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THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

Entered according to Act of Parliament of Canada, in the year 1888, by G. E. Desbarats & Son, at the Department of Agriculture.

VOL. I.—No. 20. MONTREAL AND TORONTO, 17th NOVEMBER, 1888. $4.00 PER ANNUM. 10 CENTS PER COPY.

THIRD FALLS OF THE MASTIGOUCHE, IN THE LAURENTIAN MOUNTAINS.

From a photograph by Henderson.

The Dominion Illustrated.

$4.00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

G. E. DESBARATS & SON, Publishers,
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17th NOVEMBER, 1888.

PUBLISHERS' NOTICES.

On the memorable occasion of the official inauguration of the 27½ feet channel in the St. Lawrence, between Montreal and Quebec, on Wednesday, 7th instant, we were enabled by the courtesy of the Montreal Harbour Commissioners to secure some valuable and interesting mementoes of the event, in the shape of photographic views and groups taken especially for THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED by Messrs. Wm. Notman & Son. These we intend publishing in several issues of this journal as fast as the engravings can be furnished. The following is an incomplete list of the portraits, groups and views to appear :—

Portrait of the Hon. Sir Hector Langevin, C.B., K.C.M.G., Minister of Public Works.

Alexander Robertson, Esq., Chairman of the Montreal Harbour Commissioners.

A group of the Montreal Harbour Commissioners present.

A group of the Quebec Harbour Commissioners present.

A group of Members of Parliament.

A group of the Acting-Mayor and Aldermen of Montreal.

A group of Civil Engineers.

A group of Forwarders.

A group of Members of the Press.

A group consisting of the Hon. A. W. Ogilvy, Senator ; Andrew Allan, Esq., and L. J. Seargeant, Esq. ; also,

Views of the SS. " Lake Ontario,"

Views of Montreal, Three Rivers, etc.

Persons wishing to secure a number of copies of the issue of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED that will contain these engravings should give timely notice to their news-dealer or to us direct.

On several occasions we have been told that stationers and news-dealers in Manitoba and the North-West sell single copies of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED at 15 cents. This is not right. The price is ten cents, and the copies cost no more delivered in Brandon, Winnipeg, Calgary, or Victoria, than in Ottawa or Toronto. It is an injustice to the buyer and unfair to us, as tending to diminish the circulation. People up there, however, think it cheap even at 15 cents !

PERSONAL.

Lord Sackville will perhaps shortly arrive in Ottawa on a visit of some weeks to the Governor-General.

Lady Macdonald speaks the French tongue with taste and ease. She charmed the French ladies who called upon her during Sir John's late visit to Sherbrooke.

The East Hatley school is presided over by two lady teachers from McGill Normal School—Miss Mary Grant, of La Guerre, and Miss Lucy Ives, of Hatley.

A number of Canadian students have just passed the examinations of the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons, Edinburgh, and the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons, Glasgow. Their names are, for the second examination : Richard E. Walker, Wm. Hamilton Merritt, Robt. M. Simpson, Chas. McLeod, Miss Elizabeth S. Mitchell and Perry W. Thompson.

Current Topics.

Some weeks ago we put forth the hope that the Department at Ottawa might reduce the postage of letters from three to two cents. Having since been told that, even with three cents, the postal deficiency of income is still large, we shall have to put up with a very awkward charge, nor can take comfort, with the Huntingdon *Gleaner*, that the Canadian postal service is the cheapest in the world, because it carries newspapers free, and charges only half the American rate on parcels, books and periodicals.

The Isthmus of Corinth has been cut through and a canal, four miles in length, will at once be opened to trade. This neck of land is historical in every inch of it. On it was built the profligate city, with its two ports, facing each on a classic bay or gulf, whence the description of Horace :

* * * * Bimarisve Corinthi
Maenia. * * * *

Nero may be said to have begun work on this canal 1800 years since, to save navigation around Cape Malea, but it was never carried through.

In one of the gulfs was the headland of Salamis, which it is only needful to name. In the other took place the memorable battle of Lepanto, where the naval supremacy of the Turks was broken by Don Juan of Austria, and wholly destroyed, in 1829, in almost the same waters, at Navarino, by the combined fleets of England, France and Russia. We need only refer, also, to the cliffs of Actium, not far, where Cleopatra's galley shot homeward, like a frightened swallow, and Antony followed after, losing the empire of the world. The Gulf of Lepanto flows into the Gulf of Patras, and, on that vine-clad shore, stands Missolonghi, where Byron died for Hellas.

It has been the holy work of modern scholarship to rescue the name of fair women that have been smirched by hireling penmen. The turn of Theodosia, the dazzling empress of the East, has come. Readers of Gibbon have shuddered on reading what he wrote of her, and when he durst not say all in English, he quoted outrageous notes in Greek, from Procopius and other miscreants. We are glad to learn that Professor Bryce, the distinguished historian, in a new life of Justinian, will set up this peerless woman in her true light.

Some time ago we published, for the first time, and from the manuscript of the author, Charles Mair's noble poem on the "Last Bison," which, we are glad to know, will see the light again in the forthcoming volume of the "Poets of Canada," in the Canterbury series. In a note our poet gave us the account of the striking incident which inspired his verses. It had been hoped that what was lost to the prairie might be kept in the park, but Major Bedson, of Winnipeg, has just sold to a Kansas ranch, for $18,000, the only and last herd in America.

The Brandon *Times*, with praiseworthy zeal for the welfare of English undefiled, instead of Latin derivations, has changed its terms, in quoting live stock, from "beef," "mutton" and "pork," to "cattle," "sheep" and "pig." Now, that is proper. In the work of righting, you have to begin somewhere, and the butcher's stall is as good a start as any. The squeamish writer of another paper finds fault with "pig," as only the young of swine. Well, the reformer of the *Times* will doubtless willingly take "hog" besides.

As we are in the mood of raising statues and memorials, how would it do to have a monument to the mighty St. Lawrence, the greatest river on this ball of earth? The Father of Waters is nothing to it, and yet Larkin Mead is exhibiting, at his study, in Florence, the statue called "The Mississippi," wrought according to the Greek ideal of a river-god, with long beard, big nose and limbs of conscious power. The queen of the Mississippi, St. Louis, means to purchase and set it up in one of her parks.

Another example which our American neighbours are setting and which we should do well to follow is keeping untouched, and in repairs, whatever old buildings or houses still stand to which historic memories are linked. The Albany Historical Society is raising money to rescue from destruction the famous old "Patron House," built in 1765, as the manor house of the Van Renssalaers. The object of the Society, which owns about $150,000 worth of antiquities, is to establish a free museum in the building.

Robert Browning has left Genoa and Florence, in his old age, to take up his dwelling on the Grand Canal, at Venice, in the Palazzo Rezzonico, which he has bought for five and twenty thousand dollars. As a result, we may look forward to a book of local poems, a companion to his own Etruscan pictures, and the "Casa Guidi Windows" of his clever wife, Elizabeth Barrett. Thus, too, another English name will be linked with those of Otway, Radcliffe, Shakespeare and Byron in celebrating

The pleasant place of all festivity,
The revel of the earth, the masque of Italy.

What medical English knight was that who said that the happiest of men was he who knew not that he had a stomach? The whole human mechanism depends on digestion, and digestion depends on eating. To eat well you must chew thoroughly. Mr. Gladstone counts thirty-three between each bite. A leading surgeon of Montreal makes it fifty. Another, a French doctor of this city, says that you must *chew* even every spoonful of porridge. Another good rule is to drink sparingly, or not at all, while eating. After eating, drink your tea, coffee or wine sippingly.

In reply to a bantering paragraph of ours, the Calgary *Herald* states that, while the Northwest admits the claims of Eastern Canada—as the older provinces are called out there—it will have a jealous watch over its own interests, brooking no dictation. In our very first number we set forth that the seat of influence in this Dominion would be lodged in the Northwest before the end of the century, renewing the experience of the United States, and fulfilling once more the forecast of Bishop Berkeley. But, in the meantime, there is no harm in repeating what we then said also, that the new provinces and territories are integrally bound to the East, and that it is their duty and their interest to work in harmony therewith.

Now that the field of battle is clear, it is easy enough to see the grounds of the change in the Presidency of the United States. Mr. Cleveland owes his defeat mainly to his own mismanagement in the tariff message. He and his administration were like a ship in full rig, with every sail set, and

flags flying from every mast, but instead of trimming those sails a little, and tacking in true sailor fashion, he bore on against the wind and went down in mid sea. In a smaller way, it was the same thing with the government of Mr. Mackenzie, in 1878. There was no earthly reason why that government should have foundered, if it had bent to the people's will, in a slight rise of the tariff. Neither with Mr. Mackenzie nor Mr. Cleveland would there have been any truckling or sacrifice of principle. In democracies, the popular voice, when not revolutionary, is sovereign, and it is wise statesmanship to know when to yield, and how to use it to the best advantage.

A BEAUTIFUL DREAM.

During the memorable debates that went before and followed the historic event of Confederation, the late D'Arcy McGee made use of these words:—

"I see in the not remote distance one great nationality bound, like the shield of Achilles, by the blue rim of ocean. I see it quartered into many communities, each disposing of its internal affairs, but all bound together by free institutions, free intercourse and free commerce. I see within the round of that shield the peaks of the western mountains, and the crests of the eastern waves, the winding Assiniboine, the five-fold lakes, the St. Lawrence, the Ottawa, the Saguenay, the St. John and the Basin of Minas. By all these flowing waters, in all the valleys they fertilize, in all the cities they visit in their courses, I see a generation of industrious, contented, moral men, free in name and in fact—men capable of maintaining in peace and in war a constitution worthy of such a people."

With the soul of a patriot, the eye of a poet, and the voice of an orator, the gifted Irishman—himself one of the Fathers of Confederation—proclaimed a fair and glorious vision which has become literally true within less than twenty years after that he lay in death under the cold April moon—a loss to his own countrymen and his adopted country which has never been repaired. Poor D'Arcy! When he uttered these words the four old Provinces—Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Quebec and Ontario—had only just clasped hands. Since then the union has spread from sea to sea, Prince Edward Island and British Columbia coming forward, with the vast intervening space joining all together, as a seventh province and four new territories. The very union of the provinces was a masterpiece of statesmanship, but this was followed up and strengthened by two strokes of policy that to future generations will read like romance. The first was the purchase of the Hudson's Bay Territory, whereby the Dominion a little more than halved the North American continent with the United States—the area of the latter, inclusive of Alaska, being 3,603,844 square miles, and the area of Canada, exclusive of Newfoundland, 3,610,257. The second was the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway in exactly half the time agreed on—which is the greatest feat of engineering on record. The contract was signed on the 9th April, 1881, and the work was to be completed in 1891. In 1886 a train timed from Halifax started from Montreal and steamed straight to Vancouver, touching station to station on schedule time, and since then the service has been as regular as clockwork. In 1891 the Pacific road will be looked upon as an ancient affair.

And still we are only beginning the pursuit of our destiny. We have all the material required; it is the spirit now that we have to foster. That spirit must be as broad as our prairies; as high as our blue skies; as strong as the buttresses of our Rocky Mountains. We have exceptional difficulties to contend against—the difference of race, creed and tongue, for one thing, and the narrow jealousies of provincialism for another. But the proofs are not wanting that the people will be equal to their opportunities, and that they appreciate the advantages of their native land sufficiently to unite as one man for its maintenance against all internal dissensions and all inroads from abroad. The dream of D'Arcy McGee was a beautiful one, and it has been fulfilled. The prospect that spreads before ourselves is still more magnificent, and God bless our common country.

COPYRIGHT IN CANADA.

Copyright Acts were passed in Canada in 1841, 1847, 1868 and 1875, the last repealing all the others, and it is with that we have now to do. The first principle underlying it is that of reciprocity, granting other nations the same privilege which they impart to Canada. In the United States the law requires citizenship or residence, and refuses international copyright. A second principle of the Canadian Act is that the book protected shall be printed and published in Canada. The stereotype plates may be imported, but they must be put into the press in Canada.

There are, however, several special clauses in the Act which, according to Mr. S. E. Dawson, in the excellent lecture which we are summarizing, deserve mention. In the first place the Act does not demand prior publication, but an author, at any time, may print and copyright his book in Canada. Hence unauthorized editions may not be printed or imported, although the copies imported may be sold. The original author's edition can always be imported, to prevent Canadian publishers from issuing a cheap and inferior edition. In the second place the Act allows interim copyright, the object of which is to prevent the importation of a book which is going through the press in Canada. Of course there must be registration in the *Canada Gazette*. Thirdly, the Act provides for temporary copyright, which is meant to cover serial works, in various shapes. The title and a summary must be officially registered. The need of a Canadian Act is that the Imperial Act is drawn up in the sole interest of the British publisher.

