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THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

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VOL. I.—No. 25.

MONTREAL AND TORONTO, 22nd DECEMBER, 1888.

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MARY AND ELIZABETH.

From the painting by Carl Muller.

Photograph supplied by G. E. Macrae, Toronto, Director for Canada of the Soule Photograph Company.

The Dominion Illustrated.

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22nd DECEMBER, 1888.

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

SPECIAL.

During the month of December we will give to new subscribers the current first six months, twenty-six numbers, of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED, making a volume of 416 pages, containing over 250 beautiful engravings, and a great amount of interesting and instructive reading, ALL FOR ONE DOLLAR, the conditions being that the subscriber remits, *at the same time*, \$4.00 for a full year's subscription, beginning 1st January, 1889. In other words, we offer eighteen months' subscription for \$5.00, or again, we give away three months' subscription gratis. Persons wishing to form clubs can obtain their own subscription FREE, by sending us the price of *four* subscriptions, as now offered.

This offer is open for December only, and should be taken advantage of *early*, as our stock of back numbers is limited.



What shall we call that queer strain of mind which leads to the belief in a certain principle; then swings about and becomes as devoted to the very opposite? We have a striking case of this from Philadelphia. Young Crawford Hening won a prize of \$250 for the best paper on Protection, and, shortly after, published a second, on the advantages of Free Trade, having become a sincere convert to the latter in destroying his own arguments for the former.

There is often ground for sorrow and grumbling at the neglect and destruction of relics and landmarks of Canadian history, but we are not single in that respect, the Americans also being open to the charge of wholesale levellers. Nothing remains of one of the very oldest English settlements—that of Jamestown, in Virginia—begun in 1607, one year before Quebec, save the ruins of a church tower, and churchyard slabs cracked by tree roots.

A pleasant and curious case occurred lately at the dedication of a church to St. Augustine, in Toronto. In the opening address the Bishop spoke of St. Augustine of Canterbury; while Professor Clarke's discourse hinged on St. Augustine, or Austin, Doctor of the Church, and Bishop of Hippo. The *Dominion Churchman* leans to the latter. We think the former was meant, because he is an English saint, the apostle of the Angles to whom Pope Gregory the Great sent him as among angels. *Non Angli sed Angeli.*

Who is responsible for having introduced the English sparrow into America? To Blanton Duncan, of Louisville, Kentucky, is attributed the questionable honour for the United States. It was he who brought over a lot from England to guard his orchard from other birds and his bushes from worms. Singularly enough, the story goes that the new Quebec Minister of Agriculture Colonel Rhodes, is *the* man who did the same

service for Canada. The least he can do now, officially, is to destroy that bird of prey.

A new word has been coined at the Antipodes—Froudacity. The "Oceana" of John Anthony Froude is a very interesting work, sparkling with the author's well known style and off-handed fault finding; but the Australians hold that it is full of mistakes, and mischief as well, and hence the word "froudacious." The people of Bristol, from which town he hails, we believe, have long given him the further nickname of "Nemesis" Froude.

If the spread of schooling is a sign of a nation's progress in civilization, then we have a new and striking argument in favour of the United States. England had, in 1882, 5,500 students in her universities, out of a population of 26,000,000; Germany, with a population of 45,250,000, had 24,000 students. In the same year, with a population of 60,000,000, the United States had 66,437 students in colleges, 4,921 in theological seminaries, 3,079 in law schools and 15,151 in medical schools; total, 89,538. With a population of over 4,000,000 at that date, how many scholars had the Dominion of Canada? We call on Mr. George Johnson, the Ottawa statistician, to tell us.

France is acting with her usual pluck in the matter of the Panama Canal. Some Washington politicians are talking about American interference and the enforcing of the so-called Monroe Doctrine. The enterprise has been French from the beginning, and, spite of international jealousies, as in the case of the Suez Canal, France will see that it is carried through. It must not be forgotten that France is an enormously wealthy country, spite of her public debt, and French loans never go out of France to be covered.

A queer story comes to us from Paris. Madame Boulanger, in an interview, denied that she had refused to live with her husband. She said he was trying to play Napoleon and make her Josephine. She then burst into tears and begged to be excused from answering further questions. Now it is hard to believe that the good lady should have said such a thing. Napoleon eschewed Josephine, whom he fondly loved unto the end, to wed Marie Louise of Austria, because he wanted an heir, and Josephine, who was mother of Prince Eugene and Queen Hortense, bore him no children. It seems to us that we read only lately of a daughter of the Boulangers who entered a convent.

By the one mail, last week, we received letters from four widely separate points of the Dominion, set in heartiest greeting, on the artistic and literary excellence of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED, and its well established claim to be called a national paper. One of these is from Hon. J. W. Longley, Attorney-General of Nova Scotia, with two sonnets from Rev. A. J. Lockhart, whose poems we reviewed last week; a second is from Charles Mair, of Prince Albert, with a characteristic poem of the prairie, "Kanata," to appear next week; a third from Mr. H. J. Woodside, of Portage la Prairie, Man., with information on the Heavy and Light Brigades; and a fourth of Mrs. L. A. Lefevre, of Vancouver, B.C., with "A Christmas Eve in Canada," which will be found in the present number.

The question of College Federation in Ontario has been discussed with great fulness and some bitterness, without having reached any definite result. It seems to us from the outside that the

late Cobourg meeting, to which we referred at the time, consolidated the opposition of Victoria's alliance with Toronto university. Letters rained upon the papers on the subject, until the *Globe* felt called upon to put a stop to them, when the correspondents poured their missives into the *Mail*. The outlook is that the matter will be shelved for a time, until some financial plan shall be devised to conciliate all local interests.

The clash between the Grand Trunk and the Canadian Pacific Railways has taken place over the baize tables of the shareholders in London. To any far-sighted observer on this side that result has long been inevitable, and the sooner the matter is settled, the better for the companies themselves, for the country at large, and for the Government in especial. There is room for the two trunk lines in a vast country like this. A level-headed man, Mr. Duncan McIntyre, has been chosen as umpire, and he will likely succeed in striking an equitable balance.

The Hudson's Bay Company has been drawing a full share of public attention lately, and our despatches from London have made almost daily reference to them. Although the bulk of their almost boundless territory in the Northwest has been sold to the Dominion of Canada, they still hold vast spaces of land, and retain all their old trading posts, from Labrador and Red River to the Arctic outskirts of the Athabasca-Mackenzie Valley. The old historic company is still one of the mightiest corporations in the world, and when the three reforms that are being mooted by the shareholders' committee in London—reformation of the board, production of fuller accounts, and thorough inquiry into every branch of the land and trading departments—the company will doubtless return to its former vigour and thrift.

CHRISTMAS.

Civilization is a state of society which is difficult to define in scientific terms, but it is a fact which all men can approximately recognize, whether in the case of living nations or in those instances where the only records by which a people can be judged are scanty remains of art and literature. Civilization, moreover, is a state of society the benefits of which can be appreciated by all reasonable men. A civilized nation may lapse into semi-barbarism by the force of inner and outer circumstances, as Greece sank under foreign domination, but it does not make a conscious endeavour in that direction. When a nation once emerges from an entirely savage state its natural tendency is in the direction of civilization. The reason of this is not far to seek. The first benefit conferred by an upward step is generally the construction of a less rude sense of justice between man and men. The path from this point onward to the highest civilization is often long and sometimes retrograde; but the sense of justice, having its roots in the natural instinct of self-preservation, causes such an amelioration of the conditions of life that men do not willingly recede from a more to a less civilized state.

But if it is possible to recognize readily a state of civilization in a living nation or to discern it more or less distinctly in the memorials of one that has passed away—and to account perhaps in part for a man's tendency in this direction—it is, on the other hand, a difficult task in any given instance to trace all the factors which have gone

to the making of, or which are still assisting, a civilization. The higher a civilization may be, the greater is its complexity and the more numerous are the forces which have been and are at work upon it. Nevertheless, in a general view of the history of the world we may see three factors which stand out prominently in the work of civilization. They are Religion, Science and Commerce. We see this, too, in spite of the fact that, in the name of each, things have been done and policies have been pursued which have retarded and thwarted advancing waves of civilization. In the name of Religion, thought has been fettered and conscience benumbed for centuries in countries which were so placed that they were capable of influencing the whole world. In the name of Science, true knowledge has been resisted with a force which has often strangled Progress and well-nigh quenched the spirit of enquiry. In the name of Commerce, lastly, we have seen in this age whole races just emerging from savagery destroyed by man's greed. But it is a poor reading of history that sees only the wrong which has been done in the name of any one of these. Yet we have in these days a class of historians and teachers who see in Religion, and even the Christian Religion, only the enemy of civilization. And these historians and teachers, from Dr. Draper down to Col. Ingersoll, have succeeded in obtaining a wide circle of hearers. Everywhere we see the growth of a secularism in life and literature which treats Christianity in its past and present forms as the retarder of man's moral and social advancement.

At the time which commemorates the birth of the Founder of Christianity it is appropriate to look at the other side of the picture, to consider some of the fruits of moral and social advancement which man owes to the unfettered spirit of this religion, and to ask whether these benefits do not outweigh the evils which have been wrought in the name of Christianity. Within the limits of this article it would be impossible to take a survey of nineteen centuries, and we will confine ourselves to a few of those movements in our own day which owed their birth to the spirit and teaching of Christianity, which have made the world happier and better and which have been the parents of thousands of other movements almost equally beneficent. The greater of these movements have been the spread of popular education, temperance, amelioration of life for the sick, sanitation, prison reform, the lessening of the gulf between capital and labour, and the partial establishment of the principle of arbitration between Christian nations. With each of these practical movements earnest secularists have identified themselves, often, it must be admitted, to the shame of many professing Christians; but can it be fairly denied that every one of these movements had its beginnings in Christian principles and with Christian men? Take the case of popular education. Was it not first established as a principle in England that the poorest had a right to be educated, when Robert Raikes started the first Sunday-school in Gloucester one hundred years ago? Father Matthew, an Irish priest, first awakened the world to the blessings of sobriety and temperance. Florence Nightingale, with a band of other Christian women, first led the way to the relief of the sick and wounded soldiers. John Howard, quickened to action by Christian love, left the ease and comfort of his home to visit horrible scenes of suffer-

ing and sin, by his accounts of which the world was aroused to a sense of its cruelty toward captives. It was that noble Christian body, the Society of Friends, which first advocated those principles of arbitration and justice best calculated to preserve the peace of Christian nations. That the homes of the poor in peopled cities are made less wretched, less filthy, less crowded, is due most largely to the exertions of Christian physicians, like Dr. Allison, of Scotland. These and other incalculable labours are performed by millions of Christian men and women who are prompted thereto by the principles of Christian love. Are these things not living forces in our civilization? And yet there are men who say that Christianity is the enemy of civilization, and there are millions in Christian countries who listen and believe.

But if the unfettered spirit of Christianity has done much for modern civilization, if it has done more than is calculable, the fact remains that the world is still full of wretchedness, sin and ignorance. The work that has been done has been vast, but it is, comparatively speaking, but a beginning. To go no further than the bounds of our own country, has not the unended record of this year taught us that there is much to be done in Canada? Has the strange series of this year's crimes no meaning? Is there no warning in what we have heard of the dens where labour is oppressed? Is there not misery, or ignorance, or intemperance within our reach? If it is appropriate at this time to consider the influences of Christianity upon civilization, it is also practical to look forward to what may be done by larger measures of peace and good will toward men.

PERSONAL.

William O'Connor, the Toronto oarsman, will probably leave for the Pacific slope immediately after Christmas. He will give exhibitions at Victoria, San Francisco and other places before leaving for Australia.

Madame de Lery, who died last week at Quebec, was the widow of the late Hon. A. R. Chaussegnois de Lery, Seigneur de Rigaud, Vaudreuil, Senator and Legislative Councillor. His ancestor, Chevalier Gaspard Chaussegnois de Lery, came to Canada in 1716.

George W. Childs, of Philadelphia, possesses the original manuscript of Dickens' "Our Mutual Friend." It is the only manuscript of Dickens, with the exception of a few short stories, outside of the South Kensington Museum. Mr. Childs has refused \$6,000 for it.

Mr. Hansard, for many years the official reporter and publisher of "Hansard's Parliamentary Debates," will cease to act in that capacity on January 1st. From the monopoly his house has enjoyed he has amassed an immense fortune. Mr. Hansard will be succeeded by the firm of Macrae, Cur-tice & Co.

Lord Seaton died recently after a long illness at Boulogne, where he had resided for many years. During the Canadian rebellion in 1837-38 he served as A.D.C. to his father, Sir John Colborne, Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief of the Forces. He joined the 24th Regiment as ensign in Montreal. In 1851 he married Charlotte, second daughter and co-heiress of Baron Downes. She died in 1863, and by her he leaves issue, three sons and four daughters.

