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THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

(TRADE MARK)

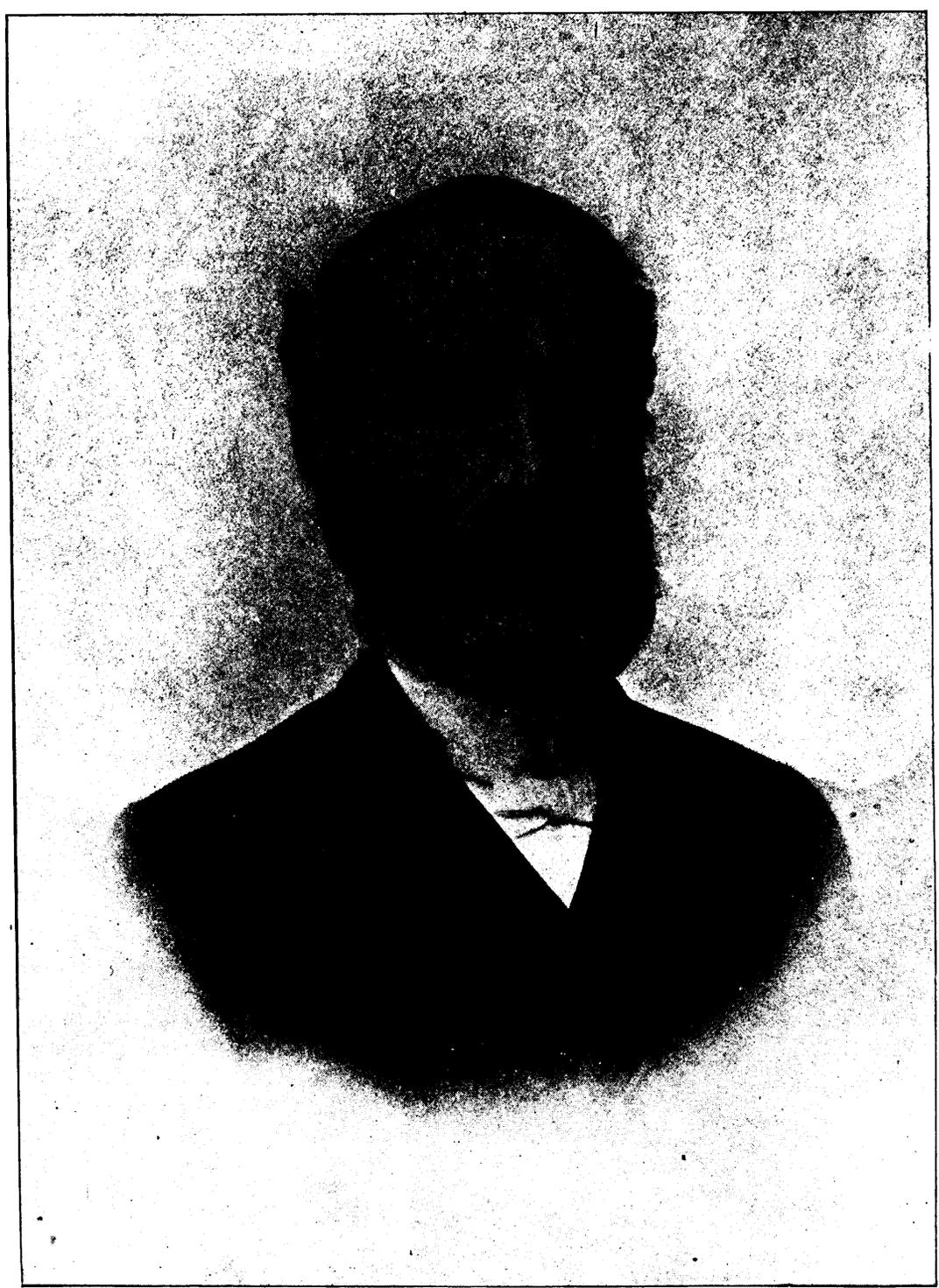
ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF PARLIAMENT OF CANADA, IN THE YEAR 1889, BY GEORGE E. DESBARATS, AT THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.

(REGISTERED.)

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REV. DR. LAING,
MODERATOR OF THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY, PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF CANADA.
(McMillan, photo., Dundas.)

The Dominion Illustrated.

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OUR VICTORIA NUMBER.

The Victoria number of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED has been unavoidably postponed from the 14th to the 21st inst, owing to delay in the receipt of illustrations and other material.



It is not in far-off foreign lands alone that the sons of Canada have had their mettle tested during the last few years. Less conspicuously but not less usefully, and certainly with no less devotion, fidelity and fortitude have some of them been labouring in the cause of geographical discovery within the limits of our own grand Dominion. Some results of these labours have already been placed unostentatiously before our readers in a contribution from the pen of Mr. W. Ogilvie, D.L.S. The Yukon and Mackenzie expeditions were, indeed, undertakings worthy of comparison with some of the greatest exploring enterprises of our day, and we have already given some indications of the impression which they made in English scientific circles. In the last Report of the Department of the Interior, the Hon. Mr. Dewdney writes: "Perhaps the most interesting feature of this report is the account given by Mr. Wm. Ogilvie, D.L.S., of the surveys, observations and explorations which he conducted in the Yukon and Mackenzie country, and which will be found in one of the appendices hereto. Mr. Ogilvie was absent from civilization for nearly two years, during which time he made instrumental and track surveys covering a total distance of 2,700 miles in a wild and almost unexplored country, some portions of which, it is certain, were never visited by a white man before. The energy, enterprise and intrepidity of Livingstone, Stanley and others who have explored the wilds of Africa have received at the hands of the public of all civilized nations the acknowledgment which they merited. In simple and unpretentious language Mr. Ogilvie tells the tale of an expedition of great magnitude and importance, conducted so efficiently, so unexpensively and so rapidly, and involving such dangers as I think will fairly entitle him to rank as one of the first, if by far the most modest, of the explorers of the nineteenth century." And surely this praise is well deserved.

The Report of the Commission appointed in May, 1888, by the Government of Ontario, to inquire into and report upon the mineral resources of the Province of Ontario, which has recently been made public, contains a mass of valuable information bearing on the whole range of subjects to which the Commissioners gave their attention. Mr. John Charlton, M.P., was chairman; Mr.

Archibald Blue, secretary, and the other members were Dr. Robert Bell, F.G.S., of the Geological Survey; Mr. Wm. Coe and Mr. Wm. Hamilton Merritt. After conferring with the Government as to the nature and scope of their duties, and agreeing to a scheme for dividing the labours of the enquiry, the Commissioners held sessions, at which they took evidence from one hundred and sixty-four witnesses at thirty-seven places in the province, from Ottawa to Rat Portage. These witnesses, who gave their evidence under oath, comprised explorers, prospectors, miners, mine and quarry owners, mine captains and superintendents, mine brokers, mining engineers, civil engineers, land surveyors, geologists, assayers, chemists, metallurgists, scientists, iron founders, brick makers, tile, terra cotta and pipe manufacturers, iron makers, copper and nickel smelters, mechanics, lawyers, bankers, merchants, capitalists and speculators. Mines, mining locations and works in the vicinity of places where the Commission met were examined, and careful enquiry respecting them was made.

Several other important districts and places were also visited by members of the Commission, with the object of procuring special or desirable information. The extensive magnetic iron ore range in the region west of Lac des mille-lacs and the Black Bay lead region on Lake Superior were explored by Dr. Bell, while Mr. Coe, Mr. Merritt and the secretary made a journey to the iron ranges in northern Minnesota, near the Ontario boundary. Mr. Merritt also visited the Michigan School of Mines at Houghton. The chairman and secretary in the latter part of 1888 visited the Columbia School of Mines in New York, the office of the Geological Survey at Washington, and furnaces and steel works at Pittsburg, Pa., at Chattanooga, Tenn., and at Birmingham, Alabama. Another object of the visit to Birmingham was to enquire into the merits and witness the operation of the Henderson process for eliminating sulphur and phosphorus from iron and converting it into steel, a careful test and report upon which by Mr. Garlick, of Cleveland, Ohio, a metallurgist whose experience in the manufacture of iron extends over a period of twenty-five years, is published in the appendix. The secretary also visited during the summer of 1889 the laboratory of Mr. Edison at Orange, N.J., to witness the operation of an electrical machine invented to purify and concentrate magnetic iron ores, the Sheffield Scientific School at Yale College, and several iron furnaces and mines in the vicinity of Port Henry on Lake Champlain.

A systematic, concise and lucid outline of the geology of Ontario, with special reference to its economic minerals, has been prepared by Dr. Bell, whose long connection with the Survey gave him special facilities for discharging the task. A sketch of the progress of mining operations and of mineral industries in the province shows that as early as the year 1822 the late Joseph Van Norman started a blast furnace in the County of Norfolk for the smelting of bog iron ore; that, a little later, another furnace was erected at Marmora, in the County of Hastings, but neither of these enterprises awakened much interest in mining affairs, and for twenty years there was an almost total cessation of activity in this field of industry. Attention having been directed by Mr. Douglas Houghton, State Geologist of Michigan, to the mineral resources of the upper

lake region, Mr. (afterwards Sir) W. E. Logan paid a visit in 1846 to the north shore of Lake Superior, and the Hon. John Prince, the pioneer in this enterprise, and some thirty others applied for licenses to explore the lands indicated as rich in minerals. That was in 1845 and in the following year the number of applicants increased to one hundred and thirty-three—a hundred for locations on Lake Superior and thirty-three for locations on Lake Huron. The records of the department show that from 1845 to the close of 1888 709,335 acres of public land were sold for mining purposes. For this the treasury received \$810,955, an average of 61½ cents per acre in the period before, and of \$1.35½ in the period since, Confederation.

Though the knowledge of the extent of its mineral resources is as yet imperfect, that Ontario contains great mineral wealth cannot be disputed and evidence on the subject is constantly accumulating. It is the only province of the Dominion that yields petroleum and salt. In the central and eastern counties are magnetic and hematitic iron ores, gold, galena, plumbago, arsenic, mica, fibrous serpentine, apatite, granite, marble and freestone. In the Sudbury district copper and nickel mines are being worked on a large scale. In the township of Denison rich specimens of gold-bearing quartz and extensive deposits of copper and nickel are found. Along the north shore of Lake Huron, from the mouth of the French river to Sault Ste. Marie, gold and silver-bearing veins, iron, copper, galena and immense quarries of marble have been discovered. North of the Height of Land and extending towards James Bay prospectors report a mineral region of various promise. North of Lake Superior locations of gold, silver, copper, iron, galena, plumbago and zinc ores have been taken up, besides which there are inexhaustible supplies of granite, marble, serpentine and sandstone. West of Port Arthur is a silver district which, judging from the explorations already made, promises to be an argentiferous region of great richness, and beyond it again are found veins of gold-bearing quartz and ranges of magnetic iron ore said to be extremely valuable.

But notwithstanding the extent and variety of these resources, the development of the mining industry in Ontario, as elsewhere in Canada, is deplorably slow. The value of the metallic and non-metallic mineral products of Canada for 1887 was \$11,896,793, whereas the value of the same class of products in the United States in that year was \$542,284,225, being nearly four times greater in the latter than in the former country per head of population. The increase in the world's production of iron from 1800 to 1888 has been nearly thirty-fold, it having grown from 825,000 tons in the former to 23,194,500 tons in the latter year. Of the product of 1888 Great Britain furnished 34 per cent. and the United States 28 per cent. The world's product of steel for the same year was 9,630,477 tons, and of this amount Great Britain furnished 35½ per cent. and the United States 30 per cent. Yet in the vast movement of industrial forces connected with the manufacture of iron and steel, over three-fifths of which centres in Great Britain and the United States, Canada has relatively an insignificant part, its total amount of wrought and puddled iron in the calendar year 1887 being only 31,501 tons and 7,326 tons, while its make of pig iron in the fiscal year 1888-9 was only 24,882 tons.

There is, however, no ground for despair. With skill and capital, with the best modern appliances, with needed modifications in the mining laws and with proper and ample provision for technical instruction in mining and metallurgy, this industry in Ontario ought to have a great and prosperous future.

A suggestion is made in the last number of *Canadiana* which is at least worthy of thoughtful attention. It is proposed that the various literary, scientific and art societies of this city should be united into a single body. It appears that the project has received the approval of the Natural History Society, and that Sir William Dawson has given expression to the desire for the accomplishment of some plan of amalgamation. *Canadiana* complains, not without reason, of the prevailing indifference to intellectual advancement in a city which has so far-reaching a reputation for physical culture. "The attendance at lectures or the more serious class of entertainments, which in other cities attract crowds of interested listeners, is," says our contemporary, "so meagre as to imply apathy, if not ignorance. If the membership rolls of the various societies be carefully examined, the same names will be found in several, and the total extremely small. Under these circumstances it is evident that if some scheme could be devised by which the scattered groups could be brought into harmonious and concentrated action, much good would result." What *Canadiana* recommends is a new general organization, in which all the societies now existing should be merged, with a permanent paid officer for the collection of dues and the issuing of notices, with one officer for each section, the whole to form a board of directors. Rooms might then be rented and, if the association suited the needs of the community, it would grow in time. Meanwhile, the different societies might try the experiment of having one paid official.

One of the most interesting features of the Paris Exposition of 1889 was the "Pavillon des Forets." It comprised a fairly complete exhibit of the trees of the world, with illustrations of the various uses to which they can be put, and of every detail in the wood-working industries of different countries. Of especial interest was the exhibit of micrographic engravings of the different woods, with indications of the diseases to which they are subject, of the insects that attack them, and of the processes of decay. This exhibit, which is illustrated in M. de Parville's Handbook of the Exposition, recently published by M. Rothschild, of Paris, is of the utmost value from both a scientific and industrial standpoint. To us in Canada, one of whose chief sources of natural riches is our lumber industry, and to whom a new world of forest wealth has been opened up in the far west, the mass of information which these careful experiments reveal is most instructive. The wood-working industries of Canada—though not without importance—are as yet only on the threshold of that development which, by due appreciation and enterprise, they ought one day to attain.

The Glaciers of the Seikirks have been attracting the attention of English men of science. In a work recently published in London, the Rev. Wm. Spotswood Green, F.R.G.S., gives an interesting account of a visit that he paid to that great range in company with the Rev. H. Swanzy. The journey was undertaken on behalf of the Royal Geographical Society, in order to prepare a map of the region.

LORD LORNE ON CANADA.

