Managing-Director.  
William A. Desbarats, Secretary-Treasurer.

Extracts from letters received by a gentleman in Montreal from some friends in Australia:—

"We have to thank you for all the fine papers you have sent us. The illustrations in the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED are very fine and much admired."

"I must thank you for many Canadian papers, which have been a source of pleasure. Particularly must I mention the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED, which is the most beautiful illustrated paper I have ever seen."

From the *Greenoch Daily Telegraph*:—

PICTORIAL ART IN CANADA.—The *Dominion Illustrated* is a weekly paper published in Montreal and Toronto by G. E. Desbarats & Son; and, judging from a recent issue now before us, its conductors have little to learn from the old country. Eminent Canadians and notable scenes are represented by engravings showing much delicacy and ripeness of artistic skill.

Greenoch, Eng., May 25th.



Canada ought to be represented in the International Congress on Popular Traditions, which is to take place in Paris on the 29th of the present month and following days. The subject is one which has attained considerable importance in recent years. There is not a country in Europe that has not a society or societies devoted to the class of studies which it comprehends. These are myths and popular beliefs, survivals of ancient religions that once largely prevailed; oral literature, in the form of songs, proverbs, children's rhymes, tales, legends, etc.; relics of ancient rhythm and music, such as may be found among the Bretons, the Welsh, the Provençals, the Highlands of Scotland, in the Tyrol, in parts of Germany, Belgium, Ireland, the Balkan Peninsula, Finland, Scandinavia, and, in fact, in all ancient communities; finally, ethnography, a subject which has many branches, dealing with popular art, customs, monuments, costume, ornaments, and a variety of other topics of interest. The committee of the Congress includes representatives of France, England, Germany, Austro-Hungary, Roumania, Portugal, Spain, the United States, Belgium, Italy, Russia, Greece, and other countries in which organizations for this kind of research are in existence, and the proceedings are sure to be unusually interesting. As an off-shoot of the great French nation, the French population of the Dominion ought to have a share in the Congress. Several of our French-Canadian writers have treated of the remains of old Norman and Breton songs and legends that have been handed down from generation to generation since the 17th century, and the presence of one of such experts at the Congress would not only be welcome, but would tend to maintain our prestige among the other nations there represented. Possibly some *Canadien errant*, who may be in Paris at the end of the month, will find his way thither and say a word on our behalf.

Some reference is made elsewhere to the mission of the Hon. J. J. C. Abbott to Australia for the purpose of bringing about, as far as possible, closer commercial relations between the Dominion and that thriving group of colonies. Our position with respect to that part of the Empire has, in recent years, undergone a change, the significance of which cannot be ignored. Not very long ago the western province of Canada was a *terra ignota* to the people east of the great lakes. A company of emigrants did, indeed, cross the continent more than twenty years ago to found a settlement in that distant region, but, for any prospect of maintaining intercourse with their old friends and acquaintances, those bold adventurers might as well have traversed the three Americas from north to south. In one sense, indeed, they would then and for long after have been nearer to us had they sought the banks of the La Plata. But since then a veritable revolution has come to pass, and British Columbia is now but a few days' journey from us. Not only so, but all the vast expanse from Atlantic to Pacific has been linked into one, and the Dominion is not only an Atlantic but a Pacific power. Under such conditions it is evident that our relations to our kindred of the south seas, as well as to Japan and

China, have materially changed. Some of the results naturally expected from this conquest of time and space have already been indicated in this journal. It is not necessary for us, therefore, to insist further on the importance of Mr. Abbott's mission. That he is thoroughly qualified to undertake it, all who know him, personally or by repute, will gladly acknowledge, and we shall await, with a hopefulness, corresponding to his knowledge, prudence and tact, the results of his enquiries and negotiations.

Though they do not show such evidence of activity as we would like to see, the latest returns of British trade with Canada are, on the whole, not discouraging. The exports to Canada during June decreased 10.82 per cent. as compared with June, 1888; the total for the half year, £2,439,594, being a decrease of 1.24 per cent. The largest decline was in horses. Imports from Canada increased 11.16 per cent. during the month, the total for the six months being £1,303,225—an increase of 10.53 per cent. The largest increases were in oxen, flour, cheese and wood. There was a large decline in wheat.

We have again and again referred to the marked progress that has been made of late in the development of our mineral resources. The statement issued some weeks ago by the Geological Survey (though subject to revision on the receipt of fuller returns) shows that the results are in the main most satisfactory and full of promise for the future. The mineral production for 1888 gave a total of \$16,500,000, an increase of \$3,500,000 over that of the preceding year. A like increase is observed in the output of the several minerals. In asbestos the value of the production was represented by \$255,007; that of coal amounted to \$5,259,832; that of gold, to over \$1,000,000; of silver, to \$368,396; of petroleum, to \$716,057; of phosphates, to \$242,285; of lead, to \$27,472; and of steel, to \$470,819. It is confidently expected that, when all the returns are in, the manufactures of iron will yield a total considerably above that of 1887. As yet the development of Canada's mineral wealth is little past the initial stage. Our survey has brought to light its variety and extent, and something has been done in turning the knowledge to practical account. But what has been achieved so far may be looked upon as merely experimental—a feeling of the way, so as to give confidence for the larger and more sustained undertakings of the years to come.

The idea of a permanent railway commission, which was the subject of discussion and recommendation at the recent Millers' Convention, is not new in Canada. A Royal Commission was appointed in 1886 to take the whole question into consideration, and the report published by that Commission, of which Sir A. T. Galt was chairman, sets forth very clearly both the advantages of a permanent organization and the difficulties in the way of it. After a thorough inquiry into the entire range of topics that came within the pale of its instructions, after examining expert witnesses in all our chief cities, and obtaining the fullest information as to the working of the system in Great Britain and the United States, the Commission offered a series of recommendations covering the various interests involved. As to the formation of a tribunal, which would give effect to these recommendations, the Commission felt itself limited to the selection of one of two courses,—firstly, the creation of a commission independent of Govern-

ment control, with practically irresponsible authority; and secondly, the maintenance of the railway committee of the Privy Council, with extended powers, and all requisite departmental machinery for the enforcement of the law. After long and careful deliberation, they came to the conclusion that the latter was the preferable plan—the committee itself to hear and determine disputes, to decide questions of freight classification, tariff and uniformity in railway returns, and to appoint provincial officers for like duties, with ultimate reference of doubtful points to the committee. They also recommended the passing of a general Dominion railway law, which would remove the present confusion, due to conflict of jurisdictions.

The appointment of a Minister of Agriculture for Great Britain may not be without consequences to Canada. After years of depression, agriculture in England seems to have assumed an air of confidence and hopefulness. The speeches at the recent meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society were, on the whole, of a most encouraging character, and, although too much trust cannot be always placed on utterances prompted rather by a sense of what is due to the occasion than by a consideration of realities, there is no reason to doubt that agriculture has received an impulse that is likely to prove fruitful, and to make England less dependent on foreign and colonial farming than she has been for a long time. Whether that revival has any connection with the decrease in the export of wheat from Canada to the United Kingdom we cannot say as yet. The risks of wheat culture in Great Britain are so great that it is only under exceptionally favorable circumstances that it can be engaged in with profit. If one of the results of organizing the new department should be to put the growing of wheat on a more advantageous footing in the United Kingdom, Canada might, of course, feel the effects of the change. But so also would Russia, Australia, India and the United States.

The yearly average of auxiliary food supplies during the last ten years has been about \$450,000,000. The imports of wheat in the seven years, 1879-85, reached the enormous figure of 409,186,000 cwts., valued at £203,323,000 sterling. The aggregate imports of wheaten flour during the same septennial period amounted to 92,959,000 cwts, valued at \$69,235,000 sterling. The other auxiliary food supplies imported into the United Kingdom, comprise potatoes, butter and cheese, eggs, cattle, meat, fresh and salted, bacon and hams, sheep and lambs, lard, etc. The importation of these food supplies has, in the main, gone on increasing since the establishment of free trade, and it has been accompanied by the oft-repeated complaint that British farming is unremunerative. Of the whole area of England about 80 per cent. is considered productive; of Scotland, about 29; of Ireland, about 74; of Wales, 60—the average of the entire United Kingdom being about 60 per cent. Of the productive area cereal crops occupy about a fourth in England and Scotland; a sixth in Wales; a little over a ninth in Ireland—where two-thirds of it constitute permanent pasture-land. The rivalry between the advocates of pasturage, few but powerful, and the claimants of more land for tillage, many but practically powerless, is the vexed question for which the new Minister of Agriculture will be asked to find a solution. To make farming remunerative in the United Kingdom, not for a class, but for the

millions, is a task worthy of the best statesmanship that England has in her service.

We would call special attention to the article, with accompanying chart, on Transatlantic Cable Routes, which appears in the present number. In connection with the subject, we may say that Mr. F. N. Gisborne is now on his way to Belle Isle, in the Government steamer Napoleon, to survey the landing places, etc. He is, we understand, accompanied by Mr. R. R. Dobell, of Quebec, the chief promoter of the enterprise, by Dr. Selwyn, C.M.G., of the Geological Survey, and the Hon. Mr. Boucher de la Bruère, late President of the Legislative Council, Quebec. The party left Quebec on the 13th inst., taking the north shore to Pointe des Esquimaux and the River Natashquan, visiting all the light-houses on Anticosti and back to Tshikaska on the north shore, and thence to Greenly Island and Belle Isle. From this last point they will go to Cape Bauld and other west coast light-houses on Newfoundland. From there they will return, *via* Mingan, to Quebec, devoting about four weeks to the trip. We have reason to believe that the Canada Atlantic Cable will be ere long an accomplished fact—a fact which will be a source of gratification and advantage to the Canadian people.

#### NEW OUTLETS FOR TRADE.

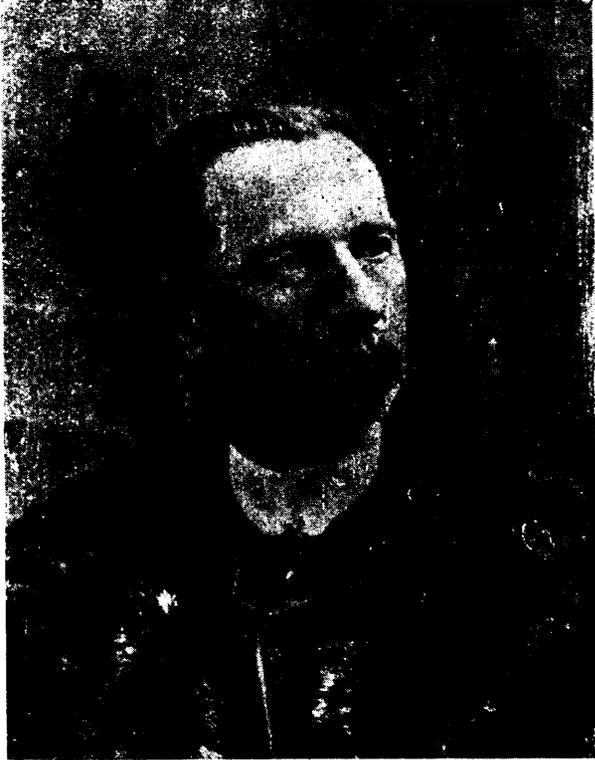
The mission of the Hon. J. J. C. Abbott to Australia is an undertaking from which there is reason to expect results advantageous to both our fellow-colonists and ourselves. That the commercial relations between Canada and Australia have not yet begun to assume the character and dimensions which they might have if the subject were fully ventilated in both countries has long been felt. It may be that those who see grave obstacles to such relations ever becoming very extensive, or very profitable, are correct; but until every effort has been tried to develop them, and to bring about an inter-change of such products of either country as might find a paying market in the other, it is mere guesswork to pronounce for or against them. Outlets for our trade have already been discovered where formerly there were no prospects of any. Ten years ago many commodities, which are now manufactured in Canada, were entirely imported, and once they began to be turned out of Canadian workshops, there was no trouble in finding a destination for them. That there are still parts of the world where the knowledge of their merits has not penetrated, or where they have not succeeded in making way against rival fabrics, is not greatly to be wondered at. The manufacturers of the United States have just been taking to heart the comparative insignificance of their trade with Central and South America, and even with Mexico and the West Indies. A great association has been organized for the purpose of pushing their business into those markets, hitherto in possession almost wholly of Great Britain, France, Germany, and other European countries. By means of far-reaching agencies they hope to make up for what they have missed in the past.

