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THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

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19th DECEMBER, 1891.



A Needed Conflagration.

The Halifax militia are, we think, to be congratulated on the occurrence of the fire in their drill hall on 3rd instant. Every obsolete rifle and antiquated set of accoutrements destroyed is a distinct gain to the force, and it hastens the time when the Department, in common decency, will be obliged to issue an arm and an equipment of a modern and serviceable pattern. It is disgraceful that in a flourishing country of five millions the militia—on whom would fall the brunt of any foreign attack, or who would, as in 1885, have to repress insurrection in distant parts of the Dominion—should be provided with an obsolete weapon, and an equipment as much inferior to that in use by other civilized nations as the smooth-bore, flint-lock musket is inferior to the Martini-Henri. No nation that has a militia force and professes to encourage it has any right to so heavily handicap it; the inferiority would be—at the very time the services of the force were wanted—a direct invitation to national disaster, and to cruel slaughter in the ranks of our defenders. *In pace paratus* is recognized as a truism by every country except Canada.

The Dismissal of the Quebec Ministry.

At this day no man could with reason recommend a return to the old autocratic system in vogue even in British countries when our grandfathers were boys; and yet, the contrary plan of submitting everything to the people, and lowering every standard not in accordance with the popular majority has attained such a pitch as to make lovers of good government welcome the determined and resolute action of one man who, working solely for what he considers to be the best interests of the country, acts in direct opposition to the voiced wish of the majority of the electorate. Such praiseworthy action was that of the Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec, when, on Thursday last, he summarily dismissed from office the MERCIER Ministry. When liberty becomes license

—when the people return, not once, but repeatedly, a clique of representatives who work for their own pockets, and not for the interests of their constituents, and who bring disgrace and contempt on the province whose honour and dignity they are bound to jealously maintain—the time has come for the action of that branch of British government, the representative of the Crown, in the assertion of his rights and the ignominious punishment of the men who have betrayed their trust. So may it long continue in Canada. If the people, as a mass, show themselves unfit to rule, the constitutional checks to their *dictum* must be put in force and their use endorsed by those who value honest rule. Should the electors of the Province of Quebec again return the late Ministry, it will reveal such a lack of intelligence and of any sense of right and wrong as to make any admirer of good government regret that the voting power of the masses is not greatly limited. No honest voter who examines from a non-partisan point of view, the record of the late Ministry—the number of questionable transactions in which they have figured—the enormous expense into which they have plunged the province—but must honestly think that a change is absolutely necessary. The action of the Lieutenant-Governor in such a crisis ought to have the endorsement of every elector who values integrity. It is not a question of politics; it is one of the punishment of wholesale speculation.

The Lieutenant-Governor's Action.

It is difficult—so far it has been impossible—for defenders of the late administration to frame any sensible criticism of the Lieutenant-Governor's action. Strip their diatribes of abuse, violent invective, and not very ingenious quibbling, and nothing remains, but the plea that as the Ministers had been returned by a large majority of the popular vote, they should still hold office. Any school-boy knows, or should know, that the Cabinet, by the constitution, hold office as the advisers of the representative of the Crown; when he loses confidence in them, by discreditable acts on their part, out they must go. Their action in the Baie des Chaleurs case was submitted to three distinguished judges, possibly the only class in the country who may be expected to act with perfect impartiality. Every species of evidence that could possibly bear on the case was presented to them. One of the three has been so ill since the case closed that in spite of unusual delay he has been unable to voice his decision; while his two colleagues have reported—as was only to have been expected from the evidence—certain members of the Cabinet, including the "Honourable" Mr. Mercier to be directly implicated in gross irregularities. What other course was open to the Lieutenant Governor than prompt dismissal of the whole clique we cannot imagine. He has been blamed by some for too great haste in the ejection of the offenders; but it must be remembered that in face of the judges' decision, he would have been showing tacit approval of their guilt by permitting them to continue for even a single day as his advisers.

Practical University Extension.

The practical outcome of the University Extension movement has now reached this side of the Atlantic, its success in England having been re-

markable. What is called a "university settlement"—with the object of making a centre for the dissemination of college instruction among working people—has been successfully inaugurated in New York; while in Boston, a number of Harvard men some time ago organized a society for a like purpose. It is known as the Prospect Progressive Union; it has grown rapidly and is doing excellent work. Its members exceed two hundred in number, over forty of them being systematically employed in giving instruction. The society has rented and furnished a suite of rooms as headquarters, and is giving the public a large variety in lines of study; lectures and entertainments of various kinds are offered, and special care is exercised that the teaching band meet their audiences and guests on terms of perfect social equality. For every evening in the week a regular programme is mapped out and carefully followed; while, for the occasional recreation of the students, there is a room supplied with games, and a smoking room. Similar institutions might well be started in the larger Canadian cities; it is altogether likely that they would receive a large patronage. Which city will have the honour of taking the first step in such excellent work?

A New Canadian Magazine.

It has been decided by the publishers of this journal to change it into a monthly magazine of sixty-four pages, to appear under the name of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY. The first number will appear in January, and we ask the assistance of our subscribers and friends to make the new venture a success. No pains will be spared to make the magazine bright and attractive from a literary and artistic standpoint, and representative of the best class of Canadian literary work. The price has been made as moderate as possible, viz., \$1.50 yearly, or fifteen cents for single copies. Those of our subscribers who have paid in advance for the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED will receive proportionate credit for the MONTHLY on basis of \$1.50 per annum; or, if preferred, the money will be refunded.

Literary and Personal Notes.

The *Observer*, a recent addition to Toronto journalism, is a bright and readable weekly. We wish it every success.

The *Canadian Militia Gazette* is enlarging its scope, and will now devote a certain amount of attention to sporting matters, as well as to military events. There is ample room for such a departure; in fact a good bright weekly, devoted wholly to amateur sport ought to be a success in Canada. Such ventures in the past have devoted too much space to horse-racing, pigeon-shooting, prize-fighting and baseball—subjects about which little wide-spread interest can be aroused in Canada.

The library of the late Mr. Bancroft, the historian, is to be sold. It will first be offered in one lot, as the executors wisely think that, if possible, such a splendid collection should not be dispersed. An idea of its size may be gathered from the fact that it is about three times as large as the Menzies library, the catalogue of which many of our readers will remember as quite a bulky volume. Here is a splendid chance for some wealthy Canadian to help to fill the new Redpath Library building now being prepared for McGill University. It is said that the new structure will have room for 200,000 volumes; as McGill has at present not more than 40,000, the gap will be painfully apparent unless some benefactor comes to the front.



CAMP SUSSEX.

The annual drill of the New Brunswick militia was held this year at the beautiful village of Sussex, in Kings County. The general staff was composed of Lieut.-Col. Maunsell, D.A.G., commandant; Major Buchan, brigade major; Capt. J. T. Hartt, St. John Rifles, camp quartermaster; Capt. Roche, I.S.C., musketry instructor; Lieut. W. W. White, N.B.A., supply officer; Lieut. A. E. Carpenter, orderly officer. There were nearly 1200 men under canvas. The different corps represented, with their officers, were as follows: The Infantry School Corps, Capt. Hemming, Lieut. Mott, Lieut. Harrington, Surgeon Brown. The 8th Cavalry (Princess Louise Hussars)—Lieut.-Col. Domville; Major A. Markham; Capt. Woodward, paymaster; Capt. F. V. Wedderburn, adjutant; Capt. J. U. Fowler, quartermaster; Surgeon-Major J. E. March. Troop "A," Capt. F. E. Whelpley, Lieuts. Wedderburn and Black. Troop "E," Capt. D. Sears, Lieuts. Markham and Harris. Troop "F," Capt. G. S. Maunsell, Lieuts. McDougall and Murray. Troop "G," Capt. J. H. McRobbie, Lieuts. J. W. Domville and H. Domville. The 67th Battalion, from Carleton, Victoria and Madawaska Counties: Lieut.-Col. Baird; Majors Boyer and Hartley; Quartermaster H. Emery; Paymaster J. O. Ketchum; Adjutant A. J. Raymond; Surgeon H. W. Gregory. Company No. 1, Capt. Bourne; No. 2, Capt. Kirkpatrick; No. 3, Capt. Adams; No. 4, Capt. Harding; No. 5, Capt. Fletcher; No. 6, Capt. Kupyk; No. 7, Capt. Baker; No. 8, Capt. Perkins; and No. 9, Capt. Williams. The 71st Battalion, from York and Charlotte Counties. Lieut.-Col. Marsh; Majors Alexander and Loggie; Paymaster Major A. G. Beckwith; Quartermaster Major A. Lipsett; Adjutant J. V. Johnson; Surgeon D. Moore. Company No. 1, Capt. Boone; No. 2, Capt. Bertt; No. 3, Capt. Howe; No. 4, Capt. Pinder; No. 5, Capt. Hartt; No. 6, Capt. Stevenson; No. 7, Capt. Crop-ley. The Newcastle Field Battery, Lieut.-Col. Call; Lieuts. Lawlor and Davidson; Quartermaster Russell; Surgeon Pedolin; Veterinary-Surgeon Morrissey. The Woodstock Field Battery, Major Dibblee in command; Major Vince, Brighton Engineers, attached; Lieuts. Doherty and Good; Quartermaster Irvine. An unbroken succession of the most lovely autumn days continued from the opening of camp, September 22, to its close on the 2nd of October, and no remark was more frequently heard than that no other place in the province can compare with Sussex as a camp ground. Both officers and men entered with zest into the discharge of their duties. Major-General Herbert arrived on Monday, 28th September, and at once proceeded to inspect and instruct the various branches of the service, and made it apparent to all that he regarded the proper discharge of the ordinary and less conspicuous functions of drill as of more importance than "the pomp and circumstance of war." On September 25, Lieut.-Governor Tilley and Lady Tilley, with Col. Goldie and Mrs. Goldie, of Toronto, and other distinguished friends visited the camp and inspected the troops. At 9 o'clock Sunday morning, September 27, divine service was held on the grounds by Rev. H. W. Little, rector of Sussex, and in the evening of that day the troops attended the different churches in the village. On other evenings, at Homes, concerts, and similar social gatherings varied the scene and lightened the labors of the day.

SCENES ON THE UPPER OTTAWA.

Through the courtesy of Mr. Adam Lindsay, of Renfrew, Ont., we are enabled to present this week a fine series of views in the Upper Ottawa region. On page 588 is a fine view on the Bonnechere River, above Renfrew, and on the next page appears another, and also the picturesque falls on the same stream at Renfrew. These falls form one of the finest water privileges in the Ottawa Valley, and as yet it is only worked to one quarter of its capacity. On page 588 are also shown the falls on Gordon Creek, about two miles above its junction with the Ottawa. Gordon Creek has been greatly improved of late, and now forms a second and shorter water course for timber and saw-logs from the great Kippewa Lake district to the Ottawa River. Another view shows the steamer Argo lying at the mouth of the Opemecan Creek. The Argo is the largest boat of the Lumsden Line, which plies on Lake Temiscamingue from the Long Sault to the Castine, which is the whole length of the lake. There

are two views on the Montreal River in the same vicinity, that on page 590 showing the wonderful Notch. This is the most interesting place on the lake. During the spring freshets a large volume of water rushes through the perpendicular rocks with tremendous force, sweeping timber and logs which may happen to get cross-wise, as if they were pipe stems (and is therefore very destructive to the lumber trade in that section) and the roar of the water can be heard for miles away. The place looks like a canal cut by man between two high mountains, the narrowest place being about 16 feet wide and 75 feet high from the water's edge to top of rocks on either side. The Indian legend in connection with the gorge is that two beavers undertook to dam the river, and when their work was almost completed the Great Spirit cut the notch through it. The two beavers are still there in the shape of the mountains on either side, and certainly they look like the castor, being beautifully exact as to their outlines at the present time. On page 588 appear the rapids on the Montreal River, immediately above the Notch, and will give some idea of the force with which the current is forced through the gorge. The scene on page 589, showing the railway station at the foot of the Long Sault, is at the junction of the Colonization Railway with the boats. The view shows the steamer, with two barges attached to her side, loaded with lumbermen's supplies, which are placed on two cars upon the barges, and drawn over the portage by horses from boat to boat until the junction is reached, where they are put on the train and taken to Lake Temiscamingue, about six miles distant. Not least interesting of the views is that showing the family of the Indian chief, Patrimo.

SIR CASIMIR GZOWSKI.

On another page appears a view of the statue of Sir Casimir Gzowski, K.C.M.G., Queen Victoria Park, Niagara Falls. The statue is an admirable piece of workmanship, and is a worthy tribute to a man who has had a remarkably varied and distinguished career, and whose zeal as chairman of the Park Commission earned this tribute from the Government of the Province of Ontario. The base of the statue bears the following inscription: "Colonel Sir Casimir Gzowski, K.C.M.G., Aide-de-Camp to the Queen, Chairman of the Queen Victoria Niagara Falls Park Commission. Erected by the Government of Ontario, A.D., 1891."

THE LOVERS' WALK, OTTAWA.

It is not essential that one be under the influence of the tender passion to appreciate the charm of that delightful walk of which a glimpse appears on our first page. To any one at all susceptible to the influences of nature, this embowered walk, lying under the brow of Parliament Hill, in whose precipitous face it has been carved out, is invested with a rare attractiveness. It is shady, and cool, and secluded, the river lying far below, and glimpses of Hull and the region of the Chaudiere Falls to be caught through the foliage on its outer side. At night, when the lights of Hull gleam out of the darkness and throw a silvery sheen across the waters, the place is rendered doubly charming to the visitor, upon whose ears, and made more distinct in the hush of the evening, falls the pleasing murmur of the waters. The Lovers' Walk winds around the whole front of Parliament Hill, and has pleasant resting places here and there along the way.

MR. JUSTICE GALT.

The Hon. Thomas Galt, Judge of the Court of Common Pleas for Ontario, is a native of London, England, where he was born August 12th, 1815. He is a son of John Galt, a well-known author, and of Elizabeth, daughter of Alexander Tilloch, a prominent citizen of Ayrshire, Scotland. One of his brothers is Sir A. T. Galt; and another, the late J. T. Galt, was formerly registrar of the County of Huron. The future judge was educated in England and Scotland, and came to Canada when 18 years of age. After some time spent in commercial pursuits, in the employ of the Canada Company, he studied law with the late Chief Justice Draper, and was called to the Bar of Upper Canada in 1845. He was created Queen's Counsel in 1858 and a judge of the Court of Common Pleas in 1869. His legal career has been marked by high ability and unquestioned integrity, and he is one of the most highly esteemed and respected members of the Canadian judiciary.

LIEUT.-GOVERNOR ANGERS.

His Honour A. R. Angers, Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec, of whom a portrait appears in this issue, and who just now comes in for so large a share of public comment and criticism, has been for many years a prominent figure in the public life of Quebec Province. He was born in Quebec

city, October 4th, 1838, and received his education there and at Nicolet College. Called to the Bar in 1860, he was made a Queen's Counsel in 1874. Entering political life in the latter year he was elected to the Assembly and sat until 1879, when he was defeated. He was a member of the Government with the office of Solicitor-General from September 1874 till January, 1876, being then appointed Attorney-General, an office he held until March, 1878, when the Government of which he was a member was dismissed by Lieut.-Governor Letellier de St. Just. Appointed to a judgeship in the Superior Court in 1880, he resigned in 1887, to become Lieutenant-Governor of his native province.

FROUDE, THE HISTORIAN.

Mr. James Anthony Froude, LL.D., the eminent historian and author, was born in Dartington, in Devonshire, 1818. Educated at Oxford, he graduated in 1840, was made a Fellow of Exeter in 1842 and ordained in 1844. Four years later, in consequence of the publication of his book, "The Nemesis of Faith," he withdrew from the church and resigned his Fellowship. In 1856 appeared his "History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Defeat of the Armada." Other important works by Froude are: "Short Studies on Great Subjects," "English in Ireland in the Eighteenth Century," "Julius Caesar," "Reminiscences of the High Church Revival," "Thomas Carlyle," "Oceana, or England and Her Colonies," "The English in the West Indies," "The Two Chiefs of Dunboy," an Irish romance; and a "Life of Lord Beaconsfield," published last year. In 1869 he was elected Rector of St. Andrew's University, from which he received the degree of LL.D.

AN OLD BYTOWNIAN.

We to-day present a portrait of an officer in Her Majesty's service, who is by parentage closely connected with our history. Major E. C. Ringler-Thomson, Her Majesty's Vice-Consul at Meshed, Persia, is a son of the late Major-General Ringler-Thomson, the commanding Royal Engineer at Bytown for a number of years prior to 1847, and grandson of Colonel James Powell, of the 103rd Regiment, the officer in charge of the military settlement at Perth, Lanark County, Ontario. Major Ringler-Thomson was born in 1847, and entered the army at an early age; he accompanied General Sir Frederick Roberts in his celebrated march from Cabool to Candahar, and received a medal for the campaign. He received his diplomatic training in the Foreign Office, Calcutta, and received his present appointment on 1st February, 1890.