The object of our Act is to confer local copyright, through local publication, because, by publishing here, the Canadian writer loses British copyright. Under its protection many British works have been reprinted in Canada with the author's consent, and the United States editions of these books have been excluded. But Canadian publishers have not been satisfied, and after obtaining a couple of important concessions—on two decisions of the Vice-Chancellor, in the case of Smiles *vs.* Belford, which were never appealed—they prevailed upon the Government, in 1872, to grant them a further measure of relief, by empowering them to reprint English copyrights without the consent of the author, on payment, through the Government, of a royalty to the author of 12½ per cent. on the wholesale price. The Act was reserved and did not become law. In 1870 the Canadian Government forwarded a minute laying down this principle: "The important point at issue, and one in which the views of the London publishers, and of the people both of Canada and of the United States, are irreconcilable, is, that the former insists upon the extension of copyright without local publication, and to this the latter will never consent."

It is quite clear from a perusal of Mr. Dawson's pamphlet, out of which we have gathered points only *passim*, that the subject of copyright is not as properly understood as it should be. On the fundamental question of whether an author's right over his work after publication is founded on natural law or not, although Mr. Dawson is repeatedly positive that it is not, the views of the greatest jurists of England, for the last hundred years, are about evenly balanced, while the fact of governments having assumed to control this property by statute, or "privilege," as it is politely called, is no proof that they were right except in so far as they regulated the term of copyright. Those who hold to the right of writers to their publications by the law of nature, are not so silly as to insist upon perpetuity of right, notwithstanding what some specialists may have said. But that initial question is practically of slight importance. In our day, there are few authors who are not in a position to make terms with publishers beforehand, so as to preclude the exclusive handling of the profits of a work by the latter. We trust that any draught of a bill to be set before Parliament at the next session, may, in substance, be given to the papers beforehand, in order that all interested parties may thoroughly take in its bearings.

THE MAID OF THE WEST.

On a rock by the sea sat a Western maid,
Around her the breezes of beauty had play'd;
The soft summer lightning, the roses might dip
In the blue of her eye,—the red of her lip.

When shadows are closing and clouds gather o'er,
A knight pricketh light on the sands of the shore.
"In a Western wild to be wedded were bliss!"
He pluck'd from his helmet the fair *Fleur de Lys*.

The maiden she simper'd,—right gallant, I trow,
The heart of the chieftain that kneel'd to her now;
And brave be the soldier and true be the lance
That pointeth a foe to the lily of France.

Who rideth the skirt of the forest hard by?
With bearing so noble, defiant and high;
Alone, a knight errant, no pageant attends,
He neareth, and low to the saddle-bow bends.

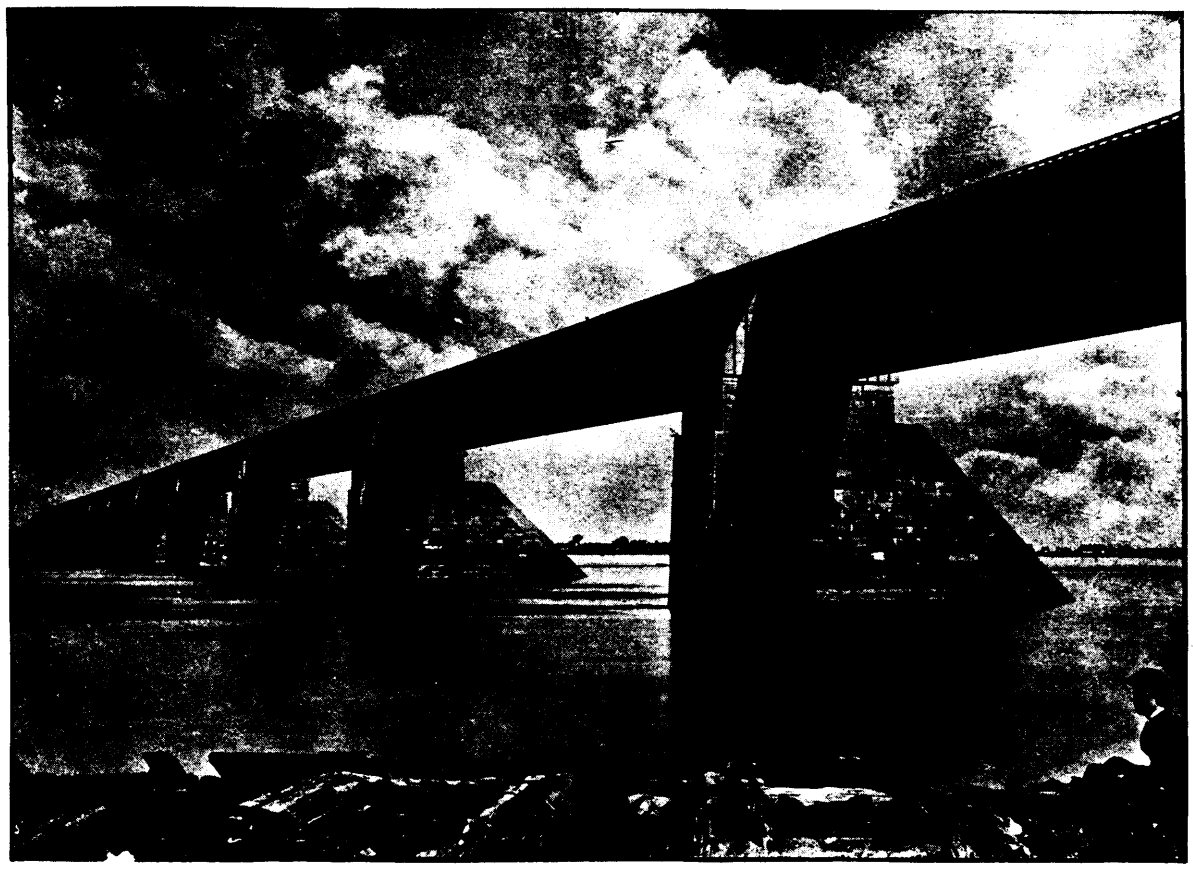
O lady! the lisping thou lovest to hear,
How sweet from the voice of a gay cavalier.
"Sweet lady! I wager thou deemest with me
The Rose of old England far fairer would be."

For flourish of trumpet, a frown to a frown,
The lances are lifted, the visors are down;
The steed, how he rusheth to stirrup and rein,
Unhors'd, but unconquered, they're down to the plain.

In a Western wild to be wedded were bliss,
She bends o'er the dying—now this, this, and this,
Three kisses hath planted the maid of the West
On the flow'r of flow'rs, the flow'r she loves best.

Quebec. J. M. Foy.

We are pleased to be able to publish this tribute of the Earl of Southesk to our young poet, Arthur Weir: * * * "A work of more than common interest and beauty. In saying this I do not use mere words of compliment. Inequalities doubtless exist, some of the poems are less attractive than their fellows, here and there a polishing touch might be serviceable—but with these reservations I can venture to declare that one seldom meets with a volume of that scope and character in which there is so much to admire and so little to blame. You have not turned out first specimens of those cast-iron pieces of chill perfection, which, monthly, weekly, daily, blight one's soul in every book, or magazine, or newspaper. You have given us true poems by a true poet, one loving nature, and endowed with the rare sense of rhythm and melody."

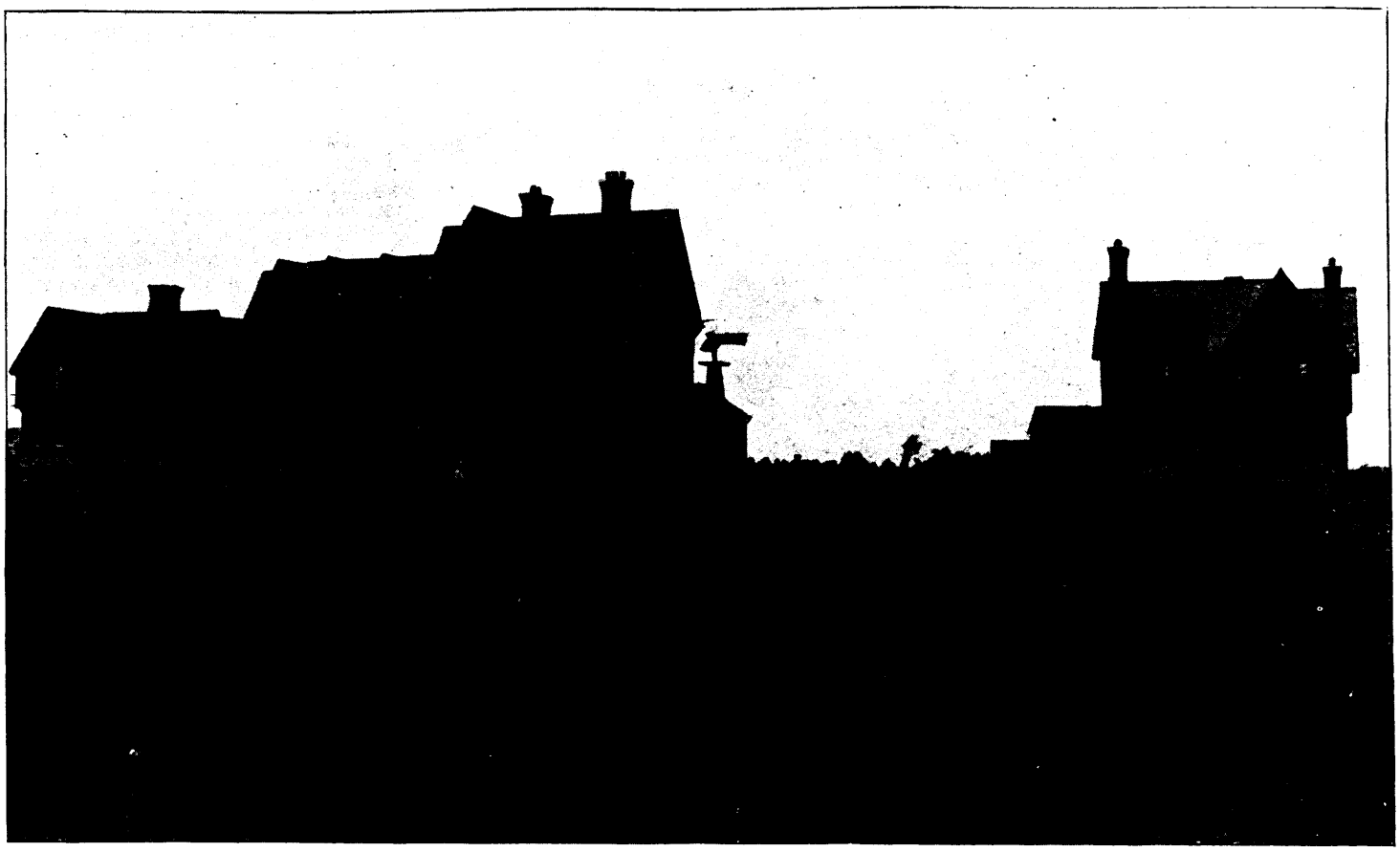


VICTORIA BRIDGE, MONTREAL.

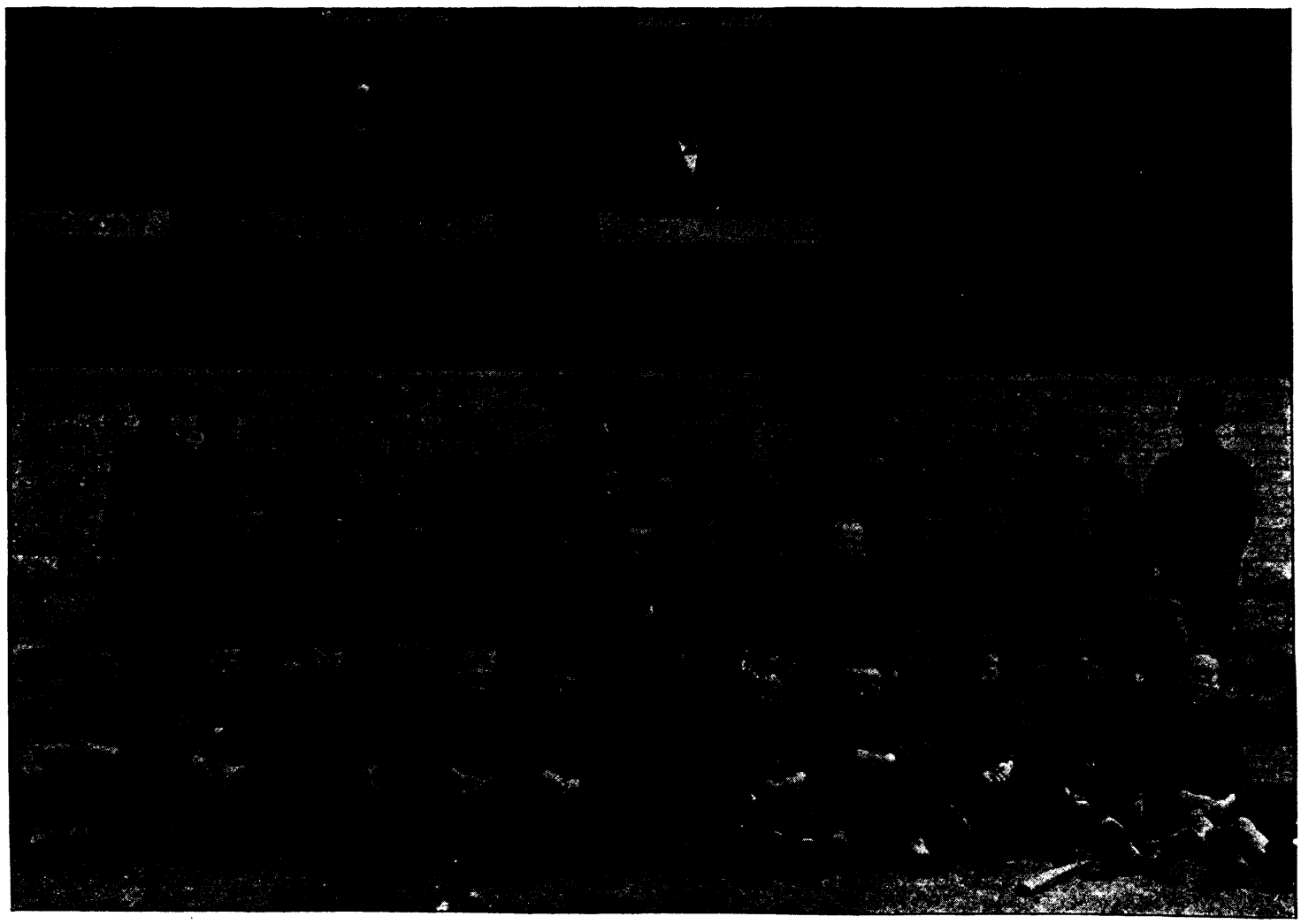
From a photograph by Henderson.

