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THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

TRADE MARK

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

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

REGISTERED.

Vol. V.—No. 109.

MONTREAL AND TORONTO, 2nd AUGUST, 1890.

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THE OTTAWA FOOT-BALL TROPHY. (Topley, photo.)

The Dominion Illustrated.

\$4.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

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2nd AUGUST, 1890.



Now that Mr. Blaine is becoming so aggressive—though we desire a quarrel as little as he does—it may be some slight comfort to recall the military judgment pronounced by General Brackenbury on an invasion of Canada from the South. The premises on which that distinguished soldier bases his conclusions may not be exactly those on which we would build an argument for safety, but they doubtless enter into the problem. He recalls Napoleon's retreat from Moscow, as an illustration of the possible fate awaiting the aggressors, and evokes that terrible picture of a grand army in the last straits of starvation from hunger and cold. The comparison is, to be sure, somewhat far-fetched, especially in these days of railroads and rapid evolutions and universal knowledge of geography. We really hardly think that the Lees, McClellans and Grants of the present day would be caught by such a surprise as that which overtook the meteoric conqueror of the Revolutionary aftermath. Our neighbours, with whom we have no more ambition to cross swords than they with us, are not so strange to Canada or its climate as to attempt a winter campaign without making some provision against General Frost's guerillas. The fact is that, our frontiers being conterminous across the whole continent and the isothermals not always following the line of the political boundary, the Canadian strategist would run almost as great risks at times and in places, if he carried the war into the States, as his antagonist would incur in inhabited Canada. There is a difference, we allow, and we can imagine circumstances when and where, on a small scale, the retreat from Moscow might be reenacted by our uninvited visitors. But such a drama is not among the probabilities.

Just at this moment we are by no means happily circumstanced for the contemplation of such a struggle—that "officer not below the rank of a colonel" who should lead our citizen soldiers to defence or attack being actually inaccessible. The Jingo feeling is not a sentiment to be encouraged at any time, and we would be sorry to give it countenance. But, believing that, in the Behring Sea controversy, we have the triple armour of a just quarrel, and that Mr. Blaine, by his tone and language, has done much to cause a breach between his country and Great Britain, we cannot help thinking this is just one of those crises when, if ever, the survey of our means of defence should inspire Canadians with courage. Let us suppose, for instance, that the aspirations of Young Canada had been fulfilled and we were to-day face to face with hostile neighbours, are we in a position to defend our frontier from Halifax to Victoria against all comers? This question, never irrelevant, has a peculiar opportuneness at the present time.

Yet, while Mr. Blaine is, by what we must regard as persistence in groundless claims, using his position to stir up strife between two great and kindred nations, some American gentlemen, who not unftly have their centre of operations at Philadelphia (the City of Brotherly Love), are

doing all in their power to realize the Sermon on the Mount and hasten the hour when nations shall learn war no more. The society in question is still in its infancy, having been established in May, 1886. Peace societies there were, it is true, before its birth. The American Peace Society, which has its chief seat in Boston, has long been a well known institution. At every great crisis on this continent, indeed, there has been a peace party, which commended the settlement of the points at issue by friendly conference. At the period of the Revolution there was, we know, an important proportion of the inhabitants opposed to taking up arms against the king. Again in 1812 an organization was formed to resist the war policy of the Government, but that organization was very much more political than philanthropic. The Mexican war was in like manner opposed and the greatest civil war of modern times (that of 1861-65) would never have come to pass had the advice of Elihu Burritt (who lectured in Montreal on "The peaceful extinction of slavery") been taken some years before. But this Philadelphia society differs from all these and other organizations in being essentially and avowedly a Christian body. It is, moreover, a body of considerable influence, and its list of membership comprises some of the most illustrious names in the United States. The more comprehensive peace societies admit members of every creed or no creed, and most of them base their preference for peace, as contrasted with war, on economic grounds. The Christian Arbitration and Peace Society, without being adverse to the sister bodies (the usefulness of whose work and aims it acknowledges) looks upon its own *raison d'être* as higher than that of mere utility or even ordinary morality. It has its sanctions—as its adherents claim—in the Word of God and in Christ's own teaching. It has laboured strenuously and not unsuccessfully in the interest of the Indians and helped on the arbitration movement, which was the most important outcome of the Pan-American Conference. It sent representatives to the great European Peace Congress, whose sessions were held in London from the 14th to the 19th of July. It is not without significance that this great pacific congress should have been sitting at the very time that Lord Salisbury and Mr. Blaine were corresponding on the Behring Sea question.

If the telegrams that have recently been received from Central America are even partially trustworthy, the treaty of arbitration which was adopted by them and by the South American States a few months ago has not proved very effectual. The treaty in question contained provisions for the settlement by arbitration of every dispute that might arise between any two or more of the signatories. Yet now we hear of Guatemala and Salvador going to war as though such a treaty had no existence whatever. There is, besides, another convention binding the Central States alone to submit all controversies of an international character to a similar tribunal. This arrangement was entered into after the failure of the federal scheme, on the success of which the late President Barrios had staked his life, reputation and fortunes. He was a man of large views and of rare executive power, and under his rule and influence Guatemala had attained a position of prosperity which excited the jealousy of Mexico and the fears of its smaller neighbours. He had won over three of the Republics to his plans, and had them all matured when the defection of Salvador (always noted for sudden changes of policy and revolutionary surprises) compelled him to take the field. The result was that the federation, which had been proclaimed in his own capital, came to a violent end, as did Barrios himself, and the idea of union was abandoned even by Guatemala. The present president of that Republic, General Barillas, is a man of considerable ability, and, though he has ventured on no *coup d'état*, after the manner of his abler predecessor, he is naturally in favour of a policy which would make Central America a power in the world (though a small one), and would greatly enhance the importance of Guatemala. Again

Salvador stands in the way, and all sorts of intrigue seem to be at work. The population of the whole five States—Guatemala, Salvador, Honduras, Nicaragua and Costa Rica—is between two and a half and three millions. Costa Rica, the smallest, does not number 200,000 inhabitants. Salvador, which alone is powerful enough to measure its strength with Guatemala, has not much more than 650,000, which is little more than half the population of its rival (1,224,602, by the last census). It is the fear of the ascendancy that Guatemala would exercise, that has proved the great obstacle to union.

The publication of Mr. Stanley's work, "In Darkest Africa," has not diminished the fame of the great relief expedition. On the contrary, the authentic and consecutive account, with its number of striking details, hitherto unknown to the world, brings out more saliently than the necessarily condensed newspaper reports the terrible nature of the obstacles that the explorer encountered and overcame. The route selected was full of unforeseen dangers, the thick deep forest beyond Yambuya having been previously undreamed of. The sight of such a barrier would have deterred a leader who was not gifted with rare resourcefulness, self-reliance, and the faculty of influencing others. The circumstances that impelled him to choose the Congo route instead of that by which he brought his enlarged company to the coast, were of a peculiar character. He was in the service of the King of the Belgians, and was delicately but firmly given to understand that unless he went by the Congo His Majesty would not sanction his acceptance of the command. He was, moreover, disposed himself to consider it the easiest and surest path by which to reach the Governor of Equatoria. King Leopold promised to place at his disposal the vessels of the Free State and to assist him in other ways. Another consideration in favour of the Congo was that by going in that direction he allayed the suspicions of the Germans as to the political aims of the expedition and quieted the fears of the French for the safety of their missionaries. It was also expected that the Congo route would ensure the fidelity and courage of the Zanzibaris who were liable to panic and desertion in the Arab country. Of the other routes proposed—the Abyssinian, the Zambezi and Nyassa, and the Masailand, the event proved this last to be far the best. But had he taken the easier route, much of the knowledge that he brought back with him—touching the hydrography of the Nile and Congo, the great lake system, the mountains and the forests would have still to be won. The expedition has supplemented his own previous discoveries, as well as the labours of Livingstone, Speke, Schweinfurth, Du Chaillu, and other explorers, whose conclusions it has sometimes confirmed and completed, sometimes corrected. In the interest that it has attracted from all parts of civilization it surpasses all preceding expeditions, and has ensured the opening up of Africa to European enterprise.

That part of his experience which affected Mr. Stanley most vividly and lastingly was the immense forest, the range of which he computes to be some 300,000 square miles, and whose gloomy shades were associated with his sharpest spiritual as well as physical trials. Of its tropical characteristics he writes in terms of enthusiasm. Its economic products—especially its wealth of india-rubber—may, he thinks, be made the basis of an important commerce. The experiments in planting carried on at Fort Bobo under the supervision of Lieut. Stairs, in a clearing made for the purpose, yielded some interesting results. The products raised, including corn, bananas, tobacco, etc., showed to what good use the soil could be turned by cultivation. It is not likely that, even if the operations could be conducted on a larger scale with equal success, any appreciable number of white people would be induced to settle in Central Africa. With a view to the industrial education of the native population, these experiments may, however, be deemed hopefully significant.

Before the European nations begin to indulge in hopes of a dark continent made bright by white colonization, they should bethink them of the still vast expanses of productive land that await the hand of skilful, patient toil in this western hemisphere. While our great prairie country is still only dotted here and there with a settler's cottage, it would be the height of folly for England, at any rate, to be encouraging schemes of emigration to the torrid zone. The work to be done in Africa is of another order. To do away with tribal wars, with slavery, with savagery, and to raise the people who have sat so long in darkness to a higher plane of life, while enabling them to appreciate and develop the natural wealth that lies around them, is a task that will benefit the world, while transforming Africa. But for colonization, in any normal sense, by European nations, all but the temperate southern portion of the continent offers no available scope.

OUR NEGLECTED WAIFS.

A meeting took place on the 11th of June in the Royal Albert Hall, London, in which, as well for the subjects discussed as the character of some of the speakers, Canada was not a little interested. It was convoked in connection with the work of Dr. Barnardo in the rescue and training of poor neglected children, gathered off the streets of London or sought out in the homes of the thriftless and the profligate. It was not a meeting of an ordinary nature, called simply for the purpose of reviewing the past and taking counsel as to the future, but was meant to be a sort of exhibition and illustration of the methods pursued and the results attained. There was a large attendance, and the announcement having been previously made that the Marquis of Lorne, K.T., formerly Governor-General of Canada, Sir Arthur Blackwood, K.C.B., kinsman of another most distinguished and popular Governor of the Dominion, the Marquis of Dufferin, and the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon, the great pulpit orator of the Baptist Communion, would deliver addresses. Lord and Lady Kinnaird, the Rev. Canon Fleming, the Dowager Countess Cairns, the Rev. Canon Girdlestone, the Rev. Styleman Herring, Col. Moreton, Major Frobisher, and other personages well known from their association with enterprises of charity and benevolence, mainly in connection with emigration, were also present. The proceedings comprised the presentation to the audience in succession of the boys and girls of the institutions under Dr. Barnardo's charge, classified according to age, condition, or occupation, with drill and music, and the passing of several resolutions favourable to the cause of child-rescue. The last issue of "Night and Day" contains illustrations of these groups, as well as portraits of several of the illustrious speakers—the Marquis of Lorne, Mr. Spurgeon, Sir Arthur Blackwood, Canon Fleming, Lord Kinnaird and Mr. Wm. Fowler. The most interesting features of the programme (apart from the speeches) were those which exemplified the character and effects of the industrial and moral education which the young people receive. The musical drill would hardly, perhaps, admit of being classed as either directly moral or directly industrial. Yet it cannot be doubted that it has an important influence in both directions. It is said that children who have been taught music can work more satisfactorily at certain handicrafts—a discovery which was made by those pioneers in educational methods, the ancient Greeks. The appearance of the children—who were of all ages, from helpless infancy to dawning manhood and womanhood—was much admired, and certainly it would be difficult to refute a mass of testimony, as that which was produced on the occasion in favour of the system in vogue.

The Marquis of Lorne, who had participated just a lustre ago in a similar exhibition, spoke of the progress that had been achieved in the interval. When last he lent his aid to Dr. Barnardo's mission, the total income was £60,000 or so. It has since risen to £106,000—which

shows a steady increase. The total number of children who had been taken in and provided for by the several institutions, up to the former date, was 8,000. It was now between 15,000 and 16,000. The last year had been a severe one on the relief agencies, owing to the extraordinary distress that prevailed among the London poor. The Dock and other strikes had also contributed to the depression, and over 109,000 free meals had been given to necessitous children, to homeless adults and other destitute persons, while 21,000 more had been sold at cost price. In the Homes 71,000 destitute children were dealt with. During the year 4,642 boys and girls had been sheltered in the Homes, and on the 31st of December last 3,259 were actually in residence. The whole number emigrated during the year was 503—396 boys and 107 girls. Besides these, 821 were restored to friends, or otherwise settled in life in the United Kingdom. The principle, continued the Marquis, on which the Homes were conducted was that of never rejecting a destitute child—in twenty-four years not a single helpless child being turned away. Altogether 15,600 children had been thus saved from a life of possible shame or crime.

The portion of the Marquis's address in which we are especially concerned is that which treats of the emigration of these children to Canada. During the last few years 4,300 boys and girls have been sent to the colonies—the great majority to the Dominion. As our readers are aware, Dr. Barnardo has established branch Homes in this country—one in Ontario, the other in Manitoba. Last fall, in connection with the Governor-General's western progress, we published a view and description of the latter of these institutions. That they are well managed and that the young people who have the advantage of training in them are, for the most part, so settled as to give them the opportunity of attaining, in due time, positions of competence and thus of becoming useful citizens we have reason to believe. There have, it is true, been occasional complaints, and we saw not long since that they had been renewed in connection with the inquiries of the prison reform commission. How far such complaints have been brought home to the young people of the Barnardo Homes we cannot say, and it would be well that, whenever they are made, they should be definite and accompanied either with proofs or sufficient indications, personal and local, to ensure their being confirmed or refuted. Vague charges are simply columnies. Dr. Barnardo, who has, we believe, been in Canada this season, would doubtless like to know whether in any, and, if so, how many instances, the training received at the Home has proved incompetent, once the boys are removed from its stricter supervision, to prevent their yielding to temptation. One thing is lamentably certain—the number of boys—mere children sometimes—who, for offences of various kinds, are sentenced to terms of imprisonment in our gaols and penitentiaries, is deplorably on the increase. The officers—governors, chaplains and physicians—of those establishments have again and again protested against the inhumanity of dooming mere boys to consort with criminals of the deepest dye, and thus to be apprenticed to a career of crime. What seems to us inconsistent, short-sighted and unpatriotic to an extraordinary degree, is that, while we commend these Homes of Dr. Barnardo and extol their influence for good on the little waifs of London and other English cities, we never dream of adopting a like plan for the rescue of the constantly increasing number of our own poor little homeless, or worse than homeless, children, but leave them to the tender mercies of criminal associates, the police and the magistrate. There is not, we believe, in all Canada, a single institution for guarding and training Canadian boys and girls in the same merciful principle that Dr. Barnardo applies to the street arabs and waifs of the metropolis.

