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THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

(TRADE MARK)

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

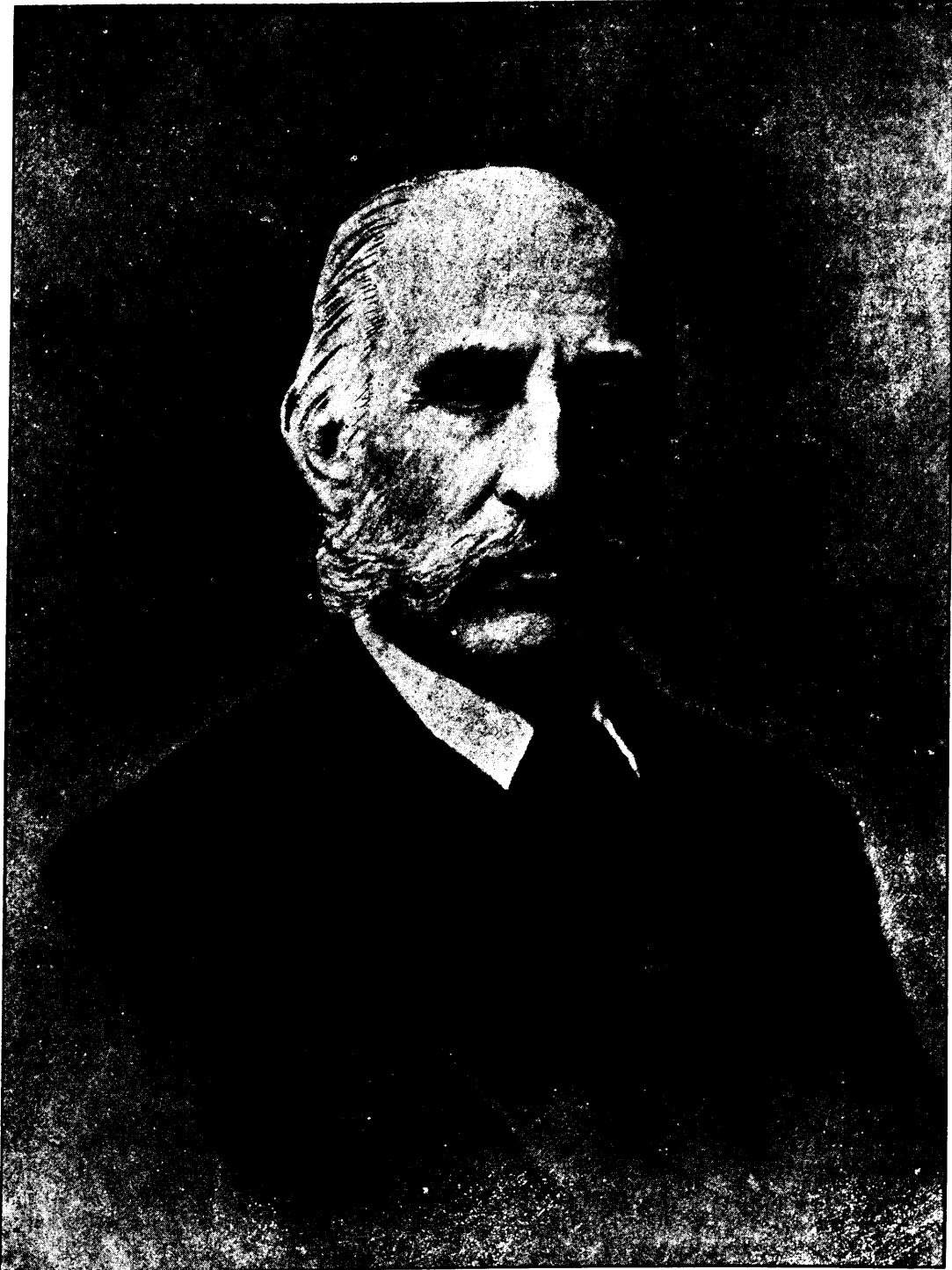
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(REGISTERED.)

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LT.-COL. WM. WHITE,
DEPUTY POSTMASTER-GENERAL.

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There is, perhaps, in the record of Greek tragedy nothing more sweepingly tragic than the facts summed up in this passage from the chapter in "Abraham Lincoln; a History" (January *Century*), headed "The fourteenth of April," in which the authors portray the inmates of the doomed President's box in the theatre on that fatal night: "Here were five human beings in a narrow space—the greatest man of his time, in the glory of the most stupendous success in our history, the idolized chief of a nation already mighty, with illimitable vistas of grandeur to come; his beloved wife, proud and happy; a pair of betrothed lovers, with all the promise of felicity that youth, social position and wealth could give them, and the young actor, handsome as Endymion on Latmos, the pet of his little world. The glitter of fame, happiness and ease was upon the entire group, but in an instant everything was to be changed with the blinding swiftness of enchantment. Quick death was to come upon the central figure of that company—the central figure, we believe, of the great and good men of the century. Over all the rest the blackest fates hovered menacingly—fates from which a mother might pray that kindly death would save her children in their infancy. One was to wander with the stain of murder on his soul, with the curses of a world upon his name, with a price set upon his head, in frightful physical pain, till he died a dog's death in a burning barn; the stricken wife was to pass the rest of her days in melancholy and madness; of those two young lovers (Major Rathbone and Miss Harris), one was to slay the other, and then end his life a raving maniac."

We can fully sympathize with St. John, N.B., in its exultation at the start on its initial trip of the *Portia*, the pioneer vessel of the Canada, West Indies and South America Steamship Company. This is an enterprise which has been too long postponed, and the eagerness with which the freight accommodation of the *Portia* was taken advantage of proves—if any proof were required—that it is called for by the needs of commerce. It would be hard to find two countries so admirably adapted by their natural products and comparative nearness, to supply each others' wants as the Maritime Provinces and the West Indies. Mr. Robertson, vice-president of the St. John Board of Trade, expressed, on the day of the *Portia's* departure, the strongest conviction of the success of the new line, and he was happy to know that his faith was shared by influential men, not only in his own seaboard city, but also in Montreal, Toronto, and other centres of the interior. There was already the

nucleus of a fine trade and it was sure to gather volume with every successive trip. Last year the United States sent to the West Indies and Demerara goods valued at \$9,000,000, and there was not an article in the list that Canada could not supply as well. Some of the merchandise exported thither by the States was in fact Canadian, and this—fish especially—could now be sent direct instead of by way of Boston. Railway communication was gradually shortening the distance between St. John and the other industrial and commercial centres, so that they could all participate in this trade. It would be constantly enlarging, taking in the Spanish as well as British West Indies, and the independent states of South America, as well as British Guiana. Even the transfer of coolies could come by the C. P. R. more conveniently than by the old route. Mr. Robertson closed by urging the claims of the Jamaica Exhibition, in which, it is to be hoped, that Canada will be worthily represented.

H. M. Stanley is not the only African explorer that has been achieving triumphs of late. Captain Trivier, of Bordeaux, who started from Loango early last year on a march across the Dark Continent, reached Mozambique at the same time that Stanley reached Bogamayo. It was Trivier's intention to make the latter point his destination, but, when he reached Kasongo, he learned enough of the condition of Central Africa to convince him of the advisability of making a *détour*. He promptly acted on the hint given by his dark informants, and leaving the lake regions to the north, he pushed on with admirable despatch until he reached the Portuguese territory. As yet we have received only the barest outline of Captain Trivier's journey, but it will doubtless prove of considerable scientific and economic value. One incident of it is sincerely deplored—the loss of M. Trivier's companion, Emile Wessenburger, a native of Alsace, who disappeared in September from the explorer's ken.

Though Spain has been shorn of the mighty empire that she built up on the American continent, she still clings to an insular domain that is more productive and more populous than some of the independent republics of the mainland. Cuba and Porto Rico, separated from each other by the island of Hispaniola, have a population greater than that of any of the Central and some of the South American States, and for natural wealth are surpassed by no region in the New World. The inhabitants, including the coloured races, African, Asiatic and American, number more than two millions and a quarter. It was only to be expected that the Cubans should share in the aspirations for freedom, of which they had seen the fulfilment in the colonies of the mainland, but they never succeeded in throwing off the yoke. For some twelve years the island has been only slowly recovering from the effects of the long and bitter struggle that followed the outbreak of 1868. In crushing the insurrection the mother country had sent out more than 150,000 soldiers, and yet for ten years the insurgents were able to maintain their ground. When, in 1878, General Martinez Campos took charge of the military operations, and after a sharp conflict restored order in the island, Cuba's trade had decreased, her crops had been reduced, and her taxes almost trebled. For some years past an influential party has been directing its energies to the attainment, not of separation, but of autonomy.

The cause of self-government has been ably pleaded in the *Revista Cubana*, a monthly magazine published at Havana. What interests us in this plea is that, in the arguments employed, Canada is the constantly quoted example of the good results of the system desired, not only in promoting the welfare of the colony, but also in deepening its attachment to the motherland. The writers who deal with the question have thoroughly mastered the principle of responsible government, of which Canada is the only real representative in the New World. Senor Conte, who has made a comprehensive study of England's later colonial policy, treats the whole question with remarkable lucidity. Of the affairs of Canada, he has evidently an intimate knowledge which must have been derived from sources other than books. Even the controversies that have divided us during the past year he has anxiously sounded in search of any possible stumbling-block in our constitutional practice. He finds none. Whatever is blameworthy for our dissensions, it is not autonomy. Rivalries of race and religion existed before the era of practical independence and are due to causes with which the relaxation of metropolitan control has nothing to do. Besides such drawbacks, which are common to all mixed communities, are really trivial compared with the progress, development and prosperity that have marked the course of events since Canada became mistress of her own destinies. It is impossible to read this rational yet earnest plea for autonomy without sympathizing with Cuba's patriotic aspirations. Nor can there be any doubt that, under a generous system of self-government such as we enjoy, Cuba would attain a status of prosperity and importance in harmony with its great resources.

To a Montrealer must be ascribed the first explicit and well supported warning of the precarious position of the Panama Canal scheme. At least four years before the shareholders were brought face to face with the unwelcome truth that the enterprise was a failure, Dr. Wolfred Nelson had made it clear by ample data collected on the Isthmus that M. De Lesseps had deceived himself and the promoters of the project as to the character and cost of the work. The reputation of the great projector who had made the Suez Canal a reality, after some of the most distinguished engineers in Europe had pronounced it impossible, engendered a faith in the minds of thousands, which even the direst and most disastrous facts and figures were incapable of shaking. They simply refused to believe that M. De Lesseps could have been mistaken in his calculations. What he had undertaken to construct was an open cut canal, on tide-level, from ocean to ocean, at a uniform depth of twenty-seven feet, six inches, below the level of both oceans, in length about 45½ miles; width at bottom, 72 feet; at water-line, 90 feet. This work Count De Lesseps thought he could carry through at an outlay of \$120,000,000. After the survey and sanction of the technical commission, work was begun in February, 1881. Needless to recapitulate the successive changes of estimates and plans, the oft repeated promises, the unheeded warnings, that preceded the final collapse. Dr. Nelson has kept a record of the course of events from start to close, and has made it the central theme of a most interesting and instructive book, "Five Years in Panama." When he wrote his preface, in October, 1888, in spite of hope so often deferred, the hearts of the shareholders had not

yet yielded to despair, and an important proportion of the French press still upheld M. De Lesseps. But the end was at hand, and in a sequel, which, with cruel irony—provoked, doubtless, by the heedlessness of those whom he would have saved from disaster—he entitles “De Lesseps’ Last Ditch,” Dr. Nelson describes the awakening of France to the gloomy truth, and the abandonment of the undertaking.

Strange that such a fate should, in this 19th century, have befallen a scheme which was first conceived nearly three centuries and a half ago, with hopes of its accomplishment as strong as those which impelled Count De Lesseps to sink so many millions in works on the success of which he had risked his reputation. Nor was it the Panama Canal alone that engaged the thoughts of those pioneers of commercial enterprise in the New World. “Three hundred years ago,” writes our fellow-townsmen, “all the schemes that have received consideration recently, were on the tapis. There was the old Panama scheme, the Nicaragua scheme and the Tehuantepec scheme. These were submitted to Philip II. and his court. Gomera was one of those clear-thinking, enthusiastic men, to whom obstacles were but new stimulants to victory. When he was confronted with the difficulty to be overcome in the canalization of the Isthmus, he said, addressing the King: ‘It is quite true that the mountains obstruct these passes, but if there are mountains there are also hands. Let but the resolve be made and there will be no want of means; the Indies, to which the passage will be made, will supply them. To a King of Spain, with the wealth of the Indies at his command, when the object to be attained is the spice trade, what is possible is easy.’” But Spain’s day of power and glory passed and, save that the soil remained a possession of the Spanish race in America, when, after centuries, the task came to be attempted, it was not Spain that directed it or furnished the means. From time to time the project was revived, indeed, by Dutch, Swedes, English, Scotch and Americans, and finally a great Frenchman, with a name of power, took charge of it. In vain? Not altogether. The experiment, though costly in means and men, will not be fruitless, and, though expectation has been disappointed, communication between the two great oceans is only a matter of time.

Another feather in Canada’s cap. The Parthia arrived at Vancouver on the 10th inst., after a voyage of 12 days and 23½ hours, out from Yokohama—the fastest time yet made on the Pacific. It beats not only the Parthia’s own previous record, but also that of the new San Francisco steamer China; she beat the City of Peking by six days. She had a cargo of 2014 tons, including large consignments of silk and 25 bags of mail matter. Besides six saloon and four intermediate passengers, the Parthia carried 169 Chinese and 80 representatives of other Asiatic nationalities.