ENTRANCE TO THE CHURCH OF THE GREY NUNS' GENERAL HOSPITAL, DORCHESTER STREET, MONTREAL.

From photograph by Henderson.



THE VICTORIA INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, Mimico, near Toronto. General View



THE VICTORIA INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL. The Boys.

Our Engravings.

FALLS OF THE MASTIGOUCHE.—This is the third of the Falls of the Mastigouche, which add so much to the spectacular beauty and the fish value of the Laurentian Mountain country, where no less than three Canadian clubs have their quarters in the sporting season. In previous pictures of the lakes with which this fair land abounds we gave the main features of its topography.

VICTORIA BRIDGE.—Although this bridge is now nearly thirty years old, however familiar it may be to the people of Montreal, it is still one of the wonders of modern engineering skill, its fame has spread to the furthermost bounds of the world, and to tourists in Canada it is always looked up to as one, perhaps, of the greatest sights on the St. Lawrence. The grace of outline, the adaptability of design and the solidity of construction have all contributed to this most creditable record, that, in twenty-seven years of service, there has not been the slightest accident on that long bridge. This speaks volumes for the skill, watchfulness and persevering energy of the Grand Trunk Railway, to whom this great work belongs. Of all the parts of the extended line, there is none more admirably managed than the Victoria Tubular Bridge.

CHURCH OF THE GREY NUNS.—All those who remember the high stone walls of the Grey Nunnery, on its original site, near the water's edge, at McGill street, will regret the disappearance of the little spire or campanile of the chapel that stood in the midst of the court-yard, and it is with pleasure that a portion of it is still seen among the new warehouses that have sprung up there. The stately church, forming a portion of the immense building used as an hospital, has replaced the church, and deserves a place here, as one of the finest specimens of its class.

THE VICTORIA SCHOOL OF INDUSTRY.—This is one of the pet institutions of the Province of Ontario, situated at Mimico, in the neighbourhood of the Queen City of the Lake. Being under the Industrial School Association of Toronto, it has grown from the start, and its progress has been watched with interest in every county of the province. The system is very thorough. The boys are taught punctuality and cleanliness; have plenty of food and sleep; go through regular hours of work and play, and thus gradually work themselves into active, healthy and dutiful men. The record shows 62 boys, from six to fourteen years of age, from Bruce, Peterboro, Ontario, York counties and the city of Toronto treated during the year. Some had been returned to their parents on probation. There are now 55 in the school, as against 42 a year ago. The lads are employed in farm and garden, do tailoring, baking, carpentering, besides the housework of the premises, and their work has produced, in the shape of wood, milk, vegetables, grain and hay, a value of $2,248.

KICKING HORSE PASS.—This fine picture must be looked at and admired in connection with that of the Ottertail Mountain given in our last issue. As there stated, the valley is formed by the Wapta or Kicking Horse River. Why not stick to the liquid and euphonious Indian name? The road rises from the flat of the Wapta, and, after crossing a high bridge over the Ottertail River, goes down again to the Wapta.

AT THE CAPSTAN.—As this paper circulates amongst landsmen quite as much as it does amongst seafarers, it may be necessary to explain—what is a capstan? Nautically, then, it is a strong, massy column of timber, formed somewhat like a truncated cone, and having its upper extremity pierced to receive bars, or levers, for winding a rope round it, to raise great weights, or to exert great power; principally used in ships for heaving in cables, as when raising an anchor. In short, it is an ancient form of the modern windlass; but the engraving will explain the remainder. Why the painter of the group should have selected this medium for an exhibition of his talent is only known to himself. The question is, however, could he have done better; would we have this painting otherwise than it is? There you see the old capstan, some time or other wrecked from a man-of-war or merchantman, now used for hauling up smaller boats over the surf. And what fresh, lovely, briny, inspirating faces and figures the heroes and heroines of the painting have—manliness, womanhood and youth to the very life. Henry Bacon is an American, born at Haverhill, Mass., in 1839. Even now he is perfecting himself in all parts of the world, and if his future equals or surpasses the past, we shall have another great star on this side of the Atlantic.

THE PARIS EXHIBITION.—The work on the buildings of the forthcoming exhibition at Paris are progressing steadily. We give to-day a view of them, as they stand at present. Our engraving represents the two palaces of the Fine Arts and of the Liberal Arts, which constitute the two wings of the main exhibition building. Between these two palaces, and behind the Eiffel tower, there will be a magnificent garden. The Fine Arts palace is on the left of our picture, and that of the Liberal Arts on the right. Around these two palaces will be found the *cafés*, restaurants, bars and breweries. The reader will readily see that the buildings are in process of construction, and bear another aspect to-day.

HOGARTH.

"26th October, William Hogarth died, 1764." An event, important enough after the lapse of a century and a quarter to be chronicled in a common almanac, may not be considered too trifling to serve as the basis of a few reflections upon a character too little appreciated in proportion to its effect upon eighteenth century society.

The son of a schoolmaster and Grub street hack, Hogarth was born in London in 1697. From his youth he was "of the streets—streety," and delighted to watch the shifting shows and spectacles of life in the great metropolis. His skill as a draughtsman soon made itself known, and his early ambition was temporarily satisfied by an apprenticeship to a silver-plate engraver. He possessed a quick, observing eye for form, a penetrating judgment, which seized upon the inner character of things, and a peculiarly cultivated memory. He studied principally in his own way, treating the details encountered in his everyday existence as symbols to be afterward employed in the arrangement of his pictures. The outward signs of life were learned as an alphabet of art, and social aspects were memorized as a vocabulary. Of the wonderful store of detail at his command, every picture produced by him is a proof. As his artistic ideas developed he obtained some benefit in drawing at the school of Sir James Thornhill (whose only daughter he afterward married), and started out as an engraver, chiefly executing tickets, shop-bills, bookplates and heraldic designs. His great power of satire found ample material in the surrounding social and artistic customs of the day, and he produced, at this early period of his career, such works as "The Lottery," "Masquerades," and plates for a large edition of "Hudibras." The satire of Baker found a congenial illustrator in Hogarth; but the great power of the artist was too original to be confined to the pictorial translation of other men's ideas. He started as a painter in oils, and from the outset was bitterly opposed by the art factions then dominant in London; but opposition served only as a spur to his genius, and made him more resolute in his peculiar treatment of scenes and satires. What Fielding and Johnson were doing with their pens, Hogarth equalled with his brush. He satirized the folly and held naked to the light of scorn the wickedness of the time. He elected to compose pictures on canvass as they were arranged upon the stage, and if any painter ever successfully carried our Hamlet's theory of dramatic art, "to show scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure," it was surely Hogarth. "The Four Times of the Day," "Masquerades," "A Harlot's Progress," "A Rake's Progress," "Marriage à la Mode," "Distrest Poet," "Strolling Players," "Industry and Idleness," "Southwark Fair," "The Election," covering the whole social history of the first half of the eighteenth century,—with their aid we can better understand the character of the age and appreciate its literature more thoroughly.

Such a startling innovation in art set the schools at once against him. Sir Joshua Reynolds, who lectured soundly enough on the Gusto Grande, Beau Ideal, and the Great Style, allowed but limited praise to the painters, "who express with precision the various shades of passion, as they are exhibited by vulgar minds, such as we see in Hogarth." The bent of the genius he criticized was not understood by Sir Josbua, whose ideas of life were enclosed within the four walls of a drawing-room, and who once said, "the true object of art was to strike the imagination." Hogarth thought it possible that art had a more humble and more humane mission, and, whilst not despising the imaginative flights of artistic expression, perceived the necessity of proving that a painter could, and should, strike the moral faculties of man, as well as gratify his ideal aspirations. In one aspect of his writings Dickens has fully carried out the Hogarthian principle, and some of the novelist's characters remind one forcibly of the old painter. By a large class, Hogarth was regarded as a mere comic painter, whose desire was to make men laugh at their own follies. Hogarth cared little whether they laughed at, so long as they ultimately thought of, what he represented. Charles Lamb, whose mental qualities were peculiarly fitted to give him the right of criticizing Hogarth, overthrows the fallacy alluded to by remarking that "A severer set of satires, less mingled with anything of mere fun, were never written upon paper, or graven upon copper. They resemble Juvenal or the satric touches in 'Timon of Athens.'" Another school of critics stigmatized "Hogarth's method of exposing meaness, deformity and vice, paddling in whatever is ridiculous, faulty and vicious"; but it is absurd and positively untruthful to thus describe the work of England's great painter-satirist. In nearly every one of his pictures, including the most vulgar and vicious scenes he felt it his duty to express on canvass, there is some touch of innocence that contrasts strongly with the wicked; some note of purity above all the discord of depravity; he never omits "some soul of goodness in things evil. Would men observingly distil it out?" Although Hogarth mainly employed his great gifts in their natural, and, therefore, best and most useful, course, there were times when, stung by the unreasoning and malicious traducings of his opponent, he sought to prove himself capable of entering the so-called higher fields of art. In the manner of his old master, Thornhill, he produced a few pictures of a religious and semi-historical nature, but they can scarcely be esteemed successful. Later on, in order to refute Sir Joshua Reynolds' charge that he lacked the requisites of the great style of historical painting, he executed several religious pictures, which, though not approaching sublimity, will yet hold their own with Sir Joshua's pretended great religious works. Hogarth was wrong when he left his own school to invade that of his enemies. He was fully as great a master in his own department as was Reynolds in his. His plain mission was to paint the life and times existing around him, and so long as he confined his energy and genius to that field, he was successful. "How did Hogarth rise?" says Ruskin. "Not by painting Athenian follies, but London follies."

Hogarth executed a few portraits, the best of which is probably the well-known likeness of himself and his dog "Trump," a pug of characteristic beauty; but "Squinting John Wilkes" is the most memorable, being a clever pictorial satire upon the great street preacher of liberty, as well as a faithful likeness of the ugly features, which Wilkes greatly desired to conceal from posterity. It was the artist's reply to some scurrilous attacks upon his eccentric book, "The Analyses of Beauty," which appeared in the "North Briton."

Hogarth was bitterly opposed to the undue worship of the foreign element in art, and often, carried away by the heat of argument and the unwisdom of retort, he assailed the "great masters" to his own harm, but he never seriously entertained those opinions. He once remarked, apropos of this matter: "The connoisseurs and I are at war, you know, and because I hate them, they think I hate Titian—*and let them.*" Hogarth merely hated the affectation displayed by the critics and their unjust depreciation by native talent.

In conclusion, Hogarth was as caustic as Swift and as comic as Fielding; his works were stamped with the individuality of his own inimitable genius as surely as were the essays of "Elia," by Charles Lamb; he had the true spirit of an executioner and only loved his jokes as sauce and seasoning to more serious work." That work was serious enough, in all conscience, to expose the criminal folly of the age, and Hogarth contrived

> To show by his satiric touch
> No nation wanted it so much.

As Taine justly observes: "At the bottom of every cage where he imprisons a vice, he writes its name and adds the condemnation pronounced by Scripture; he displays that vice in its ugliness, buries it in its filth, drags it to its punishment, so that there is no conscience so perverted as not to

recognize it, none so hardened as not to be horified at it."

