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THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

(TRADE MARK.)

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

(REGISTERED.)

VOL. II.—No. 52.

MONTREAL AND TORONTO, 29th JUNE, 1889.

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FALLS OF THE RIVER STE. ANNE.
NORTH SHORE OF ST. LAWRENCE, BELOW QUEBEC.

Henderson, photo.

The Dominion Illustrated.

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29th JUNE, 1889.



The statement, just published, of the trade of the Dominion in the month of May this year, shows some features of interest when compared with the returns for the same month last year. The exports of May, 1889, are in excess of those of May, 1888, to the amount of \$680,000. The following are the details: Produce of the mine, \$437,357; produce of the fisheries, \$527,670; produce of the forest, \$2,390,529; animals and their produce, \$1,627,497; agricultural products, \$913,621; manufactures, \$563,902; miscellaneous, \$80,017; coin and bullion, \$9,733; total, \$6,550,335. The produce of other countries, in the foregoing statement, is valued at \$582,305. The imports for the month were valued at \$9,846,429; the duty collected at \$1,904,689. Last year the figures for imports and duty were, respectively, \$8,676,422 and \$1,790,114.

Halifax has been celebrating the 140th anniversary of its foundation and settlement. Early in 1749 an advertisement appeared in the *London Gazette* setting forth certain inducements to officers and soldiers of the land and sea service, who had lately obtained their discharge, as well as to farmers and tradesmen, to accept grants of land and settle in Nova Scotia. The carrying out of the scheme was in the hands of the Commissioners of Trade and Plantations, of whom Lord Halifax was at that time chief. A good many persons applied—including two majors, six captains, nineteen lieutenants of the army, three lieutenants of the navy, twenty-three midshipmen and fifteen surgeons. The emigrants, when a census was taken, numbered altogether 2,576 souls. The expedition, in charge of the Hon. Edward Cornwallis (who had been appointed governor of the colony), left England on the 14th of May and reached Chebucto—the site of the future capital of Nova Scotia—on the 21st of June. The governor and his subjects were charmed with the beauty of the scene and they at once proceeded to build homes for themselves. On the 25th of July His Excellency took the oath of office and his council was sworn in. It consisted of Paul Mascarene, John Gorham, Benjamin Green, John Salusbury and Hugh Davidson. John Salusbury was the father of a lady well known in literary history as Mrs. Thrale (afterwards Mrs. Piozzi), the friend of Samuel Johnson. The early progress of Halifax was remarkable. Industry and trade proved remunerative. A thriving town soon grew up, with its places of business, its churches, and ere long its newspaper. The first Legislative Assembly of the Province met in October, 1758.

The crofter movement has proved a success and British Columbia is likely to have a good proportion of Scotland transferred to its fertile valleys. A proposal was recently made in the House of

Commons by the Scottish Under-Secretary for the extension of the limit of the mortgage on homesteads. At present it is fixed at \$600, and it is urged that this does not offer sufficient inducements to the general run of intending emigrants. Sir Charles Tupper's reply on this point will soon be known, as he is shortly to be examined by the Commission.

The *Boston Traveller* recently published a piece of news the moral of which is that Mr. Blaine's bluster about American prestige is unaccompanied by any real influence even on this continent. An American citizen, residing ordinarily in Toledo, Ohio, had, it seems, been arrested in Mexico and, after a mock trial, lodged in prison. Conscious of no crime, he appealed to the majesty of the American name, but his representations were disregarded and he remained in durance vile. Then a happy thought prompted him to say that he was a British subject, and, presto, the order for his release followed immediately.

Some years ago an American clergyman, preaching in a Montreal church, and wishing to emphasize the friendship and power of the two great English-speaking nations, told a story which this Toledo romance recalls to us. If any of his hearers, said the preacher, would go to St. Johnsbury, Vermont, and ask for Mr. Haskings, formerly of the American merchant marine, he would tell them how his life was saved by the quick-wittedness of a British consul, trusting to the prestige of his flag. The sailor, while ashore at Valparaiso, had knocked down a native policeman for, as he thought, insulting him. For this offence he was haled before a tribunal, of whose proceedings he understood not a word, and sentenced to be shot. The British consul seeing the preparations for the execution, made inquiry on the subject, and learning the facts, ran to the office of the American consul and exclaimed: "Great God! You are not going to let them shoot that man?" The reply being "What can I do?" the British consul seized the American flag, and taking his own flag in the other hand, he hurried to the square, where the man awaited his doom. Forcing his way through the crowd he wrapped both flags around the body of the culprit and defied the Chilean authorities to "shoot through the heart of England and America." The man was promptly released. A report of Dr. Peck's sermon was published in the *Witness*, and a few days later there appeared in the same paper some lines on the incident which will be found in another column.

This week has been made memorable by the payment of a meed of honour long due to the brave explorer who first claimed Canada for the crown of France. The spot chosen for the monument is the place where Jacques Cartier and his companions passed the winter of 1635-36 and where, before their departure, they set up a cross and the arms of the French king. The locality to which Cartier gave the name of Sainte Croix, because he had arrived there on Holy Cross Day (September 13), had been designated Cabir Coubat by the Indians, but about the year 1617 the Recollet Fathers gave it the name of St. Charles, in memory of Messire Charles DesBoues, founder of their missions in New France. On the 3rd of May, 1536, the Day of the Invention of the Holy Cross, Cartier, in honour of the festival, erected a cross, thirty-five feet high, below the traverse of which he placed a shield bearing the arms of France, with the legend: "Franciscus Primus, Dei Gratiâ, Regnat." Evidently there could be no fitter site for a memorial to the great Breton mariner

than that which he had himself selected for the commemoration of his dearly bought triumph.

Cartier was a pioneer, but in a sense (as the event proved) of which he could himself have hardly dreamed. The immediate results of his voyages were not fortunate. De Roberval's attempt at colonization was a failure, and it was not till the advent of Champlain that the foundations of New France were securely laid. Notwithstanding the brief interruption caused by Kirk's capture of his stronghold, Champlain had the satisfaction of leaving behind him a community firmly established and fairly prosperous, which was destined in time to assume the dimensions of a people. To Cartier, nevertheless, belongs the honour of discovery and occupation, and to his presence on our soil and estimate of its worth we gratefully attribute the first impulse to that movement of which our present progress is the continuation.

ONE YEAR.

With this number the *DOMINION ILLUSTRATED* closes its first year of existence. When that year began we laid before the public the objects which it was intended to serve. Those objects were, indeed, comprised in the name which had been selected. We hoped that it would be true to that name; would fulfil its promise, and be recognized as worthy of it. That a journal of the kind was needed was generally acknowledged. Of ordinary newspapers there was no lack. The necessities of politics, of commerce, of finance, were supplied fairly well. Education had its organs; so had religion, and many other interests were represented in the periodical press. But in high-class pictorial journalism Canada was sadly deficient, and it was felt that a well conducted weekly, making the illustration of our own great country—its people, its scenery, its resources, its industries—a special aim ought to meet with appreciation from the people of the Dominion.

There were considerations, moreover, which seemed to make such an enterprise peculiarly seasonable at the time when it was undertaken. The Canadian Confederation had attained its majority and was entering on a new stage of progress. Our vast Northwest had been opened up by one of the greatest railway triumphs of our time. The Atlantic and the Pacific had been brought nigh to each other by a shortening of the portage across the continent. In a more real sense than ever before our motherland had through our aid been made mistress of the seas. Our prestige had been correspondingly enhanced. The world had begun to look upon us with interest, and inquiries about us, our possessions and prospects were becoming frequent and urgent. It was of importance, therefore, that we should both know and let others know what Canada was, both in actuality and capability. Whatever was picturesque in our life, our scenery, our architecture, our industries, our commerce—whatever could be estimated more correctly and agreeably by the aid of skilful illustration—that was to be our chosen theme.

As much of that task as could be accomplished in a single year we have honestly tried to discharge during the last twelve months. We have published the portraits of a large number of our leading men—some of them no longer with us: we have done something towards making our readers acquainted with the wonderful variety of our scenery—its beauty, its sublimity, and, in some cases, its charms of historic association; we have

endeavoured to give some notion of the importance and diversity of our natural products; of the movements of trade; of our great public works and improvements. The triumphs of public spirit and the evidence of enlightenment and taste in its manifestation: signs of progress in art and in technical training; agriculture in all its phases and connections: Northwest ranching and those who conduct it; our great manufacturing concerns and the scenes amid which they flourish—in fine, whatever relates directly or indirectly to our national, social, religious, industrial or commercial life, whatever contributes to our progress or forms a feature in it—all this and much more we deemed to come within the scope of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED.

As to the letter-press, our contributors, among whom we are proud to number some of Canada's foremost writers, have stood by us nobly, and we take this opportunity of thanking them for their share in our success. They have all heartily sympathized with our aspiration to make Canada known and respected and great by self-knowledge and self-respect. On the whole, we close our first year with the consciousness that, in spite of some grave drawbacks and some serious shortcomings, we have not entirely missed the aim with which we set out, and, with the good-will of our readers and friends, we will begin the new year with undiminished faith in our great country, and the hope, not lessened by experience, that the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED may help to promote its prosperity and magnify its prestige in the eyes of the world.

THE OLD NOR'-WESTERS.

From time to time during the last twelve months we have given illustrations of the posts and forts of the Hudson's Bay Company—that organization which has, directly and indirectly, played so important a part in the development of the Northwest. It ought not, however, to be forgotten that the company, as we know it in recent generations, is really a combination of two important societies—one English, the other Canadian. The story of the former has been briefly told in our columns. It dates back to the year 1670, when Charles II. granted a charter to the merchant adventurers who carried on the fur trade on the shores of Hudson's Bay and appointed Prince Rupert the first governor of the co-partnery. If the privileges conferred by the charter were comprehensive, so also were the responsibilities assumed by the company. One of their tasks was to discover a passage to "the western and southern ocean of America." For this purpose several expeditions were sent out, but without any definite result. In 1749, when a committee of inquiry into the condition of the company was ordered by Parliament, there were only six forts, all on the Bay. A century and a quarter later the number had increased to nearly a hundred and fifty, distributed all over the continent.

To that increase the accession of the Northwest Company had not a little contributed. Even under French rule, Canada had done much towards the exploration of the region west of the great lakes. The Sieur de la Vérandrye and his sons had made known the great prairie region before the final struggle between France and Britain began. After the conquest Canadian traders again took up the interrupted task. Montreal was their chief centre of business, and from Montreal the Frobishers, McGillivrays, McTavishes, Frasers and Mackenzies set forth on their quest for new sources of wealth and new routes to the Western ocean.

In 1787 the most important fur firms deemed it well to unite and form a company. The Nor'-Westers, as the members liked to be called, comprised some of the ablest and most influential men of their time. Their services as explorers have only of late begun to be estimated at their true value. Both in the Northwest and in the older provinces—especially since the organization of our Archives Bureau—a good deal has been done towards the elucidation of their researches and discoveries. It has, however, remained for Mr. L. R. Masson, of Terrebonne, to whom had come by inheritance a mass of important documents bearing on it, to treat the subject with the fulness and accuracy which it deserved. His connection with the family of the late Hon. Roderick Mackenzie, cousin of Sir Alexander Mackenzie, made Mr. Masson the possessor of the correspondence between those distinguished kinsmen and of several other manuscripts, equally precious, relating to the membership, aims and operations of the Northwest Company. These the owner has wisely determined to place within reach of the public, and the first volume of the series—a series of the utmost value and interest—has just been issued from the press of Messrs. A. Côté & Co., of Quebec. This volume of nearly 600 pages, consists of two parts. Part first is a general historical sketch of the company till the close (in 1820) of its separate existence, enriched with copious annotations. Part second consists of seven memoirs, journals and reports of eminent Northwesters.

In his historical sketch Mr. Masson, after summarizing the progress of trade, adventure and exploration under the old régime and in the early years of British rule, relates the circumstances to which the Northwest Company owed its origin. He describes the exploits of Henry and Cadotte, the Frobisher brothers, Umfreville, Pond, Quesnel, Pangman, Grant and Leroux, and the great trading houses of Montreal, with their rival ambitions and interests. By the formation of the company Messrs. Frobisher, McTavish, Gregory, McGillivray, the Mackenzies, and others, united their means and energies and became a power in the land. He tells how Alexander Mackenzie became the leading spirit in the Northwest—how, defying all obstacles, he made his way successively to the Boreal and to Pacific ocean. He depicts the jealousy and alarm of the Hudson's Bay Company at the success of its rival and reveals the discords that in 1796 led to the secession of the X. Y.'s. The death of Mr. McTavish in 1804 made it possible for the two sections to reunite. The Astoria interlude, the schemes of Lord Selkirk, the growing dissensions ending in bloodshed, and the compromise which ensued after the reign of disorder—a compromise fatal to the Northwest Company—these successive events are all clearly set forth in Mr. Masson's history.