Parnell.

He stood aloft, from other men apart,
With marble mien he marked their struggles sore
Through mists of passion. No mortal bond he wore,
He had no friend, nor sought he human heart,
With despot's will and stern mysterious art
He ruled the loyal band who thralldom bore
Content. For men high purpose bend before;
A Patriot, who knew no selfish mart,
They deemed him half divine, nor thought did frame,
That he who fought to free a slave would kneel,
And rise to tread the road of public shame
With her, his doom. E'en risks his country's weal
His pride to save. Then dies in scorn. Alas!
That love should be and such things come to pass.

H. FREDERICK BRANDE.

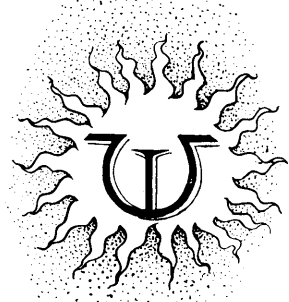
The autobiography of the French artist, Jules Breton, appears in an *edition de luxe*, accompanied by twenty plates, reproducing Breton's paintings of French peasant life, and including "The First Communion" and the "Evening at Finistere." The book, which also contains a fac-simile of a poem by the artist in manuscript, is bound in white vellum with a gold design, and has broad margins and a gilt top. The edition is limited and numbered.

ASKED THE KING TO WORK A MIRACLE.—Bishop Mountain being an aspirant for the bishopric of Quebec, had an interview with the King, and said:—"If Your Majesty had faith as a grain of mustard seed you could work a miracle;" The King demanded an explanation. The witty Bishop said: "If you say to this Mountain remove to yonder place, it shall be done." He got the position.



CHERRYFIELD, December 10th, 1891.

DEAR EDITOR,—



HAT a magnificent assemblage was that in the parlours of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED Club, on the evening of —! Certainly, brilliance out sparkled itself! How the guests were arrayed, and how the dishes were served, I submit to their proper scribe,—the Society Correspondent, who will omit not the least

important detail,—including all in the comprehensive similitude, (with which such matters are fitly summed,) of “Solomon, in all his glory.” The order of events, also, I forbear to designate, confident that such needful memorabilia will not be overlooked by the local press. But I cannot forbear allusion to a few of the guests. The Hon. Bright Dollar, always approaching the mark of excellence, here surpassed it. It is but incident to his career of merit, that he always takes the prizes,—being the most desired of all prizes himself. How radiantly he beamed at the head of the table, while he promised you a banquet at his own expense when, at no distant date, he has mastery of a few extra millions! He scattered his beneficence right and left, in the shape of courtly speeches,—though a little severe upon the wantonness of Poverty,—and never was his rotund face more suggestive of cheery abundance, nor his well-fed corpulosity more impressive. Nor did I ever understand so plainly the language, nor apprehend so clearly the proportions of that great Firm, represented at your banquet by the Hon. Stillwell Slaymore, eldest son of the gentleman you so greatly honoured in a recent issue of your journal. He is a huge and swarthy person, who completely overshadowed the company, and he seems aware of his influence. He rose majestically, and though in a mellow mood, and quite at his ease, swayed his arm and pointed his finger with the instinct of a dictator. He is, at times, a wondrously merry fellow, and can tell a story and crack a joke that requires the absence of all but *gentlemen*. I did not quite like the benevolent swagger with which he toasted all the Virtues. It is entirely in keeping with his purse and his character, that he should have built a hospital, and endowed an asylum; but mention of these should have been left to the courtesy of Hon. Bright Dollar, when he was on his feet. He had some show of reason in claiming the People for his own, as well as the Muses. How aptly he quoted Anacreon and Burns! With what exquisite taste he introduced the bacchanalia of Byron! What a beautiful passage of his own it was, on the transmigration of fair Alcohol,—that spirit of wit and eloquence! (transfiguration, perhaps, I should have writ,) and in it how delicate an allusion to Béranger! He did not quote Solomon, nor certain Shakespearian passages,—sufficiently ventilated by the temperance orator,—nor did he ment on Moloch, who is not a muse. I regret if Sir Richard Oldfamily, Bart., was unavoidably absent, as I consider him the chief ornament of your most select company,—though sometimes frowned upon. I am not blind to his worthiness; and he has had more of my sympathy, since Dürcke Dynamite Dunderpate swore vengeance against him. Old men should have, at least, an undisturbed right to the chimney corner. The Hon. Turpin Tollgate was candid. He reversed the sentiment of the Thracian Robber, cornered by the Great Alexander, and confessed: “What I take from the poor I give to the rich; and this is just: for the desire of the rich is to become richer; and why should an honest man be thwarted of his aim, or have the long clutching arm, given by Providence, arbitrarily shortened?” Upon which the Hon. Bright Dollar brought down his fist upon the table, and called “Hear!” A few of the influential gentlemen from the Republic, lately honoured in these columns, were here, by way of national and civic comity,

and, in the interchange of courtesies, were properly heard. Since Messrs. Laurier and Chapleau have led in this cordial movement of international visitation, any failure of your amicable guests on an occasion like this would have been the more painfully felt. But, since your widely-famed Reporter was doubtless present, ready and eager for all these matters, with which I have dealt so thanklessly, why should I proceed? I will but doff my hat to the Sagamore,—who, as a notable representative of his race, was properly present,—and, signifying my regret that I could not have been with you in person, as I was in spirit,—I must hasten away to the Old School House, where I will soon disclose the means of wholesome discipline used in the old days when schools were properly governed, and before aggressively rustic savagery had learned to bundle the meek and white-livered graduate out of the window. There was order, or else violence, in this low-roofed shell, unknown to Mr. Bright Dollar, if not to the Slaymore family, and where the teacher was significantly termed “Master.” Mr. Tollgate was there, in his infancy, and, for the behoof of our shepherd, levied on each urchin, or his parents, the monstrous sum of sevenpence-half-penny per week! Mr. Tollgate has a better way of getting at it now, and teachers fare more thriftily.

* * *

IV.

THE TEACHER'S DESK.

“A little door there is,
Whereon a board that doth congratulate
With painted letters, red as blood, I is
Thus written,

‘CHILDREN TAKEN IN TO BATE’:
And oft, indeed, the inward of that gate,
Most ventriloque,—doth utter tender squeak,
And moar of infants that bemoan their fate.’

—HOOD. “The Irish Schoolmaster.”

Being in the nick of a noontime opportunity, we examine the official department. The desk is left unlocked, and we are free to make an inventory. Here are a pile of copy-books, some bundles of pencils and pen-holders, a few mineral specimens, and a few volumes for special reference. But it is chiefly interesting as a complete arsenal, befitting a semi-barbaric educational period; which might, in the event of an insurrection, have furnished arms to the entire school, instead of a mere choice of instruments to our inquisitor. Let us look down deep into this receptacle,—this Romish chest of our vigilant Torquemada, and see what really is in store. Here is boot, thumb-screw, wheel, rack, maiden, and what not. Fish up the gruesome things! Here is the thin box-wood scaler, with its smooth yellow surface, and dark tracery of lines and numerals; equal to all emergencies, of peace or war,—apt to a mathematical demonstration, or an idler's smarting palm. And note beside it, this round, robust, weighty companion, the ebony ruler! Plainly, there can be but one direful use for this dark sub-educator! It must make its mark,—but where? In the chilling phrase of the master, its peculiar vocation must be correction,—to “raise a racket” among the small bones and tender tissues of the delinquent's hand, putting them, with the wits of the owner, into inextricable confusion. At sight of it, how surely twelve-times six, and the possessive case, and that hieroglyphical phthisic, whirled in a sort of involved nebulousity! And impartial judgment is given; the left digits are called up to suffer with the right; for the master is a steadfast advocate of what he terms “even-handed justice,” and metes it out so generously that no culprit, who from the magisterial presence goes blubbering to his seat, can righteously say he is scant of it. No wonder, schoolmates, if you look on this gloomy fellow with aversion; he has not one agreeable feature, and all our memories of him are mixed with woe. Here is something that suggests vivisection. It is a common penknife, but sharp as the tooth of ingratitude. I have no personal grudge; but memory recoils from that tale of the master, how a less merciful pedagogue would run it in clean, butcherly fashion under the clumsy, careless hand drooped so low over its copy-book that the pen-stock which should have indicated the North Star declined toward Venus when near the horizon. And, in the event of your having forgotten him, (though this is quite inconceivable,) let me, as one painfully conversant, introduce you again to your most particular aversion,—the common hangman of the school,—a fiery, flying serpent, with a sting in each end, and venomous throughout! A glance at him is recognitive, for he has felt the quick so certainly, and

with such instant effect, that you cannot have outgrown this bitter familiarity, though your eyes were dim with years and your beards hoary. There was one unkempt unfortunate, of many bruises, and this vengeance was ever at him:

“Lo! the Pedagogue, with sudden drub,
Smites his scald head, that is already sore,—
Superfluous wound,—such is misfortune's rub!
Who straight makes answer with redoubled roar,
And sheds salt tears twice faster than before,
That still with backward fist he strives to dry;
Washing, with brackish moisture, o'er and o'er,
His muddy cheek, that grows more foul thereby.”

Look, then, at this long leather strap,—old, tough, well-seasoned, black and horny, with just oil enough in its fibres to render it supple in its address to refractory sides and shoulders. This,—of greater efficacy than any universal panacea on the market,—was never known to fail when skilfully and faithfully applied by our judicious dominie, save on one occasion; then the crafty culprit, already adjudged and under sentence from the previous day, that he might lighten his punishment as much as possible, had lined the inside of his jacket with birch bark.

This sable constable keeps the peace (?) by means of a variety of singular evolutions. It moves mysteriously, and is competently assisted. It will suddenly lasso a shock-headed boy, who has assumed a preternatural innocence and most starch demeanour, after having provoked an outcry from his unsuspecting neighbour,—who is not too dull to know when a pin is stuck in him. Hooking him out of his secrecy, and his snug corner, into an arena of woe, it brings this culprit to a stand-still. He is first well shaken, lion-like,—perhaps to benumb his sensibilities; then, while supported by the master's capable arm, this back-biter feels for the tenderest part, clipping here and there, evoking many a penitential yelp, till a burst of overwhelming sorrow announces the supreme discovery. Our master never pounded a rock after it was broken; nor, to use his own affirmation, did he “ever leave a jacket till it was well dusted.”

Sometimes, when we suppose it stretched placidly before the teacher on the desk, while he sits writing, or tracing in his smooth round hand the copy lines,—proverbs too sage for heedless and frolicsome youth; or, again, when even the most knowing (since the master relishes a surprise) think it coiled like a tame adder round his coat-collar, doubled together as he is wont to wear it, while two or three boys in a back seat have stooped low and bent their heads together suspiciously;—then it will suddenly, stealthily awake, uncoil, descend, knob itself into a competent projectile!—then, appearing for a moment comet-wise, let loose from the master's hand, it will fall with a thud, and the smitten pates will separate with an air of the most expressive awe and sobriety;—upon which the master will look mysteriously about him to see whether his leather knob has disappeared, or, perhaps, will make some jocose remark about “killing two birds with one stone.” The chief mischief-maker, if distinguished, is bidden to the seat of judgment, an unwilling delegate. Hesitant, he goes on his precarious embassy,—the hateful instrument in his hand; (would he could keep it there!) and happy is he beyond the lot of an ordinary school-boy, if he return to his fellows without stripes hastily administered and vicariously borne, coupled with a warning as to his fuller wormwoody measure when he shall be caught next time. Verily, it is no smooth sailing, when once he has embarked on the rudder of the transgressor, all canvas spread and the rudder shifted to his own side; but, as the redoubtable Mr. Bagnet was wont freely to observe in the presence of his wife, “discipline must be maintained.” But sudden judgments make us wary, and we have an artfulness proportioned to our dread of this lithe, ungentle visitor.

V.

“Severe by rule, and not by nature mild,
He never spoils the child and spares the rod,
But spoils the rod and never spares the child,
And soe with holy rule deems he is reconciled.”

“But surely the just sky will never wink
At men who take delight in childish throe,
And stripe the nether urchin like a pink
Of tender hyacinth, inscribed with woe;
Such bloody pedagogues, when they shall know,
By useless birches that forlorn recess,
Which is no holiday in Pit below,
Will Hell not seem designed for their distress,—
A melancholly place, that is all bottom lesse?”

You will perceive that if Love is, indeed, the law of the school, it is not always so in gentler manifestation, and that rod and rule are not to be banished. The scorpions are under the stones, and in a sudden accession of warm weather will surprise us by their activity. Our master's nerves are easily subject to irritation; and it is not strange if, under accumulated provocation, he should make vigorous self-assertion, to our discomfort. He has lacked the restraints and refinements known to a more disciplined and polished society,—albeit the barbarian concealed under the smoothness of many a polite skin is quaintly alleged,—for the wilderness has been his academy, and rude Nature his preceptor. He has had rubs himself, and has known little of coddling from his babyhood; and if he is of explosive material, his composition has not gone without stirring up. The light of a sudden passion sometimes fires his eyes; he has not the cold inflexibility of a Rhadamanthus. One day he was confronted by a bully, and felt the sting of insult. He leaped from his seat;—there was a forward lurch,—a dreadful movement of punitive resolution,—a snatch at the big offender's shoulder, and a sounding smack of the open palm upon his mouth, followed by a rain of stripes that caused him to cringe and exclaim. There is great difference between the days of brightness, when the teacher is in gleeful and sprightly humour, having a smile or a facetious remark for all; and the shady times when excitement and alarm are rife, when harshness and violence dominate and overhushed precinct, and when the lowering brows and voice of angry impatience make every heart throb tremulously. He might sit for his portrait to Goldy, or have his alternate reigns of terror and delight sketched by the genial pencil of Hood:

"And so he sits, amid the little pack,
That look for shady or for sunny noon,
Within his visage, like an almanack.
The quiet smile foretelling gracious boon;
But when the mouth droops down like rainy moon,
With horrid chill each little heart unwarms,
Knowing that infant showers will follow soon,
And, with forebodings of near wrath and storms,
They sit, like timid hares, all trembling on their forms."

* * *

The boy enters, and announces he has carded the cow. It is a proper action, and fit subject for a villanelle, a rondeau, a triolet, a—, which almost any poet can turn off, at short notice. We bespeak the lenient judgment of the watchful critic, as we have no model at hand, and may not conform. But if, indeed, we shall be amenable to rule, and succeed in saying nothing quite elegantly,—and, especially, if we shall not belie the manner of the Troubadours,—we trust to be let off, with loss of a bit of our scalp, by the "sairious" and rampant Sagamore, on condition that we will not repeat the offence:

It is well, I'll allow,—
You're a nice little sonny!
You've carded the cow;
And so you must, now,
Have some cake, that's called—"Johnny."

You have carded the cow?
—But, pray, tell me how
You have carded her, Onnie!

It is well, I allow,
To have carded the cow,
If you've carded her bonny.

You have carded the cow,
And with hay from the mow
You have fed her, my honey?
Here's the "Johnny-cake," now,—
You're a nice little sonny!

* * *

To vary our rural types we advance a woman's sketch of a woman,—the kitchen drudge who is suddenly outraged to the point of self-defence with that very efficient weapon, her tongue. As may be conjectured, the authoress is capable of resenting abuse administered to her less brilliant sisters, and can be quite inhospitable to grave nonsense. We have heretofore endeavoured to describe her: On the Maine border, (and so near the bridge that she can speedily walk into St. Stephen from her father's door,) we know of a highly gifted spirit, an imaginative mind, a lyrist of considerable power. Her "Down, boys, to the sea!" and "My heart goes round the world sailing," are songs not cheapened by the best of Proctor, Cunninghame or Dibdin. A figure slender, and frail as the aspen, and inwardly as tremulous; a face expressive and changeable as the sea she sings about, and loves, whether under the cloud or sunshine; these are seen by the neighbours every day, many

of whom, knowing her not as a poet, regard her as an *outré* being, notable for humours and singularity. To this may be added these points from another pen: "She is wonderfully diverse, and the very antipodes of formalism and commonplace. Her singularity appears variously and startlingly. There is an intensity about her that reminds one of Charlotte Brontë. She has something of Heine's keen irony and unconventional scorn... She is now thirty-six years old, of slender figure, a thin, eager, expressive face, with flashing blue eyes." This may be taken as an outline portrait of Mary Ellen Blanchard.

SAL.

AFTER THE MANNER OF RALPH HOYT—WITH VARIATIONS

In the kitchen, where the doughnuts grow,
Stood a weary maiden fresh from crying,
(Woman's pastime in her day of woe),
On a handkerchief her eyelids drying,—
Sally Slow,

In the kitchen where the doughnuts grow.

