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THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

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AGNES THOMSON,
THE YOUNG CANADIAN SOPRANO.

The Dominion Illustrated.

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9th FEBRUARY, 1889.

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED PUBLISHING
COMPANY.

We are forming a joint stock company to own and publish this journal. Its success as a commercial enterprise is now beyond doubt. The reception given the paper by the Press and the Public has been enthusiastic. The subscription lists keep swelling day by day. The advertising is steadily improving and the outlook generally is excellent. We started the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED with limited means, and have, single-handed, brought it to a period when the employment of additional capital is not only justified by the work done, the results achieved, and the certainty of success, but is required for the improvement, permanency and economic production of the paper. The proposed capital of the company is \$50,000, in shares of \$100, a notable portion of which is already subscribed by good business men, whose names are a guarantee of efficient and successful administration. Among these are:

Hon. Sir Donald A. Smith, K.C.M.G., M.P.,
President of the Bank of Montreal, Governor
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Adam Skaife, Esq., of J. H. R. Molson & Co.,
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The limited time we can spare from the arduous labours connected with the publication does not allow us to call on, nor even to write to, the many friends and well-wishers of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED, who may be both able and willing to assist in the enterprise. We therefore take this means of reaching them and asking them, as a particular favour, to send us their names, so that we may mail to them a detailed statement and prospectus. We would like to have shareholders all over the Dominion, and will be pleased to have applications for one share, five shares, or ten, from any of our friends. They will find it an investment that will be highly profitable and can only increase in value year by year. For prospectus and form of application, address the publishers.

G. E. DESBARATS & SON,
Montreal.



The Government deserve honour for the ready and fearless way in which instructions have been given not to issue any more licenses to American fishing vessels, under the *Modus Vivendi*. Some of the leases expired on the 31st January and have not been renewed; the remainder, which were issued for one year from date, will expire during the early summer.

A curious event lately occurred in California. A tree on a mountain, in Alpine County, Cal., was struck by lightning during a thunderstorm. The fluid followed the trunk into the ground, and immediately there burst forth a brilliant fire, which has continued to burn ever since. It is believed the lightning ignited a bed of coal, which is now feeding the flame.

The swell families of New York seem to be going to bring again into fashion the shorts and black silk hose of their forefathers, before, during, and even after the Revolution. At the most brilliant ball of the season so far in New York a half dozen of gentlemen were thus arrayed, and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt has asked the same gentlemen to bedeck themselves in the same garb for her next dancing party.

The Secretary of State has received from the United States Minister to Great Britain a telegram stating that the British Government has notified him of its acceptance of the invitation to the International Maritime Conference, to be held in Washington this autumn, subject to certain reservations as to the nature of the particular questions to be submitted, and to the necessity of ratification by powers represented.

Mr. Gladstone does not seem to be aware that Canada claims Mr. Edison, the inventor, as one of her sons, having said, in speaking through Edison's phonograph: "Your great country is leading the way in the important work of invention, and heartily do we wish it well." Edison's parents were Canadians and Edison himself spent the best years of his life in Canada, although, by the accident of birth, he is an American citizen.

Mr. John Lowe, Deputy Minister of Agriculture, has gone to the Maritime Provinces to make arrangements for the reception of immigrants next season. The present indications are that the volume of immigration this year will be much greater than last. Mr. Lowe has been practically the Minister of Immigration, and knows more about that great movement than any one in Canada. His judgment and discrimination are equalled only by his energy.

A theological student at Albert College, Belleville, Ont., Charles Edwards has been advised by an unknown friend in England, that he is heir to an estate valued at several hundred thousand pounds. He came to Canada with a lot of friendless waifs, and found a home at Marchmont, Belleville, being subsequently adopted by a farmer in Thurlow, named Edwards, whose name he bears. By his own industry he was educating himself for the ministry. It is said he was the victim of an unscrupulous relative, who thought to cheat him out of his fortune.

The Americans are only helping us, while they mean to harm. The Ottawa lumbermen are re-

joining over a measure introduced into the United States House of Representatives by Mr. Farquhar, of Buffalo. They hope to see it become law. Mr. Farquhar's bill, they claim, will simply protect Canadian forests from the American invader. It provides that no raft of logs or timber shall be brought into or taken out of any harbour, port of the United States, nor brought into or upon any of the great lakes from any river, stream, port or place in the Dominion of Canada or any other foreign port.

While the Knickerbockers of New York are going back to the garb of their forefathers, there is a leaning in London toward another olden form of raiment. A notion is taken from a fashion-plate of the Directoire, the Consulate or the Empire, and a little added here, or pruned off there, and the result is a modernized Directoire coat and skirts, or a short-waisted Empire gown and wide sash. The last style, however, has to be more modified than the first, as the English women do not, as yet, take as kindly to the high waist as their French sisters, not having discovered that, to a really good figure, it is by no means unbecoming.

THE GREAT CARNIVAL OF THE NORTH.

If the question were asked, "What is the most striking characteristic of Canada?" the answer would undoubtedly be—its Winter Carnival. It has about it a picturesqueness that is distinctively Canadian, a freedom that well comports with our institutions, and a sense of enjoyment such as only obtains in a climate where winter occupations and winter pastimes are possible. The Ice Palace, fashioned by the hands of skilful workmen, may be said to represent the strength and beauty and rugged grandeur of the Canadian character, while the varied pleasures in which our people take part during the winter months lend tone and colour and warmth to a picture which has left its impress on the minds of multitudes of men from other lands. If nature has been lavish in her distribution of keen frosts and snowfalls in these northern latitudes, she has, with due regard for the law of compensation, been equally lavish in her distribution of the physical qualities which enable our people to make the most of them. The outdoor enjoyments of a Canadian winter are a perpetual tonic, and play an important part in building up a community of men and women, whose ancestors came from beyond the sea to found a new nation and unfold for the records of civilization the pages of half a continent. Of such a land Whittier must have spoken with inspired thought when he said:

"I hear the tread of pioneers
Of nations yet to be,
The first low wash of waves where soon
Shall roll a human sea."

Our people display the true philosophical spirit when they make the best of the conditions by which they are environed, and the Winter Carnival, with its Ice Palace and concomitant pastimes, proves to the world that climatic conditions, which at first appear to be harsh and inhospitable, can be made subservient to the purposes and pleasures of a progressive people. During the winter months Montreal becomes the Mecca of pleasure seekers from other climes, and the eagerness with which they look forward to the return of the Carnival season, and the zeal with which they enter into the enjoyments pertaining to it, reflect the

feelings which dominate our people, and give buoyancy and brightness to the rule of the Frost King in his Canadian Kingdom. People who have never been in Canada during the winter season have but vague and ill-defined ideas of the enjoyment that is had in snowshoeing, tobogganing and sleigh-riding, and a visit to Montreal serves to dissipate the absurd ideas that prevail in some countries that our people can see the North Pole from their back windows, and that they can rarely ever venture out of doors while the snow is on the ground. Winter is really the most delightful and exhilarating season of the year in Canada, and the denizens of warmer climes who visit the Carnival have ample opportunities of determining for themselves, by practical experience, how much enjoyment is to be taken out of our winter pastimes. The climax of the Winter Carnival is seen in the storming of the Ice Palace, a sight which is in its way a thing of beauty, and a fitting conclusion of a season of merriment and picturesque, of which the early pioneers, whose bark canoes floated languidly on the placid waters of the St. Lawrence, little dreamed, but which their successors have crystallized into a glowing reality, instinct with life and movement, while Mount Royal looks down from its Olympian heights, wrapped in its mantle of purity, and keeps watch and ward, lending the grandeur and beauty of its proportions to a scene which lives in the memory forever after.

And, among the other winter sports, we must not forget the silver skate and the glories of the crystal of the Victoria Rink. This Round has been one of the institutions of Montreal, long before any other form of sport. The Tournaments, the Games, the Exhibitions, the Fancy Dress Masquerades and the Dances have all rendered this parallelogram of frozen water the most brilliant scene in America and unsurpassed even in St. Petersburg. Visitors from abroad never miss this scene of splendour. And this year will be no exception. Lord Stanley and his family will open their eyes on the glittering spectacle, and will doubtless not miss a single one of the events. Perhaps nothing will so impress the inmates of Rideau Hall with the winter pleasures of Montreal.

THE CITY OF MONTREAL.

The following, written for the programme of the Winter Carnival, by Mr. S. E. Dawson, deserves to be read in connection with our winter sports:

Visitors to our Winter Carnival must not hastily conclude that we are a Hyperborean people, of cheerful disposition in outward seeming, but, in reality, wrestling for our living with an unfavourable climate and holding Carnivals to keep our spirits up. A glance from the Mountain Park over the substantial buildings of the city and the costly villas of the suburbs will convince any stranger that we are a people with a surplus of material comforts. The numerous tall chimneys, which are obscuring the clear sky with smoke, only partially explain our resources. Nor will our position be explained by remembering that Montreal is the pivot of two immense railway systems. For not only does the Grand Trunk centre here, extending from Portland and Quebec to Chicago and through the West—a system with its branches of 4,090 miles, under one management—but the Canadian Pacific system, with an aggregate length of 5,292 miles, the longest railway in the world—reaching, under one management, from the Atlan-

tic to the Great Western Ocean—has its vital centre in Montreal. These two railways span the St. Lawrence here by bridges, each unique of its kind—the Victoria Bridge, 9,184 feet, and the Canadian Pacific Bridge, 3,660 feet in length. Montreal, then, is a very remarkable centre of converging railways; but even this circumstance does not fully explain the whole business of the city, for the exports amounted in the year just closed to \$24,049,638; and the imports for the year ending September 30th, 1888 (the latest date attainable now), to \$41,481,330; while the aggregate banking capital, of those banks only which have been originated and have their head offices here, amounts (with the accrued rest) to \$32,000,000.

Nature, at Montreal, runs through a wider cycle of change than in any other city of similar size in the world. A few short months hence, and the fields, now resting invisible under the snow, will start into life, and under a summer temperature, the same as that of Central France, even semi-tropical crops such as maize, tomatoes and tobacco will ripen in the open air. Wharves, now invisible under the ice, will be encumbered with freight discharged all day long from great black-hulled ocean steamers, while at night, aided by the artificial daylight of electric lamps, long trains of cars will roll over these now hidden wharves, and distribute the freight over the country as far as the Pacific Ocean. It is difficult to realize this in winter. The large elevators seem useless on the margin of our icy river, over which the *habitants* are drawing their produce to market; but the figures of last summer's business, in our own silent harbour, will help our visitors to realize it. Last season, 655 ocean vessels, nearly all steamers of the largest size, measuring 782,473 tons, arrived at our port. To meet these there came from the western lakes 5,500 inland vessels, with an aggregate of 863,014 tons. The leading items of export during the same period were: Wheat, 2,033,325 bushels; corn, 2,721,282 bushels; peas, 895,314 bushels; flour, 585,602 barrels; cheese, 1,116,627 boxes; lumber, 120,979,881 feet; phosphates, 16,133 tons; apples, 264,133 barrels; cattle, 61,003; sheep, 46,223. These are some only of the items which make up our summer business.

But our winter visitor should know that Montreal is not only a port, but also a *free* port—free from all tonnage and harbour dues; and moreover, that it is accessible to the largest ocean steamships. At Liverpool there is a depth of only 9 feet at low water on the bar of the Mersey; vessels can be docked only when the tide is at its height. At New York, the depth over the bar at Sandy Hook during low water is 21 feet; at highest tide, 29 feet. At Boston the range is from 21 feet at low tide, to 29½ feet at the highest; but from Montreal there is always a depth of 27½ feet of water from the wharves, at lowest river level, to the ocean. Thanks, then, to natural advantages of situation and to the energy of some of her citizens, living and dead, Montreal sits enthroned the queen of the waters of the North.

