Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

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

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

- [x] Coloured covers / Couverture de couleur
- [ ] Covers damaged / Couverture endommagée
- [ ] Covers restored and/or laminated / Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- [ ] Cover title missing / Le titre de couverture manque
- [ ] Coloured maps / Cartes géographiques en couleur
- [x] Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) / Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- [x] Coloured plates and/or illustrations / Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- [ ] Bound with other material / Relié avec d'autres documents
- [ ] Only edition available / Seule édition disponible
- [ ] Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure.

- [x] Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- [ ] Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- [ ] Pages restored and/or laminated / Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- [x] Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/ Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- [ ] Pages detached / Pages détachées
- [x] Showthrough / Transparence
- [x] Quality of print varies / Qualité inégale de l'impression
- [ ] Includes supplementary materials / Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- [ ] Blank leaves added during restorations may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été numérisées.

- [x] Additional comments / Commentaires supplémentaires: Irregular pagination.

THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY

JANUARY
1893.

CONTENTS

MONTREAL
SABISTON LITHO. & PUBLISHING COMPANY

VOLUME I. NUMBER 12. PRICE, 15 CENTS
YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, $1.50.

ESTABLISHED 1855

Taylor's Safes

145 & 147 FRONT ST. EAST TORONTO

Do You Want A Good Tonic? Take The INDIGENOUS BITTERS

THE most economic, and at the same time the most effectual stomachic and aid to digestion.

A 25 cents package is sufficient to make 8 large bottles of the best Bitters.

THE GODERICH ORGAN CO.
GODERICH, ONTARIO.
MANUFACTURE
THE PIANO CASE
THE NEW
EMPRESS
THE IDEAL
HIGH CLASS
FINE
TONE

ORGANS

EVERY DEALER SHOULD WRITE FOR PHOTOS AND PRICES

WE LEAD THEM ALL IN STYLE TONE & FINISH

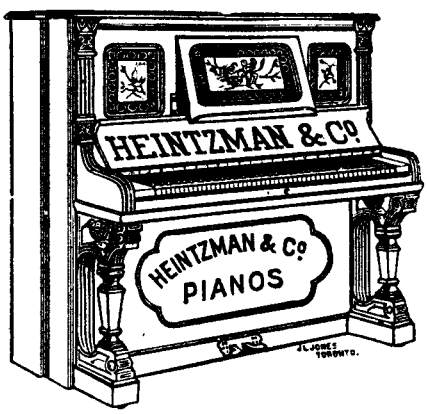
AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY TOWN

USE THE ALBERT CO'Y'S BABY'S OWN SOAP

GRAND and UPRIGHT PIANOS.

For beauty and elegance of style, sweetness, purity and power of tone elasticity of touch, the

HEINTZMAN & CO. PIANO HAS NO RIVAL.



These instruments have been before the public for

FORTY YEARS

and upon their excellence alone have attained an unpurchased

PRE-EMINENCE.

AGENTS,
C. W. LINDSAY,
2270 ST. CATHERINE STREET,
MONTREAL.

M. W. WAITT & CO.,
VICTORIA, B.C.

AGENTS,
HALIFAX PIANO & ORGAN CO'Y,
HALIFAX.

JAS. HADDOCK & CO.,
WINNIPEG.

HEINTZMAN & CO.,

17 King Street West, - TORONTO.

Pectoral Balsamic Elixir

TRADE-MARK.

Do you want to get rid of that troublesome Cold, of that dangerous Cough, of that inveterate Bronchitis? Use **Pectoral Balsamic Elixir,** the best known remedy for THROAT AND LUNG AFFECTIONS. A VOLUME of testimonials from CLERGYMEN, RELIGIOUS COMMUNITIES, EMINENT PHYSICIANS, &c., proves the superiority of this most excellent preparation. For want of space, we only reproduce the following:

"Having been informed of the composition "of PECTORAL BALSAMIC ELIXIR, I "feel it my duty to recommend it as an excel- "lent remedy for pulmonary affections in "general."

Montreal, March 27th 1889. N. FAFARD, M. D.
Professor of chemistry at Laval University.

"I have used PECTORAL BALSAMIC "ELIXIR with success in the different cases "for which it is advertised, and it is with "pleasure that I recommend it to the public."

Montreal, March 27th 1889. Z. LABOQUE, M. D.

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE AT 25 & 50 C. PER BOTTLE.

Sole Proprietor
L. ROBITAILLE, Chemist,
JOLIETTE, P. Q., CANADA.

Sportsmen, Attention!

. . THE . .

Acme Folding Boat Co.

MANUFACTURERS of the celebrated Acme and Eureka Folding Boats, unsurpassed for fishing, shooting and cruising. Safe, handsome, light, compact; weight 35 lbs. up. Prices from $25. Collapsible Canvas Decoys, two dozen carried in coat pockets. Send for 1892 Catalogue.

R. L. & J. W. KIRKUP,
SOLE AGENTS FOR CANADA,
242 St. James Street, - Montreal.

USE PERSIAN LOTION

For whitening the COMPLEXION, imparting or preserving its rosy hue, removing FRECKLES, the MASK and all other eruptions on the SKIN.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Price: 50 cts.

Beware of Imitations.

HOTELS OF CANADA.

BIND YOUR MAGAZINES.

This number (January) completes the first volume of "THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY."

We have prepared a strong and attractive

CLOTH BINDING

for the work, neatly lettered in gold, and will bind the twelve numbers for

FIFTY CENTS.

THE BINDING-CASES ALONE will be mailed to any address for

FORTY-FIVE CENTS EACH.

We can supply a limited number of BOUND VOLUMES containing the first twelve issues of the magazine for

TWO DOLLARS EACH.

Cash to accompany orders.

Sabiston Litho. & Publishing Co.,

- - - MONTREAL.

A POPULAR SUCCESS.

NORTHROP & LYMAN'S

Vegetable Discovery

A GREAT

BLOOD PURIFIER

AND

HEALTH REGULATOR

No Medicine Equals it.
Its Properties are such as to Rapidly Insure Sound Health and Long Life.

Pleasant to the Taste, and Warranted

FREE ÷ FROM ÷ ANYTHING ÷ INJURIOUS

To the most Delicate Constitution of Either Sex.

IT effectually and thoroughly Purifies and Enriches the Blood, gives Life, Strength and Vigor to the whole Organism of Digestion, restores to healthy action the functions of the Liver, regulates the Bowels, acts upon the Nervous System and Secretive Organs, restores the functions of the Kidneys and Skin, and renovates and invigorates the entire body, and in this way frees the system of disease. Its effects are surprising to all, in so effectually and thoroughly cleansing the entire system, and

PERMANENTLY CURING

ALL DISEASES ARISING FROM IMPURITIES OF THE BLOOD.

such as Scrofula, and every kind of Unhealthy Humor, Female Weakness, and those complaints known by the names of Erysipelas, Canker, Salt-Rheum, Pimples or Blotches on the Face, Neck or Ears, Ulcers, Fever Sores, Boils, Scald Head, Sore Eyes, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Pains in the Side, Shoulder, Back or Loins, Diseases of the Liver and Kidneys, Costiveness, Piles, Headache, Dizziness, Nervousness, Faintness at the Stomach, and General Weakness and Debility.

Pelee Island Wine Co.

Pelee Island is situated in Lake Erie, and is the most southern point of Canada, except a small island forty acres, which lies two miles farther south. Pelee Island contains ten thousand acres, and its fine mild climate produces perfectly ripened grapes, from which very fine wines are manufactured. The first vineyard was started on Pelee Island in 1866, and, with this the well-known wine firm, J. S. Hamilton & Co., of Brantford, have been connected for eighteen years. The vineyards of the Pelee Island have steadily increased, and in 1887 the Pelee Island Wine Company was chartered. They erected a fine three storey stone wine house on Pelee Island, which, with its two towers, makes a fine appearance from the lake. Capt. J. S. Hamilton was elected president of the Company, a position which he still holds, and J. S. Hamilton & Co., of Brantford, were appointed sole agents for the sale of their wines. The wines of the Company comprise Dry and Sweet Catawba, Isabella, P. I. Claret, Delaware, P. I. Port, P. I. Alecante, and the celebrated Communion and Invalide wine "St. Augustine." This brand to prevent fraud has been registered at Ottawa, and infringements will be prosecuted. Only matured and pure wines are shipped. Catalogues on application to

J. S. HAMILTON, & CO., - - BRANTFORD,
Sole Agents for Canada.

IN USE 100 YEARS.
THE
POOR MAN'S FRIEND.
DR. ROBERTS' OINTMENT.

SKIN DISEASES. THIS VALUABLE OINTMENT (as originally prepared by G. L. ROBERTS, M.D.) is confidently recommended as an unfailing remedy for Wounds of every description, Chilblains, Scorbutic Eruptions, Burns, Sore and Inflamed Eyes, Eczema, &c

SKIN DISEASES.

SKIN DISEASES.

SKIN DISEASES.

SKIN DISEASES.

DR. ROBERTS' ALTERATIVE PILLS.
FOR THE BLOOD AND SKIN

SKIN DISEASES. They are useful in Scrofula, Scorbutic Complaints

SKIN DISEASES. Glandular Swellings, particularly those of the neck

SKIN DISEASES. they are very effectual in the cure of that form of

SKIN DISEASES. skin disease which shows itself in painful cracks in

SKIN DISEASES. the skin of the hands and in all scaly diseases.

They may be taken at all times without confinement or change of diet.

Sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 11s. and 22s. each, by the Proprietors, Bridport, England.

50c. **Dr. Davis' Pennyroyal and Steel Pills** 50c.

for females, quickly correct all irregularities. Sold by all chemists, or the agent, W. NEILL, 2263 St. Catherine street, Montreal.

50c PER BOX.

OFFICE DESKS

∴ ∴ BY TEES & CO., ∴ ∴

THE DESK MAKERS,

300 ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL

Inlaid Flooring of every description; Elegant and durable. See our REVOLVING BOOKCASES.

ALUMINUM ALLOY COMPOSITE

has given entire satisfaction to Iron Steel and Brass Founders. 2½ per cent. added to cheap low grade metals gives 30 per cent. increased strength. Makes hard metal soft, sound, solid and non-crystalizing; prevents blow-holes and sponginess. Aluminum Alloy unites Copper with Iron, and Lead with Iron and Copper, heretofore considered an impossibility. Price, $80 per ton Book containing Government Official Report of tests made, and other indisputable testimonials from Foundry men free.

The Hartsfeld Furnace and Refining Co., Newport, Ky. Branch offices and depots: Judson Mfg. Co., San Francisco, Cal.; Lomer & Rose, Toronto and Montreal, Can; D. W. C. Carroll & Co, Pittsburg, Pa.: Hatfield Steel Foundry Co., England; Southern Steel and Aluminum Alloy Co., Rome Ga.; J. D. Smith Foundry Supply Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

WILLIS & CO.

PIANOS & ORGANS.

Pianos and Organs by the Great Makers retailed at Wholesale prices.

RELIABLE AGENTS WANTED.

WILLIS & CO.,

1824 Notre Dame St., • Montreal, P. Q.

ATKINSON'S WHITE ROSE

The most refined of all Perfumes. Sweet as the Rose itself. Imitated the world over, but equalled by none.

ATKINSON'S

EAU DE COLOGNE

is now universally preferred to the German kinds. It is more fragrant, more lasting, and very much more refreshing. Use none but ATKINSON'S. Of all Dealers.

J. & E. ATKINSON,
24, Old Bond Street, London.

CAUTION!—Only genuine with shield-shape blue and yellow label and usual Trade Mark—a "White Rose"—and address in full.

EXQUISITE NOVELTIES

. . FOR . .

Fancy * Work.

ROYAL CANADIAN

No. 1 SACHETS.

ARBUTUS. INDIA LILAC
PEAU D'ESPAGNE.
RUSSIA LEATHER.

In handsome one ounce bottles.

See that each Bottle bears our No. 1 Sachet Seal in red and white.

35 Cents a Bottle.

Free Samples mailed to any Lady IN CANADA sending her address.

LYMAN, SONS & CO.,
MONTREAL.

☞Mention this paper.

PUBLIC SPEAKERS AND SINGERS.

In Winnipeg nearly all of them use

Sugden's Compound Tar Pills.

They insure a clear ringing voice *and cure* Bronchitis, Coughs, Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness and Catarrh.

If your druggist does not keep them write for them—50c. and $1 a box.

W. W. SUGDEN,
120 LISGAR ST., WINNIPEG.

Important to Fleshy People.

We have noticed a page article in the Boston Globe on reducing weight at a very small expense. It will pay our readers to send two cent stamp for a copy to Ames Circulating Library, 10 Hamilton Place, Boston, Mass.

PHOTO-GRAVURE.

We can furnish
ILLUSTRATIONS, ENGRAVINGS and PORTRAITS
By this process equal to best foreign work.

DELICIOUS NEW PERFUME.

CRAB-APPLE BLOSSOMS.

(Extra-Concentrated.) *Reg.*

It is the daintiest and most delicious of perfumes, and in a few months has superseded all others in the boudoirs of the *grandes dames* of London, Paris and New York. — *The Argonaut.*

Genuine only with Crown Stoppers as shown herewith. Beware of colourable imitations of inferior quality, offered under a similar name 500 000 bottles of these Specialities sold during the past year.

THE CROWN
INVIGORATING

LAVENDER SALTS. (*Reg.*)

The delightful and ever popular Smelling Salts and agreeable deodoriser. Appreciated everwhere as a most refreshing luxury. By leaving the stopper out for a few moments a delightful perfume escapes, which freshens and purifies the air most enjoyably.—*Le Follet.*

MADE ONLY BY THE CROWN PERFUMERY CO., 177 NEW BOND STREET, LONDON.
SOLD EVERYWHERE.

DO YOU USE THE

STANLEY DRY PLATE?

TRADE MARK

If not, send to your stock dealer at once, and get some, and be sure of a good picture every time. All dealers keep them, all the leading photographers use them. Every dozen guaranteed. All information cheerfully given by applying to

THE STANLEY DRY PLATE CO.,
613 Lagauchetiere St., Montreal, P.Q.
GEORGE KNOWLTON, Manager.

MALTINE

WITH

COD LIVER OIL.

In convalescence after Influenza this preparation has been largely used, and has proved of the greatest value in promoting nutrition, supplying force, and building up the debilitated system. It neither offends the palate nor disturbs digestion, and has as its base the most powerful constructive agent known to Medical science.

TWO SIZES, 50 Cents and $1.

For Sale by all Druggists.

VASELINE is the officially recognized basis of all preparations for the Skin. Vaseline Soap is the best for use in

THE TOILET, THE NURSERY.

THE BATH.

PRICE: Unscented, 10c per cake. Scented, 25c per cake.

Cheesebrough Manuf'g. Co., Consol'd.

83 ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL.

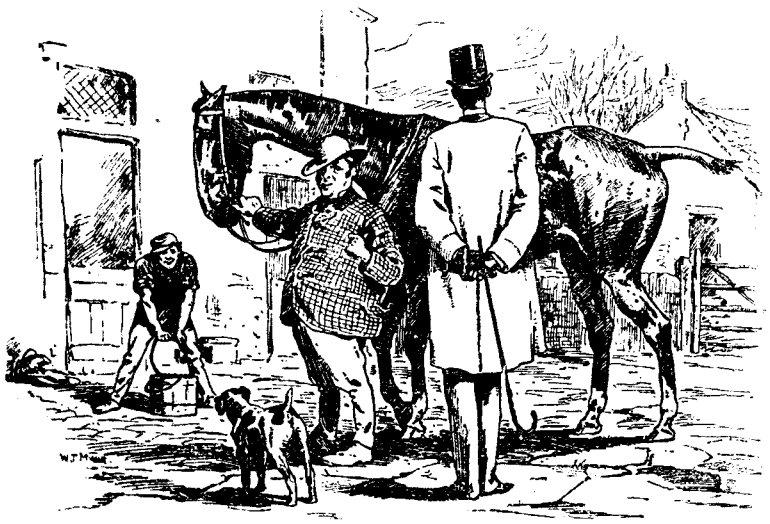
C.A. MINEHART CALIFORNIA PA.

NEW AND PRETTY

PANTALOON AND VEST BUCKLES
—MADE OF—
WHITE & BRONZE ALUMINIUM
With your Name, Address, &c. engraved thereon. Address for prices,
CHARLES A. MINEHART,
CALIFORNIA, Pa

ON TRIAL FOR 90 DAYS.

The finest, completest and latest line of Electrical appliances in the world. They have never failed to cure. We are so positive of it that we will back our belief and send you any Electrical Appliance now in the market and you can try it for Three Months. Largest list of testimonials on earth. Send for book and journal Free.
W. T. Baer & Co., Windsor, Ont.



DEALER'S MAN (*confidentially.*)—"Nice, 'oss, Sir; just suit you, Sir. Nice permiscuous 'oss, Sir!—you can sit on him a'most anywhere?"—*Punch.*

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE
FOR 1893.

For nearly half a century *The Living Age* has held a place in the front rank of American periodicals—coming week by week freighted with the most valuable literary products of foreign lands. It selects with rare judgement and discrimination the most masterly productions, scientific, biographical, historical, political; the best essays, reviews, criticisms, tales, poetry, in fact everything the intelligent reader most desires to obtain.

Not only is its literary character unsurpassed but its mechanical excellencies are equally noticeable. With new, clear and handsome type, spaced lines, excellent paper and good press work, it is as near perfection as any periodical can well be.

As the years pass, the more does *The Living Age* prove itself a necessity. In this busy age when the demands upon one's time are so many and so urgent, it is impossible for any but the favored few to wade through the multiplicity of publications and make their own selections, to say nothing of the expense involved in such a course. Anything which promises to relieve one of this burden, renders a true service which cannot fail of ready recognition and hearty appreciation. How much is due *The Living Age* for time and money thus saved it is impossible to estimate.

To the busy man of affairs and to the mistress of the family, with time as fully occupied with domestic cares and social duties, such a magazine is valuable. And yet with its wealth of choice and interesting matter it appeals with not less force to those of elegant leisure and scholarly tastes. So to all classes of intelligent readers it proves a welcome visitor.

The extra inducements to all subscribers for the coming year are remarkable. Extending their popular clubbing arrangements whereby other periodicals may be obtained at greatly reduced prices, they now include two standard American works, a valuable history of the United States and a splendid work on the Bible.

To all *new subscribers* for the year 1893, will be sent *gratis* the two October issues containing a powerful story by Frank Harris, editor of the *Fortnightly Review*, entitled *Profit and Loss*, and also the numbers of 1892 published after the receipt of their subscriptions.

Send fifteen cents for sample copy and further particulars to Littell & Co., Boston.

The Dominion Illustrated Monthly.

JANUARY, 1893.

Volume 1. No. 12

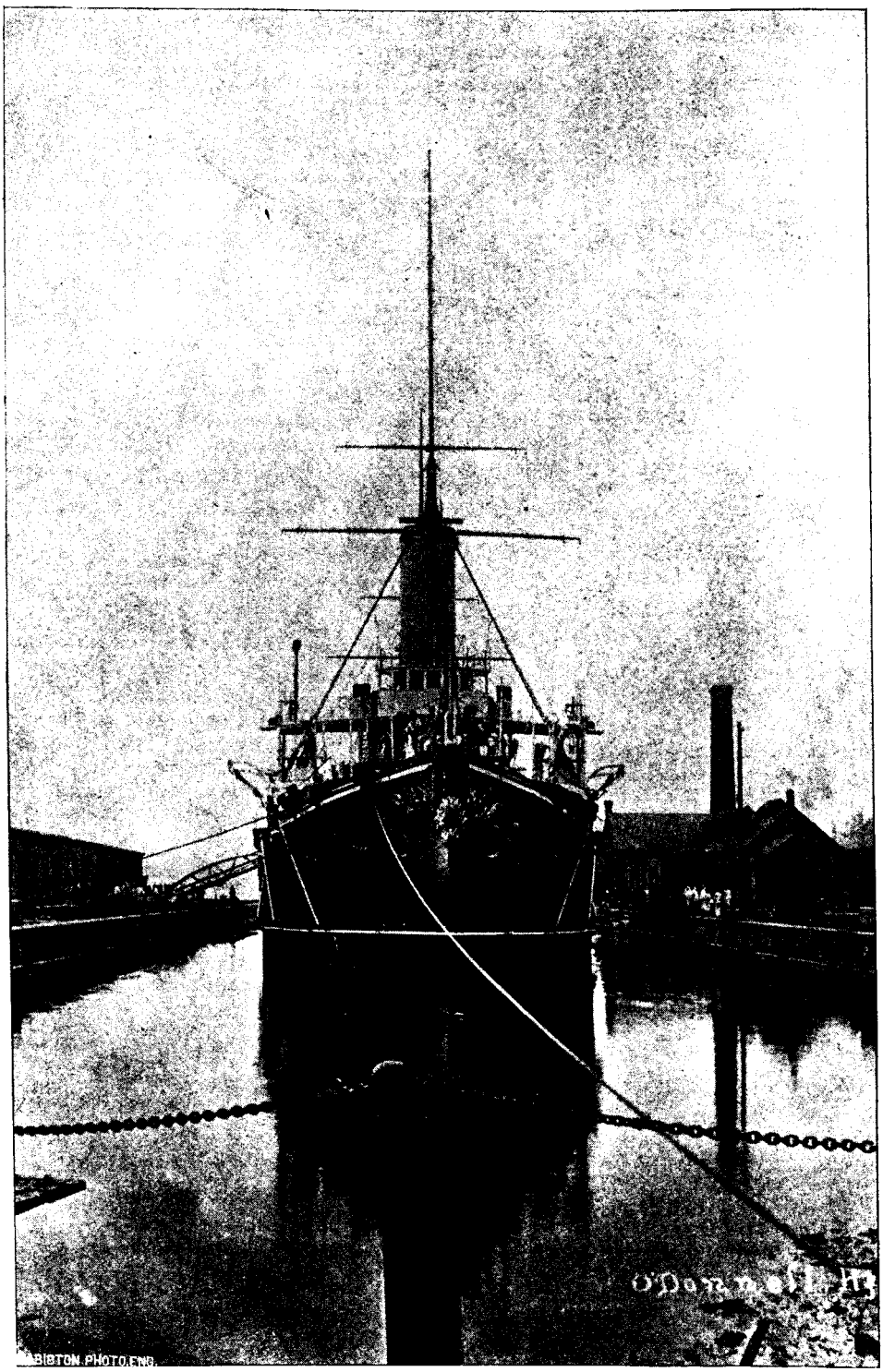
CONTENTS:

PUBLISHED BY

THE SABISTON LITHOGRAPHIC & PUBLISHING CO.,

4 King-St. East, Toronto. Gazette Building, Montreal.

Subscription, $1.50 per Year. **Single Copies, 15 Cents.**

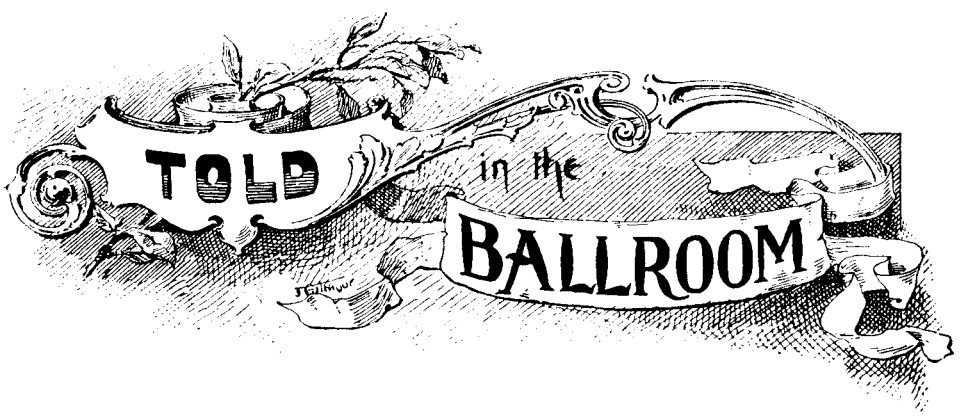


H. M. S. "BLAKE" IN THE DRY DOCK, HALIFAX.
(O'Donnell, photo.)

THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY

ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF PARLIAMENT OF CANADA IN THE YEAR 1892, AT THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.

VOL. I. MONTREAL AND TORONTO, JANUARY, 1893 No. 12.



THE music certainly was good; it was more than good, it was exquisite. Those who knew said it was, and those who didn't know assented to the statement whenever they heard it with a pleased smile, and assented to it, not merely because everybody always does assent to everything in a ball room, but because they were really enjoying it, or thought they were, which after all is much the same thing. The strings were splendid, the clarionettes were faultless, the flutes were perfect and the effect—ah the effect! "It was doosed clevah, bah Jawve!" as Forning of the Commerce was heard to remark, and Mr. Forning had lately married one of the rich Miss Dalrymples, and there could be no doubt in the world he knew all about it.

