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# THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

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VOL. I.—No. 17.

MONTREAL AND TORONTO, 27th OCTOBER, 1888.

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CHORISTER BOYS.

From the painting by Mrs. Anderson.

Photograph supplied by Mr. G. E. Macrae, Toronto, Director for Canada of the Soule Photograph Company.

# The Dominion Illustrated.

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27th OCTOBER, 1888.



Botanists have rejoiced over flowers blossoming from seed found in soil where it had lain for thousands of years, and grain sprouting from the grave-cloths of Egyptian mummies, and now zoologists will have their turn on learning of the live toad found in railway diggings at Greenock. The toad is from 20,000 to 30,000 years old, as the clay bed whence it was taken belongs to the ice period. The mouth is closed, the nostrils breathe, and the eyes are bright, although they do not seem to see.

There is the Primrose League in England, in honour of the late Earl of Beaconsfield—best known as Benjamin Disraeli—and, in a like spirit, a number of French Royalist ladies have formed themselves into a body called the Rose of France. The aim of the gathering is mainly political, but its agencies will be really social, and a certain amount of influence will be exerted through literary and artistic channels. The Countess of Paris is president of the society, which may be set down as virtually an Orleanist engine.

We read in an exchange that Bedford, a beautiful little town in the Eastern Townships, has a ladies' Sidewalk Club, which raises money by public entertainment for the purposes indicated by its name. Now, what does that mean? What is this novelty we thus get from Bedford? We are left in the dark with respect to the purposes which the rather quaint name points out. Let us trust that some of our fair friends, either in Bedford or, what, perhaps, would be keener, some one from the rival towns or villages, will send us a word on the subject.

As a pendant to an editorial article of last week, on the half civilization of the American Negro and Indian, we may state that, in Brazil, in the valley of the Rio Doce, and only 250 miles from Rio Janeiro, there is a nook of land, hitherto almost unknown, wherein the natives go about in an utter state of nature, and are cannibals. It goes without saying that they have no worship at all akin to what we call religion. The country is a paradise of the tropics, and specially rich in rose wood. Being *senza veste* in a hot climate is passable enough, but the eating of man's flesh is distinctly uncivilized.

A Western orchardist claims that apples at \$1.50 a barrel are more profitable than wheat at 75 cents a bushel. That is a hireling's view of the difference between fruit and corn, but taken in another sense, it is true that there is much most wholesome nourishment in apples. There are thousands of farmer families that make a meal of baked apples, with bread and milk. Dumpings, or apples cooked whole in dough, are rich food. In New England they have "apple sass"

morn, noon and night, and cider is their beverage, those favoured mountainous states being the Normandy of America.

Even above the apple is the grape, not only as a food, but, furthermore, as a cure. Dr. Irving tells us that the quantity of sound grapes one may eat with impunity is something astonishing. Persons at the Continental Grape Cures consume from six to twelve pounds daily. Grapes constitute a perfect nutriment, which includes, in remarkable proportions, the nitrogenous albuminoid and respiratory principles indispensable to a good alimentation. According to the analysis of a French chemist, a striking analogy exists between the juice of the grape and woman's milk. Some of the affections which the grape may be used for, as a reparative medicinal agent of great value, are those arising from troubles in the digestive function and diseases of the liver.

W. Cameron, of Wiarton, in the County of Bruce, goes no two ways about it. He says that he has been in Canada for twenty-one years and in business. Two-thirds of the people are for Free Trade with all the world—Annexation, "never." Stop as we are for thirty or forty years longer, and then—Independence. Opposed to Imperial Federation because it would lead, in fifty years, to a general break-up of the Empire. Interests would be sure to clash. The fall of the Roman Empire would be nothing to it. Our friend must have bethought him of the famous words of Livy, in his preface: *Imperium Romanum magnitudine ruit sua*.

Very rightly, and, perhaps unconsciously, after Macaulay, the outspoken Bruce patriot makes the application at once. Within a hundred years, he is bold to foretell, the United States will be all "burst up" to half a dozen little kingdoms—(no, republics—there never will be kingdoms in America)—and Canada, if true to herself, will have a population of 50,000,000 by that time, and be the greatest nation on this continent. "Present policy, and lay low for ducks," quoth Mr. Cameron, as a parting shot.

While on this national question, it is worth while giving a paragraph to the wise and timely words of Lord Stanley, in reply to an address, at the Capital, the other day. His Excellency said that they must not hold narrow views, but be content to take matters as they found them. He for one was prepared to deal with matters as they arise. We must not fall into the error of throwing upon the shoulders of statesmen the whole burden of the difficulties with which they have to deal, although it is the people, or constitutional majority of the people, who determine great questions. He has observed since his arrival a disposition to look upon the interests of localities rather than the interest of the whole Dominion. We are not here for the benefit of one section, class or creed, and he trusted that all societies would put aside party prejudice and religious animosities.

In another column of this issue will be found a short account of the statue raised to the late Dr. Ryerson, at Toronto, in memory of the "Father of Education." To Ontario unquestionably belongs the credit of having led in the march of elementary teaching, and it is a matter of history that its record at the Philadelphia centennial, twelve years ago, was so brilliant and so widely acknowledged, that representative men from Japan and the East came to Toronto to study that

school system *in loco* and report to their Governments. Since that time the rest of the Dominion has pulled up, and our whole scheme of primary, secondary and intermediate instruction is now second to none anywhere.

The immigration returns for the year, up to date, are thoroughly satisfactory. Within a trifling fraction, the figures are at 70,000. While a good number stopped in the older Provinces, the bulk of the new-comers went to the North-West, where they belong, and where they are wanted in pursuance of the policy that built the Canadian Pacific Railway, bought the immense Hudson's Bay territory, and partitioned for settlement the Fertile Belt and the rich prairies of Alberta, Assiniboia, Athabasca and Saskatchewan.

British returns of immigration show another aspect of the case. There is a material decrease in this year's outflow from Britain to the United States, while to Canada it has increased in almost the same proportion. The correlation of attractive forces, as between the United States and Canada, is set as twelve to one in favour of the former, and yet the immigration to the United States is only five times greater than the immigration into Canada. Furthermore, the Dominion got more immigrants than Australia and all other colonies and countries together, except the United States.

## OUR INLAND FISHERIES.

All over the Mississippi Valley and throughout the western states of the Union there is a scarcity of fish found in lakes, rivers and streams, and the consequence is that the people of those parts have to content themselves with the article imported from the East, either artificially kept on ice, or smoked and salted. We have heard people out there, who are dutiful to the rules of their church, complain bitterly that for them the Lenten time was a period of positive hardship.

There need be nothing of the kind in Canada, because our inland waters are as well supplied with fish as the bays and estuaries of our ocean shores and our deep sea itself. Indeed, while we are next to none other in the great sea-fish, such as the salmon, cod, mackerel and herring, it is safe to say that there is no country in the world so well supplied as we are with that most delicious article of food—the fresh-water fish. Take only one or two of our great lakes as instances. The Lake Winnipeg fisheries, this year, have been uncommonly plentiful. The white fish of these landlocked waters enjoys a wide fame. Last year \$100,000 worth was exported from the lake, and this year the total is expected to go up to \$150,000. Selkirk is the natural receiving and distributing centre, and it is there that the celebrated "freezers" for export purposes are found. Selkirk owes this advantage to its position as the head of low water navigation. No less than nine steamers ply between Lake Winnipeg and Red River—that is, between the fishing stations on the lake and the town of Selkirk. Lumber divides the cargoes of these boats along with fish, but the bulk of the carrying trade is in the latter. A number of barges are also used as supplementary to the steamboats. This business gives employment to a host of men, among whom are many Indians, who are excellent fishermen, as well as accomplished raftsmen.

The wealth of the fisheries of Lake Superior is simply unknown. Those immense waters have

inexhaustible treasures, which human ingenuity has not yet been able to turn to use. The innumerable banks and windings of the North shore teem with a countless variety of edible fish. The salmon trout and whitefish of Algoma, for example—what daintier articles of food could be looked for? And yet the supply is far below the demand. A number of Montreal and other Eastern Canadian dealers have gone up to Rossport and other points on the North Shore purposely to contract for as large consignments of the best fish caught there as can possibly be sent on.

Montreal is not, but ought to be, the great centre for fresh-water fish in Canada. Its geographical position, which stands it in such good stead in many other respects, has fitted it specially for the control of this great market. All the large tributaries of the St. Lawrence, from the Thousand Islands down to Lake St. Peter—saying nothing about those below Three Rivers which fall into tidal waters—naturally send their fish to Montreal, as any one can convince himself by visiting Bonsecours Market on a Friday, or during Lent. From the monster sturgeon to the tiny trout, all the products of inland waters are, or ought to be, there, and the very enumeration of these splendid fish would take up the best part of this column.

The reproach has gone forth, and with reason, that the deep-sea fisheries of Canada are a trade which is yet only in its infancy, and that it is a source of incalculable wealth which has been hitherto neglected. With much more reason may we charge the same ignorance of our true interests in the matter of our fresh-water fisheries. In this regard the Dominion alone should not be expected to do all the work. Each province ought to take an interest in the fisheries of its own rivers, streams and lakes, and yearly reports should be published informing the public of the progress of this great industry from year to year. There would be practically no limit to the market for our large varieties of inland fish.

### TRANSATLANTIC POETS.

Edmund Gosse, an English writer of light verse, who has achieved a well-deserved name, and who writes critical papers on the letters of the day, in a becoming spirit of appreciation, has just published his views on transatlantic or American poetry. As these are not specially new, and have the merit of brevity, we shall cast a hasty glance at them. Dismissing all names before that of Bryant, Mr. Gosse grudges that most American poets a rank among the highest, but places him above Longfellow, whom he treats to the commonplace English estimate of amiable mediocrity. This lowering of the author of "Evangeline" and "Hiawatha"—into which Americans themselves have complacently fallen—is one of the strangest anomalies of modern criticism. Longfellow, so far from being the poet of the middle classes only, is the favourite of the home-circle and the educated, and he has handled the highest problems of the mind and of the world as well as any of his contemporaries. He is, by all odds, the most popular poet of this age, and the bulk of his poems, even the shortest and slightest of them, will live as long as the language. Another fashionable fancy which Mr. Gosse has adopted is to set Emerson above Bryant, and Longfellow, even hitting that he might have become one of the greatest poets of the world. It is idle to discuss this view in presence of the published works of

the Concord philosopher, as compared with the inexhaustible editions of Longfellow, for instance.

In his opinion of Poe we are inclined to side with Mr. Gosse, who shares the general European view—English and continental—in placing that unfortunate man of genius at the head of American poets, even on the strength of the slender literary luggage which he left behind him. All the verse that Poe ever wrote you can carry in your waistcoat pocket, and you can read it all in less than half an hour. One-third of it is fragmentary; a small fraction is unintelligible, but all of it breathes a volcanic fire, and bears withal a cosmic force which carries you away even where you do not understand. Then the art, the finish of workmanship, the music of rhyme and rhythm are transcendent. What if that man had not wasted his powers while he lived, or, living longer, had reformed and gone forth into the full blossom of his beautiful mind, what masterpieces, unsurpassed in the English language, would have been given to the world. As it is, we almost feel that he is rated too highly, until we read again "The Raven," "Ulalume," "Annabel Lee," and a few other pieces, and then we come back to our first judgment.

There is no doubt in regard to Edgar Poe that efforts have been made among American critics—beginning with his first biographer, Griswold—to thrust him into the background because he was a Southerner, and because the cast of his mind and the inspiration of his poems were wholly Latin, but the injustice has not prevailed, and Poe holds his own place for evermore in his native land.

About another Southern poet, who was strongly popular at the North, through the influence of the charmed circle of *Lippincott's Magazine*, Sidney Lanier, we again agree with Mr. Gosse when saying that, never simple, never easy, never in one single lyric natural and spontaneous for more than one stanza, always forcing the note, always concealing his barrenness and tameness by grotesque violence of image and preposterous storm of sound, Lanier appears to be as conclusively not a poet of genius as any ambitious man who ever lived, laboured and failed.

The field of American poetry has never been broad, and, at the present time, it is even narrow. While scores of volumes leap from the press every year, very few of them survive beyond the first notices—favourable or unfavourable—which are published in the papers. A large class of clever verse-mongers, in the periodicals and newspapers, often write most beautiful things, some of which would suffice of themselves to give their author a name, but, somehow, they are dragged in the undertow of journalism and are never seen more. It is a literal fact that we have no American poem, destined to live, since the days of the school of Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes and Lowell, the first of whom wrote gems up to the last, and the others continue to put forth, in old age, flowers as bright and fragrant as ever they gathered into posies in their youth. The cause of this dearth of poetic elevation and inspiration in the United States is a very interesting problem which no one, to our knowledge, has yet attempted to solve. It is in the nature of things, no doubt, but no doubt, too, the day will come when the culture that is being hoarded, and the ambition that is being nursed among the American people, shall blossom into a fruit of genius, and the United States shall have a poet whose work will constitute an epoch in the literature of our common language.