The future of Montreal as a manufacturing centre is bright, because of the orderly and industrious habits of the working classes. The population in 1888 was 195,864, and it is difficult to foresee to what extent that number may grow when all the natural advantages of the city are utilized. The assessed value of the real estate in

1887 was \$102,641,720, and the municipal revenue was \$1,948,393. A glance at the map will show the magnitude of the basin of the River St. Lawrence, with its tributaries, and a glance at the distant shore across the river will show the volume of its waters. All this water drops 45 feet in 8½ miles, just above the city. The Connecticut River at Holyoke affords 60,000 horse-power, and this is leased at \$4.62 per horse-power per annum, so that each mill privilege of 65 horse-power costs \$300 per annum. Compare the basin of the Connecticut with the basin of the St. Lawrence, and calculate the number of horse-power running to waste at Montreal; bear in mind the qualities of the working population, and the possibilities of the city will begin to appear. The day may arrive when the queen of the waterways of the North will cease to obscure her clear skies with the unconsumed residues of coal imported from a distance, when a portion of the unused power of the river may be utilized, and the annual cost of a horse-power may sink to \$5. Then the natural advantages of Montreal will stand clearly revealed, even during a Winter Carnival.

S. E. DAWSON.

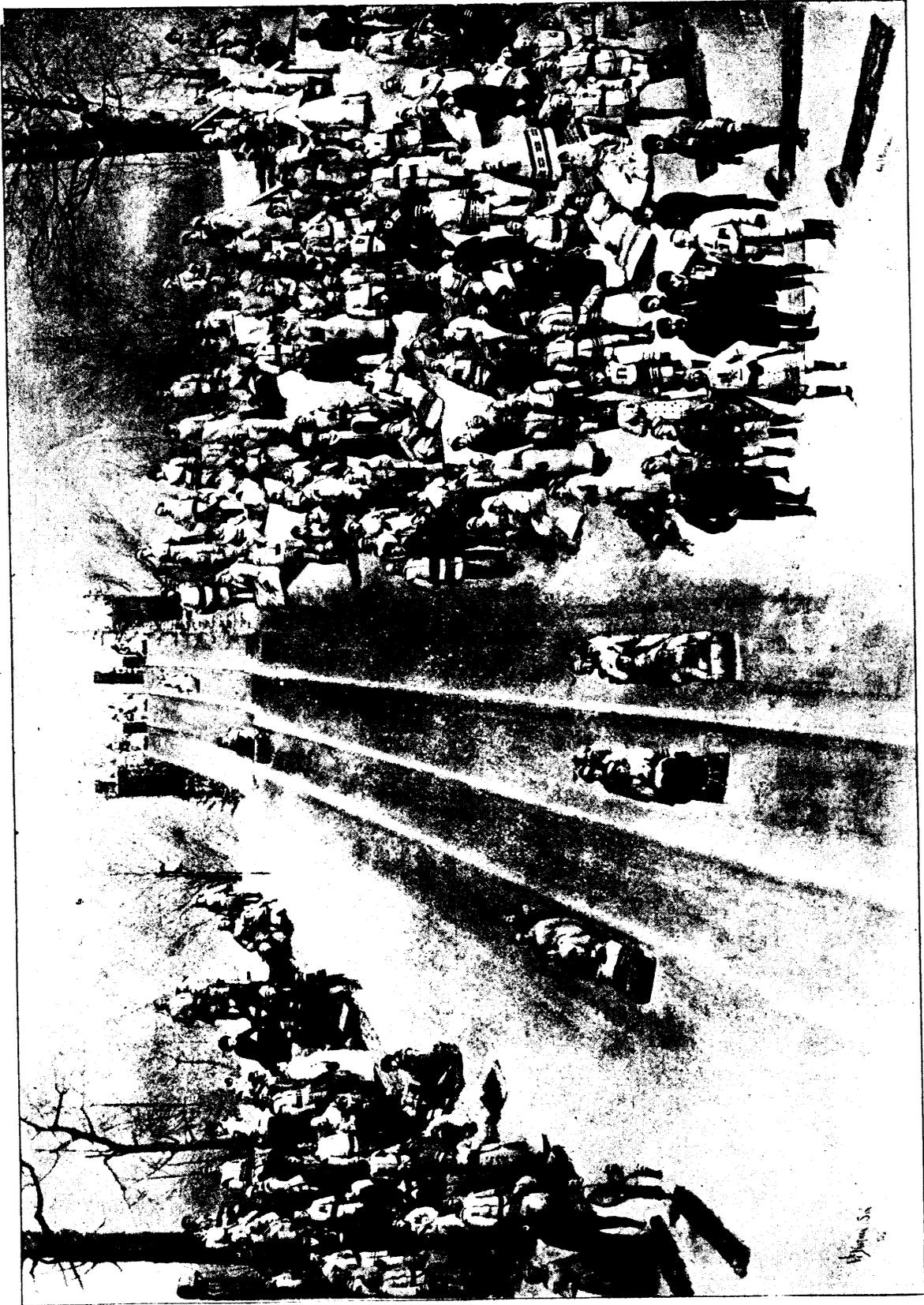
GREEK ART.

It is not without reason that all enlightened ages and peoples have admired Grecian civilization, for there is within it a reflection of eternal wisdom and heavenly beauty. It is, furthermore, to be observed that the modern world is largely indebted to Grecian Art. Civilization is derived, in great measure, from Greece, and hence we may look there for the sources of light and the explanation of many of the constituent principles of modern society, as we know that water will be found clearer and purer the more we draw it from its spring. This thought has inspired an eminent historian:

"In my youth I had conceived the design of devoting my whole life to the writing of a history of France, in at least eight or ten volumes. I set to work, but, on sounding our ancient land of Gaul, I found the traces of Rome. At once I went to Rome. There it was forced upon my mind that Roman civilization had been powerfully influenced by that of Greece. I was thus led on from Rome to Athens. Godfrey of Bouillon, a great warrior and a wise king, full of righteousness, was deeply moved by the wonders of art. When war and government gave him a respite, he hied him to the beautiful churches and to the contemplation of rich sculptures and venerable images."

We proceed now to establish certain principles on this Art, which seems at first sight to put into one the first attempts of the human race, and which, after its effervescence, and its arrival at what seems to be the highest degree of plastic perfection, has gradually permeated the whole world with its influence. To demonstrate this we must recall what we have already said on the formation of the Hellenic people. Several nations, says Thucydides (c. ii., b. i.), followed each other, without making lasting establishments. Herodotus and Strabo say the same thing. The country was the scene of several migrations. The Pelasgi and the Hellenes came together—the one from the north, the other from the south of Bactria (Turkestan). They sought to settle and fortified themselves. They spread over the country with enormous buildings, whereof several are still standing in Epirus, Thessaly, Bœotia, Attica and

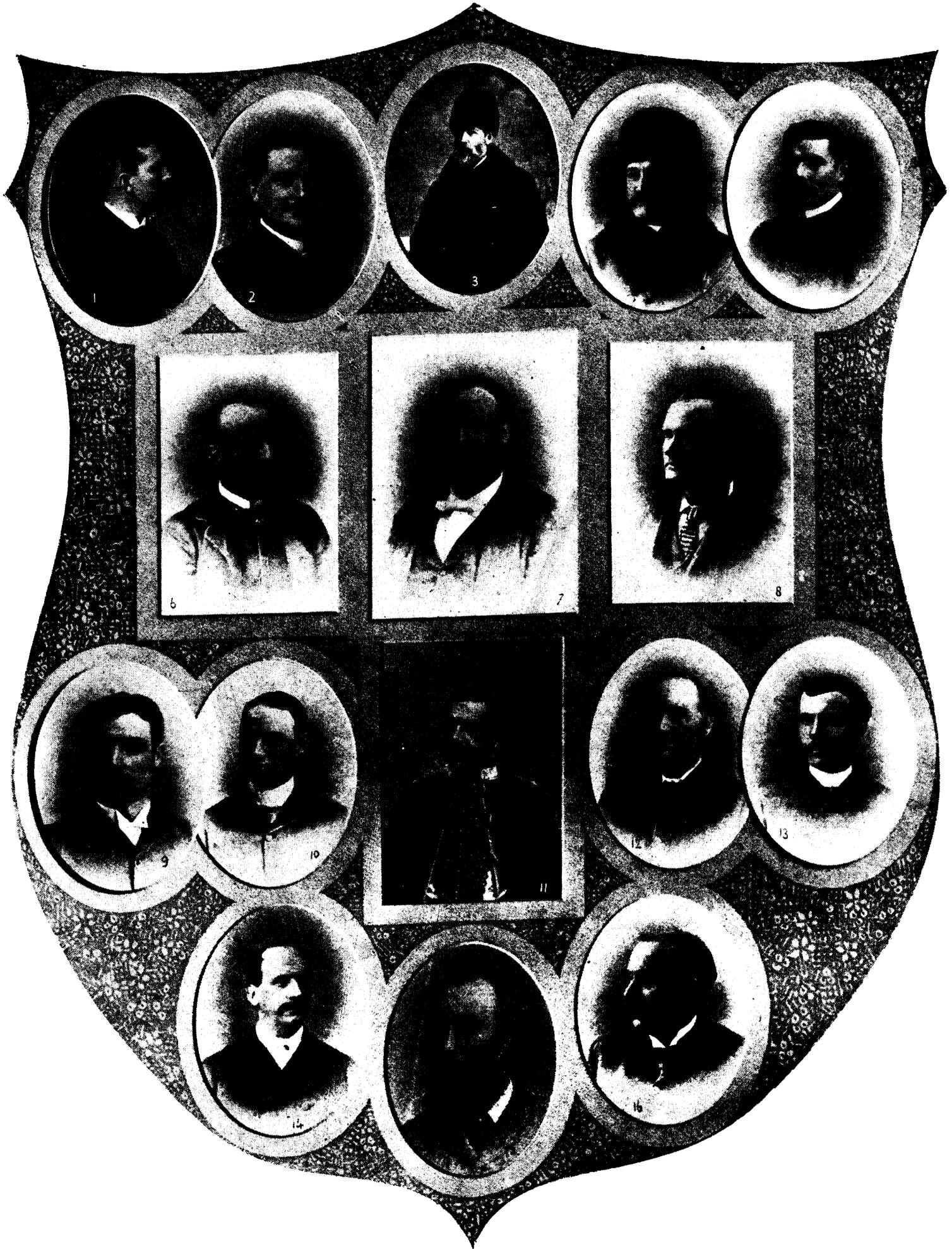
CANADIAN WINTER SCENES.



THE "PARK" TOBOGGAN SLIDE.

From a Photograph by Notman.

MONTREAL WINTER CARNIVAL, 1889.



CHAIRMEN OF THE CARNIVAL COMMITTEES.

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- 2. THOS. GAUTHIER, Fancy Drive.
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- 5. JOHN ARNTON, Jr., Hockey.

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- 13. W. BELLINGHAM, Snowshoeing.
- 14. M. NOLAN DELISLE, Lodgings.
- 15. D. H. HENDERSON, Ice Palace.
- 16. WM. EDGAR, Transportation.

the Peloponnesus. Traces of these primitive attempts are seen at Corinth, in Attica, at the Acropolis, at Mycenæ, similar to those found in all Italy, where the footsteps of over two hundred Pelasgian forms were discovered. Thence was established the country and the nationality was born which was reserved for so marvellous a destiny. Yet, Greece is one of the smallest countries, smaller than Portugal. It has only 700,000 inhabitants.

From the highest antiquity, from the fifteenth to the tenth century before Christ, famous names are brought forward—Hercules, Theseus, Perseus and Bellerophon. Then the renowned legends are unrolled,—that of Orpheus, Psyche, Danae; the Niobides and the Atrides. At length we come to the Trojan war, the exploits of the Heracleides, and the struggles of the Messenians and Spartans. The siege of Troy, for instance, is a subject worthy of the greatest attention for the knowledge of Grecian antiquity.

Homer towers by his genius. He gives us the most useful information about the knowledge of the Greeks. The shields of Achilles, Ajax and Nestor are masterpieces of description.

The learned lecturer closed by describing the Erechtheron, the Temple of Theseus and the Parthenon, calling attention to the inclined lines of the latter. He was severe on Vitruvius and his rule and compass principles, and facetiously said that, at the battle of Navarino, in 1828, it was not only the Turkish and Egyptian fleets that were knocked to pieces, but Vitruvius and his false principles went down to the bottom of the sea. After the lecture the public were shown the great work of M. Arosa on the Parthenon, by the Abbé Desmazures, Professor of Transcendental Archaeology in Laval University.

LITERARY NOTES.

Mr. George Gehan, author of the "Lancashire Witches," "John Barleycorn," and other works, is dead. He was 74 years old.

A paper in the St. John, N. B., *Progress*, by Mr. H. Percy Scott, of Windsor, N.S., informs us that the Haliburton Club, of Windsor, have arranged with Mr. F. Blake Crofton, Provincial Librarian, to publish "The Study of Haliburton; The Man and Writer," a work which has recently engaged the attention of the Historical Society of Nova Scotia.