The trade of some of the countries in question is by no means trifling—that of the Argentine Republic, for instance, being \$160,000,000, of which \$98,000,000 represent imports. Brazil, again, has a commerce of nearly \$240,000,000, of which the imports amount to \$105,000,000. The proportion of this large import trade that falls to our neighbors is extremely small—not more than

from 7 to 9 per cent. It is practically the same with Chili, Bolivia, the United States of Colombia, and the other countries of South America. Our own trade with these countries is still more modest. Last year a commissioner was sent by the Government of the Dominion to the South American States on the Atlantic seaboard, and a good deal of valuable information was collected; but the report could not, on the whole, be said to be encouraging. If there were in some directions grounds for hope, there were, on the contrary, drawbacks that could not be ignored. One thing, however, was made clear—that a business could be done, with a little effort on the part of individuals, much more important than that which already existed. The great staple, for instance, of Canada's export trade to the Argentine Republic—one of the most important of South American States—is lumber. Yet, of 212,000,000 superficial feet which the Argentines imported in 1886 only 34,000,000 feet were supplied by Canada. There are, as Mr. Jones, our Commissioner, points out in his report, certain reasons why the amount of Canadian lumber put on the Argentine markets is so limited. One of the reasons is that such lumber has to be specially cut and prepared: a promiscuous ordinary cargo will not satisfy a people clinging tenaciously to their own usages. Mr. Jones has given memoranda of the assortments of white pine, spruce, etc., that suit the River Plata markets. Then there is the question of communication, and there are other points to which we need not refer just now. But no benefit worth having is obtained without some exertion and self-sacrifice. The Europeans who have secured so large a share of the important and remunerative trade with South America had to take thought of many things, and to adapt themselves to the needs and wishes of their customers. On those points those of our readers who are interested should consult Mr. Jones's report, which can be obtained for a trifle without difficulty.

Like our neighbours, we have again and again had discussions as to the measures necessary to develop our trade with the West Indies. The people of the islands so called are to a large extent our fellow-colonists, and our relations ought to be satisfactory to both them and us. Some years ago a good deal was written on the subject, especially in connection with Jamaica, which sent commissioners to Canada to treat with our Government. The enthusiasm rose so high that it was even proposed to make Jamaica a province of the Dominion. There were many obstacles in the way of such a scheme, however, and it never, perhaps, was seriously entertained. But trade with the West Indies is another question. No countries could be better suited for reciprocity of natural productions. They could send us raw sugar, spices, coffee, fruits, and other articles of tropical growth; while Canada could, in return, dispose to them of a portion of her surplus in fish, flour, meal, lumber, cottons, and other commodities in extensive and constant use in the West Indies. That there is still room for improvement in this trade any one can ascertain by looking up the figures in the Tables of Trade and Navigation for recent years.

Now, these are some of the outlets for trade of which Canada has yet to avail herself, if she would derive all the profit possible from her situation and resources. But they are not all. Our continental line of railway has brought us into commercial



PAMPHILE LE MAY, F.R.S.C., Lit. Doct.  
Montminy, photo.



GEORGE STEWART, D.C.L., F.R.G.S.  
Ivernois, photo.

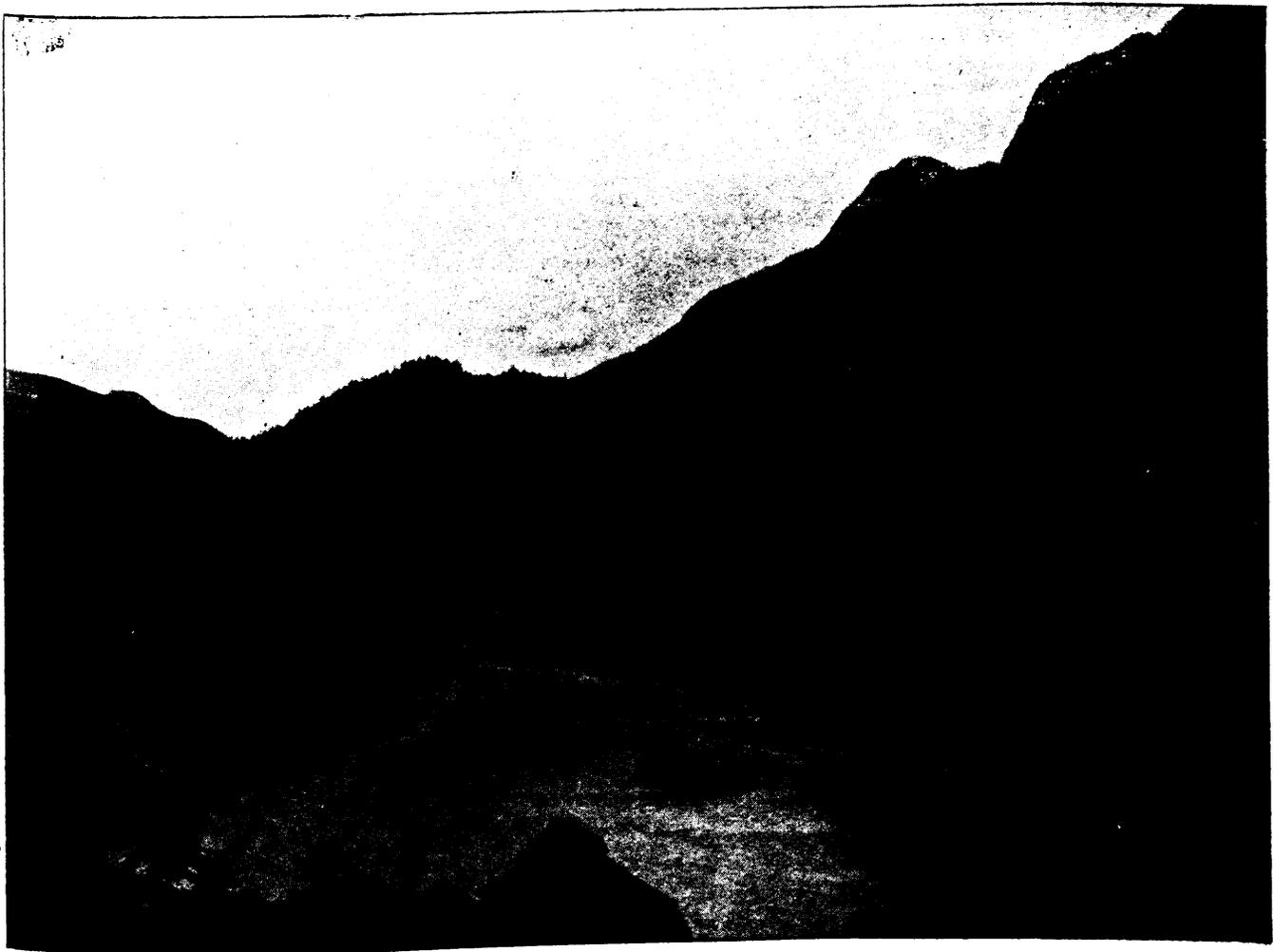


DETACHMENT OF VOLUNTEERS FIRING A VOLLEY OVER COL. LAMONTAGNE'S BODY  
ON THE R. & O. NAV. CO.'S WHARF.



LYTTON, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Notman, photo.



LOOKING DOWN THE FRASER RIVER AT CISCO, B.C.

Notman, photo.

neighbourhood with all the countries to which the Pacific is the highway of traffic. The marvellous up-growth of Vancouver City shows that Canada is not blind to the significance of the change wrought out by our Pacific Railway. Already, moreover, the trade at that port gives evidence that the new North-West passage is no idle dream, no *ignis fatuus* luring to death and disaster. In this trade, China and Japan have naturally prominent places. The imports by the Pacific steamships amounted in 1887 to 10,747 tons; in 1888 they had increased to 20,601 tons. The exports in the two years were 3,428 and 18,802 tons respectively—the difference in which amounts is full of promise. In the imports the chief item is tea, of which last year 20,605,114 lbs. were landed at Vancouver. Yet this traffic is only beginning. That the trade with Australia, as well as with China and Japan, may ultimately attain important proportions there is, at least, some grounds for hoping, and to whatever hopes have hitherto been reasonably entertained, the mission of Mr. Abbott will give a fresh and, we trust, a fruitful impulse.

### THE GENEALOGY OF THE EMPEROR OF CHINA.

The *North China Herald* gives a curious account of the manner in which the genealogical statement of the family of the Emperor of China is periodically compiled. On September 15 last the book containing it was despatched from Peking to Moukden, in Manchuria, for preservation, being honoured by the way as if the Emperor himself were passing. The streets and roads were prepared for its conveyance as if for an Imperial progress. Yellow earth was sprinkled on the surface, all booths were removed, silence reigned along the route, and no one was allowed to be in the street. All windows and doors were closed, and the unfortunate boothkeepers along the line of march lose a week's receipts, for it takes this time to prepare the streets for the passage of the book. The latter is compiled every ten years, and consists of two volumes, one bound in yellow, and one in red. The first contains the names of the Emperor's immediate relatives, the second those of more distant, and these wear yellow and red girdles respectively. The rules for making and keeping the genealogical register are contained in the first of the 920 sections of the book of the Statutes of the Great Pare dynasty. It shows how the Emperor is descended from the Sovereigns who ruled over Manchuria before the establishment of the dynasty in Peking in 1644. Of it three copies are made—the one which goes to Moukden, the cradle of the Imperial race; the other is preserved in a temple near the palace in Peking, and a third by the bureau concerned in all matters relating to the Emperor's clan. All families in this Imperial clan are required annually in the first month to send to this bureau and to the Board of Ceremonies a record of the year, month, day, and hour of each birth. From these nine officials, under control of two Grand Secretaries, compile the lists. The genealogies are made up of the important entries in these annual registers contained in the yellow and red books. When the decennial record has passed through the hands of the transcribers and binders, it is presented to the Emperor for inspection, and a day is fixed for its conveyance to Moukden. At first there was a yellow book only, but later on the Imperial favour was extended to more distant members of the clan who had been omitted, and the red book was provided as a supplement to the other. Naturally they increase rapidly in size, but it is supposed that the names of undistinguished persons are written so small as to occupy little space. The whole system, however, is not a Manchu, but a Chinese one, and existed before the Christian era. A historian of the second century B.C. produces the registers of all the Imperial families prior to that time and of all the nobles of note in ancient China.



GROUP OF ALGONQUINS, FOR THE FOUNTAIN, PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, QUEBEC, BY M. PHILIPPE HEBERT.—Our engraving of this fine piece of sculpture is from a photograph which we owe to the courtesy of M. B. Sulte. The artist's motive is evident enough. The central figure is the *pater familias*. He is standing, with both hands resting on his bow, while, with head turned aside, he watches the arrow which his son, whom he is training in archery, has just launched into the air. The young man is kneeling so as to have more command of the implement. The mother, who is also interested in her son's developing skill, is stirring up the camp fire. The boy partly hidden between the two parents is apparently nervous as to the result. Such are the main features. The general impression of expectancy is well brought out. If we examine the details, the sculptor's skill commands our admiration. Strength and suppleness—attributes on which the Indian brave prided himself—characterize the deftly carved limbs, while the delicacy of handling in the childish figure equally calls for attention. The environment all harmonizes with the known habits of the race. It is a study of wild life, such as Catlin must have witnessed again and again in his artistic travels.