The private sealers of the Pacific, American as well as Canadian, are determined to respect no monopoly. The former seem to believe that the question will settle itself even if Great Britain delays or declines to interfere. When the Washington authorities perceive that the privilege is not regarded as valid and fails to pay, they will abandon the principle of a closed sea and throw the northern waters of the Pacific avowedly, as they are practically, open to all nations. The Seal Islands

would then be reserved as breeding grounds, with due protection by international understanding.

Major Serpa Pinto, whose name has been so frequently mentioned in connection with the Anglo-Portuguese territorial dispute in South-East Africa, is not the least distinguished of that valiant race of explorers which, for centuries, has never lacked representatives. Portugal’s great epic was inspired by the feats of her gallant adventurers. And was not Camoens himself a veritable knight of romance, bearing in one hand the sword, in the other the pen, paying court to the Muse, while, by sea and land, he followed the standard of his beloved Lusitania, from which he was an enforced and necessitous wanderer? Serpa Pinto, too, wields pen as well as sword and, in both pursuits, has won more favour from those who hold the places of power than the much-trying author of the *Lusiad*. If, of late, his exalted patrons have changed their smiles to frowns, it is for reasons of State rather than from any depreciation of his patriotic services. Prince Bismarck calls excess of zeal on the part of State officials *furor consularis*. That seems to be the malady from which Major Serpa Pinto suffers. When Mr. Johnson, consul at Mozambique, left the Portuguese explorer to proceed northwards to Lake Nyassa, everything had been satisfactorily arranged. It was after his departure that Major Pinto took the bad turn which has made so much mischief. Portugal, as was foreseen, has had to give in.

The financial statement up to the end of December shows the revenue for that month to have been \$3,053,581 and the expenditure \$1,927,732. For the six months of the fiscal year the revenue has been \$20,004,023, and the expenditure \$14,426,292. The expenditure on capital account in December was \$665,303, thus made up: Public Works, railways and canals, \$328,044; railway subsidies, \$325,710; Dominion lands, \$11,548. The net public debt was \$234,528,123, a decrease of \$579,824 in December.

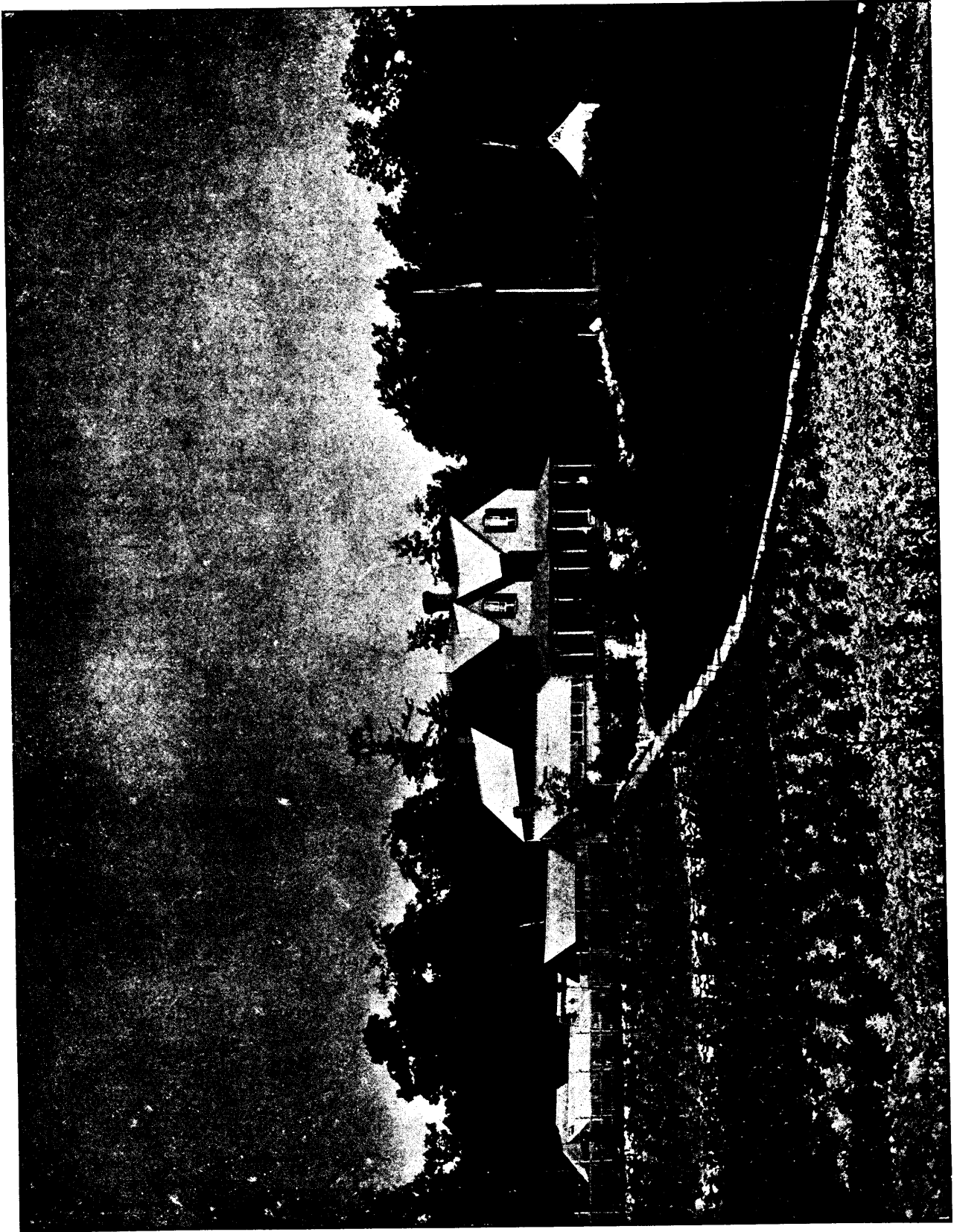
CANADA’S TRADE WITH THE EAST.

It is reported that the Chinese of San Francisco are founding a Chamber of Commerce for the purpose of forming trade relations with the United States. The great bulk of China’s trade has hitherto been with Great Britain and her colonies. Naturally, Canada has looked for some share of this trade. As to imports from China and Japan, a fair beginning has been made. In the year ending with June, 1888, there was imported into the Dominion merchandise from China valued at \$912,228; and from Japan, merchandise valued at \$1,216,469. But the exports have as yet been insignificant. Some time ago the proposal was made to Mr. W. W. Ogilvie that he should establish flouring mills at Victoria, B.C., so as to meet the demand for Canadian flour in the East. Mr. Ogilvie said that he had already made some shipments to China and Japan of No. 1 hard Manitoba flour, and it had met with gratifying success in the Oriental market. The quantity exported has as yet, however, been inconsiderable, though it seems that the Pacific States have of late been doing a good deal towards the supply of what demand there is. It is only in recent years that China has imported breadstuffs, the great mass of the people living largely on rice of their own raising. Mr. Ogilvie seems to think that, for hygienic and industrial reasons, they are beginning to use wheat

bread as furnishing more stamina than their traditional rice. Washington Territory, Oregon and California have been able out of their surplus to meet the demand, for the supply of which their situation is greatly in their favour. If British Columbia entered into competition with them in that line, it would be manifestly at a disadvantage in having to haul its wheat to the mill at Vancouver or Victoria for more than a thousand miles. At the same time Mr. Ogilvie believes that, other things being equal, the hard wheat flour of Manitoba growth has so clear a superiority over the soft wheat of the coast states that there could be no question as to the victory of the former. The question, therefore, is one of cheap freight rates. At present Mr. Ogilvie does not regard the question as a practical one—at least not sufficiently so to justify the outlay of establishing flouring mills on the coast. When communication is thoroughly established with the eastern countries, it will be time enough to contemplate such an undertaking. Possibly then the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, which has shown so much zeal in its efforts to develop this new and important trade with the East, may offer terms which would make such an extension of the flouring business profitable.

Without being over-sanguine, it is permissible to hope that the forecast thus indicated may be fulfilled. It is not to be expected that a population so enslaved to tradition as that of China will suddenly change its habitual immemorial diet to any great extent. That it has been changed at all is doubtless due to the example and suggestion of those Chinamen who have lived in America and who have experienced the benefit of more generous food than that to which they had been accustomed. The Chinese may be slow in adopting new fashions, but they are shrewd enough to recognize what is likely to serve their interests, and, as a vigorous physique is so much capital to an industrious and ambitious man, once they were convinced that it could be attained more surely by wheat bread than by boiled rice, they would add it to their daily bill of fare, even if respect for usage prevented them abandoning their chopsticks. That our neighbours are sensible of the dimensions which the commerce thus created may gradually assume and will endeavour to secure the greater portion of it we may be certain. They will also, no doubt, turn to account the movement for the formation of a Chinese Chamber of Commerce in San Francisco. But if such a body be created there, it is more than likely that the Canadian Chinese communities will take pattern by their California kinsmen, and the question arises whether such a chamber in Vancouver or Victoria might not be of service in encouraging closer trade relations between their own country and Canada. At any rate, it is reasonable to suppose that the more enlightened and influential of the Chinese residents in the Pacific Province will not be silent when it is necessary to urge on their fellow-countrymen at home the advantages of trade with Canada and the superior excellence of Canadian wheat. Their good will, moreover, may be expected to be proportionate to the fairness with which they have been treated in the land of their adoption.

ONE VOLUME BETTER THAN THREE.—An English novelist, in protesting against that peculiarly British institution, the three-volume novel, cites the case of that most popular book, “Lorna Doone.” It was a dead weight in the three-volume form, and it was at what seemed a great risk that it was at length brought out in one volume—to become immediately a success.



SOUTHWOOD, ORILLIA, SUMMER RESIDENCE OF HENRY PELLATT, Esq., OF TORONTO.



LAKE COUCHICHING, AS SEEN FROM THE VERANDAH OF "SOUTHWOOD," MR. PELLATT'S VILLA.



LIEUT.-COL. WHITE, DEPUTY POSTMASTER-GENERAL.—William White, Esq., Deputy Postmaster-General, a lieutenant-colonel in the Militia and a justice of the peace for the County of Carleton, was born in London, Eng., on the 6th January, 1830. He was educated at Burlington House School, Hammersmith, near London. He entered the Imperial Civil Service as a clerk in the General Post Office, London, on the 19th of February, 1846, which appointment he resigned on the 1st of April, 1854, and came to Canada. He was appointed chief clerk in the Money Order Branch of the Post Office Department of Canada (on the first organization of the branch) on the 1st of December, 1854. This position he retained until the 21st of January, 1861, when he was promoted to the secretaryship of the Department. In June, 1880, Lieut.-Col. White was appointed one of the members of the Royal Commission to enquire into the organization of the Civil Service of Canada. He has been president of the Ottawa Athenæum and Mechanics' Institute and of the Ottawa Field Naturalists' Club, and secretary of the Ottawa Natural History Society. He compiled the "Annals of Canada," published in the *Canadian Monthly*, and a Post Office Gazetteer of the Dominion. Lt.-Col. White has for many years an active member of the Militia, having entered the force as a lieutenant in the 3rd Battalion of the Toronto Militia in 1859. At the time of the Trent affair in 1861 he joined the Civil Service Rifle Company as a private, and served as a non-commissioned officer in that company until the formation of the Civil Service Rifle Regiment in September, 1866, when he was promoted to the command of a company. When the Civil Service Rifle Regiment was disbanded, Captain White raised an independent company of Rifles, of which he retained command until the organization of the Governor-General's Foot Guards, of which his company became No. 1 and he was promoted to the rank of major. On the 5th of August, 1881, the 43rd Battalion, the old "Carleton Blazers," was reorganized as a Rifle regiment, and Lieut.-Col. White was transferred from the Foot Guards to the command of the 43rd, which then became the "Ottawa and Carleton Rifles," a command which he relinquished in 1888, on being appointed Deputy Postmaster-General, retaining, however, his rank in the Active Militia. Lieut.-Col. White commanded the Canadian Team at Wimbledon in 1884, on which occasion the team won the Kolapore Cup.

SOUTHWOOD, LAKE COUCHICHING, SUMMER RESIDENCE OF HENRY PELLATT, ESQUIRE, OF TORONTO.—Lake Couchiching, which lies just north of Lake Simcoe, is one of the charming cluster of that Lake country of North Ontario, which is noted for the loveliness of its scenery and the variety of its attractions. Those who undertake to interpret for us the nomenclature of the former lords of the soil, say that Couchiching means "Lake of Many Winds." Whether this explanation be correct or not, it is for balmy breezes that the well-to-do dwellers in Ontario's cities flock northwards to this delightful neighbourhood in the sultry summertime. The fair mansion in our engraving is one of many such residences that give the shores of this lovely lake the added charm that natural beauty takes from association with human thought and sentiment, refinement and culture. The locality, which is about three miles from the pleasant town of Orillia, is the highest in Ontario, being about 415 feet above Lake Huron. This elevation adds to its healthiness, makes it all the more desirable as a summer resort, and may possibly give the key to the Indian name of the lake. The sportsman can enjoy himself in this district to his heart's content—as Couchiching abounds in black bass, pickerel and salmon trout; for duck and partridge shooting there is ample scope, while those who like to kill time without killing those creatures that are floating down its stream along with them, can have their fill of boating, sight-seeing and love-making. As may be supposed, the scene depicted in our engraving is the resort of many holiday-makers in the summer season. It is a great favourite with the bankers, merchants and professional men of Toronto, several of whom have again and again enjoyed Mr. Pellatt's genial hospitality. That gentleman, to whose kindness we owe the pleasure of presenting these beautiful views to our readers, is the senior member of the well known firm of Pellatt & Pellatt, brokers, etc.

