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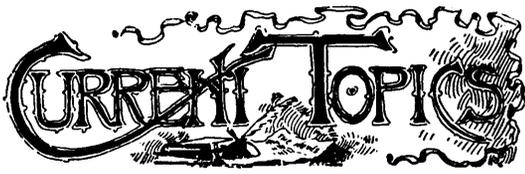
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12th SEPTEMBER, 1891.



The Mayor and Constable Maguire.

Since HON. MR. MC SHANE'S accession to the Mayoralty of Montreal he has worked hard in the best interests of the city, and deserves praise without stint; even many of those who strongly opposed his election have since recognized the value of his services in many ways. Had the honourable gentleman retired gracefully on or about the first of August, or gone abroad on a prolonged holiday at that time, he would have vacated his office with the thanks of almost the entire civic community. But during the past few weeks his evil star has seemed to be predominant, and a more extraordinary series of blunders has not been committed in Montreal for many years. The ordering out of the civic police and firemen to take part in a political procession,—the coarse and unwarranted epithet applied to a police officer for an act necessary in the performance of his duty,—his personal authorization of a low type of gambling on a special public occasion,—form part of a list of errors in judgment inexcusable in the Chief Magistrate of this city. All are bad; but the worst is the gross language used to CONSTABLE MAGUIRE, and the singular want of tact by the Mayor in the introduction of the religious question into the matter; a more silly piece of conduct cannot be imagined. The policeman did perfectly right in his treatment of the prisoner—in fact, the latter well deserved far worse treatment than he received. There is a great deal of maudlin sympathy in Montreal on this subject, and it is a serious drawback to the efficiency of the police; in not another city in the world, where a first-class force exists, is the same amount of kindly attention shown by press and public to criminals who forcibly resent capture by the officers of the law, and thereby incur harsh treatment. In London, Liverpool and Glasgow, cities which possess police organizations unequalled anywhere, constables are permitted to do what they think best in order to capture their men; being perfectly drilled and under strict discipline, they are trained to use force only when absolutely necessary, but when that does occur, they are not reproached and attacked for it. Fancy the Mayor of any one of the three cities mentioned lowering himself by calling a

policeman a "blackguard" for rapping over the head a drunken rough who was probably kicking viciously at his opponent's shins; he (the Mayor) would be the laughing-stock of the city. CONSTABLE MAGUIRE is entitled to an out-and-out apology from the city, from the manner in which he has been treated by its Chief Magistrate.

Our Police.

It is well worth considering how detrimental to the efficiency of the Montreal police is the practice of this continual worrying of the men by blatant, would-be philanthropists, who seem anxious to throw all their influence in favour of the criminal. The force is far more efficient now than it was a few years ago, thanks to the energy of the present chief, but it is still much inferior to what it should be. It is far from being strong enough to stand the strain of continual carping at its methods of arresting unruly offenders; and, indeed, one of the reasons why it is not up to first-class mark is this same hostile criticism and un-called-for treatment, often from the very men who should aid and encourage the force. Another element it has to contend against is the continual dragging of its affairs before a committee, whose members apparently have the power of appointing and dismissing, regulating and ordering, just as political and national pressure is brought to bear. This plan is theoretically not bad, but practically is a steady drawback to the success of the force, and largely militates against its discipline; it is decidedly unfair to the chief, and affects his control. Another feature unfavourable to the force is the limited class from which it may draw recruits. The classes from which policemen usually come do not as a rule make the study of modern languages an essential feature of their training. As a matter of necessity most French-Canadians in and about Montreal know a little English, but extremely few of their English-speaking brethren know anything of the French language, and this applies with even greater force to men from Great Britain and Ireland; so as a matter of fact the very class of men who are by long odds best adapted to police duty—ex-policemen or ex-soldiers from Ireland or Scotland—are practically debarred from our force, while to the police of every other large city they are eagerly welcomed. The two finest civic police bodies in the world are those of Glasgow and Liverpool, whose members have to contend against an extremely rough and pug-nacious population; in both cities the force is drawn largely from ex-members of the Irish Constabulary and of the Imperial army, from which the present short service system sends out each year thousands of men in a state of physical perfection, trained for years to habits of drill, discipline and self-command. Montreal should have at least a hundred of such men in her force; and any inconvenience that would be felt by their inability to speak French would be more than made up by their grand bearing, physical strength and experience in times of danger.

Life of Sir John Macdonald.

Of the many startling events that have been crowded into the past few months, the sudden death of SIR JOHN MACDONALD was undoubtedly the most important. It is extremely creditable that within a few weeks of his demise a biographical sketch of his life should appear, and one of

Anecdotal Life of Sir John Macdonald, by E. B. Biggar
Montreal: John Lovell & Son.

such a novel and interesting character that even the most casual and fitful reader will find his attention chained to its pages. Friend and foe alike will experience this. SIR JOHN'S nature was such that while, as the greatest man of his country he had many thousands of political enemies, few of these carried their opposition into private or personal matters; his geniality, love of fun, fondness for joke or cartoon, either on himself or his opponents, naturally gave rise to a vast fund of anecdote, almost exclusively of a humorous nature. To collect these anecdotes and present them to the public in a readable form has been MR. BIGGAR'S aim; and, chronologically arranged as they are and connected with a light thread of biographical statement, they form an unusually interesting work. The first few chapters are devoted to birth, early years, and education; and although treating of events which occurred over sixty years ago, are not by any means devoid of amusing anecdote. Some of them are not specially creditable to young MACDONALD, but this fact shows the impartiality of the compiler. The VON SCHULTZ incident of 1838 is well described and is worthy of special note, although it has little to do with the subject of the biography. The story of his civic public life commences with the ninth chapter, followed by anecdotes—full and copious—of his Parliamentary career; an interesting item in the first pages devoted to this is that one of his earliest acts in the House was to present a petition from certain shoemakers asking that a duty be imposed on boots and shoes imported from the United States. Thus he was early in contact with N.P. principles. During the stormy scenes of the Montreal riots in 1849, his attitude is thus described:

"JOHN A. MACDONALD took no part in the riots. He had protested in the debate against passing the bill, and had warned the Government that they were drawing down grave dangers, not alone upon their own heads, but upon the peace of the province; and to kill time and tire out the ministry, he kept the floor through the night, reading thirty of William Lyon Mackenzie's letters. But he took no part in the riot. A bosom friend, still living, says he was not in town that night; but others say he stood a silent spectator of a rueful scene, digesting, no doubt, some valuable thoughts on political agitation."

Of anecdotes relating to SIR JOHN'S political life there is an almost boundless supply. Some are good, some are of little value; but from the quantity the reader can pick and choose as he pleases. In a brief sketch, such as this, it is impossible to quote; but many of them well illustrate the veteran Premier's kindly heart as well as his ready wit. Quotations from his speeches are frequent; few of them are above the level of the utterances of a quick-witted political leader, but here and there is one in which the speaker has risen into eloquence, such as the little speech on Imperial pensioners, in reply to a caustic remark from MR. MACKENZIE directed at SIR FRANCIS HINCKES. Humorous incidents are mentioned very frequently; the vivid description of the great all-night sitting of the House in 1878 is very amusing. Much space is devoted to his family matters, particularly of his marriage, home relations, and social life, are fully told; and the details of the veteran Premier's last days in Parliament, his illness, death and burial are narrated with great feeling and delicacy of touch. In all, the work will be found of great and unusual interest to all patriotic Canadians, and to the many admirers of the Old Chief who live beyond the borders of the Dominion.



VIEW FROM THE CITADEL AT KINGSTON.
(From an old print.)

OUR ENGRAVING

THE CRUISE OF THE QUEEN CITY YACHT CLUB, TORONTO TO OAKVILLE.

On Friday evening, 7th August, scenes of bustle and confusion were witnessed in the club house of the Queen City Yacht Club. The next day was to show a grand turnout of all the boats for a cruise to Oakville. Such a bumping of heads and tripping over ropes had not been seen around there for many a day. There was diligent search after oil stoves, cork-screws, can-openers, and turning lockers inside out hunting for camp shoes and all the little sundries that are needed on a cruise. At last Saturday afternoon and the hour of starting arrived. Eggs, watermelons, bread, butter, blankets and canned goods were all piled in a promiscuous heap in the dinghys, and away the yachtsmen pulled for their respective boats, nothing worse happening in the hurry than the breaking of some eggs—and bottles. The Kohilow was the first boat to start, next the Swan, closely followed by the Dolphin and Nellie, and after these the Quickship, Molloy, Enid and Meteor. At 7 p.m. the fleet were off Port Credit. The Nellie and Enid turned in here for the night, while the rest went on, and rather difficult sailing it was, being a pitch dark night. At last, however, Oakville light was sighted and the fleet ran down the piers under a drizzling rain. The boys had the sails quickly stowed away and, getting below, soon forgot all their discomforts. Thoroughly tired out, the crews slept till 8 and 9 o'clock the next morning. Sails and coats were then hoisted up to dry in the warm sun. About 11 o'clock the fleet received a visit from their commodore, after which they all went up town, headed by the club band, which consists of two pieces—a mouth-organ and a comb. Returning to the boats, dinner was served to hungry souls at 1 o'clock. Shortly after this it clouded up, and one of the worst squalls the club had ever seen came down upon them, accompanied by thunder and lightning. Considerable anxiety was felt for the Java and Meteor. The Java, being up at Hamilton, was expected down, and also the Meteor, which had stopped at Lorne Park, on the way up. How-

ever, after the gale, both boats were observed out in the lake, one of them beating up and the other coming down with a free wind. Both boats during the gale had to take in canvas. After a very pleasant time the crews all set sail for home, the return journey being uneventful but full of pleasure.

GOSSIPING ON THE SYDENHAM RIVER.

Elsewhere is shown a charming little boating scene in the Queen's Park, Owen Sound. It is a lovely spot, situated on the Sydenham river directly south of Owen Sound's magnificent harbour.

ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE, KINGSTON.

This institution, the finest of the sort in the British Empire outside of England, has just re-opened for the season of 1891-92, with a fine body of "recruits" for the first year and a full attendance of old members for the three senior



R. M. C. CADETS OFF DUTY.

classes. Work and play alternate in due proportion,—certainly with no lack of the former. An engraving on page 260 shows a detachment of the cadets at the usual daily drill, while the little view herewith lets us see a few of the boys after the fatigues of the day are over.

MIDLAND.

Midland, of which we present a number of views on pages 252-4, is a very stirring little town, of about 1400 inhabitants,

in the Township of Tay, Simcoe County, Ont., and is beautifully situated on an inlet of the Georgian Bay. It is on the Midland division of the Grand Trunk Railway, and is the northern terminus of that branch, about 123 miles from Toronto. A large and rapidly growing business is done at Midland, and the place bids fair to be, before long, one of the most important towns in the district.

HAMILTON CITY HALL.

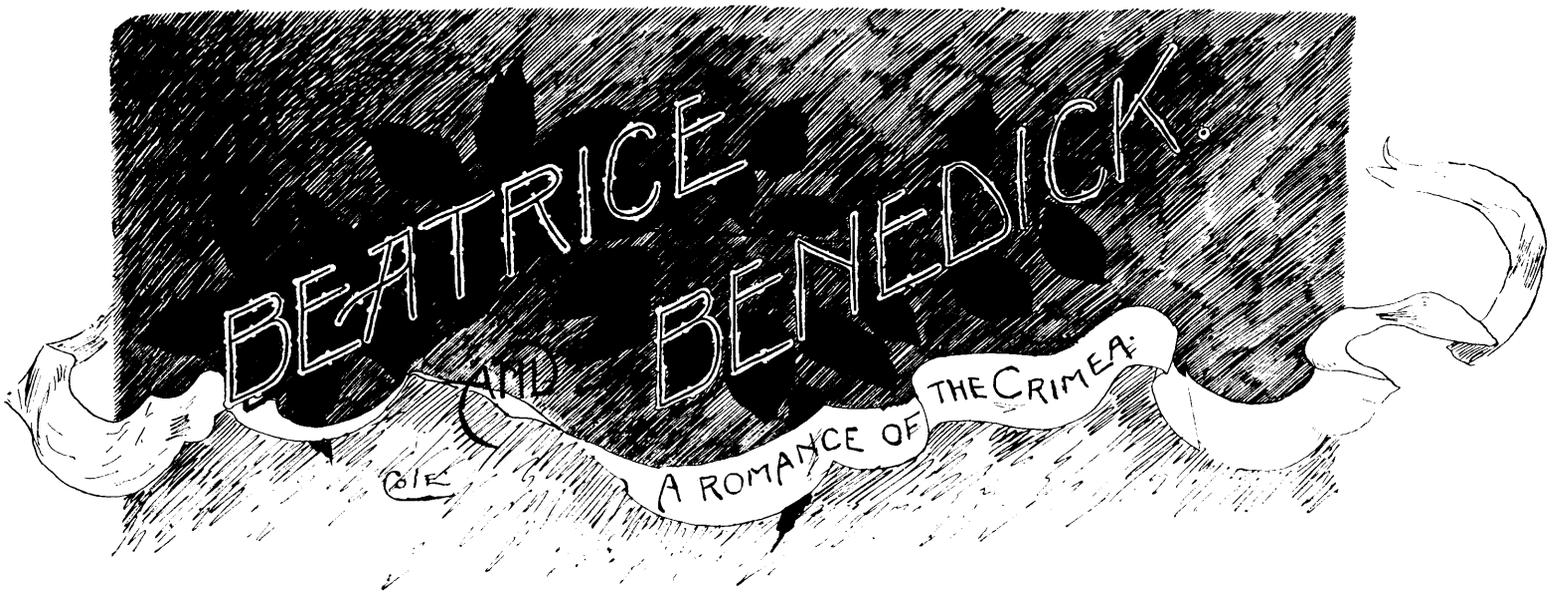
One of the most stately buildings in the good city of Hamilton is the civic headquarters—usually known as the City Hall—an engraving of which appears on the first page of this issue. It is situated on James and York streets, facing directly down King William street. The edifice was designed by Mr. James Balfour, A.R.C.A., of Hamilton, was built in the years 1888-90, and was opened by the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen during their stay in Canada last summer.

PRINCE BISMARCK.

Until a year or two ago, the destinies of all Europe for peace or war lay in the hands of one man—the man of iron and blood—Otto Von Bismarck; who, for skill in foreign policy, stands without a peer in the history of Europe; while at the same time he has had but little success in the domestic legislation of his country. Born in 1815, he still, at the age of 76, takes a keen interest in the events of the day, and, although retired from active legislative duty, is occasionally heard from on questions of national importance, and speaks with no uncertain ring. His family connections and training imbued him from the first with the spirit of strong patriotism, and of strict adherence to Conservative principles.

A Brilliant Number.

The coming Christmas Number of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED will be the most magnificent holiday souvenir ever issued in Canada. Splendid supplements, beautiful engravings, charming stories, sketches and poems will embellish this number. In literary features and artistic arrangement it will prove a source of the deepest pleasure to all. It will surpass the Christmas issue of last year, which was so heartily endorsed by the best critics throughout Canada.



BY HAWLEY SMART.

Author of "Breezie Langton," "At Fault," "Tie and Trick," "Long Odds," "Without Love or Licence," &c., &c.

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CHAPTER VII.—MISS SMERDON'S PRIDE
BREAKS DOWN.

A well-known novelist, who has not long since left us, ascribed the rather moderate success of one of his earlier stories to the Crimean war. It was the first time we had been engaged in a European struggle of this sort, since the invention of steam, telegraphs, and if I may be pardoned the expression, newspaper correspondents. Then again, the great battle between Russia and the Allies was practically fought out in a cock-pit and the famous correspondent of the *Times*, then in the hey-day of his youth, was enabled to keep that paper supplied with such an accurate, I may almost say microscopic, account of the great siege as made it easy for those at home to follow it in all its details. It might have been headed after the manner of these times, "The Crimea day by day." It was close upon a twelve month from the time the Western powers first sat down in front of the place, before the Muscovite, after gloriously half-repulsing an assault all along the line succumbed to his assailants. Small wonder that those who were there from first to last compared it to the siege of Troy. One thing it proved conclusively, and that was that like Sebastopol, Troy was only half invested, or starvation must have compelled its capitulation long before ten years.

That several of his brother officers should gather round Hugh, on his arrival in camp, was but natural. They were all anxious to hear his account of his last night's fighting, how poor Grogan came by his death, and so on.

"No doubt you're pretty well played out, old man, but beyond that you took the Quarries with a rush, and have been fighting for them all night, we know nothing; whether the wounded fellows could tell us anything we don't know; the doctor won't allow them to talk just yet, he is so afraid of fever. Byng might no doubt if they'd let him."

"Tom Byng?" ejaculated Fleming, "Why he's dead. Shot through the head."

"Not a bit of it," exclaimed two or three voices at once.

"Why, I saw him carried away myself."

"Not a bit of it," rejoined the others. "It was a mighty close shave, but Tom Byng is no more dead than you are. He was stunned and was a good bit coming to, but has escaped, the doctor says, by about an eighth of an inch."

"Thank God," said Fleming. "I'm sure I thought he was killed. How about the others?"

"Badly wounded, all three of them; still the doctor says if he can only keep the fever within bounds they will all pull through. Poor Joyce must lose his arm. You're not touched, Hugh, are you?"

"No, but I'll tell you what. I'm just froze for a drink, a wash, and a sleep."

"All right, old man, we'll bother you no more. Bustle off to your tent and we'll see nobody disturbs you. We were all turned out and kept under arms for two or three hours in case you wanted us down there," and the speaker jerked his thumb in the direction of Sebastopol.

After the excitement and fatigue of the night Fleming slept soundly for some hours. He had rapidly adopted the habits of the old campaigner, who thoroughly understands that sleep is a thing to take when you can get it. It sometimes happened that men only came out of the trenches to be marched back again before they could get their belts off in consequence of a sudden alarm. The contending armies were like two gladiators ever keeping a keen eye for an opening, and, notably on the side of the Russians, taking speedy advantage of it. He was awakened by a roar of laughter just outside his tent, and hastily putting on a few things and a pair of slippers, stepped outside and found a small knot of his brother officers gathered round Tom Byng, who, seated in an easy chair, with a bandaged head, and propped up by pillows, had apparently finished the narration of some story which had thoroughly tickled his audience. He silently extended his hand to Fleming as he came forward, and as Hugh clasped it, he said:

"Thank God; I was afraid it was all over with you."

Byng gave a queer smile, and rejoined with a slight motion of the head:

"Natural density saved me, old fellow. I'm all right, but have rather an earthquaky feeling to-day."

"What's the joke," continued Fleming, as he warmly pressed his friend's hand. "I was roused from my slumbers by ribald laughter."

"Tell him, some of you," said Byng.

"Well, it's all Mickey Flinn. Seeing Tom outside his tent he came across to congratulate his Captain for not being kilt dead intirely, and Tom was unwise enough to chaff him."

"Last night was worse than the Woronzoff, eh, Flinn," said Tom.

"'Deed, sorr, and it was, and it's glad I am to see your honour about again, for it's kilt dead intirely I feared you was when I put you on the stretcher."

"Ah, being shot through the head is worse than being shot through the body."

"'Deed, I don't know, sorr, it's much a muchness it strikes me, only you get the credit of being wounded for the wan and you don't for the other, and with that Mickey Flinn saluted, and stalked back to his company in supreme dudgeon."

"It's all the old villain came to see me about," said Byng, still laughing at the recollection. "I

believe he was glad I wasn't killed; but he's very angry because I have been returned as wounded, and he wasn't."

"Yes," laughed the adjutant, who was one of the group; "that's a good healthy grievance that ought to be a comfort to Flinn, whenever the rations run short, to the end of the campaign. He's a fine old soldier, but, as we all know, you may trust the old soldier to have his grievance."

"Yes," said Fleming, "he'll go through any amount of hardship, hard work, and fighting; but he must have his grievance—generally about the veriest trifle."

And then there suddenly arose a shout from the orderly room tent of "Mail in from England!" followed by the sharp bugle call for orderly sergeants, and the group of officers, with Fleming amongst them, rushed off to see after their letters.

"Yes," thought Tom Byng, as he looked after Fleming: "I counselled him not to speak, but he has the best of it now. Letters from home! Yes, we're all glad to get them—ah, very glad no doubt most of us; but don't tell me Hugh wouldn't give up all his letters from home, and the whole correspondent of the regiment to boot, for that one letter he's expecting from Nell Lynden! I hope the young 'un 'll come through all safe; and after last night it does seem as if Providence was watching especially over him. I fancy he was right not to take my advice." And if one might judge from Hugh's face as he passed a few minutes later with an open letter in his hand, Byng was right in his conclusion.

