

## Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

Canadiana.org has attempted to obtain the best copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

Canadiana.org a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- |                                     |   |                                     |   |
|-------------------------------------|---|-------------------------------------|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/>            | Coloured covers /<br>Couverture de couleur  | <input type="checkbox"/>            | Coloured pages / Pages de couleur   |
| <input type="checkbox"/>            | Covers damaged /<br>Couverture endommagée   | <input type="checkbox"/>            | Pages damaged / Pages endommagées   |
| <input type="checkbox"/>            | Covers restored and/or laminated /<br>Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée   | <input type="checkbox"/>            | Pages restored and/or laminated /<br>Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées   |
| <input type="checkbox"/>            | Cover title missing /<br>Le titre de couverture manque  | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/<br>Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées  |
| <input type="checkbox"/>            | Coloured maps /<br>Cartes géographiques en couleur  | <input type="checkbox"/>            | Pages detached / Pages détachées  |
| <input type="checkbox"/>            | Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /<br>Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)  | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Showthrough / Transparence  |
| <input type="checkbox"/>            | Coloured plates and/or illustrations /<br>Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur   | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Quality of print varies /<br>Qualité inégale de l'impression  |
| <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Bound with other material /<br>Relié avec d'autres documents  | <input type="checkbox"/>            | Includes supplementary materials /<br>Comprend du matériel supplémentaire   |
| <input type="checkbox"/>            | Only edition available /<br>Seule édition disponible  | <input type="checkbox"/>            | Blank leaves added during restorations may<br>appear within the text. Whenever possible, these<br>have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que<br>certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une<br>restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,<br>lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas<br>été numérisées. |
| <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion<br>along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut<br>causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la<br>marge intérieure. |                                     |   |
| <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Additional comments /<br>Commentaires supplémentaires:  |                                     | Continuous pagination.  |

# THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

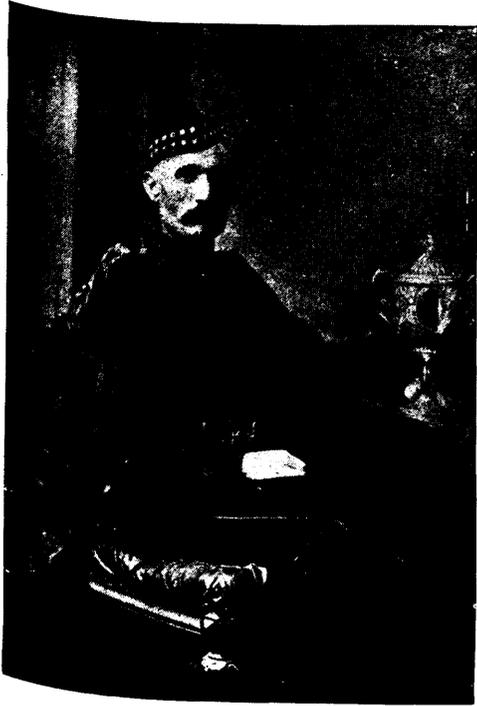
Entered according to Act of Parliament of Canada, in the year 1887, by G. E. Desbarats & Son, at the Department of Agriculture.

VOL. I.—No. 14.

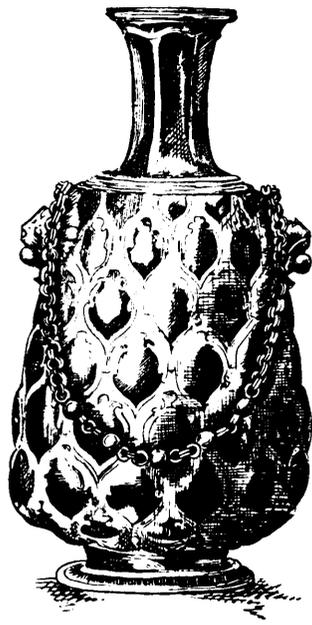
MONTREAL AND TORONTO, 6th OCTOBER, 1888.

\$4.00 PER ANNUM.  
10 CENTS PER COPY.

## THE DOMINION RIFLE ASSOCIATION MATCHES.



SERGEANT ROLSTON, 20th LORNE RIFLES,  
Winner of the Dominion of Canada Match.



THE KOLAPORE CUP.



STAFF SERGEANT TOM MITCHELL,  
10th ROYAL GRENADIERS, Winner of the Grand Aggregate.



VIEW ON THE RIDEAU RANGES, OTTAWA, during the contest for the Governor-General's prize.

From photographs by Topley.

# The Dominion Illustrated.

\$4.00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

G. E. DESBARATS & SON, Publishers,  
162 St. James Street, Montreal.

GEORGE E. MACRAE, WESTERN AGENT,  
127 Wellington Street West, Toronto.

6th OCTOBER, 1888.

## PUBLISHERS' NOTICES.

We again call the attention of our subscribers who took the paper on a three months' trial, to the expiry of the quarter for which they paid, and we trust they will at once renew and remit us the balance of the year's subscription. The press, in the notices we republished last week, declares THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED to be "without a peer in the ranks of illustrated journals," "a journal of which every Canadian should be proud," "a distinctively Canadian journal," "one of the finest publications in America," "a credit to the publishers and to the people of Canada." We have been told that "no Canadian production is more worthy of patronage than this excellent weekly;" that "the subjects selected for illustration are excellent originals, or copies of gems of art, and such as appeal to the best taste;" that "it breathes in every line the true spirit of Canadianism," that "it will do more than a hundred paid emigration agents to advertise this country abroad." The artistic and literary contents have been equally praised and recommended by the entire press of Canada. We may, therefore, conclude that we have produced "such a paper as Canada wants and should have," and that we have a right to count on "the hearty sympathy of every patriotic Canadian." Please show yours in a practical way, not only by renewing your subscriptions, but by sending us new subscribers.

We are disappointed in not being able to give our readers this week the portrait of Capt. Hartt, winner of the Governor-General's prize at the D. R. A. matches. We will, however, publish it next week.



Some of the East Ontario papers find the yoke of Toronto galling to the shoulder blade, and plead for the halving of the Upper Province, with another capital than the Queen City. It is a marvel what eloquence can be brought to bear on such a theme. We have the same thing here in Quebec. The schism of a Montreal Province from the Quebec district, comprising the Island of Montreal, the Southeastern Townships and the Argenteuil Valley has called forth some very brilliant articles.

The beautiful lake, lying amid green margins, like a mirror, on the top of Belœil Mountain, has been drained of its fish by the use of dynamite cartridges, placed at a certain distance from each other and all linked together. At a signal these were fired and hundreds of fish were shot into the air. The lake will be restocked with fish of finer quality for table use.

The Charlottetown *Examiner* is loud in praise of the progress which the beautiful Island of Prince Edward has made within the past ten years. If anything, the improvement is greater in the country than in the towns. The dwellings of the people, the food, the stock, the barns, the fences and the fields—all display a spectacle of thrift and well-being which anyone that runs may see.

From statistics just published, dealing with the richest men living, we learn that there are about 700 with over a million sterling, of whom 200 reside in England, 100 in the United States, 100 in Germany and Austria, 75 in France, 50 in Russia, 50 in India, and 125 in other countries. The richest among those millionaires are the following, in the order of wealth and income: Jay Gould, Mackay, Rothschild, Vanderbilt, J. B. Jones, Duke of Westminster, J. J. Astor, W. Stewart, J. G. Bennet, Duke of Sutherland, Duke of Northumberland, Marquis of Bute.

The Orillia *Packet* claims for Ontario the first "custodial" institution for idiots on the continent. There are 279 inmates in the building at Orillia, of whom 145 are males and 134 females, and 300 applications for admittance from different parts of the Province. Room in a new building, to be begun forthwith, will hold 250 more, or nearly all the idiots in Ontario.

Dr. Beaton, the custodian of the establishment, does not think that idiocy is on the increase, nor that there is an unusual proportion of idiots to the whole people. Of the total, however, not more than 50 per cent. are under the charge of the state, and hence the need of the new buildings on the shores of Lake Simcoe. They will perhaps be the first buildings in Canada devoted to the purposes of such a public institution.

Somebody has wisely said that the very worst of soporifics is laudanum, and the very best, sunshine. In other words there are few better tonics and restoratives than the direct rays of the god of day—a bath or baptism of holy sunshine. It is one cure for sleeplessness and a healer of weak lungs. Women especially should court the sun, letting him fill up every room of their houses, and not exclude him with parasols or other artificial coverings.

The German Emperor seems to be toying with France, evidently not caring how the latter takes it. One day, he orders that the bills of fare, at the imperial palace, shall be in German and no longer in the classic language of cooks; the next day, he countermands all military demonstrations on the anniversary of Sedan, and on another day, he sends out a hint that the French government had better hasten the enquiry into the shooting of the German porter at the German embassy at Paris.

Marshal Bazaine died, last week, at Madrid, in poverty and loneliness, aged seventy-five. It is hard to judge this great soldier, who had many qualities of the commander. Treason could not be fastened on him at Metz, although his capitulation was unaccountable, because unprecedented in history, but he deserved degradation and punishment for not having cut his way through with his 173,000 men, even if he had lost 25,000 of them.

## LITERARY NOTES.

The Abbé D. Gosselin, of Cap Santé, has copyrighted a Popular History of the Church of Canada.

The second volume of Kingsford's History of Canada is ready, and will be followed early in the spring by the third and last.

The governors of King's College, N.S., are contemplating, it is said, the early establishment of two new faculties, viz., those of agricultural and electrical science.

Mr. Henry F. Moore, agricultural editor of the London *Times* and editor of *Bell's Weekly Messenger*, has just gone back to England, after a visit to the Northwest. We may look for special help from these two great papers for our western country.

## THE LITERATURE OF TRANSLATION.

Among the several literary features gracing the columns of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED—all by native Canadian writers—the reader will have noticed the number of translations in verse, from the Latin, the Greek, the German and the French. Without wishing to be invidious, it is only truth to add that the translations from the best French poets of our time—Hugo, Lamartine, De Musset, Béranger, Théophile Gautier, and such like—by Mr. George Murray, B.A., of Montreal, have deservedly drawn the attention and admiration of the public, for their perfection of form and extraordinary fidelity of version. It is to be hoped that Mr. Murray will give us a volume of these translations, which will certainly prove a literary event.

Meantime, the work of translation is going on, especially among the ancient authors, and with quite an average display of scholarship. Horace, as usual, is a favourite. Among recent versions of this ever popular poet, there are two which have been approved by the learned, and of these that of Theodore Martin seems to approach nearest to the spirit and style of the original. The several metres are preserved as well as the requirements of our prosody will allow, and, what is more to the point, the *curiosa felicitas* of the Apulian bard is brought out in almost every instance.

Some years ago, in the case of Catullus, there was an interesting tournament for the best rendering of the famous epigram which Hadrian repeated on his deathbed, and which gives us an insight into the pagan view of the soul's immortality. The following, from Merivale, is as literal as can be, and far superior to Byron's translation:

Animula! vagula, blandula,  
Hospes comesque corporis,  
Quae nunc abibis in loca,  
Pallidula, rigida, nudula,  
Nec ut soles, dabis jocos?

Soul of mine, pretty one, fleeting one,  
Guest and partner of my clay,  
Whither wilt thou hie away,  
Pallid one, rigid, naked one,  
Never to play again, never to play?

One would have thought Chapman, Pope and Cowper had done for Homer all that the resources of the English language would allow, but, within the past fifteen or twenty years, we have had the translation of Newman in ballad metre; that of Lord Derby, in blank heroics; that of Worsley, in the Spenserian verse; and three or more since then, one the version of an eminent Hellenist. Besides this, the late Matthew Arnold tried his hand at the Iliad in hexameters, which, he contended, are the only proper vehicle for the Homeric line, and Tennyson long ago gave us an example of his undoubted skill in rendering a fragment of the XII. Book.

After Homer we have the three Greek tragedians. The translation of Sophocles, from Oxford, came first. This poet stands chronologically, and in literary character, midway between Aeschylus and Euripides, having less force than the former, and less tenderness than the latter; but he is more equal, more chastened than either, and, viewed strictly as a dramatic author, he is their superior. The translation of his works has been followed by versions of the two others, in whole and in part, by some of the best poets of the day. In this connection we have in mind Lord Lytton's "Lost Tales of Miletus," in which the

## LE GRAND PRÉ.

## A SKETCH.

To one who has been long in the city pent,  
'Tis very sweet to look into the fair  
And open face of heaven.

What more delightful way is there of spending a few summer holidays than tramping through the fields and woods, especially if they have some particular associations. Many of us would travel a long distance to look upon the scene of some favourite poem or story, and if tourists knew what a delightful little village it is that nestles almost in the centre of this Nova Scotia of ours, they would come more numerous to the spot made famous by America's most popular poet.

Longfellow erred in saying that

Nought but tradition remains of the beautiful village of Grand Pré,

for it is a beautiful village still—a delightful combination of the old and new; some fine modern houses and beautifully kept farms, showing evidence of the prosperity of their owners, and a few very old French houses with huge chimneys and low ceilings—deliciously quaint and picturesque. It was such a house as the latter that we took in which to spend a few midsummer days, or rather nights, for our days were spent principally out of doors, in a nomadic existence, drinking in the charm and beauty of that poetic land. There was a garden in front of the house, where wild flowers grew at their own sweet will, and a row of large trees next the very dilapidated fence shaded us from the sun's scorching rays, so that we could sit there and read, quite oblivious of old King Sol, who tried in vain to disturb our peace by peeping through the branches of those old elms.