CHRIST CHURCH CATHEDRAL, MONTREAL.—The earliest Church of England clergyman of whom we have any definite record as having served in this city is the Rev. D. C. Delisle, whose register of official acts has been published in one of our Archives Reports. The first attempt to build a church for the use of an Anglican congregation was made in 1789, and centennial services commemorating the event were held not long since in the Cathedral. Dr. Inglis, first Bishop of Nova Scotia (first also in the line of colonial bishops) suggested the name of Christ Church. The Rev. James Tunstall and the Rev. Dr. Mountain, brother of the first Bishop of Quebec, succeeded Mr. Delisle. In 1803, during the incumbency of Dr. Mountain, Christ Church was destroyed by fire. A new church was founded in 1805 and opened for worship in 1814. It was the well known edifice on Notre Dame street—Cathedral Block preserves the memory of it—which some of our readers, doubtless, remember. It was destroyed by

fire in December, 1856. Meanwhile Dr. Mountain had been succeeded by the Rev. John Leeds, and he, in turn, by the Rev. John Bethune, afterwards Dean of Montreal, who survived the building in which he had so long ministered, some sixteen years. Dr. Francis Fulford, who had been appointed in 1850 Bishop of Montreal, and in 1859 became Metropolitan of Canada, determined, on the loss of the old parish church, which had served for six years as a cathedral, to make its successor worthy of the name and of the importance of Montreal. His efforts were crowned with success. In May, 1857, the foundations were laid. In 1867 it was consecrated with imposing ceremonies. In size, though not the smallest, it is by no means the largest of diocesan churches. But in architectural beauty it is surpassed by few cathedrals of modern construction. Its main material is Montreal limestone, which is faced with Caen (Normandy) sandstone. It is 212 feet in total length; the transept is 100 feet; the spire is 224 feet high. In style it is Early English—in the form of a Latin cross. The interior is hardly ornate, but is chaste, and has been admired by ecclesiologists. Some of the stained glass windows are very beautiful, and, as a whole, they add much to the effect. The carving on the pillars, the choir, the chapter house, and a font, the gift of a parishioner, are all worthy of study. The memorial to Bishop Fulford is close to the church, and the residences of the Bishop and of the Rector of Montreal are within the enclosure.

BULL WHACKERS—GRUB TIME.—The freighting in the North-West across the prairies is done by the joining with strong iron chains of a long string of four, six, or ten stout heavy four-wheeled covered wagons, with which the ravines, streams and coulees are crossed. They are drawn by oxen or horses. The drivers of the former are called "Bull Whackers," using a whip with a very long lash. The little boy in the group to the left is employed as herder, being up all night keeping the cattle together, for which he is paid \$15 a month. With time this youth develops into the Cowboy. The illustration shows a train halted for the evening near Fort Macleod. It consisted of fifteen separate convoys, each drawn by twenty span of oxen.

HERD OF CANADIAN BISONS AT STONEY MOUNTAIN.—This herd, the history of which has already been related in our columns, has a melancholy interest, as being a portion of the small remnant of the countless herds that once wandered over the prairies. Mr. Bedson's herd at first consisted entirely of thoroughbred bisons, but, as we pointed out before, successful attempts have been made at crossing with domestic cattle. It is possible that in portions of the Peace River country that are little known, this large game may still be found. The Wood buffalo is said to exist in this district, as well as in the Mackenzie River and Great Slave Lake regions, and in what are called the Barren Grounds. Mr. J. B. Tyrrell, F.G.S., in his treatise on "The Mammalia of Canada," says that in 1884 he saw a small herd near the Red Deer River. He conforms what Mr. J. H. Hubbard, F.Z.S., says in his "Sport in the Canadian North-West," as to the survival of buffalo in the Mackenzie River country. Mr. King, the officer in charge of the H. B. Co.'s post at Fort Pelly, told Mr. Tyrrell that he had seen many Wood buffalo in that northern region. They are heavier than their prairie cousins, with darker and thicker hair. At least two bands were in existence last year—one of about 500 head, at the Salt Plain, a prairie from five to twenty miles wide, stretching for 500 miles south-westward from Fort Smith on the Slave River to the Rocky Mountains; the other, of about 100 head, roaming a smaller prairie lying to the south-east of Fort McMurray, between the Athabasca and Clearwater rivers. Whereas Mr. King holds that the forms are easily discriminated, Mr. Campbell, who first established posts on the Yukon, maintains that the Wood buffalo can hardly be distinguished from the prairie variety. The specimens in our engraving are of the latter category, and they have evidently thriven in their easy and luxurious captivity.

VIEWS AT NANAIMO, VANCOUVER ISLAND, B.C.—The engravings which are here presented to our readers illustrate the history as well as the scenery of Vancouver Island. It was the Hudson's Bay Company that gave the first impulse to its colonization, Victoria, the capital of British Columbia, having been founded by Sir George Simpson. In one of these sketches the object that attracts the eye is an old Hudson's Bay Company blockhouse, or bastion. A glimpse is also given of the town of Nanaimo, the centre of the great coal-yielding district of the island. It is situated on the Gulf of Georgia, 70 miles from Victoria, and has a population of about 5,000. Excellent free-stone quarries are also found in the neighbourhood. The Mint building at San Francisco, which cost \$1,500,000, was constructed of stone obtained from the vicinity of Nanaimo. The carboniferous areas to which it owes its rise and growth to its present fairly prosperous position, were fully described by the late Mr. James Richardson in the Reports of the Geological Survey. It is to the scenery, however, that the pleasure-seeking tourist is most likely to be attracted, and of that source of gratification there is in the environs of Nanaimo, as of the other British Columbian cities and towns, both insular and continental, an ample supply. We have already quoted the words of Lords Duferin and Lorne in recording their impressions of the landscapes and sea views that delight the visitor at every stage in his progress. An American, in writing an account of his experiences to a New York paper, said that, as a summer resort, Vancouver Island combined more advantages of temperature and scenery than any of the much-lauded pleasure spots of the East. The drives along the

Gulf of Georgia, he said, afforded a constant succession of delightful surprises. The beauty of the scenes that unfolded themselves before the ravished eye were perfectly bewildering. But Nanaimo has other attractions also. The second view, taken from a point near the water's edge, shows the wharves and warehouses that indicate its commercial progress. Above the cliff appears the old bastion, that vigilant sentinel of a past régime seeming to be still on duty. It reminds us of that Belfry of Bruges, of which it is told that,

"old and brown,
Thrice consumed and thrice rebuilt,
Still it watches o'er the town."

And the town is not unworthy of such a venerable guardian. The country in the interior is charming in its variety, the mountain region being diversified with smiling valleys and noble pine woods. A fine coach road leads northwards towards Wellington and Comox—a route that recalls to the English wayfarer the grand old highways of merrie old England.

THE LITERARY MOVEMENT IN CANADA.

It may be interesting to the literary people of Canada to know that in the December issue of the *New England Magazine*, published in Boston, there appeared a brief and candid review of the literary condition of this country. The article is entitled, "Intellectual Life and Literature in Canada," and the writer is Mr. Blackburn Harte, of the *Toronto Mail* staff.

Here are some extracts from the article:—

"One of the most curious evidences of the country's growing importance is the large number of histories of Canada published recently in different parts of the world. The hundreds of busy pens engaged in this commendable pursuit are, for the most part, entirely foreign to Canada; and the results of these labours often contain matter that must be something in the nature of a revelation to the benighted Canadian student. Another sign of the change that has come over popular sentiment regarding Canada lies in the fact that a host of "travelling commissioners" visit the country every year, in the interests of one or other of the powerful dailies of New York and London. These gentlemen rush from the Atlantic to the Pacific in a fortnight, and then return home and record the "impressions" they received *en route*, from interviews with the bell boys and clerks at wayside hotels, conversations with chance acquaintances made at the *table d'hôte* or in the cars, or the sleepy-eyed maidens who dispensed boiling coffee and indigestible sandwiches at railway buffets. They undoubtedly possess great powers of concentration and imagination to be able to give a succinct (and amusing) yet comprehensive account of Canadian politics and national institutions, the social life of the people, the peculiarities of their cities and municipal management, and a description of the North-West, after a ten days' run in a parlour car over the Canadian Pacific Railway. As a rule, however, there is a suggestion of "officialism" about their glowing word-pictures; they reek of the midnight oil and government blue-book statistics."

"There are many men in Canada eminently qualified to take a high place in the literature of any country, and many who would be willing to accept its exactions and insignificant rewards, but at present there is absolutely no market for native productions, and they are obliged to choose between starvation, exile, or earning their bread in other uncongenial professions. Literature then becomes only an avocation instead of a vocation, and there are but few men who can successfully combine poetry and philosophy with stock broking or clerking in a dry goods store."

"The great American novelist may after all come from the north. And why not? What better inspiration can be wished for than the mysticism of the illimitable pine woods, the roar of the rapids, and the invigorating blast of a Canadian north wind?"

"GOLD AND SILVER."

"Argentum et aurum non est mihi: quod autem habeo hoc tibi do"—and to compare greatest things with smaller, it is a gift of healing that comes with this dainty booklet called "Gold and Silver," just placed in our hands as we go to press. Much of true gold, thrice refined, little that does not bear the inferior hall mark of literary and spiritual worth in this ever seasonable gift. Plato, Sir Thomas More, Saint François de Sales, Wordsworth, Tennyson—a choice selection of the best thoughts of all ages. Reader, take it to heart. Authors, F. C. Emberson and Maud Ogilvy. Price, 50 cents. Publishers, W. Drysdale & Co.

The diamond trade is much interested in remarkable artificial diamonds, which came into notice during the Paris Exposition. So perfect are some of the imitations that they puzzle dealers and experts. By the same chemical analysis as applied to precious stones they are found to melt at only a very high degree of heat, and, of course, were exceedingly hard—in fact, so hard that they would scratch and almost cut mirror glass.—*Court Journal*.

RED AND BLUE PENCIL

Without pretending to be a critic, we venture to say that, in the way of metrical compliment-making, there are few things more exquisite than this old French poem:

Elle ha très bien ceste gorge d'allbâtre,
A doux parler, ce cler tainct, ces beaux yeux ;
Mais en effect ce petit ris follastre,
C'est, à mon gré, ce qui lui sied le mieux.
Elle en pourroit les chemins et les lieux
Où elle passe à plaisir inciter ;
Et si ennuy me venoit contrister,
Tant que par mort fust ma vie abbatur,
Il ne faudroit, pour me ressusciter,
Que ce ris là, du quel elle me tue.

Jewels of this kind are no longer elaborated in France. Democracy is hardly favourable to the *salon*, and since the *salon* ceased to be a power in French life and literature, those charming nothings that were once everything, are no longer prized.

What the *salon* was in its day of splendour is thus indicated by the author of "Madame Mohl": "To those who care for France, her literature, her history, the little word *salon* has an irresistible fascination. It conjures up everything that is clever, charming, piquant, most characteristic of the women of France. The *salon* is essentially a French institution. No other nation ever produced it; no other society contains the elements for producing it." There is, moreover, no English word that exactly interprets it. When English people speak of a pleasant house, they mean something quite different from what a pleasant *salon* means in France. It suggests material hospitality rather than the feast of reason and flow of soul, and it implies a master as well as a mistress. The *salon*, on the other hand, "supposes a mistress, but by no means necessarily a master, and it suggests no more substantial fare than talk, flow of words and liberal interchange of ideas."

Now, in the evolution of things, what used to be called New France has retained in its social life much that was characteristic of that old France which has gone its way in Europe, and some of our poets have preserved a very appreciable flavour of those old *vers de société* which some English poets have made their specialty. We could, we believe, gather an anthology from the writings of Fréchet, LeMay, Legendre, Sulte, Crémazie, Chauveau, and other French-Canadian singers, which would come nearer, in tone and style, to this effusion of Marot's than anything that France has brought forth for a hundred years. At the same time, if we look for the French spirit at its best—the fine taste, the happy surprises, the aptitude of expression which gives to common things a grace inimitable in English, it is to our prose *chroniqueurs* that we must look for it. This is a subject that none of our critics have ever dealt with worthily—the French, because, being natural to them, it largely escapes their notice; the English, because their attention has not paused long enough on the style of our compatriots to appreciate it duly. As illustrating this peculiar charm, the prose writings of the Hon. M. Chauveau, the Hon. Hector Fabre, Mr. Arthur Buies, the Hon. Mr. Chapleau, M. Lusignan, Mr. Decelles, Mr. B. Sulte, Ernest and Remi Tremblay, the Hon. Mr. Laurier, and others whom we have not forgotten, will repay careful study.

But, after all, it is not what is peculiarly French so much as what is peculiarly Canadian that we prize in our native poets and *prosateurs*. And, whereas English critics have created for themselves unnecessary disappointment by insisting on cisatlantic poetry being something essentially diverse from that of Europe, French critics have fallen into the opposite error of making the French standard the exclusive criterion in judging of Canadian literature.

Here is something thoroughly of our soil and air, and it is also, as our readers will admit, not unseasonable. It is our Laureate's:

JANVIER.

