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THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY

SEPT.
 1892.

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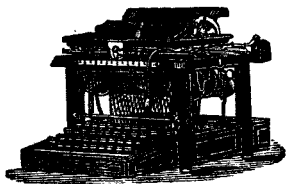
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Arrive Moncton.	1 05	15 45	
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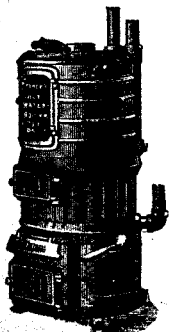
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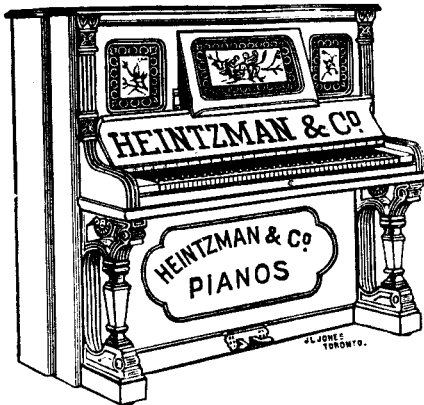
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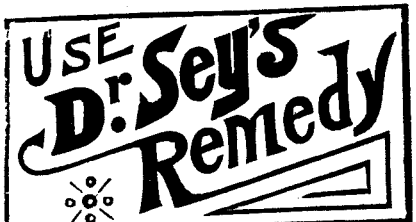
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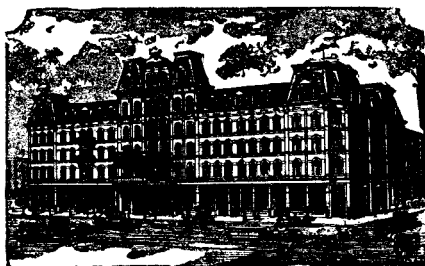
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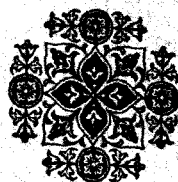
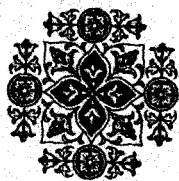
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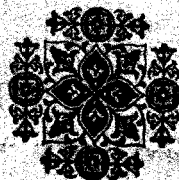
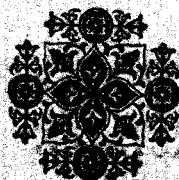
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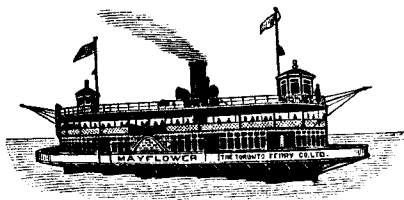
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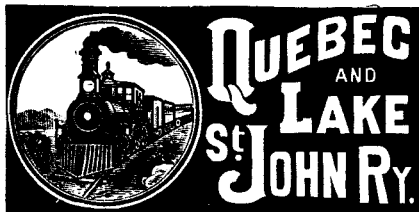
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The Dominion Illustrated Monthly.

SEPTEMBER, 1892.

Volume 1. No. 8.

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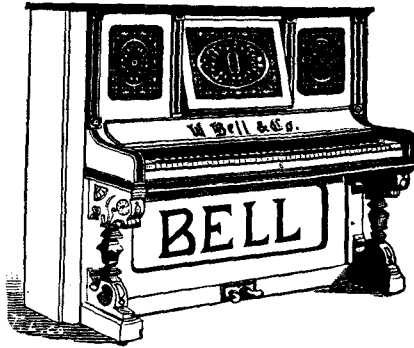
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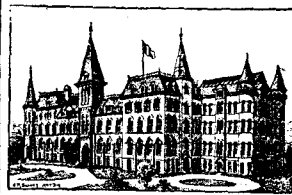
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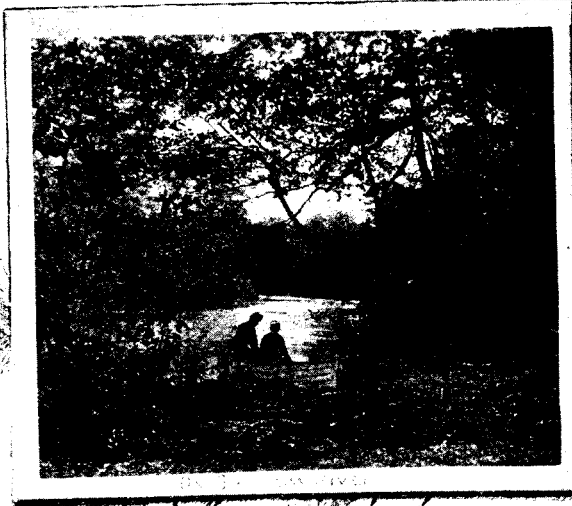
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ON THE LINE OF THE GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.
(See page 520.)

THE
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VOL. I.

MONTREAL AND TORONTO, SEPTEMBER, 1892

No. 8.



E.S," Mrs. Rintoul, "the Bishop will be here on the 10th and as the missionary meeting opens at 8 o'clock we must begin tea at six precisely. Now I do hope you and Colonel Rintoul will

not disappoint me, as our party will be small, but very select you know, Mrs. Rintoul, very select, as is only proper considering the occasion." Mrs. Stinchcombe emphasized the latter part of her sentence by drawing her lips rather tighter than usual and focussing her breath upon sibilants till her speech sounded like an exercise for lispers. As while uttering the words she rose to go, a slight turn of her shoulder from the direction of the doorway seemed to hint that the extra distinctness was not wholly unintentional.

Mrs. Rintoul answered not quite to the point as she advanced to greet a new comer.

"Oh certainly, we shall be delighted. How do you do, Mrs. Prendergast? Oh must you go, Mrs. Stinchcombe? Well good bye," and she tried to drown a tone of relief by an accent of intense cordiality.

A hearty farewell commonly sounds suspicious but Mrs. Stinchcombe was so occupied in maintaining a dignified unconsciousness of Mrs. Prendergast's presence that she got up enough of the feeling to include everything else until safely outside the front door.

"Dear me, Mrs. Prendergast," said her hostess as she relapsed into her easy chair, "I fear Mrs. Stinchcombe's sight is failing fast. How stupid of people not to wear glasses when they know their advancing years make no excuse necessary." "Yes, indeed;" assented Mrs. Prendergast, "through really Mrs. Stinchcombe's eyes look particularly sharp. However, I just ran over to tell you, Mrs. Rintoul, that Mr. Wilkinson asked me this morning to put the Bishop up when he makes his Visitation next week. And I thought it

would be so nice if you and the Colonel and a few more of our friends would come and meet him."

"But, my dear Mrs. Prendergast! that's the very thing Mrs. Stinchcombe was speaking about. She tells me Bishop Browne is going to stay with her."

"Oh well, but really you know, Mrs. Rintoul, Mr. Wilkinson made a point of specially asking me to entertain his Lordship. I suppose Mrs. Stinchcombe fancies because she has lived here all her days that she is the principal person in the place, in fact, the *rankest* lady in Verneuse, as her domestic said to my cook Azile, Ha Ha! Of course you have noticed her ridiculous habit of alluding to her lamented husband as "the squire." If any one may be said to hold that position here, it is Mr. Prendergast of course, for although we only spend the summers in Verneuse the seigniorly originally belonged to his family. No, depend on it, Mrs. Stinchcombe has simply assumed that of course the Bishop is to go to her, whereas, by previous arrangement I am to have him."

"You don't think Mr. Wilkinson could have made a mistake in any way? He is slightly forgetful you know."

"Oh dear no! There is no mistake about it. His errand this morning was specially to settle about it."

After a little, Mrs. Prendergast departed leaving Mrs. Rintoul in a state of delightful uncertainty as to what to do, or how to act.

The Bishop's visit was a great affair in Verneuse. Verneuse was not a popular summer resort, though half a dozen families went there regularly year after year and their doings and sayings were carefully preserved like the citron-melons and rhubarb with sugar, lemon, ginger, and water to suit taste, and to afford a palatable variation to the flatness and staleness of the winter supply. If all the treasured scraps of conversation brought forward by the various denizens of Verneuse, as having been held with his Lordship at these seasons, had been pieced together, he must have multiplied words at a rate not exceeded by the latest improved typewriter. And this was all the stranger seeing that the dignitary in question depended on the scarcity of his favours for their value, as on the paucity of his speech for its weight. Otherwise his modesty feared the effect of no stronger impression than that made by any lesser black-coat.

His apprehensions were baseless however.

Being their closest approach to a title, the country folks, gentle and simple, were not apt to lose sight of the distinction, though some might feel slightly foggy as to the correct style and usage in addressing him. A vast amount of meek brag originated with his Lordship for a text.

Even Mrs. Murphy, the Rectory charwoman was wont to browbeat the lesser ladies of her clientèle by the boast that "Deed an many's the time I scrubbed the flure of His Bishop, Lord Browne's room."

So it was that the Bishop's visit, with the elections and the summer guests, perennially held the position of epochs in Verneuse and occasioned more mind-*airing* than would a big failure, a fire, or the latest elopement in town.

Every one knew when Mrs. Stinchcombe stickled for the finest pair of Louis Desjardin's spring ducks and sent his two youngest boys on a hunt for cress. Every one was aware that she had ordered a new chest of tea from town; also that she had insisted on old Madame Ladurantaye making 6 lbs. of butter from June cream only when the month was barely a week old. At that relaxed hour of evening when Leduc's general store and Post Office was full of loungers and gossip-mongers, Mrs. Stinchcombe's maids Philomène and Delphine rejoiced to watch the sparkle of cupidity in the eyes of the raftsmen and farmer lads, and the flash of jealousy in those of Mrs. Prendergast's girls whilst they detailed the sets of old silver and glass that had been rubbed up in the past week, easily confident that neither the valour of the men nor the resources of the maids were equal to the attainment of such grandeur. They liked to dilate on the wonderful texture of the ancient damask table linen with its pattern of a hunt in full cry, which had been carefully drawn from its blue paper wrappings and laid at dewfall under a layer of apple-blossoms to restore its complexion. They impressed their audience with the conviction that few, very few, possessed goods and chattels deserving of such care and made Marie and Azilda "Prendergast" understand themselves to be minions of an upstart. Meanwhile these two damsels lacerated the soul of Leduc by enumerating the contents of various lists sent to the city grocer, confectioner, etc., articles as foreign to his imagination as to his shelves. And when they offered a

rough estimate of the money thus diverted from its lawful channel—his pockets,—his indignation against both the meanness and extravagance of Mrs. Prendergast was boundless.

Thus things went on until the eventful day, Mrs. Stinchcombe relying on the choicest products of the country, the traditions of her family, and, not least, on the amazing complexities of some heir-loom recipes: Mrs. Prendergast depending on the punctuality and attention of the town shopkeepers for the elaboration of a feast which should outvie anything yet known in the annals of Verneuse. Meanwhile the community was divided as to which entertainment commanded countenance. For while Mrs. Stinchcombe's was the most exclusive, Mrs. Prendergast's seemed to offer the greater novelty to the country residents and loomed before them on a larger scale. Above all the Bishop was the central attraction. Which feast would be crowned by his presence? Neither lady would yield the point. It appeared that Mr. Wilkinson in his own little absent-minded way had asked *both* to do the honours. Mrs. Stinchcombe declared that of course the Bishop would expect to come to her and she would on no account recognize Mrs. Prendergast's claim by so much as to request the Rector to advise her to withdraw it. Mrs. Prendergast indeed! A mere bird of passage!

And Mrs. Prendergast thought it a pity Mrs. Stinchcombe should care to expose the unsophisticated methods and manners of her domestic economy to the episcopal *savoir faire*, but it did not matter in the least since the Bishop was coming to her. She secretly determined not to say a word on the point to the Rector, lest he should consider it her duty to give Mrs. Stinchcombe the preference.

One person there was who would very quickly have settled matters, one head capable of resolution of any parish problem, before whom the difference and result of what ever unknown quantity soon stood declared. The X in this equation was the Rector's wife, just at present unfortunately out of the reckoning. Mr. and Mrs. Wilkinson had passed the week in town, superintending some long devoutly-wished alterations in the chancel garnishings, spurred into consummation by the Bishop's approaching visit. As usual the artificers were unable to finish the work till the uttermost moment, so in wifely consideration of the time required by the

Rector to adjust himself to the present, the Rectoress shipped him home the morning of the Visitation. Being unacquainted with his arrangements, she sent a note by him to her old Scotch Margaret, containing full directions for a good substantial high tea and other particulars for his Lordship's comfort. She left her husband at the station, wasting no useless words on the matter of the Bishop's visit; he usually left all sublunary things to her disposition, only reiterating her injunction not to forget to give Margaret the note immediately, and then stayed behind till that last minute, so valuable in any undertaking limited as to time.

Thus the matter stood. Surely, the Bishop would be hospitably treated. The passive spectators looked on interested, but judged it wiser not to interfere. This self-restraint was certainly rare. Perhaps it is hardly fair to hint that it was actuated by a desire to see the upshot of it all.

The day arrived and at a quarter to six p. m. Mrs. Stinchcombe sat, in her state black silk and cameo ornaments, conversing with the exclusive few in her drawing room.

"The train is due at 5.30," she remarked. "The bishop must soon be here. What is that Delphine? Oh, a note from Col. and Mrs. Rintoul. Too bad! Mrs. Rintoul is suffering from a distressing nervous headache, and the colonel does not like to leave her. Hopes she may improve in time to see us at the meeting."

The fact was that the Rintouls, enjoying a reputation for popularity, were in no mind to forego a pleasant summer friendship nor yet to endure a permanent feud with their all year round neighbour. So they adopted this dastardly escape.

Hard though it was to lose these important guests, Mrs. Stinchcombe held her judgment in abeyance and preserved her equanimity after reading the note, meanwhile applying herself diligently to the manufacture of conversation sufficiently elegant for the occasion. This absorbed time till half—past six. Then her cap ribbons, being stiff yet delicate gauze, betrayed signs of agitation. It was a hot evening. She thought of the parsley withering on the cold chickens, now rapidly losing their crisp chillness. She herself felt alternate heat and cold, as she remembered that even now the jellied tongue and graceful butter swans must be fast collapsing. As to the Sally Lunn's, they were either stone cold or burnt to a crisp, according to Philomene's judgment. A

burning spot on either cheek testified to inner disturbances.

"The Bishop must have missed his train and will come by the 7 o'clock," she said. Her confidence was trembling. It would indeed be terrible if these people whose opinion was best worth considering were to see her slighted. "I cannot understand what is detaining him."

"The meeting begins at 8" ventured a gentleman who looked a little hungry. In Verneuse the solar system is subservient to the human.

Mrs. Stinchcombe drew her china crêpe shawl very tightly down to her waist, irresolutely rose and walked the length of her drawing-room. She congratulated herself on this apartment. It was properly furnished with three-cornered brackets and whatnots, a correct centre-table and glass-covered wax flowers. For to-night the brown holland covers were off the worked chairs and fire screens. A very different room indeed from Mrs. Prendergast's with its matting, rugs, and gimcrack little tables, wicker chairs and photographs. Mrs. P's. room looked to Mrs. Stinchcombe as if the whole thing had been scratched together in half an hour. Mrs. Stinchcombe's satisfaction in her room restored her confidence and brought her boldly to a massive mahogany card-table leaning against the wall. From between its legs she drew some large glass balls. Looking up with the happy light of inspiration on her face as having found a plank to ford the halcyon moments, she met all shades of disapproval, from discouraging to stern, in the eyes of her company. It would not do. Slowly she replaced the antique game and begging to be excused, withdrew for a few moments.

A rapid conference with the domestics during which the clock inexorably knelled seven, resulted in the removal of the choicest viands in case of the Bishop's sudden appearance, and Mrs. Stinchcombe returned to summon her friends to a pass-over meal, of which they all partook freely much like schoolboys in midnight revel, and as unready ready for an interruption.

Mrs. Stinchcombe was thankful that want of time spared her the necessity of making conversation. It felt a good deal like a moonlight drive without the moon, or a Drawingroom lacking Her Majesty's presence.

Meanwhile the 7.30 train had come, and Mr. Wilkinson, with his head full of points which ought to be brought before

the Bishop, together with the few remarks he must make at the meeting, walked absently up and down the platform. The tall figure of his Reverend Father in the Church and the smaller shabbier one of the missionary from somewhere behind the North Pole, stood in front of him before he had taken in the meaning of the long whistle of the engine now dying out in a whispering sigh.

"Oh, I beg pardon; it is your Lordship, er I mean you have arrived," he stammered confusedly.

"Yes Wilkinson I am here, but I doubt if you are," laughed his Lordship. "This is our good brother from Walrus Bay."

The gentlemen exchanged greetings and then the Bishop hinted making for some destination. Fresh from the smoky town, the blossoming fruit-trees and new-green meadows aroused his memory and imagination. Under that silken bib there beat a sentimental heart. This was a moment when it might safely rebound in natural throbs disregarding of expedience and dignity.

"I know no place more attractive than Verneuse in early summer" he said "and no part of Verneuse more lovely than the Pines. I haven't seen the Pines since -- well, since I was a mere lad -- tell me, who lives in the Laurie's old cottage now, Wilkinson?" "A Mrs. Chittick. Perhaps you remember her, my Lord; she told me she was a member of your congregation when you had charge of S. Stephen's. But dear me, I cannot recall her maiden name. She would be delighted to see you, and," with a sudden impulse upon which Mr. Wilkinson congratulated himself as doing a very bright thing, "we will go there for our evening repast."

So while every step of the way revived long forgotten pains and delights to the Bishop, the three walked on, each full of his own thoughts and only saying a word or two to each other as it seemed necessary to veil their pre-occupation.

Mrs. Chittick had just packed the four youngsters, ranging from three to eight years old, off into the back yard to play while she undressed the eighteen months baby and put him to bed. She was without a servant. She had been battling all day with a stove that refused to draw, and with children who declined to be peaceable or quiet, till now, raging neuralgia proclaimed the anarchy of her nerves. One side of her face was swelling rapidly and did not tend toward compla-

cence whenever she passed the looking glass in her weary plod up and down the room with about 40 lbs. of hot teething baby in her arms. After half an hour's march she dropped into a rocking chair and set herself to sing down the fractious wailing chatter of the child. She sang pretty loudly for that purpose and in the hope of drowning the noises which drifted in every now and then from the other children. The only things which occurred to her were her brother's college songs and she swung these ribald ditties off with a vigour that held the ear of the infant above the creak of the crazy rocking chair, which would somehow always drift over on to a loose board in the bare flooring. She was furtively watching the infant's eyelids the while, and thanking her stars that her husband was away and that as soon as the children had supped, she, with them, might seek oblivion in sleep. The house was untidy and dirty. Each child was a perfect little pickle, she herself not fit to be seen, and the sooner the day was over the better. She would have the entire household in bed by eight o'clock.

Eight o'clock! If Mary had not gone off on the absurd plea of "lonesomeness" Mrs. Chittick might have gone to the missionary meeting and have seen her old pastor and asked after his daughter Mabel, once her closest school friend. But no—after all she had not a stitch fit to wear. What a good thing her old willow china tea set was complete enough to lend to Mrs. Prendergast to supplement her own for to-night. The children had their mugs and as for herself, anything would do. A fresh bawl from baby.

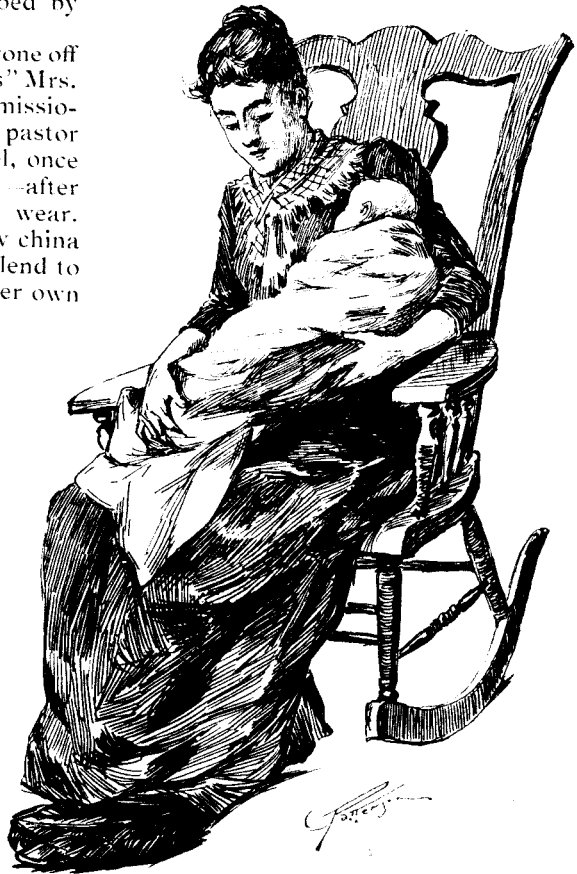
"Bother Cutty!" she here exclaimed.

Cutty, a snappish little Scotch-terrier, acted as guardian to the family in the absence of his master. In that capacity he saw fit to assume all the evil humors of the entire family and was more nervous than Mrs. Chittick, starting at the least sign of any disturbing influence, more cranky than Baby Chittick, biting and snarling on innocent provocation and more noisy than all the other little Chitticks put together, for he would fly through the bars of the front gate and bark outrageously at every passing cow, horse, or man.

There! He was at it now, and of course the baby had to wake up. Then, too, there was a sound of footsteps in the lower hall. Mrs. Chittick suddenly ceased singing "These bones shall rise again," and walked in a white heat of exasperation to the head of the stairs, calling down with fierce distinctness, "You young imps! if you don't clear out in two winks, I'll give you the greatest paddy-whacking you ever got in your lives!"

Having delivered herself of this dire threat, she became aware that the group in the hall were standing very quietly. Patting the now squalling baby violently she descended a few steps to see why the figures did not disperse at command, when, lo and behold! there stood the Bishop, Mr. Wilkinson, and another. With a sort of fascinated horror she went on down stairs and while conscious of a sickly grin on her countenance, felt as if the next minute she must burst into tears.

"Well, well, Mrs. Chittick," began Mr.



"She dropped into a rocking chair."

Wilkinson, nervously rubbing his hands together, "I have brought you the Bishop and Mr. Northall to tea!"

The good man spoke as if Mrs. Chittick's delight at the arrangement were a foregone conclusion, and she, poor wretch, tried to act accordingly.

She greeted her guests in very different tones to those devoted to lullaby or admonition and ushered them into the dusty sitting-room, where they were quickly joined by the discreditable contingent from the back yard. Mrs. Chittick thankfully perceived that she was not remembered. Time, care and toothache had wrought an effectual disguise and the Rector's fortunate absent-mindedness, saved her from unmasking. The Bishop, whose nicety of person appeared to have contracted none of the dust and burrs which adorned his companions, was fidgetting with the calf of his leg. Mrs. Chittick's attracted gaze discovered a tattered rent which much marred the grace of his gaiter's outline. Well she recognized Cutty's sign dental, but nervously tried to escape burdening herself with repairing the damage, remembering that both time and black silk were lacking.

She heard the Rev. Northall enquiring of her first-born who it was had been singing Salvation Army hymns as they approached the house. A query provocative of a peculiar glance from the Bishop at his missionary.

Then she rose to the hour's requirements. Excusing herself she withdrew with the two elder children, and made Freddie hold the baby, now awake, for the rest of the evening. Next she scrawled a note and despatched Willy with it to the Rectory, with a few forcible remarks upon the necessity for speed. Then she applied herself anew to the fire, which absorbed the time of Willy's absence. When that youth arrived at the Rectory Mrs. Wilkinson was just stepping out of the clerical vehicle on to her own front gallery. She took the small boy by the hand and facing Margaret's inevitable wrath appropriated all the substantial of the Rector's tea, and packing them up with half-a dozen decent cups, saucers and plates, placed the child and basket in the ancient phaeton. A few parting directions to Margaret and she drove off with her pic-nic.

Her indignant handmaiden hardly had breath left to mutter "the idea of the Bishop takin' tea at that old rat châlet of a Laurie's cottage, and all my good cookin'

gone too! Deed an if the missus had give me time, I'd a stopt her. But 'twas no use. She licks the wind, Mrs. Wilkinson do."

Passing the Prendergast's place, Mrs. Wilkinson saw quite a large party enjoying afternoon tea on the tennis lawn. They all looked very jolly so she did not spare time to stop and explain, but hurried to the relief of the unfortunate Mrs. Chittick. Her she found ruefully contemplating all her stock, consisting of a mutton bone, Cutty's lawful perquisite, and a scratch lot of muffins, rolls, and Johnny cake which might have done for the children's tea, but under present circumstances were at once not enough and quite too much of a good thing.

Mrs. Chittick felt that a thoughtful angel had entered her back door, and together they succeeded in getting up something which if not festive was at least satisfying.

By the time Mr. Northall returned a long thanks. Mrs. Chittick's spirits rose to the point of conjecturing what he might have found to say had not Mrs. Wilkinson come to the rescue.

The conduct of the children and a few other little matters, however, prevented her from indulging in undue elation. It really seemed as if these sportive cherubs became for the time being as their invisible archetypes, in their ubiquity and plentitude of head, as compared with a total lack of understanding. They got in everyone's way. Each child was a bursting pod of interrogations.