PAMPHILE LE MAY, ESQ., DOCTEUR ÈS LETTRES, F.R.S.C.—The name of Mr. Pamphile Le May, whose portrait we have the pleasure of presenting to our readers in the present number of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED, is well known as that of one of our most charming poets, as a writer of fiction and a dramatist, and as the translator of Longfellow's "Evangeline" and Kirby's "Chien d'Or." He was born at Lotbinière on the 5th of January, 1837. His early years were spent amid the woods and meadows that he has always loved and has sung so sweetly. Having completed his studies at the Seminary of Quebec, he applied himself to the study of the law, and was eventually admitted to the Bar. During his student years he made the acquaintance of his fellow-singer, Louis Fréchette, to whom he has ever since been warmly attached. They both studied under the Hon. Mr. Lemieux, at that time in the Cabinet of United Canada, and Mr. Remillard, now Registrar of Quebec. Through the influence of the former Mr. Le May obtained a position in one of the public offices. Since Confederation he has been Librarian of the Legislature of Quebec. Mr. Le May has been one of the most industrious and versatile of our men of letters. Fiction, essay, drama, epic, lyric, no style comes amiss to him, and as a translator he has few equals. In 1865 he published *Essais Poétiques*, which showed that he had, at least, a genuine gift of song. In 1867 he won the medal offered by Laval University for the best poem on the subject of "La Découverte du Canada." In 1870 he was awarded another gold medal for a "Hymne National pour la Fête des Canadiens-Français." In 1875 he published *Les Vengeances*, which had a deserved success. He now came forward with a two-volume romance: *Le Pèlerin de Sainte-Anne*, and not long after brought out *Picquac le Maudit*, also in two volumes. His next appearance was in his character as a poet. *Un Gerbe* was favourably reviewed in the motherland of French Canada. A fire in the Parliament buildings almost entirely destroyed an edition of his *Fables*, which had just been printed. He set manfully to work, however, and in 1882 submitted to the public a volume entitled *Petits Poèmes*. It contained, with several revisions of former poems, a number of new ones, and had a goodly share of popularity. *L'Affaire Saugrain* next saw the light. It showed that, as a writer of prose fiction, Mr. Le May's hand had not lost its cunning. Not very long since his muse gave birth to a drama, *Rouge et Bleu*, which had a marked success on the stage. Mr. Le May's translation of *Evangeline*, which was one of the tasks to which he devoted himself at the outset of his career, is wonderfully true and fine. Rarely have the sense and spirit of an author been so ably transformed to another tongue than his own. Mr. Le May received cordial congratulations from Longfellow. The poet is a member of the Royal Society of Canada and a Doctor of Letters of Laval. He married early in life and his household abounds in olive branches, as he is the father of twelve children. Mr. Le May is a man of striking appearance. He is an effective reader and it is a treat to hear him recite some of his own patriotic, pathetic or tragic poems. As a poet, he has won the heart of his people and is destined to live.

GEORGE STEWART, JR., D.C.L., F.R.G.S., F.R.S.C.—This gentleman, whose portrait we publish in the present number of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED, is better known, perhaps, than any other of our Canadian literary men. Born in New York city on the 26th of November, 1848, Dr. Stewart came to Canada when quite young with his parents, who took up their abode at St. John, N.B. His literary tastes revealed themselves at an unusually early age. He was only sixteen when he started the *Stamp Collectors' Gazette*, which was followed a couple of years later by *Stewart's Quarterly Magazine*, a periodical which was ably conducted and had a *succès d'estime* during the whole period of its publication. In 1877 St. John was visited by the terrible calamity well remembered as the Great Fire. Mr. Stewart, who was one of the many victims, wrote the record of the catastrophe, a work which is to-day of considerable historic value. He had already begun to contribute a

series of articles to *Belford's Canadian Monthly* on Emerson and others of the great leaders in thought and style, which was soon after brought out in a volume entitled "Evenings in the Library." In 1878 Mr. Stewart was appointed editor of *Belford's Monthly*. Before he left St. John to take charge of it, the Independent Order of Oddfellows of that city presented him with an illuminated address and a gold watch. Years before, on his retirement from the editorship of *Stewart's Quarterly*, he had been honoured by a public dinner by the citizens of the same place. In 1879, after the appearance of his important work, "Canada under the Administration of the Earl of Dufferin," he was chosen a member of the International Literary Congress—an honour conferred, we believe, on no other Canadian. The Congress had then Victor Hugo for president, Dr. O. W. Holmes Longfellow, Bancroft, the historian, Emerson and Whittier, being the only American members. Nine articles on Canadian subjects in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, the article on "Frontenac" in Justin Windsor's *Narrative and Critical History of America*, and several articles in *Appleton's Cyclopædia of American Biography*, are from Dr. Stewart's pen. He has been for nearly ten years editor of the *Quebec Morning Chronicle*. He was one of the original members of the Royal Society of Canada, was, from its foundation in 1882 till this year, secretary of the English Literature section, of which he is now vice-president, and is a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society. Some years ago Windsor University, Nova Scotia, created him D.C.L., *honoris causa*, and Bishop's College, Lennoxville, admitted him to the same degree. He is also a Docteur ès Lettres of Laval and LL.D. of McGill. He has, for several years in succession, filled the office of president of the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec. Dr. Stewart is as genial in social intercourse as he is careful and tireless in his literary work, and he has a host of friends. In April, 1875, he married Miss Maggie M., niece of the late E. D. Jewett, of Lancaster Heights, St. John, N.B.

THE LATE LIEUT.-COL. LAMONTAGNE.—We give in this issue two illustrations of the late Lieut.-Col. Lamontagne's funeral. The deceased officer, whose death, some weeks ago, at his residence in this city, was universally regretted, was born in Quebec in 1832. When quite a youth he took a marked interest in military matters. He connected himself with the Quebec Field Battery, and succeeded Colonel Baby as officer commanding. He was subsequently appointed brigade major of the Quebec military district, and was afterwards transferred to Montreal and later on to Ottawa, where, on December 21st, 1883, he was appointed D.A.G. of the district. He was transferred to the Sixth district, Montreal, in May, 1888. His commission as lieutenant-colonel dated back to 1867. He married Miss Lee, daughter of Mr. T. C. Lee, the well-known ship-builder of Quebec, whom he leaves, with a young son of about eight years, to mourn his loss. Our engravings represent the funeral cortege arriving at the steamboat landing, and the escort of volunteers firing the farewell volley over the remains.

LYTTON, B.C., from a photograph by Notman.—At Lytton, a small trading town, where ranchmen and Indians appear in numbers, the Thompson canyon widens to admit the Fraser, the chief river of the province, which comes down from the north between two great lines of mountain peaks. The railway now enters the canyon of the united rivers, and the scene becomes even wilder than before. Six miles below Lytton the train crosses the Fraser by a steel cantilever bridge high above the water, plunges into a tunnel and shortly emerges at Cisco.

LOOKING DOWN THE FRASER RIVER AT CISCO, B.C., from a photograph by Notman.—At this point the C. P. R. follows the right-hand side of the canyon, with the river surging and swirling far below. The old government road attracts attention all along the Fraser and Thompson valleys. Usually twisting and turning about the cliffs, it sometimes ventures down to the river's side, whence it is quickly driven by an angry turn of the waters. Six miles below Cisco, where it follows the cliffs opposite to the railway, it is forced to the height of a thousand feet above the river, and is pinned by seemingly slender sticks to the face of a gigantic precipice. The canyon alternately widens and narrows. Indians are seen on projecting rocks down at the water's edge, spearing salmon or scooping them out with dip-nets, and in sunny spots the salmon are drying on poles. Chinamen are seen on the occasional sand or gravel-bars washing for gold; and irregular Indian farms or villages, with their quaint and barbarously decorated grave-yards, alternate with the groups of huts of the Chinese.

THE ONTARIO SOCIETY OF ARTISTS.—Some time ago we had the pleasure of presenting our readers with a representative group of the Royal Canadian Academy. In the present number we have much satisfaction in submitting to them a group of members of another body, which takes precedence of the Academy in seniority and has contributed not a little to its membership, besides having, in other ways, promoted the cause of art in Canada. This important institution was established in 1872, and held its first exhibition in May, 1873. In 1876 it founded the Ontario School of Art, towards the maintenance of which the Government of the province generously granted a subsidy. At a later date the school was taken charge of by the Government and placed under control of the Education Department. Its first session under the new administration began on the 10th of October, 1882, with 200 pupils. Of these 55 were engaged in various trades and manufactures, 44 were studying with a view to become teachers and intended to pursue the calling of artists. To the progress of the school since then

we have already made some reference. The Ontario Society of Artists had for its first patrons Lord Dufferin, then Governor-General of Canada, and the Hon. D. A. Macdonald, then Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario. The first president was Mr. W. H. Howland; Mr. L. R. O'Brien was chosen vice-president and also discharged the duties of treasurer; Mr. M. Matthews was elected secretary, and Mr. Geo. Hallen assumed the position of accountant. The original membership comprised, in addition to the most noteworthy artists of Ontario, a certain number of those of the other provinces. It was classified according to the branches of art cultivated in the Dominion—the greater number consisting of painters, the remainder being made up of sculptors, architects, designers and engravers. After his arrival, in 1878, Lord Lorne took a warm interest in the welfare of the society, which he consulted as to his plan of an Academy. After his Lordship had formally unfolded his design to the society, a resolution was passed cordially approving of it. The Academy, which has, so far, fulfilled its purpose in serving as a common centre for the various local organizations, with whose objects and work it in no wise interferes, was, as to the comprehensiveness of its membership, modelled on the Society of Artists. Like the latter, the Academy includes architects, sculptors, designers and engravers, as well as painters. Our group is fairly representative, and some of our readers will have no difficulty in picking out their favourite artist. The Hon. G. W. Allan, Speaker of the Senate, is president; Mr. William Revell, landscape and still-life painter, vice-president; Mr. R. F. Gagen, noted for his flower pictures, is secretary. Other noteworthy members are Mr. M. Matthews, R.C.A., landscape painter; Mr. T. M. Martin, landscape and animal painter; Mr. W. A. Sherwood, portrait and animal painter; Mr. Hannaford, landscape painter, and Mr. H. MacCarthy, sculptor.

**THE FRASER CANYON, BELOW NORTH BEND.**—This stupendous work of nature is one of the marvels of that Wonderland through which the C.P.R. carries the tourist as he approaches Yale. At North Bend there is a fine hotel for the accommodation of those who wish to have a nearer and more leisurely view of the extraordinary scene. Four miles below that point the principal canyon commences, and the scenery becomes correspondingly startling. The mighty river is forced between vertical walls of black rocks. After being repeatedly thrown back upon itself by rocky obstacles or broken into roaring torrents by obstructing masses fallen from above, it roars and foams in wild frenzy. The railway is cut into the cliffs two hundred feet or more in elevation, and the jutting spurs of rock are pierced by a succession of tunnels. At Spuzzum, of which we had an illustration some time ago, there is a suspension bridge in connection with the Government road, and ten miles lower down the cliffs seem to interpose their enormous bulk so as to bar the way. The river then makes an abrupt turn to the left, while the railway, turning to the right, disappears into a large tunnel, to emerge once more into the light of day at the City of Yale.

**FALLS OF THE METABETCHOUAN—THE OUIATCHOUAN FALLS.**—Our readers have here some further illustrations of noted scenes in the Lake St. John district, of which they have already had glimpses. Both the Falls, which form the themes of our engravings, are among the most admired phenomena of this region of wood and water—the land of the wianishe, the paradise of the sportsman. The rivers Metabetchouan and Ouiatchouan, like the other streams of the district, abound in fish, and the country which they water has ample scope for the exercise of the huntsman's skill.