The remainder—which constitutes the bulk—of the book is devoted to the memoirs and journals already referred to. First we have the "Reminiscences" of the Hon. Roderick Mackenzie, with copious extracts of Sir Alexander's letters to himself. These letters contain some vivid pictures of Northwestern life. The second of the documents is composed of letters from Mr. W. F. Wentzell, a Norwegian in the company's service, to the Hon. Roderick Mackenzie, between the years 1807 and 1824. The "Journal of a Voyage from the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific Coast," by Mr. Simon Fraser (1808); the Journal of Mr. F. V. Malhiot in a journey from Fort Kamanaitiquoya to the river Montreal in 1804; An Account of the Red

River Country about 1797, by Mr. John McDonnell; the "Missouri Journal" of Mr. F. A. Larocque, clerk of the company, in 1804-1805, and a Narrative of Four Trading Expeditions to the Missouri, in 1804-1805-1806, by Mr. Charles Mackenzie, which treats largely of the Mandan, Crow, Cheyenne and other Indian tribes, complete the volume. Mr. Charles Mackenzie, like his more distinguished namesake, Sir Alexander, maintains that "Mississippi" is the proper name of the great river which is generally spelled "Missouri." These documents contain a mass of valuable information to be obtained nowhere else, and Mr. Masson merits the gratitude of the public for placing them within reach of historical students. "Les Bourgeois de la Compagnie du Nord-Ouest" will, when the series is complete, be a rich addition to our original sources of knowledge as to Manitoba, the Territories and British Columbia. The story of the gradual conquest of that vast region, of the perils of the explorers, of the rivalries of individuals, of the conflicts of the companies, is intensely interesting.

MILITIA NOTES.

Of the late Lieut.-Colonels Lamontagne and De Bellefeuille the *Militia Gazette* says: "They were both comparatively young men, being several years short of three score. They led useful and honorable lives, and their memories will be fondly cherished by many a brother officer of the force."

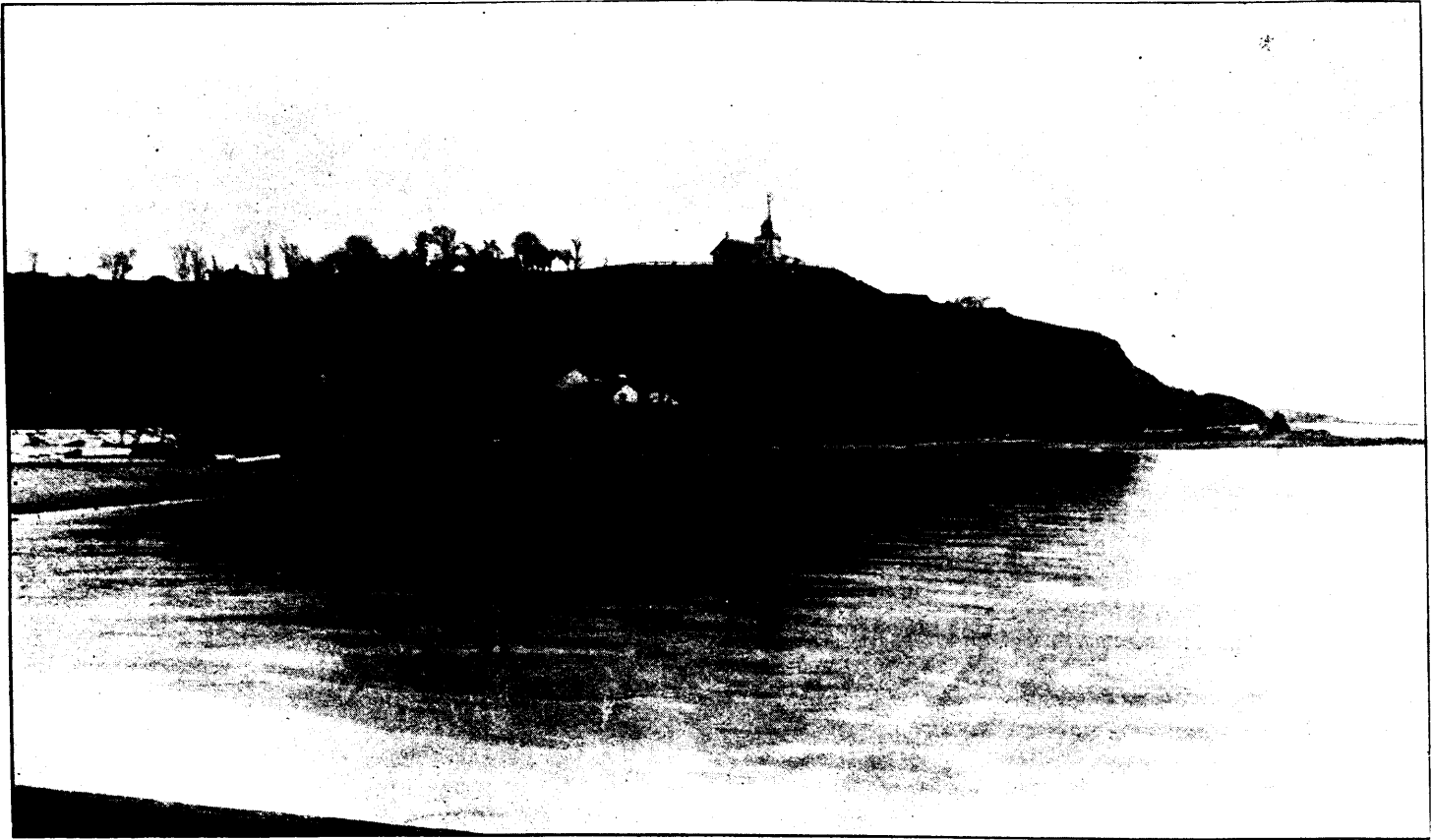
The only ten shot highest possible ever made in revolver competition in England was scored in competition at 20 yards by Walter Winans at a meeting of the South London Rifle Club on the 21st May. The revolver used was a Colt, .45 calibre, 4½ lbs., trigger pull, factory ammunition, English army mark I. M. Winans continuing shooting, put five more shots in the bull, making a string of 15.

Commenting on the popularity of the Queen's Own and other city regiments with the press and public of Toronto, the *Militia Gazette* says: In Montreal there is the same incentive to membership and proficiency in the militia. True, the papers are modest; but it is quite touching to hear the comments of the Montreal citizens, especially the ladies, upon their respective favorites when the corps parade for a holiday review. The number of regiments Montreal supports, and supports handsomely too, is surprising to anyone acquainted with the private expenditure involved.

It is generally regretted that Captain W. S. Russell, of the 45th Battalion, has been compelled by business necessities to withdraw from this year's Wimbledon team. He is a well tried shot, having twice already represented Canada at Wimbledon, and all this season he has been making exceptionally good practice. His place will be taken by another member of the 44th, Pte. J. Horsey, who now goes to Wimbledon for the first time. Had the best men of those eligible gone, Canada would this year have had an exceptionally good chance for the Kolapore cup. Those who refused the proffered places were Captain Hartt, St. John Rifles; Staff-Sergt. Clarke, 53rd; Captain McMicking, 44th; Sergt. Short, G.G.F.G.; Captain Russell, 45th; Pte. Burns, 3rd (formerly 62nd), Captain Corbin, 63rd. The team, nevertheless, will be by no means a bad one.

Captain G. Henry Witthaus, a director of the National Rifle Association of America, well known to riflemen who have visited Creedmoor for several years past, committed suicide by shooting himself in the head May 30. The deceased was a popular New York gentleman, possessing wealth and a host of friends. He was a member of the 9th Regiment of the Old Guard, and belonged to the Hoboken Turtle Club, the Thirteen Club, the Press Club, the Liederkrantz and Arion Societies and the Young Men's Democratic Club. He was assistant to Gen. Charles F. Robbins, the Inspector of Rifle Practice for the State of New York, and rendered valuable assistance at Creedmoor as assistant executive officer, his uniform courtesy to the press representatives being well remembered. The deceased was 46 years of age.

The *Army and Navy Gazette* says: "A smokeless powder has been produced at last, so now the only possible objection to the introduction of a heavy quick firing gun for artillery purposes is conclusively removed. Captain Noble, of the Elswick firm at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, has invented a powder which appears to be perfectly reliable, and which is at the same time practically smokeless and noiseless in its explosion. The War Office has almost decided upon its use not only for small arms, but, in a modified form, for machine and quick firing guns, and experimental trials are about to be instituted with it at Lydd on a very considerable scale. Noble's powder is a curious greyish-looking material, in long threads or a whipcord-like form, presumably from the shape it assumes while under hydraulic pressure. Its action is most startling. At 300 yards range not a sound is heard when a volley is fired with it, and only a faint haze arises, which is almost imperceptible; whilst a shower of bullets is seen to fall upon the targets, on effect produced seemingly without a cause!"



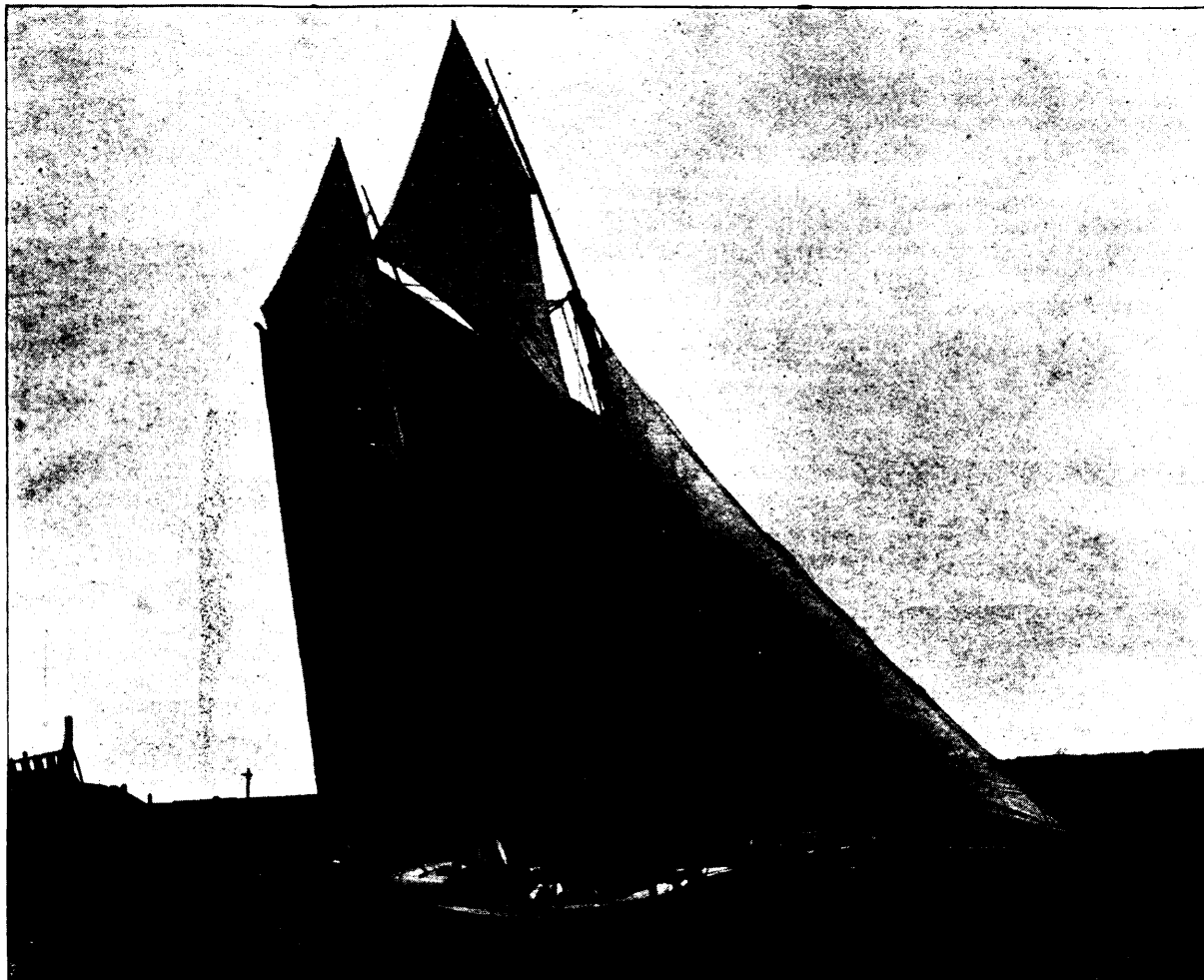
LIGHT HOUSE AT GODERICH, LAKE HURON.

