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# THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

(TRADE MARK)

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

(REGISTERED.)

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MONTREAL AND TORONTO, 3rd MAY, 1890.

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A GLIMPSE AT A FEW MONTREAL CONSERVATORIES.  
(From photos. by Hamilton.)

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2. J. Molson's

3. J. Burnett's  
4. R. B. Angus'

6. Hon. J. J. C. Abbott's  
7. Sir George Stephen's

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# The Dominion Illustrated.

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3rd MAY, 1890.



While pointing out that there has been a gratifying increase in the importation of horned cattle from England, the High Commissioner in his report warns the Canadian authorities of the necessity for extreme caution in view of the panic that reigns in the United Kingdom with regard to pleuropneumonia. The arrival of a single infected cargo from the Dominion would be disastrous to the trade. Not long since an order was issued permitting the importation of cattle and sheep from Holland, that country being then free from disease of any kind. But, notwithstanding its known immunity, such an outcry was raised among the farmers, owing to its contiguity to Germany, that the order had to be rescinded. In fact, if many of the British farmers had their way, no importation would be permitted at all. It is in consequence of this widespread suspicion of everything that crosses the sea, and not because he is unaware of the conscientious care exercised in the inspection of all animals allowed to leave the Dominion, that Sir Charles Tupper thinks it well to put the Minister of Agriculture, and the officers of his department on their guard.

An experiment of which the result will be awaited with considerable interest has been made in the planting of trees in the plain country of the North-West. The opportunity for it was afforded by a project of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, which has been in operation for some years—that of marking off ground for gardens at the more important railway stations of the sparsely settled western country, in which various grains, vegetables and flowers are cultivated. These gardens, which had an experimental character, occurred mainly in a virtually treeless tract, and it was thought well to try whether some of the hardier, deciduous and evergreen trees grown at the Central Farm, Ottawa, might not thrive if transplanted to the West. So twenty-five bundles, each containing 175 selected trees and plants of some three dozen varieties were put up and forwarded to twenty-five of these station gardens at points between Moose Jaw and Calgary. The bundles contained several varieties of maple (Manitoba, Norway, sugar, red and soft), of ash (white, green, mountain—American and European), of birch (yellow and canoe), of walnut, butternut, elm, sycamore, black cherry, honey locust, alder, mulberry, catalpa, horse chestnut, willow, cranberry, barberry and ailanthus, of deciduous, and of white, Scotch and Austrian pine, Norway and white spruce and arbor vitæ, of evergreen trees. All the packages reached their destinations in good order, and in many instances the

young trees are doing well. Those sent to Medicine Hat are in charge of Mr. J. Niblock, an enthusiastic arboriculturist, who, it is gratifying to learn, has met with encouraging success in his labour of love. It is to be hoped that some of the other tests will attract like interest in the localities where they are conducted.

Vancouver, B.C., continues to be a source of wonder and admiration to English visitors. A recent tourist, who has been contributing a series of interesting letters to the *Colonies and India*, expresses his delight with this young Pacific city. What in his opinion, as in that of all who have trodden its broad streets, makes it exceptionally remarkable is that it has already, short though its career has been, passed through the terrible ordeal of a sweepingly destructive fire. When it was founded in 1866, the country around its site was virgin forest, many of the trees being from six to twelve feet in diameter. Its rapid growth was only retarded momentarily by the sudden desolation that overtook it. No one would fancy to-day that the handsome and thriving city of 15,000 people, with its wharves and warehouses, churches, hotels and fine private residences, was the youngest of American settlements. What seems strangest of all to the correspondent is that there has been no boom, nothing artificial or forced in its creation. There has been no speculating on margins, but a steady growth in the value of property; all the land bought has been paid for, half cash down, the remainder in from three to six months, and railway land is sold only on building conditions. There are not twenty persons, according to the land commissioner, behind in their payments. Everything shows healthy progress, stability and enterprise, and gives assurance of a grand future.

We are glad to learn that the Rev. F. E. Wilson, of Sault Ste. Marie, has concluded arrangements for the issue of a monthly periodical, to be devoted to the Indians. It will be the organ of "The Indian Research and Aid Society," the inaugural meeting of which took place at Ottawa on the 18th ult. under the presidency of Sir James Grant, M.D., F.G.S. His Excellency the Governor-General has consented to be patron of the Society, which has also obtained the sanction of the Minister of the Interior. Sir Wm. Dawson was elected president, the Hon. G. W. Allan, the Rev. Dr. Bryce, Dr. Lewis (Bishop of Ontario), and Sir James Grant, were chosen vice-presidents; the Rev. F. E. Wilson will be secretary, and Mr. W. L. Marler, treasurer. The council comprises Mr. J. M. LeMoine, Dr. G. M. Dawson, Dr. Thorburn, the Rev. Principal Grant, Dr. Sullivan (Bishop of Algoma) and other prominent workers in the fields of missions or research. The Rev. F. E. Wilson and Mr. H. B. Small will edit the Society's magazine, which is called *The Canadian Indian*. The price of subscription (which includes membership in the Society) is \$2. We consider the formation of such a society a movement in the right direction, and we hope that *The Canadian Indian* will have a success corresponding with the importance of the subjects with which it is to deal.

By the death of Mr. E. Lareau, M.P.P., this province has lost a patriotic and earnest public man, the legal profession a learned member and a diligent student, and Canadian literature one of its most enthusiastic and productive writers. Mr. Lareau's mind was always active and his pen was rarely idle. Though still comparatively young, he

had found time to complete a number of important works, some of them authorities on the topics upon which they deal, while attending his professional, professorial and parliamentary duties. He wrote the only comprehensive history of Canadian literature that we possess; compiled a bulky survey of general literature; wrote, in conjunction with the late Mr. G. Doutre, "Le Droit Civil Canadien," and alone "L'Histoire du Droit Canadien," a volume of essays on feudal tenure, the Canadian press, etc., besides occasional contributions to various journals. Some of these works—those on legal and constitutional history especially—are of recognized value, and are marked by conscientious research, characteristic clearness and impartiality.

The engineers of the United States do not seem to deal successfully with the Mississippi floods, which at stated periods cause such devastation along the banks of that great river and its tributaries. Just at present large districts in Mississippi, Louisiana and Arkansas are in a state of destitution, and have appealed for assistance. General A. W. Greely, whose visit to Montreal some of our readers doubtless remember, has contributed a timely article on the subject to the *North American Review*. In substance, he says that the freshets of the main river and its tributaries are not due, as many have held, to the melting of winter snows. The freshets in the Upper Mississippi occurring as late as April, and those of the Missouri in June and July—both rivers, moreover, being at a low stage in February and March—they cannot contribute to the March and April floods of the Lower Mississippi. In fact, he thinks that if all the waters of the upper river were dammed up so as to leave St. Louis high and dry, the lower reaches of the river would none the less be surcharged and the lands along its banks inundated. As for the central portion of the river, between Cairo and Red River Landing, no matter what outlets were opened into the gulf below the latter point, it would still be subjected to disastrous overflows, as at present. The floods in the Mississippi Valley below the mouth of the Red River are distinctive floods, and their treatment must, therefore, be individual. They are, in a measure, independent of the central valley where the flood periods are prolonged considerably beyond the duration of the freshets in the Delta region. It will thus be seen that it is not a single problem, but a number of separate local problems that the science of engineering is called upon to solve.

In these utilitarian days it is not often that a teacher boldly undertakes to defend the study of Greek simply on its own merits. The Rev. Prof. McNaughton, of Queen's University, has, however, not shrunk from the task. In his inaugural lecture he has courageously stood up for it against all opponents. After paying a deserved compliment to his own distinguished teacher, Prof. Geddes, now at the head of Aberdeen University, and expressing his assurance of constant sympathy and encouragement from the Principal of Queen's, Prof. McNaughton weighed the arguments generally used in the denunciation of Greek as one of the branches of liberal study, and found them wanting. As for the contemptuous question sometimes heard by its antagonists, "What does one gain by it?" he appealed to experience. "Ask any man who has acquired some familiarity with this language whether he regrets the time spent on it. I do not think that one man out of a hundred would say he did. For the most part, you will find that the most ener-

getic opponents of Greek are just those who have too little acquaintance with the object of their resentment to have sustained any serious injury from it. It is a case of mistrust of the unknown." As for the charge of uselessness, if Greek was useless it was a uselessness in which he gloried as a protest against that philistine utilitarianism, that deemed nothing valuable that could not be turned into money. But, in truth, it was impossible to get away from the Greeks. All great achievement in the world was traced back to Greece as its fruitful source. The thoughts, and even the words of that wondrous people were wrought into whatever was most ennobling, most inspiring in the thought of to-day. Thus, as John Addington Symonds says, "All civilized nations are colonies of Hellas," and it is this relationship that "has made Greek so indispensable in modern education." Prof. McNaughton's lecture is published in the March and April numbers of the *Educational Monthly*.

### A SEVENTEENTH CENTURY TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT.

Of the great reforms that have changed the face, and, to some extent, the heart, of civilization during the last fifty years or more, not the least important is the temperance movement. How far-reaching and thorough its influence has been we realize when we contrast the ordinary social usages of sixty or seventy years ago with the rule of the present day. Whether we read history, biography or fiction, we cannot but recognize the sweeping change that has taken place. When we ask to what causes this transformation is to be attributed, we receive various answers. According to some authorities, it is the altered attitude of the physician, while others ascribe it to the total abstinence societies, and others again assure us that it results from the general improvement in morals and manners. Those who have placed on record the doings of temperance organizations seldom assign an earlier date for the inauguration of the work than the beginning of the century. Dr. Lyman Beecher and Dr. B. J. Clark, moved by the study of Dr. Rush's book on the effect of ardent spirits on the human frame, are said to have led the way by forming in Greenfield, New York, a temperance society which still exists. Dr. Rush, though he died and purged after the fashion of his time, was in many ways in advance of it. He was a humane reformer in the treatment of the insane, and his treatise on the effect of alcohol may still be studied with advantage.

Nevertheless, there is hardly a point on which he dwells in his war with the destroyer that had not already been used in a controversy that raged in Canada a hundred years before. To Canada really belongs the initiation of the temperance reform. It is an American writer—an honour to his calling—who tells us that the first temperance meeting held on this continent took place at the mission of Sillery, near Quebec, in the year 1648—a hundred years before Dr. Rush was born. "The drum beat after Mass," writes Dr. Parkman, "and the Indians gathered at the summons." The first speaker was an Algonquin chief, who, after citing a recent edict of the Governor, threatened all who should violate it by drinking to excess with merited punishment, and exhorted the people to avoid disgrace and set a good example. That there was need for remonstrance and exhortation we have ample evidence from contemporary

writers. The state of degradation to which the liquor traffic—for, as soon as the fur traders became aware of the weakness of the Indians, they made brandy the chief article of barter—had reduced some of the tribes, was a disgrace to civilization and a sore grief to the missionaries. Hence arose a dispute which lasted for more than fifty years, as between the clergy and the civil power, but which, in one form or another, as far as it touches the Indians, has continued till the present moment.

The eau de vie controversy, or the brandy quarrel (as Mr. Parkman calls it), was complicated by rivalries and jealousies which sometimes caused the central evil to be lost sight of. But no person can read the story of the conflict without being convinced that the temperance party had right and reason and Christianity on its side. The policy of denying liquor to the Indians has, in fact, been sanctioned long since by every government in North America. But what is especially noteworthy in this temperance movement of two centuries ago is that, on the total abstinence side were marshalled all the arguments which Drs. Rush, Richardson, Oswald, and other medical reformers, have since adduced against the use of intoxicants. One document, more particularly, entitled "Histoire de l'Eau de Vie en Canada," prepared, it is supposed, about the year 1705, by some of the missionaries, might still serve to coach a temperance lecturer. It is true that when the author describes so vividly the effects of spirituous liquors on the human system, it is the *corpus vile* of the unsophisticated and unseasoned Indian that he has in his mind's eye. In Britain, in Germany, "drunkenness is magnificence, good cheer, one of the bonds of society, a source of wholesome delight, and, moreover, the fashion from time immemorial." The magistrates could hardly be expected, therefore, to deal very severely with it, whatever condemnation the laws of God might pronounce on it. But if people chose to look upon intemperance in Europe as a venial offence, those who had witnessed its fruits among the Indians of Canada could not most assuredly regard it as a trivial matter. Having anticipated looked for objections by this distinction, the unknown author of this woful history proceeds to demonstrate that brandy (which, like rum in our day, stood for liquor in general), though it might be a remedy, was not an aliment, that, though administered in small quantities under proper direction, it might be salutary to the patient, it was ruinous to body and mind when taken in excess. He then gives numerous instances of the fearful effects of brandy-drinking among the Indians—murders, maimings, massacres, like that of Lachine, surprise by enemies, as at La Prairie de la Magdelaine (though there Valrennes ultimately won the day), assaults on women, deaths by exposure, fires, famine, madness. But it is not the Indians alone who sin and suffer in this way. The tavern-keepers waste their evil gains in riot and debauchery. The merchants of Montreal share in the depression of an impoverished community, and parents bewail the corruption of their children. No temperance lecture, in fact, could be more forcible, more pathetic, more convincing than this stray leaf from the record of the 17th century. To Canadians it is of unusual interest as the testimony of a contemporary to the priority of the temperance movement in Canada and to the antiquity of arguments, of which we are wont to give the credit to our own enlightened age.

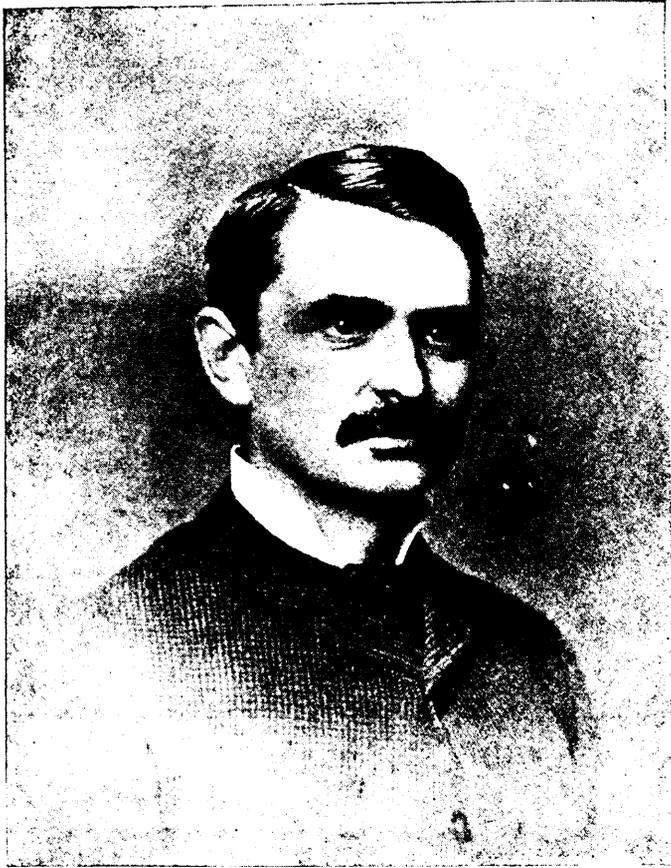
It may be asked by what logic these arguments were answered. The reply was generally that the traffic was expedient in order to win the Indians from France's rivals and foes. But on one occasion Colbert employed a sophistry which reminds one of the guise that Satan can, it is said, assume when he pleases. This commerce, said the great minister, was absolutely necessary to attract the Indians to the French colonies, and thus give them an opportunity of being imbued with the Christian faith. It might be thought that such a plea was more ingenious than sincere. That conclusion would probably be incorrect. If refused brandy by the French, the Indians, it was felt, would go to the English or Dutch, from whom they could get all they wanted. But even the dread of that alternative did not justify the indiscriminate sale of liquor, in which the traders were known to indulge. In the heat of the controversy the taunt of *tu quoque* was some times heard. But there is no note of inconsistency in the document from which we have quoted.