From William Hogarth to Kate Greenaway is a long step; but another French critic has taken that step in order to draw a conclusion, with which that of these disjointed remarks will be reached. Ernest Chesneau, in "La Peinture Anglaise," has thus written: "From the honest but fierce laugh of the coarse Saxon, William Hogarth, to the delicious smile of Kate Greenaway, there has passed century and a half. Is it the same people which applauds to-day the sweet genius and tender malices of the one, and which applauded the bitter genius and slaughterous satire of the other? After all, that is possible—the hatred of vice is only another manifestation of the love of innocence."

Montreal. S.

LITERARY NOTES.

The funny man says literary people can get inspiration from reed birds.

The Toronto *World* says that the *Mail* is "Rough on Ras," referring to Mr. Erastus Wiman.

It is understood that the memorial window placed in St. Alban's Church by Lady Macdonald, in commemoration of her mother, was paid for by the proceeds of her literary work.

The late Gilbert Venables, of the *Saturday Review*, would best be recorded in history as the man who broke Thackeray's nose when they were boys together at the Charterhouse school.

George Cameron, of Queen's College, Kingston, who died two years ago, at the age of eight and twenty, left a volume of poems, edited by his brother. He was a native of Nova Scotia.

The latest in the series of "Colonial Church-Histories" being published in England under the auspices of the S.P.C.K. is the "Diocese of Mackenzie River," by Right Rev. W. C. Bombas, D.D.

Mr. J. A. Craig, B.S.A., of the Ontario Agricultural College, who took his degree in agriculture at the Provincial University a few weeks ago, has been appointed editor of *The Canadian Live Stock Journal*.

We have received a neat pamphlet called "An Irish Evolution," by Watson Griffin, author of "Twok" and other works, Amid the daily wear and tear of journalism Mr. Griffin finds time to work out social and political problems.

We learn, at first hand, that the Canterbury Series volume of "Canadian Poets" is going to be a very handsome piece of bookwork, while the contents will turn out to be much more interesting and honourable to Canada than had been anticipated.

The Earl of Southesk sent Mr. Arthur Weir a copy of one of his volumes of verse, and from the merit of his pieces one is inclined to rate his critical powers in a high rank. He is best known to Canadians by his volume on the Saskatchewan.

It is definitely understood that Mr. Avern Pardoe, who, for long years, has been news editor of the *Globe*, is about to sever his connection with that paper. Mr. Wilson, "Observer," well known to Canadian journalists, will probably fill the vacancy.

Without breaking any trust, it is in the air that we shall soon have the beginnings of a neat monthly, devoted chiefly to the by-ways and hidden nooks of Canadian history. It will be published under the wing of the Montreal Society for Historical Studies.

Mr. J. P. Ritter, Jr., has written a very light and musical little sketch of a summer love affair, with its autumnal corollary of a marriage de convenance, in the swinging metre of "Don Juan." It is called "Marie," is well printed, and is published by Belford, Clarke & Co., New York.

At the yearly meeting of the Montreal Society for Historical Studies, the work for the winter season was mapped out, matters of internal management were settled, and the office-bearers for the next year were chosen:—John Talon-Lesperance, President; W. J. White, Vice-President; J. P. Edwards, Secretary; W. W. L. Chipman and W. D. Lighthall, Councillors.

In 1792, Louis Roy, a French-Canadian, published at Niagara the *Upper Canada Gazette or American Oracle*, which was suhsequently removed to Toronto. The first book printed in the province was "St. Ursula's Convent; or the Nun of Canada, containing Scenes of Real Life" (2 vols., Kingston, 1824); the next was "Wonders of the West," a poem, descriptive of Niagara, by C. Fothergill, Toronto.

Before the York pioneers, Dr. Canniff read a short paper on the pioneers of Sault Ste. Marie, dealing almost exclusively with the Johnson and McMurray families. The President read a paper on Captain Gother Mann's survey of Toronto harbour made in 1788 by command of Lord Dorchester. Dr. Scadding exhibited letters and maps by Lahontan and La Salle as far back as 1688, in which is mentioned the name "Toronto."

HERE AND THERE.

THE SHARPSHOOTERS' MONUMENT.—This monument is placed at the entrance of Major's Hill Park, and consists of a bronze statue of a sharpshooter in the full uniform of a guardsman, with the rifle reversed and in an attitude of repose, standing upon a square pedestal of grey Canadian granite, on either side of which are basso-relievos of Osgood and Rogers. The figure of the sharpshooter, while full of massive strength, is indicative of dejection and grief. The pedestal is ten feet in height and the statue seven. The inscription reads:—

ERECTED BY THE CITIZENS OF OTTAWA
To the Memory of Privates
JOHN ROGERS AND WILLIAM B. OSGOOD
of the
GUARDS COMPANY OF SHARPSHOOTERS,
Who Fell in Action at Cut Knife Hill on the
2nd of May, 1885.

After the formal unveiling brief addresses were delivered by His Excellency and Sir A. P. Caron.

A MINERS' PARADISE.—Professor Dawson, of the Geological Survey, has returned from his summer in the region from a point about fifty miles north of Kamloops to Granite Creek. He reports great activity throughout the district in prospecting and locating leads, and his general impression was that many of these locations were of great value. The completion of the railway had given a great impulse to mining, especially near the line of the road, where the indications are that the deposits of gold and silver are very rich. Some placer mining is being done at Granite Creek and creeks in the neighbourhood, and the field is good. In this section, platinum, a very valuable metal, is everywhere found with the gold.

STERNE'S GRAVE.—Sterne's monument is not only standing, but in good repair, in St. George's (Hanover square) Burial Ground. The stone, as it stands, does not seem older than, say, 1830. "Alas! poor Yorick," stands at the head and forms part of the present inscription. The exact spot where Sterne's remains were laid is unknown. There is little doubt that the gruesome tradition about the stealing of his bones is true, the present memorial having been erected by two brother Masons some years after the robbery, and when the original grave could not be found.

THE TOMB OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT.—The tomb of Alexander the Great, which Dr. Schliemann sought in vain last winter, has now been discovered in Alexandria. The coffin is of marble, and is covered with beautiful decorations. Its breadth is about three feet and a half, and its height three feet. The skull of a man was found in it. The coffin was found in a brick vault, about twenty feet high, covered by about eight feet of earth. The keeper of the museum at Boulak is going shortly to make a thorough examination of the tomb.

THE HARVEST MOON.—The "harvest moon" is so called from the fact that in the early autumn days, when grain and fruit are being taken from the fields, there is scarcely any darkness intervening between the close of day and the beginning of night. The moon rises early and gives a brilliant light, by means of which the harvesters work until late at night to secure the crops. The harvest moon has long been a favourite theme with the poets.

SECOND IN THE EMPIRE.—Glasgow has been pluming itself on its great growth in population, wealth and importance and its claim to be "the second city of the Empire." An aggravating newspaper correspondent, signing himself a "Bombay Journalist," writes to the London papers as follows: "Even amidst the festivities attending a royal visit there is no reason why 700,000 good people should be permitted to deceive themselves; and, as a humble citizen of Bombay, I ask you to be allowed to remind them that the population of Bombay is now more than 800,000, and that Bombay claims to be not only *Prima in Indis*, but second in the Empire.

MIMI'S EYES.

'Twas when autumn winds were sighing, and the faded buds were dying,
That her bright eye lost its lustre and her rosy cheek its bloom;
And, one bitter winter even, that she took her flight to heaven,
Mid a troop of fair-faced angels who had called her to her home.

On a snowy couch they laid her, in her whitest robes arrayed her,
Her lily hands they folded in a cross upon her breast;
A heavenly smile was wreathing her pale lip as though 'twere breathing
A song of thanks re-echoed from the choirs of the blest.

And she was gone! Last night I wandered in the gloom and idly pondered
On the ruins of a life-time rudely scattered on my way,
Blasted hopes and keen remorses and the waste of fair resources,
Broken hearts and blighted features—early victims of decay.

Oh! the night was dark and dismal and, from out its depths abysmal,
Phantoms of the past arising gazed with solemn staring eyes;
On their sweetly mournful faces there were sorrow's deepest traces,
And their hearts with passion heaving told of hidden agonies.

As before my startled vision passed the long and weird procession,
And my heart was shrinking, shuddering with unutterable woe,
Lo! amid the shadows o'er me Mimi's spirit stood before me,
Radiant in her youthful beauty as I knew her years ago.

She was clad in dazzling whiteness, and a pure celestial brightness
Beamed upon her lovely features and enwrapped her virgin frame,
While a something soft and tender, in her figure frail and slender,
Moved me to approach beside her as I gently breathed her name.

Not a word her lips did utter, and without a start or flutter,
She crossed her hands upon her bosom in an attitude of prayer,
And my stricken soul beguiling with the sweetness of her smiling,
Raised her bright eyes up to heaven and slowly melted into air.

Ah me! the deep devotion of those eyes whose upward motion
Seemed to beckon me away from this land of pain and war.
No! death cannot appall me for the eyes of Mimi call me,
And I soon shall go to meet her in those realms of peace afar.

JOHN TALON-LESPERANCE.

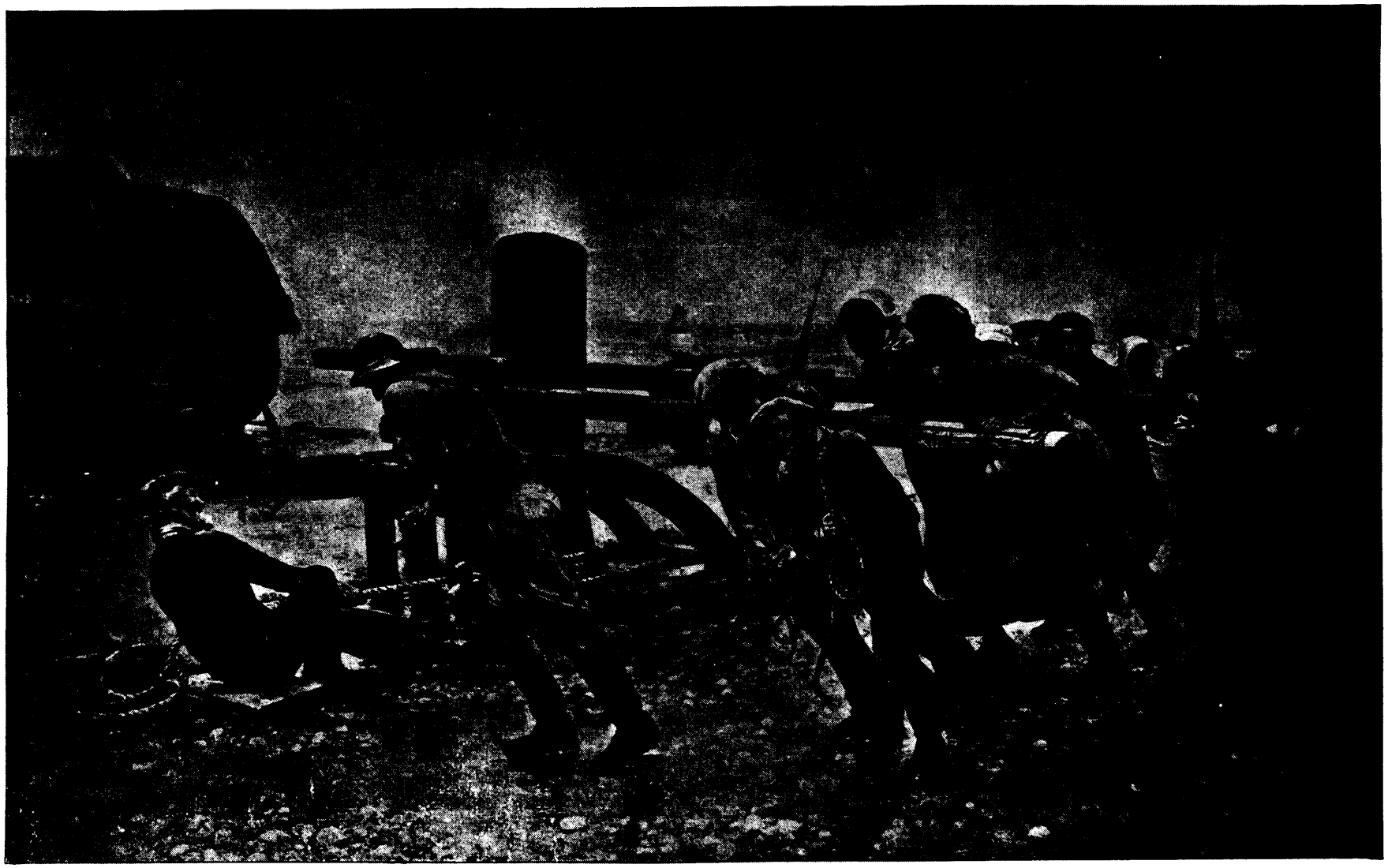
A CHILD'S PRAYER.