If some guide, philosopher and friend of our race would show how to direct the energies of the budding mind so that one-half of them be directed to a solution of the conundrums propounded by the other half, and the reverse action produce silence, what blossoms would equal the rare perfection of our olive branches! Probably, though, at the expense of fruit. Petals must fall before the seed cup swells to lusciousness.

As it was, the grown folks felt perfectly helpless when the baby, being put on the floor, managed to find the weak spot in the Bishop's attire, and stuck a salt spoon between the greaves of his harness. Then three-year old slid off her chair and stayed for five minutes quiet as a little angel in the hall, only to reappear dragging in his Lordship's silk hat, coupled with a skipping rope as engine to a train composed of the two berrettas

What could be said when Freddy instituted a physiological inquiry as to the uses and tightness of the episcopal apron? In fact it was a merciful release when Mrs. Wilkinson suggested an early start in consideration of the phaeton's lumbering progress.

If, in delivering his "one or two words," the Bishop felt that evening a certain recoil of his words that sensitive speakers avow when an audience is not receptive, it was because the absorbent power of his hearers was already taxed to the full.

Three-fourths of the people were wondering where he had supped, and why, and how. Also what were the feelings of his various would-be hostesses on the subject.

Mrs. Stinchcombe wore a look of squelched yet grim dignity. But then, as usual, she simply stuck to the advice of Polonius and looked character.

Mrs. Prendergast smiled in a flustered and general manner on every body, discriminating only in the cases of Mrs. Stinchcombe and the platform. In these two exceptions she found sufficient reaction to strike an average of cool indifference to the whole world.

The simple annals of Walrus Bay failed to arouse deserved interest.

Poor Mr. Wilkinson, not being given to divination, was totally unprepared for the shock, when, the meeting ended, Mrs. Stinchcombe demanded an explanation. His wife, of course, assumed all the re-

sponsibilities of his situation, and in restitution the clerics and select laity repaired to Manor Lodge with Mrs. Stinchcombe for contemplation of the hypothecated dainties.

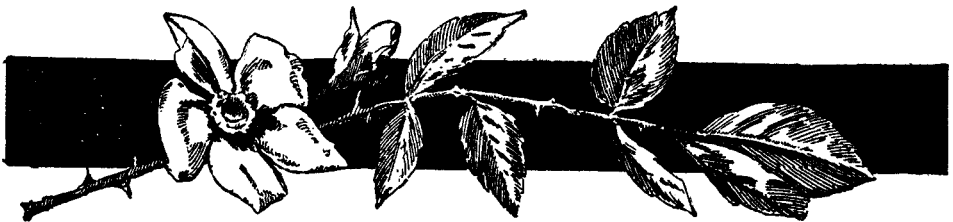
Unfortunately the Rintouls were again unable to join them. Mrs. Rintoul's headache had returned with redoubled violence directly the benediction was pronounced.

Seeing that Mrs. Stinchcombe had been beforehand, Mrs. Prendergast determined on repaying disregard with contempt. With a refinement of vengeance she pressed into her service Mrs. Stinchcombe's nephew, who had shirked his aunt's entertainment, and succeeded in collecting the frisky and youthful majority of Verneuse straight from the missionary meeting to her gay rooms, where dancing, feasting, and junketting continued till long after the Rector and his wife returned from having installed the Bishop and Mr. Northall in Mrs. Stinchcombe's spare bedrooms.

On the whole Mrs. Prendergast had about the best of it, and could well afford to be lenient when the opportunity came of overhauling Mr. Wilkinson.

For the memory of her impromptu entertainment outlived all other impressions of that evening, so much so that it was ever after mentioned as "the night of Mrs. Prendergast's party" rather than as the occasion of the Bishop's Visitation.

K. A. CHIPMAN.





THE ST LAWRENCE, IV.



AMONG the early seigniors of these islands figure the names of some of the officers of regiment, subsequently to the dashing Carinan-Saliere whom we find the name of a descendant of Baron Charles LeMoynes de Longueuil.

In 1775, the seignior was M. de Beaujeu, brother of the famous de Beaujeu, who, in 1755, took part in the memorable battle of the Monongahela. In 1759, he had been entrusted with the command of an important post—that of Mechilimakenac in the west; for his services and devotion to the cause of the French king he was decorated.

De Beaujeu, at the head of his retainers, was a sturdy chieftain; old memoirs mention him during the winter of 1775-6 crossing over and joining the succor, which de Gaspé, seignior of St. Jean-Port-Joly, Couillard, seignior of St. Thomas, and an old Highland officer, Thomas Ross, of Beaumont, made a noble effort to pour into Quebec. The skirmish with Arnold's continentals and their Canadian allies took place at St. Pierre, Riviere du Sud, and is known in Canadian annals as *l'affaire de Michel Blais*. It was a rout for the Loyalists; the blockade of Quebec continued until the 6th May, 1776.

The chief settlement, comprising about 100 dwellings, is on the north side of the island; a thick belt of trees intercepts the view from the south channel, except the seigniorial manor and out-houses at the east end—inhabited each summer by its stalwart and hospitable seigneur, Macpherson LeMoynes, Esquire, J.P.

It is a charming, healthy retreat, from May until December. Few sites in our gorgeous Canadian scenery can surpass its river views, extending to Cape Tourmente, Cape Maillard, and over the innumerable islets on the north side, bask-

ing in sunshine in the blue distance; such is Governor de Montmagny's game preserve of 1646.

The channel is considerably reduced in breadth by vast mud-flats, visible at low tide, and extending four miles across from Montmagny. The successive incroachments of the river on the shore here, have led to singular changes. At high tide the St. Lawrence covers the site where the former parish church and cemetery existed as late as 1820; in fact, it invades the shore far beyond. Montmagny of late years has become the shire town—*chief-lieu* of the county, and is provided with a resident District Judge, Court House, jail and other civilizing appliances.

Here flourished, and died in August, 1865, its most distinguished son, Sir E. P. Tache, a red hot *patriote* in 1837, A.D.C. to the Queen and Premier of Canada after the union of the provinces. One of the most attractive views of the river landscape is that to be had from the verandah of the stately old Patton Manor, embowered in trees and standing sentry over the harbour.

On and on the traveller is wafted past a string of wooded, uninhabited isles,* until reaching abreast of Grosse Isle, the Government quarantine station, established there in 1832, to intercept or disinfect cholera or fever-stricken emigrant ships. Cholera in 1834, 1849 and 1854 gave the authorities busy times, as well as the ship fever of 1847. That year was rendered painfully memorable by the mortality among the Irish emigrants landing on our shores; the ghastly memories still linger about the island, where 7,000 victims of ship fever lie buried in one trench. The medical superintendent's steam launch is on

*The Marguerite Island, Two Heads Island, Heron Island, Canoe Island, Race Island, Mile Island, Onion Island; Canoe Island exhibits one solitary dwelling.

hand from 1st May till 10th December to meet and inspect all arrivals from sea. Conspicuous from afar are the vast hospitals and superintendent's summer quarters.

The eye then takes in the fertile Isle of Orleans, comprising six old and populous parishes. It lies on the placid bosom of the great river, amphotheatre like, with a southern exposure; these picturesque heights, umbrageous groves, quaint hamlets and beautiful new villas renders Orleans one of the most attractive districts on the Lower St. Lawrence. The island was granted in 1662 to Sieur de Caen by the Duke of Montmorency, Viceroy of New France. In 1665 this district

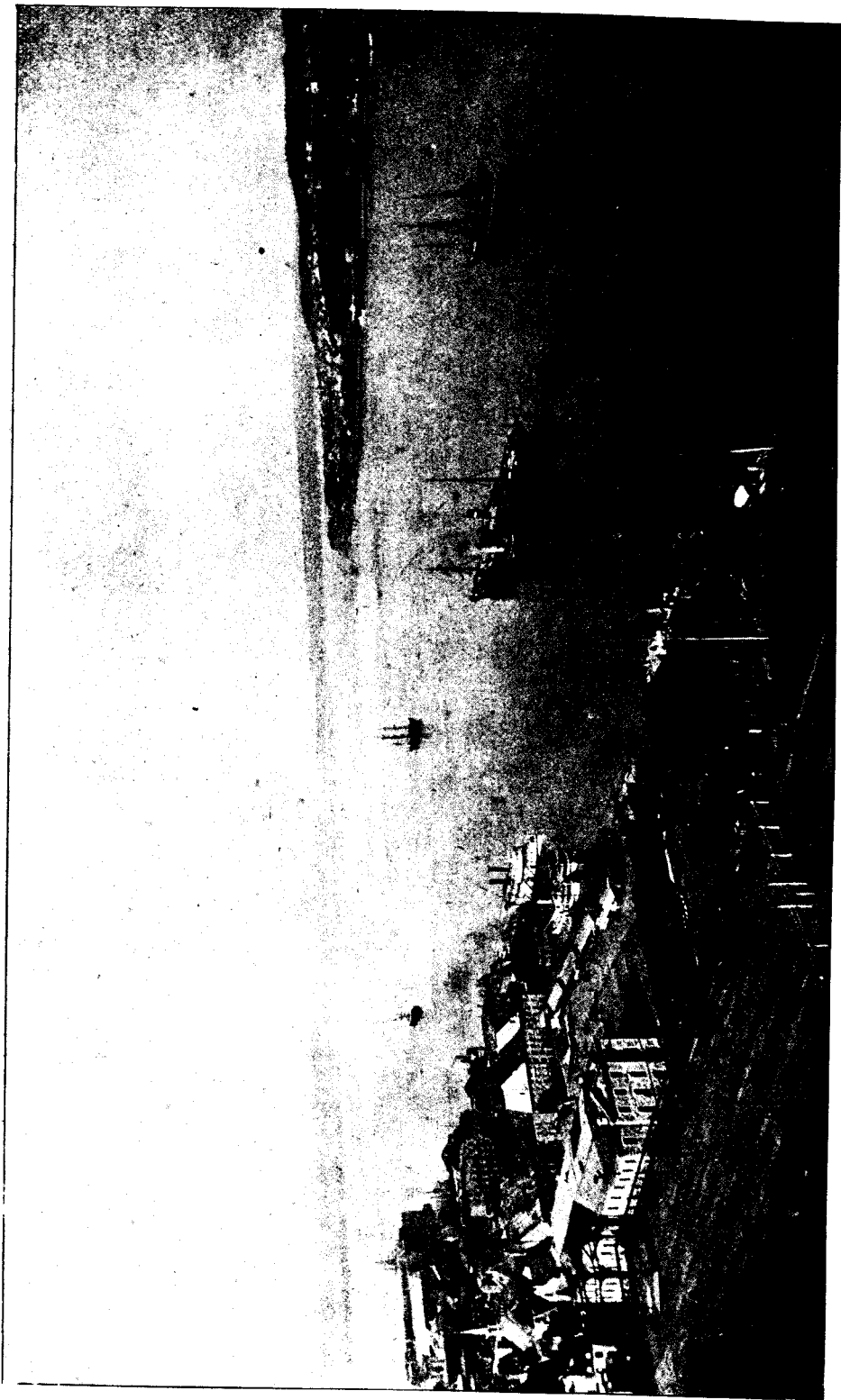
settled at Lorette, near Quebec. The isle was again overrun by the fierce Mohawks on the 18th of June, 1661. They massacred indiscriminately, there and on the Côte de Beaupré opposite the helpless French settlers. A Quebec sportsman, Couillard de L'Épinay, was at that time on the island on a shooting excursion. Jean de Lauzon, son of the governor of the colony, and brother-in-law to Couillard de L'Épinay, also Seneschal of New France, made up a party of seven spirited Quebecers, and sailed down in a boat to warn his brother-in-law of his danger. They landed near Rivière Maheu, where their boat grounded. De Lauzon sent two of his followers to see



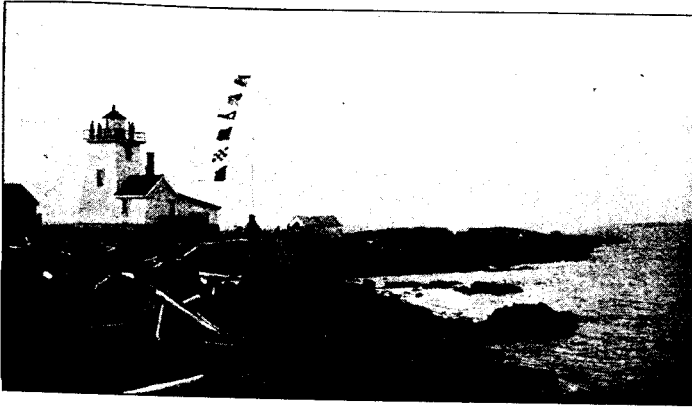
A Glimpse of Metis Bay.

was formed into the Earldom of St. Laurent, and was conferred on M. François Berthelot, who assumed the title of Count of St. Laurent. In 1657, part of it was occupied by 600 Christian Huron Indians, who had taken refuge under the walls of Quebec from the tomahawk of the relentless Iroquois. In 1656, the Iroquois had demanded that they should come and dwell in their country, and upon their refusal fell upon the Hurons with a force of 300 warriors, devastated the island and killed 72 of the unfortunate Hurons. Two tribes were compelled soon after to surrender and held as captives in the Iroquois country, whilst one, the tribe of the Cord, left the island and

whether there were anyone in a neighbouring house belonging to René Maheu, pilot. On opening the door they found themselves confronted by eighty Iroquois, who, raising the war-whoop, surrounded the seven Frenchmen, unable to put to sea, as their boat was aground. They summoned the Frenchmen to surrender, promising to spare their lives, but de Lauzon, who knew too well the ferocity and perfidy of the foe, refused, firing away at them, until the savages had to cut off his arms. They then cut off the Seneschal's head. The brave men were all slaughtered, one excepted, who, though grievously wounded, was carried away to be tortured. Before leaving they burnt



THE ST. LAWRENCE, AT QUEBEC.



A Lower St. Lawrence Lighthouse.

the bodies of their own dead warriors. The great cross at Pointe Argentenay was carried away by the savages and raised in triumph at the Iroquois village on Lake Onondaga.

For nearly a century the island enjoyed peace; but a terrible surprise dawned on them on the 26th June, 1759, when Wolfe's fleet anchored opposite the west end of the island. Capt. Hardy had a fortified post at St. Pierre, and the disembarking of England's red-coated legions was the signal for the islanders to retire to Charlebourg, etc.

Across the channel, on the north shore, may be seen the Côte de Beaupré, comprising several populous parishes. Let us follow Parkman's advice and make a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Anne, at the foot of the Laurentian range, on the north shore of the St. Lawrence.

To the faithful hailing from Rome, *La Bonne Sainte Anne* is a talisman, a spot as sacred as *Notre Dame de Lourdes* and *Paray-le-Monial* are to French or English pilgrims. Last season the dual mode of travelling, the steamers and the Montmorency and Charlevoix railway brought 100,000 pilgrims to the shrine. The 26th June, the anniversary of the festival of St. Anne is a red letter day in the settlement, which numbers about 1000 inhabitants.

On the east of the village is the new church building, a

massive and beautiful structure of gray stone in classic architecture, richly decorated in its interior and in the lateral altars.

The old building of the church of St. Anne is on the bank just above, and is probably the most highly venerated shrine in Anglo-Saxon America.

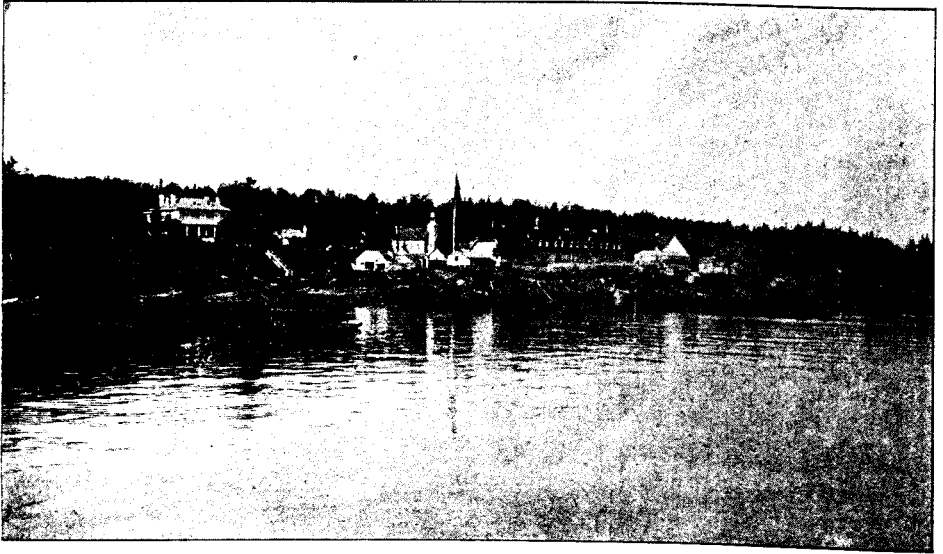
"Over the richly adorned altar of the old church, is a picture of St. Anne, by the famous French artist

Lebrun, presented by the Marquis of Tracy, and the side altars have paintings (given by Bishop Laval) by the Franciscan Monk Lefrancois, who died in 1685. Similar gifts were also made by the Intendant Talon and by Le Moined'Iberville. There are numerous rude ex-voto paintings representing marvellous deliverances of ships in perils, through the aid of St. Anne, and along the cornices and the sacristy are great arrays of crutches, left here by cripples and invalids, who claimed to have been healed by the intercession of the Saint. Within the church is the tomb of Philippe René de Portneuf, priest of St. Joachim, who was slain with several of his people whilst defending his parish against British troops in 1759."

The colonists who founded Canada brought with them this special devotion and erected numerous churches in honour of St. Anne, the chief of which was *Saint Anne de Beaupré*, which was founded in



Cap A L'Aigle, Tadoussac.



Medical Superintendent Montizambert's Quarters.—Quarantine Station, Grosse Isle.

1658 by Governor d'Aillebout on the estate presented by Etienne Lessard.

The vessels ascending the St. Lawrence during the French domination always fired off a saluting broadside when passing this point, in recognition of their deliverance of the perils of the sea. Bishop Laval made Ste. Anne's day a feast of obligation.

The picturesque Falls of Ste. Anne attract, each summer, crowds of tourists; the stream which feeds them meanders through dark glens, forming seven cascades in a distance of about a league, some of which are singularly beautiful.

The Côte de Beaupré and the site of Ste. Anne were granted by the Company of Hundred Partners, in 1636, to the Sieur Cheffault de la Regnardiere, who subsequently sold it to Bishop Laval. In 1661 this district was ravaged by the merciless Iroquois.

On the 23rd August, 1759, St. Anne was attacked by 300 Highlanders and Light Infantry and a company of Gorham's Rangers, under command of Capt. Alexander Montgomery, the brother of the ill-fated General R. Montgomery. The place was defended by 200 villagers and Indians, who kept up so hot a fire from the shelter of the houses that the assailants were forced to halt and wait until a flanking movement had been made by the Rangers. The victors burnt the village, saving only the ancient church, in which they made

their quarters. A tradition of the country says that they set fire to the church three times, but it was delivered by Ste. Anne. The following day they advanced on Château-Richer and Ange Gardien, burning houses and barns and cutting down the fruit trees and young grain.

St. Joachim, an old settlement of 1,000 souls, five miles lower down than Ste. Anne de Beaupré, on the river bank, also teems with the warlike memoirs of two sieges, 1690 and 1759. It is a rich, farming country, and its pastures and grain fields are irrigated by limpid streams, the Petite Ferme, the Friponne, Marsolet and Blondel rivulets.

Extensive natural meadows, on the shores, are submerged each tide by the St. Lawrence, and produce abundant harvests of excellent fodder for cattle. Game is very abundant here, fall and spring; the Quebec markets are partially supplied with the Canada geese (*outardes*) and ducks shot at the *Rochesplates* of St. Joachim; the Quebec seminary own this preserve, which they lease out to Quebec gunners. For more than two centuries the eel fishery has been a source of revenue to the inhabitants.

It is from this fertile region that the Quebec Seminary, proprietors of the land, draw a large proportion of the farm produce required for their educational institution at Quebec.

One of the most conspicuous objects at

St. Joachim is the Petit Cap, a thickly wooded mound, rising about 150 feet above the green meadow.

In full view of the passing river steamers may be seen, through a gap in the woods, the Château Bellevue. The historian Parkman thus sums up his impressions after visiting this famous retreat :

"The Château Bellevue is a long and massive building of limestone, situated near the foot of Cape Tourmente, and surrounded by noble old forests, in which are shrines of St. Joseph and the Virgin. The château is furnished with reading and billiard rooms, etc., and is occupied every summer by about forty priests and students from the Seminary of Quebec. The neat chapel of St. Louis de Gonzaga (the protector of youth) is south of the château.

"Near this point Jacques Cartier anchored in

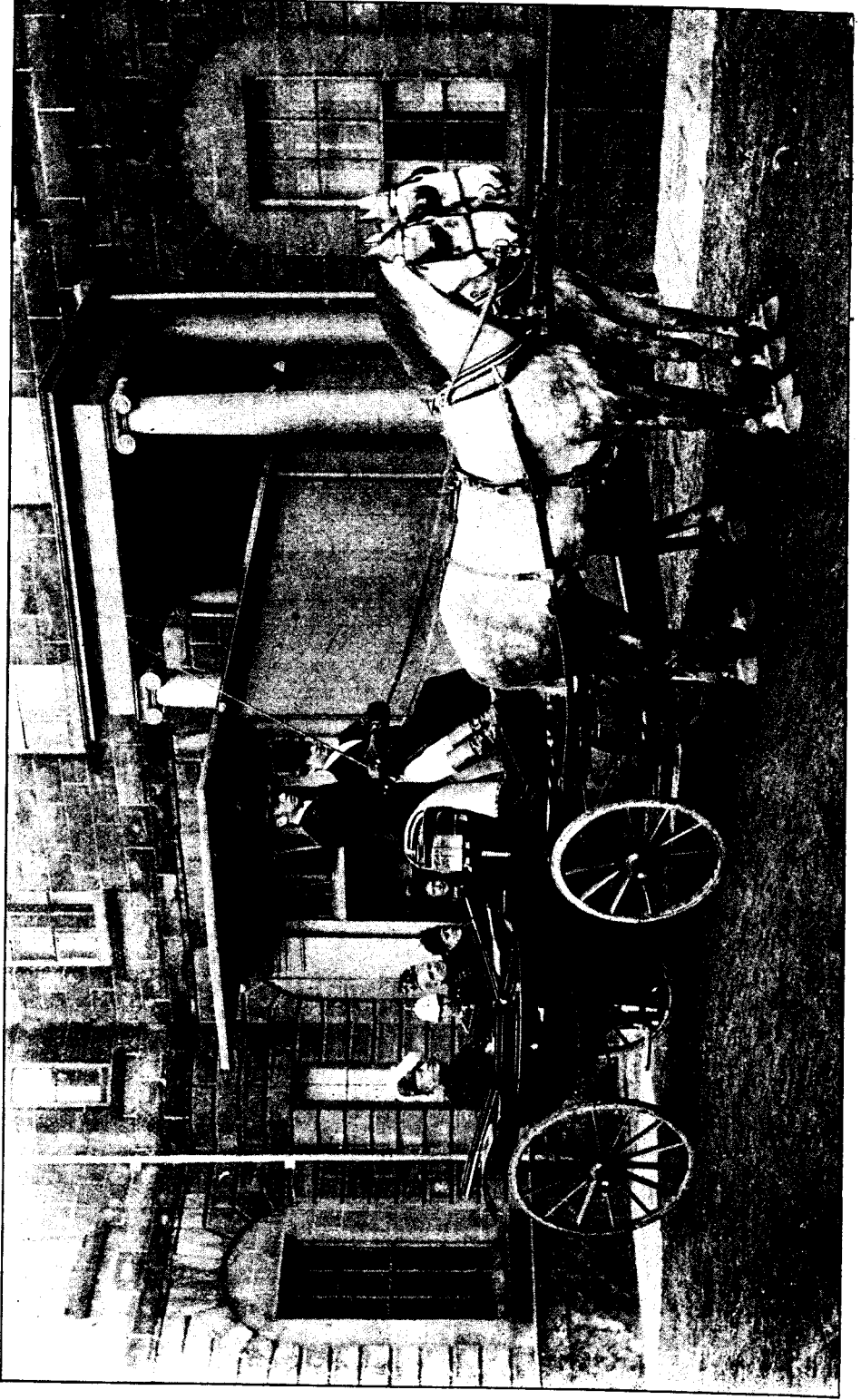
1535, and was visited by the Indians, who brought him presents of melons and maize. In 1632 Champlain came hither from Quebec, and founded a settlement, whose traces are still seen. This post was destroyed by Sir David Kirke's men in 1628, and the settlers were driven away. St. Joachim was occupied in August, 1759, by 150 of the 78th Highlanders, who had just marched down the Isle of Orleans through St. Pierre and Ste. Famille. They were engaged in the streets by armed villagers, and had a sharp skirmish before the Canadians were driven into the forests, after which the Scotch soldiers fortified themselves in the priest's house, near the church.

"In 1670 Bishop Laval opened at St. Joachim a rural seminary in which the youth of the peasantry were instructed. . . . This was the first agricultural college in America."

J. M. LEMOINE.



J. M. LEMOINE, F.R.S.C.



Return of His Honour the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Daly to Government House after closing the Provincial Legislature.

SOCIAL LIFE IN HALIFAX.

SOCIAL LIFE IN HALIFAX.