Few things could have been more harrassing to a romantic and imaginative young woman of those days than to discover that she had let her heart go out of her keeping before she was aware of it, to be uncertain whether her feelings were reciprocated or not, and that the man who had won her affections should sail for the East without making any avowal was hard.

Frances Smerdon was in this position, and all Nell Lynden's burst of girlish confidences about her love dream were gall and wormwood to her friend, "Detestable Gush," Frances Smerdon called it, and revenged herself by saying the most spiteful things of the Regiment collectively, which were intended to be repeated for the benefit of the one individual who was the object of both her love and her hate. But when, with the Springtime, came the news that the fighting had begun again, and also that the Regiment had reached the Crimea, Frances Smerdon's heart began to quail and soften. She could not speak bitterly of men she had known well but such a short time ago, and the finish of whose lives she might see announced in any morning paper. There was one man she hated, there was one man she declared she would never speak to again. He could not have been blind to her love. He must

have despised it, she would never, never, never—and then this inconsistent young lady would burst into a flood of tears, and only wish she could write a long letter to him.

"If he had only given me some excuse before he left," she moaned, "but I suppose even if he was seriously wounded it would be an awful thing for me to write to him. As for Nell, I could box her ears, I could, for gushing to me about her love when she knows I'm so unhappy."

Now this was exactly what Miss Lynden did not know. Her own love affair had probably prevented her noticing her friend's weakness, though women seldom succeed in keeping each other in the dark

She could not understand it—Frances seemed to have changed completely. She was witty and sarcastic about things generally; she laughed at Nell about her "spoonishness"; told her she could not hope to keep her soldier wrapped in cotton wool when shot and shells were flying about; and that she needn't be afraid, it was a peaceful regiment, and all would be over before they got there. Angry though they made her, Nell felt that there was a hardness and bitterness in Frances's letters that had no genuine ring in it; and then, much to her amazement, Miss Smerdon's letters suddenly completely altered in tone, and her enquiries after the —th became both courteous and pressing.

coat. Barley was plentiful, and they no longer stood shivering at their picket pegs, with their quarters turned to the cold blasts of the Steppes. Enterprising settlers erected stores on the way to the front, and sweet champagne, dubious brandy, and all descriptions of tinned delicacies became no longer scarce, and were to be had on comparatively reasonable terms.

A few days after the the taking of the Quarries a group of officers might have been seen lounging on the Woronzoff-road just at the point where three or four tracks—it would have been absurd to describe them as anything more—branched off the main road in various directions across the plateau,



"The paper dropped from her hand."—(See next page.)

on such points. Men as a rule are slow to recognise a leaning in their favour. It might be that, but, whether from policy or a mistaken estimate of his chances, Tom Byng sailed for the East without uttering a word to Frances Smerdon that could be construed into anything more than admiration. But what did puzzle Miss Lynden much was the change that had come over her friend. It was the one and that Frances should not sympathise and rejoice with her in the flood-tide of her first love grieved the girl sorely. She so craved for a woman's sympathy in her passionate dream—for someone to talk with of her hopes, of her fears,—and women had too many of those latter to battle with, in love born in such troublous times.

As we know, whether the man she loves is in danger, or whether he is merely passing a lively winter in a pleasant place, makes a good deal of difference in the expression of a woman's sentiments under Miss Smerdon's peculiar circumstances.

The camp was rich in "shaves" that bright spring weather. Men seemed to have shaken off the torpidity of the winter, both mentally and bodily, and, wondrous were the rumours of what the French were doing, and we were going to do, and even what the Russians might be expected to do. Men began to move about amongst the lines, and the half-starved garrows of ponies, that had passed the winter in painfully toiling with such luxuries as their masters could lay hold of between Balaklava and the front, waxed fat in the ribs and sleek in the

sufficiently confusing, except to the initiated. Take the one to the right for instance, and an hour or two's easy riding would bring you amongst the famous caves of Inkermann, and eventuate in your certainly getting inside Sebastopol before morning, as a prisoner. The laughing knot of officers were of all branches of the service, but there were a good many of the —th among them. A fresh regiment had arrived at Balaklava that morning and was to march up to the front that afternoon.

Now the regiment in question was what is termed a sister corps of the —th, which being interpreted means that the two corps had been quartered together, or as the soldiers term it "lain together" in several places, and that the officers and men had cordially fraternised and knew each other well.

The men, as a rule, showed their gratification at meeting by being slightly the worse for liquor, late for tattoo, and exchanging forage caps, than which latter mysterious ceremony, none are so significant of friendship and goodwill in the eyes of the British soldier. The officers usually celebrated their reunion by an interchange of dinners, in which they would sing the old songs, and prolong the festivities far into the night. Moreover, as it was known that the same regiment had a draught of the —th attached to it, the latter had sent their drums and fifes to meet the new comers at this point in the road, and from thence play them into camp.

"Not much of a band you know," said Hugh Fleming, "all we can say is, it's the best we have out here. Hang it, I never properly appreciated a drum and fife before."

"Yes, you're right," exclaimed the adjutant, "a little music does brighten one up here a good deal. On my word I wouldn't despise a decent barrel organ."

"That's where the French have one pull over us," said an officer of artillery, "They've managed to bring their bands out with them. By the way, I was down in your conquest last night, Fleming."

"My conquest, indeed!" laughed Hugh, "I was uncommon glad to get out of it, that's all I know. I hope you didn't find the Russians quite so touchy about it as I did."

"No, they're quiet enough over it now; we should like to get guns into it, but the ground's so confoundedly rocky I can't see how the engineers are ever to make the sap."

"Listen," cried the adjutant, "here they come, and playing their own quick step 'Warwickshire lads' as a greeting. Now fall in your drums and fifes, and as soon as you catch sight of the head of the regiment strike up their own march 'Hurrah for the bonnets of blue,' and, confound you, roll it out as if you were trying to crack the fifes and burst the sheepskins."

Another minute and the head of the new regiment appeared in sight, and then the drummers and buglers of the —th crashed out their welcome to the new-comers whose own music at once ceased. Cordial hand grips and enquiries passed amongst the officers of the two corps, for it was not two months ago since the new-comers had played the —th down the Steps of Valetta. At this point the draught of the —th branched off in the left, in the direction of the lines of their own corps, and with them rode the adjutant and Hugh Fleming. On their arrival this batch of only just drilled recruits was at once paraded and the men told off to their respective companies.

Hugh Fleming looked carelessly on while the adjutant allotted a few to his own company. The sergeant was marching these off when the sound of his own name made him turn abruptly.

"Here's one recruit, sir," said the sergeant, "says he's got a bit of a note for you."

"A note for me!" ejaculated Hugh. "How did you get it, and what's your name, my lad?"

"Peter Phybbs, sir," replied the boy. He was little more than eighteen. "My sister got it for me when she heard what regiment I'd listed in, and said I was to be sure and give it to you as soon as I had the chance."

Hugh threw one glance at the superscription of the rather crumpled missive the recruit had placed in his hands, and instantly recognized Nell Lynden's well-known writing. He at once tore it open.

"Dearest Hugh," it ran, "the young brother of Phybbs, our parlour-maid, has it seems enlisted in your regiment. The girl's in a sad taking about it, in which, alas, I can only too fully sympathise with her. She seems to think, poor thing, that your powers to protect him are boundless, and to soothe her I write this to ask you to look after him a bit if he gets sick or in trouble. I know you will, Hugh, dear, if it's only for my sake; but I also like to think that it is another link between us; that while his sister is watching and waiting by my side here, he is fighting by your side there. I have never seen him, but he sounds a mere boy to be sent out on such work. God bless and save you, my darling,—Ever your own, NELL."

"Well, Phybbs," said Hugh, "I'm asked to look after you a bit, and you may thoroughly depend upon me as long as you deserve it. Keep straight, my lad, don't flinch from your work, and be easy with the drink, and that's all I have to say to you at present. See the old hands aren't too hard upon him, Smithers," and with that Hugh turned on his heel and walked off to his tent.

"A queer letter of introduction," he said to himself with a smile, "but I must do the best I can for Nell's protege, simply because he is her protege." He little thought those few lines of recommendation were of more value to him ere long than any letter to the Commander-in-Chief from the highest in the land could be.

CHAPTER VIII.—NEWS FROM THE CRIMEA.

Miss Smerdon has been making herself as unpleasant as it is possible for a vivacious young lady to do when matters are running askew with her, and that, needless to say, means that Twmbarlyn House is rendered generally uncomfortable for all therein.

"What's come to the girl?" demanded Mr. Smerdon, petulantly, of his wife. "She used to be the life and sunshine of the place, and now she just mopes and snaps like a puppy with distemper."

"I don't know," returned Mrs. Smerdon, anxiously, "she won't tell me, but there's something that worries and frets her. She's never been the same girl since her last visit to Manchester."

The good lady did not think fit to confide her thoughts to her husband, but she was not blinded; she strongly suspected that her daughter had brought a headache home with her. The very servants wondered what had come to Miss Frances, and said that there really was no pleasing her.

One morning, Miss Smerdon hastily caught up the paper, as she usually did; she was feverishly anxious to see it nowadays, though formerly the perusal of the *Times* had been either neglected or left for an idle half-hour. She was so interested, she said, in the doings of our soldiers in the Crimea. All this, though unnoticed by her father, was easy reading for a mother's eye. She could not induce the girl to give her her confidence, but Mrs. Smerdon had little doubt that Frances' heart was in a soldier's keeping. If she had thought that before, she knew it for certain that morning. No sooner had the girl torn open the paper than the head lines, "Brilliant Exploit; the Taking of the Quarries; Severe Fighting," caught her eye, and then came a graphic description of the position, of the dashing manner in which it had been carried, followed by a spirit stirring narrative of the gallant and obstinate endeavours of the Russians to recapture it during the night, and speaking in terms of unqualified praise of the bull-dog tenacity with which the —th clung to the vantage ground they had won.

Frances' colour came and went as she read; at length she came to the postscript of all glorious bulletins. "We regret to say that in the execution of this brilliant and successful operation Her Majesty's —th suffered severely, having no less than five out of the six officers engaged in it *hors de combat*. The subjoined list is a return of the killed and wounded on the occasion.

"Killed:—Lieutenant-Colonel Croker (commanding the attack); Captain Grogan, —th Regiment.

"Wounded:—Captain Byng, —th Regiment, (severely)."

The paper dropped from her hand and the blood left her cheeks. Frances turned white to her very lips, and a slight moan escaped her. Her head swam, and it was only by a supreme effort she saved herself from fainting. Her mother was by her side in an instant, while her father looked up from his letters with open-eyed astonishment, and exclaimed, "Good ———, what's the matter?"

"Nothing, Matthew; don't take any notice of her; she will be all right directly," rejoined his wife, sharply. "She's only a little faint; she has been out of sorts lately, you know."

"I think, mamma, I'll go and lie down; I don't feel very well," murmured Frances, and assisted by her mother, she left the room and made her way to her own bed-chamber. Arrived there, she broke

fairly down, burst into tears, and sobbed like a child on her mother's breast.

Mrs. Smerdon knew that this was no time for questioning. She let the girl weep passionately on her bosom for some minutes, knowing full well that she would have all her confidence a little later. Then she loosened her dress, made her lie down on the bed, and said, "You can't sleep, I know, Frances; but try and lie quiet, dear, for half-an-hour. I will come back and bring you some tea then, and you shall tell me all your trouble. Who should you come to, child, in your sorrow save to the mother who bore you?" And before an hour was over Mrs. Smerdon knew that her daughter had given her heart away unwooded, and was tortured with shame and anguish because it was so, and that the author of all this mischief was now lying in grievous case in camp before Sebastopol.

We know that Tom Byng was in no such plight, but he had been carried away from the Quarries for dead in the first instance, and had actually figured as such in the first returns of casualties. Luckily, the mistake was discovered in time, and "severely wounded" was substituted for killed. Sanguine though the doctors were about his hurt being of no great consequence, yet they were a little chary of speaking decisively about it for a few days, and hesitated to describe as "slightly" a wound which might even yet take a serious turn.

It might have been some satisfaction to Mickey Flinn had he understood that Captain Byng had no knowledge of how he was returned in that night's casualties.

"Severely wounded!" thought Frances when left to herself. Ah! how often had that word been the precursor of "Died of his wounds," of late. She had heard it said that the wretched accommodation of the field hospitals gave little chance of recovery to those once admitted into them. Oh! if she could but go out to nurse him! But that was impossible. If she could but write to him! But no, he had never spoken—he had given her no right to do that. And yet in her heart of hearts she believed that he loved her. Oh, she had been mad! She had been rightly punished! She had jeered at the regiment—sneered at him; and no doubt Nell had told Hugh Fleming, as she intended Nell should, and so all her bitter words had come round to his ears. How could she have been so wicked and so spiteful? How was he to ever know that such words escaped her lips in the agony of what she believed to be her rejected love.

No! she must go away. She could not stay at Twmbarlyn, for everybody, she felt sure, would read her secret in her face. She would go to the Lydens. She hungered to hear all about the old lot, to talk of Hugh Fleming, of Tom; and her face flushed even as her lips syllabled the name. She would hear, too, what his hurt was, whether it was likely to go very hard with him—no, if Nellie would have her she would go to Manchester at once. She would write by t at day's post, and then the return of her mother cut short the thread of her meditations.

As she had anticipated, Mrs. Smerdon found herself speedily taken into her daughter's confidence, and not only soothed the girl, but proceeded, metaphorically, to bind up her wounds forthwith. The Smerdons were good, homely, as well as self-made people, and neither of them entertained any extreme ambitions for either their sons or daughters. Smerdon had attained wealth, and with it such accent in social status as is its inevitable accompaniment. So long as Frances married a gentleman of fair repute she was free to choose where she listed, and Mrs. Smerdon knew very well that had any of the officers from Newport, who so constantly dined with them, taken the girl's fancy, her father would have made no objection. As for Captain Byng, he had always been a great favourite with the good lady, although she had never dreamed that he had found favour in her daughter's eyes. But this may very easily be accounted for. Though Frances had always liked Captain Byng, it was not till she was staying at Manchester with the Lydens that the liking had ripened into a serious attachment. There is love at first sight, no doubt, but it's more generally, I fancy, of a slower growth. Again, as Tom had observed, soldiers were "up in

the market" just then; and on my conscience I believe people fall in love very often for the sole reason that they ought not to do so.

Mrs. Smerdon comforted the girl very much. She made light of the difficulties of the situation. "If," she thought "Frances has set her heart on Captain Byng, and he likes her, there is no earthly reason why she shouldn't marry him—let him only get safely through this horrid war,—and he will make her a suitable husband." In her mother's partiality she looked upon Frances as a good match for any man. No, she saw no reason whatever why Frances shouldn't write to Captain Byng.

"You knew him very well and there's nothing out of the way in your writing to inquire after him, having seen his mishap in the papers. Still, if you wish it, which you don't—" and the elder lady laughed merrily.

"Thanks, no mamma; I'll write to him myself."

"Quite so," replied Mrs. Smerdon, nodding. "And now, my dear, hope for the best; it's no use thinking that just because people are ill they are never going to get over it. As for your going up to stay with Nellie, I certainly think that's advisable. Change will do you good. You will have an inexhaustible topic between you, and she will be able to give you small details about their daily lives out there, interesting to anyone, but especially to those who know, much more care for the actors in the drama."

Frances' face flushed a little at her mother's allusion to her weakness, but she had derived much consolation from her counsel and sympathy, and she thought that she saw no cause why she should not write to Captain Byng. In the course of the afternoon she despatched a letter to Miss Lynden, in which she recanted all the bitter things she had ever said about the regiment, called herself a little beast for having even thought such things, pleaded that she was very miserable, begged that she might come to her, said she had so much to say to her, and pledged herself to be on her very best behaviour during her visit. If Miss Lynden had been blind to Frances' feelings in the first instance, she could read between the lines of her present letter, thanks to Hugh Fleming. Tom Byng was a very transparent man, and sharpened perhaps by his own experiences, Hugh had no difficulty in penetrating his friend's secret, before they had set foot in the Crimea.

When they'd got this town taken and the war finished up, he thought, his friend would have no cause for despair if he asked the momentous question. Meanwhile the town took a deal of taking, and seemed quite as well supplied with provisions and munitions of war as its assailants.

Miss Lynden's answer came by return of post. Thanks to Hugh's hints she was now able to account for the fluctuations in Frances' correspondence which had so much puzzled her. She knew very well what that long talk would be about, and it was very sweet to the girl to think that at last she would have someone with whom she might talk unreservedly about her love.

As far as the doings in the Crimea went, no man could follow the proceedings of the Allies with closer interest than Doctor Lynden. But though aware of the engagement between Fleming and his daughter, he totally eschewed all discussion of that subject. He had some grounds for doing so; it certainly could not be said that Hugh's family had welcomed the intelligence with effusion. To tell the truth, old Mr. Fleming was furious at the announcement, and only restrained from fulminating his wrath in all directions by the circumstances of the case. "Nothing can take place at present between them but an exchange of ridiculous love-letters. Time very often dispels these illusions. Besides, if anything should happen to the boy I should be very sorry to think that angry words had passed between us; and master Hugh has a considerable touch of my temper about him. If he persists in his obstinacy and folly when this affair is all over it will be quite time to let him know my mind thoroughly about such a preposterous arrangement." And then with sundry incoherent remarks, in which "young idiot," "retired doctors of unknown families," "impertinence," and strong exple-

tives were all mixed together, Mr. Fleming senior determined to say no more on the subject at present, but to fall back on a policy much in vogue just then of "masterly inactivity."

"Oh, Nell! can you forgive me?" said Frances, when, her journey accomplished, she found herself once more safe in the Lydens' drawing-room, with her friend ministering to her requirements in the shape of tea. "I've said horrid things of Hugh and the dear old regiment, I know. I could bite my tongue out for doing so now; but I was so miserable. I have tried so hard to forget him, but I can't; and now he's wounded—badly wounded—but I forgot, you don't know, and, oh, how am I to tell you?"

"Oh, yes, my dear," replied Nell, with a smile, "I fancy I do know—know perhaps even more than you do, and a pretty scolding there will be for Captain Byng next time we meet."

"Is it very serious?" asked Frances, eagerly. "How is he going on? Do they think he will get over it? What does Hugh say?"

"Hush! one question at a time," rejoined Miss Lynden. "We must wait for the next mail to come in. I had only one line from Hugh this time. Here it is," and the girl took the scrap of a letter from the bosom of her dress, and read as follows—

"My darling Nell,—Just one line to say that I am all right: but we had a big fight last night in the trenches, and you will be sorry to hear that several of your old acquaintances were knocked over. Poor Grogan, indeed, killed. I'm so dead beat I can't write any more—Ever dearest, your own HUGH."

"That is all, Frances, so you see we must wait till the next mail for further tidings. I'm sure to hear again then. Hugh is very good about writing, though sometimes I only get such a scrap as this."

"It's terrible, this watching and waiting," cried Miss Smerdon. "It must be hard for you to bear; but, ah! Nell, how much happier you are than me. What wouldn't I give for just two lines like that!" and as she spoke she looked wistfully at the letter her friend held between her fingers. "Ah, if he had only given me the right to care for him."

"Listen, Frances," replied Miss Lynden, "didn't I tell you that I had something to scold Captain Byng for. If his advice had been followed I should have been exactly in your place, and Hugh would not have told his love before he left. You're a proud girl, and Captain Byng's a quixotic man, as

if a man's love story ever offended a woman, even when she didn't care for him."

"Ah, my pride is all broken down now," replied Miss Smerdon in dejected tones. "He must never know it, he would laugh at me very probably if he did. It's very disgraceful, Nell, but I do love him. You never told Hugh any of my wicked remarks, did you?"

"Well, do you know," faltered Miss Lynden, "do you know I'm afraid I did."

"Oh, Nellie, how cruel of you. How could you," exclaimed Miss Smerdon with flushed cheeks, starting bolt upright from the desponding attitude she had assumed in the corner of the sofa, "you know I never meant them."

"I knew they were meant more for somebody else's ears than mine," remarked the other demurely, "and I took care they got there."

"How mean of you, how wicked of you, what a wretch Tom—, Captain Byng I mean, must think me; and now he's dying—," and Miss Smerdon sobbed audibly.

