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THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

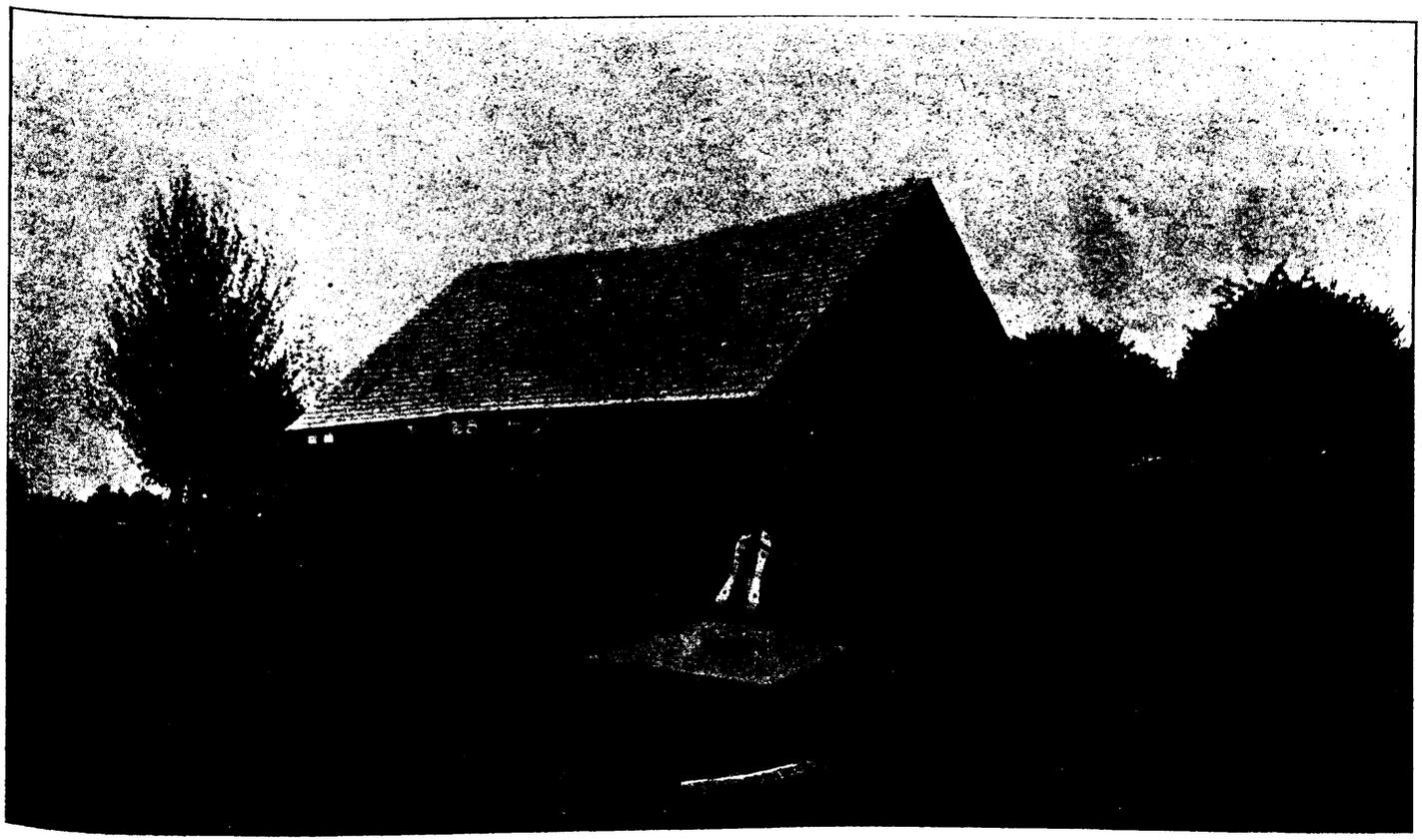
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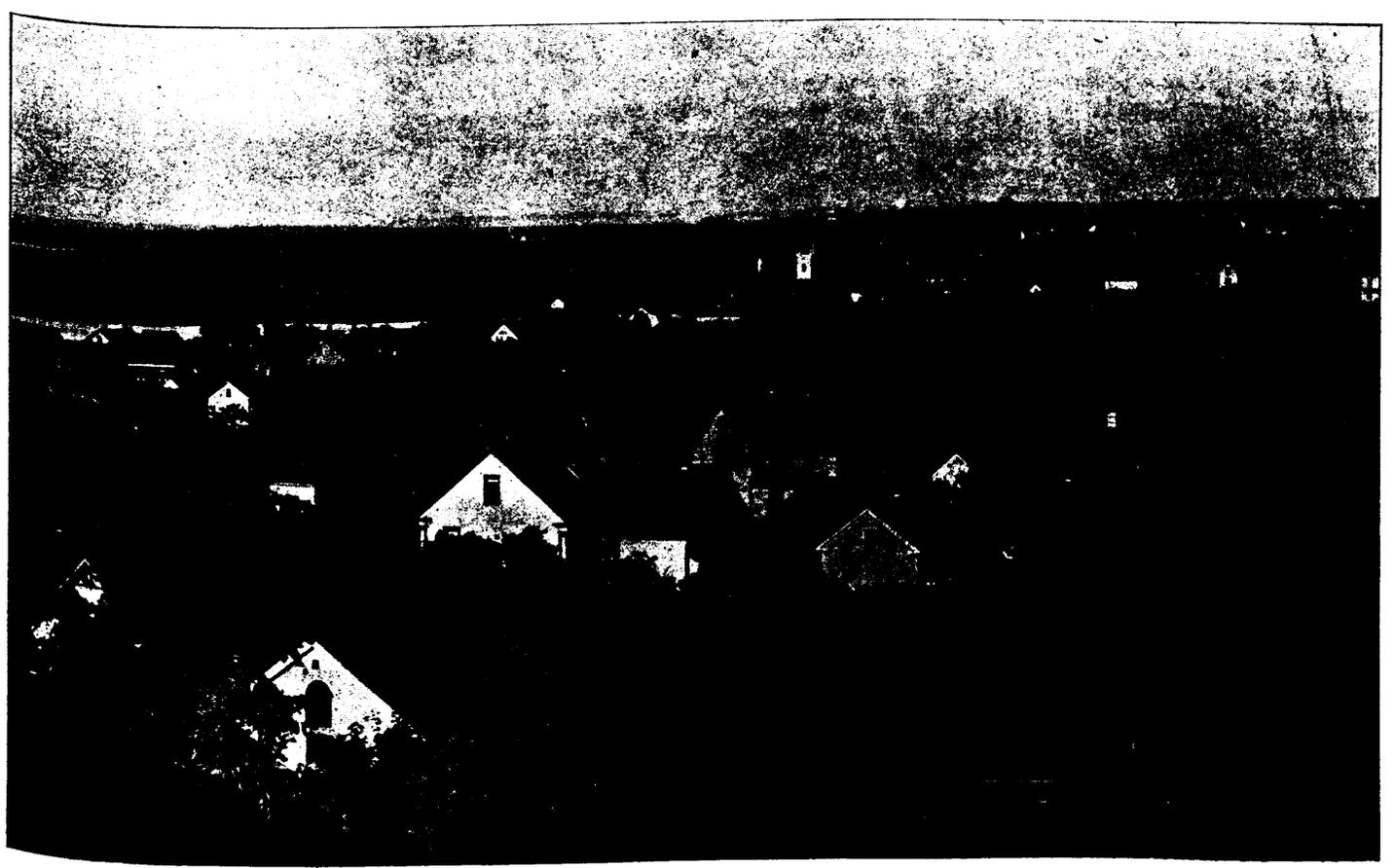
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26th SEPTEMBER, 1891.



An Opposition Policy Wanted.

The country is now in excellent temper to listen to any proposition of a new policy that will increase the immigration to Canada from Great Britain, and at the same time keep our people from wandering to another fold. A vast deal of denunciation of the trade policy of the present administration has been let loose on the country, both in Parliament and by the press, based on the last census returns; but it is difficult to detect in it all any intelligible suggestion of measures that will make the showing of the next decade markedly ahead of the one just closed. That the showing was inaccurate, we firmly believe; but, however that may be, it is not at all likely that another enumeration will be made before 1901, and for purposes of comparison and calculation the last official returns must be accepted as correct. MR. LAURIER'S followers should come squarely before the people and state definitely what they propose. Are they in favour of a reduction of our tariff towards the British free trade system, or would they like to see the wall built still higher, in the footsteps of the recent action of the United States? If the former, are they prepared to make direct taxation a plank in their platform, or is the national expenditure to be cut down to balance the reduced income from customs? Is reciprocity wanted with the United States, and if so what basis and measures of exchange do they advocate; and is there any likelihood of getting that nation to agree to their wishes without placing Canada at its mercy, or subjecting her to a degree of humiliation that would arouse national spirit even in the most abject sycophant in the Dominion? Is a fiscal union with the other portions of the Empire desired, and a higher tariff on foreign goods? It is, of course, granted that the Liberal party are perfectly honest in their belief that the country is going to the dogs; why proclaim the disease so loudly to the world without naming distinctly and in detail the remedy they propose to administer if the *vox populi* gives them a chance? To come before the people of Canada now with a clear and temperate statement of their trade policy—apart entirely from all other issues—would wonderfully strengthen the hands of the Opposition,

and the issues could then be discussed and fought over in a sensible and business-like way; until that is done there is little chance of sensible Canadians forsaking the known and tested frying-pan for the unknown and ominous-looking fire.

The War-Scare in Europe.

People who look with fear on the prospect of a war in Europe need not be filled with special alarm on reading the sensational reports that have been cabled over during the past few weeks. An examination of the political state of that continent in the light of its principal newspaper organs shows nothing whatever of a nature tending more closely to hostilities than has periodically occurred during the past twenty years; not only so, but the situation is far less strained than it has been on many occasions during that period. M. DE BLOWITZ in a recent exhaustive article on the subject sums up by predicting an uninterrupted reign of peace until the death of the present Emperor of Austria, when he thinks as general war will occur. He gives no tangible arguments in favour of this latter statement, and at the best it is mere conjecture. The recent exhibitions of the extraordinary state of military efficiency to which Germany and France have attained will go far to inspire much wholesome respect for each other, and a painful certainty of the excessive suffering, expense, and loss of life that must follow a hostile declaration. Every great war of the last half century—except the struggle in the Crimea—has been attended with a great actual disparity between the contestants; none more so than the Franco-Prussian war, in spite of the nominal equality of the two nations. No such disparity exists to-day. In every respect, except physique, the armies of France are now equal to those of Germany; the manœuvres of the former just concluded have shown the existence of marvellous efficiency in all branches of the service, winning the admiration of all foreign officers who witnessed the operations. But this has not been attained without an enormous expenditure, plunging the country into debt to such an extent that the condition of her finances has more than once of late been thought so serious as to become the subject of special articles in leading European reviews, by men prominent for their astuteness on questions of national finance. This fact, coupled with the well-known deplorable state of the Russian exchequer, tends strongly towards the continuance of peace, especially as these two nations have been closely drawn together of late. In Germany, the strength of quiet patriotism that pervades all classes, and the general prosperity and active measures of reform that have been developed under the present Sovereign, constitute to a certain extent a guarantee of peace; there are no internal cancer-spots which demand an aggressive foreign policy to divert the attention of the people.

Russia and Britain.

The recent operations in the vicinity of the Dardanelles by both Russia and Britain seemed to imply a renewal of the war-scare; but, when calmly examined, they do not appear to warrant any grave apprehensions. That a huge empire, like that of the Czar, with its enormous population and correspondingly great army should be for six months in the year completely shut out from all water communication with the European world is an anomaly, her acquiescence in which has often puzzled students of history. As a party to the treaty that enforced this seclusion, the irregular

manner the Czar has adopted to get out of the scrape is the only thing at which umbrage can well be taken. Closed by treaty, opening should be solely by consent of the powers who signed it; instead of which sufficient pressure was brought to bear on the Sultan—diplomatically aided, no doubt, by France—to induce him to authorize the passage of the Russian vessels. Had such a thing happened a century ago, a general war would have been the immediate result; but the world is wiser to-day, and the great powers of Europe are not disposed to interrupt their national progress and risk their reputation—if nothing else—in a struggle with a gigantic military organization for what is not much worse than an irregularity. The action of Great Britain in its temporary occupation of Mitylene was simply a counter-movement to Russia; a mere intimation that there are islands near the entrance to the Dardanelles which could be seized and used as a base of operations for closing the Straits by any power possessing a strong naval force. There is not the slightest probability of England taking any further action unless sinister movements on the part of Russia rendered joint operations by the Great Powers necessary to preserve the balance of power in Europe. The surprise generally expressed at Turkey's leniency to her old enemy had, however, the effect of extracting an official communication from her declaring her foreign policy to be unaltered; but it is improbable that any great faith will be put on this announcement. If the unexpected should happen, we have the satisfaction of knowing that our fleet in the Mediterranean is big enough and ugly enough to blow both Russians and Turks out of the Black Sea whenever it chooses, thanks to the able and energetic policy of Lord Salisbury's Cabinet.

Prize Competitions.

We may state that the answers and MSS. received for the Question and Literary competitions are being examined as rapidly as possible, and we hope to be able to notify the successful contestants in a very few weeks.

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.

Our Public Men.

It is interesting to note that of the 213 men who are now sitting in the Canadian House of Commons, all but two were born under the British flag. Seventy-five were born in Ontario, 66 in Quebec, 41 in the Maritime Provinces, 14 in Scotland, seven in Ireland, six in England and two in the United States.

The oldest member is Mr. Bourassa, of St. Johns, Que., who is 78 years of age, and has been a representative of the constituency of St. Johns since 1854. The youngest M.P. is Dr. Leger, of Kent, N.B., who is 25 years of age.

Of the Parliament which assembled in 1867, after confederation, there only remain ten members in the present House. These are:—Bechar, Bourassa, Hon. M. Bowell, Sir Richard Cartwright, Daoust, Geo. Sirion, Sir Hector Langevin, Hon. Alexander Mackenzie, Hon. Thomas McGreevy and Hon. David Mills. No less than 69 members were elected for the first time in March last.

More than half of the total number of seats are contested, and as there are 49 constituencies in which the majority was under 100 votes, the existing representation will probably undergo a great change before the House assembles again.

FORT WELLINGTON, PRESCOTT, ONT.



THE war with the United States that was officially declared on the 18th June, 1812, had long been foreseen by the military authorities in Canada; and Major-General Brock had done all that was possible with the extremely limited means at his disposal to render the places of most importance capable of defence. The single line of communication from Quebec and Montreal to the Upper Provinces required protection; and towards that end the erection of a defensive work was commenced early in 1812 at the little village of Prescott, then in its infancy. The fort was a small quadrangle, composed of wood and earth, subsequently being strengthened by wooden palisades skirting the outer base; its construction was of the most primitive pattern, without a single flanking angle or exterior obstruction of any kind. The only building in the fort was a block-house, although at a little later date separate barracks were erected for the garrison. No guns could be spared at first for its defence; but on news of the breaking out of the war reaching Prescott its inhabitants and garrison fished up from the bottom of the river several old French guns, of antique pattern, that had formerly been used for the defence of some of the islands in the vicinity during the period of French occupation; these islands had been dismantled a few years previously by order of Sir James Craig, and the cannon thrown into the river. As might have been expected, this hastily improvised artillery proved anything but a success. When fished up, they lacked trunnions, a defect which the zealous villagers endeavoured to supply by substitutes of wood with iron hoops; while for carriages, they were dependent on whatever local skill was available for the construction of this essential adjunct to heavy ordnance. On the 2nd of October, 1812, this novel battery opened fire on Ogdensburg, situated directly across the river. The labours of the zealous garrison were in vain; the guns would not carry the required distance, and each shot went into the river; and the bursting of one of the cannon wounded several of the amateur gunners, and put a sudden stop to their exertions. Shortly afterwards an officer of the Royal Engineers was sent to examine the work, and all the guns were condemned as being unfit for use. The garrison of the fort at this time consisted of two companies of the Canadian Fencibles, 40 men of the Newfoundland Regiment and eight artillerymen.

On the following day a reinforcement arrived, consisting of two companies of the Stormont militia; and that same night Colonel Lethbridge, the commandant, decided to make an attack on Ogdensburg, announcing his intention at that evening's parade. Early on the morning of the 4th the whole force was embarked in batteaux, and proceeded to pull across the river to the attack; but the strength of the current was misjudged and while some distance from the opposite shore, the boats were swept down under the direct fire of the American batteries. Some confusion took place and the whole flotilla was ordered back. Our loss in this ill-managed affair was three killed and four wounded.

No shelter existed in the fort for the Stormont men, the small barrack being occupied by the first arrivals. The militia, known as the "Stormont Flankers," set to work and built substantial huts of rough stone, well sodded, and covered with planks; these were so comfortable as to excite the envy of the rest of the garrison. Unfortunately the builders soon lost them. A few weeks after the river skirmish the "Flankers" were allowed to go home, being relieved by a detachment of militia from Leeds County; but while marching down to Cornwall they met Colonel Pearson, inspecting field-officer, on his way to Prescott from Montreal, who ordered them back to the post just vacated. On arrival there they found the Leeds militia in their snug quarters, and were forced to put up for the winter in a large stone house, some little distance out of the village.

Colonel Pearson soon succeeded Colonel Lethbridge in the command of the fort, and brought with him, as Staff-Adjutant, Lieut. Ridge of the 8th Kings Regiment.

The two companies of the Canadian Fencibles were withdrawn and replaced in part by a company of the 8th under Capt. Eustace, supplemented within a few weeks by

two companies of the Glengarry Light Infantry that came up from Montreal under command of Major Macdonnell, formerly of the King's. Macdonnell and Ridge were capital officers, full of vim and dash. The garrison were under arms every morning an hour before daylight, and remained on the *qui vive* until the pickets came in. Lieut. Ridge chose fifty men from each of the militia corps, and daily had them out with a detachment of the Newfoundland Regiment on the ice in front of Prescott, until they were perfectly up in their drill.

On the 19th of February, Major Macdonnell was sent over to Ogdensburg under a flag of truce, to remonstrate with the American commanding officer (Major Forsythe) for his barbarous practice of sending small predatory parties across the river in exposed places, to burn the houses of settlers, rob them of their goods and take prisoners any of the male inhabitants they could find. Forsythe's answer was unsatisfactory, and in the course of conversation he said that he would be glad to meet the garrison of Prescott in a fight on the ice some day, to which Macdonnell replied that he would certainly oblige him on the first possible occasion. Two days later Colonel Pearson was appointed to command elsewhere, when Macdonnell succeeded him at Prescott; his opportunity for gratifying the gallant Forsythe had now come and he lost no time in giving it effect. On the morning of the 23rd the garrison paraded at half-past six o'clock and pushed across the river as rapidly as possible on the ice. Why the attack was not made earlier is a matter of conjecture, but at the time chosen there certainly was sufficient light for the Americans to see the movements of the British force, which consequently came under fire very soon after it had left the Canadian shore. The attack was made in two columns, one under command of Capt. Jenkins, of the Glengarry Light Infantry, the other under Lieut. Ridge; the former was exposed to such a fire that the only gun with it was upset, its gunner killed and Jenkins himself seriously wounded; the men, losing heart, returned to their own side of the river. Ridge's attack was more successful and the American fort was taken, the guns spiked and the whole garrison driven headlong out of their position; their opponents aided in this by the remnants of the other column who quickly recovered themselves and hastened to join in the main attack. Our loss was eight killed and fifty-two wounded, principally in Captain Jenkins' column; the American loss in killed was twenty and a large number wounded; four officers and seventy men were made prisoners. The British also captured eleven pieces of cannon and a large amount of military stores, besides burning the four armed vessels which were in the harbour.

No material change in the garrison took place until November, when the 2nd Battalion of the 89th Regiment was ordered there, and did out-post duty at Gananoque and

other posts on the Kingston road. In the following June this fine corps was despatched to the Niagara frontier, and did splendid service at the battle of Lundy's Lane. No further hostilities of special note took place in the immediate vicinity of Fort Wellington; a strong garrison remained there during the remainder of the war and for a number of years afterwards. About 1826 all troops were withdrawn from the post. During the stormy scenes of 1838, the post again came into use but was found too small and feeble to be of value; it was therefore greatly enlarged and strengthened, huge parapets of earth being erected, faced with stone and surrounded by a palisade; a sally-fort was made on the southern face, and several buildings for the accommodation of men and stores were erected.