**JUNCTION OF THE NORTH AND SOUTH THOMPSON RIVERS AT KAMLOOPS, B.C.**—The scene in our engraving is one of the most beautiful on the Canadian Pacific Railway route. At Kamloops, the chief town in the Thomson River Valley, formerly a Hudson's Bay Company's post, the north fork of the Thompson comes down from the mountains, 200 miles northward, and here joins the main river, whence the name of the place, which is an Indian word, meaning a river-confluence. It is a beautiful spot. The broad valleys intersect at right angles. There is a background of bordering hills, and fine groves line both banks of the streams. Steamboats are on the river, and saw mills briskly at work, Chinese labour being largely employed. The triangular space between the rivers opposite Kamloops is an Indian reservation, overlooked by St. Paul's Mountain. The principal industry around Kamloops will always be grazing, since the hills are covered with most nutritious "bunch-grass." Agriculture and fruit raising flourishes, wherever irrigation is practicable. This is the supply point for a large ranching and mineral region southward, especially in the Okinagan and Nicola valleys, reached by stage lines.

**THE "ANGELUS" OF J. F. MILLET.**—The engraving of this celebrated picture, the interest in which has been greatly enhanced by the rivalry for its possession at the recent Secretan sale, is copied from the reproduction of M. Margelidon's etching in *L'Illustration*. The price paid for "The Angelus" by M. Proust on the 1st of the present month was 553,000 francs, of which 200,000 francs were subscribed by collectors and amateurs determined that the masterpiece should be secured to the Musée de Paris and to the French people. It may be that patriotic pride had more to do with that exercise of generosity than religious sentiment; but in the latter a nation which so highly prizes such a conception of simple but profound reverence for things sacred cannot justly be said to be lacking. The associations which the picture calls up are peculiar to

Catholic countries. In modern England the only approach to it (in poetry) is the curfew in Gray's "Elegy," but the curfew is a mere tradition, whereas the "Angelus" is a reality. Longfellow has caught the spirit of it in his descriptions of Acadian life. Though the Angelus sounds at dawn and noon as well as evening, it is as the Vesper bell that its calming, consoling and elevating influences are chiefly recognized. So in Millet's picture, the sun has already disappeared below the horizon, above which the diffused rays of his parting glory have warmed the sky with a softened golden light. The fields seem to feel that the hours of labour are over or drawing to a close. The two young figures in the field give the key to the brooding mystery. They have heard the call, soft yet clear, to prayer, and their hearts are stirred with a sense of awe. The young man has promptly uncovered his head, which is bowed, while the cap clasped in his hands is pressed against his breast. The girl has her hands joined and raised nearly to her lowered face. The scene is wondrously simple, wondrously impressive. But was its merit less a generation ago when neither French Museums nor American Art Associations cared to purchase it? The noble truthfulness of Millet was as true then as it is to-day. What, then, has changed? Whatever it be, France deems it a triumph and a privilege to have "The Angelus" in its own possession, while the United States would add ten thousand dollars to the purchase money to win it for American galleries.

### THE HERO OF MONTREAL.

1642.

(PARKMAN'S "JESUITS IN NORTH AMERICA.")

In the heart of the Royal City, that rises grand and fair  
On the banks of the blue St. Lawrence, is throned a stately  
square:

The "Place d'Armes" is the name they gave it. Ah! fitter  
than ye wot

Was the chivalrous title given that scene of combat hot.

O ye men of the New Dominion, grudge ye your treasure of  
gold

To record in enduring marble the valour of the Old?

Ye have girdled the spot with temples to shrine the god  
To-day:

Not a stone have ye carved to honour a Hero's brave essay!

Sound ye bells from yon towers his praises! Extol, O Ville  
Marie,

The renown of thy valiant Founder, who dared so much for  
thee!

Bid your trumpet-tongued heralds cease not to fling their  
pæans wide

O'er the field where the doughty Champion brought low the  
Redman's pride.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mid the gloom of the wild-wood's silence see yon devoted  
band

Reverent kneel at their leafy altar, and consecrate the land.  
See them wrest from the trackless forest a space to call  
their home,

Where they sleep 'neath the twinkling tapers hung high in  
Heaven's dome.

By the faith of a brave endeavour, and self-forgetting toil,  
The germs of a future City takes root in kindly soil.

And the birds, and the trees, and flowers breathe forth a  
song of peace,

That descends as a benediction to bid complainings cease.

Now their out-branching roots strike deeper; old friends  
lend powerful aid;

And the zeal of devoted woman inspires the soldier's blade.  
For the souls of the dusky heathen they claimed as their  
reward;

A New Land for their earthly sovereign, its People for the  
Lord.

Soon their fate shall be put to the trial. The river from its  
bed,

With the roar of a host advancing, in solid phalanx led,  
To the sack of some leaguered fortress, rose up one awful  
night,

And the hearts of the watchers failed them, before the dire-  
ful sight.

Lo! the hand of the Lord, in mercy, the rushing waters  
stayed,

As of old the engulfing billows on Gallilee He laid.

And the Cross, in devout thanksgiving, one joyous, happy  
morn,

To the summit of far Mount Royal in stalwart arms was  
borne.

\* \* \* \* \*

But the lust of the wolfish prowler is thirsting for his prey;  
And the blight of the skulking savage lurks darkly night  
and day.

In the soldier's enforced inaction, the foe he could not see  
Dulled the edge of his fiery mettle, and chafed his spirit free.

Now their murmurs, becoming louder, soon reached the  
leader's ear,

And the taunt, undeserved, "Thou coward!" was flung with  
mocking jeer.

"Do we never draw sword, Commandant? do naught but  
watch and wait,

While the arrogant Redskins flout us, before the fortress  
gate?"

In the dawn of a bright March morning, the crisp snow  
lying white

Round the fort still enwrapped in slumber, what sounds the  
ear affright?

'Tis the bay of the watchful Pilot, as, with her yelping  
brood,

She gives tongue to the dreaded tidings: "The foe is in the  
wood!"

All was bustle and hurried arming. "Now shall ye have  
your will!

And take care that ye fight as boast ye—I promise ye your  
fill.

I shall lead ye myself to thrash them—yon curs must feel the  
whip:

See that ye be not slow to follow, nor fail their claws to  
clip!"

\* \* \* \* \*

Bind the thongs of the snowshoe tightly, and test the flint-  
lock's prime;

Fill your measure of ball and powder, waste not the pre-  
cious time,

Lest the wolves in the thicket hiding shall sneak in fear  
away,

And the hunter return disheartened, balked of his long-  
sought prey!

\* \* \* \* \*

At the head of the little column the leader takes his place.  
Now they make for the snowy clearing, and cross the open  
space;

Till the hush of the woods enfolds them, still as the silent  
grave,

Where the plumes of the tossing pine trees their spiny tassels  
wave.

On they push through the whirling snow-drifts, 'mid count-  
less pitfalls deep,

To the depths of the sunless forest, still wrapt in winter's  
sleep:

When a yell from the ambushed demons through all the  
arches rang,

And the whiz of the biting arrow answered the bow-string's  
twang.

For a moment the bravest falter—the odds are five to one—  
But they fight till their powder fails them, for thought of  
flight had none,

Till the Captain, to save the remnant, commanded the re-  
treat,

And the rush of the fleeing soldiers proclaimed the rout  
complete.

The intrepid Commander, scorning on foes to turn his back,  
All alone, in the open clearing, defied the howling pack.

Till the last of the wounded stragglers the longed-for shelter  
gained

He confronted the shower of arrows the Indian bowmen  
rained.

Now, their chief from the van advancing, 'mid yells and  
vengeful cries,

With the spring of the panther bounded to seize so rare a  
prize.

But the heart of the Soldier quailed not, straight at the  
tufted head

He discharged his remaining pistol, and shot the savage  
dead.

Then the howls of the shrieking rabble were turned to cries  
of woe

As they gazed on their fallen comrade, dead on the crimson  
snow.

"Though the scalp of the hated Frenchman ne'er grace the  
council tent,

We shall rescue our chieftain's body, and wail his Tribe's  
Lament."

Unmolested, the brave Deliverer the fortress wall regains.  
Now the women press round him, weeping, to kiss his  
bloody stains;

And the men, in glad praise of their hero, break forth in  
loud acclaim,

As the sound of retreating footsteps across the snowdrifts  
came.

\* \* \* \* \*

'Mong the names that enrich the pages of Canada's bead-roll  
Shines there ONE in a halo lustrous, the man of noble soul,

Who endured with a faith unswerving, nor reeked the toil  
and loss:

MAISONNEUVE, the Heroic, the Fearless, "First Soldier of  
the Cross."

Montreal. SAMUEL M. BAYLIS.

\* \* \* \* \*

Is the dishorning of cattle cruel? Well. Chief Justice  
Coleridge, in a judicial decision just rendered by him, says  
it is "detestably brutal," and Mr. Justice Hawkins, who  
tried a test case with him, pronounces the practice "a re-  
volting operation." Mr. Wiley, a Norfolk farmer, was  
brought before a bench of magistrates by the Society for the  
Prevention of Cruelty to Animals for "having unlawfully  
tortured thirty-two bullocks by dishorning them." Mr.  
Wiley freely admitted the charge. He placed every con-  
venience in the way of the magistrates acquiring evidence as  
to how the operation was performed. The defence was  
that dishorning greatly increased the value of his cattle and  
was necessary.



W. D. BLATCHLEY    R. F. GAGEN    HAMILTON MCCARTHY    T. M. MARTIN    W. A. SHERWOOD    J. W. L. FORSTER    M. HANNAFORD  
 M. MATTHEWS, HON.-SEC.    HON. G. W. ALLAN, PRESIDENT    WM. REVELL, VICE-PRESIDENT AND TREAS.

GROUP OF THE ONTARIO SOCIETY OF ARTISTS.

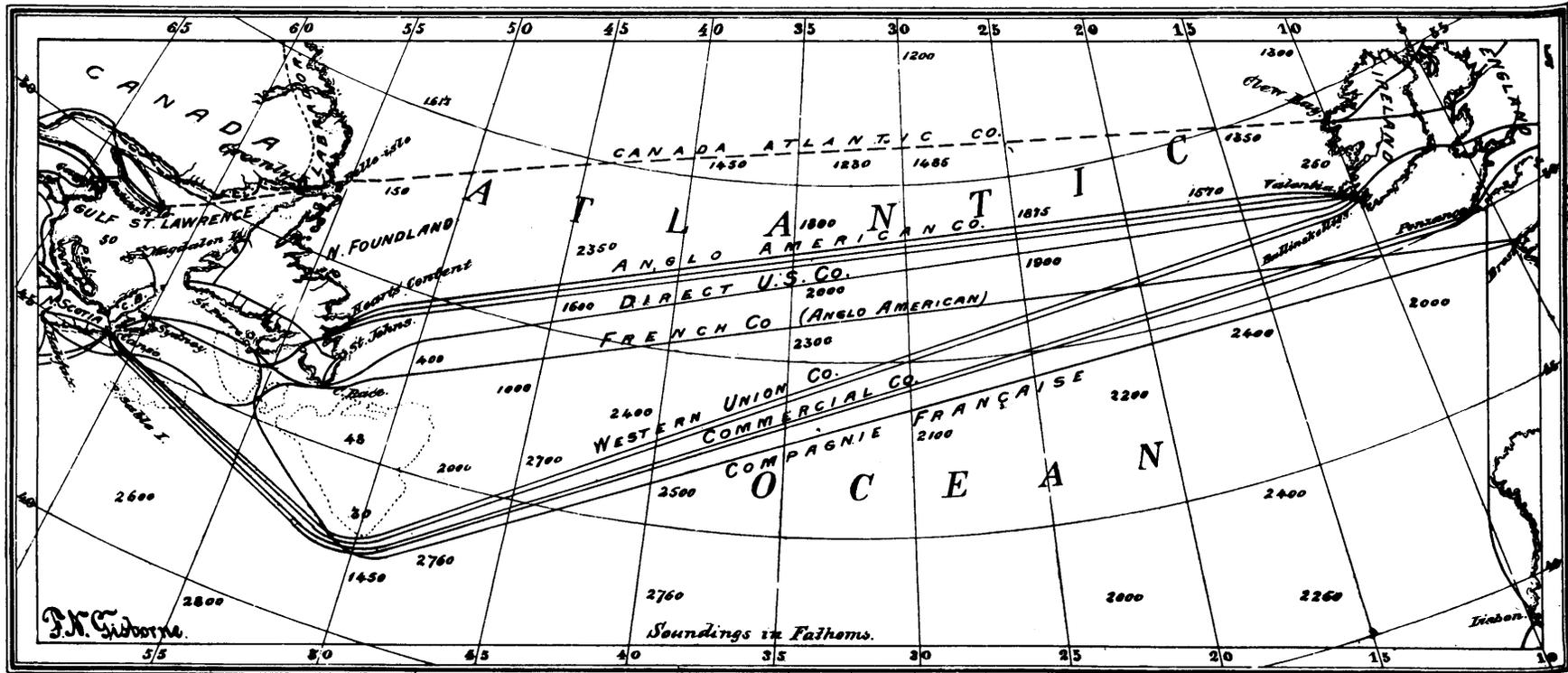
Gagen & Fraser, photos.