Faded gown and apron long and neat;
Boots as ancient as the times demanded;
Hose of blue upon her little feet;
Lines of grief upon her visage branded,—
All complete!

Faded gown, and apron long and neat.

Seemed it natural she should be there,
None to intermeddle, none to question,
Or to guess the cause of her despair,
Whether it was love, or indigestion,
Age, or care;—

Seemed it natural she should be there.

It was summer, when the mosquitoes thrive;
Busy hens were scratching up the barley,
And the goslings had gone down to dive
In a stream unknown to Peter Parley,—
Chat and dive;

It was summer, when mosquitoes thrive.

Near the dye-pot, where the stockings swim,
Calmly reading, sat her noble brother;
(Sally's troubles never ruffled him,
Though 'twas said they "worshipped" one another),—
Lazy Jim!

Near the dye-pot, where the stockings swim.

I can see the picture to this day,
Through the lapse of time and change of weather;
On the floor two kittens were at play,
Worrying a ball of yarn together.—
Far away,

I can see the picture to this day.

Lying gravely at his master's toes
Was the house dog, with his paws before him,
Snapping at the flies that hit his nose,
As they buzz'd and vacillated o'er him.—
Icy nose!

Lying gravely at his master's toes.

Jim was strong, and of a comely height,
Sandy was his hair, and blue his eye, sir,
And his moustache was as black as night,
For he used the very best of dye, sir;—
Thrilling sight!

Jim was strong, and of a comely height.

He could prate of virtue and of truth,
Prate of woman's sphere, and right, and duty,
Teach the aged, lecture erring youth,
Stare and smirk at any passing beauty,—
Ay, forsooth!

He could prate of virtue and of truth.

"Jim," said Sally, "I am sick of life;
Drudgery for me is never ending;
Go abroad and bring you home a wife
Who can do the ironing and mending."—
(Tone of strife.)

"Jim," said Sally, "I am sick of life"

"She can fry the fritters to your taste,
Be 'correct,' and smile to be corrected,
Do your bidding with a loving haste,
Nor complain to find herself neglected;
Meek and chaste,
She can fry the fritters to your taste.

"List to me, my brother, I am old;
When her cares have brought her to dejection,
Never cheer her with your niggard gold,
Or a glimmer of your tame affection,
She'll be sold!

List to me, my brother, she'll be sold!

"When the children vex her with their play,
Or the soup is burnt beyond repairing,
Tell her freely 'twas a sorry day
When you met—and intersperse the swearing;—
Say your say
When the children vex her with their play.

"Twit her of a step she took amiss
In the olden days when first you courted,
And expatiate upon your 'bliss'
Since she came to you to be supported!
Think of this,
Twit her of a step she took amiss."

In the kitchen where the doughnuts grow,
Her philosophy the maid expounded,
Till the milk-pans, shining in a row,
Groaned for Jimmy, as he sat confounded,—
Jimmy Slow,
In the kitchen, where the doughnuts grow.

With such a champion of her sex, pots and pans and
hungry husbands will be settled into their places, and put
on good behaviour.

PASTOR FELIX.

HER GRAVE'S GREEN SIDE.

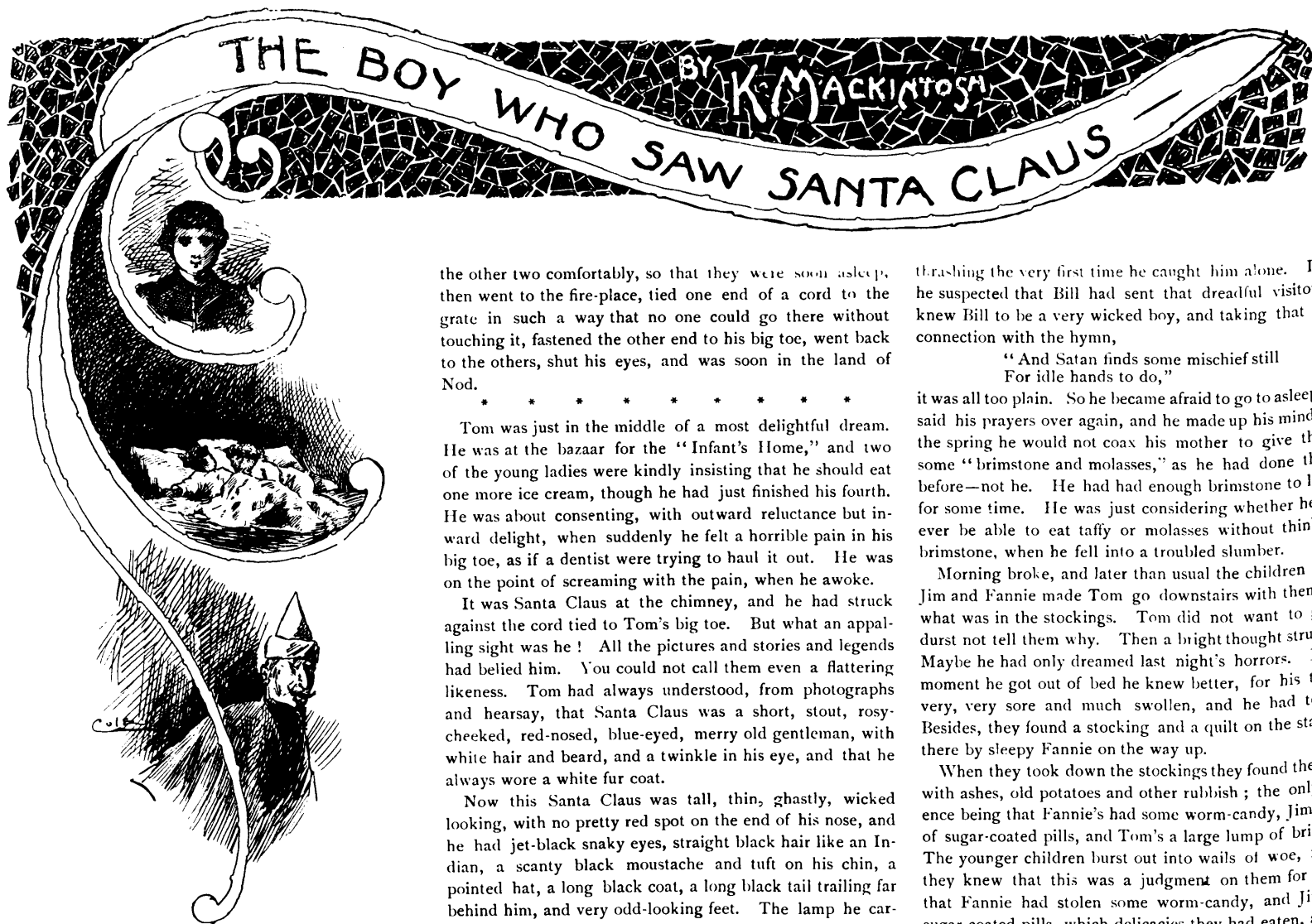
When standing by her grave's green side,
Methinks I see the patient face,
And hear the voice that gave no trace
Of suffering in th' unequal race,
And hear her sigh and say, "Good-bye!"
When standing by her grave's green side.

The gay-hued flowers have lost their pride,
The lily droops its weeping head,
The erst bright rose has paled with dread
And sadly sways above her bed,
While moans the breeze thro' crimsoned trees,
When standing by her grave's green side.

Why should the grave, O Lord, divide
Two loyal hearts? Ah, why not take
Both to their Home and soothe the ache
Of one that mourns for her dear sake?—
Comes no reply save a deep sigh,
When standing by her grave's green side.

As strives a bark 'gainst wind and tide,
E'en so doth strive this struggling heart
Against the throbs that thro' it dart
And leave behind their piercing smart,
While chill winds blow, and sad tears flow,
When standing by her grave's green side.

When standing by her grave's green side,
And o'er her form the drear winds sweep,
A solace to my heart doth creep—
To His beloved He giveth sleep,
And tak'th above where all is Love—
When standing by her grave's green side —KIMBALL CHASE TAPLEY.



SCHOOL closed on the day before Christmas, and Tom Leslie came home with a very curious look on his face,—an expression of mingled importance, knowingness and mystery. He was the eldest of the family, being over nine years old. The others were Jim, over seven, Fanny, six, and Jumper, aged four.

After dinner Tom told Jim and Fannie to come into the library without letting any one know. When they arrived, he, having first peeped into the hall to see that there were no eaves-droppers, said in a solemn whisper, that a boy in school had laughed at him for believing in Santa Claus, had assured him there was no such person, and that only girls and small boys were so silly as to believe any such nonsense.

All this was received with open eyes and mouth by the other children.

“Now, Tom, you know better!” said Jim. “Didn’t you get that lovely sled last year? So of course there must be a Sandy Claws.”

“Course there’s a Sandy Claw!” echoed Fannie.

Tom shook his head and looked wise.

“Well, then, who gave you the sled? Who put it there? Who gave me the monkey-on-a-stick?”

“Now children,” says Tom, impressively, “promise that you’ll never, never tell if I let you know.”

Both children promised.

“Well Bill Flinn said that *father* did it!”

“Oo-oo-oo!!!” cried the children, horror-stricken.

Some further talk ensued in whispers, and then the children sneaked off one by one, as they had entered.

That evening at eight o’clock Mrs. Leslie saw the children safely tucked in bed, and so soundly asleep that Tom was even snoring.

They had hung up their stockings themselves in the front drawing-room so that it would be handy for Santa Claus, as the chimney was wider there; and their mother had charged them not to talk but to go to sleep. As soon as she was safely downstairs, Tom jumped up—the little hypocrite—and poked up Jim and Fannie. They all put on their stockings and wrapped a quilt round them, and then like Roman Senator with stately toga, or like the gentle Mohawks of whom we read in history, they stole downstairs, filed into the dark front room, and got behind the sofa. Tom arranged

the other two comfortably, so that they were soon asleep, then went to the fire-place, tied one end of a cord to the grate in such a way that no one could go there without touching it, fastened the other end to his big toe, went back to the others, shut his eyes, and was soon in the land of Nod.

Tom was just in the middle of a most delightful dream. He was at the bazaar for the “Infant’s Home,” and two of the young ladies were kindly insisting that he should eat one more ice cream, though he had just finished his fourth. He was about consenting, with outward reluctance but inward delight, when suddenly he felt a horrible pain in his big toe, as if a dentist were trying to haul it out. He was on the point of screaming with the pain, when he awoke.

It was Santa Claus at the chimney, and he had struck against the cord tied to Tom’s big toe. But what an appalling sight was he! All the pictures and stories and legends had belied him. You could not call them even a flattering likeness. Tom had always understood, from photographs and hearsay, that Santa Claus was a short, stout, rosy-cheeked, red-nosed, blue-eyed, merry old gentleman, with white hair and beard, and a twinkle in his eye, and that he always wore a white fur coat.

Now this Santa Claus was tall, thin, ghastly, wicked looking, with no pretty red spot on the end of his nose, and he had jet-black snaky eyes, straight black hair like an Indian, a scanty black moustache and tuft on his chin, a pointed hat, a long black coat, a long black tail trailing far behind him, and very odd-looking feet. The lamp he carried gave a vivid blue-light, which made every object look still more awful. Most ominous of all, there was a distinct and unmistakable odor of brimstone pervading the room!

Tom was horror-stricken. He did not dare to waken the other two, for he felt sure they would scream with fright and blubber vigorously. The consequences of any noise at that particular moment he did not care to think of. He felt certain that those hoofs, tail, and that brimstone meant “Somebody” not to be named in polite society, and if the visitor heard any strange noises he might—awful thought!—whip the three of them under his coat and carry them off to—

But what blood-curdling sound is this? A low chuckle came from Santa Claus. Suddenly he looked round the room, sniffed, and sniffed again. Then he said in a hollow murmur, mingled with those awful chuckles, “I smell, ha! ha! I smell two little boys and one little girl!”

Tom’s hair stood straight up on end, his eyes glared with fright, his heart thumped against his ribs, then stood still, then thumped louder and louder. Surely any one in the room must hear the thumping. The figure paused and muttered, “I can’t be bothered with them tonight anyway; I’m in too much of a hurry.” So he gave one or two more of those fiendish chuckles, poked some things into the stockings, and then he and his lamp vanished, and all was left in darkness.

How long Tom waited he never knew. Silently, silently his hair came down to its normal position, as does the fur on an indignant cat after her excitement is over. Silently, silently, the perspiration dried on his face, leaving a feeling as if it had been varnished. Silently, silently, his eyes lost their glare of affright. Silently, silently, his heart beat now, and Tom began to think of getting the children upstairs. He shook them, clapping his hand over the mouth of each when they awoke, to prevent unnecessary and disastrous noise, and soon they were all in bed.

On the way up they asked him if he had seen Santa Claus. He admitted that he had, but sternly hushed them when they wanted to know more, telling them that they would wake up the house with their noise. They were too sleepy to care much, and the moment their heads touched the pillow they were off to sleep.

Not so poor Tom. He tossed and turned, and turned and tossed. He resolved to give Bill Flinn a good sound

thrashing the very first time he caught him alone. Indeed, he suspected that Bill had sent that dreadful visitor. He knew Bill to be a very wicked boy, and taking that fact in connection with the hymn,

“And Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do,”

it was all too plain. So he became afraid to go to asleep till he said his prayers over again, and he made up his mind that in the spring he would not coax his mother to give them all some “brimstone and molasses,” as he had done the year before—not he. He had had enough brimstone to last him for some time. He was just considering whether he would ever be able to eat taffy or molasses without thinking of brimstone, when he fell into a troubled slumber.

Morning broke, and later than usual the children awoke. Jim and Fannie made Tom go downstairs with them to see what was in the stockings. Tom did not want to go, but durst not tell them why. Then a bright thought struck him. Maybe he had only dreamed last night’s horrors. But the moment he got out of bed he knew better, for his toe was very, very sore and much swollen, and he had to limp. Besides, they found a stocking and a quilt on the stairs, left there by sleepy Fannie on the way up.

When they took down the stockings they found them filled with ashes, old potatoes and other rubbish; the only difference being that Fannie’s had some worm-candy, Jim’s a box of sugar-coated pills, and Tom’s a large lump of brimstone. The younger children burst out into wails of woe, for well they knew that this was a judgment on them for the day that Fannie had stolen some worm-candy, and Jim some sugar-coated pills, which delicacies they had eaten, and as a consequence had nearly died. Tom did not cry. He was again seized with horror. He, and he alone, knew the meaning of that brimstone. He kept his knowledge to himself, but mentally gave Bill Flinn one more kick, and that was a comfort.

The little procession toiled upstairs.

“It was a solemn cavalcade and slow
That came with stockings. Never had the house,
Save when a kitten died, such pomp of woe beheld.”

Jim and Fannie went sniffing to their mother’s door, but she told them to wipe their noses and go back to bed, or they would get their death of cold. Little did she know of their nocturnal adventure, or she would have been almost distracted for fear of croup, or pip, or gapes, or some such fell disease.

The children did not get a chance to tell the story of their afflictions till breakfast time. Then they had for an audience their father, mother and Uncle John, a young man rather given to practical jokes. Jim and Fannie recounted the way in which they had been prowling round, the going downstairs, the sleeping behind the sofa, the midnight awakening by Tom, the slinking back to bed. Then they told the story of the morning’s woe, interspersing the narrative with mournful howls. Jim wanted to know what made his mother so mean as to tell Santa Claus about the worm-candy and the sugar-coated pills; and Fannie demanded that Tom should tell them how Santa Claus looked and behaved.

