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THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

TRADE MARK

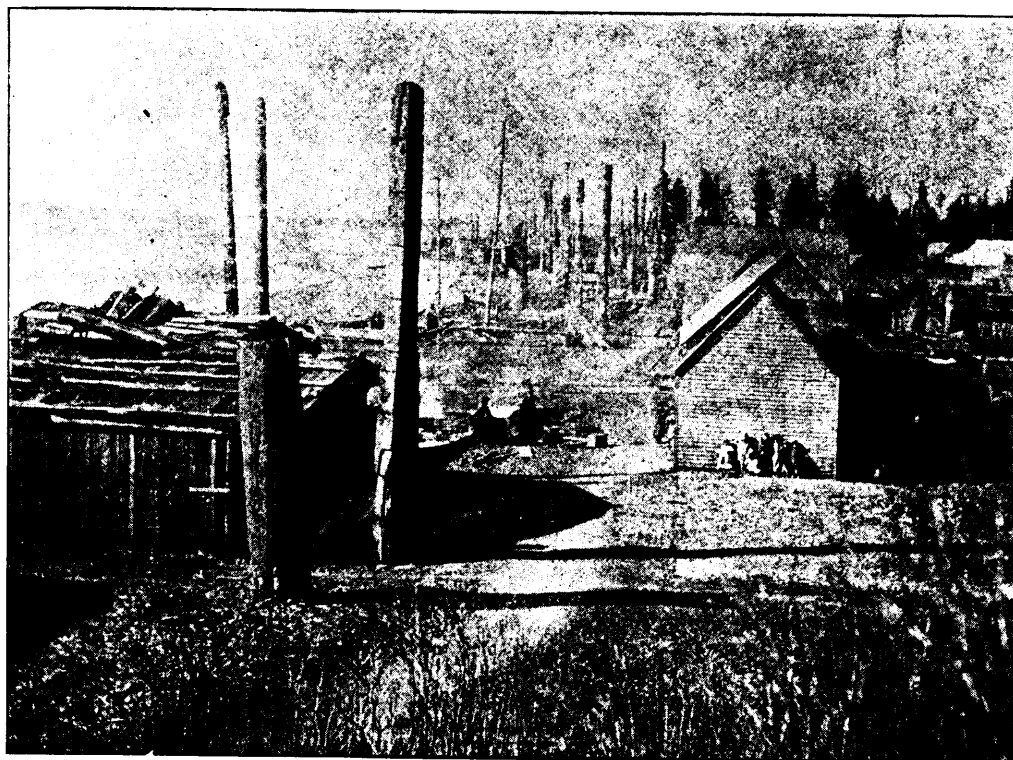
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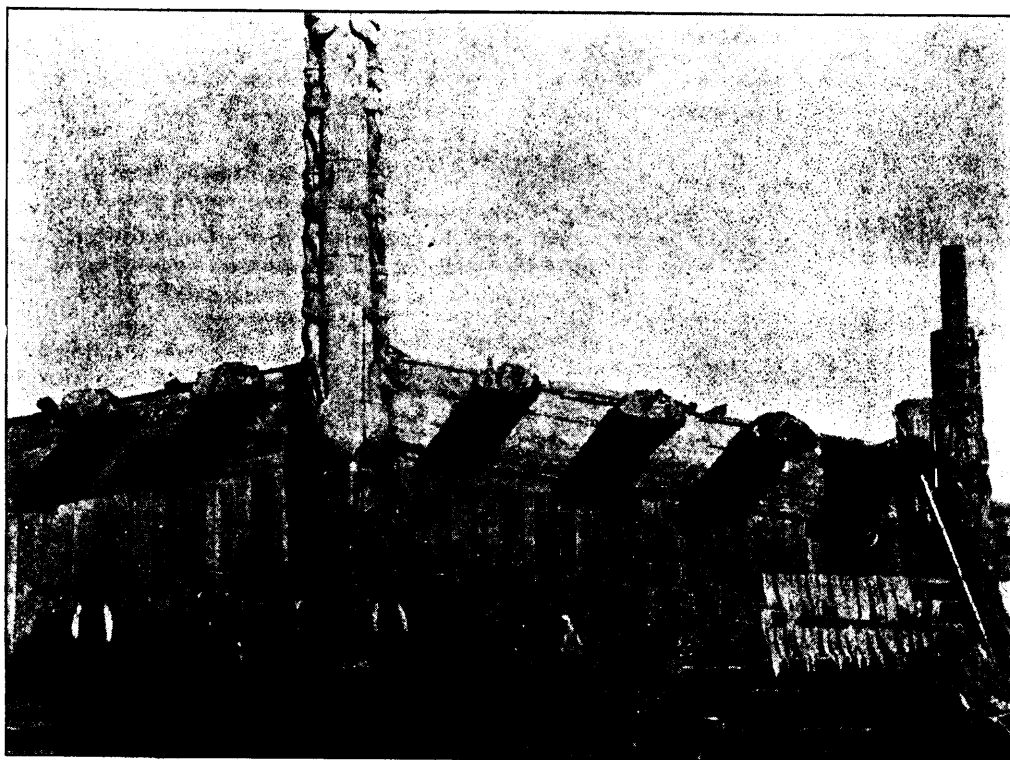
Vol. V.—No. 126.

MONTREAL AND TORONTO, 29th NOVEMBER, 1890.

\$4.00 PER ANNUM. IN GREAT BRITAIN, 21s. 6d.
10 CENTS PER COPY. " " 6d. 5th.



PART OF MASSETT.



THE WEAH HOUSE, MASSETT.
VIEWS IN THE QUEEN CHARLOTTE ISLANDS, B.C.

The Dominion Illustrated.

\$4.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

THE SABISTON LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING CO
RICHARD WHITE, PRESIDENT.

ALEX. SABISTON, MANAGING-DIRECTOR.
The Gazette Building, Montreal.

GEORGE E. MACRAE, WESTERN AGENT,
36 King Street East, Toronto.

London (England) Agency:

JOHN HADDON & CO.,
3 & 4 Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, E.C.
SOLE AGENTS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

All business communications, remittances, etc., to be addressed to "THE SABISTON LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING CO., MONTREAL."

Literary communications to be addressed to
"THE EDITOR, DOMINION ILLUSTRATED."

29th NOVEMBER, 1890.



Punch has been having his joke at a Sydney (N.S.W.) firm which has completed arrangements for delivering frozen sheep and lambs at any address in the United Kingdom. For the amusing parody on the household ditty, "Mary had a Little Lamb," we must refer our readers to our witty London contemporary. What concerns us is that it is the Australians who are having their joke at Canada. There has been talk in the Dominion for a long time of starting this dead meat business on a large scale with a view to the English market. Not long since a revised edition of an instructive work on sheep-raising in this Province was issued at Quebec. The attention of our "Cercles Agricoles" has been frequently called to the subject. But as yet the question can hardly be said to have got far beyond the literary stage. In Ontario the subject has been dealt with very thoroughly by the Agricultural Commission and the provincial and county agricultural institutions. Canada, to the east and west of the two central provinces has, in like manner, had it under consideration, but the practical stage has not yet been reached. Yet here is Australia, a semi-tropical country, three times as far from England as Canada, entering courageously into this enterprise without any apparent fear of failure. It is true that sheep-raising has long been a staple industry at the antipodes. But in Canada we are not strangers to it, and both foreign and native writers have commended it again and again as a branch of stock-raising in which Canada might profitably engage. As for ice for freezing and packing, surely we have facilities for obtaining natural supplies of that preservative substance to which our fellow-colonists cannot lay claim and which they doubtless envy us. Is it not time to be up and doing?

Sir George Baden-Powell, M.P., was evidently most favourably impressed by the demeanour of Canadians under the infliction of the McKinley tariff. He happened to be here at the critical moment when the new law went into operation, so that he was able, on returning home, to inform his British compatriots of the immediate result. He witnessed no panic, no wild consternation, no wringing of helpless hands. On the contrary, as a declaration of war would call forth all the latent military ardour of our young men, so the economic challenge of Major McKinley put our agriculturists, manufacturers and merchants on their mettle, and, instead of bewailing the new tariff as a misfortune, they set about devising means to avert any evil consequences that might flow from its enforcement by seeking new channels for the trade that it affected. Like all Englishmen that visit the Dominion, Sir George Baden-Powell was surprised at the variety and extent of our resources, and he did not fail to recognize what great opportunities it offered for the investment of British capital. It can hardly be doubted that the fiscal policy of the Republicans will have the effect of diverting the attention of capitalists to Canada as a safer and more promising

field than the United States. The recent presence amongst us of the members of the Iron and Steel Institute is almost certain to be fruitful in many directions, and, altogether, the situation, in spite of recognized drawbacks, is more assuring than many persons ventured to hope that the passage of the McKinley bill would leave it. It has produced an awakening which, perhaps, a milder measure and more friendly treatment would have disastrously deferred.

The October statement of the import and export trade of the Dominion shows that of the produce of the mines exported the value was \$734,555; produce of the fisheries, \$986,678; produce of the forest, \$3,036,342; animals and their product, \$3,888,859; agricultural products, \$2,679,055; manufactures, \$6,888,640; miscellaneous articles, \$29,364; total, \$12,031,717; coin and bullion, \$6,704; total, \$12,038,421. The total for October, 1889, was \$14,034,274, showing a decrease this year of nearly two millions, due, of course, to the great rush of goods across the lines in the previous month. For the four months, however, there is an increase in our exports of nearly half a million, the figures being: 1890, \$47,238,949; 1889, \$46,816,464; increase, \$422,485. The imports for October were valued at \$10,118,955 and the duty collected was \$2,035,783, and for the past four months imports, \$41,155,950, and duty collected \$8,597,717, against \$41,643,174 and \$8,442,835 in 1889, a decrease of about half a million on the imports and an increase in the duty collected of \$155,882.

The Marquis of Lorne cannot be reproached with idleness. His pen is always busy, and the variety of subjects on which he writes shows how wide-awake he is to what goes on in the world around him. In an article in the *North American* on "Scottish Politics," he undertakes to show the needlessness of the agitation for a revived Scotch Parliament. He recalls the strong opposition of nearly two centuries ago to the union with England, instancing in evidence of the sentiment that prevailed among those who thought themselves patriots the Strathalan claymore bought by the late Duke of Buccleuch in a Paris shop, with the motto, "Scotland for ever. No union," engraved on the steel. A generation after the rising of 1745, in which the head of the Drummonds perished, members of the family, conducting one of the richest private banks in the English metropolis, had in their coffers more English gold than there were drops in the bodies of the Clan Drummond that bled at Cullodan. Drummond Bank, Charing Cross, is to-day, thinks Lord Lorne, a curious and instructive commentary on the anti-Union movement. There was, indeed, in the Northern insurrections, not merely fidelity to a fallen king and his royal house, but a passionate assertion of Scottish independence. We may condemn it all as a mistake; still it was a noble devotion. But was it necessary to maintain that border line? Is it necessary to renew the delimitation to-day? One who was a thorough Scot, intensely national, rejoiced when the sight and knowledge of South Britain broke down, in his mind, "the narrower and more illiberal partialities of country, leaving undisturbed, however, all that was worthy of being cherished" in his attachment to old Scotland. That is the true spirit. It is idle to deny that the union was a boon for Scotland, though we may admit that it was also good for England. Yet there are Scotchmen who would like to see Scotland talk of nothing but of her pedigrees and of her pipers, of her tartans, her feuds, of clans and churches. Lord Lorne thinks that if Scotchmen believe that they can gain more than they lose by a dislocation of the union they will let the breakage take place; but they are shrewd, and will go softly and cautiously, those Northerners who, for more than a century, have had their hand in John Bull's pockets. Nevertheless, home rule for Scotland is on Mr. Gladstone's programme.

Some weeks ago Cardinal Lavig rie, at the opening of an anti-slavery congress at Paris, repeated his humane and vigorous protest of two years ago against the bane of the Dark Continent. His Eminence rejoiced that he, the successor in author-

ity of the great Bishop of Hippo, had not raised his voice altogether in vain on behalf of that cause which St. Augustine had been the eloquent advocate, and that, even among the Protestant nations of Europe, England and Germany, his words had not fallen on stony ground. One of the most successful meetings in connection with his crusade had been held in London, and, although two cardinals were the principal speakers, had consisted nearly wholly of Protestants and the representatives of Protestant institutions. What he had said in the capitals of civilization when he began his evangel in the summer of 1888 had been a revelation to a great many. Until then they had but a dim and faint notion of the heinousness of the slave traffic. The words of St. Augustine fifteen hundred years ago were as true to-day as ever. "The name of a slave is," said the Bishop of Hippo, "a name of torture," and those who, like the Cardinal, know something of the devilish cruelty of the slave-raid can testify how significant, how full of meaning those words are. Still, considerable advance had been made—more than he had once dared to look upon as possible. The Brussels Congress, the nature and aims of which Cardinal Lavig rie fully explained, was full of encouragement. There not only Christians—Catholics and Protestants—had declared war against the slave trades, but even Mohammedan nations, like Turkey and Egypt, had sanctioned the proceedings. It was not child's play, the task on which they had entered, nor had they to deal with children. The slave dealer must be checked by force. It was a true crusade which he invoked, and he hoped there would be no half-heartedness in the glorious warfare till the infamous, brutal, degrading traffic and traders had been stopped and prevented from doing further mischief.

We are glad to learn that Mr. John Lovell has undertaken to prepare a census of the city of Montreal. From the prospectus of his *modus operandi* and the examples of street enumeration that accompany it, there is ground for believing that Mr. Lovell is justified in his assurance that he can take a thorough, accurate and altogether satisfactory census of Montreal. Few persons have had a longer or more varied experience in collecting statistics than Mr. Lovell, and the plan which he has drawn up commends itself as calculated to ensure correctness. The revision of every enumerator's work by a second person, who is obliged to go over the entire ground traversed by his predecessor, would leave little chance for error, while a further guarantee of accuracy is furnished by the sworn testimony of the enumerators that they have knowingly neither omitted or added any name to the list presented. Mr. Lovell's census will also give the distribution of the population as to religion and will supply a number of other useful data concerning the churches, schools, factories, banks, religious houses, charitable and benevolent institutions, etc., of the city. Statistics of this kind are really essential to professional and business men, and a knowledge of our city's population can no longer be dispensed with. Mr. Lovell deserves sympathy, co-operation and encouragement in carrying out his undertaking.

We trust our readers are bearing our Christmas Number in mind. It will mark the beginning of a new era in holiday publications in the Dominion, and it has the great merit of being thoroughly Canadian. Every feature in letter-press, art and mechanical work is of purely native production. This is a point which we deem worthy of special attention and which, along with its intrinsic merits, should recommend the Number to every patriotic citizen of the Dominion. In fiction, essays, poetry, it will show that Canada is behind neither the Mother country nor the United States. From an artistic standpoint it will fear comparison with no rival in the old world or the new. The coloured supplements have been pronounced by connoisseurs superior to anything of the kind that has yet been issued from a Canadian establishment. We feel convinced, in fact, that both in illustrations and reading matter it will be far in advance of any preceding holiday paper and will be on a par with the highest excellence attainable at the present time in either hemi-

sphere. We ask the aid of our readers in making known its merits and beauties.

N. B.—The edition is limited, and after it is exhausted there will be no possibility of securing a copy.

EGG AND POULTRY MARKETS.