We knew, of course, that Dr. Barnardo's methods have not escaped criticism. He has been accused, not merely of excessive zeal in the rescue of unfortunate children, of defying the law rather

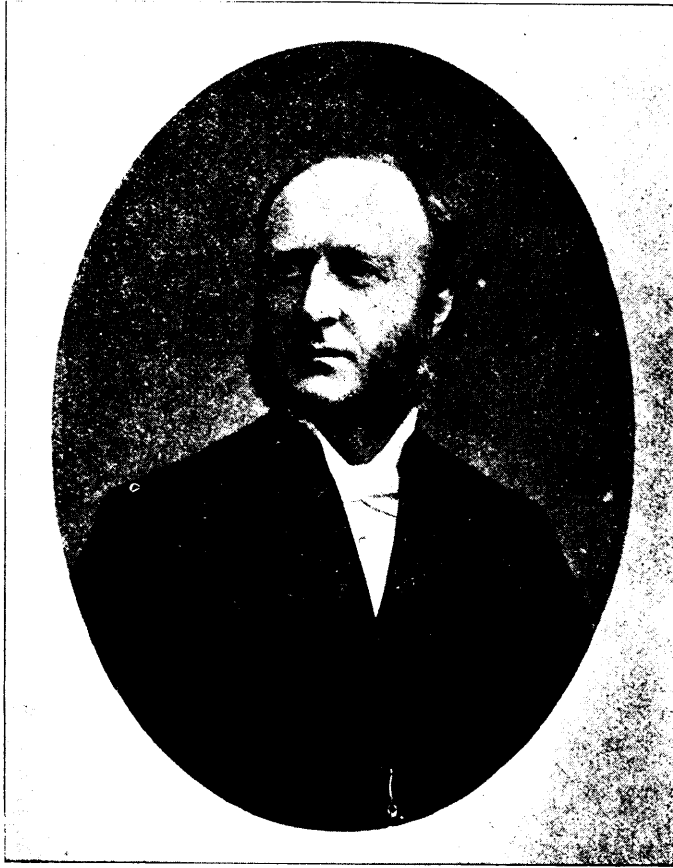
than risk the perdition of the helpless child exposed to evil influences through wicked or reckless parents, but also of carrying on a systematized proselytism. At least one case, which lends colour to such a charge has come before the courts this year. With these charges we have nothing to do except in so far as they may place Canada unconsciously in the position of an accessory. But surely we might adopt what is undeniably good in Dr. Barnardo's system without copying its defects or excesses. What is there to prevent us establishing Homes on the same humane and generous plan? For never, we believe (as men like Lord Lorne, Sir Arthur Blackwood, Canon Girdlestone and Mr. Fowler have so gladly testified), have children, taken from the haunts of misery, been more tenderly dealt with than in Dr. Barnardo's nurseries and training homes. Therein he has set an example (religious prejudice apart) which Canada might profitably follow.

MR. BLAINE'S PRETENSIONS.

Mr. Blaine has been doing his best to make those who deprecated his return to power as hostile to British interests good prophets. His course on the Behring Sea question has fulfilled their worst fears. His recently published reply to Lord Salisbury reveals a disposition to address asides to the populace of his own country rather than to consider the matter in dispute from the standpoint of law and equity. He has elaborately confused two quite distinct questions—the acknowledged expediency of taking measures (which should, of course, be of an international character) to protect the seals from wanton destruction, and the extent of the jurisdiction of the United States over Behring Sea. He tries to win the sympathy of superficial readers by charging the British Government with an offence *contra bonos mores* for espousing the cause of the Canadian sealers, as though the latter hunted only out of season and were the only persons who did so. At the same time he ignores the known fact that England has all along been anxious to come to an arrangement by which the seals would be safely guarded during their breeding time and their migration to the breeding grounds. Such an agreement ought to have been the first care of the Washington Government as it was, two and a half years ago, the care of Lord Salisbury. The latter was willing, as he informed the American Minister of that date, to conclude an agreement as to the close season, altogether apart from the question of proprietorship. If the sealeries have been injured through lack of proper protection, the fault is Mr. Blaine's.

As to the claim that Behring Sea is a *mare clausum* to the United States, we have already shewn it to be untenable. On general grounds of international law it is wholly inadmissible, and the wording of the treaty on which Mr. Blaine falls back, really gives it no countenance. The Russian edict of 1821 was resented by the United States as well as by England. Mr. John Quincy Adams protested against it in vigorous and unmistakable language. Mr. Blaine wishes it to be believed that Mr. Adams simply objected to Russia's pretensions to jurisdiction over the whole "Southern" ocean and makes much of Lord Salisbury's omission of the final clause of a quoted paragraph. But the clause in question clearly referred only to the ordinary territorial jurisdiction north of the 55th degree, and certainly never contemplated a closed sea. Mr. Blaine's interpretation is a novelty, for which he will find no support in any of the great commentators on international law. The treaty of 1824, between Russia and the United States, and that of 1825, between Russia and Great Britain, removed all doubt on that point. In 1842 the Russian American Company applied to its own government for cruisers to prevent United States whalers from entering Behring Sea, but Count Nesselrode's prompt reply was that the treaty of 1824 made the right of fishing common throughout the whole Pacific.

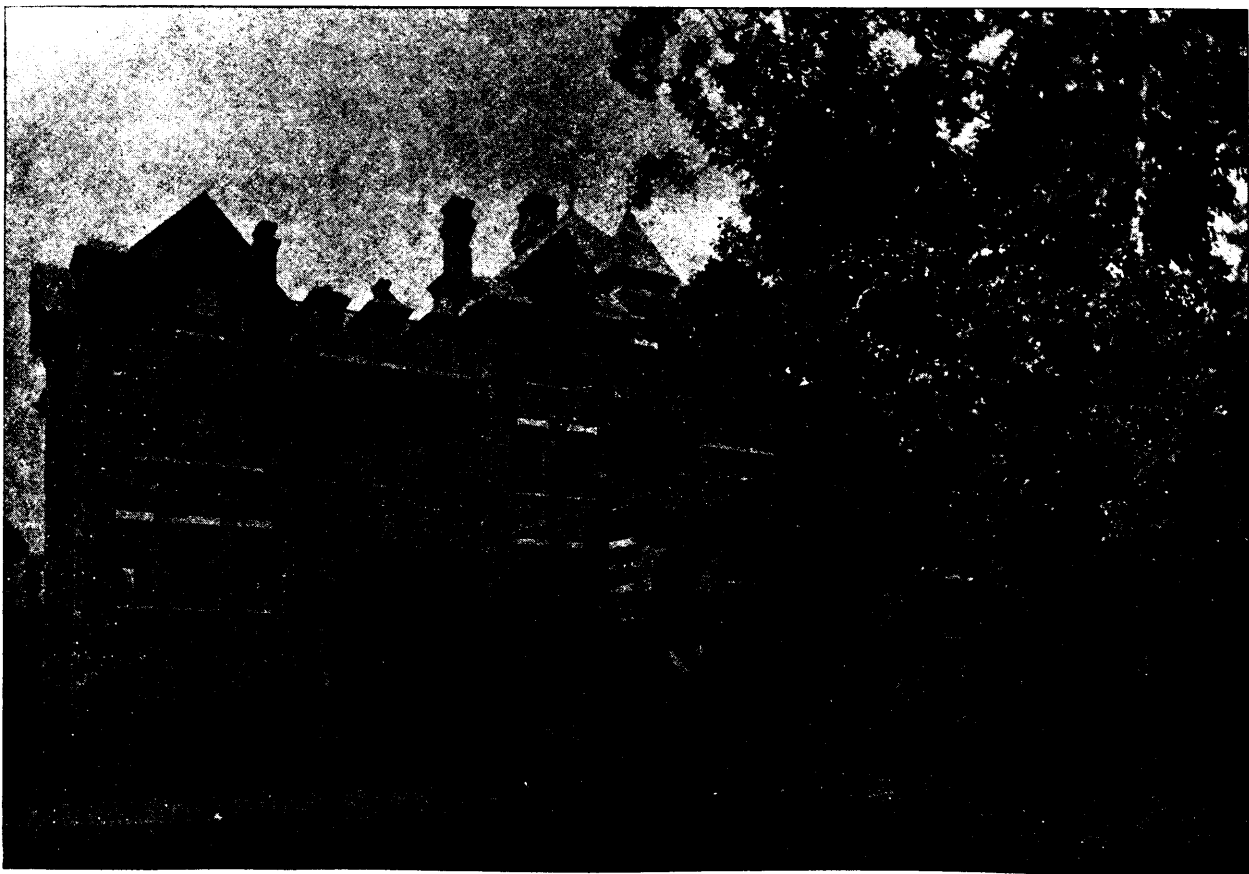
If the Russians, then, brought no such right with Alaska, on the transfer of the latter to the



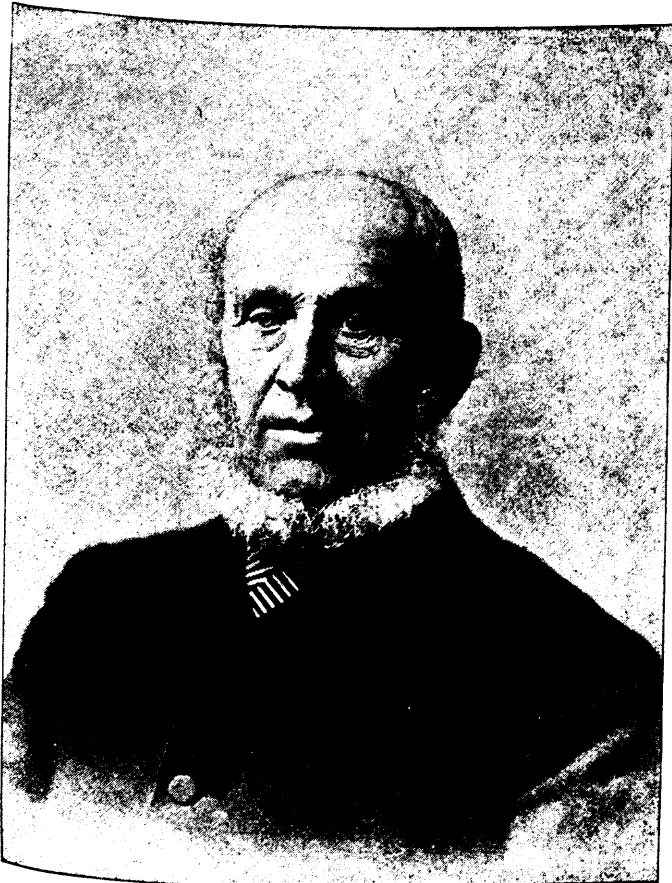
HIS HON. M. B. DALY, Lieut.-Governor of Nova Scotia.
(Topley, photo.)



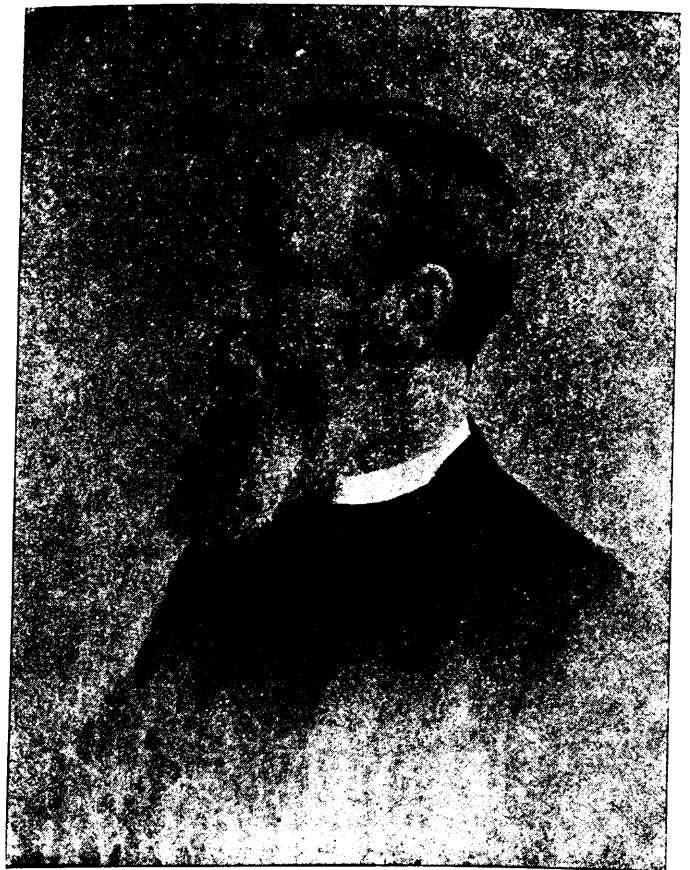
REV. ARTHUR J. LOCKHART, (Pastor Felix.)



PROTESTANT ORPHANS' HOME, TORONTO. (Wm. Webb, photo.)



THE LATE ROBERT HAY, of Toronto.
(J. Fraser Bryce, photo.)



REV. C. J. S. BETHUNE, D.C.L.,
Head Master, Trinity College School, Port Hope. (E. Stanton, photo.)



NIAGARA HARBOUR AND FORT NIAGARA. (E. Handock Walsh, photo.)

United States, it is difficult to see by what authority the Washington Government of to-day can claim it. Nor, indeed, even if Russia (with its bounding coasts on both continents) had enjoyed such a right, could it, on any plea of international law surrender it to the States by the cession of merely the American shore. Neither did the United States Government dream of imposing an interdict on the vessels of other nations until quite recently. In April, 1872, Mr. Boutwell, then Secretary of the Treasury, replied to a request, similar to that put to Count Nesselrode thirty years before, by a *non possumus* equally distinct. In fact, Mr. Blaine's persistent adherence to a groundless claim is retarding the consummation which to the fur seal company is most of all desirable—the conclusion of an international arrangement which, while protecting the seals in moving time, would both secure its real rights and promote its prosperity. But there is too much reason to suspect that, in prolonging the controversy, he has other aims in view than the satisfactory settlement of the question.

The Chapel at Racicot.

A LEGEND OF RUSTICO, P.E.I.

Have ye heard how the exiles of Acadie
In the days long, long ago,
Were met to bewail their misery,
And strains never heard on land or sea
Filled the chapel at Racicot?

From hearts oppressed the anthems rise
But brokenly and slow;
The praise is mingled with sobs and sighs,
To Mary are lifted tearful eyes,
In the chapel at Racicot.

But hark! strange voices, sweet and strong,
Blend with the music's flow,
And fill with mighty, matchless song,
And solemn echo, loud and long,
The chapel at Racicot.

Each Holy Day, though the chapel bell
Swings sadly to and fro,
And the people meet their woes to tell,
Each day repeats the miracle
In the chapel at Racicot.

And the exiles' hearts are lifted high
Above their sorrow and woe,
Since Heaven is brought to earth so nigh
And the mercy of God had not passed by
The chapel at Racicot.

Such music never again, they say,
The ear of man will know
As that which filled each Holy Day,
And the people wished it would fill for aye,
The chapel at Racicot.

Benton, N.B.

MATTHEW RICHEY KNIGHT.

The Founder of the Hohenstaufen.

From his father he inherited the Ghibelline blood of the Hohenstaufen, through his mother he was related to the family of the Guelphs, thus blending in his person the two rival races, as if in him were at last to be quenched the animosities which for so long had steeped Germany in blood. He was scarcely thirty, of middle stature, of pleasing and dignified appearance; his teeth were white, his mouth full and smiling; he had blue eyes, a fresh colour, red hair and beard, whence the famous name of Barbarossa given to him by the Italians. Skilled in arms, careless of fatigue or danger, he had gained a high reputation in the East and in his own country as a valiant and experienced leader. Resolute, born to command, discriminating, he understood ruling men, and, when necessary, flattering them. He was severe and often ferocious against such opposition as he could break down by force or in the impetus of war, and showed his ferocity sometimes calculatingly, sometimes in real anger, but never was coldly or uselessly cruel. Longing for glory, ambitious, haughty and tenacious, but neither so haughty nor so tenacious as not to know how to yield when necessary, and prosecute his ends by other means. His culture was not great, but his intelligence was quick, and he enjoyed the conversation of learned men; and though he spoke Latin with difficulty, he read it with pleasure, especially histories telling of the grandeur and glory of that empire which he wished to restore. For on him also the revival of classic culture exercised its wonted fascination, and around him gathered the Italian jurists who were reviving the study of Roman imperial laws and saw in him the restored image of the ancient Empire. Vain evocation! The first Frederick of Hohenstaufen was in truth a German Emperor, nor perhaps did any sovereign ever represent a more perfect type of the virtues and failings of Teutonic genius.



OTTAWA FOOTBALL TROPHY.—The trophy shown in our engraving has been much admired by experts in such matters. The *Hamilton Spectator* says of it: A handsome trophy has just been finished by the Meriden Britannia Company for the Ottawa Football club. It is forty inches high, and has as centre piece the figure of a footballer about twelve inches high, which was first modelled in clay by A. H. H. Heming, of the Art School, and is a very artistic piece of work. The trophy is made of silver, inlaid with gold, and is probably one of the handsomest specimens of such work ever produced in Canada. It cost about \$500.

