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# THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

(TRADE MARK)

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

(REGISTERED.)

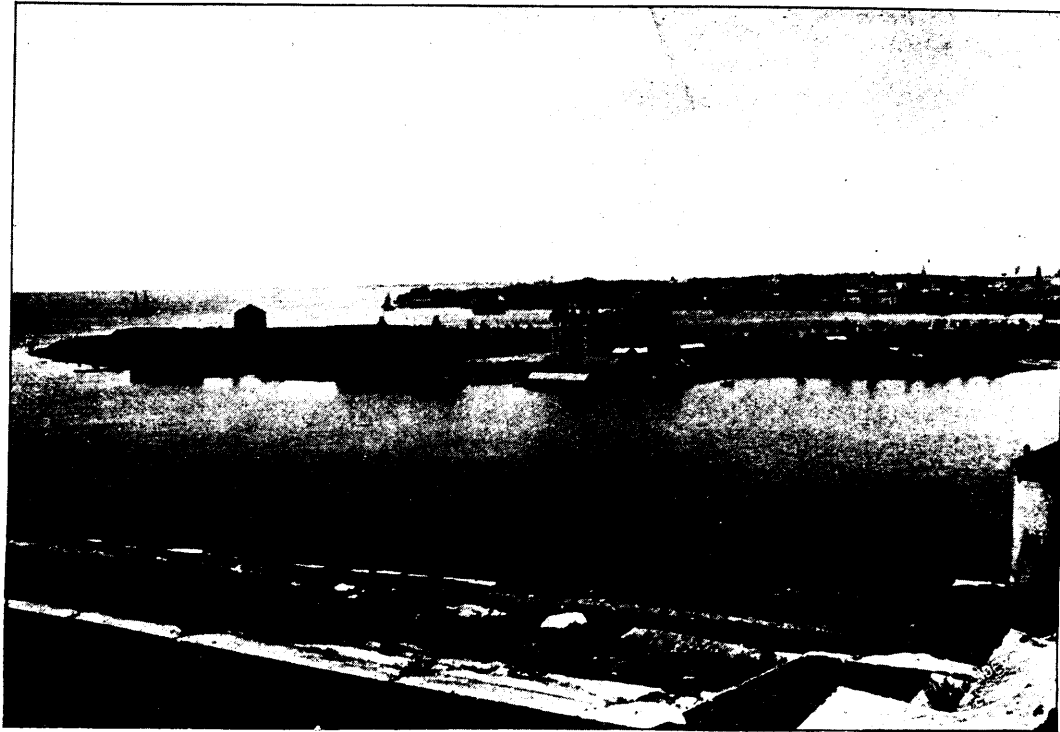
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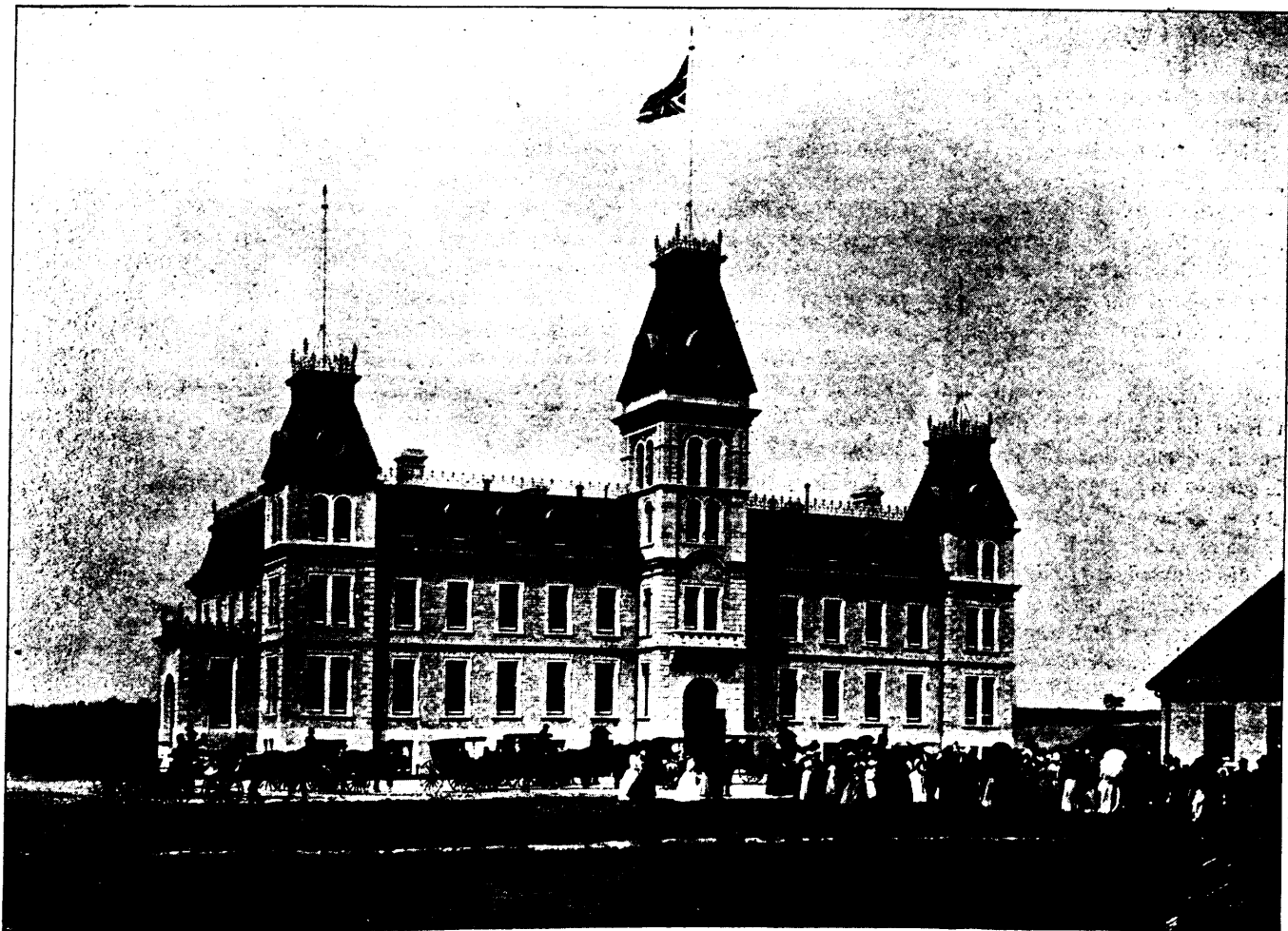
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ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE OF CANADA, KINGSTON, ONT.

From photos. by H. Henderson, Kingston, Ont.



GENERAL VIEW OF ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE, FROM FORT HENRY.



THE ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE, ON CLOSING DAY.

# The Dominion Illustrated.

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The absurd mistakes that English writers, even of the highest attainments, are prone to make when they undertake to deal with Colonial questions have often been the subject of comment. These mistakes are sometimes due to pure ignorance, aggravated by rash self-confidence; sometimes to sheer carelessness. An instance of a blunder of the later category is found in a work of more than average ability on the Constitution of Canada. The author, in treating of the method of appointing Lieutenant-Governors, gives what purports to be the form of commission issued on such occasions. It reads as follows: "Whereas we did by Letters Patent under the great seal of our Dominion of Canada, bearing date at the City of Ottawa, the ——— day of ———, in the ——— year of our reign, appoint A. B. to be Lieutenant-Governor of ———, for and during our will and pleasure, as upon relation being had to the said recited Letters Patent will more fully and at large appear. And whereas the said A. B. has since died and we have thought fit to appoint you to be such Lieutenant-Governor in his stead. Now know ye, etc." If such form were *de rigueur*, we fear that it would not be easy to secure statesmen to assume a position which, by implication, would be fatal to the incumbent. It is evident that the commission just quoted must have been issued under exceptional circumstances, resulting from the death of a Lieutenant-Governor in office. Two instances of the kind occur to us—the death of the Hon. Joseph Howe, while Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia, and that of the Hon. R. E. Caron, while Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec.

A journalist who paid close attention to the late Paris Exposition from its opening till its close, makes the unexpected statement that notwithstanding its remarkable success as a popular attraction, it will leave hardly any trace of progress in the domain of industry and science. What he pronounces the most curious invention produced at the Exhibition is the artificial silk, made by Count Chardonnet out of cellulose, to which was awarded one of the grand prizes. The materials made from this ingenious product of inventive skill are said to be very beautiful and can hardly be distinguished from fabrics of real silk. The great advantage claimed for it is its cheapness—the cost being about the third of the genuine article. It has, however, corresponding drawbacks which detract considerably from its usefulness. It is excessively, indeed dangerously, inflammable, and is much inferior to silk in durability. Its chief rival in point of ingenuity is the Thorne type composer and distributor. An American machine of the same

kind has also attracted much attention and gained wide favour in England.

The quiet revolution in Brazil has attracted more attention to South America than the three-quarters of a century of revolutions, revolts and *coups d'état* that preceded it. It is to be hoped that the impulse which it has given to our interest in the America of the Tropics and the region beyond them will be quickened and enlarged. Save that most students of history read Prescott's works on the "Conquest of Mexico" and the "Conquest of Peru," it is surprising how little attention Spanish and Portuguese America receives in the northern half of the continent. Its trade relations are almost wholly with Europe. Even before Mr. Blaine had summoned his conference, the Canadian Government had sent a commissioner to treat with Brazil and the South American States, as to the diversion of a share of their commerce to the Dominion. What the result may be we cannot say as yet. There are other points on which intercommunication might be profitably established. Some years ago several of the South American Governments agreed to exchange their publications, so that each of them might be kept informed of the literary and scientific progress of every other. Now that the 400th anniversary of the great achievement of Columbus is approaching, all Americans ought to know what the New World has contributed to civilization, to art, to culture, to discovery, to the making of mankind better and happier.

The share of Mexico, Central and South America, in such contributions is by no means unimportant. Besides, several distinguished naturalists, historians, novelists and poets, Mexico has produced some praiseworthy artists. The painter, Fred. E. Church, called that country the "Italy of America," not only on account of the resemblances which he saw in its scenery and life, but also because the artistic faculty was so strongly developed among the people. The literature of Brazil has obtained recognition in Europe, and is marked by considerable originality as well as taste. The Argentine Republic comprises a large number of scientists, whose services in various fields of research have been thankfully acknowledged in Europe. Guatemala, Chili, Peru, Uruguay and the other States of Central and South America have also their men of science, artists and *littérateurs*, some of whom are not unknown in the learned circles of the Old World. Among the noted names may be mentioned the Vizconde de Bom Retiro, Arteaga, Parra, Quiros, Penafiel, Martiniano de Alencar, Velasco, Lacerda, Macedo, Cruls and the Emperor Dom Pedro.

We learn, through the courtesy of the consul of the Argentine Republic, in this city, that an International Rural Exhibition will be held in Buenos Ayres next year, beginning on the 20th of April. The classes will comprise live stock, horses, cattle, sheep, poultry and animal products and their manufactures, machines, implements, harness, models of rural architecture, fencing, gates, apparatus for the dairy and wine-making, etc. There are altogether thirty-five sections in the classification of the exhibits. The first ten enumerate various breeds of cattle; the next seven all kinds of sheep; then come horses, pigs, goats, dogs, fowls (including native and African ostriches), all kinds of grains, roots and vegetables, coffee, hops, tobacco, indigo, textile plants, medicinal plants, seeds of trees and flowers, fruits (including those dried and preserved), vegetable oils, sugar, yerba maté (Paraguay tea),

bridles, saddles, and other horse gear, ploughs and other implements (including mowers, reapers, etc.), wheelbarrows, and other vehicles, mills and other machines, wools, hides, pigskins, dried meat, meat extract, condensed milk, cheese, feathers, silk, honey, wax, and models of troughs, sheds, fowl houses, farm buildings, water reservoirs. These are only a few of the items taken from the sections, which comprise every imaginable animal, product or commodity that can in any way be associated with agriculture in its most comprehensive sense. The list of prizes is large, and the prizes are valuable. Four of \$2,500 each are offered for the best essays on the exportation of meat; the future of Argentine agriculture; Argentine vine-growing and wine-making, and the situation and prospects of sugar-making in the Republic. Applications for space should be made before the 1st of January next. Full particulars may be had from the consul-general at Quebec, or the consul in this city, Mr. Henshaw. This exhibition offers an excellent chance to Canadian manufacturers of agricultural implements to introduce their business into the most thriving of the South American States.

So much that is pessimistic in tendency, if not in actual statement, has appeared in recent economic speculation that any work which, while dealing honestly and lucidly with the present conditions of struggling and suffering humanity, finds justification for a hopeful outlook, merits a welcome from those who have not lost faith in the wisdom that rules the world. The Hon. David A. Wells, who, before publishing his "Recent Economic Changes," had travelled extensively in Mexico, Canada and the Old World, as well as in his native land, has found reason, after a comprehensive review of the last twenty-five years, to conclude that the movement during that period has been for mankind in general, upward, not downward, for the better and not the worse. Mr. Wells considers this generation as unparalleled in many ways in the world's history. Like every eventful epoch that raised humanity to a higher level, it has been marked by social disturbances of serious import, but these disturbances will be but temporary and their influence for evil infinitesimal compared with their beneficent effects on the world's population. Already the means of comfortable subsistence are more widely diffused than ever before, while they are secured without that exhausting effort which once left the majority "flaccid and drained" of all capacity for any intellectual or æsthetic enjoyment. He believes that the day is approaching when poverty will no longer exist save as the fruit of vice or idleness or physical disability.