The Finance Department at Ottawa has compiled and sent out a timely Bulletin on the egg and poultry trade, which is sure to be read with interest and profit. Since 1868, we learn from it, the export of eggs has undergone a marked and steady increase. In that year 1,893,872 dozen were exported, valued at \$205,971. In 1874 the export had grown to 4,407,534 dozens, valued at \$587,599. Four years later the figures were 5,262,920 dozens and \$646,574. In 1882 this export had more than doubled in number of eggs (10,499,082 dozens) and the value had increased to \$1,643,709. The largest export in eggs was in 1888 (14,170,859 dozens), while the highest value was reached in the following year (\$2,159,910). As the domestic supply of eggs is insufficient for home consumption, it is probable that, notwithstanding the new tariff, there will still be a considerable demand for Canadian eggs across the frontier. It must at the same time be taken into account that, during the last few years, the prices of eggs in the States have shown a considerable diminution, owing to the increased-home supply, with a consequent reduction in the value of the market to Canadian exporters. In looking for other markets, Canada naturally turns to Great Britain, where the consumption of eggs is enormous and rapidly increasing. The imports rose from 6,228,430 great hundreds (120) in 1886 to 9,432,503 great hundreds in 1889. In 1889 the total imports of eggs into the United States amounted to 15,918,809 dozens, valued at \$2,418,976. Of this quantity the Maritime Provinces contributed 3,637,222 dozens, valued at \$481,609, Quebec, Ontario, Manitoba and the Northwest Territories 11,731,864 dozens, valued at \$1,864,020, and British Columbia, 975 dozens, valued at \$86. The British imports of eggs in the same year amounted (as already stated) to 9,432,503 great hundred or 94,325,630 dozens. It appears, therefore, the British market demands about six times as many eggs as that of the United States. The Customs valuation in England (16 cents on an average) is one cent more than that of the United States (15 cents). The American market, on the other hand, has the great convenience of nearness. But, urges the Bulletin, the distance of Canada from Great Britain is not a bar to successful competition, nor does a sea voyage in cool latitudes tend to impair the value of the eggs. Russian eggs are shipped to Britain from the Black Sea (6,230,360 dozen last year); Spanish and Portuguese eggs cross the Bay of Biscay and the Mediterranean; Germany gathers eggs from various parts of her empire and transmits them by land and sea to the central market. Quantities of eggs, moreover, reach the United States from Hong Kong and China, not to speak of various European countries. Besides official returns show that, since the adoption of the United States tariff, eggs have been shipped from Montreal and Halifax to England. The eggs reach their destination perfectly safe and sound, being stowed in the cool part of the vessels below water line or between decks, while some ships are provided with huge ventilators for supplying fresh cool air. The Bulletin then goes on to give technical instruction as to packing—for which competent boxes, or hulls, saw-dust or chopped straw are used. If carefully handled, the breakage is virtually *nil*. A firm in Ontario offers cases at 17 cents each. The freight, at present ruling, is less than a cent a dozen. Shipments already made netted a return as favourable as could have been obtained in the United States before the operation of the new tariff. Further information in the Bulletin touching prices in England will be found of timely service by intending exporters, and the statement concludes with an encouraging letter from Mr. Henry C. Hay, of London. The rest of the Bulletin, devoted to poultry, is almost equally opportune. It is shown that in England there is a market that Canadians may profitably court. The imports of poultry into Great Britain last year were valued at \$2,302,872.

Canadian exports of live poultry to the United States were valued in 1889 and 1890 at \$110,793 and \$105,612, and of dressed and undressed poultry at \$51,732 and \$49,233 respectively. Whether Canadian poultry can reach the English market in good condition is a question which will soon be solved decidedly, and, it is reasonably expected, favourably.

WHAT'S IN A NAME.

Mr. De Montigny, in his work on colonization in the north country, has a long digression on the alleged impropriety of permitting localities in this province to bear English names, such as "Kilkenny, Howard, Wexford, Wentworth and others still more barbarous." He is surprised and indignant that his compatriots should tolerate such an encroachment. "This complaisance will," he adds, "give succeeding generations the impression that the English had us under their heel," and he asks if "there are no men in the history of the country who have a just claim on the gratitude of French-Canadians. To give the names of those men to the divisions of the province would be, in a manner, erecting monuments to them. Why do we not do so? *Messieurs les Anglais* cannot surely object to it. We do not find them adorning the townships of Ontario or other provinces where they have a majority with French names. On the contrary, they do away with them. Let us be just, but we need not be so simple as to surrender our privileges, for this right of naming the places where we dwell is more important than some people imagine, the exercise of it showing that we are masters of the soil and at home on it. How is it that a handful of adventurers should have come here and imposed their will on us, if it be not that we never had any faith in our own influence and that audacity has supplanted us?" Whatever we may think of the tone of Mr. De Montigny's remarks, the subject to which he has called attention is not without importance. The fact is that far too little care has been taken in our topographical nomenclature. The business has been left to anybody and everybody, and the result is that many of our local names are either void of historical significance or commemorate events or persons that Canada has no special reason to bear in mind. The names that have most justification on the ground of history and, in the multitude of instances, euphony as well, are those Indian names which the early settlers, explorers or missionaries found already in use and deemed it well to adopt. Such names as Hochelaga, Ottawa, Toronto, Niagara, Temiscouata, Omamee, Memphremagog, Massawippi, Napanee, Metabetchouan and scores of others that are familiar to our ears and tongues, have established an indisputable claim to permanent possession. They are perpetual reminders of the tribes that once wandered and warred and hunted in the wilderness out of which our Canada has developed. "Canada" itself is evidence of the survival of the fittest. It was the name that Jacques Cartier found attached to a portion of it, and for which he saw no reason to substitute an alien designation. Some generations later, indeed, the notion took hold of some New Englanders that the brothers Du Caen had imposed upon the country a name derived from their own, and a school of investigators that is not without influence has adduced this absurd etymology in support of their contention that "Amerrique" was the name of a Central American mountain range, and from that word, and not from Amerigo Vespucci the accepted name of the new world was derived. But for the visit of Cartier and its authenticated record it is, they argue, not improbable that the New England fiction might have gained currency, the name "Cane" (as it was spelled by the Novanglian writers) yielding "Canada" as naturally as Vespucci's christen name (of which there are various versions) yielded "America." Canada was not employed in its present signification until 1867, and it is certainly a happy thought to apply a term of such unquestionably aboriginal origin—a name that has been in vogue through every régime to which the country has been subjected—to the North American Dominion.

Quebec and Ontario, Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Assiniboia, Athabasca and Keewatin—as the names of provinces and districts—are alike happy in their historical significance. The other provinces have names which can, at least, be accounted for; and, in a general way, the whole of Canada bears traces in its nomenclature of the three dispensations which have at successive periods prevailed within its boundaries. All the chief aboriginal nations are represented in its topography. Algonquin, the generic name of the Indian population that bore sway half way from Atlantic to Pacific, is, indeed, but meagrely recognized in the distribution of honours, but the tribal names of the great Algonic family have not been allowed to pass into oblivion. The Nipissings, Mistassins, Eries, Mingans, Chipewas, Mississaugas and many others are daily brought to mind in our maps, gazetteers and railway guides. Nor has the Iroquois federation been forgotten—the Oneidas, Tuscaroras, Onondagas, Senecas, Cayugas and Mohawks are all more or less commemorated. Pontiac, Tecumseh, Tyendinaga, recall the careers of noted chiefs. The illustrious missionaries, rulers, explorers and soldiers of the French régime have left their names to counties, cities, towns, streets, lakes and rivers. Jacques Cartier, Champlain, Maisonneuve, Montmagny, Iberville, Boucherville, Vaudreuil, Richelieu, Chambly, Sorel, Contrecoeur, Joliette, Laval, Montmorency, Frontenac, Montcalm, Levis and many another distinguished name borne by well known localities remind us of "the brave days of old." Coming down to the period of British rule, we have, in Dorchester, Carlton, Richmond, Haldimand, Drummond, Prescott, Aylmer, Gosford, Durham, Lambton, Sydenham, Sherbrooke, Dalhousie, Elgin, Bagot, Brockville, Bond Head, Georgian Bay, Cornwallis, Victoria and numerous other places or districts, preserved the memories of illustrious personages more or less intimately associated with the administration of the provinces. For names like these there is a certain *raison d'être*—they are landmarks in our constitutional development. The enumeration, indeed, of the three classes of names just exemplified is sufficient, even if all other sources of information were lost, to indicate, in general outline, the nationalities of the populations and authorities that have succeeded each other in the occupation and control of the country. We have also in a good many of our local names reminders of the pioneers whose enterprise helped most efficiently to promote the development of their neighbourhoods, or indications of their origin, political opinions or religious beliefs. No person could be in doubt as to the religious auspices under which this province was founded, and where we meet with such names as Luther, Melancthon, Wycliffe, Lutterworth, we have fairly trustworthy guidance as to the faith of the sponsors. Wollaston, Herschel, Faraday seem to reveal scientific leanings on the part of the name-givers. In other cases love of home seems to have actuated the imposition of the name, and so we find that not only the United Kingdom but a good deal of the rest of Europe is laid under requisition. But, while allowance may be made for some of these motives for naming a newly settled village, town, district, lake or river in Canada, our readers will agree with us that the repetition of old-world names is, as a rule, a mistake, and often leads to confusion. But that is not, after all, the worst inconvenience that is caused by injudicious nomenclature. Let any one consult a gazetteer and he will find how the same name occurs again and again. York, Queen's, King's, St. Anne's, Salmon, Trout, Salt Springs, Broad Cove—but the list is really too long to reproduce. There are some names repeated from four to a dozen times, and occasionally the same province has the same name for half a dozen different places. Since the opening up of the North-West the confusion caused by this multiplication of names has been considerably aggravated, and with every new report of the Postal Department we see fresh illustrations of this random method of nomenclature. A glance at any large map of the United States will show to what a jumble of vain repetitions we are tending if some check be not applied to the *modus operandi* complained of.



MCGILL UNIVERSITY TUG-OF-WAR TEAM.

Our Toronto Letter.

[From our own correspondent.]

TORONTO, November, 1890.

Birchall and the effects of the McKinley Bill, or what to some judgments passes as such, the agitation in the money market, have divided public attention this week, giving the preference to Birchall. That source of excitement is now over and we are looking for its successor. The developments in the Street Railway arbitration promises some tidbits, but our citizens have so much confidence in the legal gentlemen employed on both sides of the case that they are not over anxious lest they should be cheated.

The annual sop thrown to their constituents by certain of the aldermen, takes the flavour this year of retrenchment in the matter of civic salaries. Not being able to cut down taxes that they have by their own act fixed, they fall upon the men in whose hands lie the whole financial administration of this large and ever-increasing municipality and attempt to belittle their services in the eyes of the citizens, and on that ground cut down their, by no means, princely salaries, even if the City Treasurer's salary be adopted as an example. Moreover, as certain of the salaries paid have been fixed by the present year's aldermen it would be hard to expect them to eat their words, so the latest proposition is that the gentlemen in the various offices shall have their hours lengthened and be expected to work from eight a.m. until 6 p.m. This would be all very well if civic work were free from rush, and was of a mechanical nature requiring little exercise of the individual brain, but any person informed on the subject is well aware that civic work is full of the elements of strain, and therefore needs to stand upon the same basis in the matter of occupied hours as the legal or any other stringent profession. An informed person also knows that strain and rush break up the powers more rapidly than more ordered work; the question therefore arises: Are our aldermen informed persons in the matter of civic employment? and, if not, why not? For if they are, why do they not support the civic officials in the matter of adequate salary, and ask no more from them than a fair day's work for fair pay.

Dr. Bourinot's lectures on British Institutions in Canada have been well attended by the select hundred, but it is a pity that Trinity University does not engage a hall nearer the centre of the city than its own building. There is no subject at the present time of more importance to the Canadian than the subject of Canadian laws and institutions, and it is certain that if Dr. Bourinot's lectures were more accessible a larger audience would be glad to greet him, as also other of those excellent speakers that from time to time address Toronto at Trinity. The Canadian Institute also sins in this respect. Located in a dark corner of Richmond street and holding its meetings on a Saturday night, it is simply impossible for the ordinary and intellectual public to avail themselves of opportunities of hearing lectures, papers, &c., that they would be delighted to listen to if they were more accessible in the matter of time and place.

The Canadian Institute has put on its considering cap in this matter, it is said. We hope that Trinity will also move.

Old Shaftesbury Hall has become a new auditorium by means of much alteration and improvement of the building. This is a good idea, for the Hall has excellent acoustic properties and comfortable accommodation, but was spoiled by its bad entrance and certain annoyances that had crept in. Being close to Yonge street—on Queen street, it is very central, and with a new front and façade fulfils all requirements of public convenience.

The Chrysanthemum show was, as it deserved to be, a great success. The floor of the Pavilion of Horticultural Garden was filled with these showy and elegant flowers, so that there was but restricted space for moving about. Carrying their blooms at the top and being large plants, the ordinary shew-table cannot be used for their exhibition in pots and they have to stand on the floor. A large exhibit of cut blooms in hyacinth glasses were set out on tables along two sides of the hall, and sharing the same space were roses, orchids, carnations, double violets, and a few lilies to fill up spaces.

The Exhibition was organized by the Toronto Gardeners' and Florists' Club, partly for the encouragement of the cultivation of the Chrysanthemum and partly to raise funds for the meeting of the Society of American Florists, which will be held in Toronto in August next, and at which 600 or 700 delegates are to be present.

The Gardeners' and Florists' Club owes its inception to Mr. John Chambers, Park Commissioner for Toronto and Gardener-in-Chief of Exhibition Park.

The officers for the current year are:—President, John Chambers; 1st Vice-President, George Vair; 2nd Vice-President, C. J. Tidy; Treasurer, A. Gilchrist; Secretary, John H. Dunlop; Exhibition committee, William Houston, T. Manton, A. Macpherson, W. J. Lang.

These gentlemen must be more than satisfied with the result of their labours on behalf of the Chrysanthemum show, for a better, as to quality, it is hard to conceive. A larger may of course be organized in a larger population.

The varieties of the flowers were as remarkable as their characteristics. From the small close-petalled daisy-like bloom, with which we were familiar in our grandfathers' gardens in England, to the latest novelty, the ostrich-plume, is a long interval, and covers a wonderful variety of form. The ostrich plume is a white flower as large as the palm of one's hand, with incurved petals of almost translucent texture, covered with upright bracts (the correct botanical term is not known to your correspondent) which give it a most fairy-like appearance. Only two or three of our Toronto growers had it. Peter Henderson, New York, shewed it and a grower from Shorthills, N.J. An exhibitor from Adrian, Mich., also had it, and a pale pink one was also shown by Peter Henderson. In colours, yellow was most general, and ranged from a pale greenish tint to a deep orange; several bronzes were shown and numerous examples of the old chrysanthemum-pink or peach blow, as it used to be called. There were also a few pure rosy-pink flowers, but perhaps the most remarkable of all tints was a flower that, from its plentifulness, would not seem to be

hard to grow, of reversible petals, showing a rich garnet within and old-gold without, as the petals were incurving the old-gold was the obvious colour, the garnet showing as a lining.

By far the larger share of the prize cut blooms consisted of white flowers, and they were certainly magnificent,—some of the pompon form, others as shaggy as a wet Newfoundland dog, others incurved, some neither one way nor another, but looking as if somebody had dropt a pinch of paper strips upon the card. The resemblance in the manner of development of form of these chrysanthemums to asters was very remarkable, quilled, half-quilled, daisy-faced, incurved, ragged, regular and neat, irregular and indescribable, it was impossible not to see the similarity; there were a few specimens, however, so recurved and so like in colour as to suggest a zinnia, had not stem and leaf been there to prove it a chrysanthemum.