It was a charmingly picturesque lane which led to "our house." A little distance down the hill, on the left hand, stands the tree which is said to have stood beside the door of Benedict Bellefontaine's cottage, and from which a walking-stick was made a few years ago and sent to the poet Longfellow.

A few yards up the hill is a very old church, of which we procured the key and entered. Such a curious interior. The pulpit is very close to the ceiling, and is reached by a steep stair on either side. Above it is a sounding-board. The pews are each as large as a small room, with seats all around and very close to the floor, so that whole families, during service, might indulge in a little nap, and the minister be quite unconscious of it. Outside of the church, in "God's Acre," there are many very old tombstones, some with Latin inscriptions, many of them being almost obliterated.

One day we visited a house in the neighbourhood, the proprietor of which has collected some valuable relics—old French farming implements and articles of iron and silver, found in a well said to be the site of the chapel and priest's house. Among the relics was a curiously shaped gate hook, the same, perchance, as that which adorned the gate of Evangeline's cottage, where Gabriel had often leaned, gazing into those eyes,  
Black as the berry that grows on the thorn by the wayside,  
while he told for the hundredth time the story,  
Old, yet ever new and simple and beautiful always,  
Love immortal and young in the endless succession of lovers.

On the Sabbath we walked about half a mile to church along the quiet, shady lanes, nothing but the song of birds breaking the holy stillness of those Acadian Sabbaths. Oh, beautiful Acadian Sabbaths! How peaceful ye were in your holiness! how grand in your strength! Infuse into our restless hearts some of your calmness and peace—the peace that passeth all understanding! And now, alas, the day has arrived when we must bid farewell to this land full of charm; to these fields, one mass of white and gold; to the woods, where oft we have lingered for hours listening to the singing of the birds and music of the rustling leaves. It is with a sadness not unmingled with pain that we give "one long, last, lingering look behind."

O beautiful Grand Pré! How loth I am to leave thee,  
Thy memory will linger like old, faint, sweet perfume;  
In all my choicest thoughts I shall not once forget thee,  
So fare thee well, O sweet field, still in thy summer bloom!

Windsor, N.S.

HATTIE McLELLAN.

## HUDSON'S BAY.

During the troubles in the Northwest, in 1857, the sailing ship *Great Britain* (formerly a Montreal trader), Captain Wilson, was chartered to convey troops by the route of the Hudson's Bay, on their way to the Red River settlement. The vessel sailed from Quebec on the 26th June, 1857, with a detachment of Royal Canadian Rifles on board—namely, two companies, for York Factory, comprising 105 privates, 4 corporals, 2 buglers, 15 women and 15 children; Captain Kerr, commanding; Pierce, adjutant; Onion and Armstrong, ensigns, and a surgeon. The vessel had fair weather down the Gulf, until getting to Belle Isle Straits; was detained there by adverse winds and fogs; met great quantities of ice along the coast of Labrador; entered Hudson's Strait on the 24th July, and thence, until her arrival at York Factory, the vessel was nearly surrounded with ice and dense fog; sailed through over 900 miles of drift ice; lost false stern, and much copper torn off; arrived at York Factory August 25th, all well on board and not one case of sickness on the passage; one male and two female children born on the voyage. Sailed from York Factory on the 18th September, in company with the ship *Prince of Wales*, for London, and *Baroness*, for *Miramichi*; encountered head winds and fogs; got clear of the Bay 28th September; bitter cold weather—thermometer 10° below zero; encountered heavy ice, and bent to West Point, Anticosti; a distance of 2,000 miles was run in ten days; parted company with the *Baroness* at Heath Point, Anticosti, on the 8th October, all well on board; took a pilot on board on the 10th inst., off *Pointe Des Monts*, wind from west; towed from *Bic Island* to Quebec, by steamer *Advance*, on the evening of the 14th October, and arrived at Quebec on the 16th October, 1857, all well. It may be incidentally mentioned that a vessel formerly arrived at Hudson's Bay, for the Hudson's Bay Company, from London, laden with merchandise, etc., twice a year, and returned with a cargo of furs, etc. Mr. John McLeod, a chief factor of the company, embarked on one of these vessels, with his two sons, who proceeded to Scotland to complete their education, arriving safe at their destination.

Ottawa.

G. S. P.

A white marble bust of Apollo, said to be of wonderful beauty, has just arrived in Constantinople from Smyrna, where it had been excavated along with a Juno and a Roman Emperor. *Connaisseurs* say the Apollo is of the time of Praxiteles.

## THE BRIDE OF DEATH.

See where the dwarf acacia's branches shower  
Their milk-white blossoms on a sodded grave;  
Bury me there, at sunset's holy hour,  
The Bride of Death would slumber  
Where the grey shadows wave.

Tell me not, pray, of gems and orange blossoms,  
Of golden marriage bells, so soft and sweet,  
Of flashing eyes and palpitating bosoms,  
And music faintly chiming  
To swiftly glancing feet.

Tell me not either of the nameless blessings  
That consecrate the cares and toils of home;  
Maternal thrills at infant's fond caressings,  
Murmurs of love that gushing  
From husband's heart-deeps come.

I am the Bride of Death! No earthly lover  
May set the ring upon this cold white hand;  
The swart death angel's pinions o'er me hover,  
Bearing my hopes and leading  
Into the shadowy land.

Behind me in the world I leave no token,  
No rosy child to lisp a mother's name;  
Naught save a wealth of love unknown, unspoken,  
And memory untarnished  
By blot or blame.

The darkness deepens in the misty valleys,  
The acacia's blossoms strew our Mimi's grave,  
A dreamy stillness haunts the funeral alleys,  
The Bride of Death is sleeping  
Where the grey shadows wave.

JOHN TALON-LESPERANCE.

renowned author is displayed as a great scholar and a graceful poet. The book is not precisely a translation, but a collection of myths and legends well known among the Greeks and Romans, and whose influence may be traced through the whole romantic literature of modern ages. These the translator has put up in his own language in "new combinations of blank or rhymeless metre \* \* \* which have not been hitherto adopted, at least for narrative purposes." These poems are filled with the charm of classic reminiscence, and in them we discover where it was that many of the ancient writers derived some of their happiest conceptions.

Translators have not chosen from pagan authors only. With the instinctive taste of scholars, they have hunted up the scrolls of the Middle Ages, and found there gems of the highest inspiration which the genius of religion conceived and the piety of the times preserved in the rituals and missals. We have on our table, as we write, four volumes of translations of the great Hymns of the Mediæval Church, several of them being remarkable attempts. There are no less than a dozen versions of the *Dies Irae*, while the *Stabat Mater*, the *Veni Creator*, the *Pange Lingua*, the *Vexilla Regis*, the *Veni Sancte Spiritus* and the *Te Deum* are rendered in different styles.

As a further proof of the progress of classic studies, we shall close with two examples of translation from English into the ancient languages. The first which we have in hand is a work published by Mr. Gladstone, conjointly with his brother-in-law, Lord Lyttleton. The latter renders into Greek verse several poems of Milton, Dryden and Tennyson; into Latin, Gray's "Ode to Adversity," a part of the "Deserted Village," and two lesser poems of Tennyson. Mr. Gladstone translates into English fragments of *Aeschylus* and *Homer*, several odes of *Horace* and *Catullus*, passages from *Dante* and *Manzoni*, some of *Schiller's* poems, and, with singular success, he puts into Latin verse a number of English poems. His translation of *Bishop Heber's* ode to his wife, in *Sapphics*, is a remarkable sample of pure Latinity, and his version of *Augustus Toplady's* Hymn would seem to have been written by a monk of the Middle Ages, so well is the ecclesiastical rhymed manner carried out. This is the first stanza:

Jesu, pro me perforatus,  
Condar intra tuum latus,  
Tu per lympham profluentem,  
Tu per sanguinem tepentem,  
In peccata mi redunda,  
Tolle culpam, sordes munda.

Finally, we may mention that the "In Memoriam" of Tennyson has been translated into Latin elegiac verse, and so well as to have deserved the praise of the chief critics of Britain. The work was printed for private circulation only, the laureate not sanctioning its publication, on the ground that it might interfere with his copyright.

## THE LUNCH.

A gothic window where a damask curtain  
Made the blank daylight shadowy and uncertain;  
A slab of agate on four eagle-talons  
Held trimly up and neatly taught to balance;  
A porcelain dish, o'er which, in many a cluster,  
Plump grapes hung down, dead ripe and without lustre;  
A melon cut in thin, delicious slices;  
A cake that seemed mosaic work in spices;  
Two china cups with golden tulips sunny,  
And rich inside with chocolate and honey;  
And she and I the banquet scene completing  
With dreamy words—and very pleasant eating.

—Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

THE DOMINION RIFLE ASSOCIATION MATCHES.



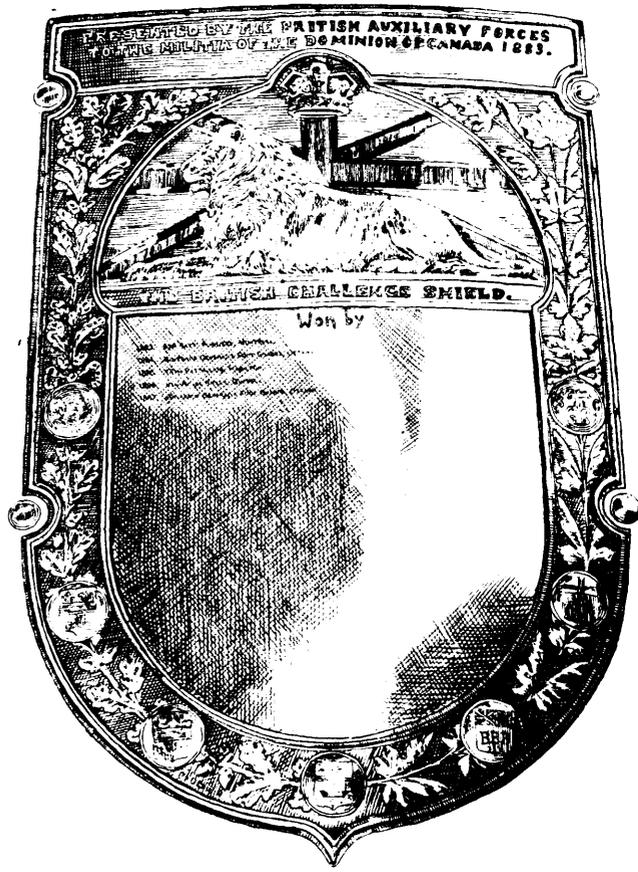
THE LONDON MERCHANTS' CUP.



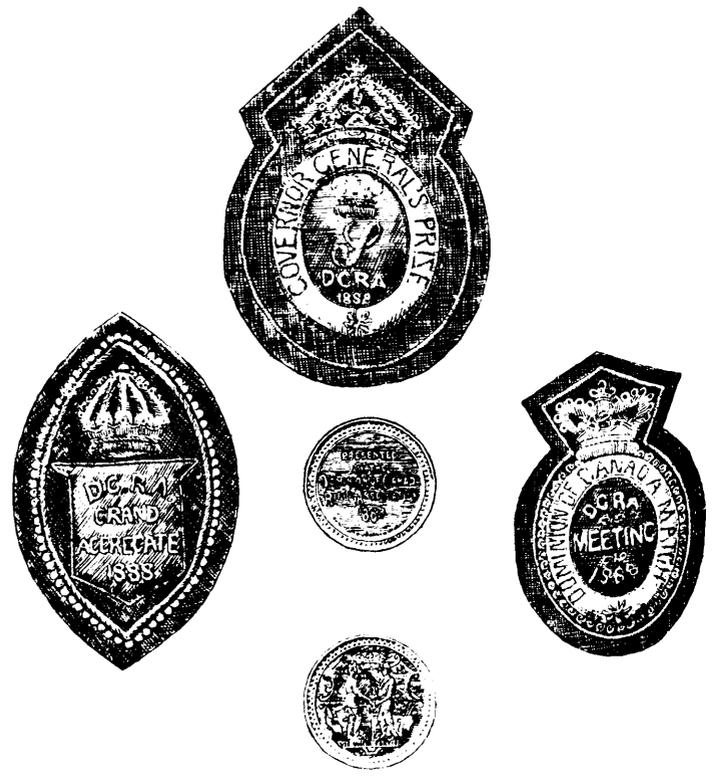
THE GZOWSKI CUP.



THE MINISTER OF MILITIA'S CUP.



THE BRITISH CHALLENGE SHIELD.

