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THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

VOL. I.—No. 7.

MONTREAL AND TORONTO, 18th AUGUST, 1888.

$4.00 PER ANNUM.
10 CENTS PER COPY.

WANTS A LOLLYPOP!

BIG BABY JONATHAN: Boo-hoo-hoo——! Little brother Johnny's taking all my toys away. He's got the fish, and— and he's taking all my tea-things, and—and my Pacific Trade, and—and pulling all my canal boats to his side, and—and, now, he wants my Western Railway Traffic! Boo-hoo——! Ma-a-a-a! tell him to stop!

The Dominion Illustrated.

$4.00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

G. E. DESBARATS & SON, Publishers,

162 ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL,

AND 127 WELLINGTON STREET WEST, TORONTO.

18th AUGUST, 1888.

PUBLISHERS' NOTICES.

Henceforth, THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED will be published simultaneously in MONTREAL and in TORONTO. Messrs. ALEX. S. MACRAE & SON are in charge of the Toronto office, 127 Wellington street west, where they will continue to receive subscriptions and advertisements, and attend to our interests in Western Ontario.

We solicit sketches, drawings and photographs from all parts of Canada. We want to illustrate every part of the Dominion; but must have the coöperation of those who have the material at hand.

Subscribers wanted everywhere at $4.00 a year, or $1.00 for three months, payable in advance. Special terms to clubs, and a handsome commission to canvassers. For further particulars apply to the Montreal or Toronto office.

Correspondents sending manuscripts which they wish returned, if not accepted, are requested to enclose stamps for return postage.

The portrait of the Hon. Mr. Mercier, in our last issue, has been much admired. It was a faithful reproduction of a photograph by Messrs. Wm. Notman & Son.

Current Topics.

A learned friend sends the editor the following printed slip, with the grave request that he comment on it:—

SPELLING REFORM.

Thin Ends of the Wedge.

Drop silent letters. Replace cs, cks, ks by x; ph by f, and ough by some fonetic equivalent.

The speed with wich we Christianise the heathen depends on spelling reform. London would save $5,000,000 a year by spelling reform, as each of its 1,000,000 children wond have to be one year less at school.

We publish the above as a curious bit, for amusement, pity or scorn, as the reader may be bent. Life is too short to mind those fads and fancies as they fly.

We are pleased to be able to state that while the Jews in America, according to the *American Magazine*, numbered in 1845 fifty thousand in a population of twenty millions, to-day they are five hundred thousand, and increasing far more rapidly than any other race in the United States. That they should have increased tenfold, while the population of the country has but trebled, places the United States fourth among the countries of the world in the number of its Jewish citizens, exceeded only by Russia, Austria and Germany, and there is every reason to believe that it will not be many years before they exceed the two latter empires.

The Governor-General has imported two Kerry cows, which are described as exceedingly small, plump, well-shaped cattle, and the first of the kind ever landed at the Levis quarantine. The improvement of our stock, or the introduction of fresh stock into the country, is a wise and praiseworthy deed, and it is to be hoped that this new breed may turn out as well as have the Alderneys, Jerseys, Polled Angus and other varieties brought over to Canada within the past decade.

Medicine Hat, with the queer name, that is an attraction of itself, turns out to be, scientifically, one of the most interesting spots in the great Northwest of the Dominion. There have been found, in and about it, remarkable limestone fossils, almost wholly unknown to palaeontologists. These beds stretch some twenty miles along the South Saskatchewan, yielding, at every turn, large specimens of nautilus, ammonite, baculite, fish, fruit, leaves and remains of tropical marine vegetation. Beside their size, the beautiful feature about these fossils is the preservation of their pearl and pink hues.

After the commonplaces—to say no more—of Messrs. Frye, Hale, Dawes, Hoar, Riddleberger, Cullom, Ingalls and other luminaries of the United States Senate, it was refreshing to hear of Mr. Sherman rising to a higher level and discussing the important question of the Fisheries Treaty from the standpoint of a statesman. Mr. Evarts was not equal to the occasion, confining himself to a show of his exceptional powers as a special pleader. And Mr. Edmunds, the Nestor of the Senate, also disappointed us. He should have had his old comrade, Judge Thurman, at his side, to brace him up with a pinch out of the tortoise shell.

We are only repeating what American writers themselves say, and stating what is plain to every observer, that the United States Senate is not the great deliberative body that it used to be. Time was when to be a Senator was the highest flight of an American's ambition. In those days the Calhouns, Clays, Websters, Bentons, Casses, Corwins and Buchanans made the Senate what it was, and were proud of it. In delivering the eulogy of Calhoun, before his fellow members, Webster wound up a few ponderous phrases by these solemn words: "Sir, he was worthy of being a Senator of Rome—when Rome was free!" And the great orator sat down, having said all and enough.

It is satisfactory to learn that our great public works are being carried on steadily and systematically, in spite of the opposition which it is incredible should come from any that have the good of the country at heart. It will be remembered that, during the last session, the Government gave out that the widening of the St. Lawrence canals would be gone into at once. In pursuance of this policy the plans and specifications have been made ready by the engineering branch of the Department of Railways and Canals, and tenders for the several works are to be called for forthwith. During the next twelve months much headway will have been made.

The outlook of the crops is very cheering. At the start of the season there were dampening stories about the blight of the fall wheat in Ontario, and the short growth of the grass in the best hay country, but in June the sun and rain had behaved so well that the harvest was put down as safe. There were drawbacks and sources of loss, but, strange to say, they were kept within narrow bounds, and their mischief was only local. This was specially the case with caterpillars on fruit trees, and grasshoppers on fields of grain. The whole harvest is now beyond the reach of failure, and all classes may look forward to a plenty of good staples, a lowering of prices, and consequent prosperity in all branches of trade.

The return of Mr. Blake to this country, after a very long absence abroad, where he went in search of health, will be hailed with satisfaction by people of all classes, who entertain due respect and admiration for this very able public man. Mr. Blake will spend the remainder of the summer season at Murray Bay—a favourite haunt of his—after which he will possibly resume the usual course of his profession, although his independent means allow him total rest, if he chooses to take it. As to his political career, we regret to learn that the honourable gentleman's health, although improved, is not yet settled enough to encourage him to enter at once upon his Parliamentary duties, during recess, and still less undertake the heavy task of party leadership.

Some of the American papers poke fun at us for harbouring their defaulters and refugees—making special merriment over the godsends, in the way of "extra" business, which they put into the hands of our "advocates,"—but other journals take up the matter in earnest, upbraid us for harbouring these people, and holding that we should send them back summarily across the lines. If such papers mean what they say, they are trifling with a very serious matter. Were the Americans bent on checking the flight of swindlers and robbers to our side, all they would have to do would be to adopt, at once, the amended Extradition Treaty, which Britain submitted to the United States long ago, and which has lain *perdu* and unnoticed, in the Secretary of State's office, at Washington, ever since. Americans have acted with persistent queerness in the two vital points of Extradition and International Copyright.

We would call attention to the account of the duel between M. Floquet and Gen. Boulanger, published in the column headed "Our Engravings," of the present issue. The report is authentic, compiled from the eyewitnesses—the seconds and the doctor—and published in one of the first papers of Paris. If, after reading, any one shall not express surprise and horror at the brutal practice of single combat, even as carried out under the French code, we shall be very much disappointed. There is no fairness, no honour in it. Two men, fired by passion, rush on each other with cold steel, and liable to butcher each other, without any show of skill. How reasonable men can stand facing each other, at such barbarous play, is a standing satire on civilization.

FARMING IN THE NORTHWEST.

The old adage that

> "He who with the plough would thrive,
> Must both hold the plough and drive."

is only partly true for the Canadian West. There the prairie farmer sits on a comfortable spring seat, on his "sulky" plough, and, possibly, in white shirt sleeves, holds the reins and drives. Sometimes he ploughs one furrow at a time, and sometimes two, according to the amount of pulling power in front of the plough.

The springtime in the Canadian West is served out by the weather clerk, in proportions admirably suited to the needs of the farmer. April and May are sunny, cool and dry. The snow and March go together, and as soon as the snow is gone, the land is ready for the harrow and seeder. In that land man is generally helped the most

who has taken time by the forelock and done all his ploughing in the fall. There is no rain until June, so that the farmer has two whole months for his seeding. This enables him to put in his wheat early and gives him plenty of time after wheat-seeding for oats, barley, flax and other grain. When the seed-drill has done its great work, and everything is sown and planted, the gentle rains of June drop their fatness. Then do the cattle grow stout as London aldermen; then the hum of the milk-carrying buckboard is heard in the land, and the farmers' wives and the cheese factory and creamery hands enjoy their hard, but very profitable, work. The haying and the barley harvest next dispute the farmer's time, and then comes the *chef d'œuvre*—the great wheat harvest.

It is no uncommon thing for one man to have seventy-five acres of wheat to cut. This he is enabled to do by means of the self-binder and the climate. By working the binders all night, under the light of the harvest moon ofttimes, and by storing the wheat, not in the barns, but just where it is cut in scores of massive golden stacks, of conical form, as seen in the first photograph, one man has managed to cut and save seventy-five acres of wheat. To do this he needs help, of course, for a few days in stacking time, and also in harvest time. The second and third engravings—also from photographs—represent threshing in winter on a farm near Portage la Prairie, Manitoba. The *modus operandi* of threshing is simple. A space of frozen ground is cleared of stubble and dust and snow—there is little snow before Christmas—and upon that clear space the colossal threshing machine, with its steam engine, is placed. This machinery can prepare three thousand bushels of wheat for the market in one day, and nothing less would do on so prolific a soil. In an article in the *Century* for June, somebody said that the Argentine republic was the richest agricultural country in the world, because it had shown a yield of thirty-five bushels of wheat per head of the population. Manitoba had, last year, a yield of one hundred and twenty bushels per head, and in all probability will do better this year. In the third view given here of winter threshing on the prairie, we have a close sight of the busy scene around the threshing machine. Four or five men, with forks, are supplying the human feeder, who is always the best man in the party. In the picture he is facing the machine on the right. Two horses are kept busy hauling away the thrashed straw, which will be burnt when the threshing is over. In the middle two men are absorbed by the duty of loading the No. 1 hard Manitoba wheat into waggons as fast as the bags are filled. The first view is a general aspect of the threshing, showing the powerful steam engines which drive the machinery, a loaded farm waggon, and another empty waggon waiting for its load. This view has, as its foreground, a loaded waggon on its way to the railway station, where, in a few minutes, the wheat will be turned into cash.

These grain stacks are very dear to sportsmen, because upon every stack they are sure to find, in the early morning, a round dozen of prairie chickens. These chickens are increasing very fast, in spite of the fact that one hundred thousand people are supplied with them steadily for months. Shooting them is very good sport. It is no uncommon thing to find a farmer's house stocked with three or four hundred prairie chickens, which is his winter's supply.

If farming is sometimes prosaic, it has a decidedly interesting side in these great farm lands of our new country. Some people may get enthusiastic about the glories of Banff, the majesty of the Selkirks, and the wild gorge of the Fraser, but to the writer there is nothing more beautiful in the world than that magnificent nineteenth century pastoral, harvesting and threshing in the Canadian West.

THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

The statesman who did most to give shape and consistency to American politics was Thomas Jefferson. He is the father of the "Monroe Doctrine," on which we promised, last week, to say a few words. In the beginning of the year 1802, news was received in the United States of the cession by Spain to France of Louisiana and the Floridas. Mr. Jefferson, then President, at once wrote to Mr. Livingston, American Minister at Paris, saying that "there is on the globe one single spot, the possessor of which is our natural and habitual enemy. It is New Orleans," through which he adds that three-eights of American territory must pass to market, and which commands a valley bound to yield more than one-half of the products of the country and hold more than one-half of its people. About the same time, the President wrote to M. Dupont de Nemours: "In Europe nothing but Europe is seen * * * * but this little event of France possessing herself of Louisiana * * * * is the embryo of a tornado which will burst on the countries on both sides of the Atlantic, and involve in its effects their highest doctrines." Jefferson feared nothing from the powerless Spaniards, the former owners of the territory, for a short time, but he knew that it was the First Consul's intention to colonize it thoroughly, and thus make it a threat to the business interests and social growth of the western country. He offered to buy the fair region, and ultimately succeeded, but it was his purpose to resist French occupation, if Napoleon persisted in holding the colony.

From this time forward we find occasional references, in Mr. Jefferson's works, to what he calls the "American system." The notion grew with him, and, after his withdrawal from public life, he worked it out in detail and force in several letters. Writing to William Short, in 1820, he recurs to his "American system of policy, totally independent of, and unconnected with, that of Europe." He adds: "The day is not far distant when we may require *a meridian of partition through the ocean* which separates the two hemispheres, on the hither side of which no European gun shall ever be heard, nor an American on the other." He holds that the principles in the United States and Europe are radically different, and that it is the duty of American patriotism to interdict in the seas and territories of *both Americas* "the ferocious and sanguinary contests of Europe." His letter of October 24, 1823, addressed to President Monroe, his friend and disciple, touches on the threats of the Holy Alliance against Spain and her American provinces, and, in this important paper, he lays down the two correlative propositions: first, that Americans should never entangle themselves in the broils of Europe; and, second, that they should not allow Europe to meddle with Cisatlantic affairs. For, said he, "America, North and South, has a set of interests distinct from those of Europe, and particularly her own. She should, therefore, have a system of her own, separate and apart from that of Europe." From his retreat at Monticello, the aged statesman would not shrink from war in support of this principle, and writes quite belligerently on the subject.

Several weeks after receiving this letter, Mr. Monroe gave official proclamation to the views that it conveyed in his famous message of December 2nd, 1823. This instrument states that "we owed it to candour to declare that we should consider any attempt to extend their (European) system to any portion of *this hemisphere* as dangerous to our peace and safety." From the time of this message Jefferson's "American system" received the name of "Monroe Doctrine," and it has ever since been looked upon as a cardinal principle of American policy—but not by men of all parties. This should be remembered to-day. The Jeffersonians—that is, the Republicans (as they were primitively called), the Democrats or strict Constructionists, of our day, as distinguished from the John Adam's Federalists, Hamiltonians and Old Line Whigs, forerunners of the present Republicans, held this doctrine as essential to their code, in opposition to the latter, who always voted against it. The debates on the Cession of Louisiana, in 1803; on the Acquisition of Florida, in 1819; on the Spanish Provinces, in 1823; on the annexation of Texas and the Mexican war of 1844-45, fully show this division of parties. Strictly speaking, it is a Democratic doctrine, and, from their past record and present stand, the Republicans cannot consistently call it to their aid.

Later writers have maintained that the Monroe Doctrine excluded all monarchical government in this hemisphere, and pledged the country never to allow any but republican institutions in North or South America. No such proscription is found in the writings of Jefferson, Madison or Monroe, nor in the great debates of 1824. The Empire of Brazil, the Sovereignty of Iturbide, and the almost Vice-royalty of Canada are proofs to the contrary. Having thus briefly traced the origin of the Monroe Doctrine, there remains an examination thereof on its merits, political and otherwise, which we shall make next week, but in a separate paper, owing to the length of the matter under discussion.

LITERARY NOTES.

Mary E. Ryan, one of the new writers from the South, earns an income of $6,000 by her pen.

Rev. Principal Grant, of Kingston, is at the antipodes to-day, travelling for his health, which is said to have much improved.

J. M. LeMoine, whom General Strange called the Irving of Quebec, is at work on a couple of new volumes in his own field of research.

A statue of Shakespeare is to be erected in one of the most conspicuous and fashionable parts of Paris, but it is at the expense of an Englishman.

Perhaps the best paid woman writer in the United States is Mrs. Southworth, who receives an income of $7,000 a year from the New York *Ledger*.

A proof of what literary tact can do in making even a political and shipping paper interesting is given by the Quebec *Chronicle*, in the hands of Dr. George Stewart, jr.

Mr. George Murray is enjoying his well-earned holidays in the solitude of Ste. Sophie, County of Terrebonne, "far from the madding crowd," and in communion solely with the woodland muse.

In our next number we shall have a treat in a fairy tale, from the cultivated pen of John Hunter Duvar, of Hernewood, P. E. Island. It is a pleasure to publish anything from the author of "Enamorado" and "De Roberval."

Our readers will be glad to see a little poem from "Sarepta" in the present issue. It is in his usual clear-cut manner. You always know what "Sarepta" wants to say, and he generally manages to say it in a keen, intelligent manner.

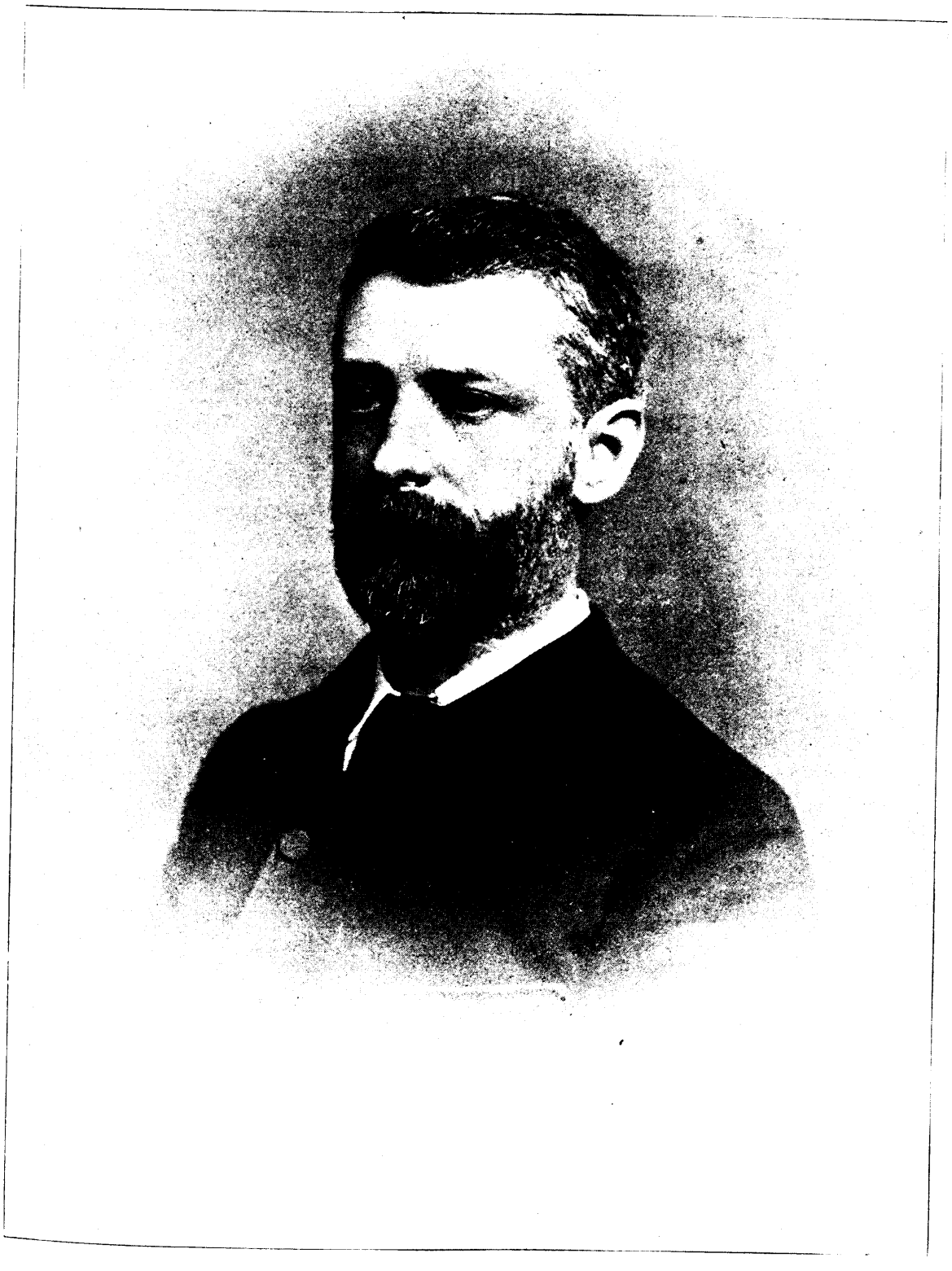
FARMING IN THE CANADIAN WEST.

From photographs by Notman.

WHEAT STACKS ON THE PRAIRIES.

WHEAT THRESHING BY STEAM.

THRESHING AND LOADING.



HON. W. S. FIELDING, Premier of Nova Scotia.

Our Engravings.

FARMING IN THE NORTHWEST.—The attention of the reader is specially called to this series of sketches, which are new and better designed than any thing we have yet seen, to display not only the resources of that great country, but the wonderful appliances that are brought to bear for speedy harvesting. For full description of these appliances, reference is made to the leading article, entitled "Farming in the Canadian West."

HON. MR. FIELDING.—William Stevens Fielding was born at Halifax, of English parents, on the 24th November, 1848. He was educated in his native town and began life as a journalist, having written for many years in the Halifax *Chronicle*. He entered public life, in 1882, as member of the Pipes Government and, in 1884, became First Minister and Provincial Secretary of a new administration. He was returned to the Legislative Assembly, for Halifax, in 1882, and has been twice reëlected since.

MOUNT HERMIT.—This great mountain belongs to the Selkirk range, is capped with glaciers, and forms with Mount Macdonald a matchless scene of wild grandeur. Between these two twin mountains, which seem to have been rent asunder, is the entrance to the famous Roger's Pass. Enormous precipices tower right and left, so sheer and stupendous that the traveller is overawed by their wonderful majesty. Roger's Pass is itself at a height of 4,275 feet; but these two mountains tower up a mile higher into the empyrean.

AN AUGUST MORNING WITH FARRAGUT, from the painting by Overend.—Perhaps no naval battle on canvas has created more interest since the "Death of Nelson," by J. M. W. Turner, than the one we engrave this week, by Overend. As the respective flags floating for the nonce will demonstrate, it is a terrible incident of historical importance, enacted during the American secessionist war. Admiral Farragut attacks Forts Morgan and Gaines, the defence of Mobile, Ala., on August 5th, 1864. His flagship, on which Farragut was lashed to the rigging, was the Hartford, and the immediate scene is the famous atttack on the Southern ironclad ram Tennessee, which was so beset by the former and her aids that she never fired a gun after being first hit till she, the forts and all, surrendered. We may as well add that Admiral David Glascoe Farragut escaped unhurt through those terrible events. He died 1870, aged 69. Of course, it requires a very vivid conception to paint the picture of an event unseen by the artist and based upon imagination alone. But Mr. W. H. Overend, as an American, had many subsequent opportunities of gathering figures and facts for his brush, and how truly and cleverly he has depicted this terrible onslaught the engraving shows for itself.

