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THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

TRADE MARK

ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF PARLIAMENT OF CANADA, IN THE YEAR 1884, AT THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.

REGISTERED

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MONTREAL AND TORONTO, 4th APRIL, 1891.

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CARIBOO ROAD BRIDGE, NEAR SPUZZUM, B.C.
(Messrs. Notman & Son, photo.)

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4th APRIL, 1891.



The "Horrible" in Journalism.

The prominence given to "horribles" in the literature of to-day is a feature that most sober-minded men and women would gladly see removed. There is not a single redeeming point in the custom. The feeling of rest and renewed strength, coupled with that sense of general good-will to all with which most people rise in the morning, often receives a rude shock when the daily paper gives startling prominence to details of aggravated cruelty to man or beast, to accidents with unusually painful accompaniments, or to murders and suicides which are blood-curdling in the painful minuteness given to the circumstances of their committal. To men such particulars are more or less brutalizing; to women they are, or should be, revolting, and at times are positively dangerous; while to children they forcibly present such cruel facts and suggest such gross ideas that if their medium were in any other guise than the daily paper it would be promptly thrown into the fire. The abuse is not a new one; it is false to consider it a product of civilization. The news journal of the last century—in fact, the general literature of that period—was imbued with details of the class complained of to a much greater degree than at present. Witness the almost daily record of hanging and decapitation that can be noted in old periodicals, and of the infliction of cruel and prolonged torture. But whatever features of the past may now be worthy of emulation, journalistic literature is certainly not one. The evil is wide-spread, but not the less an evil. It is especially noticeable in second rate American papers; and a comparatively recent weekly journal, which claims for itself the highest rank in the illustrated line, devotes a large portion of its pages to articles of this objectionable class, making them especially attractive by means of the excellence of its mechanical work. The keen competition now-a-days rendered necessary in our newspapers, has doubtless much to do with the continuance of this feature; but should a firm stand be taken by any prominent ones towards limiting or omitting the objectionable details, it is altogether probable that such would be those most highly prized in the circle of home life.

The Late Earl Granville.

A distinguished and faithful servant of the Crown has passed away in the person of the EARL OF GRANVILLE. Born in 1815, he had attained a ripe age; and at a time when most men are either unfit or unwilling to undertake onerous public duties, he was one of the prominent figures in Imperial politics. He was educated at Eton and Oxford, whence he graduated in 1834, and went into the diplomatic service as attaché to the British Embassy at Paris. Two years later he entered Parliament, and in a short time displayed such

unusual ability that he was appointed Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs by VISCOUNT MELBOURNE, the then Premier. In 1848 he became vice-president of the Board of Trade, and three years later succeeded to the responsible position of Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. Other important offices were filled by him, and in 1855 he became the Ministerial leader in the House of Lords. He was always a consistent Liberal and a strong supporter of MR. GLADSTONE; hence, each administration conducted by that statesman saw EARL GRANVILLE in a prominent position in the Cabinet. From 1870 to 1874, and from 1880 to 1885 he was Secretary of Foreign Affairs. His last régime cannot be called a successful one, as his management of the negotiations with Russia in the Afghanistan boundary question, and with Germany on the division of New Guinea was severely criticised, the Australians especially finding fault with his practical abandonment to Germany of so much of the neighbouring island. Since the defeat of the Liberal administration EARL GRANVILLE has not had much political notoriety, but has steadily maintained a warm interest in educational and public matters. He was Chancellor of the University of London, and will be much missed by that institution. In his death has disappeared one of the few remaining landmarks of the English political life of half a century ago.

The Archives Report for 1890.

Comparatively few of our people are aware of the vast collection of historical documents in the vaults of the Archives at Ottawa, and of their inestimable value to the student of our annals. Twenty years ago they existed only in scattered and inaccessible places; to-day, largely by the energy of MR. DOUGLAS BRYMNER and his staff, they are collected and well indexed, and available for public use. The annual reports have been anything but the dry compilation of figures, which characterize most Blue Books; they are ably-written and interesting memoranda of the work and collections of the year, often of considerable length, and usually conveying an admirable summary of the documentary history of a certain period, supplemented by a great number of transcriptions of papers, and digests of correspondence and records extending over a number of years. The recently-issued Report of 1890 shows no falling off in any way from its predecessors. The period to which most attention is given is an extremely important one, viz., from 1760 to 1791—the years during which the political foundation of Canada was laid, and which witnessed vast changes in North America. To those who look on historical investigation as so much wasted time, the events summarized in this report teach an important lesson, inasmuch as the system on which our national life now is conducted, and which affects personal liberty, personal advantages, and even expense, took their origin in the period mentioned, and the details of their adoption form a valuable precedent for present and future legislation—giving an opportunity to avoid similar errors. A feature of special interest in the volume is that relating to the American invasion of Canada in 1775, and the temper of the Canadians during that trying time. Much mention is made of efforts made by the rebels to poison the minds of the *habitants* against KING GEORGE; and an interesting fact stated is that a large party of the American rebels would have been cut off at Isle-aux-Noix by a detachment of the 26th Regiment but for information given by an infamous scoundrel called BINDON, "a merchant" of Montreal. Accounts of the rise and progress of the fur trade and of the beginnings of our canal system are fully given, and altogether the Report is one of extreme interest, and reflects great credit on its compiler. A complete index to the contents of all the Reports issued to date would be of great value to the historical student; in fact, is almost essential to give the volumes their true value as works of reference. It is to be hoped that the Government will at an early date look into this matter, and make a grant sufficient to cover the cost of compiling such an index.

The Dominion Illustrated Prize Competition, 1891.

QUESTIONS.

THIRD SERIES.

- 13.—Give particulars of the mention of one of the first proprietors of the Island of Montreal?
- 14.—State the name of a retired officer in the British Army, who is an artist?
- 15.—Where is it mentioned that tea is intoxicating?
- 16.—In what article and under what name is mention made of a new magazine, whose main object will be to aid in ameliorating the sufferings of the poor?
- 17.—Give details of the mention of a great defeat sustained by France in 1692?
- 18.—On what page appears an item relative to a portage of fifty miles through the woods?

NOTE.—All the material necessary for correctly answering the above questions can be found in Nos. 131 to 143 of the "Dominion Illustrated," being the weekly issues for January, February and March.

The Collapse of the Y. M. C. A. Building.

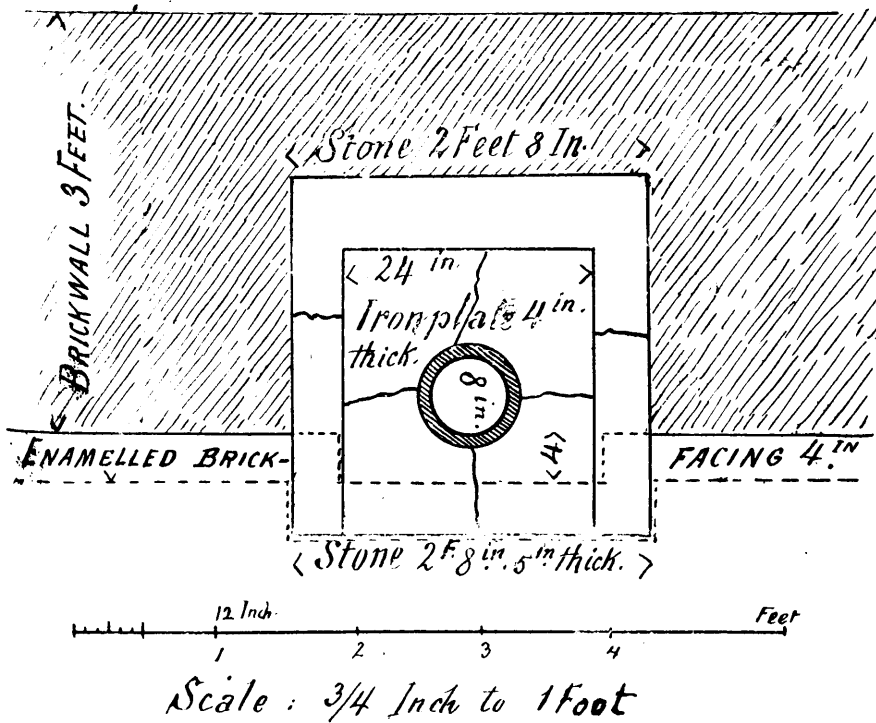
The sudden collapse of the interior of the splendid new Y. M. C. A. building, on Dominion square, just when the work of construction was nearing completion, and entailing as it does a loss estimated at \$5 000 to \$6,000, has excited a great deal of interest, not by any means confined to Montreal. It is a matter of interest to all who are in any way connected with the construction of large buildings, whether for public or other use. The cause of the disaster is a subject of general discussion, and there will no doubt be a rigid investigation. The collapse occurred on the afternoon of Tuesday, March 24th, when there were nearly forty men at work. That no one was injured is one of the remarkable features of the case. The DOMINION ILLUSTRATED presents to its readers this week plans show-

ing the position of the central pillar which gave way, with particulars of the collapse. While the men were at work on the interior of the building they were surprised by the falling of a brick from the upper storey. On looking up they saw the floor slowly sinking, and at once rushed outside. Several persons on the upper floor also had an exceedingly narrow escape. The whole centre portion of the interior came tumbling down. Examination later showed that the collapse was caused by the crushing of a brick wall upon which one of the main central pillars rested. There was under the pillar a cast iron plate, 24 inches square by four inches in thickness, resting upon a stone flag 32 inches square by five inches in thickness. Underneath these was a brick wall about four feet high from the cellar floor. The floor was a solid stone paved founda-

tion. The weight on the pillar caused the iron plate referred to to break into four pieces and the stone flag into three pieces, and the pillar, having no further check, went crashing down through the brick wall underneath, splitting it as shown in the accompanying sketch. The pillar was sound, made of hollow metal, eight inches in diameter and one and three-eighths inches thick. It rested too close to the side of the wall. Why this pillar was not continued on down to the solid floor, instead of resting on the brick wall, is one of the questions that naturally arise. Had this been done, and the wall built round it the accident would not have occurred. The architect states that these pillars had been tested to a bearing strength of 170 tons. The workmanship on the building generally appears to have been excellent. The outer walls remain intact, except that a couple of stantions were cracked by the settling of the heavy brick columns in front. The accompanying sketch shows the exact position of the pillar and the break in the brick wall, also the fragments of the stone base and iron plate. No event of recent date has excited as much comment among architects and builders, and the fact that both architects and contractors are Americans does not, by any means, lessen the amount of discussion. The building is a large five-storey one, begun in the fall of 1889, and was to have been completed in September. Its cost, including the land, which cost \$25,000, is estimated at \$145,000, of which \$80,000 has been subscribed. The architects are Messrs. Fuller and Wheeler, of Albany, N. Y., who were chosen on account of their having planned a large number of American Y. M. C. A. buildings. The contract for building was awarded to Messrs. Rafferty and McAlister, of Syracuse, N. Y., for \$80,000, nearly \$30,000 lower than the lowest Canadian tenderer. The firm was dissolved after beginning with the work and the contract was awarded to Messrs. Dickinson and Allan, of Syracuse, for the same amount. The loss occasioned by the accident will fall upon them.

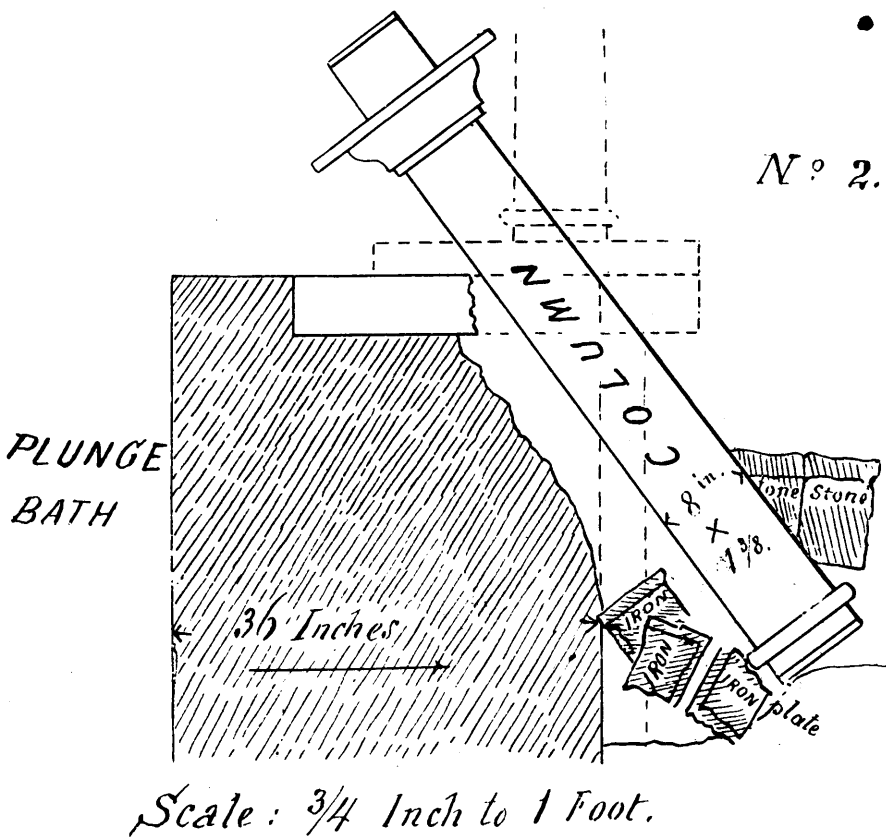
BIRDS EYE-VIEW

N^o 1.



SECTIONAL - VIEW

N^o 2.



QUEENSTON, ONT.—This beautiful little village is situated in Niagara County, Ont., and on the west bank of the Niagara river. It is on the line of the Canada Southern Railway, about eight miles from Clifton; it contains churches, schools, hotels, etc., although the population is small, not exceeding 500 in all. The village, or rather the heights, on whose slope it is built, are inseparably connected with the name of the immortal Brock, who there fell, on the 13th of October, 1812, while victoriously resisting an attack from the Americans. The stone on the left-hand corner marks the spot where he fell. This view is taken from the monument to his memory, which is erected on the heights, a full description of which has appeared in our issue of 8th November last.

ENTRANCE TO OLD BRIDGE, CHAMBLY, P.Q.—This gives a good representation of the type of old-fashioned bridges in use in many parts of the country. The structure shown in our engraving crosses the Richelieu above the rapids at the village of Chambly Canton.

THE WHARF, BERTHIER, P.Q.—Berthier-en-Haut is a flourishing village in the County of Berthier, on the north shore of the St. Lawrence, about forty-five miles east of Montreal. It has a population of about 1,700, contains Protestant and Roman Catholic churches, a convent, hotels, schools, e/c, and is an extremely pleasant summer resort. It is directly opposite Sorel, and a small steamer ferries regularly between the two places. At an early date we propose giving some views of interest in the vicinity. The present engraving shows the little pier to which the steamers and small craft that visit the place come and go.

CARIBOO ROAD BRIDGE.—This is a handsome structure crossing the Fraser River above the station of Spuzzum, and will probably be familiar to those of our readers who have crossed the continent on the Canadian Pacific Railway. It is of recent construction, and is one of the best bridges in the Province. Its distance east from Vancouver is about 180 miles.



GROUP OF ST. JOHNS SNOWSHOE CLUB.



ENTRANCE TO THE OLD BRIDGE, CHAMBLY CANTON, P.Q.



(A SKETCH)
By Walton S. Smith.

Baines was a young lawyer; he had no practice to speak of but he had great hopes of getting on eventually and he was very fond of speaking of his ultimate success. The world's opinion of him and his prospects was assured; surely that was one step up the glorious but very rugged hill of fame. He had commenced his professional career by a grand coup; he fell on the icy steps of the City Hall and broke his arm, and a prominent newspaper in alluding to the accident had mentioned him as a Rising Barrister. Moreover, he took action against the corporation and won his suit. Was not that a lucky start? Truly the bodily suffering and loss of valuable time occasioned by that same fall were not altogether to be regretted! Baines certainly did not think so; he was very apt to put on a little additional swagger since that occurrence.

But business comes in waves; a period of depression usually follows in the wake of the time of plenty. The date when Baines received payment for the amount of his judgment against the city was also the date when the tide of depression set in.

His business has not been very lucrative of late—in fact he has scarcely earned enough to pay office rent. Yet he has great hopes! Daily he presents himself at a very dingy office and assures himself that affairs will take a turn for the better; and, just as regularly, he departs disappointed. Life is filled with expectations that are very hard to realize!

But Baines was not of the despondent kind; he was a philosopher. He laughed at fate; he did not fight against it. You see he had small private means—it is easy for a man so circumstanced to be a philosopher, to laugh at fate, and, alas, to refrain from fighting against its decree. The last-named is the worst phase in the matter. It is right that a man should not despond; he is lucky if his nature is buoyant enough to allow him to laugh philosophically at misfortune. But success is not likely to be gained by one who refuses to defy that grim antagonist men call fate. Baines did refuse.

He had a very taking way with him, had Baines. His calling made it an easy matter for him to talk against time; and he was also capable of keeping silent. Then, on occasion, he could rise to epigram. A young lawyer who is able to keep silent sometimes is rather a rare specimen of his class. When it is added that this same rare specimen dealt in epigram, the reader will doubtless feel small surprise to learn that certain wiseacres predicted with oracular shakes of heads that were seemingly able to discriminate, that such an extremely clever fellow would come to something. They invariably expressed it that way, these sages. "Come to something" is delightfully comprehensive, and it is very safe; it does not commit the person who makes use of it.

And the individual referred to in these sweet-spoken promises took them all as gospel and held the thoughtless flatterers as people of very sound judgment. Many a career that has given far more cause for bright hope in the future than Baines' has been blasted by just such injudicious flattery. It does away with the ballast which a man should carry to keep him straight in his course through the storms of life.

Baines was a clever fellow—no question about that; and he certainly was good company. But, as has been hinted, he stood in great danger of losing ballast. People spoiled him; they found him so amusing, and they invariably laughed at his jokes. When a man can count on an appreciative audience for his jokes you may be sure that man holds a post of honour. Baines did; he was a social favourite.

Now it came to pass that a certain young lady returned from boarding school to her parents' home. The latter were very wealthy people, and folk were so uncharitable as to add that they were also very purse-proud. Possibly the originators of the last were poor and sensitive. Whenever a person is poor and sensitive he or she is very apt to imagine slights as coming from the rich where none are intended—and they are also very apt to give utterance to these imaginings. Howbeit the young lady in question was launched suddenly into the gay whirl, there to drink deep of the cup of pleasure with other gay whirlers and, it may be, to find therein the bitter dregs which some affirm lie invariably at the bottom of the same. Freda was her name; she was a dark-eyed little mite with hair that somehow always appeared to be terribly disordered, and she had a sharp way of speaking. Beyond that there was little to distinguish her from a hundred other *debutantes*.

However, she made her bow to society and, as a matter of course, Mr. Baines made his bow to her. Time went on ('tis a way it has), and as it sped by it came to be whispered that our Rising Barrister was very attentive to Miss Freda. Yet a little while and it was further reported that the latter's parents were much averse to the growing intimacy. Possibly this was another libel for which certain very poor and sensitive parties were responsible.