### A REMARKABLE DISCOVERY.

The Rev. John Morris, S.J., F.S.A., writes to the London *Times* of the 15th ult. an account of an extraordinary discovery recently made at Canterbury Cathedral. The following is his letter:

SIR,—A few days ago I saw a sight in Canterbury Cathedral that interested me greatly, and as I am not aware that any account of it has been sent to you, perhaps you will allow me very briefly to describe it. In the course of the investigations into the history of the cathedral that the Dean and Chapter have intrusted to a committee of experts, a local tradition has been swept away, or indeed I might say two incompatible traditions. In the south wall of the aisle of the famous Trinity Chapel at the east end of the cathedral stands a tomb, which for some long time past has been called by Archbishop Theobald's name. He was the predecessor of St. Thomas of Canterbury in the Metropolitan See, and the year of his death was 1160. Those who are conversant with the history of the cathedral will have always known that Theobald was buried elsewhere. Inconsistent with this tradition was another to the effect that when the choir of the cathedral was burned in 1174 the shrines containing relics were flung down from the beams on which they rested, and the relics from the broken shrines were collected by the monks and placed in this tomb. It must be acknowledged that the tomb presents much of the appearance of a shrine; and as it has projecting from the quatrefoils of its ridged roof various marble heads in deep relief, it was not surprising that these heads should be regarded as those of the saints whose relics were supposed to be within. That ridged roof has been lifted off, and it has been ascertained that no relics from the broken shrines were deposited there. But underneath there is a coffin-lid, which also was raised, and there beneath lie the undisturbed remains of an ancient Archbishop, fully vested. The body has been left as it was. The objects of value that were in the coffin have been carefully removed; and this, indeed, was a necessary precaution, for it would not have been wise to leave them there now that they are known to exist. These will form part of the treasures in the Chapter Library—a beautiful chalice and paten, silver parcel-gilt; a gold ring with an engraved emerald; the pastoral staff, of cedar wood, with a very poor volute, but with three engraved gems in the knob; and some specimens of beautiful embroidery on the vestments. These will all be precious helps in the history of mediæval art.

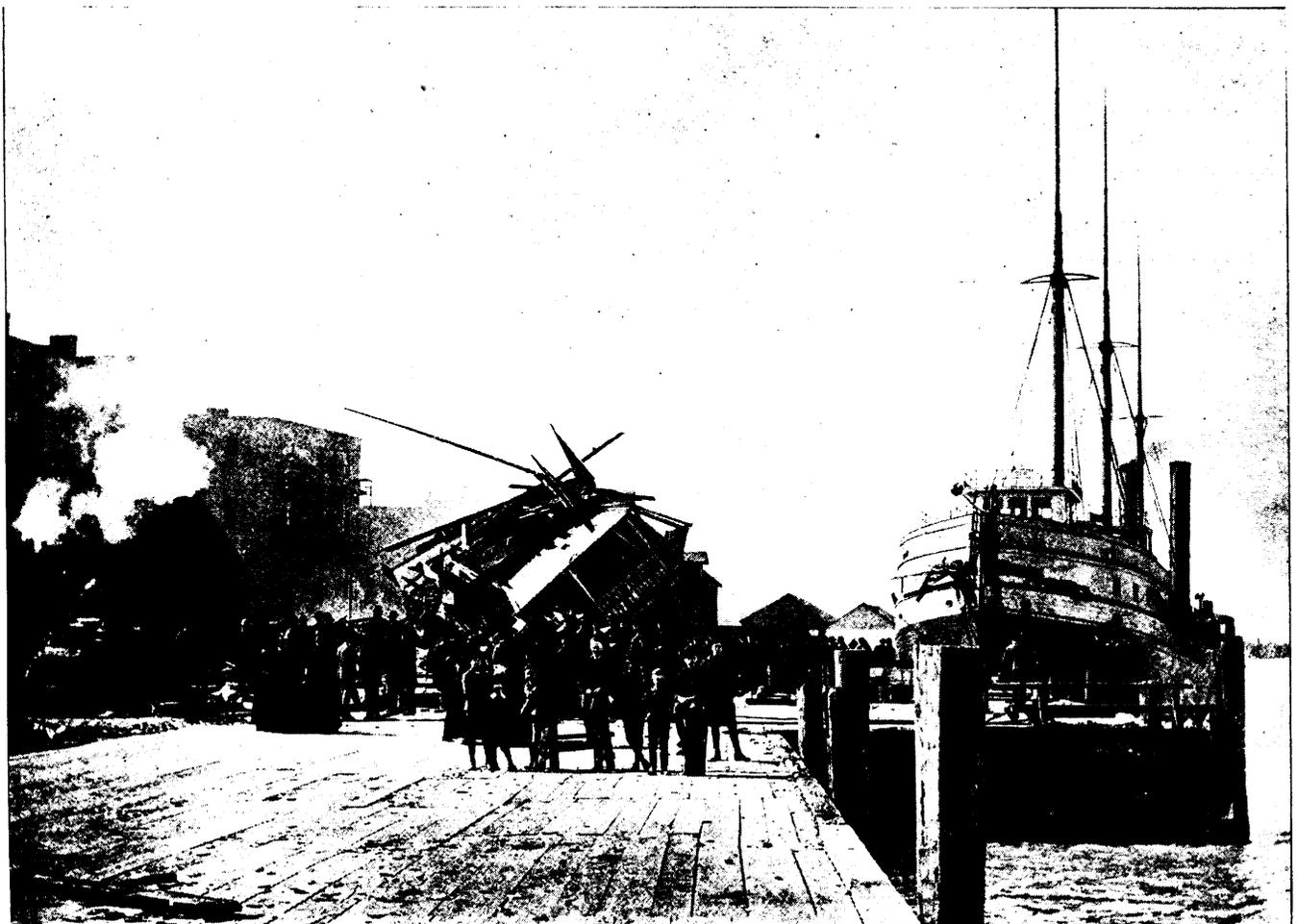
And who is the Archbishop upon whom we have reverently gazed? It is either Hubert Walter, who died in 1205, or Cardinal Stephen Langton, whose death was 23 years later. I do not now trouble you with the reasons that lead me to believe that the face I have seen is that of the great Archbishop who sided with the barons of England against King John in the struggle that gave us Magna Charta. I am not exaggerating when I say that I have seen the face of an Archbishop who lived six centuries and a half ago. The state of preservation of everything in that stone coffin was very wonderful. The vestments were quite sound—all but the woollen *pallium*, which had almost perished, though its pins were there—and, to my great surprise, the shape of the nose and chin was clear and distinct. "May he rest in peace," I may be permitted to say, in a sense different from that in which usually those words are said. These remains have been treated with the greatest respect, and the Archbishop rests still quite undisturbed in the stone coffin in which he has rested so long. To have seen, not a heap of bones—for I have seen none but those of the head and hands—but to have seen Stephen Langton in his vestments is an event in life, and I am very thankful to those who have done me the signal service of inviting me to Canterbury at such a time.



THE LATE EDMOND LAREAU, Q. C., D.C.L.  
(Archambault, photo.)



THE LATE CHARLES GIBB, Esq., THE NOTED POMOLOGIST.  
(Wm. Notman & Son, photo.)



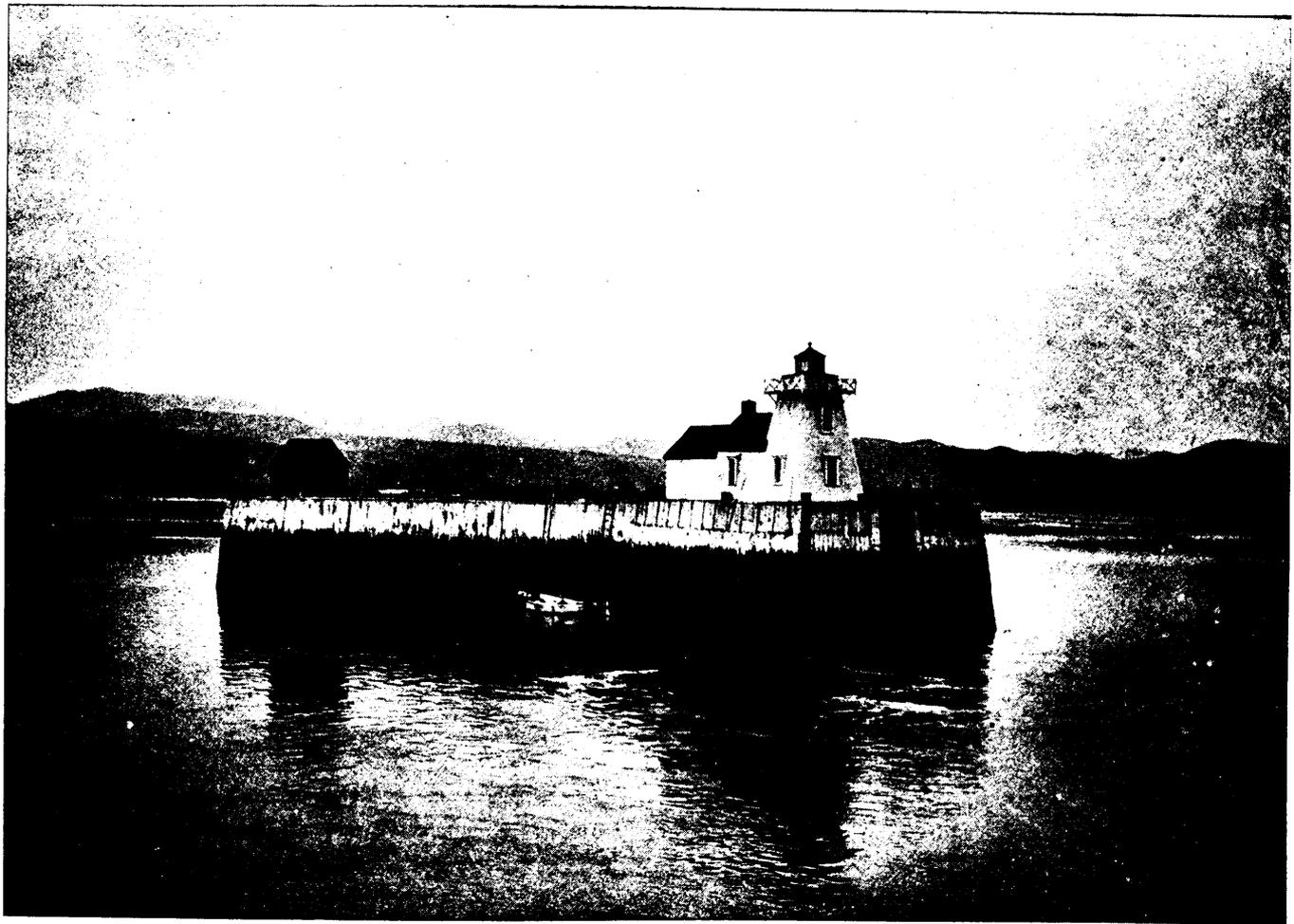
WRECKAGE OF WHARF AT SARINIA BY THE STEAM BARGE "ROUMANIA."  
(A. H. Crease, photo.)



HON. P. A. LANDRY, OF DORCHESTER, N.B., recently made Judge.  
(Topley, photo.)



HON. JUDGE GAGNÉ, OF CHICOUTIMI, P.Q.  
(Livernois, photo.)



LA BAIE ST. PAUL, LOWER ST. LAWRENCE.  
(Wm. Notman & Son, photo.)



SOME MONTREAL CONSERVATORIES.—If any of our readers will take the trouble to turn the pages of Bouchette's important work—"The British Dominions in North America"—they will discover that a great proportion of what is now the most fashionable part of Montreal once consisted mainly of fields and gardens. In his fine double-page engraving of the city, they will find that nearly two-thirds of the upper town of to-day is still unoccupied, and that the human figures which give life to the picture are made up in part of hunting parties with their dogs, in part of groups of men and maidens in the delightful occupation of fruit-gathering. The explanatory text reveals the same condition of things. "The space near the town," he writes, "and all round the lower part of the mountain, is chiefly occupied by orchards and garden-grounds; the latter producing vegetables of every description and excellent in quality, affording a profuse supply for the consumption of the city. All the usual garden fruits, as gooseberries, currants, strawberries, raspberries, peaches, apricots and plums, are produced in plenty, and it may be asserted truly, in as much or even greater perfection than in many southern climates. The orchards afford apples not surpassed in any country; among them the *pomme de neige* is remarkable for its exquisite whiteness and exquisite flavour; the sorts called by the inhabitants *fameuse*, *pomme grise*, *Bourassa*, and some others, are excellent for the table; the kinds proper for cyder (cider) are in such abundance that large quantities of it are annually made, which cannot be excelled for goodness anywhere." This description shows that some sixty or seventy years ago the vicinity of Montreal was well known as a fruit-growing district. If one go some years farther back, to the time of Weld's visit, for instance, we find that in the gardens of the Nor'-westers and other magnates there were not only all the indigenous plants, but also a large number of exotics, preserved in greenhouses. And if we trace the history of Montreal by backward steps up to the middle of the 17th century, we find all along the route indications of the same taste and the same fertility. It is, however, during the last fifty years, and especially during the last quarter of a century, that horticulture has been most effectively studied and practised in Montreal. The limitations of space have been compensated for by more scientific methods, and the management of conservatories has attained a perfection which in the older days was not even dreamed of. The examples of this branch of horticulture, which we have the pleasure of presenting to our readers in this issue would, we believe, do credit to any city in North America. They are those of Mr. H. Montague Allan, Mr. Andrew Allan, Mr. R. B. Angus, Mr. J. Molson, Mr. Burnett, the Hon. J. J. C. Abbott, Sir George Stephen and Mr. Robertson.

THE LATE CHARLES GIBB, ESQ., OF ABBOTSFORD, P.Q.—The late Mr. Gibb, whose unexpected death at Cairo, on his return home from Japan, has already been mentioned in our columns, was born in Montreal in the year 1845. He was educated at Bishop's College School, Lennoxville, and at McGill University, where he graduated in arts. He then studied the profession of notary, which, however, he did not practise. Having spent some years in foreign travel, during which he visited some of the most noted scenes in the old world, Mr. Gibb determined to devote his attention to fruit-growing. He purchased a fine property at Abbotsford, P.Q., which became famous all over Canada for its successful experimentation, especially in apples. Some years ago Mr. Gibb visited Russia and other parts of northern Europe, and introduced into Canada a considerable variety of the hardy apples grown in Russian gardens. On his return, he prepared handbooks on the subject, which have become standard authorities to fruit-growers. His efforts gave an impulse, which is widely felt, to the study of pomology, especially from the standpoint of climate. The Montreal Horticultural Society and the Abbotsford Fruit-Growers' Association owed much to Mr. Gibb's initiative, and the whole of Canada, this province and city especially, is largely in his debt. In private life Mr. Gibb's character and demeanour were exemplary. He enjoyed the esteem and affection of all who knew him. Generous, unaffected and modest, he was a type, worthy to be followed, of the true man and the patriotic citizen. A great preacher was called the golden-mouthed; Mr. Gibb had a heart of gold.