It was at Fort Wellington that the rally of the militia took place on the 13th of November 1838, prior to their attack on the infamous scoundrels under Von Schultz who had crossed on the previous day from the American side and had taken refuge in the Windmill, an old building of great strength a few miles below Prescott; it is unnecessary to say that the attack was successful, although the rebels fought desperately and inflicted severe loss on our men. Over fifty of the American sympathizers were killed, many wounded and over one hundred taken prisoners; these latter were treated with much leniency, only ten being executed, and nearly fifty received a free pardon. A garrison was maintained there for a considerable time after the suppression of the rebellion, but was finally withdrawn; and for a number of years the only occupants have been a caretaker and his family. The fort is one of the many military buildings in Canada that are worthy of a better fate than has been theirs since the departure of Her Majesty's troops. There is no reason in the world why Fort Wellington, Fort Lennox (Isle-aux-Noix) and other military stations that are in fairly good condition should not be used for at least a short time each year as the central point of camping grounds for brigade camps, or for detachments of our volunteers who go under canvas occasionally, with a view to an acquirement of knowledge of those portions of a soldier's life which can be best learned in conditions assimilating to active service in the field.

A Badge of Protection.

"The best protection a young woman can have in this city," said a big policeman on the Broadway squad yesterday, "is one of those little silver crosses that the King's Daughters wear. I've noticed that nowadays the professional masher will look first at the bosom of a woman's dress and if that little cross is dangling from a buttonhole he passes her by without even a stare. It's the same way on the street cars as on the street. The young woman who wears one of those badges has got the whole car load of men to take care of her and jump on the fellow that dares to annoy her. The cross is getting to be looked on with the same respect and deference as a nun's garb. As a safeguard it beats the average policeman all hollow."—*New York Sun*.



LAYING THE CORNER STONE OF GRACE CHURCH.



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 XI.—TOM'S VISITOR IN THE ADVANCE.

In his bewilderment over night, Tom Byng had forgotten to glance at the order book which was lying on his table, otherwise he would have found that his recreations for the next day were amply provided for him; that he was detailed for a court-martial in the morning, and that in the evening he was once more for the trenches. The consequence was that he found no opportunity for that insidious cross-examination of Hugh Fleming, and it so happened that Hugh, who since the death of Grogan had been acting as a captain, was not included in the covering party formed by the — in the evening. On his arrival at the brigade ground, Byng found himself for the advanced trenches and though in those weary watches that had gone by, a man had oft-times much leisure to brood over his affairs, yet the nights had waxed much livelier of late, and those on the watch had to be so continually on the alert that they had not much time to meditate on a love-chase gone awry, or how to assuage the angry importunities of creditors whose patience was at length exhausted, two circumstances that a year ago claimed a good deal of attention from most of them. Although nothing but the occasional monotonous roar of the big guns broke through the quietness of the night, yet Tom and his comrades kept vigilant watch and ward. They were dealing with an enemy bold and energetic, who threw no chances away, and whose skirmishers stole up nightly as near as they dared, to see if too fatal a sense of security might vouch them the opportunity for a sortie which they were always seeking. However, daybreak came without even an alarm, and the sun shone brightly out over the shattered town, heralding the advent of a glorious day towards the very end of May. Byng was sitting with his back to the parapet of the trench, musing dreamily over Frances Smerdon's letter and what reply he should make to it, when he was once more recalled to a sense of sublunary matters by his more mercurial subaltern, who suddenly exclaimed—

"I say, Tom, do you remember what day this is?"

"Yes, Wednesday," replied Byng, lazily.

"Wednesday; yes, sir; the Wednesday, by Jove, it's the Derby Day, and what a day they've got for it. Do you recollect going up last year and seeing Andover win?"

"Yes," laughed the other; "and how we all backed King Tom, and saw our horse run a good second on three legs; showing that but for the mishap he ought to have won."

"Ah, yes, but what fun we had all the same. What a lunch we had with those dragoon fellows over on the hill. They were all on Andover—

drank buckets of champagne to celebrate his success, and insisted upon our drowning our losses in the same manner. Ah, we were a credit to the regiment on that occasion!—patterns of sobriety to the whole British Army!—after having been engaged in such a revel."

"*Tempora mutantur*, as they taught us at school," laughed Byng. "Last year pigeon pie, plover's eggs, and Geisler's brit were hardly good enough for us, and now I'm dying for the sight of that villainous servant of mine with the tea and cold bacon. Surely they're awfully late with our breakfast."

"No, just eight," rejoined his companion, glancing at his watch. "Listen, there go the clocks inside," and he jerked his head in the direction of the town.

A few minutes more and two or three servants belonging to the regiment made their appearance, carrying their masters' breakfast with them. Very much to the astonishment of Tom and his companions came also a French officer, in the uniform of the Zouaves, the triple row of gold lace round his *kepi*, and the elaborate embroidery on the sleeve of his smart, dark blue jacket, indicating that he was a captain, just as much as his shaven forehead, and swaggery voluminous red *pantalons* added "and of the Zouaves."

Tom raised his cap politely to the Frenchman, whose *kepi* was off instantly in return, and then could not help casting a look of enquiry at his henchman.

"The Colonel commanding the third parallel, sir, told me to bring this French officer to you. And will you be so good as to show him all there is to be seen in the advance."

The French officer with a flourish of his cap commenced a voluble speech in his own language, to the effect that if he might trespass upon the amiability of Monsieur he would wish to see what we were doing in the Front. Tom's knowledge of the French language, like the majority of his brethren in the English army, was limited in the extreme, and the quick-witted Zouave saw at once that he was not understood. He changed instantly into the Anglo-Saxon vernacular.

"Ah, monsieur," he continued, "you no like to spik French. You English all can, but you nevere will, *mon ami*. I am engaged like yourself, in this stupid *siege*, knocking our heads for months against this pig of a town. I sometimes wish I was back in Africa; chasing the Kabylès was more amusing than this. This morning I said to myself, '*Mon cher*, you *ennui* yourself, you get the rust, you get the—what do you call it—ah, bored, you require the change, you want distraction.' I said to my chief—'*Mon Colonel*, this fatigues me, these pigs of Russians will not knock me on the head,

although, *ma foi*," he continued, with a shrug of his shoulders and a grimace, "they have been making it lively enough for us lately. With your permission to-day, I will go and look at our gallant Allies. I will study the little lanes and ditches they make, and see if I like them better than our own.' And now, Monsieur, I must throw myself upon your good nature, as soon as you have finished your breakfast. Permit me to offer you a cigarette," and having handed his case to Tom, the Zouave selected one for himself, and throwing himself on the ground he proceeded to smoke and chat as easily as if he had known his companions all his life. He was very communicative about his past, he gave them to understand he was a Parisian by birth, and that Paris was the only place fit to live in. "But you do not live there for nothing, my friends; and when one has come to the end of one's resources, there is nothing for a gentleman but the Seine, or Africa and the Zouaves. I chose the latter, and *parole d'honneur* I have never regretted it. It's a wild service, ours, but it makes the pulses tingle in your veins—there's not one of us but what has won his rank at the sword's point."

Tom felt there was something fascinating about his guest, in spite of his somewhat braggadocio manner. He had the bearing, moreover, of a good who had certainly been accustomed to good society, and Tom knew that what he said of his corps was true, and that the dare-devil troops of which he was a captain had little reverence for any officers who had not won their grade under their own eyes. Breakfast over, Tom began his task as *cicerone*, and was much struck by the shrewd, soldierly criticisms of the stranger.

"Ah, yes," he said, at length, "that flank battery of our friends' opposite it is which inflades the *boyan*, which I came up between this and the third parallel; but, *mon ami*, what do you propose to do next? Your engineers must know that you can go no further; the ground is too hard. And is your advanced trench of all, I presume?" And as he spoke the French officer leaned his elbows on the parapet, lazily; "and to say nothing of the *abattis*, you're a long way yet from the Redan. He continued to stare at the great earthwork in question, alongside Tom, although more than one bullet whistled past their heads. Suddenly he sprang upon the parapet, and not to be outdone in hardihood, Tom immediately followed his example.

"*Sacré!*" said the Zouave, laughing; "mais your company is undesirable. They will think we are the leaders of a storming party." And even as he spoke, the persistent attentions of the Russian sharpshooters once more sang past their heads.

"*Peste!*" he continued, throwing away his cigarette, and making a comical grimace at Byng. "This is getting a little too hot to remain. Adieu."

Monsieur." And in another second he had bounded down the far side of the parapet, and was flying as fast as his feet would carry him in the direction of the Redan, waving a white handkerchief, which he had hastily drawn from his pocket, as he did so.

For an instant Tom was taken aback, and then the truth flashed upon him that he had unwittingly been entertaining a Russian spy, and had shown him all round our advanced position. He never hesitated for a moment, but at once started in hot pursuit. Either he must bring back his treacherous guest a prisoner, or he would be well-nigh chaffed out of the army, when the story of his *soi-disant* Zouave got abroad. Tom could run a bit, and it soon became apparent it would be a very fine thing, in spite of the lead he had stolen, for the Russian to hold his own. It was impossible for either side to fire, the chances being about as much in favour of hitting one man as the other. The parapets on both sides were thronged with men who had jumped up from the trenches to see this impromptu match, and though Tom had gained very little upon him, yet, the spy had this point against him. Between him and the great Redan ran the *abattis*, and though, from the straightness of his path, the spot where he could slip through was doubtless all prepared for him, yet a slight delay was inevitable, and it was a fine point whether he could pass that before Tom's hand was upon him. Nearer and nearer they came to the barrier, and it was soon evident to all the spectators that Byng was the better "stayer" of the two, and a ringing cheer from the British trenches recognized the fact. A hasty glance or two over his shoulder speedily convinced the fugitive of the same. He saw his pursuer rapidly closing on him, and suddenly pausing for a moment in his flight, he drew a revolver from his breast and deliberately fired at his foe. He only precipitated events, for blown by his run, and with a hand that had lost its accustomed steadiness in consequence of his exertions, he missed his man, and before he could repeat the shot a tremendous blow from Tom's fist stretched him well-nigh senseless close under the *abattis*.

A roar of exultation arose from the spectators on the one side, and a yell of disappointment from those on the other. The two men were still in such close propinquity that it would be perfectly impossible for the riflemen on either side to interfere, even had there not seemed to be a tacit understanding that the struggle between the two men should be regarded in the light of a duel, with which the onlookers had no right to meddle. For two or three minutes the men remained at the foot of the *abattis*, the Russian recumbent and Tom leaning over him, with the pistol, now transferred to his own hand, pointed at his enemy's head.

"I'm going to either take you straight back as soon as you've recovered your wind," said Tom, in the quiet steady tones of a man who is greatly in earnest about what he says, "or scatter your brains out here and have done with it."

"Bah," rejoined the other, with a fierce flash of defiance in his grey eyes, "I have played and lost. I know the penalty, as well here as at the back of your trench an hour hence; quick, Monsieur."

"On the faith of an English officer your life shall be spared if you render yourself a prisoner. Refuse,"—and here Byng once more pointed the pistol at his opponent's head.

"*Sapristi!*" rejoined the Russian, as he rose to his feet, "I've not much choice, but while there is life there's another chance, and you guarantee me that?"

"I'll pledge my word for yours," returned Byng, still keeping a firm grip of his prisoner's collar.

"The game was worth it," rejoined the Russian, as he walked towards the English trenches, in the grip of his captor. "A majority against a file of musketeers and a short shrift; now I suppose it means prison for an indefinite period. *L'fortune de la guerre.*"

"It's not likely that we shall let you go to make use of the intelligence you have collected," replied Tom, as he handed his prisoner over the parapet into the hands of his own men, who, though regarding him with the contempt that employment as a spy

always brings upon the detected, still could not withhold a tribute of admiration to the splendid audacity with which the Russian had played his part.

Tom marched his prisoner to the Second Parallel, and there handed him over to the Colonel commanding in the trenches, and told his story, concluding with—

"I have pledged my life for his, and I must be allowed, sir, to make good my word—"

"You may rest quite easy on that point, Captain Byng," returned his superior. "I will relieve you of your charge, and shall send him direct to headquarters with that intimation."

The *soi-disant* Zouave had listened with the utmost nonchalance to the story of his misdeeds, but as Byng turned to leave, he exclaimed—

"Adieu, monsieur. May I ask the name of the officer to whom I am indebted for my life?"

"Captain Byng of —th," replied, Tom, shortly.

"Captain Byng—how do you spell him? B I—no, B Y N G. I shall recollect that name. Byng, you have saved my life, and some day, perhaps, who knows, it will be my turn. It's a queer world," and with a shrug of his shoulder Lieut. Ivanhoff raised his *kepi* to Tom, and started with his escort on his tramp to headquarters.

For the next few days Tom Byng's adventure with the Russian spy was the talk of the camp; that the story as it was bandied from mouth to mouth should meet with much embellishment, was but natural. There were scoffers who declared that the whole thing was a friendly running match, got up to relieve the tediousness of the advanced trenches, that a deal of money had changed hands in the transaction, that the Russians had paid in paper roubles, which were unnegotiable in our lines, in short, the story was bruited about with whatever garnish crossed the imagination of the jesters of the army and in a week incidents in the Crimea were so narrated that the chief actors failed to recognize them. There was a well-known officer who, when wounded, was reported by the papers to have exhorted his fellow sufferers to bear their agony patiently, but camp gossip gave a very different version of the pithy speech which he made upon that occasion. As for Lieut. Ivanhoff, he remained interned on the banks of the Bosphorus until the close of the war, and years afterwards obtained high distinction when the intervention of Europe compelled Russia to stay her victorious career, and sign peace under the very walls of Constantinople.

CHAPTER XII.—THE FOURTH DIVISION RACES.

There is a very fairly sized crowd gathered on the plateau before Sebastopol; half the officers not on duty have drawn together to see the fourth Divisional races decided. But for a few flags one would have hardly recognized that a day's fun of this sort was proposed, and that the race card (there are cards, gentlemen), shows no less than five events, not including the "moke race," to be decided. No Crimean race meeting could be brought to a satisfactory conclusion without this latter institution, and there is a Light Dragoon who is the very *bête noir* of all owners of likely mules, and who well-nigh sweeps the board (I had well-nigh said of cups) of purses for this interesting race.

There is an absence of stands, tents, and a good many other adjuncts of an ordinary race-course, notably the total absence of ladies, which gives a business air to the whole thing, which is utterly fictitious. In reality there is no end of gossip and laughter over the whole affair, and although the races are all correctly printed on the card there is little attempt at keeping Newmarket time here. We start comfortably when everyone is ready, nor are there any very close restrictions about colours. Breeches and boots most of the jockeys have managed, but a racing jacket is not strictly *de rigueur* although from the number of them that crop up it seems that a good many men must have been impressed with the idea that it was a useful thing to slip into the bottom of a bullock trunk. There is much quiet lurching going on—not such as you see at Epsom, or at the back of the stand at Ascot, but "just a snack, and a glass of fizz, you know,"

yet partaken of amidst as much mirth and good-fellowship as ever it was at the above-mentioned meetings at home.

The great event of the day is the Divisional Open Cup, for which there are only four competitors, but those four are supposed to be the best representatives that the Army can boast, though they might not, perhaps, prove of much account amongst a lot of Selling Platers at Newmarket. These things, you see, are comparative; we all know the proverb of the one-eyed man, and the present quartet represent the Kings of the Crimean turf. About the merits of the four there is much difference of opinion—that the Bantam and Thunder are the pick of the basket is generally conceded; which is the best is a matter of contention. In turf parlance they can both race and stay, but whether they are safe jumpers is a little open to question. The second Divisional Open Cup is a steeplechase—that is, the best imitation that three miles over artificial fence can compass.

Handy Andy's party, who are very sweet upon their horse, begin picking up all the long odds they can obtain, they swear that their horse doesn't know how to fall, and that what he may lack in speed will be more than compensated for by his superb jumping powers. As for the owner of the fourth, he fairly admits he's afraid the company is too good for him, but says that he likes a ride, that his horse is very well and a safe jumper, that he shall trust to the chapter of accidents, and that he shall at all events have a good view of the race. That the —th should be deeply interested in the Cup is not surprising. Is not the Bantam the property of one of their own officers? And is not Hugh Fleming going to ride it himself? There is a certain *esprit de corps* in these things, and from the Colonel's tenner to the drummer's shilling, the regiment are on to a man. There is much discussion about the stone wall, about which the owner of Handy Andy and his friends are especially jubilant.

"Tear an ages," cries the former, a Major of the Connaught Rangers, "av't it was only a foot higher I'd come in alone. There's not one of the lot such a lepper as my horse. Why I'd lay a level fifty I'd ride him in and out of the pound at Ballinasloe."

A little way off Hugh Fleming is in earnest conversation with Byng. He is carefully listening to his mentor's final instructions before weighing out.

"You see," says Tom, "nicely as the Bantam jumps, still he's young at the business, and it's quite on the cards he may make a mistake if he's flurried. We know he can jump the stone wall and that's the ugliest fence on the course, because we've been schooling him over just one like it for the last three weeks. Take a good pull at him when it comes, and let him have it easy. The only horse you can't afford to let get away from you in the race is Thunder, and I fancy he'll no more want to hurry at the stone wall than you will. As for the other two you've so much the heels of them you can catch them at any time. Whether we can beat Thunder we don't quite know, but anyhow I don't think you'll find you've much in hand."

Needless to say there is no ring, and such wagering as there is is done amongst the spectators themselves. More than one holder of Her Majesty's commission tries his prentice hand at book-making and gets bitten with a madness destined to cost him dear in days to come. A little buzz of criticism runs through the crowd as the competitors for the Cup take their preliminary canter. "Thunder looks very fit." "Who will lay me three to one to a tenner about the Bantam?" "What the deuce does Tom Joskins mean by running that old crock of his?" "He's a good horse, I'll take fifty to five about his chance." Good horse if you like, but he's got into rather too good company this time. "You can put it down," and a babel of similar remarks are bandied about as—the preliminary over—the four competitors make their way to the starting post. Being the race of the day, and numbering so few runners, their jockeys have contrived to appear in correct costume. The flag falls without delay, and at once the rider of Handy Andy takes the horse to the front, and in the

words of his owner—"Begins pounding away in real earnest." The horse certainly is a magnificent jumper, but he can go only one pace, and his jockey is quite aware of it. He knows that his chance of victory must depend upon Thunder and Bantam either falling, or from their riders, in the fear of such casualty, suffering him to obtain so long a lead that they are unable to catch him, but the artilleryman who is riding Thunder, is cunning of fence, and was well known between the flags before the war broke out. He is not the least afraid of his making a mistake at present, but he does know that a tired horse is very apt to blunder and thinks that he would rather have a little in hand and be able to take that wall easy in the second round, for they have to traverse the course twice.

Handy Andy meanwhile sails gaily along in advance, with Thunder lying at his quarters; the black jacket of Hugh Fleming some two lengths in arrear, and Tom Joskins on his old crock whipping in.

And now came one of those curious incidents which when seen on a race-course always remind one of the way the coloured bits of glass fall apart on the turning of a kaliedoscope. As they came to the wall, the young Irishman who was riding Handy Andy, thinking his horse was accustomed to it, sent him at the jump with a wild whoop and a flourish of his whip. The result was disastrous; for, swerving from the whip, Handy Andy jumped just across Thunder, and the two came down together in a confused heap. Hugh Fleming, in order to keep clear of the collision, pulled his horse so sharply to one side that the Bantam had to jump the wall almost sideways; the consequence was, he struck the wall slightly, blundered upon landing, and after struggling gallantly to recover himself pitched forward on his knees and head and rolled over, leaving Tom Joskins, who had got safely over to the right, alone in his glory.

At such an unexpected collapse of the race, quite a shout went up from the spectators, and numbers of them galloped off as hard as they could to the scene of the accident. Hugh Fleming and the Bantam soon struggled to their feet, but the riders of the other two horses lay where they had fallen; and a whisper round the hillock, which served the purpose of a grand stand, that both men were killed. Whether this was the case or not, it was quite certain that neither made any attempt to rise, which usually betokens serious disaster.

Tom Joskins, wide awake to such a chance as had befallen him, wasted no time in looking what were the results of the collision, but took his old horse by the head and sent him along best pace, quite aware that the farther he got on his journey before any of his antagonists got up, the better. He went on for some time before he even ventured to throw a glance over his shoulder, and then found that there was nothing anywhere near him. He thought he had it all to himself, so commenced to take it a little more easily; and it was not until he passed the hillock and heard the warning cry of his friends, that he became aware there was anything left in the race but himself.

Hugh had never lost hold of his bridle, but both he and the Bantam were rather shaken by the fall; and even when he had regained his saddle and set his horse going again, Hugh felt that he must give him a little time to recover, and that any attempt to hurry him at present would prove fatal. He wondered in his own mind whether it was of any use persevering when he looked at the tremendous lead that Joskins had got of him. His horse might be the quicker of the two, but then he dared not make use of his speed just yet, and in any case was it possible to make up all that ground before the race was over.

"No matter," muttered Hugh, "I'll see him over the stone wall a second time at all events. It settled three of us the first round, it might settle him the second."