### SALE OF PICTURES.

Mr. F. A. Verner, the celebrated artist, is in Montreal, and has instructed Mr. Hicks to sell at auction a number of his water colour sketches and a few oil paintings. This is a rare chance for *connoisseurs* and lovers of the fine arts to secure some good pictures of Indian life, prairie scenes and Canadian landscape. Mr. Verner is a conscientious artist, depicting objects as he sees them. His pictures are reliable. Many of the subjects he has painted have gone into the domain of history and legend. The buffalo is all but extinct; the Indian tepee of buffalo-hide will soon be but a reminiscence; even the bark hut made of birch bark rolls is fast disappearing, as the red men learn to settle down and till the soil. Mr. Verner's pictures, therefore, will soon be valuable records of Indian history. His skies are often excellent, both in gorgeous sunsets, transparent twilight and cool morning scenes. We hope that an appreciative audience and liberal purchasers will crowd Mr. Hicks' rooms, Saturday afternoon, 27th instant, when the sale takes place.

### LITERARY NOTES.

Evans McColl, the Gaelic bard, of Kingston, was in Montreal for some weeks, disposing of the last edition of his poems.

The total expenditure for books for the Parliamentary library for the year ending May 8th, 1888, amounted to \$13,715.

Mr. James Fletcher, F. R. S., Dominion entomologist, of Ottawa, has been elected president of the Ontario Entomological Association.

J. W. Jones, a well-known naturalist, author and barrister of the Inner Temple, London, died at Halifax. He had resided there for many years.

There are only ten full students attending lectures in the new freshman class at the University of New Brunswick. There are also several occasional students, four of whom are ladies.

In the last number of the *Week* Mr. George Stewart, jr., announces "A New Canadian Poet," and gives a few samples of the young New Brunswick votary of the Muses, Bliss Carman.

It is intimated that the biography of Sims Reeves, just published in London, will be followed next year by some more detailed reminiscences, as he will then celebrate his professional jubilee.

C. H. Farnham will publish shortly a volume comprising his papers on life, society and literature, chiefly in French Canada, the result of his travels, for several years, in this Province, for Harpers.

Mr. Douglas Sladen, the distinguished Australian poet and author, is about publishing, on a publisher's account, a work on "Younger American Poets," in which some of the poets of Canada will be included.

"Poems of Wild Life," edited with notes and an introduction by Prof. Chas. G. D. Roberts, M. A., of King's College, Windsor, Nova Scotia, will appear on the 25th October as the November number of the "Canterbury Poets."

Mr. William McLennan, of Montreal, has just published two critical papers on Henri Mürger, with translations in verse, and an appreciative insight into the methods of life and work of that man of genius. The papers appeared in the *Week*.

*King's College Record* is the title of a monthly devoted to University purposes, under the editorial management of Goodridge B. Roberts. From the penmanship of a note before us, are we right in making him a brother of the author of "Orion?"

Mrs. Forsythe Grant has in preparation a book on Hawaii. The author is a daughter of Ex-Lieutenant Governor Crawford. She lived for several years in Hawaii, but has returned to Toronto recently and is now living at Deer Park. The book contains selections from Canadian poets on Canadian subjects.

### A SEA OF SOUL.

As little streams that start to find the sea  
Proclaim with babbling tongue their voyaging,  
And with proud riot make the meadows ring,  
Or fill the wild woods with their noisy glee,  
As of their course they tell each waving tree,  
And wand'ring bird that chances near to wing;  
So shallow lovers in the world's ear sing  
Their tale of passion with vain minstrelsy;  
But as the restless ocean's vast expanse,  
Superbly splendid, solemnly sublime,  
Whose music beats upon the shores of time  
In rhythmic beauty—is my heart's romance,  
And as no song can tell the sea's great mystery,  
All silent is my soul in its deep love of thee.

Montreal.

SAREPTA.

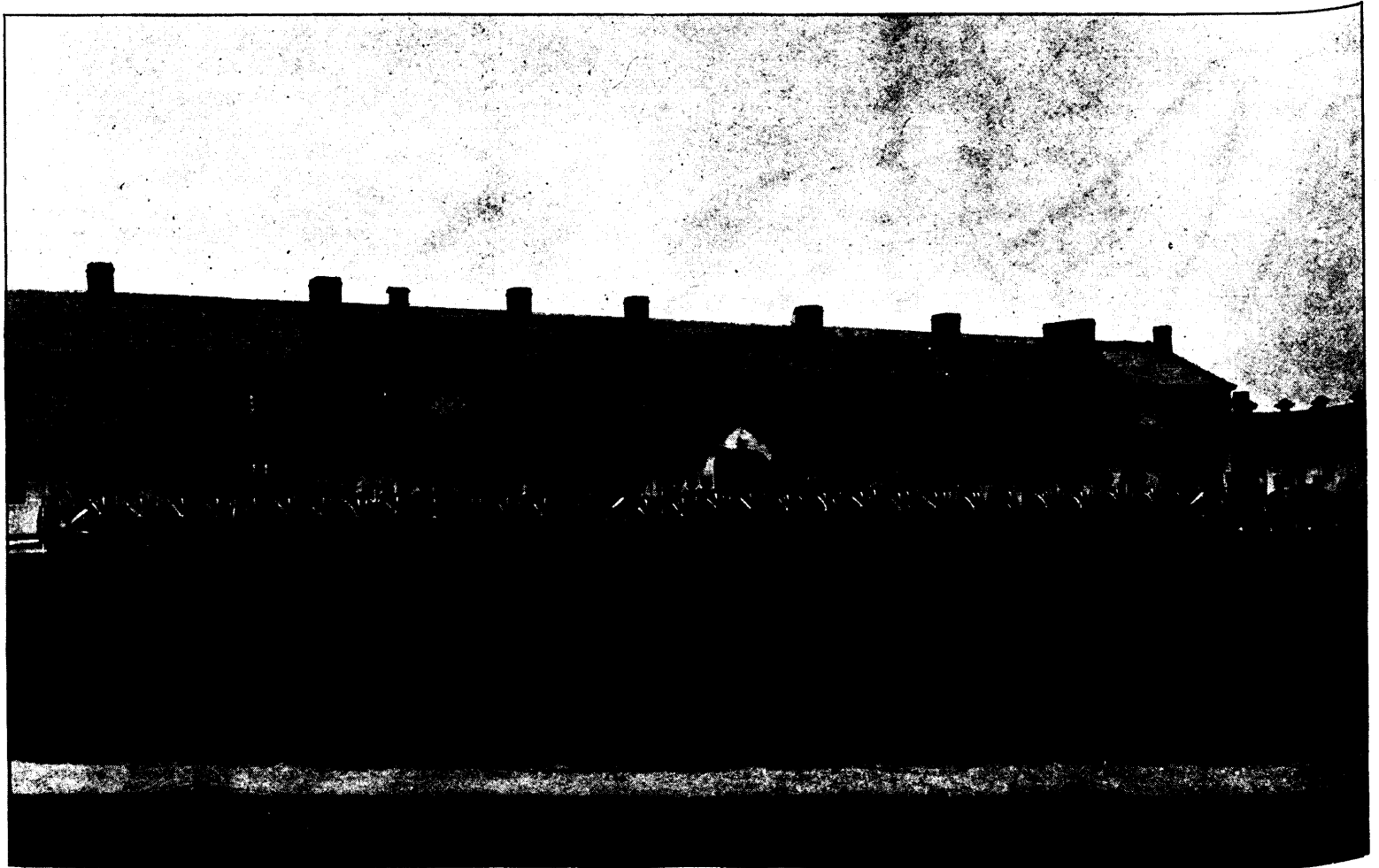
ROYAL SCHOOL OF INFANTRY, TORONTO.



CAPT. SEARS, Adjutant.

LT. COL. OTTER, D.A.C., Mil. D. No. 2,  
Commandant.

SURGEON STRANGE,



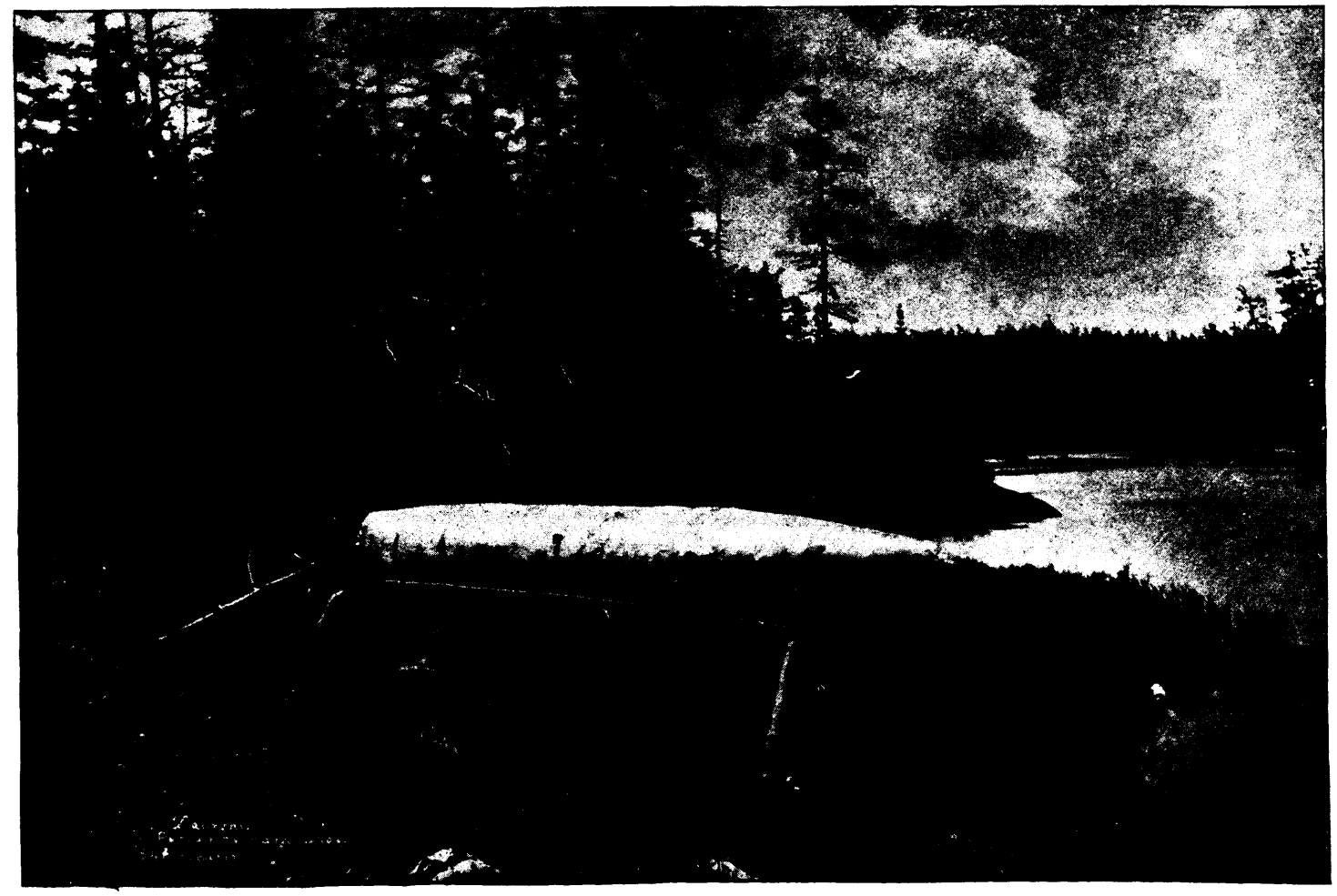
"C" COMPANY SCHOOL OF INFANTRY CORPS ON PARADE.

A LAURENTIAN CLUB RESORT.

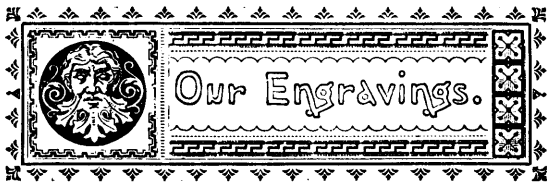
From photographs by Henderson.



AT LAKE MONROE.—SINGLE PORTAGE.



DOUBLE PORTAGE OF BARK CANOE.