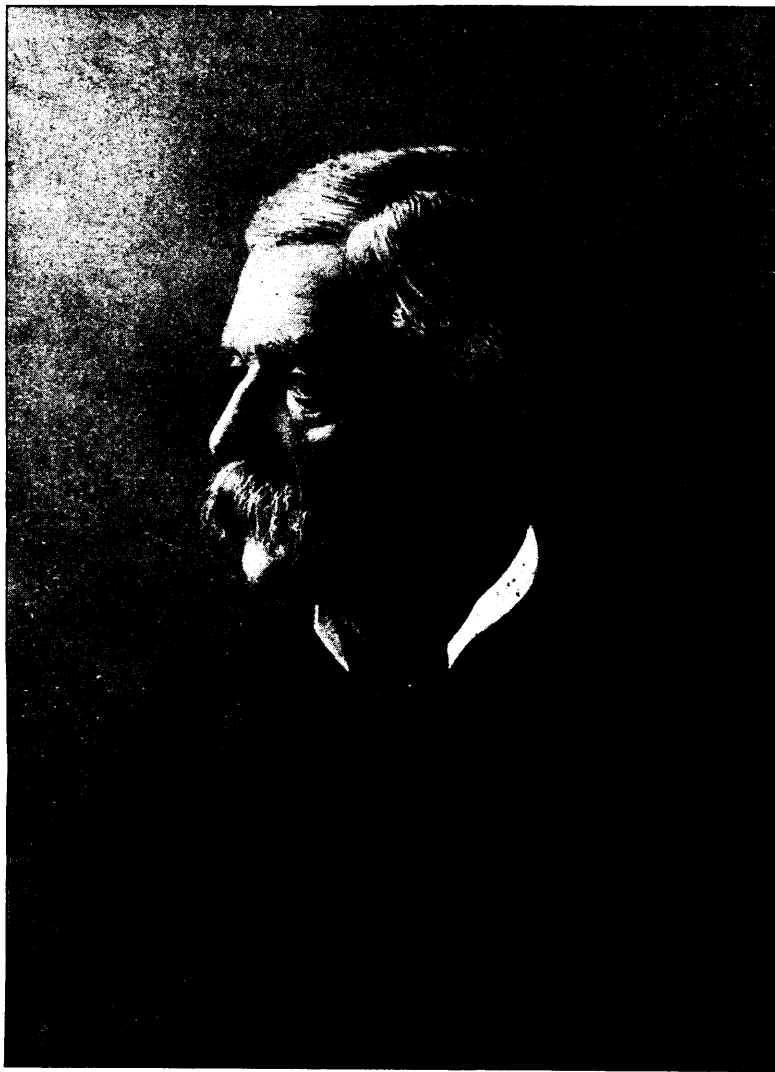
Their mother opened her eyes in utter bewilderment. At last she gasped:

“Children, there is some wretched mistake; I have reason to know that Santa Claus put your presents in the library. Go and look!”

Jim, Fannie and Jumper ran off, but Tom sat still. Ah! he knew better than that; woe was the day!

“Tom,” asked Mrs. Leslie, “why don’t you go?” Tom got red in the face, and looked appealingly at his Uncle John. Then, I regret to say, Uncle John slowly and emphatically winked at Tom, gave a hollow, awful chuckle, winked again, and finally threw back his head, and laughed till the tears ran out of his eyes.

Tom started, jumped up, but then sat down speechless. There was a solemn silence. Tom tried to look unconcerned and to eat some breakfast, but he could not. Every



THE HONOURABLE A. F. ANGERS.
LIEUT.-GOVERNOR OF QUEBEC.

mouthful stuck in his throat, and he durst not look up, for Uncle John sat right opposite, and regarded him with a stare, only varied by one of those insulting winks, whenever he could catch Tom's eye. In through the open door came wild whoops of delight, ear-piercing notes from some heathenish toy, and peals of laughter from the three children.

At last Mr. Leslie said gravely, "Tom, if you have quite finished your breakfast and meditations, tell us what you saw and did last night. Every bit of it, mind." So Tom told all.

Mrs. Leslie drew a hurried breath and also sighed at several places in the narrative, especially when Tom told how he had pretended to be asleep at eight o'clock, and how the children had slept for hours down stairs without proper wraps. She did not seem half so much impressed at Tom's description of the unmentionable person, but simply turned to Uncle John and said, "Ah! I see now why you wanted my boa and that brimstone"; and then Uncle John gave another of those fiendish chuckles, and winked at Tom so hard that his eye-glass fell into his cup of coffee.

When Tom had finished the doleful tale and was wiping his eyes, Uncle John said: "Tom, you are a very careless child, and not half so smart as you think. When you were going to corrupt the minds of those infants and make them disbelieve in Santa Claus, you looked into the hall to catch listeners, but you quite forgot the fact that my favourite spot for reading is that chair in the bay window of the library, where I was sitting at the time with the curtains drawn. I did not let your mother know anything about it; but when at ten o'clock your father and I went into your rooms to get some stockings—for Santa Claus, of course—why, then, we knew what you were doing. There was no danger of your getting cold, with the hall stove and those quil's to keep you warm."

When Tom saw the silver-plated spring skates, the rink tickets, cricket bat, story books, and other delights Santa Claus had brought him, he felt so much better that he con-

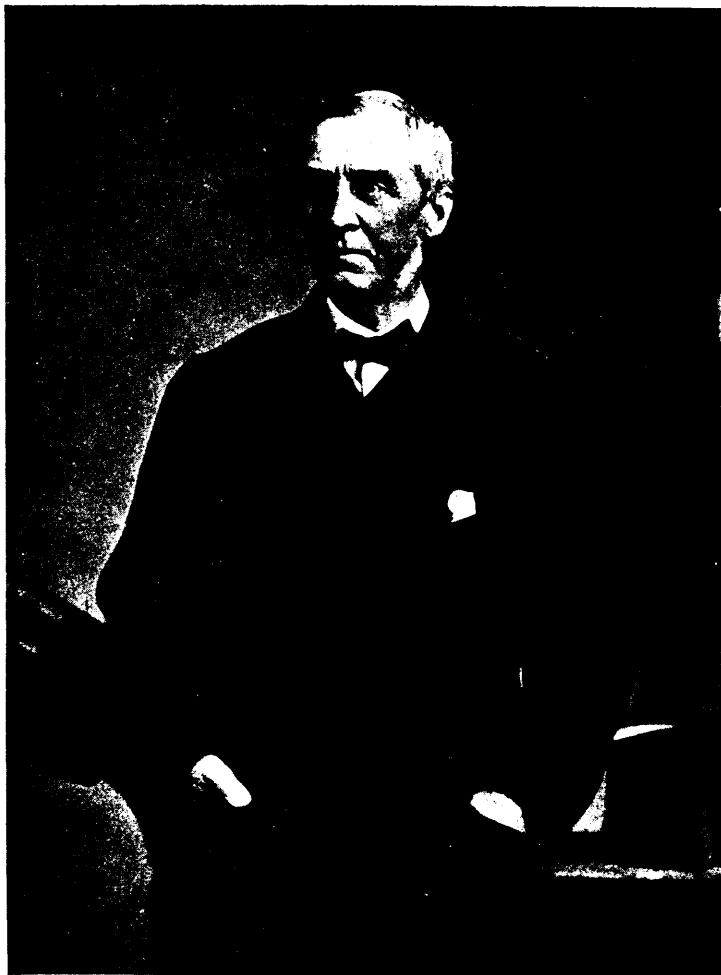
cluded to forgive Bill Flinn for telling such lies. He does wish, however, that Uncle John would get tired of those blood-curdling chuckles, and of saying in hollow tones:

"I smell, ha! ha! I smell two little boys and one little girl."

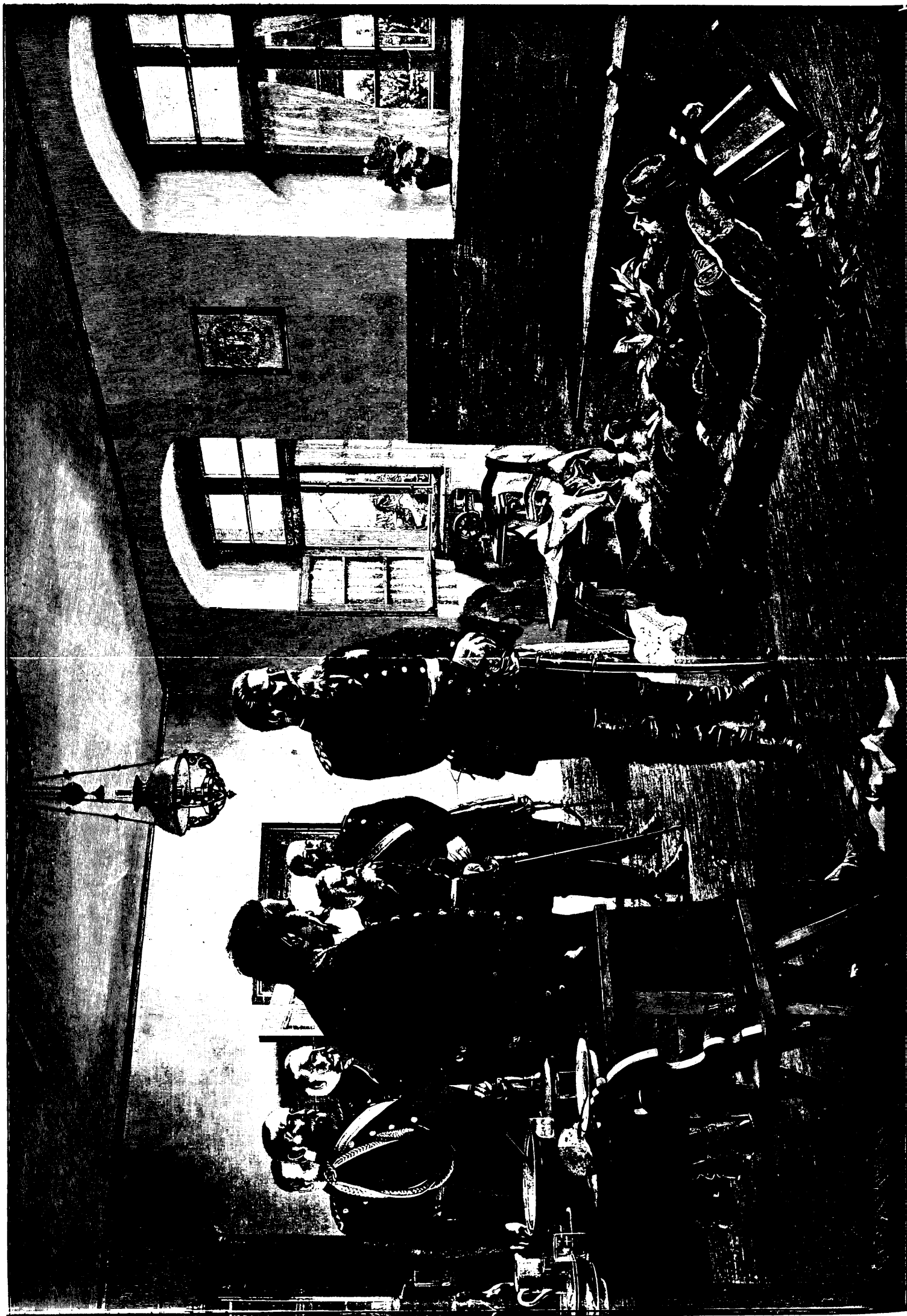
Halifax, N.S.

Feeding an Ocean Greyhound.

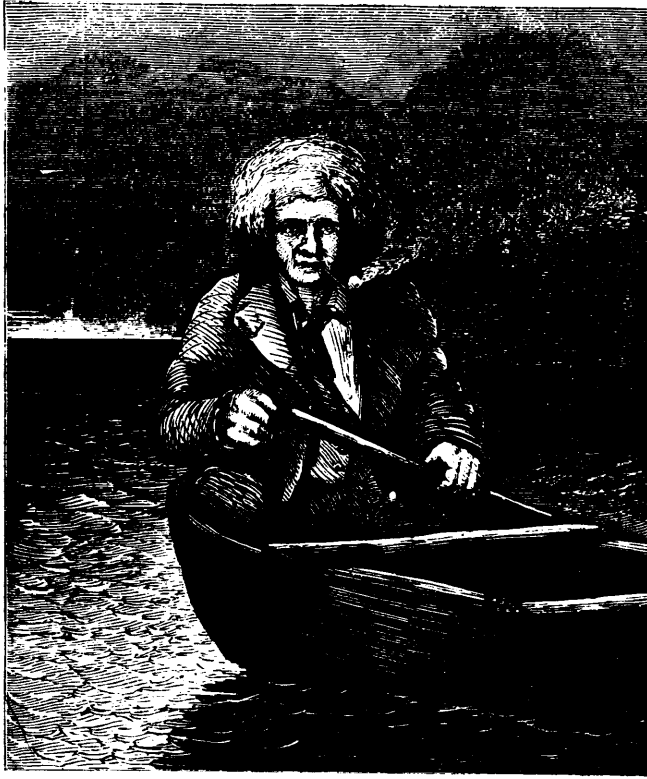
On the "City of Paris" there are sixty firemen, who feed the fiery maws of forty-five furnaces that create steam in nine boilers. Fifty coal passers shovel fuel from the bunkers to the furnace door, and the firemen toss it in. There is something more than mere shovelling in firing. The stoker must know how to put the coals on so that they will not burn too quickly nor deaden the fire. He must know how to stir or poke the fire so as to get all or nearly all the heat out of the coal. Service in the fire-room is divided into six watches of four hours each. The fireman works and sleeps every alternate four hours. After the first day from port, two out of every six furnaces are raked out to the bare bars during the first hour of each watch. Thus, in a voyage, all the furnaces are cleaned once in twenty-four hours. The steam goes down a bit in the hour, while the cleaning is going on. The stokers shovel into the furnaces fifteen tons of coal every hour, or 360 tons a day. The ship usually takes in 3,000 tons at Liverpool or New York, and has between 500 and 800 tons left when she arrives at the other side. The engineers' department is entirely distinct and separate from the firemen's. On the "City of Paris" there are twenty-six engineers, including hydraulic and electrician. They are educated in single shops on shore, and a certain number of them go on ships every year. They are all machinists. So, whenever the machinery breaks down, they know how to repair the damage. In case the chief engineer should be disabled, any assistant could take his place.—*Scotch Paper.*



MR. JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE.



CROWN PRINCE FREDERIC WILHELM VIEWING THE BODY OF GEN. ABEL DOUAY, NEAR WEISSENBURG.
(After the Painting by Anton Von Werner.)



OLD GABRIEL.
(From a painting by Gilbert Berling.)

= OLD GABRIEL. =



LAKE St. Charles, twelve miles north of Quebec, for half a century and more rejoiced in possessing—a local celebrity—quite an object of interest to the numerous tourists visiting the spot.

His name was Rheaume; to the sporting world he was known as Gabriel. Gabriel resided in a diminutive tenement sheltered by trees on the edge of a clearing not very far from the lake.

An old flint duck gun, two paddles crossed, rude fishing rods and fishing tackle ornamented the open space over the chimney place next to his pipe and tobacco pouch.

Fish, eggs, with game constituted the *menu* and *piece de resistance* of the hardy old trapper of hares, partridges and trout. He was particularly proud of a batch of slim black Spanish hens, all great layers he said, which he kept in his warm cellar, to which access was had by raising a board in the floor. During the open fish season, a heap of crisp green leaves, sprinkled with ice, kept fresh the lake trout he had for sale, deposited in this cellar, next to the worms he used for bait. Sunrise generally found the watchful trapper visiting his snares in the adjoining forest, or whipping for trout the cool springs flowing into Echo Bay, or hauling up his night lines. Time had frosted his locks when I knew him first, and the long and laborious use of the paddle in his canoe in summer had disfigured the sinews of his right hand without impairing their power. From April to September was Gabriel's harvest time, with the city tourists to whom he acted as guide over the lake's crystal floods.

Gabriel was not only trusted and expert in the piscatorial art; nature had endowed him with a capital memory, ready wit, respectful and obliging manners, and so rare a talent as *raconteur* of forest scenes, blood-curdling encounters with bears, marvellous catches of fish, when he was young, as he never failed to add, that his name was a by-word in the settlement.

I recall the following on one of my visits to his den:—

One bright September afternoon I was seated with a friend in Gabriel's canoe. We were waiting for the cool of the evening to fish the Narrows on the Upper Lake for trout. My friend asked Gabriel whether bears were common round the lake.

"Not very at present," he replied, "but when I was young they were as thick as blackberries."

"Did you ever encounter one of these grim mutton eaters?" I queried.

"More than once," he replied; "one occasion I can vividly recall. It took place more than twenty years ago. Do you happen to know Judge J——, of Quebec?"

"Intimately," was the reply.

"Well, one Saturday afternoon, after term, the Judge, who was fond of sport, drove out here with a friend, a Mr. Smith. I was of course on hand to escort round in my canoe these *gros messieurs de la ville*. We paddled and paddled and not a bite; just as we were rounding *la pointe aux Courtes Bottes* the Judge eagerly seized me by the arm,

saying 'Gabriel, look! look! what is that dark object floating or swimming in the centre of the lake? Is it a Newfoundland dog?'

"No," says I, "it's a bear and a big one to boot."

"Of course," put in Mr. Smith. "I shall have that bear stuffed and take him over to England with me to show my friends what a Canadian bear is like."

"I smiled," added Gabriel; "the idea of us bagging a full grown bear without firearms or hunting knives, armed with paddles only, seemed to me preposterous. However, the sporting Judge gave the order, 'Pull away boys and we will be up with him in less than no time.' A light canoe, impelled by three paddles, makes good time you know. We paddled with a will and in twenty minutes we were alongside the black monster, who snorted and growled at us. The Judge, seated in the bow, was quite close to the surly brute.