Lord Lonsdale has been heard from in the Far North. He is still going toward the pole and is now doubtless within the Arctic circle. He has only two Indian guides with him, and is known amongst the red men as "the man who walks fast." He has secured numerous specimens of birds and beasts for the Scottish Naturalist Society of Edinburgh, and has learned minutely the habits of the animals of the northern regions, besides those of the Indians, the language of whom he has learned.

Here are some of the Canadians who were elected to public life in the United States: R. S. Hudspeth, nephew of A. Hudspeth, M.P., of Lindsay, Ont., elected to the New Jersey Legislature; Lewis Frank, brother of A. Frank, of Victoria, B.C., to the California Legislature; J. W. Murtagh, a native of London, Ont., to the Michigan Legislature; O. Mowat Fraser, a Kingstonian and nephew of the Premier of Ontario, county auditor in Dakota; W. James, son of B. James, of Lanark, Ont., Sheriff for Pembina County, Dakota; Wm. Tierney, of Pembroke, Ont., Registrar of Deeds for Walsh County, Dakota.

A CHRISTMAS EVE IN CANADA.—1663.

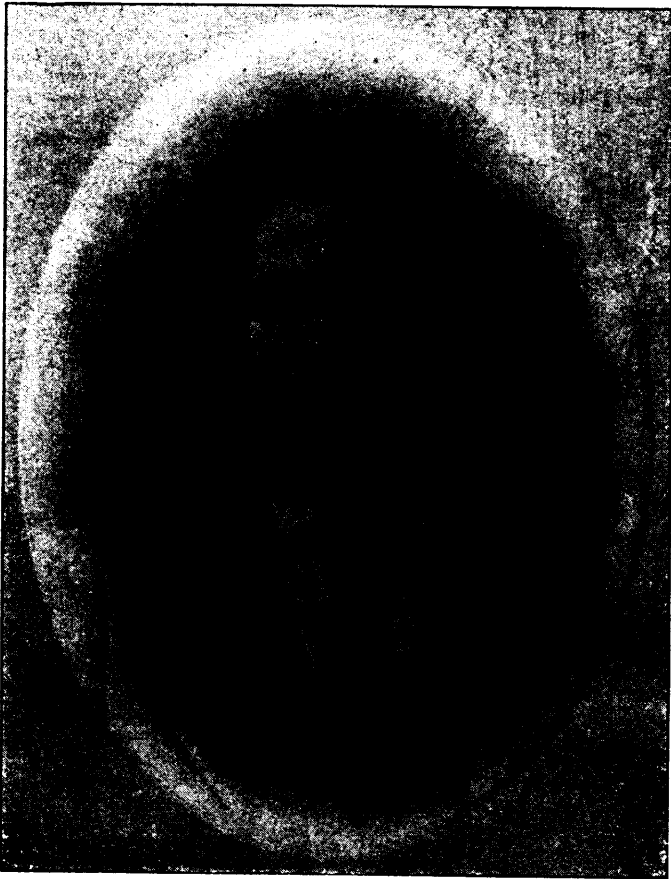
From all our ancient forests, lakes and streams,
A murmur of the past arises still,
And mingles with the wind that sadly sweeps
In chill December through the leafless boughs,—
Clear tones of preaching, wild appealing prayers,
The moanings of the tortured, and the stern
Reproving words of priests; the furious din
Of savage revelry; and high above them all
The long sweet cadence of the evening hymn,
Sung by the martyr with his latest breath,—
And countless tales of duty nobly done,
Still sparkle on our history's early page,
Like jewels on some antique missal's rim.
But in few words the saddest fate is told,
Of one who came to our Canadian wilds,
Strong in his self-renouncing hope and love,—
The youngest of his brotherhood—and died.
The only one who toiled and prayed in vain,
Suffered all things, yet missed the martyr's palm,
And brought no spirit with him home to God.

"Again the dull crash of the icy boughs
Upon the birch-bark roof, again the long,
Low wail of winter winds among the trees,
While near me, in the wigwam's narrow space,
Lit by the blazing pine-knot's ruddy glow,
Dark faces gleam, like demons, through the smoke
That the wild storm drives back within our hut;
And I, to seek a breath of purer air,
Press close against the crevices, where still
Creeps in the stinging blast, and strive to read
The breviary, whose letters seem of blood
To my scorched eyes.—no more;—the sacred page
Fades into visions of the dreary past,
When, through the frozen forest, day by day,
I struggled onward, with my heavy load,
O'er fallen trunks and matted cedar-swamps
And pathless drifts of snow;—the nightly camp,
When I, alone among a savage horde,
Shrank from their deeds of wanton cruelty,
And strove in vain to raise a pleading voice
Above the sorcerer's din of dance and drum,—
The loneliness and peril;—yet I know,
Oh, God! Thy will hath led me to these wilds,
And so—I am content. I look around
Where, stretched in slumber deep the Indians lie,
Dreaming, amongst their dogs, of sport and chase.
If only one of these I could have taught
To love Thee, I would feel my labours crowned
With benediction,—but no light from Heaven
Fell on the weary months that bring to-night
The Eve of Christmas.

Yesterday they came
Back from the chase with empty hands and dark
Stern faces, pinched with hunger, and they cried
To me that if my faith indeed were strong
To bring them food, they would believe and pray.
And so, with trembling heart, I sent them forth
This morn, and thought my supplication heard,
When, tall and dark against the crimson sky,
I saw them stride towards me, dragging slow
A mighty moose across the reddened snow.
But soon, amidst the revelry, arose
Fresh jeers and insults, and again I knew
My hopes and prayers had ended in despair,—
My life in nothingness.

Now, fainter grown,
I ask my God if it is all in vain,
Shall I not teach one soul to worship Him?—
I, who have given all, since in fair France,
Among the sunny slopes and purple vines
Of my dear home, I heard the Voice that called.—
'Leave all thou hast, and come and follow Me.'
Ah, no!—my work is ended, for I feel
The icy hand of Death upon my heart,
And here, alone, amongst a savage horde,
Must I, in storm and snow and wilderness,
Breathe my last sigh of effort unfulfilled,
Knowing that I have toiled and suffered long
In vain—in vain? The hut grows cold and dark—
A mist is round me,—Lord, to Thee my soul!"

And so one night, two hundred years ago,
An humble priest amongst our forests died—
Swept suddenly from heights of sacrifice
As a light leaf that early tumbles down
Before the radiance of the autumn gold
Has crowned its days with glory. Yet we know
Nature has decreed the logic of results,
Nor life nor leaf is wasted, for the soil
Takes to its breast, beneath the winter's snows,
Alike, the lonely waif that fell too soon
And the rich gifts the burning maple sheds
In glowing triumph of attained desire,
Drawing from each, with subtle chemistry,
The blossoms sweet and starry buds of spring.
From many a nameless grave shall start and bloom
The flower of high resolve, and other hearts
Shall claim it theirs, and other hands shall grasp
And bear it thro' the tumult of the world,
Bright as an oriflamme in times of war,
Strong to inspire all noble deeds of men.



THE LATE W. A. FOSTER.
From a photograph by Notman & Fraser.

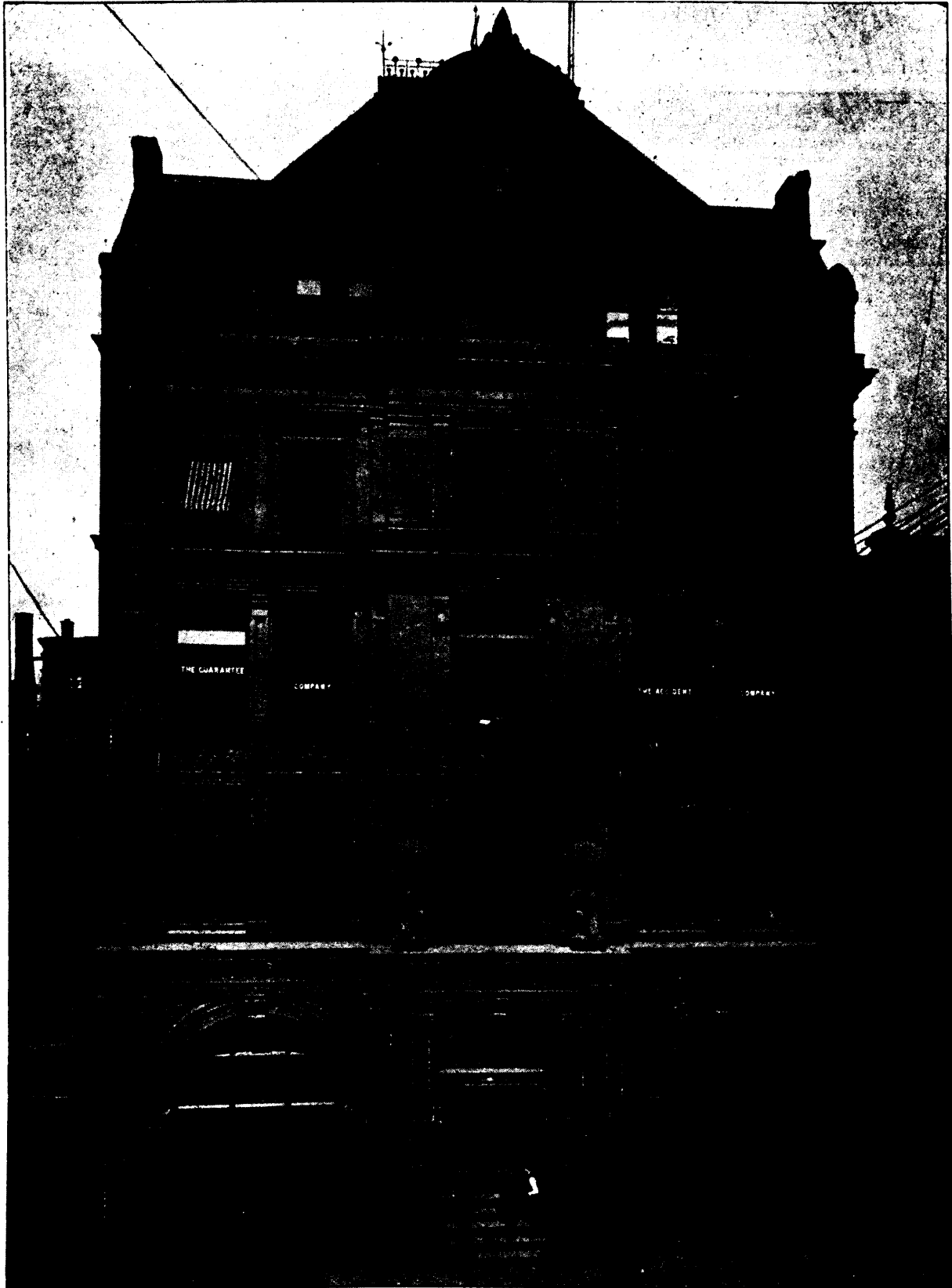


HON. JNO. NORQUAY.
From a photograph by Notman.



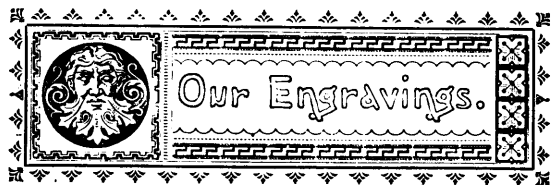
THE BABES IN THE WOOD.
From a photograph by Capt. Imlah, R. C. A.

MONTREAL IMPROVEMENTS.



THE STANDARD BUILDING, St. JAMES STREET.

From a photograph by Parks.



MARY AND ELIZABETH.—If the stars of the heavens are without number, we might almost say more so are the so-called sacred pictures with which, from all time, artists great and small have sought distinction or notoriety. Visitors to the continent of Europe especially are more than shocked at the infinite variety of daubs and crudes everywhere apparent; meant to do justice no doubt to those we all revere. Raphael, Gu'do, Corregio, and others of the old school; Hunt, Munkacsy, Selon and others, of the modern school, have, of course, given us sacred subjects that we are almost compelled to reverence and respect; but we question if any of them—including even the painter of the picture we are now discussing—ever excelled the sublime beauty of "Mary and Elizabeth." His "Holy Family" and "Nativity" are, as it is well known, amongst the foremost Biblical pictures of the day, but do not surpass this one. Thinking this, we have engraved it and feel proud in being the very first, as we believe, to publish it. No description is required; the veriest child of grace knows all about the subject, or else where to find it. Carl Müller was born at Darmstadt, Germany, in 1818. His works of art are numerous, and as he is still at the easel more may be expected from him before his distinguished career closes.