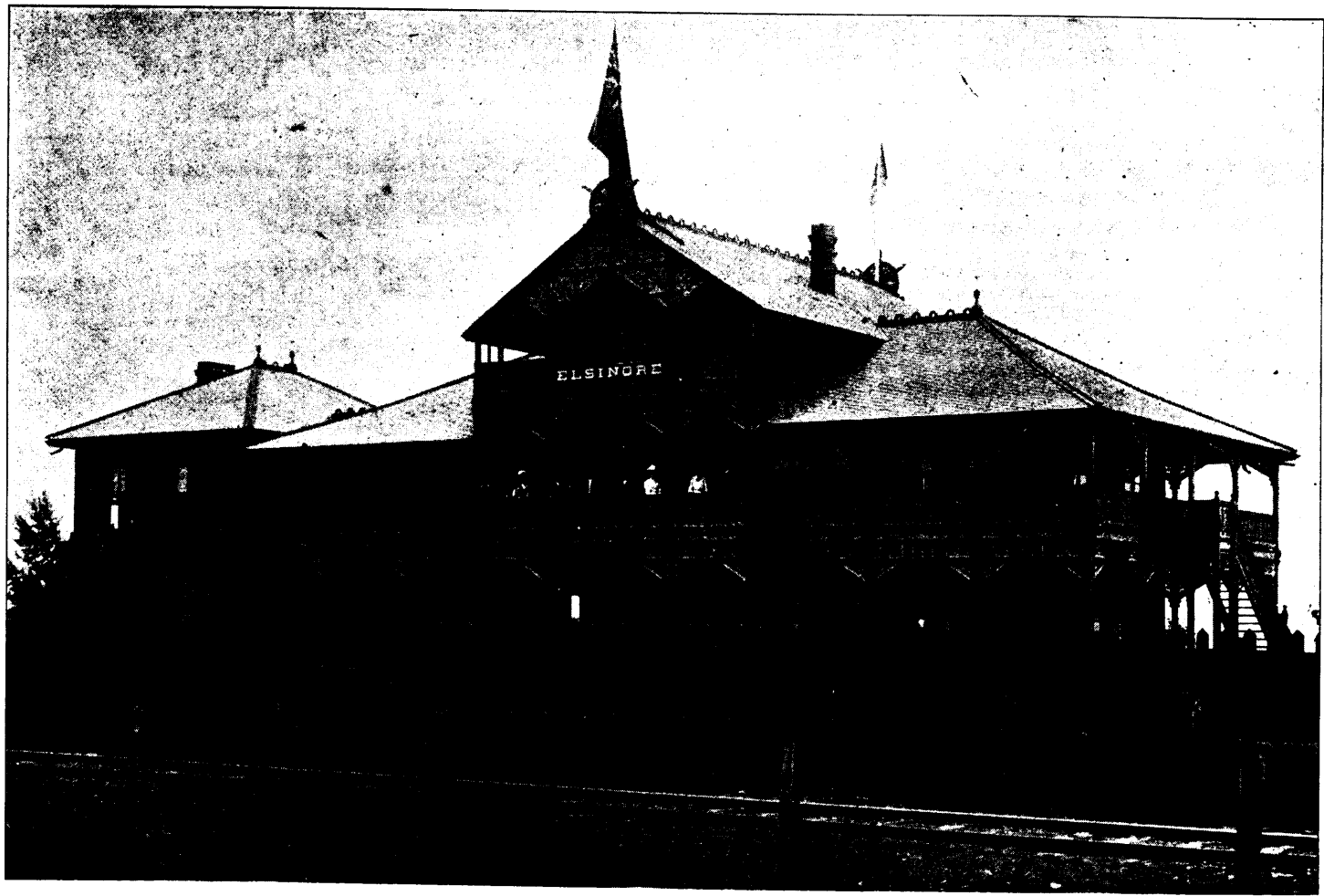
What the future of this elegant and attractive flower will be who can say, when one firm, that from Adrian, shews fifty new varieties for one year.

The collection of roses was small, but perhaps the finest ever shown in Toronto; they were all cut blooms,—*Perle de jardin*, *Bride*, *Mermel*, *Souvenir de Wootton*, *Madame Hoste*, *Nephtos*, each as perfect in form and colour as could be imagined, and with a transparency of texture that seemed to forbid a long lease of life, yet these lovely creatures will flourish for more than a week in water if rightly managed. The Wanda, a new rose, and some hybrid perpetuals, looking like the handsome old English roses of our childhood, filled the air with perfume and made us glad that growers were resuming the cultivation of scented flowers as well as, if not in place of, the scentless ones of late years.

Manton Bros. shewed the orchids that took the prize and deserved it richly, for their flowers were as fine as curious, but Cotterell Bros. had two or three curious and beautiful specimens among the non-competing plants from their greenhouses that filled an angle of the hall.

Mr. Chambers sent the splendid selection of plants that formed the centre-piece, with the exception of the fine palm around which they were grouped and which formed part of Mr. Watkin's treasures in the Pavilion Conservatory.

The high-handed action of the Wholesale Grocers' Guild, or more truly, combine, of this city, in trying to run the Retailers into a hole by shortening credit and lessening discounts, has developed a strong opposition on the part of the oppressed, who naturally objected to being coerced of their legal business liberty by any combine of richer men. The retailers have a hard pull very often to make ends meet, and it is not within their power to remove the pressure caused by long credits, which are often forced upon them by the action of other traders, in such cases as strikes for instance, when customers who continue to need their daily supplies of food and pay honestly as well as they can, are forced to ask long credit of the grocer, who necessarily is willing to oblige the persons on whose custom he depends for his ordinary business. To oppress the retailers then is a very illiberal measure on the part of wholesale men and very short-sighted also. Clarke Wallace's Anti-Combine Bill enables the law to step in at a certain stage, but under Mr.



"ELSINORE."
HAMILTON ONT.

Wallace's advice the Retail Grocers' Association has been patient, and after a four hour's discussion of the subject with the Wholesale Grocers' Guild representative, a sort of *modus vivendi*, giving somewhat easier terms, has been arrived at. Since the 1st inst., the following label has been attached to all invoices sent out from guild houses:—

TRADE CREDITS AND DISCOUNTS.
General Groceries,—three month's time.
Sugars, Syrups, Molasses, Canned Goods,
Fish, Produce, &c.,—thirty days

Very short work for men who often have to give six months for all their goods, and in case of hard times, twelve. The visit of Henry M. Stanley to this city is awakening much speculation as to who will hear him. The prices range high, but the crush will be tremendous nevertheless, for every one is anxious to see the man whose march across so large a section of unexplored Africa was of itself a miracle of courage, but when hampered by difficulties like those Stanley has surmounted, has made him and his band of faithful helpers a spectacle of heroism. It is too early to form a judgment upon those painful parts of the story that are in course of enquiry. Besides, they do not affect the valiant service of the front column.

St. Alban's Cathedral has reached such a stage of erection that the Bishop of Toronto has held receptions at the See House, which are to be continued for several weeks, so that the members of the English communion may have a fair chance of becoming acquainted with the head church of the Diocese, and, therefore, as its friends hope, interested in its prosperity. The majority of Canadians have yet to learn what a real cathedral foundation is and how far it is suitable to the needs of the country and the times, and it is satisfactory to know that Bishop Sweatman proposes nothing that is not really adapted to and needed by the Dominion, so that waste upon worn-out institutions will not evoke displeasure nor divert money needed for useful purposes.

Pierre Loti's New Book--Rarahu.

Like every one else who has been in Japan for the last year or two, I must plead guilty of having read and enjoyed Pierre Loti's "Mademoiselle Chrysanthème." I read it in Japan, and forgive me if I overlooked the astounding impropriety of the book in the keen delight I felt in reading such a wonderfully true description of a life so hard to describe (except on the ludicrous side) as the Japanese. Pierre Loti seems to be at his best when he is lingering over the artistic beauties which go so far towards making the life of the Japanese—happy people, who have, I believe, a truer love of beauty than any other country. Fancy, for instance, a working man living and being happy on a few cents a day, with a small slice of land entirely

devoted to cherry trees which bear no fruit but the most wonderful blossoms, and afford the simple owner a far keener pleasure than the best developed cabbages the said amount of land could produce at the highest possible cultivation. But Pierre Loti was not entirely in love with Japan. I think sometimes he was a little hard on his "Kika." The contrast between "Rarahu" and "M. Chrysanthème" is very marked. The description of his little Tahitian wife is altogether fascinating. In "Rarahu," his last book, he seems in love with his wife, in love with his surroundings and himself; altogether his description of life in the Polynesian Islands sound, indeed, altogether too good to be true; there is a touch of fairy land about it. His little butterfly wife, who was quite contented to spread her wings for the few short months as the white man's wife, expecting nothing better than to be remembered only as his favourite plaything. While reading "Rarahu" one is no longer in a hotel room surrounded by four walls and a "suite" of furniture differing only from your next door neighbour's in the one fact that your number on the door is 126 and the next 128, and from the flat above you that they pay one dollar and a half less a week and go without the sofa, one is wandering about shady palm and bamboo groves with Rarahu, who is beginning to have delightfully prim ideas of life, hanging on to her white man's arm, dressed in trailing white vapoury dresses which show the soft lines of her dusky form. Pierre Loti suggests so much and describes so little that one never tires of this loving child-wife.

I would have wished, indeed, that the last Pierre Loti saw of her was the last we hear of her. Rarahu's end is sadder than Mademoiselle Chrysanthème's. The last we see of the latter is ringing every coin paid her by her husband *pro tem.* with a small hammer, which sounds as though it were a business Mlle. Kika was not wholly unaccustomed to, and being surprised in the act by the said husband, who had returned to have a last look at his home in Dai Nippon and, I think, to see if Madame Chrysanthème had more feeling for him than he credited her. Rarahu, on the other hand, having a greater height to fall from, had fallen lower, but after closing the book we only think of her as the bright, passionate, impetuous, little savage between the conflicting feelings of the missionaries' teachings and her love of everything beautiful from the new and higher thoughts her white lord put into her bright little head, which she so loved to decorate with scarlet flowers, down to the bright silks and cheap jewelry she bought from John Chinaman with her smiles and favours. His description of Queen Pomare's Court supplies the book with delightful touches of humour. The fat and greasy Queen, who has a very tender corner in her heart for the gold-laced officers of Her Majesty's service, reminds one, indeed, of some of the characters in "Alice in Won-

derland"; in fact, she is just a queen on a chessboard, very wooden, very stoic. One can picture her being moved from her gaudy throne by the same means only as one moves a chess queen. The whole book is novel and delightful, one of the few one does not tire of before one has finished it, and would like to begin again.

NORMA DE LORIMIER.

Life in a New Zealand Homestead.

It is not, then, wonderful that life remains pure and simple, and that one actually does escape from many of the worries of the outer world. To assert that the domestic life of a New Zealand sheep farmer and his household in the backwoods has in it little of hardship or discomfort will, perhaps, astonish the generality of people. But such is the fact. The rooms of the house are spacious and cheerful, with a wide verandah outside, covered with creepers, honeysuckle and roses. By the way, the rose trees in this part of the world grow so high that at Christmas, when the sitting-room is decorated with Maréchal Niels, they are inaccessible without a ladder's help. Though the life is principally an out-door one, even in winter, every comfort is found within—from Liberty cushions and a Broadwood to fire glass and damask. The mistress and her neighbours vie with each other in making their homes pretty and picturesque. Outside, the sheds and stables are rude and rough, but indoors comfort reigns supreme. Much thought is spent on the fare, and great efforts made to disguise the inevitable mutton, which is, of course, the *pièce de résistance*. The *menus* are, however, varied now and again by gifts from neighbours—so called, though the nearest is twenty miles away—and the sportsmen who bring in wild cattle, pigs, turkeys, hares, and all sorts of water fowl. Still, the housekeeper can place no dependence on these, and her brain is exercised in veiling the monotony of the fare; and very wonderfully successful, as a rule, are her efforts. Home cured hams, bacon, an overflowing dairy and kitchen garden, it is surprising how much can be done with simple materials. Bread is baked at home, of course, unless one wishes to send seventy miles for it. The hours are only comfortably early at the station, unless there is extra work to be done. Generally, however, one is up betimes; for early morning is glorious among the New Zealand mountains; clear and fresh, with an exhilarating atmosphere, and a crisp feeling even in midsummer. It is a pleasure, moreover, which will bear frequent repetition, to watch the sky slowly brightening far into the intense blue, until at last the grand old sun bursts forth in full power. The breakfast table is always laden with fruit, which has to be freshly gathered, the butter put into the snow stream to cool, and many other duties attended to.—*Cassell's Family Magazine for September.*



VIEWS OF BERLIN, ONT.—It is not the first time that we have presented our readers with some characteristic examples of the scenery in and around this thriving town, the Capital of Waterloo Co., Ontario. It is situated on the Grand River, about 65 miles from Toronto, and was, as its name implies, largely settled by energetic and enterprising Germans.

THE VISIT OF THE IRON AND STEEL INSTITUTE TO LACHINE.—In a previous issue (November 15) we gave a general account of the Institute during their sojourn in Canada. This engraving is a memorial of an interesting feature of the entertainment provided for them in Montreal. Lachine used to be the headquarters for the old Fur Kings; at a still earlier date it was the starting-point of western exploration, and its name is a record of hopes which, though disappointed in the letter, have been fulfilled in spirit and reality. The coming of the Iron Kings to Lachine marks the advent of a new era of industrial development and enterprise for Canada.

INDIANS OF THE QUEEN CHARLOTTE ISLANDS, BRITISH COLUMBIA.—Of the aboriginal tribes of these islands, their languages, customs and degree of advancement in the industries and habits of civilization, we have treated at considerable length in previous numbers. Our readers will find a great deal that is highly interesting and instructive regarding them in the reports of the Geological Survey from the pen of Dr. G. M. Dawson. The groups in our engravings give a good idea of their characteristic physique, dress and demeanour.

THE REV. GEORGE BRYCE, LL.D., PROFESSOR MANITOBA COLLEGE, WINNIPEG.—The Rev. Dr. Bryce, whose portrait appears in the present issue, is known to many of our readers as one of our most lucid and accurate historians. He is a native of Ontario, having been born at Mount Pleasant, in that Province, on the 22nd of April, 1844. His parents had come to Canada from Dunblane, in Perthshire, where his father's family had resided since the days of Charles the First. Having attended the schools in his native town, George Bryce was sent to the Brantford Collegiate Institute, and from there he went to Toronto University, matriculating in 1863. During his course he won many scholarships and prizes, and graduated with honours. He then entered Knox College, where he was equally successful in his studies, taking five out of the six scholarships open in his time. He was elected president of the Literary and Metaphysical Society of the same institution. At both University and Knox Colleges he had distinguished himself by essay-writing. During the Trent excitement he joined the volunteers and with a schoolmate organized the Mount Pleasant Infantry, subsequently a company in the Brant Battalion. On going to Toronto he became connected with the Queen's Own, and in 1863 entered the Military School, where he took a second class certificate. In 1865 he was at Laprairie camp under Colonel (now General Lord Viscount) Wolseley, and was with the University Company of the Queen's Own at Ridgeway as ensign, and to him it fell to make out the roll after the engagement, marking who were present, killed, wounded or missing. In 1871, after completing his theological course at Knox College, Mr. Bryce was appointed assistant pastor of Chalmers' Church, Quebec. In August of the same year the Home Mission of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church charged him with the task of founding a college among the Selkirk settlers on the Red River and of organizing a congregation in Winnipeg. Having been ordained in Toronto on the 19th of September, he proceeded to his destination, travelling the last three hundred miles by stage through Minnesota. He organized the college at Kildonan; but, subsequently, after being incorporated, the institution was removed to Winnipeg. Dr. Bryce was one of the founders of the University of Manitoba, which was formed by the affiliation of Manitoba College, the Seminary of St. Boniface and St. John's College, the Presbyterian, Roman Catholic and Anglican communions thus uniting in a common aim for the advancement of higher education. The first meeting of convocation took place in 1881. Dr. Bryce took a prominent part in the organization of the University and the framing of its statutes. In 1880 he began collecting subscriptions to build the new college, which was begun in 1881 and completed in 1882. It is a handsome structure, and, with the ground, is valued at \$70,000. In 1877 Dr. Bryce had been elected a member of the Winnipeg School Board, and was the first Inspector of Schools in that city. He has acted as examiner in Toronto and Manitoba Universities, and has been chairman of the Board of Examiners, Winnipeg. He organized Knox and St. Andrew's churches, Winnipeg, and has opened, or re-opened some twenty new churches in the Province. He was appointed in 1884 Moderator of the First Presbyterian Synod in the North-West. He was one of the incorporators, and has been a director and secretary-treasurer, of the Winnipeg General Hospital. He was one of the founders of the Historical and Scientific Society, of which he has been president more than once. In 1882 his work, "Manitoba in Its Infancy, Growth and Present Condition," was published by Sampson, Low & Co., London. In preparing

it, he had access to the family papers of the Earl of Selkirk, of whose character it is a vindication. It has long been accepted as a standard authority on the history of the Red River country. Dr. Bryce's "Short History of the Canadian People," also published in London, still further increases his reputation as a pains-taking, trustworthy and always interesting writer. He has contributed an important chapter to Justin Winsor's great "Narrative and Descriptive History of America"—that which treats of the progress of Canada since the conquest. He also wrote for the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. He has contributed to the "Transactions of the Royal Society" papers of value on North-Western exploration, and his series of essays read before the Historical and Scientific Society of Winnipeg is of recognized importance. Dr. Bryce has travelled extensively both in Europe and this continent. He was the first to explore and examine the mounds of the trans-Superior country, on which he has written as an expert. The Doctor has been married since 1872, his wife being a daughter of Mr. Samuel, of Kirkleston, Linlithgowshire.