Mr. G. Birkbeck Hill, the editor of "Boswell's Johnson," has engaged to collect and edit for the Clarendon Press the letters of Johnson. Many of these are already in print, although scattered through many volumes, while many others still remain in manuscript. Since editing "Boswell," Mr. Hill has received copies of letters which he had never seen.

The Provincial Government has appointed Prof. Wm. J. Alexander, of Dalhousie College and the University of Halifax, N.S., to the Professorship of English Language and Literature in the Toronto University. Prof. Alexander, who is a native of Hamilton, Ont., is a scholar of high attainment. He is a B. A. of London, also winning high honours in the Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore. He got the appointment in preference to Wm. Houston, M.A., and D. B. Keys, B.A., of Toronto University.

The *Quebec Chronicle* says:—"There are three fellowships vacant in the English literature section of the Royal Society, and to fill these vacancies Messrs. Horatio Hale, of Clinton, Ont.; Geo. Patterson, of New Glasgow, N.S., and Charles Mair, of Prince Albert, have been nominated. As the time for receiving nominations has closed, they will, without doubt, be elected. Mr. Hale occupies a high rank among the philologists of this continent. He has given special attention to the native languages of Canada, is the author of numerous valuable papers on that subject, as well as on the languages of Polynesia, and on important departments of the science of language. He is one of the three members of the British Association specially nominated to report on the physical characters, languages and social condition of the Northwest tribes of Canada. Mr. Patterson has devoted much attention to the history and archaeology of Nova Scotia and to its native Indian tribes, while Mr. Mair is well known as the author of 'Dreamland' and other poems, and 'Tecumseth,' a drama."



AGNES THOMSON, THE YOUNG CANADIAN SOPRANO.—Readers of this number cannot fail being struck by the face of the young lady whose likeness adorns our front page, and they who may be so fortunate as to hear her sing, will readily acknowledge that her voice is as sweet as her face is attractive. Agnes Thomson, of Toronto, has gradually been winning favour and honours in Western Canada while studying under Mr. W. Elliot Haslam, who points with pride to the success of his fair pupil. During the past year she has still further improved her voice and style under the able tuition of Mr. Emilio Agramonte, of New York. Agnes Thomson's voice is a brilliant soprano, of such exceedingly high range that it extends to F in alt., and it possesses a capability and sympathy of expression rarely met with in voices of that *timbre*, the quality of tone being exquisite. In singing that part of her repertoire which comprises the finest operatic gems she excels in brilliant floriture, while in ballad singing, with which, perhaps, she delights her audiences most of all, the critics aver that she has no equal. "Metronome," in a Toronto weekly, says: "Her singing of 'The Last Rose of Summer' is a wonderful instance of this power. When she sings the line 'Are faded and gone,' one sees the full autumnal desolation, and one's whole sympathy goes out to the poor forlorn blossom 'left blooming alone.'" In strong contrast to this is her mischievous 'Comin Thro' the Rye,' where arch, yet innocent, merriment seems to run riot." "Figaro," in another Toronto weekly, says: "The chief charm of her voice is a happy, joyous quality, which reminds one of the birds and sunshine of leafy June." And a Toronto poet writes this of her pathetic singing of "Home, Sweet Home," which she renders as few can:—

I see agen the cottage porch where mother uster sit,
A watchin' uv us children while she'd darn the socks er knit.
I see once more the honeysuckle climbin' round the door,
Myself, a 'lue-eyed baby, chasin' sunbeams on the floor,
The speckled rooster crowin' and a-waggin' uv his comb
When little Agnes Thomson sings'

HOME,
SWEET
HOME.

I've somehow got a feelin' thet, when in the by-an'-bye,
The great celestial choir's a-singin' up there in the sky,
The angels joinin' sweetly in the grand, triumphal song—
Thev'll dro' their harps an' hush when Agnes Thomson comes along.
Thev'll hush, an' 'silence deeo will reign above the cobalt dome
While little Agnes Thomson sings 'em

HOME,
SWEET
HOME.

During her term of study in New York, Agnes Thomson sang once in Steinway Hall and once in the Academy of Music, and on each occasion she was so appreciated that the very exacting critics of that city spoke of her in words of the highest praise, especially for her ballad singing. The lady's most recent appearance in Canada was upon her return to Toronto from New York, when she sang at a concert given under the auspices of the Royal Grenadiers, and attended by the wealth, fashion and art of the city. An ovation of some minutes greeted her appearance upon the stage and the enthusiastic applause was overwhelming. That Agnes Thomson is not only justly appreciated but devotedly admired in her native province has long since been proven, and now her fame is extending over the whole continent. As will be seen by the portrait, her face is particularly pleasing, its chief charm being a bright, sunny smile, that never leaves it, and a clear complexion, so characteristic of our fair countrywomen, to both of which our engraving can scarcely do justice. With robust health, good looks, youth, and her sweet voice, it is a fair prediction that before many years Agnes Thomson will have acquired universal renown, and that we shall point to her with pride as another Canadian Nightingale.

TOBOGGANING.—We present our readers with quite a variety of engravings of one of our national winter sports, from photographs by Notman and Sumnerhayes & Walford. The scene of "TOBOGGANING BY MOONLIGHT" is spread on Fletcher's Field, than which there there is no more suitable ground in or around Montreal. In the background gleam the gables of the Golf Club-house; to the left the dark hump of the Mountain, and to the right a stretch of valley, bounded by the gardens and orchards of the Hotel Dieu.

"THE PARK SLIDE" is by Notman. Four infinite lines. The members of the several clubs, with their lady attendants, in costume,—children, with a wary guide, on the left; two young ladies, with a jolly pilot, in the middle, and on the left a similar trio. It is a beautiful scene, full of animation, and gives a fine impression of the sport.

SNOWSHOEING.—THE SNOWSHOE MEET.—The old, well-known trysting place, at the McGill College Gates. The men strapping on their webbed sandals, or pulling down their tuques, or, being wholly equipped, chatting with their fair friends, who have come to see them off, and who frequently join in the tramp—all these present features which are always pleasing to the eye, although witnessed every winter.

"THE SNOWSHOE HALT on the Mountain" is again by Sumnerhayes and Walford, representing members of the Tuque Bleue, St. George, and other clubs, under Evergreen

Grant and Fred. Henshaw, stopping to rest under the Pines, and gathering round the blazing fire, while the numerous torches and the full moon throw fantastic shadows on the silvery snow.

THE CHAIRMEN OF THE CARNIVAL COMMITTEES.—The name and qualification of each being given at the foot of the engraving, it is not necessary to repeat them here. Suffice it to say that where all have worked like beavers, it would be invidious to particularize. The success of the Carnival will, in a great measure, have been due to these men, and we put them on record, that their names and their features may be equally familiar to fellow citizens and visitors alike. The portraits and grouping are Notman's.

THE ICE CASTLE AND PALACES.—There is a distinction to be made in the names. In 1885, it was an Ice Castle of gothic times, such as we see in England and Scotland and the North of France. In 1886, it was an Ice Palace, such as are again seen in many of the "stately homes" of England, and which we find in plenty in the pleasant valley of the Loire. In 1887, the Ice Castle was more chastened and plainer in outline, offering a better play for the sunlight, moonlight and glare of torches. This year we have a monumental Ice Castle of greater spread, more massive, and more architecturally built than any which has yet stood on the classic ground of Dominion Square. We will publish, in a fortnight, a fine view of it, taken from nature, as were those now given, and it will be interesting to compare the relative merits of the four constructions.

TIRED OUT is another picture by Notman, of two snowshoe trappers, belated in the wilderness, in the teeth of a drifting snowstorm, one of them, fagged, falling under the burden of his packs, while his sturdy companion stands over him, like a Providence, to lighten his load, and spread him a couch upon the snow, after which he will set about building a great fire and cooking a roaring supper. Then the tired man will shake his limbs together and start back to the camp or settlement, like a giant refreshed by wine.

A POEM TO THE VIRGIN.

FROM A MS IN THE CAMBRIDGE PUBLIC LIBRARY, OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

Mary moder, wel thow be!
Mary mayden, think on me.
Mayden and moder was never non
To thee, lady, but thow allon.
Swete Mary, Mayden clene, (1)
Shilde me fro all shame and tene; (2)
And out of synn lady shilde thou me,
And out of det, for charite.
Lady, for thi joys fyve,
Gyf me grace in this life
To know and kepe over all thyng
Cristyn feath and Goddis biddyng,
And truly wyne all that is nede
To me and myne, bothe cloth and fede.
Helpe me, lady, and alle myne;
Shilde me, lady, fro hel pyne, (3)
Shilde me, lady, fro vilany,
And fro alle wycked company.
Shilde me, lady, fro evel shame,
And from all wycked fame.
Swete Mary, mayden mylde,
Fro the fende thou me shilde,
That the fende me not dere; (4)
Swete lady, thou me were (5)
Both be day and be night;
Helpe me, lady, with alle thy might,
For my friends, lady, I pray the,
That they may saved be
To their soulis and their life,
Lady, for thi joyes gyve.
For mine enymys I pray also,
That they may here so do,
That thei nor I in wrath dye;
Swete lady, I the pray,
And thei that be in dedly synn,
Lett hem never die therein;
But swete lady, thou them rede (6)
For to amende there my seede (7)
Swete lady, for me thou pray to hevyn King,
To graunt me howsile (8), Christe, and gode endyng
Jhesu, for the holy grace,
In heven blisse to have a place;
Lady as I trust in the,
These prayers that thou graunt me;
And I shall, lady, her belyve (9)
Grete the with avys fyve, (10)
A pater noster and a crede
To helpe me, lady, at my need.
Swete lady, full of wyne, (11)
Full of grace and gode within
As thou art flour of alle thi kynne,
Do my synnes for to blynye, (12)
And kepe me out of dedly synne,
That I be never takyn therein.

1. "Clene"—Pure
2. "Tene"—Sorrow or reproach
3. "Pyne"—Torment
4. "Dere"—To injure
5. "Were"—To defend
6. "Rede"—To advise
7. "Sede"—Seed
8. "Howsile"—To administer the sacraments
9. "Belyve"—Quickly
10. "Avys"—Aves Hail Mary
11. "Wynne"—Pleasure; Joy.
12. "Blynye"—To cease

THE GENIUS OF NAPOLEON.

Earl Stanhope, in his report of conversations with the Duke of Wellington, says: "I asked him whether he thought Napoleon wholly indebted to his genius for his pre-eminence, and whether all his marshals were really so very inferior to him?" "Oh, yes; there was nothing like him. He suited a French army so exactly! Depend upon it, at the head of a French army, there was never anything like him. In short, I used to say of him that his presence on the field made the difference of 40,000 men. The French soldiers are more under control than ours. It was quite shocking what excesses ours committed when once let loose. I remember once at Badajos, when we stormed the town, entering a cellar and seeing some soldiers lying on the floor so dead drunk that the wine was actually flowing from their mouths! Yet others were coming in, not at all disgusted at seeing them, and going to do the same. Our soldiers could not resist wine. The French, too, could shift better for themselves, and always live on the country."

"Lady Salisbury asked which was the greatest military genius, Marlborough or Napoleon?—'Why, I don't know; it was very difficult to tell. I can hardly conceive anything greater than Napoleon at the head of an army—especially a French army. Then he had one prodigious advantage—he had no responsibility—he could do whatever he pleased; and no man has ever lost more armies than he did. Now with me the loss of every man told. I could not risk so much. I knew that if I ever lost 500 men without the clearest necessity, I should be brought upon my knees to the bar of the House of Commons.'

An account of the preparations made by Napoleon for the campaign of 1812, against Russia, is given by Major Liebert, of the German general staff, in the supplement to the *Militär Wochenblatt*. "The impression has more or less always existed that Napoleon entered upon this campaign without sufficient preparation, and that this in the first instance led to his defeat, and, secondly, also the want of discipline in his heterogeneous army caused by this insufficient preparation. This theory is, however, being dispelled the more the actual facts are brought to light. As regards Napoleon himself, the author says that one of the chief factors in his victorious wars was the thorough, systematic preparations that he gave to them, and his organizing talent, which enabled him to secure for himself a superiority of numbers. The principal share of the gigantic work of organization activity fell entirely to the Emperor, and his wonderful memory, his never-tiring power of working, and his investigation of all branches of administration, must astonish all who look closer into his undertakings.