Those of our readers who are concerned in the progress of our Pacific Province will find much to interest them in the admirable *resumé* of its resources and various progress which Mrs. Arthur Spragge furnishes in the present number. The whole series of contributions, entitled "Our Wild Westland," constitutes a valuable survey of British Columbia, its natural wealth, scenery and life, such as, we believe, cannot be found elsewhere. It has the great merit of being the result of actual observation, and Mrs. Spragge, as our readers know, is no common observer. These papers, with the accompanying sketches, have an historical importance. When British Columbia has in part fulfilled its great destiny, they will form a trustworthy basis for comparing its era of grandeur and power with the day of small things, which was its starting-point. Already, indeed, that starting-point is

growing dim with increasing distance, as any one who reads Mrs. Spragge's surprising and gratifying account of Vancouver's development will gladly acknowledge.

### POPULAR SOVEREIGNTY.

The sudden overthrow of the empire and the establishment of a republic in Brazil have naturally given rise to a good deal of discussion. While the admirers of democracy on this continent hail it as an omen of the speedy disappearance of the last vestige of monarchy in America, European republicans make it the ground of predictions almost as confident. Among those who seized upon the news as an occasion for joyous presage, the most noteworthy is Senor Castelar, the Spanish statesman and orator. For certain reasons what that gifted son of the great Latin race may have to say on a question of this kind is deserving of the utmost respect. He is a man of lofty moral character as well as of strong convictions, fair in his dealings with those who differ from him, and as anxious to save his country from needless agitation as to see her aspirations for complete freedom fulfilled. It is for this reason that he has refrained from factious opposition to the monarchy since the restoration of the old dynasty, deeming it wiser to let the nation develop gradually than by forcing on a revolution to repeat the experience of France. In adopting this policy of caution, Senor Castelar is simply turning to account the lessons learned by Spain in his own lifetime. To say that the Spaniards had no grievances under the dispensation which was brought to a sudden close in the fall of 1868 would be far from accurate. But England under its constitutional monarchs has at times endured provocations—not omitting scandals in high places—which might with equal reason have been made a justification for revolt. Constitutional agitation proved a sharper weapon for the excising of abuses, and the assured and growing liberties and ceaseless yet tranquil reforms of the present reign are the reward of the patience displayed under some of Queen Victoria's predecessors. It may be urged that, but for the *coup d'état* of 1868 Spain would not enjoy the comparative freedom of the actual *régime*. That is simply a question of probabilities. Had the necessary wisdom and tact been possessed and exercised by the reforming statesmen, it is quite as likely that all the good, without the mischief, of the revolution would have been accomplished. Knowing, as he so well knows, the evil consequences of Serrano's surprise, we cannot help wondering that Senor Castelar should express so much satisfaction at the banishment of Dom Pedro. Setting aside the anarchy and impotency that prevailed in Spain and Cuba during the republican interregnum and the abdication afterwards of the alien Amadeo, he surely has not forgotten that it was the vacant Spanish throne which caused the quarrel between France and Germany, the most sanguinary war of our time, and such a lasting and rancorous feud between the belligerent nations as has turned all Europe into a camping ground of armies ready to fly at each other's throats.

Senor Castelar bewails a system by which a few ambitious men thus arrogate to themselves the power of life and death over the millions of the nations. But that crime of wholesale murder is not confined to monarchies. On this continent, which is especially concerned in the Brazilian revolution, democratic government has proved but

a poor safeguard against military ambition and bloodshed. Since the Spanish colonies in America threw off the yoke, there has hardly been a year in which one or another, or several of the republics into which they were transformed, have not been devastated by war or insurrection. The only exception to the reign of terror thus initiated has been the Empire of Brazil, which, during the long reign of Dom Pedro, enjoyed an immunity from internal disturbance, which was remarkable. As for war, the Empire engaged in it only to defend itself from foreign aggression. It must be admitted, therefore, that Senor Castelar's felicitations of the republican triumph in Brazil are by no means justified by the course of events on this continent. As to the future, we know not what it may bring to pass. But what is established beyond the reach of doubt is that neither in Europe nor America has revolution, followed by republican administration, given any assurance of tranquillity at home or of peace with foreign states. On the contrary, the testimony of the last hundred years is clearly opposed to such a conclusion.

As to Senor Castelar's preference for democracy as more in accordance with the principles of justice and the claims of reason, the whole question thus opened was dealt with more than two thousand years ago in a treatise which may still be read with advantage in this age of progress. To just two points in Aristotle's treatise we would refer at present. The first is the stress that he lays upon an influential middle class as an element in a well organized and administered state, and the second is the admission that different forms of government are required for different communities, so that what might in theory be the best, might in practice, under certain conditions, prove the worst. Now it was to the growth of an enlightened, independent and powerful middle class that England owed the beginnings of her liberty, and it is to the same controlling influence that, under the name of monarchy, she is endowed to-day with the most highly prized privileges of democracy and the assured stability of a recognized succession. In Canada we enjoy the same nominally monarchical, but really democratic, *régime*, without (save in the provision for an Upper House) that traditional aristocracy which links the present with the past. There is certainly no republic in North, South, or Central America, continental or insular, that can boast of possessing the essential attributes of self-government and popular sovereignty in larger measure than we do.

### THE ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE OF CANADA.

Opposite *Tête de Pont* barracks, the site of old Fort Frontenac, a low promontory juts into Lake Ontario. Between it and the side of the harbour on which the barracks are situated, flows the Catarqui river, debouching into the lake. This promontory was, during the war of 1812, a dockyard, where Sir James Yeo built his fleet. The sailors and marines occupied a three-storey stone building, constructed in its interior arrangements like a three-decker, and known by the *soubriquet* of the stone frigate.

After the dockyard, grown useless in the "piping times of peace" had been dismantled, the Government determined to utilize the buildings for a Military College. Col. Hewett, R.E., was appointed commandant, and in June, 1876, the college was opened, with three professors and eighteen cadets. The stone frigate was, however, quite inadequate to all the demands made upon it for class-rooms and dormitories, and a large and imposing educational building was erected. This was fully occupied by

the kitchen and hospital, mess room, reading rooms and offices, class rooms, professors' rooms and laboratories, and the frigate was henceforth devoted to dormitories. Year by year the number of cadets increased, so that it became necessary to enlarge the staff. The present College consists of the commandant, staff-adjutant, fifteen professors and instructors, and about eighty cadets. The members of the civil staff are Canadians, while those of the military staff are, on the contrary, with two exceptions, borrowed from the Imperial Army.

In establishing the Military College, the Government had in its mind, not only Woolwich and Sandhurst, the great military schools of the Mother Country, but also the American West Point. Little military employment could be offered to graduates, as our standing army is of the smallest dimensions. It was determined, therefore, to give the cadets an education that would fit them for civil as well as military life. The syllabus of instruction laid down for a four years' course embraces military drill, artillery, infantry and engineering; signalling, gymnastics, fencing, swimming and riding; tactics and strategy; military law and administration; fortification and civil engineering; military reconnaissance; drawing, both geometrical and free-hand; mathematics and mechanics; French and English, civil surveying, practical astronomy, civil engineering, physics and electricity, chemistry, geology and mineralogy.

Col. Hewett, who may be almost regarded as the founder of the College, resigned his position for a much better one in England, in the summer of 1886, and was succeeded by the Professor of Astronomy, Col., afterwards Major-General Oliver. He carried on the work most successfully, till the summer of 1888, when he was succeeded by the present commandant, Major-General Cameron, under whose able administration the college has not only maintained its efficiency, but gives promise of still greater development.

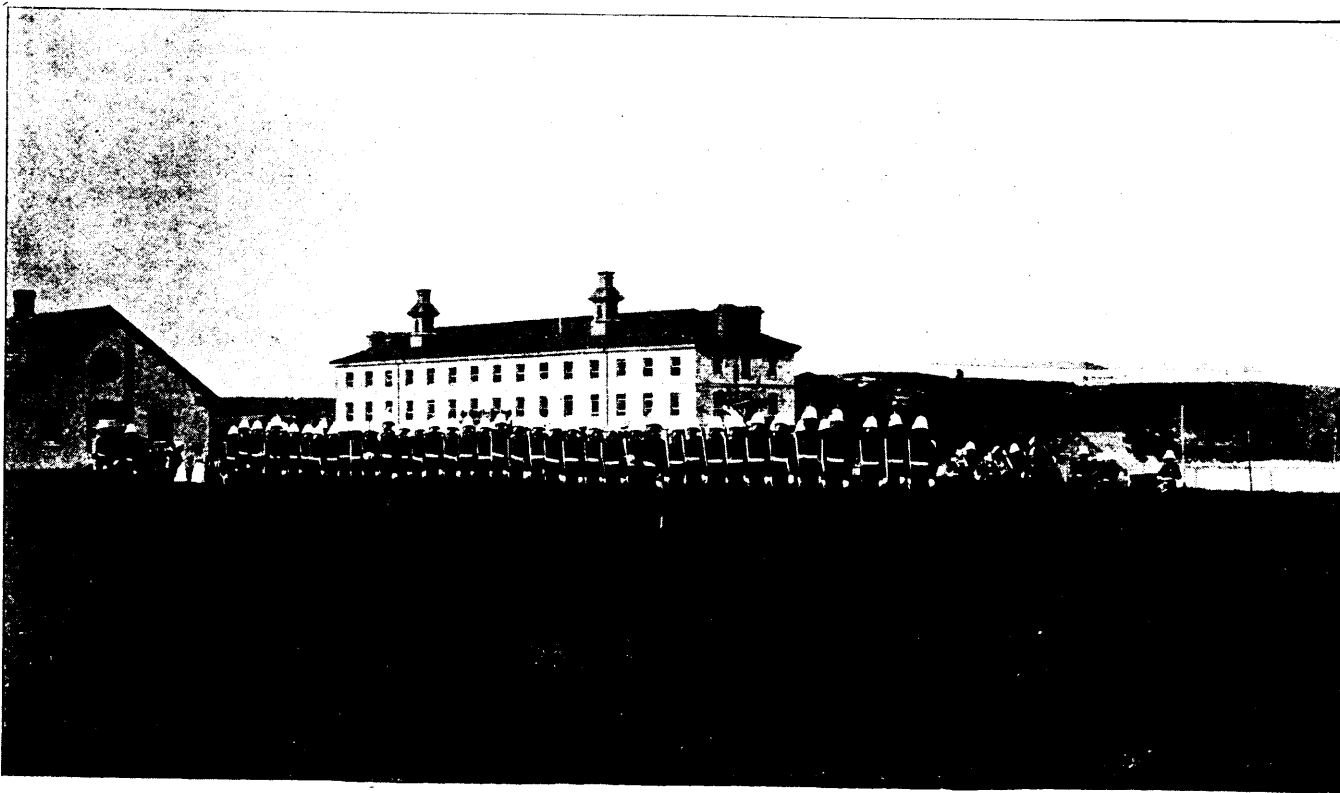
In any country a new institution is always, during the first years of its existence, on trial, and is subjected to severe criticism. If it passes the ordeal unscathed, it reaches the second stage of its existence, in which it is at least tolerated, and then speedily passes on to popularity. There are now indications that the Military College has reached this last stage. It has done such good work that it is most favourably known, both in Canada and in the Mother Country. Abroad, its graduates may be found in every branch of the Imperial Army where some of them have already made their mark; while at home they have been successful in civil as well as military service. Several hold commissions in the Regular Canadian Artillery, and some in the North-West Mounted Police.

The institution has been so highly commended by the military authorities in England, that Australia contemplates a similar establishment on the Canadian model. Another evidence of popularity is the increased number of candidates for matriculation. Every year very many more young men present themselves for examination than can possibly be accepted. They come from the best schools in the country, eager to shoulder the rifle and don the scarlet tunic of the cadet. There must, indeed, be a charm about a military life, for these cadets have no easy time. The college does not tolerate laziness. Their day is a long one—from seven in the morning till ten at night, parade and study, with not more than three hours for recreation. Notwithstanding this, nay, rather on account of this happy combination of mental and physical exercises, the typical cadet is a bright young fellow, full of animal spirits; and yet withal polite and deferential in his bearing towards his officers and instructors.