**CHORISTER BOYS.**—This is a companion picture to the "Foundling Girls," published in the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED NEWS, on the 14th August, and from the brush of the same distinguished artist, Mrs. Anderson. As the Foundling Girls were a trio of pretty and interesting faces, so here we have three boys fair to look upon, and with such intelligence at their task, that we are sure their voices must be as excellent as their features. The turn of the head of the leader in the centre, brought out by the white surplice of the acolyte, is full of artistic expression, and the waiting aspect of the assistants, on the right and left, heighten the expectation of the looker-on and listener who shall be treated, it may be, to Newman's most popular of modern hymns:—

Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,  
Lead thou me on.  
The night is dark and I am far from home,  
Lead thou me on!

**ROYAL SCHOOL OF INFANTRY, TORONTO.**—The Royal School of Infantry, Toronto, was established in December, 1883, for the purpose of affording instruction to the officers of the various militia battalions of infantry in the Province of Ontario, and to enable them to obtain the necessary certificates of qualification for their appointments in the force. As an adjunct to the school and attached to it for the purpose of example in discipline duties, drill, etc., is "C" Company Infantry School Corps, consisting of one hundred non-commissioned officers and men and three officers. These men are enlisted for three years, and are, in all respects, similar to the regular soldiers of the British service. The officers of the company, together with the regimental officers, viz., the commandant and adjutant, form the staff of the institution. During the Northwest rebellion "C" Company went on service, and the work of the school was interrupted; but some idea of its work may be gained from the fact that, within the four years during which it has been in active operation, two hundred and twenty-eight officers and three hundred and seventy non-commissioned officers and men of militia regiments have availed themselves of this means of increasing their military knowledge and experience. The new Fort Barracks, in which "C" Company and the Royal School of Infantry are quartered, occupy a fine situation on the lake shore, about two miles west of the Union Station. They were erected in 1840-41 by the Imperial Government for the artillery then quartered in Toronto, but thanks to the solid and careful manner in which they were first constructed, and to the additional improvements by the Dominion Government, they will probably survive to see many more recent structures in ruins. The officers of the corps composing the school are as follows: Lieut.-Col. Otter, D.A.G., M.D., No. 2, and Commandant Major Vidal, Capt. Sears, Adjt., Capt. MacDonald, Lieut. Cartwright, and Surgeon Strange.

**SINGLE AND DOUBLE PORTAGES.**—Those who have read about "portages" in books—novels, travellers' accounts, missionaries' relations, surveyors' explorations and hunters' stories—may have never fully understood the meaning of the term, until they set their eye upon the two superb engravings which embellish our pages to-day. Here is a distinctive Canadian scene, and no mistake. The picture was taken a short time ago, but it might be two hundred years old, so true is it to the nature of an experience that dates back, unaltered, since the early days of the settlement of New France. Look at the model of those canoes, turned to a hair in graceful curves; polished to the lustre of a bone; light as an eagle's feather, and strongly buoyant to rebound from the impact of rock or plunging falls. An Indian made this plaything, that has been used as an engine of war, a saviour to the starving camps, a vehicle of the Word and the Cross in the depths of the wildwood. That was two centuries back. An Indian made the two canoes that we see in the pictures, and they are employed for nothing more nor less than the congenial sport of fishing, at Lake Monroe, in the lacustrine preserves of the Laurentian Club, which we have already fully illustrated.

**SKEENA VIEWS.**—We should like the reader to bear in mind that he has before his eyes a series of sketches which we are the first and only ones to publish, and which cannot be had elsewhere. They were taken on the spot for us, sent directly to ourselves, and we publish them as rapidly as our processes allow of their being put into the paper. Our readers and we ourselves are indebted for this treat to the kindness and skill of Major Peters, of the C Battery of R.C.A., who was with his corps, on the Skeena River, at the time of the recent outbreak. If his professional service had been wanted, we are assured that the gallant Major would have rendered it with the same zeal that he displayed in preparing these bloodless photographs. There are no less than twelve sketches in the two pages, some instructive, others amusing, and all taken from nature—the talk before the start; the boarding of the "Caroline" at Esquimalt; the Blue Jackets before the ramming; the song of the "Captivity;" the confab of the C. O. and the F. M. on Kitman Cool Jim; the mouth of the Skeena; the Salmon Canneries; Hyin Muck a Muck, an "engine" fish; first meal on the hostile strand; the comforts of pre-emption, and the repose of Port Essington.

**"DRAWING LOTS."**—The reader will please observe that this engraving is furnished directly and expressly for the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED by the author himself, Mr. G. A. Reid, A.R.C.A., who drew it from his own painting. The three boys are drawing straws, with all the calm interest which older men of business exhibit in matters of higher import. The posture of the lads is natural; the limbs are well drawn, and the expression of the rather handsome faces as natural as possible. Altogether, the picture is a fine sample of Canadian art.

**SPA BEAUTY COMPETITION.**—We give these three portraits as a curiosity, that the reader may determine for himself whether there is a perfect beauty among them. The competition took place at the beginning of October, in the Casino of Spa, under the management of M. Hervé du Lorrain, to whom was entrusted the sum of 10,000 francs by the administration of the Casino, to be distributed among the three fairest competitors who should be declared the fairest of all by a masculine jury of eight. After a first choice from photographs, one and twenty candidates arrived at Spa, at the expense of the management, and boarded in the "annex" of an hotel, specially retained for them, from which they did not go forth, except in closed carriages, to the main drawing-room of the Casino, where the examinations took place, on twelve consecutive days. On the 12th evening the jury proceeded, in solemn state, to the distribution of prizes. The whole of Spa was illuminated, and the burgomaster, with the other town worthies, attended the gallant occasion. Each of the laureates, called forth by the chairman, stepped out for her prize and diploma. The first prize-winner was a Frenchwoman, but from the colonies, Martha Soucaret, aged 18; the second, a Flemish lass, of Spanish descent, Mile. Delrosa, and the third, Fraulein Stevens, a Viennese. Then, five prizes, of 500 francs each, were awarded, one of which went to Mile. Olga Nadiaska, of Swedish birth. It is related that the eight jurymen walked gravely up and down among the gathered beauties during the twelve days, examining them with attention and taking into account not only the absolute handsomeness of each, but her grace, her carriage, her toilet and other attributes of female perfection.

#### POINTS.

BY ACUS.

"To point a moral and adorn a tale."

—*J. Hudson: Vanity of Human Wishes.*

Notwithstanding recent censures, the American newspaper has received a compliment unique even for an Irishman. A son of the old sod, who like the sod was old himself, became homesick (as one might perhaps be excused for doing in Prescott), and desired as the song says to "come back to Erin." So he girded up his loins and went, as he said for good. Imagine therefore the surprise of his friends on this side when a short time after he turned up again. His lamentation and explanation was that in the smaller places over there he missed the newspapers. And he thought the green isle was green in more particulars than one. Here the newspaper is an "institution." At its shrine even an Irishman has sacrificed his patriotism; and paid it a compliment which, even for an Irishman, is unique.

In the art of letter-writing the fair sex are said to excel the men. Is it on account of the characteristic post script? The rhetorics teach us how to write the mere paltry letter, but unfortunately they say very little about the post script. The next rhetoric will have to be written by a lady; and then the poor men can learn how to compose a post script, and will stand upon the same footing with their rivals in letter-writing. A man's letter is apt to be a "plain, forcible, inevitable whole," while his rival deals in "glittering generalities." The habit of condensation which one acquires in business is apt to crowd out many of the flowers of speech and leave his thought in barren outline; but the influence of a refined home is apt to nurture fanciful elaboration, and a woman's thought and expression are apt, like her life, to move along the line of beauty. I confess I enjoy receiving a letter from a lady, well, just a little more than from a gentleman; but then I am quite a young man, and perhaps it is only natural.

A recent publication is entitled "Every Man his own Poet." Considering what poor livings are made by the poets already in existence, one may doubt the propriety of increasing their number. But aside from that, if the work in question be worth anything, we may have to trifle with a venerable proverb and make it read, *The poet is made, not born.* The book, however, will probably be about as effective as the numerous works

entitled "How to Get Rich," which only leave the reader poorer by about seventy-five cents, the price of the book. I am reminded of the ambitious but economical individual who undertook to write his own library; he procured a very good pen and excellent paper, but he could not for the life of him think of anything to write. Such, I fear, will frequently be the case with the poets made to order. And literature, if enriched at all, will be enriched only through the "poet's corner" of the country newspaper.

One naturally doubts the American humourist who informs us that he once yawned so capriciously that his jaw became caught in a nail over the door, and he had to stand upon a chair in order to extricate himself. But as a matter of fact, a man in Ottawa yawned to such an extent the other day that he dislocated his jaw. Envious people who would deprive Ottawa of her distinction as capital, will no doubt say that only in that city does one feel like yawning to that extent. Here was a fine "opening" for a young physician. The gentleman in question had the misfortune, in this case, to possess what is usually regarded as a distinction, an "open countenance,"—very wide open. It is not definitely known what was at that time occupying his thoughts; but certain wicked persons insinuate that he was mentally reviewing the last Presbyterian sermon he heard.

An English gentleman who knew, I presume, what he was talking about, recently remarked in conversation that about one hundred thousand British tourists annually visit the continent. On an average they spend not less than £50 apiece. A little mental arithmetic will soon show that this amounts to a total expenditure of about \$25,000,000 in our currency. Now this money is expended among foreigners, and in countries whose scenery, grand as it is, is rivalled by a certain colony of Britain's. Our Rockies, our National Park, our lakes and rivers, and above all our prairies, win the most enthusiastic praises from all European travellers. They find in our scenery, among the other charms, the charm of a novelty. And to it all is added the benefit of an ocean voyage. The British tourist by bending his steps in this direction would therefore derive great pleasure himself, materially assist this colony, and at the same time keep this very large expenditure among his own people. Canadians do not require to be at all boastful or to "boom" their country; but it is right that they should quietly insist upon her merits.

Among nations it is an almost invariable custom to select some flower which shall be typical or emblematic, such as the rose, the thistle, or the fleur-de-lis. Similarly they select representative animals such as the lion or the eagle. The comparatively small proportions of the island called England, considered in connection with its very great power, renders the choice of the lion sufficiently apt. And as a bird is not subject to the limitations of an ordinary quadruped, any more than a republic is subject to the limitations of a monarchy, the choice of the eagle to represent the former is sufficiently apt. For her emblematic representatives, Canada has selected the maple leaf and the beaver. The significance of the beaver in this connection would, perhaps, at first sight, not appear. It is not large; it is not remarkably strong; it is not particularly formidable; one would hardly call it beautiful. These are all negatives. But it is indefatigably industrious. It is not an external matter, this; but is a matter of inherent disposition. And it is this, more than anything else, which goes to the building up of a nation. Let it be therefore said of Canada that she is "as busy as a beaver," and we shall have no reason to be ashamed of our emblematic animal.

We are informed by the *Globe* that the Rev. Joseph H. Hiltz, author of "Experiences of a Backwoods Preacher," has written a second work, which he has called "Among the Forest Trees, or How the Bushman Family Got Their Homes." It is a chronicle of facts and incidents of pioneer life in Upper Canada, told in a fresh, easy way, and with a sympathetic fidelity to the details of life in the early settlements.



Whitefish are being netted in the bay at Belleville.  
 Another big gold find is reported from Rat Portage.  
 Brandon has decided to adopt the electric light system.  
 Wheat is quoted at from \$1.05 to \$1.12 throughout Manitoba.  
 Coal similar to that at Lethbridge has been found at Cluny, in the N. W.  
 Apples are so abundant at Elora, Ont., as to fetch only 10 cents per bag in the orchard.  
 Calgary sent oats to the Ontario exhibitions which weighed 49½ pounds to the bushel.  
 The Canadian Pacific intend establishing large cattle yards at Strathmore, near Calgary, in the spring.  
 Major Bell, of the Bell farm, has sixty thousand bushels of wheat which has been sold for a dollar a bushel.  
 The Dominion Parliament will be called together for the despatch of business in the latter part of January next.  
 The grape crop in Essex County, Ont., yields three tons to the acre, which is much heavier than any previous year.  
 The best wheat yet shown in Birtle was raised by the Indians on the Bird Tail reserve. Ripe Indian corn has also been produced near the same place and by the same people.  
 Manitoba No. 1 hard is realizing the highest price of all wheats in the Liverpool markets, fetching 9s 4d, No. 2 Duluth best fetching a penny less. All other wheats are much below these figures.  
 A lead of gold about five feet in width has been discovered in Big Bras d'Or Mountain, N. S. A specimen of the quartz has been seen, and it is dark white, transparent, full of copper and pyrites, and containing gold in alloy and nuggets.  
 Word comes that some of the Indians who went to Alaska with Mr. Duncan are returning to British Columbia. They say they can make more in British Columbia and are not required to work on Sunday as compelled in Alaska to do. Mr. Duncan's teaching has evidently borne good fruit.  
 The Government steamer "Stanley," building at Glasgow for the winter service between Prince Edward Island and the mainland, has been successfully launched. The vessel will leave Glasgow for Canada some time next month under the command of Captain McElhinney, nautical adviser to the Marine Department.