MR. H. L. JANZEN.—Mayor of Berlin, Ont.

LIEUT.-COLONEL IVOR CARADOC HERBERT.—We have pleasure in presenting our readers with a portrait of this officer, so soon to become Major-General in command of the Canadian militia.

ELSNORE.—This building, the outcome of the generosity of one of Hamilton's most philanthropic citizens, is situated at Church Crossing, Hamilton beach; the front looks across the bay towards the city, while from the back a splendid view of Lake Ontario is obtained. The institution is a summer home for sick children—a charity of which there are far too few in the crowded cities of the Dominion. It was opened early last summer with appropriate ceremony, and the entire expense of its erection and furnishing was borne by Mrs. Sanford, wife of the Hon. W. E. Sanford, Senator, one of the most wealthy and liberal citizens, and to whose opportune aid many deserving charities are deeply indebted.

MCGILL COLLEGE CHAMPION TUG-OF-WAR TEAM.—The field day of the athletic association connected with a university is an exciting one to the students of the different faculties. In the programme of sports the grand event is the tug-of-war. Each faculty is desirous of possessing the winning team. The contest was this year won by the Faculty of Arts. A portrait of the winning team is given in this issue.

THE SHAM FIGHT AT TORONTO.—A singular feature of military matters in Canada is the almost total absence of encouragement and aid by the authorities to field operations on even a limited scale. While the volunteer forces of the Mother Country have constant opportunities of preparation for actual service by sham fights and field manoeuvres, and while the forces of the great European powers make the autumn manoeuvres the most prominent feature of their annual training, our small force here has, as a mass, practically no training of this sort, whereas such should be the prominent and central feature of each year's drill, even if the singularly useful march-past be omitted. It is with pleasure that we find Toronto and Hamilton regiments seeking to improve themselves in their work, and devoting the great autumn holiday (Thanksgiving Day) to an annual field-day of this description. Each year shows a steady gain over the preceding one, and that which took place at High Park, near Toronto, on the 6th November (as fully illustrated in our present number) was probably the most successful of any in the Province. Full details of the day have been given in the daily papers. Our artist has indicated one of each of the three battalions taking part; the Queen's Own Rifles, for the defence, being pitted against the 10th Royal Grenadiers, the 13th Battalion of Hamilton and "C" Company Royal School of Infantry. The whole affair was most successful, and must have resulted in great benefit to the officers and men engaged.

Through the Magazines.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL.

The name of this excellent periodical is its best recommendation. Founded in 1832, it has stood the test of all sorts of rivalries, continuing, as it began, to supply the reading public with fare at once savoury and nutritive. The association with it, in its earlier years, of Robert Chambers's strong individuality, helped to give it the prestige which it has never lost with the most fastidious of critics—the Scottish middle class. In two-thirds of a century its standard has not varied—striking evidence of the judgment, taste and insight of its founders. It hit the *juste milieu* that wins the favour at once of the scholarly and the simple, work-a-day seekers of knowledge. It did not wound the feelings of the latter by pretending to come down to their level, nor did it give the former occasion to complain of rudeness and inaptitude. The striver and the soarer alike found satisfaction in its pages. Therefore, it has survived the strain of a constantly intensifying competition, and to-day it addresses an enlightened constituency in all parts of the world in whose intellectual training it has had and still has a prominent share. The latest issue contains "A Yarn Spun in Manitoba," of which, amusing though it be, our patriotism does not quite approve. Scotland has its frosts and storms as well as Canada, and some pictures in Thomson's Seasons might be matched against any Tenderfoot's "Yarn." There is, indeed, an article on the Tenderfoot in this number. A contribution on the "Economic Aspects of Bacteriology" will surprise and instruct some puzzled manufacturers. The antiquary will enjoy a paper on "Phœnician Bowls," and lovers of Sir Walter will derive pleasure and profit from "Branksome Tower." "Jungle Notes in Sumatra," "The Island of Iviza," "Some Moorish Mendicants" and "A Chinese Alligator" will increase the knowledge of even the best informed, and Mrs. Lynn Lynton's sermon, "Possessing One's Soul," should be read by the impatient and thankless. In fiction the November number is rich—a sea romance by Clark Russell, a seven-chapter story by H. A. Bryden and a novelette by T. W. Speight being among the contents. Of poetry there is a fair quota, and altogether there is falling-off neither in variety nor quality. London and Edinburgh: W. & R. Chambers.

THE WEEK.

The last issue of *The Week* contains poems from Messrs. Arthur Weir, S. M. Baylis and "Sarepta"; "Walter Powell's" ever entertaining London Letter; some unusually interesting Paris gossip suggested by the observance of All Soul's Day; the conclusion of Mr. Sparrow's "Matawanda," and an article by Mr. A. F. Pirie on the Grand Jury question. The "Rambler" still brings back treasure trove from his wanderings. There is the full tale of literary, art and musical criticism, of literary and personal gossip and carefully made selections, and the editorial comment is independent and opportune. *The Week* continues to hold its well-won rank as a high class periodical, and is worthy of the support of patriotic Canadians. Toronto: C. Blackett Robinson.

REVISTA CUBANA.

Like Canada, Cuba is American geographically, European by allegiance. For years she strove desperately to free herself from the yoke of a motherland that continued obstinately deaf to the voice of her aspirations. Since the restoration of peace the Moderate Liberals, recognizing the hopelessness of the struggle for independence, have adopted a programme which makes self-government, on the basis of the Canadian settlement, the goal to be held steadily in view. For some months past the *Revista Cubana* has devoted a considerable portion of its space to the statement and defence of the Liberal party's demands. Senor F. A. Conte, the spokesman of his compatriots, has shown an intimate acquaintance with the constitution of the Dominion, and has maintained in clear and forcible language that only under a like system of autonomy can Cuba be expected to be contented, loyal and progressive. In the last number Senor Conte justifies the demeanour of the Liberal party in asking for Home Rule, and deprecates the utterances and attempts of those extremists who, on the one hand, insist on a rigid application of the principles of old-fashioned monarchy, and, on the other hand, deny that the full enjoyment of popular rights is compatible with monarchical government. The mere mention of a régime is, he maintains of little consequence; it is the substantial freedom, with all that freedom implies, with which it is associated, that is the essential point, on the attainment of which the autonomists have fixed their desires. Senor Conte emphasizes the fact that by granting to Canada self-rule and responsible government in the fullest measure, England, so far from creating a danger of future estrangement, rendered the attachment of the colonists to the metropolis stronger than it had ever been before, and a like result, he feels assured, would follow a like policy in Cuba. Senor Sanguily continues his biography of José Maria Heredia, the Cuban poet. We refer elsewhere to the article entitled "New Inquiries Concerning the Origin of the Name of America" of Jules Marcou. It is translated from the Bulletin of the Geographical Society of Paris. Senor Varona (the editor) gives some personal recollections of Espadero, the Cuban composer, of whom he writes as the friend and rival of Gottschalk. It is a critical study of the artistic temperament. The rest of the number is made up of critiques, sketches and miscellaneous contributions from Senores Sancho, Pedroso, Pineiro and others. The *Revista Cubana* is published monthly at 40 Rícla Street, Havana.



FOR FAITH and KING

a Romance of Ville-Marie

By BLANCHE L. MACDONELL.

CHAPTER I.—Continued.

Diane turned on the world the frank, friendly, confiding look of a child, mischievous often, haughtily scornful occasionally, but always the innocent regard of a soul as yet undisturbed by passion or distrust. Mademoiselle de Monestrol's hair, lightly powdered, was partly curled. Her gown of dark cloth, opened at the throat; the long waisted corsage fitted perfectly over the beautifully shaped bust; the sleeves terminated at the elbows in deep falls of lace; a flounce of lace finished the underskirt, which permitted a glimpse of daintily buckled shoes.

"And it has been pleasant to have me with you, is it not so, my uncle?" The girl clung to her guardian's arm, looking up into his face, her eyes shining, her lips parted, showing the glittering line of her teeth.

The wrinkles about Le Ber's deep set eyes, the tense lines about his mouth, relaxed in an indulgent smile.

"That goes without saying my *marmot*. We must remember, however, the nerves of Madame. If we would reach Ville Marie by daylight, it is time to start. Nanon has at last completed her preparations."

"I should like the Iroquois to comprehend that we understand the use of birch bark," a tall Canadian, whose skill with the paddle had gained him the name of *le Canotier*, was explaining to his companions. "I don't deny that these savages possess some skill in constructing a canoe, but have they, I ask you, the address to give their craft the slender shape that renders ours so coquettish as they dance upon the waves? Well may I call it no longer a canoe—it is a feather—a bird that skims the air—a cloud chased by the wind. Say then, is it not so, my comrades?"

Madame Sainte Hélène, an elegant and distinguished woman, whose figure savored too much of the refinements of capitals to be altogether in harmony with these sylvan solitudes, stood surrounded by her little children and attendants. As the soldiers and settlers gathered around the boats, a woman, scolding, laughing, gesticulating wildly, pushed her way among them. A comely woman of her class, with a face full of piquancy and variety, she was strong and thickset. Brown as a berry, with red cheeks and eyes as black as sloes. She wore a brown petticoat, a crimson apron with a bib, a lace cap with hanging lappets; at every quick movement her long gold earrings quivered.

"Behold, Madame and Mademoiselle and ces Messieurs, the whole party well accommodated, and I—I attend the good pleasure of the Sieur du Chêne."

"Eh, corbleu! but, no. This good Nanon attends no pleasure of mine," remonstrated a laughing, boyish voice. "There is place in the craft of Sans Quartier, my father, it is Diane who has consented to share my canoe, and I'll engage it is we who reach Lachine first."

"Heine! no," protested Nanon, reducing her forehead to an inch of tight cords, "I have morals, me. Even in the wilderness it is necessary to remember *les convenances*. In our country the demoiselles are guarded close to their mothers, like chicks under the hen's wing. My demoiselle was confided to my care, not a step, not even the shadow of a step, goes my demoiselle without me." Nanon crossed her arms and shook herself from side to side in the most approved style of obstinacy.

"Jean and Nanon shall follow close in the second small canoe." Le Ber himself decisively settled the question. Then holding his hat under his arm, with a profound bow, the merchant offered his arm to conduct Madame de Sainte Hélène to the boat.

No one was ever able to resist Jean Le Ber Du Chêne's gay confidence. His face owed its attractiveness to its beaming play of expression; its generous, expansive enthusiasm; its tremulously, keen sensibilities; the sunny, olive skin, finely moulded chin, the curved lips parting from white teeth, sparkled with vivacity; his dark eyes were bright with laughter, he possessed a sort of joyous audacity which marked him as one of Fortune's favorites. Born and nurtured in the colony, versed in woodcraft, seasoned to the climate and trained amidst dangers and alarms, while yet in his teens, the youth had earned a reputation for dauntless courage, tact and experience. Le Ber Du Chêne might serve as the highest type of the Canadian youth of the period. As the sea is the sailor's native element, so the forest was his. In the elastic buoyancy of early manhood, perils and hardships had only served to develop his unconquerable vitality and afforded opportunity for the display of his fiery, impetuous valour. The austerity of the most sombre ascetic relaxed at the sight of his *débonair* countenance; wily Indians and lawless gangs of *coueurs de bois* were as wax to be moulded by the adroit cleverness of young Du Chêne.

"We shall keep Bibelot with us, Diane has no desire to furnish *soupe à l'Iroquoise*. We should neither of us enjoy being put into the kettle," said he, and his gay, inadvertent

laugh rang out cheerily as he jested carelessly with one of the grimmest dangers of colonial life. "Hasten then, my son, follow us closely." Le Ber looked around anxiously.

Three soldiers rowed the large boat occupied by Le Ber, Le Moyne de Sainte Hélène, his wife and children. Three canoes followed, laden with soldiers, labourers, utensils and provisions. The oars were raised, a shower of quivering drops flashed in the sunshine, the voices of the boatmen broke out in a lusty chorus that rung cheerfully over the waters.

"Ya-t-il un étang.
Fringue, Fringue, sur l'aviron.
Trois beaux canards,
Y'en vout baignant
Fringue, Fringue, sur la rivière,
Fringue, Fringue, sur l'aviron."

"Monsieur! Where then is the Sieur Du Chêne?" Nanon in hot haste, her stout figure quivering with excitement, shrieked wildly, "It is that snake of a Michel who disputes with the soldiers. Come, then, Monsieur, ere there is murder done."

Diane remained on the shore, gaily waiving a bright hued silken scarf as she watched the rapidly disappearing boats. She looked out on a prospect of tranquil loveliness, quiet and peaceful as a dream. Shadowy gradations of light revealed ridges of hill and woodland, with a delicate, faint tracery of outline and a clear distinctness in the softly tinted air. The light lay tenderly upon the grass and on the stems of great trees, dappled with sunshine and with shade. What a pleasure the voyage down the river would be! The serenity of the blue sky, the tender greenness and stillness of the summer day, would all borrow a new charm from Du Chêne's presence. The young man and his father's ward had always been the closest friends and comrades.

Bibelot was plainly dissatisfied with the existing condition of things. He was a direct descendant of Pilot, one of a number of dogs sent from France to Ville Marie, shortly after its foundation, in order to assist the brave colonists in their warfare against the savages. He and all his tribe detested the Indians by instinct and were invaluable in detecting ambushes. Bibelot ran here and there, his bushy tail raised high as he sniffed among the branches, his slender, alert head and bright eyes looking as if solicitous of some trails of fox or rabbit. Game abounded in the woods. Far in the distance Diane could see a great herd of elks defile between the water and the wood. It was the dog's uneasiness that first attracted her attention, then the long drawn melancholy cry of a water fowl, several times repeated, fell upon her ear. Was that a signal? The trunk of an enormous tree, lying on the ground, close at hand, certainly stirred with a tremulous, vibrant motion. One unaccustomed to the life of the woods would have paid no attention, but Diane had grown up amidst the difficulties and dangers of the adventurous colonial life. The Iroquois roamed the settlement or prowled like lynxes around the forts continually. No one could account for the mysterious movements of these agile warriors. It was an urgent moment of action and caution. She stood perfectly still as if she were merely a figure painted on the plain, green background. A gray squirrel with small, bright eyes, scudded through the grass. As Mademoiselle de Monestrol listened, with sharpened senses, an insidious icy chill crept along her nerves.

At that instant, almost imperceptibly, the log moved again. No doubt existed but that in the hollow trunk an Indian lay concealed. The loud clamour of Bibelot's bark rang out clear and distinct. Soft gleams of light were piercing shyly through the branches. In a moment the forest was alive with the shadows of men stealing silently amidst the trees. In an instantaneous flash of realization, Diane comprehended that her one chance of escape lay in immediate action, that the lives of those in the fort might depend upon her own courage.