THE LATE PROF. EDMOND LAREAU, Q.C., D.C.L., M.P.P.—Mr. E. Lareau, whose portrait we present to our readers in the present issue, was born at St. Grégoire, P.Q., on the 12th of March, 1848. Having passed through a course of preliminary study at the College of Ste. Marie de Monnoir, he entered McGill University, where in due time he received the degree of B.C.L. He also graduated in the

legal faculty of Victoria University, where he became a Bachelor of Laws (LL.B.) In 1870 he was called to the Bar, and was for many years one of the law professors of McGill College. Mr. Lareau was in early life connected with journalism, and won the reputation of a graceful and vigorous writer. He devoted much time to literature. Elsewhere reference is made to the products of his pen. At the last provincial election he was chosen to represent the Quebec Assembly in the County of Rouville. Though firmly attached to Liberal principles, Mr. Lareau was never an extremist, and he always retained his personal independence. In private life he was largely and deservedly esteemed, and his death is a subject of regret to many persons of both races and of all parties and creeds. He had been ill for some months before his death, which took place on the 22nd ult. His funeral, which took place on the 24th, was attended by a large circle of friends. The pall-bearers were the Hon. Mr. Mercier, Judge Jetté, Dr. E. P. Lachapelle, Mr. L. O. David, M.P.P., Mr. H. Archambault, Prof. M. Hutchison, Mr. F. L. Beique, Q.C., and Mr. P. Roy.

ALBERT EBENBECK, THE "HERO OF HESPELER."—Albert Ebenbeck, whose portrait we have the pleasure of laying before the readers of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED,



ALBERT EBENBECK, HESPELER'S HERO.

(Smith, photo., Galt, Ont.)

was unknown to fame until last summer when, at the risk of his own life, he rescued Miss Rebecca Heath, of Woodstock, from drowning at Port Dover. He is a Canadian, of German parentage, and was born at Jordan, Ont., on the 26th of May, 1870. He attended the public schools at his native place, and in 1881, the family having removed to Hespeler, he obtained work in the spinning-room of the Upper Mill, where he is still engaged. He and his brothers have just completed a handsome new house, in which they live with their widowed mother, the father having died when Albert was a child. The circumstances under which he performed the deed which won him the recognition of the Royal Humane Society were first brought to light by Mr. Adam Brown, M.P., to whom they had been communicated by Mr. John Cunningham, of Hespeler. The young lady, whose name has been already mentioned, was, on the 20th of August last, in imminent danger of drowning, when Albert Ebenbeck gallantly swam to her succour and was instrumental in saving her. Col. Thompson, seeing that both rescuer and rescued were in peril, rendered prompt assistance, and they all reached the shore in safety. Sometime afterwards, Mr. Cunningham, believing that Ebenbeck's simple courage and humanity merited some acknowledgment, wrote to Mr. Brown on the subject, and the latter sent the particulars to Sir Charles Tupper, the Canadian High Commissioner in England. Sir Charles acted without delay on Mr. Brown's suggestion, and in due time Albert Ebenbeck received the vellum testimonial of the Royal Humane Society. The occasion of the presentation, which took place on the 14th ult., was a gala day for

the people of Hespeler. Mr. Reeve Kribs presided at the gathering, and on the platform were Mr. Adam Brown, M.P., of Hamilton; Mr. Thomas Cowan, of Galt; Mr. James P. Phin, Warden of Waterloo County; the Rev. Dr. Cornish, the Rev. J. White, Dr. McIntyre, Miss Heath, the rescued lady, and Mr. Albert Ebenbeck, the "hero of Hespeler." Letters of regret at inability to attend were received from the Hon. James Young; Mr. Lutz, Mayor of Galt; Mr. L. P. Kribs, of the *Empire*; Mr. Clarke, Mayor of Toronto; Mr. B. L. Frances, of Woodstock; Mr. W. Guggesberg, Reeve of Preston, and Mr. D. Guthrie, M.P.P. of Guelph. Mr. J. P. Phin, the Rev. Dr. Cornish, Mr. John Cunningham, the Rev. Mr. White, Dr. McIntyre and Mr. R. H. Knowles, principal of the school, Hespeler, having made remarks appropriate to the occasion, Mr. Adam Brown, M.P., was called upon to address the meeting. Having expressed the pleasure that it gave him to be present, Mr. Brown related the circumstances of the rescue, and Mr. J. Cunningham's, his own and Sir Charles Tupper's share in procuring for young Ebenbeck the recognition of the Royal Humane Society. He extolled the young man's heroism and modesty, and hoped that his life would be worthy of his young manhood. Mr. Ebenbeck briefly acknowledged the compliments that had been paid him, and said that he had risked his life, not for the sake of reward or honours, but of humanity and as his simple duty. Mr. Cowan, of Galt, then made a stirring speech, at the conclusion of which Mr. John Cunningham, on behalf of Miss Heath, returned thanks to Mr. Ebenbeck. Three cheers were then given for Mr. Brown, Mr. Cowan and Mr. Cunningham, and Mr. Brown having proposed three cheers for the Queen, they were given with hearty good will. The meeting, which took place at Glück's Hall, was one of the largest ever known in Hespeler, scores failing to find even standing-room. Mr. Brown and the other visiting gentlemen were subsequently entertained at the Queen's Hotel by Mr. "Josh" Wayper, who, though a keen sportsman, is an enthusiastic admirer of Mr. Brown.

WRECKAGE OF WHARF AT SARNIA.—This engraving shows the scene and results of a singular, disastrous, but happily not fatal accident. On the morning of Saturday, April 19, the steam barge Roumania, laden with iron ore, entered the St. Clair river, abreast of the steam barge Green. As the Roumania neared Sarnia, the Green crowded her, and, to avoid mishap, the captain of the former gave the order to put the wheel over. While this was being done, the chains parted, and the big steamship ran bow on into Clarke's wharf, into which it cut some thirty feet, overturning and smashing warehouses, waiting room and custom house, and entirely blocking up the railway track. The crash attracted the attention of those who were in the neighbourhood, and, the news spreading, hundreds of persons had soon gathered at the scene of disaster, which, as one onlooker said, "looked more like the work of a Western tornado or a California earthquake than the result of a steamboat collision." The debris took hours to remove, and trains were consequently delayed till the track was clear, locomotives being used to pull off the wrecked buildings. Strange to say, the hull of the barge was hardly scratched. The J. C. Clark had a narrow escape from being crushed. That she got off with some slight damage to her upper works was due to the promptness with which the engineer moved her forward. It was extremely fortunate that, contrary to usage, the custom house and waiting-room were entirely unoccupied at the time of the accident, as otherwise the disaster would have been accompanied with loss of life. Mr. Clarke lost no time in commencing proceedings against the owners of the barge, a Cleveland firm, but on the following day one of them, Mr. Richardson, with Mr. Goulder, a noted admiralty lawyer, arrived at Sarnia and gave the necessary security for the release of the Roumania, which at once left for her destination. The lawsuit will be watched with interest by shipowners. The proprietors of the boat have retained Messrs. Lister and Cowan and Messrs. Pardee and Garvey, while Messrs. Gurd and Kiltermaster are acting for Mr. Clarke. Captain Crowley, of the Roumania, claims that the Green was unnecessarily crowding him towards the Canadian side. Mr. Clarke lays his damage at \$15,000.

THE HON. JUDGE GAGNE.—The Hon. Mr. Justice Gagné, who has recently been appointed Judge of the Saguenay and Chicoutimi districts, and whose portrait may be seen on another page, was born at Malbaie on the 17th of April, 1842. After a brilliant course of study at the Quebec Seminary, he studied law under Mr. L. G. Baillarge, Q.C., of Quebec, and was admitted to the Bar on the 5th of October, 1864. He established himself at Chicoutimi, where in a short time he succeeded in obtaining an excellent practice, which his success at the Bar constantly increased. He was in 1882 elected member of Parliament for the Counties of Chicoutimi and Saguenay by a majority of 1106 votes. In the following year he organized the Saguenay and St. Lawrence Railway Company for the construction of a line to connect Chicoutimi and the lower portion of the county with the Quebec and Lake St. John Railway. This company transferred its rights to the Quebec and Lake St.

John Railway Company, of which Mr. Gagné became one of the directors, a position which he still holds. On the 10th of September last he was appointed Judge of the Superior Court for the districts of Saguenay and Chicoutimi, and continues to reside at the town of Chicoutimi. The inhabitants of that place resolved to give the newly nominated Judge a public testimonial of their esteem and gratitude, and recently presented him with an address of congratulation, accompanied with a handsome gift, consisting of several pieces of valuable plate.

**HIS HONOR JUDGE LANDRY.**—Judge Landry was born at Memramcook, N.B., in 1846. He is the son of the late Amand Landry, M.P.P., who represented the County of Westmoreland in the Provincial Legislature for nearly a quarter of a century. He was educated at St. Joseph's College, N.B., and embraced the profession of law, studying with the late Sir Albert Smith, and was called to the Bar in 1870 and made a Q.C. in 1881. Mr. Landry's political record dates twenty years back, having been first elected in 1870 to the Legislative Assembly of his native province, where he successfully occupied the important positions of Commissioner of Public Works and Provincial Secretary from 1878 to 1883. His father was the first Acadian to sit in the Legislative Assembly, and the son was the first to administer a department in the government. Since 1883 he has represented the County of Kent in the Federal Parliament. Mr. Landry's integrity and fairness as a minister, and the propriety of his conduct in all respects as a politician have never been impugned, even by his opponents. His aim and endeavours always tended to the recognition and advancement of the race of which he was the worthy political leader. In courts, on hustings, or in parliament, he had acquired the reputation of being an eloquent and forcible speaker and debater. The press has been unanimous in its praises of the honorable gentleman, who is now to judge the descendants of those who banished his forefathers from their home and country.

**JOHN LORN MCDUGALL.**—Mr. John Lorn McDougall, Auditor-General of Canada, is the son of the late Mr. L. McDougall, who sat for the County of Renfrew in the Canadian House of Assembly for a short period in 1858, when he resigned. He was born at Renfrew on the 6th of November, 1838, and was educated at the High School, Montreal, and at University College, Toronto, where he took a gold medal in mathematics, a silver medal in modern languages, and graduated in Arts (B.A.) in 1859. In September, 1870, he married Miss Marion E. Morris, of Ottawa. Mr. McDougall has filled the position of Warden of the County of Renfrew and president of the South Renfrew Agricultural Society. He represented South Renfrew in the Ontario House of Assembly from the general election of 1867 to the general election of 1871, and in the House of Commons from September, 1869, to the general election of 1872, when he was defeated. He was again elected at the general election of 1874. He was unseated on petition, and was re-elected by acclamation. He was again unseated, on petition, in January, 1875, and was re-elected the following month. He resigned his seat in accepting the position of Auditor-General in August, 1878.

**BAIE ST. PAUL.**—This scene will be at once recognized by some of our readers. It is a glimpse of that Lower St. Lawrence region which to so many families, pent up in inland cities during our somewhat long, but not altogether unpleasant winter season, is associated with bright summer holidays, with the inwafled breath of the Atlantic, with the passing of stately ships with fishing, boating and all outdoor joys, and not seldom with memories of a romantic past.

**DUFFERIN TERRACE AND CITADEL, QUEBEC.**—The beautiful scene, made more attractive by the historic memories that cluster around it, of which our engraving gives a fair general view, took the final shape in which it is familiar to the younger generation in the year 1879. To give the history of its successive transformations would be to condense the annals of Quebec from the time of Champlain, when Lord Dufferin, just before his departure, laid the corner-stone of one of the fairest structures on this continent. On the 18th of October, 1878, the work was initiated, and in the spring of the following year the name which it now bears was officially recognized. "But," writes Mr. LeMoine, "a famous name of the past, which many loved to connect with this spot—that of Louis de Buade, Count de Frontenac, was not forgotten." The Literary and Historical Society of Quebec, on the 18th of April, 1879, presented to the City Council a petition, asking, among other things, that one of the handsome kiosks on the Terrace should bear the name of Frontenac. This prayer was granted, and by a resolution moved on the 9th of May, 1879, by Mr. P. Johnson, C.C., and seconded by Alderman Rheaume, the five kiosks on Dufferin Terrace were named Victoria, Louise, Lorne, Frontenac, Plessis." For the readers of the Citadel, we cannot do better than refer our readers, as we have so often done before, to Mr. LeMoine's instructive and entertaining pages.

**PISQUAPITA AND KUSKITA AN MUSQUA.**—The race or nation to which these characteristic examples of our North-West Indians belong are divided into three sections, according to the region in which they dwell. The divisions are known as the Plain, the Wood and the Swampy Cree. These last have their home in Manitoba and the district of Keewatin, and are comprised with Chippewas and Saulteaux under the signatories of Treaty No. 6. The negotiations which led to these treaties, and the ceremonies, incidents and speech-making to which they gave rise are related in the instructive record prepared by the late Hon. Alexander

Morris, who was Lieutenant-Governor of the entire North-West during the conclusion of the most of them.

**OLD INDIAN AND SQUAWS.**—This group interprets itself. There is ample scope for reflection in this glimpse of half savage life. Our triumphs of civilization have been fraught with gifts to the poor Indian that were not always wholesome, in either the material or the spiritual sense. If the missionary has offered him the treasure of the Gospel, the trader has at the same time tempted him with the very poison of asps. The lessons that the self-denying followers of the Cross took so much pains to teach him he saw those who accompanied or followed his instructor take equal pains to defy and set at naught. Is it any wonder that his clear-seeing natural shrewdness should have sometimes prompted him to distrust the stranger and his gifts, whether they promised heaven or bore a very different trade mark? He saw and was sure of one thing—that wherever the newcomers established themselves the hunting grounds, which were the wealth and the glory of his ancestors, were taken from him and his game slaughtered apace to satisfy the greed of those who hastened to grow rich. Though Canada has a more honorable record, as far as its relations with the native tribes are concerned, than any other community in the new world, the result of intercourse between the stronger and the weaker race has been no less deadly for the latter. Some of them have been civilized, it is true—that is, all their original and distinctive features have been crushed into blank expressionlessness. More of them have remained pagan, and still more have rejected the blandishments of those who would change them from nomads into farmers and artisans. A few have shown by their careers what, under a more humane and rational system of treatment, many of them might have developed into—men of honour and usefulness, not strangers to the arts of civilized life, yet retaining enough of the wild charm of a race not incapable of heroism, as an heirloom from warrior ancestors.

