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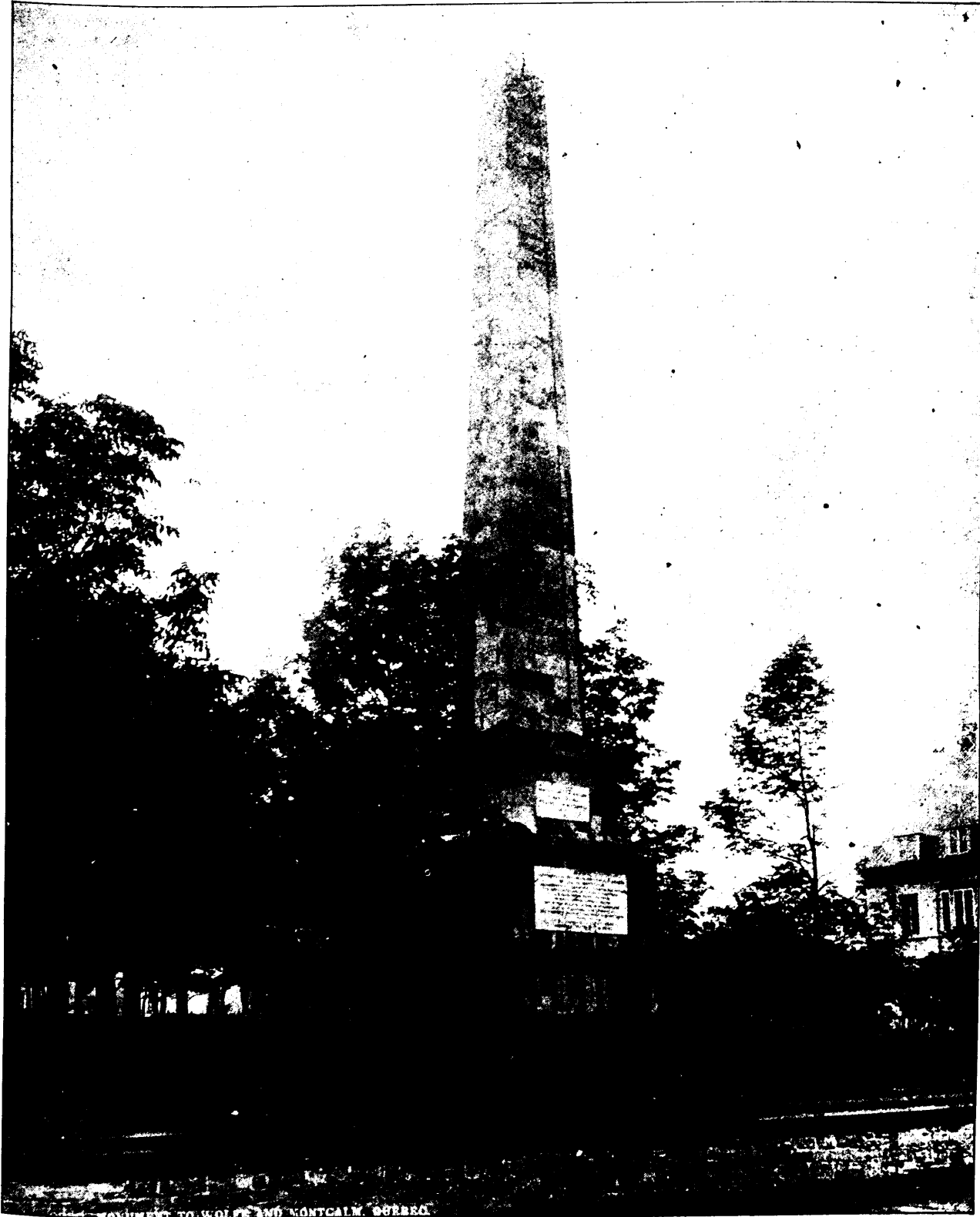
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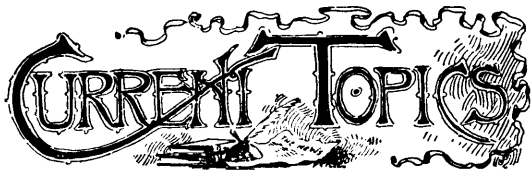
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10th JANUARY, 1891.



Old January, wrapped well
In many weeds to keep the cold away;
Yet did he quake and quiver like to quell
And blow his nails to warm them if he may.
---Spencer.

The Winter Season.

With the snow and frost comes brightness and cheer, good spirits and invigorating amusements. The December just closed has been an unusually happy month in these respects. From first to last nothing prevailed but a clear, cold atmosphere, producing that buoyancy and general good-feeling both in body and mind, always so pleasurable—especially so during the sparkle of the Christmas season. It should be a matter of just pride to all Canadians—this bright, clear winter of ours—when we have it pure and unadulterated; it not only gives us the opportunity for the most healthy form of recreation, but it means that a good volume of business will be done by the general trade throughout the Dominion, the result of which will materially effect all classes of the community. It is well to emphasize to our many readers, non-resident in Canada, that our cold winters, instead of being the drawback that so many persons, accustomed to the damp and sloppy season in England and the United States, consider them to be, are in reality a substantial boon, and mean a thriving business for our merchants, vigour in body and mind for our citizens, and pleasure for all healthy lads and lassies.

Queensland.

Colonial troubles are not confined to Newfoundland, although the features of the matter now noted differ materially from those of our Island sister. In this case, the tendency unfortunately appears to be towards separation, instead of unification. The agitation in Queensland for the division of that colony into two or three distinct governments, each blessed with all the appendages of state, has taken a very active turn within the past few months. A strong deputation recently waited upon LORD KNUTSFORD to urge the passing of a bill by the Imperial Government to carry out the proposed separation, but the Colonial Secretary pointed out the prior necessity of the universal endorsement by the colony itself in favour of the division, and the then submittal of an approved scheme for the consideration of Her Majesty's Government; and the projected partition is now necessarily postponed many months. Although Queensland occupies a very extensive area—1300 miles long by 800 wide, the population is very small, not exceeding 350,000 souls; and when we consider that a governor, a legislative council of 36 members and a legislative assembly of twice that number are necessary to govern the country, it is hoped great attention will be given to the subject by the Imperial Government before they acquiesce in dividing up a small

population into two or three distinct states, each with all the expensive appendages thought essential, to colonial governments. Canadian experience on this point might be worthy of consideration.

The Indian War.

The new year has opened with another of those little Indian wars in the United States—little, indeed, to the powerful nation, the action of whose officials brought on the war, but great, and life-and-death itself, to the unfortunate remnant of red-skins who, after being driven back, year after year, from the land originally theirs, in violation of treaties solemnly made, and in defiance of human brotherhood, have been slowly starved, until at last, in desperation, have turned on their subjugators, and are striking, with all their force, using every expedient peculiar to their race. Truly the crimes of hunger and of love of home are serious ones; no one doubts that for an instant; but could not the methods of punishment for their committal be made less severe? It is a curious commentary on the results of the glorious-equality-of-man doctrine carried into practice that, in the free and liberty-loving Republic, the treatment of the original owners of the soil is so different from the despotic and tyrannical absolutisms of the Monarchy. The Indian victim of kingly oppression in Canada has, strangely enough, always been well fed and clothed, neither have the land-treaties, in which he was concerned, been broken, while the independent red-skin in the Land of Equality has, still more strangely, failed to appreciate the blessings of the flag, under whose upstare protection his kinsmen have faded away.

Sitting Bull.

In the assassination of Sitting Bull, the Western authorities have removed one of the very few prominent Indian types of the latter part of this century. Murdered, and that in a cowardly manner, he certainly was, and it behooves the United States Government to make the closest inquiry into the circumstances of his death, and to severely punish his slayers. A man of ability, he was a medicine man, a prophet, and a man of peace, vastly superior in intellect and manner to the others of his race. But his arrest was ordered, and the task of effecting his capture was entrusted to a party of renegade Indians, wretched Indian police, and they shot him as he stood. His body was quickly buried, and none of the usual Indian funeral ceremonies were allowed to be observed.

The Behring Sea Matter.

It would be difficult to imagine a less dignified position for any state official—we cannot say statesman—to be in than that occupied to-day by MR. BLAINE. That a disputed point between two great nations, a point in which the strongest and most important evidence has been produced in favor of one, should be, by the other, refused reference to neutral arbiters, is a conclusive proof that the certainty of an adverse decision is feared. When it is borne in mind that the nation declining peaceful settlement had, in the past, taken strongly aggressive measures to enforce its views of the case, evidently relying on the known forbearance of the other power; that on the latter stretching out her iron hand in menace of further aggression, the irritating action had been immediately dropped; and that now, although again threatening interference, the non-arbitrating party is so vastly inferior in men, guns and ships—quantity and quality—as to make all comparison a farce and a burlesque. It is evident that the man or men responsible for such absurdity have either lost their heads or are deliberately throwing away the honour and proverbial common-sense of a great nation for their own political ends. Fortunately, the final decision in such matters lies with a legislative body, presumably possessed of, at least, ordinary reasoning powers; and we venture to think that on calm reflection, the Congress of the United States will decline to commit themselves to a course of action which will not only stultify themselves in the eyes of the world, but which will have the far more serious effect of bringing on a war for which their nation is totally unprepared.

The Montreal Post Office.

What a quantity of hammering and repetition some of the old mottoes have withstood since they first acted the part of the new-fledged newspaper in "filling a long-felt want." And yet they are still to the front; we could not well get on without them, and they keep off the pedantic element in conversation to a marked degree. The phrase in our mind at present is eminently useful, "a new broom sweeps clean," and we hope that MR. C. A. DANSEREAU, the coming Postmaster of Montreal, will not belie the orthodox statement. MR. DANSEREAU comes to the position with every prospect of marked success in his administration. The world moves fast; facilities in the transmission of correspondence and literature have been developed with amazing rapidity within the past few years; and in the commercial capital of Canada it is essential that the systems and general management of the Post Office be unexcelled. The progress made by Canada to the present is wonderful, and proportionately far ahead of the gain in population. While the beginning of 1852 saw but 600 offices in Upper and Lower Canada, in 1867 the number had increased four-fold, while 1889 gave us a total of 4,394 in the two Provinces, and no less than 7,838 for the Dominion; and co-measurate with the increase in offices has been the gain to the public in every other branch of the department. There is, however, still much that can be done to improve the service. The postal system of Great Britain, with low rates, prompt deliveries, cheap telegraphs, and the ease and simplicity with which it transmits money and parcels, is a model one; and we sincerely hope that before many months elapse most of its facilities will be embodied in our postal service. In the Montreal office is room for many improvements, and MR. DANSEREAU can earn golden opinions from the merchants of this city by his prompt measures in that direction.

Personal and Literary Notes.

Sir John Pope Hennessy, who is now playing a prominent part in Irish politics, is said to be the original of Anthony Throllope's character of "Phineas Finn," the Irish member.

Will Carleton, whose poems have done so much to right the wrongs of domestic and social life, as did those of Whittier and Lowell to right the political wrongs of an earlier generation, is meeting with great success upon the lecture platform by weaving his most popular poems with bits of advice and counsel.

Two of the "Little Men" of Louisa M. Alcott's famous book are now in the Boston publishing house of Roberts Bros. They are Miss Alcott's nephew, F. Alcott Pratt, and his brother, who took the name of John Alcott.

Lady Florence Dixie, during a recent tour in Bavaria, came upon an unwritten chapter in the life of "The Mad King" Ludwig—a romance which befell him during one of his lonely peregrinations after the chamois in the Bavarian Alps—and she has faithfully recorded it with the purpose of showing that, far from being insane, the King was a man of high imagination and chivalry.

There has recently been found among Mr. Thackeray's papers a collection of drawings from his own pencil. They were apparently intended to illustrate the strange adventures of a fisherman at Boulogne, who set himself the task of, single-handed, capturing the British fleet. Thackeray never finished the story, but the drawings tell it with considerable effect. Mrs. Ritchie, daughter of the novelist, is writing an article on the treasure trove.

The movement for purchasing Dove Cottage, Grasmere, and fitting it up as a permanent memorial of Wordsworth has been remarkably successful. It was announced that \$5,000 would be required for the purchase of the freehold and for fitting up the cottage in a simple way as a kind of Wordsworth museum. Of this sum \$4,250 has now been subscribed, the cottage is purchased and in the present winter the little place will be put in order, and a careful trust deed will be prepared. Subscriptions to make up the remaining \$750 are invited, as are also relics and manuscripts of the poet.



CHAPTER III.

A THIEF IN THE NIGHT.

Gillian, meanwhile, had completed her work, and followed her husband's example of going out to find a patron for it, with less success than he had met.

None of the tradesmen to whom she offered the little packet of cards, painted with pretty, feeble designs, wanted them, or had need of any service she was fitted to perform. She was only one of many hundreds of women, gently born and nurtured, who were tramping the streets of London that day on similar errands, trying to turn to some profit the conventional accomplishments which is part of what is termed their education.

Of all sad spectacles in the world, the penniless lady is the most hopeless. One meets her on every hand, bravely and silently fighting her hopeless battle, content if she can secure wages a bricklayer would scorn. And every day her numbers increase.

A neighbour as poor as herself, a little seamstress who worked sixteen hours a day for five farthings an hour in the garret overhead, had taken charge of Dora for her during her absence. She had nothing but thanks to give her for her services, nor

would the brave little woman have accepted any recompense more solid.

Only those who have lived among the poor can know what they are to each other, how by continual little shiftings of their common burden they make it endurable to their bruised and heavy shoulders.

Gillian sat with her child in her lap beside the window in the fading light of the chill spring evening. There was a threat of rain in the low-lying clouds and in the moist, dark air. At no time in the year is Peter-street a particularly pleasant neighbourhood, but it knows its dreariest period in the dreary evenings which precede the coming of summer, at least to the minds of such of its inhabitants as have any memory or imagination of the brooding peace of the lands beyond the city.

The cracked and dirty pavements, the roadway littered with vegetable offal, the sordid houses, from whose windows dangle wretched scraps of household linen, the heavy air, gritty with dust or foul with the mists of the neighbouring river and the fumes of the forest of chimneys, all weigh upon the spirit with a leaden gloom. Swarms of children, ragged, dirty and unkempt, fill the streets with tumult in a haggard semblance of play. Rusty cats and dilapidated poultry swear and spit

and cluck and scratch about the kennels.

She fell into a dreamy reverie, from which she was awakened by the striking of a clock on the floor below.

"Nine!" she counted. "It is time he was here. Surely, oh, surely he will not disappoint me to-day, when he knows how much depends on it."

The child stirred in her lap with a feverish wail, and she raised it to her breast and rocked it there, singing to quiet it.

"If we could only get away from London," she thought, "away from the people who take Philip from his work and his home! Oh, darling, hush! You must be patient, dear. Papa will come directly, and bring the medicine to make my darling well again, and perhaps the money to take us into the country, all among the grass and flowers and the fresh air."

She ran on, as mothers will, talking to the child, as if her words were as comprehensible to its little intelligence as the happy tone in which she forced herself to speak them.

"That's all we want, isn't it, to make us well and strong again? Hush, what's that?"

She paused in her talk to the child with a sudden catch of the breath.

"Philip? Yes, thank God!"

Her face flushed at the sound of a foot upon the stair. It mounted as she listened eagerly, but she fell back in her seat with a sigh of patient disappointment as a knock sounded at the door.

"Come in!" she answered, and the visitor obeyed.

"Mr. Bream?" she asked, peering at him through the shadows.

"Yes," answered a cheery voice. "I was passing on my way home and thought I would run up and see how you were, and the little one."

Gillian rose and lit a candle.

Her visitor was a man of thirty-five or so, broad shouldered and strongly built, deep in the chest, long in the arms, with a clean-shaven face of healthy pallor and crisply curling hair. He was rather negligently dressed in the uniform of a Church of England curate, but his general style and manner were by no means of the conventional clerical kind, and but for his clothes he might have been anything in the world but a parson.

"Mr. O'Mara's out, I see," he remarked, after shaking hands.

"Yes; he finished the picture this morning, and has gone to take it home. I am expecting him back every minute. Pray take a seat, Mr. Bream."

Mr. Bream's quick eyes, travelling round the room in a perfectly candid examination, rested on the brandy and the empty soda water bottle.

"Hum!" he said, in a tone too low to reach his companion's ears, and, obeying her invitation, drew the remaining chair to her side and sat down.

"And how is Dora?" he asked, bending above the child as she lay in her mother's lap. "Allow me."

He took the child delicately in his strong hands, and examined it by the light of the candle, with his finger on the little wrist.

"Hum!" he said again. "The medicine does not seem to have answered as well as I had expected; you are sure you obeyed the directions?"

Gillian's fluttering breath was the only answer to his question.

"The pulse is weaker," said Bream, as if to himself, but with his eyes fixed on the mother's averted face. "Dry skin, distinctly feverish—Mrs. O'Mara, answer me, please. Has the child had the medicine?"

"No," she answered faintly.

"That," said the curate, "can mean only one thing—that you have not the money to buy it. Come, come, are we not old friends enough yet to speak to each other plainly? Do you put your pride in the balance with your child's life?"

"With her life?" she said. "Oh, Mr. Bream."

"The child is seriously ill," he answered. "She was ill yesterday, and is worse to-day."

Mrs. O'Mara stared at him with a face as white as paper.

"I warn you that Dora's life is in danger. She must have proper treatment, proper food, change of air. Think! Is there no way of procuring these for her?"

Gillian shook her head, with her hands opening and shutting with a nervous, mechanical gesture. The blow had been so sudden she could not realize it yet.

"The medicine," said Mr. Bream, "is easily arranged for."

He turned to the table and wrote on a leaf torn from his note-book.

"Excuse me," he said, "while I give this to the landlady."

Gillian, left alone with the child, strained it in her arms, but without looking at it, staring straight before her, with a wide-eyed look of terror.

"Listen to me, Mrs. O'Mara," said Bream, re-entering the room. "I knew, when first you came to live in this place, that both you and your husband were different in birth and breeding from the people about you. It was impossible to see either of you and not to know it. It was not my business then—it would have been an impertinence—to ask questions, to pry into your past, to seek in any way to know more of your history than you chose to tell. It is different now, and I am resolved to allow no scruple of false delicacy to restrain me from prompting you to plain duty. Have you any relations, any friends, who could help you?

I do not ask to know who they are, for the moment at least. But are there any such?"

"No," she answered. "There are none. I wore out their patience months ago."

"If you have friends and relatives," said Bream, "think if there is not one among them who would help you once more. Your child's life depends upon it!"

"I have tried them," she answered. "They have not even answered my letters."

"Your parents?"

"They are dead."

"Your husband's friends?"

"He has none. None, at least, who would help."

"Who are his friends? You knew his family when you married him?"

"No."

She tried to bound her answer to that one syllable, but her longing for sympathy, the need which lies in all of us to lighten the burden of our suffering by speech impelled her on, though she kept watch over herself, and spoke only in guarded words.

"He was a stranger when he came to—to where I lived. I was only a child. He said he loved me. My father was dying, my mother was dead, I had neither brother nor sister, I saw the time coming when I should be alone in the world. He won my father's confidence, who was glad to leave me with a protector who could take care of me, and urged me to the marriage."

"And you know nothing of his people—of his family?"

"Nothing. I do not even know if he had any right to the name he gave me."

Mr. Bream was silent for a moment before asking—

"Does he know the state of the child?"

"I told him what you said last night. When he went out this morning with the picture he promised, if he sold it, to return and give me some money for the child. Oh, my poor little innocent darling!"

The floodgates of her tears, closed too long, opened, and she wept without restraint.

"I have some money," said Bream, "entrusted to me for charitable purposes by friends of mine. A month of country air and proper attention, and wholesome food, would save the child's life. You must let me be your banker, Mrs. O'Mara. No, no! I won't hear a word. You must take it. When fortune is kinder to you, as must happen, for no man of Mr. O'Mara's talents can remain poor for long, you may repay me, and if you like to add a little interest I shall not refuse it. Here is the money—ten pounds. With economy that should be enough to give you and Dora a month in the country, or at the seaside. Mr. O'Mara, I am sure, will not object to your receiving it as a loan."

"I cannot refuse it," said Gillian. "I have not the right. And yet—Mr. Bream, I shall never be able to repay you."

"You will repay me, and over pay me, by bringing back Dora strong and well. In the meantime, while you are away, I must try and see if I cannot find you some employment in the neighbourhood. Do you think you could teach in the school? One of the ladies there is about to leave us. The salary is not large, but every little helps, and we might be able to find something better later on. And now I must get away, for I have other visits to make. No, don't move, I beg. I can find my way out perfectly well. Good-bye, little one; I hope you will come back with the roses in your cheeks which used to be there. Good-night, Mrs. O'Mara."

He gently extricated his hand from Gillian's gratefully clinging grasp, and bustled out to cut short the flood of incoherent thanks she poured out on him. The landing outside was too dark to permit him to see the figure of O'Mara, against whom he almost brushed as he descended the stairs.

Left alone with Dora, Gillian's joy overflowed in a thousand hysterical caresses, which so frightened the child that she began to cry. The mother quieted her by dancing before her eyes the glittering coins which Bream had left behind him; a thousand times the sum in minted gold had never

sounded half so sweet in the miser's ears as did the chink of those few precious coins in Gillian's.