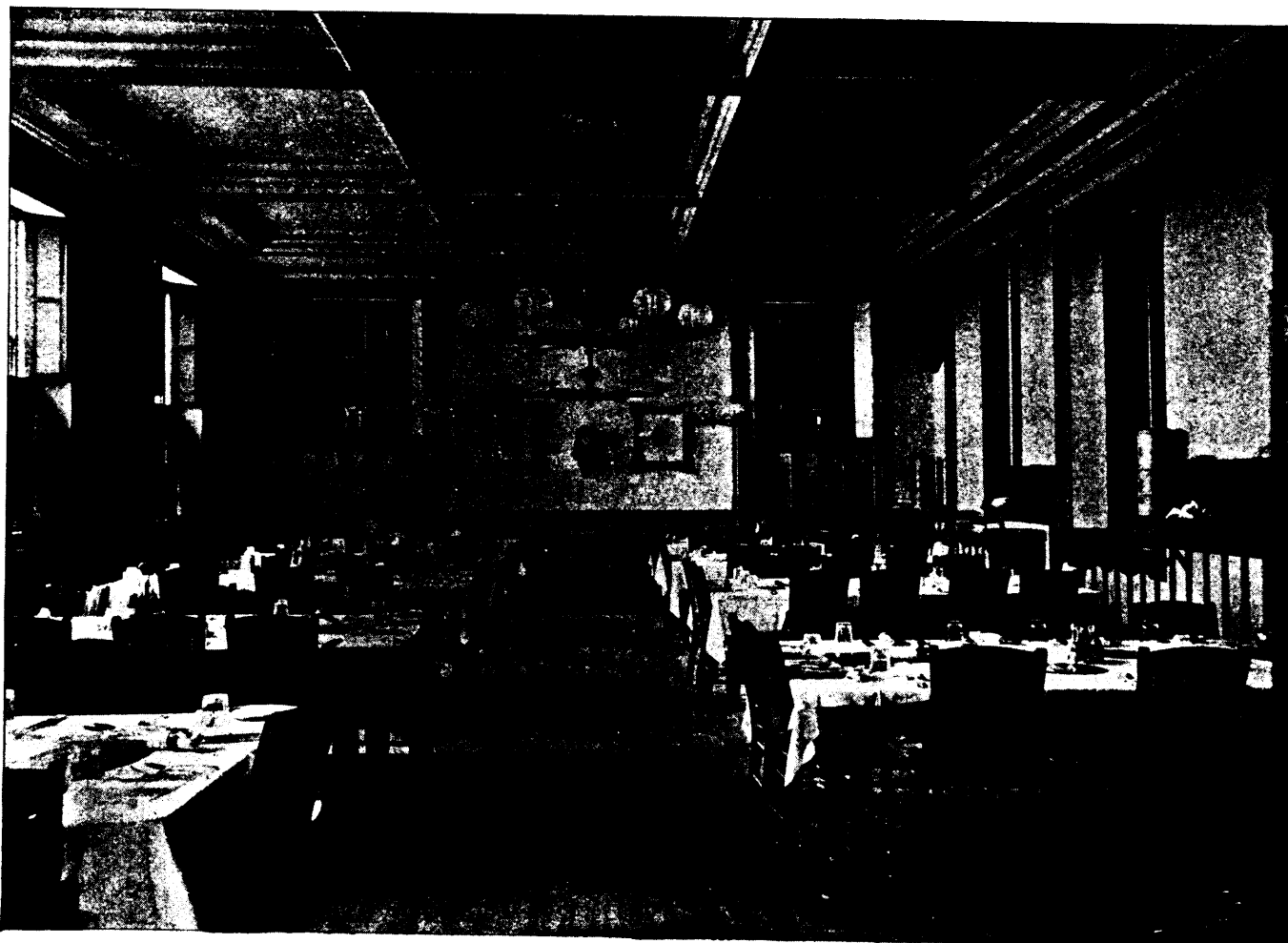
Graduates are found all over the world. The most prominent at present is Lieut. Starr, who is with Stanley in Africa, doing good service in the cause of civilization, and winning honours, not only for himself, but also for his country and his Alma Mater. It is, however, a small proportion of the young men whom the college educates that seek service abroad. Most of them enter civil professions and remain at home, holding rank in the active militia, and ready, when the country needs their services, to respond to the call of arms.

ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE OF CANADA, KINGSTON, ONT.

From photos. by H. Henderson.



CADETS AT DRILL ON PARADE GROUND.



THE DINING HALL OF THE ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE.



ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE OF CANADA, KINGSTON, ONT.

From photos. by H. Henderson.



LT.-COL. HEWETT, R.E.  
FIRST COMMANDANT OF ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE.



MAJOR-GENERAL OLIVER,  
SECOND COMMANDANT OF ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE.



BAYONET EXERCISE IN THE BARRACK YARD.

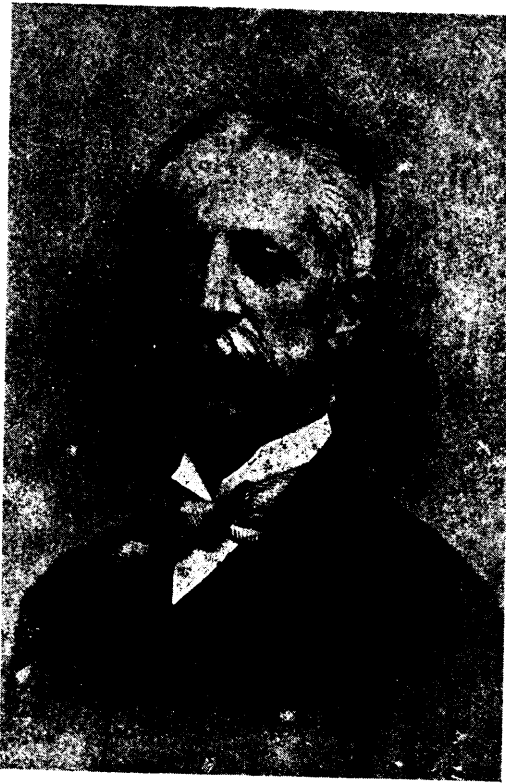


**COL. HEWETT, FIRST COMMANDANT OF THE ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE.**—Colonel Edward Osborne Hewett, C.M.G., R.E., was born on the 25th of September, 1835. His father was Col. John Hewett, Deputy Lieutenant of the County of Glamorgan. His mother was Frances, daughter of Thomas Thornewell, Deputy Lieutenant of the County of Stafford, England. Col. Hewett's father obtained his commission in 1803, and saw prolonged and very distinguished active service in every quarter of the globe. He served in Canada in the war of 1812, and led the "forlorn hope" in the attack and capture of Oswego in 1814. The subject of the present sketch was educated at Cheltenham College, and the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, and obtained his commission in the Royal Engineers, as lieutenant, 14th of August, 1854; captain, 1860; major, 1872; lieutenant-colonel, 1879; colonel, 1881; and was created a Companion of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, 1883. He has served in the West Indies and in South America, and has been employed in the Home service, where his talent came into notice in the designing and construction of the famous iron forts of Dover and Portsmouth. In December, 1862, at the time of the anticipated war with the United States over the Trent affair, he was ordered to Canada, where he served in different parts of the country, till the establishment of the Royal Military College in 1875, when he was appointed commandant. It was he in fact who organized the College, and conducted it through many dangers to ultimate success. In July, 1886, having received an important appointment at Plymouth, he resigned his position as commandant and returned to England.

**MAJOR-GENERAL OLIVER, SECOND COMMANDANT OF THE ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE.**—Major-General John Ryder Oliver, C.M.G., R.A., is the eldest son of the late John Dudley Oliver, J.P., of Cherrymount, in the Vale of Avoca, County Wicklow, Ireland, and his wife, Mary Susan, who was a daughter of the late Valentine Green, of Normanton Hall, Leicestershire. His father was the head of a younger branch of the Olivers, of Castle Oliver, County Limerick, a family descended from Capt. Robert Oliver, a distinguished army officer in the time of Cromwell, who received large grants of land in the southwest of Ireland in return for his services. General Oliver was born at Ashby de la Zouch, Leicestershire, on Dec. 16, 1834, and completed his education at Caius College and Trinity Hall, Cambridge, where he obtained a mathematical scholarship. In September, 1855, he was gazetted to a lieutenancy in the Royal Artillery, having gained a direct commission by competitive examination, passing fifth among one hundred and fifty candidates. He served with distinction in India during the Mutiny, and was twice mentioned in despatches. He also gained distinction in the Bhootan Expedition in 1864-65. After much active service abroad he was recalled to England in 1869 to take the appointment of Brigade Major of Artillery at Aldershot. In September, 1877, he was appointed Professor of Surveying and Military Topography in the Royal Military College of Canada, which position he held till the summer of 1886, when he succeeded Col. Hewett as commandant.

**MAJOR-GENERAL CAMERON, OF THE ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE, KINGSTON.**—Major-General Donald Roderick Cameron, C.M.G., F.R.G.S., Mem. Soc. Artists, was born in 1834; entered the Royal Artillery in 1856; became captain in 1866; major, 1875; lieutenant-colonel, 1882; colonel, 1886; and major-general (retired), 1887. He served throughout the Bhootan Campaign, 1863-65, as adjutant, and as Staff Officer, R.A., Door Field Force, in which capacity he won a medal with clasp, and was three times mentioned in despatches. In 1869 he accompanied the Hon. Wm. McDougall, C.B., to Fort Garry as a M.E.C. He was awarded the bronze medal of the Royal Humane Society in 1871. In 1872-76 he rendered important service to the country as Her Majesty's Commissioner of the International Boundary Commission, and superintended the expedition which marked the International Boundary from the Lake of the Woods to the summit of the Rocky Mountains. He was also secretary of the Canadian delegation at the International Conference at Paris in 1883 for the protection of sub-marine cables. In 1885 he declined the command of the local forces in South Australia; and in 1887-8 was secretary to the Canadian Commissioner of the Fisheries Conference, Washington, U.S. From the above record it will be easily seen that General Cameron has rendered important service to his country, both at home and abroad. Perhaps his most active military life was in India. He was there selected, on account of previous usefulness, by the late Lord Strathairn, Commander-in-Chief in India, to organize, with another officer, an Armstrong Mountain Battery in the Ambeyla Campaign. On the close of this campaign he was appointed to conduct the battery from Peshawar, in the extreme northwest of India, to Dinapore, preparatory to the Bhootan Campaign. This entailed a three months' march across country, in the most unhealthy season of the year, with unbridged and swollen rivers to cross. Besides the battery, the train included a long line of waggons, with stores and ammunition, horses and camels. The only other Europeans

who accompanied the train were a sergeant and the officer of the cavalry escort. Not a single day's march was lost, and the only loss of life that occurred was from the breaking of a rope in lowering a store-cart on to a boat in crossing the Jumna at Allahabad. In the Bhootan Campaign he had detached command, by direction from Army Headquarters, of the right half Armstrong Battery, and on the death of Major Griffin and the invaliding of Capt. Oliver, succeeded to the command of the whole battery. During this campaign he was in many engagements, in all of which he acquitted himself with marked distinction. At the capture of Naggo he suggested, commanded, and led the party of native infantry employed to clear the heights when one column of attack was caught in a ravine and cut off in front and rear. On this occasion he cleared the height, taking six breast-works in succession. In the summer of 1888 General Cameron was appointed to succeed General Oliver as commandant of the Royal Military College. He is a strict disciplinarian, and the prevalence of a firm hand in the administration of the college is evident in its present high state of order and efficiency.



MAJOR-GENERAL CAMERON,  
PRESENT COMMANDANT OF ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE.

**GENERAL VIEW OF THE ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE FROM FORT HENRY.**—The view from Fort Henry, shown in our engraving, is a very fine one, comprehending Navy Bay in the foreground, the College buildings and Kingston harbour in the middle distance, and the city with its domes and steeples beyond. The rectangular stone building at the water's edge is the "Stone Frigate" of the old dockyard, the headquarters of the sailors and marines during the war of 1812, when Navy Bay sheltered the Lake Ontario fleet. Navy Bay and the lake, as far as Wolfe Island, is a favourite boating ground. In summer the College yachts and canoes may be seen in the afternoons with their white wings flitting hither and thither over the blue waters. In winter it is often a beautiful sheet of clear ice, where the cadets play hockey and exhibit their skill in fancy skating. Advantage is taken of the glacia of Fort Henry, sloping to the eastern shore of Navy Bay, to form a toboggan slide, from a height of 100 feet.

**THE ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE ON CLOSING DAY.**—Closing Day is to the Royal Military College what Convocation is to Canadian universities, or Commencement to similar institutions across the border. As the day approaches, fathers and mothers and pretty sisters may be noticed in the trains running from various quarters into the city, gathering to see their red-coated darlings graduate. It is a grand day for them if their boy stands high in his class and comes out covered with glory. Of course it is a grand day for the cadets. In the first place it is the end of a long examination and the beginning of the holidays. Anyone who has been examined from two to three weeks, six hours a day, and has for two months afterwards done nothing but lie in a hammock, or flirt over a tennis net, or cruise in a yacht, or whip a well-stocked preserve for speckled trout, or roll in the surf at the sea shore, knows the meaning of and sets a proper value on Closing Day. There is a great crowd from the city, and there are usually persons of distinction from Ottawa. Last year Sir John Macdonald was present, and enlivened the proceedings by one of his characteristic humorous speeches. This year Sir Adolphe Caron stirred the vast audience with his eloquence. During the early part of the afternoon the cadets are put through various evolutions on the parade ground

and exhibit their skill in the gymnasium. The Engineers show their work in the model room and explode submarine mines in Navy Bay. Then, about 5 o'clock, there is a rush for the gymnasium, which is made to do duty for a Convocation Hall. The cadets are marched in and line the walls at either side of the platform. The platform is crowded with the staff and the distinguished visitors who may happen to be present. Plumes and gold lace abound; the clanking of swords and the jingling of spurs. The cadets are called up amid the cheers of their comrades to receive their prizes. Speeches are made. *Voilà!* It is all over. Out goes the crowd. Out march the cadets, form into a hollow square, sing "Auld Lang Syne," and chair the graduating class to their rooms. Four more names are added to the list of the Imperial Army, and from fifteen to twenty more go out into the various professions of civil life in this Canada of ours with commissions in the Militia, and ready to fight "for Home and Queen" whenever their services may be required. Of the fifteen cadets who graduated last June four received commissions in the Imperial Army, and three are, without special enquiry, known to have obtained employment on railway and canal surveys. It is quite likely that some, if not all of the rest, are already at work. Thus will be seen the confidence inspired by the College training. It is also likely that, in the near future, the Government will find employment in the Civil Service and elsewhere for the pupils it has been at so much pains and expense to educate.

**THE CADETS AT DRILL IN THE BARRACK GROUND.**—"Words, words, words," says Hamlet. "Drill, drill, drill," murmurs the cadet. And drill it is. Twice a day, morning and afternoon, he must shoulder his rifle and learn to march and countermarch, to deploy into line and break into column, or to go through the intricate movements of artillery practice. But what a wonderful effect it has. In six months the slouching and untidy recruit is drilled into a fine, active, and manly soldier. There is no untidiness about him now! He is sharp on parade, and moves with a quickness and elasticity he was before unconscious of. The physical training at the College is one of its best features. It counterbalances the severe mental strain of the studies, and, consequently, there are no weak and sickly cadets. They are a fine, manly set of fellows, deferential in their bearing toward their superiors, and generally possessed of plenty of that good humour which comes from perfect physical health.

