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THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

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W. C. VAN HORNE.

PRESIDENT AND GENERAL MANAGER CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY CO.

From a photograph by Notman.

The Dominion Illustrated.

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PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED PUBLISHING
COMPANY.

We are forming a joint stock company to own and publish this journal. Its success as a commercial enterprise is now beyond doubt. The reception given the paper by the Press and the Public has been enthusiastic. The subscription lists keep swelling day by day. The advertising is steadily improving and the outlook generally is excellent. We started the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED with limited means, and have, single-handed, brought it to a period when the employment of additional capital is not only justified by the work done, the results achieved, and the certainty of success, but is required for the improvement, permanency and economic production of the paper. The proposed capital of the company is \$50,000, in shares of \$100, a notable portion of which is already subscribed by good business men, whose names are a guarantee of efficient and successful administration. Among these are:

Hon. Sir Donald A. Smith, K.C.M.G., M.P.,
President of the Bank of Montreal, Governor
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Andrew Robertson, Esq., Chairman Montreal
Harbour Commissioners; President Royal
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Applications for shares should be sent at once
to the undersigned, as we expect to close the stock
list in a few days.

G. E. DESBARATS & SON,
Publishers,
Montreal.



Prof. Geffcken has, it is announced, initiated an action against the Imperial prosecutor for violation of secrecy in private correspondence and for the unauthorized publication of intellectual property. He is preparing to issue a pamphlet entitled "Bismarck and the Imperial Tribunal."

A letter in the London *Times* shows, from official returns, that the Canadian Pacific lines in Ontario, not an integral part of the main line, have received three million dollars in subsidies, while on the Grand Trunk similar lines have received nine and a half million dollars. The letter asks: "For which company has the fatted calf been killed?"

The Dominion authorities have, it is announced, decided to publish in the *Canada Gazette* weekly an announcement of the copyrights issued by the Department of Agriculture, thus to notify collectors of customs of what works have been copyrighted. This is said to be a result of the recent interview of the Canadian book publishers with the Government.

The British Board of Trade returns show the exports during January to Canada to have been £423,561, a decrease of 7 per cent. as compared with January, 1888. The imports from Canada were £96,447, an increase of 49 per cent. In exports the decreases are chiefly in railroad and other classes of iron. In imports flour increased £3,504; cheese £3,415; fish, £10,042, and lumber, £15,626.

Within a couple of days of each other the respective Treasurers of Ontario and Quebec have made their budget speeches. In Ontario, with an estimated population of 2,154,786, the total receipts of the province amounted to \$3,489,944.81, and the expenditure to \$3,007,037.02, showing a surplus of \$482,907.79. In Quebec, with a population of 1,479,026, the ordinary receipts had amounted to \$3,738,228.29 and the expenditure to \$3,365,032.36, or a surplus of \$373,196.03. The figures of both provinces will be variously criticized, but we merely reproduce them as they were given.

Bracebridge, Muskoka, *Gazette* says: How is it with the Oka Indians settled in the township of Gibson? A stranger going through the settlement would imagine he was passing through a country settled by whites, if the buildings, clearances and growing crops were his guide. These people work the same as the whites, and take as much out of the soil; and the fact that they have no justices of the peace nor constables living amongst them, and never have any lawsuits, and rarely a quarrel which is not soon made right again, speaks volumes for their civilization, which was accomplished by missionaries. If it was possible to civilize this tribe, it is also possible to educate and civilize the Northwest Indians.

Some of the sensational liars on space, who have their headquarters at Ottawa, have again been feeding the American public with manufactured stories as to the destiny which is being prepared for Canada by its rulers. The people of the United States appear to like this kind of thing, and therefore it is to be presumed it is supplied to them of whole cloth manufacture. It was told, some time ago, that the Liberal leaders and a

great many of the people were keen for annexation; and now the story has gone to New York from the Canadian capital that Sir John Macdonald contemplates submitting to Parliament a series of measures creating an independent kingdom of Canada, under British protection, with one of the Royal family as the reigning head.

The *Cleveland Press* says: Canadian cotton manufacturers are jubilant. They are beating the American manufacturers of their goods in the Chinese markets. Their trade with China is not yet a year old, yet they have exported to that country 15,000 bales of cotton goods, and have a shipment of eight carloads on the way. One reason given for this is that they get cheaper rates of freight to the Pacific than the American manufacturers can get. But whatever the cause the fact remains that 4,000,000 Canadians are getting the best of 60,000,000 Americans in a market that has over 400,000,000 consumers in it, the most promising market, in fact, at the date, in the whole earth. It is not among the impossibilities that much American capital and skill will go to Canada and engage in manufacturing to supply this wonderful Chinese market. If it should, it would only be another proof that protection does not protect.

Recently the American papers told the story of an individual who forty years ago had deserted his family in the Southern States, and had settled in the North, but, learning of inquiries from his old home hastily decamped, a fugitive and a wanderer, leaving a second household and all his earthly possessions behind him. The writer pointed the moral of the life's mental suffering which this man must have endured, but there are many other persons in quite as unenviable a position. There are apparently not a few who are about to be made to suffer what they may have long feared, since the diary of Belle Starr, the noted female bandit of the American Indian Territory, has been obtained. It is replete with thrilling incidents and disclosures concerning crimes in Texas and the Indian Territory, and proves that innocent men have been sentenced on various occasions. The names of prominent persons are said to be connected with crimes committed in recent years. This woman, it is stated, had made no secret of her intention to publish the record. How much mental agony, then, must not some of her accomplices have suffered?

OUR ARCHIVES.

The Report for 1888 has just been issued. From it we learn that the last of the precious Haldimand Papers have been received. They number 232 volumes in all, and, with Bouquet's collection of 30 volumes, form a series of invaluable documents concerning a period of our history of great importance. The work of transcription in the Public Record Office in London is making progress, and acting under instructions, the transcribers are now engaged in making copies that run concurrently with the papers relating to Lower Canada, after the division of the old Province into two, in 1791. Those for Lower Canada, received this year, run from November, 1791, to September, 1793, and a portion of Lord Dorchester's administration, from 1793 to November, 1795. Those relating to Upper Canada cover the period from 1791 to 1803. Attention is drawn to the reports on the documents made in Paris.

by Mr. Joseph Marmette, F.R.S.C. These, it is urgently stated, ought to be copied without delay. Mr. Brymner also submits for consideration the propriety of beginning at as early a date as possible the collection of Nova Scotia Records, many of which are said to be of great value. Some very important papers, lately in private hands, have been presented to the Department by their owners. Among those are the journals and diaries of the late Mr. Dorwin, of Montreal, running from 1815 to about 1885. The Log-book of the French vessel *Le Héros*, on her voyage to Quebec, in 1712, was presented by Mr. Robert Clarke, of Cincinnati, Ohio. The same gentleman sends an unpublished journal, "Memoirs of the Siege of Quebec and Total Reduction of Canada in 1759 and 1760, by John Johnson, Clerk and Quarter-Master Sergeant of the 58th Regiment." These memoirs are mentioned in Dr. Parkman's last work, "Montcalm and Wolfe." Specimens of Mr. Johnson's style and ideas are given by Mr. Brymner. A collection of letters and other papers belonging to the late Major Noah Freer, Sir George Prevost's military secretary during the war of 1812, has been acquired from Miss Freer. The important publications of the Public Record Office, London, are regularly received at Ottawa, as well as the Reports of the Historical Manuscripts Commission.

Mr. Brymner employs the Government grant carefully and economically, and he asks for a larger grant to meet the situation properly. Among the volumes now calendared are two volumes of correspondence relating to affairs in Nova Scotia, including the attack on and capture of Penobscot. These notes are very interesting. The appendices to the report contain data on the French noblesse in Canada after the Cession, the Northwest trade, the French Royalists in Upper Canada, and the calendar of the Haldimand Collection.

A TOTTERING REPUBLIC.

Our papers, on this side, and chiefly the French papers of this Province, do not at all read aright the signs of the times, and the portents in the red sky of France at the present. That the present rickety and rotten Republic is on its last legs is as plain as anything can be. The wretched make-shifts to put off the inevitable day of doom, on the pretence of a fancied popular majority, and the forced adoption of the *scrutin d'arondissement*, is wholly illusory. M. Flouquet has only the shadow of power; he is weak and flimsier, indeed, the weakest and flimsiest of all the Ministers that have ruled in France in the past eighteen years, and when he had the audacity to talk of seizing the body of Boulanger and casting it in prison, he showed that he had lost his head.

A Weekly paper of Toronto, the *Mail* and such like, who know wholly nothing of the temper of the French people, are taking Boulanger to task for lately giving his views to the public. Why, these sheets do not understand Boulanger. The publication of these views is precisely what the French people want. They want facts to work on. Boulanger issues his proclamation, putting his finger on certain points which he must carry out—and that right away—as preliminary to his building up of his ideal Republican structure. What does he propose? Nothing new. Only a Central Republic, like that of the United States, where the departments will be integral and con-

current parts of the whole, and the president of this Central Republic shall be elected, for ten years, by manhood suffrage. General Boulanger means to be that first President himself, in the room and place of Carnot, who will be buried under the ruins of his miserable Republic in everlasting oblivion.

Nor are Boulanger's advantages merely negative. They are positive, pregnant, and self-assertive. He has all the national forces of France at his back. The Orleans Princes, who, through his influence, will return to their native land, not only to dwell therein, but to whom will be restored their great hereditary property, are with him; the Bonaparte party, which is well-nigh all-powerful in France, through its military traditions; the Royalist and Legitimist families, who wield an overwhelming influence, through their vast wealth and social and political standing, are also on his side. Some scandal-monger lately telegraphed, far and wide, that the General had applied to Rome for a divorce from his wife. This was at once denied, through the same channels of publicity, it being well known in France that one of the General's daughters has consecrated her young life to the service of her Maker, in the cloister of a Paris Sisterhood of Charity. Boulanger is a good Roman Catholic, as are the overwhelming masses of the French people, and feels instinctively, like Napoleon I., that religion and a smooth-working concordate with the Pope is necessary to the social and political administration of France. Floquet, on the other hand, is a downright infidel and free-thinker, wholly "out of touch" with the majority of the French people, and no backing to speak of beyond the rag-tag and bobtail of the Paris mobs and secret societies. Summing up these and many other obvious remarks which we might make, we venture this foretelling, that Gen. Boulanger will be virtually Dictator in France, the Power behind the Throne, before next November, the term set down by the cowardly Floquet, and that nothing will be done without his tacit or spoken sanction. The reader who cannot coincide with these remarks is singularly blind to one of the most momentous changes of modern times.

THE LATE MR. C. J. BRYDGES.

The death of Mr. C. J. Brydges, the well-known land commissioner of the Hudson Bay Company, occurred on Saturday, at Winnipeg, from apoplexy. On Friday evening, he had attended a dinner of thirteen, at which Sir George Baden Powell, of England, was present, and in a joking manner the question was asked who was to be the next to die. The next morning Mr. Brydges had a slight attack of giddiness, from which he presently recovered, after which he went down town on his ordinary business. In the afternoon he paid his accustomed visit to the General Hospital, of which he was Honorary Secretary. Entering the Board Room he sat down and, but a few moments after, gasped for breath, his head falling over on the back of the chair. It was at once seen that life was extinct. Mr. Brydges resided for many years in Montreal when General Manager of the Grand Trunk Railway, and it was expected would have been buried here. However it has been determined to have him interred at Winnipeg. Mr. Brydges was a man of large heart, generous impulses, and uniform courtesy, amounting almost to gentleness, and wherever he was known was generally respected.



We have received from Mr. J. M. Le Moine, of Quebec, a volume reprint, comprising two that were before published, and entitled "Memoirs on the Affairs of Canada, from 1749 to 1760," the whole written in French. The book is full of information, and contains a number of valuable maps, such as those of the Bay of Fundy and Green Bay, of La Présentation, of St. Frederick, of Ontario and Peperell, or Chouagen, of St. Johns, of George and Carillon, of Frontenac or Cataracoui, of Pointe au Baril, of Isle-aux-Noix, of Jacques Cartier, and of Chambly. But the greatest and most valuable curiosity of the book is the Fragment of an Inscription, engraved on a leaden plate, found, about 1815, at the mouth of the Muskingum River, but which was originally set at the mouth of the Venango River, above Pittsburgh, in Pennsylvania.