"Isn't he a good man, my darling? You shall learn to bless him, and thank him, and pray for him. He has saved your life, my sweet, and your poor mother's, too; for how could I live if my precious one were taken away from me? I knew help would come. I knew it. God could not be so cruel as to rob me of you, my treasure."

She stopped suddenly at sight of O'Mara, who had entered the room unnoticed, and was standing almost beside her, his clothes glistening with rain.

"You seem excited," he said. "May I ask if anything particular has occurred?"

His sudden appearance, his monotonous, mocking voice, froze her with terror and foreboding.

In that sudden bright dream of hope for her child she had forgotten her husband's mere existence. At the first sight of him she had instinctively closed her hand upon the money. She stood panting and staring at him, as if he surprised her in the commission of a theft. He looked back at her with a face like a mask, and his eyes glittering evilly in the candle light.

"What have you got in your hand?" he asked.

"Mr. Bream has been here," she began, and paused.

"Mr. Bream has been here," he repeated. "Well?"

"He has given me money to take Dora into the country."

"How much?" he asked.

"Ten pounds," she answered. He had expected her to say less, and had merely asked the question to help her in the lie, which showed how little real knowledge he had of her nature after their years of marriage.

"Mr. Bream is generous," he said, with a hardly perceptible sneer.

His manner was unusual, and puzzled Gillian almost as much as it frightened her. There was something of a struggle going on in his mind, which he disguised by his expressionless face and voice. He meant to take the money Bream had left, but his sense of shame was not wholly dead, and he hesitated as to the means he should employ to wrest it from her.

Suddenly his brutality, always ill-concealed beneath the varnish of his affectation, triumphed.

"I want that money," he said. "Give it to me!" For the first time for many a day the courage which underlay Gillian's acquiescence, flamed out into open revolt.

"Not one penny, if you kill me!" she answered, with her teeth set, and outraged wife and mother written in her face and the inspired poise of her figure as she faced him. "Stand off!" she cried, as he advanced. "Don't dare to touch me. It is my child's life I hold in my hands, and I will die rather than yield it up."

He made a sudden clutch at the hand which held the money, and, missing it, seized her by the throat in a sudden access of rage. For the moment her passion lent her strength, and she struggled hard, but the cruel grip choked her breath. She tried to cry for help, but only a stifled moan escaped her, and she fell, striking her head heavily against the leg of the table with a crash which seemed to shake the house, and lay still upon the floor.

With a noiseless step O'Mara ran to the door and listened.

The house was still, no one had heard Gillian's fall.

He crept back to her, and saw from among the tumbled tresses of her hair a dark red line, momentarily growing in width, staining the boards. Even in falling she had kept the hand which held the money close shut.

In a thievish tremour, with heart beating like a muffled drum in his ears, he knelt beside her, and forced open the reluctant fingers. With pale face and shaking limbs he moved backwards to the door, closing it to shut out the haunting vision of Gillian's white face—whiter in contrast with that widening stain.

A minute later he had reached the street.

(To be continued.)



THE DRIVING PARK, CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.

FOR FAITH and KING

a Romance of Ville-Marie

By BLANCHE L. MACDONELL

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

Notwithstanding the manifold agonies, sharp and oft-repeated, through which it had passed, Ville Marie was warmly hospitable and festive. The windows on St. Paul street were thrown open and crowded with ladies; the benches before every door were thronged. The gathering about the Market Place represented all conditions. Merchants engaged in serious negotiations, grave priests of St. Sulpice, suave smiling Jesuits, gentlemen rigorously examining the crowd as it passed, exchanging salutations with friends and commenting with the slyest of chuckles upon the appearance of the ladies. *Habitants* in plain, coarse attire, and their brown, buxom wives chattered volubly; Indians stalked about with stoical and haughty composure; children in close caps without borders and long-waisted gowns and vests shouted and gambolled; plumed soldiers with shouldered arquebuse swaggered; licensed beggars, wearing ostentatiously their certificate of poverty from some curé or local judge, abounded. French musicians, with drum, trumpet and cymbal, tried their best to swell the tumult.

"All this tantamarre presages well for the colony," decided Nanon, as she followed her mistress. "My poor little, generous demoiselle, that soft, sleek, splendid cat of an English girl, still makes eyes at the *Sieur du Chêne*. For me, I waste not my breath on the melancholy; no patience have I for jeremiades. Tell not your secret in the ears of the cat, but it is I, Nanon Benest, who shall sew in the lappet of that gallant's coat an image of St. Felix, to secure him from charms and lead him in the right way."

"Oui-dà-oui-dà. We are in despair for time. Shall we then lose the chance when it alights at our very door," panted a stout woman, as she elbowed her way through the crowd. "Place them, *ma bibiche*."

Nanon reddened and flouted like an enraged turkey gobbler. "Your *bibiche*, indeed. Ouais! I know you, wife of Chauvin the younger, whose son Louis was turned back from his confirmation for running the woods when he should have been ringing the bells. Scaramouch and old Pepin, thy father, who is like a crab-apple."

The struggling, jesting, good-humoured assembly found no lack of diversion. Two men, who had been condemned for theft, were exposed in the pillory, with a placard, bearing a record of the offences committed, fastened on the chest. One, a sturdy rogue, looked boldly around with a certain humorous appreciation of the situation; the other, younger and more sensitive to the shame of his position, sat with bowed head and downcast eyes. A herald proclaimed loudly, "*De par le roi*. Know then, nobles, citizens, peasants (villains) that by order of His Majesty the King, Candide Bourdon and Xavier Cointet, accused and found guilty of theft, are condemned to three days in the pillory and two hundred livres damage, payable to the religious ladies of the Hotel Dieu."

The crowd threw mud and abuse liberally at the culprits, and Migeon, the bailiff, an imposing personage in the dignity of his uniform, contemplated the whole affair with an air of proprietorship. Bayard, the notary, a man of consequence in the town, lean and brown and wrinkled, wearing narrow robes with an almost ecclesiastical collar and waistband to match, a brown wig, mixed with white, thickly furnished but short, and which, in the ardor of controversy, was constantly being pushed awry, was settling a dispute between two loquacious traders. In another spot, to the intense delight of the populace, the effigies of two Indians were being

consumed over a roaring fire. Sentence of death for murder had been passed upon these savages, but it having been found impossible to catch these nimble children of the forest, justice was for the present obliged to content herself with inflicting the direst penalties upon their inanimate representatives. Amidst all this throng Du Chêne found friends and companions of every degree. The impulsive young fellow had access to many hearts. Of a temper eminently social, he displayed an eagerness eloquent of a yearning after fellowship, a charming abandon of manner expressive of confidence rather than carelessness, a sort of spiritual sunshine that acted like a tonic upon all with whom he came in contact.

Jean, Le Ber's valet, was describing to a soldier, a new arrival from France, the burning of four Iroquois which had taken place at the Jesuit Square.

"Ah, yes! A marvellous courage and constancy these people exhibited. But see you, faith of Jean Ameron, that was something to laugh at. Their agony lasted six hours, during which they never ceased to sing their own warlike deeds. Four brothers, the handsomest men I ever saw."

"Burned to death," enquired the soldier.

"But no, it was a form of torment they had themselves invented. They were tied to stakes, driven deep into the earth, and every one of our savage allies, aye, and some Frenchmen too—in truth, I also took part; it requires great courage to touch an Iroquois, even though tied to a stake—armed themselves with pieces of red, hot iron, with which they scorched all parts of the savages, bodies."

"Yes, fault of me, well treated were those pagans," decided a sun-burnt voyageur, whose hat was adorned by waving red feathers. "Drinking brandy that disappeared down their throats as quickly as though it had been poured in a hole made in the earth."

"Bah! that explains itself; better chance had they than many Christians," added a woman standing by. "The Fathers baptized them, addressing a few brief words of exhortation, for to do any more would, speaking frankly, be merely washing a death's head, then they ascended straight to heaven."

Suddenly, while trade and amusement were in the full tide of activity high above, voices and sound of jovial laughter, loud and clear and shrill, arose the death cry. As though a sudden spell had fallen upon the busy gathering, instantaneously every sound and motion ceased; an awed, breathless silence prevailed. Once—twice—eight times in succession it echoed, rising and falling like a crescendo, managed by a skilful musician. Its significance was perfectly comprehended by the listeners. It was the signal given by a war party returning in triumph with the scalps of eight enemies. Every man snatched his weapon, and for a moment all was confusion, then, inspired by a common and irresistible impulse, soldiers, priests, traders, Indians, women and children, all rushed off in the direction from which the sounds had proceeded.

A tall man, painted, greased and feathered like an Indian and almost as dark, walked with a majestic air of haughty composure, holding in one hand eight long sticks, from which were suspended a like number of lank, waving tresses, and in front of him, tied together like children in leading strings, walked two squaws, with eyes abased and extremely resigned and stoical countenances.

The voyageurs raised a great shout of welcome.

"Hem! It is Dubocq, but truly Dubocq. Yes, it is he. Vive Dubocq."



HEMING.
COUREUR DE BOIS.

Dubocq smiled condescendingly, received the embraces and enthusiastic congratulations of his friends sedately, but perfectly conscious of his own importance, refused to divulge any of the particulars of his story until he reached M. de Callière.

Lydia was timid. Her face irradiated by a lovely expression, half smiles, half tears, she clung to Du Chêne for protection. Her crystal clear eyes were widely opened. He noted the upward sweep of the thick, fine lashes, the exquisite flush deepening in the cheeks and melting into the warm whiteness of brow and chin and throat. Did ever sculptor chisel a mouth where all sweet graces curved more sedately?

"He is a savage!" the English girl demanded with a shiver.

"No," Du Chêne's glowing, brown eyes rested earnestly on her face, "No, his grandfather was French, from Normandy, and married a squaw, Marie Arontio, daughter of the first Huron chief baptized by the sainted Father de Brebœuf. Sainte Marie Madeleine, Religieuse of the Ursulines in Quebec, is his sister. He has always been considered one of our best fighters, a man of great courage and extraordinary strength. Some years ago he was taken prisoner and all believed him dead. He has escaped from the cruelest men in the world, from whom he would have suffered unheard of torments."

The crowd, with cheers and shouts, proceeded up St. Joseph street, upon which the residence of M. de Callières was situated. The Count de Frontenac, with several members of his suite, were in the house, and, disturbed by the noise, appeared at the door to enquire the cause of the disturbance, accompanied by M. de Callière.

"What have we here?" inquired the Governor-General, who possessed a singular faculty for interesting himself in all his surroundings.

"Dubocq! Dubocq! Vive our champion Dubocq."

With assured composure the *coureur de bois* advanced with his trophies, and, in answer to the Governor's genial inquiries, recounted the history of his exploits with much natural eloquence.

"I was waiting for the fatal moment in which I was to be burnt alive, M. le Comte. It happened on an occasion that I was engaged in hunting with eight braves and two squaws. They camped in a spot where they had hidden a quantity of liquor. They were visiting this liquor after two war parties in which they had performed prodigies of valor. Desiring to carry nothing with them on their expedition but their arms and ammunition they had been fasting many days."

"It is their custom to swallow brandy at a gulp easier than we take wine at our most jovial parties," whispered Jean to his friend, who was an interested spectator of all that was going on.

"After supper," continued the hero of the occasion, "they commenced drinking and singing. Considering me as a victim about to be sacrificed to their vengeful designs, they invited me to join in their orgy. Being for the moment all companions in pleasure, they sang loudly, celebrating their own victories with joyful hearts. They persisted in forcing the liquor upon me. Though well inclined to drink I restrained my inclination, and, after raising the brandy to my mouth, allowed it to spill, and as the wigwam was illuminated only by the fire-light the savages did not perceive my evasion. By this means I retained my composure, while, by the middle of the night, my companions, their heads heated by drink and war songs, were overcome by sleep. Faith of Dubocq, the Iroquois and I, we know each other well. I debated, me, whether I should at once profit by my liberty or whether, before leaving, I should send these ten persons to the Land of Souls. Then M. le Gouverneur, *messieurs* and *mesdames*, with a grandiloquent flourish of the hand towards the unhappy prisoners, who stood mute, stolid, expressionless, like carved bronze images of obtuse resignation, "then I resolved to spare these women as being unworthy the revenge of a man."

"V'la, I commence by tying them tightly together, comprehending well that having smaller brains than the men, that they were more easily intoxicated and consequently more difficult to awaken. I held pieces of flaming wood close to their faces, but behold! not a movement. I arm myself with a strong hatchet, with which I give one man after another a heavy blow, and that with extraordinary rapidity. Tiens! it is all finished in a crae. It is a veritable butchery, but what will you, then? Imagine to yourselves, when a man fights in the name of his lord the King, his lord God, and their lordships the holy saints and angels and his own safety. I try vainly to awaken the two women, and then sit down tranquilly to smoke my pipe.

Next morning, when the two savage ladies awakened, I allowed them to perceive that they are widows and my slaves. I assure them that I will spare their lives on condition that they bear witness to the truth, and they agree with the best possible resignation. When I adjust my scalps to my taste, and you will perceive, M. le Comte, that they are arranged in true savage fashion, I take them in one hand and in the other my prisoners, who require no pressing to make them walk."

"Vive, Dubocq," shouted the excited and sympathetic listeners.

Frontenac, from the heights of the arbitrary magnificence of his disposition, had always cordial sympathy for the reckless courage, bordering on savagery of the voyageurs.

"Ta, ta, ta, bravely done, my fine fellow; these are the sort of defenders that Canada requires. Eight enemies finished at a stroke."

"*Et par le carbeau*," grumbled Jean, who made desperate attempts to imitate the soldiers. "That were easily enough done, just one sharp blow and all is over. Little more effort required than for killing a mouse. Heroes, like saints, are cheap in this country. Thirty livres is the price paid for each scalp; two hundred and forty livres will this bird of prey receive, no less. I could myself do as much as that."

"Friend Jean, thou art not of those whose light

is suffered to shine under bushels," protested his friend.

"Maitre Bourdon, hast thou good wine at thy cabaret?" demanded Frontenac.

"But, yes, and of the most excellent, M. le Comte. Vin de Grève, white and red, wine of Xéres, Muscat, Ranco, all of the best," a little fat man shrilly proclaimed the prime quality of his wares.

"Drink, then, my friends, to the health of His Majesty and to that of the brave Dubocq."

CHAPTER VIII.

"For the eyes of such women as I am,
Are as clean as the palm of your hand."

—MRS. BROWNING.

The grounds attached to Le Ber's house were laid out partly as flower garden and partly potager. It had broad, gravel walks, bordered with fragrant herbs and deliciously sweet, old-fashioned plants. Upon espaliers along the side of the wall were trained pear trees, current bushes and grape vines. Orange and oleander trees in green boxes stood here and there. There was light and brilliancy and sweetness everywhere. Out of a moving, vapory atmosphere appeared radiant glimpses of blue sky, distant mountain and shining river. With rustle of leaf and song of bird the trees, silvered by the light, seemed to rush gladly out of the mist, and the still fleeing remnants of vapor gave motion, grace and beauty to every object over which their trembling shadows passed.

Pierre Le Ber, strolling leisurely down a shaded path, with his breviary in his hands, his lips moving in silent prayer, resolutely steeled his heart against all the sweetest harmonies of nature. He was a tall, slight man, ematiated by ceaseless vigils, with the high, narrow forehead, thin lipped, sensitive mouth and deep, dreamy eyes of an enthusiast. The sound of a tender lullaby broke upon his meditations. The soft and gentle strains seemed to produce a strangely disturbing effect upon the mind of the ascetic. His brow showed deep corrugations in straight lines, his lips were compressed in quick irritation. With the warm sunshine and the fresh, morning air, laden with the scent of opening blossoms, there seemed to glide into his senses, to thrill through every vein and nerve, an instinct of hope and consciousness of pleasure, a sensation of peace and easy indulgence, alluring as a child's dream. He was impatient of his own thoughts, with indignant astonishment that such nothings should have power to occupy his mind, and he made a violent effort to fling them from him as something intrusive.

Looking around he suddenly found himself close to Diane. She was carrying, easily and lightly, little Léon, the cripple orphan, whose parents had both perished at the massacre of La Chesnaye and who had himself been grievously maimed by blows from an Iroquois tomahawk. The boy had been suffering from one of those paroxysms of violent pain, which occasionally tortured him. Soothed and exhausted, the child was falling asleep; the heavy, blue-veined lids were closing over large, hollow eyes, while the girl bent over him with pretty, wistful tenderness. She laid the little one down beneath the shade of a wide spreading tree, supported by cushions, and then turning, encountered Pierre's earnest gaze. Life was to Diane, just then, a vague, sweet chaos. Every day the sunshine seemed brighter, every day the sky above her seemed more blue. Rejoicing in the strength of her ardent youth, it was not easy to accept existence calmly and tranquilly. It was always an amusement to tantalize and provoke Le Ber's eldest son, who was curiously sensitive to every girlish taunt.

"It is thus I would always see you, Diane, engaged in works of charity. Lace and low dresses, fontanges and strange trinkets, the immodest curls expressly forbidden by St. Peter and St. Paul, as well as all the Fathers and Doctors of the Church, all the pomp of Satan, favourite devices of Satan for the snaring of souls are unworthy of you. In their wish to please men, women make themselves the instruments and captives of the fiend."

Diane flashed a swift, bright, audacious glance at him.

"You cannot say I have shown any desire to please you, cousin."

In the still, sunny air, in the warmth and glow of life, standing face to face with the loveliest eyes he had ever seen, Pierre felt himself to be engaged in a conflict with the show of things and vehement protest against the fatal, alluring attraction that seemed to overmaster his will. The peculiar susceptibility of impression which rendered him pliant to priestly influence also suggested to him endless complications.

"Cast from you that levity," he urged.

Mademoiselle de Monestrol laughed lightly.

"And it is the levity I prefer," tapping a high-heeled shoe impatiently upon the gravelled walk. "One can be young but once. When old age overtakes me, I shall devote myself to good works, then shall I, perhaps, enjoy your sermons, cousin," provokingly.

Pierre strove hard to maintain his tone of gentle superiority. Fervent mysticism acting on his sensitive temperament had rendered him a red hot zealot. The turbulent perplexity that surged through his mind, the contradictory forces, the rigors of decision drove him frantic. A shade of uncertainty was shadowed in his manner, a tumultuous, fluttering excitement, a badgered, hopeless still struggling shame.

"That is the doctrine of the devil. Canada is, indeed, the fold of Christ, but the hosts of this world are beleaguering the sanctuary. Diane it is the glory of our Master to suffer prejudice from your actions, Remember, death is close at hand."

The dimples played about her mouth; she regarded him with a faint flutter of red in her cheek, a swift uplifting of the dark fringed eyes, as softly mischievous as those of a child.

"Then let me be happy while I may, cousin," petulantly. "All have not the vocation to be saints and martyrs. We are young, the sun shines, life is fair and sweet."

Pierre looked at her with a concentrated passion, the wrathful disguise of tortured love. The proud, untamable creature, so arch, so kind, so generous, with her frank whims and caprices and matchless loveliness, vital with human forces of energy and passion, seemed the embodiment of all he had renounced. Had he only the power to mould her into an entirely different form, to convert her into a bloodless personification of sanctity.

"Diane," he began again in a persuasively argumentative tone, "Diane, the Holy Virgin will transform into angels all those who have the happiness to abandon the cares of this life. Will you not drink of the living and abounding waters of grace that have flowed so benignly over this land of New France? Diane," with yearning entreaty. "Diane, the robe of God's saints awaits you. In my dreams you are ever present, but always among the holy ones, crowned with the exceeding glory of the martyr's crown, won but by those who have reached the fairest ideal of heaven's attainment, risen above all earthly joys and affections.

"Oh, listen then, cousin, to the tumult in the street. Is it then the voyageurs, nay, but it is the gentlemen."