HIS HONOUR LIEUT.-GOVERNOR DALY.—Nova Scotia's new Lieutenant-Governor is a gentleman whose name and family have long been associated with the affairs of Canada. His father, Sir Dominick Daly, was for a quarter of a century Colonial Secretary under the Union régime and that which preceded it, and was successfully Governor of Tobago (West Indies) and of Prince Edward Island, and Governor-in-Chief of South Australia. Sir Dominick, who was the representative of an ancient Irish family, married Miss Maria Gore, daughter of Col. Gore, of Borrowmount, County Kilkenny, Ireland. His son, Malachi Bowes Daly, was born at Marchmount, a country seat, with which the readers of Mr. LeMoine's "Picturesque Quebec" cannot be altogether unacquainted, on the 6th of February, 1836, so that he is still comparatively young to occupy a position so distinguished. He was educated at St. Mary's College, Oscott, Warwickshire, and, on leaving that institution, entered on the study of the law. In 1864 he was called to the Bar of Nova Scotia, but temporarily abandoned the profession soon after to serve as private secretary, first to his father, who was then Governor of Prince Edward Island, and afterward to Sir Richard Graves Macdonnell and Sir Hastings Doyle, while Governors of Nova Scotia. He was also Provincial Aide-de-Camp to Sir W. Fenwick Williams, the Hero of Kars, while that distinguished soldier held the position. It was natural that Mr. Daly should have some ambition to engage in parliamentary life. In 1878 he was asked to stand for Halifax in the Conservative interest, and in 1882 and 1885 he was re-elected. In this latter year it was found expedient to appoint a deputy speaker and chairman of committees, and Mr. Daly, who had been the choice of Sir John Macdonald, was, on Mr. Blake's motion that the House itself should make the selection, unanimously chosen to fill the office. In that capacity he gave general satisfaction, his good sense, tact and admirable temper enabling him to preside with dignity, judgment and acceptance to all parties. On the death of the late Lieutenant-Governor A. W. McLelan, Mr. Daly was appointed as his successor in the Government House. For the functions which he has now to discharge no person could be better qualified, by native gifts, education and experience than the Hon. M. B. Daly. His Honour married in July, 1859, Miss Joanna, second daughter of Sir Edward Kenny, of Halifax, formerly a member of the federal administration.

THE REV. ARTHUR J. LOCKHART ("PASTOR FELIX").—We have much pleasure in presenting our readers this week with a portrait of our esteemed contributor, "Pastor Felix," in his proper person, the Rev. Arthur J. Lockhart, poet and essayist, one of Nova Scotia's most gifted sons. In the *King's College Record* (Windsor) for January last, appeared the following biographical and critical notice of Mr. Lockhart, which we take the liberty of reproducing: In the author's introductory notes to the "Masque of Minstrels," Mr. Lockhart has written: "If thou art one of the critic folk whose business it is to help or hinder in the great highway of letters, I would say this,—So many reasons not patent to the author may be found for approving or condemning what is here, its fate, with you, cannot be forecast. Read several pages candidly before speaking, if, indeed, you intend to honour us with your notice." We have complied with the writer's injunction, and in reading over the volume have found therein much true poetry graceful, tender and full of music—together with much that might be called commonplace. To be just, however, we must say that this mediocrity arises, not from any defect in the writer's abilities, but rather from the handling of subjects that have already been worn threadbare, and is a fault common in a greater or less degree to almost all writers. In a little cottage near the mouth of the muddy Avon, in the County of Kings, but near the Hants line, Nova Scotia, Arthur Lockhart, the eldest of a family of seven, was born, and passed most of the days of his childhood. His father was a master mariner, and only at home during the short intervals which his occupation allowed. His mother was a woman of Huguenot descent, whose forefathers emigrated to America in times of persecution. During the absences of her husband her time was chiefly taken up with the affairs of the household. Thus, left pretty much to his own devices, and although crippled early by an injury, the young Arthur had still sufficient health to enable him to take long rambles among his native woods and hills. In this way, brought closely into contact with the heart of nature, and being of a poetic temperament, he inhaled there in the Acadian forest, sweet with the breath of the pines and the murmur of myriad rills, most of the inspiration by which he afterwards pro-

duced much of his best work. Here are one or two examples of his style:—

"A joyous rhyme of a gladsome time
That again is coming to greet the earth,
When winter shall spring on his cold white wing,
And light and beauty renew their birth!—

When the swelling bud break forth, and the woods
With song brim over, and streams run clear;
When the sweet-toned rills are heard from the hills
And the cheery singing of birds is here.

* * * * *
The time of love, when the piny grove
Grows warm in its murr'ring dark-green deep,
And sweet Arbut, at the Maple's root
On the floor of the forest begins to creep!"

And again:—

"O May time! merry month I hail thee here
Thou flowery gateway of the blooming year!
For thee the groves with dancing green are dight,
And ring with birds from early morn till night,
While on their glancing wing the soft hours fly
Till Phoebus' car glides down its amber sky."

Mr. Lockhart, as a boy, was of a studious nature, and having, as he himself has said, "a longing for the literary life and some feeling of kinship to the types from which books are printed," he went to Wolfville and apprenticed himself for three years to the editor of a local paper called the *Acadian*, and afterwards as a compositor at the University Press, Cambridge, Mass. After a year of this work, however, he gave it up and returned home. He now made up his mind to enter the ministry, chiefly through the advice and influence of his friend, the Rev. C. B. Pitblado. With him, accordingly, he served as an assistant during the following winter, and then, having arrived at the age of twenty-two, he entered the East Maine Conference. From this he was appointed to fill a vacancy in Pembroke, where he served for about a year. In 1873 Mr. Lockhart was married to Miss Adelaide Beckerton, of St. Andrews, N.B., a lady of refinement and intellect, who afterwards became the mother of six children three sons and three daughters. After his marriage Mr. Lockhart removed to the seaside village of Lubec, and from thence to East Machias, Orrington, East Corinth, and afterwards to Cherryfield, where he now resides. "These are mostly the meagre facts and incidents of my life, outwardly," writes Mr. Lockhart; "my life history would be of thought and emotion." It was not as a stranger that Mr. Lockhart placed before the public in 1887 his volume of poems entitled "The Masque of Minstrels," for the author's genius had been already recognized in certain poems which had previously appeared in some of the leading periodicals of the time; but the collection certainly did gain for him a wider reputation as a poet of marked ability. It was published in conjunction with his brother, the Rev. B. W. Lockhart, whose poems on "Sir Richard Grenville," "Birds on the Sea," "Wordsworth" and "Keats" are worthy of a more extended notice than is within the scope of this article. Arthur Lockhart is essentially a poet of nature. The seasons in all their changing glories are painted by him with true poetic colouring. Winter appears

In billowy ridges by the fenced fields
And the dark firs like Parnian pyram ds
Shall shoulder their white masses thro' the woods,
The pine and larches wait amid the cold,
The birch emboss her silver coat with ice,
The gaunt elm shout and wrestle with the wind, etc.

Autumn is described thus:—

I hear Thee . . . in these hoarsely wailing winds that come
And grow tempestuous about our doors
When starlessly the autumn night descends

* * * * *
We hear and bow before Thee while the pines
Sway on the hills beyond, where Thou art treading.

Of poems on spring we have given some examples already; others are "Awaking" and "May." The poem addressed to summer is hardly up to the average, and contains nothing very remarkable except where he calls her a

"languorous maiden with a heart of fire."

"Rain Heard at Early Morning" is a delightful little sonnet, full of quaint originality. We quote it entire:—

Awaking at the early dawn, I hear
The liquid tramp and footfall of the rain,—
The flooded spout outside my window-pane,
Gushing and gurgling on my quiet ear;
Chiming descend, from clouds low hovering, clear
And lute-like measures: while the fevered earth,
Aft'r the dust and drouth makes genial mirth—
Beats her deep anthem,—multiplies her cheer;

The wide rejoicing fields their frolic sun
Shall soon give sparkling greeting, for the charm
To each green spire, each bud and bell, abounds:
Even now the piping robins have begun;—
Muffled by distance, at the wakening farm
The welcome clarion of the cock resounds.

The "Song," from Du Muet's Epitaph, reminds us somewhat in idea, though not in composition, of "Monologue d'Outre Tombe" by "Love in Idleness." The poems, "With Burns" and "Shelley" are good, but we cannot agree with the author in calling the latter a "listless poet." The following song for musical cadence and exquisite grace, is perfect:—

Girt by a silver belt of the sea,
On this green island I wait for thee.
Pleasant this music of bird and of breeze,
Pleasant the sun through these sheltering trees
Here I wander and dally and dream,
Lulled by the lip of a musical stream.
Waiting for eve, and thy coming,—once more
Grate, dearest; keel, on my pebbly shore!
Vainly the sun, till thou comest, may shine;
Vainly the birds chant—for singing is thine.

The rustle of grasses, and laughing leaves
That thou art coming, my sense deceives,
To break my reverie, dreaming of thee,
Lulled by the chime of the musical sea.

"Among the poems of 'Home and Native Land' are several beautiful tributes to Acadia. 'Acadie' is the title of a very patriotic poem; and 'Gaspereau' tells the story of his (the author's) beautiful home and its history."

With dreams that haunt the evening fire
While fields without lie stark and chill
And frantic winds the drifts whirl higher
That buffet doors and windows, still;
With songs, like meadow breezes, borne
From places where young hearts were free,
No longer lone'y or forlorn—
My native land I come to thee!

The delightful freshness and variety of treatment and subject in Mr. Lockhart's poems, together with the note of cheerfulness and sincerity which pervades them, have gained for him a large circle of admirers both in Canada and the United States.

K. U.

THE LATE ROBERT HAY, ESQ., EX-M.P., OF TORONTO.—On another page of this issue our readers will find a portrait of the late Mr. Robert Hay, whose death took place on the 24th ult., after a brief illness, at his residence, 43 St. George street, Toronto. The sad event caused deep and sincere regret, not only in the city where he had so long resided, but in many other parts of Canada where he was known and esteemed for his integrity, public spirit and admirable social qualities. Mr. Hay was born in the parish of Tippermuir, near the city of Perth, Scotland, on the 18th of May, 1808. He was the son of Robert Hay, a well-to-do farmer, and was one of a family of nine children. Having served his apprenticeship to cabinet-making, and thoroughly mastering his business, Mr. Hay came to Canada in 1831, arriving in Toronto in September, and four years later he formed a partnership with Mr. John Jacques. The business grew gradually by steady industry and foresight till it gave employment to four hundred men. In 1870 Mr. Jacques retired. During the long interval of nearly half a century the firm had twice suffered seriously by fire, the loss on one occasion being close to a million and a quarter dollars. A public meeting of citizens assured Mr. Jacques and Hay of their sympathy and aid, and by unremitting toil they recovered their former prosperity. After Mr. Jacques' retirement Messrs. Charles Rogers and George Craig were made partners, and the new firm of R. Hay & Co. continued the business at the corner of King and Jordan streets. During the next ten years the sales averaged \$350,000 yearly. Large shipments were made to the old country, where the firm received orders from several distinguished families, including those of Lords Abinger and Burton (formerly Mr. Bass, M.P.). In 1874 Mr. Hay took a prominent part in promoting the cause of protection for Canadian industries, and was returned to the House of Commons for Centre Toronto. His address on that occasion was vigorous and pointed, and exerted considerable influence on opinion. At Ottawa, where he held his seat till 1886, Mr. Hay was untiring in the discharge of his duties, both in the House and on committees, and was seldom absent on a division. The infirmities of advancing age compelled him at last to retire from public life, and he spent his closing years at his farm, New Lowell, Simcoe Co. There, in co-operation with his nephew, Mr. Robert Patton, he devoted himself to the breeding of short-horn and high class sheep and swine, to lumbering, to the supervision of a hair factory and a turning shop. He owned 2,500 acres of woodland. Mr. Hay had previously found time to serve as a director of railways and of important manufacturing establishments. But his business duties did not prevent him giving attention to works of benevolence and charity. His benefactions were known to be at once generous and judicious. He was a leading member of St. Andrew's church and of St. Andrew's society. In November 1847, Mr. Hay married Miss Dunlop, who had come to Canada from Glasgow. That lady died in 1871. Of the children four survive. One of the daughters is the wife of Mr. James Trumbull, cashier of the Bank of Hamilton in Toronto, another is the wife of Mr. J. B. Kay, of the firm of John Kay, Son & Co. A third daughter married Mr. John I. Davidson, president of the Board of Trade, and vice-president of the Bank of Commerce. The only surviving son is Mr. J. D. Hay, of the firm of Davidson & Hay, wholesale grocers. Mr. Robert Hay's life was an exemplar for the success that comes of honesty, industry, force of character and self-respect.

TRINITY COLLEGE SCHOOL, PORT HOPE, ONT.—We have much pleasure in presenting our readers—those of them especially who are interested in higher education—with several illustrations of this important institution. Managed on the system of the English public schools, though without endowment and with fees amounting to about as many dollars as some English schools charge per quarter, Trinity College School has done, during the last quarter of a century, work of which a much older institution might not be ashamed to boast. Established twenty-five years ago in the village of Weston, near Toronto, under the headmastership of the Rev. C. H. Badgley, M.A. (Oxon), the school was in 1868 removed to its present excellent situation on the high land just outside the eastern boundary of the town of Port Hope. Lord Beaconsfield's declaration that "the secret of success is constancy to purpose" has been well exemplified in the work of the present head master, the Rev. Charles J. S. Bethune, M.A., D.C.L., whose portrait will be found on another page. Appointed in 1870, finding a small school,

