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THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

TRADE MARK

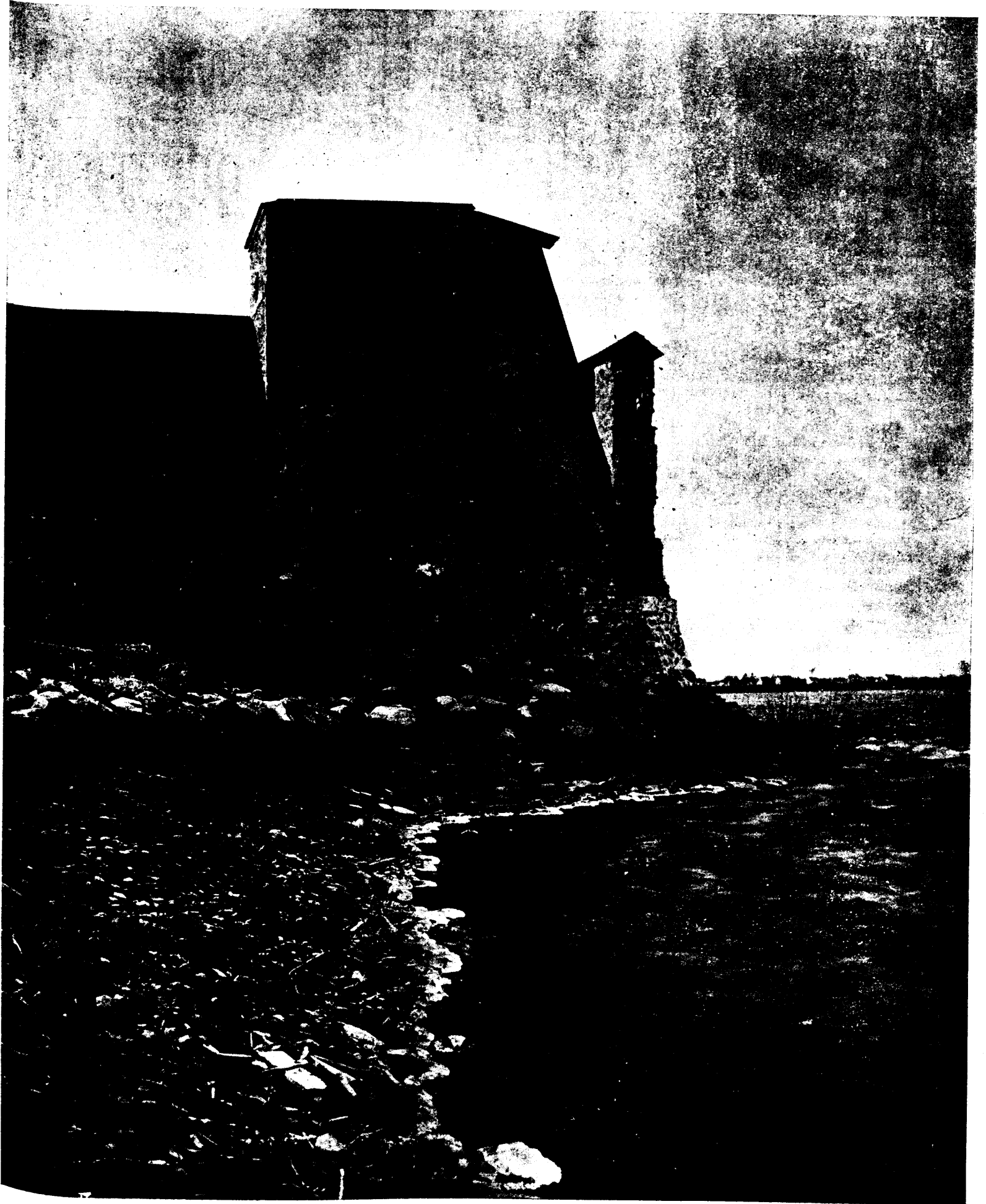
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REGISTERED

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MONTREAL AND TORONTO, 25th APRIL, 1891.

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A BASTION OF THE OLD FORT AT CHAMBLY, P.Q.

The Dominion Illustrated.

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 THE SABISTON LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING CO
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25th APRIL, 1891.



Provincial Subsidies.

It is altogether probable that one of the prominent questions to be debated at the coming session of Parliament will be that of subsidies to the provinces. Events of recent years indicate that Quebec will, in any case, demand an increase. In July last, at the great banquet of the "National" party, held in Montreal, the HON. MR. MERCIER, the leader, both nominal and real of that party, devoted his entire speech to an advocacy of further claims on the Dominion treasury; and since that date, the disclosure of the lamentable state of the finances of the province is not a good omen for the withholding of the demand. With an excess of liabilities over assets, amounting to \$16,000,000, and with an expenditure for the last financial year of \$1,500,000 over and above the income, either must some radical means of retrenchment be introduced or a new source of revenue established. This latter course is that most likely of adoption, for the present, at all events. The history of the subsidies shows a gradual but steady increase over the amounts first allowed to the several provinces; and when we note that the original grants were made with the special expressed proviso that they were to be in full settlement of all future demands, one cannot but regret that encroachments were ever permitted. Once begun, such a practice is difficult to stop. It encourages gross extravagance to be incurred by the provinces; it makes the people careless of the form and machinery of their local governments; and, should their further claims be disallowed, tends to create a mingled feeling of irritation and jealousy against the Dominion treasury, as a refusal of a just demand. Too many of our provinces retain methods of government at once antiquated, useless and expensive. There is far too much local, far too little central rule. The few subjects with which it is best for the provinces concerned alone to deal, could be attended to at an enormous saving of both time and money by a simple assembly of the people's duly elected representatives without many of the costly surroundings that at present are attached to our local parliaments, be they ever so small. This once effected, and its financial benefits appreciated, the voice of the nation will demand that the pruning-knife be also applied to many costly luxuries in the central government. Efficient government at the least expense should be the war-cry, if taxation is to be reduced. Towards the attainment of this the first step should be a determined refusal by the Dominion government to any increase in the provincial payments, and in this we think they will receive the support of the best classes in the community.

The Needs of the Militia.

From the manner in which the new commander of Militia has gone about his work, it is evident that he is determined to do all in his power to make the force an efficient one, by, to as great a degree as possible, adopting the methods in use in Great Britain and the Continent. With frequent field-days of a practical—not parade—nature, with the in-

struction and drill of all the militia year after year, and with an occasional muster of many battalions for a few days manœuvres in the open, he could bring the whole force up to as high a state of efficiency as is now held by a few city battalions. Two things are certain: that in these measures he will have the hearty concurrence and help of nine-tenths of the officers and men of the force, and that, just as surely will he and his backers meet with as great a degree of opposition from the drill-ignorant civilians in Parliament, who unfortunately have a voice in militia matters. A perusal of the Reports for many years back will show, with increasing regularity, the same suggestions, the same requests, the same earnest demands for increased grants for military purposes; and beyond a modified acquiescence in the Major-General's wishes for a greater number of permanent troops and schools of instruction, nothing has been done. In new and improved arms and equipment, in the regular annual drill of all corps, and many other *desiderata*, the Canadian force is woefully behind the age—in fact is no better off than it was twenty years ago. The blight here, and to a lesser degree in England, is the dependence on civilian members of Parliament for the necessary financial grants. Many of them know nothing whatever of military matters or requirements, and their interest in the force is limited to unfavourable criticism. Into such persons it is necessary to try to instil patriotism and common sense, although we fear the task is an almost impossible one. No man who has a pride in his country and is anxious for her material growth but will do what he can to aid and develop both the sentiment and practical working of her measures for defence or attack in a national emergency; and further, no one can lay claim to ordinary common sense if he wilfully ignores or hurts the means for the suppressing of trouble or insurrection, which, if unchecked, would mean serious damage to national institutions and consequent wide-spread financial upheaval. Increased liberality from the country to its militia is earnestly wanted at once. Compared to the population, the actual number of militiamen is absurdly small; and when nearly one-half of these drill but once in three years, and all have only an obsolete equipment, the situation becomes a disgrace to the country. The Royal Military College and the permanent Schools of Instruction are doing splendid work. The great wants of the force are; means sufficient for all to have practical training once every year, more occasions for field manœuvres and an improved equipment. These measures, combined with a gradual transfer of militia matters into the hands of the military authorities only, would soon render the force thoroughly efficient.

Portugal.

The efforts made by Portugal to get a sound thrashing from England, are becoming so persistent that it will seem almost cruel to her to delay much longer. Since the beginning of the African dispute, her persistent animosity to her old friend has been so marked and even aggressive that it seems evident that no pacific measures will please her people. From the experience of old days it is not improbable that a very slight lesson would quickly convince them of the folly of their course, but it now seems equally improbable that anything short of that lesson will suffice. When in January, 1890, LORD SALISBURY sent his *ultimatum*, most people thought that such action would have shown the country that Great Britain had determined on her line of action, and that continued claims on the Mashonaland territory would only bring serious trouble; but the results that immediately followed the receipt of the despatch, the violence offered to British subjects and British ships, and the virulent denunciation of everything British, showed the fixed resolve of the people to persist in their demands. In spite of the treaty, aggressive action against the East African Company has steadily continued, and has now culminated in the imprisonment of its officials, and the hauling down of the flag on a British vessel. Men can bear insult; but to touch the Union Jack is to rouse a feeling in every part of its Empire that is hard to suppress. Portugal presumes on her weakness; but there is a danger of carrying the presumption to too great a length.

The Dominion Illustrated Prize Competition, 1891. QUESTIONS.

THIRD SERIES.

- 13.—Give particulars of the mention of one of the first proprietors of the Island of Montreal?
- 14.—State the name of a retired officer in the British Army, who is an artist.
- 15.—Where is it mentioned that tea is intoxicating?
- 16.—In what article and under what name is mention made of a new magazine, whose main object will be to aid in ameliorating the sufferings of the poor.
- 17.—Give details of the mention of a great defeat sustained by France in 1692.
- 18.—On what page appears an item relative to a portage of fifty miles through the woods?

NOTE.—All the material necessary for correctly answering the above questions can be found in Nos. 131 to 143 of the "Dominion Illustrated," being the weekly issues for January, February and March.



Since that time the scheme has been given the six months' hoist in the local legislature, and in both aldermanic and mayoralty elections in St. John its friends have been losers.

THE FLOODS AT BELLEVILLE, ONT., MARCH 24TH.—The river Moira, owing to the heavy rainstorm on the 23rd, overflowed its banks, carrying with it great jams, or "gorges," of ice deposited by the break up and rainstorm of February 25th; and, owing to the mouth of the river being barred by the still solid ice in the bay, great floes were carried to the foot of Murney Hill, flooding the Flats to the depth of many feet, carrying away all small impedimenta and driving the people from their houses or obliging them to take refuge on the roof or in the upper storeys. No life was lost, except that several animals were drowned in their stables before they could be rescued, but the damage to property is considerable. The merchants who, untaught by former experience, still store their goods in the warehouses and cellars on the river bank, have lost much; and the poor, who inhabit the Flats, in many instances lost their all. Had the water not found an outlet to the west near the entrance of the new bridge across the bay, the damage would have been incalculable. Our illustrations are taken, No. 1, from the upper bridge, looking up the river; No. 2, from the foot of Murney Hill, looking down the Flats, along Everett street, two blocks from the bed of the river, to the bay.

MR. A. DANSEREAU, MONTREAL'S POSTMASTER.—Mr. Dansereau is a well known and popular citizen and was for many years a prominent journalist. Born at Contrecoeur, Vercheres Co., P.Q., in 1844, Mr. Dansereau received his education at the College of L'Assomption, where he was a classmate of the Hon. Wilfred Laurier. He was for three years a law student in the office of Mr. Girouard, M.P. for Jacques Cartier. Receiving the degree of B.C.L. from McGill University in 1865, he was also admitted to the bar. He did not, however, enter upon the practice of law. With a decided leaning toward journalism and decided talent in that line he entered the office of *La Minerve*, and in 1870 became joint proprietor of that paper. Retiring in 1880, he was, for a few months, clerk of the peace, but resigned. On February 1st of the present year he was appointed postmaster of Montreal. Mr. Dansereau has proved himself both a courteous and capable head of this department of the public service.

CANNING STREET METHODIST CHURCH, MONTREAL.—The handsome west end Methodist church, of which a view is presented on another page, has connected with it a history peculiarly in keeping with the traditions of Methodism. The first preaching service was by Dr. Douglas, to a congregation of five, assembled in a bowling alley. The church originated in a class meeting formed in the west end in 1863 in connection with Ottawa Street Church, of which Rev. Geo. Douglas was then pastor. A little later a school was organized in a bowling alley on Richmond street, below Notre Dame, and here Dr. Douglas, as already stated, commenced a preaching service. Under provision of the Church Extension Scheme, developed by Rev. H. F. Bland in 1864, the west end was enabled to buy a building lot, upon which a brick mission was erected in 1867 by direction of the quarterly board of Ottawa Street Church. This, with Lachine and Tanneries, constituted a new and separate circuit financially, but otherwise, by the direction of the president of the conference, it was one with Dominion Square Church. Rev. Drs. Briggs and Shaw shared equally the work of the two circuits. In 1868-9 Rev. Messrs. Meacham and Shaw were the ministers. In January, 1869, the temporary building was abandoned and the congregation worshipped in Winstanley Hall, now the French Mission Hall, on Delisle street, and the new church was begun on Seigneurs street and soon after finished. In 1869-70 the Rev. G. H. Squire, B.A., was minister. He worked hard and successfully, and his death shortly afterward was a cause of profound regret. Dr. Douglas was the minister in 1870-71, succeeded by Revs. Dr. Sparling, James Awd, B.A., J. T. Pitcher, J. Saunders, M.D., Dr. Sparling, a second term—W. Jackson, S. Bond and the present pastor, Rev. C. R. Flanders, B.A. The church on Seigneurs street grew too small and too far down town as the city developed, and the corner of Canning and Coursol streets was chosen as the site of the new structure. Many members of the congregation had removed to that vicinity. The old site had become a business centre and undesirable for a church. As was fitting, Dr. Douglas, the founder of the congregation, and who had laid the corner stone of the old church, also laid the corner stone of the new, the ceremony being performed on June 28th last year. The old church was sold to an enterprising mercantile firm and is already torn down, to make way for a busi-

ness block. The new church cost about \$25,000. It is of gray stone with darker trimmings. There are handsome stained glass windows, and the pews, of a new and very pleasing style, are finished in oak. There are pews for 800, but the building will accommodate a thousand persons. The interior is very handsome. The S.S. rooms are under the auditorium and, it is said, are not surpassed in the city. There is a large central room with class rooms ranged around it, having glass doors that can be thrown open, throwing the whole into one and enabling the superintendent at his desk to command a view of every room. There is also a reading room, well equipped and attractive. The congregation have every reason to be congratulated on the growth of the infant of the old time bowling alley. Rev. C. R. Flanders, B.A., the present energetic pastor, is in the second year of his pastorate of the west end church.

THE ICE SHOVE AT MONTREAL.—A person standing on the top of the dyke along the river front in midsummer and looking down upon the wharves and river would hardly anticipate such a winter scene as that presented on another page of this issue. The winter level of the river is so much higher than that of summer that all the warehouses have to be removed from the wharves in the fall, the latter being covered with ice. There is always some fear of a flood when the ice moves in the spring. This spring the danger passed, the only threatening incident being the ice shove at the foot of Jacques Cartier Sq., of the result of which a view is elsewhere given. It occurred on the afternoon of April 3rd, and the ice was forced up on the top of the dyke at this point only, as shown in the picture. The top of the highest ice cakes is about fifteen feet above the top of the dyke, and about 35 feet above the summer level of the river. No damage was done, save a slight injury to the dyke covering. There was no overflow of water. It was simply a reminder of what the great river might do, were it in an ugly humour. Our engraving is from a photograph taken on the day after the shove.

Captain Stairs.

The announcement that Lieutenant Stairs has been promoted to be captain, in recognition of his services with Stanley, is received with much approval by the Halifax public. Some could not understand, however, why Stairs should be promoted from a lieutenant of the Royal Engineers to a captaincy in a line regiment. A communication from the War Office to the military there, not only settles that question, but also shows that Stairs is the youngest soldier on the list of captains of the line. The communication reads:—"Lieutenant Stairs, who entered the Royal Military College, June 30th, 1885, finds himself the youngest soldier in the list of captains of the line. Owing to the gallant lieutenant having to take his turn as regards promotion in the Royal Engineers, this being the only corps in which such a line of promotion is adhered to, the position of captain in a regiment was offered to him, and, at the request of the Imperial Government, he accepted a captaincy in the Welsh (41st) Regiment."

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Literary Competition.

The Publishers of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED offer the sum of \$130 in four prizes for short stories from Canadian writers—

1st prize.....	\$60
2nd ".....	40
3rd ".....	20
4th ".....	10

On the following conditions:

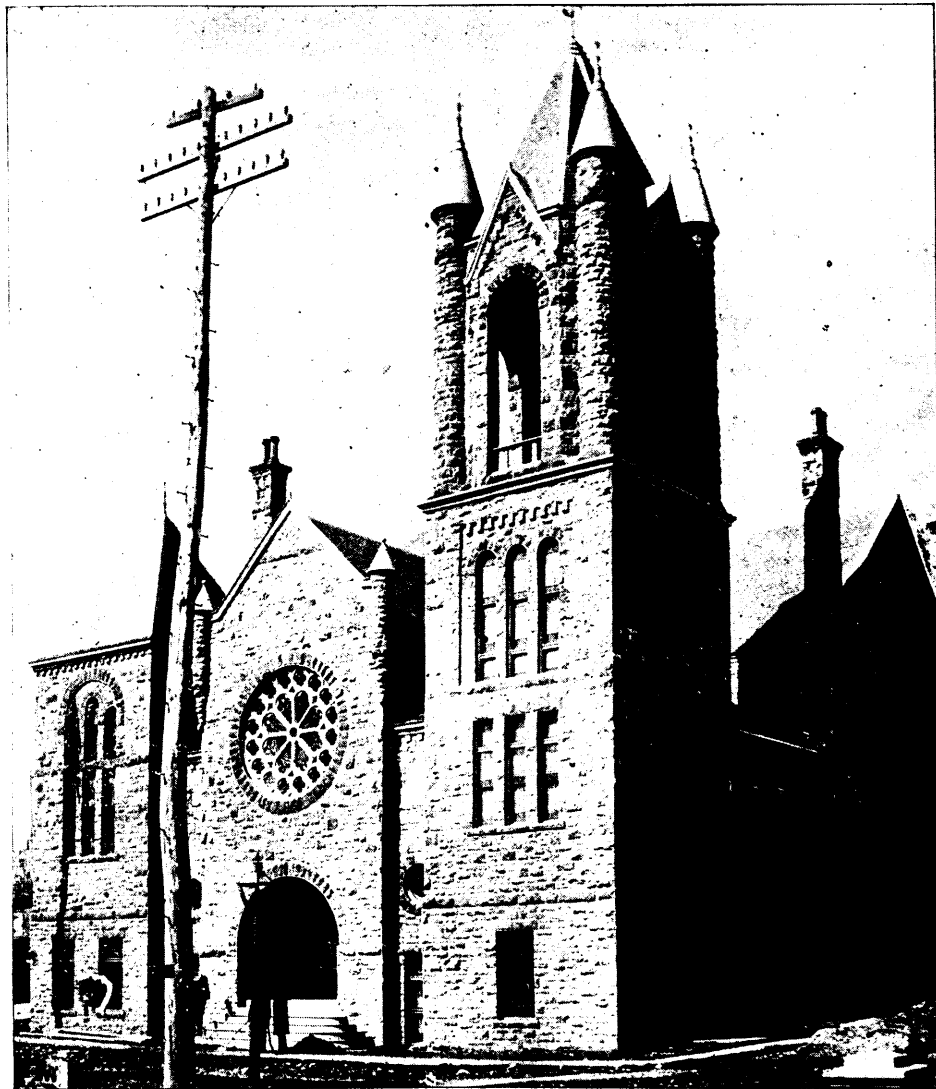
- 1st—All stories must be delivered at the office of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED not later than 1st June next
- 2nd—Each story to contain not less than 5,000 words, and not to exceed 8,000 words.
- 3rd—All MS. sent in for this competition to become the property of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED.
- 4th—Each story must contain a motto on top of first page, and be accompanied by a sealed envelope, inside of which is stated the name and address of the writer. The outside of envelope to bear motto used on story.
- 5th—MS. to be written in ink, and on one side of paper only.
- 6th—Stories on Canadian subjects are preferred.

THE SABISTON LITHO. & PUB. CO.,
Publishers "THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED,"
Montreal.

