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THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

TRADE MARK

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Vol. VII.—No. 182.

MONTREAL AND TORONTO, 26th DECEMBER, 1891.

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“LE NID.”

(From the statuary by Croisy in the Luxembourg Gallery.)

The Dominion Illustrated.

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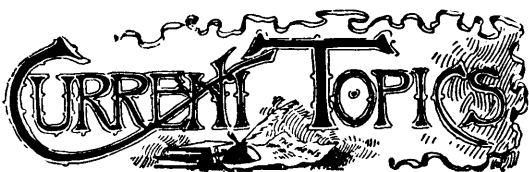
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26th DECEMBER, 1891.



Mr. Mercier's Letter.

It seems almost inconceivable that a man who professes statesmanship should write such an epistle as that sent by MR. MERCIER to the LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR last week, in reply to the letter of dismissal. Violently personal and totally wanting in dignity, its tone shows how sore and hurt the writer must have felt when he could make such an unwarranted attack on the representative of the Crown. The cool demeanor which characterized the late Premier during the sitting of the Royal Commission showed its first break recently when he inaugurated the ridiculous crusade against hostile newspapers; the letter shows that the mask has now fallen completely off. As a campaign document it will no doubt carry weight with a certain class, but as a befitting answer to the LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR'S message, it ranks well in waste-paper basket literature. Fancy any man pretending to be a statesman, hysterically declaiming to a Governor in answer to a letter of dismissal: "I denounce you before public opinion. * * * * You will shortly receive the price of your national treachery. * * * * I hope to chase you constitutionally from Spencer Wood." Or: "I do not despair of succeeding in saving our cherished province from the abyss into which you and your friends have been seeking for some time to hurl it." Fancy Sir John A. Macdonald, the Hon. Mr. Mackenzie, or the Hon. Mr. Laurier writing in this gallery strain. It is especially funny in the face of a report from two prominent and impartial judges directly implicating him and several of his colleagues, and in the face of the notorious financial scandals in which his ministry has been involved. But it will strike home. Away up in the back settlements, when the villagers in the long winter evenings gather around some man who can read, and get him to retail the news, their hearts will glow as they listen to such frenzy-rolling sentences and fine-sounding words (to enjoy which the village dictionary will be called into requisition); they will shout, "Down with the

tyrant!" "Mercier for ever!" Such is demagogism, and its influence on a section of the population. Whether the good sense of the other residents of the province will counter-balance such misguided zeal is a problem that will only be decided on the 8th of March next.

The Appeal to the Country.

The hearts of the professional politicians of Quebec will rejoice, and the faces of those who are intensely interested (for a consideration) in the welfare of the province will beam at the news of the dissolution of the Quebec House. The act seems a necessity, although an unfortunate one. That even the slightest infringement of any prerogative of the great all-sovereign people should be permitted is not of course to be dreamt of, and they must decide who is right,—the Lieutenant-Governor or MR. MERCIER. What does it matter if the expense and turmoil of a general election be incurred, and provincial affairs generally fall into temporary chaos so long as Hodge and Jean Baptiste are made the arbiters. Did not the "patriots" of '37 die for the germ of this sacred principle? Of course they did—when they could not get away fast enough. The mobility must rule and decide this question, or the country is forever ruined. If 31 representatives support MR. MERCIER and 29 oppose him, why he and his late Cabinet immediately become honest and devoted men, and have been atrociously treated. Let us see what the all-sufficient people will do on the eighth of March, and if they, as a mass, be capable of distinguishing between right and wrong.

Our Programme for 1892.

With the present number the weekly issue of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED closes, it having been decided by the publishers to change it into a monthly magazine of sixty-four pages, to appear under the name of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY. The first number will appear in January, and we ask the assistance of our subscribers and friends to make the new venture a success. No pains will be spared to make the magazine bright and attractive from a literary and artistic standpoint, and representative of the best class of Canadian literary work. It is almost unnecessary to point out that if the new magazine is to exist and flourish, it must have the financial support of the Canadian public; the price is such as to bring it within the means of every family in the Dominion, viz., \$1.50 yearly, or fifteen cents for single copies. Those of our subscribers who have paid in advance for the weekly DOMINION ILLUSTRATED will receive proportionate credit for the MONTHLY on basis of \$1.50 per annum; or if preferred the money will be refunded. We have secured such a brilliant list of contributors that from a literary standpoint THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY will not be surpassed by any periodical on the continent. Among those who will from time to time write for us are Dr. Bourinot, Douglas Brymner, William Wilfrid Campbell, F. Blake Crofton, Dr. Drummond, Mrs. S. Almon Hensley, James Hannay, Miss E. Pauline Johnson, J. M. Le Moine, Rev. A. J. Lockhart, Archibald Lampman, Miss A. M. Machar, Miss MacLeod, George Martin, Dr. Wolfred Nelson, Professor Charles G. D. Roberts, Duncan Campbell Scott, Dr. George Stewart, and Arthur Weir.

Literary and Personal Notes.

Mr. John Fiske's work on "The Discovery of America" will be published early in 1892. It has involved a vast amount of research, and Mr. Fiske is reported to regard these two volumes as his most important contribution to American history.

Mr. Samuel J. Tilden's bequest of almost the whole of his large fortune for the purpose of establishing a public library in New York was declared void by the courts, and the same fate has met the will of the late William B. Ogden, who devised about \$4,000,000 for charities.

Professor Gildersteeve, of Johns Hopkins University, was in the Confederate army and a firm believer in the cause for which it contended. In the *Atlantic Monthly* for January he will state with frankness and force the reasons for his course, in an article entitled "The Creed of the Old South."

A correspondent of the *Scottish American* recently called attention to the Americanism "wild and woolly west" and the similarity of the latter adjective to the Scotch word "Wally." Another correspondent claims that the two words are not in any degree synonymous; but as "wally" or "wallie" (used in the West of Scotland) means strong or active, it seems not improbable that the word is really an imported one, mispronounced.

There are no Tom Hoods now in the magazines; only a number of metaphysical botanical poets, who write things which might have been shaken out of a dice box. But, for a change there is a poem with a strong human interest in the January *New England Magazine*. It tells the story of a babe dying in the streets of cold and starvation on Christmas Eve, and is by Agnes Maule Machar, of Kingston, best known to Canadian readers as "Fidelis."

Mr. Earnest Cruikshanks, of Fort Erie, has recently published in a western paper the substance of a very interesting letter (now in the Ottawa Archives) describing an engagement at the mouth of the Rock River, Iowa, between a few British soldiers under Lieut. Graham, and a detachment of Americans under Capt. Zachary Taylor, about 800 strong. The latter were in boats, which the King's troops pounded so vigorously with two small cannons as to force the whole expedition to retreat.

We were surprised to notice in a recent number of the *Winnipeg Free Press* a bitter and unjust attack on Dr. George Beers, one of our most popular and patriotic litterateurs. It would be a good thing for Canada if many more of her sons were as fearlessly loyal as Dr. Beers. Such men deserve every encouragement from journals which claim to be patriotic, while it is impossible to condemn too strongly those pessimists who, by their public utterances, are doing their best to injure Canadian national life.

The Lundy's Lane Historical Society has had printed a very interesting document which was presented to the Society by Mr. J. H. Lane, of Pictou, N.S., son of Captain Lane of H.M. 98th Regiment, who served actively in the war of 1812-14. The paper is a District General Order issued by Lieut.-General Drummond immediately after the victory at Lundy's Lane in July 1814, and promulgated to the King's troops in Canada in a General Order issued by the commander of the forces at Montreal on the 4th of August of that year.

The November number of *The Canadian Musician* contains an excellent portrait and biographical sketch of Mrs. J. E. M. Whitney, one of the leading musical composers in this city. Mrs. Whitney has from childhood been intensely interested in music. She has already published quite a number of compositions, among them being "The Otter," grand march; "Toujours a toi," "Belair," "Debonnair," "Lasylo," valse; "Pensee Fugitive," "Berceuse," "Love's Secret," "Rondo Brillante," "Tarantelle," and "Remember Me;" besides these she has a number of compositions in manuscript. Mrs. Whitney is a member of the Paris Society of Authors and Composers; her success reflects much credit on this city.



REVIEW AT OTTAWA 24TH MAY, 1867.

Our engraving represents one of the largest and most important military displays ever held in the capital. As will be seen, it was held on the square in front of the Parliament Buildings, then recently completed. The Brigade was composed of the following regiments:—H.M. 100th or Prince of Wales Royal Canadian Regiment, under command of Lieut.-Col. Campbell; the Ottawa Brigade Garrison Artillery, under the command of Lieut. Col. G. A. Forrest (four batteries); the Civil Service Rifle Regiment, under the command of Major C. J. Anderson (six companies); the Victoria Rifles of Canada (Montreal), under command of Lieut.-Col. Hutton. These latter formed the third side of the square; unfortunately they are not seen in the view. Colonel McDougall (afterwards Sir Patrick McDougall, K.C.B., and General in the Army), Adjutant-General of Canadian Militia, was in command of the whole force. Since that parade two of the regiments who took part have been disbanded, viz., the Garrison Artillery and the Civil Service Rifle corps. The photograph from which this engraving has been made is in the Military Museum, Ottawa.

THE LATE ALEXANDER WORKMAN.

It falls to the lot of few men to live so long and win so great and sincere regard from their fellow citizens as did the late Alexander Workman, of Ottawa, who died on Dec. 12th, aged 93 years and seven months. His death was the result of paralysis. By the citizens of Ottawa he is remembered as one who in its earlier years played a leading part in its affairs, who afterwards became a successful merchant in the growing city, and who always devoted his best energies to the advancement of the general good. The late Mr. Workman was a native of Durragehy, County Antrim, Ireland, where he was born on May 28, 1798. At the age of 21 he married Mary Abbott, of the same place, and on April 20th, 1820, they sailed for Canada. For many years, in conjunction with his brother Benjamin, he conducted a school in Montreal, and they numbered among their pupils many who have since risen to place and power in the affairs of the Dominion. Removing to Ottawa, he resided there for upwards of fifty years, for forty-five years being a successful hardware merchant, as head of the firm of Workman & Griffin, from which the latter retired some years ago, and was succeeded by Mr. Thos. A. Workman, a nephew of the gentleman now deceased. In civic affairs the late Mr. Workman was a councillor of old Bytown in 1851 and 1852 and again in 1859; and for three years (1860-61-62) filled with great ability the chair of chief magistrate. A strong supporter and friend of public schools, he was a trustee from 1840 until 1860, being chairman of the board during 1852 and following years. A gentleman of philanthropic disposition, he leaves a record of kindly and generous acts during a long life. He was a member of St. Paul's Presbyterian Church, a life-long abstainer, and a warm advocate of temperance. Of four children only one survives, Mrs. Hall, widow of the late Gemmell Hall, of Perth, Ont., who was with him throughout his last illness.

MR. JOHN RUSKIN, M.A., LL.D.

Mr. John Ruskin, M.A., LL.D., the most famous of England's writers on art subjects, is a native of London, where he was born in the year 1819. His education was received at Christ Church, Oxford, where he won the Newdigate prize in 1839. He studied art under Copley Fielding and Harding. He first entered the controversial field of art literature as the champion of Turner, whose paintings were then little appreciated, and who had been sharply criticised in *Blackwood's Magazine*. The result of Ruskin's effort was the production of Vol. I of "Modern Painters," which in spite of keen criticism attained a wonderful success. The first volume appeared in 1843. Four others were added before 1860, he having meanwhile spent some time in Italy. "Modern Painters" was republished in 1888. In 1849 he had issued "The Seven Lamps of Architecture," and between 1851 and 1853 "The Stones of Venice." These also have been reprinted, the former in 1880 and the latter in 1886. In 1887 he published "Hortus Inclusus; Letters



THE LATE LIEUT.-COLONEL COFFIN.

from Mr. Ruskin to the Ladies of the Thwaite." He has written extensively on economic and other subjects and more recently has been issuing at intervals an autobiography. Mr. Ruskin has been a voluminous and brilliant writer, and has profoundly influenced the art of England. A "Ruskin Society" was established in London in 1881, with a view to making more intense and widespread, through study, the influence of his works. This society possesses thirty volumes of the author's works, presented by himself.

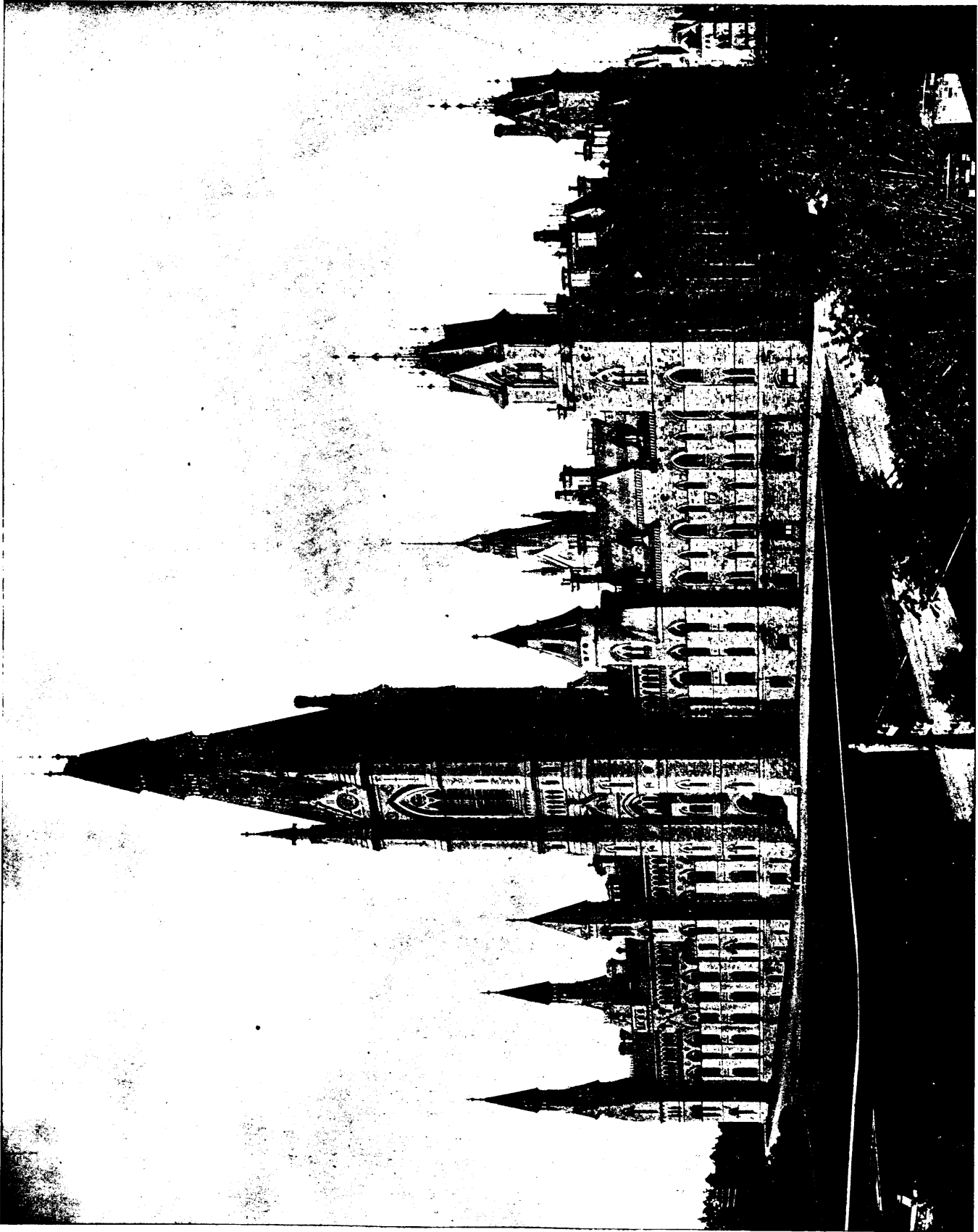
THE LATE COLONEL WILLIAM FOSTER COFFIN.

The late Colonel William Foster Coffin was born at Bath, Somerset, England, November 5th, 1808, and was the eldest son of Major Coffin, who served 25 years in the British army. Colonel Coffin was educated at Eton College. He came to Canada in 1830, and studied law in the office of the Honourable C. R. Ogden, Attorney-General of Lower Canada. At the expiration of his legal studies he became a member of the Bar in Montreal. His public services were various. He held the following appointments,—that of Assistant Civil Secretary, Police Magistrate and Commissioner of Police for several years. In 1842 he was appointed Joint Sheriff of the District of Montreal, which he held for nine years. From 1858 to 1878 he was Ordnance Lands Agent and Commissioner of Ordnance and Admiralty Lands. He died at Ottawa, January 28th, 1878, in the 70th year of his age. During his residence in Montreal he raised a corps of Light Infantry, also a Field Battery of Artillery. These efforts caused him much fatigue and expense. This last corps is still in existence. Colonel Coffin left a widow, one son and four daughters, two of whom have since died. Now, for a few words about Colonel Coffin's grandfather, John Coffin. He was present at the siege of Quebec when Montgomery fell, and to his courage and good organization is to be ascribed the repulse of the rebels and the saving of Quebec. He was born in Boston, Mass., and came to Canada at the time of the revolution. Being true to his flag, he preferred sacrificing his property than his loyalty to his king and country. One of his daughters married her cousin, Sir Roger Hailes Sheaffe, Bart., who fought at the battle of Queenston Heights when Brock fell. Sir R. H. Sheaffe

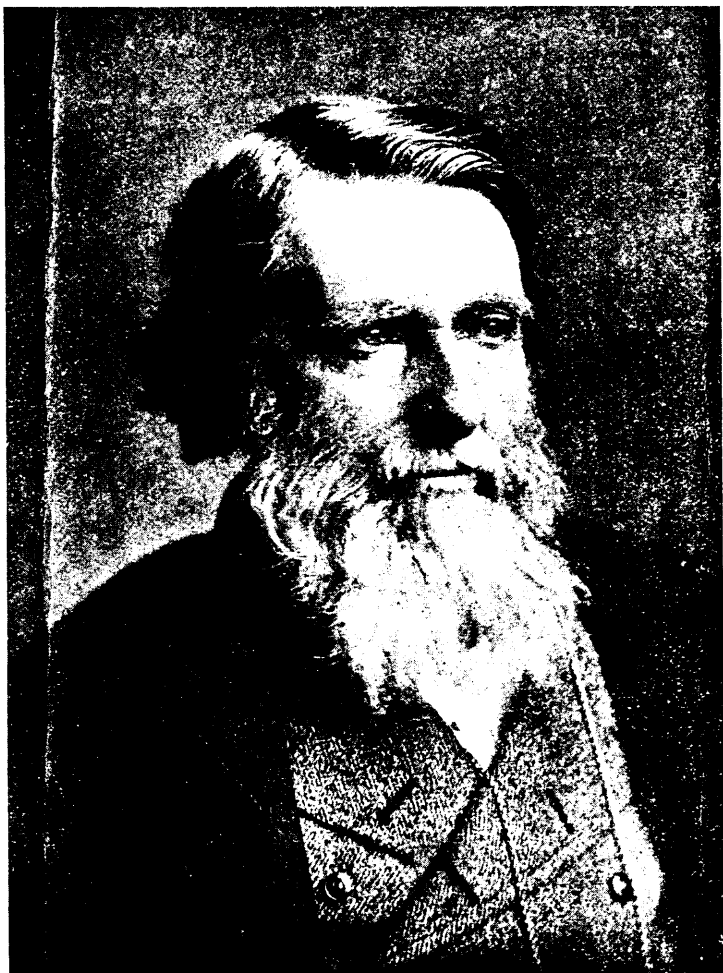
died in Edinburgh many years ago. To students of Canadian literature, Col. Coffin is known for his admirable history of the war of 1812, published in 1864, under the title of "1812—The War and its Moral." Of the many histories of that struggle, the work just mentioned is incomparably the best, both in style and in mention of hitherto unpublished incidents. Unfortunately one volume only was published, leaving the many stirring events of the campaign of 1814 still to be recorded. In addition to the work just mentioned, Col. Coffin contributed largely to various periodicals on historical and military subjects.