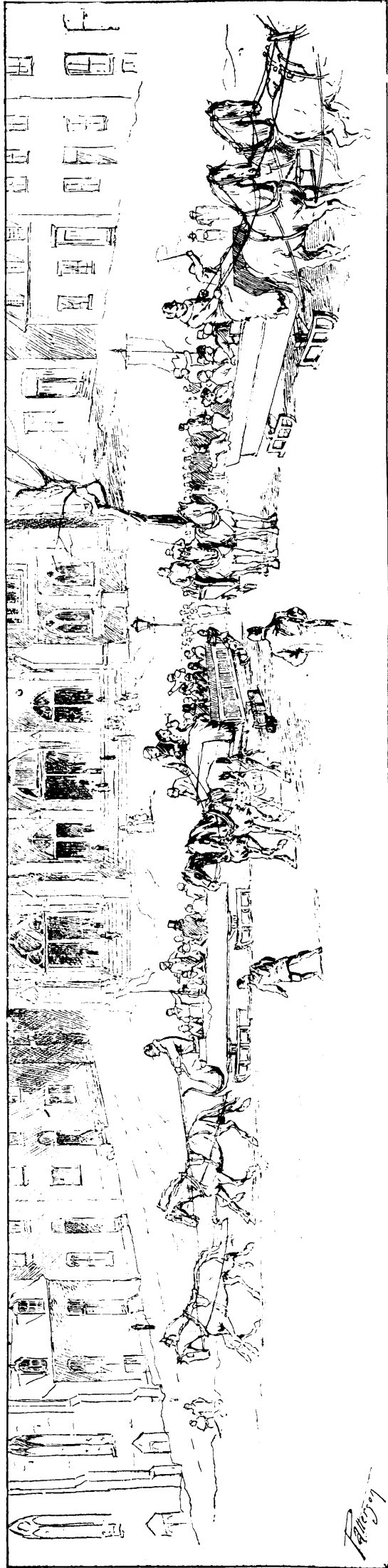
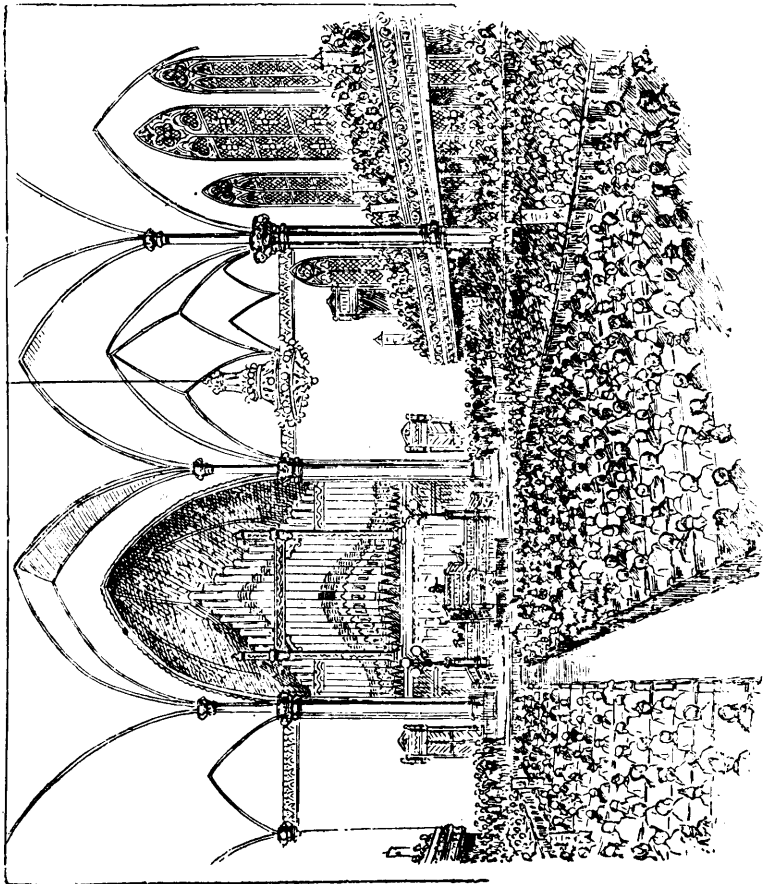
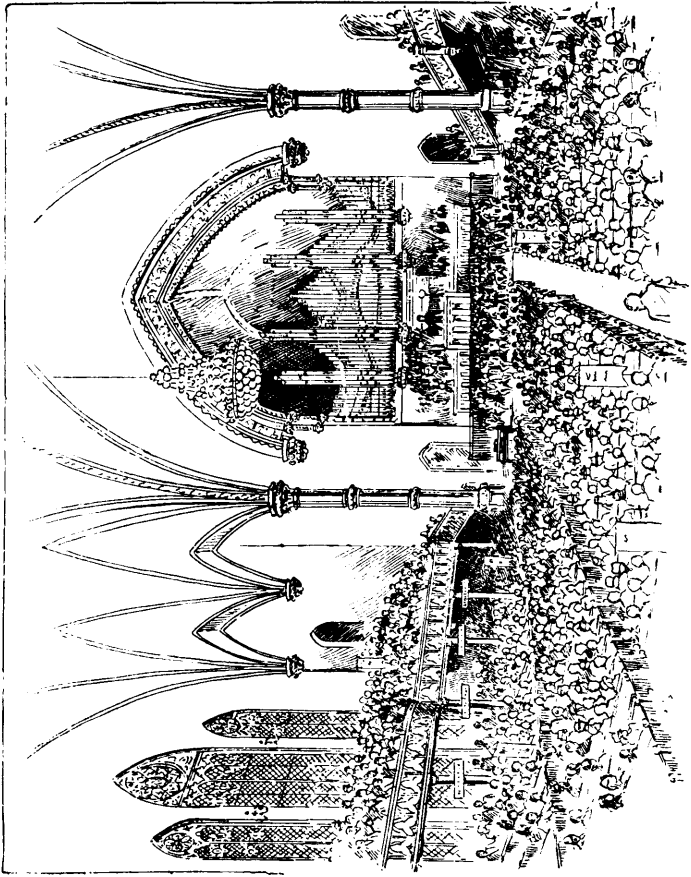
"Vive Henri Quatre,
Vive la Roi vaillant,
Ce diable à quatre,
À le triple talent
De boire et de baltré,
Et d'être un vert galent."

The jovial strains of the rousing chorus broke on the still seclusion of the garden.

"And the music, cousin, how entrancingly gay. When I hear the music I must dance, the desire is stronger than I."

Inspired by a sort of wild, odd mirth, Diane circled and pironetted around Pierre, the lithe, young form falling into the most languishing attitudes. This was no wild whirl of abandonment; the smooth, swaying movement was stately and dignified, but to the young man it all meant simply the essence of sorcery. Diane herself was full of intense sensation and susceptibility to every new impression. Was ever fairer creature created? Her attractions are vivid, imperious. The colour deepened in the soft cheeks.

(To be continued.)



The Presbyterian Schools—Crescent Street Church. THE DRIVE. The Methodist Schools—St. James Church. SCENES AT THE ANNUAL NEW YEAR'S GATHERING OF THE PRESBYTERIAN AND METHODIST SABBATH-SCHOOLS OF MONTREAL. (By our special artist.)

Paterson

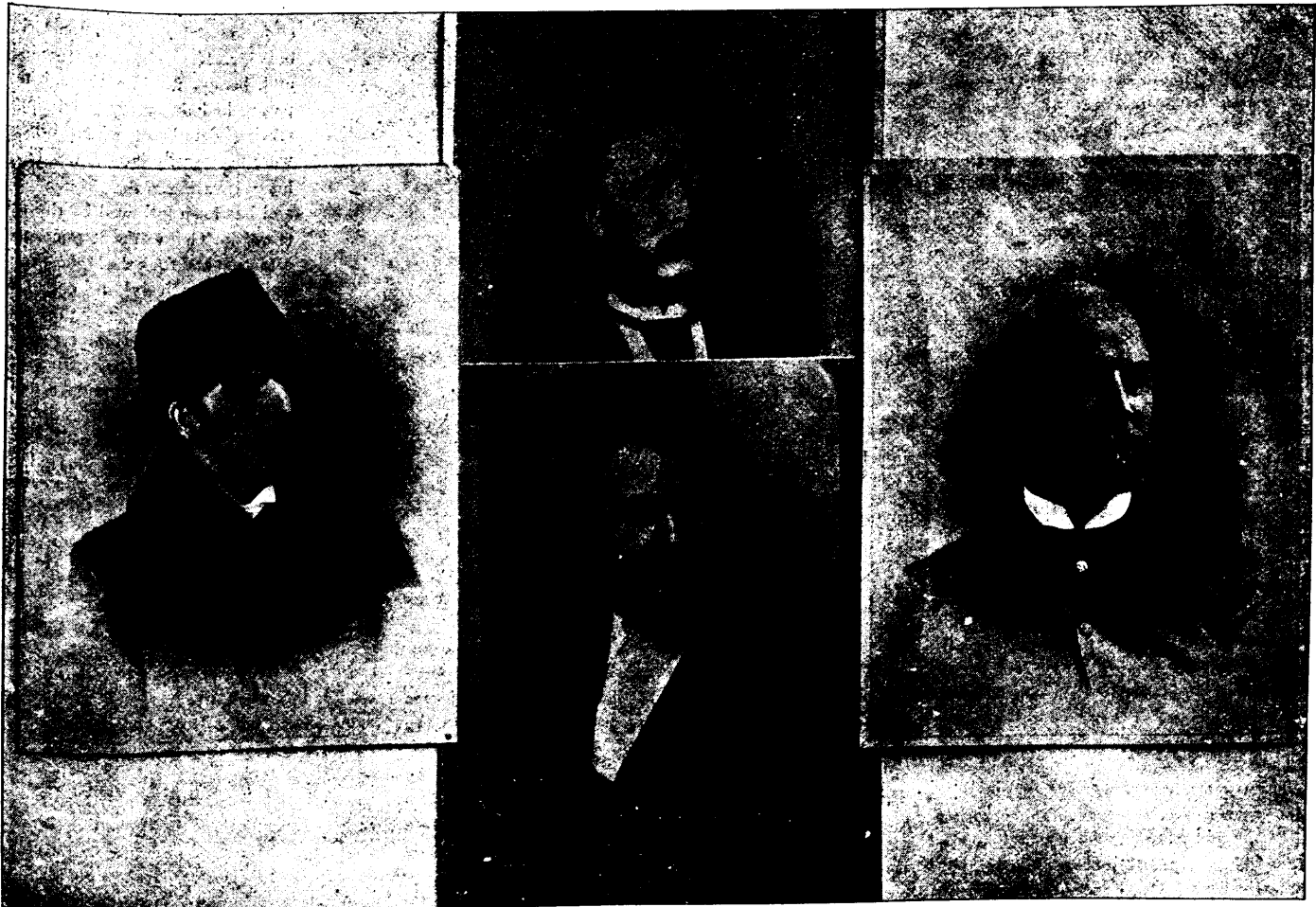


Rev. Dr. Wells (Amer. Pres. Ch.)

Wm. Knox, Esq., President
Rev. Dr. Hall.

W.J. Beall, Esq., Secretary.

METHODIST GATHERING.



G. H. Archibald, Esq.

J. Murray Smith, Esq., President.
Rev. Dr. Mackay.

D. Torrance Fraser, Esq., Secretary.

PRESBYTERIAN GATHERING.

OFFICERS OF PRESBYTERIAN AND METHODIST S.S. ASSOCIATIONS AND PRINCIPAL SPEAKERS AT NEW YEAR'S GATHERING.

OUR ENGRAVING

THE REVEREND RURAL DEAN LINDSAY.—This universally esteemed clergyman, whose death occurred on the 22nd inst., was born in London, England, and was 67 years of age. He came to Montreal in 1842, and entered into business, in which he was successful. He was an ardent supporter of Dr. Willoughby, of Trinity Church, in the good work that he carried on. When the terrible ship fever was destroying its thousands, Robert Lindsay was one of the four who volunteered, from old Trinity, to go to the sheds to nurse the sick, and he was the sole survivor of that devoted little band. He took the ship-fever, but escaped with an impaired constitution, the epidemic having left him with that weakened heart action which proved fatal to him at last. Upon his recovery from the ship-fever he began to study for Holy orders. It had been his one ambition, from earliest boyhood, to enter the ministry, but he waited until he had himself made money enough to pay for all the expenses of his college course. He became an M.A. of Lennoxville, and was ordained under the Bishop of Quebec in 1850. He was the pioneer missionary of a district where now there are many successful parishes. For 26 years he was incumbent of Knowlton and Brome, where he was much beloved. In 1875 his lessened strength compelled him to give up a country work which entailed much physical exposure, and he accepted the rectorate of St. Thomas' Church, Montreal. In this city his indefatigable spirit found a larger sphere of action, and we begin to find his name associated with the foundation of almost every good work inaugurated during the past 15 years; among these are: The appointment of a staff of zealous officers for the reception of immigrants, and particularly of female immigrants; the Associated Charities; the Ministerial Association; the Institution of Deaconesses; the Girl's Friendly Society; the Mechanics' Institute in the East End, etc., etc. He was a man of broad mind and large heart. His aim in life was to relieve the miserable and elevate the debased. He believed that his Master's religion was a religion of love to all, and he treated all men as his brethren. Without sacrifice of principle he made warm friends of men holding the most widely differing views from each other and from his own. The secret of this power lay in the fact that he never allowed himself to say or do anything in a vindictive spirit. The very large funeral cortege, composed of men of every form of religious thought and of every sort and condition, was a striking testimony to the respect and love felt for this model clergyman by all who knew him. His congregation was devotedly attached to him, and when, as an honor to the deceased priest, it was proposed to hold his funeral service at Christ Church Cathedral, the congregation of St. Thomas' earnestly requested that his body might find its last resting place upon this side of the grave among them, in that church where he had ministered so truly to them.

PORTRAIT OF COL. MASSEY.—The armory of the Sixth Fusiliers, at the Drill Hall, was the scene of a very pleasant gathering on Monday evening, 29th ult. The occasion was the gathering of past and present members of the regiment and their friends to present Mrs. Massey, wife of the popular commanding officer of the regiment, with a handsome oil painting of Lieutenant-Colonel Massey, by Mr. Robert Harris, R.C.A. The armory was tastefully decorated for the occasion, and a number of ladies graced the occasion by their presence. Captain McLaren, Quartermaster of the Fusiliers, presided, and introduced Major Seath, Paymaster, who, as the officer with the longest continuous service in the regiment, made the presentation, reading an address to Mrs. Massey, in which a graceful acknowledgment was made of her gallant husband's services in the militia force, extending over nearly a quarter of a century. Particular reference was made to Lieutenant Colonel Massey's success in further maintaining the Sixth in that high state of effi-

ciency which was its proud characteristic under former commanding officers, and to his persistent endeavours to maintain among the members of his command that high standard of marksmanship which has brought to the regiment so much glory. Lieut.-Colonel Massey responded on behalf of Mrs. Massey in a characteristic speech, in the course of which he took occasion to remark that he had always taken a great interest in the militia, because he felt that the force had had a great deal to do in welding the provinces of the Dominion together and in strengthening the tie binding Canada to the old land. Addresses were also made by Lieutenant-Colonels Gardner, Isaacson and Theo. Lyman, former commanding officers of the Fusiliers; Lieut.-Colonel Linton, Lieut.-Colonel Turnbull, of the Garrison Artillery; Major Vidal, of "B" Company, Royal Infantry School, Toronto, and Sergeant-Major Denison. The painting was greatly admired as a work of art, being not only a speaking portrait of Colonel Massey, but an excellent military picture. Affixed to the frame was a silver tablet, being the regimental crest of the Sixth, the Massey family crest, and the inscription:—

“Presented by the officers, past officers, non commis-



THE LATE REVEREND RURAL DEAN LINDSAY.

sioned officers and men of the 6th Battalion Fusiliers of Canada, in appreciation of the services of Lieut.-Col. Fred Massey during his fourteen years connection with the battalion.

Montreal, December 29, 1890.”

SUNDAY-SCHOOL GATHERINGS ON NEW YEAR'S DAY.—We have pleasure in presenting to our readers some sketches of this most interesting annual event. Our artist has depicted the arrival of the children in the large sleighs, and the interior of the two churches where the meetings were held. These were the Crescent Street and the St. James churches (Montreal) respectively occupied in force on the first day of this year by the united strength of the Presbyterian and Methodist Sunday schools of this city; the children met at their different schools and drove to the two churches above mentioned. The decorations in each were very beautiful, but the great charm lay in the bright happy faces of the children, who completely filled both large edifices. The services were befitting the day and season, cheery and bright; plenty of good music and short addresses. In the Methodist gathering the principal speakers were Rev. Dr. Hall, of Douglas' Church, and Rev. Dr. Wells, of the American Presbyterian Church, while Dr. Mackay, of Crescent Street Church, and Mr. G. H. Archibald addressed the Presbyterian meeting. We give in this

number portraits of these gentlemen, also those of Messrs. J. Murray Smith and D. Torrance Fraser, respectively President and Secretary of the Presbyterian S. S. Association, and Messrs. Wm. Knox and W. J. Beall, who hold the same positions in the Methodist Association.

THE LATE ALEXANDER KINGLAKE.—In December, 1854, the following item appeared in the leading American magazine of the day:

“Mr. Kinglake, the author of “Eothen,” rode on the staff of Lord Raglan at Alma, and shared all the perils and honours of that glorious field. Shall we have a history of the campaign in the Crimea from the pen, so chary of its success? “Eothen” was a literary event at home; the history of the war by such a hand would be monumental. It would be the Iliad of two continents.”

The paragraph was prophetic; the talented writer of “Eothen” has devoted his life to the narration of England's greatest campaign since Waterloo, and the result has been the most brilliant military history in the language. While Napier flashes out at times into vivid pieces of word painting, to which Kinglake's finest lines cannot compare, the latter portrays every detail of the war in a smooth, yet brilliant style, in which the interest of the reader is steadily

sustained throughout even the minutiae of a campaign. Nothing that Kinglake ever wrote could begin to approach Napier's incomparable description of the last scenes of the battle of Albuera; but, on the other hand, who but Kinglake could render an entire volume, devoted solely to one engagement, invested with such a charm as to claim the reader's closest attention until he reaches the end of the appendices. Born at Taunton, Devonshire, in 1811, Mr. Kinglake was educated at Et on and Cambridge, and was called to the Bar in 1837. Seven years later he brought out the first of his two great works, under the title of “Eothen, or Traces of Travel in the East.” Its success was immediate and far-reaching. Brilliant in style, its language happily chosen, the narration of his travels closely held the attention throughout, and although published at a time when every man who left England felt it his bounden duty to inflict on humanity a detailed account of his travels, “Eothen” had an enormous sale. When the Crimean war broke out Mr. Kinglake accompanied Lord Raglan, and, being with him through much of the campaign, had unusually good opportunities of observing details of which other correspondents were necessarily ignorant. The first volume of his “Invasion of the Crimea” appeared in 1863, and has been followed by the others at long intervals. The work at once attracted universal attention and took the highest rank. The author's able and conclusive defence of Lord Raglan, his masterly arraignment of the French alliance and his exposé and condemnation of the means employed by leading newspaper correspondents in sending home information about the state of the army, which, on publication in London, was quickly known in Russia, are prominent features

of the work. Mr. Kinglake sat in Parliament for several years and took strong ground in urging a vigorous foreign policy when such appeared necessary for the honour of the Empire. Of late years ill-health had necessitated an almost complete withdrawal from society, and his death, which occurred on 4th inst., was not unexpected. He was the new year's first victim from the higher ranks of English literary life.

THE QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY FOOTBALL CLUB.—Our readers this week are presented to the counterfeit presentment of the football team which has so creditably represented Queen's during the past season. It is true they are not the champions of the Ontario Union, but they occupy the next best place. They play a strong, hard game, and in both their matches they gave the Hamilton men all they could do. Their first match with the champions was protested and the match ordered to be played over again, but they were no more fortunate in the second attempt, although it was a magnificent struggle up to the last. This club is among the most enthusiastic supporters of the Rugby game, and a great deal of the popularity of the game in the West is due to their efforts.

A FAIR SHOT.—The Woodland Caribou, the subject of our sketch, is almost exclusively Canadian—in company



PORTRAIT OF LIEUT.-COL. MASSEY, SIXTH FUSILIERS.
(From the painting by Mr. R. Harris, R. C. A.)

with his twin brother, the barren ground caribou, found on the confines of the Arctic circle. It ranges from Hudson's Bay to the highlands of New York and Maine. Rangifer caribou, the Woodland variety, is of a dark fawn colour in summer, yellowish white in winter, with a peculiar tuft or mane; both sexes have horns, peculiarly a curved frontal tite. Their food in winter consists almost exclusively of a moss (*Lichen rangiferina*). Unlike the moose it never touches sapling bark. The hoofs, in conjunction with the "deer-claws," are especially adapted for spreading open on the snow, and in trotting off the clattering of the deer-claws are distinctly audible. The general form notably of the head is bovine, with a remarkable narrowness between the horns. Weight from 200 to 250 lbs. There rises up in my mind's eye Horatio, a government road, a long, red-brown strip through summer greenery, chequered by deep olive moss-bordered brooks, passing anon through burnt slash (undefinable in words, but past forgetfulness to those who traverse it), where partridges love to dust themselves and pick up stray grasshoppers among the rocky outcroppings, loving its long monotony in the border of the woods that reach beyond the pale of civilization. Many lakes of various sizes nestle among these beech and maple ridges, and on the banks of one our camp fire was made—a rocky ledge, dry and clean, commanding a view up and down the lake. This spot was our *ultima thule* one cold November day. Enough snow for sleighing, and Pete had loaded up the sled and gone on, while Jo and I brought up the rear with a shotgun and a Sharpe rifle. Jo was a half-breed and Pete a *habitant*. Needless to add that with these camp was comfortable, and after a supper off a stray partridge or two, fried pork, black tea and good bread and butter, we shook up the back log and lit our pipes and made plans for the morrow. Sleep, the sleep of the just, and a gray, windy November dawn. "Il va venter, taut mieux plus chanceux," ejaculated Pete, as he steadied the

coffee pot on a heap of stones, and after a square meal we started out to reconnoitre. Not enough snow for snowshoes. Carefully surveying the lake in vain, we turned through the woods to another three miles to the south. Caribou are particularly partial to ice, marching across it in solemn Indian file till some practical joker gives his neighbour a wicked prod, and, 'e passing it on, the whole line is suddenly demoralized, the leader calmly regarding the broken ranks and the cause of the confusion, scratching his ear in blissful ignorance, apparently, of his share in the proceedings. Fresh tracks were plain in the snow, and we held a council, Jo to go over one side and we the other. Half way up the lake we saw three caribou near the outlet—a burnt slash and a beaver swamp combined. The wind blew a gale, and our chances thereby increased. So, keeping a sharp lookout (for at such times one may run right on one at shot-range), we kept under cover as long as possible, then worming among the burned fallen trunks and stunted cover approached within 100 yards of one. His companions were making for the ice, and before they had time to strike out for safety the near one leaped up before we heard the report of the trouble, and after a few steps turned, stood still a moment, swayed, and it was down—a fair shot. The meat and hide packed to camp, which we found tenanted by *ump-kanu-sis* (*Corvus Canadensis*), or moose-bird, and he seemed amply repaid by taking bread and meat from our hands and hopping even on our limbs as we stretched before the genial glow.