WILLIAM ALEXANDER FOSTER, Q.C.—Having already given the main events and dates of the late Mr. Foster, we shall accompany his portrait by some notes gathered from an article in the *Ottawa Citizen*. In addition to a distinguished place at the bar, Mr. Foster won a high position as a literary man. While yet a student at the University of Toronto (of whose Senate he became a member), he, together with the late Thomas Moss, Chief Justice of Ontario, W. J. Rattray, author of the "Scot in Canada," and others, contributed to a humorous weekly called the *Grumbler*, published in Toronto by Erastus Wiman, the now famous capitalist of New York. At a later period he was a contributor to the *Toronto Leader*, the *Hamilton Spectator* and the *Toronto Telegraph*. He was also editor of the *Monetary Times*. When the project for a Confederation of the B.N.A. Provinces came before the people, Mr. Foster wrote two able papers for the *Westminster Review*, and in both articles he warmly supported the scheme of union. He also favoured a renewal of the old Reciprocity Treaty, negotiated by Lord Elgin. Other contributions from his pen on Canadian affairs appeared in the *London Spectator*, the *London Athenæum* and the *London Times*, and for some years he was the Canadian correspondent of the latter paper. Like Thomas D'Arcy McGee and others, he was a sincere believer in the future destiny of Canada as a distinct nationality, and lost no opportunity of preaching the doctrine in season and out of season. This belief found notable and eloquent utterance in his well known essay entitled, "Canada First, or a New Nationality," published in pamphlet form shortly after the Red River insurrection of 1869, a work much admired by the young Ontarians of the day for its lofty tone and patriotic sentiment. The publication of this essay led to the formation of what was known as the "Canada First" party, of which Mr. Foster was the acknowledged leader, and among whose members were many young Canadians who have since attained distinction, in their respective walks of life, Wm. H. Howland, late Mayor of Toronto; George T. Denison, now Police Magistrate of Toronto; Joseph Easton Macdougall, now Judge of York; Charles Mair, the author of "Tecumseh;" John Schultz, now Lieut.-Governor of Manitoba; Robert Grant Haliburton, the scientist and litterateur; Frederick C. Denison, now M.P. for West Toronto; Wm. B. McMurrich, late Mayor of Toronto; James H. Morris, Q.C., and Hugh Scott, insurance agent, being of the number. The party controlled one or two organs of public opinion and erected a club house—the National—which became the rallying place of "Canada First" adherents and disciples living in and visiting the Ontario Capital. "Canada First," however, ceased to exist, as a separate organization, with the birth of the National Policy in 1878. From that time Mr. Foster devoted himself almost exclusively to his law business, and some years since obtained a silk gown from the present Government in recognition of his legal talent. Had he been spared to his country a few years longer, we think there cannot be any doubt of his succeeding to higher rewards in a profession of which he was for many years so distinguished an ornament.

HON. JOHN NORQUAY.—This well known man is prairie born, a native Manitoban, and has done his full share of service in public life. He is the only member who has held his seat in the Legislative Assembly of his Province, without a break, since the union, in 1870. He was born on the 8th May, 1841, and educated at St. John's Academy, where he took a scholarship in 1854. He is a member of Council of Manitoba University. He first made his mark, in the dark and dangerous days of the Red River Rebellion, in 1870; was Minister of Public Works and Agriculture from December 1871 to July 1874, Provincial Secretary in 1875, and at the head of Public Works again in 1876. In 1878 he was called on to form a Government, and held on to power for several years, amid a very stormy time. He sits in the Legislature for St. Andrews, and although in opposition now, with only a small following, is still one of the strong men of the North-West.

BABES IN THE WOOD.—We would like our readers to look at this picture. It is not an ideal one, nor is it a copy from a painting. The scene is recent and Canadian, in a wood near Quebec, and was photographed from nature by Captain Imlah, R.C.A. Three points are characteristic and give a smack of originality to the picture. First, it is a sultry fall day, the dress of the two children showing that in its scantiness and whiteness, to say nothing of the bare legs. There is no mistake about one thing—the young ones are sleeping soundly, like true Babes in the Wood. Look at the fat, rounded legs, and the upheld arm, and the big full face in the repose of health and sleep. Then the three kinds of Canadian forests—silver birches—with trunks as white as snow, and as an artist would like to have them. Finally, feel the depth of that floor, the extraordinary spread of the leaves, and the size thereof, most of them from our national maple.

THE STANDARD BUILDING.—This may be called the pioneer of the modern era of office building in Montreal. The foundations were laid in 1883, and the edifice was completed in 1885. Its dimensions are 60 feet front by 100 feet depth, and five stories in height, besides basement and sub-basement. The material is brown sandstone. It is to-day one of the handsomest buildings in Montreal, and will always be one of those pointed to with pride by the citizen cicerone. Mr. Wm. Miller Ramsay, the popular Manager of The Standard Life Assurance Company in Canada, presides over the large business of this institution and has his offices on the second floor. The first floor of the building is occupied by the Canadian Bank of Commerce and the Royal Insurance Company. The Standard Life Assurance Company was established at Edinburgh in 1825. Its success has been uninterrupted, and the Standard claims to have done, during the five years just closed, a larger aggregate business than any other British Life Office confining its operations within the Queen's Dominions. This result may be attributed not only to the wide and influential connections of the Company, combined with a long course of able and careful management in the past, but also in no small measure to the liberality of its dealings, and the constant adoption by the Directors of all improvements and facilities bearing on the contract of Life Assurance. This Company has been established and honourably known in the Dominion of Canada for a long number of years. Persons assuring with the Standard have thus the advantage of dealing with an office which has stood the test of time, and to persons resident in the Dominion the Standard offers the combined advantages of a local Canadian Office and of a large British Institution of world-wide connection. As a Local Office it affords all the advantages which are conferred by Resident Secretaries and Agents assisted by Local Boards of Directors, who have authority to accept proposals, collect premiums, settle claims, carry out surrenders of policies, etc., while, as an old and influential British company, it is in the position of possessing immense funds and extended opportunity of investing them throughout the British dominions, as well as that greater experience in conducting business which can only be acquired by a company having a wide area of operations. The returns of the Standard show that it has: Subsisting assurances, \$100,000,000; invested funds, \$3,000,000; an annual income of \$4,450,000; investments in Canada, \$4,000,000; deposited with Government, \$1,000,000. It can evidently afford to own a handsome place of business, which, moreover, yields in rental a fair interest on the outlay.

JACQUES CARTIER SQUARE.—This is a scene, during the week before Easter, when the snow had not yet disappeared, but the produce trade was brisk all the same. Jacques Cartier leads to, and on big days is part of, Bonsecours Market, the greatest retail field of its kind in Canada, and where the French-Canadian huckster and the Montreal-born huckster-woman can be studied in all their glory. The pillar and statue, at the head of the square, are there to the memory of Nelson, and they have been there some eighty years, being perhaps the most artistic statuary in Canada.

BONSECOURS MARKET.—This is a scene on the eve of Christmas. The snow has come and trade is brisk. Every mortal, eating or spectacular, is there for bargain, and the Babel that goes on, with womens' tongues above the din, is phenomenal. If you are shrewd, you can drive sharpest bargains there; if not, you are sure to pay a twofold price. Of meats, the chief sale is in pork and turkeys, of which the French are specially fond.

MASONIC TEMPLE AND GRAND OPERA HOUSE, LONDON.—The Masonic Temple, located at the corner of King and Richmond streets, is one of the most imposing structures in the City of London. It was dedicated in 1881 and occupied in 1883. The building is of three storeys and basement, the front on Richmond and King streets being occupied as offices and stores. The westerly half of the building is an opera house (the Grand), capable of seating 1,400 persons comfortably. The Lodge rooms of the different Masonic bodies are on the third and fourth floors and handsomely fitted up. The building was erected under the auspices of the Masonic Fraternity, and half of its cost (over \$60,000) was secured by means of the Gift Enterprise (or lottery) set afoot by the Masonry of London. It is managed by a directorate of five of the Brethren, R. W. Bro. Geo. S. Birrel being the president. Its total cost was over \$120,000.

THE MCCLARY FIRE, LONDON.—On the night of the 30th November, the McClary Manufacturing Company's stove foundry, of London, Ont., caught fire and burned furiously. The brigade, aided by volunteers from the military school, fought the flames, and finally got them under control. The fire was confined to the stamping and japan-

ning departments and the storehouse. Some 150 tons of tinware were destroyed. Two firemen were knocked from a ladder, but not seriously hurt, by a falling cornice. The cause of the fire is supposed to have been spontaneous combustion in the varnish room. The company employ about 400 hands, of whom 100 worked in the burned department.

A PICNIC ON THE ST. FRANCIS.—This picnic was held on the River St. Francis, three miles above the Village of Melbourne, and among those present were the Right Hon. Lord Aylmer, of Melbourne; His Honour Judge Tait, of Sweetsburg; Mayor Hart, of Richmond; Captains Brown and Harkom, of the 54th Battalion, and J. G. Lloyd, assistant engineer of the Grand Trunk Railway. The picnic was held in one of the favourite spots out of the many to be found on this river, and it may be mentioned that Melbourne is getting to be quite a summer resort for people from Montreal. Mr. James R. Miller, of Melbourne, will please accept our thanks for the photograph.

CAMP AT ISLE-AUX-NOIX.—The historical part of Isle-aux-Noix, twelve miles from St. Johns, P.Q., is a favourite resort for picnics and camping expeditions, and hardly a day passes without some gay party or other going to enjoy the cool breeze and picturesque view of this charming place. Fishing is good, pickerel, bass, etc., being abundant, especially as you round the south channel of the island. Ducks, snipes, plovers, blackbirds, find there an easy shelter in the long grass along the shore. Our engraving shows the camp after a short siesta. The big log has already served as a bonfire the previous night, and is still capable of holding out another "nocturnal." The fish caught in the morning was plentiful, and the spoils are hanging on the log. The campers have given an "airing" to their wet blankets, whilst the organ by the "maestro" is silent until the spasm of the photo's stare is over. The tent is planted on a rising ground, at the entrance of the "officers' walk" leading to the officers' "old mess quarters." The old poplars, standing there as two "unrelieved sentinels of yore," shelter the camp effectively from sun and rain. The campers are, probably, still thinking of the hail-storm that occurred the day previous, when one of the party secured enough "hail" to make *punches glacks* for two days; of the "clay pipe of peace" offered to strangers; or of the modern way of photographing groups. We are indebted for the photos to a band of St. Johns boys, several of whom figure in the foreground—Aldermen Arpin, Boucher and others.

DALHOUSIE GATE, QUEBEC CITADEL.—Of all the historic monuments connecting modern Quebec with its eventful and heroic past, none have deservedly held a higher place in the estimation of the antiquarian, the scholar, and the curious stranger, than the gates of the renowned fortress. Of the gates, as originally built, there only remains to-day the Dalhousie Gate, forming the entrance to the Citadel, built in 1827, and the Chaingate. St. Louis, St. John and Palace Gates, raised under French dominion, together with Hope and Prescott Gates, provided by the British Government since the Conquest, have long since disappeared. The present St. Johns Gate was built in 1865, and St. Louis and Kent Gates in 1880.

CHRISTMAS MORN ACQUAINTANCE.—Our cover has a little engraving suited to the holiday season. The child awakes to the echoes of the Christmas chimes, pealing from the parish steeple, and the first thing it sees, on opening its eyes, is the Punchinello which was laid upon his bed. Then the string begins to play, the manikin will be hauled up and down all day, and the chances are that, by night, the whole machinery will have been thrown out of gear.

DR. H. P. WRIGHT.—Last week, after waiting up to the last moment for the letter, and when it was too late to make a change, we had to let the portrait of Dr. Wright go, without any biographical notice. Since then these notes were received and we are happy to publish them. Dr. H. P. Wright, of Ottawa, is the chosen president of the Canada Medical Association, having been elected at their last meeting in Ottawa. His term of office does not begin until August next, the acting president being Dr. Geo. Ross, so favourably known in Montreal. Dr. Wright is a Canadian, having been born in Toronto in 1851. Graduating in the spring of 1870, at McGill College, Montreal, with honours as final prizeman, he entered upon the practice of his profession at St. Clair River. A large country practice, built up in eighteen years, presaged his present enviable position. As previously contemplated by him, he removed to Ottawa in 1872, partially led to choose the Capital as his permanent home by the fact that his father held a responsible position in the Civil Service. Up to the present, his work has been that of an untiring practitioner, quietly but laboriously pursuing his noble profession; and now, through the combined influence of an ability that commands respect, and social qualities that transform the physician into a friend, we find him, at the early age of 38, at the head of his profession, elected to fill the chair of what is our National Medical Association. Although this is his first appearance in public in any official capacity, he has held several professional appointments, such as examiner in physiology in the College of Physicians and Surgeon of Ontario, etc. He is one of the promoters of the local Medical Association, was its first secretary, and afterward president, and has served for over twelve years on the staff of the County of Carleton Protestant Hospital.

Mr. Baldasano y Toptete, who succeeds the late Count de Premio Real as Spanish Consul-General, has arrived at Quebec with his family and will make that city his headquarters.

HERE AND THERE.

OYSTERS IN CLASSIC DAYS.—Kaw oysters were eaten at Athens and Rome as a preprandial whet, and although we have no evidence that the English mediævalists followed so good an example, still there never was a time when English epicures failed to cultivate, or at least to plunder, oyster beds. To discredit them as judges of fish, however, and to prove that the tastes of epicures have changed, if not improved, it is only necessary to mention that our ancestors sugared their oysters.