It appears that Napoleon had actually brought into the field against Russia 608,000 men, 18,700 horses and 1,372 guns. That was the result of the grand preparations which Napoleon had imposed on his own country and on his allies. During the whole of his military career he had not prepared any campaign in such a thorough manner as the Russian; neither before nor after had he been able to dispose of anything like those numbers. But even in the course of the present century we only see them surpassed in the year 1870-71. Napoleon seems to have greatly over-rated his adversary, however, in expecting to meet him on an equal footing with himself and force him to a decisive battle; he could not arrive at this, and the wide field over which the enemy had to be pursued eventually caused his own breakdown.

GREAT BRITISH GENERALS.

"Melton Prior," of the *Illustrated London News*, replying to the *World*, speaks thus of our present great Generals: In case of a war into which England would be drawn, Adjutant-General Lord Wolseley would undoubtedly be in command of field operations. After him, Sir Frederick Roberts is the best worthy of consideration. General Sir Frederick Roberts proved himself a hero in Afghanistan. He led that famous quick march from Cabul to Candahar. In Burmah he

won more laurels, quelling decisively and thoroughly those brave and bigoted outlaws, the Dacoits. General Roberts is a small man, with heavy dark moustache and grizzled hair. He is about fifty-five years old, keen-eyed and impressive. General Roberts is very fond of ladies' society.

Of General Roberts it is to be said that he, as well as nearly every one of the British generals hereinafter mentioned, is at that ripe age of discreet activity which a commander reaches between fifty and sixty years of age.

Major-General Brackenbury was Lord Wolseley's military secretary. He served gallantly in the Ashantee war and wherever Lord Wolseley commanded. When General Earle was killed up the Nile, General Brackenbury brought Earle's column safely back through the perils of the cataracts. He is a big, stout man, stern, very solemn and reserved. General Brackenbury looks every inch a soldier, and has black beard and moustache.

General Sir Evelyn Wood is a little man who won his Victoria Cross in the Crimea. He has the misfortune to be very deaf, and has several times come near losing his life from that infirmity. At Slobane, just before Ulundi, in South Africa, General Wood didn't hear the Zulus behind him, and would have been massacred but for his aide-de-camp. He has, however, a very observant eye, and a merry disposition, and is a very keen soldier. He has light moustache and beard, gray hair, and is what might be called stumpy in figure.

General Sir Archibald Alison has only one arm left. Mr. Prior has seen him in battle in Amoafu and Ramleh, with his good arm wounded and riding like a demon, his bridle reins between his teeth. General Alison is red-headed, tall and thin, and wears red whiskers and moustache.

General Sam Brown is another one-armed commander. He distinguished himself in the Afghan war. He is quite gray, and wears long beard and moustache.

General Willis is a tall thin blonde, of cheery disposition and great gallantry. He was conspicuous at Tel-el-Kebir, and, like most commanders, wears moustache and whiskers in the field.

Prendergast, the great Indian general, is very tall and brown. He wears dark long beard and moustache, and was highly commended for his famously rapid march up the Irrawaddy to Mandalay. He so confused the Burmese by his quickness that he got to the capital before they had time to kill their European prisoners.

Major-General Sir Redvers Buller is a big, tall, surly fellow, very stern and reticent. He wears dark beard and moustache, and was in charge of the volunteer cavalry as colonel during the Zulu war. General Buller went up the Nile and brought back General Stewart's column in safety, through severe fighting, after that gallant officer met his death.

These are all gallant and tried commanders who have won their spurs, and are sure to come to the front of the British armies in their next war.

PERSONAL.

Sims Reeves is about to retire into private life, after being before the public for nearly fifty years.

Mr. W. D. Harrington, a prominent Conservative and retired merchant of Halifax, is appointed Collector of Customs at Halifax, in place of Hon. Wm. Ross, who may be superannuated.

Sir William Buell Richards, ex-Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, died recently of diabetes. He was buried at Brockville, where he was born 74 years ago. Sir William retired from the Bench several years ago. He has been confined to his bed for several months past.

Richard Holmes, of Farmersville, age 102 years, died recently after a brief illness. He was born at Chatham, New York. He was the oldest man in Eastern Ontario, and was considered the oldest Mason in Canada, and possibly in America, having been initiated into its secrets in 1813.

During her visit to Ottawa, Mme. Albani was a guest of Sir John Macdonald, to whom she is a veritable object of worship. He met her several times in London, and on one occasion the host, a high personage, asked her to sing. She replied that it was her invariable rule not to do so at parties, but that for the sake of the old chieftain she would make an exception, after which she sang, in a manner that electrified even this audience, composed of members of the English elite, "O Canada, mon pays, mes amours."

HERE AND THERE.

"PICKWICK."—There is little doubt, says a correspondent in "Notes and Queries," that Dickens took the name of Pickwick from "Moses Pickwick" on many of the stage coaches that plied between Bristol and London sixty or seventy years ago. This coach proprietor was a foundling, left one night in a basket in Pickwick street, and brought up in Corsham Workhouse till he was old enough to be employed in the stables, where the mail and stage coaches changed horses. By his good conduct and intelligence he got to be head hostler, and from that to horse coacher, and eventually to be a coach proprietor. His Christian name was given him as being a foundling, and his surname from the village where he was left as an infant.

DISCOVERIES AT ATHENS.—The excavations on the Acropolis at Athens have once more brought to light certain valuable works of ancient art. The principal are parts of a number of statues of heroic size, which when put together have been found to make two wonderful groups. One of these represents Hercules killing the marine deity, Triton. The other group consists of three mythical monsters, of which the upper portion represents the body of a man, while the lower part is a serpent. These discoveries are some of the most interesting ever made on the Acropolis. They resemble to a large extent the figures found not long ago among the ruins of the ancient Temple of Assos, near Troy. Their workmanship as well as vivid colouring have excited the admiration of archæologists, who attribute the sculptures to the seventh century before Christ.

ILLITERACY.—A census of the illiterates in the various countries of the world, recently published in the *Statistische Monatschrift*, places the three Slavic states of Roumania, Servia and Russia at the head of the list, with about 80 per cent. of the population unable to read and write. Of the Latin-speaking races Spain heads the list with 63 per cent., followed by Italy with 48 per cent., France and Belgium having about 15 per cent. The illiterates in Hungary number 43 per cent., in Austria 39 and in Ireland 21. In England they are 13 per cent., in Holland 10 per cent., in the United States (white population) 8 per cent. and in Scotland 6 per cent. Among the purely Teutonic States there is a marked reduction in the percentage of illiterates. The highest is in Switzerland, 2.5; in the whole German Empire it is but 1 per cent., while in Sweden, Denmark, Bavaria, Baden and Wurtemberg there is practically no one who cannot read and write.

JOHNSON AND THE BUTCHER.—An eminent carcass butcher, as meagre in his person as he was in his understanding, being one day in a bookseller's shop, took up a volume of Churchill's poems, and by way of showing his taste repeated the following line:

"Who rules o'er freemen should himself be free."

Then turning to Dr. Johnson, "What think you of that, sir?" said he. "Rank nonsense," replied the other. "It is an assertion without a proof, and you might, with as much propriety, say:

"Who slays fat oxen should himself be fat."

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.—London *Pall Mall Gazette*: Poor Prince Bismarck! He has been taking strenuous steps to protect the German language against the invasion of French. And now here is Professor Von Döllinger actually threatening its extinction by English! Here is what the professor told the Munich Academy lately: He held that the intellectual primacy of the world is certain one day to fall to the Anglo-Saxon race, as in ancient times it fell to the Greeks and Romans. The Germans will certainly have no small share in that intellectual world of the future, but that will be only indirectly, through the medium of the English language.

Dr. Döllinger must not count on either his gray hairs or his venerable reputation to protect him. We shall certainly expect to hear that he has been cast into prison, like Dr. Geffcken, for indiscreet and unpatriotic revelations.

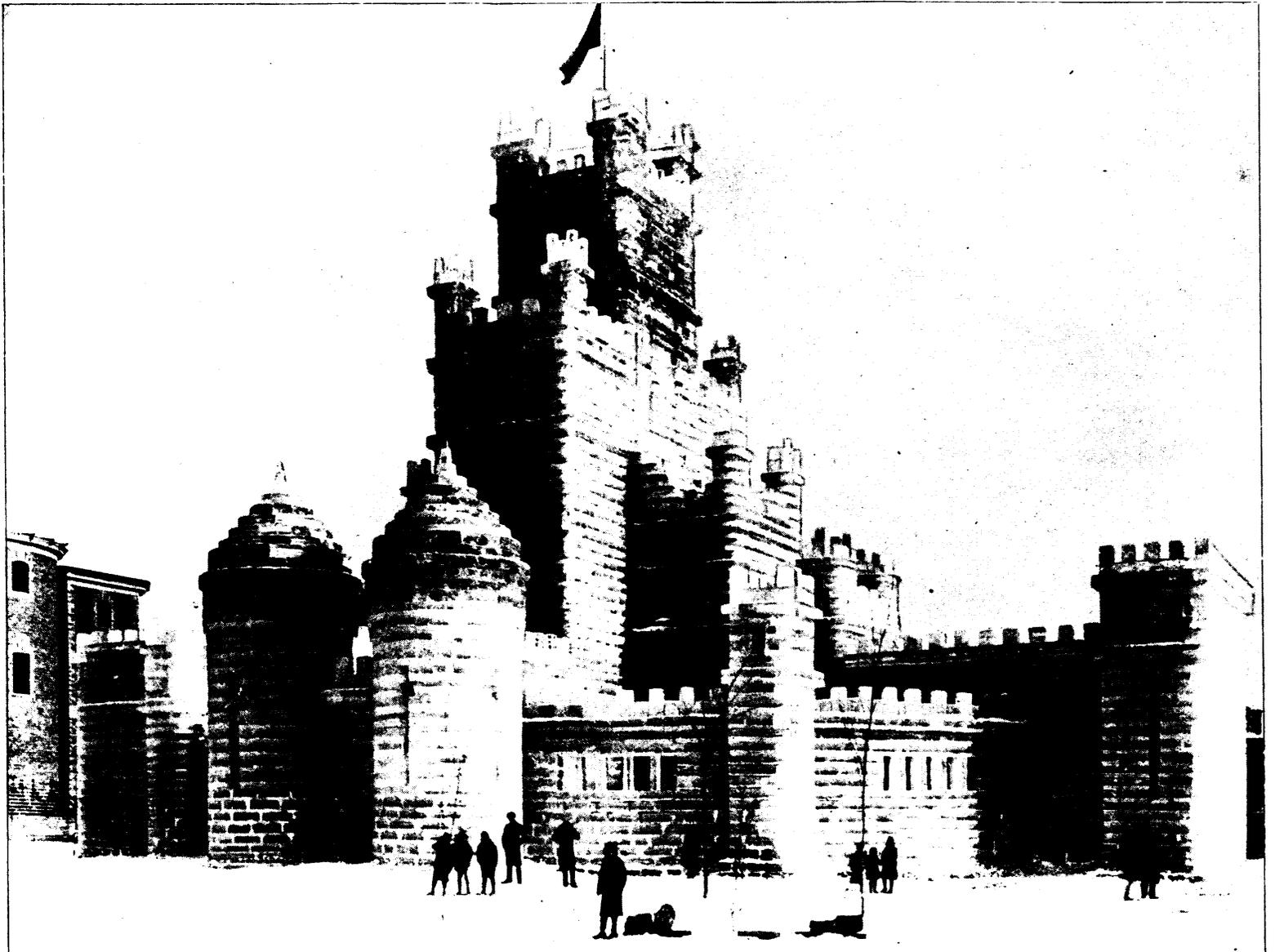
CANADIAN WINTER SCENES.



1885.



1887.