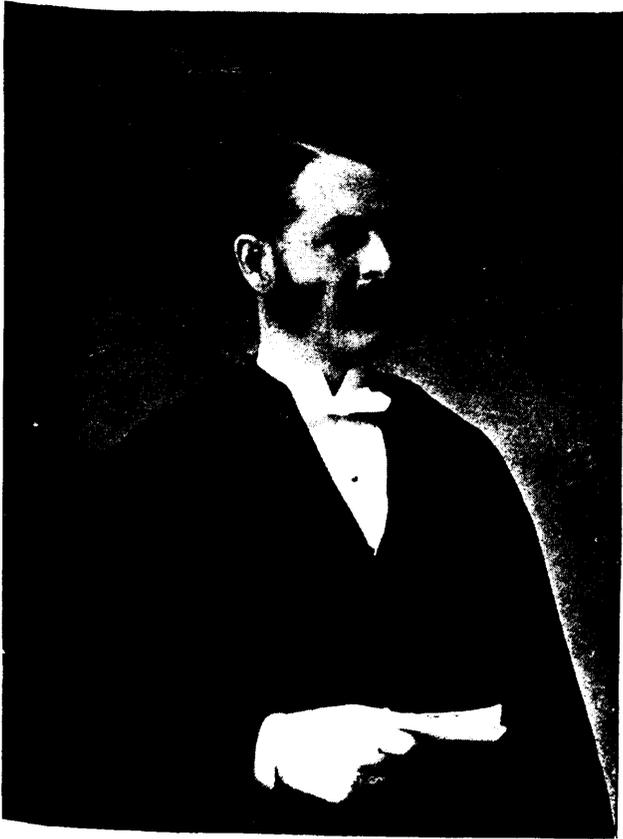


THE BADGES AND MEDALS.

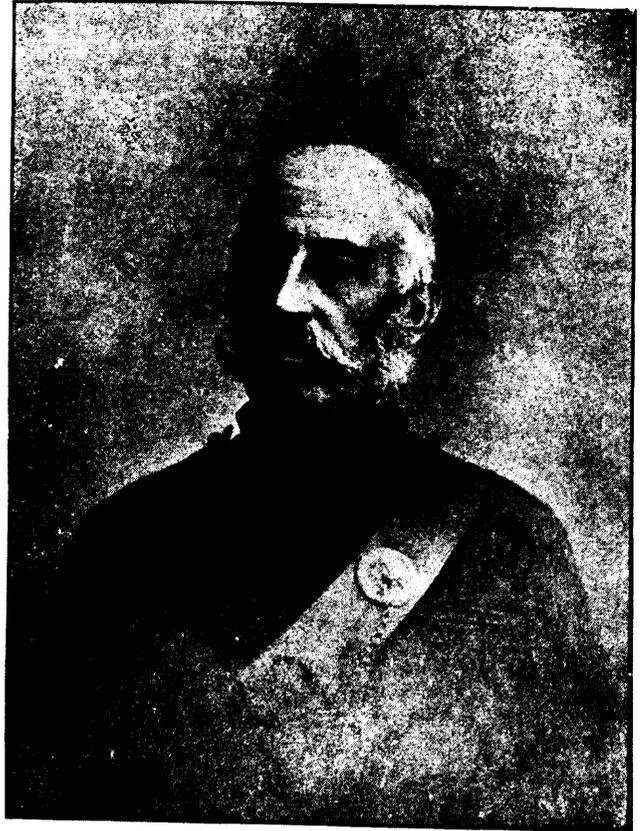
THE CUPS AND BADGES.

From photographs by Topley.

THE DOMINION RIFLE ASSOCIATION EXECUTIVE.



HON. G. A. KIRKPATRICK, PRESIDENT.



LT.-COL. WM. WHITE, CHAIRMAN OF EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.



LT.-COL. BACON, SECRETARY.



LT.-COL. JOHN MACPHERSON, TREASURER.

From photographs by Topley.



**THE D. R. A. MATCHES.**—As we present our readers this week portraits of the Dominion of Canada Rifle Association executive officers, in connection with the matches held at Ottawa on the 3rd September and following days, a few words about the association will prove of interest. Founded in 1868 by some enthusiastic rifle shots, the association at once started on its career—holding annual matches, offering medals to affiliating societies, and modelling itself on the greatest of all associations—the National Rifle Association of England—doing all to help and foster the bringing out of rifle shots. We see in the early years of the association that everything did not always run smoothly; in fact, in 1872 and 1877 no matches were held, presumably from lack of funds. But since 1878 success has crowned the efforts of the workers in the association, and their annual matches have been the goal of every young shot throughout our fair Dominion, the attendance showing a gradual increase, until we see in these last years 284 competitors in 1884, 302 in 1885, 332 in 1886, 363 in 1887, and this year again a slight increase, despite a great falling off in the attendance from Montreal, where the lack of a range has prevented all rifle practice this year. The number of affiliating societies has also steadily increased, forty-six local and eight provincial associations now contributing their quota. One sore spot with the executive is, that of the large number of officers and others interested in rifle shooting, 140 only have paid the membership fee of \$2, and we cannot but think so worthy a society should meet with more encouragement. In peace prepare for war; and, in sooth, of what good is the soldier who cannot shoot? We give the portraits of the three most successful competitors in our Canadian Wimbledon, Capt. Hartt, Sergt. Ralston and Staff-Sergt. Mitchell. Sergt. Rolston, 20th Lorne Rifles, Milton, Ont., won the Dominion of Canada match with the exceptionally good score of 96 out of 105 possible points, this being the highest score ever made in any prize meeting of the association. Sergt. Rolston is an old and tried shot, having been on the Wimbledon team in 1885. Staff-Sergt. Tom Mitchell, of the 10th Royal Grenadiers, Toronto, foremost among the great shooting family of Mitchells, winner this year in the Grand Aggregate and third place in the Governor-General's match, is probably as good a shot as can be found anywhere. He is rather small, but well built, and his keen blue-grey eye gives promise of the extraordinary nerve which he possesses. He has been on the Wimbledon twenty in 1874, 1877, 1879, 1881, 1883, and won the Dominion Grand Aggregate in 1880. The lucky man, however, who won the blue ribbon of the meeting, the Governor-General's prize reserved for competition among the sixty top scorers of the meeting, was Capt. Hartt, of the St. John Rifles. He tied the renowned McVittie, winner of the Queen's prize at Wimbledon, and oftentimes in the Queen's 100 for first place, and, shooting off the tie, beat him on his last shot, thus winning the badge, \$250 prize; McVittie second, badge and \$150; Mitchell third, \$100. Capt. Hartt is no novice at the science of rifle shooting, his name figuring prominently on prize lists for many years back and on the Wimbledon twenty in 1878, 1883 and 1887 (as adjutant). He had the honour of winning the Dominion Grand Aggregate in 1882 and third place in the Governor-General's match in 1886. The Cups—London Merchants—Presented by the merchants of London, England, in 1872; value, \$1,000. Won this year by Ontario, Quebec second. This cup is competed for annually by a team of eight men from each province. This year every province in the Dominion was represented. Gzowski Challenge Cup—Presented by Col. Gzowski, A.D.C. to the Queen; value, \$400. First shot for in 1881 as an individual prize, but since awarded to teams in the so-called military or skirmishing matches. Won by 1st Brigade F. G., Guelph, in 1882; 10th Royal Grenadiers, Toronto, G. G. Foot Guards, Ottawa, ties, 1883; G. G. Foot Guards, 1884; 12th Battalion York Rangers, 1885; P. L. D. G., Ottawa, 1886; 8th Royal Rifles, Quebec, 1887; 5th Royal Scots, Montreal, 1888. British Challenge Shield—Presented by the Auxiliary Forces of Great Britain; value, \$700. Competed for the first time in 1883 by teams from different corps or rifle associations in skirmishing matches. Won by 6th Fusiliers, 1883; G. G. Foot Guards, 1884; 13th Battalion, Hamilton, 1885; 8th Royal Rifles, Quebec, 1886; G. G. F. G., Ottawa, 1887; G. G. F. G., 1888. Minister of Militia's Challenge Cup—Presented by Hon. Sir A. P. Caron, K.C.M.G., M.P., Minister of Militia; value, \$200. Presented in 1884 for competition by teams from corps or rifle associations. Won by 2nd Queen's Own Rifles, Toronto, 1884; Bowmanville Rifle Association, 1885; Guelph Rifle Association, 1886, 43rd Battalion Rifle Association, Ottawa, 1887; 43rd Battalion Rifle Association, Ottawa, 1888. The Lansdowne Challenge Cup, of which we gave an engraving in a previous number, was won by the New Brunswick Provincial Association. The view given of the Rideau rifle ranges, Ottawa, is from an instantaneous photograph taken expressly for us by W. J. Topley, and represents the firing party at the 600 yards stage of the Governor-General's match. The tall figure in the foreground is that of Major Thomas, of the 54th Battalion, a well-known veteran shot.

**THE KOLAPORE CUP.**—In connection with the trophies of the Dominion Rifle Association, we give a sketch of the Kolapore Cup, the yearly prize of the Rajah of the name, for the past five years, from 1883. The interest attaching to this cup is that it came to Canada in 1884, and while in all the other years it fell to the Mother Country, Canada always went second and ahead of the other colonies, as was the case even this year, when our team took second place and the prize of £80 awarded to the highest colonial team. The Kolapore score, from the first to our day, is as follows: 1883, Mother Country, 698; 1884, Canada, 665; 1885, Mother Country, 659; 1886, Mother Country, 666; 1887, Mother Country, 710; 1888, Mother Country, 687.

**DOMINION RIFLE EXECUTIVE.**—The president of this association is Lieut.-Col. GEORGE AVEY KIRKPATRICK, well known as a parliamentarian and a militiaman. He was born in Kingston, 13th September, 1841, and educated there, as also at St. Johns, on the Richelieu, and Trinity College, Dublin, graduating at the latter institution as moderator and silver medallist, in 1861, and receiving the degrees of B.A. and LL.B. He achieved his LL.D. in 1883. He was called to the Upper Canada Bar in 1861, attaining the silk in 1880. Col. Kirkpatrick is connected with several corporations and commander of the 47th Frontenac Battalion. In 1876 he commanded the Wimbledon team, and was an hon. commissioner at the Colonial and Indian Exhibition, in 1886. He entered Parliament, in 1870, as the successor of his father, and has sat for Frontenac ever since, through half a dozen elections. He held the high office of Speaker of the House of Commons from 1883 to 1886.

**LIEUT.-COL. WILLIAM WHITE**, the Chairman of the Executive Committee of the D. R. A., was born in London, England, on the 6th January, 1830. He entered the Imperial Civil Service, in the P. O. Department, London, in 1846, and served till 1854, when he was appointed chief clerk in the money order branch of the P. O. Department of Canada, on its establishment. He was made Secretary of the department in 1861, and a Civil Service Commissioner in 1880. Col. White is a lettered man and a writer, while in his long and distinguished militia service he has risen to the command of the 43rd Battalion.

**LIEUT.-COL. BACON**, the Secretary of the D. R. A., was born and educated at Cambridge, England; was articled to his uncle, the late celebrated civil engineer; was engaged on the South Eastern Railway during the heavy blasting operations at the Abbotscilffe and other tunnels of that railway; he was also employed on the Atmospheric Railway between Croydon and Epsom, and when the Great Northern Railway was commenced was appointed resident engineer on it. He was next a contractor's engineer, under Messrs. Peto, Brassey & Betts, on various works, and in 1854 came to this country and was employed by the same firm on the Grand Trunk Railway until its completion. He joined the Victoria Rifles in 1861, and in 1862 was made Adjutant and then Captain of No. 1 company, serving twice during the Fenian raid of 1866, at Cornwall and at St. Johns, Que. He was again on active service in 1870, and in 1867 was appointed Brigade-Major, First Brigade Division Military District No. 5. In 1878 the Montreal Brigade went to Quebec, on call, under command of Lieut.-Col. Fletcher, D.A.G. Col. Fletcher being recalled to Montreal, the command of the Montreal force devolved upon Col. Bacon, who, on the 15th of June, in front of all the troops on duty, received an address of thanks from the Mayor and Corporation of Quebec to the Montreal force for their alacrity in answering to the request of Quebec for assistance. In 1881, Lieut.-Col. Bacon was transferred from Montreal to Ottawa and performed the duties of Brigade-Major there until December, 1883, when he was transferred to the store branch of the Militia Department. In May, 1885, he was elected Secretary of the Dominion of Canada Rifle Association, and has acted in that capacity ever since.

**LIEUT.-COL. JOHN MACPHERSON** is Treasurer of the D. R. A. He was born in Glangarry, Ont., 8th January, 1830, and spent his early days in business at Montreal. In 1849, he was commissioned in the 3rd Battalion Montreal Militia, and in 1856 organized as Captain the first Highland company in Quebec. He was then made Major, Brigade Major to the Active Force of Montreal, in 1861, and Brigade Major of District No. 11, in 1862. In 1865, he became Lieut.-Colonel, and served on Gen. Lindsay's staff during the Fenian raid of 1866. In the same year he was appointed D. A. Adjutant-General of Militia, commanding of the Military Districts in Lower Canada. In 1860, he acted as Deputy Adjutant-General, commanding No. 3 in Ontario. In 1870, he was appointed Acting Superintendent of Military Schools in the Dominion, and served again under Gen. Lindsay during the Fenian raid of that year. He was with Prince Arthur on the scenes of action, in Missisquoi and Huntingdon. He then joined the staff at headquarters, and acted as Deputy Minister of Militia and Defence. In 1880, he was promoted to his present office, Director of Stores and Keeper of Militia Properties.