HORSE SHOW AT TORONTO.—Last summer some seven thousand children were given "fresh air" trips from the city of Toronto. This benevolent and highly beneficial enterprise grows in favour yearly, and most persons are very glad to be afforded an opportunity to contribute. If, at the same time, they can enjoy a very attractive entertainment themselves, so much the better. This fact was recognized by Mr. W. D. Grand, who, on the 11th inst., gave a great horse show, the proceeds of which were to swell the Children's Fresh Air Fund. For the last six months Mr. Grand had been selecting horses for his annual spring sale, which attracts horsemen from the other side of the border as well as from various parts of Canada. His proposition to exhibit these horses for the benefit of the children met with a hearty response, and aided by Mr. J. J. Kelso, the secretary of the Fresh Air Fund, and many well known citizens, he secured and prepared the Shaw street rink for the show. The floor of the rink was covered with a coat of resin, upon which tanbark to the depth of eight inches was laid. Elevated seats were placed for the convenience of patrons, and about 3,000 were in attendance during the afternoon and evening. The rink was gaily decorated and Napolitano's orchestra furnished excellent music. The press accounts are to the effect that the horses were the best lot ever got together for a public sale. The programme included competitions between cobs, saddle horses, professional coachmen in livery, light weight hunters performing over hurdles, professional coachmen (with dog carts), heavy weight hunters, and a display of fours-in-hand. An exhibition of mounted police constables was one of the most interesting events of the evening performance. The various competitions were so keen that the judges found difficulty in making their awards. Many prominent people were present, and other Ontario cities besides Toronto were represented. Among those who handled the ribbons was Mr. W. Rockefeller jr., son of the New York millionaire. Col. Otter, George W. Torrance C. N. Shanly and other well known gentlemen also participated. The exhibition was a complete success in every sense. The visitors saw a splendid display of horsemanship and skill with the ribbons, and the Fresh Air Fund was swelled by some hundreds of dollars. The *Empire*, moved by the success of the show, suggests that an association should be formed and a horse show open to the Dominion held annually in Toronto.

BAY OF QUINTE BRIDGE.—This handsome structure, which was opened March 21st, is a very important one, enabling, as it does, the people of Prince Edward county, Ont. to reach the town of Belleville without difficulty. It is of great benefit both to the people of the county and the merchants and other citizens of Belleville. The bridge is of steel, resting on stone piers on a pile foundation. Its total length is 1868 feet. There are 13 spans 98 feet each, two of 148 feet each and one of 60 feet. There is a swing of 238 feet. The northern approach is 800 feet long, and a roadway of nearly half a mile had to be constructed through a marsh to the main land. The bridge has been two years under construction. The engineer was C. H. Keefer of Ottawa, and the Brown Mfg. Co. of Belleville were the contractors. The total cost was about \$105,000.

MAYOR PETERS, ST. JOHN, N. B.—Mr. T. W. Peters, who was elected Mayor of St. John, N.B., last week by a plurality of 1300, is a native of that city and has taken an active part in its civic affairs for some years. He was warden of the municipality of the city and county of St. John last year, and had filled the same position during the years 1886, 1887 and 1888, resigning in the latter year and being re-elected to the position in 1890. He has been a member of the city council for nine successive years, and has held the important positions of chairman of the finance committee and, since the union of St. John and Portland, of the treasury board. There is, perhaps, no better authority on civic finances in the city. Mayor Peters is a barrister and an LL.B. of Harvard. He is of Loyalist descent. A graceful and fluent speaker and a gentleman of fine presence, he is admirably qualified to fulfil the duties of the position to which he has been elected by so decisive a majority. His leading opponent was ex-Mayor Lockhart, who sought a third term. The Leary scheme of harbour improvements was a factor in the contest. This matter was referred to at some length in the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED of April 4th.



THE NEW METHODIST CHURCH, CANNING STREET, MONTREAL.



TORONTO, April 16, 1891.

The Post-office *dis*-arrangements that delayed my last letter to the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED five days between Toronto and Montreal, annoyed me so much that I have not yet forgotten it, and I find a sort of stiffness has seized upon my brain in the interval that resembles very much the muscular want of readiness of an unused limb. I must therefore beg of my readers to pardon any awkwardness in my style that may be apparent to them.

I beg to offer them as a make-peace a delicious cup of coffee that I have just learned how to make from the *Temperance Caterer*.

Café à la Crème. Put two ounces of newly roasted coffee berries into a pint of boiling cream, and let them infuse for an hour. Then pass the cream through a silken sieve. Serve it very hot with cold cream.

With or without sugar, *Café à la Crème* is a delicious refreshment, and might be added to our company *menus* with great propriety.

The London *Spectator* for the 14th March noticed "Acadian Legends and Tales," by A. W. Eaton, and "Lake Lyrics," by W. W. Campbell, rather slightly, finding fault with Mr. Campbell for using the plural noun 'Lakes' in the singular.

I have just been dipping into Sarah Jeannette Duncan's "American Girl in London." To me, an Englishwoman, it is very amusing, and cannot fail to amuse all travelled English and American readers. But I hope the very good luck that befel Miss Mamie Wick—who, if she was a Chicago girl indeed, appears to have been a very 'green'

specimen, not even acquainted with the use of visiting cards in making first calls—I hope Miss Wick's good luck in falling in with Lady Torquilin will not induce any other inexperienced young American girl to follow her example, because if they should it is more than ten to one that they would get sadly left in the cold. However, as a little bit of a hand-glass by which to "see ourselves as others see us" the book is sure to be useful.

Professor Goldwin Smith's book, "Canada and the Canadian Question," is also to hand. As usual in all that Professor Smith says in regard to Canada there is an amount of special pleading, in elegant English, to the detriment of Canada, and the bolstering up of the United States, that makes him hard to read.

Then again, the two points that Professor Smith certainly makes most of, the particulars—as he states them—of 'the physical map' and the 'French in Quebec,' are by no means the unknown quantities, the ever-during impedimenta to Canadian progress and development that he would have us believe. Taking the French question in the very worst light in which Mr. Smith can set it, what have we but the signs of change, the change of view of those obligations of religion, education and material advancement which are all standing on the defensive throughout the world? And are we to suppose that our compatriots of the lower province are the only people in the world who are insensible to the influence of their surroundings and to the march of the time? If it were so we should know that it was our duty as well as our safety to put a cordon round them, to boycott them—or, if you please, to excommunicate them. But away with the thought! and let the good understanding that has bound us for two hundred years speak for the centuries to come.

For the other point take from the opening of chapter I. "The habitable and cultivable parts of these blocks of territory are not contiguous, but are divided from each other by great barriers of nature, *wide and irreclaimable wildernesses or manifold chains of mountains*. The italics are

mine, and I ask my readers what the past of this and other lands shows in the matter of wilderness or mountain. Caesar crossed the one, and since his time, what more? And of the wildernesses of the Great Salt Lake, of Dakota, of Minnesota, what? And what of the C. P. R.? Cannot Canadians

"Go forth to meet the future without fear
And with a manly heart?"

We trust so.

Death has again removed a prominent commercial man from among us. Mr. Alderman Gillespie, of the firm of Gillespie, Ansley & Martin, had obtained leave of absence from his municipal duties only a few weeks since in order to visit his wife, who had been ordered to California for the winter, and while there Mr. Gillespie was seized with la grippe, from which he died in a few days. Mr. Gillespie was a man in the prime of life, a devoted Christian worker, always ready to support questions of moral reform, and a fearless speaker on behalf of the right. The temperance question had his best help, and he had identified himself with the woman suffrage movement by presiding at a public meeting and speaking on its behalf whenever occasion served.

A friend has kindly sent me a copy of the *Montreal Witness* for April 8th, in which are published three very excellent short Canadian stories. The writers are all girls, pupils of the High school, Niagara-on-the-Lake. Miss Avie M. Evans writes on "That Stone," being a gravestone, on which the soldier's rations of beef were chopped after the burning of the Church of St. Mark by the American troops in 1813.

Miss Jessie McKenzie tells the history of the house in which she lives, under the heading, "An Historic House," and adds to our records of our hero by the following: "It was on the top of this same ravine in which the boats had been concealed that General Brock, on his way from Fort George, on the morning of October 13, 1812, to command at the battle of Queenston Heights, said to my grandfather, 'This is going to be a hard day for me.' It was about sunrise when he went up, and his words proved only too true, for about ten o'clock the hero of Upper Canada was brought down a corpse."

Miss Annie Hutchinson gives a very succinct and sympathetic story of "Brave Laura Secord," and concludes with a kind allusion to my own work on the same subject.

My friend tells me that one of these three was the county prize story, and that fourteen stories from the Niagara High school won for that school the portrait of the Queen that was offered in competition. Moreover, she says that 'six at least' of the competing stories were as good as the prize winner, a high tribute to the standard of proficiency maintained by the school.

It is very evident that our young people enjoy these competitive efforts on historic subjects, and that their secondary effect must be an increased interest in their own history.

The Santley concerts were a great success. Even without so great an artist as Charles Santley, the Philharmonic Society can render the oratorios in an excellent manner, their leader being a man who lives in his art, and moreover knows what the oratorio singing and playing should be, having received his training in the midst of it in England.

The criticisms of Santley by the various papers were amusing from their variety, some even asserting roundly that he had lost his voice and had nothing left but his method; this, however, is nonsense, and Canada may hope to hear the master for some years yet.

S. A. CURZON.

The Hemlock Hills of Acadie.

The hemlock hills of Acadie
Are lit with fancy's opal gleams,
Each rock a lode-stone, every tree
The Igdrasil of early dreams.

Ah, lit with fancy's opal gleams
The groves our childish footsteps trod!

The Igdrasil of early dreams,
When all the earth seemed fresh from God.

The groves our childish footsteps trod,
When Hope woke smiling with the day,
When all the earth seemed fresh from God,
They hold our hearts though leagues away.

Then, Hope woke smiling with the day;
Now, Memory lights each rock and tree;
They hold our hearts, though leagues away,
The hemlock hills of Acadie.

J. E. GOSTWYCKE ROBERTS.

"A Straggler of '15."

It was a dull October morning, and heavy, rolling fog-wreaths lay low over the wet, grey roofs of the Woolwich houses. Down in the long, straight, brick-lined streets all was sodden and greasy and cheerless. From the high, dark buildings of the arsenal came the whirr of many wheels, the thudding of huge weights, and the myriad buzz and babel of human toil. Beyond, the sordid dwellings of the working men, smoke-stained and unlovely, radiated away in a lessening perspective of narrowing road and dwindling wall.

There were few folk in the streets, for the toilers had all been absorbed since break of day by the huge smoke-spouting monster, which sucked in the manhood of the town, to helch it forth, weary and workstained, every night. Little groups of children straggled to school, or loitered to peep through the single front windows at the hypertrophied Bibles, balanced upon three-legged tables, which were their usual adornment. Stout women, with thick, red arms and dirty aprons stood upon the whitened door-steps, leaning upon their brooms, and shrieking their morning greetings across the road. One, stouter, redder and dirtier than the rest, had gathered a small knot of cronies around her, and was talking energetically, with little shrill titters from her audience to punctuate her remarks.

"Old enough to know better?" she cried, in answer to an exclamation from one of the listeners. "If he hain't no sense now, I 'specs he won't learn much on this side o' Jordan. Why, 'ow old is he at all? Blessed if I could ever make out."

"Well, it ain't so hard to reckon;" said a sharp-featured, pale-faced woman with watery blue eyes. "He's been at the battle of Waterloo, and has the pension and medal to prove it."

"That were a ter'ble long time ago;" remarked a little fat person, with her skirt tucked up and a pair of list slippers, very much down at the heels. "It were afore I were born."

"Afore your mother were born or thought of," cried the first speaker. "I believe it were a hundred year ago."

"It were fifteen year after the beginnin' of the century," cried a younger woman, who had stood leaning against the wall, with a smile of superior knowlege upon her face; "My Bill was a-saying so last Sabbath, when I spoke to him o' Old Daddy Brewster, here."

"To hear you talk, one 'ud think your Bill was the only Bill there was," exclaimed the pallid woman snappishly. "And suppose he spoke truth, Missus Simpson, 'ow long ago do that make it?"

"It's eighty-one now," said the original speaker, checking off the years upon her coarse, red fingers, "and that were fifteen. Ten, and ten, and ten, and ten, and ten—why, it's only sixty and six year, so he ain't so old after all."

"But he weren't a new born babe at the battle, silly," cried the fat woman with a chuckle. "S'pose he was only twenty, then he couldn't be less than six-and-eighty now, at the lowest."

"Aye, he's that—every day of it," cried several.

"I've had 'bout enough of it," remarked the large woman, gloomily. "Unless his young niece, or grand niece, or whatever she is, come to-day, I'm off; and he can find some one else to do his work. Why, my old man is only just pickin' up from the tripod fever, and Sammy home from school with the bronchitis. Your own 'ome first, says I."

"Ain't he quiet, then, Missus Simpson?" asked the youngest of the group.

"Listen to him now," she answered, with her hand half raised, and her head turned slantwise. From the upper floor there came a shuffling, sliding sound with a sharp tapping of a stick. "There he go back and forrards, doing what he call his sentry go. 'Arf the night through he's at that game, the silly old juggins. At six o'clock this very mornin' here he was beatin' with a stick at my door."

"Turn out guard!" he cried, and a lot of jargon that I could make nothing of. Than what with his coughin'

and 'awkin' and spittin', there ain't no gettin' a wink o' sleep. Hark to him now!"

"Missus Simpson! Missus Simpson!" cried a cracked and querulous voice from above.

"That's him," she cried, nodding her head with an air of triumph. "He do go on somethin' scandalous. Yes, Mister Brewster, sir."

"I want my morning ration, Missus Simpson."

"It's just ready, Mister Brewster, sir."

"Blessed if he ain't like a baby cryin' for its pap," said the fat woman.

"A baby! He's more trouble than twins," cried Mrs. Simpson, viciously. "I feel as if I could shake his old bones up sometimes. But who's for a 'arf pint of four-penny?"

The whole company were about to shuffle off to the public-house, when a young girl stepped across the road and touched the housekeeper timidly upon the arm. "I think that is No. 56 Arsenal View," she said. "Can you tell me if Mr. Brewster lives here?"

The housekeeper looked critically at the new comer. She was a girl of about twenty, broad faced and comely, with a turned-up nose and large, honest grey eyes. Her print dress, her straw hat, with a bunch of glaring poppies, and the bundle which she carried had all a smack of the country.

"You're Norah Brewster, I s'pose," said Mrs. Simpson, eyeing her up and down with no friendly gaze.

"Yes; I've come to look after my grand uncle Gregory."

"And a good job, too," cried the fat housekeeper, with a toss of her head. "It's about time that some of his own folk took a turn at it, for I've had about enough of it. There you are, young woman! in you go, and make yourself at home. There's tea in the caddy, and bacon on the dresser, and the old man will be about if you don't fetch him his breakfast. I'll send for my things in the evenin'." With a nod she caught up her tattered bonnet from a peg, and strolled off with her attendant gossips in the direction of the public-house.

Thus left to her own devices, the country girl walked into the front room and took off her hat and jacket. It was a low-roofed apartment with a sputtering fire, upon which a small brass kettle was singing cheerily. A stained cloth lay over half the table with an empty brown teapot, a loaf of bread and some coarse crockery. Norah Brewster looked rapidly about her, and in an instant took over her new duties. Ere five minutes had passed the tea was made, two slices of bacon were frizzling on the pan, the table was re-arranged, the antimacassars straightened over the sombre brown furniture, and the whole room had taken a new air of comfort and neatness. This done she looked round curiously at the prints which hung upon the walls. Over the fireplace, in a small, square case, a brown medal caught her eye, with a strip of purple ribbon. Beneath was a small piece of newspaper cutting. She stood on her tiptoes, with her fingers on the edge of the mantelpiece, and craned her neck up to see it, glancing down from time to time at the bacon which simmered and hissed beneath her. The cutting was yellow with age, and ran in this way:—

"On Tuesday an interesting ceremony was performed at the barracks of the third regiment of guards, when in the presence of the Prince Regent, Lord Hill, Lord Saltoun, and an assemblage which comprised beauty as well as valour, a special medal was presented to Corporal Gregory Brewster, of Captain Haldane's flank company, in recognition of his gallantry in the recent great battle in the Lowlands. It appears that on the ever-memorable 18th of June, four companies of the third guards and of the Cold-streams, under the command of Colonels Maitland and Byng, held the important farmhouse of Hougoumont at the right of the British position. At a critical point of the action these troops found themselves short of powder. Seeing that Generals Foy and Jerome Buonaparte were again massing their infantry for an attack on the position, Colonel Byng despatched Corporal Brewster to the rear to hasten up the reserve ammunition. Brewster came upon

two powder tumbrils of the Nassau division, and succeeded, after menacing the drivers with his musket, in inducing them to convey their powder to Hougoumont. In his absence, however, the hedges surrounding the position had been set on fire by a howitzer battery of the French, and the passage of the carts full of powder became a most hazardous matter. The first tumbril exploded, blowing the driver to fragments. Daunted by the fate of his comrade, the second driver turned his horses, but Corporal Brewster, springing upon his seat, hurled the man down, and, urging the powder cart through the flames, succeeded in forcing a way to his companions. To this gallant deed may be directly attributed the success of the British arms, for without powder it would have been impossible to have held their ground. Long may the heroic Brewster live to treasure the medal which he has so bravely won, and to look back with pride to the day when in the presence of his comrades in arms he received this tribute to his valour from the august hands of the first gentleman of the realm."

The reading of this old yellow cutting increased in Norah's mind the deep reverence with which she had always regarded her warrior relative. From her infancy he had been her ideal, her hero, and hence she had begged to be sent to his aid when the death of his housekeeper had made it necessary that some one should be with him, True, she had never yet seen him in the flesh, but a rude and faded painting at home which depicted a square-faced, clean-shaven, stalwart man, with an enormous bearskin cap, rose ever before her memory when she thought of him.

She was still gazing at the brown medal, and wondering what the "*dulce et decorum est*" might mean, which was inscribed upon the edge, when there came a sudden tapping and shuffling on the stair, and there at the door was standing the very man who had been so often in her thoughts.

But could this, indeed, be he? Where was the martial air, the flashing eye, the warrior face which she had pictured? There, framed in the doorway, was a stooping, twisted old man, gaunt and thin, with trembling hands and shuffling, purposeless gait. A cloud of fluffy white hair a red-veined nose, two projecting tufts of eyebrow and a pair of dimly questioning blue eyes—these were what met her gaze. He leaned forward upon a stick, while his shoulders rose and fell as he breathed, with a crackling, rasping sound.

"I want my morning rations," he cried, as he stumped forward to his chair. "The cold nips me without 'em. See to my fingers." He held out his hand all blue at the tips, wrinkled and gnarled, with huge projecting knuckles.

"It's nigh ready," answered the girl, gazing at him with great wondering eyes, "Don't you know who I am, grand-uncle? I am Norah Brewster, from Leyton."

"Rum is warm," crooned the old man, rocking himself to and fro in his chair, "and schnapps is warm and there's 'eat in soup—but a dish o' tea—a dish o' tea. What did you say your name was?"

"Norah Brewster."

"Speak out, lass, for my 'earin' ain't what it was. Nora Brewster, eh? Then you'll be brother Jarge's girl? Lor', to think of little Jarge havin' a girl." He chuckled hoarsely to himself, and the long stringy sinews of his throat jerked and quivered.

"I am the daughter of your brother Jarge's son," said she, as she deftly turned the bacon on the dish.

"Lor', but little Jarge was a rare 'un," he went on. "Eh, by Jimini, there was no chousing Jarge. 'He's got a bull pup o' mine that I lent him when I took the shilling. Likely it's dead now. He didn't give it to ye to bring?"

"Why, Grandpa Jarge has been dead this twenty years," cried Norah, pouring out the old man's tea.

"Eh, but it were a beautiful pup—by Jimini, a beautiful pup. And I am cold for the lack o' my rations. Rum is good and schnapps, but I'd as lief have tea as either."

"I've got two pounds of butter, and some eggs in the bundle," cried Norah. "Mother said as I was to give you her respec's and love, and that she'd ha' sent a tin o' Leyton cream, but it 'ud have turned on the way."

"Eh, it's a middlin' goodish way," said he, supping loudly at his tea. "Likely the stage left yesternight."

"The what, uncle?"

"The coach that brought ye."

"Nay, I came by the mornin' train."

"Lor' now, think o' that! You ain't afeared, then, o' those new-fangled things? By Jimini, to think of you

comin' by railroad like that! What's the world a-comin' to!"

There was silence for some minutes, as Norah sat by the fire stirring her tea, and glancing sideways at the bluish lips and champing jaws of her companion.

"You must ha' seen a deal of life, uncle," she said at last. "It must seem a long time to you."

"Not so very long, neither. I'm ninety come Candlemas, but it don't seem long since I took the bounty. And that battle it might ha' been yesterday. By Jimini, I've got the smell of the burned powder in my nose! Eh, but I get a power of good from my rations."

He did indeed look less worn and colourless than when she first saw him. There was a little fleck of pink upon either cheek, and a spark of animation in his eyes.

"Have you read that?" he asked, jerking his head in the direction of the paper cutting.

"Yes, uncle, and I am sure that you must be proud of it."

"Ah, it was a great day for me—a great day. The Regent was there, and a fine body of a man, too. 'The ridgment is proud of you,' says he, 'And I'm proud of the ridgment,' says I. 'A damned good answer, too,' says he to Lord Hill, and they both bust out a-laughin'. A spoonful from that bottle by the brass candlestick, my dear. It's paregoric, and it cuts the phlegm. But what be you a-peepin' out o' the window for?"