ON THE FRASER CANYON, BELOW NORTH BEND.

Notman, photo.

TRANS-ATLANTIC CABLE ROUTES.



— Telegraph lines and cables in operation. - - - - do. projected.

The accompanying map shows the relative lengths and approximate positions of trans-Atlantic submarine electric cables in present operation; also, the proposed Canada Atlantic cable via the Straits of Belle Isle, viz. :—

THE ANGLO-AMERICAN CO.'S CABLES.

Laid.	Between.	Nautical Miles.
A.D. 1873.	Ireland and Newfoundland.....	1,881
"	Newfoundland via St. Pierre and Cape Breton.....	293
		2,174
A.D. 1874.	Ireland and Newfoundland.....	1,840
1873.	Newfoundland and Sydney, C.B....	343
		2,183
A.D. 1880.	Ireland and Newfoundland.....	1,886
"	Newfoundland via St. Pierre and Cape Breton.....	360
		2,246
A.D. 1869.	France and St. Pierre.....	2,648
"	St. Pierre and Massachusetts, U.S....	759
		3,407

THE DIRECT UNITED STATES CO.'S CABLES.

A.D. 1874.	Ireland and Nova Scotia.....	2,423
"	Nova Scotia and N. Hampshire, U.S....	560
		2,983

COMPAGNIE FRANÇAISE PARIS A NEW YORK.

A.D. 1879.	France and St. Pierre.....	2,242
"	St. Pierre and Cape Breton.....	188
"	St. Pierre and Massachusetts, U.S....	827
		3,257

THE WESTERN UNION CO.'S CABLES.

A.D. 1881.	England and Nova Scotia.....	2,531
1882.	England and Nova Scotia.....	2,576

THE COMMERCIAL CO.'S CABLES.

A.D. 1884.	Ireland and Nova Scotia.....	2,350
"	Nova Scotia and New York, U.S....	841
		3,191
"	Ireland and Nova Scotia.....	2,388
1885.	Nova Scotia and Massachusetts, U.S....	519
		2,907

THE CANADA ATLANTIC CO.'S CABLE (PROPOSED).

A.D. 1890.	Ireland to Straits of Belle Isle, Can..	1,900
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The representative expenditure or share capital of the foregoing companies is approximately as follows :—

Anglo-American.....	\$35,000,000	Each line..	\$8,750,000
Direct United States.	6,400,000	"	6,400,000
Compagnie Française.	8,400,000	"	8,400,000
Western Union.....	14,000,000	"	7,000,000
Commercial.....	8,000,000	"	4,000,000
Canada Atlantic.....	1,600,000	"	1,600,000

It is estimated that the profitably serviceable continuity of the foregoing cables will be twenty years for the older and twenty-five for the later types; last year's costly experience in repairing the Anglo-American French cable of 1869 is confirmatory of the former calculation.

Thus the three additional cables of the Anglo-American Co., have a prospective existence of four, five and eleven years, respectively, and it is evident that the hitherto controlling power of the Company *re* tariff and pooling dictation is an evil of the past.

The Direct United States Cable has yet a prospective profitable career of five years; the Compagnie Française ten years; thus the Western Union and Commercial Companies, with their later cables of longer life, have control of the situation, as exemplified by the present established tariff rate of 25 cents per word.

A glance at the explanatory map will show how dangerously close together existing cables now lie upon the bed of the ocean, not unfrequently crossing each other westward of the banks of Newfoundland. Indeed, if the true history of repairing expeditions, both in deep and moderate soundings was made public, the facts would be not a little startling to shareholders.

It is with a full knowledge of all the foregoing and other data that the direct Canada-Atlantic Cable (from Ireland or Scotland, via the Straits of Belle Isle) has been projected, as possessing the following decided advantages over all established lines :—

1. The Belle Isle route will be over 150 miles northward of any trans-Atlantic cable now laid, and the depth of ocean (vide map) will be considerably less; it will thus be absolutely free from all risks during the repairs of other cables and can be more readily raised when required.

2. The Company have only to provide and maintain the main cable or cables, of not exceeding 1,900 miles in length, the connection eastward being with the Imperial Government Post Office telegraph service, and westward with the Canadian Government telegraph service at Greenly Island in the Straits of Belle Isle. Hence, the Company will be at no outlay of capital for terminal cables, and no pooling or other pressure is practicable.

3. The capital expenditure of the Company will not exceed \$1,600,000, one of the principal Cable Manufacturing Co.'s., in London having tendered

to provide, lay and guarantee a cable of the most approved type for the sum of \$1,500,000. Thus the Company's line will cost less than 1/5 of each Anglo-American Cable, 1/4 that of the Direct United States, Compagnie Française and Western Union lines and a little over 1/3 that of the Commercial Co.'s connections.

4. The Company's annual maintenance charges, as compared with those of other cable companies, will be very moderate. For instance, per last semi-annual report of 1888, the Anglo-American Co.'s London head office expenses amounted to over \$30,000, and station expenditure to over \$158,000, in all \$188,000; and the Direct United States Co.'s to \$15,000 and \$50,000 respectively, in all \$65,000. Estimating \$30,000 as the maximum expenditure of the Canada Atlantic Co. upon similar account, the economy in that way alone will be equal to a dividend of from 1 to 3 per cent. upon the Company's capital.

5. The British Admiralty chart proves that to the northward, around Belle Isle to Greenly Island, there is a deep water channel, protected by reefs and sand bars, thirty fathoms below the surface. Icebergs very occasionally ground in thirty, but never exceeding forty, fathoms around the coasts of Labrador and Newfoundland. Thus it will be seen that the cable approaches to Greenly Island are quite as safe as to any other point on the coast of North America.

6. The present number of trans-Atlantic despatches relating to Canadian business alone average 800 per day and are rapidly increasing; and should the proposed Japanese, China and Australian trans-Pacific cables be laid, the business will be almost infinitely added to.

Finally, despite inflated capital and immense annual expenditure, the Anglo-American company have lately paid interim dividends of 2 1/2 and 5 per cent. upon \$22,000,000 of their capital stock, and the Direct Cable Company 3 1/2 per cent. upon \$6,400,000; thus proving, that the Canada Atlantic could have paid, during the same period, at least 15 per cent. upon their capital.

No further argument is required to prove that the Canada Atlantic Company can command their own fair share of business; as they can well afford to reduce the total rate per word, or to increase the proportion per word that is allowed to connecting land lines by the existing cable companies.



We have received the following further communication from the Rev. David C. Moore, Rector and Rural Dean, Stellarton, N.S.:

To the Editor of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED:

SIR,—In your number of May 18 you thought it worth while to print and make favourable remarks upon a note I sent you concerning the death of the Poet Shelley.

On the strength of this a friend informs me that further interesting facts concerning Shelley will be found in a series of twenty-three hitherto unprinted letters, in the *Nation* of New York. One letter was written by the Poet himself to Catherine Nugent, of Dublin, and the others by Harriet Westbrook Shelley. The dates are 1812-15. The first eleven are written from Dublin (where the acquaintance began), Radnorshire, Devonshire, London and Stratford-on-Avon. The letters exhibit youthful simplicity in both Shelley's fondness for Ireland and sympathy with her troubles are unveiled. The Godwins appear upon the scene, and there are some details of the residence of Miss Kitchener with the Shelleys, which caused unpleasantness. The pity hitherto felt for Harriet Shelley will be much increased by the publication.

The following sonnet is from the pen of "Pastor Felix":

ISAAC DE RAZILLY.

[Isaac De Razilly was now (after the settlement of Acadia by the French, in 1692, by the treaty of Saint Germain) appointed Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia. Arriving at La Harve (La Have?) he was so charmed with the scenery that he resolved to settle there. He, however, died shortly afterward.—*Campbell's History of Nova Scotia.*]

His eyes were charmed when, first from ocean's plain,  
Acadia's forelands rose upon his view,  
And his barque skirted where the waters blue  
Wash her green isles; and all his heart was fain  
To linger on enamour'd, and remain  
In thy sweet shelter, beautiful La Have!  
Yet one more voyage—its earthly port, the grave;  
He sees no more his native France again.  
So do glad eyes still greet thee—deem thee fair,  
O my loved Country! Wanderers from the sea  
Returning, to enrich thee with the stores  
Of other climes; so glad will I repair  
To gaze on scenes I love, to sing for thee,  
To find my rest upon thy peaceful shores.

Our readers will, doubtless, be glad to see the patriotic poem by Mr. J. C. Patterson, M.P., to which "Erol Gervase" referred in a recent communication. The sentiment is, as our correspondent observed, particularly appropriate just now—now and always.

A UNITED CANADA.

What lacketh Canada to make her great?  
A patriot spirit breathed into the state;  
The mutual aim of all their country's good,  
And closer ties of social brotherhood.  
Scions of widely diverse nations we,  
Ourselves the germ of nations yet to be,  
Sprung from opposing sires, 'tis ours to claim  
A common heirship and a common name.  
'T were time, an' if we'd see our land increase,  
That factious jars and social cries would cease.  
Community of interests points to this,  
That, shaking off the slough of Prejudice,  
The curse of narrow foreheads, we should make  
A broad-based union for our country's sake;  
No parchment ties, more frail than ropes of sand—  
These never made a great or prosperous land:  
But union built on similar intent,  
And nourished by the patriot sentiment  
Which holds this faith—whatever may befall,  
The good of most the greatest good of all.  
All rivalries of races merged in one,  
The rivalry which will not be outdone  
In service of our country; this the field  
Which, fallow now, a noble crop might yield.  
This were the true inheritance of their fame,  
Those grave old nations whose descent we claim,  
The shadow of whose greatness mars our own.  
A loftier aim, methinks, to stand alone,  
Nor basing pride on mere ancestral glory,  
Earn for ourselves a noble niche in story.  
Nor yet unmindful of the whence we sprung,  
The old world homes afar beyond the seas,  
Whereof our fathers tell, whose songs our mothers sing;  
But why love this the less though loving these?  
The filial love we cherish weakens not  
The love we bear the partners of our lot,  
And not to love the cradle of his race,  
Bespeaks a nature pitiful and base;  
Nay, as the old is still to memory dear,  
The better citizens we should be here,  
Not loving less the land our fathers bore,  
But loving this our children's country more.

The time has passed for tricksters and for knaves,  
Whose statecraft is the science which enslaves  
The minds of men by venal panderings,  
And those seductive arts corruption brings  
To tempt the lax in principle

Let us have men to guide the helm of state  
Whose chiefest pride shall be to legislate  
As best may suit the country's permanent good.

Who spend their lives within their country's cause,  
Nor seek the uncertain breath of popular applause.  
These are the men we want, and by what name,  
Or party designated, 'tis the same.

In such as these the nation will confide,  
The rulers and the ruled for once allied  
In healthy unison of sentiment,  
And honesty of purpose and intent,  
By self-respect, shall win the world's, and stand  
A happy, prosperous and united land.