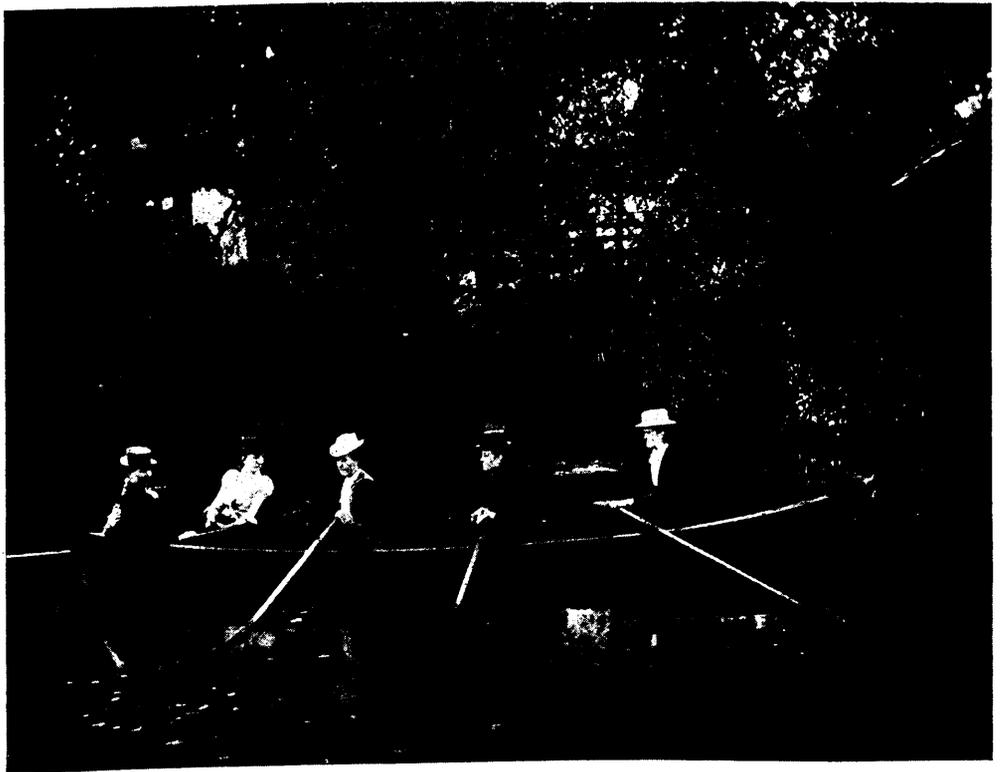
"Don't be a fool, Frances," interposed Miss Lynden a little sharply. "I quoted your tart remarks in my letters to Hugh simply because the fluctuations of your temper puzzled me. I could not understand it. It was well I did so or I should not have understood things even now. Hugh, you see, was behind the scenes the other side, and when we compared notes we came to the conclusion that Benedick had gone to the wars once more, and that Beatrice had promised to eat all of his killing. My dear, when next you meet Captain Byng I have no doubt you'll find he has something to say to you."

"Oh, Nell, do you really think so? Do you think he—"

"Loves you!" said Miss Lynden, laughing. "No, I don't; but Hugh does, and that's a good deal more to the purpose. He's wiser than I am, and has much better opportunities than mine of judging of Captain Byng's feelings. *Soyez tranquille*, my dear, and wait and hope trustfully for good tidings by the next mail."

Oh, the humility and self deception of a great love! Here is quick, clever Nellie Lynden not only saying that honest, straightforward Hugh Fleming is wiser than her, but that he possesses a quicker insight into the state of the affections! As if on this latter point the perceptions of man are not as those of the mole compared to the eagle with the observations of the opposite sex.

(To be Continued.)



GOSSIPING ON THE SYDENHAM RIVER.

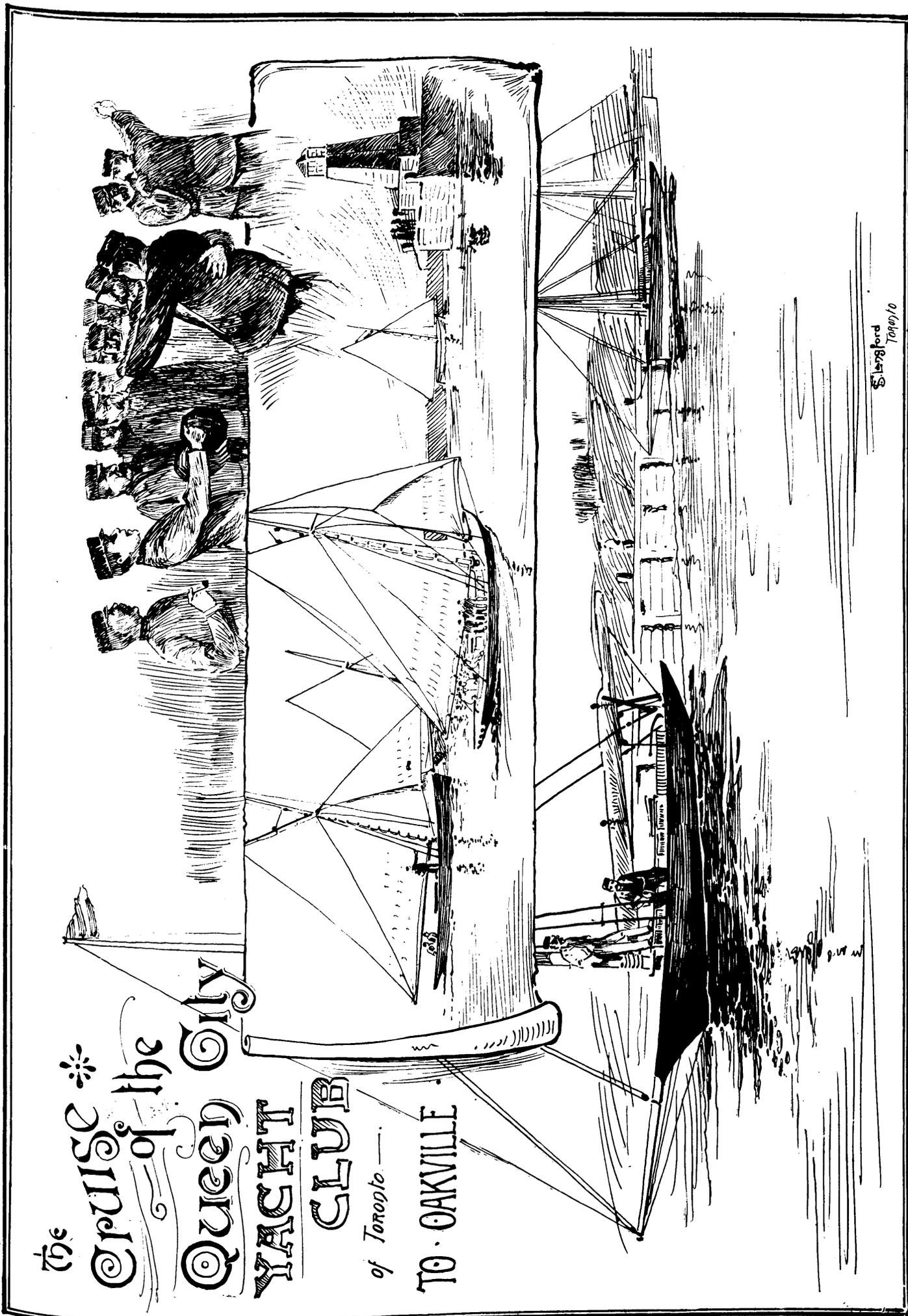


ARNOLD'S POINT, GASPE.



GASPE BASIN, FROM MR. LE BOUTHELLIER'S HOUSE.

VIEWS AT GASPE, P.Q.



The Cruise of the
Queen City
YACHT CLUB
of Toronto.
TO OAKVILLE.

TORONTO YACHTSMEN AFLOAT.



CHINESE CEMETERY, VICTORIA, B.C.

A PACIFIC COAST CHINATOWN.

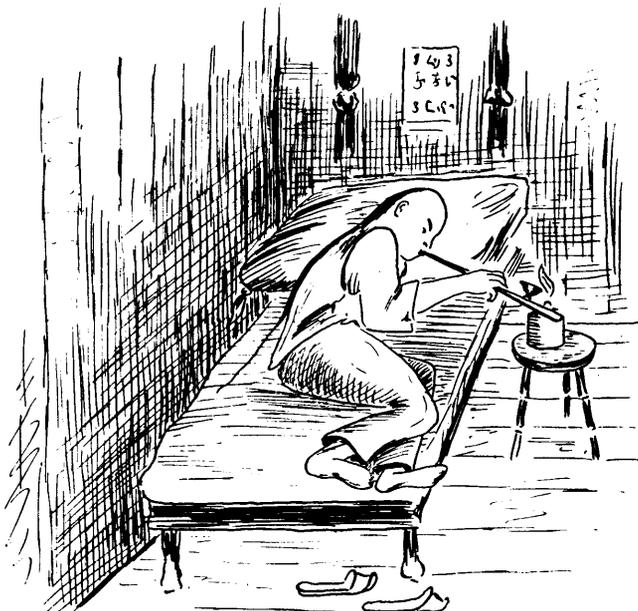


THE Chinese, like the Kaffirs and Jingos, of South Africa, are disposed in locations at either end of the cities, called, on the Pacific coast, towns. In their towns,—which it may be remarked *en passant* are a source of unremitting duty to the sanitary officials,—all commercial houses are located, and all business connected therewith is transacted. As a laundryman and laborer, however, the Chinaman is

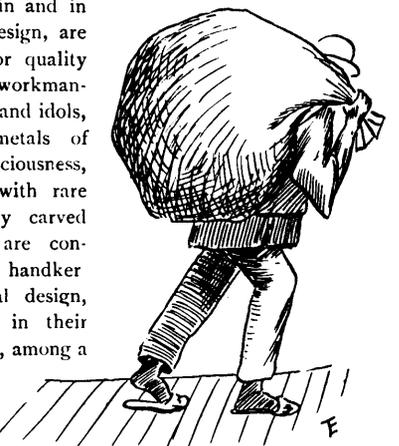
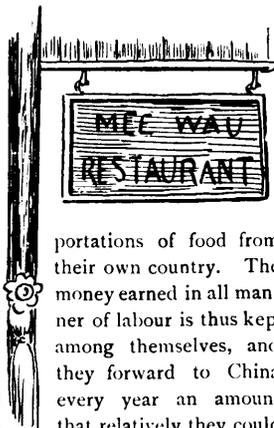
ubiquitous, such legends as “Sin Kee” or “Ah Wan,” “washing and ironing,” being met with at intervals throughout the cities. Prominent among the names on the business signs is that of “Lung,” which could not be more marked as a misnomer than when applied to the physique of the specimens of the sons of Cathay, who import themselves at so much money per head to cut out a modest fortune—in European eyes—but amply sufficient to maintain them in their older age in the oriental kingdom of sun and flowers. To this consummation they longingly turn their thoughts in happy anticipation of the day when they shall bid a farewell to the Occidental shores upon which they have striven for the means upon which they shall rest, knowing that they have provided for a comfortable old age and the means of attaining their greatest ambition—an imposing funeral.

On many of the store signs, after specifying their principal line of goods, there is to be read “Labour Contractor,” from whence it can be inferred that the merchant will supply all kinds of service, which service he also supplies with provisions; some of these comestibles as they appear hung up in strings in the stores being simply disgusting-looking to eyes unused to the culinary department of the Chinese homes. In this way they maintain an inter-Chinese trade, and patronize only im-

portations of food from their own country. The money earned in all manner of labour is thus kept among themselves, and they forward to China every year an amount that relatively they could not earn more than one-fourth of in that country; and the equivalent which they leave is but the increased value of land held by individuals, less all accumulated where they are employed as servants. “Mee Wau,” is also glaringly contradictory as it hangs over a restaurant. “John,” as he is universally dubbed, in his virgin attempts at English comes short about the amount necessary to make up his usual salutation of “me washy,” as he meets a likely customer while soliciting about the hotels and boarding houses, white cloth on shoulder in which to envelope the thrown-off underwear, which he returns very often miserably stiff, from the use of some starch of which it is well he holds the secret, and after a few visits from him, with the clothes fit for the rag basket. To say that a visit to Chinatown is a very pleasant diversion, would be perpetrating a treason on the moral virtue, truth, as anything but pleasant odors are exhaled from every lane and crevice, and every door that is opened sends its quota of questionable aroma out on the air. Much, though, regarding their habits can be gleaned in a walk through one of the locations. The high-class stores, built of brick, and leased by Mongolian firms, are emporiums of all that is brightest and most ingenious in the manufactures of China. Ivory card cases, plain and in carving and design, are unsurpassed for quality and beauty of workmanship. Images and idols, inlaid with metals of more or less preciousness, painted fans, with rare and exquisitely carved workmanship, are conspicuous; silk handkerchiefs of equal design, and also rich in their plainness, form, among a host of other delicately beautiful goods, those which are cased in glass. The breasts



Opium smoking



WASHING

and heads of peacocks, with the tails artificially but naturally displayed to their full extent, are disposed about the store, while crumb trays, work and other neat tables of ebony wood, richly inlaid with pearl, display their engaging surfaces promiscuously. In the heavier departments are conspicuous straw bags containing rice, and short, round brown-stone jars, in which is opium. At a desk is seated the clerk, who deftly enters sales in his account-book, in the hieroglyphic language of the Chinese, painting the letters in, down the page, with its length, and not across; while behind him, in the light of the window, may be the Governor, or one of the firm, quickly summing up accounts or profits, with the aid of framed beads similar to those used in infant classes to teach the young aspirant in mathematics. Much different is the average general merchandise store of the Oriental from this exclusive high-class one depicted. In the former the stock is suited more to the coolies, who patronize it, as some white men will patronize a second-hand Jew's store, where they pay more for an article than they would when buying it first-hand from a respectable retailer. A heavy, feverish atmosphere is evident on entering one, and invariably there is a card party playing the national game of fan-tan, while a highly excited, gesticulating crowd stands about giving vent to an indescribable chorus of sounds, which include the range of the gamut. In connection with those places, there are also apartments for sleeping in, whose appearance at once suggests dens. During the winter season especially, which they term with a shrug of the shoulders "colla-colla," a hot-bed of disease must be generated, which becomes virulent in the heat of summer. The doorways are flanked, half distance up, with signs in the native language, printed in gold leaf usually on a black surface, and draped from the top with turkey red cloth, which depends on either side, while the top is adorned with a heart-shaped emblem in tinsel and paper, from which shoot out a number of peacock-tail feathers.

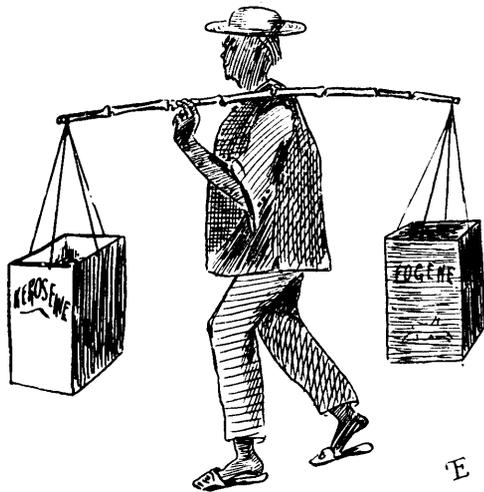
In review is passed the barber shop, where the tonsorial artist substitutes the razor for the scissors of his white confrere, with which he shaves the hair from the skull, excepting the curtailed patch from which springs that which forms the most important distinguishing point in the Chinaman, next to his almond-shaped eyes, viz., the queue. This animal-like appendage is his pride, and not an unpleasant part of

approach is dreaded and not unlikely signalled throughout the colony. Low fevers are a natural heritage in the wake of these people, who pack themselves in dwellings as are sardines in a tin, and who have not the slightest regard for what sanitary principles teach or science and philosophy condemn. During the summer season, when work and industries are in full swing, there is a thinning out of the mass, as a demand arises for their services at inconvenient distances to allow of their living at their towns; but believers in impossibilities would even then find a credulous questioning of their theories on seeing a troop of them emerging from a small building to bask in the rays of their idol, the sun, when his animating rays pour down upon them no less kindly than upon those communities who prefer to hail his presence with well scavenged streets and refuse dumps. In personal cleanliness, as a rule, he is as great a believer as he is the reverse in his surroundings. After finishing up his domestic duties at the residence where he may be employed, he returns to his lodging house and, if not an opium fiend, enters the more exciting game of fan-tan, and gambles on his success recklessly. Provided he enters on the enjoyment of hitting the pipe, he assumes a comfortable position, places a piece of opium on a thin spit, which he twirls in the flame of a lamp, and, after bringing it to the proper state for use, places it in the bowl of his pipe, lighting it and inhaling the smoke, after which he seems very unconsciously happy for a time. As the appetite for this vice increases, its enervating effects show plainly, until the victims become content to resort to all means, and even crimes, to satisfy the craving induced by its use. In the morning "John" turns up to his duties spruce and tidy in his loosely-fitting blouse of jean or blue cloth, with white linen or cotton undergarment showing slightly—snowy white—overtopping a pair of trousers, wide

his keeping and rearing swine. Not un seldom those poor animals have to undergo the polling system themselves; when sold, and still alive, they are fastened to its centre, a Chinaman at each end of it, and in this way transported to its destination.

As a market gardener, the Chinaman is unexcelled, it being generally allowed that he can make a good living and income on land that would dishearten a white man. Almost, if not all, the vegetable carts coming into the coast towns are the property of these industrious citizens, and not a few make a peddling business from door to door, with baskets slung from poles in the usual fashion. But to enter on garden and vegetable selling is a digression from the subject of this paper, unless as far as the latter is carried on in connection with the general trade done in their crowded quarters. Among the funny and improbable stories which have been perpetrated upon the people is one relating to an organ, which was constructed to contain cats, having a mechanism that allowed of their tails being attached to the keys. From the basso tably to the soprano the cats were arranged in the interior, and one night the public were apprised of a grand concert in which was to be introduced what the projectors were pleased to call the cat organ. Whether the concert had the success it deserved in having such a striking novelty on the list has escaped memory, but the general features of that feline story are vividly recalled when within hearing distance of what is termed Chinese music. The (mewsic) music, no doubt inspired by the mewing of pussy while clamouring for milk, is a tolerable imitation of what that domestic creature is capable of while giving vent to the suggestions of hunger. The sounds are effected by placing the bow between the two strings of their violin-like instrument, then screwing it up to the desired pitch, when by sliding the fingers up and down the narrow neck of the instrument the un-Celestial music, forming an example of what might be expected of, at least, the higher octave of the feline organ, is attained. Performances on this instrument are accompanied with a banjo, as well as the clinking beating on a dome-shaped piece of metal with two sticks. Very few Chinawomen make the acquaintance of lands this side of the Pacific; but every Chinaman swears religiously that he has a wife in the Celestial country from which he hails, provided he is sworn to the statement on the bible only, and not in the native fashion of placing them on oath by the breaking of a saucer, and the repetition of various evil things which he wishes may come upon him if he has sworn falsely. Evidently alive to the fact that a married man holds a preferential right on vacancies in employ of all descriptions, any scruples he might have to telling a lie, especially while still a heathen, are wafted from him in his desire to make up the fortune that shall ensure him a final return to the Celestial Empire—China.

JAMES P. MACINTYRE.