SOCIAL life in Halifax seems a very simple subject on which to write, does it not, especially when undertaken by a resident of the place ; but it is not. On the contrary, I would rather tackle any other — except perhaps psychology, metaphysics, and metempsychosis—of all of which I am profoundly ignorant, and feel quite proud at being able even to spell them. Social life in a military and naval town is

luncheoned and pic-nicked, there is no such thing as quietly dropping in unasked, in the evening after dinner, for an impromptu game of cards, or for music, or even to push back the chairs and have a dance. Years ago, this *was* a common occurrence among the upper tandom, but lately it has seemed gradually to drop away, till now it takes a friendship to long years standing to allow one to venture on such a liberty.

Of course, the leader *par excellence* of



Government House.

of course very varied and abounds in amusements ; in Halifax particularly, for it is a most hospitable little city, and extends a warm greeting and a friendly hand to many a poor travel worn stranger. Although proverbially hospitable, there is little sociability in Halifax, by which I mean, that while strangers and visitors are entertained, feted, dined, teaed,

society, the very backbone of the great six hundred (as a local paper once dubbed our aristocracy), is Mrs. Daly, the wife of the Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia. The daughter of the late Sir Edward Kenny, Mrs. Daly is in every way fitted for the high position she occupies in Halifax. Handsome, charming, affable, she dispenses the hospitality of Govern-



A corner of the drawing-room at Government House.

ment house in a manner which cannot be surpassed; and she is by far the most popular and well-beloved help mate that has sat at the head of Government House dinner table for many years.

Owing to heavy family affliction—and also to not too robust health—there have been no balls at Government House since Mrs. Daly became its mistress; but not for a moment have its hospitable doors been closed, Mrs. Daly sinking her own feelings almost entirely, in order that she may do, what she thinks to be, and what undoubtedly is, her duty in her high position. The dinners at Government House are celebrated for their style, and refined lavishness. The table is a marvel of shining silver, clear beautiful glass, and with its tasteful floral decoration, its ribbons, its dainty little menu cards, and its hundred and one little ornamentations, which go so far to whet the appetite, and please the eye—it would be indeed a difficult matter to find a fault.

In all her efforts to cater to the amusement of society, Mrs. Daly is ably seconded by her daughter, who is truly a worthy descendant of her charming mother. I could say a great deal about our dear Lieut.-Governor in this paper, if I might, but as I am dealing with the ladies only, he must be relegated to a "back-seat" for the present, though it is with much regret that he is not mentioned more particularly.

Next to Government House, comes the General, as an entertainer, but I cannot deal with him either, because he is *a he* and not *a she!* "Bellevue" is a particularly ugly, but particularly comfortable and roomy house, and when the General occupies it, there is always something going on, within its doors. Revelry and mirth abound. Big balls, small parties,



Miss Daly.

tennis (in summer), euchre parties, and all sorts of gaieties flourish, and it is a popular resort for society, both young and old.

Then comes Admiralty House, but its doors are open only from June to November, the rest of the year the admiral and family being in Bermuda. Nevertheless, during their five months residence here, they do their full share towards entertainments. The grounds are very beautiful, there being besides the large gardens and conservatories, a perfect tennis court, which is kept in beautiful trim by the jolly tars. The band of the flagship discourses sweet music on the Admiralty "At Home" days, and crowds flock there, to enjoy the music, and walk about the gardens, where they can breathe the strong sea air, fresh from the ocean.

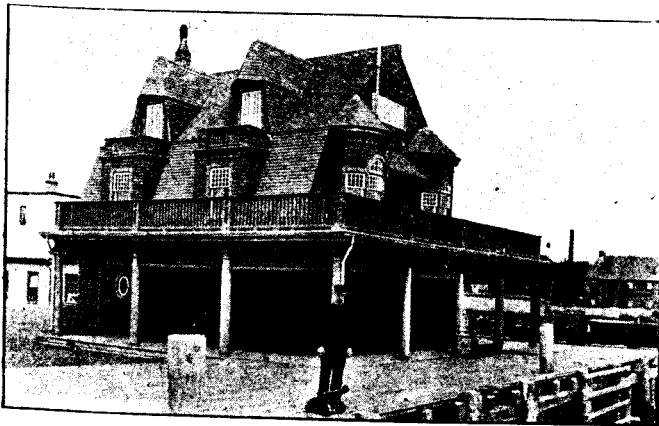
In the summer "when the ships are in," society *must* keep an engagement book, because every day brings not one, but many invitations, and it really taxes one's brain to remember how they come. Naval officers are always bright and merry, full of vim and go, and where they are, dullness takes wings and flies away; so that during their stay, Halifax is in a perfect whirl of ship parties, afternoon dances, (which *entre-nous*, dear reader, are not much to the taste of the elite), theatricals on board ship (by the sailors), which are most amusing and entertaining. Concerts, are also given by the sailors, assisted by the officers and their lady friends. On Sundays it is very customary for a favoured few to be asked on board the flag-ship to church—a morning service. This is always followed by an elaborate luncheon on board, and the worshipper (?) does not get home to real Sunday quiet till the afternoon.

During the summer months, the pretty little Club House of the Royal Nova Scotia Yacht Squadron, is thrown open on Saturday afternoons, to the friends of members, and this is a favorite resort. Yacht races and canoe races, boat races of all kinds, are eagerly watched by the fair sex and their gallant escorts, and for those who do not take any interest in all such, there are seats and benches, both inside the house and on the pretty verandah, where the lads and lassies can sit and sip tea, or eat ices, enjoying the delicious shade, and cool sea breezes, and being far more interested in each other, than in the races which they have come ostensibly to view.

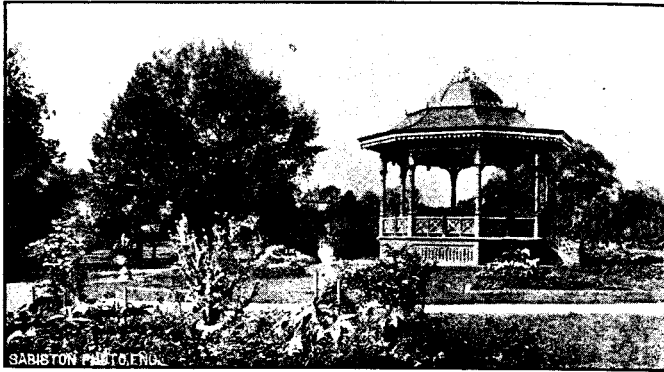
A few miles outside of Halifax is the famous rocking stone, an immense boulder of many tons weight, which was at one time so well balanced by nature, that a gentle push, even by a feminine hand would set it reeling. Now, however, it has got slightly off this wonderful balance, and one must use a lever to set it going. This is a favourite spot for pic-nics, the rocking stone being in the midst of a beautiful wood. A ladder set against it enables the pic-nicker to mount to the top, where they can enjoy a fine view of the surrounding country. It is a most picturesque spot, and makes a beautiful and ideal target for the amateur photographer.

Our public gardens are too well-known throughout the Dominion, to need comment from me, but it is here that Society finds its way, on hot summer afternoons, and it is here that the band of whatever regiment is stationed in Halifax, discourses sweet music once a week, for two hours in the afternoon.

The horse races at the riding ground is a good place at which to study a certain phase of social life. "Spring and autumn races" there are, and all the world and his wife assembles to witness them. The ladies turn out in fresh new gowns, and some of them are indeed lovely to look upon, as they stand or sit in the grand stand, watching with parted lips, bright eyes, and flushed cheeks for the success of their own particular jockey. Betting is free, but I think the ladies never go



Club House, R. N. S. Yacht Squadron.



Band Stand, Public Gardens

beyond gloves on these occasions.

Then we have the polo grounds to amuse us, where the dear intelligent little ponies enjoy themselves and take as much interest in the exciting games as their riders. They are clever little brutes, and I am always far more sorry for a hurt pony than for a hurt rider!

Of cricket there is an abundance, and though female society adores the game and flocks to see it, still we have not yet got up a ladies club, though why we should scoff at lady cricketers and call them hoidens, and romps, and unlady-like, and unsexed, I know not. To me it seems a no more unfeminine amusement than tennis, about which all the women are quite mad. The Tennis Tournament which takes place at the end of the season, is one of intense excitement, to the social world, and indeed we have some fine players. It will forever remain a mystery to me, why there are not more "Society Sunstrokes." It sounds a new and odd expression, but it embraces just what I mean. A delicate girl—who would think it certain death, to get up in the morning in time to attend to some of the household duties, and thus lift part of the burthen from the shoulders of her mother—will come down to a late breakfast or early luncheon, whichever you please to call it, and then go off to a game, or a dozen games of tennis, and for hours will rush and jump about in the hot sun, till she resembles nothing on earth so much as a boiled lobster; till her hair hangs dank and curlless on her wet forehead, and till every bone in her body aches. To me, it is wonderful the amount of exertion a fashionable woman will take without complaint, *as long as it suits her*. Ah! women are kittle cattle, and not

always to be depended upon. Truly, an unselfish woman is the *most* self-sacrificing being on earth, but in order to be an unselfish woman one must first become a wife, and then a mother. It takes such, to humor and put up with the foibles of the being, who has dubbed himself the "lord of creation!"

In the autumn we all rush off to the foot-ball matches. Now that *is* a horrid, brutal game, fit for nothing but savages!

and yet we applaud, and glory in the strength of our "Jim" or "Joe," and when he comes out of the fray, dirty, torn, bleeding, with a black eye, tousled hair, a gory nose or a broken front tooth, such is the nature of woman—society-woman, as well as other woman—that we think him handsome and more lovable than in all the freshness of a recent cold bath and immaculate evening clothes. In these football matches, when the men get their heads down, and all mixed up, with only waving arms and kicking legs visible, they look, to me, like some writhing many-armed, headless monster, and it gives me a horrible feeling that each arm and each leg is a big wriggling snake. I hate the game, and yet to watch it is perfectly fascinating.

Social life in Halifax, is usually more sociable in winter than in summer. Each lady has her "At Home" afternoons, some times once a week, some times once a fortnight, and even in a few cases



Mrs. Longley.

once a month. On that afternoon visitors are sure of finding a warm welcome from a gracious and sometimes handsome hostess. Generally this visiting does not begin till about five o'clock, when the dusk falls. Then, after a toboggan party, a long cold sleigh drive, or an hour or two of skating, the appetite is keen, and the girls and matrons, fresh and rosy from the cold outside exercise, flock in; generally attended by a gallant and cavalier, and the tea and coffee, and chocolate, on which is piled the stiffest of whipped cream, disappear like magic, accompanied by delicious little hot rolls, fairy-like slices of thin bread and butter, and an infinite variety of cakes and confections of all sorts. Sometimes if the hostess is musical, or is possessed of a musical daughter, the afternoon is varied by songs, and instrumental music, duets, part songs, piano, violin, flute, etc. Halifax Society is as a rule, musical, and on these occasions enjoys something else besides the usual "tea and talk." By the way, it is an accepted fact *among men*, that the ladies drink all the five o'clock tea, and we are often told we will ruin our digestion etc., if we do not give up the evil practice. Just here I will diverge from my subject long enough to say that this imputation is hardly just or true, for I have yet to see the man who does not enjoy his cup of five o'clock tea as much as a woman does, and what is more, that man can talk just as much gossip and scandal (only he does not call it by that plain name) while consuming his five o'clock beverage as any three women!

Society has lately organized a "rifle club" for ladies. This has been got up by some of the military men, and has been a source of great pleasure to the ladies, some of whom handle the rifle with an ease and dexterity which is almost alarming, and are excellent shots. Who knows but that presently when we progress a little further, we may have a regiment of militia, composed entirely of society ladies?

A few years ago, the line between military Society and civilian society was very broad, and looked almost impassable. Happily this is all changed now, and the young civilian asserts himself, and takes his proper place. Why this dividing line should ever have been, I know not, except that many of our young men seemed to think the girls cared only for the uniforms. They have, however, found out this mistake and no



Mrs. Clarkson.

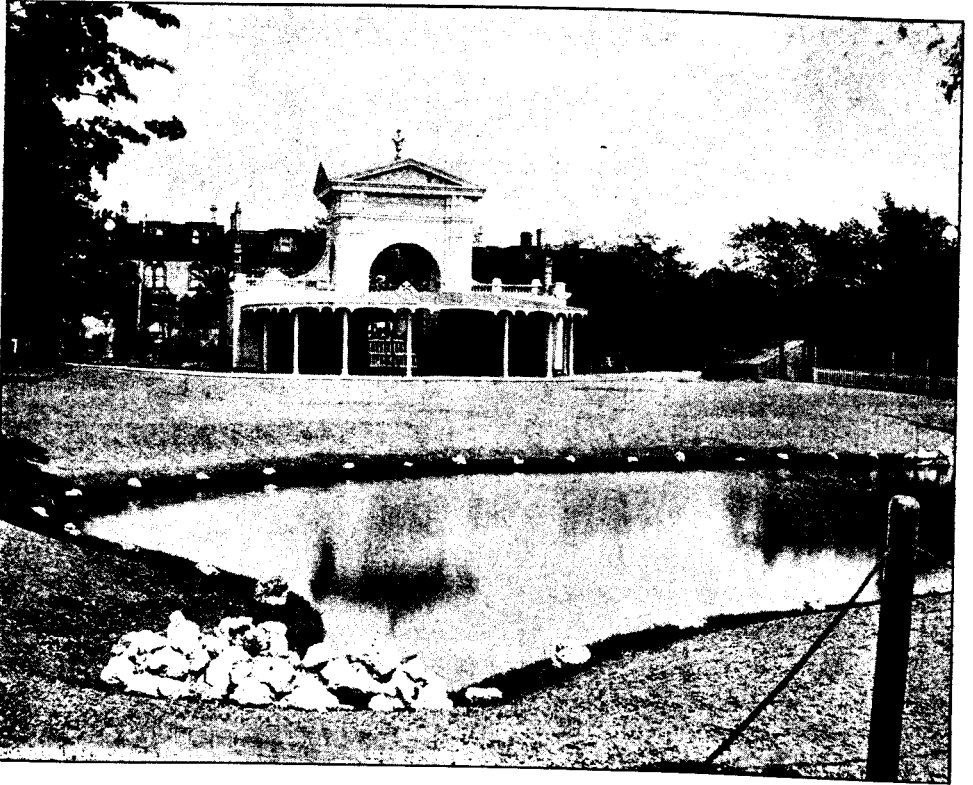
longer so underrate themselves. The girls are proving to the best of their ability that they can love and respect a *gentleman* whether he is uniformed or not, as is seen by the number of our prettiest society girls, who have "hitched their bark" to the man of peace—not of war—and are being softly, gently, lovingly towed along the stream of life.

Social life among the rising generation is active and amusing! The girl, half-grown, but not quite "bread and butter," something between this and the full-fledged young lady, has been very expressively, and not too politely dubbed, "the flapper." To all such, life is indeed a joy, particularly when the harbour is full of men-of-war and midshipmen are as thick as bees in a sugar barrel. They ape their elder sisters most alarmingly and sometimes they fairly out-Herod Herod. I think it is the greatest mistake that mothers can make, in a garrison town, to allow their young daughters—school girls—to join the giddy throng and go to party after party, till really when the time arrives for her to come out—be presented—so to speak, instead of the fresh, innocent, joyous young *débutante*, we have the *blasée* girl of the period, who is as much at her ease, as much addicted to flirting, and as much a

woman of the world as if she were thirty instead of eighteen.

Social life is not confined in this place to amusements. On Saturday, which is "market day," it is the ladies, not the men, who attend to the buying of the week's supplies of groceries; who interview the butcher and who make the streets alive and bright by their presence in the market. Those who are the happy possessors of carriages, generally drive to the market, and drive home again laden with vegetables and poultry, and I have even seen a handsome society lady sitting in her

fowls, the yellow legs of which refused to hide themselves in the dainty little basket, and in the other hand she had a tin bucket containing about two quarts of clams! Upon being asked if she was not ashamed to be seen with such a load, she laughingly replied, "Not a bit of it! I am going to leave them at my husband's office, close by, and the office boy will take them home for me. Besides, why should I be ashamed to carry outside what I don't at all mind carrying inside!" The slight tinge of vulgarity in this speech was so entirely overcome by its



Main Entrance to Public Gardens.

little open carriage side by side with a very nice looking calf's head and feet. This latter delicacy can be bought much cheaper in the green market than at the butchers, and society ladies like a bargain as much as their less favoured sisters. Those who do *not* own carriages, are not ashamed to walk and to carry a neat little basket in which to put eggs, small birds, lettuce, mushrooms, or any dainty that they may find and that is not too heavy or bulky. Not long ago, I saw a lady, a well-known society belle, who had in one hand a basket containing a large pair of

good sound common sense, that it made an indelible impression upon me.

Another thing which enters largely into social life in Halifax, is, the "Auction Sales." In no other place on the face of the globe do ladies congregate at public auctions as at Halifax. They revel in them. In the spring, which is generally the season for sales, it would be hard to say who looks after the house on the day of a specially good sale. Sometimes there are wonderful bargains made, and sometimes the inexperienced buyer finds out when too late that she has paid more than

its value for a second hand article. No amount of pushing or jostling seems to irritate her, and though some times the atmosphere of a crowded room is none of the best, still the delicately nurtured society lady stands there with a courage and fixity of purpose worthy of a better cause, till the article on which she has set her mind is offered, and then if it does not go beyond her limits, she leaves the motley assembly, triumphant and happy.

Social life in Halifax is not all jam and sweetmeats either. Many of our highest society ladies are not merely butterflys of fashion, but capable, hard working women. Women, who while they enjoy the good things of this life, manage to make those good things enduring, by their economy and aptness and good management. There are heaps of ladies here, who do all their own sewing and who teach their children; Girls who not only teach their younger sisters but who make all their ordinary gowns. As a rule Halifax women dress well, plainly but tastefully. Their clothes fit them well, and are fashionable in cut, and in many cases these same gowns are cut and made by the fingers of the fair wearer. Plenty there are here who are nothing else but useless dancing room ornaments, who spend their lives in reading novels, walking the streets, dancing and in other ways amusing themselves without a thought beyond self, and its pleasures. God help the man who fixes his affections on such a woman! But again, there are others, (and thank heaven these are in the majority) who have been brought up differently, and who will never forget their early training. There are young married women who have three or four little children. These children are clean, well kept, well cared for. The young mother makes all their clothes. Her house is always neat and inviting. Her husband comes home to his seven o'clock dinner to find her bright, fresh, smiling, waiting to welcome him. A comfortable, but plain little dinner, well cooked and well served, follows, and yet this couple are none too well off. It is the wife's *management* as well as the husband's earnings which keeps this little establishment in its state of order and comfort. They have but two servants—a "general girl" and a young woman of fifteen to look after the children. The young mother keeps up her music, too, which I regret to say is not always the



Mrs. Alfred Jones, Jr.

case; and with it all, she is a leading spirit of brightness at all social functions, and her husband is never too tired or too indifferent to accompany her. He adores her and thinks her perfection, and is always willing to show his appreciation of her efforts to make both ends meet and yet keep a cheerful countenance.

This is not a fancy sketch, dear reader, but is painted from the active life of a "society woman." She says that the reason that she can accomplish so much and still have leisure for outside enjoyment, is because she "has a place for everything and everything in its place," and because there is also a time for everything, and she lets nothing interfere with these two rules.

Social life in Halifax has been most severely criticised of late, by a class of newspaper writers, which has lately sprung into life, and which is called the "society writer." There have been sundry changes in society of late years. Monstrous strides forward and wonderful backsliding too, and it is on this subject that the society writer dwells. "Society as it is," is compared with "Society as it was," and is made the target for all sorts of satires and darts and shafts; some hurled undoubtedly by the hands of those who are disgusted that things should be as they are,



Miss Worsley.

others, the pure emanations of jealousy and spite. The result of all this is that society people don't love the "Society writers;" are not in love and charity with them, particularly with those who seem to have made ancestry and archaeology a study, and who, being inclined to pedantry, are apt to fling the result of these deep researches, or of their wonderful memory for ancient days, in our faces! Sometimes we find this disagreeable and we rebel, but it is no use. We have to grin and bear it, because the society writer is a success, and the sales of the Saturday night papers have increased since their columns have been prostituted to such literature. After all, it does not really hurt any body. It is only a pin-prick as compared with the many pangs a society woman endures.

Sometimes social life is pleasantly mixed up with local charities. Last year any body who was any body, and many who were nobody, joined hands and had a grand bazaar for the benefit of "The Sailors' Home." The ladies were all in sailor dress. There was everything to attract the eye, tickle the palate, and empty the pockets of the thousands who flocked to the Exhibition Building where the bazaar was held, but the coffers of the Institution were filled, so society felt that it had done a real duty—helped a real

charity—and withal enjoyed itself immensely.

This year we have had a grand "International Fair," at which all nations were represented by our local beauties. There were the Japanese stall, the old English, the Grecian, the Venetian, the Spanish, the French, the German, etc. The proceeds which were something very much "worth while" went towards the improvement of the already nearly perfect grounds of the Wanderers' Athletic Club. The accompanying picture represents a group of three of the girls, dressed as Spanish ladies. All grades of society were present during the week, in fact, nearly all Halifax itself were there at different times. For months, society had formed itself into clubs and sewing parties, and had worked for our Wanderers, and when the eventful opening night arrived, I do not think any city in the Dominion of Canada could boast of a bevy of lovelier, handsomer girls. Each night the affair was opened by a grand march by a hundred girls, picked from the different stalls, and all dressed in the costume of the nation which their stall represented. It was indeed a beautiful sight, and thousands gathered to witness it and to applaud it.

A Group of Belles,
Spanish Booth, Wanderers' Bazaar

Perhaps of all the phases of social life, we may look on a grand ball at the Wellington Barracks as the *ne plus ultra* of true enjoyment and pleasure. These barracks are occupied always by whatever line regiment is stationed here. It is an enormous building and the mess quarters are

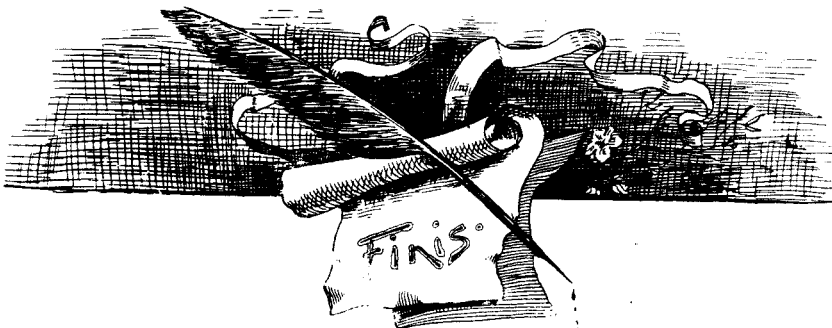
so roomy that a ball there is indeed a thing of joy, and always hailed with delight by the young folks. The mess room makes a beautiful ball room, there are many sitting out-rooms where the chaperons (who are generally looked upon by the giddiest of the young people as necessary evils) have plenty of room, and are never neglected either. I must say that as a rule the officers make ample and very charming arrangements for the chaperons, wherein they undoubtedly show much wisdom, because if the mothers are comfortable and happy, they are in no hurry to take their daughters home. Besides the many corridors and nooks and corners which belong to the barracks, there are always extra places built out for the sole purpose of flirtation. If you see a couple throw open a window and deliberately walk out, don't be alarmed! It is not a case of suicide, or even of broken bones! Just outside of that window has been built a perfect gem of a "lovers' retreat!" And that is the only kind of retreat our soldiers understand. Into this pretty little fairy bower they retire, and often (I regret to say) this innocent little retreat means—*nothing*. I once heard an officer who had been paying desperate attention to a girl for months say to a civilian, "I don't see how you fellows manage in a place as full of pretty girls as this is. When you find yourself getting really fond of a girl, you can't retreat. Now with us it is different. All we have to do is to get six months leave, and the whole

thing is done, and by the time we come back, it and we are forgotten." It has often struck me that this young fellow was something of a philosopher.

I must not forget among the many varieties of social life and amusement of which I have not mentioned the half, to tell you about our amateur theatricals. We have a really fine Dramatic Club, which has given us much amusement during the long winters. Among the wives and daughters of the civilians, nay, among the civilians themselves we have some talent which is far above the mediocre and to this is added military talent of which there is generally abundance. Joining forces, the results are surprising indeed. In Easter week we had "School" presented to us in a truly masterly style. No professional company could have done better, and of course a good amateur company composed of the ladies and gentlemen so well known to us will always draw a full house, and again I must record a case where "social life," allies itself with charity; for these amateur theatricals are a money making pastime and the proceeds are always devoted to some worthy local charity.

Space is limited so I must leave for a future occasion, a description of "Social life" as a musical body, though we rather boast of our musical organisations, among which we reckon clubs, bands and last but not least *two* Conservatories of Music.

M. TREMAINE.



HOW FRANCE SAVED THE THIRTEEN COLONIES.



THE name of Beaumarchais is, no doubt, well-known as the author of the Barber of Seville, the Marriage of Figaro, and other dramatic works. How many know that it was chiefly to his efforts the Thirteen Colonies were indebted for the timely help they received in their darkest hour? Yet but for him the assistance given by France would probably never have been thought of, although the gratitude for such services was not strongly marked on the part of the United States, when the Colonies had gained their independence.

