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# THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

TRADE MARK

ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF PARLIAMENT OF CANADA, IN THE YEAR 1889, AT THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.

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THE MONTMORENCI FALLS, NEAR QUEBEC.

(Messrs. Zybach Co., photo., Niagara.)

# The Dominion Illustrated.

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28th FEBRUARY, 1891.



## A Stab in the Back.

The disclosures made within the past few days of writings by a prominent Canadian journalist in favour of the United States view of international matters, reveal a state of double-faced hypocrisy without precedent in our annals. It is almost inconceivable that a man whose daily writings were always national, always more or less loyal to British connection, and always permeated with an apparently earnest tone of deep solicitude in the interests of the country, should at the same time permit his pen to be doing service for a foreign state against his own. It is an offence far removed from the ordinary peccadillos of politicians whose exaggerations and inconsistencies seldom go to greater length than to excite party or personal feelings; it is a gross disclosure to our national enemies, in an underhand and contemptible manner, of all the points at which the Canadian position was most vulnerable, with the implied, if not expressed, advice as to the most promising plan of stealthy attack.

## The Springhill Disaster.

No horror has for many years come on us with such sadly painful accompaniments as the disaster at the Springhill colliery last Saturday. Not only did death strike its victims with the cruel shafts of agonizing fire and slow suffocation, but the appalling list of widows and destitute, helpless children, thus suddenly deprived of means of support, is the feature which calls for most pity and prompt help. That assistance will promptly come for their immediate wants is already assured; but that an amount will be given sufficient to ensure a livelihood for these little ones until old enough to support themselves is a problem only to be solved by the Canadian people at large. Too much stress cannot be laid on the necessity for liberal contributions now when the details of the calamity are fresh in the mind. Canada has providentially been spared from many great mining disasters, considering the large number of her people employed in underground work, and the comparative immunity so enjoyed should be a special reason for generous gifts when a great call like this arises. Consider the position of the unfortunate sufferers. The agonizing suspense after the explosion; the reports—spreading like wild-fire—of great loss of life; the waiting for relief parties to go in; the cruel heart break as a mangled form is identified as the husband and father, dearly loved, and the sudden knowledge that all means of livelihood has suddenly stopped. God grant that the purses of all our people—rich and poor—may be opened to give what they can to enable these destitute mothers to

keep their little ones from want and misery, and in even the semblance of a home, until old enough to work. Montreal has done nobly in so quickly taking active measures to render practical help; and every city, town and village throughout the Dominion should quickly follow suit, for the sake of suffering humanity. So far as known not the slightest iota of blame can be attached to the management of the colliery for the disaster; every possible precaution appears to have been taken, and rigid inspection by unprejudiced experts had almost immediately preceded the fatality. With no one at fault, it then becomes all the more the duty of the community at large to help the helpless widows and the still more helpless little children.

## The Liberal Party and Annexation.

In the present political campaign it appears to be taken for granted, by many persons, that the Reform party is composed of out-and-out annexationists; at any rate, this extraordinary view is adopted by papers outside of Canada, judging from the remarks that appear in their columns. We think this to be a foul slur on a large and influential party of our people. That the Liberal party—as a collection of individuals—are in favour of the surrender of their country and their birth-right to foreign domination, is a thing so monstrous that it is difficult to imagine how a sane man could entertain such an idea for one moment; and yet it is firmly believed by hundreds of full-brained people. For the sake of the memory of all that is honourable and patriotic in the name of Whig, of Liberal, of Reformer, let them now—in the midst of this hand-to-hand struggle—voice unmistakably as a party their creed that whatever their views on commercial questions, they are first, last, and all the time loyal to Canada and to British connection.

## Affairs in Ireland.

From the highly dramatic way in which the M'CARTHY-PARNELL struggle opened out a few weeks ago, the subsequent events have been singularly devoid of special interest. Far from the result of the Kilkenny election depressing MR. PARNELL, it has had the effect of nerving him to still more vigorous efforts to obtain the confidence and support of the Irish people, and he has carried on the fight with a quietly steady persistence. He carries things with a high hand. Suddenly breaking off negotiations with MR. O'BRIEN, he is evidently anxious to work alone and rule alone, if success crowns his efforts; and the surrender of Messrs. O'BRIEN and DILLON to the authorities, and their subsequent imprisonment, will certainly prevent their taking any part in the fight, which otherwise would have bid fair to assume the nature of the triangular species of duel, associated with the celebrated MR. MIDSHIPMAN EASY. In spite of the opposition of the clergy, MR. PARNELL appears to be slowly gaining ground; even his opponents must admire the wonderful persistence and pluck with which he carries on the campaign. MR. M'CARTHY is evidently too much devoted to literary work to wage the war in the close personal manner adopted by his opponent.

## Mr. Balfour.

While the Irish leaders have been fighting among themselves, MR. BALFOUR has been quietly devoting himself to the more necessary and pressing work of endeavouring to relieve the wants of the suffering peasantry. His recent visit to the affected districts resulted in his inaugurating a relief fund, which has now run up to an amount exceeding £50,000, his own contribution being the princely one of £2,500. This, and the inception of relief works on a large scale by the Government at his suggestion, should do much to allay the harsh feelings entertained against him by so many of the lower classes in Ireland. His enthusiastic reception by the students of Trinity University a few days ago speaks well for his popularity with a large and representative body of young Irishmen—numbering over 800—who will necessarily have much to do in the future with swaying the public opinion of the nation.

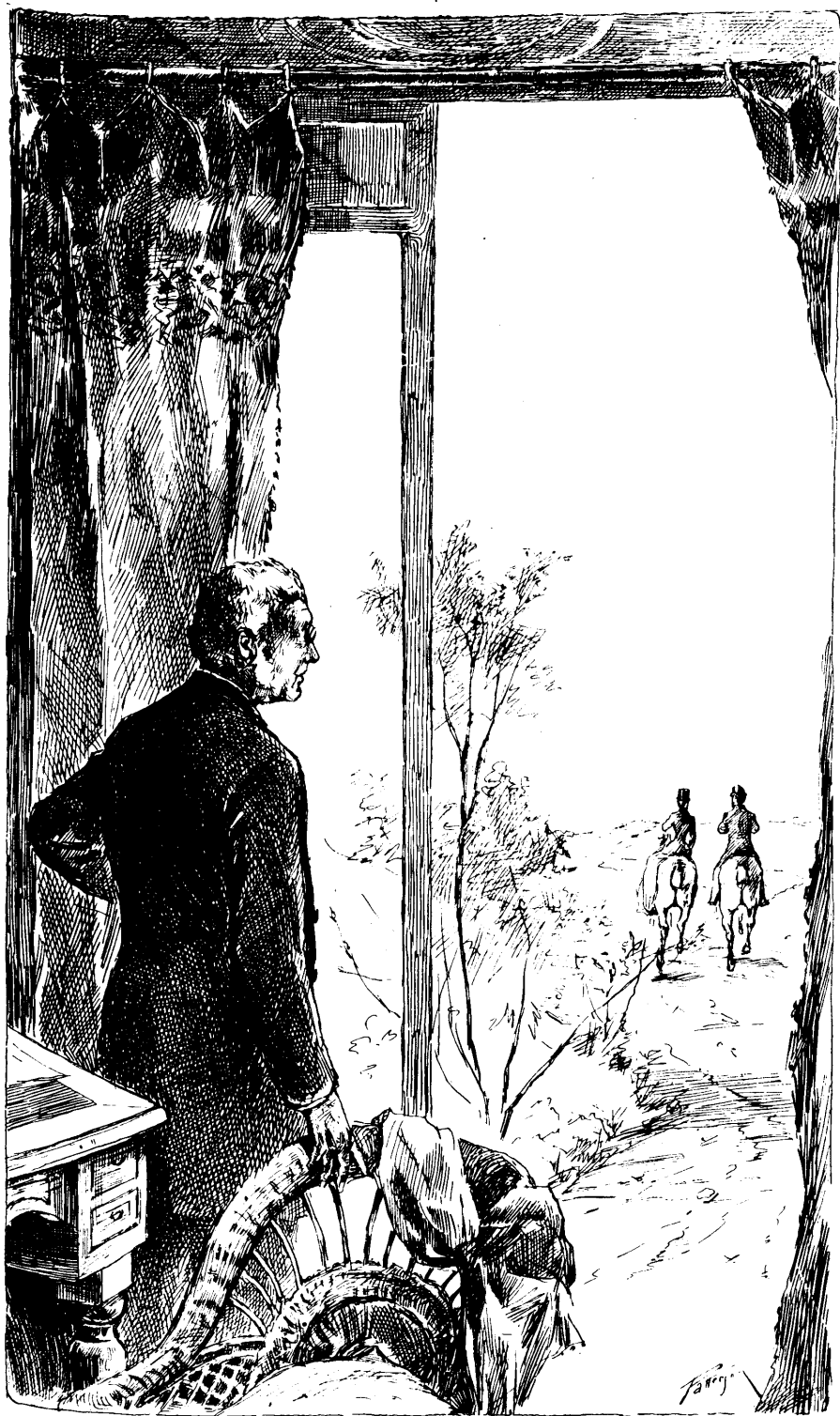
# The Dominion Illustrated Prize Competition, 1891. QUESTIONS.

SECOND SERIES.

- 7.—Quote mention of a shipwreck on Lake Ontario; give date and particulars.
- 8.—Where is narrated the escape of a prisoner destined to be burnt?
- 9.—Quote the paragraph mentioning a suicide occurring on the stage of a theatre.
- 10.—Give details of the instance cited of a frontier being kept neutral in war?
- 11.—Where is mention made of a new literary organization in a city in the West of England?
- 12.—Quote the expression or expressions relative to the low standard of morality in Buenos Ayres?

NOTE.—All the material necessary for correctly answering the above questions can be found in Nos. 131 to 139 of the "Dominion Illustrated," being the weekly issues for January and February.

The third series of Questions will be given in our issue of 28th March.



## THE WEDDING RING.

By ROBERT BUCHANAN.

Author of "THE SHADOW OF THE SWORD," "GOD AND THE MAN," "STORMY WATERS," ETC., ETC.

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

"Have we not heard enough, sir?" asked Venables, turning with a groan of pain and impatience to Mr. Herbert.

"Be patient, George," said Gillian. "If I could bear it, surely you can bear to hear of it, now that it is all over so long ago. When my child was a few months old I learned that we were ruined. My fortune had gone, every penny, in gambling and debauchery. Grade by grade, we sank lower and lower, till at last we were actually starving—I and my darling Dora. He, meanwhile made enough money by the exercise of his talents as an artist for his own needs, dressed like a gentleman, and took his pleasures abroad, only returning to the miserable garret in which he lived when he was penniless. To do a few hours' work whereby to provide money for his pleasures. Dora was ill—she was dying of want of nourishment and fresh air. She would

have died had it not been for a friend—God bless him, a truer friend, a better man never broke bread. He gave me ten pounds with which to take her for a time into the country. My husband heard that I had the money. He seized it, and when I attempted to prevent him, he struck me to the ground. For weeks after I lay in the hospital. While I was convalescent, news came of the death of a relation in Australia. He had left me a sum of money, with which I came here and bought this farm. The rest you know."

### CHAPTER XIII.—A THUNDERCLAP.

At the end of Gillian's recital there was silence for a moment. Then Venables rose, and taking Gillian's hand, kissed it. There was a flash of moisture in his eyes, and his voice trembled as he spoke.

"What you have told us only confirms my faith in you, my deep affection. Henceforth, God willing, you shall lead a new life indeed."

"Let us hear Mr. Herbert, George," said Gillian.

"I have heard your story, Mrs. Dartmouth," said the clergyman, "with the deepest interest and compassion. I pity you, yet cannot altogether absolve you."

"What!" cried Sir George, almost fiercely. "Has she not suffered enough?"

"More than enough," said Mr. Herbert gently. "A heavy penalty for a wrong committed in the thoughtlessness of youth."

"What wrong has she committed?" asked Venables.

"The union she has described, a loveless union, can scarcely be defended. From its nature, perhaps, sprang many of her misfortunes. And let me ask another question. The name you bear is—ah—your husbands?"

"No."

"Another error," said Mr. Herbert.

"Nonsense," cried Venables, "it was a perfectly justifiable step."

"Deception of any kind is never justifiable. It is—ah—a violation of those spiritual veracities on which society is founded."

"Perhaps," said Venables, who relished as little as may be imagined the application of abstract principles of morality to the conduct of the woman he loved; "perhaps she might have done better to advertise in the public prints that she had come into a fortune, and that Mr. (whatever the black-guard's name may be) was humbly requested to return to his disconsolate wife now that she had something more that he might rob her of."

"George, George!" said Gillian, in a tone of remonstrance. "And the dispensation, sir?"

"On that point, if you have acquainted me with the actual facts, I have little or no doubt. You have never, in the spiritual sense, been a wife at all, and under the circumstances—I say under the circumstances—you may be justified in again marrying."

"Bravo!" cried Sir George. "The Church comes round to commonsense after all!"

"The informality, however," continued Mr. Herbert, "must be at once set right. Your true name is—"

"My husband's name," said Gillian, "was O'Mara!" It was the first time for seven years that it had passed her lips.

"Then, Mrs. O'Mara, I must ask you to correct this sad mistake at once. When it is done, and not until it is done, I shall have pleasure in performing the marriage ceremony."

"I will ask you to reconsider that point, sir," said Venables. "In the meantime, dear, we will go for our ride. The horses are waiting."

"I hope, Mr. Herbert," said Gillian, "that you will lunch with me when we return."

"I have a little correspondence to do," said Mr. Herbert, referring to his watch, "and it is a long step from here to the Vicarage."

"Then why not do your writing here?" said Gillian. "You will find the materials in my desk there. If you should need anything, you have only to ring, and Barbara will attend on you. Shall we find you here when we return?"

"You are extremely good, Mrs.—ah—" He boggled over the unfamiliar name, and ended by omitting it altogether. "You will find me here or in the garden."

"*Au revoir*," said Venables, and led his fiancée from the room. Mr. Herbert watched them mount and canter away.

"A painful story," he said, sitting at Gillian's desk. "Well, her troubles should be over now. Venables is a good fellow, and his affection for her is evidently very deep. Hardly such a match as he might have aspired to, or as I could have wished him to make; but— Well, well, I hope they may be happy."

He bent himself to his correspondence. The day was hot, and his walk and the long conference with Gillian and Sir George had tired him, and he nodded over the paper until he dozed. How long

he had been unconscious of his surroundings he did not know, but he returned to consciousness to find a voice ringing in his ears, and turned in some confusion to the direction from which it came.

A man was standing just within the door. He was a tall, well-built, athletic looking fellow, with a bronzed face, clean shaven, and a mass of dark brown hair, touched with grey about the ears and at the temples. His dress was shabby, though of originally good materials, and in its cut and in his careless fashion of carrying it hinted at the artistic pursuits of its wearer, a hint strengthened by the sketch book he held in his hand.

"Ten thousand pardons," he began, as Mr. Herbert rose in surprise at his apparition. "Do I address the owner of the house?"

"No," replied Mr. Herbert. "It belongs to a friend of mine—a lady. She is absent for the moment, but will return presently."

"Indeed. Thank you. It is a charming place. I have just made a sketch of it from the outside, and was going to ask permission to see the interior."

"An artist, sir?" asked Mr. Herbert.

"An amateur," said the stranger. He spoke with a rather affected accent, and with a self-conscious smile. "You, sir, I perceive, are in holy orders."

"I am the Vicar of Crouchford, sir."

The stranger bowed, with a flourish of the broad brimmed wideawake he held in his hand.

"I salute you, sir. If there is one thing in the world I reverence, it is religion. I look upon it as the mother of art."

"It has, I should hope, even greater claims upon our reverence than that," returned Mr. Herbert, obviously pleased, however; "though I would not be understood as underestimating your beautiful occupation. Pray come in. The lady of the house is so old a friend of mine that I may take it upon myself to play cicerone. You are a stranger in the neighbourhood?"

"Quite. In fact, almost a stranger in England. I am just returned after a long sojourn abroad, and am wandering hither and thither at accident, reviving old impressions. There is something in the English atmosphere, in English scenes and institutions indescribably refreshing. Decay is always beautiful."

"Eh?" said Mr. Herbert, a blank stare of astonishment succeeding to the smile with which he had listened to the first part of this speech.

"Decay is the beauty of our England," continued the stranger. "Its sleepy conventions, its mouldering habitations, its mildewed churches, its moss-grown religion, delight me inexpressibly."

"I trust, my dear sir," said Mr. Herbert, whom the stranger's fluent chatter had rather put to sea, "I trust that you are one of us. I mean I hope you belong to the church which is the symbol of our civilization?"

"I am a Churchman, sir—a fervent Churchman. That is a very fine bit of black oak, by the way, and, pardon me—yes. That delightful bit of colour. Yes, sir, I am a Churchman. To be frank with you—I hope I may be so fortunate as to find your views correspond with my own, my leaning is towards the higher and more symbolic forms of Episcopacy."

"I am delighted to hear it!" It did not occur to the worthy clergyman that he was at least as obviously High Church in his dress and appearance as his interlocutor was obviously artistic.

"Dissent is so radically unlovely, its forms are so bare, so harsh, its teachings void of grace."

This was an utterance which chimed in with Mr. Herbert's mind.

"The furnishing of this place," said the stranger, "is worthy of its exterior. It gives me a keen desire to make the acquaintance of your friend. Such perfect taste."

"Mrs. Dartmouth is a lady of good taste," said Mr. Herbert. "A most charming and accomplished lady."

"Mrs. Dartmouth," repeated the stranger. "That is her name? A piano? Excuse me." He ran his fingers deftly along the keys. "An exquisite tone. Ah!" He gave a slight shudder and struck a solitary note, listening with corrugated brows. "That F is a semi-tone flat."

"You play?" said Mr. Herbert.

"A little," replied the artist, with a deprecatory smile.

"I am sorry Mrs. Dartmouth is from home. She would be delighted in this dull place to meet a person so accomplished."

"Oh, pray don't call me accomplished, I am simply an amateur of the beautiful. I am so constituted that what is beautiful alone gives me pleasure—next, of course, to what is religious. The terms are really interchangeable. Religion, true religion, the religion of which you are an exponent, and I the humblest of devotees, is the soul of beauty. Only religion interprets thus the full meaning of the beauties which make up the sum of life. A sower passing with measured footsteps, posed like a god, from furrow to furrow, with the sunlight sparkling on the seeds as he casts them, making them gleam like golden rain—a star, a flower, a dewdrop—life is full of such felicities, which, justified by their beauty, are divine."

"You talk, my dear sir, like a poet."

"I hope I have the poet's nature."

"You write?"

"A little."

"Bless me, you seem to do everything."

"A little."

"And you have travelled."

"A little. You don't mind me sketching as we talk? That chimney piece is delightfully quaint."

The conversation was interrupted at this point by the entrance of Dora. She came running in with her hair streaming and her eyes sparkling and her lips parted to communicate some childish confidence to her old friend, when she caught sight of the stranger, and paused.

"Ah!" said the latter. "A child! I love children. And how very beautiful! Come to me, my rosebud. What is your name? It should be a pretty one."

"Dora," said the child, looking up at him shyly through the tangle of her disordered hair.

He took her hands in his and drew her to him, looking at her with a curious scrutiny. "C'est bien ça," he said, under his breath.

"Oh," she said, catching sight of the sketch-book on his knee. "You are drawing. Please go on. I am learning to draw. Mamma is teaching me."

"A charming little pupil. Would you like me to teach you?"

"I like mamma best."

"Charmingly frank, these little people," said the artist with a smile.

"Can you paint houses?" asked Dora. "Mamma can."

"Oh yes, I can paint houses—and little girls, when they are pretty."

"You must be very clever," said the child, solemnly.

"I am considered fairly intelligent," said the stranger, with his own smile. "Your mamma is out, this gentleman tells me."

"Yes, she is riding with Sir George."

"Oh, with Sir George. And your papa?"

"I've never had a papa," said Dora. "But I'm going to have one soon."

"Really. That will be delightful. How should you like me in that capacity?"

"I should like you pretty well; but I like Sir George best. Why do you laugh so much?"

"You amuse me, my innocent child." He stroked her hair with a lingering touch, and his face saddened. "Will you give me a kiss, little one?"

"Yes," said Dora shyly. "I like you."

The stranger kissed her, and, rising walked to the window for a moment, passing a handkerchief across his eyes.