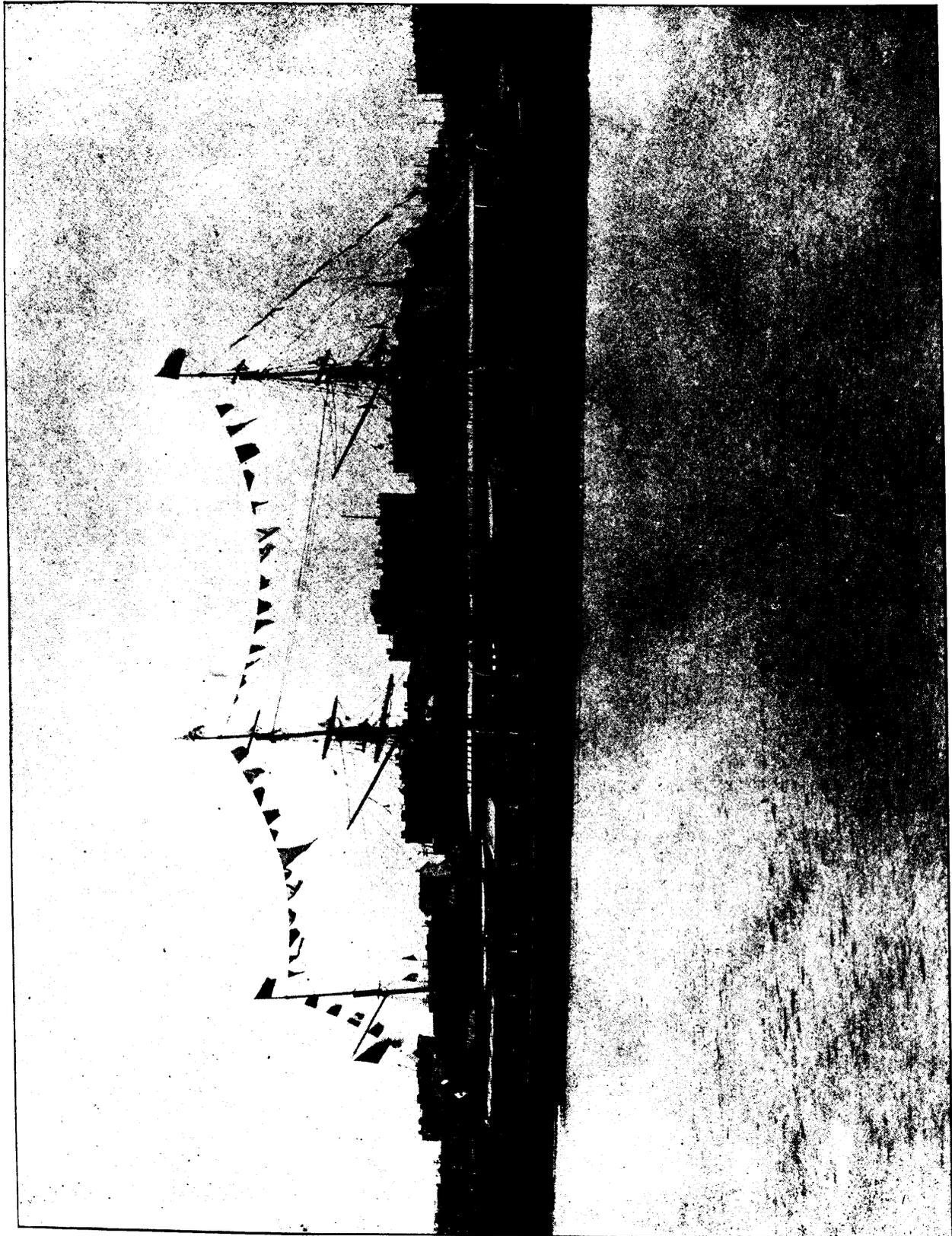
The interest of the Marquis of Lorne in Canada and her affairs is still as keen as when he ruled at Ottawa. Since his return to England he has found many opportunities of saying a timely word on her behalf, of removing prejudices or supplying needed information. Sir Charles Dilke's last book—"Problems of Greater Britain"—has once more directed his attention to certain questions in which we are deeply concerned. His criticism of the work as a whole is extremely laudatory. He thinks that the author, in conducting a comprehensive survey of Britain beyond sea, engaged in a task for which his natural gifts and political experience admirably fitted him, and that he discharged the task with painstaking conscientiousness. He would, however, prefer "Larger" to "Greater" Britain as a qualifying term for the countries whose condition, people and fortunes are discussed as it is in area alone that they surpass the Mother Country. But probably Sir Charles Dilke had the future in his mind as well as the present, and the Marquis admits that in all likelihood two of her colonies will, before another half century, equal England in population. He notes the difference in tone between the later and the earlier work of the author—especially in treating of the relations between the United States and Australia and the Americans of the Union and their neighbours of British America. As to the latter, it is gratifying to find a recognition of the fact that there is for the newer, as for the older federation, ample scope to work out its destiny on this continent. The Marquis of Lorne deprecates the encouragement by a portion of the United States press of the notion that sooner or later "all Anglo-Saxons in North America will range themselves under the banner of one huge republic." He fails to see how the existence of a state to the north of them can be a menace to the institutions of our neighbours. In practice as in theory, the Government of Canada is the more popular of the two, as a ministry can be deposed when the people, through their representatives, deem a change necessary. From interference at the hands of the Mother Country, Canada enjoys the utmost immunity. The risks that arise out of the connection have been exaggerated, but at the same time it is right that the Dominion should have a well-trained force—not necessarily through dread of attack from the south, but to give play to soldierly tastes and aspirations and to enable Canada to strike a blow (in the hour of trial) for the safety of the great Empire to which she belongs. Referring to the two races that share Canada between them, the Marquis indicates the advantage that the country derives from the attachment of the French Canadians to British institutions and to a system which allows them a proportionate influence on public affairs. What Sir Charles Dilke says of the benefits of confederation Lord Lorne considers well founded. One result of it has been to deepen and expand the national sentiment which becomes stronger and stronger as the ratio of native-born Canadians to the entire population enlarges. When the difficulties of race, religion and the physical conformation of the country are taken into account, the author of "Greater Britain" considers the success of the federal experiment remarkable—quite as much so as that of the Swiss Confederation. The Marquis of Lorne adds that even the abrogation of the reciprocity treaty tended to confirm the feeling of independence, in-

stead of creating, as many expected, a resistless tendency towards annexation. The annexation cry he regards as artificial and mainly kept up by "soreheads" in Canada and the Anglophobe press in the States. The fact that no candidate appeals to a constituency as an annexationist is adduced as evidence of this. On the other hand, Lord Lorne is not disposed to accept the conclusions of those who predict the disruption of the Empire unless Imperial federation be adopted as a counter-agent to centrifugal tendencies. He would rather depend on the *via media* of a gradual and natural development of the Imperial idea by closer intercourse between the leading men of all the colonies with each other and with British statesmen, and on the adoption of common means for defence and for the promotion of industrial and commercial relations. Even as matters are, Lord Lorne believes that there prevails enough of the old spirit of loyalty to protect the Empire, should it be assailed, at any point in the Queen's dominions. "It would," he says, "be a dangerous game to 'twist the old lion's tail' too severely." In closing he congratulates Sir Charles Dilke on being, not only a skilful writer, but a faithful patriot—with as fine a pride in the great future of the mighty British commonwealth as the strongest Tory squire could cherish—and on being a federationist in the best sense—that of inculcating on his English compatriots the duty of learning the desires and aspirations of their fellow citizens over sea and bidding them "take occasion by the hand to make the bounds of freedom wider yet."

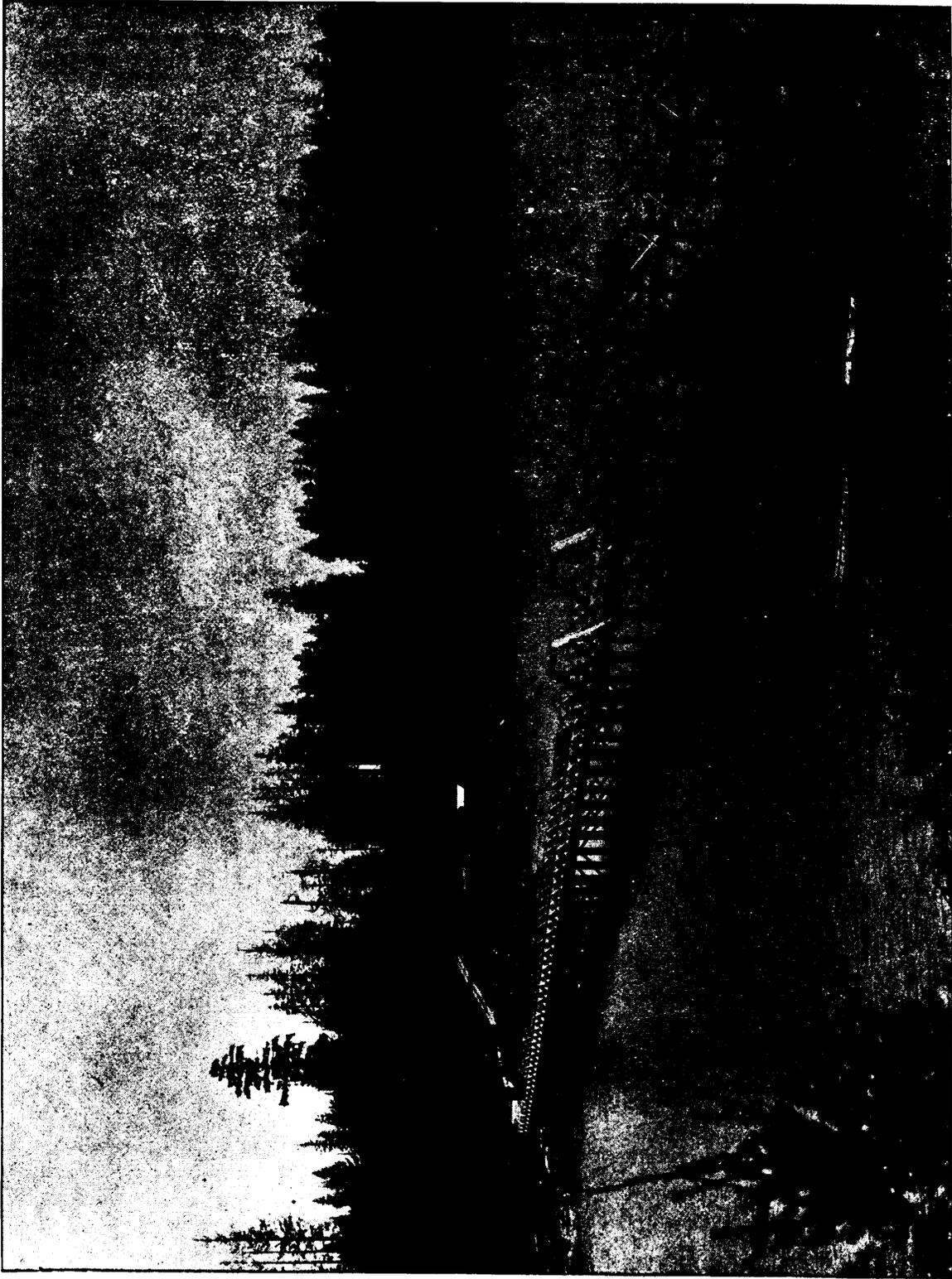
PAUL PEEL'S TRIUMPH.

Mr. John R. Peel, the well-known marble dealer of London, Ont., received a cable message on 4th June from his son Paul, now a resident of Paris, where he has been located for several years, informing him that the gold medal of the Paris Salon had been awarded him for his painting entitled "Après le Bain." Of course the parents of the talented artist were overjoyed at receiving such a welcome missive, and the news was spread amongst the friends and admirers of the young man with rapidity only exceeded by the heartiness of its reception. Congratulations poured in upon the relatives from all directions, and it is not wide of the mark to assert that the success of the young artist in his chosen avocation was viewed as a national triumph quite as much as a proud achievement by a Londoner—to the manner born. It is the first time in the history of the French Salon that the gold medal has been awarded to a native of the North American continent, and it must be especially gratifying to Canadians generally to know that one from the "Land of the Maple Leaf" has shown by merit, unaided by sinister influences, that he is worthy of the distinction accorded him by the leading judges of art in the world. Three paintings, out of some 10,000, as has been recently stated in these columns, were singled out for the gold medal, one of which was from Mr. Peel's easel, bearing the title mentioned above. The criticisms of the French masters and press generally were almost unreservedly favourable to the canvas of Mr. Peel, and that of itself is no small tribute to be the recipient of. All will join heartily in congratulating the family on the high honour bestowed upon one of their number; the wish of all will be that Mr. Paul Peel may continue to demonstrate to the world at large that Canadians can hold their own, even in art, with old-world connoisseurs.

The gold medallist was born in London, Ont. on the 7th of November, 1860, and is consequently in his thirtieth year. He attended the public schools, and was an apt learner in the various branches of study, more particularly those which tended to develop the love of art, for which he always had a strong regard. In 1879 he attended the Philadelphia Art Academy, and was shortly afterwards appointed Demonstrator of Anatomy there, a position which he held for two years to the entire satisfaction of the faculty and staff. While in the institution named he was under the guidance of Drs. Atkins and Kane, both of whom were at the head of their profession. On leaving the college he was given letters of introduction to Sir Philip Owen, of South Kensington, England, where he was taken cordially by the hand and assisted in every possible way to prove himself worthy of his sire and country. After doing England, he was recommended to place himself under the tuition of Leon Jerome, the great painter of Paris, and the advice was accepted, since which time he has been a student of many of the leading artists of Paris, his last master being M. Constant, the world renowned painter.—*London Free Press.*



THE ROYAL VISIT.—ARRIVAL OF THE "ABYSSINIAN" AT VANCOUVER, B.C., WITH THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT ON BOARD.
(Boorne & May, photo., Calgary.)



STANLEY PARK BRIDGE, VANCOUVER.
(Boorne & May, photo., Calgary.)



REV. DR. LAING, MODERATOR OF THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Dr. Laing, whose portrait we give in this number, was born in Easter-Ross, Scotland, in March, 1828. In childhood his father removed to Edinburgh, where he was educated, taking the second highest place in the High School in 1842. He came to Canada in 1843, and after spending five years in Lower Canada he came to Toronto to attend Knox College in 1848. His literary course was taken in King's College. He graduated in Arts at Victoria College, and received the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity in 1885 from Rodger's College, New Jersey. He was ordained at Scarborough in 1854, went to Cobourg in 1859, where he remained for twelve years. He spent one year as principal of Ottawa Ladies' College, and was settled in Dundas in 1873. Besides being a successful pastor and minister, he has given much attention to education. Beginning with the common school, he taught in the Toronto Academy, was tutor in Knox College, and was for many years Township Superintendent and Inspector of Schools, and a number of the counties' examining boards and local boards for more than twenty years. He has also been intimately connected with the work of Knox College, and was for many years Chairman of the Board of Examiners. In all church affairs he has borne a fair share of the work, rendering important service from time to time. He has also for more than thirty years been a valuable contributor to both the religious and secular press, and has published a few pamphlets regarding current events. Dr. Laing is known as a fearless advocate of any measure or doctrine which he regards as important, and has in many instances provoked opposition which has militated against his popularity; but he has had the satisfaction, in almost every case, of seeing his views ultimately prevail. The "Marmion" controversy and the discussion on "Religious Instruction" and the "Bible in Schools" specially had his support, and brought on him the displeasure of not a few who were connected with them. He is also known as a decided and uncompromising advocate of Equal Rights. In calling him to occupy the highest office in the church, his brethren not only do him honour, but recognise his merits in a way which must be very gratifying to the reverend gentleman.