"Oh, grand-uncle," the girl cried, clapping her hands. "Here's a regiment of soldiers comin' down the street, with the band playin' at the head of them."

"A ridgment, eh? Where be my glasses? Lordy, but I can hear the band as plain as plain. Here they come, pioneers, drum-major, band. What be their number, lass?" His eyes were shining, and his great bony hand, like the claw of some fierce old bird, dug into her shoulder.

"They don't seem to have no number, uncle. They've something wrote on their shoulders. 'Oxfordshire' I think it be."

"Ah, yes," he growled: "I heard as how they had dropped the numbers, and given new fangled names. There they go, by Jimini! They're young, mostly, but they hain't forgot how to march. Blessed if I can see the light bobs, though. But they have the swing—aye, they've the swing." He gazed after them until the last files had turned the corner and the measured tramp of their marching had died away in the distance.

"Where be that bottle," he continued, stumping his way back to the wooden arm-chair on the farther side of the fireplace. "It cuts the phlegm. It's the toobes that's wrong with me. Joyce says so, and he be a clever man. I'm in his club. There's the card, paid up, under yon flat-iron. 'Why, darn my skin!' he broke out suddenly, slapping his withered thigh, 'I knew as something was amiss!'"

"Where, uncle?"

"In them soldiers. I've got it now. They'd forgot their stocks. Not one of 'em had his stock on." He croaked and chuckled for a long time over his discovery. "It wouldn't ha' done for the Dook," he muttered, "no, by Jimini! the Dook would ha' had a word there."

"Why, uncle," cried Norah, "here be a soldier at our door. One of them with the blue coats and gold braid."

"Eh, and what do he want? Open the door to him, lass, and ask him what he want?"

A tall, brown-faced artilleryman, with the three gold chevrons of sergeant upon his arm, stood, carbine in hand, upon their single step.

"Good morning, Miss," said he, raising one thick finger to his jaunty, yellow-banded cap. "I believe there's an old gentleman lives here of the name of Brewster, who was engaged in the battle of Waterloo!"

"It's my grand-uncle, sir," said Norah, casting down her eyes before the keen, critical gaze of the young soldier. "He is in the front parlour."

"Could I have a word with him, miss? I'll call again if it don't chance to be convenient."

"I am sure that he would be very glad to see you, sir. He's in here, if you'll step in. Uncle, here's a gentleman who wants to speak with you."

"Proud to see you, sir—proud and glad, sir!" cried the sergeant, taking three steps forward into the room, grounding his carbine while he raised his hand, palm forwards, in a salute. Norah stood by the door, with her mouth and eyes open, wondering whether her grand uncle had ever, in his prime, looked like this magnificent creature: and

whether he, in his turn, would ever come to resemble her grand-uncle.

The old man blinked up at his visitor, and shook his head slowly. "Sit ye down, sergeant," said he, pointing with his stick to a chair. "You're young for the stripes. Lordy, it's easier to get three now than one in my day. Gunners were old soldiers then, and the grey hairs came quicker than the three stripes."

"I am eight years service, sir," cried the sergeant, "Macdonald is my name—Sergeant Macdonald, of H. Battery, Southern Artillery Division. I have called as the spokesman of my mates at the gunners' barracks to say that we are proud to have you in the town, sir."

Old Brewster chuckled and rubbed his bony hands. "That were what the Regent said," he cried. "'The ridgment is proud of ye,' says he. 'And I'm proud of the ridgment,' says I. 'And a damned good answer, too,' says he, and he and Lord Hill bust out a laughin'."

"The non-commissioned mess would be proud and honoured to see you, sir," said Sergeant Macdonald, "and if you could step as far you'll always find a pipe o' baccy and a glass o' grog awaitin' you."

The old man laughed until he coughed. "Like to see me, would they? The dogs!" said he. "Well, well, when the warm weather comes again I'll maybe drop in. It's likely that I'll drop in. Too grand for a canteen, eh? Got your mess just the same as the officers. What's the world a-comin' too at all!"

"You was in the line, sir, was you not?" asked the sergeant, respectfully.

"The line?" cried the old man with shrill scorn, "never wore a shako in my life. I am a guardsman, I am. Served in the third guards—the same they call now the Scots Guards. Lordy, but they have all marched away, every one of them, from old Colonel Byng down to the drummer boys, and here am I a straggler—that's what I am, sergeant, a straggler! I'm here when I ought to be there. But it ain't my fault neither, for I've never been called, and I'm ready to fall in when the word comes."

"We've all got to muster there," said the sergeant. "Won't you try my baccy, sir?" handing over a sealskin pouch.

Old Brewster drew a blackened clay pipe from his pocket, and began to stuff the tobacco into the bowl. In an instant it slipped through his fingers and was broken to pieces on the floor. His lip quivered, his nose puckered up, and he began crying with the long, helpless sobs of a child. "I've broke my pipe," he cried.

"Don't, uncle, oh don't," cried Norah, bending over him and patting his white head as one soothes a baby. "It don't matter. We can easy get another."

"Don't you fret yourself, sir," said the sergeant. "'Ere's a wooden pipe with an amber mouth, if you'll do me the honour to accept it from me. I'd be real glad if you will take it."

"Jimini!" cried he, his smiles breaking in an instant through his tears. "It's a fine pipe. See to my new pipe, Norah. I lay that Jarge never had a pipe like that. You've got your firelock there, sergeant."

"Yes, sir; I was on my way back from the butts when I looked in."

"Let me have the feel of it. Lordy, but it seems like old times to have one's hand on a musket. What's the manual, sergeant, eh? Cock your firelock—look to your priming—present your firelock—eh, sergeant? Oh, Jimini, I've broken your musket in halves?"

"That's all right, sir," cried the gunner, laughing; "you pressed on the lever and opened the breech-piece. That's where we load 'em, you know."

"Load 'em at the wrong end! Well, well, to think o' that. And no ramrod, neither! I've heard tell of it, but I never believed it afore. Ah, it won't come up to brown Bess. When there's work to be done you mark my word and see if they don't come back to brown Bess."

"By the Lord, sir," cried the sergeant, hotly, "they need some change out in South Africa now. I see by this morning's paper that the Government has knuckled under to these Boers. They're hot about it at the non-com. mess, I can tell you, sir."

"Eh, eh," croaked old Brewster. "By Jimini, it wouldn't ha' done for the Dook; the Dook would ha' had a word to say over that!"

"Ah, that he would, sir," cried the sergeant; "and God send us another like him. But I've wearied you enough for one sitting. I'll look in again, and I'll bring a com-

rade or two with me if I may, for there isn't one but would be proud to have speech with you."

So with another salute to the veteran, and a gleam of white teeth at Norah, the big gunner withdrew, leaving a memory of blue cloth and of gold braid behind him. Many days had not passed, however, before he was back again, and through all the long winter he was a frequent visitor at Arsenal View. There came a time at last when it might be doubted to which of the two occupants his visits were directed, nor was it hard to say by which he was most anxiously awaited. He brought others with him, and soon, through all the lines, a pilgrimage to Daddy Brewster's came to be looked upon as the proper thing to do. Gunners and sappers, linesmen and dragoons, came bowing and bobbing into the little parlour, with clatter of side-arms and clink of spurs, stretching their long legs across the patchwork rug, and hunting in the front of their tunics for the screw of tobacco, or paper of snuff, which they had brought as a sign of their esteem.

It was a deadly cold winter, with six weeks on end of snow on the ground, and Norah had a hard task to keep the life in that time-worn body. There were times when his mind would leave him, and when, save for an outcry when the hour of his meals came round, no word would fall from him, save vague ramblings and mumbings. He was a white-haired child, with all a child's troubles and emotions. As the warm weather came once more, however, and the green buds peeped forth again upon the trees, the blood thawed in his veins, and he would even drag himself as far as the door to bask in the life-giving sunshine. He was seated there one afternoon upon his camp-stool, when there came an elderly, grey-whiskered gentleman, swinging his cane, and glancing up at the numbers of the houses.

"Hullo," said he, when he came abreast of the old man, "perhaps you are Gregory Brewster!"

"My name, sir," answered the veteran.

"You are the same Brewster, as I understand, who's name is on the roll of the Scots Guards as having been present at the battle of Waterloo?"

"I am that man, sir, though we called it the third guards in those days. It was a fine ridgment, and they only need me to make up a full muster."

"Tut, tut, they'll have to wait years for that," said the gentleman heartily; "but I am the colonel of the Scots Guards, and I thought I would like to have a word with you."

Old Gregory Brewster was up in an instant, with his hand to his rabbit-skin cap. "God bless me," he cried, "to think of it; to think of it."

"Hadn't the gentleman better come in?" suggested the practical Norah from behind the door.

"Surely, sir, surely; walk in, sir, if I may be so bold." In his excitement he had forgotten his stick, and as he led the way into the parlour, his knees tottered, and he threw out his hands. In an instant the colonel had caught him on one side, and Norah on the other.

"Easy and steady," said the colonel as he led him to his armchair.

"Thank ye, sir; I was near gone that time. But, Lordy, why I can scarce believe it. To think of me the corporal of the flank company, and you the colonel of the battalion. Lordy, but how things come round to be sure."

"Why, we are very proud of you in London," said the colonel. "And so you are actually one of the men who held Hougoumont?" He looked at the bony trembling hands with their huge knotted knuckles, the stringy throat, and the heaving rounded shoulders. Could this, indeed, be the last of that band of heroes? Then he glanced at the half-filled phials, the blue liniment bottles, the long-spouted kettle, and the sordid details of the sick room. "Better, surely, had he died under the blazing rafters of the Belgian farmhouse," thought the colonel.

"I hope that you are pretty comfortable and happy," he remarked after a pause.

"Thank ye, sir. I have a good deal of trouble with my toobes—a deal of trouble. You wouldn't think the job it is to cut the phlegm. And I need my rations. I gets cold without 'em. And my joints—they ain't what they ought to be."

"How's the memory?" asked the colonel.

"Oh, there ain't nothing amiss there. Why, sir, I could give you the name of every man in Captain Haldane's flank company."

"And the battle—you remember it?"



WAR.

"Why, I sees it all afore me every time I shuts my eyes. Lordy, sir, you wouldn't hardly believe how clear it is to me. There's our line from the paregoric bottle right along to the snuff-box. D'ye see? Well, then the pill-box is for Hongoumont on the right, where we was; and Norah's thimble for La Hay Saint. There it is all right, sir, and here were our guns, and here, behind, the reserves and the Belgians. Ach, them Belgians!" He spat furiously into the fire. "Then here's the French where my pipe lies, and over here, where I put my baccy pouch, was the Proosians a-comin' up on our left flank. Jimini, but it was a glad sight to see the smoke of their guns."

"And what was it that struck you most now in connection with the whole affair?" asked the Colonel.

"I lost three half-crowns over it, I did," crooned old Brewster, "I shouldn't wonder if I was never to get that money now. I lent 'em to Jabez Smith, my rear rank man, in Brussels. 'Only till pay-day, Grig,' said he. By Jimini, he was stuck by a lancer at Quarter Brass, and me with not so much as a slip o' paper to prove the debt! Them three half-crowns is as good as lost to me."

The Colonel rose from his chair, laughing. "The officers of the Guards want you to buy yourself some little trifle which may add to your comfort," he said. "It is not from me, so you need not thank me." He took up the old man's tobacco pouch, and slipped a crisp bank note inside it.

"Thank ye, kindly, sir. But there's one favour that I would like to ask you, Colonel."

"Yes, my man?"

"If I'm called, Colonel, you won't grudge me a flag and a firing party? I'm not a civilian; I'm a guardsman—I'm the last of the old third guards. When I'm gone they'll have a good muster yonder."

"All right, my man, I'll see to it," said the Colonel.

"Good-bye; I hope to have nothing but good news from you."

"A kind gentleman, Norah," croaked old Brewster, as they saw him walk past the window; "but, Lordy, he ain't fit to black the boots o' my old Colonel Byng."

Early in May the veteran's breathing grew more laboured, and he had a sore struggle for air. For weeks on end he lay gasping, propped with pillows, until his feeble spark of life was but a flickering thing, which any hour might extinguish. The young curate of the parish used to come in one evening and read the Bible to him, but he seemed to take little notice of it for the most part. Only the chapters about Joshua and the wars of the Israelites appeared to fix his attention, and he held his trembling hand up to his ear for fear of missing a word of them.

"I say," he croaked one night, "what's that great fight that is to be?"

"Armageddon?"

"Aye, that's the word. That's the great battle in the other world, ain't it?"

"It is the great final fight," said the curate. "It is said to be typical of the struggle between good and evil."

The old man lay silent for a long time. "I s'pects the third guards 'll be there," he remarked, at last. "And the Dook—the Dook 'll have something to say."

It was the 18th of June, the anniversary of the great victory, when things came at last to a crisis with the old soldier. All day he had lain with nothing but his puffing blue lips, and the twitching of his scraggy neck to show that he still held the breath of life. Norah and Sergeant Macdonald had sat by him in the afternoon, but he had shown no consciousness of their presence. He lay peacefully, his eyes half-closed, his hands under his cheek, as one who is very weary.

They had left him for an instant, and were sitting in the front room where Norah was preparing the tea, when of a sudden they heard his footstep in the room above, and a shout that rang through the house. Loud and clear and swelling, it pealed in their ears, a voice full of strength and energy and fiery passion. "The guards need powder," it cried, and yet again, "the guards need powder."

The sergeant sprang from his chair and rushed upstairs, followed by the trembling Norah. There was the old man standing by his bedside, his blue eyes sparkling, his white hair bristling, his whole figure towering and expanding, with eagle head and glance of fire. "The guards need powder," he thundered once again, "and by God they shall have it!" He threw up his long sinewy arms, and sank back with a groan upon his pallet. The sergeant stooped over him, and his face darkened.

"Oh, Archie, Archie," sobbed the frightened girl, "what do you think of him?"

The sergeant turned away. "I think," said he, "that the third guards have a full muster now."

—A. CONAN DOYLE, in *Black and White*.

OUT WEST.

I.

Qu'Appelle! The Vale of Qu'Appelle! The words still sound charming to our ears, recalling pleasant memories of red men, half-breeds, beautiful lakes and north-west romance. Prosaic indeed must be the traveller who can sit in the lodges listening to the traditions of the natives without a pang of regret, and a longing to gaze once more upon the boundless prairie covered with thousands of buffalo,

dotted with buffalo-skin lodges, ornamented with pictures of various colours detailing the history of the martial heroes of the camp, and the large bands of antelope which roamed in innocence amid the primitive glory of the plains of Assiniboia. Alas! a great change has come in the interests of civilization, but the poet and artist cannot fail to drop a tear in silence for the faded glory of the native races, who, as they gaze upon the iron horse rushing past, cannot help "nursing their wrath to keep it warm."

It was a beautiful morning, in the month of September, that we left the railroad station of Qu'Appelle and northward sped toward the pretty village in the lovely Vale of Qu'Appelle. Two uneventful hours quickly passed, and as we sat with head reclining, musing upon the stories we had heard of the spirits which flitted from stone to bush and lodge, we heeded not the scattered settlers' homes. A word from the driver, and there at our feet lay the pretty village. What a charming scene! Resting a few moments upon the hill, the eye wandered across the lovely valley, fully three miles wide, where in the distant past lazily pursued its eastward course, the river Qu'Appelle. Eastward and westward, for twenty miles or more, stretched a line of lakes, connected by a small river, which at this time was dry. Upon a narrow neck of land between two of the lakes were clustered the houses which comprised the village of Fort Qu'Appelle. Tiny craft were plying to and fro upon the lakes, the largest of which was six miles long and about three miles wide. Descending the hill, we spent a few hours at the home of a friend and then away we sped along the shore of one of the lakes eastward to feast our eyes and gather inspiration for succeeding days. Chatting freely and yet keeping an observant eye for the beauties of nature, the cup of our happiness seemed filled to the brim. Nestling under the banks of the valley at the edge of the lakes were many primitive looking log cabins belonging to the half-breeds, attracted by the fish in the lakes and the timber which covered the slopes of the valley. Small fishing craft were drawn up on the beach, and fishing nets were hanging up to dry beside the lonely dwellings. Lonely did we say?—there were many children scantily dressed running in childish glee, happy, indeed, in their poverty and filth.

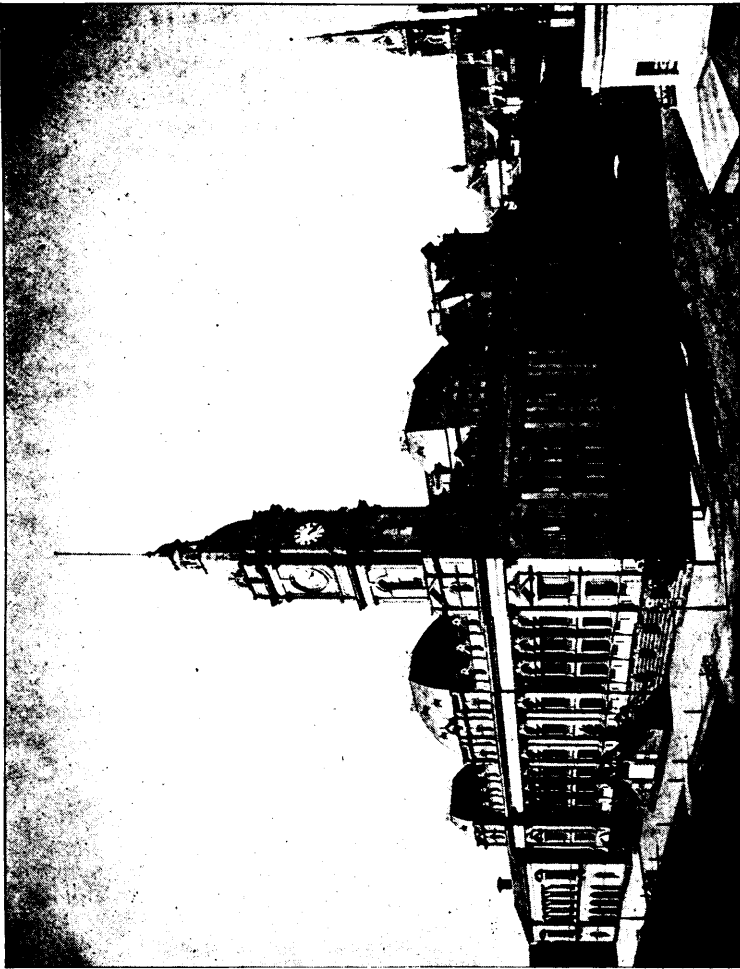
Three miles from the fort stood the Indian Industrial School, presided over by the genial and cultured Father Hugouard. The Dominion Government has erected extensive brick buildings as a place of residence for the children of the Indian reserves who can be induced to attend to receive an elementary English education and be taught a trade. The boys are taught under the supervision of the priests, and the girls have the care and instruction of the nuns. It was after school hours and smaller children were in sportive glee chasing each other around the playground, while out in the fields the elder scholars—boys and girls—were busily working, and a merry group they seemed to be.

Homeward we journeyed with images of the past rising before us, the river rushing down the vale, and the smoking lodges encamped upon its banks. It was in the days of yore, the natives say, that the Indian lover roamed the forest, and at eventide he heard a voice mention his name. It was a familiar voice, which oftentimes had touched his heart with joy, but now fear shook his frame as he called aloud in reply, "Qu'Appelle?" Twice did the spirit mention his name, and then, with strange forebodings, he stepped into his canoe and allowed it to glide gently down the stream, musing meanwhile upon the purport of the message from the spirit land. At early sunrise he drew his canoe ashore and through the narrow fringe of trees which skirted the river he passed. Upon the gentle sloping prairie a number of lodges were pitched, and around one of them, which wore a familiar appearance, a small group of people were gathered in deep silence. His heart divined the purport of the message, and slowly approaching the company he enquired the cause of their sorrow. They told him, with tears, that as the sun was slowly sinking the previous day the spirit of his lovely bride had fled. With grief unspoken he lingered awhile and then sadly entered his canoe. Out into the great unknown wastes he wandered, gliding slowly with the waters, and mortal never saw again the faithful lover of the lodges.