The following story was related by Dr. Marmaduke, of Baltimore, at a meeting held in New York for the purpose of hearing the experience of twenty reformed drunkards:

"A drunkard who had run through all his property returned one night to his unfurnished home. Entering his deserted hall, with anguish gnawing at his heartstrings, language was inadequate to express the agony he experienced as he proceeded to his wife's apartment, and there beheld the victims of his appetite—his loving wife and darling child. Morose and sullen, he seated himself without a word; he could not speak; he could not look upon those who were dear to him. The mother said to the little one at her side: 'Come, my dear, it is time to go to bed,' and that little child, as she was wont, knelt by her mother's side, and, gazing wistfully into her face, slowly repeated her nightly orison. When she finished, the child (but four years old) said to her mother: 'Dear mother, may I not offer up one more prayer?' 'Yes, my darling, pray.' Then she lifted up her tiny hands, closed her eyes, and prayed—'Oh God, spare my dear papa!' That prayer was lifted with electric rapidity to the Throne of God. It was heard on high—it was heard on earth. A responsive 'Amen!' burst from the father's lips, and his heart of stone became a heart of flesh. Wife and child were both clasped to his bosom, and in penitence he said: 'My child, you have saved your father from a drunkard's grave.'"

KICKING HORSE PASS, C. P. R'Y, LOOKING WEST.

From a photograph by Notman.



"AT THE CAPSTAN."

By Henry Bacon.

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

MISUNDERSTOOD.

THE STORY OF A YOUNG MAN.

There once lived a very amiable young man. The reason why I call him an amiable young man is because he had a great desire to make every woman he knew happy. How he could accomplish this was his thought night and day.

I.

One evening, while deeply meditating upon this subject, an apparition appeared upon him. (Apparitions from the unknown world often appear to spiritual, noble-minded young men, even at the present day.) Well, this mysterious being, divining the thoughts which were puzzling the brain of my hero, addressed him in this wise: "Young man, your great and laudable ambition shall be gratified. A woman's happiness is comprised in one little word, and that word is LOVE. Do not all the great writers of the past and present endorse my opinion? Yea, even though her love be unrequited, she is happier for having felt that noble sentiment. Tennyson says:

'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.

Therefore, young man, if you really wish to make them happy, you must have the power to win their love, which power I am able to give you, saying which the spirit laid its hands upon the young man's head and kept them there while he concluded his speech in the following words:

"I do not say that those whose hearts you win will know nought but bliss. No, on the contrary, many will suffer deeply through you and, like the flowers wither and fade away, for love in some cases acts like a disease. You will, therefore, be able to create both happiness and misery, but the happiness will over-balance the misery. Young man, I confer upon you this power on one condition, which is, that you will keep your own heart free. If you do not, the spell will be broken and I will not be answerable for the consequences. Now, promise what I ask and your wish shall be granted."

The young man promised and the spirit vanished.

For some time after the spirit's visit the young man's life was very delightful. Wherever he went, young and old, rich and poor, ugly and pretty, clever and stupid, all kinds and conditions of women followed him with adoring eyes. Those only were not under the spell whose hearts were already given. Wherever he went to places of amusement, balls and parties, he could pick his partners from among the prettiest and cleverest girls. The daughters of the wealthiest men in the country were willing to become his brides. Servant girls waited on him with the greatest attention. If he happened to go into any store where a young lady served, she was sure to forget to ask for payment for his purchases, and he could have got his board free from any restaurant or place where girls were attendants, if he had so desired.

This was all very nice for a time, but gradually his crowd of devotees (about six hundred) began to show signs of jealousy and resentment toward one another, and some disagreeable scenes were the result, for, having so many, he did not have much time to devote to each one, and being, as stated before, an amiable dispositioned young man, it rather bothered him to think that he could not give each one all the attention she desired. However, he managed to pay his six hundred girls one visit each a week. A hundred visits a day. Sunday he kept as a day of recreation. Truly, he richly deserved it. To work for his living he had no need, for the presents he received from his worshippers, when sold, realized a large income.

Time rolled on, and as it rolled the beings whose happiness this young man was striving for rapidly increased in number. He could not leave his door but a swarm of young ladies would rush after him. Even beggars and crossing sweepers followed in his train. This was all very annoying, but for the good cause in which he was enlisted this heroic young fellow was willing to bear many things. What troubled his tender heart was that some of the girls began to show signs of sickness and fading away, He had to expect this. The spirit had told him as much. Besides, did not these girls experience a kind of melancholy pleasure which they would never have felt if it had not been for him?

II.

Well, it came to pass that when about five hundred of the sweetest beings on earth were in a half dying state he fell in love himself, in spite of the promise which he had given the spirit. In spite of the fact that he would lose the power he possessed of casting a spell over the heart of every girl, he fell in love. The spirit had told him that when such a thing happened the consequences would be dreadful—and so it proved, for the young lady, not knowing that her love was returned, and thinking that she only possessed the six hundredth part of his heart, pined away and died. Because he had lost his heart the spell was broken. On her death bed she called her friends around her, many of them her comrades in love, and told them in thrilling tones that she was about to leave them, that there was a fire raging within her which had destroyed all her vital forces. When she had uttered those words her soul departed.

Immediately after her death a great change took place in her friends. They began to revive, and energy and life returned. Yes, fresh life seemed to have been given them, but she who had so lately been their companion lay stiff and cold, and as they looked at her, lying before them, they swore to be revenged on him who had been the cause of her untimely demise. A kind of instinct told them what it was, and who it was, that had made them so miserable, and they forgot that if they had been miserable, they had also been made happy.

The word REVENGE passed from girl to girl, and on the evening of the young lady's burial the churchyard was thronged with deeply aggrieved ones breathing threats and slaughter. Following timidly among the train of mourners, they espied the young man, and one of them, who had a good strong arm, laid hold of him, dragged him before the assembled company, and demanded what was to be done with one who was a destroyer of life, health and peace? The answer was given:

"He who destroys life, health and peace is a murderer. Therefore he must be hanged."

The sentence was no sooner given than it was executed. From a tree, whose branches were strong and elastic, the young man was hung. Hung by the neck by the hands of those for whom he had borne so much, and whose happiness had been his great aim in life. No one felt any pity for him. No one shed a tear. In fact, every one felt that if he could have died a hundred deaths it would not have been more than he deserved.

This was the reward of one who thought not of himself. This was the reward of years spent for the happiness of others. To be put to death by the hands of those very ones for whom he had suffered so many inconveniences, not even allowed to speak a word in his own defence,—was not he a true martyr?

This story has in it a lesson for all amiable young men. It is to be hoped they will learn it by heart, for 'tis sad, indeed, to be, like my hero, MISUNDERSTOOD.

Montreal. EDITH EATON.

BUYING WIVES.—Wives are purchased with shell money, and are often married at a very early age on Duke of York Island. When a man marries a second wife, after the death of the first, the female relatives of the dead wife gather together and are permitted to do as much damage to his property as they can. A man may have as many wives as he can purchase, but if he cannot afford to buy one, and his credit is low, he may have to remain single. Sir John Lubbock said: "In some parts of Australia, when a man married, each of the bride's relations gave him a good blow with a stout stick by way of a warm welcome into the family."

Dominion News.

Zorra, Ont., boasts of an apple crop sufficiently large to fill 10,000 barrels.

The Blood and Stoney Indians are indulging in hostilities in the vicinity of Merley, N.W.T.

The lumber cut on Lake Winnipeg, this year, amounted to about 7,000,000 feet worth $13 per 1,000 feet.

Coal has been discovered at Oslow, near Truro, N.S., and is said to be a rich deposit. A company, with a capital of $50,000, is being formed to open up the deposit.

The Dominion Government have decided to invite the Australian and New Zealand Governments to send delegates to Canada at an early date to consider the question of trade relations, and especially cable communication by the Pacific.

The Ice Railway Committee of the Montreal Carnival contracted to build an ice railway from Jacques Cartier Square to the Island. The contractor is to get a bonus of $2,000, and the committee is to receive 25 per cent. of the profits.

The last transatlantic mail steamer by Rimouski will sail on the 22nd inst. It is the Dominion Line steamship Oregon. On Thursday, the 29th, at 7.30 p.m., the mails per the Allan Line steamship Polynesian via Halifax will be closed at Montreal.

Mr. Van Horne states that there was not a word of truth in the paragraph that has been going the rounds of the papers to the effect that the Canadian Pacific Railway is preparing to build wharves and elevators at Portland, Me., in anticipation of making that city its Atlantic seaboard port.

A syndicate, consisting of the Edison Electric Light Company and several Montreal capitalists, have purchased the Isle au Heron, situated right in the centre of the Lachine Rapids, for $20,000. The syndicate purpose utilizing the magnificent water power, which can be obtained by deepening the natural channel, and tendering for the lighting of the city of Montreal by electricity, as well as furnishing private houses, manufactories and other establishments with the light.

RED AND BLUE PENCILS.

A philanthropist asks me to write an article saying that all gambling is criminal, being a petty form of thieving, that is, obtaining the goods of another (not given) without due equivalent rendered. All gambling should be forbidden by law and liable to imprisonment, whether carried on in a private house, the club, or a wharf pot house. You would not put a man in gaol for playing cribbage for ha'penny points, any more than you would for stealing a pin or a pipeful of tobacco, but it is stealing all the same.

Fred. R. Cole writes me to give him the French equivalent of the saying: "A stitch in time saves nine." He further quotes:

A whistling woman and a crowing hen
Are neither good for gods nor men.

And says that he often cites the lines to one of the noblest, pluckiest and most beautiful women in ———, who has a bad habit of whistling, as also of henpecking her husband. He suffers because he is honest, a rare quality among a certain class of business men.

Judge Edlin, who has just received the honour of knighthood from Her Majesty, and thus become Sir Peter Henry Edlin, is brother-in-law to Mr. James Payn, the famous novelist, uncle to the Honourable Horace Emberson, Governor of Leruka, Fiji, and great uncle of the author of "The Art of Teaching," who is so well known in this province and in these columns.

"Ah Tea Ching" writes me that the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED is the only picture paper published on this side of the Atlantic which a civilized father ought to allow to enter into his house, or lie on any table accessible to his daughters. He finds that the art pictures, more especially, are pure, touching and heart-elevating, and instances "Secrets," in the number of November 10th, where the description which, in other hands, might have been made suggestive of sensuousness and even coarseness, has been employed to shadow the simple love of handmaidens below stairs.

My readers will like to have another sample of Canadian scholarship, and we, therefore, place before them Cowper's doleful hymn, in the

Olney Collection, coincident with the blinding of his mind and its translation into Latin, by a Canadian man of letters.

There is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day,
And there have I, as vile as he,
Washed all my sins away.

Dear dying Lamb! Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved to sin no more.

For since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

Lord, I believe Thou hast prepared,
Unworthy though I be,
For me a blood-bought free reward,
A golden harp for me.

'Tis strung and tuned for endless years,
And formed by power divine,
To sound in God the Father's ears,
No other Name but Thine.

Rev. D. Morrison, M. A., Owen Sound, gives this clever translation:

Est sanguinis repleta fons
Ductus Immanuel;
Submersus hic lustratus fit
Et foedus Israel.

Laetatus moriturus fur
Iam tum fontem videns;
Hic quoque vilus ablui
Peccata poenitens.

O Agne Dei, ista fons
Defecerit numquam,
Donec omnis redemta gens
Allata gloriam.

Abhinc vidique fluvium
Fluentem Calvara,
Fuit mihi sanctum gaudium,
Erit per saecula.

Tum dulcius, nobilius
Laudabit carmen Te,
Quum balba vox non amplius
Est mi, beato me.

Indignus, at existimo
Ut lyra aurea
Parata mi a Domino
In alta munera.

Existimo me ad thronum
Laturum carmina,
Laudantem Te et Te solum
Aeva intermina.

A few numbers back Miss Helen Fairbairn had a thoughtful paper on the woodland philosophy of Henry Thoreau. I wonder she did not light on his Homeric or Paphlagonian man—a Canadian, a wood-chopper, a post-maker, who could "hole" his fifty posts a day and made his last supper on a wood chuckwhich his dog caught. I hope to be able to give a short paper on it for next week.

I cannot close this week's paragraphs more fittingly than in publishing the following verses sent me by Professor Charles G. D. Roberts, the author of "Orion" and other poems. There is a grim humour in this—shall we call it rhapsody?—on the noisiest and most domestic of batrachians, which we did not suspect beset the writer:

FROGS.

Here in the red heart of the sunset lying,
My rest an islet of brown weeds, blown dry,
I watch the wide bright heavens, hovering nigh,
My plain and pools in lucent splendours dyeing.
My view dreams over the rosy wastes, descrying
The reed-tops fret the solitary sky;
And all the air is tremulous to the cry
Of myriad frogs on mellow pipes replying.

For the unrest of passion, here is peace,
And eve's cool drench for midday soil and taint.
To tired ears how sweetly brings release
This limpid babble from life's unstilled complaint;
While under tired eyelids lapse and faint
The noon's derisive visions,—fade and cease.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

It is fashionable to say that the French do not understand Shakespeare. Paris has now a fine statue of him, all the same. It is true that the memorial is a gift of W. Knighton, the Anglo-Australian man of letters, President of the International Literary Association, and the author of "Struggle for Life" and other books, but the artists are French, Paul Fournier being the sculptor and Henri Deglane having wrought the pedestal. The poet is shown in the court dress of the 17th century; doublet trimmed in leather, trousers fluted; swaddle, ruffles and neckcloth of lace. A cloak, falling from the left arm to the ground, wraps the body in graceful folds.