THE ISLAND OF LEWIS.—This is the third of British islands in size, and 45 miles long by 30 broad, and inhabited by a mixture of Norwegians and Celts. Ninety per cent. are Presbyterians—all speaking Gaelic. Stornaway has 3,000 inhabitants; its castle is one of the finest in Scotland. Their literature consists largely of the Bible, Pitgrim's Progress, and Baxter's Fourfold State, and other theological works. The ministers will not marry any who will not promise to perform family worship night and morning, and the Sabbath is strictly observed. Grace before and after meals.

A CELTIC SCHOLAR.—Dr. John Smith's poems, in Gaelic, and his translations of the minor prophets and the psalms and paraphrases are celebrated. He died in 1807. He wrote a life of Columba, and many other works which rendered his name famous among Celtic scholars. He was appointed to gather information regarding the authenticity of Macpherson's Ossianic poems by the Highland Society. He published 5,335 lines of Gaelic poetry composed of poems, being old recitations gathered from time to time.

FRENCH WINES.—With the advent of the phylloxera and the wholesale failure of vineyards France has become a hopeful competitor for the palm of drunkenness. Government reports show a startling increase in the number of crimes and cases of insanity due to alcoholism. According to M. Laborde, of the Academy of Medicine, the manufacture of spurious liquors is conducted on an enormous scale, both in Paris and in provincial towns, and their quality is vile beyond description. Besides Indian hemp, nitro-benzol, and other products of the laboratory, poisonous in the extreme, such loathsome ingredients as hippuric acid, made from the drainings of stables, are freely used. The effect of such stuff upon the bodies and minds of the drinkers is of course ruinous.

THE ORDER OF THE WHITE CANONS.—The history of the White Canons, whom the Empress Eugenie has established at Farnborough, is curious. They were turned out of France in 1780. In 1882 there were only five under a prior, and they founded a little priory in a cottage belonging to the Duke of Norfolk, at Storrington. Now they number fifteen. Since the Reformation no White Canons have been seen in England. The order, founded by St Norbert, in the XII. century, at one time had no less than 1,000 abbeys under its rule. In the fifteenth century the Hussites ruined their abbeys in Bohemia, and, in the sixteenth, they lost their numerous houses in Germany, Norway, England, Scotland and Ireland. The revolution of 1793 completed their ruin. At the present time the order has twenty abbeys and forty priories throughout the world, ten of which are in America.

THE WATERFALL.

(SLEEPY HOLLOW, SHERBROOKE.)

A torrent ceaseless falleth
Near a hearthless home I know,
My Heart-friend's memory haunts it;—
He left me long ago.

Each other's troth we cherished
In the golden days of yore,
We hoped, we thought, together,—
He roams the wide world o'er.

When I list to falling water
Vague yearnings never cease;—
In works of love and kindness
Alone,—I taste of peace.

But in a Bright Hereafter
We'll meet, we'll love again,
And hold these years of silence
A fleeting dream of pain.

Nov., 1888.

F. C. EMBERSON.

Montreal.

GEO. MURRAY.

THE XMAS STAR.—We are glad to see that the public have thoroughly appreciated the beautiful number which Mr. Hugh Graham has put forth for the Christmas time. The *Star* has always redeemed its pledges in the periodical publication of illustrated supplements to celebrate events of general interest, but it has never succeeded so well as in the present instance, in the matter of perfect art, good taste, faultless workmanship, and a strong impression of the fitness of the means to the end. The illustrations are well chosen, appropriate and finished, and the letter press is all good, and we specially hail the name of Miss Helen Fairbairn, well known to our readers, for the first time that we see her in verse—as good as her prose, and that is saying a great deal.

THE CHAPEL OF THE DEAD MONKS.

A Capuchin Convent,
Near Nineveh's mound,
Stands high o'er a Chapel
Scooped out underground.

Wax tapers illumine it
By night and by day;
Dead Monks are its tenants,
In ghastly array.

Erect in tall niches
The grave they survive,
Each robed in the habit
He wore when alive.

They stand there, like spectres—
Gauged statues of flesh,
That cunning embalmers
Have toiled to keep fresh.

Each Monk, young or old, has
A scroll in his hand,
With red-lettered legend
That all understand:

"I, whom thou beholdest,
Was once like to thee,
And such as I am, thou
Hereafter shalt be."

One night in their Parloir
The Monks sat around,
And talked of pale ghosts in
The Crypt underground.

Outspoke a young Brother,
And deeply he sighed:
"I will seek our loved Prior,
Who recently died,

And, kneeling before him,
Confessing each sin,
Christ's pardon through faith from
His lips I may win."

"Oh! go not!" his comrades
Besought in alarm:
"The Spirits of Evil
Are plotting thy harm!"

"I fear not," he answered,
"God's arm will control
The fiends that oft harass
A penitent soul."

He went—and they listened
With feelings of dread—
His footsteps descended
The stair to the dead.

They heard a door open—
They heard a door close—
And trembled, like leaves, at
The thoughts that arose.

Soon, piercing abruptly
The tremulous air,
A shriek of wild terror
Rang up from the stair:

The Monks hurried downwards
With tapers alight,
And found their young Brother
Convulsed with affright.

Quick climbing the steps while
He felt for the rail,
The hem of his long robe
Had caught by a nail.

Then, horrors of darkness
The victim misled
To dream he was clutched in
The grasp of the Dead.

* * * * *

He died on the morrow—
Secured from decay—
His corpse fills a niche in
The Chapel to-day.



St. John (N.B.) is considering a scheme for systematic relief of the poor.

Cariboo hunting in the Sague ay district is reported in full blast. Several hunting parties are out and the sport is reported good.

British Columbia dealers are forming a Salmon Cannery Association for the purpose of advancing their interests in other parts of the Dominion.

Arrangements have been made for the amalgamation of the Colonial and Westmoreland Copper Mining companies, and they will begin to operate the mines at Dorchester, N.B., in the course of a few weeks.

Hon. Mr. Dewdney continues to receive encouraging reports of threshing operations in the Northwest. A settler located ten miles south of Regina had a crop of four hundred acres of wheat this season. He got \$1.05 per bushel without even leaving his farm. He will put six hundred acres under cultivation next year. Another correspondent says that the settlers throughout the Qu'Appelle valley are in good spirits. He recently saw 302 bushels of hard fye threshed from five acres. This is over sixty bushels to the acre. The wheat was raised near Katepwa at the edge of the Qu'Appelle valley. Wheat on the various Northwest districts averaged from thirty to forty bushels per acre.

HEARKEN YE.

"Peace be on Earth,"
Let all men know
God wills it so;
Joy at each hearth.

Love in each breast,
For God is Love.
In Heaven above
The Saints have rest.

New Glasgow, N.S.

J. H. IVES MUNRO.

LITERARY NOTES.

We shall publish, in our New Year's number, a beautiful little poem by Miss Hattie R. McClellan, of Windsor, N.S.

Richard Henry Stoddard had a poem published in Harper's after it had been fifteen years in the publishers' hands.

The writer of a book on dancing estimates that eighteen waltzes are equal to about fourteen miles of straight work.

Rowell & Hutchison, of Toronto, will soon publish "The Lives of the Judges of Upper Canada and Ontario," by David B. Read, Q.C.

A fair and gifted correspondent informs us that Mr. Bliss Carman is visiting Prof. Roberts, at Kingscroft, Windsor. The two poets are cousins.

Mr. Douglas Sladen, the Australian poet and anthologist, will probably take in the literary men of Nova Scotia about Christmas, and is awaited in Montreal during Carnival time.

Doctor Scadding speaks very highly of Kingsford's "History of Canada," so far as it has gone, and forecasts that it will yet become the standard in its own field. The second volume is doubtless much better than the first.

The Abbé Casgrain has prepared a new edition of his work "Un pèlerinage au pays d'Évangéline," much augmented by references to MSS., in London and Paris, bearing upon the subject of the expulsion of the Acadians.

Andrew Lang says in the *New Princeton Review* there are four popular kinds of novels—the novel of the new religion, the novel of the new society, which declines to have a religion, the novel of the divorce court, and the novel of the dismal commonplace.

In reviewing "Poems of Wild Life," the *Globe* is quite right in calling two of the names therein—Maurice Thompson and Edgar Fawcett—"wearisome bores." The latter, chiefly, turns up a little everywhere, trying his hand at everything, and being only a mediocrity in all.

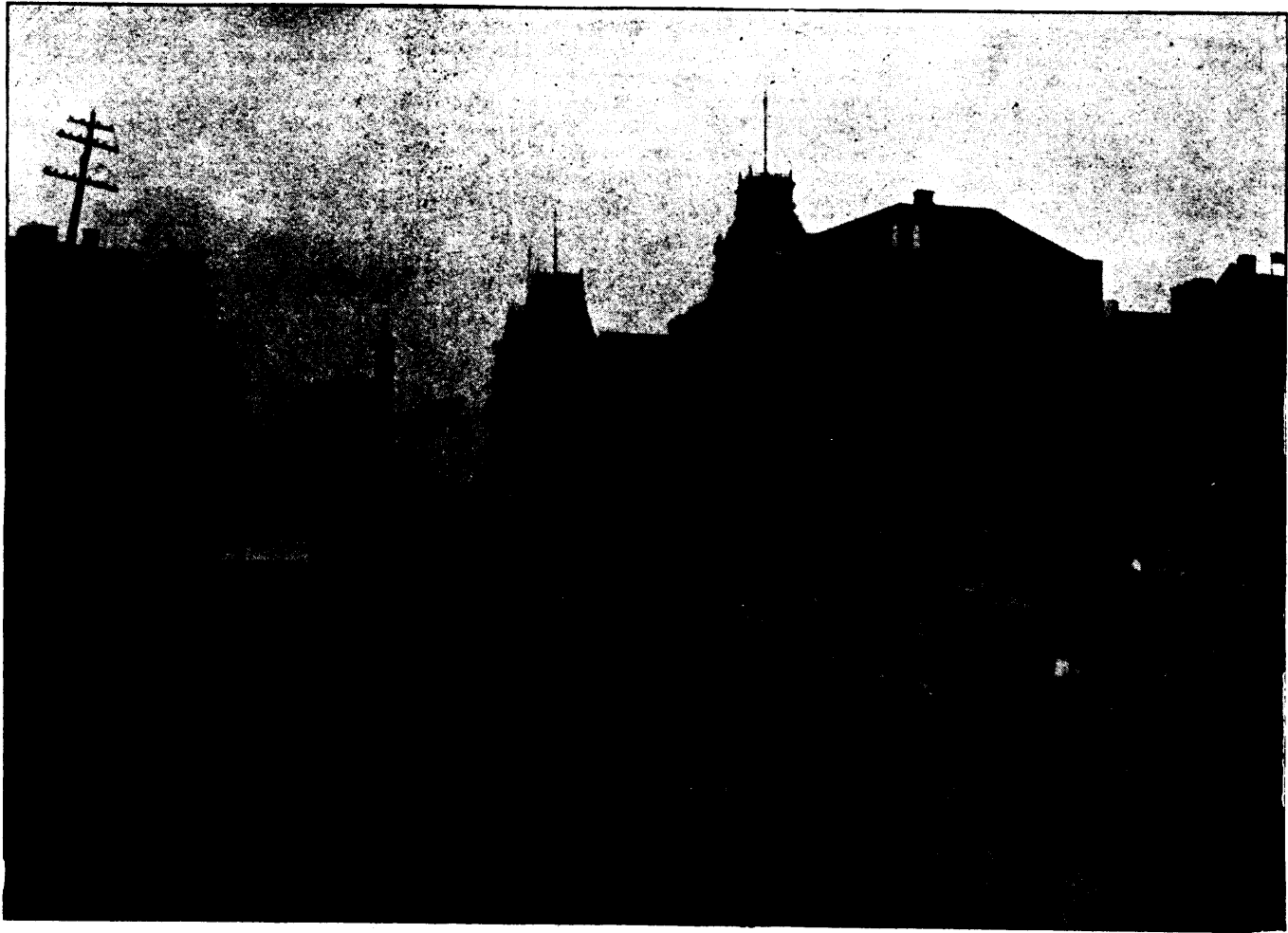
Prof. W. J. Alexander, of Dalhousie College, Halifax, is about to publish, through Ginn & Co., of Boston, an "Introduction to the Poetry of Robert Browning." Our readers have been made acquainted with Prof. Alexander through a late editorial article on "The Study of Literature."

The old form of "the" as in "Ye Merrie Englande" is often pronounced "ye" incorrectly by those who never heard that this form arose from the resemblance of the contracted form of "th" to Y. It was a form similar to that of the letter theta of the Greeks, embodying the consonant t and the aspirate.

Prof. Chas. G. D. Roberts is the editor of the volume "Poems of Wild Life," recently added to the "Canterbury" series. He prefaces the volume with a short essay on "Wild Life" versification. Several Canadian poets, including Mr. Duvar, Miss Machar, Mr. Roberts, Mr. Mair and Mr. Sangster, are represented in the book.