La tempête a cessé. L'éther vif et limpide
A jeté sur le fleuve un tapis d'argent clair,
Où l'ardent patineur, au jarret intrépide,
Glisse, un reflet de flamme à son soulier de fer.
La promeneuse, loin de son boudoir tépide,
Bravant sous les peaux d'ours les morsures de l'air,
Au son des grelots d'or de son cheval rapide
A nos yeux éblouis passe comme un éclair,
Et puis pendant les nuits froidement idéales,
Quand, au ciel, des milliers d'aurores boréales
Battent de l'aile ainsi que d'étrangers oiseaux,
Dans les salons ambrés, nouveaux temples d'idoles,
Aux accords de l'orchestre, au feu des girandoles,
Le quadrille joyeux déroule ses réseaux.

If in English we have no equivalent for "*salon*" in the social-literary sense, in French there is nothing that exactly answers to our cherished English "home." Nor would we change the characteristics and associations of the latter for those of the former. The French "*chez*" had once almost as much significance as our English word—being a modification of the Latin "*casa*" (a house). An old document cited by Brachet, speaks of "*ces maisons et chez*" (those dwellings and houses)—"*maison*" being our Latin-English mansion." Formerly the preposition "*à*" was used before "*chez*," as in "*Je vais à chez Gaultier*," or, earlier still, "*à la chez de Gaultier*," which in Latin would be "*Vado ad casam Galterii*" (I go to the house or home of Walter). All that is brightest and sweetest in our English word has been quickened into deeper and fuller meaning by John Howard Paine's touching song, which is so rarely blest in its music.

An American firm recently brought out a cheap edition of some of Douglas Jerrold's papers, including what the editor justly deems "the sweetest and sunniest of Jerrold's writings," his "*Fireside Saints*." These little sketches, which give the volume its title, would now, perhaps, be considered rather old-fashioned, and certainly such characters as "Saint Norah" and "Saint Lily" would be far from satisfactory to Gail Hamilton and other champions of a phase of "*égalité*," which, in the formulation of the famous triad, was hardly yet dreamed of. Nor would temperance reformers entirely approve of the patient, unupbraiding Saint Becky, who nursed her bee's-wing-loving spouse, after the wine-glass wasp had stung him, and, without a word of reproach, reformed him into a moderate drinker. Neither is the moral of Saint Betsy, who gave her tobacco-loving knight the cedar room wherein to smoke in comfort and solace himself with reverie after his long wanderings, likely to find favour with social reformers or fastidious housekeepers. Nevertheless, as the glorification of those gifts and graces of the household, the exercise of which is among the most precious of the boons that soften our lot in this hard world, Douglas Jerrold's hagiology deserves grateful remembrance. Some of his "*Fireside Saints*" are most loveable types of English womanhood.

But the last of them—the crown of the series—that is no mere type, no creation of poetic fancy, not even to be classed among those *ignes fatui* of literature that bear the imprint of "Founded on Fact." No, Saint Florence is very fact, true flesh and blood, a real English woman, whose sisterly and motherly heart, swelled with compassion for unmerited, stupidly inflicted suffering—a modern *Iphigenia in Tauris*, who freely gave herself a living sacrifice to save the host of England from slow and painful death. "St. Florence," says the historian, "by her works had her lips blessed with comforting and her hands touched with healing. And she crossed the sea and built hospitals and solaced and restored. And so long as English mistletoe gathers beneath its truthful hearts and English holly brightens happy eyes, so long will Englishmen, at home or abroad, on land or on the wave, so long—in memory of that Eastern Christmas—will they cry, 'God bless St. Florence! Bless St. Nightingale!'"

This Christmas some of our contributors wandered far afield and right proud we were to see how valiantly they carried themselves. Such a harvest of poetry, and essays and stories and holiday greetings in gracious forms Canada never yielded before. It was a sort of literary carnival. And such illustrations! If we were not envious, it

was because we had sought for the special grace of a generous heart. The Christmas stories were for the most part admirable. On the whole, we give the prize to the Master of Hernewood for the best of them. "Dolly Deering's Christmas" has the true ring of Merrie England and its geniality is resistless. In the thaumaturgy of fiction Prof. Roberts takes the palm in "The Bounty of Blomidon," and he has a tale of wild life in *St. Nicholas*. But we most admire his poem, "The Dykes of Tantramar," in the *Christmas Star*, which is worthy of himself and of Canada. Mr. George Iles and Mr. W. D. Lighthall have given us two different impressions of the Canadian notary. We prefer Mr. Lighthall's. Besides his work on the *Globe* and *Sun* (Winnipeg), Mr. W. McLennan gave in the *Montreal Gazette* a charming sketch of life in the French county, with special reference to the old French songs. Mr. E. W. Thomson's drudgery as a newspaper man has evidently not dulled his invention, *teste* "The Shining Cross of Rigaud."

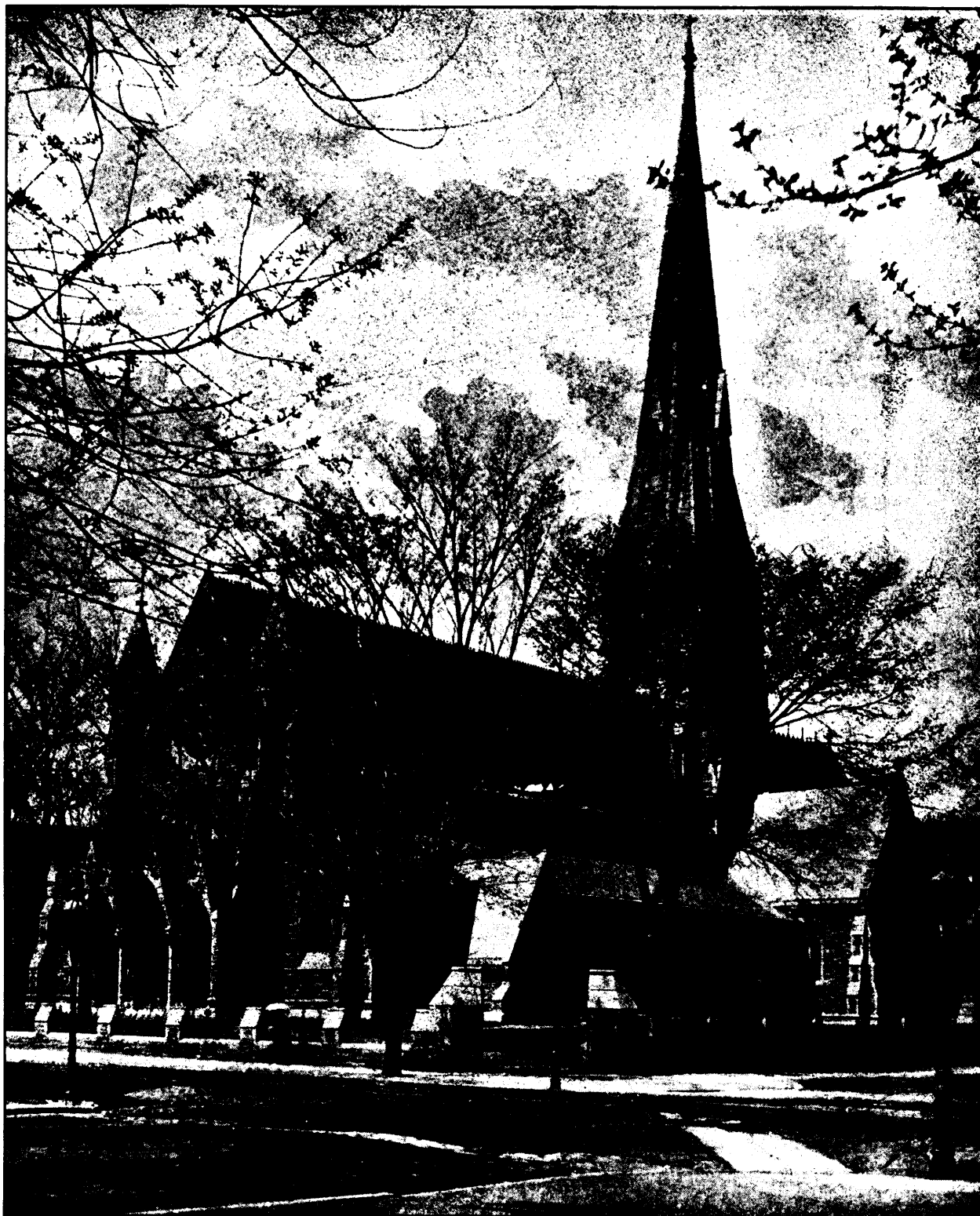
Our North-Western contemporaries had Christmas features of their own. The *Winnipeg Sun* was exceptionally brilliant with native lustre. Some of our contemporaries in the smaller towns, the *Collingwood Bulletin*, the *Napanee Examiner*, etc., were not behind the city journals. "The Land we live in" wore its happiest look. Even to name all the papers that distinguished themselves in special editions would take up columns. One of the most tasteful reminders of the season came from the *St. John Evening Gazette*, a little booklet with ribbon-clasped covers, bearing for title "That True North," of the Empire's Laureate, and comprising poems by John Hunter Duvar, Henry H. Pittman, Alexander McLachlan, Kay Livingstone, Charles Sangster, A. W. W. Dale, J. F. Herbin, and H. L. Spencer. Just a charming keepsake. Nor must we forget "Le Château Bigot," with its rich treasure of gathered lore, due to the courtesy of Mr. LeMoine, and "A Song of the Years and a Memory of Acadia," from Prof. Spencer, of both of which more anon. We also owe special acknowledgment, for adding to our Christmas and New Year's pleasures, to Dr. J. M. Harper, Mr. Hale, of the *Orillia Packet*, Mr. William Sharp, London, Eng., the *Ottawa Citizen*, the *Quebec Chronicle*, Capt. McGee and other members of F. Company Q.O.R., Toronto, Mr. Hereward K. Cockin, Mr. Bliss Carman, the *King's College Record*, Mr. Douglas Sladen, Japan (*pro tem*), Mr. Marsil (in *Le Clairon*), the *Owl*, Ottawa, Mr. A. Buies, in *L'Electeur*, the Church of England Temperance Society, and a large number of other persons, journals, firms and corporations, both in Canada and beyond its borders.

Of Canadian sonnet-writers Mr. Robert Evans, of Windsor, Ont., is certainly not the least successful. In 1878 he published a little volume entitled "Tabor Melodies," which is entirely composed of verse in this form. As the name indicates, it is largely devoted to religious reflection and sentiment—several of the themes being Scriptural. Mr. Evans is undoubtedly a true poet, and he has acquired no little skill in the management of the instrument which he has chosen for his melodies. Here is a sample of his Muse:

THE WANDERING DAWN.

I hear her rustling step upon the hill ;
In russet robe, her pilgrim staff she takes
To walk the darkened earth ere morn awakes.
And though methinks she trembles 'mid the chill
Of the damp shadow that the night doth fill,
Her bright'ning smile upon the forest breaks
And silvers all the ripples that she makes
On stream or lake, as if she heard the trill
Of sweetest voices through the distant grove.
Hail, gentle pilgrim of the dewy shoon !
Say, hast thou lost the hope of earlier love
That through the desert night thou fleest the moon ?
Has thoughtless Cynthia played the cold coquette
That thou, with weeping footstep, wanderest yet ?

More remnants of the famous old bridge of the Romans at Mayence have been discovered recently. In digging for the foundation of a factory not long since, labourers found a massive pillar of square cut stones, which 1,900 years ago helped to support the bridge. The pillar was without seam or crack. After digging down sixteen feet the workmen gave up trying to find the pillar's base.