TALON.

NARROW ESCAPE.

Mr. Joseph Tyrrell of the Canadian Geological Survey, has reached home from Winnipeg Hospital, where he had lain three months suffering from typhoid fever, contracted when surveying Lake Winnipeg. Mr. Tyrrell was away up the lake, out of the reach of civilization, and but for the attention of the cook of his party he would never have returned alive. He was delirious for over two weeks, yet the faithful cook and other men of the party paddled and carried their chief right into Winnipeg. When Mr. Tyrrell reached the hospital his case was considered hopeless, but he was gradually brought round. He is now able to walk out, but will not be himself again for some weeks. Mr. Tyrrell has done a lot of important work on the geological survey of Canada, his last book having been reviewed in these columns. He has located a lot of the coal fields that abound in that territory.

HOBBIES.

However much pleasure a hobby may afford its owner, it is generally a nuisance to his intimate friends, if he has any, or even his neighbours, if it takes a musical turn, for, of all hobbies, a musical one is the worst. I know a young man that no sooner emancipates himself from the chromatic scale, on any instrument, and attacks some old familiar air with a *rallentando* on all difficult passages, and *da capo ad nauseam* on the same, than he straightway becomes anxious to learn something else—a violin for instance. To see and hear him with his eyes fixed in a Gorgon-like stare on the music and the bow, wandering zigzag from the bridge down to his finger tips, is a treat for those "who have no music in their souls," but for the majority of people within earshot the main feeling is one of hope that the crisis is near, and that he will shortly exchange for an instrument on which the possibilities of discord are fewer.

For the performer, however, the struggling after (for him) the unattainable, is the purest pleasure, and he will devote time and labour enough to his violin or flute if turned into other channels to enable him to converse in Hebrew with the greatest ease, or to have a familiar acquaintance with old Sanscrit roots, although these latter accomplishments are quite liable to bore persons who are unfortunate enough to be entrapped by him into a conversation, the sole object of which is to show his profound learning and skill in elucidating, by a tortuous method peculiar to himself, a root as utterly unlike the word as possible.

He will stop you short in the middle of an anecdote which you have read somewhere, but which you nevertheless are telling in the first person with all necessary gestures and inflections of voice, pertaining to a first class *raconteur*. He will stop you, I say, and ask you if you know the derivation of some word you may innocently enough have used and will expound with great verbosity and length on the said word until you have forgotten, or affect you have, (in order to refrain from furnishing food for any more displays of erudition) the finale or "nut" of the story you so lightheartedly started to recount some time previously.

I recollect quite well at a social gathering, some time ago, an elderly gentleman who was a firm believer in the onomatopœic theory, that is the formation of words, in imitation of natural sounds. Having given me his view of the theory in a voice of medium pitch, he proceeded in a louder key to furnish examples—such a roar, rap, rumble, clatter, quack, whizz, bang. There happening to be a lull in the conversation just then, the effect produced by this verbal mitrailleuse may be imagined. These are only a few specimens of hobby proprietors. To write the history of them all would be to write the biographies of all mankind, for we all (even you, kind reader, think it over) have our little hobbies.

Huntingdon, P. Q. MACK.

BEAR AND FORBEAR.

Compared with thee, Eternity!
Whose years remain unreckoned—
The life of man is but a span,
The longest, not a second!

'Tis but a shade by cloudlet made
As 'thwart the sun it hurries—
A flake of snow toss'd to and fro,
Then lost in blinding flurries!

A bubble fair that bursts in air
Scarce ere it grace the vision,—
And yet men frown each other down
In anger and derision.

On this world's stage they fret and rage,
And strut with haughty bearing—
For selfish ends they *play* at friends,
The mask of Judas wearing!

And smiles that beam—most cordial seem—
Are oft, alas! affected,
For, hid behind those smiles so kind,
Sneer demons least suspected!

Each aiming each to over-reach,
To passions base men pander—
They scruple not at deed or thought,
From shedding blood to slander.

Ah, why this guile—is it worth while
To worry thus each other!
Too brief's the spell we've here to dwell—
Be each to each a brother!

"Peace and good will!" This anthem still
From angels let us borrow—
'Twill soothe the strife that makes this life
A pilgrimage of sorrow!

Its blest refrain will rob of pain
Much of our earthly failings—
Will lighten care and help us bear
Each other's faults and failings!

Montreal. W. O. FARMER.

MILITIA NOTES.

Lieut. Pelletier, of "B" Battery, Quebec, was badly gored by a buffalo which came from the Northwest, and was kept on the citadel.

Lieut. Eugene Panet, son of Col. Panet, Deputy Minister of Militia, has received orders to join the School of Royal Engineers at Chatham without delay.

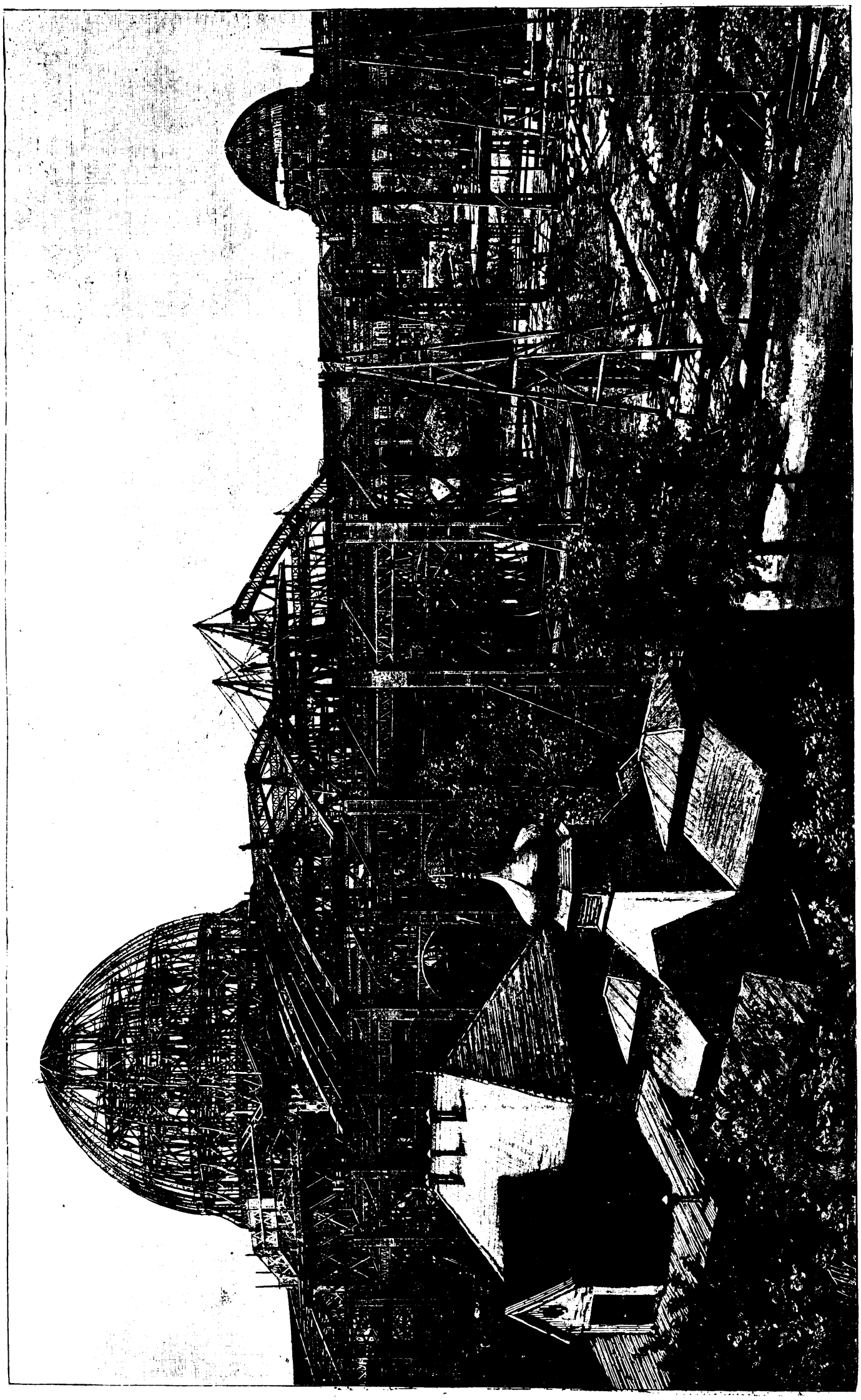
The *Militia Gazette* publishes a correspondence and an editorial article, in which it strongly urges the removal of the Infantry School from St. Johns, on the Richelieu, to Montreal.

The Infantry School has been recalled from the Fort Whyte crossing, Manitoba, and there is every indication that nothing will be done until the decision of the Supreme Court is rendered.

Lieut.-Col. Frank Bond is about to resign his command of the Prince of Wales Regiment. The ball on the 9th inst., in celebration of the Prince of Wales' birthday, was his last appearance as Colonel of the Rifles. He has been for twenty-nine years an active officer in the militia, having served in the Fenian raids of 1866 and 1870.

The Lee rifle, the Canadian invention which has been adopted by the Imperial authorities for the British army, was put to a severe test recently, and came out of the ordeal very satisfactorily. The shooting was made at long ranges, the target representing a battalion of seven companies, each of twenty-four files, standing in quarter column.

Seven commissions in the regular army have been issued to the following native Canadians; A. E. Panet, Ottawa; T. Joly de Lotbiniere, Quebec; W. L. Leslie, Kingston; C. B. Farwell, Sherbrooke; A. P. Bremmer, Halifax; P. C. Girouard, Dorval, P.Q.; and T. Adams, Kingston. Three French out of the seven is not bad, and the three of distinguished Provincial stock.



THE BUILDINGS OF THE GREAT EXHIBITION OF 1889, NOW BEING ERECTED ON THE CHAMP-DE-MARS, IN PARIS, FRANCE.
From *l'Illustration*.

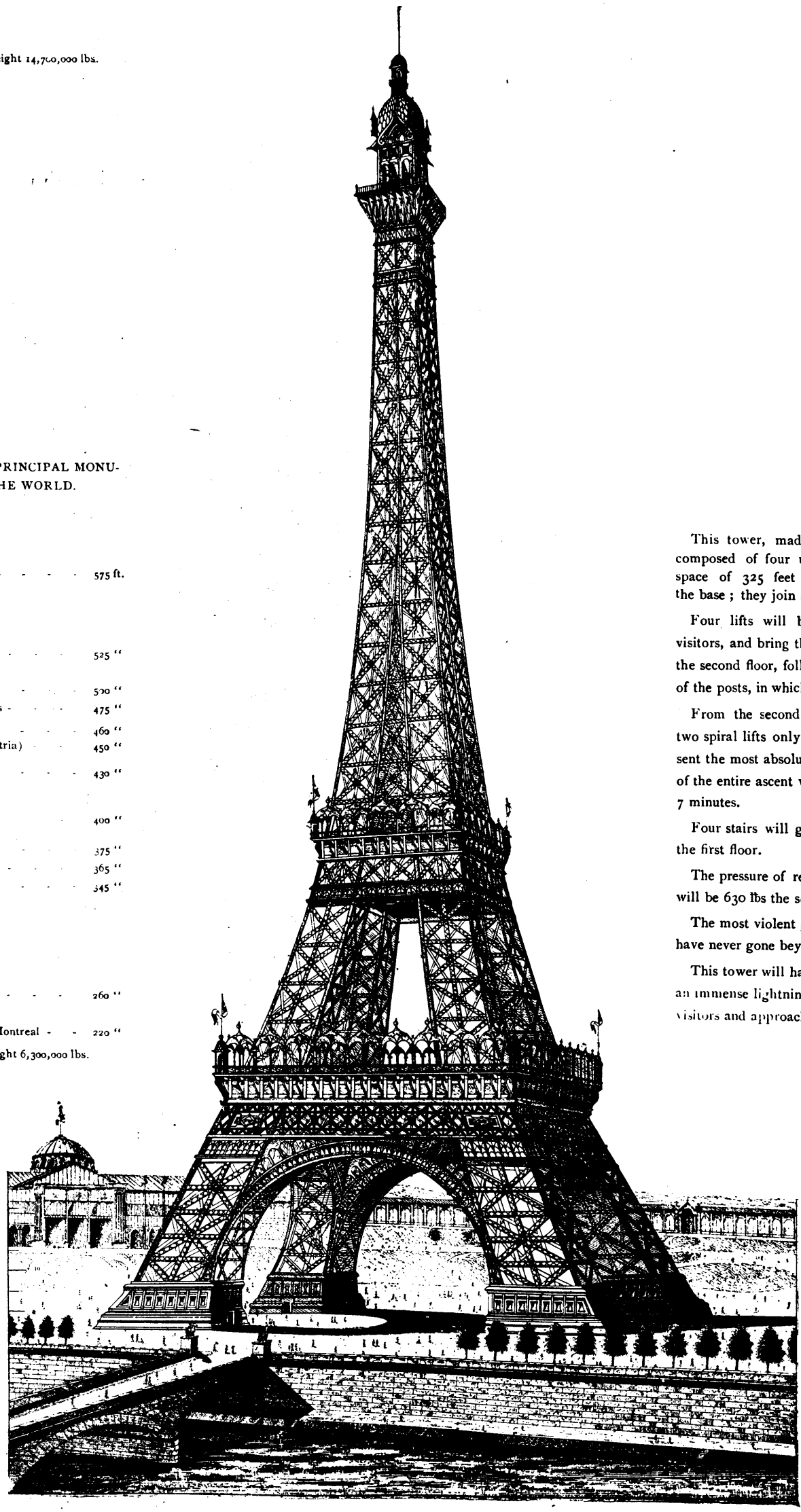
Total height 985 feet.—Weight 14,700,000 lbs.