How it rose and fell and rose again, and then paused, almost ceasing, but never quite ceasing. At times it seemed almost lost amid the low rythmical murmur of dainty feet as they whispered the secret of their grace to the polished floor, but yet it was never wholly lost, for again it would lift itself above every other sound, and bursting it's fetters swell out upon the air, wild, strong, and exultant.

If music had form and motion, one would be led to say that it swayed from side to side slowly, and still more slowly, pausing every now and again, and hovering in the air with nothing but the low throbbing of the strings, and then as the shrill notes of the flutes bore themselves upward it flitted away like some tiny golden humming bird, that pauses for a moment in the warm air to sip the fragrance from a sunlit flower, and then speeds away again across flowers and fences to the fields beyond.

The festoons and decorations were beautiful and the floor was in perfect condition. "Just like glawse, you know." At least I have the authority of Mr. Smythe for the statement, and nobody ever questioned Mr. Smythe's authority on any point of this nature, and as no point of a different nature in which Mr.

Smythe was interested has ever arisen, his authority has never been questioned. Yes, there can be no doubt the floor was perfection, but the music! Ah, the music was sublime!

It was tender and tremulous, and seemed to rest, with all the wearied petulance of a tired child, till now it must surely have ceased; but no, it swells out again upon the scented air in wild rythmical pulsations, that succeed each other wave upon wave, and then beat themselves out into silence against the evergreens beyond.

It was exquisite. The ancients called it the divine art, and perhaps it was divine. One rubicund faced representative of the clergy who was present was overheard to remark that it was, and as he was a divine himself he certainly should know.

Now I feel sure the indulgent reader will lay aside his conscience for the nonce and agree that all this makes quite a pretty introduction for the heroine, but at the same time I fancy I hear a remark, that if the curtain is going to rise at all it certainly should rise as soon as the orchestra stops playing; and even now with a last low note from the oboes, and a tremulous thrill from the strings, that event is accomplished, and we may turn to look for the heroine, if we have any. Whether we have or not I leave for the reader to judge, because if I said we had not he in all probability would lay aside my sketch forthwith, and my labour would be wasted; and if I said we had, the reader might perhaps be disappointed, because it is always so difficult for any two people to hold just the same ideas about another, and especially is this the case when that other lives, moves, and has her being so to speak, in what the fashionable world calls society.

That Miss Maud Laura Ashley moved in society, no one who really knew "who was who" would doubt for one moment, and even were it otherwise why the most casual glance at the names pencilled upon the quaint little card that hung gracefully suspended from the silver clasp of Miss Maud's ivory fan would set every shadow of a suspicion at rest in a moment. Indeed the very first name upon the list was that of Mr. Harley Towers of the Mortgage Loan Company, which, though not quite the same as a bank, did not interfere in the slightest degree with Mr. Tower's social standing. That had been fully assured by his acquaintance with poor Warren who had been obliged a short time before to go to St. Paul on account of his weak lungs.

Now Warren was a son of Sir Harry Warren, of Warren Castle, Blankshire, England, and no one could mistake him for anything but thoroughly English. In fact he had the purest kind of an English air about him, and as an air of this sort is said by the *élite* to be exceedingly rare in this comparatively new and unsettled country one would naturally think it would be good for any one with weak lungs, but apparently it was otherwise in this instance. It was scarcely to be wondered at that the mind which lays aside the lesser matters of this life, and strives to be thoroughly English should naturally associate Towers and Castles together, and it may possibly be owing to this fact that Mr. Towers so admirably filled poor Warren's place, which some had gone so far as to remark would never be really filled again. After Towers came Buncombe whose uncle had been with the army as an officer in Egypt, and after him, I mean Buncombe, (the uncle is dead now,) came Addle, who was studying to be the son of a Supreme Court Judge, and then but why should I enumerate further? Echo answers why. The echo is naturally expected when the subject is somewhat hollow.

But I think we were looking for Miss Maud Laura Ashley, and if we have been so fortunate as to think of the small room off the dressing room we have already found her, seated upon a settee gazing idly through the half drawn curtains into the rapidly moving throng of the ball room, and frowning, yes actually frowning. It is true that Miss Maud's mamma was late in coming, and was now keeping Miss Maud waiting while she had returned to the dressing room, but then that could scarcely cause a frown to cloud over that pretty white brow, which I confess is none the less pretty because it is frowning. No, that could not be the reason, for Miss Maud was not the sort of a girl to be allowed to sit out many dances with her chaperon, and perhaps nobody of all Miss Maud's acquaintances was more thoroughly aware of that fortunate fact than Miss Maud herself. No, that certainly was not it. What then? I rather incline to the belief that it was a certain bit of gossip which one of Maud's dearest girl friends had related to her that afternoon, with perhaps the slightest touch of that satisfaction which Rochefoucauld has said our best friends

enjoy upon such occasions. It was that Mr. Raymond had written to a friend of hers that he had to come east some time during the winter anyway, and might just as well come in time for the ball; in fact, that he had decided to do so, and was coming.

"And you'll be just delighted to see him again, wont you dear? her friend had affectionally added, and Maud had said it would be just lovely, and then had tried all the afternoon to find some excuse for not going, but without success as mamma could not be persuaded. So here she sits thinking it over again, with her pretty white brow all drawn and wrinkled in a frown.

"How provoking!" she exclaimed petulantly to herself. She snapped her fan shut with a quick little snap that was positively quite vicious in its way, though the poor little fan, to tell the truth, was the most innocent of all fans, and without any evil design whatever, except perhaps a delicately painted cupid that ornamented its face.

How very inopportune it would be, she soliloquised mentally, if Hal Raymond should really be there that evening, and that too when everything was going on so nicely. When even her mamma had admitted that Mr. Merton's offer of settlement was more than ample, and had added with unconcealed satisfaction that she thought the spring would be a very good time for a wedding. Yes everybody knew what a good catch Mr. Merton was, and now just in the midst of it all, that Hal Raymond should turn up of all people in the world, and that too just to annoy her; it was too bad. It was indeed just too provoking for anything. But then perhaps he wouldn't come after all. He wasn't fond of dancing, in fact, if the truth were told, he positively disliked it. She herself had heard him say so many a time, but then of course that was a year ago, and a great many changes can and do take place in a year. Ah yes! a great many changes. Her mind ran quickly back over the year that was gone since that eventful coming-out party of hers. The frown slowly disappeared as she remembered all the pleasure crowded into that one short year, with its continuous round of dances, operas, tennis parties, and then the two weeks down the St. Lawrence, and the two in Muskoka. What a delightfully gay year it had all been, and then the end of it! Ah the end! that was the best of it all, for was she not engaged to one of the most eligible, that is one of the wealthiest, and most aristocratic young men in all her set? And Hal Raymond, what of him? But now the pretty brow clouds over again, and the fan remains resolutely closed. He had really dared to kiss her, and she, Maud Laura Ashley, had allowed him to do it. She flushed a little at the very thought of it, and the frown deepened. But then that was all a year ago, and she was only a mere girl then. Yes, a year ago, and before she had learned how imprudent it is for a young girl of position, who has a right to expect a good match, and who has a mamma and one or two aunts who have also a right to expect it for her, a young girl who in short is pretty, vivacious, of one of the very first families, and is delightfully pedestaled, as it were, how excessively imprudent it is for such a young girl to be very much in the company of a young man like Halford Raymond. And yet, as she lingered for a moment on these old girlhood days, and saw the dark eyes looking straight into hers, and heard those deep passionate words that stirred a strange echo even now at the thought of them, there was a pensive wistful look in the pretty blue eyes, and as she beat her fan slowly against her fingers her thoughts wandered far, very far away from the scene before her with its noisy chatter of voices, and low rustle of silks and laces.

Again it was summer, and she was on the yellow dusty road that winds out of the town, and over the hill past the old mill. At the turn of the road just beyond the toll-gate is a little mound of soft green grass, cool beneath the shade of a wide spreading maple, and it was here Maud knew she would find him. It was a hot dusty walk, but what cared Maud for the heat; wasn't it enough that Hal was there? But would he be there? Would the water stop running at the old mill, or the wheel cease to turn while it ran? And now she gave a little feminine touch to her hat to right it a bit, for she was at the last turn in the road, and in a moment more he would be in sight; then suddenly with a laugh she stopped up short, for he was standing there blocking the road in front of her. In an instant he had seized her in his arms, and kissed her.

"Oh Maud," he said, "I couldn't wait another minute, so I came down to see if you were ever coming. It seems an age I've been there waiting for you."

"Do let me go Hal, or everyone in the town will see us," she exclaimed, with a gasp for breath; "you'll smother me if you don't, and besides it isn't time yet, and won't be time for nearly ten minutes, but I knew of old what a restless fellow you were, so I thought I'd come early."

He took her face between his hands, and looked into her eyes.

"Maud," he said, "you're very good to me," and then as he saw how heated she was, he added: "You poor girl, and me to keep you standing here in the red hot sun all this time; but come, it won't take a minute to reach the shade, and it's nice and cool there."

When they gained the knoll Maud seated herself upon the soft grass, and Hal threw himself down at her feet without a word, and gazed at her face.

From the foot of the knoll the land falls away abruptly far down into the wide sweeping stretches of the valley till it reaches the foot of the hills that hem it in on the other side. In the valley, and cautiously climbing part way up the hill, nestles the little town. Beyond the town the river widens out into the inlet, and beyond the inlet, dimly veiled in its smoke, is the city. Hal saw nothing of this, he only looked at her face.

"Hal," she said, "you mustn't look at me in that way, you frighten me."

"Do I, Maud? I didn't mean to," he replied, "but I want to look at you. I want to get every look of your face, so that when I am far away I will be able to see you just as if we were here together again. Oh, Maud! there'll be many and many a lonely night away off there, when I'd be willing to give all in the world just to see you like this, and won't be able."

"Now, Hal, you mustn't talk that way or you'll make me cry. It's as bad for me as it is for you, isn't it? but we can never get married this way, and we both want that, don't we?"

He seized her hand and covered it with kisses.

"And then, you know," she continued prettily, "if you don't go away and build your bridges, and become a great engineer, and all that, you'll never have enough to build our home with, and we must have a home, dear, now mustn't we? And yet—and yet. Oh, Hal!" and her lips began to quiver ominously, "I don't want you to go; I'd give anything if you didn't have to go."

She drew his head up closer, and bending over kissed him on the forehead.

He felt his face wet with her tears.

"Maud," he cried, "I'm a wretch to make you feel that way. It won't be long. It will only be one short little year, and then, why then we'll just laugh at it all, and think how foolish we both were to have feared anything in the world when we loved each other as we do."

Nothing was said by either for some time now, and then he looked up and remarked quickly:

"You're going to come out in society this winter in the city, I think you said, Maud, aren't you?"

"Yes," she replied, "and mamma has promised me a big party, and oh ever so many dresses, and things. All the girls that are out have such a good time, and I'll have it, too, and write you all about it, won't I though!"

He seemed scarcely to have heard her, and continued:

"Yes, you are going into society for the first time, and I someway wish you weren't, Maud; it spoils so many girls; they seem to grow frivolous and hard a little, and sometimes I think they get wrong ideas of life there," then noticing her gesture of disapproval, he added, reassuringly:

"But I'm not afraid of you, Maud,—no, not a bit; I love you too much for that, Maud, I'd trust you right around the world, I love you so."

Again she caressingly drew his face between her hands and kissed him.

"You needn't be afraid Hal, no not a bit; I know all you are giving up for me, and it will always be just as though you were right near me,—yes, closest of all."

The sun had gone down and it was becoming cold now. A blue haze was creeping over the valley, and far away in the distance the lights of the city were beginning to twinkle one by one through the mist.

She shivered a little, and drew a shawl around her shoulders, then she stood up.

"I must be going now, Hal," she said, and he arose and went with her down the road as far as the place where the railway track crosses it overhead.

Then she bid him good bye, and he kissed her, and looked into her eyes as if his soul would enter there.

She remembered that look for many a long day, yes and remembered it when her letters had grown cold, and even after she had forgotten to write at all, at times she would again see those dark passionate

eyes looking straight into hers; she could see them now, but what was that—

"Maud! Maud! can't you hear me Maud," her mother was saying, "why really! I believe the child was fast asleep, and Mr. Merton waiting outside for you too."

Miss Maud looked up slowly, and then as she heard the soft strains of the music and began to realize her surroundings. "Why it's you mamma" she said sweetly, and continuing with a light, little laugh, "I really believe I must have been dreaming, but come, you are ready," and joining her mother, together they stepped through the curtained archway into the ball-room.

Mr. Merton.

No sooner had Miss Maud appeared in the room than Mr. Merton and his long line of distinguished ancestors presented himself or rather themselves, and relieved Miss Maud's mamma of her delightful charge. I mention Mr. Merton's ancestors, as they came over in the Mayflower, and were really one of the very first families, even before that merely local event took place. Then besides, one always felt that it wasn't really Mr. Merton who did it, whatever it was, but that in some strange though real way it was his ancestors who were at the back of it all, which was a very fortunate thing indeed upon many an occasion, as of course the ancestors had long ago passed into rest, or otherwise, and consequently could not in any way be held responsible.

It was late in the evening when Mr. Merton took Maud out to supper.

The orchestra had just begun to play a schottish, and as he glanced carelessly over his card he came to a halt.

"By jove Maud!" he exclaimed, "I really forgot all about it don't you know, but I've got this dance with Mrs. Western married lady you know, and she'd never forgive me. Too bad! too bad! but I'll have to do it. But say now it won't matter a little bit, because there's room here, and I'll just leave you with Travers and Miss White, and Travers will keep the other place for me. Won't you now Travers, like a good fellah?"

"Only too delighted I'm sure Merton, if we gain the pleasure of Miss Ashley's presence by doing so," he replied, with a bow to Miss Maud which that young lady acknowledged gracefully as she seated herself.

"Back in a moment Maud," said Mr. Merton, and disappeared through the ever-greens.

"Well now Miss Ashley," said Mr. Travers, when he had finished giving her order to the waiter, "this is good fortune indeed. You see I was obliged to come late, and it was only by the merest chance that I found Miss White disengaged for supper, and now by another fortunate coincidence you are with us to make it merrier still. Perhaps its the trip I took with Merton that has brought luck with it Good company you know always does that they say."

"Oh yes the trip," exclaimed Maud, "do you know I haven't been able to get one word out of Mr. Merton about it; of course though, you only arrived home to-day, but then, why he's had time to-night to tell me some of it, and I haven't heard a single word except that there was an adventure of some kind or other, and I'm just dying to hear what it was. I presume," with a laugh, "that you purchased innumerable gold mines between you, and brought them all back with you; but the adventure! its the adventure that I'm dying to hear about, and I'm sure Miss White is, aren't you Agnes?"

"Oh yes indeed I am Mr. Travers, I assure you, but then," with a smile, "when you men go away on a tour of inspection you usually don't care to talk very much about it when you come home, isn't that so Maud?"

"Now! now! Miss White," said Travers, shaking his head in protest, and joining in the laugh which followed, "we men are not half so bad as you girls would make us out. In any case you have my positive assurance both on my own behalf, and that of Mr. Merton that there is absolutely nothing to conceal in this instance, but I can tell you one thing, we did have a rather exciting experience. I never went through anything like it before, thank Heaven, and devoutly hope never will again."

"Why really Mr. Travers! I am just

wild with excitement," exclaimed Maud, with an arch look, as she demurely took a sip of claret from the delicately stemmed glass which she poised daintily between her fingers. "You surely do not mean to say that you and Mr. Merton were the real live heroes of a wild west adventure. Just to think of it Agnes! Isn't it lovely?"

"I should think so indeed my dear," replied her friend, "but do tell us about it Mr. Travers. How provoking you are; you know I'm just dying to hear about it. You men always are so provoking when you have anything that you think we want to know; aren't they Maud?"

"Yes indeed they are Agnes, but then you see, perhaps it is Mr. Travers' innate sense of modesty that causes his hesitancy. You know the hero of an adventure always feels, or perhaps I should rather say is supposed to feel, some slight hesitation when he is called upon by an admiring public to give his account of the affair. But do proceed Mr. Travers, we are both waiting, and I assure you ready to applaud at any moment if you will only intimate when the proper time comes."

"Now really, Miss Ashley! you are not at all fair. I don't think I said we were the heroes of it; in fact I feel quite sure I didn't. To tell the truth about it, we were only what the papers would call eye witnesses of the event."

"And wasn't there any hero after all?" said Agnes, with well feigned disappointment.

"Why, of course not, Agnes, what a dear good child you are, to be sure," exclaimed Maud, with a gay little mocking laugh. "Why that notion was exploded ages and ages ago, if there ever really was such a thing, which I, for one, doubt extremely. Just imagine any of the faultlessly attired young men you have danced with to-night turning into heroes; what a delightful fairy story it would be, and besides," she continued, giving the table a petulant little rap with her fan, "there isn't any great demand for heroes, as they are called, in this age anyway. Now just tell me what earthly use in the world one would be, even supposing there was such a thing, which most emphatically there is not. I, for one, can't see it. If a young man has means of his own, good taste in dress, can dance well, and be agreeable, what more, I'd like to know could possibly be required or expected of him? Now there's a question for you Mr. Travers."

"Well Miss Ashley," he replied gravely, "I don't know, but I think, perhaps, there are young men different in some things from the young men you have——," here he hesitated, as he saw the frown that was beginning to gather upon the pretty brow opposite, and when he continued he only said :—

"No that is scarcely the way I meant to put it either, but perhaps I had better tell you the story and you can judge for yourself,

"Oh yes the story! by all means the story!" cried Maud, brightening up at once, "do tell us the story. I thought there was something we were waiting for."

"Well to begin then," he said "when Merton heard I had to go away out west to Doone on business, he decided it would be a good trip to take simply for the pleasure of it, and said he would come with me. We had a splendid trip out; did some of it by boat you know, but when we reached Haddington we separated, to meet again at Doone. You see Merton wanted to go round by some falls he had heard of, and I went straight through.

"When I struck the town it was Sunday. I was in Harrow that morning and hired a boy to drive me over to Doone in the afternoon, through a drizzling rain too, mind you, and all because Merton was going to arrive by the midnight express, and expected me to be there. The mine that I was going to look at is about three miles beyond Doone. Well how I put in the rest of that afternoon I couldn't for the life of me say, but a drearier day, and a more dismal and forsaken hotel, if hotel it could be called, I never saw in combination before.

"However, I had some good cigars along with me, and after dinner or tea or whatever you might call it, I drew my chair back in a corner, and prepared to smoke during the remainder of the evening. It was just about this time that Raymond, the fellow I'm going to tell you about came in; I had seen him around the place in the afternoon, and as he seemed like a decent sort, I offered him a cigar which he took, and lighted. He sat down near me and we smoked together for some time. He was a quiet sort of a fellow and didn't talk a great deal, a very quiet sort, but I found out from him that he was the chief engineer, or something of

"Do tell us the story."—(Page 720)

that kind, on that section of the road. He had come down to withdraw some of the wooden part of the bridge across the river, and put iron in its place. It seems it had been in a weak state for some time, a good deal too long as it afterwards turned out, but you know what railroads are, always waiting for the first accident to happen. Here though! I really must not allow myself to moralize on the delinquencies of railroads, as from that point of view they have nothing to do with the story, and if I don't cut this short I'm going to miss my dance with

Miss Acres. So to hurry things on, I took rather a fancy to the fellow."

"It seems he had lived down here, or somewhere near here, for a while, a year or so ago, and was slightly acquainted with some of the people. When he learned where I came from he enquired after a number of them. He mentioned your name, Miss Ashley, several times. He knew you personally, or perhaps it was your cousin; no, I think it was you; at all events he had heard of your engagement to Merton, though how in the world, or rather out of it—for that district can hardly be called in it—he ever did hear of it I give up. Of course, however, good news and so forth, but even then—oh yes, I understand, and if Merton were here, he would, without doubt, acknowledge the delicate compliment handsomely. Well, to proceed, I told him everything of interest that I could think of. How long you and Merton had been engaged; when you were likely to be married, and what a loving couple you'd make, and things of that sort. Now, really I did, Miss Ashley; it seemed to interest the fellow, you see; in fact if I hadn't known that last winter was your first season out, I would really have set him down as one of your numerous conquests; but I digress, as the books say. To proceed, then. I haven't been telling you all this time of the horrible racket the wind kept up. I think the rain had stopped by that time, but the wind was frightful.

"Every time any one went out or in, as soon as the door was loose, it blew open with a bang that shook the whole building, and it took considerable pushing and shoving to get it shut again. Twice every light in the room went out.

"Well, while we were sitting there finishing a last cigar,—it was about a quarter past eleven, I think,—a man came in, and walked hurriedly over to our corner. He had a short whispered conversation with my friend, the engineer, and then went into the back room and returned in a moment with a lighted lantern. Raymond in the meantime had thrown away his cigar, and was preparing to go out.

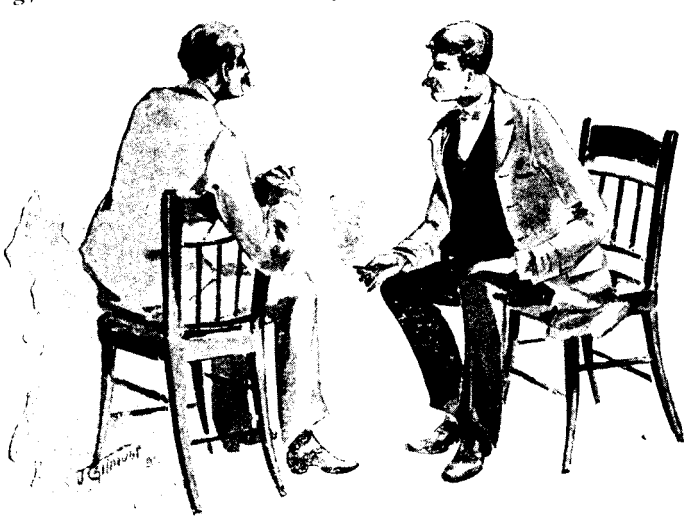
"It isn't train time yet," I said; "where are you going?"

"He turned, and said quietly: "It seems part of the bridge has blown away, and something must be done to stop the express. It comes from the other side, you know. I think you said your friend was on it; perhaps you would like to come with us."

"Upon my word he might have been asking me to have a cigar from the way he said it, and yet I couldn't help but see from the set look in his face, and the whiteness of it, that something pretty bad must have happened.

"The three of us went out together, and made our way, holding on to each other, down the road to the bridge. Several times the wind almost blew me off my feet, and a blacker night I never looked into. Every time a leaf, twig, or anything blown by the wind struck my face, it stung like a cut from the lash of a whip.

"It may have been that the last cigar I smoked was too strong or something, but I tell you when I lay down on the edge of that bank, with my arm tight around a broken piece of timber at the side of the bridge, and tried to gaze down through the blackness to where I could hear the dull sullen roar of the water below,—and I knew that the midnight express was due in thirty-five minutes, with Merton on board, and no way to get word across nearer than a small wooden bridge, probably wrecked by this time, two miles below, a feeling came over me that I had never experienced before in my life, and hope never to know again.



"Sitting there finishing a last cigar."

"When I crawled back

from the brink I found Raymond and several men talking hurriedly together, while one of them was pointing across the river, to where I could see a light glimmering on the other side. Then I heard the engineer say, as he slipped off his jacket :

" Well, boys ! its the only way it can be done," and he turned towards the bank.

As he was passing me he stopped and took my hand.

" I say, old man," he said—I couldn't see his face in the dark, but his voice was husky, and as he pressed my hand I felt his tremble—" I say old man if you get back to Ontario again, and it happens I don't, there is a girl down there that I wish you'd tell"—he hesitated for an instant, and then said quickly, " No, never mind, its all right as it is, perhaps its better," and the next moment he had caught hold of part of the bridge and swung himself over the bank.

" I hadn't a thought till that moment of what he intended, but as I saw him sink down into the blackness of that chasm I knew it all. I threw myself on my breast and clinging to the timbers gazed down into the night and listened as though my own life depended on it. I think the other men did the same, but I don't know. The wind swept through the gorge beneath with a roar that was awful, and every now and again there was a deafening crash as a tree was torn from the bank below and carried down by the flood. It was terrible. I listened and strained to listen, but there was nothing save the wind and the waters. Once only I thought I heard faintly a cry as of one in agony, but after that if any human sound were there it never reached the brink, but was lost in the thunder below.

" After a time I was roused by the sound of voices and creeping back from the edge of the bank, I joined the men. They were gazing across the river, and as I followed their gaze I saw lights moving, then there was a long shrill whistle followed by a shorter one then the lights stopped moving, and the men said she was safe."

As he ceased speaking there was no sound save the low hum of voices beyond the evergreens then he exclaimed quickly:

" Why Miss Ashley, you're as white as a sheet ! really I didn't mean to do that. Here drink this claret ;" as he handed her a glass, " now you'll be all right again in a moment. Why, I would'nt have told you for the world if I had thought it would affect you like that."