THE FLOQUET-BOULANGER DUEL.—This superb drawing, brought out, in our columns, with splendid effect, is thoroughly French in its character and execution. The duel took place on the 13th July, on the challenge of M. Floquet, after a bitter passage of words in the Assembly between him and General Boulanger. At ten, in the forenoon, the two combatants cast off their coats, collars and waistcoats, and took their places. At once the swords were crossed, and then, as is the wont, the adversaries both fell back one step. When the word "go" was uttered, General Boulanger threw himself, or rather ran upon M. Floquet, which movement was at once met by a *corp à corps*, and the witnesses had to separate the combatants. The French First Minister was slightly wounded under the left calf, and the General was lightly hurt in the right forefinger. In consequence of the uneven lay of the soil, the latter had made a false step, which accounts for his sword touching M. Floquet's leg. The attack lasted twenty seconds. The proof of the furious onslaught on the part of M. Boulanger is the position of the combatants at the second encounter, M. Floquet's feet, as seen in the engraving, touching the brushwood of the thicket, by a rapid back movement which he had been obliged to make. The General rushed upon him with as much violence as before, dashing full upon him. M. Floquet lengthened out his arm at the same instant. His sword struck the throat of the General, whose shirt was at once soaked with blood. The witnesses stopped the fight and the attending physician attended at once to the wounded man. This second encounter lasted four seconds. M. Floquet received two scratches, one in the right hand and the other above the right nipple. M. Boulanger, sustained by his friends and the doctor, repaired to the house of his friend, Count Dillon, in whose grounds the combat took place, and there his wound was dressed. This account is translated expressly for the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED.

GENERAL PHILIP SHERIDAN.—General Sheridan was born in Somerville, Ohio, March 6, 1831. He graduated at West Point and served on frontier duty in Texas and Oregon between 1853 and 1861. He was put in command of the 11th division of the army of Ohio in 1862; commanded a division in the army of the Cumberland; and, at the battle of Stone River, December 31, 1862, saved the army from rout by his resistance. In April, 1864, he was called to the army of the Potomac by General Grant, put in command of the cavalry corps, and within the months of May, June and July was successfully engaged in eighteen distinct actions. On the 4th of August, 1864, he was put in command of the army of the Shenandoah, and for his successes was made Major-General of the U. S. army. He joined General Grant's army at City Point, whence he started, March 25, 1865, to strike the final blow for the overthrow of General Lee. He fought the battle of Dinwiddie Court House, March 31, and that of Five Forks, which necessitated Lee's evacuation of Richmond and Petersburg, April 1. He then occupied command of various military divisions until 1869, when, by the promotion of General Sherman, he became Lieutenant-General and assumed command of the western and southwestern military divisions, with his headquarters at Chicago. On the retirement of General Sherman, February, 1884, General Sheridan succeeded to the command of the army, with headquarters at Washington.

POINTS.

BY ACUS.

In spending their summers, it has been the custom with a great many Canadians to go outside of their own country. It is not that their own country is lacking in scenic or atmospheric attraction, but that her travelling facilities have been inadequate. Her chasms have been unbridged; her channels unmarked; her forests trackless. This is partly the reason. With the rapid opening up of the country, however, it is not likely that this inconvenience will be any longer felt. And within the country, however one's taste may run, he can find a retreat to his liking.

With a semblance of apprehension, certain writers have recently been ventilating the subject as to why young men do not marry. I do not know whether other ramblers may have noticed it; but it seems to me that, at the present time, the blushing, gushing bride is rather numerously represented: a statement which is put forward for the consolation of these apprehensive philosophers. Niagara Falls, so long a terminus for bridal tours, has by no means a monopoly. Clad in the strangest combinations generally, the bride holds forth upon the boat and flourishes upon the cars. Everyone knows that the seats on the cars are not very wide, but with a newly married couple in one of them there is room enough left for a third person; and yet he finds it imperatively necessary to hold her in. Sometimes she makes a desperate effort to appear married a long time, but it is always a failure. Ah, well! We must all have our bit of fun at the expense of the happy couple, but I have no doubt that they have the best of the bargain.

There are two subjects in regard to which the average person assumes, in public, an air of affected indifference, but in which he really believes. These two subjects are religion and the tender passion. Whatever may be the bearing of the average man during the garish day, at length, after the turmoil of it is over, amid the midnight solitudes when he and his soul are alone together,—it will come back upon him that, after all, he does believe in religion. And however he may smile at the tender passion, it is probable that in his writing-desk there is a drawer kept locked, and that contains a treasured something which could tell a different story.

The modern novel is as much a study as a story. It will be remembered that Macaulay, in his famous essay upon "Milton," says that while the language of a primitive people is poetic, that of civilization is philosophic; and that while the former presents the reader with a concrete hero, the latter treats of personified qualities and abstractions. This hypothesis is very well borne out by the modern novel. Mr. R. L. Stevenson's justly popular "Dr. Jeykell and Mr. Hide" is simply a very shrewd psychological study. Another fine unfolding of this idea of the dual nature is to be found in Mr. Maxwell Gray's excellent novel, "The Silence of Dean Maitland." In Hawthorne's novels, also, will be found psychological studies, and examples of "personified qualities." These, and many modern novels that one might enumerate, portray the man rather as he is than as he appears, and describe the mind rather than the man. And thus they become works of philosophy as well as works of fiction.

Probably many Canadians received with pleasure the intimation, in the first issue of this paper, that one of the objects of the publishers would be to present Canada in its summer aspects principally. Our winters, if anything, seem to have been rather overdone. People of other countries who know nothing of us save in our toboggan suits, would never imagine that in summer we have it 98° in the shade! When they receive the usual winter photographs and engravings, they experience a shiver or two, and put the Canadians down as a species of Greenlander.

At the theatre one may derive considerable pleasure from the audience, as well as from the performers. It is interesting, if one's seat is sufficiently far forward, to glance back and observe the faces of the audience, as indicative of their interest in the play. Some faces are eager; some are coldly critical; some are blank. Even on vice-regal faces I have marked the entire absence of any expression whatever. But we may charitably attribute this to good form. It is possible, on the other hand, to derive considerable discomfort from an audience. The usher once conducted me beside a man who had been partaking of the cup that cheers as well as inebriates. When he was awake, he laughed so that he could be heard all over the house; and when he was asleep, he snored to a similar degree. When he was awake, I wished he would go to sleep; and when he was asleep, I poked him to wake him up. I have no definite recollections of the play.

THE CHIEF OF THE OTTAWA.

(The last Chief of the Ottawa tribe contemplating the future site of the Parliament House; he beholds, with prophetic eye, the gigantic changes about to take place.)

Air: "Believe me if all those endearing young charms."

The Chief of the Ottawa stood on the height,
When the red sun of autumn was low.
'Twas the spot where he met his dread foe in the fight,
Where the waves of the Ottawa flow.
And the glance of his eye,
As he gazed on the sky,
Was as dark as the cloud in the west:
For he stood by the wave
That does silently lave
The spot where his forefathers rest!

The Chief of the Ottawa long since has gone
To seek from his troubles a rest;
He has sought out the region where brilliantly shone,
At evening, the sun in the west.
He stayed not to weep
Where his forefathers sleep,
He dropped not a tear on their grave;
But he silently fled
From the honoured and dead,
That sleep by the Ottawa's wave!

The Chief of the Ottawa now is no more;
Where the council-fire blazed on the height,
To-day, toward the heavens, sublimely soar
The signals of Canada's might.
When the evening is still,
On the old "Barrack-hill,"
Towers a structure majestic and grand;
And a bright golden ray,
From the god of the day,
Gilds the monument spire of our land.

Ottawa. JOSEPH K. FORAN.

SHIFTING SHADOWS.

Zenith past, the sun is stooping
In the Occidental sky;
Parched with drought, field flowers are drooping,—
Earth and grass are bleached and dry.
Down the lane and through the meadows,
Quaintly cast from shrub and tree,
Stretch athwart my pathway shadows,
Shifting, lengthening changefully.

Just outside the straggling village,
Where the brooklet's drone is heard,
'Neath where fleet-winged robbers pillage
Luscious treasures from the vineyard,
Close beside me, longer growing,
Till it interweaves with mine,
Moves an imaged figure, showing
An ensemblance—Dearest, thine!

Toronto. WILL T. JAMES

ON THE OTTAWA.

II.

The conclusion of breakfast just brings us to Pointe Claire. This pretty point breasts the wave, with an old-fashioned "Moulin-à-vent" for a figure-head. There is a sweet, gentle loveliness about the scenery here that is very restful. As we leave Lake St. Louis, the beautiful seignieury of Isle Perrôt displays a delightful irregularity of shore-line, which coquettes with the sunshine, and in the play of light and shade shews every vernal tint, from tenderest golden green to deepest myrtle. In some out-reaching points the opposite shores almost kiss.

It is strange how much more imperatively a human interest appeals to us than purely physical nature. A few gleaming white gables, whose windows glint out at us through the trees, like the eyes of some woodland animal; the breath of home-life rising up into the pure sky from a few chimneys; the framing of choice bits of scenery by fence and wall; some gaily painted boats dotting the little reed-fringed bays, bring the passengers to their feet and, with one accord, to the side of the boat, as we near Ste. Anne's, memorialized by Moore's lines.

As we enter the lock, three old women, looking most picturesque in their gay shawls and huge flat straw hats, and who have never, by untimely youth, seemed less in harmony with an almost primeval state of nature, stand as they have ever stood, within the memory of the oldest traveller, at the boatside, with their baskets full of striped sugar-sticks, golden brown gingerbread and bunches of cherries.

If these graces failed to appear, almost I fear the captain himself would not recognize the place and lose his bearings. Leaving Ste. Anne's, with its picturesque grouping of cottages, and bridges, we presently enter the Lake of the Two Mountains, one of which is Mount Calvary, and its fellow I have never heard called by any name but "The Other."

All the stretch of water before us is reddish brown in the shades of the ripples, and blue in the lights—not the clear, bright azure of the St. Lawrence, but a deep, slaty tinge. Just here beneath us the river looks like flowing amber, and behind to the eastward, in the track of the vessel, it would seem the sun is showering a heavy rain of diamonds upon it, invisible till at the point of contact with the water, and shoot up thousands of electric sparks of dazzling seintillating light. All along our course is the waving margin, like the rippling hair parted over a beautiful placid brow. A dead gold streak in the northern shore-line, through the dark green verdure, is lost and repeated, then grows wider and clearer, till we reach the sand banks of Oka, rising amid fine groves.

Some few years ago the church (R. C.), always the prominent feature in a Canadian village, nestled under the shade of a group of trees, whose outlines once bore a very striking resemblanee to those of a bear just come to the brink of the water to slake his thirst. Then there arose the trouble between a part of the Indian settlement and the priests, resulting in a fire, in which the trees and church were destroyed, with a collection of valuable old black letter manuscripts and musical scores. The new church is an imposing edifice of red stone, quite a pleasing point of colour in the landscape, though emphasizing, by contrast, the bare hideousness of the miserable Indian village, in which every hut stands with all its angles in defiant independence of its neighbours. Pigs and children enliven the scene. On the wharf stands half the community, two distinct types of physiognomy, stamping their origin from different tribes, the Algonquin and the Iroquois. The men gaze at us out of bronzed immobile faces, so set and expressionless as to give one the impression of masks. The squaws look more animated and wear their gay shawls over their heads, although it is the height of summer. They press forward to offer their handiwork of beads and baskets for sale. Behind the sand-bank, away off in the crest of Mount Calvary, you catch a glimpse of the last of the seven century-old chapels, which are interspersed along the way to the top. There, the faithful say, the virgin appears periodically, as I understand, with her own hand drawing aside the veil of flesh and revealing the perpetually burning flames of love in her heart.

There is an annual pilgrimage to this point, when priest and peasant walk bare-headed and silent, offering prayers at all the small painted shrines by the roadside. Of late years the Trappists have established a branch community here, and their rigours of discipline in fasting and silence are legendary.

Montreal. K. A. C.

THE BUSINESS METROPOLIS.

By G. S. P.