Now the events hereinafter chronicled are from a reliable source; it has been deemed politic for that source to remain nameless. This does not throw any doubt on its reliability; it merely manifests the fact that we do not wish to be held responsible for our statements. Our so doing might possibly necessitate our answering impertinent questions, which is a thing we are loth to do.

We were standing on the wharf at Murray Bay one afternoon—possibly it may not have been Murray Bay though, it is some years ago and our bump of locality is almost non-existent. To simplify matters, and at the same time appease our scruples, we shall put it like this:

One afternoon we were on the wharf at one of the many watering-places of the lower St. Lawrence. The steamer had just arrived from Quebec; it is the event of the day to witness the arrival of that steamer. We were enjoying the event of the day. Suddenly our attention was attracted by hearing our name called and, on turning towards the place whence the summons came, we beheld our friend Baines. To be precise, B was not our friend; he was sufficiently intimate to address us by certain approved cognomens and occasionally we sauntered along the street arm in arm with him. But friends of ours, according to the true meaning of the word, he certainly was not.

"So glad to see you!" said Baines, heartily—and he insisted on our driving up to the hotel with him. We agreed unsuspectingly; we are naturally prone to think well of our fellows, but now that we can review the circumstance in the light of subsequent events we fear we must state that Baines was not disinterested in his effusive cordiality. He came to that watering-place with a purpose; he pretended to experience great joy at the sight of us—also with a purpose. And ere long that purpose was disclosed. But, as has been stated, we were without guile, we had no notion of the end which Baines had in view.

He told us that a friend of his had given him the use of his (the friend's) yacht, which was then lying idle at the summer resort where we were. Baines declaimed enthu-

siastically on the subject of yachting, and he had the gift of making people catch his enthusiasm. We are not mariners, but through the magic that was in those soft urgings of our designing companion we became very eager to go down to the sea in ships. So to save space and avoid details—we found ourselves becalmed at a certain obscure settlement some distance down the river. Besides Baines and ourselves there was one small boy on board our yacht. The latter was nominally the cook, in reality he did all the work. We were ignorant of seafaring ways and were debarred from helping on that account, and Baines declared he objected to overmuch exertion when he was out on pleasure. So we lay idly about and made the youngster work.

When we found ourselves becalmed Baines made a great show of disgust, and finally, as if in desperation, proposed a stroll along the beach to while away the time. We assented gladly. There was within us a great longing for terra firma. We were unaccustomed to the vicissitudes of a yachtsman's life and we yearned for elbow room.

All hands were put ashore by the small able-bodied seaman and started to view the town, which was made up of a string of diminutive cottages stretching along the beach.

"Let us walk out to that point," suggested Baines, motioning towards a ridge of rock jutting forth about a quarter of a mile down the coast. "We can see what the chances are for a breeze to better advantage from there," he added.

As the place where we were becalmed was situated at the extremity of a large bay, this proposition seemed a natural one. We did not then dream of the design the proposer had in view, so we agreed unhesitatingly. When we reached that point and had an uninterrupted survey of the open sea, it was quite calm, and, so far as our companion's trained eye could read the tokens that were in the cloudless sky, there was every probability of the state of the weather remaining unchanged.

We all swore a little. We will be just and admit that Baines may have been sincere in his maledictions, (all things are open to doubt) but we are far from being positive. Indeed, we are convinced that he was not. As for ourselves, we are diplomatic; we thought we were expected to be down in the mouth; it is policy to try to live up to that which people expect from you, so we swore right heartily.

When we had all eased our minds, we lit our pipes and smoked. It was hot, but there chanced to be a shady spot handy, and thither we repaired.

Then—we never could account for it—an unprecedented thing happened. Baines was amusing himself by picking up stones and throwing them into the water. We recollect him as sitting on a rock a few yards from where we were lying. Our position was cool and very comfortable; there was a huge boulder immediately overhead which shaded us from the sun and we were stretched at full length on the sand. Then the ceaseless wash of the waves must have made us drowsy. We remember wondering fitfully why those waves continued so long after the breeze had died out. It is our impression that we made some remark about them to our more energetic companion; howbeit our next moment of consciousness was vaguely to fancy we could hear the murmuring sound of voices near at hand. Instinctively we cocked our ears—at least we bestirred ourselves languidly to listen. As we have never actually seen a person cock up his or her ears, we withdraw the expression, and presume we ought not to have used it so positively.

The murmuring sound gradually became distinct. And this is a full account of what we heard as we lay there in that blissful state which is not sleep, and is yet certainly far removed from wakefulness:—

Manly voice which strangely resembled that of Mr. Baines—"And have I come only to hear this?"

Strange, thrilling female voice—"I did not tell you to come. Why have you come?"

Manly voice—"Because I wanted to see you—because I am a fool, I suppose."

Female voice—"Te, he, he!"

Manly voice, reproachfully—"Now you are laughing at me!"

Then a pause, during which we fell asleep. We were aroused again to hear the manly voice declaim as follows:—

"By what right does anyone call me a ne'er-do-weel? I am young and have a profession—I suppose my chances are as good as the next. If I promise to work hard will you wait for me?"

Strange female voice—"Certainly not."

"You won't?"

"No."

"Humph!"

Then we must have lapsed again into the land of dreams; we awakened to hear the same manly voice say:—

"You love me, yet you will not wait for me! My dear Freda, do you know that such love as that is not worth striving for?"

Female voice, pertly—"Nobody asked you to strive."

Manly voice, hotly—"But I will, though. I shall work hard, and possibly in a year or two your people will see cause to alter their opinion."

Strange female voice—"My people have nothing to do with it."

Manly voice—"Who influences you then?"

Strange female voice—"Myself. I am not going to bind myself to a man for an indefinite period of time."

Manly voice, sarcastically—"Yet, according to your lights, you love me!"

Strange female voice—"Conceit!"

Silence of about a minute, then this elegant appeal to our imagination:—

Strange female voice—"Don't."

Manly voice, pleadingly—"Please!"

Strange female voice, decidedly—"Certainly not!"

Manly voice, persistently—"Ah yes!"

Strange female voice—"No."

Manly voice, laughing—"Tut, tut!"

Strange female voice—"I tell you No!"

Manly voice, unctuously—"I will. Positively you shall not go until you consent."

Strange female voice—"I shall never consent."

Manly voice—"Then you must stop here."

Strange female voice—"I shall scream!"

When this interesting dialogue began we were, as the reader has been informed, lying on our back on the sand in a semi-drowsy state. But towards its close we became wakeful and our position altered. We raised ourselves on our elbow and thence to our knees. Finally, unable to control our curiosity, we stood upright to behold the broad back of Mr. Baines, and a small maiden with an expression of laughing protest on her face. We had a very brief glimpse of the face, but it was a comprehensive one; it sufficed to tell us that there was no pressing need for us to continue the role of a silent listener. Accordingly we turned and fled from the place. Two hours later our base companion rejoined us. As he had the grace to look guilty we forbore to express our opinion.

Later the same day, however, as we were bowling merrily along before a not too fresh westerly breeze, Baines declared himself as follows:—

"What fools fellows are!"

The remark was apropos to nothing; moreover it was a sweeping condemnation of the species. We prepared to do combat, but we did not rush wildly into the lists; we are naturally cautious. We knocked the ashes out of our pipe and enquired mildly:—

"Why?"

"Because they are so infernally reckless in wasting the most valuable commodity in life."

"And what may that be?" we demanded pugnaciously.

"Time!" replied Baines tersely.

We stared at him blankly and he proceeded:—

"Just think of it! We have only a few years to live and we have so much to do. Everybody wants to do something—at least everybody who has ambition or self-respect does—yet we go on and on until at last it comes to us that we have done nothing, that possibly we have not the ability to do anything. I know heaps of fellows like that. They began just as I did: they dreamt vaguely of achieving something some day but they wasted time—and they got into idle habits. Hang it all, I believe it were better for a man never to have been born than for him to be cursed with idleness."

We abandoned our intention of debating the question; the position he took was too strong. We merely nodded our head and remarked sagely:—

"We have heard all that before, dear boy!"

"You never heard it from me," affirmed Baines, with a fervour that we had never before known him to assume.

"No, possibly not," we said slowly—then added: "But in all probability we shall hear it from you a dozen times in the course of the next few years. Once a fellow begins to talk in that strain he invariably reverts to it again and again. His men friends say it is the blues, and prescribe a cocktail; his lady friends shake their heads quizzically and say he is in love. It is hard to tell which is right and——"

"You are a bully old idiot!" said Baines tersely, and with that he relapsed into a sullen silence.

Baines is a young lawyer still, but his way of life has changed; he has scored more than one point in the game, made several upward steps on the glorious but very rugged hill. And you would never believe it if you knew how hard he works. It is grind, grind continually—there is no idleness now.

And Freda? She married a very ordinary chap last year. Baines made her a handsome present and was at the wedding, looking as pleased as possible.

And this story—where is the point? Alas, good reader, 'tis but a bald narration of facts! When the writer confines himself to facts he cannot always point a moral; he cannot pierce the minds of men and analyze the impulses which emanate therefrom. He can only tell you that which all may see.

What impelled Baines to work is a mystery known only to himself, and what it was that made him persist in his endeavours is also a mystery. A bald narration of facts never deals in mysteries. If this particular one did, it would cease to be that which it takes pride in calling itself.



A Pretty Fashion—A Delightful Idea—A Tasteful Boudoir Screen—The Last Drawing-Room—Tea Gowns—Snakes—The American Lady Explorer—The Order of the King's Daughters—A Pretty Photograph Frame.

A pretty fashion has come in with regard to the wearing of lace, which is now returning to favour very much for both day and evening costumes, and this is seen in the first illustration. Deep basques are becoming so very universal that I fear they will degenerate into something very ordinary after a time, as pretty novelties so often do. They now appear on most evening dresses, and the prettiest of them are composed of lace in a deep flouncing. My little sketch shows a toilette of "Ophelia"—coloured *peau de soie*—that beautiful pale pinkish mauve which is so favourite a hue of the lovely Queen of Italy. It is made quite simply, being plain in front in princess fashion, and the back may be carried out also in this way, if preferred; or the back-breadths may be gathered into a very narrow space on the lower part of the princess bodice. The lace is worn as far as the side seams in two basques, and instead of cutting it, may be *jaboté*, or turned in zigzag folds down the side, either on one or both sides, according to taste. The bodice may be filled in with a drapery of lace folded across, or *mousseline de soie*, which is now preferred to chiffon, either of the colour of the silk or of the creamy hue of real lace. It is finished off at the edge with a narrow border of the same lace or passementerie of silver, gold, or gimp of the mauve colour in silk cord. The frilled sleeves are also of lace, and the feather fan should be either of creamy white or palest mauve feathers. The gloves should be in palest pearl grey kid, or in cream suède. All gloves are now for evening wear either white or the most delicate shades of grey.



A delightful idea, and one of which many a capable clever lady who is at a loss for employment might well avail herself is that of a housekeeping teacher. It is stated that even with our advanced female education many a bride when she comes face to face, after her wedding tour, with the new housekeeping duties of her home, finds herself terribly at a loss what to do if she has not been previously well "coached" by a mother or aunt in the necessary routine of an establishment. There is a clever lady who appears to be born with the talent for arranging the working of a house in the very best way possible, for the happiness and comfort of its occupants, and, what is so very important, according to their means. She is apparently endowed with so much *savoir faire in modo*, that neither mistress nor servants resent them, but rather find a pleasure in following her suggestions. Things go comfortably, regularly and smoothly, meals are nicely cooked and irreproachably served, and the bridegroom, who as so often happens, is only too ready to find fault, has no reason nor opportunity to show the seamy side of his temper over household *contretemps*. This worthy lady for a slight remuneration remains for a short time with the young couple as a sort of visitor in no way *de trop*, for she never inflicts her company on them unless specially invited. Having duly instructed the young mistress, and established the proper working rules for the servants, she leaves, always much regretted, for fresh fields of usefulness. Now what an opening this is for innumerable lonely women, who have plenty of *savoir faire* in domestic matters, and what blessings they might prove to numbers of poor worried young ladies who have not always had the chance of learning to navigate the treacherous waters of household duty. But whilst I suggest this new career for lonely members of my sex, I would bid them remember that there is one thing that is indispensable before undertaking this kind of work, they *must* have tact—consummate tact.

A tasteful boudoir screen can be made very easily as a dainty wedding or birthday present in the following manner, by those who are sufficiently good artists to paint flowers well. Paint a pretty design of wysteria in oil, either on canvas or the panels of frosted glass that are now made into the firescreens so often seen in many a boudoir or drawing-room. If of canvas, you must do two, and have them framed back-to-back in one of the ornamental bamboo screen frames to be had at any good furniture depôt. The colour of the flowers should be exactly matched in broad faille ribbon, which is tied on one side of the top rail of the frame in high upstanding loops, and a similar bow tied on the lower part of the same, just below the painting, with the same long loops. If these do not stand upright of themselves, they must be lightly wired. The loops vary from a quarter to half-a-yard in length when made, and there should be at least four or five of them. As a present for anyone living in the country, where things keep clean, it is very pretty to tie—as in the French model I am describing, and of which I can give a sketch next week, if desired—into the top bow a branch of artificial wysteria, so as to repeat the idea of the flowers in painting. Of course any other flowers may be used, accord-

ing to taste, but the painting and decoration must exhibit the same blossoms. If preferred the painting can be done on tightly stretched silk or satin of a pale mauve tint, or the design might be embroidered.

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The last drawing-room was largely attended, and the dresses and flowers were remarkably beautiful. One costume I must tell you about, because it was unlike any that I have ever seen before, which is likely, considering the clever and original people who made it. It was worn by the Hon. Mrs. Egerton, of Talton, and emanated from that centre of taste, the Maison Parisienne, New Bond street. It was a perfect reproduction of a court dress of the period of Louis XVI. in France. The train was composed of most superb brocade of *chartreuse* satin and silver. This was lined with palest mauve, which was turned back, and buttoned down like the revers of an old-fashioned coat. It came from the back in a true Watteau pleat, and hung beautifully. The *four eau* skirt and bodice were of mauve satin, like the lining of the train, the hem ruffled with marabout and trimmed above with a wide border of gold lace in dark gold, light gold and silver. The bodice was nearly entirely composed of lace, with bands of gold face to keep it in position.

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Tea gowns are delightful garments to get into after a hard day's shopping or riding, or after a long journey, when one is too tired to dress for dinner, and yet must look respectable. Though everywhere the afternoons are decidedly lengthening it is still dark enough to have our tea-table talk round the fire, with lamps lit and curtains drawn, and to wear a pretty costume suited to the occasion. Tea gowns, just now, in Paris, have reached a degree of splendour never hitherto seen. It is, I think, to be explained by the present



Snakes are the latest—must I call it?—folly in Paris as a trimming for hats and bonnets. Originality is, I think, refreshing and delightful, but this is going a little too far for real elegance, and verging on what is downright eccentric. So I give you a sketch of a model hat that was made the other day at a celebrated milliner's in the Avenue de l'Opéra, Paris. The crown is composed of black velvet arranged in folds, and the brim is of frilled black lace. A brilliant snake of open-work jet and gold, winds round the crown, and raises its head with sparkling ruby eyes under the black



feathers at the back of the head. In my opinion it is more realistic than pleasant, as those serpents selected for this adornment are in form, very good miniature imitations of the dreadful flat-throated cobra worshipped by the ancient Egyptians. I am glad to say that the newest bonnets are still to have those pretty coronets of jet that in a small size were worn last season. They have not grown very much larger, but the shape of the bonnets is so diminutive that what was formerly small looks less so on the tiny *capôtes* of this spring season. The sketch represents a bonnet with a twist, or torsade of ruby velvet (green if preferred is equally pretty), a little coronet of jet, and a black aigrette fixed into some *coquilles* or shell-shaped frills of black lace.

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The American lady explorer who sailed lately from England, compels one's interest and pitying admiration, for she seems so earnest, yet so very unpractical in her wild enthusiasm. It is certainly very courageous to think of emulating the great African travellers, and her object is most praiseworthy, *i.e.*—to try and get hold of the native women, to know them better, and to help them to civilization by kindness and sympathy. As aids to accomplish this end, she is taking out with her clocks and sewing machines, through which she expects to impress them by her own refinement and the civilization of her surroundings. It argues but little knowledge of the experience of her forerunners in these regions to expect that these very primitive aborigines will have the intelligence necessary to appreciate refinement of any sort. I am also at a loss to discover what benefit they will derive, occult or practical, from the gift of a clock, when they have already an infallible time regulator in the sun, nor when they neither have nor require clothes, except of the most fragmentary description, where the sewing machines will come in, except as toys. Considering how both these things get out of order, and become useless even in civilized countries with the best of care, I hardly think they will serve much purpose in the hands of their sable possessors. Mrs. French Sheldon will be accompanied by one white woman, formerly a stewardess on a Cunard steamer, "highly educated and refined"—again the rather wasted refinement—but who fortunately possesses some medical and surgical knowledge. It strikes me that it would have been more in the fitness of things if Mrs. French Sheldon's husband, who goes only as far as Naples with her, had shared her wanderings, and the most suitable companion in every sense. We can but wish well to this rather foolhardy "belle Americaine," though with little hope that she will ever return alive to tell the tale of her adventures in the beautiful but savage lands she is going to penetrate. • • •

The Order of the King's Daughters, which was originally instituted by ten very clever and enterprising ladies in New

York, is a valuable and useful society. It came into existence in 1885, for girls and women who bind themselves to a life of usefulness, and under this pledge they help the poor who are too impoverished to pay for doctors; they supply home and foreign missions; sanitation and education come under their care, and all and every kind of help that women with kind and sympathetic hearts and ready hands can render. I quote a few lines from the testimony to their efficiency given by the municipal authorities of New York: "It gives us pleasure to testify to the excellent work and aid which has been rendered by the 'King's Daughters.' Providing food, medicine, and other personal and household articles, trained nurses to care for the sick, and the thousand and one things which any woman in the exercise of practical sympathy can devise, they have worked hand-in-hand in the homes of the lowly poor with our inspectors for the relief of suffering humanity and to restore the sick. The inspector had but to indicate on a postal card, supplied by the Order, what was most needed in any individual case to have it promptly supplied, not as a diffusive, ill-judged charity, but as the kindly helping hand in time of need." Lady Henry Somerset is doing her best to set this organization going in England, for it has done untold good in Canada and the United States. A badge is worn by the members in the shape of a Maltese cross, with the first letters of the watchword "In His Name." This is attached to a ribbon of royal purple. In five years the society included a hundred and fifty thousand members, and established a branch for children, called the "Guild of the Silver Cross."

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A pretty photograph frame I saw the other day that opened in triptych fashion with little doors. It is a capital way for using up old pieces of rich brocade, for these doors were first padded and then covered with brocade, the outside edge or framework being of rich olive plush. The brocade may be further decorated with flowers in raised Turkish embroidery, which is most ornamental and capable of being applied to the decoration of any such dainty table furniture.

A Buddhistic Encyclopedia.