CHAPTER II.

"Arouse him then—this is thy part,
Show him the claim, point out the need,
And nerve his arm and cheer his heart,
Then stand aside and say 'God speed.'"

—A. A. PROCTOR.

"*Aux armes! Aux armes!* the girlish voice rang out in a clear, startled cry. Bibelot's resounding howls were lost in the din as the Indians screeched their war whoop and dashed out from their shelter with agile impetuosity. Like an arrow from a bow, fleet as a young fawn, Diane sprang forward, several of the dusky braves starting in swift pursuit. A false step a fall on the sunburnt grass would prove fatal. The French girl understood but too well the nameless horrors that captivity among the savages would mean. Death in comparison was nothing. Bullets whistled around her. She could hear the dog's panting breath as, with flaming eyes and lolling tongue, he rushed before her, as well as the flying noiseless footsteps of the foremost of her

pursuers. With every muscle strained to its utmost tension, she was perfectly conscious that her foe was steadily gaining upon her. She had almost reached the threshold of the fort when, shouting his own name in Indian fashion, the Iroquois stretched out his hand to grasp her shoulder, the next instant the report of a pistol rent the air with a sharp shudder and convulsion; without a sigh the savage fell prostrate and Diane, panting and trembling, was drawn into the fort by Du Chêne.

A prescient excitement kindled in the young man's eyes; his spirited face was full of resolution and confidence; his physical vigour imparted elasticity and buoyancy of temperament; his hope was strong, courage sound, and nerves well poised. The young commandant's easy composure and *débonair* grace; his supple agility, independent and imperious bearing were the pride of his followers.

"Fear not, Diane," he said, as he barricaded the door. "We are safe enough here. There are not a great number of Iroquois and they rarely attack a fort. The most serious danger is that the sound of the guns might induce my father to return, then they would fire upon the boats from the shore. I have already posted the men. We must not allow them to suspect that our party is so small. And Jean! Where is he? *Rassemble!* that lazy valet has no heart for fighting, that I'll swear. Nanon, thou canst manage an arquebuse as well as a man, my brave girl."

Nanon's black eyes darted furious glances; she ground her strong white teeth in dire wrath.

"The brigands. Yes, even I am capable of that. My hairs are all rubbed the wrong way at the sight of these wolves. Chut, Mademoiselle, I think little of such affairs, me. There is no laughing under the nose when it relates to the Iroquois."

"Place yourself behind me, Diane. Load as I fire. We will stand on our defence. These savages will lurk about and try to climb into the fort under the cover of darkness. We must not permit them to approach too near lest they set us on fire."

The Iroquois showed no disposition to retire, but commenced industriously to erect barricades of stones and bushes, as though undismayed by the determined resistance they had encountered they had resolved to prolong the siege.

"Brrrrr. It appears we shall be inconvenienced. These pagans take us, then, for targets. The tongue of our good Nanon goes like the clapper of a mill. Sapristi! When the violins play, then is the time to dance."

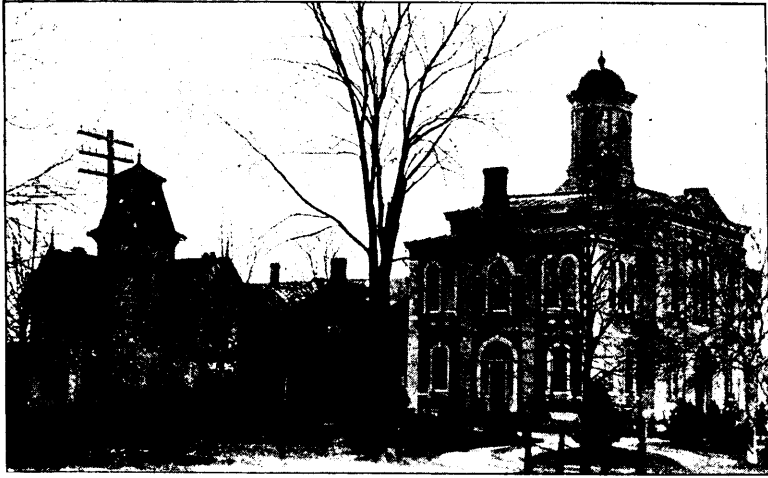
Bibelot kept up a continuous fierce barking that added to the tumult. Nanon's fierce denunciations amused the soldiers and soothed her own nerves, even if they failed to annihilate the transgressors. Occupied in loading one gun while Du Chêne fired another, Diane thought of many things. She regarded the young man with a sort of amazement. It was an hour of revelation. All the careless boyishness of his face had been replaced by an expression, keen, stern, resolute; his eyes flamed with a light which was almost cruel in its unflinching intensity; there was something splendid and imposing in his stalwart pride of courage. Noting this novel moulding of the familiar features, the girl was beset by a strange sense of unreality. For the first time she appreciated the bold and salient individuality of her companion. This was no longer her boyish comrade whom she had teased and flattered and cajoled; this was a man strong to command, to defy Fate, who would grow with every emergency and rise equal to every crisis. Her heart swelled with a new spring of impassioned emotion; a subtle intoxication ran, like an electric spark, thrilling through her veins. Du Chêne was a hero and she had been counted worthy of aiding him in his extremity, nay, if it were necessary, even of laying down her life beside him. Once speaking rather breathlessly, she ventures: "Gentlemen are born to shed their blood for God and King." "That goes without saying," simply. Then his jovial, sunshiny temper reasserted itself. "Bah! Diane! this is but comedy, our hour is not yet;" then his voice arose in a glad cry: "Aid is at hand. Saved, Diane, do you understand, saved." His eyes were young and very keen. He had discovered a swarm of canoes, thick as a flight of blackbirds in autumn, sailing down the river.

"The good God has saved us from the hands of our enemies;" with a strange look of exaltation in her eyes, Diane sank on her knees. "Our Lady of Bonsecours shall have two as fine wax tapers as money can buy," Nanon protested excitedly. "I make no clamour like that vulture Mam'zelle Anne, but I make my religion. Never could I believe that the holy saints could show such inconsiderate ingratitude as to refuse to listen to a lady of quality like my demoiselle."

Suddenly the air resounded with yells and a rapid fire was opened upon the Iroquois. The woods were still dense on their left and rear. Advancing through a ridge of thick forest beyond the open fields, hurrying through a tangled growth of beech trees, swarmed scores of naked savages, some armed with swords and some with hatchets, as they leaped, screeching from their ambushes and hurled themselves upon their foes. The hostile band, ensconced behind their sylvan ramparts, watched in vigilant silence. The leafy arches of the woods, through hill and hollow, still swamp and gurgling brook, the forest rang with warwhoops of the new arrivals, who immediately threw themselves along the thickets in front of the Iroquois and opened a galling fire upon their foes.

"It is now the turn of the wolves to dance and we can assist at that game," Du Chêne proclaimed hilariously.

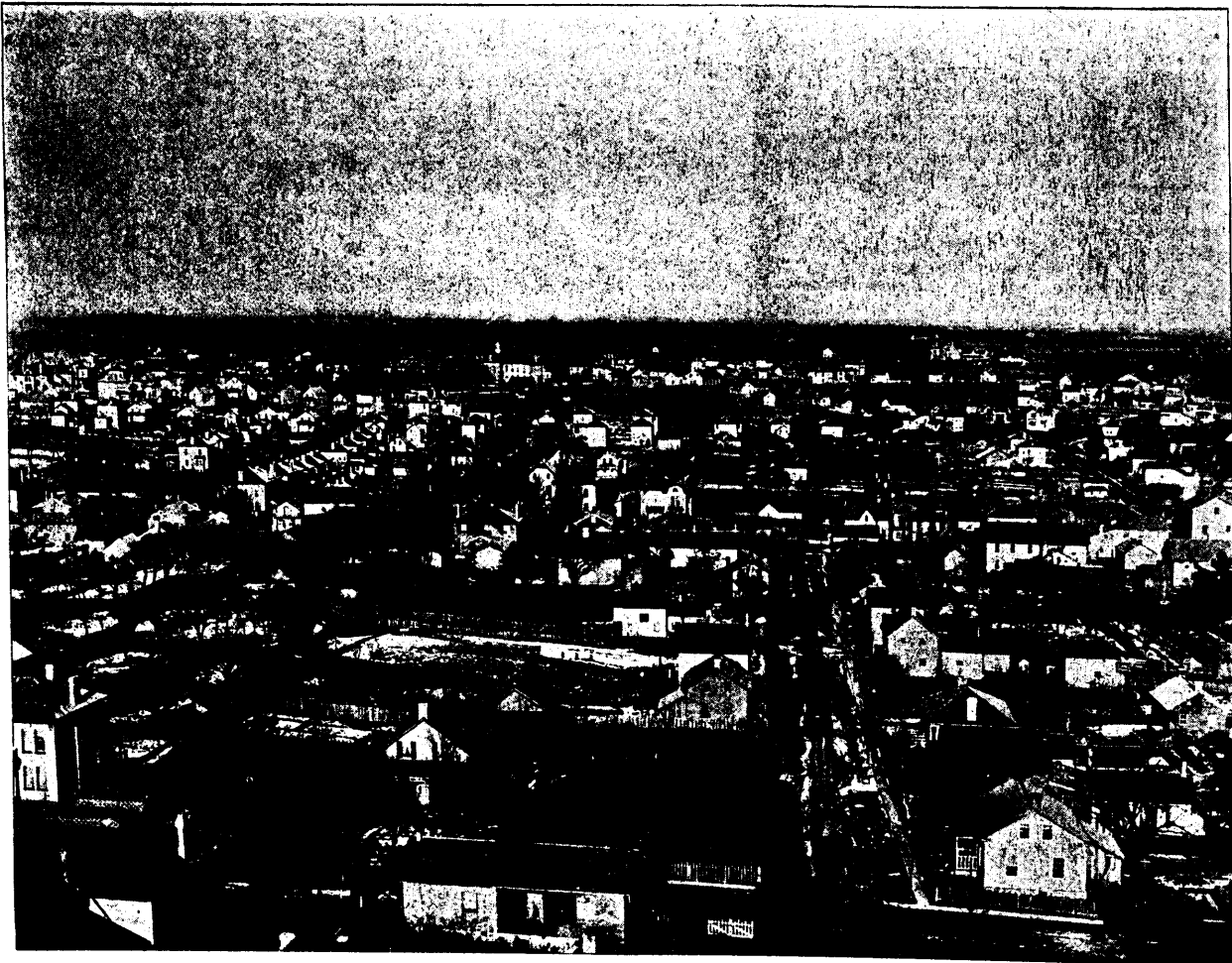
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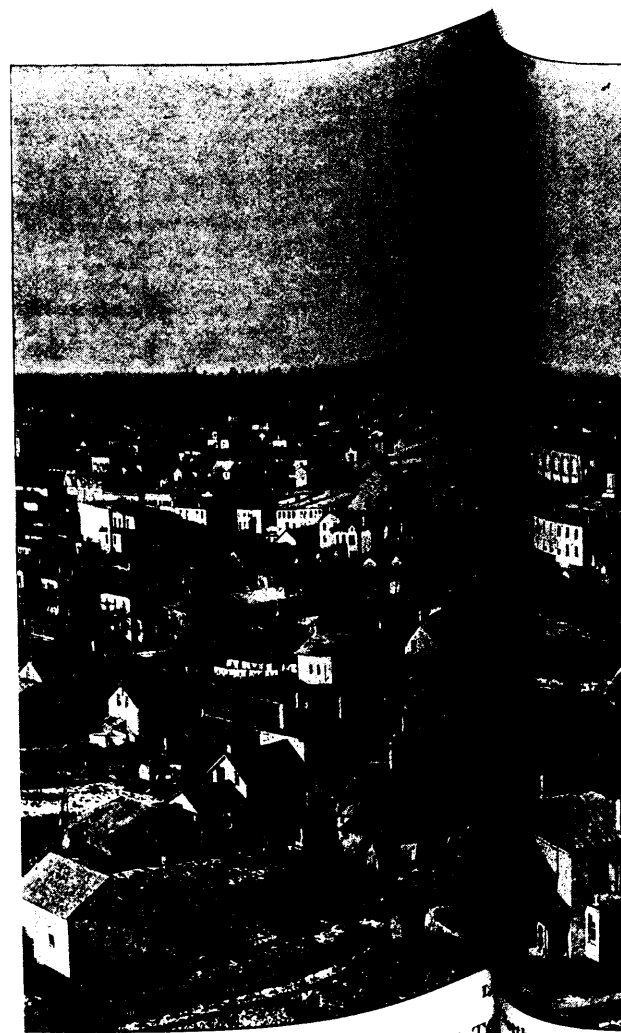
COURT HOUSE AND GAOL.



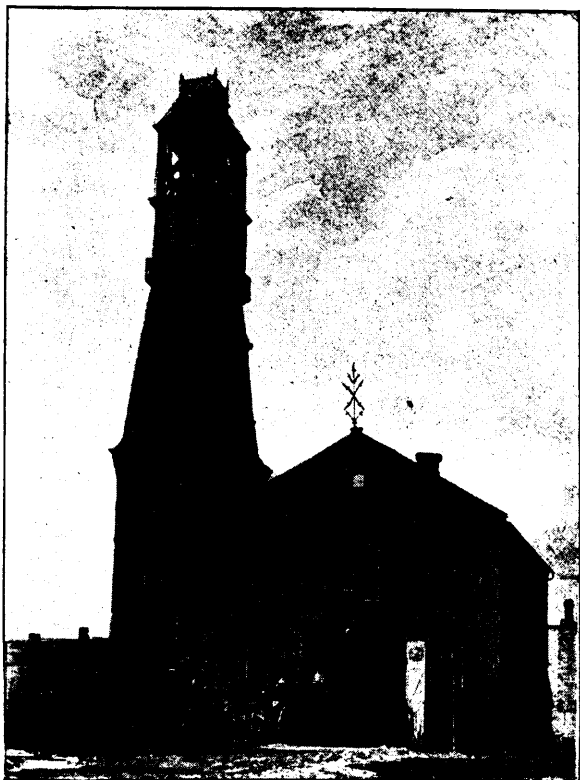
POST OFFICE AND CUSTOM HOUSE.



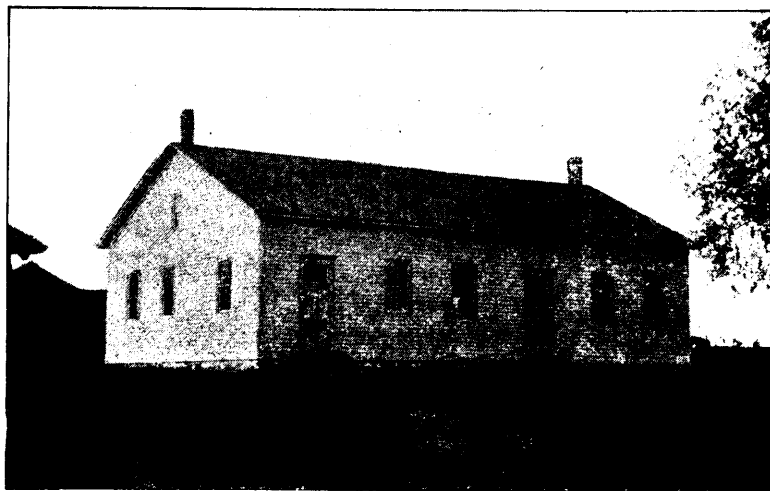
THE TOWN—Looking East.