Her face was still very white, and her breath came quickly, though she was evidently trying her best to look indifferent as she asked :

" Did he escape ?"

But the reply was interrupted by a laugh from Merton who had approached the group unnoticed.

" Did he escape ?" he echoed, as he laughed again. " Well, by Jove ! I should say my being here to-night was pretty doosed clevah thing, you know, if I hadn't escaped. But look here, Travers, see what a state you've got these poor girls into. By Jove ! I really believe Maud would like to faint or something, you know, and all from your telling that blooming ungentlemanly yarn of yours. Really now its too bad of you, old fellah, don't you know. But come Maud, its our dance next, and I'll wager that one good round will knock all Travers' nonsense out of your head, By Jove ! I will now, I'll wager it."

She made a motion to rise, but remained seated and turning to Travers said slowly :

" You haven't answered me yet Mr. Travers, did the engineer escape ?"

" Well as to that, Miss Ashley, I really don't know much about it further. You see we were on this side and couldn't get over, so the best we could do was to go back to the hotel, and wait till morning. As to what took place on the other side, why Merton here was on the spot and knows more about that a good deal than I do. He can tell you if he wants to."

" Aw," said Merton, " It's did the engineer escape you want to know. Well by Jove ! I really cawn't say that he did, don't you know ; that is to say, we saw what they said was his grave on the side of a hill as we passed through the town on our way back. Doosed pretty place for that sort of thing too, gentle green slope, willows, vines, and all that sort you know ; as I say, a doosed nice place for that sort of thing. The worst of it was though, there was no widow or family to take up a subscription for, you know, or something like that. Its always the proper thing on such occasions, its the gentlemanly thing to do you know. But when you come to think of it," turning to Travers, " its how the fellah managed to get through the blooming stream with that gash in his head that I cawn't think, but then you know," turning again

to Maud, "fellahs of that clawse do those things, and don't feel it much; used to it from childhood you know. Being used to it is everything in such cases, I always say. But come Maud, its a Strauss waltz and nearly half over already, and all on account of that blooming ungentlemanly yarn of Travers."

Miss Maud quickly finished the glass of claret, and drawing on her gloves arose, and slipped her hand lightly through his arm. The colour was almost back in her cheeks again, and as he leaned over, and whispered something in her ear, she laughed lightly, and replied:

"Oh yes of course, its just as you wanted it, mamma has consented to this spring."

"By Jove now! that's doosed good of her you know, Maud, but really we couldn't either of us wait any longer, could we now?"

She laughed lightly, but her answer was lost in the low throb of the music, as they glided off together upon the polished floor, and disappeared amid the throng of the dancers.

Far away in the west alone upon the side of a hill a little white head stone looked up through the quiet night to where the stars were. It seemed in the silence as if it questioned them, but no answer came back, for if the stars have a secret they keep it well.

STUART LIVINGSTON.

REGRET.

If I had known
That when the morrow dawned the roses would be dead,
I would have filled my hands with blossoms white and red,
If I had known!

If I had known
That I should be to-day deaf to all happy birds,
I would have lain for hours to listen to your words,
If I had known!

If I had known
That with the morrow's light you would be gone for aye,
I would have been more kind, sweet Love had had his way.
If I had known.

SOPHIE M. ALMON-HENSLEY.

THE LADS IN RED.

THE Sergeant met me on the road ;
Said he, "My lad," to me,
"The war's begun ; and now's the time
For lads of six-foot three !
A smarter regiment you'll not find,
Tho' you may travel far,
Or truer comrades round the world,
In friendship, love, or war.

Here they come,
Fife and drum !
Gaily led,
The lads in red—
Not one eye
Will be dry
When the regiment marches by !
Your fortune's made if you will come
With the lads in red, with the fife and drum.

"We've only just come from Japan;
It's yonder o'er the sea—
The language is not quite the same
As spoke by you and me.
But soldiers are the boys to learn;
And when on shore we ran,
We heard each little maiden whisper
Softly to her fan—

'Here they come,
Fife and drum!
Gaily led,
The lads in red
All our hearts have gone astray
Since these lads have come this way!'
It's worth a score of years to come
To have seen Japan with the fife and drum."

I took the Sergeant by the hand,
I served for thirty year—
Till now, a tottering veteran, I
On one leg wander here.
But when the music passes by
I throw my crutch aside,
And murmur in the Sergeant's ear
With all the old glad pride—

"Here they come,
Fife and drum!
Gaily led,
The lads in red.
Now I say,
Old and grey,
If this life had but one day—
I'd give it twenty times to come
To be back once more with the Fife and Drum!"

—*Temple Bar.* J. L. Molloy.

VETERANS' CRICKET MATCH, TORONTO C. C., 1891 —HITTITES vs HIVITES.

CRICKET IN CANADA.

PART IV.

ONTARIO has been, and is, the progressive field of Canadian cricket. In every county, in every fair-sized town, and in all its cities the game flourishes. Commencing in the West we find that as early as 1851 a team of civilians was formed in London, of whom more than one half were Canadian born and who were able to hold their own well with the officers and soldiers of the Garrison. Round arm bowling was then in its infancy, and the civilians, who still adhered largely to the under arm, profited much in the early matches which are recorded, from the numbers of wides due to the imperfect round arm of the military. In the match of May 28th 1851 the military bowled 31 wide balls, the civilians 7, yet nothing is more noticeable in these old scores than the steady reduction in wides as the art of round arm bowling improved. Amongst the officers who played in London in 1851 and 1852 are to be found several names which recall the stirring events that took place soon after. Major Chester of the 23rd Regiment appears as a steady though not a large scorer, Mr. Duff of the same Regiment was a slashing hitter, and Mr. Sayer also of the 23rd was a noted sprint runner and cricketer. In 1854 Major Chester having succeeded to the command of the 23rd was shot dead at the Alma while bravely leading on his men against the Russian batteries. Mr. Sayer was shot through both ankles at the same battle and lamed for life, and Mr. Duff was taken prisoner by the Russians in the very early dark of the morning of Inkermann.

Of the civilians who played in London in those days Thomas Ellis was long the recognized leader till he died of consumption in 1869, but those who knew him will never forget him. A born cricketer, he was the life and soul of the struggling club, and his knowledge of the game considering his opportunities was mavellous. Bayly, Q.C., then an undergraduate at the University of Toronto, was Ellis' lieutenant and made large scores. Edward Harris, J. W. B. Rivers and an English machinist named Hardcastle were also amongst the prominent scorers. The military left the country in 1853, and the London Club then for the first time began to play matches away from their own ground. In August of that year they invited the Chatham Club to visit them and were themselves beaten in one innings, but had their revenge at Chatham before the close of the next month, when they won by four wickets. In these matches four Englishmen, brothers, named Purser, played well for Chatham, and Goodyear who is or was High Constable for that town was very successful both as a bat and lob bowler. A. C. Hammond, now in San Francisco appears as a large scorer on the London Side. Later on in the fifties matches were played with Paris, Hamilton, Woodstock and St. Catherines with varying fortune. A club was formed at the village of Delaware by two good Englishmen, Dr. Billington, now of Strathroy and Waring who was killed in an accident in September 1857. This club now survives and has played several matches with London in all of which however the Londoners were able to console themselves for their defeat elsewhere. The next season the London Club was stimulated by the accession to its membership of Captain Knatchbull-Hugessen, since deceased, a brother of the present Lord Bradbourne, an English Public School cricketer, who became secretary of the club and infused some of his own enthusiasm into it. Under his management the ground was levelled and improved and the club came into touch for the first time with Toronto. The club records are full of a voluminous correspondence upon the subject of the game, between Captain Hugesson and the late Geo. A. Barber of the Toronto Club On July 6th 1859 the first match ever played between London and Toronto took place at London and resulted in a tie. Each side scored 94 runs in the first innings, and time did not allow of a finish. The names of the Londoners who played in this match were George B. Harris, A. C. Hammond, Richard Bayly, Henry Machattie, Richard

Waller Johnstone, Thomas Ellis, George E. Moore, Captain Hugesson, C. S. Hammond, W. Girdlestone and Frank Cronyn.

The result of this match convinced the London Club that they could hold their own with any Provincial Club and in this way had a really important effect upon its future. From this time forward the match with Toronto became an annual event and the foreign matches with Hamilton, Chatham, Windsor, Paris and the towns and villages in the neighbourhood became frequent. In 1861, the present Mr. Justice Street, an ardent cricketer, succeeded Captain Hugesson as secretary of the club and held the position continuously for many years. This gentleman was an excellent long stop and patient bat and was for many years the reliable scorer of the club. He was chosen as one of the eleven to represent Canada in the Halifax tournament and has played on International Matches with the United States. His energy kept his club to the front and during the period of his generalship a number of excellent players were produced by or became members of the club amongst whom may be mentioned Alfred Luard, C. S. Hyman, Shaw, the present Mr. Justice Meredith who was an excellent point and a very steady bat, the late Henry Beecher, Q.C , W. Girdlestone now of Winnipeg, John and Thos. Gillean and the late Frank Cronyn. The club felt the effect of the craze for baseball, now happily passed away, and became almost extinct for a time. During the past two or three seasons, new life has been infused into it and it has again taken its place as one of the leading cricket clubs of the Province.

During the period of the decadence of the London Cricket Club proper the game was always kept alive by the continuous and plucky exertions of the members of the London Asylum Cricket Club, who at present number in their ranks some exceptionally fine cricketers. We mention more particularly those two brilliant bats Rev. F. W. Terry and Dr. Beemer. There have been four centuries scored on the Asylum grounds all in the last two years. Last season Terry made 140 against Delaware C. C. and Beemer made 119 against Forest C. C. but neither achievement is so creditable as the stand made against Toronto this year when they put together 182 without the loss of a wicket. Of these Terry made 112 and Beemer 70. This is a record for

Dr. Beemer. Rev. F. Terry.

Canada as the largest score made without the loss of a wicket. A single wicket has produced more runs. In 1882 G. N. Morrison and A. G. Brown playing for Toronto against the Trinity College Rovers put on for the last wicket 198 runs, of which the former got 133 without losing his wicket, the latter 65. Dr. Beemer was a prominent member of a Sawbones eleven that played several games in 1885 and which was the first medical eleven that ever played together in any country.

The city in which cricket has progressed with uninterrupted regularity and where there has been no dissemination of interests or disintegration of forces, is Hamilton. Here there has been but one club and it has persistently prospered until to-day it stands among the leading clubs of Canada. This homogeneity and success are perhaps largely due to the fact that since 1872 the club has had a magnificent ground of its own. There must have been a crease in Hamilton as early as 1835, for on the 8th of August in that year, Guelph and Toronto played a match there. In 1848 Hamilton beat Toronto by 6 wickets, but in the succeeding year succumbed to the vanquished by 59 runs. In this latter match the Hamilton eleven were Dennis, James Sharpe, Gillespie (23) Packham, C. Hamilton, G. Sharpe, Jos. Hamilton, (5 and 14) H. B. Bull, Stewart, Crickmore and Clarke. Three years later we find G. L. Maddison, John G. Dykes, Joseph Peerless, R. S. Beasley,

C. A. Sadlier, G. W. Hamilton, James McNab, and R. W. C. McCuaig playing against Toronto without success, then three years later the same eleven again unsuccessful. Dykes and Bull were the scorers and Peerless the successful trundler. In all the earlier games G. Sharpe, now living at a good old age in Hamilton, figured as a prominent scorer and bowler. In the match played in 1844 for $1,000 a side between Toronto C. C., and St. George's C. C., of New York, Sharpe took three wickets in three balls, the fourth ball was played and the fifth took another wicket. Up to 1870 the club gained steadily, at that time ranking about fifth among the Canadian clubs. During the ten years ending with 1880 George Roach was President of the club and this period was a most enviable era in its history. In 1872 a new ground was leased for 20 years and $3,000 spent on improvements. The committee to whose efforts this practical advance was due were H. A. Sadlier, M. C. Herbert, R. Kennedy, J. H. Parke and R. K. Hope. Kennedy, R. K. Hope and J. H. S. Hope had recently come from Upper Canada College and there with J. H. Parke, George Elmslie, D. Wolverton, P. Æ. Irving, Duncan Shaw and W. Kerr under the captaincy of W. C. Herbert undertook a very extensive tour, on which they were for the most part successful. In 1876 we find R. B. Ferrie beginning to give evidences of those masterly capabilities as a bowler which he afterwards developed. Kennedy and Wolverton were excellent bowlers too.

R. Kennedy, *Umpire.* F. Rykert. A. Hawley. Dixon.
T. S. C. Saunders. Barnard. F. Martin. K. Martin. E. Senkler.
R. B. Ferrie. Patterson. E. R. Ogden. F. Martin, Q.C., *Pres. H. C. C.* Southam.
A. Gillespie. T. H. Stinson. A. Harvey. H. McGiverin.

HAMILTON SIXTEEN 1888.—PLAYED vs GENTLEMEN OF IRELAND.

This year the club went East and won nine matches against Galt, Belleville, Montreal, (twice) Quebec, Ottawa (twice), St. Catharines and Toronto (twice), lost to Port Hope and Colborne and drew with Kingston. The following year R. Leisk, a very punishing bat who had made 202 against Montreal, helped the club during a tour in the West to win nine matches against Paris, London, Chatham, Detroit (twice), Toronto, Port Hope, Montreal, and Grimsby. But Toronto and Grimsby both had their revenge the same season. Against Montreal C. J. Ottaway of the first Irish eleven played for Hamilton and scored 102 out of 239. P. Robarts made 71 against Grimsby. R. K. Hope did not play this season. In 1879 the club determined on a trip to the United States and came home covered with laurels and with an unbroken succession of victories, which it is doubtful if any Canadian club will ever again achieve in the same territory. The enterprise was that of H. C. Simonds though the reliable Kennedy gave the word of command. The two Hopes, B. W. Wand, that admirable wicket-keeper now dead, J. H. Park, A. H. Harvey and R. B. Ferrie were joined by S. Ray, of Port Hope, C. W. Hyman, of London and G. P. Simpson, of Galt, instead of A. Gillespie, D. Wolverton and another, who, at the last moment were unable to go. The first match with the St. George's club of New York was not played out, the visitors getting 99 for 2 wickets, of which Ray made 28, R. K. Hope 21, and H, C. Simonds 21. The young America's new ground at Germantown was opened by the next match, where Hamilton won by ten wickers. A. H. Hope made 24

R. B. Ferrie.

H. M. Gillespie.

and H. Simonds 22. Staten Island was beaten by 8 wickets. Ferrie took in all 28 wickets for 84 runs and Kennedy 17 for 93, both phenomenal performances. Indeed in one match Ferrie took 7 wickets for 5 runs. This same season the Hamilton eleven was beaten by the Irishmen by 60 runs. H. C. Simonds died in St. Louis the following year of malarial fever. His best score was 125. In 1880 A. Gillespie and T. Stinson began to come to the front, the former both with bat and ball. In 1881 Chicago was defeated by Hamilton by 90 runs on the first innings and the same season Gillespie put together 117 in a match against Toronto. S. Cummings, a dashing bat and effective slow bowler in 1883 added much strength to the Hamilton club. When in 1882 the International match was revived, the first Canadian game was played and lost at Hamilton. In 1886 Hamilton defeated the West Indians, winning the only across water match that has been won in Canada. The last six years has produced some good men, among them H. McGiverin, who in '86 had a good average, K. Martin, Dixon, Patterson, and Fitz Martin, who does some excellent work with the ball; he has made some good scores and is the likely coming man in Hamilton.

There are two names which will be forever linked with the history of Hamilton cricket for the decade ending with 1890, and they are those of R. B. Ferrie, and A. Gillespie. Ferrie has done as many

notable things with the ball as any other Canadian, if not more, and at times has done some hard hitting. A severe strain prevented his doing himself justice while in England in 1887, but the writer has seen him open an International match at New York with two wickets for the first two balls, both good wickets too. Gillespie is a first class bowler who may always be relied on, nearly always scores, and his average at the end of any season will read well. With Lindsey's eleven in England he made 392 runs and had fourth analysis. His best scores were 54 against Ireland, 45 against Hampshire and 44 against Northumberland. Edward Martin, Q. C., for many years President of the club, has been one of its most enthusiastic friends and A. Gartshore now President is a staunch ally and supporter. The late Tom Stinson, a whole-souled genial cricketer, died this year mourned by a thousand friends, and when the cricketers of the last decade turn their thoughts to Hamilton they will always think of Tom.

The now Capital of the Dominion, Ottawa, was prior to 1858 known as Bytown, where the first cricket club, the Carleton, was founded in the early forties. In 1845 it died a natural death but was resuscitated in 1849 under the name of the Bytown club. In a letter to the *Gazette* "Bails" in that year chronicles the resurrection, which he attributes to the "emulation infused by our military friends who are always foremost in promoting such manly exercise" . . . . . "but" he continues, "I am about to chronicle a new event in our club history, namely: the first match ever played by the club off our own ground." This was at Aylmer where the visitors won with a score of 139 by an innings and 71 runs. The Bytown eleven were Sherwood, Baker, Clemow, Street, Dufton, Hemey, Rogers, Torney, Keefer, Whitaker and Dr. Laing. Whitaker made 47 and Dufton 39. Baker was the destructive bowler. Next year Aylmer was again defeated by an innings and 60 runs, Baker scoring 26 and Morrison and Dufton 22 each. Next year Prescott with a score of 131 beat Bytown 109. The same year the Belleville club visited Kingston and were received by the following courteous announcement in the *Whig*: "Eleven gentlemen from Bytown where a good club has for some years been established arrived yesterday per *Prince Albert* to contend against eleven gentlemen from Belleville who arrived this morning in the *Prince of Wales*. The game will take place on the Barriefield Parade Ground this day. The Bytown players are whalers, all able bodied men and will smash their opponents to smithereens—that's our opinion." The opinion was all wrong for Belleville won by an innings and 15 runs. In 1853 Bytown playing A. Lyon, A. Codd, G. P. Baker, W. Aumond, C. McNab, H. Codd, E. Sherwood, E. Dufton, A. Aumond, A. Scott and R. Lyon, were beaten at Cornwall. In 1857 five matches were played. When in 1858 Bytown was rechristened Ottawa and the new named town was chosen as the Capital of Canada and the new legislative halls began to crown the Parliament Hill, the civil service betook itself thither and Royalty sheltered itself under the rooftrees of Rideau Hall. At once Royalty, parliamentarians and civil servants united in a successful effort to establish a cricket club, to which endeavour the townsfolk who had at the time a flourishing eleven which had hitherto played on the common where the Parliament Buildings now stand lent vigorous co-operation. For a decade the game prospered but it was not till the advent of Lord Monck and the time of Confederation that its permanency was assured. This Governor generously permitted the laying of a crease on the Rideau Hall grounds and here in the midst of ten broad acres Capt. Pemberton of the 60th Rifles superintended the making of a fine pitch. Here too, later the Rev. T. D. Philipps built a pavillion which last year succumbed to the flames, only to be replaced by a more commodious structure. Of five matches played with Toronto between '72 and '75, four were won by Ottawa. The players of this period have for the most part ceased to play, some have emigrated, though some of them turn up at important matches still. They were Rev. T. D. Philipps (now in Chicago), G. P. Baker, C. S. Scott. V. H. Steele, still playing, W. Aumond, W. Himsworth, C. Fellows, Peden, Captain Pemberton, F. A. Wise, S. Hardinge, and E. Miall. No less than five of the Canadian eleven participating in the Halifax tournament of 1874 were Ottawa men, C. B. Brodie, Rev. T. D. Philipps, A. W. Powell, G. Brunel, and J. Brunel. Philips made more runs than any player in the tournament, 197, though his average of 39.40 is second. Brodie did some effective bowling. In 1875 Ottawa beat Kingston,

OTTAWA C. C. TEAM, 1891.

Montreal, Port Hope and St. Catherines. The July tournament this year at Ottawa did a great deal to strengthen the club's position. The principal players at this time besides those just named were Herbert D. J. Smith, R. Powell, G. Macfarlane, G. B. Brophy, W. Himsworth, E. G. Powell, W. R. Baker, A. Agnew, and W. Carter. For the last fifteen years Ottawa has held a proud position

W. H. Steele.

in Dominion cricket, but, like all other clubs, has had its alternate years of prosperity and depression. The last five have been most successful seasons at the capital. In 1886 the Ottawa club went to Boston and won two out of three matches there, in one of which it compiled its highest away from home score, 254. To this W. C. Little contributed 89, and F. H. Smith 78. Last year Ottawa lost only one first-class match, this year it has lost none; an unbroken series of Canadian victories against Halifax, Toronto, McGill University, and Hamilton, gives it the first place in Dominion cricket this season. The gentlemen who have contributed so much of late years to this club's success are, A. Z. Palmer, L. Coste, P. D. Bentley, M. G. Bristowe, Q. M. Warden, G. L. Bouchier, W. C. Little, Lord Kilcoursie, B. T. A. Bell, H. Ackland, E. Turton, F. E. S. Grout, F. S. Dickey, V. H. Steele, W. T. Wilson, P. B. Taylor, Norton Taylor, J. P. Nutting, E. J. Smith, C. D. Tripp, and Britten (pro). Warden is an excellent wicket keeper. In the Ottawa-Philadelphia match at Halifax this year he allowed but one ball during an innings of 246 runs to pass him, and was credited with disposing of seven batsmen in the two matches. The Governor General, for the time being, has always been distinctly kind to the club.

One of the best players Canada ever turned out is George Brunel of Ottawa. At Upper Canada College in 1861 he gave signs of great promise, which he afterwards fulfilled, In that year, when quite a boy, he made 74 not out for his college against the Province, and from that time on has been till within a few years a consistent scorer. His name appears in the scores against Daft's and Fitzgerald's eleven, as well as in those of several American international games. W. C. Little, for some years captain of the club, is one of the quickest fielders at point we have ever seen. He is also a fine bat, and did good and consistent work on Lindsey's Canadian eleven.

Geo. Brunell, Ottawa.

Toronto has always been the Canadian Mecca of cricket and cricketers. Of all the clubs at this centre of the game in British North America, the Toronto club has been the permanent and progressive one. She may be termed the mother of clubs, and while her offspring may have often roundly trounced her they have always held for her a filial veneration. For half a century she has been the central orb around which others, with often surpassing brilliancy, have revolved. From her have emanated most of those plans which have brought the game here into touch with the outside world, the greater part of those events which have advanced cricket in our midst have been of her creation. Not that most willing aid has not been forthcoming from other quarters, without which little could have been done.

Let us give a retrospective glance to the state of the young Colony in 1830,

when the bell of our Canadian Eton first rang our youth to classes and to cricket. The axe of the pioneer had, as yet, done little to lay waste the primeval forest, save in the neighbourhood of old Niagara, and where the tiny towns of Woodstock, Hamilton and Guelph had begun to have their being. Just thirteen years before had been built the first steamer on Lake Ontario, and the locomotive was, as yet, undreamed of. To journey far, or to find many people congregated at one place were equally difficult. Is it surprising, therefore, that what little cricket then existed was to be found at Toronto? We think not, and it would indeed be singular did it not develope at this the home of the Provincial Civil Service, the great educational centre, the seat of the law courts, the military station, the place indeed, to which leisured ease naturally gravitated, yet, recollecting that here we have no twilight, which lures the English labouring man from his cot to spend with bat and ball his summer evening on the common, and remembering too that our parks are not for recreation, and that no village green exists, the wonder is how all that has been done has ever been accomplished.

Sir Perigrene Maitland, when Governor, in 1818, played cricket high up on the bank of the lake near the old Queen's wharf, with the 68th Regiment, then in barracks at the old fort. So fond was he of the game that he laid out a fine crease in his park at the old town of Stamford, where he went to spend his summers and transact official business for His Majesty the King, at the neighbouring town of Niagara. But when Sir Perigrene went home his successor came with neither bat nor ball; the officers of the garrison got a rest and sport subsided, It remained for less noble, though not less illustrious, names that Maitland, to introduce and give a lasting home to England's manly game amid the woods and wilds of Canada. Barber, Barron and Kent were the *triumviri* that posterity will remember as the fathers of Canadian cricket. Barber has been called *the* father of cricket in Canada, and perhaps justly so. He was absorbingly fond of all sports, a veritable encloypœdia of sporting history. The character of the man can be gleaned from his paper the *Herald*, which he published in the middle forties, and which is replete with sporting news. Principal Barron could not have been much less enthusiastic,

George Anthony Barber.

nor could John Kent, and to these gentlemen, fortunately so placed, as to be able to exert a lasting influence upon their pupils, must be accorded the distinction of having introduced cricket permanently into Toronto. Barron and Barber are gone, but Kent, still an old bachelor, is living at Madeira, Spain, where, until lately, he followed his calling as tutor, and among whose pupils was the Earl of Carnarvon, who died two years ago.