During the business season a walk from the canal basin along the revetment wall reveals, to some extent, this metropolis as a mart of great and increasing commerce, unrivalled by any other inland city. For nearly six miles ocean and maritime steamships, river steamships, river steamboats, shipping, etc., may be seen discharging and loading cargoes of goods and other commodities to and from Europe and elsewhere; besides railway freight cars with teas from China and Japan, and western produce from over the C. P. R.; the steamships preparing to receive outward cargoes of cattle, grain, flour, etc. On the canal, where large manufacturing establishments are erected, Canadian and United States barges, etc., may be seen loadiug or discharging their various cargoes. Substantial teams of vehicles conveying goods, etc., to their various destinations in various parts of the city, giving employment to hundreds of workmen, labourers, etc.; altogether presenting a lively, bustling scene of commercial industry.

The favourable position occupied by the city at the head of ocean navigation, and the energetic and enterprising character of the merchants have enabled them to maintain their position by overcoming many difficulties and formidable obstacles. The question now arises: "Have the utmost limits of harbour accommodation been reached?" almost every available space being now occupied and inconveniently crowded to its greatest extent. Unlike Quebec, New York, Boston, and other places, the opposite side of the river affords no present facilities for extending the harbour limits in that direction, and it is now proposed to build extensive shipping docks to relieve the harbour of its superabundant and increasing demands for loading and discharging inward and outward cargoes.

The approaches to Montreal, though lacking the grandeur of Quebec and its vicinity, are nevertheless pleasing and interesting. Passing by the populous villages and environs; the pretty island of St. Helen's, with its stately parks and shrubberry, form a favourite and attractive resort. The famous Victoria Bridge appears in the distance, a gigantic structure of engineering and mechanical skill, spanning upward of two miles across the River St. Lawrence; the substantial stone breastworks of the quays and lines of lofty warehouses, stretching along the river frontage, with a forest of shipping, from the stupendous steamship to the tiniest river craft; altogether betokening a large and greatly increasing commerce.

The drive round the Mountain, with its cemeteries, parks and magnificent views of distant scenery, and a ramble over the city, reveal many points of interest, public buildings, capacious streets and handsome squares, adorned with trees, flowers and fountains, too numerous for special detail.

A red-headed young lady of St. Louis proposes to give a unique entertainment to all ladies and gentlemen of her acquaintance whose heads show a similar tinge. Pages with auburn curls will attend in hall and cloak room, while sunny-haired maids will serve the supper.

The second church bell brought to this continent still rings at the First Congregational church, of Hartford, Conn. The first church bell brought to the United States rang in Virginia.

THE ALARM OF THE ARMADA.

'Twas about the lovely close of a warm summer's day,
There came a gallant merchant ship, full sail to Plymouth Bay;
The crew had seen Castile's black fleet, beyond Aurigny's isle,
At earliest twilight, on the waves, lie heaving many a mile.
At sunrise she escaped the van, by God's especial grace;
And the tall Pinta, till the noon, had held her close in chase.

Forthwith a guard, at every gun, was placed along the wall,
The beacon blazed upon the roof of Edgecomb's lofty hall;
Many a light fishing bark put out to pry along the coast;
And with loose rein, and bloody spur, rode inland many a post.

With his white hair unbonneted, the stout old sheriff comes;
Behind him march the halberdiers, before him sound the drums.
The yeomen, round the market cross, make clear an ample space,
For there behoves him to set up the standard of her Grace.

The fresh'ning breeze of eve unfurl'd that banner's massy fold—
The parting gleam of sunshine kissed that haughty scroll of gold.
Night sunk upon the dusky beach, and on the purple sea;
Such night in England ne'er had been, nor e'er again shall be.

For swift to east, and swift to west, the warning radiance spread—
High on St. Michael's Mount it shone—it shone on Beachy Head.
Far o'er the deep, the Spaniard saw, along each southern shire,
Cape beyond cape, in endless range, those twinkling points of fire;
O'er Longleat's towers, o'er Cranbourne's oaks, the fiery herald flew—
He roused the shepherds of Stonehenge—the rangers of Beaulieu.

The sentinel on Whitehall gate looked forth into the night,
And saw, o'erhanging Richmond Hill, that streak of blood-red light.
At once, on London's stately gates, arose the answering fires;
At once the wild alarum clash'd from all her reeling spires;
From all the batteries of the Tower peal'd loud the voice of fear,
And all the thousand masts of Thames sent back a louder cheer:
And broader still became the blaze, and louder still the din,
As fast from every village round the horse came spurring in;
And eastward straight, for wild Blackheath, the warlike errand went;
And roused, in many an ancient hall, the gallant squires of Kent:

Southward, for Surrey's pleasant hill, flew those bright coursers forth;
High on black Hampstead's swarthy moor, they started for the north;
And on, and on, without a pause, untired they bounded still;
All night from tower to tower they sprang, all night from hill to hill;
Till the proud Peak unfurl'd the flag o'er Derwent's rocky dales;
Till, like volcanoes, flared to heaven the stormy hills of Wales;
Till twelve fair counties saw the blaze on Malvern's lonely height;
Till streamed in crimson, on the wind, the Wrekin's crest of light;
Till, broad and fierce, the star came forth, on Ely's stately fane,
And town and hamlet rose in arms, o'er all the boundless plain;
Till Belvoir's lordly towers the sign to Lincoln sent,
And Lincoln sped the message on, o'er the wide vale of Trent;
Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burnt on Gaunt's embattled pile,
And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the burghers of Carlisle.

LORD MACAULAY.

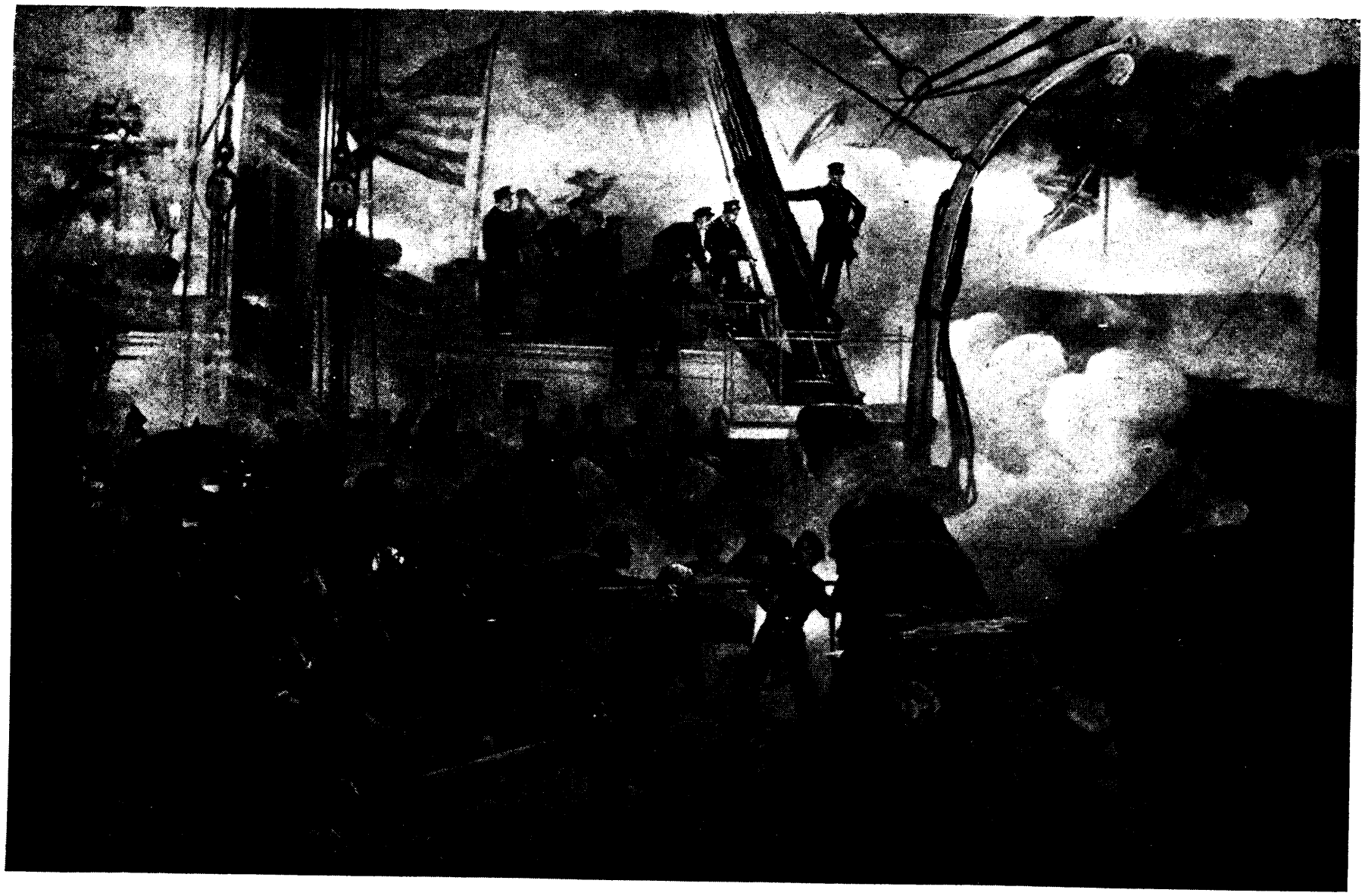
[This summer was celebrated in England, with unusual solemnity, the invasion and dispersion of the Spanish Armada, one of the greatest events in British history and the most glorious of Elizabeth's long reign. We thought it fit to publish Macaulay's ballad on the subject, which shows that he could describe as well in verse as in prose, despite the sneers of some critics.—EDITOR.]

MASON AND DIXON'S LINE.—"Mason and Dixon's line" derived its name from the surveyors, Charles Mason and Jeremiah Dixon. The "line" was 300 miles long and marked the boundary between Pennsylvania and Maryland and Virginia. It was marked by stone posts at intervals of one mile.

An Englishman leaving London always speaks of his departure as "going down" He goes down even if he is bound for the highest part of the kingdom. In the way of "going down" Homburg seems to be specially favoured this year.

MOUNT HERMIT, NEAR THE SUMMIT OF THE SELKIRKS.

From a photograph by Notman.



AN AUGUST MORNING WITH FARRAGUT.

From the painting by W. H. Overend.

Photograph supplied by Alex. S. Macrae & Son, Toronto, Directors for Canada of the Soule Photograph Company.

TORY AND SPY.

A REVOLUTIONARY SKETCH.

BY BURKE BRENTFORD.

It was late in a summer afternoon of the year 1777, but a few days before the victorious movements on the part of the patriot army which culminated in the battles of Bemis Heights and Burgoyne's surrender at Saratoga, that a young Continental officer, on secret service bent—in plainer words, a spy from Gen. Schuyler's camp at Moses creek, four miles away—Lieut. Joel Standish, a lineal descendant of the famous Miles Standish, of pilgrim memory, was bidding adieu to his pretty sweetheart, Clara O'Neil, in the little orchard surrounding her mother's cottage at Fort Edward, recently abandoned by the Americans.

The young man was artificially cheerful, and the young woman in tears, for there was no denying that it was a dangerous mission on which he was bent, which might cost him his neck at the hands of the invading redcoats, or both his life and scalp, should he be captured by their savage allies.

The last kisses had been exchanged, the parting leave-takings said, and a keepsake lock of the maiden's dark hair having been just thrust away in the young man's bosom, their hands were in that final wringing clasp, which seems to extend so directly from the heart's straining strings.

"God be with thee, Joel, my love, my friend!" faltered Clara, with the grave, simple earnestness of those homespun, struggling days. "It is my beating heart that henceforth thou bearest with thee in thy bosom, for now we are betrothed—the lock of my hair is the token."