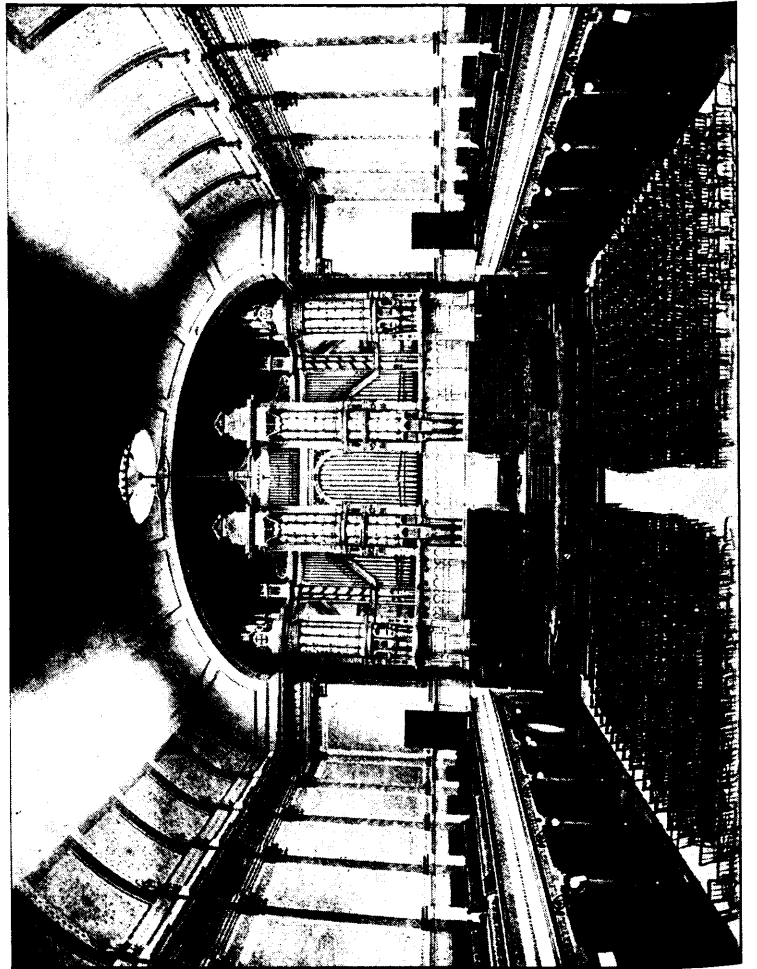
The shades of night fell upon us, and as we cast a retreating glance upon the lakes in the beautiful vale we thought we heard from out of the waters the voice of the Indian lover; and, as we listened, all we heard him say was "Qu'Appelle!"

ROBIN RUSTLER.

MOOSEJAW, Assiniboia.



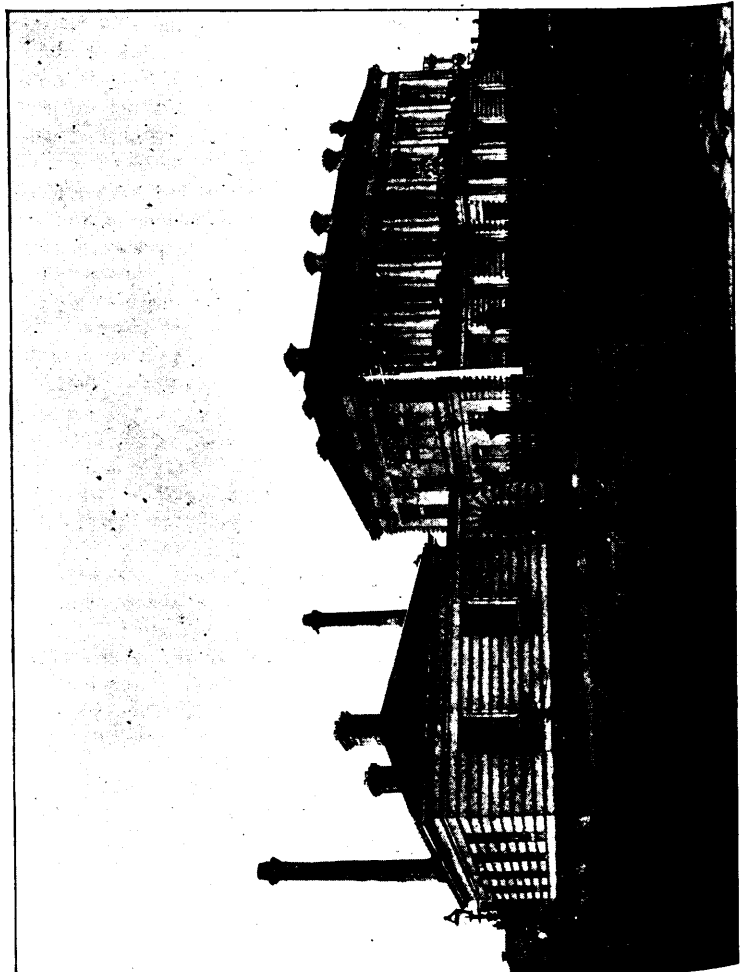
THE TOWN HALL.



INTERIOR OF TOWN HALL.



THE POST OFFICE.

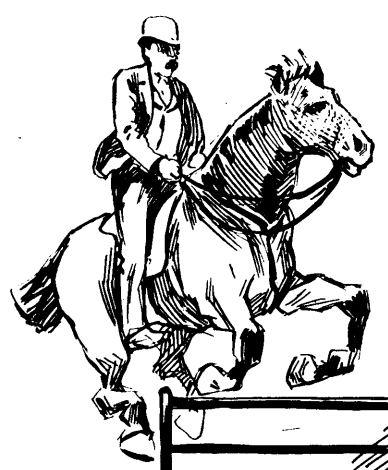


THE MIN'.

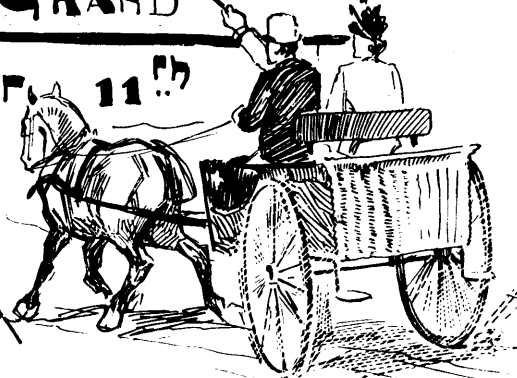
THE COMMONWEALTH OF AUSTRALIA.—VIEWS IN MELBOURNE.

The Horse Show in Toronto
 Given in aid of the
 Childrens Fresh Air Fund
 by M^r. W. D. GRAND

Sat. Apr. 11th



Hurdle Jumping



The Trot Test



The Judges



The Press

W. D. Grand



SCENE ON EVERETT STREET.
THE RECENT FLOODS IN BELLEVILLE.

OUR LONDON LETTER.

LONDON, April 4, 1891.

I thought when I read the accounts of the blizzard in the papers that the reporters were exaggerating somewhat, especially when they spoke of the snow in the extreme south-west of England—Devonshire and Cornwall. One read of trains being snowed up in Devonshire and of whole districts totally inaccessible at the Lizard in Cornwall, and one rubbed one's eyes and wondered if such things could be in England, which, however cold and damp it might be, had never—at all events within one's memory—gone in for snow of that kind before. As I say, I doubted, but I doubt no longer. I had occasion to spend Easter in one of the warmest and most sheltered spots in Devon, and even at Easter, three weeks after the actual storm, some of the roads and lanes were actually impassable by reason of the depth of snow which still lingered about. Never has such snow been known in Devon.

An event of the greatest interest in musical and theatrical circles occurred this week in the marriage of Miss Geraldine Ulmar, the chief female *artiste* in "La Cigale," to Mr. Felix Telkin (better known as Mr. Ivan Caryl) the musical director of the Lyric Theatre, at which house "La Cigale" is now being played. The marriage took place at St. George's, Hanover Square, and was very largely attended by people well known in the sister professions. Miss Ulmar is an American, having been born at Boston in 1862, where she first made a mark as a public singer in the Boston Ideal Opera Company. In 1885 she joined one of Mr. D'Oyly Carte's companies, playing Sir Arthur Sullivan's operas in America, coming to England, under Mr. Carte, in 1886, where she immediately created a sensation. Since then her rise in popular estimation has been very rapid, culminating in her exquisite rendering of the part of Marton in "La Cigale," in which she is still playing.

Miss Ellen Farrer, or "Our Nellie," as the gallery boys love to call her, will make her last appearance in England, prior to her departure to Australia, at Herr Meyer Lutz's benefit, which will take place next week. On her return to England, Miss Farrer will appear in the title *role* in a new burlesque, "Cinderella," which will positively be the last piece of the sort in which she will play, as she intends to devote herself entirely to comedy, in which it will be remembered she played when first appearing on the stage.

One of the most eagerly looked for theatrical productions of the present season is "Richard Savage," which will be produced at a matinee at the Criterion Theatre next week, with a very strong cast, including Bernard Gould, (known to art as Bernard Partridge) Cyril Maude, Leonard Outram, Louise Moodie, Helen Forsyth and Phyllis Broughton. The author, Mr. J. M. Barrie, is better known as a novelist and essayist than as a dramatist, this being his first play. He is a young Scotchman.

Ever since the great dock strike, when labor wrestled with capital and bested it, papers issued in the labor interest have been coming out almost without number,—although in very

many cases their lives have been but short. Mr. Tom Mann has just started a paper of his own, and we are promised on April 16 a new weekly, entitled *The Labour Vanguard*, which will hold very advanced political opinions, and which will number among its contributors every one of note in the Socialist and Radical parties—from Annie Besant and John Burns to the Rev. Stewart Headlam and G. Bernard Shaw. From what I have heard, I should think that this paper, at least, has come to stay.

Who does not remember, when travelling on the continent, the buff-coloured volumes which are issued from the publishing house of Baron Tauchnitz? For many years the Baron has held the monopoly of supplying the works of English writers to English travellers on the continent, but now he is to have two rivals. Mr. T. Fisher Unwin, the well-known London publisher, has just projected a series of volumes, to be issued at intervals, of both fiction and biography, and a company has been formed, Messrs. Heinemann & Balestier, who will issue immediately a series of novels by well-known writers, which will make them at once serious rivals to the Baron.

Last Tuesday night the Theatre Royal, Chelsea Barracks, was crowded to overflowing by fashionable London, anxious to see the new burlesque which the Brigade of Guards had prepared, as is their yearly wont. This year "Robinson Crusoe" is the subject, an excellent libretto having been written by Mr. W. Vardley and tuneful music by Mr. Edward Solomon. The acting was splendid, the general verdict of dramatic critics and the public alike being

that no better could be seen even on the professional stage. Especial praise must be given to Lieut.-Col. Nugent as Paul Prior, Major Ricardo as Robinson Crusoe and Lieutenant Macdonald as Will Atkins. Of the female portion of the company, particular mention must be given to the graceful dancing of Mrs. C. Crutchley and the Misses Saville Clarke.

Mr. Charles Wyndham can hardly be unreservedly congratulated on his revival of the "School for Scandal" at the Criterion Theatre. As played on the first night, it lacked gaiety and spontaneity—the characters seemed not to properly comprehend their parts. The brilliant exception to this was Mr. Charles Wyndham himself as Charles Surface; when he was on the stage all went well, he carried everything before him in his own inimitable way, his rendering of the character being one of the very best which have been seen within the memory of living play-goers. Mrs. Bernard Beere, as Lady Teazle, looked well and worked hard, but the result was unsatisfactory, while Mr. Arthur Bourchier, as Joseph Surface, was undeniably bad.

GRANT RICHARDS.

The Rush and Worry of Modern Life.

We pride ourselves on our superiority to our fathers; but while we enjoy more, we also suffer more, from a thousand artificial anxieties and cares. They fatigued only the muscles; we exhaust the finer strength of the nerves; and the result is that loss of stamina, of hopefulness, and of zest for the simple pleasures of life, which leads to disgust, life-weariness, and finally to self-destruction. To all this may be added the education, begun too early and goaded on too fast; and, again, from premature responsibility and the engagement of untrained minds in the toils of life. Boys and girls of to-day are often men and women in the experience of life and its excitements, and *ennuyés* or *blasés* at an age when their grandparents were flying kites and dressing dolls. The young man, scoring the old slow roads to success, and determined to dazzle the world and conquer its honors by a *coup de main*, "consumes in an hour the oil of the lamp which should burn throughout the night," and, ere he reaches the meridian of life, exhibits the haggard face, the sunken eye, and the feeble gait which belong to "weird old." Who can wonder that under such circumstances life becomes "weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable," and that the poor, worn-out victim of ambition and overwork, who has never once rested his brain or "possessed his soul" during this hot pursuit of wealth and fame, should seek to end his days, and with them

"The heartache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to?"

—WILLIAM MATHEWS, in *North American Review* for April.

THE DRAWBACKS OF JOURNALISM. — Dick: Why couldn't Harry go with us to the theatre to-night?

Tom:—He couldn't possibly come; had to write the criticisms of the plays for to-morrow's papers, and have them in by eight o'clock.—*Harvard Lampoon*.



VIEW FROM THE UPPER BRIDGE.
THE RECENT FLOODS IN BELLEVILLE.



A QUIET CORNER ON MOUNT ROYAL.

Federation—Soon or Never.

In his article, "Canada and Imperial Federation," in the March number of the *Fortnightly Review*, Mr. J. W. Longley advocates Canadian independence. But he is not anxious for an early decision for or against it, although he terms it a "great injustice to the public spirit of the Canadian people to suppose that they will always be content to enjoy the benefits of British connection without sharing its burdens and responsibilities." He rightly thinks that the chances of gaining and maintaining independence will not be lessened by waiting. "The period has not yet been reached," he remarks, "when Canada shall feel strong enough to stand alone. This involves difficulties and responsibilities. Besides, the present generation contains many who are extremely, perhaps bigotedly, attached to Britain and British rule, and who would be unwilling to listen to any proposal involving separation * * * But old generations are passing away and new generations are arising; and in proportion as the country develops in population, wealth and power, these ancient prejudices will disappear, and each day will see the spirit of national pride grow stronger. * * * The germ has been planted, and the idea is manifestly growing in the heart of young Canada."

Here Mr. Longley indirectly gives a most grave warning to those whose first aspiration is the coherence of our grand empire, and who decline to consider other alternatives while any hope of federation remains. To them "now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation." Goldwin Smith in his "Canada and the Canadian Question," alludes thus scornfully to those imperial federationists who think it too early to reveal their plan:—"They say it is not yet time for the disclosure. Not yet time, when the last strand of political connection is worn almost to the last thread, and when every day the sentiment opposed to centralization is implanting itself more deeply in colonial hearts! While we are bidden to wait patiently for the tide, the tide is running strongly the other way." This is the utterance of an opponent of federation, and is, I hope, a little pessimistic. But many of the most thoughtful friends of the movement feel the time has come to ask for a verdict for or against the principle (if not for or against a specific scheme) of imperial federation. Mr. Stead, in a recent number of the "Review of Reviews," observed that "time was of the essence of the contract." Judge Haliburton thought the establishment

of lines of steamers ushered in the era "when the treatment of adults should supersede that of children." Hon. Joseph Howe thought the epoch had arrived in 1866. His brochure on "The Organization of the Empire," which was published in that year in London, contains the following, among its many ringing sentences:—"If there are any communities of British origin anywhere who desire to enjoy all the privileges and immunities of the Queen's subjects without paying for and defending them, let us ascertain who and where they are—let us measure the proportions of political repudiation now, in a season of tranquility—when we have leisure to gauge the extent of the evil and to apply correctives, rather than wait till war finds us unprepared and leaning upon presumptions in which there is no reality." Mr. Blake evidently believes the time for federating the empire has gone by. He made a plea for federation in his Aurora speech in 1874, but has dropped the subject since. And in his late letter he prefaces his opinion that the future of Canada should be settled by deliberation and not by drift with these significant words, "while not disguising my view that events have already greatly narrowed our apparent range and impeded our apparent liberty of action."

Though not, I trust, already past, the time for attaining full national life in equal partnership with other members of the empire is certainly passing. Canada is becoming more and more the "be-all and end-all" for Canadians, as Australia is for Australians. Some advocates of imperial federation are unwilling to accept it unless it be linked with an imperial zollverein or some favourite fad of their own. Others pretend to favour it only to stave off annexation until Canada is strong enough for independence. If the chief dependencies of the empire are ever to vote that the majestic whole is of more importance even than its nearest and dearest part, and that the coherence of the whole requires a reciprocity of rights and obligations between its co-ordinate parts, the vote must be taken soon.

But for the dangers attending the half century or so that must elapse before the country is sufficiently rich and populous for a secure independence—dangers that imperil the supremacy which Providence seems to offer the Anglo-Saxon race for a beneficent end—the present verdict of Canada would doubtless be for the *status quo*, and its ultimate verdict for independence. To all of us who recognize these dangers it is gratifying to see so much discussion of the

future of Canada, so many practical protests against "the inglorious policy of drift." The symptoms are that this country is not going to cling blindly to its mother's skirts until it is shaken off with a rebuff—unless, indeed, the rebuff should come unexpectedly soon. Most thoughtful Canadians—and it now seems likely that the thoughtful minority may move the inert mass—are in sympathy with the stirring appeal of Professor Roberts:—

"But thou, my country, dream not thou!
Wake, and behold how night is done—
How on thy heart, and o'er thy brow,
Bursts the uprising sun!"

F. BLAKE CROFTON.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The Dominion Coat of Arms.

To the Editor of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED:

SIR,—Without discussing the design for the new coat of arms for the Dominion, as submitted by Mr. Lighthall in your issue of the 28th, allow me to enter a protest against the motto he has selected, "True North." One of the great objections entered in immigration work is the idea that Canada is situated so far north as to be almost within the Arctic region, whereas, on the contrary, our latitude is the same as that of the most fertile districts of Europe. Such a motto as "True North" would do much to encourage the erroneous opinion prevailing in Europe, and would be especially inappropriate at a time when west of Lake Superior we are endeavouring to have the designation of "North West Territories" changed to that of "Western Territories."

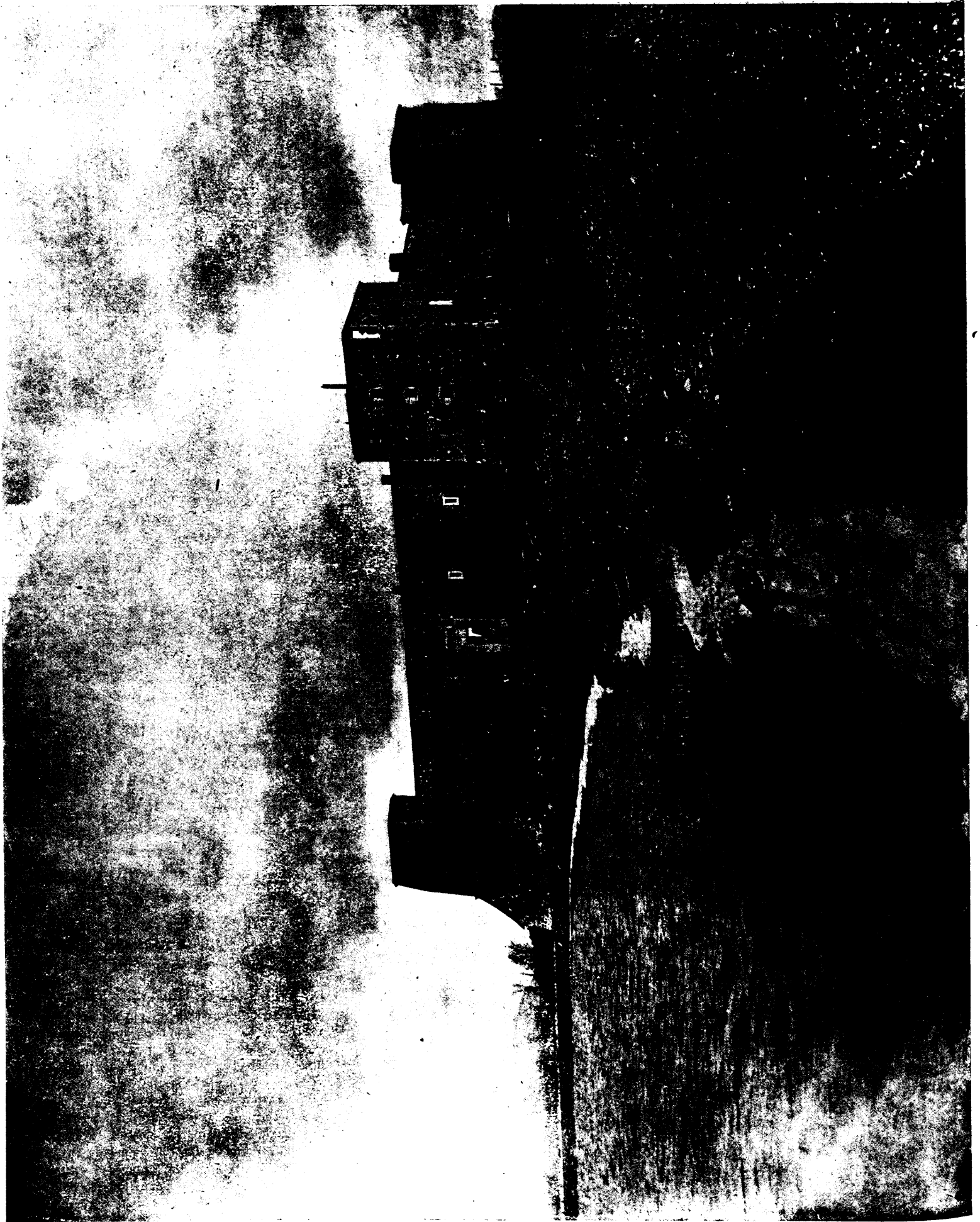
Yours truly,

ACTON BURROWS.