But cricketers must engage in contests even if only to be had at a distance, so we find the College and Garrison joining forces and proceeding by the ancient steamer "Britannia" as early as 1835 to Hamilton. Barber, Barron, Robinson, Boulton, Draper, E. Beeston, A. Beeston, E. Lane, W. Loring, Gwynne and Illingworth sailed to the ambitious city, where they were beaten by an eleven who had come thither over the corduroy roads from Woodstock and from Guelph. The victorious pioneers were White, E. Thompson, W. Thompson, Wilson, Barnard, Murton, Penfold, Stuart, Nicholas Poore and Newe.

When the first graduating class left Upper Canada College they began to look about for a ground of their own and soon located on the old Caer Howell crease, on College avenue, through which Henry and McCaul stree's now run. The pioneers of the club then formed and named, as it has ever since been, The Toronto Club, were John Powell, Mayor of the newly christened city, Spragge, afterwards

chancellor, Barron, Barber, Draper, afterwards Chief Justice, J. B. Robinson, recently Ontario's Governor, W. Loring, a barrister, A. and C. Beeston, of the civil service, and William Henry Boulton. Boulton owned the ground, but he generously gave it, his influence and money to help the game, and was for a long time the president of the new club. He urged his friends to buy the beautiful acres at a hundred pounds each for a permanent ground, but they thought the price too high. Later Winkworth became lessee, and rented to the club the privilege of using the grounds; then later, French, a carpenter and fine all round cricketer, picked up in New York and brought here, took Winkworth's place till Sams in turn took his. Sams was an English labourer, afterwards killed at the Yonge street dock by an incoming steamer. He made some fine scores, and was for many years the mainstay of the club. When William Henry Boulton died, R. B. Blake leased from his estate the ground, some ten acres of which had been enclosed by a high fence and adorned by a pavilion and commodious grand stand. Here, until 1879, the Toronto club played cricket every season, when the ground was given up to advancing civilization, and now a hundred dwellings stand where a score of years ago there was not one. After two years on the University Lawn the club moved to those magnificent acres on Bloor street, fringed by fine hoary oak and elms, as lovely a spot as nature could design, but which in turn was brought but two years since within the builder's grasp, and now its glory has departed. A crease on the University lawn tided over last season; next year will find the club domiciled on the 'Varsity play grounds, on which, for a decade, the club has secured the privilege of playing.

Year by year new games were played, new contests lost and won, ambition leading on from point to point. At the age of ten we find the young eleven journeying, not only to all easily accessible towns to play the local club, but even to Montreal and to New York. It will be recollected that Barber, Robinson, Maddock, Philpotts, Winkworth, and French of Toronto, with Wilson, Thompson, Sharp, Birch and Freeling sailed to New York in 1844 and won $1,000 and the match. Two years afterwards Toronto sent Parsons, Brown, Sams, Heward, Smithson, Barber, Robinson, Alexander, Draper and Patrick to Montreal, where they won by seven

Hon. John Beverley Robinson,
One of the founders of the Toronto C. C.

wickets. Parsons and Robinson were the big bowlers of this eleven. Such enterprises as these at this early day shew what a hold the game had taken of the country. In 1849 Mrs. J. B. Robinson and Mrs. Barber presented the club with an address and a magnificent silk flag, which G. A. Philpotts, the president, received. This flag, according to a sketch made by Kivas Tully, which the writer has before him, was seven feet six inches long by three feet six inches wide, with red centre and white borders, six inches wide. The words "Toronto Cricket Club," seen on both sides, were wrought in white letters nine inches long.

Outside the College and Province match the most natural important creation was a Canadian and English contest and this we find inaugurated in 1850 by the following published acceptance of a previously published challenge:

"The undersigned has been authorized to accept the challenge put forth by J. B. Robinson Esq. Jr., namely:—To play a friendly game of cricket between eleven gentlemen (Canadian born and who have learned the game in Canada) against eleven Old Country gentlemen. And the "Old Country Eleven" will be prepared to meet "The Canadian Eleven" upon the Toronto grounds any day previous to the 12th December as shall be mutually agreed upon. By order,

G. A. BARBER.

Toronto, Aug. 23, 1850.

The game came off on the 10th Sept. and the challengers were roundly beaten by an innings and 31 runs. Arthurson (really A. Beeston, who had gone on the stage), Barber, Madison, (18), Standley, Birch, E. Deeds, A. Farmer, (51), now living at Barrie, Ranson, (38), now living at Toronto, Harrington, whose name may be seen on Dominion bills, Anderson and Kivas Tully made 178 for the "Old Country." Parsons, Philpotts, Heward, Robinson, Cossens, Helliwell, Draper, Patrick, Rykert, Deddes and Beaven made 64 and 83 for the natives. Next year Canada won by ten wickets, Heward getting 13, Parsons 6 and 12 not out, Bradbury 33 and Powell 11. J. Bradbury and B. Parsons slaughtered the stumps, indeed Bradbury was at this time and for some years afterwards the best bowler in America. He was also a large scorer in most matches. Parsons, better known as "Little Ben," had few equals as a bowler, and probably took more wickets for the Toronto club than any man before or since. He was, as well, an excellent bat. Heward was a great run getter as a few of his scores picked from the matches of the period will shew, 58, 56, 58, 39, 74, not out, 45, 67, not out and 58. Besides these he had highest scores in two International matches. J. O. Heward played longer for the Toronto club than any one else, his familiar figure being seen on the field until a very few years ago. His loss was a great one to the old club by which he had stood for fifty years doing yeomen service all the time. It was in the fifties, however, that he was in his prime and made his largest scores, although he had best average for his club in 1873. Philpotts was for many years the best wicket keeper in Canada; those who remember him tell of wonderful feats performed by him behind the stumps. In 1851 Toronto beat the military eleven made up of officers and men of the 71st and 23rd Regiments, by an innings and 4 runs. Helliwell was a consistent scorer about this time, and J. C. Rykert made many double figures. Cobourg, Hamilton and Woodstock were three of the favorite matches of this period. In 1852 the Royal Artillery and 20th regiment so materially stregthened the "Old Country" eleven that they won by 4 wickets. No more conspicuous figure than John Beverley Robinson appeared during these twenty years. A tip top bowler and dashing bat, his name figures in all the scores. In 1854 he won the ball for highest score (54) in a college match. When he retired with well won laurels he was elected President of the club, and when later on he gave up this position, his friends gathered round and presented his estimable wife with a portrait of her husband.

John O. Heward.

As now and then a veteran dropped out his place was filled by keen and able players, such as Dexter, Peerless, Napier, Connolly, Johnes, N. McLean, McKay, Pennyfeather, Benjamin, Fitzgibbon, J. Moss, E. Cayley, G. Robarts and F. Barber. A great acquisition to the club about 1869 was W. P. Pickering, the world renowned cover point, who moved here from Montreal, who afterwards exerted a great influence on the destiny of the club. Henry Rowsell, who died a few years ago, was a generous friend of the Toronto club from its inception, and for years imported all the cricketing material used in Upper Canada. From '44 to '60 eleven international matches with the States had been played, of which Canada had won five and their opponents five, the game of '46 being drawn. Parr's English team had come and gone and with them their two Canadian victories. T. Phillips, Bayley, Rykert, Parsons, Heward and Jones were the Toronto players in the Hamilton game and "Little Ben" did the bowling and made 13 runs.

We leave the men who have for the most part passed to the bourne from whence no cricketer returns and find ourselves among the living who bowled and batted when their fellow men were drafting constitutions for a possible Confederation, little dreaming that the aforesaid

Confederation was to sound the retreat of the military from the amalgamated Canadas. The ten years prior to the departure of the troops may be termed the military era in cricket, for the many regiments stationed here at that time were very strong at the game. The civil war was raging in the United States and all intercourse with that quarter was cut off; their game was too serious for us. The international match with the States, it will be remembered, was not played from '60 to '79. But Upper Canada College was never stronger than at this time and was turning out the best of men. Trinity University was holding its own with the best clubs of the day and the soldiers were particularly active. Of the regiments undoubtedly the strongest was the Prince Consort's Own Rifle Brigade stationed here in the early sixties. Lord Russell, Lord Cecil, a particularly brilliant bat; Captains Whaley, Tyron, Slade, Lord E. R. Clinton and Wilson Patton, a very fine bat, afterwards Lord Winniarleigh, made a strong combination. The Royal Artillery, here at the same time, were also a cricketing regiment, and with Captains Balfour and Rawes, Lieutenants Lindsay and England gave a good account of themselves. They were followed by the 16th, who played Capt. Hogge, a punishing bat, and Lieut. Stable, and the 47th whose cracks were Lieutenants Dawson and Bell. These two regiments were replaced by the 60th Rifles, of whom Captains Wallace and Northey are well known and the 13th Hussars, of which regiment Capt. Waltham, Lieuts. Spilling, Osborne and Renis were large scorers. Capt. Hawley of the Royal Canadian Rifles, Capt. Clarke of the 29th and Capt. Bonny of the 23rd were notable cricketers.

In 1861 we find T. D. Phillips and his brother piling up the runs for Toronto, but they then disappear from here. A. Boultbee was one of the club's bowlers at this time, but the prominent trundeller for ten years was Frank Draper, who must have been a destructive bowler and who took a lot of wickets; against the 60th Rifles and 13th regiment at London in '66 he got 11 wickets for 57 runs. G. W. Draper was a bowler but more of a hitting bat. F. Perkins, T. C. Patteson, an admirable wicket keeper, E. W. Spragge, a great scorer, George Brunel, J. Kennedy, Garnett and Farrer, were besides Parsons, who made 31 against London in 1863, and Heward still at it, the big scorers during the years before Confederation. Another batsman who often made runs was G. W. Des Voeux, afterwards Sir G. W. and Governor of Hong Kong. In 1865 Toronto played two matches against Detroit, winning both, the first with a score of 123 and 191, against 93 and 111. J. Brunel got 20 and 63, B. Parsons 5 and 37, F. Draper 0 and 39, J. O. Heward 20 and 11. Tho second game was won by 35 runs.

The men of the last half of the sixties who made runs were: W. Baines, G. Harman, R. Henderson, C. Kirchoffer, Bogert, A. Anderson, Geo. Brunell, F. Perkins, and Drummond. R. B. Blake had come on the scene and with Draper did the bowling for the club; Spragge was still playing, so was Patteson.

We are able to give now the names of the Canadian twenty-two, who, in 1868, made 28 runs against an unfinished innings of Willsher and Freeman's eleven, amounting to 310 runs. It is amazing that men who at that time were putting together large scores in Canada, should have so singularly failed against even Willsher and Freeman's bowling. The twenty-two were: J. Brunel, 6; C. Kirkchoffer, J. B. Laing, Walker, M. Brown, Davis, Pepys, C. Rose, 12; Arbuthnot, Mainwaring, Capt. Henage, Stevenson, Townshend, G. Brunel, R. R. Hope, Tetu, Capt. Rawse, Murray, W. Smith, W. Draper, Capt. Hornby and Fox. There were sixteen "ducks."

The seventies were the years of foreign visits and numerous tours. The Irishmen, Fitzgerald's Eleven, the Australians and Daft's team visited us, and a new order of things sprung up. Deprived of the garrison, the first impulse was to travel, and we find visits to Halifax, the United States, and Canadian towns, and other cities filling the gaps, and the rivalry the International matches with the States brought about. It is impossible, where so many have done well for the Toronto club, to do more than give the names of those who, during these ten years, won the victories. F. W. Armstrong, W. Hector, C. H. Sproule, H. Totten, R. D. Gamble, F. Blake, A. M. Baines, W. P. Pickering, E. W. Spragge, W. Bayley, R. Adams, R. W. Liddell, R. Harper, G. B. Behan, H. Forlong, H. Brock, C. R. Postlethwaite, T. Swinyard, E. Hemsted, J. Whelan, C. P. Buchannan, S. F. Gosling, C. H. Shanly, John Wright, W. Townsend, E. H. Baines, L. Ogden, be-

R. K. Hope, Hamilton.

sides some of those before mentioned, were the prominent run-getters, and Gamble, Barnes, Shanly, Wright and R. Wadsworth the bowlers.

When the young Canadian has finished his studies in medicine, or for the bar, or becomes immersed in mercantile pursuits, the cricket crease seldom knows him more, the flannel garments are put by. He is lost to the club as an active member and is only to be seen afterwards as an interested spectator of the great events. Unfortunately many perforce drift away from their early love and return to it as lookers on, the cares and business of life demanding close attention

> "Till hence on master passion in the breast,
> Like Aaron's serpent swallows up the rest."

Yet the game of cricket permits of even the busiest of us taking up the willow now and then and when the occasion arises on which the veterans get together enthusiasm runs high. To lead the tide of veteran enthusiasm to the flood and thence to the club's good fortune requires strategy, yet when accomplished infinite amusement to the players and much profit to the club result. To any who find that the oldsters are not sufficiently enthusiastic we offer the suggestion that they adopt the plan carried so successfully into effect last year by Lyndhurst Ogden of the Toronto Club. Pit the veterans against themselves, give them a chance to live over again the past, to re-awaken old memories, to play old parts. On such occasions cricket lore is told in plenty, tenderness is the ruling feeling, sympathy is shewn. With sympathy what cannot one accomplish?

The Hittites and Hivites of the Toronto C. C. met in 1891 under the following regulations:

1. That this club shall be called the "Veterans Cricket Club."

2. That no one be eligible without being able to present a certificate stating that the bearer is either "decayed" "broken down" or "unfit for general purposes."

3. That every person on being elected be required to pay no subscription.

4. That the club colors be various.

5. Any member not appearing in same to be fined one bottle of soda water (Canadian.)

6. That the system of underhand bowling (daisy cutters) at present in use be considered spurious and unworthy to be used by the V. C. C., and therefore it be not admitted in the matches.

7. That to promote the efficiency of the club no member be allowed to get "duck egg" (0) on pain of paying a bottle of soda water (Canadian) for the good of the club, and, furthermore, that any member obtaining a "pair of spectacles," do pay a fine of one bottle of beer in addition to the above. N.B.—The latter clause is not intended to prevent the use of eyeglasses.

8. Any member missing a catch shall be fined one bottle soda water (Canadian); two catches, two bottles, and so on in proportion.

9. Any member obtaining fifty runs in a single innings shall be presented with one bottle of soda water (Canadian) from the funds of the club; for 100 runs two bottles (Canadian) from the same source; for 1000 runs and over, with four bottles of soda water (English.)

10. Any member making himself disagreeable be considered as such.

11. Any member bowling a wide ball (underhand lobs) be fined a bottle of soda water (English.)

12. Any member bowling a "no-ball" be required to bowl it over again.

13. Any member letting a "bye" shall be required to run after it.

14. No member shall be allowed to use personal abuse to the bowler or umpire, and the same privileges shall be extended to the wicket keeper and captain.

15. Any member bowling three wickets in succession will be required to get himself a new hat.

Lyndhurst Ogden,
Captain Canadian XI vs Daft's Eleven.

16. That these rules be strictly adhered to especially rule 16.

17. That wherein not otherwise provided for, the rules of the Marylebone C. C. shall govern.

18. Once a Veteran always a Veteran.

The Hittites captained by L. Ogden, their King, were W. S. Jackson, G. T. Alexander, R. Strathy, L. A. Tilley, Allan Baines, R. Myles, W. Hamilton, C. W. Postlethwaite, H. D. Gamble, A. Foy and A. E. Plummer. The Hivites captained by Judge Street were C. H. Sproule, W. Beardmore, A. R. Creelman, Adam Wright, John Wright, T. Tait, M. Boulton, B. Jennings, E. W. Wragge, L. Capreol, G. Bethune, W. Jennings and R. H. Bethune. A huge throng of spectators witnessed the victory of the Hittites for whom Dr. Baines made 56 and King Ogden and Plummer 31 each. But the feature of the whole proceeding was the fun, the result lasting benefit to the Toronto club by reawakening the active interest of the men of the past in the grand old game and in their club.

Many of these whose names we have given played on into the eighties, but others from time to time filled their places. Of this period the early bowlers were G. Foy and H. D. Helencken. E. R. Ogden came afterwards, and is notorious as well for his free batting as for his medium paced bowling. S. Cummings was a destructive bowler in '85, and had an average of 28.66, G. N. Morrison was a very free bat and large scorer, and a useful and successful trundeller. Clive Jaffray was erratic, and latterly W. W. Jones, A. C. Allan, W. Rose-Wilson, who has at times done some wonderful

D. W. Saunders.

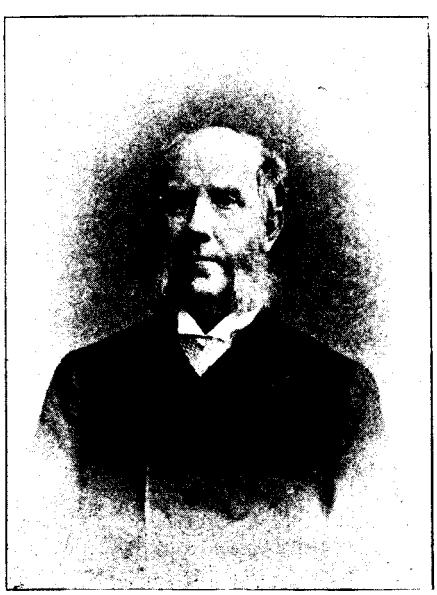
things with the ball, M. Boyd, W. H. T. Cooper, F. S. Dickey, J. Laing and Casey Wood have handled the ball successfully. Of these, Jones, whose average in '86 was 28, Allan a fine left-handed batsman, and Boyd, have all made runs. W. W. Vickers was a patient and scoring bat, A. H. Collins, A. G. Brown and W. J. Fleury have a particularly dashing style, and have compiled large scores, R. Morris, G. G. S. Lindsey, W. H. Merritt, D. O. R. Jones, H. J. Bethune, A. W. Winslow, C. S. Saunders, C. N. Shanly, W. Creelman, J. H. Senkler, whose average in '87 was 25.57, E. G. Rykert, G. W. Saunders, R. O. McCulloch, P. C. Goldingham, have all been large scorers in their day. D. W. Saunders has won an enviable reputation for himself as a wicket keeper and is a most finished bat. He had second average with Lindsey's team and played a magnificent innings of 71 not out at the Surrey oval. He has several centuries to his credit in Canada.

For the last twenty years the club has owed much to its presiding officers. Colonel Cumberland was President from '75 to '81, and was a great worker, one of the pleasantest jaunts of the season, that to Orillia, being taken by the eleven as his guests over his railroad. When Col. Cumberland died the Hon. Frank Smith held office for three years and was succeeded by Wm. Bayly, who unfortun-

Walter Townsend.
Former President Toronto C. C.

ately died, deeply lamented by all who knew him. He was spared to occupy the highest office in the gift of the club but for one year. Walter Townsend, now of Montreal, very ably filled Mr. Bayly's place, and gave a great impetus to cricket during his term of office. He was the first President for many years who came directly into touch, as an active player, with the cricketers. An accomplished actor, by producing plays in which the roles were so ably filled as to draw enormous audiences, he brought the club to the front and filled its exchequer. When his business affairs required him to leave Toronto and make his home in Montreal, the members of the club assembled at his house, bringing a large silver love cup and the necessary champagne, and bade him an affectionate farewell. G. R. R. Cockburn, M. P., was three years in office and made a particularly genial host, and now Major Cosby has gone heart and soul into the sport and from him great things are expected.

One of the most enthusiastic and staunch officers the club has ever known is John Wright, whose genial disposition has won him hosts of friends. He is President of both the Canadian and Ontario Cricket Associations. A great bowler in his day, he stood well up with the men of the seventies. Since that time, however, he has not played much, but he has, nevertheless, done more than any man in Toronto to assist cricket on the outside.



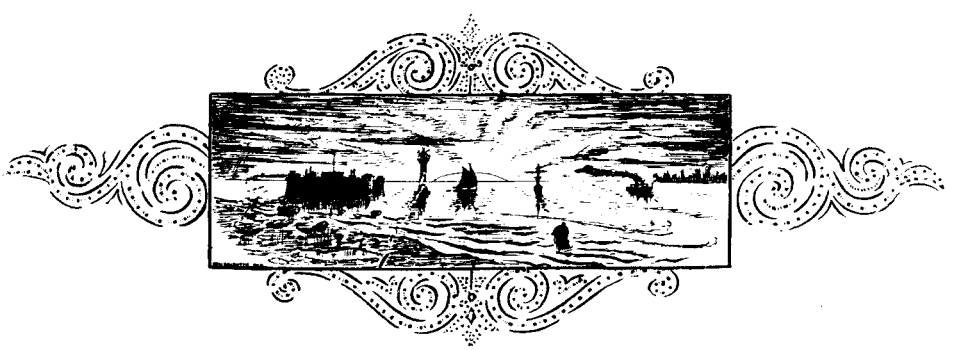
G. R. R. Cockburn, M.P.,
President Toronto C. C. 1888-91.

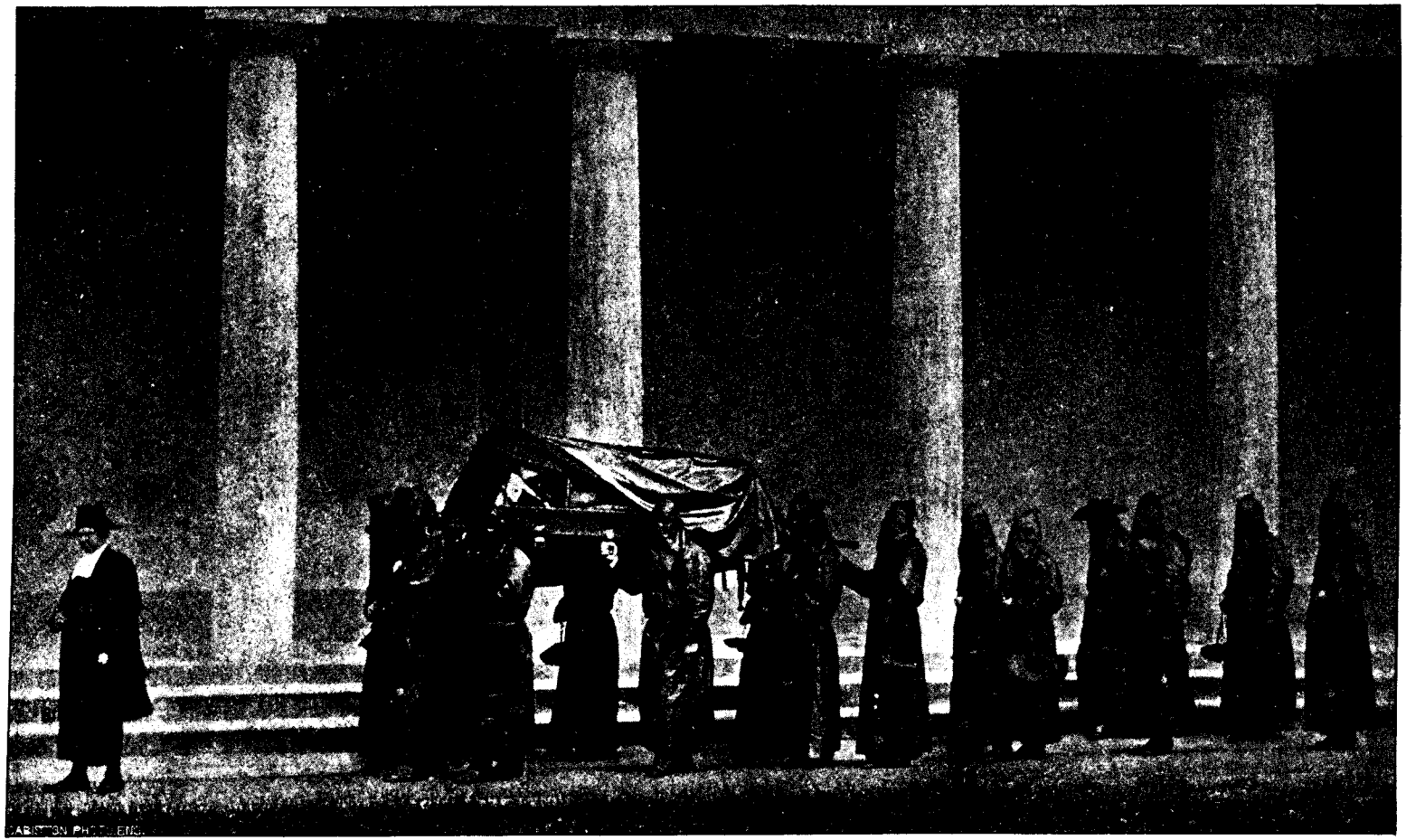
John Wright.