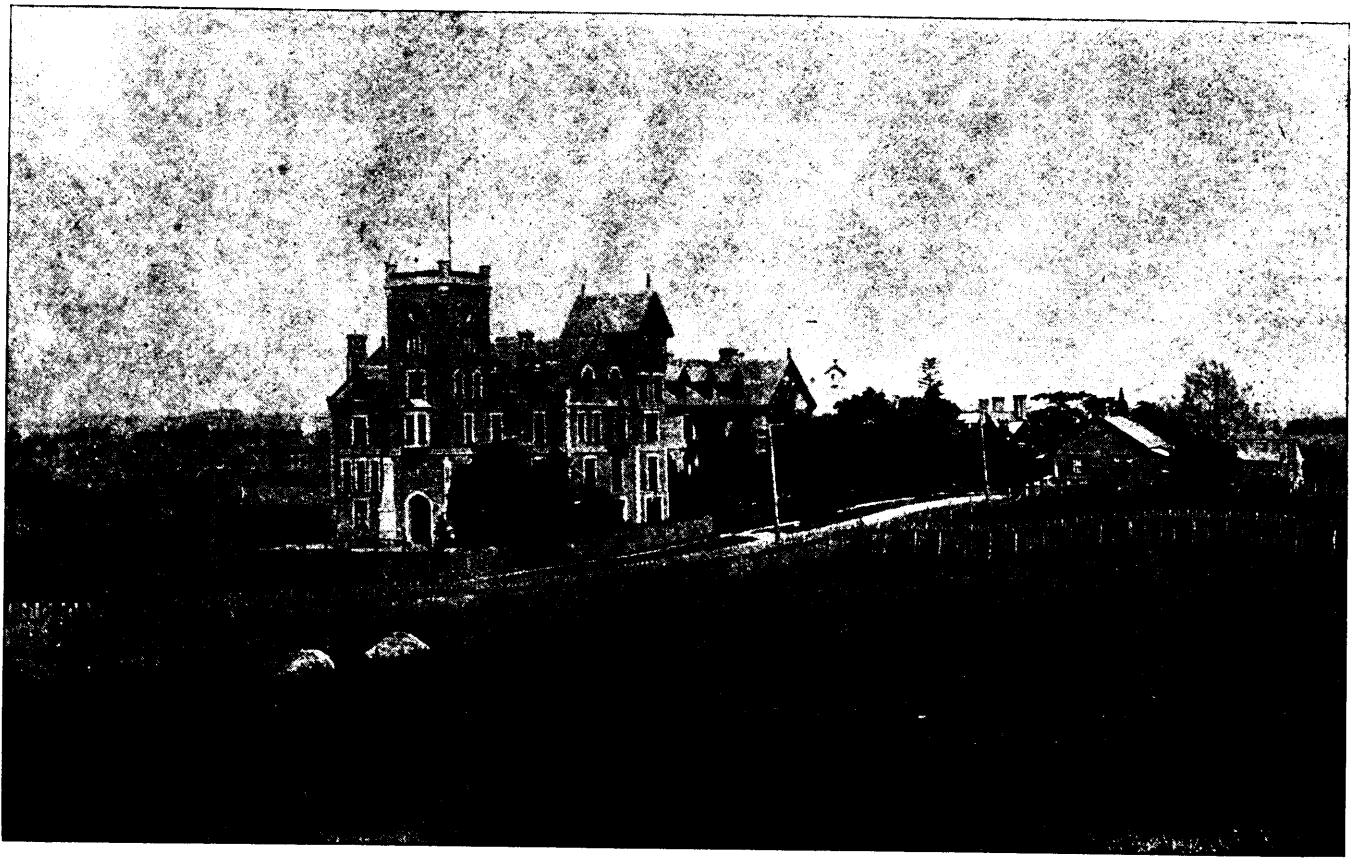
a very limited staff and no school house, Dr. Bethune has successfully brought the institution through its day of small things, and had the satisfaction of seeing it in a flourishing condition for some years past. The school premises now consist of more than twenty acres of land, on which has been erected a handsome and large building, including a beautiful chapel (see illustration), presenting a south front of eighty feet, warmed throughout with steam and hot air and lighted with gas and electric light. There are also a drill-shed and a gymnasium. An excellent new gymnasium and winter play-room are to be built during the present summer. There is a staff of nine masters, five of them residing in the school building and superintending the evening work of the boarders. The household arrangements are attended to by experienced lady matrons. During the past year 154 have attended the school, all but four of these residing in the school premises. Excellent cricket, football and lawn tennis grounds afford ample scope for outdoor exercise in summer, the clubs in connection with these games being in a most flourishing condition—the success of the school cricket elevens especially attesting the appreciation by the boys of the careful training received from their excellent coach (see illustration). In winter the boys indulge in tobogganing, snowshoeing, skating and those other winter amusements dear to the heart of the Canadian youth. The fact that it has been in existence a comparatively short time, of course prevents the school from being able to point to a long list of former pupils, distinguished in after life; but among a good many names of rising men that occur to one as owing their early training to Trinity College School, there may be mentioned Dr. Wm. Osler, Professor at Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore; P. E. Irving, Esq., Q.C., Deputy Attorney General of British Columbia; A. J. Johnson, Esq., M.D., &c., Toronto; A. J. Worrell, Esq., Q.C., and E. D. Armour, Esq., Q.C., Toronto; H. Abbott, Esq., Q.C., Montreal; Lord de Blaquiére, and the poet, Archibald Lampman, who does "songs make and well endite." To the army the school has sent a surprisingly large number of her boys—Captain Van Straubenzie, Professor at the Royal Military College; Captain Wise, formerly A.D.C. to Major-General Middleton, now acting in the same capacity to the Viceroy of India; Stewart and Hewett, who both saw active service in the late Egyptian campaigns; Wilson, who was with Gen. Buller's column on its trying retreat through the desert after the attempted relief of Gordon, and many others. To the church, too, the school has contributed many rising men, among whom may be mentioned the Revs. Rural Dean Belt, W. C. and Alex. Allen; C. H. Brent, of Boston; J. S. Broughall and E. C. Cayley, Fellows and Lecturers at Trinity University; J. C. Davidson, rector of Peterborough; R. J. Moore and J. S. Howard, rectors of Toronto parishes. Among those who have recently left it, the school counts (no small honour) one of those Cambridge Wranglers lately beaten by Miss Fawcett, and several others who have taken honours, scholarships, etc. when graduating at or on entering various universities and colleges. For example, at the annual entrance examinations of the Royal Military College, Kingston, during the last four years, Trinity College School has claimed *three first*, one second, one third, one fourth and several other good places. Trinity College School was, by an Act of the Legislature of the Province of Ontario, passed during the Session of 1871-2, constituted a corporate body, consisting of the Lord Bishop of Toronto, the Chancellor, the Provost and the Professors in Arts of the University of Trinity College, the Head Master of the School, and such other persons as may from time to time be appointed by the Governing Body. The following are the present members of the corporation: Visitor, the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Toronto; governing body, ex-officio members, the Hon. G. W. Allan, D.C.L., Chancellor of the University and Speaker of the Senate of Canada; the Rev. the Provost of Trinity College; the Rev. W. Jones, M.A., Professor of Mathematics; the Rev. W. Clark, M.A., Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy; the Rev. H. Symonds, M.A., Professor of Divinity; the Rev. C. J. S. Bethune, M.A., D.C.L., Head Master of the School; elected members, the Very Rev. J. G. Geddes, D.C.L.; Charles J. Campbell, Esq.; the Rev. John Pearson, rector of Holy Trinity Church, Toronto; John R. Cartwright, Esq., M.A.; the Rev. Henry Wilson, D.D., of New York; J. Austin Worrell, Esq., M.A., D.C.L.

PROTESTANT ORPHANS' HOME, TORONTO.—This Home, of which an illustration will be found on another page, is the oldest of the many charitable institutions of Toronto, its corporate seal bearing date 1849, and its first council comprising names of persons well known in Toronto's earlier days—the Rev. Dr. Lett, Mr. T. P. Robarts and Mr. Gurnett. In 1852 a substantial and commodious house was erected in Sullivan street, Madame Jenny Lind having generously given a concert in aid of the building fund. Thirty years later the corner stone of the present building, shown in our engraving, was laid by the late Bishop of Niagara. Since the inception of the Home nearly 1,600 children have been cared for under its sheltering roof. Many of them now enjoy the comforts and blessings of their own homes. The first directress, Mrs. Matthew Vankoughnet, has occupied a position on the Board of Management for 36 years, watching over the children with unflinching kindness, and cherishing the hope that she may live to see the Home free from debt. The sum of \$10,000, left by the late William Gooderham, Esq., will substantially aid this object. There is still, however, a balance of \$8,600 unprovided for. The present Home is pleasantly situated on Dovercourt Road, and will well re-

pay a visit. About 175 children, boys and girls, healthy and cheerful, may be seen there daily, either at their lessons in the school-room, or playing in separate playgrounds with the keen enjoyment of childhood. We gladly direct the attention of the benevolent to this deserving charity.

NIAGARA HARBOUR AND FORT NIAGARA.—The scene here depicted has been described over and over again by scores of tourists from near and far ever since Hennepin visited it in 1678 and wrote his oft-quoted account of it. In 1727 the old French Fort was erected. Thirty years later the river and Falls were carefully inspected by the naturalist, Peter Kalm, whose account was published in England. After the cession of Canada to France, we hear little of it for some years. General Simcoe chose the town of Niagara (Newark) for the capital of the newly created Province of Upper Canada—an honour which a few years later was transferred to York, now Toronto. For about a hundred years Niagara, the river, the Falls, the Fort, the town, have been a central attraction to the constantly increasing stream of tourists from all parts of the Old World and the New. A list of the names of the persons of distinction who have gone to see the wonders of the scene would fill several of our columns, and books have been compiled out of selections from the tributes, in prose and verse, that have been paid to its grandeur. From Queenstown to the town and harbour the river moves with gentle flow between banks rising high on either side and "in verdure clad" of magnificent trees, while the bends of the stream present fresh charms from stage to stage along its course. The town of Niagara is built on a rounded point stretching into Lake Ontario. A grove of ancient oaks is one of the landmarks as one approaches it by the river road, and this is followed by a level glade of pasture land, on which cattle may be seen grazing, or sheltering themselves from the sun's rays beneath some of the old thorn trees that dot its surface. The remains of Fort George—in massive brick work, and not far distant, Fort Mississauga, also dismantled, are noticeable objects on the high bluffs above the river. On the American point, stretching across the river's mouth, is the old Fort Niagara—on the site of which LaSalle had raised a palisaded storehouse in 1678, when he was building the historic Griffin. It was strengthened in 1678, enlarged in 1727, transformed into a stone fort in 1749 and taken by the British in 1759, and with them it remained till the American Revolution. It was taken by the British and Canadian troops in 1812, but restored at the close of the war. The history of the locality since then is that of constant improvement and increasing reputation. Both Americans and Canadians are proud to share in its sublimity, and to supplement the work of nature by the resources of art. It will be admitted, then, that the scene in our engraving is historic ground. It was from old Fort George that General Brock went forth on the morning of October 13th, 1812, to meet his untimely end at the battle of Queenston Heights. Across the Commons (Canadian side), a short distance from Fort George, in September, 1792, Governor Simcoe and Council held the first Parliament of Upper Canada. One of the first acts passed was the abolition of slavery in the province. The slips and dock in the foreground show where many of the steam and sailing vessels used on the lakes were built. The old town, once the scene of so many stirring events in the history of our country, reposes quietly by the river side, and is known now only as a pleasure resort in summer. Its beautiful drives, boating and bathing facilities and fine climate, attracting tourists from all parts.

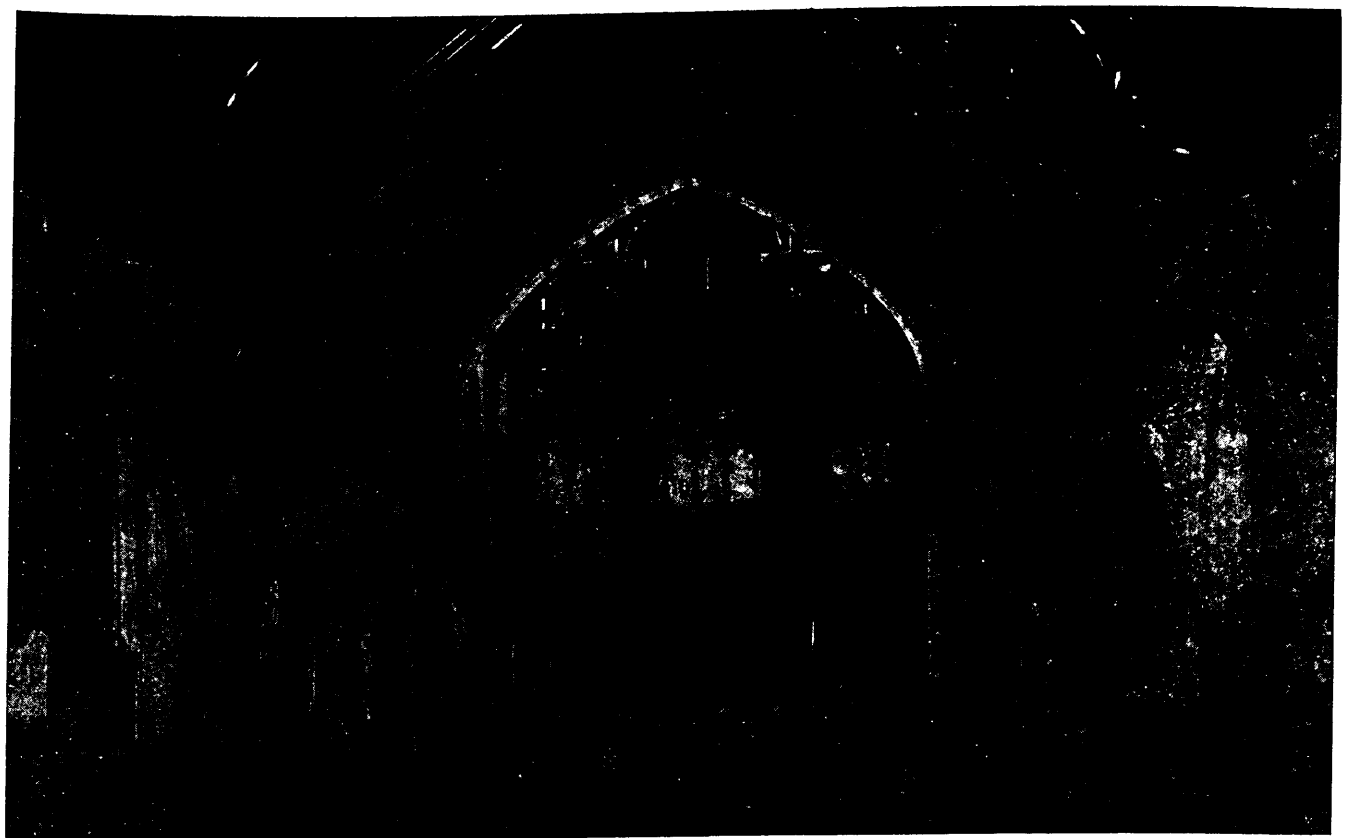
INDIANS AT NEW WESTMINSTER.—Our readers have here a characteristic glimpse of one of the coast tribes of British Columbia. The Indians of that great province cover a wide range in ethnology as in geography. There are the Tlingit inhabiting the borders of Alaska; the Haidas of the Queen Charlotte Islands, and the Prince of Wales Archipelago; the Tsimshian, who dwell on the Nass and Skeena rivers and adjoining islands; the Kwakiutl, who occupy the coast from Gardiner Channel to Cape Mudge, with the exception of the country around Dean Inlet and the west coast of Vancouver Island; the Nootka, who rove over the west coast of that island; the Salish, who hold the coast and the eastern part of Vancouver Island south of Cape Mudge, the southern part of the interior as far as the crest of the Selkirks, as well as the northern parts of Washington, Idaho and Montana Territories; and the Kootenay, who occupy the Upper Columbia, Kootenay lake and river and the adjoining parts of the United States. The Indians here exhibited will, therefore, probably be of the Salish stock. The difference between the various groups of these Indians is so marked that some ethnologists have been disposed to assign them to distinct tribes. But as the dialects of these groups all so evidently belong to the same linguistic stock, no other classification is reasonably admissible. The Salish of the interior used formerly to live in subterranean abodes, access to which was obtained from above. The dwellings of the coast Salish are long, and generally occupied by several families, each of which has its section. The roofs are high in the rear and slope down towards the front. The Salish differ from the other British Columbia tribes in having no animal totems. Their traditions and racial usages are interesting, and some of their legends have been collected by Dr. Boas and other investigators. The coast Salish base their claims to the lands that they occupy or occupied on the settlement in the region of their ancestors after the great flood—of which all these Indians have some inherited remembrance. Their courting customs are curious—the suitor comes to the girl's house and sits there silent



TRINITY COLLEGE SCHOOL, PORT HOPE: VIEW FROM THE SOUTH WEST. (H. H. Lyman, photo.)



TRINITY COLLEGE SCHOOL, PORT HOPE: FIRST CRICKET ELEVEN, 1890. (Hamly, photo.)



TRINITY COLLEGE SCHOOL, PORT HOPE: INTERIOR OF CHAPEL. (H. H. Lyman, photo.)



TRINITY COLLEGE SCHOOL, PORT HOPE: GROUP OF CHOIR BOYS, 1890. (Hamly, photo.)

and fasting for four days. If he holds out so long, the mother is moved by his perseverance, offers him a mat to sit on, and by and by a meal is cooked, a portion of which is sent to the young man's people to let them know that his suit has prospered. Then the chief of the respective *Gentes* is informed of what has taken place, and a great feast follows. As usual, the intrusion of strangers both modifies tribal usages and causes admixture of blood. But as yet British Columbia is new enough in the ways of civilization to afford opportunities of studying aboriginal manners, which are yearly becoming more and more rare on this continent.

STEAM FREIGHT SCOW ON THE FRASER RIVER, B.C.—Our readers have here a specimen of a somewhat primitive contrivance, which has done and still does good service on the Fraser river. The boat is what is well known as a scow, and upon it is mounted a traction engine, which is connected with the paddle-wheels by means of a belt. The *modus operandi* will be easily understood by a close inspection of the illustration.

THE FERRY STEAMER K. DE K. BETWEEN NEW WESTMINSTER AND THE SOUTH SHORE OF THE FRASER.—This engraving shows the oldest steam ferry on the Fraser, since replaced by a vessel of more modern build. In the distance is seen the city of New Westminster, with some of whose many attractions our readers have already been made acquainted in the pages of this journal.