An excellent story is commenced in the December number of "The Land We Live in," our valued Sherbrooke contemporary. The tale is entitled "That Boy Jack Weir of Ours" and deals with a phase of the Rebellion of '37, about which very little has been published—the operations of the Provincial Cavalry on the Stanstead frontier. One of the best of these corps—the Queen's Mounted Rangers—is the regiment in which the writer makes his *dramatis personæ* do duty. There is a Charles O'Malley twang about the story that is very attractive. For a monthly periodical, however, the instalment given is far too short.

The publishers of "The Quarterly Register of Current History" deserve credit for their enterprise in getting up such an useful publication. No. 4 recently to hand contains an excellent *resume* of the history of the world for the past three months, with illustrations of the principal persons referred to; as a rule they are very good, but the Empress of Germany has excellent ground for a libel suit. Canadian matters are briefly but intelligently treated, although the mention of the growth of the national debt, without a statement of the still greater growth of assets and material resources, seems odd. The "Register" deserves hearty support, epitomizing, as it does, the doings of all nations, and forms an excellent work for reference. It is published by the *Evening News Association*, Detroit.



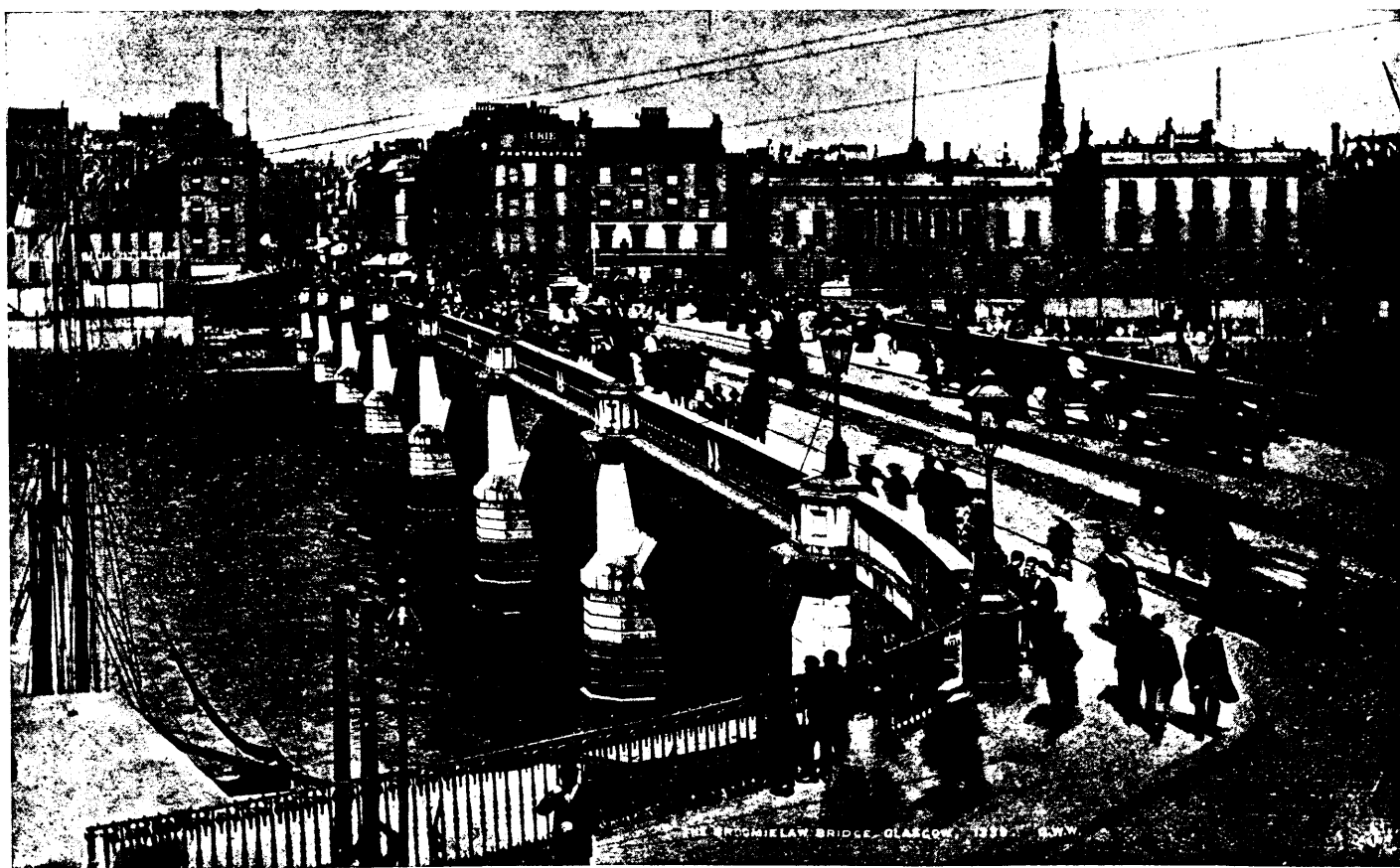
WEST BLOCK DEPARTMENTAL BUILDINGS, OTTAWA.
(G. R. Lancefield, photo.)



MR. JOHN RUSKIN.



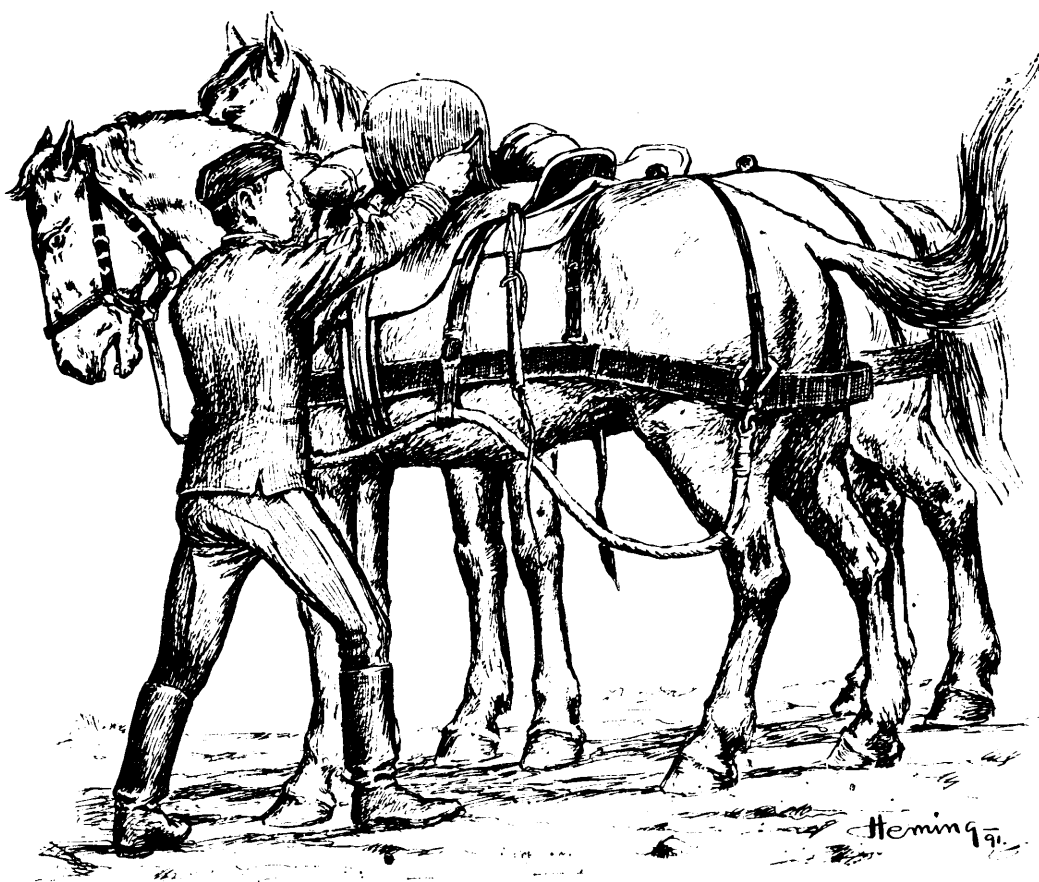
THE LATE ALEX. WORKMAN, OF OTTAWA.



THE BROOMIELAW BRIDGE, GLASGOW.



CHRISTMAS LETTERS.



HAMILTON FIELD BATTERY.

HAMILTON FIELD BATTERY.

The Hamilton Field Battery is one of the most efficient organizations of the kind in the Dominion. Not only has it held the champion cup, competed for by the batteries of Canada, but for many years it has invariably stood near the head in all examinations calculated to test the efficiency of the officers and men. For the past four years there has been a neck and neck contest between the Hamilton corps and "A" Battery of Guelph for the cup. Hamilton won it in '87; by a series of mishaps rather than any lack of training or ability, it has lost in the competitions of 1888, '89 and '90. In 1889 it was only four points behind the Guelph Battery, and last year came within about two points of beating their western rivals. For some years past the Hamilton Battery has been brigaded at Camp Niagara with the other artillery of the district, but this year they were allowed by special permission to do their annual drill in barracks, the Niagara Camp having been postponed until late in the season. The battery went into barracks the first week in September, and the men took up the routine of soldiers' life with the facility of veterans. The corps numbered six officers, seventy seven men, and twenty-nine horses, with four nine-pounder guns, of the R. M. L. pattern. The horses were picketed in the grounds adjoining the armoury, and the armoury itself was fitted up as a barracks for the men. Some difficulty was experienced in securing proper ground for the mounted drill, and the field which was finally placed at their disposal proved very rough for drill purposes; however, the corps was fortunate in having almost uninterrupted fine weather during their twelve days' service, and they succeeded in putting in a great deal of very useful work. Mounted parades were held twice a day, at 9.30 a.m. and 2 p.m. Guards and pickets were mounted and everything carried out as if they were regular troops in barracks. During the second week the corps was inspected by Colonel Cotton, Assistant Inspector of Artillery, who expressed himself as very well pleased with the appearance of the men. On the second day they were tested in the new Gzowski competition,

which is one of the most severe tests of efficiency in driving, manoeuvring and handling the guns at a trot, passing through obstacles barely wide enough for the tread of the wheels, unlimbering, firing, limbering up again, driving through more obstacles, and firing a second round. The Battery had no previous practice in the work, but it was accomplished in the exceedingly fast time of two minutes forty-two seconds. That was the average of the Battery, the fastest gun doing the work in two minutes twenty-three seconds, the fastest that has yet been accomplished, though the Durham Field Battery of Port Hope has since beaten the average. On the last evening of the camp the Battery boys gave an entertainment in the armoury, which was attended by over two thousand people. The programme, which consisted of music and feats of arms, was almost entirely provided by the men of the corps, and was very highly enjoyed by the large audience present. The sketches by Mr. Arthur H. H. Heming, which appear on other pages, were taken during the time the corps was in barracks. The officers are: Major Van Wagner, Captain Hendrie, Lieutenant Bankier, Lieutenant Duncan, Surgeon Osborne and Veterinary Surgeon Qui-n.

On September 24th a team from the Battery did its annual firing competition at Kingston and made the third highest score. The citizens of Hamilton are especially proud of the fine record of their Battery. The corps was organized on its present footing in 1856 under Captain Alfred Booker, of Ridgeway fame, and among the officers who have since commanded it were: George F. Glassco, Capt. John Harris, Captain W. K. Muir, the well-known railroad man, now of Detroit; and Colonel Villiers, now of Winnipeg. During the Fenian raid of 1866, Captain Thomas McCabe was in command; the Battery was kept on garrison duty, but did not see service. Since then Captain George B. Smith, Captain McMahon and Major Van Wagner have commanded the corps. During the Northwest troubles of 1885, the Battery men were very anxious to go out and

voluntarily paraded in barracks for several days in complete readiness to start for the front in case permission arrived.

In the artillery competition for the year just closing the Hamilton Battery took first place, with a total of 577 points against 523 made by No. 1 Guelph; 516, by No. 2 Guelph, and 509 by the Montreal Field Battery.

Poets and Their Victuals.

Shelley was a vegetarian and an idealist. Perhaps if he had been a meat eater his verses would have displayed more passion and fire, for the contrast between his poetry and Byron's is striking, though Byron attributes his best work to the inspiration of gin and water. Byron's life is a melancholy example of how soon the candle that is lit at both ends burns out. Byron's horror of corpulence drove him to dietetic expedients to avoid it that certainly tended to shorten his life, such as chewing tobacco to stave off hunger and the desire for food, taking inordinate quantities of vinegar, and other questionable methods. Had he lived in these days he could have been told how to keep down fat and still live well and enjoy most of the luxuries of life.

Walter Scott passed a genial social existence, took plenty of exercise, lived temperately, and insisted on having seven or eight hours of sleep out of the 24; hence he lived to a good age, and did more work—that bears in every page of it the imprint of genius—than any man of his day. Burns, his equally gifted countryman, lived to eat and drink, and hence the result. It is true that he left poetry behind him that the world will not willingly let die; but what might he not have done? The high, strong, nervous system of the poet and literary man bears excess badly, and Swift seemed to know this, for in a letter to Pope he says: "The least transgression of yours, if it be only two bits and a sup more than your stint, is a great debauch, for which you will certainly pay more than those sots who are carried dead drunk to bed." The machinery of sensitive souls is as delicate as it is valuable, and cannot bear the rough usage that coarse customs inflict upon it. It is broken to pieces by blows which common natures laugh at. Equally when we descend into the lower regions of Parnassus, the abode of talent and cleverness, the care of the body is absolutely essential to long life and continued usefulness. He who lives by his intellect must take care of his stomach, for, after all, "mind is matter and soul is porridge."—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

BISHOP'S COLLEGE SCHOOL, Lennoxville, P.Q.

(See next page.)

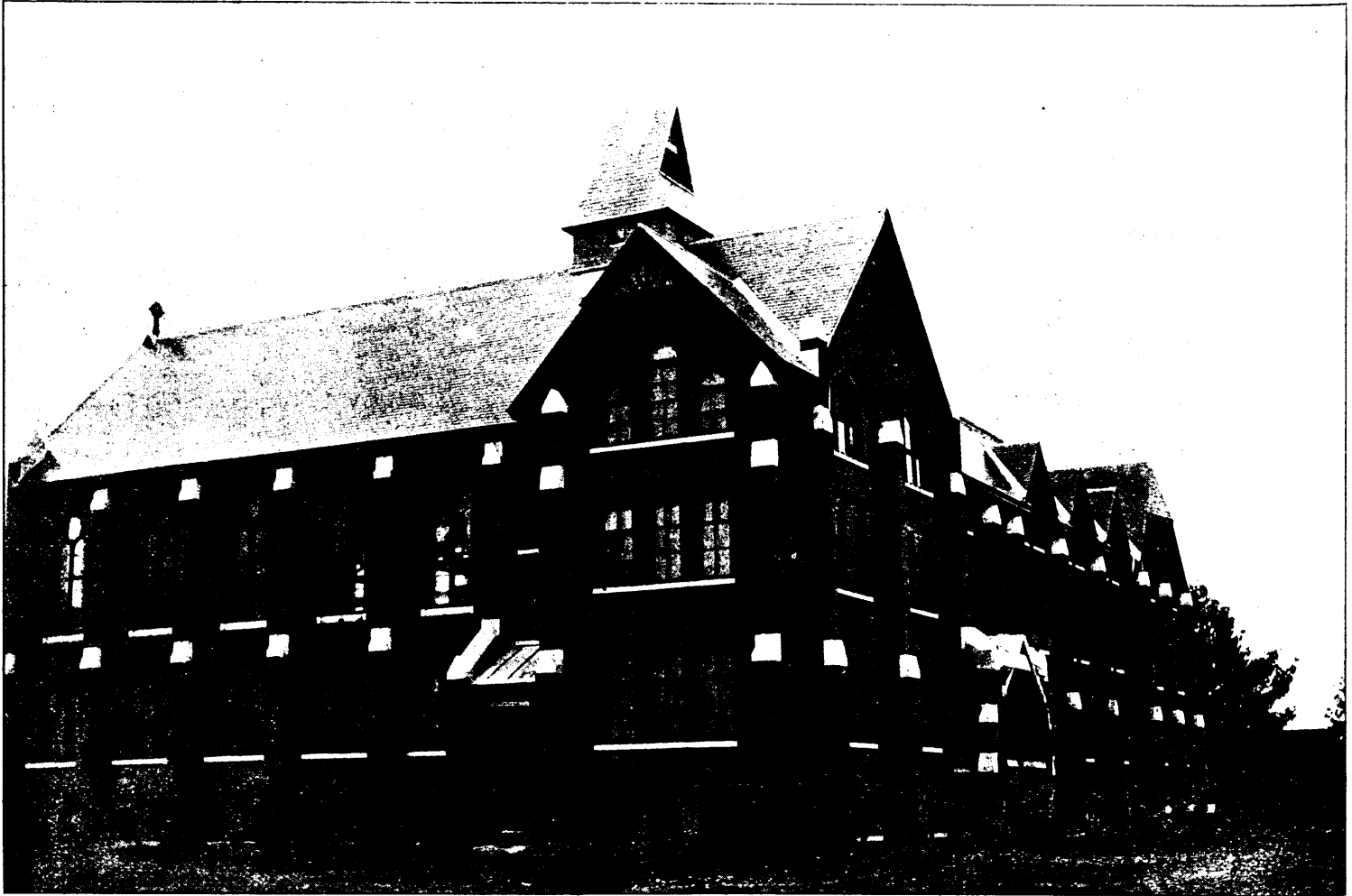
The new school at Lennoxville, built from the designs of A. T. Taylor, Esq., architect, Montreal, has now been completed, and will be opened in January, 1892. It is a handsome and substantial building, with many pleasing features. It consists of a longer and shorter portion, at right angles to one another,—the longer, or eastern portion containing rooms for the masters and the matron and the boys' dormitories. The shorter wing, at the west, contains the educational portion, class-rooms, the large Bishop Williams hall, and the Col. Kirg laboratory. There is a lofty, well-lighted basement, extending under the whole of the building, every inch of space in which is utilized,—one important feature being a large play-room for the boys. The view from the north-east is taken from a point rather near the chapel, and shows, on the left, the educational wing, and on the right the face of the building, towards the quadrangle. The building would be a credit to any city in the Dominion. It will be lighted by electricity from Sherbrooke. All its internal fittings are excellent, and in its adaptation for its purpose it is probably unequalled in the Dominion.