**MOUNTED POLICE, CALGARY.**—The fine body of men, well known to our readers as the North-West Mounted Police, is distributed into ten divisions, besides the central depot at Regina and the adjacent district. Calgary is the headquarters or chief station of Division "E." The entire force, by the last published report, consists of 1,059 officers and men and 925 horses. The officers are one commissioner, one assistant commissioner, eleven superintendents, one senior surgeon, thirty-one inspectors, five assistant surgeons, two veterinary surgeons; the non-commissioned officers, of fifty staff sergeants, sixty-three sergeants, seventy-three corporals. There are eight hundred and twenty-one constables. Calgary is the seat of the assistant-commissioner, has a total force of fifty-eight, of whom forty-five are constables, the remainder being officers and non-commissioned officers. The last report of the assistant-commissioner, while in the main favourable as regards the force, its physique and conduct, deprecates the evasions of the liquor law, the difficulty of conviction and the consequent increase of crime and danger to the community. He speaks highly, nevertheless, of the progress that some of the Indians are making in the ways of civilization, especially in agriculture.

**RAISING THE STEAMER ARMSTRONG AT BROCKVILLE.**—This engraving will have a peculiar interest for those who are concerned, professionally or otherwise, in hydraulic engineering. The circumstances which gave occasion to the scene here depicted were as follows:—On the 30th of June, 1889, the ferry steamer Wm. Armstrong, while crossing from Morristown to Brockville, with three cars of coal and a number of passengers, suddenly went to the bottom in mid-stream, where the water is about one hundred feet in depth. An attempt was made to raise her by means of large cigar-shaped iron pontoons, which were sunk on each side of the wreck, and from which huge iron chains passed under the sunken vessel. After being placed in position, the water was expelled from the pontoons by forcing in air from a compressor on a vessel anchored over the place. One mishap succeeded another, the plan failed, and finally it had to be abandoned. The one plan of lifting her by means of hydraulic jacks was then tried, and she was recently brought to the surface. The jacks were placed on heavy timbers resting on two schooners, far enough apart for the wreck to come up between them. Our illustration, from a photograph by Murray & Son, Brockville, represents the wreck appearing above the surface, the schooners being listed over by the weight. The Armstrong now lies in shallow water and, as soon as piles have been driven around her, she will be raised a little higher and pumped out.

### RHIGAS PHERAIOS.

The Greek patriot who bears this name, the author of the famous song which Byron paraphrased in his "Sons of the Greeks, arise!" was born in Thessaly about 1754, and was a professor of Greek in one of the schools of Bucharest. He was roused by the insults of the Turks and the example of the French Revolution to devote his life to the liberation of his country. With this object he founded a Hetaeria, or secret society, and began to disseminate patriotic poetry and other propagandist literature. His influence in awakening his countrymen was very great. He thought that in Napoleon he saw the liberator of his country, and was on his way to meet him at Venice when he was arrested by the Austrians, then at war with France, who handed him over to the Turks and a summary execution. It is in these facts that lies his claim to the title of protomartyr of Greek independence.

### APRIL MUSINGS.

"April, sweet month, the daintiest of all,  
Fair thee befall!"

Laughing, fickle April stood at the threshold nodding saucily to stormy March, who had made much ado, but who now crept quietly out. With many smiles came April, and so warm and bright were they that the great river which March had held chained burst asunder its bands, and its waters, leaping with delight at their freedom, showed blue and green amidst the snow and ice.

So she brightly smiled for a day or two, and then—ah, fickle one that she is—her smiles vanished and clouds and rain took their place, and every one cried out: "Oh, how dreary it is!"

"Then how like you this?" cried April, and smile after smile flashed forth, till the earth was flooded with them, while the wind, hurrying from the south, quietly laughed as he saw the astonished and pleased look on every face at the sudden change.

Nuds and becks, and wreathed smiles  
Now took the place of discontent."

"Just like a summer day!" exclaimed somebody.

"Summer day, indeed!" ejaculated April. "Did any one ever experience aught so delightful on a summer day?"

True, April, and we would not be without thee for all the cloudless days June could give us. Thy very charm lies in thy changeableness. Now all smiles and laughter, then buried in a cloud, only to greet us with richer stores of pleasure.

"It is thy hand that doth unlock  
From plain and rock  
Odours and hues a balmy store,  
That breathing lie on Nature's breast,  
So richly blest  
That earth or heaven can ask no more"

Early in this month, in warmer climes, the flowers appear in all their wondrous beauty, but with us only a few towards the latter end of the month greet our eager search.

Nestling among the sheltered places we find the dainty little wind-flower, hepatica, and the blood root, sanguinaria. When wandering through the woods one sees the rich brown buds ready to unfold their hidden beauty. Here round this tiny lakelet grows the graceful pussy-willow. Just fluttering by is the first butterfly of the season, looking in vain for some of its friends to keep it company. And now the sound of rushing water greets the ear, and leaping down the rocks comes a mountain torrent, by the melted snow. On a tree near by a little brown songster is pouring forth a melody of sound, as though giving thanks for the glorious day. A little further on, beneath an overhanging cliff, the clear whistle of a robin is heard. There he is with his bright red breast, and by his side his modest little wife in plain dress of brown. Step quietly. See, there are more coming, and still they come, whistling merrily to one another.

"Birds love and birds sing,  
Flying here and there."

MORDEE.

### WHITE AND GOLD AND BLUE.

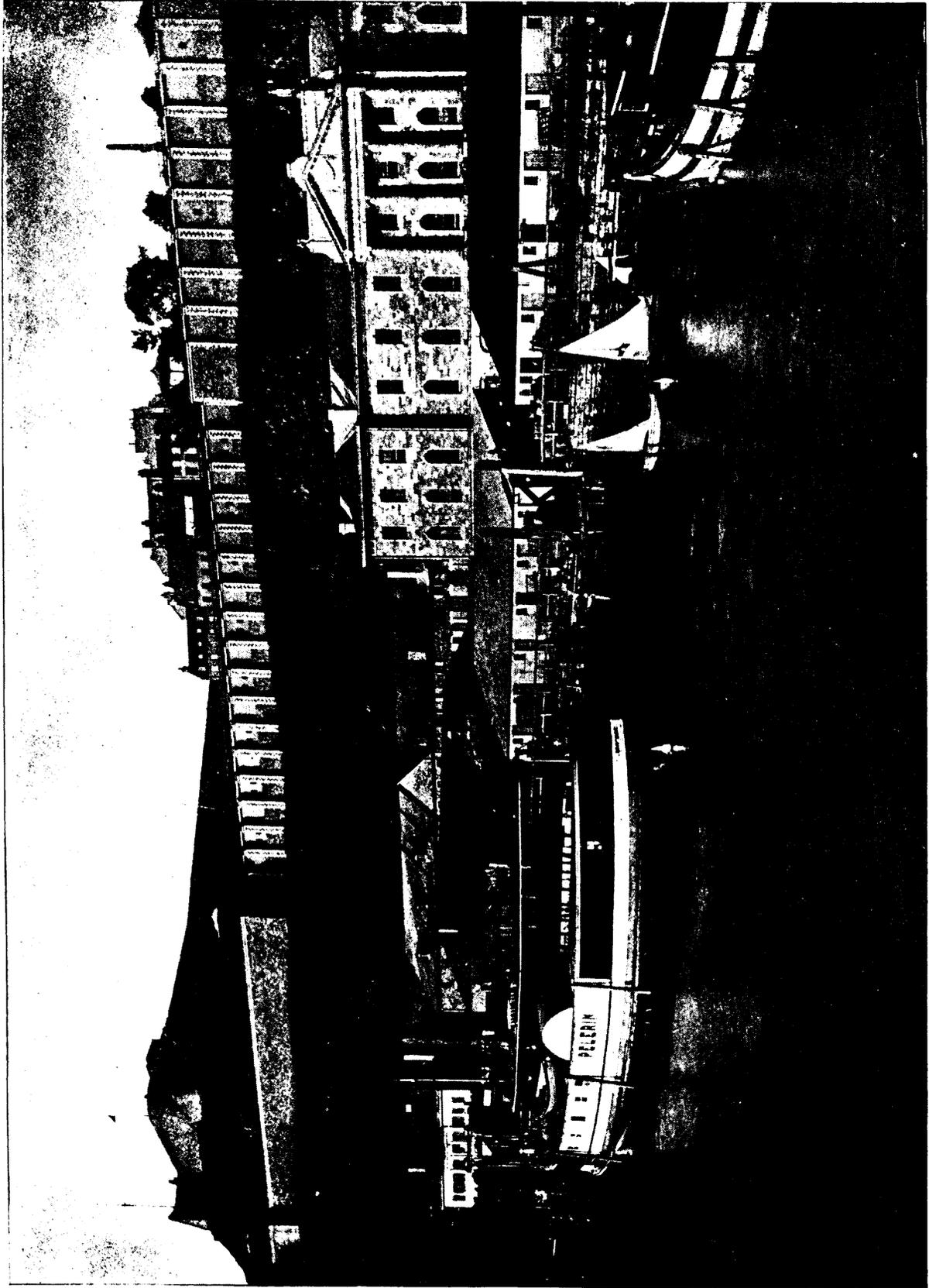
The sky is a wonder of beauty now,  
With soft, light clouds, as white as snow,  
Floating over its splendid blue,  
And golden sunshine falling through  
The lace-like veil of cloud.

A combination of rare delight,  
Is the white, and azure, and gold so bright;  
And it brings to my mind another scene  
Of white, and azure, and golden sheen  
'Tis blent with the skylark's singing loud.

The white is wreathings of hawthorn bloom,  
With starlike blossoms, whose sweet perfume  
With dreamy sweetness fills the air,  
While they are lying soft and fair,  
Like snow on the hedges green.  
And the buttercups, growing stem to stem,  
Hide all the greenness under them;  
And form a sheet of shining light,  
All dazzling in the sunshine bright  
With wondrous golden sheen.

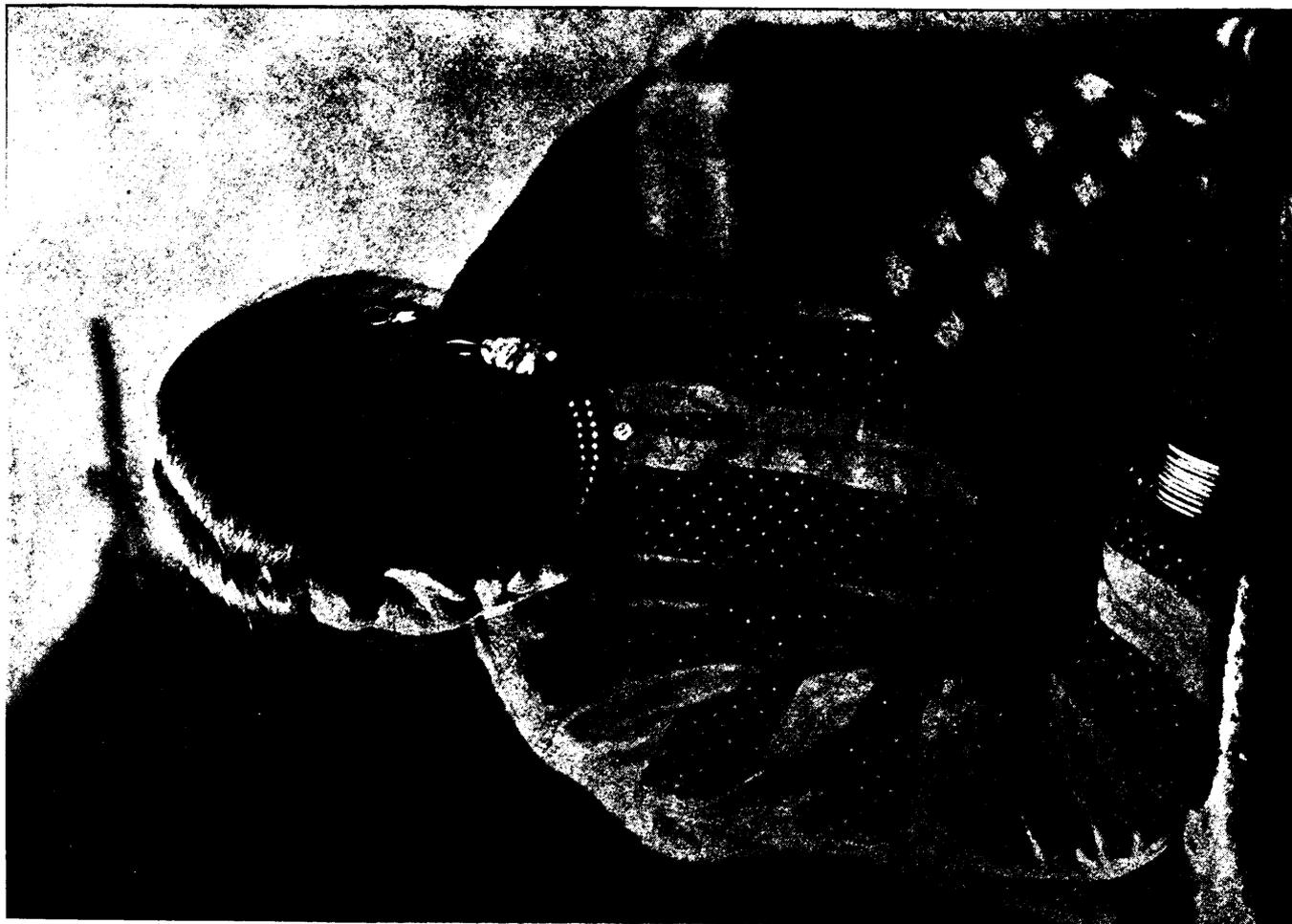
And you know, dear, what gave the blue,  
My dearest friend, with eyes so true,  
For the bluebells are gracefully waving now  
Beneath the hawthorn, as white as snow,  
And I so far away.  
For the buttercups and the hawthorn blue,  
With its starlike blossoms and sweet perfume,  
For the fair bluebells, but most for you,  
O dear, dear friend, with eyes so blue  
My whole heart yearns to-day.

**A NEW SPONGE-BANK.**—According to the *Perserwanca* of Milan, important sponge-banks have lately been discovered close to the island of Lampedusa, on the southern coast of Sicily. These deposits of sponges extend for over a surface of from 15 to 18 marine leagues, and are situated about an equal distance from the south-eastern extremity of the island. The smallest depth above these banks is 20 ells; the greatest depth is from 30 to 31 ells. At the lesser depths rock is met with, on which the sponge grows; at greater depths a sandy soil is found. All varieties of sponges are discovered here, including those which are in the greatest commercial request, and they are easy to obtain. Greek and Italian vessels have already proceeded to Lampedusa to take advantage of the discovery.



CHAMPLAIN MARKET AND WHARF, DUFFERIN TERRACE AND THE CITADEL, QUEBEC.

(Wm. Norman & Son, photo.)



KUSKITA AU-MUSQUA (BLACK BEAR) CREE SQUAW, CALGARY.

(Wm. Norman & Son, photo.)



PISQUAPITA (HAIR IN KNOT) CREE INDIAN, CALGARY.

## "The World, The Flesh and The Devil."

By MAY AUSTIN.