The second volume of a book printed in Cambridge, in 1836, entitled "Archæologia Americana," whence the above inscription was taken, contains, besides, a detailed notice, written by the late DeWitt Clinton, on the discovery of the plate, with a translation into English of the Inscription, which was therein found in full. Thus the Inscription was restored thus:—

L'an de Notre-Seigneur, 1749, et Sous le Règne de Louis XV. Roy de France, Nous, Céloron, commandant d'un Détachement sous les ordres de Monsieur le Mis (Marquis) de la Galissonnière commandant général pour le Roy en la Nouvelle France, commis pour rétablir la paix et la tranquillité parmi quelques villages Sauvages dans ces quartiers. Avons enterré cette Plaque de Plomb à l'embouchure de la Rivière Venangue ce 16e Août, proche de la Rivière Oys, dite La Belle Rivière, pour faire du rétablissement de possession sur le territoire que nous réclamons près de cette dite Rivière, ainsi que toutes celles qui s'y déchargent et sur toutes les terres qui peuvent s'y trouver situées de chaque côté, en remontant jusqu'aux sources d'icelles, conformément à la possession qu'ont eue tous nos précédens Roys, et dans laquelle ils se sont maintenus, tant par la puissance de leurs armes, que par différens traités, et notamment en vertu de ceux de *Kiswick, Dorfdrecht et Aix-la-Chapelle.*

PAUL LABROSSE, fecit.

The *Magazine of Poetry* is a queer book, with a queer title, published quarterly at Buffalo, and the first number of which appeared in January. It is the queerest *omnium gatherum* we ever set our eyes on. Mr. J. G. Gilder figures in a leading manner, giving us a sonnet, if you please, in autograph, and betraying his ignorance by speaking of Dante as a sonneteer. Hear him:

This was the flame that shook with Dante's breath,
The solemn organ whereon Milton played.

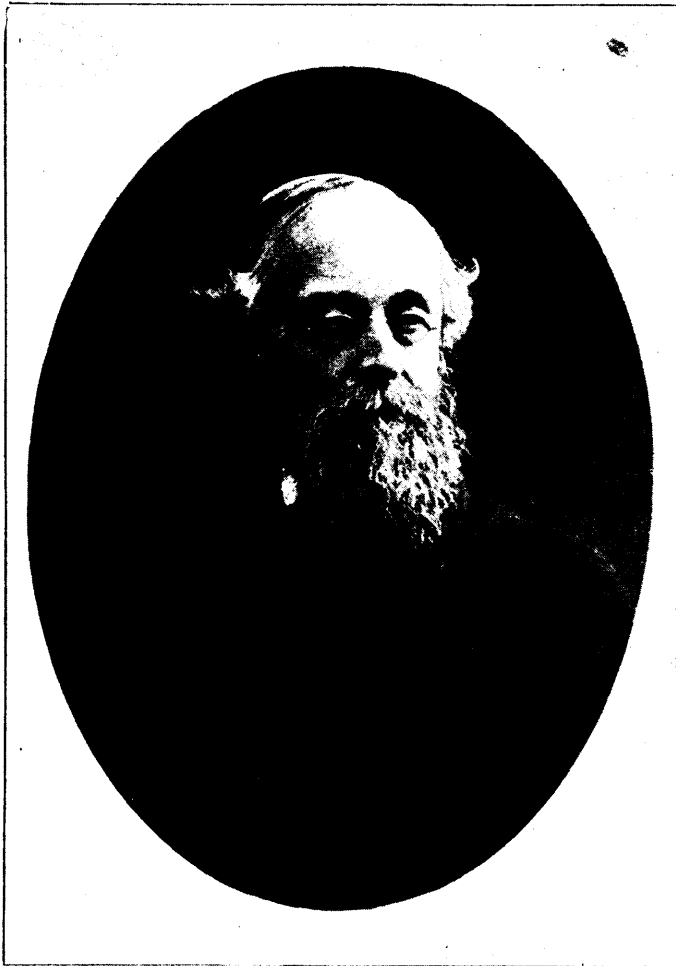
If he had known enough, Mr. Gilder would have written Petrarch, instead of Dante. But he didn't know enough, d'ye see? Then, on page 95, Roberts, Scollard and others are made to be born in 1860! Then, again, Walt Whitman is trotted out again, and the whole work does not contain the name of a solitary poet that anybody ever heard about, Gilder not excepted.

OUR OWN DEAR LAND!

Our own dear land of maple leaf,
So full of hope and splendour,
With skies that smile on rivers wide,
And lend their charms so tender;
From east to west, in loud acclaim,
We'll sing your praise and story,
While with a faith and purpose true
We'll guard your future glory.—
Our own dear land!

Your flag shall ever be our trust,
Your temple our devotion;
On every lip your psæm be sung,
From ocean unto ocean.
The star that lights your glorious path
We'll hail with rapture holy,
And every gift of heart and hand
Be yours forever solely.—
Our own dear land!

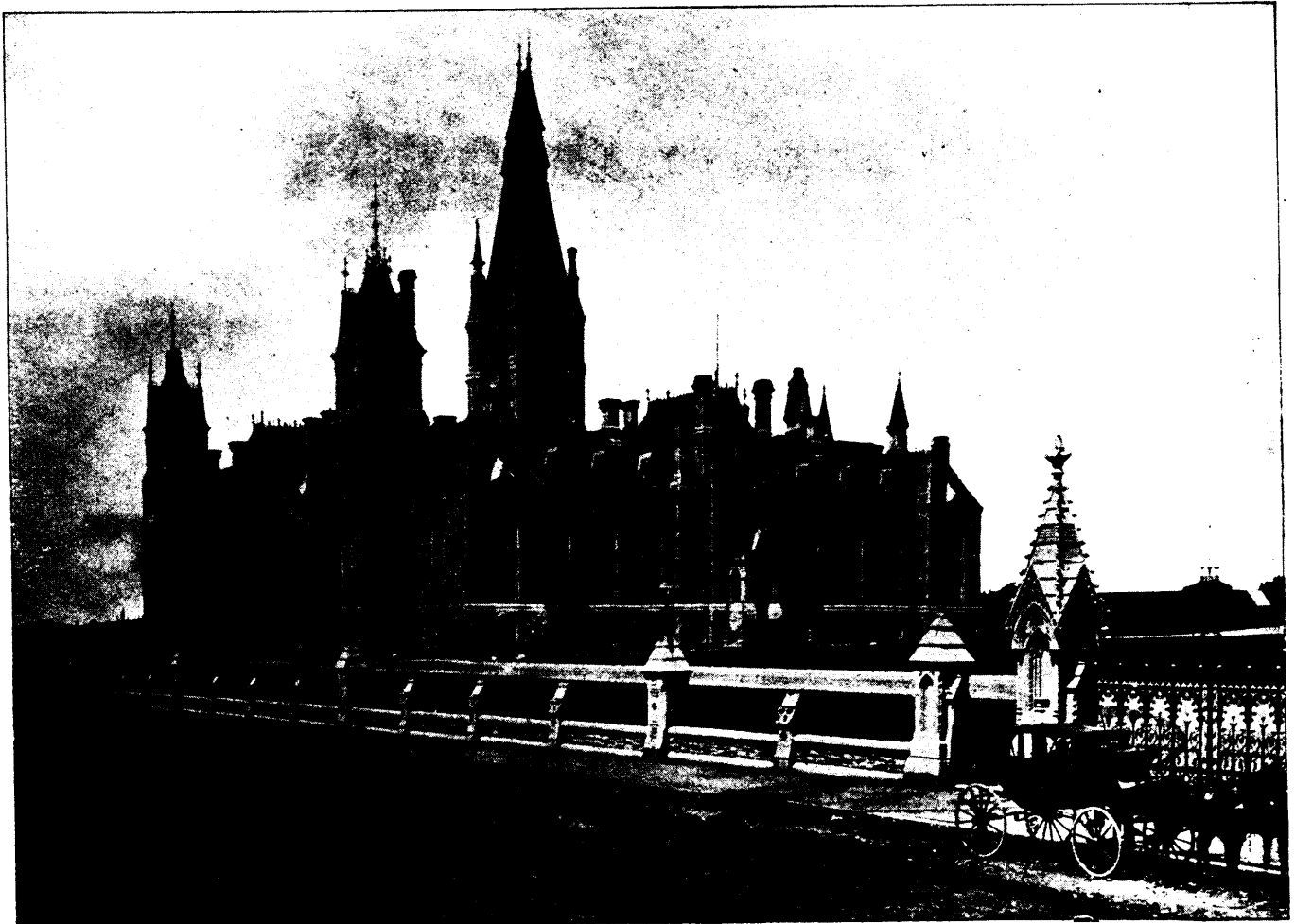
THOMAS O'HAGAN.



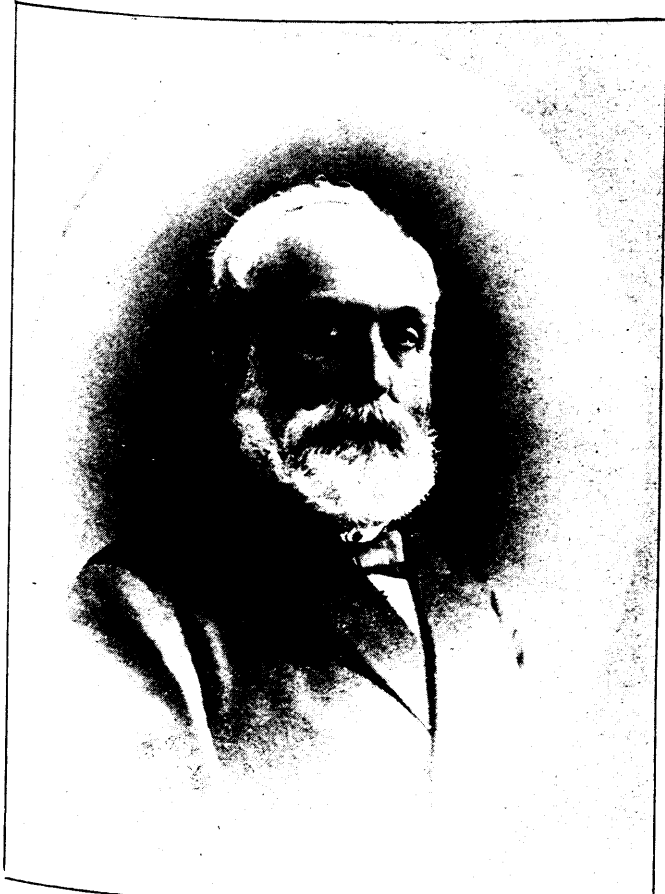
A. R. C. SELWYN, C.M.G., LL.D., F.R.S.,
 DIRECTOR GEOLOGICAL AND NATURAL HISTORY SURVEY OF CANADA.
 From a photograph by Topley.