J. M. Williams, photo.



INDIAN CAMP, RIVER MAITLAND, OPPOSITE GODERICH.

J. M. Williams, photo.



A COLLINGWOOD "SMACKER."

Fanjoy, photo.



INAUGURATION CEREMONY LAKE ST. JOHN RAILWAY.

Livernois, photo.



FALLS OF STE. ANNE.—This miniature Niagara is one of the chief points of interest and one of the loveliest and most romantic of the districts which have made the Lower St. Lawrence so dear to the lover of nature. From the historic and religious standpoint, it is a feature in the environment of that remarkable place of pilgrimage—one of the few such hallowed spots of which the new world can boast—known variously as Ste. Anne de Beaupré, Ste. Anne du Nord, or, in the simple and affectionate language of the pious *habitant*, la Bonne Ste. Anne. The *Pèlerinage à Ste. Anne* dates back to the year 1658, and is thus by no means the most modern of such resorts of the faithful, even if we comprise the old world in our survey. Ste. Anne de Beaupré is situated in the county of Montmorency, on the north shore of the St. Lawrence, 22 miles below Quebec, and the picturesque Falls are at some distance from the village. St. Joachim, at the foot of Cape Tourmente, is in the same circle of attractions. The whole neighbourhood is constantly visited by tourists in the summer months, and sportsmen are not lacking, as the Ste. Anne adds to its other charms that of being a fair salmon stream. This delightful region has been graphically described by Mr. Le Moine, in his *Album du Touriste* and other works, by Dr. Beers, by Mr. H. Sandham, and by the authors of *Picturesque Canada*.

LIGHTHOUSE, GODERICH, LAKE HURON.—This engraving gives a commanding view of the bold headland at the mouth of the Maitland river, of which the town of Goderich is pleasantly and advantageously situated. The chief town of the county of the same name, Goderich is one of the most noteworthy ports on Lake Huron. It is 78 miles north-west of London and is the centre of a large number of thriving industries, including valuable fisheries and several important manufactures. The salt works of Goderich, which have long been famous, afford employment to hundreds of persons and are a source of considerable wealth to the town and its vicinity. The place is as favored by nature as by the enterprise of its inhabitants. The harbour, which is protected by a pier and has the benefit of one of the best lighthouses on the lake shores, is ample and commodious. Being the only shipping point over a wide range of coast and a port of entry, it does a large trade, and has daily communication by steamer with Sarnia, Detroit and other places as well as by rail with London and Buffalo and thus with the whole of Canada and the United States. The scenery, of which our engraving supplies a characteristic glimpse, has many and varied attractions.

INDIAN CAMP, OPPOSITE GODERICH.—This fine engraving, from a photograph of Mr. Williams, of Goderich, depicts a scene which is not without significance. The scattered bands of Indians of the older provinces form a gradually disappearing link between the present and the past. The camp, pitched near the Maitland river, across from Goderich, and not far from the shores of Lake Huron, reveals what civilization and industrial training have done to reclaim the sons and daughters of the forest from the wild habits of other days.

A COLLINGWOOD SMACKER.—Adepts in naval architecture will admire the lines of this graceful craft. Its name is somewhat puzzling to the uninitiated. The forepart is associated with one of the glories of that Britannia who—as we are often assured with vociferous emphasis—“rules the waves.” But “smacker” seems to have a syllable—as the craft seems to have canvass—to spare. It looks like a two-masted sloop—in miniature. For speed we would commend it, but we would like to have our Palinurus exceptionally guaranteed before embarking in squally weather. Collingwood, Simcoe County, Ont., the native home of the smacker, has a fine reputation for hardy lake navigators, and has a creditable record for ship-building.

QUEBEC AND LAKE ST. JOHN RAILWAY—INAUGURAL CEREMONIES OF THE EASTERN EXTENSION.—The history of the Lake St. John Railway already covers some twenty years, but, before it is completed, the world shall have witnessed a conquest of wild nature comparable with the occupation of the prairies and mountains of the Northwest for the benefit of unborn millions. For, undoubtedly, the Lake St. John country, which is capable of supporting a population equal to that of any kingdom, or even empire, of the old world, is destined to be a mighty northern province in the generations to come. The foundations of its prosperity have now been firmly laid, and every year henceforth will witness an advance such as was impossible before the railroad era. The first attempt to supply the great desideratum was made by means of a wooden railway. The construction of it was begun in 1869, and it was carried as far as Gosford. In 1872 it was concluded, after fair trial, that wooden rails, though they might serve for an emergency, were not to be depended on for permanent use. The undertaking, on the wooden basis, was, therefore, abandoned, and it was not till 1879 that an iron road was commenced. At first its progress was provokingly slow, but in 1883, Mr. H. J. Beemer took the contract to Lake St. John, and in 1888 the line was completed to Roberval, a distance of 190 miles from Quebec. Several branches were still, however, to be constructed, the most important of which was that to

Chicoutimi, a distance of 65 miles, and it is the inauguration of this necessary complement of the main line which is represented in our engraving. Some of the figures—Monseigneur Racine, Bishop of Chicoutimi, the Hon. Mr. Mercier, and other prominent personages—will be recognized in the group. As this is primarily a colonization road, the Church has naturally taken it under its protection, and like places of worship, schools and other edifices and undertakings, has deemed it worthy of its benediction.

THE NATIONAL PARK, FROM BANFF STATION.—This earthly Paradise of the West is already well known by repute, if not by personal experience, to most lovers of the sublime and beautiful who have crossed the continent by the C. P. R., or read of the wonderland that it traverses. Banff, as our readers are aware, is a medicinal watering-place and pleasure resort in the Rocky Mountains, 4,500 feet above sea level. The village is about two miles from the railway station and is noted (apart from its scenery and sanitary attractions) for one of the finest and most thoroughly equipped hotels in North America. A steel bridge, visible in our engraving, takes the carriage road across the Bow to that abode of comfort and luxury. The village also contains some good inns. The park, of which our view shows in perspective the main features, is encircled by mountains, sloping up from the river valleys, till they tower far above in magnificent peaks. Northward is Cascade; eastward, Inglismaldie, and the Fairholme sub-range, with Devil's-head Lake beyond; while away off farthest to the east is the sharp cone of Peechee, which formed the subject of an engraving in our last issue. Squaw Mountain, with Vermillion Lakes at its base, is described just after leaving the station, while up the Bow are the central heights of the Main Range about Simpson Pass, of which Mount Massive is the salient point. The Bourgeau range and Sulphur Mount, along whose base are the Hot Springs, Tunnel Mount and Rundle Peak, are other features in this mighty circumvallation. The water system includes portions of the Bow, Spray and Cascade rivers, with their enlargements. From the point of view up the windings of the Bow and its tributaries the distance is some 30 miles, and the breadth across the valley is about ten miles. The scene once beheld is, as those who have visited Banff bear witness, a memory for a lifetime, and at this moment it is in its fullest glory.

THE PARIS EXPOSITION—KABYLE WOMEN WEAVING.—Those who have wandered through northern Africa in company with Eugene Fromentin, Regnault or Fortuny, will meet with familiar forms and faces in this engraving of a characteristic Algerian scene. One of the most interesting departments of the Exposition is that which is set apart for the illustration of the colonies, their people, scenery and resources. France's most important foreign possession and the one she takes most pride in is that old historic region which has felt the impress of so many civilizations and yet has never ceased to be, *par excellence*, the Barbarians' Land. It is indeed a glimpse of Barbary that we have in our engraving—men and women of the type that Fromentin loved to paint in every attitude and occupation, at their meals, at prayer, at the chase, in their hours of tropic ease. Nothing could give more striking impression of that wild people, than the interior of the Kabyle dwelling, transferred to the heart of Europe, which the artist has here reproduced. The mud walls, windowless, save for a small aperture, the scanty light entering mainly by the open door; the women on their haunches at their traditional task; the standing figures (one male and one female) in characteristic costume, and characteristically indifferent to the curious gaze of the visitors—all constitute a strange medley. For effect it would have been better, perhaps, had the European element been omitted, but the artist's object was to associate the African scene with the exhibition and he could do so only by making his Kabyles the centre of a group of curious spectators. The picture, as it is, brings out moreover, the strong contrast in features, garb and manners between the children of the desert and their brethren of the city and civilization. It is, in many respects, a most interesting study.

A FLEMISH INTERIOR.—This charming picture of happy home life tells its own story. The little fellow has grown tired of his infant attempts at play and sleeps tranquilly in his little cot. His young mother regards him with a look of love and his older sister evidently sympathizes in her feelings. Pussy has its own share in the quiet household joy. The comfort and taste to which the quaintly furnished room bears witness bespeak thrifty management and it is clear that the house mother is no idler.

“Cui flavam religas comam
Simplex munditiis?”

Whoever he be, he returns from toil with the assurance of comfort and kindly words. The beauty of the mother and daughter is of that type which is occasionally to be met with in northern Belgium and Holland—a type clearly and nearly allied to the English, but with a softer expression and more warmth of colour, due to various influences. The glimpse of street reveals a style of architecture which, with the costumes, give an antique air to the scene.

Riches are the baggage of virtue, which hindereth the march.

A man without character is always making a fuss about having it vindicated.

Our character is but the stamp on our souls of the free choice of good and evil we have made through life.

OUR WILD WESTLAND.

POINTS ON THE PACIFIC PROVINCE.

(BY MRS. ARTHUR SPRAGGE.)

KOOTENAY INDIANS—DIFFERENT CHARACTERISTICS OF THE RED MAN—SMOKY ATMOSPHERE—GEHERRY'S RANCHE—CAPT. ARMSTRONG'S RANCHE—UPPER COLUMBIA LAKE—KOOTENAY RIVER AND WOODS—CAMP AT MUD CREEK—THUNDERSTORMS IN THE MOUNTAINS—SHEEP CREEK—VALLEYS OF THE COLUMBIA AND KOOTENAY—FERTILITY OF THE DISTRICT.

V.

We made, on the second day's journey, eight miles in pretty good time, considering the heat and our late start, finding excellent riding over light turf, intersected by deeply cut sandy trails. It was long after noon when we dismounted to dine by a brawling creek, which supplied the requisite water for our cooking and horses. A Kootenay Indian joined us here and shared our frugal meal of salmon, bacon, tea and bread with great apparent gusto. The mountain redskin is a much finer specimen of his race than his brother of the plain. Our visitor was a handsome man, well armed and well horsed. He wore a semi-civilized costume of gray flannel shirt and cloth waistcoat, a blanket draped over his legs, which were encased in deer-skin breeches, while a red cotton handkerchief, bound round his head and tied in an artistic knot on his forehead, lent that brilliant touch of colour to his costume in which the Indian heart rejoices. We devoted an hour to our repast, and after riding seven miles more reached Geherry's Rancho, the legitimate and licensed inn of the district, corresponding to the tavern of civilization. On this gentlemen's estate we camped for the night, after partaking of an excellent supper of partridges, which his Chinese cook prepared in a novel and tempting style—a very agreeable change from the culinary efforts of our Indian boys. The country through which we travelled during the day was so entirely obscured by smoke from our most penetrating observation that it was impossible to form any idea of its nature beyond the facts which we experienced—that it was hilly and wooded, with intervals of open park land, and the knowledge we possessed that we were in the neighborhood immediately above the Upper Columbia Lake.

On Thursday the 2nd of September we broke camp at seven in the morning and rode four miles to breakfast at the rancho of Captain Armstrong, our hospitable host of the Duchess, occupied by two of his partners in the cattle business. Windermere is a fine property of several hundred acres on the Upper Columbia Lake, well fenced and laid out, having a good log house and large outbuildings. Unfortunately the atmosphere was so thick on the day in question we could neither see across the lake nor form any impression of the fine mountains in its vicinity. The Indian boys followed so leisurely in our steps with the pack horses that they did not appear upon the scene till after 12 o'clock; consequently we lost considerable valuable time, which we tried to make up by riding as fast as possible. The nature of the trail from the rancho, however, was not conducive to rapid progress, being steep and rocky, leading along the face of a high cliff immediately over the lake; and we were not sorry when this perilous path came to an end, diverging suddenly into an open stretch of country, over which we could quicken our pace till we reached another elevation. A precipitous climb brought us to the top of a high hill where a strong wind which had begun to blow most obligingly raised the veil of smoke under which we had so long been resting and revealed a vision of weird wild beauty as strange as it was unexpected. Below us a thousand feet or more lay the head lake and source of the Columbia river shimmering in a silver haze; above us towered a wall of solid rock, forming the base of some wandering spur of the Rocky Mountains, while on the opposite side of the lake, some two miles distant, the outline of the Selkirks was dimly visible. The descent from the high cliff which the trail skirted to the flat below was long and tedious, but, once accomplished, there was a mile and a half of good riding over light sandy

ground, covered with an open forest of the *Pinus ponderosa*, known in British Columbia as the yellow pine, but I believe improperly so called. This was my first introduction to these beautiful trees, of which I had heard so much; nor was I the least disappointed in them. They attain an enormous size in some localities, and are perfectly straight and uniform in growth. Their trunks are curiously marked by perpendicularly diverging black cracks, intersected with spaces of reddish yellow bark-like scales, producing much the effect of a crocodile's back; the branches radiate high up from the main stem, supporting crown-like masses of long pine needles, and their general impression is most imposing and dignified. Our short gallop brought us to the Kootenay River, a broad clear stream of deep blue colour. Through this level belt between the Upper Columbia Lake and the Kootenay River a canal is in course of construction at the present time under the management of Mr. Baillie Groliman, who represents a large company of English capitalists. The object of the enterprise is to connect the valleys of the Columbia and Kootenay Rivers, thus giving water communication from Golden City on the C.P.R. to the American boundary; and also to so increase the volume of water in the Columbia as to render it navigable much earlier and later in the season than is possible at present. The canal will contain two locks and is to be completed in October, 1889.