There was a dumb ache in Agnes's heart as she stood once more in the well-loved home. It was as dear to her to-day, dearer than on the day when she had left it; but how shabby it had grown, and her mother had become thinner, paler, smaller. The brown hair, whose brownness had been Agnes's pride, was plentifully streaked with grey. The black gown she wore was more brown than black from constant wear, and there was a neat darn in each elbow; her quick eye took it all in. The carefully laid tea table, the coloured mat put so as to hide a patch in the table cloth, the chipped butter dish, the broken knives.

A bitterness rose now as she contrasted Mrs. Melville's luxury with her mother's poverty. Why should things be so? Her mother was good, and kind, and unselfish, and made the best of what life gave her, while Mrs. Melville turned all things into a misery.

She was, for the time, too oppressed with the sense of poverty to see the compensation which showed form in her thought.

Things seemed even worse the next day, when her sister Katherine closeted her in her room and laid their affairs fully before her eyes.

There were bills owing and no money due; things had never been at such a low ebb before.

"Why! I ever hate to go out walking," said Katherine, vehemently. "I feel just as if all those unpaid bills were posted on my back, plain to everybody's sight. How is it going to end? Oh! Agnes, do you believe it is possible that there are people happy enough to have no debt pressing upon them?"

There is no doubt that though other sorrows may be more acute, there is no greater trial than this of inadequate means; the constant sense of pressure upon an empty purse; the hundred and one miseries and mortifications which follow poverty as closely as an eagle his prey.

"The older we grow, the more we realize that life is a struggle for existence," said Agnes.

"I won't accept that," Katherine answered petulantly. "Something must turn up; there is always matrimony before us,—the probability of some man being idiot enough to wish to encumber himself with a penniless wife."

Agnes flushed at the mention of matrimony. She would not view it as a way out of pecuniary difficulties. But yet, if she cared for some one, looked up to and respected him, would it not be a comfort to have him to stand between her and the world?

She smiled just then, for she thought of Maxwell Melville.

### CHAPTER XII.

"Did you think I would let you go?"

When one is in misery, every moment mounts upon it. Things get worse and worse. Your spirits sink lower and lower, but there must be a reaction!

The reaction set in with the Powers about a month after Agnes's home-coming. That morning the last straw had been added to Agnes's cup of bitterness. She had gone to get some groceries, and they had refused to let anything more go out of the shop into their hands until some money was forthcoming.

The grocer, a tall, black-bearded Irishman, blanched as he spoke, and Agnes, even in that first moment of overpowering humiliation, realized the man had right on his side. As he spoke, the words cut into Agnes's spirit like cruel knife stabs.

"Indeed, I am sorry Miss."

What was the man saying?

An advertisement of Pears' Soap took huge proportions and danced before her eyes.

"Use Pears' Soap."

The letters seemed alive!

"Use Pears' Soap."

"The bill has been running now three months or more, Miss."

"Use Pears' Soap."

What a farce it all was!

"Three months, Miss; that isn't business."

Agnes brought herself to with a strong effort and hurried out, throbbing with pain. Her mother was ill and worried. This must be kept from her.

There was a new ten dollar note upstairs in her box. She had laid it away for Christmas presents!

When the grocer saw this note, when his greasy fingers closed over its crispness, he smiled complaisantly. Was there nothing else she wished for? The things would go over at once!

Agnes did not go straight home. She went for a walk instead, not into the fashionable portion of the town, but down a narrow side street in the east end,—a street about which something of the country still clings.

Here bright-eyed French girls fling laughing words at each other from door-step to door-step, and pinafores children play by the roadside without danger of death.

There was a forge in this street. Agnes stopped at the door to watch the smithy holding a horse's hoof against his worn leather apron as he pounded in the nails, and the fire flamed in the furthest corner, where the sparks flew as the hammer descended upon a red-hot wheel. Clip! Clip! Clip! It made her mind revert to Martin Maynard and Alminere. When we are suffering, it lessens that suffering to think of others!

When she returned home she was calmed. A peep into

the pantry satisfied her the groceries had come. She went on up to her room and then came down to do some practising. She must not neglect her music, as she was trying to get pupils. She was at the piano in the little drawing-room when a ring came at the door bell, and then someone marched right in and confronted her.

Maxwell Melville! looking very fair, and very big and broad, in that dingy room.

"You! You!" she cried as she shook hands with him.

Here Maxwell imprisoned one of her slender hands.

"Did you think I would let you go darling?"

"Mr. Melville!"

"You know that I love you."

Both hands were his now.

"Max! Max!"

"And that you are going to marry me."

His arm was around her. His cheek pressed close to hers; but she did not draw herself away. She yielded to his warm embrace, and his hot, passionate kisses. So he was answered.

Mrs. Power found them sitting together on the sofa when she came downstairs. There were explanations at once.

Maxwell looked very tall and manly as he stood before Mrs. Power and asked for her consent. But her consent was a mere matter of form. He was sure of it before he asked. And had he not Agnes's promise.

Katherine was in high glee. This was the turn of the tide! She told Maxwell so openly! She thought it was the jolliest thing in the world to get married. She wished she was going to be; but Agnes was next best!

Of course Maxwell spent the day with them, and then he put up at an hotel near by. He could hardly tear himself away from Agnes's side, and it was decided she would marry him in a month. The next morning's mail brought a letter with a foreign stamp for Mrs. Power. Katherine received it at the door and carried it in hot haste to her mother.

"More good fortune," she cried, and her prophecy was a true one.

The letter was from a distant cousin of her father's. He was an old bachelor and rich. He had only just heard of their father's death and the pecuniary loss to them. In all these years why had they never written.

"I'd have written to the dear old boy like a shot," broke in Katherine here, "only, unfortunately, I had never heard of his existence."

"Their interests should henceforth be his," he wrote. "He was on his way to them, and he enclosed a cheque."

They all cried over that cheque. It meant so much to them. The freedom from debt. Comforts long undreamed of.

"And your trousseau, Agnes dear," cried Mrs. Power. She always thought of her girls first.

"What a delicious old darling he must be," said Katherine. "Perhaps I shall marry him."

It wasn't very funny, but they all laughed. They were easily moved to tears and laughter just then.

Old Major Power arrived in time for Agnes's wedding, and took Mrs. Power and Katherine metaphorically under his wing. They all lost their hearts to him at once—he was so cheery and kind, and had such plans for the future.

"Tut! tut!" he would say, when they ventured to remonstrate at his generosity. "I have more money than I know what to do with, and it pleases me to make you happy. So self is at the bottom of this as it is at the bottom of much so-called generosity."

Dr. Maitland and his bride came down for the wedding. Hugo sent his excuses and a present to the bride—knives, forks and spoons! They were very handsome ones, but Katherine turned up her pretty nose when Agnes expressed her appreciation of the gift.

"Nasty, uninteresting things," she exclaimed. "If ever anyone gives me such a pokey present I will—cut them!"

Then she went off laughing at her own wit! She had changed again into the happy child she had been before the deadening influence of poverty had made itself felt.

Agnes said her cup of blessing was full to overflowing. She was overjoyed at her mother's good fortune as well as at her own happiness.

The wedding day dawned as brightly as wedding days should dawn, according to tradition, for the welfare of the bride. It was a very lovely bride, too, that the sun shone on.

Major Power's present to her had been a cheque for a large figure, and this she had taken for her wedding things. Her dress was plain white velvet. It fitted to perfection her rounded, graceful form, and fell plainly from her waist, to lengthen out into soft, rich folds, and the veil that fell back from her face made a pretty background for the outline of her pure, fair features. She would have no orange blossoms; but in her hand she held a huge bunch of white China asters!

Mrs. Power gave her away, and it was to her mother she gave her last smile and glance as "Agnes Power."

Just as the clergyman pronounced them "man and wife," the sun glinted in through a high window and slanted down on the bride's bent head, turning that white band of hair, waving from the left temple, to brightest silver. It fell on her eyes, too, and dazzled them, so that she could not see clearly when she turned to her husband at the conclusion of the sacred service. And then she started. She had never seen Maxwell look like Hugo before.

"I am not going away from you for so very long," said Agnes out of the car window to her mother. She, Major Power and Katherine had come to the station to start them

on their wedding journey. "It is so good of Max promising I shall come to you whenever I wish to. Why, it will hardly seem like separation from you, dear mother."

Then there was a whistle! A handful of rice and a slipper from Katherine's pocket. A cry of God speed!—and then they were off!

### CHAPTER XIII.

"But if we guessed wrong?"

Six months of married life past happily and uneventfully.

Agnes had always longed for a life like this—a life of luxury.

A library of her favourite authors, fine pictures, music and horses. Everything she could possibly wish for seemed hers. And the hope was before her that gives joy to all good women. Before the autumn she expected to be a mother.

One day, in going over some old books of her husband's, a note fell from between the pages of one, where it had evidently lain long. It fluttered to her feet, and, as she stooped to pick it up, the signature "Alminere" caught her eye, and at the same instant "My own darling Max." Her heart beat like a live, frightened thing, struggling to burst its bondage. Her face was whiter than the paper in her hand.

There are times when the sense of unreality seizes you so deeply that you search for some familiar thought, and then cling to it with all the force of a man who hangs over some deep precipice, and whose grasp of a strong overhanging branch is his only safety. The branch is strong, but has he the power to keep his hold of it?

In this first fearful moment of loss of faith in her husband, Agnes clung to the thought of her dear, patient mother.

"Oh! mother," she moaned, "mother." But there was no gentle voice to answer her. Her words fell unheeded against the curtained windows and the pictured walls!

Max! Her husband! It was he, then! He! She could scarcely comprehend the bitter truth, but this was not to be refuted. She would not read the note. She scorned to do it. She lit it by a gasellier and let it burn in her hand. How it writhed under the flame! Just so was a her spirit writhing within her.

Then she went over to the window and looked mechanically out upon the garden. How she had wronged Hugo. But Maxwell's own words had made her wrong him. He had not only deceived her, but purposely misled her.

It was a dangerous thing, this sudden revulsion of feeling towards one she had for so long harboured hard thoughts against. Strong natures like Agnes's feel acutely; there is no half measure with them. In that one moment all respect for her husband died, and love followed that death. She revolted in spirit against him. She felt she must rush away—home to her mother. Anywhere! so as to leave him. But then the thought of the little child, whose advent she had looked forward to with such joy, restrained and calmed her. She must bear this bitterness in silence. Her life was not her own but her child's! But she changed after this. She yielded to her husband's caresses, but she never responded to them as she had been used; and he, confident of her affection and of his own love, never noticed the change.

"I say, Ag," he said across the breakfast table one morning. "Hugo writes he is coming here for a few days. I was beginning to think he didn't approve of my choice, or that he was jealous, he so persistently refused all my invitations."

Again that cold feeling crept about Agnes's heart that had held it that summer morning when Hugo had left her in the garden. Was she glad he was coming? She knew she was glad when he came, and wondered at it! There was always that consciousness within her that she had wronged him, and from this consciousness grew her infinite kindness.

In the midst of deeper feeling there is a lighter current that runs counter with it. In a mind quick to see the ridiculous, this is always much developed. Agnes had it to a large degree. Above all she felt deeply, light thoughts would thrust themselves. Hugo arrived one morning just before breakfast. She met him in the hall stepping out from behind a heavy portière. They shook hands in silence, and the look in his eyes puzzled her. Was it pity? It was something very tender. Something which made her glad to think of, and then ashamed of being glad.

He and Maxwell kept up a rapid conversation after they sat down at the table, and these were her silent commentaries:

"Maxwell smiles too often; it shows weakness in a man." \* \* \* \* "I wonder could Hugo ever guess why I was unkind to him. \* \* \* He has grown quite bald on the temples. How I used to hate bald men!" \* \* \* \* "Is life portioned out for us like a ball of twine?—when it has rolled to the end there is an end of it!" \* \* \* \* "Hugo doesn't eat so gracefully as Maxwell. Gracious! what a mouthful?" \* \* \* \* "What a lot of sacrifice it takes to keep us alive? We are beautifully cultivated creatures, are we not? We have the dear little lambs so deliciously dressed, and talk such pretty sentiment over each mouthful. What do we care if the old mother sheep is bleating in the meadow so long as we don't hear her." \* \* \* \* "Oh, if I could only love Maxwell as I used; but we can't cry back a lost affection." \* \* \*

"What a farce the words 'love, honour and obey' are? It sounds beautifully; but we can only promise to obey, honour is in their hands, and love is our master. We obey it."

Agnes was caught from this haze by Maxwell appealing to her upon the merits of a recently published book.

"The story was not properly rounded; was it, Ag?"

"It was true to nature. Nature is all angles; so many things are unknown; so many things have to be guessed at only."

"But if we guessed wrong," said Hugo.

Agnes was very pale.

"Then we must suffer for our short-sightedness."

"As you make your bed so you must lie on it," Maxwell quoted this with asperity. Then he smiled "I'm a splendid hand at making beds."

"Your own," replied Hugo, and then seemed sorry he had spoken.

But Maxwell still smiled good-temperedly, showing his even, white teeth.

"Every man for himself," is my motto, eh, Ag?" but Agnes seemed suddenly weary.

"I think," she said, after a slight pause, "It would be a lovely morning for a drive. Might I have the man, Maxwell, or will you be my charioteer?"

"I can't go, and the man is busy. Hugo, old chap, do you mind being bothered with my wife for an hour or two? You can have Claudius, and I promise you he will keep your hands full."

"Perhaps after all—" began Agnes in protest.

"Nonsense, Ag; the horses are eating their heads off in the stable. They ought to be exercised; this is the second day Claudius has not left his stall."

"And I shall be very glad to drive you."

Agnes smiled at Hugo as she went off for her hat.

She was glad, there was no good denying the truth to herself; she was outrageously happy; she was going for a drive with him, would be with him an hour; two. She was happy; tremulously so.

She felt the old sweet excitement she had felt when as a girl some unexpected pleasure appeared, and she rushed to get ready for it.

It was a lovely day; summer was upon the land, and the sky was dotted here and there with white clouds, which looked like flocks of sheep in a blue pasture.

It was very good to live and to enjoy things. Agnes felt this, and thrilled as Hugo's hand helped her into the low phaeton; hated herself for thrilling; and so a frown gathered between her eyes, and she kept them away from Hugo.

"I am going away to-morrow," he said presently.

"Are you?"

Again that cold feeling crept about her heart.

"Yes. You see I am an idle fellow, but active in that idleness. A good deal of the Bohemian beats in my blood, and this luxurious life wouldn't suit me. Only I wished to have a glimpse of you."

She heard very well what he was saying, and while he spoke, her own thoughts came with lightning speed.

"How jerkily he speaks, and a bit of dust has landed on his nose. It isn't a particularly handsome nose either. He has lost a tooth on this side. It shows when he smiles. And how old he has grown. Oh! God! I love him! I love him! I love him!" But these were only her thoughts. The words she utters were very different.

"Why should you pay us such a shabby visit? Maxwell thought you would stay some time. Men always need men's society."

"We were never particularly devoted, Maxwell and I. Perhaps it has been my fault."

"You are very different." Then quietly, "Your mother writes so cheerfully."

"Poor mother!" he said; then—"I fear I have never done her justice. She was very trying. In justice to herself, I must tell you what I know will be a secret in your keeping. My father drank himself to death."