An Afflicted Female.

Judge Duffy (to female witness)—What is your age, Madam?

Witness (hesitatingly)—I have seen sixteen summers.

Judge Duffy—How many years were you blind?



BISHOP'S COLLEGE GRAMMAR SCHOOL, LENNOXVILLE, P.Q.



TORONTO, 18th December, 1891.



BEFORE this letter reaches my readers Christmas Day, with its benedictions and congratulations, will be past. To many of us—how many, indeed—it will be an occasion of the revival of sad reminiscences; the beloved face is absent, the familiar step is heard no more, and tears

of softened or keen regret suffuse our eyes. But the little ones are merry; to them, for months, Christmas has held out sweet promises of pleasure. And why should they be defrauded of their rights? Is not this the children's feast—the birthday of the Christ child, for whose sake—the Babe of Bethlehem's sake—and for the sake of the Man, Christ Jesus, who "took the little ones up in His arms and blessed them," let us lay aside our own sombre thoughts and devote ourselves to the service of the children; let us make the little ones happy and the angel of happiness will not overlook us. LOVE begets LOVE, and Christmas is the Festival of Love.

May all my readers, whom I am to have the pleasure of addressing only this once more, know to the full what is meant by a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

* * *

The air is full of election rumours. Mayor, aldermen and school trustees are to be voted for afresh, and some new interests are involved in the result. The Sunday street car agitation, renewed by the *World*, has called forth some extraordinary expressions of opinion from the aldermen, more than one or two saying in effect that "the

people," whose votes placed these gentlemen in office, were not competent to give a safe vote upon this question of morals. Why "the people" are disqualified not one dared to put into so many words, but certainly if "the people" are ordinarily intelligent, moral, and fit to vote for representatives, in whose care the whole management of the city, from finance to sanitation, is thereby placed, it would puzzle one to decide on what ground they are incapacitated from judging on a question such as the need of running a few cars on a Sunday. There was once a story current in England of a candidate for parliamentary honours who, in making an election speech spoke of potatoes and red herring as being sufficiently good fare for the ordinary labourer, and that man was not elected, although "the people" had not the vote in those days. Probably some of our Toronto aldermen have seen their last opportunity of serving the people on the city council likewise.

* * *

For several years the question of placing women on the Board of Public School Trustees has been mooted in this city, but it was found difficult to persuade women to stand for election, partly owing to the fact that numbers of women possessed property in their own name which was assessed in their husband's name, and partly from a natural shrinking from the publicity which attends an election. At last several ladies have consented to stand, seeing that the need of their presence on a council where the interests of so large a number of women as our public school teachers represent becomes increasingly necessary; and, moreover, from a feeling that the education of our girls and boys ought to be as interesting a study, and the care of it as bounden a duty on our women as our men.

The Toronto W.C.T.U. is taking the matter actively in hand, as also that of putting in the city council as many friends of temperance as possible.

Dr. Augusta Stowe-Gullen, one of our best known lady physicians, and a ratepayer, stands for District No. 5; Mrs. R. Macdonell, of Parkdale, also a ratepayer, for District No. 7; Mrs. Vance, a lady of much influence in the East End, for that district, and Mrs. D. Cowan, for

many years president of Toronto W.C.T.U., for District No. 4.

The lady members of the High School Board, Mrs. O'Connor, Miss Wilkes and Miss Carty take their places at the Board and serve on committees very acceptably.

* * *

Twice during the present week has the Auditorium been crowded with an enthusiastic audience. On Wednesday evening the Hon. the Minister of Marine spoke on Canadian affairs, making a strong impression as to his ability and his wide grasp of his subject.

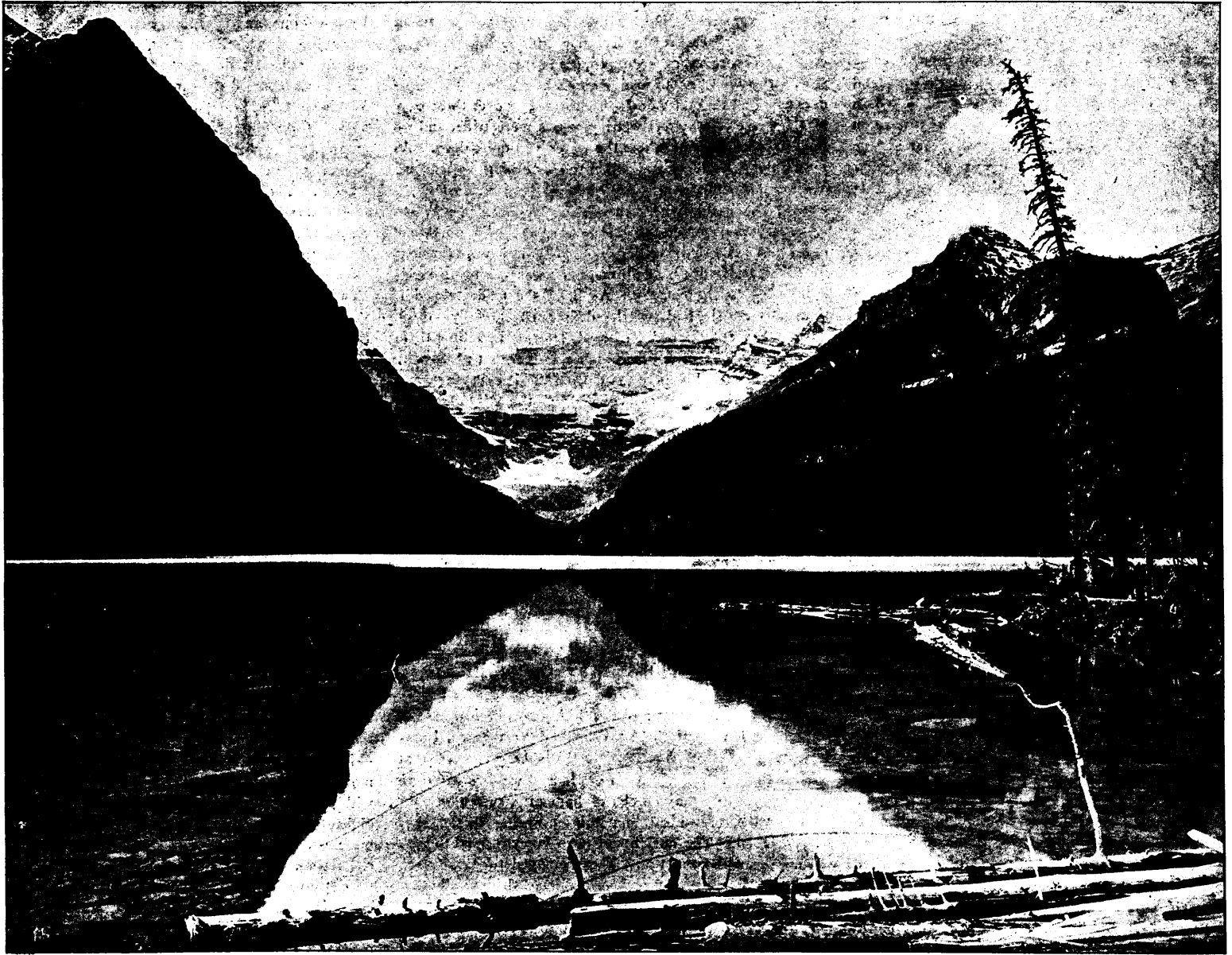
On Thursday evening Col. Geo. T. Denison gave a lecture on the "National Spirit, the Life of a Nation," for the Sons of England. Col. Denison's appeal to history was a masterly sketch of the value of national sentiment in all the heroic ages of the world, and the lecture was, beside, a splendid delivery on the future of Canada, and marked by a perfection of literary form which is as rare as it is attractive. The lecture was intended as a reply to Professor Goldwin Smith's late address to the Young Liberal Club, on "Loyalty and Jingoism," and the apostle of pessimism was handled without gloves. Mr. Tupper had also taken occasion to deal severely with Professor Goldwin Smith.

* * *

The Agnes Huntingdon Opera Company is to be with us next week, and Alfred and Heinrich Gruentfeld, the Court pianiste and Court violincellist to Germany and Austria, are to give a concert at the Pavilion in New Year week, so that the absence of that dearly-beloved—and worthily so—Christmas amusement of England, the pantomime, will not be so severely felt as is sometimes the case.

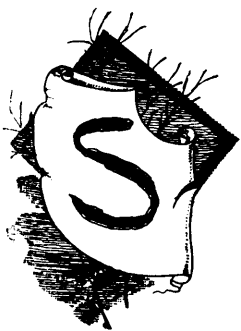
But why cannot we have a pretty pantomime for the children's sake? Have we no clown—no harlequin—no Columbine? Surely, yes, if only they would go into training. And with the electric light and a little Greek fire what wonders can be done!

S. A. CURZON.



LAKE LOUISE.
(W. Notman & Son, photo.)

LAKE LOUISE.



SOON after our arrival at Banff Springs Hotel, we began to hear of a most beautiful lake high up amongst the mountains. One day Mr. Matthews, the manager, took a party there and returned highly delighted. Only the journey was fatiguing part of the way. There was a glacier also but they did not attempt any climbing. They felt more than repaid by a view of the lake, the water of which was the most exquisite color imaginable. To get to this enchanting bit of nature's handiwork one had to take the train at Banff, go as far as Laggan, a distance of forty-four miles, and from there back through the woods for four or five miles. The distance generally depends upon the fatigue, or otherwise of the person telling you. The superintendent of division some time before had taken a party, including two ladies, and rumour said they had climbed to the top of the glacier. Of course we must do the same. But Dorothea fell sick, and the doctor said "No mountain climbing." I could not go alone and there were not many visitors of an exploring turn of mind. Dorothea soothingly said "Next year perhaps, and we'll get Jim to come and have a grand climbing tour, do Castle mountain and oh, ever so many." I said very little, but deep in my heart was the determination

to see Lake Louise this particular year. However, we amused ourselves by daily sulphur baths in the basin, and in that "spookiest" of places, the cave, and by driving and walking; time passes quickly, and Lake Louise was no longer discussed until another party was formed, for which there were great preparations, as the principal member of the party was enthusiastic and experienced in mountain climbing. So every day sounded the notes of preparation, guides engaged, ropes got ready, good-looking young Englishmen asked to join, the P.M. had a weakness for that sort of thing, especially if he carried an eyeglass, and wore a cowboy hat, gaiters, knickerbockers, flannel shirt with large silk handkerchief tied around his throat cornerwise. His conversation seemed to be limited to "Aw," "Yas," "Really," and so on. He was very fetching generally. Well, one morning they were really off, very early, returning about midnight quite tired out, but in rapture, well repaid for their exertion. They had climbed to the top of the glacier, or rather from a vivid description I should imagine that the ladies had been hauled up by ropes, but the naughty young Englishmen shirked their duty and stayed down at the lake, fishing.

Well! our ambition was all roused over again. Even Dorothea felt that one of us must see this lovely place. Some charming Scotch girls staying at the hotel were also anxious, so we made up a party, these two young ladies, their brother and myself. We were to go in their private car, have breakfast and dinner on board, and do the trip comfortably, but with the remembrance of glacier climbing

in Switzerland they decided we must get tacks put in our boots; "tacketed," I believe, is the technical expression. A shoemaker in the village did them for us. Orders were given for our sandwiches—mine with mustard—which Miller looked after himself, and for our being called early next morning in time for the train. In the middle of the night some time I was roused from a sound sleep. "Time to get up." I did and looked out of the window; ough! black, bleak, raw. How foolish to leave my comfortable bed. I wonder how the others feel, and I am quite sure it is going to rain. Just then came a voice from the inner room, "What are you doing at this unearthly hour?" "Going for that trip!" "You must be crazy. You'll be sick and have one of your headaches." By this time I felt quite wide awake and equal to a trip to the North Pole; a little opposition is a wonderful thing. "Well," concluded Dorothea; "If you must go, mind you wear your best hat and not that silly, jaunty, perky young sailor. A woman of your age!" I meekly promised, although I knew the hat I had been saving for Vancouver or some other fashionable centre would be ruined. Whenever I am particularly careful of some article of clothing something always happens. There were my best kid gloves. I denied myself the pleasure of wearing them and some other person took a fancy to them. I do feel ridiculously young. I know it is unseemly. My conscience pricks me often about it, so that when Dorothea throws my age at me, I always submit. We all met in the rotunda where a cheery wood fire was the centre of attraction until "All aboard" sounded. Then Mr. Matthews remembered that we must have firearms; something for protection, because there were lots of bears about. So he gave Mr. Claude a loaded revolver. However, we impressed upon him that worse than bears was a loaded revolver, and it was not to leave his pocket.

At the station we met with a smiling reception from

Vaughan and Rogers, the two colored servants on the car, and the intimation that breakfast was ready whenever we wanted it. We soon did want it, our drive of three miles through the clear frosty air had given us excellent appetites. Whilst breakfasting, along came the western train, became attached to us and off we were. When I am rich I intend having a car of my own—the delights of being switched on and off according to one's fancy! Well we really were on the way. What a morning! Clear and lovely, after all the bleakness of the beginning, the mountains glorious, their peaks shining like silver in the light, the "Bow" river winding in and out in the most fascinating way. Such lovely bits, first on one side, then on the other. We had a grand view of Castle Mountain, towering 5,000 feet high. There were the battlements, the towers and loopholes, and down below, look! Surely that must be the entrance to one of the dungeons, but we saw no signs of life—too early perhaps. We stopped once or twice before reaching Laggan where the train left us, to be called for. Well, we are so far on our journey; now to get definite directions as to the road. Easier said than done. We visited two or three cabins but no one seemed even to have heard of our lovely Lake Louise. At last the man in charge of the station came in sight and gave us all the information he could. We had to walk back to Lake Louise. There we should find a boat, and just a little way from the other side after we crossed the lake, was the glacier. Just as we were well away, he called us back to give us the key of the house at the lake. "You will be glad to go in and rest. Make yourselves at home and use anything you like." This was exceedingly thoughtful and we thanked him, but we noticed a mysterious twinkle in his eye. However, we were too intent on our expedition to take any stock in twinkles, so started off again in very gay spirits. We walked along, —nay, I think we skipped blithely—laughing and chatting. The way did not seem long, although I am sure it must have been quite five miles. The air was full of the delicious odor of fresh pine and exhilarating to the highest degree. We were all four as gay and buoyant as we could possibly be, without a care in the world. Cares could not exist in such an atmosphere. It was uphill steadily all the time, but just sufficiently so to be stimulating. After walking briskly for probably an hour and a half we caught a glimpse, shining through the trees, of the most exquisite colour. Oh! Can that be the Lake? How lovely? A little more walking brought us close to it. I never saw just such a colour. It was so delicate and at the same time so intense one felt that the water must be green clear to the bottom. I have seen lovely water in other places, for instance at Bermuda, where you get bewildering effects of vivid green patches on a bright intensely blue sea, but this was something quite different from anything else, and exceedingly beautiful. Lovely Lake Louise! Nestled so caressingly in the arms of these giants, or rather she is at their feet, because all around tower these stupendous mountains. A pretty Swiss Chalet, built for next year's occupation, does not detract from the view; it is charmingly situated and very picturesque. After gazing at this scene for some moments, quite carried away by its beauty, we were brought back to things mundane by an anxious voice. "But where is the guide?" This startled us. Where indeed? Now we had taken for granted the presence of that guide with his ropes ready, as much so as the certainty of the lake being here and the glacier over there. He was part of both; what was to be done? Were we to go ignominiously back without crossing the lake and climbing the glacier, just because such trifles as a man and rope were not to be found? Never! Why look how near the other side is, and the man at the station said just a little way from the "other side" was the glacier. Oh! That man! And here is the boat. Let us be independent and show those other people with their guides and ropes what we can do unaided. The boat was half full of water, but an accommodating person had left two tomato cans and a lobster can, and after diligent search we found still further evidence of cultivated civilization, an empty tin from Chicago, once full of pressed corn beef. Now it was pressed into our service. We baled and baled and finally with great difficulty got our craft afloat—flat bottomed and so heavy; built for safety, not speed. No danger of upsetting. We took it in turns to row, two at a time, whilst one paddled. How deceitful appearances are, and never more so than in these tranquil, heavenly looking places. How near that "other side" when we started and how much farther away after we had been rowing for a long, long time. But every thing comes to him who works, even the "other side." That is an old proverb with a new ending. After

mooring our boat safely, we explored and found the glacial stream which we took for our guide. Gingerly we picked our way over streams and boulders, trying for the first mile or so to keep our feet a little dry, but after crossing and re-crossing the stream, according to the exigencies of the occasion, for instance, as to whether we should step over boulders as high as a pretty good-sized house, or over those only of a few feet,—why feet wetting was a mere trifle, and we boldly forded streams where the water was quite deep. As for climbing boulders and fallen trees, nothing stopped us. We went straight over everything in the gayest spirits,—except, as I said, where the choice lay between a brown stone front and a modest little shack. "Shack" reminds me of a story. A lady travelling, note book in hand, voracious for indigenation—we have all met her—was picking up words indigenous to the country. At Banff she made two additions, at least she had got the definitions carefully written down. She enlightened her friends later on by telling them that "shinook" meant a dear little primitive hut; "Shack," a south-west wind which came from the Pacific coast, and melted all the snow and spoiled all the sleighing, you know."