INDIAN BERRY-PICKERS, NORTH SHORE OF LAKE SUPERIOR.—In this engraving our readers have a group of Ojibways—an important branch of the far-spreading Algonquin family. In the introduction to the second edition of Bishop Baraga's Grammar and Dictionary of the Ojibwe language, Father Lacombe, O.M.I., says that the "Sautaux, Ojibwe or Ojibway language, is actually in use all around Lake Superior, in the Territories of Kiwatin and Dakota, in the State of Minnesota, at Red Lake, along the Mississippi and Red Rivers, at Lake Manitoba and on the shores of the great Saskatchewan." Of course, in so vast an extent of territory, one will meet with variations of dialect and differences of pronunciation, but any one speaking the Ojibway tongue will be able to make himself understood from the Sault to the Saskatchewan. The bands of Ojibways to which the group here depicted belong have their hunting-grounds on the Big Pic and Black rivers. During the season they make good wages by picking berries in the interior, where they abound, and disposing of them to dealers, who ship them to the centres of trade. It is a group of Indians, of both sexes and all ages, engaged in this thrifty occupation that our readers are here asked to contemplate. They are evidently a healthy, industrious, fairly intelligent little community, and some of them are not lacking in good looks. Those who are concerned in the study of aboriginal ethnology will be interested in comparing the three groups in the present issue, comprising Salish Indians of the southern mainland of British Columbia, Haidas of the Queen Charlotte Islands, and Ojibways of Lake Superior.

INDIANS OF MASSET INLET, QUEEN CHARLOTTE ISLANDS.—In this engraving our readers have an example of the most westerly of the Indian tribes under the British Crown the Haidas. A most instructive and entertaining account of them was contributed by Dr. G. M. Dawson to Report of the Geological Survey for the year 1878-79. He considers them one of the best defined groups of the tribes of the North-West Coast. Though the several bands present some points of difference in their social customs and in their dialects, the latter are all so evidently branches of the same language, and the physical characteristics so clearly indicate a common origin, that Dr. Dawson has no hesitation in pronouncing the bands homogeneous. The islands, which received their present name (Queen Charlotte Islands) from Captain Dixon in 1787, were called by the natives *Haida kwaa*. The Indians known as Haidas also occupy a portion of the southern archipelago of Alaska (Prince of Wales)—the dwellers there being called *Kaigani*. The Haidas are fairer skinned than the coast tribes and have finer features, though the mouth is generally coarse, the cheek bones are wide and prominent, and the head is sometimes disproportionately large. In recent years they have mostly dressed, when their means enabled them, like the whites. Their original dress (as described by Dixon) was of sea otter skin. They were also said to have worn an armour of sea lion's hide. Their turbans were of twisted cedar, and for ornaments they used feathers, buttons, beads, the lovely pearl shell of the halibut and the bill of the puffin. They also applied pigments to their skins, like other Indians—vermilion chiefly, but also blue and black—and wore bracelets and bangles. Tattooing was also practised until a few years ago, the patterns (of which the designs were traditional) being symmetrically drawn. For food they had all kinds of fish, as well as eggs and the grease of the oolachen or candlefish. Though not famous as hunters, they killed black bears and other game. The account of their several organizations is most interesting. The carved posts which stand in front of the houses, are the most remarkable feature of their architecture. A mysterious import is doubtless associated with them in the native mind, and they certainly devote much time and pains to the sculpture. They hold their land as personal property. They have permanent villages for the winter, but erect temporary dwellings when away on their fishing excursions. The chiefs, who are hereditary, exercise limited power. On a chieftain's death, the succession passes to his next eldest brother, or to his nephew, and in rare cases to a sister or niece. Offences may be compensated by fines

or gifts, the refusal of which lays the evil-doer liable to reprisals. They had (even before the advent of missionaries) some idea of a supreme being. Mr. Collison, who laboured among the Masset bands, says they called their deity *Suniltlaidus* or *Shonungitlagidas*. There is also in their mythology an evil power, which they call *Haidelana*. They believe in a vague metempsychosis. The priest or medicine man (*skaga*) is chosen or accepted. He wears his hair long and unkempt, and is venerated after death as well as in life. The *potlatch*, or distribution of property (called in Haida *kie-es-il*), which is common to all the tribes, is practised on several important occasions, as the tattooing of a child, and is also resorted to by ambitious chiefs and others to show disregard of wealth, or is a vent for grief or anger. There is a large number of dances of various significance. Gambling is common. The courting and marriage ceremonies, the feasts, the cures, the funeral rites, the mode of burial, the trade and currency, the industrial arts, the utensils and furniture, and the traditions and folklore of the Haidas have all peculiarities that mark them off from the other Indians of the West. Of the villages, those at the entrance of Masset Inlet are among the most important, and the Masset Indians among the most intelligent and skilful, in the islands. Those who would learn more about this remarkable people we would respectfully advise to consult Dr. Dawson's Report, which is made more valuable by a number of illustrations. Numbers of Haida Indians annually make their way to the Fraser river to engage in the salmon fishing, at which their employers find them intelligent and industrious. They are bold sailors, venturing out leagues from land in huge canoes constructed out of single logs of Douglas fir. In the management of these craft, which would be unwieldy in alien hands, they show extraordinary skill. They even use them for whale fishing, and have been known to weather some formidable storms with comparative ease. Though tractable while under strict supervision, the Haidas cannot always be trusted when left to the control of their own passions or greed. Some years ago a party of them murdered the crew of a trading sloop which had sought the hospitality of the islands. Possibly, as in other instances of Indian crime, there had been previous provocation.

SCENES ON LAKE ST. JOHN.—The two scenes to be found on another page are intended to give some idea of the fertility of the Lake St. John region and the industry of the settlers. St. Felicien and St. Prime are two of the most flourishing spots on its shores, and the evidences of abundance, from photographs taken last fall, indicate the prosperous future that awaits this new north of our ancient province.

Bird Life--A Day Dream.

The following word-chromo, from the author of "The Birds of Canada," which has for leading figure one of the brightest of our Montreal visitors, is sure to be prized by the readers of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED:

It was once my good fortune, at the spring migration of birds, to meet in our green woods a most gorgeously habited specimen of the Scarlet Tanager (Le Roi des Oiseaux) fresh from the magnolia bowers and orange groves of the South. His bright red tunic, sable wings and tail, enabled me at once to recognize the gaudy stranger as that rare but welcome straggler in our northern climes. The beautiful bird, I knew, trusted more to his showy livery than to "what he had to say" in order to woo and win the demure, sombre-plumaged little lady awaiting his advances. Right well was I also aware of the change in costume a few months were sure to bring around, ere he returned in autumn to his tropical home in a plain traveling suit of Lincoln green.

Unquestionably, the scarlet tanager, at the nuptial season of June, is a beau of first order—to his loving mate a vision of beauty, if not of song.

Memory can recall, after a long lapse of years, the first time when I saw this prince of the feathered tribe—not inaptly styled by the admiring French peasantry *Un Roi*, a king among birds.

The auspicious meeting took place at St. Thomas, P.Q., years ago, in the rosy days—vanished, alas! forever—of my boyhood, when, with the return of the leafy months, I strolled early and late round the fields, singing waterfalls and bosky glens of the picturesque Patton seigniorial manor, eagerly noting the first appearance of every spring migrant.

A sport-loving brother, by many years my senior, had allowed me—as a signal favour—to help carry his outfit on a fishing excursion he had planned to the pools of a winsome rivulet, whose source lies hidden deep, very deep in the mountains; the Rivière des Perdrix, which carries its crystal waters to the dark eddies of the Bras St. Nicholas, a tributary of the roaring Rivière du Sud, at St. Thomas. Many miles of dusty road we had walked, bearing gun, rod and creel, under the warm rays of a June sun ere we reached the edge of the forest. Soon had we constructed a snug arbour of spruce boughs, a screen against the noonday heat and to receive our camp equipment. My brother then started with rod and line to whip the rapids and shady pools of the whimpering burnie, and soon filled our creel with tiny, speckled beauties, occasionally venturing knee-deep in the pellucid waters. I took post with rod and line under a large beech, whose tangled roots hung over a brisk rapid, where I had noticed some larger trout rising to snap up the insects floating over its wavelets, and was soon detailed to light the camp fire and broil trout for our midday meal. Never did I enjoy a more sumptuous repast, my appetite having been sharpened by our long dusty trudge

over hill and dale. The spot selected for our camp, with its sylvan surroundings was one of rare beauty.

Facing it across the stream was a hoary hemlock denuded of foliage by the snows and storms of many winters. A red-headed woodpecker, whose nest it perhaps held, was hammering away at its mossy trunk for larvæ while a sprightly brown squirrel stood on its loftiest branch chattering. A robin-redbreast had built close by its clay-cemented alcove. Reclining on my soft, scented couch of fir boughs, I was listening attentively to the heavenly carol—tinkle! tinkle! tinkle!—of a hermit thrush perched on a neighbouring sugar maple, when a magnificent ruffed grouse flew past, apparently scared by the yelping of a fox in an adjoining ravine. Waiting to catch its shrill bark, my brother sallied forth with his gun in quest of Reynard. I was left alone to my pleasant reveries, with no other noise but the soft, ceaseless murmur of the brook over the pebbles. This unvarying, all-pervading sound seemed to have over the senses a mysterious, soothing, irresistible influence. I gradually dropped to sleep, unconsciously my imagination wandered in the land of Nod. I slept—how long I could not say. Sweet images floated before my eyes. I dreamt I was strolling round an enchanted garden on a distant isle, wading knee-deep amidst parterres of exquisite flowers and tropical shrubs, some bending to the ground under the weight of gold fruit. I felt myself drawn toward a neighbouring fountain, where a Triton was spouting from his nostrils perfumed water in a gleaming white marble reservoir. A dazzling rainbow played overhead; a stately tree lent a grateful shade. On its summit rested a nimbus of silver. The air was soft, dreamy, overpowering. I tarried there in wrapt silence, when a gigantic bird, radiant in colour, and which till then I had not noticed, seemed at first as poised, motionless amid air. Soon he appeared to be descending to the earth in graceful spirals; nearer and nearer he came, softly circling to where I stood, the buzzing of his gossamer wings gradually increasing until his velvety pinions actually rustled on my cheek. Shuddering, I awoke; the brook was murmuring as before, and lo! and behold, on the opposite shore, flapping his dark wings amid a shower of pearls caused by the spray in the golden sunshine, there rested on the brink a superb red-bird taking his daily bath! I had seen *un roi*, that gorgeous but rare summer visitor, the scarlet tanager!

Quebec.

J. M. LEMOINE.

Return.

When the Summer fades away,
Steals the night upon the day,
And the soul is free from toil,
Gathered is the precious spoil.

When the birds away do fly,
Gloomy in the northern sky,
And the waters sluggish flow
Embers bright and sparkling glow.

When the leaves are withered sere,
Everything to thee seems drear;
And the Autumn breezes blow
Foretaste of the coming snow.

When all nature seems to frown
And the soul's itself cast down,
When my face in dreams you see
Dearest, oh! I come to thee.

The Mudfish.

Africa is the home of many extraordinary animals, but there is no more remarkable creature than the mudfish, which inhabits certain of the rivers of Western Africa, and, as its name implies, it lurks at the muddy bottom of these rivers. At present, however, it is not necessary to go to Africa to see this fish, as it can be seen by any one who has the time in the reptile house at the Zoological Gardens. At the first sight there is, perhaps, nothing especially striking about this animal; it looks very much like an ordinary fish, except for its curious, long, slender fins. A visitor who knew nothing about the creature would probably go away with the impression that he had seen nothing out of the common. When the fishes arrived each one was encased in a ball of dried mud, lined with mucus from its body, and perforated by a small aperture to admit of breathing. This "cocoon," as it is sometimes called, on account of its analogy to the earthen case fabricated by many caterpillars in which to undergo their metamorphoses, on being placed in warmish water was dissolved and the fish liberated. The habit which the mudfish has of making an earthen chamber of the mud at the bottom of the river is a most wonderful provision of nature for the exigencies of the climate. The rivers which the fish inhabits are liable to periodical droughts. When such a drought is imminent the fish retires to deep water and excavates a pit, in which it lies, covering itself over with a thick layer of mud. It can suffer with immunity the complete drying up of the river. But the most interesting fact about the creature is that during the time of its voluntary imprisonment it breathes air directly through an aperture left in the cocoon, by means of lungs, just like a land animal. When the returning rains dissolve the mud and liberate the fish, it breathes by means of gills, just like any other fish.—*Leisure Hour.*



A NEW RAILWAY MOTIVE POWER.—There is talk in France of utilising water courses as a railway motive power. It is proposed that the track shall be laid on an embankment in the middle of the current, and that the locomotives shall have two paddle-wheels dipping into the water and revolved by it.

ELECTRICAL VENTILATOR.—The new United States man-of-war, the Baltimore, is supplied with an electrical ventilator having a capacity of never less than one cubic metre per second. It is calculated that in two minutes the air in the engine-room can be completely changed. It works so quietly that it is impossible to tell whether it is in operation or not.

A NEW HORSESHOE.—Emperor William's riding horse is shod with a new and singularly constructed shoe. It is in two parts, and has on its lower surface a rubber-like composition, the object of which is to prevent the horse from slipping, thereby preserving the animal. The monarch, on being shown the new invention, at once ordered his favourite horse and sixteen others of his stud to be shod with it.

STEERING BY ELECTRICITY.—An officer on board the German iron-clad Preussen has, in conjunction with the engineer of that ship, invented an electrical steering apparatus, about which there is much talk just now in naval circles. By means of this apparatus the captain can control the rudder from the bridge or from any point on the deck—an important advantage in the noise of a storm or in action. That the invention is regarded by the authorities as one likely to prove of great importance is shown by the fact that the ironclad König Wilhelm, on the very next day after her return with the Mediterranean squadron, was sent to sea to test it.—*Industries.*

THE LICK TELESCOPE.—In the *Figaro* M. Camille Flammarion gives a graphic and enthusiastic account of the great Lick telescope, under the heading of "A New Eye." "The eye whose visions I have just admired," he says, "measures more than a metre in diameter and fifteen metres in depth. Its crystalline lens is formed of an immense piece of glass, and its retina of a highly sensitive plate. The eye of a giant, in verity, as the man possessing it should measure, in our organic proportions, one hundred metres in height. * * * It sees quicker, further, longer, and—precious faculty—it fixes, prints, and preserves what it sees. This new eye is the photographic eye," etc.—*British Journal of Photography.*

RED GLASS.—A new red glass has recently been produced in Germany. Besides its use for the manufacture of bottles, goblets, and vases of various kinds, it will be found applicable in photography and in chemists' and opticians' laboratories. This glass is produced by melting in an open crucible the following ingredients:—Fine sand, 2,000 parts; red oxide of lead—minium—400; carbonate of potash, 600; lime, 100; phosphate of lime, 20; cream of tartar, 20; borax, 20; red oxide of copper—protoxide—9; and binoxide of tin, 13 parts. By a single melting a transparent red glass is said to be obtained of a very fine quality, of which various objects can be manufactured directly, without the necessity of a second heating to intensify the colour.—*English Mechanic.*

THERMAL VALUE OF MOONLIGHT.—Trustworthy evidence has at last been obtained as to the thermal value of moonlight. Mr. C. V. Boys, one of the professors of South Kensington, by means of his well-known quartz filaments, has produced a thermopile of almost incredible delicacy. By this remarkable apparatus he can render sensible the heat of a candle up to the distance of a mile and three-quarters, and by directing the minute disc of the instrument to the moon he has shown that the warmth received from its reflected light is equal to that given out by a candle at 21 feet distance. Observation seems to show that, although the moon's face is under the blaze of an unclouded sun for fourteen days, it remains comparatively cool, and that whatever heating it does ultimately receive is rapidly gained and as rapidly lost.—*Court Journal.*