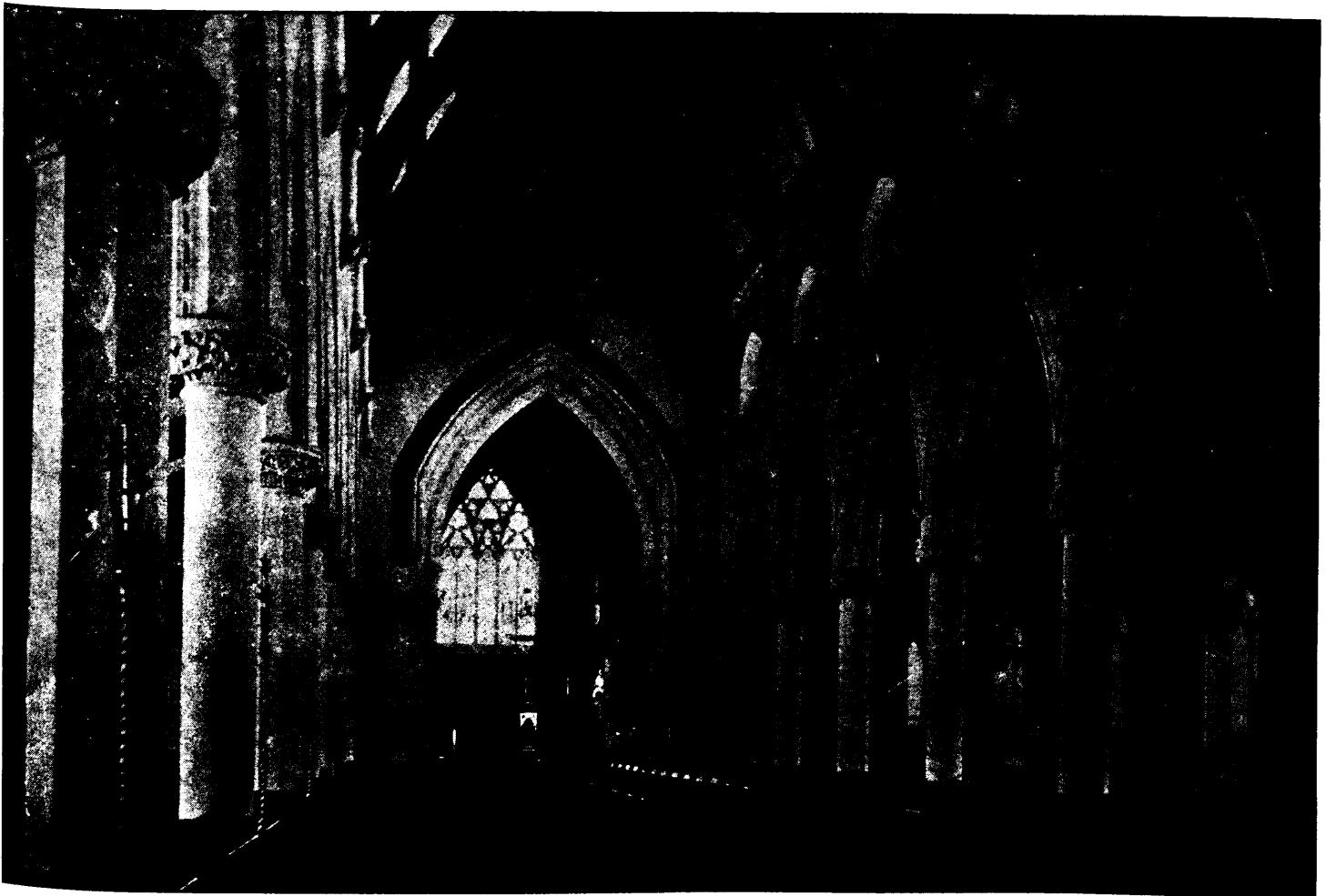


CHRIST CHURCH CATHEDRAL, MONTREAL.

(Notman & Son, photo.)



BULL-WHACKERS—GRUB TIME.



INTERIOR OF CHRIST CHURCH CATHEDRAL, MONTREAL.

(Henderson, photo.)

IN THE THICK OF IT.

A TALE OF 'THIRTY-SEVEN.

Entered according to Act of Parliament of Canada in the year 1889, by Sarah Anne Curzon, in the Office of the Minister of Agriculture.

Frank was therefore called to the witness box, and there gave a detailed statement of the discovery of the arms at the mill by Harry Hewit and himself; of their destruction by toppling them into the swamp-hole; of the nocturnal drill, of which the Samos brothers, who had accompanied them on the night expedition, had been witnesses as well as themselves; of his parting with Harry Hewit at his gate, and of his being kidnapped and concealed in old Todd's shanty. He also narrated what he had learned while in such durance vile, of Howis's plans, as related by himself to Frank, to coil a rope round Harry Hewit's neck in revenge for his discovery of his traitorous doings. When he further proceeded to relate what he had also heard of Egan's vile plots to abduct Miss Leslie, how it had been carried out, and the intentional shooting of Dr. Leslie by old Todd in revenge for his conviction as a sheepstealer, the rage of the crowd knew no bounds, and had any man, even remotely suspected of being concerned in these atrocious acts, been found among them, his immediate execution would have been certain. The narration of Harry's opportune appearance, his conflict with Todd, his rescue of his friend, and their mutual escape with Miss Leslie only just in time to frustrate Howis's bloodthirsty intentions towards himself and Harry, and the critical condition in which Dr. Leslie was lying, awakened the deepest sympathy, both in the crowd and the court, and when Frank Arnley left the stand the cheering was furious.

Squire Arnley next requested to be heard; and Harry's loyalty and heroism were no longer in question after he had spoken.

He told of Harry's arrival in the city after much peril by the way, with news for the Governor of the insurgent force assembling at Montgomery's; of his assistance to the Government in the matter of preparation for the conflict; of his presence at Montgomery's with the loyal troops, and of his leave of absence for a short period received from Sir Francis Head as a slight acknowledgment of his loyalty and service. And when, in concluding, Squire Arnley told in feeling words of Harry's arrival too late to receive his adored mother's last breath, because he was as loyal in friendship as in patriotism, and as true in love as in principle, nothing was wanting to his complete rehabilitation in the respect and esteem of his neighbours, and the crowd that an hour before would have hanged him with short shrift, were now as violent in their demonstrations of sympathy and regard.

At last Harry was mercifully left at liberty to return to his home, which he did with an aching heart, accompanied by many who thus testified their silent sympathy with his deep sorrow. Dr. Leslie died that very night, and one funeral cortege sufficed for the two life-long friends. Together the chief mourners returned from laying in their last resting-place the remains of the beloved and honoured dead.

According to Dr. Leslie's last request, Miss Leslie proceeded as soon as possible to the care of friends in Toronto, until the quiet of the country should be restored, and the wedding might take place. She took with her the little Walter, and Harry Hewit and Frank Arnley formed her escort.

As soon as Alice was safe, Harry proceeded to fulfil his promise to Sir Francis Head, and was at once honoured with a company, Frank becoming his lieutenant.

With the courtesy characteristic of him, the Governor had enquired after Squire Arnley, and hearing that he had a nephew who offered his services to the Government, had bidden Harry introduce his friend; he was so pleased with Frank's manliness and ardour that, observing the affection that subsisted between the two young men, he marked his approval by offering Frank the appointment, which, it is needless to say, the gallant boy accepted with delight.

CHAPTER XXIV. RETRIBUTION.

Though the actual rebellion under Mackenzie was quickly crushed, a year elapsed before peace and prosperity began to return to the British dominions in North America. The contagious breath of armed resistance had swept over all the provinces, and under the violence of the commotion thereby caused, scoundrels of all sorts enjoyed a sort of immunity, of which they were not slow to avail themselves.

Incendiarism, riot, robbery and violence kept the loyal inhabitants of Canada and the other provinces in a state of constant dread. Nowhere was the evil more rife than on the borders of Upper Canada, and Hewit's Company did yeoman service to the Crown in punishing and suppressing those bands of invaders who, under the flag of liberty, pursued their lawless courses. Among these ruffians were many who had fled from justice at Gallows Hill. It is not strange, therefore, that Captain Hewit should hear at various points the name of his old enemy, Howis, and of the vicious Egan, as leaders in these brigand camps.

Of Egan particularly, he was frequently made aware by the brutality of the attacks his men were engaged in, and the atrocious treatment all who opposed their nefarious raids were subjected to.

It seemed as if the same vices for which he had been known in the past, were now flaunted with a peculiar malignity as a boast. Harry had early recognized him by the vices which characterized him, not even excepting the abduction of defenceless women, and he longed to get hold of the ruffian, when he meant to give him the benefit of that constitutional law he had so long defied.

A most flagrant outrage had been perpetrated, and Captain Hewit was determined to capture the leader, who, he strongly suspected, was Howis, but it turned out to be Egan. The fellow was brought in dangerously wounded, and the moment his eye fell on Harry he exclaimed:

"There is 'a destiny that shapes our ends,' Captain Hewit, or I should not now be your prisoner; I have no claim on your mercy, sir."

"I am not your judge, Egan; the law will deal with you."

"No, sir, I am wounded to my death, as you will see presently."

Even as he spoke he fell upon the ground, and the surgeon who immediately attended him pronounced him a dying man.

As soon as he was restored and made as comfortable as circumstances would permit, he asked to see Captain Hewit again.

Harry at once attended the summons, and in words broken by frequent gasps, Egan told him that his brother William had got safely over the lines, and had gone west at once, adding that he hoped Harry would forgive him for the injuries he had done him in consideration for this piece of news. He also acquainted Harry with the death of Howis, at Navy Island, while engaged in superintending the lading of the "Caroline" the night she was captured.

His violence was so great when alluding to Howis that Harry strongly suspected he had had a hand in his death, for it was evident he hated him with all the intensity of a strong nature. To Harry's surprise, he also learned that old Todd had not died of the wound received on the occasion of Alice Leslie's rescue, but that when Howis, hastening up after the rout at Montgomery's to put in execution his murderous designs against Frank Arnley, and thus to coil a rope round Harry's neck, as he intended, found the bird had flown, he fell upon Todd with great abuse. This Todd resented in so insolent a fashion, that Howis hit him over the head with the butt of a horse-pistol, killing him on the spot. Together Howis and Egan hid the body in the cellar, and after searching in vain for any money the old man might have hoarded, Howis set fire to the shanty, and they at once fled.

Scarcely had he finished his tragic report when a violent hemorrhage set in, and in a moment he was dead.

In recounting the story to his Lieutenant at supper that night, Harry betrayed so great an amount of agitation with regard to William, that

Frank saw plainly how severe a strain he had put himself under, to the end that the sad memory of the past might die out of the minds of others, even among his dearest friends, indelibly engraven as it was upon his own. Closer than ever drew the heart of Frank Arnley to the gallant and self-denying friend who had borne so much and so uncomplainingly, and he resolved that if news of William Hewit did not reach his brother before, as soon as his time was expired, or he could get a furlough for a few weeks, he would go in search of him. For the present he sought to restore Harry's cheerfulness by rallying him on his approaching wedding, and it goes without saying that he fully succeeded.

CHAPTER XXV. REWARD AND REST.

The snows of a severe winter had vanished before the magic influence of May. The maples put forth their crimson bloom, the silver birch and the slender tamarac swayed their long branches in the breeze, the willow and the alder hung out their soft tassellings, and the warm sunshine exhaled a grateful fragrance from the budding pines and cedars. The rich earth of the moist woods was dappled with trilliums, white and red, and the delicate saxifrage carpeted many a sunny road. The spicy aroma of the coy arbutus floated on the woodland air, and though the delicate hepatica best harbinger of spring, had flown on the wings of April, the beautiful may-flower, the yellow dog's-tooth, and the blue violet coquetted among the unfolding ferns like rustic beauties at a fair. The deep blue sky, flecked with little white clouds full of promise of plenty, smiled upon the awakening earth with a celestial delight, and the bold robin, that choir-master of the spring, had put all his orchestra in tune.

On such a day Harry Hewit and Alice Leslie were married. They had bowed meekly before the blasts of cruel sorrows, but now the compensation for their patience was given them, and they had entered upon a spring-time rich with blessing.

Surrounded by a host of friends, the young couple had plighted their troth "until death," within the Cathedral Church of St. James; Lieutenant Arnley and Master Walter Peyton acting as groomsmen, and a host of Toronto's fairest daughters as bridesmaids to the fairer Alice.

It was a merry cortege that rolled along the Queen's highway after the wedding breakfast had been eaten, and none there was merrier than the bride and bridegroom. But when the point of parting was reached, and accompanied by none save the handsome young Lieutenant and little Walter in another carriage, the bride and bridegroom found themselves alone, merriment gave way to softer and holier sentiments and the long tried pair began to realize the meaning of true happiness.

As the horses climbed the hill crowned by the little church in whose quiet enclosure lay the ashes of their beloved ones, Harry turned to his wife with a tenderer light in his dark eyes, as he said:

"Shall we not believe, dearest, that their souls stoop from among the stars that shine upon us so softly to-night, and bless our return to the home they left 'in an hour of pain and sorrow.'"

"Yes, dearest Harry," replied the fair girl, "their sacred memories hallow for ever our union. May all their hopes for our mutual happiness be realized. Would that poor William were also a sharer in our joy."

"Nay, then, dear, I have good news for you. To-day I received a letter from William telling me where he is. He has taken up land and intends by hard work to drive out the last memory that afflicts him. I wish I dare tell him that he has his revenge alike on Bertram and on his wife, for the fellow's property has gone to the bad entirely, and he has taken the wreck of it with him to the South. And worse than that, I hear that the Howis temper breeds daily quarrels, and that already Mrs. Bertram talks of separation."

"I am thankful William did not marry her, at any rate," replied Alice, "it is even better for him as it is."

The horses stopped—they were at home. The Hewit mansion blazed with lights. The village

band struck up "Haste to the Wedding," while a solitary fife, that had concealed itself among the bushes, broke in with "See the Conquering Hero Comes!" A large party of friends and neighbours crowded on to the lawn to receive the bride and bridegroom. Squire Arnley and old Mr. Samos proclaimed the "welcome home," in right royal style, and Frank, the irrepressible, claimed the first kiss—after the master—of the mistress, as she stepped within her own hall.

Nor was pretty Louisa Samos jealous, for was not Lieutenant Arnley, of Her Majesty's Own, soon to be hers?

THE END.

ROBERT BROWNING.

Bright rosebuds were blushing on the cheek of June when I determined last summer to spend my holidays upon the shores of Lake Huron, and watch the rhythmic flow of its measured waves. How pleasant it would be, I pictured to myself, sitting in the golden eventide beside the lake with a volume of Tennyson, Longfellow or Matthew Arnold in my hand. There, while turning the pages of the authors of "In Memoriam," "Evangeline," and "Rugby Chapel," I could rest my eye at times upon the pulsing heart of the deep and behold life symbolized in the throbbing, restless billows which beat in murmuring cadence at my feet. I packed away in my valise the treasured volumes of my choice, and remembered too that the letter of a literary friend recommended that I should devote considerable time to the reading of Wordsworth and Browning. Wordsworth, the poet of reflection and contemplation, the interpreter of nature, who undertook "to explore the virtue which resides in the symbol, to describe objects as they affect the human heart, to show how the inflowing world is a material image through which the sovereign mind holds intercourse with man." What a favour would be mine to hold converse with such a divinely-gifted character! And Browning, the metaphysician, eccentric if you will, of complex thought and method, subtle and penetrating, before all a thinker reaching us through thought rather than emotion, dramatic in his lyrics and lyrical in his dramas, full of concreteness, but greatly deficient in music and warmth! Such is the character of England's great poet, who yielded up but a few weeks ago his spirit in one of the chief cities of his beloved Italy, whose rich resources of mediæval art and history he so closely studied.