We found the Kootenay so low that the water only reached our horses' girths. Having a firm bottom of large gravel stones, it was easily forded, and from the high bank on its farther shore we enjoyed a beautiful view of mountain forest and river extending like a panorama on all sides. We halted here for a hurried meal, then rode on some miles farther through a magnificent wood of yellow pine, entirely free from undergrowth. The tall red trunks stretched away in a vista of endless columns; the sigh of the wind in the tree tops, the spicy aroma of the pine needles we crushed under foot, together with the growing gloaming added their natural charms to our evening ride, and we regretted each moment that brought us nearer to that necessary camp item, water; indeed, we tarried so long on our way that it was quite dark when we came upon a fine clear bush, grossly labelled as Mud Creek. Here we pitched our tents by faith, not by sight, close to those of a party of Englishmen, who were on a hunting expedition and entertained us hospitably. Our retreat beneath the lofty *Pinus ponderosa* was extremely picturesque; but the high wind which had blown all day did not go down with the sun, but rather increased in violence on the contrary, and filled me with a haunting sense of insecurity. Visions of falling trees and branches mingled in my dreams with the flapping of canvas and the rattle of millions of pine needles in the tent. Vainly I sighed for the stability of a house, and vowed nothing would induce me to undertake another camping expedition. My resolutions were strengthened and confirmed at midnight by the sound of thunder in the distant mountains; shortly afterwards the storm broke over our devoted heads; lightning flashed, thunder pealed, trees cracked and rain descended in torrents. I trembled for the tent and prepared myself philosophically to be enveloped in folds of wet canvas as the result of a total collapse. We weathered the storm, however, which passed away in half an hour, as far as the thunder and lightning were concerned; but the rain continued in a steady downpour that eventually lulled me to sleep. The morning light revealed a scene of depressing dreariness; a gentle drizzle thickened the atmosphere into a most penetrating fog, saturating everything both overhead and underfoot; trees dripped, grass and ground oozed moisture, fires would not kindle, and the general tone of nature was thoroughly damp and dreary. About eight o'clock, however, the sun struggled over the top of the mountain and tried to penetrate the gloom of the valley in which we had camped. The drizzle condensed and rolled away in soft clouds; the icy chill that penetrated the marrow of our bones was absorbed in genial warmth; the heavy masses of leaden clouds parted and floated off over the tree tops, and glimpses of blue sky appeared between the pines.

We were soon in the saddle again and made short work of eighteen miles, riding all day through a beautiful wooded park country, broken by occasional intervals of hilly ground. During the morning we passed three lovely little lakes set like emeralds in the heart of the forest and covered with flocks of wild ducks. Baptiste, who was a capital shot, was unsuccessful in his attempt to secure even one for our midday meal. He and my husband, after wasting much time and many cartridges, realized at last the impossibility of recovering the birds without either a dog or boat, and we rode on till four o'clock, when we found ourselves on the top of a high plateau. We descended from it by a precipitous, treacherous gravel trail to the valley of the Kootenay below and camped for the night at Sheep Creek, a river not the least suggestive of anything smaller, which divides at this point into six or seven different channels and empties itself by as many mouths into the Kootenay river. A high cold wind blew steadily over the flat we occupied, making the temperature at night a good deal lower than was agreeable under canvas. It was extremely chilly at six o'clock the following fine September morning, and we watched anxiously for the sun to appear over the summits of the Rocky Mountains and warm our shivering frames. Breakfast was a hurried meal and we packed and started at eight o'clock. For the first few miles our course lay along the sides of the high grass benches enclosing the east banks of both Kootenay and Columbia Rivers. In the Kootenay valley, however, the soil is gravelly; so we escaped the dust that had afflicted us at the beginning of our expedition. It was a bright, cloudless, breezy day, and we rejoiced in an atmosphere entirely free from smoke, dispersed by the rain of Thursday night and were able at last to enjoy distant effects as well as surrounding details. The scene from our lofty vantage point on the grass benches above the Kootenay was not easily forgotten. The lovely blue river wound along through its wide valley below us, bounded on the far west by the soft grey line of the Selkirk range, while between it and the mountains rolled acres upon acres of pale yellow grass, dotted with groups of pine trees. This flaxen land owes its indescribable straw colour to the influence of the sun's mighty power, which dries and bleaches the vegetation throughout immense tracts of the Pacific Province during the rainless summer months, giving the landscape with its dark evergreens and azure firmament an individuality of expression peculiar to the country. On the east bank of the Kootenay, between the river and the grass slopes along which we rode, lies a wooded bottom of poplar and wild cherry trees, whose fresh young shoots looked a most brilliant green in contrast to the rest of the yellow expanse. The difference in character between the valleys of the Kootenay and Columbia was brought vividly before me as I gazed; the former marked by its width of forty miles enclosed by a distant line of mountains visible on the west side only, with its vast extent of what appeared to the eye as waving cornfields, intersected by the silver thread of a line of water; the latter by its narrow, confined area, hemmed in between the magnificent ranges of the Rocky and Selkirk Mountains, often rising precipitously on both sides from its turbid pale green waters, which wind and twist in every conceivable convolution. I could not but regret the thousands of acres of perfect ranching country through which we travelled totally unoccupied save for wandering herds of cattle and horses owned by the prosperous Kootenay Indians. Strange as it may appear these animals prefer the sun-dried bunch grass to the most succulent green food, and thrive and fatten upon it, as the condition of all the horned and hornless beasts I saw in the district amply testified. Water is excellent in quality and abundant in quantity. Besides the river there are innumerable fine creeks rising in the Rocky Mountains and flowing into it. Indeed, few tourists simply travelling over the Canadian Pacific Railway, seeking in its marvellous course, up one narrow course and down another, the shortest outlet to the coast, have any idea of the fertile plains of British Columbia, stretching away in vast unbroken solitude to the boundaries of Idaho and Montana.

When we turned our backs at last upon the

Kootenay we positively scaled the face of the cliff, below which we had been riding by the steepest of trails, and passed into an open park country, which gave us miles and miles of galloping ground over straw-colored grass under dark green trees, beneath a turquoise sky.

THE FUTURE OF PHOTOGRAPHY.

The ease with which photographs can now be taken by any one is destined to have an important influence upon science, art, and literature. It must not be supposed, however, that with the cheapness of material, and simplicity in applying it, perfection in the art of photography is any nearer to its votary than it was when the difficult wet plate was in vogue. Pictures can be taken more readily than formerly; but the conditions of light and composition remain as difficult as ever—and the amateur every year throws behind him his quickly taken photographs and discovers that art is still long.

The improvements in photography have resulted from the labours of the chemist rather than from those of the optician and the maker of lenses. Indeed one of the most remarkable features of photography is the simplicity of the apparatus which is necessary. This simplicity perhaps might have been foreseen by a careful study of the human eye. The eye of every person may be said to constitute a detective camera. The retina is the dry plate upon which all objects are focussed by means of the crystalline lens; the cavity behind this lens constitutes the camera, the iris and pupil the diaphragm, and the eyelid the drop-shutter. The latter, it is true, is a slow drop-shutter—not faster than a tenth of a second—whereas the drop-shutter that is employed to take an express train may move as fast as the one-hundredth of a second, or ten times as fast as the eyelid. The eye gives the brain a number of composite impressions of an object in motion, while the sensitive plate and the drop-shutter of the camera can give but one phase of the motions. It does not seem just, therefore, that the photographer should insist that the sculptor or artist should copy certain instantaneous attitudes of animals in motion, for the eye does not see them.—*Prof. John Trowbridge, in Scribner's.*

THE DOMESTICITY OF SHAKESPEARE.

Domestic in all his habits and inclinations Shakespeare undoubtedly was; the word "home" had a witchery which was irresistible to him, and anchored him to the "haven where he would be," in spite of the contamination of "the Bohemianism" that surrounded him in London during his enforced absence from the "home" of his youth and age. The loves of husband and wife are always sacred to him; even the wanton Cleopatra realizes that at length:—

"Husband, I come;

Now to that name my courage prove my title."

Whatever may have been his errors, his failings, his flirtations with Mistress Fitton or anyone else, they are not inconsistent with that true basis of domestic affection which he never reiterates, and illustrated nobly himself by his calm retirement at the last amid his family. He must have been a domestic man in the best sense of the word who penned that exquisite description of the careful housewife in Sonnet cxliii. :—

"Lo, as a careful housewife runs to catch

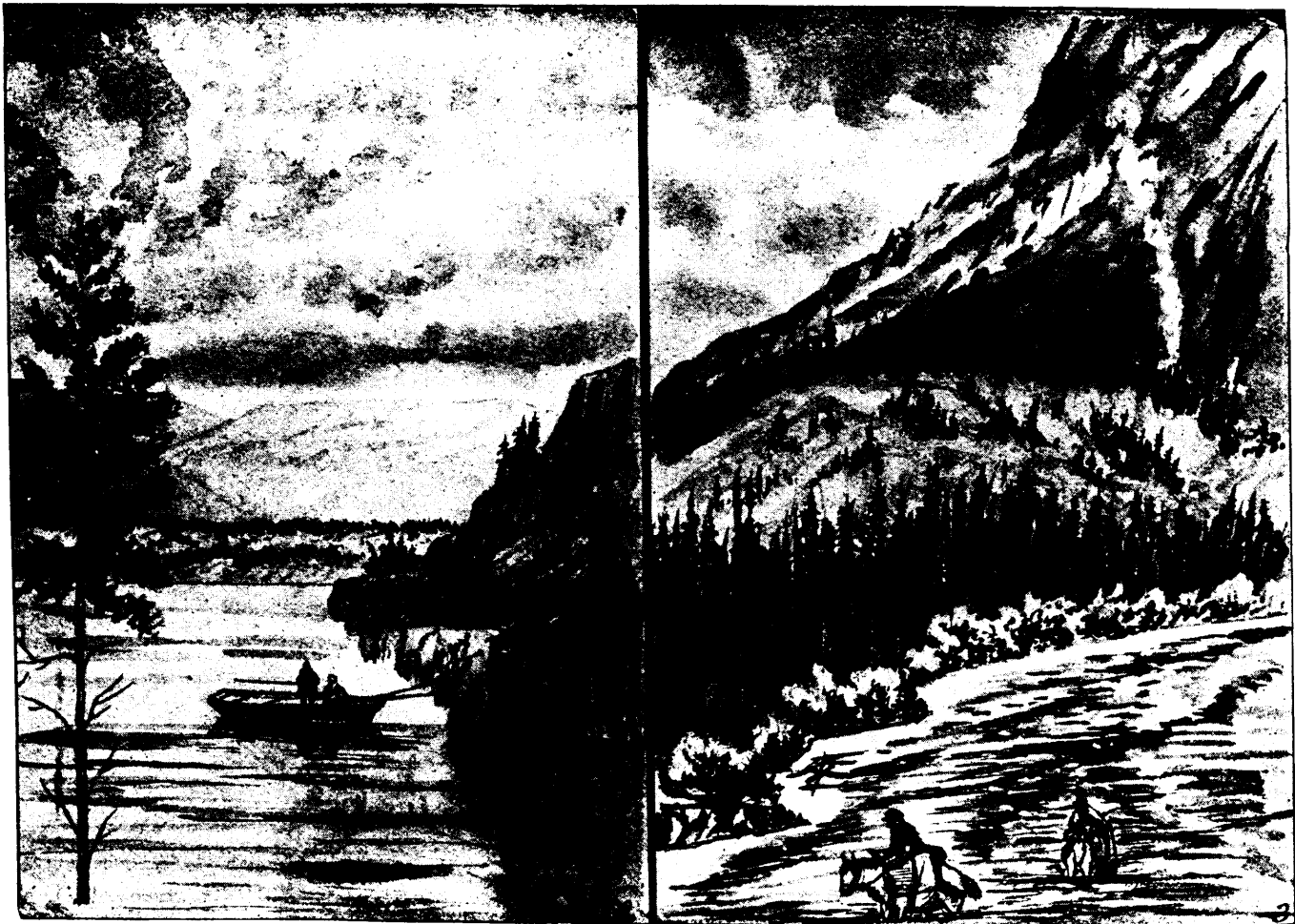
One of her feather'd creatures broke away,

Sets down her babe, and makes all swift despatch

In pursuit of the thing she would have stay,

Whiles her neglected child holds her in chase, etc."