The son of Caron, a watchmaker in Paris, born in 1732, over a little workshop in the rue St. Denis, young Caron became a watchmaker in turn, introduced improvements in time keepers, which brought him to the notice of the King, Louis XV., obtained a small place at Court, married the widow of his predecessor in office, and took the name of de Beaumarchais, from a fief, real or imaginary (the latter apparently being the fact, as there is no evidence of its existence), and began slowly to make his way upwards, assisted by his talent for music, in which he undertook to instruct the King's daughters, who gave private concerts under his direction. These brought him into personal intercourse with the King, and with many of the higher nobility,—an opportunity of advancing himself, of which he had the talent to take full advantage. He in his lifetime played many parts. To use the words of his ablest biographer. "The astonishing variety of his aptitudes brought him into contact with the greatest variety of men and things, and urged him to play by turns, sometimes simultaneously, the most contradictory characters. Watchmaker, musician, song-writer, dramatist, comic author, man-about-town, courtier, man of business, financier, manufacturer, editor, fitter-out of privateers, contractor, secret agent, negotiator, publicist, occasionally a tribune of the people, peaceful from inclination, yet always engaged in controversies, and, like his own Figaro, a jack of all trades, he was mixed up with most of the large or small events which preceded the Revolution."

A study of the life of Beaumarchais would prove that this sketch is on the whole a true summary of the man, although he was not so important as his partial biographer assumes. Much of the history of his negotiations is not of an edifying kind, being secret investigations to save the character of people, some of whose characters were not worth saving. Into these and other incidents of his life it is not, for the present purpose, necessary to inquire, but before speaking of the efforts he made to furnish the American Colonies with munitions of war, and make of this a good commercial speculation to his own profit, it may be necessary to see what training Beaumarchais had received to enable him to manage a very complicated business transaction, which was not the less so because it had far-reaching political effects.

It was whilst engaged as music master and general fetcher and carrier for the princesses, that the opportunity came and found the man ready to derive all the benefit that could be gained from it. Paris Duvernay, a rich financier and confidential agent for Madame de Pompadour, a lady of a not irreproachable character, desirous to be remembered for something useful, projected a military school, which, although strongly objected to, was, through the determination of his patroness, the King's mistress, founded by an edict of January, 1751. But the disasters of the seven years war had a serious effect on the influence of Madame de Pompadour, and before the building was ready the enterprise threatened to collapse. In vain Duvernay tried every influence to secure the royal patronage for his institution, or to obtain the favour of a visit from the King, which might be, in some sort, considered as a consecration of the work. The Dauphin, the Queen, the Princesses regarded it with hostility as being a project favoured and protected by Madame de Pompadour, and the King was too easy going to trouble himself to oppose the well understood desires of his family. Duvernay employed the young music master to effect that in which others had failed. He adroitly succeeded in getting the Princesses to visit the school, and they in turn acted as his unconscious tools, and induced the King to honour

Duvernay with a visit. It was this that led to the financial training of Beaumarchais. Duvernay was overflowing with gratitude, gave him an interest in some of his speculations, introduced him to the mysteries of financing, which Beaumarchais studied with his accustomed energy; in some speculations Duvernay assisted him with his money or credit, in all with his advice. With such a master of finance as Duvernay was universally reputed to be,—and his successful operations would appear to prove that the general belief was not ill-founded,—it would have been strange, indeed, if so apt a pupil had not gained by his instructions and his example. Determined to obtain a patent of nobility, Beaumarchais forced his father to give up his honest means of livelihood. How he went to Spain and perfected himself in the art of speculation, with no happy result to his fortunes, how he fought for his life with the Maupeou Parliament, lost his civil status, which he only regained by acting as a secret agent for the King—the word spy is not a pleasant term to apply to a gentleman of such varied attainments—these, with his love affairs, his theatrical fortunes, his life as a man of pleasure, need not be told. The manner in which he succeeded in engaging France in the struggle between Great Britain and her colonies is the main object to which this account of the training of the man to whom the United States owed so much, forms an introduction.

From the very outbreak of the revolt in the American Colonies, Caron de Beaumarchais was watching the movement with the warmest interest. It is clear, as much from what is suppressed as from what is told, that a desire to make money had as much to do with the eagerness to serve the Colonies as love of liberty or a disinterested desire to help the weak against the strong. He had good ground to work on. The conditions of the Treaty of Paris, of 1763, still rankled in the minds of the French; the loss of Canada was one, but by no means the most important element that entered into the feelings of hatred to Great Britain and the sincere wish to do her all the harm possible consistent with safety and reputation. Of comparatively slight value in a material point of view, but galling beyond measure to such a nation, was the clause in the treaty which compelled the dismantling of Dunkirk, a part of their own territory. It was one of the best fortified posts in the kingdom, but the works were demolished

in accordance with the terms of the Treaty of Utrecht, in 1713. The fortifications were renewed, but the Treaty of Paris, of 1763, decreed that they should be again demolished. Such a grievance was one on which the most fiery appeals to the popular imagination and sensibilities could be relied on for the desired result; an insult, real or supposed, is less easily forgiven than a positive, downright injury.

The position of Beaumarchais is a striking commentary on the state of France in the years preceding the first Revolution. An outlaw, having been deprived of his civil rights by a solemn decree of the courts, he had yet free admission to the person of the young King, Louis XVI, not through the minister but directly, and wrote questions on public policy, which he presented to the King, who at his request answered categorically with his own hand. Some of these questions are curious, one is tempted to call them impertinent, from an outlawed subject to his King, the fountain of power and honour. Many of them may be passed over, to deal with those directly affecting the question of the policy towards Great Britain and her colonies. In answer to the question by Beaumarchais, whether he was to communicate to the Count de Guines, the French ambassador in London, the intrigues in which he was engaged on behalf of the colonies, the answer, in the King's own hand, written at the end of the question was, "He is to be kept in ignorance" (*il doit ignorer*). Beaumarchais had presented a memorial to the King to persuade him to send secretly, by his (Beaumarchais') agency, arms and munitions of war to the American Colonies. On this point, a document presented personally to the King is very emphatic. "Finally," it says, "I ask, before leaving, a positive answer "to my last memorial" (the one just mentioned). "If there was ever an important question, it must be admitted "that this is one. I answer with my "head, after the most serious reflection, "for the most glorious success of this "operation for my master's whole kingdom, without compromising his person, "his ministers or his interests. Will any "of those who dissuade His Majesty from "it, do the same, or answer for all the evil "which must infallibly happen to France "by its rejection?"

He was not successful at the moment, but consent to the scheme was not long delayed. He succeeded by the fortunate result of secret service in gaining the con-

fidence of the King and of his Ministers, de Maurepas and de Vergennes, so far as to overcome their scruples and hesitations as to the policy they should adopt on the American question. It was decided to support secretly the revolted Colonies and to Beaumarchais the work was entrusted. On the 10th of June, 1776, he obtained the promise of a million livres from the King. On this he began the great operation, in which he actually levied war himself on the British, having shortly after the promise obtained further powers.

It was in the same month (July, 1776) in which Beaumarchais received authority to fit out vessels secretly, to supply the Colonies, that Silas Deane, the political and commercial agent of Congress, arrived in Paris, to use his own words: "A stranger to the language as well as to the customs of the nation." He had no friend at court; his letters of introduction, however effectual to secure social recognition, were valueless in a political point of view. M. le Roy was an Academician, Dr. Dubourg a physician, both unconnected with and ignorant of politics. He was assured that no public assistance could be expected in France. M. de Vergennes, to whom he was introduced by Dr. Dubourg, was exceedingly polite, but assured him the court could afford him no assistance, consistent with the treaties subsisting with England, which His Majesty could on no occasion violate, adding—and the air with which he said it may be imagined, knowing that a million had just been given to Beaumarchais to enable him to fit out ships and purchase arms for Mr. Deane's constituents, that commerce was free to all His Majesty's subjects, from whom any articles wanted could be obtained; countenance and protection would be afforded, but His Majesty could do nothing as to the articles (warlike stores, to wit), that Deane had been instructed to solicit. The independence of the United States could not be then considered, and Mr. Deane was politely bowed out and referred to M. Gerard, the Minister's chief clerk, for any additional information.

It was now that Beaumarchais could appear with advantage on the scene. He accordingly wrote next day to the disappointed political agent. "I found him," says Mr. Deane, "the only person willing to venture a considerable credit on these States at this time, and from the favourable light he stood in with the Prime

"Minister the only person on whom I could rely with confidence to procure the supplies then indispensably necessary." The two soon came to an understanding, and now Beaumarchais' financial training came into play; an estimate was made for clothing for 30,000 men and for other necessaries, also for 200 pieces of brass cannon and 28 mortars, ammunition, tents, etc., much of which Beaumarchais assured him, as well he might, could be purchased from the King's arsenals, and Beaumarchais kindly consented to become security for the payment of the freight of these to America.

In the meantime Spain had also been induced to enter into the same scheme for secretly assisting the Colonies, and was to advance another million of livres. Beaumarchais was told by de Vergennes that he would urge Spain to do so, but was informed at the same time explicitly that the operation must be in the eyes of the British Government and of the Americans a purely private speculation, and in fact it must be so in reality. A firm of merchants must be formed to furnish at its own risk all the arms and other necessaries required by the Colonies for carrying on the war. The King's arsenals would supply these, but, whatever was obtained from them must be replaced or paid for. No money was to be asked from the Americans, but they were to pay in produce, of which admission into France would be facilitated. In short, said de Vergennes, the operation, secretly assisted at first, must support itself. An account, it was further agreed, was to be submitted to the French government, so that in case of heavy losses Beaumarchais might be in some measure relieved.

The evidence that Spain did advance the required million is clear and conclusive, but it was done in a round about way, so as, if possible, to keep it secret. The Spanish ambassador paid this amount into the French treasury, obtaining an acknowledgment, which he transferred to Duvernay, Beaumarchais' old trainer in finance. Duvernay gave the acknowledgment to Beaumarchais according to a receipt, still in existence, dated the 11th August 1776, and thereupon he drew the money from the French treasury.

A glance at the terms of the treaty of Paris of 1763, which was entered into by both France and Spain on the one side and Great Britain on the other, will show the treachery on the part of both powers in this secret plot. A most solemn agree-

ment was entered into to have a "Christian, universal and perpetual peace," which, of course, everyone understands, might be ended for great national reasons, but it goes on solemnly to engage that no assistance should be given, *directly or indirectly, to those who would cause any prejudice to either of the high contracting parties.* How far was this solemn engagement fulfilled in this secret plotting? Were the awful scenes of the Revolution and the Terror a logical punishment for such treachery on the part of France? Was the loss of a large portion of her American possessions, stripped from her by the very power she had helped to create, a fitting reward for Spain's complicity in this nefarious transaction?

The acquisition of the arms, clothing, ammunition and other necessaries was not a work of much difficulty, favoured as it was by the French Ministry, but the shipment of such an amount of material and of French officers who had been engaged by the connivance of Government seemed to be an almost impossible task. For the King was opposed to war, his Ministry was not prepared for it and yet were they openly to engage in such a transaction as Beaumarchais had in hand, it would have been equivalent to a declaration of war on Great Britain. It is not necessary to enter into details. These may be found given, among other works, in lives of Beaumarchais, and in Silas Deane's defence before Congress of his conduct when accused by Arthur Lee of what was practically malfeasance of office. It is sufficient to say that the stores arrived in time for the campaign of 1777 and with them many able officers to assist in drilling and rendering effective the raw levies then at the disposal of Congress.

It was not the direct assistance only of France and Spain that helped the revolted colonies. The co-operation of many of the Indians was secured, not out of love to the Americans, whom they hated, but from the old alliance with the French. La Balme, a French mercenary and a man of great ability, who was employed by Congress to raise and discipline troops for its service, was killed in a skirmish and his papers captured. In one of his letters to de la Luzerne, the French Minister at Philadelphia, dated on the 27th June, 1780, he says: (I translate.) "Except the commander at Fort Pitt, all the Americans were guilty of revolting proceedings towards the Indians.

"Whilst the treaty of peace with them was in progress at the Fort, a party of eight men went to their village and massacred some of them; others stole horses from the Indian camps. From all these rascalities and perfidies results a great store of hatred, causing the wars of which many families have been the victims, the consequence of the disorders and selfishness which mark the conduct of the settlers." He then describes the difficulty he had in securing the help of the Indians, which was only obtained by impassioned appeals to the old bond that united them and the French, who were now, he assured them, associated with the Americans to destroy the British and drive them out of the country.

The successive steps in the Revolutionary war after the open declaration by France in favour of the Colonies need not be here spoken of; these are matters of ordinary history, but the unsuccessful attempts of Beaumarchais to obtain payment for the enormous sums he and his friends had expended for assistance rendered to the revolted Colonies is less known. A mere glance at these is all that is possible in the available space, almost a volume would be required to give a full account of his ineffectual struggles to obtain a settlement. Theodore Winthrop, an enthusiastic American, who on the 19th of April, 1861, gave his life for the cause of the North against the South whilst reanimating his dispirited men, cannot be called a prejudiced witness against his countrymen. In one of his works he says, speaking of men whom he describes as of more than ordinary qualities: "My three guests," he says, "took the American view of history; that, give the world results, the means by which those results were attained cease to be of value or interest." The treatment of Beaumarchais was this view carried to its legitimate conclusion. Every demand was met with the answer that the accounts must be examined on behalf of the United States. They were repeatedly examined and large balances declared to be due Beaumarchais. After the lapse of nine years, during which the accounts remained unpaid, he again asked for a reference, on his part offering M. de Vergennes, the King's minister who knew all the facts, and accepting whoever the Americans should offer, except Arthur Lee, his personal enemy. In 1787, eleven years after the first supplies were sent, and which

were to be paid for within a year, he wrote to the President of Congress: "What do you wish to be thought here of the vicious circle with which you seek to confuse my claims? We will make no payment to M. Beaumarchais until we ascertain the amount of the accounts; we will not ascertain the amount of his accounts, so that we need not pay him. A people which has become powerful and independent may regard, it will be said, gratitude as a private virtue beneath its regard, but a state cannot dispense with being just and paying its debts." The appeal was of no avail. Beaumarchais, as is stated above, offered to accept any referee on the part of the United States, except Arthur Lee. It was Arthur Lee who was appointed to examine the accounts and the fears of Beaumarchais were justified. On the 15th January, 1779, Congress had acknowledged and passed a resolution of thanks, in which it lamented the disappointments he had met with, and that unfortunate circumstances had prevented the execution of its wishes, but that it would take the promptest measures to discharge its debt towards him. In 1781, the amount due was acknowledged to be 3,600,000 livres, equal to \$720,000, but Arthur Lee in 1789, reported that so far from the United States owing Beaumarchais, he was their debtor to the amount of 1,800,906 livres or \$360,000. In 1793, Alexander Hamilton, whose reputation as a financial authority is well known, again examined the accounts and reported that the United States owed Beaumarchais 2,280,000 livres or \$456,000, but neither then was he paid.

By this time the French revolution was in progress. At the age of sixty-one, old even for these years, he was proscribed, fled for refuge to Hamburg, believed himself completely ruined in France, saw for

his only daughter no help in the future but the American debt due him. To this he clung with the energy of despair. From his garret in Hamburg he deluged with appeals Congress, the ministers of the United States, finally the American people. In 1795 he wrote *Au peuple Américain entier*: "Americans! I have served you with untiring zeal; for this I have received in my life time only trouble and pain for my reward; I die your creditor. Let me, dying, bequeath to you my daughter, that you may bestow on her what you owe me. Adopt her as a child of the state. Let her be looked on by you as the child of a citizen. But should you refuse me redress for my heir, despairing, ruined, what would remain but that I pray heaven to grant me a moment's health to come to America? There, feeble in mind and body, in no condition to assert my rights, must I, with proofs in my hand, be borne to the doors of your National Assembly, and holding the cap of liberty, with which no man has more contributed than I to adorn your head, shall say to you: Americans! give alms to your friend, whose accumulated services have had only this reward, *Date obolum Belisario?*"

Four years later, on the 18th May, 1799, Beaumarchais was found dead in bed, his claims still unsettled. It was not till 1835, that a compromise was entered into with his heirs, who received instead of 4,441,171 livres, as settled by Silas Deane in 1781, the sum of 800,000 livres; that is, instead of \$888,234 they received \$160,000, much less than one fifth. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that the story of Beaumarchais and his help to the Colonies in the supreme hour of their need, forms no conspicuous part of the history of the United States.

DOUGLAS BRYMNER.

CANOEING FOR WOMEN.

FIRST learn to swim. Do not go in a canoe unless you can swim or there are four men waiting around to rescue you. Next secure a river or a small lake, see that your canoe is a reliable make, arrange that a loose blouse forms part of your costume, get a paddle the right length for your arms, bid an affectionate farewell to your relatives, place your foot carefully in the centre of the canoe and get in. Kneel on that cushion in the bow—if this is your first attempt there is probably a man in the stern—and lean back against the cross-bar.

Now you are ready. The man will show you how to hold your paddle, dip it, bring it back and dip it again. You will likewise be expected to look straight ahead—don't dare to turn your head or the canoe will go over—and at the same time watch just how he manipulates his paddle. It is not easy at first. But bye and bye you struggle into the right way of giving the stroke and the paddle in your hands becomes less dangerous for your companion. He has ceased shaking water off his head and shoulders, and making frantic efforts to balance the canoe. He can now steer with comfort even with pleasure for you have ceased jerking and splashing. It has likewise dawned upon you that your paddling may have some connection with his, and that it is not absolutely necessary for you to run the whole affair. Now also is conviction borne upon you that you may even hold the paddle less tightly and still remain comparatively in a safe position. You learn gradually to paddle more evenly and with longer strokes, to even shift your position occasionally, without endangering your companion's new flannels, to change readily from one side to the other without losing the stroke, to obey the word of command, to keep your costume fairly dry, to paddle long distances without tiring, in short, to be trusted in a canoe.

Would you like know to how I taught a girl to paddle? As a preliminary I endeavored to teach her to swim. My efforts were a failure, owing chiefly to her strong

determination not to get her bathing-suit wet. It was bright red, and we called this summer girl, Mephisto. She had cap, cape, pointed shoes and all. Altogether, she was a feature in the landscape when she stood on her toes on a log and waved her arms over the beach toward the sea. But dim all that brightness with water? Never! But learn to paddle? Yes. So I took her out in my canoe. I told her not to dare to say a word. She has a way of talking with her mouth, hands, and feet, that is not good for canoes. She promised not to even move her eyebrow. Somebody put a paddle in her hands and shoved us away from the wharf. The river stretched a be-diamonded living ribbon among the rushes and between the shadowed banks. I steered up stream and let Mephisto do her worst. She did it. True, she did not talk much, but I had to talk a great deal. She afterwards wrote out part of my conversation as a guide to young canoeists.

"Don't turn your head! I don't care if there are fifty 'Billy's' and 'Swapseys.'"

"Use both hands. Stop splashing."

"Now, mind, if you kick out again, I go home."

"If you splash another drop, I'll upset this affair."

"I put it to you as a man and a brother, what's the sense of making your tongue go the same way as the paddle? Keep it in your mouth."

"This is no time and place to admire yourself in the water."

"*Stop splashing!!*"

"That's the fourth log you have run us into."

"What particular spite have you against that shore?"

"That's the last time I'm going to go back after your paddle."

"Will you, or will you not stop wriggling around? Stop splashing."

"I'm going home to get some dry clothes on."

While I should like to report her remarks as a horrible example. She was the most absolutely helpless person in a canoe I ever saw. As an experiment I allowed her to steer—or, to do what she called steering. This was something the

style in which she did it. First, splash ; second, splash ; third, swears from an adjacent canoe ; fourth attempt, the canoe moved sideways. After a few spasmodic strokes we seemed to be approaching a stump. She didn't notice it at first. When she did :—

“ Oh, there's a stump ! (then in an agonized scream.) “ attend to it, attend to it ! ”

Her idea (I put it in the singular advisably), seemed to be that I, reclining in hysterical security, in the bow, without a paddle, could walk over the water to the stump and remove it. That her paddle had any relationship to the keeping the canoe off logs had not as yet permeated even her outer consciousness. All this

might have had its humorous side, if I had not spent the best part of two days in explaining all possible contingencies in connection with steering. I made some remarks to that effect. She got cross, but I patiently explained again. She said she understood *now*, in a tone that meant that this was the first time that she had heard of it. For a time all went fairly well, and then the usual thing happened. She caught sight of a white flanneled youth on shore and land she would, and did. Thus was I led to meditate on the utter folly and futility of trying to teach a summer girl anything, if a summer youth is in the near vicinity.

MADGE ROBERTSON.





The Old Castle, and part of the King's Palace, Stuttgart.

A SOJOURN IN STUTTGART.



HE quaint little city of Stuttgart is in mourning. King Karl of Wurtemberg is dead. King William reigns in his stead.

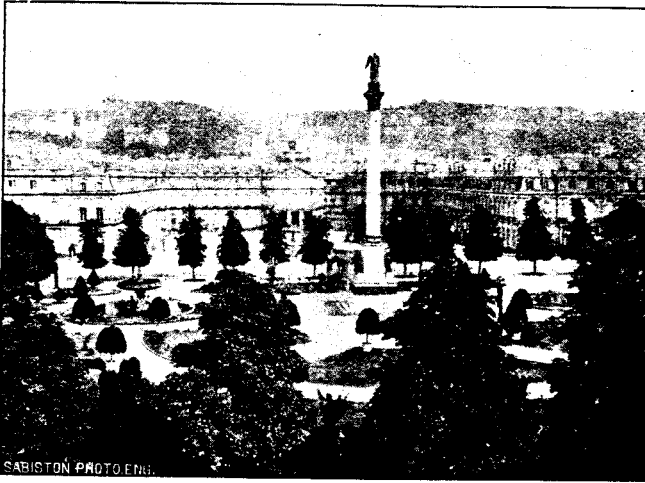
Not a bad exchange for Wurtemberg, or for the poor old King either perhaps. Queen Olga has ruled lately, not only the kingdom, but the King himself. Ruled well too, and it must have been no easy task to have kept his Majesty in good humor, and yet have checked his many whims and vagaries; particularly his partiality for Americans which has caused so much discontent among the worthy Wurtembergers.

You have, I suppose, heard of the young American called Johnson, who has for years been the chief favorite of the King. Will he return to the wilds of his native Illinois I wonder, and regale the awe stricken (?) natives with tales of how he once hobnobbed with royalty? Well, if he does leave here, he leaves with eighty thousand marks of good German money. When the King first proposed to him to come and be his secretary and confidential adviser, the shrewd, long headed young American made it a condition that he should get, at the King's death, that substantial sum, and receive a salary of eight

thousand (\$3,200) marks a year during his life time. Not a bad reward for being the petted favorite of a weak minded old man, but now his brief reign is over, for the new King will not be apt to encourage the foreigner who has always excited the jealousy of the German nobles.

King Karl has been buried in the Altes Schloss (old castle) that stands beside the royal palace, with only a narrow street between. It is a quaint old place, built of grey stone, and covered with ivy, in the shape of a hollow square with a large court yard, around which are two galleries, one above the other. Centuries ago it used to be the King's palace, but since the new "Konigliche Residenz" has been built, the "Altes Schloss" has been used for the residence of the Prime Minister.

The Princess von Thurn und Taxis, a friend of the present Prime Minister, took me over the old place not long ago; she knows all the queer old rooms and corridors well, for her father, Baron von Seckendorf, was Prime Minister and lived in the castle when she was a child; she was baptized in the little castle chapel where King Karl has just been buried, and has played many a game in the galleries around the courtyard. The lower gallery is reached, not by a staircase, but



The King's Palace.

by an inclined plane of stone, with narrow strips of wood fastened across it, about two feet apart. The Princess says that when she lived there, the carriage and horses were always driven up this stone passage to the first gallery, where her mother would get in, and then the carriage would go clattering down again, at great risk, I should think, to life and limb.

This same Princess Taxis has rather a touching little history. Born about forty years ago, she lived in the grey old castle with her father, till she was eighteen; then Prince Taxis came wooing the pretty young Baroness, and, as he was handsome, rich, and moreover, a nephew of old Emperor William, you may be sure the Minister did not say "Nay," and so "they were married, and lived very happily" as the Fairy tales say; only not, as the Fairy tales add "for ever after," for the Prince died in Italy ten years later, and just one fortnight after his death a little Prince was born—the first child that had come to them. He is twelve years old now, and such a handsome gallant little lad with a great admiration for his pretty mother. He speaks French and English quite as well as German, and delights in getting hold of any English slang. He made every one laugh one

day by saying, when the Princess came in to luncheon.

"Do you not think my pretty mamma is a "swell" in her new gown?"

He is crazy about the sea, and anxious to go into the navy but the Princess dreads the separation, and will not encourage the idea. She is such a pleasant unaffected little woman, and quite devoted to the Empress Frederick, who is a great friend of hers, and often visits her. Shall I confess that I have so much of the oft quoted "British narrow mindedness" as to feel far more impressed by the Princess saying to me one

day at afternoon tea, "Oh! take this chair, it is the Empress Frederick's favorite seat when she visits me," than I was by all the favours shown me by the little German Princess herself? I can't account for the feeling, but it existed.