The *Canadian Horticulturist* may be called one of our institutions. It will begin its twelfth year in 1889, and doubtless will be even still more improved. A few years ago we had only *Vicks*, of Rochester, as a floral magazine, but now Mr. Wolverton has given something national, which holds its own against any other publication. The matter is well chosen and useful; the illustrations are appropriate; the frontispiece is always a beautiful coloured plate, and the whole periodical is a credit to the publishers. The office address is Grimsby, Ont.

The *Week* has enlarged its shape, with the first number of its sixth year, thus giving almost twice more reading than before. The size of the sheet is perhaps too oblong but the paper, type and "make-up" give it the look of the great English weeklies, as the *Spectator*, *Athenæum*, *Examiner* and *Saturday Review*, four periodicals that have not a rival in any country. It is agreeable to see that the *Week* is meeting with public favour, and we congratulate the two brothers Robinson, as manager and editor, on their success.



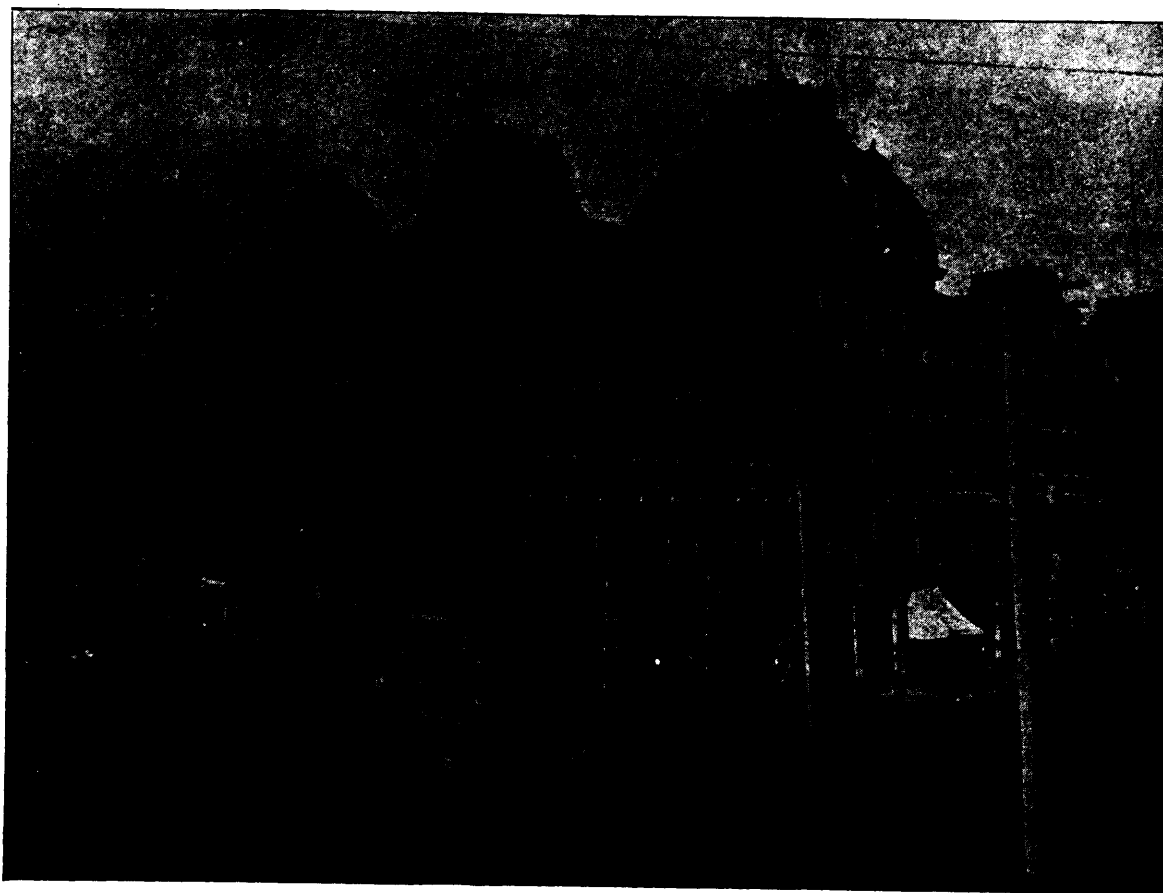
JACQUES CARTIER SQUARE, MONTREAL, ON A MARKET DAY.

From a photograph by Hamilton.



BONSECOURS MARKET, MONTREAL, CHRISTMAS EVE.

From a photograph by Henderson.



MASONIC TEMPLE AND GRAND OPERA HOUSE, LONDON, ONT.

From a photograph by T. W. Elliott.



THE McCLARY FIRE, LONDON, ONT., ON THE 30th NOVEMBER.

From a sketch by F. M. Bell-Smith, R. C. A.

The Lady in Muslin.

A philosophical mind seeks knowledge everywhere, and what knowledge is preferable to that of human nature? "Know thyself!" said the Delphic oracle.

"Now, the study of human nature," as I once remarked to Dick, "in the streets, in a ball-room, or at the opera, is perhaps not so stern or decorous as among the folios of the British Museum, but it is none the less the study of human nature. A well-disciplined mind peruses philosophical speculation everywhere and anywhere."

To which Dick replied—

"Of course it does. And it's much pleasanter to study here in this fashion than in those musty old libraries."

II.

DICK'S JUVENILE CORRESPONDENT.

The long vacation came at length, and as London grew emptier and emptier, and hotter and hotter, I began to shut up my books, nod over my writing, and think yearningly of country air and fishing rods, or, in my more energetic moods, of excursion trains and steam-packets, etc.

The last summer Gaunt and I had taken ourselves to St. Petersburg, and had found each other such good company and so conveniently paired—I being able to make people understand our various wants, and he to pay for them—that on our return we had engaged each other to repeat the attempt the following summer, and in our tour take in the capitals of Norway and Sweden.

During the last two or three weeks, however, Dick had been visibly less eager in planning our voyage; once or twice he had even vaguely hinted that perhaps he would not be able to go—still, he never told me out plainly that he wished to give up the journey, neither did he mention having formed any other plan for spending the long vacation. I was rather annoyed, therefore, to receive one morning a hurried scrawl from him to say that he was obliged to give up his cruise north, as business was taking him off that same day to Norfolk. He was extremely sorry, he added, and hoped I should find some more agreeable manner of passing the vacation.

Dick was a very good-hearted fellow, and not generally careless of others' convenience; and it was quite inconsistent with his character to thus coolly break his engagement and leave me to shift for myself.

"Such is the world!" I exclaimed to myself with a conremptuous smile, as I sat that melting morning over my eggs and coffee; "all miserable selfishness. His business indeed! and I should like to know what am I to do with myself."

Meteorological extremes are trying even to the most philosophically disposed. (I wonder if the philosopher would have stood absorbed in thought during twenty-four hours, with the temperature 10° below zero, or under the noonday sun of tropical India?) and when the affliction of a small unairy London apartment on a hot August morning is added to the disappointment of an agreeable journey gratis, a tired mind and a light purse feel considerably aggrieved. Mine did. I crumpled up Dick's note and tossed it into the grate, calling it "heartless" and himself "hollow," and for the future I vowed to forswear friendship.

After breakfast I set myself to the irritating task of arranging my pecuniary affairs.

Should I have to accept Brown's invitation to pass a fortnight with him in the Isle of Wight, the only one of the numerous invitations that, counting on my expedition north, I had not refused? or could I manage a continental trip on my own account? I had been lavish of expenditure lately, not expecting to have to provide for my holiday; so I thought drearily of Brown and the Isle of Wight, or, still more drearily, of a visit home to that very retired village in the fens where my infant eyes first saw the light.

Such meditation did not tend to relieve my angry feelings towards Dick, nor to restore that composure of mind which Epictetus so strongly recommends concerning matters over which we have no control; indeed, so irritating was the

combined effects of that letter and the high temperature, that, as I sat pondering over a heavy article I was forced to finish that morning for the "Magazine," and for which I had to refer to that respectable philosopher, instead of reading admiringly his remarks, I could not help distorting my features and calling him an "old fool!"

Alas! for the duplicity of man's nature! From his youth upwards had I known Richard Gaunt believed him to be the sincerest of mortals—the most open-hearted of friends!

That evening, having nothing particular to do, after the posting of a letter to Brown, accepting his invitation, I took a hansom and drove down to Dick's lodgings to fetch some books that I had left there. Perhaps I had also just a faint intention of gathering from Mrs. Briggs any information she might have as to the cause of Mr. Gaunt's sudden departure. Of course I had no idea of prying into his affairs by underhand means. I never dreamt of questioning Mrs. Briggs. Still, if she should drop any hint that to my wise head would be sufficient, why, there would be no harm—none whatever.

The blinds were all drawn and the windows of Dick's room were all closed. "He's off, at any rate," I muttered as I jumped from the cab and ran up the steps.

My knock was quickly answered by some faint efforts within, at turning a key or jingling a chain, and after a moment or two the door was pushed slowly open, and, to my surprise, a little girl in a white muslin frock and pink sash danced through the aperture and caught hold of me. I was taken a little aback, particularly when the small young lady clasped her hands, exclaiming "Oh!" in a frightened tone, and then added, "I thought it was godpapa Dick."

I was not used to children, and I didn't quite know what to say or do. To take off my hat to that small white frock and pink sash would have been ridiculous; but to stoop down and caress the dignified little head that turned up its abashed face as blushing as any girl of eighteen, would have been impertinent. "No," I said, after a moment's hesitation, "I am not godpapa Dick, Who may he be? Is it Mr. Gaunt?"

The child turned immediately into the house. "Yes," she said, in a quiet tone; "but don't ask me questions, please."

I followed her into the hall, and was about to ascend the stairs when she turned, and, barring the way with her little flounced-out figure, said gravely, "I don't think you had better come up stairs. I don't think godpapa Gaunt wants me to see anyone."

I could not help smiling at the very simple manner in which Dick's evident confidante was exposing his secrets.

"Don't you," I answered, laughing; "and do you think I should see you better upstairs than here at the present moment?"

What the young lady would have replied was lost to me, for at that moment Mrs. Briggs came panting up from the domains below.

"La, miss! run up stairs now, do! there's a dear," she exclaimed, soothingly. "It's Mr. Gaunt's niece, sir," she added, turning to me. "Her and his sister came quite unexpected-like this morning."

"Oh, indeed!" I answered, looking towards the child, who stood perched on the stairs, listening with a strange earnestness to what Mrs. Briggs said.

"And so you are Dick's little niece," I added, smiling and remembering that Mr. Gaunt had neither brother, sister, or cousin within the sixth degree.

The little girl hung her head and replied by an inquiring look from her dark eyes.

"Mr. Gaunt's gone out with her sister, sir. He told me to say he was out to everybody, and not to let any gent into his room on account of Miss being there," Mrs. B. said, looking rather puzzled as she saw me begin to mount the stairs.

"But for me, Mrs. Briggs," I said, gently; "I am different, you know. I think I may go up."

"Well, sir, I know you're Mr. Gaunt's perticklerest friend; but them's my orders: p'raps you'll mention to Mr. Gaunt as I told you."

"Oh, yes! all right," I replied; "you won't be afraid of my sitting in the room with you, will you?" I asked in my kindest, most winning tones of the child.

"I shouldn't be afraid of you," she replied, gravely; "but you mustn't talk to me, because I promised godpapa not to answer anyone's questions."

"Very good: I will be most discreetly silent," was my answer; and with that understanding the little flounced figure bounded up stairs leaving me the path clear.

"Dick's niece!" thought I, as I threw myself into his arm-chair and gazed at the face, bending studiously over a number of "Punch," but looking up every now and then to cast a quick, sly glance at me.

Large, dark, creole eyes—unchildlike in the sadness of their expression—small, regular features, and curls of that blue-blackness that speaks of foreign lands.

Dick's niece! Dick's god-daughter!

There are strange things in this world—inexplicable, moral and physical phenomena; and perhaps the uncleship of Mr. Gaunt to this little nine-year-old lady was one of them. At any rate, as I sat there pondering over it, I mentally muttered the words with which I commenced this episode.

Richard Gaunt, the man who in his every word, every act, every sentiment, seemed to breathe openness and truth, whose very roughness and simplicity seemed to make a romantic mystery impossible!—to find him thus suddenly surrounded in inexplicable relationships, shook my faith in the whole human race.

I waited for half an hour, keeping most sacredly my agreement with my fair little friend; but my reflections grew gloomy, and I began to grow impatient at Gaunt's absence, when suddenly the child exclaimed, gravely—

"Why don't you smoke a cigar? We never used to mind smoke."

"We!" thought I, wondering if the young lady used the first person plural in a literal sense, or with a child's irreverence for grammar.

"Don't you? Why, what a sensible mamma you must have got, to have taught you that," I replied, proceeding to act upon her suggestion.

"Mamma didn't teach me," she answered simply. "Godpapa Dick is a long time coming, isn't he?" she added, sighing heavily; and pushing back her tiny hand through her curls, she leant her head upon it, and looked as sad and sentimental as any young woman far advanced in her teens.