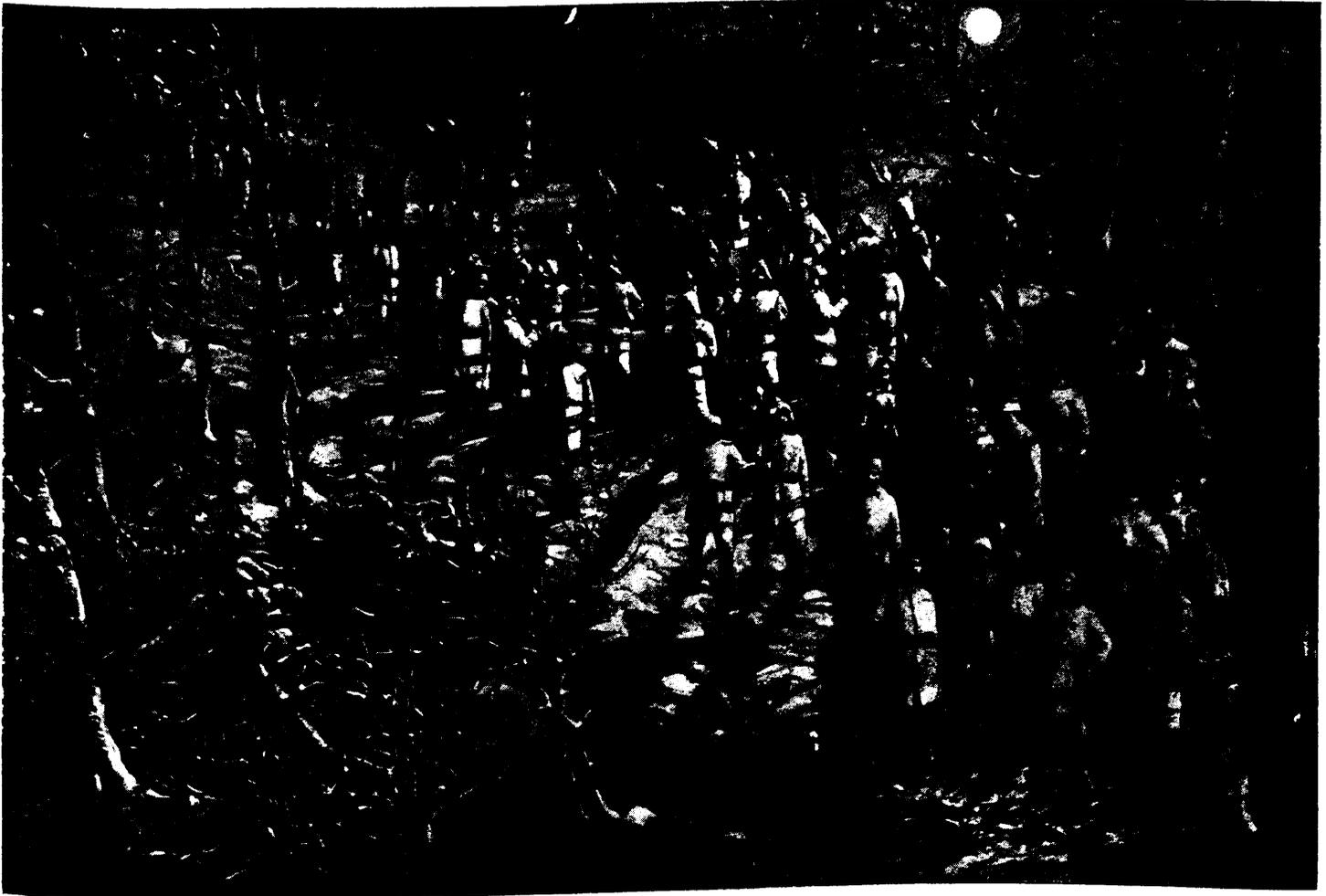


1886.

ICE PALACES OF FORMER CARNIVALS.

From photographs by Notman.

CANADIAN WINTER SCENES.



THE SNOWSHOERS' HALT ON MOUNT ROYAL.

From a photograph by Summerhayes & Walford.



TOBOGGANING BY MOONLIGHT, ON FLETCHER'S FIELD.

From a photograph by Summerhayes & Walford.

The Lady in Muslin.

I was just about to exclaim, "Miss Owenson," when the hand and arm disappeared with a quick movement; the window was closed softly and swiftly, and I heard a faint cry as of a child quickly hushed. I felt considerably puzzled. What could Margaret Owenson be doing there? Had she seen me? And had she disappeared to avoid being seen by me?

I entered the garden and knocked at the cottage door.

A young woman dressed more like a respectable servant than a peasant opened it slightly, not sufficiently to enable me to see into the interior, and asked me rather abruptly what I wanted.

I told her I had lost my way, and would be obliged if she would direct me to L—.

She seemed a little embarrassed at my question. She evidently did not know how to answer it, and was unwilling to quit her post to get the necessary information. While she hesitated, a child impatiently began to scream. There was a struggle within—a voice said in a suppressed tone—Hush!

"L— lies further down the road," the young woman said firmly, after giving a hasty look over her shoulder, and then without further ado, she slammed the door in my face. "Polite," I half ejaculated, as I turned away and went out of the gate. "Margaret Owenson, can't be far off."

At the moment I heard a scream, and, looking round, I perceived a child attempting to make its way out of a side kind of half door, half window. One short leg was over the sill, and a curly head, that, in spite of its baby proportions, was remarkably fair and handsome, was struggling to follow it, when two braceleted arms caught the little fellow in a strong determined grasp and almost tore him away.

"Margaret Owenson as I'm alive," I muttered, and conquering the inclination to go back and make myself sure of the fact, remembering the peculiarity of my lady's disposition, I quietly remounted my horse and trusted to my own wits to refind my way.

Fortunately, I met a farmer about a quarter of a mile further on, and he put me on the right track. What with jogging, sharp cantering, and short cuts, I was nearly eight miles distant from Hazledean. What was Margaret Owenson doing in that solitary cottage eight miles from home?

I was not surprised to find that Dick had dined and gone out, when I reached the inn.

In answer to my questions, Cecile told me dolefully, that Uncle Gaunt had gone out early in the afternoon, but had soon returned and done nothing but smoke till dinner. She thought he was at the cottage now; she supposed he was, as he always did go there; and she supposed I was going too, wasn't I?

I glanced up at the rueful face of the child, as she sat the picture of despondency almost buried in Dick's arm-chair. "Cecile," I said gravely, "don't you know it's wicked to dislike any one?"

"I can't help it," answered Cecile, dolefully, "I do hate Miss Owenson, and it's no use."

"And why do you hate her?" I asked, "You have no cause. She is not unkind to you."

Cecile began nibbling her delicate little nails, and did not reply.

I should have watched this jealous little rival with some amusement, had I not seen that big tears were brimming over the dark eyes and falling on the little clinched hands in slow droppings. I was concerned but puzzled, for Cecile was not a young person to be soothed with kisses.

I rose and began arranging my neckcloth at the glass, casting, meanwhile, furtive glances at the arm-chair. Cecile would not look up, would not be consoled in any manner—the tears dropped on slowly and constantly till the white fingers were quite bathed.

"Cecile," I said softly, "are you coming with me?" She looked up—then, if "looks could kill, I had not lived," and, bounding from her chair, marched out of the room with the air of an offended queen.

Since we had become so friendly with our neighbour at the cottage, Gaunt and I had constructed a rustic kind of bridge across the boundary stream by throwing a couple of planks across from bank to bank.

It was rather a nervous passage to ordinary individuals; but Gaunt and myself soon became accustomed to it; and as to my lady, after so unceremoniously leaping across the stream, it was not likely she would hesitate at the planks.

I sauntered quietly toward the cottage, but on arriving at the bridge, I confess I stood for some instants pondering whether it would not be more prudent that night, to go round by the road. The rain that had been falling heavily for the last twenty-four hours, had swelled the stream considerably; and as it rushed, brown, bubbling, and very swiftly below, I stood looking down, shuddering at the idea of a false step on the narrow plank.

I watched the rushing water till the very sound made me feel giddy, and then, very prudently, I turned and went round by the road.

Margaret and Gaunt were playing chess. Miss Owenson was a very skillful player, and Dick had no objection to allow her to beat him game after game, while it enabled him to carry on those pleasant, low-toned *tête-à-têtes*.

As I entered, Margaret merely glanced up, lifting her hand at the same time, as if entreating me not to speak, then, turning back to the board, she appeared absorbed in her move. I took my stand behind Gaunt, and watched the game. I annoyed her I think, for once she looked up impatiently, and then leaning her elbow on the table, shaded her face with her hand, and so hid it from my view.

Margaret had the most beautiful rounded arm I had ever seen, and the loose lace sleeve and broad band of gold showed it off to perfection, I gazed at it. Such an arm and bracelet were recognizable anywhere.

"Checkmate—Checkmate!" Gaunt at length said triumphantly. (He seldom won.)

Miss Owenson pushed the board from her and rose up half pettishly.

"You lost me the game," she said, turning sharply on me. "Your entrance spoilt the most splendid manœuvre I was just about to make."

"I am very sorry I came," I said calmly, "Accept my profound apologies;" then, suddenly assuming, in my turn, the offensive, I exclaimed, "But I have also a little complaint to bring against you. Why were you so cruel this afternoon, when, in my distress, I came to the cottage, as to have the door slammed in my face?"

She threw into her countenance a look of the greatest, bewilderment, but at the same time I noticed the slight colour in her cheeks deepened visibly.

"What are you talking of? I ordered the door to be slammed in your face!" Then suddenly laying her hand on the bell, she gave an angry peal. Before I could utter a word, the Indian appeared.

"You told me it was Mr. Gaunt who called this afternoon," she exclaimed to the servant, and pointing to Dick, who was regarding the scene considerably bewildered.

"And so it was," Richard said, "I called twice, and and was told that you were ill."

The Indian stood mute. Margaret turned to me—"What do you mean then?" she exclaimed. "When," she added, angrily, to the servant, "did you slam the door in Mr. Owen's face?"

"Never," Zamide replied, with a glance of defiance at me.

"Never," I repeated. "You conduct the proceedings too quickly, my dear Miss Owenson," I added slowly, and with a slight touch of sarcasm. "In the first place, I did not accuse your Indian servant, or indeed any servant of yours, of the offence—neither did I allude to the door of the cottage. You may allow Zemide to retire."

Without further bidding the Indian disappeared. "Pray, go a little faster," Miss Owenson said, in a tone that she vainly endeavoured should not show her ill-humour.

"Were you not in a little solitary cottage about eight miles from here—not far from L—, at

about half-past five o'clock this afternoon?" I asked quickly and point blank.

"A little cottage," Margaret exclaimed; then turning with a forced laugh to Richard, she exclaimed, "Mr. Gaunt, your friend has been dining alone, has he not?"

Dick laughed.

"A cottage," I continued, "at the corner of a lane. I went there to ask my way to Hazledean, and a young woman after answering my question very uncivilly, and also wrongly, banged the door in my face."

"And what on earth have I to do with that!" laughed the lady. "O, Mr. Owen, Mr. Owen!"

"Have a little patience," I began.

"Impossible. Know that all the afternoon I have been lying on my bed with a distracting headache. You, my dear Mr. Owen, must have been having some pleasant little adventure, and afterward an excellent bottle of wine to recruit your strength, which has confused your ideas."

Dick laughed.

Miss Owenson was standing close beside me, and as I looked up in her face, I was ungallant enough to feel convinced that she was telling anything but the truth.

"My confusion of ideas then, is owing to this," I exclaimed, rising and laying my hand on the bracelet, "and these," touching the rings.

To my surprise, her fingers closed round mine with a grasp that evidently besought silence.

"An excellent bottle of wine," she laughed, her fingers still retaining their grasp. "Now, confess." And then she looked up into my face with an expression that seemed suddenly to chase away the beautiful lady of the cottage, and transform her into the impatient, suffering woman at the railway station, as she had stood casting that daring, careless glance round on the occupants of the waiting-room.

"Well, well—have it your own way," I said, and turning round, I met Gaunt's eyes fixed rather sternly on us both. He was listening intently to what we said, and as I dropped Margaret's hand, I saw he noticed it.

After that he leant against the window which was partly open, silently; and it was in vain that Margaret Owenson seated herself at the piano and asked him, with her glowing smile, what she should play, hoping to draw him to his accustomed place.

X.

MARGARET'S TREASURE'S

Margaret's singing and playing lasted but a short time. She grew as meditative as Gaunt; and leaning her arm on the piano, kept fingering the notes at intervals, in a musing, restless manner. Once or twice she looked up hastily, and her eyes always sought Gaunt's face in a way very unflattering to myself, but which allowed me to watch her freely enough, secure of her inattention to my doings.