Opium Pipe

Collecting SWILL from Restaurants for pigs

and baggy as a French Zouave's. Usually of an untactful nature, and light, merry disposition, they form a marked antitype of their ordinary character, when it becomes their misfortune to stand convicted of an offence against the laws of their meantime abode. Then they become impassive-faced as a North American Indian when undergoing a similar ordeal. "You savvy English?" "No savvy, no savvy," is invariably their reply to the foregoing query of the magistrate. Talked to outside the house of law on matters of dollars and cents, however, they can pretty lucidly string pigeon English enough to conduct a conversation. Generally that portion of them living near the coast especially become accustomed to the Chinook jargon, which forms the trading lingo of the Indians, and not unoften they fall into the hands of the police while supplying the dusky aborigines with liquors that stimulate in them a desire to do some killing act, such as they have been in the habit of hearing attributed to their forebears, before the white man and civilization came in on their pristine glory and traditions, exploding both to the resounding blows of the axe, the whistle of the steam engine, and the dreadful impressiveness of the law and justice. In plying some of his vocations, the Chinaman is seen here as he may be at home, when acting as carrier, bamboo pole on shoulder, and attached to the ends of it whatever goods he may be transferring from one place to another. In collecting slops from residences, he uses a couple of coal oil tins, the tops of which are cut off, and slinging them on either end of his bamboo stick, off he trots with his vegetable waste to wherever the civic by-laws allow of



Lamp for pipe

the general oddity of his make up. Flesh dealing and merchant tailoring seem very diverse to be combined, but while one of the residents is being served with the life-giving article described, another stands by to ask when he may expect his clothes, which the flesh dealer sits down to hasten to their finish. Although somewhat more girls find their way to the coast now, either as members of a family or alone, in search of employment, still the Chinaman usurps a splendid field for respectable girls from the more congested markets of eastern countries, who would act as domestic servants; the inducements in pay, climate and bachelors, should incline them in a westerly course. "Go west, young man," is becoming stale in verbal repetition as well as in a practical sense, if the young man is not of a disposition to enter on any rough employment until his opportunity arrives; but some scientific prophet should raise the cry of "Go west, young woman," the transition being easy, and the action on the hint would be more likely to be in unison with the demands of the labour market in this most western of lands. As a domestic, "John" is most tractable, and (savvys) understands the duties incumbent on his position very well. How so many as are employed here can cook so tolerably, belonging as a class to a nation whose staple article of diet is rice as much as the potato that of the Irish, is an unanswerable question to the general mass of people. Whether there is a school of cookery carried on in one of the dens forming their habitation, is one of the mysteries, among many, that can only be unravelled by the sanitary inspector, whose wand opens the vilest of their house and whose

Cricket Facts and Curiosities.

Before the year 1775 only two stumps were used, instead of three, to which number they were increased in that year.

Lady cricketers are not entirely a product of modern civilization. In 1801 a match for a stake of 500 guineas was played by the ladies of Hampshire against the ladies of Surrey. After a close contest, which lasted three days, the former team proved victorious.

In the first half of the present century tall beaver hats, either black or white, were worn by the players in cricket matches. They must have been extremely uncomfortable in hot weather. In 1850 caps came into general use.

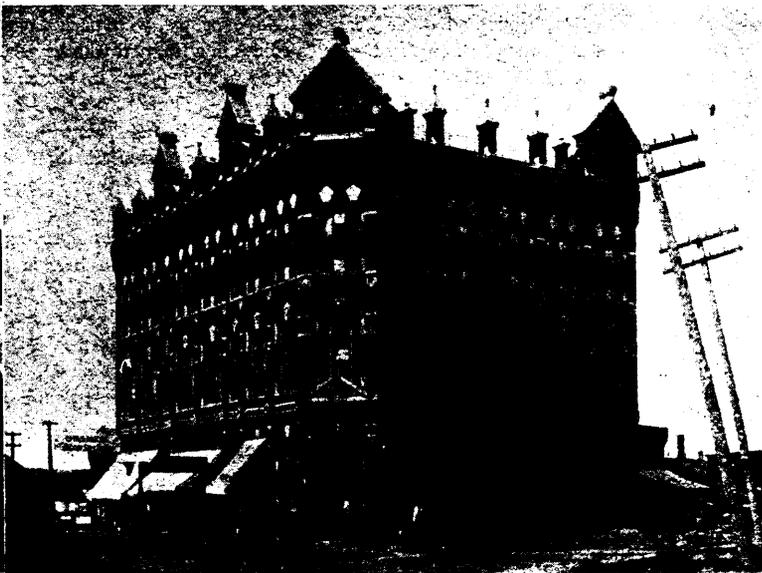
The old style was revived in 1882, at the Trent Bridge ground, Nottingham. A match between Sir J. Oldknow's eleven and an eleven selected by the town clerk was played for the benefit of a local charity. All the players, who were mostly aldermen, town councillors and other civic dignitaries, wore tall hats and white waistcoats. The report of the match states that the peculiar appearance and curious play of the opposing teams afforded the spectators considerable amusement. It is satisfactory to note that the sum of nearly 200 guineas were realized.

The first recorded match at Lord's took place in 1814, the year previous to the battle of Waterloo.

The Oval, at Kennington, was opened in 1845.

The match which is described in "Tom Brown's School-days"—M.C.C. vs. Rugby—took place in 1841.

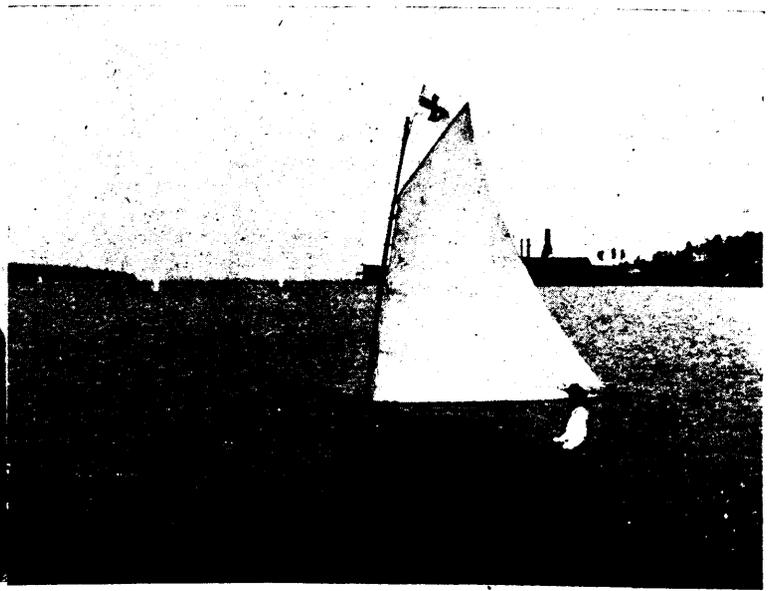
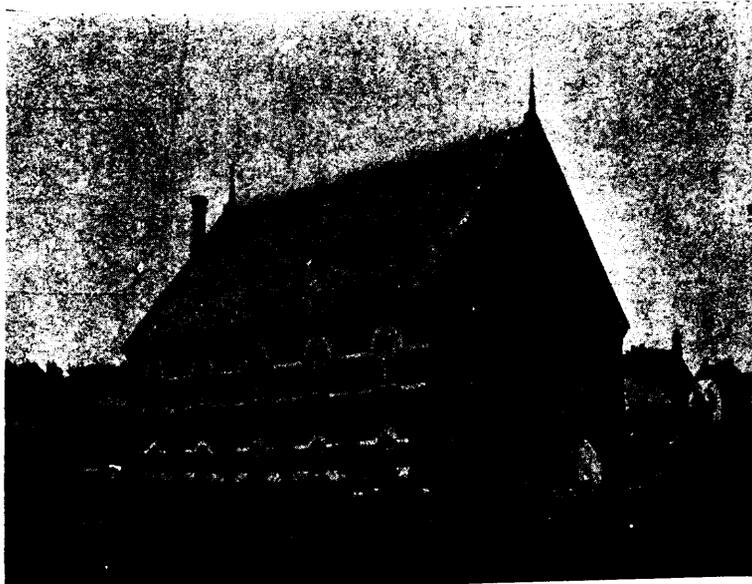
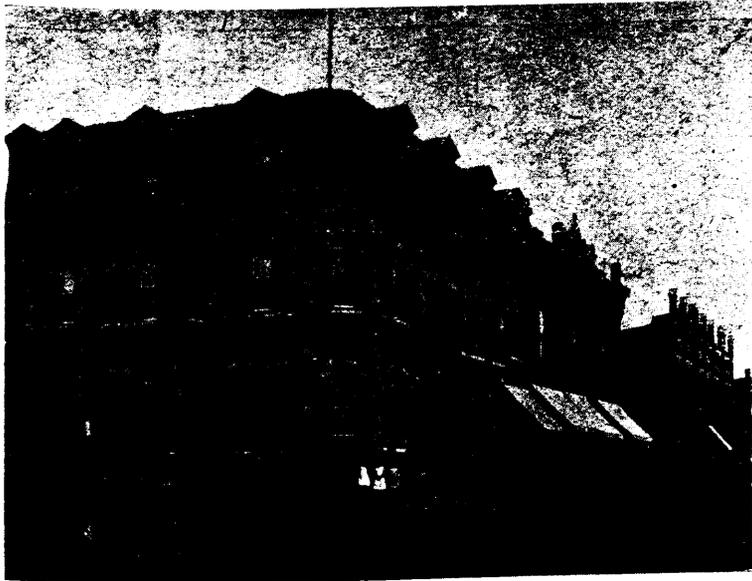
Charles Francis Adams believes a railroad will be built from Winnipeg to Alaska, and thence to Siberia, during the next twenty years.



Little Lake at Midland.
On the Banks of the Wye.
View of Midland (looking east).

Western Bank of Canada Block.
King Street (looking south).
View of Midland (looking east from the Residence of P. J. Ryan).





Fogers' Block
Presbyterian Church
Roman Catholic Church.

Wye River (looking west), near Midland.
Looking west Across Wye River.
Midland Harbour.



Rev. Mr. Morgan, Methodist.

Rev. Mr. Hannah, Episcopal.

Rev. Mr. James, Presbyterian.

REPRESENTATIVE CLERGYMEN OF MIDLAND, ONT.



The *Army and Navy Gazette* doesn't like the idea of designating the different British regiments by letters instead of numbers. It says: "What does 'R.S.,' 'R.F.,' 'R. I.F.,' 'I.F.,' 'S.B.,' 'R.S.F.,' and 'V. and L.' signify to foreigners? The letters are not even understood by a British public. They are meaningless absurdities, which only have the effect of intensifying the chaos which, with us, takes the place of system. As a correspondent tells us in a letter we publish elsewhere, the territorial designations are an enigma to war office officials themselves. But they are continued, nevertheless. Why? It is complained sometimes that the army is ever grumbling. But do our civilian administrators show any capacity for meeting its wishes even in the simplest details? If they did, they would take steps to restore the old numbers at once, and end all this confusion."

The *Militar Zeitung* (German) is publishing a series of letters from a military correspondent, describing military life in England. The writer speaks very well of the military, men and horses. Both are good, he says, but he thinks that far too much time is wasted on polish, which in the case of young soldiers, only wearies. As regards the horse artillery, he considers the horses as the finest in the world for the purpose, and as showing unmistakable evidence of the care with which they are fed and groomed; but here again he holds that too much stress is laid on appearance; and he questions either men or horses would stand the hard usage which is exacted from German artillery during the summer exercises and manoeuvres. As a rule he has nothing but praise to bestow upon the artillery; but he attaches grave significance to the recent reported cases of insubordination, which he considers due more to the want of touch between officers and men than to the spread of socialistic ideas. The organization, he thinks, is faulty, and the "big regiment"

quite out of accord with modern ideas of organization. Of the infantry he does not speak with any great amount of enthusiasm, and he lays stress on its absurd organization also. He is of opinion that the higher and best-known military authorities have shown themselves completely out of sympathy with the feelings and sympathies of the majority of the regimental officers, which accounts for much that is wrong. The British soldier, in fact, is spoken of in high terms of praise, but there is throughout a general feeling of contempt expressed for "military administrators who have shown themselves incapable of appreciating *esprit de corps* and the glorious traditions of the army."

The question of demolishing wholly or in part the wall that represents the innermost line of fortifications round Paris is again being discussed with much ardour. The military authorities generally are for the retention of Louis Philippe's splendid wall, although they make no difficulty in admitting that its practical utility has been very much lessened by the construction of the second line of forts since the war. The Municipal Council of Paris, on the other hand, clamours for the complete demolition of the ramparts, which not only occupy a great deal of valuable land, but offer a serious obstacle to the expansion of the city. It seems probable that a compromise will be arrived at. The Higher Council of War has lately had the subject under consideration, and it appears that the majority of the members are in favour of some concession to the civil needs of Paris. While they scout the idea of doing away with the wall, they propose that a considerable portion of it lying between the Point du Jour and the Porte St. Owen shall be demolished on condition that the gap be made good by continuing the line of fortifications so as to take in the Bois de Boulogne and an important district besides which now lies outside the wall. Gennevilliers, Asnieres, Courbevoie, Peuteaux and Juresnes would be enclosed, and the fort of Mount Valerien, which is on the hill just above the last-named suburb, would be immediately connected with the ramparts. It is stated that in the opinion of the Council the new line would be preferable to the existing one in a defensive sense, as the Seine would form a moat to a considerable portion of it, and the view from the bastions would be much more open than it now is.

A daughter of Sir Frederic Roberts has just distinguished herself in India in a very appropriate way, having regard to

her parentage. In a ladies' shooting competition at Simla she carried off the first prize with a score of 130 out of a possible 150, the second prize in another match, and was very near winning a third. The distance in no instance exceeded 100 yards, but few ladies could shoot so straight even at that distance as Miss Roberts did.

The military custom of crying down the credit of the soldiers of a regiment was revived here yesterday for the first time since the garrison was established here after the Wolseley expedition. A sergeant and two buglers of the Royal School of Instruction came into the heart of the city this afternoon, and, with a blare of trumpets, proclaimed at three conspicuous places that the officers of the corps would not be responsible for debts contracted by the men.—*Winnipeg Free Press*.

Tips That Emperors Leave.

The Emperor William left £500 for the servants at Windsor Castle and Buckingham Palace, and a great number of pins, rings, snuff-boxes and similar presents for members of the household and other persons who were concerned in the arrangements of his visit. When the Emperor Nicholas quitted England in 1844, after staying a week, of which two days were passed at Windsor, he left six gold snuff-boxes, with his portrait set in diamonds, for the Lords of the Household; six gold snuff-boxes, with his cipher in diamonds; for the four equerries and the two grooms in waiting; £2,000 for the servants at the castle; a parure of diamonds worth £1,000 for the housekeeper; an enormous number of valuable rings, watches and brooches; £1,000 for the Society for the Relief of the Distressed Foreigners; £100 for the German hospital; £200 for the poor of St. George's parish, and £2,000 for various charities and public works.—*London World*.

Good Tipple.

The most precious wine in the world is without doubt that contained in a cask named the "Rose," in the Bremen town hall cellars. It is Rudesheim Rhine wine from the year 1653, and is never sold, but destined exclusively for the sick of Bremen, who receive a very small quantity on production of a doctor's certificate. The supposed value of this unique wine has so increased that a small bottle would cost eighteen millions of marks, a glassful two millions, and a drop 2,346 marks. The only persons ever presented with a bottle of this wine were the Emperors William I. and Frederick III. and Prince Bismarck.—*Home Journal*.



THE sun was shining hot and strong on an August afternoon as two riders, well mounted, walked their steeds along one of the great government roads that opened up Western Canada to the immigrant, and formed almost the only means of communication between the inhabitants of distant sections of the country, excepting perhaps the waterways availed of alike by Indian and settler before Nature had arranged her works interfered with and her arrangement disarranged by the axeman and lumberer. The travellers were ascending the watershed of one of our rivers that had received its historic name, not from its own past, but from another river upon whose banks had for ages dwelt the Norse and Danish forefathers of the settlers who had christened the new river in loving memory of the old. As the horsemen ascended, the scene around grew more beautiful and luxuriant. Bushy woods of apparently unlimited extent reached to the horizon on every hand, but they also gave loving shelter to many a little clearing with its rough log shanty and plentiful, if unkempt, domestic surroundings; and whose larger sweeps of beautiful, well tilled farm land, meadows, where lay a head or two of good cattle, chewing the cud, spoke of prosperity.

The air was full of the smell of new wheat, the resounding flail could be heard from under the rough sheds than flanked rough out-buildings where the cattle were housed during the keen winters, and the draught-oxen reposed in summer; and the cry of the field labourer, likely enough to be the farm proprietor himself, his son, or even his wife or daughter, as the oxen drew the rough wooden share that "broke" new land into winter fallow. The "cheep-cheep" of birds came faintly from the woods, for it was not "the time of the singing," gorgeous flowers in great clumps adorned the banks and tussocks by the wayside, and over them fluttered butterflies scarcely less gorgeous; and a quick accustomed eye caught occasionally a glimpse of the tiny, ruby-throated humming bird as it hovered over some honey-lipped blossom.

"By George, you are right, Evan, it is a country with a future. I question if England herself looked more tempting when Knut the Dane first set foot upon our paternal acres," exclaimed one of the riders whose seat and bearing spoke of the cavalry.

"And since they are no longer your paternal acres, my dear fellow, you can do no better than avail yourself of the government offer of cheap lands and settle down as a gentleman farmer in Western Canada."

"Turn my sword into a ploughshare, and my carbine into a—"

"Into a fowling-piece if it is capable of such a transmogrification. Ned, my old musket has served me well enough in such capacity on lakes and rivers where fowl are so plentiful as to render selection of your shot difficult."

"And what about moose, caribou, reindeer and the stag you fellows are always boasting of?"

"For reindeer, my Ned, you must travel to the 'frozen Labrador'; for caribou you will have to travel a few

hundred miles north over the frozen snow—but it is worth it, I assure you;—for moose a shorter journey will suffice, and there is not a juicier, more savoury *morceau* in the whole library of cookery than a bit of broiled moosesteak; and for deer, you can shoot them by the dozen anywhere."

"Can't be much fun in getting them if they are so plentiful—must be like shooting at a barn-door."

"Not a bit of it! In the first place you don't get at them so easily among our thick bush, and in the second, dogs are few, while next and last, our deer take to water like ducks, and—there is lots of water."

"Oh! then there must be some fun in it after all. But, by George, Evan, look there!"

As he spoke, Ned, or as he was known in society, Captain Edward Jervis, reined up his horse and stood still, to the utter discomfiture of his friend, Evan Howel, whose horse nearly threw him in the vain endeavour to go on while his companion threw his long bay body half across his path.

"Confound it, Ned, do be steady, Bess don't stand this sort of thing."

"Oh, hang Bess! Who is that Juno of a girl under that shed, and what is she doing?"

"How do I know who the girl is, you donkey? She is, however, heckling flax."

"Well, I know what heckling flax is, for I have seen old Gundred do it in Durham many a time for my respected great-great aunt, who had a strong contempt for gins or jennies. See, the girl has observed us. Ye gods and little fishes, but she's a beauty!"

"For pity sake, Ned, ride on; our girls are no wenches to be stared at and take it pleasantly. Very likely she's the daughter of the house, and her father, not improbably, of as good birth as yourself."

"If I thought that, my excellent Evan, I'd buy a holding in this very neighbourhood at once, and woo her for my wife."

"It is more than probable she is already wooed, Ned, for Canadian girls are not as plentiful as blackberries nor are they left to hang until over-ripe."

"But such a girl as that can choose among the best in the land. Did you see the beautiful taper arms, the white shoulders, the lovely breast, the slender ankles, the little feet rising and falling from heel to toe as she drew the grey fibre through the spikes and threw back her arms to thrash it down on them again. I tell you she's a perfect Juno, and all that wealth of black hair down her back like so much silk."

"Oh come, come, Ned! your rhapsodies are ridiculous, and all about a girl you saw for ten seconds at a distance of three or four rods. I dare say she's no better looking than French Jeanne at the hotel."

"Bet you a cool hundred she's the loveliest bit of femininity in this—what do you call it—riding?"

"Suppose she is, what then?—Good day, Mr. Darby, let me introduce my friend Captain Jervis. Captain Jervis, Mr. Darby, an old friend of mine and owner of some six thousand acres of land near Lake Simcoe."

"Your servant, Captain Jervis," responded the newcomer, who, like the friends, was very well mounted, and

sat his horse like a huntsman, "it is a year or two since I saw my friend Evan Howel last, and he does not know that I have bought land and settled in this neighbourhood. At home I should be a yeoman, here I am a settler, but I farm my own land, not another's. The sun is not very high, gentlemen, and if you will spend the night with me, my wife and daughters will be pleased to make you comfortable and you can proceed on your journey as early as you wish to-morrow, should delay be inconvenient."

"What say you, Ned?" enquired Evan Howel of his friend, "I am at your service."

"If Mr. Darby will not think I am too frank in saying so I should be pleased to accept his invitation," replied Capt. Jervis, a hope having sprung up in his heart that the invitation might hold the possibility of learning more about the Juno that had captivated his imagination.

"Come then, gentlemen," cried Mr. Darby evidently well pleased, "a canter of a mile or so along the next side line will bring us to my place."

All three riders put their horses at a canter, and were soon at Mr. Darby's "place" as he called it. It was a log house that had been added to both in extent and height, until it boasted ten rooms in the two stories, but the roughness necessarily apparent in this sort of structure was so completely hidden by Virginian ivy, hops and roses, the latter rich with the monthly array of large pink blooms, that Jervis, who had seen very little of Canada and less of its country life, started back in amazement and exclaimed: "Home again!" his heart thrilling with that nameless happiness called joy.