"Excuse me," he said to Mr. Herbert in an altered voice as he returned. "I had a little child once. She would be of about this little darling's age if she be still alive. And the same name. I am not ashamed of these tears, sir. My little child, my Dora. Where is she?"

"My dear sir!" said Mr. Herbert.

"I must not afflict you with my sorrow," said the artist, putting away the handkerchief after passing it again across his eyes; "but these memories will

return at moments. There!" He bent over the child again. The beat of horses' hoofs became audible nearing the house. "Music is the cure for such sorrow as mine. Do you love music, my darling?"

"Yes," said Dora. "And I like to dance. Sir George plays waltzes for me."

"Come then."

He sat at the piano, and dashed into a lively tune with the manner of one trying to banish unpleasant memories. Dora flitted round the room and was watched with a pleased smile by Mr. Herbert. The sound of horses' feet came near, and paused on the gravel before the door. The tune changed suddenly from the lively rhythm of the waltz to "Home, Sweet Home."

"Mamma, mamma!" cried Dora, pirouetting to the door. "Come and see the funny gent!"

Gillian, her face flushed with free air and exercise, entered the hall, followed by Sir George, and stopped for a moment at sight of the stranger. He, with his fingers still playing the melody, turned half round upon the music stool.

"Gillian!" he said softly, smiling.

The poor woman's face changed to a look of stony horror.

"Philip!"

She spoke the name scarcely louder than a whisper, and fell fainting into Sir George's arms.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### THE BRIDE OF JACOB'S FLAT.

Three years before the meeting described in our last chapter, a number of men were assembled around the bar in the only drinking-house in Jacob's Flat, a rough mining settlement within a two days' ride of San Francisco.

It was Saturday night, and drink of all kinds was flowing like water. Every one seemed in high spirits, from the burly bearded fellows in red shirts who were lounging against the bar, to the little group of gamblers seated at small tables and engaged busily at cards.

Though oaths were common, and the general conversation scarcely fit for ears polite, everybody present seemed in remarkably good humor, and the merriment had reached its highest when Prairie Bill, a giant of six feet, known to his facetious intimates as "Prairie Oyster" (the name also of an insidious kind of American drink) dashed his fist upon the counter, lifted up his glass in the air, and exclaimed:

"H'yar's Jake's health and fam'ly! Long life to Jake and her."

The toast was received with acclamation, and drunk with enthusiasm.

"What time, now, do you calc'late they'll be a-coming to Parson's Ford?" asked a little thick-set man with the lingering remains of a strong Cockney accent.

"Wal, ye see," said Bill reflectively, "the coach passes the Big Creek at arf past three, and it'll take the wagon two hours or more to reach the Ford in this weather. You bet they won't be there afore daylight. I say, boys," he added, raising his voice, "who's a-going to ride over?"

"Who's a-going to ride over?" echoed the little man contemptuously, "Better ask, who's a-going to stay? I ain't seen a blooming female since the school-mistress was drowned last year, poor thing, and I'm curious to see what kind of petticoat Jake's married."

"Married her up to Frisco, didn't he?" demanded another voice, that of a new-comer.

"Put your bottom dollar on that," said Prairie Bill proudly; "and if you don't believe me, thar's Jake's pardner—ask him to show you her pictur."

The partner alluded to, an old man busily engaged in a game of euchre, looked up and nodded; whereupon he was immediately surrounded by the whole assembled company, clamorously demanding to see the picture in question. Determined, however, not merely to gratify public curiosity, but to do a stroke of business, he expressed his determination not to assent until every man had planked down a five dollar note, explaining at the same time, that the amount was not to go into his own pocket, but to constitute part of a home-coming present for Jake's wife.

The money was soon collected, some enthusiasts even doubling and trebling the amount demanded from each individual, and then, with much solemnity and amid a hush of expectation, Jake's partner drew out from his bosom a small packet wrapped up carefully in brown paper, took off the paper with great deliberation, and exposed to view a somewhat dingy coloured photograph, which he handed to his next neighbour, enjoining him at the same time to handle it very carefully and to limit his possession of it to the space of half a minute.

Thus the picture was passed round from hand to hand, excited spectators crowding eagerly round each man as he took his turn, and uttering cries of critical admiration.

"Purty deat!"

"She's yaller 'air, like my own sister Eliza!"

"Taint yaller neither—it's brown!"

"She's a-smiling!"

"Jake was allays lucky!"

"There gloves on her 'ands, and they'd 'bout fit my thumbs!"

"I reckon she ain't more'n eighteen!"

"I'd give a million dollafs for a wife like that!"

And so on, and so on; till the photograph reached a dirty bleary-eyed man far gone in intoxication, who, instead of adopting the decorous manner of his companions, uttered a drunken croak and *kissed* the picture. Dire was the tumult evoked by that act of outrage. Shrieks and oaths arose, and before he could realize what had occurred, the offender was kicked from group to group and shot out through the open door into the drift without, where he lay like a log. Meantime, Prairie Bill had snatched the photograph away, and striding back to Jake's partner handed it back with these words;

"Jest you put up that pictur agin, Jim Collier!"

"Taint fair to Jake Owen ter make his wife a show like that!"

A sentiment which elicited a cheer of approval from the majority of the company.

Jim nodded, and with one respectful glance at the photograph wrapped it up again and concealed it in his bosom. Then striding back to the bar, Prairie Bill demanded a glass of spirits, and drained it off to the health of "Jake's wife."

The excitement awakened by the mere sight of a woman's photograph may be better understood when we explain that every man in Jacob's Flat was a bachelor, and that, beyond one or two wretched squaws who hung around the place, women, whether fair or plain, were almost utterly unknown.

Men had been known to ride a hundred miles across country to catch a glimpse of a female passing in the stage coach, and when an emigrant wagon containing members of the softer sex was heralded as about to cross the plains anywhere within reach of the rough fellows of Jacob's Flat would strike work and gallop over to the nearest halting place to await the passers-by.

To those rough fellows a woman or a child was something far off, mysterious, and consequently almost sacred.

So when the news first went round that Jake Owen, one of their number, was going to Frisco to meet a young Englishwoman who had come out all the way from the old country on purpose to marry him, the excitement was tremendous. Although there was a general opinion in that region that Jacob's Flat was hardly the place to bring a lady to, Jake's "luck" was the universal theme of conversation. And when, some weeks after Jake's departure, his partner received the photograph with an intimation that "Mr. and Mrs. Owen" were speedily returning home, the local excitement rose to fever heat.

For if every white woman was a paragon of the members of this colony of bachelors this particular white woman seemed a positive goddess—with soft, child-like face, gentle eyes, little hands, and the dress of a downright little lady. Jacob's Flat was not a moral place, its inhabitants were violent and often murderous in their habits, but honesty of a sort was at a premium, and the ethics of society postulated of necessity a certain standard of purity. Had the original of the picture appeared there alone and unfriended, she would have found her-

self as safe and as respected as a lady in her own drawing-room; for though one or two hopeless desperadoes might have looked upon her with evil eyes, the whole spirit of the community would have been certain to protect her. Offers of marriage, of course, she would have had by the hundred, but beyond that necessary homage to female beauty, no citizen would have had the temerity to presume.

At early daybreak the following morning Jacob's Flat was almost deserted, but on the banks of a narrow river, fifty miles away, Prairie Bill and his companions sat waiting and expectant.

"This is bloomin' slow," said Simpson, the cockney. "It's light enough now to see the pips by. Let's 'ave a flutter, eh, boys?"

"Flutter be —!" said Prairie Bill, to whom the suggestion was more directly addressed, "let's ride along and meet the wagon."

This suggestion meeting with more favour, the whole cavalcade was soon in motion, riding in loose order along the faint lines left in the deep grass by the last passage of the coach a fortnight before.

Simpson, one of the many accredited humourists of the little community, looking about him at his companions under the slowly broadening light, remarked on the unwontedly spruce appearance they presented.

"I begin to think as I'm in Pall Mall. There's Chicago Charley. Look at him! I'm blowed if he hain't washed hisself."

"I'll wash *you*," said the individual thus rendered remarkable, "in the creek, if I get much more of your chin music."

"An' Bill, too," continued Simpson, ignoring the threat; "he's combed 'is 'air. Sure you've got the partin' straight, old pal?"

"Shut your head!" growled Bill; and Simpson obeyed, seeing in the stolidly expectant faces of the party that his cheerful impertinences were for once out of place.

The party rode in silence save for the muffled beat of their horses' hoofs in the grass and the creaking of their saddles, till Simpson began to whistle the Wedding March. The air was perhaps unrecognized, at all events nobody joined in it, and the discomfited humourist stopped midway through it with a forlorn grin, lit his pipe, and rode on as silent as the rest.

"There she comes!" cried the foremost horseman—a long, loose, saturnine Yankee, who had once been a harpooner on an American whaler. He rose in his stirrups, pointing with a forefinger straight ahead. A dim speck was visible on the horizon beyond the undulating billows of grass.

"Come along, boys," cried Bill, clapping spurs to his horse, and the whole crowd started at a brisk gallop with a ringing cheer.

The dim speck grew every moment in distinctness as they flew towards it, till it grew recognizable to sight less keen than that of the old whaler as the St. Louis express.

"That's Kansas, drivin'," he said to Bill, who rode abreast of him. "They'll be aboard of her, I reckon. See his rosette? And the horses have got streamers on."

These and kindred remarks passed from mouth to mouth as the distance between the galloping crowd of horsemen and the approaching coach grew less.

"Let's give 'em a salute," suggested Simpson, and a sudden crackle of revolver shots resounded over the muffled beat of hoofs. Kansas waved his long whip, and rose in his seat, lashing his horses to a faster gallop, and the last half mile was covered at racing pace.

The band of horsemen formed about the coach like a breaking wave around a boulder, yelling and whooping like a crowd of fiends, and blazing away with their revolvers. A man's head and shoulders emerged from the window, and in the interior a glimpse was visible of a pale and terrified female face.

"Dry up," roared Bill. "Ye pack of howling fools! Ye'll skeer the soul out of her!"

A sudden silence fell upon the party, broken by a tuneful ringing cheer, led by Simpson with a shrill "Ip, ip, 'ooray!" and a dozen hands were thrust

out to seize that of the male traveller.

"I took ye for a gang of prairie ruffians," said the latter, with a strong provincial English accent. "Ye frightened the little woman. It's all right, lass," he continued. "It's the boys from the camp, come over to give us a welcome, bless their hearts."

He sank back in his seat and gently pushed his bride to the window.

She looked out, with the pallor of her recent fear still on her cheeks—a frank, delicate face, which made the photograph the men had admired on the night before seem a clumsy libel on her living beauty. Every man in the crowd drew a deep breath as she ran her still half-frightened glance along their bronzed and bearded faces. They returned the gaze with ardent eyes, sitting like statues about the arrested vehicle, staring at this wonder of womanhood dropped from the skies to share their rough lives.

"God bless you, my beauty, and welcome to the Flat," cried an unmistakably English voice, and amid another cheer the coach started again. The girl's face, which had flushed rosily at the words, paled again at a stray shot of rejoicing from some ardent spirit, who was immediately knocked out of his saddle by a neighbour and sharply anathematized by his companions.

Coach and escort moved forward at a moderate pace, keeping time to a song started by a Spaniard in the van, a gravely joyful measure, sung in a rough but melodious voice, which lasted until the halting place of the cab was reached. Here Jake opened the coach door, and springing to the ground, assisted his wife to descend.

The men dismounted from their horses, and formed a circle about the couple. The girl was quite self-possessed now, and when Jake took her hand and led her a step forward, smiled brightly in answer to the cheer which greeted her.

"These are my friends, Jess, and you must make 'em yours," said Jake. "Good friends they've been to me, through fair and foul."

She put out her little gloved hand to Prairie Bill, who blushed redder than she as he took it, and after wringing it with unnecessary force, dropped it and looked a trifle foolish. There was no man in the crowd who did not envy him, but no other claimed the honour thus bestowed.

"I'm very glad to meet you all," said Jess, "and I'm very thankful for your kindness to Jake—to my husband."

The voice was sweet, and only one or two in the crowd could recognize that its accent was almost as strong as Jake's. But she might have been far less pretty than she was in face and speech, her femininity and her youth were as a strangely potent wine to ensure the worshipping affection of every man in the party.

"Talk o' that gal at Dutch Gulch, as Poker Sam married last year!" said Prairie Bill to Simpson. "Reckon we lay over the Gulch this deal. We've got a lady."

Not one among them had any touch of mean envy of his companion's luck.

"A reg'lar daisy, and no error," said Simpson. "I 'ope the lady can ride, matey," he continued to Jake, "we've bought a little 'oss for her—our weddin' present. She's a nice little thing, and as quiet as a lamb, ma'am." The others looked with awe and respect at Simpson, entering thus easily into converse with this radiant goddess.

"Ride!" cried Jake proudly, "she can ride nigh on a'most anything. Country bred, she is. My county, Essex."

Jess clapped her hands delightedly at sight of the horse, a pretty little beast of mustang strain, gorgeously caparisoned in scarlet Mexican leather.

"I don't know what to say," she cried, "it's too beautiful. Thank you. Thank you all, ever so much."

"Give her a lift, Simpson," said Jake with the air of Jove distributing favour to mortals, and the blushing Cockney stooped to the little foot and lifted the bride to her saddle amid another cheer. Jess shook hands with Kansas, and thanked him sweetly for the care he had taken of her during the long ride from Frisco.

(To be Continued.)



THE OFFICERS.  
"D" COMPANY, ROYAL SCHOOL OF INFANTRY, LONDON, ONT.



THE BARRACKS.

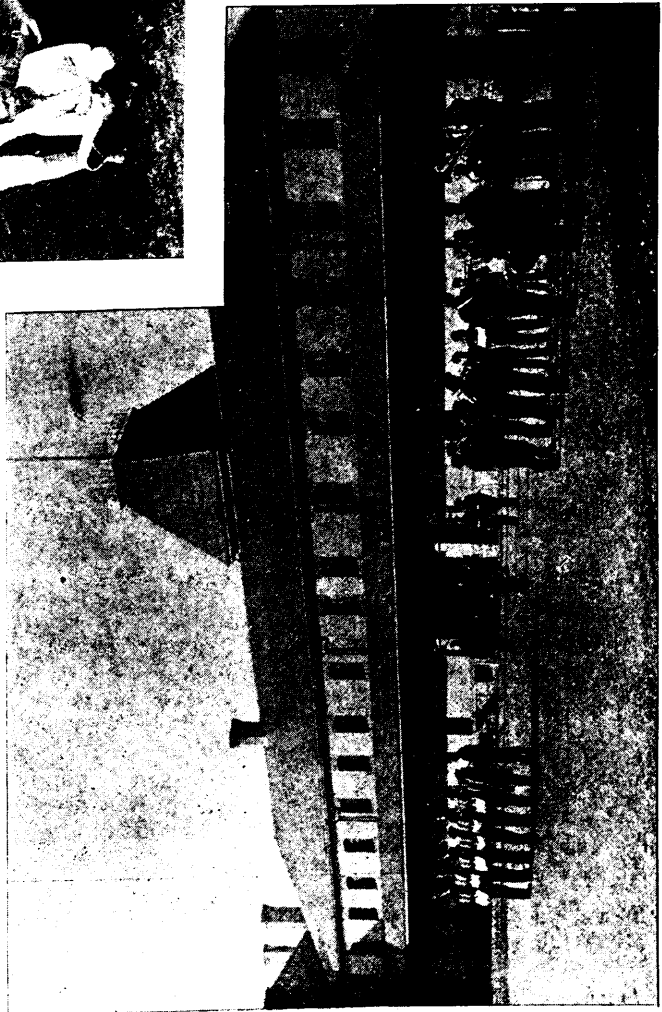
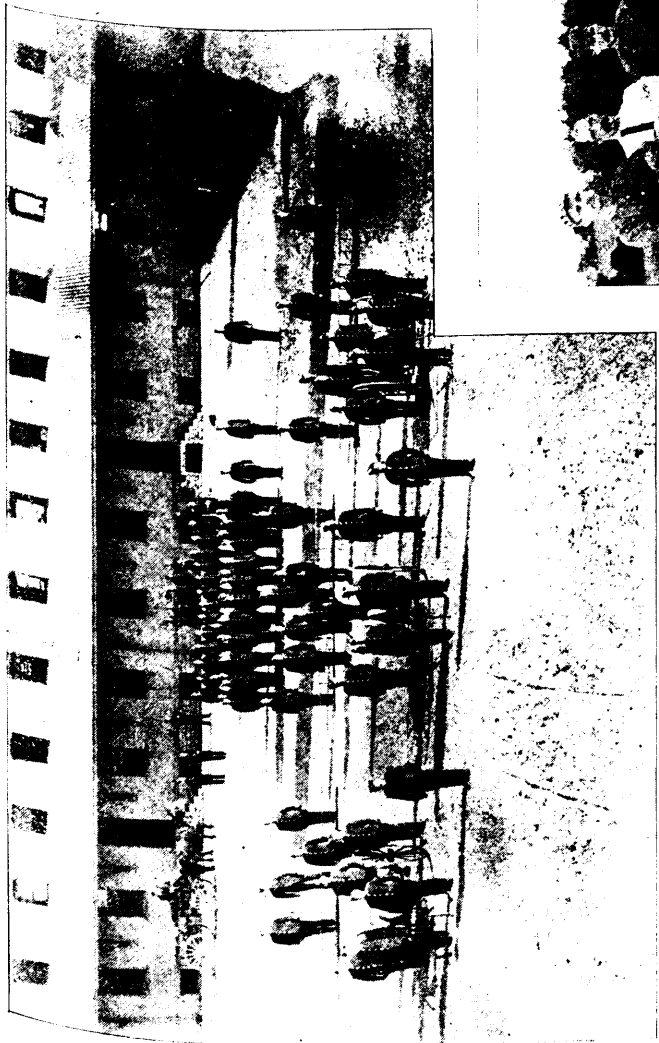
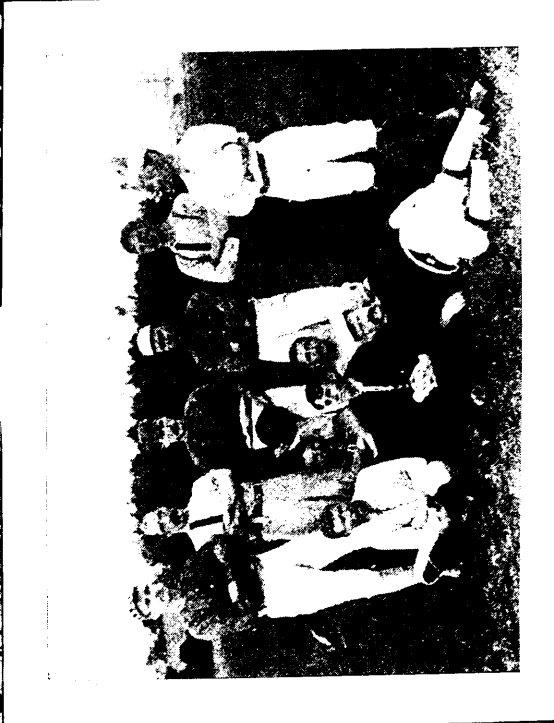
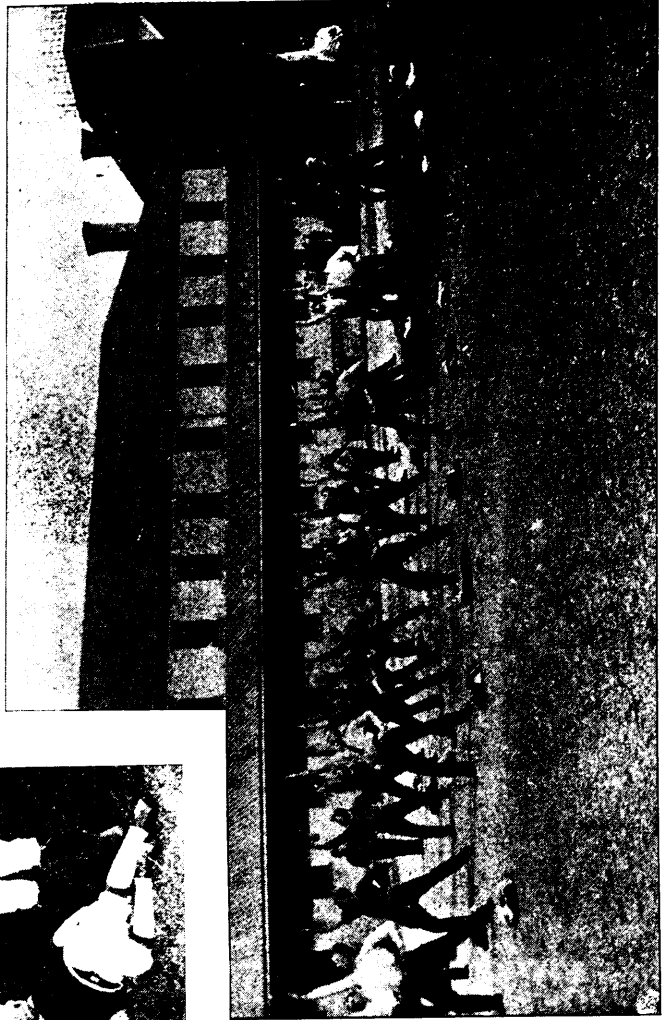
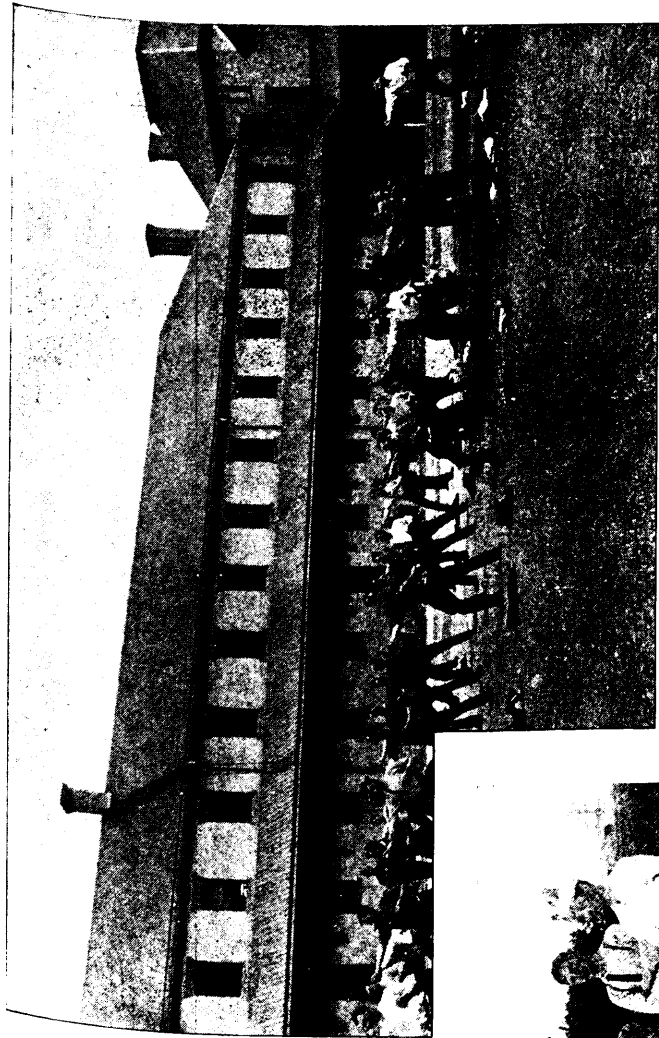