Suddenly she seemed to take a resolution. Drawing a deep sigh, she roused herself, gave another of those earnest and yet half-doubtful looks at Gaunt, and then rose up from her seat and left the room.

She was absent scarcely five minutes; and when she returned she resumed her seat without saying a word to either of us, and again we remained silent and unsocial till supper was announced by the Indian.

Supper was a very light affair, consisting merely of sandwiches and wine, on a tray, usually served in the room in which we were sitting. To-night, however, Miss Owenson rose, saying:

"It is so chilly this evening, I have ordered supper in the next room, where there is a fire; let us go; I shall quite enjoy a good warming."

The next room was Margaret's special and sacred favourite, dedicated to her easel, to couches, boxes, cabinets, and other personal property, that were too littered to be introduced into her more orthodox apartments. Here she passed most of her time, how, was a mystery, at any rate solitarily, for into this room no one was admitted.

A fire blazed cheerfully on the hearth, and before it was placed the supper-table, surrounded

by very luxuriant arm-chairs, and a couple of shaded lamps on the mantelshelf, shed a soft, pleasant light all over the large, rather desolate-looking room.

Margaret sat herself down in one of the chairs near the fire, and, bending over it, began silently and musingly warming her hands. Gaunt, in true English fashion, unceremoniously tucked his coat tails under his arms and supported himself against the mantelshelf, while I took my seat opposite our hostess and imitated her example.

"I must say," Margaret exclaimed suddenly, breaking the silence, "your English climate is abominable; what a temperature for September?"

"Your," Gaunt answered coldly, (he was a little sulky yet). "Are we to understand by that very scornful *your*, that you decline any connection with it?"

Miss Owenson shivered slightly. "Certainly: I was born in India, and have never even set foot in England till within the last year."

"I guessed you were born in some tropical country," I said, "but you are of English parentage, are you not?"

She answered simply "Yes," and, as if wishing there to end the subject, turned to the supper-table and invited us to eat.

The conversation took a graver turn than usual. I don't know whether it was true that Miss Owenson was really unwell, as she alleged, but she was certainly less brilliant and a great deal more natural and womanly.

I could not help fancying, as she more than once leant back wearily in her chair, apparently too much engrossed in some train of thought to care whether either of us were thinking of, or regarding her, that it was like the utter weariness of an actor, forcing him to lay aside his *rôle*, if it were but for a moment. I don't know whether Gaunt noticed it; he ate his supper very silently that night, and when he did address Miss Owenson, it was certainly in a graver, more studied manner than was habitual to him.

Toward the end of supper, our conversation, after continuing the subject of Margaret's parentage, turned on the distinguished marks of children born in India of English parents, also on the difference of the characteristics of those born in the Western or Eastern Indies.

From that we passed on to discuss the possibility of detecting the mixture of races, even to many generations. Gaunt had passed some years in the West Indies, and could speak on the matter from actual observation, and he and Margaret grew eager in the discussion.

(To be continued.)

DOMINION NEWS.

The Ontario Legislature opened on the 24th ult., when almost all the usual ceremony connected with the opening was dispensed with.

It is estimated that about one hundred million feet of three-inch pine deals will be manufactured at Ottawa next season, provided the drives turn out successful.

The gold leads in the Rawdon district of Nova Scotia have been traced over the Ardoise hills to Ellershouse, and prospectors are taking up a large number of areas on the Ellershouse estate.

The Marine Department has been asked to establish a lighthouse, beacon and buoy service on Lake St. John. The territory adjacent to the lake has been taken up rapidly by settlers since the construction of the railway from Quebec. There are two steamers on the lake at present.

Mr. John Chambers has left Lachute for Manitoba, where he intends to examine land in the neighbourhood of Springfield, about thirty miles east of Winnipeg, and, if satisfied, to make arrangements for a number of our young men from the northern townships of Argenteuil to take up land and settle in the country. Senator Abbott, with the local member, Mr. Owens, have been interesting themselves in the matter.

A short time ago the announcement was made of the unloading of nearly 700,000 acres of land in the Northwest by the cancellation of a number of grazing leases for non-compliance with the departmental regulations. Mr. Dewdney has followed this up by another recommendation cancelling orders-in-council authorizing the issuance of fifteen other grazing leases, affecting 366,000 acres, which recommendation has been approved. Over one million acres of some of the best land held by the Government have, therefore, by this timely action, been thrown open for lease or settlement within the past month.



The volume of Proceedings of the Canadian Institute, for October, 1888, contains a number of valuable papers, as usual, a special contribution being that of the eminent botanist, Professor Lawson, F.R.S.C., of Nova Scotia, on Canadian Spruces. There is one paper, however, on the "Franco-Canadian Dialect," to which we must take exception. The author is J. Squair, who professes to have spent some time at the Côte de Beupré purposely for this work. If so, his work has been in vain. The writer's ear is not attuned to French-Canadian speech, because he does not know where it comes from, and he cannot even exactly catch the native pronunciation of vowels and consonants, which he grotesquely misrepresents in his so-called phonetic tables. Then, in the second place, Mr. Squair professes to improve upon the editor's dear old friend, Oscar Dunn, in his *glossaire*. When Mr. Dunn's book was first published, he sent us a copy for additions to any oversights or *lacunæ*. We sent a few of these, in the shape of idiomatic turns and sayings, which he had overlooked, and at once embodied in the new edition that he was preparing when suddenly cut off in his prime. Another ripe scholar, some five or six years ago, who came on purposely from the Johns Hopkins University of Baltimore, was directed by the editor to the Isle of Orleans, where the genuine old *habitant* French, with a true smack of Acadian, was to be found, and, after spending a couple of months there, and on both sides of the St. Lawrence, he returned to Montreal to thank us, and to say that he had discovered precisely what he sought—the connection between the speech of this primitive folk and that of the French peasants from which they sprung. The learned professor sent me his admirable paper on the subject, which, if Mr. Squair could have seen, he would have never blundered into his present position. The pretensions of Mr. Squair are diverting. He gives a list of vowels pronounced quite broad, which is the Norman and Breton way of pronouncing even in our time. Then he says that *b* often becomes *m* in *houblon* (pronounced *omnon*). That is not true. *Aucun* is made *otien*. Not true. Then comes a farrago of ignorance. *Belouet*, for *Bluet*, is pronounced here as it is in France. *Bois Blanc* is just the word for basswood. *Corvée* is pure French, as the dictionaries will tell him, for *bind-day*, *day's work*, *bee*. *Crine*, *divers*, *épinette rouge* and *blanc*, *fiche*, *file*, are all right, and the writer is all wrong. Another wretched want of ear makes Mr. Squair say that the *habitant* pronounces *mi* for *mil*, and he gravely puts a (?) mark to ask if *timothy* is meant. Of course it is meant, and is pronounced *mil*. *Pierre de meule* is good French. Look in your dictionary, Mr. Squair. *Pruche* for hemlock is right. It is a Canadian tree. *Quintau* and *quintal* are both right. *Raie* for furrow is actually quoted by Mr. Squair! *Rale* for bough we never heard of, nor did this writer. *Sapin* is right for balsam, another Canadian tree. *Par secousses* is contemporaneous Norman. *Taure* for heifer is in Littre, but the *habitant* knows the difference between *taure* and *genisse* all the same.

We have had on our littered table, for several weeks a little book entitled "Poems by J. Elizabeth Gostwycke Roberts, of Fredericton, N.B." She is the "little sister"—we know how much that means—of our dear friend, C. G. D. Roberts; yes, and she has already much of his introspective muse. We have read the fifteen little poems, with much pleasure, reserving one or two of the longest for future use. To-day we set our pencil—Red and Blue, Miss Elizabeth—on the following from that solid ballad, "Alice Kirby," where the local colour comes in:

Lurk still among the bushes
The ferns she hunted for,
Blue-vitch and pigeon-berry
Make all the stream side merry,
But Alice—Alice Kirby,
Shall gather them no more.

Slip softly, Nashwaak water,
Unruffled as before,
Thy woods know nought of sorrow,
No moan thy songsters borrow,—
But, ah! for Alice Kirby,
Who comes to thee no more!

"Penelope" is ever so staid, so wholesome and so beautiful.

Ah, faithful heart! through stormy seas
His bark will cleave his way to thee,
His years of toil seem hours of ease,
If at the end of all he sees
Thee faithful in the midst of these
Who cry: "O hark! O choose, Penelope!"

"Miss Tabitha Helpful" is, to our mind, the strongest poem in the little album, while, as a crowning, we shall quote in full this

BERCEUSE.

All pain, all sorrow, seem to fall
Behind us infinitely far,
What time the sleepy robins call
At twilight's dusky bar.

Lay down your head upon my breast,
O rosy nephew golden-curl'd;
Joys, birds and flowers hush to rest,
So weary grows the world.

As slowly as the branches wave,
Singing, I rock to and fro;
So tune be glad, if words are grave,
The baby will not know.

Far off and faint the chirping sound,
Pale lights gleam out through darkening blue,
Soft arms of silence fold us round
As mine are folding you.

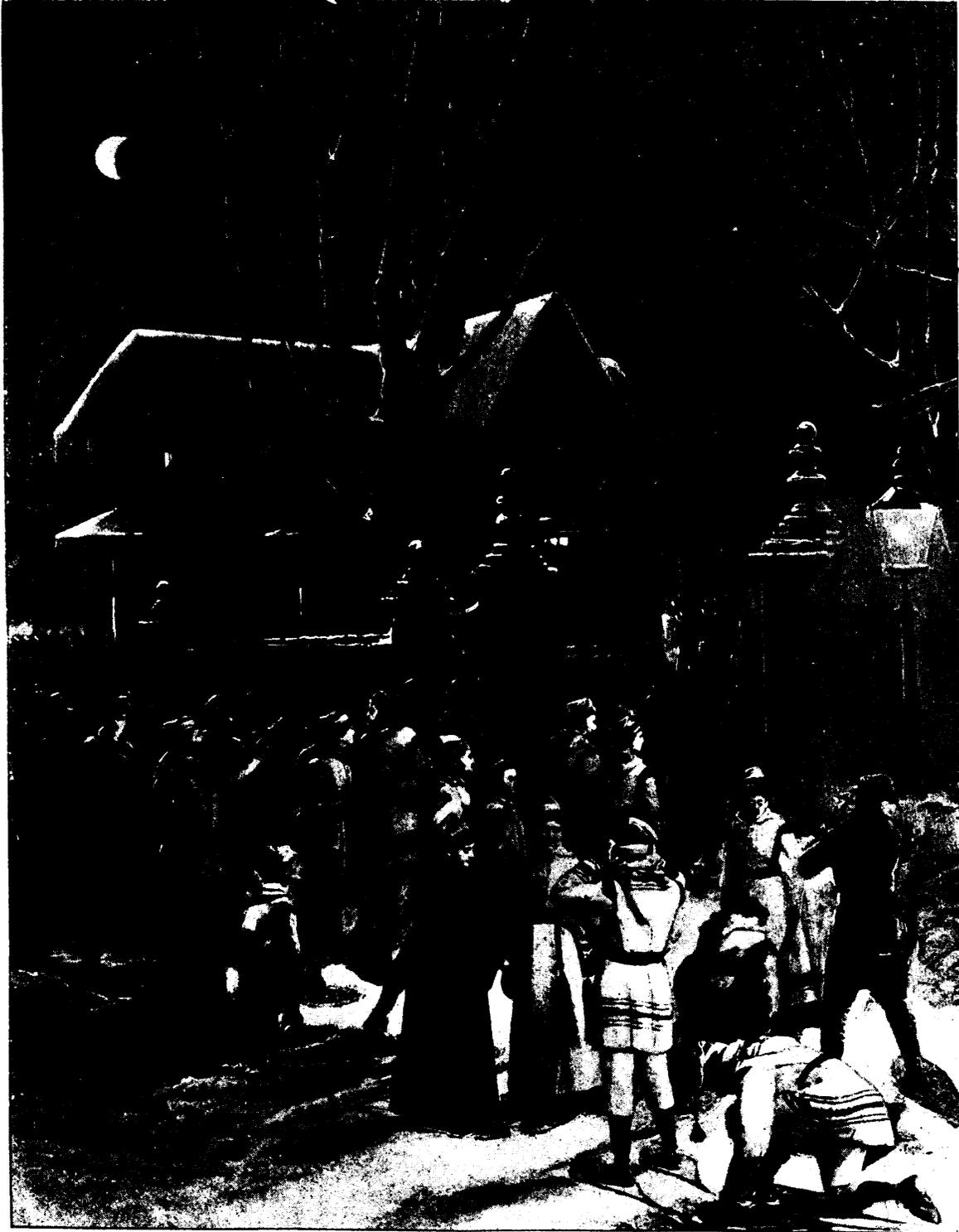
Small voice that twitters like the birds,
Grey eyes that hold the light of stars,
Too sleepy we for tune or words,
Let down the Dreamland bars!