**THE GREAT GLACIER.**—We are here in the heart of the Selkirk Mountains. Passing a long snow shed, a sharp curve brings the train in front of the Great Glacier, a vast plateau of gleaming ice, extending as far as the eye can reach—as large, it is said, as all those of Switzerland combined. Within thirty minutes' walk you have the railway station and a fine hotel, called the Glacier House. The hotel is a handsome structure, resembling a Swiss chalet, which serves not only as a dining station for passing trains, but affords a most delightful stopping place for tourists who wish to hunt or explore the surrounding mountains and

glaciers. The Great Glacier is in sight, and its forefoot is only a few hundred feet above the level of the hotel. A good path has been made to it, and its exploration is not only practicable, but easy. A glacial stream has been caught and made to furnish fountains about the hotel. Game is very abundant throughout these lofty ranges. Their summits are the home of the bighorn sheep and the mountain goat, the latter almost unknown southward of Canada. Bears can always be obtained.

**IGNORANCE.** From the painting by Paton Commerre.—This portrait of idleness and ignorance, although difficult to imagine, is but too true. How hard it is to gaze on a pretty young face that we call "a thing of beauty and a joy forever," and to think its owner possibly void of everything that makes life worth living. One would almost wish that the prize awarded to this painter by the Paris Salon on the first appearance of "Ignorance" last year had been on condition that he bestowed on it a happier title. But, alas! no; there she is, indolence itself, frittering away her time, and in graceful reclination thoughtless even of—what next? Very beautiful, very sad. Of Paton Commerre we know little or nothing beyond his being one of the rising artists in France. We are indebted to him for a painting which points the moral, not the immoral, and would wish that more of his countrymen would follow his example.

**PRINCE AMADEO AND PRINCESS LAETITIA.**—This alliance has been the subject of general surprise and comment in Europe, through two or three special causes. In the first place, the bridegroom and bride are uncle and niece, the mother of the latter being the sister of the former—and a very special dispensation was required by the Pope because of this near kinship of blood. In the next place, the bride belongs to the Bonapartes, by her father, Prince Jerome, the one nephew who is almost a perfect picture of the great Napoleon, and her husband is a son of Victor Emmanuel, between whom and Napoleon III. there was no love lost. Prince Amadeo was for three years King of Spain, when he voluntarily resigned, because he could not get along, and Princess Letitia, daughter of Princess Clotilda, sister of Humbert I., King of Italy, and Prince Amadeo, is so called after her grandmother, Letizia Buonaparte, the mother of the great Emperor.

**THE ROYAL CANADIAN YACHT CLUB**, station at Toronto, was established in 1854 and incorporated in 1868, receiving ten years later, in 1878, its Admiralty warrant—an act of great value to yacht clubs, as it allows of the carrying of the Royal blue or red ensign aboard of vessels owned by members. Its use is also great to them in foreign parts, as the authorities show greater civility, and in many cases allow free harbour dues. The office-bearers for the R. C. Y. C. for 1888 are as follows: Patrons, H. R. H. the Prince of Wales and His Excellency the Governor-General of Canada. Commodore, Geo. Gooderham, Esq.; vice-commodore, G. Boyd, Esq. The club is devoted to the interests of yachting of all descriptions, and its annual races are ever looked eagerly forward to. Its large fleet of well appointed yachts, from Mr. Gooderham's schooner Oriole down to Mr. P. A. Bath's little sloop, the Flirt, are known all over our lakes.

**VIEW FROM THE TOWERS OF NOTRE DAME.**—This is one of the well known coigns of vantage in Montreal. From the top of the western tower we have a view of Place d'Armes, with the Corinthian colonnade of the Bank of Montreal—the finest sample of a Greek temple in Canada—the white the Post Office building, St. Patrick's Church, and the broad brown shoulder of Mount Royal are spread before us.

## IN FUTURO.

FROM THÉOPHILE GAUTIER.

E'en now, from mountain or from plain,  
In France, America or Spain,  
A tree is soaring—oak or pine—  
Of which some portion shall be mine.

E'en now, within her chamber lone  
Some wrinkled and decrepit crone  
Weaves fair white linen, like a Fate,  
To clothe my body, soon or late.

E'en now, for me, with sunless toil,  
Like some blind mole beneath the soil,  
A swarthy miner doth explore  
Earth's teeming veins for iron ore.

Three is some corner of the earth,  
Where ought but loveliness hath birth,  
Where sunbeams drink the tears of morn—  
There, I shall sleep in days unborn.

That tree, which with its foliage now  
Doth screen a nest on every bough,  
The planks hereafter shall supply  
Wherein my confined bones shall lie.

That linen, which the wrinkled crone  
Is weaving in her chamber lone,  
Shall form a winding sheet to hold  
My lifeless body in its fold.

That iron, burrowed from the soil,  
By the swart miner's sunless toil,  
Transformed to nails, shall tightly close  
The chest wherein my limbs repose;

And in that charming spot of earth,  
Where none but loveliness hath birth,  
A grave shall yawn, beneath whose sod  
My heart shall mingle with the clod.

Montreal.

GEO. MURRAY.

## POINTS.

By ACUS.

"To point a moral and adorn a tale."

*Johnson: Vanity of Human Wishes.*

It is to be presumed that in making a trial trip during exhibition week the Toronto fire brigade were unable to find the proverbial "long lane that has no turning"; at all events, in rounding the corner of a lane that *has* a turning, two members of the brigade were unfortunately thrown to the ground. Of course, everyone hopes that the injuries inflicted will not prove too serious; and what makes it all the more painful is that it was all done, as it were, "only in fun." Accidents are very frequently the order of the day on holidays. When grown-up people condescend to play at all, they usually play with edged tools. Sky-rockets, like certain other holiday accessories, "have a stick in them," which comes down sometimes to the detriment of people's eyes and craniums. Grand stands also have a way with them of taking grand tumbles. And overcrowded excursion steamers often carry their passengers to the borders of another and a better world.

What has become of the sea serpent? It is over a year, I think, since I have read a good, thrilling newspaper sea serpent story. There has not been a tale of its tail for a very long time, and its head has evidently been under water instead of under observation. Perhaps we may infer from this an increasing morality and truthfulness; or it may indicate a decline of the imaginative faculty in the human race. Perhaps the sea serpents and the weather prophets (?) have gone off somewhere together, to sympathize on account of not being believed in; for the weather prophets are missing, too. They both were interesting reading, even if one did not believe in them. But, according to the old proverb which says "Speak of a certain personage and he is sure to manifest himself in the flesh" (or words to that effect), we may expect now to hear of them at any moment.

It is said that David Swing facetiously remarked, upon reading a rather acrid letter purporting to have been written about the Americans by Matthew Arnold, that he might be an apostle of "sweetness and light," but he very soon *soured*. Of course, the letter in question turned out to be nothing but a clever humbug; but, in view of more recent utterances by this author, no doubt a few Americans may still be inclined to believe in the tendency to sour. He cut up their newspapers (without using either scissors or paste) and dispersed of their most popular novelist, if I remember rightly, as "a native author called Roe." What is worse, he lifted up his voice and intimated that Emerson's style "has not the requisite wholeness of good tissue." And he also found fault with their geographic nomenclature, notwithstanding that one of their greatest authors has enshrined in poesy the "banks of Gitchee Gumee." Literally, the United States came very near being the death of him, as Matthew Arnold narrowly escaped drowning at Long Branch. But the American people generally, judging from the tone of their periodicals, have forgiven him already. The best people, I sometimes think, have the quickest tempers; and, of course, a quick temper is not a long one. In addition to this, a sympathy with the ethics of which he was an exponent—a sympathy which is planted and which will bring forth its fruit in due season—will prevent resentment from lasting long.

An aristocratic matron whom I once heard "coaching" a youthful *débutante*, said impressively that the chief thing to be observed was "De-lib-er-ation." Corporation labourers, according to this criterion, must be the best mannered men on earth. The arduous nature of the toil of the corporation labourer is exceeded only by the lordly leisure with which he undertakes its performance. Quite properly placing mental activity before physical, he first enters into a pleasant conversation with his companions, running pretty much over the whole range of mental and moral science and civil polity. Finally, however, he moistens his hands preparatory to beginning

work; but, suddenly struck with an idea, he darts off to "moisten his clay" also. He then takes off his coat, for the second or third time, and is in readiness to pitch in or to pitch out, as the case may be. At last, after all the discussions have been brought to a logical conclusion and after several ineffectual attempts, he condescends to give a kind of intermittent attention to matters which are of the earth earthy.

The Lake Erie & Western Railway Company is said to have issued orders forbidding its employees to flirt. The young ladies, instead of complaining, in the language of the old song, that

The captain with the eye-glass  
Cast a sly glance at me,

have evidently been entering a similar complaint against the conductor with the brass buttons. Like Mr. and Mrs. Meagle, railway men we always supposed were "practical people." But, then, looking at the subject in another light, it is nothing more than natural that employees on a railroad should be somewhat fast. While railroad companies are forbidding things, I wish they would forbid snoring in the sleeping cars.

## CANUCKIANA.

The news of the back down of Newfoundland has been received with some disappointment, and some scorn, throughout Canada. One newspaper man, however, puts a good face on the matter and, like a polite Canadian, remarks to the suspicious Newfoundlander:—

Absence makes the heart grow fonder,  
Isle of Beauty, fare thee well!

Newfoundland has contributed a great impulse to geology. C. D. Walcott, of the U. S. Survey, found there the key to the order of the Cambrian beds. He spent the greater part of his time at Topsail, twelve miles from St. John's, on the south shore of Conception Bay, and there made a large collection of fossils—chiefly trilobites—some of very large size. Here too he found the "missing link," of which he was in search, which settled the order of succession of the Cambrian rocks. So important were his discoveries that he was requested, by the chief of his department, to proceed to London to lay them before the International Geological Council.

Mr. L. R. O'Brien, the distinguished artist, speaks enthusiastically of Howe Sound, the first indentation of the coast line north of Burrard Inlet, forming the harbour of Vancouver. It is over twenty miles deep, irregular in outline, studded with islands, and walled by mountains rising steeply from the water to a height of from four to six thousand feet. One mountain in particular, called by the Indians "Intchekai," cannot be less than ten thousand feet high. It is some fifteen miles inland, up the valley of the Squamish river.

The Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario imagined a drive through certain portions of his Province, in a carriage and pair. Sir Alexander Campbell, in company with two friends, made a quiet start from Toronto. Guelph was the first point, and then the prosperous township of Nissouri was visited along the banks of the Thames. This fertile section of the country was the most admired by the travellers. The trip which lasted eight days, thirty miles a day being the average distance covered, was greatly enjoyed by his Honour.

Our Canadian football boys are astonishing the Scotchmen on their native heath. One of these says that the tall goal-keeper is a perfect stone wall, but far more tender, of course. The two backs are clinkers—as sure as the bank and as safe as a cork collar. The trio of halves are each whole. The pick of the basket was Pirie. Secretary Gordon, for a rusty one, showed excellent judgment in tackling. When he gets greased up he will be difficult to pass. The forwards were all positive, some were comparative and Thomson was superlative.

Harrison Springs are another Canadian medical resort of fame. They are situated five miles from Agassiz station, on the main line of the C. P. R., and 60 miles east of Vancouver. The waters are

famed for the cure of salt rheum, rheumatism and a variety of skin diseases, besides being a blood purifier and a health giving tonic for the whole system. The vapour baths are patronized by persons carrying a superfluous amount of adipose matter.

Our Chinook—the wind-god of the Rockies—has inspired the spirit of poetry even in far England, as witness the following from the graceful pen of Andrew Lang, in *Longman's Magazine*:—

Chinook and Chinok were magicians of merit  
Who each of them kept a familiar spirit—  
They lived, we should tell you, a long while ago.  
Between the red men and the wild Eskimo—  
And the feats of the common magicians they'd mock,  
Of the noisy pow-wow, and the dark Angekok,  
But the best of good friends were Chinook and Chinok!

It was nothing to either to fly in the air,  
To float like a fish, or to climb like a bear.  
It was nothing to either to change by a wish  
His foes into fowls and his friends into fish!  
Thought Chinook "I shall ask old Chinok to a feast  
And charm him, for fun, to the shape of a beast,  
And when I have laughed at his fright till I'm black,  
Why—dear old Chinok—I will alter him back."  
So he sent to Chinok, and he asked him to dine,  
Thought Chinok to himself, "I've an artful design,  
For I'll change old Chinook to some sort of beast,  
And I'll soon charm him back at the end of the feast."

So they met, and their medicine-bags laid on the shelf,  
But each had a powder he kept to himself,  
A powder for making his friend look absurd  
By changing him into a beast or a bird,  
While each in his medicine-bag kept stored up another,  
By which he'd restore his old shape to his brother.  
Then both, when they settled serenely to eat,  
Dropped a pinch of the powder unseen on the meat;  
And Chinook, with a grin, began making his mock;  
"Why, you're changing," he cried, "to a badger, Chinok!"  
And Chinok, who felt rather uneasy, cried "Look,  
You are changing yourself to a toad, my Chinook!"

Then each of them longed to return to himself,  
But the bags with the powders were high on the shelf,  
And the badger can't climb, and the toad could not hop  
To the shelf where the medicine-bags lay on the top,  
So the pair could not reach them by hook or by crook,  
And a beaver and toad are Chinok and Chinook!

Yes, a toad and a beaver those worthies remain,  
And the moral of all is uncommonly plain,  
That good luck never comes to a person who pokes  
At a host, or a guest, his dull practical jokes!