MEET OF THE LONDON HUNT CLUB AT THE BARRACKS.  
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THE NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.  
"D" COMPANY, ROYAL SCHOOL OF INFANTRY, LONDON, ONT.



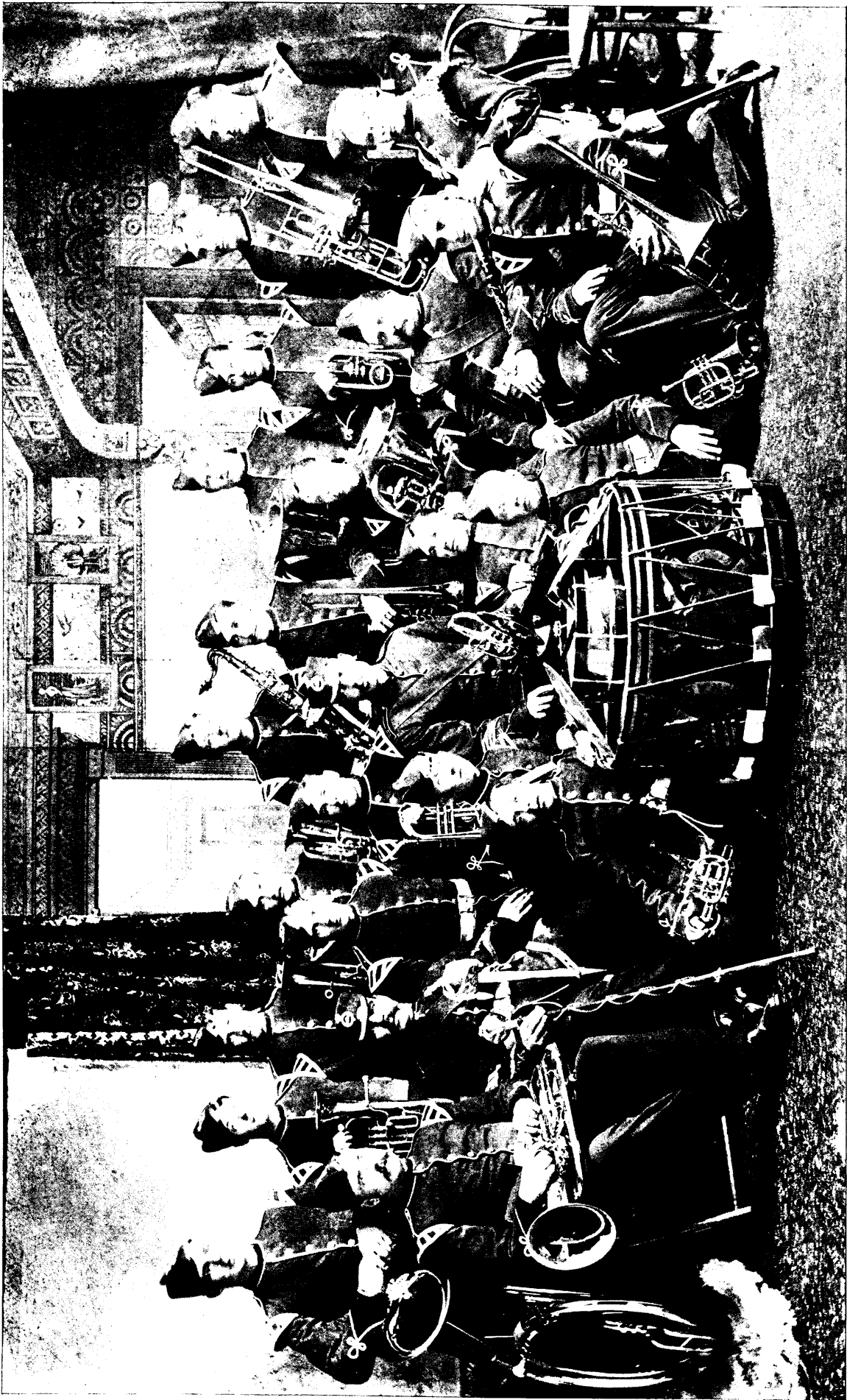
Physical Training

Football team.

The Picquet Parade.  
Guard Mounting, 9 o'clock, a.m.

SKETCHES OF REGIMENTAL LIFE.

"D" COMPANY, ROYAL SCHOOL OF INFANTRY, LONDON, ONT.



THE BAND.  
"D" COMPANY, ROYAL SCHOOL OF INFANTRY, LONDON, ONT.



TORONTO, February, 1891.

St. Valentine's Day, and the postman got round in time! "O, dear, what can the matter be!" The sparrows were busily—if not angrily—canvassing the best place for nest-building this season, two or three days ago, so that St. Valentine is not dead; but possibly we mortals, so anxious as we are to do something to shew our spirituality, have put off St. Valentine this year with the pomps and vanities of dancing and dissipation, seeing that we are a week entered into Lent.

And yet what pretty valentines we used to get, Lent or no Lent!

The black flag in Toronto! and a whole hundred and fifty men behind it as a starvation procession. Why, there is hardly a town in the world but could make a better show, if put to it. But all are not blessed with such ardent politicians as Toronto is. If anybody wants to borrow a few we are very willing to lend them, having no sort of use for mischief makers.

I opened Toynbee's "Industrial Revolution of the 18th Century" the other day, and at page 101 my eye rested on the following pregnant remark in connection with the "Growth of Pauperism." "A further cause of pauperism, when we come to the end of the century, was the great rise in prices as compared with that of wages." And the author cites corn first, then soap, leather, candles, butter, cheese, meat, as rising in price out of proportion with the labourers' wages. The opening remark has a hint in it for ourselves, and in place of the common necessities catalogued above, if we put rent, fuel, and the by-laws of towns preventing a citizen keeping pigs, hens, or any of those comfortable helps in economical house-keeping that the poor man used to be able to count on, we shall find a present day list that will replace the other.

This merely as a hint for students of political economy.

Professor Hutton's lecture at Trinity College on "The Position of Women in Ancient Greece" was very satisfactory to the advocates of the individual rights of women. "In pre-historic times there were no indications of the subordination of women; they were rather in the ascendant. The earliest of the Greek deities were females, and Theseus won high renown for his victory over the Amazons of the Themidon." Orientalists now tell us that these Amazons were Hittite priestesses and not military women at all.

That home of simplicity, Sparta, held its women on an equality with its men, the result being, not confusion and disorganization of the home and state, but the education of a race of patriots and warriors, in whose care liberty was safe and religion sacred.

Professor Hutton's peroration was an admiration of the place and power of Canadian women to day.

The first number of the first volume of "The Critical Review of Theological and Philosophical Literature," edited by Professor S. D. F. Salmond, D.D. (McAinslie, Toronto) has just arrived.

The *domus* of the contributors is restricted to few places, —Edinburgh, Glasgow, Aberdeen, London, Oxford, Cambridge, but the papers wander wide. Perhaps the most interesting to the ordinary reader is that by Walter C. Smith, on Bonar's "Until the Day Break," and other hymns and poems left behind. The paper, which is a friendly criticism of the author's genius and styles, gives but one example which none will find out of place here:—

Enough of blood; raze the old altar now,  
And quench the fire that has for many an age  
Been burning with its strange unearthly glow,  
As if no time its fierceness could assuage;  
Peace, heavenly peace, is now our heritage.  
All sacrifice is o'er; send back the lamb  
To the green fields; no more we need its blood;  
The day of health has come; the blessed balm  
For the sick conscience grows in yonder wood;  
Death now is life, one lamb the Lamb of God.

Dry up the crimson stream, and wash away  
From the red pavement every trace and stain  
Of the old blood that flowed for many a day;  
Let nothing of the unfinished past remain.  
'Tis finished now, and the one Lamb is slain.

Scatter the ashes; strew them far and wide,  
The symbols of a fire which to its last  
Has burned, and in its burning thus has died;  
Into that fire our guilt has all been cast,  
And the dread wrath is now for ever past.  
—HORATIUS BONAR.

\* \* \*

I got a lovely copy of Hon. O. Mowat's recent contribution to religious literature, "Christianity—some of its Evidences," at Williamson's, who publish it. White morocco boards, flexible, with gold title and author's monogram below, makes it as pretty a bit of work as any publishing house would wish to turn out, and it is the more satisfactory because it is all Canadian.

The counterpart of it in get up came to me as a Christmas gift from a dear friend, whose initials only I dare give, though some of my readers will guess who is meant by L. M. "The Greatest Thing in the World" bears, however, Hodder & Stoughton's imprimatur, a notable house for Canada to enter the lists with.

But the best of Mr. Mowat's book is by no means on the outside. Whoever has heard the Hon. gentleman speak will recognize his style at once, and will not be mistaken in expecting to find plums in the pudding. The "Evidences" are new in a way, and consist mainly of the author's thoughts and well wrought-out conclusions on the value of the arguments against Christianity, as stated by modern opponents.

The book is no more than a pamphlet, and consists of an address to a Society of Christian Endeavour. Therefore, the ordinary reader need fear no long dissertation that will tax his time and strength, but will rather find the book a help to his own thoughts.

I was glad to see a few copies of William Kirby's "Le Chien d'Or" upon Mr. Williamson's counter. It is well known that the author is not satisfied with the translation as published by Lovell, of his book, which was written in French, a triumph in itself from an Englishman's pen, or I should, perhaps, say a Canadian's pen, since Mr. Kirby has spent all but a few years of his life here. If another and more satisfactory translation could be made of this enchanting work a publisher could undoubtedly be found.

\* \* \*

A work that ought to be of the greatest interest to Canadians everywhere is just out from the press of Williamson & Co.,—"Canadians in the Imperial Naval and Military Service Abroad," by J. Hampden Burnham, M.A., of Osgoode Hall, Barrister-at-Law.

The writer very aptly opens his preface by saying: "Canadians, if they know their country, do not know their countrymen so intimately as they ought." \* \* \* The remark refers more particularly to those of our countrymen who have entered the naval and military services of the Empire and have gone abroad.

Such names as the author has dealt with, and there are more than a hundred and fifty of them, are perhaps better known in England than in Canada, but with the publication of this work such ignorance ought to cease; if it do not it will be a reproach to that patriotism which has been making itself heard of late. A country consists of the people that inhabit it, not of its natural gifts and possessions.

\* \* \*

Further on the writer invites help in the work he has at present but lightly touched, for the difficulties of initiating a new movement clog the action of the author as well as the reformer. He says: "If readers regard with favour this earnest endeavour to present authentically what has, in great part, been neglected of late it is hoped they will forward to the writer such information as they possess. Even clues which may be followed up are of some value."

\* \* \*

The book is no mere rehash of what has been written before. To collect his material the writer travelled Canada over, then went to England, where he went over the navy, military and public records of Great Britain as collected together at the British Museum and elsewhere. Thus from the fountain head, unbiassed by personal representations, either of individuals or families, he supplied himself with material of the greatest value and interest.

\* \* \*

The short history of the 100th Regiment that opens the

book is a record never before seen in Canadian print, and contains numerous points of pride and interest.

The account of the public services (for this is all the author aims at) of General Sir William Fenwick Williams, Bart., G.C.B., Royal Artillery, if it were followed by no other record of an equally high order, ought to make every Canadian thrill with pride, not at the heroism of conflict displayed, though this is not wanting, but at the higher soldierly qualities of endurance, patience, courage, industry, good judgment and splendid temper displayed by General Williams under perhaps as trying an ordeal as ever befel a soldier.

\* \* \*

Nor is Williams the only example of such high qualities. Major General Sir J. E. W. Inglis is another such, and so through the whole list of illustrious names there is not one who was not distinguished for his devotion to "duty first."

It is no disparagement to Canada to know that these all received their professional education in England. You may cut and polish glass forever, but it will never become a diamond, so if the spirit were not there the training could never have made heroes of these men.

\* \* \*

None will be surprised that Nova Scotia furnished a preponderance, perhaps, of the noble names cited by Mr. Burnham, because a garrison and seaboard town like Halifax is the home of the two services, but we can boast several Toronto men among them, as can also Montreal, Quebec, Peterborough, Chatham, Detroit (once Canadian).

The present work is only an inception; if the author can devote his life to the work there is enough for him to do, both in and out of Imperial service circles.

\* \* \*

I am pleased to see that "Canada" is out.

\* \* \*

For the first time I have just got hold of an American work on 1812 that is not steeped in unfairness,—"A History of the War of 1812-15 Between the United States and Great Britain," by Rossiter Johnson, published by Dodd, Mead & Co., in a series of volumes on "The Minor Wars of the United States," a somewhat grandiloquent title for the wars of a nation that never went to war seriously before or since, until its own civil outbreak in 1861.

The "History" is succinct and clear, and fairly accurate in its account of some of the engagements, but others carry their own reputation with them in the utter improbability of some of the statements. Nevertheless, the author has a warm heart for a brave man, and is not afraid to say so.

\* \* \*

Captain Ernest Cruikshank, of Fort Erie, delivers a lecture on "The Battle-fields of the War of 1812-15," in the Upper Canada College, on the 16th inst.

Col. G. T. Denison is also to deliver a lecture in the Normal School before the Public School Teachers' Association on Friday next.

\* \* \*

After a five years' absence Charles Mair, the gifted author of "Tecumseh," is again visiting Toronto. Since his arrival here a request that he would allow himself to be nominated as Reform candidate for Prince Albert, N.W.T., where he lives, has been telegraphed to Mr. Mair. He refused, the political situation being, as he considers, summed up in two words—Annexation or the Empire, "and you know I am with the last," was his reply.

\* \* \*

The President of the Lundy's Lane Historical Society honoured me with a photograph of Col. John Butler, of Butler's Rangers, taken from an original oil-painting in the possession of William Kirby, Esq., of Niagara. The photo shows a strong-featured weather-worn man of sixty or thereabouts, with a head in shape very much resembling that of Sir John A. Macdonald. The hair is straight and long, combed back from the face, and nearly white. The heavy bullion epaulette on the shoulder belongs to a time gone by, none but naval officers, I believe, wearing it now.

\* \* \*

Col. Butler lies in a neglected plot, about six miles north of Niagara, on what used to be the Butler homestead. It is said that only Mr. Kirby, who knew him well, could point out the entrance to Col. Butler's vault. It is a reproach that the last resting place of one of Canada's bravest defenders of her infancy should be left unnoticed, and, except to a few, unknown.

S. A. CURZON.



THE OLD DUTCH CHURCH, HALIFAX, N.S.  
CANADIAN CHURCHES.—I.

## OUR LONDON LETTER.

LONDON, February, 1891.

Did I tell you about the proposed author's club a week or two ago? Life is too short to make a copy of the letter, and I have not yet had time to see it in print, so that I am not sure. Anyhow the proposal (made by Mr. Walter Besant) is that a club should be started solely for the use of authors, journalists and literary men and women generally. Mr. Andrew Lang has been going into the pros and cons of the proposal—only all his arguments are against it. He says, with the greatest truth, that authors should never herd together; anyone else would be better, be it a tinker, tailor or a candlestick maker—they, at any rate, would teach him something. Then, too, Mr. Lang says that one would never get the old authors, the top of the profession, to join such a club, for their habits are already formed. Nor would the middle-aged men join—men who have already made their reputation—for they have clubs and libraries by the score. It is only the young men who will rally round Mr. Besant's standard; they have fortunes and reputations to make, and what better way than meeting the minor reviewers at one's club and wheedling them with the "soft, seductive drink."

Rumours are going about that we are shortly to have Mrs. Brown Potter and Mr. Kyrle Bellew, (both of whom are said to have improved greatly in their acting) back in London in a play adapted from the German play on the old myth of "Hero and Leander." By the way, what a fearful fright Mrs. Potter must have had the other night while acting in the above play. A sailor leaped from the audience onto the stage and shot himself. Of course Mrs. Brown Potter was terribly upset, but she struggled bravely through to the end of the play.

It may interest the colonial readers of *Punch* to know that the author of the clever burlesque in the styles of various novelists which have been going on in that journal for some past is Mr. R. C. Lehmann, one of the most promising members of the Young Liberal party. He has already contested one election—that of Central Hull—but was beaten by Mr. H. S. King, the city banker. Mr.

Lehmann has also written some very clever political lampoons in the *Speaker*.

Mr. Augustus Harris is, in the language of the streets, evidently intent on "going it." Not content with being one of the sheriffs of the city of London this year, he has just bought the *Sunday Times*, the popular conservative weekly. Up to the end of last week Mr. Harris was keeping two of the largest London theatres going, one with a pantomime and the other with "A Million of Money," besides running a provincial theatre and having a large finger in half a dozen other London theatres and music halls. His latest idea is a huge fancy dress ball, something after the French style, which will take place at Covent Garden Theatre early in February. That theatre is now in the hands of the carpenters, who are preparing for the accommodation of three thousand people. The price of entrance is terribly high, one guinea, and then one has to pay extra for all one eats and drinks. In spite of the high entrance fee, the rush for tickets is enormous, and in order that the different dresses shall be as elaborate and splendid as possible, Mr. Harris announces that he will award three medals—gold, silver and bronze—to the wearers of the most ornate and attractive costumes.