**THE DINING HALL.**—To the cadet one of the most interesting rooms is the Dining Hall. Here is satisfied daily that healthy appetite which plenty of exercise in the open air is sure to create. After a long tramp over the country in surveying, topography, or reconnaissance, all thoughts are centred on the mess room. When the van, which has gathered up the class and brought it home, rolls into the enclosure, a burst of some popular chorus rises through the evening air, and very soon after knives and forks are as busy as strong arms can ply them. The dining hall is also used for examinations, and any one who has gone through the ordeal knows that three hours' writing produces a ravenous appetite. Cause and effect are, therefore, not far apart.

**A SQUAD AT BAYONET EXERCISE.**—The bayonet exercise, both with and without the word of command, is the prettiest exercise in the whole course of infantry drill. At the College it is done to perfection. There is no regiment of regulars in the service that can excel the cadets in this beautiful rhythmic movement.

**A GROUP IN FENCING AND ATHLETIC COSTUME.**—Sergt.-Major Morgan, the instructor in gymnastics, is well known throughout the Dominion. He is a skilled swordsman and boxer, and many proficient pupils pass from his hands. On a gala day the gymnasium is one of the chief attractions. Twice within a year Vice-Royalty has been entertained by exhibitions of skill in sparring, fencing, broadsword and single-stick, besides the usual contortions that athletes love to indulge in on the trapeze and horizontal bar. Sir John Macdonald, when he visited the College in 1888, enjoyed the various contests, as he does everything, when, at the same time, good humour and the combative faculties are called into play; while Sir Adolphe Caron on a similar occasion was delighted with the prospect of heroes to crush the next rebellion in the North-West, or anywhere else in this broad Dominion.

**RECRUITS AT DRILL.**—At the beginning of the term the recruits report at the College a week before the rest of the cadets. The week is spent, according to the parlance of the drill sergeant, in "knocking them into shape." At first they are very awkward. The engraving tells its own tale. In a short time they begin to assume a military bearing, and, by the end of the first year, have acquired the steadiness of veterans.

**BOATING.**—This engraving merely suggests the pleasure that is derived from boating. The stretch of water between Wolfe Island and the Kingston shore is one of the finest in Canada for regattas. It is sheltered by the island from the violence of storms, and it is at the same time so open as to afford a fine sweep for the wind. There are no dangerous shoals to disturb the yachtsman. It is also most favourable for rowing. Very often the water is as smooth as glass, and the most fragile skiff may venture out with perfect safety. Besides the College yaws and boats, many private skiffs and canoes are kept by the cadets, and, when the fleet is out in full force, the scene is very impressive.

**SWIMMING.**—The facilities for bathing are excellent, and there is a regular parade when the weather is warm enough

for that delightful exercise. The water is clear as crystal, and deep enough in places for the most daring diver. There are also shallows where those who have not learned to swim may venture in with caution, till they acquire the art which is the ambition of every boy, and which, once learned, can never be forgotten.

SAVED!—This picture is its own best interpreter. The figures tell the experience through which they have several times passed, and we can easily imagine the stirring drama that preceded this *dénouement*. Beauquesne, though not in the front rank of hodiernal painters, does not lag far behind. He has those qualities of sincerity, noble-mindedness and honesty of detail which always tell in every branch of art.

### R. M. COLLEGE SONG.

(Written for the Cadets by REV. PROF. K. L. JOYNS.)

Cadets, we throng the stately hall  
That rises by the bay;  
Obedient to the bugle call  
We march the live-long day,  
From when Reveillé breaks the air  
With lusty note and strong,  
Till slumber-wreath'd Tattoo is here,  
The soldiers evensong.

*Chorus.*—And thus we learn to march along,  
To do the right, undo the wrong,  
And fight for home and Queen.

When summer suns are on the plain,  
Or winter's ice and snow,  
From mess to class, to class again,  
Our ceaseless round we go;  
We drill, and dig, and draw, and write,  
In midst of war's alarms;  
With single-sticks and foils we fight  
At our assaults at arms.

*Chorus.*—And thus we learn, etc., etc.

Cadet days come! We sheathe our swords  
And swell it off parade,  
Our scarlet fronts set citywards,  
In wealth of golden braid;  
When music thrills the perfumed air  
With fairy lights aglow,  
We trip, with many a maiden fair,  
The light fantastic toe.

*Chorus.*—And thus we learn, etc., etc.

And when the call to arms is heard,  
From sea to sounding sea,  
Each brave cadet will draw his sword,  
Whoe'er the foeman be;  
When battles' front, in stern array,  
In smoke and blood is seen,  
With loyal hearts we'll march away  
To fight for home and Queen.

*Chorus.*—And then in truth, we'll march along,  
To do the right, undo the wrong,  
And die for home and Queen.

Kingston, Ont., 1889.

### PERSONAL.

The Society of Canadian Literature has resumed its meetings in this city.

Dr. Crozier, of Belleville, has been made a member of the English Society of Arts.

The Montreal Press Club has invited Max O'Rell to lecture in Montreal in February next.

M. Hébert, the Canadian sculptor has been winning fresh laurels in Paris to the delight of his compatriots in that city.

Miss O'Reilly, daughter of Mr. O'Reilly, Inspector of Licenses, Ottawa, has been a student at the Milan Conservatory of Music since the beginning of the present year.

Miss Lena Olloqui, a New Brunswick lady of remarkable gifts, is studying at the Conservatory of Music, Madrid. She is a daughter of Dr. Olloqui, of Kingston, Kent County, N.B.

An interesting and timely letter on the subject of Canadian history and Canadian historians from the pen of Mr. S. E. Dawson, appears in a late number of the *Sherbrooke Examiner*. We hope to refer to it at greater length in our next issue.

Mr. Blackburn Harte is travelling leisurely to the Pacific Coast, gathering fresh materials for articles on Canadian subjects, for publication in different American periodicals. An article from his pen will appear in the *New England Magazine* for January. It will treat of the outdoor life, which has become a peculiar characteristic of Montreal, and will be profusely illustrated.

The members of the Montreal Natural History Society have been honouring themselves in showing their esteem and gratitude to their president, Sir William Dawson, who, during the thirty-four years of his connection with it, has done so much to promote the efficiency and advance the interests of the society. Their tribute took the form of a fine portrait of himself, painted in oils, by Mr. Harris, which was presented to Sir William on Monday evening last. The Hon. Senator Murphy, who made the presentation, read a suitable address, to which the distinguished Principal of McGill replied in fitting terms. Some of the most prominent citizens of Montreal were present on the occasion.

## OUR WILD WESTLAND.

POINTS ON THE PACIFIC PROVINCE.

BY MRS. ARTHUR SPRAGGE.

### XV.

EXTENT OF BRITISH COLUMBIA AND VANCOUVER'S ISLAND—RESOURCES OF THE COUNTRY—ITS COAL MINES—GOLD AND SILVER MINES—DEPOSITS OF OTHER MINERALS THROUGHOUT THE PROVINCE—TIMBER AND AGRICULTURE—OPPORTUNITIES FOR THE SETTLER.

It is impossible fully to appreciate the importance of Vancouver as a coming city without some knowledge of the Province of British Columbia, of which its location must ever constitute it the commercial metropolis. The mainland of British Columbia alone contains an area of 321,305 square miles of territory, independent of the Island of Vancouver, lying 30 miles to the west, which is over 300 miles long, with an average width of 60 miles, and covers over 20,000 square miles of country. British Columbia proper extends from the Rocky Mountains in the east to the Pacific Ocean in the west, and reaches from the northern boundary of the United States, the 49th degree of north latitude in the south, to the 60th degree of north latitude in the north. Vancouver's Island projects below the 49th degree of north latitude, but is included in the possessions of Great Britain. The first entrance to the mainland, proceeding north along the coast line, is at the mouth of the Fraser, one of the largest rivers of the continent, which empties its waters into the Gulf of Georgia by two estuaries, and is navigable as far as Yale, 90 miles inland. A few miles above its mouth is the town of New Westminster, a place of considerable importance, and one of the oldest settlements on the mainland. Before the C.P.R. was built, the Fraser was the great highway to the interior, and Yale was rendered famous by the memorable Fraser River gold excitement early in the sixties; from thence communication was carried on with the upper country by means of the Cariboo road, built nearly 30 years ago. The primary object of its construction was to afford means of ingress and egress to and from the rich gold diggings of the Cariboo district. This road was about 400 miles long, and its execution was only second in magnitude to the building of a railroad down the Fraser canyon, opposite to which it runs, along the southern bank of the river from Spuzzum, eastward. In the delta of the Fraser is magnificent agricultural land, and its fisheries are the most extensive of any on the coast, excepting those of the renowned Columbia at its outlet in Washington Territory. The contour of the province is similar in most respects to that of Washington and Idaho, with the possible exception that the western portion is more mountainous than the coast district of the United States. The continuation of the Cascade Range divides British Columbia in a similar way to the territory of Washington. The resources of the province are gold, silver, and all the precious minerals; coal, iron, copper, lead, lumber, fish, fish oil, furs—the products of the soil. First and most important of all these industries to-day is that of coal mining.

### COAL.

Wellington coal in San Francisco brings from \$3 to \$5 more per ton than any other Pacific Coast coal in the market. This coal is mined at Nanaimo and Wellington, on the eastern coast of Vancouver Island, almost opposite to Vancouver, on the other side of the Gulf of Georgia. Here are situated the most extensive coal mines on the Pacific. At Nanaimo the company, in working their coal properties, have drifted far out under the water, and the supply is said to be practically inexhaustible. The coal is bituminous of the very finest quality. During the year 1887 nearly half a million tons of coal were exported from Vancouver's Island alone. Coal of good quality is also found on Queen Charlotte's Island to the north, and on the mainland of British Columbia, both on the coast and on the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, contiguous to the Fraser River. Small seams of coal can be plainly seen cropping out along the bluffs abutting on English Bay, Burrard's Inlet and False Creek,

thus proving conclusively the existence of the black diamond in those localities.

The most important and extensive discovery of coal yet made on the mainland has been near Banff, in the heart of the Rocky Mountains, 564 miles east of Vancouver, on the C.P.R. This mine has recently been sold to an English company (which has made arrangements to ship 1,000 tons a day to Port Moody for a San Francisco firm) for \$2,500,000, through the enterprise and energy of Mr. McLeod Stewart, one of the owners. The coal it produces is true anthracite, and is not excelled in quality by even the famous Lehigh Valley anthracite of American renown. During the season of 1888 the "Crow's Nest Coal and Mineral Company" acquired very rich and extensive fields in the Crow's Nest Pass, on the eastern divide of the Rocky Mountains. The deposits of coal in this district are extraordinarily rich both in quality and quantity. The company has purchased about ten thousand acres of coal lands, upon which there are 35 seams of coal, several of them being over 30 feet thick. There are four different kinds of coal in this prolific region—a very rich cannel or gas coal, an excellent bituminous coking coal, which produces magnificent coke, also anthracite and semi-anthracite or smokeless coal. Parties of men have been at work during the present summer opening up the coal seams, and a charter has been obtained by the company to open these valuable coal fields to the Canadian and American markets.

### GOLD AND SILVER.

Next in importance to coal mining in British Columbia is the mining of precious metals. The existence of gold and silver throughout the entire province is now fully established. The Fraser River gold excitement of the early sixties, when thousands of dollars in gold dust were taken from the sand bars of the river, proved conclusively the existence inland of vast quantities of ore. The gold washed down by the river was in grains separated by the action of the water from the quartz, where it had long lain imbedded, and had its origin undoubtedly in the mountains of the interior; but these were insurmountable even to the most adventurous spirits, and had access been obtained to them, the difficulty of procuring supplies and the rigorous climate of these high altitudes precluded all efforts to make any extensive search for the hidden treasure, which was known to exist, or to extract it when found. The boldest of the early miners, who had succeeded in penetrating to the interior of the country, discovered rich veins of gold bearing quartz and immense deposits of galena ore, containing considerable quantities of silver; but their discoveries availed them naught. The whole attention of the first British Columbia gold seekers was, therefore, turned to placer mining. A few of the richest ledges of gold quartz were worked, the quartz being crushed in a hard mortar; but the great mass of auriferous rock was left undisturbed. It was only after the completion of the C.P.R. that quartz mining became feasible. Now machinery and supplies can be shipped to all mining centres, and the hitherto undeveloped lodes may be worked with every prospect of profitable returns. The mines that at present give promise of being the most important and extensive are located on Mount Stephen, in the vicinity of Field, a station on the C.P.R., 511 miles east of Vancouver. The ore in these mines, though of low grade in silver, yielding only from 7 to 10 ounces of the metal per ton, is very rich in lead, containing from 60 to 80 per cent of galena. The supply is apparently inexhaustible. There are also a number of galena mines at Illecillewaet, 350 miles from Vancouver. This galena ore is very rich in silver, giving returns of from 40 to 100 ounces per ton of the white metal. Great quantities of gray copper are also found in this vicinity, assaying from 500 to 2,000 ounces per ton in silver. Still another very rich district is both East and West Kootenay. Taking the former locality first, as it is the most easterly district of the Pacific Province, its length from the United States boundary being 400 miles by a width of 200 miles, it is a continuation of the great mineral bearing belt of the Rocky Mountains, from which the vast wealth of Montana and