We started at twenty minutes to ten from the car. At one we were still climbing, and as far as ever apparently from the glacier. Having come so far we could not turn back; we felt that we must succeed. So we kept up our courage and our spirits, which were beginning to flag ever so little, and on we went, climbing almost impossible heights, helping each other as best we could. We were pretty high up, among the clouds almost, at least so we thought, when the advance guard—if the advance guard is feminine, should you say guardess?—spied a crevasse away above, and this stimulated us to fresh efforts. After some very stiff "climbs"—the last was like trying to climb up the side of a house; oh for that rope, never mind the independence—we reached the top. What a reward! As one of our predecessors said in her description: "With all due reverence, I may say it was the most glorious sight this side of Heaven that one could possibly see." Glorious indeed was the world we were in all alone, four specks of humanity, surrounded on all sides by these huge mountains towering to the sky, hoary-headed. The ancients of days—they seemed to look down on us with contempt. They belonged to eternity—to all time. We were only accidental atoms, drifted hither by what varied chances. The vastness, the grandeur, the immensity fills one's soul. Miles upon miles all around us, far away in space. "But the glacier," you will say,—ah! well the glacier, as a glacier, does not amount to much, but

with such surroundings one does not care to criticise it. We counted several pretty big crevasses, and we threw pieces of ice down one, and heard internal rumblings and grumbings for a long time. Now then, almost as soon as we have gained our hearts' desire, we have to think of leaving it behind. We reached the summit at thirty-five minutes to two. We have been nearly five hours, and we have to get back again, if possible, before dark. So, with a parting look around, we began our descent, tumbling and rushing down headlong. Poor Mr. Claude's back must have been tired enough. There was always one of us three going off at a tangent, and he was always backing up to prevent accidents. Now that the excitement was over how tired we were. The "tacketing" had not been done by a master hand and there were several punctured heels. Suddenly it began snowing. You know how quickly a snow storm comes on in the mountains. It came down thickly, shutting out the mountains and isolating us still more. Such a weird, grey, desolate world we were in. All sorts of mysterious shadows stealing out on us. Why we ourselves were only ghosts stalking along. The holes and pitfalls innumerable got covered up. No short cuts now; our only chance for safety lay in following the stream. Ah me! did we actually climb all these boulders before? How long ago it must have been, and how the snow blinded us now. Our skirts "planked" as before our eyes. We had suddenly fallen into midwinter. It was bitterly cold. After long, weary walking we came in sight of and close to the boat, and there was a big black bear beside it. We stopped short. What was to be done now? Mr. Claude's hand involuntarily went to his pistol pocket, but there was an agonizing chorus, "Not that revolver, please; rather the black bear." Fortunately our black bear turned out only a bug-bear of a burnt stump. We had to scoop out the snow; it must have been at least six inches deep on the seat. Then we started to row across. I thought before I took my seat I could not possibly be wetter—I was mistaken. I was considerably so after a very few moments. Oh! how cold. Such numb fingers. Working with paddle or oar alone kept us from freezing; then the difficulty of steering in the blinding snow, we did so much more work on that account. One thought stimulated and cheered us. We had the house to go into to rest. Perhaps we could make a fire and eat some sandwiches. We had not taken enough time for lunch, so we were starving. When we landed we were dilapidated and limp mentally and physically; there was not a straight back amongst us. We shivered up to the house. Ugh! how wet and miserable



CASTLE MOUNTAIN.
(W. Notman & Son, photo.)

everything was about us. With aching blue cold fingers Mr. Claude managed to unlock the door. We entered. The room was absolutely bare. Not a vestige of anything to sit on. "Make ourselves at home and use anything we wanted"—that wretched man with twinkling eyes. He also had said the glacier was just a little way "from the other side." Never did I feel anything more deadly than the damp chill of that house. We left it as speedily as possible. I think we locked the door. Then we ran as well as we could to get a little of the chill off. We recovered our spirits before we had gone very far. We really had accomplished a great deal, and now it was all over we felt very proud of ourselves and patted each other on the back for being so plucky. One of the girls confided to me now that she was given to fainting in unexpected places and quite thought she was going to do so when we were near the top. Had I only known! We reached the car again at twenty minutes past five—nearly eight hours away. How cosy everything looked. We had first a hot cup of tea, whilst Vaughan went out and telegraphed to the hotel of our safe arrival, as our young people's father and mother would be uneasy. The tea was so good. Then we went to our rooms and literally peeled off everything. What a ruined mass of clothing. Boots like brown paper. Every article had to be dried. Fortunately in the wardrobe we found some dust cloaks. With these and blankets draped gracefully around us we masqueraded. We were luxurious, resting on soft couches until dinner was ready, and then we enjoyed ourselves. We were working people who had earned a good dinner. Only, I remember after a delicious leg of lamb, to which we did full justice, to our dismay Vaughan appeared with another meat course. We cast despairing glances at each other. One of the young ladies said, "We must eat some of this chicken or Roger's professional feelings will be hurt." So two of our quartette had to do duty; I, being the guest, was spared. How we talked of our expedition and how proud of our prowess we felt. Not that we would boast, but all the same we were very brave, clever, courageous, and a few other nice things. However we had a thoroughly enjoyable time, and by-and-by the express from Vancouver came along, picked us up and whirled us off, whilst we were comfortably reading or talking. Oh how I long for a private car. Before we reached Banff we had struggled into our shrunken, wilted garments, into boots which would not button. We reached the hotel about midnight, tired but happy, and, except from our poor feet and one ruined hat, nothing to mar our perfect content. On saying good night we each recommended one another to stay in bed for breakfast, but next morning we met in the dining-room as usual, feeling quite fresh. I was certainly very fortunate in having such cheery, bright companions, willing to make the best of everything, and able to endure any amount of fatigue. They were experienced travellers and delightfully willing to please and be pleased. They were kind enough to say that they also were fortunate, but modesty forbids my saying anything more on this subject.

I think we may safely predict that, as soon as known, Lake Louise is bound to become a favourite resort. What a haven for broken down, overstrung nerves to recuperate in! Then the air, laden with ozone, must be very good for lung troubles. I cannot imagine a more ideal summer resting place for a month or so to the over-wrought man or woman. The woods are lovely, comparatively clear of underbrush; no reptiles; no bears in summer. Our visit was paid in October when grislies and black bears abound. Then there are more lakes higher up in the mountains—something to explore for. One can have plenty of gentle exercise in rowing and walking. There is also a very good fishing.

There will, of course, be a good carriage road through the woods. I hope it may be my good fortune to revisit charming Lake Louise on some future expedition. So, with that hope, I will say, "Auf weidersehn."

H. M. SIMPSON.

Panic on an Ocean Greyhound.

It was into the steerage early in the morning that a son of the old sod rushed and shouted, "We're losht! We're losht!" "Losht is it?" cried his wife. "Losht!" screamed his children. "Losht! Hiven save and protect us!" yelled all his compatriots! "Yis, losht!" exclaimed the frenzied man. "Oi know we're losht, bekase th' captain's on tap o' th' cabin with a sphoy glass, an' another divil is atop a masht lukin' to foind out fwhere we are!"

Too Economical.

The celebrated physician, Dr. Jacoby, was walking along Broadway one day, when he met an old gentleman who was very rich, but who was, at the same time, noted for his extreme stinginess. The old man, who was somewhat of a hypochondriac, imagined that he could get some medical advice from Jacoby without paying for it.

"Doctor, I am feeling very poorly."

"Where do you suffer most?"

"In my stomach, doctor."

"Ah, that's bad. Please shut your eyes. That's right. Now put out your tongue, so that I can examine it closely."

The invalid did as he was told. After he had waited patiently for about ten minutes, he opened his eyes and found himself surrounded by a crowd who supposed that he was crazy. Dr. Jacoby had, in the meantime disappeared.—*The Comic.*

Thomas Hood, driving in the country one day, observed a notice beside a fence, "Beware the dog." There not being any signs of a dog, Hood wrote on the board: "Ware be the dog?"

In the Literary Line.

Hicks—Mr. Bombom, I understand, is one of the literati of our city.

Wicks—Yes, he is employed on the *Morning Squealer*.

Hicks—Does he write those able editorials that delight me so much, I wonder.

Wicks—Oh, no; he doesn't fritter away his talents on editorial writing. His literary work is directed in an entirely different channel. He gets up the cane contests, sends up the balloons, touches off the fireworks and concocts statistics to boom the paper's circulation. Mr. Bombom, in short, is way up in the literary line.—*Boston Transcript.*

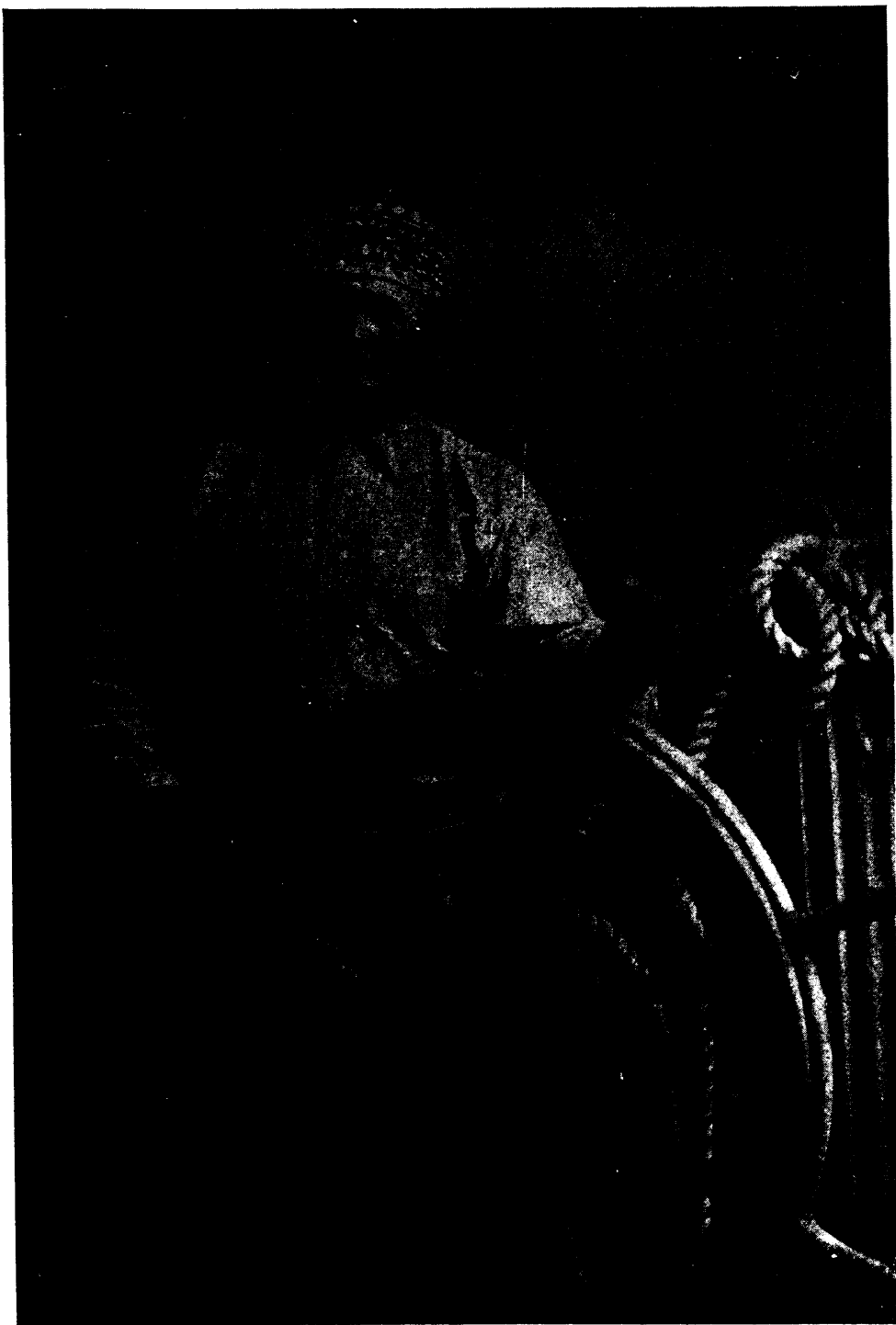
The church had been erected, the usual dinner was given, and at the conclusion the health of the builder was proposed, when he rather enigmatically replied that he was "more fitted for the scaffold than for public speaking."

"What is the matter, dearest?"

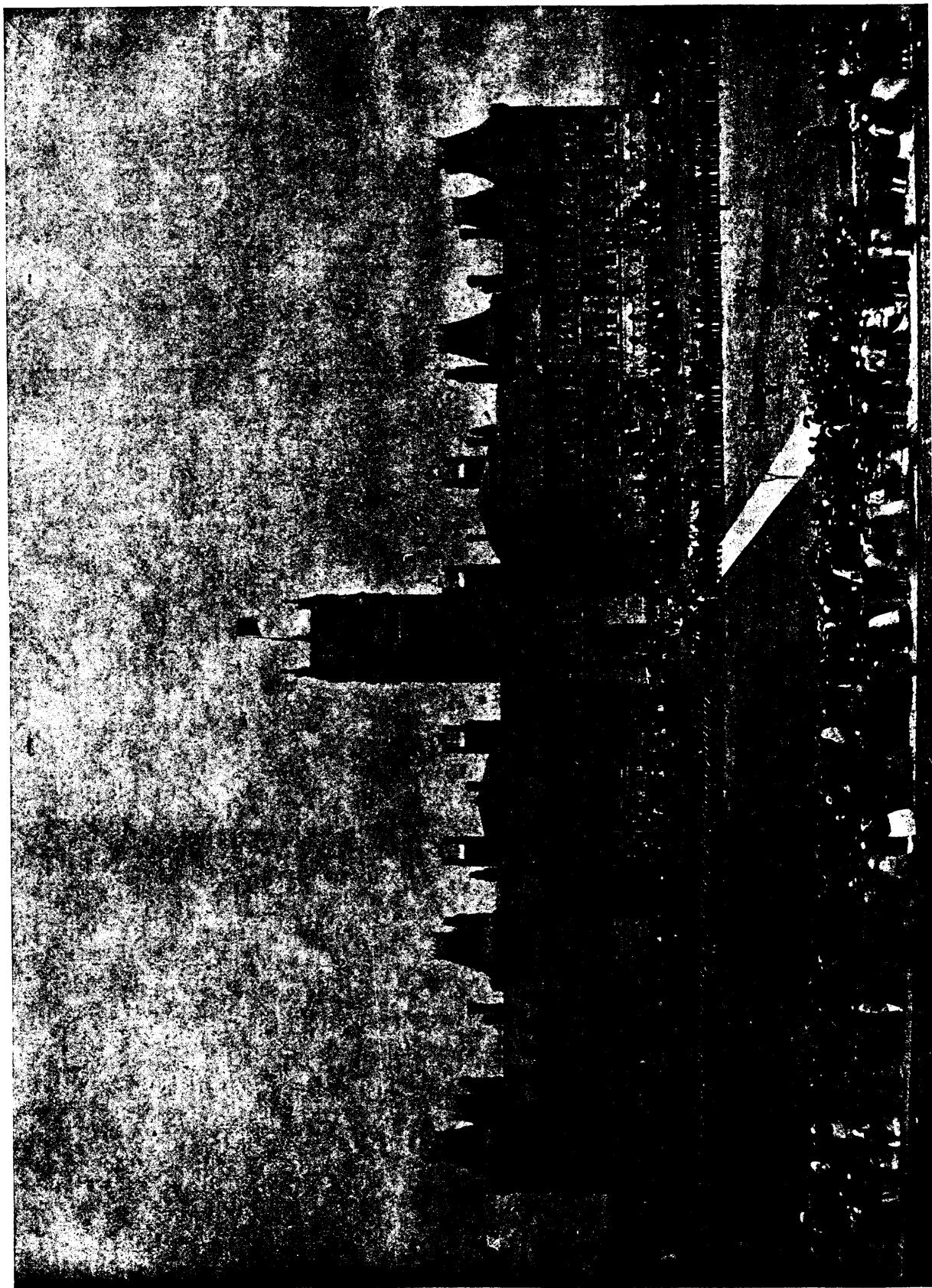
"Somefin' awful's happened, mamma."

"Well, what is it, sweetheart?"

"My d—doll—baby got away from me and bwoked a plate out in the pantwy."—*Harper's Young People.*



THE INDIAN PILOT.
(W. Notman & Son, photo.)



THE REVIEW AT OTTAWA, 24th MAY, 1867.

ROSALIE'S DOWER.

BY BLANCHE L. MACDONELL.



“The little Rosalie has lost her mistress? Without doubt, then, she seeks another place?” Pierre Chauvin, who delighted in hearing and repeating “some new thing,” leaned against the fence with the deliberative air of one who has determined to enjoy himself in a leisurely manner.

Pierre was the inveterate village gossip, and he worked assiduously at his calling. He had made his property over to his children, and lived upon the allowance granted by them in return, with the avowed purpose of spending the remainder of his days in enjoyment. In his unwearying efforts to distract himself he often succeeded admirably in distracting his neighbours as well.