WOLFE AND MONTCALM MONUMENT, QUEBEC.—The slowness of Canadians in commemorating great events in the history of their country is proverbial, and our forefathers were no exception to the rule. It was not until nearly seventy years had elapsed since the deaths of the immortal Wolfe, and his noble opponent Montcalm, that active steps were taken to erect a monument to commemorate their heroic actions. The Earl of Dalhousie, Governor-

in-chief, took the most prominent part in these efforts, and at a meeting held at the Castle of St. Louis, Quebec, on the 1st of November, 1827, he named a committee (principally army officers) who acted with such vigour that in fifteen days the imposing ceremony was held of laying the first stone of the monument. Both of His Majesty's regiments then in garrison paraded, while the Masons of the city, in full regalia, added much to the brilliancy of the scene. The most interesting feature, however, was the presence of Mr. James Thompson (then in his 95th year), the last survivor of the army that, under Wolfe, 68 years earlier, had won for England the Gibraltar of America. The monument was completed in 1828, and the cost, in excess of the amount subscribed, was defrayed by the Earl of Dalhousie. It is one of the most conspicuous objects in the city, and visited by all tourists. It stands 65 feet high, and is strictly classical in all its proportions. A Latin inscription, written by Dr. Fisher, tells its history.

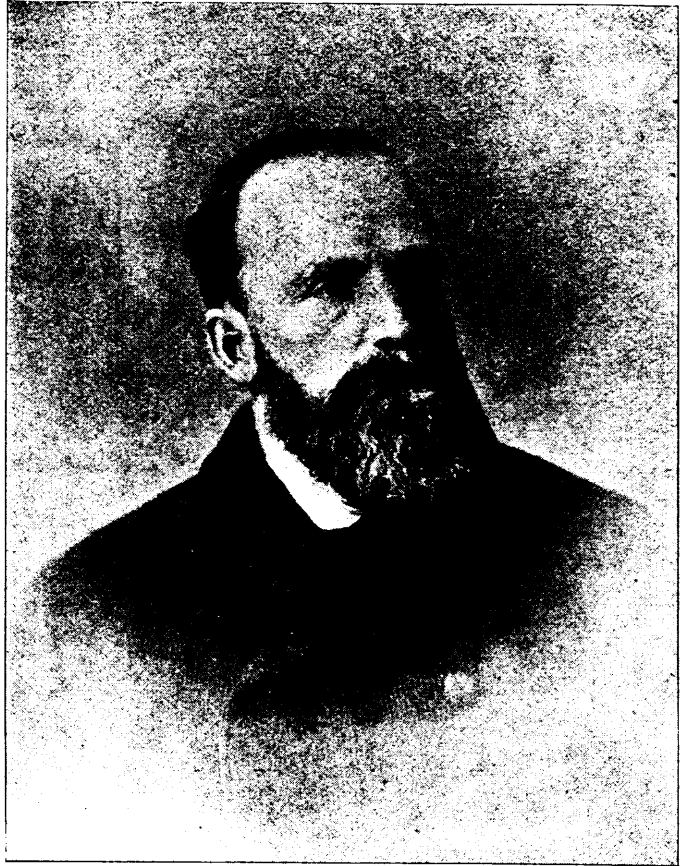
DRIVING PARK, CHARLOTTETOWN, P.E.I.—This is one of the best known of the many places of interest in the vicinity of the Island capital, and on race-days is a popular resort of the youth and beauty of the city.

REV. A. G. MOWATT, LATE PASTOR OF ST. PAUL'S PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, FREDERICTON, N.B., was inducted into the pastorate of Erskine church, Montreal, on Thursday evening. His first sermon will be preached to his new congregation on Sunday evening, 11th inst. Rev. Mr. Mowatt is a native of New Brunswick, having been born at Woodstock February 11th, 1838. When he was a little more than a year old his parents removed to Harvey, York County, N.B., where his boyhood and youth were spent. The settlement was new, and his earliest recollections were of a little log hut in a clearing. The people were emigrants from the south of Scotland and the north of England, the banks of the Tweed, the historic border land. They brought their school teacher with them, a man able to unfold the mysteries of the Three R's and teach also the rudiments of Latin and mathematics. To this school young Mowatt went. With access to good books, he read the works of Milton, Burns, Thomson, Bunyan, Josephus and other authors with avidity. Two years were spent at the Collegiate School, Fredericton, after which Mr. Mowatt took the regular arts course at the Presbyterian Seminary, Truro, N.S. He studied theology at the Presbyterian Theological Hall, then known as Gerrish Street Hall, and graduated in 1866. Licensed by Pictou Presbytery, he was called to Sharon church, Stellarton, N.S., and was ordained June 5th, 1866. After seven years there he accepted a call to St. John's church, Windsor, N.S., where he remained till the end of 1879. A call from St. Paul's church, Fredericton, N.B., was then accepted, and he returned to his native province. He had spent eleven years in Fredericton when the call of Erskine church congregation was accepted and he came to Montreal. Rev. Mr. Mowatt is a scholarly, forcible and fearless speaker, and was recognized as one of the ablest men within the bounds of the Maritime Province presbyteries. He is the author of a volume of sermons, called "Words of Life," published in Fredericton. His sermons have been regularly published for several years in the *Fredericton Reporter and Temperance Journal*. Rev. Mr. Mowatt was married on June 30th, 1868, to Louisa G. Aunond, a sister of the Rev. G. Aunond, missionary of Santo, New Hebrides, and of the late Rev. E. Aunond, of East Boston. They have a family of nine children, five sons and four daughters. Rev. Mr. Mowatt is a man of fine physique, and is still in the prime of life. It is not too much to predict that as pastor of Erskine church he will do effective service in the cause of morality and religion, and stir the enthusiasm of his present congregation as he did those to whom he has ministered in the past.

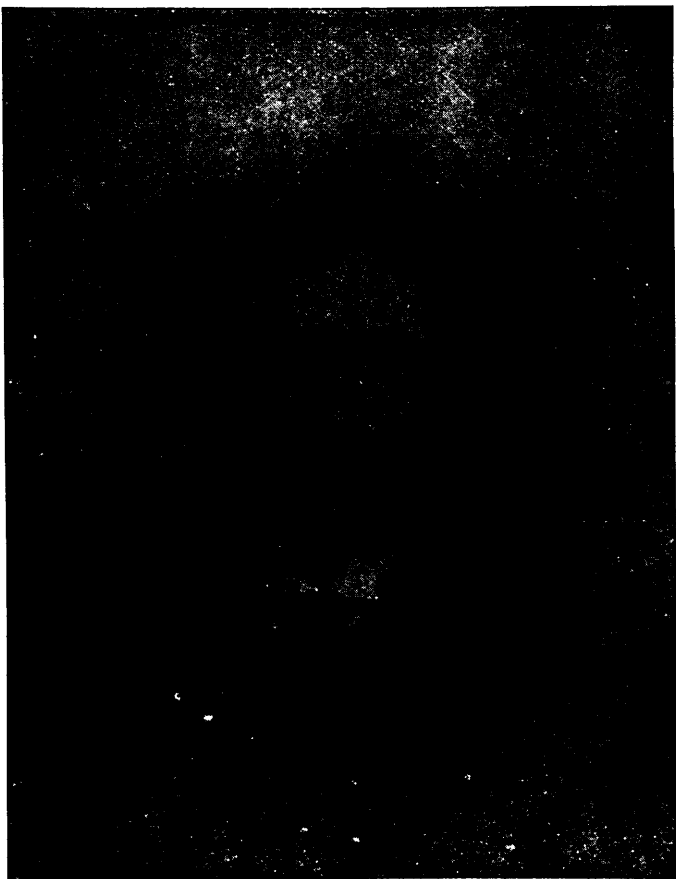
THE LATE REV. MONSEIGNEUR LABELLE.—We deeply regret to announce the death of this zealous and hard-working cleric, known throughout the Province of Quebec as "The Apostle of Colonization." Although only 56 years of age, he had effected a vast amount of good in devoting his life and energies almost exclusively to the development of the valuable farming land lying waste in the northern parts of the province, and to the successful settlement thereon of the young men from the older parishes. His work was not only philanthropic, but national, as it has been the means of diverting from emigration to the United States a large number of our people. His work and the lessons of his valuable life will long be remembered. The history of his career has been fully given in all the daily papers.



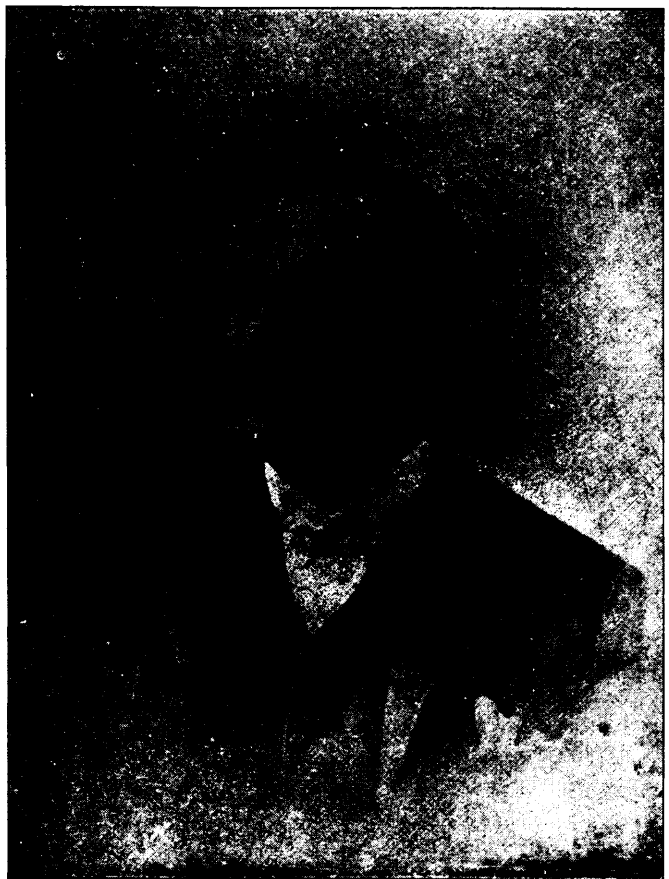
MR. FRED HUGHES, President.



COL. O. P. PATTEN, Vice-President.

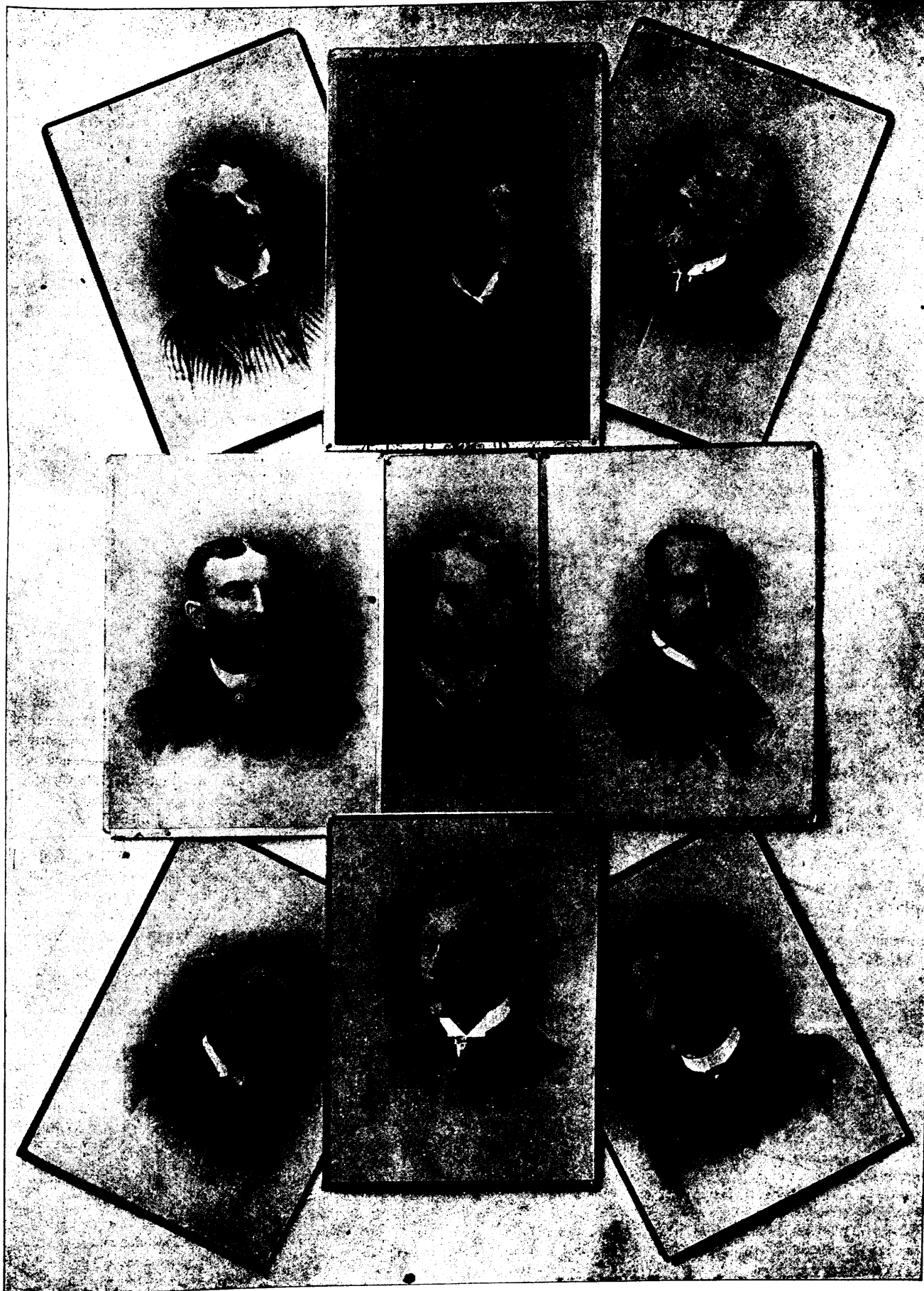


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DIRECTORS OF THE DOMINION COMMERCIAL TRAVELLERS' ASSOCIATION, 1890.

And she shook her head a ain, and pressed her hand on her left side.

"Good gracious ma'am, do you—" and I had instant thoughts of forfeiting the ten shillings with which I had just before parted, "do you mean that the poor fellow is afflicted with heart-disease? If so, it would be very unpleasant occupying the same room with him, if, one morning I awoke and—"

But she hastened to reassure me.

"Bless you, no, sir! It isn't anything of that, what he is suffering from. I didn't ought to tell you, perhaps, but he is sure to do so himself when you get acquainted a little—it is unrequited affection. It is a great pity, of course, but, as I say to him, why not stop it when it is optional? Why not regulate your views according to circumstances, and look a little lower, sir, but it is no use."

"You mean, I suppose, that Mr. Blinkinsop aspires to a lady above his station?"

"Not so much that, sir, as above his stature. An inch or so, one way or the other, should not make much difference, but when it comes to six inches, it naturally attracts public attention, and provides grounds for objection, though it doesn't excuse her in having giving him encouragement and raising his hopes, with no other intention than to dash them."

That afternoon my luggage was delivered at Mrs. Niblet's, and, after a fatiguing day, I went home to bed somewhat early. My landlady informed me that Mr. Blinkinsop

had gone to hear a lecture on astronomy, which would possibly make him later than usual, but he had left word that I might rely on his coming in as quietly as possible, so as not to disturb me.

But, tired as I was, I could not compose myself for sleep until I had seen something of my fellow-lodger; not that I am naturally timid, though to share a dormitory, for the first time, with a perfect stranger, is, after all, no trifling matter. But from the description Mrs. Niblet had given me of Mr. Blinkinsop, I felt no apprehensions as regards personal safety. Still, I was curious to see the kind of gentleman he was; and shortly before midnight I heard a cautious footstep coming upstairs.

As I have already said, it was a large room, and the door was between the two bedsteads, which, with a fair space between, were partitioned by a tall, old-fashioned screen, the folding parts of which had shrunk with age, leaning a crevice, and through this I got a peep at him by the glimmer of gas-light that had been left burning.

After what I had been told respecting the difference between his height and that of the lady he despaired of ever making his wife, I was prepared to find him considerably below the medium. He certainly was a little chap. Not thin, though; on the contrary, he was of the build vulgarly known as "tubby," and his short neck made him look still more round. But the cheerfulness that proverbially goes with chubbiness was conspicuously absent in him. His largish round face was colourless as a suet pudding—the complexion of which it somewhat resembled—and his lank black hair hung as low as his coat collar. His eye-brows were dark and heavy, and a portentous frown weighed them down well nigh to the starting point of his little snub nose. It appeared as though the lecture on astronomy, at which he had presumably been present, had not afforded him lightsome entertainment.

Softly lowering himself on to a chair near the dressing-table, and, still with a corrugated brow, he glanced in my direction, and listened until, from my regular breathing, he judged I was soundly asleep. Then, with an expression of grim determination, and as though about to strip for a fight, he divested himself of his coat, and, after a preliminary spar, commenced tugging with both hands and ruffling his raven locks with a display of savageness that, had not the landlady enlightened me as to the real nature of his malady, would have justified the suspicion that he had gone out of his mind. After he had subjected his hair

to this Bedlamite treatment for at least two minutes, and with as much ferocity as though it grew on the head of a detested enemy, he turned to the toilet glass, in which, through the crevice in the screen, I could plainly discern his grotesque reflection, which he addressed severely, but in so low a whisper that I could not have been able to make out what he was saying only that my hearing is curiously acute.

"There, you coward! How do you like that? Do you hear, Bob Blinkinsop? It is the soul of a man that addresses you. The imprisoned better part that is cramped and confined in bitter bondage within you, you insignificant pigmy. You barrel-bodied, contemptible atomy! But for your Lilliputian bodily proportions, she would be mine. Only that my stunted stature is intolerable I might at this moment be rejoicing in blissful anticipation of becoming the husband of the finest woman in all London. Do I speak the truth Robert Blinkinsop? Have I not her own handwriting to prove it? I rather think so."

And his low, murmuring whisper ceased for a few seconds, while he withdrew from some private receptacle in the region of his bosom, a cherished letter, and took it from its envelope. But still gazing at him through the chink in the screen, it appeared that he had conned its contents too frequently to make it necessary for him to peruse it closely. He merely gazed at it now and again, while in accents of withering scorn he recited the crushing communication to his mirrored self.

"You have a noble spirit, Robert. You possess a heart that any woman might well be proud to boast beat in unison with her own. You have a mind in conflict with which giants might quail as Goliath quailed before David, but you really are so short, and, to be candid, so disproportionately stout, I feel compelled, though with painful reluctance, to give you up. I have wrestled with myself—Ye gods! what a spectacle! Five feet seven-and-a-half, and with such a matchless figure, wrestling with herself! "I have wrestled with myself, hoping to conquer my selfish sensitiveness to ridicule, but without success. A fatal obstacle confronted me at the very threshold of the endeavor. How could one of your diminutive stature lead me to the altar? I could not link my arm in yours. To hold you by the hand would seem like leading you there. And then my relatives! My mother, who is an inch taller than I am, and, as you are unfortunately aware, a woman of sarcastic turn of speech, and my two sisters who have each married into the Life Guards. But why enumerate the cruel impediments that forbid a closer alliance between us than that of friendship. Farewell Robert Blinkinsop, may you speedily find some sweet young lady, more suitable in size, who will solace you for the loss of yours always, in sisterly affection,—Ellen Towers."

And Mr. Blinkinsop glared reproachfully at his reflected unsatisfactory corporality, as expecting to see it shrink and shrivel in guilty consciousness, but as it merely glared back at him, the sorely-afflicted little man's eyes gradually filled with tears, and folding his arms on the dressing-table, with the document of dismissal still grasped in his hand, he bowed his head and wept.

I have no doubt that if he had had the room all to himself, he would, in his fulness of heart, have blubbered aloud, but with a gentlemanly regard for the promise made to Mrs. Niblet that he would, on coming to bed, make as little noise as possible, his tears were shed in silence, and it was only by an occasional quiver of his shoulders that I knew he was sobbing.