Having seen to their horses with their own hands, their host having as he explained no stable boy and the only hired man being still in the field, the gentlemen followed to the house, when they were shown a sort of shed furnished with soap and water, boot brushes, and a comb; but before they could avail themselves of the last, a little girl appeared and whispered to Mr. Darby, who at once offered to show his guests to a chamber where they might conclude their toilet.

This the friends declined, since each carried his own comb, like the travellers they had long been.

Re-entering the house they passed into a large apartment, evidently the kitchen, and living-room of the family, for a cradle occupied one corner of the room, and near it stood a spinning-wheel with the distaff filled, and on another side were a dresser with dishes, and an ironing-table. Passing through, they entered a small room in which stood a high four-poster bed, and through this went into a large sunny room, where a large square mahogany table, some very high-backed chairs, two old-fashioned card tables and several standard screens, showed that it was the parlour of the house. Here they found Mrs. Darby, a stout, good-looking lady, dressed plainly in homespun, but carrying herself with the ease and dignity that bespoke culture. Making them welcome she soon excused herself to prepare supper, and immediately a stout, rough girl entered, and proceeded to lay the cloth, the guests evidently being honoured by special arrangements. From a cupboard, covered by glass and set on the opposite side of the room to a beautiful carved bookcase, filled with books, partially hidden by curtains, the gir-

produced several pieces of fine china and a number of silver teaspoons that made Capt. Jervis think of his grandmama's afternoon teas, at which, in a velvet suit and long curls, he was sometimes permitted to be present as the plaything of the company. They also showed him that the Darbys, on one side or both, could not have been mere yeomen. Soon dish after dish, sweet and savoury, were set upon the table, and tea was served in a silver teapot of small dimensions, accompanied by a silver tea-kettle without its lamp. A bell, also, was set at the tea-maker's right hand, showing other service at command than the family at the table.

Following Mrs. Darby came three girls, the smallest, she who had whispered to her father in the wash-house, the next, a pretty girl with short hair and skirts, the third—the Juno.

Only the Juno was introduced to the guests, her father calling her "my eldest daughter." She bowed gracefully, but showed no curiosity about her father's guests, each of whom eyed her as closely as he might, the one to see what Dick Darby's daughter was like, and in no way recognizing her as his friend's "beauty;" the other, with rapidly growing embarrassment and passion, for Capt. Jervis had fallen in love.

But the beauty, who proved indeed more lovely than even her lover's admiration had imagined, was perfectly indifferent to her father's visitors; she gave respectful but plain replies to remarks addressed to her, and only once, catching the unmistakably ardent gaze of Jervis fixed upon her, did she show any consciousness of anything unusual to her, and then she blushed deeply.

After the meal, of the particulars of which Capt. Jervis could have given no particular account, so engrossed was he in admiration of this lovely apparition of the wilds, and in keeping up a half sensible conversation with her father, the ladies excused themselves, and Mr. Darby, perceiving that the moon had risen high enough to make an evening ramble pleasant, proposed it to his guests, one of whom accepted with avidity, hoping to catch another glimpse of his Juno.

But the family retired for the night without affording him more than a glance, as he passed through the kitchen to an upstairs bedroom to be shared with his friend, Evan.

"Hang it, Evan, your Canadian girls are as cold as the snow of their own winters; I don't know what to do, and I am deeper in love with this country beauty than ever I expected to be with any woman at all, and you know I have my feelings, don't you?"

"Why, yes, Ned, I don't think you a bad-hearted fellow, you know, and your beauty, if it is she, is a beauty, I allow you."

"Then for pity's sake tell me how to proceed, for I am determined to marry Alice Darby no matter who says nay."

"Oh! Well you had first better have some sort of a home to offer her, and something to live upon beyond the results of amateur farming. And next you had better 'ask papa.'"

"Is that the mode of procedure in the backwoods?"

"As far as I've had any experience in such matters it is, my friend; and several of my acquaintances have married, though I have not."

Captain Jervis fell asleep in the very act of asking papa, and awoke to find himself late for breakfast, although, as that meal was at the unconscionable hour of six a.m. and eight was his accustomed rule, Mrs. Darby held him blameless when he entered the kitchen, looking every inch an English gentleman both in toilet and health, at seven. The clever fellow saw the good impression he had made on the mother, and he resolved to deepen it for the sake of the daughter. It was not astonishing, therefore, that after he and his friend had ridden away the next morning, Mrs. Darby should have come to the conclusion that he was the very husband she had been counting on for her dear Alice, and determined to arouse the girl's imagination to the same pitch.

Mais l'homme propose. The fair Alice heard all her mother advanced in favour of the "young officer," as she was pleased to call him, thinking thereby best to touch her daughter's ambition, if not her pride, but said nothing, at least not at home. In the quiet of a nook by the bank of the little brawling river that ran at the back of the sheds, where the oxen slept, and she heckled her flax or washed linen, the water being handy, Alice said a great deal.

"I can see mother's heart is set on the marriage, Harry; she thinks it will give me means to live in a large house and keep a couple of servants, and may, perhaps, enable me to carry the girls into city society now and then, so that they will marry better than they might do so far in the bush."

"And what do you say, Alice?" enquired Harry, who was the village schoolmaster by profession, but worked for

farmers during the summer in order to learn a livelihood more to his tastes than was teaching.

"What should you suppose I say?" asked Alice proudly, but with love and trust in every tone of her voice.

"That you love Harry Vernon, farmer and schoolmaster, and, therefore, have no regard for any other man, be he officer or nobleman."

"That is what I do say," and the soft eyes looked into the other eyes until they were filled with tears of joy and pride.

But a week later the interview in the nook took a different turn. Edward Jervis had "asked papa," in despair of getting a word of sentiment into the ear of the obdurate Alice, and Papa had said: "Well, Captain Jervis, I expected to have had Alice asked for in another quarter, but as you're first, and I see nothing to object to in you or your circumstances, having made the enquiries you proposed, all I can say is,—if Alice learns to love you I consent, and so does Mrs. Darby."

Being repulsed in every advance he made towards a better acquaintance with Alice, Jervis determined to put his fortune to the proof by making her an open offer in the presence of her mother, out of whose presence he could never surprise her,—she was so alert and prompt. The offer was as decidedly refused as made, to the great discomfiture of Mrs. Darby, who at once became very angry, berated Alice, and scolded Mr. Darby for not using his authority to compel her to listen to proposals of such value.

All this Alice told Harry Vernon with tears, for the poor girl had never supposed her heart's love was to be made an article of trade.

"I will go to your father to-morrow, dearest, and tell him that though it may be several years before I can offer you a home on land of your own, yet loving each other as we do—and our love cannot be wholly unsuspected by either your father or mother—we beg to be left to ourselves in the matter, and other suitors given to understand that Alice Darby is no longer at their choice."

"But I fear my father in the matter, Harry; he is so strongly influenced by my mother, that even in this he may be led to make some promise to Captain Jervis that will put it out of my power to dismiss him peremptorily and forever."

"If the fellow is a man he will take your nay, and be off with himself."

"O Harry, how can you say so?"

"Oh, well! you didn't expect me to take nay for answer, did you?"

"No, dear, I did not. 'Nay' has several meanings in a young woman's mouth; what it signifies depends on many things, and a young man ought to find the intention for himself."

Mr. Darby was in a great strait when Harry Vernon spoke to him. He confessed that he was well aware of the love that existed between the two young people, and was not averse to it, or he should have interfered before; but Capt. Jervis had spoken and so had forestalled Vernon and thus had gained himself and his supporter, Mrs. Darby, a great advantage. He wound up by telling Harry that at present he did not know what to do for the best; that Capt. Jervis had bought a thousand acres of his land at a good price, which enabled him to complete some timber sales that he had been obliged to keep back for want of ready money, and no doubt if the Captain was dismissed he would throw up the land. This was bad news for Vernon, who was really a poor man, but youth is full of hope, even when resources seem to fail. He begged Mr. Darby to think more of his daughter than of his money, and asked him to promise that Alice should be subjected to no compulsion. This Mr. Darby promised; but he was wholly unconscious that heavy pressure was being brought to bear on poor Alice by her mother, who liked Capt. Jervis far better than she did Harry Vernon, of whose love for her daughter she had been fully aware, though not so sure it was returned, until Alice plainly told her so, and then she determined to have her own way, being a woman in whom firmness degenerated into obstinacy, while in Alice it heightened into resolution, which in this instance began to frustrate her mother's will.

Mrs. Darby had a little money of her own, which she was accustomed to draw in September and April, and use chiefly in the seasonable changes of dress for herself and girls which set her a little higher than her neighbours in personal appearance. She went to the city earlier than usual, and her return was quickly followed by several very large packages, which were at once bestowed in an unused room. A few days after their delivery she called all three of her daughters into this

room and astonished them by the sight of a large array, not only of new dresses, hats, and other articles of clothing, but also of table-linen of a quality and extent that they had never seen before, for it is almost needless to say that they grew their own wool and flax, and spun it into the clothing and household gear they ordinarily used. Then Mrs. Darby proceeded to say that she had made all this provision for Alice's wedding, which would take place as soon as Captain Jervis returned to receive her final answer, which would, of course, be such as every young maiden would give to a rich and honourable gentleman who had asked her to be his wife. Alice was dumb-founded, and proceeded to disclaim any intention of being Captain Jervis' wife under any circumstances. But her mother would not allow her to speak, and told her to make the best of it because Capt. Jervis held her promise, and she would not go back on her word for any reason whatever.

Seeking her father, the poor girl poured out all her heart, and Mr. Darby promised to tell Captain Jervis the truth, even if he had to go to the city in order to have an interrupted interview with him.

Feeling altogether too ill and disturbed for her ordinary duties, Alice spent the afternoon upon the back of her favourite horse, Fleetwing, and thus Harry Vernon met her as he was returning from his duties as schoolmaster, which had been resumed as soon as the threshing was well through.

As he came slowly along the government road he saw the beautiful girl he loved, robed in a homespun and home-made habit of blue, seated in a saddle that he knew had neither pommel nor horn, so old was it, taking the high fences like a bird, galloping the brown furrows of the new fallow, and cantering along the rough concession roads as easily as the lightest jockey he had seen at horse-fairs he sometimes had attended. His delight at her grace, his joy in her beauty, and his deep love were all in his face, as the lovely girl caught sight of him and came galloping up. In a few words she told him the hateful news that had excited her so much, and had promised to meet him at the nook on the third afternoon, her father expecting to see Captain Jervis on the morrow; and as she wheeled away she cried: "See, Harry, how Fleetwing will take that old five-bar," and before he could realize it, horse and rider were over the five-barred gate and across the brook into the meadow beyond.

A sudden idea struck Harry Vernon as he gazed. His face lighted up with a satisfaction that had been strange to it since the advent of Capt. Jervis, and though he actually met that gentleman and friend, Evan Howel, as he turned again into the broad road, the satisfaction only intensified, and he went on to see his friend, Arthur Townsend, who had bought a horse he once owned and occasionally rode on holidays.

The following day saw Jervis and Howel retracing the route of the previous day. Both were in an irritated frame of mind, the one because the girl he adored had told him she loved another, and the other because he had accompanied his friend on what had turned out to be a fool's errand when he thought he was going to present congratulations, see the future home of the young couple begun, and promise to be groomsman to a happy bridegroom and a happier bride; for it had not dawned upon Evan Howel that his friend's irritable state of mind could proceed from any other cause than that of impatience at delay. When the truth came out he was very angry, and had it not been for his thorough knowledge of 'Ned's' better nature he would have quarrelled with and thrown him over at a time when his worst points were certainly very apparent. Passion had got the upper hand of Edward Jervis, and was leading him into strange paths. He had never accustomed himself to the training of self-restraint, and now that he was balked in the strongest desire that had ever had possession of him he was too weak to hold the reins, and his passion ran away with him. The only excuse for him was that he had been misled. Mrs. Darby had treated Alice's coldness as coyness, and had denied the existence of any other lover, when Jervis's suspicions were aroused by Alice's manner and the remembrance of Mr. Darby's words when he had first asked for Alice. And now as he rode back to the city an angry and disappointed man, Captain Jervis was forming plans for the kidnapping of an innocent girl, an instant marriage, and a honeymoon in England, where, if he had no longer paternal acres, he had a maternal aunt, upon whose mercy he would throw himself and his young and lovely bride until he could make arrangements for transfer into an active regiment in India or some where else away from everybody.

Things were very strained at the Darby homestead; Mr. Darby defended Alice and commended Harry Vernon, while he fretted over the falling through of his business plans. Alice was low-spirited and miserable; her sisters

were afraid to be too affectionate with her openly lest their mother should 'send them to Coventry' as she had done Alice.

Poor Mrs. Darby was wretched herself. She loved her daughter and wanted to see her happy, but she must be happy in her mother's way—not her own, and she thought that by bringing constantly increasing pressure to bear upon the wilful girl she would give way, and so everything would end charmingly.

Captain Jervis had made arrangements to return in a day or two to sign some deeds, for he was too honourable to smirch his business name through any pique arising out of private affairs. He determined to see Alice once more, to use his best endeavour to win her, and if she remained obdurate, why then—"all's fair in love and war."

The nook, however, saw a different state of things. "Would you forgive me if I proposed flight, Alice, dear-est? Things are gone so far that unless something is done the worst will be done. I met Mrs. Darby to-day and she told me I should never have you; that you were promised to another on her word of honour, and that she would see he had his rights. What is intended I cannot clearly see; but that Mrs. Darby and Captain Jervis will work together to gain their ends I have no doubt. You are over age, a girl's age, I mean, and legally you can dispose of yourself. I can make a quiet home in any of the cities, and if you are satisfied to accept of the best I can perform for your sake, my darling, I will do my best to provide well for you, and to make you happy. Your father will forgive us, I am sure, and your mother will in time. I can take you to a friend's house in the city while I get the few arrangements for our marriage completed, which will be in a day or two, and then we can defy this Captain Jervis and his friends."

"O pray, Harry, think of some other way; flight from her happy childhood's home is the last thing a good girl should think of."

"My dearest, I have thought over every possible means of mending matters, and I see no other way. Fleetwing can carry you over anything it would seem,—Dick is as good under me. We will arrange to meet each other—"

"Oh, Alice," cried a tender voice close at hand, startling the lovers, nevertheless, "I heard mother telling father that Capt. Jervis is coming on Monday and that he will bring a paper and a man he knows, and he will marry you and let you find out how he loves you after; and I told Margy and she said I must get away and tell you and Harry, and you must do as you please." It was Alice's little sister Rose that brought the trying news.

"I will neither be cajoled nor bamboozled into being Captain Jervis' wife," cried Alice with all the dignity of her nature flushing her proud face. "It shall be as you say, Harry, and I will tell you to-morrow at this time what I will do. I cannot imagine what mother is thinking of to use me so; I have said all I can say to move her to do me justice, but it has evidently proved useless; she is perfectly infatuated with the idea of this marriage and sticks at nothing to gain her ends. Good night, Harry, my love," and the girl put up her lovely face to be kissed as if it was for the last time. "I will make one more appeal to father, and if he cannot help me I will help myself."

Alice's appeal to her father was not wholly fruitless, for Fleetwing was sent to winter at a neighbour's, a mile off, greatly to the satisfaction of Mrs. Darby, who had feared some rash act on the part of her daughter by Fleetwing's aid.

"God bless you both, girls," cried Alice on the following Sunday as the three dressed to go to Sunday-school, three miles away, a distance they preferred to walk when the roads were fairly clean, as they happened then to be; "by the time you reach home I shall be half way, at least, on my way to the city with Harry, and to-morrow morning I shall be his wife. Don't be afraid of a little scolding for my sake and don't cry now, for that will attract attention; we shall soon see each other again and all will be well."

The two girls, whose mettle was equal to their sister's, neither wept nor lamented but set off with her as usual to Sunday-school, Margy promising to take Alice's class to the best of her ability, and to guard Alice's secret as long as she possibly could. At the cross-roads they parted, all three crying a little. Then Alice took concession-roads, side-lines, cross-lots and pasture until she reached a bit of copse not far from the government road, where she found Harry Vernon and the two horses, Dick and Fleetwing, saddled and ready for work. Alice rapidly put on her riding skirt, which had been surreptitiously conveyed to Harry's care, and the lovers mounted and set off. A quiet determination, not, however, unmingled with anxiety, was on each countenance. Taking

roads that led them by a tiresome *détour* into the high road, two miles away from their own neighbourhood, they had no fear of meeting any acquaintances, for neighbours were 'next door' who lived three or four miles apart. Onward they rode towards the city as fast as they dared, considering the task they had before their horses. They beguiled the road with much, but necessarily desultory conversation, and many a tear fell down Alice's soft cheek whenever she could conceal them from her loved companion. For it was a bitter thought to her that, after living a happy, and, as she told herself, fairly dutiful daughter in her parents' house for nearly twenty years, she should have to run away to avoid persecution, instead of being married to the man of her choice, with all the honours she felt due to her or to any other good and affectionate daughter.

The fugitives had passed a cross-road half-a-mile when they became conscious of horses galloping behind them. Turning to look, Harry and Alice exclaimed at the same breath, "Jervis and that friend of his!"

"Ride, Alice, ride! for if that fellow interferes with us I shall shoot him," cried Harry, in a tumult of rage.

Putting their horses at full speed the lovers flew over the rough road, followed as fleetly by the horses behind. Now and then they heard the shouts of the riders, but never for an instant doubting that they were in pursuit; neither Dick nor Fleetwing slackened pace, and they began to slightly distance their pursuers when a toll-gate came in view.

"We are overtaken if we have to stay for the opening of that gate," cried Harry Vernon. "Can you take it, Alice?"

"I can," answered Alice, in a low, determined tone.

"Now for it, then, dearest!" cried Harry again, and before the old toll-keeper, who was taking his Sunday afternoon nap, could get to the bar to collect his sixpences, the two gallant horses were over it like birds and away down the road with the rush of a whirlwind. Then there came the familiar cry, "Gate! Gate!" half a crown was flung him, and two other riders passed through as the bar slowly swung on its hinges far enough open to let them by one after the other.

"They can never cross the river at a leap," cried Captain Jervis, as he pushed on with might and main, "and there is my last chance."

"I hope you enjoy the sight of a fair lady running away from the man she does not love," said Evan Howel, with something of a sneer in his tone.

"Don't hit a man when he's down," replied Captain Jervis. "Am I not trying to make amends? By George they have leapt it!" he added, as the lovers cleared the river where he had hoped to catch up with them.

"We can't go into the city at this pace if they can," said Evan Howel, pulling up; "you will have to make it up with them in a different fashion, Ned."

But Fate sided with Jervis, or at least he thought so, as he saw the fugitives suddenly pull up as though something unforeseen had happened.

And notwithstanding Howel's expostulations, who would have dropped the whole thing then and there for decency's sake, Jervis rode on rapidly and soon came up with Harry and Alice, not before observing that Fleetwing had gone dead lame.

"Don't you come a foot nearer, sir, or I shoot," cried Harry, turning his horse.

"No, no, Vernon, don't do that! I am come as a friend. Listen for one moment, I beg you as a favour."

"It is true, Mr. Vernon," chimed in Evan Howel, riding nearer, "Captain Jervis is ashamed of himself and wants to tell the lady so."

Alice had turned round.

"I do indeed, Miss Darby; I have behaved shamefully to you. I never thought to drive you to extremities. I and Howel were just riding out to-day that I might explain myself to Mr. Darby, beg Mrs. Darby's pardon and do my best to gain your forgiveness, Miss Darby, when we saw you and Mr. Vernon riding so rapidly towards the city that we knew something was amiss, and Howel insisted you were flying my persecutions, which you knew were to have been renewed to-morrow. I am deeply ashamed of myself, Miss Darby; I have forgotten my manhood in treating you so badly, but I humbly pray your forgiveness and beg you to accept my assurances that I will do all that I can to undo any mischief I have so selfishly caused."

So indignant was Harry Vernon that he sat his horse like a figure of stone, and after one glance at him which showed her the stress he was under, Alice bravely spoke:

"I forgive you, Captain Jervis, and accept your apologies, but you will have a less easy task with my mother, and I put

it upon you as a proof of the truth of your present assertions to see her to-morrow and make my peace with her, for I am determined not to go home again except as Mr. Vernon's wife, and the arrangements he has made for our immediate marriage, under the painful circumstances so cruelly imposed upon us, shall be carried out as if this unexpected meeting had not taken place."