## TWO CANADIAN POETS.

### I.

I take it that all true Canadians are interested in the development of Canadian literary thought, especially that portion of it to be found within the domain of poesy. Any country, with the life-blood of national independence coursing in its veins, must find at times upon its lip the expression of that independence wrought out in song. That is to say, what is dearest to the heart finds expression in language, whether in friendship's greeting or the warm pulse of song. Our young country, with the fond hope of national autonomy nestling in her bosom, declares at times, through the gift of song, her ambition, her purpose and her goal. With a complex people, patriotic, proud of her past glory, confident of her present, hopeful of her future, she is growing, day by day, in strength of limb, warmth of heart and beauty of form. Surely there is within her the inspiring theme of poesy. The heroism of her early missionaries, armed with the breviary and the cross, may well fire the epic heart, her battle fields, with the thunder of cannon and clash of sabre, proclaim the martial deeds, and bravery of her sons, while every ray and hue and sound of her forest, field and stream, are full of idyllic grandeur, and form a setting to the virtues of her people in their lyric happiness of hearth and home. It is said that genius is oft begotten of tribulation, and the fiery throes of revolution. Yet it not unfrequently manifests itself, ushered in by neither volcanic omens nor the clouds of storm. True, the guns of Sumter were the signal for not only the social emancipation of three millions of slaves, but also for the intellectual emancipation of thirty millions of freemen. The great Civil War, no doubt, gave a strength, independence and national flavour to American literature that it never before possessed. And in Canada, within our own memory, when, some three years ago, an appeal was made to Canadian patriotism to put down rebellion on the

banks of the Saskatchewan, when the sturdiest and bravest of our sons went forth at the call of duty and stained the white snows of the Northwest with the blood of heroes, the poetic heart of our country throbbled in ode and lyric worthy of her national freedom, and the bright promise of her golden future. It is not, however, too much to say that the national poet of Canada has yet to come, and that he must derive his inspiration from the patriotic heart of his country—its throbs of ambition, its memories of early historic days, and more than all, its love and appreciation of every element conducive to the welfare and betterment of our people.

### II.

Are there then signs of a distinctively national literature in Canada? We think there are. There has been no drama written on this continent that bears so strongly the mark of genius in its every line as the drama of "Tecumseth," by its gifted author, Charles Mair. It is of deep interest to Canadian people, chronicling as it does the patriotism of our countrymen and their Indian allies in the war of 1812. In it figures, too, Governor Harrison, who, by the way, is of double interest at this moment to Americans, being the grandfather of the present Republican candidate for the Presidency. Down by the sea there sings a true Canadian poet, full of youthful fire and poetic promise—Charles G. D. Roberts. Prof. Roberts, of King's College, Windsor, N. S., requires no introduction to the Canadian people for the product of his gifted pen. He has oft, during the past few years, graced the best magazines of our public reading-rooms. His last volume of poems, "In Divers Tones," lies before me as I write. Mr. Roberts' chief fault—if fault it be—is too close a faithfulness to classic models. That his poetic genius is Canadian goes without saying. Hear our young poet sing, in his poem on Canada, of our heroic past and our promised future:

The Saxon force, the Celtic fire,  
 These are thy manhood's heritage!  
 Why rest with babes and slaves? Seek higher  
 The place of race and age.

O Falterer, let thy past convince  
 Thy future,—all the growth the gain,  
 The fame since Cartier knew thee, since  
 Thy shores beheld Champlain.

Montcalm and Wolfe! Wolfe and Montcalm!  
 Quebec, thy storied citadel  
 Attests in burning song and psalm  
 How here thy heroes fell!

O thou who bor'st the battle's brunt  
 At Queenston and at Lundy's Lane,—  
 On whose scant ranks but iron front  
 The battle broke in vain!—

Whose was the danger, whose the day,  
 From whose triumphant throats and cheers  
 At Chrysler's Farm, at Chateauguay,  
 Storming like clarion-bursts our ears?

But thou, my country, dream not thou!  
 Wake and behold how night is gone—  
 How on thy breast and o'er thy brow,  
 Bursts the uprising sun.

### III.

Note how true a poet Prof. Roberts is in the following beautiful and finished sonnet. Only the eye gifted with internal vision could discern so minutely the subtle charms that grace a poet's morn in May. Indeed, I might almost venture to say that Prof. Roberts is at his best in sonnets. He has all the gifts requisite for a sonnet writer. I think the following a delightful gem. It is entitled "To Fredericton in May-Time."

This morning, full of breezes and perfume,  
 Brimful of promise of midsummer weather,  
 When bees and birds and I are glad together,  
 Breathes of the full-leaved season when soft bloom  
 Chequers the streets and the close elms assume  
 Round roof and spire the semblance of green billows;  
 Yet now thy glory is the yellow willows;  
 The yellow willows full of bees and bloom.  
 Under their dusty blossoms blackbirds meet,  
 And robins pipe amid the cedars higher;  
 Thro' the still elms I hear the ferry's beat;  
 The swallows chirp about the towering spire;  
 The whole air pulses with its weight of sweet;  
 Yet not quite satisfied to my desire!

Like his poet brother, John Boyle O'Reilly, of Boston, Roberts is an enthusiast in all kinds of sports. True, he has given us no "Ethics of Boxing," but he has strong faith in the wisdom of the great Roman Satirist's "*Mens Sana in Corpore Sano*." Throughout his poems are rare bits of description full of the flavour of holiday pastime. when, with birch and paddle, the poet glided from stream to lake, smoothly as the rhythmic flow of his own finished verse. Here are a few of the opening lines, addressed to Bliss Carman, commemorative of an outing:

Friend, those delights of ours  
 Under the sun and showers,—

All through the noonday blue  
 Sliding our light canoe,

Or gloating hushed at eve,  
 When the dim pine-tops grieve!

What tonic days were they  
 Where thy streams dart and play,—

Where rivers brown and strong  
 As caribou bound along,

Breaks into angry parle  
 Where wildcat rapids snarl,

Subside, and like a snake  
 Wind to the quiet lake!

Already Charles G. D. Roberts has been enrolled among the best of Canadian poets. He has much of that inner vision divine, without which verse is but a meaningless jingle. As a poet, it is not too much to say that the years before him are years of great promise.

Toronto.

THOMAS O'HAGAN, M.A.

## THE GORDON MONUMENT.

The memorial to General Gordon, in Trafalgar Square, takes the form of a bronze statue on a square pedestal of hard grey limestone rising from a base of two steps. The figure, by Mr. Hamo Thorneycroft, R.A., represents the hero of Khartoum in the undress uniform of a British staff officer, standing in a contemplative attitude, his left foot resting on a broken cannon. The head, slightly inclined downward, is supported on the right hand, the elbow of which rests on the left hand, in which is clasped a closed Bible. The figure is bareheaded and swordless, but under the right arm is the historic wand with which Gordon won some of his greatest military triumphs. Mr. Thorneycroft has succeeded in producing an admirable life-like portrait. The down-turned face wears a dreamy look, and the slightly drawn forehead and tightly compressed lips indicate that the thoughts of Gordon are far away from his surroundings. Upon the shaft of the pedestal are two allegorical reliefs—the first representing Charity and Justice, as characteristic of the man; and the other Fortitude and Faith, the two great spiritual attributes which enabled him, in the face of overwhelming difficulties, to carry out the mission of his life. The height of the figure is ten feet, and with the plinth and base twenty-eight feet.

## ANACREONTIC.

Marion, I as well might strive  
 To check the pleasures of the hive,  
 As paint a line in friendship's hue,  
 For alien tints come oozing through.  
 My wild-goose quill I oft reprove,  
 The truant speaks of naught but Love,  
 And when, as now, my fate I moan,  
 Puts out in doubly tender tone.  
 Hast heard of the Ambrosian bird,\*  
 That oft of Eld, when winds had stirr'd  
 The Indian wave, and bade it rise  
 Its silver top to darkled skies;  
 Was wont upon that sea to lie,  
 And calm it with a lullaby,  
 To skim along each shimm'ring crest,  
 And sooth each ruffled wave to rest.  
 O thus may Love his wings expand,  
 And Peace smile on us soft and bland,  
 May joy his genial warmth bestow,  
 And Health bid roses round thee blow;  
 Or, oh! might health his art disclose,  
 Of planting roses on a rose;  
 Methinks I'd find a rich parterre,  
 And set them blooming wildly there.

Quebec.

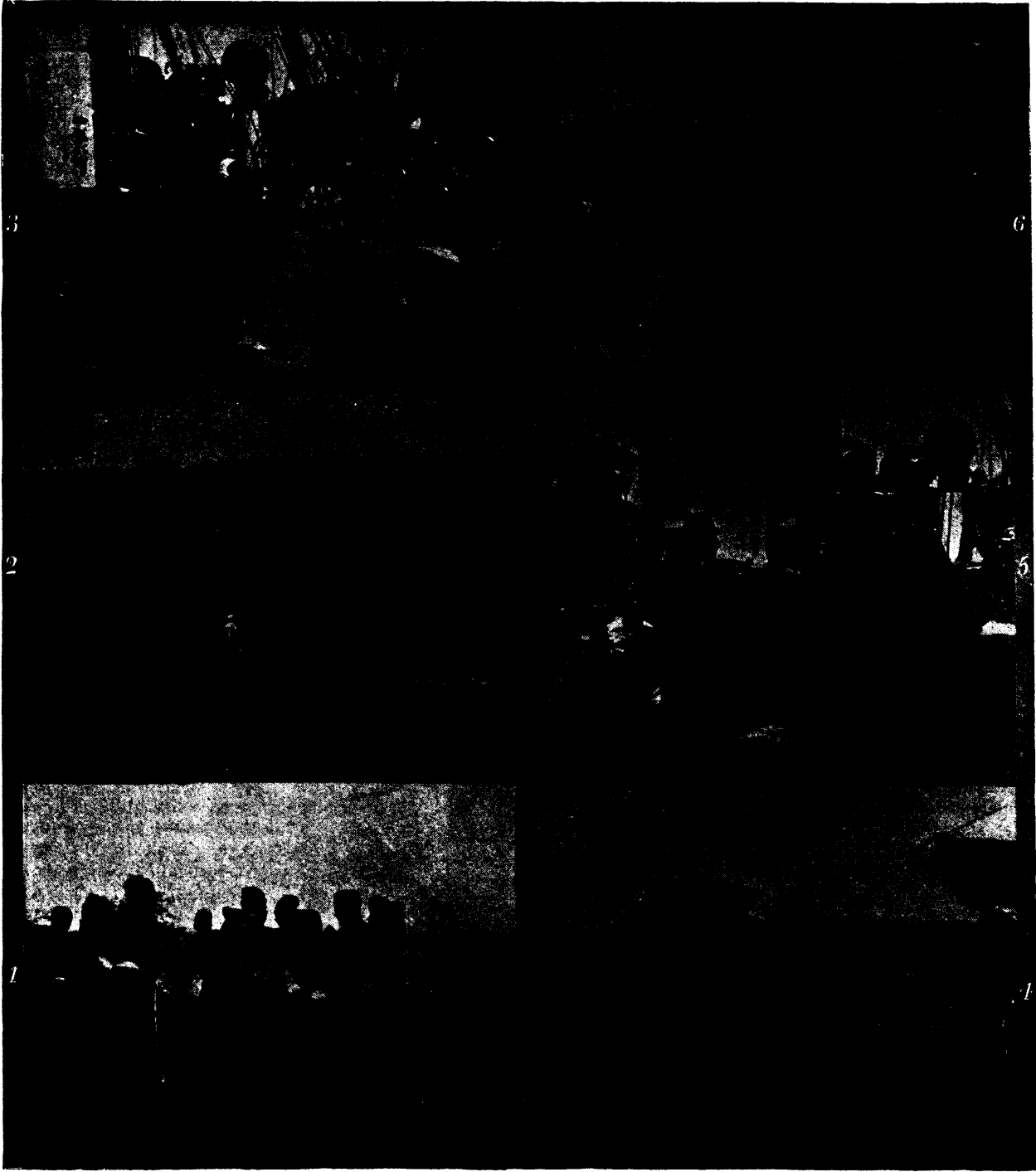
J. M. Foy.

\*See Goldsmith on the king fisher.



## PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE SKEENA EXPEDITION,

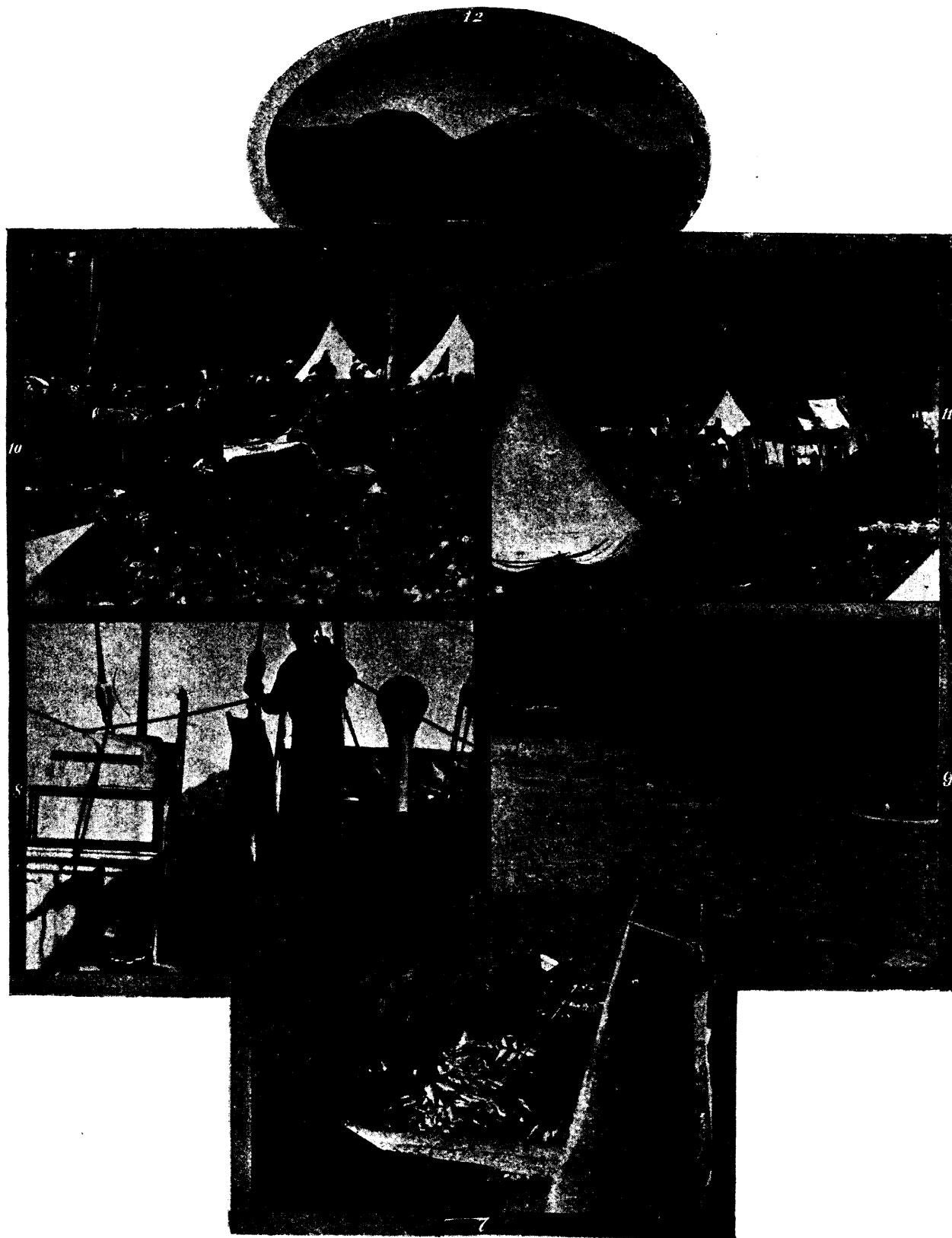
By Major Peters.



1. We talk "Skeena" before the "fall in." 2. Embarking at Esquimalt on board H. M. S. Caroline. 3. Blue Jackets at drill—"Prepare to ram!" 4. "I am the Captain of the Caroline, and a right good Captain too!" 5. The C. O. and Finance Minister discuss "Kitman Cool Jim." 6. Entering the Skeena at Port Essington.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE SKEENA EXPEDITION,

By Major Peters.



7. Some Salmon for the Cannery. 8. For Breakfast.—“*Hyin Muckamuck.*” 9. We land at the Skeena. 10. And take our first meal on the medicine chest. 11. We pre-empt, and settle down. 12. Port Essington.

## A FAIRY TALE.

Once upon a time the lady-fays Ailie, Babe, Tip, Lalalu, Mar and some others went out in the early chirp of evening twilight to inhale the fragrance, for the fairies know that evening enhances the odour of flowers. They had not been long so occupied when they came running into the inner bower, exclaiming: "There is a great brute of a man coming!" Yowl, the gnome, who, despite of his name, is a good deal of a ladies' man, half drew his sword. Hastily re-sheathing it with a clang, in the manner that stage villains and boy cadets do, he declared himself ready to go forth and meet the mortal. Yelp, the other gnome, said he would go with him.

Many old people in the parish of which I write, Darby-cum-Joan-super-Gill, have, in their younger days, seen fairies. It is well known that James Clod was affrighted by a fairy, or something, between Thornthorpe and Locksley-on-the-Green. Dick Doddersly had a tussel with one one night when coming from a fair, and arrived home all covered with mud. In short, a belief in the influence, lucky or unlucky, of the "Good People," is deep-seated, the present incumbent of the parish notwithstanding. The Christian reader cannot have forgotten that the reverend Brutum Fulmen succeeded Rev. Spoons, B.A., when that sainted young man went as missionary to the Tonquinese. And it is as well authenticated as anything can be that if a mortal has the courage to go into a fairy meeting and demand a piece of gold, the spirits are bound, by a fundamental law of their order, to give it to him.

In the main and sole street of the hamlet of Darby dwelt Abraham Chunk, a farm labourer by profession, a fine specimen of "his country's pride," with that stolidity, or solidity, and consequent insensibility to danger that is the first characteristic of the imported British peasant. Abram was of that type. Surly to his betters, he was boorish to his equals, but had a dim perception of something approaching to honour, which he called "seeing fair play." He was a useful man to farmer Mangold. He could plough and pitchfork and drive cattle, which he did partly by bawling at them and partly by kicking them in the ribs. His proclivity was toward pigs, and he had one of his own that he made much of. His wife kept him in clean jackets, and on holidays in huge stand-up shirt collars, so stiffly starched that they nearly cut his ears off. On this occasion, when he alarmed the lady fays by trespassing on their haunt, he wore a cast-off pair of the farmer's boots, a shapeless straw hat, a baggy red shirt a good deal patched, and trunks of that corrugated fabric first manufactured for the breeches of a king and called corduroy (*corde du roi*). He was, in fact, an unmitigated clodhopper; and he possessed one little human weakness, peculiar, I believe, to his class—he beat his wife.

All who are acquainted with the gossip of Our Village know that Abram Chunk, labourer, married Betsy Hunk, milkmaid, whose cheeks were of a lively red and the rest of her complexion like clouted cream. The history of his matrimonial venture will be elicited from himself by the Grand Inquisitor Yelp further on in this authentic narrative.

Incredible as it may appear, an idea once found its way into Abram's head. The natural result followed—he became a discontented man. He had often heard of fairy gold, and longed to possess some, representing as it did to his mind much beer. The legend of the rainbow that has a pot of money buried where its lower arc touches the earth had been familiar to him from his infancy. Abram's reasoning was sound so far as it went. The end of a rainbow *must* rest somewhere (it could not stand upon nothing), and if he could find where it did rest, he would find the pot. Several long futile tramps after "the bow in the clouds" induced him to the bolder step of attending a fairies' meeting and demanding a subsidy in coin. Hence his appearance on the scene of this record.

When Abram came hulking along toward the

fairy ring the sun had just disappeared behind one of the low-backed green hills, or rather mounds, that shut in the quiet landscape, making it a restful place, a rural amphitheatre. I do not know the name of the hill behind which the sun had just dipped, but I call it Al Borak after Mahomet's ass. The twilight was cool and pleasant when Abram's rough bulk hove in sight. Looking toward the centre of the ring he saw he was not alone. An elderly person, of rather diminutive stature, was within the ring, leaning contemptuously on a spade.

Description is not my forte. I will only add that the contemplative gardener looked like a figure by Watteau, a letterweight of Dresden, or old Adam out of a vaudeville. It is needless to say that the simulacrum of our first parent was the gnome Yowl, who is never so dangerous as when he looks respectable.

"Be you a fairy?" quoth Abraham.

The gardener gracefully bent his back in the curve of a reaping hook, or new moon, lifted his three-cornered hat about two feet off his head in the fine old style of the most polished of *régimes*, laid his hand on where his heart might be supposed to be, drew his heels accurately together, straightened himself, and again rested leisurely on his spade, a most attractive little person, but uttered never a word.

"Seems to me you are more of a French markee. Too civil by half for my money," said Abraham, not a bit abashed. "I've come for a piece o' fairy gold, and I ain't going till I get it!"

Yowl leaned upon his spade, and, putting his forefinger in the flapped pocket of the long embroidered silk waistcoat that reached to his thighs, brought out a snuff-box set with brilliants and having a portrait of Titania on the lid. From this he extracted a pinch of *pulvillio*, which he leisurely sniffed with seeming relish. Then he courteously intimated that the fairy people had no coined money just then; that owing to the unsettled state of things in Alsace large amounts of bullion had been withdrawn from the Bank of England; funds were at 78½; railway securities much depressed; and, in brief, that Mr. Gladstone's unfortunate vacillating policy tended to keep money very short—very short indeed.

Abraham bumptiously stuck to his text, reiterating his demand for gold, and, heavily throwing himself down in the fairy ring, took a rind of bacon and a jack-knife out of his pocket and began to pare and eat. The polite gardener gradually grew indistinct till he faded from view.

Suddenly a storm of sounds of alarm, contempt and indignation broke out, here, there and everywhere, like cracking of whips in the air. One voice, recognizable as Quip's, cried: "O, the odious wretch!" Then a chorus of hissing was heard, till one would have thought the place was swarming with wasps. Now, really when voices are shrieking at you without you seeing where the voices come from, it produces rather a creeping sensation on the nerves. Despite his stolidity, the intruder on the fairies began to feel a shade of timidity. Nevertheless, with the pluck of his class he mumbled: "I waits here till I gets it."

"Abram!" croaked a voice, harsh and austere.

The dolt looked up and beheld an elderly raven, with a grey cloak pinned around his neck, seated on a stone eight or ten feet above our dunderhead's level of vision. He had come there to be astonished, so he was not much astonished. "Sir to you!" he said, gruffly.

"Abram Chunk," resumed the raven, "what about your wife?"

The intelligent reader will be at no loss to understand that the raven was our friend Yelp, associate of the quondam dapper gardener.

"Lor!" thought Chunk to himself, but without expressing it aloud, "who wants to hear about my old woman?"

"I—and I—and I—and all of us!" cried voices of invisible fairies.

"Abram, you sodden-pate!" continued the raven, in a judicial manner, "narrate to us every incident relating to that unfortunate old lady. Mark me! You gave her a black eye this morning. Yesterday you called her opprobrious names.

Day before that you maliciously kicked over her black teapot and broke it, and for weeks have been in the way of stealing the eggs with which she buys tea and sugar—the necessities of her life. If you cancel or palliate one single circumstance, we will tear you limb from limb. We are fairies. I am a malignant kelpie. We are all here—dozens of us. So look out!"

"Yes, my lord. O, yes, your honour. Where shall I begin?"

"At the beginning," said Yelp.

"Well, then, your worship," quoth Abraham, "I fell in love wi' Betsy Hunk down to the Sheepcotes and she felled in love wi' me."

*Laughing echoes in the manner of the Greek chorus* "Ha! ha! ha! ha!"

Abram—"And I asked if she could bake and boil taters and cabbage and would pig in along o' me, and we went to parson and parson spliced us and charged nought for his fee."

Again the chorus of "Ha, ha, ha!" intermingled with cries of "Horrid!"

Yelp—"And what was the result of this auspicious alliance?"

Abram—"Two dollars a week and fourteen little 'uns, and they all died small and the rest of 'em went out to service."

Yelp—"Abram, thou son of a clod-compelling sire, be careful in thy confessions! Is this what thou promised to do to thy wife? to beat her? to lend her occasional kicks? to call the mother of your heirs unpleasant names? to knock over her teapot and rob her hen-roost? O Abraham!"

Abram—"What for does she aggravate me?"

Yelp—"How so?"

Abram—"Wants to stint me of my beer."

Yelp—"Think again, Abram. You are in the Court of the Fairies."

Abram reflected a minute and muttered: "Hard if a man mayn't lather his own wife."