THE ROYAL VISIT.—ARRIVAL OF THE ABYSSINIA AT VANCOUVER, B.C.—On the 22nd ult. the Pacific steamship *Abyssinia* arrived at Vancouver, B.C., and their Royal Highnesses were received by Mayor Oppenheimer and the City Council, His Worship reading an address of welcome. In his reply, the Duke, who was evidently surprised by the signs of thrift and prosperity that met his gaze on every side, expressed his thanks for the loyal greeting of the authorities and townspeople. It was difficult for him to believe that the city which he saw was only three years old. It was a marked change from the great centres of population and business to which he had for some time been accustomed in the East, cities whose foundation antedated history, and some of which had been mighty capitals and fortresses thousands of years ago. His Royal Highness had never forgotten his sojourn in Canada, and it was a pleasure to tread its soil once more. It was a very different country to-day from what it was when he left it nearly twenty years before. He rejoiced at the progress, the manifold development that met him on its western threshold, so long separated by lack of means of communication from the eastern provinces. The story of the rise and growth of Vancouver might well, indeed, surprise Prince Arthur, who could recollect the time when Windsor, Ont., was the *ultima thule* of Canadian civilization, and who had left his name, as an omen of promise, at the starting-point of Canada beyond the lakes. The afternoon of Thursday was spent in sight-seeing, Mayor Oppenheimer and Mr. Harry Abbott acting as *ciceroni*. Stanley Park, with its noble trees, the spared monarchs of the forest primeval, out of which the city had been hewn like a sylvan Petra, was much admired by the illustrious visitors. The fine business blocks—some of them only just finished—and many handsome residences were a source of surprise. The granite of Vancouver has begun to be exported to American cities. A great fruit canning company has been incorporated, whose factory will, it is said, have capacity for all the fruit grown in the province for some years. It has already given an impulse to orchard and garden cultivation, and will in many ways be one of the most successful industries of British Columbia. The impression made on the Royal party was extremely favourable, and the people of Vancouver were, in turn, delighted with their exalted guests. In the evening the Duke and Duchess and their suite dined with the Mayor and Mrs. Oppenheimer and Mr. and Mrs. H. Abbott. Dinner over, they went aboard the special train, which left Vancouver at 8 o'clock on Friday morning, the 23rd ult.

THE ROYAL VISIT.—STANLEY BRIDGE, LEADING TO STANLEY PARK, VANCOUVER, B.C.—Our engraving presents a view of the fine bridge that leads to the beautiful park that is one of the glories of Vancouver. An artist has, under the name of "The Germ of Vancouver," preserved for posterity a memorial of the first rude nucleus of a civilized community that took birth and shape here in the wilderness. It shows in the foreground a little rural hotel—with a group of men sitting or lounging in front and a

stranger on horseback either seeking entertainment for man and beast, or making inquiries as to the nearest settlement. In the background and at the sides—framing in the little hostelry, is the thick forest from which the site of it has been cleared. In Eastern Canada, in far too many instances, the settler proclaimed against the forest a war of extermination, and it is only in late years that a regretful consciousness that a well nigh irreparable blunder had been committed has stirred the heart of his descendants to make amends for a grievous wrong. The study of forestry, the formation of associations and the holding of conventions for forest protection and renewal and the institution of the festival of Arbor Day have all been so many acts of penitence for past misdoing. The Vancouverites began their career under the auspices of this new crusade against the enemies of one of creation's masterpieces, and among the charms of their city is the wealth of trees of grand Pacific Slope dimensions and species that adorn their park and streets and private residences. Stanley Park, which is entered after crossing the bridge shown in our engraving, is one of the finest recreation and breathing grounds on the continent. In "A Holiday Trip from Montreal to Victoria and Return," the Very Rev. Dean Carmichael thus refers to it: "After luncheon, Mr. Browning had a carriage and pair ready and we started for the park. This park, obtained from the Government, contains one thousand acres, and the corporation of the city are opening it up with first-class roads, like those of the Mountain Park in Montreal. Nothing gives one a clearer idea of the push an energy of Vancouver than the making of this park, for, fancy a city three years old leveling and making roads through a stretch of one thousand acres for the benefit of a community yet largely to be formed. I always loved the bush, but I never realized what its full beauty was until I took this drive. The roads wind in and out of a forest of brightest foliage, studded with trees that might be styled monarchs, emperors, mikados of forest royalty, from one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet high and of proportionate girth. Mr. Browning pulled out a tape-line and measured two of these giants. One, a cedar, measured sixty-five feet three inches at four from the base, fifty feet round when measured ten feet from the ground, and the other, a Douglas pine, forty-five feet some inches from the base. We pulled down raspberry branches from the bushes and picked these aerial berries and consumed them on the spot. In short, we never saw such luxurious growth, trees and flowers and ferns all bearing testimony to the teeming life of the soil." Such is a glimpse of this delightful park as it was two years ago, but since then the work of ornamentation has gone on unceasingly, and now it is a scene that for varied charm has few parallels in any part of the world.

THE ROYAL VISIT.—THE ENGINE THAT TOOK THE ROYAL PARTY OVER THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS, AS IT APPEARED WHEN DECORATED FOR THE OCCASION.—As an instance of the enthusiasm with which all the officials of the C.P.R. entered into the task of making the trip of their Royal Highnesses and their suite as pleasant as possible, and of doing due honour to the illustrious travellers, this engraving of the engine, captained by Mr. G. Middleton, of Donald, B.C., will, we are sure, be interesting to our readers. It is not every day that we see a decorated engine, but it is not every day that an engine is employed (in the New World at least,) in conducting a prince and princess over some of the highest mountains on the globe. Our readers will agree, we believe, that Mr. Middleton was equal to the occasion. Mr. C. H. Gibbons, of the *Victoria Daily Colonist*, who accompanied the Royal party across the mountains, says that "the perfection of the arrangements made by the C.P.R. for the Royal travellers was apparent as soon as the train was started on its trans-continental run. Their coaches were the finest on wheels; their dining-room, in charge of the Canadian Pacific veterans, French and Vaughn, epicurean palaces; and section men were patrolling the track all the way along in advance of the train to see that all was clear. Regulars of all descriptions were side-tracked, and everything else that could be was done to expedite and render more enjoyable the tour of Their Highnesses."

THE ROYAL VISIT.—INSPECTION OF THE SCHOOL CADET COMPANIES BY H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.—It was very natural that our youngest soldiers should wish to show their proficiency to the Soldier Prince, who began in Montreal that career of active service in which he has since won distinction in warmer climes than ours. When it was proposed, therefore, to make an inspection of the cadets one of the features of the programme for the opening day of their Royal Highnesses' visit, the little fellows of all ages mustered in strength. Leaving the Champ de Mars, after the inspection of the Fire Brigade, the Duke and Duchess, with their suite, amid enthusiastic cheers, drove along St. James street, up Beaver Hall Hill and along St. Catherine street to the Montreal Lacrosse Grounds. The cadets had already been on the spot for some time, and there was a large assemblage of wealth and fashion on the grand stand. Special arrangements had been made for the accommodation of the royal party, a handsome stand, tastefully draped and furnished with comfortable seats, having been erected for their use, while a small centre table was gay with choice flowers. The Duke and Duchess, with Mrs. Cavaye and the rest of the royal party, were received on their arrival, shortly before six o'clock, by Messrs. James Paton, F. C. A. McIndoe and Fred. Nelson, and escorted to their seats amidst hearty cheering and much waving of ladies' handkerchiefs. An animated and beautiful sight met their view. The natural charms of the situation, probably un-

surpassed on the island of Montreal, were enhanced by a fine display of manly vigour and boyish enthusiasm as any loyal city could supply. The various uniforms, made more striking by the contrast of green-sward, added picturesqueness to the scene, and the *coup d'œil* evidently pleased the illustrious visitors. The cadets received the Royal party with a general salute to the strains of the national anthem, rendered by the Victoria Rifles band. There were six corps on the field—the High School boys in their natty gray uniform on the extreme right, and then the Eliock School corps, the Highland cadets, the St. John the Evangelist School corps and the St. Mary's College boys, in the order named. Major T. Atkinson, of the Sixth Fusiliers, was in command, with Captain E. J. Chambers as brigade-major. The general salute over, the Duke, accompanied by Sir George Stephen, General Sir George McNeill, Colonel Cavaye, Lieut.-Col. Houghton, Ald. Stephens, Major Lyman, Mr. McIndoe and Mr. Nelson, made a minute inspection of the ranks. He expressed his warm admiration of the soldier-like appearance of the lads and his gratification that they should be able to make such a good showing in so little time. Many a kindly remark was made to the little soldiers, whose enthusiasm was aroused to the highest pitch by the evident keen interest which the Soldier Prince took in their physical development. The St. Mary's College boys were praised in their own beautiful language, which the Duke, like all the Royal family, speaks so well. The inspection over, the party returned to the reviewing stand and the march past began. The wheeling into line was the first act to evoke applause, which, as the march continued, became enthusiastic in the extreme. The High School lads, under command of Capt. Macaulay, who led the way, made a most favourable impression, despite the disadvantages under which they had laboured in the effort to get to the parade ground, their annual examinations being now in progress. The Highland laddies, marching like a stone wall, evoked thunders of applause, which was renewed when the St. Mary's College boys passed by, their excellent marching obtaining the commendation it deserved. On the march past in quarter column the Highlanders again distinguished themselves, but on the double the High School lads and the St. Mary's College boys again won hearty praise. The detachments from the Eliock and St. John's Schools were small but well drilled, and gave good promise for the future, while the Montreal Cadet corps also deserve praise for the manoeuvres. In fact, the whole parade was most creditable to the boys and to the city of their birth. After the march past, Sergeant Hamilton White, of the High School corps, who enjoyed the distinction of being the smallest boy on the field, was conducted to the reviewing stand, and, after being introduced, gracefully handed Her Royal Highness a bouquet of flowers, which was graciously received, and the little lad had the honor of a brief conversation with the Duchess, and left the stand the proudest boy on the field. Sergeant White acted as orderly for Captain Macaulay and gives promise of being a bright soldier. Captain Chambers was asked by Major Atkinson to act as brigade major, on account of his having been a captain in the High School cadets under Major Barnum in 1879-80. Lt.-Col. Houghton was commanded by His Royal Highness to express his thanks to the cadets for the great pleasure he had derived from witnessing their exhibition of drill, which had afforded him the greatest satisfaction. He was glad to see that young England in Canada was following in the footsteps of their glorious ancestry, and he hoped and felt confident they would long continue in the same strain of loyalty which prompted them at the present time and did credit to themselves and their country. This was communicated to the boys and their instructors by Major Atkinson, in command of the brigade, and His Worship Acting Mayor Stephens, in both French and English, and was received by them with hearty cheers.

THE ROYAL VISIT.—LACROSSE TEAM ON THE MONTREAL LACROSSE GROUNDS.—After the inspection of the cadets on the Montreal Lacrosse Grounds the Duke and Duchess of Connaught were treated to an exhibition of our national game. The antagonists were a team from the Montreal Lacrosse Club and that of the Caughnawaga Indians. The two centre players, instead of kneeling, walked to the front of the Royal box, when His Royal Highness threw the ball to them and the game began. Apart from the occasion which gave it importance, the games presented no special features of interest. The noble red man did not appear to any particular advantage at his own game, and the team that represented Montreal had things pretty much their own way. There were three games scored by Montreal inside of fifteen minutes, the first one lasting about ten minutes and the other two being taken in very short order. Then the Royal party left the box and there was a simultaneous rush for the exits. The shades of evening fell as the Royal party left for their carriages and the crowd dispersed.

THE GRAND TRUNK BOATING CLUB, POINT ST. CHARLES.—The first trial fours of this club took place on Saturday, the 7th inst., starting at 3 p.m. The club grounds were open to the public from noon. The following were the crews:

Crew No. 1—	Crew No. 3—
R. Kell (stroke),	A. Green (stroke),
R. McLean,	D. Brown,
T. O'Brien,	D. O'Brien,
R. Laing (bow).	D. Davies (b.w.).
Crew No. 2—	Crew No. 4—
W. Laing (stroke),	J. Beatty (stroke),
(e. Ward,	F. Green,
G. Brophy,	J. Cuthbert,
W. Charles (bow).	Geo. Erridge (b.w.).

Sir Henry W. Tyler is honorary patron of the club, Joseph Hickson is its honorary president.

THE MONUMENT NATIONAL.

The French-Canadian ladies were quite enthusiastic in responding to Madame Grenier's request to give a helping hand to organize a festival for the benefit of the Monument National. At a meeting, which was held this week at the Cabinet de Lecture Paroissial, it was resolved that this festival would take place at Sohmer Park on the 24th of June. Madame Grenier will preside at the refreshment table and Madame Justice Jetté will act as treasurer. Madame Ouimet, wife of the Speaker of the House of Commons, will preside at the Tombola, Madame J. R. Thibaudeau and Madame C. A. Geoffrion will have charge of the flower table, Madame J. A. Laramée will dispense the ice cream, and Madame G. A. Hughes the cigars. The presiding ladies will be assisted by a number of young ladies.

SUCCI'S FAST.

The completion by Signor Succi of his self-imposed fast of forty days, regrettable as were its surroundings, is undoubtedly a remarkable feat. The penitential fasts of the Church in the Middle Ages, though sufficiently severe, yet permitted bread and water to be taken, with sometimes a refresher of dry cooked beans and small beer, and an occasional small fish in the evening; but we can recall no modern instance in which total abstinence from food has been, we were going to say indulged in, or at any rate practised, for so long a period without serious results. Most physiologists would, we think, before the fact have pronounced it impossible. The loss by the lungs, the skin, and the urine would have been considered to be too great for the nervous and circulatory systems to bear without the breaking down of some part of the machinery. Cases are on record where an animal has lived a much longer period without food—as, for example, the fat pig that fell over Dover Cliff and was picked up alive one hundred and sixty days after, being partially embedded in the debris; but here little motion was allowed, warmth was retained by the surrounding chalk, and life was sustained by the animal on its own fat. Dogs and wolves, again, are said to be able to sustain a complete fast for a month; but for a man to resist the depressing effects of a forty days' fast with nothing but water, which can hardly be called food, is certainly exceptional. Signor Succi is described as looking wan, thin, and sallow, and it is stated that he lost weight at the rate of about half pound a day during the latter days of his fast. The loss was no doubt in great part due to the elimination of carbon dioxide by the lungs and of watery vapour by the skin and lungs. His temperature was well maintained. His pulse varied, but was during the later days more frequent than natural. The room in which he lived was judiciously kept at a high temperature, and he did not exhaust his nervo-muscular apparatus by exercise. Perhaps the conclusion may be drawn from this experiment that a considerable proportion of our ordinary food is not applied to any useful purpose in the economy, but is converted in the intestinal canal into leucin, tyrosin, and other crystalloids, and that many of the inactive inhabitants of cities habitually eat more than is required to maintain their mental and bodily functions in the highest efficiency.—*Lancet*.

A FAMOUS VIOLIN.