"My own darling!" exclaimed Harry Vernon, who had begun to fear that Alice would insist on returning home at once, not altogether realizing, as indeed he could not, how deeply the home love of the fair girl had been tried.

"I humbly accept your task, Miss Darby, and if Mr. Vernon will look at them I will show him the papers I was carrying out to Mr. Darby as a proof of my repentance, confirming my purchase of land and other pieces of business we had talked over."

Harry Vernon held out his hand for the papers, which were passed to him by Evan Howel, and after examining one or two he handed them back to Howel, saying, "They are proof enough."

"And you will forgive me, Mr. Vernon, and shake hands," cried Captain Jervis.

"I forgive you, Captain Jervis, since Miss Darby does, and you seem anxious to make reparation, but I cannot shake hands."

"I do not deserve it, Mr. Vernon, but some day I shall. We will go back, Evan, now."

"But," replied Evan, "Miss Darby's horse is lame; she cannot go as far as the city to-night."

"You will take mine, Miss Darby!" eagerly cried Captain Jervis, "and I will lead the mare to some stables I know of, not far on, and see that she reaches you as soon as she is well."

"I will take Mr. Vernon's horse," replied Alice gravely, "and accept your care of Fleetwing, Captain Jervis."

The exchange was effected, Harry Vernon accepting Evan Howel's horse for the rest of the journey to the city, Captain Jervis leading Fleetwing gently away, while Howel, on Jervis' horse, rode quietly by his side.

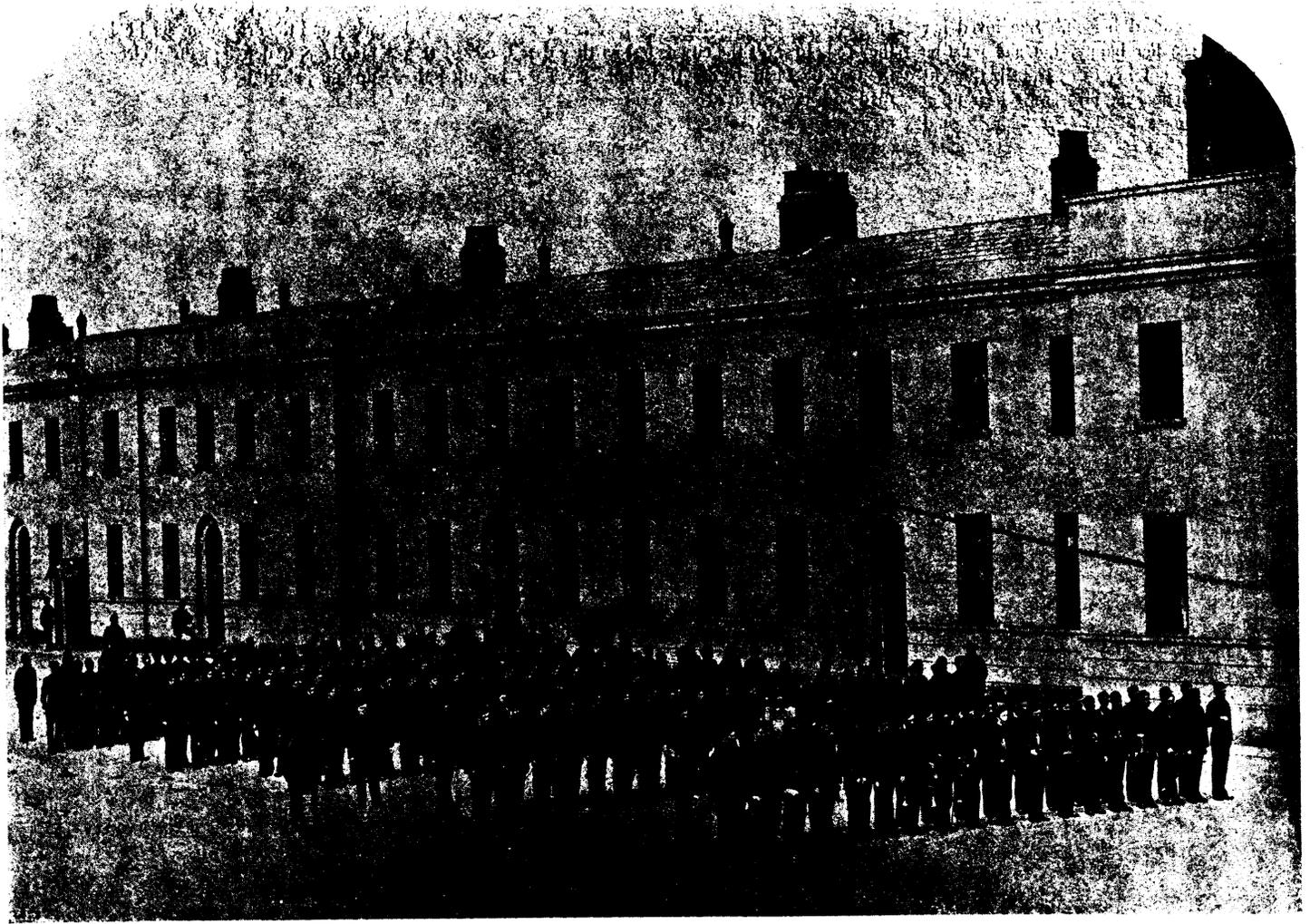
"God bless you, my own darling!" cried Harry Vernon, as soon as they were fairly on the road again. "So true a heart and so noble a temper deserve all a man can give. May I be worthy!"

Harry Vernon did shake hands with Captain Jervis, but it was after the lapse of three years spent in active service in the East. Invalided by a sabre-cut, Jervis made up his mind to visit his acres in Canada West, and there finding his old love a happy wife and mother, he also found a new love, who looked kindly on his suit, in Miss Margaret Darby, who had as many charms of person as her sister, and no lover to interfere with Captain—or, more correctly, according to the *Gazette*—Colonel Jervis' proposals, which she accepted after some delay, mainly the fruit of his conduct three years previous towards her sister Alice.

S. A. C.

Stray Notes.

- A Prominent Place.—Young Lady: What a delightful scene! How prominent that massive rock stands out.
- Soap Manufacturer—Yes; very fine. I'll have a man come down here to-morrow and paint a sign on it.—*Judge*.
- * * *
- The Age of Condensation.—"Have you seen that volume containing the best fifty books condensed?"
- "No. I haven't had time to look it up. I am preparing an edition of the 'Cyclopaedia Britannica,' to be printed on a postal-card."—*Judge*.
- * * *
- Long-haired Individual (to Managing Editor)—Is the literary editor in?
- Managing Editor—No, he's gone off on his vacation.
- L. H. I.—Do you know whether he read my poem before he went?
- Man. Ed.—I think he did. He asked for an extra week's rest.—*Buffalo Express*.
- * * *
- In a crowded American tavern a judge and an Irishman were obliged to occupy the same room.
- "Now, Pat," said the judge, "you would have had to stay a long time in Ireland before you would have slept with a judge."
- "Ay, ay, sir," answered Pat, "an' your honour would have to stay a long time in Ireland afore you'd been a judge."



A PARADE IN THE BARRACK YARD, DUBLIN.
THE ROYAL IRISH CONSTABULARY.

THE ROYAL IRISH CONSTABULARY.



the divided responsibility militated heavily against the efficiency of the force, and the concentration of command became necessary; hence the union in 1836. The title then officially given to them was "The Constabulary of Ireland." The commanding officer was called the inspector-general, and the cost was defrayed from the Consolidated Fund. While titles thus remained purely civil, the drill and equipment of the force was entirely of a military nature—a pleasing little fiction not unlike that acted to-day in our own North-West, where a splendid body of dragoons are misnamed "Mounted Police." After the success and efficiency of the constabulary became assured, the Government decided to absorb into their ranks the various bodies



UNIFORM OF FIFTY YEARS AGO.

of local police that existed in various parts of the island, and in course of time this was effected; the Revenue Police in 1857, the Belfast Police in 1865, and the London-

derry Police in 1870, becoming successively merged into the national force; one body alone—the Dublin Metropolitan Police—still remains separate.

The Constabulary have had need of the strictest discipline and most severe training, as their duties have often been of a nature far more trying and unpleasant than those usually performed by the military, even when on arduous foreign service; and they have had repeatedly to incur hatred and active hostility from their fellow-countrymen, instead of the plaudits and good feeling which soldiers almost always experience when in their own land. The most noteworthy events in the history of the force have been their quelling of Smith O'Brien's insurrection in 1848, and of the Fenian rising in 1865. In the former case less than ninety policemen defeated the motley "army" of over two thousand who had followed the young agitator; but it must be noted that the rebels were underfed, armed in the roughest way, and composed largely of lads. In 1865 a general attack took place on all the police barracks in the country, but, with one or two exceptions, was unsuccessful; the loss of life altogether was very small, not exceeding half a dozen insurgents and one or two policemen, although the latter were in most instances suddenly fired on through the barracks windows. As a recompense for the excellent behaviour of the force at this time Parliament voted them a gratuity of £2,000, and by special command of Her Majesty the title of the force was changed to "The Royal Irish Constabulary." This was officially promulgated at a state review in Phoenix Park, Dublin, in 1867, by the Lord Lieutenant. The gratuity was a mere bagatelle—not one tenth of what was deserved; this was felt on all sides, but for 15 years more no additional pay was granted. Then came a truly magnificent bonus, the sum of £180,000 was divided through the force, followed in 1883 by the removal of some old grievances and an increase in the pay of the N. C. officers and men.

The last serious and prolonged riot in which the Constabulary took a prominent part was that in Belfast five years ago. Many will remember the details of the struggle originating in a petty faction fight, it spread over a group



U N its system of police protection Ireland occupies a unique position. Instead of a number of organizations in each city or district under local authority, the force which does duty throughout the whole island is under one management, and amenable to only one set of regulations, and this police body has also the unquestioned distinction of being the finest corps of military-police in the world. This force is the Royal Irish Constabulary, possessing a world-wide reputation for strict discipline and steadiness in the performance of the most trying and unpleasant duties.

The history of the force, as at present constituted, dates back to 1836, when it was organized by Sir Robert Peel, then Chief Secretary for Ireland. For fourteen years previous to that date there had existed several provincial police forces, under different chiefs, who fought the battle of order throughout the island with a fair measure of success; but



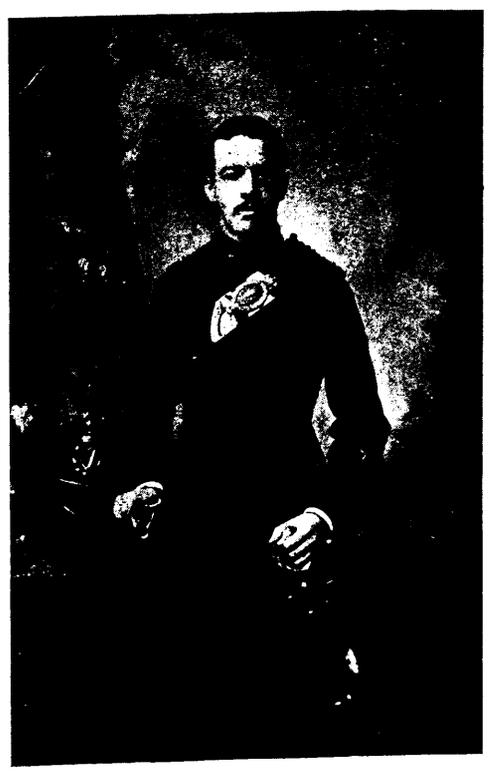
PRESENT UNIFORM.

examination. If found medically fit, his name is placed on a list of eligible candidates kept by the Constabulary Office in Dublin, and he must patiently bide his time till called upon to come and report himself at the depot.

Then his service commences. He is kept here for about six months learning his drill, and then is drafted to some station down the country where a vacancy for a policeman exists. No greater transformation can well be imagined than the change from the country rustic, after a couple of months' drill at the depot, to the smart, dapper policeman.

With the liberal pay and pensions above mentioned there is necessarily a very large number of candidates always seeking entrance into the force, and greatly in excess of the vacancies; of late years this has increased to such an extent that the tests for selection have been made more and more difficult. As regards education, they are far in advance of their predecessors, and comprise many youths of good social standing; clerks, National School teachers, and ex-Civil Service students being found among the number. For the information of those people who "dearly love a lord," it may be mentioned that at the present time there is a baronet serving in the force as a non-commissioned officer. Numbers of constabulary pensioners receive good commercial appointments, and many obtain snug berths as messengers in Government departments, keepers in Government parks, etc.

The uniform of the constabulary is dark green. In full-dress, a helmet similar to that worn by regiments of the line is worn, whilst in undress a round forage cap takes its place. The arms used are the short Snider and sword-bayonet, but for ordinary duty a box-wood truncheon alone is carried. A certain number of the force are mounted, but these are used more as messengers than for any other purpose.



AN OFFICER OF THE FORCE.

great physical power to a trained habit of mind by which duty will be done in the face of insult, of attack, and of every circumstance which stands opposed to the carrying out of the law.

NOTE.—The verses entitled "Silent," which appeared in the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED 1st August, were written in reference to the widely known *litterateur*, "Pastor Felix," who, on being made aware of the fact, has sent us the following lines. The pathetic suggestiveness, as well as the poetic beauty, of this response will meet with a sympathetic appreciation from the general reader. G. M.

To George Martin.

A RESPONSE.

And canst thou write him in thy list of friends,
 And for his sake invoke the genial muse,
 Who coldly seems, for strange or selfish ends,
 The sacred rites of friendship to refuse?
 O golden heart! that, if the lip be mute,
 No rancor to its silence will impute,
 That can in simple faith securely rest,
 And, even if it doubt, believe the best.

II.

But it is happier; for that such may be,
 We pass the slight of the ungentle mind
 To nurse the blessed gift of charity,
 And feel esteem, or pity, for our kind;
 Yea, *love*, itself, when we have come to know
 How even unloveliness is knit to woe;
 And how the wretches whom we but condemn
 Might worthier be had men been kind to them.

III.

Thy friend is not misdeemed if he forbear
 To thy loved greeting a responsive hail!
 If, shadow'd by disease, or dull'd by care,
 Awhile his cordial spirits seem to fail;
 Nor think'st thou constant sympathies await
 On one whom trifling things can alienate;—
 For who, that knoweth half thy worth, can be
 Cold, or inconstant, or unkind to thee?

IV.

Alas! that while we smile for others' sake,
 As if the world were stranger to a tear,
 The merry-seeming heart must inly ache,
 Spending its sunlight till the night is drear.
 Oft, like the miner, from the pit's wild strife,
 Turn'd to the bedside of his dying wife,
 Careless of plaudit or of hiss,—we bow;
 Others *may* doubt or scorn,—but, sure, *not thou!*

V.

Oft silence cometh of the heart of Grace,
 Where lengthen'd solitudes the soul imbue;
 Grudge not a harbour of the desert place,
 Till healing come, and life be tuned anew.
 The vigil of the hill and of the star
 Puts oft to sweet companionship a bar;
 While still at hand the gentle seer may be,
 And lustrous feet enchant the foamy sea.*

VI.

I bless the bard who thinks nor wishes ill!
 And should a silence on our future fall,
 Know that a voice is mute, a heart is still,
 If nowhere come an answer to his call;
 Know, if a wing be folded into rest
 'Tis of the crippled bird within its nest,
 That, parted from green meads and heavens blue,
 Keeps not its heart unpained, but keeps it true.

PASTOR FELIX.

*Matt. 14:25.

The very latest novelty in London society, is the "trumpeting lady," who, like Mrs. Shaw, "la belle siffleuse," is an American importation. Her accomplishment consists in imitating so successfully the notes of a cornet that if one were not looking at her he would swear the sound came from the brass instrument. She produces the notes easily and without contortion, and her entertainment, with piano accompaniment, is said to be very enjoyable as well as unique.

part of the city, and was participated in by the roughs *en masse* of both parties. The fighting lasted, off and on, for two months, the peculiar wynds and closes which abound in Belfast rendering that city peculiarly favourable for the prolongation of rioting undetected by the authorities. About twenty rioters were killed and many severely wounded; one policeman and one soldier were also killed.

In the present year of grace the force consists of one inspector-general, one deputy-inspector, two assistant-inspector-generals, and, roughly speaking, about 12,600 persons of other ranks. The grades are—County inspectors, district inspectors, (1st, 2nd and 3rd classes), head-constables, sergeants, and constables. The rates of pay are—County inspectors, £350 to £450 per annum; district inspectors, 1st (maximum), £300 per annum; district inspectors, 2nd, £180 per annum; district inspectors, 3rd, £125 per annum.

In the lower grades the pay varies from that of a head-constable, who receives £104 per annum, to that of the newly joined constable, who receives £54 per annum. As regards pensions, a service of thirty years entitles a man to the maximum retiring allowance of two-thirds of his actual salary; pensions are also granted to widows and orphans. Formerly the same length of service entitled to full pay, but by an Act passed some years ago, this rule was abrogated and the present one substituted, the rights of those serving at the time being of course respected.



PRESENT UNIFORM—MOUNTED DIVISION.

Formerly, the officers of this force were all nominated by the Chief Secretary for Ireland, after undergoing an examination conducted by the Civil Service Commissioners. Now, the Inspector-General nominates alternately with the Chief Secretary, and bestows his patronage on sons of officers in the force, and deserving head-constables. The examinations are still conducted by the Civil Service Commissioners, and are of a very searching character. Besides ordinary English routine subjects, a proficiency in Latin or French, as well as the elements of law is required. Promotion is slow in all ranks; but sometimes deserving non-commissioned officers are given posts in the Colonial police forces.

The force consists exclusively of Irishmen, though the first Inspector-General, Sir Duncan Macgregor, hailed from the Land of Cakes; about three-fourths profess the Roman Catholic faith. To enter its ranks a written application is sent to the Inspector-General, backed by as many testimonials to character and ability as can be obtained. Then, should these prove sufficient, the aspirant for thief-catching fame is directed to report himself to some local doctor for

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TORONTO, 5th September, 1891.

ANOTHER exciting news comes from Drummondville, Ont. In opening up a sand-pit on the opposite side of the road from the cemetery a trench was reached in which lay a number of the soldiers who fought in the Battle of Lundy's Lane, 25th July, 1814. Fifteen bodies have been exhumed, and these, with all that may yet come to light, will be reverently re-interred in the cemetery, the Lundy's Lane Historical

Society,—President, Rev. Canon Bull,—having taken the matter in hand. Many of the red coats are in good preservation, as are also the buckskin vests, the tobacco pouches and also officers' braid. The buttons show the men to have been of the 89th and 103rd regiments. Both of these regiments suffered severely in this severe engagement. The 89th had two officers, 27 non-commissioned officers and men killed, 11 officers, 177 N.C.O. and men wounded, and 37 N.C.O. and men missing. The 103rd had 6 privates killed, 1 officer, 46 N.C.O. and men wounded, 3 officers, 4 N.C.O. and men missing.

An idea of the tremendous work put in by our men at this battle may be gathered from the account of the movements of one of the regiments whose dead has just come to light in so unlooked for a manner. Capt. Cruikshank says in his *Battle of Lundy's Lane*, 2nd edition, p. 32-3:

"The action had now continued for nearly three hours, and the British force had been reduced by casualties to less than twelve hundred officers and men, and its situation seemed perilous in the extreme. It could no longer be a matter of doubt that they had to contend with the whole American army. But relief, though long delayed, was close at hand. After the original order of march had been countermanded, the troops encamped at Twelve Mile Creek (now St. Catharines) and remained quietly in their quarters until the afternoon. Then the order was received from Gen. Riall, directing a portion of the force to advance immediately to his support by way of De Cew's Falls and Lundy's Lane. This meant a march of fourteen miles under a burning sun. Colonel Scott instantly obeyed, taking with him seven companies of his own regiment (the 103rd), seven companies of the Royal Scots, Lieut.-Col. John Gordon; five companies of the 8th, Major Evans; the flank companies of the 104th (the regiment that marched from Fredericton, N.B., to Montreal on snow-shoes), Capt. R. Leonard, and a few picked men, selected from some of the militia battalions in camp, under Lieut.-Col. Hamilton; yet owing to the weak state of the companies his entire column did not muster more than 1,200 of all ranks. This force was accompanied by three 6-pounders and a 5½ inch howitzer, under Capt. Mackonochie. The advance guard was already within three miles of the field of battle when they were met by an orderly, bearing a second despatch from Gen. Riall, announcing that he was about to retire upon Queenston, and directing them to retreat at once. They had retraced their steps for nearly four miles, when the roar of cannon burst upon their ears, and they were overtaken by a second messenger summoning them to the scene of conflict. It was accordingly nine o'clock (at night) before the head of this column, weary and foot-sore with a march of more than twenty miles, almost without a halt, came in view on the extreme right."