But it was not to be. Joskins' old crock jumped the fatal wall without the slightest mistake, and though the Bantam ran game as gold and materially lessened the gap between him and his leader, yet he never could get fairly within hail of him, and

Hugh, when he found pursuit was useless pulled up, and left Joskins to secure an easy victory.

"Well, after such a turn up as that," exclaimed the owner of Handy Andy, "it's to be hoped the Engineers have something for us to do to-night. If there's anything they want taking they'll find the Rangers in a lovely humour for it; they are broke to a man."

"I'm afraid," rejoined Byng, "our fellows are in much the same state; by-the-way, what do the doctors say of the two victims of the accident?"

"Knocked about a bit and shook," replied the Major, "but they are not broken seriously. Poor Tim Donovan, the theatrical young beggar, he rode as if he was showing off a horse at Bartlemy fair." The further events of the day have nothing to do with this history; that moke racing Hussar once more carried off the race of those quadrupeds, in his usual artistic fashion, sitting well back on the animal's quarters, in his shirt sleeves, and with his gold laced forage cap set jauntily on one side.

Lynden, Frances would of course be aware that his injuries offered no excuse for his silence. What was he to say? He loved this girl, but he could not forget that she had laughed at him, and flouted the Regiment. Few people like to be laughed at, and ridicule has made more bitter enemies than ever good sound abuse has done. There are men who would sooner lead the forlorn hope, than be the laugh of the town for three days; and the woman who forgives a man for placing her in a ridiculous situation shows a magnanimity scarce to be counted on. Pen, ink and paper betrayed him, and still this man, who had never hesitated an instant to risk his life for the capture of a spy, could not make up his mind to write a few



"Ground her little white teeth, and cried with very shame and vexation."—(See next page.)

Tom Byng, over a solitary pipe in his own tent that evening, reflected rather ruefully that Miss Smerdon's letter was still unanswered. Circumstances had prevented him from conferring with Hugh Fleming in the first place; and secondly, Hugh, out of sheer malice prepense, had not only declined to be pumped, but worse still, could not be induced to talk the thing over; whenever Byng brought the thing fairly forward, Hugh either changed the subject, or at once turned the subject round to his own love affair, and that once started, he had so much to say that his auditor was more likely to grow weary than to get a word in. Still, that letter had to be written, two mails had already gone out, and in mere ordinary courtesy he could no longer delay sending a reply. Through Nellie

lines in reply to a pretty girl's kind enquiries about his health. "Here goes," he said, at last—"she's laughing at me once, she shall have no opportunity to laugh at me again, as, if I allowed an atom of sentimentality to appear, she certainly would." "Dear Miss Smerdon," he wrote—"Very many thanks to you and Mrs. Smerdon for your enquiries. You have, of course, heard by this time my being returned wounded was a mistake, and I can assure you that I never was in better health and spirits than I am just now. If the work here is a bit hard at times, there is at all events plenty to eat and drink—two very important things when campaigning,—and we have undergone some of the bitter experiences of those who were here

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first winter. Although not wrapped in "cotton-wool," and taking our share in the hard knocks, we are as a whole doing wondrous well. With kindest regards to yourself and all at Twmbarlwm,—yours sincerely,

THOMAS BYNG."

"Camp before Sebastopol, July 30."

When Miss Smerdon received this terse reply to her letter she flushed to the roots of her hair, shame and vexation. She had never felt so humiliated in her life. She—as proud a girl as ever stepped—in the madness of her passion, had scooped to tell a man she loved him! Who could she had penned? How she wished she had never written! How she wished her letter had been as icily cold as Nellie had laughingly suggested. What must he think of her? Ah, he had his revenge now! Here were her own bitter jibes thrown contemptuously in her face. She pictured him with almost a derisive smile on his lips as he posted those curt few lines in reply to her own too effusive epistle.

Shame on her! She had told her secret again and again in that wretched note! No man on reading it could doubt that the writer proffered her love—and at that thought Frances buried her face in her hands—unasked. What had she done? Forged her very sex, offered herself as a wife and been rejected. It would have been better for her, she thought, if that Russian bullet had gone a trifle lower and then she could have wept openly over his death, and have been spared this nethermost misery. Ah, no, Heaven help her, she did not mean that; God watch over and save him, and send him safe through the perils that surrounded him, although he never could be anything to her now.

It comes hard upon a woman to have the precious spikenard of her first-love rejected, and Frances Smerdon's had gathered in strength from the very efforts she had made to repress it.

She said no word to Nellie of the letter she had received. It had been brought up to her room early in the morning and therefore Miss Lynden had no positive knowledge on the subject, but she soon saw in the girl's face that she had heard from Byng, and from her making no allusion to her letter, had no doubt that it was unsatisfactory. Frances seemed as interested as ever, when the conversation turned upon the Crimea, but Nellie noticed that instead of taking her share in it, as she had done heretofore, she was now content to be for the most part a listener. As for Tom Byng, I don't think he was quite so well satisfied with that composition of his, as he was when he first posted it. At all events Hugh Fleming heard no more of Miss Smerdon from his chum, and marvelled much what he had said in reply to that young lady's enquiries.

(To be Continued.)

Haying in England.

Down to the meadow, boys, every man Jack of you!
Here's the blue weather! to work while we may!
Come, girls, you're wanted, the whole blooming pack of you!
Leave the house spiders alone for a day,
Cock your white bonnets, and toss the sweet hay,
While the sun shines, lasses, toss the sweet hay!

Down with the brooms, here are rakes by the dozen.
Show your trim ankles for once in a way;
Tom, Dick, or Harry, or somebody's cousin
Waits with a smile on, to bid you good day;
Follow your leader, and toss the sweet hay,
Toss the right way, lasses, toss the sweet hay!

Hark, what a liquid note, over and over;
"Sweet hay, sweet hay!" chiming farther away;
Never say nay, bonny lass, if your lover
Snatch a sweet kiss as you toss the sweet hay;
Only in play, sighs the cuckoo, "Sweet hay!"
Just toss it back in a wisp of sweet hay!

—Temple Bar.



TORONTO, 18th September, 1891.

OUR Industrial Exhibition has been marked by continued fine weather, only one storm, and that after sunset, interfering with the comfort of visitors. I am sorry that sickness has prevented me from paying our great Fair even one visit, but kind friends have brought me many bits of news thence. The show of horses, cattle and sheep, they say, was never finer,—the Cotswolds and Shropshires among the sheep being remarkable for their size and excellence of breed. The dogs, which is one of the exhibits one must always regret missing, were very fine,—the St. Bernards, mastiffs and some of the terriers drawing much attention. I hoped to have had the opportunity of seeing Miss Whitney, the lady who judged one or two of the terrier classes and perhaps some others. The fact of an American lady being a judge in animals reminds me of a lady from England, who spent a year or two in Canada some time ago, who not only was an excellent connoisseur and judge of dogs, but also of pigeons and poultry. But I do not think she ever made any money by her knowledge, unless it were the price of some articles to the newspaper press. It is well to see prejudices dying, even though they die slowly.

From the Canadian Pacific Railway building I received both wheat—a few ears only—and some linseed, or, as we call it here, flax-seed, grown on a farm near Regina, in which I am more than ordinarily interested. Samples of each will go to Ireland, where, I am sure, next year will see the pretty blue flowers of the flax flourishing in the garden of an estate not so far from Dublin. If it should bring us back to Canada some linen workers of Belfast, what may we not look for in the way of trade development in a direction that every lady loves almost as much as lace work—fine table-linen.

Another building on the grounds,—the Dairy and Apiary, unites use and beauty. Here the processes and machinery for the best care and economic values of 'milk and honey' are on view, and, in connection with the dairy, I am glad to know that analyses of the milk of the various breeds of cows on the grounds are being made by Mr. Frank Shult, of the Experimental Farm, Ottawa. Some of the Jersey milk analyzed shewed seven per cent. of butter, three and four-fifths being the average standard of all sorts. The same building is occupied by a good exhibition of native stuffed animals and birds, where the osprey of our Ontario lakes divides interest with the great eagle of the Rockies, and the splendid Rocky Mountain goat occupies a prominent place. These creatures look agile, vivacious and romantic enough to inspire our Canadian hunters with equal enthusiasm to that of the Swiss hunter, who will peril his life after the chamois of his Alpine peaks.

The Art Gallery is filled with three hundred and ninety-six canvases, some of them new, as Paul Peel's "Venetian Bathers," a very fine thing, though some of our would-be critics would be at the expense of a bathing suit for the figure, I hear, being scandalized by the beautiful lines of a woman's back—which is all that is seen. "The Only Son of His Mother, and She Was a Widow," by Miss Laura Muntz, is highly praised. Such an important canvas by a lady is a point of congratulation for Canada. I believe the lady is English, of a family that has given more than one M.P. of note to the English House of Commons. Another English lady among us, whose work is of very high character, is Miss Gertrude E. Spurr. Her "Crazy Kate's Cottage" is a lovely bit of scenery, and she has several other pictures here that I have seen at our art exhibitions, which are all marked by careful study as well as the touch of genius.

Mrs. M. E. Dignam, the president of the Ladies' Art Club of this city, has several of those rural scenes she delights in,—"Coming Through the Meadow" and "Summer-Time" being two of them, and I notice the names of some of the members of the club on the catalogue as contributors. The Students' Art League is well represented also,—the president, W. D. Blatchley having several landscapes, as also A. P. Coleman, C. M. Manly, E. C. Thompson and others. Suffice it to say, however, that all our well-known artists are represented at our Industrial Exhibition, and that the pictures, as a whole, are worthy of them.

An excellent feature of the collection is the loan class. Among them,—by the liberality of a few of our citizens, who thus evince their true appreciation of the educational influence of such exhibitions,—are canvases by Eastlake (2), Herring (2), Verbockober (2), Zucharelli, David Cox (2), and four landscapes, the property of W. H. Howland, Esq., one of them said to be by Turner.

A painter, whose brush does not often enough grace our exhibitions, G. B. Bridgman, has a very large canvas that is highly spoken of,—"A Boy Overboard." "The Silurian Gates of Elora," by Arthur Cox, is a fine canvas, that, I am sorry to see, is not sold yet. Perhaps if it were called "The Himalayan Gates of Kamschatka" it would be better appreciated, for it is a beautiful picture.

The only piece of sculpture in the catalogue is Hamilton McCarthy's life-size model of the Williams' statue. This is a pity. Mr. McCarthy's work has been praised by English critics, a lovely life-size group, "Burns and his Highland Mary," being engraved for the *Art Magazine*, after being exhibited at the Royal Academy; and we have other sculptors of high attainments among us.

* * *

I regretted being unable to be present at the meeting of the York Pioneers, held in the Log Cabin Museum, close to the Fort Rouillé column, on the south side of the Exhibition grounds. The meeting was special, and several delegates from other historical associations were present, all bent on inaugurating the first steps necessary to the centennial celebration of the setting apart, as a separate province, of Canada West. I do not yet know what was done, but I learn that Rev. Canon Bull gave a short sketch of the unearthing of the burial trench of soldiers of the 89th regiment and stated that a public re-interment of the remains in the now famous cemetery, with military and religious rites, will take place next month (October), of which the public will be duly notified.

* * *

On the same day a meeting, with the same object, was held at Chatauqua, Niagara-on-the-Lake,—Rev. Dr. Withrow, William Houston, Esq., and other gentlemen speaking. Owing to illness, Mr. Kirby, who is the president of the Niagara Historical Society, and on whom will necessarily fall the chief responsibility of the centennial celebration, was unable to be present. Mr. Mayor Pafford called the meeting at the request of certain citizens.

It is felt that the town that had the honour of being the first capital of the new province ought to mark the completion of the century of provincial government by placing on some suitable spot a statue of our first Lieutenant-Governor, General John Graves Simcoe, a man to whose judgment, energy and enthusiasm the province owes it that the inaugural years of her life were marked by prosperity, and that she was started on a sound basis of development.

* * *

Five sessions of parliament were held by Governor Simcoe at Newark before he transferred the seat of government to a more secure locality,—the old trading post at Fort Rouillé, on the shore of a beautiful bay, where the largest shipping on the lakes could safely ride, and midway between two beautiful rivers,—the Humber and the Don,—eventually fixing his own residence near the latter river, on a precipitous bank close by a beautiful ravine, still the joy of lovers of ferns and wild flowers, and naming his simple house "Castle Frank," after a beloved son, who was early killed in battle.

A beautiful model of a statue of Governor Simcoe graces Mr. Hamilton McCarthy's studio. He is in the picturesque military uniform of the period, and is posed with his right hand gracefully extended, as addressing an audience. The face is young, and is taken from a photograph of his memorial tablet in Exeter Cathedral,—General Simcoe being under fifty when he died. Such a statue would be a most appropriate ornament for the large hall of our new parliament buildings in Toronto.

* * *

A circular issued by the Canadian Institute states that the Summer Convention, arranged for August, is postponed until Friday and Saturday, the 25th and 26th of September, when it will be held at Penetanguishene. The town is an old historical station, and will well reward visitors interested in the records of the past. The public are earnestly invited, and papers are called for.

It is a question with your correspondent whether the absence of organized amusements in country places does not form the chief factor in that desolation of the farm for city life which characterizes our rural districts. A leaf out of old England's book in this matter would do Canada a vast amount of good.

S. A. CURZON.

Episodes of Chinese Life in British Columbia.

B. JAMES P. MACINTYRE.



EXT to their well marked accretive character in the accumulation of wealth is the philosophy which teaches the Chinese to tide over the rocky places in life under a determination to accede to a limited knowledge of English or the Indian jargon, even when masters of the pigeon English style in language which they have in common use. This phase in their manners leads them also to abruptly end a disliked conversation or criminal evidence by the ejaculation of their curt "no savvy," accomplished with a well-assumed blank stare.

"You savvy," a Chinaman related when in a discursive and philosophic mood, "you good man; I good man; money him bad man."

The reason of this ambiguous preface was made clear, as follows:—

"One time I work up country; white man come camp, say he heap hungry. 'Velly good,' I say, 'sit down, take dinner;' he eaty dinner. 'Velly good man, you, John, you come town some time, I see you.' 'You see velly good,' I say. Long time go by, no go town. Bossy man he say, 'You go town, John, no more stop.' Velly good, you see, I go town. I walky up steet, who I see? man I give dinner. Good clothes him, now. I looky him all e time. He looky me. I likey talkey him. He savvy me. Son of a gun, he looky up window. You see money heap bad man."

Thus this race finds indirect modes of apologizing for the meanness of ingrates, through the natural bent of their minds in philosophizing. Who ever knew the history or on what theory their music is founded? This peculiar semi-wailing aggregate of sounds, interspersed with staccato lights, performed on the double-stringed Chinese violins, accompanied by different sized zithers and vocalism, as well as metallic drums, the clinking sounds of which are drawn from it by the vocalist, who accompanies his exercises on it with a seemingly falsetto voice, which rises and falls in the peculiar enunciation of the song common to this nationality. Whether founded on mythical or historical events, physical or metaphysical in its foundation, even Peré Amiot, the missionary of long residence among them in their own land, failed to thoroughly elucidate. A semicircle of musicians is to be observed at many of the stores whiling away the evening hours, while the bystanders load the air with the fumes of tobacco, which savours strongly in appearance and flavour of cow hair. No people appreciate the leisure hours of eve more than do these representatives of the nation which comprises one-fifth of the population of the world. Let their employment lay in saw-mill or cannery, clearing land or tilling the same; as the stone-cutter is facetiously said to drop his hammer over his shoulder at the stroke of the quitting hour, so do the Chinese on the blowing of the time-whistle or other means of warning the employees of an industry that a cessation has arrived, drop anything they may be carrying and scamper pell-mell towards their dens. The idea of a Chinaman trotting along the road under a heavy load is well promulgated, but this trait in his character he exhibits more in his native country. The object evidently is to ease himself as quickly as possible, at the expense of a little more exertion, as his philosophy again crops up to suggest; the sooner unburdened the greater the rest. In this country, in following out the avocation of vegetable peddler or slop-collector, they have no great distances to travel at a time. This idea stands good as a national characteristic, for post one's self in a place of vantage, about laying-off time, close to where they may be employed in any numbers, and a surging rush of oblique-eyed individuals obtrude themselves on the vision, almost simultaneous with the first blast of the whistle. Those thronged industries, such as the canneries and saw-mills, have a large percentage of their employees drawn from the China-towns, and their influence is not only apparent in the usurpation of the labour field of an equal number of white labourers, but also in a scale of wages that is not at all commensurate with the charges of living. It is not too much to say that the influences of their lives do not rest here, but that they imbue those in immediate contact

with them for a considerable time, with some of their own traits of character, and a deterioration in the wages of white labour is a natural outcome of those circumstances. Not unlikely though that the Mongols shall drop off, displaced by the incoming tide of a better class of people from the congested European countries. Those of them who can penetrate the advantages of a knowledge of the English language, and who are not content to remain labouring at hard work, show a nervous desire to attain the mastery of the twenty-six letters of the alphabet. Once they attain a slight knowledge of the first two R's they are content to think they have entered the mystery of elucidation far enough, with few exceptions, which stamp themselves conspicuously from being so uncommon in the general routine of Chinese life on the coast. A young Chinaman, who studies after his domestic duties are through for the day, shows the usual feverish wish to conquer English construction, but after reading through the alphabet, with few mistakes, on pointing out letters here and there throughout it, he has become so excited in the process that he will persist in calling every letter v. When a nation becomes habituated to a certain style of dress, through long usage, it cannot be an easy matter for its people to discard it, but although the Cantonese, who infest the coast cities, have been in the habit of wearing the usual loose style of garb affected by the nation at their home, still they very readily take to clothes more fitted to the labours which they are called upon to perform, and after a time some of them go far enough too, to change their 'all same's 'Mellican man' overalls to don a European cut suit of tweeds. The store-keepers, of course, make no change; they dress as they might do in Hong-Kong or Canton, and most of the workingmen, after their day's labour has been done, prefer the comfort of the loose garments they have been accustomed to than the strait confines of the 'Mellican wear. A migration of the Chinese from one quarter of a city to another, periodically, and the application of the torch to their late quarters, is one feasible way of extirpating the diseases which they breed by crowding and residing for a length of time in any one spot. Fumigation in their case proves a failure, and the removal of their habitations from one place to another would mean, to those most conversant with their way of living, the stalking around of the scythe armed skeleton which it would take them no great stretch of imagination to see, in the event of such a course being pursued. The accretion of germs of disease, from year to year, in their unventilated houses taking wings, would be a mortal menace to any community in which they are allowed a firm foothold. In some of the cities their 'towns' impinge their ugly visages on the incoming immigrant or speculator, and do not tend to impress him at first sight with the beauties which later on become apparent to him in many of the features of the Pacific coast cities. Although under the supervision of the sanitary official they will not act until 'drawn over the coals' and fined; even then it is necessary for this official to take action and send in a man to carry out his instructions in scavenging and white-washing the crowded quarters in which they live. So, for these features of Chinese life, their star is waning on these shores. A solution of the immigration difficulty will naturally resolve itself into their non-employment as a greater influx of Eastern Canadians and Europeans tends westward. Very little is seen of Chinese women in this province; as far as they are regarded they form a veritable rara-avis, although farther south they pose as the base of some interesting cases in the law courts. When young they—in many cases—are as marketable as any commodity, and are reared by the purchaser until more mature age gives them a much greater value. Several slaves of the gentler sex exist here, and merchants of means procure an entry for them to this country, where they not unseldom become the wards of the rescue home officials, or get married as an alternative to being the guests of the government when trespassing on the inexorable laws which finds its victims, or those it is supposed to extend its protection to, in all nationalities whose representatives comes under its pale. In dress they are not easily discernible from the men, at first glance, as they affect the same wide, baggy trousers.

It seems contradictory of the generally accepted theory that the Chinese believe in the power of spirits to partake of solid matter supplied them on being placed to rest in

their burying grounds by their friends still existent on this mundane sphere, that they have discontinued the practice of offering food by leaving it at the grave of the departed. One would think that their priests would take advantage of the disappearance of the victuals in the shape of pork and wines to impress upon the heathen members of the community the doctrine which they adhere to in the rites for the dead. But credulous as they may be in regard to the will of the spirit in partaking of refreshment, they have become alive to the fact that the (Siwashes) Indians have a much keener appreciation of the food left at the grave to appease the appetite of the departed than have the Mongols who fit about in extra-mundane space. If food is not deposited on the last narrow cells in which the bodies of the celestials are enclosed, before proceeding to the cemetery a table is placed in the road opposite the deceased's house bearing the weight of several pigs roasted whole, flanked by confections, of which all may partake. On a rest, slightly above the level of the ground, lies the casket, in which is the body, the features of which are visible through a square of glass let into the lid, as it lies in state, before being conveyed to its future resting place, where it remains through decomposition, the bones being shipped later on to their final resting place in the kingdom of flowers. The ceremonies connected with a funeral vary in proportion to the position occupied by the defunct while abiding here. Some of the poor coolies receive scant homage on their departure, and a dry goods box is deemed a fitting receptacle for their mortal remains. In the ceremonial phase of the proceedings a priest recites the Chinese service for the dead, in the intervals rising and kneeling, while he accoutres his head and body with string-like emblems, and robes or unrobes himself as the rites dictate. During this part of the ceremony the Chinese advance to the head of the table where they kneel on mats spread on the ground. From a dish, standing on the table, they take water and cast it over the ground, after which they salaam a few times in the direction of the departed, and retire to allow others of the heathen to go forward to salute the dead. Some funerals are conducted on an extravagant scale, when spear-men, on horse-back, conduct the procession to the cemetery, where the defunct has been of high degree in the Chinese societies. The ambition of a Chinaman is said to be to attain a grand funeral at his demise. If this be so, many of them must die content to think that the Indians have made it impossible to carry out one item in the usual programme of ceremonies contingent on the event of entering the shadowy land of spirits, where they must suppose themselves ill at ease from hunger.