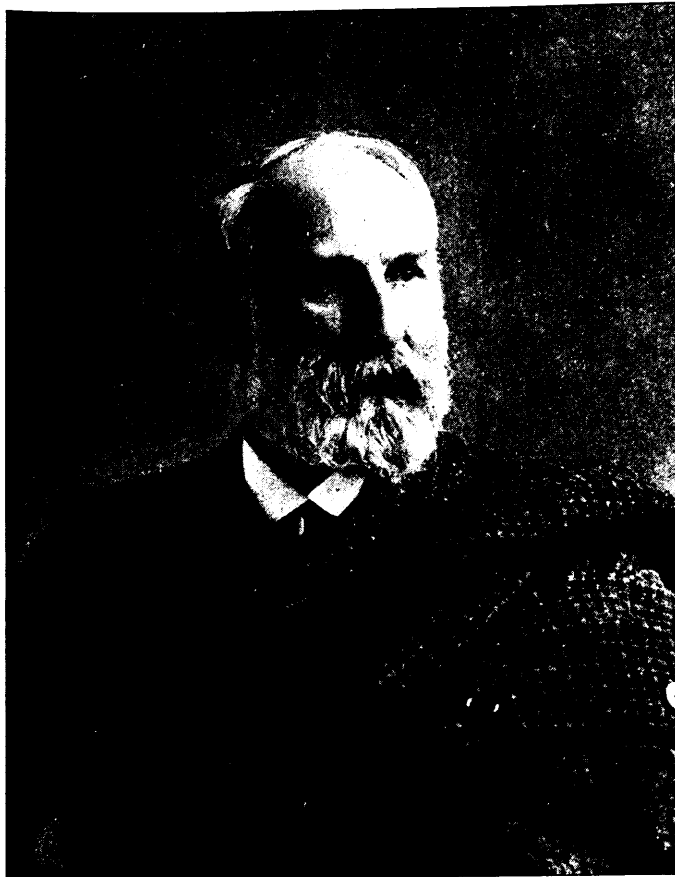
*Apropos* of Mr. D'Oyly Carte's new theatre, "The Royal English Opera House," of which I have already given some particulars, I hear that some wonderful mechanical inventions have been arranged by a Mr. W. P. Dands, which will dispense altogether with the clumsy scene shifter and beery stage carpenter. Every bit of scenery, however weighty it may be, can be brought in and out of position by the simple pulling of a handle or rope. This contrivance—if it can only be kept in working order—will be of wonderful assistance to the stage manager, for the gentlemen who do the scene shifting are invariably in the way when they are not wanted.

Canada should be proud of Mr. Grant Allen, for in England he is considered (when he keeps himself within decent limits) *the* rising novelist and *the* rising scientist. Bad health compels Mr. Grant Allen to winter abroad, and this

year he has gone in search of sunshine in one of the most delightful spots on the face of this earth—not only in my opinion, but in Mr. Grant Allen's also. I refer to the Cap d'Antibes, which is situated on the Riviera, quite close to Nice, Monaco and Monte Carlo. It is a wild, romantic cape, jutting out into the Mediterranean, and it is not sufficiently well-known to be unpleasantly crowded. I heard from Mr. Grant Allen the other day and he waxed quite enthusiastic about the glories of the climate and the beauty of the scenery.

I have abstained from saying anything about Mr. Sydney Grundy's (the well-known dramatist) attack on Mr. Clement Scott (the equally well-known dramatic critic of the *Daily Telegraph*) in the hopes that I might be able to give an account of both attack and repulse in the same letter. But it is not to be, for Mr. Scott is also fleeing this beastly English winter, and is in the south of France for a while, and is not expected back—for a week or so. Briefly, the position is this. The *Era*, (the chief English theatrical organ) of January 4 contained a long letter from Mr. Grundy impeaching Mr. Scott as the enemy of the present day English drama. "I hate him, because, having by colossal efforts and superb achievements established himself as the dictator of the English Drama, he has not risen to the height of his proud position; but seated on the judgment seat, still plays the advocate, and seeks to raise the fabric he has reared," says Mr. Grundy, who goes on to say, "I hate him, because I am the daily witness of the true hearts he wounds, of the weak and struggling he oppresses, of the good and faithful servants to whom he says 'Ill done.' I hate him, because I see the Drama withering under his breath." Then Mr. Grundy attempts to show, by instancing Mr. Scott's hostility to Ibsen and his plays, that he is the enemy of all true dramatic progress; but he finishes his long letter with an appeal to Mr. Scott to take a larger view of his duty and to lead, what Mr. Grundy calls, the coming [dramatic] revolution. As present Mr. Scott has kept his mouth closed, but he is reported to have written a scathing reply, under the title of "A Bull in a China Shop," which will appear in the *Theatre* for February.

In scholastic circles, of course, all the talk and all the interest has been centred in the discovery of one of the one hundred and fifty eight books written by Aristotle on the



F. A. VERNER, Esq., R.A.

Athenian constitution. At first people threw doubt on the authenticity of the manuscript, but now that that is established beyond a doubt, we are invited to believe after all the find is not so very important, and that "the political wisdom and philosophical insight is less than we should expect from the author of the immortal 'Politics.'"

Mr. Henry Blackburn, the well-known art critic and editor of the annual "Academy Notes," has just founded a school which he believes will revolutionize the whole art of book illustrating and drawing in black and white for reproduction. Mr. Blackburn maintains (and one can see that he is right when one thinks how miserably some books are illustrated now-a-days) that the whole fault of the present rotten system lays in the fact that the illustrator is not up in the technical details of his work. In fact, he forgets that his drawing is generally reduced considerably in reproduction, and consequently in drawing his work he puts in more detail than the picture, when reproduced, will hold. "The School of Instruction in Drawing for the Press" (as it is called) is a great success, and already contains some three hundred students, most of whom are women, although it has only been started a few weeks. Indeed, so encouraging has been this success, that Mr. Blackburn intends—directly that his work of bringing out his various handbooks to the spring art exhibition is completed—to pay a flying visit to Australia, where he will start similar schools in Sydney and Melbourne. He thinks too, of starting schools in Canada and the United States. The *Illustrated London News*, under the new editorship of Mr. Clement H. Shorter, is, metaphorically speaking, girding up its loins and preparing for the battle with its new adversary, *Black and White*, which will appear next week. Mr. Shorter, who has only just succeeded the late Mr. John Latey in the editorial chair of the *News*, has improved the tone of his paper all round, making it more literary without making it less newsy. Among the well-known pens which have been secured to write weekly articles or *causeries* in the *News* for the future are Mr. Grant Allen, Mr. Andrew Lang, Mr. Walter Besant and Mr. Robert Buchanan. The *Graphic* seems to be taking things more smoothly; they have not had the advantage of a new editor to make things hum. Great things are expected of *Black and White* when it does appear, but very little is known, except that it will rely more on literary and artistic merit than on news for its popularity, and it will contain, week by week, Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson's "Sketches of the Southern Seas."

Mr. William Archer, the great Ibsenite and dramatic critic of the *World* is waxing very wroth that Mr. Edmund Gorse, the author, and Mr William Hememann, the publisher, were allowed to steal a march on him by producing and copyrighting an English translation of "Hedda Gabba." Mr. Archer maintains, in a long article in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, that Mr. Edmund Gorse is no Norwegian scholar, and that his translation does not convey Ibsen's correct meaning, and that the English of the translation is slovenly and ungrammatical. Mr. Robert Buchanan, however, does not believe the play is worth all this pother; he says: "It is the funniest book of the season, funny in its solemn unconsciousness of fun, funny like a sunless and ill-executed photograph," and he wants to know why "all this fuss over as dismal a farce as ever was written." It is said that directly Mrs. Langtry withdraws "Anthony and Cleopatra" she will stage "Hedda Gabba," with herself in the title rôle—but that certainly would be too funny for anything.

Last Saturday night there was produced at the Globe Theatre, by Mr. Norman Forbes, an English version, by W. G. Wills, of Théodore de Banville's "Gringoire," (another version of which the English public has seen played at the Haymarket Theatre by the Berbohn Trees, under the title of the "Ballad Monger," adapted by Mr. Walter Besant and Mr. W. H. Pollock). The new version was found very inferior both in literary treatment and in dramatic skill to the Haymarket one, and the acting was not so good in any way. The other item in the evening's programme is an adaptation for a German farce, and is entitled "All the Comforts of Home." It proves to be the same sort of dramatic farce which we have been made accustomed to by Mr. Augustin Daly, but its reception on the first night was lukewarm, although the acting—where it was possible to separate horseplay from acting—was spirited and clever. One thing Mr. Norman Forbes has done which earns him the gratitude of all play-goers; he has cleansed and redecored a theatre which has remained for years past tawdry and dirty, and he has abolished the pernicious fee system.

GRANT RICHARDS.

### A Thought.

The snow-flakes fall, the hills and plains are white  
In garments pure, and beautiful and bright;  
Wait but a day, and man's polluting feet  
Will leave no field untouched, no path-way sweet.  
See that young flawless soul, its garments fair,  
And shining in the morning amber air;  
Wait but a day, and ere the evening fall  
Man's fatal touch has soiled and tainted all.

—SOPHIE M. ALMON HENSLEY.

### When Summer Comes.

When summer comes my heart grows light  
As snow-flakes falling soft and white  
upon the darkness of my hair,  
Then vanishes—as fades the fair  
Sweet summer day into the night.

The birds that northward wing their flight  
Are not more gay with glad delight,  
Whilst flitting thro' the scented air,  
When summer comes.

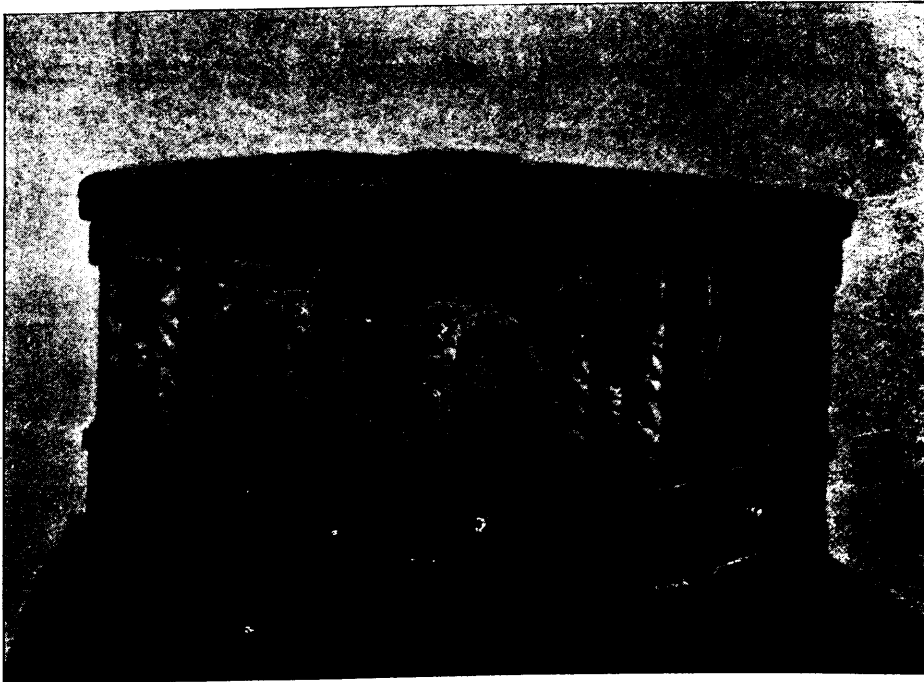
Dear, well I know that when the blight  
Of winter will have vanished quite  
Thou'lt come to me, and then no care  
Of winter's dreariness can e'er  
Invade our dreams—so bravely bright—  
When summer comes.

Windsor, N.S.

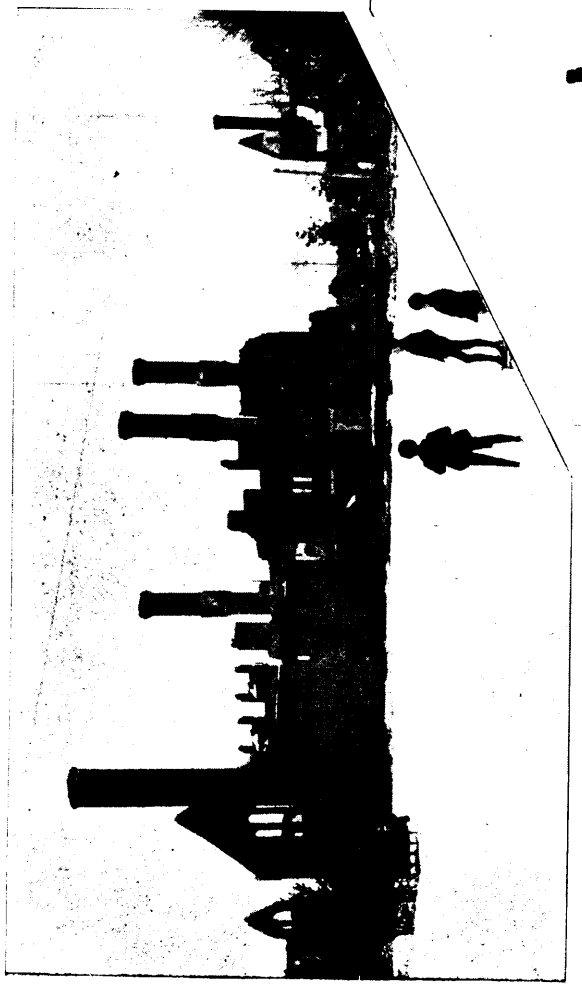
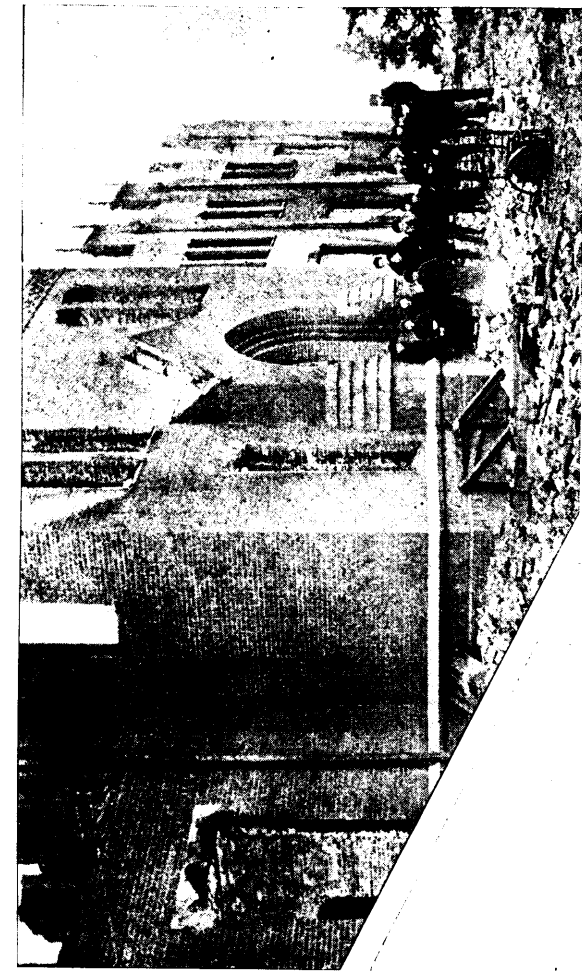
HATTIE R. MACLELLAN.

Mr. J. R. Peel has received word that the picture painted by his son, Paul Peel, has been purchased by the Hungarian Government for the National gallery, for \$7,000. This recognition of Paul Peel's skill promises much for his career as a great artist and speaks highly for Canadian talent.

On 31st ult. appeared the first number of *The Anti-Jacobin*, a weekly review of political and social affairs. Being under the management of Mr. Frederick Greenwood (formerly editor of the *St. James Gazette*), the new publication has every prospect of success.



TREASURE BOX, ONCE THE PROPERTY OF SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

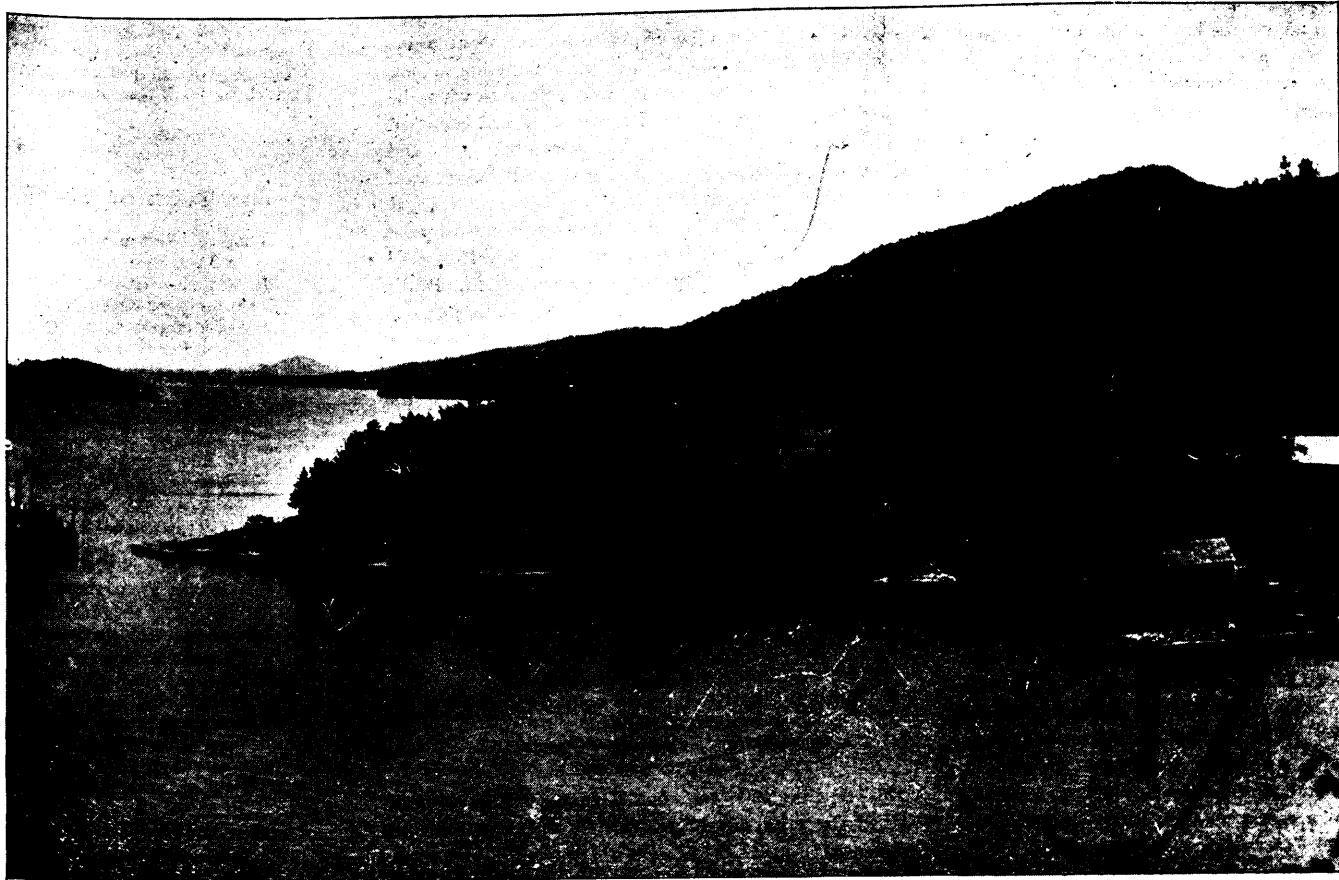


Front Entrance of School  
View of Quadrant Showing East End of Chapel and School.

View of Ruins from Road

Ruins of Bishop Williams Wing and Divinity House.  
Side Entrance of School.

**VIEWS OF THE RUINS OF GRAMMAR SCHOOL AND CHAPEL, LENNOXVILLE, P.Q., DESTROYED BY FIRE FEB. 5th.**



SCENE ON LAKE MEMPHREMAGOG, P. Q.

## OUR NATIONAL MONUMENTS.

A Paper Read before the Lundy's Lane Historical Society at its last annual celebration of the Battle of Lundy's Lane.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—When at the summons of our highly esteemed president, the Rev. Canon Bull. I called upon the muse to help in making the proceedings of to-day as notable as our enthusiastic and patriotic feelings would desire, she was coy, the call was too informal, she left me to my own inventions; and, in dismay, I fell back upon the every-day assistance of Poetry's younger sister—as some say—whom we prosaically have named Prose. Whether poetry will deign to look in upon us this morning from under her sister's mantle is not for me to premise; but that she is here somewhere hidden, the blue sky above us, the warm sunshine around, the white clouds floating in the pure ether, the majestic trees that cast their shadows upon the holy sod beneath our feet, nay, that soil itself, earth's last mantle for the brave and the loyal, are all witnesses if we give heed to their gentle leadings.