A work of great historical interest and peculiar value will shortly be deposited in the British Museum. It will come through the Asiatic Society of Bengal, which has succeeded in procuring it under somewhat singular circumstances. Through the agency of a native emissary, and after many years' correspondence, the society has secured from Thibet a copy of the "Jangym," a monster encyclopædia of Thibetan Buddhism. It comprises two hundred and twenty-five volumes, each of which is two feet long by six inches thick. Three thousand rupees formed the price for the work, which was formerly in the possession of a Buddhist monastery in Thibet.

Our Engravings.

(Continued from page 315.)

ST. JOHNS, P.Q., SNOWSHOE CLUB.—The Palm Leaf Snowshoe Club, organized among the members of "B" Company, Royal Infantry School Corps, stationed at the Infantry Barracks, St. Johns, P.Q., have just closed for this season their long distance tramps. Since the opening of the season they have in their long walks covered a distance of over two hundred miles. Their longest tramp was on Dec. 30th, when they covered the distance (43 miles) to St. Albans, Vt., in 13¼ hours—less 2¼ hours stoppages—which would make the actual tramping time 11 hours. They had other tramps of 6, 30, 35, 15, 22, 24 and 25 miles, on all of which good time was made. The list shows the mettle of which our permanent force is composed. The club consists of 43 members, who are uniformed in grey with red facings. It was organized three years ago, and has received warm encouragement from the Countess d'Orsonnens, Col. d'Orsonnens and the officers of the company. The indefatigable Sergeant Major Phillips is the captain of the club, and has led the members in all their long tramps.

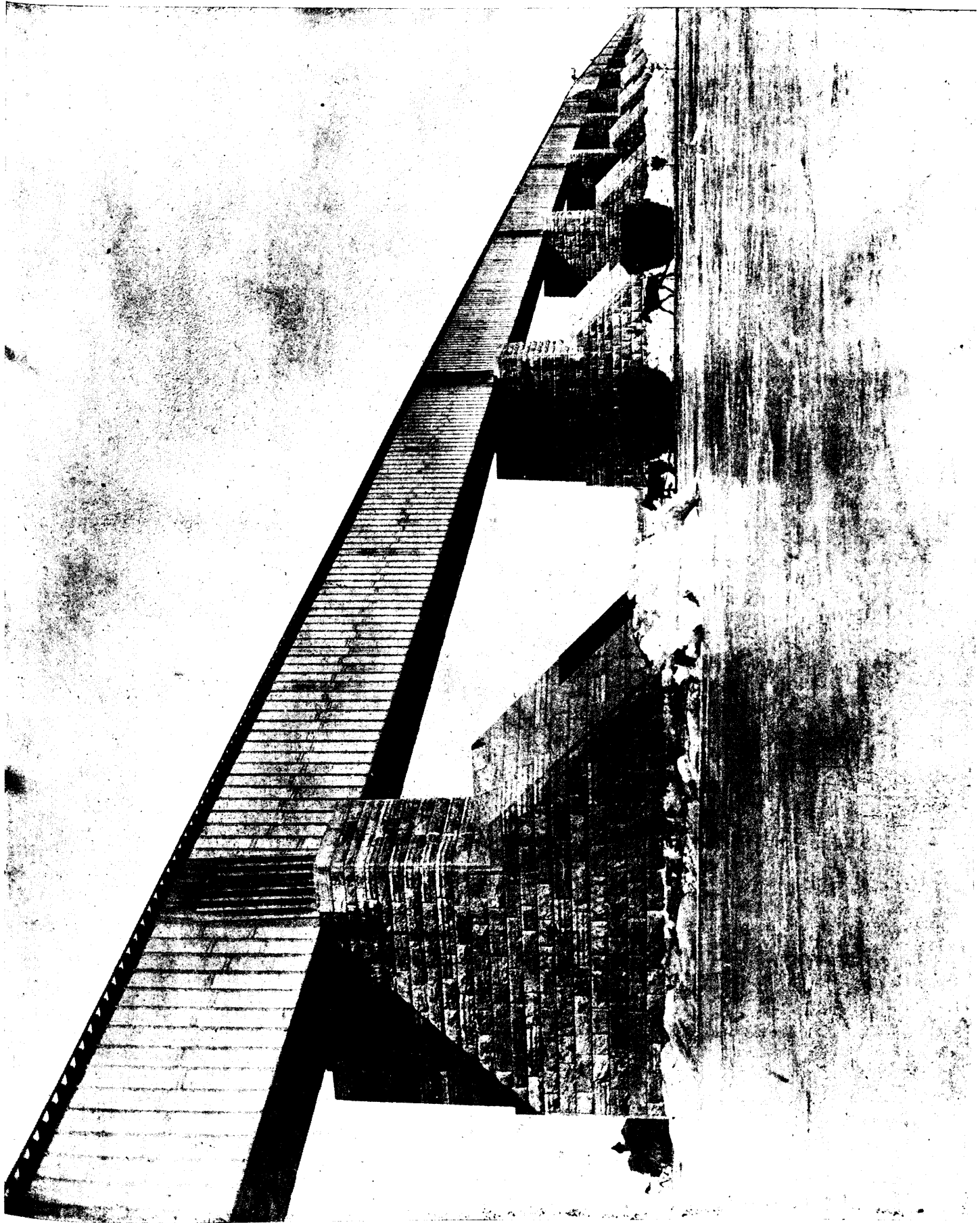
CROSSING THE ST. LAWRENCE ON THE ICE.—This scene will be familiar to most of our Montreal readers. It shows some farmers from Laprairie (above the Victoria Bridge on the south side of the river) taking loads of hay into the city for sale. The ice is strong enough for the greater part of the winter to sustain great weight, and excellent roads are thus formed across the river, which is over two miles wide at this point. The engraving also gives a good view of the Victoria tubular bridge, one of the greatest triumphs of modern engineering skill.

craze for wearing sumptuous materials trimmed with gems. We should not otherwise hear of such an one as the following. It is composed of violet velvet, with a half low-bodice, and under-skirt of golden or silver net or gauze, dotted over with pearls. This regal arrangement has a gorgeous waist-belt of gold, set with precious stones. Such things, however, are hardly suitable for every-day wear, and I merely tell you of them that you may hear what is the very newest and latest attire designed in the gay French capital. I send you instead a little design that you will find quite possible for your dress-maker or maid to fabricate, and which is built on the lines of the Parisian one just mentioned. It is of velvet. There is many a cheap make of this beautiful material which is quite nice enough for the purpose, or a good velveteen does very well in any dark colour you like—deep emerald green, royal blue, dahlia, or deep chestnut, are all good tints—lined with old gold satin or silk, and the upper-dress of *crêpe de chine* or tussore silk of the old gold colour. The neck and under-sleeves have a band of gold galon which may be embroidered, or studded with the pretty artificial stones or jet that are now so fashionable sewn on to it. The same forms the girdle, which, with the long outside sleeves, is finished off with some brilliant drop ornaments at the end.

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"DELILAH."
From the painting by Héva Coomans.



PASSING UNDER THE VICTORIA BRIDGE, MONTREAL.
CROSSING THE ST. LAWRENCE IN WINTER.

TO THE LUMBER REGIONS.

(BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.)



THERE is a pleasure in the pathless woods, wrote Byron. The poet's thoughts were bent on solitude. If in his opinion the pleasure were proportionate to the solitude, his lordship would have found delight in a Canadian forest in the winter time.

Mantled in snow, enwrapped in silence broken only by the voices of the winds that stir the frozen branches, the veriest hermit of the world could hardly wish profounder calm.

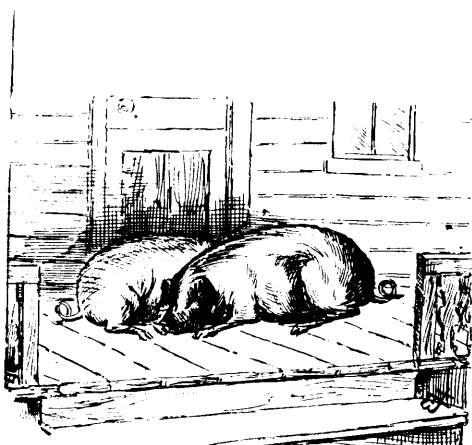
But it was not the search for solitude that drew me from the artists' corner in the offices of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED. I had an invitation from Mr. A. McLaurin, managing-director of the Charlemagne and Lac Ouareau Lumber Co. to pay a visit to the "shanties" of the company on the Lac Ouareau river, away up among the deep woods of the Laurentian range, where they have some 325 miles of timber lands from which to draw the supply for their mills at Charlemagne. The Lac Ouareau is a tributary of L'Assumption river, which, with the Ottawa, joins the St. Lawrence at Charlemagne, some fifteen miles below Montreal. The distance from the city to the shanties, via Charlemagne and Montcalm, is more than 70 miles.



TAKING THE RIVER ROAD.

Snugly packed among the robes in Mr. McLaurin's sleigh, with that gentleman's hand on the ribbons and his sturdy form beside me, I left the city about the middle of a pleasant February afternoon. Our course first lay straight away past Maisonneuve, to the lower end of the island.

Here we took the river road for Charlemagne, on the north side of the river, fifteen miles from the city. It was a charming drive along the river surface, and if now and then we got a tumble in the soft snow, through turning out for



FIRST SIGN OF SPRING.

other teams to pass, our enjoyment was none the less on that account.

Night brought us to Charlemagne, the site of the company's extensive mills. These mills are operated by steam power, and cut nearly all of the fourteen or fifteen million feet of logs annually floated down the river from their timber lands. In summer this place is a veritable hive of industry. A hearty supper at the village hotel, a few of my favourite tunes on a well worn piano, a chat with Mr. Mc-

Laurin, planning out the next day's doings, pleasantly occupied the evening. The following day (Thursday) we breakfasted at 7 a.m., and then, under the guidance of the book-keeper, Mr. W. Hickey, made a tour of inspection of the mills and their surroundings, my sketch-book being brought into requisition. The mills are fitted throughout with the most improved machinery. We also visited the extensive and well appointed brick yards of the company, about one-third of a mile farther up the river. At the mills and in the brick yards they employ from 150 to 200 men. At Charlemagne we saw the first sign of spring. Passing along the village street, we beheld, stretched out on a verandah on the sunny side of a house, a pair of well-fed pigs. Whether they were members of the household or not we did not pause to inquire, but the air of contented proprietorship manifest in their easy attitude would almost seem to give colour to such a theory.



DORWIN'S FALLS.

At 10 a.m. we were once more between the robes of our sleigh, en route for the woods. The way was through broad fields, gradually rising, and covered with three to five feet of soft snow. An uneventful drive of some 22 miles brought us to St. Jacques, a neat and thriving village, which will be remembered as having recently been the scene of a disastrous fire. Tobacco cultivation is the principal industry. Prosperity is evident on every hand. The houses are neat and well built, many of them being constructed of brick. Here we had dinner, and after our horse had been fed and rested the journey was resumed. Montcalm, a scattered village near the hills, seven miles away, was reached in a short time, for our horse was a spirited one, that seemed to find a genuine pleasure in flying along the frozen roads, unurged by voice or whip. At Montcalm are located the general store of the company and the office of the book-keeper. Here, too, they have a grist and saw mill, operated by water power from Lac Ouareau river. At Montcalm we met Mr. R. B. Ross, a member of the company, and Mr. D. McIntyre, jr., son of Mr. Duncan McIntyre of the C.P.R. These gentlemen were "toggled out" for a hunting trip in the deep woods.



MONTCALM.

They were armed with Winchesters, and haunted by visions of countless bears, cariboo, deer and other noble game to fall before their unerring aim. The shanties were their objective point as well as ours, and we therefore joined our forces. After an hour's rest for our horse the party set out in two sleighs, Mr. McLaurin and myself in the lead, with Messrs. Ross and McIntyre a good second, borne along at a spanking pace by "Sago," a genuine old-fashioned Canadian horse, endowed with the traditional staying qualities of his race. Our ride to Rawdon, five miles farther on, was unmarked by incident save one. We met a wedding party. There were three ladies and three gentlemen. The road was narrow, and the snow on either side both deep and soft. We managed to crowd past each other, but there never was a wedding party whose enthusiasm came so near to being cooled—and yet escaped. Rawdon is a small village, but there are in it no less than four different churches. It is said to be one of the most elevated villages in the Laurentian range,—which, perhaps, accounts for the piety of its people. After the many ups and downs of a long journey, we



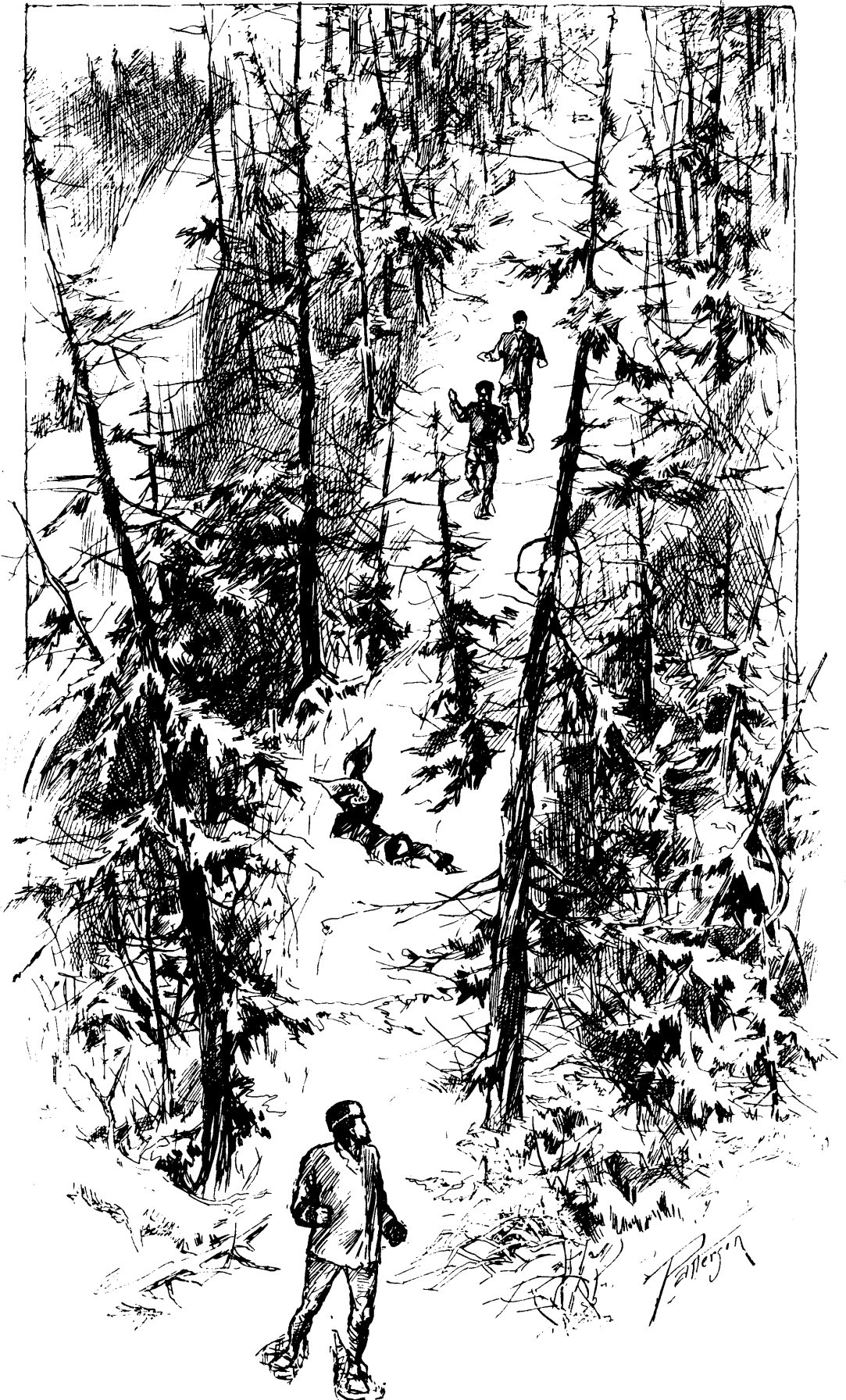
MY FIRST EXPERIENCE.

ing we made a snowshoe excursion to Dorwin's Falls, a remarkably beautiful and picturesque waterfall a mile or so distant. I had never worn snowshoes.

Of course, when interrogated regarding the matter, I expressed confidence in my own ability. My expressions later on were more forcible, though not exactly in the same line. The snowshoes were of a very large make and nearly circular in form. The four of us set out across the meadows and fences toward the woods. I had gone but a short distance in the wake of Mr. McLaurin, who was striding away at a lively pace, when my feet began to tangle, and my next step was made with my head and shoulders, which made a hole for the rest of my body to follow into the recesses of a huge drift. My friends discovered my snowshoes, and after a sturdy pull I was brought to the surface. They were very sympathetic, which, of course, soothed me. It always does soothe one on such occasions, as my readers, doubtless, re-

member. How many times I went down into the snow and came up out of the snow (with the assistance of my friends) space forbids to mention. But it was in jumping the fences that I won distinction. Description fails when my thoughts turn to the fences. We were more than repaid, however, when at last we found ourselves at the head of the falls. They were really grand in their beauty and picturesqueness. Down in a succession of leaps for 180 feet through a wooded gorge, ice-bound, save here and there a glimpse of the dark waters, they presented a scene of wild and wonderful beauty. The ice was moulded into strange, fantastic shapes. We were lost in admiration. One of Nature's rarest and fairest gems was here, in this snow-wrapped wilderness.