Success generally puts one in good humour. In the midst of the crowd celebrating the Montreal election, the other evening, Mr. Chapleau was handed a bunch of roses. Raising his hat to the upturned faces, he said: "You give me the rose, and I give you the thorn (*l'épine*) that shelters it." As this was spontaneously said, it was spontaneously received with thunders of acclaim.

Col. A. A. Stevenson, well known for his Scottish jokes, and his knowledge of French, as instanced by his translation, in that language, of Auld Lang Syne, must needs try his hand on the same occasion. He said that the pear-tree (*poirier*) did not thrive in the Island of Montreal, but that the thornbush (*l'épine*) flourished there as everywhere.

A familiar name is always a token of good-will, and a passport to knowledge. A traveller writing to the *Manchester Examiner*, calls Vancouver "Britain's Half-way House," on the ground of its position midway between Hong Kong and Liverpool, which are now acknowledged to be "the termini of the Queen's Highway." As the merits of this line become better known, at home and abroad, it will grow in popularity.

PRESIDENTS AND KINGS.—The following are the countries having kings as rulers, and those having presidents: Argentine Republic, Bolivia, Chili, United States of Colombia, Costa Rica, Ecuador, France, Guatemala, Hayti, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Paraguay, Peru, Salvador, Santo Domingo, Switzerland, United States of America, Uruguay and Venezuela are ruled by presidents—20. Belgium, Corea, Bavaria, Denmark, Prussia, Saxony, Wurtemberg, Greece, Hawaiian Islands, Italy, Netherlands, Portugal, Roumania, Servia, Siam, Spain, and Sweden and Norway are ruled by kings—17.



THE GREAT GLACIER, SELKIRKS.

From a photograph by Notman.



"IGNORANCE."

From the painting by Paton-Commerre.  
Photograph supplied by Mr. G. E. Macrae, Toronto, Director for Canada of the Soule Photograph Company.

## R. B. STYIL.

Styil was in love. There was no mistake about that. Styil himself said so; and when Styil himself said so, you may be sure that the admission contributed no additional air of fact to the matter.

As a *matter of fact*, everybody knew it; and some had even forgotten all about it before Styil himself realized his position. You could see it in his eyes and in his countenance generally; you could see it in his actions and detect it in his conversation. In fact, Styil's whole man bespoke the state of his mind with such unmistakable thoroughness as left no need, nor even room, for other testimony. But had you told Styil a month ago, or even a week ago, that he, Roger Brutus Styil, jr., son of Roger Brutus Styil, sr., and grandson, great-grandson, and so on of a dozen other Roger Brutuses, that he, Styil!—the best-looking fellow in the general freight office of the great Phrogplate & Goblup Railroad—would, within that period, fall head over heels in love, he would no more have believed you—no, nor listened to you—than he would have cut his own throat with his own razor—not a bit. *He fall in love!* Why, it was absurd. He had always said it was absurd. A little anecdote of Styil's earlier life, which all the fellows in the office could repeat over and over again, went to show that when his nurse, on their first becoming acquainted, had kissed him on his brow and declared, solemnly, in the presence of his relatives, her firm belief that he had been born for no other purpose than to fall in love, the anecdote went to show, I say, that young Styil had then and there indignantly uttered the word "absurd." So much for that. And so much for the paltry envy of an acquaintance who achieved a despicable notoriety, through a statement which, to deprive it of none of its boorish vulgarity, insinuated that it were equally absurd to imagine anybody falling in love with Styil.

Styil had a squint in one eye, a mole on his nose, and a very bad temper.

On the other hand, he was invariably attired in the very latest fashion and a silk hat, carried a perfect gem of a cane, with dear only knows how much gold on the top, and smoked—cigars, and none but the best.

This being the case, it follows that Styil had enemies, and these enemies—these petty calumniators—even went so far as to assert that he paid for his button-hole bouquets in hard cash.

Styil consorted much with the young men about town—jolly dogs they were: talked delightfully loud, and haw-hawed a great deal; sometimes gave, and always attended, champagne suppers—quite splendid fellows. I say that Styil consorted much with these lively companions. But his pleasures outside of that were few—very few. Nothing could have induced him to spend his time in a continual round of fuss and bustle as some people did; and never was he happier than when standing round cigar shops and street-corners on a Sunday morning, smoking innumerable cigars, and watching the pretty girls and the people going to church—simple amusement, you would say. But, ah! you did not know Styil.

"Brown," he would say to his very intimate friend, "I want you to spruce up this morning—spruce up, and lively, too. Do I look 'taking,' Brown? You've no idea of the the importance of looking well on occasions like this, Brown. Aldermen and publicans happen along—judges and other influential men, too—start and remark to their friends: 'There's a deserving young man; look at his cut! Should like to help him along.' That's it, Brown—'cut.' How's this coat, Brown? Crease in the back, eh? All right! Mark me, Brown! I've often promised to drop that rascally tailor, and now I'll do it."

Brown says *he'll* do it too, and there you have it.

Styil will drop that tailor, and so will Brown. So will all Styil and Brown's friends, and all on account of the street corner parade. That makes the tailor look after his business.

Well, Styil was no sooner in love, than he wanted to get out of it, body and soul; and it is not surprising that, with a vision to the accom-

plishment of that object, he became morose and unsociable, flung his havanas to the dogs, paid his honest debts, and committed sundry other ridiculous and extravagant acts—not at all. And what was the result? You may know, when one day even old Butts (the boys called him Butts)—when old Butts, the caretaker, whose duty it was, the first thing in the morning, to gather from the office floor, and dispose of, all of the previous day's cigars (and a good thing he made of it, too)—when old Butts said that his course of action was entirely wrong; that the affection should be developed, and that, provided he entertained hopes of the betterment of his position, he ought to go to work and bring the thing to a focus—to a focus: old Butts' very words!

Now, whether old Butts knew what he was talking about, is his own secret, and you or I can have only an opinion; but if he didn't, he gave Styil to understand that he did; and having decided that important question in a manner satisfactory to both Styil and himself, he proceeded to repeat and embellish his advice in the following remarkable manner:

"An affair of this kind, young feller," said old Butts, "is manifestly, as you might say, an affair of the pocket. Some parties there is, I'll give in, which thinks some considerations to the heart is of paramount importance; but such view is erroneous, and the parties before-mentioned is fast dyin' off, never to come to life again. Now, persumin' as I do, that your views on this subject is, in a manner, particler identical to mine—and I wouldn't do you no disfavour in the way of doubtin' it—and persumin' likewise that the considerations with reference to the gal's persition is in the main calculated not to go against them views—or, to make it plainer to you, as between one gentleman and another, persumin' you do not know the gal's got money—what then? Why, find out! Find out at once; that's the idea."

Old Butts thereupon questioned Skyil pretty closely on this point, and Skyil made answer that he had unfortunately met the young lady only once, and that he did not know. He further stated, however, that he should make it his particular business to ascertain.

"Just so," said old Butts, triumphantly; "you are on the right track now. Whenever my gal tells me a young snoozer's after her, I tell *her* not to allow the transaction to proceed 'till she finds out all about the money question. I don't take no stock in the propersition that it's just as well to be hard up with a wife as hard up without one. I've been in both situations, and I otter know. Take my word for it, young feller, it's the practical that does it. Them sentimental folks is all right in their way, but their way is narrer. For every blessed word you say to that gal, mark down a dollar. Do that, Styil, and don't be a fool no longer."

It was a fault—a great fault—in old Butts that, however excellent might be his advice regarding certain matters, his manner of affording it tended in exactly the same degree to the offensive; so that, were his remarks ever so instructive, you experienced at their termination nothing but a proportionate amount of the most supreme disgust. He was such a dogmatic old rascal too; and I do not know whether it was this, or the disrespect I have mentioned, which Styil resented the more. At any rate, it is certain that he felt very much like kicking old Butts. But as he was very grateful to him, and as, of course, it would never have done to say so, old Butts can thank his stars to this day for that gratitude of Styil's, and that Styil very magnanimously resolved on the adoption of a spirit of the broadest tolerance toward him: as between Styil, the assistant chief clerk, and old Butts, the caretaker; Styil the gentleman and old Butts the bully.

But the idea of Styil's having placed himself in such a position as called for a stimulant in the way of old Butts' familiar remarks! The idea of his having permitted old Butts to dictate to him on an affair which, to say the least of it, was purely his own! And it is really astonishing that so astute a fellow as Styil had neglected to inform himself precisely as to the financial status of

the young lady. There had been means open to him for that discovery—any amount of them; and Styil was not the man to allow anything to stand between himself and knowledge. It is probable, however, that Styil had had other thoughts. It is probable that, previous to that officious participation of old Butts in the matter, Styil's feelings had been rather of the nature of the very sentiment which old Butts had denounced, than of personal aggrandizement; and this view is the more acceptable, that there was undoubtedly a savour of it in his former actions. But old Butts had seen to that, and Styil did not allow old Butts' precepts to become stagnant. Not he! He acted upon them that very night—a trifle meekly, it is true, but in a magnificent tweedy blaze: the production of his much abused, but really incomparable, tailor. And why not? There was nothing debasing in his endeavour to appear at his best before his adored (Washingtonia was her name)—absolutely nothing. Besides, it was in reality only a little innocent surprise he had arranged for his friends. He looked so well, too, as he strode up to her—(by the very same spot at which they had met before)—his cigar held gracefully between the first and second fingers of his left hand, and his cane well out in his right—inclining at the bottom somewhat to his feet, and forming with the arm the most enchanting right angle it were possible to imagine. They walked along in a very slow, deferring manner—both in their young hearts wishing for the illimitable prolongation of time and space. And what more natural to actions in "love's young dream?" What more natural than the wish that the few fleeting minutes could be lengthened out to hours, days, or even weeks? And how many married persons, looking back on the irrevocable past and dwelling on the present, regret that when *they* were so situated, a step had not been a mile, and a mile a hundred?

They conversed pleasantly for a time, and more pleasantly as the time grew shorter—Styil telling her, in that low, melodious tone he knew to be the proper thing, how his father was a large and influential man and he the only son; how his prospects, bright from the beginning, were every day becoming brighter, and how her advent in his gladsome heart had made them brighter still. In short, Styil managed the business in such a masterly way as speedily brought about the capitulation of the fair enemy. He found himself an engaged man. Then Washingtonia proposed a visit to her home. Styil was delighted, and he said so. He also said that nothing could possibly be productive of greater pleasure to him than an interview with his darling's parents. And an aunt or two and a couple of brothers-in-law would make no difference—not the slightest. He should love and confide in them all. He was gazing into her deep black eyes—supremely lovely eyes they seemed to Styil (but, pshaw! what lover does not think the same?)—and she was saying, with charming innocence:

"You will think none the less of me, Roger, that papa was merely a bank clerk?"

For the life of him Styil could not help pausing before he replied. A bank clerk! That was serious when considered in juxtaposition with his financial expectations. But *was*, i.e., *had been*, a bank clerk—probably a cashier! That was a different matter—an entirely different matter. There was nothing dispiriting in that. Could Washingtonia's father be supposed to have been among that portion of the banking community with which, Styil had heard, somebody or something had been at variance? He had no doubt of it. Think less of her! He should hope not. Intense devotion illumined his features as at last he finally answered:

"A bank clerk! Why, I am only a railroad clerk; and besides, my Washingtonia, were you but the child of an humble cottager, yet should you still have the same charms for me."

Ah! To think of Styil coming out with that! And Washingtonia—she laughingly retorted that since papa, who was very seldom at home, had decided on a very simple summer residence, she was, to all appearance, an humble cottager's daughter.

Roger should see for himself. And Roger did see for himself. In fact, he was even then looking at the very summer residence, for Washington told him so. She said it was "ours."

"Ours," echoed Stylil, ecstatically. "What more pleasing than the consciousness of the possession of a charming summer residence? What, to a weary soul—weary of the cares and of the almost insupportable burden of city life—what more welcome than a cozy retreat, where he may lay himself down and say: 'Here I am, and here may I rest in peace.'"

"True," replied Washington, similarly affected "and how nice it will be to spend the 'season' in my Roger's mansion, and then repair to the seclusion of this little house."

Stylil thought so too. On a closer inspection, he was very much struck by the appearance of the little house. It was a dirty-looking little house—rather dirty-looking—with green shutters and a brown door. One of the shutters had fallen or been taken down, and now served as a protection from the sun and wet for a bed of sickly roses. And the dearest and blackest little pig in the world sported æsthetically on the front step—a beautiful example of the freedom of suburban life.

The interior of the abode, or such of it as Stylil was permitted to see, further testified to the humility of the establishment—no costly bric-a-brac; no hardy antiques were to be seen, nor anything which the refined taste of a retired banker might be supposed would gather about him from time to time.

"Ah!" thought Stylil; "prudential reasons impel the retired banker to dwell in peace and undoubted humility," and such was Stylil's admiration for economy in a father-in-law that he cheerfully approved this course.

Washington's mother was there—in the hall—peeling a few onions. Stylil made a very low bow and suggested that it was a very lovely day, and asserted that Washington's mother enjoyed exceedingly this delightful respite in the conventional duties of society, and sat down. Washington's mother said nothing to this. And truly it is no wonder, for he had a habit—had Stylil—when elated himself, of fancying that everyone else must needs be the same, and of bouncing up to a person whom he had never seen before, and commencing to talk in the most unconstrained and off-handed manner imaginable.