F. N. GISBORNE, C.E.
 SUPERINTENDENT GOVERNMENT TELEGRAPH AND SIGNAL SERVICE OF CANADA.
 From a photograph by Topley.



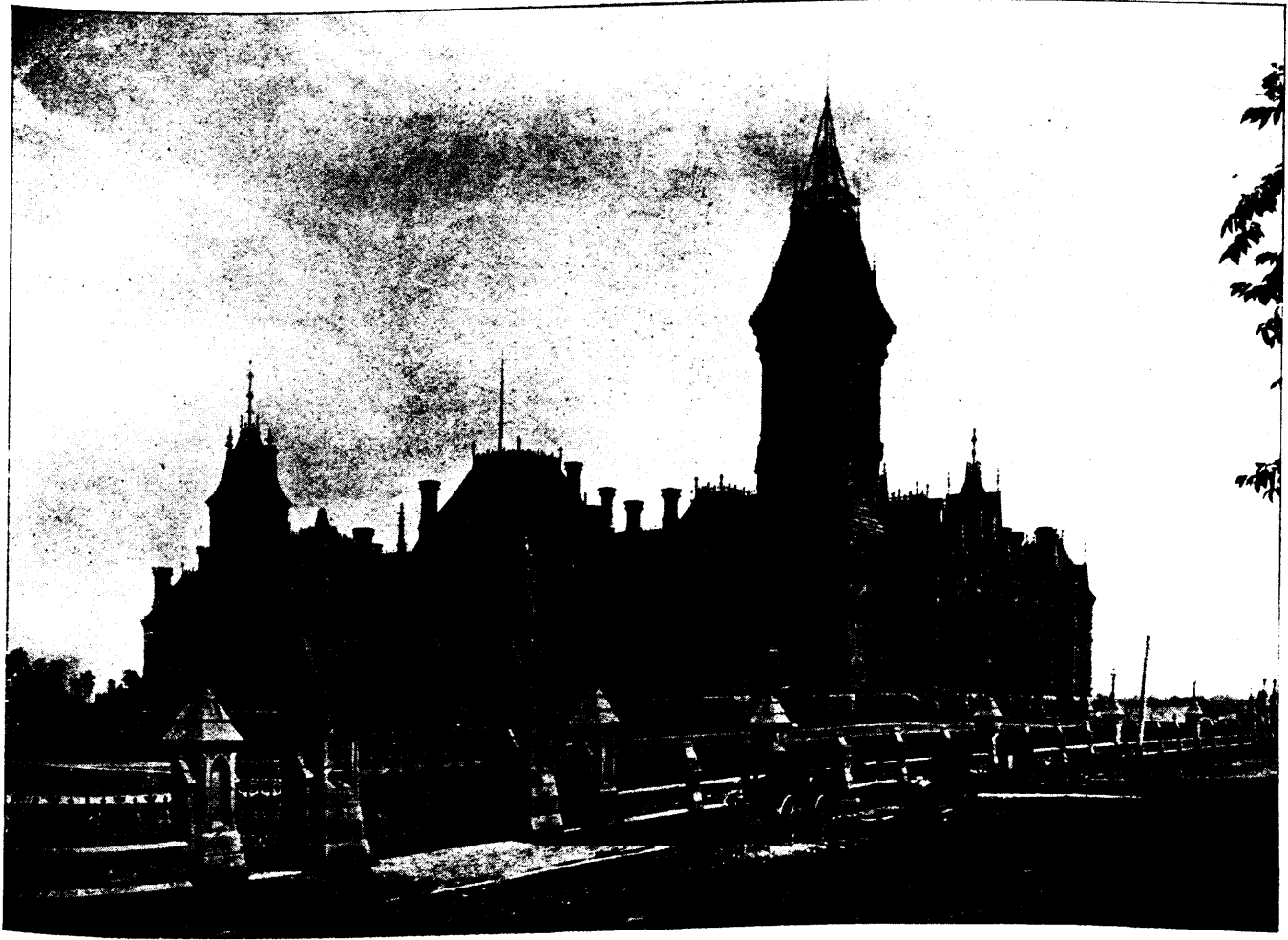
WESTERN DEPARTMENTAL BLOCK, GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS, OTTAWA.
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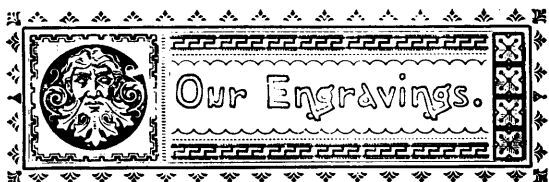
HON. MACKENZIE BOWELL, MINISTER OF CUSTOMS.
From a photograph by Topley.



HON. SIR RICHARD J. CARTWRIGHT, K.C.M.G.
From a photograph by Topley.



EASTERN DEPARTMENTAL BLOCK, GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS, OTTAWA.
From a photograph by Topley.



WILLIAM C. VAN HORNE, President and General Manager of the C. P. Railway, is a Westerner by birth, having first seen the light in Will Co., Illinois, in 1843. He is in the prime of life. His railway experience began first thirty years ago, when he entered the service of the Illinois Central, as telegraph operator, at Chicago. From 1864 to 1872 he was connected with the Chicago & Alton Railway, and in 1872 became General Manager of the St. Louis, Kansas City and Northern Railway. After serving in many other western roads for nearly ten years, he began his connection with the C. P. R. in 1882, and it is not too much to say that he alone, by his extraordinary genius of management, has made that corporation what it is to-day—the greatest in the world.

ALFRED RICHARD SELWYN, Director of the Canadian Geological Survey, C.M.G., F.G.S., F.R.S., LL.D., was born in England in 1824. He is the youngest son of the Rev. Townshend Selwyn, Canon of Gloucester Cathedral, by Charlotte Sophia, daughter of Lord George Murray, Bishop of St. Davids, and grand-daughter of John, fourth Duke of Athol. He was educated in Switzerland. He was appointed, in 1845, as Assistant Geologist in the Geological Survey of England; appointed, by the Secretary of the Colonies, Bache, the Director of the Survey to undertake the geological survey of the colony of Victoria, Australia. In 1854 and 1859, respectively, by special request of the Governments of Tasmania and Australia, examined and reported upon the coal fields and gold fields of those colonies; appointed one of the Victorian Commissioners of Mines, in 1856; member of the Board of Science and of the Prospecting Board in 1858; commissioner for the Victoria International Exhibition of 1861. He was also a member of the Councils of the Board of Agriculture, of the Royal Society, and of the Acclimatization Society up to 1869, when he succeeded Sir William E. Logan as Director of the Geological Survey of Canada.

FREDERIC NEWTON GISBORNE, engineer and electrician, born at Broughton, Lancashire, England, March 8th, 1824, is the eldest son of Hartley P. Gisborne, of Darley Dale, Derbyshire. The Gisborne family is one of the oldest and most honoured of the county "trees" of England. He was educated in England, and in January, 1842, started upon a journey round the world, visiting the Cape de Verd and other Atlantic islands, Australia, New Zealand and the Society Islands. After touching at several other groups, including the Sandwich Islands, he rode across the continent, via the City of Mexico. He then travelled through Yucatan and Guatamala, and being from youth a keen sportsman and unerring rifle shot, had many stirring adventures during his travels, which terminated *pro tem*. by his return to England during the spring of 1845. Mr. Gisborne, accompanied by his younger brother Hartley (who, some years later, became Director of telegraphs in Egypt, where he resided for nearly twenty years), then sailed for Canada, where they arrived July, 1845, and almost immediately afterward purchased a farm near St. Eustache, where they resided until 1847. F. N. Gisborne then became one of the first operators of the Montreal Telegraph Company, and for that company opened the first station at Quebec. Associated with the leading men of Quebec, the British North American Electric Telegraph Association was then formed for the purpose of connecting the Maritime Provinces with the Canadas, and, as general manager of the association, Mr. Gisborne visited New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, where he explained the new science to the legislatures, then in session. His mission was so successful that the Government of Nova Scotia undertook to erect their own lines, conditionally upon Mr. Gisborne's services being transferred to them by the association which he represented. Mr. Gisborne returned to Quebec via the north shore of New Brunswick, during which journey he walked on snowshoes from Campbelltown to Metis, dragging over 100 lbs. weight on a toboggan across the Gaspé Mountains, 108 miles, within three days. For this service he received a handsome award from the association. From the spring of 1849 to 1851, Mr. Gisborne was superintendent and chief operator of the Government lines at Halifax, and strongly advocated telegraphic communication with the island of Newfoundland. During the winter of 1850-51 he visited that island with this special object in view. During the winter session of 1851-52, the legislature of the island granted to F. N. Gisborne, and his associates, a telegraph construction charter, with exclusive privileges, for the term of thirty years, and, by permission, with most flattering testimonials from the Government of Nova Scotia, Mr. Gisborne resigned his superintendency and a good salary to carry out the enterprise which he had himself projected and initiated. He then visited New York, and there obtained an assurance of all the capital required from Horace B. Tibbets and D. B. Holbrooke, of New York, and from Thos. A. Dexter and General John Tyler, of Boston; and upon his return to Halifax again advocated the then astounding and apparently chimerical project of a transatlantic submarine cable connection between Newfoundland and Ireland. The annexed letter from Mr. Howe, Secretary of State for Canada, and the published correspondence between J. W. Brett and Mr. Gisborne in the early part of

1852 (one year after the laying of the first ocean cable between England and France), are proofs positive that to Mr. Gisborne and to Canada is due the credit of the conception and primary practical movement for transatlantic telegraphy. On the 27th of November, 1852, Mr. Gisborne, under exceptionally difficult circumstances, laid the first ocean cable on this side of the Atlantic, connecting Prince Edward Island with New Brunswick, and when occupied with several hundred labourers, during the following spring of 1853, in constructing the land line across Newfoundland, the New York capitalists disagreed among themselves, as to a division of their respective interests in the undertaking, and stopped payment, thus leaving Mr. Gisborne responsible for a large indebtedness, over and above the proceeds of his private property, in sealing vessels and land, which he at once utilized in part payment of the company's liabilities. The Government of Newfoundland also assisted in paying labourers' wages in a most noble and liberal manner, relying upon Mr. Gisborne's assurance that he could and would re-organize the enterprise. In accordance with such promise, Mr. Gisborne again visited New York during the winter of 1853-54, and there for the first time met Cyrus W. Field, who was at that period a paper manufacturer, and had no connection with telegraphy whatsoever. After examining Mr. Gisborne's plans, and reading his correspondence with Mr. Brett, Mr. Field was greatly impressed with the importance of the enterprise, and their after negotiations terminated by Mr. Gisborne returning to St. John's, Newfoundland, accompanied by Cyrus W. Field and his brother Dudley, the well-known lawyer, when the legislature, per Mr. Gisborne's petition, cancelled the original charter to himself and his original associates, and granted a new one to the New York, Newfoundland and London Telegraph Company, incorporating Peter Cooper, Moses Taylor, Marshall O. Roberts, Chandler White, Cyrus W. Field and Frederic Newton Gisborne, with extended privileges and exclusive rights during a period of fifty years from date. Mr. Gisborne was appointed chief engineer, and in 1856, completed the work to the entire satisfaction of the company, receiving from Peter Cooper, President, a flattering testimonial as to his skill, energy and integrity. Mr. Gisborne then engaged with Cyrus W. Field and the late Sir Edward Archibald, British consul at New York, to proceed to India, and there, upon joint account, secure privileges and pecuniary assistance for submarine cable connection with Bombay via the Red Sea, with further eastern extension; but, upon arriving in London, he became acquainted with facts, *re* Cyrus W. Field's private negotiations with Mr. Brett, *re* transatlantic connections, which, among other reasons, induced him to abandon the contemplated journey and all connection with telegraphy, *pro tem*. In 1857 he returned to Newfoundland, and at a public dinner was presented with a valuable statuette in silver, representative of science and perseverance, and bearing the following inscription: "As a testimonial of the high esteem entertained for him by the community of Newfoundland, and for the indomitable energy he displayed in traversing the hitherto unexplored regions of the island, preparatory to the introduction of the electric telegraph, as well as to mark the universal admiration of his successful endeavours and scientific ability in carrying out that enterprise, which he himself projected. *Labor omnia vincit.*" For several years he afterward devoted himself to mining pursuits, during which time he explored the island eastward around the coast, from Cape Ray to the Straits of Belle Isle, and while actively engaged in such pursuits, met with a severe gun shot wound, which for some time incapacitated him from physically arduous explorations, and returning to London devoted his attention to scientific pursuits and inventions. While there he had the honour of representing the interests of Newfoundland, as acting Commissioner, at the great exhibition of 1862 and again at the Paris exhibition of 1867. He was also appointed London agent for mines and minerals by the Government of Nova Scotia, and during 1869 again crossed the Atlantic to investigate the gold quartz leads of that province. During his residence in London Mr. Gisborne was a regular exhibitor at the soirees of the Royal Society, and was noted for the variety and value of his inventions, for which nine medals have been awarded. Among these were:—his electric, pneumatic and mechanical ship signal; anti-corrosive and anti-fouling compositions for the bottoms of iron ships; the electric recording target, improvements in gas illuminations, etc.; and his semaphore was awarded a gold medal at our late Fishery Exhibition in London, his latest inventions being an anti-induction cable, iron telegraph poles and insulators, which have been adopted by the Canadian Government and C. P. R. for use on their north-west prairies; also an improved telephone; while his recent maps of Canada are in high repute. During his visit to Nova Scotia, in 1869, Mr. Gisborne became interested in the coal fields of Cape Breton, where, as chief engineer of an English company, which finally expended over three millions of dollars in that country, he established and developed the Reserve, Lorway, Emery and Schooner Pond collieries; and, as contractor, constructed the Lorway to Louisburg railway, with two immense shipping piers in Sydney and Louisburg harbours. The then existing high price of coal, and anticipated increasing value of coal fields throughout the world, having proved to be temporary and fallacious, the company collapsed, and, consequent upon such unlooked for disaster, Mr. Gisborne had to begin the world afresh, at an age when the best energies of most men are on the wane. For a season gold mining in Nova Scotia continued to occupy his attention, but, prospects being discouraging, Mr. Gisborne, in 1879, was offered and accepted

the superintendency of the Dominion Government Telegraph and Signal Service, a position which he at present occupies. The successful and satisfactory manner in which he has carried out the Gulf of St. Lawrence system, the British Columbia service, and rapidly constructed first-class military telegraph lines in the Northwest, during the late rebellion, is a matter of present history; and his numerous and most flattering testimonials from the various governments and companies whom he has faithfully served, are the best evidences of the usefulness of his career. Mr. Gisborne is a ready speaker, and has lectured frequently upon a great variety of subjects. He is also a pungent writer of press articles. Mr. F. N. Gisborne married, 1st September, 1850, Alida Ellen, second daughter of the late I. E. Starr, Halifax, N.S., by whom he had two children. She died in Prince Edward Island, January, 1854, at the early age of nineteen; and in April, 1857, Mr. Gisborne married Henrietta, the youngest daughter of the late Francis Hernaman, of Broadmead, Newton-Abbot, Devon, England, by whom he has four children now living. The eldest, Francis H., is one of the barristers in the Department of Justice, Ottawa; and the second, Hartley, is district superintendent of the Government Telegraph Service in Manitoba and the Northwest Provinces. Mr. Gisborne is one of the original Fellows nominated by Lord Lorne to the Royal Society of Canada, and he is on the Council of the Canadian Society of Civil Engineers. He is a member of the Institution of Electrical Engineers, London, Eng., and has from time to time been a member of several scientific institutions. The following is the letter from the Hon. Joseph Howe, alluded to in the foregoing sketch:

MY DEAR GISBORNE,—Without desiring, in the slightest degree, to undervalue the services rendered to civilization by the body of eminent men who have just been rewarded for laying the Atlantic cable, I own to some feeling of disappointment in not seeing any mention made of your name, as I have reason to believe you were the first pioneer of the enterprise, as well as the original promoter of electric telegraphy in the Maritime Provinces. In the winter of 1848 you came to Halifax and interested the Government, of which I was a member, in the subject of telegraphic communication. In 1850 you discussed with me, and subsequently laid before us, a plan for connecting Newfoundland with the Continent of America, and obtained leave of absence to enable you to go to that island and secure support to the project. On your return you asked leave of absence to go to New York to promote an extension of the line to England, and spoke confidently of being able to extend it across the Atlantic, and connect Europe with America. Up to this time I never heard the idea suggested, and, though reading the English and American papers, never saw any allusion to the practicability of such an enterprise. As no capital could be got in Halifax, you naturally sought in London and New York for co-operation and assistance. I do not, of course, know what took place abroad; but of this I have no doubt, that until you went to New York nobody had suggested or taken any steps toward promoting an Atlantic telegraph. As the original pioneer and projector of this great work, it appears to me that you ought to place yourself in your true position, and that, if not included among those who are to be honoured and rewarded, you should, at least, endeavour to obtain from your countrymen, and from the world at large, who are to be benefited, the recognition which you deserve as the originator and principal prime mover of the great enterprise now so happily brought, by a combination of public-spirited and able men, to a fortunate consummation. It ought not to be forgotten that the very line across Newfoundland, now used by the Anglo-American Company, was originally, at great pecuniary sacrifice and risk of health, explored by you and constructed by yourself, as chief engineer of the New York, Newfoundland, and London Telegraph Company.

JOSEPH HOWE,
Secretary of State, Canada, Provincial Secretary, and
subsequently Lieut.-Governor of Nova Scotia.)
London, 25 Saville Row, Feb. 12, 1867.

Mr. Gisborne is the projector of the direct trans-Atlantic cable to Canada, via the Straits of Belle Isle, and also of the trans-Pacific cable from Canada to Australia, via the Aleutian Islands, Japan and New Guinea.

HON. MACKENZIE BOWELL, MINISTER OF CUSTOMS.—Lieut.-Col. Bowell was born in England in 1823, and came to Canada with his parents in 1833. In 1857 he married Harriet Louisa, eldest daughter of the late Jacob G. Moore, of Belleville; was a Major in the 49th Battalion Volunteer Rifles and served on the frontier during the American War of 1864, and in 1866, during the Fenian troubles; has been vice-president of the Dominion Editors and Reporters Association, vice-president of the Agricultural and Art Association of Ontario, president of the Hastings Mutual Fire Insurance Company, the Farren Manufacturing Company, the Dominion Safety Gas Company, and the Belleville & North Hastings Railway; was editor and proprietor of the *Belleville Daily and Weekly Intelligencer* newspaper for a long time; has also been president of the Ontario Press Association; held the chairmanship of the Board of School Trustees in Belleville for eleven years, and was for eight years Grand Master of the Provincial Grand Orange Lodge of Ontario East; was elected Most Worshipful Grand Master and Sovereign of the Orange Association of B. A., 1870, which office he resigned in 1878; was president of the Tri-Annual Council of the World; moved the resolution for the expulsion of Louis Riel from the Commons, which was carried, 16th April, 1874; sworn of the Privy Council and appointed Minister of Customs, 19th October, 1878; first returned to Parliament at general election, 1867, and re-elected at every general election since to represent North Hastings. A Conservative.

HON. SIR RICHARD JOHN CARTWRIGHT, K.C.M.G., the member for South Oxford, is the son of the late Rev. R. D. Cartwright, chaplain to the forces at Kingston, and grandson of Hon. Richard Cartwright, a U. E. loyalist, who was a member of the first Parliament of Upper Canada, which met in 1792, and continued to hold a seat in that body until his death, in 1815. Sir Richard was born at Kingston on the 4th December, 1835. He married, in 1859, Frances, eldest daughter of the late Col. Alexander Lawe, H.E.I.C.S.; was president of the late Commercial Bank of Canada; sworn of the Privy Council and appointed Minister of Finance of Canada, 7th November, 1873, which position he held until the resignation of Mr.

Mackenzie's administration in October, 1878; sat for Lennox and Addington in Canadian Assembly from 1863 until the Union; returned to Commons for Lennox in 1867, again in 1872; also on his appointment to office, and by acclamation in 1874; an unsuccessful candidate in 1878; he was elected for Huron, on resignation of Mr. Horton, the sitting member, on November 2, 1878; an unsuccessful candidate for Wellington County at general election in 1880; returned by acclamation for South Huron on the resignation of the sitting member, Mr. McMillan, in December, 1883; re-elected in 1887 for South Oxford; created a K.C.M.G. in 1879. A Liberal in politics.

THE DEPARTMENTAL BUILDINGS, OTTAWA.—The Eastern Block of Government Buildings is of the same style of architecture and of the same materials as the Main or Parliament Building. The building covers an area of 41,840 superficial feet: the frontage of the west side, facing the square, being 245 feet, and that of the south side, facing Wellington street, 319 feet. In this block are the Privy Council Chamber, the Governor-General's offices, the offices of the Minister of Justice, the Minister of the Interior, the Minister of Finance, the Secretary of State and the Minister of Inland Revenue. The Western Block is much more extensive than the Eastern, and, since the erection of the beautiful Mackenzie tower, more imposing. From a distance, this splendid tower is the leading feature of the massive pile of Public Buildings that crown the rocky promontory formerly known as Barrack Hill, disputing the pre-eminence of the Parliamentary Clock Tower. This roomy and well-lit block, which forms three sides of a vast square, contains the following departments: General Post Office, Militia and Defence, Customs, Railways and Canals, Public Works, Marine and Fisheries, Agriculture. The records and models of the Patent Office are stored in it, and form a museum of great value and interest.

THE "HUNT BALL" is taken from a painting by J. Stewart and, except that it represents the movements of the "German," might be taken as illustrating one of those popular evenings for which the Montreal Kennels are famous. Some of the faces might easily be taken for those of Montreal people, while, as "the latest fashions" are as well appreciated here as elsewhere, there is nothing in the dresses at all foreign to Montreal tastes. Here, as elsewhere, there is the same earnestness displayed by the votaries of the dance, while in the same side-scenes the non-participants are actors.

THE DALHOUSIE COLLEGE FOOTBALL TEAM.—In the Maritime Provinces there is no series of championship games as there is in the Upper Provinces. The team of which we to-day present an engraving has, however, shown itself to be, if not the best, at least one of the best teams in those Provinces. Its make-up is as follows:

Name.	Position.	Weight.
Logan	Forward	150 lbs.
Murray	"	143 "
Miller	"	161 "
Sutherland	"	145 "
Fulton	"	162 "
Campbell	"	153 "
Thompson (E.)	"	153 "
Graham	"	144 3/4 "
Thompson (W.)	Quarter back	127 "
Fraser	"	129 "
Pitblado	"	139 1/2 "
McKinnon	Half back	142 "
Laird	"	140 "
Patterson (Captain)	"	159 1/2 "
Johnson	"	142 "
Average weight, 146 lbs.		Colours, yellow and black.

During the season just passed the exceptionally bad weather prevented as many matches as usual. The Dalhousians played five first-class matches, of which the following is a summary:—November 1, with Wanderers, Halifax, draw; November 13, with Officers of Garrison and Bankers, lost by one try to two rouges in Dalhousie's favour; November 15, with Wanderers, won by one try and three rouges to nothing. This was the first occasion on which the Wanderers were beaten since their organization, eight years ago. November 16, with New Glasgow; draw, with eight rouges in Dalhousie's favour; game played in mud ankle deep. November 20, with Officers of Garrison and Bankers; won by one goal, four tries and seven rouges to nothing. The defeat on November 13 was the first suffered by this team for three years, and, as will be noticed, it was amply avenged.

"MUSTATEM MOUTIAPEC" (Horse Roots) is another Cree warrior, and may be said to be a remarkable figure. His appearance, facial and otherwise, is unmistakably Indian, while his attitude—rifle in hand, ears open and eyes peering into the distance—is unquestionably that of "Ready, aye, ready!"

KENEPEQUOSHES AND KUSKITA.—It has been the custom before long to go the way of the buffalo and be numbered with the things of the past. However, according to the official reports of the Canadian Government this fate would appear to be a long way off, so far as concerns the aborigines upon this side the lines. "Kenepequoshes" (the son of the snake), whose portrait is presented, together with those of his squaw, "Kuskita-au-Musqua" (Black Bear), are Crees from the vicinity of Calgary. The tents, formed of skins and poles, show the nature of their homes, while the landscape generally indicates the rolling nature of the prairie country, unbroken for miles by tree or dwelling.

The original photograph was taken in the fall, which will be at once apparent from the appearance of the vegetation. The loading of the horse, two poles crossed over his back, and known as the "traverse," shows the primitive method of transportation, and the position of the squaw at the head of the animal indicates the menial condition of the Indian woman, for whom there would seem to be more woman's wrongs than woman's rights.

LOG ROLL-WAY ON THE ST. MAURICE.—Scenes connected with the great lumber industry will be more or less familiar to the majority of Canadian readers, and the illustration, "Log Roll-way on the St. Maurice River," will serve to remind many of them of what they may have more than once witnessed. The St. Maurice, with its tributaries, brings to the various points of distribution no inconsiderable quantity of timber in its various stages of preparation. In the picture there is given a pile which has been collecting from the ice up to the top of the bank all winter, and which, the moment the river breaks up, only needs to be set going to take its place in the mighty procession of logs which are guided by the booms and the raftsmen to their ultimate destination.

"FISH CURING AT GASPÉ" is realistically illustrated. The massive Percé Rocks at the entrance to the bay stand out in rugged relief, and, in the immediate foreground, a number of Canadian "toilers of the sea" are seen at work in the least dangerous part of their hazardous calling. A boat load of codfish has been brought in from the fishing smack in the offing, which the curers, under the direction of their foreman, are busy disposing of. They have evidently before them some specimens of magnificent proportions. Indeed, codfish are taken on "the Banks" weighing as much as 90 to 100 pounds, but when cut up and trimmed they lose about one-third of their weight. The process of fish curing may thus be described: One man hoists the fish to the table, where the first operator cuts its throat as it struggles. He also runs his knife downward from head almost to tail. Thus cut open, it is passed on to the next individual, who cuts off the waste. The fish is then salted and spread out in the sun, where it remains about ten days to dry. In case of bad weather it is turned skin uppermost, the water thus being prevented from getting to the flesh. After due exposure, the fish is considered to be cured, and further drying or packing of the product make it what is known as dry or green cod. The amount of loss in the preparation of the former will be appreciated when it is known that 112 pounds of the former are about equal in value to 200 pounds of the latter. For the Brazil market, where there is a considerable demand, the fish requires to be made especially dry. Although the Gulf and the Bank cod fisheries are such important elements in the industries of Canada it appears to be not unlikely that they will ere long meet with competition from the Canadian cod fisheries on the Pacific, to which there promises to be a considerable migration from the Maritime provinces.

The following descriptions of the two engravings, published last week, of Lake St. John and the Ouatichouaniche River, came to hand too late for publication in the same number:—

LAKE ST. JOHN.—The view of Lake St. John is from a photograph taken immediately in front of the new and commodious Railroad Hotel, adjacent to the Roberval station of the Quebec and Lake St. John Railway. Connected with the shore of this inland sea—itsself quite a natural and geological curiosity—are an immense number of weird Indian traditions, while its waters are the natural home of the far-famed and gamey ouinanche or land-locked salmon. Only in the clearest weather can the naked eye traverse the thirty odd miles that intervene between the village of Roberval and the Grand Discharge, where the mysterious Saguenay receives the surplus water of the northern reservoir on its way to the sea, to hand it over, in its turn, at Tadouac, to the mighty St. Lawrence. Almost circular in form, and with its shores generally wooded to the water's edge, Lake St. John is penetrated every here and there with picturesque headlands, such as that shown in our illustration. In the distance is Snake Island. The steamboat seen lying at the wharf in the foreground runs in connection with the railway, making occasional trips to the Grand Discharge and to the mouths of the Peribonca, the Ashuapmouchouan, the Mistassini and the Metabetchouan, some of which are over half a mile wide at their mouths. Previous to 1888, Lake St. John was the centre of an almost inaccessible wilderness, but the completion of the Lake St. John Railway to Roberval has brought it within eight hours' travel by Pullman car from the City of Quebec and transformed it into a fashionable resort for tourists and sportsmen.