This is not an inappropriate digression from the drama whose one redeeming touch is domestic love, where Shakespeare seems to have tried how far he could plunge a devoted couple into the basest of crimes without withdrawing, if not our secret sympathies, at least our pity for them; and the more we look into the slight basis on which he built that most powerfully-finished of all his feminine characters the more are we struck with his earnest reverence and belief in the nobility inherent in a true wife. Lady Macbeth has the grandest entrance, the most appalling exit, and creates the most forcible impression in the fewest lines of any of his first-class characters.—*From "Macbeth," in the "Cornhill Magazine."*



SKETCHES IN BRITISH COLUMBIA. Series 5-

By Mrs. Arthur Sprague.

1. Captain Armstrong's Ranche, Kootenay. 2. Upper Columbia Lake. 3. Fording the Kootenay River at low water.



PANORAMIC VIEW OF BANFF AND THE NATIONAL PARK.

LITERARY NOTES

A complimentary review of Mr. Thos. O'Hagan's literary work—his poetry, especially—appears in the last number of the *King's College Record*, Windsor, N.S.

Our contributor, Mr. Thomas O'Hagan, M.A., of Walkerton, Ont., has received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy from Syracuse University, N.Y. *Palmarum qui meruit ferat.*

The latest issue in Mr. J. Theo. Robinson's "Popular Series" is "A Modern Mephistopheles," by Louisa M. Alcott—a fine story, ingenious in plot and displaying considerable power.

Edna Lyall's new story, "Derrick Vaughan—Novelist," which appeared first in *Murray's Magazine*, has been brought out by Messrs. John Lovell & Son as one of their Canadian Copyright Series.

The new Principal of Somerville Hall, in succession to Miss Shaw Lefevre, is Miss Agnes Maitland, of Liverpool, who is not only well known as an authoress, but has taken a leading part in connection with various educational movements.

The *American Bookseller* denounces the writers, publishers and readers of what it characterizes as "Leprous Literature." Some of the works thus classed are mentioned by name. The whole school of fiction in question is, says the *Bookseller*, a stain upon this generation.

The latest issue of "Popular Poets of the Period," edited by F. A. H. Eyles, deals with Algernon Charles Swinburne, Rev. R. Wilton, Mrs. Augusta Webster, Cosmo Monkhouse, and A. P. Graves. A brief biography of each is given, with interesting specimens of their works.

A forthcoming number of the *Cosmopolitan* magazine will contain an article descriptive of the people and doings of our gay capital during the social season. The name of the writer, Mr. W. Blackburn Harte, is familiar to the readers of the *DOMINION ILLUSTRATED* as an occasional and ever welcome contributor to these columns.

Messrs. Hubbard Bros., of Philadelphia, announce the speedy issue of a book of fantastic tales by F. Blake Crofton. It is to be entitled "The Hairbreadth Escapes of Major Mendaxe," and will be highly illustrated by Arthur Bennett, of New York. The price will be \$1.50. Mr. Crofton is sure to do Canada credit in whatever work he undertakes.

The *Home Journal* says that at a dinner party in London recently it was announced that Miss Elizabeth Balch was the writer of "An Author's Love" (the answer to Prosper Mérimée's Letters), the book which has proved the literary sensation of London for several months past. I had the pleasure of reading a letter from Gladstone to Miss Balch, in which he said: "The book exhibits rare powers on every page, is full of charm, provocative of curiosity, and a work executed with immense talent." The relatives and friends of Miss Balch in New York will be pleased to learn of the brilliant success of "An Author's Love."

In the "Songs of the Great Dominion," there is one honoured name whose owner has been contemporary with the three generations of Canadian poetry. He was writing when Adam Kidd published "The Huron Chief"; he was in his prime of mental vigour when Sangster and Heavysege first appealed to the Canadian public, and his intellectual strength is not abated in these days when Roberts and Lampman, Lockhart and Mair and Lighthall, Weir and Martin and Duvar, Mrs. McLean and "Gowan Lea" and Helen Fairbairn are rising higher and higher in our literary firmament. Need we say that we refer to Mr. G. W. Wicksteed, Q.C.?

Mr. Walter Besant was, it appears, the author, whose communication to himself a needy correspondent recently offered for sale to the editor of the *Literary World*. "As we supposed at the time," says that excellent journal, "Mr. Walter Besant had no intention of contributing to the finances of the gentleman dating from Halifax who recently offered us for two guineas an 'autograph communication' he stated he had received from Mr. Besant. The moral of the story seems to be that well-known authors should decline to answer letters from strangers asking their 'opinions.' We are not so sure as Mr. Besant seems to be that no editor would ever give a price for a private letter. If that rule had been strictly observed in the past, there would probably have been no need for a 'Parnell Commission.'"

Of the sudden death of Mr. Thorndike Rice, editor of the *North American Review*, the *New York Churchman* says: "We have nothing to offer upon the manner of his literary management or of his views on public questions. The one fact which stands out was, that a young man of large inherited wealth, instead of spending his means upon fast horses or yachts or society or dissipation, chose to take up a literary and political pursuit, not for the emolument or the notoriety, but for the usefulness which he could find therein. His success we do not measure; we are content to point to the example. With means which might justify almost any amount of frivolity and pleasure-hunting, he used his money in a way which could hardly fail of being of service to his time. And best of all, he deliberately stepped aside from the two paths in which riches in this country almost universally chooses to walk—accumulating more or squandering quickly, and chose that other in which it is greatly to be wished the *jeunesse dorée* of the age would follow him.

THE ENEMY UNMASKED.

Far away in the heart of a forest there lived an old man, who was feared and disliked by all who knew him. He made his living by fishing in a large lake near-by, famed for its fish, which he sent to market by his little boy, who had to walk many a weary mile before he reached the place, and woe to him if he should return with any unsold!

The boy was beloved by all. His beauty was so wonderful that none could pass him by without stopping to admire him. There were those who shook their heads when they saw him, and uttered grave doubts of his being the son of the old man, but none dared inquire about him, for their dread of old Paul. One day, as little Pierre was selling his fish, the people noticed a great bruise on his body. They questioned him about it, but his only answer was a sad shake of the head. Loud and fierce were the threats showered upon old Paul, who, they knew, ill-treated the boy.

The last fish was sold and Pierre turned his steps homewards, eating his supper as he went, which had been given him by some kind-hearted peasant. The sun was just sinking behind the mountains, and the whole sky was bathed in rich mellow tints. Pierre stood and watched it with a cry of delight, for he loved the beautiful, and could, for a time, forget his sorrows amid the delights of nature.

Spellbound, he stood, till the last flickering light went out. And then, with lingering look, he turned and plunged into the gloomy depths of the forest.

Silence everywhere, except for the hooting of owls and the falling of withered branches. But Pierre was used to these sounds and felt no fear.

Presently he came to an open dell, where he was wont to rest. It was one of his favourite spots, for here he could lie on his back and gaze upwards into the sky. Here grew the richest flowers, and at the little stream, which trickled quietly along, came the birds of the forest to drink. But above all, it was famous for being one of the haunts of those wonderful beings called fairies. He never had seen any, but then they only came out at midnight. He liked to sit there and fancy it peopled with them.

This night he sank upon his favourite seat, utterly worn out. Stretching himself upon the soft grass, he gazed upward at the sky, dotted here and there with the stars as they came slowly to view. The dreamy stillness of the place steals upon him so quietly that before he is aware of it he is fast asleep. Sleep on, tired little spirit; thy awakening will be far different!

The moon rises, and the whole dell is flooded in silvery light, and still Pierre sleeps on. Hark! What is that? Ah! surely mortal ear never heard such a strain of melting music as now falls upon the stillness, while up the dell comes a long procession of maidens, headed by one who surpasses them all for beauty and richness of attire.

Fair as the noonday sun is she, with eyes as blue as yon sky. Upon her head she wears a diadem of pearls, which the Shah of Persia might envy; in the centre flashes a diamond of such brilliancy as to dazzle all who behold it. In her hand she carries a shell of peculiar form, which, from time to time, she raises to her lips and sends forth a note of such sweetness that one could liken it to the voice of the nightingale. And now they approach the spot where Pierre is sleeping.

"Ah! my maidens, what have we here?"

Clustering eagerly around their leader, they gaze down upon Pierre, who, all unconscious, sleeps peacefully on.

"Here, Wisdom and Truth, my two trusty advisers, come here and read me what you see written upon this boy's face."

Thereupon the two fairies thus called came and, bending over Pierre, regarded him intently for a few moments. Then, addressing their leader, they said:

"It is with pleasure. Your Most Gracious Majesty, we give the result. Behold! Here lies one in whom are found truth, honesty and virtue."

"Enough," answered their leader. "We have at last found one in whom these three things are to

be found. Bear him away to our kingdom. It may be he is the one to help us in our difficulties. But, lest he escape us, give him to breathe of thine herb, Irene."

Then there stole one from her place and softly held to his nostrils the potent herb. Down the glen they bear him away, till they reach a large rock, upon which their leader taps with her wand. Immediately the rock opens, and, as the last one enters, closes again.

When at last Pierre opens his eyes, he beholds a sight which takes his breath away. In the centre of a room (lined with mother-of-pearl, from which the light is reflected in the most brilliant colours), was a fountain, round which birds of all sizes and colours fluttered about.

Poor Pierre rubbed his eyes again, and again, wondering what it could all mean. He remembered coming home from market, and resting in the dell—and then he must have fallen asleep—and no doubt this was all a dream. But no! he was wide enough awake; to convince himself he got up and began to walk. Scarcely had he done so, before there appeared to him a little maiden of such fairy-like proportions, that he held his breath lest he should blow her away. Making him a low courtesy, she told him she would now bring him to Her Majesty's presence, and so hoped that he felt refreshed after his long sleep.

Pierre made haste to say he was, and would be delighted to see Her Majesty, as he felt anxious to find out what it all meant.

Telling him to follow her, she tripped lightly along through innumerable rooms. When on opening a door there appeared before him a large garden. Pierre uttered a cry of delight at the sight. Flowers, flowers everywhere, while birds of the most gorgeous plumage fluttered about, mingling their joyous songs with the music of the falling waters from the many fountains. Pierre wouldst fain have lingered, but his guide hurried him along.

Pausing at the end of a narrow path, there opened to Pierre's view, a large level plain covered with soft green moss.

And there, seated with her maidens was Pierre's midnight visitor. She advanced to meet him, and in the sweetest of tones bid him welcome to fairyland.

"I am called Queen Mab, she said, and these are my subjects, while all around, as you see, lies my kingdom."

Pierre's heart gave a great bound, so he was really in fairy-land at last. How beautiful it all was—just as he had so many times pictured it in his own mind.

Pierre made the Queen a low bow, and thanked her for the great honour done to him. She smiled, and told him to be seated, and then she related to him all that had happened the night before, how she had found him and brought him away.

"Ah, how happy must your Majesty be, to dwell in such a beautiful place," and Pierre sighed as he thought of his own unhappy lot. "Yes, one would think to look round and see my beautiful home, that sorrow had not entered it, but know, Pierre, that at this very moment I and my maidens are consumed with grief." And thereupon, the Queen fell to weeping, much to Pierre's astonishment.

He begged her to tell him what her trouble was, and assured her he was willing to help her to his uttermost. The Queen smiled and dried her eyes at Pierre's words, and then, dismissing her maidens, she related to him how this great sorrow had come upon her.

"Sometime ago there came a visitor to our court. From the first I mistrusted him. Gay, witty and entertaining though he was, I felt that beneath his pleasing manner there lurked the germs of deadly poison. As time passed on, and still he showed no signs of going, I grew more and more uneasy as I noticed the increasing influence he possessed over my subjects, and especially over the young. At last I held a council with some of my wisest and best subjects, and unfolded to them my fears and begged them to be on their guard. But alas! he had already won them over by his enchantment, and so beguiled their senses that they could see no harm in him. Thus left to my own resources, I determined to watch him closely and find out if possible the secret of his power.