But it is in very simple prose that I must tell you how glad I am to greet my fellow-members of the Lundy's Lane Historical Society, by whose courtesy and warm feeling I have the honour to be one of their number. I am glad also to know that under our able and energetic president our society is not only doing work of a lasting and valuable nature itself, but is inspiring other centres to follow our good example.

At three points, each a most important collecting station for the annals of Canada, namely, at Hamilton, Ormstown and Winnipeg, sister societies to our own, emulous of our labours, have organized, and now we may confidently look forward to the spread of such societies, and the gathering up of material that shall inform the future historian with fact, instead of leaving him at the mercy of tradition.

"Facts are stubborn things," says the old saw, and I desire to call your attention to the stubborn fact of our present gathering to-day. It is that we want a national monument erected here, upon this hill, where the most stubborn and decisive engagement of the war of 1812 was fought, and that we desire that monument to be worthy of us, our liberties and our cultivation.

Not a mere funereal stone. No! We are surrounded by these dear memorials of the dead; those brave, those heroic, those loyal men and women to whom patriotism meant more than self, and duty more than danger. Here they lie not unhonoured of their children and neighbours, but as yet unmarked of their country, unhonoured of the land they loved and for whose life they died.

Feeling more strongly than, perhaps, we have done in the past—the recent past at least—that we are a part of that Greater Britain whose magnificent future is yet before her, we realize more strongly than ever that we are of that Greater Britain, indeed, whose flag—our own dear flag—"flies in every breeze"; of that Greater Britain which, like a great triangle, trisects the globe; that Greater Britain which stands before the world its acknowledged hero and leader. And what more glorious future can we ask, what less inspiring thought shall content us than that we are of the nation that rules the world, and what lower shall be our aim in commemorating our heroes—Britain's heroes—than that the monuments of a great nation ought to be worthy of that nation.

This is what we ask. This is what we must have. The best efforts of the sculptor must be ours to commemorate the field of Lundy's Lane; the best efforts of the artist to depict the story the monument shall tell. By our firesides the story has oft been told. Our bards have not forgotten to tune their harps to heroic strains and to sing our heroes' gallant deeds. Nor will they ever forget. But we ask also the aid of the sculptor's hand. The monuments of Egypt, Assyria, Greece, have instructed and shall instruct ages yet unborn. May not ours do so, too?

Standing on this hill, rich with heroic dust, our hearts swell with pride and gratitude as we look around. Turn our eyes in whatever direction we may, to the river, to the heights yonder, or to the valley between, the spirits of patriots and heroes rise on every hand like the chariots and horsemen in the mount upon the enlightened vision of the servant of the prophet. Not a point from which cannot be

distinguished the scene of some heroic and some fierce struggle for the protection of human rights, some high-souled sacrifice for King and country.

Where, then, is a fitter place for that monument in the interest of which we all feel so deeply to-day? The proper site is not wanting, but the proper monument is, and what constitutes a proper monument it becomes us carefully to consider. The Government has promised us its aid in so holy and pious a work, and that Government is not wanting in members whose forefathers shed their blood for British rights in 1812. We are a composite people, ladies and gentlemen. We are French and English, German and Dutch, Scotch and Irish, Welsh and Bohemian—just like the old stock we now call English—and like England we are ONE when our country is assailed. It has always been so; it will always be so. There is no French or English when our country's rights are in question—we are all Canadians. I was reading the pages of my old friend, Col. Coffin, to see what he had to say on the question of monuments, and I found in a post-note the following, which shows the true patriotic spirit to have animated the people of all the provinces in the war of 1812. It could not be that their children should fall below such a record. The note says, quoting the *Montreal Canadian Courant* of the 4th May, 1812, which had copied from the *Quebec Gazette* of the day before:—

"THE VOLTIGEURS.—This corps, now forming under the command of Major de Salaberry, is completing with a dispatch worthy of the ancient warlike spirit of the country. Capt. Perrault's company was filled up in 48 hours, and was yesterday passed by His Excellency the Governor, and the companies of Captains Duchesnay, Pant and L'Ecuyer have now nearly their complement. The young men move in solid columns towards their enlisting officers with an expression of countenance not to be mistaken. The Canadians are awakening from the repose of an age secured to them by good government and virtuous habits. Their anger is fresh—the object of their preparation simple and distinct. They are to defend their King, known to them only by acts of kindness; and a native country long since made sacred by the exploits of their forefathers."

The Deputy Minister of Militia at Ottawa to day, therefore, inherits loyal blood not slow to spend itself for King and country, and his sympathies must needs be with us in the erection of a monument to the heroes of the war of 1812.

In narrating the surprise at Stoney Creek by Lieut.-Col. Harvey, Col. Coffin takes occasion to point out the duty of



a grateful country to mark the resting places of her heroes. He says of one of them: "The scene of their exploits—the capture of Stoney Creek—was, in the year 1813, but little removed from forest and farm land in the first stages of cultivation. It is now a garden. It is pleasant on an early spring morning to saunter over the field of this midnight conflict, inhaling the incense of the apple orchards and peach blossoms, listening to the last cry of the whip-poor-will retiring to its day-dreams, and pausing to note each spot of interest which the rustic cicerone may point out to a stranger's eye. There is still seen the old German or Lutheran place of worship, brown with age and deserted, now bearing on its wind worn timbers the bullet holes of the contest, and in an angle of the primitive fence hard by, may be discovered amid tall weeds and overhanging ottecas a pile of stones,† a hasty huddled cairn—all that exists to mark the spot where rest the remains of the brave men who perished in that midnight fray. \* \* \* Surely this is a reproach to the land. Can neither men nor means be found to erect a simple monument to memories which belong to *les braves de toutes nations* before the frail landmarks of the spot itself have passed away?

Passing over the testimony of Holy Writ on the subject of monuments as landmarks in the national records, to which each may refer for himself, I shall have the pleasure of reading to you a letter strangely appropriate to this spot and significant on this occasion. It is a letter written by Sir Isaac Brock himself on the subject of the Nelson monument proposed to be erected in Montreal by the citizens in 1808. The original of this letter is carefully preserved by the keeper of the Dominion Archives, Mr. Douglas Brymner, and I owe it to that gentleman's courtesy that I have a copy of it. The letter is addressed to Lieut.-Col. Thornton, and reads as follows;—

"MONTREAL, August 1, 1808.

SIR,—I have the honour to report for the information of the Commander of the Forces (Sir George Prevost) that the only spot at the disposal of the military any way calculated to receive the monument intended to be erected by the inhabitants of this city to the immortal hero of Trafalgar, is the Citadel Hill.

Its elevated position and the additional height of 60 feet, to which it is proposed to carry the monument, will daily bring to the grateful remembrance of a numerous and distant population his eminent and glorious services. I must not, however, omit noticing the few inconveniences to which the public service will be subject by giving up the ground in question.

The only military hospital in the garrison is placed upon the summit of the hill. There is, however, sufficient space in a-line with Quebec gate much more desirable for an hospital than where it now stands. The building is of wood, but so old that any attempt at removal would only be incurring useless expense. If therefore the hill be granted the hospital must be considered as sacrificed. Lt.-Col. Bruyères is better able to inform His Excellency of the actual state of the building and the value at which it ought to be estimated. "There is another situation to which many people give the preference, but which as it is considered civil property I may be going beyond my limits to notice—I allude to the garden opposite Government house. Were it thrown open nothing could please the inhabitants more, as it would give an agreeable promenade of which they stand much in need—and beside enlarge considerably the present circumscribed parade for the military. I freely own were either situation left to my choice I unquestionably would give the garden the preference. The sole advantage of the hill is the great distance at which the monument could be viewed.

The limited space would, however, have no room for public walks, consequently, curiosity once satisfied, the sacred shades of this immortal man would appear as if totally neglected and forgot—strangers would alone ascend and offer a tribute to high worth.

But in the garden a constant bustle would reign, assemblage of the multitude and the parade of the military would indicate as if daily honours were paid to his memory. His statue surrounded by a grateful people, will stand as elevated as the public voice would have decreed his seat of living.

For these reasons, without stopping to remark the objections that may be made, my unqualified voice is for placing the monument in the garden.

I have the honour to be, sir,  
Your most obedient and humble servant,  
ISAAC BROCK, Brigadier-General."

One scarcely knows which to admire most in this letter—the sympathetic care for the welfare and enjoyment of the people—a high pitched humanity that is evident in all Brock's letters, even though he be dealing with the delinquent and the mutinous—or the large-souled trust he evinces in the popular appreciation of a hero—"An im-

mortal man" as he styles Nelson. In this valuable contribution to our historical literature, for such the letter has become, we see plainly expressed Sir Isaac Brock's just conclusion as to the value of public monuments as an incentive to patriotism, and it is with a satisfaction arising from our sense of justice that we look across to where he himself stands. A monument for ever dear and honoured by all true and noble hearts. We remember also, and it should be an admonition to us, that Great Britain herself did not need to be urged to honour the brave and loyal servant, but that "A public monument was decreed by the Imperial Government. It was voted in the House of Commons, 20th July, 1813, and was erected in St. Paul's Cathedral, the last resting place of Nelson, Wellington and other worthies, at a cost of £1,575 sterling. It is in the Western Ambulatory of the South Transept, and was executed by Westnacott; a military monument on which are placed the sword and helmet of the deceased, a votive record supposed to have been raised by his companions in arms to their lamented commander. His corpse reclines in the arms of a British soldier whilst an Indian pays the tribute of regret his bravery and humanity elicited. Well do we remember "says the writer," how the crowds returning from the Cathedral service lingered around in admiration of this beautiful monument. The inscription is:—

"Erected at the Public Expense  
To the Memory of  
Major-General Sir Isaac Brock,  
Who gloriously fell on the 13th of October  
MDCCCXII  
In resisting an Attack on Queenston  
In Upper Canada.

This monument is represented in bas-relief, as we all shall recollect, as an entablature on the monument at Queenston.

Ladies and gentlemen, there was another who gloriously fell that day in avenging his leader's death:—Colonel James Macdonell also lies beside his general at Queenston Heights, let us not forget that. Moreover, that hill, like this, is rich with heroic blood, and as it now stands is little better than desecrated, a state of things that ought not to be.

If further testimony than I have already adduced be needed to the value of Art in nourishing the patriotic instinct, we may hear with advantage the words of that deep and sound student of truth and human nature, John Ruskin, who in his lecture on Political Economy of Art, under the head Distulention, speaks of the value to a nation of the historical picture in words which will apply with equal force to such a monument as the Lundy's Lane Historical Society contemplates as the crown of its labours, and the satisfaction of a grateful and patriotic people, who, while looking forward to its future, preserves in sacred coffers its past. "How says Ruskin, can we sufficiently estimate the effect on the mind of a noble youth, at the time when the world opens to him, of having faithful and touching representations put before him of the acts and presence of great men—how many a resolution, which would alter and exalt the whole course of his after life, might be formed, when in some dreamy twilight he met, through his own tears, the fixed eyes of those shadows of the great dead, unescapable and calm, piercing to his soul; or fancied that their lips moved in dread reproof or soundless exhortation. And if but for one out of many this was true—if yet, in a few, you could be sure that such influence had indeed changed their thoughts and destinies, and turned the eager and reckless youth who would have cast away his energies on the race horse or the gambling table, to that noble life race, that holy life-hazard which should win all glory to himself and all good to his country—would not that to some purpose—political economy of art?

Let me wind up my paper with the beautiful words of your own poet as he recites the value of art from another aspect—that of eloquence, the art of the tongue, that art which moves us to tears, inspires us to heroic deeds, or soothes the disappointments that would else unman us. You all know William Kirby's beautiful poem, The U. E. Loyalists, and will recognize the lines.

"But passed the riders on till Lundy's Lane  
Crossed the round hill that tops the glorious plain  
Whose thirsty sands once drank the reeking gore  
Of dense battalions from Columbia's shore,  
Who vainly rushed when England's cannon crowned  
The flaming summit of the guarded mound.  
O glorious spot!—the true Canadian pride—  
How oft thy story thrills the bugle side;  
When some old warrior shows his honest scars,

Re-fights his battles and renews his wars!  
Such, brave old sword! didst thou used to stand  
The admiration of our youthful band  
Who, keen to hear of battle's martial roar,  
Hung on thy lips and thirsted still for more,  
While thy true eloquence our bosoms gave  
To feel the thrill that animates the brave."

S. A. CURZON

### The Birth of The Snowshoe.

Time the Red-man had dominion  
And the World and Love were young,  
Lonely sat a Chieftain's daughter  
Strangely crooning Love's new tongue—  
Soft her cheeks as downy nestling,  
Black her hair as raven's plumes,  
In her eyes the deeps of pine-woods,  
Ripe her lips as wild-plums' bloom.

"Oh, my love! why doth he tarry?  
Doth the Snow-Sprite stay his feet,  
Strewing deep his path with pitfalls,  
Traps to snare my runner fleet?  
Hath the Frost-King chilled his singing  
That his love-call is not heard  
Ringing through the forest's stillness  
With the joy of mating bird?"

"Lend your aid, O forest children,  
Ye who 'mid its mazes dwell;  
Teach your song ye tossing branches,  
Fleet of foot your secret tell!  
Through the snow-foam's drifting whiteness  
Winged shall fly my love to me,  
And the rhythm of his footfall,  
Passing, voice Love's melody!"

Came the Cariboo and Cougar,—  
Who so fleet and strong of limb?  
Swift, the Eagle and the Wild-goose,  
Answering, swept the tree-tops' rim,  
"We can shame thy laggard lover,  
Teach his faltering feet to fly,  
Lead him safe past Snow-Sprite pitfalls,  
Far from Wood-Nymph's siren cry!"

Sprang the stately, fleet Wapitti,  
Leaping as with wingéd stride;  
None so fleet and none so kingly,  
Antler-crowned, the forest's pride.  
"Take my life, O royal maiden—  
Yield I this for Love's dear sake—  
Of my heart a charm thou'lt tashion,  
Fleet as I who wears shall make!"

"Take thee withes of singing branches  
That the murmuring winds have kissed;  
Rive the threads from out my mantle,  
Skillfully, enweaving, twist,  
Frame thee wings to deck thy loved one;  
On his feet with braided thong  
Of thy dark and shining tresses,  
Bind with Love-knot, firm and strong!"

"Naught shall then his coming tarry—  
Snow-cloud's blight or Frost death's chill—  
And the music of his passing  
Shall with joy the wood's gloom fill!"  
Laid he down his robe of velvet,  
Kingly tribute, at her side,  
All its richness dark empurpled  
With his life-blood's ebbing tide.

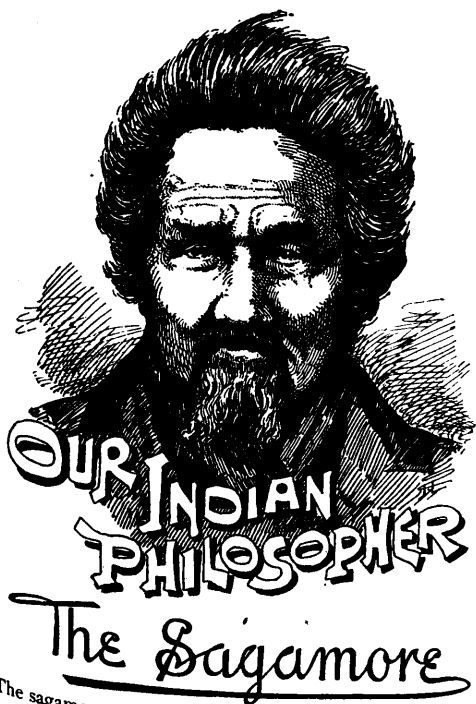
Took she, then, the singing branches,  
And the Monarch's riven vest;  
Deftly weaved the magic net-work;  
Shaped it fair, with dove-plumes drest.  
Thongs she wove of two soft tresses,  
Bound them with the mystic tie.  
That no mortal may unloosen—  
Strong as Love or Destiny.

To his lodge, by fleetest runner,  
Sent her gift;—nor tarried she.  
Swifter than the North-wind's rushing  
Came he, speeding mightily.  
Yet, no man might see the passing  
Of the wingéd hunter's feet,  
But the music of his snow-wings  
On her listening ear floats sweet!"

Oft, the silent, lonely trapper,  
As he tramps the whitened waste  
On his swiftly-gliding snowshoes,  
Distant camp to reach in haste,  
Hears the spirit-hunter's passing  
Mid the forest's slumber deep,  
And the music of his snow-wings,  
As he hies his tryst to keep.

—SAML. M. BAYLE

\*The old church was burned about two years ago.  
†The pile is still remaining.



The sagamore of the Micmacs welcomed the reporter to a place beside the camp fire. Their pipes were anon replenished and as they smoked they talked.

"My brother," the reporter said, "in the old days, when the Micmac and the Micmac lived beside each other, and no paleface had come to dispute their right to the ownership of the streams and woods, I suppose they sometimes had disputes of their own?"

"Good many fights," rejoined the warrior.

"What was the trouble generally?" the reporter asked.

"Them Micmacs," said Mr. Paul, "they want git hold of place where Miccete ketch fish—they want to git Miccete land—they want to git everything."

"No wonder there were fights," commented the reporter.

"Which was the stronger nation?"

"Them Micmacs got good 'eal more people," said Mr. Paul. "Miccetes got to keep their eyes wide open every day if they don't get hurt."

"I suppose they even had to sleep with one eye open," suggested the reporter.

"Got to have somebody watch them Micmacs all time," replied the sagamore.

"But of course," said the reporter, "all your own people could be depended on."

The sagamore's brow darkened suddenly, as if a hateful memory had been stirred. His fingers mechanically closed over the handle of the knife at his belt, an exclamation that almost seemed like a curse forced itself from between his teeth, while scorn and hatred leaped from his eyes.

The reporter was amazed at the sudden transformation.

"My brother," he said, "of what are you thinking? Were not your people true? Were there cowards among them?"

"Coward!" exclaimed the other. "No!—sneak!"

The word came from his lips in such a tone of vengeful hate and loathing that his listener shivered. The usually benign old man seemed for the moment to be the very incarnation of wrath and vengeance.

"It must be a bitter memory," the reporter said, "to move you like that. Will you not tell me the story?"

The sagamore nodded, but it was several minutes before he spoke. When he did so his voice vibrated with a feeling that made it harsh and cold.

"We had one Injun in our tribe," he said—"mighty smart man—talk all time 'bout stick up for his own tribe—tell what he's gonto do to them Micmacs if they don't leave us 'lone. You think hear him talk ain't any Injun in our tribe gonto do half much's him if them Micmacs come fool round our camp any more. Everybody b'lieve what he said. A'int anybody ever thinks he's bad Injun. When we have big meetin'—talk 'bout what we're gonto do if them Micmacs try to git our camp—that man make heap talk every time—tell how he's true Miccete—how he b'lieves every man better stick up for his own tribe—how he like to put his knife in anybody tell them Micmacs anything 'bout our camp—how he like to see man offer to give up anything to them Micmacs. When he talks that way everybody believes that."

"Naturally," commented the reporter. "He certainly talked like a loyal and patriotic man."

"He go round," continued Mr. Paul—"tell how he don't b'lieve them Micmacs gonto try do us any harm. He make good many our people b'lieve them Micmacs a'int gonto bother us any more."

Here the old man paused for a moment, and the fierce looks swept over his brow once more.

"Well?" interrogated the reporter.

"One day," went on the sagamore with gathering wrath, "one young Miccete out in woods hear two people. He creep up so he kin see if they're Micmacs."

"Yes," said the reporter expectantly.

"One them men," said Mr. Paul, "is Micmac chief."

"Oh ho!" ejaculated the reporter—"and the other?"

"Him!"

The word dropped from the old man's lips as if all the hatred of which he was capable had been concentrated in its utterance.

"What!" cried the reporter—"the man you have just told me about?"

The old man replied by a look that was sufficient answer.

"What were they talking about," asked the reporter.

"He told that chief how them Micmacs kin git our camp—told him how they kin make place so hot we can't hold out any more—told him what them Micmacs kin do so they make us so tired we give up bimeby then they git everything."

"The scoundrel!" ejaculated the reporter.

"That boy," said Mr. Paul, "he come back told what he seen. Then Miccetes watch that man. They see him meet that chief more times—have heap talk good many times."

"And was he still as loud as ever in his talk about loyalty and that sort of thing among the Miccetes?"

"Same way," replied the sagamore. "Make b'lieve he's gonto stick up for Miccete every time."

"And how did it all end?"

"When Miccetes make sure what he's doin' they face him one day jist after he left that Micmac chief."