"Strike him fair on the snout with your paddle," said I. He did so and blood gushed out in a stream. 'Again! again!' I cried. *Monsieur Fours* seeing himself cornered, dived under the canoe, and rose unexpectedly within reach of Mr. Smith. 'Catch him by the tail,' I roared, but reflecting how little there was to lay hold of, I added 'No! no! by the long bushy hair on his rump.' Bruin did not relish these jokes, and, laying his powerful paw on our frail canoe, it got half full of water red with blood. It was awful to see. 'Hold! hold!' yelled the Judge, 'the canoe is sinking and I cannot swim a stroke.' My hair stood on end, but I could not help laughing.

'Shove off! Shove off! Quick!' roared the Judge. We did so, and I then remarked, 'The skin of that bear won't leave for Eng'land this season.'

J. M. L.

Not Equally Endowed.

"Yes," said the spectacled literary man, "my brother Hiram is the genius of the family. Perhaps you have heard of my brother Hiram?"

"Not that I remember," replied the caller. "Is he a man of some distinction?"

"Is he? My brother Hiram, sir," rejoined the scholarly author of "Twenty Systems of Religion Critically Analysed and Compared," cheerfully emptying another coal-scuttle full of unsold copies of the book into the stove that warmed his meagre apartments, "is the inventor of a toothpick that will not climb up out of the pocket and get lost, and he is rolling in wealth, sir—simply rolling in wealth!"—*Chicago Tribune*.



STATUE OF SIR CASIMIR GZOWSKI, K.C.M.G., IN QUEEN VICTORIA PARK, NIAGARA FALLS.
(Zybach, photo.)



THE TENTS AS SEEN FROM THE PARADE GROUND.
THE MILITARY CAMP AT SUSSEX, N.B.
(Mr. L. A. Allison, photo.)

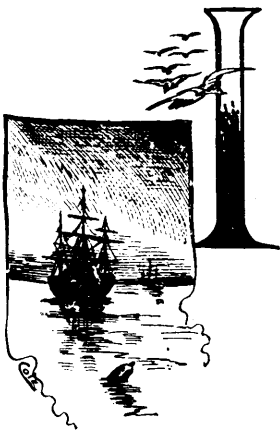


8TH REGIMENT PRINCESS LOUISE HUSSARS ON PARADE
THE MILITARY CAMP AT SUSSEX, N. B.
(Mr. L. A. Allison, photo.)

POINTS.

BY ACUS.

To point a moral and adorn a tale!
—Johnson: *Vanity of Human Wishes.*



It is credited, I believe, as being a characteristic saying of the late P. T. Barnum that humbug was the best bug known to the show business. He seems to have thoroughly realized the fact that people enjoy being humbugged, a fact which is appreciated and acted upon in many another business besides the show business. There are comparatively modest humbugs, and other humbugs which are loud and blatant.

To the former class belongs the merchant who "puffs" his wares, the puffing process being a mild species of humbug. To the latter class of loud and blatant humbugs belongs the "fake." So long as human nature remains as at present constituted, the "fake" seems likely to flourish. Gaudy equipages, paste diamonds and "the gift 'o gab wery gallopin'" go a long way to impress the "great unwashed." The most familiar guises of the "fake" are as a dispenser of cosmopathic medicine and a vendor of flash jewellery. And indeed I have sometimes seen those same gentry rake in the shining shekels in pretty lively style.

With popular lecturers it is quite the fashionable thing to select for a subject some particular author or literary work. Literary works, however, sometimes resemble certain statutory enactments; of which it is said that they have never been understood since they were framed, and that their framers did not understand them at the time. In dealing with literary works of that description, the lecturer, like his hearers, is simply groping in the dark. There are as

many theories as there are lecturers, and counsel is darkened with words. The following suggestion is submitted as the only satisfactory solution of the difficulty. Now would it not be a good idea if those authors whose meaning is veiled in impenetrable obscurity, would only condescend to mount the rostrum; and endeavour to explain, in lectures upon their own works, what they did mean. What a relief, for example, it would be to have Browning deliver a lecture upon his own poems. Somewhere I have read of a celebrated author who confessed to rendering his meaning obscure purposely, with a view of impressing his readers with a sense of his profundity. Possibly if the above suggestion were carried out we might have numerous similar confessions poured into our ears.

Here is a circumstance that, I think, cannot be considered as anything less than astounding, at least if time-honoured tradition is to go for anything. The putting up of stove-pipes is a (literally,) flourishing industry about this time of year; and I even went so far as to lend a hand upon a recent occasion. Incredible as it may seem the pipes all fitted, they refused to tumble down, and nobody swore. However, one hardly feels safe in congratulating oneself upon an experience of this kind; because next time none of them may fit, and the air may be blue.

Coincidence.

To the Editor of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED:

SIR,—The publication of Mark Twain's curious experience, which he entitles "*Mental Telegraphy*," will probably bring to light a vast number of kindred cases. Here is one in point:—

I had just finished reading this strange story when the last week's number of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED was laid on my desk, and the first thing that met my eye on opening it—the paper, not my eye—was the pretty little poem by Kimball Chase Tapley.

Now compare his "*Lines*" with the following, written by me for a comic opera which—owing, of course, to the lack of appreciation of theatre managers—has not yet been produced; and note the resemblance of idea and illustration.

Of course I claim no special merit for my verses; they are merely meant to serve as one of the ordinary opera lyrics which have no pretensions to literary excellence; my only object in sending them is as an example of these frequent coincidences. No doubt some of your talented contributors will furnish you with numerous similar instances.

Yours truly,

Ottawa, 2nd December.

W. H. F.

LINES.

When he was here,
All nature teemed with glad delight;
The wintry day shone warm and bright;
Less dark and drear the wintry night—
When he was here.

Since he has gone,
The summer winds are fraught with chill;
A mock'ry is each gay bird's trill;
While sadly purls each silv'ry rill—
Since he has gone.

When he was here,
The happy hours sped quick away,
And shorter seemed each joyous day—
The precious moments would not stay—
When he was here.

Since he has gone,
How slow doth old Time wing his flight!
The day lags on and ne'er shines bright;
And tears rain through the long, long night—
Since he has gone.

St. John, N. B.

KIMBALL CHASE TAPLEY.

SONG.

When he is near, my heart beats high
The life through every pulse doth thrill,
I seem to hear when he is nigh
His voice in every murmuring rill.
The flowerets wear a brighter hue,
The Heavens a deeper, richer blue,
I have no dread what e'er betide.
When he I love is by my side.

When he is gone, how sad my heart,
How stagnantly life's currents roll,
The streamlet's murmur seems a part
Of some sad dirge which numbs my soul.
Each floweret hangs its drooping head
The Heavens their tears of sorrow shed.
How sad the night! How dear the day,
When he I love is far away.

W. H. F.

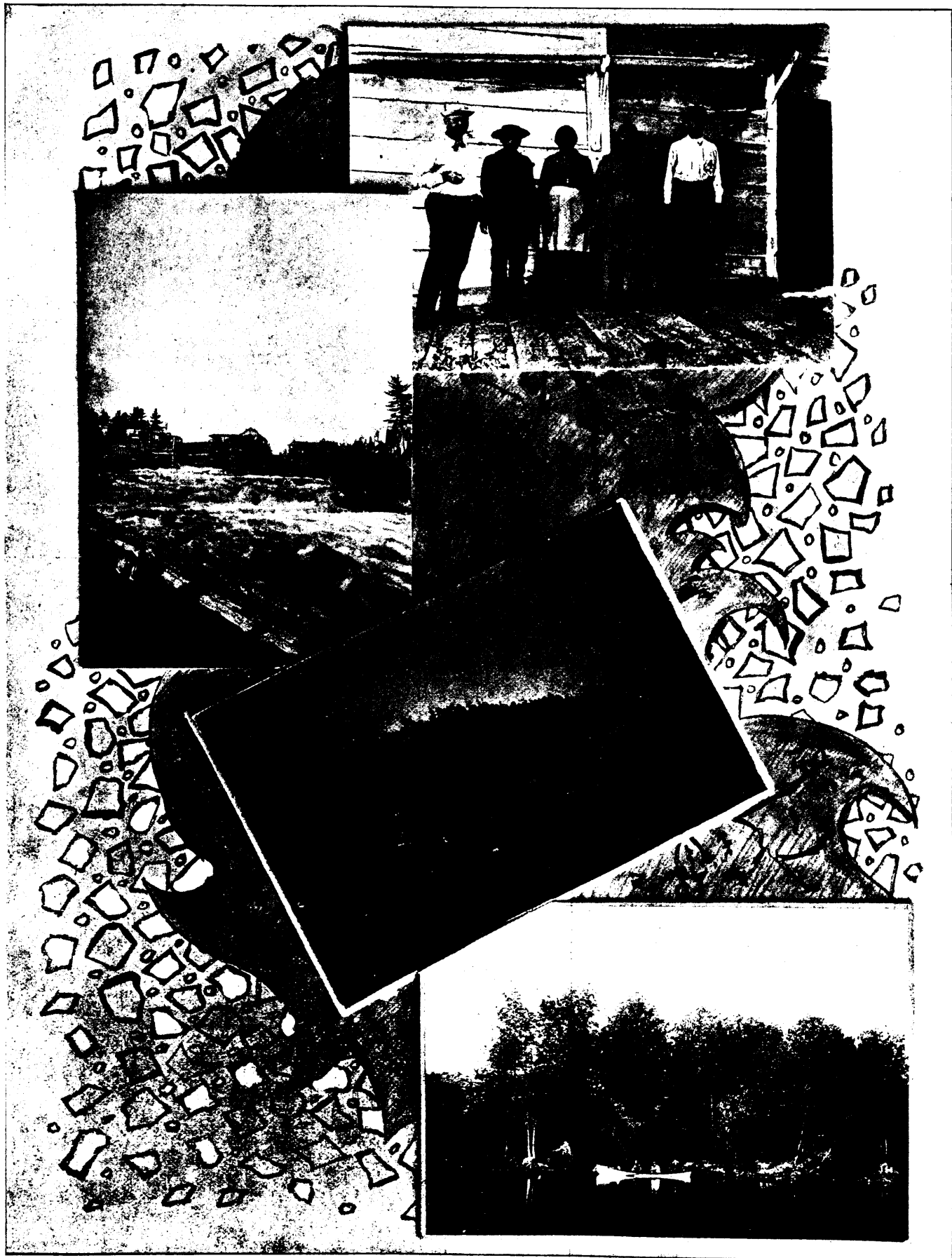


Steamboat on Lake Temiscamiugue.

A Scene on the Bonnechere, above Renfrew.
Falls on the Gordon Creek.

Rapids on the Montreal River.

SCENES ON THE UPPER OTTAWA.



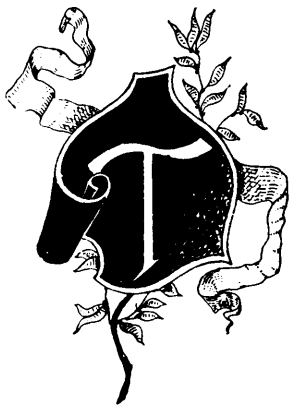
Falls on the Bonnechere River.

An Indian Chief's Family.
Railway Station at foot of Long Sault.
On the Bonnechere, above Renfrew.

SCENES ON THE UPPER OTTAWA



TORONTO, 12th December, 1891.



THE Christmas Number of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED has just come into my hands, and I beg to congratulate the publishers on it. Canadians may be proud that Canada can produce, "all by itself," as the children say, so excellent a piece of work. Neither Germany, France, London, nor New York, have been called upon to contribute either lithographs, designs or letter-press, and the result is just as good as if they, with all their im-

mense resources of talent, opportunity, mechanical skill and machinery had been drawn upon.

If Canada only believed more in herself she would soon attain an equal footing with her elder compeers, and by no other means will she ever attain it.

The best thing in the number is "The Whiskey Still in Golden Valley," always, of course, excepting the higher flights of the poetic muse, where Roberts, Campbell, Lockhart, Lampman and Fidelis lead the way.

"M'sieu Smit" shows that Canada may boast her humourists; to such as, like myself, love a little wholesome fun-poking, this clever supplement is worth the price of the whole number.

I was amused by a story I heard lately of a young university graduate who set up for being much "culchawed," and also for a Canadian of high patriotic soul. This young gentleman was in the society of several young ladies who were Canadians, too, and sought to impress them after the manner of the old time with his superior knowledge. After some high criticism of various poets by this youth, one of the ladies asked his opinion of Roberts' poems. "Roberts! Roberts! Never heard of him." "Then, do you know Lampman?" "Who is Lampman,—some scribbler, I suppose?" "Perhaps you know Mair better, the author of 'Tecumseh?'" "O, of course, everybody knows of 'Tecumseh,' but I never heard of Mair before." "Well, these are three Canadian poets, and perhaps if you read their works you would have a higher opinion of Canadian gifts than you seem to have."

But this is only one, and a fair specimen of people who presume to run down their native country, simply because they do not know it. A magazine or a periodical that would and does introduce its readers to Canada's genius is not for them, because it is Canadian. It is so easy to take up a cry, particularly if it has issued from some prominent quarter, and adopt it because it has so issued. And then to use it as a basis of criticism, save the mark! Such base imitators should not call themselves Canadians any more than critics, for they do not know what they are talking about, and in too many instances do not want to.

I am glad to see that the Young Men's Liberal Club of Toronto are about to give an evening of Canadian readings, to be given by the authors themselves. This is excellent, but what is to become of the poor authors who cannot read their own works?

Mrs. Harrison, "Seranus," read portions of her poems before the Young Women's Literary Society of Toronto University a week or two ago, which were highly appreciated.

Professor Alexander's lecture on "Poets and their Art," as one of the Toronto University Extension lectures, was well attended, and awakened quite an enthusiasm for the poets among his hearers. Professor Alexander has a pleasant style and manner and "is one of our pet lecturers," as a graduate remarked, "for he always gives us something to think over."

"The Victorian Poets," in Professor Alan Pitman's hands, in continuation of the extension course at Trinity University was well attended and greatly enjoyed.

A lecture on some Canadian poets, embracing Reade, Heavysege, Kirby, Dewart, and others of our earlier poets would be well in order from either university.

I am glad to see that Mr. Benjamin Sulte is coming to lecture before the Canadian Military Institute on the eastern battlefields of 1812. Mr. Sulte is such a careful historian and so entertaining a writer that his audience will have a rare treat.

It will be welcome news to Mr. Sulte's readers that he is about to publish a volume of his articles, among which will be found his "Origines des Canadiens-Francais," which appeared in the *Revue Francaise*, Paris, last year.

The fourth number of the *Quarterly Register of Current History* (Evening News Association, Detroit), has a fine portrait of Edison and an interesting sketch of his life. It is a wonderful record of the struggle of genius with difficulty, and happily a record of complete success.

This magazine appears to be a fair *resumé* of current history over the civilized world, and as such forms a useful accompaniment to the editor and writer's desk.

Rev. Canon Bull writes to me, "I have something more to tell you as a result of "The Holy Task" in the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED. This week I have received a letter from Pictou, N.S., with words of commendation; also a rare document, the despatch written by General Drummond on July 26, 1814, to the commander of the forces at Montreal.

Drummond reports the battle and its issue, the names of brave men, etc."

"The Commander, Aug. 4, issues his General Military Order, printed by the government printer at Montreal, and therein praises Gen. Drummond's 'brilliant achievement,' and grand success in withstanding the large forces of the enemy and in driving him away from Lundy's Lane, etc."

Rev. Canon Bull also informs me that this document which "will make up four pages of pamphlet size," will be reproduced by the L. L. H. S. in a few days.

I am sure every one will be eager to get a copy of so interesting a record.

Further, the same letter says:—"In addition to this valuable document, I have received a printed sermon on "Patriotism," a vigorous production, a heartfelt exhortation for the times.

The sermon was preached on the 3rd of June, 1814, being "the day appointed by His Honor the President, etc., of Upper Canada for a provincial thanksgiving in the Presbyterian Church, Stanford, U.C., by the Rev. John Burns" (father of the two Judges of that name, one of Toronto, and one at St. Catharines), and was "published by request." The text is taken from 24th chapter Proverbs, v. 21, "My son, fear thou the Lord and the King, and meddle not with them that are given to change." Montreal, printed by Nahum Mower, 1814.

Such prominence given anew to documents, incidents, etc., connected with our history are sufficient proof of the value of our historical societies.

S. A. CURZON.



A NOTCH IN THE MONTREAL RIVER.
SCENES ON THE UPPER OTTAWA,



LONGING.

(After the painting by Gabriel Max.)

ARTHUR WEIR, B. A. Sc.,

POET AND JOURNALIST.