In Meditation Near Ouitchouaniche Brook and Lake St. John.

(DEDICATED TO MISS A.E.M., QUEBEC.)

Splashing and brawling on its way,
The brook rushes by,
Heedless, past banks where flowers gay
Bloom fragrantly.

Noisy and fierce, and turbulent,
And yet so small,
Downwards tumultuously it went
Towards the fall;

Whle flushed with sunset, far below,
Calm, strong and grand,
The mighty lake, with ebb and flow,
Rolled on the strand.

I would not that my life should be
Like that poor brook,
Turbulent, noisy, hurrying me
Past each still nook.

Nay, rather grant, my darling, good!
A fuller life;
A larger heart, a gentler mood,
Not given to strife.

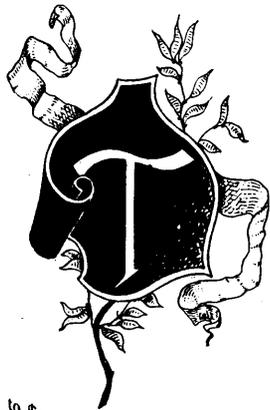
And like the majestic Lake St. John,
Obedient still;
I would, both as I go and come,
Obey your will.

A. G.

The custom of flying a flag half-mast in token of respect for a dead person originated from the way at sea of showing the pre-eminence one ship had over the other in time of warfare. The vanquished always had to lower its flag, while the victor's would be raised as high as possible in exultation. To lower a flag is an act of submission, or betokens respect to a superior, or is a signal of distress. The hoisting of a flag half-mast high came to be used, therefore, as a sign of mourning and respect.

A CHEAP TRIP TO ENGLAND.

BY JOHN B. PYKE, B. A.



HERE are undoubtedly large numbers of Canadians, both young and old, who would be glad of an opportunity of visiting the Mother Country; but, because they think a trip to England is necessarily a very expensive luxury, they do not avail themselves of the opportunity when it offers itself in the shape, perhaps, of a slack season of work.

Large numbers of men are possessed of amounts of money, varying from \$100 to \$1,000, and the nature of their occupation in many instances allows them to take lengthy holidays.

Such men, instead of taking a trip to England, spend two or three weeks at some expensive sea-side resort in Canada or the United States, and spend there from \$100 to \$200, yet they would much rather visit England in many cases than spend their time at some fashionable watering place in America.

I propose to relate, in this paper, my experiences while making such a trip at a cost of not quite one dollar and twenty-five cents a day. I was away from the 2nd July to the 15th November, 1890; my total expenses for that period of 137 days being one hundred and seventy dollars.

There are others who, not having any money laid by, yet have incomes of between \$400 and \$600 per annum; these men, by saving 10 per cent. of their salaries, would soon have an amount sufficient to pay the expenses of a journey to western Europe and back again.

Say, for instance, that a young man has a salary of \$500 per annum; by foregoing some of his pleasures, and by endeavouring at the same time to obtain the necessaries of life at a somewhat cheaper rate, he will often be able to save as much as 15 per cent. of his income. This rate of saving will, in two years, give him \$150, with which sum he can cross the ocean and spend from four to eight weeks in France, Germany or the British Isles.

Our vessel, the S.S. Vancouver, left Montreal on the 2nd of July, early in the morning, and we arrived in Liverpool on the afternoon of the 12th July. I embarked as an intermediate passenger. It is a mistake, however, for any one travelling intermediate to secure a passage in a popular steamer. These large popular vessels are crowded by cabin passengers, who are favoured at the expense of the intermediate voyagers.

The accommodation provided for the latter class is inferior to that afforded by less popular steamers, and the rate of passage is higher. It is true that the journey is accomplished in somewhat quicker time, but this is not necessarily an advantage to the tourist.

It is better to get your money changed on this side of the water. Get sovereigns or half sovereigns, with a few shillings in silver. The only man on board ship that should be tipped is the steward, and be sure that it is your own steward that you tip.

Our voyage was uneventful until we reached the Straits of Belle Isle, where we were delayed for nineteen hours by icebergs. Such a difference of scene and change of temperature, from the stifling hot streets of Montreal to fields and mountains of ice, was remarkable. One cannot help being struck by the varied shades of green and blue to be seen on half submerged pieces of ice.

Several times we noticed jets of water thrown up by whales at a distance. And one small grampus whale followed us for some distance, keeping within fifty or sixty yards of the ship.

Spent the whole of Sunday lying motionless in a dense fog. The main saloon, in which the morning service was held, was very hot and close.

We had a very smooth passage, and sighted land off the Irish coast on the ninth day. As we got nearer, the high cliffs became of a rich tint of ochre.

Weather rainy when the steamer arrived at Liverpool. Passengers taken off in tender ship, the deck of which, being covered by a leaky awning, was very uncomfortable.

I stayed five days at Liverpool, living on St. Paul's Square. Prices of board and lodging at this house rather high. Two shillings per day for room and a shilling for each full meal. These rates, namely, \$1.25 per diem, would not be exorbitant in Canada, but are high for England. The house was, however, in a part of the city very convenient for steamboats or railway stations. The proprietor's agents came on board the tender ships canvassing for guests. If other lodgings can be secured it is best not to patronize passenger agents' establishments, as they charge more for their accommodation than most boarding-house keepers.

I visited the Walker Art Gallery and the Natural History Museum while in Liverpool. In the former institution, among other good pictures, are to be seen "Lorenzo and Isabella," by Millais; "Ruth and Naomi," by Calderon; "Samson surprised by Philistines," painted by S. J. Solomon, and "Sintram," by Louisa Starr.

In the Aquarium of the Natural History Museum there is a very good collection of fish, chiefly indigenous to the Mersey and various pieces of water in the neighbourhood of Liverpool. I was much interested in watching the movements of the "plaice," a broad, flat fish with blue, beadlike eyes and white body, thin as a pan-cake. There is also a collection of reptiles, among which the European and American salamanders are noteworthy.

By the way, why do we not establish Natural History Museums in Montreal and other Canadian cities.

This Liverpool museum is free to the public daily, and is much appreciated by the children of the public schools.

In the Museum, above the Aquarium, are to be seen the boots and gloves worn by Henry the Sixth at the battle of Hexham, A.D., 1463; also, a velvet smoking cap and shoes, worn by Lord Byron when in Greece.

A Canadian cannot fail to notice the extreme poverty and wretchedness of numbers of the people. Hundreds of barefooted and bareheaded women are to be met with on the principal streets of the city. It is to be remembered, however, that on the other side of the water people generally dress below, or, at least, according to their means, whereas Canadians often run into debt in order to be well dressed.

Near one of the great thoroughfares of Liverpool I witnessed a strange scene. Several hundred women, mostly middle-aged or elderly, were congregated in a field, holding a bazaar. Each woman had spread upon the ground before her a large and varied assortment of garments, which she endeavoured to dispose of, shouting out the merits of each particular garment at the top of her voice. It was a comical scene, but as I was the only man present I felt that I was rather "de trop," and soon went elsewhere.

For several days after the 12th of July party feeling runs very high in the Liverpool slums. Frequent processions of boys and barefooted girls are to be seen carrying green or orange emblems, according to the taste and popular opinion of the locality: this is due to the large Irish element in the city.

Many other matters I noted, of which it is not worth while speaking, as every stranger in Liverpool must have made much the same comments.

On the 16th July I crossed over to the Isle of Man, a district which I had always had a longing to see.

I went over on one of the steamers of the Isle of Man Steamer Packet Company, leaving Liverpool at 1 p.m. and arriving at Douglas at 4.30, the distance being upwards of 70 miles. These steamers travel at the rate of over twenty miles an hour and are said to be the fastest in the world.

The Isle of Man is highly interesting to the tourist, especially if he have a taste for antiquarian lore.

The country abounds in picturesque ruins, castles, abbeys, churches and ancient tombstones. But most tourists care more for beautiful landscapes and various kinds of amusements. There is plenty of boating, driving and bathing to be had during the day time, and at night there is dancing at the principal hotels, and pleasure gardens; also, numerous concerts and theatrical entertainments.

As for beautiful scenery, there is no lack of it in any part of the island.

The Manx people of by-gone days were very superstitious, and considering their surroundings this is not to be wondered at. There is something of the weird and the romantic about



OLD KIRK BRADDAN, ISLE OF MAN.

all their scenery, whether by the sea-shore, on the hills, or in the valleys.

On this small island, not as large as the island of Montreal, there are twenty-three mountains and high hills, varying from 250 to over 2,000 feet.

Now, most of the land is under cultivation, but last century it was covered with thick woods. When these circumstances, together with the isolated position of the country, are taken into account, one can believe the statements which Waldron makes and which Scott quotes in his "Notes to Peveril of the Peak."

Among the young people is frequently to be seen to this day a face of pleasing but elf-like expression.

The aged of both sexes occasionally furnish types which remind you of the descriptions of hobgoblins, etc., with which the local traditions are filled.

It is to be regretted that the Isle of Man is overrun yearly by thousands of wanton pleasure seekers, who amuse themselves by cutting their names upon and otherwise defacing the monuments of antiquity. In fact vandalism is supreme on the Isle of Man. The castles are turned into hotels, and many churches and venerable memorials left unprotected.

Americans are apt to destroy monuments by bringing away pieces of them to be kept as souvenirs of their visit; but the vandalism of the Cockney and the average inhabitant of Lancashire is unjustifiable, for they destroy in ignorance and wantonness, merely to gratify an innate propensity of destructiveness.



CROSSAG BRIDGE, ISLE OF MAN.

At first sight I was disappointed with Douglas; it seemed a mere pleasure resort. I hate fashionable places which involve high prices, little personal freedom, and much artificiality in everything.

After taking a short ramble about the town I secured lodgings on the Queen's Promenade, at the Nantwick House, a private boarding establishment.

This house, situated on the water front, charged five shillings per day for full board, or three and sixpence for lodging, breakfast and tea. This latter arrangement I adopted, as it gave me more liberty during the day.

Having bought a guide book I set about looking up the places of interest mentioned in it.

A district called "the Fairy Ground" I discovered to be occupied by the fish market. Near it are some quaint streets, the "slums" of Douglas. One of them, "Great Well street," I found to be just 16 feet wide. Branching off from this was another thoroughfare, which, including a narrow sidewalk on either side and the roadway in the centre, was only 12 feet wide. This was called "Little Well street." I went a short distance along this, and then, thinking that I must be getting near the bottom of the well, as I could see no outlet ahead, I faced about and returned to the Market Place. These "slums" are, however, quite safe for a stranger to walk in at any hour of the day or night. I afterwards took lodgings in this vicinity (Lord street) for two days in order to see what a Manx slum was like.

Douglas is built almost in the shape of a crescent, near the southern extremity of which, at Port Skillion, there is excellent sea-bathing. Near by is a light-house, and just beyond this is a high rock, from the summit of which, in ancient times, female criminals were thrown, having been previously sewn up in a sack. Close by this is another rock, in the side of which there is a cavity called "the Nun's Chair." At the base of this rock were placed such nuns as were accused of breaking their vows. If they succeeded in climbing the rock and remaining for a certain time in the chair, they were declared innocent; if they failed in climbing they were drowned by the advancing tide, or perished from exposure to the weather.

On the sides of the cliff grow several varieties of wild flowers, some of which I gathered and pressed in my guide book. Heather grows in abundance on all these rocks.

Next day I walked westward along the road to Peel. I went by a road which winds along by the banks of the river Douglas through what is called the Nunnery Estate.

This property occupies the ground once belonging to an ancient nunnery, founded by St. Bridget, A.D. 567. There are two ancient gravestones in the gardens, near the modern mansion, which are said to mark the burial places of the "fair Nun of Winchester" and Matilda, daughter of Ethelbert, King of Mercia. This walk through the Nunnery Estate is beautifully cool, even in the hottest weather, being completely overarched by trees and close beside the river.

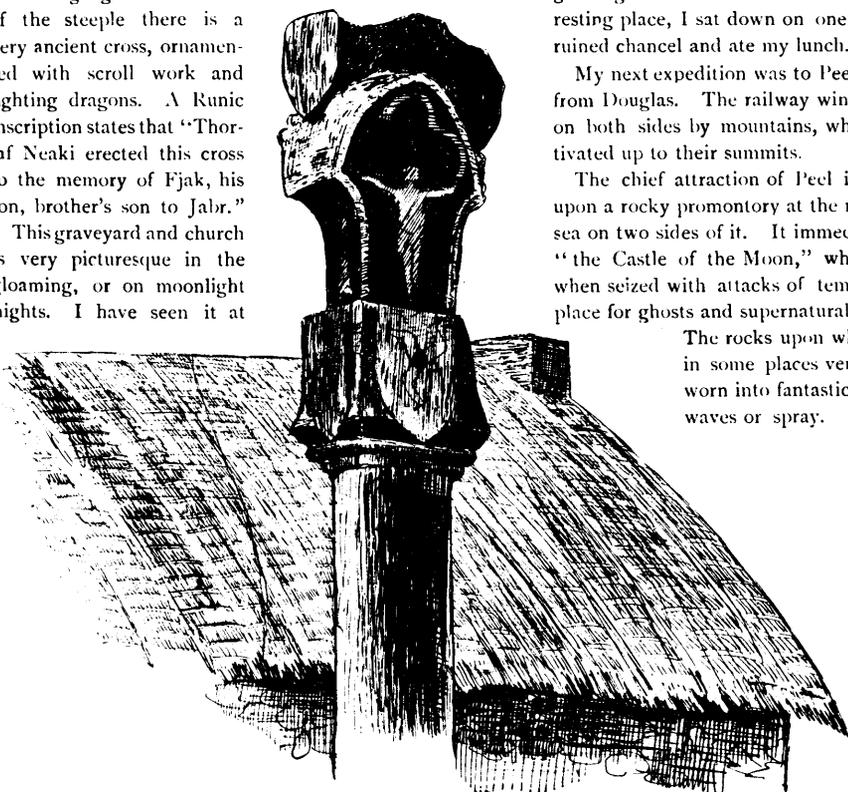
After leaving the Nunnery Grounds I went across the fields till I reached what is called the Saddle road, which is the back road to Kirk Braddan. There is a saddle-shaped stone built into the wall on the left side of this road, from which it derives its name. Waldron says of this stone:—"It seems to be loose on the edge of a small rock, and the wise natives of Man tell you it is every night made use of by the fairies, but on what kind of horses I could never find anyone who could inform me."

The old church of St. Braddan's (or St. Brandon) is, by some persons, thought to have been built as far back as 1291 A.D.

There was a church on this site long before this date, but the present "old St. Braddan's" is probably not older than the seventeenth century. The old church stands within the graveyard, near the entrance of which are two runic crosses, supposed to have been made by Scandinavian Christians in the ninth century, or earlier.

Leaning against the side of the steeple there is a very ancient cross, ornamented with scroll work and fighting dragons. A Runic inscription states that "Thorlaf Neaki erected this cross to the memory of Fjak, his son, brother's son to Jabr."

This graveyard and church is very picturesque in the gloaming, or on moonlight nights. I have seen it at



ST. MAUGHOLD'S CROSS, ISLE OF MAN.

both times. The people of this country do not seem to stand much in awe of churchyards after dark, for the path leading through St. Braddan's burial ground is a veritable "lovers' walk" on a fine evening. The solemn stillness of the moonlit church and ancient monuments is in strange but pleasing contrast to the rippling laughter of the musical voiced Manx maidens.

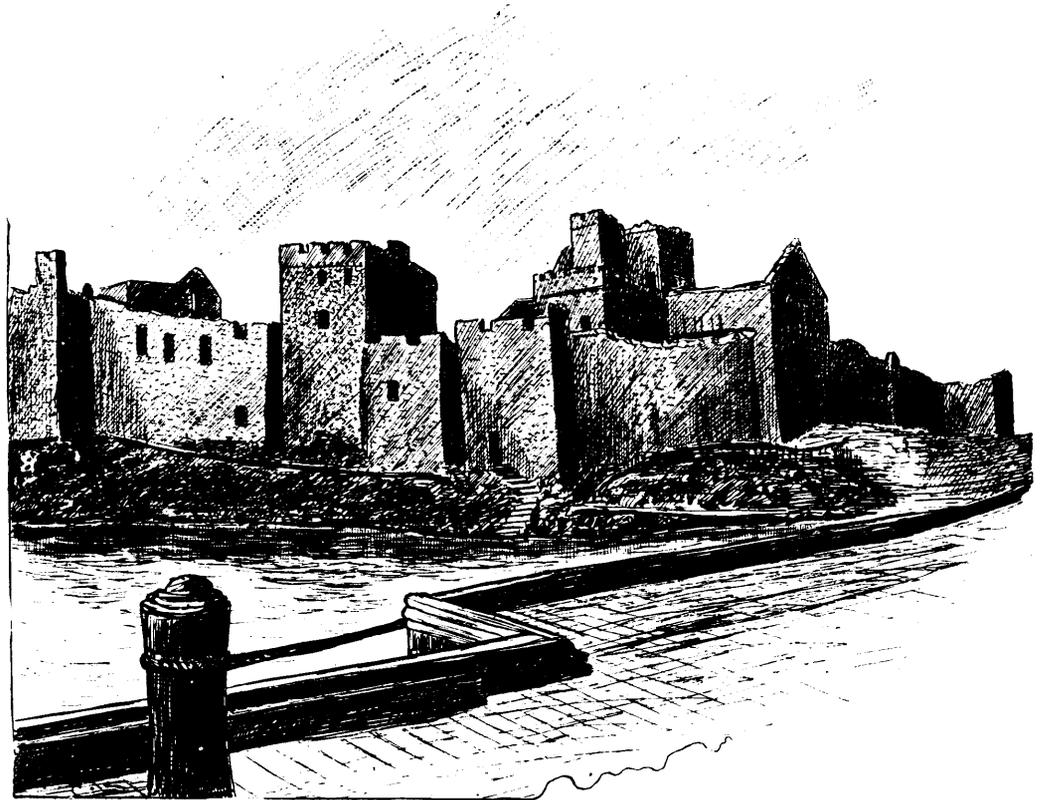
Farther on towards Peel there is the mountain of Greeba, 1591 feet high, at the foot of which are the ruins of the old church of St. Trinians.

According to local tradition this building has always been in an unroofed condition, owing to the pranks of an evil spirit, called "the Buggane," who haunted this locality, and every night amused himself by destroying the roof which the workmen had made during the day. A valourous tailor once undertook to make a pair of breeches in the chancel by

in Peel Castle. The bishops of the island, from 1151 to 1662, found their last resting places within the castle precincts.

There are many deep crevices in the rocks underneath the castle, through which the sea can be heard rushing and thundering.

The water about Peel Castle, and indeed all around the coast of the island, is intensely blue, and has a very beautiful effect when overhung by high, jagged rocks.



PEEL CASTLE, ISLE OF MAN.

way of a defiance to the sprite. But the Buggane frightened him away before he had completed his task, and so the church remains unfinished to this day, and large trees are growing within its walls. This spot being a convenient resting place, I sat down on one of the window-sills of the ruined chancel and ate my lunch.

My next expedition was to Peel, a distance of eleven miles from Douglas. The railway winds along the valleys, shut in on both sides by mountains, which, in some cases, are cultivated up to their summits.

The chief attraction of Peel is its romantic castle, built upon a rocky promontory at the mouth of a river, having the sea on two sides of it. It immediately brought to my mind "the Castle of the Moon," where Sintram sought refuge when seized with attacks of temporary madness. Just the place for ghosts and supernatural manifestations of all kinds.

The rocks upon which the castle is built are in some places very high, and are everywhere worn into fantastic shapes by the action of the waves or spray. Indeed the sandstone with which the castle is built is so soft that it is honey-combed even by the driving clouds of rain and mist.