J. C. PATTERSON.

### AN EXPLANATION.

To the Editor of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED:

DEAR SIR,—It appears, in connection with the late collection of mine, "Songs of the Great Dominion," that some of my good friends are under the impression that I will be a pecuniary gainer by its sale, and that they must consequently take a benevolent, practical interest in it for my sake. Will you allow me to correct that impression by saying that I did not undertake the work with a money object, have spent more on it than my author's honorarium, and reap no profit from the sale, being fully repaid by seeing it successful, according to its measure, in consolidating our literature, and in saying a patriotic word for us in Britain.

One other word that may not be out of place is to object to a remark which is often made on this continent, that a professional man who touches literature at all must neglect his business. This prejudice does not hold in England, France or Germany, and causes loss in some directions to our people.

Careers such as those of Sir Daniel Wilson, Sheriff Chauvean, and several of our judges, prove that it is quite as possible to do such a thing within reasonable limits, as to take recreation in athletics or amateur photography, as numbers do, about whom it never occurs to these (sometimes not too friendly) critics to make any remark. It is with a mixture of seriousness and amusement that I have found myself several times confidentially warned that I would be ruined as a lawyer "if I kept on writing books"—the phrase applied to an average of usually, say, four days per annum of such recreation—and this notwithstanding the greatest care never to let anything interfere with business.

Do you not think that such an absurd prejudice deserves frank mention and comment?

W. D. LIGHTHALL.

### A DAY IN JUNE.

A sweet June day—the longest in the year!  
As the pale darkness melted into dawn,  
The earth was fragrant with the dews of night  
And resonant with song of joyous birds,  
Greeting the daylight with their antiphon—  
Then, when the sun rolled back the amber clouds,  
And touched the pleasant land with golden kiss,  
The trees, all tremulous with sudden wealth  
Of leaf, and bud, and flowers, shook out their green,  
Until each branch became a spike of flame,  
Glowing and glistening in the new-born day—  
In the deep wood, where interlacing boughs  
Made cloisters for great Nature's worshipper.  
The melody of brooks adown the glade  
Seemed like a low-voiced call to praise and prayer;  
The green, wet mosses full of dewy eyes;  
The sweet Linnea, with its tiny bells;  
Wood Trillium, hiding near the tender ferns,  
And Pigeon berry, with its starry cup,  
Looking up, shyly, as the squirrel swung  
Among the branches of the silver birch.  
Outside the forest, in the warm, soft light,  
The golden-hearted daisies starred the fields,  
And rustling shadows stirred the bending grass,  
Swept by the breeze and sunshine in the hills.  
The great blue sea lay glad and motionless,  
As the soft sky bent down caressingly;  
And left such tender azure on its breast—  
All things above, below, around, within,  
Were perfect in their summer loveliness  
On this rare day in June's delicious month,  
The bridal time of spring and summer here.

Halifax, June, 1889.

M. F. K. I.

According to *Allen's Indian Mail*, the Madras Museum now possesses the skeleton of the largest elephant ever killed in India. This elephant was the source of great terror to the inhabitants of South Arcot, by whom it was killed and buried. The Museum authorities despatched a taxidermist to the spot to exhume the bones and transfer them to Madras. The skeleton is exactly ten feet six inches in height, being eight inches higher than the highest hitherto measured in the flesh by Mr. Sanderson.

### KEEPING UP APPEARANCES.

What a vast amount of embarrassment, misery and positive crime has been caused by the supposed necessity of keeping up appearances in society! The phrase, "Better to be out of the world than out of the fashion," was, no doubt, originally coined as a sarcasm; but it is surprising how many otherwise intelligent and clearheaded people act as though they thoroughly believed it. Come what may they must keep up with the procession as long as possible. Their books may show that insolvency is imminent, and that only the closest economy can avert a crash. But a retrenchment in household expenses is the last thing they think about. To postpone indefinitely the projected ball, to substitute a few weeks in Muskoka, for the promised trip to Europe, to give up the carriage and pair and use the humble and democratic street car is not to be thought of for an instant. What would society say? Appearances must be kept up at all hazards to avoid the danger of losing caste and the sneering malicious tattle of busybodies who might say unpleasant things if the common sense plan of cutting the coat according to the cloth were resorted to. So women go on scraping and stinting and resorting to a thousand petty shifts and meannesses in those matters which do not catch the public eye—such as their dealings with poor seamstresses and servant girls, for instance—in order to maintain a lavish ostentation in the matter of entertainments and equipage, while their husbands resort to all manner of tricky and dishonourable schemes to raise money to avoid meeting their just obligations. Supposed social necessities are probably the cause of more forgeries, bankruptcies and defalcations than even drink or gambling. Men who cannot keep their heads above water continue to squander their means in display and luxurious living simply because their "set" are extravagant in their expenditures. They have not the moral courage to say at once "I can't afford it," and cut down their outlay—even at the risk of being cut by some of their acquaintances who possess more money than brains. When it is too late and the final crash comes those who have strained every nerve to hang on to the ragged edge of moneyed exclusiveness very soon realize how little such friendships are worth. Those who condemn them most unsparingly are usually the ones whose example and influence have led them to make expenditures beyond their means.—*Saturday Night.*

### WASHING MATERIALS FOR DRESSES.

White linen lawns are favored for simple all-white toilets, and coloured and figured lawns are made up in Watteau styles.

Large checks are becoming popular for morning aprons, and some of the summer skirtings for petticoats are in the same style.

The combination of plain or striped materials with figured is carried out in cambrics and linen lawns the same as in all other fabrics.

Silk is used in all possible combinations and with all materials. Even simple gingham toilets are considered incomplete without a silk collar and cuffs or a sash.

To set delicate colours in embroidered handkerchiefs, soak them ten minutes previous to washing in a pail of tepid water, in which a dessertspoonful of turpentine has been well stirred.

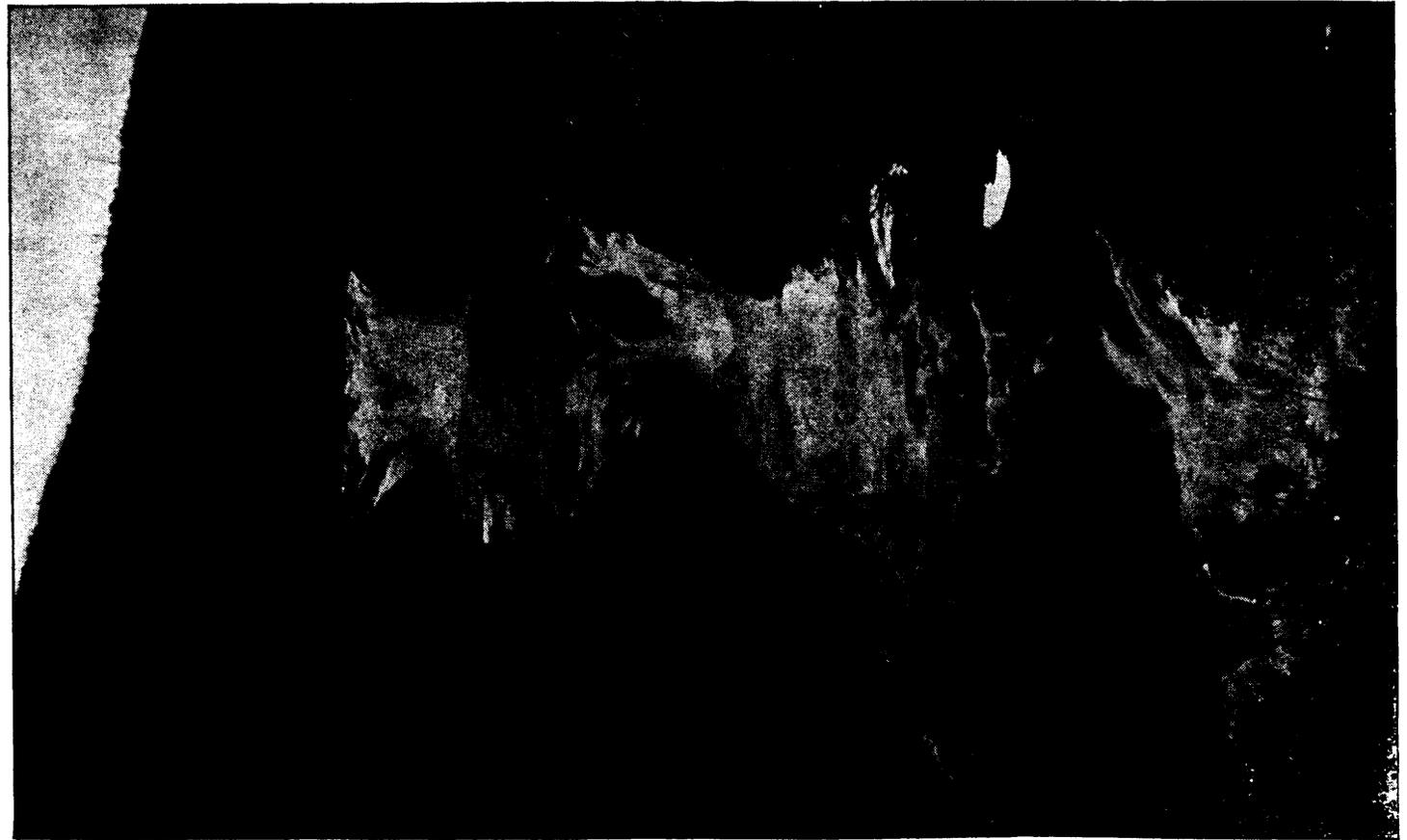
Among the most effective wash materials of the present season are linen gingham, which reproduce the small checked and plaided designs of the old-time lustrous silks, in various dainty colorings.

The rather expensive striped and plaided French zephyr gingham seen in natty morning dress at the seaside this season show some of the most beautiful and artistic combinations of colour that ever came from the dyer's hands. The pink, heliotrope, lilac, pale-blue, and old-rose shades are particularly exquisite in tint.

An excellent and comfortable way to make up gingham, chambray or percale gowns is with a straight, full skirt, with deep hem, gathered to a belt; full, overhanging skirt waist, fastened up the front with three fancy studs, and easy coat, with rolling collar, and full sleeves shirred to shape at the elbow and finished with a turned-back wristband.

Among the beautiful materials that are useful as well as the Chinese washing silks that are meeting with great favour. As their title indicates, they will bear laundering, and this, it is claimed, with almost as great success as fine linen. They are sold both in plain and striped patterns, and the colours, which are very beautiful, are warranted fast. The silks are used for tea gowns, summer skirting, dressing sacks, wrappers, nightdresses, linings and dust cloaks.

LAKE ST. JOHN DISTRICT.



FALLS ON THE METABETCHOUAN.



OUATCHOUAN FALLS

OUATCHOUAN FALLS.

Livernois, photo.



CROSSING THE CHANNEL.  
From *L'Illustration*.



These are still the days of afternoon teas. Any one, therefore, will rejoice in such presents as tea cloths, whether worked by the giver or made of a simple square of hem stitched momie cloth. And last but not least, except in point of size, there are the dolies. These need no description. We know them and can make them.

"What shall I give for a wedding present?" is a question often asked. Well why not more often give some of the many things which can be made of linen for the table? Linen is always useful; with a little manipulation it can be made most beautiful; and yet how seldom we see it. Here are one or two little things that can be made. A set of tea napkins made out of the ordinary fringed damask napkins, with a short sentence embroidered in wash silk. Another useful article, and one which can be highly decorated is a carvers' napkin. This should be of fine linen, though not too fine to hem-stitch easily, and should be one yard square. The latest idea in carvers' cloths is to have the decoration across the back only. There are many ways of decorating these cloths. A border of apple blossoms and flying birds, done in indelible ink is effective and unusual.