He dried his eyes at length, and I hoped that now he would go to bed, and forget all his troubles in sleep. Not yet, however. From a drawer he produced pen and ink, and what looked like a diary, and, with a rueful visage, and his eyes swollen and red with crying, sat down, seemingly, to make a record of what had last occurred to harass him. But he presently closed the neat little ledger impatiently, and with the whispered remark:

"Plodding prose will not suit my purpose to night. I must pour out my soul's complaint in poetry."

And he took a sheet of paper, and dipped his pen in the ink, and sat with it poised in his fingers, and with his eyes cast up to the ceiling, ready, without an instant's delay, to avail himself of the expected poetic inspiration. It was such a long time coming I had began to think he had gone to sleep with his eyes open. But it was all right. Heavy with sweetness—like a stream of treacle—it flowed sluggishly—that was all. I saw by the rapid blinking of his



By JAMES GREENWOOD.

THE street was a respectable and quiet one, and the house the smartest in the genteel row. Moreover, the parlour window in which was displayed the modest tablet, "a bedroom for a gentleman," was so bright and tastefully curtained, that cleanliness and order within seemed assured, and I felt no hesitation in knocking at the door.

The lady who opened it was elderly, and of comfortable and motherly aspect. It was not exactly a bedroom she had to let. Not the whole of one, that is to say. It was a double-bedded room, and one-half of it was already engaged. It was an exceptionally large apartment, however, and the young gentleman, already in occupation, was one to whom the most fastidious person could not take objection. He was a stockbroker's clerk, in the city, of most exemplary behaviour, and his habits were as regular as clock-work, the punctuality of his payments being equal to the ticking thereof. I had no intention of sharing a bedroom with anybody. Indeed, I should have preferred not to have done so, but my co-tenant being thus highly commended, and the landlady's terms suiting my slender means, after due inspection, I paid a week in advance in lieu of giving a reference—for I was from the country—and was forthwith entrusted with a key.

"I have no other lodgers, except Mr. Blinkinsop—the young gentleman I have been speaking of," the old lady remarked, on handing me the implement of ingress, "and I have no doubt, sir, that you will be as well content as he is. I wish I could say," she added, with a little gush of hasty confidence, "that Mr. Blinkinsop was as happy in his mind as he is content with his lodgings." And she heaved a sympathetic sigh and shook her head.

"He doesn't enjoy robust health, perhaps? He doesn't cough in the night, I hope?"

"Oh, dear no. His health, I believe, is all that could be desired. He never complains on that account, at all events; though I must say that a stranger might think differently, seeing him so pale and worried-looking, and his hair so crumpled. But," and here my landlady looked hard at me and smiled meaningly, "it is the same, I suppose, with many other young gentlemen; but they are less sensitive than Mr. Blinkinsop, and don't show it so much."

eyes and the spasmodic twitching of his features, that his patience was about to be rewarded, and he commenced to write rapidly, but stopped abruptly, when, as I had judged, he had approached the termination of the third line of his first stanza. Frowning and tapping his brow with the penholder, he softly murmured—

“Swelling, don't go with ‘Ellen.’”
 “My heart is sad, my eyes are dim, with grief my bosom swelling.
 And who, alas! can fan the flame to light again, but Ellen.”

“No; that won't do.”
 “Grief in my bosom dwelling.”

“No.”
 “My griefs beyond all telling.”
 “That's just as bad. No word with ‘ing’ in it will rhyme.”

“I dwell a perfect hell in.”
 “That expresses the state of the case, but too, too truly; but perhaps it is rather coarse.”
 “Fell in! ‘Knell in.’”

“My heart is sad, my eyes are dim,
 In deep despair I've fell in.”
 “Pooh! That won't do. Why not her full name—
 Ellen Towers.”

“My heart is sad, my eyes are dim,
 And thorns in place of flowers.”
 “Hu-um!”

“Life's sweets are turned to sour.”
 “Pish!”

“I count the weary hours.”
 “That's it.”

“And who, alas! can fan the flame to life but Ellen Towers?”
 “Her infant name when she at the baptismal font was sprinkled. Chee! What has that got to do with it?”

“Cold, cold and grey the ashes lay!”
 “Pshaw! That isn't grammar.”

“Cold, cold and dry the ashes lie,
 Where love's bright glow once twinkled;
 And sad, forlorn, I'm doomed to mourn
 Till I am old and wrinkled.”

He appeared to regard this as satisfactory, for he rubbed his hands noiselessly together, and rising from his chair, took a few turns on tiptoe across the limited space at his disposal, and presently hailing a brilliant idea with his pen uplifted, as though hailing a cab or omnibus, he sat down again. To make sure, he recited in softly murmuring accents what he was about to write:

“My doom was sealed, then why not yield?
 'Twas foolish, mad—'twas wrong o' me,
 I knew they'd both be present at that lecture on astronomy.”

He dubiously repeated the last word, dwelling on the syllables as though not quite certain that it rhymed with “wrong o' me,” but eventually he let it go.

“But when they turned the gas-jets down to show the moon's eclipse,
 The long-legged idiot's whisper caused a smile to part her lips.”

But the picture recalled by the last line was more than he could bear, and, throwing down the pen, he covered his face with his hands, and groaned dismally.

“Oh! it is too—too excruciating,” he murmured, as his hands left his eyes to take another tug at his hair, “my tortured brain will fail me if I attempt it. I will go to bed. But not to sleep.”

“To sleep—perchance to dream”

Of her bestowing her sweetest smiles on that puppy Loftus, and listening, with her silken lashes half-screening her bewitching blue eyes, while he pours into her ears the drivelling twaddle, with which such a windy sort of—of Steeple Jack as he is, would declare his passion for her. No, I dare not sleep with such horrors threatening, though they come in no more substantial form than a dream. But it will be something to rest my aching head upon the pillow.”

I decidedly approved of his last resolution, and fervently hoped that his expressed determination to lie awake would speedily fail him when he lay down and put the gas out. Confound him and his Ellen Towers! It was amusing for the first few minutes, but he had kept me awake now for at least an hour and a quarter, and I had quite enough of it. But it was one thing for Mr. Blinkinsop to talk about going to bed, and quite another thing his doing it. He had first to say his prayers.

I humbly trust that I am not irreligiously disposed, and that I sincerely concur in the Christian practice of saying one's prayers at bedtime. But that of Mr. Blinkinsop could not in strict correctness be termed a Christian practice. It was more the nature of idol-worship. Before he knelt down he produced a photograph, presumably of Miss Towers, and this, first having fervently kissed it, he arranged convenient for contemplation while engaged in his devotions. In the softest of whispers, and with his voice frequently tremulous with emotion, he offered up a long, long supplication, for the lady's welfare, and was particularly anxious that her eyes might yet be opened to the folly of sacrificing her life's happiness so that she might not offend the ridiculous and narrow-minded prejudices of relatives and friends, who were wilfully blind to the notorious fact that the choicest of the world's precious goods were of small dimensions.

He was inexorably hard on Mr. Loftus, not in the way of direct personal allusion, but by unmistakable implication. He prayed that the stiff-necked, the vain and conceited, who carried their heads so high that they seemed unaware even of the existence of more modest, though not less worthy, fellow-mortals, might be brought to a level with the dust, and that all those who could not be satisfied with a less altitude than a mountain-top, from which to proclaim their superiority, might be abased and brought low. He remained on his knees such an unconscionably long time, buzz-buzz-buzzing, that at length I ventured on a long-drawn sigh, such as denotes disturbance from sound repose, when he immediately desisted and, extinguishing the gaslight, slipped into bed.

“Thank goodness it is all over at last!” I mentally ejaculated. “If this is to be the nightly performance the simple fact is that my first move in the morning will be to give Mrs. Niblet notice to quit. But perhaps the exceptionally painful episode of the evening, and which he had not with perfect success endeavoured to make the subject of a poem, had upset him more than usual, and that at other times he was comparatively quiet.”

I still lay awake listening, and was deluded by certain deceptive noises to the belief that he was lapsing to a state of happy insensibility. It was not exactly a sound as of snoring, but a kind of muffling of his nasal accents, denoting, as I fondly hoped, that Morpheus was on the eve of announcing with his own peculiar trumpet tones that he claimed Mr. Blinkinsop as his own. But what I mistook for a promising hum was nothing of the kind. He was babbling more “poetry” under his breath and puffing under pressure of the divine afflatus. I should not have so much minded if he had stopped at that, but now he began to whisper out the verse he had just composed:

“Many guardian angels hovering, like bees that suck the flowers,
 Protect and guard thee in thy sleep, adored Ellen Towers;
 And whisper thou into her ear when sleep has sealed her eyes,
 That love is not by measurement—”

“No.”
 “That love knows no dimensions—”

“Pooh! I had it on the tip of my tongue not a minute since.”

“And whisper thou into her ear when sleep has sealed her eyes,
 That a giant's love may not be less than one not half his size.”

He smacked his lips with a relish, and heaving a satisfied sigh, turned over.

“Thank goodness.” I said to myself, “he is off at last.”

But he was not. I had made my head comfortable on the pillow, and after about ten minutes or a quarter of an hour, was fast losing myself, when the confounded buzzing began again, and after a time he recommenced his whispered utterings.

“The hollyhock, the towering stem on which the sun-flower grows,
 May overtop the buxom bush—”

“No; buxom won't do in the way of manly comparison.”

“May overtop the—the—the sturdy?”

“That's better.”
 “The sturdy one that blossometh the rose;
 But when you come to smell the one—”

“Oh, besh! that's ridiculous.”

“But far more fragrant is the one, and prized more than the other,
 Oh would my love would take this vow, and’”

“What?”
 “Oh, would my Ellen!”

“No.”
 “I think I hear my Ellen murmur—”

“Go home to your mother.”

This last was not Mr. Blinkinsop's rhyme to “prized more than the other.” It was mine, and uttered aloud, too.

“Bless my soul,” he ejaculated, and I could hear him start upright in bed; “who was that? Did—did you speak, sir?”

“Well, to be candid with you, I did,” I replied, with some impatience. “I have no desire, sir, to make myself in any way unpleasant, but really, you know, two hours and a quarter of it is a trial to a man who is tired and wishes to go to sleep.”

“I beg a thousand pardons,” returned Mr. Blinkinsop, apologetically. “I had not the least idea I was disturbing you; but when the heart is full it will find vent. I trust, sir, you have never suffered the torments the tender passion—as in hideous mockery it is called—can inflict?”

It was evident that if I did not adopt strong repressive measures I should be kept awake until day-dawn, so I started up in bed, too.

“Don't!” I exclaimed, sharply. “Refrain from that subject, I beg of you. To speak to me of ever having felt the torments you allude to! Hah! if you but knew! But no matter! Hush! no more!”

“Good heavens,” rejoined my fellow lodger, in distressful tones. “I am making bad worse, it seems. And yet, how singular it is, my dear sir, that perfect strangers as we are to each other, the self-same torture—”

“Ha, ha! You talk of the cruel dart! I have overheard your complaint, sir; but you whisper so loud that I could not help doing so. And let me tell you that your dart is a mere gnat sting to mine. Love! I loathe the hateful word. For me it means the madman's shaven head—the straight waistcoat—the padded-room. That has not been your experience yet, but it may be. Be warned in time. I'll say no more!”

For several minutes Mr. Blinkinsop said no more; but, unless I was mistaken, I could hear his bedstead creaking under his trembling form.

“Lord bless my soul!” he presently uttered, gaspingly; “this is very dreadful. And is it, indeed, true, sir, that love has—”

“Has driven me mad? Yes; stark, staring mad. I wrestled against it, both in prose and poetry, as I heard you wrestling, but at last it overcame me. I have not been long out of a lunatic asylum on that account, and my great fear is that I may have a relapse. Not another word, I beg of you. Now let me go to sleep.”

It was a desperate expedient, but it seemed to have proved successful. I might have frightened him out of his very life for all the audible evidence there was of his living and breathing for fully half an hour, during which I in vain tried to close my eyes in slumber. Then he began to stir a little; then to moan under his breath; and I heard him whisper to himself ever so gently:

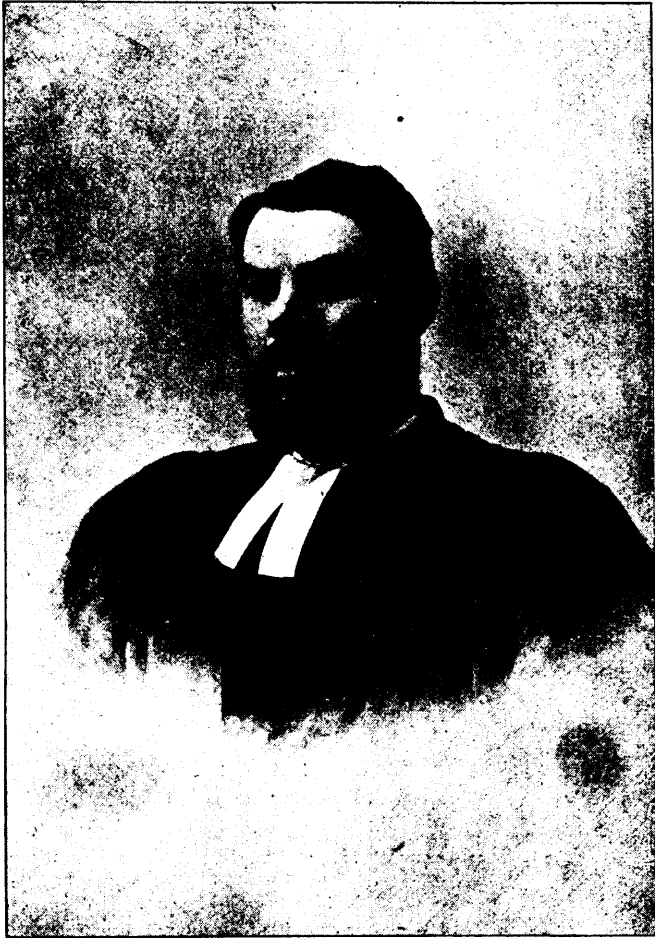
“Not yet—not yet. But it may be, and who can say how soon? It was his experience, and why not mine? Why not?—why not? Were his premonitory symptoms like mine, I wonder? Oh, would that I knew!”

I snored most emphatically, by way of a hint to him that I had gone fast asleep, and it would be of no use his making the enquiry. He moaned again, and made a sign of blowing with his mouth, as though perspiration were trickling down his nose, and, in fear of disturbing me, he dare not raise his hand from beneath the bedclothes to wipe it away. Presently, however, he muttered desperately:

“It is of no use. He can't kill me for asking; and if he should, if my suspicions are well founded it won't make much difference.” And then gently, though firmly, he called out:

“Sir, may I just have one last word with you?”

I took no notice, and after waiting a minute or two he repeated the application, this time a little louder. I remained still obstinate, however, and then I heard him getting out of bed and slipping on his lower habiliments. It was very dark, and presently, through the chinks of my eyelashes, I saw his round white face peering round the



REV. A. J. MOWATT,
The New Minister of Erskine Church, Montreal.



THE LATE REV. MONSEIGNEUR A. LABELLE,
Died 4th January, 1891.

screen, and, after taking a hesitating survey, he softly crept up to my bed and shook my arm; I awoke with a start and gripped him by the wrist.

"Pray pardon me," he exclaimed, imploringly, "I am aware of the danger I am incurring, but I must risk it. You just now remarked that insanity had not as yet been my experience, but it might be. Sir! I feel that prognostication is but too soon to be realized. It is, I am afraid, coming on."

"It is not at all unlikely," I cruelly answered; "what are your symptoms? But I will tell you what mine were, and you will be able to judge if they correspond. A burning sensation in the eyes, and a throbbing of the temples!"

"Gracious powers! at this very moment I feel—"

"Don't interrupt, please. A rapid coursing of blood through the veins, and a curdling sort of feeling in the region of the heart! Singing noises in the ears, and a confusion of ideas!"

"Merciful goodness?" and I could feel his hand, which I still grasped in mine, growing cold and clammy, "my own sensations, one and all of them. Then, I am doomed! You yourself, you have told me, have not been long out of a lunatic asylum! Tell me," he continued, "how long it was after you developed these symptoms that you—were taken there?"

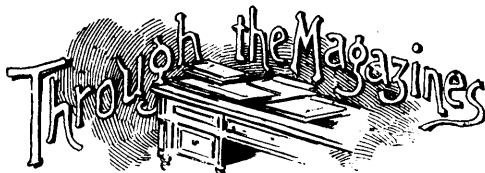
"Oh, not for many months. I sought the best of medical advice without a single hour's delay, which was, that whenever I felt the attack coming on, no matter the hour, night or day, I was to set off and walk at least ten miles out in the country and back again. By that means I staved off the calamity for nearly a year, and—so the physician told me—I might have avoided it altogether but for an attack of rheumatism in the knees that prevented my taking walking exercise."

I hope, at the day of reckoning, to be forgiven for telling such terrible bouncers; but truth compels me to state that at the time I rather rejoiced in than regretted these, for they obtained for me the blessed relief I yearned for. Gratefully wringing my hand, Mr. Blinkinsop said not a word, but left me, and I heard him dressing and pulling on his boots, and immediately afterwards he was creeping down the stairs, and the sounds of his opening and closing

the outer door became audible, as at the same moment was the chiming of five o'clock. I re-arranged my pillow and got three hours undisturbed repose, but Mr. Blinkinsop had not by that time completed the prescribed ten miles out and ten miles back. Nor am I able to state how long it took him to perform his pedestrian feat, as I left the house after breakfast and never returned to it again,

[THE END.]

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THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

As usual, the *Atlantic* commences the new year with a brilliant collection of the higher class of literature. Japan has been much written up of late, but Mr. Percival Lowell's article on that strangely artistic country is vividly written and full of interest. Harriet Waters Preston, in "An Inherited Talent," has tastily put together a series of autograph letters of Madame de Vence, granddaughter of Madame de Sévigné, giving interesting details of Parisian life in the early part of the last century. Sophia Kirk gives a pretty sketch of continental life in "A Swiss Farming Village." Our own Archibald Lampman writes three charming verses on "Snow-birds," and every reader will regret that there are but three. Science receives able treatment at the hands of Cleveland Abbé, while in fiction Frank R. Stockton's "House of Martha" is carried over four more chapters. Other articles of interest complete the number. We miss the scholarly hands of John Fiske and Francis Parkman, but hope to greet them later on in the year. The *Atlantic* is published by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company, Boston.

THE OWL.

The Christmas number of this excellent college journal forms a very good finale to the year's issue. It is unusually large for a magazine of this class, and the illustrations are

very fair. A pleasing translation of Crémazie's "Canada" deserves special attention.

THE CENTURY.

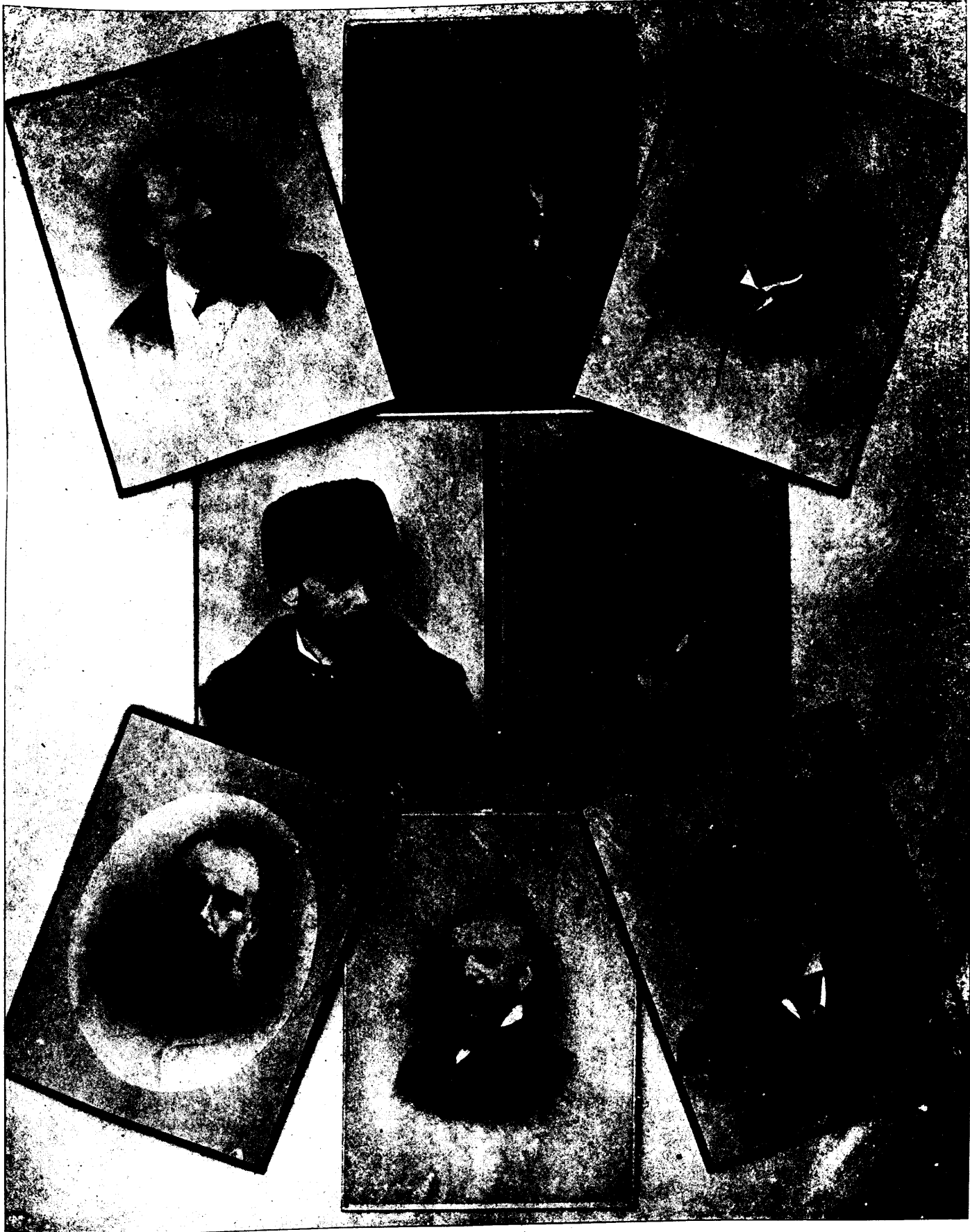
This magazine is full of interest. It opens with a beautifully illustrated article, entitled, "Along the Lower James"—a brilliant sketch of the most picturesque feature of the Middle and Southern States—the manor-houses of the Cavaliers and their immediate descendants. William A. Coffin gives some interesting details of one of the leaders of American art, Kenyon Cox. The echoes of the Civil War still sound in "A Romance of Morgan's Rough Riders," by three officers of the C. S. A. army: the description of the escape is especially of vivid interest. Much space is devoted in this number to early life in California, and the illustrations in the two leading articles on that subject sustain an interest which otherwise might flag. James Lane Allan's "Sister Dolorosa" grows in sweet interest. A sad charm is attached to the article on the Irish famine of '47, and it is pleasing to note that full justice is done to the British people and to Her Majesty's Government for their efforts in behalf of the afflicted peasantry. The "Memoirs of Talleyrand" are a notable addition to the value of the number, besides which are many other papers of interest. The *Century* Company, Union Square, New York.