There are two large caves in the rocks beneath the castle. One of them, "Fenella's cave," near "Fenella's tower," may be entered by a skiff at high tide. Within the castle enclosure are to be seen the ruins of a cathedral and two ancient churches, not far from

which a depression in the ground marks the tilting court.

Underneath the keep of the castle is the crypt, a dark, gloomy dungeon, with a groined roof of twelve arches. The floor of the crypt is several feet below the surface of the surrounding ground. This place was used as a prison for ecclesiastical offenders until A.D. 1780.

Two kings of Man—Godred 1187, and Olave 1237—died

The Manx hotels and boarding houses are fairly moderate in their charges, considering the large number of tourists who frequent them. I got a very good dinner at Peel for about 40 cents.

I saw several varieties of the celebrated Manx cats (without tails) both in Peel and Douglas. They are generally tabbies.

During my five days stay on the Isle of Man I spent seven dollars and thirty cents, which amount includes the expenses of the round trip from Liverpool.

I confined my attention to Douglas and Peel, and some of the places lying between them. This is always my policy—to see a few places thoroughly—and if possible go everywhere on foot.

The Manx scenery is quite different from any I have seen elsewhere. It gives one the idea of being in a fairy country. Its beauty, though striking, is at the same time weird and unnatural. The island does not seem to be a part of, or have anything in common with, the outer world. I felt inclined to believe in the existence of sprites and fairies so often spoken of in the local traditions, especially as I had myself some strange experiences, both at the ruins of St. Trinians and at Peel Castle.

The transition from the beauties of the Isle of Man to the crowded streets of Liverpool was so unpleasant that I set out for London the next day, wishing to get clear of the former city at any price.

I travelled by the Midland Railway, which is the most pleasant route if you are not in a hurry. The scenery along this road is in many places very beautiful; it passes near the Peak at Derby. High cliffs, broad green meadows, pretty, meandering streams, with pleasure parties grouped upon their banks, and numerous old-fashioned closely-built towns, are to be seen at intervals.

I must say that, notwithstanding adverse criticism, I think the English railway system much superior to that of Canada and the United States.

The carriages are more comfortable, and being divided into compartments are better ventilated; also, less time is lost and no danger experienced in getting in and out.

The speed of the railway trains is much greater. You are not troubled by vendors of prize candy, etc. The baggage system is better and more expeditious. The officials are more polite and obliging.



A VIEW OF CAPE ROUGE, ABOVE THE CITY OF QUEBEC, ON THE SHORE OF THE RIVER ST. LAWRENCE.

(From a print of 1760.)

These statements, especially the fourth one, call for explanations, and may be contrary to the experience of other travellers. Well! I speak for myself, and base my allegations upon observations taken during 15 different railway journeys, varying in distance from 7 up to over 200 miles, and upon seven different railways. I travelled 600 miles by railroad while in England.

The baggage system I consider better, because :

They are more careful with the trunks and do not bang them about so much.

Less time is lost in getting your baggage when you arrive at a station.

A trunk can be left at a station at a charge of a penny a day while you are looking for lodgings. In Canada 10 cents is charged, and in the United States sometimes 25 cents per diem for this privilege.

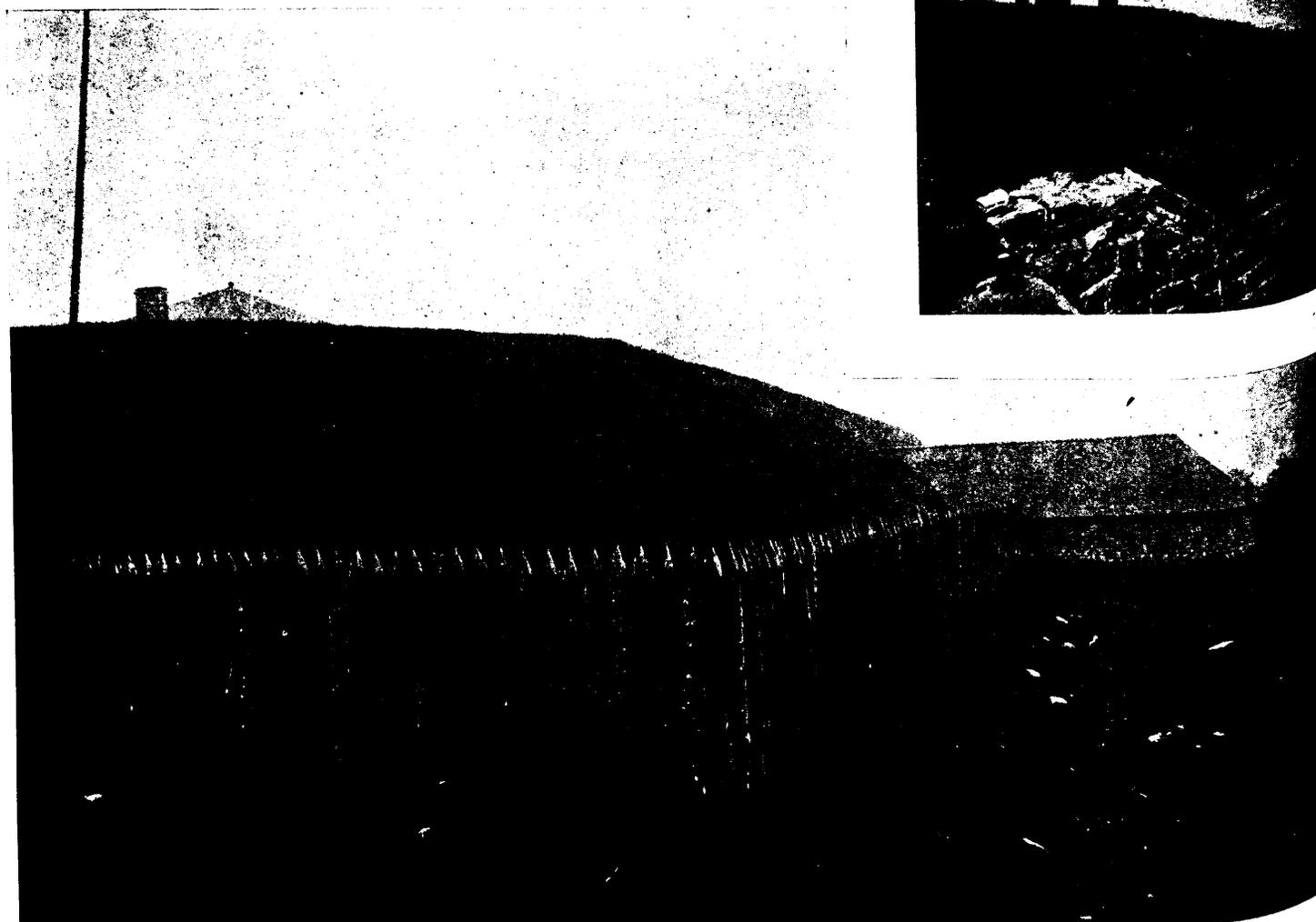
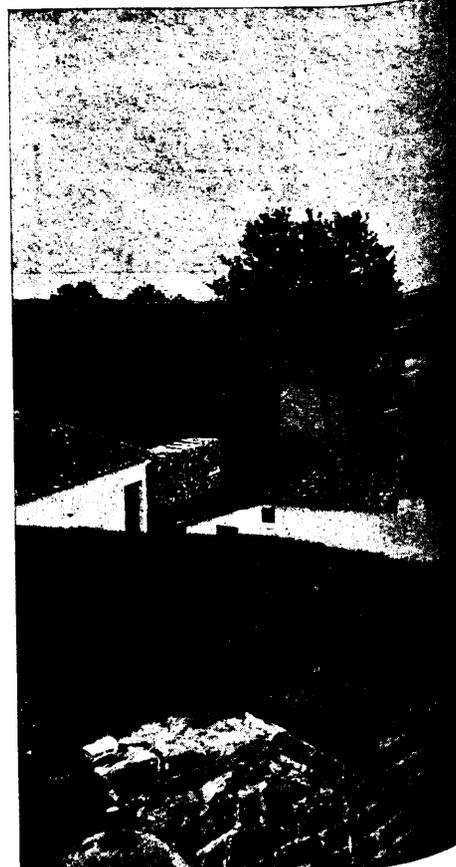
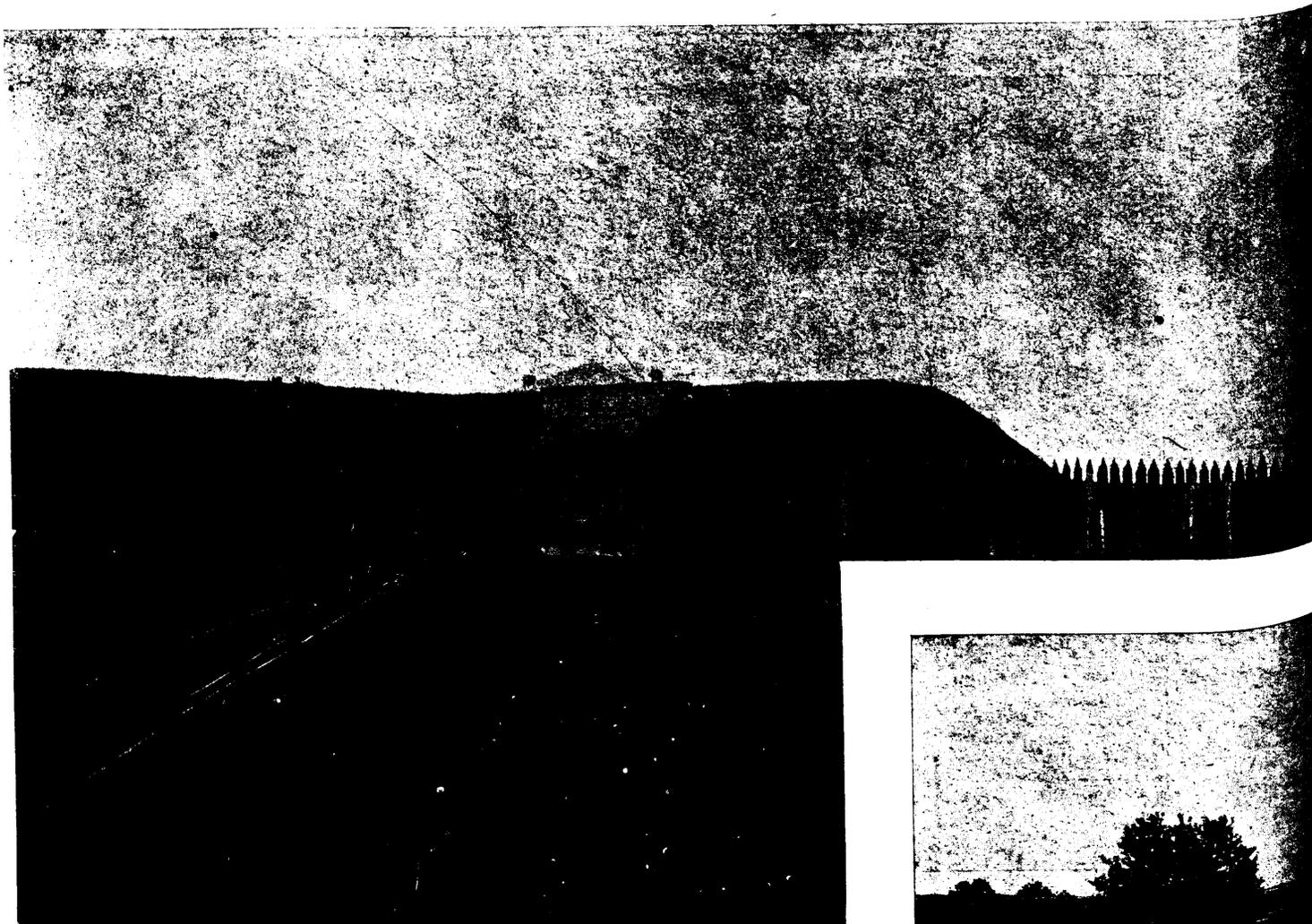
I cannot say that I ever experienced any inconvenience from the absence of the "checking system." If you give a porter threepence he will show you your carriage, will carry your hand-bags to it, and will carefully place your trunk in the luggage van. In Canada the porters expect a tip for the former service only. It is true that in America trunks are placed in the baggage car free of charge, but in so doing our railway men do them more damage than two or three small tips would pay for.

When I arrived at London I left my trunk at the St. Pancras railway station without looking after it at all, (this, by the way, I should not have done) while I went to find lodgings. Three days afterwards I came back, claimed my trunk, had it put on a cab, and got off with it in less than five minutes. All that I paid was threepence for storage and threepence to the porter,—twelve cents. In Canada I would have paid thirty cents for the trunk alone, and would have been delayed from ten to fifteen minutes. In the United States I would have paid more, and have lost quite as much time. And yet we think that we are such an enterprising, time-saving people on this continent. Then, too, an American railroad would have taken seven hours to get me to London from Liverpool, whereas the English railway took but five hours.

The passengers one meets with on an English railroad are much more agreeable in their manners, and inclined to be more sociable to their fellow travellers. They do not push and crowd so much; they are not in such a hurry, and for that very same reason often get through more business in a day than our people do who expend so much of their energy in needless hurry and excitement that they are tired out before their day's work is over.

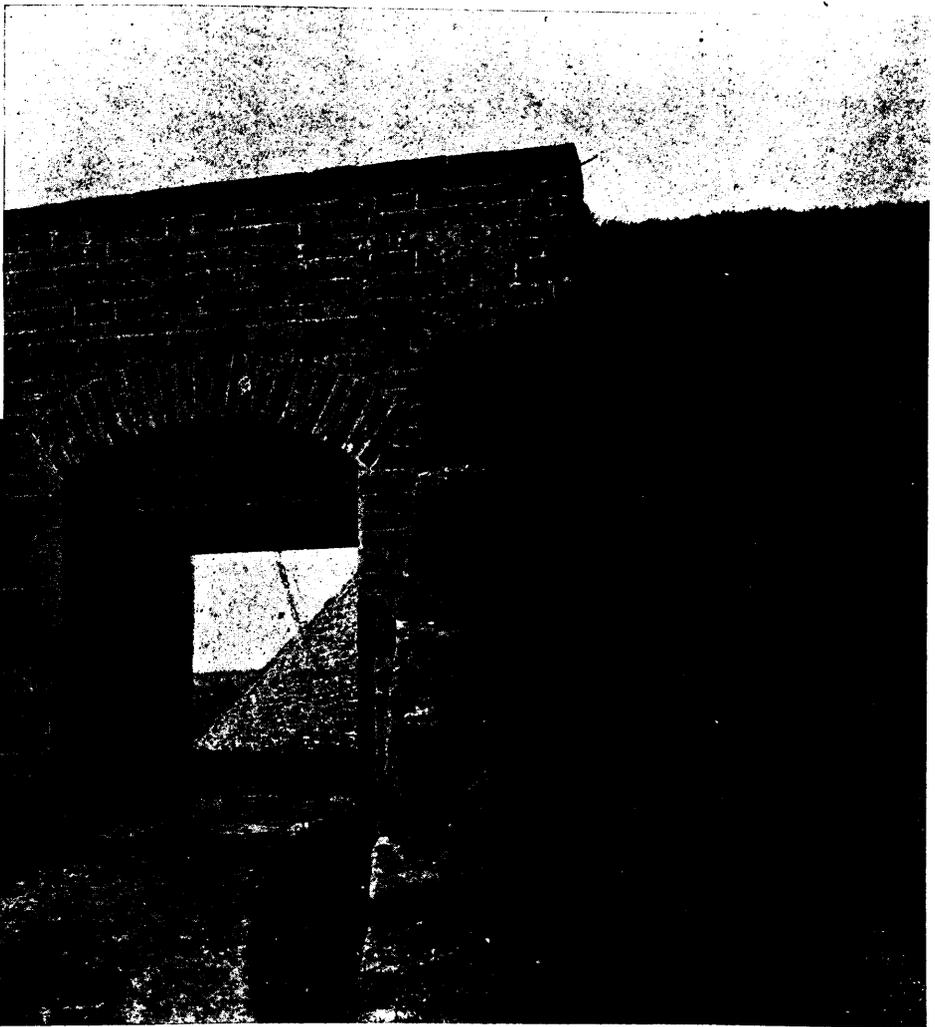
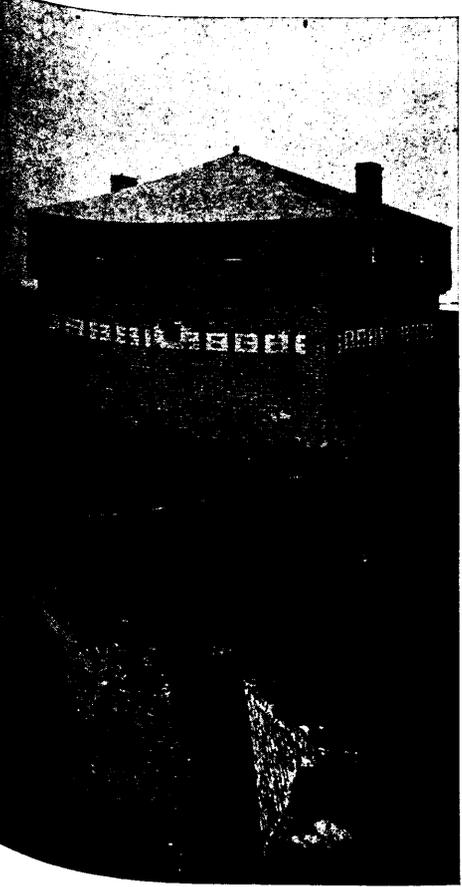
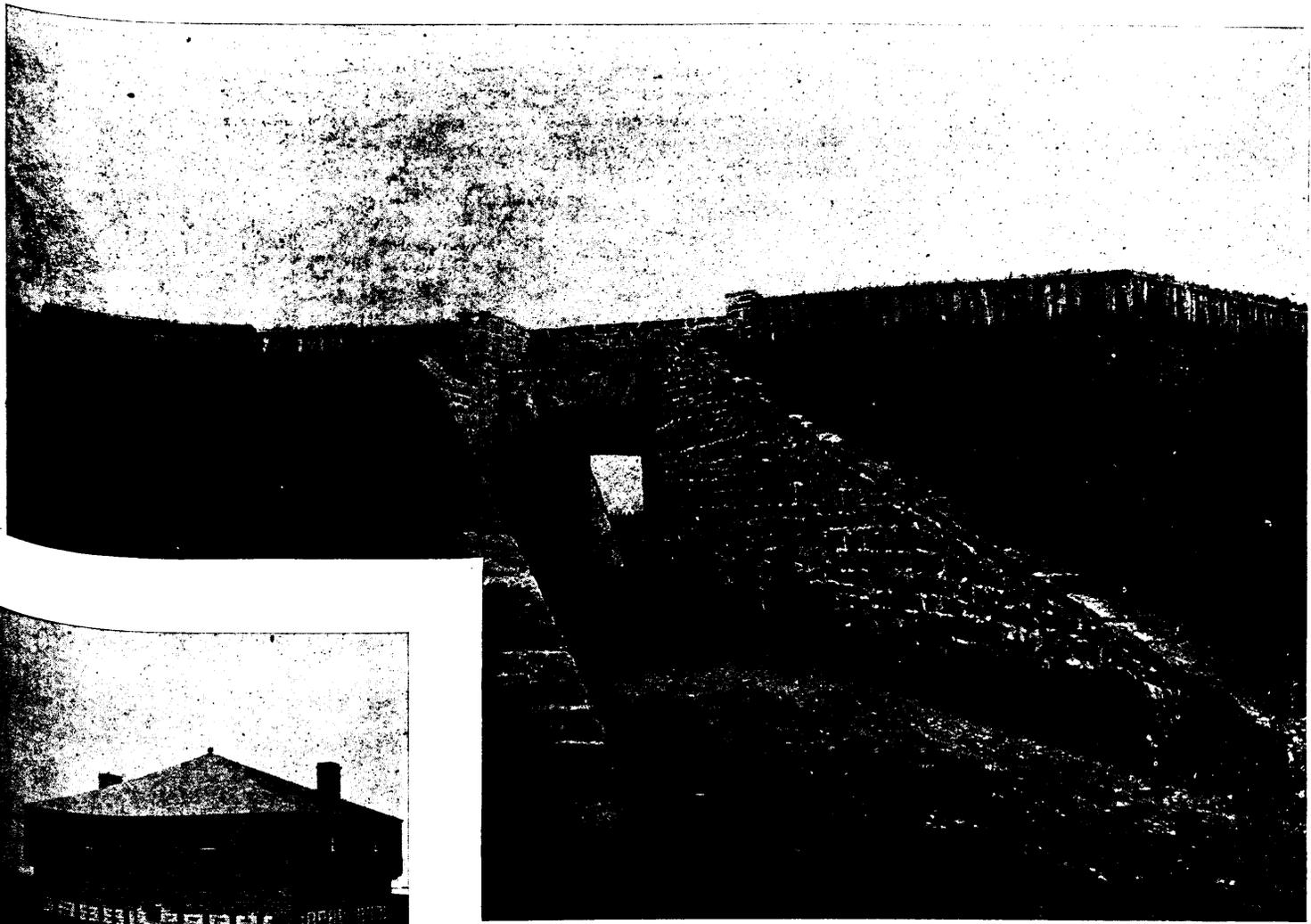


REMAINS OF OLD CANAL, NEAR STE. ANNE DE BELLEVUE, P.Q.