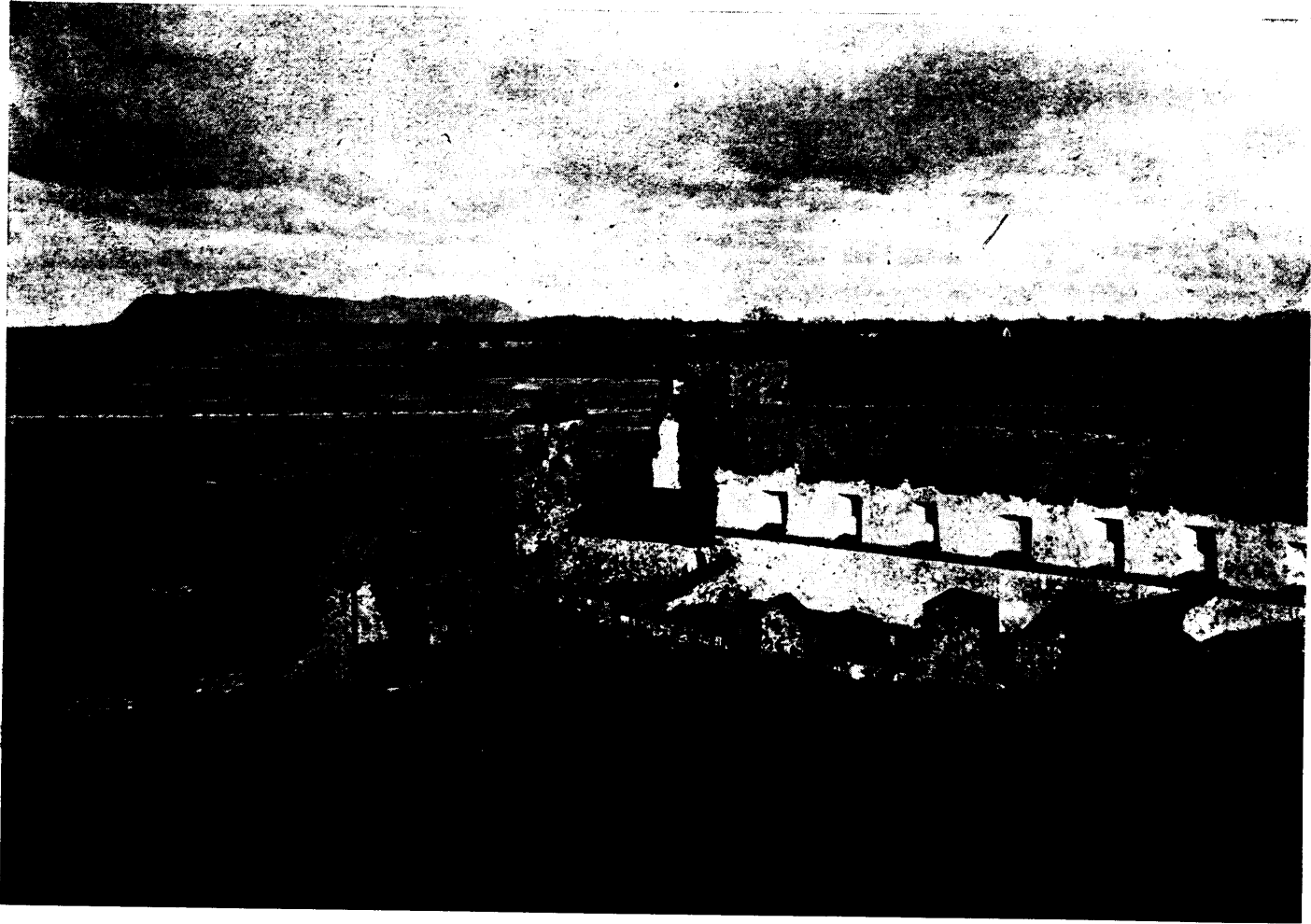
WINNIPEG, March 31, 1891.

A POET WRITES: "I kissed her under the silent stars"—and ever so much more copy does he offer to supply us withal.

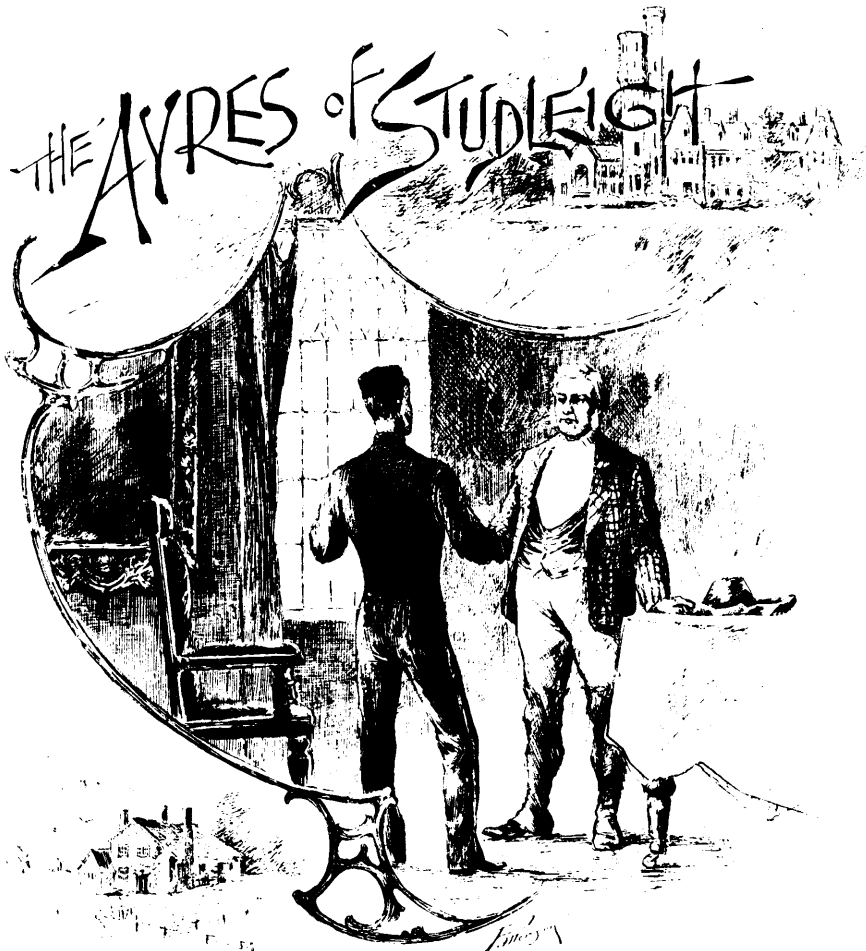
We can't accept it. But we can give him a word of advice. Don't kiss her under the silent stars next time, but under the silent nose. You'll find it better so. *Typical Times.*



EXTERIOR VIEW.
THE OLD FORT AT CHAMBLY, P.Q.



INTERIOR VIEWS.
THE OLD FORT AT CHAMBLY, P.Q.



BY ANNIE S. SWAN.

Author of "Aldersyde," "Twice Tried," "A Vexed Inheritance," "The Gates of Eden," &c.

(Exclusive rights for Canada purchased by the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED.)

More than once an Abbot and an Ayre had sat side by side at Eton, and been undergraduates together at Oxford, for centuries of thrift and well-doing had accumulated good money in the Pine Edge coffers, and there had never been a spend-thrift or a ne'er-do-weel among them. There was no heir now to fill Christopher Abbot's shoes—he dwelt alone in the old house, a widowed man with one child, a daughter, who was the sunshine of his life. There had never been a large family in Pine Edge. Christopher himself was an only son, as his father had been before him. There had been no daughter born to the house for a century before Rachel.

"Not even for my sake, Emily?" repeated the Squire, anxiously, and his tone smote her to the heart.

"You make it hard for me, William, but I cannot do it," she said slowly. "I have others to consider. You know what my people think on such questions. I confess, though I am not a nervous woman, I do not like to contemplate my mother's reception of this news. She would be indignant even at so slight a hesitation on my part. She would be quick to tell me that my duty was absolutely clear."

"I understand, dear, that when a woman marries she might in a sense be expected to concur a little in her husband's views, at least to give them some slight consideration," said William Ayre. "Perhaps it is not to be expected that I should entertain sentiments so lofty as the Countess of Portmayne," he added, with mild sarcasm, "yet I cannot but think my own views are more in keeping with the broad spirit of charity the Bible itself teaches. If Geoffrey truly loves this woman and she loves him, I think it is my duty, and yours too, for my sake, to send them on their way with words of love and hope."

She slightly shook her head and made a movement towards the door.

"Is there no hope then, Emily? If the marriage takes place at all, it must be immediately. Will you not at least countenance it with your presence?" he asked, eager for some concession.

"I cannot tell. I am anxious to do my duty. I shall write to my mother to-night," she answered, somewhat hurriedly, for she felt the appealing glance of his eye, and it distressed her to appear so obdurate. She gave him no chance of further pleading just then, for with a murmured excuse that the child would require her in the nursery she left the room.

William Ayre sighed as he heard the silken skirt sweep through the doorway. He was both hurt and disappointed, and the idea that she should deem it needful to consult Lady Portmayne before deciding a matter which was of moment to them alone, caused him a sense of irritation, which his wife's august kindred had too often awakened already. They were distinctly condescending in their behaviour to the Squire of Studleigh, and he had an intuitive feeling that they regarded their second daughter in the light of a social failure because she had married him. Even to his gentle nature such a thought was galling, and he found it more conducive to his peace of mind not to come too much in contact with them. Certain amount of intercourse was inevitable, for Lady Emily was devoted to her own people, and thought they could do no wrong. Her mother was her pattern and though it was an immaculate pattern so far, it had few touches of kindness or gentleness of heart to beautify it.

It was the prayer of William Ayre's life that his wife would be saved from such a soulless age.

CHAPTER III.—THE SOLDIER'S WOOING.

Pine Edge was rightly named. The house stood upon the abrupt face of a wooded slope, and overlooked the whole valley of the Ayre and the fine old park of Studleigh. It did not look like a farm house, especially as the out-buildings and the barnyards were quite behind, and not visible, except from the North windows. It had originally been a low, flat-roofed house, built in cottage style, but roomy and commodious within. From time to time it had been added to—a room here, and a larger window there—indeed, it had assumed the dimensions of a small mansion. These improvements

had, as a rule, been made by the Abbots themselves, at their own expense, but sanctioned by the Squire. They had been in the place so long that they looked upon it as their own. The result was as picturesque and desirable a residence as any man could wish. It was built very near to the edge of this woody hillock, but there was room before the house for a belt of green sward, which was close and rich as finest velvet. The house was overrun with creepers, and the sunniest gable had a fine old rose tree clambering upon it, which was seldom without blooms. The dining-room was large for a farm house, because, when Christopher's father married, he had built a new drawing-room, and thrown the old one into the dining-room. It had two long windows—one opening upon the little lawn, and the other looking right into the pine woods. The furnishings were old and heavy and sombre; the carved sideboards had stood in Pine Edge for generations. The pictures were old, too—family portraits, with one or two modern landscapes, all good and valuable as works of art. A great silver bowl stood in the centre of the table, filled with roses, and two quaint china jars on the mantelpiece held some graceful sprays of the dogberry and wild grasses. It was a sombre room; the crimson velvet hangings at the window were not relieved by the customary lace beside them; they hung in straight rich folds from the heavy gilt cornice, and were not fastened in any way. Yet there was a subdued and pleasant charm about that room, which every one felt. The drawing-room was very pretty, filled with light and bright, beautiful things; but the sombre window which looked out upon the pine wood was Rachel Abbot's favourite seat in the house.

She was sitting there in the pleasant gloaming that evening, with her work lying on her knee, and her hands folded above it. Of what was she thinking as her eyes looked into the dark shadows of the pines? We may look at her in her reverie undisturbed. She was leaning back in her chair, and her cheek touched the rich velvet of the hangings. The warm tint against her cheek seemed to give it a tinge of colour not usual to it. Rachel had not a fair complexion. She was dark skinned, like her father; but it was a clear, healthy hue, and it was in keeping with the masses of her dark hair, and the fringes of her eye-lashes. The eyes themselves were wonderful, of that strange, uncertain, lovely hue which, for lack of a better name, we call hazel. They were very deep and liquid, not mirroring every passing thought like lighter orbs; you had to look into their depths to find Rachel Abbot's soul. Her mouth was very strong and resolute, yet indescribably sweet; the whole expression one of power and thought, yet suggestive of the tenderest attributes of womanhood. She wore a grey gown of some soft, fine material, without a touch of any colour to relieve it, but there was no suggestion of anything lacking. Everything Rachel Abbot wore became her, and seemed to be part of herself.

Such was the woman Geoffrey Ayre had chosen, and as she sat there she looked fit enough to reign in Studleigh, ay, even in Lady Emily's place. It was because Lady Emily had recognized her superiority—had been compelled in her own mind to acknowledge her a queen among women, that all these years she had silently been jealous of her, although the mere hint that she could be jealous of any woman, least of all a farmer's daughter, would have sent the flush of pride to the patrician's haughty cheek. In her own mind, too, so quick of intuition are some women, Rachel Abbot was conscious of her ladyship's disapproval and dislike. For long it had not troubled her—but now—

"Lieutenant Ayre, Miss Rachel."

The housemaid's voice roused her, and she sprang up just as Geoffrey was shown in.

"Good evening, Mr. Ayre," she said, quickly, and even with a trace of nervousness. "Bring the candles, Lucy, and tell father Mr. Ayre has come."

"It is you I want to see, Miss Abbot," said Geoffrey, pointedly, and Rachel was glad that the friendly gloom hid her flushed face. "I don't think candles are at all necessary," he added, with a swift bright smile. "Are you well to-night?"

"Yes, I am always well," Rachel answered. "If

you don't mind the window, may I leave it open? The evening air is so delicious in spring."

"Your father is not in the house, is he?" asked Geoffrey, following her to the open window, and taking the chair opposite.

"No, he never is in just now," answered Rachel, with a slow, beautiful smile. "There is nobody in this world as busy as father, or so utterly idle as I."

Lucy entered just then, set two tall silver candlesticks on the table, and discreetly retired. Rachel had never asked herself what brought the brave soldier so often to Pine Edge; but in the kitchen the matter had been settled long ago, and it was only a question now where Miss Rachel would get her bridesmaids—she had so few girl friends.

"I have come to tell you, Rachel, that I am ordered to India," he said, without any preparation, and keeping his eyes fixed keenly on her face. He saw it change, and her hands tremble over her work.

"Immediately?"

She did not look at him as the brief question left her lip.

"Yes, I am to sail with Sir Randal Vane, of the East India Company, and the other officers, from Portsmouth on the 26th. The troopship with my regiment leaves on Tuesday."

"You have had a very short furlough," she said, in a still passionless voice. "Is there—is there any trouble in India?"

It was with difficulty she asked the question. Geoffrey Ayre's pulses thrilled as he noticed the hesitation in her voice. It was not Rachel's wont. On all occasions her bearing was quiet, serene, self-possessed. He leaned forward in his chair, and laid his strong hand on both of hers.

"Not in the meantime. Rachel, you know I love you. Will you go with me?"

"What are you saying?"

She spoke almost piteously, and now her eyes met his—large, open, wistful, almost imploring.

"I am asking you to be my wife, my darling, and to share a soldier's fortunes. Is it too much to ask? Perhaps so; but as I live, loving you as I do, I cannot go away so far for an indefinite period without you. Do you care for me a little, Rachel?"

"You know I do."

The answer was characteristic of the woman. Evasion of any questions, even the harmless coquetry which in love affairs is supposed to be a woman's right, were unknown to her. In the face of perhaps an eternal separation, she would be true and honest, as was the man who sought her love.

"My darling."

Geoffrey Ayre folded her to his heart, and she let her hands fall upon his shoulders, and her eyes met his radiant with her love. She had given him her whole heart, and with it a trust so boundless and so perfect that she had not a question to ask.

"Perhaps, perhaps, I have been too lightly won," she said at length, with an exquisite wistfulness. "It has been so short—scarcely two months—and yet we cannot always help these things—"

"Hush, my dearest, hush. Too lightly won! Until I saw your face to-night, I had no certainty of what your answer would be. As God is my witness, Rachel, it will be my life endeavour to be worthy of your faith in me."

"The 26th!" repeated Rachel, after a time.

"That is only two weeks, Geoffrey. How awful to part from you so soon."

"There will be no parting, if my wife will go with me."

"Yes, she will go." She spoke quietly, but with a touch of strange emotion, which indicated that the very depths of her being were stirred. "It seems very awful to be able to decide so momentously a question in a moment. But I feel as if it were decided for me; as if the way were laid out for me to go."

"It will be a good preparation for the vicissitudes you may experience as a soldier's wife," he said, with a fond smile. "This afternoon when I got my marching orders, I was fearfully inclined to

rebel, but now I bless the circumstances which have won me a wife, whom perhaps, I would not have won, in the ordinary way, for many months."

Rachel smiled slightly.

"But there is no war?" she said, inquiringly. "What does so unexpected a summons mean, so soon after that fearful campaign from which you have scarcely recovered yet?"

"I suppose there are rumours of disaffection, at least. Will says so, but at the most it will be a mere trifle. You are not afraid, Rachel?"

"I afraid! Perhaps some day you will see that I do not know the meaning of fear."

She withdrew herself from him and sat down, pointing him to a chair also.

"No, no, sit down," she said, with a sweet, low laugh. "I am afraid we have been both extremely rash. We must try and redeem ourselves by discussing this matter calmly, as if we had no interest in it. Do you think it a possible thing that I could go with you on so short a notice?"

"Well, it is short, but I won't go without you, Rachel."

"Could I not come to you after?"

"No, because I intend to take you with me," he repeated, calmly. "You said you would go. No drawing back now, my lady."

"But there are a great many things to consider, and people besides ourselves," she said, soberly. "Does—does the Squire know?"

"Yes; he walked to the coppice gate with me, and bade me God-speed. He will come and see you in the morning, Rachel."

Rachel's eyes filled suddenly, she could not tell why. Although she said nothing, Geoffrey Ayre divined that she, like all others, loved and revered his brother, and was continually touched by his delicate consideration for others.

"Then there is—father."

Rachel spoke more slowly still, and Geoffrey saw her brows contract and her lips droop slightly.

"Yes—I confess, dearest, that it is the thought of your father which makes me feel that I may be a little selfish, and yet I am not afraid to leave it to his decision."

"Can you imagine what it will be for him were he without me, Geoffrey?"

"It will be terrible for him, I know; but I have this feeling, Rachel, that all along he has anticipated this, and been preparing himself for it."

"Do you think so?"

Again that wistful, upward glance which touched him to the quick. Before he could answer they heard a heavy foot in the hall, and Rachel sprang up as the door of the dining-room was opened.

The words of hearty greeting on Christopher Abbot's lips were arrested by the expression on his daughter's face. She swiftly crossed the room, lifted up her face and kissed him, then went out and left them alone.

"Why, why, what's all this; what's the matter with my girl?" he queried, as he laid his broad hat on the table, and turned to the young soldier as he stood by the open window. The old man was quite a picture as he stood there, dressed in the yeoman garb—kneebreeches of fawn cloth, and a blue coat, with a white kerchief round his throat. He had a fine, tall, erect figure, and a clear open face, ruddy on the cheeks like a winter apple, grey eyes like Rachel's, and plentiful white hair which became him well. There were no signs of advancing age about the farmer of Pine Edge. He was as well preserved and hearty as many men half his age.

"You can guess, Mr. Abbot," said Geoffrey, as he offered him his hand. "I have to offer myself now for your acceptance as a son, since Rachel has agreed to be my wife."

"Ay, ay, and that's how the wind has blown. Do you think it's a fair thing now for a gay young soldier like you to come and steal away the heart of a quiet, country girl like my Rachel?"

"She stole away mine first, Abbot; so it is a fair exchange," laughed Geoffrey, and then hesitated, for there was something more to tell. "I love your daughter sincerely and devotedly, as a man should when he seeks a wife," he began in that frank, earnest way of his, which won all hearts. "If you will give her to me, Mr. Abbot, it will be my life endeavour to make her happy."

"I'm not afraid of that, sir—not at all. If I had been, do you think I'd have let you come here as much, and never a word about it? I know what the Ayres are, Mr. Geoffrey, and have ever been—the best that live; but there are other things to be thought of, lad. Although there has always been peace and friendship between Pine Edge and Studleigh, marrying's a different thing. What does the Squire say?"

"The Squire says, God bless us, Mr. Abbot; he will say it to you himself to-morrow."

"He thinks it is no bemeaning of the family, then, to marry into Pine Edge?" asked the old man, quickly. "We are only farmers, of course, but we have our pride and self-respect, and I wadn't wish my daughter to push herself into an unwilling family, who would maybe break her heart."

"I assure you that could not possibly happen in our case. My brother himself told me to-night he would come and see Rachel to-morrow if she promised to be my wife. Of course it is possible that Lady Emily may not altogether approve; but, though she is William's wife, she is not exactly our family."

"Well, I will say that if you have the Squire's goodwill and sanction, I would not let that stand in the way, though sorry to vex her ladyship," said Christopher Abbot, with a slight smile that told much. "I shall be glad to have a talk with the Squire himself to-morrow. My daughter will not be a penniless bride, Mr. Geoffrey."

"That does not matter, Mr. Abbot. It is Rachel herself I love. Having won her, I care for nothing else. But the worst is to tell yet. I want to take her away in a fortnight. I am ordered to India and sail on the 26th."