Such a storm of objurgation burst out that I trust, gentle reader, neither you nor I may ever experience. A mellow hunting-horn suddenly blew a call, of the intensely cheerful description, a well known encouragement to hounds when the quarry is in view. Yelp danced up and down, first on one foot and then on the other, and shrieking as a sportsman cheers on his pack. "So ho! dogs, at him! A Blitz! a Flibertygibbet! a Tackowisp! a Spitz! Take him, Xip! at him, boy! Soho la! tantara!" with other encouraging cries of the chase. At the same instant Xip and Jack-o'-lamp and Flibertygibbet and Blitz and Spitz and all the sprites, in the shape of diminutive black-and-tan terriers, flew on the wife-beater and began to worry him. They bit his topboots, his legs, his arms, his nose, his ears. They dragged out his hair, rent his smock to ribbons, devoured his hat. The shock of their assault threw him down, and he rolled over and over like a tun. The fairies were delighted and barked a joyous approval.

Meantime Abram rolled about and bellowed like an Andalusian toro in the arena of Seville. "O! O! O!" he hallooed. "Mercy! mercy! mercy! O holy poker!"

"Don't say that!" shouted Yelp, furiously, at the same time expanding into a raven about eight feet high. "If you dare to pronounce sacred names we will rend you into mincemeat!"

"I won't," groaned Abram. "O! O! O! I won't. O lordy! O lordy! O lordy!"

At the exclamation the whole phantom pack of terriers disappeared, Xip, who was a vicious little whelp (he was only a parcell-devel, after all—see holy George Herbert, page 10), taking care to secure a final mouthful of corduroy. Twilight had closed in meanwhile, and it was nearly dark.

Abram, poor wretch, crawled home, almost in a state of nudity, and with his person all marked over with bites, as from rats' teeth. Scarcely able to stand, he knocked at the door, which was humbly, and with trepidation, opened by Betsy, his wife. Exhausted, he fell at her feet, and, in a state of contrition, promised never to do so any more. Did Betsy forgive him and take him to her bosom? Alas! no. Seeing him repentant and completely at her mercy, she flew at him like a tigress, dragged out what remained of his hair,

cuffed him soundly, and, finally, basted him with a broomstick. The unfortunate man fled to the back premises and hid himself, but whenever he reappeared it was again to encounter a renewal of the same discipline. Betsy had this qualification of a good general, that she knew how to follow up a victory. The satisfactory result was that for the remainder of his life Abram was the most henpecked husband in all the rectory.

Hernewood, P.E.I. HUNTER DUVAL.

### AUTHORS AND THEIR PAY.

The following column has been edited for the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED from the plentiful notes of Frank Stouffer in the *Detroit Free Press*. The collocation is ours:—

Milton received £10 for "Paradise Lost."  
 Charles Reade received \$175,000 for his writings.  
 Scott received £1,000 for the copyright of "Marmion."  
 Richard Savage received over £200 for one of his plays.  
 Longfellow received \$150 for his poem of the "Spanish Student."  
 Macpherson realized £1,500 from his translation of "Ossian."  
 Cooper received \$100 for each article of his "Naval Biographies."  
 Johnson was paid £100 for "Rasselas," the only novel he ever wrote.  
 The first book of poems issued by Robert Burns brought him over \$500.  
 Hugh Kelly realized £150 from his comedy entitled "False Delicacy."  
 According to Pope's estimate, Dryden netted £1,200 from his Virgil.  
 Samuel Clarke received £500 for translating Newton's "Optics" into Latin.  
 Mark Akenside received, at the age of 23, £120 for his "Pleasures of Imagination."  
 Victor Hugo received \$24,000 for his first issue of 100,000 copies of one of his books.  
 George Eliot realized \$40,000 each from "Middlemarch" and "Daniel Deronda."  
 Congreve was appointed secretary to the Island of Jamaica at a salary of £1,000 a year.  
 Bayard Taylor realized \$50,000 by his writings, his books of travel being the most popular.  
 It is said that the Earl of Beaconsfield's publishers paid him fifty cents a word for his "Endymion."  
 In the later years of his life Goldsmith's yearly income from his various publications was over £1,500.  
 Prior received £10,000 for his book of poems, after which the Earl of Oxford made him a present of a like sum.  
 Spenser received from Queen Elizabeth a grant of Kilmacolman Castle when he was secretary to Lord Grey in Ireland.  
 Thomson, author of "The Seasons," received but three guineas for his poem on "Winter"; the "Four Seasons" brought him about five hundred guineas.  
 Alexander Pope was offered £1,000 to suppress his attack on the Duchess of Marlborough, in the character of Atossa; he took the money, yet allowed the libel to be printed.  
 Fielding first sold the copyright of "Tom Jones" for £25, but broke the contract and subsequently sold it to Miller for £200. Afterward Miller paid him £1,000 for "Amelia."  
 The only property John Tillotson left his widow was his manuscript sermons. Fortunately, however, owing to the great popularity of their author, a publisher paid her 2,500 guineas for them.  
 The publisher of *Graham's Magazine* is said to have paid J. P. R. James \$1,200 for a novel which ran through twelve numbers of the magazine; he paid Poe \$4 a page, and Willis \$50 for short sketches of three pages each.  
 Gay realized £3,000 from his play of "The Beggar's Opera," and of "Polly," which was a sequel to it. The name of the manager who shared the profits with Gay was Rich, which led to the mot: "The Beggar's Opera made Gay rich and Rich gay."  
 Johnson received £200 for his "Lives of the Poets," the sum he named; his publishers graciously gave him £300 additional, to which they added another £100 after the work was published. They could afford to do so, as they cleared £5,000 by the book.  
 For his "Narratives of Captain Cook's Discoveries in the Pacific Ocean" Dr. Hawkesworth received £6,000, an enormous sum for a very inferior article. It was a failure, and his mortification over it is said to have hastened his death. It was very much inferior to his "Telemachus."  
 James I. granted to John Stowe, historian, letters patent under the great seal permitting him "to ask, gather and take the alms of all our loving subjects." These letters were read by the clergy from the pulpit in each parish which he visited. He was an avowed and properly licensed mendicant.

Robert Dodsley, born 1703, who started life as a footman in a wealthy family, made enough out of his two plays, "The Toy-Shop" and "The King and Miller of Mansfield," to enable him to settle in London as a publisher and bookseller. He projected "The Annual Register" and acquired a handsome fortune.

Constable made advances of money to Scott, amounting in one instance to £10,000 at a time, for works still in embryo, the very titles of which had not been determined even by the author. He was led to it by Scott's ever increasing demand for higher terms, and the fear that rival publishers would decoy Scott away from him by more tempting offers. In the end it led to Constable's ruin as a publisher.

Pope realized nearly £6,000 for his translation of the "Iliad" and about £4,000 for his translation of the "Odyssey." He received from Lintot, the publisher, £9,000 for his translation of "Homer," a sum which enabled him to set up his villa at Twickenham. That success allowed him to triumph over the slavery of patronage in a memorable couplet:

"Thanks to Homer, since I live and thrive,  
 Indebted to no prince or peer alive."

Archibald Constable was the first to set the fashion of enlightened liberality toward authors, a fashion which rival publishers were forced to follow. He issued books, expecting them to find their public. He stimulated the public taste for pure and sound literature. His judgment was excellent and his literary insight remarkable; he was thereby enabled to gauge by anticipation with striking accuracy the acceptability and success of the works which he published and paid authors accordingly.

In the latter part of the seventeenth century the method of publication by subscription was introduced. Before that the booksellers were mere dealers in books; but they came at once to the front as publishers, because the subscribers secured in advance to some extent represented the public, however limited and adventitious. Authorship then became possible as an organized trade. Though for a time the subscription plan was simply a more extended kind of patronage, it was the transition stage from the system of patronage to the system of free and unfettered publication.

In the earliest stages of literature there were no book publishers, in the modern sense, and there was scarcely any literary public. Copies of a book were made by scribes, men who were specially trained in the art, and who derived their maintenance from it. It does not appear that any portion of their gains was divided with the author of the book. Next came in vogue the dedication system. In the time of Elizabeth the practice had come into fashion of dedicating a work, not to one patron, but a number. Spenser, in spite of his pretended horror of fawning, prefixed seventeen dedicatory sonnets to his "Fairie Queen." Fuller introduced twelve special dedicatory title pages in his "Church History," besides fifty inscriptions to as many different benefactors. Joshua Sylvester carried the dedication to a still more ludicrous extent. After the Revolution the price or dedication fee fell to sums varying from five to ten guineas, rising to twenty guineas during the reign of George I.

### LAND HO!

When, homeward bound, the ship has passed  
 Through drowsy calms and baffling gales,  
 How cheering 'tis to hear at last  
 The seaman as he lusty hails  
 A filmy streak, but scarce in sight,  
 With inward feelings of delight:  
 Land ho! Land ho!

At once a throng of eager men,  
 With wistful eyes, the distance scan  
 From east to west to east again,  
 Nor cease their search till every man  
 Perceives the outline of the shore,  
 Then joyful swell the loud encore:  
 Land ho! Land ho!

What pleasant visions fill the mind  
 While at the wished-for land they peer,  
 Of loved ones, left in tears behind,  
 Ere Time begat the waning year!  
 No phrase more welcome than the strain,  
 Heard only on the dang'rous main:  
 Land ho! Land ho!

Now throb their bursting hearts with joy,  
 Impatient grow their longing souls;  
 And though each sail they do employ  
 To haste their barque as on she rolls,  
 Still of the breeze they more would court  
 To waft her to their destined port:  
 Land ho! Land ho!

How fond the rapturous embrace!  
 How sweet the nectar of the kiss!  
 How gladness smiles upon each face!  
 How little short of perfect bliss!  
 When, meeting on their native beach  
 Their waiting wives at length they reach  
 Land ho! Land ho!

Toronto.

WILL T. JAMES.



Mr. George Holman, the well known theatrical manager, died at London, Ont., last week, after a short illness.

It is a hopeful sign that, on his arrival in Toronto, Mr. Blake was able to take up again the practice of his profession.

Mr. Wm. J. Cuzner, well known in journalistic circles, was married at Ottawa to Miss Egleson, widow of the late James Egleson.

Lieut.-Governor Angers spent three or four official days in Montreal, winning golden opinions from intelligent and patriotic people of all classes.

Count Premio de Real, Spanish Consul-General at Quebec for fifteen years, a grandee of Spain, a musician and a poet, took his life on the 17th instant.

Sir John Lester Kaye has removed his general headquarters to Calgary, from which point the affairs of the entire system of the Canadian Agricultural, Coal & Colonization Company will be managed.

Sir Ambrose Shea, Governor of the Bahamas, and Lady Shea have passed through Quebec and Montreal, from Halifax, on their way to the Bahama Islands. Lady Shea, wife of Sir Ambrose, is a native of Quebec, the daughter of the late Surveyor-General Bouchette.

R. Campbell died at East Zorra, Ont., last week, aged eighty-two. He was formerly an officer in the 17th Lancers and the 14th Light Dragoons, having served in India and other parts of the world. He has been an extensive traveller, visiting Australia several times, and was widely known and respected as a kind hearted and philanthropic gentleman. He held property in East Zorra for the last forty years, being one of the earliest settlers.

### AN IDEAL ARTIST.

Millet is famed for his paintings, his "Angelus" especially. An anecdote connected with his return, in late life, to his peasant home is well worth quoting:

The place was sadly changed, and almost the only friend he found left was his first teacher, Abbé Jean Lebrisseux.

"Ah! little child, little François, it is you?" asked the good priest, whom he found kneeling at the altar of his church. "And the Bible, have you forgotten it? And the Psalms, do you read them still?"

"They are my breviary," answered Millet; "I get from them all I do."

"These are rare words to hear nowadays," said the Abbé; "but you will be rewarded. You used to love Virgil?"

"So I do still," said the painter.

"That is well. I am content," observed the priest. "Where I sowed the ground has been good, and you will reap the harvest, my son."

They parted, and Millet went back to Barbizon, but not till he had sketched every corner of the dear old place—the house, the orchard, the fields, and the seashore.

### THE RYERSON STATUE.

The statue of the late Rev. Dr. Egerton Ryerson, "the Father of Education in Canada," set up in Toronto, in front of the Normal School, is the work of Hamilton McCarthy, an English sculptor, dweller in Toronto, and was cast in bronze at the Bonnard works of New York.

The figure of Dr. Ryerson, nine feet ten inches in height, stands as if addressing an audience. His right hand is extended in oratorical gesture and the left one holds a book. The right foot is advanced. On a pedestal, bearing on one side the arms of the Province of Ontario, lie, one on the other, several books. The clergyman wears over his low cut, buttoned, double-breasted frock coat, the flowing robes of a doctor of divinity. The statue is well posed and fairly well modelled, the best work in the latter being seen in the massive head and the back of the robe. The expression of the face is life-like and the head, which in its apparently excessive size is said to be true to nature, makes a pleasing impression. The doctor, whose flowing locks are brushed off the forehead, is partly bald and wears on his face but short side whiskers. The face has been most conscientiously modelled.