THE OUIATCHOUANICHE.—The Ouatichouaniche or Little Ouatichouan River mingles its dancing, laughing waters with those of Lake St. John. One of the smaller streams that empty into this inland sea, it is also one of the most beautiful. A substantial bridge crosses its foaming rapids, a few hundred feet from its mouth, and here the tourist is tempted to linger for hours at a time, his vision revelling in the wild grandeur of a succession of the most picturesque cascades.

The Nova Scotia Steel works received applications for 80,000 shares of stock for the \$25,000 offered to the public.

The smoke cloud that overhangs London is said to contain 300 tons of carbon. The waste involved in this is estimated at \$13,000,000 a year, and the damage to buildings at \$10,000,000 a year.

CORRESPONDENCE.

HALIFAX, February 14, 1889.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am not to be classed among the literary guild of Canada, and, therefore, have some delicacy in sending you this note, but I cannot withhold expressing my warm appreciation and admiration of your most excellent publication, the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED. I speak not alone of the artistic merit of its engravings, which are beyond praise, but of the literary excellence of its reading matter as well. Of most illustrated papers, the popular idea is that the pictures should be carefully scanned and the publication then laid aside; but so interesting and well-selected is the reading matter of the ILLUSTRATED that I find myself very often reading it through before even glancing at the illustrations.

The especial characteristic of the editorial matter and original contributions is the warm fostering tone of encouragement to Canadian literary effort. All who have done anything worthy of recognition in the way of literary work are sure to be kindly spoken of and duly appreciated by the loving hands of an editor who seems deeply imbued with the desire to advance the cause of Canadian literature. In this way the ILLUSTRATED cannot fail to have a stimulating effect among Canadian writers, especially the younger ones.

A great deal has been said in regard to the building up of a Canadian literature. Some take a pessimistic view and claim either that we have produced no great writers, or that the Canadian public is not disposed to favour, encourage or support literary endeavour. Others, taking the roseate view, are disposed to regard our present achievements in this line as eminently satisfactory. I certainly am compelled to believe that the development of a distinct literary growth is of grave importance to a well-rounded, national life—indeed, an essential. It would, therefore, be unjust and short-sighted to ignore any and all efforts made by the brightest minds in this Dominion to call into existence great thoughts, to embalm great deeds, and to awaken a patriotic imagination among the people. This, I take it, is the great aim of literary effort, and its vital importance in the work of nation-building cannot be over-estimated.

The means by which a national literature may be created will always be a matter of earnest discussion. It must be kept in mind that literature is essentially a growth. It seems to me, therefore, that nothing spasmodic or unusual is necessary. Canada has its fair proportion of bright minds, and as the years roll on there will gradually arise a finer taste and a greater demand for higher intellectual food. It is only necessary to foster and encourage the initial efforts, to dignify and enhance this kind of work, and in time we shall wake up and find ourselves with eminent men among us, who have not only secured the appreciation and homage of their own countrymen, but whose name shall be mentioned with respect and admiration wherever our language is spoken.

The DOMINION ILLUSTRATED is doing good work in this field, and, while not pretending to be in the charmed circle of literary life, I could not resist the desire to bear testimony to its efforts, and to sincerely, and with all my heart, wish it the greatest possible success.

Very sincerely,

J. W. LONGLEY.

J. TALON-LESPEANCE, Esq.,

Editor DOMINION ILLUSTRATED.

THE HAND THAT ROCKS THE WORLD.

Blessings on the hand of woman!
Angels guard her strength and grace
In the cottage, palace, hovel!—
Oh, no matter where the place!
Would that never storms assailed it;
Rainbows ever gently curled;
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rocks the world.

Infancy's tender fountain;
Power may with beauty flow,
Mothers first to guide the streamlet,
From their souls unresting grow—
Grow on for the good or evil,
Sunshine streamed or darkness hurled;
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rocks the world.

Women, how divine your mission
Here upon our natal sod;
Keep, oh keep the young heart open
Always to the breath of God!
All true trophies of the ages
Are from mother love imppearled;
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rocks the world.

Blessings on the hand of woman!
Fathers, sons and daughters cry;
And the sacred song is mingled
With the worship of the sky—
Mingles where no tempest darkens,
Rainbows ever more are curled;
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rocks the world.



THE HUNT BALL.

From the celebrated painting by J. Stewart.



MILLAR
PITBLADO
FULTON
GRAHAM
BOMBER (UMP.)
JOHNSON PATTERSON (CAPT)
FRASER
MURRAY
SUTHERLAND
MCKINNON
THOMPSON
LOGAN
LAIRD
CAMPBELL
THOMPSON

THE "DALHOUSIE COLLEGE" FOOTBALL TEAM, OF HALIFAX.

From a photograph by Netman.

The Lady in Muslin.

"Where do you think I have been?" Margaret said, as, throwing aside her bonnet, she came and sat down opposite me by the fire.

"Perhaps to the cottage again," I answered quietly.

"A very good guess—'tis even so," she replied, with a peculiar kind of frankness—more its imitation, I fancied, than the genuine article, however. "I dare say," she continued in the same tone, "that my conduct puzzled you last night; this morning shall I be able to explain it without puzzling you more?"

"Probably not," I answered serenely. "Miss Margaret Owenson delights in mysteries, I know." "And suppose that mystery and manœuvring are forced on Miss Margaret Owenson—that no choice is left her?"

"Mystery and manœuvring for what?"

Instead of answering my question, Margaret Owenson gave me a quick look, as much as to say, "You are quite mistaken if you think to surprise me" then, leaning back in a very becoming attitude, she played coquettishly with her chain.

"Suppose," she said, suddenly looking up with the same coquettish air, "suppose all the mystery and manœuvring were smoke—the prank of a wild girl who has too much freedom and boldness, and enough money at her command to gratify her every whim.

"Suppose," I answered in my turn, "that I have my opinion in the matter, and wear such good spectacles that no one can throw dust in my eyes?"

"In that case Margaret Owenson bows to Mark Owen," she replied, inclining her head, but with a quick colour mounting in her cheeks.

We were both silent for some moments, both evidently pursuing our own peculiar train of thought, till, tiring of the occupation, and fancying Margaret's silence was a delicate hint, that our "quiet talk" was over, I rose and put out my hand.

"Don't be in such a hurry," she exclaimed, in an utterly different tone. "I have not asked you to pay me this early visit to act a comedy." "Mr. Owen," she added, flushing, but speaking frankly, "I think you are one of those men whom it is more easy for women of my stamp to turn into friends—true, earnest friends—than lovers."

I was a little taken aback by this very candid address, and for once in my life I felt the blood rush hotly to my face, and even tingle my fingers. I remembered a dream or two I had had of that beautiful face before me, some very ugly feelings I had experienced towards Gaunt, when they retired to that horrid conservatory, leaving me to my solitary cigar; and I forgot in that moment all my philosophical reasoning, and the absurdity of love and love-making, also all my calm denunciations of unfeminine boldness and feminine coquetry. Words trembled on my lips—that—well now I am glad I did not utter them. In the folly of that moment I believe I took that fair, pretty hand in mine, for it certainly clasped mine, when on the blood retreating to its proper place, I resumed my usual colour and reasonable tone of mind; and I remember I felt embarrassed what to do with it, as I tried to reply in a quiet, proper manner—

"Perhaps you are right."

"If I did not feel sure of it," Margaret answered gravely, "I should not dare ask what I am about to do."

Some very insane jealousy was roused by her first words and the tone in which she spoke them. I said, sarcastically—

"You would not of Gaunt, for instance?"

Margaret looked up at me with a pained, surprised glance, and flushed crimson.

"No," she said, "certainly not—least of all him. Can you not see—have you not perceived?" she continued, after a slight pause, and in an anxious tone.

"Only too much," I answered, still sarcastically.

Miss Owenson shook her head.

"If you wish to go," she said, coldly, "I will not detain you."

I took up my hat.

"I may as well say good-bye now," I said; "probably I shall return to London at once. My friend is sufficiently well to be able to dispense with my assistance, and he, no doubt, will find amusement enough to make my departure rather acceptable than to be regretted."

Margaret Owenson regarded me for a moment with a smile so intensely quizzical, that, angry as I was, I could not help feeling I was making a great fool of myself.

"You really are most provoking," I muttered.

"And you most unreasonable," she answered.

"Sit down and listen quietly to what I have to say, then go to London if you choose, and be as sulky and disagreeable to poor Mr. Gaunt as your manly dignity shall think proper."

She half pushed me back in the arm-chair, and then, with the freedom that was at times as repulsive as at others it was winning and attractive, she drew a light chair beside me, and leaning carelessly on the arm of mine, she laid her fingers lightly on my hand.

"Answer me frankly. Have you told Mr. Gaunt anything of your seeing me in the cottage yesterday afternoon, or of my begging your silence last night?"

"Nothing. I keep honourably even unworded engagements, Miss Owenson."

"I do not doubt it. One other question. Are you in the secret of Cecile's relationship to Mr. Gaunt?"

I started. "Secret?" I exclaimed.

"Let us be frank for once," she resumed, in a tired voice. "I see as plainly as you do that there is a secret. Perhaps I may know more of it than you do—perhaps even more than Richard Gaunt himself. Answer me frankly. Are you in his confidence?"

"Such a question—" I began, hesitating.

"Is very simple and easy to answer," she interrupted; merely a Yes or No. I only ask a monosyllable of you."

The eagerness with which she spoke flashed in her eyes, and witnessed to the truth of her words that she was acting no comedy.

"Of what consequence can it be?" I exclaimed.

"That I alone know," she answered, still earnestly. "Yes or no?"

"Well, then, No. I know nothing of this secret, if secret there is."

"And yet you are his most intimate friend! He has told me himself that you were as brothers together," Miss Owenson said, and as she spoke, she rose from her chair and stood before me in an unusually excited manner.

"All this," she continued, "confirms me in my opinion. Will you confer a great favour on me—one that aids the wronged at least to defend themselves? I only ask you to be silent on all that has passed between us, both concerning the cottage last night and our present interview."

I hesitated. "In binding myself to that I know not what wrong I may be doing Gaunt," I said. "Events may so occur that these very trivial circumstances may assume some importance."

"I ask you as a favour," she said, throwing herself again in her seat in the most pleading manner; "or, if you will not promise me definitely, only grant me this, that before you tell him you will let me know."

"The very importance you attach to such trifles makes me more unwilling to promise," I said. "Only last night your conduct about the portrait made him anxious to penetrate the mystery with which you surround yourself. How do I know but that these circumstances might assist him materially in so doing; and if that is the case, am I acting fairly, or even honourably, to my friend?"

Miss Owenson followed with earnestness every word as I uttered it.

"And he is anxious, then, to penetrate the mystery? And it was my conduct concerning the portrait that aroused his suspicions," she exclaimed eagerly.

"I do not undertake to answer for Gaunt," I replied.

Margaret looked at me earnestly, yet half doubtfully.

"Well, well; I do not wish to cross-examine either you or him; all I beg of you is to grant my request. It seems to me not a very difficult one to grant, in spite of your conscience. I ask you merely to let me know when you communicate these stories to your friend, and to delay it as long as possible. I am a stranger to you," she added, "and I know the manner in which I have made and carried on our short acquaintance cannot entitle me to your highest opinion. Still, when I give you my word of honour that my object in coming here, and acting as I do, is to shield the wronged and the innocent, you may take it as that of a lady of no mean birth. All I want," she added, passionately, "is to defend the rights of natural justice."

I looked at her, extremely puzzled; there was no acting in her manner—no assumed emotion in the anger that illumined her whole countenance; she continued in a softer tone: "Were I to tell you the story I could tell, I mistake you greatly, Mr. Owen, if you would not be the first to aid the wronged. Richard Gaunt himself—she paused, rose again to her feet, and then walked impatiently away. When she came back, there were large tears filling her beautiful eyes. "Can you not promise me this?" she said in a low, tremulous voice.

What man ever stood firm before a beautiful woman's tears?

I took the hand she had laid on mine, and saying, "You may trust me—I cannot refuse you, Margaret," I bent down and kissed it earnestly. It was the first time I had ever done such a foolish thing; and I rushed away disgusted with my own folly and rashness.