"So you're after my daughter, young man," remarked the old lady.

Stylil admitted that he was, and that he was happy. Notwithstanding this happiness of Stylil's, it appeared to him that the demeanour of the matron was very strange. It was also the case, on no less an authority than his own, that the very moment in which he set foot in that house he discovered evidence to support him in the belief that everything was not all right between Washington and her mother, in respect of the movements and aspirations of the former. What could better have justified this conviction than the shrill shriek of the mother that her daughter had better not be tramping the streets after young men, and that the young men had better be tramping the streets after her—and shriek it she did.

Washington blushed—of course she blushed, poor girl! And Stylil blushed, too. This, the mother of his darling! This, the mother of Mrs. Roger Brutus Stylil, and mother-in-law of Mr. Roger Brutus Stylil! He now comprehended Washington's reticence regarding her, and drew some pretty severe conclusions from the almost continual absence of the retired banker.

But should he abandon the enterprise because of Washington's relations? Was it not because of Washington's relations that he had embarked upon it? He thought so. He should therefore stick to it to the last.

"What's your name, young man?" asked the mother, and on being informed: "Stylil—Stylil; the Stylil's of Gorsen Avenue?"

No, he did not live on Gorsen Avenue either. "Is your people respectable, young man?" "I have already said that Stylil had a bad temper—a very bad temper; and had he had a very good one, it is probable that it would have been

rendered very bad by these interrogations. As it was, he was speechless—couldn't say a word; and when he *might* have done a little talking, there were those great, black, pleading eyes of Washington and they stopped him—stopped him dead! Washington then ran out of the room.

"My husband's comin' in the back way," explained the old lady.

Stylil was very glad of it. He wished to have somebody else to talk to, as he considered that Washington's mother was entirely out of place—and not only out of place, but in the way as well. Stylil *would* have his little joke—in the queerest places, too. But the back! Why could not Washington's father have come in by the front "way" as he (Stylil) had done? It was all nonsense for Stylil to put that question to himself, however. He must have known all about it. From what he had seen, he must have been certain that it was neither more nor less than domestic subjection and tyranny which induced the retired banker to enter from the rear. And Stylil had sufficient perception to be aware that this subjection and this tyranny, must have been reapplied and revisited tenfold on the unfortunates with whom the outside business of the retired banker brought him into contact—hadn't he, though!

"So you've got a husband at last, my gal, and how is he fixed?" came through the passage, followed by sundry angry and indistinguishable whispers.

Fixed! Stylil started—and well he might! Then the speaker entered; and then Stylil took up his hat and placed it firmly on his head, grasped his gold-headed cane, and left—simply left. It was old Butts!—old Butts, the caretaker, to whom Stylil had nothing whatever to say.

And he never did say anything to old Butts after that—never; and not only left old Butts's house, but old Butts's vicinity altogether, and gave up railroading.

As for old Butts, nothing save the well-known empty condition of Stylil's coffers and the consequent impossibility of his ever getting anything out of them, restrained him from having immediate recourse to the law, on behalf of his beloved and lovely daughter.

Montreal.

H. C.

### RED AND BLUE PENCILS.

It will surprise most of my readers to learn that Shakespeare is played as much in Germany and Austria as he is in either Britain, the United States or Canada. From 1881 to 1887—six years—thirty-one of his works were given in the former countries 5,082 times, or a mean of 126 times a year.

The names of the plays are worth recording. Hamlet was played 646 times; Othello, 618; The Taming of the Shrew, 511; The Merchant of Venice, 507; Romeo and Juliet, 410; Winter's Tale, 342; Midsummer's Night Dream, 330; Much Ado About Nothing, 256; Julius Cæsar, 253; As You Like It, 234; Richard III., 226; King Lear, 220.

Much as the Germans admire, so little do the French appreciate the greatest of playwrights. What can you expect when you find the title, Taming of the Shrew translated into *Le Sauvage Apprivoisé*? The Italians differ from the French in this respect, although a sister Latin nation. Shakespeare is well known and constantly played throughout Italy—and it is enough to mention Salvini, Rossi and Ristori.

A fortnight ago a statue to Christopher Columbus was raised at Cogoletto, his birthplace, a little town on the road between Genoa and Nice. The house where he was born, restored in 1872, and the room where he dwelt, are shown to the tourist. At Cogoletto, in the family of the Syndic, there is an engraving of Columbus, surrounded by his comrades at arms.

In 1867 the Empress Eugenie gave a statue of the great discoverer to the Republic of Columbia, which was set up in the Plaza de Colon, on the Isthmus of Panama, on the shore of the Atlantic Ocean. There it stands to this day, a fine work

of art, and a fitting tribute to a great man in the far land, which was one of his discoveries and which bears his name.

On one side of the pedestal are engraved the well-known lines of Seneca, so often quoted as foreshadowing the discovery of America:

Venient annis saecula seris,  
Quibus Oceanus vincula rerum  
Laxet, et ingens pateat tellus,  
Tethysque novos detegat orbis,  
Nec sit terris Ultima Thule.

On the other side of the monument, under the names Christophorus Columbus, the fulfilment of the forecast is set down in the following distich:

Extremum, ingentem, caecum trans aequora mundum  
Hesperiae vates dixerat; ipse dedi.

Which I have Englished thus, and offer as a very literal translation:

This distant, mighty, unknown world beyond the wave  
An Italian bard foretold, an Italian sailor gave.

Many of my readers will be surprised to learn that Aldines and Elzevirs are common as blackberries, and only when in fine condition are worth buying, and that only a few Elzevirs, such as "Le Pastissier François," the "Imitatio," without date, the "Cæsar" of 1535, the "Virgil" of 1536, and the "Corneille" of 1644, are really rare and desirable to the collector, whatever their condition.

American and Canadian papers invariably write "The Emperor of Germany." There is no such title. Wilhelm is officially King of Prussia and German Emperor—*König von Preussen und Deutscher Kaiser*. The London Times, of all papers, speaks of the King of Greece. There is no King of Greece, nor yet a King of the Greeks. George's title is King of the Hellenes—*Basileus Ton Hellenon*. In modern usage, these sovereigns who are elected to the throne bear the name of their people and not of their country. It is only hereditary rulers who have the privilege of the latter.

Bishop's College, at Lennoxville, is one of the best appointed and most scholarly institutions of the country. One of its chief patrons is Right Rev. Doctor Williams, Bishop of Quebec, who lately paid a tribute to the distinguished men that generally attend, on occasions of state, at the College, when the learned prelate presides. He quoted from the IV. Book of the *Inferno*:

Mi fur mostrati gli spiriti magni,  
Che di vederli in me stesso n' esalto.

I am asked whether Silvio Pellico wrote anything else beside his "Prigioni." He wrote three or four dramatic poems, all classics, the best of them being "Francesca da Rimini," a paraphrase of the terrible story of the Divine Comedy. I remember reading it, last summer, going on the train to Ottawa—the three first acts going up, and the two last coming down.

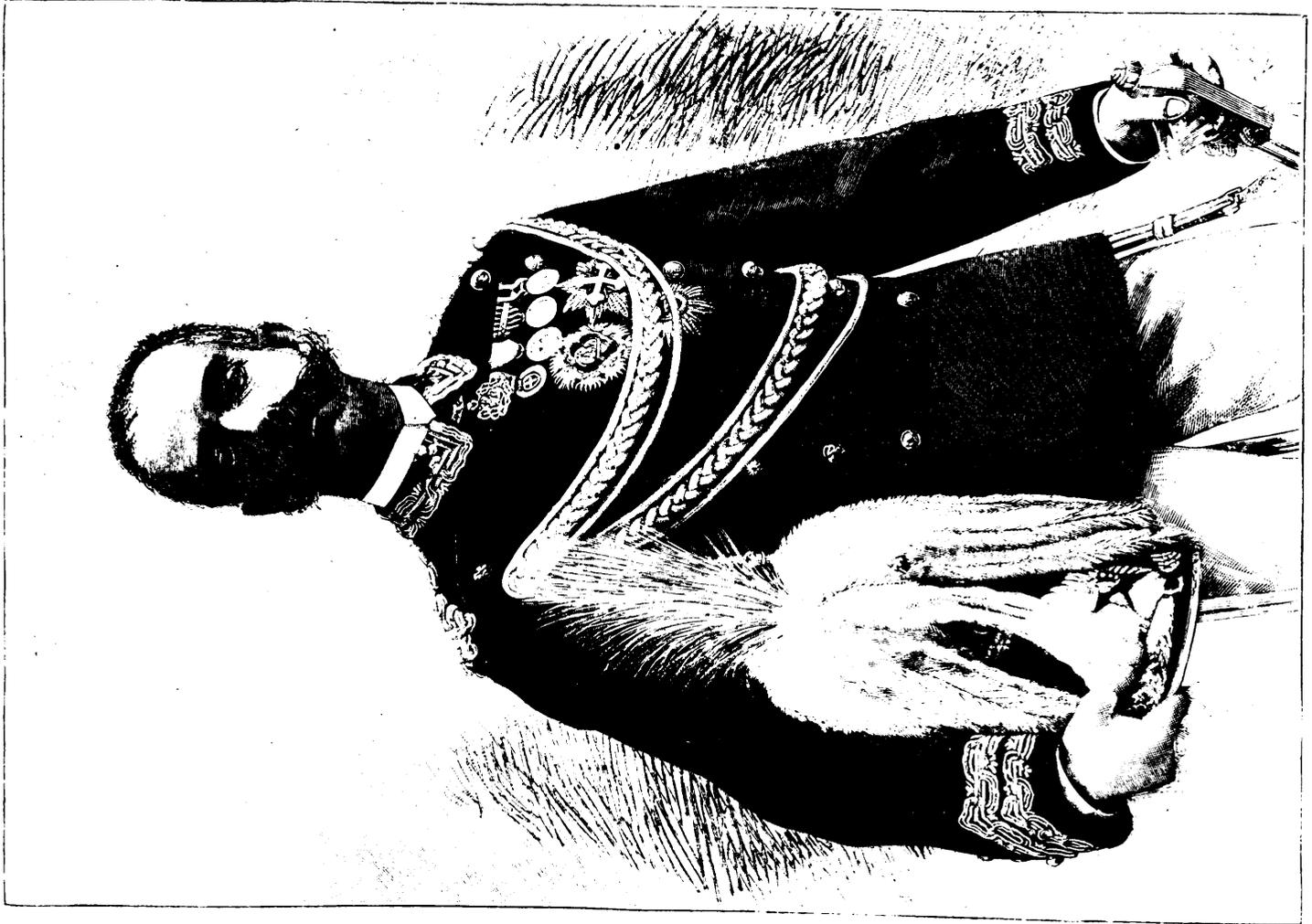
The whole was a thorough surprise. The work is a little masterpiece— terse, sharp, straight to the point, with intense passion, morbid, of course, as the case historically is, but not maudlin. The verse is neat, clean-cut and concise; the dialogue crisp and telling. Some of the passages are fragrant with poetry, as, for instance, Paolo's description of the garden scene, where Dante's famous lines are cleverly dovetailed in, and Francesca's farewell to Rimini.

TALON.

A GOOD STORY.—The following is told of a New York judge before whom a man was being tried for stealing the gold watch of a woman as she was taking a street car. The neatness of the examination will remind the reader of Oriental stories. The man declared that the watch was his, and the woman was mistaken in identifying it as hers. Suddenly the judge asked, "Where's the key?" The prisoner fumbled in his pockets, and said he must have left it home. The judge asked him if he had wound the watch frequently with the key, and he said "yes." The key was procured, watch and key handed to the prisoner, and he was told to wind the watch. He opened the case, but could not find any place to use the key, because the watch was a stem winder. The sentence was five years and a half.



PRINCESS LETITIA BONAPARTE,  
RECENTLY MARRIED TO PRINCE AMADEUS.