"My mother's constant fear was that we might inherit the craving for it. She—" his voice sank—"it had overcome her."

Agnes said nothing, but her look told her astonishment and pity.

"I found it out years ago. She never forgave me for that. Can you imagine what she has endured. Her fear for her children. Her own craving, which she struggled to overcome, but could not. How she managed to get it at night unknown to anyone, and how she talked against it in the day time. Poor mother!"

"That explains many things; but I never dreamt of this."

"Do you believe in hereditary vice? I do. That night, I was a boy of twelve, I had been in the village with some older playmates. We had for a lark, as we called it, gone into the bar and taken a glass with some of the bigger chaps. When I crept into the house at midnight I noticed a light coming from under the store-room door. Thinking it was one of the servants up to some mischief, I stole softly up the stairs and pushed open the door. Then the whole thing was made clear to me. I saw my mother—my mother! like any low man with an accursed bottle to her lips. I gave a cry and she saw me, and I ran on to my room, locked the door, and vowed on my knees before God that no drop of the vile stuff would ever pass my lips again. Sometimes it has been a struggle. The hereditary poison is in my veins."

Agnes turned pale. "But you will keep your oath?"

"Die sooner than break it."

She was satisfied. "It is inexplicable. Does good al-

ways grow from evil as flowers from the filthy ground? Must our gain always be bought by another's misery? If you had not seen her that night?"

"Good and evil walk together. Did what I gained ever balance what I lost? I had thought my mother an angel! Do you know I grew to loathe her, heaven forgive me, when I heard her moral arguments against evil and her severe censure of those who had fallen beneath any temptation. But now, thank God, I feel nothing for her but pity."

"You are a good man," said Agnes simply.

He flushed under his sunburnt skin. "No man is good. But you—you are a saint."

"You hurt me," cried Agnes. "You don't know how wicked I am; how nothing seems worthy, sometimes; all holy things a hideous delusion—I have even thought with Cain, why should I thank God for a life he has given me unto eternity, without giving me the positive power of making it beautiful."

"An old clergyman once said 'a saint is not a perfect person, there are none such on earth; a saint is one who always wishes to do right.'"

"I do wish it," she cried; "but it is hard, very hard. We had better turn now; see how the clouds have gathered."

The clouds seemed to have gathered over them also, for as they drove homewards both were silent. Nature is a merciless creditor. We cannot escape her; but must pay to the full the debts we have contracted through carelessness, thoughtlessness, or even ignorance. The world looks on and sees our prosperity, and smiles and shrugs her massive shoulders, and envies and wonders. We have not got our due, for all is well with us.

Is all well?

Do they see our tears at night time, do they hear our heart cries in the morning? Do they know of the pain we endure in the place of pleasure? For pleasure consists in the way a thing vibrates through our system. The song of a bird may be a joy to us because our spirit is ready to receive it, but if our spirit is not ready, then it is a misery.

CHAPTER XIV.

"It is over."

The next day Hugo went away, and the summer passed on, slowly, surely. As the time drew near to her confinement Agnes seemed to fade. There seemed to be nothing to depress her in the way she was depressed. When her mother came she met her at the door, and as she laid her face against hers in the old tender way, burst into tears.

"I am so glad you have come, mother, so glad; there is nothing but a blank before me, and I am afraid."

"This is quite natural, dear."

Mrs. Power patted the golden head bent upon her shoulder. "Didn't I feel just so; and am I not alive to welcome my grandchild?"

"It's not that. Of course I am frightened about that; but there is more. I feel as if I hadn't the spirit to live."

"You are run down, darling; haven't you seen the doctor? Why didn't you send for me sooner?"

"Maxwell thought I was rather silly and frightened," she began, and stopped, but Mrs. Power knew what was left unsaid.

The doctor came the next day and spoke cheerfully, hopefully to her. She was run down; it was a pity he had not been called in before. But all would be well.

But still Agnes felt all would not be well with her. She felt, knew that her days were numbered, and with this knowledge the overpowering want of Hugo's presence came upon her.

She must see him; talk to him; touch him.

She fought against this cruel feeling of want, but still it lay within her heart and ached through all her being.

Death was coming upon her. What would it be? What would it bring her? Oblivion, peace, torment?

Anything would be better than *this*. Ah! but she was dying, and she must see him. Death would be total separation from him. Would he follow her into that shadowy region unknown to all that live? While she is living, while she has consciousness what a comfort to see him, speak to him, just for the last time.

She was paler and weaker after this war with herself. The doctor shook his head when he saw her again, and left the room hurriedly.

Maxwell came in a moment afterwards with pain stricken face.

"You are not well, darling?"

"I never will be well." She was crying quietly. "I have tried to do the right, Maxwell. I have tried to be a good wife to you."

Maxwell was shaken with sobs. "You have always done what was right, Agnes. But I have been a selfish brute. Say you forgive me, dearest."

A look of mental pain passed over her pale face. He was suing for her forgiveness. Did she not need his? She was his wife. She bore his child. And yet she loved another man—his brother.

"Oh! Maxwell," she said, "I do forgive you. I need forgiveness myself for many things. We are all so weak and so faulty. It should teach us to be kind to every one who does any wrong."

Hugo read in the next day's papers the birth of Agnes's boy. Further down amongst the deaths was an item which meant nothing to the multitude, but all to him.

"The wife of Maxwell Melville, aged twenty-three."

He started up. He must go at once and have a last look

at her loved face. By the side of her whom he had loved! so well light was given him. Maxwell had gone with him into that dim, flower scented room.

"I loved her, upon my soul, Hugo. But she was too good for me. If it had been you."

"Hush," said Hugo.

"But I must tell you. Listen. I was afraid she might care for you, and so I—I let her think you had led Alminere wrong."

A glance of passion passed over Hugo's face. But here his glance fell on the pure, pale features of Agnes, and in her presence that passion paled.

"It is over," he said. But the dead face was no whiter than his living one.

THE END.

## FIRST CROAK.

Northward, crow, Croak and fly! Tell her I Long to go,—	Lark or thrush Someday, you Up the blue Cleave the hush
Only am Satisfied Where the wide Maples flame,	O the joy Then you feel, Who shall steal Or destroy?
Over those Hills of fir, Flooding her Morning snows.	Have not I Known how good, Field and wood, Stream and sky?—
Thou shall see, Break and sing Days of Spring, Dawning free.	Longed to free Soul in flight, Night by night, Tree to tree?
Northward, crow, Croak and fly,— Strive, or die Striving so!	Northward, crow, Croak and fly You and I,— Striving, go.
Darker hearts, We, than some Who shall come When Spring starts.	Still through fail Singing, keep Croaking deep Strong and hale!
Well I see, You and I By and by Shall get free.	Flying straight, Soon we go Where the snow Tarries late.
Only now, Beat away As we may Best know how!	Yet the Spring Is—how sweet! Hark that beat; Goldenwing!
Never soar We, nor float; But one note, And no more.	Good for all Faint of heart, What a start In his call!
Northward, crow, Croak and fly! Would that I Too might go!	Northward, crow, Croak and fly, Through the sky Thunder No!

New York.

BLISS CARMAN.

## GOLDEN GRAINS.

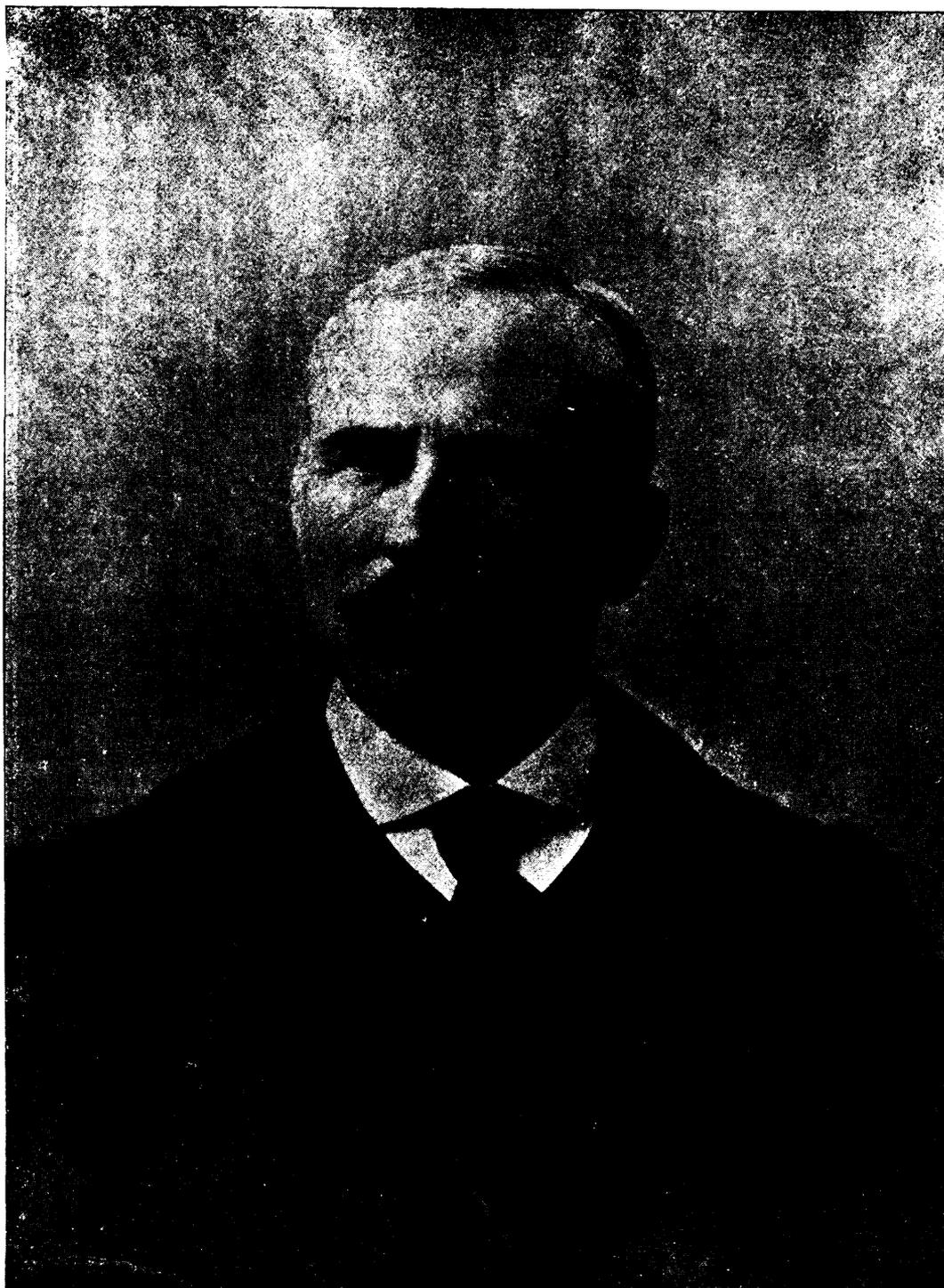
Faith is the sun of life.  
Dreams are true while they last.  
There is much pain that is quite noiseless.  
On God and God-like men we build our trust.  
Often in a wooden house a golden room we find.  
Homeward and heavenward we haste on our way.  
Dead fish swim with the stream, living ones against it.  
A millstone and the human heart are driven ever round.  
More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of.  
Sweet April! Many a thought is wedded unto thee as hearts are wed.  
Our greatest glory is not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall.  
Every duty, even the least duty, involves the whole principle of obedience.  
If the living may not speak to the dead, the dead are always speaking to the living.  
An indiscreet person is like an unsealed letter, which everyone may read, but which is seldom worth reading.  
The commonest life may be full of perfection. The duties of home are a discipline for the ministries of heaven.  
Love, the last best gift of heaven;  
Love, gentle, holy, pure.  
An old philosopher says: "The firefly only shines on the wing; so it is with the mind; when once we rest we darken."  
Life is a road that we travel but once, so that we must be sure to do all we can as we go, because we never pass that way again.  
The secret of success in life is to keep busy. The busy ones may now and then make mistakes, but it is better to risk these than to be idle and inactive.



OLD INDIAN AND SQUAWS ON THE BLACKFOOT RESERVE, ALBERTA.  
(Wm. Notman & Son, photo.)



MOUNTED POLICE, CALGARY, ALBERTA.  
(Wm. Notman & Son, photo.)



J. LORN MACDOUGALL, ESQ., AUDITOR GENERAL OF CANADA.  
(Topley, photo.)



In these days when Canadian politicians are so earnestly discussing the question of the use of the French language in the legislatures and schools of certain portions of the Dominion, it may not be amiss that an English journal should take some notice and give its readers some account of the peridical literary publications in French in the Province of Quebec, and with this view we propose to give some account of the contents of the number of *Le Canada Français* for March, 1890, a review published under the direction of a committee of professors of Laval University, and devoted to religion, philosophy, history, the fine arts, science and literature. The articles in that number are :

1. Ten Years in Canada—1840 to 1850. An interesting account of the proceedings in the Parliament of Canada (formed by the union of Upper and Lower Canada) under the administrations of Lord Sydenham, Sir Charles Bagot, and Lord Metcalfe, including the fight for the establishment of responsible government and for the re-establishment of the official use of the French language.

2. A Review of "Annibal," a Canadian novel by Napoleon Legendre.

3. The Menhirs of Carnac, a poem, by Louise d'Isola.

4. La Science tuera la Guerre. Science will put an end to War. By Mgr. M. E. Methot. Expressing the writer's earnest hope, and his reasons for entertaining it, that the terrible means of destruction which science has placed at the disposal of man will have the effect of preventing war, the result of which must be so tremendously fatal as to make it impossible; and with this view the writer holds that every such scientific improvement hastening this result is to be encouraged as a step towards the preservation of peace.

5. *Tite Poulette*, a Louisianian novel of the time of the old Creoles. By Geo. W. Cable. Translated from the English by Dr. Louis Fréchet, our Canadian laureate. Very well translated and very interesting, more especially in view of the present strained relations in America between the European and African, or white and coloured races, as well as from the pathos of the story itself.

6. The possessed of the Muses. By Adolphe Poisson. A poem on the troubles of a young muse-bitten clerk, between poetical and arithmetical numbers, and Dr. and Cr., and his dreams about them.

7. Travels in Greece. By Charles de Martigny. (*To be continued.*) A very interesting and instructive account of a visit to Athens, and description of the Acropolis and other famous edifices there; with historical and critical notes respecting them.

8. To Matthew Arnold. A Poem, by Dr. Fréchet. Read by him at the entertainment given to the English poet at Montreal, on the 20th February, 1885. An excellent and eloquent tribute by the Canadian Laureate to his English compeer, praising him for the work he has done, and expressing the hope, that following the example of Chateaubriand and Moore, he will make the natural beauty of Canada and the romantic legends of her history subjects of his muse.