“This good mistress, no doubt, left the little one a remembrance?” in his most insinuating tone.

“Ah! for that I have no complaint to make. This worthy Madame Ogre was of the kindest: the little one was as the apple of her eye.”

Madame Goufiel laid down her basket and, with perfect smiling effrontery, stared her interlocutor full in the face. Her nervously vivacious manner, the mischievous sparkle of the black eyes, the myriad traits of sly manner that peeped out of every line of her countenance, betrayed how deeply the little woman was interested in the subject of the conversation, for it concerned her only child. She had a short, energetic little figure, wiry black hair, so indomitably curly that it frizzled and bristled into tiny wrinkles above the shrewd, bright face, a complexion brown as a berry, sparkling dark eyes, a low brow, and broad smiling mouth, a comic little nose with a piquant upward twist. Several of the villagers had collected and were listening eagerly. Auguste Cadieux, a man of exemplary piety, who could talk upon sacred subjects almost as well as M. le Cure himself, and the fortunate possessor of three good farms, who happened to be strolling up the *Grande Rue*, paused beside the group. For the last twenty years Mr. Cadieux had constantly been engaged in earnest attempts to marry advantageously, but, owing to a tenacious determination to get the best of the matrimonial bargain, every effort to convert the eligible bachelor into a benedict had resulted in disastrous failure. As Ma'me Goufiel glanced around the circle of curious faces, her eyes happened to alight on Cadieux. This little French-Canadian was a proud, ambitious woman, with an unappeasable taste for distinction, like a live coal, forever burning in her heart, who had been doomed to an existence of poverty and obscurity. Was it a temptation or was it an inspiration, that thrilling and bewitching thought which, like a spark of electric fire, flashed through every vein and nerve? A daring venture, a celestial vision of brilliant success floated before her dazzled eyes. A crowd of quick-coming, fantastic suggestions took away the widow's breath. Animated by this great idea, the temptation simply became unconquerable. Inspired by one of those instinctive certainties which are not capable of explanation, she was impelled to open her batteries boldly.

“Neighbours, you will all be glad to learn that my Rosalie returned to me, but no longer as a poor girl.” She made this decisive utterance with dignity and composure, speaking with a modest innocence and simplicity which were beautiful to see. Then turning to Cadieux with an engaging smile and a delusive air of amiable candor, “Monsieur, it is with you I would speak. The cottage on the *Grande Rue*, is it yet for sale? I look even now for a convenient property. We would establish ourselves in comfort, the little one and I. Me, I think little of such things, but what will you? The young see with different eyes from us others. The small abode which has sheltered me will scarcely suit the tastes of Mam'zelle Rosalie.”

There was a dead pause of incredulity and amazement. “Mam'zelle Rosalie!” the listeners regarded each other in unfeigned astonishment. Think of it—Ma'me Goufiel, who had toiled to support her worthless drunken husband, and who was herself assisted by her girl, in service at Quebec. The neighbours had always considered the widow addicted to unseemly airs and graces; she had even been detected in roguish tricks, but could the most limitless audacity carry her to such a length as this? She would buy property; that was something tangible. This slight confirmation of Ma'me Goufiel's story gave it a value beyond its merits, and

not only disarmed suspicion, but made it appear absurdly impossible.

“*Mon dieu!* is it then the week of the three Thursdays?” whispered one woman to another.

“She has chance, truly. Believe me, the mouth that laughs shows its teeth; for, ordinarily, Ma'me Goufiel is of the most silent; but of a reserve truly marvellous.”

A new interest instantly illuminated Cadieux's lean and lantern-jawed visage. If the little Goufiel had really inherited anything considerable—though he had not the faintest intention of committing himself until he had obtained all the guiding particulars which he considered desirable—he might, perhaps, be inclined to think of her. At all events she would serve to play off against the rich *habitant's* daughter in the next parish, with whom he was just then negotiating.

Pierre's vehement curiosity could no longer be restrained.

“Ouida, and is the legacy large? But these English are of the richest, what—?”

“Mind thy manners, Pierre Chauvin. Thou must have lost thine head to ask questions like that.” The widow's face was scarlet, even her funny little upturned nose grew red, her eyes snapped, her curls quivered. “Tell not thy secrets in the ears of the cat. For me, I waste not my breath in talking. I, who am in despair for time. Nor would there be peace in Paradise even for the blessed saints if thou wert there with thy meddling curiosity.”

This exordium produced its natural effect upon the attentive audience. Would the excited dame's spirit be so high if exaltation of fortune had not produced a corresponding elation of spirits? Pierre was not in the least disconcerted. He murmured in his most conciliatory tone.

“Bite with but one tooth, neighbour. It is but natural thy friends should felicitate thee upon thy good fortune. When it concerns not my trade, I lend but one ear—”

“Ta, ta, ta, thy trade, my fine big fellow. Is it not that of scandal-mongering? A fine profession, truly.”

“Say, then, is it necessary to affront madame? See to it, Pierre Chauvin,” Cadieux interfered promptly.

The moment was propitious. Triumphantly conscious that victory had remained in her hands, and that she had escaped closer inquiry, the widow took her departure. It was a hot day, and even the intoxicating excitement tingling through her veins could not decrease the heaviness of her basket. The handsome, lazy scapegrace, Jean Minot, who, aimlessly sauntering out of the tavern, had paused to hearken to his neighbour's comments, straightened himself up with a novel air of purpose and resolution. When he overtook the weary woman and courteously insisted upon relieving her of her burden, her heart expanded under the combined influence of her own ambitious hopes and his respectful consideration. On their way she discussed her plans and prospects very freely and boastfully.

“The nose of that snake of a Pierre is of sufficient length to reach the utmost limit of everybody's business, and for eyes, but he is even provided with eyes at the back of his head. Say, is it not so, my friend?”

“Most assuredly; you are of those who comprehend, I answer to you for it, madame. And I remember Mam'zelle Rosalie so well, me. It happened often that we played together as children,” as he touched his hat politely at parting. Looking up into the picturesque, rich-inted face, the flattered little woman was ready to swear that the village gossips had been hard upon Gros Jean, even if he happened to be a graceless fellow with a handsome face and no particular prospects, and that he, like a more exalted personage, was not so black as he was painted.

Vanneuil was situated nearly twenty miles from the nearest railway station. Ma'me Goufiel had arranged that a cousin of her own, a staid, sober farmer, who had business at St. Petroville the day of Rosalie's arrival, should meet the girl and drive her home. All preparations had been completed. Every corner of the little house was pure and bright as loving hands could render it; the tiny garden bloomed with a gay profusion of flowers; with a delightful feeling of gratified anticipation swelling in her heart, the mother sat at her door. Suddenly the clatter of horse's hoofs broke the serenity of the evening stillness. Could it possibly be the respectable Xavier Marchand who was careering along in that extremely breakneck fashion? The

sturdy Canadian pony flew like the wind; the high caleche swayed and jolted and bumped as though it enjoyed the exercise. Could it be that the driver so proudly erect, cracking his whip with so fine a flourish was Gros Jean? and the pretty girl beside him, with gay ribbons flying, blushing and dimpling into radiant smiles, could that be Rosalie? Ma'me Goufiel's momentary annoyance was promptly dissipated by Jean's suave explanations. He had chanced to drive over to St. Petroville on an errand for his uncle, the blacksmith of St. Pie, and had found Rosalie waiting at the station; he had eagerly seized the occasion of rendering a service to a respected neighbour. As she clasped her daughter in her arms, the mother could think of nothing but her own pride, delight and satisfaction.

Mr. Cadieux had no intention of allowing the grass to grow beneath his feet concerning either business or pleasure. He made his appearance at the cottage the very next day after Rosalie's arrival, and thus was initiated an acquaintance which was speedily cemented by frequent friendly visits.

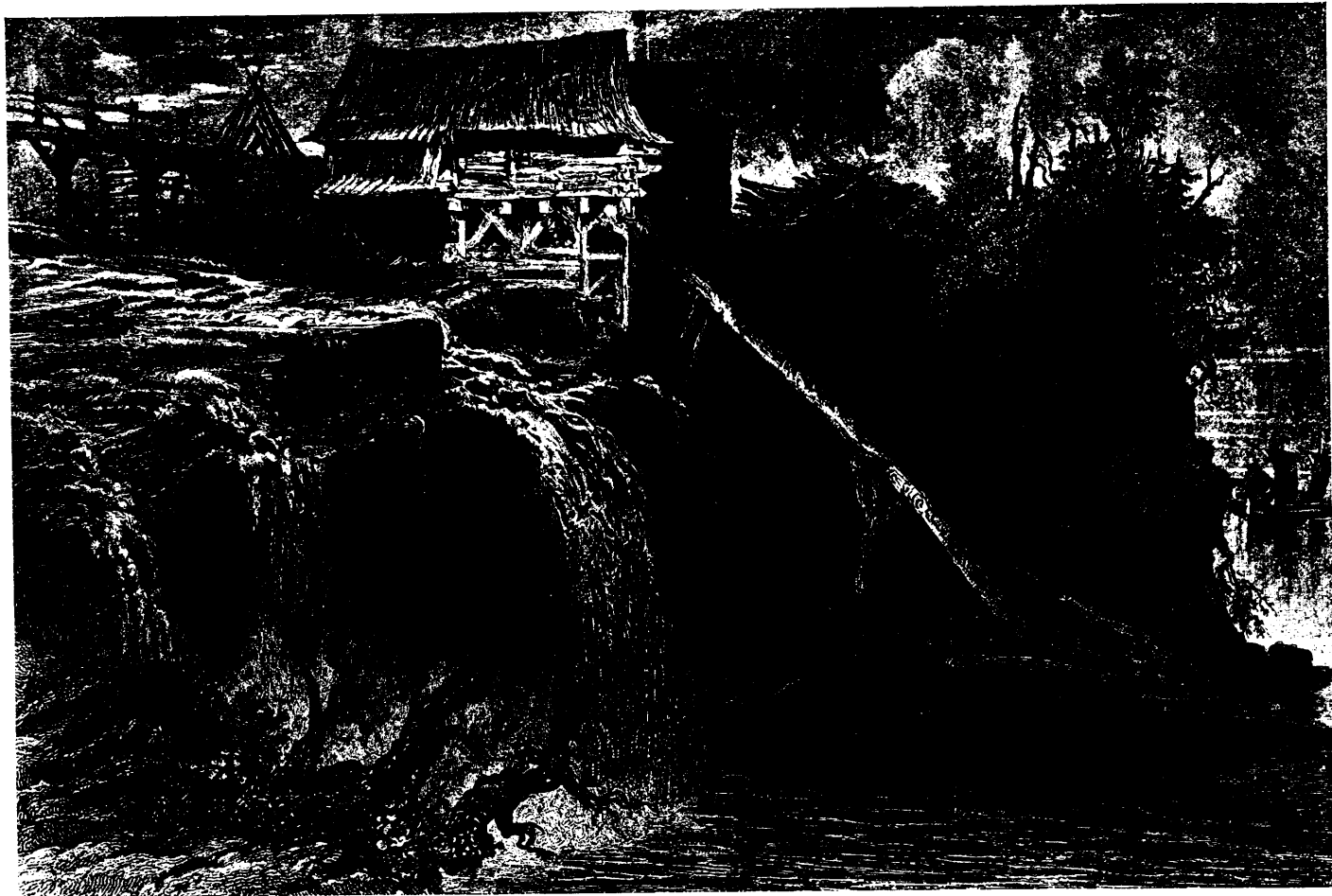
“But neat as a new *sou* and pretty as the waxen Infant Jesu of the midnight mass,” was the verdict passed by the man of experience upon the widow's only daughter.

During her six years' residence in the city, the young girl had acquired an alertness which rendered her totally different from her village companions; the distinction was subtle but plainly perceptible. The little dewy face, full of clouds and sunshine, was attractive with a sentiment of youthful freshness and fragrance. She was fond of fun and frolic, mirthful, captivating, capricious, but always charming; full of innocently artful, coquettish wiles and irresponsible love of pleasure. She was quite as ready to flirt with the gaunt and awkward Cadieux as with any other of her numerous adorers, and received his clumsy tributes to her charms with gracious readiness. Besides these merely frivolous gratifications, the saintly Cadieux kept other objects steadily in view. He anxiously desired to sell his property and to find out the exact amount of Rosalie's dower; until these decorous preliminaries were settled, he had determined not to commit himself, however seductive the temptation offered. At times, Ma'me Goufiel's gallant spirit was almost quelled by the shrewd and wary glint of his eye, as it rested upon her. The hectic flush of courage was often succeeded by the dreadful chills of fear. Still Ma'me Goufiel possessed the gift of a fine imagination, and that faculty enabled her to grasp a realizing sense of that coveted sunshine of prosperity and consideration for which her soul longed. Then there was a stimulating and exhilarating excitement about these brilliant visions which was absolutely intoxicating. To lead the wary bachelor to commit himself was the widow's chief object; she firmly believed that if he were once enthralled by the girl's charms, he would be unable to cast off the spell. Cadieux was equally determined that he would not advance a step without being sure of his ground. In tact and adroitness he was no match for the wily widow. She listened patiently to his interminable legends of the saints; plentifully administered the soothing balm of flattery, skilfully employing all the ingratiating art she knew, and, with circuitous caution, cleverly avoided inconvenient explanations.

The cottage had other visitors. Pierre Chauvin haunted its precincts with such pertinacity that a rumour that the elderly widower was consumed by a violent desire to marry the voluble little widow became widely disseminated in Vanneuil. No sentimental fancy obscured the calmly inquiring intelligence of the village gossip. Pierre smoked reflectively, said very little, and listened with all his ears. In his unappeasable longing for news, he scented mystery from afar and had set his heart upon penetrating the secret. This swift change in the Goufiel's prospects formed the centre of thought for the community. Cadieux's subjugation furnished a piquant spectacle to all interested observers. Gros Jean, looking handsome, melancholy and abstracted, also, often dropped into the widow's abode, in a friendly, neighbourly fashion. Not that he received much apparent encouragement. Rosalie scorned and flouted and jeered at him so unmercifully that the mother felt it incumbent upon her to take his part. The older woman was quite willing to let the handsome youth serve as a foil, hoping to pique and stimulate the object of her schemes to a swift decision.

“Rub not the hairs of Gros Jean the wrong way, my girl,” she counselled. “The poor lad has politeness for his old friends, and has the sense to appreciate good qualities when he sees them.”

The possessor of the three farms, being himself of phenomenal ugliness, regarded his young rival with extreme disfavour. In his most authoritative tone, Cadieux delivered edifying homilies upon the follies and frailties of black sheep



AN OLD MILL ON THE OTTAWA.

in general, to which the handsome lazy fellow listened serenely, casting meanwhile ardent, pleading, reproachful glances at his neighbour's pretty daughter, who always made a transparent pretense of utter unconsciousness. Amidst this group of absorbed, self-interested people fluttered little capricious Rosalie like some airy butterfly created only for joy and pleasure; a creature beset by tender, youthful fancies, entering a charmed inner circle of passion and emotion.

"It appears to me that the occasion is favourable. Thou must marry, my daughter. The world was not made for thee to dance in."

Rosalie tossed her head till her earrings jingled again.

"Oh! fy, fy, what a shame. Though art capricious, my little cabbage; that must be allowed between ourselves. It is ever thus with the young; a droll farce in truth, caprice, caprice and still caprice. Misericorde! but we are fools in youth, we others. It is I who ought to know that, for, *seigneur dieu!* these things have made me greatly to suffer. One false step and all is spoilt forever, and where is the gain, my heart?"

"But when one loves," Rosalie ventured sentimentally. The drooping of the long lashes concealed the sparkle of the red brown eyes. The girl bent her head with a modest discretion, which prevented her mother from noticing the carmine flush which crimsoned her cheek.

"There are two words to a bargain. Love—that is one thing, but marriage is another pair of sleeves. Love," with a disdainful grimace,—"A few days, or weeks, or months, how long I know not—what does it make, that?—to care for some poor, unworthy spindle of a creature; then, for all the life long, he teaches one to fear, to hate, to work like a beaver, to bear his burden. Misere! when husband and wife spit at each other like cats, and the husband is of necessity the strongest." A genuine tragic pathos appeared in every line of the quaint, puckered face, and was betrayed in every accent of the quivering voice. "Figure to thyself that to me marriage meant cold and hunger, toil, and shame, and misery. There is no laughing under the nose when it relates to that—the thought is enough to break a rock in two, true as I tell you. *Ouais!* when I think on it, I know not whether to weep like a watering pot or to scratch somebody's eyes out. But why make such a time, little fool? There are marriages and marriages, and thine shall not be of that species, faith of Sophie Goufiel." The widow nodded her head, every crinkled curl bobbing gaily with the

motion. "We will do our little possible; it is thine old mother who is capable of arranging that. See to it then, *ma chérie.* Behold the amiable M. Cadieux who arrives."

Rosalie rushed to her little mirror. As she gazed at the charming image reflected therein, her careless, gleeful laugh rang out confidently. How droll it seemed that these old ones should once have loved; but of course they could never have known anything like her own love-lit dreams; the marvellous glamour of youth and hope, of love and faith was reflected for her alone.

"My mother, you would not have me return to the city, but marry and settle near you; many times you have assured me of that. We have sometimes mistaken each other, but at present it is peace between us." The reality of a genuine affection touched Rosalie's brunette beauty to an expression of sweet earnestness.

With a tremor of nerves and soul, Ma'me Goufiel sank into a chair, still watching her daughter's face with constantly increasing solicitude and a dreadful suppressed eagerness. The Holy Virgin be praised that all uncertainty was over. A sense of relief that almost reached ecstasy thrilled through her. Her expectations had arisen to a white heat, silent, consuming; a very frenzy of suspense. Now, at this culminating crisis of all her hopes, she began to realize how severe a strain the last few weeks had been upon her energies and faculties; how irritating had been the progress of these slow preliminaries. How sweet would be the bliss of successful repose.

"He has always pleased you well. He will be as a son to you, my mother. He is so handsome, so kind, so generous."