(To be continued.)

THE ARCHIVES OF CANADA.

WHAT A FOREIGNER THINKS OF THEM.

At the meeting of the American Historical Association, held at Washington, D.C., the president of the Association, Dr. W. F. Poole, of Chicago, delivered a most interesting address at the opening session on the evening of the 26th of December in regard to Canadian Archives, which we extract from the address. Dr. Poole said: On the second topic which I proposed to consider, namely: The sources and facilities for the study of Northwestern History—I will first call your attention to the invaluable collection of original documents in the Canadian Archives at Ottawa, Canada, under the care of our associate, Mr. Brymner, whom we have with us, and who later in our session will speak to us concerning this collection.

A large portion of these documents relate to the early History of the Northwest, then a part of Canada. Some of them have been used by Mr. Parkman; but as a collection, it is but little known to writers on Western History. It covers the period from the early settlement of Canada to recent dates, and is especially rich in documents of the last century relating to the West, in reference to which our national and state archives are very weak. The intelligence with which these documents have been collected, arranged and calendared in print is most creditable to the Canadian Government and to its accomplished archivist. Mr. Brymner has printed nine annual reports, comprising up to the report of 1887, nearly 2,000 pages, and in his report for 1888, nearly ready, about 600 pages. The Bouquet Papers, in 30 volumes, and the Haldimand Papers, in 232 volumes, are among the most interesting in the collection. Colonel Henry Bouquet was the ablest and most brilliant British commander in the French and Indian war, and the hero of the Battle of Busby Run. His life has never been written, and here is the material for the work. Sir Frederick Haldimand came to America as lieutenant-colonel in 1757; was in Amherst's army at the

capture of Montreal; was in the French and Indian war; had command in Florida in 1767, and in June, 1778, succeeded Sir Guy Carleton as governor and commander-in-chief of the Province of Quebec. He held the position until November, 1784. Everything which occurred in the Northwest during his administration appears in letters from and reports to his official headquarters. His officers at Detroit, St. Joseph, Sandusky, Vincennes, Michilimacinae, Kaskaskia, and other Western posts, reported to him the current news, the movements of the Indians, the operations of George Rogers Clark, and every sort of information. The papers cover the whole period of the revolutionary war. These invaluable documents, after a custom of the time which has now happily passed away, were regarded as the private property of General Haldimand; but in 1857 they were presented by the family to the British Museum. The Canadian Government has been at the expense of copying, arranging and printing a calendared list of them for the use of historical student. Our Government, when it has made its own archives accessible, should show a similar enterprise, copy them and print those which relate to the United States. The State of Michigan, in the collections of its Pioneer Society, has begun the printing of such of the Haldimand papers as relate especially to the history of that State. The papers printed, however, relate quite as much to the whole Northwest as to Michigan. The entire collection ought to be printed by the United States Government, or, if that cannot be done, by joint appropriations of all the Northwestern States. On February 24, 1779, Henry Hamilton, Governor of Detroit, surrendered himself as a prisoner of war at Vincennes, Indiana, with Fort Sackville and its garrison, to Col. George Rogers Clark, a victory which completed the capture of the Northwestern Territory from Great Britain. On that day Col. Clark wrote to Patrick Henry, Governor of Virginia, describing his painful winter march across the flooded prairies from Kaskaskia, the storming of the fort and the victory. The letter he despatched by a messenger to Williamsburg. The messenger was waylaid by Indians and killed, and the despatch was supposed to be lost. Col. Clark, two months later, when he had heard of the killing of his messenger, made another report to the Governor from Kaskaskia. The first despatch, having been lost for more than a century, now comes to light in the Haldimand papers, with nine other letters captured at the same time. This precious document, giving details of the campaign and surrender which nowhere else are found, has never been printed, and, so far as I am aware, has never been used except in a brief summary.

RED AND BLUE PENCIL.

I have received, wrapped in buff covers, a little pamphlet, sent with the compliments of the *Evening Gazette*, St. John, N. B., containing three short poems, the whole under the title of "Our Country." The first is "Our Acadie," by Wm. P. Cole; the second, "Our Loyalist Fathers," by my friend, James Hannay, one of the editors of the *Gazette*; and the third, "Our Country," by H. L. Spencer.

OUR LOYALIST FATHERS.

Turn back the book of time,
And, on its fading page,
Read of the men sublime,
Whose virtues o'er their age
Shone, as the morning star
Shines o'er the sleeping earth.
Whose rays, beheld from far,
Herald a new day's birth.

One hundred years ago,
Our fathers landed here;
The hills were white with snow,
The landscape bleak and drear;
Driven forth an exiled band,
Scorned, outlawed, robbed, oppressed,
In this unpeopled land,
They sought and found their rest.
And here they lived and toiled;
Beneath their sturdy blows
The forest vast recoiled;
Here a fair city rose,

Whose fame has grown world-wide;
Whose name is heard and known
Where'er its stout ships ride,
In ports of every zone.

Like men they played their part,
New homes and hearths to rear;
'Till, stilled each loyal heart,
They died; their graves are here.
Their lives run into ours,
As streams that downward flow,
Fed by the mountain showers,
To mighty rivers grow.

All that they gained at length,
To us, their heirs, remains;
The fulness of their strength
Wells in their children's veins.
Theirs was the buried past,
With all its wasted powers;
We hold their memory fast;
The future days are ours.

Ours are the hopes which rise
To welcome better days;
Ours are the brighter skies,
Through which the sun's bright rays
Shine, with unclouded might,
Over fair land and sea;
Ours is the ungarnered light,
The light that is to be.

—James Hannay,

I receive the following from "Carl," of St. John, N.B.:

Please pardon me for not before replying to your question concerning Mr. Betts, the translator of Béranger. I have been much occupied with other and more prosy things. Mr. Betts is a St. John man, and an old schoolmate of mine, though I have not seen him for some years. He is at present living in New York. In regard to our taking the lead in letters down here by the sea, of late, it is certainly so. I tell you the intellectual development of this portion of the Dominion is proceeding apace. But then have we not always produced far more than our quota of distinguished men in all the walks of life? Why, half of your nabobs up in metropolitan Montreal have very little idea of the greatness and glory of these Maritime Provinces! However, we are, by degrees, becoming a united people, and may the bond of a common Canadian Literature, in its growth, unite us still more closely.

Yours sincerely,
CARL.

P.S.—I only to-day noticed the question repeated in the 19th January number of the *DOMINION ILLUSTRATED*. What a splendid paper you are making of the *DOMINION ILLUSTRATED*!

There is no end to the outflow from those Lower Provinces. Here are simple and easy lines from Helen M. Merrill, of Pictou, and sent to me without a word, as if it were the most natural thing in the world. Thanks!

REST.

There is no rest. The golden day declines,
The silent night her lonely vigil keeps,
Low-breathing where the world in shadow sleeps,
But still on distant shores the sunlight shines.
There is no rest. Beneath the tilting vines
The tide appeareth still, but o'er the steeps,
Soft-veiled in shining foam the river sweeps,
In peace again to flow by flowery shrines.
Ah! no; there is no rest. We cannot stay
One little moment in its gentle flight—
Like sun-birds flocking in the golden light,
We sing till sleep steals softly in at night—
But Time moves steadily along his way.
There is no rest. Behold the new-born day!

Pictou. HELEN M. MERRILL.

Knowing now from "Carl" who Craven Langsbroth Betts is, I turn with pleasure and renewed interest to my copy of his Béranger, kindly presented to me by Mr. John Reade, in the following Latin inscription:

Musarum parvus, sed non ingratus, alumnus
Hæc Berengarii, Spes Optima carmina mitto,
Accipe, cum libro, mea vota, O dulcis amice!

Glancing through the pages of the dainty little volume, I found all the best and well-known stand-bys of the old singer, whose portrait, in etchings, with the inscription: MES CHANSONS C'EST MOI, graces the first obverse page. There are several which Thackeray has imitated, adapted or parodied, in his own matchless way, such as *Le Roi d'Yvetot*, *Les Gueux*, *Le Chant du Cosack*, *Le Caporal* and *Le Grenier*, with the famous refrain:

Dans un grenier qu'on est bien à vingt ans!

which Mr. Betts translates rather stiltedly:

Blithe in his garret is gay twenty years!

Thackeray is far ahead of this. Béranger's masterpiece is known as *Les Souvenirs d'un Peuple*, which our author has handled very well indeed.

Long his glory will be told—
In the cabin told with tears—
Humble roofs, for fifty years,
Will no other history hold.
Then the village folk will go
To some story-telling dame—
"Mother, tales of him you know,
Charm our evenings with his fame.
Though they say he did us ill,
Still the people him revere—
Yes, still revere!
Mother, still of him we hear!
Mother, of him still!"

Children, with a train of kings,
He did through this village go.
'Tis a long time past, you know!
I was doing household things.
Up the hill, at foot at that—
I observed him on his way.
He had on a little hat
And an overcoat of grey.
I stood near him, trembling, weak;
Then he said: "My dear, good day!
My dear, good day!"
"Mother, did he speak that way?
Mother, that way speak?"

Next year, I, poor woman, came
Paris one fête day to see.
Going with his court was he
On the way to Notre Dame.
Hearts did all to gayness run,
All admired his splendid train:
"What fine times!" said every one.
"He doth all his blessings gain."
Ah! his smile was very sweet!
God a son had given him, too!
Yes, given him, too!
"Mother, what a treat for you!
Mother, what treat!"

But when poor Champagne did yield
To the foeman's arms a prey,
He held dangers all at bay—
Seemed alone to keep the field.
One night came a knock, as 't were
Now—the door I open threw;
He, good God! was standing there
Guarded by a faithful few.
He sat on that very chair;—
"Ah, these wars! these wars!" he cried.
"These wars!" he cried.
"Mother, sat there by your side?
Mother, he sat there?"

"I am hungry," said he. I
Bread and sour wine supplied;
Soon his dripping clothes he dried;
Then he dozed the fire by.
Waking, he observed my tears:
"Dame," said he: "Bonne Espérance!
I'll for all her ills and fears,
Verge in front of Paris, France!"
Then he went. A treasure still
I have kept his glass till now—
His glass till now!
"Mother, what? You have it, how!
What, you have it still?"

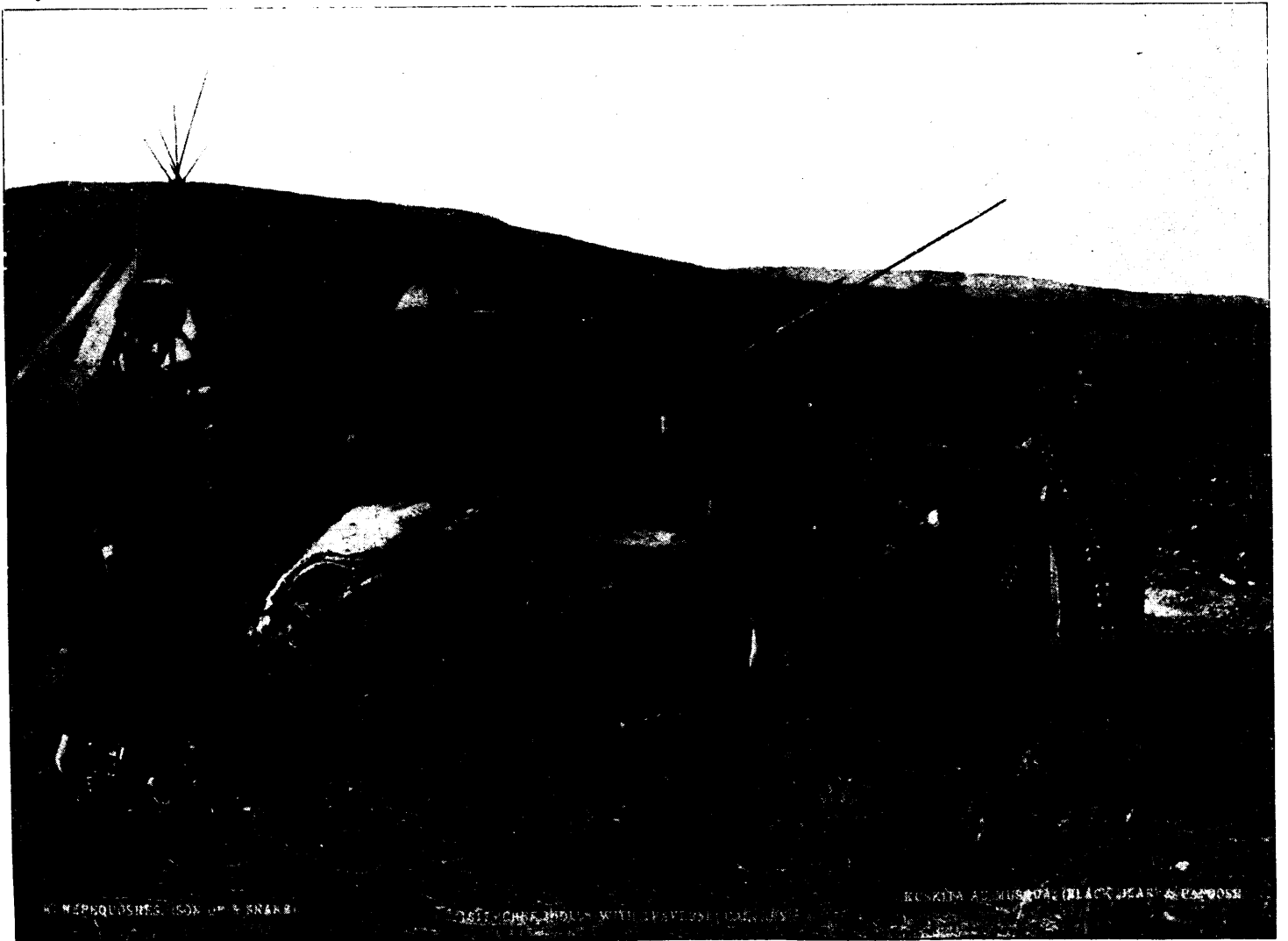
Here it is. But fortune led
To his doom our chief renowned.
He whose head a Pope had crowned,
In a lonely isle lies dead.
Long they thought it would not be;
"He'll come," they said. "We know;
He is hastening o'er the sea,
And will master still our foe."
When we found it was not true,
Ah! my grief I can't forget!
I can't forget!
"Mother, God will bless you yet!
God will bless you yet!"