"One night, feeling oppressed by a nameless sorrow, I wandered out into the garden, and so wandering from one path to another, found myself on the edge of a dark forest, which we seldom used. Pausing a moment to look into its gloomy depths, I was startled to see a light, and at the same moment the sound of some discordant laughter was borne to me by the night wind.

"Here then was a matter which required looking into. Where were my guards that they allowed such things to take place? Hardly had the thought passed through my mind, before I was hastening to the spot. As I approached, the noise grew louder, till it seemed as if all the hobgoblins and gnomes had met together to perform some abhorred rite, and there in the gloomiest shade of the forest this is what I saw." The Queen paused a moment and Pierre noticed her shudder. Then sighing deeply she went on with her story.

"At a table spread with delicacies of every kind, sat Comus (for such was our visitor's name) surrounded by a crowd of what I at first thought to be strange faces, but on looking more closely I saw them to be my own subjects, though so changed as to be scarcely recognizable. Yet in what manner changed, I could hardly tell. But as I looked upon them there came over me a feeling of repugnance, a sense of shrinking from the strange light of their eyes. While the faces of some resembled the grovelling swine, others had the likeness of sundry wild beasts. Each held in his hand a goblet, which from time to time Comus filled with a liquid which seemed to sparkle as with a thousand lights. But I noticed the oftener they drank of this the wilder grew their actions, while over their faces crept this hideous change. Bewildered and overcome by what I saw, I fled shrieking away, but no one noticed me for their own uproar was so great.

"I fled to Wisdom and asked her counsel. 'Try and break his spell at once or all will be lost.' Alas! I said, it is too late. 'Then banish them, or they will drag you down.' 'Banish them! when I know I cannot depend on half my warriors, that is impossible.

"Wisdom thought for a moment and then she said: 'Why not train your maidens to take their place.' Ah, Wisdom that was a happy thought. So I went to work at once with the help of a trusty old warrior, who had himself instructed me in the use of all warlike weapons. So well did we succeed, that when Comus excited them to revolt (thinking to make an easy prey of me) we were able to drive them out of my kingdom.

"Not that all my warriors went over to him. I have, as you see, some still with me.

"But though we have driven him away, we have to use every precaution, for by his insidious arts, he so blinds and captivates the fancy, that it is difficult to struggle against him. And now Pierre you asked me if you could not help me in my trouble. You can, but the conditions are so hard, that I tremble to ask you."

"Nothing shall be too hard for me, Your Majesty; if I can do ought to relieve you from this monster, who under the guise of friendship, has worked you so much harm." And as Pierre finished speaking, he drew himself up to his utmost height, while his eyes shone with a clear determined look. No wonder the Queen nodded her head, as much as to say, you will do. Next morning Pierre had another long talk with the Queen, and it was decided that he should set forth that afternoon on his difficult undertaking.

"Let me warn you again" she said, of the dangers that await you on your journey. The way seems pleasant, but beware of falling into any of the ambuscades laid by our enemy, and if some come to give you assistance be careful how you trust them, for they do but hide their evil interests under a pleasing manner." Pierre promised to be careful, and waving them adieu, started on his journey. His old clothes were gone, and in their place, he wore a suit of silver armour, while his sword, a gift from the Queen, hung by his side.

At first his way lay along a broad, smooth path, but by and by it commenced to twist and turn, while it was no longer smooth, but rough and uneven, while two or three times Pierre was sure he heard the sound of mocking laughter. Suddenly

there appeared coming towards him what looked like a boy of his own age. Just then Pierre fell into a large hole, which had been concealed from view. Pierre tried in vain to climb up the steep sides. Looking up, he saw the strange boy regarding him, who said:

"Would you like me to help you up?"

"Yes," said Pierre, who was beginning to think he would never get out.

The boy got a rope and pulled him up. Of course, Pierre thought it very kind of him, and thanked him warmly, and then each continued on his way. And now the path got more rugged still, so that Pierre had to pick his way carefully along.

Passing a lofty rock, he was suddenly assailed by a shower of stones, but could see no one. One hit him with such force that he fell stunned by the blow, and as often as he went to get up, the stones fell upon him. Just then the same boy appeared who had helped him before.

Pierre wondered how it was he had got there so quickly, but then he remembered he was in fairyland.

"So ho! my friend, you are in difficulties again? But come; I will help you." Taking Pierre by the hand he helped him up. "And now, I think, you had better come with me. I will conduct you safely to Comus' palace, for that is where you are going, is it not?"

"Oh! thank you," said Pierre. "Surely," he thought to himself, "there can be no harm in this one. He certainly is very kind to me."

So away they went together. And now the path became broad and smooth again, while everything appeared charming in Pierre's eyes, and especially his companion. What wonderful tales he did tell! And he lavished such praise upon Pierre that his mind was all in a flutter of delight. And as for Queen Mab, he could hardly say enough in her favour.

"Oh! so you know the Queen?" said Pierre.

"Yes; I know her very well. But see! Here is a delightful spot. Let us rest for a while."

Pierre, who by this time was feeling very tired, gladly consented, and, resting his head against a rock, he was soon fast asleep.

How long he remained thus he could not say, but he awoke suddenly with a start, to find himself possessed by a burning thirst. His companion had vanished, and in his place sat a queer little figure, holding in his hand a beautiful goblet filled with some sparkling liquid. It seemed to Pierre's fevered imagination the one thing to be desired. Reaching out his hand he was about to take hold of it, when the warning words given him by Queen Mab occurred to his mind. Down fell his hand. But, oh! how thirsty he felt. It seemed worse than ever, while the liquid appeared to sparkle all the more brightly as it was held out to him by the strange looking creature, who never left off nodding and grinning at him, till Pierre felt as though he would like to knock him over. The whole place seemed filled with voices, which cried out, "Drink! drink!" Pierre stopped his ears and shut his eyes, but it was of no use. The voices seemed to increase.

Suddenly he felt something touch his lips. Opening his eyes, he saw the smiling face of his friend bending over him, with the goblet in his hand. "Come, drink," he said, in his sweetest tones. "Drink! drink!" was repeated on every side. Ah! here was his good friend asking him. He could surely wish him no harm. So Pierre thought, and grasped the goblet and raised it to his mouth and was about to drink it, when he heard distinctly a whisper, as though far away, "Beware! It is Comus himself." In an instant he dashed the goblet to the ground, where it fell shivered to atoms, while great flaming tongues of fire shot up wherever the liquid had touched the ground. In the midst of this dreadful scene Pierre saw himself surrounded by strange shadowy beings, who, with threatening aspect, crowded quickly round him. In their midst was one more terrible than all. He said to Pierre:

"Do you think to escape from me? Did I not help you on your way?" and he commenced to laugh, in which he was joined by his crew—such a horrible laugh as it was; Pierre had never heard anything like it before, and he shuddered to think

that this was the one he thought so kind and nice a little while ago. "Thus will I bind you," he said, untwisting a fiery coil from his arm and preparing to throw it round Pierre. But Pierre felt the time had come for him to act, so, drawing his sword, he rushed at Comus, and pierced him through with it.

No sooner had he done so than the whole place became dark as midnight, while the air was filled with all kinds of horrible noises; the ground beneath him seemed as though it were giving way, and then Pierre felt himself lifted up, and the next moment dashed to the ground.

Stunned by the fall, he lay unconscious for some time, and then gradually his senses came back. And as he lay there, afraid almost to open his eyes, in case he should see again the dreadful sight, he heard the sound as of running water, while he became conscious of a strong light shining upon him.

Raising himself he looked round. The next moment he bounded up with a rapturous cry. Could it be the same place! had that dreadful fright been but a dream? such were his thoughts as he gazed on the scene that now met his view.

A brilliant light now illumined the place, and where Comus had fallen, there bubbled up a clear stream of water, from which birds of all kinds were drinking.

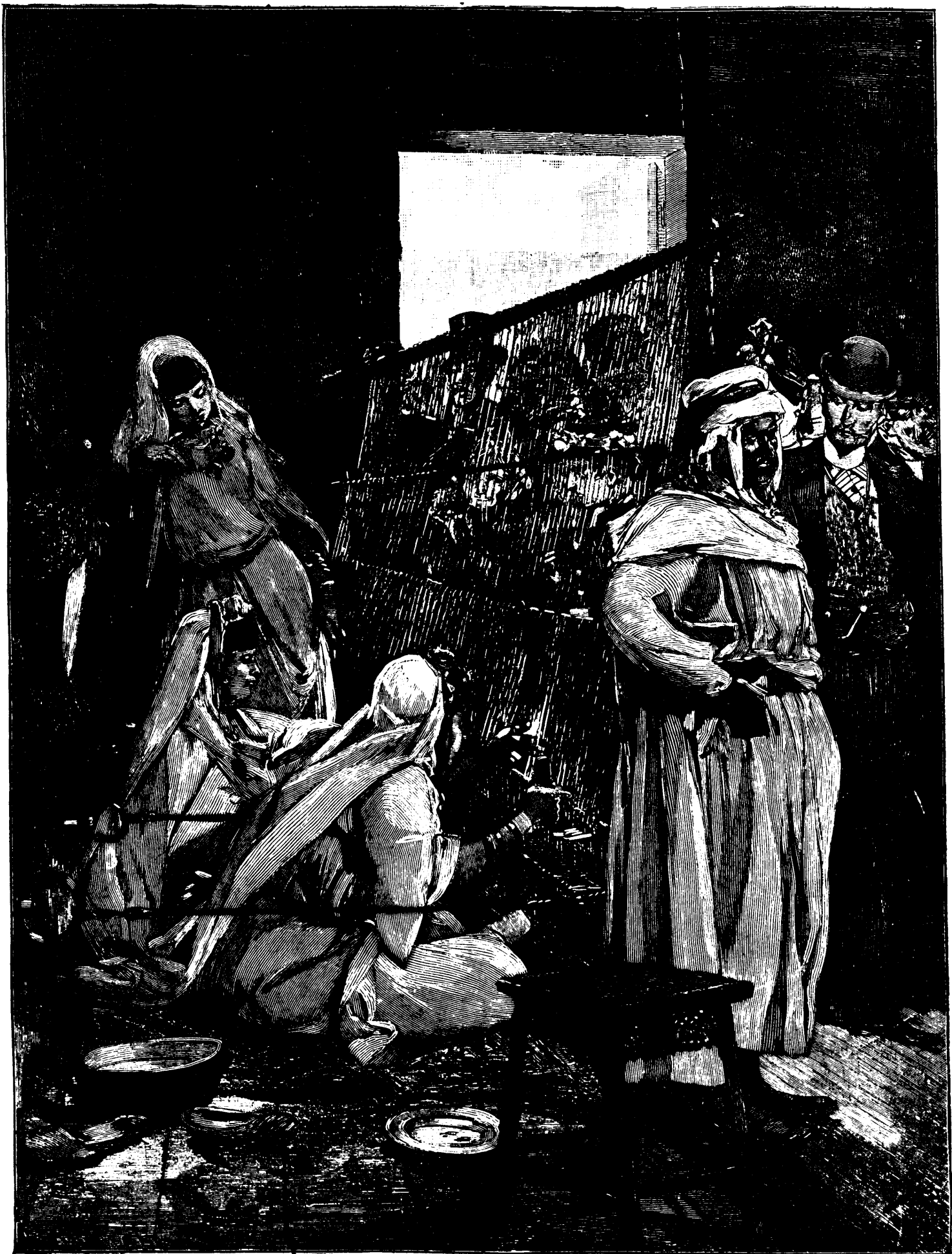
And standing by the stream was one, who beckoned Pierre to approach. Pierre at once went. Fear and doubt vanished, as he gazed upon that face, for never had he seen a countenance with such benignity. The eyes were clear and shone with such brightness as to dazzle Pierre, while the longer Pierre looked, the more he felt himself drawn as by an irresistible force. "Know, Pierre," he said in a voice peculiarly sweet, "you have overcome our great enemy, one before whom many have fallen. Your reward shall be sweet. And now you shall bear this to Queen Mab, as a token that you have fulfilled your mission.

So saying, he stooped and filled a large vase of exquisite design with the water from the spring, and handing it to Pierre, vanished.

IMPORTATION OF THE CAT.

The Tarantines have one great claim on our gratitude—they first imported the cat. The Greeks generally tamed weasels to hunt rats and mice, calling them *galê*, a word afterwards used by Moschopoulos and the later Byzantine writers to designate the cat; but in Tarentum, owing, no doubt, to the incessant intercourse with the East, pussy became a domestic pet in very early days. This is proved by the coins of the finest epochs (fifth and fourth century B. C.). On one of them is the well-known Taras astride on his dolphin, and on the reverse a seated figure of a youth, holding a bird in his right hand, while a cat climbs up his leg, attempting to reach its prey. Some ancient Tarantine vases have representations of cats being fondled by their mistresses, or catching birds.