Main Gate and Stockade, from a distance.
Corner of Fort and Sally Port.

VIEWS OF FORT



... PRESCOTT, ONT.

Main Gate and Interior Slope.
Entrance to Fort.

RED AND BLUE PENCIL

DEAR EDITOR,—



UT a few nights past I lay under canvas in the drenched woods—my ear wakeful and tuned to the music of the storm; now a full diapason of rushing showers, deepened by a multitude of detaining branches; now the distinct notes of dropping leaves, making a sort of myriad "multifold melody."

I was not altogether solitary,—neither secular; for round me lay encamped a worshipful host, and at my side slumbered a presiding Elder. A hole in our flimsy roof was found, by slight experiment, to correspond with my eye; which caused its removal to a dryer part of the pillow and the pulling out of a new organ-stop,—pat, pat, pat, just beside my ear. It requires an inflexible roof, tight as a miser's fist, to make rain music an unmingled pleasure. A crystal note in your eye flats somewhat, and has all the marring effect of a false accent; and beside, half the comfort you experience with the weird musician is that—like the villainous Italian in the yard with monkey and hand-organ—he won't want to come in.

* * *

One most notable matter is the number of snakes that have encountered my wheels, or just escaped them, as I have gone to and fro in recent pilgrimages over our woody or moory ways. I have exclaimed, too late for his snakeship, and he, perhaps, has had the dying comfort of knowing that to my slow eyes and his inexpeditious muscles were due his misfortunes. The latest—having escaped—set me going to the following effect:

Thou, skill'd and vers'd in taxidermy,
Canst dress vermicular and squirmy?
The plummy and the furry race
Thine art may rear in glossy grace,
While almost motion, life and song
May to the mummied form belong;
But, ah! perpetuate me, please,
The shining sinuosities
Of this slim snakelet just in sight,
That from yon grassy covert frees
Its iris'd body to the light!
What antiseptic wilt infuse
To fix the dolphin's changing hues,
Or hold the fickle shades that track
The gay chameleon's moving back?
With that alone canst thou perform
Thy marvels on this gliding worm—
That, spurn'd and bruised by ev'ry heel,
No loathing spite of mine shall feel,—
If on the morrow it be laid
Sunken, discolor'd and decay'd.

But go! lest there arise in me
The ancient animosity;
What gain have I in bloody booty,—
Wasting the evanescent beauty?

* * *

What an advantage your phrenologist or mind reader enjoys above ordinary people! Under the cover of his science he can indulge the much coveted luxury of saying unpleasant things about others,—i.e., in describing character—avoiding all risk and incurring no serious consequence. While seeing no feasible way to your purse, he can possess himself of the currency of your most secret mind, and bring it upon exchange at his pleasure. He can laugh in his sleeve and be franker than his fellows; he can demean mankind and be flatterer for his acumen. He may say to one's very face: "Sir, you are a bundle of antipathies; simply on temperamental grounds you can cease to be a gentleman, and barely treat your new neighbour with decency." Or: "You will have a brave struggle with yourself to be safe in society; pray, encourage a few pure thoughts and honourable purposes." Or, he may even venture to say: "My friend, how much bank stock have you embezzled during the period of your responsible existence?—since I find you with most extraordinary proclivities in that kind,"—yea, and never suffer a whit therefor. Quietly, and with humour, he may dub his innocent and confiding neighbour, or the stranger within his gates, fool or knave; and his evidence shall be so internal and indubitable that his victim shall smile and yield his good name with wonder at the wisdom of him who deprives him of it.

I think, dear DOMINION, I have aforesaid introduced "Vivien" to you—not the Vivien of Tennysonian celebrity, but a worthier;—being not so much a subject of song, as a singer, of Acadian birth. I think you will be so familiar with her quaintly musical way that the following will not surprise you:

NONSENSE.

Through the sunshine and the shade
Of a pretty forest glade
I loiter'd woefully;
And I sighed as I thought
Of a land I could not see,
Till the beauty all around me seemed to wane,
And the south wind and perfume
Seemed in vain, all in vain
To the sad eyes searching space
For a country, and a face,
For the ocean fogs that sweep
Fierce across the harbour-bar,
Afar.

When a yellow frog who sat
On a lily in a pool,
Croaked: "Fool!
"I, too, left a little pond
"Far beyond!
"But think you I sit and grieve
"All the summer sun away?
"No! I dive and swim,
"And sing the livelong day!"
Here he swelled fearfully,
While his little speckled body
Found a wondrous dignity
"Now, mortal! where's the use
"In all this wild abuse
"O the sunshine and the flowers,
"In a world that is so fair?
"Croak, croak, fool, fool!"
And he splashed into the pool
For a water bug that crept
Too near.

Then the crickets in the grass
Seem to shriek as I pass,
"Chirrup, cheer-up!
"Chirrup, cheer-up!
"Why stoop to sorrow's cup?
"Nay, fling it far away!
"And smite, smile,
"For the summer's scented glories
"Only last a little while!
"And the northern winds must rage
"And the snow must fall apace,
"Ere thou seest those thou lovest
"Face to face."

While an English sparrow said,
From the vines above my head,
"Twitter, twitter, twitter, twitter,
"Ah! the parting may be bitter,
"But if you did not part,—
"Dear heart,—
"Why, you could never know
"How sweet
"It is again to meet,
"To meet!"

In the sunshine and the shade
Of a pretty forest glade
I loitered joyfully;
And blushed as I thought
How thankless we can be,—
We who call ourselves the monarchs
Of control,—
By the grateful little beings
Whom we pompously deprive
Of a soul;
While we walk with blinded eyes,
Listless palm,
From a thousand tiny throats
Sounds the psalm
Of universal praise
For the sunshine of their days,
For the flowers, and the showers,
And the balm.

* * *

The moist woods where we were encamped were not so charming, with all the cheer of song and cordial greeting, but that we were ready unreluctant to depart when the time of folding tents had come. On our way homeward we stayed at noon for an hour of sylvan dalliance, touching the gipsy side of life. The sandy road that had led us winding through the pine woods—whose hulks had of late subsided to a low fringe of bushes—struck suddenly athwart a seeming common, with clumps of shrubbery, and patches of blueberries and heath cranberries. "This is the spot!" So, with the little phaeton at a standstill on the moss, and Dinah grazing at her will, Bertie and I drew out our lunch, and surrendered to the dolce far niente. Having despatched our frugal dinner, Bertie wandered among the berries; and I, stretched under a silver birch, was dreaming over a little pocket edition of the "Religio Medici" I happened to have with me,—dwelling especially on that fine harmonious passage on harmony, in which he becomes "a scholar of the

spheres,"* and wondering if Addison had not become impregnated with it before he wrote,—

"What though in solemn silence all,"

in that magnificent hymn of the Creation.

While thus I mused on the felicities of Sir Thomas Browne, out of the bushes came suddenly two lank females, in flimsy calico gowns, "dragged i' the dew," and protuberant sun-bonnets, who made toward us ominously, like flamens whose altars had been violated. They seemed mother and daughter. At their approach I arose and awaited their pleasure. They halted abruptly when near enough for speech, and I was thus addressed through the lips of the elder Cassandra:

"We come over to see who ye air. This here cranberry paster is MINE, and we did'n't know but ye wer trespassin'. I've had my cranberries stole last year, an' the year afore that, agin; an' I'm on the look out. Guess I know who it is; an' it won't be very healthy fer anyone I ketch pickin' my cranberries."

"My good woman," I replied, "We trust we are not thieves, and believe ourselves to be wearied travellers, who have but paused an hour to refresh ourselves. We were not even aware we were trespassing, and will go forthwith. As for cranberries, we will abstain from them while the world standeth, if unwittingly by our indulgence we give offence to our neighbour."

"O, ye aint a-trespassin', and ye kin stay jist as long's ye like," urged Cassandra, something perplexed at her mistake, and my ironical Quixotism of style. "I know you aint a-doin' no harm," she pursued, with a mollified tone and much less starch in her manner. "I didn't see the kerridge or the hoss, I only see the boy, and thought I'd look round. But I know who it is steals my cranberries, an' it won't be healthy for him if I ketch him."

Having thus delivered herself, she and her companion retreated, vanishing into the bushes, while I returned to my Browne, and read with more credence than I had shown it just before, a passage from which I must yet partially dissent: "I was never yet once, and commend their resolutions who never marry twice; not that I disallow of second marriage; as neither in all cases of polygamy, which, considering sometimes, and the unequal number of both sexes, may also be necessary. *The whole world was made for man, but the twelfth part of man for woman. Man is the whole world and the breath of God; woman the rib and crooked piece of man.* I speak not in prejudice, nor am averse from that sweet sex." Tell it not in Gath, Sir Thomas, nor whisper it in the ear of Mrs. Woodhull. After all, as there are men, and men, so are there women, and women.

I was pleased with the portrayal of St. Andrews, N.B., whose streets I used to tread, and whence I fetched my chiefest jewel; and of the old double-decked Presbyterian pulpit, from which I held forth in adolescent days—on one or two occasions—to a patiently suffering congregation. Shall we not have some more pictures of that charming retreat by the sea?

PASTOR FELIX.

*It is my temper, and I like it the better, to affect all harmony; and sure there is music even in the beauty, and the silent note which Cupid strikes, far sweeter than the sound of an instrument. For there is music wherever there is a harmonious order or proportion; and thus far we may maintain the music of the spheres; for those well-ordered motions, and regular paces, though they give no sound unto the ear, yet to the understanding they strike a note full of harmony.

"AS SIR JOHN WAD HA' SAID,"—Lady Strange startled polite society by the old Scotch lady-like expression, "Pre-tender, and be d—d to ye," when some ill-advised person used the discourteous word in her hearing. Sir William Stirling Maxwell adds from his own experience an instance of the use of the same word—by a lady of the House of Stuart, too. Her coachman stopped his horses one night, and excused himself by saying that he was looking at a falling star. "An' what ha'e ye to do wi' the stars, I wad like to ken?" said his mistress. "Drive on this moment, sir, and be d—d to you," adding in a lower tone as was her wont, "as Sir John wad ha' said if he had been alive, honest man." *The Saturday Review.*

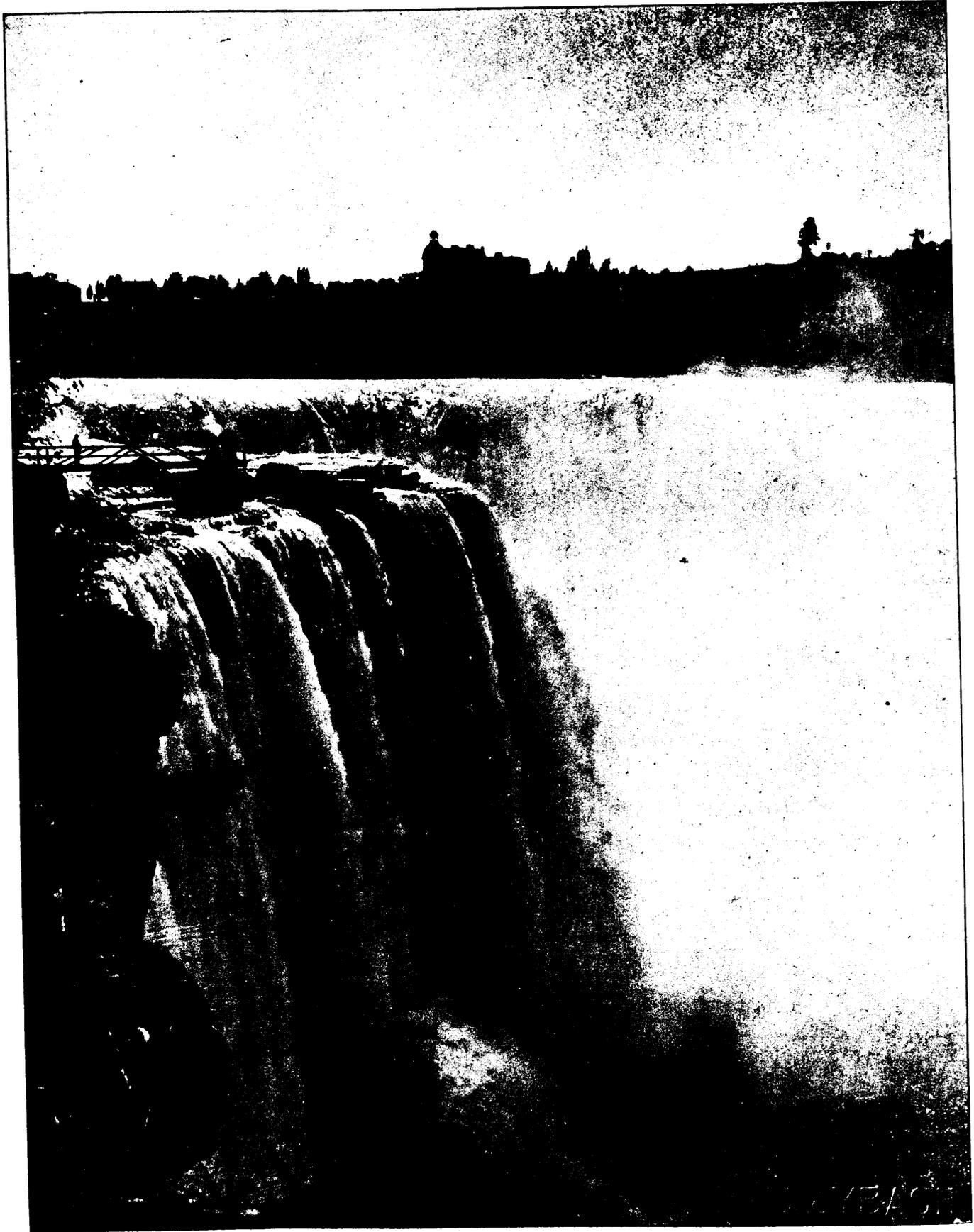
NOT AN INSPIRED CLASS—Poet: What do you think of these verses? I just wrote them off on the inspiration of the moment.

Cynic: If you can get some editor to accept them on the inspiration of the moment you will be doing very well, indeed.—Puck.



GROUP OF SURVIVING MEMBERS OF THE MONTREAL RIFLE RANGERS.

(Summerhayes, photo.)



HORSESHOE FALLS, NIAGARA, FROM GOAT ISLAND.

(J. Zybach, Niagara, photo.)

The Race for the Queen's Cup.

The Royal Canadian Yacht Club, Toronto, the custodian of the Queen's Cup, and a club with a splendid record and interesting history, is now, as always, a flourishing organization, whose annual events are regarded by lovers of aquatics with lively interest. Commodore Boswell devotes a good



Commodore Boswell
owner of the yacht Vreda—

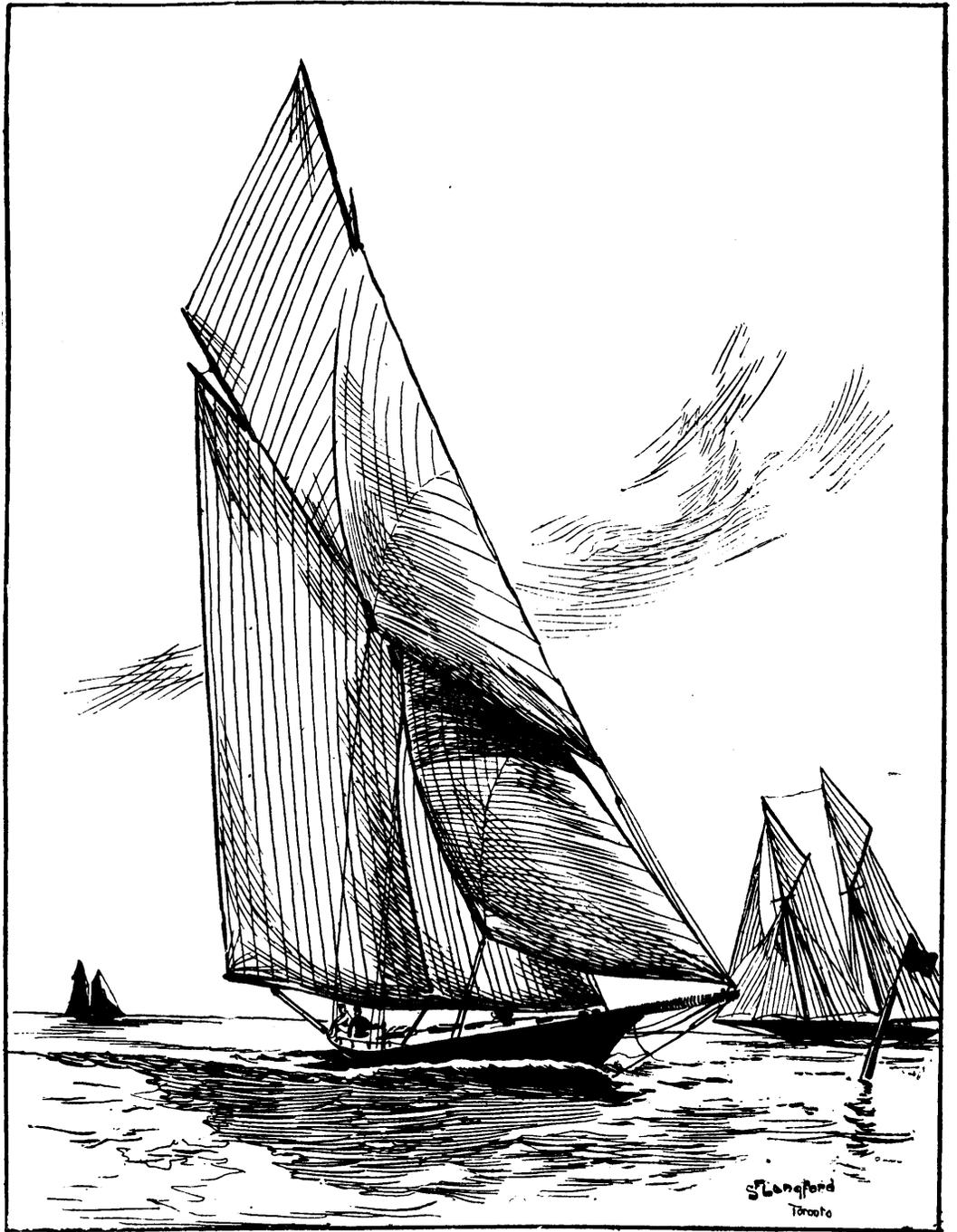
five miles to a buoy south of Mimico; thence south by east five miles to a buoy out in the lake; then back to the starting point and around once more. The race began in a drizzling rain, with very little wind, but towards noon the weather showed signs of clearing, a smart south-east breeze sprang up, making the balance of the race a lively one. The Vreda won. The Oreole, on account of light winds, did not come up in her usual style at first, but when she caught the breeze she rapidly overhauled the others, passing them on the second to last buoy. She did not gain enough, however, to make her time allowance on the last buoy. On the home run the White Wings' topmast, having too great a strain on it by the balloon jib, was carried away, and she was out of the race. She kept pluckily on, however, to the end, and came out a close third. The Aileen was not in

the race from the first. She behaved badly, and was the last to reach the home buoy.

The Vreda, the winner of the race, is a fine cutter, with clipper bow. She was designed and built in England, and sailed across the Atlantic after her purchase by Mr. Boswell. She is built of steel, and is as fine a specimen of a yachting craft as the veriest enthusiast would wish to see. Commodore Boswell is proud of her, as, indeed he has reason to be.