"And what did he say?"

"He swore he jist been tryin' make everything all right so them Micmacs and Miccetes git along bully together. He make b'lieve he love them Miccetes so much he do any-

if he ever come back they tie him to tree—burn him up."

"And did your people ever hear of him afterward?"

"He went to them Micmacs," rejoined the sagamore.

"And I suppose he led them against your people?" queried the reporter.

"They took him," said Mr. Paul, with a gleam of fierce satisfaction, "made their squaws chase him with sharp sticks all round that camp—show what they do with any Micmac ever go back on his own tribe. Then they make him carry big loads—work like slave long's he lived. When he died they bring him close to our camp—leave him there—won't bury man like him in their land—'fraid some pizen grow there."

"Treason," said the reporter, "was not in high favor in those days. The times appear to have changed some. Did your people bury him?"

"Miccete put him in big swamp," said Mr. Paul. "I kin show you that place. Miccete go there every year—throw mud on his grave—then tell their papposes what I told you now."

"My brother," said the reporter, "I have been greatly interested in what you have said. Let me ask you a question. Suppose what you have described were to occur to-day. Suppose instead of the Miccete and Micmac nations we had Canada and the United States. Suppose the person you have described were the editor of a great and influential paper. Suppose he wrote loyal editorials for that paper and upheld Canadian interests. Suppose at the same time he wrote pamphlets and made visits to the United States to point out to the leaders there how they could best worry Canada into an ignominious surrender of her rights and her claim to nationhood. What would happen do you suppose?"

"That man," said Mr. Paul, "git drummed 'way from this country pooty quick."

"You are wrong, my brother. He would still remain the editor of a great paper and uphold Canadian interests—at so much per week. The times, old man, have changed."

"Then I'm glad I'm old Injun," said the sagamore. "I don't want to live long in times like that."

"I have a little picture," said the reporter, "that I would like to show you. I call it—

THE FARRERESE TWINS.

Mr. Paul took the picture, which represented loyalty and treason joined together, the one reassuring Miss Canada, the other giving the "straight tip" to Uncle Sam. The old man stared at it for a moment. A moment later it was torn to shreds and being reduced to ashes on the camp fire.

"If you know any twins like that," said the sagamore in an ominous tone, "you keep 'um good ways 'way from here."

thing if he kin fix things so they git along better."

"And did the Miccetes believe him?"

"Didn't they hear what he told that Micmac chief?" the old man scornfully rejoined. "'S'pose they're fools?"

"And what became of him?" asked the reporter.

"They took his blanket off," said Mr. Paul grimly—"tied his hands—then papposes took sharp switches—switched him 'way from that camp ten miles—let him loose—told him

THE FARRERESE TWINS.

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"Didn't they hear what he told that Micmac chief?" the old man scornfully rejoined. "'S'pose they're fools?"

"And what became of him?" asked the reporter.

"They took his blanket off," said Mr. Paul grimly—"tied his hands—then papposes took sharp switches—switched him 'way from that camp ten miles—let him loose—told him

if he ever come back they tie him to tree—burn him up."

"And did your people ever hear of him afterward?"

"He went to them Micmacs," rejoined the sagamore.

"And I suppose he led them against your people?" queried the reporter.

"They took him," said Mr. Paul, with a gleam of fierce satisfaction, "made their squaws chase him with sharp sticks all round that camp—show what they do with any Micmac ever go back on his own tribe. Then they make him carry big loads—work like slave long's he lived. When he died they bring him close to our camp—leave him there—won't bury man like him in their land—'fraid some pizen grow there."

"Treason," said the reporter, "was not in high favor in those days. The times appear to have changed some. Did your people bury him?"

"Miccete put him in big swamp," said Mr. Paul. "I kin show you that place. Miccete go there every year—throw mud on his grave—then tell their papposes what I told you now."

"My brother," said the reporter, "I have been greatly interested in what you have said. Let me ask you a question. Suppose what you have described were to occur to-day. Suppose instead of the Miccete and Micmac nations we had Canada and the United States. Suppose the person you have described were the editor of a great and influential paper. Suppose he wrote loyal editorials for that paper and upheld Canadian interests. Suppose at the same time he wrote pamphlets and made visits to the United States to point out to the leaders there how they could best worry Canada into an ignominious surrender of her rights and her claim to nationhood. What would happen do you suppose?"

"That man," said Mr. Paul, "git drummed 'way from this country pooty quick."

"You are wrong, my brother. He would still remain the editor of a great paper and uphold Canadian interests—at so much per week. The times, old man, have changed."

"Then I'm glad I'm old Injun," said the sagamore. "I don't want to live long in times like that."

"I have a little picture," said the reporter, "that I would like to show you. I call it—

# OUR PERMANENT TROOPS,

IV.

## "D" COMPANY, INFANTRY SCHOOL CORPS, LONDON, ONT.



THIS Company, which forms the subject of our illustrations, was the last formed of the corps, or regiment, known as the Infantry School Corps; therefore, all the history related of the other companies belongs to it also, more especially as all its present combatant officers, with one exception, have served with the other companies.

On the 1st of July, 1886, Sir Adolphe P. Caron laid the foundation stone of the Infantry barracks at London, Ontario. The building is of white brick, with red stone facings. The site is on ground purchased by the City of London from the Hon. John Carling, and is situated north-east of the town, about two miles from the post office.

A great deal of time and money was lost by the discovery that the sub-soil was of shifting sand, and the boiler house, which was built for heating the buildings throughout, was sunk 30 feet before anything like a solid foundation was found.

The exterior of the barracks, as will be seen from the illustrations, has not a very military appearance, nor are the internal arrangements as appropriate as might have been expected when new barracks were being built.

On the 19th of July, '87, Major Smith, commanding "C" Company at Toronto, was detached from "C" Company, and was appointed Commandant of the Royal School of Infantry at London, with the rank of Lieut.-Colonel in the Infantry School Corps. It was not, however, until the 24th December of that year that recruiting commenced, owing to the delay in completing the barracks; but from this date till the 5th April, '88, Lieut.-Colonel Smith was alone with no officer to assist him; and no one who has not had the experience of starting a new regular corps in a new barrack, can have any idea of the amount of work he had to do; luckily, however, he had as Sergt.-Major, Sergt.-Major Munro, late of "C" Company. On the 5th April, Lieut. Wadmore, also of "C" Company, was sent up to assist him. These two officers, who had been together since the inception of the corps in '83, carried on all company and school work till the end of June, when Lieuts. Denison and Evans were gazetted to the corps and posted to "D" Company, which had not yet, however, a captain. In August, '88, Capt. Frere, a captain in the army, but not in the Corps, and Adjutant of "B" Company, was sent up to command it, which he did until the 21st December, '88, when he left to rejoin his regiment, "The South Staffordshire," much to the regret of the officers, N. C. officers and men, to whom he had much endeared himself by his generous heart and kindly manner.

It was not until March, '89, that the captain of "D" Company was gazetted, when Lieut. D. D. Young, adjutant of "A" Company, and senior subaltern of the regiment obtained his promotion.

The surgeon was appointed in September '88, namely, Surgeon Hanavan, formerly of the 28th Batt., Stratford—Surgeon Fraser, of the 7th Batt., having in the meantime looked after the medical examination of recruits and attend-

ed the hospital, which is at present a portion of the barracks used for that purpose; a proper detached hospital, drill shed, married quarters and stables being needed to make them complete.

On the 12th April, '89, Lieut. and Capt. Cartwright was transferred from "C" Company to "D"; and Lieut. Evans sent from "D" to "C" Company in his place. The officers, therefore, at the present date, with "D" Company are as follows:—

Lieut.-Col. Smith, Commandant.

Captain D. D. Young.

Lieut. and Capt. R. L. Wadmore.

Lieut. and Capt. R. Cartwright.

Lieut. S. A. Denison.

Surgeon M. J. Hanavan.

Lieut.-Col. Smith is also D.A.G., or officer commanding Military District No. 1.

The various illustrations speak for themselves. The physical training is done entirely to music, no single word of command being used when the men are fully trained. The fire picquet shows the picquet and the men in barracks turned out as if for a fire; the men drill at the reels as if there were field guns. On one occasion this picquet, without previous warning, turned out and had water playing on the building in 45 seconds from the first sound of the bugle.

The rifle team are the picked men of the best shooting company of the whole permanent corps. The cup shown is one given by the Hon. J. Carling, to be shot for by the Royal School of Infantry at London and the 7th Batt., and is to be kept by the team winning it three times running. The 7th Batt. won it in '89; the R.S.I. in '90.

It would be well, before completing this short account, to point out the common mistake that is made with regard to our permanent infantry. It is the practice to call them "A," "B," "C" and "D" Schools, when in reality and according to the official militia list, they are "A," "B," "C" and "D" Companies of the Regiment called the Infantry School Corps. The error has no doubt arisen from the fact that each of the companies at present forms a school of instruction for the training of officers, N. C. officers and men of the militia, who during their course are attached to these companies respectively. It is curious to observe that the public have never fallen into the same error with the permanent artillery, the units of which are always designated "A," "B" and "C" Batteries, and not "A," "B" and "C" Schools.



FREDERICK ARTHUR VERNER.—The artist was born near the city of Toronto, Ontario, on February 26, 1836, son of the late Arthur Cole Verner, who was well known in the Dominion as principal and superintendent of grammar schools, also late mayor of Sandwich, and nephew of the late Sir Wm. Verner, Bart., M.P. At an early age the artist commenced to draw, sometimes taking advantage of the walls of the old school house, as well as covering the fly-leaf of books or any other material that came in his way. His early pictures were exhibited at the provincial exhibitions with those of the late Paul Kane. In 1856 he went to England and stayed several years in London studying art. While there, ambition and adventure led him to see more of the world, and he therefore laid down the brush for a turn in military life. Having served two years as an officer in an English regiment, he afterwards joined the British Legion, leaving London in 1859 for Italy, and served under General Garibaldi during the campaign, and was present at the battle of the Volturno during the siege of Capua and Gaeta, 1860. Returning to Canada in 1862, he stayed several years in Toronto, during which time he made several tours through the Dominion, visiting the back lakes and the North-West, making a large collection of studies and sketches of Indian life, buffalo, elk, etc., which have been the ground work of a peculiar, unique style of art, being Canadian in every respect—treating the morning, mid-day and evening effects with fidelity. Mr. Verner's works have been exhibited at the Royal Academy in London and in other cities of Great Britain, and in the United States, as well as the annual art exhibitions of Canada. Several illustrations from his works have appeared in THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED.

THE LENNOXVILLE FIRE.—The disastrous fire which occurred at Lennoxville on the 5th inst. was a matter of personal interest to many people throughout Eastern Canada. Bishop's College has had students from many parts of the provinces, and at the time of the fire 125 boys were at school there, 110 of them residents at the hall and rectory. The fire broke out in the grammar school building. It was discovered about 2 o'clock in the afternoon of the 5th inst. The local fire brigade was promptly on hand, and the engines from Sherbrooke were telephoned for and soon after arrived, but before the progress of the flames could be stayed the school, the rectory and chapel were in ruins. The quick spread of the flames was attributed to the ventilating flues, which enabled the fire to spread from floor to floor. It broke out on the third floor of the school building. The boys rushed to the dormitories and succeeded in saving the most valuable of their effects. The rectory, the residence of Dr. Allnatt, and containing the dormitories for the younger boys, was next destroyed. Dr. Allnatt was a heavy loser, more than half of his valuable library being burned. The flames spread to the chapel, of which only the charred walls remain. The college proper was saved. The loss is estimated to have been in the vicinity of \$100,000. The Bishop Williams' wing was only opened last year, and had been erected at a cost of nearly \$6,000. The school building, rebuilt after the fire of 1874, cost over \$25,000. The chapel, erected in 1857, and nearly doubled in size in 1875, was a fine ecclesiastical edifice, containing a splendid organ. Fortunately no lives were lost and no one was injured. Through the munificent generosity of Col. Kippen, Dr. Adams and other friends of the institution quarters were at once provided for the boys. Work will go on with as little interruption as the unfortunate circumstances will permit.

MONTMORENCI FALLS.—We have pleasure in presenting our readers with an excellent view of this, the most picturesque of all Canadian waterfalls—although it may possibly be inferior in this respect to the wonderful cataract that is vaguely reported to exist somewhere in the wilds of Labrador. No visitor to our old historic capital fails to take that beautiful drive along the Beauport road to the falls, unless his time or purse be very limited. Within six miles of the city, their silvery beauty is visible at a great distance, and constitutes much of the charm which attracts admiration from every visitor to the vicinity. From Montreal to the sea no part of the St. Lawrence presents



MODERN BLOCKADE RUNNERS.  
STREET SCENE IN MONTREAL.

more attractive scenery than the basin of Quebec, and the shimmer of the Montmorenci as it takes its wild leap has a peculiarly fascinating effect on the traveller. The Fall is over 250 feet high. Up the river some little distance, can be seen the Natural Steps, another of the picturesque surroundings of the place, while at the base of the Fall, several factories and mills receive their motive power from the rush of water, without interfering with the beauty of the scene.

**TREASURE BOX.**—This relic, originally the property of the celebrated Sir Isaac Newton, is now the property of Miss Fitzgibbon, of Ottawa. The authenticity of its connection with the great philosopher can be easily traced, it having been in the Strickland family for over a century and come down to them through their relation by marriage to the Newton family. The box is of Italian workmanship of the seventeenth century. The panels and pillars are of alabaster, now yellow with age; inlaid with dark wood as black as ebony. The white knobs on the lower sections are on false drawers, the real drawers being so deftly concealed that only the initiated know where to look for them. Besides the six drawers there are three compartments; the lid swings on long slender iron hinges, and is fastened by a quaint old lock. Altogether the heirloom is well worth the attention of antiquarians.

**SCENES ON LAKE MEMPHREMAGOG.**—Few if any parts of Canada exceed in beauty the Eastern Townships; and no spot can be found in America with more beauty and picturesqueness of scene than Lake Memphremagog. This charming lake can be honestly claimed as a Canadian one, three-fourths of its extent being in our territory. It is about thirty miles long, and the British portion of it lies in the counties of Brome and Stanstead; its breadth is from 1 to 4 miles and its surface is studded with islands, in most cases covered with trees to the water's edge. Its outlet is the Magog river by which it empties into the St. Francis

at Sherbrooke, through a rocky gorge of vivid beauty, an illustration of which has appeared in a previous issue of this journal (Vol. IV, page 129). The shores of the lake abound in charming scenes; "Owl's Head," (2,500 feet high), "Elephantis" and "Sugar Loaf" are striking promontories, and alternate with cultivated farms and attractive residences. A steamer runs daily during the summer from Magog—at one end of the lake—to Newport, Vt., at the other, and the trip is an unusually pleasant one. Fish are plentiful, lunge, pickerel and whitefish being the most ordinary varieties caught. The Indian name of the lake is a rather musical one "Mempowbowque," meaning beautiful water, which well expresses the character of this unrivalled lake. Our engraving is from a photo. taken by Messrs. Notman & Son.

**THE OLD DUTCH CHURCH, HALIFAX.**—In this number we publish the first of a series of engravings of Canadian Churches. We propose illustrating the principal places of worship throughout the Dominion, and will endeavor to include all that are specially noteworthy for their historical association, architectural beauty or other attractive features. This series need not be strictly confined to existing religious edifices, but may include views of those which have been destroyed or removed for various reasons. Clergymen and others are invited to send us photographs and sketches of such churches as they may think deserving a place in the series; when doing so they are especially requested to also forward us as full letter-press description of the building and its history, and any printed reports, etc., as will aid us in giving correct details of the congregation. We commence the series with an excellent engraving of the old Dutch Church, Halifax, reproduced from a photograph taken by Mr. W. Notman of that city. This building is one of the oldest in Halifax, and consequently in all Canada. It stands at the corner of Brunswick and Gerrish streets, and was erected in 1761 for the use of the

Lutherans who formed a very large proportion of the early Nova Scotia settlers. Not much extravagance was displayed in the building of this chapel, the sum of £47 14s 11d being the amount voted by the Town Council for that purpose. It is most intimately connected with the history of the Lutheran citizens of Halifax, and is still in use. Standing in the quaint church-yard whose venerable stones bear inscriptions to the memories of some of Nova Scotia's earliest inhabitants, the old church is a vivid link between the old and the new.

### Our Land and Flag.

(CANADA.)

From our Atlantic's guarded strand  
To our Pacific's rampart coast;  
From Pole to yonder Southern land—  
Dominion broad!—it is our boast.  
Arise! then, men of Canada!  
To bravely guard your Empire land;  
Arise! ye sons of Canada—  
From bleeding sires, true patriot band!

From Rocky Mountains' highest crag  
To gleaming ocean's utmost bounds,  
Britannia's Lion-meteor flag  
This teeming golden world surrounds.  
Arise, etc.

Beware! the treach'rous guile of greed  
From alien and from traitor hate!  
Repel, in scorn, with loyal deed,  
The proffer of their gilded bait!  
Arise, etc.

By all we owe to Britain's might,  
To God, to Country, and to Crown,  
Be ours—if need—to sternly fight  
Or guard; and keep all menace down!  
Arise, etc.

Firm based on right and freedom's power,  
We fear no battle with our foe;  
When—if ever—comes its fateful hour,  
We'll strike—as erst—the victor blow.  
Arise, etc.

# MRS. DAINTREY'S NIECE.

BY ADELINE SERGEANT.

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

My niece Lisa used always to spend the summer with me, but for the last two or three years, ever since her marriage in fact, I have seen very little of her. Perhaps she does not care to be reminded—as I must necessarily remind her—of certain events which occurred during her latest summer visit to Underwood.

Lisa was a charming person to have in a house. To begin with she was very good to look at, though not strikingly pretty at first sight. Her beauties were of a kind that grew upon you by degrees. For instance, she was very graceful, although her figure was too thin, and she had a very sweet face, but with (I believe) very imperfect features. She had lovely eyes, and fair, silky hair that she disposed with infinite art about her finely-shaped head; and she dressed to perfection, the least detail of her toilet being as carefully studied as the greatest. Anybody can have a pretty frock, but not everybody can choose exactly the right shade and texture of gloves, hose, and handkerchief, nor always use the correct scent, nor chance on the precise knot of ribbon and droop of feather which is the most becoming. Lisa could do all these things, and it was perhaps as much due to her careful dressing as to her features that some people called her beautiful. She gave the same care to her manners and conduct as she did to her dress; they were always creditable to her good taste. She did the right thing as naturally as she drew her breath, and she knew, quite simply and unaffectedly, that she was admired for it.

You see Lisa was not (at the time of which I speak) an immature young girl. She was more than six and twenty, and she had seen a great deal of London society. She had the most supremely finished manner of any woman I ever knew; it was perfectly tranquil, soft and refined. I used to wonder where she had learned it, and came to the conclusion at last that it was a natural gift. I think it was this manner of hers that was so attractive to men. She would listen to the veriest dolt, the most tiresome bore, the rawest schoolboy, with a gracious courtesy which convinced him that he was of all men in the world the most interesting to her. I believe that for the moment he was the most interesting; and therein lay the secret of her power. She was quite sincere, and not at all a flirt; but she certainly had an extraordinary knack of absorbing herself for the time being in the one person to whom she talked.

I came at last to wish that she would get married. The number of broken hearts that strewed her path was really quite absurd. I was half afraid of introducing the new curate, or the doctor's latest assistant, or any of the neighbouring youths. They were sure to fall in love with Lisa Daintrey, be smiled on for a time, and then sweetly repulsed—and I had to bear the blame. Thus it was that when she came to me one June I took an early opportunity of asking her if she were engaged.

"Not just now, dear," said Lisa, in her placid way.

We were sitting under the great mulberry tree in the garden, where the tea tray had been brought out. Lisa was wearing a very charming white gown, with frills of Mechlin lace, and the daintiest of tan-coloured shoes and stockings. She held a fan in her long slender fingers, and waved it delicately before her face as she spoke.

"You have been—or are going to be——"

"I have been engaged three times," said Lisa, looking thoughtfully into the distance with her dreamy blue-grey eyes. "I always found the man uninteresting—dull, in short—as soon as I had promised to marry him."

"Oh, Lisa! How heartless you must be!"

"Would it not have been more heartless to marry a man whom I did not love?" she asked, in her soft, slow tones. "I have never yet met the man who seemed to stir my soul to its profoundest depths. I am sure I could feel more than any man has yet made me feel. I gave these men their chance, and they failed. Aunt Lucy, do you think I am to blame for that?"