"Finally," says our author in summing up, "when it was almost midnight, the thinned and wearied ranks were again closed and urged up the hill side. Headed by the light company of the 41st, led by Capt. Glew, they pressed steadily up the slope and at length stood triumphantly on the summit."

Such were the prices paid for our British liberties upon Canadian soil. Yet there are those who bid us give them away.

That high class, literary and patriotic journal, *The Orillia Packet*, which rarely sends out an issue without some records or reminiscences of much historic value, gives, in its present number, the conclusion of certain papers it has been reproducing lately, as an anniversary contribution to the date of "Bulger's Victory." During the war of 1812 Lieut. Bulger, of the Michigan Fencibles (then a part of Canada) had been sent round by the Georgian Bay to check an American advance in that direction, and had achieved a brilliant success at the opening of the Nottawasaga river at a point therein that has since borne his name. I have not the records at hand and cannot be exact, but think it worth while to bring a name and a victory not often found in our popular histories of the war, since it may lead to more enquiries and a better presentation of facts that would be interesting to students of history.

The *Orillia Packet* also gives place to a cutting from the *Hamilton Spectator* which is of more than ordinary interest, since it adds one to our list of Canadian heroines, albeit the damsel's name was Irish.

The *Spectator* says: "To-day Mrs. John Winer enters upon the 91st year of her life. She was born on a farm near Niagara Falls, on the Canadian side of the river, August 28th, 1801. In her girlhood Sarah Ryan (Mrs. Winer's maiden name) was famed throughout the whole country-side for her fearlessness and daring. One exploit of hers, when she was only twelve years of age, deserves to be recorded in history. The war of 1812-15 had been in progress a year, and as her father's farm was near the frontier the child had become familiar with the sounds of battle and the sight of soldiers. She was intensely patriotic and longed to do something to help the Canadian cause. Her opportunity came. A large American force had landed on the Canadian side and cut off communication between a small Canadian force and the main British army. The Canadian officer in command wished to communicate with his superior officer without delay, but the difficulty was how to get the despatches through the enemy's lines. In his dilemma he thought of little Sarah Ryan, whose fearless character and daring horsemanship he had often heard of. He asked the child whether she would carry the despatches. She eagerly undertook the task, and the papers were intrusted to her. The child accomplished the mission successfully, riding straight through the enemy's lines, and never pausing in her long ride until she had placed the precious papers in the hands of the British commander."

"It was a deed," says the chronicler very truly, "scarcely less daring and heroic than the famous walk of Laura Secord."

Ah Canada! thy crown has many gems.

I am glad to see by the issue, 7th August, of the *Charlottetown (P.E.I.) Guardian* that Mr. Francis Bain, of that Island, has published "Birds of Prince Edward Island, their Habits and Characteristics" (Fazard & Moore). It is time a more intelligent interest was taken by Canadians in their native and migratory birds. On every hand, as one travels, the eye is caught by unsightly bunches of dead leaves on our trees, the work of caterpillars, and the number of our birds is becoming less and less. Pot-hunters and nest-robbers are not alone to blame for this we know, since very severe spells of frost will often destroy a large number of our small birds and the miserable fashion of wearing birds and wings has helped to make them fewer still, while prejudice has its votaries, too, who are alike ignorant and blood-thirsty in the matter of feather, but if a knowledge of our birds, by means of cheap books and lectures or something of the sort, were made popular it would be of advantage both to ourselves, as an innocent and attractive recreation, and to our country at large.

Our maples are dying in many parts, attacked by a borer, and yet there are creatures who will bring in a wood-pecker with the utmost impudence, as a trophy of their skill. I would give such a month at hard labour.

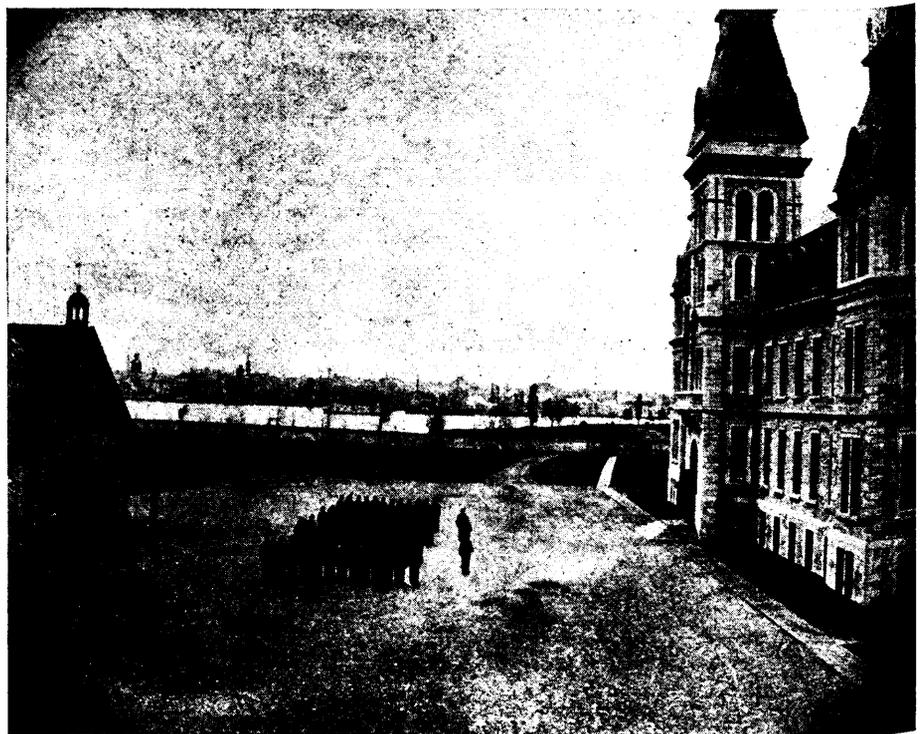
S. A. CURZON.

An Electric Railway.

The House of Lords' Committee have sanctioned the construction of an electric railway from Shepherd's Bush to Cornhill at a cost of £3,000,000 sterling. It will pass beneath Oxford street and Holborn, with thirteen stations on the route. The threatened opposition on the ground that the railway would shake the foundations of St. Paul's Cathedral does not seem to have been persevered with.

A Costly Joke.

At a ball in Liverpool, a gentleman, for a joke, removed a chair just as a male guest was about to sit down. The victim fell to the ground and injured his spine. He brought an action in the Liverpool County Court, and the practical joker was ordered to pay the plaintiff's claim (£46) with costs.



ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE, KINGSTON—THE DAILY PARADE.



A Dainty Jacket—A Smart Hat—The Training of Servants—Clear Apple Jelly—News for Cyclists.—A Novel Use for Long Kid Glove.s

A dainty jacket is a very needful thing in more ways than one, but then it must be a special kind of jacket. Not like the severely useful ones I have lately given you, but a really dressy little affair that can be worn with almost any skirt, and give an air of smartness to the whole toilette. Very often there are parties, I mean garden parties, agricultural shows, tennis parties, and rural meetings of children's fetes, etc. in the autumn, where you need not appear in your very "bestest" of gowns, hats or bonnets, and yet you would be sorry to look as if you had paid no more respect to the occasion than by going in your ordinary every-day attire. It is on such occasions that one of these smart little jackets is so very necessary, and any good dressmaker can make it. I



give you in the accompanying sketch a pretty coat, as it is called, which you will find a good design to go with almost any plain coloured skirt. You can imagine this particular skirt to be of grey cashmere, bengaline, any ordinary silk, or even a pretty light cloth or homespun. With this you may wear a jacket of old blue, heliotrope or any shade of dark green or fawn, or any of the same materials. It is made with wide revers, like those worn during Napoleon's consulate in France, and long basques, and adorned with large oxydised silver buttons. Inside is a very dapper white waistcoat of white silk or cashmere, the wide revers of

which turn outwardly over those of the jacket. It is an exceedingly neat, smart-looking little affair. This waistcoat is fastened with oxydised silver buttons in a smaller edition than those in the coat. * * *

A smart hat is also an addition one often wants to go with the dressy jacket, and now that there is so immense a variety in millinery it may be made of any degree of prettiness. The first is a soft, fine chip straw of pale brown, or, if preferred, cream colour, trimmed with dark, ruby-red velvet. If it is brown straw, either deep sage green or black velvet is more suitable. Pink-shaded feathers will be best for the cream, and pale green for the brown hat. The



little sailor-hat may have a striped navy blue and white ribbon laid round the crown in such wise as to give a plaited-looking design, whilst a wing or aigrette of stiff, little dark blue feathers adorns the other side. The white hat below is of fine crinoline straw, with any kind of flowers, like cornflowers, of varied shades, arranged in a thick bunch outside; not clumped together, but each blossom standing distinct and separate from its fellow flowers. This is trimmed with narrow black velvet, which also turns up the brim at the side, and is passed round the hair. A small trail of the flowers is laid inside the hat, thus taking away the otherwise bare look of the under part of the brim. * * *

The training of servants, about which I wrote very recently, has called forth some remarks from two of my kind readers which have greatly interested me. A response to my remarks comes from a correspondent signing herself "A Poor Man's Wife." She greatly resents my comparison of the French and English homes of the poorer classes, and having seen both very naturally prefers the latter. No one could do otherwise, as all foreign, by which I mean European nations, are decidedly behind us in cleanliness and sanitary matters. But in the matters of thriftiness there are few of the ordinary English poor who can touch the ordinary poor French woman who as a matter of fact works really harder than many of our country-women, as her labour lies mostly in the fields. My kind correspondent seems to have been most unfortunate in her experiences, for according to her it is entirely due to bad mistresses that there is ever an indifferent servant. Certainly there exist bad and foolish mistresses who give a bad name to the good ones, but my experiences, and those of most of the people I have asked, point to the fact that such are in the minority, and that (except in lodging houses and such like) servants fare much more comfortably, are better fed and cared for than the young women who call themselves "young ladies," in the shops, or than they would be in their own homes. Though I am no dowdy, my servants dress a great deal better than I do myself, at least I should say smarter, and in this there is a striking difference with the same class in France. There the maid rarely wears anything but what is plain, and useful. It is not considered a sign of respectability to dress more showily than the mistress on Sunday or other special occasions, but I cannot say it is not so in England. Look at the ladies' maids, head housemaids and such like in noble-men's houses who insist on having the cast off dresses of

their ladies, and how they will appear in these things which are naturally not suited to their line of life. As to the cooking, I still adhere to what I have proved over and over again, that as a nation our English poor are not nearly so economical as their neighbours in France, though they are certainly beginning to learn better now that there are schools and classes of Cookery. Much as I symyathise with my correspondent in the matter of bad mistresses and bad places, I am sure, in justice to the good ones, she will admit and agree with me that it is not necessary to only be under a bad mistress to become a dishonest, and lazy, slovenly servant. It is not necessarily the fault of the mistress for a servant—after receiving every kindness, both herself and relatives, from a mistress who has nursed her in sickness and helped them in distress—to rob that mistress both of money and articles when leaving her. I very much regret to say that my experience of servants is diametrically opposite to that of my correspondent, and that the more that I and my friends have done for them, the less we have found them respond by good service or fidelity. I have an immense sympathy for those who have to earn their bread, who are workers in fact—as I am—and make a point of treating them as I should like to be treated in their place, but whether it is the lower nature, or what—I know not—it does not hinder them from returning it with the coolest ingratitude, at least in all but a few exceptions, whenever it suits their convenience best to do so. At the same time I beg to thank my correspondent greatly for her letter, which is that of a thinking, intelligent woman. I am always pleased to receive such, as I have long made servants' interests, and those of the poor, my own. * * *

Clear apple jelly is one of the next preserves that we must be thinking of, and it is so easily made that the very poorest homes need not be without it. Beg or buy the little windfall apples that drop from the trees during this curiously unsummer-like weather. Chop them in half or quarters, and put them in a preserving or stew-pan with some lemon peel and one-and-a-half pints of water to every three pounds of apples, or enough water to cover them is sufficient. Boil them for an hour, and let them lie in a jelly bag or very fine hair sieve; then take the juice that runs from them, and measure it, adding three-quarters of a pound of white lump sugar to each pint. Boil this for three-quarters of an hour, skimming it carefully, and just before it is quite finished pour in the juice of a lemon, as this greatly adds to the flavour of it. Pour it, when done, into small pots. It keeps well, and is such a really pretty preserve, for the colour is lovely. * * *

News for cyclists. Yes, indeed, Do you know what you are to be? Well, the very latest invention, so I hear, is that besides being marvellously swift movers over the face of the globe, you are to add to your other attractions by having "music wherever you go," though you do not actually "ride a cock horse to Banbury Cross." Musical bicycles are the bicycles (and I presume there will be also tricycles), of the future. I trust that like barrel organs and piano organs you will be allowed a change of tunes, else it will be slightly monotonous though undoubtedly pretty, and that you will be allowed to shut off your musical performance when you like. It would be a novel manner of having a band, if a number of cycles might when together play the same tune. Only if this depended for its time on the rapidity or slowness of the motion of the rider's feet, there would probably be a slight difficulty in getting them to all play exactly together, even supposing they were correctly tuned to go with each other. America, I hear is the "happy land" at present of musical bicycles—but doubtless the time is not very far distant when we shall see then here. * * *

A novel use for long kid gloves I heard of not long ago that is decidedly original. I daresay many of us regret to throw away our long kid or suède gloves when the arm part is really quite good, though the hand is much worn. From France comes a very original idea for the employment of those especially that are of a dark colour. For a navy blue serge costume, you cut the kid of your black or deep brown gloves into a collar-band, using it instead of the material of the dress. With those sleeves that are made slightly puffed at the shoulder, you make the lower part, which fits closely to the arm, of the arm-part of black or deep-coloured gloves; this may be buttoned with small ornamental buttons or left plain, according to taste. More black kid is employed to cover the Swiss belt made of stiff lining or buckram, and this may be laced or buttoned down the centre to match. I am sure that these leather trimmings, or rather adjuncts to a costume would wear very well and last quite a long time.

RED AND BLUE PENCIL

CHERRYFIELD, Me., August 20th, 1891.

DEAR DOMINION:



AVE you a faint fall flavour in the air of *Villa Maria*?—a suggestion, as it were, of the cold commons in course of preparation, elaborately magnificent as that hinted Christmas Number? So have we, beside this Narraguagus. Since the grass was shorn, and the crickets commenced even-song in the stubble, involuntarily we give a little premonitory shiver; and, coming in from an evening drive, light up a strawy gleam in the old Franklin—if only to confirm Shelley's impression of "how beautiful Fire is." But you ask me what our pesky little Narraguagus is, to be named at all

with your majestic "father of waters?" I take off my cap to St. Lawrence, which has its title to nobility among rivers, and will have while the sun lights up its mighty trail, and the moon gives mystical colour to the romance of its shores. But our wild little river, born in its hills and woods, and seeking the sea gleefully by a shorter cut, is of kin; for as God has made all men of one blood, so he has made all rivers of one element. So, as aforetime, the small salutes the great; our wild boyish stream—now the saw-mills are shut—having nothing else to do, gambols down its rocky bed, kicks its heels into the air, and shouts to its stately neighbour—"How are you, good old fellow, anyway?"

When the grating teeth of the saws were silenced, came the sound of the mower in the land. Now Blueberry is king; and there are hundreds here obeying his behest, even on Sunday. But not Felix, nor any young Felixes. The Ten Commandments are more venerable than the oldest blue-berry factory; and the honour of the Invisible,—but not therefore deceivable,—is more to some than any vested interest whatsoever. But our blueberries are sizzling in the bath; multitudes of boxes are on the road; multitudes of nimble fingers are plying on extensive plains of Epping, just beyond us. Some of the poorer families among us have in a few weeks earned from \$100 to \$125, picking at the low rate of 2½ cents per quart. They encamp on the plains, and live like Gypsies,—if you can imagine gypsies working like Milton's lubber fiend.

Jump into my carriage, and in two hours, dear ILLUSTRATED, we shall be taking lunch in the midst of the most wildly savage scenery in Eastern Maine. These are the Almighty's premises, and are likely to be for some time to come,—unclaimed by meddling man; for the stone-cutter is only an emmet here. Rock enough for a larger metropolis than is in the world. Bald summits of stone, ranging successively downward to the sea, where Mount Desert is an isolated sort of termination. These giant heads are reflected in glassy lakelets, that lie tranquilly folded in among the hills; gleams and glances you have of green isle or sunlit water between the trees and shrubbery along their borders. The road winds round the shore:—on the one hand the ripply wave, on the other the rocky wall—rampart of the eternal hills. Involuntarily you repeat Scott's description of the Trossachs:

"One burnished sheet of living gold,
Loch-Katrine lay beneath him rolled;
In all her length far-winding lay,
With promontory, creek and bay,
And islands that, empurpled bright,
Floated amid the livelier light;
And mountains, that like giants stand
To sentinel enchanted land.

High on the south, huge Ben-venue
Down on the lake in masses threw

Crags, knolls, and mounds, confusedly hurled,
The fragments of an earlier world;
A wildered forest feathered o'er
His ruined sides and summit hoar,
While on the north, through middle air,
Ben-an heaved high his forehead bare."

A waterfall leaps at your side, and goes splashing away into the lake. You see an enormous boulder impending, and you take your head suddenly from beneath it, and finish your dinner in safety, after drawing a long breath. These are the *Tunk* mountains. In sudden disenchantment you gasp—"Why Tunk?" This is a curiosity of nomenclature, and is said to have been suggested by the sound of a solitary hammer—tunk! tunk! tunk!—among these rocky hills. A friend has conceived of the town out of which we came, most rosily. "Cherryfield!" he exclaims, "what a pleasantly-suggestive name! How it makes your mouth water!" Straightway he imagines valley-vistas of loaded English cherry trees, feeding to the full the contented villagers and myriad birds, with their scarlet juiciness. Great Scott! would I were at Digby or Gaspereau, instead! There is in my yard a scanty bush that has tantalized me with half-a-dozen incomplete cherries! I picked only two. Fact is—we derive our name from the multitude of wild choke-cherry bushes that are growing here-about.

Just now our regrets are for Lowell. He was much to us, everyway. A personality, a singer, a man of letters—his type is rare. I mind me of old Cambridge autumnal days, when, haunting the neighbourhood of Mount Auburn and Elmwood, I got glimpses of him. There was a lofty courtesy about him,—a gentlemanly, as well as a scholarly, atmosphere, that might please equally Oxford or St. James. He has left a deep impression of robust manliness, and of a chastened and refined Puritanism. We are sorry he has gone; for the world never needed men who are at once earnest and forceful more than now. The rage of the reformer,—"the penchant to preach,"—as he termed it, made frequently against the wholeness and nicety of his art. But this, we take it, is something better than an orbicular emptiness. We prefer a shag-bark with something in it, to a china egg without. Lowell's critical sense, and his allusiveness, is something rare. It did not injure him that his mind was steeped in the old English muse. His out-door lucubra-

tions derive a classic flavour from his bookish subtlety; while his passion for "all things beautiful and free" in the world that lieth under sun and star, kept him from all book-wormishness. To us that unique book, "The Biglow Papers," and that other racy, picturesque and vivid one, the "Fireside Travels," are among the most delightful things in the language, and who that has read "The Cathedral," "Vision of Sir Launfal" and the "Odes," has not classed him among the first American Poets? He finds his grave in that renowned cemetery so close to his favourite Elmwood,—of late to him "a place of ghosts,"—and which he describes, most very complimentarily as—

"That unsightly grove,
Once beautiful, but long defaced
With granite permanence of cockney taste
And all the grim disfigurements we love."

He dwells a near neighbour of Longfellow, in death, as in life. Vale! Vale! Yet dwelllest the life of life with us. We owe more to him than we can say, as one of our spiritual sponsors.

Ho! Ho! Mr. Editor! Have you not been walking, pencil and all, in regions Maritime? I turn your pages and catch here and there glimpses that are only Acadian, and I clap my hands—like that little chap expectant of bon-bons—and say, "Oh! what lots more we shall get!" And again, I echo Bliss Carman's words: "How a man can help loving his native land as he loves his own mother, I cannot see. Thank God! the beautiful tender land is there always, serene before we came, sure and undisturbed when we depart." Ah! yes, it is a dear and beautiful country, and worthy of the love of its children. As the Scot in America holds heathery Canada but the dearer, so in these United States does the true Canadian look to the north, and say, "That is my home! Yonder lies my country!"