"You're fond of your uncle, arn't you?" I said, rather amused; and she answered, "Yes, very," with an energy which shot sudden fire into her large eyes.

"Do you often see him?" I asked gently, my curiosity getting the better of my promise.

"Not very. Since I came here—I mean to England—I've seen him oftener; but before, I don't remember very well. It seems a long time ago, you see—a very long time. It was not then—no," she added dreamily. "I think I used to see mamma oftener."

"And your papa, usen't you to see him?" I asked cautiously.

"No," answered the child, "never. I never saw him; I used to pray for him; I always used, because mamma told me to. She used to say, 'Cecile, if you don't pray God to bless your papa, God won't love you, or bless you.' So of course I did."

"Quite right," I said, approvingly. "And where is your mamma now; is she out with Mr. Gaunt?"

Cecile raised her head, and glanced up at me, the dreamy look quite disappearing from her eyes; and clasping her small creamy-looking hands together on her lap: "Don't ask questions, please," she said, in her childish, half-frightened manner. "You promised you wouldn't ask questions."

(To be continued.)

THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.

We have received several communications, in reply to our request for further information about the Society of Friends in Canada, and all of them confirm the statements furnished us, last week, that the settlements are mostly confined to Ontario. Thus, Mr. Henry W. Way, of St. Thomas, Ont., who is an authority, as he belongs to the body, kindly gives the following localities: Bloomfield, P.E. Co.; Pickering, Ontario Co.; Bertie and Pelham, Welland Co.; Norwich, Oxford; Lobo, Middlesex; Bosanquet, Lambton Co.; Yarmouth, Elgin Co. Mr. Way states further that his co-disciples of Fox are to be found in Genesee, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois. While thanking our correspondent for his information, we are surprised that he should suspect us of any disrespect or even levity toward the Friends, and as to the good English word "Quaker," we thought it was popular with them. The original text of our paragraph was taken, as it stood, from a Philadelphia paper, and we added only the line about Canada.

A Lindsay paper likewise informs us that if we visit Pickering in Ontario County, Linden Valley in Victoria County, or parts of Hastings and Prince Edward County, "there will be found many old style Quakers." West Victoria's worthy M.P.P., Mr. John S. Cruess, is a splendid sample of that independent race. Other settlements still exist in York and Simcoe Counties. This is akin to the surprise created recently on learning that Mormons after the doctrine of Joe Smith, i.e., "Latter Day Saints," were living in Ontario. Why, for years a colony are settled at Cameron, a few miles north of this town, have a church of their own, are decent well-to-do people who mind their own business. They are as harsh on polygamy as anyone can be. They do not intrude their belief on others and therefore are entitled to it."

An Ottawa correspondent sends the following interesting letter, with one or two new points and a neat little story. He says:—

"In your issue of Saturday, I notice that you state you are not aware of any settlement of Friends in Canada. There was, and I fancy still is, a considerable settlement of them near Bloomfield, in Prince Edward County, a few miles from Picton. There they not only had a substantial meeting house, but a large school, the latter founded by a wealthy English member, whose name I forget. I have been present at many of their meetings. One of them, a "silent meeting," I shall not easily forget. It lasted two hours, and not a word was spoken during the whole time. Though the older members of the Society stuck to the phrase and dress of that body, the younger ones did not, and the girls were as gaily dressed as their more worldly sisters, and indulged in dancing. The period I speak of was the last year of the American Civil War. At that time, in the *Waverly Magazine*, used to appear notices from parties asking correspondence to wile away camp life. To one of these a pretty Quakeress of Bloomfield, a Miss S—, replied. The young man was a captain in a U.S. cavalry regiment. Several letters passed between the parties, photos were exchanged, and, to the surprise of the young lady, one day the young soldier turned up at the farm. The old folk were astonished on learning of the correspondence, and still more that the stranger had come on matrimony bent. The damsel herself was by no means averse to the proposition, but her father at first would not hear of her wedding "a man of blood." He finally gave way, and the young soldier, at the end of his furlough, returned to the States, taking his bride with him. As to your remarks about the Society of Pennsylvania observing the tenets as laid down by George Fox, you will find there are two branches of Quakers there—"Orthodox" and "Hicksite,"—who differ on some points as widely as Ultra Low Church and Ritualistic Anglicans, the Hicksites conforming to the way of the world in many matters of dress and speech."

THE POET'S RAPTURE.

On these nights of Christmas tide, when the December air is lighted by strange fires, and voices of spirits are heard sounding from heaven to earth a burden never heard before:—

Glory to God unto the Highest and
Peace to good men upon the sea and land,

It is meet that we should dwell upon a revelation just made of the unbidden cosmic insights of the greatest of modern poets.

Some of our readers have doubtless read, within the last few days, of a letter, written by Lord Tennyson, which has come into the possession of the *Chicago Tribune*, and which shows that he holds the conviction that consciousness may pass from the body and hold communion with the dead. This is essentially spiritualism, but in Tennyson's case he is his own medium. The letter is in the poet's handwriting, and is dated "Farthingford, Freshwater, Isle of Wight, May 7, 1874." It was written to a gentleman who communicated to him certain strange experiences he had had when passing from under the effect of anæsthetics. Lord Tennyson writes: "I have never had any relations through anæsthetics, but a kind of waking trance (this for lack of a better name). I have frequently had it quite up from boyhood, when I have been all alone. This has often come upon me through repeating my own name to myself silently, till all at once, as if it were that of the intensity of the consciousness of individuality, the individuality itself seemed to dissolve and fade away into boundless being, and this not a confused state, the clearest of the clearest; but the surest of the surest, utterly beyond words, where death was an almost laughable impossibility, the loss of personality (if so it were) seeming no extinction but the only true life. I am ashamed of my feeble description. Have I not said the state is utterly beyond words?"

This is not a vulgar table tipping spiritualism, as the *Tribune* rightly says. It is the most emphatic declaration that the spirit of the writer is capable of transferring itself into another existence, is not only a real, clear, simple, but that it is also an infinite invision and eternal induration, for he continues that, when he comes back to sanity, he is ready to fight for the truth of his experience, and that he holds it the spirit, whose separate existence he thus repeatedly tests, will last for æons and æons.

Very naturally this production has created a stir among thoughtful men, and, as naturally, inquiry was made whether anything in the writings of the poet could give a clue to this evolution of mind. Professor Thomas Davidson, of Chicago, on seeing the letter, at once pointed out that the same conviction, if not the same experience, only with another, is described in "In Memoriam," xcv. The stanzas are generally passed over as referring to a mere frenzy of grief, but reading them in the light of the calmly penned prose, puts an entirely different aspect on the incident contained in the lines referred to.

Perhaps the reader would like to go over that number of the poem, made doubly interesting now in the glare of this new discovery. The poet begins by preparing the drapery of the scene in the dismal hour of gloom:—

By night we lingered on the lawn,
For underfoot the herb was dry;
And genial warmth; and o'er the sky
The silvery haze of summer drawn.

And calm that let the tapers burn
Unwavering; not a cricket chirred;
The brook alone far off was heard,
And on the board the fluttering urn.

And bats went round in fragrant skies,
And wheeled or lit the filmy shapes
That haunt the dusk, with ermine capes,
And woolly breasts and beaded eyes.

While now we sang old songs that pealed
From knoll to knoll, where, couched at ease,
The white kine glimmered, and the trees
Laid their dark arms about the field.

But when those others, one by one,
Withdrew themselves from me and night,
And in the house light after light
Went out, and I was all alone.

A hunger seized my heart; I read
Of that glad year which once had been,
In those fall'n leaves which kept their green,
The noble letters of the dead.

Here we have all the surroundings needed—darkness, stillness, the hunger of the heart, and the vocal presence of the dead. Then follow the verses which bear out the poet's American letter:—

And strangely on the silence broke
The silent-speaking words and strange
Was love's dumb cry defying change
To test his worth; and strangely spoke

The faith, the vigour, bold to dwell
On doubts that drive the coward back,
And keen thro' wordy snares to track
Suggestion to her inmost cell.

So word by word, and line by line,
The dead man touched me from the past,
And all at once it seemed at last
The living soul was flashed on mine.

And mine in this was wound, and whirled
About empyreal heights of thought,
And came on that which is, and caught
The deep pulsations of the world.

Æonian music measuring art—
The steps of Time—the shocks of Chance—
The blows of Death. At length my trance
Was cancelled, stricken thro' with doubt.

The three last stanzas embody the whole story, and hold the secret of the inner sight. The dead man touched the poet first by word and line and then, at once, the living soul was flashed on his. The human spirit was given wings, and guided as Dante of old, it soared into the infinite, caught the cosmic pulses of the unseen, and heard the Music of the Ages—Æonian—beating out the problems of Time, Chance and Death.

Then the night gradually wore away, the breeze trembled over the large leaves of the sycamore, until the East and West mixed their lights, like life and death, and broadened into boundless day. Next come the perplexities of faith, and honest doubt that has more faith than half the creeds. But this shallow scepticism does not last. The poet fights it and gathers strength. He faces the spectres of his mind and lays them, till he comes at length to find a stronger faith his own. This is the victory, and Tennyson shall never be ranked with the unbeliever, as he himself tells us in the bugle call which closes this whole psychological event:—

Power was with him in the night,
Which makes the darkness in the light,
And dwells not in the light alone.

But in the darkness and the cloud,
As over Sinai's peaks of old,
While Israel made their gods of gold,
Altho' the trumpet blew so loud!

JOHN TALON-LESPERANCE.

MILITIA NOTES.

The death is announced in Quebec of Arthur Gingras, aged 93, one of the last survivors who participated in the battle of Chateaugay.

An Order-in-council has been passed awarding a pension of 55 cents a day to Private Hurrell, of the 90th Battalion, for disease contracted during the Northwest rebellion.

Daniel Wilson, formerly of the 11th Hussars, and who was one of the six Hundred who made the famous charge at Balaklava, the only one now left in Canada, is at the point of death in this city.

It is denied that there is any intention of removing the St. Johns School of Infantry to Montreal. Montreal has no place suitable for such a purpose, while there is splendid barrack accommodation at St. Johns.

The new drill book now being prepared by the Imperial War Office authorities will be adopted by the Canadian force as soon as it is ready. Gen. Middleton said that he hoped the new volume would be ready for use next summer.

The report of Lieut.-Col. Smith, D.A.G., of the London military district, relative to the condition of the 7th Battalion, has been received at the Militia Department. It is understood that Col. Smith's recommendation to the Minister is that the battalion be disbanded and afterward re-organized.

The annual rifle meeting of the National Association, hitherto known as the Wimbledon meeting, will, after all, be held on Wimbledon Common next year. A new Wimbledon has not been secured. The time at the disposal of the National Association will not allow of new ranges elsewhere, and the Duke of Cambridge is, therefore, to be asked to allow next year's meet to be held on Wimbledon Common.

The six breeds of turkeys in the United States are known as, 1, the bronze; 2, the Narragansett; 3, white; 4, black; 5, buff; 6, slate. The largest of the bronze turkeys, raised principally in Connecticut, attain forty-five pounds in weight when two years old. The yearlings, more tender, usually weigh about twenty-five pounds. The Narragansetts are nearly as large.

CANADIAN SUMMER PASTIMES.



PIC-NIC ON THE RIVER ST. FRANCIS, NEAR MELBOURNE, PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.

From a photograph by a lady amateur.