She asked the question as if she really cared for my opinion. She always did. Everyone to whom she spoke

was honoured by this appealing, earnest tone. Her enemies called it affected and insincere, but I am sure that they were wrong. Lisa was fond of approbation—that was all.

"But, dear Lisa, suppose you never meet with a man who stirs your soul in the way you speak of, do you mean to live and die an old maid?"

"I suppose not," she said. "I have never had any lack of opportunities of marrying, as yet, but of course I must remember—with a smile—"that I am growing old. I shall be seven-and-twenty next October. Perhaps I ought to put these idle dreams away and accept"—she hesitated a little—"the—chance I have."

"What is the chance, Lisa?" I asked, a little eagerly.

"There is a Mr. Richard Mercier," she said, "who has given me to understand that he would like to marry me. I have not answered him yet; I have asked for time."

"Time for what? Is he not suitable?"

"Oh, quite suitable, dear," said Lisa, with her fine, small smile. "He has a lovely house, and some thousands a year. And I like him—really. He is so cultured, so thoughtful, so sympathetic. I don't think I ever met a man who interested me more. But——"

"But what? He seems to have every possible grace and virtue, unless he is too old or too ugly for you."

"He is thirty-five, and very nice looking. Oh, he has every virtue. I am only afraid that if I accept him he will turn out as uninteresting as—the others."

I laughed. It was impossible not to laugh at the quaint gravity with which she analyzed her own sensations. As I looked at her, leaning back in the low Indian chair, which was so well adapted for displaying the graceful lines of her long, lithe figure, I once more thought her one of the most attractive women I had ever met. Wherever she went, men—and women also—flocked round Lisa like bees about a flower.

"And when is he to have his answer?" I asked.

"When I go back to London—unless he is too impatient, and presses me before. Ah, here comes the teapot."

"And a visitor, if I am not mistaken," I added, looking across the lawn; for in summer I had made a rule of asking certain of my friends to join me in the garden instead of sitting in the drawing-room. My present visitor knew my custom, and had followed the maid at once to the teatable under the mulberry tree.

Lisa put down her fan and glanced at my visitor with gentle interest. I was glad to see it, for I was always fond of Paul Heriot, whose mother had been one of my dearest friends. He was a handsome, powerful-looking man, a little above thirty, very dark, with singularly vivacious dark eyes, and a bright smile, which served to veil the real melancholy of his expression of countenance when the face was seen in repose. He had very good manners and was a capital talker, so I was glad he should appear on the scene when Lisa was present; especially as I considered him—on account of his past history, which I shall postpone for the present—an eminently safe man. She might take as much interest in him as she pleased; she could do no mischief here.

"Are you staying in the village, Paul?" I asked, when the introduction was over and we had settled down to our tea and cake.

"At the Airedale Arms," he said. "I and another man. We have come to sketch, you know."

"Are the pictures going on well?"

"Fairly well, I think. I've nothing to complain of. People talk about the badness of the British market: I think they should rather talk about the badness of the British artist."

"Are you an artist, Mr. Heriot?" said Lisa, in her sweetest voice.

"Only in my way," he said, apologetically. His "way," as I happened to know, was to get two or three pictures on the line every year at the Academy, and as many commissions as he could possibly undertake. And I think Lisa knew this too, as she asked innocently,

"Water-colours?"

"Sometimes. Do you sketch, Miss Daintrey?"

"No, I never do anything," said Lisa, and then she smiled at him in a way with which I was familiar. It seemed to take the person to whom she spoke into her confidence—to establish a special relation between them, as it were. Paul was not proof against the fascination of that smile. I saw him look at her quickly, laugh a little, and involuntarily draw his chair closer to hers. Henceforth I was out of the conversation. Paul and Lisa had it all their own way. I could see that he admired her very much. It was not so easy to tell what she thought of him.

When he was gone—which was not until half-past six—Lisa sat silent for a little while with her eyes fixed dreamily on the green leaves that intervened between her and the blue and golden sky. After a time, she roused herself to ask me a question.

"That is Paul Heriot, the well known artist, is it not? Why does he try to depreciate himself so much?"

"It is a fashion amongst the young men of the present day," I said. "But in him I think it is more than a fashion. I think he is a pessimist and has no heart in his work."

"Why should he be a pessimist?"

"He has had a good deal of trouble. His wife——"

"His wife?" echoed Lisa suddenly, as she sat up and looked at me. "Do you mean that he is married? How odd!" letting herself sink back again. "He has not at all the air of a married man."

"His wife," I continued, "is in a lunatic asylum. She went mad in consequence of her intemperate habits. I have heard that Paul said he would never live with her again, even if she recovered her reason; he was too deeply disgusted by his earlier experiences of their married life. But she will never recover."

"Poor fellow!" said Lisa, softly.

"Oh, I don't think you need pity him. He is well off, young, talented and popular," I said, briskly. "The want of a wife is one which many men find it possible to put up with."

Lisa did not seem to heed my little jibe. She lay still, apparently watching the birds as they flitted from branch to branch of the mulberry tree. "I think your Mr. Heriot very interesting," she said. It was her highest form of praise. She did not always find interesting people at Underwood.

Paul seemed to find her interesting, too. He volunteered to teach her to sketch; but she would not learn. She said, with a graceful movement of her head, that she was too stupid to learn anything. "Why should you learn anything?" I heard him say, with a note of almost passionate admiration in his voice. "You are perfect as you are!"

Later on, he begged to be allowed to sketch her, and then to paint her portrait. After some little hesitation she consented, and Paul established himself on my premises for two or three hours every morning. Of course he was not painting all the time. I heard him reciting poetry, airing his latest opinions, teaching my poodle to beg for biscuits and die for the Queen. The portrait got on very slowly, but Lisa seemed interested and amused. I was glad of that, for I had a good deal of parish work to do at that time, and my mind was somewhat occupied. I was perfectly easy about the two: Paul was a married man—although his wife was in a lunatic asylum—and Lisa's goodness and discretion were admirable. It did occur to me once or twice that Paul's manner was rather overbold, and that Lisa's lowered eyelids and heightened colour betrayed some consciousness of the fact. I noticed, too, that he could not keep his eyes off her if she happened to be within sight; he would gaze at her persistently, as if she were only a picture or a vision from another world, and not a woman of living flesh and blood. But for many a long day I was blind to what all this meant.

I was awakened in this wise. Coming home one afternoon, after a lengthy sojourn in the village, I entered the garden at once and made my way to a sheltered nook, where I saw the glimmer of Lisa's white frock. She was sitting—not under the mulberry tree, where all the world could see her—but in a bower of honey suckle and wild clematis, with her back turned to the house. And there at her feet knelt Paul, with his lips pressed to her right hand, and her left hand gently laid upon his close-cropped dark hair.

I did not go forward. I was a little too much startled

to know what I ought to do; so, like a coward, I turned round and hurried back to the house, feeling as frightened as if the earth had opened under me. Once in the drawing-room, I sat down to think, and gradually reassured myself a little. Possibly what I had seen meant nothing. Flirtations were carried very far sometimes. And if it were not a flirtation, it was, perhaps, only an expression of friendly sympathy—of innocent admiration.

But no, I could not console myself with that reflection. Lisa and Paul were much more likely to flirt than to express friendly sympathy and innocent admiration for each other. Paul was a man of the world, well known in his circle as a man who could flirt admirably, with discretion and good taste; and Lisa was quite a match for him. They were probably amusing themselves, and no harm would come of the proceeding. It was not a form of amusement that I admired, but I recognized the fact of the harmlessness. At the same time, I reflected, it was my duty to guard Lisa (as if Lisa wanted any guarding!), and I must take care either to be present at their meetings or to prevent their meeting altogether. Dear me! this was worse than Lady Ellinor's affair, about which I had so much trouble; for I was more directly responsible for Lisa than I had ever been for Lady Ellinor.

I began to play my new part by ordering tea to be brought into the drawing-room; and thither came the culprits when summoned, though I cannot say that they looked like culprits. Paul was quite unconcerned, and Lisa perfectly composed. She had rather more pink colour than usual, but she explained this by saying she had been without a parasol.

I made up my mind when Paul was gone that evening that I must speak to Lisa. I should have found it much easier to speak to Paul. But Lisa is my sister's child; and I felt that I must do my duty.

"Lisa," I began, "it is evident that Mr. Heriot admires you very much."

"Do you think so, auntie?" she said, indifferently.

"You must remember, darling, that his wife is living, and that—"

I could not go on. From the way in which she raised her calm eyes and fixed them on me, I felt sure that she regarded my remark as sheer impertinence. After a moment's pause she said, tranquilly:

"I do not think it likely that either I or Mr. Heriot would forget that fact, Aunt Lucy."

And for the moment I could say nothing more.

It was much easier, as I said, to tackle Paul. There was never any need to beat about the bush with him. I boldly accused him of trying to flirt with Lisa, of hindering her establishment in life. I hinted to him that she was even now hesitating as to whether or not she would accept a most eligible offer, and that he had no business to hang about her and keep other men off, as he would most assuredly do. Especially, I added, as he was not himself free—

"It's no good your putting on all that show of worldly-mindedness," said Paul at last, with a rather uneasy laugh.

"But you don't mean it, Aunt Lucy." He often called me "Aunt Lucy," although he was no relation of mine. "I know that I'm a dog in the manger and all that sort of thing, but I assure you Miss Daintrey is quite well able to take care of herself; and if I choose to worship, all that the divinity has to do is to sit still and smile. And she can do that very nicely, you know."

"But you are making her too conspicuous," I said.

"Of course, you are doing no harm—you are only having a little amusement, and you are not much in earnest about anything."

Paul jumped up, and his dark eyes flashed. "Oh, but by jove I am in earnest now," he exclaimed. Then he caught himself up and laughed. "I am thoroughly in earnest in admiring Miss Daintrey," he said, in quite a different tone; "I never saw any one so graceful—and she has such a charming voice, hasn't she? The moment I saw her I knew that I had met my fate at last—isn't that the correct expression?"

"Paul, I wish you would not talk so foolishly," I said: but I had time for no more remonstrances, for Lisa entered at that moment. Either by instinct, however, or by common consent, the two were much more reserved with each other than hitherto. Paul treated her very ceremoniously, and Lisa was exceedingly silent. I began to think that my poor words had for once been treated with respect.

A morning or two later—it was towards the close of July, I remember, and the day was much cooler than usual—I noticed that Lisa's letters seemed to cause her an unusual amount of emotion. Her colour came and went as she read them; and she ate no breakfast, but played with her teaspoon and looked out at the window instead of drinking her coffee. I read my morning paper and feigned not to see her agitation. "Some of her love affairs, I suppose," I thought crossly to myself, "dear me, I wish Lisa would get married, and then we could have a little peace."

"Aunt Lucy," my niece said to me, rather later, in somewhat uncertain tones. "Papa wants to know if I will join him at Brighton for a few days and then go on to Scotland."

"You must do as you like, of course, dear," I said. "You generally stay with me longer than this. I shall be very sorry to lose you."

Lisa came to my side and kissed me; she was not often so demonstrative. "I do not want to go," she said, "but perhaps it is better."

"Well, perhaps so," I answered gently. If she was thinking of Paul Heriot I quite agreed with her.

"My other letter," she went on, "is from Mr. Mercier."

"Oh—he wants an answer, I presume?"

"Yes," she said, in a very low tone. "And I—I don't know what to say."

"My dear child, if the man is as good and suitable as you say, I think you cannot fail to be happy with him."

"I think he is good," she said. "And I like him; but—I sometimes ask myself if that is all—*all* life has to give me!" And then she turned away, somewhat suddenly; but from the way in which her hand stole to her eyes as she left the room, it struck me, with a startled sense of novelty, that Lisa was crying! Lisa crying! Such a thing had scarcely been seen, or dreamt of since she was twelve years old. I did not follow her; I knew the girl too well to suppose that she wanted her tears to be seen; she was not given to accepting sympathy very readily; but when I saw her at luncheon time she was her own calm and equable self.

"Is Paul coming to-day?" I asked casually, in the course of our mid-day meal.

"I think not; he had planned a sketching expedition with his friend for to-day, and I am going to tennis at the rectory this afternoon."

"Oh yes, I remember. Then I shall have time to pay one or two calls," I said, "and perhaps I shall be late in getting home, so don't hasten back from your tennis."

I saw her set off for the rectory before I started, and I went to pay my duty calls with a comfortable sense that there could be no flirtation with Paul Heriot that afternoon.

I came back earlier than I had expected—before six o'clock—and as I was so early, and there was nothing much to do, I thought that I would take up a new magazine that I found on the hall table and read it in the conservatory, where I had a wicker chair and table ready for use when the weather was a little too cold for the open air. I went into the greenhouse from a garden door, and shut it, as I imagined, rather noisily, then ensconced myself in my cushioned chair and prepared to read my magazine.

I had made so much noise in my entry that I could never have imagined how anyone in my little drawing-room should fail to notice it; but, I found, as a matter of fact, that it had not attracted the least attention from two people who were not more than six feet from me. They must have been very much absorbed in one another and in their conversation; and I was just about to call out laughingly, "Lisa! Paul! what are you doing there?" when a few words fell upon my ear which kept me silent.

"Don't do it, Lisa," Paul was saying in the deep low tones of a man who is much moved. He had never called her Lisa in my presence. "Why should you sacrifice yourself and all that is best in you for a worldly scruple? You will never be happy in a loveless marriage, you may be quite sure of that."

I wished I had not come into the greenhouse. They had not heard me enter, and they must have been talking for some time, for Lisa had evidently told him about her letter from Mr. Mercier. If I moved again, the rustle of my long silk skirts, the creak of the chair, the rattle of the door, seemed to me sure to attract their attention; and how awkward it would be if they thought that I had heard their conversation! I hesitated, and my hesitation was my doom.

The next sentence or two made me feel it absolutely impossible to move. I was nailed to the spot with horror and dismay; and this must be my excuse for the eavesdropping of which I was then guilty.

"Why don't you end this miserable farce at once, and acknowledge that you love me?" said Paul Heriot. "You say you pity me—you may well do that; but have you no other feeling too? Oh, for once in your life, Lisa, be honest and true, and tell me whether you don't care a little—even a very little—for a man who would lay down his life for you!"

Bending my head between a screen of flowers I could see the two figures. They were standing. Paul had taken both her hands, and she was not resisting; she was looking down, and he was gazing into her face.

"It is so useless to say that sort of thing," said she, softly.

"Not useless when it gives a man life and hope and blessedness! You don't know how barren and dreary my life has been. But I don't mean to talk of myself; I have talked of myself before. You know all about me. But for yourself—yourself, Lisa: Can you let me go?"

She made an impatient little movement as if to draw her hands away. "I must let you go, I suppose," she said. "There is no help for it—and you ought not to talk to me in that way, it is not right."

The defence was more feeble than I had expected from Lisa's lips, but it was a defence, after all, and for that I felt thankful.

"Right? What is right? What is wrong? Is it right that I should be tied for life to a raving maniac without the power of making a home for myself or knowing the sweetness of a woman's love?" cried Paul, passionately. "That may be man's view of right; it is surely not right in the eyes of God. Lisa, you have instincts of your own—heaven born—given you by nature; listen to them and hear what they say to you! Will you leave me to this hellish loneliness of mine? Darling, think of what our life might be—together! if only you would break through these accursed conventionalities of yours and give yourself bravely and faithfully to me! You would never repent it; I assure you that you should not. It would be the business of my life to make you happy—I have said so to you before; I swear it now."

I almost started to my feet in my indignation. But second thoughts restrained me; I could surely trust Lisa to send him away. I listened; the silence was broken only by a woman's sob. Again I leaned forward; Lisa was weeping, and her head was on Paul's shoulder, and his arm round her waist; his lips were pressing kisses upon her forehead and her hair.

But in a minute or two she drew herself away from him.

"It is wrong," she said, "and I must not listen to you any more. Take away your arm, Paul. Yes—I love you—I do love you—as I never loved before—oh, I said that I wanted to feel deeply, and I would give my life now if I could never feel again!—but—I mean to marry Richard Mercier, and you must go away from me—for ever."

"If you love me, Lisa, you will give yourself to me, not to this other man."

"But I could not—I could not," she said, shivering. "How could I give up all my friends—my home—everything—even for you? You would be tired of me before long—men always get tired—and I should be heartbroken. Oh, no, I could not do it—I am not strong enough! And it would not be right."

"Then, darling," said Paul, very tenderly, "if you cannot do it now, at any rate wait for me. Don't marry another man; don't give yourself to him. It would be sacrilege—worse than sacrilege—when you love me. Dearest, only give him up, and look upon me as your friend—your best, truest, most devoted friend."

"Give him up?" said Lisa, wonderingly. Then she drew herself away from him and sat down. "I don't think I can," she said. Then, in a more broken voice, "Oh, Paul, I don't know how to tell you; I thought it was my duty—I wrote and accepted him this morning."

There was a little silence. I thought that Paul would rave and rage, but I was mistaken. He stood passive for a minute or two; then he drew nearer to her, and knelt down before her.

"Look at me, Lisa," he said. "Yes, look at me straight in the face. Do you know what you are doing? You are not only breaking a man's heart—you have often done that before, I believe—but you are throwing your

own goodness and purity away, as if it were nothing but a dream. Refuse me, if you like; trample on me; I can bear that; but for God's sake don't make me believe that there is no truth, no faithfulness, no honour in any woman! My wife—you know what *she* was; but you, Lisa, my Lisa—let me think of you still as something more of heaven than of earth! Lisa, Mercier may be a good man; but you do not love him. Live single then; I won't persecute you any more—but I can't bear to see you married to him. And"—in a lower voice—"I swear that I won't see it. I'll die first."

She was weeping again—I never saw her cry so bitterly. "You are cruel," she said, "and because I cannot marry you, you want me to marry no one. Oh, forgive me, Paul—I never meant to hurt you. Forgive me—forget me—and go!"

"Is that your last word, Lisa? Do you know that you are driving me mad? driving me to my death?"

"I have nothing more to say—I can't say anything else," sobbed Lisa. "Oh, Paul, dear Paul, forgive me before you go."

He rose from his kneeling posture, and stood looking at her with a face of such blank despair that even I, who had been bitterly angry hitherto, was sorry for him then.

"Oh yes, I forgive you," he said hoarsely, "if my forgiveness will do you any good. You have had the choice of life or death—that is all; and you have chosen death—for me and for yourself. Good-bye—don't look frightened; I mean you no harm. I only mean that you have lost your soul—and mine."

And out of the room he went, without heeding her cry upon his name. Two minutes afterwards, I heard the front door close; and then Lisa buried her face in her hands and gave way to a fit of unrestrained sobbing. But this did not last long. Presently she got up and went to her own room; and in a little while I had a message from her to say that she did not feel very well, and had gone to bed; and would I kindly excuse her from dinner or from saying good night, as she did not want to be disturbed.

I felt very miserable all that evening, and although I told myself that Lisa was perfectly right to refuse to listen to Paul's advances, I could not rid myself of the doubt as to whether she ought not also to have refused the eligible Mr. Mercier. If she had been the noble-hearted girl that I wanted her to be, I thought she would have remained single rather than marry one man while she loved another. But then I always was of a sentimental and romantic turn; and no doubt Lisa was perfectly justified in the line she took. But my heart cried out for Paul—poor, passionate, deluded Paul—whose faith in God and man must have received so rude a shock!

Lisa looked a little pale next morning, but was quite calm and cheerful. She told me that she had accepted Mr. Mercier's proposal, and that she thought she would join her father in Brighton, as he had suggested. And she would go as soon as possible—that afternoon, if I would not think her rude to leave me so suddenly.

"You have never congratulated me, Aunt Lucy," she said, reproachfully, as I was seeing her off.

"If you are sure you love Mr. Mercier, I will congratulate you," I answered; which was not a very wise remark—but I was never celebrated for my wisdom.

Lisa stared at me a little, then coloured faintly and cast down her eyes. "I thought you would be pleased at such a suitable marriage," she said gently; and she said no more. Neither of us mentioned Paul.

So Lisa went away, and I did not see my old friend's son for a fortnight. I was told that he had gone to the Medway for a fortnight's boating and sketching. I was very unhappy about him, poor boy—and very angry too.

He walked in as coolly as ever at the end of the fortnight, bronzed with exposure to the sun, smiling, and apparently in the best of spirits. He asked after Miss Daintrey, and whether it was true that she was engaged to Mr. Mercier. I answered that she was well, and was to be married in October.

"Soon, isn't it?" he said, still smiling. "Ah well, it's best to take the plunge quickly when you've once made up your mind." Then, looking at me a little more keenly than usual, "Did she—tell you anything about me?"