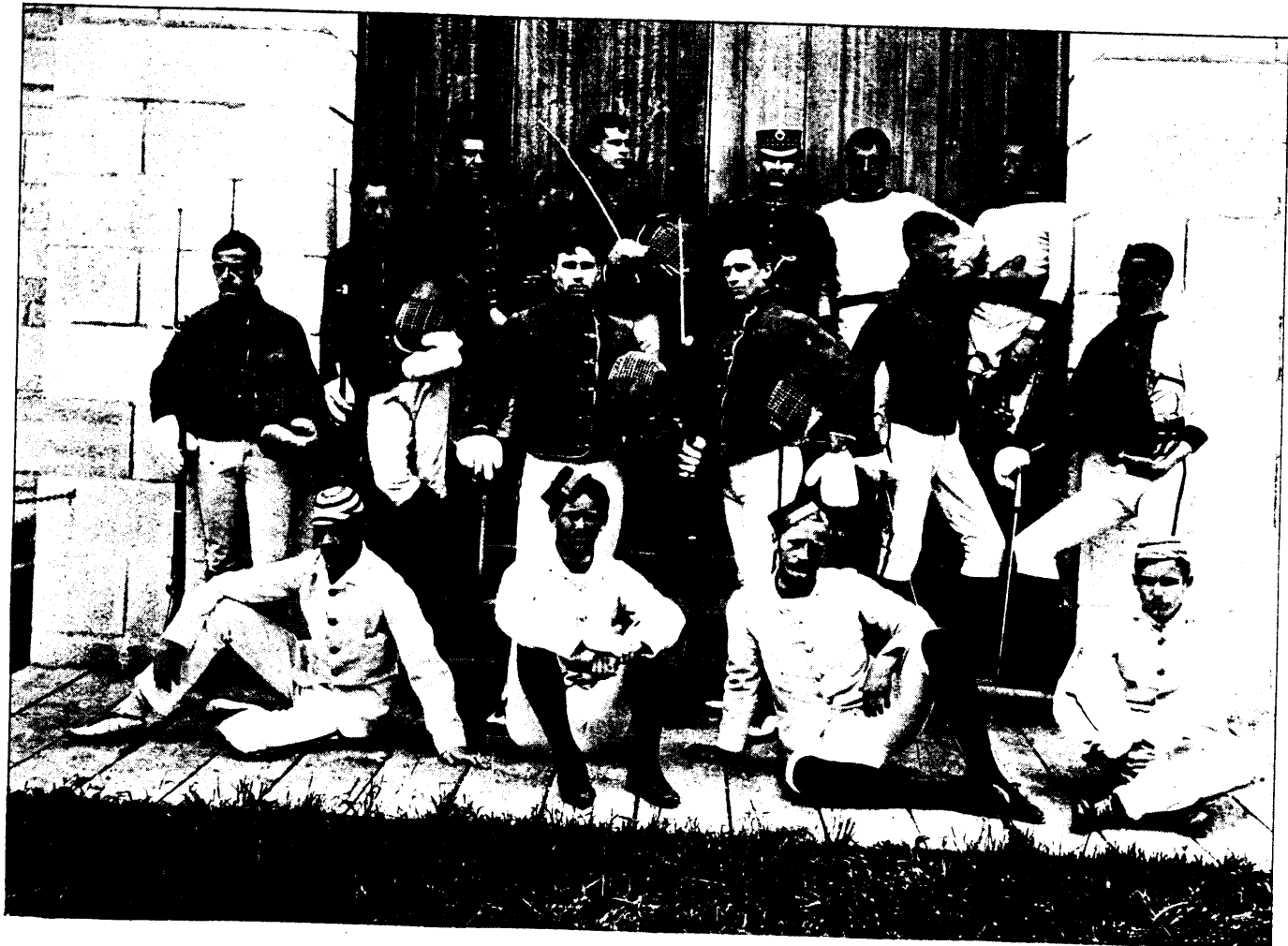


ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE OF CANADA, KINGSTON, ONT.

From photos. by H. Henderson.



THE CADETS IN WINTER AND SUMMER UNIFORMS.



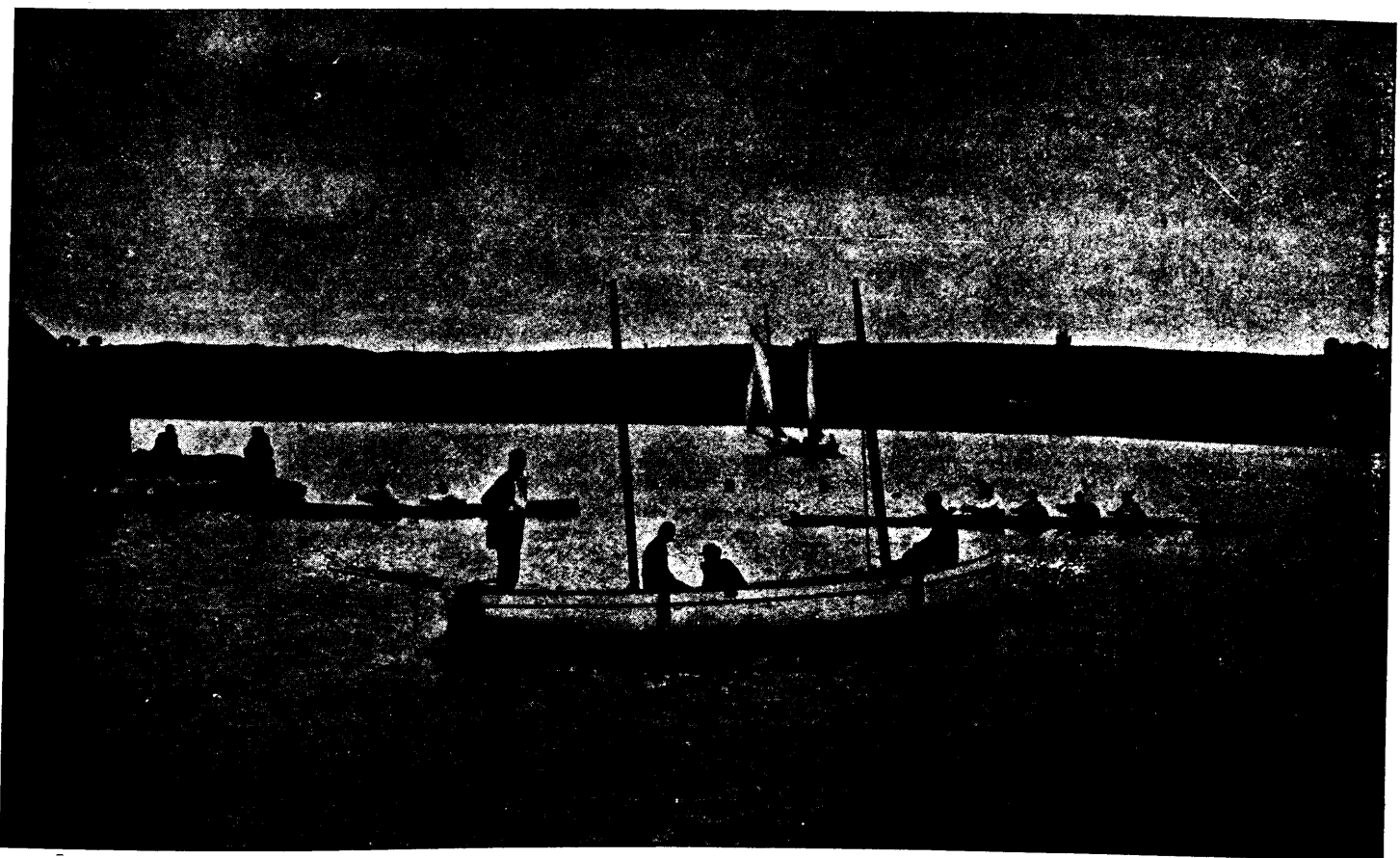
THE CADETS IN FENCING AND ATHLETIC COSTUMES.

ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE OF CANADA, KINGSTON, ONT.

From photos. by H. Henderson.



RECRUITS AT DRILL.



THE CADETS ROWING AND SAILING IN KINGSTON HARBOUR.

the adjoining States has been drawn, and contains within its vast extent enormous deposits of gold, silver, lead and copper ore.

Among its localities which have attracted especial interest are those of Spillamachene and Jubilee Mountains and Job's Creek on the Columbia River within easy reach (by water communication, maintained by two steamers) of Golden City on the C.P.R. A number of mines there have been bonded to capitalists, who are preparing to operate them in conjunction with the smelter now being erected at Revelstoke, 100 miles west of Golden City.

The Toad Mountain District in South-west Kootenay promises to be one of the richest mining centres in the province, ore giving results of from 300 ounces of silver to the ton to 2,700 has been found on a number of claims. The town of Nelson has sprung up in its midst, and when the projected railway from Revelstoke, in connection with the through line, is constructed, the produce of these valuable mines will be retained in Canadian territory, instead of being diverted as at present to the smelters of Montana, which is adjacent to the Toad Mountain country. Nor in the quest of quartz with its costly milling processes have the simpler modes of gold mining by placer and hydraulic means been neglected. Thirty-six new placer claims have been recorded in East Kootenay, while hydraulic mining, viz. placer mining with machinery, has been in active operation for some years, notably in Wild Horse Creek, which has four hydraulic companies at the present time. Though returns have not been made by all of these, some of them have reported a yield of \$1,000 to each man employed. Perry Creek, like Wild Horse in the interior of East Kootenay, is being operated by the Perry Creek Mining Company, which is running a tunnel to reach the old bed of the Creek. Although they have not yet attained this object, they are making excellent progress and encountering no difficulty. From the gravel removed from the tunnel, which is 7 feet by 6 feet, about \$300 a week is being washed out. Various other creeks in the East Kootenay district are being worked by parties of miners, among which may be mentioned Weaver Creek, Findlay, Bull, and Moyca Creeks, from which gold has been taken in paying quantities. The Big Bend of the Columbia River in West Kootenay has also shown some very satisfactory paying results, which have been obtained by some 40 men, who are mining in this locality. Some general idea may be formed of the amount of prospecting that has been done from the fact that 109 new mineral claims were entered in the Recorder's Office for East Kootenay at Donald during the year 1888, besides the odd claims which are on the books. In West Kootenay quite as much has been done.

#### DEPOSITS OF OTHER MINERALS THROUGHOUT THE PROVINCE.

British Columbia also gives promise of containing extensive deposits of copper, although no mines have yet been worked. Prospecting has, however, disclosed large quantities of copper in the country, especially on Texada Island, 20 miles north of Nanaimo, and also in Howe Sound, just north of Burrard's Inlet. Immense deposits of iron have also been found on Texada Island, which appears to be a veritable iron mountain. Iron is also met with in the mountainous districts of the interior on Vancouver's and Queen Charlotte's Islands, at the Douglas Portage on the Fraser River, and at the entrance to Sooke Sound, at the south end of Vancouver's Island. The iron on Texada Island is not only extensive in quantity, but the ore is of the very best quality, being magnetic, giving 80 per cent in iron. There is also in the same locality a large vein of hematite iron ore, going as high as 80 per cent in pure iron. All these deposits possess the advantage of being close to navigable water. With the proximity of coal and coke to these iron beds, with their inexhaustible supply of cheap fuel, large rolling mills and manufactories of pig iron will, there is every reason to hope, be shortly established in British Columbia. Mica and cinnabar also exist in the province. Large deposits of the latter metal have been discovered in the Wapta Pass of the Rocky Moun-

tains on the line of the railway, which are now being developed. A good quality of asbestos has recently been found, and also a number of veins of nickel; but no attempts has been yet made to mine these minerals.

#### TIMBER AND AGRICULTURE.

The question of the future lumber supply of America is one which has lately been attracting the attention of the whole eastern continent, on which the supply in each year is becoming smaller and more difficult of access. The vast prairie tract of the North-West Territories is almost treeless. It has no timber for its own needs and must look to the forests of the West for its future provision. A large portion of British Columbia is covered with the finest timber in the world. The principal varieties are the Douglas fir, which furnishes the most useful general purpose wood; hemlock, spruce, the great silver fir, often growing to a length of 150 feet and 15 feet diameter at the base; the yellow cypress, tamarac, maple, yew, crab apple, elder, birch, oak, dogwood, cottonwood, ash and juniper. The tree of most commercial value is undoubtedly the fir, of which there are two varieties—the red and the yellow. From the southern boundary of Oregon northward, almost to the Arctic circle, heavy forests skirt the entire coast. Following it for nearly 3,000 miles is an almost impenetrable belt of the largest timber in the world, which also extends inland for a distance ranging from 50 to 100 miles. It is probable that two-thirds of this western portion of the province is covered with timber. Centuries of inroads into these forests for legitimate purposes cannot exhaust the supply. British Columbia is now shipping lumber to Australia, China, Japan, the Sandwich Islands, and other countries, which for general building purposes and for bridges cannot be excelled. Timber is often sawed out of these trees 100 to 120 feet in length.

There are large tracts of agricultural land still unoccupied in all the fertile valleys of the province, more especially in the delta of the Fraser and the south-eastern districts, to which the early settlers did not penetrate. Industrious, steady men will find in British Columbia few of the hardships experienced in the development of new homes which the pioneers of old Canada encountered. The surface of the country is park-like throughout Kootenay, where, as well as in the Thompson Valley, ranching is extensively practised. Water is abundant and excellent, and all stock thrives well on the native bunch grasses, requiring little care and attention during the winter, as the climate is tempered by the Chimook winds, and the cold, except in the higher altitudes, is but of short duration. Vegetables and fruit grow abundantly, the former attaining an abnormal size, testifying to the richness of the virgin soil. Ranching requires capital, and does not yield returns for three years; but a limited amount of money would be sufficient to equip a dairy farm or market garden, or both combined, near some of the growing towns on the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway. There is great and urgent demand from the Rocky Mountain to the Coast for milk, butter, eggs and poultry, which are at present in some places monopolies in the hands of a few, who make their own prices, and would be benefitted by a little wholesome competition; while in others there is absolutely no supply for the demand, with the exception of milk, which is distributed at 10 and 15 cents per quart. Butter and eggs are brought at present from the east and sell at 35 and 40 cents per lb. and 25 and 30 cents per dozen. Poultry is almost an unknown luxury.