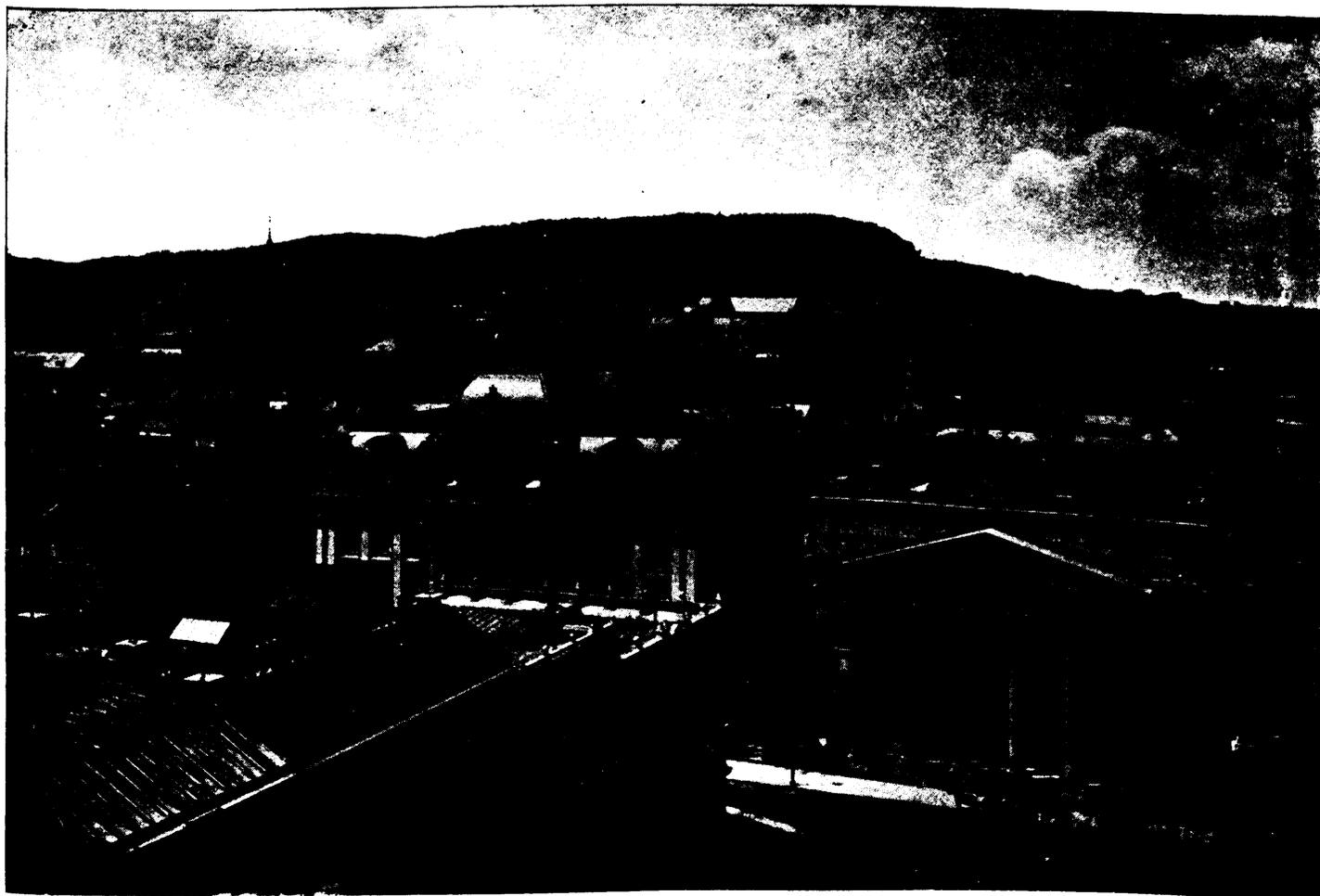
PRINCE AMADEUS, DUKE OF AOSTA,  
BROTHER TO THE KING OF ITALY.

From *L'Illustrazione*, Milan.



THE ROYAL YATCH CLUB HOUSE, TORONTO.

From a photograph by J. F. Bryce.



VIEW FROM THE TOWERS OF NOTRE-DAME, MONTREAL, LOOKING NORTH-WEST.

From a photograph by Henderson.



Sir John Rose left a fortune of \$1,800,000.

Hon. Mr. Dewdney has arrived at Ottawa and taken office.

We are sorry to say that Hon. John Henry Pope is still ailing.

Mr. Goldwin Smith has come out in fierce warfare against French Canada.

Sir Lister Kaye has purchased the Canadian Pacific Railway experimental farms.

Hon. Mackenzie Bowell has returned to Ottawa after a fine trip to British Columbia.

The Premier of Canada weighs 180 pounds, and is a shade over six feet in height.

The Governor-General will not visit the Pacific Coast this season, but a trip is contemplated next year.

The Governor-General seems quite taken with old Quebec, but has returned to Ottawa for winter quarters.

Sir Donald Smith and Sir George Stephen have added \$80,000 to the million before given to the Royal Victoria Hospital, Montreal.

Mr. Henry Moore, of the London *Times*, and Professor Fream, another English agricultural authority, have sailed for home, both very much delighted with Canada.

The installation of Rev. Canon Norman as Dean, Rev. Dr. Rose as Archdeacon, and Revs. A. A. VonIffland, T. Richardson, G. Thorneloe, and G. Foster, as Canons of the Anglican Cathedral of Quebec, took place last week.

Rev. Mr. Johnston, of Grand Pré, N.S., has entered upon his eightieth year. With one exception he is the oldest minister connected with the Methodist Church in the Maritime Provinces, if not in the Dominion of Canada.

A gentleman, who had not seen Sir John Macdonald for years, visited the Ottawa Exhibition. After the Premier had descended from the platform, the visitor remarked: "Why, the chieftain looks as hale and hearty as he did fifteen years ago, although now in his seventy-fourth year."

At Lullington, Eng., on a late Sunday, a bishop and three of his sons engaged in divine service—the Most Rev. the Lord Bishop of Fredericton and Metropolitan of Canada, and his three sons, the Rev. J. R. Medley, the respected vicar of the parish of Lullington; the Rev. C. Medley, canon of Fredericton Cathedral, N.B., and the Rev. E. Medley, Norwich.

## QUAINT FANCIES AND RHYMES.

BY A COLLECTOR.

### XII.

#### CANADIAN VILLANELLES (*Continued.*)

We shall close Canadian Villanelles with two more examples. Here comes Seranus, carrying her jonquil and its yellow stars:—

Sprung from a sword-sheath fit for Mars,  
Sharp and straight, of a gay, glad green,  
My jonquil lifts its yellow stars.

Barter, would I, for the dross of the czars,  
These golden flowers and buds fifteen,  
Sprung from a sword-sheath fit for Mars?

Barter, would you, these scimitars,  
Among which, lit by their light so keen,  
My jonquil lifts its yellow stars?

No! for the breast may break its bars,  
The heart its shell at light of the sheen  
Sprung from a sword-sheath fit for Mars.

Miles away from the mad earth's jars,  
Beneath its leafy and shining screen,  
My jonquil lifts its yellow stars.

And I, self-scathed with mortal scars,  
I weep when I see in its radiant mien,  
Sprung from a sword-sheath fit for Mars,  
My jonquil lifts its yellow stars.

Mr. W. H. Fuller, the lively and humorous writer, sends me a parody on the Villanelle just cited, and those who are fond of a good burlesque will enjoy this, without necessarily going off and getting a draught of "amber sheen," mixed with a dash of "golden green":—

#### VILLAINOUS.

Out from its bottle of golden green,  
The soda leaps with a joyous whizz,  
To mix with Hennessy's amber sheen.

Barter, would I, this drink serene  
For rarest vintage of Hock or "Fizz,"  
Out from its bottle of golden green?

Barter, would you, this beverage mean,  
Cheap and common although it is,  
To mix with Hennessy's amber sheen?

No! though called vulgar my taste has been,  
I love the soda's joyous whizz,  
Out from its bottle of golden green.  
Nectar fit for the gods, I ween,  
For wearied student or man of "biz,"  
To mix with Hennessy's amber sheen.

And I, whenever my thirst is keen,  
Rejoice to hear that joyous whizz,  
Out from its bottle of golden green,  
To mix with Hennessy's amber sheen.

### XIII.

#### THE LAY AND THE VIRELAY.

In the Lay there are several forms, the French being composed of five syllable lines, all on the same rhyme, separated by single lines of two syllables, also on one rhyme throughout the stanza, which therefore employs but two rhymes. The following is by Mourgues, as cited by De Banville:—

Sur l'appui du monde  
Que faut il qu'on fonde  
D'espoir?  
Cette mer profonde  
Et débris féconde  
Fait voir  
Calme au matin l'onde;  
Et l'orage y gronde  
Le soir.

A good example, in English, may be taken, called "From Oversea," and written by William Sharp:—

From oversea—  
Violets, for memories,  
I send to thee.

Let them bear thought of me,  
With pleasant memories  
To teach the heart of thee,  
Far oversea.

A little way it is for love to flee,  
Love winged with memories,  
Hither to thither oversea.

The Virelay is a lay that keeps a sequence of rhymes throughout. Each rhyme appears twice, once in its longer couplets, once in the short, single lines.

The Virelay—Rhythm of Alain Chartier—by Boulmier is worthy of being quoted:—

Triste remembrance!  
Hé! Dieu, quand i'y pense  
Ce m'est grand penance:  
Las! de ma iouence  
A passé la flour.

Sans doubter meschance,  
Bercé d'espérance,  
Plein de désirance,  
Avecq oubliance,  
Ay faict long sejour.

Nice troubadour,  
Assoty pastour,  
Serf je feus d'Amour;  
Mais de ma foulour  
Le n'ay repentance.

Ouyl, maugré Douleur,  
Bel Aage engnour,  
En moy fay retour,  
Ne fust-ce qu'vng iour...  
Et ie recommence.

We have room for only a few English extracts from "Spring Sadness," by John Payne:—

As I sat sorrowing,  
Love came and bade me sing  
A joyous song and meet,  
For see (said he) each thing  
Is merry for the spring,  
And every bird doth greet  
The break of blossoming,  
That all the woodlands ring  
Unto the young hours' feet.

God giveth day by day,  
To set to roundelay  
Life's sad and sunny hours,—  
To weave into a lay  
Life's golden years and grey,  
Its sweet and bitter flowers,—  
To sweep with hands that stray,  
In many a devious way,  
Its harp of sun and showers?

Yet this thing learn of me:  
The sweet hours fair and free  
That we have had of yore,  
The fair things we did see  
The linked melody  
Of waves upon the shore,  
That rippled in their glee,  
Are not lost utterly,  
Though they return no more.

## HISTORICAL COLUMN.

At a meeting of the local members of the Lundy's Lane Historical Society held at Niagara Falls, it was decided that the grave of Captain Hull, an American officer who fell and was buried on the field of battle, should be put in order, and that a scheme of reliable information to the many strangers who daily visit the historic ground be at once prepared.

The Duke of Norfolk, Premier Duke and Hereditary Earl Marshal of England, is to marry Miss Virginia McTavish, of Baltimore, daughter of Mrs. Carroll McTavish, and granddaughter of General Winfield Scott. The Duke who first met Miss McTavish at a country house, was so attracted by her daring riding across country that he followed her to Cowes, invited her to Castle Arundel and finally laid the premier dukedom of England at her feet.

The McTavishes, by their intermarriages with the Scotts, of Virginia, and the Carrolls, of Maryland, are connected with the best blood of America. They are very rich and very eccentric. The only son, Charles Carroll McTavish, after adopting the style and arms of the Earls of Carroll. The other two sisters have both retired to convents. A grand-uncle, John Carroll, afterward first R. C. Bishop of Baltimore, came to Montreal, in 1775; to get the Canadians to join the cause of the colonies.

The New York papers have decided that Arkansas is pronounced Arkahnsah. If by that they mean the same sound as Arkansaw, with accent on the last syllable, it is all right, for it is so pronounced throughout the whole state. The name is Indian and was written phonetically by the early missionaries, so that there can be no mistake about it.

Amerigo Vespucci is generally said to have given his name to the western hemisphere, but the researches of Thomas de St. Bris, in his "Discovery of the origin of the Name of America," seem to show that the name was derived from the native name of Central America and the northern portions of South America, which were among the first localities visited by the Spaniards. The name was variously written by early navigators. Thus we have an Ama-America. To this was added the raca, Ameroca, Maraca, Moraca, and the native word "pana," which, according to Sir Walter Raleigh, is the equivalent of country.

It has been generally thought that the first gun of the great civil war was that fired on Fort Sumter, while other accounts have given the honour to a battery at Pensacola harbour in Florida. But the war department at Washington has ascertained that the original overt act of hostility was committed at Vicksburg on the Mississippi, where an attempt was made, some days before the Charleston and Pensacola affairs, to stop a steamer passing down the stream with stores on board belonging to the Federal government.

"Biblo," a Quebec collector, who writes for *L'Union Libérale*, owns a copy of a rare book which shows that Thomas de Gaufré, King's Councillor, and a priest, willed, about 1645, the sum of 30,000 livres to found a bishopric in Canada, and 10,000 francs for the establishment of the faith in the Island of Montreal. The will was broken and the money never crossed the sea.

The origin of the name Desjardins Canal is now ascertained. It appears in a letter from Lieutenant-Governor Simcoe to Messrs. Desjardins and La-Corne, French missionaries, stating that the Executive Council have agreed to reserve for the French emigrants a township in the vicinity of Burlington Bay.

The Toronto Public Library has just acquired, in twenty-four MSS. volumes, a mass of historical records, relating mostly to Upper Canada, from 1791 to 1804. They are being copied out, and will doubtless be printed, but meantime, the Toronto papers, with their usual enterprise, have published full summaries from which points will be gleaned for this column.



## A LITTLE SKETCH.

The sun is slowly rising in the east, and every minute rays of light seem to pierce the dusk of early morning. I sit musing in my study after breaking fast. The soft spring breezes, loaded with perfume of the rose and syringa, steal through the half-open window and fan my forehead and seem to bathe it with a refreshing coolness. Even the humming of the bees and the rustling of the leaves, as they are moved to and fro by the light zephyrs, seem to breathe of peace and rest. What a dreamy, delicious day. All nature is striving to do its utmost to drive away worldly worries:

"And the cares that infest the day,  
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,  
And silently steal away."

I feel as if I were not alone. I look up. A child—a girl with large, wistful, yearning eyes—stands in the doorway. She looks so pitiful and full of sorrow, my heart goes out to her.