He pressed her once more in his arms as the most eloquent answer.

Then, as they were about to separate, a very beautiful young lady, a visitor at the widow O'Neil's from some leagues to the southward, and whose chiefest charm might be said to be the glory of her crisp golden hair, which she wore in a great thread-like half knot down her neck, and which was, indeed, one of the wonders of the countryside, came hurrying, and yet with a stately step, out toward them from the cottage porch, wherein Mrs. O'Neil herself now stood, shading a troubled look askance with her plump hand, and the porch roses and jessamines framing her portly person right royally.

The new-comer was Miss Jane McRea, the orphaned daughter of a Scotch Presbyterian clergyman of New Jersey, and destined to make her sad and tragic mark upon the history of her time.

"I waited until this moment, so as not seriously to interrupt thy leave-takings with Clara, friend Joel," said Miss McRae, in a sweet, yet grave, voice. "Is this true, then, that thou art about to take thy life in thy hands, on a spying errand into Gen. Fraser's camp, and among the ruthless redskins?"

"It is true that I go thither, Mistress Jenny," replied the young man, with assumed lightness. "But as for the danger—you heard me trying to impress Clara's good mother with the fact, and a fact it is—that you are more likely in danger from the redskins just in this spot than I shall be, with my woodcraft to help me. But no; she will none of it. Half Tory herself, she will not accept my warning, and that is my chief and grievous anxiety at this parting hour."

"You somewhat mistake, Joel. My kinswoman thinks better of your warning now, and she said to me that she will remove her household to her cousin's cottage at Stillwater, within the American lines, the day after to-morrow."

"Ah! I am glad of that, though I fear the consequences of even such a brief delay."

"Tell me, friend Joel," continued the young lady, thoughtfully, "how shall you go from here?"

"Directly by the old North road, Miss Jenny, with a timely pause at the cabin of old Bellamy, the retired draper and weaver, for the exchange of these, my tell-tale regimentals, for something more rustic and unassuming, as may benefit my mission." And the young man looked down, a little vainly, over the somewhat ragged, and not overclean bravery of his lieutenant's uniform.

"And tell me, Joel, shalt thou be like to see my lover, Edward Jones, who hath so pained me with joining and taking red-coat commission under the invaders of our country?"

"Yet he," returned Joel, who was charitably free from partisan rancour, though a staunch patriot, "he is doubtless honest, though wrong-headed, and we were play-fellows together. Yes, I shall doubtless see Edward in his red coat and gold lace, Mistress Jenny, and who knows but he might stand by me at a pinch, should such occur? Shall I carry him some troth-plight token from you?—for I doubt not that he is dead in love, if fickle in patriotism, Mistress McRae."

Jenny heaved a sigh.

"No," she repeated, "no token. But you might tell him that I still love him dearly, Joel, though it would be against my conscience to pray for his success against my country. Good-by, and God bless thee, Joel Standish."

She held out her beautiful hand, but at this juncture Clara O'Neil, with a pretty blush, pulled down the fair head, with its glory of bright hair, and whispered something.

"I divine those words, if I may not hear them!" cried Joel, laughing. "Yes, Clara whispers truly, Mistress Jenny. I bear away with me her troth-plight tress, black and lustrous as a raven's wing feather. Why shouldn't I bear a troth-plight curl from your own sunny head, for handsome, but mistaken, Tory Ned to wear against his heart? Think how it would transport him!"

Miss McRea also blushed, but she shook her head determinedly, after a pause.

"No; no token. Not now, at least."

"But what shall I tell him, should he draw out this refusal of yours from me, Mistress Jenny?"

She laughed.

"Tell him," she cried, turning to retreat, and little dreaming of the fatality of her words, "tell Edward Jones that, dearly as I love him, I shall give no troth-plight tress until he shall have my whole head of hair, as an accompaniment of the heart that is already his; and may we soon be united, no more to part!"

And with that she laughed again, and turned away, while Joel Standish, with yet another last kiss from Clara's trembling lips, hurried off upon his dangerous errand.

Fraser's advance column of Burgoyne's army whose camp was his objective point, was but four leagues away, but the distance had to be made on foot, and the forest paths were already swarming with Indians.

However, young Standish reached Bellamy's house without mischance, and there, after effecting his needful disguise, he decided, on the proprietor's representations, to remain over night.

Jethro Bellamy, the retired weaver, was a somewhat eccentric character, but a true patriot, who was almost in readiness to remove, with his chattels and negro servants, out of the path of the threatened invasion at the time of Joel's visit.

At sunrise of the next morning, however, Joel, who had been assigned to a low-pitched sleeping loft above the living-room, was aroused by the old weaver hammering excitedly on the under side of the hatchway, reached by the communicating ladder.

"The redcoats! the redcoats!" he cried. "They are coming down the road. But you had best stay where you are, friend Joel, and they may overlook your presence in the house. As for me, I am off on my gray mare, with that last fine piece of woollen cloth of mine own weaving!"

Then Joel heard the step-ladder knocked away, and the skurry of the old gentleman's retreat.

And then he could not but smile broadly at the oddity of the scene that presented itself.

Old Bellamy was just galloping off on his gray mare, with only time to fasten one end of his prized cloth-roll to his saddle, and three British troopers were in hot pursuit. His beast was a poor goer, and at first the chances were all against him. The pursuers were soon overhauling him, and bellowing for his surrender; but at that moment the cloth began to let itself out in the wind. Indeed such a flapping and fluttering did it make that the troopers' horses could not be made to approach any nearer. And thus did the old gentleman, with the black cloth streaming far and wide, like the devil's horse's tail, manage to keep ahead of his pursuers and finally to escape them altogether. Several times they had raised their sabres to cut him down, but as often had they been foiled by the streamer always tangling them up and flirting in their way.

The remaining redcoats only rummaged the interior of the house a bit, without discovering the lurker in the loft, and then, for a wonder, passed on their way without firing it.

A little later on Joel gained the woods, and struck out boldly for Fraser's camp. He entered it a few hours later, in the character of a Tory drover, with a couple of estray cattle, which he had fortunately chanced on, and of which he represented himself as the owner. He struck a sharp bargain for the beeves with the commandant of the outposts, made friends right and left by vigorously cursing the rebels, and was presently quite at home in the camp, busily making mental memoranda of just the sort of surreptitious information he was most earnestly in quest of.

Toward the close of the day, however, a handsome young officer, coming out of Gen. Fraser's tent, beckoned him to a conference in a near clump of spruce trees, and said, sternly:

"I recognize you, Joel Standish, as a rebel spy in this loyal camp."

"It's perhaps but natural that you do recognize me, Ned Jones,," replied Joel, with a confident smile, "for were we not school-lads and playmates together, when red cloth and gold lace were of less consequence than now? And, moreover, I have a pretty message for you from Mistress Jane McRea, though she would not send you a troth-plight tress, as both sweetheart Clara O'Neil and I advised her to do."

The Tory lieutenant started, and turned pale, while Joel recounted to him Jenny's parting words.

"She is then with the O'Neil's, at Fort Edward?" exclaimed Jones.

"Yes."

"I am sorry for that—sorry, sorry! Two bands of our savage allies started ravaging in that direction, under my directions, as Gen. Fraser's aide-de-camp, three hours ago. Good Heavens! if—" He came to a faltering pause.

"Ha! did you so, and knowing the O'Neils as your late friends, to say nothing of Clara as my betrothed!" cried Standish, indignantly.

"Peace, Joel! How could I know? Besides, is not Miss McRea my betrothed?"

"The more fool and traitor Tory-knave thou then!" roared the other, half beside himself. "By Jupiter, Edward Jones! It would be a dark Nemesis upon you were your sweet mistress' unthinking last words for you to come true and her whole head of hair to reach you, as a troth-plight tress, dangling from a wampum belt."

Jones recoiled, and then found refuge in kindred anger,

"You're a—rebel spy, Joel Standish!" he replied. "I give you, out of the old fellowship you're undeserving of, one hour in which to quit this camp, on peril of short shrift and hangman's noose!"

Indignant as he was, the young Continental lost no time in accepting the hint, and taking to the woods.

His wild words to the Tory lieutenant were to receive a terribly tragic verification such as he could not dream of.

At dawn of the next day he was set upon by a Hessian soldier, lost in the woods like himself. In the struggle that ensued, Joel killed the Hessian.

Two hours later, having appropriated the mercenary's uniform, the better to mask his identity, he was captured by a band of Indians, in their war paint, and held over as a possibly suspicious character. Shortly after this, while they were at their camp fire breakfast, they were joined by another savage band, having among them Mrs. O'Neil and Miss McRea as prisoners. The spy was not recognised in his Hessian garb, and,

much to the mitigation of his affliction at this unwelcome discovery, he presently learned from some plucky and scornful words that the widow let fall to her chief captor, who could speak good English, that Clara and the two negro servants had succeeded in concealing themselves successfully from the raid on the Fort Edward cottage, and that his betrothed was probably secure from harm.

A portion of the newcomers presently started for Fraser's camp, taking Mrs. O'Neil with them, but leaving Jenny behind, at the insistance of two young chiefs, who seemed at the same time struck by her rare beauty.

What followed is a matter of history, and young Standish was the eye-witness.

A terrible dispute arose between the rival chiefs, and at last they fell to belabouring one another with the stocks of their muskets. One of them subsequently, in a towering rage, suddenly stepped up to the beautiful captive and discharged his musket full at her breast. She fell dead instantly. The savage then drew his hunting knife, and, after stabbing his rival to death, took off the young woman's scalp so skilfully that nearly the whole of her long sunny hair came off with it.

When the savage band entered Gen. Fraser's camp, a few hours later, it chanced that, just as Mrs. O'Neil recognized with a shriek the scalp dangling at the chieftain's belt, the red scoundrel himself shook it triumphantly aloft and directly in Edward Jones' face.

Livid with horror, the Tory lieutenant brained the savage with a pistol shot; snatched the hair (a troth-plight tress at last, but in what awful guise!) to his breast and fainted away.

It is only known of him subsequently that shortly after this he retired into Canada, where he lived to be an old man, never marrying—a solitary, melancholy recluse, cherishing to the end the sombre recollections of which the golden scalp of hair was the tragic token.

Mrs. O'Neil was at once set at liberty, and Joel Standish rejoined the Continental army on the same day. Clara O'Neil and he were happily married at the close of the war, and numbers of their descendants are still living.

The murder of Jane McRea was of historical importance, and is said to have contributed not a little to the frenzied valour that achieved the victories of Bemis Heights shortly thereafter, though it is not with the fullest justice that Gen. Burgoyne has been charged with the responsibility of the crime since, in employing the savages as allies, he was but the military instrument carrying out the commands of his superiors. The story went like wildfire; it aroused the entire northern country as no other appeal could have done; and Toryism was thenceforth more obnoxious than ever with Americans. The harrowing tale was told by Edmund Burke in the British House of Commons, and soon became a familiar story throughout Europe.

Jenny's grave still stands near the ruins of Fort Edward, marked by a plain white marble slab, with the simple inscription—Jane McRea.

But all is forgotten now, almost as thoroughly as those are forgotten who lived and loved a thousand years ago; and after life's fitful fever she sleeps well in her lowly grave.

WHEN SUMMER SMILES.

When summer smiles upon the land
And Nature waves her magic wand,
The nursling buds of dying spring
Burst forth in fairy blossoming,
A miracle of beauty grand.

The leaves enlarge; the trees expand;
By odours sweet the air is fann'd;
All day the rich-robed minstrels sing,
When summer smiles.

There is no sound of sorrowing;
Joy spreads o'er all its golden wing.
More clearly yet I understand
God's great design in Nature plann'd
And at His feet my soul I fling
When summer smiles.