Following then the advice of my literary friend, in due time I found myself on Huron's pebbly beach with a copy of Browning in my hand. I knew what Edmund Clarence Stedman and Prof. Corson, and our own Canadian critic, Prof. Alexander, thought of Browning, and I now determined to hold personal converse with the literary spirit of England's great poet. And, gentle reader, what do you think? I opened the volume at the beautiful lyric, "Evelyn Hope." But you will ask, "Is Browning successful as a writer of lyrics?" In the essentials of a great lyric writer I think he is. Read "The Cavalier Tunes," "Ratisbon," "The Lost Leader," and "How they brought the good news from Ghent to Aix," and tell me if you do not discover in them lyrical swing, melody, fire and finish. Such choruses as:

"Marching along, fifty score strong,
Great-hearted gentlemen singing this song!"

King Charles, and who'll do him right now?
King Charles, and who's ripe for fight now?
Give a rouse: Here's, in Hell's despite now,
King Charles!"

show that Browning can embody in lyric verse the spirit of an historic period. Here is a typical poem from Browning, entitled "My Star:"

"All that I know
Of a certain star
Is it can throw
(Like the angled spar)
Now a dart of red,
Now a dart of blue;

Till my friends have said
They would fain see, too,

My star that darts the red and the blue!

Then it stops like a bird; like a flower, hangs furled;
They must solace themselves with the Saturn above it.
What matter to me if their star is a world?

Mine has opened its soul to me; therefore I love it."

There is little doubt but Browning is the most original and unequal poet of the Victorian age of literature. "Paracelsus," which he published at the age of twenty-three, is the most characteristic work of his genius. It is a metaphysical dialogue, the story of a thwarted soul that would know and enjoy, that would drink deep at the fountains both of knowledge and pleasure. The poem has all Browning's characteristic merits and defects. In it he displays gifts equal to those of any Victorian poet; nor is there wanting in it a tedious garrulity, which is peculiarly a literary vice of Browning. Says Stedman: "'Paracelsus' is meant to illustrate the growth and progress of a lofty spirit groping in the darkness of his time. He first aspires to knowledge, and fails; then to pleasure and knowledge, and equally fails—to human eyes." Browning is essentially the poet of monologue. He is no dramatist in the true sense of the word. His is a study of the inner drama of the soul manifested through an objective presentation of life and character. His method and manner as a soul-analyst can be admirably studied in "My Last Duchess," a poem pregnant with most subtle suggestiveness. The Duke, addressing the person sent by the Count to make arrangements about the dowry, etc., of his daughter, shows him a portrait of his deceased wife:—

"That's my last Duchess painted on the wall,
Looking as if she were alive. I call
That piece a wonder, now: Frà Pandolf's hands
Worked busily a day, and there she stands.
Will't please you sit and look at her? I said
"Frà Pandolf" by design, for never read
Strangers like you that pictured countenance,
The depth and passion of its earnest glance,
But to myself they turned (since none puts by
The curtain I have drawn for you, but I)
And seemed as they would ask me, if they durst,
How such a glance came there; so not the first
Are you to turn and ask thus."

The great English poet who went to Italy in 1832, rummaged among the monasteries of Lombardy and Venice, and studied mediæval history and art, passed away a few weeks ago, leaving to the world the glorious heritage of his richly gifted mind, while whisperings of immortal fame greeted his dying ears.

"Shakespeare is not our poet, but the world's,
Therefore on him no speech! and brief for thee,
Browning! Since Chaucer was alive and hale,
No man hath walked along our roads with step
So active, so enquiring eye, or tongue
So varied in discourse. But warmer climes
Give brighter plumage, stronger wing; the breeze
Of Alpine heights thou playest with, borne on
Beyond Sorrento and Amalfi, where
The Siren waits thee, singing song for song."

THOMAS O'HAGAN.

Walkerton, Ont.

FORGET ME NOT.

(From the French of Alfred de Musset.)

Remember me, when Morn with trembling light
Opes her enchanted palace to the Sun;
Remember me, when silver-mantled Night
In silence passes, like a pensive nun.
Whene'er with ecstasy thy bosom heaves,
Or dreams beguile thee in the summer eves,
Then, from the woodland lone
Hear a low-whispered tone,
Forget me not!

Remember me, when unrelenting Fate
Hath forced us two for evermore to part:
When years of exile leave me desolate
And sorrow blights this fond despairing heart;
Think of my hapless love, my last farewell—
Absence and time true passion cannot quell,
And, while my heart still beats,
Each throb for thee repeats,
Forget me not!

Remember me, when 'neath the chilly tomb
My weary heart is wrapt in slumber deep:
Remember me, when pale blue flowerets bloom
O'er the green turf that shrouds my dreamless sleep.
I shall not see thee, but from realms above
My soul shall watch thee with a sister's love,
And oft, when none are nigh,
A voice at night shall sigh,
Forget me not!

Montreal.

GEO. MURRAY.

MR. LAMPMAN'S POEMS.

We have already given a portion of Mr. Wm. Sharp's review in the *Academy* of Mr. Archibald Lampman's volume, "Among the Millet." As our readers may recall, it is extremely favourable. In Mr. Sharp's judgment, Mr. Lampman "is unmistakably the poet." He pronounces him, Professor Roberts and Mr. Bliss Carman the ablest among the younger poets of either the United States or Canada. Pursuing the criticism of Mr. Lampman's work into fuller detail, he writes as follows:—

A vividly realistic touch greatly heightens the effect he seeks to produce. The following lines, from "Among the Timothy," are characteristic:

"Not far to fieldward in the central heat,
Shadowing the clover a pale poplar stands
With glimmering leaves that, when the wind comes beat
Together like innumerable small hands,
And with the calm, as in vague dreams astray,
Hang wan and silver-grey.

The crickets creak, and through the noon-day glow,
That crazy fiddler of the hot mid-year,
The dry cicada plies his wiry bow
In long-spun cadence, thin and dusty sere:
From the green grass the small grasshoppers' din
Spreads soft and silvery thin:
And ever and anon a murmur steals
Into mine ears of toil that moves away,
The crackling rustle of the pitch-fork'd hay
And lazy jerk of wheels."

The book is full of colour, as here, from "April":

"The creamy sun at even scatters down
A gold-green mist across the murmuring town."

Or this strong silhouette:

"... across the ever-cloven soil
Strong horses labour, steaming in the sun,
Down the long furrows with slow straining toil,
Turning the brown clean layers; and one by one
The crows gloom over them till daylight done
Finds them asleep somewhere in dusky lines
Beyond the wheatlands in the northern pines."

Several of the sonnets are fine, and two in particular—"A Night of Storm" and "The Railway Station"—I should like to quote; but I must take leave of Mr. Lampman's interesting and promising volume by quoting one of his most characteristic poems in its entirety:

"HEAT.

"From plains that reel to southward, dim,
The road runs by me white and bare,
Up the steep hill it seems to swim
Beyond and melt into the glare.
Upward half way, or it may be
Nearer the summit, slowly steals
A hay-cart, moving dustily
With idly clacking wheels.

"By his cart's side the waggoner
Sits slouching slowly at his ease,
Half-hidden in the windless blur
Of white dust puffing to his knees:
This waggon on the height above,
From sky to sky on either hand,
Is the sole thing that seems to move
In all the heat-held land.

"Beyond me in the fields the sun
Soaks in the grass and hath his will;
I count the marguerites one by one;
Even the buttercups are still.
On the brook yonder not a breath
Disturbs the spider or the midge,
The water-bugs draw close beneath
The cool gloom of the bridge.

"Where the far elm-tree shadows flood
Dark patches in the burning grass,
The cows, each with her peaceful cud,
Lie waiting for the heat to pass.
From somewhere on the slope near by
Into the pale depth of the noon,
A wandering thrush slides leisurely
His thin revolving tune.

"In intervals of dream I hear
The cricket from the droughty ground;
The grasshoppers spin into mine ear
A small innumerable sound.
I lift mine eyes sometimes to gaze:
The burning sky-line blinds my sight;
The woods far off are blue with haze;
The hills are drenched in light.

"And yet to me not this or that
Is always sharp or always sweet;
In the sloped shadow of my hat
I lean at rest, and drain the heat;
Nay more, I think some blessed power
Hath brought me wandering idly here:
In the full furnace of this hour
My thoughts grow keen and clear."



HERD OF CANADIAN BISON, STONEY MOUNTAIN, MANITOBA.

(Steele & Wing, photo., Winnipeg.)



TWO SKETCHES AT NANAIMO, B.C.
(By M. Matthews, R.C.A.)

MONAHSETAH.

LEGEND OF THE LAKE ON THE MOUNTAIN.

Monahsetah, maiden more beautiful than all the Mohawks. Jetty were her flowing locks and glossy like the plumage of the merle. Black and bright were her soft eyes, and her cheeks, velvet and red like the cheeks of the rose. Round, brown arms had she, and dimpled hands, with wrists exquisite, run round with snowy shells.

Now, when the forest reaches were bright with lilies, and the mountain-lake grown blue again; when the wild-plum blossomed white by the water, and a golden light was on the willows; early in the morning, at the rising of the fiery, yellow sun, Monahsetah, fair child of an Indian Chief, stood beneath the shadow of a pine. The fragrant wind came rustling with a silvery sound through the thin, silky leaves of the forest, pausing with a faint sigh in the dark branches of the pines, and stirring the long, shining tresses of the Indian girl.

Here where she stood the hill began, and a narrow, shadowy path led down through the wood by vines and flowers for many a span, to the shore of a bay—the beautiful, sun-loved Bay of Quinté.

With one small hand shading her eyes, she gazed with a keen gaze eastward, out where the water gleamed, scarce ruffled by the coming in of the morning.

Presently, from the shadow of a green point, a light canoe came rippling out upon the yellow reach. Then another and another followed; and on they came until Monahsetah had counted nigh to three score. Tenderly she caressed Manitto, clasped again her bow and arrow, and turned into the wood. And glad was she, for in all the swift canoes she had looked for a tuft of snowy plumes, and had not seen it. Now, this spray of white plumes made bright the bow of the Black-Snake, Orono's canoe; and Orono was mad with love of Monahsetah, who loved another.

Alas! the one she loved was lying silent somewhere beneath the wind-swept grasses, and for Orono she had no care, nor was she happy when he was near.

By and by it happened, when the sun was high in the heaven, there came slowly along the left shore a solitary young Indian, weary and half-famished. Hunted and driven by brigands from the sunny islands of the blue Ladauanna, thus far had he paddled with scarce a morsel of food.

He was Gowanda, handsome and lithe, and swift with bended bow to hunt the wild deer through the forest. And now, safe at last from his pursuers, more slowly came he with a measured dip of his white-bladed paddle.

Then soon his brave craft touched the pebbly shore of an island, and Gowanda rested at last where soft shadows and golden flecks of light played hide-and-seek among the grasses, tall and waving and green.

Slowly the day waned. And at the time of the rising of the moon, the full, silvery moon of a perfect night, when the plaintive voice of the whip-poor-will echoed through the forest, and fire-flies glittered like diamonds through all the shadowy wood, near by the shore of the shining mountain-lake a huge pine-log, more than thirty spans long, and fretted with fern and flower, was rolled out on the green. And soon the dance was begun around this once stately tree of the wildwood, and one by one the Indians who had come with the rising sun took places with the maidens treading the enchanted circle.

Little by little the bright moon ascended, shining silver; the gray moth flew by, and the night-bird trilled its voice sweet and solemn on the still air. More festive waxed the night at each succeeding round, and the careless children of the forest grew not weary of the dance.

But later, when they were most lightsome, suddenly from out the dark hollow of the pine-log glided a slimy snake.

Monahsetah was near. Hissing, it darted toward her, but with a scream she sped away, and all the dancers fell aside. Then it happened that there came a stranger among them from the shadows of the wood with a rush and a blow, and the ugly reptile lay dead on the green.

"Gowanda!" fell from the lips of more than a dozen young braves.

"Gowanda!" Through the wood it echoed; and in groups the Indians gathered round him in the ruddy glow of the camp-fire, and Monahsetah, glad and comely, once again beheld her lover.

It was a long tale he had to tell. For many a moon she had thought him dead, and now it was sweeter far to see him than the coming of the flowers.

To the dance again they turned; but the trail of the serpent was on the grass; the circle slowly thinned, and one by one the dancers gathered in fantastic groups apart a little way from the fire.

Monahsetah, leaning against the bole of an elm, her sable locks half concealing the sweet smiles

Swift over the rippling mere she shot on, her white-bladed paddle flashing the moonlight, her canoe quivering and wild.

Then it happened, ere she had quite gained the centre of the Lake, the splash of a second paddle fell on the night. A swift glance backward told her some one followed, and she caught a gleam of the waving plumes white in the bow of the Black-Snake.

On it came, rapidly making up to her, the water swirling away in its trail—nearer, nearer, till only a little space remained.