Ma'me Goufiel's eyes opened wide. She could make allowance for youthful extravagance of feeling, the eminently natural exultations of a girl who had secured the owner of three good farms for a husband, but she was of a literal turn of mind, and, even in her triumphant confusion, did not allow this statement to pass unchallenged.

"But, see you," she muttered, "a son, truly—thy future nearly approaches my own age. If thou canst persuade thyself of his beauty, it is well; then, three fine farms and a house of the best—"

"A house and farms. You dream, mother. All the world knows that we shall, indeed, be poor in all save love."

"Poor! The richest man in the parish. Auguste Cadieux—"

"Cadieux!" with a cry of contemptuous derision. "That proud turkey with the eye of a dead fish and a hand whose touch is cold and clammy like a snake."

Ma'me Goufiel rose stiffly, the movement appeared to require great exertion. Her voice sounded thin and dry; her heart beating in her throat suffocated her.

"Who is it then?"

"But Jean, Jean Minot; truly that explains itself; it is quite simple."

"But Jean," the widow repeated blankly, feeling that, breathless and stupified, she was being carried away on the wild whirl of a dream.

"Jean—but what other? You ever showed yourself his friend."

The commotion that assailed the schemer at this speech was like an internal earthquake. She raised her eyes in mute, agonized appeal. Novel forces of energy and resolution had moulded her daughter's girlish beauty into a strong and tender womanliness. A spasm of despair rent the mother's heart; misery, rage and the bitterness of baffled hope burned within her. The sorest sting lay in the fact that she had been deceived and betrayed. She had been beaten with her own weapons—terribly, miserably, mercilessly beaten. As she acknowledged the subtle change which had taken place in the girl, the mother was smitten by a scathing conviction that she herself had grown very old, feeble and stricken; utterly unable to cope with the passionate insistence of a desperate youthful determination.

"And what, after all, was the actual amount of the little Goufiel's dower?" inquired Cadieux a few months after Rosalie's marriage to Gros Jean.

Pierre Chauvin laughed, a dry, mirthless chuckle, which shook his whole frame and ended in a cough.

"Dower, truly. Her only dower was her pretty face, and, as things go at present, that won't be of long duration. She will pay through the nose for her fancy, the little one. Sainte dame! When I think of it. She had saved twenty dollars in service, but Gros Jean spent that on a spree the first week of his married life. Now the women work to keep him in comfort. I wish them good chance, me."

Cadieux drew a long breath. Then he smiled, showing his teeth in a somewhat forced and ghastly manner, with a smile of relishing cruelty. "Ah! a good-for-nothing of that species!—it was to be expected—and, without doubt, the old one has received her deserts."

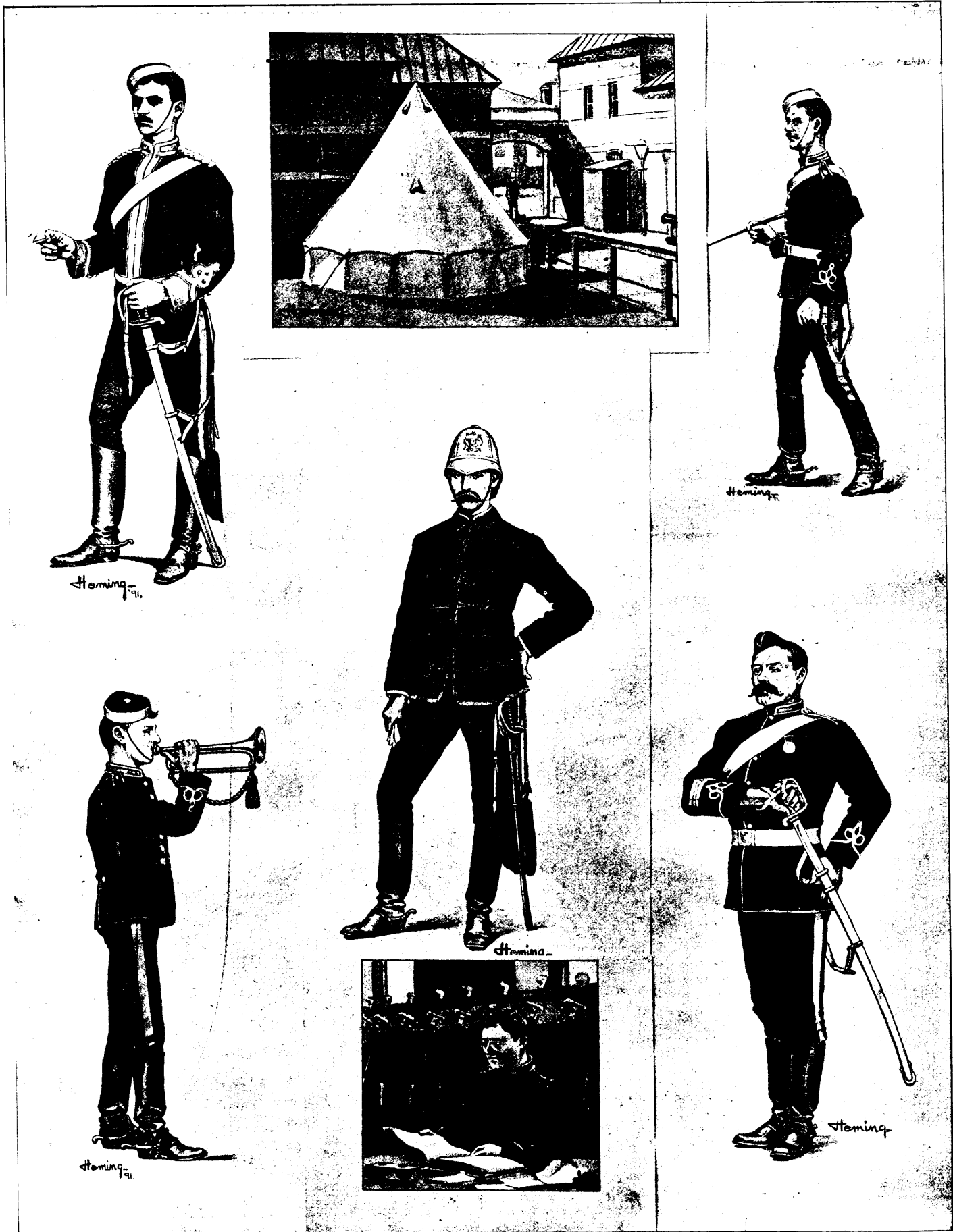


IN THE LOVER'S WALK, OTTAWA.

(G. R. Lancefield, photo.)



SANS ASILE.
(After the statue by Fernand-Dubois.)



Lieut. Duncan.
Bugler.

Guard Tent.
Major Van Wagner.
Orderly Room Clerk.

"Off Duty."
The Instructor.

THE HAMILTON FIELD BATTERY.

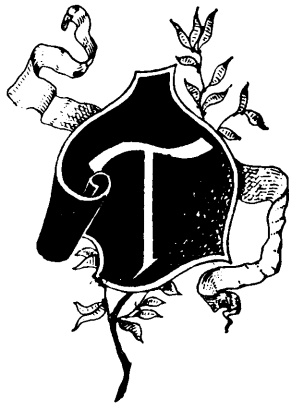


A SERGEANT.
THE HAMILTON FIELD BATTERY



CHERRYFIELD, December 16th, 1891.

DEAR DOMINION,—



O YOU, and all the staff and craft, a day off—a brush with St. Nick, and plenty of spoils—enough fat in the goose, and sweet suet in the pudding—a sprig of holly to remind you of that land where Christmas is best observed,—in a word, a merry and a happy season! Don't let the day pass without proper ritual, amid which let Milton's "Hymn" of the Nativity be read, and the Introduction to Canto Sixth of "Marmion."

THE MASTER.

VI.

Full well they laughed...

At all his jokes, for many a joke had he.

All this is of the past, school-fellows; and well it is, I hear you say, if we have gone on to that which is better. I grant it, there should have been a more gracious spirit; and nobler, sweeter manners should have been moulded there. Well had we been instructed under the rule of Him who breaks not and bruises not wantonly. Yet we were not always shy and fearful of our teacher; for, after all, there was little or nothing in him of the coldly-cruel or satirical mood, and he was, in the main, a kindly hearted man, abounding in cheerfulness. A merry sparkle was often in his eyes, and well he loved his joke and his story. He did not sing; but his life was not devoid of all music. There went and came the occasional storms, which passed, perchance leaving the atmosphere of the school the clearer, when the rolling thunders sounded like echoes laughing into distance; while the vanishing cloud-wreaths were but the murky foil to the sun's returning splendour. There was a certain spice of humour even in his severity; and he who suffered most would now confess he deserved most of what he suffered.

Often in the later hours of a winter afternoon, when the younger scholars were few, and the older had put aside their slates and books, he would unbend himself. Then, seated near the rusty stove reddening with heat along its bulging sides, he would entertain us with some anecdote or reminiscence of an earlier day, while we forgot to notice the swiftly falling shadows, and troubled not ourselves with unpleasing memories of chores undone awaiting us at home. Then would he tell us how in his boyhood, among the sugar-camps tending the boiling sap, he encountered the mysteries of mensuration, wrestled with trigonometry, and mastered in his sleep the insoluble problem which had baffled his waking powers. At any rate, there was the result in the morning! Or he chuckled to tell us how the scholars in a certain district locked the boosy Irish master in the school-house, then went to the woods for a half-holiday, to come shouting back in the late afternoon with branches of wild-cherry in full blow,—apt tokens of victorious independence; and how they let their sobered but wrathful captive out, who, just then a little chap-fallen, made them smart for their mischief next morning. All these things were given with peculiar gusto. And do you not remember his vagrant of the Emerald Isle, who would call at a farm-house and state his case so ambiguously? "Ye haven't a dhrop o' wather that ye'd give a poor thraveller a sup o'—mi-lkk, row?" finishing up his request with a doubtful quaver, and adding—"no-o-o?" as anticipative of refusal, in a drawling, lugubrious tone, quite delicious, to hear our master's imitation of it. Or he told us of the mill-man who had gone struggling down into the chill water between the rolling logs by the mill and had seen unspeakable visions, before strong hands could draw him up to light and air and the agony of returning consciousness. With the thought of him comes Locke Amsden's romance of love and lore among Vermont's green hills, and the wonderful African story of Kallulah, all of which helped to nourish those seeds in my mind, of the fanciful and remote, which have flourished more than any others. How we all listened;

meanwhile the whistling wind sifted the snow against the windows, and howling round the corners of the house gave by contrast an added sense of homely security.

School-fellow! didst ever discover the secret of the dark loft? And, being left behind alone to become weary of thy solitude in the room below, didst scale the wall, force the trap, and enter through the ceiling that stifling penetralia of dust and cobwebs? There I see thee lie, brimful of thy mischief and shaking with stifled mirth, to give the master a momentary surprise when he—thy gaoler—should unlock the door. Better thou hadst been busied with thy already too-much-neglected spelling-book. Thou wast already at the foot of thy class, and this is but one of thy summer tricks! Or thou art, perchance, the luckless fellow who—when evening darkened on thy captivity, and thou wert hungering more for thy supper than were the cows thou shouldst bring home,—didst stealthily lift the sash and creep into surreptitious liberty, only to smart for it the next morning, and find thyself at evening again in double bondage.

A pocket-tome of some choice author [you do well to keep a precious lot of them around you, remembering with Johnson how superior in serviceableness they are,] is an agreeable companion to bring to the fireside, or carry for company on some solitary walk. I found it so, for more, I suspect, than the thousandth time, when, the other day, I had occasion to take a tramp through a bit of woodland familiar to me, on my parish rounds. I picked this up by chance, but was the more pleased to find it that most admirable piece of writing in its kind, the "Thoughts on the Present Discontents," by Edmund Burke; and, the more so, because of the revival of my interest in him by Mr. Davin's late allusions, in the *Week*, to that great commoner. What an expansion of thought and feeling is the result of such a refreshment from this fountain of pure English; and how your narrow notions and feeble prejudices drop away, like quills loosened from the back of the "fretful porcupine," while you come in contact with such large and luminous views and expositions of great principles. He was classed among the impracticables, by the liminary utilitarians and place-seekers of his day; but his were no flimsy schemes, no cobweb fancies, but the patterns of just designs in the heavens, that the political ages are to work out. In the domain of intelligence—

"He dreamt not of a perishable home
Who thus could build."

Under the green arches, the interlacing branches of pines, and through all that winding road, the shadow of this ever-living man,—the Abdiel of unassailable faith and of superb ideals,—went before me, and illumined the way. He is of that rare order of minds that grow the more upon the world the nearer it advances goalward along the parabolic path of progress toward a virtuous intent and a right reason. Though for generations the grave-rust has had leave to gather above his bones, there is none upon his fame; and he is better known and understood by the men of to-day, than by those in the midst of whom he lived and moved. And his are the future centuries, with still warmer love and deeper knowledge; for the better and wiser the times become the more will he be to them. Yet in the days that were his among men, his lot was one infected with evils bitter to such a spirit, and far from palmy. His were few prizes and no spoils,—for which he did not conspire or waylay. To be rich, or titled, or fawned upon, was not his political mission on the earth. For long years, sitting upon opposition benches, seldom in office, and never high in favour or estate; too far beyond the aims and principles of his time for popularity, too rigorous in character and thought for adaptability to a British House of Commons of that date, his feet went not upon roses, though they turned not back because of the thorns. Never nobler lips, with prolonged sentences of loftier import, met the insult of empty benches, or the impertinent interruptions of hostile hearers. He was not, indeed, without the frailties of men of his order, and from which even the frame of the majestic Milton was not exempt,—such as a growing impatience, mingled with disdain, of the littleness and miserable follies with which so many beset him. It is the infirmity we might wish spared a noble mind, that, in the perpetual siege of indignities, misunderstandings and neglects, it may become embittered, incur the stigma of uncharitableness, and develop an extreme, and,—to most men,—an absurd, irritability, quite impossible to a lower organization. So, while the devotee of faction chafed in secret, for the security of place and the repletion of pocket, this man spake with dreadless energy the thing that burned in his heart and fermented in his mind. Spake it, too, as none others could speak it. Such a man cannot fail to be

well hated: let him be incorruptible as an angel, his enemies multiply in the gate. Let him dream of serpents the night long, he cannot see so many as his foes shall be. Yet it was not venality, or any baseness that brought corrosion to his mind; if anything, this petty abuse, perpetual disappointment, poverty, illness and sorrow. His most enduring and satisfying friendships were among the literary men of the age. But these things are of the past; and, as for most of the arrogants of his time, we know them not, for they have nothing to impart. What, however, is he to us, that he should live the life of lives, while others die? We know him as the loftiest spirit of his time, and one of the first of all times. Aside from his character, his intellect makes futurity immensely his debtor; for, as has been truly said of him, "he made the ablest speeches that were ever heard in the British Parliament." He connected himself and his history by the most indissoluble of ties, with a number of the greatest subjects that ever were discussed and debated by man: with the contest between England and her American Colonies; with Catholic Emancipation; with the Trial of Warren Hastings, and generally with all East Indian affairs; with the French Revolution, and with other matters:—while the dozen volumes which contain his writings and speeches belong to the very first rank of British political and historical literature, and are read by every man who aspires to understand history and politics."

The enthusiasm of self-sacrifice (proportionate, not only to the greatness of the need and the sacredness of the cause, but to the unworldly devotion of the devotee,) is capable of begetting sympathy in the breasts of a host of followers, beside the most exquisite pleasure to be derived from a moral source, in the mind so upborne by generous resolution. For is not such an one the chosen—the elect of the times, called unaware, maybe, to a leadership of suffering,—to represent illustriously what many are content to cherish obscurely,—freedom, honour, truth, purity; not as abstractions, or words, but as parts of their inmost spiritual being. But this divine intoxication is more uplifting with the swell of the popular wave, and at its summit, than after that crisis is past. The building of the pile is like a holiday, and martyrs have borne themselves like seraphs; but the hymn is amidst the flame, not amongst the ashes. The most bravely-ordered heart is human still, and capable of faintness, when the cause seems gone by default, and injustice temporarily triumphs, and its heroic defender is consigned to solitude and forgetfulness, while the public attention is turned away. Then, indeed,

"When Nature sinks, as oft she may,
Through long-lived pressure of obscure distress,
Still to be strenuous for the bright reward,"

nourishing faith and inward rectitude,—this is the sovereign remedy; looking to the morning, when the shadows shall flee, and the sufferer shall come forth amid the all-hails of good his constancy has established, "true yoke-fellow of Time," openly the approved of God and the people.

"He henceforth shall have a good man's calm,
A great man's happiness; his zeal shall find
Repose."

We know not yet what will be the event with Mr John P. Whelan; but, if a just man and just cause,—as we believe,—in any event he is happier than most men deem. If Mr. Mercier shall attain his purpose, Mr. Whelan will have some private opportunity of comparing the purity of his motives with Mr. Mercier's, and of resolving whether he will abandon the standard he has lifted up. Among the blessed things which are the nutriment of just souls in solitude we will then commend the inspiration of heroic literature, and those ideals and examples by which the finest spirits in adversity have ever been sustained. A brief but excellent instance is the Sonnet of Keats, addressed to Leigh Hunt,* when incarcerated under conditions similar:

What though, for showing truth to flattered state,
Kind Hunt was shut in prison, yet has he,
In his immortal spirit been as free
As the sky-searching lark, and as elate.
Minion of grandeur! think you he did wait?
Think you he nought but prison-walls did see,
Till, so unwilling, thou unturn'lst the key?
Ah, no! far happier, nobler was his fate!
In Spenser's halls he stray'd, and bowers fair,
Culling enchanted flowers; and he flew
With daring Milton through the fields of air:
To regions of his own his genius true
Took happy flights. Who shall his fame impair
When thou art dead, and all thy wretched crew?

* Upon reference, I find that the sonnet was "written on the day that Mr. Hunt left prison;" and, as the reader will see, it is not in the form of an address or apostrophe.

A postal card from Mr. Duvar contains the following bit of scepticism, which, being so exposed to the public eye, must have been public property from the outset :

"Friend Edison may think 'twas he invented
The greatest marvel of this wondrous age ;
But, when I see the Phonograph indented
On rites of Isis and Pharaonic page,
I doubt the fact !—and so, say I, the bard,
The Age's Wonder is the POSTAL CARD,

and so I avail myself of it to say —."