The musical world will be interested to learn that the famous Alard Strad, known as the Messie has been added to the many magnificent specimens of the great master's work already owned in the United Kingdom. This violin, which is so perfect in condition and workmanship—it is dated 1716, and therefore belongs to the grand period of Stradivarius' work—as to deserve the epithet of "unique," must be familiar to English connoisseurs, who, in 1772, had abundant opportunity of studying it at the Exhibition of Musical Instruments at South Kensington, to which it was sent by its then owner, M. Vuillaume, the well known maker of Paris. The instrument, which is described in the catalogue of the Exhibition as being the only one which has come down to us in a condition of perfect preservation, was bought in 1760 by a distinguished Italian amateur, Count Cozio di Salabue, after whose death it was purchased in 1824 by the famous collector, Luigi Tarisio. Tarisio hid it away, refusing to let anyone see it till his death in 1854. A year later it was, together with many more instruments collected by Tarisio, purchased from his heirs by the late M. Vuillaume. Its condition of preservation was then such as to warrant the belief that it had scarcely been played upon during the whole 150 years of its existence. M. Vuillaume, who could not bring himself to part with the treasure, left it on his death to his son-in-law, M. Alard, the well-known French violinist, and the happy possessor of many rare and valuable instruments by the greatest makers. Now, as already stated, it is to be brought to England, the purchase having been concluded through a well-known Bond street firm; its ultimate destination being, we believe, to enrich the collection of a distinguished and wealthy amateur north of the Tweed. After the death of M. Alard, it passed into the hands of his son-in-law, M. Croue, who has sold it for £2000, the largest price ever paid, as yet, for a violin. It is intended to publish the interesting history of this violin, with illustrations reproducing the colour of the wonderful varnish.

THE AUTOMATIC PHOTOGRAPH COMPANY.

On account of an improvement in prices on the Stock Exchange comes a rush of new companies, the most noticeable of which is, perhaps, the Automatic Photograph Company. This company is formed to develop the latest phase of automatism, viz., put a penny in the slot, and wait forty-five seconds to be presented with your photograph. It hardly seems possible such a machine could work, but Mr. Isaac Joel, the inventor, says it will, and wishes to sell the patents thereof to the company for £60,000, of which £39,700 is to be in cash. If the machine will do perfectly all that is affirmed (on this we can offer no opinion) the Company should be great success owing to the novelty and cheapness of the new style of photograph. The cost of production of each photograph is ½d., so that the profit, added to the gain in selling frames and receiving advertisements on the photographs and machines, is estimated to give a return of over 30 per cent. on the capital.—*English paper*.

LA CROIX ROUGE.

Some years ago Mr. P. S. Murphy, of this city, published in the *Canadian Antiquarian* an interesting account of a relic of the Old Régime in Montreal, which, as it is probably new to many, and interesting to all, of our readers, we have thought it well to reproduce in this issue. Mr. Murphy's narrative runs as follows:

The "Red Cross" at the corner of Guy and Dorchester streets, Montreal, which for a century and a quarter has so prominently marked the burial place of Bélisle, the murderer, has long been an object of curious speculation. The popular story is that it marks the grave of a notorious highwayman, who robbed and murdered *habitants* returning from Montreal to St. Laurent and the back country by Dorchester street, which was at that time the only highway west of St. Lawrence street. This story is somewhat incorrect. Bélisle was not a highway robber; his crime was house-breaking and a double murder. He lived on Le Grand Chemin du Roi, now called Dorchester street, near the spot where the red cross stands. On the other side of the road, and a little higher up, Jean Favre and his wife, Marie-Anne Bastien, lived. Favre was reputed to be well off and to have money in his house. This excited the cupidity of Bélisle, who formed the project of robbing his neighbour, and, accordingly, one dark night broke into the house and fired his pistol at Favre, which, however, only wounding him, he stabbed him to death with a large hunting knife. Favre's wife rushed in to help her husband, and was met by Bélisle, who plunged the knife into her breast and then despatched her by a blow of a spade. Bélisle was suspected, and soon after arrested, tried and convicted.

The object of this paper is to set the public right about the legend of the "Red Cross," and to give its true history; also to show by the following copy of the "Requisitoire du Procureur du Roi," dated 6th June, 1752, that the terrible punishment of "breaking alive" (*rompre vif*) was then in force under the French régime in Canada. Bélisle was condemned to "torture ordinary and extraordinary," then to be broken alive on a scaffold erected in the market-place (the present Custom House Square) in this city.

This awful sentence was carried out to the letter, his body buried in Guy street, and the Red Cross erected to mark the spot, as fully described in the following document, referred to above, which is not only interesting, but historically valuable:

Extrait du Requisitoire du Procureur du Roi.

"Je requiers pour le Roi que Jean Baptiste Goyer dit Bélisle soit déclaré dument atteint et convaincu d'avoir de dessein prémédité assassiné le dit Jean Favre d'un coup de pistolet et de plusieurs coups de couteau, et d'avoir pareillement assassiné la dite Marie-Anne Bastien, l'épouse du dit Favre. à coups de bêche et de couteau et de leur avoir volé l'argent qui était dans leur maison; pour réparation de quoi il soit condamné avoir les bras, jambes, cuisses et reins rompus vifs sur un échafaud qui, pour cet effet, sera dressé en la place du marché de cette ville, à midi; ensuite sur une roue, la face tournée vers le ciel, pour y finir ses jours. Le dit Jean Baptiste Goyer dit Bélisle préalablement appliqué à la question ordinaire et extraordinaire; se fait, son corps mort porté par l'exécuteur de la haute justice sur le grand chemin qui est entre le maison où demeurait le dit accusé et celle qu'occupaient les dits défunts Favre et sa femme. Les biens du dit Jean Baptiste Goyer dit Bélisle acquis et confisqués au Roi, ou à qui il appartiendra sur iceux, ou à ceux non sujets à confiscation, préalablement pris la somme de trois cents livres d'amende, en cas que confiscation n'ait pas lieu au profit de Sa Majesté.

"Fait à Montréal le 6e Juin, 1752.

"(Signé),

"FOUCHER."

[Translation.]

Extract from the Requisition of the King's Attorney.

"I require for the King that Jean Baptiste Goyer dit Bélisle be arraigned and convicted of having wilfully and feloniously killed the said Jean Favre by a pistol shot and several stabs with a knife, and of having similarly killed the said Marie-Anne Bastien, wife of the said Favre, with a spade and a knife; and of having stolen the money that was in their house; for punishment of which that he be condemned to have his arms, legs, thighs and backbone broken

at noon, he alive, on a scaffold which shall be erected for that purpose in the market-place of this city; then, on a rack, his face turned towards the sky, he be left to die. The said Jean Baptiste Goyer dit Bélisle, being previously put to torture ordinary and extraordinary, his dead body shall be carried by the executioner to the highway which lies between the house lately occupied by the said accused and the house lately occupied by the said Jean Favre and his wife. The goods and chattels of the said Jean Baptiste Goyer dit Bélisle confiscated to the King, or for the benefit of those who may have a right to them, or of those not liable to confiscation, the sum of three hundred livres fine being previously set apart, in case that confiscation could not be made for the benefit of His Majesty.

"Done at Montreal this 6th June, 1752.

"(Signed),

"FOUCHER."

NOTE.—The writer was informed by the late Dr. Meilleur that a few years ago some descendants of the Bélisle family were living at Bord-à-Plouffe (near St. Martin). They were quiet, honest, inoffensive people, but a stigma was still attached to their name, as their relationship to the murderer of Favre and his wife was known to the *habitants* of that part of the country.

P.S.—The above history of the "Red Cross" was narrated to me some forty years ago, by the widow of Louis Haldimand, a nephew of General Haldimand, Governor of Canada. This lady was born in 1774 and heard the story from her mother, who lived near "la Place du Marché" (present Custom House Square) when the execution took place.

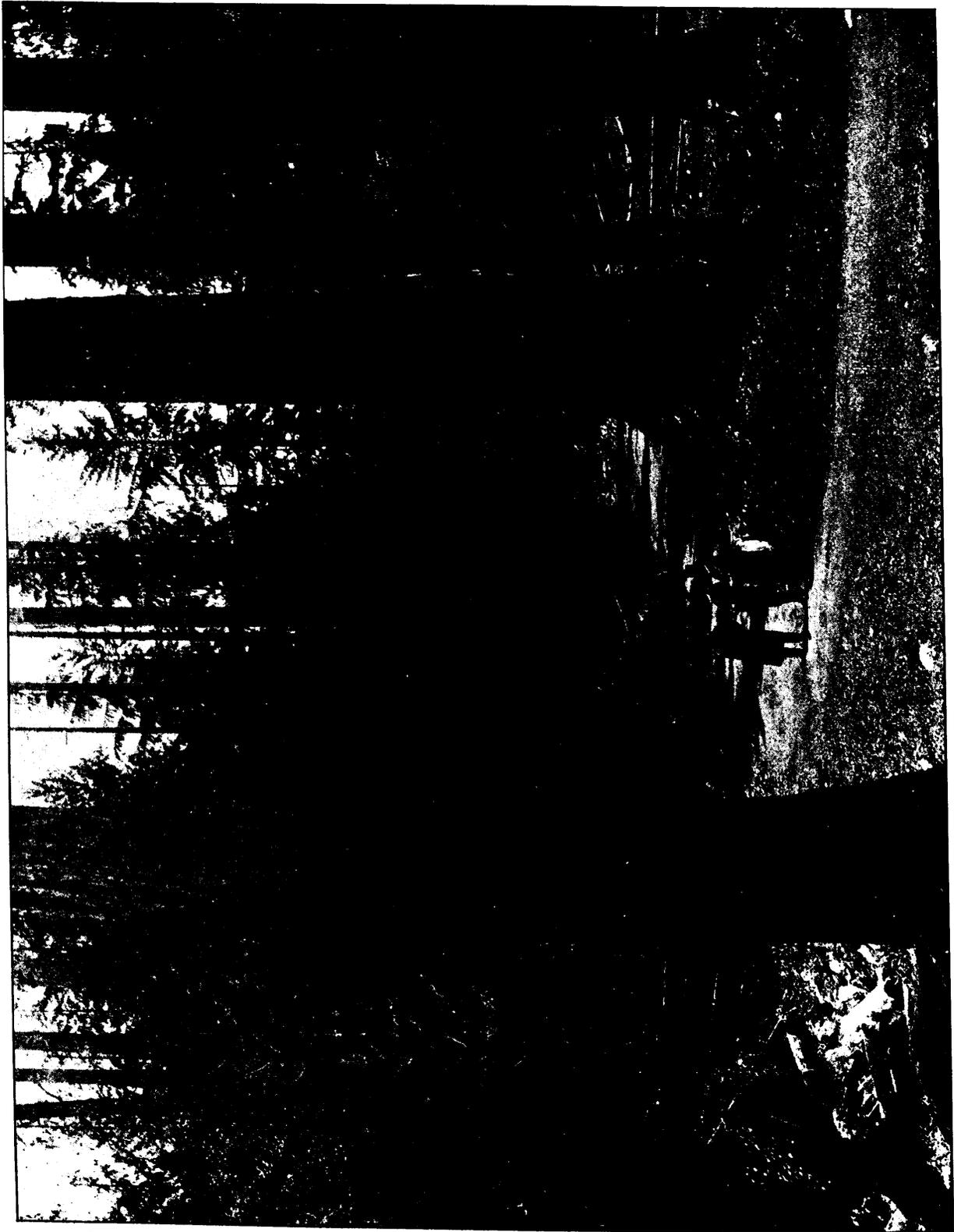
P. S. MURPHY.

SYDNEY.

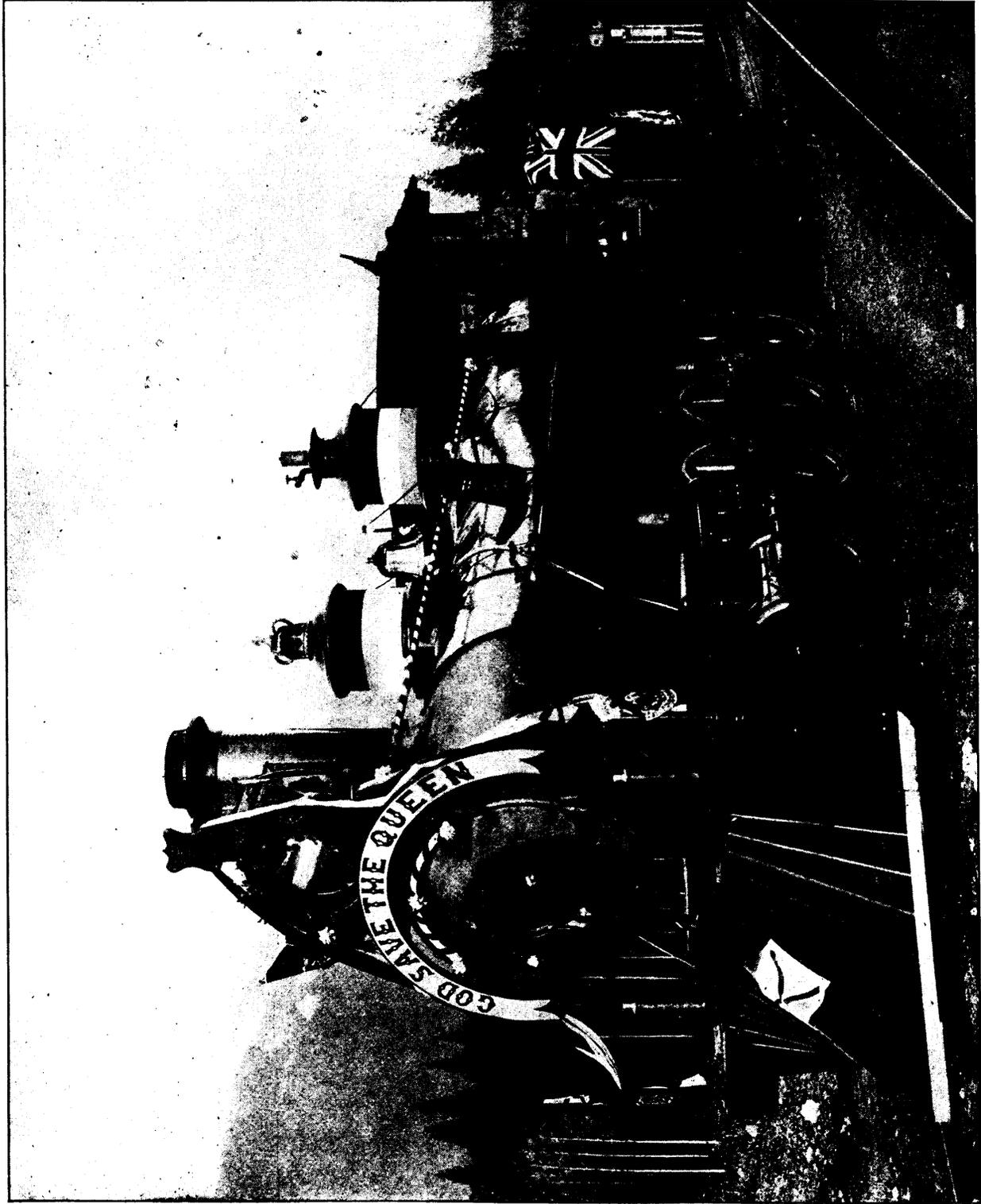
It is a fair land, this new Australian continent, and well worthy to be inhabited by the energetic Anglo-Saxon race. The whole mountain system of New South Wales lies below the limit of perpetual snow. The grandeur of the scenery is not to be compared with that of the Alps or the Rocky Mountains. On the contrary, from the plains the mountains look rather insignificant; but once on them, and looking into the gorges below, clothed with verdure, or on the broad plains far beyond, you are struck with the magnificent scale on which Nature has worked in these solitudes. Over all is a mantle of blue haze, which makes the whole effect most striking, and has given to the range of hills visible from Sydney the appropriate name of the Blue Mountains. However, there is nothing equalling the view you get as you enter Sydney through Port Jackson. It is needless to say a word of Sydney harbour. It holds the first place among the harbours of the world for convenience of entrance, depth of water, and natural shipping facilities.