9. Just de Bretennières—A Martyr of the 19th Century. By the Abbé Aug. Gosselin. A detailed and thrilling account of the martyrdom of Bishop Berneux, and MM. Just de Bretennières, Pourthié and Petit, and of Mgr. Daveluy and MM. Aumaitre and Huin, in the Corea, in the spring of 1866, after undergoing long imprisonment and sufferings and the most cruel and savage tortures at the time of their execution, sufferings paralleled only by those inflicted by Indians on the early martyrs in Canada, and borne as those were with Christian fortitude. Their martyrdom being followed by a general persecution of the Corean Christians. The writer declaring that the history of the great persecutions of the early Christians from Nero to Diocletian contains no brighter pages, and that the Church proves by the more than human heroism of her children, her divine origin and immortal youth. The effect in Europe of this Corean story is described as being at first mournful, but afterwards triumphant in the victory of the martyrs, whose blood is the seed from which new Christians will be produced.

10. The Affair at St. Denis, in the Rebellion of 1837. By Alphonse de Lusignan, whose grandfather was killed there. The incidents of the fight are told in a vivid manner from the rebel point of view, and with a little exultation, which may be pardoned now, for the article is written on the fiftieth anniversary of the events narrated, but without boasting or exaggeration, and with an honorable expression of regret for, what the writer truly calls, the "absolutely useless and unjustifiable murder" of Weir.

11. Scientific Gossip. By J. C. K. Laflamme. A most amusing and suggestive article, treating of the discoveries in electricity and their uses and their discoverers, and more especially, Mr. Edison and his triumphant reception at Paris, including the salute fired in his honour at the close of the great exhibition and transmitted to him by phonograph, which Mr. Laflamme tells us the great inventor could not hear, being unfortunately stone deaf. A dissertation on microbes, and the theories respecting them; on influenza and its supposed causes; and a curious cure for rheumatism, proposed by Mr. Terc, a German physician, and consisting of 39,000 wasp stings. A calculation of

the number of movements in a second which are required for the execution of an Allegro by Mendelssohn; and a memorandum of the deaths of some distinguished scientists, including Mr. Chevreul, at the age of 103, Mr. du Bois-Raymond, a celebrated Prussian physiologist, Mr. P. Youle, the pioneer in thermo-dynamics, Mr. Peciuotti, the real inventor of our dynamos, Mr. Horn, who led the way to almost a revolution in the construction of steam engines, and Mr. P. Perry, the Jesuit, who died of fever in Guiana, after accomplishing the scientific mission entrusted to him by the English Government, of observing the now last total eclipse of the sun; an astronomer equally modest and distinguished, whose loss will be seriously felt in England.

12. The Little Wood Merchant—A Winter Scene at Montreal. By J. Edmond Roy. A pretty little story of humble life in a Canadian city.

13. Foreign Affairs. By Dr. Louis Fréchet. A succinct review of late events in foreign countries. Deaths among members of the royal families, with some comments upon distinguished personages whom death has lately removed since the decease of the late King of Portugal. The late Empress of Brazil. The dowager Empress Augusta, widow of William the First, Emperor of Germany, and grandmother of the reigning Emperor, dying at the age of 89, whose beauty and virtues were such that Frenchmen have not refused to testify their respectful veneration for the widow of the man who did them so much mischief. She was the daughter of Charles Frederic, the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar and Marie Polovna, daughter of the Czar Paul the First. The writer prays that the earth may lie lightly on the generous protectress of the unfortunate prisoners of Gravelotte, Wissemburg and Metz. The next personage mentioned is the famous African tyrant, the King of Dahomey, one of the remarkable characteristics of whose kingdom is that the queen is the commander-in-chief of the army, with the peculiarity not less singular, that the principal corps of this army is composed of women. These ebony Amazons, being three thousand in number, and apparently subject to the same code as the Roman vestal virgins, any breach of their vow of chastity being punishable by being buried alive. These female warriors are ferociously valiant, and in point of cruelty excel their sovereign. The fifth on the list of royal deaths is that of the Duke of Aosta on the 18th of February at Turin, where he was born in 1845. Many particulars of his life and character are given, in the course of which mention is made of the Duke of Montpensier (one of the contestants with Amedée, son of Victor Emmanuel, for the throne of Spain) who died in February last at San Lucas, in his sixty-sixth year. He was the brother-in-law of Queen Isabella, and father-in-law of the Comte de Paris, a pretender to the crown of France. The list, as the writer says, came near including the little King of Spain, Alphonso XIII. All this, our poet Laureate says, reminds him of the famous verses of Malherbe on the fell destroyer death :

"Le pauvre en sa cabane où le chaume le couvre,  
Est sujet à ses lois;  
Et la garde qui veille aux barrières du Louvre  
N'en défend pas vos rois."

Or as our old English poet has it :

"There is no armour against fate,  
Death lays his icy hand on kings;  
Sceptre and crown must tumble down,  
And in the dust be equal made  
With the poor crooked scythe and spade."

The Laureate then congratulates the world that the little King of Spain's mother has talent, energy and intelligence, which command universal admiration, and inquires whether her example and that of the fifty-two years' reign of our own Gracious Sovereign do not encourage a reasonable hope that if virtue should become the fashion among princes, it might lead to a revolution which would deliver Europe from the scourge of war and the law of the strongest, with a gentle hit at the case of England and Portugal in Africa and *British fairplay*. The article then deals with the foolish attempt of the Duke of Orleans in France, and the rejection of the motion of M. Cazenove Pradines for the repeal of the law banishing pretenders to the Throne of France, and says he would like to know the opinion on this point of the Duke d'Aumale, a wise man, a savant, a member of the Academie Française, and, above all, a great patriot. He then remarks that if royalty is at a discount in France, there is one royalty which never fails to receive the continually renewed sympathy of the nations, that of the Supreme Head of the Church throned at the Vatican. One proof of which is the amount for the now last year of the humble offering of the poor—St. Peter's pence—\$600,000, sent as follows:—From Austria, \$80,000; France, \$70,000; Spain, \$40,000; Germany, \$30,000; Ireland, \$20,000; Belgium, \$21,000; England, \$19,000; Switzerland, \$11,000; Poland, \$17,000; North America, \$87,000; South America, \$62,000; Africa, \$19,000; Asia, \$20,000; Roumania, \$20,000; Italy, \$51,000; Portugal, \$30,000; Oceania, Russia and Scandinavian countries, \$20,000—it would seem, he says, that this sovereignty is to be left alone to close the portals of Time when all others shall have passed away.

14-15. Then follow two short notices,—one of Judge Routhier's conferences and discourses, and the other of Aztec poems in French, by Auguste Gérin, containing, among others, highly praised by Dr. Fréchet, who gives part of one of them, the story of the loves of two great South American mountains—Volcanos-Istaccihuat and Popocatepetl—very primitive and romantic. In the beginning of the world almost *Ante mare et tellus*.

We have thus endeavoured to give our readers a fair idea of a fair specimen of French-Canadian periodic litera-

ture. Those of them who can read French will do well to get the number, and will find in it knowledge useful and entertaining; and to those who do not read French, we say, learn to do so by all means. We can assure them that they will thereby enable themselves to enjoy a rich, intellectual feast. In the Review they will find nothing which ought to offend them, and if they should now and then find their English corns gently trod upon, it will do them no harm to see themselves as others see them, and that there is no harm in knowing and using two languages.

G. W. W.

## THE BRITANNIC EMPIRE.

DEVELOPMENT AND DESTINY OF ITS VARIOUS STATES.—CANADA (*concluded.*)

### IV.

Twenty-five years ago Col. John Hamilton Gray, a New Brunswick delegate to the Quebec conference which created the basis of our federal system, concluded an address at a Montreal banquet in the following stirring words :

"I now call upon you, Canadians, by your own name, here in the presence of your own hills, which rose to their majestic height ere yet your race began—here in the presence of your own St. Lawrence; hallowed by the memory of Cartier and spanned by the stupendous work which shows that in the onward march of progress and improvement you are not behind—by the memory of the past, by the spirit of the present, by the hopes of the future, I call upon you to rally round a proposition which will tend to perpetuate the glory of your name and promote the glory and happiness of your people." After the lapse of a quarter of a century the proposal then placed before the Canadian people and stamped with their approval, has developed into a national system, which has now reached a stage in its progress when a greater step requires to be taken, and the words which were so applicable to the position of the country then become suitable to the wider and grander federation which we hope to attain in the future. Imperial Federation is not merely an abstract principle; it is the embodiment of the spirit of the age, acting upon a free and intelligent people, and as such will have to be faced and discussed by the opponents of the principle and thoroughly sifted in all its details by those who wish to see it take a concrete form. Leaving out of consideration for the time-being its effects in other countries, I wish to review a few of the advantages which would accrue to Canada itself from the adoption of such a basis for its future national development. In the first place, Imperial Federation is, in detail, whatever the constituent parts of the Empire choose to make it, the only part of the proposal which is fixed in its nature being that contained in the words "permanent unity of the Empire." Two views of the question at once present themselves to our consideration, each antagonistic to the other. The one is that presented with so much force by Hon. Honoré Mercier at Montreal in these words: "To seek to expose us to the vicissitudes of peace and war against the great powers of the world, to the rigorous exigencies of military service as practised in Europe; to disperse our sons from the frozen regions of the North Pole to the burning sands of the desert of Sahara, an odious régime which will condemn us to the forced export of blood and money and wrest from our arms our sons, the hope of our country, to perish in foreign wars."

Such a presentation is about as correct as the inference that conscription is, or could be, practised either in England or the colonies. The other and, let me say, the truthful view of the policy may be found in the prophetic words of the Hon. Edward Blake during an address before a great Liberal gathering at Teeswater in 1878 :

"My opinion is that the day must come when we shall cease to be 'dependents,' as I hope, by exchanging dependence for association, by rising from the present position of colonists to that of partners in the freedom, the fortunes and the responsibilities of the Empire." \* \* \* \* \* "I invite my fellow-countrymen to prepare their minds for the assumption of that full measure of freedom and responsibility which belongs to us, as fellow-subjects of those Britons who inhabit the United Kingdom."

Such words cannot be withdrawn by subsequent expressions, and stand as the clearest possible presentation of the case for closer union with Great Britain at the present time.

Is Imperial Federation possible? Such a question is frequently asked, and the answer must always be that whatever the people of this country and the Empire desire in the direction of political relations must be attainable. To say that the British people, who founded and developed so vast a power, will shrink from the comparatively easy step of consolidating it, is to imply that as a people they are inferior in energy, pluck and determination to the men who created a united Germany; who built up an Italian kingdom, or fought the greatest war of the century for the preservation of American unity. Canadians who have remembered the many obstacles which stood in the way of Dominion unity, will not hesitate to face the difficulties which may lie in the pathway of Imperial consolidation.

The question, as it affects Canada, naturally divides itself into three parts—defensive, commercial and political—prefaced by the admitted proposition that each step in the direction of complete union must be taken as required by circumstances, and that the ultimate aim can only be attained by a gradual development in a definite direction.

To Canadians it must be obvious that the existing system of Imperial defence is not satisfactory. The Behring sea seizures; the long drawn out Atlantic fishery disputes; the danger to our commerce in case of a great war, over the declaration or termination of which we should have no control; even the French shore question of to-day in Newfoundland, all prove that our present position in that respect is not and cannot be a permanent one. The difficulties of the situation are aggravated by the fact that we hardly know where to apportion the blame. We all know that Great Britain does the very utmost that can be done in a diplomatic way to facilitate negotiations and satisfactory arrangements with our troublesome and aggressive neighbour to the south; and we cannot but feel, if we consider the matter for a moment from a British point of view, that to go to war with the United States for any of the causes which have so far arisen; to expend millions of money and the lives of thousands of men, as well as to lose countless millions of dollars more by stoppage of trade, would be an enormous responsibility to assume. And for what? For the sake of a colony where the leaders of one great party are advocating closer union with the States and discrimination against British trade, while at the same time attempting to create dissatisfaction against the Mother Country for not acting with sufficient vigour in defense of our interests.

Again, it must be remembered that we contribute not one cent towards that protection, and have therefore no just claim to disagree with the mode in which Great Britain may exercise her responsibilities. The British taxpayer, with greater burdens in most cases than we have, has to bear the brunt of protecting our great country and extensive commerce. The solution is obvious. Not in separation, which would entail greater burdens upon our people than they could bear, but in a closer union with the Mother Country—a union in which we could demand as a right the full measure of a protection which we can only ask for to-day as a privilege.

The British Empire is emphatically an oceanic power, and with a united group of fleets, supported by a system of joint contribution, would be so strong upon the seas of the world as to control not only the commercial highways of the nations, but prevent war by the pure impossibility of successful attack by foreign countries upon what would then form an invulnerable chain of naval powers.

The only sources of possible attack would be upon the Indian and American frontiers. I am thoroughly convinced that, were such a federation formed, and the union of Canada with the Empire settled upon a stable basis, American aggression, alternate coercion and conciliation, would cease, and war be rendered impossible.

Moreover, the American people would respect us much more than they do to-day, when they regard Canadians as merely hanging on to the apron

strings of a European power, afraid to let go, and equally afraid to stand up and assume an attitude of friendly and equal partnership. As Mr. Chamberlain so well said in Toronto, when referring to Britain's obligations and the burdens of Empire:

"Relief must be found in drawing together the great component parts of the Empire, and not by casting away the outposts or cutting off the bulwarks. \* \* \* \* It may well be said that the confederation of Canada may be the lamp to light the way to a confederation of the British Empire."

To a Canadian no question presents itself with so much personal interest as that of extension of trade relations, and the spectacle of an empire which controls nearly one-half of the commerce of the world must bring before a thinking mind the possibility and immense advantage of developing the connection between its different states in such a way as to encourage a greater interchange of products and assimilation of interests.

Great Britain has everything that we require in manufactures, machinery, money and men to people our vast extent of undeveloped territory, while Canada can provide unlimited quantities of coal, wheat, cattle, timber, cheese, butter, furs, hides and many other products. To show the great possibilities which exist in regard to our trade with Great Britain, I give below a table compiled a few years ago by Mr. Arch. McGoun, of Montreal, the figures being for 1885:

Product.	United Kingdom import from Canada.	Total U. K. import.
Horned cattle. ....	\$ 5,752,000	\$ 46,660,000
Butter. ....	1,212,000	58,860,000
Cheese. ....	8,176,000	24,450,000
Furs. ....	1,426,000	5,020,000
Grain. ....	4,719,000	338,105,000
Produce of the Forest. ....	8,757,000	80,120,000
Produce of the Fisheries. ....	1,326,000	11,506,000
	\$31,368,000	\$564,721,000

Thus we find that the Mother Country actually imports \$530,000,000 worth of products from other countries which we can produce to the greatest advantage. Is there any necessity to adduce further proof of the benefits which would accrue to Canada if such an enormous market could be encouraged to take our produce, and as a consequence increase our output and develop the natural resources? Such a policy is voiced in the suggestion that a small duty should be levied upon foreign imports into all the different sections of the Empire, over and above any ordinary tariff which may be in existence—such a duty to vary as required by circumstances, but to be in all cases a preferential one as regards our fellow-subjects. If the proceeds of this Imperial tariff were to be devoted to the maintenance of the naval force of the Empire, a sum would be raised large enough for all the purposes of protection and power without perceptibly adding to the burdens of the people.