THE PRAIRIE.

We greet with much pleasure a bright little weekly bearing the above name, published at Calgary, N. W. T. The illustrations are cheery and amusing, the first cartoon of No. 2 being especially seasonable. Sporting news, current items of interest and humorous tid-bits are tastily blended, and we congratulate the publishers on this, the only illustrated paper published west of Winnipeg. Mr. Ernest Beaufort, Calgary, is the managing editor.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Littell's Living Age for 3rd inst. is to hand. The most attractive features of the number are articles on "Provincial France," "George Eliot and Her Neighbourhood" and "The Omnibus," a charming little sketch of London character. Mr. Norris' interesting serial, "Marcia," is brought to a conclusion. *Littell & Co.*, 31 Bedford-street, Boston.



Andrew Robertson.
R. B. Hutchison.

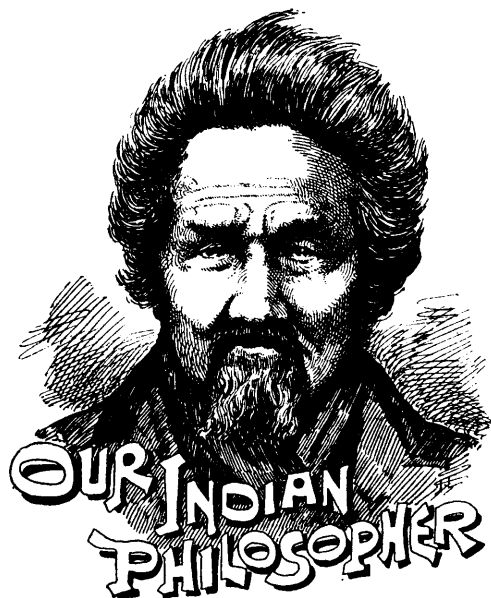
Geo. Sumner.

G. Piche.
Geo. Boulter.

Alex. Gowdey.

D. L. Lockerby.
C. A. Cantlie.

PAST PRESIDENTS OF THE DOMINION COMMERCIAL TRAVELLERS' ASSOCIATION.



The Sagamore

The reporter was in a state of unusual trepidation and excitement, as he hurried into the wigwam of the sagamore. The venerable Milicete was placidly enjoying his new year pipe, and manifested not the slightest surprise or curiosity at the appearance of his visitor.

"My brother," gasped the reporter, "those Yankee rascals are at it again!"

The sagamore sent a curling wreath of smoke skyward, but eyed the speaker without offering any reply.

"I tell you," yelled the provoked reporter, "they're at it again!"

"At what?" coolly queried the old man.

"At the foundations of Canadian loyalty," impressively rejoined the reporter. "Listen to this." And he produced a Montreal paper and read the following item of news:—

ST. JOHN, N.B., December 24.—A fish dealer received this week some six tons of frozen cod from Campobello and vicinity, and in handling the lot found a number of fish to be without the small right hand side belly fin, nearest the head. This recalls the fact that about two years ago the United States fishery commission deposited a large number of young cod in Ipswich bay, and for purposes of identification cut off a belly fin. Fishermen down the Bay of Fundy now report catching many of these fish, all about a foot and a half long.

"Well?" queried Mr. Paul.

"Well!" retorted the reporter, "what do you think that signifies—eh?"

"It means," replied the old man, "that them codfish likes people in this country good 'eal better'n they do them Yankees. It shows we got fish on our side in that fight with them Yankees."

"Aha!" scornfully rejoined the reporter. "That's where you make your mistake. That's the way a lot of you idiots deceive yourselves and lay the flattering unction to your souls that everything is all right. If Uncle Sam had an army on the border you'd regard that as an assurance of peace! I tell you, sir, this is the most sinister and diabolical scheme ever concocted to undermine the loyalty of a free people. What did the Yankees cut a fin off those fish and set them loose for? What did they instil into the consciousness of those fish before they were set at liberty? What is the road to a man's heart? Through his stomach. And I tell you, sir, that through the action of those infernal Yankee fish upon the stomachs of this people the annexation sentiment will spread through this country like the fire of Samson's foxes through the cornfields of the Philistines."

The sagamore listened with profound gravity to this harangue. When it was concluded he delivered himself of a single expressive grunt, and then returned to the consolation of his pipe. Such exasperating indifference naturally increased the reporter's ire.



"You old copperface!" he fairly howled, "is this a matter of so small importance that you can sit there silent and inactive while those codfish swarm in Canadian waters and the fate of this country hangs in the fish dealer's balance? Why, the Sioux ghost dance is nothing to the hornpipe those Yankees are now executing on the sly over the success of this villainous manoeuvre."

"Then they dance on 'nother foot 'bimeby," coolly responded the sagamore.

"How so?" demanded the reporter.

"Them codfish git killed off pooty quick," replied the warrior.

"They are being killed off now," said the reporter grimly. "But did you ever try to count the spawn of a codfish? Talk about the viper's brood! Why, man, there are millions of them."

"I fix 'um," coolly responded Mr. Paul.

"How will you do it?" queried the reporter.

"Eels," sententiously rejoined the sagamore.

"Ah!" ejaculated the reporter, a light beginning to dawn, "I think I begin to see. The Canadian eel against the Yankee codfish."

"I ain't lived round here this long time for nothin'," said Mr. Paul complacently. "I got big eel bed out here in river. They're mighty glad when they kin git hold of young codfish. I send 'um down to that Bay Fundy right away. Then let them codfish come on."

"Another catastrophe averted," joyfully exclaimed the reporter.

"Don't you go tell them New York papers any lies 'bout this thing," said Mr. Paul warningly.

"Indeed, no!" declared the reporter, but all the same he went out at once and telegraphed to the New York papers that he had it on the highest authority that the Canadian Government had secretly resolved to send emissaries to all the fishing stations in the Lower provinces with definite instructions to kill every American fisherman caught within a hundred and fifty miles of the shore and feed his carcass to the wolves.



Also, that the Minister of Marine and Fisheries had grinned a fiendish grin as he issued the orders.



TORONTO, December 29, 1890.

I adopt the Disraelian method of assertion when I state that not bad sleighing helped the Toronto Christmas trade to be good. If I said 'good' sleighing, I should be beyond the truth, and to say 'bad,' would be quite wrong. The value of neutralities, even in speech, is therefore proved.

* * *

Thank God for Christmas Day! What a host of happiness is conferred by it. The children that get toys from parents who find it hard to keep them in boots and stockings. The sick that have their sickness alleviated. The poor who receive gifts wherewith to make merry on the happy holiday. The bad—in jails and out—who are drawn into communion with goodness, whose faith in goodness is revived by the good fare and merry-making they are indulged in on Christmas Day. Surely the Christ who gives us Christmas is incomparably above the best of those law givers of the highest heathendom, who gave their followers everything else, sent love as a rule of faith, Buddha, Confucius and all! The Babe in the Manger has indeed become "Wonderful Counsellor, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace." Witness only the blessed charities that flow from His name.

* * *

We are becoming quite English here in Ontario, perhaps most in Toronto, with our holly and mistletoe, our hares and pheasants and our Christmas boxes. Many of our manufactories now follow the English custom of presenting each of their employes with their Christmas dinner, in the shape of a goose, a turkey, or both, in the case of men with large families. And how pleasant a custom it is, this adoption of Christmas-tide as an opportunity of expressing kind feeling towards each other. How the children must smile as they gather round the nicely roasted goose and remember that their father got it as a present from his 'boss,' and how the boss that gives his men Christmas boxes must rise in the estimation of these little ones, who love the man who likes father! And how the secret heart of the wife warms with pride in the husband who deserves his employers' esteem! Truly the angel's song of Peace and Goodwill was a prophecy to men of these simple blessings, as well as of the greater ones, which take us to church on this "happy morn," and gather us round the holy table.

* * *

We have just passed a memorable date in Ontario; no less than the ninety-ninth anniversary of the establishment of the province, then Upper Canada, now Ontario. More than half a year ago one of our leading lawyers called our attention to the fact, and suggested some form of celebration for the event, but, so far as I know, nothing has yet been done in the matter. There was a little talk as to the proper year for the commemoration, since, though the Act passed in 1791, and the Imperial Act declaring the date upon which its provisions should come into force named the 26th Dec., 1791, the lateness in the year and the unseasonable weather generally prevailing at the season, made it appear desirable either to take the 24th August, the day on which the Act passed, but before it came into force, or the anniversary of that date in 1792, seven months after it came into force. It is very probable that both the August and December dates will be commemorated, as it is fit that the spot where General Simcoe held his first parliament, under the trees at Newark, should see at least its first centenary. And yet, in cities such as Toronto, a mid-winter celebration of the actual date of the Act coming into force, could readily be arranged, and made most interesting to our people. I have seen an engraving of the first meeting of the first parliament of Upper Canada, in the house of one of York's oldest remaining pioneers; it is simple as an Odyssean episode, but it is invested with such a dignity as marks it belonging to a period when freedom of manners was an impertinence.

The civic mayoralty just now is going a-begging, but will have been captured, or bestowed, before this letter is in print. A third term for the present mayor is talked of, but the wise heads are not friendly to such succession of power. Another party laughs at the idea of one of Ottawa's members acting as mayor, but there is more party politics than common sense in the objection, since Mr. James Beaty, Q.C., is as energetic, shrewd and highly informed a man as the city has the honor to count among its citizens. That Mr. Brock, who was pressed to run by the Citizens' Association, so emphatically refused, is not a promising auspice in the eyes of those who would like to see the standard of our civic representation raised. There will be little change in the personnel of the aldermen.

* * *

"The people" have three pressing questions to vote on in addition to their election of mayor and aldermen, namely, the reclamation of Ashbridge's bay, or more properly, marsh, at present the breeding ground of ducks and ague; the Waterworks By-law, on which they have already spoken once, in the negative, very foolishly too, as it is to be hoped they have come to think; and Aid. Macdougall's Civic Reform Scheme. This scheme aims mainly at continuity of policy in civic affairs, and its details seen are well calculated to improve the present basis of representation and of management. At present Toronto suffers from too many aldermen and their too frequent election. The first third of each aldermanic year is always spent by new men in acquainting themselves with their duties and privileges; by the experienced ones, in rushing pet schemes that have been frustrated in the past, and in making their official acts agree with their electioneering promises, if possible. The second third is consumed by city-paid trips and the summer holidays, and the last third in real work. Two-thirds of each year are therefore nearly wasted. Civic reform in this direction is certainly needed.

* * *

A lady of high social position and large experience in educational affairs write to me with reference to an invitation to a meeting that she was not able to accept. "I think it very important that women, as well as men, should take a share in the management of the schools," (the Public and High Schools of Toronto) "both for the sake of the girl pupils and the female teachers." As my correspondent is familiar with the universities of England as well as of Canada, her opinion may count as of some importance to those ladies who have not yet considered the question of women on our school boards. Two ladies, Mrs. Cowan and Miss Carr, have sat on our Collegiate Institute Board these two years, but felt their position trying because they were unsupported by other women on other boards. The difficulty in Toronto has always been to induce ladies of education, possessing also the requisite qualification of property, to run. Our ladies have not yet learned to look on responsible public positions as calling for their dutiful service quite as strongly as those charities they are so much interested in.

* * *

It is a somewhat remarkable thing that the prizes for short stories offered by *The Wick* have all been won by women. There must be a good deal of unemployed literary talent going to waste in Canada when, with the exception of one of the prize winners, Miss Emily McManus, none of the other names are familiar to the Ontario public. Two of the prizes go to Nova Scotia. Is the modern Athens located there? or how else is it that our Robertses, Carmans, Lockharts, and so many others of whom our literary firmament boasts, come from our far east.

But what a pleasure it is to know each other, to have some mutual friend, even if she be, y-clept that much despised name, Canadian Literature, to introduce us? "Canadians all are we," whether it be of Nova Scotia, British Columbia, or Ontario, together with the broad provinces that intervene. Once, a hundred years ago, Quebec was Canada and Canada Quebec. But now—

* * *

Talking of Quebec reminds me that Mrs. Harrison's new volume of poems, "Pine, Rose, and Fleur de-lis," has just reached me, and that Quebec and England inspire most of the sentiment her verse expresses.

There is nothing to wonder at in this. Quebec would, by its picturesque topography, quaint life, and attractive names and people, inspire anybody, and Mrs. Harrison's temperament is of that super-sensitive order that takes im-

pressions very vividly, particularly from picturesque material, whether of art or nature. Her book ought to be a favorite in the province it chiefly celebrates.

* * *

Ontario is not, however, as 'flat' as the epithet Mrs. Harrison applies to it, would lead one to infer. There are 'heights' that often rise to what French use has accustomed us to call mountains, and that yield as much of the beautiful and picturesque as would match Quebec. Niagara, Guelph, Ingersoll, the shores of Lake Huron in many parts, and numerous other spots in this province yield us miracles of scenery.

The misfortune is that our first and greatest railway runs through the very 'flattest' part of the province for financial reasons, and leads to misapprehension on the part of travellers. But our poets must not kill us with epithets.

Mrs. Edgar Jarvis' book, *Ten Years of Peace and War, from 1805 (Trafalgar year) to 1815*, is out, and is well spoken of. It is remarkable as containing an account of the captivity of Mrs. Jarvis' father, Mr. Thos. Ridout, amongst the Shawanese.

I am reminded, also, that Mr. D. B. Read, Q.C., of Toronto, author of *The Lives of the Judges, The Life and Times of General Sir John Graves Simcoe*, and many historical papers, is engaged upon a *Life and Times of Major-General Sir Isaac Brock*, which will go to press immediately. The rich mine of correspondence and other detail which the indefatigable labours of our Dominion Archivist has gathered at Ottawa, relating both to civil and military affairs during the administration of Sir Isaac Brock, particularly his own letters, models of simplicity and neatness, render the historian's task a delightful one, and Mr. Read's genial, whole-souled love for his work and the men of the time, some of whom live in his memory, promise many pleasant and instructive hours to his readers, and an important addition to our historical literature.

S. A. CURZON.



A banquet was given by the Hon. F. Sugimura, Japanese Consul at the Port of Vancouver, on the occasion of the birthday of the Emperor of Japan. It was a most successful affair, and the guests who were present resolved to send an address of congratulation to His Imperial Majesty. It was artistically engrossed and illuminated with emblematic designs, in which were blended the rose, shamrock, thistle and maple-leaf, together with the cherry-blossom of Japan. After offering the congratulations of the citizens the address referred to the benefits to be derived from direct communication between the Japanese Empire and this part of the Dominion, benefits which would be still more manifest, when the new line of steamers commence to ply between Yokohama and Vancouver. This, it was hoped, would still further cement the cordial friendship hitherto existing between the two great nations. The British and Japanese flags were crossed at the top of the address, and its presentation to the Emperor forms a pleasing manifestation of that international courtesy which, even in its slightest expression, is never wasted; but, on the contrary, serves to preserve and strengthen the ties of social and commercial intercourse.

One of the topics of conversation in Victoria and Vancouver lately is the wonderful performance given by a Mrs. Abbott, from Georgia. She has had large audiences in both cities, increasing every evening in number as the rumour spread of her extraordinary feats, and as new tests were devised by the incredulous to discover the nature of her mysterious powers. She is a little woman, of about twenty-five, rather delicate looking, and weighs about one hundred pounds. As she comes on the stage her husband states that the exhibition is strictly a scientific one, and that Mrs. Abbott has been examined and tested by many of the leading medical and scientific men in the American cities, among others by Dr. Hammond, the distinguished nerve specialist of New York; but, beyond agreeing that it is not a physical force, they all fail to explain the observed phenomena. A committee of well-known citizens is then chosen and seated upon the stage. One by one they try their strength against the little woman, and one by one they are convinced that their utmost efforts are useless

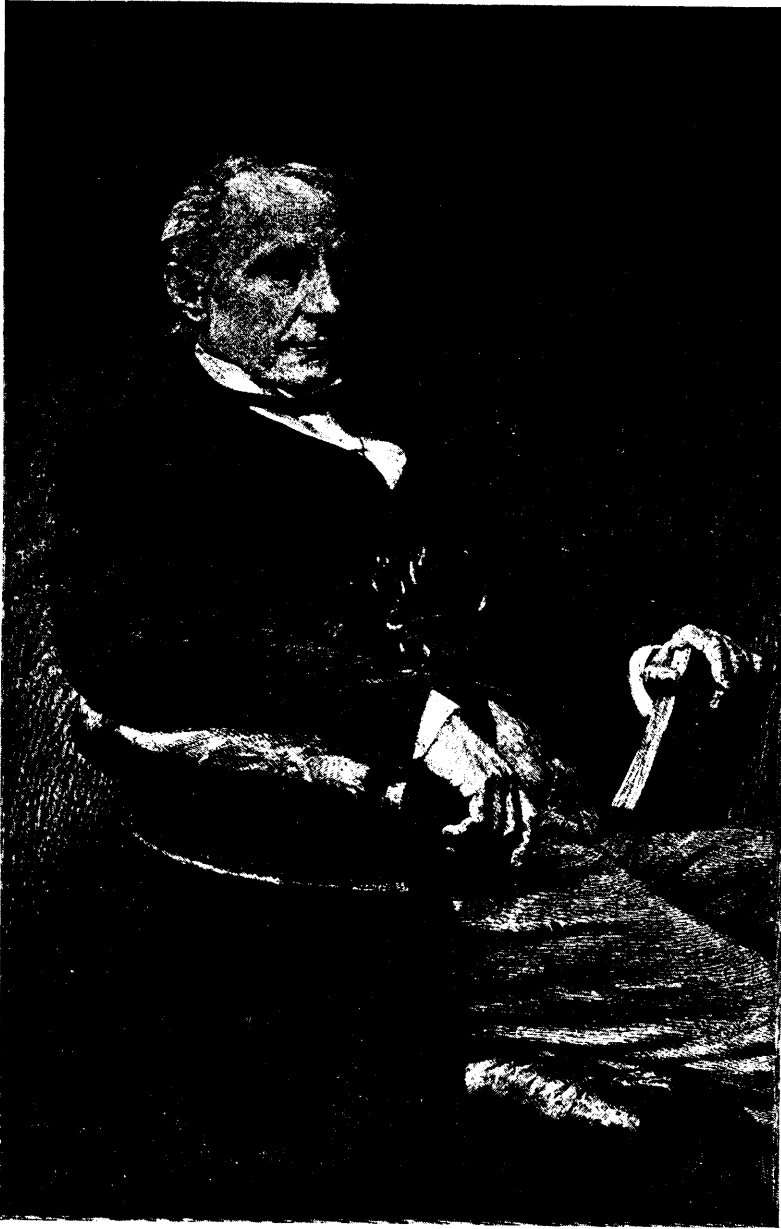
when she resists them. She lays a billiard cue on her open hands and four men cannot take it from her, although the cue bends in the middle and finally breaks, showing that they are really using force, if proof were needed. Three or four heavy men are piled up on a chair, she touches the sides lightly and chair and men are lifted in the air. Some members of the committee placed their hands between hers and the chair and felt only a slight pressure at the time the chair was lifted. Two strong men stand on each side of her with hands clasped beneath her elbows, they are told to lift, but, as they expressed it, they might as well try to lift five or six tons. It was amusing to see the bewildered expression of some members of the committee who prided themselves on their athletic achievements when the little woman smiled at their useless attempts. A small boy is brought up from the audience, she lays his hands on hers, and in a few minutes not one of the committee can lift this child of forty or fifty pounds. Most wonderful of all, she can transmit this power through a silk handkerchief to the boy—she holds one end and he the other, and he cannot be lifted while he holds it. Finally, eight men are piled on two chairs, she touches them lightly and they are hurled across the stage. These facts sound incredible, but they are vouched for by every member of the committees appointed in both Vancouver and Victoria, men of standing in the professions and in business. They agree that there is no possibility of any trick or delusion, but that she undoubtedly possesses some hitherto unknown force or power. Tests of all kinds have been applied, and theories of electricity, magnetism and hypnotism have been disproved in turn. A curious fact is that her temperature is only 94, the only abnormal condition discovered by the physicians who examined her. The facts cannot be explained by any known hypothesis, and naturally have excited much interest, as every one is trying to solve the problem—they can only be set down as yet unclassified phenomena. The study of the brain and nervous system is still in its infancy, but even now many seemingly inexplicable occurrences have been found to be simply the workings of some natural law not fully understood at the time. A few years ago the methods of Charcot and his followers would have been condemned as charlatanism, now they are known to have opened up new avenues of scientific and psychical research.