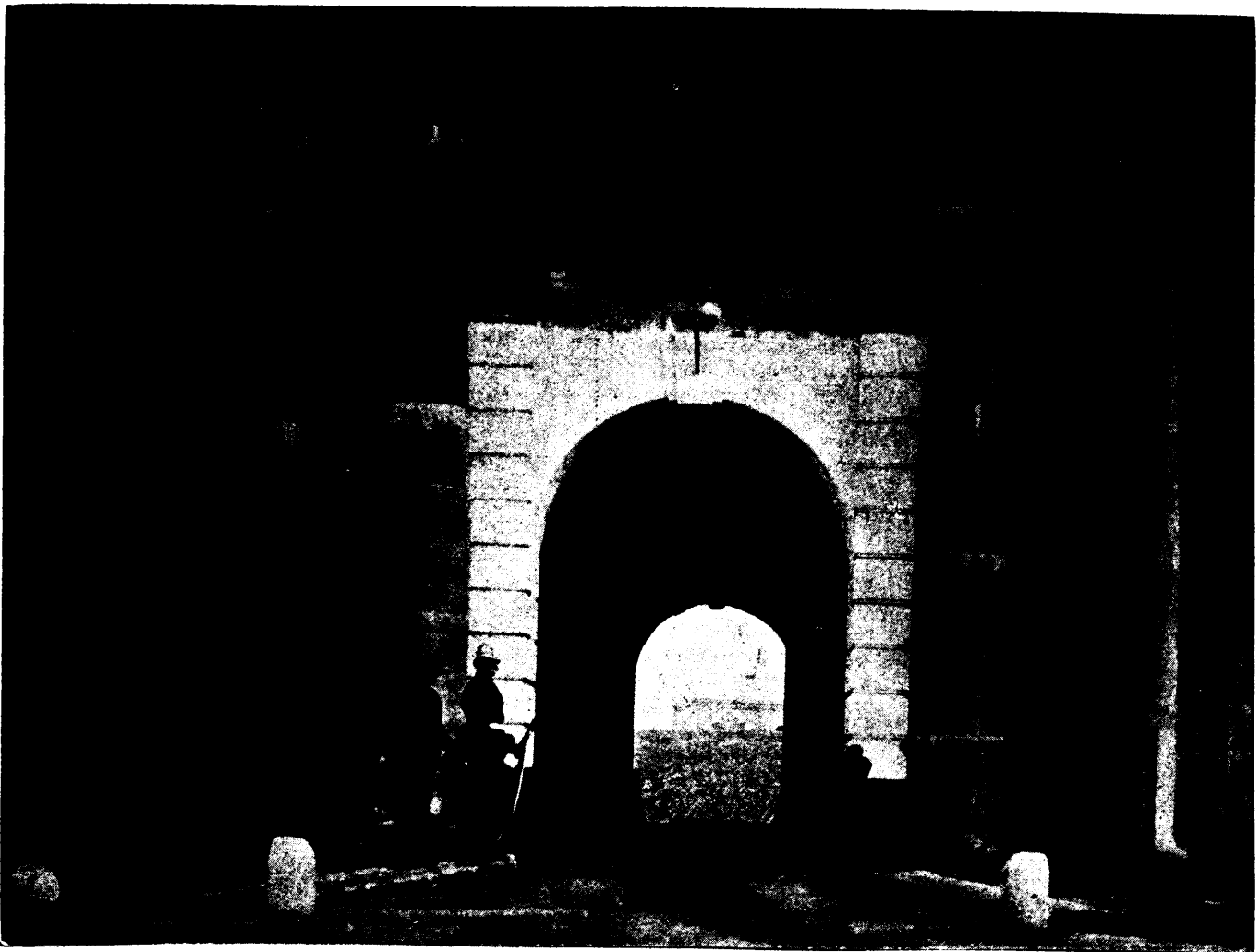
CAMPING ON ISLE-AUX-NOIX, RIVER RICHELIEU, P.Q.

From a photograph by Brault, of St. Johns, P.Q.

QUEBEC VIEWS.



DALHOUSIE GATE, CITADEL, QUEBEC. Inside View.



DALHOUSIE GATE, CITADEL, QUEBEC. Outside View.
From photographs by Capt. Inlah, R.C.A.



DRESSMAKING AN ART.—Dressmaking is no longer simply a business. It is an art. If a lady have occasion to furnish herself with a new costume for a certain fete, reception or what else it may be, it is not sufficient now that she buy a fashionable material and have it made in a fashionable manner. Women do not, must not now, all dress alike. She must study herself with an artist's eye. If she cannot do this let her employ a modiste who can, and let colour, form, treatment, garniture of the attempted costume all be the result of the careful study and end in a climax of perfect adaptation to the wearer.

A FAITHFUL SERVANT.—At the town of Beziers, France, Mlle. Helen Sapte, who is now eighty-three years old, has been employed in the Fusier family. When the anniversary arrived a feast was provided, and Mlle. Sapte, the aged servant, occupied the seat of honour at the head of the table. The honour was deserved, for she had "served in this family with a devotion and zeal never for a moment relaxed." The individuals of the family which celebrated her "golden wedding" as a hand-maiden were by no means the same as those for whom her work was begun, but she felt her devotion to be none the less due.

KEEP STRAIGHT.—A stooping position maintained for any length of time, tends more to undermine the health than is supposed. An erect position should be observed, whether sitting, standing or lying. To sit with the body leaning forward on the stomach or to one side, with the heels elevated on a level with the hands is not only in bad taste, but exceedingly detrimental to the health; it cramps the stomach, presses the vital organs, interrupts the free motion of the chest and enfeebles the functions of the abdominal and thoracic organs and, in fact, unbalances the whole muscular system.

REGULATING WOMEN'S COIFFURES.—In mediæval times, when it was quite an everyday occurrence for laws to be passed regulating the quality of the material, as well as the fashion and embellishment of clothes to be worn by various grades of society, it is no matter of surprise to find that, as one instance, the mayor of Chester issued, in the thirty-second year of the reign of Henry III., an edict that, to distinguish married from unmarried women, no unmarried woman was to be allowed to wear white or coloured caps, and that no woman was to wear a hat unless when she rode or went abroad into the country.

FANS AN OLD INSTITUTION.—The Hebrews, Egyptians, Chinese and the miscellaneous population of India all used fans as far back as history reaches. Terence, a writer of Latin comedies who lived in the second century B.C., makes one of his characters speak of the fan as used by ladies in ancient Rome: "Take this fan and give her thus a little air." From this Roman origin the fashion of carrying fans was handed down to the ladies of Italy, Spain and France, and thence introduced into Britain. Queen Elizabeth when in full dress carried a fan. Shakespeare speaks of fans as connected with a lady's bravery and finery:

With scarfs and fans, and double charge of bravery.

THE FRENCH COFFEE.—The French have the reputation of making the best coffee. They take a great deal of care in making this favourite beverage, and the result is that when French coffee is taken one drinks the pure flavour of the berry. They always grind the berries just before they are to be used, and do not let a quantity of ground coffee stand and get stale. The French cook then pours boiling water on the ground coffee; then she filters this, and after boiling the water again, pours it on the coffee once more. This is repeated a third time. She never boils the coffee and water together, nor puts the coffee in cold water and then let it boil.

A Horse-Dealer's Little Ruse.

BY WALTER BLACKBURN HARTE.

(Concluded from last week.)

The Misses Flewelling were all very pretty girls, and their name was legion, or at least, they could say, "we are seven." It was consequently a difficult matter to choose between them, but Mr. Smart was as good a judge of the fair sex as he was of horseflesh, and besides he felt himself equal to the task of amusing a colony of pretty girls much less a septenary. He possessed a superabundance of confidence in himself, and he had by constant endeavour developed in a high degree the delightful faculty of immediately making himself "at home" in whatever circle he might happen to be thrown. Of course, it does not follow that the happy persons upon whom he conferred the honour of his society invariably shared his keen enjoyment of the present hour, but certain it is that in the present instance the womenkind thought him a very agreeable person, and altogether it was the liveliest dinner to which the members of Mr. Flewelling's household had sat down for many a day. Mr. Smart's self-possession was admirable, and it had that necessary element of putting everybody else at ease in his presence at once, which alone can save familiarity from being a nightmare. He found his quarters so pleasant, although the home made wine was abominable, that it was with difficulty that he could be persuaded to look at the colt at all that afternoon. Wine could never detain Mr. Smart at the table a moment longer than he proposed to stay, but women were his weakness. However, upon a hint from "mamma"—(the girls always called her "mother" in the absence of strangers, but "mamma" sounds so refined and fashionable)—the ladies exhibited their knowledge of town-life by rising from the table and leaving the two gentlemen alone with their wine and cigars.

The farmer was not as entertaining as his fair daughters, and after the ladies had retired, Mr. Smart quickly began to observe that time was flying, and suggested that they should adjourn to the stables. Mr. Flewelling was equally anxious.

Upon reaching the yard everybody was surprised to find that the agreeable Mr. Smart of five minutes before had vanished—that is, metaphorically speaking, for he was standing there, with his hands thrust deep into his breeches pockets, and a look of the most stolid unconcern pictured on his face. He looked as if he had been just dropped from the clouds, and had taken the matter philosophically as if it was all one to him where he fell. He was idly chewing a piece of straw, and altogether had the air of a man who was being bored and was not at great pains to conceal it.

Mr. Smart, like many others wise in their generation, was a duality. There was Mr. Smart the uncomprising, and some said, unscrupulous, man of affairs; and there was Mr. Smart, a gallant in his own fashion, brimming over with insidious flattery and always ready to respond to the toast of "The Ladies," or join in a dance. But coming to business with him meant the extinguishment of the latter personality, and the resumption of a gruff speech, which in itself spoke volumes of stable wisdom, and the loss of all that guileless and pleasing chatter which enabled him to while away so many pleasant hours, and raised him so high in the estimation of the fair sex. The women dearly love rattles, no matter how jangled or stupid their noise may be. They are doubtless governed in this matter by their unerring instinct and the law of congruity.

It was one of Mr. Smart's noticeable characteristics that whenever he meant business he allowed nothing to distract his attention, and did not indulge in any frivolity, as, for instance, chewing straw. But there is no rule without an exception. In business the horse dealer was like an eel in the mud; one could never tell just what his tactics were. Everybody in the neighbourhood at all acquainted with Mr. Smart, however, knew that in his dealings he was all eyes and ears, and his judgment in the matter of horse-flesh was almost

infallible. On the present occasion, when the colt was led into the yard, he merely screwed up his features into what seemed a hopeless tangle, and appeared to express a mixture of suppressed amusement, disappointment and good-natured forbearance, and bestowed a cursory glance upon the animal. Then his features relaxed, and he began to hum an air, half under his breath, as if the whole matter was settled, and he had no further concern in it. That cursory glance was sufficient for his trained eyes to discover that the colt was all that its owner claimed for it, but he well knew the value of indifference. He had internally made up his mind to purchase the colt, but he was perfectly aware of the circumstances in which Flewelling was placed, and he was rapidly revolving in his mind what his best plan of action would be in order to obtain the colt, as he put it, "for a song." He knew that Flewelling was accounted one of the best judges of cattle in Greensline, and fully realized the difficulty of deluding him in regard to the value of his own property. His face, however, did not betray in the least what was really passing in his mind. He pulled a huge watch from his fob, and, upon consulting it, looked at the gathering clouds overhead.

"Well?" said Flewelling, with nervous quickness. The dealer's monotonous humming irritated him. It did not savour in the least of interest or admiration, but rather of a chilling indifference. "Well?" he repeated. "What d'ye think of him?"

The dealer made no motion that he understood the question. He walked slowly to a bundle of straw lying outside the stable door, drew out a long stalk, and returned to his former position. In dealing with the poverty-stricken, he always assumed a proper and becoming dignity, which was exhibited in slow answers and frigid deliberation, or hasty brusqueness, as the occasion seemed to demand. At such times he grumbled at everything or principle, or affected disdainful toleration. What his conduct was in his transactions with the rich concerns us not. He was a man of great parts, and, doubtless, fully rose to the exigencies of the occasion.

"Humph!" he replied at length, in a tone which one would have expected to hear come from the lips of a sphinx suddenly endowed with speech. "The colt may be very well for your purpose—very well, indeed—but he is of no use to me."

"What?—no good! The very best bit o' horse flesh in the country. There ain't his equal in the wide world. D'ye know his sire? 'Prince,' sir, 'Prince'—a horse what's won a reputation as universal as that of—" he paused for an appropriate simile, and then added—"as that of Queen Victoria herself! Come, Mr. Smart," he continued, lowering his voice, and trying to speak with an affection of confidential jocularity, "we understand each other. You know the worth of that colt as well as I do, unless I'm greatly mistaken. You know I'd never sell him if it were not that I'm a little pressed for money just now."

"Xactly," replied the dealer. "I understand your position, but I cannot allow sentiment to interfere with business. I reckon that I know something about horses, and I say that the colt is no good. I don't want to put my hand in my pocket to buy an animal that'd be eating his head off in my stable and never find a purchaser."

"I know something about horses, too," said Flewelling, "and I say that the colt has a future of great possibilities before him. Try his pace."

"Well, well," said the dealer, again consulting his watch; "I'm pressed for time, but if you care to go to the trouble of having him put to, I'll trot him down the lane."

He appeared to be acting under protest—inconveniencing himself in order not to appear disobliging. In reality a bright idea had occurred to him. He was gifted with Napoleonic quickness of thought, and he carried out his plans with a coolness and ability worthy of the great general.

In a few minutes the colt was harnessed into a tall dog-cart, and the dealer lightly stepped into it and drove out of the yard. Mr. Flewelling followed to the gate and watched him drive sharply

down the lane. As he did so a smile crept over his features, as he thought of how quickly the dealer would discover the transcendent merits of the colt.

When Mr. Smart had turned a bend in the lane, and knew that he was well out of observation, he suddenly mounted to his feet, and, pulling the left rein fiercely, he at the some moment brought the butt end of the whip down heavily over the colt's left ear. This operation he repeated unceasingly, the poor bewildered beast absolutely refused to obey the left rein at all. Then Mr. Smart returned to the yard.

"What's your opinion of him now?" enquired the farmer, with a suggestion of triumph in his tone.

"The same as before," replied the dealer, "only he's worse than I expected. He's the most contrary, obstinate brute I've ever seen in my life. He's a born failure. Why, he won't answer to the bit, and I can't make him turn to the left at all."

The farmer grew very red in the face, and would most certainly have burst with indignation had not a good round oath found vent at this juncture.