M. PASTEUR AND THE RABBIT PEST IN AUSTRALIA.—In respect to a statement alleging that the Australian Government had refused to allow M. Pasteur the reward of £20,000 offered to the person who should suggest the best plan for the destruction of the rabbits that infest that colony, M. Pasteur is reported to have said that this was not so, for the simple reason that he had never sought it, and that, owing to circumstances over which he had no control, he could not claim such a reward. He had sent M. Loir, his nephew, and another of his assistants to Australia in order to try the experiments which he had made in his laboratory on a more extended scale. The assistants returned to France after a few months discouraged. According to M. Pasteur, they were not allowed by the Commission appointed by the Australian Government to make any important experiments. This Commission permitted the assistants to inoculate a few rabbits and the experiments were successful enough to warrant a further extension of the authorization; but all sorts of delays and adjournments were caused, until the assistants abandoned all hope of being able to carry out the purpose for which they

had undertaken the voyage to Australia.—*British Medical Journal.*

THE KINGBIRD'S SONG.—The song that had called me up was a sweet though simple strain, and it was repeated every morning while his mate was separated from him by her nest duties. I can find no mention of it in books, but I had many opportunities to study it, and thus it was. It began with a long kingbird "Kr-r-r" (or rolling sound impossible to express by letters), without which I should not have identified it at first, and it ended with a very sweet call of two notes, five tones apart, the lower first, after a manner suggestive of the phoebe,—something like this: "Kr-r-r-r-ree-bé! Kr-r-r-r-ree-bé!" In the outset, and I think I heard the very first attempt, it resembled the initial efforts of cage-birds, when spring tunes their throats. The notes seemed hard to get out; they were weak, uncertain, fluttering, as if the singer were practising something quite new. But as the days went by they grew strong and assured, and at last were a joyous and loud morning greeting. I don't know why I should be so surprised to hear a kingbird sing, for I believe that one of the things we shall discover, when we begin to study birds alive instead of dead, is that every one has a song, at least in spring, when, in the words of an enthusiastic bird-lover, "the smallest become poets, often sublime songsters." I have already heard several sing that are set down as lacking in that mode of expression.—*Olive Miller in August Atlantic.*

POLICE SIGNALLING. A new system of police signalling, which has been shown in practical operation in miniature to a small body of experts in London, bids fair, if generally adopted, to deprive these gentry of their occupation. The arrangement is highly ingenious and simplicity itself. By a system of electric communication a certain number of specially constructed lamp-posts in a district are made to do duty as signal stations. In a small cupboard in the centre of the post is an apparatus with a clock disc, upon which appear a number of sentences to represent the communications which a policeman would be most likely to make orally if he had the chance, such as "burglary here," "help wanted," "a riot here," and so on. By simply turning a handle on the disc to the sentence he wishes to convey, the message will immediately appear upon a corresponding disc at the police station, together with the number of the lamp from which it is sent; and the officer in charge at the police station can just as quickly send back an intimation that the message has been received. Another feature of the system is an arrangement by which a householder, by means of a key with which he would be furnished by the authorities for a small annual payment, could attract the attention of the policeman on a beat by causing a red signal to appear in the lamp, which would be visible at a considerable distance. The highest police authorities have expressed a very favourable opinion as to the utility of the invention.—*Court Journal.*

A NOVEL METHOD OF LAYING A TELEGRAPH WIRE.—As most people know, the main telegraph wires in London run through the subways in which the gas-pipes and sewers are placed. The principal arteries are so large that it is easy enough for men to work in them, but the pipes through which the side-wires branch off are much smaller, and great care has to be taken to preserve the connection between the main and the lateral wires. Some years ago men were repairing one of these latter, and carelessly omitted to attach it to a leading line by which it could be drawn to its place when mended. The blunder seemed likely to have serious consequences, for it was thought that the whole of the lateral pipe would have to be dug up in order to get at the broken wire. But one of the men came to the rescue with a happy thought, suggesting that a rat should be procured, and, with a fine piece of wire attached to it, sent through the pipe. This was done; but, to the dismay of the workmen, the new hand came to a stop after it had gone a few yards. The inventor of this idea was not yet, however, at the end of his resources, and by his advice a ferret was procured and started on the dilatory rat's track. There was a moment of suspense before it was settled whether the rat would show fight or run away, but this was soon ended by the paying-out of the wire, and in a short time the latest addition to the staff of the Post Office appeared at the other end of the pipe. It was caught, the wire detached, and then it was set free in recognition of the service it had rendered. By means of the wire the telegraph line was secured, and a long and laborious piece of work saved.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

The English Sentry and the Prussian Prince.

The following incident is related in a private letter in illustration of the steadfastness of the British soldier. When at Gibraltar Prince Henry climbed the hill, and on approaching the summit at a certain point found himself stopped by a sentinel. "No road this way!" Prince Henry told the man he only wanted to go to the brow of the precipice, so as to see the water on the other side. "No! no thoroughfare!" replied the sentinel. "But I am the commander of the Irene," said Prince Henry. "All the same; no thoroughfare," insisted the soldier. "But I am a Prussian Prince," continued the commander of the Irene. "No thoroughfare!" obdurately replied the sentinel, and Prince Henry abandoned the undertaking.—*Court Circular.*

Blind Anglers.

The late Professor Fawcett was not the only trout-fisher, who, although blind, was able to wield his rod with precision and success. A few years ago there was to be seen on Tweedside, actively engaged in piscatorial pursuits, Mr. William Rankine, who was known in the country round as the blind angler of St. Boswells, and who became by practice a proficient master of the art, able to cast a fly or land a trout as well as any of his contemporaries. Rankine lost his sight whilst working in London as a journeyman shoemaker, where he was attacked by smallpox. It was hoped that by returning to St. Boswells, of which place he was a native, his sight might in time be restored, but that hope was never realized, for as time passed it became only too certain that "his days were all to be nights," and that the seal set on his eyes would never be broken. When this fact apparent he went to Edinburgh and, blind as he was, learned the rather complicated business of a maker of fishing tackle. It proved to be the best thing he could have done, as it enabled him to obtain a living, and to keep himself and family in comfort and respectability. He had since his boyhood been a keen angler, and continued during his lifetime to enjoy his favourite recreation, knowing each cast of the Tweed as well as any of his contemporaries, and, being blind, he was not particular as to the hours during which he fished; his baskets of trout were envied by many a brother of the rod.

A brother fisherman who encountered Rankine on Tweedside and at once discovered by his style of throwing the fly that he was a complete master of the gentle art, thus speaks of the scene: "The picture was a strange and weird one—that solitary fisherman, shut out for ever from the light of Heaven, pursuing his path steadily far in the deep flowing Tweed, with no earthly help at hand in case of need except his faithful dog; and, as all sound of him died away in the distance I could not but reflect on the mercies of Him who, while shutting off from his servant the glories of light, had granted him an intensity of perfection in the senses of hearing and feeling which went far towards supplying the lost blessing. Henceforth I have associated the blind fisherman of St. Boswell's with the blind naturalist whom Wordsworth commemorates in "The Excursion," each affording proof

That faculties which seem
Extinguished do not therefore cease to be,
But to the mind among her powers of sense
This transfer is permitted: not alone
That the bereft their recompense may win,
But for remoter purposes of love
And charity.

The blind man's many exploits as an angler and his proficiency in the busking of flies and the making of tackle soon procured him patronage and business in the line of work he had taken up, but he was also an expert gardener, and could weed a bed of onions or a row of carrots with great success. His life throughout was a notable instance of the triumph of the man over an affliction which to many would have proved insurmountable. Rankine was of a quiet and unassuming disposition, and was never once heard to bemoan his fate. He suffered during the last few years of his life from a painful disease, which he bore with great fortitude. On 17th January, 1887, his remains were consigned to the grave in Lessuden kirkyaird, where a course of mourning friends had assembled to evince their respect.—*From "Sporting Anecdotes" by "Ellangowan."*

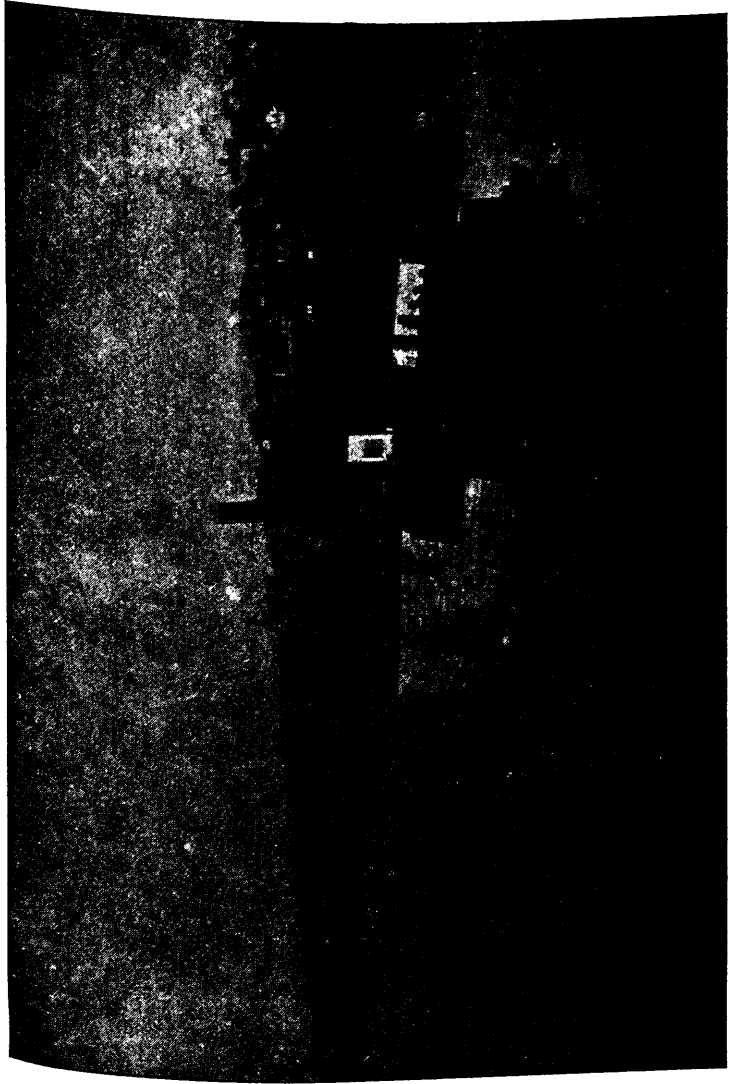
American Titles.

It is a very curious fact that, with all our boasted "free and equal" superiority over the communities of the Old World, our people have the most enormous appetite for Old World titles of distinction. Sir Michael and Sir Hans belongs to one of the most extended of the aristocratic orders. But we have also "Knights and Ladies of Honour," and, what is still grander, "Royal Conclave of Knights and Ladies," "Royal Arcanum," and "Royal Society of Good Fellows," "Supreme Council," "Imperial Court," "Grand Protector," and "Grand Dictator," and so on. Nothing less than "Grand" and "Supreme" is good enough for the dignitaries of our associations of citizens. Where does all this ambition for names without relatives come from? Because a Knight of the Garter wears a golden star, why does the worthy cordwainer, who mends the shoes of his fellow-citizens, want to wear a tin star, and take a name that had a meaning as used by the representatives of ancient families, or the men who had made themselves illustrious by their achievements?

It appears to be a peculiarly American weakness. The French republicans of the earlier period thought the term citizen was good enough for anybody. At a later period, "le Roi Citoyen"—the citizen king—was a common title given to Louis Philippe. But nothing is too grand for the American, in the way of titles. The proudest of them all signify absolutely nothing. They do not stand for ability, for public service, for social importance, for large possessions; but, on the contrary, are oftenest found in connection with personalities to which they are supremely inapplicable. We can hardly afford to quarrel with a national habit which, if lightly handled, may involve us in serious domestic difficulties. The "Right Worshipful" functionary whose equipage stops at my back gate, and whose services are indispensable to the health and comfort of my household, is a dignitary whom I must not offend. I must speak with proper deference to the lady who is scrubbing my floors, when I remember that her husband, who saws my wood, carries a string of high-sounding titles which would satisfy a Spanish nobleman.—*O. W. Holmes in August Atlantic.*



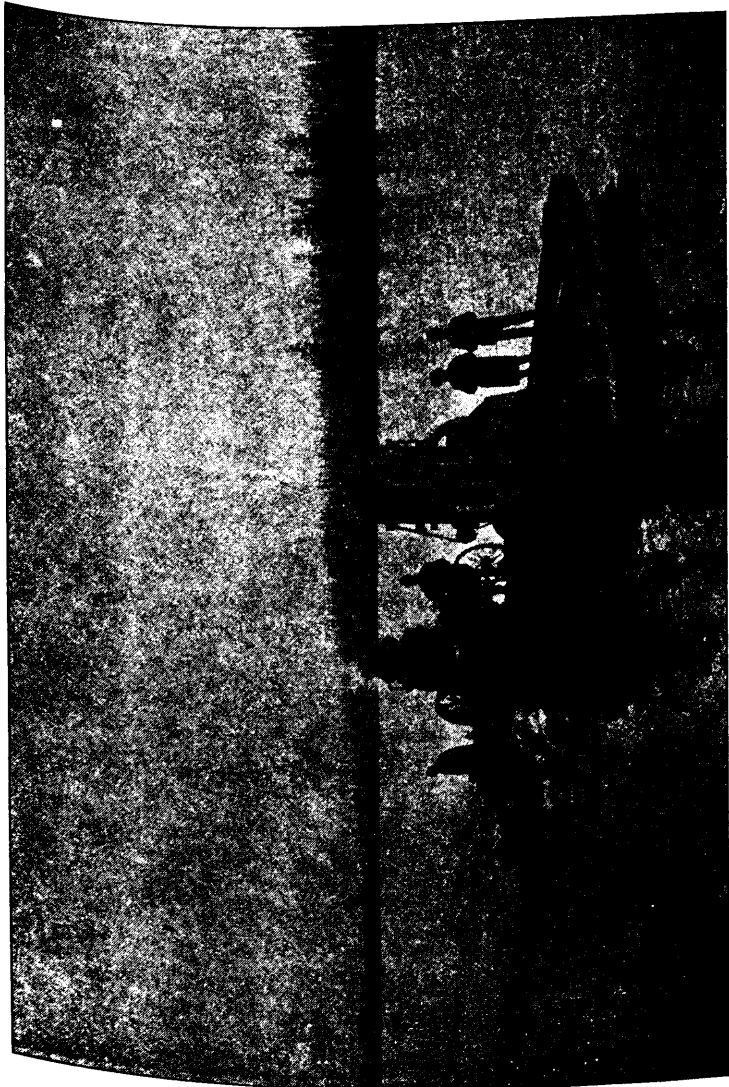
INDIANS AT NEW WESTMINSTER, B.C. (Wm. Notman & Son, photo.)



OLD FERRY BOAT K. DE K. NEW WESTMINSTER.



INDIAN BERRY PICKERS, LAKE SUPERIOR.



STEAM FREIGHT SCOW ON THE FRASER RIVER.



QUEEN CHARLOTTE ISLAND INDIANS.

(From photos, by W. W. Fox.)

MISSING AT EIGHT BELLS.

"I shan't trouble yer long, Williams, replied Christiansen, shaking his head wearily. "I shan't trouble yer long." Then, turning to Jimmy, he murmured, "Thank ye, young man—and may God bless you, and send ye a friend at the end. I'm a dying man—a dying man—and ugh! it's terrible to think of death in this place."

Jimmy's eyes involuntarily followed those of the sick man around the squalid, ill-ventilated den in which they lived, and he shuddered. The word "death" seemed to have a sudden and new significance for him.

The next day Christiansen was very much worse, and it became evident that he could not possibly recover. His condition was reported to the captain, who saw the sick man and gravely pronounced his complaint to be "played out,"—a modern disease, which, though not specifically recognized by the medical faculty, is the cause of death in thousands of cases in this age of restless activity. The majority of men do not pass through life nowadays; they wear it out.

The captain administered some strengthening medicine to his patient and ordered the second steward to attend to his necessities and give him nourishing diet and such delicacies as the ship's *cuisine* could afford. The steward, when he had received these orders, and instructed the "doctor" accordingly, confided his opinion to that worthy, that Christiansen would never rise from his bed alive. "I know," he said, "when it's Davy Jones's locker. The 'old man' never wastes luxuries upon a man that's got a chance of recovery. 'It's only when it's all up with a man that he likes to make the end comfortable like, and send him away with a full stomach. It lightens his conscience."

Jimmy voluntarily took the care of Christiansen, and often gave up his much-needed rest to cheer the sufferer with a little conversation and encouragement. He also occasionally read a chapter of the Bible aloud to him, carefully selecting such passages as were particularly full of the divine love and the inspiration of grace and atonement. He did not stop here; he was very practical in his ideas of extending human sympathy, and he suggested to the bos'un that he might perform Christiansen's duties aloft, hoping thereby to lessen the ill will which was perceptibly growing against the poor, helpless old man. The bos'un spoke to the mate on the subject, and, to Jimmy's great joy, the request was acceded to, and he was put in the "starboard" watch. He was very muscular and agile, and in a few weeks succeeded in becoming a fairly good "top-man."