Among the recent social events of Victoria was a *bal masque* given by Mrs. H. C. Beeton. About two hundred and fifty guests were present, and all the arrangements were successfully carried out. The usual bewilderments and delightful mystifications of a domino ball only added to the enjoyment of the evening, and when, at twelve o'clock, the general unmasking took place many surprises were in store for those who had not guessed the identity of their partners. It was a brilliant entertainment in every way. Armadale, the residence of the Agent-General and Mrs. Beeton, was transformed into a fairy scene of lights and music, flowers and fantasy—all the associations that surround the *bal masque* in other lands rose up in imagination, and for a few short hours lent to our every-day existence something of the Old World glamour of chivalry, passion and romance.

Captain Andrew Haggard, a brother of the novelist, Rider Haggard, has been staying in Victoria for some weeks. He was through the recent Egyptian war and knew Major Bartelot, now so much talked of in connection with the Stanley expedition. Captain Haggard thought him a man of little discretion and decidedly overbearing in his manner to his subordinates. Some rather interesting particulars about the methods of work of Rider Haggard were mentioned by his brother in conversation. He said that the talent was inherited from his mother, who was a woman of great literary and artistic ability, and whose busy life as the wife of a country squire alone prevented her from becoming famous. Her seven sons show in varying degrees traces of her wide cultivation and intellectual gifts, but they seem to have culminated in the marvellous literary capacity and daring conceptions of Rider Haggard. He makes very few corrections in the first draft of his stories, but when they come back from the typewriter he alters and cuts out freely. His latest novel, "The World's Desire," illustrates this: his first idea was to make it a continuation of the "Odyssey" and call it "The Song of the Bow," but he finally decided on its present plot and title. His brother says his time is divided between his work, a vast amount of reading, and field sports, to which he is devoted. He and his English publisher, Mr. Lang, have leased the shooting at Brademene Hall, Norfolk, the homestead of the Haggard family. Rider Haggard is probably the most successful of living novelists; he appeals to a wide popular taste, and his financial rewards are greater than fall to the lot of most literary men.

LENNOX.

Take bloom and fragrance from some morn of May,
When he who gives it shall have gone the way
Where faith shall see and reverent trust shall know."



THE LATE ALEXANDER KINGLAKE.

Our New York Letter.

This has been a busy week. On Monday night the Manhattan Athletic Club threw open to some thousands of male guests their magnificent loggia-crowned building on Madison avenue, which could comfortably swallow four of Messrs. Henry Morgan & Co.'s new building on St. Catherine street, Montreal. On Tuesday afternoon they welcomed an equal number of ladies, and on Wednesday night entertained eight or ten thousand dancers for three hours—without refreshments. But the band was first-rate on each occasion, and the dancers found the floor first-rate, and everybody wanted to see the famous new building, with its skating rink in the loggia on the roof, and its splendid gymnasium and bowling alley.

Wednesday night witnessed also "watch night" at the Author's Club, attended by men so diversely representative as Chauncey Depew, John Dillon, M.P., Bill Nye, R. W. Gilder, Moncure Conway, and a hundred or two more celebrities, including four Blue-noses, Bliss Carman, Prof. C. G. D. Roberts, Dr. Frank Ferguson and Dr. Meek. On Thursday night Mrs. Frank Leslie held her New Year reception, and on Friday the Womens' Press Club gave theirs at their handsomely decorated rooms in Union Square, while last night the Shakespeare Club met at Mrs. Diehl's.

In the book world F. T. Neely, the brilliant young Chicago publisher, who recently made such a hit with his skit on the "Great Fire at the World's Fair," has just brought out a volume of the collected *Fun, Wit and Poetry* of Bill Nye and James Whitcomb Riley. The book is

liberally illustrated with Nye in divers Ally-Sloperesque attitudes, and the wildest caricatures of Ally Sloper are not a bit funnier than Nye with his walking clothes and family expression. Nothing could be much more amusing than Nye on Jay Gould. Mr. Gould's habits are simple, and he does not hold his cane by the middle when he walks. He owes much of his neuralgia to lack of exercise. Mr. Gould never takes any exercise at all; he sees no prospect for exercise to advance in value. He says he is willing to take anything else except exercise; prior to his neuralgia he used to sleep as sweetly and peacefully as a weasel. The story that a professional burglar broke into Mr. Gould's rooms in the middle of the night and was relieved of his tools before he could call the police, was not true. Mr. Gould's career teaches us that it always pays to do a kind act, for a great deal of his large fortune has been amassed by assisting men like Mr. Field when they were in a tight place, and taking their depressed stock off their hands while in a shrunken condition. Mr. Nye's pun is a crushing indictment.

Whittier, who would be the laureate of America, if Republics indulged in such oppressive institutions, did me the honour of sending me for New Year's Day his little privately printed "At Sundown," a lovely specimen of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s scholarly book-making, containing eleven poems, besides the charming dedication to Edmund Clarence Stedman.

"Poet and friend of Poets, if thy glass
Detects no flower in winter's tuft of grass,
Let this slight token of the debt I owe
Outlive for thee, December's frozen day,
And like the arbutus, budding under snow,

THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE, by an English premier (New York: Minerva Publishing Co., 1890) is a rambling and inartistically written book, with some good things in it. The announcement that it is by an English Premier adds a transgression hitherto unexpected to the long list of Mr. Gladstone's delinquencies. Being liberal, if not distinctly socialistic, it cannot have been written by Lord Salisbury, and England has no other ex-premier living. Seriously, internal evidence proves that it was not written by an English premier, for the writer has evidently been in Australia, and knows only as much of English society and institutions as an Australian, who is well provided with introductions and intelligence, might very easily make himself, and there is a sort of latent prigishness in the book which would be likely to characterize such a personage. But the writer is a man of sense and justice and sometimes, as in the description of the vision of the wild beasts or the delineation of the character of Dunstan, successively a fashionable High church clergyman, a rake, and a socialist, displays considerable power.

THROUGH THICK AND THIN (Estes and Lauriat, Boston, 1890) is a schoolboy story of the orthodox English pattern, by Laurence H. Francis. It has the bad boy, who gets on better than the good boy at first, but meets Nemesis in the shape of brain fever, and reforms as he should do. It goes without saying that it doesn't come up to "Tom Brown," or rival in pathos, excitement and interest, Archdeacon Farrar's "Eric." It is just a healthy, straightforward tale of English school life, more calculated perhaps to interest those who love to read of boys than boys themselves, because its power lies in the development of character rather than in incident. It has, of course, the bull story, the stealing of the money and the apples, but no first-class fight.

THE LION'S CUB, by Richard Henry Stoddard (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1890). Of all the goodly fellowship, which once included Longfellow, Emerson and Bryant, only Whittier, Holmes, Lowell and Stoddard remain, and a book of either of them is therefore an event. Stoddard is a true poet, for the true poet is the creator—the original man. Instance such poems as "Through Darkness," "Mors et Vita" or "The Singer." Some of the long poems, like "The Brahmin's Son," are full of magnificent lines.

"There is no giving back,
Death takes his own, and keeps it; takes all things.
The stars die in their courses like the dew,
That shines and is not; and the containing heavens
Wither like leaves in autumn; all the worlds,
And all the creatures that inhabit them,
Vanish like smoke and incense—which they are,
From the beginning offered up to death."

Here is a description of the City of the Gods:

"A City builded in the summer clouds,
By masonry of winds, fantastic, strange;
Tier on tier, in mountain terraces,
Sheer from the hollows of that happy vale,
It rose resplendent; leagues of palaces,
The sudden opening of those doors disclosed
The light of thrones within; what temples seemed
Interminable columns, crowned with domes;
Towers, wall surrounded, high, mysterious;
Arches, where through one saw the rise and fall
Of dazzling fountains in perpetual bloom;
Towers, temples, palaces, and over all
The great gate of the Palace of the Gods."

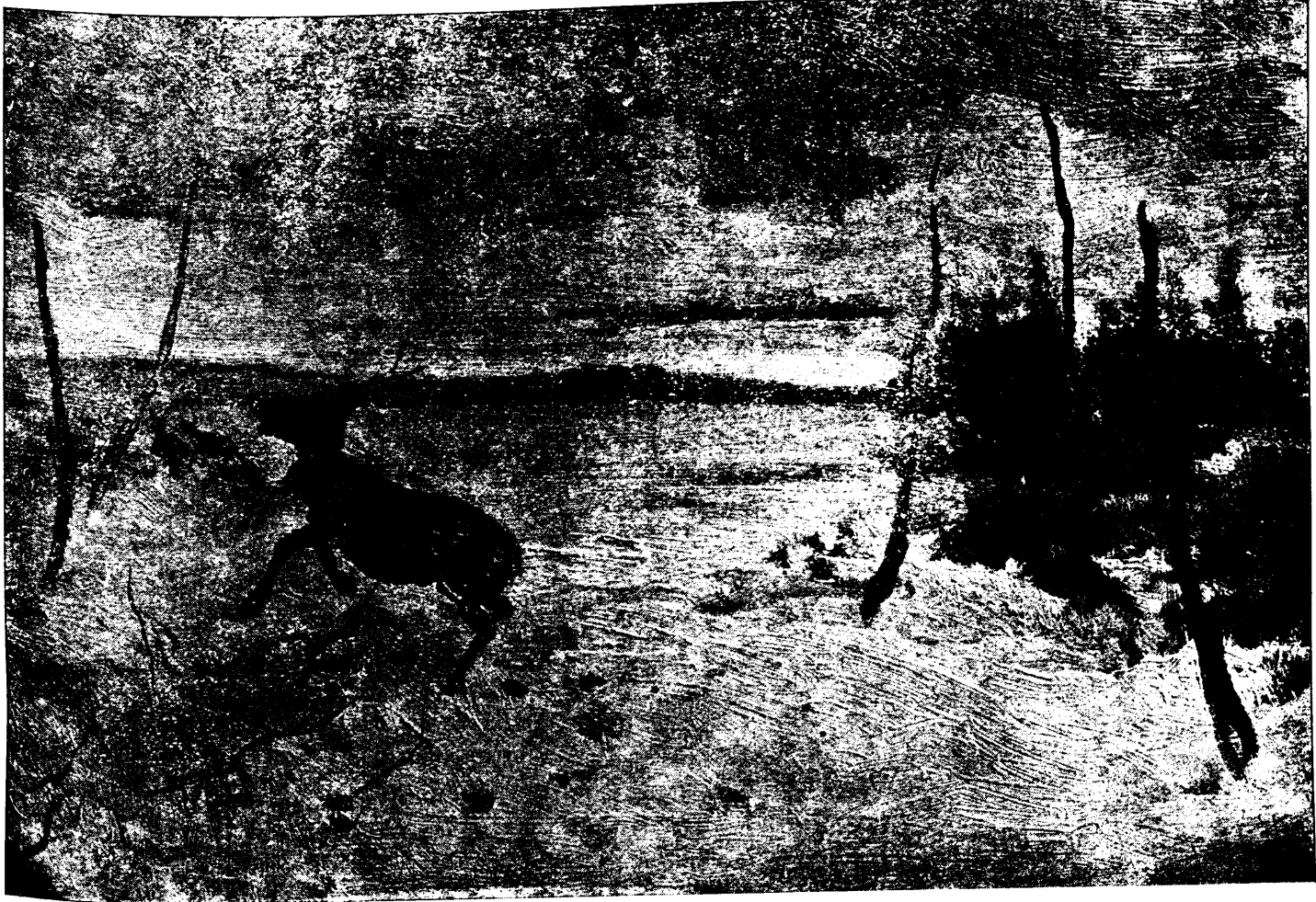
* * * * *

"There, where the Gods were in divine repose,
Not as where sculptured in colossal forms,
With four-fold faces and with sceptred hands,
They sat, cross-legged, among their worshippers,
In tall pagodas, or in temple caves,
Quarried in mountains ancient as themselves,
But presences wherein the Power they were,
Was felt, not seen!"

And here are three lines worth remembering:

"Death comes like a torrent from the hills,"
"Taking up the burden of his life
He lived it out and earned a quiet grave."

Long live Richard Stoddard, say we.



A FAIR SHOT.

THE KNOCKABOUT CLUB IN NORTH AFRICA, by Fred. A. Ober, \$1.50. (Boston: Estes and Lauriat.) One of those charmingly illustrated books of travel and adventure, for which these publishers are famous. The episodes of the snake charmer, and the American savant, who was within an ace of being murdered by the savage boatman, because he would not pay more than twice the fare, are capitally told, and the book has most useful digressions, which beguile the young reader into being instructed while under the spell of the adventures. Such are the couple of pages devoted to the rise and tenets of Mahometanism and the history of the Barbary Corsairs and their extermination, in which the Americans, under Bainbridge and Decatur, led the way. The book is comprehensive, embracing from Morocco, on the west, to Egypt, on the east, and dwelling on Algiers, Carthage, Tunis and the Great Desert.

BOOKS ON THE CANADIAN NORTH-WEST.—A book that ought to command a wide sale in Canada is Mr. Hezekiah Butterworth's "Ziz-zag Journeys in the Great North-West." (Boston, U. S.: Estes and Lauriat, 1890.) Price \$1.75. It is written for boys, and interesting alike to boys, young and old, bringing in all kinds of information about the Flora and Fauna of Pacific Canada, and giving the various historical data and legends which relate to the places visited in the journey and the sources of nomenclature. He tells us what is known of Juan de Fuca and Puget, and of Vancouver naming the places on Puget sound. He gives us a most interesting account, admirably illustrated, of Canada, from sea to sea—from Quebec to Vancouver. There are almost 120 illustrations from views of the ancient streets of Quebec and the stately Parliament buildings and Falls at Ottawa, to incidents of Indian warfare, depictions of the birds and beasts of the North-West and the forest, Alpine peak and glacier scenery of British Columbia, not forgetting the beautiful and hapless University buildings of Toronto and the softly wooded islands which have given the titles to the Thousand Islands and the Lake of the Woods. Mr. Butterworth, like all the superior minds of America, writes generously and enthusiastically of the Island empire from which his ancestors

sprung. This is how he describes that November day in 1885: "Clank! The last spike was driven. The two oceans were bridged; the Rocky Mountains conquered and bound, never to be released. England might travel now toward the Orient to China and Japan, in the continuous lights of her own ships and homes, and under the shadow of St. George's Cross. The construction of the road had not only conquered the Rockies and linked the two oceans, it had done more; it had bound the greater half of North America to England in bonds stronger than iron. The clang on the last spike had riveted the two continents of the possessions of the English crown and made a greater England possible on this side of the Atlantic. The book is prefaced with a capital portrait and interesting biography of Mr. Butterworth. It is seldom that views are so well reproduced in a popular book.

THE PACIFIC COAST SCENIC TOUR, by Henry T. Finck (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, price \$2.50, 1890) is a pleasantly written book by another broad-minded American, with really exquisite illustrations. He goes further, in latitudes, than Mr. Butterworth, for he takes in the whole Pacific Coast, from Mexico to Alaska. He also waxes enthusiastic over the American Switzerland, meaning British Columbia and the adjacent Alpine districts. His specialty is "The American Mediterranean, Puget Sound, though he gives some ravishing pictures of what Charles Dudley Warner calls "the Winter of Our Content." His description of San Francisco—especially Chinatown—is distinctly good as far as it goes, and I am inclined to think that it goes far enough. Books of travel now-a-days are so apt to be over-burdened with detail and incident that it is quite a task to read them unless one intends to use them as guide books. It is quite a relief to turn to a literary traveller who, like an experienced commercial traveller, can give us an idea of a big stock by judiciously chosen samples. Mr. Finck has a great enthusiasm for Victoria, where "many Americans for the first time get a glimpse of English life, and devotes a couple of pages to its attractiveness, and was struck with the solidity of Vancouver!"—solid, substantial, granite and brick

buildings, four to five stories high, and many of them of real architectural merit and individuality—buildings such as usually only seen in cities of one hundred thousand inhabitants."

The Presentation to Vicar-General Dawson.

In connection with the account of this pleasant event, which appeared in our issue of December 27, it ought to have been stated that the conception and carrying out of the idea of thus honouring a worthy clergyman and man of letters were due to Mr. Henry J. Morgan, who had, however, the willing co-operation of a large number of persons to whom Dr. Dawson was known either personally or by repute. Among these was Mr. McLeod Stewart, who, as president of St. Andrew's Society, took so leading a part in the presentation. We may add that it was the Rev. Father Nolin, who, as representing the University of Ottawa, read Bishop McDonnell's letter appointing Dr. Dawson an honorary Vicar-General of His Lordship's diocese of Alexandria. This he did by the Bishop's desire, as he was an *alumnus* of the University, otherwise the letter would have been read by the Rev. F. Campeau, Administrator of the Archdiocese, during the Archbishop's absence.

Oil Painting.

We have had the pleasure of inspecting a life-sized oil painting, by Mr. J. W. L. Forster, of the late Edwin T. Coates, whose tragic death took place in Toronto last June. It is a most accurate, faithful and life-like portrait, and we congratulate Mr. Forster (who, we believe, is a Canadian) on this additional proof of his deserved popularity as a master-artist.

Lady Dufferin.

Rudyard Kipling makes the statement that Lady Dufferin's work in India has done more, and promises more, in the solution of the troublesome Eastern empire problem than all masculine efforts and suggestions.



FIRST FIFTEEN OF QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY FOOTBALL CLUB.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES

Last week the annual meeting of the Athenæum Club of Toronto was held, when the secretary's report was to the effect that the success of the club warranted the directors in putting before the members a scheme whereby the club would acquire a building of its own and thereby greatly increase its usefulness. The present membership of the club is over 600, and there is a comfortable balance of \$3,000 in cash in the bank, and other valuable assets amounting to the same sum. The new club house will contain billiard, chess, draught, reading, fencing and boxing rooms, as well as bowling alleys, gymnasium, and bicycle storing rooms. Over \$5,000 have already been subscribed to the new building, and several athletic clubs have applied for accommodation. After hearing the report, the stockholders unanimously passed the following resolution, which makes the new building a certainty, and before it is ready for occupation over 1,500 members will have been enrolled. "Resolved—That it is desirable that the club acquire premises of its own, the cost, including land, buildings, furnishings and the equipment not to exceed \$30,000, and that the board of directors be and are hereby authorized to purchase the necessary property on such terms as may be deemed advisable, and thereon make alterations, furnish, equip and do all other matters connected therewith." The directors elected for the ensuing year are:—Jas. Mason, honorary president; Charles Pearson, president; J. P. Edwards, vice-president; Arthur Pearson, secretary; H. J. Hill, honorary treasurer; R.

Fred. Lord, Frederic Nicholls, George A. Macagy, J. Hallworth, jr., Arthur Ardagh, James P. Langley.

Old man Wallace has so long been associated with his pet hobby of consigning to the foundations of Gehenna all idea of any good trotting material ever having to do in the remote past with a cross of thoroughbred, that anything he now says will not attract the attention it did formerly, when the advocate of the pacing progenitor as a begetter of speed first put his extraordinary doctrine before the world. But there is one point about which a hobby may raise considerable trouble, no matter how venerable or how much respected the rider is. The point at present is, when the ideas of one man, who is seated in a position of power as registrar, run counter to the interests of the great majority of breeders. This is especially the case when a certain power is used to cast reflections on the pedigree of animals, who may be phenomenal in their work, but whose antecedents are not pleasing to a certain person, who finds a trace of thoroughbred blood where he had looked for the mark of the side-wheeler. And the question is now being seriously discussed: "Is the trotting standard as useful as it is supposed to be?" Does not every intelligent horseman know the strains most profitable to breed from and that yield the best results?

Water polo, which at one time was quite the rage in Montreal, and an effort to introduce which was made in Toronto, has turned out to be quite an attraction in New York, where the members of the N. Y. A. C. have taken to it with avidity. The club have apparently organized two teams of six members aside, known as the Reds and the Black, and the big swimming tank of the club is the scene of these aquatic struggles. From the accounts published in the New York press the game seems to furnish

lots of excitement, as part of the report of one game reads: "The rushing done by both teams was at times very lively, and during an exciting scrimmage in the second half of the game C. F. Hanbold tackled H. Toussaint very sharply, and forcing him under the water, kept him there so long that he was very sick when he came to the surface, and was compelled to stop playing for a short time." In the New York game the teams line out as follows:—Centre, two half-backs, one quarter-back and two full-backs.