"Well, I'm—" he exclaimed, springing up into the cart and seizing the ribbons. "Here, give me the reins; you don't understand the horse."

They dashed down the lane, but neither thrashing, persuasion or sweet green grass from the roadside could induce the poor beast to respond to the command of the left rein, and at last, tired out with thrashing the brute, the farmer reluctantly turned homeward in despair.

"You artful old cuss," said Mr. Smart, banteringly. "You knew that the horse was not worth his keep, but it takes a very wide-awake 'un to catch us napping."

The return journey was made in silence, except for the delicate irony with which Mr. Smart endeavoured to enliven his companion. Mr. Flewelling's tongue clove to the roof of his mouth. He could not respond to the dealer's remarks, which once would have roused his ire, but now sank into his heart like a knife. He was confused and suspicious, but wholly at a loss to account for the colt's delinquency, and it was with an effort that he restrained the tears from betraying the utterness of his dejection.

The reader who has accompanied me so far, cannot fail to have been impressed with the infinite compassion which abounded in the soul of Mr. Smart, and the spontaneous generosity which characterized his conduct. This was by no means the first time these admirable qualities had manifested themselves in his relations with those whom circumstance placed at a disadvantage. He was one of those men with whom a *really* deserving case for the exercise of a little benevolence was a command. How often had he endeavoured to impress upon the minds of his Sabbath school class that they should not enquire too strictly into the necessities of a case, but give with a full heart, and their reward would be more than commensurate! He always gave with a full heart himself, but then, he was so occupied with business, that the urgencies of his fellow-men too often escaped his observation, and his gifts did not embarrass him. He regretted it sorely, but what could he do? He was one of those who prefer to do good by stealth, and blush to find it known. He shunned publicity, and never even craved a personal paragraph in the Great Suringerton *Times*. He advertised, and that was sufficient for him. He had once brought a libel suit against a newspaper, and after the introduction of a lot of quite irrelevant matter into the proceedings, which did not greatly redound to his credit, he had been worsted. Since then he held newspapers in abhorrence, and often, especially in the presence of persons connected with the Press, expressed his views about them very strongly. But I am determined that he shall no longer hide his light under a bushel. "Full many a flower—" etc., but, however unwilling he may be to receive public admiration, I am resolved that his kindness to the helpless and friendless shall be made known. Hence this sketch, the truth of which I can vouch for, by the fact that I am a son of Mr. Flewelling, and was present at the time of this incident.

"Come, old Barabbas"—that was merely Mr.

Smart's cheerful way of verbally clothing his benevolence—"as I know that you are suffering with *temporary*"—with a considerate stress upon the word—"pecuniary embarrassments, I'll take the colt. He's not worth a brass farthing to me, but I understand that money's an object to you just now. But business is *business*—I'll only accept him at a price."

After some hopeless pleadings on the part of Flewelling, which the dealer, as if half retracting from his good intentions, characterized as an attempt to impose on his good nature—villainous extortion and ingratitude—a bargain was clinched at a figure which left Mr. Smart a margin of about 90 per cent. profit, but which was not enough to cover the farmer's rent.

That evening was a sufficiently miserable one to the inmates of the Oak Tree farm. The scene in the little parlour will remain for ever in my memory. A peremptory letter came from the landlord demanding the payment of the rent, and threatening the broker in the event of any further delay. Father and mother sat on either side of the table, looking, in blank despair, at a little pile of gold pieces, all insufficient to meet the demand. We children stood round with blanched awe-struck faces, not fully aware of the tumult in our father's heart, but comprehending that some dire calamity had befallen us. Youth is at once so quick in its perceptions and, by God's mercy, so blind as to consequences.

Poor old Dad! He had no heart for his pipe or newspaper that evening, and as we silently kissed him "good-night," the tears rolled down his careworn cheeks, and the "God bless you" that rose to his lips could find no utterance. The elder girls, who realized the full extent of our misfortune, of course wept copiously.

Mr. Smart took his prize to Great Swingerton the same afternoon, to prevent any little hitch happening. The following day he again rendered him ambidextrous, so to speak, by repeating the performance of the previous day upon the other side of his head, until the poor brute, not knowing which way to turn without incurring punishment, at last obeyed the reins as well as he did before making the acquaintance of his new owner.

All this I learned some years after the evil days which had befallen our family were bridged over and half forgotten. My sole object in rushing into print now is that it occurred to me that the story might meet the eyes of my benefactor, and he might like to receive my thanks for past favours *in person*. If he be among my readers, I hope his natural modesty will not prevent him from sending his card to the ever grateful

Thomas Flewelling.

CONTRITUM.

I was thinking, and the season
Of a youth my senses caught;
And, for some unearthly reason,
Back the morn of manhood brought;
Ere the brow was intersected by the furrowed lines of thought.

I essayed, and oft did lisp her
Sad, sweet name;—'twas beyond whim.
Sorrow softly 'gan to whisper,
And my eyes began to swim,
'Till a tear that slowly gathered over-ran the fringed rim.

Slumber's stealthy step was stealing
To that cheerless, silent room;
Soon my spirit bow'd, and kneeling,
Bended o'er an humble tomb:
I was thinking, then, this earth is but of after life a womb.

Fancy, like a ghost anointed,
With her jewelled hand and white,
To a distant Aidenn pointed,
Through the darkness of the night,
Where the clouds were torn and rifted,—all was radiant with light.

There, a golden harp to borrow,
Came a spirit, blonde and fair;
She, who bathed the feet in sorrow,
And wiped them in her hair—
Dried them in the tangled meshes of her long and silken hair.

Lean'd she o'er the lyre and nursed it,
Long it tinkled like a bell,
'Till in solemn splendour burst it,
With a wild and sweeping swell:
Ah, Turkman! thou mistakest, an' thou sayest Israfel.

Then a voice, that sweetly blended
On Elysian air did glide;
When a sister-spirit wended
To that angel-harper's side,
And God! O God! 'twas she! 'twas she! whom I refused a bride.

She, who walk'd the world in wailing,
A beauty pinched and worn,
With the garb of Virtue trailing.
Mine, the hand the veil had torn;
Mine, the laugh that pointed on her way the cruel hand of scorn.

The bead, it grew upon my brow;
Stood my stiffened hair;
The scene was slow dissolving now,
And closed the gates of prayer;
The clouds rushed in to close before the wail of *my* despair.

O memory! terror-haunted thing!
On a wintry Christmas night
My locks were of the raven wing;
When dawned the morning light,
Repentance lay upon my head, and my hair—my hair was white.

Quebec.

Foy.



"Does nobody want to be waked up early to-morrow?"
"No." "That's a pity! I have such a toothache that I can't sleep."

Bacon: "Does Count Chose speak English?" Snider: "Yes." Bacon: "With an accent?" Snider: "Yes, with an accent and without grammar."

"A gentleman should never take a lady's hand unless she offers it," says a book of etiquette. This knocks out old-fashioned ideas about proposing completely askew.

Doctor: "Well, my dear sir, what seems to be the seat of your disease?" Patient: "It doesn't seem to have any seat, doctor. It's jumping up and down all the while."

A California widow had plans made for a \$50,000 monument for her late departed, but when the lawyers got through fighting over the estate the widow was doing housework.

If there is anything more irrepressible than a fly interviewing a bald head, it is the man who, having once had a letter accepted and inserted in the paper, thinks that the genius of composition is inborn within him.

Bauble (severely): "Miss Sharpson, I understand you say that my attempts at wit are simply laughable." Miss Sharpson (with much humility): "My dear Mr. Bauble, I withdraw my words. To call your jokes laughable is to grossly misrepresent them, I assure you."

Enamoured youth: "Your father treats me with the most distinguished consideration. The other night he called to me as I was leaving and reminded me that I was leaving my umbrella." Sweet girl: "Yes; papa was afraid you would be coming back after it the next evening."

Bank teller: "Will you take it as presumption, madam, if I offer you these few roses?" "Miss Carmella Goldust: "I don't know you, sir?" Bank teller: "I am aware of that; but you are the only woman in the history of this bank who ever endorsed a cheque on the right end!"

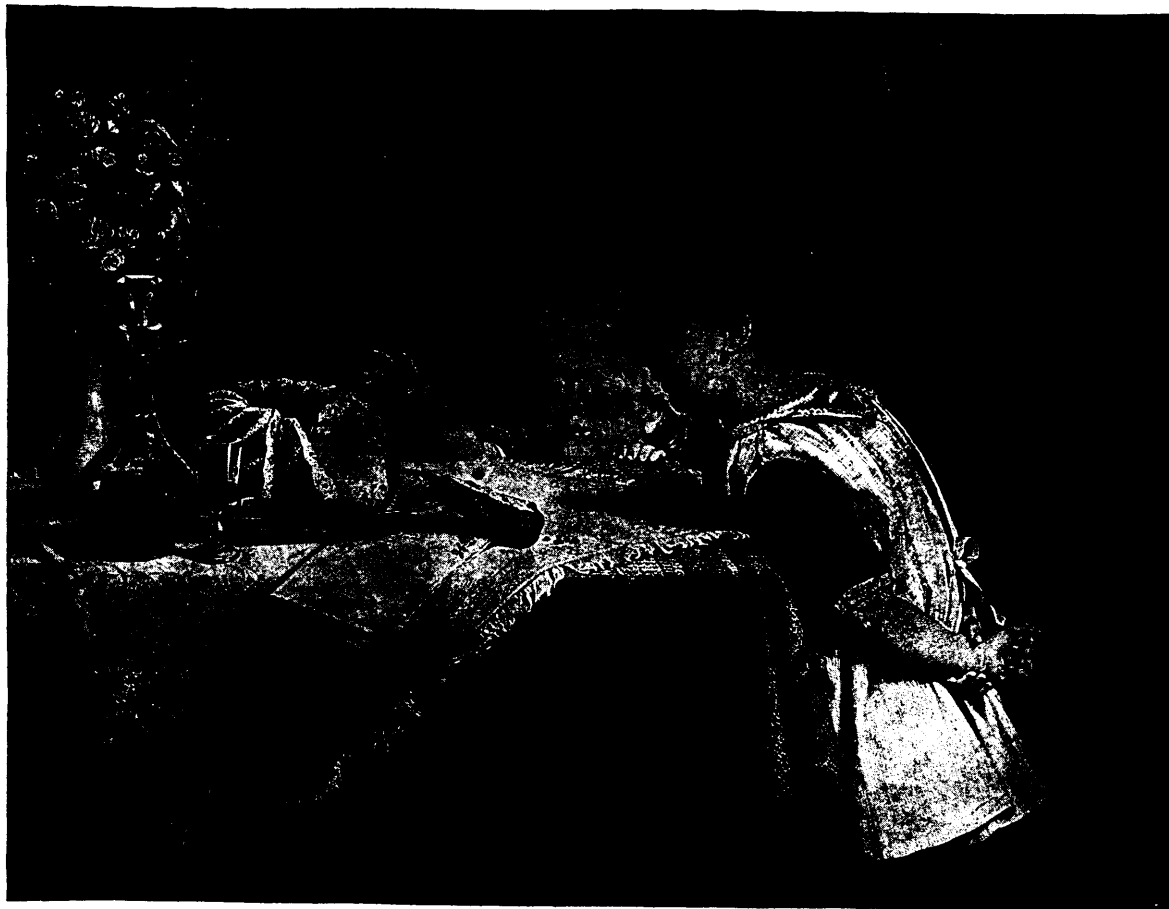
"I declare!" exclaimed Mrs. Fogg, as she vainly endeavoured to dissect the turkey, "if you are not the poorest man to do marketing. This turkey's old as Methuselah." "Possibly," replied Fogg, unabashed; "but, my dear, it is a female bird, and courtesy to the sex prevented me from enquiring about her age."

They had been discussing phrenology and bumps, and little Johnny, who had been listening attentively, exclaimed: "Pa, I've got a bump." "And what kind of a bump have you got?" retorted Jenkins, delighted in the possession of a son with a mind so far above tops and alley laws. "I've got the bump of eatin'."

Little Johnny (looking curiously at the visitor): "Where did the chicken bite you, Mr. Billus? I don't see any marks." Visitor: "Why, Johnny, I haven't been bitten by any chicken." Johnny: "Mamma, didn't you tell papa Mr. Billus was dreadfully henpecked? Why, mamma, how funny you look! Your face is all red."

The wish-bone.—She: "There, it's yours. Now wish; but mind, you musn't tell your wish, or it will never come true." He (tenderly): "But may I not tell you?" She: "Oh, dear, no!" He (pathetically): "It never can come true unless I do tell you." She (shyly): "Well, then, in such an exceptional case as yours, perhaps you had better tell me."

A stout elderly lady was hanging by a strap and casting black looks at an inoffensive but ungallant dude, who sat sucking the head of his cane. A sudden lurch of the car flung the lady upon him with great force. "Say, dash it, don't you know, exclaimed the youth, "you've crushed my foot to a jelly!" "It's not the first time I've made calf's-foot jelly," retorted the woman, severely, as he vanished and she prepared to sit down.



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