Such a system could work nothing but good for Canada, and if once the policy were placed clearly before the people, its benefits would be so obvious as to sweep the country from end to end. An impetus would be given to the cultivation of wheat, barley, oats and all the various grains which Great Britain so largely demands; an enormous increase in the number of cattle, hogs, etc., which are now raised in quantities small in comparison to those produced by the United States; American farmers would flock over to our North-West in order to get the advantage of the discrimination; our mines would be developed, not only by capital which would come from the other side, but by that which investors in England would put into new enterprises of every kind; American manufacturers would start establishments for the same reason, while a constant access of new population from the Mother Country would result from the increased knowledge of our resources and prospects which would naturally ensue.

But, it is said that England will never consent to put such a duty upon foreign imports. This will have to be dealt with later; but let me say here that large bodies of earnest, intelligent and influential men are pushing the question nearer to the front every day, and that the time is not far off when the Imperial Parliament will have to consider

the matter and meet the difficulties fairly and squarely. Canada's duty appears to be plain. Let its Parliament pass a strong resolution, offering to discriminate in favour of British goods in return for a similar preference given to our farm and forest products. Let the new Australasian dominion pass a similar resolution when its parliament is created, and the legislatures of South Africa take the same course, and a mighty lever will be given to the advocates of the proposal in England, sufficient, perhaps, to turn the scale in its favour.

Leaving the commercial question for the present, we have to glance at the political issues involved in such a policy. Mr. Mercier voices the sentiments of perhaps a small number of his nationality who neither know nor care what the meaning of the words "Imperial unity," may be, but there are others in all the provinces who, while less extravagant in their statements, are, nevertheless, almost as far astray from the real issue. To bring about the solution of the question nothing can be done by force or fraud; everything will depend upon consultation between representatives from the various parts of the Empire, which are constitutionally governed; all proposals will have to be submitted to the different parliaments for sanction, and thence to the people for approval, and the strong probability is that the means to this end will be found in the holding of Imperial conferences every few years at the heart of the Empire. Such a deliberative and consultative body, meeting as may be required, must develop in the course of time into a permanent council of the realm. When this occurs Imperial Federation will be an accomplished fact, without undue friction, without detracting from the liberties or local rights of the colonies, and without unduly interfering with the sovereignty of Britain.

While this policy, as a whole, should commend itself to every thinking Briton, I cannot but believe that it will also in Canada ultimately obtain the approval of the great majority of our French fellow-citizens. Loyal to the same flag and country; the same political principles and liberty; receiving similar benefits from its adoption, the French-Canadian who has from time to time fought side by side with his English-speaking comrades, cannot but feel that the heroic deeds and famous events of early Canadian history belong to both equally, and that as they have fought together in the past, struggled together with the difficulties of settlement and the upbuilding of a united nation, so in the future they will join hands in pursuing this great policy to its highest ultimate development, making this Dominion of ours the peer of great nations, as well as a powerful factor for peace and prosperity in the grandest and freest empire in the world.

"Then let us be firm and united;  
One country, one flag for us all.  
United, our strength will be freedom;  
Divided, we each of us fall."

TORONTO. J. CASTELL HOPKINS.

THE ISLES OF SHOALS, OFF PORTSMOUTH, N.H.

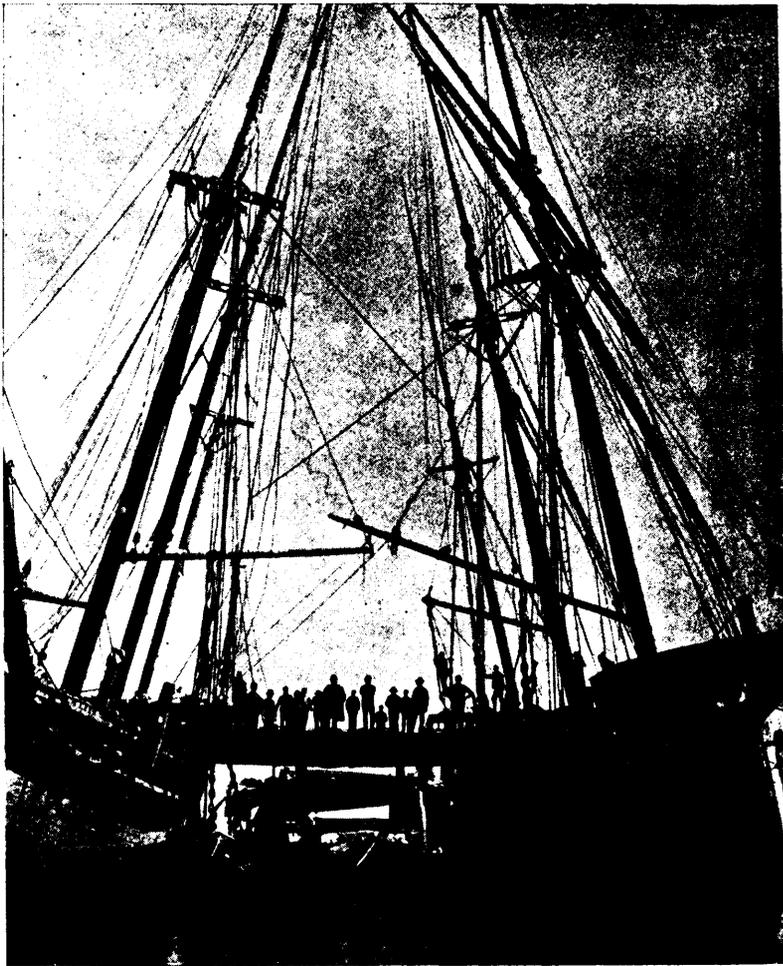
MISS UNDERHILL'S CHAIR.

Grey, sterile rocks that cleave the ocean's mist,  
Free o'er your hammocks sweeps the brine-fraught wind  
And swirls in airy eddies that would find  
Th' historic seat of stone that one day missed  
And lost for aye its occupant, while hissed  
And coiled the snaky waves, and cruel twined  
Their folds about a woman's form, that shined  
That day in Paradise—whose pale lips kissed  
The Throne where all is Rest and stilled the breath  
Of tempest wind; and where the dashing wave  
Leaps not nor rears its crested head of death—  
But where the pure and pearly ripples lave  
Th' enchanted shore we reach but thro' the grave,  
When dies the clash of arms and sinks the breath!

K. C. TAPLEY (Casey Tap.)

Enjoy the blessings of this day, if God sends them, and the evils of it bear patiently and sweetly; for this day is only ours. We are dead to yesterday, and we are not yet born to the morrow.

Mars to his brother shuts his heart,  
And science acts a miser's part,  
But Nature with a liberal hand  
Flings wide her stores o'er sea and land,



RAISING THE SUNKEN STEAMER ARMSTRONG, AT BROCKVILLE, ONT.

**CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.**

**SUBURBAN SERVICE**

BETWEEN  
**MONTREAL,  
STE. ANNE'S,  
VAUDREUIL,**  
And Intermediate Stations.

Commencing May 1st, 1890, Trains will LEAVE Windsor Street Station FOR MONTREAL JUNC., DORVAL, VALOIS, BEACONSFIELD, STE. ANNE'S AND VAUDREUIL:—  
\*9.20 a.m., 12.30 p.m., 6.15 p.m. and \*8.45 p.m. daily, except Saturdays and Sundays.

On Saturdays—\*9.20 a.m., 1.30 p.m., 6.15 p.m., \*8.45 p.m. and 11.20 p.m.

Trains will ARRIVE Windsor Street Station From Vaudreuil, Ste. Anne's, Beaconsfield, Valois, Dorval and Montreal Junction:—  
\*7.45 a.m., 8.50 a.m., 2.25 p.m. and \*7.55 p.m., daily, except Saturdays and Sundays.

On Saturdays—\*7.45 a.m., 8.50 a.m., 6.03 p.m., \*7.55 p.m. and 11.05 p.m.

Trains marked (\*) stop at Montreal Junction, Ste. Anne's and Vaudreuil only.

Commutation and Season Tickets issued at VERY LOW RATES.

Time tables and further information may be obtained at

**TICKET OFFICES:**  
No. 266 St. James Street, Montreal,  
AND STATIONS.

**A FRENCH MISSION IN TIBET.**

At the last meeting of the Paris Geographical Society, Abbé Desgodins read a paper upon his mission in Tibet, from which country he has returned, after a residence of 34 years, in order to publish a grand dictionary of French-English-Tibet Latin, upon which he and his fellow missionaries have been at work during the whole of that period. After describing the countries which he had travelled through on the western frontier of Tibet, Abbé Desgodins went on to speak of Tibet itself, the plateau of which are vast solitudes, for although there is an abundance of such animals as yaks, horses, and sheep, the population is very sparse. But although the few inhabitants who are to be met with encamped beneath black tents lead a very hard life, they are the finest type of men in Tibet, nearly the whole of which, according to Abbé Desgodins, is covered by these plateaux. From them, Abbé Desgodins and his caravan travelled in a north-west direction, and went down to the banks of the Yar-Ktu-Tsang-Po, which is the principal river of Tibet, and Abbé Desgodins mentioned incidentally in his lecture that it is a mistake to suppose that the Dalai Lama enjoys supremacy over the Northern Buddhists. Far from being their pope, as is generally supposed in Europe, he is merely the chief of the sect of yellow lamas, the others not recognizing his spiritual authority. Abbé Desgodins described at some length the province of Eu and its capital, Lhassa, which is also the capital of the whole kingdom, having a civil population of 15,000, consisting of Chinese, natives of Nepal, Kashmir, and Mongolians, while the ecclesiastical population consists of 22,000 monks, distributed over several large and small monasteries. The Tibetan central Government is to all intents and purposes Chinese, being subject to three Chinese ambassadors, assisted by seven civilian mandarins and an army of occupation numbering 4,000 men, stationed throughout the whole country from China to the frontiers of Nepal. Abbé Desgodins completed his lecture by a description of the eastern province of the Khan, the hydrographic and geological system of which differs entirely from the Himalayan system.

**HUMOUROUS.**

"George," she said, after she had promised to be his wife, "please don't announce our engagement until next week." "Why not, darling?" he asked, tenderly. "Because I'm going to the theatre with Henry on Friday night."

A LITTLE HOME CHAT.—Papa: How are you progressing in your language lessons, Ethel? Ethel: Oh, I have learned to say "Thank you" and "If you please" in French. Tommy: That's more than you ever learned in English.

WHEN Mrs. Duhlbrane read that "Dr. Holmes is now writing 'Over the Tea-Cups,'" she wiped her glasses and said: "Why in the world doesn't the servant remove the tea-cups and other dishes and let the doctor have free use of the table?"

A SWEET little pair of twins—a boy and a girl—were about to be punished recently for some wrong, and presented themselves to their mother. The boy, who had been trained in gentlemanly conduct, spoiled the whole matter by saying, "Ladies first."

UNIQUE IN HISTORY.—"Maria, it makes me awfully nervous to see you put pins in your mouth!" said Mr. Mumble, as he looked over to where his wife was sewing. But she could not answer without danger of choking. There was no last word. Mumble had broken the record.

AT THE LIBRARY.—Lady: I'm getting tired of modern fiction; can you recommend me a good exciting standard work? Librarian: Have you read "The Last Days of Pompeii"? Lady: No, I believe not. Can you tell me what he died of? Librarian: Eruption, I believe.

EDUCATIONAL ITEM.—Uncle Mose: How are you coming on at school, 'Rastus? 'Rastus: Mighty porely. De teacher most pounded de life outen me. Uncle Mose: Whuffer? 'Rastus: He asked me how many teef a man had, and I tole him "a hull mouf full," and then he climbed right on top ob me.

MRS. NEWCOME: Mary, tell the cook to hurry up with those eggs. She has had time

to cook them, surely. Mary: Please, ma'am, cook says she don't know when they've been in three minutes. Mrs. Newcome: Why, haven't you a clock in the kitchen? Mary: Yes, ma'am; but cook says as it's fifteen minutes too slow.

SHE WAS ENGAGED ON THE SPOT.—"Are you careful in the kitchen—and with the dishes?" "I am, ma'am. It was thro' my care I lost my last place." "That was strange." "It was, ma'am, but you see my master was in the china delf business, and he said if all servants were as careful as I was his trade would be ruined. So he sent me off."

**Grand Trunk R'y  
OLD RAILS FOR SALE**

TENDERS are invited for about 1,000 tons each of OLD IRON and STEEL RAILS, delivery of which will be made on cars at any point on the Company's line as may be agreed upon. If delivery is required in the United States the purchaser will have to pay United States Customs duties.

Delivery will be made during the next three or four months, at times to suit the convenience of the purchaser and of the Company.

Terms, cash on delivery. Parties tendering to name price per ton of 2,240 lbs.

Tenders endorsed "Tender for Old Rails," and addressed to the undersigned, will be received on or before WEDNESDAY, May 7th.

**J. HICKSON,**  
General Manager.

Montreal, April 28th, 1890.

**CASTOR-FLUID**

Registered—A delightfully refreshing preparation for the hair. Should be used daily. Keeps the scalp healthy, prevents dandruff, promotes the growth. A perfect hair dressing for the family, 25c per bottle.

**HENRY R. GRAY, Chemist,**  
122 St. Lawrence Main Street.



**HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS.**

All even numbered sections, excepting 8 and 26, are open for homestead and pre-emption entry.

**ENTRY.**

Entry may be made personally at the local land office in which the land to be taken is situate, or if the homesteader desires, he may, on application to the Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, or the Commissioner of Dominion Lands, Winnipeg, receive authority for some one near the local office to make the entry for him.

**DUTIES.**

Under the present law homestead duties may be performed in three ways:

1. Three years' cultivation and residence, during which period the settler may not be absent for more than six months in any one year without forfeiting the entry.

2. Residence for three years within two miles of the homestead quarter section and afterwards next prior to application for patent, residing for 3 months in a habitable house erected upon it. Ten acres must be broken the first year after entry, 15 acres additional in the second, and 15 in the third year; 10 acres to be in crop the second year, and 25 acres the third year.

3. A settler may reside anywhere for the first two years, in the first year breaking 5 acres, in the second cropping said 5 acres and breaking additional 10 acres, also building a habitable house. The entry is forfeited if residence is not commenced at the expiration of two years from date of entry. Thereafter the settler must reside upon and cultivate his homestead for at least six months in each year for three years.

**APPLICATION FOR PATENT**

may be made before the local agent, any homestead inspector, or the intelligence officer at Medicine Hat or Qu'Appelle Station.

Six months' notice must be given in writing to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands by a settler of his intention prior to making application for patent.

Intelligence offices are situate at Winnipeg, Qu'Appelle Station and Medicine Hat. Newly arrived immigrants will receive, at any of these offices, information as to the lands that are open for entry, and from the officers in charge, free of expense, advice and assistance in securing lands to suit them.

**A SECOND HOMESTEAD**

may be taken by any one who has received a homestead patent or a certificate of recommendation, countersigned by the Commissioner of Dominion Lands, upon application for patent made by him prior to the second day of June, 1887.

All communications having reference to lands under control of the Dominion Government, lying between the eastern boundary of Manitoba and the Pacific Coast, should be addressed to the Secretary of the Department of the Interior, Ottawa, or to H. H. Smith, Commissioner of Dominion Lands, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

**A. M. BURGESS,**  
Deputy Minister of the Interior.

Department of the Interior,  
Ottawa, Sept. 2, 1889