I am agreeably disappointed with Sydney. Its shops and public buildings and hotels are handsome, and its streets broader, than I had anticipated. I was frightened, I own, by what Mr. Froude has written about its mosquitoes. Perhaps mosquitoes do not like me; I am not sorry. Coming to Sydney by sea you feel, on the whole, that Eden cannot be far off. Nor is the climate so bad as some people fancy. In Naples, where so many English go, the summer is warmer and the winter much colder than at Sydney. The famed resorts on the Mediterranean seaboard, it is now confessed, bear no comparison with the Pacific slope of New South Wales, either for natural salubrity or the comparative mildness of the summer and winter; while the epidemics and pestilences which have devastated the regions of ancient civilization have never made their appearance on Australian shores. The Hawkesbury formation, over which the city of Sydney is built, provides it with an inexhaustible supply of sandstone of the highest quality for building purposes. The beauty of Sydney street architecture owes much to it, as it is a material admirably adapted for architectural effect, being of a pleasant colour, fine grain, and easily worked. For natural facilities for shipping Sydney stands unrivalled. The water deepens abruptly from the shores, so that the largest vessels may be berthed alongside the wharves and quays. The Sydneyites love their harbour, and well may they do so, for none fairer is to be found under the sun. "What do you think of our harbour?" is the first question asked a stranger. A tale is told of the captain of an English man-of-war which was at anchor here, that he was so tired of the question being constantly put that he had a blackboard hung over the side of his ship, on which he had chalked up, with a view to save trouble and prevent further inquiries: "We admire your harbour very much."—*J. E. Ritchie*.

The celebrated Sir William Gull, late physician to the Queen, whose loss all temperance people mourn, gave the following evidence before the House of Lords: "Alcohol interferes with the conveying of the food into the system, and the public ought to know that of all the diluents or solvents for the nutritious parts of food there is nothing like water. It carries into the system the nutriment in its purest form. I hardly know of any more potent cause of disease than alcohol; it causes diseased liver, which disorders the blood, causing diseased kidneys, heart, and nervous system, besides being a frequent source of crime of all kinds. A very large number of persons are dying day by day, poisoned by stimulants without it being known. Great injury is done to health by the use of alcohol in its various combinations (as wine, brandy, gin, rum, whiskey, or beer), even in so called moderate quantities."



THE ROYAL VISIT.—VIEW IN STANLEY PARK, VANCOUVER; SOME OF THE BIG TREES VISITED BY THE ROYAL PARTY.
(Horne & May, photo., Calgary.)



THE ROYAL VISIT — THE C. P. R. V ENGINE THAT DREW THE ROYAL TRAIN ACROSS THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.
(Boorne & May, photo., Calgary.)

TWO PICTURES.

BY HELEN FAIRBAIRN.

This was the first opportunity which had presented itself of gaining an introduction to the goddess at whose feet he had cast fragrant offerings, and he made haste to avail himself of it. With a gracious smile, Mrs. Bertram granted compliance with his earnest request, and presently the doctor found himself *l'ête-à-l'ête* with Miss Gordon. The young lady contemplatively pulled the forefinger of her light tan glove half off, and rubbed it on again. Truth to tell, she hardly knew how to "take" this new acquaintance, being just a little bit shy of him on account of his literary reputation. And he? He was overpowered for the moment by this delightful nearness to the fair girl, for a glimpse of whom he had often gone blocks out of his way. But his wits did not desert him entirely. April weather afforded a beginning, and from that they drifted to other topics. Presently, with a perfectly unembarrassed candour peculiar to her, she told him that she was a little afraid of anyone "so clever" as he was. The doctor smilingly deprecated, and she continued in the same vein, expressing a naive wonder as to where he got his "beautiful thoughts." She had not only read his published verses then, but had actually thought of them; cared something for them! It was intoxicating to the poet and the man—so much so that he found himself telling her of his secret hopes and ambitions, of how small, how desperately small, his successes seemed in view of what he craved for; and she listened, looking at him now and then, her great blue eyes full of childlike innocence and intelligent sympathy, with an occasional appreciative interjection.

In the midst of this, to Keith Clarendon, almost sacred conversation, some one came to take her away from him. It was too bad, but the edge was taken off by the fact that she seemed not pleased at the interruption. For some time he watched her laughing and talking with other people, and experienced a slight chill on observing that her demeanour towards them was every whit as kind and sympathetic as it had been to him.

"I'm afraid I'm falling in love with her," he said to himself, "and I don't believe I've struck even the chord of friendship in her heart."

Once when in her vicinity he overheard a young lady exclaim:

"Oh! Edna, this is your birthday! Many happy returns!"

Not long after this, having unfitted himself for bandying conventional commonplaces by his conversation with Miss Gordon, he excused himself to Mrs. Bertram for such a short stay, and made his way out. Before going home, he paid another visit to the florist, which resulted in the purchase of an exquisite bouquet, upon which the young doctor felt an undeniable pleasure in expending three dollars. The usual bit of pasteboard, this time bearing the words "Many happy returns of May 1st!" accompanied it, causing the fair recipient to knit her brows in hopeless wonderment as to the identity of this mysterious unknown friend, who even knew the date of her birthday.

Ten o'clock that night found Keith Clarendon alone in his study, luxuriating in the depths of his most comfortable arm chair, a volume in his hand. He thought he was reading Emerson; he had thought so for the last half hour. Presently he became aware of the deception he was practising upon himself, and, taking careful aim, lodged the venerable volume on a sofa on the opposite side of the room.

"Now then," he soliloquized, "let a man be honest with himself and day-dream outright, without holding up an old philosopher for a screen!"

The clock ticked away seventeen minutes in silence, otherwise unbroken, then a sudden sharp ring at the door-bell struck across the quiet with its imperative turbulence. After the first jarred evulsion of feeling, the physician's instinct awoke, and when, within a few moments, the servant showed a young man into the study, the doctor was alert and interested. The youth, who wore a bulky red muffler, which enveloped his neck and reappeared at the terminus of his thick pea jacket, stated as the cause of his late call that Miss Ruth Carroll was very ill and wished to see Dr. Clarendon. Would he come at once?

"Miss Ruth Carroll!" the doctor repeated—half inquiringly, half ruminatingly—as he put himself into his overcoat. The youth volunteered a response.

"She said as how you did up her forehead for her last winter."

"Oh! yes; yes. I remember very well. Is she very low, do you know?"

"Can't get better, sir. Doctor says she won't live a day more, and she said as how she'd like to see you before she goes, if you'd come."

For answer, Clarendon lowered the gas and strode from the room, followed closely by the young man. A smart walk brought them to their destination—a little street, a *cul de sac*, off Bleury, where they sought admittance to a high brick house, of somewhat grimy exterior. At the top of the second flight of stairs they encountered the presiding genius of the house, who proved to be the mother of the young man with the red muffler.

After repeating in substance what her son had told Dr. Clarendon, she conducted the latter into a little room near at hand, where the dying girl lay. He bent over her and took one frail hand in his. She smiled faintly, saying:

"I am so glad you came."

"I wish I had known you were ill, and I should have come to you long ago," he rejoined.

"I have never been well since the beginning of the year. The last time I was at your office it was so slippery on the streets; there was ice everywhere. On the road home I fell and strained myself some way. I have been failing ever since. Mrs. Baird brought her doctor to see me, and he told me. I felt sure of it anyway. I'm going home."

Keith Clarendon gave the thin hand he held a sudden, fierce pressure, and looked away for a few moments.

"Is there anything I can do for you?" he said, presently. "Anything you want done, or anybody you would like to see?"

"No; I have no friend to send for now that you are here." Clarendon winced at the words. "And I have nothing to leave, save my trunk and a very few clothes, and more than that is due to Mrs. Baird for all she has done. Here are your books," she continued, touching caressingly the volumes that lay beside her. "No one knows what they have been to me. I have read and re-read them—" Her voice sailed.

The doctor groaned audibly. "And I with shelves of books—" he began, and broke off abruptly.

"You will take them again," she continued. "I have given my Bible to Sam Baird. Mr. Fielding, a clergyman, was here this afternoon. He is coming again to-night. After a moment's pause, 'I am so glad you are here,' she said, putting her other thin hand over Clarendon's strong, warm fingers. With a swift, passionate gesture, the doctor sank on his knees and bowed his head, and the girl felt his hot tears on her hand. For a few moments there was silence, broken only by the laboured breathing of the young man as he struggled to master his emotion, and the quick, fitful respiration of the dying girl. Presently, without raising his face, he said in low, broken tones:

"Oh! my child; why did I do nothing for you when I could!"

"What more could you have done? You know you could not easily have been a friend to me," she said simply. "There are reasons, and reasons."

Yes, he knew it too well. He knew the thousand and one difficulties that would always lie in the way of a young man—cultured and well-to-do—befriending a poor, wage-earning orphan; and he mentally cursed the trammels and conventionalities of society in his bitterness, even while acknowledging that such befriending might only end in greater desolateness for its object. Musing sadly thus, he observed the sick girl move restlessly upon her pillow. Rising from his knees, he seated himself upon the bed, and drawing her woollen shawl about her, raised her in his arms. She acquiesced meekly, and seemed restfully content as her head leaned on his shoulder. Presently he spoke:

"You are not afraid. You are not alone?"

A quick smile glorified the white face. "Oh, no. I am not alone, for Christ is with me. I am going home to Him."

A low rap at the door was followed by the entrance of Mrs. Baird and Mr. Fielding. Clarendon did not change his position; he felt a strange right to be there. The clergyman knelt and prayed. Mrs. Baird knelt also, sobbing audibly in the folds of her voluminous hankchief. After the solemn *Amen*, the minister raised his eyes, and noting a warning change on the pallid face, he repeated:

"Let not your heart be troubled. In my Father's house are many mansions. I go to prepare a place for you, and if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself. That where I am, there ye may be also."

The dying girl drew a deep breath. "Do you remember," she said to Clarendon, speaking with some difficulty, "you told me once you trusted there was a happy life before me? It is before me—now—and so near—oh, my friend, my friend," she dwelt lovingly on the sweet word, "so near. A happy life!"

Keith pressed his lips to her forehead. Once more he heard the words—"A happy life!"—and then there was a great calm. Mrs. Baird's sobbing grew into stifled shrieks, the clergyman's eyes filled with tears, and Dr. Clarendon knew that all was over.

The faint greyness of the May morning was stirring in the chilly night air when the young doctor made his way homeward through the lonely streets. Suddenly, a memory of the previous afternoon floated vaguely through his mind, and he wondered if it was but a few hours since he had laughed and talked in Dr. Bertram's brilliant, crowded rooms. A few hours! It was æons; it was another world.

Two weeks later the Montreal *Gazette* contained the following:—"Dr. Keith Clarendon leaves by C.P.R. train to-night for Vancouver on a voyage round the world. His many friends wish him a pleasant trip and safe return. We understand the doctor will contribute articles descriptive of his travels to several newspapers. These will doubtless be well worth reading, as Dr. Clarendon's ability to handle a pen is a well established fact."

IV.

Twice had the smiles of spring deepened into the laughter of summer, the still content of autumn, and the glistering quiet of winter. December had entered the lists valiantly—white with frost, armed with icicles, and whirled along in a drifting cloud of snow. One flurry of starry flakes after another had covered the ground, and when one day the soft grey clouds finally withdrew and old Sol

reigned once more in the clear Canadian sky, everything was beautifully, softly, dazzlingly white. Early in the afternoon of this glorious, winter day, two ladies met on Dorchester Street West, and paused for a brief confabulation. As they talked, a stalwart, handsome man emerged from the gateway of a residence near at hand and walked past them.

"Do you know who that is?" exclaimed one of the ladies with the air of a person who has an interesting communication to make.

"No; I do not."

"It's Dr. Clarendon, my dear; come back to wear his laurels in his native land."

"Is that Dr. Clarendon—the Keith Clarendon who wrote 'A Happy Life'?"

"The very one. They say he's made quite a little fortune, as well as a name, by it. You know he went abroad about a year and a half ago, and wrote it while away. Had it published in London."

"Well, there will be ado enough about him here now, you may be sure. Enough to spoil the young man."

"He isn't made of the sort of stuff that spoils," replied her companion with conviction. "He knows far too much to be vain."

In the meantime the young doctor's long strides were taking him rapidly eastward.

In appearance he was much the same man as two years previously, save that the expression of his face had undergone that inexplicable change, easy to observe, but hard to locate. The look that told of hope and expectancy had deepened into the expression of remembrance and thoughtfulness. Coming near St. Paul's Church, Clarendon observed lines of sleighs on either side of the road, and groups of people at the church doors and on the footpath.

"A wedding, I suppose," he soliloquized, and paused in front of the church, hearing the faint strains of the wedding march from within.

"They are coming now!" said some one near the door, and the word was passed on through the crowd, which ranged itself closely on either side of the red spread from the door to the stately covered sleigh, whose sleek bay horses tossed their proud heads, fluttering the white ribbon rosettes at their ears.

The doctor took a place amongst the others to see the bride pass out. Presently the excitement ran higher, there was a forward pressure of the packed lines of people, the triumphant strains of the wedding march floated out with clearness, as the church doors went back, and down the carpeted steps came a vision of cloudy tulle, white velvet and orange blossoms.

Clarendon felt a strange thrill, a sudden mental commotion, as he saw Edna Gordon, the jewel in all this fair setting. In the few moments that they were within view, he took in the fact that the bridegroom was a man of noble presence, and that the fair girl leaning on his arm in her snowy raiment was bewilderingly lovely, beyond what he had ever seen her before. Then the young pair were shut into the sleigh, the coachman flourished his be-ribboned whip, the bay horses pranced forward, and a bevy of fluttering, pink and blue bridesmaids were the cynosure of all eyes—of all save Keith Clarendon's; he was looking after the sleigh as it rolled away westward.

"Who is he? Who's the bridegroom?" queried a voice behind the doctor. It was one girl asking of another the question which had already formulated itself in his mind. He listened keenly for the response.

"Don't you know? Do you mean to say you didn't hear of the engagement? I thought every one in town knew about it. Why, he's Sir Philip Stanhope, an English baronet, and tremendously rich. Edna Gordon's beauty didn't go for nothing."

For a moment the doctor felt a strong desire to confront the garrulous young lady who was rattling about the *trousseau* and kindred matters, and tell her that Edna Gordon's mind and heart were as beautiful as her sweet face, and that for his part he thought Sir Philip had done excellently well. Then he smiled, and detaching himself from the crowd, hurried to his office. One half hour later a messenger left a parcel at the door of the Gordons' residence. A square white card attached to it bore the inscription "Lady Stanhope," and in the lower right hand corner "A Friend."

The lovely bride gave a little cry as it was placed in her hands. "Look, Phil!" she said, turning to her husband, "it's from the 'Unknown'."

With trembling fingers she removed the wrappers and cover, and lifted from the box an exquisite gold necklace.