There have been and are many clubs in Toronto, most of which have done, and are doing, good work and deserve an extended notice here, were it not that these pages have already lengthened themselves out far beyond their intended number. Fifteen years ago the Carleton and Yorkville clubs held prominent places. Since

this the Wellingtons, the Toronto Lacrosse Cricket Club, Parkdale, Gooderham & Worts, the Sons of England, East Toronto, and, latterly, Rosedale, have all had fine elevens, a record of whose doings would fill another article did space permit. To do justice to these and the clubs at Aurora, Chatham, Cobourg, New Market, Barrie, Orillia, Whitby, Peterboro', Port Hope, St. Mary's, Listowel, Guelph, St. Catherines, Belleville, Napanee, Picton, Brantford, Kingston, and many other places, would be impossible, except in a large volume. Indeed there are eras in the history of many of these clubs more worthy of mention than some of the things chronicled here, yet the better way, in fact the only way, to dispose of, in a limited space, so much interesting matter without doing injustice and not a little wrong, is not to deal with it at all. The great regret the writer has is that the space at his disposal has not been so capacious as his heart ; if it were all clubs would have had a place. That so much remains to be told induced the writer and J. E. Hall to enter upon the task of publishing a volume on Canadian cricket where all will have a place. This venture, the first of its kind in America, is now well under way, and should be in press by the first of the year.

G. G. S. LINDSEY.





MEMBERS OF THE MISERICORDIA TAKING AN INJURED MAN TO THE HOSPITAL.

THE MISERICORDIA IN FLORENCE.

T was one of the last afternoons of the Carnival, and between four and five o'clock the fashionable Via Tornabuoni, the Bond Street of Florence was at its most crowded, and gayest. The flower decked carriages of the Florentine aristocracy were mixed with cabs of English tourists or gaudily dressed bourgeois. Those wonderful Italian dandies, who resemble the lilies of the field in the gorgeousness of their apparel, and also in apparently never toiling or spinning, and whom popular fancy has christened with the name of Ganymedes, were smiling more benevolently than ever on every good looking woman. Fancifully dressed children in masks strutted along, and groups of country folk stood gaping at the street corners. Everywhere there were great baskets of spring flowers for sale; many tinted anemones, yellow daffodills, and masses of violets, making bright spots of colour.

All at once, the crowd drew aside of their own accord to form a passage, and through it, in the midst of all the festal stir and brightness, passed, with their regular swinging gait, four of the black hooded figures of the Brothers of the Misericordia, carrying a corpse on their covered bier. As they went, every head was uncovered, many crossed themselves, and the briefest of silence breathed around them—brief, because perforce, these contracts of life and death are usual things enough in the streets of large cities, and these mysterious figures are a familiar light to Florentines, as, clad in their black cotton tunics, with the ghastly hood with its two holes for the eyes to look forth from drawn over the head, and the broad-brimmed felt hat for the heats of summer, swung on the back of the neck, they pass along, none knowing their identity; coming and going on their errands of charity; carrying the sick to the hospital and the dead to their graves; and for six centuries the Brotherhood have thus walked the streets of Florence.

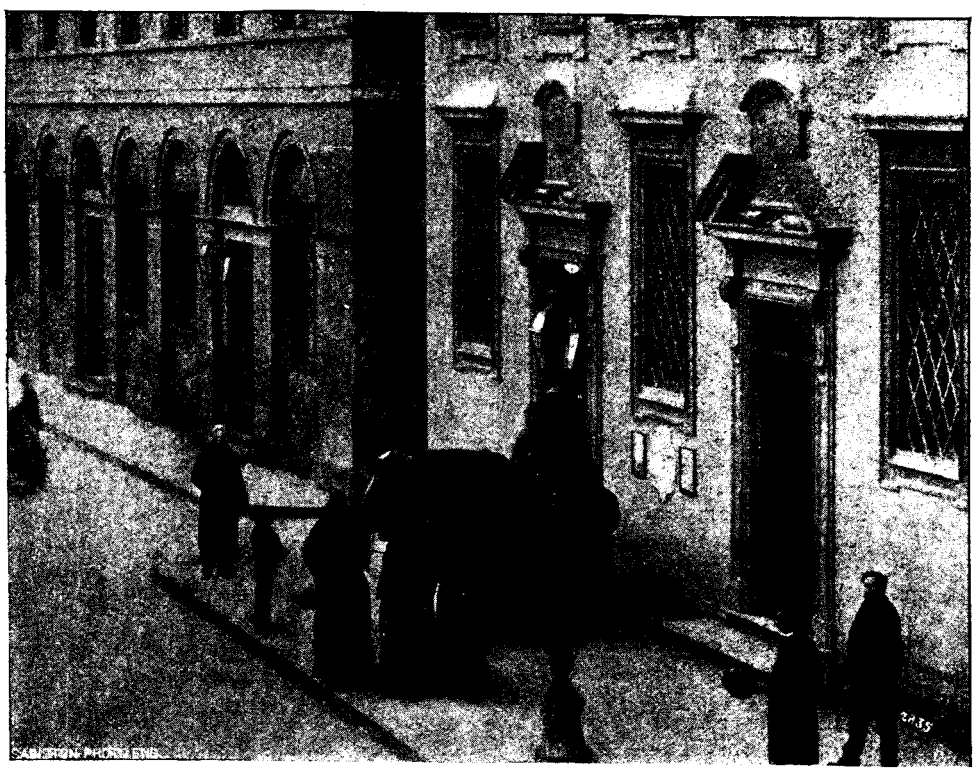
One rainy winter Sunday morning when the Arno was in flood, and surged over its weirs in as tawny a stream as ever the Tiber shews, it bore down from the mountains a corpse which was rescued nearly opposite to us. We saw from our windows, when we opened the shutters, the ever increasing crowd that gathered around the boat where it lay, and, with the patient curiosity of an Italian crowd, they stood and stared, and the gendarmes stood in equally patient watch, until somewhere between ten and eleven, when the familiar black figures appeared with their bier on the opposite Lung Arno, this time preceded by a surpliced priest, and I doubt if this is an unusual case of Italian dilatoriness prevailing over the Misericordia obligations to speed.

These obligations are stringent. When the Giornate, or day worker hears the well-known summons from the Campanile, he is bound to hasten to the headquarters of the brotherhood to learn his duties from the Capo di Guardia, or captain, and a half-hour glass is turned to mark the the time between the summons and his arrival.

The captain then addresses those on duty "Brothers, let us prepare to perform this work of mercy"—and kneeling down, he adds—"Mitte nobis, Domine, charitates, humilitates, et fortitudines" to which the rest reply "Ut in hac opera te sequamur,"—and the Captain exhorts the brethren to repeat a Pater Noster and Ave Maria for the benefit of the sick and afflicted.

Four of the number then take the litter on their shoulders, preceded by their captain, while the others follow, ready to take their turn at carrying the burden. Each time of changing, those who take it up say, "Iddio le ne renda il merito"—and those who are relieved, respond "Vadano in pace."

When it is a sick person whom they have been sent for to bear to the hospital, the brothers help to dress the patient, and to carry him down to the litter. They are forbidden to receive any remuneration in whatever house they go to aid, or to partake of any food or drink beyond a cup of water.



A Funeral from the Oratory of the Misericordia.

The order was established in the thirteenth century, by an honest porter, Pietro Borsi by name, who had the inspiration of, at the same time, reforming the vices and employing the idle moments of his fellow porters, hanging about waiting for work in the Piazza San Giovanni. He persuaded them to fine each other for swearing, a half-humorous tax which pleased the rough fellows, and induced them, with the money thus collected, to buy litters, and each in his turn to give a cast of his trade to the service of the sick and wounded, carrying the victims of accident or disease to the hospital, and the dead to their burial.

In that age of family feuds and street combats there could have been no lack of work for these charitable porters in the streets of Florence, and even when calmer days came the institution lasted and grew into greater organization and formality but keeping always faithful to the same aims. Commencing with the humble porters, it was soon taken up as a work of piety and penance by all classes, and is said to have enrolled amongst its members most of the names of the Florentine aristocracy. It is certain that the last Grand Duke of Tuscany belonged to it, because he was often observed to silently leave a festival or dinner at its summons, and I have even heard it said that at the present day, King Humbert is one of the brothers.

The Oratory of the brotherhood is in the Piazza del Duomo with the entrance facing the white wonder of the Campanile, which, as Mrs. Oliphant says, "stands by the great cathedral, like the white royal lily beside the Mary of the Annunciation, slender and strong and everlasting in its delicate grace."

The Oratory contains a rather well-known statue of Saint Sebastian, and on that saint's day was the scene of a great distribution of bread to the poor of the city. Seeing over the doorway the red and yellow festa hangings, which should always act as a loadstar to the inquiring tourist, we went to see what was to be seen.

What a crowd it was. On the outer steps, and under the portico, were stalls for the sale of bread, blessed that morning by the Archbishop.

"Pane benito di San Sebastiano!" each old saleswoman tried to cry louder than her neighbour. Inside, the hall was packed with a remarkably unsavory crowd — shrivelled old women—sturdy, weather-beaten peasants,—wretched little children,—looking half-starved from this winter of dire distress among the Florentine poor.

At marble counters some of the brothers were cutting up bread with a will, and distributing it to the crowd. Their hoods were pushed back, allowing their faces to be seen, and they were laughing and talking and evidently enjoying their task in a very non-ascetic fashion. I cannot say that I thought that there were any princes or members of the aristocracy among those whom I saw that day, but for all that, there may have been. One can hardly tell how nearly a prince or a marquis may resemble a butcher until one sees him in a dirty black calico blouse with rolled-up sleeves, grasping a large knife.

Presently the crowd was pushed aside, and from the brightly lit chapel beyond came four brothers with hooded heads carrying their bier, setting out on a task which must have been fearfully common through these past winter months of sickness.

Strange as was the scene, the crowd was not a tempting one, and we were soon glad to make our way out again into the crisp, frosty air.

In Florence, and indeed in all Italy, it is not alone the Misericordia who wear the distinguishing hood and tunic. Many of the guilds and charitable organizations use it either in white or black for processions and church functions, and it is marvellous the great addition to scenic effect caused by the uniformity and mysteriousness of the garb, so that in watching any such function one cannot but recall with a sigh the black broadcloth splendours of a St. Patrick's or a St. George's Day procession in our own country, and wish that the Italian fashion might be copied. One such example we saw on a January Sunday afternoon, when in the great space of the Cathedral there took place a procession of all the guilds in Florence.

This service, called the Festa of the name of Jesus, is held once in every ten years, and is specially intended as an intercession against blasphemy.

As we walked towards the cathedral in the darkening winter afternoon, we noticed how many groups were gathering towards it, but it was with surprise that, on entering, we saw that the vast interior was almost filled with people. Bare and colorless as the great empty church is apt to look in the daytime, one realized its grandeur now, in the dim twilight, with the illuminated altars shining out through the gloom, and with the subdued stir and movement of that great crowd.

It brought back to one's mind the descriptions of the scenes of Savonarola's preachings here, in the days of his power, when so great were the throngs gathered to hear him, that people got up in the middle of the night, and waited outside the cathedral doors in bitter winter cold or rain, old men, women and children alike. Then when the doors once opened, the crowd surged in, those who had tapers read their prayers, and those who had none waited in silent meditation for hours until the daylight crept in, and the clear singing of the choristers was heard, and Fra Girolamo appeared, and all trembled to hear his voice roll forth its denunciations of wickedness in high places.

Now, as we entered, we saw the glare of many candles, and down a deep lane formed by the crowd for the whole length of the nave, came the procession of mysterious ghost-like figures in their white robes and the hoods with the two dark hollows for the eyes. The only distinction between the groups was that of the different guilds. Each figure carried a long candle, and joined in singing a slow monotonous litany, a litany which was taken up by all the crowd, as they passed, in a universal chaunt that echoed up into the arches.

Then came the cathedral choir, the clergy, and after them, under his canopy, the Archbishop of Florence, in gorgeous vestments bearing the Monstrance with the Host.

The crowd in the twilight gloom, the strange lights and shades cast by so many moving candles, the heavy scent of the incense; the mysterious white figures and their solemn chaunt, made, all together, the most impressive church scene which I witnessed in Italy.

ALICE JONES.

Choirs and Choir Singing in Toronto.

IN a previous paper by the writer on various phases of musical life in Toronto perhaps what many would deem but scant mention was given to the different church choirs and their conductors. It was thought to be of sufficient interest and importance to devote a second paper to this subject, as church music is in itself a thing of ever-increasing relevancy and value, and its results far reaching in all communities. The influence of sacred music upon secular is as old as the origin of music itself. Where the symphony, the opera, the choral society, the conservatory, cannot go, from sheer fault and lack of circumstance, the hymn, the psalm, even the chant and anthem can and do go. In many rural communities and isolated districts the music of the church, whatever it may be, is the only music known. Jackson in F, or "I will wash my hands in innocency," are the staple delights of the village or indeed the suburban choir. No matter how deficient in art the community, there will always be a little show, a little hint, of religion. A stock in trade feature of mining, logging, and pioneering stories is the inevitable introduction of "Nearer My God to Thee" or "Rock of Ages," sung by a lisping infant of three or a converted boodler who has opened a gospel tent in the wilderness. Into the services of the Roman Catholic church music enters so largely that without any effort in the direction of a special musical education its adherents may become easily familiar with some of the master-pieces of Mozart, Hadyn and Gounod. The modern churches attempt further to bridge the chasm between sacred and secular art by the introduction of church concerts and services of praise, innovations which at least have one merit, that of making known classical and refined selections to those who have neither leisure nor money to pursue independent study.

Francis Otway White,
St. Simon's.

We have thus in Toronto all kinds of church choirs fully represented. There is the Roman Catholic choir, there is the High Anglican and vested choir, there is the Low Anglican and mixed choir, there are the various Presbyterian, Methodist, Baptist, Congregationalist and other Dissenting choirs, and in fact wherever there springs up a church there you will naturally find its correlative choir. Freedom to worship God—what the earnest Puritan longed for—is no longer coupled with the harsh invective against natural song, the "lilting" of man's depressed and anxious spirit, the consecration of a

beautiful art to all that is divine. In some way or another music has crept into all decent and regular church service, at least, into every place where a ritual, even of the poorest kind, is observed. Discussions on such themes as the necessity for having an organ, the desirability of engaging singers, the danger of employing music in the act of worship, are no longer heard. The strides made by secular music and amusements have been so great that the churches, particularly those of the Methodist and Baptist denominations, have realized that they must have music too. Fortunately the standard goes up as the concerts increase, while the church which does not make "a feature" of its singing and which cannot advertise "music by the choir" among its Saturday night or Sunday morning's services, is in a fair way to be condemned to oblivion among churches.

Among the Roman Catholic edifices that of St. Michael's Cathedral is best and most widely known. The fine organ, one of Warren's, is so placed at the end of the building and in the gallery that the effects possible from its numerous combinations of stops are easily obtainable and readily heard. The organist, Mr. LeMaitre, has been at his present post for a number of years. The choir is not large but usually looks to possess two or more trained vocalists upon whom the lion's share of the work and consequently the honour falls. The thrilling if somewhat theatrical effect inseparable from fine performances of the masses and other works in the repertoire of the Roman church is frequently heard at such special performances as the Tenebrae, the Christmas Eve celebration and upon Easter day. At other times there is an unevenness in the rendering of fairly simple works that may come from various causes, such as the inability of young singers to cope with difficult scores or the traditions of the ritual, which would appear to make correct intonation a matter of uncertainty both for priests and choir. The addition of the orchestra on special occasions, or portion of an orchestra, is a step in the right direction, although not always attended with the results hoped for. At St. Basil's, a beautiful building on St. Joseph street, surrounded by spacious lawns and noble trees, the music is under the direction of Father Murray and is usually of much interest, although also defective at times in tune and precision.

The church of "Our Lady of Lourdes,"

F. Torrington.

on Sherbourne street, has in a comparatively short time established a high musical reputation, equal to that of older churches. Here the effect of the often fine voices issuing overhead from the conventional high gallery recalls the still more impressive services which one connects with the great church of the Gesu in Montreal. Both leader and organist here are ladies. St. Mary's, Bathurst street, is perhaps the chief remaining Roman church of importance.

We reach now the vested or surpliced choirs of the city which threaten to overrun us in number and excellence and to extinguish the older (in Toronto at least) and for many years, more popular "mixed" choir. The last was also, or was supposed to be, voluntary, with the exception of two or three leading singers. The voluntary system has, however, many disadvantages. People ought to be perfectly willing, nay extremely pleased and gratified and impressed all at once, by being chosen or allowed to sing in the house of the Lord—to assist in the public worship which either means so very much or else nothing at all, but as a rule they do not look at it from any such spiritual standpoint; a fee is the same all the world over, and payment for work remains the basis of most professional work and not a little amateur work as well. So that I

think it may be broadly stated that the voluntary system of maintaining choirs is one which is apt to tax the patience, forbearance and discretion of its upholders as much as any other. Wherever complex elements appear they are bound to carry a certain measure of unrest and disorder in their train—and any one who has ever had charge of a voluntary choir with a soprano, an alto, and tenor and a bass as leaders, and various other soprani, alti, tenori and bassi struggling up into position behind them recognizes what is meant by "complex elements." The choir Soprano, and her elder brother the choir Tenor, are about as complex as they make them. The introduction of the feminine element here as elsewhere would seem to cause confusion. The choir, consisting about equally of ladies and gentlemen, immediately becomes a kind of social function, and while this tendency need not mean declension either in manners or morals, it sometimes leads to an uneasy frivolity not always completely suppressed. Many are the "choir stories" redolent of caste, of social inequality, of little preferences and of big jealousies.

Model choirs there are, no doubt, to whom "all this 'ere," as Sam Weller would say, is startlingly new, but the rule holds good. Now some of the points scored by the adherents of the surpliced choirs (and by the last term I mean a proper and orthodox choir—none of the modern monstrosities admitting girls in purple velvet mortar-boards and seersucker surplices) is, to say the least, the removal of all socal difficulty, the equality of all members of the choir, and the greater decorum, solemnity and order thereby imported into the service. They contend that men and boys are not so easily moved as women by outside matters affecting the person very materially it may be, but relating very distantly to the choir. The uniform precludes all gaudy variety of costuming, and perhaps best of all, the method employed in many of our vested choirs of retaining the interest of the choristers—I allude to a small but regular stipend—does conduce to a proper knowledge of the dignity of the act and of the office. Those who are acquainted with the working of the system in England and in such a thoroughly organized parish as Trinity, New York, will be glad to hear that we have in Toronto many attempts to reproduce something of the same kind. Among the more successful choirs are St. George's, Mr. Phillips organist and choirmaster; Holy Trinity, St. Thomas—with an effectively high ritual—St. Matthias, St. Lukes, St. Simon's, All Saints, and I suppose must be added St. James; although the traditions of the latter church—the Cathedral—seem still uppermost in many minds, since for so long it was evangelical and boasted the ordinary mixed choir. Unfortunately there is too much diversity still in all these churches. In one there is no processional hymn; in another no recessional. Some affect a half-hearted Gregorian service; others are primly Anglican. St. James still retains the feminine element along with the boys and men; sometimes only a surplice is hastily donned over tweed and broadcloth, objection being raised to cassock.

To name a fairly *typical* church choir of this description is difficult; however, Mr Fairclough, Mr. Phillips and Mr. Harrison have generally conceded to them thr honour of training their boys and thei boys' voices in thoroughly correct style. All of these gentlemen are Englishmen and accordingly pay strict attention to accent, phrasing, and avoid all forcing of the vocal organ. All Saints under Mr. Fairclough, St. George's under Mr. Phillips, St. Simon's, Mr. Harrison, sent choristers to the great meeting of the Church choir Association held last year in St. James', of which His Lordship Bishop Sweatman is President. There

W. E. Fairclough.

Miss S. E. Dallas.

can be little doubt that the future of these choirs is assured and rests upon firm ground, for as genuine culture increases and prejudices are laid aside for opinions, people of deep religious conviction and refined tastes will prefer that outward form of service which stands as far apart as possible from daily observances.

The differing form of Anglican Choir still remains. Probably the Church of The Redeemer and that of The Ascension are the most widely known from their characteristic "Services of Praise," at which an array of local talent is always advertized. Mr. Doward, at The Ascension, has scored success with his very capable choir on various interesting occasions, while Mr. Schuch, at present choir master of St. James', was for several years in a similar post at the Church of The Redeemer.

Among Presbyterian churches St. Andrew's on King St. retains Mr. Edward Fisher as organist and choirmaster, whose work and position are too well known to need comment here. A steady excellence, good taste in selection and undiminished interest in the wishes and needs of the congregation make St. Andrew's choir a model one. The Presbyterians as a body, it may be remarked, steer clear of all attempts at display, and dream not of advertizing their wares. To them the edifice in which they meet is a church and they treat it with due respect. At the Central Presbyterian Church is Miss Sara Dallas, a pupil of Mr. Edward Fisher, who has held her post for upwards of twelve years, associated with the well-known Tonic Solfaist, Mr. Cringan, as choir-master.

Another lady organist of undoubted ability is Mrs. Blight, who has held the organ at Elm St. Methodist Church for many years with marked success. This church is well known for its frequent and well conducted concerts of sacred and miscellaneous music under the able leadership of Mr. Blight. Mr. Warrington's choir, that of Sherbourne St. Methodist Church, is also popularly associated with large programmes which include elocution as well as music. Indeed, these comfortable warm churches, furnished with padded seats, receptacles for your hat, your cane, your overcoat, brilliantly illuminated, richly carpeted and arranged with all regard for ease of person, serve to indicate the natural desire to be pleased, interested and amused as well as to be spiritually and mentally elevated.

Mrs J. M. Bradley.

Fred J. Lewis Harrison.

Another representative Methodist Choir is that of Berkely St. Church, for some years past carefully trained by Mrs. J. M. Bradley, long known as a reputable vocal teacher and connected in that capacity with the Ontario Ladies' College at Whitby. Mrs. Bradley is also a soprano vocalist of much power. At the Metropolitan, Mr. F. H. Torrington still holds the helm, giving good oratorio selections on festival occasions and general excellent singing. Mr. Torrington's work is, of course, well-known all over the Dominion, as he is choir-master, organist, conductor and teacher all in one. Carleton Street Methodist Church has of late also given special services; ch oirmaster, Mr. D. E. Cameron.

Among Baptist Choirs that of Jarvis St. under Mr. Vogt, whose portrait has appeared in this magazine, certainly deserves to bear the palm. After many vicissitudes, Mr. Vogt has organized a very creditable choir which performs difficult and important works and has lately given Gaul's "Holy City" in Association Hall somewhat of a new departure.

There is one kind of choir which does not seem to flourish in Toronto and that is the Quartette Choir. The reasons are probably two; it is an American feature and therefore not strongly indigenous; and besides, there is not as a rule enough wealth in congregations and church corporations to pay soloists of the first rank what they most probably would ask. It must be confessed that notwithstanding Toronto's reputation as a "musical city" our best voices are constantly leaving us for the cities across the border where the Church Quartette flourishes and large sums are paid to deserving artists.

With respect to organists and organ recitals, the outlook is not very much more brilliant. Several fine players and many noble instruments exist, but organ programmes are noted a trifle dull and do not readily attract crowded audiences. The "King of Instruments" does not after all appear to be as popular as would-be enthusiasts assert.

Such is a brief review of some of the chief choirs of Toronto. The standard is certainly improving both of execution and selection. The Church Choir Association recently founded includes nearly all the Anglican churches. It might not be out of place to suggest a similar union of all Dissenting Choirs, thus establishing a fine nucleus of voice and harmony the latter in more senses than one.

S. Frances Harrison.

ONE PURITAN'S CHRISTMAS.

A. D. 1651.

HEAVEN preserve all countries from the calamity of civil war! We have seen in our own day a terrible conflict rage between the brethren of one race in support of the principle of noninterference, on the one side, and the grander principle of the abolition of slavery, on the other. All civil wars are waged by the combatants, on both sides, in support of principle. It was so in the great contest between monarchy, (cavalier) and republicanism, (roundhead), in England. These are issues that time, in its resistless course, sets right. Our story is but an episode of the days of Cromwell and the Second Charles.

It was midnight after the battle of Worcester, the victory over the royalists that Cromwell called his "crowning mercy." A colonel of Cromwell's, when he had attended to his regimental duties after the fight, left the camp and proceeded at the slow pace of his tired charger to visit his home within a few miles of the field. As he advanced the groups of slain became more scattered until he reached the place where a final encounter of horse had taken place and Prince Rupert's cavaliers had been compelled to give way. Here the republican's eye was attracted by two recumbent figures lying together a little in advance of the line of dead. One, the body of a strong man of middle age, who from the quality of his dress might rightly be conjectured to have been one of the royalist leaders; the other of slender make, with beardless face and long fair hair reaching to the shoulders, lay dabbled in blood, with arms clasped around the dead chief. "A woman," said the republican cynically to himself, "a leman of this godless soldier has followed him to her death." As he looked he seemed to perceive a flutter in the smaller form. Curiosity led him to dismount. He found the figure he had supposed to be a woman in disguise was a boy of about fifteen.