"You want to take her away in a fortnight. You ask a great deal. Mr. Geoffrey. She is all I have, and you ask me to let her go away to foreign lands on a moment's notice. Young men are very hasty, and they know nothing—how should they?—of a father's feelings."

Geoffrey was silent, disheartened a little by the old man's speech.

"What does Rachel herself say?"

"She is willing, but thinks of you, as I do—"

"If she is willing that is enough. Rachel is not a child, and she knows her own mind. The Word bids her leave her father and mother, and cleave to her husband. Why should I hinder her? Take her, Geoffrey Ayre, and may God deal with you as you deal with her."

CHAPTER IV.—DIFFERENCE OF OPINION.

It was late that night when Geoffrey Ayre returned to Studleigh. Lady Emily had retired to her own sitting-room, but the Squire was in the library waiting for his brother.

"Well, old fellow?" he said, looking up with affectionate interest when he entered. "I need scarcely ask anything. Your face tells me the momentous question is happily settled. Am I right?"

"Yes. I had no idea, Will, that there could be in this world such perfect happiness," Geoffrey answered; and it pleased William Ayre well to see the fine earnestness and subdued emotion which indicated that all the high hopes of his manhood were awakened.

"I wish you much happiness, Geoff," the Squire said, and they shook hands on it again, then a somewhat graver look stole to the elder brother's face.

"What did Abbot say? Did you see him?" he asked.

"Yes; we had a long talk. He is a fine old man, Will—a gentleman, in the highest sense. But he is making a great sacrifice."

"You will take her with you, then?"

"Yes; we shall be married on the 24th, go to London, and thence direct to Portsmouth to join the Salamis."

"Quick work, Geoff; but I think you are right—yes, I think you are quite right. I shall go over to Pine Edge first thing after breakfast to-morrow morning."

"Thank you, Will. Did you tell Emily?"

"I did."

"And what was her verdict?" asked Geoffrey, with a slight smile.

"Unfavourable. I hope, Geoffrey, that it will not be a great pain to Miss Abbot if my wife does not appear so cordial as one might wish. It is to be left to Lady Portmayne's decision, so you can anticipate how it will end."

"I am not surprised. If I were going to live in the neighbourhood it might be a serious matter," said Geoffrey lightly, for his sister-in-law's disapproval did not then seem of much importance. "We must just endeavour to survive the withdrawal of the Portmayne effulgency from our simple nuptials," he added, with mild scorn. "Perhaps some day lady Emily will be proud to acknowledge my wife."

"I am glad you feel no bitterness over it, Geoff."

"I? Oh, no; and Emily is not to be blamed. I am going in direct opposition to every tenet of her creed. I am committing social suicide," said Geoffrey, lightly. "Oh, is there anything for me to-night?"

"Yes, your promotion," said the Squire, heartily. "So you have to be doubly congratulated, Captain Ayre."

"I hope it will be General Ayre some day, old boy. I shouldn't mind a bit of active service in India. It gives a fellow a chance."

The Squire shook his head.

"I thought you had enough glory for a while," he said, with a slight laugh. "No man can say you are not devoted to your profession. For your wife's sake, I hope there will be nothing to disturb the peace of the lieges while you are in Delhi. Well, I must go upstairs. Do you see what o'clock it is?"

"Yes, but this is a special night in a fellow's life, Will. I am not inclined for sleep, so I will sit here for a bit, if you don't mind. Tell Emily it is all right. I hope she won't tackle me, Will, for I couldn't stand it. The Portmayne theories are too many for me," said Geoffrey, half apologetically. "Good-night."

"Good-night, and God bless you and yours for ever, Geoff," said the Squire, with unwonted solemnity, and with a warm hand-clasp he left the room. As he passed by the door of his wife's boudoir, she called to him to come in.

"Has Geoffrey come in?" she asked, when he entered. "I thought I heard your voices. Is it all settled?"

"Yes; they are to be married on the 24th."

"I guessed that there would not be much uncertainty," she said with a smile. "Well, I have written to mamma; you can read the letter if you like, William, then I can add the post-script that the date is fixed."

"Thank you, but I don't care to read it," he answered, and, leaning up against the cabinet, he looked for a moment at the graceful figure in the rich dressing gown, at the fair, calm face bent over the escritoire. How lovely she was, and yet how hard at heart! "I am going to Pine Edge in the morning, Emily. I suppose you will not go."

"I; oh, no. There will be time enough after mamma writes. I have asked her to reply by return of post," she answered, placidly, as her pen busily traced the postscript to the closely-written sheet.

"Lady Portmayne's reply may be anticipated, Emily," he said, quietly. "I think that in this matter you might have decided for yourself, and shown a little consideration for me. I have no kindred in the world but my brother Geoffrey, and it is not fair that you should treat him so ungenerously at such a time as this."

Lady Emily's face flushed, and she bit her lip. She was not often rebuked, and she was quick to resent it.

"We cannot quarrel over it, William—it is not worth it," she said, without looking round. "I regret that you should feel obliged to use such a word as 'ungenerous' to me. I am not conscious of having failed in courtesy to your brother, who has so often been an inmate of our house."

She intended the last sentence to indicate that she had felt the soldier's frequent presence at Studleigh something of a burden. William Ayre

flushed high to the brow, and, turning on his heel, left the room. His wife had sent a shaft to his heart which would long rankle. She knew she had hurt him; but convinced that he deserved it, it did not cause her any remorse or concern. She elaborated her postscript a little, and gave to her mother the subject of the conversation they just had, and folding her letter she sealed it and went calmly to bed.

There was a slight constraint in the atmosphere of the breakfast-room at Studleigh next morning. The Squire, usually so cordial and so courteous, was curiously silent; but Lady Emily evinced no sign of any unusual agitation, and talked freely to Geoffrey on commonplace things, never, of course, alluding in the remotest degree to the matter which was uppermost in their minds. Immediately after breakfast the brothers set out for Pine Edge. It was a lovely morning, the dawn had been dull and misty, but a glorious burst of sunshine had dispelled the gloom, and restored the warmth and brilliance of a beneficent spring to the earth. The dew lay heavy on the grass, and hung in filmy mists about the trees, dissolving into glittering diamonds under the sun gleams. They walked to the avenue gates and turned up the high road towards the farm, the short path through the fields being soaked with the heavy dew.

"There's Abbot, Will," said Geoffrey, pointing to the paddock adjoining the house. "I'll go and speak to him, while you go to the house. I would rather you saw Rachel alone."

"So would I," the Squire answered; and with a wave of his hand to the farmer he entered the little avenue and strode on to the house. Rachel saw him come, and herself opened the door to him. As he crossed the little lawn and saw her standing in the green shadow of the porch, he thought her one of the most beautiful women he had ever seen. There was a strange hesitation in her manner, her cheeks were flushed and her eyes moist as she waited for him. He lifted his hat with his kind, grave smile, and when he stepped up to her put his arm about her shoulders and kissed her.

"I have never had a sister, Rachel," he said, with a sunny smile. "Who would have dreamed in the old days when we hunted for blackberries in the coppice woods that it would have come to this?"

Rachel could not speak. She led the way silently into the cool, shady dining-room, and when she had closed the door she turned to him with a swift gesture, and a look he never forgot.

"Oh, sir, do you think I am worthy? He would not listen to me, and perhaps I did not try very hard to make him listen," she said, with a swift flush. "But I have been thinking all night long, and will speak plainly. Do you think, Mr. Ayre, that I shall be any weight upon him to drag him down? His life is before him, and if you, who are always so wise and good, think so, I—I can give him up. It would be easier now than to feel when it was too late that we had made a mistake."

Her words touched William Ayre inexpressibly. He saw that it was an effort for her to utter them, but that the very highest motive prompted them. Rachel Abbot was a woman to whom self-sacrifice was a sacred duty, from which, when it was made plain to her, she would never flinch. It was no small pain at that moment to the master of Studleigh to recognise in her a fairer and more noble womanhood than was dreamed of in his wife's philosophy.

"I think, Rachel, that, instead of dragging him down, you will urge him on towards what is highest and best. There is nothing I will not hope and expect from my brother now," he said with most generous sincerity.

"My father spoke last night to me about the difference in our stations. I confess I did not think of that at all," she said, frankly, and the Squire could not but smile at the very unconsciousness which in Lady Emily's eyes was so heinous an offence. "Father said, too, that it was your great goodness and kindness which had made the difference so little felt. Of course, when he spoke I saw it at once, and I have to speak of that, too. Would it make any difference to him? Would it

keep him back in his profession or make him suffer in any way? I ask you these things, Mr. Ayre, because I am so ignorant of the world, and because I know it's no use asking Geoffrey. You will be true with me, I know."

(To be Continued.)



THE CENTURY.

The gem of the April number of this magazine is a story by Richard Harding Davis, entitled "There were Ninety and Nine." It bears a simplicity and quiet pathos rarely seen, and altogether is one of the most charming sketches of the day. Other articles of special interest are "The Wordsworths and De Quincy," by H. A. Page; "Two Expeditions to Mount St. Elias" (Alaska), by Frederick Schwatka and Israel C. Russel; and "Cold Cheer at Camp Morton," by John A. Wyeth. This last shows vividly the sufferings undergone by Confederate prisoners in northern prison-camps. Three more articles on the California series are given, and will be interesting to many. There are also some beautiful poems by the late Charles Henry Lüders; of these, "The Four Winds" is especially charming. Altogether the number is a very attractive one.

THE YOUNG CANADIAN.

This illustrated weekly, so creditable to Canadian enterprise, keeps well up to the high standard with which it set out. Recent numbers contain an interesting serial by Mr. S. M. Baylis, so well known to our readers; bright stories by popular writers, short poems, and many articles which must prove of great interest to young people, and to not a few old ones. A strong patriotic vein runs through the journal.

THE METHODIST MAGAZINE.

Canada has but few monthly periodicals; and of them all, the *Methodist Magazine* leads in age and size. Though largely denominational, many articles of general interest are given. The April number before us contains a poem by "Pastor Felix,"—Rev. Arthur John Lockhart—some pretty little pieces on travel in England and the continent, an interesting summary of the late Prof. Winchell's article on "The Reign of Ice," besides much relating purely to Methodist subjects. One of these should be read by all students of Canadian history, "The Loyal Origin of Canadian Methodism," by the late Dr. Ryerson. Although published many years ago, it will be new to most people. The magazine is edited by Dr. Withrow, and published by William Briggs, Toronto.

THE WEEK.

The last issue of this high-class paper is one of great interest. A leading article is that sketching the life of our well known and loved poet, Archibald Lampman. Montreal readers will be attracted by the recital of the Indian legend on "The Volcano of Mount Royal"—we are selfish enough to hope that the fulfilment of the prophecy may be deferred until after the Millennium. Mr. Hopkins' letter on "Our Commercial Relations with the Empire," is an able argument for a policy which is rapidly gaining adherents both in Britain and Canada.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

All lovers of Parkman—and there are many—should read his article on the "Capture of Louisburg," continued in the April *Atlantic*. It is full of the vivid interest which characterizes everything from that pen. The description of the careless, hap-hazard way in which the siege was conducted by the raw New England militia is especially taking. George Frederick Wright gives a valuable paper on "Pre-historic Man on the Pacific Coast," while all lovers of birds and bird-life will find much to interest them in Olive Thorne Miller's article entitled "From my Window." Other attractive features in the number are "Goethe's Key to Faust," by William P. Andrews; "An Unexplored Corner of Japan," by Percival Lowell, while fiction and poetry are well represented. "The Contributors' Club" is, as usual, a delightful half-dozen of pages of book-gossip.

TO THE LUMBER REGIONS, IV.

(HABERER.)

We spent Saturday evening, after our return from the woods, in story telling, and retired early, for the day's jaunt had been fatiguing. We were not among the "early birds" next morning. When I climbed out my city companions were still wrapped in slumber. I breakfasted and left the shanty, to look around for some "little bits," as we artists phrase it. I was more than successful. After strolling about the shanties I went down on the lake shore and noticed a number of men quite a distance out, fishing. Walking over, I found that they were in luck, as the array of speckled beauties they had captured amply testified. Their bait was simply a bit of raw meat.

remain in camp. This fireplace is called the camboose. There is no chimney, only a large square opening in the roof, over the fireplace, which not only gives egress to the smoke, but affords perfect ventilation. A strong wooden post, or "crane," serves to support the various pots, kettles and boilers over the fire. At the end of the shanty, opposite the entrance, and also along the two sides, are an upper and a lower tier of "bunks," where the men sleep side by side. At meal time the men sit on benches round the fire, and each helps himself, neither tables nor waiters being required. A point that struck me forcibly as well as favourably was the cleanliness of the men. There is an abundance of soap,

much was I delighted with it that, with Mr. McLaurin's permission, I carried back to town with me a 10-pounder to grace my own table. If during my lifetime the problem of aerial navigation is solved, I should like nothing better than a lightning excursion on Saturday afternoon to the shanties, to procure a 10 or 15 pound loaf of that bread with which to regale myself and friends at a 5 o'clock tea. I am sure we should all enjoy it. And, *apropos*, I must not forget the "Scotch buns," so pleasing to our palates. If it were not for fear of my cook I should positively declare that I envied those rough fellows their daily bill of fare.



FISHING.

During the period of our stay in the woods the weather was unfavourable for hunting, and the Nimrods of our party failed to get in their work. Neither bear, caribou, deer nor fox was seen. Even the half dozen or so of squirrels that we saw were too nimble to be brought down.

We found the shantymen as merry a lot of fellows as one could wish to meet. Both French and English were spoken among them, for different branches of the Canadian nationality were represented. There were old as well as young men. I was particularly struck with one veteran of sixty years or so, whose long hair and full beard were almost white. This man has been familiar with the woods since boyhood, and to-day, though he owns some twelve or fifteen thousand dollars worth of property in a thriving portion of the province, yet every winter finds him at the shanties. He loves the life, and only the weight of years will ever cause him to abandon his old-time winter haunts. We were treated with the greatest consideration by the men, every one of whom manifested a desire to contribute in some way to our comfort and pleasure.

In shanty life, next to the shanty foreman, the most important figure is the cook. If he be a surly fellow, he can make it decidedly unpleasant for the crew. The cook of our acquaintance proved himself to be a prince of good fellows. Attached to each crew there is also a carpenter, whose duty it is to mend sleds and other broken gear.

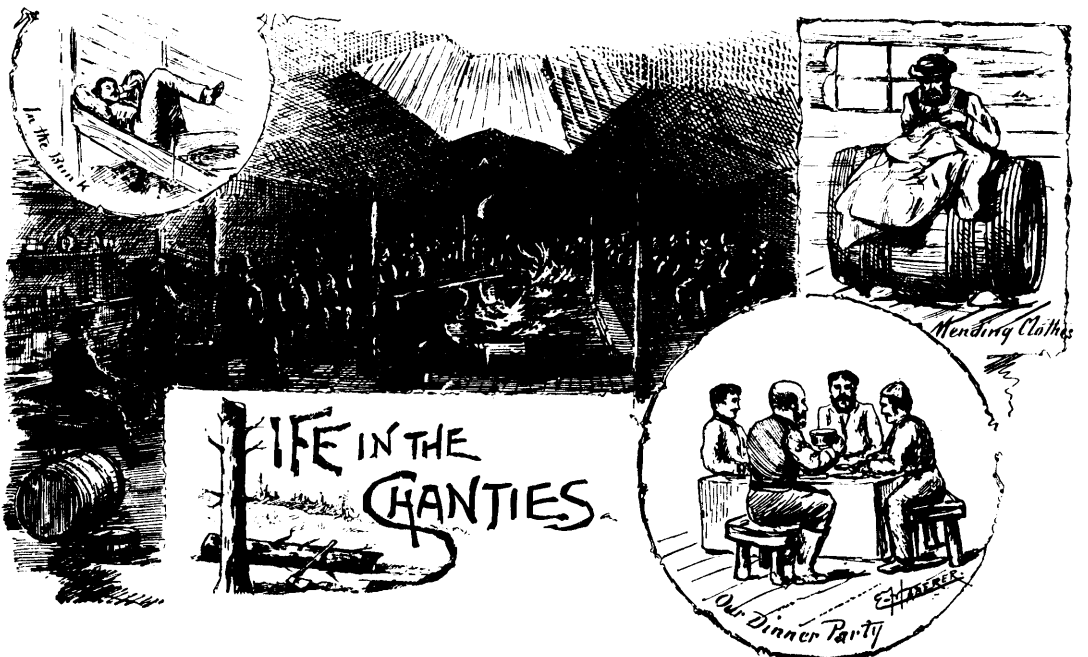
We had ample time to study the life of the men at the shanties. They work from daylight till dark, with an interval for dinner. When a long distance from the shanty their dinner is taken to them. If possible, the shanties are always built near a lake or river, as was the case with ours. There were some forty-five men in this shanty. It was built of flattened logs, with the chinks carefully caulked with moss to exclude both wind and storm. The floor was made of flattened logs. The roof was supported in the middle by four stout posts, forming a square, and about twenty feet apart. Within this square, and therefore in the very middle of the shanty, was the heart or centre of shanty life—the huge, blazing fire, which, like that on the sacred mountain of the old fire-worshippers, never dies—at least so long as the men



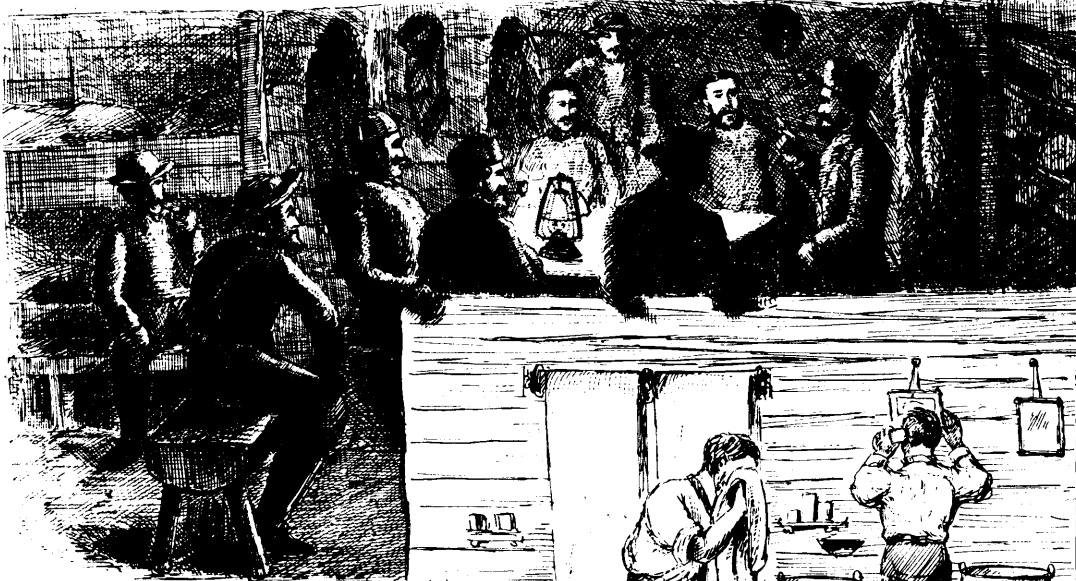
A VETERAN.

The fire is the only light needed in the shanty. And when you talk of comfort, put me down for a seat before that shanty fire, with its eight or a dozen pieces of wood, each four feet long, sending the flames leaping upward toward the skylight, through which, if the flame were not too brilliant, might be seen the stars, keeping their nightly vigil over all. The men smoke, and talk, and sing; some hang up their socks or mitts, or other articles of clothing to be dried; some sharpen their axes; the teamsters see that their horses and oxen are properly attended. Presently one slips away to bunk and then another, till finally the fire is deserted, and the only sound that breaks the stillness is the crackling of the burning sticks or an occasional sound from among the cosy blankets.

When Sunday comes the routine is disturbed for a day. There is no ringing of alarm clocks, no morning call for the start. The teamsters have to be early astir to care for their animals, but the rest of the men rise at their leisure. For this day their time is their own, and it is consumed in a variety of ways. Some of the men go fishing in the lake near by, some go farther, to the frozen river, for the same purpose. Some go hunting. Others remain at camp and mend their clothes, spin yarns, or otherwise amuse themselves.



LIFE IN THE SHANTIES



STORY TELLING.

One thing that struck us forcibly in studying the life of the men was the excellence of their behaviour. This is no doubt in some measure due to the total absence of intoxicating liquors of any kind. One of the most rigid rules of the company is that prohibiting the use of liquor by the men in camp. We greatly enjoyed our visit to the shanties and bade our friends good-bye with something of regret.