* * *

So long ago as the days of the *Maritime Monthly*, a book of song, by the above author, entitled "John a' Var, His Lays," was heralded in its pages ; but, so far as we are concerned, it became a dream and expectation, with the pleasing exception of a few fragments, which, by the poet's permission, are here presented. "A' Var (Du Var?) was a troubadour, with all the quaint traits of his profession, who went to the second Crusade and wound up by becoming a monk. The book gives the lyrics he sung. Had I lived in those days (the author writes privately what is here published) I, too, would have been a troubadour and gone to the second Crusade, and not unlikely ended by becoming a monk. Enclosed is an incident that occurred at A' Var's installation (never, I think, published,) that will be as appropriate *now* to me as *then* to him."

LXIV.

A shoal of gruesome troubadours and knights
With not much reverence pictured on their faces,
Kept crowding round the white-robed acolytes
And kept a coil while jostling them for places,—
Their unwonted presence at those sacred rites
Was not accounted for by new born graces,
But the new monk for whom was sung *Te Deum*
Was *John a' Var*, and they had come to see him.

* * * LXIX, *et al.*

When called to renounce his worldly goods, he drew forth
a purse with gold, a hawk's bells, spurs, a jacques knife,
divers love tokens and sundries,

All which he reverent on the altar laid.

LXXVI.

Therefore it was before that curious crowd
He stood in monkish stole. His youth had flown,
His minstrelsy, of which he once was proud,
Was over ; he must turn his heart to stone,
Forgetting all loves but his latest-vowed,
Our Lady of Mount Carmel,—she alone
To serve and love and worship. It might be
This was the subject of his reverie ;

LXXVII.

For, with a sudden stride he reached his lyre
And dashed his fingers fiercely o'er the strings,
Which rang out wildly with impetuous fire,
Waking the echoes like a hundred wings
Away up in the rafters of the choir,
Then died in low pathetic mutterings ;—
The clergy were a good deal scandalized,
But then a convert such as he was prized.

LXXVIII.

So none forbade him when, with chastened look
His voice chimed piteously to match the strain,
And, both together twining, shed and shook
Soft falling whispers as of summer rain ;
But wilder rose and louder as he strook
The quivering chords, that moaned and cried amain.
A passionate outburst. 'Twas the soul of song
In its last agony, but dying strong :—

Take not from me my lute !
There is a spirit caught among its wires
That sentient thrill as if with living fires,—
Freres ! let me keep my lute.

It may not be ? ah, well,—
Once more e'er yet thou diest, O breathing string !
That plainest like the heart of lost sea-shell,
And talk'st to me with voice of living thing,
Sad now art thou and I,
Loved lute. Ring out, ring out, ere yet we die !

Ring out the clash of swords !
The meeting shock ! ring out the victor's strain ;
Or dirge when peasants tramp o'er knights and lords,—
Jarring when the war-trumpet blows amain,
And scattered all afield
The shivered lance-shaft and the shattered shield.

Ring out to ladies' eyes !
To love's wild ecstasy of joy and woe,
To morning's mantling blush, to passionate sighs
That heave the rose-tipped mamalon's of snow,
To gage d'armor, I ween,
That wakes the rapturous thoughts of—once hath been.

Ring out the words of fire !

'Gainst pride, and hate, and tyranny the strong,
'Gainst proud man's contumely and poor man's ire,
And all the lusts that work the world wrong,
'Gainst envy, lie, and ill

Ring out protest once more, and then be still.

Wake gently softer themes !

Of white-frosted children dead on cottage floors,
Of dances 'neath the jasmine-clustered beams,
Of greybeards drinking at the trellised doors,
Of immortelles in graves,
Of red-cheeked lasses where the ripe corn waves.

This world hath been so fair,
So full of joyousness. Then what am I
That I should vow to shun God's blessed air,
And veil my lids against the sunshine-sky ?
But that is idle breath,—
Life may be joyous, even if life in death.

Dying as echo dies

Faint and more faint, O lute ! expires my lay,
They say there is a short cut to the skies,
But ye', methinks, with thee I best could pray.
Our mission now is o'er.—
O Soul of Song ! fly free ! No more ! No more !

To lute, farewell. Farewell, with other things ;
But, though for me, I henceforth am the Lord's,
No meaner hand shall ever touch the chords,—
Thus — thus — I rive its strings !

The spirit and beauty of this lyric requires no word of mine, which, if the rather prosaic phrase—"a short cut to the skies"—were amended, would give full satisfaction. A brief commentary to the poem is contained in the confession that, "in Canada, composition purely literary is so dishearteningly unsatisfactory as a pursuit that I have determined to sin no more in that way and to abandon Poe-y. As I said to our friend, M——, 'write me down as a dead poetaster.'" We trust, however, this abandonment of the Muse by one of her chief followers in Canada, is only temporary, and because of his exclusive engagement in another direction,—as his letter explains : "I think I mentioned, about April last, that on the invitation of a London, G. B., publisher, I proposed writing '*A Popular Treatise on Early Archaeology. Stone, Bronze, Iron,*' with many illustrations. This occupied me closely at my desk for six months, (as I myself drew all the 'cuts,'—187 of them,) and I confess my hopes that it would pass muster when the manuscript was submitted to English criticism (written, as the book was, from libraries,) were not sanguine ; but I appreciate your friendship so much that I feel almost sure (not vainly) you will be glad to hear that it has been accepted without alteration of text, and that copyright papers have been exchanged. The book will be issued in England for the English (not Canadian) market. Moreover, the publishers (Messrs. Swan, Schennenschein & Co., Paternoster Square,) say that if it proves a success they will take another work on 'Ethnology,'—a more abstruse subject, requiring profounder thought. I have always had a latent taste for rummaging among dead men's bones, and when I come to throw into shape the ghoulish information accumulated through long years I find it full of interest when refreshed by systematic study."

* * *

A different style and taste has another of our poets,—as charming in his letters as he is bewitching in verse,—who says : "I would only sing at my leisure. It is only the dirty little English sparrows that chip as they forage on the paving. And yet !—I wonder if I ever was an English sparrow ? If I had my way I would be a wandering Tern, after I have teased this body to death. But there is no telling. . . . Joubert said well that a thought should be kept in mind until it shines. . . . As for Browning, he was stubborn ; and it is a pity he had no friend to beat him daily with a thick stick when he persisted in writing his enormous English. He is at once the vilest and dimmest of artists. . . . I loathe the snuffy and Puritanical ceremonies of the dead,—one of the few dissipations allowed to our New England ancestors. Blake in the Book of Thel teaches me better thoughts of burial ; still I would rather be burned when it is time to 'flit' (as they say on May-day in Scotland). Note the poem by Barry Straton in this week's *Independent*. He has the true insight into the heart of the great Mother, and is often fine in his lyrical expression. How splendidly sincere some of these lines are ! Who knows the voice well enough to guess who is speaking ?"

* * *

Now let Brazil build the tomb of the gentle, gracious spirit, her former Emperor,—the patron of the amenities, of science and poetry,—whose misfortune it was to be born to

imperialism and a dying monarchy, and who has been compelled to fulfil in these later days the doom of Aristides and Dante. The humane part of the world would have respected and sympathized with the new Republic, but that it meted to this liberty-loving soul the doom of tyrants. Broken-hearted, he turned his home-sick eyes to his country, and her sons did not call him back. Ingrates ! How can ye hope to prosper ! Now build high his monument, and record with his glory the shame of certain patriots—if truly to be known for such. Inscribe thereon : "He loved his country ; but his title was Emperor, which Envy could not endure. Therefore, he died an exile, longing for her shores. *Sprete injuria gloria.*" Beware the revenges of injured worth ; if the people are to rule, let it be in honour.

* * *

Our rural sketch is of an old-time Democrat, in which one side of his character is given by David Barker in his "First Courtship."

SHUBAEL GRANT.

Some traits I liked of Shubael Grant's :
He played well on his drum and fife,
And though he wore blue drilling pants,
Was true and clever to his wife.

And though he had a rattle head,
At things Divine he wouldn't scoff ;
And, though he went half choked, 'tis said
He never took his well-crank off.

He never changed nor flopped about ;
And now, wherever Grant may be,
In any world, I have no doubt
He writes *God* with a *little g* :

And is, as he was here in Maine,
Dead set against each liquor law,—
"Haint got no nigger on the brain,"
And always takes his whiskey raw.

If in the roaring pit beneath,
He'll fight in lava to the knees,
Each sulphurous imp who dares to breathe
One word against Divine decrees !

That blessed wheat, mixed in with tares,
That pious mother's humble prayers,
And love you harbor for her daughter,
You know will often make you stand
More lies, and brags, and drunks and cheats,
From her old father than you ought *ter*.
And so, through prayers, and rum and all, I
I toughed it out at Grant's that fall.

The disposition to "write *God* with a *little g*," which was Grant's illiterate failing, seems one which even the learned world has not entirely outgrown.

PASTOR FELIX.

Lamb's Cottage.

Although it is now nearly sixty years since Charles Lamb died, the little cottage in which he and his sister resided at Edmonton shows but slight evidence of any external change. Situated a few yards from the railway station, the house, with its gable facing the roadway, its red-tiled roof and whitened walls, its narrow doorway and small-paned windows, gives the impression of Old-World comfort and seclusion. A rowan tree, on the branches of which hang clusters of red berries, stands at the gateway, and its autumnal appearance imparts just now a pictorial attractiveness to the interesting building, which is still known as "Lamb's Cottage."—*Fall Mall Gazette*.

The military article in *Outing* for January is "The Active Militia of Canada," by Lieut. John H. Woodside, in which the author treats of the Northern Lake Forces. The article is profusely illustrated from photos.

All interested in the teaching of young children will be glad to read Mrs. Mary Alling Aber's account of "An Experiment in Education," in the forthcoming January *Popular Science Monthly*. It is a sample of the sporadic efforts to introduce little children to real knowledge, which promise valuable results in the near future.

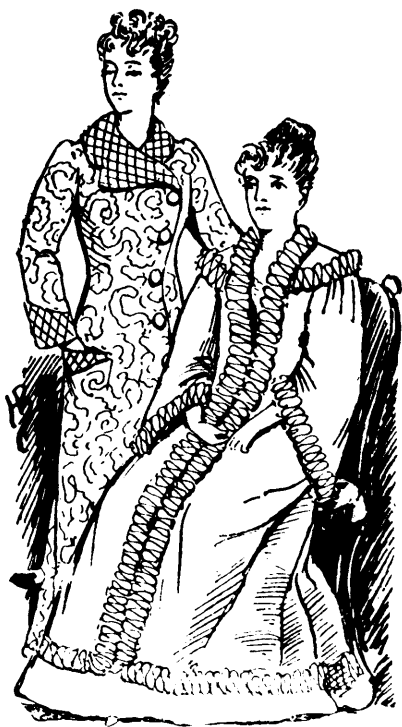
An Irish journal has this gem in answer to a correspondent : "We decline to acknowledge the receipt of your post-card." Which is very much like the Corkonian who travelled into Kerry to an insulting enemy to "tell him to his face that he would treat him with silent contempt."



Warm Dressing Gowns—Coiffures for Elderly Ladies—Christmas Presents—Have You Made Your Mincemeat?



WARM dressing gowns are most necessary for winter nights and mornings, and I think, for those who can afford them, that it is quite the best plan to have one for summer and another for winter, as a mediumly thick one serves well for neither. It is too cold and thin for bitter winter days, and too thick for warm summer ones. I have very strongly the English ideas of being comfortable, for which I have often been ridiculed by my foreign friends, but, between you and me, I think no continental nation understands *real comfort* as we do. If one has a wrap, dress mantle, or dressing gown, why should it not be as *comfortable* as it can be made? It hardly costs a shilling more. Apropos of dressing-gowns, I have the very strongest objection to those that look what I call "bedroomy." Do you understand what I mean?



Very little will prevent that, and it is as well to exercise one's ingenuity in devising a becoming gown as well as a dowdy-looking frumpy one. The standing figure in my illustration wears a loose princess kind of garment of any figured material you like. I have often seen the common brocades used for furniture look extremely well when used

for this purpose. With very little trouble, any one who can work the sewing machine deftly can make a quilted lining of silk, satin, or even sateen, which wears nicely also, and will wash if necessary. This quilted lining appears as you perceive on the collar, cuffs, and pocket of the dress, much after the fashion of a gentleman's smoking coat. To strengthen and finish off the edge, a little silk cord should be sewn round, and the double-breasted front fastened by large buttons. The other is a loose dress of flannel in any pretty shade. Personally, I dislike flannel for the outside of a dressing-gown, as it catches (and keeps) hairs, and looks so quickly dirty. Serge is nearly as bad, but alpaca is far better and wears well. So suppose this in my second figure is of alpaca of a pretty crushed strawberry tinge, or of a soft grey—in fact the hue is a matter of individual taste. It is made with a flat, cape-shaped yoke on the shoulders, and the rest of the dress plainly set into it and gored, so as to be wide and full round the feet. It may be lined with that thick flannel called Bath coating, or—what is preferable in my opinion—quilting. A full ruche of the same material (alpaca), if you do not like to go to the expense of ribbon, will form the trimming round the dress and sleeves, and down the fronts and yoke. I think I may safely recommend these two to you as really "comfortable" dressing-gowns.

Coiffures for elderly ladies are the subjects for my second illustration. I fear that whilst we are young we think little enough about getting old, and without taking the matter much into consideration we grow up from childhood with those around us, tacitly accepting the facts of their age as if they had always been old, because we who have



come later into the world have thus found them so. We forget that our "dear granny" could ever have been young, or that our aunt was as fresh and young as ourselves once. To get old is a very universal complaint, but to do it gracefully is not at all a common thing. There is not the very slightest need that because wrinkles come and one's hair is full of silver lines that women should get panic-stricken, and rush after the people who make the preservation of beauty a trade, whether it takes the form of puffing out the skin or dyeing the hair. Nature is never unsuitable; therefore, when you dye your hair golden and have a wrinkled face, the result is a horrible anomaly, for one contradicts the other, which results in being ludicrous. Never forget there is a beauty of age, as there is a beauty of youth. "Mutton dressed lamb fashion," which is a rather irreverent adage for those old ladies who are inclined to attire themselves too youthfully, is very true, for it strikes the right nail on the head. When ill-health or time turns the hair and makes some artificial head covering necessary, it is as well to have it as dainty and elegant as possible. I must say that I prefer black lace well arranged and fastened by pretty gold or jewelled pins, to any formally made cap. One of those wide lace lappets or neck fichus lend themselves very well to this manner of dressing the

head. My first head in the second illustration shows a tasteful way of draping the lace. The pins might with advantage be put a little lower down on each side, but the lace effectually covers the back of the head and nape of the neck, which last is not always so pretty as a woman passes the meridian of life. Lace is always dressy, and is good always in fashion. If a cap must be worn, then a simple little thing like the second sketch is sufficient with bows of ribbon or black ribbon velvet. You cannot do better than copy some of the caps worn in the time when Sir Joshua Reynolds and Romney painted beautiful women, for the smaller examples are always picturesque. I think that people may really wear almost anything so long as it becomes them and is spotlessly clean and fresh; but a dirty cap—oh! *can* there be anything that looks more slovenly?

* * *

Regarding Christmas presents I cannot possibly find space in one paragraph for all the pretty things I ought to describe to you. The shops here in London are more attractive I think than ever, and though it would be hopeless to attempt to chronicle all I see, I may yet describe a few of the things that are specially useful. Matchboxes for our gentleman friends follow all kinds of shapes, some with hunting scenes on their silver surfaces, others like an envelope that have a postmark and miniature stamp on them, and yet again those that puzzle people with a little false slide like a conjuror's trick. Then there are dear little travelling clocks of every variety of size, from quite tiny up to quite large. Delicious pencils, with three different colours in them, and others with enamelled outsides, some coming out of eggs, or little tops, to hang on a watchchain. Lunch cases for lady or gentlemen hunters, containing a tin for sandwiches and cake and a flask, the whole thing securely shut and made to fasten with straps to the saddle. Then what can I say of the gifts in jewellery that may be had for the wonderfully reasonable prices? Dainty little watches that wind up at the handle and are some of them arranged with chains to hang from the waistbelt in chatelaine fashion, to which they are fastened by a straight bar brooch. Pins with little birds and other devices in diamonds; lucky brooches of moonstones, and other gems. In furniture there are all sorts of pretty knick-knacks. Fireside screens of which one side is draped with drawn silk, and the other of pleated silk or plush, in which one may stick the photographs of one's friends, whilst half way down is a little shelf on which one's cup of afternoon tea may rest quite comfortably. Little silver bowl or vases are amongst some of the newest Christmas gifts in which to place the ferns that adorn our winter dinner tables. They are large enough to hold a small pot if it is not advisable to plant out the fern into its silver case. Cases for holding stationery are very tasteful now, and have in addition to the receptacle for paper a miniature clock and a calendar which can be moved on by just touching a little knob. I think I mentioned to you some time ago the carriage case for cards and directory books. These are now fitted with a little clock and a writing case, so that a letter may be answered in a hurry if needs be. This would be an invaluable present I should think for a medical man. Then there are all kinds of new games in tasteful cases, but the one of all others that has become the most modern form of mild gambling is the Rubicon bésique.

* * *

Have you made your mincemeat? Because if you have not, the less time you lose the better. Will you try my recipe, and tell me how you like it? Originally I used to put real meat into it, but I have come to prefer it without that addition, as I hope you also will. Take two pounds of suet after it has been carefully picked and chopped, three pounds of currants nicely washed and dried, one and a-half pounds of raisins stoned and chopped (to save trouble you may use Sultanas), one and a-half pounds of chopped apple, the grated peel and juice of one lemon, half a nutmeg grated, quarter of an ounce each of cloves, mace and cinnamon finely pounded, half a pound each of chopped candied orange, lemon and citron peel, half a pint of white wine, and quarter of a pint of good brandy. Mix all well together and keep in a jar closely covered. Stir it from time to time, as the wine and brandy will soak to the bottom, and add a little more brandy if it looks dry. When you have filled your mince pies lay a few slices of citron and orange peel on the top of each before you put on the crust.