This tender ballad comes back to my mind to-night, when I recall that, in 1856, I attended the funeral of the genial composer of *Opéra Comique*, author of *Le Chalet*, *Le Brasseur de Preston* and *Le Postillon de Lonjumeau*, which Wachtel, the robust German tenor, made immortal by the ring of his voice and the crack of his whip. I remember that when we sauntered out of the Madeleine, the organ murmured the refrain: *Dieu vous benira, grand mère*. It was Adam who had written the music for Béranger!

TALON.



MUSTATEM MOUTIAPEC, (HORSE ROOTS) CREE INDIAN, CALGARY.



KENEPEQUOSHES, (SON OF A SNAKE) AND KUSKITA-AU-MUSQUA, (BLACK BEAR) CREE INDIAN AND SQUAW, CALGARY.

From photographs by Notman.



LOG ROLL-WAY ON THE ST. MAURICE RIVER, P. Q.

From a photograph by Henderson.



FISH CURING, GASPÉ; PERCÉ ROCK IN THE BACKGROUND.

From a photograph by Parks.



Our Homes.

TURKEY OR CHICKEN SALAD.—Cut up cold roast turkey or chicken in very small dice; season it with pepper, salt, mustard, and finely minced chives; pour over equal parts of oil and vinegar. Have two or three eggs boiled three minutes. Stir in the yolks with meat; chop the whites very small, and stir in these, so that all is well mixed. At the time of serving, mix the above with cut up lettuce or endive.

NOTES.—To open glass jars having metal tops, invert the jar in hot water, taking care that the water does not touch the glass. The heat expands the metal.

A lamp burner that smokes and refuses to let the wick pass up and down easily may be renewed by boiling in strong lye-water two or three hours. Then scour with whiting or fine sand. This treatment will often make old burners as good as new.

A PERSIAN WIFE.—A celebrated Persian sage gave this advice concerning the choice of a wife: "Choose no woman whose lips droop at the corners or your life will be a perpetual mourning; nor yet should they curve too much upward, for that denotes frivolity. Beware of the under lip that rolleth outward for that woman hath little conscience. Select for a wife one whose lips are straight, not thin, for then she is a shrew, but with just the fullness necessary for perfect symmetry."

TEA GOWNS.—Redingote tea gowns grow in popular favour, and their great simplicity of style makes them very effective. There are pretty directoire effects in the dress, which, however, are likely to deteriorate later on and become vague and complex; but the style as it now appears is clear, graceful, and artistically carried out. It is that of a warm, finely fitting, open front long coat or redingote, put on over a cool, delicate undergown, this of lace, china silk, accordionplaited foulard, crepe or embroidered net. The redingote may be in velvet pompadour brocade, moire, or corded silk of a rich hue, or of finest India cloth elegantly braided or embroidered.

BEEF TEA.—It is popularly supposed that in making beef tea and meat liquids the nourishing qualities of the meat are extracted by the water, and that the dry, hard remnant of meat fibre, which remains undissolved, is exhausted of its nutritive properties. That is almost thrown away, and thus the most valuable constituents are sacrificed, and the liquor, which is carefully preserved, contains so little in the way of sustenance it is almost worthless. The remnant actually contains nearly all the real virtue of the meat. If it be reduced to a paste by pounding in a mortar, and then added to the liquid in which it was cooked, beef tea so prepared and duly flavoured with salt is not only highly nourishing and agreeable, but also easy of digestion.

WHITE.—Give her a white morning wrapper or a cotton dress, or even a white muslin bib to her dark dress, and she looks shades fairer and more rosy than in an unrelieved winter gown. Many a woman sitting up in her white bed, with only white cambric and embroidery about her, will strike one as a sweetly pretty creature, who in dark clothes would never arrest our attention. It may be taken as a safe axiom that the nearer colours approach to white the more becoming they are to the wearer, and that the reason why we see so many pretty faces in summer, and so few in winter, lies in the difference of dress.

BLACK.—There are women who look well and distinguished in black, and black only, but they usually relieve their darkness with flashes of diamonds, and a wholly unrelieved black costume can only be successfully worn by a very lovely person. Nevertheless, black for the streets, when walking, should be the rule, and not the exception, with any well-dressed woman.

WELCOME TO MR. SLADEN, THE AUSTRALIAN POET.

At the second meeting of the Society of Canadian Literature, Mr. Lighthall read the following poem of welcome to Mr. Sladen, composed by Mr. George Martin:

GREETING TO DOUGLAS B. W. SLADEN.

Presented at a Meeting of the "Society of Canadian Literature," Feb. 11, 1889.

From a virginal land, latest born,
Still fresh with the odour of brine,
From the roseate portals of morn,
From the heats of Earth's medial line
Thou comest, and we
In a Land of Time's building the oldest,
First born of the sea,
In this season, our whitest and coldest,
Give a warm heart-welcome to thee;
To thee and thy spouse, You will miss,
Should you seek in our landscapes the roses
That humming birds cling to and kiss,
Even now, where the kangaroo dozes
In your thickets that shadow her bliss.

But the roses which here you behold
In the cheeks of the belles that you meet,
Red roses that quickly unfold
Their leaves under snowflake and sleet,
Are surely more fair,—
No poet will think to deny it,—
Than any that flare
Their beauties where beauty runs riot,
In your own Australasian air.

Bide with us till Canada doffs
Her ermine and girdle of pearl,
Till robed in green kirtle she laughs
With the freedom and joy of a girl.
Then I think you will say
That no picture more truly enchanting,
More winsome and gay
Has ever set novelist ranting
Or won from the poet a lay.

We have song-birds that sprinkle the land
With melodies all summer long,
We have flowers, the simple and grand,
That repay with sweet perfume the song
Which they seem to inspire;
And our sunsets! such marvels of beauty!
Could you witness their fire,
Your conscience would make it your duty
To kneel with bared brow and admire.

Then deem not our snowdrifts and ice
Are things that unwelcome remain:
They but come on kind nature's device,
More fruitful than torrents of rain,
As a Sabbath of rest
To the life that they hush into slumber
On earth's weary breast,
While they smite down some evils whose number
Our midsummer climate infest.

Too soon shall you bid us adieu,
But the friendship your presence has wrought
In the hearts you have won, not a few,
In the kinship of feeling and thought,
Shall cease not to glow.
While we list for the sound of a name
In the breezes that blow
From the East, whence a kinsman you came
Adding joy to our season of snow.

GEORGE MARTIN.

A CANADIAN ROMANCE.

Janet Russell was the belle of the village—a Canadian village on the St. Lawrence—and was admired by all the swains who dwelt in those parts, but her "steady company" was a handsome young fellow—John Miller—son of the village postmaster, who also kept a general store. John and Janet went together to a rustic frolic one night, and when on the road John asked the old question, which question was answered in the affirmative. Things went on nicely, but at last, Janet dancing twice in succession with a young fellow whom he had looked upon as a rival, John felt bad, and on the way home sharp words passed between them. The girl told him she wished it had been Charley Hall (the rival) who had asked her the question before mentioned, whereat John said he would give her a day to take that back, and if not—why, all was over between them. Janet relented when she had time to think about it, and the next morning wrote a letter to John and dropped it into the letter-box at old Mr. Miller's store. Time passed on. A year or so after that Charley Hall and Janet Russell were

married, and John Miller was wedded to another girl. Some five years passed and old Mr. Miller died, leaving his property and his store to his son, who at once set about making improvements. And so it happened that the day the old letter-box was broken up Mrs. Hall, accompanied by her eldest daughter, four years old, was in the store. A letter dropped to the floor; a workman picked it up, and, with the remark, "Here's an old letter addressed to you, Mr. Miller," passed it to John. At the moment he was talking to his old sweetheart. He took the letter and turned it over and over in his hand. As Janet's eyes fell on it she blushed. John opened the note and read it, then he handed it to Janet with a bow and the words: "That has been in the box ever since the day after we went to the dance at Turner's. Ah, Janet, if I'd only known!"

THE BANANA.

This fruit is now so common in our fruit stores, and so much used as a desert fruit, that a little information concerning its growth may be interesting to our readers. Every one knows how refreshing the banana is to hungry railway passengers; how its flavour, at first too sweet and insipid to be relished, soon begets a taste that enables one to highly appreciate it, and how nourishing an article of diet it is acknowledged to be; but few of our Canadian growers of the apple, pear and peach know anything about growing bananas. The following particulars are from the *Philadelphia Press*:

The stem or trunk of a banana is about fifteen feet high, and of a pithy nature. It reminds me of an overgrown corn stalk, although the joints are not so plainly marked. The sheaths, indicating leaves which have fallen off, are faintly visible from the ground almost to the top. The stem is eight or ten inches in diameter at the base, and diminishes very slowly toward the top.

The leaves, of which the number varies, do not spring from the trunk as do the limbs of trees, but encircle the stalk, forming a kind of sheath, which, as it grows, partakes less and less of the nature of a sheath, until, springing upward and outward, it forms a stem and leaves the stalk or trunk. The stem itself is of a peculiar form, having, near its base, a circular under-surface, while through the upper surface runs a groove. This form extends some eight or ten inches, when the groove disappears, and the stem presents a circular appearance.

The leaf is of a deep green colour, regular in form, and about ten feet long by two or three in width. Several of them spring in a bunch from near the top of the stalk and hang in graceful curves on all sides.

Directly from the top projects a sort of stem, upon which the fruit grows and ripens. As the fruit matures, this stem is inclined downward, sometimes hanging parallel with the trunk. This stem is from three to five feet long, and the fruit which it produces much resembles the paw-paw in shape and colour. At the extreme end of the stem hangs a beautiful flower, of purplish hue, the faint perfume of which we were denied by its inaccessibility.

Such is the appearance of the banana plant. There is no doubt that in its native home its foliage is much more luxuriant and its beauty much enhanced.

From conversations had with parties who have visited its native clime its cultivation is as follows: The plants are set out about ten feet apart. So rapidly do they grow that in eight months a crop is ready to gather. During this time suckers have been springing up from the base. All but two or three of these are destroyed. A second crop from the old stock is harvested, when it is cut away to make room for the new ones, which contribute each their bunch of bananas about eight months later.

This process is kept up until the ground is exhausted, when a new planting in a different place is made and the process is repeated. The bananas, being gathered while yet green, are able to reach foreign markets in good condition. There they are ripened under different processes.

HERE AND THERE.

THE BRITISH PENNY POST.—The penny post was established in 1840. Previous to this time letters had been charged for according to distance, penny postage for all distances within the United Kingdom being first proposed by Rowland Hill in 1837. Under the new law, postage was fixed at the rate of 1d. for letters of half-ounce weight.

THE POPE AND THE AMERICAN.—For cool assurance under all circumstances the Yankee holds pre-eminence. Mgr. Capel tells the story of a meeting between Pius IX. and a leading West-erner. A special audience had been arranged for a American of prominence. Mgr. Capel himself was in attendance on the Pope. The unterrified Oshkoshian was ushered in with due ceremony. Not at all dismayed by the surrounding grandeur, he walked right up to the successor of St. Peter, and, seizing his Holiness by the hand, exclaimed, "I am glad to meet you, Pope, because I have heard so much about you." It was the Pontiff's turn to be abashed.