"I fancy your 'Unknown' has been abroad," said the baronet as he took the necklace and examined it critically, "that is of East Indian workmanship and a very beautiful specimen." Then in an undertone to his bride, "He's a rarely generous fellow, who ever he may be, to send you such a lovely present now when I've got you!"

Christmas Eve once more. Dr. Clarendon's valise is lying packed and ready for his homeward trip. Just now he is sitting in his study chair, regarding with an amused smile the energetic gestures of the French lawyer, Lemesurier, who sits opposite to him, and who is discoursing vigorously on the advantages of married life, upon which, by the way, he proposes entering shortly.

"You take my word for it, Clarendon," he says, punctuating his remarks with waggings of his forefinger, "it's the best thing a man can do. You'll find it out some day and follow my example—surely," the last word delivered with the emphasis of conviction.

The doctor smiles as he rises from his chair and glances at the little brass clock. Leaning for a moment against the mantel shelf, he speaks, more to himself than to his companion, it would seem:

"Some day, perhaps. No one knows what may happen. But not—not until two pictures which Time has painted for me have grown dim!"

THE END.

"CHILDIE."

The chancel of an old cathedral was filled with day's fast fleeting light—a rare sweet light, toned down to ecclesiastical dimness by many stained and pictured windows.

The grand tones of an organ, played by no unskilful hand, pealed throughout the noble building and echoed in the hollowness—echoed amid the multitude of pillars which silently and sternly as guardians of the House of Prayer rose heavenwards in their majestic columns—echoed, and pealed, and swelled, and died away into liquid-like tenderness of tone, then grew again in strength and thundered forth in sonorous music, closing in a final outburst of harmony.

Nevertheless, the strong nervous fingers did not appear to have tired, for they wandered over the keys in an absent, dream like manner, as if they could never quite be satisfied, while the player called out in a mellow voice that breathed the spirit of the man:

"Sonny, you need not blow any longer, thank you. I have kept you too long as it is. You must be very tired."

"Yes, I is vewy tired," lisped a wee little woman's voice in sharp reply, "I is vewy tired, 'deed, sir! Johnny told me you 'ood on'y want me to blow for half a' hour and the clock has struck two times since I beginn'd."

"Dear me, child, and who are you? How did you come to blow for me this afternoon? Gracious me! it's a wonder you were able to blow at all!"

"Johnny wanted to do a boat he was doing, and so he brought me to the 'thedral. I's of'en blowed for you afore. He show'd me how the little thing jumped up and down a long time ago."

"Well! Well! Well! And what's your name, Childie?"

"That's it!"

"What! Childie?"

"Ye—s, Childie!"

"And how did you get that name?"

"I's chris'n'd Childie!"

"Heavens! But tell me, little one, what is your mother's name?"

"Mum—mie's name is Rogers—Missus Will'um Rogers."

"Ah! But what was her maiden name."

No answer.

"What is her Christian name, child, then, her first name? Quick! Tell me," and the organist, in his anxiety to know, had caught hold of the little pink-white form that was touching his knees.

"Daddy calls mum—mie Matty!" answered the child.

"My God! and you are my—" escaped from the tremulous lips of the questioner, and the strangely dim eyes filled, then overflowed with tears, which, gushing forth with the sudden pain, fell unheeded down the cheeks.

"What is you crying for? Kiss and make it up," and the little face was raised in expectancy. But the generous offer was not accepted, seemingly not heeded, so deep in meditation or in dreams was the favoured one.

"Come, Childie!" he said at last, with a strange quietness in his voice, "climb on my knees and I'll tell you all about it, and you shall be my confessor and absolve me for crying." And, as the bright little woman crawled on to the organ seat and from thence to the lap of the long-haired musician, he asked: "What colour is your hair, Childie? Is it like your mother's?"

"Oh, dear no!" proudly expostulated the little maiden.

"Mine's more prettie than mum—mie's. Mine is gold and mum—mie's is on'y brown—'cept when the sun shines on it; but mine is gold ev'wy time, and my eyes is blue! What colour is your eyes? Why there's somethin' the matter with them. They is so funny. I's afraid of you. Let me go! I want to go to Johnny!" But the long, strong fingers were now fast entwined round the little waist and in a tone that spoke of a peaceful resignation came the pitiful truth: "Childie! I am blind. Do you want to leave me now?"

"Oh, no! no! I see you home. I will. Johnny never told me. Oh, I's so sorry. How did you get blinded? Was you born blinded? My kitties was born blinded. Was you?"

"No, little one. Now listen and I'll tell you a story." And preparatory to the tale that was to be told, Childie leaned up against the sad looking man with every assurance of good faith.

"Once upon a time," he began, "before you were born, little woman, when I was a young man, I was deep—deep in love. Ah! she had just such pretty golden brown tresses as you say you have, and every bit as soft and silky. Well, Childie, do you understand me?"

"Ye—s, thank you. Did you get marr'ed?"

"Hush! We will come—nearly—to that later on. I was learning to play this dear old organ, and I was to be allowed to marry when I could play sufficiently well to get a position as an organist. One day when I was learning (I was trying to read some difficult piece—quickly, I remember), it became very dark and I couldn't see very well, and I made mistakes and I grew cross and very angry, and

finally when it became so dark I could play no longer and I would have to leave off, I swore a dreadful oath, and just at that moment a flash of lightning lit up the church and darkened my eyes—for ever. Ah! truly it was the Lord's doing for my desecration of his sanctuary."

Up went the little arms and twined round the blind man's neck: "Did it hurted you vewy much?"

"No, Childie, not that; it was what came after. When I became blind, my occupation, my studies, my learning, all were gone. I would have to begin anew. When I was carried senseless from the cathedral that day, the ill tidings travelled speedily to the home of my future wife—to my—to her I loved, that her lover had been struck blind. Vainly she pleaded for me, for my utter helplessness, God bless her. She loved me then, but parents' wills are oft-times stronger than a daughter's love, and she yielded when she found that I would not have her throw herself away upon a sightless log. Years rolled by, and, as each year passed, I became more masterly at this dear old organ. I put my whole soul, my whole strength, into my life's work. I learnt to love my organ, and at last I could play this grand old fellow as well, if not better, than I could have done had sight been left me. Lastly I was appointed the organist, and thank God! I have played for them ever since!"

"What did the pretty lady do?" asked Miss Curiosity.

"Ah! ha! Childie, she did what was right and proper for her to do. She married, and, I think, lived happy ever after."

"Then why did you cry jus' now?"

"There, little sweetheart, you wont understand me. My tears were only tears of pleasure not of woe. A thought—a sign—came to me thro' the darkness and told me my dear one had not forgotten me in my loneliness. But come, come, you must see me home now, and I must close the organ. There, that will do. Put your little hand in mine. My! how warm it is. Just like—ah! well! we'll say good night to the 'thedral. Good night! Good night!"

Clank, clank, clank, sounded the blind man's stick, and soon the great door creaked as he pulled it to.

Hand in hand through the quaint old town the child and the blind man walked until they reached a little white-washed cottage, with its roof of thatch gilded in the noon tide rays. The wee guide looked longingly at the hollyhocks and modest daisies. She said, as her companion stooped to where the Sweet Williams grew beside the wall-flowers, that leaned so lazily up against the walls so white: "Was you sorry the pretty lady—" but the rest of the sentence was never completed, for the childish curiosity had been satisfied with a kiss and a bunch of the garden's sweetness.

TYNDALL GRAY.

AN EARLY CHINESE BANK NOTE.

Within the last few days the trustees of the British Museum have become possessed of a Chinese bank note, which was issued from the Imperial Mint just 300 years before the circulation of the first paper money in Europe. Whatever doubts may attach to the priority of certain other inventions claimed by the Chinese, it is impossible to deny that they were acquainted with the art of printing many centuries before the days of Gutenberg. According to native records, the art of printing was in use in China in 593 A.D., but it does not appear to have been employed in the preparation of bank notes until the ninth century. From that date notes were periodically issued until the middle of the 15th century, when the practice fell into disuse, and was only revived about 40 or 50 years ago.

The note of which we are now speaking is one which was issued in the first year or one of the first years, of the reign of the first Emperor of the Ming dynasty, after the overthrow of the Mongol dynasty established by Kub'lai Khan. It was of the notes issued by the last-named Sovereign—who was a profuse floater of paper money—that Marco Polo speaks when he says:—"The Great Khan caused the bark of trees, made into something like paper, to pass for money all over his country." According to the Venetian traveller, the notes were made "of the bark of a certain tree, in fact, of the mulberry tree, the leaves of which are the food of silkworms—these trees being so numerous that whole districts are full of them. What they take is a fine white bast or skin, which lies between the wood of the trees and the thick outer bark, and this they make into something resembling sheets of paper, but black." This exactly describes the material on which the present note is printed, and it is probable that paper manufactured in this way continued to be used for bank notes until their issue was suspended in about 1455.

None of the notes seen by Marco Polo, and indeed none earlier than the present one, are known to exist, and of these only three copies are said to survive. The interest attaching to this rarity is, therefore, very great. It is older than the first real bank in Europe—that of Barcelona (1401); exactly three centuries separate the date of its issue from the establishment of the Bank of Stockholm (1668), which was the first bank in Europe to issue notes; and it is only a century later than the pieces of stamped leather—the prototypes of European bank notes—which were issued by the Emperor Frederick II. at the siege of Faenza in 1241.

It is noteworthy that Kub'lai Khan's bank notes were imitated in Persia by Kaikhathu Khan in 1294; and by Sultan Mahomed Tughlak in India in 1330-31. In both these instances the over-issue of notes caused the suspension of the practice, and in China the same cause led to the same result in 1455.—*Times*, May 23.

S. C. L.

[This piece of satire was suggested by the "Notes and Queries" meeting of the Society for Historical Studies and the Society of Canadian Literature.]

There may be folks—an' I don't doubt
Ye'll find a plenty uv them out—
Who speak right loud in meetin', cool
Ez hunks uv ice; I'm not no fool,
Leastways, I b'lieve I'm not—but, sakes?
To think uv sech, jist plumly takes
Away my breath; "No sir," sez I,
"I can't an' I'm not goin' to try."
Ye reely might ez fairly count
On seein' me ketch an' try to mount
A buckin' broncho from the plains
(The kind yer friend there took the pains
Uv trainin' when he wuz out west,
Reckon he wished he'd let them rest).
But seein' ez how ye're pow'ful bent
On hearin' us, I'm jist content
To put my think in writin'—fair
For them ez wants to read, an' square.
To-night, ye say, is set apart
Fur notes an' queries. Well, to start,
I'll tell ye, this here is my note—
Or 'twill be when I have it wrote—
An' queries—well, the pint's jist there,
I want to query, fair an' square,
Why is it—fur ye know it's true—
The last thing a Canuck will do,
Is read a work that's from the pen
Uv one uv his own countrymen?
The chaps themselves that writes the stuff,
They read each other's, smart enough.
But, fur the gen'ral public, why
I most believe they'd rather fly
Than buy an' read Canadian work,—
They'd liefer read a bloomin' Turk?
There's Roberts, now, a likely lad
Ez this young country ever had,
Squash full o' po'try too, the kind
That makes ye see things in yer mind.
I tell ye, Roberts knows the ropes,
Goes straight ahead, an' never gropes
Fur words an' things. He'll let ye drop
Plump down 'mongst a pitaty crop,
Or take ye wanderin' out, afar,
Beside them dikes o' Tanramar.
Well—ask yer nex' door neighbor how
He looks on Roberts, an' I vow
He'll say, "Who's Roberts? Never knew
The chap?" An' yet, ye know it's true,
He'll know what collars Byron wore,
An' the sort o' knob on Tenn'son's door.
Then that young chap in Ott'wa town,
That's got frog music jist done brown?
(I vow when Archie up an' spoke,
Ye'd thought ye heard the cretur's croak?)
Why, readin' uv his pieces will
Jist give ye sort uv warmin' thrill,
To think he's ondeni'bly ours—
A b'y uv his reel dazillin' pow'rs?
An' yet, ye'll find there's mighty few
What knows uv Lampman ('sides uv you
An' me an' other lit'ry folk).
Now don't it seem a tidy joke!
They'll know about Ralph Waldo's ma,
An' Charlotte Bronte's cranky pa,
But nary thing about the men
In their own land that drives the pen?
Take Willyum Wilfurd Campbell, he
Can tell ye everthin' he see
About them grand old lakes uv his,
At sunset or at pale moon riz!
Bliss Carman writes real dandy things,
There's somethin' in them fairly rings.
Our own Miss Crawford writ ez good
In di'lect verse ez Rileys could.
There's other scribblin' women too,
Reckon ye know a tidy few?
Then, comin' nearer to us, there
Is our own risin' Chateaucclair,
Who writes as dignified a pome
As could be writ away from home?
I know they're mostly jinglers, those,
But we have lots a-writin' prose.
Although it's true, jist at this time,
The most uv them jist sticks to rhyme,
There's dozens more—a fine, spruce set!
Worth bein' rightly proud uv—yet
They're not, by no means, treated right,—
Expect they're mad enough to bite!
But, law! jist see how much I've wrote—
A most uncommon drawn out note!
An'—hope ye wont think I'm to blame—
I'll make a query uv my name.

It is hard to say how much we could forgive ourselves if we were secure from judgment by another whose opinion is the breathing medium of all our joy; who brings to us, with close pressure and immediate sequence, that judgment of the Invisible and Universal which a self flattery and the world's tolerance would easily melt and disperse. In this way, our brother may be in the stead of God to us; and his opinion, which has pierced even to the joints and marrow, may be our virtue in the making.—George Eliot.



THE ROYAL VISIT.—H. R. H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT REVIEWING THE MONTREAL CADETS
ON THE M. A. A. GROUNDS, ON MONDAY JUNE 2.
(Cumming & Brewis, photo.)



THE ROYAL VISIT.—THE MONTREAL LACROSSE TEAM AT REST, M. A. A. GROUNDS, JUNE 2.
Cumming & Brevis, photo.

CAMPING IN MUSKOKA.

The above title means to many a most delightful holiday, freedom from every-day annoyance common to daily life in town; and even if these are felt, the general feeling of "It does not matter" is also as apparent; a carelessness generally induced by the life spent in the open air, on the water and in the sunshine from early morning to moonlit darkness.

A chain of lakes in the township of Muskoka, district of Algoma, lies in the north-west portion of Ontario, and in one of these (Lake Joseph), which opens out of Lake Brossseau, is the camp in which we are so pleasantly situated.

A train called the "Muskoka Express," a division of the G.T.R., leaves Toronto three days in the week during the summer months, and, stopping but seldom, lands its passengers at a little village called Gravenhurst, where a clean, trim-looking steamer lies at the long, narrow wharf to receive the travellers and deposit them at the different ports along the lakes. After a capital early dinner on board, we all go on the wide white deck, well protected by wraps, as the fresh breezes induced by the progress of the "Nipissing" make one feel that the hot, close air of the town is a thing of the past, and we inhale with delight the fine exhilarating air of Muskoka.

Numbers of young men with camping outfits, tents, canoes, guns, rods, etc., are on board, looking, in their flannel garments and small peaked caps (something after the order of a cricketing cap), canvas or tan leather shoes and easy coats, as though they intended to carry death and destruction into land and water; business men, more advanced in years, bare their heads to the soft wind as though courting the breeze to blow away the outlines of figures and stocks from their weary brains; pretty maidens with fascinating dresses of serge and cotton, and bewitching summer hats; mothers with large families; boys and girls of all ages, all combine to form a bright picture of humanity.