Amid the horrors of war men's characters become accentuated and their sensibilities blunted. Col. Dunstan was a man of original kindness of heart but he had seen too much of horror in those bloody times to be easily moved. He hesitated for a moment whether he should allow the flickering life he saw before him to expire, or whether to save it. The youth of the boy prevailed. "Those malignants," murmured he, "train their cubs to lap blood from their earliest years up. When, O when, will there be peace in Israel?" Even as he spoke he raised the light form of the wounded youth to the saddle, and when arrived at home placed him in care of his factotum Plucked-from-the-pit Ghrimes, a disabled Parliamentarian, who looked on his master's clemency with great disfavor.

"Better let him die before his fangs are grown," growled Ghrimes. "Not so," said the colonel, "he is under my roof. From his belongings the lad seems to be of good family and is most likely the last of his race. Bearded men do not war with boys." Reluctantly therefore the cross-grained servant, who, like most men who had seen war in those fighting days had some knowledge of rudimentary surgery, took the patient in hand and ere long had him sleeping comparatively comfortably.

Little time for nursing had the busy soldier of the republic. In two hours he was again in the saddle so as to reach camp before morning. Ere leaving he confided the wounded enemy to the care of his only daughter Lucy, a girl of the age of twelve or thirteen, an age at which the female form exhibits its greatest awkwardness, although the mind has sufficiently developed to be aware of its responsibilities. The father had every confidence in the kindness and prudence of the daughter. Besides, he was in hopes that after this crowning victory the army would be disbanded and peace reign in the land. While his host was absent on service the boy slowly recovered. For weeks he had lain helpless. When able to move about he was tended by Lucy with a younger sister's care. Her patient, as she considered him, was often petulant and imperious, but nothing exhausted her tender patience.

It would require a woman's mind to

decide and a female pen to say if true love could exist between a girl of twelve who had been brought up in narrow seclusion, and a lad of fifteen who had associated with men and fancied himself a man and a soldier. I think I have seen a love, warmer than Plato's and that endured the wear and tear of afterlife, exemplified at the ages of two and four. At all events the girl Lucy felt elevated and refined by that sense of having something to protect that is inherent in her sex. The lad's helplessness appealed strongly to her. Nor did the first words he had uttered when he saw her by his bedside make that feeling less. "It is kind in you to come, Lady Jane. I think I have been wounded. Is the King safe?" It was natural, she thought, that some Lady Jane should love him, and manly in him that he should be anxious for the safety of his *horrid* king.

As the girl and boy wandered daily beneath the laden orchard trees and by the brook that ran brawling to the Severn, a feeling that was fonder than friendship grew up between them. Reversing the order of the sexes the girl was the protector and the boy submitted to her guidance. Seated in some spot sheltered from the crisp breath of the late autumn, the young warrior would tell of the people he had met and the adventures he had undergone. To these narrations did Lucy, like Desdemona, seriously incline. But he never said anything of his family. Nor did he tell his name They were to each other but Arthur and Lucy. As December crept along, Arthur, now quite recruited in health and strength, began to grow restless. For hours at a time he would be absent alone but gave no account of where he had been. Matters thus stood when Christmas came with gladsome associations. No celebration welcomed it in the homes of the Puritans. The two young people walked out together, when, coming to a retired nook by the rivulet, the embryo cavalier suddenly broke out with a passionate declaration of love that might rather have befitted a fullgrown Romeo. The girl listened in timid amazement. The more he pressed her for a pledge to be his for life, the more she became agitated, until at last, half frightened and half pleased, she fairly took to her heels and ran. Next morning the lad was amissing without word of explanation. Enquiries set on foot by Ghrimes were without result. Nothing was heard of the runaway.

This seemed for Lucy to end the episode of the wounded stranger. Various little circumstances led to the belief that under the colonel's roof he had been in communication with some of the many royalist partisans that were wandering about or in hiding. If so, the chances were that he had safely escaped abroad. Only once, three years afterwards, did Lucy learn anything of her lost friend. Again it was Christmas time and again she was strolling by the brook where she and Arthur had so summarily parted, when suddenly a man in rags stood in her path and addressed her by name. Her heart stood still. Could this forlorn object be the handsome boy she had nursed? But no! this was an older man. "Do not fear, lady," said he, "I am charged with a packet for you from France. With some trouble and a spice of danger I have brought it and now lay it at your feet." Suiting the action to the word he laid a small parcel on the ground, and raising his tattered cap disappeared as mysteriously as he came. Lucy could not help noticing that the intruder had an easy grace in spite of his rags and a cultivated tone in the few words he pronounced. With returning presence of mind the maiden hid the packet in her dress, and on the way home debated whether it was not her duty to relate the whole adventure to her father who, she knew, really loved her. But taking into consideration her parent's harshness of judgment and strong partisanship she came to the conclusion not to confide her story, as the parcel, whatever it contained, would certainly be confiscated and might bring danger to the messenger, who, she was disposed to think, might really be some fugitive royalist gentleman. In the seclusion of her own room therefore she opened the mysterous gift and found a magnificent pearl bracelet, together with a letter. Perhaps the trinket might have been plunder of war for it was certainly too valuable to have come from an impoverished exile. Who could blame Lucy if, Puritan though she was, she was enraptured with the beauty of the *gaud*. Opening the letter she found but these words;

"For the honoured hands of Lucy. These. As a poor trifle in remembrance of kindnesses that can never be repaid.

ARTHUR."

A glow of tender reminiscence flushed through the maiden's breast of her boy-hero who so young had fought and bled

on the battlefield and was now an exile from those who no doubt loved him dearly. The bracelet sent her she could not wear, for godly women did not make use of vain adornments. The letter disappointed her a little; it was cold she thought, guardedly cold. Yet why should she have expected it to be otherwise? He was away filling his part in the great world, perhaps with King Charles himself, and what could a simple puritan maiden be to him? Tears trembled on Lucy's long lashes. With a kiss or two she put the treasures, bracelet and letter, in a secret receptacle and at lengthening intervals would take them out and caress them. But, alas! for the memory of the absent; as the years rolled several Christmases passed without her drawing the keepsake from its cover, and at length the episode of the wounded lad and his souvenir was forgotten as if it never had been.

A. D. 1660.

Again Christmas had come. Again the ground was covered with a coating of snow, but the locality was not Worcester. Nine years had passed since Col. Dunstan had saved the life of the wounded cavalier youth. Oliver Cromwell was dead. His feeble son Richard had resigned the arduous cares of state, too heavy for him. Every cavalier now gave his beaver an extra cock and swaled an extra feather, for the king, gay but heartless Charles II., had been brought home again with uproarious demonstrations of delight by the people at large, as well as by the loyal gentlemen who had ruined their estates and shed their blood in chivalric fealty to a throne that they half despised.

The scene on which we now enter was a manor house with its surrounding demesue, near to the Scottish border and now held by Col. Dunstan, it having been confiscated, with other lands, from a noble family of Scotland, and given by Oliver to his adherent as a Christmas gift. Disposing of his house at Worcester the colonel removed to his new grant, to ensure it by actual occupation. There he lived with considerable increase of state, placing Ghrimes in the office of land-steward, and caring little himself for the pomps and vanities. The overbearing tyranny of his underling caused the new occupant to be heartily hated. The sense of justice differs in the Irish and English peasant. The former would speedily have shot his landlord from behind a hedge, while the rustics on the Newmead demesne merely grumbled and longed for a chance to give "squire" a taste of fist. From this hatred Lucy was exempted. She, poor girl, had no suitors. Public affairs were out of joint, and it was no time to marry or be given in marriage.

Most of the notable events of Col. Dunstan's life had happened at Christmas, and the Christmas of our story was no exception. The godly of the period ostentatiously abstained from any celebration of the holy time. Consequently father and daughter were alone on Christmas eve when the land-steward rushed in breathlessly exclaiming "the Philistines be upon us! Neighbors Dixon and Watsby and Rev. Boanerges are in the hands of the men of Belial and ere now are on the way to London strapped to their saddles! Flee! flee!" The colonel had barely time to say hurriedly to Lucy "my child, I had expected this, but not so soon. You must now go alone. Make your way to Holland to the godly man you wot of,"—— when the tramp of horse was heard, the order "halt!" and the ring of arms. Lucy fled from the room leaving the colonel and his henchman together. Soon the house was in possession of a force of soldiers and a number of officers entered the apartment. Although soldier-like in the sense of being bold, daring-looking men they had none of the usual military stiffness but romped about like boys. Their leader was quite a young man, perhaps of five and twenty, handsome but with a shade of sternness in his countenance. He seemed to have his wild comrades well in hand. After a time the intruders broke into groups. They did not remove their plumed hats, which, with their glittering arms and rich apparel, certainly added to the picturesqueness of the scene.

The first words spoken by the chief were remarkable. "What ho! a corporal's guard." In less than a minute six tall troopers marched into the room and stood motionless. "Take that fellow and put him under the pump," said he, a command which certainly showed a due appreciation of the steward's deserts. The chief circulated among his followers for a little while, talking and jesting, until a stout person in look and costume not unlike the knave of spades, entered the room and, solemnly stalking to Col. Dunstan, touched him on the shoulder and said, "Ezekiel Dunstan, I arrest thee of high treason." This was the Roundhead's Christmas gift.

The incident caused no excitement. Two tall guardsmen quietly placed themselves against the wall behind the colonel but did not interfere with his movements. The chief seated himself at the head of the long table and directed that the prisoner be placed opposite to him. Several members of the company lounged to seats on either side. Addressing the prisoner the chief said, "You have a daughter. Let her come into our presence."

"Sir," replied the colonel firmly, "I know not who you are. I *do* know God's just revenge against murder, yet will defy you to mortal combat. I will not have my daughter made a spectacle to godless men."

"Tush!" said the chief, "you are my prisoner; I do not cross swords with captives."

Here several caviliers rose, hands on swords, and professed themselves willing to accomodate the captive or anybody else who felt belligerent.

"Please, gentlemen," said the officer in command, "some one call the women servants. Drag them hither by the hair of their heads!" Three or four of the youuger men went rollicking out and speedily returned driving in a number of frightened females.

"Hark, ye jades!" cried the imperious chief, "go to your lady. Present to her the humble duty of the commander of this fotce and entreat her to join her father in this apartment. Off! and, mark me! treat her with the respect due to a queen, else, women as ye are, ye shall taste of whip."

Quickened by this significant hint, the women retired, and in a few minutes Lucy entered, walking proud and stately, with eyes on the ground, to a chair that one of company placed. All received her with respectful obeisance. The women gladly escaped on the order, "two of you wait on your lady,—the rest begone to your caves!" The prisoner's examination was then proceeded with. At the first sound of the chief's voice Lucy started and blushed, then became deadly pale, and after a lightning glance at the speaker sat motionless. What could ail the girl?

"Accused," the chief began, "you have conspired against this realm even to the bearing of arms against the person of His Sacred Majesty Charles, of blessed memory, first of the name, and against His equally Sacred Majesty Charles II., Our Sovereign Lord and King, whom God long preserve." At the word every cavalier doffed his feathered hat and a ripple of plumes ran round the room.

"I drew my sword for no baser object than the common weal."

"You fought at Worcester fight?"

"I did."

"On the side of that Arch-Judas and damnable regicide the brewer Cromwell, whom the devil now has for his own?"

"I lent my feeble but willing aid to the instrument raised up to champion the cause of a people oppressed by a tyrannous monarch."

(Here most of the company started up, with wrath in their looks, but calmed down at a word from their chief.) The prisoner resumed firmly, "I fought according to what I believed to be God's will and according to my conscience, nor does that conscience reproach me with what I have done."

"On leaving the field you rescued a wounded cavalier,—a boy,—contrary to the arch-devil's express orders to destroy root and branch. You took him to your home and left him for months in the company of your young daughter, with whom he has since communicated, and when he fled into exile you accepted as a reward a part of his patrimony, the house and manor in which we are now assembled. Was that according to your conscience?"

"Sir," said Col. Dunstan with dignity, "you mock me. Not till this moment did I know that the grant given me for service was part of the attainder of that unfortunate lad, whose name, even now, I do not know, excepting that he bade us call him Arthur. As to the statement that he communicated with my daughter it is a lie as deep as tophet."

Here Lucy rose trembling. "Father," said she, "I have erred. The poor boy did send me a token of his remembrance. This I did not confide to you lest search should be made for the messenger, whom I believe to be one of those unfortunate gentlemen whom I have not been brought up to sympathize with but whom I pitied from my heart."

Lucy scored "*one*" by this remark, for a handsome man in the prime of life,—very different from the ragged object who brought her the bracelet,—leaped to his feet and exclaimed, "I was that messenger, and will maintain at sword's point that the demoiselle is a pattern of all that is fair and modest and virtuous,—so help me God and St. George!" A hum of

approval passed around as all eyes stared boldly at the abashed girl.

"Enough," said the chief coldly. "Secretary, read those briefs."

The first was the warrant signed by Hyde the Chancellor, for the arrest of Ezekiel Dunstan for having borne arms against the King. The second was a formidable document, with Charles's sprawling signature, annulling a grant made to Dunstan by the usurper Cromwell, and causing all that manor, etc., etc., to revert to the true owner, Arthur Frederick Pole Ramesey, Viscount Delafel, together with back rents, mesne profits, damages and other penalties for unlawful holding. This was but a sorry Christmas gift for the Roundhead colonel.

The third parchment was a deed in form from the said Arthur Frederick, &c., conveying in perpetuity to Lucy Dunstan, spinster, for her sole use and benefit, said manor of Newmead together with all &c., &c., in consideration of her kindness to the said Arthur Frederick in the late troubles of this realm. This was Lucy's Christmas gift.

Taking the roll of parchment in his hand the chief approached the blushing fair, and said simply "Lucy, I am Arthur." It was indeed he. The boy had accompanied his father in arms to the war, and it was the elder Delafel's body Col. Dunstan had seen when he rescued Arthur from the embrace of the dead. Now the rescued youth, as head of his house, was charged with the arrest of his preserver. Although it was impossible to ignore the warrant, the young lord said if Dunstan would give *parole*, he would use his influence to have the arrest cancelled and in the meantime would regard the prisoner as his guest. In a later conversation Lucy let Arthur know that her perceptions were quicker than he gave her credit for, for she had recognized him the moment she entered the room, in spite of the changes that years and a silky beard had made. As to the gay cavaliers,— none of whom had known beforehand of the intended romance,— they were tumultuous in their demonstrations of approval, and it was hard to say whether in their wassail,—(that lasted the livelong night till the carol children came singing "noel! noel!" under the windows on Christmas morning),—the health of the King or of Lucy and Arthur was the more vociferously pledged.

It eventually happened that the transfer of the Newmead manor to the fair Puritan did not turn out to be so generous a gift as it might have been, or as was intended, for our hero and heroine having been thrown a good deal together, the love of their earliest youth revived and Lucy became Lady Delafel. Thus the gift came back to the giver. Politics no longer separated the husband and wife as they did the lovers. Perhaps the innate reverence for royalty and absolutism, that cynics say is inherent in the female heart, brought the wife to her husband's way of thinking. The dazzle of the court, too, in which she shone, beauteous and virtuous, may have had something to do with it. With the Queen Lucy was a great favorite, and so spotless was her fame in that dissolute Court that Charles was wont to say that if it were not that Lady Delafel always dressed in such perfect taste he might have suspected her of being still a Puritan at heart. It was noticed by her intimates that one of her favorite ornaments was an exquisite pearl bracelet, to which some remembrance seemed to be attached. The commonwealth colonel, pardoned by the King's grace, viewed his daughter's alliance without disfavor but without enthusiasm. Himself regarded with suspicion by his royalist neighbors, feeling his health broken, and grieving for the glaring sins that overflowed the land, he set out for the American colony of Plymouth, wherein he hoped to end his days among kindred sectarians, but died on the passage. At the present day one of the brightest and most loyal families of the British peerage is proud to trace its lineal descent from the cavalier Arthur and Lucy the fair roundhead.

HUNTER DUVAR.

Mr. E. J. Glave, the African and Alaskan explorer, has just published a book of life and adventure in the Dark Continent, with a preface by Stanley whom he accompanied in his Congo expedition. The volume was named "In Savage Africa" in ignorance, the author tells me, that one of Winwood Reade's books bears the title "Savage Africa." I hope Mr. Glave's book may be as successful as its namesake. On the other hand the projectors of the Montreal *Arcadia* have, either unwittingly or in scorn of omens, hit upon a name that superstitious people would avoid, for *The Arcadian* of New York died an untimely death, and so did the Arcadian Club which launched it. The club was intended to eclipse the Lotus and its journal to rival *The Nation*. By-the-bye there has been too much rivalry among Canadian periodicals. It is likely that our Dominion could now support one well-edited and well-managed magazine and one well-edited and well-managed critical weekly, so as each to pay its contributors and proprietors. It is doubtful that Canada could sustain two periodicals of either class. But, as it is certain she cannot sustain half-a dozen for some time to come, five out of six ventures are bound to be fiascos, and some of them to be farces also.

* * *

Doctors Barefoot and Lees-Hall, of the Army Medical Staff at Halifax, have been doing a good and much-appreciated work in delivering free courses of lectures on the use of ambulances and the handling of injured persons. They have not confined their instruction to ladies, but have extended it to classes of firemen and policemen. It has sometimes occurred to me that the officers of the imperial forces might do more good than they imagine if they would remember that, in the colonies, they are not only military or naval men but also about the only representatives of the seat of empire, and that they might accordingly take more interest in the people of their stations, outside of the sets who are in the habit of monopolizing them. The so-called "society" of a garrison town never includes all of the more cultured inhabitants or of all those whose good-will to the empire it is most important to win. Both the officers and men of the imperial services are generally kind-hearted and often give valuable aid to colonists afflicted by fires or other disasters; but few officers make an effort either to ingratiate themselves with the humbler colonists or to seek the acquaintance of influential but unpretentious persons who are too shy to seek theirs. As a result most of the officers at colonial stations not only do little towards increasing the local affection for the empire, but also carry home superficial and misleading ideas about the colony in which they have been serving. At Halifax Admiral Commerell and Colonel R. B. Lane were among the most praiseworthy exceptions to the rule, both of them having proved themselves agreeable and sympathetic with unfashionable as well as fashionable people, and the former, among other thoughtful kindnesses, having presented to the library of the Legislature some volumes of charts that were used by Lord Nelson.

* * *

The collapse of the Republican party, after all their tall talk and big claims and in spite of their vast corruption funds, reminds me of a passage in the first chorus of the *Antigone* which I had learnt by heart, probably as a punishment, in my schooldays. Literally translated it is: "For Zeus exceedingly hateth the boasts of the large tongue, and seeing them struggling in a mighty flood (i.e. *with much impetuosity*, or *with a large follow-*

ing), and being a scorner of the clash of gold, casts with brandished bolt at (the leader who is) already rushing to shout, Victory! from the topmost battlements." It seems like a desecration to convert the fine anapestics of Sophocles into such poor prose, and it is only sinning a wee bit more to distort them into modern colloquial jargon: "For Jove particularly dislikes the bragging of the long tongue, and seeing them campaigning with a loud boom, and despising the clink of their boodle, shoots his bolt at the party that is hurrying to hurrah from the balcony of the White House." Sophocles is admitted to be a great dramatist; but, like Saul, he is not usually counted among the prophets.

* * *

Though he had printed some light verse, the late Professor James De Mille is not usually ranked among the poets of Canada. A manuscript poem of over a thousand lines has, however, been lately found among his papers. It is entitled, "Behind the Veil," and the subject would seem to be taken from Richter's "Vision of Immortality," with strong suggestions of "The Raven" both in the prelude and in the rythm—though the structure of De Mille's stanza deviates somewhat from Poe's. I have read enough of the manuscript to convince me that it is a gracefully versified poem of much imaginative and descriptive power and not unlikely to give our dead novelist a high rank among the poets of his country. It is not quite decided in what form this treasure-trove is to be given to the public, but I understand that the talented occupant of De Mille's chair of English Literature in Dalhousie College has agreed to edit a limited *edition de luxe*, if a sufficient number of the dead author's admirers are willing to subscribe for copies.

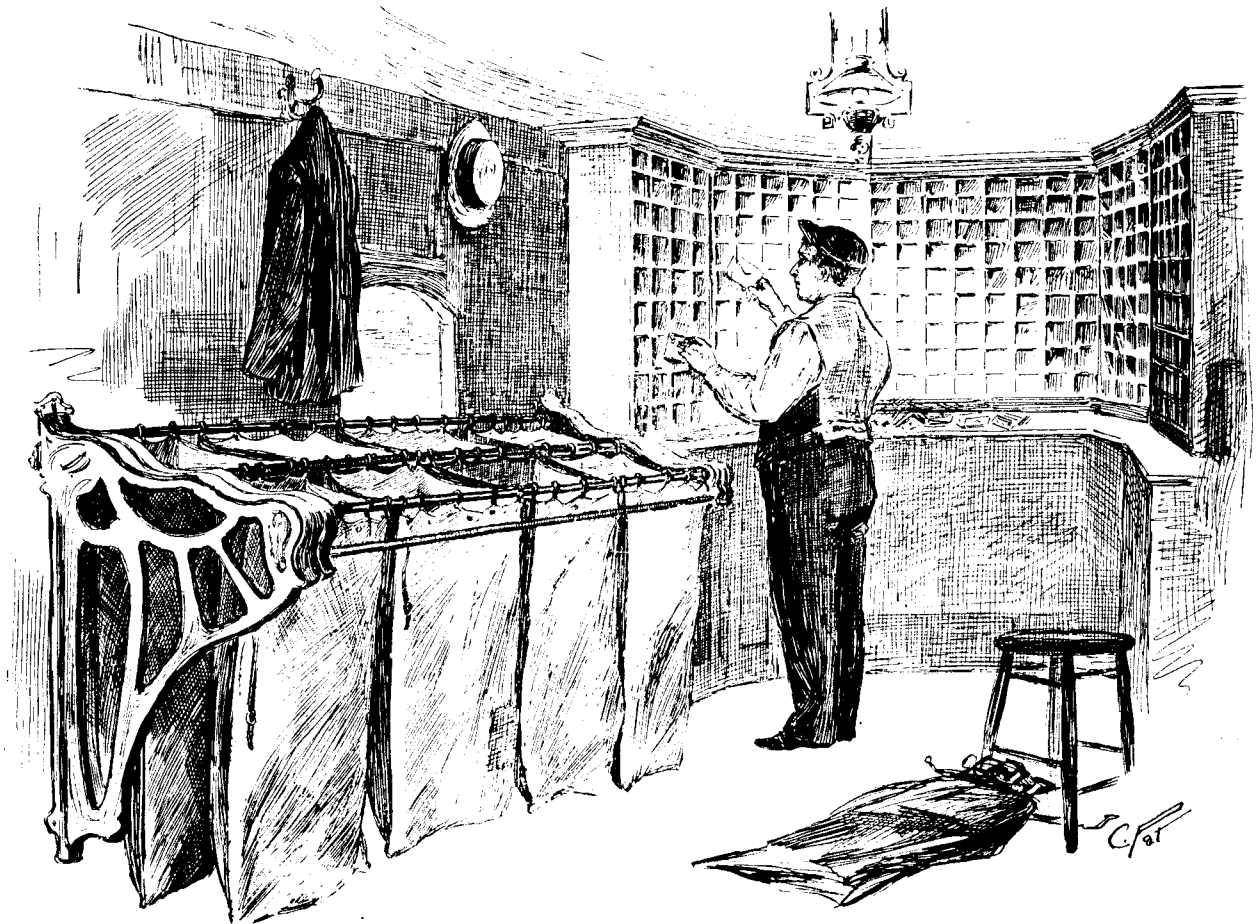
F. BLAKE CROFTON.

MY MAID.

'Twas standing 'midst her lilies sweet and rare
She slowly swung her bonnet to and fro,
And would not bid me stay or bid me go
But stood, of all Earth's fairest things most fair.
The wind stole through her wilful golden hair,
And she the bonnet swung more slow and slow
Till it was still—her eyes sought mine, and lo
I found the answer that I longed for there.

But ah! 'tis sweetest joy brings bitterest pain
For whiter than her lilies now lies she,
And though I pray, and call and call again
Her eyes will never lift to look at me.
Cold is her brow with wilful curls upon it,
She sleeps so well my maid who swung the bonnet.

MARY E. FLETCHER.