"No, but I saw—I heard," I answered confusedly.

"Women have quick insight in such matters," he said, "but you know they don't always see straight. The fact is

we had a little flirtation—Lisa and I. We were none the worse for it at the end of the month, were we?"

"Oh, Paul, dear," I said, "I think I ought to tell you—I was in the green house for part of the time when you and Lisa were talking—the day before she went away—and I heard more than you meant me to hear; but I am very sorry."

His ace grew gloomy for a moment. "You heard, did you? You heard?"—his smile brightened again—"you heard my tragedy speech? I was obliged to lay it on thick a little, you know. Women expect you to say that you are breaking your heart for them. It's part of the show. The worst is, they sometimes go and believe you, and then it is such a nuisance to have to keep the thing up."

"But you were in earnest, Paul?" I cried, breathlessly.

"I did my part uncommon well, I think," he said, in rather a complacent tone. "But I had acted one just like it in private theatricals not long before. It helped me immensely. Don't you go and tell Lisa what I am saying now, you know, Mrs. Daintrey; it would spoil all the fun of the piece for her."

And he smiled at me so provokingly that I could not bear to pursue the subject. He went away soon afterwards, and he never mentioned Lisa to me again.

Which did he mean? Was that passionate outpouring of his love an expression of the real man, or had he been only acting a part? I never knew. I only know that Lisa was married to Mr. Mercier on the 29th October, and that two days later—by a strange coincidence, surely—I received the news that Paul Heriot was dead. His gun had gone off accidentally, while he was on a shooting expedition, I was told; and he was shot to the heart. Accident or design? I could not tell; any more than I can tell you which was the false man and which the true.

I have seldom seen Lisa since her marriage, and we never speak of Paul; but, unhappy as she seems, I cannot but sometimes notice a shadow of trouble in her lovely eyes—a shadow by which they were never darkened before that summer visit to Underwood.

THE END.



The 29th of January, 1891, was signalized by an important event in the industrial history of Vancouver. The first sugar refinery established in the Province of British Columbia began operations on that day, and the manager and directors of the company celebrated the occasion by inviting the mayor and aldermen and other prominent citizens to visit the works. Among those present, besides the members of the Council, were Messrs. H. Abbott, General Superintendent Pacific Division, C.P.R.; Robert Kerr, General Freight and Passenger Agent, C.P.R.; J. C. Keith, Manager Bank of British Columbia; John Hendry, Manager R. C. P. Mills; Jay Ewing, United States Consul; W. Godfrey, Manager Bank of British North America; Dr. Lefevre, J. Wulffsohn, C. T. Dunbar and others. Mr. B. T. Rogers, the manager, received the guests at the office of the company, and they were shown through the buildings. After they had inspected the various processes for refining the raw material, the samples of sugar and syrups produced were examined and pronounced to be of excellent quality. The visitors were then entertained at luncheon by the directors. Mr. H. Abbott presided, and in proposing the health of the mayor and aldermen he said that the condition upon which the bonus had been granted to the company was that they should have refined 100 barrels of sugar before the 1st July, 1891. This condition had been fulfilled before the 1st of February, 1891. The company deserved credit for the energy they had shown in completing the works. Mayor Oppenheimer said that before long he hoped to see vessels arriving from the Hawaiian Islands laden with raw sugar for the refinery, and taking back with them lumber and other products of the Province. Every one present was favourably impressed with the buildings, which contain all the latest and improved appliances for manufacturing the highest grades of sugar. After a plea-

sant luncheon and numerous toasts the proceedings were brought to a close,

The Chinese quarters in Victoria and Vancouver have been lately the scene of unusual festivities. The Celestials have been celebrating the beginning of their year, 5872, counting from the reign of the first Emperor of China. For a week after February 7th their shops were closed, and their whole time was devoted to feasting and setting off fireworks of every description. The Chinese consider it a disgrace not to pay everything they owe before the new year begins; all debts are either paid or cancelled at that time, and they commence afresh with a clean sheet. The quantity of fireworks ordered from China for this celebration was something enormous, and there was great consternation when the "Parthia" was overdue with these indispensable adjuncts to a Chinese "good time" on board. Fortunately, from their point of view, but unfortunately for the repose of the white population, the steamer arrived in time.

The houses in Chinatown during this week are gaily decorated, and all visitors are given refreshments of tea, fruit and sweetmeats. If especially invited the favoured ones are taken into rooms hung for the occasion with Oriental rugs, where lanterns of strange shapes and designs swing from the low ceilings. Baskets of enormous golden oranges and wonderful arrangements of red and yellow paper flowers fill the place with vivid colour, and the faint odour of burning sandalwood perfumes the air. The host receives you, arrayed in his silken holiday attire, with newly shaven head and neatly braided pig-tail flowing to his heels. All white visitors are welcomed with much dignity, and presently champagne is opened and boxes of delicious bon-bons produced to offer the New Year's guests. A large bowl of Chinese lilies stands in every window, the bulbs growing in water and surrounded by the whitest and roundest of pebbles to keep them upright. These are watched and tended with the greatest care when the festival is drawing near. Many are the rejoicings when the great mass of tall green stalks and leaves bursts into a glory of white and yellow bloom before the eventful day—it is a sure presage of good luck for all the year to come.

There has been a rush of gaiety before Lent, and numerous private balls and parties have been given. The opening of the new C. P. R. Opera House in Vancouver was a brilliant close to the season. On Monday evening, February 9th, the Emma Juch Opera Company gave the first performance in the new building, and the sale of tickets on the first day alone amounted to \$2,490. Wagner's "Lohengrin," "Il Trovatore" and "Carmen" were produced by this company and greeted with crowded houses. Those who have always been able to see and hear good theatrical and musical entertainments cannot realize the pleasure experienced by those who have for some time been deprived of such opportunities when they are at last within their reach. The people of Vancouver have been too busy in building up their city to have had much time to miss these things; but, nevertheless, they rejoice that they have now a place of amusement second to none on the Pacific Coast, and complete in stage settings and appointments. On the opening night, when every seat was filled, boxes and parquet a glow of brilliant colouring, fluttering fans and sparkling jewels, it seemed as if the wand of an enchanter had been waved above the spot which four years ago was covered with the enormous firs of British Columbia. And surely it was magic which had changed the whispers of the wind through the branches into the pleadings of Elsa and the farewells of Lohengrin! The "music of the future" was certainly never heard before in a place where Nature had so lately ceased to murmur through forest boughs her music of the past.

LENNOX.

### The Premier of Quebec.

Mr. R. Reinhold, of 112 St. Francois Xavier street, Montreal, has published an excellent oleograph of the Hon. Honore Mercier, from the painting by our well-known artist, Mr. W. Raphael. The portrait is a large one, measuring 22 by 30 inches, and the execution and finish leave nothing to be desired. Mr. Reinhold deserves great credit for the work, and, from its excellence and the popularity of its subject, we are confident that it will meet with an extensive sale.



The Canadian skating championships have come and gone and not a solitary American was seen on the track. But it seems hard to blame Americans when Canadians do not come. The only places represented were Montreal, Pictou and Dartmouth, N.S. To judge from the reports in the sporting columns of the daily press, Toronto possesses some skaters that ought to be able to hold their own in any company; at least they play hockey well enough, and hockey is good enough training for anybody. Ottawa, too, thinks highly of her skaters, but neither of these cities had an entry for the championship. This is not taking into account such places as Cornwall, Brockville or Quebec, or many other towns where there is skating material enough to at least make an entry; but they came not, and the natural conclusion is that there is some such word in their lexicon as fear. As far as the American end of the story is concerned, it is much more easily described. That was simply a case of funk, pure, unadulterated funk, and Mr. Joseph Donoghue is the most remarkable example of it that has appeared in amateur sporting circles for some time. Long ago I pointed out in this column the alleged reason why Americans did not come to Canada for championship skating honors, and at the same time attention was called to the fact that the skating association would make use of the largest rink available in Canada, so that there would be little or no excuse for skaters from across the line not coming. Now, we all know the United States has the most absorptive faculty in the world, and they claim anything worth having. Like the celebrated despatch of Mr. Blaine when Cleveland was elected, the motto is "claim everything." The result is that Joseph Donoghue is heralded abroad as the champion skater of the world, when anybody with sporting intelligence enough not to be an American knows just how the case stands. There is hardly a doubt in the world that the New York papers will continue to call the Newburg man the champion; they will forget that his challenge for five miles with a twenty second allowance was simply a symptom of exaggerated blue funk; they will do all sorts of things to have a champion, just as they did when Hanlan could beat any man that could sit in a boat; as long as he won he was the American champion, as soon as he was beaten he was simply a Canadian. Donoghue, of whom we have heard so much and whom none deny being a phenomenal skater, was afraid to come to Montreal. He has been almost a continuous winner and he hated to take the chance of a defeat. I do not say that had Donoghue come here he would not have won, for I believe he would, although he would have been pushed, but I believe he is essentially lacking in one very important particular and that is what is termed "heart." Canadians have gone to the United States and skated when there was an opportunity, or rather ice, but Americans will not come for distance work. Why? The complaint is the same,—heart too small and liver inclined to be white. So much for the great one among the skaters of the States. Were the white plumes of the Tattooed Man any sign of distinguished honor, then Mr. Donoghue's white feathers might wave in envious contrast with those of the man from Maine.

But to the races. The great majority of people thought that the weather would have made it impossible to skate. In this they were mistaken, for although rain fell all the morning the ice, with a slight covering of a quarter of an inch of water, was faster than had the weather been cold. Such at least was the verdict of all those who skated. The surface was like a sheet of glass, and the time made, when a push for a finish was necessary, made this plainly evident. There was one record badly fractured, and that was the half mile, which was done by Gordon in 1.21 3-5. The record hitherto was held by Norseng, 1.22 2-5, and was made in Holland. The other marks do not come near it, and had Irwin not fallen the time would have been faster still. In the 220 yards race the time really beat See's record, because the latter skated with the wind at his back. The time made on Saturday was 21 3-5 secs. See's time was 19 3/4 secs. The mile race will bear a lot of looking into, because as records go there have been many sized

tracks used. Gordon's time was 3 06 2 5, but that is hardly a criterion of his speed, because he only went to the front for the last two laps, and he had no difficulty in keeping his advantage to the tape. Tim Donoghue carries the supposed record of 2.12 3-5, made on a straightaway course with wind at his back. Joe Donohue's time for the distance on a three-lap track was 2.59 1-5. Van Panschin covered the distance in 2.58 3-5; Grunden, the Swedish professional, is credited with 2.55 2-5, made on a five-lap track; McCormick has a mark of 3.26 2-6 on a fourteen-lap track; the best English amateur time is 3 12 2-5, made by L. Tebbutt two years ago. In the 220 yards hurdle race it is simply superfluous to speak of anybody but Irwin. His speed and method of getting over the obstacles will outclass many a more pretentious skater. The five mile race was a decided disappointment, although the time was not bad. It was expected to be the race of the day, and from the previous form shown by the starters nobody would have been surprised if a record had been smashed. But it was very soon made evident that it was going to be a waiting race. There were the three Nova Scotians and only one Montrealer in the struggle, and to the spectator it looked very much as if Gordon was going to have a hard row to hoe. It would take too much space to describe the race in its various changes, but one thing was very apparent, Gordon was to be tired out or forced to make the pace, and the programme was carried out to the letter. The only trouble was that Gordon could skate too fast; he saw the way the game was working, and he kept his head well enough never to get better than third until the real time for sprinting came in. It was not a case for record breaking. It was an attempt to win the five mile championship, pure and simple. An analysis of the race would show that until the last two laps of the thirty-five Gordon never went better than third, while the Pattersons and Carroll took the lead alternately and made a very slow pace at that. When Gordon did go to the front, however, he simply skated away from the other three, and showed the spectators that if his opponents had put on anything like pace, with what there was still left in him, he could have easily reduced the time considerably. Following are the officials of the day and the summary of the races:—

Referee, Col. F. C. Henshaw; judges, H. Montagu Allan, W. G. Ross, Major Freeman; starter, Norman Fletcher; time keepers, J. A. Taylor, T. L. Paton, D. D. McTaggart; scorers, D. J. Watson, Louis Rubenstein; measurers, Messrs. S. Howard, W. McNab and Brant; clerk of the course, L. W. Barlow.

Two hundred and twenty yards.—F. P. Carroll, Pictou, N.S., 1st; E. D. Irwin, Montreal, 2nd; C. Gordon, Montreal, 3rd; A. Patterson, Dartmouth, N.S., 4th; J. Gauthier, Montreal, 5th. Time, 21 3-5 secs.

Half mile.—C. Gordon, Montreal, 1st; F. P. Carroll, Pictou, N.S., 2nd; E. D. Irwin, Montreal, 3rd; G. S. Lowe, Montreal, 4th. Time, 1.21 3-5.

Half mile junior.—H. Smith, 1st; G. Ross, 2nd. Time, 2.08.

One mile.—C. Gordon, 1st; C. Patterson, 2nd; F. P. Carroll, 3rd; E. D. Irwin, 4th; G. S. Lowe, 5th. Time, half mile, 1.33; mile, 3.06 2-5.

Half mile backward.—F. Scott, 1st; J. Clavelle, 2nd; E. W. Barlow, 3rd; J. Mullarky, 4th. Time, 1.37.

Two hundred and twenty yards hurdle, 27 inches high.—E. D. Irwin, 1st; C. Patterson, 2nd; W. Irwin, 3rd. Time, 25 1-5 secs.

Junior mile.—G. Skinner, Pictou, N.S., 1st; P. McBurney, 2nd; — Brown, 3rd; W. O'Donoghue, 4th. A. Maltby, 5th; W. Turton, 6th. Time, 3.35 3/4.

Five miles.—C. Gordon, Montreal, 1st; C. Patterson, Dartmouth, N.S., 2nd; F. P. Carroll, Pictou, N.S., 3rd; A. Patterson, Dartmouth, N.S., 4th. Time, 17.36.

In the figure skating contest for the championship of the United States, which, after many postponements, was held in Albany on Monday last, the decision given was that the result was a tie between Phillips and Rubenstein. The latter offered to skate off the tie but the New York man would not hear of it. In vulgar parlance, it looks as if the Canadian was getting the "razzle," and that at the best of it Phillips was afraid of another try.

The Rosedale Cricket Club (Toronto), is composed of enthusiasts who do not wait for the departure of the snow to begin the practice of their favourite pastime. They secured a rink and already last week wickets were pitched and the club's crack trundlers and bats have been busy at work. The club will make a tour through the cricketing cities of the United States in July, for which arrangements have been almost completed. A good sign of the times, as

far as football is concerned in Toronto, is the fact that during last season fifty Toronto Church school boys joined the club. The officers for the coming year are:—Hon. president, C. H. Nelson; president, J. M. Macdonald; first vice-president, G. S. Lyon; second vice-president, J. E. Martin; secretary, J. H. Forrester; assistant secretary, H. L. Howard; treasurer, J. E. Hulett; committee, Petman, Hardy, Gimson, Clement, Duncan, Massey.

Recently I called attention to the proposed trip of Canadian Association football players to the old country, and now it appears that we are to have an exchange of international courtesies with our neighbours from across the line. There are some good Canadian cricketers in the Windy City that is to have the World's Fair next year; there are also some good football men, and they have proposed a Canadian tour, which will be heartily welcomed by all our association men on this side. A team will be organized and leave Chicago on May 22nd, playing its first match in Toronto on the Queen's birthday. Other games are scheduled for Detroit and Berlin, and it is altogether likely that dates will be made with most of the leading clubs. Mr. Davis, who is secretary of the cricket club, will look after the travellers during their visit. The team will probably consist of the following gentlemen:—J. Balinghal, goal; A. T. Webb (captain), J. McLuckie, F. Kelly, T. Gibson, O. Balster and A. C. Goodyear, forwards; J. Hendry, A. McFarland, full backs; W. McLuckie, W. Ramsey and J. G. Davis, half backs.

With the continuous and nearly always justifiable outcry against the crookedness of everybody connected with the trotting horse ringing in our ears, it is refreshing once in a while to hear of judges who have manhood enough to make honest rulings and nerve enough to see that they are carried out. The recent meeting in Ottawa was not a model of trotting morality, taken all the way through, and from what I know from some of my friends, the judges, although with the best of intentions, did not quite reach all the offenders. They asserted their authority in excellent shape, however, in the free-for-all, which was for a purse of \$325, but that stake would not have been a circumstance to the amount reaped had everything gone right in the pool box and had the judges' eyes been closed. When the first change of drivers was ordered the suspected mare won the heat nicely, but when the second attempt at a change was made, matters were getting too close for the syndicate, and it was apparent that the dummy in the race could never win under these unlooked for circumstances. In preference to a change of drivers the owner of the second horse withdrew his entry. That settled it in the judges' minds; it was palpably a put-up job, and the race was declared off after four heats had been trotted. It was the best thing possibly that the judges could have done, but it might have been a little bit of a lesson if only the two horses left in were allowed to start. Then the public who had put their shekels in the first place on Sheridan would probably have doubled it at the expense of the "talent."

The Ottawa Hockey Club were not particularly successful in their efforts after the championship, but still they had nerve enough to come and try for it, which is saying a great deal, when all the circumstances are taken into consideration. Never mind, better luck next time. The Rideau Colts, too, were heard from on Saturday last when they tackled the Maples, and although defeated by five goals to one still were no unworthy opponents.

In curling proverbial good fortune, coupled with skilful play, leaves the Montreal Club in the lead. First they won the Branch tankard, then they captured the Governor-General's prize, and, lastly, the Caledonia medal from the Ottawas. A record to be proud of.

Montreal horse breeders have lost a valuable animal when Alcantara, jr., was allowed to go from their midst. The trouble was, if the truth must be told, that he was too good to be appreciated, but our cousins on the other side know a good thing in horse flesh when they see it, and, of course, the son of Alcantara was bought up for over \$8,000.





"INNOCENCE."

(From the painting by Gardner.)

## POINTS.

By ACUS.

To point a moral and adorn a tale!  
—Johnson: *Vanity of Human Wishes.*

Why in the world the vexatious 20c piece should be permitted to continue in circulation is one of the things no fellow can understand. By its suspicion is constantly being cast on the eminently respectable 25c piece, for which it is continually palming itself off upon an unsuspecting public. Between the one and the other there being only a difference of 5c, as well as at once have a 45c piece and a 55c piece, and so on. As a matter of fact, the 20c piece is nothing but a hypocritical imitator of its superior, the 25c piece; it sails under false colours—a sort of wolf in sheep's clothing—and constantly at the despicable trick of obtaining goods under false pretences. Let some candidate for parliamentary honours take the matter up.

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The verb "to forget" seems, in many instances, to be used in a manner not strictly correct. By way of illustra-

tion, Mrs. Bowser gives Mr. Bowser a letter to post, and, of course, Mr. Bowser, as it is commonly expressed, "forgets" to post it. The question is whether, in an instance of that kind, the use of the word is strictly correct. As a matter of fact, there is no doubt that the thing is really in Mr. Bowser's memory, for when you mention it he remembers the whole circumstance at once. When a thing is really forgotten, however, it is, strictly speaking, forgotten for good. If it were said "he never thought of it," it would be more correct. Mere inadvertence in paying attention at the proper time to something intended to be done is rather a sort of temporary absent-mindedness.

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"Raving politics never at rest," is the way Tennyson puts it. The gay and festive Irishman is not giving British politics very much "rest" at present; in the United States the frequent recurrence of presidential elections keeps the kettle boiling pretty effectually; and in Canada we are at present upon the very crest of the political wave. We have arrived at the time when political aspirants, ac-

ording to a couplet by Lowell,

"Go round in their swallow-tail coats,  
Seeking some of them office and some of them votes."

The voice of the stump speaker and of campaign literature is heard in the land; and the horny handed son of toil has become a very popular individual, and is made very much of, indeed. In short, a general election is upon us. Before the fact was definitely announced, some one put the question as to when the elections would be held to Sir John himself, who replied that he really did not know, as he had not seen the morning papers. But the morning papers seemed to have a bad attack of not knowing anything about it themselves. And in the midst of this uncertainty, the Ottawa boarding-house keeper was puzzled as to whether her shingle should invite "select boarders" or announce a "select school"; whether she should buy some more furniture, or sell out what she had. It turns out, however, that if she has "polished up the handle of the big front door," it is only so much wasted shine so far as the M. P. is concerned; for, instead of coming to the city, he is "going to the country."