Montreal. SAREPTA.

QUAINT RHYMES AND FANCIES.

By a Collector.

VII.

The Sestine.

Of the three royal forms of Provençal song—the Chaunt Royal, the Sonnet and the Sestine—the last is claimed to be a supreme work of art. It was invented by Arnaut Daniel, the renowned troubadour, at the end of the fourteenth century, and was used by Dante and Petrarch. Hueffer, in his "Troubadours," has a full account of the stanza, and De Gramont gives the rules of the poem as written in Italian, Spanish and Portuguese:—

I. The Sestine has six stanzas, each of six lines, of the same length.

II. The lines of the six verses end with the six same words, not rhyming with each other; these end words are chosen exclusively from two-syllabled nouns.

III. The arrangement of these six terminal words follows a regular law.

IV. The piece closes with a three-line stanza, using the six words, three at the end, the other three placed in the middle of its lines.

But, as now written, the words of the Sestine at times rhyme with each other; this should be in two rhymes alone, after De Banville's and Swinburne's examples, but other writers allow three rhymes.

We shall give two examples. The first is from Edmund Gosse, and has the advantage of describing the Sestine, whose name it bears:—

SESTINA.

"Fra tutte il primo Arnoldo Daniello
Grand maestro d'amore."—Petrarch.

In fair Provence, the land of lute and rose,
Arnaut, great master of the lore of love,
First wrought sestines to win his lady's heart;
For she was deaf when simpler staves he sang,
And for her sake he broke the bonds of rhyme,
And in this subtler measure hid his woe.

"Harsh be my lines," cried Arnaut, "harsh the woe,
My lady, that enthron'd and cruel rose,
Inflicts on him that made her live in rhyme!"
But though the metre spake the voice of Love,
And like a wild-wood nightingale he sang
Who thought in crabbed days to ease his heart.

It is told if her untoward heart
Was melted by her poet's lyric woe,
Or if vain so amourously he sang.
Perchance through crowd of dark conceits he rose
To nobler heights of philosophic love,
And crowned with later years his sterner rhyme.

This thing alone we know: the triple rhyme,
Of him who bared his vast and passionate heart
To all the crossing flames of hate and love,
Wears in the midst of all its storm of woe,—
As some loud morn of March may bear a rose,—
The impress of a song that Arnaut sang.

"Smith of his mother-tongue," the Frenchman sang
Of Lancelot and of Galahad, the rhyme
That beat so blood-like at its core of rose,
It stirred the sweet Francesca's gentle heart,
To take that kiss that brought her so much woe
And sealed in fire her martyrdom of love.

And Dante, full of her immortal love,
Stayed his drear song, and softly, fondly sang
As though his voice broke with that weight of woe;
And to this day we think of Arnaut's rhyme
Whenever pity at the labouring heart
On fair Francesca's memory drops the rose.

Ah! sovereign Love, forgive this weaker rhyme!
The men of old who sang were great at heart,
Yet have we too known woe and worn thy rose.

The following, by Clinton Scollard, is given as an example of rhyme—six syllables—three in *ight* and three in *ay*, rhyming alternately throughout the six and thirty lines. The subject is the old one of the God of Love and the swain:—

One merry morn, when all the earth was bright
And flushed with dewy dawn's encrimsoning ray,
A shepherd youth, o'er whose fair face the light
Of rosy smiles was ever wont to stray,
Roamed through a level grassy mead, bedight
With spring time blossoms, fragrant, fresh and gay.

But now, alas! his mood was far from gay;
And musing how the dark world would be bright
Cou'd he but win his maiden's love, and stray
With her forever, basking in its light,
He saw far, in morn's bright beaming ray,
A lissome boy with archer's arms bedight.

The boy shot arrows at a tree bedight
With red-winged songsters singing sweet and gay,
Amid the leaves and blossoms blooming bright.
He seemed an aimless, wandering waif astray,
And so the shepherd caught him, stealing light,
While from his eyes he flashed an angry ray.

The fair boy plead until a kindly ray
Shone o'er the shepherd's clouded brow, bedight
With clustering locks, and he said, smiling gay,
"I prithee promise, by thy face so bright,
To ne'er again, wher'er thou mayst stray,
Slay the sweet birds that make so glad the light."

While yet he spake, from out those eyes a light
Divine shot forth, before whose glowing ray
The shepherd quailed, it was so wondrous bright;
Then well he knew 'twas Cupid coy and gay,
With all arts and subtle wiles bedight,
And knelt in homage lest the boy should stray.

"Rise," said the god, "and e'er thy footsteps stray
Know that within her eyes where beamed no light
Of love for thee, I will implant a ray.
She shall be thine with all her charms bedight."
The shepherd kissed Love's hand and bounded gay
To gain his bliss—and all the world was bright.

When naught is bright to these that sadly stray,
Ofttimes a single ray of Eros' light
Will make all earth bedight with radiance gay.

Dominion Items.

The yield in the Niagara fruit growing district this year is enormous.

Moncton has the poorest water in the Dominion. So says the Dominion analyst.

The number of persons returning from the United States to the Maritime Provinces is unprecedently large.

Counterfeit Dominion $2 notes are in circulation again in Prince Edward Island, and are passed on the farmers and produce dealers.

The contributions in aid of the messing and education of cadets admitted to the Royal Military College will in future be $200, instead of $100, as heretofore.

The Dominion Government have purchased two 40-pounder guns for the use of the battery at Charlotteworn, P.E.I. The battery is at present using smooth bores.

There is a movement on foot to establish permanent stock yards in Winnipeg. Several well known names are mentioned in connection with a proposed company having a capital stock of $100,000.

Both passenger and freight traffic on the Intercolonial has increased very largely during this season. The output of coal is exceptionally heavy, but the increase is not in this item alone. It applies to general freight returns.

Supplementary crop reports received at Toronto last week from all parts of the province of Ontario show that all the crops, with the exception of spring and autumn wheats and hay, will be above the average in yield and quality.

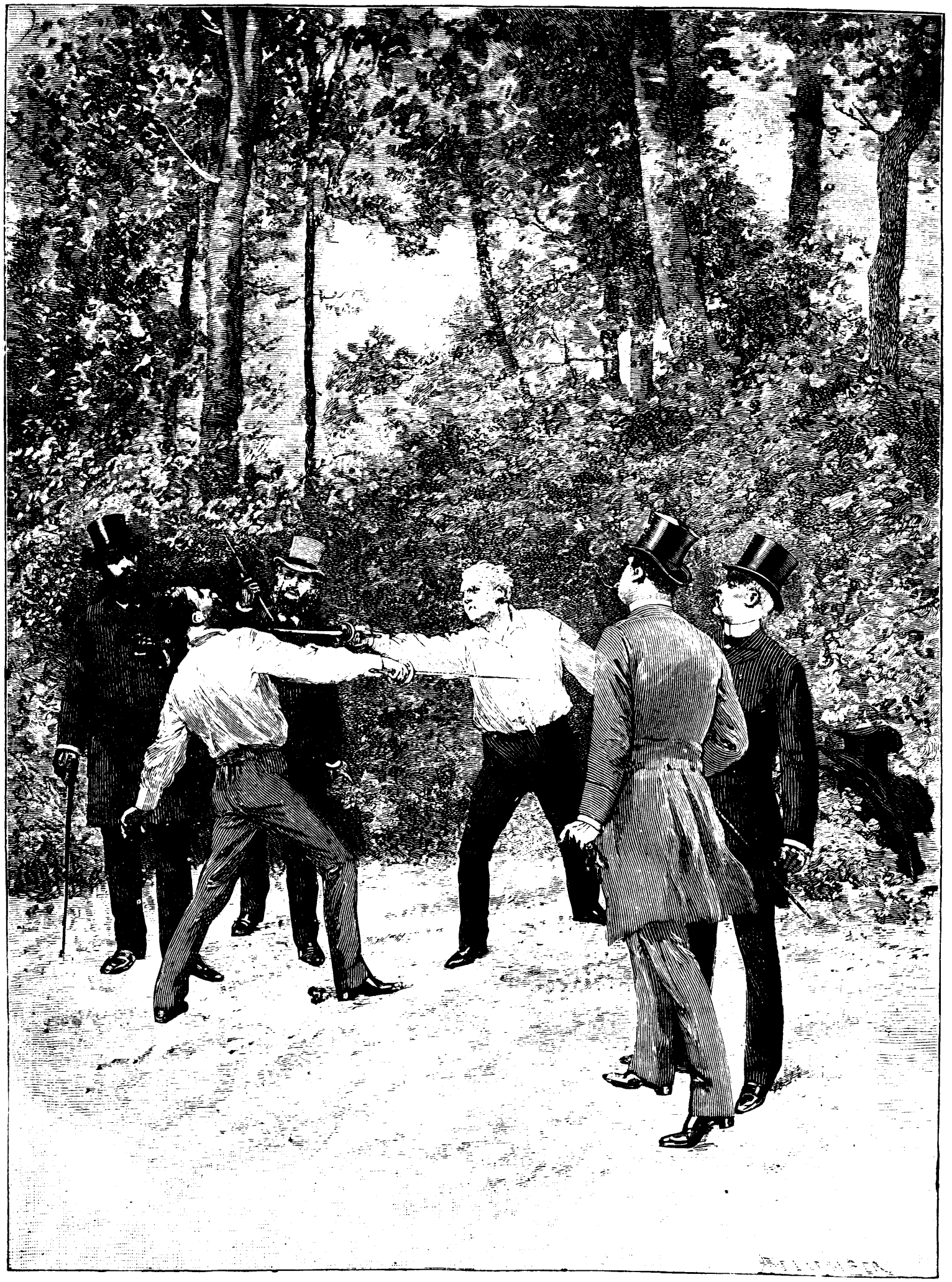
During the last few days a large proportion of the American tourists visiting Quebec have gone on to visit Lake St. John, taking advantage of the comfortable accommodation offered by the trains of the Lake St. John Railway.

The big Nova Scotia raft will soon be launched and started on its way. It is made of 30,000 sticks bound together, making a raft of 700 feet long, with spars from 25 to 175 feet in length. It will be towed, but will also be manned and rigged to sail.

A rich farmer of Boucherville has just made a valuable discovery in his farm yard in the shape of a great number of silver pieces amounting to $400. The treasure, for the most part, bears the date of 1837 and was, it appears, hidden away in an old barn belonging to Mr. Louis Hippolyte Lafontaine.

Quite a number of prominent Englishmen are booked for a visit to Canada during the present season; among them several gentleman connected with agricultural papers. They come of their own accord, attracted by the wonderful progress Canada has made within the past few years, and to see with their own eyes what has been accomplished.

Mortuary returns of the principal cities in the Dominion, compiled by the Department of Agriculture, have been issued. Owing to the mortality among children there, Hull has the highest death rate of any city in Canada, being forty in the thousand of population last year. Sorel had a death rate of 35, and Montreal comes third with 30 per thousand; then Quebec, 28; Winnipeg, 24; Three Rivers, 24; Ottawa, 22; Belleville, 20; St. Johns, 20; Toronto, 19.



THE FLOQUET-BOULANGER DUEL.

From *L'Illustration*.

THE LATE GENERAL PHIL. SHERIDAN.

From *Harper's Weekly*.

CANADA'S FIRST PRINTER.