But to view the falls from various points, and so enjoy to the fullest extent their beauty, it was necessary to descend to the bottom of the gorge. As the face of the hill was almost perpendicular in places, and the snow very soft and

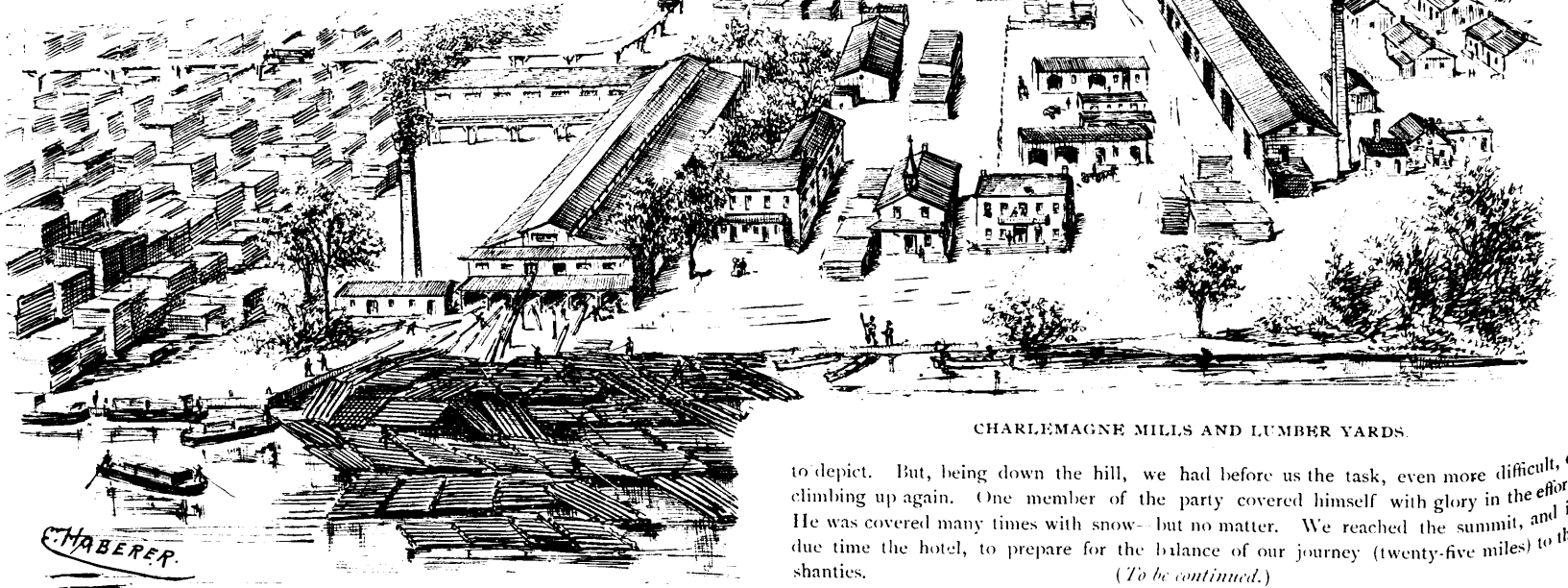


HOW I WENT DOWN THE HILL.

were in right good humour for the hospitality extended to us by Mrs. Burns of the village hotel. The extent of our appetites must have alarmed the good lady, but she ministered to us as conscientiously as though ravenous people were the only ones she ever saw. To see Mr. McLaurin and the other fellows look at a plate and then empty it was a sight worth going all that distance to behold. In the morn-

very deep, the difficulty of our task may easily be imagined. My friends were equal, however, to the occasion. Should I be the one to falter? Perish the thought! I resolved to go. Steadying myself by the branches of the firs and spruces, I got as far as the steepest part of the descent, when my feet suddenly resigned again in favour of my head and shoulders. Down I went, headforemost towards the bottom. The bottom? There wasn't any. I was so completely buried that but for the prompt and energetic exertion of my friends nothing short of a spring thaw would ever have discovered me.

We reached the bottom at last, and were more than repaid. The falls from this point of view presented an aspect words fail



CHARLEMAGNE MILLS AND LUMBER YARDS.

to depict. But, being down the hill, we had before us the task, even more difficult, of climbing up again. One member of the party covered himself with glory in the effort. He was covered many times with snow—but no matter. We reached the summit, and in due time the hotel, to prepare for the balance of our journey (twenty-five miles) to the shanties.

(To be continued.)



Our unexpected visitor, the snow, has left us as suddenly as it came. British Columbia, like a coquettish young maiden, thought that she would just try on the stately, nun-like draperies of her demure elder sisters; but after arraying herself in their snowy folds and admiring her fair image reflected in the blue waters of the Pacific, she decided that her own bright robe of varied colours was more becoming. So she has decked herself once more in the rainbow tints of softly gleaming sapphire seas and tawny yellow sands, of tender green foliage and misty purple mountains, while her fragile snow-veil, cast aside to the winds of heaven, is torn in a thousand shining shreds that even now are drifting across the sky, or nestling into the hollows of the distant hills. And surely some tiny fragments must have fallen on the moist brown earth below, where the white daisies are breaking through the leaves. In the woods the slender stems of the spirea are covered with buds, and the curling fronds of the ferns are pushing upward through the green, wet moss. In a few weeks the delicate maiden-hair will cluster in shady places, and the wild flowers will be in bloom.

The spring-time comes early in British Columbia, and the season seems to have a charm peculiarly its own. In this new country we are, as it were, so close to the heart of Nature that we can catch the first faint throb of her awakening.

Here, indeed, is to be found the "forest primeval" in all its loneliness and majesty, and to him who explores these unknown solitudes comes in its fullest degree this sense of intimate communion with her most solitary moods. Great trunks of giant trees loom up on every side in enormous masses, knotted over with strange vegetations and hoary with age, their rugged columns soaring upward until they are lost in the gloom of interlacing branches far above. From these droop fantastic garlands of trailing feathery moss, caught up in intricate tracery from bough to bough, or sweeping downward to the earth in screens of softest shadow—mysterious curtains drawn across yet more secret recesses where the foot of man has never dared to penetrate. The complete isolation from all human life, the gigantic size of the Douglas firs with their suggestions of

the lapse of centuries, the density and almost tropical luxuriance of the undergrowth and profound stillness and solemnity that broods over all, unbroken by even the song of birds, makes the British Columbian forest seem like some enchanted region of silence and dreams.

This is a land of contrasts, and to a stranger nothing is more surprising than the short distance that there may be between scenes like these and the busy centres of traffic. To those especially who have been accustomed to the cultivated landscapes and pastoral glades of England, it seems strange to see cities hewn, as it were, out of the wilderness, surrounded by impenetrable forests, and yet possessing all the evidences of civilization and refinement. Again, another contrast is that between the more rugged character of the coast and the fertile plains and valleys of the interior, between the wooded heights of Vancouver and the rich farming lands of the Fraser or the sunny slopes of Nicola and Okanagan. Every description of land, every class of produce, every kind of scenery, every resource of mining, fishing, commerce or agriculture, every stage of progress and every variety of climate can be found within the limits of British Columbia. Can an ambitious people ask for more than this?

A charter has just been granted by the Provincial Legislature to a railway to run from Vancouver northward to Peace River Valley and on to Alaska. This line will open up an immense stretch of country hitherto little known, but which, from all accounts, is rich in minerals, containing vast deposits of coal and extensive areas of land suitable for agricultural purposes. This road, visionary as the idea may seem at present, may yet become a link to connect the proposed Siberian railway with our own trans-continental line. The prospect may appear a remote one, but events in Russia are slowly tending towards its accomplishment. A report from a commission of engineers is now under the consideration of the Imperial Government; and when the Czarevitch arrives in Siberia it is said that he will make an official announcement of the decision that has been reached on the subject. The number of obstacles that have been overcome in building the Canadian Pacific Railway give reason to hope that before long the still greater difficulties of the trans Siberian route will be successfully surmounted.

A series of lectures on astronomy, given by Mr. A. T. De Sury, of Whetham College, have been attended by hundreds of the people of Vancouver. Mr. De Sury is an earnest and forcible speaker, and possesses the art, not

always fully understood, of presenting his subject to an audience in a clear and interesting manner, avoiding all technical expressions which might obscure it to the minds of non-scientific listeners. The course of lectures to be given by the different professors, and open to the public, includes, besides those already given on astronomy, the subjects of "Coast Changes in High Altitudes," "Volcanoes," "Heat," "Light" and "Greek Art." That the privilege of attending them is appreciated by the citizens is proved by the large audiences which have assembled for the first three lectures of the series.

LENNOX.

The Climate of Jamaica.

The first consideration for those who desire to pay more than a flying visit to a tropical country is climate, and in this matter there has been serious misconception heretofore regarding Jamaica. As a matter of fact, the climate of Jamaica is as healthy as that of any tropical country in the world, and more healthy than that of most. This is shown by the mean of the birth and death-rates for the past five years. The mean birth-rate has been 36.6 per thousand; the death-rate, 22.92. Of this latter, 1.75 per thousand died under the age of one year. Diversified as is the surface of the island, from the high mountains of the centre to the rolling plains of the seaboard, the temperature is, of course, very varied. Near the summits of the hills it is a sub-tropical, varying from 63° to 75° at 3 p.m. At the sea-level it ranges from 75° to 90°. But here the heat is tempered by a fresh sea-breeze that blows all day and a cool land-breeze that sweeps over the hot plains from the mountains all night. It is in the imprudent exposure to this cold breeze, when heated by exercise, that the danger of tropical fever lies. It is so pleasant that new-comers, who carefully avoid a draught at home, are tempted to enjoy the sense of refreshing coolness, forgetting the danger from the sudden check to the action of the pores. If the sun in the West Indies were as dangerous as it is supposed to be, the white male population must long ago have died out, for they walk and ride in the sun, play cricket all day, and otherwise disport themselves after the manner of Englishmen, without any ill effects; but I do not think the example can prudently be followed by persons fresh from higher latitudes.—SIR HENRY A. BLAKE, Governor of Jamaica, in *North American Review* for February.



THE WEDDING RING.

By ROBERT BUCHANAN.

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"Reflect a minute," said O'Mara, "and you will see that you are compromising this lady whom you declare it your object to serve. If I were as hot-headed as yourself there would be a deuce of a scandal."

Sir George turned to Gillian.

"Is it your wish that I should go?" he asked.

"Yes," she said. "It is my wish you should go and take that man with you."

"Then, after you, sir," said Venables, with a flash of genuine triumph, pointing to the door.

"Pardon me! Deeply sorry, of course, to interfere with your arrangements, but I shall stay here to-night, *en famille*. Let me remind you, my

dear Gillian, that your conduct would suggest to an unprejudiced mind that while I was merely your husband you regarded that gentleman as your lover."

"What!" cried Venables, "you dare—"

"Do not heed his insults," said Gillian. "He merely wishes to provoke you to an outrage. Go—but before you go, save me from his presence."

"You hear," said Sir George. "Come, sir!"

"Absurd!" said O'Mara, "I remain."

With one strong clutch on his collar the baronet pulled him from his seat. For a moment O'Mara made a show of feigning resistance, but a rat in the fangs of a terrier was not more helpless.

"I yield to your *force majeure*," he said, "but I protest against this violation of my rights."

"You can protest just as well outside," said Venables, and with a gesture of impotent rage O'Mara retreated. Sir George shot a rapid whisper to Gillian as he passed her.

"At the bottom of the spinney, at nine; if you ever loved me, be there."

Before she could answer yes or no, he had followed O'Mara.

CHAPTER XXIII.—FLIGHT.

Scarcely had Sir George disappeared when Gillian became conscious of a loud contention of voices in the garden. For a moment she fancied that O'Mara and the baronet must have broken into open quarrel, and listened with sick apprehension of new disaster, but a moment later she recognized the voice of Barbara in the debate, mingled with another which seemed strange to her. She moved to the window, and there saw her faithful servant engaged in a struggle with her brother-in-law, Jake Owen. Gillian had forgotten the man's existence, and recalled it by an effort.

"I tell ee," said Jake, who was white and feeble, but strung to an energy not his own by some fearful excitement, "I tell ee I *heard* him. Shouldn't I know his voice? Theer aint two like it in the world. Let me go, lass, let me go. He's close about. He can't ha' got far away by this time."

Barbara clung to him and held back.

"Jake, Jake! take a thought, lad, and remember where ye be. Is it likely as he'd be here? Do act reasonable, now, and don't ee go there, frightening the soul out o' my poor lady, as has enough to bear a' ready."

"I heard him, I tell ee," repeated Jake. "I heard him." His eyes fixed, and the ghastly pallor of his face deepened. "Sh!" he said, setting Barbara aside with a strong gesture. "He's there, I've got him. Quiet, my lass."

Gillian, fixed to her place behind the curtains with horror, saw him start with winding steps and crouching body a few paces forward, and then, with a sudden spring, strike hurriedly at the empty air with a formidable looking knife.

"—him!" he said, "he's gone again! What are ye doing with him?" he said fiercely to Barbara. "You're hiding him from me. You, Jess's sister! ye're false, my lass."

"Come back, Jake, come back to your bed," pleaded Barbara, "ye're not fit to be about, my poor lad."

"But I *saw* him," persisted Jake, though with an accent on the word, which showed that a flash of complete sanity had made him doubt the countenance of the vision. "I saw him right there."

"But ye saw him this morning," said Barbara, "and Jess, too."

"Ay!" said Jake, "lying dead and white at his feet. That was only a dream, lass, but this time —"

"It's only a dream, too, Jake. Come back to your bed, my poor lad."

Jake looked about him with a pathetically puzzled face, and yielding to Barbara's gentle pressure on his arm, allowed her to lead him away.

Time had slipped by unnoticed on this day of strange events, and it was with a sort of dull surprise that Gillian saw the finger of the clock upon the mantleself pointing to within five minutes of the hour of Sir George's rendezvous at the spinney. She began to wonder whether it would be right or wise to go, and so debating went. Her mind was a chaos, with no definite sensation save one of vague, hopeless misery.

She passed through the dusk of the open spaces of garden and farm, faintly silvered with strengthening moonlight, to the strip of dense shadow cast by the spinney. There she paused in a sharp wrestle with tears which would force their way through her eyelids, and became conscious of a measured step, pacing slowly up and down the high road beyond the trees. He was there already, waiting for her. The brave heart which had borne its own load of sorrow so well went out to his desolation. She conquered her weakness, and pressed forward. At the first crackle of her step upon the dried leaves with which the spinney

was strewn the steady beat on the road stopped, and as her dark figure glided out into the moonlight, she heard her lover's breath escape him in a sob of relief.

"Thank God! I feared you might not come."

"It would perhaps have been better if I had not," she answered.

"Don't say that," he pleaded. "I can't tell you Gillian, how I have longed to see you since—since this morning. My whole life, for the last six years, has been spent in longing for you, to see your face, to hear your voice, but I never knew how dear you were to me till to-day. Ah, my darling! To have held you in my arms, to have heard from your own lips that you love me, and then to lose you! I could bear that, perhaps, at least I could bear it better than to know that I lose you to that brute beast who has blackened all your innocent life. Tell me, Gillian, let me hear you say it, you will never be reconciled to him—never go back to him?"

"Never," she said, "never! You may be sure of that, at least. No," she cried suddenly, "stay as you are." He had made a sudden motion to swing himself up the bank which divided the road from the spinney. "This is good-bye, George, between us. I was wrong to come here at all. Do not make me more sorry than I am that I have been so weak."

"Good-bye!" he echoed, "why good-bye? You have only to fling the wretch out of your path to be free."

"Will that be so easily done?" she asked.

"There is no court in the world," he said, "that would not give you your liberty after what you have condoned at this man's hands."

"Think," she answered, "think what I must endure to procure that liberty. You do not know. I have not told you one tithe of the shame, the horror, of my life with that man. What he was no one can know but myself. The proof of his infamy would be my shame as well as his before the world. George, it would be horrible. I would rather die than face that ordeal."

"But what will you do?"

"I do not know. I must have time to think. My brain and heart seem numb—dead."

"Gillian, you must face it for my sake. There can be no disgrace to you. How can there be? What have you done at which people could point? All the shame would be his. I know how you must shrink from it. You could not be the woman you are if you could welcome such a prospect, or be indifferent to it; but think of your liberty—think of Dora's future—think of me. A little courage, darling, for my sake."

"For your sake!" she answered. "Ah, George, it is of you I think more than of myself. Could you—proud as you are, with your name and position—marry a woman whose name had been dragged through the mud of the public courts?"

"You doubt me, Gillian? You doubt my love?"

"No," she answered; "I do not doubt your love. It is because I believe in it and in you that I shrink from taking the means which could make it possible for us to come together. I know you would redeem your promise. You might be happy for a time, but it would be happiness dearly bought."

"I would give my life for you," he protested.

"Your life, yes. I think you would," she answered simply, sadly at the exaltation on his moonlit face. "But your friends, your position in society."

"Friends? Position in society?" he repeated scornfully. "What are friends, what is position in society? Why, what danger is there of my losing them, even if I cared for a second whether I lost them or not? Listen, Gillian." He sprang up beside her, with one arm embracing the fence, and caught her fingers in his disengaged hand.

"We have our happiness in our own power. If we act like a brave man and a brave woman, who truly love each other and have real confidence in each other's affection, this man cannot keep us apart. Why should we wait for the law to set you free?"

"George!" cried Gillian, starting back and disengaging her hand.

"What?" he said, "look the thing fairly in the face, as if it were another woman's case. Would you blame another woman in your position for acting so, knowing the circumstances as fully as you do? While you remain here you are constantly open to this man's attacks and insults, you are completely defenceless before him. Even when you made your appeal for justice in the court, see what you have to face—the insults of a licensed cad in a wig and gown, the publicity of the press, and, God knows, there are always accidents to be dreaded, and justice is never certain. Perhaps when you have condoned all this, you will still find yourself tied to this villain more hopelessly than now. Why should you stand such a risk?"

"And my child, George?"

"Your child? Why, she would come with us, of course, and learn to love me as a father, as she does already, dearest."

"And when she learned the story, and grew old enough to understand?"

"Why should she ever know the story?"

"If she never did, would that alter the fact that I should be unworthy of her affection? Ah, George, you do not love me as I dreamed, if you would degrade me in my eyes, and your own. Ah!" she continued, seeing him about to protest, "I know what you would say. I know you would be sincere in saying it, but the time would come when you, too, would despise me. Evil cannot cure evil. Suffering can never be cured by sin."

"The sin would not be ours," said Venables, "it would be the world's, which has brought this misery upon you. If you loved me, Gillian, you would not hesitate."

"I do love you," said Gillian, "and you know it. It is because I love you that I am jealous of your good fame and my own. Spare me, George. Let me feel that one man, at least, is pure—that one man lives who is incapable of a thought, a wish, which would reflect dishonour on his own nature, and prove his scorn for mine."

He hung his head, and a great sob forced its way from his throat.

"At least," he said, when he could trust his voice again, "you will try to recover your liberty?"

"I must think," she said, "it has all been so sudden, so terrible—of one thing you may be certain—all is over between him and me. Even if his hypocritical repentance were real, it could not wipe out the past."

"Remember this," said Venables, "that, whatever happens. I am your servant, your slave, till death. You have one friend, Gillian, who will see justice done to you. You are tired and ill, my darling. Go home and try to sleep. I shall bring you to reason at last, I know. Good night."

He caught the hand she offered him, and kissed it passionately. Then he walked away, but Gillian heard his steps stop before she was beyond the line of shadow cast by the trees.

The house was silent when she returned to it, and quite dark save for a gleam of light through the shutters of the kitchen where Barbara sat. In the cool night air Gillian walked up and down the lawn, considering the events of the past hour. Sir George's parting phrase, "I shall bring you to reason at last," rang in her ears, with a gathering clearness and terror in its meaning.

"God help me!" she cried to herself; "I am walking among fires."

The man she loved grew to seem a more pressing danger than the man she hated. She had schooled herself to speak calmly and wisely during this interview, but she dreaded the renewal of his pleadings, clearly foreshadowed in the phrase which haunted her mind.

"I am not strong enough to bear it. God knows what I might be tempted to do in this strait." She stood for a moment, gazing intently at the ground, her fingers knotted together. "Yes," she said, slowly, "it is the only way."

She hurried within doors, to her bedroom, where she rang the bell which summoned Barbara. That good creature found her packing a portmanteau, and stood astonished.

"Wake Miss Dora, please Barby, and dress her."

The woman stared, and then, with a sudden understanding of the situation, began to blubber. "You are a good faithful creature" said Gillian, kissing her, "I think you are my friend."

"God knows I be, my lady."

"I will trust you," said Gillian, "I am going away, you can guess why. When I have a shelter you shall know where I am. I shall be away some time—how long I don't know yet. You will stay here, and look after the place, and let me have news of what happens. And now, be quick, there is no time to lose."