AMONG the younger generation of poets none are better known or more deservedly popular than Arthur Weir. His works have been widely read and greatly appreciated, not only in the Dominion, but also in the United States and the Mother Country. Scottish and Irish blood mingle in the veins of our young poet, and heredity doubtless accounts for the lyrical nature of his verse. His father is the well-known banker of this city, Mr. William Weir, president of La Banque Ville Marie; his grandfather, David Weir, in early life a mechanical engineer, and later a farmer at Greenden, near Brechin, Scotland, was the eldest son of Alexander Weir, who was born at the Manse of St. Vigins, near Abroath, in 1743, and who traces his Scottish descent to the days of William of Orange. The maiden name of the poet's mother was Elizabeth Somerville, whose father, John Somerville, came to Canada in 1822 and took a large holding of land in Chatham, Quebec. Mr. Somerville came originally from near Monaghan, Ireland, where his father occupied a "town land." The Somervilles claim kinship with the Lords Somerville of Scotland, and the marriage of William Weir and Elizabeth Somerville, which took place in 1849, was not the first union between these two families, as will be seen by Sir Walter Scott's "History of the Somervilles."

Arthur Weir was born in Montreal on the 17th of June, 1864, and is consequently in his twenty-eighth year. He was educated at the High School of this city, and many of his schoolmates will doubtless remember the soubriquet of "The Philosopher," bestowed upon him by one of his instructors. The science department was established during Mr. Weir's attendance, and it was in this branch that he first showed great diligence and capacity. While still in a junior form, he assisted in a series of lectures given before the Young Men's Christian Association, performing all the necessary experiments. At school his first essays in verse were made, chiefly to amuse his classmates, and as an example of his ready wit, it is said of him that having forgotten a portion of a passage in a recitation from Shakespeare, he supplied words of his own in blank verse.

In 1882 he graduated into McGill University with the degree of Associate in Arts, ranking first among the matriculants in chemistry and high in English language and allied subjects. He entered himself for the degree of Bachelor of Applied Science in the department of Practical Chemistry, and during the succeeding four years, while leaning more and more to literary work, he took high rank in every subject except Mathematics, which were at the time his *habe noir*. At the close of his first year he won the Burland Prize in Chemistry; at the opening of his second year, the Burland Exhibition of \$100; again carrying off the Chemistry prize at the close of that session. In his third year he won the prizes in Theoretical Chemistry and Experimental Physics, the latter with a perfect paper; and in the final examinations for his degree he secured the Lansdowne medal, which had been offered as a prize in the advanced course in his department. At the opening of that year Mr. Weir ranked equal with the winner of the Leslie Skelton prize for the best essay prepared in the summer vacation, and during his college career he was almost invariably first in essay writing, whether on scientific or literary subjects, as well as taking several firsts in subjects for which no prize was then given.

The amount of work which Mr. Weir performed during his final session at college can be appreciated only by collegians. He was taking the ordinary and advanced courses together, was editor-in-chief of the *University Gazette*, in which he had a serial running, was president of the hockey club and captain of its team during the usual winter matches, was a member of the athletic council and of the committee which drew up the terms of amalgamation of all the

athletic societies of the university, and he was valedictorian for his year. In addition to his serial, which among many crudities shows the creative faculty and a clear style of composition, Mr. Weir was busy preparing his first volume for the press.

After leaving college, the poet joined the staff of the *Montreal Star*. The engagement, at first only of a temporary nature, lasted from September, 1886, to September, 1889, so congenial did he find the work and so well was he satisfied with the treatment he received. While connected with this paper he occupied the position of assistant editor of the weekly edition, and at various times the additional post of dramatic editor, sporting editor, literary editor and special reporter, settling down finally in the chair of the commercial and financial editor, while retaining the duties of reviewer. These duties he abandoned in 1889 to take charge of the staff of the *Star* at Ottawa during the session, now famous for the debates upon the Jesuits' Estates' Act.



ARTHUR WEIR, B.A.Sc.

Mr. Weir undertook his new duties under favourable auspices, being given *carte blanche* by his chief to write what he chose.

At the close of the session Mr. Weir returned to the *Star* and resumed his financial work; but finding that there was no immediately advantageous future for him there, resigned his position and found work in Detroit as one of four analytical chemists in the extensive firm of Parke, Davis & Co. The position was one of great responsibility, as these chemists regulate the doings of the vast army of employees, and are responsible for the strength and purity of every drug or medicine manufactured by the firm.

Mr. Weir devoted himself to the mastery of this new branch of science with such assiduity that his night work, coupled with long hours during the day, almost broke down his health, and an opportune offer coming to him from a Montreal commercial journal led him to abandon his position, to the regret of his employers, and return to Canada, for which the poet had pined in secret, as is shown by his poem, "In Exile." Mr. Weir's connection with the *Journal of Commerce* lasted only a few months, when he entered La Banque Ville Marie, in which he has remained, and from which, in view of the fact that he still assists his favourite paper, the *Star*, in the discussion of

financial and commercial topics. His pen was particularly active during the discussion of the Bank Act of 1890, and from his intimacy with the banking world he was able to do yeoman service towards perfecting that Bill, his articles, as he has since been assured by the Hon. Minister of Finance, having been carefully considered by that gentleman.

In June, 1890, Mr. Weir was married to Miss Louise Skead, daughter of the late Robert Skead, in his lifetime one of the lumber kings of Ottawa. One of the poet's gifts to his bride was unique, being the first press copy of his new volume, "The Romance of Sir Richard, Sonnets and Other Poems," the work being dedicated to her and of much of what is best in which she is evidently the subject or the inspiration. The book did not reach the general public until nearly a month later. Mr. Weir has one child, a daughter.

Mr. Weir's first volume, "Fleurs de Lys," was welcomed as rich in promise. The Earl of Southesk, who has followed the young author's career with kindly interest and encouragement, wrote Mr. Weir saying "you have given us poems by a true poet, one loving nature and endowed with the rare sense of rhythm and melody." Other critics were equally kindly, the *Gazette*, of this city, saying that the poems "do honour to the poet and to Canada," and that he

"has a great literary future before him." The Haliburton Society, of Windsor, N.S., elected the poet a member of its body, and he was also made an honorary member of the Society of Canadian Literature, of which he was first secretary, and of which he is secretary once more. Mr. Weir was made a life member of The Hobby Club while in Detroit. On the appearance of "The Romance of Sir Richard," the Haliburton Society sent the poet a vote of congratulation, moved by Prof. Roberts and seconded by Mr. Ed. Lawlor, and in a private letter Prof. Roberts stated that Mr. Weir was "among our very strongest sonneteers." The *Witness*, of this city, ranked the book among the best five in Canada, and *The Week*, of Toronto, a most severe critic, expressed pleasure with the work. The poems of Mr. Weir have been widely published in special numbers of the *Star*, and many have found their way into British anthologies, the eleventh series of "Modern Scottish Poets" devoting five pages to a sketch of the poet's life and labours.

It may be worth noting that Mr. Weir was among the first to call attention to the duty of Montrealers to erect a statue to Maisonneuve, which he did by a long poem in his first volume, and which was editorially supported by the *Star*. Correspondence begun on this subject with Mr. Hebert has led to an intimacy between the two artists, which is valued very highly by the poet. If the memorial now mooted becomes *un fait accompli*, Pilote, of whom Mr. Weir has sung, will, owing to his efforts, have a fitting representation also.

Many of Mr. Weir's poems have appeared in the columns of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED. "Fleurs de Lys" was published in 1887, and, as the author tells us in his pre-

face, the name was chosen for the Canadian poems in the early portion of the book because the series and incidents they describe belong to the Monarchical, or Fleur de Lys period of France in Canada. In reviewing this work Dr. Stewart, himself one of the oldest *litterateurs* in the Dominion, remarked in the *Quebec Chronicle* that it contained many quotable lines that would live after the author had passed away. Mr. Weir's second volume is even richer in this respect than its predecessor, and shows greater care in its preparation. Therefore, we may look for still better work, if possible, in Mr. Weir's third volume, which we expect to welcome at no distant day. The "Ode to the Queen's Jubilee," with which Mr. Weir opens his "Fleur de Lys," has been criticized most favourably all over the world.

In concluding this hasty sketch, we regret that space does not permit us to quote extracts from Mr. Weir's poems, which would bear out our statements with far greater force than any words can express.



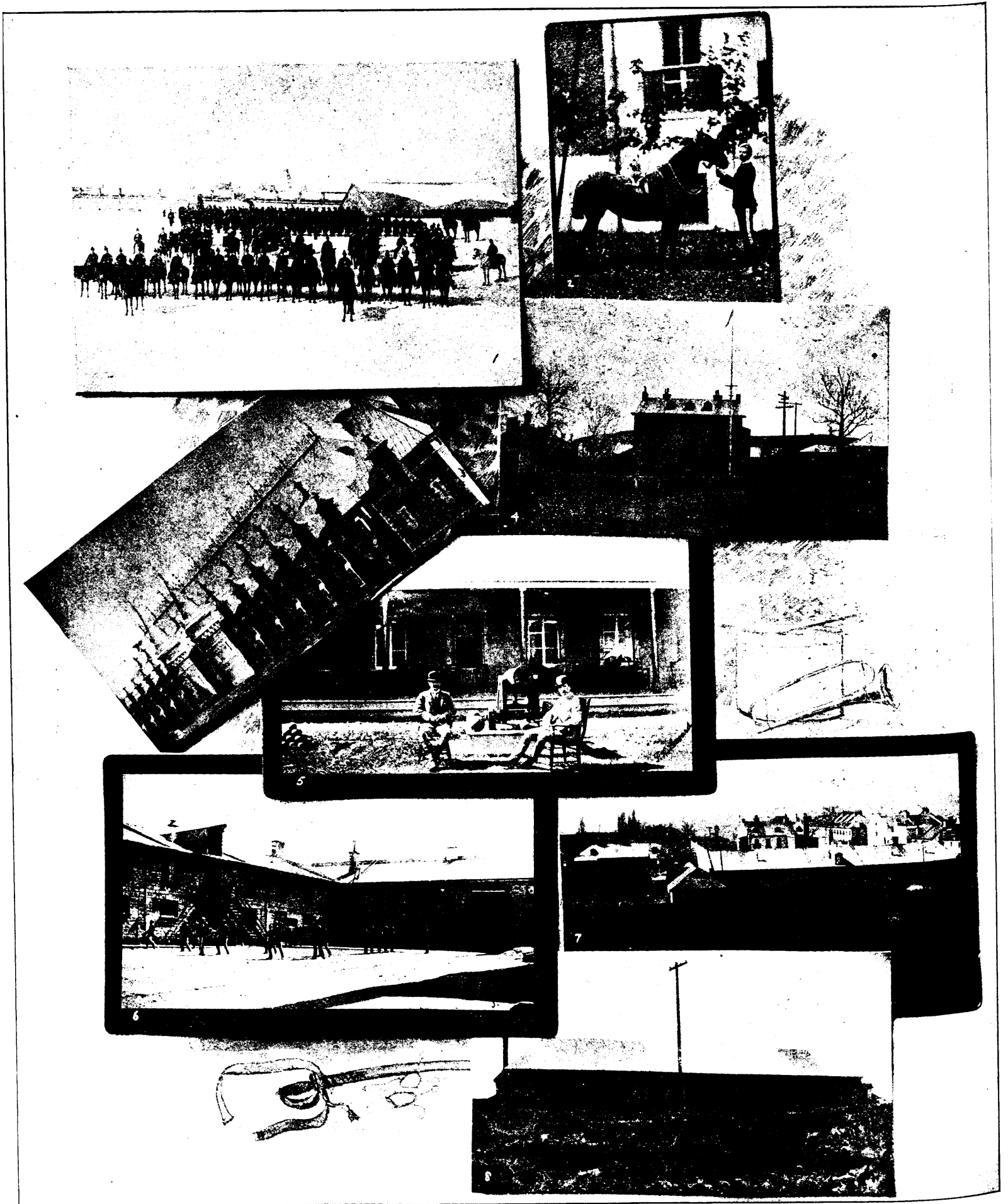


Post Office.

Inland Revenue Offices.
Custom House.
Customs Examining Warehouse.

Harbour Commissioners' Office.

GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS OF MONTREAL.



1. A winter parade. 2. The troop dog mounted. 3. Drill hall for foot-drill. 4. Officers' quarters. 5. Officers' mess-room.
 6. A busy corner of the barrack-square. 7. No. 2 stable and forage store. 8. Riding house.

ROYAL SCHOOL OF CAVALRY, QUEBEC.



PARADE OF ROYAL SCHOOL OF CAVALRY ON ESPLANADE, QUEBEC.
(Mr. G. R. Lancefield, amateur photo)

ROYAL SCHOOL OF CAVALRY.



We publish to-day a number of views, consisting of the barracks, officers' quarters, riding house, drill hall, stables, etc., and various parades, including summer and winter outings taken at the Royal School of Cavalry

in Quebec, which cannot but prove of interest to our readers, as this is the only cavalry school in the Dominion.

It was established by the Government in 1883 to supply a long-felt want on the part of the volunteer cavalry of the country, who complained, with good reason, that ever since the departure of the 13th Hussars from Canada they had been entirely neglected in the matter of proper instruction and inspection; but not until Sir Adolphe Caron took charge of the militia department had it been found practicable to establish a military school, where cavalry tactics and equitation would form a basis of instruction.

The present establishment of the cavalry school is a very modest one, and consists of four officers and 52 non-commissioned officers and men, with 30 troop horses; but there is additional accommodation in the barracks for 20 more horses and another 30 men, besides rooms for 10 attached officers—and these are supplied from time to time as vacancies occur in the various "short courses" of instruction from the volunteer corps throughout the Dominion, of whom over 500 officers and men have already received instruction, about one-half receiving certificates.

The selection of Quebec as the headquarters of the cavalry was due to economical reasons, firstly, because the necessary buildings existed in the many quarters handed over to the Dominion Government



LIEUT.-COL. TURNBULL,
Commanding Royal School of Cavalry, Quebec.

ly the Imperial authorities upon their withdrawal of the troops; and secondly, because the occupation of the Citadel by "B" Battery, R.C.A., supplied at no additional cost many of the adjuncts that are indispensable at all military posts, such as hospital accommodation, provost cells, guards, &c. There was also the important advantage of the Levis camp and target ranges, and very extensive Government ground on both sides of the river for manoeuvres and field days, where all arms could be trained tactically together, and instruction in camp duties closely resembling active service practically taught.

Taken altogether the cavalry school has proved to be an immense success, and is one of the most popular of our military schools, largely due to the soldierly qualities of its commandant, who is widely known in England as well as in Canada as a real cavalry leader of the modern type, and also to the able assistance he has received from his staff of officers and non-commissioned officers.

Ideal Football.

"Had any one wished a complete and satisfactory demonstration of the fact that the perfect game of football did not necessitate brutality of conduct he could have done no better than watch the two most important games of the season of 1891, for in them was not a man hurt nor was there any case of disqualification. That this was in no way due to any one-sidedness of the contest the results give evidence. In fact, there never were two such cleverly played and interesting matches as those of this year, and they will long stand as illustrative of the result that may be produced by careful and consistent coaching when applied to promising football material."—*Outing for January.*



BEHIND MOUNT ROYAL—A MIDWINTER SCENE.

THE FAIRY'S CAVERN.



IN 1874 Peter M—— and I were schoolboys together in Kamouraska. About two miles from that place there is a mountain called the Elephant Mountain: a name which was probably given on account of its being shaped like an elephant.

Near the summit of the mountain there is a cavern, to the mouth of which only the strongest men of the surrounding villages dared to venture, because of a superstition that had prevailed for nearly a century that it had been for years the hiding place for a fairy.

A dozen or more of the schoolboys, of whom Peter M—— and I were two, had often been within view of the entrance of the cavern, which resembled a large church door surrounded by shrubbery of a light hue. The entrance was a large hole of inky darkness, and truly was an uninviting place to behold.

How well do I remember when we schoolboys would peer through the foliage of the trees at the frightful and dismal-looking aperture, after hearing the old folks tell of it so often, and the timorous listening with blanched faces, that the interior of the cavern was laid with skulls and human skeletons; and, after a moment or two's peering, we would, with hat in hand, dart like a bird down the mountain towards home.

At times some of the boys when bounding over the rocks would trip and fall and sustain scratches and bruises that they would carry for several weeks. At divers times several of them would suffer the penalty of flogging for being tardy at school when we had been to the mountain; and those who had the most scratches almost invariably got the severest "licking;" yet, for some reason, Peter and I never received a punishment (which probably we deserved as much as others), nor a wound in descending the Elephant Mountain; although we ran as fast as the others, for the fun of the

thing more than any other reason; because, to tell the truth, we were not afraid. We were too young then not to question that "fortune favours the brave," and we actually thought that we could accomplish feats akin to those of a great general in war, and really what had been uppermost in our young minds for several days was that we would explore that cavern!