VIEWS OF THE TOWN OF BERLIN



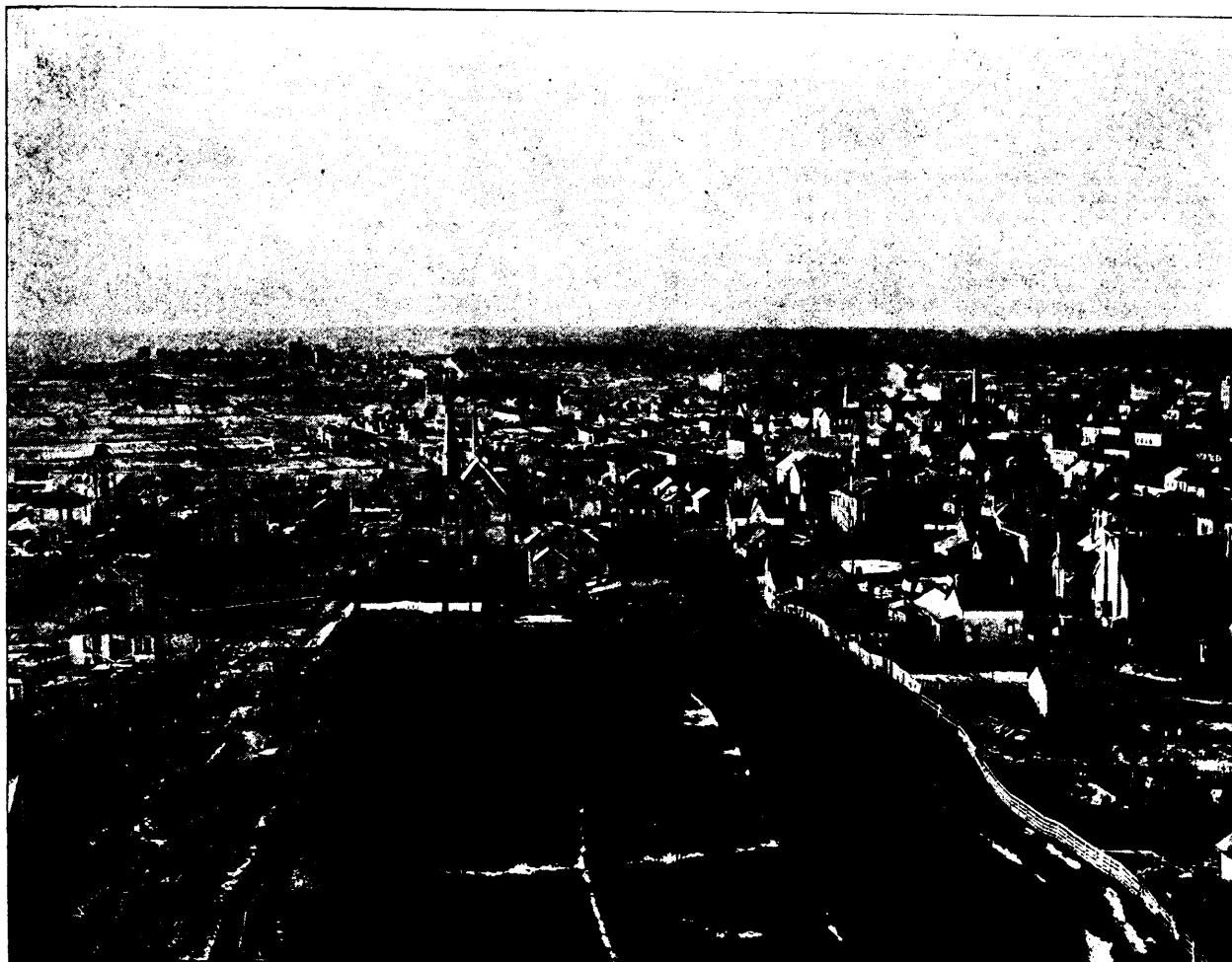
FIRE HALL.



OLD MENNONITE MEETING HOUSE, Erected 1837.



E T
OF BERLIN, ONT.



Looking West.



THE RECENT VISIT TO MONTREAL OF IRON AND STEEL INSTITUTE OF GREAT BRITAIN.
THE TRIP TO LACHINE.—A GROUP ON THE STEAMBOAT.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES

A game preserve within easy reach of Montreal is one of the possibilities, and a large part of St. Hilaire Mountain will be fenced in and stocked with game. This ought to be good news to sportsmen who like to combine their sport with the convenience of an adjacent hotel. It is quite an inducement, too, to go out and have a good day's shooting and the knowledge that the discomforts of camping out are not to be dreaded.

It is surprising to take a glance at the American papers and read over the accounts of the runs of the different harrier clubs. Their name is legion and the work they do is simply marvellous. But the strange part of the thing is that in Canada we never hear of such a thing now-a-days. There was a time, and not many years ago either, when Canadians held their own in cross-country work, even when they had to go to New York to do it; but all that is changed now. In Montreal there used to be the picking of two or three really first-class teams, and they could get over ground in a wonderful way. I remember that cold drizzly, slippery day, when Fred Johnston broke the record to the Back River, and so did the man who finished second. Anybody who witnessed that run could not help being impressed with the idea that there was material enough right in Montreal to make the best of them hustle to win anything. Since then, however, no practical interest has been taken in the sport. The Toronto men used to give cross-country races, but dropped out some three years ago, and the Montreal people, feeling that a merely local race represented nothing, even if given under the auspices of the C.A.A.A., dropped out likewise. Is it not surprising that with the crowd of young men in Montreal, who do the hardest kind of cross-country work over the snow, there should not be distance runners for the Spring and Fall? There is no excuse for this state of things, except the one plain word—"laziness." No city on the continent has greater facilities for the making of first-class athletes than Montreal; nowhere is there a better equipped club house or finer grounds, and still the showing made is not what it should be. Why not form a harrier club in connection with the M.A.A.A. There is lots of room for it, and it is one of those institutions that would not entail any great expense. Why not give the thing a trial. Here were two Saturdays with splendid weather gone by with no

outdoor sport worth mentioning, and it would just have been the right sort of weather for a rattling cross-country run.

For a long time Lon Myers held the record for 220 yards at 20 1-8 seconds. But that great runner's time has gone the way of most things, and is now lost in oblivion. Wendell Baker now holds the mark at 20 seconds. This is the American record, which is half a second slower than the English one made by Seward away back in the forties, and a quarter second slower than Pelling's, but the latter runner had a strong wind at his back.

Cary's attempt to prove that he could do the hundred yards in 9 1/2 seconds was a very marked failure, and there seems now no ground on which to base the title which the A.A.U. refused to recognize. All the conditions were favourable, he himself said he never felt better, and in the presence of half a dozen of the most expert timers in the country he did not come near it. It was considerable of a set-back for the M.A.C.

The horses, too, are going into the record-breaking business and topping the timbers by quarter inches at a time with a seven foot foundation to start on. When Ontario got over seven feet of obstacle early in the summer, the fact was thought impossible, and the record was not allowed owing to some technicality. Then Roseberry came to the front and put a record after his name of 7 ft. 1 in. This was smashed last week by Filemaker, who got over 7 ft. 1 1/4 in., but his glory only lasted for a day, for on Saturday week at Chicago Roseberry was still king, clearing 7 ft. 1 3/4 in. It may be interesting to a great many to know that for a long time Filemaker was owned by Mr. McGibbon, of Montreal, but he never came into prominence until his contest with Leo in Madison Square Garden. Then for a little while he dropped comparatively out of sight, and the *Spirit*, in its cheerful way, remarked that he had gone back to the shafts of a coal cart, from which he never should have been taken. This was one of the prophecies that did not come true. Madame Marantette, I believe, is his present owner, and he will travel with her in her equestrian show business.

So Hamilton is champion, and deservedly so, of the Ontario Rugby Union, and it was a grand game that settled their claims beyond cavil. There have been many close contests for the honor and even ties played, but perhaps never was there a more exciting match than that played at Rosedale on Saturday. Hamilton has deserved well of the football world in the past and their victory is decidedly a popular one. It was a raw chilly day when the fifteens

faced each other, and Hamilton had the advantage of the prestige gained the last time that Queen's was faced. Hamilton outplayed the collegians but slightly if at all; and the greater share of the credit belongs to the Ambitious city's magnificent back division, while that of Queen's was clumsy, slow and almost totally without combination. Queen's was superior in the rush line and they had the weight; but their opponents were as game as pebbles, and when it came to a question of clean headwork Hamilton's backs were too much for the other side, and while Queen's might gain a little ground in the scrimmage the advantage was soon lost whenever there was an opportunity for a pass, and then it was that Hamilton's rushers were quicker and surer at following up. There was a good deal of rough play and a few passes not allowed in Rugby rule, but nobody was seriously hurt. The teams were:—

| Hamilton. | Position. | Queens. |
|------------------------|--------------|----------------|
| T. H. Farrell | Back | G. Curtis. |
| G. Watts, | Half backs. | E. B. Ochlin, |
| R. Watson, | | H. Parkyn, |
| T. S. C. Saunders, | | C. Webster, |
| W. Briggs | Quarter back | J. F. Smellie, |
| W. A. Logie, | Wings. | F. McCammon, |
| W. Simpson, | | J. Farrell, |
| A. Smart, | | H. Hunter, |
| J. Harvey, | | A. E. Ross. |
| R. H. Labbatt, | | W. J. Scott, |
| A. Mackay, | Forwards. | H. Horsey, |
| H. Leggat, | | J. W. White, |
| R. P. Dewar, | | D. Cameron, |
| G. Gillespie, | | J. G. Marquis, |
| J. Harvey, | | H. R. Grant, |
| Referee—E. A. Griffin. | | |

In the first half the strong wind was decidedly in favour of Queen's and prevented Hamilton's backs from making any of their beautiful kicks, the result being that the scrimmage held tightly to the ball, and here it was that the impetus of the university rush gave them the advantage. The play in the first half was exclusively rough, and when time was called Queen's had scored two rouges and Hamilton had drawn a blank. It was in the second half, however, that the latter began to play their real game, and in twenty minutes, notwithstanding the plucky defence work of Queens, Hamilton had scored two tries, which the wind prevented being converted into goals. Some more hard work and fierce scrimmaging near the Hamilton line and Queen's secures a try without the privilege of a kick, and time was up, leaving the score 8—6 in favour of Hamilton. There was some loud talk about the referee's decisions, but the kicking came from the defeated team.

R. O. X.



LIEUT.-COL. HERBERT.
The new Commander of the Canadian Militia.



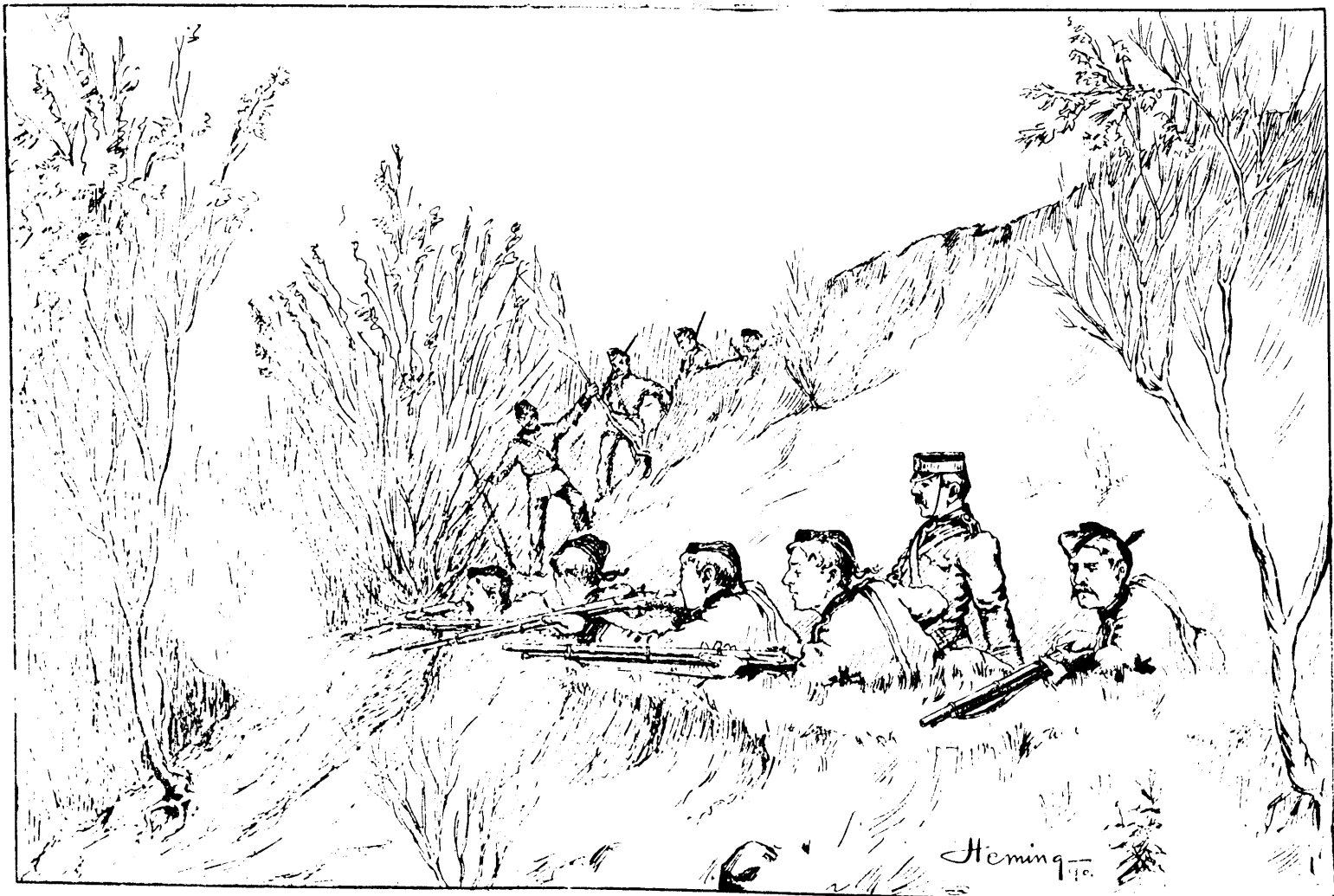
GEORGE BRYCE, LL.D., WINNIPEG.



THE QUEEN'S OWN RIFLES.
THE SHAM-FIGHT AT TORONTO, 6th NOVEMBER.—THE DEFENCE.
(By our special artist)



THE ROYAL GRENADIERS.



THE XIII. BATTALION.
THE SHAM-FIGHT AT TORONTO, 6th NOVEMBER.—THE ATTACK.
(By our special artist.)

RED AND BLUE PENCIL

CHERRYFIELD, November, 1890.

DEAR EDITOR,—I here beg leave to celebrate a bewitching stream, by whose brink I lived out part of my romantic period; and, also, to commemorate an old friendship, which yet is not worn out. Did he speak wisely who told of a more exalted friendship,—of his

"Affection of the tomb,
And his prime passion for the grave?"

Then, neither may I err; for, though not a "prime passion," one such grief may speak for many. It may seem—this poem of mine, if you can call it such—is better suited to the time it describes than to that in which the leaves are falling; and yet, when should we more incline to lively thoughts and images than when these fading emblems of ourselves are floating from us? And as to the sobering reflections contained, they have become universally appropriate to autumn. Therefore, in season or out of season, the insistent rhymers asks for a hearing—and, in this age, he often gets it, so long as he can make his terminals clink and chime respectably together.

Outside I hear the dripping rain and the sigh of the night wind. The glory is departing from our forests. But have they not been glorious,—these lingering greens, contrasted with the blaze of gold and crimson—this purple flush of October? Surely our autumn is not Quakerish in its garb!—or so it appears to—

PASTOR FELIX.

BY PENNAMAQUAN.*

A SUMMER MEMORY.

Come back, O day, whose rosy glow
Flush'd broad, and faded, long ago!—
In Mem'ry's shrine and Fancy's glass
Your shadows now transfused pass;—
Come back, O day of song and dream,
Beside the softly murmuring stream!—
The glancing stream, that flows the same
As babbling of its Indian name.