SORTING LETTERS IN A MAIL CAR

THE Railway Mail Clerks of CANADA

ASK the average citizen where the sorting of the ever-increasing mail matter is done and the almost invariable answer will be—why, in the post offices of course—meaning, thereby, the stationary, not the travelling post offices. Indeed the number of people who have never heard of such a convenience as a travelling post office is truly remarkable when we consider that the present day tendency is to turn the fierce search-light of the modern press on all relations of life. In no other department so intimately connected with the public welfare are the masses less informed than they are in this important branch of the P. O. Department. This immunity from publicity arises largely no doubt from the inflexible rule that no person outside of the mail-clerks in charge and the P. O. Inspector or his assistants are allowed in the mail-car. It is rightly held by the department that the safety and sacredness of the people's mail is a moral as well as a material trust and that all chances of its being tampered with should be carefully guarded against. Consequently the few persons in this bustling, hurrying age who do stop for a moment to consider what are the duties of the man whom they see in the mail-car door at the different stations handing out and receiving mail-bags—conclude in an indefinite hazy way that his and the baggageman's functions are very similar. They reason from the imperfect data at their command that the mail-clerks are handed in labelled bags which they deliver at the points specified. They do not—indeed cannot know that as the trains on the different railways speed North, South, East and West, busy hands and brains, in close cars often overheated, surrounded by heaped mail-bags, are sorting up more than three-fourths of the total daily mail. They do not know that the bags received are opened in a trice often before the train has time to get under motion again—the contents swiftly sorted then and the bagging up for the next delivery hurried forward as the whistle is sounding for the depot. The general public have no knowledge of the fact that often mail-clerks after running over a route for years could not recognize the salient features of the country traversed by reason of never having had leisure to look out of the windows. True they catch glimpses of the outlook near the station but their business in life is to do quickly and correctly their work and they are not on board to admire scenery. Could an outsider peep in the car he would see, though it might be midwinter—men with their coats off, sleeves rolled up, working as if their life depended on a supreme effort, for be assured theirs is no kid glove duty. On the contrary it demands a hearty co-operation of brain and muscle—brain in order that a mental map of the different and quickest routes may be spread out like an open book before the sorter, and muscle so that the indispensable dexterity may be exercised, for quickness combined with accuracy are essentials to keep up the pace. Let those who perhaps think the railway mail-clerks duties light and a "soft snap" because they see him with a few hours at his disposal—his trip finished—reflect what is meant by sorting letters and post cards at the rate of four thousand an hour. Yet on many routes this rate of speed must be attained and maintained in order

Preparing for next station.

to get through the work. I do not wish the reader to understand from this statement that *many* clerks *have* to sort that number in sixty consecutive minutes, for other duties intervene—entering registered letters, locking up bags, etc., but I do say that on nearly all the Canadian mail cars that rate of speed is essential at some points of the trip. Further there are many mail-clerks scattered throughout the Dominion like Mitchell (Fort Erie to St. Thomas) or McLaren (London to Niagara Falls) or McLeod (Toronto to Montreal, who are capable of even a higher rate of speed than the one mentioned.

Speed is desirable, nay indispensable, but accuracy is quite as important a factor; for a letter sorted one pigeon-hole to the right or left of the proper one may mean days of delay as one may indicate Manitoba, the other New York City. These days of delay may mean to the sender or receiver—notes gone to protest—engagements unfulfilled—friendships sundered or mayhaps loving hearts broken. They mean weary anxious waiting for the delayed letter and in every case they mean a sense of annoyance. It is therefore impressed on every mail-clerk on his entrance to the service that speed *must* be accompanied by absolute accuracy—indeed all the slips with which letter-packages are faced have printed directions to report on the back all missent letters. In addition, the clerks are required to report for examination every two months until they make 95 per cent. on sortation and afterwards once a year or oftener if required. That remarkable accuracy is attained is shown by the confidence of the business public who leave to the last moment letters of vital importance to be answered secure in the conviction that they will get there on time.

The position and duties of the railway mail-clerk are unique in many respects. Working with every nerve at the utmost tension, hand and brain in lightning touch, with map-photographs chasing each other swiftly across the mind whilst above all and around all the dull roar and throb of the engine almost against the partition of his car, do you wonder that at the end of a busy run he gets off the train pumped out of energy? His work differs from nearly all other clerical work inasmuch as there is absolutely no postponement or holding over for the morrow. It must be done there and then. The train is rushing on, every station adds their quota, no mail matter must be carried by and the mails must be ready for delivery. At every station your sortation good or bad is passing beyond your control not to be recalled, and every minute the terminus is nearer at hand where all the remaining matter must be ready bagged up and properly labelled for waiting trains. At such times let anything go wrong and he is a cool man who does not get rattled. Suppose, for example, your registered letter list does not balance when near the end of your trip—suppose it shows in staring figures

that will not be gainsaid that you have received one more registered letter than you can account for. You cannot, like a bookkeeper, sit down and calmly review the transactions, item by item, until you reach the mistake, simply because there is no time. In ten minutes the train will be drawn up at the station and the mail carrier will be rapping on the car door for all your mail to deliver to other routes, and thus your only tangible evidence will pass into other hands and the mistakes be duly reported. Should the missing registered letter fail to reach the person to whom it is addressed, the mail clerk at fault is required to make it good, and the uncertainty of the amount about which, of course, he absolutely knows nothing, does not by any means add to his comfort. Well, as I remember, how this truth was first impressed on my own mind when I entered the service. I was learning the road, and the clerk in charge—one of the coolest and brainiest Irishmen I ever met—could not get his sheet to balance. The full import of this was not apparent to me in my untutored state and I could not understand the distress of this strong man; the perspiration stood in great beads on his forehead, though it was midwinter, and his agitation was so great that he could not add the columns correctly, though the total was trifling, whilst the roar and rush of the train bringing us nearer our destination added momentarily to his distress. The error was fortunately discovered just as the engine was sounding for the station and the recoil from the mental strain almost unmanned him again. For, be it remembered that such a mistake may mean, not only financial loss, but loss of position, and far worse than either may mean a worse stigma attached to your name for life. It will be easily understood then that the security of the registered letters is closely looked after by the mail clerk (in common with all the other mail matter).

When the bags are opened the registered letters are carefully examined to see that they correspond with the accompanying letter-bills and that they are in good order. Then those are selected which are for points close at hand and entered on their respective bills. The remainder are put aside for the moment and the sortation of the other mail matter begins, for every little *ruse* has to be brought in play to gain time, for at busy points time is everything. The registered envelope system and personal delivery of mail at terminal points—reforms introduced under the immediate instructions of Post Master General Haggart — have served to give almost perfect security against loss.

Persons given to a loose and careless mode of speaking sometimes refer to the insecurity of sending registered letters. Indeed, I have it from a graduate of a

J. W. H. Cameron, Halifax to Moncton.

leading Canadian Business College that one of the lecturers—a prominent lawyer, who ought to have known better—referred to the registration of letters as an "inducement to loss," in the course of a lecture to the students. It is quite true the Post Office Department does not guarantee to make good all losses sustained in sending by registered letter. A moment's thought will show an impartial observer that this is obviously impossible —the contents not being known—but the department does guarantee to trace a registered letter and compel the dishonest or careless employee to make restitution

A "Catch Mail."

when at all possible and be punished in addition. How well this is performed is evidenced by the report of the Post Master General which shows in cold type no loose statements or exaggeration, that out of a total of 3,280,000 registered letters which were handled by the Canadian Post Office Department, during the year ending on June 30th, 1890, only 24 such letters were irrevocably lost so that the contents were not recovered. The greater part of even this small number were letters lost through unavoidable causes, such as fires, etc.

Any fair minded person can test the matter for themselves by calling up in their mind the number of instances in their own neighbourhood of persons who *actually* suffered a loss through sending by registered letter. Then remember the great number sent every year and also that one genuine loss is about the proportion to millions safely delivered.

In scores of cases the non-receipt of a registered letter is reported to the Post Office Inspector, a "tracer" (official letter) is sent out and when it finally reaches the office of delivery it is discovered that the letter has not been called for or has been safely delivered to the person to whom it was addressed.

The question is often asked, "Do the

A. J. Gross, St. John to Moncton.

obscure addresses, poor penmanship, etc., hinder you much in your rapid work?" Well, there is not nearly so much trouble along these lines as is popularly supposed. The people are writing better year by year, and again, they usually take special pains with the address. Besides, the mail clerk only looks for the post office and province or state, the person's name does not concern him, in most cases is never seen in the hurried sortation. Much more difficulty is experienced, however, through letters and post cards sent out without *any* address or with an imperfect address. Here are two actual sample addresses received in the mails last year:—

(1) MR. G. MARBARRETT
At a farm
1,700 miles beyond Montreal
North West Territory
Canada

(2) Kains St
St Thomas. Ont
i dont no the gents name.

All mail matter not addressed or indefinitely addressed, finds its way to the Dead Letter office, and what strange flotsam and jetsam does eventually fetch up there! Here are some of the articles selected at random from the Post Master General's report, 1890:—Base-ball contract, diamond ring, ear-drums, false teeth, liver pads, lottery tickets (31), Victoria Cross, etc., etc., all showing the universal use of the mails. Bees and other live insects, which are frequently sent in little barred boxes through the mail, are handled very gingerly—the business end of a bee is formidable even to a hardened mail clerk. Snakes are said to be also sent by mail, but for this I cannot vouch, and some people are uncharitable enough to say that they only exist in the clerk's imagination.

Amongst the ills that mail clerks are peculiarly liable to are kidney diseases, caused no doubt by constant standing, for they scarcely ever sit down when the train is running as it is almost impossible to write or sort in that position. The constant shake and jar of the train also aids those insidious diseases and an old mail clerk with those organs in a perfect state of health is a rarity. On the other hand though the cars are often overheated and close with plenty of dust from the piled mail-bags, yet the doors having to be opened at every station ensures plenty of oxygen and consequently diseases of the lungs are rare. In collisions the mail clerks usually suffer more than the trainmen. Cooped up in a closed car immediately next to the engine-tender, working away entirely oblivious of the outlook or signals, they know naught of the impending crisis till the crash comes. In a collision on the Lake Shore Ry., near Cleveland in 1889, the whole staff of six clerks were instantly killed, "crushed like rats in a trap" as one of the morning dailies

F. E. Harrison, Winnipeg to Elkhorn.

announced it. For a time after this accident the United States Post Office Department found it almost impossible to get competent men to run on this route, but the incident was soon swallowed up in the great ocean of forgetfulness.

In connection with collisions an amusing story is told of one of the Western Ontario clerks, who, though an old man now, still sticks to his post of duty. He was rather feared by his colleagues on account of the sharpness of his mother-wit, so whenever a chance came to turn the tables on him they never lost a chance of doing so. One day the clerk whom I will call X, was busily sorting when the collision came, throwing him violently against the pigeon-holes. Regaining his feet he sprang through the open door just in time to see the two engines rearing up like huge monsters in conflict. Half-stunned and thoroughly frightened he was away in a moment over the fence and disappeared from view. No one was seriously hurt and the conductor soon had a group around him discussing the affair. "I wonder who that blankety blank fool was that ran across three fields before stopping," said the conductor. "I guess it was me," replied X, from the crowd. His fellow-clerks got hold of the story in some way and to this day it is not safe to refer to that collision in X's hearing. He admits to two fields but has always claimed that the third field was a wicked and base invention of the enemy.

H. Cousins, Windsor to St. Thomas.

More tragic though was the accident that befell poor Moylan, mail clerk on the Grand Trunk east of Toronto, some years ago. The usual mail car on the Grand Trunk has a passage running along one side, connecting the smoking and ordinary coaches. The door on one side of the mail-car opens out into this passage—the door on the other side directly out into the open. Moylan had been accustomed when the whistle sounded for a "catch-mail" *i. e.*, where the train does not stop, to step quickly out in this passage—mail bag in hand—ready to drop it off and receive the return bag. At Toronto the car had been reversed and when Moylan as usual stepped out—not this time into the passage but down to the ground—the train running swiftly, he was dashed to death.

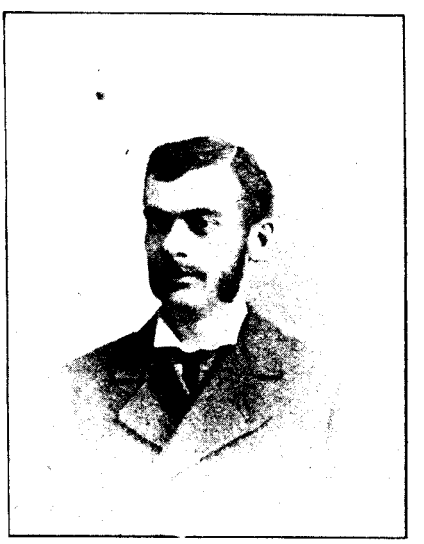
Only a few years ago Mr. W. Cousins, now running between Stratford and Port Dover, had a foot wrenched off when getting out at London East to unlock a letter box. But enough of these gruesome accidents just now—sufficient has been said to show that the mail clerk's life is a hazardous one—in fact most insurance companies place them in the extra hazardous class.

Considering their dangerous calling, hardships, etc., the salaries are by no means excessive, ranging from $480 (third class) to $960 (first class.) In addition they receive mileage varying with night or day service—day service being reckoned from 8 a. m. to 8 p. m. and night service from 8 p. m. to 8 a. m. When first appointed they are styled probationary clerks—their period of probation usually lasting from six months to a year when, if found fitted for the work, they are termed permanent third-class clerks. It takes many years to climb from third

to second and then to first, and often the hair is streaked with silver threads when that goal is attained. There are other posts open to the ambitious—Mr. A. G. McKinney, Chief Railway Mail Clerk, and Mr. C. Fisher, Assistant Post Office Inspector, both in the London division, were formerly mail clerks and good clerks too. A new man is expected to act as relief for some years and to familiarize him with the different routes he is sent around the division to which he belongs and thus he learns the runs. If steady he, after a time, is assigned to a permanent route but even then he is held liable by the department to be transferred in case of need.

All kinds of mail matter may be posted on the train except registered articles, but in no case is the clerk instructed to give out mail—that duty belongs to the postmasters. Some years ago a clerk was in the habit of occasionally letting a local magnate have his daily paper out of the package to read on his way home from the city. This had gone on so long that the local man now looked on it as a right—he being in blissful ignorance that the clerk was thereby through good nature violating his instructions each time. It so happened that the clerk fell ill, and the Assistant Post Office Inspector for that division took his place for a few days. The Assistant Inspector was sorting away in the car when there came a sharp imperative rap at the door. Opening it he saw a pompous looking individual who evidently, by his manner, looked on him as an intruder in the dominion of his friend—the mail clerk. "I want my paper," was the salutation hurled at the Inspector. "Oh, indeed, and what is the name of your post office? "Why A—— of course." "Well then, no doubt you will get your paper at A——, if you call for it." "But I tell you the mail clerk always gives it to me when I am in the city." "Oh! Well I will take care that he does not do so in the future," added the Inspector as he closed the door and also the interview.

The volume of mail matter received does not vary so much, from day to day, as might be expected. It is popularly supposed that Monday would be the heaviest letter day, as a great many people postpone answering their letters till Sunday afternoons. This intermittent source has no appreciable effect on the main stream, and Friday, if there is any difference in the supply at all, furnishes the most letters, and Saturday the least. Business men usually clear up their correspondence for the week on Friday and this probably accounts for the difference. Of course Thursday is the paper day—all or nearly all the weeklies come pouring in on that day and the current of mail is swollen to hugh proportions, and many mail clerks, on Thursday's, actually handle tons of printed matter. Where there are two or more clerks in a car, the clerks in charge sort the letters—the assistants (juniors) the papers, so that Thursday's are not looked forward to with much pleasure by the assistant clerks. Take for example the Grand



J. E. McLeod Toronto to Montreal.

Trunk between Toronto and Montreal—one of the heaviest mail routes, probably the heaviest, in Canada. There are twenty clerks and five assistants to man the different mail trains—the clerks in charge run through from Toronto to Montreal and return whilst the assistants on the "night run" turn back at Napanee and at Landsdowne on the "day run." On a round trip they sort, check off and enter 800 registered letters, sort 25,000 ordinary letters, sort tons of papers, besides making up, delivering and receiving all local mails on the route. A whole car is devoted exclusively to the mails and it can be readily guessed that the assistants are not sleeping when it is known that often they have 200 sacks hung up to receive papers alone. The clerks average about 4,000 miles travel per month, and Mr. J. E. McLeod, one of

W. T. Cox, Vancouver to Calgary.

the clerks in charge, whose photo is herewith given, during his sixteen years of service, on different runs, has kept accurate account of number of miles travelled and they aggregate 673,861.

Perhaps the longest run in the Dominion is between Vancouver and Calgary, 642 miles, making the round trip, 1,284 miles. This is the route on which Mr. W. T. Cox runs, whose portrait is presented as one of our representative mail clerks. Mr. Cox entered the service in 1867, when very young, and has successively run on G. W. Ry., East; G. W. Ry., West; C. S. Ry., West; in Ontario and then in Manitoba, between Winnipeg and Moosomin, also between Virden and Moosejaw. Whilst on the latter run the engineers' strike took place in one of the coldest winters ever experienced in the North West. Owing to the cold weather (30 below zero) and the inefficient engineers who had taken the strikers' places, it sometimes took a week to make the trip between Moosejaw and Virden. The engines would "die" after running a short distance and the train would be left maybe for a day between stations. There were three clerks in the car and one had to attend solely to the fires at such times while the others skirmished for food and fuel. To let the fire go out was to freeze, and they, unlike the train-men, dare not abandon their charge. During the Riel rebellion Mr. Cox and the other clerks stationed at Moosejaw drilled with the reserves, who had been hastily raised; but the Sioux Indians and halfbreeds, camped near by, did not risk an attack. His present run, Vancouver to Calgary and return, takes about four days and nights. He was on the train which made the noted run down the hill on the C. P. R. a few years ago. I can add nothing to Mr. Cox's graphic description. "The grade is 4ft. to the 100 and we always have a "pusher," an engine of the largest calibre, placed on the rear of the train to assist us up the grade. Owing to severe snowstorms on the night in question, the train was divided, two engines taking the sleeper and first-class, whilst the mogul engine was attached to the mail car and the second-class. When we had got near the top of the hill the severe straining and jerking broke the link between the engine and cars, and though brakes were used, it was impossible to stop. Away down the hill we went at a terrific rate. At the bottom the second-class car bounded from the track and rolled over two or three times, whilst our car pitched into the side of the mountain, was thrown across the track and remained right side up. One man was killed, four or five seriously wounded, and twenty slightly so. I had been asleep (on this long run there are certain places where the clerks snatch some sleep), up to the time we started on our mad career down hill, and seeing letters, papers, mail-bags, etc., flying around the car when I awoke, concluded I had better remain in my bunk and braced myself against the sides. I had not long to wait (although it seemed hours) before the crash came. I was not hurt much, but just the same, I am not hankering after another similar ride." Mr. Cox is constantly accompanied in his trips by the fox-terrier, "Tootsie," who appears in the picture.

Many mail clerks have grown old and gray in the service till the handling of letters has become almost second nature to them, whilst others, like Hon. J. C. Patterson, the present Minister of Militia

B. D. D. Rorison, Windsor to London.

(once running on the Great Western, between Windsor and London), leave it after a short experience, for more congenial fields of labor. Mr. P. Purdon has for 38 years been in charge of the mail car between Niagara Falls and London, or such portions of that route as were completed when mail service was first established in Canada, and none of the "young colts" can sort away mail matter, to-day, faster or more accurately than he. During his 38 years of service he has run 1,422,720 miles, or, in other words, has completed the circuit of the earth nearly sixty times over. Mr. Rorison (Windsor to London), and Mr. Cousins (Windsor to St. Thomas), whose picture is given starting out on his trip, have both been in the service over 30 years. Ex-Postmaster General James, of the United States, was honest enough to admit in an article, in *Scribner's Magazine*, a few years ago, that the railway mail service was introduced into Canada before it was known to the United States. This is a remarkable admission from a nation who appropriated Hanlan as an American, *when he was a winner*, and persistently refer to our excellent ballot system of voting, just being introduced in the United States, as the Australian system. They are willing to give Australia credit because it is on the other side of the world, but will not admit that anything good can come from their near neighbor Canada. But, "that's another story," as Rudyard Kipling says. Suffice to say, the scheme of having the mails sorted on trains running at full speed was first put into practical use in Canada on the old Great Western, in 1854, and Mr. P. Purdon, already mentioned, was the first Canadian mail clerk, in fact, the first mail clerk on this continent, and is still running on his old route hale and hearty.

It was introduced into New Brunswick in 1867. Photos are given of two representative New Brunswick clerks, Messrs. Gross and Weldon.

Manitoba got the mail service in 1880, a picture of Mr. F. E. Harrison, a former Stratford boy, is given as a representative Manitoba clerk.

In 1883, even before the C. P. R. had crossed the mountains, railway mail service was established in British Columbia, from the coast terminus, and now from Prince Edward Island to the Pacific Ocean there are more than 12,000 miles of railway on which the mails are distributed and sorted by the clerks.

In conclusion allow me to say on behalf of my fellow Railway Mail Clerks that we believe we have not proved unworthy of the trust reposed in us—a trust the most delicate and sacred because it has to do with that which every man and woman regard with jealous care—their correspondence. We feel that even amid the whirr of swiftly moving trains where

W. J. Weldon, Moncton to Campbellton.

J. G. Norris, Winnipeg to Port Arthur.

time is indeed golden—often with no precedent to guide us, for varying circumstances arise daily, we have done our duty. Our route may be along the rocky reaches of the Lake Superior district with its yawning chasms of virgin mineral wealth, or through the golden wheatfields of sunny Manitoba, or climbing the ribbed Rockies to reach that sturdy young giant Vancouver, or amid the older and more thickly-populated Ontario or Quebec, or by the apple orchard valleys of Nova Scotia, or past New Brunswick's rich forests, but everywhere we profess to have played our modest part in life's drama. Nor do we claim exceptional credit on that account, for the citizen who plays the laggard's part in whatever position in life he is placed, does not live up to the lofty plane of citizenship. True, here and there in our ranks will be found men who are unworthy of their calling, but this is common to all conditions of life. A great part of our time is spent away from the kindly influences of home, far removed from the sacred sphere of mother, wife or sister—catching our meals at way stations in semi-vagabond style—surrounded by temptations incidental to hotel life; do you wonder, reader, that occasionally one of our number is found straying off the strict path of rectitude? On the other hand we can point with pardonable pride to many mail clerks the centres of social influences for good in the communities where they reside—to men like Wm. Edgar and C. C. F. H., of Windsor, Ont., elected year after year as aldermen—to many men elected to positions of trust from our ranks, and we can point to literary men amongst us whose attainments are not meagre. Though it is not in our province to steer the ship of state or move parliaments with eloquent burning words, yet each one in his limited round of duty can by proving true to himself and faithful to the trust reposed in him serve the public weal, for as Longfellow truly says:

"All are architects of Fate,
Working in these walls of Time,
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme.
For the structure that we raise,
Time is with materials filled,
Our to-days and yesterdays,
Are the blocks with which we build.
Truly shape and fashion these,
Leave no yawning gaps between,
Think not, because no man sees,
Such things will remain unseen.
Else our lives are incomplete,
Standing in these walls of time,
Broken stairways, where the feet
Stumble as they seek to climb."

May each citizen of our beloved Canada strive to attain this noble ideal.

C. M. SINCLAIR.

H. M. S. "BLAKE."

THE frontispiece to this issue gives a view of the finest war-vessel that has ever been on the North American station. She reached Halifax last May, and at once became the centre of attraction for residents of that city as well as for the many foreigners who seek at Halifax relief from the summer heat of American cities. The "Blake" possesses great speed in addition to her enormous fighting power, making the passage from Bermuda to Halifax in forty-seven hours, and would have saved seven hours even from this fast time had it not been for a slight derangement of her machinery.

DESCRIPTION OF THE WARSHIP.

The "Blake" is a twin-screw cruiser of the first class and is one of the finest and most improved ships in Her Majesty's service, there being only three others like her. She is schooner-rigged with two funnels. Her dimensions are as follows: —Length over all, 375 feet; breadth, 65 feet; draught of water, 25 feet 9 inches. Her decks are protected on all the slopes with 6 inches of steel, the centre and ends of her deck with three inches of steel. Her indicated horse-power is 20,000; her coal capacity is 1,500 tons; her speed is 22 knots. She is a vessel of 9,000 tons displacement.

Her armament is most complete. She carries two 9-inch and twelve 6-inch breech-loading guns; also Nordenfelt and Gardner machine and quick firing guns, the latter being used for saluting purposes. She has two submerged torpedo tubes and two above water. She is also supplied with torpedo nets which go all around her. The weight of the projectiles for her various guns is:—nine and two-tenths inch, 380 pounds; six inch, 100 pounds. The total weight of her all-round fire is 1,808 pounds, of which 1,760 is from the main battery, and 48 pounds is from the secondary battery. The total weight of her broadside fire is 1,284 pounds, of which 1,260 is from the main battery and 24 rounds from secondary battery. The total weight of fire ahead or astern is 604 pounds; of which 580 pounds is from the main battery, and 24 pounds from the secondary battery. In the matter of torpedoes the "Blake" has four tubes of 15 inches diameter. Superiority in fighting end-on is a very important feature in a cruiser which may be expected to do a greater part of her fighting, either in pursuit of an enemy or in running away from one or more heavily armored and heavily armed battle ships. In either situation the "Blake" can at one discharge throw 604 pounds of metal, of which 580 are from the main battery.