Then a frantic rush.

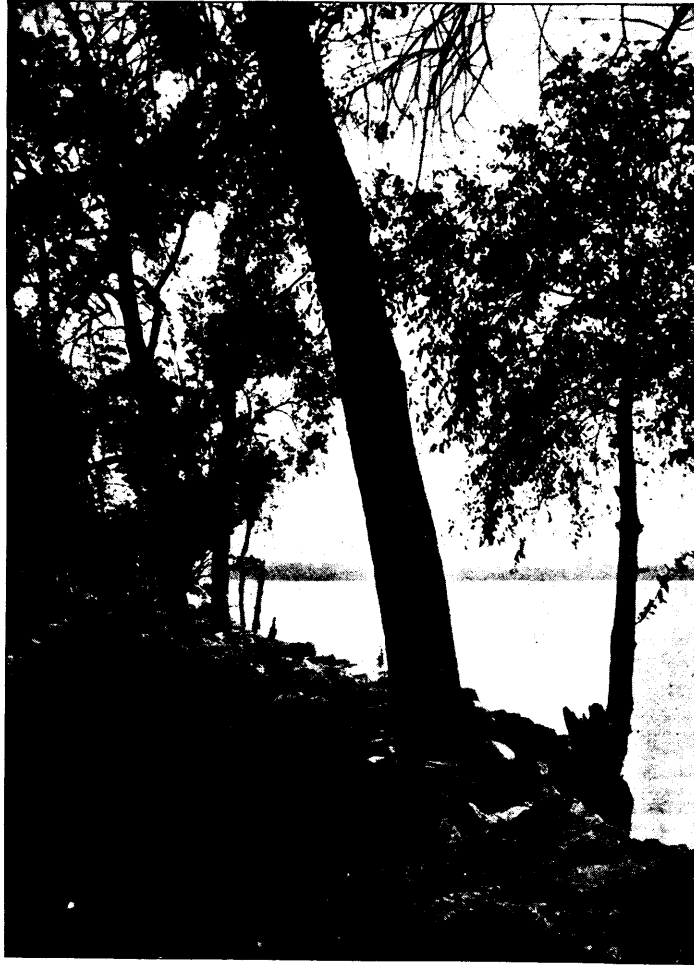
"Gowanda," she cried, and hardly had she touched the strand ere she leaped with a wild leap from the canoe to the outstretched arms of the eager Gowanda.

Then, sudden as the going down of the great northern diver, Orono turned and plunged into the shadowy Lake.

* * * * *

Many summers of sunshine and lilies have come and gone; the sky is golden, and the leaves of the willows blow white again in the wind; but the children of the forest have passed forever from the lovely hills and valleys of Prince Edward. And now only the wraith of the sad Orono haunts at midnight the calm, silent waters of the beautiful Lake on the Mountain.

HELEN M. MERRILL.



THE LAKE ON THE MOUNTAIN.

that dimpled her cheeks, listened to Gowanda. But by and by he turned away and passed with a light step through the shadows of the forest. And soon only her father's people remained by the Lake, and then, noiselessly, she paddled out to cull some water-flowers blossoming a few spans from the shore. But scarcely had she glided a stone's throw by the bushes, when her eye caught the gleam of a strange canoe lying with one bow resting among the ferns on the bank.

Then there came a sudden stir in the cedars, a shadow in the moonlight, and Orono greeted her from a grassy knoll.

"Monahsetah, one, two, three times I have told you I love you. I am come for you."

Another shadow in the moonlight, and her father stood beside Orono.

"Monahsetah, I give you to him. Come in."

Startled was Monahsetah, like a bird in the juniper bush when the hunter passes.

To the southern bosom of the Lake she would fly. The gleam of Gowanda's fire was shining there even now, and she had promised to wed with him on the morrow, and he would protect her from Orono.

THE LAKE ON THE MOUNTAIN.

In Prince Edward, a county famed for its rare natural wonders, situated about five miles from the picturesque town of Picton, lies a beautiful lake—The Lake on the Mountain.

The lake is about three miles in circumference; about three-quarters of a mile being the distance from shore to shore in the widest part. The water is limpid, and the lake being nearly always full, it is thought by some to be supplied by hidden springs. Others suppose that it is on a level with Lake Erie, and that there may be some communication between them. But this is an error, as Lake Erie is, according to the maps, about one hundred and thirty feet higher than the Lake on the Mountain; and the true source of supply still remains a mystery.

It is a delightful place in summer, and many visitors from Canada and the Northern States come to rest a while by its pleasant shore.

To the north of the lake a little way, the tourist has one of the finest views on the continent: a panorama of wave and woodland-island and bay, forest and grass-field lying away to the north and the east. But nothing is more beautiful than the coming in of a perfect summer day; to see the sun-road glittering and gold, far to the east where the rising wind ripples the water; or at day-set, the red sun sinking slowly, slowly, till lost to view beyond the high shore in the distance.

And here from this point of view a precipitous road-way leads down along the steep hillside, whose height is nearly two hundred feet, to the Bay of Quinté, a fitting terminus to so fair a mountain.

HELEN M. MERRILL.

THE LAKE ON THE MOUNTAIN.

A gleam of willows in a golden sheen;
A waft of balm from branches bending low
O'er shadowed way where silken grasses grow,
Tangles of thin leaves twining frail and green.

White cloud-flakes in the silent heaven seen
Like soft doves trailing where no rude winds blow;
Leaf-shadows, wraith-like, trembling to an fro
On wave, and sward, and the gray shore between.

A reach of ripples yellow in the sun,
Alike all destined on the sands to break;
Blue depths that in the soul strange fancies wake,
Reflections darkling ere the day be done—
Sweet twilight phantoms stealing one by one,
Dream-spirits drifting low along the Lake.

HELEN M. MERRILL.



Never take warm drinks and then immediately go out into the cold.

Never omit regular bathing, for, unless the skin is in healthy condition, the cold will close the pores and favour congestion or other disease.

Fine table salt will remove odours from the hands after peeling onions or handling fish. Simply rub the hands thoroughly with it and then wash it off.

A rich gravy may be made at a moment's notice, by mixing some Gravina with hot water, rubbing it with a spoon until smooth—much in the way cocoa is made—and then boiling for four or five minutes; flavouring to taste.

TO PREPARE A MUSTARD PLASTER.—Mix the mustard with the white of an egg, instead of water. The result will be a plaster which will "draw" perfectly well, but will not produce a blister, even on the skin of an infant, no matter how long it is allowed to remain upon the part.

MINUTE SOUP.—Have ready a quart of boiling water, take two tablespoonfuls of Gravina, mix well into a paste with a little cold water and stir into the boiling water. Add salt and pepper to taste and let it boil for five minutes; flavouring with Worcester or any other sauce preferred.

Silverware to keep bright, should never be washed in soap-suds; clear water is best. To prevent articles from tarnishing warm them and apply with a soft brush a thin solution of collodion in alcohol. The ware can be brightened by rubbing with a flannel or chamois-skin dipped in whiting or chalk, then with a newspaper.

In France, if a patient who is under chloroform shows any sign of heart failure, those in attendance hold him head downwards till he is restored. The method is said never to fail; and so convinced are some surgeons of its efficacy that they have operating tables made in such a fashion that one end can be elevated at a moment's notice, and the patient be practically made to stand on his head for an instant or two.

HOW TO CLEAN IVORY.—Ivory ornaments are quickly cleaned by brushing them with a sharp, not very new tooth-brush to which a little soap is given; then rinse in lukewarm water. Next dry the ornaments and continue to brush till the lustre appears, which can be increased by pouring a little alcohol upon the brush. Should the article have become yellow, dry in a gentle heat and it will regain its original appearance.

Silk handkerchiefs are ruined by careless washing, such as they are likely to get if put into the general wash. It is better to do them up by themselves. They should be washed in lukewarm water and rinsed two or three times in clear, cold water, without blue. Wring them out, fold and roll them tightly in a cloth, but do not let them get dry before ironing or they will never look smooth. Coloured silk handkerchiefs should be washed with fine, white soap—never with strong, yellow soap.

A fish napkin, for boiled fish, may be made out of fine linen; it should be forty inches long by twenty-three wide, with a piece ten inches long by seven wide cut out of each corner, which leaves the right sized flaps to turn over on the four sides. The flaps may be embroidered with some sea design in wash silk or simply an initial done in heavy "over and over" embroidery to match the remainder of the napery. Many ladies economize by cutting off the hems of fine damask napkins, which have become worn, and fringing them out to the depth of an inch and a-half, thereby converting them into pretty tea and fruit doilies.

Flocon or snow-flake wool, with or without silk threads twisted about it, is as thick as a lady's finger, and is crocheted on a large shell needle as thick as one's thumb, to make duvets to throw over a bed, a lounge or a baby's carriage. This work is quickly done, an expert making a baby's blanket a yard square in a day. This flocon wool is so light and warm that it makes most luxurious afghans, and there are other afghans of French doubled zephyr, which has two more threads than the German double zephyr, done in a solid colour of two or three shades of terra cotta or of gobelin blue, with scalloped or fringed ends. Still other sofa blankets have a plain centre to match the prevailing colour of the room, with Roman borders. Long stripes, blocks, points or zigzag cross stripes in shaded colours are also popular for afghans.

WOMAN'S DOMAIN.

Children's frocks should be made quite simply, and comfort be the first thing considered. At the London Health Exhibition, some three years ago, among the many ludicrous and ill-constructed monstrosities designated "rational costumes," there were some really charming frocks for little girls exhibited; though perhaps there was nothing startlingly new about the patterns, and many, no doubt, had been long familiar to mothers and nurses. Most of these little frocks were of the "smock" type, the dress hanging from the shoulders almost straight, the bodice part being made with a yoke prettily "honey-combed," the sleeves loose and drawn into a band at the wrist, the waist just "hinted at" by a

broad soft silk sash. This is a very good and healthy style of dress for a girl in the schoolroom who has entered upon the "leggy" stage of her existence, for at nine or ten years old it is quite time to leave off dressing a little girl smartly and picturesquely. While they are in the schoolroom their dress cannot be too simple for good sense, good taste, and economy; though, at the same time, there is not the slightest reason why the frocks should be unbecomingly or badly made, and harmony of colours and suitability of materials should be always considered. There is not the least excuse for a girl being sent out for her daily walk in a brown dress, a black jacket, and a grey hat, because she is "only in the schoolroom," or that she should be made to go on wearing a winter felt hat into July for the same reason, and because "it is not worth while to get her another one for every day."

Do not overload your children with dress. Do not make them so fine that you have to scream "Don't!" "Don't!" "Don't!" to them from morning to night. Children are sweet and pretty in little muslin and gingham slips, edged with lace or needle work, and all the puffing and fluting, and trying on of sashes and ribbons, just spoils their beauty. A little child has no figure; its charm is in its limbs, its neck, its face.

A mother need not fret if she can have plenty of light pretty calico and a white dress or two, with nice shoes and stockings and cunning little underclothes. Her babies in these will look well enough for little princesses, and those who keep maids for their children should be all the more careful to dress them so that the little creatures' tempers will not be spoiled by excessive nagging in order that the maid may not have the trouble of changing dresses and re-trying sashes. The great want of health and freedom—clothes that are warm enough in winter and light in summer.

For school and play let children have hats that they can throw about without spoiling them. Delicate artificial flowers are crushed in a few days, and money is wasted and a dowdy effect produced. A twist of soft silk is all that is needed for a school hat with a pin or a buckle. It is a problem how to make a little girl neat and yet to keep her from thinking altogether about her clothes. The best way is to awaken her interest in higher things. Educate her to the best of your ability, and above all, teach her that clean hands and face, well-brushed hair, nice nails, and well-laced boots are before all ruffles and furbelows.

Children require more heat-producing than blood-producing food, and should not have meat more than once a day, and it should not be underdone, and between the first and second year be minced fine, that is until the first dentition is over. Milk should enter largely into the food of children for breakfast and supper until they are at least seven years of age. Vegetables should be thoroughly cooked and potatoes well mashed. The heat-producing foods are such as flour, potatoes, lentils, eggs, chocolate, oatmeal, oils, and nearly all vegetables. The blood-producing are meats all kinds, and fish.

In lifting a child both hands should be used and so placed as to clasp the body about the waist, or hips, and the body raised without any force being exerted upon the arms. Every day upon our streets can be seen little children just able to toddle along who have to be carried across the street and over or around obstructions; and the torture that they oftentimes have to undergo from the thoughtlessness of those who attend them causes many a headache to a careful observer who feels for them. Usually, with a hand grasped by the mother or other person caring for the child, it is hurried along faster than its little legs can carry it, a portion of its weight being lifted and causing a constant strain upon the arm; when a crossing is reached the mother takes a stronger pull, the child dangles by one arm until the opposite side is reached and then the feet are allowed to partly rest upon the ground again. Sometimes the process will be varied by two persons taking the child between them and each taking a hand when the weight of the child will be divided between two arms which is only one half as bad. But such practices should never be allowed. The arms of a child were never intended to serve as handles for the purpose of lifting or carrying. Strains, dislocations and fractures causing deformity and imperfect use of arm or shoulder or both, result from such careless use of the arms of a child, which were designed for the child's use in doing things within its strength. It would be impossible for a child weighing thirty pounds to so exert its strength as to lift that amount with one or even both hands and yet that is what it is compelled to do when the arms are made the handles whereby the child is lifted.

TOILET HINTS.

Cream cures sunburn on some complexions, lemon juice is best on others, and cold water suits still others best.