She finished her packing, putting a few immediate necessities for Dora and herself in a portable handbag and leaving the heavier packages to be forwarded later. She took a little bundle of bank notes from her escritoire, and wrote a short note. "I am going away. I leave you master of this house, of all that is mine. I admit your right to make me a beggar—you shall never make me do more. I will rather beg my bread than defend myself against you."

"Give that to Mr. O'Mara when he comes tomorrow," she said to Barbara, as she appeared with the child. "My darling, you are not afraid to go with me?"

"No mamma," answered the child, bravely, though with a quivering lip.

"We must go away to night. If we stop here, they will take you from me." The child nestled closer to her, looking up in her face with frightened eyes. "You will be good—you will not cry? My darling, it is for mamma's sake. God bless you, Barbara, you shall hear from me soon. Send on these things when I send for them. I shall write to you through Mr. Bream."

Again she kissed the honest, homely cheek, wet with tears, then, with Dora clinging to her skirts, she hurried down stairs and from the house. Scarcely fifty yards from the gate she beheld a dark object barring the road, which on closer inspection resolved itself into a dogcart and a horse. A smaller black object detached itself from it and became perceptible in the moonlight as Stokes.

"Evening, mum," said that worthy, with a touch of his rabbit-skin cap. "Evening, little lady."

"Good evening," said Gillian, quietly. "You are late on the road, Mr. Stokes."

"I've been over to Radford, mum. The horse had got a stone in his shoe, and I pulled up to pick it out."

"Could you take me over to Radford?" asked Gillian. "I have important business in London, and must catch an early train. I will pay you well for your trouble."

"Trouble's a pleasure, mum," said Stokes, gallantly. "As to payment, I hope you won't talk o' that. I'm proud to oblige ye, mum. The little horse is as fresh as paint, he'll take you there in side of an hour and a half."

He helped Gillian to mount, and lifted in Dora after her.

CHAPTER XXIV.—THE LAST MEETING.

It was yet early on the following morning when O'Mara, placidly asleep in his bed at the Pig and Whistle, was aroused by a loud knocking at his door.

"Who's there?" he asked, sitting up in bed.

"It's me," responded the voice of his landlord, "I've got news for you."

"Wait a minute," responded O'Mara, and hastily donning one or two articles of clothing, admitted him.

"I've got her!" said Stokes, triumphantly. "It ought to be worth another hundred, guv'nor."

"What is all this?" asked his patron.

"I've got the kid," replied Stokes; "your wife bolted last night, as you thought she would, and I drove her into Radford. She went to the George Hotel there, and I heard her tell the waiter to wake her up in time for the first train as left the station. So I waited on, followed her to the station, and heard her ask for tickets to Cambridge. She was lookin' precious ill and worried, as if she'd been crying all night. She went out on to the platform, and just as the train was signalled, blow me if she didn't faint bang off. She'd ha' fell on to the line if a chap hadn't ha' caught her in his arms. That give me your chance, and I

took it sharp, you bet. 'I know the lady,' I says, 'I drove her in here from Crouchford last night. She's a-stopping at the George.' I says, 'Leave her to me, it's all right.' The station-master knows me, and I got charge of her and the kid easy enough. I takes 'em back to the George—at least I takes *her* back, leavin' the little one in the trap outside. The chambermaid took her upstairs to her room—she was in a dead faint all the while—and I lays into the horse, and comes along here with the little 'un."

"And where is she?" asked O'Mara.

"Locked in the parlour, downstairs," said Stokes. "What are ye going to do? The mother 'll be back here in no time. She'll guess, if nobody tells her, what's gone with the kid."

"Your penetration does you credit, Mr. Stokes," said O'Mara. "You have managed things very cleverly. Thou art the best o' cut-throats."

"There's another thing, too," continued the publican, "Sir George was with her again last night."

"What, after I got home?"

"Yes. They were together at the bottom of the spinney for a good hour and more."

"Did you hear anything of their conversation?"

"No, I daren't go close enough. But the moonlight was bright and I see him kiss her hand."

"Ah!" said O'Mara, "I think if it should be necessary, that you might remember a little of their talk later on, my good Stokes."

"No," said Stokes, with a resolute shake of the head, "no, no perjury!"

"Perjury!" echoed O'Mara, "My dear Stokes! Go and freshen up your faculties with a little sleep. Or—stay. Wait till I am dressed, and you shall drive Miss Dora and myself down to Crouchford Court. An invaluable fellow, that," he continued, when Stokes had withdrawn, "his scruples are amusing—or would be if they were less costly to his employer. Conscience—not too much of it, but just enough to put up a man's prices—is a splendid thing. He seems to have managed this affair rather cleverly. He has some elementary knowledge of women, too. He's right about Gillian; she'll double back to the Court, when she finds the child is gone, like a hare to her form. I shall have trouble with her, and with that rustic booby of a *cavalier servient*, too. I wonder if the brute would really have proceeded to violence if I had resisted him last night. By to-day I should be free from that kind of annoyance. My lady will alter her tune when she gets a letter from a London solicitor, stating my claim and my intention to prosecute it to the utmost. She's devilish handsome and well preserved," he went on, as he stropped his razor, "she piques me, with her confounded airs. It would be something of a triumph to win or force her back, and the discomfiture of her admirer, the baronet, would be a rich treat. It will be a hard fight, and she may go to court with a divorce suit, which would be awkward—confoundedly awkward—especially if she won. But could she win? No mortal creature ever saw me lay a hand upon her, save in the way of kindness. She can't *prove* that it was I who took that ten pounds. The desertion looks ugly, but I don't think desertion alone is good enough for a divorce, and even then I have my defence—her assumed name and change of domicile. I have done well to strike first—it's always the safe rule with women. A threatened suit for restitution of conjugal rights may turn out to be a very ace of trumps, and frighten her into submission. It's a stake worth playing for, and my hand is not a bad one, all things considered. Fancy that ass of a baronet going back last night, and talking to her from the public road! I can fancy what a virtuous British jury would make of that and her flight an hour later. That's a trump card, and must not be forgotten."

Communing thus with himself, he finished his toilet, and descended to the room in which Stokes had fastened little Dora. The child was sitting silent, and trembling with terror. It was not his cue to set her against him, and he opened the conversation with an engaging smile.

"Well, my darling, are you ready to go home with papa?"

"You are not my papa!" said Dora.

"Oh, but I am, indeed. Won't you give me a kiss?"

"No," said Dora, "I won't. I don't like you."

"You will like me better, my darling, when you know me better," said O'Mara. "I am a really charming person, I assure you. Come, dry your eyes, and don't cry any more. I am not going to hurt you."

"I want mamma," said Dora.

"We shall find her at home," said O'Mara.

"Come along, the trap is ready."

The child followed him, submissive but obviously distrustful, and Stokes drove them to within a hundred yards of the gate of Crouchford Court. There he stopped.

"Go on, Mr. Stokes, if you please," said O'Mara.

"Oh no," said Stokes, with a dry air and a lengthened shake of the head. "I've had as much of Miss Barbara Leigh as I want. She's a tartar, that's what she is; I don't want *her* to see me along o' you."

O'Mara accordingly descended, and holding Dora by the hand walked to the house and rang. He was admitted by Barbara, who gave an inexpressible snort of anger and contempt at his appearance and handed him Gillian's letter. Dora made a motion to run to her old nurse, but O'Mara checked it.

"Go and sit in that chair," he said, pointing to one in the corner behind him. There was so strong a hint of possible disagreeable consequences in his manner that the child obeyed. He tore open the envelope, and read the missive it contained.

"You've got your will at last," said Barbara, her hatred of the usurper conquering her prudent feeling that it would be best to hide it. "You've driven my mistress away, poor dear. Ah! if she only had *my* sperrit—"

"Yes?" O'Mara smilingly prompted her.

"She'd have stayed and faced ye, ye smooth-tongued, smiling serpent."

"You are really an extremely disagreeable person," said O'Mara.

"Aye, so you'll find me."

"We had better come to an understanding at once," said O'Mara. "I am master here, you are doubtless a hard-working and deserving person, but your appearance—to say nothing of your manners, which are deplorably vulgar—dissatisfies me. I like to have well favoured people about me."

"Ye don't get me out o' this house," said Barbara, folding her arms, "without force, and I wouldn't be in your shoes if you tried *that* dodge. I don't go till I'm told to by my lady, if harm comes to her or to that sweet lamb there, you'll find me harder to reckon with than many a strong man."

"Oblige me by leaving the house," said O'Mara, advancing towards her.

"If I go," said Barbara, "I take Miss Dora with me. Don't ee be afeared, my darling, no harm'll happen to ee while Barby's here to look after ye. Come to Barby!"

"Stay where you are," said O'Mara to the child. "Do you dare," he continued, "to interfere between me and my child?"

"Aye, do I!" said the honest virago, "and what's more, I don't believe she's any daughter o' yours—she's o'er good and o'er pretty!"

"Take care, woman," cried O'Mara, stung through his armour of cynicism by the servant's outspoken contempt.

"Woman, or no woman, I'm a match for you, master; Dontee lay a finger on me. Raise your hand if ye dare, and I'll write my ten commandments on your ugly face! Thank God, there's my lady."

Gillian tottered into the room, overcome with fatigue and fear. Her eyes fell upon Dora, who ran forward with a glad cry and fell into her arms.

"I'm glad you're here, my lady," said Barbara.

"Yes," said Gillian, who had grown quite calm again upon a sudden. "I am here, I have come to take back what this man tried to steal from me, like the coward he is."

"I am glad to see you," said O'Mara, "I expected you."

"You had reason to. You know that I would have risen from my dying bed to save my child from you."

"Pardon me," said O'Mara, quietly, "also *my* child. Let me trust, Gillian, that you have come to your senses, and that your return to this house implies a new and growing feeling of wifely duty."

Gillian, with her eyes fixed upon his face, touched Dora lightly on the head.

"Go with Barby, my darling. You are safe with her."

"Aye, that she is," said Barbara, "but don't stay with him alone. Let me be by."

"There is nothing to fear," said Gillian. "Go, leave us, but reman at hand. In a little while this gentleman will be gone, and I shall be again mistress in my own house."

"My dear Gillian," said O'Mara, with a laugh, when they were alone together, "you amuse me. You are positively splendid."

"What I have to say to you," said Gillian, "can be said in a few words. Weigh them well, they are the last you will ever hear from me."

"I am all attention. Let me remind you, however, that you talk nonsense. You said just now that I was about to leave this house. Quite a mistake. I shall remain,"—he took a chair and crossed his legs with an easy gesture—"and if you are a sensible woman you will remain with me."

"Listen," said Gillian. "Last night you terrified me, your very presence, the thought of what you might say and do, filled my soul with dread."

"Naturally. You see, I commanded the situation."

"In my terror I attempted to escape from you. I was weak and ill, and even as I tried to fly I was struck down. While I lay, feeble and helpless, you had my child stolen from me."

"Quite so. I had warned you of my determination."

"The news was brought to me instantly. Thank God it did not kill me. No. It cured me of all my cowardice, and gave me a mother's strength."

"You still look a little pale," said O'Mara, sympathetically. "Let me get you a glass of wine."

"I feared the world! I feared the scandal and the cry, I shrank from the public shame! I thought 'So long as that man lives, there is no shelter for me, and no escape.'"

"Quite right, my dear—except in sweet submission."

"I said to myself, 'There is nothing he will not do. There is no infamy to which he will not subject me, rather than let me keep my child and live in peace.'"

"An exaggeration, I only—"

"Hear me out. Then, while hastening back home I thought it all out, and before I had reached that door I had made my determination."

"To be reasonable? Come."

"To defy the world, to defy all scandal and shame, and to take my stand upon the law itself as a free and fearless woman."

"A vigorous programme," said O'Mara. "And how do you propose to carry it out?"

"Your desertion absolved me from all responsibility. Your absence for all those years is my justification. I was divorced by your own act, and in proof of that I will invoke the law."

"It won't help you, my love."

"We shall see. Next—you left your child to starve. Day by day, year by year, I have guarded and reared her, without one sign from you. By the duty so done I had made my child mine only—and in that too the law shall justify me."

"You really think so? Anything more?"

"Yes. From first to last I have never had one penny, one crust of bread from your hands. You abandoned me in my poverty. What came to me afterwards escaped you. It is mine—this house, with all in it, and all else that I possess is mine, and that also the law shall prove."

"Try. I am here."

"You will not remain another hour. You will go as you came."

"One moment!" said O'Mara, calmly still. "I will not attempt to combat your very primitive

notions of English jurisprudence. I will pass over your insane presumption that a husband has no right either in his wife's property or in the person of his child. I will merely remind you, my dear Gillian, that should you 'invoke the law,' as you poetically describe the simple process of consulting the nearest solicitor, you will cause very unpleasant revelations."

"I have thought of all that, and I am prepared. Shame cannot touch me now."

"I, on my side, will have an unpleasant duty to perform. I shall have to contend that one reason, and one reason only, accounted for my wife's eccentric conduct on my return, that reason being connected with her attachment to a man who certainly wished to become her husband, and was possibly her lover."

"You coward!" said Gillian. "Well, I am prepared for that too."

"I shall have also to testify—very unwillingly—that this gentleman and my wife were alone together last night at the bottom of the spinney an hour after she had called upon him to eject her lawful husband from her house, an hour before she fled—the presumption being that during that interview her flight was arranged, and that he was to follow her, meet her at some convenient spot, and convey her to some secluded haven of bliss."

"Is that all you have to say," asked Gillian.

"I—I think so."

"Then leave this house!"

"I shall do nothing of the kind."

"You had better go quietly. If you do not, I will not call the *law* to assist me, but I will summon one who is prepared to take its place." She moved to the open door as she spoke.

"Who, pray?" asked O'Mara, with a sudden pallor.

"The man whom you call my lover, and whom I love."

"Then," said O'Mara, fiercely, "you confess it?"

"Without shame, now, and without fear. Yes, I love him. He knows that we are here together. He is prepared at a sign from me to remove you from this house, which, I tell you again, is mine now. Will you go?"

"No," answered O'Mara, ragingly.

The handkerchief which Gillian had held in her hand during the interview fluttered for a moment at the door, and a few seconds later Sir George Venables and Mr. Bream entered the room.

"I see," said O'Mara, "a conspiracy."

"Nothing of the kind," said Bream; "only a course of treatment which I have suggested."

"And which we are here to carry out," added Venables.

"You see, my friend," said Bream, "the lady was too precipitate. Had you accepted her generous yielding up of her possessions, and ceased to persecute her, you might have been quite comfortable. Now, the tables are turned."

"So!" said O'Mara, "are you quite aware, gentlemen, what you are doing? Have you calculated the consequences?"

"We have," said Venables; "and at a word from that lady—"

"That lady," said O'Mara, with a bow in Gillian's direction, "is again to be congratulated on her champions. I put this rural parson aside—he is simply a pertinacious busybody, but as for you, sir, who are simply my wife's lover—"

"Be silent," said Venables, "or—"

"I will not be silent," cried O'Mara, with every symptom of outraged virtue in face and voice. "I am not *un mari complaisant*, and I do not intend to be either silent or suppressed. And if I ever do vacate these premises my daughter at least shall accompany me."

"I claim my child, too," said Gillian, "everything I possess, and I defy you to do your worst against me."

"You!" cried O'Mara, "you! heathen and infamous!"

"That's enough," said George, "out you go."

"Very well," said O'Mara, stepping back out of reach of his arm. "Observe, I yield to force—to force only. Remember, I shall spare none of you now. Personally, I dislike publicity, but since you

put me to it, madam, the world shall know everything—yes, everything. If I fail I shall at least have the pleasure of knowing that my existence—and I think the world will decide with the husband, and against the wife who pretended to be a widow and entrapped an innocent clodhopper into a marital engagement. It will be a *cause célèbre*. I shall conquer, and society will be amused. Sir, I salute you. Monsieur Busybody, Mr. Cantwell, Mr. Facing Both Ways, your servant. *Madame la soi-disante* widow, *au revoir!*"

He swept a semicircle of bows, and lounged easily towards the open French window. But suddenly he stopped, with uplifted hands of helpless panic.

"Keep him back!" he cried, "keep him from me!"

A shadow darkened the sunlight. Jake Owen, with dilated eyes, stood there, glaring at O'Mara. The gleam of steel in his hand warned onlookers of his intent; but before a foot could move Jake sprang, the knife flashed in the air, and O'Mara fell, grovelling to the floor. Bream leapt on him and wrenched the knife from his hand.

"Back, you madman! Give me the knife."

"Aye, take it parson," said Jake, "I've done what I came to do."

"Good God!" cried Bream, sinking on one knee beside O'Mara, who had writhed over on to his face. "He's dead."

"Dead!" cried Gillian, "Murdered?"

"Murdered!" said Jake, still with his eyes on O'Mara's figure at his feet. "No, for I killed him! He killed my Jess, and it's only life for life."

[THE END.]

POINTS.

BY ACUS.

To point a moral and adorn a tale!
—Johnson: *Vanity of Human Wishes.*

Proverbs are wisdom in a nutshell; pocket philosophy; *multum in parvo*. Brevity is not the soul of wit only; it sometimes is the soul of wisdom. Men rather like laconic expressions, and have current among them a number of "old saws," as they call them; relating to almost every department of life. Most of those, like folk-lore, had their origin among the people; some, no doubt, first had their appearance in the works of authors, and continued current long after the authors and their works were both forgotten. It is a great thing among the doubts and perplexities of life to be anchored to some great principle. Wise maxims loom up like light-houses here and there in the sea of life, warning of dangerous rocks and guiding into harbours of safety. It may not be uninteresting to consider some of the maxims which pass current among men. One that reminds us of the philosophy of the Stoics is, "What can't be cured, must be endured." But the philosophy of it is wiser than the philosophy of the Stoics; because they aimed at cultivating a supreme indifference and contempt for pain and suffering. We may be sure, however, that the Stoics liked the toothache no better than their neighbours. "What can't be cured, must be endured" does not teach us to regard suffering with indifference or contempt. By all means, if trouble can be avoided, let it be avoided; if it cannot be avoided, bear it patiently; if you cannot bear it patiently, bear it as patiently as you can. And don't fret about what you can't help. This suggests another maxim, "Whatever is necessary, is right." That is, whatever is unavoidable is not blameworthy. Whatever it is absolutely necessary for you to do, it is right for you to do; but in case of doubt, make sure, make very sure that it is necessary. All that a man can do is to do his best. "Heaven," as Sam Jones says, "is just the other side of where a fellow does his best." One of the most current maxims is, "Honesty is the best policy." Some have regarded this as a very materialistic and cold-blooded way of regarding honesty, as a policy. It is simply a business-like statement of a moral truth; a commercial certificate that honour is in demand. Certainly honesty is not a mere policy; even though, from a worldly point of view, it were the worst policy, it is nevertheless honesty,—which is above any policy. A corollary to the maxim I have just mentioned is, "Cheating never thrives." This also

puts cheating on the ground of a policy; cheating is the worst policy, according to the maxim, because it does not thrive. Cheating is not to be considered as merely the worst policy; even if it were the best policy, it is nevertheless cheating, which is unworthy of consideration as a policy. Another old saw is, "Don't trouble trouble till trouble troubles you." The same idea is contained in "Don't cross the bridge till you come to it." These are maxims for people who fret over things that never come to pass. People who fret and have the "blues" are always making mountains out of distant mole hills. The thing you fear is not the thing that will trouble you. Beaconsfield used to say, "It is always the impossible that happens." Well, the impossible never happens; but it is always the unexpected that happens. Don't trouble trouble, therefore, till trouble troubles you. A trite saying of the people, in the nature of an aphorism, is "penny wise and pound foolish." This is a maxim for people who are, as they say in slang, "pernickety." It is a maxim for people who buy things they don't want because they are cheap. That is penny wise and pound foolish. I knew a gentleman who bought a very large pair of antlers. He did not want them; but they were cheap, only \$40 or so. They would not fit over any door, or anywhere in the house; and finally they had to be relegated to the hay loft. Another maxim relating to foolishness is, "There's no fool like an old fool." I will not say anything more about this maxim than that I believe it. We like to show respect to our elders, and we look to them for wisdom; but when, shocked and disappointed, instead of wisdom we meet with foolishness, we realize that truly there's no fool like an old fool. As a last maxim, "Enough is as good as a feast." You have probably had enough of my maxims. You will think I have been making a tour of those numerous copy books which unite choice maxims with Spencerian penmanship.