"DRAWING LOITS."

Drawn by G. A. Reid, Esq., A.R.C.A., from his own painting in the possession of D. R. Wilkie, Esq., Toronto.

THE BEAUTY COMPETITION AT SPA.



Mlle MARTHE SOUCARET (1st prize).



Mlle ANGÈLE DELROSA (2nd prize.)



Mlle MARIE STEVENS (3rd prize).



Mlle OLGA NADIASKA (4th prize).



**OLD MAIDHOOD.**—There are probably few who do not carry with them through life the tender memory of some old maid whose love and goodness cheered and blessed their early years. How often is she a ministering angel whose life is spent in acts of unselfish devotion to those around her? We cannot spare the old maid. She has an important role to play in the human comedy, and the thing for her to do is to study it and play it well. The woman who worries because she sees old maidhood before her is without good sense. Let her be sure that there are thousands of wives who only wish that they had led single lives, and then she may find it easier to learn of the Apostle in whatsoever state she is therewith to be content.

**THE CARE OF CANARIES.**—The cage should be kept clean, and coarse sand or fine gravel scattered over the bottom. The seed should be of the best quality, and the bird fed and allowed his bath at a regular hour every day. In hot weather fresh water should be put in the cup twice a day. Cake, sugar, raisins, candy, etc., should never be given. A piece of cuttlefish should be kept in the cage, and when the bird is moulting it is a good plan to give him, occasionally, a paste made of hard-boiled egg and cracker crumbs. Care should be taken that the bird is not exposed to a draught. Make a little bag of very thin muslin, fill it with flower of sulphur, and hang it in the cage. This will prevent mites troubling the bird, and is a remedy for feather eating, which some birds are addicted to.

**WHEN WERE YOU BORN?**—If a girl is born in January, she will be a prudent housewife, given to melancholy, but good temper. If in February, a humane and affectionate wife and tender mother. If in April, inconstant, not very intelligent, but likely to be good looking. If in May, handsome, amiable, and likely to be happy. If in June, impetuous, will marry early, and be frivolous. If in July, passably handsome, but with a sulky temper. If in August, amiable and practical, and likely to marry rich. If in September, discreet, affable, and much liked. If in October, coquettish, and likely to be unhappy. If in November, liberal, kind, and of a mild disposition. If in December, well proportioned, fond of novelty, and extravagant.

**AN IDEAL HOMEMAKER.**—The good and gifted Helen Hunt, who lies in her Colorado grave, writes the following:—The most perfect home I ever saw was a little house into the sweet incense of whose fires went no costly things. A thousand dollars served as a year's living for father, mother and three children. But the mother was the creator of a home; her relations with her children were the most beautiful I have ever seen; every inmate of the house involuntarily looked into her face for the keynote of the day, and it always rang clear. From the rose bud or clover leaf, which, in spite of her hard housework, she always found time to put beside our plates at breakfast, down to the story she had on hand to read in the evening, there was no intermission of her influence. She has always been and always will be my ideal of a mother, wife and homemaker.

A farmer just out of town was urged by a neighbour, known to be poor, to give him a pail of salt. The farmer happened to be out of temper and gruffly refused. The farmer's son, a young lad, felt so badly at his father's refusal that he went and obtained a pail of salt and carried it to the neighbour's—a cold, dark, wet tramp—to find the salt was wanted for a sheep kept in the back of the house, which the neighbour had stolen from the lad's father.

## CANADA POPULATA.

The transplanting of the human family from place to place is one of the curious points of history. It is attended with difficulties deserving of more attention than is generally given it. We have a striking example of this in the settlement of New France. There repeated attempts were made—at comparatively distant intervals of time—to found colonies, but it was only after the fourth or fifth trial that success was attained.

### I.

In the first three voyages of Jacques Cartier—the discoverer of Canada—up the St. Lawrence river, from 1534 to 1541, we find no mention of women among his attendants, but, even if there had been, it is ascertained beyond a doubt that the whole colony returned to France with him on the third voyage.

Jacques Cartier was followed by Roberval, in 1541, with a fleet containing 200 persons, male and female. Here we have the first authentic trace of *European women*, but all that colony likewise returned to France without taking root. In 1549, Roberval undertook another voyage, and in connection therewith the learned Abbé Tanguay, in a paper read before the Royal Society of Canada, relates a romantic incident which had hitherto escaped the knowledge of historians. While making researches in the Imperial Library of Paris, in 1867, he discovered a manuscript containing the singular adventures of Demoiselle Marguerite, niece of Roberval. On his return, the navigator, in the exercise of an act of justice, set down Marguerite, with one of the passengers and a Norman woman, named Damiene, aged sixty, in a savage island which thence took the name of Ile de la Demoiselle, and later that of Ile aux Démons. We are not told on what part of the Canadian or American coast this island lay, but it is described as excessively cold, thickly wooded and infested with wild beasts, which came from the mainland, by crossing from one small island to another. Bears were particularly plentiful. The story of this female Crusoe is a marvellous one. First she lost her husband, then the old Norman woman died, and she was left alone with her child for the remainder of her two years and five months' exile. The stock of provisions and commodities which Roberval had left her was soon exhausted, and the poor girl was reduced to extreme straits. Among her other tortures was the apparition of evil spirits. Her solitude was invaded by diabolical shapes. "*De hideux fantômes apparurent.*" Against them she was helpless, her arms, hands and whole body being numbed, the gunpowder incapable of explosion because spell-bound, and the arquebuse never within range of the shadowy tormentors. The particulars of her escape from this haunted island are not given, although we might just as well imagine that her infant was transformed into a second Puck and thus became her deliverer. At all events, she at length made her appearance at the town of Neufon, in the Perigord, where she recounted her adventures to the author of this curious manuscript. Here was another failure in the attempt at colonization, and it is the more observable that, if Marguerite's husband had survived, their family might have increased, the island might eventually have been settled, and a second or third generation might have found its way across to the mainland, being thus the first to people a whole continent.

### II.

Fifty years later, in 1598, the Marquis de la Roche having obtained a royal commission, undertook a second colonization scheme, under such unfavourable auspices as assured and justified its ill success. He recruited about sixty convicts from the prisons and galleys and planted them in Sable Island, near the entrance to the Gulf of the St. Lawrence, some sixty miles from Cape Breton. It is not stated that there were any women in the number, and it is best to suppose that there were none, in view of the terrible sufferings which these unfortunate people were destined to undergo. De La Roche pursued his voyage to Acadia, promis-

ing to return for the men as soon as he discovered on that coast a suitable site for a settlement. He made the discovery, but, on his way back, was surprised by a furious storm, which drove him, in about a fortnight, on the shores of France. No sooner had he set foot in his native land than he was seized by the Duke de Mercoeur, then in open revolt against Henry IV., and cast into prison. Five long years, or seven, according to Champlain, passed before the King was apprised of the fate of the poor fellows left on Sable Island, and he at once despatched Chetodel, the pilot who had conducted De La Roche's expedition, to go to their rescue. Out of the forty that had been landed, only twelve were found alive. Their lot had been terrible. At first they had fought among themselves, but hunger and privation having softened their passions, they built themselves huts from wreckage picked up on the shore, and lived in comparative peace. They derived food for a time from the flesh of cattle that had been left there eighty years before by the Baron de Lery, and had populated on the island. But when this resource gave out, fish became their only sustenance. After their garments had all fallen to pieces, they dressed themselves in seal skins. Their hair and beards, having been allowed to grow, flowed over their breasts and shoulders, and their faces had assumed the expression of wild beasts. They were taken back to France and the King, overlooking the crimes for which they had been banished, allowed them to return to their families. Thus this important project of settlement came to an ignominious and tragic end.

But the Acadian land was nevertheless destined to become the cradle of the family in New France. A colony was established at Port Royal in 1605, and, in 1606, it appears that Louis Hébert was among the settlers there, with his wife. In 1611 the wife of the celebrated Poutrincourt was also there, and it is natural to suppose that a person of her quality must have been accompanied by other women. At any rate, the missionary Biard, writing from Port Royal, in January, 1612, says: "We are twenty, without counting the women." A few years later, married men with their families were chosen in preference to others in order to give stability to the colony, land was portioned to each, and, in spite of subsequent dangers and disasters, the foothold of Frenchmen was secured in Acadia.

### III.

In Canada proper, with which we are more directly concerned, the glory of having founded the family belongs to Champlain, the immortal founder of Quebec. Not that he did so directly, because, although he brought out his young wife, Héène Boulé, in 1620, it does not appear that he left any children. We look in vain through the registers of Notre Dame of Quebec for the name of any families that might even remotely trace their descent from Champlain, and the historian Ferland declares with real regret, after a most diligent search, that there probably does not exist a single descendant of Champlain in the colony which he created and in the midst of which his ashes repose.

But several of his followers were more fortunate, though even with them the work of establishment was retarded, for, although Quebec was founded in 1608, it was not till thirteen years later that the first white child was born there. On the 24th October, 1621, the Quebec registers were opened, and up till 1629 there were only six christenings and two marriages in the French colony among Europeans. The first marriage, which took place on the 1st August, 1621, was that of Guillaume Couillard and Guillemette Hébert, whose numerous posterity spread all over the district of Quebec, and more particularly on the south bank of the St. Lawrence, below Point Levis. It is a remarkable coincidence that, just two months and a half previous, on the 12th May, 1621, was held the first wedding held in New England, between Edward Winslow and Susannah White.

But even with these beginnings the progress was slow. When, in 1629, Champlain was forced to surrender to Louis Kerkt, commanding a British

squadron, there were but twenty Europeans in Quebec, of whom eleven only were married and five only had children. One of them was a pilot, called Abraham Martin, whose humble name will be handed down to the remotest ages, in connection with the battlefield of the Plains of Abraham—a piece of table land which had been his property. The valiant pilot performed his whole duty inasmuch as, being married to Marguerite Langlois in 1622, he had already gathered three girls and one boy to his hearth in 1628.

## IV.

It were interesting to ascertain how far Indian blood got mingled in Canadian families. Long before white women were brought into the colony, some of the white men must have mated with Indian women, and, even later on, the male population was so preponderatingly greater than the female, that some such alliances were a sort of necessity. For instance, the Carignan regiment alone threw 1,500 able-bodied men upon the colony in one voyage, and many of them did not disdain the hand of the pretty young squaws brought up under the fostering care of the Ursulines, or Ladies of the Hotel Dieu. Indeed, as is the case in Virginia, there are several respectable Canadian families that boast of their Indian descent on the mother's side. The Vigers, for example, belonging to the best circles of Montreal, trace back their origin to a daughter of the brave Arontio, one of the first neophytes of the Huron village of the Immaculate Conception and a disciple of the illustrious Breboeuf.

The utmost circumspection was exercised in the choice of young women for the colony, and this is so well established by documentary evidence that it utterly refutes the charges of a contrary nature, brought forward by the Baron de Lahontan, in a book of travels published in 1703. This writer states that the soldiers of the Carillon regiment had put up with a lot of loose girls, and that this was the origin of the population of Canada. Lebeau Boucher, the Jesuit Vimont, and others positively deny the charge; and Faillon, in his monumental work on the French colony in Canada, devotes much space to excerpts from public acts regulating the exportation of young females. Each girl, on leaving France, had to bear a certificate establishing two points—that she was fit to be wed, and that there was no obstacle to her marriage. In many cases these conditions were easily fulfilled, inasmuch as the girls were drawn from the orphan asylums of Paris and other places, kept by Sisters of Charity. Nor were the children left to themselves during the voyage. They were confided to the care of some women of quality and acknowledged virtue. It will be necessary only to mention the names of Marguerite Bourgeoys, Mademoiselle Denis and Madame Bourdon among such guides. On their arrival at Quebec and Montreal these "Filles du Roi"—as they were named—were placed in the care of religious institutions until they were called forth by the young men for marriage. Nor was the argument of health and sound bodies less looked after. When it was found that the girls taken from Paris were too delicate for the climate, it was determined to draw them only from the country parts of France, and we have a remarkable circular of Colbert calling upon the rural pastors to choose good strong peasant girls for the Canadian colony.

Not content with sending proper subjects to his colony, Louis XIV. undertook to promote and encourage early marriages. He directs Mgr. Laval, in 1668, to have all the boys marry at eighteen and the girls at sixteen, and the next year appropriates a sum of three thousand livres to secure such marriages. This sum, when duly distributed, was called the Gift of the King. He next ordained that a fine should be imposed on all fathers neglecting to have their children married at these ages. In 1669 the King went still further by allotting a yearly pension of three hundred livres to all fathers who had ten children, and four hundred livres to those who had twelve. It was further decreed that fathers burdened with a number of children should always be provided for first in case of need.