A ROYAL VISITOR.—A rumor, with a semi-official tinge, is going the rounds at Ottawa to the effect that the Government have decided upon a novel scheme to counteract the growing public sentiment in favor of unrestricted reciprocity with the United States. Sir John Macdonald, it is believed, will seek to secure the adoption of a joint memorial from the Senate and House of Commons to Her Majesty, asking her to send a member of the Royal family to Canada next summer. The visit, it is expected, will create such a wave of popular enthusiasm as will put a damper on any scheme to bring about the absorption of the Dominion into the United States. The Duke of Edinburgh is suggested as the likely visitor, but it is alleged that correspondence with the imperial authorities seems to show that the Prince of Wales favours the sending of his eldest son.

THE TOLL GATE IN WAR TIMES.—The Colonels and Majors had all told their recollections of the war, and even the privates had been heard. It was the turn of the home guard. "We didn't have much blood, but we had stirring times when Morgan invaded Indiana while you were down to the front. I was only a private, but we all served with as much spirit and zeal as if we were members of the General's staff. I remember riding about carrying the tidings that Morgan was approaching. Down on the Shelbyville pike lived an old friend of mine. Riding down to his farm I called him out: 'Hello, in there!' I shouted. 'What's up?' was the reply. 'Morgan's coming. He is this side of Shelbyville. Better look out!' 'Great God!' the eccentric old farmer exclaimed. 'Is that so? Ride down to the toll-gate just below and tell the keeper not to let him through until I drive up my shoats.'"

FARMING IN MANITOBA.—Mr. J. W. Sandison, whose farms, situated near Brandon, are the most extensive in Manitoba, is at present on a visit to Scotland. When he settled in the North-West, about seven years ago, he did not possess a dollar; but so great, however, has been his success that during the past season he had 640 acres under crop, while in the coming year he will crop 1,400. He owns over 4000 acres at Brandon, besides areas in other parts of the province. He also owns twenty-two splendid Clydesdale and French horses (mostly pedigreed) for working the farm, besides a pair of beautiful blood horses kept for driving purposes. His machinery is of the latest make, and would astonish many farmers in Scotland. He employs twelve regular hands, while in harvest there are generally about thirty at work on his lands. Mr. Sandison got his first real start in 1885, the year of the Riel rebellion. His crop of oats then was fortunately uncommonly good, while the price went up to 63 cents a bushel. He is recognised in the district in which he has settled as a typical specimen of the hard-headed Scottish settler, whose steady habits and indomitable perseverance invariably lead to success.

MILITIA NOTES.

Material changes will be made in the 65th Battalion shortly. Major Dugas' appointment as Lieutenant-Colonel, to succeed Lieut.-Col. Ouimet, resigned, seems to be a settled matter. Major Dugas being senior officer of the battalion now.

The Ontario Artillery Association held its annual meeting at Toronto yesterday. The following were the principal recommendations in the report: An increase in the annual grant to the Dominion Artillery Association. As the provincial and other rifle associations receive grants from the Dominion Government, that this association should be placed upon a similar footing. The establishment of a school for field artillery at Kingston; there being only one garrison battery in the province, a semi-field and garrison school is not necessary.

An official explanation has been given in Ottawa regarding the seizure of 994 gallons of beer, consigned to Colonel Herchmer, of the Northwest Mounted Police at Regina. The beer was seized by the Mounted Police near the Manitoba boundary, because the permit did not accompany it. Colonel Herchmer, in discharging his duties as commissioner of the force, regulates the issue of beer required in the canteen kept by a civilian. Whenever a fresh supply is called for, Colonel Herchmer grants an order on the quarter-master.

The Morris Tube Gallery of the Victoria Rifles Armoury has been fully occupied since the 18th ult. putting in the annual practice of the regiment. The attendance was very fair, about 30 members from each company taking part. There are three targets in use, one Snider and two M. H., as only two can be used at the same time. The M. H. was the choice of most of the members.

No. 6 Company carries off the prize picture. This picture, a valuable "artist's proof" engraving, was presented to the regiment by Mr. A. Bishop Stewart, carver and gilder, of Montreal, and is the third challenge prize for inter-company competition, now in the possession of the Vics, the others being the Queen's Own Cup, the competition for which is always very keen, and a very handsome gold and silver shield from Elkington, London, presented by Capt. A. H. Sims, of No. 2 Company, one of the results of his visit to England last summer.

The following is the score of the winning team:

No. 6 Company—	200	500	600	Total.
Capt. Busted	27	28	26	81
Lieut. Shaw	29	26	24	79
Private Cook	32	33	27	92
Private Pope	30	19	31	80
Private Reynolds	30	22	25	77
Sergt. McCallum	28	24	17	69

478

As is usual in such competitions, several of the highest scores were made by members not on teams.

A PRETTY FACE.

"The age that hath once beheld the King in his Beauty, sees in earthly things but the types of an unutterable loveliness—types which he is well content shall tade and pass away."—After Fred. Robertson, of Brihton.

A face where tender shadows fleet
Responsive to the passing mood,
Sweet memories, promises more sweet,
Nay,—certainties of endless good.

A face that courts the wildest breeze,
And woos the sun in summer hours,
Lies chequered 'neath the flickering trees,
And vies in tint with vermeil flowers.

And as some little lakelet clear
Reflects the sky's unmeasured whole,
So heaven's unnumbered charms appear
All mirrored in this single soul.

Wouldst thou have such a face? then say
Bright orisons at rise of sun,
At even song recall and weigh
Each deed the parting day hath done.

Cast out all fear and all desire;
Fear God, fear nothing else beside;
Thy life-song,—"Higher! ever higher!"
Like spray-snow on the vaulting tide.

My darling,—sun thyself in God,
His mother-comfortings, His grace,
His guidance, voice,—His loving rod,—
And enter Heaven with such a face.

F. C. EMBERSON, M.A.

1795 Dorchester St., Jan. 15, 1889.

STEWED CELERY.—Stewed celery, said to be a good remedy for rheumatism, when eaten every day, is easily prepared. Cut into strips, boil in slightly salted water, and serve either plain or with drawn butter sauce.



Fashion authorities say that large checks in men's suits will be the fashion in the spring. If the checks are in the pockets and properly signed and endorsed, the style will be gladly welcomed.

If most men could only get the world to take them at their own estimation of their value the world would soon have an enormous surplus stock on hand, and bankruptcy would stare it in the face.

Charles Lamb, one afternoon, in returning from a dinner party, took his seat in a crowded omnibus, when a stout gentleman subsequently looked in, and politely asked, "Full inside?" "I don't know how it may be, sir, with the other passengers," answered Lamb; "but that last piece of oyster pie did the business for me."

Free Medical Advice.—"Doctor," said a citizen as he overtook him on the street, "what do you do in a case of gone stomach?" "Well," replied the doctor, thoughtfully, "I've never had such a case myself, but I would recommend you to advertise for it and then sit down in a large easy chair and wait until somebody brings it back."

Driver (to quiet stranger on suburban road): "Hi, mister, jest hold that there horse's head for a minute while I get down, will yer?" Stranger (nervously): "Wh-wh-which one?" Driver: "Why, the off'un, to be sure." Stranger: "My good man, I am totally unacquainted with horses, and it is quite impossible for me to know which is the orphan."

"Vell," said Mr. Isaacstein to his clerk, as he took off his coat, "how vos peezness vile I vas oud?" "I sold a two-dollar pistil," replied the clerk. "Dot vas good, Jacob—goot." "De shentleman wanted it to blow his brains oud, continued Jacob. "Oh!" said Mr. Isaacstein, dubiously, "dot vos bad, very bad. He vould haf paid five tollars."

The New York papers are telling about seven young women all in a row who went fast to sleep during a performance of a Wagner opera. Wagner's music seldom has a soporific effect upon its hearers however completely they may fail to appreciate it. In fact, the person that can sleep during a Wagner opera might woo complete and undisturbed repose in a boiler factory.

"One moment, Mr. Sampson," she exclaimed with a distressed look as he dropped to his knees, "I have already had twelve proposals this season, and yours will be the thirteenth—an unlucky number." "True," he answered, as he rose to his feet, his face ashen; "but, oh! what am I to do?" "Wait for a week, Mr. Sampson," she answered, shyly; "then come again."

Adroit.—Aunt Penelope (who has testamentary powers): Do you know, Edith, I sometimes fancy baby will be like me. Edith (astonished into candor): Like you, Aunt Penelope? Dear me! I hope not! Aunt Penelope: You hope not! And pray why, Edith? Edith (suddenly recollecting herself in view of Aunt P.'s powers): Oh, good looks are frequently such a snare, you know, aunty.

Popular Preaching.—First preacher: "How do you manage to succeed so well among the cowboys out West?" Second preacher: "There were 600 present at my first sermon, and I said: 'Gentlemen, I'm going to tell you about a man five feet high who floored a giant eleven feet high.' Then I spoke of Goliath and David." "Well?" "When I finished they gave three cheers for David."

"Time spent with poultry," says the *Agriculturist*, "is well spent." Bet your life it is. A man can spend more time in an hour trying to drive a yearling hen through a gate eighteen feet wide than he can spend in a week sawing wood. And then she won't go through the gate, after all, although it is wide open. She will either fly over the fence alongside of it or break her back trying to scratch under it.

Unto a little nigger,
A-swimming in the Nile,
Appeared, quite unexpectedly,
A hungry crocodile.
Who, with that chill politeness
That makes the warm blood freeze,
Remarked: "I'll take some dark meat
Without dressing, if you please!"

"My I look through your waste basket?" enquired a young man, entering timidly. "Certainly," said the editor. "What do you want to find?" "A little poem on 'Mortality' that I sent in yesterday." "My dear sir, that poem was accepted and will appear to-morrow. I will draw you a cheque for \$25, and I assure you—" But he spoke to lifeless ears. The young man had fallen to the floor. The shock had killed him.

Old gentleman: How does my son get on? School teacher: He's one of the best students in the school, I've no complaint to make on that score. Old gentleman: That was the way with me when I went to school. I'm glad he's taking after his father. School teacher: But he's rather unruly at times, Mr. Hardcastle, and frequently has to be reprimanded for fighting. Old gentleman: Well, I suppose it's natural that he should have some of his mother's striking characteristics.

They are telling this story about Senator Evarts: A gentleman was entering the Senate gallery at Washington, when he chanced to meet a friend coming out. "Hello!" he said, "what is going on?" "Nothing just now. Mr. Evarts has been addressing the Senate." "Has he? I'm sorry I missed that." "Yes, it was a great treat. He spoke for more than four hours." "What about?" "He didn't say."

"What can I do, my darling," he whispered, "to prove my love for thee? Would that I could, at peril of my life, rescue thee from bloodthirsty Indians, save thee from the fangs of the roaring lion or snatch thee from a watery grave. Say, dear one, what can I do?" "Ask papa," she said promptly. But he was not prepared to go so far as that. He went outside to see what sort of an evening it was, and he never came back again.

"Mr Graham," said the young man, "I have traced to you the story that I have been divorced fourteen times and arrested seventeen for cruelty to my wife, and I would like an explanation." "Mr. Bailey, I am certainly astounded. The only story I have told about you lately is what you informed me last Thursday—that you had just been engaged." "May I ask you where you mentioned that?" "Why, certainly; it was at the Friday afternoon sewing circle."

The glorious "uncertainty of the law" is proverbial; but it is a little singular, when one comes to think of it, that this uncertainty never inures by accident, or otherwise, to the benefit of the honest man or the public. It is always the criminal who profits by the uncertainty. The courts do not discover fly specks in indictments or commitments which enable the public to get a firmer and more lasting hold on the law breakers. And those accidents with the undotted i's and the uncrossed t's are unearthed in the interest of rascals and rascality.

"No, George," faltered the maiden, "I fear it cannot be. I admire you as a gentleman, I respect you as a friend, but—" "Laura!" he exclaimed, "before you pass sentence hear me out. A recent lucky stroke in business has enabled me to buy a beautiful home on Prairie avenue, which shall be in your name. I will insure my life for \$25,000 and—" "George," calmly interposed the lovely girl, "you interrupted me. I was about to say that the sentiments of respect and esteem I feel for you, though so strong, are feeble in comparison with the deep love which—which I—which I have long—don't George, dear!" For George had interrupted her again.



AS THE CASE MAY BE.

MAUD: Give me time to consider; in a week I will give you my answer in writing.

HENRY: I submit! but the delay will be too long and cruel, if you accept, the reprieve all too short if you refuse me.

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St. Jerome,	Ottawa,	Port Arthur,
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