**THE BEST TIME TO BATHE.**—The best time to bathe is just before going to bed, as any danger of catching cold is thus avoided, and the complexion is improved by keeping warm for several hours after leaving the bath. A couple of pounds of bran put into a thin bag and then in the bath-tub is excellent for softening the skin. It should be left to soak in a small quantity of water several hours before being used. The internal aids to a clear complexion are most of them well known. The old-fashioned remedy of sulphur and molasses is considered among the best. Charcoal powdered and taken with water is said to be excellent, but it is most difficult to take. A strictly vegetable and fruit diet is followed by many for one or two weeks.—*London Lancet.*

**WASH YOUR HANDS.**—Cases of infection that could be accounted for in no other way have been explained by the fingers as a vehicle. In handling money, especially of paper, door-knobs, banisters, car-straps, and hundred things that every one must frequently touch, there are chances innumerable of picking up germs of typhoid, scarlatina, diphtheria, smallpox, etc. Yet some persons actually put such things in their mouths, if not too large! Before eating, or touching that which is to be eaten, the hands should be immediately and scrupulously washed. We hear much about general cleanliness as "next to godliness." It may be added that here, in particular, it is also ahead of health and safety. The Jews made no mistake in that "except they washed they ate not." It was a sanitary ordinance as well as an ordinance of decency.—*Sanitary Era.*

**WHEN TO GIVE MEDICINES.**—Iodine or the iodides should be given on an empty stomach. If given during digestion, the acids and starch alter and weaken their action. Acids, as a rule, should be given between meals. Acids given before meals check the excessive secretion of the acids of the gastric juice. Irritating and poisonous drugs, such as salts of arsenic, copper, zinc and iron, should be given directly after meals. Oxide and nitrate of silver should be given after the process of digestion is ended; if given during or close after meals, the chemicals destroy or impair their action. Potassium permanganate, also, should not be given until the process of digestion is ended, inasmuch as organic matter decomposes it and renders it inert. The active principle of the gastric juice is impaired and rendered inert by corrosive sublimate, tannin and pure alcohol; hence they should be given at the close of digestion. Malt extracts, cod liver oil, the phosphates, etc., should be given with or directly after food.—*Medical World.*

## THALATTA.

In my ear is the moan of the pines,  
In my heart is the song of the sea.

—John Reade.

Do you know Cacouna?

Not Cacouna the fashionable, the queen of Canadian watering places, the resort of the pleasure seekers who come thither, year after year, to desecrate the pure temple of Nature with the worship of their god Mammon, who dress and dance and dream of social conquest and society success here by the great lone, solemn sea, much as they do in their city homes, but Cacouna the pure, the primitive, the poetic.

Achille, our host, who is the proud possessor of a cab, has met us at the station and has driven us over the intervening three and a half miles of roughest rural road. Through open country and farm clearings, with here and there a view of a distant town or hamlet, through long stretches of blueberry marsh and of tea-berry and stunted balsam and raspberry bushes, with their ripe red fruit hanging in clusters so close we can almost pick it as we pass.

We have climbed the brow of the hill and are in a narrow street of white-walled cottages, each with its potato garden in full blossom, and the breath of the salt sea is fresh and strong in our nostrils.

"But can it be possible?" we mentally ejaculate, as Achille, with an abrupt turn and a sudden sharp jerk, draws up before the door of one of the tiniest of the tiny cottages. Can this liliputian dwelling, by any possible contrivance, be made to accommodate our party, in addition to Achille himself, his wife, the dark-eyed, smiling woman who is standing beneath the sloping eaves of the veranda to welcome us, and all these children, shy and playful, who scatter at our approach? The question is soon answered, for madame immediately accosts us in profuse and voluble *patois*. She bids us *entrez*, and with smiles and bows and coquettish shrugs of her shoulders she leads the way to the *chambres* allotted to our use.

Let me describe the principal one of these—the one that serves us for *salon*, *salle à manger* and *étude*. You enter it from the kitchen. The walls and ceiling are of wood, the former painted a vivid orange, the latter white. On the floor are strips of the *cataloquene*, or rag carpet, peculiar to the *habitant* domicile. Through an opening in the wall appears the kitchen stove, closed in with sheet iron, black and carefully polished. Opposite us hangs a three-quarter portrait of Sa Sainteté Léon XIII. in scarlet cope; to the left is a glazed and highly coloured representation of the Chapel and Shrine of Notre Dame de Lourdes, recalling in its situation our own little village of Pointe Lévis, opposite Quebec; behind are St. Joseph and the Infant Jesus. Are not we heretics in good company for once?

In a corner is a tall bureau, the drawers of which, all but one, reserved for madame's own use, are, in addition to a cupboard in another corner, to serve as sideboard and receptacle for our crockery, cutlery, table linen and groceries. There are, besides, a sofa of dwarfish dimensions, upholstered in the thinnest and scaliest of black oilcloth; a rocking-chair, conspicuous for its dorsal infirmities; four other chairs, a table, with palsied limbs and a red cotton cover, and on the table a coal oil lamp.

It does not sound esthetic; nevertheless, when our photos and books and work and writing materials are scattered about, and Felicia's easel, with its familiar broken palette, daubed with paints, and the long-handled brushes, are brought out, a stamp of individuality begins to appear upon the alien surroundings; and when Dorothy, our maid, has covered the red cotton tablecloth with a white linen one of our own, and has set thereon our daily meals, and we have read and worked and written and discussed our plans on mornings around the decrepit table, or, on chilly evenings, by the sombre, friendly stove, the ugliness of the little room has almost ceased to worry us.

It is morning now. Dorothy is in the kitchen preparing our breakfast. A moment ago she had hurriedly entered and inquired the French for bacon, some of which she desires madame to fetch her from her storeroom.

Felicia has told her that *jambon* will produce the article, and has practised her on the pronunciation of the word, until she seems proficient. But, alas! not so, for madame fails to comprehend, and now Ludovic, our high school boy, goes to her assistance.

"Mort cochon! Mort cochon!" he vociferates, and, to make his meaning plain beyond the possibility of mistake, proceeds to execute a pantomime of *sus in extremis* by drawing his finger back and forth across his throat and uttering squeaks of agony.

This has the desired effect. "Ah! oui, oui!" madame exclaims, amid peals of laughter, and produces the bacon.

Ludovic is an enthusiastic angler, and he interrogates madame as to his prospects of sport. "Sont il des pêches dans la rivière, madame?" he demands, with confidence, for is not *pêcher* to fish?

Alas! again the stupid madame is bewildered. "Péchés dans la mer," she repeats. "Non, non!" And it is only when rod and line are brought forth in illustration that she grasps the idea. Life among *les habitants* is purely primitive and idyllic.

"Happy the man whose wants and cares  
A few paternal acres bound,  
Content to breathe his native airs  
In his own ground."

Achille, our host, owns this little snow-white cot and the ground on which it stands. The potato garden, the pigs, the poultry, the brood of turkeys, so tame that they eat fearlessly from the hands of Ludovic and Felicia; the cow, the horse, the little playful grey and white kitten, the dark-eyed wife, who reminds me of a picture of Madame de Pompadour, and the velvet-skinned children, with their arch or wondering looks. If these children are rude or boisterous, or if they quarrel among themselves, I never hear it, except, occasionally, *le petit, petit*, the youngest, a sturdy *garçon* of two years, who noisily resists madame's attempts to put him to sleep in the middle of the day. Madame, however, invariably triumphs and carries him *en haut* after a struggle, slumbering tranquilly. This woman seems never to worry. She gets through her work with incredible ease to herself and to everyone else.

In the morning she prepares the breakfast for her husband and children. Their living is of the simplest. Curdled milk, *lait caillé*, sweetened with maple sugar, bread made by her own hands, some fried fish, perhaps, a pan-cake, a lump of fat salt pork, or, if it is Sunday, a bit of mutton, with potatoes boiled in the broth. Once Dorothy reports her making a blueberry pie. She sells her eggs to summer visitors; her poultry, her milk, her butter.

Twice a week she scrubs her floor, and on Saturdays she washes her windows and Achille's shirt. She has made the carpet, the mats, the patchwork quilt on Dorothy's bed. I think she must have a sheep and spin her own wool, for I see her knitting stockings and under garments for the family. If she and Achille can read and write I do not know. I have seen no books but our own since we came. They go to Mass and confession, of course, for the Canadian *habitant* is essentially religious.

Last week there was horse racing in the village, near the big hotel (alas!), and a wheel of fortune, and the whole family, down to the obstreperous *Petit, petit*, set out, dressed in their Sunday clothes, to attend. Achille drove them, and they did not return till supper-time. They left the house door standing wide open, and their money in an unlocked drawer, and people came in and out while they were gone, but nothing was touched.

I find myself wondering whether lives such as these comprise the essentials of happiness. Is it enough to eat and drink, and sleep and wake, to work and make merry and to suffer—they must suffer sometimes? Does the strife of politics never enter this Arcadian abode? Is our burning Jesuits' Estates Bill a thing unknown to them? Happy if so. Do they ever long for the unattainable? Are the existence of an outer world of art and science and literature and the profundities of learning beyond the limits of their comprehension? Could I be content with such a life? No. I should fret and chafe for the larger movement of my world; the force, the action, the keen vitality of thought, the intellectual and religious activity. I should

hunger to be where I might scan from my place the things which now to miss awhile is perfect satisfaction.

There is here, besides the big stone parish church, a humbler wooden one for the heretic Anglais—principally the owners of the ornate villas and the smart cottages near the hotel. Anglican bishops and canons have been here in the season and have assisted the Quebec "clergyman in charge" on Sundays and at the daily week-day prayers. It is only of wood—sweet and fragrant pine and birch—this little temple by the sea; but it is singularly chaste in its appointments, and from the first one loves the quiet, reverent service.

But in all this what of the sea itself? "Tell us," you will say, "of this."

Ah! when I try to write or speak of *this*, my pen and my tongue fail me.

Let me, then, first view it in its commonplace aspect. For bathing purposes the water is cold but invigorating, and along the beach are rude dressing-houses, for which, in this primitive place, there is apparently no charge. But the bathers, if sensitive, must protect their feet from the loose pebbles and the broken shale which everywhere abound. This shale—but now, as I write the word, I lose myself at the outset, and drift away into the regions of the ideal.

For what has the commonplace to do here? These rock exposures, these indescribable anticlinals, where, as our college-bred Felicia informs us, the soft Siluro-Cambrian mud has been folded and baked in the earth's heated centre, and worn by the ceaseless tide into forms so eccentric, and yet so perfect, that the eye dwells upon them with a silent rapture of satisfaction, for which words are all too weak. These divine *values*, these masses of light and shade of infinite variety of orange and soft dull red and grey and green. What in human art can equal, or in nature's heavenly handiwork surpass, them? I look upon them till the fulness of their beauty strikes me dumb.

For many days it had rained, and when evening had closed in we had gathered in our little snugery, with a blaze of fire in the sombre stove and Ludovic's hammock swinging picturesquely across the room, and had read aloud the adventures of the immortal "Pickwick."

We had not yet seen the moon. But on a certain impluvius night, as Felicia and I sat contemplative, on the edge of a cliff, whence a little path winds down to the beach, lo! over the purple hills on the farther shore shot out the crescent "Regent of the night."

Long ago, in childish days, I remember a picture—a common wood-cut—which held for me a singular fascination. It represented Cleopatra embarking on the Cydnus to meet her Anthony. What possible connection could there be between this northern moonlight scene, this mighty river-sea, so vast and still, with only the solemn, spiritual sound of the waves lapping at our feet, and the one long silvery line of light where the moonbeams fell—all else in purple or inky shadow—and but one solitary ship, moving, phantom-like, "Over the waters, away and away." What possible connection, I ask, between this and that vivid pageant of Eastern magnificence in the fervid glow of Egypt's noon? Let psychologists answer. For as I looked, insensibly, my thoughts reverted from the one to the other, and I found myself repeating under my breath:

"Flutes in the summer air,  
And harps in the porphyry halls,  
And a long deep hum like a people's prayer,  
And with its heart-breathed swells and falls,  
And the river's murmur heard through all."