An ounce of borax in four ounces of glycerine rubbed into the hair at night and washed off in the morning cleans away scurf and makes the hair soft and silky.

Many people are troubled with soft corns. A good cure for them is to soak a pledget of cotton-wool in castor oil and place it over the corn. Continue this treatment for some time and you will be astonished at the result.

When the lips are sore and cracked apply a drop of warm mutton tallow at night just before going to bed and it will heal them quicker than anything else. It also whitens the hands in a very short time and renders them soft and smooth.

Borax water is a good thing to keep by one for the hands. To make it put $\frac{1}{4}$ lb crude borax into a bottle and fill with hot water. When the borax is dissolved add more to the water, until the hot water can absorb no more, and a residuum remains in the bottom of the bottle. To the water in which you wash your hands pour enough dissolved borax to make the water slippery. It is very cleansing and will keep the hands nice and soft. It is too drying for the skin of the face.

An English lady, over 50, asserts that her lack of wrinkles is due to the fact of her having used very hot water all her life, which tightens the skin and smooths out the lines. A celebrated beauty attributes her preservation to having never used a wash-cloth or towel on her face, but having always washed it gently with her hand, rinsing it off with a soft sponge, drying it with a soft cloth, and then rubbing it briskly with a flesh brush. She used castile soap and very warm water every night, with cold water in the morning, and if she were awake late at night she always slept as many hours in the day as she expected to be awake at night. Another student of the toilet asserts that she prevents and obliterates wrinkles by rubbing the face towards the nose when bathing.

MUSIC AND THE STAGE.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, TORONTO.—This popular house has held large audiences all this week, the attraction being "Our Flat," a most comical comedy by Mrs. Masgrove. The play is produced and played by an exceptionally strong company, under the management of Mr. Daniel Frohman, of the Lyceum Theatre, New York. "Our Flat" details the engagements of a newly-married couple, who bought all their furniture on the instalment plan, said furniture having to be given up when first instalment was not forthcoming. The serious predicament into which the couple (*Mr. and Mrs. Sylvester*) find themselves thrown, with no furniture in the house, does not strike them as particularly alarming, and the ingenious wife turns to make a new set of furniture out of tubs, barrels, coal boxes, etc. and it is out of this situation that most amusing and infectious fun is taken. There is no depth in the piece; it is fun, pure and simple, from first to last.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.—Mr. E. H. Sothern is playing "Lord Chumley" and the "Highest Bidder" for the first three nights of this week. He is well received, though his support is not up to last year. For the last three nights of the week Mrs. Frohman appears in "Ingomar" and "King René's Daughter." She comes well spoken of.

JACOBS & SPARROW'S OPERA HOUSE.—Go-Won-Go-Mohawk, the great Indian actress, is playing at this house and seems to please, for large audiences greet her on each occasion of her appearance.

HERE AND THERE.

Canada pays less annually in interest upon the national debt of the Dominion than it would have to contribute every year to the American Pension Fund if annexation were an accomplished fact. The army of pensioners upon the bounty of the United States Government is increasing so rapidly that the great republic is now within easy distance of the time when the annual expense of satisfying the claims of the veterans will be over \$100,000,000. Canada's proportion of this liability would be, according to population, \$10,000,000.

Lord Wolseley, speaking recently on the drink question in the army, expressed his conviction that the only way to secure an efficient army is to have good and moral soldiers, and that the only way to obtain good and moral soldiers is to get them to abstain from intoxicating drink. He further averred that his own experience of an abstaining regiment was that the soldiers performed their work better than others, enjoyed better general health, and did not expose themselves to punishment for offences. That a General in Lord Wolseley's position should make so emphatic a stand in this matter is noteworthy, and that his weighty influence in the army has been enlisted upon the right side.

AINHUM, A BRAZILIAN DISEASE.—Ainhum was first systematically described by a Brazilian surgeon as attacking coloured races in Brazil. The merit of its actual discovery, as Dr. Radcliffe Crocker and others have pointed out, is due to Dr. Clarke, who described the disease before the Epidemiological Society, in 1860, as a dry gangrene of the little toe among the natives of the Gold Coast. Dr. Da Silva, Lima, however, described ainhum as a disorder long known as existing among Africans and Creoles in South America, first writing about it in the *Gazeta Medica de Bahia* in 1867. Ainhum consists in hypertrophy and degenerative changes in the little toe, a constriction forming and slowly becoming deeper until the digit is amputated spontaneously or otherwise. The disease is often symmetrical, and may last for years. It is now known that the fourth, or even the great toe, may be affected, and Egles describes a case where a finger was attacked. It is frequent near Bahia, and also occurs in the Southern States of Africa, the West Indies, the West Coast of Africa, India (where Hindus are also liable to the disease), Réunion, and Nossi-bé. M. Cogues has described a case of ainhum, which occurred in Madagascar, in the March number of the *Archives de Médecine Navale*. The pathology of ainhum is obscure, and although spontaneous amputation of digits is a feature in some forms of leprosy, it is by no means certain that the two diseases are closely allied.—*British Medical Journal*.

HUMOUROUS.

THE common salutation during the past week has been, "Have you had it?"

WHEN you have a cold you do not know how to cure it. All your friends know how, and they tell you, but that does not affect the cold.

EMPLOYER: William, Mrs. Spriggings complains that she received only one of the bundles she had put up here last night. William: That's funny, sir. I wrote Mrs. Spriggings on one bundle and put ditto on each of the others.

GUEST AT EATING-HOUSE (grumbling): Bring me some reed birds. Seems to me fifty cents is a good price for them, though. Waiter: Yes, sah. Reed birds is expensive. They are hard to get, sah, and we have to bring 'em a long distance. (Behind the screen some minutes later) Lively, now. Hurry up them English sparrows.

"MISTAH JOHNSING, yu heah dat gal ob mine sing at the chairch las night?" "I did." "Bootiful song dat, de one she sung. It am called De Lost Chord." "Huh! dat so? Well, you wa'n't dar." "No, I was to hum, but she tole me she sung it." "Yes she did, and some one got at my woodpile while I was at de chaich. Quess I lost about a cord, too."

A GLASGOW landlady was much exercised regarding the stoppage of her eight day clock, and stating her grievance to one of her lodgers, he at once volunteered to endeavour to put it right. Having set the clock going, he turned to the landlady and said:—"Now put your ear here, Mrs.; I think she's ticking pretty regular." "Jist wait awee," returned the landlady, "till I get my specks."

IT WAS NOT SO IN HER DAYS.—Old Lady (looking admiringly at her grand-daughter's headdress): Amanda, my dear, where did you get that hat? Amanda (severely): Grandma, your acquaintance with the slang of the day surprises me! Old Lady: Slang, my dear? Is "Where did you get that hat" slang? Amanda: Of course it is. Old Lady (gently and sadly): I did not know it. But I am not surprised at your acquaintance with it, my dear.

A DELIGHTFUL story has been told of an old-fashioned English bishop who, on receiving some guests, was horrified to see a precious weather-glass flung down by a servant who was handing one of his visitors a chair. The servant was covered with confusion, and the gentleman to whom he had attended began to express his concern and regret. It was a fine opportunity, and the bishop did not miss it. "Pray, don't let it trouble you," he said. "In fact, it comes in the nick of time. We have had a distressingly dry season, and now we may expect rain; for I have never seen the glass so low before!"



A FAITHFUL WIFE.

AGNES: Oh! Gus! how I wish you would give up that horrid habit!
GUS: Don't you know, dear, that a glass of whiskey, in the evening, just makes another man of me!
AGNES: Well, then, please remember that I am not another man's wife, and that I will have nothing to say to him!

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

Commencing December 29th, 1889.

TRAINS LEAVE MONTREAL

From Windsor Street Station:

FOR SHERBROOKE—4.00 p.m. and 7.35 p.m.

FOR ST. JOHNS, Farnham, etc., 9.00 a.m., 4.00 p.m., 7.15 p.m., 7.35 p.m.

FOR BOSTON, Portland, Manchester, etc., 9.00 a.m. and 7.15 p.m.

FOR ST. JOHN, N.B. and Halifax, N.S. 7.35 p.m.

FOR NEWPORT—9.00 a.m., 4.00 p.m., and 7.15 p.m.

FOR TORONTO, Smith's Falls, Peterboro, Brockville, Kingston, 9.20 a.m. For Smith's Falls, Kingston, Toronto, Detroit, Chicago, etc., 7.45 p.m.

FOR OTTAWA and Buckingham, 11.00 a.m. and 4.25 p.m.

FOR SAULT STE. MARIE, St. Paul, Minneapolis, etc., 11.00 a.m.

FOR VAUDREUIL, WINCHESTER, ETC.,—9.20 a.m. and 7.45 p.m.

From Dalhousie Square Station:

FOR QUEBEC,—8.10 a.m., (*3.30 p.m. Sundays only) and 10.00 p.m. For points on Intercolonial Ry. to Campbellton N.B., 10.00 p.m.

FOR THREE RIVERS,—8.10 a.m., (*3.30 p.m. Sundays only) 5.00 p.m. and 10.00 p.m.

FOR JOLIETTE, St. Felix de Valois, St. Gabriel etc.,—5.00 p.m.

FOR OTTAWA,—8.50 a.m., 4.40 p.m., *8.40 p.m.

FOR WINNIPEG and Vancouver,—8.40 p.m.

FOR ST. JEROME, St. Lin and St. Eustache, 5.20 p.m.

FOR ST. ROSE and Ste. Therese, and intermediate stations—3.00 p.m., 4.40 p.m., 5.30 p.m. Saturdays only, 1.30 p.m., instead of 3.00 p.m.

From Bonaventure Station:

FOR CHAMBLY and Marieville etc., 3.40 p.m., from St. Lambert, connecting with Grand Trunk 3.15 p.m. train from Bonaventure Station.

FOR CHAMBLY and Marieville, etc., 5.00 p.m.

† Except Saturdays.

‡ Run daily, Sundays included. Other trains week days only, unless otherwise shown.

* Parlor and Sleeping Cars on trains so marked.

‡ No connection for Portland with this train leaving Montreal, Saturdays.

American Customs Officer at Windsor and Dalhousie Sq. stations to examine baggage destined for the United States.

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Laugh and Grow Fat

at Christmas Time!

The 20 wittiest books ever written are, I think:— (20) The Laird of Logan, 50c.; (19) Artemus Ward, 75c.; (15) Jeanes Kaye, 35c.; (17) Father Prout, (probably Dean Swift's Son) \$1.00; (16) Cooper's Eve, Ellingham and other novels, 35c. and \$1.00 each; (15) Marryatt's Peter Simple and other novels, 15c. and \$1.00; (14) Trollope's Barchester Towers, 65c.; (13) Sheridan, 30c.; (12) Hudibras, 60c.; (11) Pope, \$1.00; (10) Junius, \$1.00; (9) Thackeray's Rose and Ring, \$1.00 (his works complete \$9.00); (8) Don Quixote, 35c. and \$1.00; (7) Goldsmith, \$1.00; (6) Dickens' Works, complete, \$4.00 and \$7.00; (5) Lamb's Elias, \$1.00, Life and Works, \$3.75; (4) Cochin's Molière; (3) Swift, \$1.50 and 75c.; (1) Shakespeare, 35c. to \$20, order the \$2.50 edition. And the best place to order these books at once, by mail, is of

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HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS.

All even numbered sections, excepting 8 and 26, are open for homestead and pre-emption entry.

ENTRY.

Entry may be made personally at the local land office in which the land to be taken is situate, or if the homesteader desires, he may, on application to the Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, or the Commissioner of Dominion Lands, Winnipeg, receive authority for some one near the local office to make the entry for him.

DUTIES.

Under the present law homestead duties may be performed in three ways:

1. Three years' cultivation and residence, during which period the settler may not be absent for more than six months in any one year without forfeiting the entry.

2. Residence for three years within two miles of the homestead quarter section and afterwards next prior to application for patent, residing for 3 months in a habitable house erected upon it. Ten acres must be broken the first year after entry, 15 acres additional in the second, and 15 in the third year; 10 acres to be in crop the second year, and 25 acres the third year.

3. A settler may reside anywhere for the first two years, in the first year breaking 5 acres, in the second cropping said 5 acres and breaking additional 10 acres, also building a habitable house. The entry is forfeited if residence is not commenced at the expiration of two years from date of entry. Thereafter the settler must reside upon and cultivate his homestead for at least six months in each year for three years.

APPLICATION FOR PATENT

may be made before the local agent, any homestead inspector, or the intelligence officer at Medicine Hat or Qu'Appelle Station.

Six months' notice must be given in writing to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands by a settler of his intention prior to making application for patent.

Intelligence offices are situate at Winnipeg, Qu'Appelle Station and Medicine Hat. Newly arrived immigrants will receive, at any of these offices, information as to the lands that are open for entry, and from the officers in charge, free of expense, advice and assistance in securing lands to suit them.

A SECOND HOMESTEAD

may be taken by any one who has received a homestead patent or a certificate of recommendation, countersigned by the Commissioner of Dominion Lands, upon application for patent made by him prior to the second day of June, 1887.

All communications having reference to lands under control of the Dominion Government, lying between the eastern boundary of Manitoba and the Pacific Coast, should be addressed to the Secretary of the Department of the Interior, Ottawa, or to H. H. Smith, Commissioner of Dominion Lands, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

A. M. BURGESS, Deputy Minister of the Interior. Department of the Interior, Ottawa, Sept. 2, 1889.