Of course we would say nothing to the other schoolboys, and especially not to our dear parents, of what our intentions were. Peter had often heard his father say, and so had I mine, that they (with other stalwart men) had made an ineffectual attempt at exploration there, but were frightened back by something; still we would have believed them just the same if we had not remembered it, because our fathers were never known to lie.

As before said, we had been thinking of it for several days, and now we set our minds at work in earnest and began to make active preparations for that which men of mature years had never ventured to do.

"But what if our adventure should all flash in the pan?" said Peter.

"Well, if it does, no one will know it but you and me; but we won't drop the matter now, for it would look too boyish!" I answered, with a good deal of bravery.

That remark made Peter laugh outright, and seemed to inspire him with new confidence; for, a year before he commenced talking about exploring the cavern on the Elephant Mountain, and we, of course had referred to it between ourselves often during the year; and to make it known to the reader, I will say that Peter and I were the foremost in getting the other boys started to ascend the mountain, all the time marking the lay of the land when we were near enough to see the aperture.

The rest of the boys knew nothing of our intentions, and, as a matter of fact, for a brief period just subsequent Peter

and I were sorry that we knew anything about our intentions in the direction of exploring that cave, or cavern, as it was always spoken of. A day or two before we were to start out on our adventurous exploit we talked the matter over confidentially and decided that we must be very careful not to act suspiciously in the least in the presence of our parents, well knowing that they would "shut hard pan" on us at once if they surmised what we were intending to do; and, be it known, we were too good not to obey our parents!

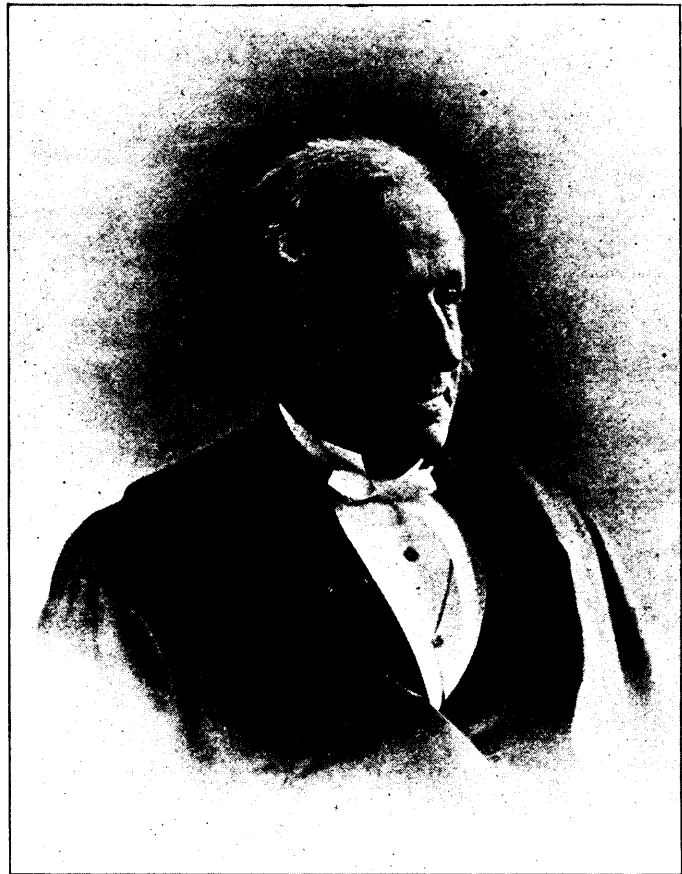
We had arranged to go on the following Thursday (when there was no school), and the day we formed the final resolution to that effect was Monday of the same week; that gave us two days to complete our final arrangements. This was the most particular job for us to accomplish, and not be found out.

It was in September, and we only had the time before nine o'clock in the morning and after school at night. But we had time enough.

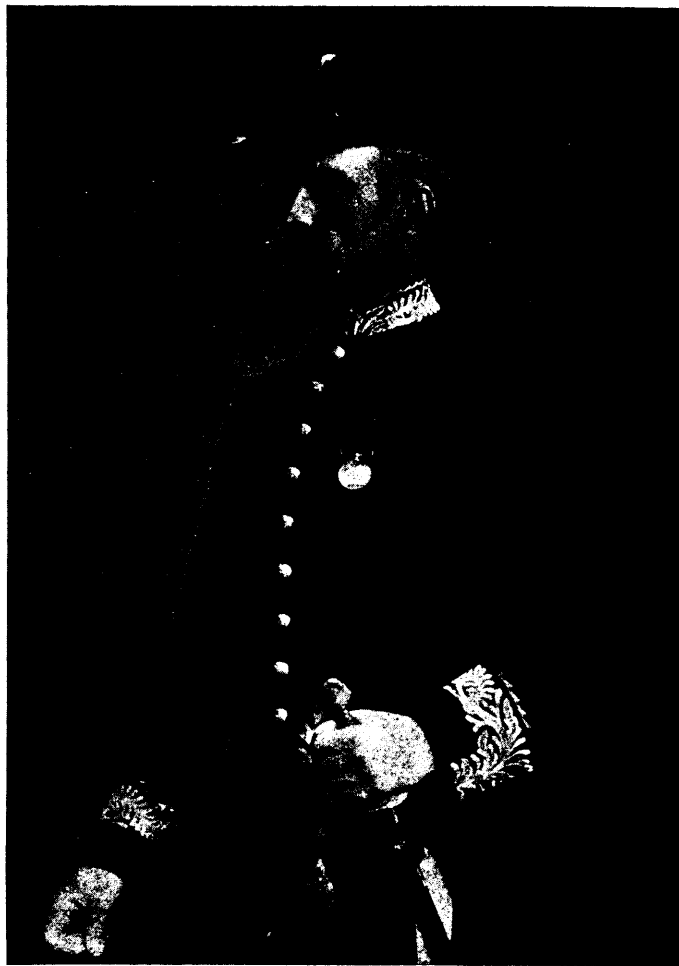
My companion had an old revolver that he had traded for some weeks before; and, what little he had used it, had found it "sure death" every time to whatever he aimed at, whether it was a squirrel or a maple leaf. His father never knew that he had it, for Peter was sagacious enough to know that his parents would always be in anxiety, thinking that he would not know it was loaded, and would be afraid that some of the other children might be seriously wounded or killed outright; (which is a very wise precaution for parents to possess, as has been since learned). But Peter never hurt any of the other children with that or any other revolver. His ferocity and war-like proclivities did not run in that direction. At his age, at the time of my story, he thought more of battling with savages or robbers than with urchins of his age. Alas! for the vanity of uncouth youth.

The next things we arranged for were two pitch-pine torches. We must have light to go into the black, dark cavern with; and we were confident these products of the forest, which were quite plentiful on the hillsides, were just the things, as we had often heard of men of larger growth using them for illuminating purposes with prolific results.

Why not we? we thought. Big men as we were, and the hazardous adventure we were about to make!



MR. JUSTICE GALT, TORONTO.



EDWARD C. RINGLER-THOMSON, H. B. M. VICE CONSUL AT MESHED, N. E. PERSIA.
AN OLD BYZANTINE.

The two remaining days and nights before Friday seemed longer to us than weeks before a circus to juveniles of the country. We were very anxious for the day to come; and the morning did come at last.

It was nothing unusual for us to go out and play together on Thursday morning, sometimes with other boys; but on that particular morning we kept strangely aloof from them! So it will be seen that everything was quite propitious for our starting, which we did by another path we had often traveled in our rambles. As for the jack-knife, I had that and a heavy cane; the revolver and torches were carried by Peter.

It was a glorious September morning; the sky was azure blue and the sun shone down brightly through the thick foliage which in places was putting on autumnal hues. The hour was not yet nine, and the birds had not yet finished their morning carols. How pleasant they sounded. And their sweet voices, after all, to such brave men as we were, on the mission on which we had set out, were very cheering indeed, and helped nerve our hearts; though I must say we did not lack courage. Perhaps we were too young then to lack that very important element in a person's nature.

"What will our pa's say if we don't get back to dinner?" inquired Peter, looking up at me with his great hazel eyes. "Get back to dinner!" I replied, quite earnestly. "I do not intend to. You see, if we do a pretty big thing in exploring the cavern, our names will be remembered and go down in history as such, and our pa's will not care if we do not get home till supper time. They will not scold us if we do a good thing!"

My remark made Peter laugh outright, and he had a rejoinder with: "Yes, a big good thing it will be if we get in there and cannot find our way out! What then would you say?"

I frankly confess, as courageous as I was then, that I did not smile at his question, but rather began to meditate on the thought as being quite a serious one.

Our conversation, as would be natural, was on the cavern topic until we arrived there, which we did at about eleven. When within three rods of the great, dark hole, one of us

turned to the other and said: "Which one of us will go ahead?"

This was another part of our expedition to consider.

"Side by side; there is room enough," we said, in chorus.

"We must each carry a torch over our head," said Peter.

"Of course," I said.

We prepared our torches and lighted them; my companion clasped his revolver in his right hand, and I my jack-knife (I must say it was not very sharp) in my right hand, our torches in our left hands. Side by side we started to go in. Certainly it would not look well for me to say that I lacked courage, even if my friend Peter did!

"Go on!" said he.

"Why don't you go in first?" I asked.

"I don't like it!" said Peter.

"What are you going to do about it?" I asked, again.

"You go ahead!" he replied.

"But remember that we agreed to go side by side!" I said.

"I know, but it looks dark in there! and I am afraid!" stammered Peter.

"Pshaw!" I replied. "We knew that before we planned to come here. Let us push on!"

And so we did. We went slowly on, feeling cautiously, knees weak and trembling, eyes almost out of their sockets, and torches flaring and glaring over our heads. We had only gone in probably twenty feet when, to tell the truth, we dared not turn back. And then, thoughts of all the hobgoblins and horrid things we had ever heard as being inmates of this horrid cavern came to our minds, and we imagined we saw all these pictures hanging on the walls of the damp cavern.

Although that was seventeen years ago, I must confess it now, as I did then, that Peter M—— and I could not, for the life of us, advance another step into the cavern, and I presume the reader has come to the conclusion before reaching this point that we could not reach a great way in. But the most important feature of our romance is, just as we fell headlong from fear and faintness, two other schoolboys, a few years older than us, were right there to seize us in their

arms, and in less than a moment we were again conveyed to the light and warmth of the bright sun.

In making our final arrangements the day previous, one of these boys had clandestinely overheard our plans and immediately told the other what we were up to.

Had we been a few years older we should have felt greatly chagrined at the termination of our adventure; but, as it was, we were glad of it.

But one thing was sure; it was that my companion and I were the butt of jokes in the school and neighbourhood for several months, while even now it is pleasant to refer to it as a daring youthful adventure without prolific results so far as we were concerned at the time; but "it is an ill-wind that blows no good," and by our setting the ball "a-rolling" the immense cavern was fully explored that year by two young men of about twenty-five years of age, and nothing but a great cavern was found, with nothing that had the appearance of a human skeleton, ghost or hobgoblin. And from that time a certain superstitious class came to the rightful conclusion that there are no such horrid things after all, which was a very sensible idea; and would that the scattering ones throughout the whole world could believe the same.

In conclusion, I will say that we *did* arrive home in time for early tea the day of our adventure. Yet, had it not happened as it did that the two other boys were there, Heaven only knows how long we might have remained in the cavern in Elephant Mountain.

ALPH. GUERETTE.

OUTWITTED THE DEAN.—The servant who brought the turbot to Dean Swift behaved rudely, and was sharply rebuked, and told by the dean to take his place and he would show him how to deport himself. The man acted the master's part well, and as the Dean came forward to deliver his message he was graciously thanked, and beside was offered half a crown for his trouble. Swift was caught in his own trap, and paid over the half crown, and complimented the Irish servant on his ready wit.



A Winter Evening Dress—Zouaves, Figaros, or Boleros—Mrs. Grimwood's Book—Pretty Stationery—A "Novel" Novel.

A winter evening dress is a very necessary thing to put in hand against the cold weather. It is not very easy to have a costume that looks at once plain and dressy, and such an one is thoroughly useful and saves a great deal of trouble. The model I give you is one that would be quite smart enough for a dinner party in the winter months, and yet plain enough for home wear. It may be made of rich or simple stuffs, and keep its characteristics as much with one as with the other. Suppose for the former that this is made of pink—salmon pink—*crêpe de chine*, and for the latter of pink *crêpon*. The skirt, as you see, is perfectly



plain and long at the back. It may be made lined at the back. It may be made lined with *taffetas*, which is the French name for thin lining silk, if of *crêpon*, or if of *crêpe de chine* the whole foundation may be of cream satin or white silk, in which case the fur border would be laid upon it. For my taste I should prefer the *crêpe de chine*, particularly one of the new brocaded kinds which are so pretty. The corselet is made of the same stuff, edged with lace that appears in a tiny puff all round the waist fur, and worn over a blouse chemisette of cream

just beneath it. Fur forms the *bretelles* or braces and bands of the sleeves and neck. It should be dark fur for a light coloured dress, and light for a deep tinted costume. Should the sleeves be required longer than those in my sketch, an addition might be made in a puff of lace falling over the elbow from beneath the band round the arm. Sleeves for the evening do not reach below the elbow, where they are nearly met by the long gloves. The model I give you is quite new, and has not yet become common in London, where it has but recently arrived.

* * *

Zouaves, figaros, or boleros, by whichever name you like to call them, are exceedingly popular just now, and charming little garments they are, and very useful. But besides their usefulness, they are worn as simple ornaments to an evening costume, as you will see in the accompanying illustration. By way of an example I will tell you of a lovely dress trimmed with one of this kind that I saw the other day. The material was a beautiful greenish blue satin of a light shade, scattered over with true lovers' knots in white. The perfectly plain long skirt was merely trimmed with a flounce of cream lace, put on in festoons, and apparently caught up at each point by a medium-sized, full-blown pale pink rose. The low bodice was covered with cream lace in blouse fashion—that is, slightly full on back and front. It was headed by a row of the



pink roses, and a pointed belt of them kept the lace in place round the waist. The bodice was further adorned by a figaro jacket as in this sketch. It was made of rose pink velvet, edged round with gold lace, and revers of the light blue satin, back and front. Simply puffed sleeves of the light blue satin completed the lovely toilette. These dainty figaro jackets may be made if liked with long sleeves, and of any material, but velvet is the most enjoyed in such colours as black, pansy purple, deep brown, blue, or green. Shot velvets also are a favourite variety, and often gleam with three different colours. All are richly trimmed with jet, in medallions, drops or fringes, and for the daytime generally with fur. They are delightful things to slip over any ordinary dress bodice if a suddenly cold day comes and a little extra warmth is needed. Of this I give an example in the second little figure of my sketch.

* * *

Mrs. Grimwood's book, entitled "My three years in Manipur, and escape from the recent mutiny," everyone ought to read. It has just been published by Bentley and Son, and, as may be imagined, though so simply told, it is full of great and thrilling interest. Here and there it is interspersed with many a humorous incident, for instance, her trying to persuade her Naga servants, who wear the simplest of attire, in fact the most primitive, namely, their skins, to clothe themselves.

It appears that some spinster lady friend of hers was so horrified at this fact that she specially sent Mrs. Grimwood for their use nine pairs of bathing drawers. These were accordingly presented to her nine Malis, with the following result, that on going into her garden in the evening, where two of them were working, she found one of them had very artistically arranged his pair of breeks as a turban and the other was wearing them like a little jacket, his head through a hole he had made in it, with his arms through the legs as sleeves. Her accounts of the preparations for the fatal durbar where her husband and his brave companions were so barbarously murdered, and her sudden flight just as she was, in the little thin shoes, white blouse and serge skirt which she had put on the easier to help in hospital, are deeply interesting. To their shame, be it said, there have been found people who could insinuate that Mrs. Grimwood was a burden to her companions, and it is instructive to know how she meets these cruel assertions. "To me, a woman, solitary, and alone amongst so many men, the march had been doubly trying; but to hear them say that I had not been a burden upon them was some reward for all I had endured. It has been said lately by some, that this retreat to Cachar was in great measure due to my presence in Manipur at the time, and that my helplessness has been the means of dragging the good name of the army, and the Ghoorka Corps in particular, through the mire, by strongly influencing the officers in the decision to effect the stampede to Cachar. But I scarcely think they would have allowed the presence of, and danger to one woman to deter them from whatever they considered their duty; and had they decided to remain at the Residency that night, I should never have questioned their right to do so, even as I raised no argument for or against the retreat to Cachar. I think that the honour of England is as dear to us women as it is to the men; and though it is not our vocation in life to be soldiers, and to fight for our country, yet, when occasion offers, I have little doubt that the women of England have that in them which would enable them to come out of any dilemma as nobly and honourably as the men, and with just as much disregard for their own lives as the bravest soldier concerned. (Bravo! Mrs. Grimwood!) But such an insinuation as I have quoted is not, I am happy to think, the outspoken opinion of the many to whom the story of Manipur is familiar. It is but the uncharitable verdict of a few, who are perhaps jealous of fair fame honestly won, and who think to take a little sweetness from the praise England has awarded to a woman. That such praise has been bestowed is more than sufficient reward for what, after all, many another Englishwoman would have done under similar circumstances."