We left for home on Monday, after a hearty dinner. It was a bright, calm, beautiful afternoon, fully verifying the forecast of the shanty weather prophets of the night before. When we struck the clearings we found that our road had completely disappeared, for a heavy snow fall had completely filled the track. This was unfortunate, the more so that our guide to the shanties, Mr. Way, had remained in camp. The new fallen snow was so dazzling in the brilliant sunshine as to seriously affect our eyes. Here and there, however, bushes had been planted in the snow to mark the road, with a view to just such an experience as ours, and we managed somehow to flounder along. The nearer we came to Rawdon the deeper the snow, and just before reaching the latter place a field covered with huge drifts had to be crossed. It was toilsome work for man and beast, for every hundred feet or so we would lose the road and get into a depth of soft snow that made progress next to impossible. Once or twice we were in a position to sympathize fully with the Irishman whom we had met on our way to the shanties. Our



THE TOILET.

the scenery and the healthful and invigorating country air. We liked the place, and we liked our host, who, by the way, is a fine type of Scotchman. His eldest daughter, a blithe and winsome Scottish lassie, had won distinction, we were told, by writing a story based on some of the traditions of the neighbourhood, winning the prize offered by a well known Canadian newspaper for the best Canadian short story. They have a fine school at Rawdon, one of the best in the whole Laurentian district. The villagers are wide awake and progressive, and the mixed character of the citizenship is shown in the fact that four different denominations are represented, each with its own church.

After a good night's rest we got an early start for Montcalm. It was a pleasant drive down the slopes of the Laurentians, but it was noon before we reached Montcalm, and by that time we were glad enough to leave our cramped quarters in the sleigh and stretch our limbs once more. We dined at Payette's, and I was most agreeably surprised at the varied excellence of the bill of fare. Before leaving town I had some faint notion that rough fare and general hardship were associated with life in these districts, but my experience did not bear out my theory. Mr. Payette, by the way, is a gentleman of large resource, being at one and the same time a farmer, lumber jobber, store-keeper, and caterer to such hungry wayfarers as ourselves.

While at Montcalm I made it a duty to gather some information regarding the general depot for the company's stores, the importance of which I was now better able to appreciate than when we first passed through the village. Teams laden with provisions ply between the depot and the shanties, and the former must therefore be well supplied. There was in stock on this day four carcasses of beef, 40 barrels of pork, 24 barrels of flour, 10 bags of potatoes, six barrels of oil (for the lanterns used by the teamsters), three barrels of peas, three of beans, three of sugar, one of soda, 12 bags of salt, one cask molasses, one case raisins, rice, a dozen chests of tea, 60 bags of oats, etc. There were also 20 to 30 pieces of Scotch tweed, of as fine quality as can be found in the best of the city stores. There was, in addition, the usual stock of a country store in cottons, boots, shoes and moccasins, general groceries and dry goods of all kinds. I was shown

through the store by a young man who impressed me at first sight as being entirely unlike those around him. After a few words of conversation he struck, to my great delight, the chord of the German tongue. He talked, too, in French, the genuine Parisian. When he added that he was not less familiar with Russian my astonishment was complete. To find as clerk in a small and somewhat remote village in Quebec province a master of four languages, and he but 21 years of age, was the most surprising of all the surprising experiences of the trip. I did not learn the whole of his story. He is a native of St. Petersburg, where his mother now resides and whence he expects her to come soon to visit him. He came over the ocean to learn farming in the Eastern Townships of Quebec, and now he is engaged as a clerk in

the Montcalm depot of the Charlemagne and Lac Ouareau Lumber Co. A bright, intelligent, well educated young man, it is fair to assume that he will get along, as the saying is, in the new world. After a general look around the saw and grist mill and their surroundings we made our adieus and were off for St. Jacques. Here Messrs. Ross and McIntyre paused to change their horse for a fresh one, but Mr. McLaurin and I sped on toward the railway station at Epiphany. I do not know why this name was given to the place. Probably because they couldn't think of any other real nice, appropriate and not too "high-falutin" name for it. On our way thither there was a final incident which threatened disaster to Mr. McLaurin and myself, but which, to our great satisfaction, brought grief upon a more deserving head. The road was only wide enough to accommodate one sleigh comfortably. A few miles from Epiphany we encountered a farmer mounted on the top of a sled-load of grain, in bags. He joggled along most unconcernedly without attempting to deviate one inch



PLAYING CARDS.

course was an interminable zigzag till we came to Rawdon. Fortunately we met but one sleigh—fortunately for ourselves and others, for it was with extreme difficulty that we passed this one without disaster. Once off the beaten track there appeared no bottom to the drifts. The lights gleaming over the snow from the windows of Rawdon was a welcome beacon, and the bright interior of Mr. Burns' hotel as cheery a place as weary man could wish. It seemed to me more like a comfortable home in a private country house than like a hotel. In our sitting room were sofas, easy chairs, rockers, and all contrivances for comfort. I was informed by Mr. Burns that Rawdon is a favourite with summer tourists, who find there facilities for fishing and boating, to say nothing of



TYPES OF SHANTYMEN.

from the centre of the road. We were willing to give him more than half the road, but we did feel entitled to a little of it. We were disappointed. He had the heavier team, and when our horse and his had nearly touched noses, and he still kept the whole road, there was nothing for it but to plunge into the deep snow. In passing, however, our sleigh in some way caught the side of his. Our horse took fright, made a frantic dash—and a moment later had regained the road beyond. We turned our eyes backward for a parting glance at our courteous friend—but he was nowhere in sight! The rush of our horse had actually upset his sled, and from his lofty seat he had gone down with his grain bags into the depths of the soft snow. Even his horse had been staggered aside from the road and was almost swamped. We promptly stopped and waited to learn if any serious damage had been done. When the independent farmer's head emerged, and a volume of language more forcible than polite flowed in our direction, we concluded that our services were not in urgent demand, and as we were anxious to catch a train we gave

our horse the rein. Fate was not pleased, however, to give us the right of way. We very soon overtook a load of hay. The driver either would not or could not move faster than a walk and we could not pass him by. We had simply to tail that procession till we reached the centre of the village. Then we got the road, and in a twinkling were at the depot. Our horse was stabled and we waited the coming of our friends, who came along in ample time to catch the train. The three of us who were bound for Montreal by train saw Mr. McLaurin snugly seated behind his faithful mare, Minnie, and with hearty thanks and a hearty handshake saw him off for Charlemagne. The train shortly after arrived and Messrs. Ross and McIntyre and myself soon found ourselves at the Dalhousie depot, Montreal. We parted company with a friendly grip and went our ways. On my homeward way I encountered at the corner of Craig and St. Denis streets a fragment of a street parade that had been doing honour to the newly elected Mayor McShane—for it was the day of the mayoralty contest, and the *fleur de lys* had been vanquished by the shamrock. Half an hour later I and my ten pound loaf were in the bosom of my family, who had been anxiously awaiting my return. That ten pound loaf was the only souvenir I had been able to carry away from the shanties. I prized it much, but alas! it did not last long, and now I have no souvenir at all.

But I shall always remember that winter journey to the Canadian lumber woods as one of the most interesting of my many tours. Not that others are forgotten. One likes to think, as one advances in years, of the varied scenes of bygone times. I like to think of experiences in Switzerland and on the Rhine, a trip to Montavert, near Chamounix, at the foot of the mightiest of European mountains; a never to be forgotten visit to famed St. Bernard, an enchanting tour through Scotland and the Scottish Highlands, taking in the Caledonian canal, Fingal's Cave, Iona, Loch Lomond and the second Naples—Edinburgh—around which cling so many stirring memories. My latest journey was like none of these, but the new country and the virgin forest have a charm all their own, that needs neither history nor tradition to enforce its claim. In the quiet of the Canadian woods thousands of men are found each winter going through a routine the same or similar to that I have described. It is a healthful life, and one to which they grow attached. It is a simple life, its even surface seldom or never ruffled by the storms that breed and break in the busier haunts of men. To me it was a revelation. Whenever I see the lumber-laden ships go out from port, or see the products of the mills pass by, my thoughts will turn in glad remembrance to the Laurentian forest and the incidents of a trip as interesting as it was unique to me.

[THE END.]

Historic Canada, XIII.

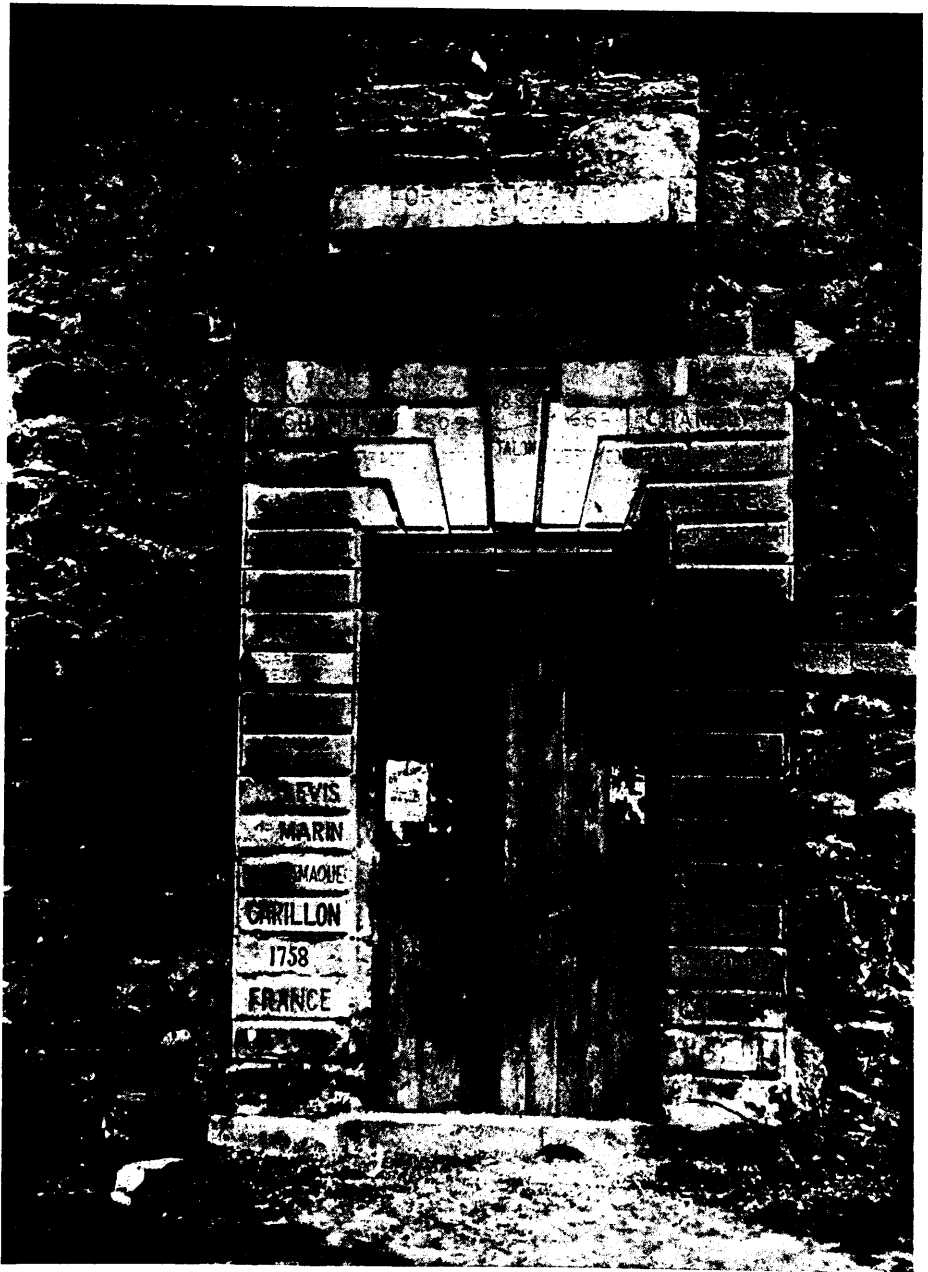
The Old Fort at Chambly, P.Q.

For general interest, and for almost uninterrupted connection with the early history of Canada, Fort Chambly is surpassed by few, if any, military buildings in the country. Its existence as a fortified post dates back to 1665. The Marquis de Tracy had just arrived in Canada as Lieutenant-General of the King's troops, and had landed at the little town of Quebec with all the stately ceremony that could be accorded to the representative of Royalty. A religious man, he at no time permitted his devotional duties to interfere with the work he had been sent out to do, and he followed up and fought the Iroquois with great persistency. For this work the regiment of Carignans Salières was sent out from France; it was the first regular corps of the French army that had yet come to Canada, and its officers and men, taking up land in the colony as they completed their terms of service, have exercised much influence on its history, and have become the progenitors of many prominent Canadian families of to-day. The Richelieu river, on which Chambly stands, has always been the great military route for operations to and from the English colonies or Indian tribes south of New France; and stealing along its reaches and shooting its rapids came the Mohawk and Oneida raiders of 1665 and previous years to terrorize the struggling Europeans who were beginning to fringe the St. Lawrence with settlements. Tracy early saw the necessity of fortifying strategic points along the line of attack. He sent a strong detachment under Captain Jacques de Chambly to build a palisaded fort at the spot now named after its founder; this was promptly effected, and the first Fort Chambly thus came into existence. A garrison was stationed there,—one of tolerable strength, as we find

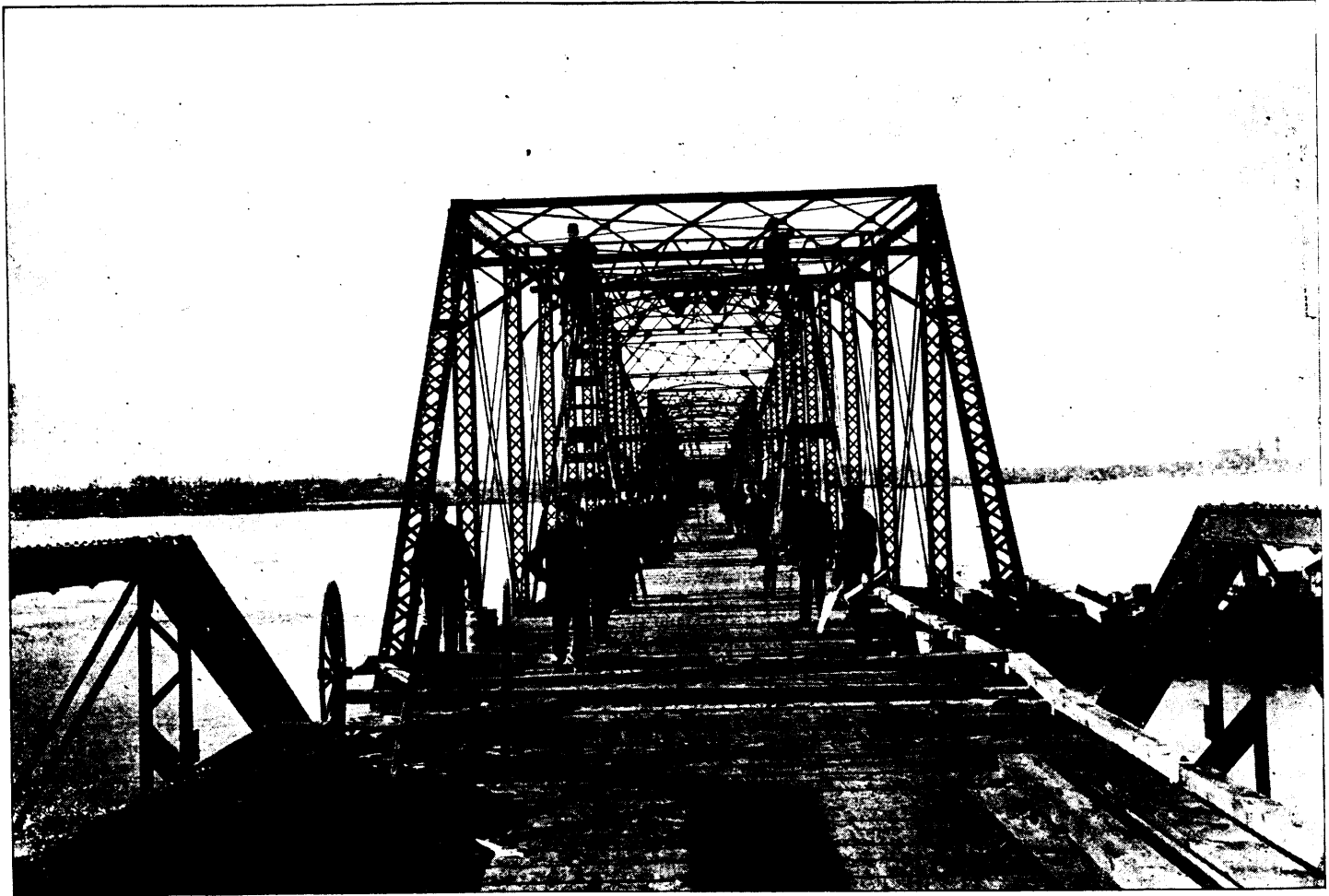
during the following year mention made of a chaplain being on duty in the post. Captain Chambly became proprietor of a large tract of land in the immediate vicinity of the fort, where he built himself a substantial seigniorial house. As a reliable and courageous officer, he was selected by Frontenac for much service, and at one time was captured by the Iroquois. In 1673 he became governor of Acadia, and in later years governor of Martinique. With the few troops in the colony, and the heavy demands for their services, the garrison at Chambly appear at times to have consisted of but a corporal's guard; and this, together with the poor condition of the post as a means of defence from the Iroquois, resulted in many of the original settlers leaving that seignior. A mill had been erected there which was of considerable service; but the horrors of the Indian war made self-defence the first thing thought of.

By the end of the century the stockades had become so rotten that cross timbers were necessary to keep them in place. At this time the garrison consisted of about 30 men, and six guns comprised its means of defence. The post was of importance and must be fortified, so in 1709 a recommendation for its reconstruction in stone was sent to France for approval. A few years passed and no sign of the permit having come, the colonial authorities took the matter in their own hands, and built the structure from plans prepared by Mr. de Levy, the king's engineer at Montreal, the work being done by both civil and military labour. From the erection of the stone structure down to 1760 Chambly was well garrisoned, and played no unimportant part in the many wars which occurred

during that period; it forming one of the links in the chain of posts along which the expeditions against the English colonies advanced and retired. During the dark winter which followed the fall of Quebec, Chambly and other forts on the Richelieu still remained in French hands, and it was not until the end of August, 1760, that the advance of Haviland's army forced its garrison to retire. From that day down to a comparatively recent date the fort has sheltered a British garrison, with the exception of a short period, during which it was in possession of the American rebels who visited Canada in 1775. Prior to 1812 but two companies of the King's troops formed the garrison of the fort; but during the last war with the United States, its strategic value was so great that a large force was stationed there, amounting, in 1814, to over 6,000 men. The whole vicinity of the fort formed the camping-ground. It was, however, scarcely ever threatened by the invaders, Isle-aux-Noix forming the limit of their approach. Since then it has suffered gradually from the effects of time and climate, and, after the departure of the Imperial troops, from the vandals who stole from it anything that could possibly be carried away, no caretaker having been at the time appointed by the Canadian Government. This, however, has been checked to a great degree by the energy and vigilance shown by Mr. Dion, who has recently been given the entire charge of the building. By his exertions sufficient money has been obtained from the Government to partially repair the damage, and to prevent further hurt from the elements. It is a landmark of our early history, and as such is worthy of all care and attention.



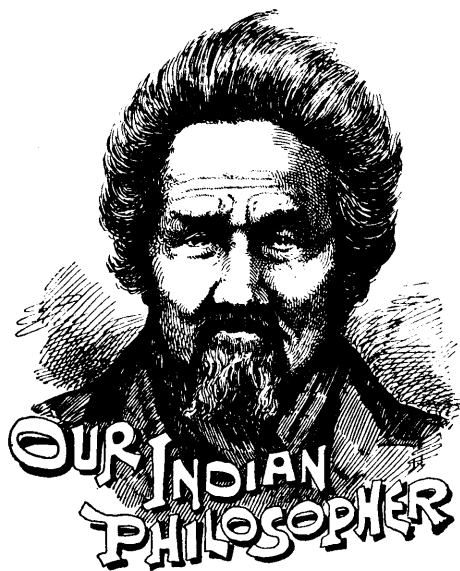
THE MAIN GATE, CHAMBLY FORT.



NEW BRIDGE OPENED AT BELLEVILLE, ONT.



MARTELLO TOWER ON CEDAR ISLAND, NEAR KINGSTON.



The Sagamore

"Old man," cried the reporter, striking a majestic attitude, "what sort of a king would I make?"

Such an unexpected question puzzled the sagamore. He looked at his visitor in an inquiring way, to ascertain if this were meant to be a joke. The profoundly serious expression on the face of the reporter did not help him to a conclusion.

"Anybody wants you to be king?" Mr. Paul demanded at last.

"I have not yet been approached," rejoined the other, in a tone which conveyed unmistakably the idea that such an event was not remote from his anticipations.

"Um," said the sagamore, doubtfully.

"There is a crown to be disposed of," said the reporter, "and I don't think it would be undue vanity on my part to say that I am not altogether lacking in the attributes of kingship. What is your opinion?"

"I ain't seen any kings this long time," replied the sagamore.

"Just so," said the reporter. "The craft is dying out: There is hardly a properly constructed king on the face of the earth to-day. My friend Humbert of Italy is a rather decent sort of fellow—but where is there another? There are a few emperors and some princes, and an odd queen or so. But where are the kings? Now to my mind there ought to be more kings. But unless the change come soon, I fear the glory and grandeur of the kingly days of old will have faded forever from the memory of man, and the race will have sunk to the dull level of a hopeless mediocrity."