CANADA HISTORICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE FROM SEA TO SEA, by G. Mercer Adam, author of "The Canadian Northwest, Its History and Its Troubles," "Picturesque Muskoka," etc., etc., etc., is the title of an oblong album published by William Bryce, of Toronto. Anything from the ready and graphic pen of Mr. Mercer Adams is, in itself, a passport to public attention, and the present work is no exception. After a comprehensive Introductory, we travel with our author from the Maritime Provinces, Halifax, Windsor, Grand Pré, St. John, Fredericton, the Bay des Chaleurs, the Lower St. Lawrence, Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa, the Thousand Islands, Niagara, Toronto, Ontario and the Great Lakes, Fort Arthur to Winnipeg, through Manitoba, the Prairies and the Rockies, the "Backbone of the Continent," British Columbia and the Fraser Cañons to the coast. There are one or more photographs at every page, and the whole volume is one that any Canadian would be pleased to have on his drawing-room table. It may be that our copy was an exception, but the binding looks too heavy for the weight of the paper and photographs, and hence the back gets broken.

"'EMIN,' which ought to be pronounced 'Emeen,' or 'El-Emeen,' means the 'faithful' or 'trustworthy' in Arabic," says the *St. James Gazette*. "The trusty Pasha of the Wadelai evidently knew the strong points in his own character when he assumed this name. But it is popular among good Mussulmans for other reasons. It was a name of the Prophet Mohammed, for one thing; and one of Haroun Alraschid's sons—by Zubeida—who was also called Emin. The last is a bad omen, however, for this Emin was overpowered in the siege of Baghdad and slain."

THE MARECHAL NIEL ROSE.—After his heroism in Italy the then General Niel, while returning to France, was given a basket of roses by a peasant. In it was a bud with a root attached to the stem. Niel kept the shoot and gave it to a noted floriculturist, who obtained from it four of the loveliest lemon-tinted roses the world had ever seen. Niel carried them to the Empress Eugenie, who remarked with vivacity: "I will christen this rose for you—the Marechal Niel," and from that day General Niel was a marshal of France.

CANADIAN WINTER SCENES.



THE SNOWSHOE MEET AT THE MCGILL COLLEGE GATES.

From a photograph by Notman.



TIRED OUT. A HUNTING EXPERIENCE.

From a photograph by Notman.



A HEROINE.—Coralie Cohen is claimed by the European Jews as a second Florence Nightingale. She is a Jewish lady, who was an angel of mercy during the late Franco-German war, and passed unharmed among the wounded in the two hostile camps. She is a Knight of the Legion of Honour, and has been elected president of that patriotic body, the Association des Dames Françaises.

IS MARRIAGE A FAILURE?—"Marriage a failure? I should say not!" remarked an Oregon farmer, whose opinion was desired on one of the great questions of the day. "Why, there's Lucindy gets up in the mornin', milks six cows, gits breakfasts, starts four children to skewl, looks after the other three, feeds the hens, likewise the hogs, likewise some motherless sheep, skims twenty pans o' milk, washes the clothes, gits dinner, et cetera, et cetera. Think I could hire anybody to do it fur what she gits? Not much! Marriage, sir, is a success, sir; a great success!"

ANOTHER NEW USE FOR BRACELETS.—The modern society girl no longer carries her pocket-book in her hand to tempt every repentant sneak thief to return to his besetting crime. She has taken to the newest thing in cash-holders, which is a soft ooze leather bracelet, rather decorative than otherwise, which has a receptacle for change just where the watch rested a month or two ago on the back of the wrist. The bracelet is worn on the left arm. It has a simple clasp, easily manipulated, and when car fare or *bon-bon* money is wanted, there it is close by, perfectly safe, and leaving the hands free for other small burdens.

CHILDREN'S FEATURES.—A correspondent of the New York *Tribune* believes that children's features, like their manners, can be trained. He writes: "To joke upon 'ears that stand out from the head' would be sombre fun for the victim. But all young parents ought to know that this trial to a child may be just as surely averted as a 'tip-tilted' nose. If the mother teaches her nurse always to lay the infant in the cradle on its ear, never letting the pillow push it out, the ears will grow flat to the head. Just so the nose can be 'educated' by a very gentle pull at the bridge of it every day of babyhood to grow straight. A pretty mouth is often spoiled by a careless parent allowing the three-year-old to suck its thumbs."

BAD HABITS OF GIRLS.—In a small village of New England, a few years ago, some of the young girls acquired habits of eating starch, coffee, cloves and the like, to improve their complexions. The habits increased by indulgence, and the girls consumed large quantities of these substances—all good in their place, but very harmful when taken alone and in excess. In less than a year four out of the six girls were under the doctor's care. The coffee eater became the victim of insomnia, and was so nervous and timid that little things made her cry and tremble as with terror. The clove-eater had become a victim to hysteria, and was in a deplorable state. Those who had the starch habit learned to the full extent the meaning of dyspepsia.

ABOUT SILK STOCKINGS.—Women are finding by experiments that it is not necessary to abandon their silk stockings at the coming of cold weather, as most of them reluctantly do. Silk is a great heat producer, and those who have been experimenting in the use of surah and China silk underclothes find them warmer than woollen, while being so much pleasanter to use in contact with the skin, and doing away with much bulkiness and weight. Black silk particularly is a conservator of warmth, and the wearers of black silk stockings find them a better protection than the fleece-lined ones. In very cold weather two pairs of silk stockings can be worn with no more bulk than one pair of woollen ones, and they are an almost perfect protection against the cold.

THE LAST OF THE WAPITI.

A FORTY-MILE CHASE AFTER A LONE ELK.

STORY OF THE EXTINCTION OF THE RACE IN THE GREAT FORESTS OF PENNSYLVANIA.

"I will tell you the story of how the last elk that ever startled the hunter with his whistle in the forests of Pennsylvania was killed, if you would like to hear it?" said an old resident of that region to a New York *Times* correspondent, as they sat smoking together in his cabin after a hard and not very successful day's hunt.

"By all means," I replied. "Nothing could be more to my wish."

"The killing of that last elk occurred as late as the winter of 1867," continued the old hunter, "although elk was believed to have been extinct in this State twenty years before. Sixty years ago they were still very numerous in the North-western Pennsylvania forests, especially in the wild Sinnemahoning region, in what is now Elk County.

"Elk County was formed from other counties in 1843, and it was because elk was still numerous within its boundaries that the name was given it. The site of the present county seat, the village of Ridgeway, was an unbroken wilderness when this county was formed, and no better place for elk could be found. I shot an elk on the site of the old Elk County Court House six months before the land was cleared on which it was to be built. From where Ridgeway now is to the present City of Bradford, the metropolis of the oil region, a famous elk path or runway extended, leading to a salt lick in what is now Washington Park, in Bradford.

"In 1845, the country having been settled very rapidly, and elk hunting having been pursued persistently by many expert hunters, without regard to the means used to kill the animals, what was believed to be the last elk in the State was killed. The hunter who shot it was Seth Nelson, a famous woodsman, who had a record of 37 elk from 1830 to 1843, and who was still living the last I knew, I having visited him at Round Island, Elk County, in 1883. Nelson set his traps and hunted the ridges of that region year in and year out after killing that elk, and was satisfied that the wapiti race had been annihilated along the Sinnemahoning, and if it had disappeared from that wild section, it was certain that it had no representative in any other part of the State. Early in September, 1867, however, as he was setting his traps in Bennett's Creek, near Flag Swamp, he heard the peculiar and unmistakable whistle that a bull elk makes at that time of year, and then only for three or four days. It is its call for a mate, and the Indian hunters call it "the lone song." Nelson returned to his cabin, got his hounds, and started back for Flag Swamp to put them on the trail of the elk. In the meantime, unfortunately for the old elk hunter, a heavy rain had commenced to fall, and by the time he had reached the spot where he had heard the bull's whistle, all scent of the trail had been obliterated, and Nelson was forced to abandon his hunt.

"It was something that Nelson never forgave himself for that he did not keep his discovery to himself, for had he done so he believed that he would have rounded his record as an elk hunter by killing the last one of that race in Pennsylvania. But he told other hunters, and the news that there was a bull elk still in this Sinnemahoning woods soon spread throughout the region, and the woods were scoured for weeks by scores of hunters, all anxious to lay the lone elk low. Among the hunters who made the woods of Northern and Northwestern Pennsylvania their camping grounds as late as 1867 were many old-time full-blooded Indians, who lived on the Cornplanter Reservation, in Warren County, and on the Cattaraugus Reservation, over the New York State line. Prominent among these was an Indian known as Jim Jacobs, who lived on the Cattaraugus Reservation. He was the greatest hunter that ever roamed the woods of that country, and he was then over seventy-five years old. He, in company with another Indian, started in after the elk.

Other hunters tired of the weary and unprofitable search and left the woods, but these two Indians knew no such thing as weariness or 'let up,' and they kept relentlessly on the hunt. In the latter part of November, on one snowy day, the long search for the elk was rewarded. The Indians struck its trail, and the chase began. Elk, unlike deer, did not fly from danger by tremendous leaps, but kept up a peculiar trot, which they could maintain without fatigue for days. It never directed its course for water when pressed by hounds, as the deer does, but kept constantly on its course as long as it was pursued, or until it was brought to bay. When the dogs succeeded in drawing near to the flying elk it invariably sought the summit of a rock or elevated point, where it would stand and defend itself against the dogs with its fore feet. This was the stage of the chase in which the doom of the elk was sealed. The dogs would harass it, but, if they were trained to the business, kept at a safe distance from the quick and powerful blow of its sharp hoofs, for one blow would kill the gamest dog that ever followed the trail. The dogs would then keep the poor elk at bay until the hunters came up, when the well directed bullets ended the combat.

"Jim Jacobs was learned in all the tactics of the elk, and having discovered the trail of this 'lone elk of the Sinnemahoning,' as this one had been named, they knew that only time and persistence were necessary to eventually secure their game. The animal baffled pursuit for days, but the Indian hunters were as tireless as their game, and on the fourth day after starting the elk, two of them through a heavy snowstorm, the game was brought to bay in the forests of Clarion County, near the head waters of the Clarion River, forty miles from the point where the trail was first struck, although twice that distance, if not more had been covered in the chase.

"When the two Indians arrived on the spot where the elk had been forced to turn upon its pursuers, they found it surrounded by the dogs and fiercely fighting them. Jim Jacobs was anxious to secure the noble animal alive, and hours were spent by the two Indians in efforts to that end, but they were useless. Jim Jacobs shot it through the heart, and the last of the wapiti race in Pennsylvania—the 'lone elk of the Sinnemahoning' died, defying its enemies to the end. Jim Jacobs, the proud slayer of the animal, hunted throughout that part of Pennsylvania until 1882, and, although then ninety years old, showed no signs of loss of vigour. He was run over by the cars at Salamanca last year and cut to pieces almost within sight of his own house on the reservation."

RED AND BLUE PENCIL.

"Black Pencil" writes saying that the lines

"The Sea is toying with his bride, the Shore,
And, in the fulness of his marriage joy,
He decks her tawny brow with shells, and
Drawing back a space to see how fair she looks,
Runs up with glee to cover her with kisses."

are to be found in "A Life Drama," by Alexander Smith, published about five and thirty years. The last number of *The Literary World*, received some days ago, gives them thus:

The bridegroom sea
Is toying with the shore, his wedded bride,
And, in the fulness of his marriage joy,
He decorates her tawny brow with shells,
Retires a space, to see how fair she looks,
Then, proud, runs up to kiss her.

My correspondent then quotes Justin McCarthy as saying that "a spasmodic school which sprang up after the success of 'Festus,' and which was led by a brilliant young Scotchman, Alexander Smith, passed away in a spasm, as it came, and is now almost forgotten." I do not agree to this at all. Both "Festus" and "The Drama of Life" are works of genius which maintain their hold on all admirers of original work.