The following paper, contributed to the Quebec *Chronicle*, by Dr. Hubert Neilson, M.D., contains so much that is worth reading and keeping that we transfer it to our columns :—

William Brown was born in the parish of Borgne, Kirkcudbrightshire, Scotland, in the year 1737 or 1738. His father was Laird of Langlands. The family, although not wealthy, held an excellent social position, in the country. One of his cousins married an Earl of Dalhousie and became the mother of the Lord Dalhousie, who was at one time Governor-General of Canada. William being a younger son was sent, when only 15 years of age, to some of his mother's relations, planters in Virginia, there to seek his fortunes. We find him however, in 1752-53, pursuing his classical studies at the celebrated William and Mary College in Williamsburg, Virginia. He subsequently entered a banking house managed by the then Mayor of Williamsburg. This establishment appears to have collapsed in 1755 during the financial crisis brought on by the war with the French. Brown was thrown entirely on his own resources ; whether his friends were unwilling or unable to assist him —or whether he refused to be further indebted to them for assistance is not evident. Opportunity or taste led him to elect the printer's trade. He is next found as an apprentice in Wm. Dunlop's Printing House and Bookstore in Philadelphia : this Dunlop was Post Master of his city as well, and brother-in-law of Benj. Franklin ; both befriended Brown who proved himself worthy of their esteem and a most industrious and quick apprentice. In 1760 he was sent by Dunlop to manage large printing and bookselling interests he possessed in Bridgetown, Barbadoes. In 1763 he had to relinquish this appointment on account of ill health, and at this time formed the project of coming to Quebec, which had recently become a British province by conquest and treaty, thinking that its climate would suit him better. His small savings were invested in the scheme, Dunlop approved of it and advanced the additional funds required. Thomas Gilmore, a native of Pennsylvania, and a fellow apprentice of Brown, was selected as partner, and in September, 1763, sent to London to purchase the complete equipment of a printing office, with instructions to sail for Quebec the following spring on the first vessel from London.

Brown started on his overland journey to Quebec on the 23rd of August, 1763, bringing with him the printed prospectus of the paper to be called the *Quebec Gazette*, which he proposed publishing the ensuing summer. It is to be surmised that Brown had ascertained, before hand, how his scheme would be viewed by the then military and autocratic Government of the new Provinces. Brown's diary during his travels northward, mostly through the wilderness, is most interesting in its details of the difficulties and dangers he encountered, of his equipment, expenses and incidents along the road. I now have it opened before me as I write. Quebec was reached at the end of September. He spent the Autumn and winter there, distributing his prospectus in the town and environs, canvassing for subscribers, varying the monotony of the long winter evenings with the study of the French language, beside making all necessary arrangements for the installation for the anxiously expected press. Its arrival was delayed until the first week in June.* Meanwhile Brown's efforts had not been over-encouraging, having secured but 150 subscribers out of the 300 he deemed necessary to make a start with.

At last, on the 21st of June, 1764—*The Quebec Gazette, La Gazette de Quebec*, printed in French and English—the first output of the Canadian press —made its appearance, published and "*printed by Brown & Gilmore, at the printing office, St. Louis street, two doors above the Secretary's office.*† The proximity of the printing office to official quarters leads one to suspect that the *Gazette* was, from the first, well under the fostering wing and eye of the "powers that were." If further proofs need be produced I may add that General Murray subscribed and paid for ten copies, his secretary for five, etc., etc.

To the printing business the partners soon added a well equipped booksellers' and stationers' establishment. With Brown's industry and enterprise (and the absence of competitors) prosperity smiled on the firm ; not so harmony, for Brown's appears to have been sorely tried by the shiftless ways in which his partner drifted. The partnership, however, held together until Gilmore's death in 1772. In 1774 Brown had bought out Gilmore's widow's shares in the business and he continued to manage it alone up to his death, which happened suddenly on the 22nd of March, 1789. The supply of stationery and printing for the Army during the war of Independence, gave Brown the opportunity of making a golden harvest—his estate was valued at over £15,000 sterling in 1789.

A complete list and description of his imprints is yet to be made. His work as a printer has always been highly praised. Coupled with his enterprise, he may rightly be called the Caxton of Canada. Of him as a man and citizen I find but words of the highest praise ; his business integrity was proverbial, his charity and generosity, were equally noted. King George had no more loyal subject. During the memorable siege of Quebec in 1775-76, he shouldered his musket on the walls of the city. He died a bachelor.

H. N.

* The lever of this press may be seen in the Museum of the Literary and Historical Society.

† This paper was merged into the QUEBEC MORNING CHRONICLE, in 1875, after an existence of one hundred and eleven years.—Editor *Chronicle*. But why is not the old name kept by the *Chronicle* as a sub-title?—Editor DOMINION ILLUSTRATED.

HISTORIC GRAVES.

A few days since the Quebec *Chronicle*, which has a watchful eye on such relics and curiosities, gave an account of some of the graves in the old Protestant burial ground of the ancient garrison town, copying some of the inscriptions on the stones.

Here is the record on a small dark stone, guarding the remains of Sir Walter's favourite brother :

Sacred
To the memory of
Thomas Scott, Esquire,
Late Paymaster
of the 70th
Regiment,
Who departed this life
4th February,
1823.
And his daughter,
Barbara Scott,
who died
on the 5th October,
1821,
in the 8th year
of her age.

The following inscription is singular as being double, and in memory of an officer of the memorable campaign of 1759 :

["Ci git le corps d'Alexandre Cameron, Officer de Diengallon en Ecosse, qui mourut de la Fièvre en cet endroit, au mois d'Aout, 1759, servant alors son Roi et sa Patrie. Les Lieutenant-Colonels Mairn et Malcolm Fraser ont élevé ce monument à la Mémoire de leur ami et de leur Frère."]

["This stone is put here by Lieut.-Colonel Mairn and Lieut.-Col. Fraser in memory of their dear friend and much respected brother officer, Alex. Cameron, Esquire, of Diengallon, in Scotland, who died of a fever on this spot in August, 1759, when in service of his king and country, and is here interred."]

The Gores seem to have been a large military family in Canada, during the first half of this century. Beside the Colonel Gore, who commanded at the village of St. Denis, on the Richelieu, on the 24th November, 1837, and was repulsed by the insurgents, we have, in the following lines, the death-roll of three others of the name :

Lieutenant
Colonel Ralph Gore,
of Barrowmount, Goresbridge,
Ireland.
Died at Quebec, January 30th, 1827, aged 64.
His sons,
Capt. Ralph Gore, 33 Regiment,
Died at Quebec, Aug. 27, 1831,
Aged 36.
And Stanley Gore,
Died at Quebec May 9, 1833, aged 28.

Sir James Grant, K.C.B., is at Tadousac.

Selina Dolaro is writing a novel called "Bella Demonia."

Mrs. Cleveland always drinks an apollinaris lemonade before retiring.

The Earl of Buckingham has married an heiress with $2,000,000.

Hon. John Haggart was sworn in at Quebec on Monday, the 6th, by the Governor-General.

The Governor-General will remain at the Citadel until, at least, the end of the first week in September.

A pipe smoked by Gen. Jackson while he was President has lately been presented to the New England Historical Society.

Lord Randolph Churchill is an enthusiastic student of Gibbon, and can repeat by heart long passages of the "Decline and Fall."

Sir Geo. Stephen has resigned the presidency of the C. P. R., and has been succeeded by Mr. Van Horne, but will continue to dwell in Canada.

Captain Sir William Wiseman, Bart., the popular commandant of H.M.S. Caroline, entertained a few friends at a dinner party given on board of his floating palace, prior to taking his final leave from Vancouver.

Professor Sedgwick, the eminent political economist, is a somewhat spare man, of middle height, with large eyes and long, dark beard, flecked with gray. He suffers from an impediment in his speech, which prevents him from speaking with effect in public.

WRIGHT'S ISLAND.

ON THE GATINEAU.

"See Paris and die." Not so! Find out the beauties of your own land and live. With this object in view, a party of five of us started out, one fair July day, with the thermometer "up among the nineties." Leaving Ottawa, in a comfortable carriage, by the Suspension Bridge, we passed though French-Canadian Hull, which is fast rising from its ashes, this time with a good system of water-works. Crossing over a stone bridge, which spans Brigham's Creek, we reached the Chelsea road, whose well graded, level and smooth appearance partly excused the extortionate tolls demanded. A bend in the road, and the turrets and spires of the city, with the flying buttresses of the Parliamentary library, are seen. Now the fertile slopes of the residence of the Hon. R. W. Scott come into view, and the old Brigham homestead, a stone house and outbuilding, the fields enclosed with stone walls, a relic of the patience of fifty years ago. On one side of the road is a heap of ruins, all that is left of a house, in which a man tried to stir up some dynamite with a lighted pipe. Fields of waving grain, ripening for the harvest on every hand, and away in the distance the ridge of the Laurentian range, with sides covered with dark, green foliage, so refreshing to the eye ; and here and there an old-time log house, with the mortar between the logs, freshly whitewashed, shining in the sun ; then a glimpse, through the trees, of the waters of the Gatineau. Crossing the dry bed of a mountain stream, and passing many fallen trees—the remains of the late storm—the country becomes more undulating, until Ironsides, a small village, is reached. This place, peopled mostly with those engaged in the iron mines in the neighbourhood, display a few tasteful houses and a temperance hotel. Once more the green and gold of the waving fields, and then piles of lumber blot out the landscape, as Gilmore's rafting ground is reached, where the "horny-handed sons of toil," with indescribable straw hats, were busy piling lumber. A sudden turn to the right, down a steep road, bordered with elm, maple and the red-crowned sumach trees, and the refreshing sound of rushing water is heard. In a short time a wooden bridge is reached, spanning the boiling waters of the Gatineau, which we crossed. On the other side, on the top of a terraced hill, is a

square, solid-looking mansion, surrounded by verandahs, overhung with awnings. Conservatories flank one side, and everywhere is an air of hospitality and comfort. Overlooking generous acres is this home of a generous-hearted man, Alonzo Wright, for whom the Lord had to make a large body to hold his great heart, and whom his fellow men have named the "King of the Gatineau."

With his permission we push on, and at last reach our destination, Wright's Island. A rustic bridge from the mainland crosses a stream, which flows over a mass of solid rock, worn into corrugations with the action of the waves. On other three sides of this island, which is about half a mile long, the water rushes past, now deep, dark and quiet, then fretted into restless foam, or glinting over shoals. Here and there in the stream may be seen piles of logs stranded and fast locked together, waiting until the spring freshets carry them down the Gatineau into the Ottawa.

The island is covered with tall, "murmuring pines," and under foot the pine needles and club mosses make the softest carpet. Deep in the refreshing shade is a rustic arbour, furnished with rustic chairs and tables, with outlooks on every side of hill, rapid and wood, with a faint suspicion, away in the distance, of the towers of a city left miles behind, forming a most delightful resting place. Scattered through the trees are rustic seats, and here our party wandered about, listening to the music of the waters, enjoying the scenery to the utmost, until approaching night hurried us on our homeward way.

Ottawa, July, 31, 1888. YARROW.

BLUE LAWS OF CONNECTICUT.

Many of our readers who have often heard of the Connecticut blue laws have probably never had an opportunity of perusing that celebrated code. The territory is now comprised in the State of Connecticut and New Haven. The colony of Connecticut was planted by immigrants from Massachusetts and Windsor, in 1633, and Hartford and Whethersfield 1635-36. The other colony, styled by its founders the Dominion of New Haven, was founded by immigrants from England in 1638. The two colonies were united in 1665. The statutes copied below from an ancient volume relating to the history of the American colonies, were enacted by the people of the "Dominion of New Haven," and being printed on blue paper, came to be known as the Blue Laws.

The governor and magistrate, convened in general assembly, are the supreme power under God, of this independant dominion.

From the determination of the assembly no appeal shall be made.

The governor is amenable to the voice of the people.

The assembly of the people shall not be dismissed by the governor, but shall dismiss itself.

Conspiracy against this dominion shall be punished with death.