The original owner of a chicken ranche at Donald was at one time making as much as \$2 a day by his eggs and chickens. I believe that at the Coast the Chinamen have monopolised the market garden business; but they do not attempt anything else. As the mining and lumbering interests are developed there must be an increased demand for all farm produce, stock, etc. Good markets create good prices. Railways are in contemplation, connecting the interior with the main line, while water communication is already established in all the agricultural districts, bringing the

buyer and seller within easy reach of each other. The British Columbia Government has been most liberal in granting and expending money in the construction of roads and the building of bridges. In the Kootenay district alone the expenditure for the year 1888 amounted to nearly \$20,000. I cannot do better in concluding this account of the present position and advantages of the country than to add a few figures from official returns showing the material advances British Columbia has made in general prosperity and increased trade:—

The population of British Columbia in 1871 was estimated at 36,000, exclusive of 30,000 Indians, and it is now placed at over 100,000.

In 1876 the value of the fish product, in round numbers, was \$100,000; it is now \$2,000,000.

‡ The coasting trade in 1876, 125,000 tonnage; now 1,500,000 tonnage.

The exports in 1872 were \$160,000; now \$350,000. Imports, 1872, \$180,000; now \$3,600,000.

Duty collected in 1872, \$350,000; now \$900,000. Tonnage of vessels in and out, 260,000; now 1,200,000.

Output of coal in 1874 was 81,000 tons; in 1888, 500,000 tons.

The above figures could be multiplied greatly in detail, but, as a general outline, will indicate pretty clearly the progress made.

#### ROSSETTI AS HE MIGHT HAVE CRITICISED.

Johnson—As to Rossetti, though I remember having read him, I found in him but little that pleased. Interviewer—He certainly had what you praise Tennyson for—precision in luxuriance. For romantic richness of colour I believe him to be without an equal, and along with this gorgeous affluence he has the strictest verbal compression. He valued himself upon his turn for condensation—rightly, I think. Here Dr. Johnson takes down from his shelves Rossetti's poems, opens at random, and reads aloud as follows:

Like labour-laden moonclouds faint to flee  
From winds that sweep the Winter-bitten wold—  
Like multiform circumfluence manifold  
Of night's flood tide—like terrors that agree  
Of hoarse-tongued fire and inarticulate sea—  
Even such, within some glass dimmed by our breath,  
Our hearts discern wild images of death,  
Shadows and shoals that edge eternity,  
Howbeit athwart Death's imminent shade doth soar  
One Power, than flow of stream or flight of dove  
Sweeter to glide around, to brood above.  
Tell me, my heart, what angel-greeted door  
Or threshold of wing-winnowed thrashing floor  
Hath guest fire-fledged as thine, whose lord is Love?"

Sir, I know not but you are in the right to claim for Rossetti's verse the merit of condensation. Here is truly a greater body of nonsense condensed within fourteen lines than I had believed fourteen lines to be capacious of. Now, Sir, I invite you to consider this sonnet, line by line. Let us begin at the beginning. Clouds are often spoken of as "labouring;" and clouds may also, with permissible looseness, be said to be "laden," as with rain; but how can they be "labour-laden"—that is, laden with labour? And what is a "mooncloud"? And what does "faint to flee" mean? "Circumfluence of night's flood-tide" is offensive, but "multiform" and "manifold" have here little if any meaning, and of use none whatever, save to swell out a line. In "terrors that agree of hoarse-tongued fire and inarticulate sea" I know not what agreement is to be understood. In line seven, the words "within some glass dimmed by our breath" can only be held to verge toward a possible meaning by being charitably supposed figurative; but figurative of what does not appear. "Shadows and shoals" are brought together for no better reason than their initial alliteration; a reason, however, which appears to have much weight with some of your modern poets. "Howbeit" is an odd and uncouth word by which good taste is revolted. Expletives like "doth" were in my time, by common consent of the judicious, rejected as awkward incumbrances, and I am sorry to see them come in after our diction had been supposed purged of them. In lines nine to eleven, a power sweeter to glide around and to brood above than either the flow of a stream or the flight of a dove is soars against the imminent shade of death. It were vain to discuss these lines in hope to come at their meaning. They have none. The three lines which follow, and in which we meet with the guest of the threshold of a thrashing floor, are equally vacant of import. Pope speaks of writers who "blunder round about a meaning." To blunder round about a meaning is bad enough, but it at least implies a meaning round about which the writer blunders; and when we see an author in manifest labour and travail with a thought, compassion for his pangs disposes us to assist at the delivery. We are willing to believe that the value of the thought may compensate its difficult bringing forth. But this is not Rossetti's plight. It is not that he is here painfully struggling to present us with a thought. He had no thought to present. Your contemporaries, I presume, called this poetry. Mine would have called it gibberish.—*The National Review*.

# IN THE THICK OF IT.

A TALE OF "THIRTY-SEVEN."

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

Howis now joined the group with several others, and as they proceeded Stratiss gave Howis an angry account of what had passed between himself and Egan. Howis tried to soothe him, at the same time reprimanding Egan for impudence to a man of Captain Stratiss's standing.

"Standing, indeed," muttered Egan, who had grown very humble since Howis made his appearance, "if I had the old blackguard by himself a minute I'd make his standing considerable less," thus betraying an insubordination fatal to any cause.

The party now entered a dwelling of some sort, and Frank's blindfold was removed. The first glance through the single pane of glass that served as a window showed Frank where he was. They had brought him to old Todd's shanty, about four miles from the place where he was captured and on the opposite side of the lake. The spot was the least frequented of any for miles around; a road ran along the shore of the lake, but it was seldom travelled, and no one thought of calling at the shanty of little Todd, whose reputation was as forbidding as himself.

As Frank gazed at the man, though he was by no means nervous, he felt an uneasy thrill pass through his frame. He was one of the strangest and most weird-looking creatures the imagination could picture. His height might have been four feet, but a stoop in his shoulders made him look a foot shorter. But his face was the most peculiar part of his person, it was disproportionately small, withered and wrinkled to the last degree, and the nose was smaller still in proportion to the other features. What little of his hair remained was white and tangled, and his features, when not distorted by anger, wore a constant grimace, a sort of impudent and defiant aspect most disagreeable to witness.

Howis noticed the look of surprise with which Frank Arnley viewed the object before him, who stood quite unmoved and returned the gaze with interest.

"I beg pardon, Arnley," said Howis, "let me introduce you to our friend, who is apparently a stranger to you. This is Mr. Arnley, your prisoner, Todd. Mr. Arnley this is Shotto Todd, or 'Shotty,' as his friends call him, the owner and occupier of this dwelling and an acre of the surrounding land. It is our intention to leave you with him for a few days, and I hope you will enjoy his company. I beg you will give him no unnecessary trouble, however, for he's somewhat touchy, and not over particular what he does when put out."

"I would rather fight you and a whole regiment of your teachers than stay a night under the roof of that old sheep thief," said Frank defiantly, for though he was personally unacquainted with Todd, he knew the man's notorious character before the law very well.

"Who are you callin' sheep thief?" squealed the old man. "I give you to know that was a lie of old Leslie's, and he'll wish he never said it afore long. And I tell you I aint to be insulted in my own house, young man."

"Oh, stuff and nonsense!" cried Howis, "you needn't be so fierce, Shotty, let's have some lunch." Still muttering, Todd went off to prepare a table.

"I have some private information for you, sir," continued Howis, turning to Frank, "in return for the trouble you and your friend Hewit gave us last night. We have you safely housed here, and before night we'll have your friend arrested for your murder. We have secured circumstantial evidence enough to lead to his imprisonment, and before a week has elapsed there will be work out of which you will both be well kept. You will be safer with old Shotty here than you would be outside at such a juncture."

Before Frank could reply old Todd reappeared with the news that breakfast was ready, and Frank was invited to partake of it. He cast a rueful

glance around the company as he sat down to table, and would gladly have declined, but a sharp appetite admonished him that it would not do to stand on trifles. There was a fine saddle of mutton on the table, evidently prepared in anticipation of company, but Frank was not in the least surprised, he had heard old Shotty's mutton spoken of before. But for the life of him he could not withstand the temptation to remark upon it, and turning to Captain Stratiss, whom he liked best of the company, he enquired:

"How does your friend Shotty find pasture for his flocks?"

"Oh," replied Stratiss, not heeding the wrathful glance that darted from old Shotty's eyes, "Shotty is a pretty knowing fellow, I believe; he lets his sheep out to his neighbours to double, and never gets his own complement back again. There are so many rogues around it makes it hard for poor Shotty. Leslie's flock has not increased much since he had you up for taking one of his ewes for a boat row, eh, Snotty?"

"I guess not," remarked Howis with a horse laugh.

With a curse Todd replied: "There's some at the old cove thinks a sight more on than his sheep'll take a boat ride one o' these days."

"What's that?" enquired Frank quietly.

With a wrathful glance at Todd, Egan replied: "He means he'll have one of the doctor's cows some pleasant evening."

On leaving the table the party broke up, but Frank's hands were again bound, and Todd was given particular instructions to guard him securely.

## CHAPTER XIV.

EGAN'S DESIGNS.

It was with some uneasiness that Frank found Egan had been left to share Todd's responsibility as a guard upon himself, for that was the only explanation he could arrive at of Egan's return to the shanty after parting with his associates. Egan's presence rendered any plan of escape less feasible, or at any rate deferred its execution longer than had old Todd been his only keeper, and he was anxious to get back to his friends if only for Harry Hewit's sake.

That Howis had spoken truly when he told him of the intended arrest of Harry, Frank did not doubt, and that his imprisonment would last no longer than Frank's own incarceration, which he was determined should be short, he was aware; but then Shotty might knock him on the head, as Howis had hinted, if he found him attempting to escape, and though he discarded that thought as unmanly, he none the less realized that his absence would occasion his friends a great amount of anxiety and trouble, and place Harry in an awkward, if not threatening, predicament.

Moreover, "the work" out of which he and Harry were kept by these vile conspiracies, Frank rightly interpreted to mean the outbreak of the rebels against the Government, and this redoubled his anxiety to be free. This he thought he might easily have accomplished had he had none but Todd to deal with. But a coarse, rough, bold and powerful fellow like Egan was a different matter. His thoughts thus busily engaged, he succumbed at length to the quiet of the place and the fatigue and excitement he had undergone during the past forty-eight hours, and was soon in the arms of Morpheus. But he was not suffered long to remain nodding; with a rough shake Egan aroused him, and pointing to an opening behind the rude chimney, bade him enter. The opening or door was but about four feet high and was closed with a single log; it admitted to a room about four feet wide, which extended the full length of the shanty by a partition of logs, and was apparently intended for purposes of concealment. It was without light except where a hole in the chimney admitted a few rays. A comfortable couch of sheepskins had been prepared for him and Frank was soon fast asleep.

Late in the afternoon he awoke, and after realizing where he was, he searched for a crack through which he might reconnoitre the outside of his prison, and finding one perceived that he was in full view of the little lake that has been so often

mentioned before, and across it, though not in a direct line, he saw Dr. Leslie's house.

How many thoughts the view awakened, and how earnestly he longed to be able to assure the fair Alice of Harry Hewit's innocence by news of his own safety! Could he have witnessed the grief of Miss Leslie at that moment it would have redoubled his anxiety to be free.

Tired at length of following a prospect which awoke bitter thoughts, he returned to his bed and remained there until nearly dark, when old Todd brought him some dinner, consisting of the same excellent mutton he had before tasted, some cabbage, potatoes and fine beans.

"Heigho!" exclaimed Frank, "you have a proffessed cook somewhere at hand by the look of this."

"I done it myself," returned the old man. "I thought if I done it nice the young gentleman 'ud gi' me something for my trouble."

"Loose my hands so that I can get my purse," said Frank, as a thought of escape flashed through his mind, "and I will pay you well."

"Will you? Will you?" said the old man rapidly; then checking himself he continued, "I can get the purse for you, and you can eat well enough without making the cord longer."

"I would advise you," said Frank sternly, "not to lay a finger on me, for, bound as I am, I could soon send you whither you would never return, old man. Set me free, however, and I will give you a handsome reward and say nothing of the past."

"I can't do it," said the old man, and he went out of the cell muttering maledictions on the head of his prisoner and mankind in general.

Late that night Frank heard Egan come in. He had been drinking and talked in a loud and boisterous manner. He was heaping curses on the head of Dr. Leslie and Harry Hewit, and Frank learned with joy of the termination of the examination.

From conversation between the two, after a meal had been partaken of, Frank heard, with what feelings may be imagined, of a plot on Egan's part to abduct Alice Leslie.

The fellow had been in the employ of Dr. Leslie, thus having frequent opportunities of seeing the fair Alice, and he became as deeply enamoured of her as one of his nature was capable. One evening he attempted some advances intended to show his admiration, but was received with such indignant surprise and anger, that bold and impudent as he was, he cowered beneath Miss Leslie's glance of withering scorn, and slunk away mortified and enraged. The next day he was discharged. He then entered into a covert partnership with Todd for more purposes than one. Brooding over his wrongs, as he was pleased to call them, he had meditated a deep and startling revenge.

"Yes," he exclaimed as he unfolded his plans more fully to Todd, "Yes! I'll have her in spite of her dainty airs; in spite of her proud father and of this precious Hewit." And a series of bitter curses again fell on Dr. Leslie's head for enabling Harry to retain his freedom.

"You must mind my part of the business," squeaked Todd, "you get the girl, but I rob the house and no division afterwards."

"Yes, and be careful you keep your part of the bargain and prevent the father from interfering with me."