GRAND FLORAL CONCERT.

This is the rather ambiguous title of a very original and pretty volume of music, intended to be sung by children at any Sunday-school entertainment or similar gathering. The idea is a novel one, being that the singers should represent various flowers and be dressed in corresponding colours. They are supposed to appear on the platform in the same order in which the spring flowers come to blossom; the crocus, dandelion, violet, daisy and rosebud being the principal ones represented. The music is bright and attractive, and as children of four years and upwards can take part, the "concert" should become a universal favourite. It is written and published by Mr. Morley McLaughlin, St. John N.B.

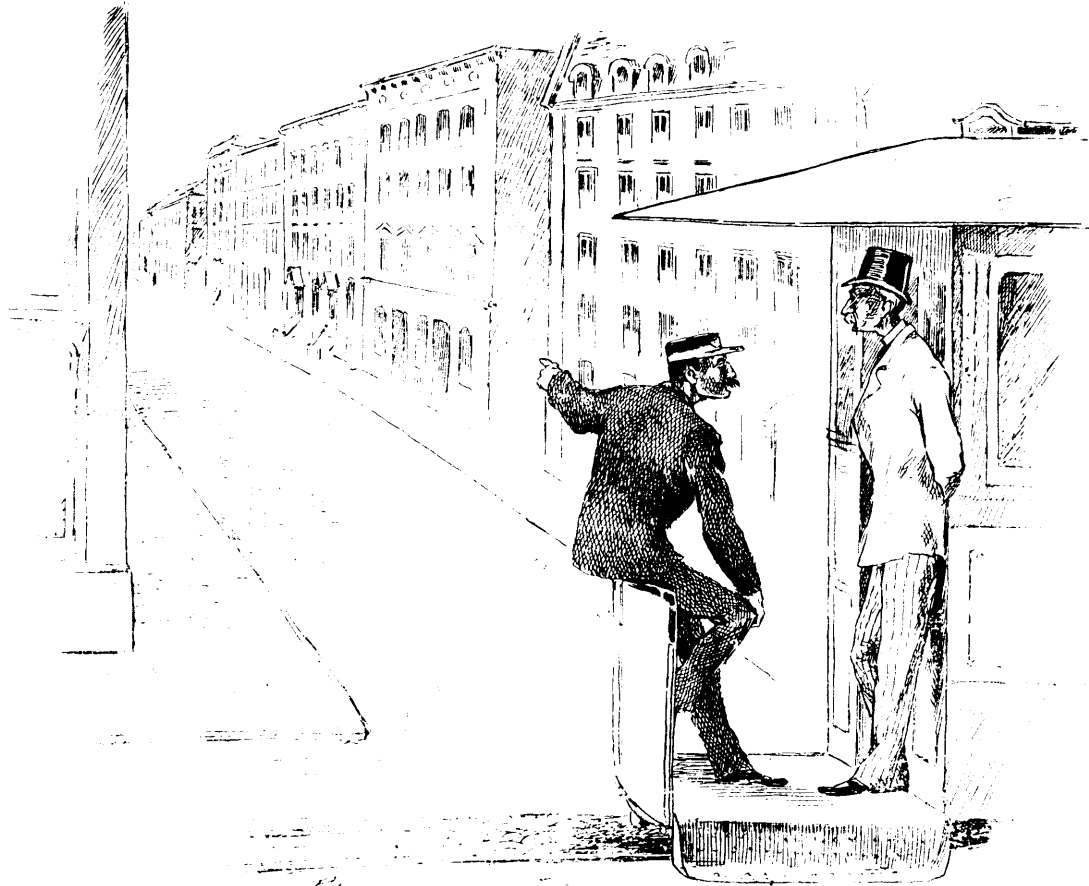
THE CANADIAN HORTICULTURIST.

The *Canadian Horticulturist* for March opens with a fine plate of the Windsor cherry, which takes its name from the town of Windsor, Ont., where it originated on the grounds of the late James Dougall, who had it brought from the State of New York. It is a little later in season than the Elkhorn, or Tradescant Black Heart, and is a hardy species. E. P. Powell gives a good account of how to grow pears. He considers that the pear-tree is harder than the apple and more easily grown, but that no fruit suffers more from neglect.

THE LADIES HOME JOURNAL.

The *Ladies Home Journal* for March contains a description of "The Princess of Wales at Home," by Lady Elizabeth Hilary, with charming portraits of Her Royal Highness and her family. The third paper, "Unknown Wives of Well-known Men," has for this number an account of Mrs. Gladstone.

Maine has decided to adopt the so-called Australian ballot system, as a number of other states have already done. If the people of the republic will keep an eye on Canada and follow our lead, as in this instance, they will in time become a great nation.



VERY ACCOMMODATING

Passenger—"What in thunder are you waiting for? Why don't you move on?"
 Conductor—"See that man standing away down there?"
 Passenger—"Yes."
 Conductor—"Well, maybe he wants to go on this car."
 Passenger—"Oh!"

TALES OF MONTREAL STREET CAR LIFE.

which were least troubled with the wire-pulling element played the better lacrosse, achieved the better results and stood a rung or two higher on the ladder of athletic fame than their brethren at the end of the season.

* * *

The lesson seems obvious, and the recent action of the executive committee of the Shamrock club seems a sufficiently reasonable one to point a moral. Time and again it has been rumoured, talked about on the streets, asserted by some of the club's best friends, and printed in the press, that the real reason of the non-success of the team in green was the eternal meddling and bickering of rival factions. Of course, these statements were assiduously denied; but the denials did not stop Dame Rumour to any great extent—or remedy the evil, for that matter. The personality of the man elected to captain a lacrosse team may seem of the veriest unimportance to the general public, and in most cases such nominations are passed over with but very little comment; for the majority rules, and generally the men composing the majority are credited with voting conscientiously for the best interests of the club which has confidence enough in them to delegate to them the management of the club's affairs. Therefore, it would seem that the election of Mr. M. J. Polan should not be looked at in any different light than any other event of like nature. But in this case there is a distinction with a difference. Mr. Polan has the respect and admiration of all who know him, either personally or on the lacrosse field; he can handle a team about as well as anybody, and he has done wonders with the Shamrocks in the past when the difficulties to be faced seemed insurmountable. When victory favoured the Shamrocks he was spoken of as a marvellous captain; when she simply flattered over them and eventually perched on some one else's banners a good deal of gratuitous blame was the captain's share; but praise and blame he took alike in his amiable way, and in his difficulties he received the moral support of those who had the true interests of lacrosse at heart. Under these circumstances it cannot be imagined that any fault with the selection of Mr. Polan could be found. The fault is to be found in the animus that caused his election, a thing of which, I believe, he was in no way cognizant, and of which, naturally, he is perfectly guiltless. Back numbers of a magazine may be interesting for their age, or

may supply very excellent reading, but no one would think of using them in the telegraphic page of a newspaper. Back numbers on a lacrosse field are not quite so useful. Still, back numbers in either sphere are apt to be ambitious. Ambition, with the assistance of Brutus and a knife, killed Caesar; and ambition, with the aid of back numbers and a pliable committee, is likely to make a very envious rent in the Shamrocks' chances for the championship the coming season. It may be a little hard on a player who has struggled on the field for his club to be obliged to resign his place and give way to younger blood. Custom may not have staled him, but in these days age withers rapidly, and if he really has the interests of his club at heart he should step down and out gracefully, and feel thankful that better material had been secured, by whom the colours he loves may be carried to the front. Now, it is an open secret that had Mr. McAnulty been elected to the captaincy several of the best players of the Crescents would have sought membership in the Shamrock club and aspired to a place under their old leader. In fact, it was with a thorough understanding to this effect that several prominent members of the club importuned him to accept the nomination, guaranteeing an election by acclamation. He eventually accepted under the distinct understanding that if there was any opposition his name would be withdrawn. But the back-number interest had not been calculated on. The idea gradually worked its way through the convolutions of their brains that if Mr. McAnulty was made captain some sprightly young players might find places on the team; whereas, if they defeated him, these dreaded youths would not become members of the club at all. In point of fact, this was openly stated as the reason for the opposition to the gentleman who has done really the best work as field captain during the last three seasons. When remonstrated with and told if they were afraid they could not hold their own with newcomers, that they might expect to be replaced, they smiled in their might and said nothing. One by one the strings were gathered in, and at the word "pull" they just voted. That was all. Under the circumstances it is not at all likely that players of any merit will care about joining a club whose destinies are placed in the hands of men with whom the general good is secondary to personal and selfish ambition and influence in high places. It was a

SPORTS AND PASTIMES

In the last few issues of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED reference has been made at some length to the prospects of the national game, and it was hoped that at least so early in the season there would be some general effort made to harmonize those difficulties that might be expected to arise. But the initial move is a bad forecast to calculate the rest of the season upon, and let us hope that in this case it will be the last. That there is strength in union is so true an aphorism that it can scarcely ever become hackneyed. Lacrosse players, after all, are merely human, and if clubs are split up in their internal management they are just as liable to get into trouble as less famous people. To have any pretensions to strength they must be united. In the past, unfortunately for the game, there has always been more or less trouble in this respect; and, in fact, it would be hard to find an exception in any club, where there was a sufficient number of playing members, whose ambition looked to senior honours, but whose abilities were only junior. The word "clique" is a prophet of evil to lacrosse clubs as well as to other organizations, and there have been as many cliques to the square inch among lacrosse men as ever there were in a preliminary caucus with half a dozen candidates in the field. And when it comes to count the ends of the strings to be pulled—well, the ward politicians would not be in it with the average lacrosse legislator, unless he had cards and spades to start with. We have had cliques and disruptions in what was considered the governing body. We have had superb cliques in the conventions and in the sessions of the executive. We have had cliques in the senior and junior leagues. We have had cliques in the senior and junior clubs. We have had cliques everywhere. How very near they came to ruining public interest in the game is a matter of recent history. They did very little less damage than the professional amateur, a barnacle that these same cliques were largely responsible for. An analysis of the past few seasons' work will easily teach the observer that the clubs

had move, and justifies the indignation felt by some of the club's best friends. But the end is not yet.

If there is an enthusiastic supporter of lacrosse in this world it is the sporting editor of the *Empire*. He is for lacrosse first, last and nearly all the time. When he is not thinking, talking or writing lacrosse he is on the field looking at it and helping along the boys at a considerable expenditure of lung power, and never does he miss an opportunity of advancing the national game. When he gets an idea that will be of benefit it is only the preliminary to its being put in practice immediately; and last week he struck a good one. Chicago and St. Louis, St. Paul and Minneapolis, and other rival places are noted for their friendly hatred and mutual abomination of each other, but theirs is not for a moment to be compared to the delightful enmity that exists between Hamilton and Toronto. If there is one thing above another that will draw out Torontonians by thousands it is the prospect of seeing Hamiltonians bite the bitter dust of defeat: and the case works both ways. Now, if Hamilton would only take to lacrosse the ambitious citizens would find a much more enjoyable and infinitely less expensive amusement than baseball, and if they had good luck they might knock seven different kinds of stars out of Toronto, not to speak of a little side enjoyment in the way of making London hide its haughty head. Sometime during this week the president of the C. L. A. will visit both London and Hamilton in order to make arrangements, and there is scarcely a doubt that in the West, at least, the lacrosse struggle will take on new interest. The *Empire*, speaking of the situation, says: "It can be easily understood that the rivalry between St. Catharines, London, Hamilton and Toronto would soon become so keen that in an exceedingly short time the clubs might find themselves possessed of magnificent grounds and buildings and rolling in wealth. Ottawa, Cornwall and St. Catharines make the game pay well, and why not Hamilton and London with their large, wealthy, enterprising and patriotic populations?" If this does not stir up the rivals, what will?

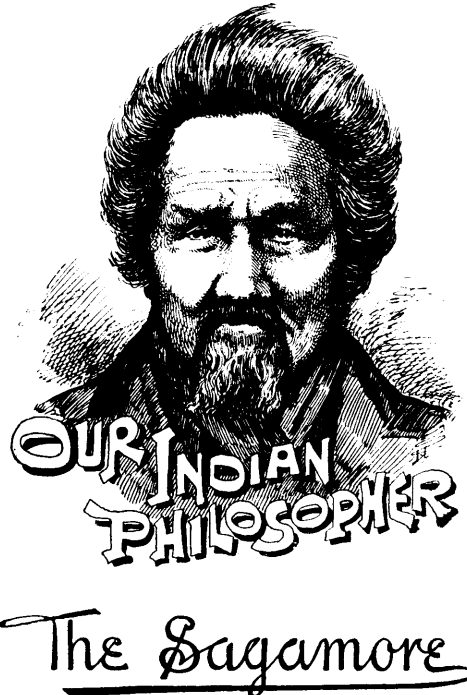
* * *

Unfortunately, we have very little football in the spring; but as the annual meetings are held during this period it is not too early to make some preparations for the autumn. The matter formally came under attention at the annual meeting of the Montreal Football Club, which was held on Monday last. The club, as we all know, did not have such a successful season as in former years, but the members will go into the work with renewed effort this year. One of the suggestions made in the report is well worthy the consideration of all football men. It is the re-establishment of the Canadian Rugby Union, under whose auspices something like a clear title to the championship could be had if played for. As the matter at present stands there are three claimants for the championship—the holders of the Ontario cup, Ottawa College and the Britannias. Ottawa's claims have already been discussed in these columns, and the most that the other clubs can be credited with is the championship of their respective provinces. If the Ontario and Quebec Unions would appoint delegates to meet either in Montreal or Toronto, or some more central point, and talk over the matter, there seems no valid reason why the matter should not be settled almost immediately. It would seem the simplest thing in the world to have the winners in both provinces play a deciding game for the championship of the Dominion. It may be said that Quebec and Ontario are not the whole of Canada, but as far as Rugby football is concerned they are the most of it. And it would be a comparatively easy thing to make other arrangements if another Provincial union were organized. Let us get something definite and do away with the bickerings that marked the past football season. If the Quebec Union takes the initiative there is no doubt that the Ontario Union will follow the example.

* * *

With the military men setting their minds on anything there is only one result, and that is success. Just now our volunteers are agitating the formation of an athletic club, which will be known as the Montreal Brigade Cricket and Athletic Club. There was a meeting of enthusiasts held in the Windsor Hotel on Wednesday last, and from the appearance of things the new club will make its mark in outdoor sports next summer.

R. O. X.



"Mr. Paul," said the reporter, "I have a friend who is so conscientiously devout that he refused to accept the position of foreman in a stone quarry, for fear some one would ask him how he was going to get that rock out, and he would have to say 'Blast it!'"

Mr. Paul nodded gravely.

"I have another friend," said the reporter, "so modest that you couldn't persuade him to walk through an orchard in December if you offered him a kingdom."

"How's that?" queried the sagamore.

"Because the trees are naked," answered the reporter. "The same friend once left a missionary meeting, inexplicably shocked and disgusted, because the idols displayed by the returned missionary were perfectly nude. He held that while it might be the correct thing for idols to go without raiment in Japan or China the practice should be discouraged in a civilized community. Therefore he left the meeting."

Mr. Paul gave an expressive grunt, but said nothing.

"I have another friend," went on the reporter, "who read a very funny story one day. It told about an insufferable bore, and how he was 'done up' by his victim. It was an utterly absurd and impossible yarn, but my friend deprecated such literature as inciting to violence and tending toward bloodshed and anarchy. A man, he said, after reading it might want to go right out and experiment on a bore and perhaps the thing would end in murder."

A look of pain swept over the sagamore's brow.

"Still another friend," continued the reporter, "once listened to a joke I told him. He looked at me. I told the joke again. He asked why I did that. I explained that it was a joke, and laughed at it. He shook his head sadly and said he feared my moral and spiritual condition might be greatly improved. The joke had reference to a man who was supposed to be dead but wasn't. My friend said it was an awful thing to make the dead the subject of jest and ribaldry."

"Ah hah," commented the sagamore.



"Now these four friends," pursued the reporter, "met recently to discuss the question of how we can best purify the literature of the day. They at once concluded to score out

altogether all matter relating to courts of law of whatever kind, because in them reference was made to persons swearing and being sworn. Next they decided that all articles, whether stories, editorials, illustrations or whatnot that aimed at the exposure or reform of abuses, must be eliminated, because in discussing the matter the abuse must necessarily be mentioned, which would have a degrading effect upon innocent minds. All jokes or attempts at joking were next ruled out, as not worthy of noble minds. And so they went through the list until there was nothing left. Everything was ruled out. The secretary was not even permitted to draw up a report for publication lest some innocent mind should glean from the report some inkling of some of the evils they sought to suppress. I may remark," added the reporter in conclusion, "that these four benefactors of the race made special reference to the *DOMINION ILLUSTRATED* and the sagamore of the *Milicetes*. They said his wit was forced, his illustrations questionable, his jokes coarse, and his influence, if he had any, altogether in the direction of bloodshed, treason, stratagems and spoils. But as they could not conscientiously advertise him and so, perhaps, lead some worthy person to look him up and be contaminated, they simply had to say nothing about it. But I have deemed it my duty, sir, to come and tell you what my four excellent friends have said about you."

The sagamore bowed in polite acknowledgment. The reporter expected to hear a terrific diatribe levelled at the heads of the devoted four. He expected this coarse and evil-minded man to become violent and abusive. But the old man betrayed no sign of excitement.

"Them men," said Mr. Paul, "they mean well. They got right to say what they think. If they think I'm bad old Injun—that's all right. If they say so—that's all right. That don't make it so."

"You take the matter very coolly," said the surprised reporter. "I fully expected you to put on your gear and go after scalps right away. You know you often do scalp people."

"Not people like that," rejoined the warrior. "I don't want no scalps like that. Them people don't do anybody any harm. You see good many people got little plan of their own how to run this world and everybody in it. Sometimes you see 'um in lunatic asylum—sometimes you see 'um outside. Them four—they're outside."

And that was all the sagamore would say about it. Being pointedly interrogated as to whether he desired to encourage villainy and vice and violence in the world, he replied that he would like to see all these wiped out of existence. Hypocrisy and self-righteousness, he said, might be specially mentioned as things that he abhorred.



And at the mention of these he began to quicken the edge of his scalping knife.