Whosoever says there is power and jurisdiction above and over this dominion shall suffer death and loss of property.

Whoever attempts to change or overturn the dominion shall suffer death.

The judges shall determine no controversies without a jury.

No one shall be a freeman or give a vote unless he be converted and a member of one of the churches allowed in the dominion.

Each freeman shall swear by the blessed God to bear true allegiance to this dominion, and that Jesus is the only king.

No Quaker, no dissenter from the established worship of the dominion, shall be allowed to give a vote for the electing magistrates or any other officer.

No food or lodging shall be offered to Quaker, Adamite or heretic,

If any person turns Quaker he shall be banished and not suffered to return but on pain of death.

No priest shall abide in the dominion; he shall be banished and suffer death on his return.

Priests may be seized by any one without a warrant.

No one to cross the river but an authorized ferryman.

No one shall run on the Sabbath Day, or walk in his garden, or elsewhere, except reverently, to and from meeting.

No one shall travel, cook victuals, make beds, sweep house, cut hair or shave on the Sabbath day.

No woman shall kiss her children on Sabbath or fasting day.

The Sabbath shall begin at sunset on Saturday.

To pick an ear of corn growing in a neighbour's garden shall be deemed a theft.

A person accused of trespass in the night shall be judged guilty, unless he clears himself by his oath.

When it appears that the accused has confederates, and he refuses to discover them, he may be racked.

None shall buy or sell lands without permission of the selectmen.

A drunkard shall have a master appointed by the selectmen, who are to bar him from the liberty of buying and selling.

Whoever publishes a lie, to the prejudice of his neighbour, shall be set in the stocks, or be whipped ten stripes.

No minister shall keep a school.

Every rateable person who refuses to pay his proportion to support the minister of the town or parish shall be fined by the court 5Is. and 4Id. every quarter until he or she pay the rate to the minister.

Men stealers shall suffer death.

Whoever wears clothes trimmed with gold, silver or bone lace above 1s per yard shall be presented by the grand jurors, and the selectmen shall tax the offender $200 estate.

A debtor in prison, swearing he has no estate, shall be let out and sold to make satisfaction.

Whoever sets a fire in the woods, and it burns a house, shall suffer death, and persons suspected of this crime shall be imprisoned without benefit of bail.

Whoever brings cards or dice into the dominion shall pay a fine of £5.

No one shall read common prayer books, keep Christmas or set days, eat mince pies, dance, play cards, or play any instrument of music, except the drum, trumpet and Jew's harp.

No gospel minister shall join people in marriage. The magistrate only shall join them in marriage, as he may do it with less scandal to Christ's church.

When parents refuse their children convenient marriages, the magistrates shall determine the point.

The selectmen, on finding children ignorant, may take them away from their parents, and put them in better hands at the expense of their parents.

Fornication shall be punished by compelling marriage, or as the court shall think proper.

Adultery shall be punished with death.

A man that strikes his wife shall pay a fine of £10.

A woman that strikes her husband shall be punished as the law directs.

A wife shall be deemed good evidence against her husband.

No man shall court a maid in person or by letter, without first obtaining consent of her parents; £5 penalty for the first offence; £10 for the second; for the third imprisonment during the pleasure of the court.

Married persons must live together or be imprisoned.

Every male must have his hair cut round according to his cap.

The Stage.

Sarah Bernhardt is growing stouter.

John Strauss, the French musician, is dead.

Hans von Bulow will visit the United States next spring.

Camilla Collet, the Norwegian writer of plays, is an advocate of woman's rights.

A manuscript volume of compositions by Michael Haydn, dating from 1777 to 1779, has recently been discovered in Salzburg.

Mrs. Rignold, who died a few days ago at Birmingham, was the first actress to undertake the part of *Hamlet*. She tried it fifty years ago.

An English amateur has recently secured in Milan a magnificent Stradivarius, dated in 1816, and in perfect preservation, for the sum of £800.

Adelina Patti's share in the profits of her South American tour amounts to over 300,000f. "The Barber" brought in the largest profits and "Rigoletto" the least.

The fourth centenary of the discovery of America will be celebrated at Genoa by the revival of an opera by Morlacchi entitled "Cristofero Colombo," composed in 1828.

The prize of 10,000 francs offered by the City of Paris for the best musical composition was kept back, for the reason that none of the compositions were considered worthy of it.

The directors of the Imperial opera at Vienna, who are compelled to produce each season three works not before heard, for next season, have selected Rubenstein's "Der Daemon," Berlioz's "Benvenuto Cellini," and Baron Franchette's "Asrael."

A stage hero at one of the local theatres rather marred the effect of his lines, the other evening, when he rushed into a burning building to save somebody's life, exclaiming as he did so, "I will perish or die!" To the chagrin of the audience he did neither.

Sir Charles Hall and Madame Norman Neruda, are married. Sir Charles Hall, one of the first pianists of England, has been a leading factor in musical festivals, and concerts, and a month ago was knighted by the Queen. Madame Norman Neruda is the first lady violinist of the world and well known in all the musical centres of Europe.

Humourous.

"What's this, waiter?" "Railroad soup, sir." "Queer name for soup." "Yes, sir; stock's been watered so often, sir."

The man who has a brand new typewriter and leisure and lots of linen wove manuscript paper cannot help feeling that he has it in his power to make a big literary reputation for himself, if he can only think of something to say.

"Johnny," said the minister, rather severely, "do you chew tobacco?"

"Yes, sir," was the reply, "but I'm clean out just now; Jimmy Brown's got some, though."

Mr. Caudle—Doctor, I want you to put up a powerful sedative for my wife; give me the best specific for insomnia you know of.

Doctor—What's the matter? Can't she sleep?

Mr. Caudle—Yes, I guess so; but I can't.

"Well, Janet," asked a facetious husband whose wife had just discharged the hired girl, "are you going to bravely breast the waves of the domestic sea of troubles?"

"No," she answered demurely; "I am only going to stem the currants."

By the roadside:

Tramp No. 1—I say, Jem, I've got a dandy new name for me old shoes. Call 'em "corporations" now.

Tramp No. 2—Fer why, me boy?

Tramp No. 1—'Cause they've got no soles.

"I think I must have overestimated my personal magnetism and popularity," said a badly defeated candidate. "What induced you to think you possessed such qualities?" asked the unsympathetic wife. "Well," he replied sadly, "my name is Robert and everybody calls me 'Bob.'"

It was at Saratoga, and he had passionately declared his love.

"I am wholly yours, Mr. Higgins" the happy girl replied; "but would you kindly leave your card before you go? Not as a guarantee of good faith," she explained, "but I am curious to know your full name."

Gentleman—"What's the matter, Uncle Rastus? You look sick."

Uncle Rastus—"Yes, sah; I ate er whole watermelyun last night, jess 'fore I went ter bed, an' I ain't feelin' bery well dis mawnin'."

Gentleman—"Are you going to see a doctor?"

Uncle Rastus—No, sah; I'se gwine fo' anudder melyun."

"Aw, Cholly, I haven't seen you out lately with Miss Flossie. Anything the mattah, old boy?"

"Yas, Alfwed. She insulted me the othah day, and I've dwopped her."

"Insulted you, Cholly? How?"

"Showed me a little pug dog that she had twained to sit upwight and suck the head of a cane, bah Jove!"

"Ah, how d'ye do, Charley?"

"I'm not feeling well at all. The fact is, I haven't slept well lately, and then I've eaten too much hot bread and fried steak and wilted vegetables."

"Oh, I see you've been on your vacation. Well, cheer up, old man! you've got nearly a year ahead of you to recuperate."

Mamie had noticed that the ducks and chickens did not stay much together. Not knowing that the ducks preferred the pond to the barn-yard, she one day said: "Auntie, I think the chickens treat the duckies real bad. I b'lieve they just won't 'sociate with them because they've got big feet and such ugly noses. I would'nt treat my friends that way just because they don't look pretty."

Take a number of sheets of new white paper and write a story on them. Any story will do.

Get your double-barreled shot gun and load it with fine bird shot.

Pin your story up against the side of a barn, stand off about twenty feet, aim carefully, and let both barrels drive.

If you find that there haven't been sufficient vowels knocked out, repeat the operation.

Lord Erskine, when Chief Justice of England, presided once at the Chelmsford Assizes, when a case of breach of promise of marriage was tried before him in which Miss Tickell was plaintiff. The counsel was a pompous young man named Stanton, who opened the case with solemn emphasis, thus: "Tickell, the plaintiff, my lord—" when Erskine dryly interrupted him with "Oh, tickle her yourself, Mr. Stanton; it would be unbecoming in my position."

They tell a story in Dublin about Balfour and an eminent bishop who has fought hard for the unfortunate people of his country. The two men met for the first time at dinner, and in the course of the talk Mr. Balfour said:

"But, after all, I fancy that the newspapers make more noise than the masses. Do you think now that the people really dislike me?"

"Ah, Mr. Balfour," said the priest, "if the Irish only hated the devil half as much as they hate you, my occupation would be gone."

CONSOLATION.

SYMPATHETIC FRIEND (TO RECENTLY BEREAVED WIDOW): My poor Elsie, how lonesome you must feel without your husband.

MOURNFUL RELICT: Yes, dear; but I have one consolation. I know where he is nights.

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5.12 p.m.	"	Richmond	" 10.45 a.m.
2.15 p.m.	Leave	Point Levi	Arrive 2.00 p.m.
9.15 a.m.	"	Rivière du Loup	" 6.45 p.m.
8.54 a.m.	"	Cacouna	" 7.08 p.m.
6.00 a.m.	"	St. Flavie	" 10.30 p.m.

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JOSEPH HICKSON,
General Manager.

Montreal, June 8th, 1888.

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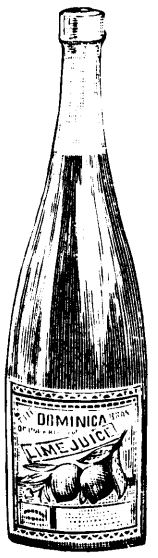

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Tourist tickets to the above mentioned points are good for six months and permit stop over at pleasure.

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To San Francisco and return, - - -	**140 00**

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Descriptive books may be obtained of Company's agents, or by addressing the Passenger Traffic Manager at Montreal.

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SAULT STE. MARIE CANAL.

Notice to Contractors.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tenders for the Sault Ste. Marie Canal," will be received at this office until the arrival of the eastern and western mails on TUESDAY, the 23rd day of October next, for the formation and construction of a Canal on the Canadian side of the river, through the Island of St. Mary.

The works will be let in two sections, one of which will embrace the formation of the canal through the island; the construction of locks, &c. The other, the deepening and widening of the channel-way at both ends of the canal; construction of piers, &c.

A map of the locality, together with plans and specifications of the works, can be seen at this office on and after TUESDAY, the 9th day of October, next, where printed forms of tender can also be obtained. A like class of information, relative to the works, can be seen at the office of the Local Officer in the Town of Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

Intending contractors are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms and be accompanied by a letter stating that the person or persons tendering have carefully examined the locality and the nature of the material found in the trial pits.

In the case of firms, there must be attached the actual signatures of the full name, the nature of the occupation and residence of each member of the same; and further a *bank deposit receipt* for the sum of $20,000 must accompany the tender for the canal and locks; and a *bank deposit receipt* for the sum of $7,500 must accompany the tender for the deepening and widening of the channel-way at both ends, piers, &c.

The respective *deposit receipts*—cheques will not be accepted—must be endorsed over to the Minister of Railways and Canals, and will be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the works, at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted.

The deposit receipt thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

This Department, however, does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tenders.

By order,
A. P. BRADLEY,
Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals,
Ottawa, 8th August, 1888.

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