During this time Christiansen lingered on. He seldom murmured, but he was in a very despondent frame of mind, and could not arouse himself. He was very grateful to Jimmy for his kind attention and words of hope and comfort, and when he heard his step on the ladder his eyes brightened, and the grip around his heart seemed to loosen, but he felt that his end was fast approaching, and a dull void in his soul imbued him with a horrible fear of it. It monopolized his thoughts, and a settled gloom fell upon him. When Jimmy was away on deck he would lie and moan. "Death, death, death!" and then turn his face upon the pillow, only to hear the word still ringing in his ear like a knell. Like that of most of his class, his life had been anything but irreproachable, and he dreaded the inevitable accounting to which in our turn we all have to submit.

Jimmy had not read Scripture for his own edification since he left his mother's knee, but as he progressed in his reading for his unfortunate companion, he became deeply interested personally, and he began to dimly perceive that even for him, miserable, nameless outcast that he was, there was a possibility of redemption. He had been a godless, selfish, foolish scamp all his life—a ne'er-do-well—but as he read the glorious gospel of hope, preached in old Palestine eighteen hundred years before, he became conscious of a change in his heart. His brain was crowded with new aspirations and grand resolutions to make the world better for his having lived in it, and often the text would swim before his eyes, and he would clasp the sick man's outstretched palm in a grasp which spoke worlds for both and seemed to clear away for a moment the clouds fast gathering around the dying man's path.

One day in the "dog-watch" Jimmy slipped down in the fo'castle to see if his patient needed anything, and found it vacated, except by Christiansen and Williams, who was in his bunk apparently fast asleep. Christiansen appeared to have rallied somewhat the previous evening, and Jimmy was therefore considerably shocked when he looked towards the berth and saw the sick man's face with the hue of death overspreading it. The cheery greeting froze upon his lips, and something very like a moan of anguish escaped them. Within the past few weeks he had bestowed the human sympathies, so long pent up in his heart, upon this unfortunate old man, and although he had expected the inevitable, now that he actually stood, as it were, in the very presence of death, his heart sank within him. It seemed as if all that bound him to his new-born better self were leaving him with the sufferer's last painful gasps for life.

The silence was unbroken save by the occasional foot-falls on the deck above and the ceaseless plash, plash of the water against the sides of the vessel, as it rolled almost on a level with the open ports.

Jimmy laid his hand upon the damp brow, and bending his mouth down to the pillow, he whispered:

"Christiansen! Christiansen! for God's sake speak to me—speak to me." He broke down, and a great sob that almost choked him in his efforts to repress it, burst from his lips.

Christiansen opened his eyes and, smiling with an evident effort, said: "Is that you, Jimmy?" Then, with terrible earnestness, "Thank God! you've come. I thought I should die alone—alone." The listener gave his hand a slight pressure in gentle contradiction. He could not trust himself to speak.

"No, don't trouble to fetch the skipper," continued Christiansen, reading the unspoken question in Jimmy's eyes and feebly retaining him as he half rose. "He can do no good. It's come—I can't shirk it—God help me!"

Then after a pause: "Listen, I have something to tell you before I die. I may not have time to tell it. Can you listen and pray for me at the same time! I've tried to pray but I can't."

Another pause for breath.

"I was supposed to be asleep last night while your watch was on deck and I heard 'em talking together. I listened and—"

"Yes?"

"Sh—speak under your breath. He—" looking in the direction of the sleeper, "he's one of the ringleaders. There is going to be a mutiny aboard this ship the first dark night that comes."

"Are you certain of this?"

"Quite. They are all in 'cept the bos'un and yourself. The second steward is in the swim, too. Beware of him. If they ever get to the stores and rum, God help this ship. I've told ye. I've done my duty for the last time. Oh, my God! the last time."

A long silence intervened, during which the dying man lay with closed eyes, blanched face and trembling, colourless lips, in that state of semi-quietude which is the precursor of the eternal stillness.

Suddenly he started up in his bunk with the energy which often comes at the last moment, on the brink, as it were, of the soul's plunge into eternity.

"Jimmy,"—his voice was hardly articulate, and his eyes all at once assumed a glossy appearance—"Jimmy—where are you? It is dark—dark. Keep near me now, Jimmy." His grasp loosened upon the other man's wrist, and he fell back.

A few moments of suspense, that were a century of intense mental anguish to the silent watcher, and then Christiansen was dead.

The captain took possession of Christiansen's kit next day in order to prevent the crew from stealing the few trifling articles it contained. His body was sewn up in a hammock, weighted with iron, and consigned to the deep in the afternoon. When the skipper, who read the burial service over the remains, uttered the words "Commit his body to the deep," and the hammock slid slowly from the board into the sea with a heavy splash, Jimmy bent his head upon the rail, and sobbed for a moment. It was his only exhibition of grief. But the past few weeks had completely changed him. His spirit was chastened and strengthened, and that last parting with his poor friend was written in his brain in undying love and pity.

III.

According to the popular superstition still prevailing among seamen, now that the sharks were appeased with the body of their late comrade there should have been a spell of fine weather. Such, however was not the case. The weather still continued to be nasty, and the conspirators had not long to wait for an opportunity to accomplish their design, or make the attempt.

On the night of the second day following Christiansen's burial, there was not a vestige of a moon. It was, however, comparatively fine, a heavy gale of wind having been experienced all the fore and afternoon, and was a splendid opportunity for the discontents to overpower the officer on watch and seize the ship before the captain and the rest of officers realized the situation.

Jimmy guessed that it was probably their intention to strike at once, and, creeping stealthily up the poop ladder, he approached Mr. Gates, who was in charge.

"Who's that?"

"Sh! It's me, sir, Jimmy. I want to have a word with you, but for Heaven's sake speak low." He got quite close to the mate's ear, and in a few hurried words acquainted him of the danger he feared.

"Are you sure about this?" enquired the mate.

"Christiansen told me on his death-bed. He would not lie."

"Then, by —, they shall have a mutiny," muttered Mr. Gates with concentrated hate in his voice. "Step down quietly to the captain's berth and inform him of this. Tell him and the other officers to slip up here unobserved. I cannot leave the poop."

Captain Bowslaugh's berth was at the end of the saloon. Jimmy noticed a dark form outside, and as he pulled the saloon door open, the light from within streamed out in the darkness with a dim uncertainty, sufficiently strong, however, to reveal the second steward lounging against the rails of the pantry window.

"Wal?" said the steward interrogatively, as if demanding by what right a man from before the mast entered his own particular domain.

"Wal?" repeated Jimmy in a tone of quiet aggressiveness, and he passed in, without another word.

The steward was about to follow when he heard the voice of the mate just over the break of the poop saying, "Here, Ikey, I want you a moment," and, inwardly furious, Ikey was obliged to obey the summons. In another moment he lay on the deck, gagged and pinioned. He was taken by surprise and was secured without the least alarm being given to his comrades.

When "eight bells" struck, the port watch came up to relieve the starboard watch, and the whole crew mustered under the break of the poop, as customary, to answer to the roll-call. This is a duty generally left to the officer of the last watch, and often the officer of the watch coming on duty does not appear until it is over. The men stood about in groups, and there was a good deal of significant whispering among them. This was evidently the moment chosen for the revolt.

After Mr. Gates had called the roll the men did not disperse. It is usual for the members of the watch below, as they answer their names, to go right off to bed, but the men seemed to linger like school-boys wishing to prefer some request, but afraid to open the question. At length Captain Bowslaugh, who was thought to be asleep in his berth, leaned over the break of the poop and said, with clever dissimulation, "Now, boys, lively there for'ard. Starboard watch below."

It was rather a shock to the men to discover that the skipper was on deck, but a man named Dennis, who had been appointed to act as spokesman, replied in what he considered terms of wily diplomacy:

"Well, cap'n, I've been made speaker of this 'ere informal meeting, and would like a talk with you. What we want is less hazing, more grub and—"

"Really. Is that all?" interrupted the captain with a mocking laugh. "Go for'ard and wait until you hear from me upon the subject. For'ard, do you hear?"

"For'ard!" with an oath. "It's aft we're going. Come on, boys!" and the man leapt up the poop ladder. The crew followed their leader, some with drawn knives, others with marlin spikes and old belaying pins.

To his surprise half a dozen strong pairs of hands grasped him by the collar and dragged him up the stairs before he had time to assist himself, and Dennis found himself lying on his back with the cold muzzle of a revolver pressed against his temples.

Captain Bowslaugh, Mr. Gates the bos'un and half a dozen apprentices sprang to the top of the ladder and discharged a perfect fusillade of revolver shots into the air. The effect was electrical. There is no argument in the world so convincing as the sharp click of a pistol. The men fell back terrified, and in another minute not a single form was to be seen on the deck abaft the main-mast.

Ikey and Dennis were put in irons, and accommodated in a retired part of the hold. The rest of the crew were called aft next morning, and the captain after giving them admonitory warning, embellished with selections from his most forcible vocabulary, dismissed them.

After the abortive attempt at mutiny, the ill-feeling against Jimmy Ducks was greatly increased, and he was subjected to every petty annoyance that his enemies could devise. This he bore for a long time in uncomplaining silence, but one day Williams gave utterance to an insulting remark that included a reference to his mother. Jimmy's hot blood boiled in his swollen veins, and his face became scarlet with passion. This was an insult he could not brook, and in an instant the offender lay sprawling on the deck. When he regained his feet a *mélée* ensued, in the course of which Jimmy's long arms and quick movements proved very effective, and somewhat startled his messmates. Williams was badly beaten and sullenly accepted his defeat, but in his heart he vowed vengeance.

The following week was one long, dreary repetition of terrific squalls. Just before eight bells, one very dark night, it came on to blow a hurricane so unexpectedly that we were almost in danger of losing our masts by the board. It had been quite calm a few hours before, and we were sailing under rather full canvas. The order to reef top-sails was hurriedly sent for'ard, and Jimmy, who was standing by the stays, at once leaped into the rigging. In his haste and the excitement of the moment, he forgot that the first man aloft has always to go to the end of the yard, and that this is a very perilous duty, requiring the steady nerves of an old salt. Upon reaching the yard, however, he braced himself up for the effort, and crept out into the blackness, hovering, as it seemed, between the conflicting elements like a twig upon the side of a precipice.

An instant later the air was rent by a terrible clap of thunder, which appeared momentarily to lull the seething, roaring waters and howling wind into comparative stillness. A vivid flash of lightning followed almost immediately, succeeded by another low, long rumble of thunder, culminating in a crash like the crack of a whip. In the glare of the lightning Jimmy saw the dark vindictive features of his mortal enemy, Williams, who lay out on the yard within a couple of feet of him. The recognition was instantaneous and mutual.

Scarcely knowing why, Jimmy was seized with a sudden pain about his heart that he could not repress. He was not a coward, but he felt that that thunder clap was his requiem. His forebodings were only too well founded. A fiendish idea took possession of the soul of Williams as he comprehended the opportunity afforded him by Jimmy's dangerous position to take a complete revenge. The second steward had managed to communicate with him, and had told him that he suspected it was Jimmy who warned the captain of the plot to take the ship, so that Williams had two scores to balance. There could not possibly be any suspicion of foul play on such a night as this. Men are blown from yards and lost by hundreds in such weather.

He crept closer to his victim, who could not see him in the darkness, but who instinctively felt his approach. There was no possibility of escape, however, and as the ship rolled to leeward, Williams raised himself by the lift

above him and dashed his heavy sea boot full in his face. Jimmy uttered a low moan of agony, but blinded, bleeding and half dizzy, he still clung tenaciously to the yard.

It was a terrible struggle for life. The wind stifled him so that he could not cry out, and even had he been able to, who would have heard him? Not even the men at the other end of the yard. The wind fairly shrieked through the rigging and the seas broke against the vessel with a deafening roar. The masts bent like whalebone, and the yards and cordage creaked and moaned like creatures in pain as the ship plunged headlong, then reared, then rolled from side to side, until the yards seemed about to dip into the surf. The moment was rendered more intense by the enforced silence of the men and the awe-inspiring night which enwrapped them. There was no scuffle, no cursing, no prayers for mercy, or vows of vengeance. It was a horrible silence amid an elemental pandemonium.

Another clap of thunder—a smashing kick from Williams' boot—succeeded by a flash that lit up the heavens. Only one man remained on the yard—Jimmy had fallen into the whirling abyss of blackness below.

The roll was taken at eight bells, and Jimmy was reported missing. An entry in the skipper's log, that on the night of the — inst., a seaman, who shipped as "James Smith" was blown off the yard, was the sole epitaph of our queer hand. It is the epitaph of thousands every year whose fate is known only to God.

About a year afterwards Williams was condemned to be hanged for killing a man in a drunken brawl in Melbourne, and the night before his execution he made a statement, giving the history of the attempted mutiny and confessing to the murder of "Jimmy Ducks." I learned the story subsequently from the bos'un, who appeared as a witness in the trial.

W. BLACKBURN HARTE.

Syringa.

Beneath me are soft green grasses,
Nature's own cushioned bed;
I lie and hear the whisper
Of winds in the trees o'erhead.
I lie and watch the sunlight
Play on thy pear-shaped leaves
O luscious, perfumed syringa,
White as a soul that grieves.
Thou knowest thy fair June beauty,
O snow-like, glorious flower,
The sensuous depth of sweetness,
The weight of thy perfume's power.

I fain would gather thy blossoms
And cover myself from sight—
With thousands of waxen petals
Hide me from day and light.

Were death but now my portion,
Nor love could respite gain,
I, choosing the death to suffer,
To mingle bliss with pain,—

Would lie on a couch of blossoms
Away from the warmth of day,
Strewing my fair death-closet
With bud, and green, and spray.

Thy branches, O sweet syringa,
Should be stripped of thy gorgeous bloom,
Thy blossoms cover my body,
Thy beauty become my tomb.

This heavy scent, thy breathing,
With sweet satiety
Should lull my fevered senses
And make it bliss to die.

First the delicious odour
Filling the slender space,
And then a drowsiness growing
Ever, and creeping apace

Over the heart and the eyelids,
Numbing the soul and sense;
The languorous pulses pausing
As the air becomes more dense;

Deeper the hush 'neath the blossoms—
There where the shadows creep;
Then one faint sigh in the silence,
And the long and dreamless sleep.

What are these idle dreamings
Born of the wind's soft breath?
The tomb contains no beauty,—
And the worst of ills is death.

Sweet life, sweet youth, sweet loving!
I hold you here and say
I dread no dark to-morrow,
I know no sad to-day.

Away with drear forebodings!
These arms, outstretching, prove
I know no death but parting,
I know no life but Love.

SOPHIE M. ALMON.

The Closing Years of the Old Régime.

In 1736 (according to M. Intendant Hocquart) the population of the colony was about 40,000, of whom 10,000 are returned as fit to bear arms. The Canadians, he says, are tall, well made, and of a vigorous constitution. The artisans are industrious and the *habitants* skilful with the axe. They make the most of their own tools and implements of husbandry; build their own houses and barns, and several of them can weave, making great webs of stuff that they call druggat, which they use for clothing themselves and their families. So much for their good qualities. But they are also, according to M. Hocquart, vain,* fond of being noticed and sensitive to rebuke. Strange to say, it is the country people whom he thus characterizes. The townspeople are less faulty. They are attached to their religion and there are few incorrigibles; but they think too much of themselves, and this failing prevents them from succeeding, as they might do, in the arts, agriculture and commerce. The long winter, with little occupation, also tends to make the men lazy. But they are addicted to the chase, to navigation, to voyages, and have not the coarse and rustic air of the French peasant. Though naturally hard to manage, they become more tractable when their honour is appealed to, but the spirit of subordination is sadly lacking, the fault, in part, of deficient firmness on the part of former governments. This is said, it seems, with reference to the militia, whose moral and physical qualities and training were to be severely tested sooner than M. Hocquart imagined. The Intendant then gives an account of the products, commerce and industries of the country. Wheat is the chief crop. The country furnishes more than what meets the needs of the inhabitants, and the surplus is exported. In good years 80,000 bushels in flour and biscuits are sent out of the country, but 1737 was a bad year. The lands of Quebec are not all equally good, some of them being hilly, but those of Montreal are level. The experiment of fall wheat had been made, but was considered risky on account of frosts. Oats, pease, barley and rye, as well as flax, hemp and tobacco were all grown to some extent. There were as yet few orchards. More attention to the culture of tobacco is recommended. The beaver was retreating northward, but still plentiful at the Company's posts—Tadoussac, Teniscaming, etc. The English were charged with enticing the Indians with brandy, but it was also acknowledged that they gave a better price for the skins. The Three Rivers iron mines are mentioned, as are also the copper mines of Lake Superior. The ship-building industry at Quebec was growing in favour. Thirty nations of Indians were described as occupying the continent of Canada.