"What is it, little one?"  
"Dicky's gone!" says a little, tremulous voice.  
"Gone where?"

"Mamma says Dicky's gone to heaven," she says, with a little sob. "But Dicky ain't, 'cos he's home on the sofa."

"Take me to your home to see Dicky, won't you?" I say, putting on my hat.

"Come on," she says. And I go.

We reach her home, an old tenement on a by street, in the slums of our great city. She leads the way up a flight of rickety stairs.

"Here's Dicky!" and opening the door, she points to a fair-haired laddie on the sofa. The words

"God's finger touched him and he slept"

came to my mind.

"He's offended with me and won't speak," says this little lass, as she nestles up to her brother and lays her tearful cheek against his.

I cannot answer, for I am sobbing now.

"He is speaking to me. Yes, Dicky, I'm coming; take my hand and lead me over the rough places. Good-bye, mamma, good-bye; Dicky and I are going now." In the midst of life we are in death!

I grope my way downstairs again and out into the world.

Halifax, N.S.

LEWIS C. SMITH.

THE BOON OF A BATH.—Mothers and housekeepers should insist on their warm baths, from 90 to 112 degrees, which refresh one like sleep, for the simple reason that they wash away the waste which clogs the vessels of the skin; this relieves the veins, sets the arteries flowing more freely and rejuvenates the whole system. After a night's watching, a very warm bath will restore one like four or five hours of sleep, and with a bath and three hours' rest, one can support a strain for weeks which else would be impossible. The douche of cool or tepid water after the bath is wonderful for hardening and developing muscle, but can be used only a few minutes without injury.

A DELIGHTFUL NEGRO STORY.—Dr. Payson, of Portland, Me., used to tell this very good story: One very rainy Sunday he went to his church as usual, but no one appeared except an old negro, who came in and asked if Dr. Payson was going to preach. The doctor said "Yes" and went into the pulpit and preached to the choir and the old negro. Some months afterward he met the negro and asked him if he enjoyed that sermon. "Enjoy dat sermon?" replied the old man. "I 'clar, doctor, I nebber heerd a better one. Yo' see I had a seat pretty well in front, and whenebber you'd say somethin's pretty hard like 'gin de sins of men, I'd jes look roun' to see who you's a hittin', and I wouldn't see nobody on'y jess me. An' I says to m'self, he muss mean you Pomp, you're such a dretful sinner. Well, doctor, dat ar sermon set me thinkin' what a big sinner I war, and I went and jined de church down home. I'e a deacon now."

The man who sets out to be the architect of his own fortune often has to alter the plans and specifications.

The reason some men can't make both ends meet is because they are too busily engaged in making one end drink.

When a Boston girl has occasion to make use of a well-known proverb, she says sheol is macadamised with excellent purposes.

"I suffer dreadfully from ennui, doctor," said Mr. Bohre. "Do you still retain your old habits of talking to yourself?" queried the physician, innocently.

Chicago boasts of the most economic young lady in the West. When she washes her face she always laughs, so as not to have so much face to wash.

We notice that a waterspout burst in Kentucky the other day. A waterspout that would go into business in Kentucky might expect to burst, with no assets.

Minister—"I hope you are a good little boy, Bobby, and always mind your father?" "Yes, sir, I always do what he tells me to when he begins to call me Robert."

A suburban Boston poet has discovered that the order of sequence in courtship is first, to get on good terms with the girl; second, with the dog; and third, with the parents.

Mrs. H.—"Norah, did Mrs. Richly leave any message when you told her I was not at home?" Norah—"No, ma'am, she didn't; but she looked very much pleased."

Customer (to Mr. Isaacstein)—"The coat is about three sizes too big." Mr. Isaacstein (impressively)—"Mine fren, dat coat make you so proud you will grow into it."

Country minister—"Little boy, what will your father say to your fishing on Sunday?" Little boy—"If you kin wait a minnit he'll tell you. He's jst gone to dig some bait."

Miss Dearleigh (on the tennis ground)—"Won't you join us, Mr. Whiteband?" Rev. Mr. Whiteband—"I'm sorry to say I haven't the marriage service with me, Miss Dearleigh."

Professor—"Gretchen! Please take the cat out of the room. I cannot have it making such a noise while I am at work. Where is it?" "Why, professor! You are sitting on it, sir."

"If you start on a journey," says an old book of wisdom, "and meet a cat, you should at once turn back." The book does not say for what purpose you should turn back, but we suppose it is to get your gun.

The man who pays his way ne'er frets,  
Life holds for him much fun;

In short, the man who pays his debts,  
Of debts has never one.

"Is there going to be any music at the church festival to-night?" asked Snooks of the pastor. "I do not know," responded that dignitary, who had been many times snubbed by the leader; "I do not know, but the choir will sing!"

There is a picture in *Punch* of a butler who threatened to resign because "the cook was 'igh church and burns hincens," while "the 'ousemaid was low church and burned brown paper to counteract the smell," and between the two his life was unbearable.

A Pennsylvania man recently wrote to his somewhat illiterate son, who had married and settled in the West, asking: "How is your son and heir?" A week or two later he received the gratifying reply that "the boy is doing splendidly, but I am losing my hair."

Country Minister (to boy fishing)—"I'm sorry to see you fishing on Sunday, little boy." Little Boy—"Ain't you goin' fishin', too, Mister?" Country Minister—"I am fishing for souls." Little Boy—"Well, you'll find 'em very small an' shy in these parts, Mister."

Wife (to country editor)—"Aren't you feeling well to-night, John?" Country editor—"Not very, my dear. An indignant subscriber came into the office this afternoon and mopped up the floor with me." Wife (anxiously)—"Heavens, John, I hope he didn't stop his paper, too."

"Here's a piece of pie," said an R street woman to a hungry tramp at the back door. "Thank," he replied, catching eagerly at it and biting a horseshoe out of it. "Don't you want a knife to cut it with?" she enquired. The tramp looked hurt. "Madame," he said, in freezing tones, "do I look like a man who would eat pie with a knife?"

Since the day of Adam and Eve there has, probably, never been a marriage in which the contracting parties have not been referred to as "the happy couple." This shows that the world is not so bad a world as some people would make it, and that it is always ready to say the encouraging word, even in the face of the most discouraging circumstances.

Bunco steerer (to stranger)—"Is't this Mr. Stagglles, of Staggltown?" Stranger—"Yap." Bunco steerer—"I guess you don't remember me; I'm Sam Waffles, son of William Waffles." Stranger—"Wha-at? Are you Bill Waffles's son? Why, Sam, I'm gosh durned ef I ain't glad to see you! How long you ben out?" Bunco steerer—"Ben out?" Stranger—"Yap. The only son old Bill Waffles ever had was sent up for five year for hoss stealin'."

## MILITIA NOTES.

General Middleton is gone to British Columbia on a tour of inspection.

Lieut. H. C. Chamberlin, 43rd, had to pay duty on a cup he won this year at Wimbledon.

Major-General Oliver, late commandant in the Royal Military College, has left for England.

Colour-Sergeant Robert Norman, an old soldier wearing the Afghan and Candahar medals, died lately in the Northwest.

Capt. H. C. Freer, late of the London and St. Johns Infantry Schools, has leave of absence prior to rejoining his regiment in England.

The officers of the 53rd Battalion at Sherbrooke have determined to establish a gymnasium in the drill shed for the use of members of the corps.

Frederick Lloyd Barker, Arthur Cayley and George Johnstone, gentlemen cadets from the Military School, Kingston, have been made second lieutenants.

An old Quebecer, Herbert C. Smith, lieutenant Royal Dublin Fusiliers, figured most prominently in the Poona regatta, in August, and carried off the most valuable prizes.

Major Thomas J. Egan, of the 63rd Halifax Battalion of Rifles, has published a history of the Halifax Volunteer Battalion and volunteer companies now merged with it in the 63rd.

Captain Roy, of the 65th, has been appointed Brigade Major of the 6th Military District, in the room of Lieut. Colonel Hughes, who resigned on being elected Chief of Police of Montreal.

Staff-Sergt. Alex. Wilson, of the 33rd, who won the London Corporation Cup for competition by the Canadian 20, had so pay \$30.60 duty upon it. Surely the Customs Department will have this and Lieut. Chamberlin's money refunded.

The company of infantry stationed at Frederickton, N.B., and the battery of artillery at Victoria, B.C., although connected by railway, are 4,000 miles distant from each other. One is on the Atlantic side of the Dominion, the other on the Pacific.

The English *Volunteer Record* says: "The Canadians seem to be greatly in advance of us in the art of manufacturing small-arm ammunition, the riflemen of that dependency being particularly fortunate in the 1888 issue, a 'make' with which most satisfactory results are being obtained."

At the artillery competition at the Island of Orleans, No. 3 Battery Halifax G. A. headed the score with 222 points, and takes the Quebec Merchants' Cup, worth \$200; No. 1 with 204 points; No. 4 Brunswick third, with 183, followed by No. 1 New Brunswick, with 182; No. 2 Quebec next, with 179, and No. 1 Prince Edward and the Digby ties, with 169 each.

Alfred J. Phasey, who lately died, was the most renowned performer on the euphonium in the world, and a member of Her Majesty's private band and bandmaster of the St. George's Rifles. Phasey and Mr. R. Morgan, who writes this to the *Quebec Chronicle*, were boys together in the Duke of York's School Band, under John Blizzard, trumpeter in the Life Guards at Waterloo, and afterward they were members, for ten years, in the Coldstream Guards Band, under old Charles Godfrey.



TO THE POINT.

MISS ELIZABETH: Is that boat the Gracie, Mr. Smith? and that the Fanny? and that lovely long, white, thin yacht the Helen? What pretty names! Do they name them after their sisters—or—or their friends, Mr. Smith?  
 MR. S.: Generally after their friends. I am building a yacht myself, and I thought of calling her after you, if you would not be ashamed of her.  
 MISS E.: Oh, how lovely! My name is Elizabeth, you know. What will you call her? Lizzie, or Bessie, or just Bess?  
 MR. S.: I did n't think of any of those names. I think I would rather call her the Mrs. Elisha Smith.

**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.

ASK FOR THE  
**CORSET B. & C. CORSET**  
 It will not roll up or break.

**TORONTO COLLEGE OF MUSIC AND ORCHESTRAL and ORGAN SCHOOL**  
 Thorough instruction in every branch of Music, Vocal, Instrumental, and Theoretical, by thoroughly qualified teachers. The New College Building, will be ready early in September, and will contain every facility. Large 3-manual Pipe Organ and capacious Music Hall. Students of Orchestral Instruments have the special advantage of practical experience in an orchestra of sixty performers. Vocal Students take part in a large chorus, gaining experience in Oratorio and classical works. All Students participate FREE in concerts and lectures on harmony, acoustics and all other subjects necessary to a proper musical education. **TERMS:—Class and private tuition, \$5 to \$30.** For further particulars address, **F. H. TORRINGTON, Director, 22 & 24 Pembroke Street, TORONTO.**

When ordering from our advertisers please mention "The Dominion Illustrated."



**CASTOR-FLUID.**  
 Registered—A delightfully refreshing preparation for the hair. Should be used daily. Keeps the scalp healthy, prevents dandruff, promotes the growth. A perfect hair dressing for the family, 25c per bottle.  
**HENRY R. GRAY, Chemist,**  
 144 St. Lawrence Main Street.

SAVE TIME AND MONEY 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.

**DRINK LIFE-GIVING ST. LEON WATER.**  
 WHOLESALE AGENCIES:  
 QUEBEC: GINGRAS, LANGLOIS & Co.  
 MONTREAL: A. POULIN, 54 Victoria Square.  
 TORONTO: JAS. GOOD & Co., 220 & 67 Yonge St., and 101½ King St., W.

**Our Fall Patterns**  
 DRAWING ROOM, LIBRARY, DINING ROOM and BEDROOM  
**FURNITURE**  
 Are Wonders of Beauty and Cheapness.  
**WM. KING & CO.**  
 Furniture Manufacturers,  
 652 CRAIG STREET, MONTREAL.

**Sault Ste. Marie Canal.**

**NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.**

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tenders for the Sault Ste. Marie Canal," will be received at this office until the arrival of the eastern and western mails on TUESDAY, the 23rd day of October next, for the formation and construction of a Canal on the Canadian side of the river, through the Island of St. Mary. The works will be let in two sections, one of which will embrace the formation of the canal through the island: the construction of locks, &c. The other, the deepening and widening of the channel-way at both ends of the canal; construction of piers, &c. A map of the locality, together with plans and specifications of the works, can be seen at this office on and after TUESDAY, the 9th day of October, next, where printed forms of tender can also be obtained. A like class of information, relative to the works, can be seen at the office of the Local Officer in the Town of Sault Ste. Marie, Ont. Intending contractors are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms and be accompanied by a letter stating that the person or persons tendering have carefully examined the locality and the nature of the material found in the trial pits. 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 \$20,000 must accompany the tender for the canal and locks; and a bank deposit receipt for the sum of \$7,500 must accompany the tender for the deepening and widening of the channel-way at both ends, piers, &c. 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 receipt thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted. This Department, however, does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tenders.  
 By order,  
**A. P. BRADLEY,** Secretary.  
 Department of Railways and Canals, }  
 Ottawa, 8th August, 1888. }