At several stopping places were big summer hotels, and the greatest interest is manifested in the arrival and departure of the steamer, which lands a daily mail bag at many of the wharves. One post office was called "Redwood," and close by were the large private houses, built so high up that long flights of stairs were ranged along the rocky side of the hill, one of these stairways being marked out by fluttering red flags, which had a very gay effect.

The scenery is as charming as the absence of hills or variegated foliage can allow it to be; thousands of islands dot the surface of those placid lakes, and one glides in and out as though through the intricacies of a network of pine trees and dimpling waters. Later on in the afternoon the sunset began to cast its lengthening shadows, and then its shafts of gorgeous colouring, so that bare rocks and dark firs seemed to be clad in a moving mass of gold and red. In the autumn when the maples, oaks and birches have put on their gorgeous livery of the turning leaf, the scene is more impressive; but even now there is a sort of fascination in watching one villa after another of islands opening out on the still, shimmering lake. Many camps of white tents and temporary wooden huts, or "shanties," catch one's eye against the darkness of the green background, and here and there on the mainland one can see the settler farmer marking the sites of his green fields, too far off to see the disfiguring blackened stumps of the mighty forest trees, which have crashed down beneath the blows of his axe; sometimes, alas! the great tree crushing the strong frame of the hewer beneath its huge limbs. Towards dark we are landed at the island to which we are destined, called Victoria, or Governor's Island, from the fact of the pretty house on it having been presented to the wife of the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario during Her Majesty's jubilee year by some of the citizens of Toronto as a tribute to the gracious hospitality which marked her reign at Government House.

The island itself is about 40 acres in extent, with a wide view of lake and islands to the east, and on either side of the island run narrow channels, up one of which the steamer frequently goes on its way to Port Cockburn, at the head of the lake, and at which place is a large, gay, summer hotel, filled through the three months which constitute the Muskoka "season" by visitors from all parts of Canada, and sometimes the United States sends a contingent to help in the general gaieties and pastimes. The house proper on Governor's Island is built much as an Indian bungalow, or house in the Hawaiian Islands. A large sitting-room runs through from end to end in the centre, on either side are bedrooms, and in a corner of the sitting-room is a quaint little stairway which goes up to another apartment almost as large as the room beneath, and which has a lovely view down the lake from the little balcony in front. A wide verandah runs round three sides of the house, whereon are hammocks and easy chairs to suit the tired ones. A few feet away is another and smaller building known as the "Shanty," where are dining-room, storeroom, etc., also with a verandah of 12 feet; still farther off is the kitchen, an admirable idea, where the heat, at times (and flies), are tropical. A hut of piled up stone makes a good place for provisions, and down on the little wharf is a big boat-house where the canoes, boats, fishing tackle, etc., are kept, and above is a huge room under the sloping roof, which is always, with one consent, given up to the bachelors, who sturdily refuse to be made comfortable according to feminine ideas. No luxuries lurk there. All is of the sternest type; no fripperies of any kind allowed; monkish-looking pallets line the walls, with bright, hard blankets

and coloured pillows, a looking-glass of the smallest dimensions and one chair, with numerous shelves and hooks, make up the sum total of furniture. The lake below makes a splendid bath-room, and the balcony in front is equally good as a towel-rack, to judge from the row displayed daily thereon.

The house was painted in an arrangement of grey, old gold and crimson, the gable-like front giving a very picturesque effect. The "Shanty" was all in tent-like stripes of red and white, while the kitchen and little fence around it showed quiet hues of olive greens. "We are nothing if not artists."

Paths are cut through the woods, and one can take a walk of over a mile in their windings, out to the extreme end of the island.

The daily life can be full of variety; if the house party is large there is something to do for everyone, and many and various are the tastes displayed. At one time we had a *littérateur*, a musician, an artist, an elocutionist, a doctor, a lawyer and, last but not least, a professional beauty. These, with the Governor and madame, made up a charming circle; oh! and I forgot, there was another, of whom it was innocently asked "What does he do?" (a question how often asked on this side of the Atlantic!) and the answer was, "He is *always* a tea broker."

The morning was made lively with yells and shouts from the bathers at the boat house, one of the amusements being to call the two dogs, who were the beloved companions of the whole camp, to the edge of the wharf and then douse them with showers of water, which would almost madden the animals, and their barking, the splashing of the water, and the shouts of the bathers made a din indescribable.

One of the dogs, a most intelligent animal, with a beautiful hound-like head, rejoiced in the name of Victoria. Ariadne Josephine Muskoka, was the property and devoted companion of the artist, and after a few mornings of this boisterous gaiety absolutely refused to join in it, leaving the fun to Fuss, a more easily excited fox terrier, who belonged to the tea broker.

Poor Fuss was made the means of a practical joke which gave one of the party an involuntary bath. One of bathers had soaped the edge of the wharf where the boats were drawn up, and then calling loudly and eagerly to the little dog, Fuss ran down the wooden slope, barking furiously, and the next moment her feet flew from under her, and she slid ignominiously into the water amidst derisive yells from her tormentors. Later in the day the colonel was pushing a canoe into the water when he unwittingly slid on the carefully soaped boards and followed the fate of Fuss: but, his good temper being proverbial, nothing but a hearty laugh was the consequence.

The bath in the cool water appeared to induce enormous appetite for the substantial breakfast of porridge, fresh fish and eggs, flanked by great platters of buckwheat cakes and huge scones cooked to perfection by our dear old Scotch woman, "Mrs. Broom," and served by a red-haired, quarrelsome but good servant boy, whom she always designated as "Robairt." The shanty was hung with grey felt paper, and done up with turkey red cotton, and the snowy-white oilclothed table formed a pleasing contrast. We always sat over breakfast a long time, the artist dispensing fragrant tea or coffee from her boiling kettle on the tiny oil stove, and discussed what direction the voyageurs should take for their picnic for that day, and about noon saw their preparation complete. The basket was got ready, a list of necessities being nailed up in the shanty amongst the different stretches of the camp during the stages from tents to houses, so that nothing was forgotten; then came the embarkation, the long green canoes, and sometimes a boat, were made ready with cushions, shawls, books, etc., and the flotilla moved off, making a most picturesque effect, with the paddles flashing in and out, the bright jackets and caps of the girls and the equally brilliant flannels of the men harmonizing with the brilliant sunshine. It is remarkable how well the most glaring colours look in Muskoka. Quiet, artistic tones do not shade with the hues of land and water; one does not see exactly why it should be, but the fact remains.

The fashionable beauty's elegant figure looks to advantage in the bow, and the practised hand and graceful paddling of the artist are charming to see, while the way in which the long limbs of the tea broker and the elocutioner are tucked away under the thwarts, to use the expression of one of the girls, "consumes one with admiration."

Numbers of expeditions can be made to Joseph River, Little Lake Joe, Bass Lake, Chief Island, all sorts of inlets and outlets known to campers, where they can fish, get water lilies, then land on some convenient spot and make their fire, boiling their black kettle, and making the very best tea (which is tied up in little muslin bags) ever drunk. Notwithstanding the late breakfast, the luncheon is always welcome, and huge slices of bread and butter, sardines, and potted meats, jam, cake, speedily disappear, after which the picnickers lounge about, reading, writing, sleeping, while some more energetic disperse to gather berries of different kinds. Sometime a farmer is visited; the settlers, many of them, being most friendly to the campers. Sometimes a fresh place has to be explored or an old haunt revisited; and, finally, when the shadows are falling long across the sky, and the moon peeps out, the little fleet make their way homeward, to find that those left behind have also had a charming day of enjoyment, perhaps fishing, some fine salmon trout or a noble pickerel or bass being shown as the result of the day's labour. Trolling is a very favourite amusement for those who prefer rowing to paddling, a troll

being an awkward thing, rather, in a canoe, and in August, when the fish do not bite so readily as earlier, or later, in the season, a "deep" troll will attract some lazy trout from the cool depths, and great is the excitement when, after cautiously pulling in hand over hand, a frantic plunge tells that a heavier weight than usual is on the hook. "Gently, gently; now then!" Pull, pull; plunge, plunge; the silvery nose is seen, and the beauty is just in the back, well over the gunwale, when comes a still more terrific plunge and away Mr. Trout escapes back to his watery home, there to tell the tale, as we often thought, to his companions; for troll as we might, not a bite would come for the rest of that day. Again, it is most tantalizing to row through schools of the small fish which are supposed to be pursued by their larger fellows, and see rows of small tails flashing in the sun, and perhaps a tremendous splash is heard in the rear, and the small fry disappear, only to re-appear a few feet further on. One evening, I especially remember, just before sunset the lake seemed literally alive with these "schools," and they did not seem to mind the splash of the oars or sound of voices in the least.

Sailing the canoes is a pastime much indulged in, and pretty, indeed, the light craft look scudding before the wind.

The island was fairly alive with squirrels of a small kind, whose antics nearly drove the dogs wild. The little fellows soon found the dogs were helpless in the way of tree-climbing and jump as high as they might they could not get near the impudent little squirrel, who would chatter and squeak away, while Victoria and Fuss were making the echoes ring with their barking and whining. Presently one would run down the tree to just within a safe distance of Victoria's nose, and mock her in the funniest fashion, and just when the dog was in the midst of her highest leap he would fly down to the ground, leap clean over Victoria's head, scamper across and be up another tree chattering vociferously, while the dog howled with anger at being so ignominiously treated. These little brown squirrels swim long distances, and stretched out in the water look double their size on land. One day two of the gentlemen were rowing, when they saw a little squirrel swimming slowly, evidently quite exhausted, though a long way from land. One of them held his oar out towards it, the squirrel crawled on it, and after a moment moved up the oar, jumped on his preserver's shoulder and sat there until the boat touched the shore, when it sprang away, now quite recovered, and disappeared in the wood; it apparently thought that the one who saved it would have no evil design. Another story will show, however, a wealth of instinct curious in such animals. In a country house, on another lake, where the artist was staying, the whole premises were over-run with squirrels, inside and out. Finally, they got into the rooms, then into the closets, and one day when she took out a jacket all the buttons were found to be neatly nipped off, evidently having been mistaken for nuts. What a disappointment when that portion of the winter store is attacked!

Porcupines are plentiful also, the great, unwieldy creatures frequently gnaw and scratch at the painted walls of the house to try if they can get in. Anything greasy will attract them, on one occasion the paint being gnawed off a tin safe where butter was kept. Dogs suffer most severely if, by chance, they come into contact close enough to receive the barbed quills in their flesh, from which they have to be torn with pincers or the teeth.

Minks appear now and then, carrying off fish, if any is left by chance within reach, and wild mice run all over without attracting notice, except from the dogs, who would sit for an hour looking at a hole where one had recently appeared. They are quite tame; a whole family being found happily settled in a table drawer were not in the least frightened, and the mother would take crumbs from any friendly finger held towards her. One night when the whole camp was in the sitting-room, peacefully or noisily, as the case might be, pursuing each his or her ordinary avocation of reading, playing bezique, carving wood, showing portraits, telling fortunes, or what not, suddenly there came a rush round the verandah, and Robairt flung the door open, and with his red hair in rampant confusion, his eyes red also with excitement, he exclaimed, in his extraordinary dialect: "Foose has caught a moose!" and before anyone quite took in what he meant, in trotted Fuss as proud as Punch with a mouse hanging limply from between her teeth. The usual consequences on such occasions followed—shrieks and a general stampede to the stairs, tops of benches and tables on the part of the girls, and shouts and yells from the men, with a general dash at Fuss who preserved her own equanimity in the funniest way, evidently satisfied that she had done her duty to the utmost of her power—Robairt, looking on meanwhile from the doorway with a broad grin on his freckled face, quite delighted with the whole affair and his own share in it.

Bats were in dozens, coming as nightly visitors, and when on the verandah or in the sitting-room there were constant shrieks of dismay from the ladies and howls from the dogs, who would leap over everything to get nearer. Sometimes a skilfully wielded tennis racket would cut the bat's career off, the least touch appearing to kill it.

Last Sunday we could attend service at the Island where we went for the mail, and it was a picturesque sight to see the boats coming off from the different islands.

The service itself was of a Methodist form, all joining in the hymns with tremendous vigour, and different members of the congregation being called on at the moment to assist in the service, which was held in the open air, all sitting under the trees with the view of the lake in front, a table in the shade being placed for the minister who took the most prominent part. Occasionally a really excellent ser-

mon was heard, especially from a minister from Ohio, who had a pretty summer home near by. He had a fine sonorous voice and good command of language, and on one occasion he likened the little fleet of boats and canoes which came to bring their owners to the service to the same kind of scene he had witnessed in Norway, where so many of the farmers can only hear the Word of God preached during the summer season when they all come to a meeting held by some good pastor for their benefit; but no doubt the picturesque costumes and grand surrounding scenery make up even a more glowing picture than our more conventional Muskoka could furnish.

The Red Indian is seldom seen now; only twice during our stay did any appear. Two women, one old, fat and ugly, the other not so old but equally fat and ugly, came one day in an old birch bark canoe, with a bundle of rags apparently in the bottom; and sitting in the middle was a little child. They brought some pretty mats and baskets of sweet-scented grass; were very reticent, speaking little English, and with no trace of the romantic legends attached to the dusky savage. They had come from Rama, in Lake Couchiching, a long way off, and were too glad to get clothes or ordinary necessities in return for their handiwork.

Many hotels are about the lakes now, which makes the getting provisions an easier matter than it was in years gone by, as the little tug boats come up twice a week during the season, bringing up eatables of all kinds, and taking orders, which they fulfil on the next trip. They call at all the houses and many of the camps, and must make a fair thing out of their buying and selling, also taking passengers from different points to make excursions, and thus we often found friends on board.

One of the hotels has a large handsome tug belonging to the establishment, and with its cabin windows draped in scarlet, and many flags flying in the breeze, it made a most splendid appearance, and many and gay were the parties assembled in it. Some friend who had a large house on a neighbouring island, the only house with a brick chimney-piece and open fire-place, with dogs (whereon burned mighty logs of wood), had a little steam yacht, run with petroleum, and whenever we heard the musical little pipe there was a general stampede to the wharf where "The Madge" would lie, looking so pretty with its red-lined seats and soft scarlet cushions, forming most luxurious divans, and the brass of the machinery flashing brilliantly in the sun. At times the musician would bring her guitar, and with talking, laughing and singing the "Madge" would puff along in the most important fashion, going in and out of the islands, and steaming ahead at a capital pace. A deep troll was let out, and many a big trout and bass fell victim.

Many of the settlers are glad to sell any produce they have, and many curious characters are met amongst them. One, from whom we got milk and vegetables, brought twice daily by two blue-eyed boys, who looked as though life was a thing to be taken very easily, must, we thought, have been a schoolmaster, perhaps in some small village in England, partly from the air of authority with which he would give his opinion, partly from the long words he used; he would spout Shakespeare and Byron in a most rasping voice, and lecture the youngsters as though he meant it. Another, a capital boatbuilder, was a good philosopher, and would give vent to the oddest sentiments, sending us into hidden fits of laughter; for he was a shy man, and I doubt his ever coming again, however much we wanted him, if we offended him.