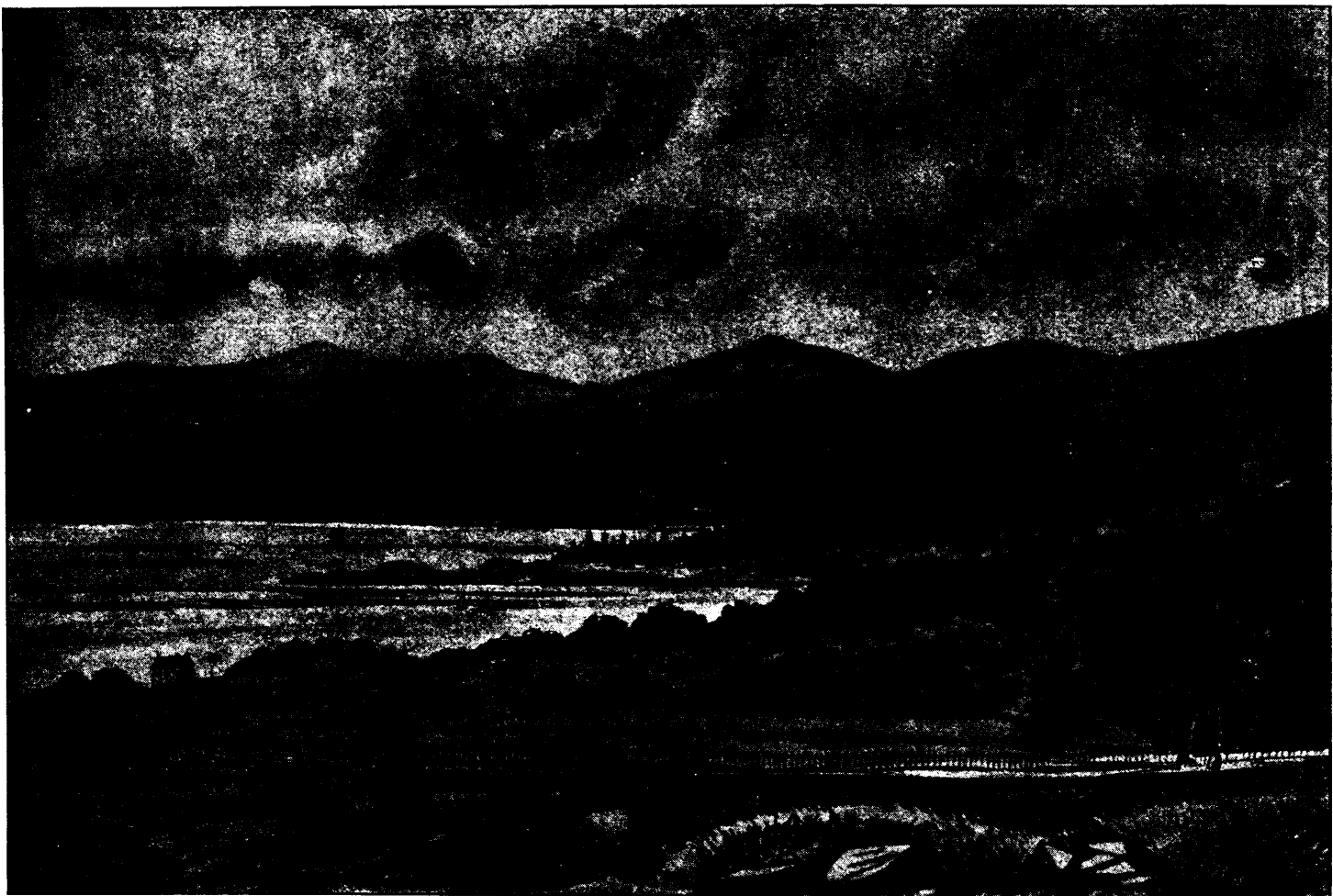
"I'll see to that. I warrant you," returned Todd. "I don't owe the old man much good will, and if he attempts to cross you or me his days are numbered. You won't attempt it till the risin' is up, and then if the old fellow's popped over no one will have time to look after it, and you and the girl can take possession and live like kings; no matter to you, then, which way this Mackenzie business goes."

"I don't care, any way," said Egan, with an oath, "provided I make this business work, it's all I care for."

Frank listened with eagerness to the ruffianly plot, and his heart sickened to think of his own helplessness. He learned from further conversation between his keepers, that the insurrectionary attempt was to be made within a week at most.

(To be continued.)





## SKETCHES IN BRITISH COLUMBIA. Series XV.

By Mrs. Arthur Spragge.

1. Entrance to Victoria and Esquimalt Harbours; from Beacon Hill Park, Victoria. 2. View Across the Straits of Juan de Fuca, towards Washington Territory; from Beacon Hill Park, Victoria.





SAVED!

From the painting by W. Beauquesne.

Photo. supplied by G. E. Macrae, Toronto, Director for Canada of the Soule Photograph Company.



## USEFUL HINTS.

A firmer and more delicate grain is secured in cake by stirring the dough only in one direction.

If the outer skin is cut from the leg of mutton before cooking, there will be no occasion to complain of the strong flavour.

It is a saving of time and temper to cool eggs when the whites are to be whipped. A little salt expedites the frothing.

When broiling steak throw a little salt on the coals and the blaze from dripping fat will not annoy.

In a basin of water, salt, of course, falls to the bottom, so never soak salt fish with the skin side down, as the salt will fall to the skin and remain there.

A room with a low ceiling will seem higher if the window curtains hang to the floor. Lambrequins may be used to extend the curtains to the ceiling, and thus carry out the effect.

A useful paste can be made of gum tragacanth and water, or of gum arabic and water. It may be agreeably scented and can be kept from souring by adding a little ground cloves.

Never wash a jelly bag, strainer cloth, pudding bag or dumpling nets with soap. The next thing that is put into or passed through these things will surely taste of the flavouring of alkali.

To cure felons mix one ounce Venice turpentine with one ounce of water, and with a smooth stick mix and spread a thick coating of it around the finger; bind on with a cloth and renew daily.

If the feet are painful after long standing or walking great relief can be had by bathing them in salt and water. A handful of salt to a gallon of water is the right proportion. Have the water as hot as can comfortably be borne.

**CARE OF UMBRELLAS.**—After coming in out of the rain let the umbrella down, and stand it on the handle, that it may dry in this position. The water will thus drip from the edges of the frame, and the cover dry uniformly. When placed with the handle upwards, as is frequently done, the water runs to the top of the umbrella, and the moisture is there retained by the lining underneath the ring for some length of time, causing the silk or fabric with which the frame is covered to become tender and soon rot. Ordinarily the top of an umbrella wears out sooner than any part of it, and in the majority of cases may be thus accounted for. A silk umbrella is much injured by being left open to dry; the silk becomes stretched and stiff, and will sooner split thus cared for. When not in use let the folds hang loose, not fastened down. The creases are less apt to split from such usage. When carried in the hand, in anticipation of rainy weather, the folds may be strapped down, as it adds to the neatness of its appearance.

## LADIES' MISCELLANY.

**FANCY WORK.**—At this season many ladies will perhaps find a few hints as to holiday presents useful. Besides, such things are much more appreciated when you make them yourself than if they were bought.

**A PRETTY TABLE SCARF.**—A pretty table scarf, made of fine linen, twenty by twenty-four inches wide, may have above the wide hem a border of drawn work in intricately woven designs. The centre should be embroidered in white, in heavy satin stitch, and the veins and outlines of the flowers traced with dead gold threads, intermixed with a silken web of golden brown silk. The design may be in a running pattern of flowers, with a flight of birds and circling butterflies. In discs outlined with twisted golden threads are cupids in grotesque attitudes—one is riding astride a gigantic butterfly, while another conducts his aerial steeds with slender threads of brown and gold.

**A USEFUL WORK TABLE.**—Altogether new and taking is a design for a little work-table of white enameled wood. The top is composed of two flaps that open outwards and disclose a firm, square work bag with compartments for scissors, thimble, needlebook, and so on. The outside of the bag is draped with Indian silk finished off with pompons. When the flaps are closed it makes a convenient occasional table, and the top is to be tastefully painted with groups of flowers.

**NEEDLE NOTES.**—Leaves may be couched with veining in stem stitch. Some of the larger leaves may be slightly worked out from the centre. Buds may be done in long and short stitches from the outer edge, and the calyx couched with a few stitches introduced to show the bend of the leaf. Some flowers in embroidery may be couched around the edge with different shades, with the centres worked out in long and short, artistically shaded, with hearts of knots of soft yellow-brown with touches of dull red. A kind of bold embroidery which answers very effectively in place of solid work is a combination of fine couching and long and short work, from the outside to the centre in some forms, and the reverse in others. Stem work may all be done in fine couching in natural colouring, that is, in two shades of green, and in some cases in wood-browns. Stems may also be done in one or two rows of stem stitch with sketchy stitches here and there through it. In carrying out a cut-

work design suitable for tray-cloths, centre-table mats, or for a cake-basket square, select fine linen. Run the forms of the design closely with the linen thread and the cross threads should be caught from the edge of the already-run pattern until the next crossing thread is reached. Button-hole the rim patterns closely. Small circles may be made in wheel form as in lace work. After the whole work is button holed, cut carefully along the button-holed edge under the crossing lines, leaving the whole in an open, lace-like effect.

## FASHION NOTES.

A graceful garment, quite new in style, to be worn over an accordion-pleated house dress, is made of velvet, lined with either a contrasting or harmonizing colour. It has Zouave front, and is sleeveless, and is finished with long Directoire coat-tails at the back. It is called the "Directoire slip," and, put on over a dainty gown, a rich effect is given at moderate expense, for the slip can be made of five yards of velvet.

A simple but attractive gown worn at a five-o'clock tea recently was copied from a Paris-made dress, but of a different colour and quality. The gown was of a lovely tint of heliotrope silk. Hanging straight all round, the skirt was, as fashion directs, excessively full, though there were no visible aids to the fullness at the back. At the hem was a deep border of heliotrope velvet considerably darker than the dress in shade. The perfect-fitting corsage had Empire fronts of velvet on either side. The sleeves were fashioned with a long, loose puff to the elbow, meeting a close coat-sleeve of the velvet, which buttoned up the arm on the outside. The very simplicity of the style lent a charm to the gown.

Some of the new autumn wraps have wide sleeves, in order to go on comfortably over the puffed sleeves of the gown. Many of the mantles are themselves made with puffed sleeves gathered into a deep Cromwellian cut of fur or velvet. A great deal of beaver and astrakhan is used in trimming cloaks and short coats for the winter. Many of the new sealskin wraps are fancifully trimmed with various kinds of fur bands, capes, hoods and deep collars. The elegant effect, however, is lowered, and the garment has invariably a made-over look. Trimming a seal coat is like painting a lily. The less trimming such a garment has the richer it looks.

**CHIT-CHAT.**—The dress of the mistress of the house has a bearing on her influence. Injunctions as to care and precision in the household work come with greater emphasis from one who is habitually neat in attire, than from one whose slovenly looks are a perpetual example of untidiness everywhere.

Ringol is a new English out-of-doors game for ladies. It is played with grace hoops and sticks and two nets eight feet high and ten feet wide. It is proposed to make it rival and rule out tennis, if possible, as it exercises both arms, both shoulders, both hands and the whole body in the running and turning necessary to catch the hoops before they reach the goals or nets.

## LINES

written after looking at some views in the suburbs of St. John, N.B., in the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED.

I know how fair the sunny mornings rise  
O'er those dear distant hills—

I know how deeply blue the arching skies,  
What peace the landscape fills,

When evening's beautiful lights their tints unveil,  
And softly shines afar,  
In tender radiance, o'er hill and dale  
The lovers' twilight star!

I know how fresh and free the strong airs blow  
Up from th' encircling sea!  
Ah me! ah me! the years that come and go,  
They bring no more to me

The dreams that nestled round my heart the while  
I walked those pleasant ways,  
And looked, while wrapped in youth's gay morning smile,  
Through her transporting haze!

These all have flown—but does it look the same  
To other eyes than mine?  
Do others mark the well known glories flame  
At morn and vesper time?

Do feet that bound to the heart's music still  
Frequent each lovely spot?  
Then, then—my star, shine on o'er dale and hill,  
Shine on, and miss me not!

Toronto.

MARIAN J. WILLS.

**OTTO HEGNER.**—This young genius, whose appearance at the Queen's Hall on Wednesday last, was greeted with enthusiasm by an appreciative audience, will appear in a matinée at the same place on Saturday next. His touch and execution fulfil all the expectations entertained regarding him on the basis of previous successes. He comes to this city under the direction of Henry E. Abbey and Maurice Grau. He is accompanied by the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, of Boston, and Mrs. Pemberton Hincks. The programme of the matinée comprises choice pieces from Brahms, Ardit, Liszt (Rhapsody No. 2), Schubert, Beethoven (Sonata Opus 53) and other masters. There ought to be a large attendance from music-loving circles.

## THOMAS HOOD.

(Concluded.)

Hood's time in Germany was principally devoted to preparing "Hood's Annual" and "Up the Rhine," and his leisure hours were devoted to correspondence.

Five months after his arrival at Rotterdam his wife and family joined him at Coblenz. They found him in a sad state of health, he never having fully recovered the terrible suffering he experienced while on board the Lord Melville. Besides, he was so thoroughly disgusted with the German system of medicine that he absolutely refused to call in a doctor. In spite of his strong will, however, his wife was obliged to obtain the services of a physician shortly after her arrival in the new country.

But she soon found that Hood's dislike for anything German was fully shared by herself.

In a letter written to their dearest friends, Dr. and Mrs. Elliott, of Stratford, she said: "The only one thing about Germany is the coffee, and that is really a sort of Evening Brown Stout. It is roasted, or as they say here, burned, at home; and is so different from the coffee obtained in England that Hood says THAT coffee is made from horse beans. Tea is bad and dear.

I have heard of German cousins, but I am sure we are no relations or we should be more upon speaking terms.

We are only on talking terms with the butcher and the doctor (both in the killing line), but Hood manages to get along with a little bad French.

All our dinners are ordered per dictionary, but we still get onions for turnips and radishes for carrots.

It sounds farcical, but it is quite true that I sent for a fowl the other day for Hood's dinner, and the servant returned with two bundles of goose quills."