3rd Gallery 860 fee

HEIGHTS OF THE PRINCIPAL MONUMENTS OF THE WORLD.

Washington Monument	575 ft.
Cathedral of Cologne	525 "
Cathedral of Rouen	520 "
Grand Pyramid of Cheops	475 "
Cathedral ol Strasbourg	460 "
Cathedral of Vienna (Austria)	450 "
St. Peters of Rome	430 "
St. Paul's, London	400 "
2nd Gallery	375 "
Dome of Milan	365 "
Spire of the Invalides	345 "
Pantheor	260 "
Towers of Notre Dame, Montreal	220 "

1st Gallery 185 feet.—Weight 6,300,000 lbs.



This tower, made entirely of iron, is composed of four upright posts, with a space of 325 feet from axis to axis at the base ; they join at 580 feet height.

Four lifts will be at the service of visitors, and bring them from the first to the second floor, following the inclination of the posts, in which they are constructed.

From the second floor to the summit two spiral lifts only will work, and present the most absolute security. The time of the entire ascent will be between 6 and 7 minutes.

Four stairs will give visitors access to the first floor.

The pressure of resistance to the wind will be 630 lbs the square foot.

The most violent gales known in Paris have never gone beyond 380 lbs.

This tower will have the same effect as an immense lightning-rod, and protect its visitors and approaches.

THE GREAT EIFFEL TOWER, PARIS, THE HIGHEST BUILDING IN THE WORLD.

M. G. Eiffel, Engineer and Builder at Levallois-Perret (Seine).

Our Homes.

MARRIAGE CUSTOMS.—For marriage purposes the people of New Britain are divided into two classes. No man may marry a woman of his own class. To do so would bring instant destruction upon the woman. On Duke of York Island, initiation into the secret society, which is called Dukduk, seems a sufficient preparation for the boys, and there appears to be no needful preparation for the girls. On New Ireland some girls wear a fringe across their shoulders until they are marriageable.

GIVE US A WOMAN WHO LAUGHS.—For a good, every-day household angel give us a woman who laughs. Her biscuits may not always be just right, and she may occasionally burn her bread and forget to replace dislocated buttons, but for solid comfort all day and every day she is a very paragon. Home is not a battlefield nor life one unending row. The trick of always seeing the bright side, of shining up the dark one, is a very important faculty, one of the things no one woman should be without.

GIRLS IN CAGES.—In New Britain girls are put into cages, in which they remain four or five years without being allowed to go outside. These cages are conical, seven or eight feet in height and ten or twelve feet in circumference, and four feet from the ground, where they taper off to a point at the top. They are made of the broad leaves of the pandanus tree, sewn quite close together, so that no light and very little air can enter. There is only room for the girl to sit or lie down in a crouched position on the bamboo platform, and her feet are never allowed to touch the ground all the time she is confined in the cage.

KALMUCK WEDDINGS.—Among the Kalmucks of Central Asia the marriage ceremony is very romantic. The girl is put on a horse and rides at full speed. When she has got a fair start the lover sets off in pursuit. If he catches her she becomes his wife, but if he cannot overtake her, the match is broken off, and a Kalmuck girl is very seldom caught against her will. The idea of capture in marriage occurred almost all over the world. Hence, no doubt, the custom of lifting the bride over the doorstep, which occurred among the Romans, the redskins of Canada, the Chinese, the Abyssinians and other races.

Suns rise, moons rise,
Young Love is gay;
Suns set, moons set,
Love's flown away.
Oh, Love, false Love,
To stay but a day!
Time flies, Love dies,
Gone, gone, for aye!

Suns rise, moons rise,
Dear Love, stay!
Suns set, moons set,
Vainly I pray.
Oh, Love, fickle Love,
Great is thy power,
Tho' you stay but a day,
Or only an hour.

FRUGALITY AND OLD AGE.—At 103 years old the general health of M. Chevreul, of Paris, is excellent; he eats and drinks heartily and sleeps soundly. His legs, however, begin to show signs of weakness, and it is for that reason only that he has ceased to attend the Monday meetings of the Academy of Sciences. His habits are very regular. He rises early and takes a plate of soup. He goes to bed again and sleeps till noon. He then has breakfast, which consists of two eggs and some minced meat. The repast over, he drives out for two or three hours. On his return he reads scientific and literary works, following with interest the recent proceedings of various scientific bodies and the accounts given of recent discoveries in many departments of science. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon he takes a bowl of milk with two biscuits. He lies down again for two hours, after which he has another plate of soup and goes to bed for the night.

THE STORY OF A BEAUTIFUL DAY.

The beautiful morning stepped down out of the Eastern sky and bent her lovely face, in silent benediction, over the slumbering earth. In her hand she held a bright young Day. "See!" she cried, pointing to the motionless trees, the closed folds, shut windows and quiet homes. "They are all at rest. And see," pointing to the heaving ocean, the proud mountains, the mysterious forests and broad placid plains, "how beautiful they are! They are all thine. Go forth; do with them as thou wilt, and the spirit of the evening shall crown thee or shroud thee, as thou shalt deserve when thy long journey is over." And the beautiful Morning stooped down and kissed the bright young Day.

"Mine!" cried the bright young Day. Oh, beautiful Earth! and he stretched forth his young arms in loving greeting and made a quick leap forward.

The Earth responsive stirred. The bleating of sheep and lowing of kine: the song of birds, and the voices of men and women filled the air, while the smoke curling up from a thousand chimneys lay in a blue mist along the valleys.

"Mine!" cried the bright young Day, laughing aloud in the joy of his youth and strength, and shaking his shining locks, till they lay along the little rosy clouds in golden streaming.

"Mine! I will make them fairer still. I will bathe them in a new and shining glory, till they will lift their hands and cry: 'Oh, glad, golden Day!'" And he shook again his shining locks, till they fell like a curtain of gold over the waking world. The breezes caught his spirit and rushed forth with a thousand tricks and dallyings. The wild flowers shook the dew from their heavy bells and gave forth their songs of fragrance, keeping time to the silver chiming of the running brooks and fountains; while from countless sprays, and from the shelter of many a hidden nest, out of the full hearts of happy birds, poured forth a song of jubilance, filling the air with its full-throated cadence. Angels of pain, with veiled forms and silent lips stepping over the thresholds from the darkened homes within, were borne on the breath of that song away through the blue air to heaven, and faint voices thankfully asked: "Has the Day come? Open the windows and let us see this new and lovely Day." Children on their way to school shouted as they pelted each other with cowslip balls, crying: "What a glorious Day!" Lovers parting, kissed each other at the shady end of the lane, murmuring, "What a perfect Day"; and older people, content even amid their many cares, nodded brightly to one another on their busy way, saying: "Lovely Day, friend; lovely Day." And the heart of the bright young Day rejoiced as he hung smiling over his beautiful Earth.

But the heart of the Storm-King was cruel and filled with black envy. He looked out from his dark home in the north, measuring the slight form and fair, youthful face of the Day with hatred and contempt, till, gathering up his black robes about him, he rushed forth and gripped the stripling Day in a fierce and deadly conflict. Terrible and long was the strife. The Day was nearly choked with the sulphurous fumes that poured, hot and thick, from the curling clouds about him; his robes were torn and pierced by the jagged lightnings, and his eyes blinded by the thick hail that beat upon him. But he was brave; if needs be he could die; *never* would he yield.

"The Earth is mine, mine, mine!" he cried, loud above the noise of the thunders; and because his heart was full of love, and because he wanted the Earth for good things and happy lives, Heaven helped him, and he prevailed, and the Storm-King was crowded back to his home in the North, with his doors bolted and barred against him, and the Day, with his soft robes and shining locks, smiled once more upon the frightened Earth.

True, the Storm-King had done great and terrible harm. His wild winds had torn up great and mighty trees and left them to die, with their roots all quivering from the pain with which they had been wrenched from the earth into which they had stuck down so deep and so firm. Houses had been thrown down, so that poor people were left homeless, and ships had been wrecked, so that even now the incoming tide bore in ashore upon its still throbbing bosom the pale forms of the dead.

The Day was grieved and sorrowful for this. He could not plant the noble trees again, nor build the fallen houses, nor bring back the dead to life, but he did his best to help, sending his warm sunlight to strengthen the trees that were left, stilling his breezes, that they might have perfect rest, and scattering seeds upon the trunks of the fallen trees, that bye-and-bye, when their leaves should become brown and withered, a soft robing of green and velvety moss might wrap them round and keep them beautiful still. The airs he made warm and pleasant till the homeless people should have time to build their houses again, and where the dead lay he dried the sands a soft and shining white, and sent messages upon his sunbeams to the dreaming buds to wake and bloom, that they might go and lay themselves in love and beauty upon the new-made graves, when these dear dead should be laid to sleep in the quiet churchyard. Then, again, the Earth rejoiced in the Day. The pain had become quite stilled now in the quivering roots. The younger trees stretched forth their branches in conscious growth. The houseless people made themselves a merry home in tents, and went to work briskly to build their houses again. Even the mourners of the dead were comforted when they saw the blooming flowers and the fairness of the returning day, remembering that their dear ones had gone to a land of sweeter flowers and even fairer days than these.

The bright young Day journeyed on. Fresh difficulties lay before him; it was a much harder journey than he had thought it to be when he stood in joyous anticipation, with his hand in the hand of the Morning. A dreadful spirit, with eyes of fire and robes all stained with crimson, had threateningly crossed his path. Plague was written on her forehead. She knew he would never let her descend upon his Earth, but as she passed him by she stooped and breathed upon it, and fast and far he had to hurry with his pure airs and never-tiring sunbeams to search out and to purge and heal the black spots that her scorching breath had burnt into his fair possession.

Still bravely he journeyed on, though his feet were growing tired and his strength sorely spent with the travel and the conflict. He could see the golden gates of the Evening shining in the western skies, and thankful feelings rose in his heart that his journey was almost done. His eyelids drooped and his heart beat with a slow and heavy throbbing. What matter now? At least he had done his best, and with that thought he turned again his drooping face to the precious Earth he had cherished so faithfully all his way.

"My Earth," he whispered, and the answer came: "Oh, glad golden Day!"

But he scarcely heard, for his heart beat slower still, and his bright head sank upon his breast even as the golden doors unfolded, and the great Spirit of the Evening stepped softly down and out of the western sky. In her hand she held a crown of gleaming stars. Stooping, she tenderly lifted the weary Day and gathered him up into her strong and loving arms, wrapping him round in a soft robe of silvery grey as she placed upon his pale brow the shining crown. His fainting strength revived, and ere he sank to rest, with his bright young head pillowed upon her sheltering bosom, he turned his happy face once more to his dear Earth with a parting smile of peace. It hushed the Earth into a holy and breathless quiet, and wrapped her in a dreaming beauty.

"Is the Day dead, mother?" whispered a little child, with tearful eyes.

"No, child, no," said the mother, in hushed response; "he has gone to be with the Angel Days in Heaven. How his radiance lingers still!"

"Yes," whispered many voices, breathlessly; "it has been a beautiful Day."

H. P.

Montreal.

HYPOCRISY.

"It is not my talent to conceal my thoughts,
Or carry smiles and sunshine in my face,
When discontent sits heavy at my heart."
—*Addison.*

It may be a startling revelation to hear that we are all hypocrites, and none the less startling to have the novel question as to whether 'Hypocrisy is ever justifiable" propounded. The word hypocrisy is derived from the Greek, and literally signifies "to play upon the stage," and "hypocrite" is an actor—from this we have hypocrisy defined to be the "feigning to be what one is not," and "a concealment of true character." Shakespeare in less prosaic terms renders its meaning clear when he says :

"To beguile the time,
Look like the time ; bear welcome in your eyes, your hand, your tongue ;
Look like the innocent flower,
But be the serpent under it."