The aid of the law has been invoked in connection with the directorship of the Quebec newspaper, *La Justice*. The other newspapers are making considerable noise about it, though just why they should is not very apparent. It is not only customary but eminently proper to invoke the aid of the law in the interests of justice.



A YOUNG CANADIAN.

OUR LONDON LETTER.

LONDON, March 14, 1891.

Railways and railway reform seems just now to occupy the attention of the greater portion of London. Schemes of all sorts and kinds are being projected—some happy and some decidedly unhappy. One hears that the new railway from Peckham to the city, worked altogether by electricity, and which was only opened a month or two ago, is so successful that it is intended to immediately extend it to Islington in the North of London, which is sadly wanting in railway facilities. Anyone who looks at a map of London will see at once in what a thoughtless and useless way our different railways have been built. All the termini of the great country lines are scattered about the metropolis at distances of, in some cases, three or four miles, and the underground railway is altogether inadequate owing to its plan—it serves, in truth, no part of London in a really satisfactory manner. But now new schemes are cropping up all over the town. First is the new railway to the North of England, which is to have its terminus in St. John's Wood, and which will utterly ruin London's prettiest and most pastoral suburb. Then there is the proposal to join Kensington and Notting Hill (a certainly much needed reform) by a railway running underground and worked by cable. This is opposed very strongly, as it is suspected that much harm will be done to Kensington Gardens. Then, and this is the most important reform of all, an underground railway is proposed to run from the far west of London right into the city. It will be worked by electricity and will follow the main thoroughfares of the Uxbridge Road, Oxford street, Holborn and Cheapside, all of which are very much congested of the traffic and all of which are quite untouched by the present railway system. The parliamentary committee on this last scheme have taken the opportunity of pressing home a very much needed reform. Mechanics and workmen, whose work brought them

to central London, have found it impossible to live anywhere else but close to their work, and consequently in London's worst suburbs, owing to the high fares charged by the existing railways. The committee have decided only to pass the bill for the West London line on condition that the company shall carry workmen the whole length of the line at the rate of one penny. The length is six miles, so that this will be a great step towards the cheap fares which Mr. Blondell-Maple, M.P., and others have advocated with so much reason and common sense.

The performance of "Lady Bountiful" last Saturday night, at the Garrick Theatre, was hardly the success that was expected. I was there and can testify that, although the applause was hearty and apparently genuine, the play, to a large extent, missed fire. One expects from Mr. A. W. Pinero a polished style—a brilliant dialogue quite unsurpassed in these days of coarse French farce and German tomfoolery, but as far as "Lady Bountiful" is concerned, one is disappointed. Once or twice, notably at the end of the third act, Mr. Pinero wakes up and we have both writing and acting—both worthy of the author and of the players—but the rest of the play sadly wants pruning and polishing up; it doesn't get a proper grip of the audience, and they go away dissatisfied and perplexed. The heroine of the play is a stranger, unsympathetic, unloveable and unloving—one cannot understand her vagaries, and there seems no possible dramatic reason for her sudden changes of front and of character. The part is played, as well as it can be, by Miss Kate Rorke, while Mr. J. Forbes Robertson is the hero—a young fellow with no money and no qualifications except knowledge and a love of horseflesh. Mr. Harte has a small character part, which he of course plays to perfection.

I went last Thursday night to the private dress rehearsal

of Henrik Ibsen's "Ghosts," with which the Independent Theatre of London is—if the Lord Chamberlain does not swoop down at the last moment and stop the performance—to open. Here in Great Britain the law makes it illegal for any stage play to be acted for money which is not properly passed by the censor of plays—the penalty being £50 for each performance—that is to say, £50 from each performance for every performance in which he takes part. The managing-director and leading spirit of the whole concern is Mr. J. T. Grein, a young Dutch-English journalist, who is not altogether unknown to fame as a dramatist himself. Mr. Grein's services to the English drama have been immense, for it is he who widened the audience of the English dramatist by creating a market for his ware on the continent, where, up till quite lately, the English drama was an unknown quality. "The Middleman," "Judah," and "The Profligate" were all produced in Belgium and Germany owing to Mr. Grein's kind offices, so that English dramatists owe him much, and courtesy should prevent the law interfering with a young enthusiast who hopes, and not without much reason for the faith which is in him, to do the same for the English stage as M. Antoine did for the French. Besides a number of original English plays by such well-known novelists as Mr. George Moore, Mr. William Wilde and Mr. C. W. Jarvis, Mr. Grein intends to give a number of translations from continental authors, whose works have hitherto not been seen on the English stage, because of alleged impropriety of subject and indelicacy of treatment. As it will be illegal to take money for these performances, admission will be denied to the common crowd and will be by invitation alone, but an *invitation for the first five performances* (which will take place at intervals of a fortnight and at which a different play will be presented on each occasion) on the subscribing to the funds of the preceding no less a sum than £2 10s. Next week I hope to give a full description of the inaugural performance, it being impossible to get a proper idea from simply seeing a dress rehearsal.

GRANT RICHARDS.



THE VILLAGE OF QUEENSTON, ONT.
(Messrs. Zybach & Co., photo.)

A REVERENT PILGRIMAGE.

PART V.

Let Ariel, or some other "airy spirit" who "does his spiriting gently," transport us to Thurso—the most northerly town in Scotland, and not far from famous John O'Groat's House. And now, fellow pilgrim, Heaven send us a fair wind and not too much of it, for we are going to embark upon that roughest of waters, the Pentland Firth, bound for yon dim blue islands, over which the Old Man of Hoy, rising thirteen hundred feet above the sea, keeps guard. Before we land in Kirkwall, the spire of St. Magnus' Cathedral attracts us; as it guides us when, in the long beautiful northern evening, we wander out to see what is to be seen. In the longest day in Orkney, the sun rises at three and sets at twenty-three minutes past nine. Think of a day of more than eighteen hours, and of a night that is never dark—for the light of morning mingles with the yet unfaded light of evening. The visitor to Melrose, following Scott's advice, seeks the old abbey by moonlight. We may wander to St. Magnus, if we will, in the softened glow of a mellow midnight that seems but a more ethereal day.

Situated as these islands are, we might expect that they would not escape the bold Norseman. And they did not. Their history, up to the time of the Norse invasion, may be stated in a few words;



KIRKWALL CATHEDRAL.

and it is more traditional than authoritative, for our early records there are none. Discovered about 385 B.C., Orkney is supposed to have been settled by the Picts, and to have received Christianity from the Culdees, the followers of St. Columba, who spread the doctrines of their religion among the several groups of islands in the North Sea as far as Iceland. In the ninth century the Norsemen conquered the Picts, and the gentle gospel of Christ gave place to the bloody rites of Odin.

Here the Icelandic Sagas take up the history, and it is such a tale as the *Nibelungen Lied*: love and hate; marriages, murders and magic; Jarls, subject to Norway, reigned, and one of them—Jarl Sigurd—embraced Christianity, with his whole people. It was one of those sudden conversions, not uncommon in that age. King Olaf Trygvasson, who had become a Christian while in England, suddenly appeared with his fleet in one of the Orkney bays, and, sending for Sigurd to come on board his vessel, gave him his choice between instant conversion and instant death. The Jarl chose conversion.

One of the Jarls, Magnus, after his assassination by his cousin, joint ruler with him, was adopted as the patron saint of Orkney. The church dedicated

to him was founded in 1137 by his nephew, Jarl Rognvald, but was not completed till three centuries later.

St. Magnus' Cathedral, built of red sandstone from the neighbouring islands, is over 234 feet long by 56 feet wide, with a transept 101 feet long by 28 feet wide. The oldest parts of the building are the centre of the cross—including the four massive pillars, 24 feet in circumference, spanned by beautifully formed arches, upon which rests the spire—and the portion of the choir nearest this. The rest of the choir, with a fine Gothic window, was added by Bishop Stewart in 1511. Part of the nave also is very old; the newest portion of it—the extreme west end—with window and porch, was built by Bishop Reid, who succeeded to the See in 1540. After the Reformation, the revenues of the Cathedral became the property of the Crown, and in course of time the building was threatened with the ruin which has overtaken so many of its kind. Partly through the liberality of a private individual, and partly by a grant from government, it was at length substantially repaired, and now a portion of it is in use as the parish church.

Within, St. Magnus suggests the Abbey Church of Dunfermline, as the latter suggests—though on a small scale, of course—magnificent Durham. The

walls enclose the dust of many a proud Jarl and Bishop, but time has obliterated almost every vestige of their tombs. While the repairs above referred to were in progress, a skeleton, supposed to be that of St. Magnus, was discovered in the choir, but the only connecting link between Saint and skeleton was the indentation of the skull. In 1263, King Haco, who had died in the Bishop's Palace adjoining, was buried there, preparatory to being taken to Norway, and in 1290 the young Queen Margaret, the Maid of Norway, whose untimely death wrought so much woe to Scotland. The church is full of old and strangely sculptured tombstones,

"Whose frail and crumbling frame
Preserves not e'en an airy name;
The lines by friendship's finger traced,
Now touched by Time's, are half effaced.
The few faint letters lingering still
Are all the dead man's chronicle."

A most interesting discovery was that of a cell, built in the thickness of the wall and closed by solid stone. It was about the height of a man, and hanging from the roof was a rusty chain, with a bit of barley bread attached. What a treasure trove for the romancer! Had some Ugolind met his

horrible fate there? or some erring monk, or nun, like poor Constance in "Marmion"? Or was it but kept as a gentle reminder, as the "tawse" is preserved still in certain families, where, nevertheless, the rod is spared and the child spoiled? We shall never know.

With the Bishop's Palace adjoining the Cathedral, and the Castle of Earl Patrick Stewart adjoining the Palace, we feel as if we were visiting part of a ruined city. Earl Patrick's Castle, built

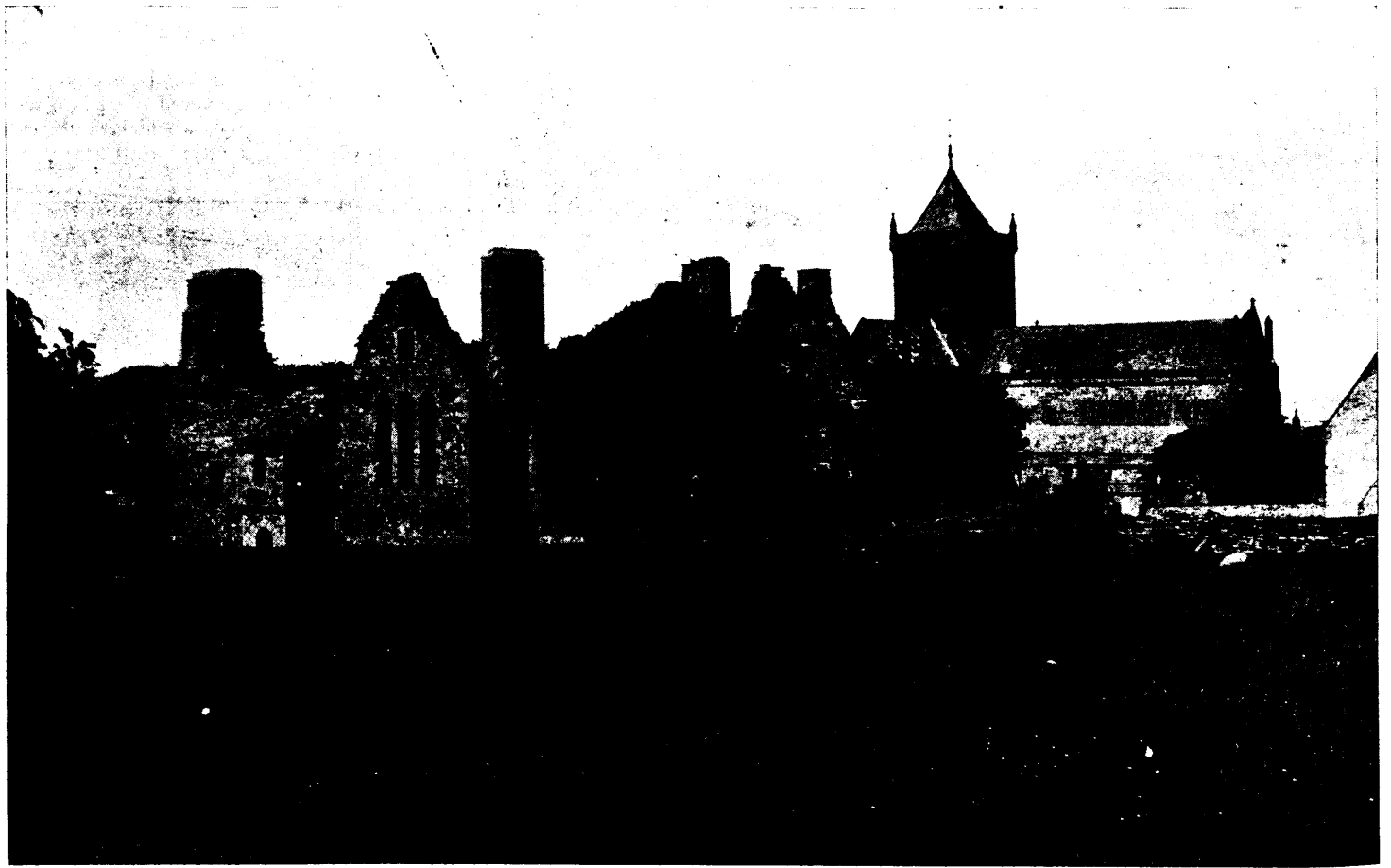


INTERIOR OF ST. MAGNUS' CATHEDRAL.

in the ornate castellated style of the sixteenth century, with projecting mullioned windows and cruciform shot-holes, is a stately ruin. Up a massive stair is the great banquet hall, the scene in *The Pirate* of the interview between Cleveland and Bunce. In the Bishop's Palace, which is much older than the Castle—though the circular tower, the principal portion remaining, is of the sixteenth century—King Haco died, after the Battle of Largs, in 1263. The Sagas relate how the grim old warrior prepared for death—paying his soldiers and receiving extreme unction; and how "all present bade the King farewell with a kiss." The Cathedral was then a century old. Earl Patrick, who lived nearly four hundred years after the Norse king, made no such pious ending. After a life-time of robberies, murders, treason, and almost every other imaginable crime, he was captured and sentenced to be executed; but as he was found so deplorably ignorant of religion as not to know even the Lord's prayer, the carrying out of the sentence was delayed for a short time so that he might receive instruction.

With that deplorable want of taste—and might I not say want of reverence?—which characterized Scotland for a century or two, the Castle and Palace were used as quarries for many years. Even the Cathedral began to suffer. In 1649 we find "my Lord Morton, his brother, presenting a desire in my Lord's name to the session." "That seeing his Lordship had one purpose to erect one tomb upon the corp of his umquhile father, in the best fashion he could have it; Therefore, understanding that there were some stones of marble in the floore of the Kirk of Kirkwall, commonly called St. Magnus, his Kirk, quhilk would be very suitable to the same tomb; Therefore, requested the favour of the session to uplift the said stones for the use aforesaid; Whereunto the session condescended, with this provision, that the places thereof be sufficiently filled up again with hewen stones." Very friendly and affable in my Lord Morton; but, really, one cannot help hoping that the "corp of his umquhile father" did not know! Fortunately for the Cathedral, no other noblemen applied; and before the palace and castle were quite demolished an accident made the destroyers pause and consider. Two men were quarrying together one day, and one of them had just drawn out a fine large stone, when (I shall not say unfortunately) he happened to let it fall on his companion's head.

In the island of Egilsay we find the ruins of a church, also dedicated to St. Magnus, on the very spot where the Saint was murdered. It consists of



THE EARL'S PALACE, KIRKWALL.

chancel and nave, both roofless, and has a high round tower—all its parts evidently of the same age. What this age is, is doubtful. There was a church on the island in 1115 when St. Magnus was murdered, for the Saga mentions that when Jarl Hakon and his men reached the island they "ran first to the church and ransacked it, but did not find the Jarl." As there is no record of the erection of this church at a later date, and as its style points to an earlier foundation than that of the Cathedral at Kirkwall, we may fairly assume that it is the original building. Some authorities believe that it antedates the arrival of the Norsemen, and was the work of the Culdees.

I never come to these far-away islands without wondering why it is that the adventurous American,

or the Englishman who is so fond of Norway, or even the average Scot, so seldom ventures hither. From Cathedral and Castle and Palace you may go to Picts' forts and Picts' houses, to the Stones of Stennis, where Minna Troil parted from Cleveland, and to the Dwarfie Stone, where Norna of the Fitful Head evoked the dread spirit. You may climb the Cathedral spire, and look over all the archipelago, or flit from island to island, singing ballads of the Thorfinns and Magnuses, who once ruled the rocky shores and rushing waters. You may sail "north, ever north!" like Bothwell, when flying from an incensed people he found the castle gates of Kirkwall barred against him, and the burgher band in arms:

"North, ever north! we sailed by night,
And yet the sky was red with light,
And purple rolled the deep.
When morning came we saw the tide
Break thundering on the rugged side
Of Sunburgh's awful steep;
And weary of the wave, at last
In Bressay Sound our anchor cast."

Or, the spirit of adventure growing upon you, you may make a run for Iceland, or dash into the shoreless seas beyond. The winds and waves are fierce, and often terrible; but if you are not hopelessly tame, something within you, which no soft southern skies have ever awakened, will flash into life—a fierceness acknowledging kindred with that of the outer world, a wild desire to leap forth and meet the elements and subdue them.

Tidings of Spring.

I woke this first spring morning,
And as I woke I heard
From underneath my cottage eaves
The twittering of a bird.
A sense of gladness fluttered
To my heart at that dear sound,
I seemed to see the flowers and leaves
That in the prime of summer time
All about my cottage eaves
Cluster closely round.