I believe there is no name for the cat in Hebrew, or any mention of it in the Bible; nor does it exist on the Babylonian and Assyrian monuments. Greek writers mention the *ailouros* (a beast carrying its tail like a plume) as an animal to destroy for the sake of its skin. It was only known as a domestic pet in Egypt, where Herodotus saw it, and remarks on the strange custom of the inhabitants to shave their eyebrows as a sign of mourning when the house-cat died. It is singular that, until the end of the first century, the Romans only knew the *mustela* (the *galê* of the Greeks) as destroyers of vermin. *Felis* and *feles* is the word used by Varro, Columella, and Phædrus to designate the weasel; but eventually it was applied to pussy, though Pliny only uses it in connection with the wild-cat. Persian or Angora cats must have been imported about that time, as on a Pompeian mosaic one of this breed is accurately depicted as having just seized a pigeon, and in the Capitoline Museum is a Roman bas-relief showing an Angora kitten learning to dance. Above her head are two birds suspended by a cord, and she stands on her hind legs while a woman plays the lyre. But as a domestic creature the cat only came into general recognition among the Romans about the fourth century, and from thence spread over Europe.



THE PARIS EXHIBITION.—KABYLE WOMEN WEAVING.

From *L'illustration*.



A FLEMISH INTERIOR.



"Pastor Felix" has favored us with the following delightfully characteristic letter from his new home :

CHERRYFIELD, Me., June 13.

DEAR EDITOR,—Salute thee from "fresh fields and pastures new." Who would be a man of one place? I—so far as my home is concerned—did not necessarily become my master.

And now I ask you, modestly, have you ever moved? Understand me: I mean not has your corporeal person been stationary from the bright dawn of its existence; but have you ever changed your abode? Then, if I hear you say, "Yes, alas!" I count on your sympathy—I, *Pastor Felix*, who, mourning for the groves of Corinth, try to find consolation by the banks of the Naraguagus, that sings its song among the mills and willows and bridges just below.

But nature and love are here: yea, and the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED, which is both; and of late, also, "The Songs of the Great Dominion," which, by the by, are not all the songs sung under the maple leaf that we shall care to listen to. Yet, it is a most excellent anthology; and, were its scope more generous, would embrace some worthy names it has not included. We wish we could convince Mr. Lighthall what worthy work he has done in this handsome volume; but I fear he would remain incredulous, so I'll e'en not try. The work does what it proposes to do: it exhibits the distinctive features of Canadian life, and gives the cream of that poetic literature which deals with the history, legends and peculiar natural features of our country. What it does not aim to do, and what another work, in the not long time to come, should, is to give an exhibit of the best verse of all our real poets, which work would include the names of Howe, McPherson, McColl, Spenser, G. W. Wicksteed, Garvie, "Vivien," Fletcher, Herbert, Waters, and others missing from the charming volume Mr. Lighthall has given us.

As for us, when can nature and the muse lose their charm? They are here in this valley, and beside this Indian-named river. By-the-by, we have gone from one stream, fragrant of the Redman, to another; from the Penramaquan to the Penobscot; and from the Kenduskeag to the Narraguagus. We find our new home a very pleasant one. Around us are green fields, and the elms, willows and horse-chestnuts cluster about. Near my window the acacia puts forth its late leaves, while among them all the birds are jubilant. Below our valley town, five miles from the river, finds its home, and the sea moans on its shore. There are coves, haunted by fish and fog, while off the coast lies the "Titmanan" (Petit Manan) of the sailors. North are blueberry lands, and where multitudes of pickers will soon be gathering that esteemed fruit for the canning factory here. Yes, we have nature—the same nature that you have, if the flag afloat here be different; ours are the same, sweet, healing airs that fan the brow of Mount Royal; and God has made us of one blood, and we are brethren.

Will you be glad to see another of Vivien's good poems? I pass it along, and give you my hand, and my assurance of continued interest, in the hand upon the helm of our literary and pictorial barque—the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED.

Respectfully, PASTOR FELIX.

The following is the poem which Pastor Felix kindly sends us and for which our readers, we are sure, as well as ourselves, will thank him:

FINIS.

He dies, you say—Well, what of that? Death is
A universal guest! Bear out the clay,
And bury it a fathom deep! From that
Pure breast let snowy violets up-spring;
And from the chisel'd mouth let June's first heat
Fashion a crimson rose,—so fair he was!

Hark ye! I weep not that one dies to-day!
I would not any idle tears of mine
Could mar his rest. But he was portion of
My vanished youth; and lo! a thousand joys,
A thousand dreams, encoffin'd long ago,
Come forth in ghostly file, to mourn with me
Above the shrouded dead, who lies there like
Some sculptured god, in marble majesty.

Cover the smiling lips—draw down the lids
Over the sightless eyes, that once flashed out
With all a strong man's passionate desire,
They meet mine own no more.

Farewell, old friend,
Sweet, all-embracing death has clasped thee round;
Her arms are soft beneath thy tired head,
The while she whispers of that tranquil sleep
In fragrant earth; where never clash of tongues,
Or strife of man, can vex thy heedless ears.
The body to the dust, the soul to God.
I wonder me if ever, from the fret
Of life, we two shall meet again,
And clasp long-parted hands!

Farewell! I go
To the hard, busy world, and thou to thine
Own quiet house beneath the churchyard mould.
May wild birds mate above thy grave; and wild
Flowers spring; and Nature, with her magic wand,
Shape some new lily from thy stainless heart.

VIVIEN.

The following are the verses on the Santiago flag incident, to which reference is made under the head of "Current Topics."

THE TWO FLAGS.

I.

Where the condor of the Andes from his snowy throne
Looks down,
Far below, 'mid rocky ridges, nestles Valparaiso town;
To its feet the great Pacific brings the navies of the world,
And the flags of many nations in its harbour are unfurled.

II.

And among them, floating proudly in the sweet Pacific
breeze,
Is thy emblem, Mother England, the mistress of the seas,
While beside it, as in peace and war thy place should ever
be,
Thy Stars and Stripes, Columbia, wave fearlessly and
free.

III.

O guardians twain of freedom, there is work for you to
do—
Wherever tyrants prosper, the sufferers call to you,
And sad indeed will be the day when that appeal you hear
And from Oppression's victims turn away with heedless
ear.

IV.

But hark! along the rugged slopes of Valparaiso town
What sound is that which winds and waves in vain at-
tempt to drown?
What crowds are those that hurry past? What sight is
that they see?
Now, kindred flags, 'tis yours to throw your folds round
Liberty.

V.

The centre of a gazing throng, a man with bandaged eyes
Awaits the fatal word. Oh! haste—a moment, and he
dies!
What was his crime? An insult spurned—a blow by blow
repaid;
For this he stands in face of death, hopeless, but undis-
mayed.

VI.

But lo! one comes with Union Jack and Stars and Stripes
entwined,
And wraps the prisoner in their folds, as there he stands
resigned.
"Now at your peril fire a shot." The murderers slunk
away.
Thus Albion's and Columbia's flags maintained the right
that day.

MISSIPOWISTIC.

(Suggested at the Grand Rapids of the Saskatchewan.)

Here, in this howling torrent, ends
The rushing river named
By savage man
Saskatchewan—
In dark tradition famed.

His source, Creation's dread abyss,
Or in the glacier's cell;
His way, the sweep
Of canyons deep
And clefts and chasms fell.

And forth from many a mountain's side
He leaps with laughter grim;
Their spurs are slit,
Their walls are split
To make a path for him!

And down into the plains he raves
With dusky torrent cold,
And lines his bed
With treasure shred
From unknown reefs of gold.

And, monster-like, devours his shores,
Or, writhing through the plain,
Casts up, the while,
Full many an isle,
And swallows them again!

For though, betimes, he seems to sleep
Amidst his prairies pale,
He swells with pride
In summer's tide,
When low-born rivers fail.

And bears his legends to the Lake,
Of by-gone fields and fame,
When poaching Cree
The Blackfoot free
With magic arms o'ercame.

His tales of red deer, Spanish horse,
And of the bison horde,
As in a dream—
A transverse stream,
Which flowed at every ford.

Of ancient settlement and farms,
Ere France his wantons pressed;
Ere royal mind,
For lust, resigned
The Empire of the West.

And of the whites who first espied
His course, their toils and cares;
Of brave Varennes,
The boast of men,
And Prince of *voyageurs*!

Of him who once his waters churned—
The bluff, fur-trader King—
Mackenzie bold—
Renowned, of old,
For his far wandering!

Of later days, when to his shores
The dauntless Franklin came;
Ere science lost,
In Arctic frost,
The life, the lofty aim!

Or of the old Bois-brulé town,
Whose huts of log and earth
Rang, winter-long,
With jest and song,
And wild plain-hunter's mirth.

And of the nearer, darker day,
Which saw their offspring leap
To arms, and wake,
With frenzied shake,
Dull Justice from her sleep.

Which saw their last despairing stand
Upon their native sward,
When, to assuage
Rebellion's rage,
The whites had drawn the sword.

And how, for country, or for home,
They strove with equal pride:
The Metis fought
For *this*, they thought—
For *that* Canadians died!

Lone are the banks beside his stream,
With shallow graves bespread:
There lynxes prowl,
And grey wolves howl
A requiem for the dead!

Be these the last! Let age-worn strife
No longer mar his flood;
Nor ever more
His winding shore
Be stained with native blood!

* * * * *

And onward tears his torrent still,
And pours its volume huge
Beyond the marge
Of the Décharge,
Beyond the Rocher-Rouge,

Till, at the Landing-place, he rears
His crest of foam, and, quick
As lightning, leaps
Adown the sweeps
Of Missipowistic!

Whilst o'er him wheels the osprey's wing,
And, in the tamarack glades
Near-by, the bear
And mooswa share
Their matchless, mossy shades.

Whilst echoes of the huskies' yells
From yonder woods are flung:
At midnight dim
A chorus grim,
As if by demons sung!

But, see! Here comes a birch canoe!
Two wiry forms it bears,
In quaintest guise,
With wrinkled eyes—
Two smoke-dried *voyageurs*!

"We'll take you down! Embarquez donc
Embarquez donc, monsieur!
We'll steer you through
The channel true,"
Cries each old *voyageur*.

"Nay, look, ye men! those walls of foam
Yon swirling 'cellars' fell!"
"Fear not to pass,
Thou Moniyas!
We know this torrent well."

"I've roamed this river from my youth—
I know its every fork."
"And I have made,"
The other said,
"Full many a trip to York!"

So, seated now betwixt the men,
With hamper at my wing,
We sally down
The rapids' crown
Like arrow from the string,

Into the yeast of waters wild,
Where winds and eddies rave!
Into the fume
And raging spume
And tempest of the wave!

THE HOUSEKEEPER.

Hot hands indicate a sanguine temperament—that is to say, an excitable, nervous nature. Such a person is in no sense unhealthy.

It is better to put handkerchiefs, napkins, tablecloths, etc., into the wash as soon as they become a little soiled than to try to make them "do" a day or two longer. They will require less rubbing in washing, and will not wear out so fast.

A CHEAP and efficient substitute for the hand-grenades sold for putting out fire can be made by filling ordinary quart bottles with a saturated solution of common salt. The salt forms a coating on everything the water touches, and makes it nearly incombustible.

TEST WALLS FOR DAMPNESS, with thin sheet gelatine, softened, and smoothed to a film on a greased pane of glass, then dried. Pass a narrow strip of this slowly along the surface of the suspected wall, and if any damp spot is covered by the strip its extreme sensitiveness to moisture will cause it to curl.

PAPER MILK CANS AND PANS are very slow conductors of heat, and when milk or other fermentable matters are placed in them, cold, they will be kept sweet much longer than in mineral or metallic vessels. Paper vessels of all kinds are now made under a new patent so solid that they can be thoroughly scalded and scoured, and water can even be boiled in them, it is said, without damaging them.

CELLULAR CLOTHING is coming into use in England; the ordinary materials of cloth being woven into cells, the network of which is covered over with a thin fluff. Its cellular and porous structure, filled with air, is a non-conductor of heat both to the body in summer and from the body in winter, while the exhalations pass off more freely than through other kinds of cloth. The objection to cotton clothing as chilling is removed in this manner.

BREAD PUDDING.—Cut up pieces of stale bread very small, pour over it some boiled milk, or milk and water, set a plate over, and let it swell. Add an egg or two, a little bit of flour, a pinch of salt: to a pound of bread about a quarter of a pound of chopped suet, a little sugar, and (if handy) a few currants, or chopped apples, or blackberries, or rhubarb. This is nice either baked or boiled; in either case about an hour will suffice for a good-sized pudding, as bread does not take so long as raw flour.