The Vreda, however is likely to have a formidable rival next year. It is stated that Mr. Blackstock, the well-known Toronto lawyer, and an ardent yachtsman, will have brought over from England the yacht Dragon, a Fife boat, of which great things are predicted, as she has a splendid record on English yachting courses.

deal of attention to the welfare of the club and is a most energetic, genial and popular commander. The Queen's Cup is under the guardianship of this club, and a yacht from any other club winning it must lay a deposit for its safe keeping. The race for the trophy this year took place on Dominion Day. The yachts competing were the Oreole, Aileen and Vreda, of the R.C.Y.C., and the White Wings, of the Royal Hamilton Yacht Club. The race started about



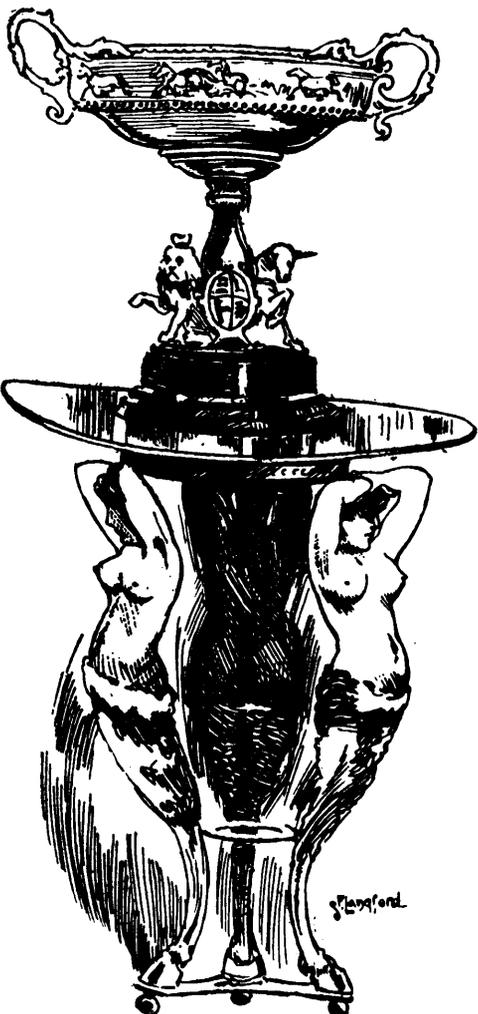
THE YACHT VREDA.

DEAD LEAVES.

I strolled along the city street one day,
And as I walked a train of withered leaves
Went swirling by, and settled neath the eaves
Of a low shed which bordered on my way;
And there, quiescent, for a moment lay.
But soon the wind some fresh design conceives.
And, presto! the sere group new form receives,
Swept by the gusty breeze in fitful play,

As oft a human soul is idly cast
Upon some land, or time, or circumstance;
And thinks, unwitting, whence his life form grew,
To stem the moulding current of the past
Or bind the future,—some new wind of chance
Sweeps up his life and scatters it anew.

D'AREMAC.



THE QUEEN'S CUP.

ten o'clock. The White Wings was the first to cross the line; the Oreole and Aileen being late in starting, were towed to the line by Gooderham's steam yacht Abeona. The course was from a buoy south of the exhibition wharf

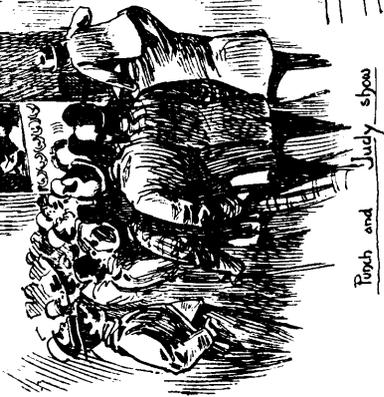


SCENES AT MONTREAL EXHIBITION, 1891.
(By our special artist.)

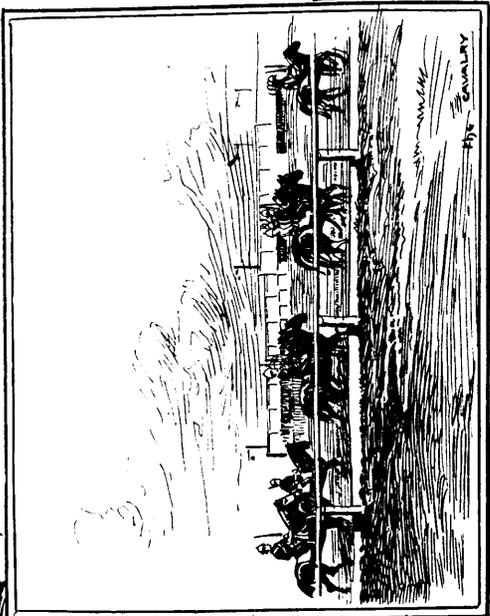
EXHIBITION SKETCHES



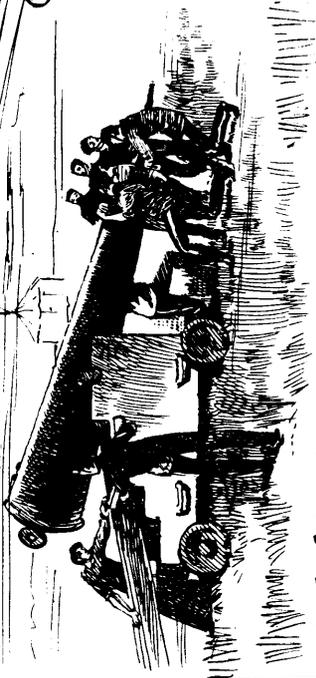
Refreshments



Porch and Judy show



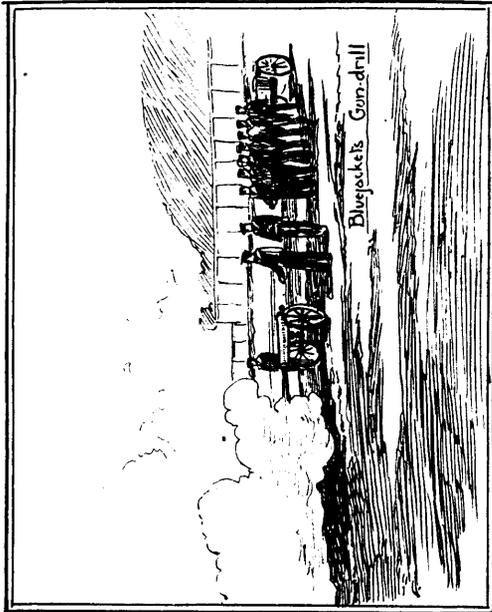
The Sowing



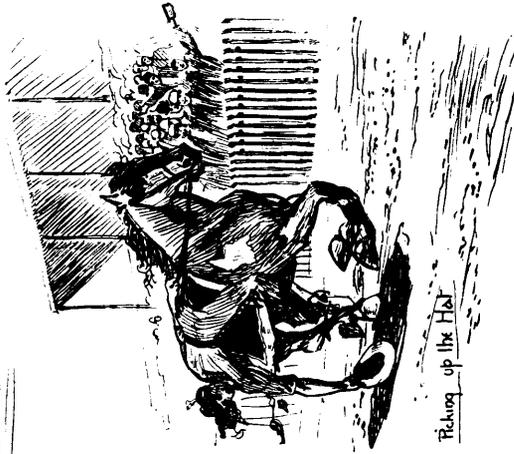
The Gun Shift



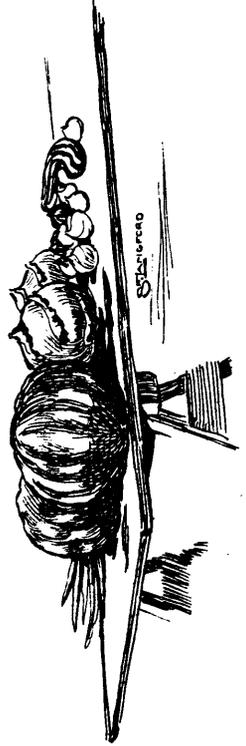
Farmers Day



Blugackets Gun-drill

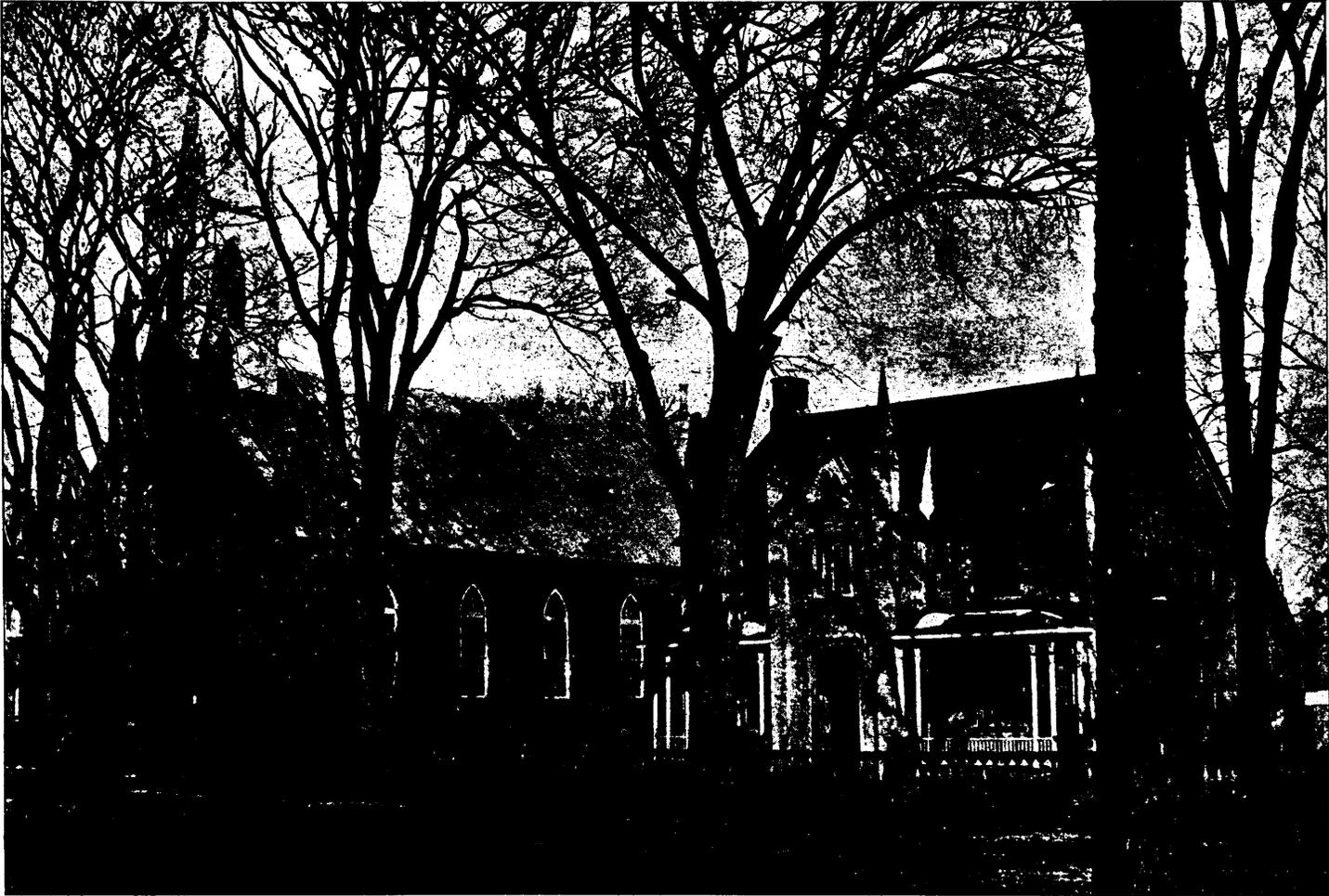


Picking up the Hay



Stamper

SCENES AT MONTREAL EXHIBITION, 1891.
(By our special artist.)



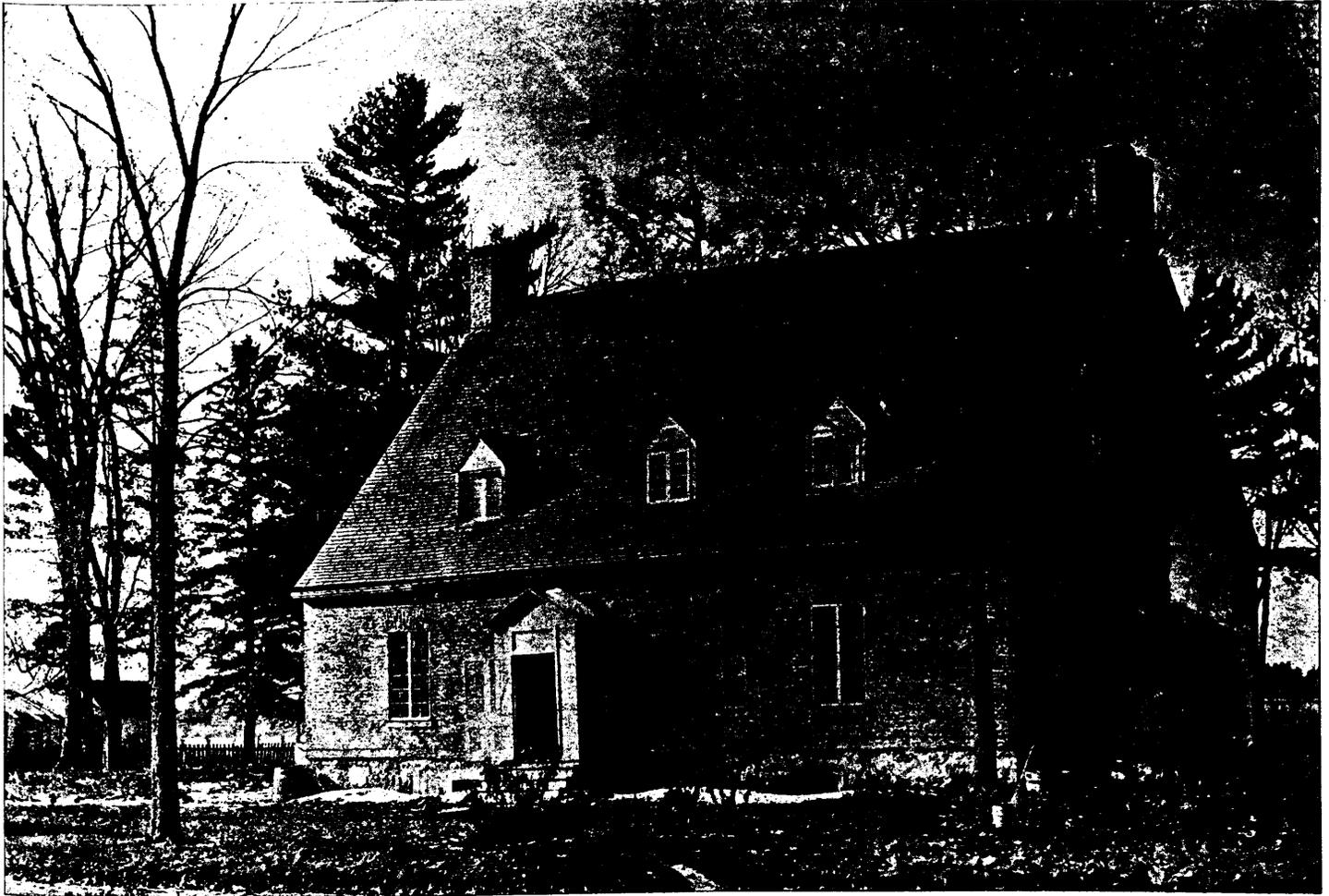
THE ENGLISH CHURCH AND RECTORY.



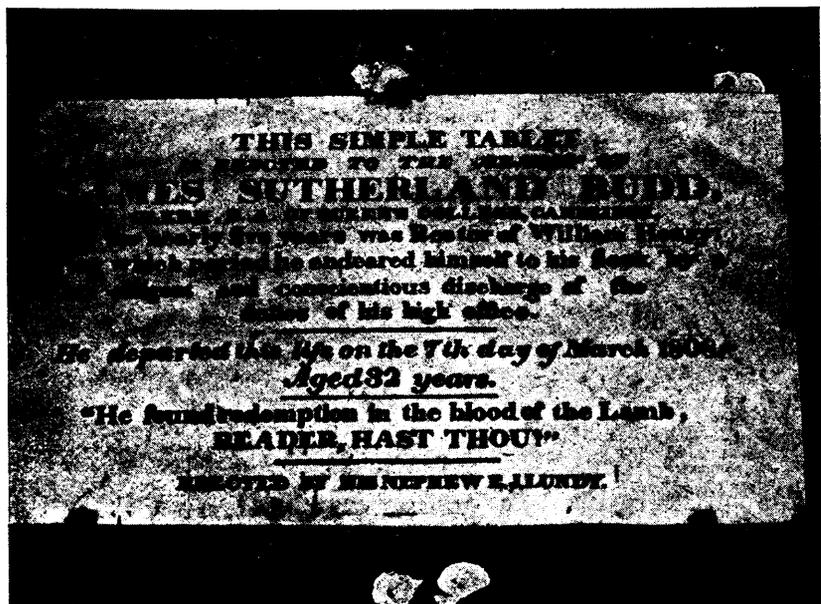
INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH.
VIEWS AT SOREL, P. Q.



OLD GOVERNMENT HOUSE AS IT WAS THIRTY YEARS AGO.



OLD GOVERNMENT HOUSE AS IT IS TO-DAY.
VIEWS AT SOREL, P.Q.

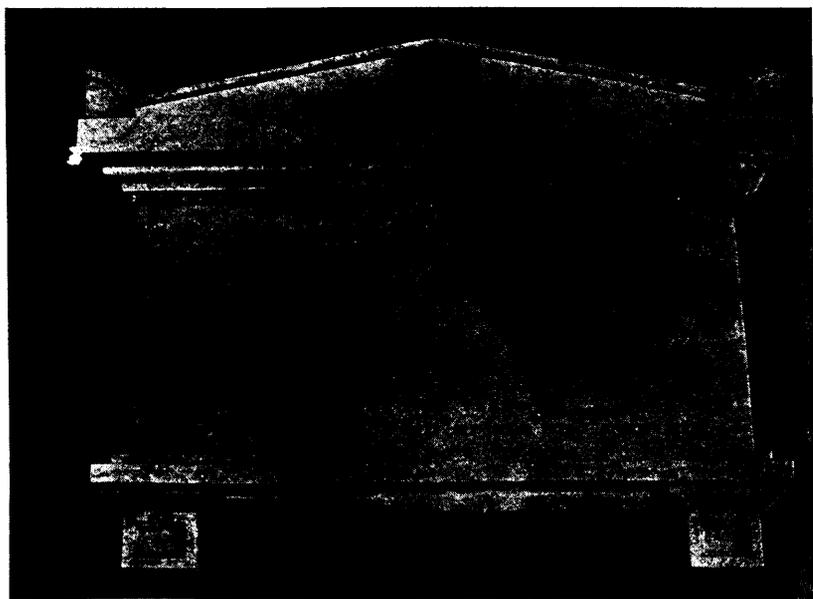


TABLET IN THE CHURCH, SOREL, P. Q.

VIEWS IN SOREL, P. Q.

The city of Sorel is intimately associated with many events of historic interest to Canadians. Unfortunately but few buildings bearing on these events remain intact at the present day; of the few, we have selected the old Government House and English church as buildings which have gathered around them memories of past days, which teem with picturesque interest and historic association. The Government House, or Cottage, as it is generally called, first came into prominence as the temporary residence of Madame Riedesel, wife of the General commanding the German troops in Burgoyne's army; in her published Diary she gives a charming description of the cottage and its surroundings. It was originally built of wood, subsequently a stone foundation and other improvements were added, and the building was bricked over. It subsequently became the official residence of each successive Commander of the Forces, and was the house at which all royal or state visitors were entertained. Here it was that the Duke of Richmond received the bite from a pet fox which terminated his existence in such a tragical manner; and here Lady Dalhousie spent a good part of her time attending to botanical pursuits and in excursions through the country, visiting the peasantry. Sir Benjamin D'Urban,

Commander of the Forces in Canada for a number of years, was very fond of Sorel and made it his staff-headquarters. After the withdrawal of the Imperial troops the cottage was occupied by the late Judge Armstrong. It has since been shorn of its wings, and presents now a very ordinary appearance. The English church is in itself a comparatively modern structure, but is the direct successor of one of the oldest Protestant ecclesiastical edifices in the country. It was of stone, built towards the end of the last century, and situated on Royal Square, in the centre of the town; the present building is on precisely the same site. It was built about 1844, the corner-stone being laid by Sir Richard Jackson, Commander of the Forces; he died on the following year and was buried in the church. We reproduce an engraving of the tablet to his memory, also of one to the Rev. James Rudd, rector of the parish from 1803 to 1808. An unusual feature of the ministry of the church is that there have been only four rectors in the past hundred years, viz., Revs. John Doty, James Rudd, John Jackson and W. Anderson. As an instance of the cheapness of living in Canada a century ago we may mention that the stipend of the first incumbent, Rev. Mr. Doty, was £100 per annum.



TABLET IN THE CHURCH, SOREL, P. Q.

Notes on a Trip to James Bay made by Wm. Ogilvie, D.L.S., Summer of 1890.

The object of this expedition, as set forth in the annals of the Department of the Interior for 1890, was principally to determine the longitude of some point on the shores of James Bay, so that the position of the bay might be known relative to the meridian of the interprovincial boundary line from the head of Lake Temiscamingue. A secondary object was to make an instrumental survey connecting the head of Lake Temiscamingue with the shore of James Bay and thus with the point of which the longitude would be determined; but this was found impracticable on account of very high water in the connecting rivers and lakes.