It is nigh impossible to determine the innumerable forms hypocrisy assumes and what niceties of distinction are made to evade classification under this abhorrent title, and yet with all the artificial construction human ingenuity can contrive, how short do they fall? There is hypocrisy active and hypocrisy negative—if I may be allowed the distinction—the wilful misrepresentation—and the concealment—the one is as reprehensible as the other. All departures from the truth, equivocations and prevarications, whatever be their degree, must be comprised under one of these two divisions, and can be properly classed as acts of hypocrisy. Yet how vigourously would many protest against the application of this term to them, whose offences are limited to the excuses of society—the fashionable white lie—the "not at home" species. Praed, under this title, humourously, yet clearly, portrays this falsehood in his essay commencing "Not at home, said her ladyship's footman," with the usual air of nonchalance, which says "You know I am lying, but *n'importe*," and he continues in a sarcastic vein to treat of its usefulness.

The greatest evil-doer is not necessarily the one who commits the gravest crime, so, although the least assuming, the society hypocrite can be ranked among the worst of the species. No palliation or excuse can be offered for his lying, backbiting or evil gossip. He is suffered because he panders to the reverse side of our nature, his appreciation and reward are however but short-lived, for they are tempered by the fear that his hearer of to-day may furnish cause for his object of attack of to-morrow. With equal aversion can be classed the individual who seizes every opportunity to decry, or what is equally bad, to publish broadcast his sympathy with an unfortunate neighbour, who has encountered some reverse, and has afforded him an occasion too delicious to allow to pass unnoticed, yet in the ordinary acceptation of the term *he* is not a hypocrite, for he neither misrepresents nor conceals what he means. What is hypocrisy after all but the attempt to pose for what we are not, but what we would like others to consider we are, and what consequently must be worth feigning ; or, as Rochefoucauld in his 227th Maxim puts it, "Hypocrisy is a sort of homage that vice pays to virtue."

Of all hypocrites, the *religious* stands pre-eminent, and constitutes the butt and centre of contempt and detestation. Nearly all the writers upon the banes of hypocrisy lay bare his case. Fuller tersely says : "Trust not him that seems a saint." Yet did we ever stop to consider that hypocrisy is, as oft perhaps forced upon a man, as it is wilfully practiced by him. Sterne, in railing upon the hypocrite, implies that none but the merciful and compassionate have a title to wear the garb of religion, yet how long would human charity and generosity permit any, even possessing these qualities, to go unmolested and free from suspicions of hypocrisy. Be the individual at heart and soul as true, honest. and conscientious as he may, there are so many outside considerations, I speak not of mercenary matters, but of kindred, love and affection, that he is frequently rendered unable to practice or perhaps even to avow his principles, and thus unwittingly and unwillingly brings himself within the pale of hypocrisy.

It is a difficult task, and one for which I would not be prepared to formulate a code ot procedure. Among the most advanced, fearless and independent, it is but a question of debate to-day if it be proper to avow and impress one's principles upon others, despite the painful disenchantment which might follow in the dispersion of long and greatly cherished tenets, and the grief occasioned by the divergency of views. Bacon says : "No pleasure is comparable to the standing upon the vantage ground of truth," but "the truth at any cost" is a more difficult problem to solve. The search for truth, whether in the arts, sciences, philosophy or religion, is being daily pressed with much vigour, and it appears absurd to suggest anything to obstruct its road. Yet there must be something wrong in a system which carries pain and distress in its progress, and which justifies us in stopping to consider, and when we do so, will we not find that the whole difficulty arises from the rate of speed adopted and the too rapid advances of thought. Any law which is beyond the average intellect and understanding will never be properly obeyed, and no matter what be the strength of the executive, will never be enforced. The great thinkers are comparatively few, the masses are slower to reason and comprehend, and cannot keep up with them ; to enforce advanced views would give rise to friction, a state of affairs which history has frequently shown us to have developed into strife and bloodshed. This is equally applicable to all branches and spheres of human thought and action, but in religion is it specially prominent. Let us assume the case not of a nation, but of an individual. Man and woman brought up in the same religion marry. After a lapse of some years the wife continues to practice and maintain the religious tenets to which she has always been accustomed. The husband, in the exercise of his reasoning powers, conscientiously believes no longer in his former religious views, or perhaps in any religion at all. Their children are budding into boy and girlhood, the period of the greatest anxiety to parents. The wife and relatives, near and dear on both sides, are sorely grieved and pained at the husband's altered views. What should be his course? To avoid a semblance of hypocrisy he should openly avow and rejoice in his convictions, and attempt to convert his wife and relatives, and educate his children up to the same. But wife and relatives cannot and will not depart from their cherished faith and equally conscientious belief. These differences lead to all manner of unpleasantness, which may perchance be the means of further estrangement and marital difficulties. Should he, for the sake of peace, happiness and contentment, refrain from interfering with their, or even practising his own, convictions? And if he so did, could he be held amenable to the consequences of the vice of hypocrisy? Methinks "the truth-at-any-price" principle must be tempered with the words tolerance and forbearance. I cite the words of Tupper, whose Proverbial Philosophy abounds with lessons of this nature :—

"I say not compromise the right.
I would not have thee countenance the wrong,
But hear with charitable heart the reasons of an honest judgment ;
For thou also hast erred, and knowest not when thou art most right,
Nor whether to-morrow's wisdom may not prove thee simple to-day.
Perchance thou art chiding in another what once thou wast thyself ;
Perchance thou sharply reprovest what thou wilt be hereafter.

All progress, to be beneficial and lasting, must be gradual. A man may find himself in advance of his day. Is he not fulfilling his duty by contributing to that progress in such measure as not to inflict pain upon others? For this tolerance is too oft lost sight of, by those from whom it should be most forthcoming, and it should be remembered, as Tupper further says :—

"There is no similitude in nature that owneth not also to a difference,
Yea, no two berries are alike, though twins upon one stem,
No drop in the ocean, no pebble on the beach, no leaf in the forest hath its counterpart.
No mind in its dwelling of mortality, no spirit in the world unseen.
And, therefore, since capacity and essence differ alike with accident,
None but a bigot partisan will hope for impossible unity."

The old adage says : "The truth is mighty and will prevail." *Prevail* implies time, and were this couple to display a mutual forbearance, would either of them be guilty of hypocrisy, and if they were, would such hypocrisy not be justifiable?

Montreal. NEM.

Humourous.

Green turtle soup, as preparatory to an elaborate dinner, is a mistake and an injustice.

There is a place in Pennsylvania which is called Economy, but it is not a summer resort.

The question whether brides should be required to obey, as well as to love and cherish, in the marriage ceremony, is not worth discussion. They won't do it.

Giving for missions is a tender subject to some people. "What I give," said a Hardshell, "is nothing to nobody." "I fully believe you," said his interlocutor.

Magnetist : Yes, waiter, I'm a magnetist. Would you like to see me tip the table? Waiter : No, sah ; but if it is all the same to you, sah, yer might "tip de waiter," sah.

"Do you think I'm a simpleton, sir?" thundered a fiery Scotch laird to his new footman. "Ye see, sir," replied the canny Scot, "I'm n' lang here, and I dinna ken yet."

A clergyman met a man declaiming against foreign missions. "Why doesn't the church look after the heathen at home?" "We do," said the clergyman, quietly, and gave the man a tract.

The proper study of mankind—"What is man?" sighed Haroun Alraschid. "To-day," says an American paper, "he is here and to-morrow he is in Canada, and the next day nobody knows where in thunder he is."

Foreigners generally speak with a foreign accent, says a Texas paper. A carpenter with a broad-ax-sent. A writer of plays with a four or five acts-sent. An Indian with a little ax-sent (tomahawk). And a butcher with a meat-ax-sent.

Parson—I am astonished, sir, to hear a man with three married daughters say that "marriage is a failure."

Citizen—Well, sir, when you have three families beside your own to support, you will learn that marriage is positive bankruptcy.

Small Boy No. 1 (to small boy No. 2, who is strutting around with his hands in his pockets)—Come over and play with me, Johnny.

"Can't."

"Go ask your mother if you can't."

"Can't ask her ; she is out somewhere looking for me."

"I don't say marriage is a failure," said Adam, candidly, as he sat down on a log just outside the Garden of Eden and looked hungrily at the fruit on the other side of the wall, "but if I had remained single, this wouldn't have happened."

Twenty-five cents for a bed marks the top notch of lodging house society. Houses that charge much put on all the airs of a hotel. A 7-cent lodging house clerk refers to his customers as "de bums ;" at 10 cents they are spoken of as "the lodgers ;" 15-cent houses refer to their "patrons ;" the manager of a 25-cent house speaks of his "guests."

There was a man who had a clock,
His name was Matthew Meares,
He wound it nicely every day
For many, many years :
At last his precious timepiece proved
An eight-day clock to be,
And a madder man than Mr. Meares
I would not wish to see.

"Hasn't the baker sent any bread for supper, Elfleda?" inquired Mr. Magruder, as he surveyed the table.

"I told him not to bring any this evening, Callithumpian," responded the young wife, sweetly. "I have baked a loaf myself. It will be brought on in a moment—what are you doing, Callithumpian?"

"I am putting a prop under the table leaf," said the young husband, with forced calmness.

"Smith is a mighty mean man, I say," exclaimed Blenkins, warmly.

"Why, what has Smith ever done to you?" asked Blenkinsop, surprised.

"Bet me $10 I couldn't hit a barn door with a revolver at five paces," said Blenkins, angrily. "Taunted me into taking him up. Got me to put up the money. Measured off the five paces in presence of a lot of witnesses. Gave me a revolver loaded—and then set the barn door up edgewise."

NOT SUPERSTITIOUS.

HOSTESS (excitedly, as guests are about to take their seats): Mercy! there are thirteen here!
CHORUS: Never mind! Don't be afraid? Don't be superstitious!
HOSTESS: Oh, it's not that. But there are only twelve plates laid. How awkward!
But there is little harm done, as none of them know who was forgotten.

The man with twins is deucedly happy.

Notwithstanding the discussion now going on to decide if marriage is a failure, the brakemen go right on coupling.

An old bachelor says that he rather likes a comical baby, but he objects when it becomes a screaming farce.

Even if the price of flour has advanced, the young housewife cannot possibly manage to get along without a little dab of it on the end of her nose.

Lawyer (to little boy)—"Where did you learn to tell such outrageous lies?" Boy—"I passed your office one day when the window was open."

If you want to get cold facts out of a woman contradict her and make her mad. It fetches the truth every time, but usually it isn't complimentary to you.

"Politician, ain't you?" he enquired, turning to the passenger immediately behind him.

"Yep; how did you know?"

"Breath."

He had passionately declared his love. "You are too late, George; too late," murmured the girl. "Too late?" he exclaimed, with an agonizing cry. "Is it possible that you love another?" "No, George; but it is nearly twelve o'clock, and I hear papa at the gate."

"Oh, yes," said the Western man, we like to have you fellows come out to grow up with the gul-orious West. But we draw the line at the men who are driven to settle with us because they are unable or unwilling to settle with their creditors in the East."

Little Ina, nearly 5 years of age, set out to visit school the other day as gay as a lark, but returned after the session with rather a careworn expression of countenance. When asked how she liked school, she said:

"I did not like it."

"Why not?"

"Oh! I had to work awful hard."

"What did you have to do?"

"I had to keep still like everything."

"Men," said the captain of the steamer to the frightened passengers huddling about him, "it is true that we are not gaining on the leak, but we are only fifty miles from land, and if necessary we can throw overboard 2,000 tons of freight to lighten the ship. There is no occasion for alarm. We have several hundred casks of rum in the cellar that we can—"

"No occasion for alarm!" exclaimed a tall Kentuckian, turning pale with apprehension. "Captain, do you intend to throw that rum overboard?"

DISTICHES.

I.

Wisely a woman prefers to a lover a man who neglects her.
This one may love her some day, some day the lover will not.

II.

There are three species of creatures who when they seem coming are going.
When they seem going they come: Diplomats, women and crabs.

III.

Pleasures too hastily tasted grow sweeter in fond recollection,
As the pomegranate plucked green ripens far over the sea.

IV.

As the meek beasts in the garden came flocking for Adam to name them,
Men for a title to-day crawl to the feet of a king.

V.

What is a first love for, except to prepare for a second?
What does the second love bring? Only regret for the first.

Judge—Prisoner, the evidence shows that you brutally assaulted the plaintiff. Have you anything to offer in extenuation?

Prisoner—No, sir; my lawyer took all the money I had.

"Edward," asked the proprietor, "how are those $7 watches selling?" "Not very well, sir." "How much do they cost us?" "They cost $4.47 net." "Well, I guess you'd better mark them up to $9 and put them in the window, with a card saying that they must be sold out regardless of cost.

He (on the brink of a proposal—I like your charming sex so much, you know; but really I don't know how to take woman.

She (willing to help him on)—I think I can tell you.

"How?"

"For better or for worse."

"What will it cost me, Uncle Rastus, to have my coop whitewashed?"

"I kain't tell yet, sah, till I makes an estimate ob de size and dimenshuns."

That night the owner was disturbed by a loud noise in the hen-coop.

"Hi, there!" he shouted from an upper window, "what are you doing there?"

"Is's Unc Rastus," was the reply, "and he's figgerin' on de size and dimunshuns ob de coop."

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