The annual "Messe" (a fair held by the country people at Christmas time) is much looked forward to. It is held in the large "Marktplatz" near the old castle, and just in front of the "Rathhaus" (Town Hall, or Senate House.) It is always a most picturesque looking scene, the long booths, with heaps of blue, yellow and green glazed pottery, the basket ware of all sizes, shapes and colors; the queer beer mugs and pitchers; the tables heaped



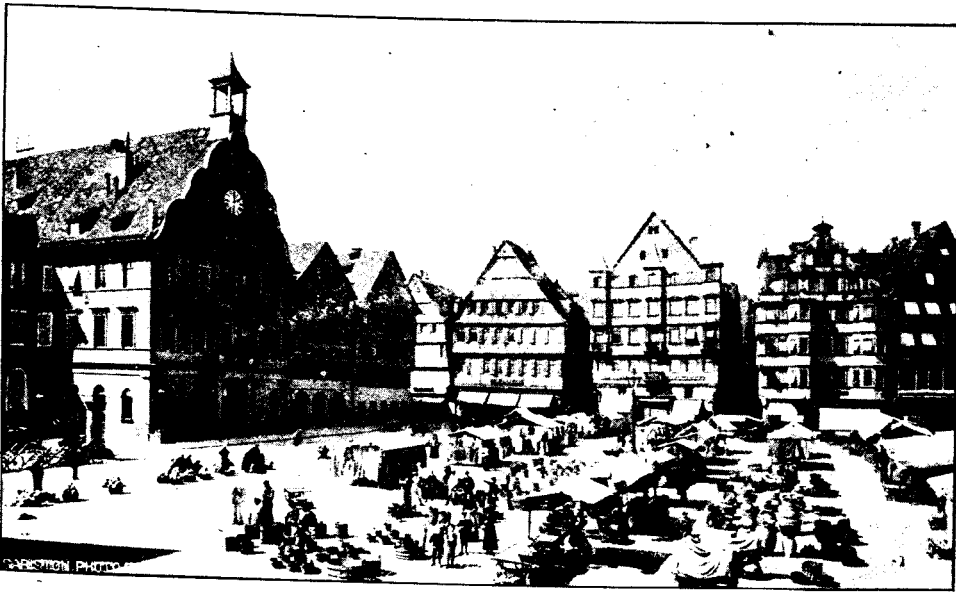
A Group of Statuary in the Park.

with Christmas cakes, and ornaments of colored glass and tinsel for the Christmas trees, and the quaint dresses of the peasant women; their short skirts, large white aprons and kerchiefs and uncovered heads, make a very "old world" picture.

Oh! by the way, I must tell you of a quaint old custom (one of many) that they have in Stuttgart. At one side of the Market place stands the old "Stiftskirche" (Cathedral), with its high tower encircled by three galleries. At noon every day the door leading to the highest gallery opens, and two men appear dressed in old fashioned costumes, and with trumpets in their hands, they wait till the church clock strikes twelve, then

abodes, all built in the royal park, which extends for several miles along the Neckar till it reaches Cannstatt, such a pretty little suburb on the banks of the river.

Close to Cannstatt is the Wilhelma, a residence built by King Karl's father for a beautiful mistress of his; it is a small building in the Moorish style, but it has a *mile* of glass houses, filled with every variety of tropical plants and palms; here the King and his mistress used to come, with only three or four attendants, and stay for weeks at a time. On the mountain is another lovely villa which the King has lent to the Grand Duchess Vera of Russia, a niece of Queen Olga's.



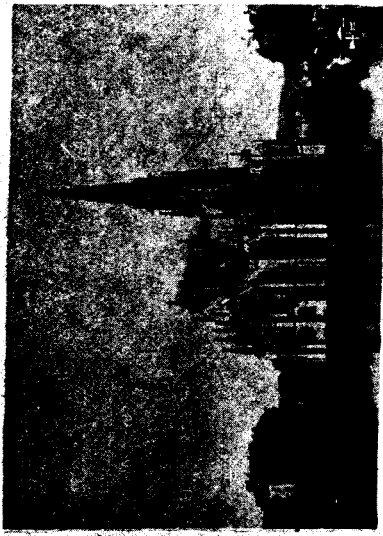
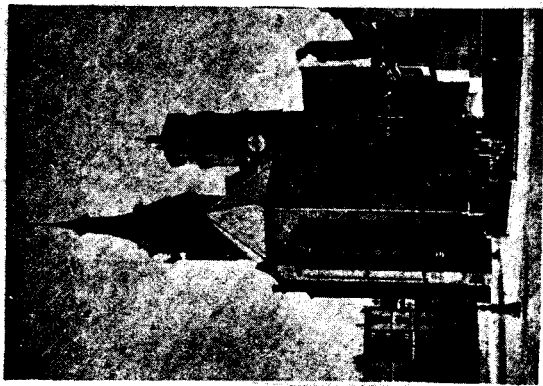
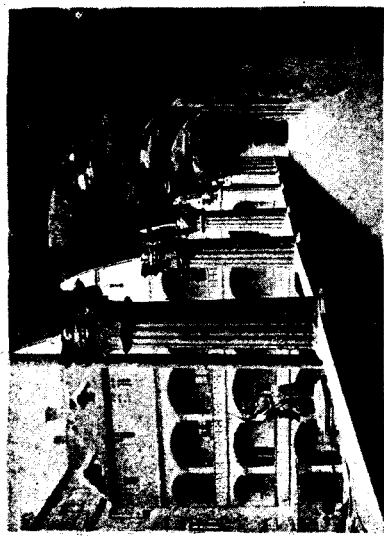
The Market-place.

sound their trumpets for ten minutes, and disappear till the next day. You feel as you stand in the busy "Markplatz"—surrounded by the peasants and their merchandise, and with the "Rathhaus" and the quaint old buildings in the square, and the trumpeters above you in the old church tower, as if you had suddenly been dropped back into a century ago—and, for anyone coming from such a painfully *new* country as our America, that is a most un wonted and delightful sensation.

But the King's place of residence is not by any means restricted to the modern, hotel-like looking, Palace in the centre of the city. He spends most of his time there through the winter, but he has no less than three other royal

The Park is one of the prettiest things in Stuttgart, with its beautifully kept walks, and long avenues (miles in length) of maple trees. In this Park is the celebrated "Eberhard Gruppe" of statuary and the beautiful old Johanniskirche, (St. John's church). The "Rosenstein" is another of the king's country villas. I heard rather a funny story in connection with this place, and as I was told it by one of Queen Olga's "Ladies in waiting," suppose it to be true.

It seems when the Shah of Persia was in Germany he visited the Grand Duke of Baden-Baden, and, while he was there used to drive around to the different shops in the Grand Duke's carriage, buy whatever took his royal fancy, and *charge*



Courtyard of old Castle.
Colonnade in front of Palace.

The old Cathedral.
STUTTGART SCENES.

Church on the banks of the Neckar.
The King's mountain Villa.

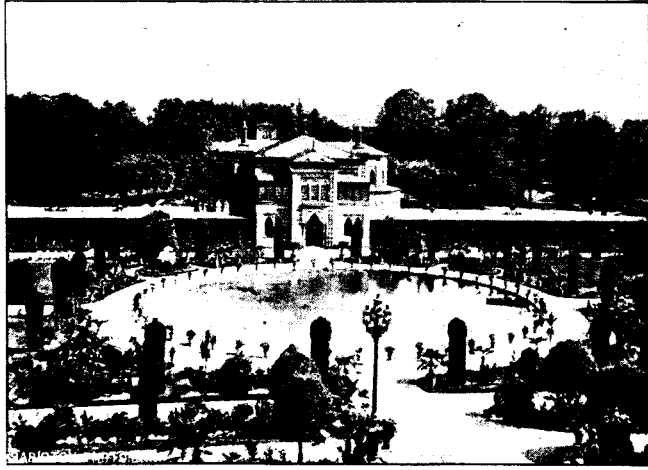
it to the Duke. When the Shah left, the bills poured in; the Grand Duke paid them, and probably indulged in some strong Ducal language. A little later, hearing that the Shah was about to visit Wurtemberg he wrote King Karl a little friendly warning, and ended by saying,

"At all hazards keep him out of the shops."

The warning was accepted, for in some respects King Karl, like good John Gilpin, "had a frugal mind." The Shah was met at the Stuttgart station, whirled away to the "Rosenstein," a series of country fêtes organized, and from the day of his arrival till that of his departure, kept so busy in the *country*, that he never saw the inside of a Stuttgart shop.

These same shops by-the-way, strike an Canadian as awfully small, but then the bargains they contain; how some of my countrywomen's eyes would glisten at the low prices they ask for silks, lace, coral, and china. The Colonnade on the "Konigs-au" is a handsome building, and the best shops are in it.

Flowers there are plentiful, and cheap too. Last winter I was ill, and I used to receive, in December, bunches of white lilac and lily of the valley, that would have proved ruinous from a New York florist. But Princess Taxis assured me that they were not in the least an extravagance in



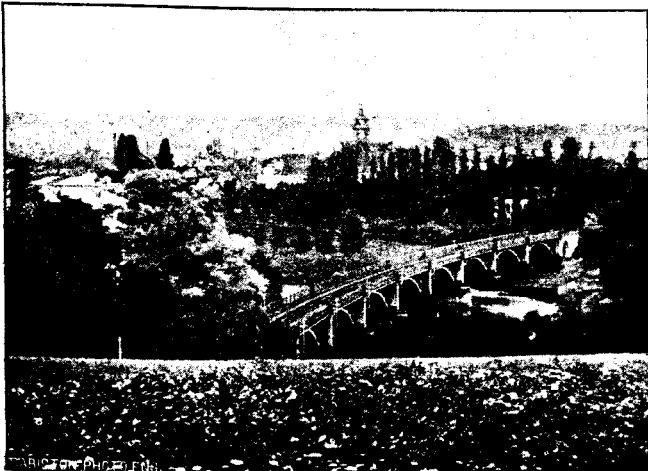
Moorish Villa near Stuttgart.

Germany, so I accepted them gratefully.

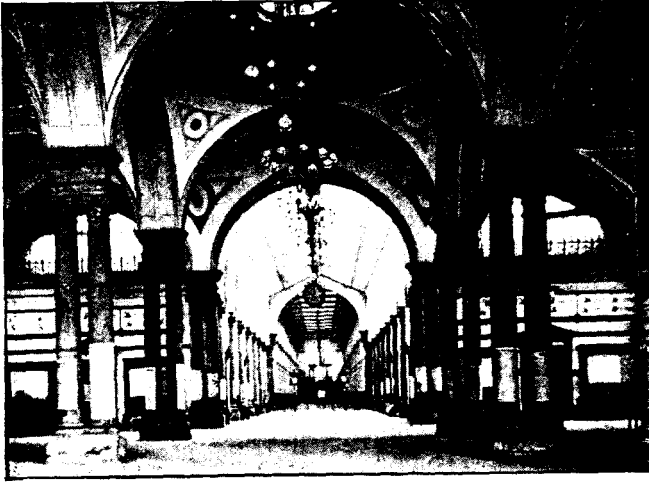
A station seems the most prosaic of buildings to us Canadians, but really the station here in Stuttgart is so beautifully built, that I cannot forbear from mentioning it. The refreshment rooms too, are a great contrast to American ones. The station dining rooms at Frankfort and Hanover are admirable. And at Bremen I was much amused by hearing an American Jew, who had crossed in the same ship with me exclaim: "Well! I declare this beats the Grand Union depot all to nothing;" and yet the Hanover and Frankfort stations are far superior to Bremen.

Stuttgart is a most aristocratic little place, class distinctions are so strictly drawn, and the Banker's wife, refined, wealthy, and accomplished though she may be, cannot hope to be presented at court, attend a court ball, or even be on intimate terms with the nobility. I had a funny little experience myself with German etiquette. Perhaps you are aware--I certainly was not--that a sofa is the seat of honour in Germany. To quote from that clever little book, "German Home Life,"

"The sofa is the place of honour, and, should no person of higher rank than your own be present, you will be invited to take your seat thereon. I have often been amused watching the 'sofa comedy' when perhaps



Cannstatt, on the Neckar



Interior of Railway Station, Stuttgart.

a lady of higher rank than she who is already seated upon it arrives on the scene. The 'second lady' at once rises and prepares to 'efface' herself; the 'first lady' smiles deprecatingly and begs her to be seated, with a '*Bille, bitte,*' which is infinitely condescending, but the second lady is almost hurt that it could be supposed such ignorance of the *bien-séances* is hers, and the *Aber Excellenz* has something almost appealing in its remonstrance."

Well! as I have said, I was unaware of the solemnity attached to the sofa, and when the Princess and her friends came to see me I used to give them the most comfortable easy chair in the room, and then—Oh! shades of German etiquette! seat myself on the sofa; this went on for some time, till hearing accidentally some one mention the sofa as a seat of honour, I enquired of the Princess Taxis if it were true, and she said in substance what I have quoted above. For a moment I felt overpowered, then my sense of the ludicrous triumphed and I could not restrain my laughter as I exclaimed:

"Oh! how *horridly* rude I have been. I have always given Your Highness a chair and taken the sofa *myself*." My laughter was contagious, the Princess and Baroness König joined in merrily, and then the Princess said in her pretty English:

"My de-ar, do not distress yourself; you have not

queen rude; *customs* differ in every country, but a well-bred person is *always* well-bred."

With which civil little speech she stopped my half laughing, half dismayed apologies. Ah! you kindly, unaffected little Princess, do you begin to know how kind you were to "the stranger within your gates," how fondly she will look back to the days she spent with you in Stuttgart? Sad days, because sorrow came to her there, and yet not entirely sad when she thinks of the great kindness received from all in her trouble.

And now I must say farewell to you, you pretty, old world city, nestled among your vineyard covered hills. Farewell, you simple kindly German folk. I carry with me to that new land of ours across the sea a grateful, loving memory of your kindness to the stranger in your midst—No, not a *stranger*, for you were all friends of one who now lies peacefully in his grave among your vine-clad hills, overlooking the busy streets and the green banks of the Neckar, where for many years he walked with eager, youthful tread. For *his* loved sake his sister holds you dear. For his sake German tones sound musical to her. For, below the name and date, on that hillside grave is written:

"I was a stranger and ye took me in—sick and ye visited me."

And so, farewell, warm-hearted, generous Wurttembergers.

ETHEL LONGLEY.



Stuttgart.

CRICKET IN CANADA.

PART II.

SINCE the first part of this article appeared in August, the Rev. T. D. Phillips, who has been sometimes credited with having assisted Miller, of Montreal, in organizing the visit of the so-called Canadian eleven to England in 1880, has sent some interesting facts concerning the trip. He hardly thinks justice has been done him, and writes: "I was opposed to the scheme and wrote against it in the *Mail*, and at the last moment was obliged to state in that paper, over my own signature, that I had declined being on the team. But that year I was in poor health, obliged to give up work and take a sea voyage. I left Canada three weeks after the team, and when I reached England they had played four or five matches. On arrival in Liverpool I found, next morning, at the Allan's office, this telegram: 'Three men disabled; do come down to Leicester and help us.' I had no special plans, but, considering blood thicker than water, went to Leicester, got there during lunch, and found the team bankrupt. I had to spend all I had to meet their reckless hotel bills, and pay fare to London to save the country from further disgrace. Tom Dale had been arrested at Leicester as a deserter. I got the men into quiet but respectable quarters till the M. C. C. and Crystal Palace matches came off. These gave us, in accordance with Miller's (the originator's) arrangement, £200



G. G. S. Lindsey.
Organiser of the Gentlemen of Canada who visited Great Britain in 1887.

sterling. I took this and paid all debts. Meanwhile the managing committee, in the teeth of my strenuous opposition, hired a Nottingham professional at £5 a



Dr. Russell Ogden,
Captain Lindsey's Canadian Eleven.

week and expenses. I was too unwell to play all the matches. Finally, on my own responsibility, I called aside the professional, showed him how we were losing, paid him off, £9, out of my own means, and then won next two matches. After that it would have been plain sailing, but in a most *cowardly way*, four men who had return tickets, left us after Stourbridge We who were left were compelled to cancel all engagements. More than this, as the rest were stranded, I had to secure return tickets for four of them, only one of whom ever refunded a cent." This confession by one of those who participated in the illstarred adventure, while it does not in any way affect the conclusion come to on all sides as to the failure and want of nationality of the eleven, seems to relieve Mr. Phillips from a stigma which

has heretofore attached rightly or wrongly to him in connection with this tour. More than this, it indicates a generosity and chivalry on the part of that gentleman, which in a large measure ameliorated the disgrace which indirectly fell upon Canadian cricket.

What may be properly termed the First Canadian Eleven visiting the "old country" was organized by the writer in 1887. All who went were native Canadians, young men, the average age being less than twenty-three. Chosen from the Dominion at large they were a thoroughly representative team. Nova Scotia sent W. A. Henry and C. J. Annand; New Brunswick, G. W. Jones; Ottawa, W. C. Little; Hamilton, R. B. Ferrie and A. Gillespie; Aurora, W. J. Fleury; Trinity College, W. W. Jones and A. C. Allan; Guelph, D. W. Saunders, and Toronto, Dr. E. R. Ogden and G. G. S. Lindsey.

C. N. Shanly went as umpire, R. C. Dickson as scorer and Lyon Lindsey as correspondent. The tour must be regarded in every way as a success. It had the sympathy and support of the whole people of Canada who have good reason to be satisfied with the results, which, to the reader, speak for themselves. One half the played out matches were won and in most cases, the scores were large, much larger than the great majority of home scores. But it is better to let the averages and results tell their own story. The reception accorded the Canadians in England, Scotland and Ireland, as well as in New York, prior to sailing, was magnificent, and it is not unfair to say that the trip was conducive to everlasting good to Canadian cricket. The bowling honours fell to Ogden, Allan, Jones and Gillespie. The matches played with the scores and the batting averages are given.

GAMES PLAYED.

- June 30th and July 1st—Vs. All New York and Grand. Lost by 5 wickets (12 aside).
- July 14th and 15th—Vs. Gentlemen of Ireland. Lost by an innings and 102 runs.
- July 16th—Vs. Gentlemen of Ireland. Won by 5 wickets (on 1st innings).
- July 18th and 19th—Vs. Gentlemen of Scotland. Lost by 10 wickets.
- July 22nd and 23rd—Vs. Gentlemen of Northumberland. Lost by 211 runs.
- July 25th and 26th—Vs. Gentlemen of Durham. Drawn: Durham, 281 and 12 for 1 wicket; Canada, 184 and 293.
- July 27th and 28th—Vs. Gentlemen of Derbyshire. Won by an innings and 40 runs.
- July 29th and 30th—Vs. Gentlemen of Sussex. Lost by 9 wickets.
- August 1st and 2nd.—Vs. Gentlemen M.C.C. Drawn: M.C.C., 306 and 189; Canada, 254 and 139 for 6 wickets.
- August 5th and 6th—Vs. Gentlemen of United Services. Drawn: Canada, 159 and 267 for 10 wickets; U.S., 351 (12 aside).
- August 8th and 9th—Vs. Gentlemen of Surrey. Drawn: Canada, 141 and 149 for 2 wickets; Surrey, 432.
- August 10th and 11th—Vs. Gentlemen of Hants. Drawn: Canada, 219 and 211; Hants, 225 and 145 for 8 wickets.
- August 12th and 13th—Vs. Gentlemen of Gloucestershire. Drawn: Canada, 140 and 283; Gloucestershire, 239 and 103 for 3 wickets.
- August 15th and 16th—Vs. Gentlemen of Staffordshire. Drawn: Staffordshire, 229 and 145; Canada, 313 and 37 for 8 wickets.
- August 17th and 18th—Vs. Gentlemen of Warwickshire. Won by an innings and 25 runs.
- August 19th and 20th—Vs. Gentlemen of Leicestershire. Drawn: Canada, 228 and 141; Leicestershire, 209 and 40 for 3 wickets.
- August 22nd and 23rd—Vs. Gentlemen of Liverpool and District. Lost by 6 wickets.
- August 24th and 25th—Vs. Gentlemen of Cheshire. Drawn: Cheshire, 210 and 138; Canada, 162 and 90 for 9 wickets (12 aside).
- August 27th—Vs. Mr. C. I. Thornton's Eleven. Won by 13 runs (on 1st innings).

BATTING AVERAGES OF THE TEAM.

	No. of Matches.	No. of Innings.	Times not out.	Runs.	Highest in Innings.	Highest in a Match.	Average.
1. W. A. Henry.....	19	34	0	879	88	117	25.85
2. D. W. Saunders.....	16	28	2	613	71*	89	23.58
3. Dr. E. R. Ogden.....	17	30	0	701	133	160	23.37
4. A. C. Allan.....	19	35	6	622	86	113	21.45
5. G. W. Jones.....	19	34	1	606	59	103	18.36
6. W. J. Fleury.....	9	16	4	206	56*	56	17.17
7. W. C. Little.....	19	32	3	431	54	56	14.86
8. A. Gillespie.....	17	30	0	392	54	82	13.07
9. W. W. Jones.....	18	31	6	234	20	24	9.35
10. C. J. Annand.....	18	30	5	212	24	27	8.48
11. W. W. Vickers.....	16	27	2	185	30*	39	7.4
12. G. G. S. Lindsey.....	7	9	2	51	26*	26	7.29
13. R. B. Ferrie.....	12	19	7	80	27	27	6.67

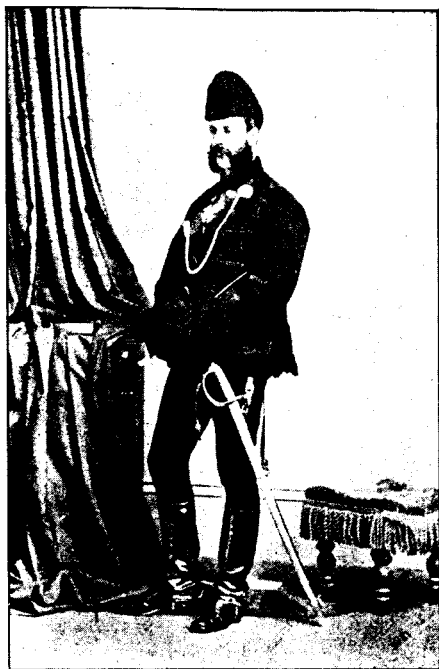
* Signifies not out.

From what has been written, it will be seen that never in their own land have Canadians wrested a victory from a visiting Eleven from England, Ireland or Australia. Nor is this so much to be wondered at. When leaving home, men are drawn from the various parts of the country because of their particular fitness in some department of the game, those chosen forming a much more formidable combination than any County Eleven. When England's strength is disseminated, as it was through the various counties in 1887 when Canada's aggregate strength was pitted against them, victory sometimes

fell to the lot of the Colony, it then possessing some of the advantages away from home that visiting teams have had here. At all times cricket in this country has to contend against climate and lack of leisure and money, as well as the fact that it is not the national game. In England the game was born and had its being; there it is the national game, the sport of the moneyed and leisure class, while many even make a profession of it and so attain the standard of perfection. So with it in Ireland; even in Australia it may be termed the national game, and the Provincial Legislatures there, are kind to

cricket and cricketers. But with all the drawbacks here, the game is steadily increasing its hold upon public affection and making rapid strides in all the Provinces even in Quebec. There, it is being introduced into the schools, where if it is persisted in, it will send up lots of young and well-disciplined devotees of the game. The constant influx of Englishmen helps less now to maintain the game than it did; it is upon the native schools and universities we must depend and are depending for our future willow-wielders. At the schools and colleges professionals are engaged who teach the game thoroughly, and it has been no uncommon thing in the last ten, or more particularly five years to find pros in the larger clubs everywhere. Marked progress in the game as well as decided improvement in the style of playing naturally followed quickly. When the military were here, they had come schooled and accomplished in their national game and made their influence felt; when they went we had no teachers. The civil war in the United States left us without foreign competitors, always the most vigorous incentive to improvement, and it was not till that struggle was well over that the United States and foreign teams began again to visit us, cricket hostilities were renewed, and the relative weakness of Canadian cricket severely felt; then the only thing left to be done, was done. The solution of the difficulty was found in properly training and encouraging the native talent, especially when young. Upper Canada College, Toronto and Trinity College School, Port Hope, have done and are doing more real good to cricket than any other institutions in the country, but of these and other schools more will be said in the succeeding article.

The most successful cricket tournament ever held in Canada was organized and carried through by the exertions of Captain N. W. Wallace, of the 60th Rifles, at Halifax, in 1874. It lasted thirteen days, and the matches played were America vs. Canada, England (drawn from the army), vs. Canada, America vs. England, Halifax vs. all comers. The 60th Royal Rifles, the Royal Artillery, and the 87th R. I. Fusiliers were stationed at Halifax at the time. A silver challenge cup, presented by his Worship, the Mayor of the city of Halifax, was offered for competition, to be handed to the champion eleven, and was won by America. This is what is familiarly known as the Halifax cup, for



Colonel N. W. Wallace,
Organizer of the Halifax Tournament.

which the Philadelphia clubs now annually compete. That high carnival was held will be gathered from the entertainment provided. Besides the cricket, there were a regatta and dinner at the Royal Halifax Yacht Club, a promenade concert at the Horticultural gardens, a ball at Government House, a private party at Mr. Harvey's, a dinner given by the Mayor, practice and lunch at the Artillery barracks, a grand ball at Maplewood, *dejeuner* and dinner at Captain Wallace's, several officers mess dinners, a yachting party in the "Petrel," an entertainment at the Citadel, a racket match, and lastly a dinner by Lieutenant-General O'Grady Haly, C.B., general commanding the district. The result of the play was as follows:—

Canada 94 and 66; America 191.

England 117 and 83; America 205.

England 158 and 89 for 7 wickets; Canada 143 and 103.

All Comers 214 and 162; Halifax 239 and 138 for 6 wickets.