SPORTS AND PASTIMES



THE meeting of the delegates of the Ontario and Quebec Rugby Football Unions took place in the Windsor Hotel, Montreal, on Saturday last. In a previous issue of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED I endeavoured to point out the advantages of both unions being governed by a uniform system of playing rules, and I am glad to note that there are only very slight differences between the unions now when they play their own matches, but when they play the Canadian championship, whether it be in Ontario or Quebec or the Maritime Provinces or in the far-off Manitoba or British Columbia the rules will be the same. In politics a good many people do not believe in centralization of government, but in athletic sports federalism is a good thing, and a mild form of paternal despotism is much more advancing than the unthinking clamour of democracy. There must be a guiding hand somewhere, and a strong, mailed hand at that; there must be a thinking head somewhere and it must be a very level and determined one—if good results are to be looked for. Perhaps in no games are these conditions more necessary than in Rugby football. Take for instance the American game of baseball. Would it ever have attained its present popularity had there not been an iron-clad set of rules that none might vary? Here all the rules were uniform, whether the game was played in New Mexico or Maine, and all the people knew the rules. There was no possibility of dispute when a reference to the rules was made, and if there was the supreme power lay in the hands of the president of the league or the association. How different it has been in Canada! Here we have never had anything like uniformity worth mentioning. Even the national game of lacrosse has been supposed to be played under rules and regulations that were a sad misnomer. One end of the country played two hours, while the other end played the best three in five games. At other times reinstatement of professionals made one association the back door to the other, and so it worked, keeping matters at sixes and sevens all the time. In hockey it is much the same way. The Maritime Province men do not think our rules worth considering—and the feeling is mutual—for we play entirely different games. In football the difference, up to last season, was even more marked, and it was next to an impossibility for an Ontario man to keep tabs when a match was played in Quebec. But all this has been changed for the better, at least as far as football is concerned, and in future the inter-provincial championship matches will be played under rules that everybody will understand.

* * *

There were two points of difference between the Ontario and Quebec men, but they were overcome without much difficulty. In the rule regarding the ball being "fairly held" the Ontario Union calls for "more than two hands," while the Quebec rule reads as follows:—

"When a player having possession of the ball is tackled, the ball is fairly held (a) when the player possessing it calls 'held,' (b), when it is not moving, (c) when two or more hands on the opposite side are on the ball."

In this instance to my mind the Quebec rule fulfils all the conditions, for if one tackle gets both hands on the ball something is going to happen, while if two men tackle the possessor there is no doubt but the latter will go down and the ball will be motionless anyhow. In this point the Ontario men were brought around to think like the Quebec delegates and the Canadian Union rule is now synonymous with the one just quoted. The other point of dispute was in relation to the appointment of a new official, designated as umpire. This office had been created at the annual meeting of the Ontario Union, but the latter body had considerably left a definition of its duties open until there had been time to consult with the Quebec Union. As it stands it seems, so far as can be yet judged, that an umpire, or rather as I would call him, a second referee, was a very much needed institution in our Canadian game. In England, where the game is an old institution, where it is, so to speak, traditional for every well developed boy to play Rugby, the case is different, and the spirit of the game that

permeates the players prevents many of the violations of the rules that are met with on this side of the water. Under our style of play it is impossible for one man in the position of referee to watch the work of the wings. The wings are slippery individuals at the best of times and when a referee is busy with a scrimmage it would take several pairs of eyes to watch the blocking and off-side play that is indulged in, sometimes with very good effect, too. Some of the Montreal delegates did not agree with this idea, notably Mr. Yates, of McGill, the only man who finally voted against the new institution. And so the whole matter resolves itself into this:—In provincial matches Quebec will read her own rules; in championship matches the same rules hold good with the exception of the umpire clause. The Ontario men in championship matches will work under their old rules with the exception of not requiring more than two hands on the ball to have it "held." We have got so near uniformity that there seems but very little in the way to keep us away from one Dominion rule to which all clubs and all associations must bow. Next year will probably settle this little difficulty. The meeting this year accomplished more than might reasonably have been expected of it, and after one season's trial of the compended rules there will be an easy road for the Canadian Rugby Union to travel over.

* * *

The constitution of the new Canadian Rugby Union covers about all the necessary points. It seems to have been drawn up with good judgment. It reads as follows:—

1. The name of the union shall be the Canadian Rugby Union.

2. Any district union in the Dominion willing to comply with the rules of the union may be elected to membership on application to the secretary, and on payment of an annual fee of ten dollars in advance. Exclusive of the officers of the union, a district union, with a membership of three organized clubs, shall be entitled to representation at all meetings by three delegates; a union with a smaller membership shall be entitled to representation by one delegate.

3. The annual meeting to be held on the third Saturday of December, at such place as the union may decide. Ten days' notice of all meetings shall be given by the secretary to the members of the union and to all delegates entitled to attend, and shall contain a summary of the business to come before the meeting. At all meetings four shall form a quorum.

4. The officers shall be elected at the annual meeting. They shall consist of a president, vice-president and a secretary treasurer—and shall constitute the executive of the union. Ex-officers of the union shall be entitled to be present at all meetings and may speak or make a motion but may not vote. During their term of office the executive shall have full control and responsibility of the finances of the union, the details of championship matches in accordance with the regulations for the same, and other ordinary business of the union, subject to the approval of the union at the following general meeting. The executive of the union may call a general meeting at any time, and must do so at the written request of three delegates.

5. Any of the officers may call a meeting of the executive at any time on three days' notice. Two shall form a quorum.

6. Questions referred to the union may be settled by correspondence, or if considered expedient by the executive may be held over till the next general meeting.

7. Alterations to the rules of the game and the constitution of the union shall be made only at annual meetings and by a two-thirds' vote of those present at the meeting. Notice of the proposed alterations shall be sent to the secretary at least two weeks before the annual meeting and shall at once be forwarded by him to the members of the union and to all delegates entitled to be present.

* * *

The regulations for championship matches will also meet with the approval of most football men, while the laws of the game, with the exception of the two rules referred to above, stand as they were before. The regulations for championship matches are as follows:—

1. The championship of the union shall be contested for annually (as the union may from year to year decide), under the rules of the game as adopted by the union, and at such places and dates as the executive union may appoint.

2. The executive of the union shall provide grounds and attend to other details of the championship matches. The expenses of travelling teams shall, when possible, be paid, *pro rata*, out of the gate receipts.

3. Matches shall last for one and one-half hours actual play, with an intermission of five minutes, and in case of a draw extra time shall be played, if, in the opinion of the referee, it is practicable. No delay shall exceed five minutes.

4. In the event of the competing teams failing to agree, the referee shall be appointed by the president. The referee shall not be a member of either of the competing clubs.

5. The secretary shall give one month's notice of the date of championship matches to the secretaries of the district unions. The championship match shall be played, when practicable, on Thanksgiving day.

6. All protests in connection with championship matches shall be accompanied by a deposit of \$25, which sum shall be forfeited to the union if the protest is not allowed.

7. Alterations to these regulations shall be made only at a general meeting of the union. Notice of the proposed alterations shall be sent to the secretary at least two weeks before the annual meeting, and shall at once be forwarded by him to the members of the union and to all the delegates entitled to attend.

* * *

How times will keep on changing! Last week there was every possibility for a comparatively early curling and hockey season. This week all hopes have been dashed to the ground and we are moping round with the dismal recollection of just how bad a "green Christmas and a fresh churchyard" may be. Nobody likes a mild Christmas; it seems against the natural order of things, and in Canada it is particularly disappointing. A wet Christmas here even makes one begrudge the toys and things that will fill expectant stockings on the morn of the great natal day. The little ones, God bless them, don't care whether it hails, rains or shines. The delightful fabrication of Santa Claus would give old St. Nicholas a new cause for happiness were he still mundane. Of course the babies will get the toys, the picture books, the candies and other pardonable fallacies of very early youth, and with eager ears will listen while papa talks up the chimney and tells Santa Claus just how good or how naughty we have been, and what rocking horses or drums or pictures would be calculated to make us better next year; and the good old man with the fur cap and white whiskers and big boots, with a pack on his back, usually finds something to suit all necessities. Christmas is Christmas anyhow; but it looks more like what we have been led to expect if the weather is crisp and cold, the snow white, not muddy, and the atmosphere such as one may enjoy a brisk walk in. Christmas without cold is a delusion. One feels that he has been imposed upon when he looks at the calendar and murmurs a requiem on the dying year. We buy Christmas presents and all that sort of thing; we make the little ones happy and then, when it is all over, we wonder why we can't have a little fun on our own account, even if we are getting old. But the weather won't let us. We cannot skate with any degree of satisfaction, hockey is out of the question, snowshoeing has to be done in sleighs, and curling seems just a reminiscence of last year. If the thermometer, to use a vulgarism, would only "take a tumble," things would be different, but the thermometer is unconscionable. I would like to say something about our winter sports, but the conditions have been so unfavourable as to make this impossible at the time of writing. Months may come and months may go and times may change, but let us hope that our good Canadian sports that should be in their zenith at this time of year, will never have a green Christmas and may for decades to come preserve their pristine vigour and be the manly characteristic of the sons of the Anglo-Saxon or the descendants of the North Land. Vale!

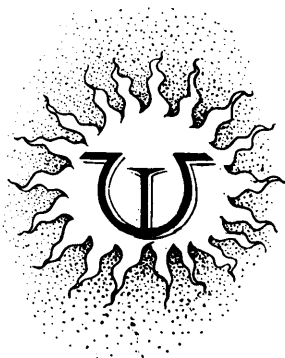
R.O.X.

Wedding Veils.

A new kind of wedding veil was worn by Lady Sarah Spencer Churchill in her recent marriage ceremony. Mrs. Mason, the well-known and deservedly celebrated London modiste, had conceived the idea of utilizing crêpe lisse instead of the more conventional tulle, which is generally employed when a lace shawl does not form part of the bride's *corbeille*. This crêpe lisse that, as every one knows, is beautiful in its manner of draping, and takes lovely folds, was bordered with pearls, which carried out the trimming on the wedding dress. It is cause for wonder that other diaphanous fabrics are not more often employed. For instance very thin silk gauze, if it was obtainable in a wide width, or one of those lovely nets that are sprinkled over with little tiny glass beads, so that it looks more like a powdering of hoar frost than any other thing. Chiffon also, with its softly falling draperies, would be extremely pretty. And besides these there are innumerable tulle that are spangled with white jet, silver or gold, which would advantageously enhance a bride's general appearance, and relieve the mass of dead white with which the bridal costume generally surrounds her.



The Sagamore



WHEN the reporter pulled aside the blanket and entered the wigwam he found the sagamore reclining on his couch and betraying the traces of a rather severe illness.

"Why! You must be sick!" exclaimed the reporter.

The sagamore nodded.

"Had the doctor?"

The sagamore nodded again.

"And what seems to be the trouble?"

"Grippe," was the laconic response.

"Then you're bad enough," said the reporter. "They're dying of grippe by the dozen this winter. You know Bill Smith and old Tom Jones?"

"Ah-hah."

"Well—it fixed them last week. And two of Binks' youngsters died this week, and they say old man Binks' won't get over it. It hardly ever lets go of an old person—how long have you had it?"

"Two—three days now," answered the sagamore.

"Had it bad?"

"Pooty near fix me," groaned the old man. "I been pooty near crazy man sometimes."

"Oh, then," cheerfully commented the reporter, "you'll never get over it. You may come round, but you'll never get that out of your bones. Why there are dozens dying this winter that had the grippe two years ago—it never left them."

The sagamore surveyed his visitor curiously, but offered no remark.

"I've attended four funerals this week," went on the latter—"every one of them caused by grippe. All old people, too. A young person has some chance to rally, but with old people it's very different."

Mr. Paul continued to scrutinise the speaker without remark.

"They say it's worse this winter than ever before," continued the reporter. "And the doctors don't seem to be able to do much for it. What doctor did you send for—Brown?"

"Ah-hah."

"I'm afraid you won't get much good out of his medicine," sympathetically commented the reporter. "He lost three cases with grippe lately—all died. But of course I suppose he did the best he could. Grippe's an awful disease."

The sagamore shifted a little uneasily on his couch, but continued to eye his visitor without speaking.

"I tell you what it is," declared the latter, "I'd rather chance it with diphtheria or smallpox than with grippe. Is there anything I can do for you, my brother? I'm awfully sorry to find you sick—especially with grippe. If there is anything I can do, if you'll just mention it I'll only be too glad. Dear me, there are so many old people being carried off with it this winter."

The old man raised himself on his elbow.

"You do something for me?" he inquired.

"Anything in the world! Just tell me what it is and I shall consider it a favour to serve you, my brother—or anyone else that has the same trouble. It's bad enough, I'm sure, to have the grippe, without having to worry about anything else. What can I do, my brother?"

"You see that blanket?" demanded the sagamore, pointing to the covering of the doorway of the wigwam.

"Why, yes! Shall I double it? Are you cold? What shall I do with it?"

"Git behind it," curtly rejoined the old man.

"Get what?"

"Git on the other side of that blanket."

"I don't understand you," said the puzzled reporter.

"You come here," said the sagamore, "to see me. I'm sick. You set there—tell me 'bout how everybody got same's I got—he dies right away. You talk 'bout funerals. If I'm one old fool you scare me to death. You talk 'bout my doctor he's no good. That's way you try to make me feel better—eh?"

The reporter had not expected any such observations as these, and was at a loss what to say. But the sagamore saved him the trouble of saying anything. He raised himself from his couch and took down a good sized club.

"When I see man like you," he remarked in vigorous tones—"goes round where people's sick—makin' long faces and hollerin' 'bout people dyin' and 'bout funerals—I'm glad when I kin see man like that. It makes me strong. Then I want to see somebody die, too. I want to see one big funeral right away. I feel that way now."

The sick man's left arm shot out and his bony fingers intertwined themselves in the reporter's hair. His right hand poised the club.

"Oh, Mr. Paul," cried the reporter in great alarm—"what are you doing?"

"Injuns," observed the warrior, "when they git hold of man—they never let go."

"Please put down that club!" pleaded the reporter.

"Injuns worse this winter than last," pursued the sagamore. "Nobody kin do anything when them Injuns gits at a man."

"Please let go, Mr. Paul!" groaned the terrified reporter.

"I rather take my chance with smallpox than with Injuns," went on the sagamore in the same tone. "Injuns make heap funerals lately."

"Oh, Mr. Paul!"

"I rather take my chance with diphtheria than Injuns. If any Injun got hold of you—you're gone."

"My brother," gasped the reporter, "if you let me off this time I'll never wear a long face in a sick room as long as I live—never! If ever I talk about sickness and death and funerals and bad doctors to a sick man again I hope you'll be there with your club. Please let me go!"

The sagamore debated with himself a moment and then loosened his grip.

"Turn your back to me!" he commanded.

Fearing the club, the reporter dared not do otherwise. He faced about.

"Now," said Mr. Paul—"you turn round same's if you hadn't seen me before. Let me hear you talk."

The reporter took the cue at once. He faced the sagamore, and an admirably feigned expression of astonishment overspread his countenance.

"Why—hello! What's the matter? Pretending to be sick! Bosh! Why you look first rate. Grippe—did you say? Nonsense! You've no more grippe than I have. It's a cold. We'll have you out of that in no time. Had any doctor? Brown? Well, sir, he's just your man. You take your medicine and keep a stiff upper lip for a couple of days and we'll see you out sawing wood. What can I do? Anything? Punch your head?—Make faces at you? Here—why don't you rattle up this fire? Nothing like a cheerful blaze to make a man feel good. Say—did you hear that joke about old Jake? Told one of his foolish yarns the

other night and laughed so hard himself that he swallowed a chew of tobacco. Then we laughed. Ha! Ha! Ha! You ought to have seen his face straighten out—"

The reporter seemed able to go on at this rate for an unlimited time, and the sagamore, who was by this time wearing a broad grin, motioned him to stop.

"You'll do now," he said. That's way I like to hear man talk. Does me good. I want you come here make me laugh every day. Then I git well."

"My brother," said the reporter humbly, "I'm afraid I helped the grippe to kill some people last week—but I'll never do it again as long as I live—never!"

"That's bully good New Year's promise," said the sagamore.

At the Reception.

He—Chawming weception, isn't?

She—Charming.

(After a pause.)

He—Chawming evening.

She—It is, indeed.

(After another pause.)

He—Chawmed to have met you.

She—Thank you.

(After he has retired.)

He—Chawming girl, bah Jove!—*N. Y. Herald*

E Pluribus Unum!

There are 30,000 millionaires in the United States.

There are 1,000 millionaires in New York.

There are 1,000,000 people out of work in the United States.

There are over 500,000 tramps.

There are 60,000 old soldiers in the poorhouse, but no bondholders.

Ten thousand children die annually in the United States from insufficient food or clothing.

There were 67,000 homeless children in the United States in 1880.

Out of the 2,000,000 people who inhabit New York city only 13,000 own homes.

Seventy per cent in the United States are worth \$2,700,000,000.

The following poem was written by Ignatius Donnelly on "Shakespeare's Grave." The *Critic*, which forbearingly quotes it without a word of comment, has never damned by silence a more vulgar and illiterate piece of profanity:—

Dismiss your apprehension, pseudo bard,
For no one wishes to disturb these stones,
Nor cares if here or in the outer yard
They stow your impudent, deceitful bones.

Your foolish-coloured bust upon the wall,
With iss prepostcrous expanse of brow,
Shall rival Humpty Dumpty's famous fall,
And cheats no cultured Boston people now.

Steal deer, hold horses, act your third-rate parts,
Hoard money, booze, neglect Ann Hathaway,
You can't deceive us with your stolen arts;
Like many a worthier dog, you've had your day.

I have expressed your history in a cypher,
I've done your sum for all ensuing time,
I don't know what you longer wish to lie for
Beneath those stones or in your doggerel rhyme.

Get up and dust, or plunge into the river,
Or walk the chancel with a ghostly squeak,
You were an ignorant and evil liver,
Who could not spell nor write nor knew much Greek.

Though you enslave the ages by your spell,
And Fame has blown no reputation louder,
Your cake is dough, for I by sifting well,
Have quite reduced your dust to Bacon-powder.

—*The Churchman*.