The first match in the regular bowling series between the M.A.A.A. and the Victoria Rifles teams was one of the best pieces of close rolling ever seen in Montreal, and with each string the chances of both teams seemed to go to the front, until at last the Montreal men got to the winning point with a majority of 95 points, the score being: M.A.A.A., 2,715; Victoria Rifles, 2,630.

So the Montreal snowshoe clubs are going to unite in one grand union, meet some time about the middle of January, and make a sort of one-night snowshoe carnival. The preliminary steps were taken on Friday evening last, and the definite arrangements are yet in an undeveloped stage, but there is no doubt of the carnival being a certainty, and everybody hopes that every snowshoe club in the city will do its best to make the entertainment a success.

Most Canadians have heard of Louis Cyr, and all Montrealers know him by sight—the latter probably because at one time he was a policeman, and because at about the same time he had his skull laid open with an axe, notwithstanding which he managed to arrest his would-be murderer. That little circumstance of itself should be sufficient to mark him as "a strong man," even taking no notice of the fact that he is supposed to have carried a

large and belligerent carter to the station house under one arm. A man with these talents could not long hide his light under a bushel, and so he blossomed out as a professional strong man, who juggles with barrels of cement and 200 lb. dumb-bells. As a matter of genuine athletics, there is comparatively little attached to his performances. He can lift heavy weights, and that is all; he could not walk a mile or run a quarter or travel up two flights of stairs without difficulty in finding atmosphere, and I do not want to set him up as model for any aspiring athlete. I simply think he is a phenomenal example of development in one line. But as phenomena are scarce in Canada, I simply desire to draw attention to him, especially as since he has broken some records, our cousins across the line have already claimed him as their own, and endorsed challenges to Sandow, Hercules and other modern Samsons.

* * *

The Cornwallites play championship lacrosse in summer, and they are well up in their winter sports too. Lately they have recognized the fact that one of the best pastimes that the cold days of winter permit is hockey, and, acting on the idea, a club has been formed. From the description given in a local paper, their ideas of hockey may not go much further than "shinny," but they will improve by-and-by. The officials of the new club are:—Hon.-president, R. R. McLennan; president, A. Denny; secretary, J. P. Lally; committee, Jno. Copeland, Geo. Bastedo, H. F. Gault, W. Peacock, P. J. Lally. The first match was pretty loose, but Cornwall beat Morrisburg by two goals to one. By the way, two goals to one does not look much like "shinny," does it?

* * *

The most hopeful did not think that the Kentucky Stallion Representative Stake of \$10,000 would have proved so successful. Nearly 100 entries had been made, so that the primary payments will almost sum up the guaranteed amount. Under these circumstances, the surplus will be a purse worth a small fortune, and the winner of it is among those who are intelligent enough to cast a penny to catch a pound.

* * *

Up Toronto way a good deal of interest is being given to matters relating to the gun, and the Mimico Gun Club is one of the latest additions to the list. With good grounds and a fair number of enthusiastic members, the club should be a success.

* * *

Curlers, who in the ordinary nature of things love nothing better than to see the appreciation of the fine old Scotch game spread everywhere where civilization holds sway, will congratulate the brithers o' the broom in Albany. The capital of New York State seems blessed with a climate and a class of men to whom the roarin' game comes natural. Albanian curlers have visited Montreal frequently, and a jollier set of fellows, with hearts as open as the tee at the first shot, never sent away a stone, made a port, took plenty of ice, or drew closer to our feelings of fellowship, than those twirlers of the granites. They will be in Canada again this year, and no one will be more welcome than that embodiment of geniality, Mr. McCredie, whose rink won in the directors' match on New Year's day, with a score of 25 to 11.

* * *

It is very seldom that the Quebec Challenge Cup is not in the keeping of the Montreal Curling club, but just now it is in the custody of the Rideau club of Ottawa, two rinks of which, after an exciting game on Tuesday, defeated Montreal by 17 points. The challenge cup of late years has, with two or three exceptions, been successfully defended by the Montreal club, but everybody has an off-day, and Tuesday seemed to be that day. The Rideau club, however, will have their work cut out to keep it during the season, and a visit to the Capital may be expected from some Montreal clubs. The score of the match was as follows:—

<i>Montreal.</i>		RINK NO. 1.	<i>Rideau.</i>	
T. Williamson			H. P. S. Lane	
E. A. Whitehead			J. F. Shaw	
R. W. Tyre			J. W. DeC. O'Grady	
W. I. Fenwick	—skip 10		E. D. Sutherland	—skip 29

RINK NO. 2.			
W. Abbott		K. J. Henry	
A. I. Hubbard		A. P. Sherwood	
D. Williamson		H. H. Gray	
F. Stancliffe	—skip 20	E. Waldo	—skip 18
Total	30	Total	47
Majority for Rideau, 17 shots.			

While the challenge cup match was in progress on the Montreal ice, two other rinks of the Rideaus were busily engaged with the Thistles, but on this occasion the visitors were not so successful as their brethren, the Thistles almost doubling up on them, as will be seen from the following score:—

RINK NO. 1.		<i>Rideau.</i>	
<i>Thistle.</i>			
P. W. McLagan		A. MacPherson	
W. J. Cleghorn		A. L. Jarvis	
Charles McLean		S. W. Rogers	
G. W. Cameron	—skip 22	R. Batson	—skip 16
RINK NO. 2.			
R. S. Kinghorn		—Avery	
Dr. T. J. Finnie		—McConnell	
Rev. James Barclay		—Holdbrooke	
G. H. Balfour	—skip 28	—McGee	—skip 11
Total	50	Total	27

They have great curlers out St. Johns way, and the Caledonians of Montreal discovered that to their sorrow on Tuesday last, when the brithers from the Townships gave them a beating and nine shots to spare. Following score shows the result:—

RINK NO. 1.		<i>Caledonia.</i>	
<i>St. Johns.</i>			
J. B. Stewart		R. E. Peel	
F. A. Marn		J. Simpson	
Capt. Coursol		R. Finley	
R. Goold	—skip 21	P. Lyall	—skip 12
RINK NO. 2.			
R. Allpaugh		Jas. Paton	
C. A. Bissett		W. Lyall	
A. J. Wright		W. P. Scott	
C. H. Pearce	—skip 18	W. H. Boon	—skip 19
Total	39	Total	31
Majority for St. Johns, 8 shots.			

The first attempt for the Quebec Challenge Cup this season was made by the Thistle club; they were confident of winning and they made a hard struggle, but were not powerful enough for the combination which the Montreal club put on the ice. The following tells the tale:—

RINK NO. 1.		<i>Montreal.</i>	
<i>Thistle.</i>			
Dr. T. J. Finnie		W. Abbott	
A. T. Patterson		R. W. Shepherd	
C. McLean		Rev. J. Williamson	
Rev. J. Barclay	—skip 15	D. Williamson	—skip 26
RINK NO. 2.			
A. F. Mitchell		G. McHenry	
J. D. Anderson		G. F. C. Carter	
G. S. Brush		A. F. Riddell	
A. Mitchell	—skip 18	R. W. Tyre	—skip 21
RINK NO. 3.			
Chas. Whitelaw		J. Paton	
Dr. J. C. Cameron		R. W. McDougall	
C. J. Baird		C. E. Smythe	
W. Stewart	—skip 20	W. I. Fenwick	—skip 15
RINK NO. 4.			
G. H. Balfour		F. Torrance	
D. A. Macpherson		S. A. McMurty	
J. S. Archibald		J. J. Dean	
A. Nichol	—skip 15	C. W. Dean	—skip 19
Total	68	Total	81
Majority for Montreal, 13 shots. R.O.X.			

The Behring Sea Question.

Taken as a whole, there is not much fault to be found with President Harrison's message to Congress; but there is one paragraph which bears upon its face the sinister impression of the hand of Mr. Secretary Blaine. The paragraph in question is that relating to the Behring Sea seal catching. After stating that he refused to submit the question to arbitration, as proposed by Lord Salisbury, because he—or Mr. Blaine (?)—did not think that the form suggested was calculated to assume a conclusion satisfactory to either party, General Harrison goes on to say that he "sincerely hopes that before the next sealing season some arrangement may be concluded assuring to the United States a property right in the Behring Sea, derived from Russia, which was not disregarded by any nation for over eighty years preceding the outbreak of the existing trouble."

This paragraph is intended to mislead. President Harrison's Foreign Secretary has no desire to submit this question to arbitration, neither now or at any other time. He wants to keep it open in order that it may afford him an opportunity of writing an insolent despatch occasionally, and thus allow him to pose as having kept his promise to the American Irish that he would "tweak the Lion's tail." As to a "property right" in the Behring Sea no nation has it. Russia had no power to declare that stretch of water a *mare clausum*, and consequently could not part with what was not hers to sell. All this claim to a "property right" is mere buncombe, and only intended to tickle the ears of the groundlings. We do not believe that any serious unpleasantness can arise between the two countries over such a question as this. And, perhaps, the seals will practically settle the question for us. For, according to all accounts, they are rapidly diminishing or else shifting their quarters to parts unknown; and as all the bother has arisen over the desire to obtain a monopoly of the seal fishing, of course when the seals vanish so will the reason for the dispute. But it is useless for Mr. Blaine to try buncombe on Lord Salisbury. *DIAGENES in St. Stephen's Review.*



(Concluded.)

This reminds me of another; and to show that the subject is susceptible of poetic treatment we cite the following, from the page of our Canadian poet, Lampman, which is, perhaps, his finest, or strongest sonnet:

THE RAILWAY STATION.

The darkness brings no quiet here, the light
No waking: ever on my blinded brain
The flare of lights, the rush, the cry, the strain,
The engines' scream, the hiss and thunder smite:
I see the hurrying crowds, the clasp the flight,
Faces that touch, eyes that are dim with pain:
I see the hoarse wheels turn, and the great train
Move laboring out into the bourneless night.
So many souls within its dim recesses,
So many bright, so many mournful eyes:
Mine eyes that watch grow fixed with dreams and
guesses;
What threads of life, what hidden histories,
What sweet or passionate dreams and dark distresses,
What unknown thoughts, what various agonies!

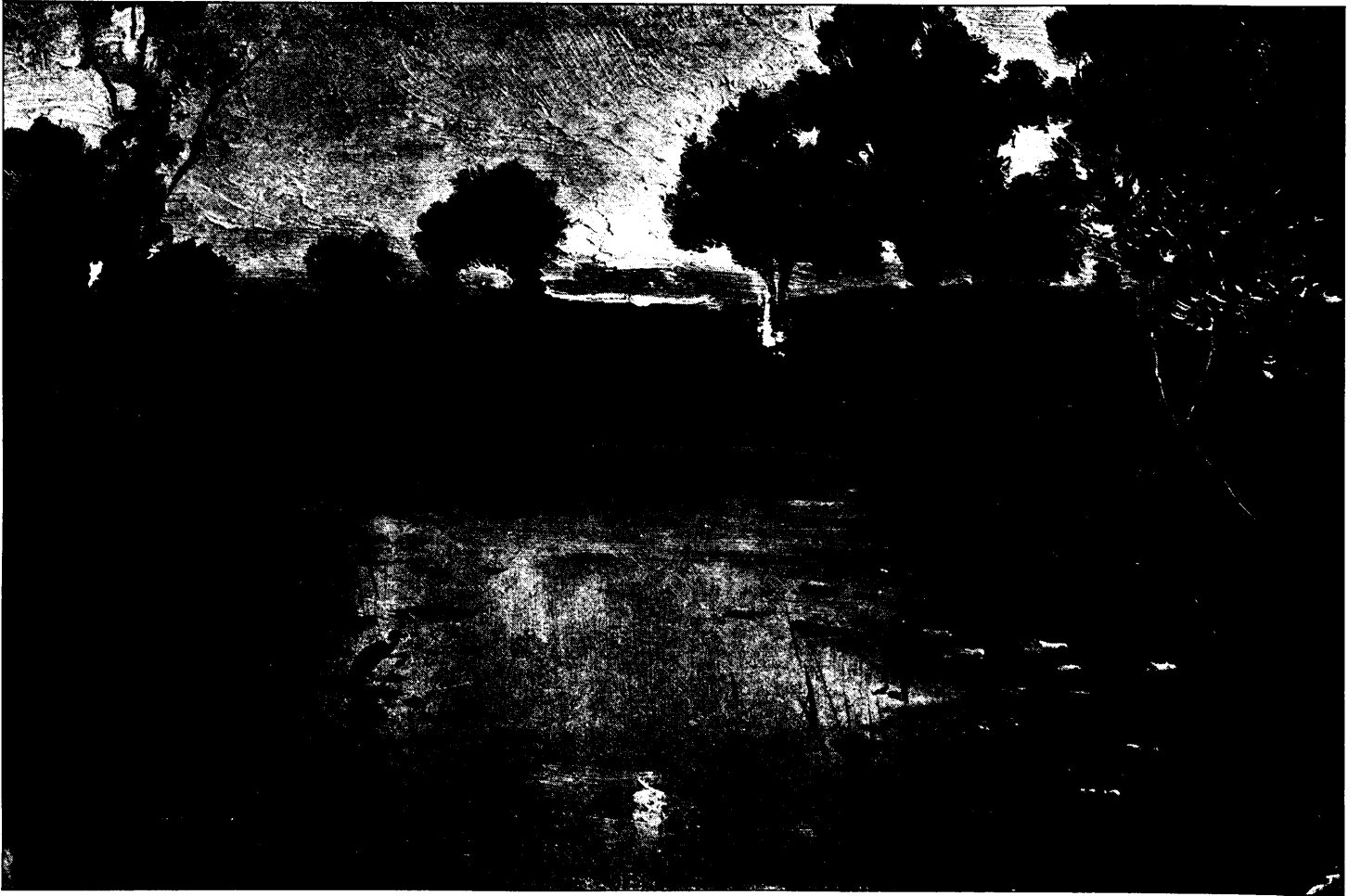
This is the awe, the pathos, the shadow of the subject; but here is the joy, the rhythm, the sunshine of it! The sweet minstrel of Piscataquis has lately given us a most spirited and poetical description of a car ride "Through the Heart of Maine;"—and few can do it better than Anna Boynton. She has evidently been on an excursion over the Canadian Pacific!

Down the dark gorge in rushing flight
By frowning ridge and beetling scar,
We flash from darkness into light
To break thy dream, bright Onawa.
What wild and winged steed is this
That through the rock's heart shrieking flies?
That leaps the tarn and deep abyss
Below these blue October skies?
Its path was torn by Titan might.
The mountain rock was rent and flung
Down shuddering chasms left and right.
From cliff to cliff these spans were hung,
And forests hurled apart to make
A way for this swift steed to fly.
This blue, bright morn his wings we take
And wood and wave and peak go by.
His giant heart beats thrill us through.
—The poetry of motion this.—
Swift as the eagle skims the blue
We pass the towering precipice

And thunder down the long defile.
The bright woods flash away, and high
The purple mountains pile on pile
Loom round us in the cloudless sky.
Stout heart, strong brain and steady hand
Direct thy flight—we fear no ill.
Fly swifter yet, O giant grand!
Thou canst not work thine utmost will!
To these thou bearest on thy wing
This golden day hath no alloy.
The great woods shout the caverns ring,
Thine onward rush is rhythmic joy.

Now, dear Editor, will not you, who are also a poet, and who have told us in your "Prophecy of Merlin," how
"Words shall flash like light from shore to shore,
And light itself shall chronicle men's deeds:
Great ships shall plough the ocean without sail.
And steedless chariots shoot with arrowy speed
O'er hill and dale and river, and beneath
The solid floor we tread;"—

will not you be constrained to admit that the subject may become, in some future hands, at least, fairly poetical.
Confidently, PASTOR FELIX.



A TWILIGHT SKETCH AT ILE-AUX-NOIX.

A Twilight Sketch--Ile-aux-Noix.

Business called me one morning last summer to Rouse's Point. Taking the morning train from Bonaventure, we were soon scudding away across the alluvial bottom of the St. Lawrence, the picturesque hamlets half-buried in pale rich spring tints, the sweet-scented lilac leaved on by the groups of passing school children, the slow labouring plough or harrow, groups of rich, glossy cattle, all combined beneath a spring sky to breath hope and happiness of spring. Ye happy creatures—yclept Crackers *et al*—what do ye know of the absolute happiness of spring in a northern clime? The weary weeks of waiting and watching for the first robin, for the ice to shove, snow floods to come down, and then presto! as by magic the land lies bathed in blossom and verdure. At St. Johns we get the first glimpse of the Richelieu beyond the walls of the Infantry School Barracks, and following up its wooded shores the scenery changes. Through rifts of morning mists come glimpses of the Green Mountains where they slope eastward to the waters of Memphremagog Lake, while to the south they fringe the blue waters of Lake Champlain. Leaving the cars at Rouse's Point we find ourselves in a thriving little go ahead border village—in touch with the Grand Trunk, D. & H. and Canada Atlantic railroads—at the point where the historic Richelieu river floods with full lip the grassy shore and takes its course to the St. Lawrence. Business ended earlier than expected, a stroll to the Windsor and lunch in that comfortable hostelry is in order, and, having half a day to wait the train, can't possibly do better than take up the invitation of a barge captain to drift down the stream with him and strike the evening train somewhere. A delightful chord of uncertainty, appealing to the inborn nomad of my being.

Drifting down with a gentle breeze, we take a farewell glance at the Adirondack peaks to the south, still white with snow and curling up in the warm sunshine on deck give ourselves up to reverie. Champlain and the Iroquois! But yesterday, as Time counts, these wooded coves and

forest paths were trod by their fierce, stealthy feet, their canoes launched at Lac Sacrement (Lake George), maybe shelved overnight on this sandy point we are passing. What seems strange, that so few Iroquois or other Indian burial mounds or relics of war or chase should be traced, especially on the shores of this, their great highway. Perils of ambush must have been great, for the shores then were woody walls. But here our canal boat ties up for a load to a cranky old dock in the shade of a group of Balm of Gilead trees, and late afternoon shadows slant across the river. A visit to a neighbouring farm reveals the fact of a row-boat being in existence, or was last year, at another farm below, and here the said boat, being in existence, but very leaky, a contract is entered into with a Canadian you'h to put us across the river after he has done his chores (*fuit le train*). My earnest desire is he shall be on time or the train behind it. The bars are let down, the dark-toned, sweet-smelling kine drift out afield, lights glimmer as we pull out in the flood of saffron and opal, eddying in countless rings as the greedy lacéche swarm up at shad flies. It is not in the contract, but our youth has an errand at the island, and while he goes whistling away I climb up the bank and find myself on the edge of the old moat, now in ruinous decay. A line of dark elms across the glacis lie reflected in the lily-covered waters, where a solitary bittern is picking up his evening meal. A French chanson carols out of the old gateway a curious relic-evoking air, and almost too soon the spire of St. Valentine's breaks the deep violet of the sky and our day's pilgrimage is at an end.

Carlyle's Description of Thackeray.

In the "Life of Lord Houghton," just published, is to be found Carlyle's account of his last sight of Thackeray. "Poor Thackeray," he says, "I saw him not ten days ago. I was riding in the dusk, heavy of heart, along by the Serpentine and Hyde Park, when some human brother from a chariot, with a young lady in it, threw me a shower of congratulations. I looked up—it was Thackeray with his daughter; the last time I was to see him in this world. He

had many fine qualities, no guile or malice against any mortal; a big mass of soul, but not strong in proportion; a beautiful vein of genius lay struggling about in him. No body in our day wrote, I should say, with such perfectness of style."

A Compliment to a Canadian.

The Ottawa *Journal* contains the following:—The New York *Independent* of this week contains a review of the poetry contained in the prominent magazines for the month of December. The concluding paragraph relates to a poem by one who is a native and a resident of Ottawa. The critic thus expresses his opinion:—

It was reserved for the editors of *Scribner's Magazine* however, to produce the best poem of the month, a poem full of feeling and music exquisitely modulated, and serene as a night in late spring. Since Mr. Boner's lyric on Poole's cottage at Fordham, published in the *Century* a year ago, our periodical literature has contained nothing to match "The Reed Player," by Mr. Duncan Campbell Scott.

Mr. Scott is a son of Rev. Wm. Scott, of Ottawa, and a nephew of Dr. McCallum, of Montreal.

King Kalakua.

As becomes good republicans, our neighbours to the south are rejoicing over the possession of a "real, live king" in San Francisco. King Kalakua, of the Hawaiian islands, has been féted and made much of, and his every movement chronicled for the benefit of his inquisitive admirers. He seems, however, to be rather an unsatisfactory sort of monarch in some respects. The reporters have endeavoured to make his stay pleasant by asking questions regarding the annexation of his kingdom to the States, the loss of his sugar market by the new American bounty system and other pleasing topics; but the only answer vouchsafed by his dusky majesty is "I am here for my health," which has the merit of being at least explicit, if not altogether revelant. He has now gone to San Diego, where he has spent the holidays, and it is understood that he intends visiting British Columbia before long.