Soft nursling of the bounteous sky,
Still mid thy green hills cradled lie!
Though much be lost and many gone,
Since I was thy companion,
No change, it seems, thy wave hath known;
Wayward as youth, yet calmly slow
As musing maid, I mark thy flow,
Scarce moving, in thy mild unrest,
The languid lilies on thy breast.
Oft have I longed, as once when free,
To launch my pigmy bark on thee,
And trace to realms of song and dream
The windings of thy silver stream!
Still let thy morning chorus break
From feathery flutes round thy clear lake;
Still let the thrush's evening bell
Rise, with love's star, in plaintive swell;
Still let the wild-fowl, as of yore,
Fearless frequent thy shadowy shore;
And still may Fancy's voyager lave
His paddle in thy glassy wave,
Where images of dark fir-spires
Contrast with tinted sunset fires.

Though soon thy poet-mood be gone,
When thou to labour loiterest on;
Though,—like a fair and frolic child,
Reluct from woodland sports beguiled,
Captive in Mammon's drear abode,
Harness'd to an untimely load,—
In yonder groaning, fiery mill
Thou drudgest at another's will;
Yet in the woody vale unshorn
Where bright thy infant wave is born,
Or in the wide world, far or near,
Wherever singing streams are clear,
There is no shape of purer glee,—
No wilder, lonelier thing can be!

After the years, I catch the strain,
And list thy ancient voice again;
Upon the bridge,—than thine less fleet,—
Linger my late returning feet;
I walk along the cindery street,†
Salute each well-known form I meet,—
Noting how Time doth subtly trace
His changing lines upon the face;
I mark each home,—and some are known
Open familiar, as my own;
I make my pause and take my stand,

To clasp full many a friendly hand;
I faintly hear thee flowing down,
Skirting the wild edge of the town,—
Catching beside thee, from the breeze,
The rustle of yon poplar trees;
I hear the mill bell sound, where grim,
Toil-sweated forms, mid shadows dim
Lurk, moving in each furnace glare,
Like Dante's children of Despair;
Where roll the wheels that never tire,
And each dark chimney belches fire.

One place, of well remembered name,
Agaud I see it—still the same!
I enter at the open door*
Through which I've often passed before;
Here, at the hospitable board,
How oft hath friendship's wine been pour'd!
Here have I joy'd in eve's delay,
Then slept the lingering night away;
Here in the garden's wealthy shade
My own with his own children played,—
Who once had quickly come to greet
The sound of my returning feet;
Who smoked his pipe, or did unbind
The fragrant pipkin's golden rind,
The while we sat and talked, till eve
Did round us its sweet shadows weave.
An! 'mid the ranks of breathing men,
Shall I ne'er see that form again?

Then, in that shop,* where, blithe of heart,
The brisk mechanic plies his art,
I think to clasp the outstretch'd hand,
And hear the cheery voice, and bland,
That never-failing welcome gave—
Blent with my river's joyous stave:
For can he fail me with his tone,
And leave thee singing on alone?—
O, surely, 'tis his hammer's sound
Thou answerest, in thy jocund round;
Running beneath us in thy track
Of limpid light, and answering back
Our merriest laugh:—Ah! here no more
Our voices mingle, as of yore;
And yet the laughing waves express
No minor of man's mournfulness;
Thou trippest blithely on, as bent
To croon thy ballad of content.

Come back, thou summer afternoon!
Leave me still list'ning to the rune—
The legend of my poet-river,
That said: "Life, Friendship, are forever!"—
Still singing, singing, till my heart
In the wild music bore a part;
And let us sit—my friend and I—
Uncaring how the moments fly,
Still talking free, as friends will talk
At fireside ease, or woodland walk,
Of trifling things, the glad, the gay,
And then, again, in serious way,—
Of folks we knew, of books we read,
Of fairest scenes once visited,
Of hours of peace, and hours of pain,
Of friends we ne'er might see again.

Still shine, in fadeless memory clear,
The summer hours when he was here.
For once, talk-tired, I turned aside,
And dia...nd-script but stiffly tried,
Scrawling my name on dingy glass,
Through which we saw the river pass;
Coupling it, for my comrade's mirth,
With England's bards of noblest worth,
"Ah, yes," he laughing said, "I see!
The names of genius well agree;
But whose is his, with loftier claim,
The first upon your roll of fame!
Must Avon's bard, and Horton's too,
Their lofty laurels doff for you?
Then, with my banter, I rejoined:—
"How well you understand my mind!
For I am Avon's bard, forlorn,
Since by that river I was born;
And I am Horton's bard, I ween,
For Horton, too, my home has been."
With that I wiped the dusty pane,
And all our chat renewed again.
Meanwhile the saw and plane he plied,
Or hammer'd briskly at my side,
And, like the river flowing near,
Maintained his strain of mirthful cheer;
For, though the shadow mortals dread
Had late been ling'ring near his bed,
And in his breast the seeds he bore
From which Death reaps a plenteous store,
No melancholy mien had he,
No unillumined gravity.
And oft I mark'd how still he kept
A gladsome heart, and lightly slept,
And talked of woodland walks alone,
Of streams where peaceful hours were known,
Of rod and rifle, sail and oar;
Tramps around Kineo's granite throne,
Or on Mount Desert's savage shore.

From care released, from labour free.
We planned for summer days to be,
When stream and lake our walks should bless,
Far in the sweet-breathed wilderness.
How many a forest-dell we sought,
How many a mountain top, and spot
Of sylvan beauty, in our thought?
How oft the lithe trout, in our dream,
Came painless from his native stream;
But, after we had mused our fill,
I came, and found him busy still,
He talked of social trips with me
Down to my native Acadie;
Where, many a tourist wins, I wis,
Thy ling'ring charm, Annapolis;
Where white the apple-orchards bow
By furtive, lurking Gaspereau;
Where wide the teeming marshes spread,
Redeem'd from Ocean's oozy bed;
Where Fundy's tides rush up the shore,
And Blomidon stands shagg'd and hoar.

With lighted pipe, he paused awhile,
The hours of labour to beguile;
Then, seated close in our retreat,
Some poet's rhyme I would repeat;
Such strains my earliest boyhood knew—
Fond Hinda, dusky Roderick Dhu,
Fair, hapless, Constance, Lady Clare,
O' Shanter, and his luckless mare.
And he, with many a kindling glance,
Would praise the masters of romance,
Naming each to me he loved the best;
Telling of Hester's letter'd breast,
Mortality's old mossy graves,
And stern Mohician withering braves.
Thought kindled thought, our words took wing,
Fancy uprose and touched her string,
And all about th' enamour'd air
The Muses hung their banners rare;
While down the litter'd floor did stream
The sinking sun's retiring beam,
And, underneath, the social river
Sent loving comment up forever.

O haunted river!—Pennamaquan!
I wander far,—the friend is gone!
From thy companionable stream
I distant roam, and, musing, deem
I hear a voice, gone silent now,
And see a slender form, a brow
Whose dark crisk locks are touch'd with gray.
O river! tranquil summer day!
O earth, so sad! O heaven, so sweet!
Where shall our kindred spirits meet?
Afar I rove, and dream my dream,
While days and years like moments seem;
He—sleeps beside thy murmur'ing stream!

Peace! peace to thee, in that repose
Which comes to us when cares shall close!
No more, O friend, of long ago!
Thou askest of the earth to know,
Save that the one's who mourn thee here
May meet thee in yon blissful sphere.
Thou heedest not how fade and fall
The leaves round lonely hearth and hall,
Nor how the lonesome robins call;
Nor how the stream that glanced and gleamed
Below the spot where once we dreamed,
The same forever flows along,
And sings the old, eternal song,
Longing, through flowery vale and lea,
For the deep bosom of the sea.

ARTHUR JOHN LOCKHART.

A Proposed Excursion to Isle-aux-Noix.

At the regular monthly meeting of the Numismatic and Antiquarian Society, held on the 17th inst. at the residence of the Hon. Edward Murphy, the notes on Isle-aux-Noix which appear in another column were read by Mr. Lyman, who, at the close of the paper, asked an expression of opinion from members present as to the desirability of having an excursion to this historic spot, somewhat after the manner of the excursions of the Archæological Society of Great Britain. It was suggested that other historical and literary societies might be asked to co-operate, or perhaps better still, the Natural History Society, which is in the position of a sort of mother to these younger and smaller societies. The proposition met the approval of members present, and Mr. J. A. U. Beaudry, who is a member of the councils of both the societies, was deputed to lay the suggestion before his *confrères* of the senior society. If the difficulties in regard to transportation can be overcome there is no doubt that it would be a very enjoyable spot to visit, taking for granted that great desideratum for all open air undertakings—favourable weather; though even should a shower or two intrude on the meeting uninvited, the picnickers would probably be less incommoded than anywhere else within reach of Montreal, as they would have a range of fine substantial buildings at their disposal, extensive enough to accommodate several regiments.

*A small stream flowing through the town of Pembroke, Maine, near which the author once lived. Its upper waters were tided in by hills and woods, and well calculated by their sylvan quietude to please the boatman who paddled on their breast at evening. It takes its rise in a small lake a few miles only from the point at which it merges with the sea.

†The river street was dark with slag and cinder from the iron mill. The mill is gone, and the scene greatly changed.

*The residence and place of business of the late William P. Hunt.



CAPT. MURRAY, COMMANDER OF STEAMSHIP "LAKE HURON."
VIEWS OF THE VESSEL ON ARRIVAL IN MONTREAL, SHOWING EFFECTS OF RECENT GALE.

Our New York Letter.

The event of the week, of course, has been the Stanley reception. Regarded from the calibre of the people who went to it, or from the sum of money handed from its proceeds to the Summit, N.J., Convalescent Home—some \$10,000—it cannot be regarded as anything but a triumphant success. Chauncey Depew introduced him with one of his admirable encomiums, more remarkable for eloquence than accuracy—which is handy in encomiums. Stanley was well received with a prolonged simmer of clapping which never quite got to the boil—certainly with nothing like the wild applause which greeted him in England, before he so far forgot the principles of *esprit de corps* as to blacken the memories of two of his dead comrades. People here rather share the feeling of Englishmen that, even supposing his aspersions on the dead to have been true, *esprit de corps* should have prevented his uttering them. But, of course, nothing could prevent Americans giving an enthusiastic welcome to the American by adoption who had COLUMBUS-ed Central Africa, and he richly deserves any welcome that could be accorded him.

Theodore Thomas is going to Chicago, having been promised \$50,000 for assuming a three years musical dictatorship in that city. He has been supplying New York with a very enjoyable Sunday evening series of Franco-German concerts in the beautiful hall of the Lenox Lyceum, at which Miss Clementina de Vere and Herr Reichman especially have been the stars.

The new Plaza Hotel at the corner of 59th street and Fifth avenue is almost finished. It has several novelties—noticeably two delightful little parlours fit for Marie Antoinette in her heyday, the most fabulously luxurious little boudoirs yet attempted by an hotel—and the pictures scattered about the house, with the electric light thrown upon them—one of a lion with real iron bars in front of it most realistic.

Here is the latest bit of Arnoldiana. Harry Deakin, the curio king of Yokohama, bought the American rights of the "Light of the World," it is alleged, for the enormous sum of £25,000. He sold them to Funk and Wagnalls, who were to have brought the book out a month ago had it not been for unexpected delays. Perhaps Sir Edwin will echo the time-honoured wail, "Save me from my friends!"

A new book by Tolstoi always creates an expectation of interest and does not always fulfil it. "The Romance of Marriage," published by Laird & Lee, of Chicago, will disappoint those who expect a sensational novel, but will charm those who can delight in clever character-drawing and an idyll. It is an idyll most artistically treated; there are no descriptions of scenery, and yet the whole background rises distinctly before one, constructed by hints from what the people were doing. The girl, Marie Alexandrovna, or Madia, as she is "pet named," gives one the same idea as Maud Miller in the "Two Roses," and the way she battles to save the life of the romance in her marriage is well done. The book is nicely got up, with a capital engraving of Millais' "Yes" on the outside. "Miss Nobody of Nowhere" is a very different book. It is published by the Home Publishing Company, of New York, and is,

we think, better than "That Frenchman," or "Mr. Barnes of New York."

Mr. Gunter knows more about Englishmen than sixty-two millions of his fellow-countrymen. He never makes baronets members of the House of Lords. His description of the English store is worthy of an anatomist. As in all Mr. Gunter's books, the people are human-hearted, for good or ill. They are men or women, not eikons. The first book of the story is very exciting, with its admirably old description of the Harvard vs. Yale football match and a fight between the Apaches and some lonely cattle ranchers, and the rest of the book is very, very funny. The chapters in which Tillie Follis, daughter of old Abe Follis, of Colorado, half owner of the baby mine, makes her *debut* in New York are delicious. She is so naïve about herself and her expectations. She has just seen her engagement to one of the "four hundred" announced in a venomous society article.

"But as I gaze at the *Town Tattler* I give a shudder. What will dad—I mean my father—say? For Little Gussie is the most dudish dude in New York, and, though a washed-out descendant of the old Dutch stock, a maniac of the most ultra Anglo tendencies."

Just then her mother—popularly known as "Rach"—an out-and-out specimen of a frontiersman's wife, comes in from a fashionable dry goods store, remembering "that Chit's ag'in in the parlour!" meaning Augustus de Punsler van Beekman.

"I wish ma would say drawing-room—it's much better form!"

The whole family are being run by Mrs. Aurora Dabney Marvin, a society marriage broker, who takes 10 per cent. of the dower and provides the heiress with the noble man and the noble man with the heiress, and has such a genius for detecting the genuine article that she is a success. Tilly, i.e., Miss Matilde Tomkins Follis, is a western girl, "and fresh as the breezes of her own prairies," and to true health and beauty of person adds a very piquant, bright, feminine American face, and eyes filled with the fresh deep colour of the wood violets, that become almost purple when lighted by the fire of passion; a little mouth that can grow very firm, an inheritance from her mother, a frontierswoman who had fought the Indians with her own hands in the Sioux outbreak in Minnesota, but she is quite eclipsed by Flossie, the adopted daughter who had grown up from a little abandoned baby, whose cries had shown Abe Follis the outcrop of silver of the great baby mine. Two years younger than Tilly, the unmistakable high breeding of the child had made her the model, and her courage and waywardness make her the readers' heroine all the book through. His New York mansion fits Abraham Alcibiades Follis about as comfortably as his patent leather boots, and the reader will not be surprised to find him returning at an unseasonable hour from the Hoffman House, to be confronted by Rach. A moment after the culprits gave a wild scream, there being a sound of wild commotion down stairs; but Rach puts her head into the room and says: "You stay quiet here, pets—I think its burglars; I'm going down to settle 'em."

"Ma, don't go!" cry both ladies in a tremor, another

crash and sound of breakage coming from below.

"Hush! obey me," says Rach. Don't be skeared, no harm shall come to my precious ones!"

And peeping out of their room, the two trembling civilized creatures see the gaunt representative of the Far West stride down stairs with a murderous six-shooter in her hand as quietly as if she were going to her breakfast. A moment later they hear her cry: "Why, Abe, if that ain't you!"

"Yes," answers the head of the house. "I stumbled over some of your brick-bracks. The servants shift 'em about like Missouri River sand-bars. You never know when you run ag'in them."

And then to the listening girls comes Rachel's voice, saying, "Thank God, you're home safe. Abe, I was afeared you'd be captured by bunco men!" followed by a shower of tender backwood kisses upon the returned one. "Til, go to your room! Floss, to bed at once! And if I hear another word out of either of your lips to-night I'll settle you like I did when ye tied fire-crackers to our Chinese cook's tail in Aspen!"