For Canada the players, captained by Rev. T. D. Phillips (52 and 14), were A. W. Powell, E. Kearney, J. Brunel, J. Gorham, J. H. Park, C. B. Brodie, G. Brunel, M. C. Herbert, M. B. Daly, W. Snider, and W. P. Street. For Halifax, in the All Comers' match, the players were: Capt. Wallace, 68 and 24; Lieut. Turnour, 7 and 53; Lieut

Davies, 20 and 5; Lieut. Barker, 7 and 5; E. Kearney, 45 and 8; C. Ellis, 7 and 16; C. Stubbing, 14 and 4, not out; Col. Sawyer, 2; Lieut. Carpenter, 0; Lieut. Singleton, 16, not out; C. B. Bullock, 11; M. B. Daly, 5. Extras 37 and 18. Halifax won by 5 wickets. The scoring throughout was excellent and a more enjoyable and successful tournament it would be hard to organize. A. A. Outerbridge got together the Americans who where all Philadelphians. The Rev. T. D. Phillips got the prize for the highest aggregate scores, 197.

In 1875 a return tournament was organized at Philadelphia, with the following results:—

Philadelphia	117 and 114
Canada	68 and 76
British Officers	162 and 191
Canada	123 and 167
Philadelphia	230 and 52 for 3 wickets
British Officers	98 and 183

For Canada the players were; F. W. Armstrong, C. McLean, E. Kearney, A. J. Greenfield, J. Whelan, D. M. Eberts, W. B. Wells; G. F. Hall, Dr. Spragge, J. B. Laing, E. G. Powell and C. B. Brodie. Against the Officers Kearney made 2 and 47; Whelan, 51 and 19; Armstrong, 34 and 40; Greenfield, 3 and 19. This season a tournament, in which the participants were much the same as in 1874, has just come to a close, but the results are too fresh in the minds of all to call for any comment here.

These tournaments revived the desire for a renewal of the International matches with the United States which had been discontinued since 1860. The circumstances under which the first International Cricket Match with the United States was played were unusual and amusing, but we must not quarrel with them since they have given us the best annual match we have. A game of cricket is not often played for a wager; that it ever has been will be news to many. The St. George's Cricket Club of New York came to Toronto in the summer of 1844, to play a friendly game with the Toronto team, bringing with them three gentlemen, who in these days would be deemed ineligible on a New York eleven, because they hailed from Philadelphia, which even in those days possessed cricketers of noted prowess. These three gentlemen were Turner, Ticknor, and Bradshaw. The Toronto Club refused to meet this eleven, and in consequence the proposed match did not come off. The visit of the New Yorkers, however, was not unattended by any trial

of their skill as cricketers, for five members of the Guelph Club, then on a visit to the city, and six members of the Upper Canada College Club, met the visiting eleven and defeated them in a single innings match by 71 runs to 33. The three Philadelphians evidently did not come off, only scoring five runs between them. This was on the second of August, and the encounter led the Toronto Club to issue a challenge on behalf of Canada to any eleven in the United States for \$1000 a side. The challenge was accepted by the St. George's eleven on behalf of the United States, and on September 24th eleven players of all Canada met the United States eleven, made up of New York and Philadelphia cricketers. The Canadians won the \$1000 and the match by 23 runs, scoring 82 and 63 as against 64 and 58 of their opponents. The Canadians who played in this memorable match were George Anthony Barber, John Beverly Robinson, Maddock, Phillpots, Winkworth, and French, of Toronto, Wilson and Thompson of Guelph, Sharp of Hamilton, Charles Birch and Captain Freeling (Royal Engineers) of Montreal.

These matches were played annually till 1846, when a Canadian upset an American who was attempting a catch. This put an end to them till 1853, when they were renewed and played every year, except in 1855, till 1860. "The match in Toronto in 1859 would certainly have been won by Canada" writes Rev. T. D. Phillips, captain of the team, "but for the *magnanimity* of the Canadian captain who allowed Wilby to resume his innings after being run out through his own, Wilby's mistake." It must be pointed out that up to this time Canadians had played against Englishmen resident in the United States. At the Halifax tournament, none but native Americans took part, and this rule we believe, has since pertained. This year, however, places on the eleven have been opened to American citizens irrespective of their birthplace. No rule other than domicile prevails as to Canadian players.

The Ontario Cricket Association revived the International matches and itself was born of necessity. "Its objects are" says the Constitution "by means of a centralization of interests to facilitate the selection of a truly representative eleven to play against the United States in the annual international match, or against any exceptionally strong teams that may visit the country, and to do all in its power to encourage the game of cricket through

out the Province." The success of the Halifax tournament led to imitations being attempted in Ontario, and invitations extended in the same year to the United States Eleven to play in several places in that province. A letter from the Secretary of the United States Cricket Association to W. Pickering, Toronto, advised him that they would send a team to Canada, provided the place at which the match was to be played should be agreed upon by the clubs in Port Hope, Hamilton and Toronto. The letter contained the intimation that similar letters had been written to the secretaries of the Port Hope and Hamilton Clubs, as these Clubs would appear to have also been in correspondence with the Americans for the purpose of inducing them to send an eleven there. Toronto claimed that as their communications were of a much older date than the others, they should have the match. Port Hope at once gave up the contest, and Toronto and Hamilton fought it out during a whole season, without any result other than engendering a bitter feeling between the clubs. As no agreement could be arrived at, each club advised the United States Association that if they would send their team to the respective grounds of the contending clubs they would promise them as good a match as they could obtain in Canada. The United States Association replied that they could not undertake to settle the difficulty between the opposing clubs, and suggested that an organization similar to their own should be formed, which would represent the cricket of the Province, and there the matter ended for the year 1879. Ottawa meantime, like the little dog, knocked them both down and



Henry Totten,
One of the organizers of the Ontario Cricket
Association, and President in 1886.

got the game there. During the next season steps were taken to organize an association which should represent the Province. A meeting was called, suggestions were offered by W. Hamilton Merritt regarding the constitution of certain similar associations with which he had been connected in England, and some of these having been approved at a meeting held in the Rossin House on the 27th of March, 1880, the Ontario Cricket Association was regularly organized with the Marquis of Lorne as President, Thomas Swinyard and Col. Cumberland as Vice-Presidents, and W. H. Merritt as Secretary. The first match under the new auspices was played in Philadelphia in the fall of 1880.

The early efforts of the Association to encourage cricket in the Province by means of competitive "tie matches" for a trophy soon proved a failure and were abandoned. The choice of the International and other important elevens was carried on by it till last year. That a provincial institution should perform so general a service as choosing a Canadian team could not always continue, and as was predicted ten years ago, this function had to be relegated to a Canadian Cricket Association formed last year. While the work of the Ontario Association is virtually over, it will always occupy a prominent place in the history of Canadian cricket. Too much praise cannot be bestowed on those who originated and maintained it, and of these gentlemen special mention must be made of W. Hamilton Merritt, who largely moulded the



Captain W. Hamilton Merritt,
First Secretary Ontario Cricket Association and
Founder of the I. Zingari.

features of its organization and was the first secretary : of Henry Totten, another of the founders and president in the year 1886; of the late Thomas Goldie, so long its president and firm friend, whose untimely death is deeply deplored; and of John E. Hall, for many years past its energetic and efficient secretary. Whether or not the new Canadian association will do better than the one it has replaced remains to be seen; if anything will militate against it, it will be the distances separating those who represent the interests of the various Provinces. The work of choosing representative teams will largely fall to proxies resident at the place of meeting, and the old objection of local partizanship may be renewed.

We give a full list of the International matches with the United States and their results :

portunity on occasions of playing together prior to their match. Longer tours have heretofore been undertaken, but the I. Z. may be said to be moribund, the reason being that the various clubs demand so much of their players' time and money for their own away from home matches, as to leave none for outsiders. Yet the Canadian I Zingari has done some brilliant things in its day, the most successful season being the year 1883, when an unbroken series of victories in Philadelphia perched upon its banner. Mr. A. G. Brown was for many years its energetic Secretary and his enthusiasm kept it from an earlier demise.

A few words, as we run, on the game as played by our sisters. Cricket is not a pastime indulged by men alone, oftentimes the ladies take to it. The Graces have put a formidable Eleven in the field,

DATE.	WHERE PLAYED.	WINNER.	WON BY:
1844	New York.....	Canada.....	23 runs.
1845	Montreal.....	Canada.....	61 runs.
1845	New York.....	Canada.....	3 wickets.
1846	New York.....	Drawn.....
1853	New York.....	United States.....	34 runs.
1854	Toronto.....	Canada.....	10 runs.
1856	Hoboken.....	United States.....	9 wickets.
1857	Toronto.....	Canada.....	4 wickets.
1858	Hoboken.....	United States.....	4 wickets.
1859	Toronto.....	United States.....	4 wickets.
1860	Hoboken.....	United States.....	5 wickets.
1879	Ottawa.....	United States.....	5 wickets.
1880	Philadelphia.....	Drawn.....
1881	Hamilton.....	United States.....	11 wickets.
1882	Philadelphia.....	United States.....	8 wickets.
1883	Toronto.....	United States.....	an innings and 46 runs.
1884	Philadelphia.....	Canada.....	100 runs.
1885	Toronto.....	Canada.....	39 runs.
1886	Sea-right.....	Canada.....	97 runs.
1888	Toronto.....	United States.....	an innings and 87 runs.
1890	Philadelphia.....	United States.....	an innings and 31 runs.
1891	Toronto.....	United States.....	36 runs.

The Canadian I Zingari holds a place in Canadian Cricket worthy of mention. The *Canadian Cricketer's Guide* of 1875 announces that a movement is on foot to organize such a club, but nothing seems to have been done till 1881, when J. N. Kirchoffer and W. H. Merritt decided on its existence at luncheon, an inception not unlike the beginning of the English I. Zingari, said to have been founded under a lamp post. The object was to afford a chosen eleven, from its thirty members, an opportunity of taking an annual tour, the members being elected from any part of Canada. The club has co-operated with the Ontario Association in giving the majority of the International Eleven an op-

portunity on occasions of playing together largely made up of the sisters of the great hero. In 1889 Miss Louisa Shanly of Toronto and her sisters engendered considerable interest among the fair sex in the game and pitted an eleven against the masculines of the Toronto Club. The conditions of the match were, that the men should field and throw with the left hand only, and should bat left-handed with clubs instead of bats. The photograph (page 440) shows the batsman at work in the right-handed position, but this was a concession to the artistic requirements of the photographer. The fair sex were narrowly beaten after some really excellent work both with bat and ball, and determined upon a match among them-



Thomas Goldie,
Late President of the Ontario Cricket Association.

selves, which came off upon the Toronto grounds before a vast throng of spectators. The sides were East and West, and the Orientals won after a graceful contest. At Hamilton, the ladies took up the idea and played the men of the club under the same conditions as prevailed at Toronto, but were defeated too. Since then the interest of the sex has waned, but may at any time be (and we trust at no very distant day will be) re-awakened, for there is no more picturesque sight than that of ladies at play, as may be gathered from the view already published of the Toronto game.

The literature of Cricket in Canada is not extensive. Perhaps the earliest records of the game are to be found in the *Herald*, the paper of the eminent cricketer, George Anthony Barber. The *Toronto Globe*, and the *Montreal Herald* have faithfully reported the matches from time to time, but the *Mail* after its foundation in 1872 gave considerable attention to the game, T. C. Patteson, its able editor, being an enthusiastic cricketer. Of the literature specially devoted to the game, the *Canadian Cricketer's Guide*, published by C. J. Rykert and Rev. T. D. Phillips, appeared in the year 1857, and again in the years 1875 and 1876, published by the latter gentleman and C. J. Campbell.

It is excellently done, and the great regret is that it has not appeared annually, but the labour, although largely one of love, was never properly remunerated. A somewhat more pretentious venture was the *Canadian Cricket Field*, published weekly during the year 1882 by the writer and A. G. Brown. C. W. Alcock told the former that the existence of this paper and of the *American Cricketer* prompted him to undertake a similar venture in England, where he now edits that most successful journal *Cricket*, which must be a good paying property. The *Field* was discontinued because of the immense amount of time necessary to its publication. The magazine articles on the game are few, the best is one by W. Townsend on the Australians' visit in the October number of the *Canadian Monthly* of 1878. The only Canadian book on the game is that written by D. W. Saunders, and the writer on the tour of Lindsey's Eleven in England. It is entitled "Cricket across the Sea," an edition of six hundred copies of which sold in a week and paid expenses. But the newspapers will always be the great chroniclers of the history of cricket, though such collections as P. Perry's of the Trinity College School records are invaluable. May we have more of them. Lyndhurst Ogden has written some excellent comic papers, to "raise the wind" for his club, one in particular on the One Horse Rolling Live Stock Association netting, although only a leaflet of eight pages, four hundred dollars. It is a tribute to the memory of



John E. Hall,
Hon.-Secretary Ontario Cricket Association,
Hon.-Secretary Canadian Cricket Association.

"Economy," the lamented horse of the Toronto club, and is to the poor dead brute *monumentum are perennius*.

Turning to the Provinces let us deal first with the youngest. Away over on the Pacific coast, cut off from older Canada by the Rocky and Selkirk mountains, western geographically if not in custom, lies British Columbia, and still further west the island of Vancouver. Here Captain George Vancouver in command of the *Discovery* and *Chatham*, arrived after penetrating Puget Sound, just a century ago, and laid claim to this magnificent island and the adjacent mainland for his Sovereign. Sixty years later, settlers followed, though those who have read Dana's "Two years' before the mast" will wonder that anyone had the temerity to go round "the Horn" in the sailing vessel of forty years ago, or even of to-day. Lured by the love of adventure or the hope of profit, Englishmen braved the dangers of the deep, and made their home with the Indians on the Pacific slope or among the islands of that great sea, carrying with them their love of old England's manly game as well as their love of old England herself. Soon the forest yielded to the axe, the soil to the plough, and e'er long into green sward were driven the wickets. The good ship of the line had come and there was to be a game of cricket played at Victoria, the growing capital. Far down the coast the



H. P. Perry,
Trinity College School, Port Hope.

old Mission on San Francisco Bay was fast ceasing to be a trading post for hides alone, and was expanding into the busy port about which the vast city of San Francisco to-day clusters. Visits began to be interchanged between this latter place and Victoria, and in the earliest of the contests with the willow Canadians earned the title of champions of the Pacific coast, nor have they lost that proud distinction to this day. But it was oftenest with the Navy that they tossed for innings, and while at first the civilians were easy prey for the sailors, later on the tables were turned. Players from the older Provinces began to come as well as reinforcements from England, till on one occasion D. M. Elberts, well-known in Ontario in the early seventies, and indeed at Upper Canada College before that time, bowled out an eleven from the men-of-war for a single run.

The great stand-by of cricket in Victoria has been the Hon. C. E. Pooley, who has played the game there for upwards of thirty years, and is at present captain of his club. A member of the British Columbia Cabinet, he still finds time to devote to this manly game, and besides being one of the regular bowlers is also one of the leading batsmen. He holds the office, for his province, of vice-president of the newly organized Canadian Cricket Association. A face often seen at the wicket, and one that would be familiar to many of the readers of these pages, is that of P. Æ. Irving, whose brilliant achievements at Trinity College twenty years ago



J. Charles Rykert,
Editor *Canadian Cricketers' Guide* 1857.

are repeated now, far from the old academic halls. Another familiar form is that of Arthur G. Smith, who lately did so much good work for the University of Toronto, and who is now Deputy Attorney General of British Columbia. Most of the Victoria eleven, however, are new arrivals; Morley, fresh from Cantab, is both a trundler and a bat, Perry is a dangerous fast bowler, and Foulkes, just from an English school, shows evidence of careful training, being particularly quick in the field. For the last thirty years the Victoria Club has been dodging about from ground to ground, but as yet has no abiding place, save for the time being in a corner of Beacon Hill Park. A movement, however, is on foot to secure a permanent home, and it is likely to succeed. The plan is to buy about seven acres near the city, and spend enough money on it to put the turf in shape and to build a pavilion. Of the estimated \$15,000 required for these purposes one-half has been subscribed by a few enthusiasts, nor is it doubted that when the stock books of the new company are opened to the members of the club, and to others interested in sport, that the lists will be rapidly filled.

This season a new club was founded at Victoria, its members, now numerous, not unmindful of the white cliffs of old England, christened it *The Albion*. The players are very assiduous at practice and mean to give a good account of themselves, their mere existence having already spurred the senior club to harder work. What is essential though to the success of cricket, in any land, is its introduction into the schools, where, when still plastic, the youths can be properly moulded. Coving College has begun the good work, this year putting an excellent boys' team in the field, which defeated Whetham College at Vancouver and earned the title of champion school of the province. They won, too, the champion cup, generously given by a friend of the game, Dr. Harrington. Upon a recent Saturday afternoon there were four matches in progress, all eight contesting elevens being from Victoria and vicinity.

When the Canadian Pacific Railway was built, towns arose here and there along its route. The magnificent city of Vancouver sprang up like a mushroom, while New Westminster expanded with like rapidity. Both these places have now fine clubs, which enjoy many a game between themselves and with the older and

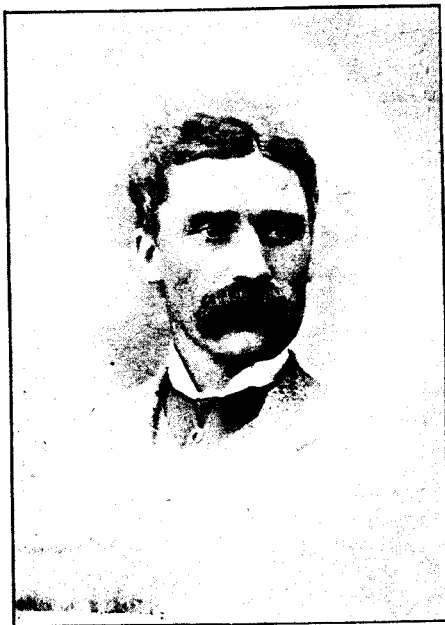
parent city of Victoria. T. S. C. Saunders, who has played for Canada against the United States, and whose capabilities as a wicket-keeper are too well known to need comment, is captain of the Vancouver club, and R. Sweeny, manager of the Bank of Montreal there, is its enthusiastic president. There was a movement on foot this spring to bring an eleven from the Pacific to play in the East, but the project has been postponed for a year. We hope the Columbians will set out in the summer of 1893. W. P. Pickering, for many years one of Canada's best cricketers, and for two decades a staunch ally and friend to the Toronto Cricket club, is now at Vancouver. If there is a match being played, or if practice is going on, he is sure to be found there, earnestly watching or coaching and advising in his old fatherly and effectual way. We have previously stated that F. U. Pickering, Montreal, was instrumental in bringing out Parr's Eleven; we should have given this credit to W. P. Pickering, the then secretary of the Montreal club. He wrote Parr asking for matches at Toronto and Montreal but the former place took exception to his having done so without consulting them, and this is the way in which the visiting eleven came to avoid Toronto and play at Hamilton.

Coming east along the canon of the Fraser River, through the mountain passes that connect the Western with the Eastern world, and leaving behind the great snow capped peaks and glistening glaciers of the three giant ranges, we run down the steep grades to the prairie and find ourselves away from the primeval forests and surrounded by vast grass carpeted regions extending away on all sides till they meet the sky. This is the Canadian North west, that aggregation of territories as yet undignified by the title Province, but lately entrusted with a local Government. Scattered throughout the fertile plains of Assiniboia and Alberta, along the line of the great continental railway but often domiciled far away from it, are thousands of young Englishmen seeking their fortune. Whithersoever the Briton travels and on whatever sod or sand he has to pitch his tent, he will strive to extemporize some imitation of his national game. The difficulties that confronted the early cricketer seemed insuperable, but the pluck and energy of the pioneer scorned such drawbacks as the latent badger-hole, the rocks and willow bushes of the prairie, and have organized and

maintained flourishing clubs at the majority of railway towns in Assiniboia. It used to be laughingly said that the only safe ball to bowl, which would take a wicket without danger of committing homicide, was a full pitch. It would be even betting that a good length ball would either shoot or maim the batsman. Not infrequently, bowlers who in the old land never pretended to have devil or work in their trundling discovered themselves possessed of both. Constant labour has however changed all this. At Regina Barracks the Mounted Police have a capital wicket, and the Cannington Manor C. C. have just laid down an excellent crease. A wicket on the virgin prairie always cuts up badly after a limited amount of use, so the native sod has been in most places replaced by turf. It will be a revelation to many to learn that there are thirteen well established cricket clubs in Assiniboia. Besides the police Club at Regina, the town itself has one; similarly favoured are Moosomin, Cannington Manor, Pipestone, Greenfell, Qu'Appelle, Fort Qu'Appelle, Broadview, Whitewood, Indian Head, Moose Jaw and Medicine Hat. There have been other short-lived clubs. In Alberta territory, there are flourishing clubs at Calgary, Lethbridge, Battleford, Fort MacLeod, Edmonton, Prince Albert and Fort Saskatchewan. The great distance from settlement to settlement, especially in Alberta, precludes the possibility of very long lists of inter-club matches, but the elevens in Eastern Assiniboia manage to meet once during the season. A good umpire is a rare treasure, though there are a few gentlemen whose knowledge of the game and capabilities as arbiters have made their names famous throughout the territories. Judge Wetmore, of Moosomin, an enthusiastic admirer of the game, Colonel Lake, of the same place, the late Lieut.-Colonel Herchmer, of Regina, and R. Dundas Strong, of Qu'Appelle, are sought for at all times.

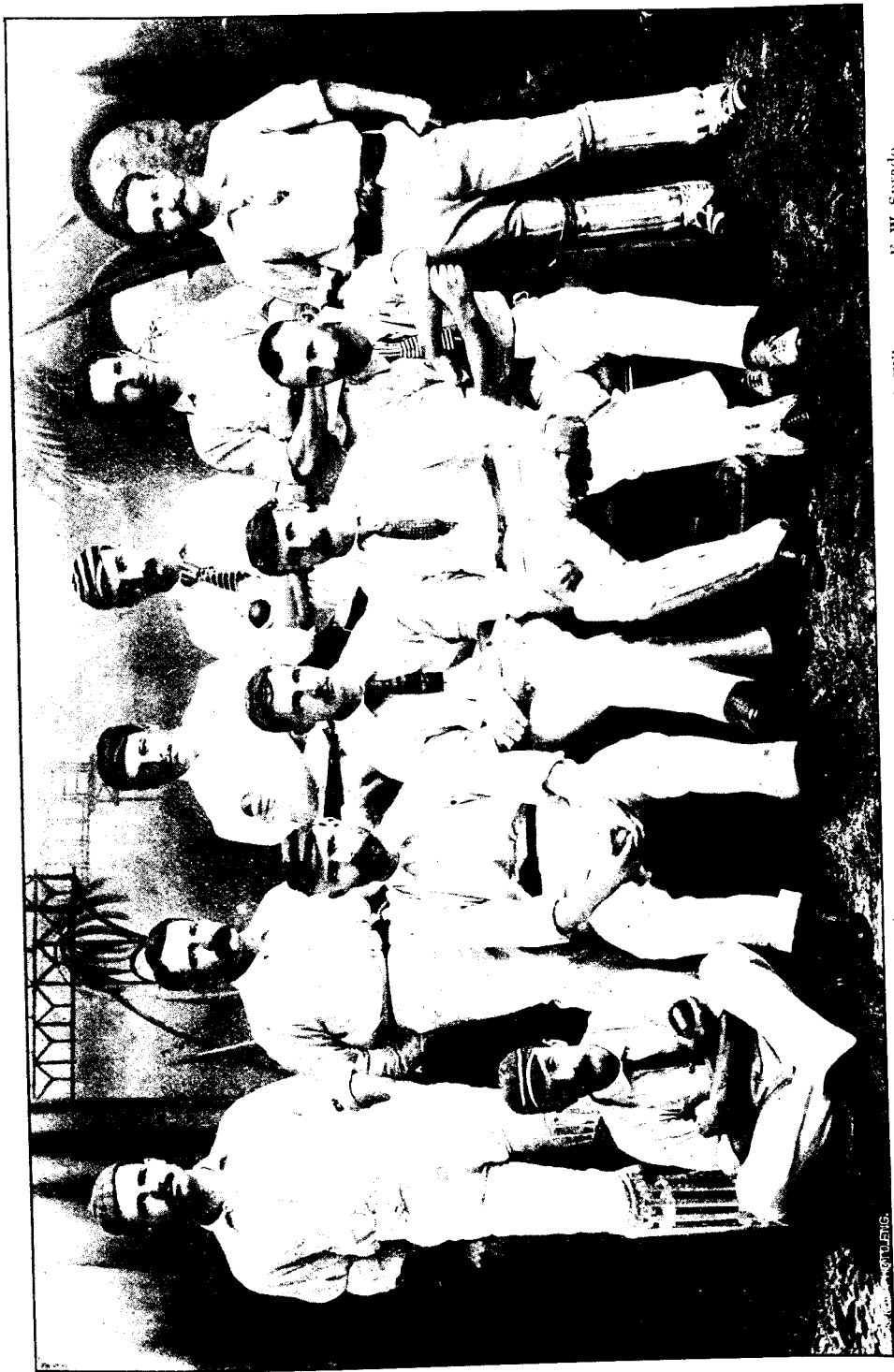
Rarely is a combined team got together to visit Winnipeg, and when it is the occasion is made one for general rejoicing, as well as for serious cricket. After four or five years of hard work on a secluded farm, it is not to be wondered at that there is an inclination to "pass the rosy," as Dick Swiveller was wont to say. The real enjoyment, though, comes at the end of the week, at the practice match in the summer months. There is something

pathetic in the thought that when the farmer drives his dozen miles to buy his stores, he looks forward to his Saturday afternoon's practice at the game he loves so well and played at home under such different circumstances, as the commanding pleasure of his lonely life, the relaxation from his unceasing labours, the pastime that recalls to him in the prairie solitude his boyhood and his home. Yet as the same men develop the country and garner their swelling crops, leisure and money will permit of more indulgence in sport, and they and their sons will one day, perhaps before the next century is much more than born, be heard of contesting on English wickets, as the Australians, their brother Canadians, and the Parsees have already done, for the laurels of the good old game.