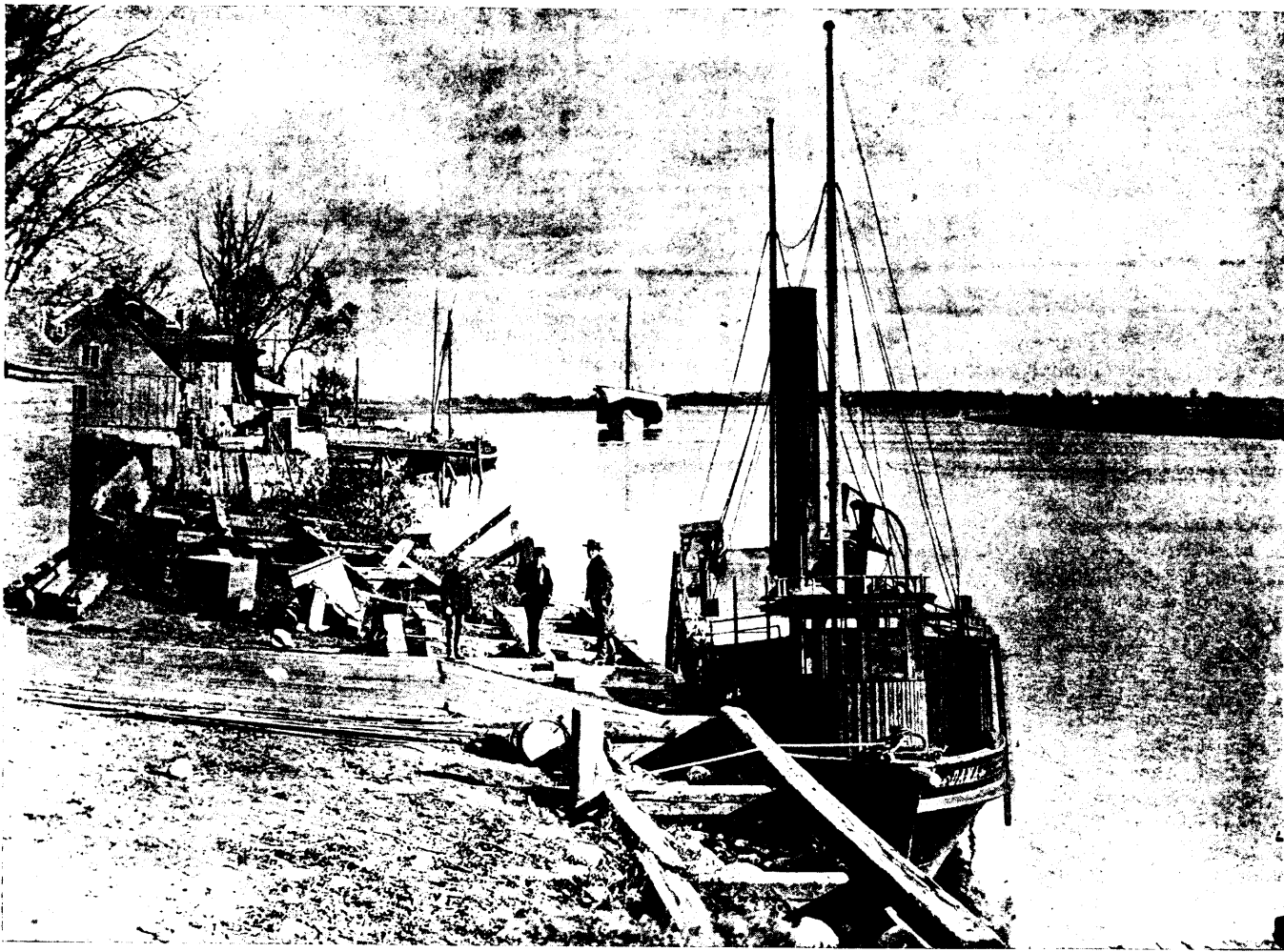
The little bird that brought me
These tidings of the spring
Was like a messenger of joy
My sad heart visiting.
Then from that heart I blest it,
As in my bed I lay,
And thought of the upland pastures fair,
And the solitudes of the mossy woods
And the golden sunshine dwelling there
Through all the summer day.

Thus, that small bird's twittering
Brought me a pleasant dream,—
Bore me away to scenes I love,
In the woodlands and by the stream.
And thus, if hearts be open
To Nature's slightest call,
They oft shall find—when looked for least—
That pleasure springs from lowliest things,
And life's best joys may be increased
By agents weak and small.

H. M.



THE OLD MAN OF HOY.



THE WHARF, BERTHIER, P.Q.

Our New York Letter.

Clyde Fitch, whose play "Beau Brummell"—and whose play "Frederick Le Maitre" was even more highly spoken of, has finished two acts of the play he has been commissioned to write for Mrs. John Wood, at the Court Theatre, London. Though he has written three such successful plays as "Beau Brummell," "Frederick Le Maitre" and "A Modern Man," and scored such a hit with his novel in Lippincott's, "A Wave of Life," he is only five and twenty—the Kipling of American literature.

Edgar Saltus's novel, *Mary Magdalen*, is out at last, and will be reviewed in these columns in a week or two. He makes Judas Iscariot the unwelcome suitor of *Mary Magdalen*, who betrays our Saviour from jealousy at his engrossing her affections. The subject is said to be reverently treated.

The Authors' Club is talking of making a new departure and having a "ladies' night."

The *Herald* is running a series of articles by the Booth family on "Darkest New York," with most realistic illustrations from the slums.

Mr. Ritchie's little comedietta, "Dinner at Eight," is still having a most successful run at the Madison Square Theatre. Everybody speaks well of it.

The annual exodus to Europe is threatening to set in with unusual severity. Mr. Somers, the brilliant founder and editor of *Current Literature and Short Stories*, has gone already; Clyde Fitch, the dramatist, goes next month, to be followed by Edgar Fawcett, Edgar Saltus

Jonathan Turges, translator of the successful "Odd Number" brought out by the Harpers, and Stuart Merrill, known equally well by literati for his translation, "Poets in Prose," and for a charming volume of French poems, French being his first language, though he is an American-born.

Brander Matthews goes too, next month, and Nugent Robinson, the editor of *Once a Week*, which has now a circulation of over 200,000 copies a week, goes in the summer. Among others who are going are Arthur Pickering, one of the best Boston critics, Mrs. Frank Leslie and Henry Tyrrell, the poet.

THE CHAPLAIN'S SECRET, by Walter Besant (F. F.

Neely, publisher, New York and Chicago). Though this not altogether uninteresting love tale bears Mr. Besant's name as its author, it is certainly not written in his usual style, and is far inferior to his former works. It is the well worn out plot of the beautiful governess with a "history" (which is not a very interesting one), marrying the eldest son of the household in which she is employed. There is little originality in the love tale or in the secret of the book, but it is short and easily read—a double recommendation for beguiling an hour in a railway car.

MADMOISELLE IXE, by Lande Falconer (The Unknown Library, Cassell & Co). A charmingly bound, charmingly written little book. It is a pleasure to read such a daintily-told romance in such a quaint and delicate covering. It is the story of a Prussian Nihilist entering the home of a peaceful and more than usually narrow-minded English family as governess, to carry out her revenge and murder a Prussian Count, one of the aggressors of her nation and an enemy of humanity, whom she knows to be a frequent guest in the family. The picture of the peaceful English country life, with all its narrowness, is a well-drawn contrast to her troublesome, haunted life and wild fanatical character. The popular verdict is that this is a book to be read.

THE YOUNGEST BROTHER, a socialistic romance by Ernst Wichert, translated from the German by Karnida (Laird & Lee, Chicago). To heavy reading for a romance of the modern times Germans may have time, and find pleasure in reading through 300 closely written pages of socialism, but the interests of the book, which are not few, and the plot, which is rather an original one, would have been better told for the ordinary public in half as many words. The story is sprinkled sparingly through pages of many arguments, and it seems as if the author might have done better with such distinctly good matter as the book contains.

BEHIND A MASK, a novel, by Louise Battles Cooper (Laird & Lee, Chicago). A brightly told tale of American life at a watering place, with a rather overstrained plot, which gets distinctly weaker towards the end of the book; but the heroine, whom the author has mercilessly christened "Cad," is rather a captivating character, and

interests you in her personality throughout the book, in spite of her absurd misunderstanding with her husband, which is long drawn out and tiresome. It is a pretty story, and though told in a "racy" style is happily free from unpleasant vulgarisms.

I have received such a complimentary letter from Houghton, Mifflin & Co. about Miss Lorimier's reviewing, and am still so "rushed" with bringing out books before leaving for England that she has again done the reviewing for me.

DOUGLAS SLADEN

Mental Aberration and Brain Structure.

If there is anything which has been taught to us by the most advanced stage of science as applied to the anatomy, the physiology and the pathology of the brain, it is the fact that the utmost degree of mental aberration may exist without there being the slightest change perceptible to our senses in the normal structure of the central organ of the mind. Of course there is some alteration, such, for instance, as a pernicious education may effect, or such as may be induced by indulgence in ignoble emotions, degrading trains of thought, or vicious practices; but it is so slight and perhaps so evanescent as to be entirely beyond the reach not only of our unaided senses, but of all the instruments of precision or of analytical processes that are at the present day at our disposal. The brain, therefore, of the most pronounced lunatic may not differ, so far as we can perceive, from that of one who during life had stood at the very summit of human mental development. At birth the two brains might have been identical, not only in the elements that entered into their composition, but also in their tendencies and proclivities. One, however, started in the course of life under disadvantageous circumstances; the other had everything in its favour. One was left to its own guidance and to the influence of circumstances detrimental to its well being; the other amid beneficial surroundings was carefully trained and developed. Would it be a matter of surprise if the possessor of the one should be an enemy of society and a perpetrator of acts of fraud and violence, and the other a leader in all honourable and virtuous purposes?—DR. W. A. HAMMOND, in *North American Review* for March.



TORONTO, March, 1891.

How interesting a page of chronology can be! Here is one from an old "History and Geography. By a Lady for the Use of Her Children. 1831," that tells us that by "The Peace of Utrecht, 1713, Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, New Britain and Hudson's Bay, in North America, were yielded to Great Britain," and that "Gibraltar and Minorca were also confirmed to the said Crown by this treaty." So that Newfoundland has belonged to England nearly two centuries, enjoying, however, that large liberty which has put it in her power to choose or leave alone confederation with the other British colonies so near her. Let us hope that in the present juncture she will use her liberty wisely, refusing alike the isolation she has so long hugged with jealous hands, and that annexation which would result in a complete loss of her autonomy.

The same chapter of chronology, under 1763, tells us that "The definitive treaty of peace between Great Britain, France, Spain and Portugal, concluded at Paris February 10, confirms to Great Britain the extensive provinces of Canada, East and West Florida and part of Louisiana in North America; also the islands of Grenada, St. Vincent's, Dominica, and Tobago in the West Indies." One cannot help thinking how unwise were the counsels that prevailed in the British Parliament and lost to the Crown so wide an extent of territories won by such an outpouring of blood and treasure as secured for it the Treaties of Utrecht and Paris. Or was it Providence that thus shaped their ends, notwithstanding the "rough-hewing" of cool heads and clear judgments.

The Chief Librarian issued invitations to the Corporation of the city, their wives and families to an "At Home" at the Public Library lately. I know that our Public Library has many treasures, and I hear that Mr. Bain's guests were astonished at the rarity and beauty of the display so politely set before them; but I must defer any description of it that I may be able to give until my turn comes to be one of the invited, as these are not occasions to be dealt with at second hand.

Hunter, Rose & Co. have just issued a volume which has a peculiar value. It is a memorial volume of W. A. Foster, Q.C., the originator of the Canada First party, of which Charles Mair, Geo. T. Denison, Lieut. Governor Schultz and, I think, Goldwin Smith formed the other active members. The volume is called "Canada First," and contains Mr. Foster's address on the organization of his idea into a concrete form. This alone would constitute a sufficient reason for the publication of the book, which has a mournful value by reason of Mr. Foster's untimely death, hastened, if not, as is said in some quarters, caused, by his herculean exertion in the affairs of the Central Bank; but it also contains other monographs on national subjects, and a charming sketch, "Down the St. Lawrence on a Raft."

Williamson introduces to us Margaret Vere Farrington's Romance, "Fra Lippo Lippi," of whom Browning wrote:

"I am poor Brother Lippo,
I was a baby when my mother died,
And father died and left me in the street.
I starved there, God knows how, a year or two.

Old Aunt Lapaccia trussed me with one hand
By the straight cut to the convent, Six words there
While I stood munching my first bread that month.
Will you renounce?—the mouthful of bread, thought I—
By no means. Brief: they made a monk of me.

Let's see what the urchin's fit for? that came next.
Not overmuch their way I must confess.
Flower o' the clove,
All the Latin I construe is "Amo," I love!
But, mind you, when a boy starving in the streets
Eight years together, as my fortune was,
Watching folks' faces to know which will fling

The bit of half-stripped grape bunch he desires,
And who will curse or kick him for his pains—
Which gentleman, processional and fine,
Holding a candle to the sacrament
Will wink and let him lift a plate and catch
The droppings of the wax to sell again,
Or holla for the Eight and have him whipped—
How say I?—nay, which dog-bites; which lets drop
His bone from the heap of offal in the street—
Why soul and sense of him grow sharp alike,
He learns the look of things, and none the less
For admonition of the hunger pinch.
I had a store of such remarks, be sure,
Which, after I found leisure, turned to use.
I drew men's faces on my copy-books,
Scrawled them within the antiphony's marge,
Joined legs and arms to the long music notes,
Found eyes and nose and chin for A's and B's.

The monks looked black,
'Nay,' quoth the Prior, "turn him out d'ye say!
In no wise. Lose a crow and catch a lark.
What if at last we get our man of parts,
We Carmelites, like those Camaldolese
And Preaching Friars, to do our church up fine
And put the front on it that ought to be!"
And hereupon he made me daub away."

There was some very fine "daubing" at the Royal Academy of Art exhibition. Our "Rockies," in the hands of F. M. Bell-Smith and Lucius O'Brien, are almost making a "school" of Canadian painting themselves. Glaciers, peaks, valleys, streams, mists—the cold, stony glare of the never-ceasing snow-fields of the peaks, and the warm, inviting smiles of the vales come to us on the canvases of these masters bearing a momentous message to which we are not yet fully awakened. "Yours. Yours. Yours. Ye Canadians." "Mont Blanc and the Col du Midi we know, but who are ye?" Is not this what our rejoinder would be were our thoughts given speech. Mr. O'Brien's "Windsor" and "The Stone and West Gate of Canterbury," show the artist in less familiar themes than his "Rockies," but are no less delightful and, being perhaps a trifle softer in treatment, gain in value. In his "Break, Break, on Thy Cold Grey Stones, O Sea" Mr. Bell-Smith shows us another phase of his genius. A cold subject, the picture is not cold, and while it impresses the beholder with its power, attracts instead of repelling him by a negation, as we might expect. Mr. Matthews had a fine canvas, "A Vancouver Island Stream" From somewhere amid the hills, at the back of the tall and solemn pines, comes a foaming and full stream, and on its left bank stands in lonely musing a solitary heron, type of the primeval quiet that reigns around him. The bit of animal life thus introduced by Mr. Matthews makes more apparent the absence of such accessories, as a rule, from the work of other of our artists. Such addition would, however, take from their pictures a boldness that presses itself upon one. Surely a mountain goat, a most picturesque creature; or an ibex, for the Rockies have them; or an eagle in full swoop, might not inaptly find a place and give a vim to the magnificent views with which our mountains furnish us. In the work of the Reids, husband and wife, Canadian art may boast itself. Mr. Reid's last picture, "Family Prayer," is a poem. It tells a story that touches all hearts. The homely kitchen with the breakfast table set, the aged grandfather seated, being too feeble to kneel, and alone; the father kneeling by his chair, his outstretched arm, with its torn shirt, telling of an overtaken existence to both husband and wife, the head thrown slightly back, the face being raised to that Heaven whose blessing is being implored with an earnestness that almost puts words into the gazer's mouth, seeming to deal with the mysteries of the unseen world and the pious remembrance of those "departed in Thy faith and fear," is very wonderful. The two little whispering children do not bear the attitude of childish gossiping, but rather of an awed communication from the one to the other of who it is that father is "praying about." The figure of the mother, an arm around her youngest, suggests another loss than that of the aged grandmother—her baby, perhaps, or her only son, for the little figures are all of girls. There is not a garish spot in the picture; yet, while its tone is, as befits the subject, grave, it is not dull. Mrs. Reid has a pretty landscape and several flower pieces, the deep crimson roses in a blue enamel jar excelling the rest. Mrs. Dignam, president of the women's Art League has also

several flower pieces, of which her "White Peonies" are the gem. "Marguerites and Buttercups" and "A Basket of Flowers," by Miss Rose Auerbach, are worthy of all praise. The buttercups are, however, king-cups, the earliest of the ranunculus tribe that lady spring blesses. Two Toronto landscapes, "The Vale of Avoca" (Rose-dale), by W. D. Blatchley, who also has a pretty picture from the same ravine, "Sunset," and Carl Ahren's "Breaking Wave," are good. John A. Fraser has not forgotten his native place, but has sent several fine Highland scenes; and J. T. Rolph contributes a pretty bit from Howard; or, as we know it best, High Park. In shore pieces are several excellent canvases. "Low Tide, Baie St. Paul," by W. Brymner, and "Schooner at Low Tide, Baie St. Paul," are perhaps the best of these. This artist has also several other pictures: "Sad Memories," a study in grave tones, yet full of force and meaning, and a "Blackfoot Indian Ready for the Sun Dance," which exhibits the artist's acquaintance with the use of strong colours. Percy Woodcock's "Snowed Up" and "Italian Street Singer" are two among this artist's excellent exhibit of several good pictures. W. Raphael has a fine picture with a mistaken title—there is nothing so hard as appropriately naming one's work. "The Tramp" as an accessory to a fine landscape is of use, but would have come out more effectively had he been crossing the stream that flows turbid and forsaken among the stones at the foot of the hill on which the deserted farm-house stands; or is it another development of the mortgaged homestead idea, and was the tramp once master there? Homer Watson sends several of his strong and true landscapes. This artist is more faithful in his greens than the general, and he is not afraid of them. His grass is grass, and you know it; and his sedges are sedges, and you know it. The sickly greeny-gallery, or yal ery-greeny, affected by some otherwise good painters, is neither true to nature nor art. Mr. Watson's "Fifeshire Pasture" and "Evening on the Thames" are worthy of his brush. J. C. Forbes has several excellent landscapes. "Willows at Cushing's Island" and "A Coming Storm" deserve particular notice. In portraits Mr. Forbes stands first in Canada, and his full length of A. M. Cosby, Esq., sustains his reputation. All the other portraits are very good, particularly that of Miss Marjorie Campbell. Mr. Ede had the only simply cattle pieces, and they are excellent, but his pasture is rough and unreal. C. Macdonald Manly's pictures show result of his careful study of nature as well as of the canons of art. In "Clearness After Rain" fine atmospheric conditions are reached, and "The Last of the Leaves" is a lovely bit of English landscape. Mr. Harris has some good things; of course, the best being "The Prelude." Miss Gertrude E. Spurr, an English lady lately arrived in Canada, has some carefully painted subjects—"Wild Flower," a large canvas, and "The Kingfisher," the English bird, introducing her work honourably. A very fine picture by Arthur Cox, "The Siberian Gates of Elora," has been very unfairly dealt with by some critics. It is a large canvas of a natural and beautiful scene. The drawing is good, the colouring true and the composition well thought out. The sky is perhaps too low down and fuller than need be of cloud; but this is a point not to be insisted upon, for nothing is so kaleidoscopic and hard to generalize as clouds and sky. Of sculpture there was little shown. A bust of L. R. O'Brien and one of a lady, both by Hamilton McCarthy, were about all. Mr. McCarthy's work is always life-like and spirited, but we should like to see more of it. Mr. F. A. Dunbar ought to let an exhibition of the Academy have something of his also, especially when we know what he can do of high artistic work.

It is impossible to do justice to an exhibition of paintings, even by mentioning all deserving names, in a mere weekly letter; but omission cannot mean condemnation, and when a collection is praised, as that just over has been, and deserved to be, no one need feel overlooked. Your correspondent is proud of Canada's art work, and glad to know that many of the pictures were sold very early. A splendid gift has just been accepted by the Canadian Institute, namely, "The Nests and Eggs of the Birds of Ohio," presented by the Rev. Vincent Clementi, of Peterborough.

S. A. CURZON.