O dear, I'm going,—I can't stop! So step in, kindly executioner of the sanctum, and cut me off with a versicle.

HALIFAX.

Fair Chebucto, throned in beauty,
Queenly bride of Acadie!
Sylvan slopes, enchanting woodlands,
Jewelled gleams of silver sea!
Shine in memory! still we love thee!
Still afar we dream of thee!

PASTOR FELIX.



PRINCE BISMARCK.



SPORTS AND PASTIMES

LONG lane it is that has no turning, and this old aphorism has, perhaps, never been better illustrated than by the surprises which have recently knocked calculations cold on the lacrosse field. At the beginning of the season few people who followed the game had not set down in their minds a position for the Shamrocks as losers in the four-club league, and the Crescents as winners for the district championship. But things have changed considerably, and now it looks as if there were not any twelve men playing lacrosse who could give the Shamrocks four or five pounds and a beating. I have seen most matches in which the Shamrocks have engaged since the first of May, and, without ocular demonstration, it could not be believed that such vast improvement was possible. In taking a casual glance over the field of play a few points occur to the memory which it is just as well to mention here in order that a comparison of Shamrocks were rated about as follows:—Defence, good; field, fair; home, weak and shaky. At the present stage of the game it ought to read thus:—Defence, very good; field, very good; home, very good; which is about equivalent to saying that it would be hard to point out where an improvement could be made on the team. On Saturday last the Shamrocks and Ottawas met. There was a time, and that not very long ago, when the efforts of the Ottawa team to secure star players were looked at with fear and trembling; that scare has passed away, and a couple more of such decided thrashings as were administered on Saturday last will go a long way towards proving that "stars" are not the people who win great lacrosse matches. Stars are very good in their way, but what Ottawa wants is a "team." Their absolute lack of anything like combination play not only lost them the match but made them appear to stand out on the field looking like an aggregation which might with profit take lessons from some very junior club. Outside of Carson, Kent and McConaghy, the other nine might as well have been at home in Ottawa, or prancing around in the salt sea waves at Cacouna, as running around unintelligibly and pretending to play lacrosse on the Shamrock grounds. Apparently the direct object was to get a bit of rubber tangled up in the meshes of a lacrosse stick. This feat they were successful in several times, but when they succeeded they forgot what to do with it, and instead of attempting to score for the flags they tried to score for the grand stand. This might be put down as strong individual play. It was strongly reminded one of the marsupial who travels around with some sons of sunny Italy accompanied by an organ. When the Ottawas settle down and learn the fact that there are twelve men and a captain to every lacrosse team, they will probably make a better showing in the field. Taking their team altogether they are all good players, but they all play selfishly, and the team is sadly deficient in that union which gives strength. The Shamrocks, on the other hand, are most unselfish; their play is directed absolutely towards the object in view, viz., scoring. It makes no difference to them who the man is who has the honour of taking a game. This is accountable for what at times might seem a lack of brilliancy in play. A man may have an opportunity to throw with, perhaps, even chances to score, while if he passes to an uncovered man the chances are increased, perhaps, twenty per cent. In a case like this the Shamrocks always pass; the Ottawas seldom or never do, and therein lies the great secret of the former's success and the latter's failure. Saturday's match may be summed up in one sentence: It belonged to the Shamrocks from the beginning to the end, and six to one let the Ottawas off pretty easily; there were twelve men on the Shamrock team playing lacrosse; there were three on the Ottawa; the odds were too great.

The Cornwalls still seem invincible; they have beaten everybody in the four-club league, and they are looking round for new worlds to conquer. There is no longer any doubt as to the outcome of the series, and from the tail end to jump to the second position will be considerable honour for the Shamrocks.

On Saturday last the Capitals succeeded in making almost as bad a showing for themselves in Cornwall as did the Ottawas in Montreal. If ever there were two teams in the world whose coming was heralded with braggadocio and trumpet blast, and who have been most completely taken down from their self-erected pedestal, these two clubs are the Ottawas and the Capitals. The latter, playing in Cornwall, got a new initiation into the mysteries of the game at the hands of the Factory Town men, who were charitable enough, however, to let them take one game out of six. I understand that there is weeping and wailing in certain lacrosse circles over the *faux pas* made last spring, and the inference is that some people will know better next time.

In the district championship race the Crescents seem to be travelling in a way that is stony, thorny, and altogether uncomfortable. When they started out they were practically recognized as sure winners, but they were defeated once and that settled them. As long as they were winners they were invincible, but their first defeat demoralized them. They seem to lack the old Anglo-Saxon stubbornness that doesn't know when it is beaten, and the result is that just now they are getting an unmerciful drubbing.

The Quebec Turf club was not particularly fortunate in its fall meeting. Three days seems a pretty extended meeting, especially for Quebec, but the races were decidedly of a disappointing character, and a smaller range of dates and somewhat larger purses would apparently prove, if not more remunerative, at least more successful from a sporting point of view. Montreal sportsmen were represented by Messrs. Dawes, Love, Coghlin and Minogue, and Montreal owners got about all they entered for, with, perhaps, the exception of Mr. Hendrie, who had Bullfinch in winning shape. The local races were as interesting as any to the spectators. The Governor-General honoured the meeting with his presence at all three meetings. The following summary tells the story:—

- First race—Quebec district horses. One mile.
- C. C. Sewell's b.g. Kiawah, by Iroquois—Buttercup, 3 107 lbs. [Flint 1
 - S. Fisher's ch.g. Statesman, by Meteor—Minnie Campbell aged. [Vizenette 2
 - A. F. Carrier's b.g. Clover, by Wagram—Unknown, aged, 122 lbs. [Longley 0
 - P. Campbell's b.h. Mylo, Unknown, aged, 122 lbs. [Longley 0
- Time—2.02½.

- Governor-General's cup. Handicap for Dominion bred horses. One mile and an eighth.
- W. Hendrie's b.g. Bullfinch, by Bullshead—Miss Jeffreys, 115 lbs. [Flint 1
 - J. P. Dawes' b.h. Mokanna, by Moccasin—Sisken, 110 lbs. [Gorman 2
 - J. P. Dawes' Mohawk, by Moccasin—Topsy, 110 lbs. [White 0
- Time—2.11.

- Wolfesfold stakes. Handicap for three-year-olds. One mile and a quarter. Five entries.
- J. P. Dawes' Belle of Orange. [White 1
 - J. P. Dawes' Redfellow. [White 2
 - Walk over for the stable.

- Handicap hurdle race. Two miles.
- T. H. Love's b.h. Lee Christy, by Longfellow—Little Fannie, aged, 152 lbs. [Lowe 1
 - H. Drysdale's b.g. Quaker, by Quito—Topsy, aged, 145 lbs. [White 2
 - C. Finnie's b.g. Thistle, by Tubman—Dolly, aged, 140 lbs. [Longley 0
 - B. J. Coghlin's b.g. Adare, by Lappidist—Unknown, 5, 130 lbs. [Dufresne 0
 - J. Minogue's b.g. Little Charlie, by Charlie Rensen—Unknown, aged, 135 lbs. [H. Dufresne 0
- Garrison club purse. One mile.
- W. Hendrie's b.c. Bullfinch, 3, 122 lbs. [Flint 1
 - J. P. Dawes' b.g. Mohawk, 3, 117 lbs. [Gorman 2
 - J. Minogue's b.g. Duke of Bourbon, aged, 122 lbs. [Dufresne 0
 - C. C. Sewell's b.g. Kiawah, 3, 117 lbs. [Hennessey 0
- Time—1.59.

- Lieutenant-Governor's cup or purse, to which the Q. T. C. add \$100, for horses bred and owned in the Province of Quebec. One mile and a quarter.
- J. P. Dawes' b.g. Mokanna, 4, 122 lbs. [Gorman 1
 - J. P. Dawes' b.g. Mohawk, 3, 117 lbs. [White 2
 - H. Drysdale's b.g. Quaker, aged, 122 lbs. [Long 3
- Time—2.36.

- Carlslake stakes. Handicap sweepstakes, with \$200 added, Mr. George Carlslake, of Montreal, donating half the money. One mile and an eighth. Three entries.
- J. P. Dawes' Belle of Orange. [White 1
- Local hurdle race. Purse \$150, for half-bred horses, the bona fide property of residents of the city or district of

Quebec. American welter weights. One mile and a quarter, over five hurdles.

- A. F. Carrier's b.g. Clover (late Lowman) by Wagram, unknown, aged, 150 lbs. [Lowe 1
- P. Campbell's b.h. Mylo, sire and dam unknown, aged, 150 lbs. [Minogue 2
- P. Campbell's b.m. Little Jennie, sire and dam unknown, 5, 150 lbs. [Dufresne 3
- C. C. Sewell's b.g. Blue Funk, by Terror, unknown, aged, 150 lbs. [Mr. Campbell 0

The Province of Quebec handicap.—Purse of \$500; of which \$75 to second and \$25 to third. One mile and one eighth. This purse has been presented by the Provincial Government of Quebec, to encourage improvement in the breed of horses.

- J. P. Dawes' b.h. Redfellow, 5 years, by Longfellow, dam Redwoman, 131 lbs. [Gorman 1
 - T. H. Love's b.h. Lee Christy, 5 years, by Longfellow, dam Little Fannie, 122 lbs. [Flint 2
- Time—2.21.

The Creme de la Creme—Purse \$200, of which \$50 to second. Winners once this year of a purse of over \$200, to carry 5 lbs. extra, of two or more such purses, 10 lbs. Maidens allowed 5 lbs. One mile.

- J. P. Dawes' b.m. Belle of Orange, 3 years, by Duke of Montrose, dam Jersey Girl, 119 lbs. [Gorman 1
 - J. Minogue's ch.h. Henry Brown, 5 years, by Planeroid, dam Nannie Mac, 122 lbs. [Bissonnette 2
- Time—2.18.

Handicap Hurdle Race—Purse \$200, of which \$50 to second; about two miles, over eight hurdles, over 3 ft. 6 in. each. Winner of first day's handicap hurdle race to carry 5 lbs. extra.

- T. H. Love's b.h. Lee Christy, 5 years, by Longfellow, dam Little Fanny, 157 lbs. [Lowe 1
 - J. Minogue's b.g. Little Charley, aged, by Charley Ransom, dam unknown, 135 lbs. [Dufresne 2
 - Hy. Drysdale's b.g. Quaker, aged, by Quits, dam Topsy, 145 lbs. [White 3
- Time—4.22-5.

Handicap local flat race—Purse of \$175, of which \$50 to second and \$25 to third, for horses owned in the city and district of Quebec, on or before the 1st August. One mile.

- C. C. Sewell's b.g. Kiawah, 3 years, by Iroquois, dam Buttercup, 122 lbs. [Flint 1
 - P. Campbell's b.h. Mylo, aged, sire and dam unknown, 112½ lbs. [Hennessey 2
 - S. Fisher's ch.g. Statesman, aged, by Meteor, dam Minnie Campbell, 115 lbs. [Long 3
 - H. F. Campbell's b.m. Little Jennie, 5 years, sire and dam unknown, 100 lbs. [Bissonnette 4
- Time—2.04.

Consolation race—Purse of \$100, of which \$15 to second and \$10 to third. Handicap. For horses that have started at this meeting and have not won first or second money, One mile.

- Minogue's Henry Brown. [White 1
 - Minogue's Duke of Bourbon. [White 2
 - Campbell's Little Jennie. [White 3
- Time—2.15.

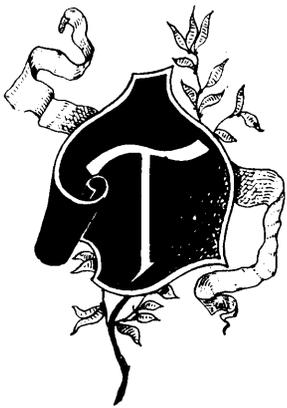
Canada Was Invaded.

Capt. C. C. Elliott, in *Globe-Democrat*, St. Louis: It is a fact not generally known that a few years ago an armed force of Americans invaded the British possessions. It occurred in the early part of 1877, during the pursuit of Sitting Bull's band of renegades. A few troops of the Second Cavalry were hot on the trail of the Indians, and we hoped to catch them. We had been wandering about for several weeks, and did not know exactly where we were. Just about dusk one evening the major in command, who was riding at the head of the column, came upon one of the iron posts that marked the British boundary. I never heard a man swear harder in my life, for the trail was hot and he was hopeful of bringing the Indians to a fight. He called the officers around him and held a council of war. Both horses and men were worn out, and it was twenty miles to the nearest water on our side of the line. Under the circumstances he decided to take the risk and camp with his command on British soil. We went about three miles into British territory and spent the night there. Next morning, however, we were up early and slipped back to our own side of the frontier very quietly. Fortunately no one saw us, and the matter was not brought to the knowledge of the Canadian Government. I have often wondered what would have happened if the Indians had attacked us on British soil, where we had no kind of right to be.

Mark Twain is at Aix-le-Bains, under treatment for writer's cramp. His hand has given out from overwork in signing checks and making deposit accounts.—*Buffalo Enquirer*.



The Sagamore



HE reporter armed himself with a double-barreled shot gun and plenty of ammunition, besides an axe and a knife and a pair of trusty revolvers. He went straight to Mr. Paul's wigwam and rushed in.

"My brother," he said, "you are skilled in woodcraft. Are there any proletarians to be found in these woods?"

"Plenty porkypines," observed the sagamore.

"Nobody," said the reporter, "ever ran away from a porcupine. That is not the game I seek. But show me the trail of a proletarian and s'death! but I'll hunt him to his hole and slaughter him though it takes till spring."

"You mean ground hog?" queried the sagamore.

"Death and Destruction!" cried the reporter. "No! A ground hog, forsooth! Old man, thou drivelest."

"You got me there," said the old man with a shrug. "If you talk some sense mebbe I know what you're talkin' about."

"I am talking about proletarians," cried the reporter once more—"pro-le-ta-ri-ans!"

"Well," quoth the sagamore, "what about 'um?"

"What about them?" ejaculated the reporter with deep scorn. "Is it possible you have not heard? Are you not aware that they are driving our children to the States—that our people flee before them? Where are your ears and where are your eyes?"

"Right here," said Mr. Paul. "I kin see and I kin hear—but I never heard anything 'bout them things afore. They wolves—bears—Injun Devils—what are they, anyway?"

"That's just the point," said the reporter. "Nobody seems to know. I have asked a dozen people to-day and they all said they had never seen a proletarian that they knew of in their lives. But there can't be any mistake about it. The labour congress met in Quebec last week and they declared that the people were being literally driven out of this country by proletarians, and they passed a resolution calling on the Government to put a stop to it. As soon as I heard that I took down my gun. Now if you can show me a proletarian, or even the trail of one, I'm ready to bleed for my country."

"So'm I," declared the warrior, reaching for his fighting gear. "If it's bad as that they got to be cleaned out right away. I never seen none in these woods, but mebbe they come there lately. We kin go see."

"Then, in Heaven's name," cried the reporter, "let us go!"

The sagamore arrayed himself in his war togs and they went forth. For the rest of the day they scoured the neighbouring woods, routing three squirrels, a flock of partridges and innumerable bluejays and other birds—but nothing more. If there were any proletarians about they prudently kept in the background, for there is not a shadow of doubt that, had they encountered one or a dozen, the reporter and the sagamore would have rushed to the attack as cheerfully as some people rush from the dictionary to the platform; armed with words that paralyze their hearers and make sad havoc in the ranks of every day English.

Our Biographical Column.

[Many Canadian papers furnish their readers every week with portraits and biographical sketches of more or less distinguished citizens of the United States. Not to be behind in so patriotic a particular, the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED has acquired the exclusive right to publish a series which, it is hoped, will be found both interesting and instructive.]

NOTE.—Letters from St. John, Halifax, Moncton, Ottawa, Kingston, Hamilton, London, Winnipeg, and a host of other places have been received, congratulating the publishers of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED on their wisdom in publishing a really good biographical column, just as daily papers in those places do.

Hon. Cribwork Slatherback.

The air of freedom is especially favourable to the development of genius, and that the zephyrs of Liberty fanned the childhood of Cribwork Slatherback, of Gougeville, Texas, is doubtless a fact to be taken largely into account in summing up the causes that have made Gougeville famous through her gifted son. Famine would undoubtedly have swept that vicinity as clean as the wishbone of a Christmas goose but for him. It was many years ago. There were no railroads and bread ran short. "There ain't enough flour in the settlement to make a dozen loaves," cried one of the citizens



despairingly. "There won't be enough to go round." Then it was that the genius of Cribwork Slatherback shone like the gleam of a scimitar. "Make 'em eat biscuit," quoth he to the citizen, in the words that have since been blazoned on the civic arms of Gougeville. And it is but just to him to say that Mr. Slatherback was wholly unacquainted at that time with the history and literature of France. His knowledge of that country's language, even, was confined to the ability to say "mercy, mushoor," when he wished to acknowledge in his best manner some act of courtesy on the part of a lady. His brilliant solution of the problem staring Gougeville in the face averted the threatened famine and won

for him the undying veneration and love of the people. He was for twelve years a member of the town council and was three times Mayor of Gougeville. His name is now generally mentioned in connection with the next congressional election, and should he consent to be a candidate his triumphant return is assured. Hon. Mr. Slatherback is a moderate mugwump, and believes in the principles underlying Euclid. He also favours a law permitting cattle to roam on the common in all sparsely settled districts. The Hon. Cribwork Slatherback is a warm admirer of Canada, and thinks of visiting this country in the summer of 1894. It is yet undecided whether he will be the guest of Count Mercier or Mayor McShane.

What He Didn't Have.

He had a lot of fly traps slung over his shoulder, and as he heaved in sight through the alley gate the lady of the house saw him from the kitchen window and laid for him.

"Good afternoon, mum," he said, taking off the traps and spreading them at her feet as she stood in the doorway.

"I have here a"—

"Yes, I see," she interrupted, "but I don't want them. Have you a machine that will make old eggs fresh again?"

"No, mum," replied the astonished peddler, "I"—

"Well, then have you any freezers that will make warm ice cream?"

"No, mum, I"—

"No? Have you any recipes for making strong butter weak?"

"No, mum, but I"—

"No? Have you any scales that will make heavy bread light?"

"No'm, not to"—

"Indeed? Have you any spectacles for cross eyed potatoes?"

"Well, mum, its this way, you"—

"Certainly I do. Have you a nice, light straw hat for the head of the kitchen flour barrel?"

"No, I"—

"Gracious me!" she exclaimed sharply. "What have you got anyway? Nothing in the line of vats in which to tan a tomato skin, have you?"

The man began to gather his traps together hurriedly.

"What's the matter?" she asked pleasantly. "Aren't you going to let me have a"—

"Nothink, mum, nothink," he muttered, "Except the whole back yard to yourself, and may Heaven bless you and keep you in it," and he fled out and slammed the alley gate as she smiled softly to herself and resumed her work peeling potatoes.—*Detroit Free Press.*

She Was Mad.

Mrs. M'Girn, a very much country lady, who was on a visit to Glasgow, hailed a tramcar one wet, sloppy evening. The conveyance promptly stopped, and the irascible Mrs. M'Girn, after beckoning vigorously, and screaming shrilly to the driver, at last walked across and got on the foot-board. "Man," she shouted to the conductor, "what for did ye no pu' up by the side o' the road, as I telt ye, as no hae me strampin' through a' that glaur?" As well he might be, the worthy official was perfectly flabbergasted and answered:—"Mercy, wummin, ye ken, we cannot leave the rails. I wunner that a parteeklar body like you disna tak' a cab." Mrs. M'Girn wrathfully responded:—"Leave the rails, ye scoondrel! What for could ye no? I suppose it's because ye're ower indolent to dae't. Ye maunna think that ye're a locomotive engine a'thegither. Let me doon, see; ye'll get nae tippence oot o' me! I dinna encourage laziness!" Amid a fusilade of growled invectives from the conductor, and roars of laughter from the amused passengers, the indignant Mrs. M'Girn made off in search of an accommodating 'bus.

He was a Bad Writer.

Mrs. Green (to young physician, whom she has called in haste): "Oh, Doctor! Doctor! I fear you have made a terrible mistake! My daughter had that prescription, which you sent her last night, filled, and took a dose of the medicine. Now she exhibits every symptom of poisoning. Oh—"

Young Physician: "Prescription, madam? Why, that was an offer of marriage!"