The region near the height of land between the Ottawa River and James Bay is dotted with many pretty little lakes, which are picturesque though not grand nor imposing. From the end of steamboat navigation on Lake Temiscamingue to the Hudson's Bay post on Lake Abitibi is only about four days by canoes, and the trip is well worth making for its beauty and variety. I would recommend our amateur canoeists to give it a trial next season. By arriving at Mat-tawa on the C.P.R. on Tuesday morning they arrive at Baie de Pere, on Lake Temiscamingue, on Wednesday. Here they will be able to procure transport for their outfit across to Quinze Lake, which will take a day to traverse. From the south shore of the latter lake they make their way to the Hudson Bay Company's post "Long Point," being directed thither by some of the people at the two lumbering depots at the end of the road; and at "Long Point" they can get instructions how to further proceed; or by procuring a copy of the report of the Department of the Interior for 1890 they will find in Mr. Ogilvie's report directions and descriptions of the various parts of the route.

The trip will give an experience in civilization, semi-civilization and the primitive wilderness, yet need not necessarily extend beyond two weeks.

If a full realization of the hardships incidental to journeys of the early voyageurs is desired, the parties can paddle to the head of Lake Temiscamingue and ascend the Quinze River to Quinze Lake. On this river there are many bad rapids and cataracts, which have to be portaged past. There are 15 portages in about 12 miles, but the ascent of this stream in high water requires tolerable sized canoes.

From Lake Abitibi to James Bay there are numerous rapids and cataracts which have to be portaged past. The total distance portaged by Mr. Ogilvie's party between Lake Temiscamingue and Moose Factory on James Bay was about 16½ miles; much of this over very rough and bad tracks.

After remaining some days at Moose, taking observations, the party proceeded along the shore of the bay in their canoes to "Rupert's House," at the mouth of "Rupert's River," where another stay was made to get some observations. East Main, near the mouth of the river of the same name, was reached on the 24th of August. Here the astronomical instruments were mounted and a series of observations taken to determine the longitude of this point. The last observation was taken on the morning of the 3rd of October, and a few hours afterwards the party was under way on its return journey, travelling southwards and homeward, a distance of about 750 miles, through almost continual rain and snow storms, which made the traverse of the many portages anything but a picnic.

The total distance out and return travelled over was about 1,500 miles, of which about 33 had to be portaged over.

For a detailed description of the journey see Mr. Ogilvie's report as above mentioned.

Many of the natives of the region around the bay were met at the various posts. A detailed account of them cannot be condensed into a short article, and much that might truthfully be said of them would surprise the general reader, when we consider that they have been more or less under civilized influence for about 200 years, and more directly so for upwards of half a century.

On the other hand, much that would put our higher civilization to the blush could be stated in their favour, more especially their general honesty; at least so far as stealing from anyone is concerned, for which, were they so inclined, they could find ample opportunity. The goods of one travelling through their country are safer without any protection than they would be in the best regulated and policed city or town in Canada.



SPORTS AND PASTIMES

The lacrosse match on Saturday between the Capitals and Ottawas was the last in the series, and the Ottawas surprised the Capitals. Considering the showing up given to the Capitals, it was hardly to be wondered at that there was considerable talk about throwing the match, etc., and it is quite likely that the Capital club will in the near future take some action in the matter, and one or more of the famous defence players will be asked to show cause.

George R. Gray, the Canadian member of the N.Y.A.C., has put another mark down to his credit for the shot, and he did it at the opening of the new Manhattan Athletic Club field. It was one of the most important events in recent athletic history, and although there is some talk about the non-financial success of the Cherry Diamond, there is no question about its success from an athletic point of view. Gray's put is a new world's record, viz., 46 ft. 7 3/4 in.

The annual fall games of the M.A.A.A. were successful from almost every point of view, the only feature that could be improved upon being the scarcity of visiting athletes. Mr. McIntosh, of the Halifax Wanderers, won his event, as did also Mr. Pritchard, of the M.A.C. The work done by the handicappers was more than creditable, and from what can be seen Montreal can be depended upon to do something at Saturday's championships. Following is the summary of events:—

100 YARDS DASH—TRIAL HEATS.		
C. A. Lockerby	Handicap	15 yards... 1
F. E. Brown		10 yards... 2
Time, 10 3/4.		
Second heat.		
A. Leithead		4 yards... 1
E. H. Courtemanche		6 yards... 2
Time, 11 1-5.		
Third heat.		
J. F. Turnbull		5 yards... 1
R. B. O'Sullivan		8 yards... 2
Time, 10 4-5.		
SECOND TRIALS—FIRST HEAT.		
E. H. Courtemanche		6 yards... 1
C. A. Lockerby		5 yards... 2
Time, 10 2-5.		
Second heat.		
A. Leithead		4 yards... 1
R. B. O'Sullivan		8 yards... 2
Time, 10 1-5.		
Final.		
A. Leithead		4 yards... 1
E. H. Courtemanche		6 yards... 2
Time, 10 2-5.		
Throwing 56 lbs. weight; four starters—		
D. W. Lockerby	Handicap	3 feet... 1
J. Arnton		scratch... 2
Distance, 21 ft. 6 1/4 in.		
Running high jump; seven entries—		
R. K. Pritchard, M.A.C.		scratch... 1
F. W. Sharp		3 in... 2
Height, 5 ft. 9 in.		
Quarter mile; six starters—		
G. S. Waldron		scratch... 1
Geo. Paris		scratch... 2
Time, 50 1-5 sec.		
One mile bicycle (ordinary); six starters—		
J. S. Louson		6 sec... 1
G. S. Lowe		scratch... 2
Time, 2 52 3-5.		
220 yards; six starters—		
A. Leithead		12 yds... 1
R. B. O'Sullivan		18 yds... 2
Time, 22 2-5.		
Putting 16 lbs. shot; seven starters—		
D. W. Lockerby		5 feet... 1
R. Bradley		1 foot... 2
Distance, with allowance, 35 ft. 7 1/4 in.		
One mile run; fifteen starters—		
H. W. McIntosh, Wanderers, Halifax		scratch... 1
W. O. H. Dodds		50 yds... 2
Time, 4 52		
Running broad jump; ten entries—		
J. F. Turnbull		2 feet... 1
W. H. Mason		2 feet... 2
Distance, 20 ft. 6 3/4 in.		
One mile safety bicycle; six entries—		
H. R. Loranger		7 sec... 1
A. Smith		20 sec... 2
Time, 2 49.		

120 yards hurdle, in heats—

	Handicap	
R. K. Pritchard	scratch	1 1
Geo. Moffat	scratch	2 2
C. A. Lockerby	3 yds.	3 3
E. H. Courtemanche	5 yds.	4 0
Time, 19 secs. and 18 1-5 secs.		

Half-mile—

G. S. Waldron	scratch	1
Geo. Paris	scratch	2
W. H. McIntosh	scratch	0
J. L. Bouchard	50 yds.	0
A. G. Sykes	50 yds.	0
Time, 1 59 3-5.		

The officials were:—

Judges of track events: F. E. Nelson, M. Freeman, J. D. Miller; referee, F. C. A. McIndoe; timekeepers, T. L. Paton, James A. Taylor, H. W. Becket; judges of field events, J. F. Sriver, F. W. Taylor, C. W. Hagar; starter, Norman Fletcher; measurers: James Paton, E. H. Brown; scorers: D. J. Watson, James Sutherland; clerks of course: R. L. Weldon, J. W. Moffat, C. Kingan; electric timekeepers: Prof. McLeod, D. D. McTaggart.

The Montreal Rifle Rangers.

The corps of the Montreal Rifle Rangers originated from the visit of several New York volunteer companies, most notably the New York Light Guard, during the Mayorship of Dr. Wolfred Nelson, who sumptuously entertained them in the Council Chamber of the City Hall, then over the Bonsecours market; they were quartered in the Donegana Hotel, Notre Dame street, and had a very fine band of music. A number of young men enrolled their names with a view of forming a military company in Montreal, and obtained the sanction of the Government and a supply of arms, accoutrements, uniforms, etc. Quite opportunely the Government of the day, under His Excellency Sir Edmund Head, Bart, had appointed a Royal Commission "to report and recommend a scheme for the organization and enrolment of the militia of the Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada." The regular troops, with the exception of the Royal Canadian Rifles, had been withdrawn to meet the requirements of the Russian war, and later on the R.C. Rifles were disbanded, owing to the enormous expense to the Imperial Government in sustaining them. This corps was composed of old soldiers, with large families, and had twelve companies, so the cost was as much as three ordinary regiments of the line, but then there were no desertions from the ranks, nor were there any probabilities of war with our neighbours across the border.

So when the Commission reported favourably to the organization of a militia force in Canada, the "Rangers" was the first company to offer its services to the Government; it was accepted and gazetted August 31st, 1855. The accoutrements and arms then supplied were those used in the war of 1812, issued to the volunteers in 1837-38, and of couere, neither ornamental nor serviceable; the corps preferred to procure their own outfit, which they did at an expense to each member of nearly \$70.

It was some little time before the Enfield rifles were issued to the force, which were much more desirable and useful than the "old Brown Bess;" later on the Enfield was replaced by the breech-loading "Snider," and the Government provided the outfit, with the latest improved arms; a number of the finest Martini rifles were supplied to every shooting regiment. Sixty-four (64) were the number of men allotted to each company.

The corps was fortunate in securing the services of Sergt. John Tomkins of the R.C. Rifles as drill instructor, and as the company drilled twice a week it soon attained a knowledge of arms and exactness that was not surpassed by any company in the force. In the first years of its existence, three of its members obtained commissions in the Imperial army—Mr. Fred. Parker in the 97th Regiment, Mr. Bent, C.E., Captain in the Engineers of the Turkish contingent, and Mr. John Low, of this city, who joined the 15th Regiment of foot, and retired after a service of eighteen years as captain.

Capt. Lyman of the Rangers was offered a company, and Lieut. Hanson a Lieutenantancy in the 100th Regiment on its organization in this city, and many of the members of the company obtained commissions in various volunteer regiments as they were organized; various staff appointments were filled from its ranks, most notably Lieut.-Col. MacPherson of the headquarters staff at Ottawa.

On the formation of the Prince of Wales regiment of ten companies, the Rangers were merged into the new

corps, becoming No. 1 Company; the regiment received its name from H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, who visited Montreal in August, 1890; the late Lieut.-Col. Wily was the first commander, and under his superior drill and discipline, it soon attained the first rank in the militia force.

And now after thirty-six years since the formation of the company, there remain nearly thirty of the original members living who meet once a year to talk over old times and look one another in the face.

The following are the names of the surviving members, whose portraits are given on page 303:—R. G. Stark, Ensign J. W. Hanson, John Macpherson, T. F. Blackwood, J. W. Britt, John Low, E. Beaudry, R. L. Gault, R. Forsyth, G. E. Starnes, M. Bourret, T. D. Hood, Capt. Lyman, F. Scholes, John Pope, Malcom Morison, W. Wily, J. H. Wood, L. A. Dufresne, C. Nelson, W. L. Haldimand, G. W. Stephens, Richard Thomas, W. Farrell, J. McLenn and G. B. Fraser.

Some of the militia commissions above referred to which were granted to members of the company were as follows: Capt. Lyman, Ensign Hanson and Pte. Macpherson became lieut.-colonels; Pte. Wily, a major; Lieut. Blackwood, Corporal Beaudry, Sergt. Scholes, Ptes. Dufresne, Wilson and Farrell, captains; and Ensign Stancee, Ptes. Starnes and Stephens, Lieutenants; Pte. Britt removed to the United States and entered its military service on the breaking out of the civil war; he rose to the rank of colonel.



REMAINS OF OLD CANAL, NEAR ST. ANNE DE BELLEVUE, P.Q.

Our illustration of the Canal Lock at the Cascades shews the means by which navigation was effected between Lakes St. Louis and St. Francis before the construction of the Beauharnois canal. There were the following locks: One at the Cascades, 400 ft. by 6 ft. wide; one at Trou du Moulin, 200 ft. by 6 ft. wide; one at Split Rock, 200 ft. by 6 ft. wide; canal and two locks at Coteau du Lac, 900 ft. by 7 ft. As many as 863 batteaux and 612 Durham boats passed through in 1833, and the revenue produced in that year from canals, after deducting expenses, amounted to £2,218. Since the Beauharnois canal was built these canals have not been used, and are fast falling into decay and ruin.

LAYING THE CORNER STONE OF GRACE CHURCH.

An interesting event transpired at Point St. Charles on Monday, September 14th, when the corner stone of the new Episcopal church was laid with due ceremony. The expansion of Montreal in that direction had necessitated the provision of larger accommodation for the attendants at Grace church. Prior to the erection of the existing Grace church the members of that communion at the Point had worshipped in a school house. The corner stone of the present church was laid in 1870, but now that building has also become too small, and a new and larger one is to be built farther west and nearer the centre of growing population. The Presbyterians have a new church at the same place, and the Methodists are building one. There was a large attendance at the ceremony of the 14th inst., and on the platform were His Lordship Bishop Bond, Very Rev. Dean Carmichael, Rev. Archdeacon Evans, Rev. Canon Ellegood, Rev. Dr. Norton, Rev. J. Ker, rector of the parish; Rev. G. Osborne Troop, Rev. G. Lariviere, Rev. D. Everett, Rev. L. N. Tucker, Rev. W. Cunningham, Rev. J. F. Renaud, Rev. S. Massey, Rev. Mr. Evans, and Messrs. W. McWood, George Hague, J. S. Hall, Sr., Dr. L. H. Davidson, Geo. Outram, Henry Holt, Henry Powles, and J. J. Brown, the architect of the structure. The corner stone was laid by Mr. W. McWood, one of the oldest members of the congregation. Addresses were delivered by Dean Carmichael, Archdeacon Evans, Canon Ellegood, Dr. Norton, Mr. Hague, Dr. Davidson and Bishop Bond. Special reference was made by several speakers to the splendid work done by the late Rev. Canon Belcher, former rector of the parish; and Canon Ellegood indulged in reminiscences of the most interesting character, including references to the dark year of 1848, when so many thousands of Irish immigrants landed at Point St. Charles to die of fever; the building of the Victoria Bridge, and other events that effected the welfare of the parish with which he was then connected. The new church will be built to accommodate 700 to 800 people.

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.]

The Hon. Cornplanter Jones.



HE deeds of the pioneers of America, who met the red man in his forest fastness or on the boundless prairies, and with gun at shoulder fashioned out for themselves and families homes of peace and plenty amid the western wilds, have oft been told. They were dauntless men, and well deserve the veneration of their children and the world at large. But men of blood and iron were not the only ones who had a worthy share in the life of those stormy years. Some of the gentler souls who sought to turn the mind of the savage to the contemplation of nobler themes than were

yesterday, and wanted blood whether or no. As there were quite a number of palefaces within reach, there was imminent danger of a bloody massacre unless Mr. Jones moved on. To his everlasting credit be it said, Cornplanter Jones moved on that very day. He went on the same trail that had brought him to the town of the Blackfeet. As a still further proof of his desire to avoid bloodshed, he stifled his ambition then and there, and never preached again. How many other dreadful massacres were averted by that act of noble self-sacrifice, who can tell? Ah, it is not always in the glare of the fierce light which beats upon thrones and high places that greatness is developed! The Hon. Cornplanter Jones is now a leading citizen of both Dakotas, his house being on the boundary line. He has always refused to engage actively in political affairs but keeps bronchos for sale and is very fond of coyote hunting. He keeps pigs. The Hon. Cornplanter Jones has set an example that young Canadians should study with extreme interest and profit.

paid ten cents. Some them painted Injuns so drunk they kin hardly stand up. Some white men in our crowd same way. They jawed. One them Injuns he grabbed club—made b'lieve he's gonto to kill somebody. 'Nother Injun he called one white man _____, and grabbed his knife handle. Some women in there they got out pooty quick then. Manager got his Injuns quiet and somebody else got white men quiet—no scalps took. But if that's what them Montreal people call an elevatin' exhibition I'm glad I live in Ap-ol-og-neek. If I want to see drunk Injuns I kin see 'um without havin' big tent and ten cents to git in."

"That was a great moral spectacle, my brother, such as 'His Lordship' Mayor McShane believes in to emphasize his well known temperance reform principles. That is a great deal better than prohibition."

"In that main exhibition house," said Mr. Paul, "I seen one man givin' away whiskey. I seen another givin' away wine. I seen men pooty near drunk pushin' up against women in that crowd, and smellin' so strong of whiskey you could smell 'um good ways off. I s'pose that's another moral spectacle."

"Yes," said the reporter, "you can always smell a moral spectacle of that kind. The effect is more lasting, you know. I think that is the view held by Mayor McShane, the directors of the exhibition and also the police. And of course they know."

"Well," said the sagamore, "next time you have an exhibition in Montreal you kin count on me stayin' home."

"My brother," the reporter said gravely, "you have missed the lesson of the exhibition. When people saw those Comanche Indians half drunk and a little anxious to draw their scalping knives, they would see at once how essential it is that the liquor laws should be strictly enforced among the Indians in the Northwest territories—in the interest of the settlers. When they saw that if 'um was not sold it was given away, they would see at once that the Scott Act is no good and that prohibition does not prohibit. These, my brother, and many other great moral lessons were taught by the exhibition to which we have referred. Perhaps you had no interpreter with you and so missed them. But that was your loss, not ours. We consider, sir, that the exhibition was a most unqualified success in all respects."

With these remarks the reporter rose and took his departure.



OUR INDIAN PHILOSOPHER

The Sagamore



HE sagamore reclined at length upon a couch of odorous fir boughs. His face wore a tired expression, as of one who had been on a tedious journey. He sat up when the reporter entered, and graciously accepted a pipeful.

"The great exhibition at Montreal," observed the reporter, "is a thing of the past. Were you there?"

"Ah hah."

"It was a fine show," said the reporter, "and I read what the papers said about the various exhibits with a good deal of interest. But the thing that most impressed me was the Paradox. Did you see it?"

"What's Paradox?" queried Mr. Paul.

"Of course you saw," said the reporter, "and you also read in the papers, that no liquor was dispensed on the grounds."

"Ah hah."

"And you also saw, if you were there in the evening, that ten men out of every nine were either half drunk or beastly sober."

"Ah hah."

"That," said the reporter, "was the Paradox."

"Then I seen him—sure enough," declared the sagamore.

"Strange they didn't have anything about it in the programme," mused the reporter. "It certainly was a striking feature of the show."

"Yes," said Mr. Paul, "I seen some people gonto to do some strikin'."

"And of course you saw the bloodthirsty Comanches in their war paint, in the Wild West tent?"

"I seen 'um Saturday night," rejoined the sagamore, "after the fireworks went off. Lot of us went in. We

dreamt of in his philosophy are not less worthy of our praise. Of this noble company was Cornplanter Jones. The manner in which he averted a massacre by the Blackfeet in Dakota is still remembered with fervent gratitude by old settlers. Missionary zeal led Cornplanter Jones to that region. He went to a Blackfoot camp at a time when peace was supposed to reign between them and the palefaces. He arrived on a Saturday night and announced that he would address the braves next morning. He did so, and a large crowd listened with profound attention. The next morning the chief came to him and gravely informed him that he had better move along. But Cornplanter Jones demurred. He argued long and fervently and asked permission to address the assembled braves on the subject. The chief was obdurate. The braves, he said, were much excited since

Stray Notes.

AN UNPLEASANT SITUATION.—Maude: I don't know what I am ever going to do.

Ethel: Why, what is the matter?

Maude: Why, M. Fearar, of Paris, was talking very earnestly to me in French, last night, and I didn't quite understand him, and he spoke so impetuously, and I replied, "Oui, oui," several times. It has just occurred to me that perhaps he was proposing.

A CURE FOR VANITY.—Jinkers: That man is the most insufferable lump of conceit that ever trod the earth. I wish he could be elected President of the United States.

Winkers: You do? Why?

Jinkers: The newspapers would make him sick of himself.—*New York Weekly.*

A REVELATION.—Primus: Did you read Moss' open letter in the *Firmamemi*?

Secundus: I didn't see his signature to anything.

Primus: Oh! he's too modest for that. He always signs his press letters as "Vox Dei."—*Judge.*

Editor—That young Mr. Colgrad we took on as reporter is going to make a hustler.

Assistant—Has he distinguished him-self already?

Editor—I sent him out to get interviews with some Indians; he couldn't find any, but he brought in a mighty interesting talk with a feather-duster man.—*Lake Shore News.*

A raw country chap joined the volunteers, and on the first parade day his sister came, together with his mother, to see them. When they were marching past Jock was out of step. "Look, mither," said his sister, "they're a'oot to step but oor Jock."