W. S. Morris,
Commandant at Fort McLeod.

Since the first Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba was stopped at Pembina on his way to Fort Garry, the then capital, where soon after, the abominable murder of Scott took place, a great and beneficial change has taken place in that western Province. There are few who do not know of the extraordinary development of Manitoba a decade since, when it seemed as if all the world following Horace Greely's advice was going West. Of those who journeyed then and since to the Occident many were cricketers. The wonderful prosperity of all persons enabled the early form-



E. C. Pardee, T. Clarke, R. Young, C. P. Wilson, R. T. Rokeby, W. M. Bannatyne, H. G. Wilson, F. W. Sprado,
C. D. Macdonell, D. J. Smith, WINNIPEG CRICKET ELEVEN, 1894.

ing of numerous well equipped clubs, and almost at once an eastern visit was decided on and carried into effect. It may be surprising, but it is nevertheless true, that these men from the direction of the setting sun carried everything before them in eastern Canada in 1882. The names of the visitors will at once suggest that the most of them coming east were coming home. Their genial captain, J. N. Kirchoffer, had for a long time practiced law at Port Hope and played good cricket in Ontario. They played at Hamilton, Guelph, Toronto, Port Hope, Ottawa, and Montreal, as well as at Chiago, everywhere defeating the local eleven, their only reverse being sustained at Detroit.

Such a measure of success could not fail to prove directly and immediately beneficial to the game in the Prairie Province. As a result, next year, a Western Cricket Association was formed, made up of the clubs of Chicago, Detroit, and Winnipeg, but it cannot be said to have been a practical success, or to have accomplished much. Out of its ashes arose,

however, a more prosperous organization, the North Western Cricket Association, formed in 1887 by the concurrence of the Winnipeg, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Lemars and Sibley clubs. The last two are in the State of Iowa. It would seem that cricket like trade naturally seeks the nearest market. It was intended that each year there should be a week's cricket in one country or the other between these various clubs, concluding with a western international contest between Canada and the United States. In pursuance of this design, in 1887 Winnipeg sent a crack eleven which defeated St. Paul, Minneapolis and Lemars as well as a combined eleven of all these clubs. Sibley was unable to play. Next year the Americans sent an eleven north to try conclusions at Winnipeg with the Provincial team, where they were badly beaten by an innings and 250 runs, their opponents having put together 350 in their only innings. The effect of this was to dampen the ardor of the vanquished to such an extent that they have never renewed hostilities. It is, however, hoped that the success this year in Chicago of



W. James. Dr. Keele. W. J. James C. Heath. G. Ambler.
 F. Phillips. C. Clarence. M. H. Gurney W. H. Sparling. J. R. Simpson.
 R. A. M. Clifford. T. A. Summerskill. W. H. Dalton.

PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE ELEVEN, 1891.

the St. Paul and Minneapolis clubs will lead to further matches under the auspices of the North Western Cricket Association.

Casting about for fresh fields to conquer the Winnipeggers arranged a series of matches at Chicago with the local clubs of "Porkopolis" and vicinity. Hither they repaired last year and brought back the scalps of all but one of the native elevens. They won against:—

Cicero C.C. 72 and 41. }	
Winnipeg 143. }	
St. George's C.C. 26 and 22. }	
Winnipeg 175. }	
Wanderers C.C. 48 and 57 for 6 wickets. }	
Winnipeg 202. }	
Pullman C.C. 63 and 58. }	
Winnipeg 68 and 42 for 5 wickets. }	

And lost against: Chicago, scoring 45 and 75 for 6 wickets, as against 118 of the Chicago C.C.

At St. Paul the visitors again won, making 57 and 28 for 2 wickets as against their opponents 62 and 21. In these matches the tourists put together 835 runs or an average of 11.28 runs per wicket, while those they played against made but 588 runs or an average of 5.82 runs per wicket, hardly one half as many. The individual averages too are good. P. W. Sprado 18.6, T. Clarke 14.8, H. G. Wilson 12.2, C. D. Macdonell 12.1, W. G.

Smith 12, R. Young 9.6, W. Bannatyne 9, W. Bain 8.7, R. T. Rokeby 8.6, F. R. Godwin 7.4, E. C. Pardee 6.8, C. P. Wilson 4.7. The bowling honours fell to C. P. Wilson 4.3, W. Bannatyne 5.2, and T. Clarke 6.3.

If, however, the Winnipeggers be such lions at the game, mightier yet are the Portage la Prairie men, who have in the past few years bearded these same lions in their den and beaten them twice on their own ground as well as once at Portage. As a graceful acknowledgment of the superiority of the victors Portage was chosen as the place of meeting for the formation of the Manitoba Cricket Association. This department of the Canadian Cricket Association was only organized in July, and we will be disappointed if it does not make its prowess felt before many years have rolled over its head. It is conceded that the Portage club has been largely instrumental in keeping up the interest in cricket in Manitoba. There are in that Province not less than twenty clubs, all doing well, and which will probably advance under the new stimulus imparted by the formation of the association. The indomitable energy which has made Manitoba what it is to-day will not be long in making cricket there as excellent as in any other part of Canada.

G. G. S. LINDSEY.

(To be continued.)





I.



ES." cried Mrs. Benjamin, enthusiastically discussing her plans with a morning caller, "what I like about it most is the total change of atmosphere—physical, mental, and moral. The air is so cool and bracing, you know, most bracing—that flannels will be necessary even in the dog-days. The natives don't understand the first word of English. And we shall be twelve miles from a Protestant church."

Mrs. Benjamin and Miss Rushie Talbot were neighbours in the little flat Virginia town of Talbotsville, named after one of Miss Rushie's ancestors. There are so many lovely spots in Virginia, that it is wonderful the spirit should ever have moved anyone free to choose, to settle away from the beautiful blue hills and rushing streams, on arid flats where it is desolate in winter and stifling in summer. Talbotville was one of the ugliest of its kind; but it had the redeeming feature of being near a city, and so within reach of certain luxuries for body and mind which more picturesque places often lack. Within the State it was noted for having had the good luck to preserve an unusual number of old-time servants who in dress and manners were a striking contrast to their kinsfolk of post-bellum days. Tall, dignified, white-kerchiefed mummies, scorning the

modern perambulator, carried cloaked and veiled babies as they had carried their fathers and mothers before them. Fat aunties in towering turbans broiled and baked according to the strictest traditions of that golden age "befo' de wa'," and received as a deadly insult the slightest hint that jot or tittle might be abated. Of these old servants Mrs. Benjamin's cook, Aunt Minerva, was the leader, and her sayings and doings formed the cream of the fashionable intelligence of coloured circles in Talbotsville. She had been one of the Talbot slaves, and in transferring her service had by no means transferred her devotion. Mrs. Benjamin ruled Talbotsville, and Aunt Minerva ruled Mrs. Benjamin, and avenged for Miss Rushie and other meek spirits the wrongs they had not the courage to avenge for themselves. Not that mistress and maid ever quarrelled—Aunt Minerva was far too clever for that. Whenever there was a difference of opinion, the cook's face expressed nothing but the liveliest concern and compassion, and her rich, mellow voice was softer than usual as she charitably accounted for the orders just given her.

"Clar to gracious, Miss Pokey"—Mrs. Benjamin's sponsors in baptism had given her the name of Pocahontas—"I wouldn't use no mo' o' dat ar har-dye. Dey say it gib old Gin'ral Swipes soft'nin ob de brain; an' it begun on himjes' like it's doin' on you. 'Pears to me it's mighty resky, Miss Pokey, mighty resky." Or, "you don' wan' me to make fo' kinds o' hot bread for breakfas' no mo'! Law, Miss Pokey, honey, I knowed no luck would come o' dem sto' toofs. Better hab stuck to you own old stumps, though they *was* mighty lonesome like." As Mrs. Benjamin, though relentless in pointing out the work of time on others, was extremely sensitive in regard to its ravages on herself, and as Minerva carefully chose her audience, it will be seen that in any little difference of opinion the maid had an immense advantage. As for dismissing her, that had been tried. And

Aunt Minerva had taken a place next door with some stranger from the north ; and her late mistress, walking in her garden in the cool of a trying day, had seen her neighbor's kitchen window full of grinning black faces, and had heard a bass voice say with a loud guffaw, "Spec her long laigs is awt'fishle too!" And the following day Mrs. Benjamin had surrendered at discretion. After this it was whispered in colored circles that the servant's power lay in her knowledge of some guilty secret—a supposition which Aunt Minerva took care to encourage, though in reality she had told all that she knew about her mistress an hundred times over.

I think it must have been to escape from Aunt Minerva that Mrs. Benjamin decided to spend the summer in Canada. She had heard of Pointe au Paradis from one of the numerous Canadians who spend their winters in Virginia, and had decided upon the place at once, trusting to Providence to provide her a companion. What a pity, she was thinking to herself, that morning, that that companion could not be Miss Rushie! The intimates of Mrs. Benjamin needed to be long suffering, and Miss Rushie was the most long-suffering person in Talbotsville.

But to return to the conversation of the pair. "Don't you think, though," said Miss Rushie, wisely avoiding the church question, though, being an ultra Evangelical, she was properly shocked at the spiritual destitution in prospect for her friend, "that it's rather nice to doff flannels and wear thin dresses? It seems so much more like summer."

Mrs. Benjamin's train of thought had just brought her to the conclusion that if Miss Rushie went at all it must be as her guest. "You mean, I suppose," she snapped, "that it seems so much more like a girl of sixteen. When people get to be our age, Jerusha, whether widows or old maids, they ought to be glad to hide their bones."

Miss Rushie blushed. She was twenty-nine, but then Mrs. Benjamin was over fifty and had been at school with her mother. Part of the blush was for her twenty-nine years; part of it for her terrible name—the full enormity of which had only dawned upon her when she had overheard a stranger ridiculing it upon her mother's gravestone; the rest of it for Mrs. Benjamin's taradiddle.

Miss Rushie changed the subject, without a sign of temper.

"I suppose you speak French," she said pleasantly.

"I should hope so," replied Mrs. Benjamin. "Of course it is years since I was last in Paris, and you know what the opportunities are of speaking French here. But it is impossible to forget what has been thoroughly learned in childhood, and when I was twelve years old I could conjugate, negatively and interrogatively, the whole of the verb *s'en aller*."

Miss Rushie had never got as far as the verb *s'en aller*, but she had known others who had, and she was shrewd enough to doubt how far the feat referred to would help them in bargaining for the necessaries of life. She had heard, too, a funny story about the foreign tour—which, by the way, though always referred to by Miss Benjamin as her "last," was also her first and only one. Colonel Strothers, the brother who had taken her abroad, spoke French fluently, though with a terrible American accent; so that on their return Mrs. Benjamin had been able to announce triumphantly, "We had no difficulty whatever in making ourselves understood." The Colonel's story, however, was that on the one occasion on which she had tried shopping without him, he had discovered her with the whole staff of the establishment about her, their hands on their hearts and their faces expressing the desolation they felt at not being able to comprehend Madame. Madame had commenced by demanding "des sleepaires," and then, acting on the idiotic idea which many women entertain, that baby talk is more intelligible than the Queen's English, had run through the scale of "shoeses," "soosies," "soosie-poosies," and "teeny-weeny bits o' soosie poosies, don't you know?" This anecdote brought the tales of foreign travel to a close, until Death, by sealing the Colonel's lips, unsealed those of Mrs. Benjamin.

"I really wish you were going with me, Miss Rushie," said Mrs. Benjamin, softened at last in spite of herself.

"Oh, *wouldn't* it be lovely!" cried Miss Rushie. The dream of my life has been to go abroad, and this would be almost as good."

"But Canada comes a long way after France," put in Mrs. Benjamin, who was not going to have the foreign tour belittled. "Of course, *for you* it would be quite an adventure. Don't you think Jim could manage it?"

"Oh no, Mrs. Benjamin, no indeed! I would not put him to all that expense

for the world. And then," added this unselfish creature, smiling, "to hear your adventures will be almost as good as going."

"Couldn't you write to that old uncle down in Arkansas—Jenks isn't his name? What a horrible name Jenks is! It would do to go with Jer——"

"But it has a *c* and an *e* in it," pleaded Miss Rushie. "Paw always said the Jenckses were quite aristocratic, if they were northerners."

"Fiddle! Aristocratic butchers, and bakers, and candlestick makers, I imagine. Well, why don't you write to the aristocrat?"

"But you know he's only Maw's uncle, and I never saw him in my life, and I don't suppose he remembers there's such a person—though he used to write to Maw, and send her handsome presents, too. I've often wished he would write to me, but not for the sake of gaining anything by it."

Miss Rushie rose to go. Mrs. Benjamin, by this time quite amiable, walked with her to the gate and stood looking after her, with half a mind to call her back and invite her to accompany her. Not for the pleasure to Miss Rushie, of course, but for the advantage to herself. She had her fears of the cuisine, and Miss Rushie was an excellent cook, and had also exquisite taste in fancy work. The selfish old woman decided that if she did take her with her, she would also take piles of material for her to work upon. Her mind was almost made up, but not quite.

II

Miss Rushie, meanwhile, passed down the street; a good many wishes, not one of them tainted with envy, in her heart and eyes. She was rather tall, with sloping shoulders and a long waist. She had a fair complexion, a good deal tanned, kind grey eyes, a nose of no particular order of architecture, a mouth which, because she had been told it lacked firmness, she was apt to make prim, and an abundance of light brown hair drawn tightly back from a common-place forehead and coiled into a stiff tower behind. She had a timid, sometimes even a frightened expression, which Mrs. Benjamin, with her usual frankness, likened to that of a hunted hare. She wore a plainly made print gown and a black straw hat stiffly trimmed with black ribbon and a pink rose. Everybody thought of her as an old maid; even women older than Miss

Rushie, though they themselves danced and flirted and kept their youth. She had, indeed, an old-maidish look, though any one taking the trouble to analyse it would have discovered that it came from her coiffure and dress rather than her face and figure.

The house at which she stopped was larger and handsomer than Mrs. Benjamin's, but her status in it was little better than that of an unpaid drudge. Her father, once the wealthiest man in Talbotsville, was always spoken of as having been ruined by the war. So, in a sense, he had been. But there are degrees in ruin, and Miss Rushie had lived in comfort, if not in luxury, until her father's death; while her brother, the son of her father's first wife, had managed to give himself a pretty good start in life with what was left. As Jim's wife, who had money of her own, talked freely of their generosity in giving Miss Rushie a home, an old friend of the family had once bluntly asked him what had become of his sister's fortune, and had been curtly told that it dressed her. If that was all it did, it must have been small indeed. Gussie (Mrs. Jim) was from the north, and detested negroes whether as slaves or freemen. She was, moreover, subject to fits of what she called nervousness and other people temper, which prevented servants of any color from staying with her long. So that Miss Rushie was sometimes the supplement to, sometimes the substitute of, a raw Irish maid-of-all-work.

On this particular morning she had left the house as supplement, having secured after a longer and more trying interregnum than usual a really good girl. But it does not take long to get up a revolution. "Oh, Aunt Rushie!" piped the small voice of Jim Junior, before the victim had fairly closed the gate, "Maw says Bridget's gone, and the fire's black out, and Paw's goin' to bring Judge Paxton to dinner, and— I say, Aunt Rushie, better fly round!"

The thermometer stood at 90° in the shade. The cause of the revolution in a cool white muslin was calmly swinging in a hammock with a fan and a new novel. Jim Junior's tone was decidedly aggravating. Poor Miss Rushie! Do you wonder that she thought of *Pointe au Paradis* with something like a sob, as she lighted the kitchen fire and sat down to pare potatoes.

The day was a hard one. Judge Pax-

ton's coming meant extra trouble, and the Judge was not a special favorite with Miss Rushie. He had been an intimate friend of her father—a circumstance which she felt entitled him to her veneration; and she conscientiously tried to venerate him, but could not. Judge Paxton's ill-fitting clothes smelt strongly of tobacco. He had an obliquity of vision which permitted him to look at his plate with one eye and Miss Rushie with the other. When not eating, he had an objectionable habit of sucking his teeth, as Jim Junior sucked a peppermint; and the audible smacks that told of his enjoyment were frequently his entire contribution towards conversation. Miss Rushie who had never dreamed of anyone else wishing to marry her, had an uneasy feeling in regard to Judge Paxton. In the interval between washing the dinner dishes and making the fire for tea, she had to sit with him on the gallery, while Gussie took a siesta and Jim went down town. And the one articulate speech he made during the weary two hours was a compliment to the gumbo with which he had gorged himself.

After tea there was a little bit of brightness. The agent of some missionary society being in town, there was a special service at St. Paul's, and Miss Rushie rested herself by going. And by a happy coincidence the last hymn sung was "O Paradise!" and her little regrets for Pointe au Paradis died away as there rose before her one of those celestial visions that only reveal themselves to the pure in heart.

"Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light."

she sang with shining eyes; and then knelt down and cried, "O dearest Lord, draw my soul from dreams of earthly paradises, and keep for me the lowest place in Thine!" and so went home in the peace that passeth understanding.

When she reached her brother's, Judge Paxton was still there, doing duty on his teeth with an energy betokening unwonted excitement,—excitement that seemed to pervade the group. Miss Rushie, eagerly scanning the faces, saw that her brother looked pleased and his wife sullen. Jim handed her a letter with a great seal—a letter addressed to himself, but which he bade his sister read. But Jim Junior's tongue went faster than Miss Rushie's eyes. "O, Aunt Rushie!" he cried, "old Jinks down in Arkansas is dead, and he's lef' you a fo'tchin'."

"Thirty thousand dollars isn't a fortune," snapped Gussie.

"No," said Jim, who was in high good humour, "but it's thirty thousand times better than no fortune."

III.

Three weeks later two ladies with a good deal of luggage, were left by the noon train at Pointe au Paradis. One was tall, gaunt, olive-complexioned, roman-nosed, dark-eyed, dark-haired (I pronounce on the last point with the same certainty as on the others, for whatever the coiffure owed to the preparation which had been so fatal to the "ole gin'ral," the upper lip was undoubtedly *au naturel*.) The other answered to the description I have given of Miss Rushie, only that she was dressed in well-made mourning, and that travel had so becomingly dishevelled her hair and excitement so brightened her face, you would never have suspected her of being an old maid. Miss Rushie was happier than she had been since her father's death, and more pleasantly excited than she had ever been in her life. Of course you do not need to be told that Mrs. Benjamin's division of the comforts *en route* had been precisely the same as it would have been had Miss Rushie been her paid companion or maid. She had appropriated as a matter of course the lower berth of the sleeper, the breast and wing of the chicken, the attentions of the conductor and porter, and the conversation of any agreeable people who chanced to be near them; and when she had resigned her place by the window, she had frankly stated her reason: "Now, Miss Rushie, I'll change places with you. The cinders are coming in." These little selfishnesses which would have spoiled the journey for some people, had no effect whatever on Miss Rushie. It was her nature to give to everybody all that it was possible to give.

The ladies had made part of the journey from Montreal by steamer and Miss Rushie thought the Ottawa must be the most beautiful river in the world. As the reader already knows, she was not literary; but she revelled, as such gentle souls are apt to do, in poetry—the poetry of a bygone generation, for her father's library had stopped short of Tennyson and Browning, and Swinburne; and when she discovered from the little guide-book furnished by the steamer that St. Anne's was actually *the* St. Anne's of her adored Moore, she felt that one might be on classic ground

without going to Europe. Snubbed by Mrs. Benjamin, in her attempt to communicate her discovery, she retired to a quiet corner of the deck, and feasted her eyes, and hummed "Row, brothers, row!" until at Oka she grew silent with pleasure that at most amounted to pain. The purser came upon her in her musings, and pointed out a while-robed Trappist disembarking, and told her of the silent brotherhood that had made the wilderness blossom as the rose. And Miss Rushie looking back on the green shores across the quiet waters, had cried, "It is a place where one might wish to build tabernacles and abide forever!" and then had blushed to find herself dropping into poetry.

And now, as she looked about her on the little platform at Pointe au Paradis, what joy it was to find the broad, full, blue river close beside her. Between it and the station the shore was hidden by a steep well-wooded bank; but on the east she could see it circling out to the wooded "Pointe," and on the west she could discern under the graceful elms that drooped over the water, a wigwam shaped tent, with a birch-bark canoe drawn up, and a

thread of pale-blue smoke rising from beside it. The station, a little inn, a store, a blacksmith's shop, and one or two still smaller dwellings occupied by laborers, made the village; and scarcely two minutes walk from these, reached by a green lane, the white farm-house at which their rooms were taken glittered in the sunshine. A man in shirtsleeves, stood outside the store, looking down upon them; the postmaster in shirtsleeves, was walking off with the mail bag; and the station-master, also in shirtsleeves, was beside them as the train disappeared. These, with a group of children at the post-office door, were the only human beings in sight.

"*Mon Dieu!*" cried Mrs. Benjamin, shrugging her shoulders (she had been crying "*Mon Dieu!*" and shrugging her shoulders, more or less, ever since the expedition had been arranged), "*Mon Dieu! il n'y a pas de* ———"

"Cabs?" asked Miss Rushie, with a happy laugh. "Did you expect them?"

Miss Rushie had been doing a little French on her own account, and Mrs. Benjamin had kindly promised that till



"He pointed to the white farm house."—(Page 516)

she got a little more advanced she would throw in an English word here and there by way of giving her a clue to her meaning.

"*Pas de cabs, mais une calèche, you know. Ma foi, je suis desolay.*"

"You are the ladies for Lacasse's," said the station-master politely touching his hat. He was a tall, good-looking, well-dressed young man; but being switchman and porter as well as station-master, express agent, and telegraph operator, he had fallen into the way of doffing his coat whenever the weather permitted. "It is only a step," and he pointed to the white farm house.

"Look, look, Mrs. Benjamin!" exclaimed Miss Rushie. "Is it not exactly what you dreamed? It must be close to the water," she added, addressing the young man.

"Well above it, and yet so near that from your sitting room window you might throw a stone into it. The Lacasses were at the morning train, but now are not expecting you till evening. Passengers from Montreal rarely come by this train.

"*Mais, le loogage?*" interposed Mrs. Benjamin, who did not approve of Miss Rushie's taking the initiative, even with a man in shirt sleeves.

"They will come for it. You can leave your bags too."

"*Non! non!*" cried Mrs. Benjamin, suspiciously, *je n'abandonne pas*—bags! "They might be stolen—*volay*, you know."

"They would be quite safe, but—Hiloi, Narcisse! " the station-master cried to a bucolic-looking youth, with a rake on his shoulder, and a pipe in his mouth, who was coming down the steps from the road. "Here is Lacasse's son who will take them over at once."

The youth was coming, certainly, but in no haste. Mrs. Benjamin suddenly remembered how gracious she had intended being to everybody, so that when she departed, the natives should miss and mourn her. She was rather given to playing parts, and she intended to model herself now after the *grandes dames* of the old *regime*. "*Mais, comment* is it," she said to the station-master, "that you *parlay Anglais?*"

"Because I am English—or rather Irish. But"—seeing disappointment in the elder lady's face he added—"the Lacasse's don't understand, or, at any rate, don't speak, a word of English."

"*Bong!*" pronounced Mrs. Benjamin.

Narcisse—in shirt sleeves, of course—came up smiling, and at a word from the station-master, took up the bags and moved off. The station-master touched his hat again. "You are sure to be comfortable," he said.

"Thank you so much," said Miss Rushie. "*Oui, oui,*" said Mrs. Benjamin.

The young man altered a switch, went into his pretty little den, lighted his pipe, and sat down to the telegraph apparatus, which forthwith began its click-click. Suddenly the click-clicking stopped; and the operator, taking his pipe from his mouth, lay back in his chair and laughed till he cried.

The ladies at that moment were entering the farm yard, and the farmer, the farmer's wife, and the farmer's daughter, were smiling their welcome; the farmer smoking placidly, Madame and Rose Marie volubly expressing their regret that the ladies had not been met. The farmer was a stout, ruddy-faced, jolly old fellow, in immense breeches, short in the legs, but so high at their other extremity that they covered half his chest. The men had the good looks of the family. Madame Lacasse and Rose Marie were thin to meagreness and their kindly faces had the complexions of smoked herrings. The farmhouse was large but low, with a steep roof, which covered also the narrow high-railed gallery. The wood-work was dark, the walls plastered and white-washed. A wing on the east side was the spacious winter-kitchen; an equally spacious summer kitchen, in colour and material matching the house, stood on the other side of the enclosure. Piles of driftwood from the lumber yards up the river supplemented the substantial wood-pile. In a fenced-off corner was Rose Marie's flower garden, divided into endless little high beds filled with asters, geraniums, balsams, etc. A big dog exchanged greetings with Miss Rushie; two calves lay near the summer kitchen door; a pet lamb with a blue ribbon round its neck, was tethered to a stake in the bright green grass that covered the centre of the yard; and, except in the miniature flower-garden, there were fowls everywhere.