Some Scotch settlers had a beautiful farm down the river, their fields and gardens a picture of care and neatness. The highest price was always paid for their produce. The wife had a large family, her house was a model of neatness, and yet withal she had nine boarders through the summer. How she managed to keep herself and children as she did was a mystery. They had been burned out, but their Scotch thrift weathered them through their troubles, and the wife told the artiste one day she "thought they were on the right side now."

Once during the season a party of five was made up, consisting of the lawyer and his wife, the artiste, the doctor and the tea broker to "go a-fishing" in some of the back lakes. They started one fine morning, taking the little steamer "Muskoka" up to Port Cockburn, or, as it was commonly called, "Fraser's" from the name of the proprietor of the large hotel there. There they got into an open waggon and drove some nine miles into the back country, up and down the corduroy roads, along hills in blazing sunshine and clouds of dust, drawn by a very unequally matched pair of horses, which made the drive no easier, one being a steady old farm hand, "which nothing her dismayed," the other a frisky young colt, which was with difficulty restrained from breaking bounds altogether, only checked by the stolid perseverance of its mate. The farmhouse was reached at length where quarters had been engaged for the night, not the most inviting, either. The mistress of the house at first sight appeared to be quite an oldish woman, with ragged looking head, apparently no teeth to speak of, and dirty dress. The enthusiasts went off to catch fish in the few remaining hours of daylight, and on returning were amazed to find their hostess an entirely different looking person altogether to what she had been on their arrival. Her hair, by some marvellous means, was curled up in a most luxuriant fashion, the hollows of the thin cheeks were filled up by the missing teeth, which apparently were more for ornament than use. A clean dress and apron replaced the former untidy garments, and an appearance of at least ten years younger was the result.

There was a large dairy in connection with the ranche,

and so milk and butter were both good. Hot biscuits, meat and eggs were produced, the campers had brought their own tea with them, so a delightful meal was the outcome of all the preparation which went on in the one big room where everyone sat, the "parlour" being so dreary that all, with one consent, remained in the kitchen.

The next morning the artiste reported having slept soundly, notwithstanding feather beds and noises of every kind, humane and animal, which disturbed the earliest dawn. As soon as possible they went off in force to the lake, which was only a very short distance from the house, and getting into a huge boat were pulled out to the fishing grounds, and in a few hours had a big catch of between forty and fifty bass of varying sizes. As many as possible were packed in leaves and moss in a box, and the next morning the waggon was mounted and the return drive was accomplished much under the same conditions as the one before. A dear little girl was a bright spot in the somewhat dreary farmhouse. She was an adopted child of some five or six years old, lovely in face and winning in ways, following the two ladies about as though they were something she knew not of, and on their leaving she was richer than she ever hoped to be, I imagine, as she confided that she was "saving up to buy daddy a moustache cup for a Christmas present," so her fortunes were swelled to the extent of being able to buy a dozen moustache cups if she wished—a lonely life for a child, but infinitely more to be desired than the pent-up existence of a city waif.

There are many guide books and maps of Muskoka, illustrated and without such attractions, issued now for the traveller, and everything can be learned about this charming part of the country with ease.

Rain comes seldom, but when it does a fall of several days is often the case. Then if one cannot get out in the canoes the camp is thrown on its own resources for amusement. A fire light in the wood stove soon throws a cheery glow of heat into the big sitting-room; the ladies take up their work, the elocutionist spouts forth themes grave and gay, the *littérateur* reads a tale or poem for us with fitting emphasis, the guitar is heard twanging musically, stories are told, topics discussed in every shade, games played, and the most wonderful likenesses taken, not by sun or pencil, but cut out in white paper, the profiles thus produced being afterwards gummed in a book of red cotton pages, the effect being in many cases so good that it is needless to attach the names underneath. The time passes so quickly that luncheon comes, then dinner, before we know the day gone. One accident only happened during the summer. The colonel, by some violent jerk, dislocated his shoulder, or rather the arm at his shoulder. The whole camp was in a fine ferment in a moment. Some of the ladies having been through "ambulance courses of lectures," were most anxious to lay violent hands on him at once, but this was prevented. The night was getting dark, but all flew off in various directions, hoping to find a medical man from other islands, in the meantime bandages being got ready for the operation of "putting in"—the tender hearts of the governor and madame mentally suffering as much as the colonel himself almost in bodily anguish. Most providentially the artiste and the elocutionist going, at lightning speed in their canoe, found a very well known medico on his island not very far from the camp. He was also an old friend of the governor's and most kindly turned out of bed to come to our relief, and in a short time the agony was over, not a groan being heard during the process of the pulling and tugging necessary to get the limb into its right place from the colonel, who, true soldier that he was, bore the wrenching pain without a murmur. The doctor was sitting on a low bench only a few inches from the floor, so as to get a greater purchase on the arm itself, putting his foot under the arm-pit to give the strongest force. He had just shot the joint back when we heard a hearty laugh from both, and rushing in found the colonel at full length on the floor with his arm in place and the doctor also on the floor, but not with intention, the bench having broken under his weight, and a tumble being the result. However, we were only too glad to have this happy ending to the accident.

The echoes are wonderful in that part of Muskoka. One can hear a sentence repeated over and over again, and the numerous "calls" in which the campers indulge are heard in every variety of tone all round the lake. The camp fires have a lovely appearance, too; some like tall pyramids of red light, and the darker the night the more brilliant the fire, the red glow being seen for miles; but to many of the old campers these evidences of visitors to the once peaceful lakes are not at all wished for. In fact, one day the artiste said, in a most impatient tone, "I wish these visitors would go away, one can hear the voices as plainly as though they were close at hand. I heard just now someone on a neighbouring island say, 'Jimmie, take that pot round to the kitchen!' Now, why should Jimmie take the pot to the kitchen? Muskoka is getting quite spoilt." But, of course, many rather enjoy the brightness given to the day by seeing the little tugs steaming about and the pretty passenger boats puffing along with their gay crowds of young folks, perhaps bound to Shadow River, where the waters are so marvellously clear that each leaf and twig is reflected as in the most brilliant of mirrors. A photograph taken of a young and fair voyageur in her canoe, pausing in the river, seemed as though the canoe was turned upside down, each fold in the dress, even, being seen most accurately.

The atmosphere is clear and fine to a wonderful degree, a warm day, when the heat is unusual, producing much the effect of a mirage, the islands seeming to be lifted up with the golden shimmering light. On such a day as that we took ourselves either to "Arthur Seat," a green mossy nook

amongst the ferns high up on a rock which rose in the middle of the wood, or down to the cool shores of the "Ladies' Bathing Place," where the breeze came delightfully to cool the air and the sun glistened down on the beds of scarlet pigeon-berries and golden-rod, and the hours of heat were passed in reading, writing, sleeping or chattering.

The day came when we were to "break camp," and we were all sorry to say good-bye to the pretty island and comfortable habitation. Books, work, sketches were packed up, everything moveable put away in the attic, all sorts of treasures distributed amongst the settlers and children, boats and canoes put away, windows boarded up, and, lastly, the Union Jack, which had floated proudly from the boat house, was pulled down, and we all said good-bye, hoping to meet next summer at Governor's Island to go through again all the delights of a summer in Muskoka.

The purity of the air, the soft brilliancy of the atmosphere, and, perforce, the plain but nourishing food, which are the main conditions of a holiday in Muskoka, render a sojourn there of inestimable value to everyone, but especially to those whose energies have been taxed in the sultry heat of a city. A man will appear, pale, languid, and at first wanting nothing but the mere facts of living, eating and sleeping; but in a few days the recuperating power of air and water make themselves felt, and in a short time a bronzed, active, healthy being, weighing many pounds more than on arrival, is seen rowing, paddling, sailing, fishing, even chopping wood, with an energy hitherto unknown. And all this makes an interest not felt often in "welcoming the coming and speeding the parting guest."

M. FORSYTH GRANT.

MR. STANLEY'S BOOK.

In Queen's Bench on the 21st ult., before Mr. George Murray, the Special Examiner appointed by the court, the end of the litigation between H. M. Stanley, the African explorer, and Mr. Troup, the transport officer of the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition, was reached. The object of the action by Mr. Stanley was to restrain Mr. Troup from publishing a work which had been advertised under the title, "With Stanley's Rear Column; a Narrative of the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition, including a diary showing how events led up to the assassination of Major Barttelot and a failure of this branch of the Expedition, by John Rose Troup, transport officer of the Expedition." It was contended on behalf of Mr. Stanley that Mr. Troup, who had previously been an officer in the service of the King of the Belgians, was precluded from publishing this book by an agreement which he entered into with him in January 1887, in which he undertook not to publish anything in connection with the expedition for six months after the issue of the official publication of the expedition by the leader or his representative. Before the learned Examiner had taken his seat in court, it leaked out that the whole of the litigation had been settled. The terms of the settlement were not disclosed.

HUMOUROUS.

"Well, Johnnie, do you enjoy going to school?" "It's pretty good fun. I like comin' home the best, though."

COTTON MERCHANT (to son who wants to be a poet): Why, boy, remember that poetry, even good poetry, will never pay as well as cotton, even bad cotton—especially bad cotton.

A WOMAN'S REASON.—Maud: Why have you thrown Clarence overboard? Madge: I couldn't marry a man with a broken nose. Maud: How did his nose get broken? Madge: I struck him playing tennis.

ART CRITICISM.—First Critic: Well, what do you think of it? Second do: Capital; exceedingly realistic treatment of the subject; true to nature! . . . By the way, have you any idea what it is intended to represent?"—Grip.

A WEE BOY beset his mother to talk to him and say something funny. "How can I?" she asked; "don't you see how busy I am at these pies?" "Well, you might say, 'Charlie, won't you have a pie?'" "That would be funny for you."

A SPORTSMAN went out for a day's shooting, taking with him an idle weaver from the village to carry his bag. Crossing a field on the way to the moors, a bull met the sportsman, who dropped on his knee, presented his rifle at the enraged animal, and shot it dead. Coming up to the scene of operations, Sandy with the bag over his shoulder looked at the animal, and said:—"Ah, weel, sir, if that's the kind o' game you're gaun to shoot I'll awa' hame, an' ye can carry yer bag yersel'."

DR. PARR (the celebrated scholar) was once preaching in the country parish of another clergyman, and, as was his habit used very learned language. The rector afterward said to him, "They could not understand you." "Nonsense," said Dr. Parr; "I am sure there was nothing in my sermon which they could not comprehend." "Well," said the rector, "I will call one of them in, and see if he understands the meaning of the word 'felicity.'" So he called in a labouring man, and said, "John, can you tell me what is the meaning of 'felicity?'" "Well, I don't know, sir," said John; "but I believe it is some part of the inside of a pig."



GRAND TRUNK BOATING CLUB, POINT ST. CHARLES, MONTREAL.
(Holbrook, photo.)

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HUMOUROUS.

MRS. NERVOUS: I want a good girl. Now is this girl you recommend, capable? Agent (pityingly): Capable? Why, ma'am, that girl is capable of anything.

"OH, would I were a bird," she sang. And the young man leaned his head wearily upon his hand and murmured, "Would you were, and the window open."

AN ENGLISH PAPER SAYS:—America is rapidly becoming a nation of knights. Even now you couldn't throw a stone without hitting a Knight of Labour, or a Knight of Pythias, or a Knight of Honour, or a Knight of the Golden Eagle, or a Knight Templar, or a Knight of the Silver Horn, or a dozen or so of other varieties of knights.

THE SERVANT GIRL QUESTION.—"Well, Mrs. Brown, if yez don't raise my wages I shall be obleeged to be afther lavin' yez whin me month is up." "Why, Jane! when you came here you knew scarcely anything; it was I who taught you." "An' shure, mum, wouldn't I be afther bein' wuth more now, whin I know so much, than whin I didn't know nothin' at all, at all?"

THE SAGO PALM.

The sago palm bears fruit but once. Its load of nuts is its final effort; it has fulfilled its allotted task in the great round of nature, and there remains nothing for it but to die. The nuts become ripe, and are strewn in around the tree, until the fruit-stalk stand up by itself empty and bare. The great branches turn brown and drop one by one to the ground. Inside the trunk the work of decay is going on, until what at one time was a mass of white sago and pith becomes nothing but a collection of rotten brown fibres. One day the trade-wind blows perhaps stronger than usual, and the leafless column of the trunk falls with a crash, destroying in its fall many of the young palms that are already springing from the nuts scattered some months before.—"A Naturalist among the Head Hunters," by C. M. Woodford.

MR. ALMA TADEMA'S ARCHÆOLOGY

Some exception is taken this year—probably for the first time—to Mr. Alma Tadema's archæology. How comes it that a vigorous plant of the *Clematis Jackmanni* adorns one of his Roman scenes in the New Gallery? If the *Clematis Jackmanni* is a variety of the plant introduced into the world by Mr. Jackman, of Knaphill, Surrey, within the last quarter of a century, as botanists believe, being a cross between the wild English plant and the great white-flowered *lanuginosa* of China, how can it have appeared in Italy eighteen hundred years ago? The artist might as well have depicted a Kate Waterer rhododendron or a Virginia creeper, or some gay new tulip fresh from the nurseries of Haarlem.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

PREHISTORIC MAN AN EPICURE.

An English microscopist has been examining the teeth of a prehistoric skull, and his findings are interesting because of their fresh contribution to our knowledge of the life of stone-age man. In the cement-like deposit surrounding some of these teeth the microscope revealed minute relics of food in such variety that we must conclude that those early people, or at least the race that inhabited Western Europe, were far from restricted in forms of diet, for these appeared to be bits of wheat husk, vegetable and fruit cells, particles of fish and animal bone, barblets of feathers and other food indications. All these things point to the conclusion that our prehistoric ancestors who lived so long ago that we cannot definitely fix the date, and to whom some archæologists have imputed a low mental condition, were intelligent enough to recognise the bountiful supply of nutritious elements that nature afforded. It would appear, too, that they were sufficiently advanced to cultivate the soil, and to be able to exercise a taste of preference for certain kinds of food. Certainly the man we can design from a tooth in this fashion is much removed from the ape as we know him, or from the supposititious dryopithecoid improvement of the miocene strata.—*Phrenological Journal (U.S.A.)*



HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS.

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

ENTRY.

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

DUTIES.

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

1. Three years' cultivation and residence, during which period the settler may not be absent for more than six months in any one year without forfeiting the entry.
2. Residence for three years within two miles of the homestead quarter section and afterwards next prior to application for patent, residing for 3 months in a habitable house erected upon it. Ten acres must be broken the first year after entry, 15 acres additional in the second, and 15 in the third year; 20 acres to be in crop the second year, and 25 acres the third year.
3. A settler may reside anywhere for the first two years, in the first year breaking 5 acres, in the second, cropping said 5 acres and breaking additional 10 acres, also building a habitable house. The entry is forfeited if residence is not commenced at the expiration of two years from date of entry. Thereafter the settler must reside upon and cultivate his homestead for at least six months in each year for three years.

APPLICATION FOR PATENT

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

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

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

A SECOND HOMESTEAD

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

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

A. M. BURGESS,
Deputy Minister of the Interior.

Department of the Interior,
Ottawa, Sept. 2, 1889.