One great surprise to Mrs. Hood was that they were able to get sweet milk, the Germans had such a craze for everything sour. Their wine was sour. They pickled plums in vinegar. The very spring water was acid, and was called sour water.

The vinegar made from Moselle, however, was superb and pickled cucumber Hood said was *superlative*.

Although Hood was such a great sufferer, he never lost spirits. One has only to read his letters to his friends to realize this.

In one of these letters he concluded with his experience at Coblenz as follows: While his wife was ill in bed, smothered by pillows and blankets, suffering from a terribly inflamed eye, in rushed their maid, and without any warning, suddenly enveloped Mrs. Hood's head in a baker's meal-sack just hot from the oven; prescribed as a sudorific and the best thing in the world for an inflamed eye, by the bake wife. That between the suddenness of the attack and her sense of the fun of the thing, Mas. Hood lay helplessly laughing, while Graddle, the servant, partly in German, partly in English, called the children out of the room.

Hood's idea of happiness was centred in the happiness of others. He cared not for clubs, dinners, society, or any other life in which his wife did not join. His children were regarded as part of himself, and though young, were allowed to have their little say at the end of their father's letters written to persons whom they knew. Here is one of them: Tommy has grown and is very fat; he has two sharp teeth, and he bites my fingers when I put them in his mouth; I can say how many months make a year and how many weeks make a month; and, oh, I have a great house for my dolls and three rooms in it and I can't say any more for my head aches and I have a great many teapots and mugs, and I have got a cold and a kitten. To this Hood added:

All of this stuff is Fanny's, every line,  
For God's sake, reader, take them not for mine.

In 1836 Hood commenced a tour through Germany, making special drawings of what he saw and considered would be of value for publication in "Up the Rhine." During this tour he made many friends, but the one who stuck closest to him was a young Prussian officer named Tranch. This gen-

tleman was most kind and attentive to Hood, teaching him the peculiarities of the language when well, and acting as his attendant during the severe attacks of hemorrhage and spasms from which Hood was a constant sufferer. Time will not permit me to make any quotations from his letters to his wife during this tour (he travelled alone). Let me, therefore, pass on to the time when he once more settles down in England.

He had gained an immense store of information while away, and his knowledge of engraving and drawing saved him a deal of anxiety and not a little cash, besides he was able to give his publishers technical instructions regarding the preparation of the plates for the new volume. "Up the Rhine."

He was especially anxious to make this book as perfect as possible, and in his letters to his publishers he was most careful to ask them to reproduce his drawings exactly, adding that they were fac-similes of what he had seen, and consequently any alteration would spoil them.

What a treat, after an absence of nearly five years, to find himself once more at home!

Shortly after landing he visited his friends, Dr. and Mrs. Elliott, at Stratford, and it is remarkable how providential that visit turned out to be. Dr. Elliott was a specialist on diseases of the lungs, and had already had some experience of Mr. Hood's attacks of hemorrhage. The poor fellow had not been very long at Stratford when a most terrible attack of his old disease laid him so near to death's door that, to use his own favorite expression, he could hear the hinges creaking. Had it not been for Dr. Elliott, he certainly must have died, but the doctor never left him day or night until he was comparatively out of danger. As soon as he was sufficiently recovered to be removed he took a house at Canterwell, where his wife shortly afterwards joined him. It was a long time before he was able to get out again, and his wife had to act as his nurse, his amanuensis, and his commercial agent. When he had recovered he paid a visit to his publisher.

It will be remembered that in 1835 Hood sold all his belongings, and obtaining an advance on his future earnings, set out to Rotterdam for the purpose of writing to pay his debts. He had spent five years away, and now, for the first time he is seen at his publishers asking for a statement of his account.

What was his surprise and disappointment, however, to find that his account was in a regular muddle, that his books had been pirated, and that his publisher, in whom he had placed the utmost confidence, had been reaping the proceeds of this piracy.

Hood entered an action for the recovery of his books and the establishment of his name as an author, but to do this he spent all he had, and he was once more penniless. However, as he said, he started again with a clear name and a clearer pocket.

In 1841, his deepest, and, to my mind, most beautiful poem, *The Dream of Eugene Aram* (originally published in the *Gem* in the year 1829), was translated into German.

It is too long to reprint here, too beautiful to permit of an omission of a single line. Let me then suggest to any who have not yet read it that an evening with Eugene Aram would have a lasting effect upon them for good.

Another run of better luck offered itself during the year 1841, through the death of Theodore Hook, editor of the *New Monthly Magazine*. The proprietor had learned to appreciate Hood's talent, and at once asked him to accept the vacant post. This was the second time Hood had been asked to step into a dead man's shoes. He was only too glad to accept anything which would bring him in a regular income, and accepted the honourable position at a salary of £300 per annum.

We may be sure he was not long before he let Dr. and Mrs. Elliot know of his sudden wealth—it was wealth to him.

In his letter he said: "The prospect of a certainty makes me feel passing rich, for poverty has come so very near of late, that hope grew sick as the witch grew near."

Soon after he was installed editor of the *New*

*Monthly* he removed from the sombre district of Camberwell to the more aristocratic neighbourhood of St. John's Wood.

Here he used to invite his select friends to an occasional dinner, and though the champagne did not sparkle, sides used to ache from the time the dinner began until the guests left the house in the small hours of the morning. During his residence at St. John's Wood he formed a fast friendship with Charles Dickens, at whose request, on the death of Elton, the celebrated actor, at sea, Hood wrote the following beautiful address which, after a performance of "Hamlet" at the Haymarket Theatre for the benefit of Elton's widow and children, was spoken by the late Mrs. Warner:

Hush! Not a sound! No whisper! No demur!  
No restless motion—No intrusive stir!  
But with staid presence, and a quiet breath,  
One solemn moment dedicate to Death

\* \* \* \* \*  
For now no fancied miseries bespeak  
The panting bosom, and the wetted cheek;  
No fabled Tempest, or dramatic wreck,  
No Royal Sire washed from the mimic deck  
And dirged by sea nymphs to his briny grave;  
Alas! deep, deep, beneath the sullen wave  
His heart once warm and throbbing as your own  
Now, cold and senseless as the shingle stone;  
His lips, so eloquent, choked up with sand;  
The bright eye glazed, and the impressive hand,  
Idly entangled with the ocean weed,  
Full fathoms five, a Father lies *indeed*.

Yes! where the foaming billows rave the while  
Around the rocky Farne and Holy Isle,  
Deaf to their roar, as to the dear applause  
That greets deserving in the drama's cause,  
Blind to the honours that appal the bold,  
To all he hoped, or feared, or loved of old;  
To love—and love's deep agony, acold;  
He, who could move the passions moved by none,  
Drifts, an unconscious corse; poor Elton's race is run.

Weep for the dead! Yet do not merely weep  
For him who slumbers in the oozy deep;  
Mourn for the dead! Yet not alone for him,  
O'er whom the cormorant and gannet swim,  
But like Grace Darling in her little boat,  
Stretch out a saving hand to those that float;  
*The orphan seven*, so prematurely hurled  
Upon the billows of the stormy world,  
And struggling—save your pity, take their part,  
With breakers huge enough to break the heart.

In the Christmas number of *Punch*, 1843, appeared Hood's most popular, and many consider, his greatest work, "The Song of the Shirt." It was, of course, written anonymously, but it ran through the country like wildfire. Paper after paper quoted it and it became the talk of the day. It was translated into French, German and Italian. It was printed on cotton pocket handkerchiefs, and in this way sold in the streets, the poor wretches who sold, singing the verses to an adaptation of their own, as though the words were actually their own. This gave Hood the greatest satisfaction, for he felt that at least one of his poems had touched the heart of that class of the community, among whom his poverty had compelled him to live, and for whom his sympathy and tenderness taught him to write.

Puns have been styled the lowest form of wit, and the critics have fallen foul of them from time immemorial to the present day. In the hands of such men as Hook and Hood, however, puns have a special charm. Vulgarity disappears. The following is one of Hood's many poems, showing his peculiar ability to play upon the double-meaning of words having a similar sound:

Ben Battle was a soldier bold,  
And used to war's alarm,  
But a cannon ball took off his legs,  
So he laid down his arms.

Now as they bore him off the field,  
Said he, let others shoot,  
For here I leave my second leg  
And the forty-second foot.

The army surgeon made him limbs,  
Said he: They're only pegs,  
But there's as wooden members, quite,  
As represent my legs.

Now, Ben he loved a pretty maid,  
Her name was Nelly Gray,  
So he went to pay her his devours  
When he'd devoured his pay.

But when he called on Nellie Gray,  
She made him quite a scoff,  
And when she saw his wooden legs,  
Began to take them off.

Oh, Nellie Gray! Oh, Nellie Gray!  
Is this your love so warm?  
The love that loves a scarlet coat  
Should be more uniform.

Said she I loved a soldier once,  
For he was blythe and brave,  
But I will never have a man  
With both legs in the grave.

Before you had those timber toes,  
Your love I did allow,  
But then, you know, you stand upon  
Another footing now.

I wish I ne'er had seen your face,  
But now—a long farewell,  
For you will be my death—alas,  
You will not be my Nell.

Now when he went from Nellie Gray,  
His heart so heavy got,  
And life was such a burden grown,  
It made him take a knot.

So, round his melancholy neck,  
A rope he did entwine,  
And for the second time in life  
Enlisted in the Line.

One end he tied around a beam,  
And then removed his pegs,  
And, as his legs were off—of course  
He soon was off his legs.

And there he hung till he was dead  
As any nail in town,  
For though distress had cut him up,  
It couldn't cut him down.

A dozen men sat on his corpse,  
To find out why he died,  
And they buried him in four cross roads  
With a stake in his inside.

I now pass on to the last scene of this great man's life.

In a room, surrounded by his friends, poor Hood lies, or rather, sits, propped up with pillows, waiting the last summons.

He knows, everyone knows he is dying. But what a death-bed. Everything which his poor suffering body requires is sent to him by those whom he would not naturally have counted among his friends: grapes, wine, beef tea, jellies; nothing was wanting.

Hood had spent his life writing for the amusement and instruction of others, he had made himself great by means of his pen. In the midst of his severe attacks of spasms, etc., he had dictated to his wife pictures from real life, which would touch the hearts of all who read them, and in the same breath, although dangerously ill, he had given out such splitting jokes as would elicit involuntary bursts of laughter. And now, when the great man is dying, he is comforted by the realization of the fact that his writings have been appreciated. Among the many tokens of sympathy which he received, the most touching was an anonymous letter as follows: A Shirt, with best wishes from a sincere friend. This letter contained a Bank of England note for twenty pounds.

How much easier would Hood's life have been had his admirers only sought out the man in his poverty. His life would probably have been prolonged, he would have been saved many days and nights of anxiety, and the literature of England would have been further enriched with the productions of his immortal pen. As it was, however, on the 4th of May, 1845, at noon, his wife heard him say faintly: "O, Lord, say, 'Arise take up thy cross and follow me.'" So saying, he sank back and died. A public subscription was raised and a monument erected to his memory, in Kensal Green Cemetery, with the simple, but most touching inscription:

He sang the Song of the Shirt..

ERNEST SMITH.

Conscience is like the murmur of a delicate sea-shell.  
We cannot hear it while our passions are tossing and beating on the shores of life

**HUMOUROUS.**

**HIS PEDIGREE.**—Englishman (to stranger): Excuse me, sir, but aren't you a foreigner? Stranger: Foreigner? No, sir, I'm an American pure and simple. Englishman: Ah! and what tribe do you belong to, please?

**MISS SLYMME:** How do you like my new gown, dear? Miss Plompe: Well, it isn't so bad. But it has a rather odd-looking figure in it, I think. About thirty minutes later—I wonder if that hateful thing was referring to me? These goods are perfectly plain.

**JIMMY FRESHMAN** (stopping in front of the new neighbour, and gazing intently at her): Ain't I a brave boy Mrs. Spinks? Mrs. Spinks: Why? Jimmy: 'Cause mamma said you were a perfect fright, but you don't scare me a bit. The Freshleys and Spinkses are not on speaking terms.

**NURSE** (rocking the crib and singing): Oh, go to sleep my baby. Voice from within: I think you might as well understand first as last nurse, that I detest those old, vulgar songs. If you care to sing a nice classical cradle song from some opera I don't mind, but I can't stand those cheap things.

**WHAT ADAM WORE.**—She was a gushing young thing, given to springing curious queries on unsuspecting people. He was a plain, blunt man, who hated gush and gushers. She suddenly flashed her thoughtful eyes upon him, and said:—"Don't you think poor Adam must have had a great deal on his mind when he wandered alone in the Garden of Eden?" He callously replied:—"Well, from the accounts I've read of the party you mention, I should say that whatever he did have on must have been on his mind. That's the naked truth for you." The bare idea was horrible, and she was going to faint when she thought of her new dress, and saw him clutch the pitcher of water. They speak no more.

**A GIPSY AND A POLISH JEW HORSE-TRADING.**—A gentleman seeing the two sharpers, and wishing to know who made the best bargain, called the gipsy: How much did you sell the horse for, Sam? Five dollars, sir. Oh, Sam, how could you do that? Oh, the horse is lame, sir. The gentleman called Pantronowsky: How could you buy that horse, it is lame and incurable. Never you mind, it is only the bad shoeing that makes it lame, the gentleman called Sam again: Sam, the horse is not lame, only badly shod. No sir, I only had it badly shod to deceive the buyer. The gentleman spoke to Pantronowsky again: Say, the shoe was badly put on to deceive you. You never mind, sir, - hesitating—I paid him with a counterfeit bill.



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**HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS.**

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

**ENTRY.**

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

**DUTIES.**

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

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

**APPLICATION FOR PATENT**

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

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

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

**A SECOND HOMESTEAD**

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

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

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

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