MEAT PIES.—The crust: to half a pound of flour, a quarter of a pound of lard or dripping and half a teaspoonful of salt, add by degrees about half a pint of water. Or this, still plainer: one pound of flour, a quarter of a pound of lard; salt, and as much baking powder as will lie on a sixpence. Cut about two pounds of meat into smallish pieces; dredge them with flour; add two teaspoonfuls of salt, one of pepper, a few onions, or herbs, also a pint of pepper. Bake in a slow oven rather more than an hour, having a piece of paper over the crust to prevent catching.

CANNING FRUIT.—As the season for fruit canning is again at hand, the ladies who read this journal may be interested in the following table:

FRUIT.	TIME FOR BOILING.	SUGAR TO THE QUART OF FRUIT.
Cherries	5 min.	6 ounces,
Raspberries	6 "	4 "
Blackberries	6 "	6 "
Strawberries	8 "	8 "
Plums	10 "	10 "
Whortleberries	5 "	8 "
Pieplant	10 "	8 "
Sour pears (whole)	30 "	4 "
Bartlett pears (halves)	20 "	6 "
Peaches (halves)	8 "	4 "
" (whole)	15 "	4 "
Pineapples (sliced)	15 "	6 "
Crab apples	25 "	8 "
Sour apples	10 "	5 "
Ripe currants	6 "	8 "
Wild grapes	10 "	8 "
Gooseberries	8 "	8 "
Quince (sliced)	15 "	10 "
Tomatoes	20 "	*No sugar.

*But one-half teaspoonful of salt.



Mr. August Belmont, the owner of Prince Royal, is willing to match his horse against Exile, weight for age, for \$5,000 a side.

Detroit has signed the agreement of Pitcher Leonard Shreve, late of the Indianapolis league team. His salary is said to be \$500 per month.

Antoine Pierri, the well-known Greek wrestler, is reported to have come in for \$20,000 by the death of his father, but has made it all over to his mother, and purposes to continue to struggle for a living.

Sportsmen in India are attacking a set of rules lately promulgated by the chief commissioner of the central provinces, the effect of which is to put a practically prohibitive tax on big game shooting in that part of the Peninsula. The central provinces contain many thousand square miles of forest land, which have been the happy hunting ground of the Anglo-Indians. The result is that tigers, panthers and other beasts have been getting scarce, and the local officials have determined to "preserve" the game for their own amusement.

Col. Wm. Cody (Buffalo Bill) stands 6 feet 1 inch, without boots, perfectly proportioned, lithe and graceful in bearing, presenting a fine example of physical comeliness. He wears no beard, only a heavy brown moustache and Napoleon. When he removes his broad slouch hat he is discovered to be quite bald, while the curling locks that sweep his collar are tipped with silver. Col. Cody is 43 years old, although he looks ten years older. His weight is 220 pounds, which he will be obliged to reduce before again taking part in the "Wild West," as he is now too heavy for riding.

The defenders of the America Cup are greatly exercised at present by the fear that should they lose possession of the international trophy the new owners would impose such conditions for all future contests as would render it almost impossible to again regain possession of it. Forewarned is to be forearmed; and the suggestion of Lord Dunraven is not any more reassuring to the American yachtmen, for he would like to have the conditions under which the cup should be raced for in future events discussed and settled after the present contest. The New York Club insists on all regulations governing the Cup being settled before the coming race is run.

Hunters in Berkshire County, Mass., have adopted an ingenious method of capturing rattlesnakes, whose oil is there believed to be a cure for deafness, and, as such, commands a big price. They go about, on warm days, carrying a long fishing rod and line and a sharp scythe, and when the reptile is discovered, usually asleep near a loose edge of rock, it is prodded more or less gently with the pole. Like any other sleeper suddenly interrupted, the snake wakes up angry, makes a dart at the nearest irritating object, which is the fish hook dangling near his head from the end of the pole, and very accommodatingly allows the sharp lines to penetrate his jaws. The man with the pole holds the entrapped reptile at a safe distance, while his comrade moves up and severs the snake's head from the body. The latter is then deposited in a bag, and the hunters go in search of other game.

THE ANGLER.

He rises ere the dew at dawn
Like diamonds gleams upon the lawn,
And down the fragrant pasture goes
Through buttercup and wild primrose;
The bobolinks amid the grass
Laugh merrily to see him pass.
O foolish gossips in the mist
He speeds to keep no morning tryst!

With fixed intent, he does not heed
The mottled moth, a fairy steed,
That seeks the wood till night enfold
The day, and steal its wealth of gold.
He gains the grove, where woodbines twine
Around the boles of elm and pine,
Nor pauses till he stands amid
The reeds where Pan the piper hid.

What joy is his to see the gleam
Of silvery fin within the stream,
To hold in leash each eager sense
With silence breathless and intense,
To mark an arrowy flash, and feel
The sudden pulsing of the reel,
As with electric current fine
He sends his nerve along the line.

Companioned by a keen desire,
His sturdy patience does not tire;
Through waning hours, in sun or rain,
He smiles content with meagre gain,
Breathing the perfect calm that broods
In nature's secret solitudes,
Gleaning from river, wood and sky,
A deep and broad philosophy.

—Clinton Scollard, in *Outing*.

Past rocky points, with bays between,
Where pelicans, bright-hued,
Are flushed to flight
With birds like night—
The Cormorants' impish brood!
And madly now our frail craft leaps
Adown the billows' strife,
And cleaves their crests
And seething breasts
As 'twere a thing of life.
As dips the pandion for his prey,
So dips our barque amain;
We sink and soar
And sink and soar,
And sink and soar again!
And, following the foaming fall
Of one long, throbbing wave,
Enrapt we glide,
And seem to slide
Down, down into its grave!
"O, break! O, break! sweet balm, soft air!"
No, no, we mount! we rise!
Once more the dash
And deafening clash
Of billows flout the skies.
Till, swept o'er many a whirling swirl,
The final surge is past,
And, like the strife
Of human life,
We reach calm floods at last.
Now, thanks, ye grim old voyagers!
No man has flinched in fear—
Yet, in earth's round
I never found
This life and death so near.
Thanks, thanks to you, good men and true!
Here we shall rest awhile,
And toast the bold
Coureurs of old
Upon the Prisoners' Isle!

Prince Albert, N.W.T. C. MAIR.

AUTHOR'S NOTE.

The name Saskatchewan is a contraction of the Cree compound Kisiskatchewan, and means swift stream, or current. The Grand Rapids, by which the great river discharges into Lake Winnipeg, are called, by the Crees, Missipowistic, which word is pronounced with a strong accent upon the third syllable, and with a peculiar intonation quite beyond spelling.

The explanatory paragraphs which follow throw light upon some local allusions which otherwise might not be understood by the Eastern reader.

About two centuries ago the Blackfeet Indians and their allies occupied the country drained by the two Saskatchewans, from their junction westward, but were dispossessed of a great portion of it by the Crees, who had obtained "magic weapons," that is to say, firearms, from the English at Hudson's Bay, and invaded the Saskatchewan country by way of the Nelson and Churchill rivers. Until recent times the region has been the scene of almost continual contention between these rival nations.

Spanish horses were plentiful on the Saskatchewan a hundred years ago. They were obtained by the Blackfeet, who raided for them into remote Mexico! and were the progenitors of the existing Indian ponies.

A son of Varennes, Sieur de la Verandrye, is generally credited with the discovery of the Saskatchewan, in 1748. This matter requires some clearing up. Sir Alexander Mackenzie expressly states, in a note to his "General History of the Fur Trade," that farming operations were carried on by the French at Fort à la Corne and at Nepawi, on the main river, long before the Conquest. Varennes was undoubtedly a most adventurous spirit, but the date assigned to his discovery can scarcely, in any reasonable historic retrospect, be called long before the Conquest. Mackenzie may have erred, but his statement is very concise and explicit. He, himself, ascended the river as far as Cumberland, a hundred years ago, on his way to the great river which bears his name.

Sir John Franklin's experiences on the Saskatchewan, on his way to the Arctic regions, are more interesting still. A sun-dial is shown at Cumberland which was set up by him, and the old mission house at the Pas was built, it is said, by his party. His name is one of the most interesting associations with the river. There are at present but three towns upon the North Saskatchewan, surrounded by fine settlements, much in need of railway outlets, viz., Prince Albert, Battleford and Edmonton.

The primitive town, however, was built by the *Bois-brûlés* many years ago, in the palmy days of the buffalo hunt, and has, of course, been abandoned. It was called Keeskatchewan-Otaynow, or Stump Town, from its situation in a wooded bend on the river.

The Décharge and the Rocher Rouge are two strong rapids on the lower Saskatchewan, one of which is surmounted by steamers by wind-lashing with a cable a mile in length.

Moose is the Indian name of the elk, not *moose*, as it is generally and wrongly written. Elks are still numerous on the Saskatchewan, but the red deer, or *wapiti* of the plains, once almost as numerous as the buffalo, are rapidly disappearing.

Huskies are Esquimaux or train-dogs, which are summered in large numbers at fishing posts in the interior. The former word is a corruption of the latter.

Moniyas. This is the Cree word for Canadian, but it means as well any new-comer, or "greenhorn." *Moniya* is the name for Canada. In the Cree alphabet the letters L and R are wanting, and *Moniyas* is, undoubtedly, the Indians' effort to pronounce the word Montreal as the early French *voyageurs* did. *Moniyas* is in common use on the Saskatchewan, even amongst whites who have mingled much with the natives of the country.

The "trip to York," viz., to York Factory, on Hudson's Bay, used to be made in spring and fall, and by this route the supplies for Red River and the south and west were largely brought until some twenty years ago. It was an exceedingly laborious trip, involving many portages, and demanding great powers of physical endurance.

Pandion Carolinensis. This bird (the American osprey) frequents the Grand Rapids, though not in large numbers. Pelicans and cormorants are numerous, and are frequently flushed together, when running the rapids, with startling effect.

"Prisoners' Island" lies at the foot of the rapids, and, during the strife between the rival fur companies in times past, was used by the successful side, for the time being, as a place of safe-keeping for prisoners. Hence its name, which it still retains.

Obtuseness to danger often passes under the name of courage, whereas to merit that appellation the danger must be felt.

HUMOUROUS.

THE phonograph is of the feminine gender, because it always has the last word.

It is considered a pretty serious charge to bring against a woman to say that she means all she says.

ELIGIBILITY—"But, my dear, what has that old man to recommend himself aside from his riches?" "Heart disease."

MR. YOUNGHUSBAND: "Darling! you have been weeping. What is it, my sweetest love?" Mrs. Younghusband: "Horse-radish."

"How still and calm the new moon is," exclaimed Amy, feelingly. "Yes," replied George; "it is sober now, but it will be full in two weeks."

A CERTAIN journal mentions James Clark and wife, who were "born, died, and buried on the same day." He and his wife must have been awfully young.

"If you study hard, Tommy," said a fond father, "you may some day be president." "Oh," replied Tommy, "I want something better than that. I want to be a famous short stop."

A SURFEIT—"You won't go to heaven if you're such a naughty boy, Michael." "O well, one can't expect to go everywhere! I went to the circus yesterday, and to the pantomime the day before!"

EQUAL TO THE OCCASION.—Augustus: Why how sweet you look this evening! I'd be almost tempted to kiss you if it wasn't for disarranging your bang. Small brother (from behind the sofa): Take it off, sis.

"BAILIFF," said an Arkansas judge, one day last week, to the officer in charge of the jury, "will you please inform the jury that there will be a horse race in Merrick's pasture at three o'clock?" The jury had been out for forty-eight hours, but in less than thirty minutes they came into court with a verdict.

MR. HANKINSON (admirer of Miss Garlinghouse): How calm and stately Miss Garlinghouse looks! I think I have not seen her smile this evening. Miss Kajones (dearest friend of Miss G.): Yes; Irene has read somewhere that excessive smiling produces wrinkles on the cheeks. Lovely evening, isn't it, Mr. Hankinson?

AN old negro from Onion Creek applied to an Austin lawyer to bring suit against Uncle Mose for ten dollars borrowed money. "You must have a witness who saw you lend him the money." "Boss," replied the coloured agriculturist, after a minute's pause, "if I brings two witnesses what seed me han' him de ten dollahs, kin I make him pay me back twenty dollahs?"



THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DOMESTIC PROBLEM.

NORAH, loq: Sure, a servant girl's lot is a sorry one! If we cook well, there is nothing left for us to eat; if we cook ill we get sacked; if we are good looking, it displeases the mistress; and if we are plain, the master is cross!

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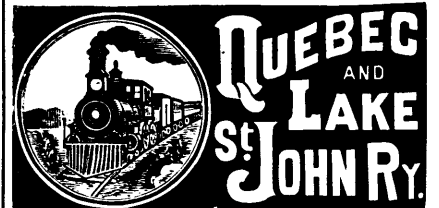
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