This was eloquent and impressive, and the speaker's mien was worthy of the lofty sentiments expressed. His pose was admirable and his gestures the embodiment of grace. His bosom swelled and his hat fell off.

The sagamore manifested no desire to interrupt the flow of eloquence, and his visitor went on:

"The King of Greece," he said, "is about to abdicate. He should have done so long ago, for he is in trade—a common trader. He has descended to the level of a money grabber and has amassed a fortune as the head of a London mercantile firm. What sort of man is that to be a king? A king, sir, should have a soul above haggling. Therefore, 'tis well that he of Greece should abdicate. I hear he is going to turn farmer in England. Let him farm."

The speaker paused once more, to give the more weight to his words.

"I won't stop him," said the sagamore.

"Nor I," said the reporter. "But who do you suppose he has named as his successor? The Duke of Sparta! Can one dream of folly more transcendent? What does young Sparta know about the duties of a king? I'll wager the fellow has been taught book-keeping by that father of his. What has a prince to do with book-keeping? Do you know any princes that bother their brains about book-keeping? Why should princes usurp what has been the prerogative of their creditors for centuries? Bah! Young Sparta isn't in it."

The last remark was delivered with great vehemence and fitting gesture.

"I didn't say he was," mildly observed Mr. Paul.

"But somebody is in it," went on the other, ignoring the



interruption, "and I say that never in the history of man will there be such another opportunity to restore the dignity and prestige of royalty. You remember—or perhaps you don't—that Byron intended to do just what there is a chance to do now. But Byron died. Perhaps it is just as well, for I am not sure that he would have done the job properly. Byron was a good fellow in some ways, but he might have been a sickly failure as a king. Now, sir, my idea is that the right man can take a run down to Athens this spring and inaugurate a new and magnificent era in the history of royalty. History would be but repeating itself in a slightly different way. Note what the world owes to Ancient Greece. Why not put the world under a greater obligation to Modern Greece? No trouble at all. All you want is the right man."

"Who's he?" queried Mr. Paul.

"Well now," said the reporter, "who is there? Bounlanger's played out. Mr. Blaine's too busy. Bismarck won't leave Germany. Hon. Mr. Mercier has got to counteract the effects of the McKinley bill in Belgium and Patagonia—and it may take all summer. Who else is there?"

Mr. Paul shook his head.

"Just so," nodded the reporter. "And that brings me back to my original question. Take a good look at me, Mr. Paul."

"You think you kin be right man, eh?" queried the sage.

"Precisely," said the reporter.

"What's the matter with me?" demanded Mr. Paul.

"You!" gasped the other. "You King of Greece?"

"Ah-hah."

"Oh, see here," remonstrated the reporter, "you come off—do. Why, you old idiot, do you suppose anybody would put a crown on that skull of yours?"

"I go down there with you," said the sagamore—"let them people take which of us they want. You do that?"

"Do you imagine," scornfully demanded the reporter, "that anybody would seriously think for three seconds of making you a king?"

"Ah-hah."

"Well," commented the other, "some people have a remarkably good opinion of themselves, it seems to me, and a remarkably queer one of what it takes to make a king."

"That's what I think, too," said Mr. Paul.

"Do you suppose," asked the reporter, with some degree of anxiety, "that there are any more people who think they could fill a throne if they had a chance?"

"When you go 'way from here," rejoined the sage, "you count every man you meet."

"What for?"

"Every one them men thinks he make one bully good king if he kin git chance to," replied Mr. Paul.

"Do you really think so?"

"I know it," coolly responded Mr. Paul.

The reporter sighed audibly.

"And I suppose young Sparta thinks so, too," he suggested.

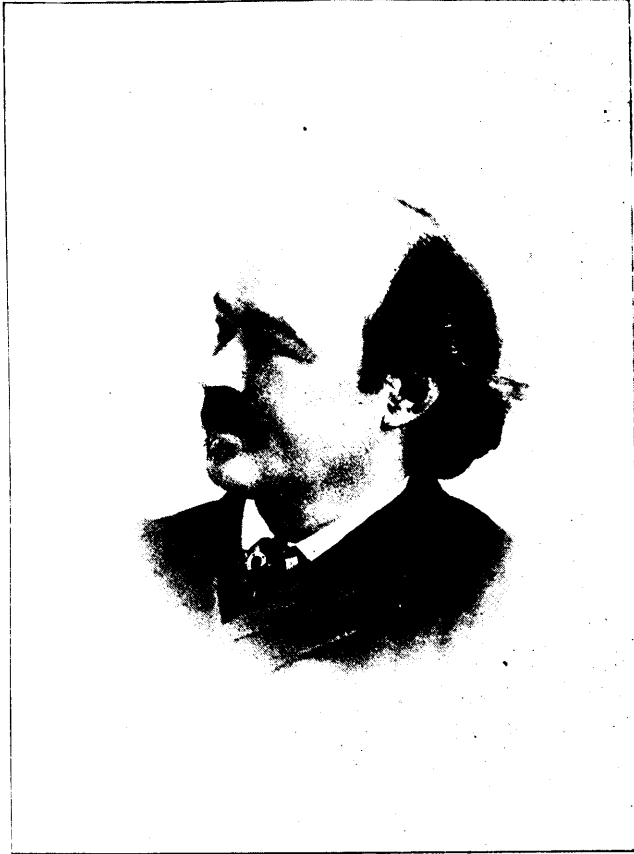


"Ah-hah."

"And what, then, would you advise me to do in this matter?"

"Mind your own business and pay your debts," tersely replied the sagamore. "That's good enough summer's job for anybody."

The reporter heaved another sigh and departed. He will not go to Athens this spring.



A. DANSEREAU, ESQ.
The Postmaster of Montreal.



I have had the pleasure of gracing with my ungracious presence the press gallery at Ottawa, when some good-natured pencil pusher smuggled me in, so that I could overlook the bald heads and assembled wisdom of Canada's great men. I have heard Disraeli and Gladstone and a few other minor statesmen in far-off Westminster, and I have listened in Washington to the Demosthenic words of burning eloquence that fell, bespangled with the seeds of hay, from the mouths of the sages from the western states, some of whom wear long boots and some of whom forget to put on their socks. I have pondered over the multitudinous technicalities that one may discover to an alarming extent in our own Mock Parliament. In fact I have attended pretty much every kind of a meeting that a newspaper man will be allowed to attend; but for real, thorough-paced downright enjoyment commend me to a lacrosse convention or a meeting of a senior league. There is more fun in a convention, because there are more people to make it, and, in the words of Private Mulvaney, they can put their feet through the whole ten parliamentary commandments in one short session and then lay their gentle heads on the downy hotel pillow and sleep the sleep of a child. They recognize what great men they are, and they wonder whether there will be a brass band in waiting for them when they reach the sequestered rural spot that they love as home, a place whose principal production is a lacrosse club which sends delegates away on a pleasure trip for voting purposes only. These feelings of course only occur immediately after the convention. When they wake up in the morning, tired from their elocutionary efforts and other things, and reach for the morning papers that were ordered the evening before, they look bluer than the pencil which subdues effusive young reporters. That calm, conscienceless, bad young man has never told the public half what they said (for which the public ought to be profoundly thankful), and then there is not a single "cheer" or "applause" standing up like parenthetical milestones in the highways and byways of their curtailed oratory. They feel mad and disappointed and they evolve solemn swears that the newspapers never did give their town a square show anyhow, that it was to be expected, and all that. But they have had the

honour of representing their club, and a few of the brighter ones have had the fun of seeing that they voted the correct ticket, and that ought to be satisfaction enough for any moderately ambitious gentleman from the back settlements.

* * *

But the above is conventional, and the last assemblage has practically lapsed into the obsolete. It is different

with the Council of Five. There is not so much fun, because there are not so many people to make it; but when five gentlemen lay themselves out to be long-winded humourists a certain amount of success is bound to attend their efforts. It is difficult to imagine that, in a meeting where only five people have anything to say, they could sit and apparently attempt to legislate and still accomplish nothing in more than five hours. Still such is the fact. The rock on which they split was the admission of the Capitals, a question about which something was said in this column last week, and though the negative result arrived at is not the one calculated on, still, there seems no reason to take any different view of the situation. The Capitals were admitted to the senior league by a vote of three to two. That vote was apparent from the opening of the meeting. All five knew exactly what way they were going to vote, but notwithstanding this two long hours were used up in a discussion of a tiresome kind, as if any amount of argument, no matter how convincing, would change the ultimate result. When the Capital delegate was admitted there was an apparent "cinch" in a vote of four to two, and Mr. Devine felt so sure of his ground that he had not been in the room five minutes before he assumed a grandiloquent air. This sensation only lasted about a minute, for, metaphorically speaking, he was brought up with a round turn and "sat upon" by Mr. Garvin, a gentleman who is as dangerous an opponent in a debate as he is on the lacrosse field. Before the admission of the Capitals the Toronto delegate had stated frankly the position of his club in the matter. He refused to be scheduled with the Capitals to play in Ottawa, a statement practically tantamount to resignation from the league. He was hardly taken at his word, for Mr. Hughes, of Cornwall, blandly remarked, "You won't drop out." The tune was changed when the Montreal representative stated his club's intention of doing likewise and there was an uneasy shifting about in chairs as if an acute attack of nervous anxiety had taken hold of the majority. But it was over in a moment and the following action explained better than words that it had never been calculated on that the Montreal and Toronto clubs would dare to bid defiance to a cut and dried decision of one first class and two second class clubs. But that minority held out, and held out to good purpose. The details of the rest of the meeting have been printed



T. W. PETERS, ESQ.
Mayor of St. John, N. B.



A SUMMER SCENE NEAR LAPRAIRIE.

at great length, but the true inwardness of the case has been kept back. This was probably due to a desire not to unnecessarily hurt anybody's feelings. In fact it was apparent that when the Montreal and Toronto clubs' representatives stated their case, the excuse given of not being able to play two matches in Ottawa, although a sufficient one, was not the only reason. Sometimes it is kind to be cruel, and the knife occasionally does a great deal of good, and after looking at the situation from every side the only natural inference to be drawn is that the two clubs, of the best social standing, from a conventional point of view, do not care to play with the Capitals. This may seem somewhat harsh and may be vehemently denied, but if the members will go down into the inside pockets of their consciences they will say it is true. It may be an assumption of arrogance on the part of the two clubs and it may be humiliating to the Capitals, but after all no set of rules and regulations will outweigh the unwritten code which forbids a man or a club to meet an antagonist considered inferior in certain respects.

* * *

Even with a majority in that committee does anybody suppose for a moment that the Ottawa club is anxious to have the Capitals in their series? Of course we are bound to respect the vote of the Ottawa delegate, but it is safe to say that although Mr. Kent seconded the motion for the admission of the Capitals, his club would have been thoroughly delighted had his motion been voted down. It was very magnanimous on the part of the Ottawa club and it looked well in the newspapers, but the lacrosse men who know the feeling and the state of affairs smile a smile of deepest meaning when the question is discussed. I had a long talk on Monday with two prominent lacrosse men, whose names are known in Great Britain as well as in Canada. One was a Torontonian and the other a Montrealer. What struck me most was the fact that both used almost exactly the same words in expressing their opinion and they can be fairly quoted as follows:—"My dear R.O.X., in the first place we don't want a six club league; in the second place if we did want a six club league it would not be the Capitals we would look to for the addition; in the third place the Capitals are not in our class, we don't want to have anything to do with them and we won't; in the fourth place, this is a private league that has no business to accept impertinent suggestions from the N. A. L. A." If that fact has not dawned on them by this time there is a wonderful dullness of comprehension under the shadow of the Parliament buildings. Toronto and Montreal can get along fairly well without Cornwall or Ottawa, but the other four—well, go along and have a little league of your own and at the end of the season see how pretty faces look with noses bitten off.

* * *

There is no earthly reason why a Canadian bench show should not attract as much attention and be just as successful as any of those held on the other side of the line, and it is with pleasure that one reads of the arrangements being made on an elaborate scale for the exhibition at the Toronto Industrial. American fanciers have at last come to the conclusion that some good dogs may be raised in Canada, and consequently are taking more interest than hitherto in the matter, and are sending larger entry lists. At the meeting of the dog show committee Miss Annie H. Whitney, of Lancaster, Mass., was appointed to judge great Danes, St. Bernards and pugs. Mr. C. H. Mason, of New York, and Mr. Davidson, of Monroe, Mich., will also judge. For the spaniel classes the authority has not yet been decided on.

* * *

Cycling is looking up at the present time, and already in the cities fortunate enough to have got rid of the snow, the festive bike is out in all his pristine pride. Of course, in Montreal, where a benevolent road department lets nature take care of itself, there is no possibility of doing any wheeling as yet, but there is every preparation being made. There will be race meetings in Montreal, Toronto, Woodstock, Hamilton, Ottawa and other places, and between the lot the wheelmen will be kept pretty busy. The Mont-

real B. C. held its annual meeting last week, and although there was a little difficulty about recognizing a safety division the meeting was harmonious on the whole, especially as the reports were decidedly satisfactory. The officers elected for the coming season are: President, A. I. Lane; first vice, G. Kingan; second vice, H. MacKenzie; secretary, A. Harries; treasurer, W. S. Weldon; captain, Louis Rubenstein; first lieutenant, D. S. Louson; second lieutenant, F. E. Adams; committee, W. G. Ross, E. Barlow, D. S. Louson, J. E. Walsh.

* * *

Lawn tennis advocates are promising to boom things in St. Johns, P.Q., and the reports of the last meeting show the affairs of the St. Johns Club to be in a most progressive condition, the debt having been reduced more than 75 per cent. during the past season. The following gentlemen will look after the club's affairs during the coming year:—President, Mr. J. B. Stewart; vice-president, E. H. Heward; secretary-treasurer, N. T. Truell; committee, C. J. Coursol, R. Gould and F. A. Mann.

* * *

The Capital Lacrosse Club, of Toronto, are giving promise of great things, and if any judgment may be formed from their annual meeting and the enthusiasm displayed they will give a good account of themselves during the coming season.

R. O. X



ICE-SHOVE, MONTREAL HARBOUR, 3rd APRIL, 1891.



A Jet Jacket—The New Lace Hats—A Good Way to Keep Furs—A Novel String Box.

A jet jacket is one of those useful adjuncts to attire that can serve two purposes. According to the dress it is worn over, it becomes either a day or an evening costume. Lined with the colour of a silk that is striped with black and some other pretty tint, it becomes part of the costume, and unlined it may be worn over a high or low black—or, indeed, any other coloured—dress, but black is the best, adding greatly to the dressiness and effect of it. I give you a sketch of one I lately received from Paris, because it is new and has not yet become common. It might easily be made at home, if required. You would have to get beaded net, which, to be quite fashionable, should be worked with cabochons of jet, those flat beads with rounded upper surfaces. This net, to make it strong, should be lined with a fine quality of Russian silk net, which will give the necessary firmness to it without making it look too thick,



so much of its pretty effect depending on its transparency. Then you must have some jet galon to border it, edged, if possible, with the same style of large beads that are on the jetted material. To complete the jacket for day wear, I have added an under fichu of pleated black lace up to the throat, which is kept to the waist by two bands of black silk, velvet, or jet, as preferred. Thus arranged, it would in warm weather serve instead of a mantle for an afternoon fête, or at a race meeting. It might be even still further developed, and the fichu would, if desired, have long or semi-long sleeves attached to it, to wear with gloves to the elbow on hot days.

With this style of jacket will be worn one of the new lace hats of which we are certain to see many this season, both in black and white, and I prophesy, more or less, trimmed with jet, as shown in the first of my three models. This is, as you see, lace finely pleated into a fine wire shape, and edged with cabochons of jet. It is further adorned with an aigrette of feathers, or long stalked spring flowers, and black ostrich plumes. Velvet still seems to be the favourite material for toques, if it is not a turban roll of spangled net or gauze. So I give you a sketch of one that has just been made in Paris, and consists of dark blue velvet, shaded blue feathers and light blue cornflowers. The third is a light grey felt of the shade known as "cloud-grey," simply trimmed with dark ruby or petunia velvet ribbon and grey ostrich feather tips. The coming hats and bonnets will be



very youthful and fresh looking, composed almost entirely of light kinds of straw, such as *paille Belge*, *paille Anglaise* and *paillason*. Black straw hats will be very fashionable with trimmings of all kinds of April flowers. I have already heard of some pretty examples that were exhibited the other day at one of the first Parisian milliners in the Rue Royale. A black lace straw is trimmed with wide velvet ribbon and bows of orange ribbon intermixed with mimosa, which is just now the fashionable flower in Paris. Another black straw is charmingly arranged with iri-blossoms and bows of moss-green velvet ribbon. The small capote bonnets will have the flowers they are trimmed with always chosen to match the dress they accompany; but the most fashionable blossoms just now are mimosa, and narcissus made of white velvet, primroses, and carnations are also much in favour.

A good way to keep furs is an important thing to know, for people put their faith in many recipes that are anything but certain. For instance, it is quite a delusion to believe in camphor as a moth preventative. I have seen furs, and cloth dresses, and habits laid away in a wardrobe so full of camphor that when the doors were opened the scent of that most unpleasant smelling drug was "enough to knock you down," to use an old fashioned expression; and yet every article was riddled through and through with the ravages of moths. Some people pepper their furs, which succeeds in making them sneeze violently while the moths creep in and out quite happily and unharmed by the pungent powder that so sharply affects us human beings. I read the other day of a lady who said, in speaking of the return of cold weather, "I took my sealskin out of its camphor bed—". Now that was doubly absurd, and showed that she understood the care of furs very little. First, the camphor would be quite useless to save any fur, so that was an unnecessary precaution; and secondly, moths will touch no dyed fur, and our sealskin jackets and coats are all dyed from the

golden brown of their natural state. French people have recommended me *chypre* as a safe-guard against moths, but I do not pin my faith to it, because if it is true that moths dislike a strong smell why do they not keep away from the strong smell of camphor. I have used *chypre* for many years in my wardrobe, and the moths have not damaged my things, but I could not affirm that it was entirely due to *chypre*. So as I was determined to have some perfectly certain plan, I invented the following: I had my furs well shaken after having carefully looked them through, by dividing the hair down to the skin. I then made a large sheet of paper by gumming a great many newspapers edge to edge. When quite dry I placed my furs, carefully folded and lightly sprinkled with *insecticide*, in the paper, which covered them thoroughly, the edges being gummed like a large envelope. This parcel I placed in a large linen sheet, folded in four, and instead of folding one side over the other I rolled the edges together, and then my maid sewed them down closely and firmly. Not a crack nor a tiny fold was left open where the most persevering or intrusive moth could possibly find an entrance, and the result was—perfection! The following winter my furs came out intact; it was only necessary to shake off the *insecticide* and they were ready for use.

A novel string box was shown me the other day which I thought I should like to tell you about, as it was just one of those quaint ideas that make a change in the furniture of one's writing-table. It looked exactly like a stone gingerbeer bottle, which was cleverly simulated in brown leather, the head with its closely tied cork turned back, and thence came the string. By a cunning little contrivance the lower part of the bottle opened to show an ink-bottle, so that it was doubly useful. Another pretty leather thing I also saw was a hand-mirror encased in white leather, and at the back the miniature of a very lovely girl was set in a frame of golden filigree work. It was just the thing for a dainty wedding present.

Home-made marmalade when really well-made cannot be excelled, with all due respect to every marmalade maker known to the public. It is still not too late to get the real Seville oranges, and I will give you a recipe that I have used for many years past with the greatest success, the marmalade being specially praised for its fine flavour. You can have what number of Seville oranges you like, provided you keep all the other measurements in proportion. I generally get a hundred Seville and twelve sweet ones. First weigh the Seville oranges, and take an equal weight in white loaf sugar. Grate the rinds of fifty oranges, and put the gratings into a basin, cover them with boiling water, pour this off, and do this twice again, letting it stand longer the third time so as to take off the extreme bitterness. Divide all the oranges into quarters, and separate every fraction of skin and pip from the pulp; throw away half the rinds left by the grating of the outer skin. Boil the remaining half till sufficiently soft to force through a sieve or colander. Those quarters that have the rind still on must be boiled till quite tender. After boiling, take out the white pulp with a spoon, taking care not to break the rinds, which you cut into long water thin strips with a sharp knife. Beat the white pulp just scraped out in a mortar. In separating the fruit pulp from the skin and pips, put the two latter into cold water, strain them into the sugar, as they yield considerable clear gelatinous matter. Add the juice of twelve ordinary sweet oranges to every hundred Seville oranges. Place gratings, strips, fruit pulp, white pulp, the strainings of pips and skins, those rinds that were passed through the sieve, the juice of the twelve sweet oranges, and the sugar, in a preserving pan, and once it comes to a boil, boil for twenty-five minutes. Too much boiling darkens and hardens the marmalade. It may be eaten three days after making. Now this looks a long recipe, but though it takes time it is well worth it, for the result is exceedingly good.

Somewhere in Holborn, London, I once noticed a large crowd surrounding an Italian organ-grinder. The man was turning away at the handle for dear life, but not a sound came from the instrument. On examining the front of the machine, however, one's eyes met the following significant advice:

This is nothing to the relief one feels after taking Hoge's Horehound Honey!