Miss Sophie M. Almon is not the daughter of the Hon. Senator Almon, although she is of the same family. Her father, first cousin of Senator Almon, was the Rev. Henry Pryor Almon, M.A., D.C.L., and her grandfather the Hon. M. B.

Almon, of Halifax, N.S. On her mother's side, she belongs to the old Nova Scotian family of the De Wolfe's, of whose pedigree an interesting tale is told, stating when and from whence the name was derived. We quote from the "Genealogie und Waapen Von Deutschland," vol. 3. In 1370 Louis de St. Etienne, a younger son of the French noble family of that name, was one of the attendants of King Charles V. upon a hunting excursion. The monarch, being attacked by a ferocious she wolf whose cub he had wounded, was rescued from imminent death by the youthful courtier. From that time he was called de le Loup, and was the ancestor of the noble French family of that name. Etienne de le Loup, son of Louis de le Loup, accompanied the Princess Mathilde into Germany, when about to marry the eldest son of Frederic Elector and Duke of Saxony, in 1423. Being made a Baron in 1427, he changed his name from the French de le Loup to the German de Wolf.

Professor Roberts writes me "that the publication of Mr. Bliss Carman's 'Trilogy on Matthew Arnold' is delayed till next April, to admit of the 1st Part, called 'Death in April,' being issued in the April number of the *Atlantic Monthly*. This part has over two hundred lines and the compliment is an unusual one." TALON.

JEAN NICOLET.

Both Shea and Parkman, in their histories of Northwestern discovery, recognize John Nicolet as among the early explorers. Parkman tells the story of the traveller's approach to a Winnebago village, clothed in a long robe of Chinese damask covered with rich embroidery of birds and flowers. Rumours had reached the French in Canada of a people from the far west, without hair or beards, who came in trade with the Indians beyond the Great Lakes. These people, it was conjectured, must needs be Asiatics; for nobody doubted then that Far Kathay was far only when sought for by an eastern voyage or journey; but the westward traveller would soon and surely come upon those wonderful kingdoms of the great Khan. Columbus, on his last voyage, had sent out messengers to find the court of that renowned monarch, which he was sure could not be many miles distant from the coast of the Carribean Sea. They were no wiser in Quebec when, nearly a hundred and fifty years afterward, Champlain sent Nicolet on an exploring expedition westward, and the ambassador was furnished with this gorgeous robe of damask that he might be in suitable apparel to meet the mandarins of the East.

Nicolet was one of those indomitable Frenchmen whom no dangers could appall and no sufferings deter when bent upon penetrating into new regions or finding new tribes of natives. Whether it was to lead these benighted heathen into the warm bosom of Mother Church; or to induce them to bring their peltries to Quebec; or to reach that great western sea of which they gathered vague reports from the wandering savages, these adventurers were equally zealous and equally courageous. There is no romance in the early history of North America more captivating than the stories of the French missionaries who, encumbered with nothing but the few articles necessary to the setting up of an altar, turned their backs upon the world and their faces to the wilderness. For the love of Christ and his Mother, and for the sake of heathen men, they were glad to encounter any peril, to submit to any tortures that savage cruelty could inflict; to go to almost certain death, and to die where none but savages should ever know how or when, that souls might be saved, the true faith be proclaimed, and God be glorified. In the history of the world there appears nowhere more devoted abnegation and nowhere, perhaps, a self-sacrifice more complete. Not less determined, though with a less exalted motive, were the laymen who plunged into unknown regions for the sake of adventure and exploration. Nicolet was one of these, to whom history has not yet done full justice. He was the first European, no doubt,

who ever reached the territory now divided into the States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin; the first who passed through the Straits of Mackinaw, crossed Lake Michigan, landed upon the shores of Green Bay, and penetrated beyond to within three days' travel of the northern Mississippi. On this long journey he was absent no less, probably, than a year, and it may have been some months longer. Though he neither discovered the western sea he hoped to find, nor met with any mandarins or other people whom he could reasonably believe came from its shores, he carried back to Champlain new knowledge of the vast extent of the region stretching westward, and of its great inland seas. A previous residence of years among the Indians and the acquisition of some of their dialects had been his best training for such an expedition; but even these would have been insufficient without the indomitable will, the courage and the endurance of the man.

MILITIA NOTES.

Nine pounder shells, manufactured at the Quebec factory, have been thoroughly tested, and pronounced by military officers present, who acted as judges, equal to shells imported from England.

Three times during the year troops were called out in aid of the civil power: C Battery of British Columbia, in connection with the Skeena Indian troubles; the Mounted Infantry at Winnipeg, in anticipation of rioters proceeding to extremes; and the Cookshire Cavalry and part of the 58th Battalion, to maintain order during the Hereford Railway strike.

Our other Royal Schools of military instruction have continued to give satisfaction, and have become popular with the Force. They all appear to have done good work, and are reported on in complimentary terms by the general officer commanding. Certificates have been granted during the year to 19 in the cavalry, 76 in the artillery, 13 in the mounted infantry, 226 in the infantry schools.

Four 9-pr. rifled guns, with carriages, etc., complete, purchased from the Imperial authorities, were issued to No. 2 Battery of the 1st Brigade of Field Artillery, at Guelph, in exchange for obsolete smooth-bore guns. The whole of our Field Artillery is now armed with rifled guns, except the Sydney Battery, which, the General hopes, will be supplied at an early day with this improved armament.

Lieut.-Col. J. M. Gibson, the gallant commanding officer of the 13th Battalion, Hamilton, has been promoted to a place in the Ontario Cabinet. He has been sworn in as Provincial Secretary, *vice* Hon. A. M. Hardy, who has become Commissioner of Crown Lands in the place of Hon. T. B. Pardee, resigned on account of ill health. The new Minister is one of the most popular officers in the militia.

The total strength of the active militia, on the 31st December last, was 37,474, of which 1,079 belong to the Royal Artillery College and schools. The remainder (36,395) is divided among the provinces as follows: Ontario, 16,988; Quebec, 11,600; New Brunswick, 2,461; Nova Scotia, 3,646; Manitoba, 813; British Columbia, 270; and Prince Edward Island, 617. The various arms are as follows: Cavalry, 1,987; field artillery, 1,440; garrison artillery, 2,362; engineers, 179; infantry, 31,506.

The Report of the Minister of Militia and Defense contains many important points of information. It is most gratifying to find that graduates of the Royal Military College, who have taken commissions in the Imperial Service, have given great satisfaction; and the fact that six extra commissions in the Royal Engineers were offered during the year to graduates shows that the Imperial authorities are fully aware of, and duly appreciate, the value of this institution and the high standard in military training of its graduates.

Major-General Middleton, in his report, makes valuable statements and suggestions. He pleads the necessity of more guns of position and new field battery guns, and the question of rifle instruction for the Force in general, including the necessity of more ammunition for the rifle and use of Morris or other tubes for winter practice; also, the advisability of reducing the number of the Militia and the necessity of calling out every corps every year; the advisability of giving more encouragement to the Engineer branch of the Force.

The Cavalry School at Quebec, it is now recommended, should be increased to fifty men and horses. It is also absolutely necessary that an addition of one subaltern, a riding master and a quarter-master sergeant should be made at once, and that the senior duty officer should hold the rank of captain, as is the case in all the other school corps. This would enable the commander to depute Lieut.-Colonel Turnbull to inspect at some of the camps, which will be of great advantage to the Cavalry branch of the force. It is also to be hoped that a second Cavalry School will be formed at Toronto, with a detachment at Kingston, where the Battery is very much overtaxed in having to furnish horses for the lessons in equitation of the gentlemen cadets and officers. The Artillery Schools at Quebec, Kingston and Victoria are all commended.



Misfortunes are said to come in pairs, but the first one surely came with an apple.

It is no use to fret about the inevitable; but sometimes it helps one to pass away the time.

Simpson (tremulously): "Emma, darling, say yes, and there will be another—" Newsboy (outside): "Big breach of promise case! Extra!"

A fine portrait of a late New Haven judge hangs in a local court room with a card appended, bearing the somewhat ambiguous legend: "Executed by—"

"You all remember the words of Webster," shouted the orator. "No, we don't," interrupted a man in the gallery. "He has so many words, I can't remember more than half of 'em."

Patient: "What would you advise, doctor, for this horrible buzzing in my head?" Doctor: "Persian insect powder. Somebody has probably been putting a flea in your ear."

Bob Ingersoll says he's coming to our inaugural ball and dance as a compliment to the Indiana preachers. Bob proposes to have a place-that-doesn't-exist of a time, and don't you forget it.

Shovelling snow is a very healthful, bracing, invigorating operation, but to enjoy the exercise thoroughly you need to sit at the parlour window with a book and watch some other fellow doing it.

"You remind me of a hen sitting on an old egg," said an editor to a plagiarist who was working over an old-time poem. "Why so?" asked the reconstructor. "Because you are warming up an ancient lay."

Chloe: "Good mawning, Aunt Dinah. How's Uncle Rastus dis mawning?" Aunt Dinah: "Very bad; fac is he's got a 'lignant ulster on his back." Chloe: "Dreadful!" Aunt Dinah: "Ya-as, I'se 'fraid Rastus going to be 'firmed infidel."

Lawyer: "Will your Honour put the usual question to the witness as to his religious belief?" Jude: "Witness, do you believe in the existence of a supreme being that controls the affairs of men?" Witness: "Yawohl, Shudge, dot vos my wife, Katrina. Dot voman vas der boss!"

If adown the chute you'd fly
Ere the season passes by,
And the spring's warm, genial sunshine on you steals,
Do not wait for coming snow,
But to work just gently go
And your fleet toboggans ornament with wheels.

A Costa Rica volcano, after sleeping for several years, has roused itself for a grand effort, and caused over five million dollars' damage in the country round about. This shows that a volcano should be awakened with the greatest care, and that it should not be permitted to put its left leg out of bed first.

A gentleman recently returned from a drive through the country towns of New York asserts that he has not very much objection to a cottage that is consistently Queen Anne all through, but he evinces a strong antipathy to those houses—and their name is legion—"that are Queen Anne in front and Mary Anne at the back."

LADY MACBETH—A PUZZLE.

Some say she was meant to be thin,
Some say she was meant to be fat;
Some say she was meant to be this,
Some say she was meant to be that.
But whatever William meant her to be,
She is, for the present, a Mys-Terree.

Smith: "I see that Max O'Rell compliments the innate delicacy of New York men because they prefer to stand up in an elevated car rather than sit in a sofa seat occupied by a lady." Brown: "Huh! Max is way off on that matter." "How so?" "Why, a man in such a case stands up, because the lady always sits so as to take up the whole seat. He would sit down fast enough if he could."

HE CAME BACK.

At the end of the lane by the big white gate
(Oh, the heart of youth is fickle!)
He left his love, for a year to wait.
Sing fickle, oh, so fickle!
"I'll return when the blushing roses bloom,
And be true to thee till the day of doom."
With a good-by kiss in the deepening gloom.
Oh, sing of a youth so fickle!
"Will he ever return?" the maiden cried,
Alas, that hearts are fickle!
And she sat her down and loud she sighed.
Sing fickle, oh, so fickle!
But he came, as he said, all safe from harm,
And strolled down the lane in the June-time warm,—
But another girl hung on his arm!
Oh, fickle, fickle, fickle!



MISPLACED CONFIDENCE.

"Please tell Mr. Adolphus that the bouquet is very handsome, but far too expensive."
 "That's all right Miss; I get one for him nearly every day, and I have to say to the florist each time: After the wedding, the old gentleman has to pay for the whole swindle!"



FROM SCYLIA TO CHARYBDIS.

"Madame, you are looking splendid to-day, positively magnificent."—"See there now! your admiration is all for aunty, not a word for me!"—"But, Miss Bertha, you are always so charming!"

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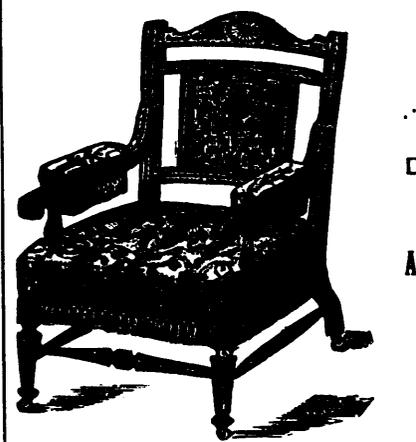
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