Passing round the narrow gallery to the front door, Miss Rushie uttered a cry of delight. The river was so high that from where they stood the little strip of beach, still uncovered, was invisible. The waters surged round the trunks of graceful elms and against something that might have been the gigantic statue of a woman—one

hand gathering her drapery about her, the other stretched towards the shore. Miss Rushie pointed out the wonder to Mrs. Benjamin, and the latter interpreted to Rose Marie: "*Le statoo*, you know, *comment* did it come there?" And Rose Marie nodded and smiled, and explained that it was only the gnarled stump of a tree, washed by the river into blackness and smoothness, but that strangers always remarked it. "*Oui, oui!*" said Mrs. Benjamin, and forthwith communicated to Miss Rushie that it was "a Virgin Mary," put up at the expense of certain strangers who had spent the summer at the Pointe. Rose Marie who, though too diffident to speak English, understood it as well as the Virginians, was greatly surprised, but neither then nor at any time during the three months they remained, did she attempt to correct Mrs. Benjamin's "translations." The fine courtesy of France in its best days distinguishes many of these Canadian peasants.

Mrs. Benjamin was disgusted with the rooms, which, she averred, were not half so good as her own negro-quarters. But Miss Rushie stoutly defended the snowy walls and painted floors and home-made furniture of divers colors. "We can get a cheap rug or two," she said, "and something to cover these green tables, and with the photographs and odds and ends I have brought and Rose Marie's flowers"—and she pointed to a generous bunch which graced one of the green tables—"we shall be in clover. Who wants to stay in the house, anyway?" Mrs. Benjamin said to herself that Miss Rushie was getting rather too bold and wondered if prosperity was going to spoil her.

She need not have been afraid; though it was quite true that Miss Rushie's timidity was vanishing—away from Gussie, in the bracing Canadian air, and with the consciousness of a balance at her banker's. Mrs. Benjamin was placed in the seat of honour, a stubby wooden rocking-chair, while Miss Rushie with Rose Marie's assistance opened a packing box and made tea over the spirit lamp. They were to have a high tea later.

"And now," said Miss Rushie, first tea being over, "Will you lie down, or will you sit out on the gallery, till Rose Marie and I work a little transformation scene?"

"Will I lie down?" repeated Mrs. Benjamin, angrily. "Do you think I am superannuated?" And so, to show her

youth, she elected to take a walk on the shore—a determination pregnant with results both to herself and Miss Rushie.

Reaching the river-side, she made straight for the tent which they had seen in the distance. "How surprised," she said to herself, "will those children of the forest be, in seeing a *grong dam!*" She had been careful to ascertain from Rose Marie that the children of the forest were "*pas dangereux.*"

They were also, it appeared, invisible. The embers of their fire still smouldered. A tiny canoe, fastened to a log, bobbed up and down in the water beside the longer one drawn up on the shore.

"If you are not the dearest little boat I ever saw!" exclaimed the explorer. "I have a great mind to have a row in you. What a darling little oar!" She went on, examining the paddle, "I wonder where the other one is." Continuing her explorations she entered the tent. A heap of bedclothes lay on the ground—she must give the squaw a lecture on tidiness. Meantime she would examine the beaded moccasins in the basket. She supposed they could be had for almost nothing.

Suddenly the heap of blankets on which she was standing moved. An agony of terror seized her. Could it be a rattlesnake? and would it be less dangerous to fly or stand still?

"Ugh!" snorted a deep bass voice close beside her, and an Indian sat up from among the blankets—a greatly astonished Indian; for it is no joke for a child of the forest to fall placidly asleep in his own tent and to be waked up by a silk-clad white woman standing upon his feet. Shriek after shriek burst from Mrs. Benjamin, and darting out of the tent, she rushed to the "dearest little boat," threw herself in, and pulled out the staple. Drowning was better than scalping, she had hastily concluded.

But was it, she began to wonder, as the canoe bore her out and went round and round with her. A great rushing was in her ears, but her voice still held out. The Indian was after her, was actually entering the water; her capture was a certainty, for still the canoe rushed round and round. She was sitting on the paddle, and in desperation jumped up to get it. Then the river seemed to rise to meet her, filling her mouth and eyes and ears. "Mon Dieu!" she gurgled, her ruling passion strong in what she believed to be death. At the same moment, a hand, the

hand of a savage, clutched her; she was to be both drowned and scalped, it seemed. And then she knew no more.

When she recovered consciousness, which was as soon as her fright would allow her—for she had gone down in scarce three feet of water and had scarcely touched bottom when the Indian had her—she thought she had died and, her last word having been a French one, gone to

the "*grog dams.*" A lady, unmistakeably a lady, was bending over her, rubbing her hands and speaking to a third person in French very unlike that of Rose Marie. When this ministering angel saw that her patient had revived she smiled encouragingly and fell at once into English.

A. M. MACLEOD.

(*To be continued.*)



TALKS WITH GIRLS.

I.—READING.



WHAT shall I read? How shall I read?—What quantities of advice have been written and printed and read in answer to these two simple questions! How many pages you and I have devoured to learn the secret of a well-furnished mind! There would seem to be no department of *self-help* so perennially interesting as that which promises us a guide to books. And yet many of us get little done beyond the excitement of a nine days' enthusiasm. We learn what we ought to read and how to read, and there we practically rest, incessantly eager to discuss methods, but rarely making any use of them beyond an occasional glance at a book. There is nothing surprising in that, nor much serious cause for discouragement, on the whole. Let us once for all frankly recognize the fact that the majority of men and women are not gifted with more of the spirit of system, and perseverance than barely suffices for the more or less orderly discharge of the daily

duties which imperatively press upon them for immediate attention. How many people do you know who, when not obliged to do so, are able to adhere rigidly to a time-table extending over four or five hours a day? It is this very rarity of the thing that is implied—however slow people are to perceive it—in saying that Mr. X or Miss Z is methodical and persevering. And why should these qualities be assigned as the chief causes of great success in life if not for the simple reason that the great bulk of humanity does not possess them? This fact need not discourage any one. We all know what can be done even by fitful effort. The main thing is the burning desire to be busied with knowledge of some kind. As this desire strengthens, we shall be the more regularly and often attracted to our chosen pursuit, and who knows what, in the end, may not be done by a prudent, hopeful utilisation of whatever natural advantages we have? Let us all once more resolve to work. It is worth another trial.

We shall now discuss *what to read.* It

matters less what is read than some good earnest people would have us believe. To say it matters not at all, as some do, is to go too far in the other direction. But it is quite true that there is a tendency among many readers to keep continually raising the quality of their reading; and it is this remarkable phenomenon of spontaneous reading up the inclined plane instead of down, that has been affirmed by some optimists to be all but universal. Unfortunately for humanity this is not true, and we shall need to exercise a rational choice in our own reading if we really desire to improve in proportion to our efforts. What selection is to be made must depend upon the reader. There are books "to be tasted," books "to be swallowed," and "some few to be chewed and digested," by which Bacon means to say that we are to read some "only in parts," others we are to read, "but not curiously," [that is not attentively], and a few others "wholly, and with diligence and attention." It scarcely need be said that it is the last class that does most for us. It will always remain a law in the realm of mind that we get out of a piece of work just what we put into it. It is always profitable to have some hard book to work at—of course, not taken up at haphazard, but wisely selected in correspondence to our requirements. By a hard book I mean simply one to which we devote genuine labour for some well defined purpose. It may be a simple treatise which we wish to master thoroughly, or a great work dealing with a subject in which, at first, we can only grope. It may be Huxley's *Elementary Lessons in Physiology* or Locke's *Essay on the Human Understanding*, Rogers' *Political Economy*, or Hooker's *Ecclesiastical Polity*. The essential thing is that it be read seriously. What that means, we shall presently enquire.

I suppose it must be admitted that people should have some "light" reading now and again. Those who feel too tired to take up a book which demands forced attention may surely be allowed to spend some hours frivolously, if by so doing they can agreeably pass the time that must be spent in waiting for a return of vigour. We in Canada have a few weeks of oppressing weather in which we are content, most of us, merely to exist. During the summer holidays it is not reasonable to exact of ourselves any great measure of vigorous mental effort, provided we can do so during most of the

rest of the year. But many can not, and are obliged to read hard while they have a few weeks for themselves. I am not sure, however, that they are on that account to be pitied, for I am not sure that much of our so-called "light" reading does not exhaust us quite as much as the "serious." The excitement attending the reading of a novel, especially of the sensational class, is not exactly the best thing for a tired brain, or even a weary body. Think of the reaction of it, and then say whether you might not rather better have been reading something quieter that made you think more. After all, though, I suppose I must give you the names of a few light books for the summer, and perhaps dip into a few new ones for myself, to show how much alike we all are when the sweltering days are upon us. Of these more anon.

One point of importance requires attention here. You will find it simplify things always to retain our classification of the purposes of reading. You will read for pleasure or for instruction, and often for both at once. We have no need of the pedagogical distinction between instruction and education, and the exalting of the latter above all else. Indeed, I take it the distinction is not of much value for any one. An education consists, in its last analysis, of information well arranged and thoroughly possessed. We may all be well content if we achieve that in any department of knowledge. Never mind the "education" or the "mental training." Get the facts, and all these things shall be added thereunto. If some one says not, just ask him to show where your information or his own can be distinguished from his or your education, and to explain why, if he is right, you should not be justified in throwing away your information when you have got your training out of it.

But to get instruction from a book there must be more or less of method in the reading. How are serious books to be read? Seriously, of course; which implies a good deal, if you only reflect. There is the attention to be looked after. Without close application you can expect to do nothing useful of any sort whatever. Let it be understood, once for all, that reading does not mean skimming the pages with a mind distracted in other directions. Bacon cannot mean that process to be applied even to the books "to be tasted," much less to the others. There is only one thing that may be read in that slovenly way,—that is the news-

paper. But to do even that is just in so far to form bad habits. For one thing, we learn to read too fast. This is a general tendency of our time and our nervous race; and it must be checked if we mean to make our books yield us anything.

Another essential for the real study of a work with economy of time, is the making of notes of some sort as we read.

The common advice "read with pencil in hand" is founded upon general experience. Depend upon it, unless the book is nearly worthless, it will be turned to more advantage if some distinct trace of its perusal is kept. Often it will be sufficient to mark certain passages with a pencil; but that is only better than not marking at all. On the other hand, it would be useless for most to attempt to put into practice an elaborate system of marks such as that contained in Todd's Student's Manual. If you underline new words or old words used in unusual ways, and perhaps striking terms of expression that you wish to remember, you will do enough, in addition, of course, to the general marginal notes to call attention to beauties of thought, originality of reasoning and the like. Indeed, no book need be left without traces of your eye and hand, if it contains anything worth reading. But many books require something more than this. They should have a corner devoted to them in your general Commonplace book. Here you may say all you need in a page or two, outlining the plot of the story if the book is a standard novel like those of Scott, Thackeray, Dickens, George Eliot, etc.; or you will need a little more space if you wish to give an epitome of a volume of history by Froude or Freeman, and still more for other works which you can only borrow, because too costly to make your own. Much depends, also, upon your facility as a writer. Some young ladies have no difficulty in filling volumes, others can scarcely compose a page without discomfort or great effort. The latter may as well give up the attempt to keep voluminous records of reading, although it would be well for them to compose regularly and often, in order to gain the habit of writing easily. The trouble is, that there are few who ever perseveringly struggle to do what is not easy, simply because they need it, and I am not speaking to these few so much as to the many, who should not distress themselves if they take but few notes. Those who can read only when they are already fatigued must do

so as easily as possible, and often while lying on the sofa or in a hammock. They are too thankful to read at all without stopping to do anything else. And yet even they will find it profitable to jot down somewhere a short account of the last book finished before beginning a new one. I find it very useful to note the names of the principal persons concerned in what I have been reading about. For some readers the names will be sufficient to recall most of the rest, if the rest is a connected story. Most will need more.

A great aid to the improvement of ones reading opportunities is secured by companionship. When you can, get some one else to read with you—some one regular and persevering if you can, and especially if you are lacking in these qualities; but some one in any case. If you can get two or even three or four to join with you, so much the better in some ways. But there are serious drawbacks in increasing your number beyond two, as you will soon realize.

Our subject is large, and the space limited. We must now consider what selection of reading can reasonably be made for the summer months. I shall be safe in assuming that little advice is needed regarding the latest novelties of the hour. Beyond a very few books of real excellence, I shall ignore the masses of stuff that issue weekly from the press. Those who care to waste time upon that literature need not discriminate, but take whatever has made the latest stir.

To begin with the poets. The latest work of note is Tennyson's *Foresters*, which is very fine reading, but not of the lightest. Those who wish to make the acquaintance of this great poet had better begin with *Dora*, *Enoch Arden*, and *Idyls of the King*, going on then to *Locksley Hall* and its sequel, then *The May Queen*, and *In Memoriam*. Among the great poets of nature, especially suitable to summer reading, Wordsworth stands pre-eminent. Read and read again his *Lines composed . . . above Tintern Abbey*, *To the small Celandine*, and in general his *Poems of Sentiment and Reflection*, in which occurs the beautiful *Ode to Duty*. *The Evening Voluntaries*, too, will suit some readers who are able to enter into their spirit. Young folk now are not satisfied without a trial of Robert Browning. Get the American reprint of his shorter poems in one volume and begin at that, if you are not already a Browningite. Here we shall stop with our poets for this month,

except to say that Shakespeare is always good. Most will find Rolfe's edition (Harper, New York) the best, except for purposes of severe philological study, when the Clarendon Press edition is better. Try *As You Like It*, *The Tempest*, or *A Midsummer Night's Dream*; but let the work be well done.

In fiction you will, of course, wish to read *David Grieve*, especially if you have read *Robert Elsmere*. It is time you tasted Kipling's books if you have not yet done so. A taste may suffice you. You can afford to leave Haggard's *Nada the Lily* for a time when you can not do better, and the rest of his books with that one. But if you can manage Scottish dialect, by all means read one of J. M. Barrie's admirable books. If you take only one, let that be *A Window in Thrums*, rather than *The little Minister*. These are all minor novelists. For the best work by living authors you must go to *George Meredith* and *Thomas Hardy*. We have no Thackerays or George Eliots now, and we are waiting for the advent of a great novelist, who is coming some day, if he is not here now. Certain it is, there is a remarkable man in Henrik Ibsen, who is not an Englishman but a Norwegian of Danish extraction. Nor is he a novelist, but a dramatist. His plays are well worth reading carefully, but are not such as to furnish much gaiety. The best translations of them are by Gosse. Ibsen deals with delicate subjects, but is pro-

foundly serious in his treatment of them.

The subject of English novels is a very large one, and I cannot undertake to discuss those which every one must read. Some other time I shall, perhaps, take them up chronologically. Nor can anything be attempted in this paper to indicate a course of scientific reading. Those who are interested in natural science will do well to take a volume or two for holiday reading. Beginners will profit by Arabella Buckley's (Mrs. Fisher's) books, *Life and Her Children*, *Fairyland of Science*, etc.; also by Grant Allen's, which are very popular. Those who want something heavier can find it in Darwin's wonderful books, but the subject is too special for this paper. For the seaside one may take Agassiz, *Seaside Studies in Natural History* (a little expensive), or Angelo Heilprin, *The Animal Life of our Seashore*, both books being by Americans. In botany the only satisfactory work is Gray's *Manual of Botany of North U. S.*, although much good work may be done with H. B. Spotton's little book, *Elementary Botany, Part II.* (The commonly occurring wild plants of Canada, especially of Ontario.) With one or two books as guides to practical work of this kind, I have spent some of the happiest hours of my life. It is something every one can do a little at, and find great pleasure in every step.

HUBERT BARTON.



MUSKOKA.

(See Frontispiece.)

Muskoka has well been called a country of contrasts. Land and water, forest and clearing, inhospitable rock and fertile valley, civilization and barbarism, quiet stream and boisterous rapid—all are in sharp juxtaposition; and the traveller has always before him the constant charm of novelty. Such a country has for many a peculiar fascination. So far is it from civilization that the camping party may travel for days through many of its streams and see no sign of human life, and pitch tent night after night on the shores of its countless lakes and hear nothing but the gentle swish of the water on the beach; and yet so near the comforts of modern life that all supplies and even luxuries can be had at any of the many villages which stud the land.

It is however on sporting and scenic grounds that Muskoka chiefly appeals to the traveller. The face of the country is broken up into innumerable small lakes and connecting streams—its coast-line on the Georgian Bay indented with bays and snug harbours. To a fisherman the district offers advantages for sport unsurpassed by any part of the Dominion, while for duck-shooting it is equally good. Lake Joseph, of which a view is given in our frontispiece, is especially a favourite resort of wild-fowl, owing to the vast quantities of wild rice which grow along the shore. The fishing-club, that organized form of modern angling which combines so much social pleasure with the enjoyment of the sport itself, has not overlooked the advantages of this region, and the jolly sun-browned faces of its members, and the snug lodges where the fish-stories for next winter's use are evolved, may be seen scattered along the waterways. In some streams plenty of trout can be taken, but the chief glory of the Muskoka lakes is its black bass; that gamey fish is always to be had and in these waters possesses size and fighting qualities not often found elsewhere.

Red deer exist throughout the district in fairly plentiful number, although the

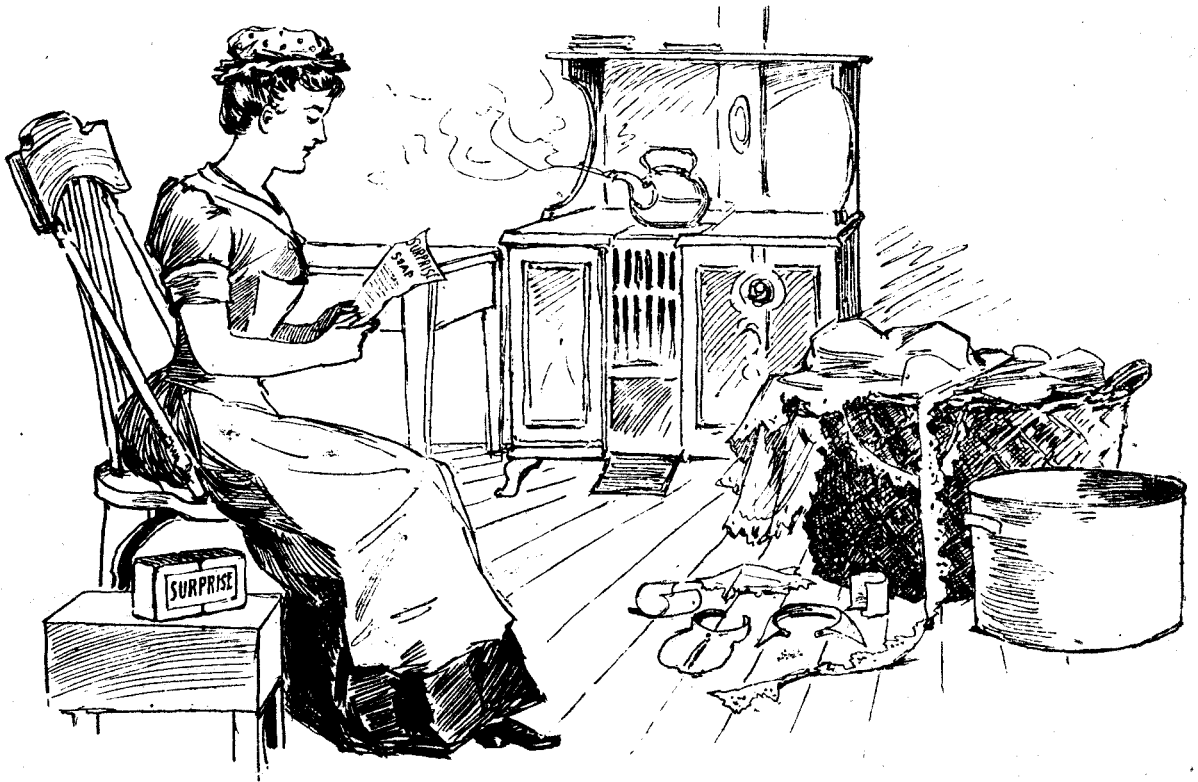
yearly increase of settlement and general development of the country drives them deeper into the shelter of the wooded hills; partridges are here in plenty, and excellent sport may be had.

From a scenic point of view alone Muskoka is well worth a visit. A few hours run from Toronto by the northern division of the Grand Trunk Railway brings the traveller to the Muskoka Wharf at Gravenhurst, passing *en route* Lake Simcoe, one of the most attractive of our smaller lakes, and lands him well inside the Muskoka borders. From Gravenhurst he may either continue his journey by rail, a hundred miles or more, up to North Bay, or he may disembark and take the steamer for the trip up Lake Muskoka, a most delightful sail. The lake is of an irregular shape and studded with innumerable islands; the scenery is varied and most attractive in every way. Many of the larger islands bear tasty villas, the summer residences of city merchants, while along the shores of the lake are scattered villages and hamlets, whose *raison d'être* appears to be the supplying of the constantly increasing number of tourists and camping parties who enliven the vicinity. From the north end of Lake Muskoka one enters on the twin lakes Rosseau and Joseph—both sheets of water set in surroundings of great beauty, and noted specially for the sport afforded the fisherman.

At the north end of the district, Lake Nipissing is well worth a visit. It is about fifty miles in length and thirty in width, and links together the great inland oceans of Huron and Superior with the Ottawa and St. Lawrence rivers—direct waterways to the sea. Its shores abound with game, its waters with fish. The fall deer shooting is generally very good. The Muskoka trip is, taking it all in all, one of the most attractive which Canada offers, for variety of scene, and opportunity for sport. It is a district of great possibilities, and well [worth general attention.

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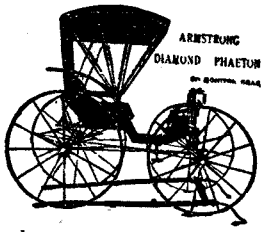
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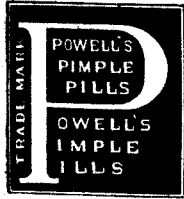
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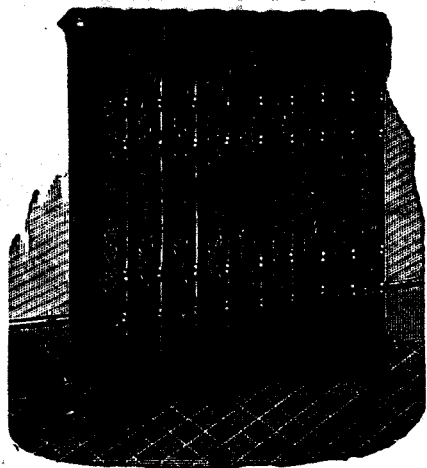
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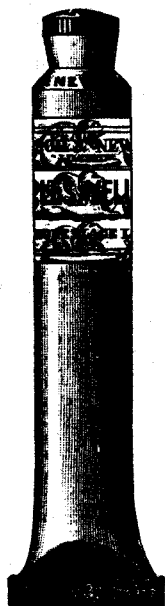
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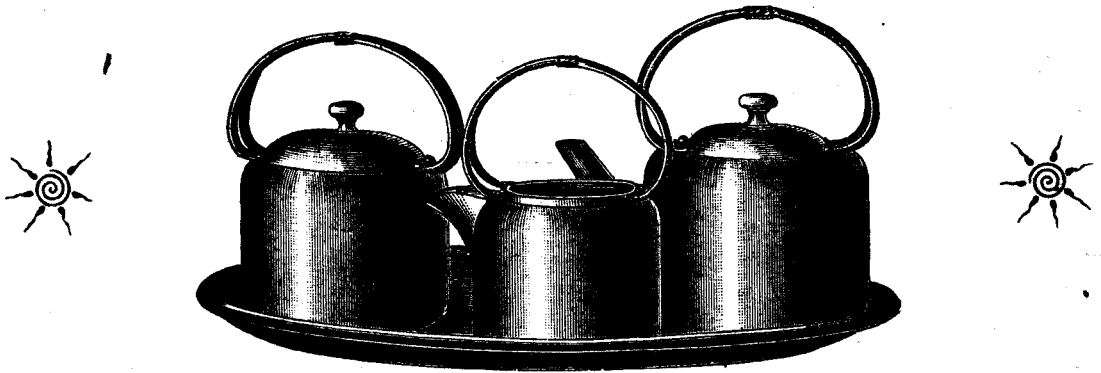
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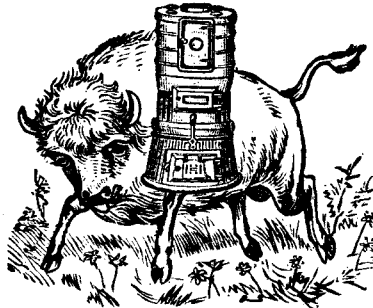
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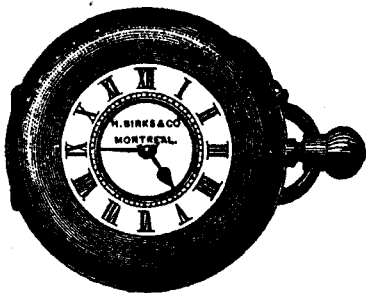
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