THE OFFICERS

of the "Blake" are as follows:

Vice-Admiral John O. Hopkins, Commander-in-Chief of the N. A. and W. I. station.

Flag-Lieutenant, Henry G. G. Sanderman.

Secretary, W. H. Reeve.

Clerks to Secretary, Alfred G. Parker, Frederick G. Motton.

Captain, William Des. V. Hamilton.

Commander, Charles H. Bayly.

Lieutenants, Julian C. A. Wilkinson, Alex. L. Duff, Francis Bowden-Smith, Henry H. Campbell, Henry Thompson, Basil R. H. Taylor.

Staff-Commander, Henry E. Wood.

Major of Marines, George Hobart.

Chaplain, Rev. Hugh S. Wood, M.A.

Fleet Surgeon, R. S. P. Griffiths

Fleet Paymaster, Frederick North.

Fleet Engineer, John Y. Mayston.

Sub.-Lieutenants, Reginald Y. Tyrwhitt, John R. LeN. Ward.

Surgeon, Patrick B. Handyside, Wm. J. Mallard.

Assistant Paymaster, John E Dathan.

Engineers, A. H. Blade, F. H. Lister.

Asst.-Engineers, J. F. A. Hastings, W. H. Wood, C. R. Hall, W. A. Dalhan.

Gunners, F. G. Blewitt, Jonh Courtnell.

Boatswains, J. V. Luter, C. E. Collins.

Carpenter, C. J. Guest.

Midshipmen, Charles P. Mansel, Harold G. Jackson, Allan G. Hotham.

Naval Cadets, Francis R. M. White, Claude Seymour, Seymour F. Rowe, Ralph C. N. Crathorne-Hardy, Basil V. Brooke, Geo. D. Jephson, Humphrey F. Dawson, Philip H. James, Dennis G. Thynne, Leslie Menzies, Albert H. M. Phillips, Andrew J. Sarel, Arthur Bromley.

Clerk, George W. Osmond.

Assistant Clerks, Henshaw R. Russel, Herbert S. Measham, Chas. E. Manning.

THE LATE HON. SIR WILLIAM JOHNSTON RITCHIE,
Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court of Canada.

The Late Sir William Johnston Ritchie,

CHIEF-JUSTICE OF THE SUPREME COURT OF CANADA.

THE death of the Hon. Sir William Johnston Ritchie, late Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Canada, removes from the Bench the most prominent figure in Canadian judicial circles. In reproducing his portrait it may be well to accompany it with a brief sketch of his career. He is one of the many distinguished sons of Nova Scotia, having been born at Annapolis on the 28th October, 1813, and had consequently almost attained his 79th birthday at the time of his death. He was educated at Pictou and subsequently studied law with his brother, Joseph Norman Ritchie, who afterwards became a Judge of the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia and was one of the most able lawyers in that province.

The subject of our sketch was called to the bar in 1838 and took silk in 1854 ; he then became a member of the Executive Council of New Brunswick, and held office nntil the following August, when he was appointed Puisne Judge of the Supreme Court of that province, which position he held until the death of the Chief Justice of New Brunswick, the Hon. Robert Parker, when Judge Ritchie was promoted to the vacancy. After filling the position with great credit for ten years he was appointed Puisne Judge of the Supreme Court of Canada, his appointment being dated 8th October, 1875 ; and on the 11th January, 1878, he was appointed to the highest legal position of the land, that of Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the Dominion. It is almost unnecessary to say that his duties in this responsible position have been executed in a manner which called for little criticism; and his rulings, as a whole, were strictly in accordance with the most approved interpretation of the law.

Prior to his elevation to the bench Sir Ritchie had a short experience in political life, having been elected to the New Brunswick House of Assembly as member for the city and county of St. John ; this seat he occupied from 1846 until 1851, when he retired ; he was again a successful candidate in 1854 and represented the constituency until his appointment to the Bench. He was twice married, first to Miss Strang, of St. Andrews, N.B., and secondly to Miss Nicholson, of St. John. In November, 1881, he received the honour of Knighthood from Her Majesty and held the important post of Deputy Governor of Canada during the absence of Lord Lorne (the then Governor General) from July, 1881, to January, 1882, and again from September to December of the same year. He died on 25th of September last after an illness of about three weeks.

The deceased judge was the son of the late Thomas Ritchie, one of the justices of the Inferior Court of Common Pleas of the province of Nova Scotia, a tribunal which has long since been abolished. His paternal grandfather came from Scotland and settled in Nova Scotia some time before the American revolution. His mother, Eliza Wildman Johnston, was the daughter of the late Hon. James W. Johnston, who was for many years one of the most prominent lawyers and politicians of Nova Scotia and who for some time prior to his death in 1873 occupied a seat on the judicial bench. She was the descendant of a distinguished loyalist family, and her grandfather was a Scotchman of the Allandale line.

Sir William left a family of thirteen children, among whom was Mrs. Robertson of Rothesay, N.B., Mr. R. Ritchie, barrister, of St. John, N.B., Rev. F. W. Ritchie, who resides in England, Messrs. John S. Ritchie and Owen Ritchie, barristers, of Ottawa, Mr. Hagar Ritchie, late R. M. C., of Montreal, and Mrs. Hodgins, wife of Major Hodgins, Governor-General's Foot Guards, Ottawa.

LE JOURNAL DES JESUITES.

THE production of this volume is one of the bibliographical events of the year. To students of the history of New France no works are of greater interest than those connected with the early Jesuit fathers; and as the volumes are extremely rare opportunities for their study are highly valued. The original "Relations" are by far the most valuable series of works in the catalogue of *Canadiana*, an imperfect set bringing $4,000 at the Murphy sale in New York some years ago; the three volume reprint of 1858 is also out of print and fetches a high figure. The "Journal des Jesuites" is a still more valuable work. The original is in manuscript only, and in the custody of the Quebec Seminary; it was originally in the possession of the last of the Jesuits, Father Cazot, who died in 1800, but it disappeared after his death; fifteen years later it was found by A. W. Cochran, secretary to Lord Sherbrooke, and after his death in 1849, was given by his widow to Mr. Faribault who subsequently bequeathed it to the Seminary. Its great importance was quickly realized and in 1871, a reprint was issued after the expenditure of great labour and care; but one of Quebec's numerous fires intervened just as the edition was completed and all but about forty copies destroyed. For all practical purposes the work is as if it had never been reproduced, the few copies saved being naturally held at a high figure, and finding their way to a few wealthy collectors. The volume now before us is an exact reproduction of the ill-fated edition of 1871, and reflects the highest credit on the publisher, Mr. Valois; it is a large quarto of 444 pages, exquisitely printed on heavy paper, and with the ample margin necessary to properly set off so handsome a page.

In an historical sense, the value of the work cannot be overrated. It covers a period of Canadian history (the years 1645 to 1668) rich in incident, but of which the knowledge of social surrounding and detail of everyday life is drawn largely from this work; and it goes without saying that it is a volume which no one interested in such matters will be without. The regular journal is preceded by a calendar of the twenty-four years covered, each year given separately; this greatly facilitates correct reference. Space forbids our giving extracts from the work; but for a specimen of its style and the information it contains, we refer our readers to Mr. J. M. LeMoine's article on "New Year's Day in Olden Time," which appeared in the recent Christmas number of this magazine. In every point the volume ranks high, and Mr. Valois is to be congratulated on being the publisher of such a work.

Le Journal des Jésuites publie d'après le manuscrit original conservé aux archives du Seminaire de Québec par MM. les abbés Laverdière et Casgrain. Deuxieme edition, exactement conforme à la premier (1871).

Montreal, J. M. VALOIS, 1626 Notre Dame St.

A WONDER WEB OF STORIES.

This is undoubtedly the most attractive children's holiday book that has appeared in Canada this season, and is extremely creditable alike to authors and publishers. The work is a collection of fairy tales—a new feature in Canadian literary effort—and will be eagerly welcomed by all young readers; it contains five stories, three by Miss Charlton and two by Miss Fraser, as well as a fanciful little sketch in verse by the latter, entitled: "A Moonlight Frolic in December." They are all very interesting and show no small degree of literary merit. The mechanical features of the book are also exceptionally attractive. The illustrations are excellent and there are plenty of them; the type is large and clear, the paper and printing very good, while the binding is remarkably rich and tasty—the design on the front cover being a beautiful piece of work. We know of no volume that would be a better or more handsome gift for a child than this work, and it has the advantage of being entirely a Canadian production.

A Wonder Web of Stories. By Margaret Ridley Charlton and Caroline Augusta Fraser. Montreal: F. E. Grafton & Sons, Publishers.

MARJORIE'S CANADIAN WINTER.

This is a very pleasing work. It tells the story of the visit to Canada of an exceptionally good New York girl during the winter of 1884-5, and her residence in Montreal for the greater part of the year. A strong religious tone prevails, and the perusal of the book by our young friends cannot fail to have a distinctly elevating tendency. There are also vivid descriptions of Canadian winter sports and the healthy pleasures that they give; and there is also considerable space devoted to Canadian history in the recital of many of the more heroic incidents connected with the early Jesuit fathers and other pioneers of New France. The book is intended chiefly for American readers, which may account for a possible absence of British-Canadian sentiment in the work, and the views of the author on the Riel rebellion are open to criticism. This aside, the book is one which we can confidently recommend as possessing great interest as well as being instructive in many lines. Miss Machar, in this and in her previous work, "Stories of New France," has done excellent work in investing the early history of French Canada with an unusual degree of attractiveness for young readers.

The book is handsomely got up and well illustrated; we find fault, however, with the frontispiece, in which the snowshoer's uniform is lacking one essential—the coat.

Marjorie's Canadian Winter; a story of the Northern Lights. By Agnes Maule Machar, author of "Stories of New France," etc. Boston: D. Lothrop Company.

TRANSACTIONS OF THE CANDIAN INSTITUTE.

The December number of this valuable publication is to hand, and forms, as usual, a volume of great merit. It opens with details of all meetings held during the winter of 1891-2, and in these it presents a series of scientific and historical dissertations of which similar societies in older and wealthier countries might well be proud. The bulk of the volume, is, however, devoted to the publication of some of the more important papers; these bear exclusively on science and philology, and it is much to be regretted that the Council has not seen fit to publish *in extenso* at least one of the many valuable and interesting historical articles which are summarized in the Reports. The complete papers reproduced are "Proceedings of Ornithological Sub-section," "Occurrence of Evening Grosbeak in Ontario," "Canadian Wild Flowers," "St. Columba or Colum Cille," and "Déné Roots;" of these the two ornithological papers occupy almost two-thirds of the space. All these articles cannot fail to add materially to the general knowledge of the subjects treated.

We would suggest that the list of papers read during the session, as given on page 53, be in future extended so as to include those read before the various sub-sections; these possess considerable value and, as it is now, have to be picked out from the several sub-section reports.

Transactions of the Canadian Institute for December, 1892. Toronto. The Copp Company (Ltd).

THE EARLY BIBLIOGRAPHY OF ONTARIO.

As indicated by the sub-title, this work supplements Dr. Kingsford's previous volume on the subject, published in 1886, under the title of "Canadian Archœology"; with this exception, that the last-mentioned work includes Lower Canada in its scope. It was a wise act on the part of the author to limit his enquiries in the present instance

to Ontario, as the bibliography of the province of Quebec is a subject which can scarcely be properly treated by any but a resident of the province, and one thoroughly familiar with the the early imprints of both of its chief cities.

The work now before us is undoubtedly a most valuable contribution to our literature. The more extended essay of 1886 was the first distinct volume on Canadian bibliography that had seen the light, apart from Mr. Faribault's "Catalogue" of 1838, and Mr. Morgan's "Bibliotheca" of 1867; and the present volume, correcting as it does many of the omissions and errors of the earlier work, is of a corresponding greater value.

It begins with an interesting account of the beginning of printing in Upper Canada, and gives a list of those volumes of the early journals of the provincial House of Assembly which are known to exist; and it is surprising to learn that so few printed copies of these publications—extending from 1800 to 1821—are now to be found. Dr. Kingsford's plea that the Province undertake the re-publication of a limited number of these interesting records of our early legislators is an excellent one and will be warmly endorsed by all interested in our history. Statutes and almanacs are next enumerated, and it will astonish many to hear that not a single copy of any of the first five volumes of Statutes can be found. Almanacs began in 1797, and no doubt were regularly issued thereafter; in the sister provinces they had been published for 12 or 15 years prior to this date, and their success probably acted as an encouragement to the York and Niagara publications.

An interesting account of the Canadian Archives department precedes the main section of the work, the list of Upper Canada imprints from 1814 to 1840 (the earlier date being that of the first known pamphlet), and books published out of Canada prior to 1840 which bear on the history or condition of the Upper Province. This—while of value and interest as a detailed list of publications in Canada—is the weak part of the book, on account of the omission of so many titles from both the native and foreign imprints. Had the author stopped at 1832 it would not be so bad, but between that date and 1840 he gives *three* additional titles as apparently representing provincial imprints during those years, whereas every collector knows that—to put it mildly—dozens of pamphlets and books were turned out from Upper Canada presses during that period. Among the foreign works there are also several noticeable omissions, while some of those given have no bearing whatever upon Upper Canada No subject requires more care and patient and untiring energy than that of bibliography; and it is a warning to anyone disposed to hurriedly print his conclusions on the subject, to note that Dr. Kingsford only six years ago announced his conviction that Thompson's "War of 1812" (Niagara, 1832) was the first book (outside of Parliamentary journals, etc.), printed in Upper Canada; since then he has found no less than thirty-three to precede it, and there is no doubt but that there exist as many more in the libraries of collectors whose aid Dr. Kingsford omitted to ask when preparing this work. The book now before us cannot be said to add to Dr. Kingsford's deservedly high reputation as a Canadian historian; at the same time, however, it is a most useful work, and should be in the hands of all who make the slightest claim to collecting Canadian books or who are interested in any way in the bibliography or history of British North America.

The last thirty pages of the volume are devoted to an excellent historical sketch of the Parliamentary library and of the leading public collections in Toronto. The work is neatly bound and printed and has very few errors in typography and dating so usual in books on this subject; the only error in date we have noticed being that of the first edition of Ogden's "Tour through Upper and Lower Canada," which should be 1799, instead of 1797.

The Early Bibliography of the Province of Ontario, Dominion of Canada, with other information. A supplemental chapter of Canadian Archæology. By Wm. Kingsford, L.L.D., F.R.S.(C.). Montreal: Eben Picken. 1892.

SURPRISE SOAP has peculiar qualities for easy and quick washing of all sorts of clothing *without boiling or scalding a single piece*, giving the best results with the least labor and cost. READ THE DIRECTIONS ON THE WRAPPER. It's a remarkable easy way to wash, and simple.

While the best for washing clothes, SURPRISE is good for all household uses, and is economical as well.

Try SURPRISE next wash day.
All grocers sell it.

The St. Croix Soap Mf'g Co.,
St. Stephen, N. B.

"SWEET BELLS OUT OF TUNE."

THE NEW SOCIETY NOVEL IN "THE CENTURY."

"Sweet Bells out of Tune," Mrs. Burton Harrison's novel of New York society, which has just begun in *The Century*, has made a great hit. The publishers have reprinted the opening chapters from the November *Century*, and will send the pamphlet containing them to any one who asks for it. Write to The Century Co., 33 East 17th Street, New York, and get it. The novel is the greatest society story that has appeared in many years. It is illustrated by Charles Dana Gibson.

AN EASTERN OBJECT LESSON.

(*At the Natural History Museum.*)

VISITOR.—"Hullo! I say, I've got 'em agin! gi' me the Blue Ribbon!"—*Punch.*

The Finest in the Land.

The

G. B. CHOCOLATES

are most delicious chocolates, with soft, creamy centres and an outer coating of the finest blended chocolate.

That G.B. mark is stamped on each chocolate.

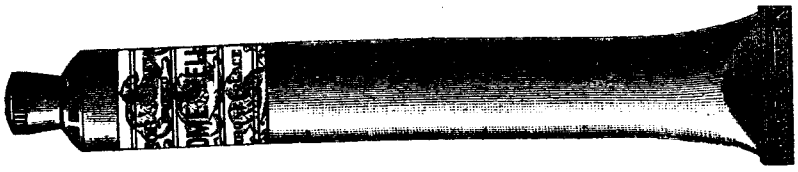
GANONG BROS., Ltd.,

Sold by all the best confectioners from Halifax to Vanconver.

St. Stephen, N.B.

HAIR AND HEXERCISE; OR, TAKING THE HAIR ON A 'OLE 'OLIDAY.

ARTISTS



MANY pictures are daily ruined by cheap colors. Consider how long a good tube of oil color, or pan of water color will last; and see what folly it is to buy those cheap German and American colors. If you want your picture to be a success, lasting and permanent, use only the celebrated

WINSOR & NEWTON COLORS.

MANUFACTURING ARTISTS COLORMEN TO

Her Majesty the Queen and Royal Family.

Ask your dealer for these colors. If he cannot supply them send direct to us.

NO RISK IN USING THESE COLORS.

A. RAMSAY & SON, - - Montreal,

Wholesale Agents for Canada,
And Manufacturers of LEADS, COLORS, VARNISHES, &c., &c.

CANADA Life Assurance Company.

ESTABLISHED 1847.

Head Office, HAMILTON, Ont.

CAPITAL AND FUNDS

Over $13,000,000

Annual Income over $2,250,00.

A. G. RAMSAY, *President.*

Secretary,	*Superintendent,*
R. HILLS.	W. T. RAMSAY.

DUEBER-HAMPDEN WATCH

We do not advertise that our Watches are other than just what they are, for this reason, people believe in us and deal with us. The Newspapers all endorse our advertisements and that we deal fairly and squarely by everybody, through them we offer this the **GREATEST WATCH BARGAIN EVER OFFERED.** This is the John C. Dueber's **BEST 14 KARAT** Full Engraved, Gold Filled Hunting Case warranted to wear 20 years. Dueber's own guarantee with each case. We fit in this Case the celebrated "DUEBER-HAMPDEN" Nickle Full Jeweled movement, stem winding, adjusted. Warranted an accurate time-keeper for TEN YEARS.

OUR OFFER

We will send this watch to ANY PERSON (no money in advance) by express, C.O.D., SUBJECT TO EXAMINATION. We will send instructions to the Express Agent to allow you to examine and CARRY THE WATCH 3 DAYS before paying for it, then if perfectly satisfactory pay the Agent **$22.00** and the Watch is yours; otherwise let him return it at OUR EXPENSE. Open Face $20.00. Address

FRANK S. TAGGART & CO.

89 KING ST. WEST, - - TORONTO, CANADA

The Allison Advertising Co.

OF CANADA (Ltd.)

ROBERT MACKAY, PRESIDENT.
JOHN MAGOR VICE-PRESIDENT.
DAVID ROBERTSON TREASURER
JOHN B. CLARKSON, SECRETARY

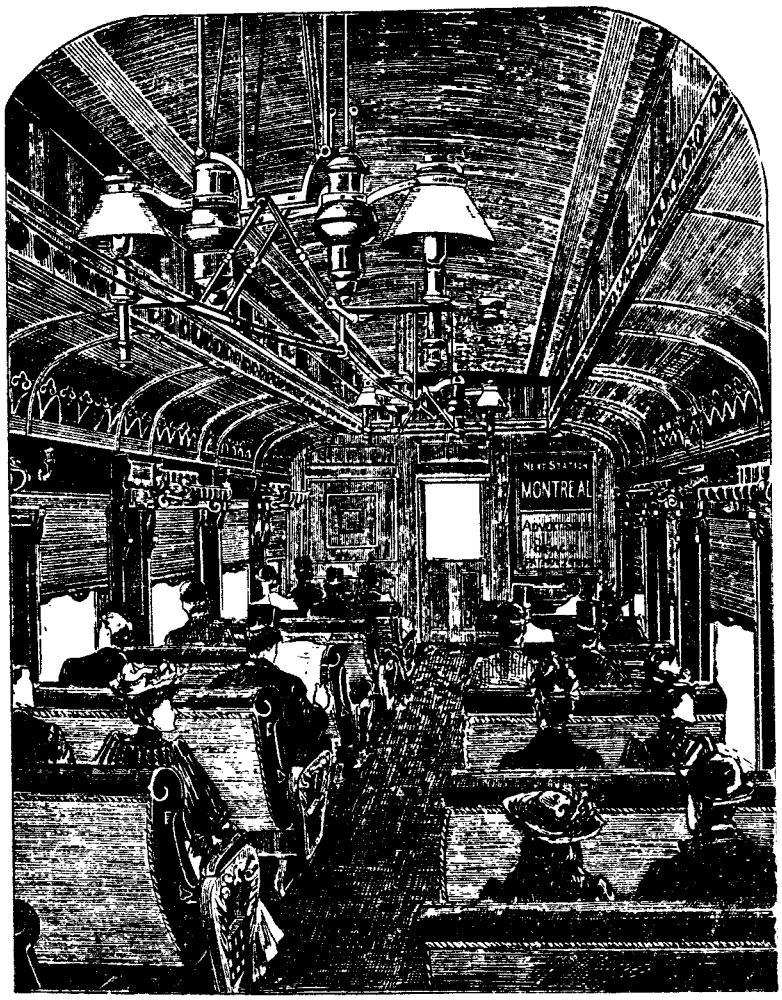
CAPITAL STOCK,
$100,000.

C. G. CLOUSTON, DIRECTOR
WM. CLARKE, "
W. J. DAWSEY, "
HECTOR PREVOST. "

WE illustrate this week a STATION INDICATOR for railway cars, which is a great improvement on the prevailing system of having the names of the stations announced by the brakeman. This verbal system is unsatisfactory in many ways, and various forms of mechanical indicators have been designed; some worked simultaneously throughout the train and others worked automatically from the track.

The Allison Company has perfected a device which is very simple in construction, and is operated by the brakeman of the train, who pushes a lever, whereupon a gong is sounded, and a plate is exposed to view bearing the name of the approaching station. It consists of a frame of neatly ornamented wood, placed in prominent position at each end of the car, containing a number of thin iron plates, painted with the names of the stations in characters legible in any part of the car. The backs of these plates are utilized for advertising purposes, and as a medium of advertising is excelled by none.

This indicator has been adopted by the Grand Trunk Railway for their entire system and in conformity with the terms of the contract we have the sole right to advertise in their passenger cars.



The first instalment has been completed and is a marked success, and now the Allison Company respectfully solicit the patronage of the public As a medium of advertising one can readily understand how much superior it is to any other, when it is remembered that no advertisement except those contained in the "Indicator" is allowed to appear in any of the Grand Trunk cars; that as the advertisement on view in the "Indicator" appears directly under the plate showing the name of the station being approached, every passenger in the car can not fail to observe it; that the Grand Trunk passes through all the principal cities and towns in Canada; these and many other circumstances combine to make **The Allison Railway Station Indicator** the best advertising medium recommended to the public

PATENTED NOVEMBER 21ST, 1890.

Upon application we should be glad to quote prices on any number of plates. Address.

The Allison Advertising Co. of Canada [Ltd.]

MONTREAL, CANADA.

Simpson, Hall, Miller & Company,

16 and 18 DeBRESOLES STREET, MONTREAL.

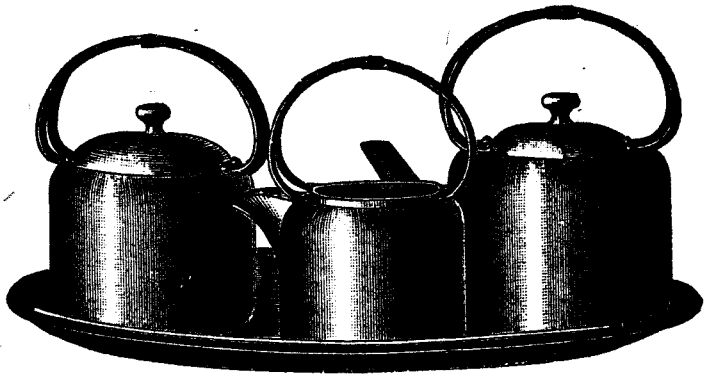
Head Office and Factories:

WALLINGFORD, CONNECTICUT.

BRANCHES:

NEW YORK CITY, 36 East 14th Street, CHICAGO, ILL., 137 and 139 State Street,

PHILADELPHIA, 604 Commerce Street.



SOLE MANUFACTURERS AND PROPRIETORS OF THE

"CELEBRATED"

WM. ROGERS Knives, Forks, Spoons, &c.

MANUFACTURERS OF THE

Finest Quality Silver-plated Ware

CONSISTING OF

Tea Sets, Waiters, Cruets, Pickle Casters, Butter Dishes
Wine Stands, Epergnes, Fruit Stands, &c., &c.

THE TRADE ONLY SOLICITED.

16 and 18 DeBresoles Street, Montreal.

A. J. WHIMBEY, Manager for Canada.

Printed and published by the SABISTON LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING CO, at their office, The Gazette Building, Montreal, and 4 King Street East, Toronto, Canada.