These liberal inducements to matrimony had their desired effect. Families began to multiply with marvellous rapidity, and to this day Canadian women are remarkable for their fecundity. In one of her letters, the Venerable Mother of the Incarnation speaks wonderingly of this growth: "*Cela est merveilleux et tout en foisonne.*" So far back as 1668, Mgr. Laval writes: "In most families there are eight, ten, twelve and sometimes fifteen or sixteen children. The Indians, on the other hand, have only two or three, and rarely more than four." From this period the fate of the Canadian family was assured.

JOHN TALON-LESPERANCE.



It is probably the attention paid it which makes the weather-vane.

"If women are really angels," writes an old bachelor, "why don't they fly over the fence instead of making such a fearfully awkward job of climbing?"

Piffkins—"I say, old chappie, have you known Bliffkins long?" Sniffkins—"Well, I should say so. Why, I remember when he used to say lunch for luncheon. He wasn't as well then as he is now!"

Next to the small boy on the front seat at a baseball game the most remarkable case of absorption ever seen was that of a cat which stepped on some floating sawdust in a mill pond with the impression that it was solid.

"So your old uncle is dead, Charley?" "Yes; died yesterday." "He was a very eccentric old fellow. Do you think he was altogether right in his head?" "Well—er—I couldn't say, you know, until the will is read."

"Clara!" shouted the old man from the head of the stairs, "I called down ten minutes ago that it was time for that young man to go, and I haven't heard the front door close yet." "No, papa; he left by the window."

"The world is round, and like a ball  
Goes swinging in the air,"  
Which may account, perhaps, for all  
The folks not being square!

Mamma (with much show of indignation)—"I have called you three times. I am very much annoyed."

Charlie (who is fond of Bible stories)—"Well, the Lord called Samuel three times and He didn't get mad about it, did he?"

A late song is entitled, "Nobody Knows but Mother." Generally speaking nobody knows but mother what kind of a temper a daughter has, but after the honeymoon is over the young husband begins to find out something of what mother knew.

A new fakir scheme is an advertisement stating that the advertiser will send to any one enclosing the sum of \$1 the secret of perpetual life. The "sucker" who sends the dollar receives by return mail a neat card, on which are printed the words "Don't die."

Buyer—How much are these trousers, Mr. Solomons?  
Mr S.—Vell, mein freind, ve are yust givin dose pants away.

Buyer (effusively)—Thanks—thanks! I'll take this pair. (Exit rapidly with trousers.)

"I can't give you a place on the staff," said the editor; "we never employ inexperienced men." "How do you know I have had no experience?" asked the applicant. "Because," returned the editor, "you took your hat off when you came in the office."

October's come. Its brilliant days,  
When all the forests seem ablaze,  
Inspire the soul—  
Until it sinks in dull dismay,  
For now, alas! it's time to pay  
That bill for coal.

First dame—"What shall we do to-day? Let's go to the matinee."

Second dame—"Can't; we haven't any money. It takes money to go to the theatre."

"So it does. I did not think of that. Well, let's go shopping."

"Miss Maud," he said, "I have come in this evening to ask you a question, and I have brought a ring with me. Now, before you try it on, I want to tell you that if you feel inclined to be a sister to me I will have to take it back, as my father objects to my sisters wearing such large diamonds." And Maud said she would keep the ring.

"Oh, Fred, you've made me so happy—I was afraid you wouldn't propose to-night."

"Why, dear? What would have happened if I hadn't?"

"Oh, I'm sure I don't know, but I saw the new moon over my right shoulder this evening, and I've always seen it over my left shoulder when I've been proposed to before."

## MILITIA NOTES.

General Middleton visited San Juan harbour in British Columbia before returning.

The sham naval battle in Halifax harbour was a brilliant spectacle and an entertaining professional display.

The Minister of Militia has decided to grant \$250 toward the erection of a drill shed at Essex Centre.

The Minister of Militia is about to organize the national defence committee appointed last year to consider the question of the defences of Canada.

The invention of Captain Greville Harston, of the Royal Grenadiers, of Toronto, for converting the Martini rifle into a magazine weapon, has been adopted by the small arms committee for the British army.

Capt. John Clarke, of company 8, Beebe Plain, having received orders from headquarters to punish all who refused to report themselves on duty after being duly notified to accompany him to Hereford during the railroad troubles, has had ten of the delinquents fined with costs.

There is another row in the Governor-General's Foot-guards. The band refused to attend an entertainment given in Ottawa in aid of the Guards sharpshooters' memorial fund. They were expected to have given their services free, but at the last moment they struck for pay.

"B" Battery did its shifting ordnance competition on the Citadel lately. The shift consisted in taking down a 64 pounder gun from its carriage, carrying it for some distance through a narrow passage and remounting it. The time occupied was 6 minutes 24 seconds, beating their opponents, "A" Battery, by 20 seconds.

Sir Adolphe Caron has said that he is perfectly satisfied with the medical arrangements at the St. Johns' school. He was informed by the surgeon that not only was there no typhoid fever at the school but that there was no sickness of any kind whatever. The discipline and appearance of the troops there were all that could be desired.

General Middleton and staff visited the warship "Caroline" at Victoria, on their late tour, and the proposed sites for the fortifications. A salute of thirteen guns was not fired until the General's departure from the ship. At the ninth gun the breech was blown out and struck Thos. Drury, a blue jacket, blowing his right arm off and almost severing his head from his body. Another blue jacket, William Langley, was struck in both feet and seriously injured.

## THE FLOWER AND THE BUTTERFLY.

TRANSLATION FROM VICTOR HUGO'S POEM.

Once to the Butterfly a Floweret sighed:  
"One moment, stay!

Our fates are severed: here, on earth I bide,  
Thou must away.

Still, we both love: and far from human tread  
We pass the hours:  
Each like the other, for by man 'tis said  
We both are flowers.

Earth chains me down—thy path is in the skies—  
O cruel lot!  
O'er thee I fain would breathe my perfumed sighs:  
They reach thee not.

Thou rovest far—'mid blossoms fair and sweet  
Thy life is glad:  
I watch the shadow turning at my feet,  
Alone and sad!

Thy form now quivers near, now flits away,  
And disappears:  
But thou wilt find me at each dawn of day,  
All bathed in tears.

If 'tis Thy will our love should lasting be,  
O truant King!  
Like me, take root: or, let me soar, like thee,  
On splendid wfg."

L'Envoi à \* \* \* \* \*

"Roses and Butterflies! in death you meet,  
Or soon or late.  
Would not your lives together pass'd be sweet,  
Then, wherefore wait?"

Somewhere above the earth—if floating up  
Thy pinions soar—  
Or in the meads, if there perchance thy cup  
Its fragrance pour.

What matters where? Be thou a breath, alone,  
Or tint of spring:  
A radiant Butterfly, or Rose half-blown—  
A flower or wing.

To live together! This your fondest aim,  
Your vital need!  
Chance may be left your future home to name,  
The sky—the mead."

Montreal.

GEORGE MURRAY.





A PUZZLING QUESTION.

PAPA: Ethel, you must n't say "I won't" to Papa. It's naughty.  
 ETHEL: Well, but Papa, what shall I say when I mean I won't?

Noticing a particularly healthy looking child the other day, a lady asked the nurse who had it in charge: "Is that a nursing baby or a bottle baby?" "Sure it's nayther, marm; it's a condensed-milk baby."

Mr. Chesley—"Quick, your decision, Louise!" Miss De Leigh—"Why do you hurry me so?" Mr. Chesley—"For two reasons. Prof. Barnard says that a comet is approaching the earth at the rate of three million miles a day, and—er!—ahem!—I think I hear your mother coming, too."

Lieut. Goldbraid (who is enjoying on the porch a delightful conversation with Miss Smith, but who is somewhat annoyed by the presence of young Robby)—Don't you get tired at times of playing, Bobby? Bobby—Yes, sir; tired of the game I'm playing now. Lieut. Goldbraid—What game is that? Bobby—Ma calls it propriety.

A Yale graduate, who was a student about thirty years ago, said, in speaking of changes that had taken place since his time: "I never knew whether to attach any significance to it nor not, but when I was there the law school adjoined the jail, the medical college was next the cemetery, and the divinity school was next the poorhouse."

She was a pretty salesgirl,  
 He asked her for a kiss;  
 For he was the accepted  
 Of this fair and blushing miss.  
 She gave him one, and as she drew  
 Her rosy lips away—  
 "Is there," asked she in trembling tones,  
 "Anything else to-day."

A sleeper is one who sleeps. A sleeper is that in which the sleeper sleeps. A sleeper is that on which the sleeper runs while the sleeper sleeps. Therefore, while the sleeper sleeps in the sleeper the sleeper carries the sleeper over the sleeper under the sleeper until the sleeper which carries the sleeper jumps the sleeper and wakes the sleeper in the sleeper by striking the sleeper under the sleeper on the sleeper, and there is no longer any sleeper sleeping in the sleeper on the sleeper.

"If this is your final answer, Miss Jrobinson," the young man said, with ill-concealed chagrin, as he picked up his hat and turned to go, "I can do nothing but submit. Yet, has it ever occurred to you that when a lady passes the age of 37, she is not likely to find herself as much sought after by desirable young men as she once was?"

"It occurred to me with sudden and painful distinctness when you offered yourself just now," she replied. "Good night, Mr. Peduncle."

**THE Canadian Pacific Railway**

has provided its usual extensive list of tourist tickets to the various summer resorts of Canada and New England, which may be obtained at its different agencies at very reasonable rates.

Among the most desirable localities covered by these tickets may be mentioned Banff, Vancouver, Victoria, Seattle, Tacoma, Portland, Ore, and San Francisco. The sleeping and dining cars of the company's transcontinental trains are proverbial for their comfort and luxury, and now that the hotels at Banff, Field, Glacier, Fraser Cañon and Vancouver are all completed and open for guests, every want of the traveller is carefully provided for.

Tourist tickets to the above mentioned points are good for six months and permit stop over at pleasure.

From Montreal the rates are:  
**To Banff and return.** - \$90 00  
**To Vancouver, Victoria, Tacoma, Seattle, or Portland and return,** 125 00  
**To San Francisco and return,** - - - 140 00

From other stations the rates are proportionately low.

Descriptive books may be obtained of Company's agents, or by addressing the Passenger Traffic Manager at Montreal.

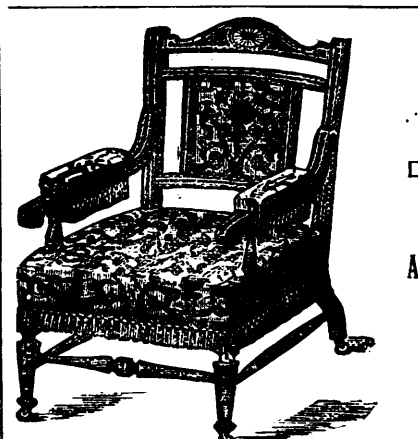
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**SAULT STE. MARIE CANAL.**  
**NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.**

THE WORKS for the construction of the canal, above mentioned, advertised to be let on the 23rd of October next, are unavoidably postponed to the following dates:—

**Wednesday, the 7th day of November next.**  
 Plans and specifications will be ready for examination, at this office and at Sault Ste. Marie, on and after  
**Wednesday, the 24th day of October next.**  
 By order,  
**A. P. BRADLEY,**  
*Secretary.*  
 Department of Railways and Canals.  
 Ottawa, 27th September, 1888.

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 BY USING  
**HALL'S Adjustable Dress Forms.**  
 Dressmakers and private families should have one  
**JOS. L. GURD, Sole Ag't, 81 St. Francois Xavier St., Montreal.**  
 P.S.—Closes up like an umbrella.



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

**St. Lawrence Canals.**  
 Galops Division.

**NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.**

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tenders for the St. Lawrence Canals," will be received at this office until the arrival of the eastern and western mails on **Tuesday, the 30th day of October instant.** for the construction of two locks and the deepening and enlargement of the upper entrance of the Galops Canal.  
 A map of the locality, together with plans and specifications, will be ready for examination at this office and at the Lock-Keepers house, Galops, on and after **Tuesday, the 16th day of October instant,** where forms of tender may be obtained by Contractors on personal application.  
 In the case of firms there must be attached the actual signatures of the full name, the nature of the occupation and residence of each member of the same, and further, a bank deposit receipt for the sum of \$6,000 must accompany the tender for the works.  
 The respective deposit receipts—cheques will not be accepted—must be endorsed over to the Minister of Railways and Canals, and will be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the works at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted. The deposit receipts thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.  
 This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.  
 By order,  
**A. P. BRADLEY,**  
*Secretary.*  
 Department of Railways and Canals,  
 Ottawa, 11th October, 1888.