After a pause Felicia spoke. "Do you know," she said, "I have been thinking, sitting here, what a grand thing self-sacrifice is. To give oneself one's life for another—mine, for instance, for Ludovic or for you. I do not believe I should mind it much; indeed, I think I should be glad."

I looked at her. She had taken off her hat. Her face was very pale in the moonlight, and the wind, moving in her hair, stirred it, with a golden glint and shimmer.

"What do you mean by giving one's self for an-

other?" I asked. "Is it to die or to live a living sacrifice?"

"Oh! to die," she answered, quickly. "I do not say I should be willing to live a sacrifice." Then, reflecting, after a silence: "I do not know. Perhaps I might even rise to that. It would certainly be the grander thing of the two."

That moonlight night was the precursor of days of brightness. Mornings when the sea, veiled at first in silvery mists, blushed and kindled under the sun's matin kiss to tints of rose and primrose, and anon to fullest crimson and amber; when the white wake of the ships was flecked with hues of the rainbow, and the dancing yachts and fishing and pleasure craft seemed instinct with life as they shot over the sparkling waves. Noons of golden glory, and sunsets whose effulgence rolled at full tide into the soul, till metaphor seemed lost in radiant reality.

It was on one such evening that Felicia and I sought the beach for Ludovic, who was fishing with the inflowing tide. As we strolled downwards we could see him perched upon a rock in what seemed to us a shining waste of waters, but was, in reality, no more than a succession of small pools, formed by the advancing tide, over which the jutting rocks afforded a secure enough footing back to the mainland. The only danger would be from the slippery nature of the shale, covered as it was at such times with slime and dank seaweed. His rod was poised high in air, his head bent down, his attitude one of keen attention. I shuddered, for the thought came: What if he should move and miss his foothold by a single false step! He cannot swim. It has always been our playful taunt wherever he has gone, by sea or stream, and Felicia has vainly endeavored to stimulate his ambition by her own attempts. But the piscatorial art has sufficed him.

"Lu-dovic! Lu-dovic!" Felicia calls, and he turns his head and sees us.

He jerks up his line, with the silver tommy-cod dangling on the hook, adds the poor captive to the glistening string of its fellow-victims, and, waving the trophy in triumph towards us, begins to descend the rock. He is using all possible caution, but—another step, and, without word or cry, we see him slip into the water.

Transfixed to the spot, I cannot move or speak. The horror of it penetrates my soul for a single instant of consciousness, and then the physical infirmity which from childhood has been my bane overcomes me, and I sink, senseless, on the strand.

When I recover they are by my side, both of them, their garments still dripping wet, the seaweed still tangled in Ludovic's hair. Both their faces are pale as death, but smiling, though unwonted tears are in Ludovic's dark eyes and a strong tremour in his voice as he speaks.

"Don't be frightened; we are both safe," he says, "and Felicia is a heroine, and I mean to have her get a medal from the Government or from some one."

Felicia does not speak, but only smiles. We walk home, all of us, feeling the exercise safest for the two wet ones, though Achille has come with his cab and the doctor from the hotel, and a sympathizing crowd has gathered, some of whom have witnessed the scene and are loud in expressions of admiration of Felicia's courage and promptitude. She had, it seemed, plunged instantly into the water, encumbered as she was with her ordinary clothing, and, with rapid strokes, had reached Ludovic as he rose for the second time, had grasped his garments, and had swam with him to shore.

The wet garments are exchanged now for dry ones, and Dorothy, having kindled a fire in the stove, has brought us tea and cocoa smoking hot, and Ludovic, his natural warmth restored by active rubbing, has resumed his gaiety, and reproaches Felicia playfully for the loss of his fish.

"Now, if only you had saved them," he complains, "it would have been something worth while; but think of it—thirteen of them—a whole baker's dozen—gone at one fell swoop."

Felicia laughs, but I notice that her face is still white, and—is it fancy? a sudden spasm seems to contract it while the smile is still upon it. She says it is, and exchanges a rapid glance with Ludovic. But I catch the glance.

"What is it?" I ask, sharply. "You are keeping something back from me, both of you. I am sure you are."

"Oh, nothing of the least consequence," Felicia says. "I did not tell you, for you are so easily alarmed for us. It was only that, clambering up the wet rocks, after we came out of the water, I slipped, and—my back hurts me, just a very little."

Ah! my Felicia, when we sat by the solemn sea that night, and talked of the sacrifice of self, did we think how soon it would come for one of us? My white lily. I know that she can never be well again, never what she once was; but she will live, and for this I am thankful. She has taken up her cross bravely, and bears it as for Him.

"I wanted to do great things," she says, with a radiant smile through the sharp pain, "and now I can only suffer. But I remember what you told me long ago—I have never forgotten it—that

\* \* \* "Pain in man  
Bears the high mission of the flail and fan."

EROL GERVAISE.

## HUMOUROUS.

SEVERAL Irishmen were disputing one day about the invincibility of their respective powers, when one of them remarked: "Faith, I'm a brick." "And I'm a brick-layer," said another, giving the first speaker a blow that brought him to the ground.

VERY REASSURING.—How often do you get a new rope for this elevator? asked a stout gentleman, as the overloaded elevator slowly ascended to the tenth floor. Once every four months; and if we pull through safely to-day, we are going to get a new rope to-morrow, replied the elevator boy.

SHE had done something naughty and her mother had sent her off to bed a little earlier than usual, and told her she would punish her for it in the morning. The child knelt down to say her prayers, and she put in this interpolation: "Please God, won't you take mamma up to heaven, not for altogether, but just for to-morrow."

MRS. Testy (looking up from the paper): "Isn't this strange? A certain gentleman, after a fit of illness, was absolutely unable to remember his wife, and did not believe she was the one he married." Mr. Testy: "Well, I dunno. It's pretty hard work sometimes for a man to realize that his wife is the same woman he once went crazy over."

TAILOR: "I am in a regular pickle. I can't decide what to do." Friend: "Let me hear what your dilemma is." "You see, Baron Habenichts has given me an order for a suit of clothes. Now, I don't know, as he never pays his debts, whether I ought to charge him a big price, or whether I should charge him as little as possible, so my loss will not amount to much."

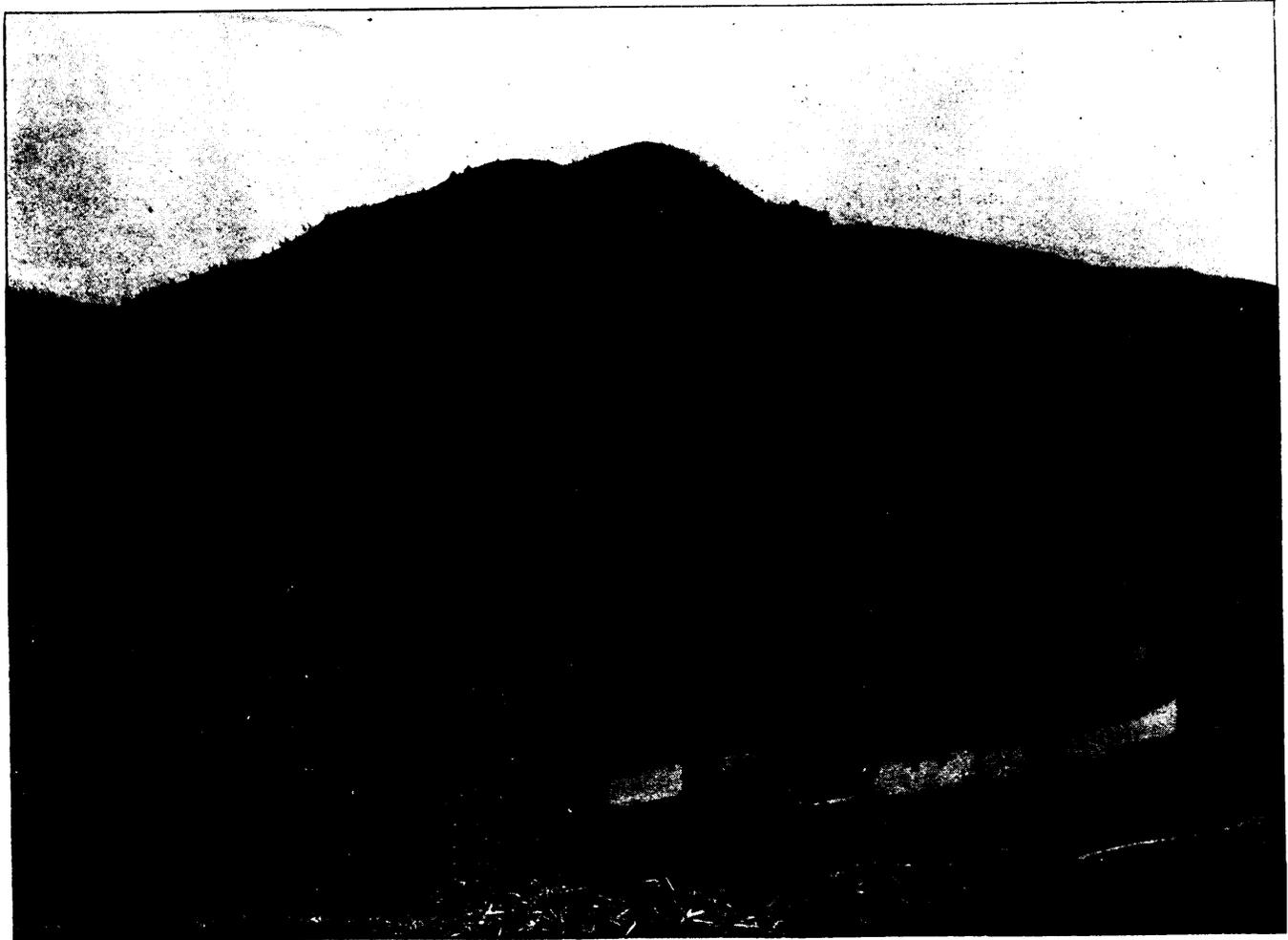
IMPATIENCE REBUKED.—Teacher: Benjamin, how many times must I tell you not to snap your fingers? Now put down your hand and keep still. I shall hear what you have to say presently. (Five minutes later.) Now, then, Benjamin, what is that you wanted to say? Benjamin: There was a tramp in the hall a while ago, and I saw him go off with your gold-headed parasol.

WHEN Franklin was ambassador to France, being at a meeting of a literary society and not well understanding French when declaimed, he determined to applaud when he saw a lady friend express approval. When they had ceased, a little child, who understood French, said to Franklin, "Why, you always applauded most when they were praising you!" Franklin laughed heartily, and explained his dilemma.

THE PROUDEST MOMENT OF HIS LIFE.—Magistrate: Were you ever arrested before, Uncle Rastus? Uncle Rastus: Yes, sah, I war 'rested, but I war discha'ged; an' I tell yo', yo'r honah, dat I war nebbah so proud in my life as when I walked down dat court-room a free an' honorable man. Magistrate: Then you were not proven guilty, Uncle Rastus? Uncle Rastus: No, sah; dere was a flaw in de indictment, sah.

A MAN OF RESOURCES.—Assistant Night Editor (calling down speaking tube): Got to have about seven more lines on the telegraph page to fill out the last column. Night Editor: Run in a dispatch from Ujjjjjjjj, or somewhere else in Africa, announcing discovery that Stanley has been killed by natives. Assistant (some minutes later): Got to have two more lines. Dispatch don't fill column. Night Editor (roaring up speaking tube): Put in a dispatch contradicting it!

"BARRISTER NOLAM," of New York, one day, as he was holding forth in his usual aggressive style before Judge Duffy, was warned several times, but in vain, to moderate himself, and finally, getting beyond the limit, was fined \$10. "Your honour may be just in your censure," he pleaded; "but I have no money to pay such a fine, and where can I get it?" "Oh, borrow it of a friend." "Thanks, your honour. Then I must trouble you, for you're the best friend I have." "Mr. Clerk," said the little judge, "you may as well remit that fine. The city can better afford to lose it than I can."



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