Another *mémoire*, dated twenty years later (1758) and attributed to M. Querdisien Trémis, is written with spirit and force but is not cheerful reading, as it gives a most gloomy picture of the state of the country and scathing charges of malfeasance and dishonesty against the functionaries of the time. The population is set down at 80,000, of whom 15,000 were able to bear arms. The state of misery to which the country is represented as having been brought mainly by corrupt administration is so intolerable that if the document had been prepared expressly to show that the time had come when Canada must shake off the paralyzing grasp of Louis XV. and his agents, it could not have been more pertinent or more vigorously worded. Canada had to pass through some severe trials under the new régime, but none of them can be compared with the careless wretchedness set forth with unconscious pathos in this prosaic state paper. Well might the elder Papineau contrast the freedom of British institutions, even such as they were before the expiry of the 18th century, with the tyranny and rapacity of such men as Intendant Bigot.†

The recital of M. Trémis may well lead us to believe, with Abbé Ferland and M. LeMoine, that there was more than indifference in the manner in which Canada was allowed to pass from the hands of France. It was the interest of the infamous Bigot coterie to conceal their own malfeasance under the common ruin, just as the scoundrel will burn the house whose inmates he has murdered, in order to hide the traces of his crime.‡

When M. Trémis' *mémoire* was penned, there was no obvious reason to fear that the system of rule which it so damagingly accused was near its termination. Montcalm had won a victory over one of the finest British forces that ever offered battle to foe on this continent. Wolfe was engaged in a work of retaliation unworthy of his genius and character. But in the book of fate the knell had sounded, and the brave and chivalrous Montcalm was soon to lie dying and helpless, leaving to the care of de Ramezay the honour of France, the safety of the army and the defence of Canada.

*It is singular that Kalm, the Swedish naturalist, on his visit to Quebec in 1749, made just the same reflection, not on the *habitants*, but on the ladies of Quebec. The same distinguished tourist, who brought the observant eye of science to bear upon more than herbs and minerals, speaking generally, says that the women of Canada are handsome, virtuous and well-bred, with an *abandon* that is charming in its innocence. As housewives he found them superior to those of the English colonies. More than once he contrasts the refinement of the Canadian ladies with the coarseness of the Dutch and English. But he thinks the Canadian ladies give too much time to their toilet. He marks a difference between the ladies of Quebec and those of Montreal. The former is a veritable Frenchwoman by education and manners—the latter is a large share of Indian pride with Indian lack of culture. But they, as well as the fair Quebecois, err through fondness for dress—(*Voyage de Kalm en Amérique, analyse et traduit par W. Marchand*).

†The *Mémoires* quoted from are those included in the *Collection de Mémoires et de Relations sur l'histoire ancienne du Canada*, published by the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec, 1840.

‡*Album du Touriste*, pp. 53 and 97.

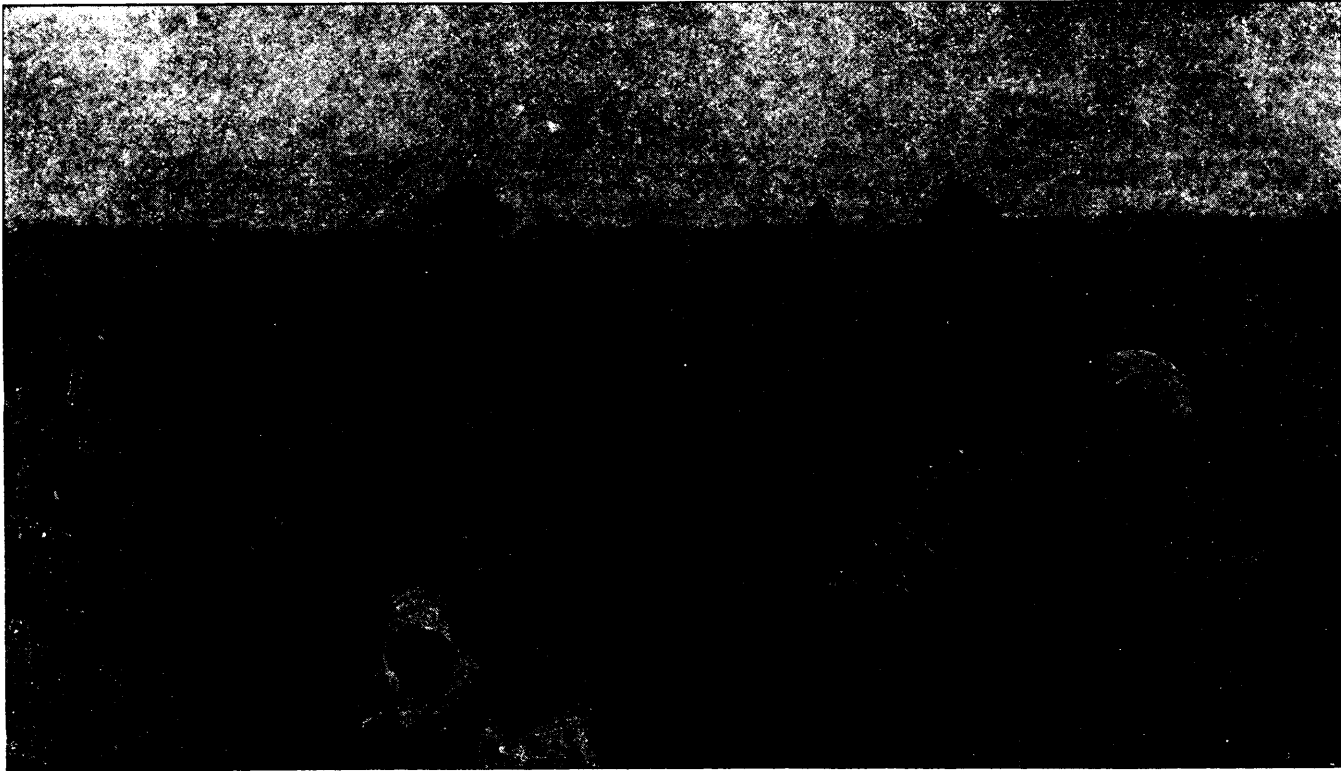
As at the capture of Quebec by Kirk in 1629, so at the conquest of 1760, only a comparatively small number of the people abandoned their country. The words of M. Sulte, relating to both occasions, are applicable in this place: "Those who remained in the country constituted the stable portion of the population, that is, the *habitants*. It is false to say that Canada was at that time (1629) abandoned. That primary germ of Canadian families deserves neither the indifference nor the oblivion of historians. For it was they who refused to despair of their adopted country, and their development was proof against every attempt to arrest it. A hundred and fifty years later the Canadians were in the same situation, and then, too, they had the courage to remain Canadians. Such is our history. We have become anchored in the soil in spite of the ebb and flow of European influences. In 1629, of less than a hundred persons then in the colony, more than a third was composed of *habitants*, and they remained faithful to their post, undeterred by ill fortune."

Is Fair Hair Becoming Extinct?

In forming opinions as to whether fair-haired persons are less numerous in a particular locality now than formerly, the element of age has to be considered. A person who has spent his childhood in a fair-haired district, and visits it again after a lapse of years may easily imagine that the number of fair-haired persons is fewer than formerly, merely on account of the class of persons from whom he draws the inference being more adult than those of whom he has recollections formerly. Upon the rate at which hair darkens from childhood to adult age we have some valuable observations, which show that the hair of light complexioned male children darkens from 55 per cent. during the first five years of life to 33 per cent. at forty-five years, and dark hair with light eyes is found to increase in about the same ratio. Darkening of the female hair and eyes with age takes place to a much less extent than among males. It would appear, therefore, that in estimating the increase or diminution of fair haired persons in a particular district, observations on females are much more trustworthy than on males, from the fact that they are much less liable to variations; but, on the other hand, it must be remembered that the colour of a woman's hair is more liable to alter according to the tint which is considered the most fashionable at a particular time. Besides the blending of fair-haired races with the dark stocks, there are other elements which Dr. Beddoe has shown may account for the diminution of fair hair in England, and these should not be overlooked. He considers that the xanthous temperament is less able to withstand the insanitary conditions existing in the crowded populations of our great cities than the melanotic, and that in this way the law of natural selection operates against its increase. Again, as a large majority of women live and die unmarried and childless, it is probable, in his opinion, that the physical qualities of the race may be to a small extent moulded by the action of conjugal as well as natural selection. In support of this he has given statistics showing that of 737 women, only 55.5 per cent. of those with fair hair were married, against 79 per cent. with black hair; while 37 per cent. with fair hair were unmarried against 18 per cent. with black. On classifying those with red, fair and brown hair as "blonde," and those with dark brown and black hair as "dark," we have 359 of the former and 361 of the latter. Of the blondes he found 60 per cent. were married to 70.5 of the dark, and 32 per cent. of the former were unmarried to 21.5 of the latter. If during several generations this preference among the male sex for wives with dark hair should continue, it is reasonable to suppose it would exert an influence decidedly adverse to the increase of fair-haired persons being maintained. On various grounds, therefore, it would seem as if the fair hair so much beloved by poets and artists is doomed to be encroached upon and even replaced by that of darker hue. The rate at which this is taking place is probably very slow, from the fact that nature is most conservative in her changes. —*British Medical Journal*.

Max O'Rell on Woman.

Between French and American women he observes many resemblances, particularly that suppleness of mind which enables one of the masses to fit herself speedily for a position in the classes. "In England," he says, "it is just the contrary. Of course good society is good society everywhere. The ladies of the English aristocracy are perfect queens; but the Englishwoman who was not born a lady, will seldom become a lady, and I believe this is why *mésalliances* are more scarce in England than they are in America, and especially France. I could name many Englishmen, standing at the head of their professions, who cannot produce their wives in society because these women have not been able to raise themselves to the level of their husband's station in life. The Englishwoman has no faculty for fitting herself for a higher position than the one she was born in; like the rabbit, she will always taste of the cabbage she fed on. I am bound to add that this is perhaps a quality, and proves the truthfulness of her character. In France, he says, men and women go through life on equal terms; in England the man (generally) thinks himself a much superior being; in Germany it is the same; "in America, I should feel inclined to believe that a woman looks down upon a man with a certain amount of contempt."



WHEAT AT ST. FELICIEN, LAKE ST. JOHN RAILWAY. (Livernois, photo.)

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Greyhounds for Canadian Wolves.

It is officially estimated that no fewer than 170,000 wolves are roaming at large in Russia, and that the inhabitants of the Vologda last year killed no fewer than 49,000, and of the Casan district 21,000. In the Canadian North-West there are also wolves, but these are not, like the European ones, of a very dangerous character. The coyotes are, however, at times very troublesome on the plains, especially to flocks of sheep. Some time ago, Sir John Lister-Kaye imported a number of Belgian and French wolf-hounds and Scotch deerhounds for the purpose of hunting down these coyotes, while other breeds of dogs have been tried with fair success. By means of these the number of coyotes has been much reduced, as many as seventeen having been brought down in a single day on the Cochran ranch. The hounds are, however, scarcely fast enough, and with a view to giving them a greater turn of speed, Mr. Dan. Gordon, the veterinary surgeon of Ottawa, Canada, has just imported two of the fastest and best bred greyhounds ever shipped from England—namely, Justinian by Cui Bono out of Stylish Lady, and Jetsam by Royal Stag out of Castaway.

Cardinal Lavigerie and Carthage.

The ancient See of Carthage is bursting into new life, full of hope for that dark continent on which the eyes of ambitious European statesmen are now so constantly fixed. And Carthage is promising because it is under the jurisdiction of a prelate who for activity may, without irreverence, be compared to the great saint—Augustine of Hippo. Six years ago, when Leo XIII. restored to Carthage the dignity of an archiepiscopal see, he advised the erection of a cathedral church, in connection with which a canonical Chapter could be held, and he also urged that a seminary should be provided for the education of the clergy. Since that time Cardinal Lavigerie has done the work of a score of men in promoting the anti-slave crusade throughout Europe, but, despite all this, there has been no inaction

in his diocese. The Chapter of Canons has been appointed, the seminary opened, and the cathedral built on the hill of Byrsa, from which Carthage first received its name. The consecration of the cathedral took place on Thursday, 15th July, and on the same day Cardinal Lavigerie will preside at the first Council of Carthage. It will be a great day for the Catholic Church in Africa.—*Catholic Times.*

Children's Sayings.

LITTLE BOY, brought down to see two old aunts, much made up, and dressed very youthfully, being told that one was Aunt Jane, inquired, "What's the other girl's name?"

CLERGYMAN trying to show his little girl the sin of disobedience in Eve eating the apple. Child replies, after consideration: "I think it should have been hung out of her reach!"

A LITTLE GIRL had just been read the story of Jonah and the whale from the Bible, and on its completion she remarked: "Oh! do read that to Georgie (her brother); he likes that kind of story so much, and I daresay he'll believe it."

A LITTLE BOY was told by his mother that he would never see his aunt (who had just died) again. He said: Yes, I shall. His mother said: Oh, no, you will not, dear, never again. The boy replied: Yes, I shall, at the last trump.

MOTHER (to Elsie, aged three, repeating her evening prayer): Now say "Make me one of Christ's Lambs." Elsie: No, I don't want to say that. Mother: But Elsie would like to be one, would she not? Elsie (emphatically): No, no! Mother: My darling, why not? Elsie (in tears): 'Cause I'd rather be a little moo-calf.

A BOY under six years of age was bemoaning to his mother the escape of one of his white mice, which had disappeared through a hole in the floor of his nursery, but a happy thought struck him, and he seemed reconciled to his loss, as he remarked quite cheerfully to her: "Oh, mamma, won't it go amongst the black mice just like a missionary to the black men?"

HUMOROUS.

AN INTERESTING MOMENT.—Crowd (in elevator): How soon does this elevator go up, boy? Elevator Boy (reading a weekly paper): Jes' as soon as I find out if the gal who leaped from the cliff was caught by her feller, who stood on the rocks one thousand feet below.

FORGOT WHAT HE WAS CRYING FOR.—A little boy sat on the floor crying. After a while he stopped and seemed buried in thought. Looking up suddenly he said: "Mamma, what was I crying about?" "Because I wouldn't let you go out to play." "Oh, yes," and he set up another howl.

AN ENGLISHMAN was boasting to a Yankee that they had a book in the British Museum which was once owned by Cicero. "Oh, that ain't nothin'!" retorted the Yankee. "In the museum in Bosting they've got the very same lead pencil that Noah used to check off the animals with as they went into the Ark!"

SMART ALECK (from college).—Say, farmer, if I can prove that your two horses are equal to three will you give me one? Farmer: Done; it's a bargain. Smart Aleck: Well, the bay horse is one, and the white 'up two, and one and two make three. There! Now, which one may I have? Farmer: Oh, you can have the third.

A POPULAR Glasgow clergyman recently announced that he would take as his subject, "A Young Man Worth Imitating," on the next Sunday evening, and before twenty-four hours had elapsed he had received 350 letters from the "gilded youth," each intimating that he would rather not be spoken of personally from the pulpit—his modesty would not allow it.

THE GREATEST HONOUR.—An Englishman once boasted that he had been mistaken for a member of the royal family. A Scotchman, hearing this, replied that he had been addressed as the Duke of Argyll. Whereupon an Irishman said that he had been taken for a far greater person than either, for as he was walking along the street one day, a friend came up to him, exclaiming, "Holy Moses! is that you?"