Some of the best fun of the book is made out of the little New York dude, Gussie Van Beekman, who has managed to secure Tillie's hand (Flossie's not being out yet) before Lord Avonmore, specially imported for the purpose by Mrs. Marvin, has time to propose. The English Lord, with the aid of a couple of actors, manages to persuade Gussie that he is Lord Bassington in order to make him jilt Tillie, which the new-fledged peer promptly does, not to mention evicting all his tenants through the actors who are acting as his lawyers. The money needful for carrying out the joke (\$5,000) being supplied by Miss Flossie, who, as the virtual discoverer of the mine in characteristic Western style, has been assigned a fourth share in it, which now amounted to millions. The hoax is, of course, discovered as soon as an answer can come from England from the suppositious peer's lawyers, but in the meantime Lord Avonmore has become engaged to Tillie. It would not be fair to Mr. Gunter to describe in detail how, just in time to prevent the marriage, it is discovered that Lord Avonmore is not Lord Avonmore, but only heir presumptive, the real incumbent of that ancient peerage being Flossie, whom he thought he had got rid of by abandoning his baby in the Canyon of Colorado, where the baby mine was afterwards discovered. We will say no more, but advise readers who care for racy Western humour and subtle character-drawing to make the personal acquaintance of Sheriff Brickgarvey, Cow-boy Pete, Abraham Alcibiades Follis and Gussie. The book is a scathing satire on American Anglomaniacs while perfectly fair to the English. If it be too hard on the "four hundred," Americans must judge. One cannot give a novel better credentials than to say it really is funny and it really is exciting.

DOUGLAS SLADEN—

The Count of Paris has sent a present of 60,000 francs to the Pope by his daughter the Princess Helen, who is on a visit to Rome for the purpose of rendering her devoirs to His Holiness.



HISTORIC CANADA. V.—ILE-AUX-NOIX.
OLD RUINS ON THE ISLAND.

HISTORIC CANADA, V.

Ile-aux-Noix.*

PART I.—UNDER THE FRENCH.

This island, situated, as most of the Quebec readers of THE ILLUSTRATED are aware, in the Richelieu, ten or twelve miles north of the outlet of Lake Champlain, has figured frequently and prominently in the history of our country.

That it owes its importance to its position requires but a moment's reflection. Looking back to the good old days when our only (real) roads were our lakes and rivers, and when almost any spring-time might be expected to bring an incursion of invaders or witness an attempt to return the compliment, one sees that such a spot, defending the whole course of the Richelieu below and commanding the outlet of 125 miles of lake navigation southward, could not fail to be of great importance to the combatants on both sides.

So long, indeed, as the only invasions to be apprehended were by the uncivilized Indians, the island was not regarded as of great importance, because the great highway of the Richelieu was well guarded by the forts further north, erected by the officers of the Carrignan-Salieres regiment, Ste. Therese, three miles from St. Johns and Chambly in 1665.

Then as French explorers and adventurers extended French influence south and west they quickly grasped the whole country draining into Lake Champlain and Lake George (St. Sacrement), pushing forward with eager strides to meet and check the advance of British influence and British troops from the Hudson.

Hence we find that as late as 1757, when the last great struggle between England and France for the possession of America had been in progress for at least two years, there were no defensive works between Fort St. John and Fort Saint Frederic (Crown Point). This appears from the journal of de Levis, as well as that of Desandrouins.† In April, 1759, the latter officer was again dispatched to Fort Carillon (Ticonderoga) with instructions to examine the defences (actual and possible) of the route.

He describes Ile-au-Noix as a fine island, well wooded, 1,700 yards long, and 386 wide, with a large part of its shores under water, owing to the spring floods; but it is quite evident from his report that it was still undefended.

De Levis mentions (May, 1759) the arrival of news from France of the great preparations which were being made by the British for the conquest of Canada, while France seemed to promise her sons but small assistance and cold comfort in the impending struggle; but, like a true soldier, he turns to his duties only the more energetically, and urges the immediate fortification of Ile-aux-Noix, the importance of which in the defence of Montreal he points out more

than once.

It is impossible to follow the course of events of this year and the next, which brought Ile-aux-Noix into prominence. The fortunes of war inclined now to one side and now to the other, but at length the French commander at Carillon, Gen. Bourlamaque, came to the conclusion that that post could no longer be held against the British army under Amherst, who was said to have 15,000 men, though de Levis' estimate is 10,000, while Bourlamaque had 2,500 regulars and probably 1,000 more, very irregulars—Indians, militia and workmen. It is interesting to note *en passant* that Parkman gives credit to a Canadian (M. de Lotbiniere) for the construction of Fort Carillon, while the French authorities, Montcalm, Dessandrouins and others, seem rather inclined to ignore habitually the services of the colonists.

Carillon, which had cost immense sums and years of labour, was blown up June 27th, 1759, just about the time the British fleet and army arrive before Quebec.

Fort Frederic (Crown Point) was then occupied for a short time, evacuated and blown up, and the French army "arrives on the second of August in sight of Ile-aux-Noix" which Desandrouins had examined four months before. "He was immediately set on shore with the workmen and while the army remained on board ship he went to prepare a camp on the island, the upper end of which he found already well fortified. The army landed next day "in a pelting rain. There it must halt and face the enemy "and die, if need be." The day after the disembarkation "the whole force was set to work on the entrenchments.

"During this time the English, who had followed us step "by step, had occupied St. Frederic after Carillon. Masters of Lake Champlain, they covered it with their "vessels."

"Nevertheless, they did not dare this year to attack "Bourlamaque, at bay like a wild boar on his island. "Resistance might be long; hardly two months intervened "between them and winter, and soon the ice would render "the lake impracticable. For these reasons General Ham- "merst (sic), with 15,000 men under his orders, abandoned "the pursuit of 2,500 French‡ commanded by the intrepid "Bourlamaque. However, we had lost Lake Champlain, "and Ile-aux-Noix remained the only barrier on that side "to hinder the English from marching on Montreal."

About a month after the landing of Bourlamaque's force de Levis visited the island and inspected the works, which he found had been well advanced "through the diligence of M. Bourlamaque." Meanwhile, though Quebec and, with her, Montcalm had fallen, the French troops still held out, and de Levis set to work to retrieve, if possible, his countrymen's disasters. Bourlamaque was called with a large part of his force to headquarters to undertake more important work, being succeeded in the command of Ile-

aux-Noix by de Bougainville in the following spring, being accompanied by M. de Lotbiniere, the Canadian engineer. The garrison by this time had been very much reduced, numbering only 450 men.

"Towards the end of June, Sieur de Bougainville having "knowledge that the English vessels had appeared on Lake "Champlain, thought it necessary to reinforce this post, "where he had only 450 men."—(Journal of de Levis.)

They sent him the 2nd Battalion of the Berry regiment and 250 militia; de Levis also went out to visit and inspect. A few weeks later another battalion, that of Guyenne, was also sent to the island fortress. But the end of the struggle was now nigh at hand. De Levis and Bourlamaque had all they could do to follow Murray and the fleet, skirmishing on his flanks "like wasps about the quarters of a bull," as the Abbé Gabriel put it. Amherst was threatening Fort Levis at the rapids, and on the 14th of August the British troops under Haviland, numbering 3,400 men all told, "made a descent to the south of the "river, half a league above Ile-aux-Noix, and tried to "open a road to communicate with the Riviere du Sud, "and by this portage to get above (below?) the island. "They (the French) anchored vessels to defend the mouth "of this river; they reinforced the corps which were to "defend the island, which had been placed in the best possible defence."

On August the 23rd the British opened fire on the entrenchments.

Under date of August 25th, de Levis writes: "This "morning the English, having in the night brought up some "guns opposite the French vessels, which were anchored "too near the shore at the mouth of the Riviere du Sud, "opened fire on them with such effect that, the captain of "one being killed and part of the crew killed or wounded, the rest threw themselves into the water to escape. "The cable of one was cut and it was driven on shore. "The English seized it and, putting out, attacked and captured the other vessels." The little fleet being thus lost, de Bougainville, who had been ordered to hold out as long as possible without being cut off, concluded that his flank was about to be turned, and evacuated the island during the night of the 27th, leaving behind him only the disabled and fifty able-bodied men, who were ordered to surrender on the morrow.

So fell Ile-aux-Noix, and shortly afterwards Montreal and New France.

In these notes I have followed de Levis principally as being likely to have been the most accurate, for all the accounts do not agree as to the details.

After the treaty of Paris, 1763, there seemed to be no further need of fortifications; all America was under the Union Jack, and the works at Ile-aux-Noix dropped speedily into ruins. Peace, at length, settled down on all the land. But for how long?

*So named from the walnut and hazel, with which the island formerly abounded.

†Captain of Engineers attached to Montcalm's staff, afterwards Marechal du Camp and Chevalier of St. Louis.

‡As already noted these figures were not altogether correct.



ALONE IN THE DESERT.

HAGAR AND ISHMAEL.—From a painting by Liska.
(Photo. supplied by G. E. Macrae, Toronto, Director for Canada of the Soule Photograph Company.)

WOMAN'S DOMAIN.

Our Governor-General and suite have been travelling from ocean to ocean, visiting the different provinces. Everywhere they have been received with the greatest enthusiasm. The addresses have been most loyal, breathing naught but what was patriotic and dear to every true Canadian. Receptions, balls and dinners have been given in their honour. At Halifax the Governor-General and party witnessed a polo match. Halifax is the only city in Canada where this fascinating and scientific game can be seen. The match was even, each side winning four goals. The sides were H.R.H. Prince George of Wales, R.N.; Capt. Bruce, 76th Regiment; Capt. Jenkins, A.D.C.; and Col. Clerk, private secretary, vs. Major Mansel, A.M.S.; Major McDonnell, R.A.; Mr. MacGowan, R.A.; and Mr. Stuart, R.A.

While Their Excellencies were away Rideau Hall was thoroughly gone over, and the main hall leading to the conservatory beautifully decorated.

The young ladies' water-colour class under the tuition of Mr. Barnsley held their annual exhibition last week at the Art Gallery. On the whole, the pictures were very creditable; among the best were those of Miss Angus, Miss Johnston and Miss Macdonald.

Anton Seidl and his Metropolitan Orchestra from New York, gave a grand concert on Friday evening in the Queen's Hall. The hall was filled by a large, fashionable and appreciative audience. The music was from six composers—a polonaise from Liszt, four numbers from Beethoven's "Symphonia Eroica," an air from Haendel's "Xerxes," "In the Mills and Near the Ball," by Gillet, "Prelude and Isolde's Death," by Wagner, and four dances from the best French composers of ballet music. One of the best pieces of the evening was that of the parts from Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde." The solo playing by Mr. Clifford Schmidt, with orchestral accompaniment, of the harp was also highly appreciated. Mrs. Page-Thrower, to whom the Montreal musical world is indebted for this treat, must have felt repaid for her trouble as she looked on the crowded house and the rapt attention of the audience.

The sources from which some of our fashions have sprung are rather strange. For instance, it was when Marie Antoinette lost her hair that large bonnets and caps were introduced, taking the place of the head-dress. The French revolution brought absurdities into vogue. The poke bonnet, the scanty dress and the puffed sleeves are only revived models.

One of the fashions that has gone out with the advent of the cold, is the low-cut neck for street gowns, which let us hope will not be revived again. Few could wear it to advantage, to the average woman it was decidedly unbecoming, besides it savoured too much of evening dress to be within the bounds of good taste and decorum, to say nothing of spoiling the beauty of the fairest throat with dust and unburn. The low-cut neck is for evening dress strictly, and it is very low, indeed, despite the would-be reformers. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps has written very strongly upon the subject and has been answered just as strongly by other lady writers.

Plaids occupy a conspicuous place in this season's patterns. Many of them come in quiet colours and in dark clan tartans. They are made up in a simple way without trimmings, though they can be combined with advantage with plain cloth; for instance, a pretty plaid cloth, such as the El Dorado, would be used in conjunction with the Rosslyn plaid. Velvet is also used for trimming, as it seems to combine particularly well with such goods. The skirts are generally cut on the bias and the basque made of plain material in the prevailing tint of the plaid, with plaid sleeves. If the basque is of plaid, be sure to have as few seams in it as possible, a stretched bodice is the correct thing if you are sure of a fit and can depend on your dress-maker. Such a bodice is fastened under the arms and on the left shoulder with invisible hooks and eyes.

Corduroy and cloth combined make a very charming costume. The former has been greatly improved of late years, and now is beautifully finished off and of a soft velvet-like texture. A gown of this material is of unripe blackberry colour and deep purple black velvet—the shade the fruit is when fit to pick. The bodice is in corselet form, having the appearance of being cut in one with the gored skirt. It opens in front, showing an under bodice of velvet; the skirt gores are corded thickly with velvet, a revival of a bygone style, and the sleeves (also of velvet) are full at the shoulder, but very slightly raised, tapering down to the wrist.

Drapery is as yet but little seen on either evening or day dresses, but there are very decided indications that skirts will shortly be not only much fuller, and draped both at sides and back, but be flounced also, the graceful lines of plain skirts, which are so artistic when carefully cut and well-hung, giving place to distended, puffed-out garments, hiding the beauties of the figure, if not absolutely distorting it.

If you have any treasured short lengths of old brocade, you can produce them now and make the fronts of one of the long Louis Seize waistcoats of them. And if you are happy enough to possess old laces you can make them up *en jabot* to wear with the same. It is easy to mount the lace on bands of muslin, keeping the folds quite soft and using as few stitches as possible. In this way the tender susceptibilities of the fabric are spared, and when the *jabot* fashion is over and done with the lace remains to be used in some other way.

One of the leading dry goods merchants of Montreal has on exhibition in a West End store some of the latest novelties in ball dresses. Some of the fabrics might have been woven by fairy hands for fairy forms, so light and gossamer-like are they, while others of heavy brocaded silk suggest a stately dame in a minuet. Among the most striking was a black gauze material with a deep border of acacia flowers in appliqué; another was of blue gauze, dotted with large blue chenille tufts. The brocades were in light shades of pink and blue. Long silk gloves and ruffles for the neck went with each costume.

The fashion is at present altogether for round breastpins, the knife-edge setting, which was so long prominent, having gone out of style. The heart-shaped breast-pin is very fashionable. Those in double hearts are also worn and are

very beautiful. Almost every breast-pin has a pendant, so that it can be used as an ornament on the neck. And where the breastpin is round, as it is at present, this is very convenient. Where velvets are worn around the neck, as is now fashionable, it is considered good style to slip the breastpin on this and fasten the dress band with a small pin of gold.

Moonstones from Ceylon and this country are now at the height of fashion. These are set with turquois, diamonds, sapphires, rubies and pearls. Semi-precious stones of this character are very much worn at present, and are set in breastpins with fine diamonds, sapphires, rubies and pearls. An exceedingly pretty breastpin is that of a moonstone heart, set about with diamonds, and then a row of pearls, and then turquois. A crescent of conk pearls, which are of a pinkish cast, finished with an outside row of pearls, is an exceedingly pretty pin.

A New England Drive.

By mountain road and lonely mere,
With gleam of sandy edges,
Where white-starred water-lilies rear
Their heads among the sedges.

The golden-rod swayed to and fro;
The plaining August grasses
To whisper to the ferns stooped low,
That grew in mazy masses.

The oaks stood firm on breezy hills
In long unbroken reaches;
The maples rustled o'er the rills
Beside the spreading beaches.

The brown bees filled the elder bush
With smell of wax and murmur.
The berried sumach wore a blush,
The first good-bye to summer.

The balmy sunshine led us on,
By hill and sleepy hollow,
Through emeralds set in cleaves of wan
Grey reeds and bright marsh wallow.

And so we drove until the sun
Dropt down the mountain's shoulder,
And this short life of ours was one
Day shorter, one day older.

One brief span nearer setting night
That scarfs the eye of sorrow,
A step more up the dizzy height,
Where breaks the endless morrow.

K. L. JONES.

Poland Springs.

An empty pocketbook is a man's most constant friend. Others may grow cold, but he will find no change in the purse.—*Great Barrington News.*