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A "novel" novel is a very curious and interesting thing in the way of authorship and publication, which is about to appear in the pages of a ladies' paper called *The Gentlewoman*. A short time ago such a story was written in its columns by amateur authors, each chapter being by a separate person, and every one of the writers a reader of the paper. This was such a success that the enterprising editor has conceived the idea of having a similar novel written by professional pens on the same principle, a chapter by an authoress and an author alternately, without consultation or pre-arranged plan. It has, in fact, already been accomplished, and the first chapter of this literary curiosity, called "The Fate of Fenella," will appear in the Christmas number of *The Gentlewoman*, continuing week by week, and specially illustrated. Mrs. Reeves (Helen Mathers) is the writer of the first chapter, and as agreed, she will be succeeded by Mr. Justin H. McCarthy; then come in the following order Mrs. Trollope, Conan Doyle, May Crommelin, F. C. Philips, "Rita," Joseph Hatton, Mrs. Lovett Cameron, Bram Stoker, Florence Marryat, Frank Danby, Mrs. Edward Kennard, Richard Dowling, Mrs. Hungerford, Arthur a'Beckett, Mrs. Macquoid, G. Manville Fienn, &c., &c. I think it is a splendid idea, and it will be very interesting to see how all these varied minds will combine to bring it to a conclusion.



THE tenth meeting of the Ontario Rugby Football Union took place on Saturday last, in Toronto, and, as was expected, it was the most largely attended gathering of football men in the history of the Canadian game.

Not a club in the Union but was represented, and the meeting was a most harmonious one. Two years ago a great many people would have laughed if they were told that in this year of grace there would have been an interest taken in Rugby second only to that taken in lacrosse, but the fact remains; and with a very little more of the intelligent and enthusiastic work done during the past season, there is no doubt of the game coming to stay. One question which was discussed was decreasing the number of players. The Ontario men seem, to a certain extent, to be becoming imbued with ideas that the American game, or portions of it, grafted on our game, would be an improvement. A great many people here think differently, and the adoption of some rules would have a tendency far from improving. As it is, those who watched closely Osgoode Hall and Montreal play will remember that half a dozen times the Toronto men introduced the interference tactics of the inter-collegiate game, and they certainly could in no way be considered an improvement. In the discussions which followed the proposal of several changes, there was a good deal of solid football sense, which eventually showed itself by making very few alterations in the rules that have worked so well in a first attempt. Of course, nobody claims that they are perfect, but they will well bear the test of another season.

* * *

The first amendment proposed was to have three members, instead of five, constitute a quorum of the executive committee. This was agreed to. A motion to widen the field was next considered, and after a long discussion was withdrawn. With the present tendency to open play this would help to make the game even faster than last season's, and might have done no harm, but it is just as well to wait until there will be a joint conference with the Quebec Union, which will take place on Saturday. The proposal to reduce the number of players from fifteen to thirteen was lost by a large majority. Fifteen has worked well enough all along, and it should work well still, especially when the off-side rule is made more stringent. The wing men under the new dispensation will practically be confined to their proper places, as it has been decided to have both referee and umpire in all tie matches. What the exact duties of these officials will be has not yet been definitely settled, the matter being left in the hands of a special committee. One thing is certain, and that is that players with a tendency to off-side work will have to be a little careful, for after their side has lost ground on free kicks, their captains will probably have some pleasant things to say to them in the dressing room. The following additions to the off-side rule will show how much the hands of the referee and umpire will be strengthened. To the scrimmage rule has been added the words, "being out of the scrimmage, stands in front of the ball." That would have given plenty of free kicks in some matches I have seen this fall. The following clause was added to the off-side rule:—

"If a player being off-side, within the grounds, plays the ball, or comes within five yards of an opponent waiting to receive the ball, or obstructs or annoys an opponent before the ball has moved five yards, the opposite side shall have a free kick where the off-side play occurred; if within goal they shall have a free kick five yards in front of the goal line."

The report of the special committee appointed to consider the advisability of forming a Canadian Rugby Union, which recommended that three delegates from the Ontario Union should meet an equal number of the Quebec Union at Montreal on Saturday was adopted. There is hardly any doubt in the world that a Canadian Union will be formed, but it would facilitate matters if this conference were empowered to draw up some uniform system of rules that would govern the inter-provincial championships. There seems now to be so little difference between the Ontario and Quebec rules that there ought to be comparatively little difficulty in coming to a satisfactory arrangement, and with this object once attained what would prevent the Canadian Rugby Association's rules from governing all championship

matches. Such a scheme would save a lot of trouble both for players and officials, would facilitate the public's having a more perfect understanding of the game, and would tend consequently to its more general popularity. The proceedings of the representatives of the two unions will be watched with more than ordinary interest. An extract from the secretary's report may fittingly find place here:—

"Without wishing to disparage the work of our predecessors, we feel that we may say with a good deal of pride, with perhaps a good deal of truth also, that the past season has been the most successful in the annals of the union. This success was largely owing to the revision of the old rules; to the creditable showing of the clubs in the tie matches, and to the fortunate manner in which the ties were drawn." Speaking of the schedule the report said:—"Although no one disputes that, theoretically speaking, if it were possible, there should be home and home matches between each club, yet at the same time no one denies that such a thing is impossible—we would say rather not feasible—at this era. The great distances clubs would have to travel, the expense involved, the number of matches it would be necessary for each club to play in a season which is found all but too short for the present system, utterly precludes that idea. Your committee endeavored as far as possible to model its senior series schedule on the ideal one, and in the first round home and home matches were played between certain pairs. By this means the hopes of some clubs were not shattered at the outset, but at least enjoyed a two weeks' life. The games played this year have been much more open, and consequently faster. It is only necessary to point to the very large scores, in many instances in games between clubs that were closely matched, to show how open and consequently fast the game must have been; and the large crowds that witnessed the matches, the enthusiasm manifested on all sides and the eager appreciation of any good or brilliant play, leads to the conclusion that if it is not now, the day is not far distant when Rugby football will be our national game." The treasurer's report showed the receipts as \$278.83, including a balance of \$84.63 from last season. The expenditure was \$172.78, leaving a balance on hand of \$106.05. The election of officers resulted as follows:—President, E. Bayly, Toronto; first vice-president, W. A. Logie, Hamilton; second vice-president, J. H. Senkler, Osgoode Hall; hon. secretary-treasurer, R. K. Barber, Toronto University; committee, W. A. H. Kerr, Osgoode Hall; W. L. McQuarrie, Toronto University; W. C. McCarthy, Ottawa College; H. R. Grant, Queen's University; H. H. Bedford-Jones, Trinity University; P. B. Taylor, Ottawa; G. W. Marsh, London.

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There has been remarkable interest taken recently in what are termed international tugs-of-war. San Francisco started the boom and made a big financial success. This was followed by a like scheme in Chicago, which was badly managed, but still a success from a money-making standpoint. Next New York follows suit, and where the mania is going to end goodness only knows. The press devotes long articles to them, and speaks of the different teams as really representative of the countries of their birth, which they in no sense are. Because a dozen Americans, or Italians, or Irishmen are picked up in San Francisco and are able to pull on a rope, it does not follow that they represent the athletic ability of their respective countries. But the fad will have its day like the long distance walking matches. It will be kept up just as long as there is any money in it for the promoters. Of a different species are the tug-of-war taken part in by the Toronto and Montreal police force, and such teams as the Montreal Garrison Artillery. They really represent something definite, although in no wise to be considered champions. The Garrison Artillery games have taken place, and the result of the tug between the police and the military was watched very closely. This attempt may possibly result in establishing the tug-of-war on an absolute athletic basis, without the aid of the hippodromes that masquerade under the name of international tugs.

* * *

On Saturday last Tommy Conneff left New York for his native sod, with the avowed intention of becoming professional. Conneff was one of those crack importations who did credit to the colours of the big New York athletic clubs, whose colours they carried. His statement that he will immediately challenge Kibblethwaite, Parry and Morton, the English amateur cracks, to run him for money, seems hardly in good taste. It seems like trying to force good men out of the amateur ranks, by giving the impression through the press that the challenged parties are afraid. George Gray had a long experience of this at the hands of the professional McPherson, but the latter soon tired. Failing in this scheme, Conneff says he will arrange a series of matches with Harry Darrin, for \$1,000 to \$5,000 a side.

* * *

After the celebrated Nelson-Alcryn trotting race, when fraud was proved on the part of both Noble and Nelson, both men were debarred from all tracks under the super-

vision of the National Trotting Association. Both men took the case to the courts to restrain the National Association from suspending them, and after two years the case came up before the Supreme Court at Buffalo, on Saturday last. Noble did not put in an appearance, and of course his case was dismissed, thus vindicating the association. The trial of Nelson's appeal will come up at the January term, and for the sake of honest sport it is to be hoped the result will be similar.

* * *

The tug of war between the police team, which hitherto has been thought the strongest in Canada, and the Montreal Garrison Artillery, came off in the Drill Shed on Thursday night. It was the best tugging ever seen in Canada, and although the lighter team won, with a handicap of over fifty pounds, it should not be supposed that the police team were not in it, and it is quite likely that no team in Canada, with the exception of the Garrison, could beat them. The conditions of the tug were the best two out of three. As the first two pulls were draws, or rather ties, when the men settled down for the third time they were just where they had started from. The time for each pull was five minutes, into which as much as five hours strain of ordinary labour had to be put, and the centre pin had to be moved over half an inch when the lever closed down at the end of time to let either side score a point. The artillerists in the first pull had just got the half an inch, not a fraction more, so that when the lever came down the pin was snapped back into the slot, and the pull was declared a draw. In the second attempt, after considerable rest, the result was also a draw, this time the pin never varying a quarter of an inch during the whole five minutes. The first point was scored by the Garrison in the third pull; they just managed to gain five-eighths of an inch, that extra eighth giving them the point. The fourth attempt again resulted in a draw. When the lever came down the police had pulled just a quarter of an inch and the pin was in the slot. In the fifth pull the Garrison gained steadily from the pistol shot and won by two and a half inches. An analysis of the whole five tugs will show that the Garrison left the competitors far behind, as follows:—

	Inches Gained.	
	Police.	Garrison.
First pull.....	o	½
Second pull.....	o	o
Third pull.....	o	¾
Fourth pull.....	¼	o
Fifth pull.....	o	2½
	¼	3¾
		¼

Majority for Garrison..... 3¾

Appended is a comparison of the weights of both teams:

GARRISON.		Lbs.
M. Goodbody.....		174½
C. Gardiner.....		183½
W. Goodbody.....		182½
J. Drysdale.....		170
Total.....		710½
POLICE.		
Constable St Louis.....		178
" Larocque.....		178
" Tremblay.....		201
" Filiatreault.....		205
Total.....		762
		710½
Weight in favour of police.....		51½

Stray Notes.

To avoid an over-inquisitive fellow-passenger, Artemus Ward feigned ignorance, denying that he even knew such celebrities as Gen. Grant, Sherman, Whittier or Dr. Holmes. His irate questioner, in despair, asked him if he ever heard of Adam. The great humourist innocently asked what was his first name.

* * *

A Reverend gentleman on being asked when he expected to see Deacon Smith, sorrowfully replied, "Never; the deacon has gone to Heaven."

Telegraphic Flashes.

Not long ago there was a slight fire in one of our large offices. It started under the floor where the wires are bunched together, and must have been caused by wires with defective covering becoming crossed. The next day as the writer was going off duty, he met an old police sergeant who inquired the cause of the fire. Upon being told, he replied: "Oh, yes; from the friction, I suppose." Asking him to explain what he meant by "friction," he answered by inquiring: "Don't the wires move when you send dispatches?"

An irate cattleman once rushed into an office on the line of the Texas and Pacific railway, and shouted at the operator in tones that could be heard a block away: "Say, young feller, how much does it cost to send a dispatch to Jay Gould? This dog-goned railroad of his is playin' thunder with my train of cattle and I want satisfaction." Upon being told that it cost no more to telegraph Jay Gould than any other human being; that the charges were by distance, &c., and that Mr. Gould would probably refer him to the local superintendent, he departed to wreak his vengeance on that already unhappy individual.

On one occasion a telegraph repairer was waiting for his train at a wayside station and smoking his pipe to keep the flies away, when along came one of the "natives"—a regular hayseed—and picking up the coil of wire the telegraph man had, he stood up against the side of the building and began to examine the end of the wire very closely. "Think that's about the right size?" said the pole climber, with visions of a request for "jest 'nuff to make a clo' line fur de ole woman" fitting through his mind. But to his surprise the investigator replied as follows: "I was jest lookin' fur the hole the dispatch goes through, but don't see it; suppose this is the kind of wire you use fur tyin' on the glass bottles?" It is said that when the train arrived the repairer had barely recovered from the shock so as to be able to board the train.

H. H. A.

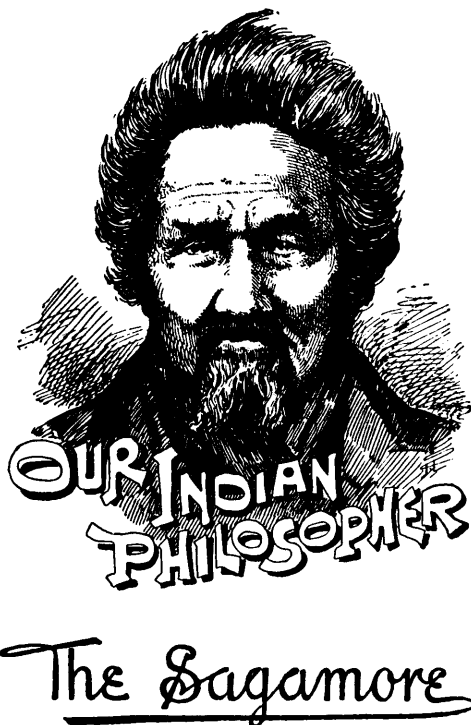
Canadian Shipbuilding.

The barque "Kathleen Hilda," recently launched from W. P. Cameron's shipyard at South Maitland, N.S., is 520 tons, fitted with all modern improvements, and classed twelve years in Bureau Veritas. She was launched with sails bent, and ballast and crew all aboard, and immediately proceeded to New York to load for Australia. The "Kathleen Hilda" was specially built for Donald Ross, of Auckland, New Zealand, brother of the Hon. William Ross, of Halifax, and is the tenth Nova Scotia vessel specially built for or sold to that enterprising gentleman—extending over a number of years—for the Australian intercolonial trade, the fleet being:

Barque "Caterfeigh," built by Carmichael.
Brigantine "Osceola," built by Bigelow.
Barque "Wenona," built by Bigelow.
Brig "Stanley," built at Parrsboro.
Barque "Eilean Donan," built by Coffins.
Barque "Stag," bought from Robert Boak.
Brigantine "Ransom," built by Bigelow.
Brigantine "Jas. Stewart," bought from Boak.
A brigantine bought from William Muir.
Barque "Kathleen Hilda," built by Cameron.

These vessels were all built under the supervision of, or purchased by Hon. William Ross. The price paid for "Kathleen Hilda" was \$25,000. Captain George Davis, who has had nineteen years' experience in the business, came on from New Zealand to take the vessel out there.—*Canadian Manufacturer.*

VERY COOL.—While Richard Brinsley Sheridan was lessee of Drury Lane Theatre, a disastrous fire was consuming its contents, but the wit was quietly enjoying his glass in a neighbouring saloon to the amazement of his friends; he humourously replied: Can't a man take a glass of wine by his own fireside?



THE wigwam of the sagamore was more like a bazaar than a place of abode. It was hung all round with the most wonderful things. There were cunningly-beaded moccasins, brilliant little shawls, gorgeous little caps, and mittens, and stockings, and scarfs; and there were odd mechanical toys, and small hand-sleds and snowshoes. There were, too, candies, and nuts, and raisins, and sweet cakes, and other such toothsome things as would bring joy to the heart of pappoosehood.

Mr. Paul himself was in high good humour, and beamed on his surroundings with the most cheerful satisfaction. He enjoyed the reporter's looks and exclamations of surprise, and actually poked his visitor in the ribs—a proceeding so out of harmony with the gravity becoming a sage that the reporter at once suspected the agency of a stimulant.

"Wine is a mocker," he said, solemnly. "Why does my brother indulge?"

"What you say?"

"You've been drinking!"

"I been drinkin'? What makes you think I been drinkin'?"

"You're so funny this morning. And you've got so much stuff of all sorts laid in. No sober man would fill his camp with a collection like that. What did you do it for?"

"Why!" promptly responded the sagamore, "it's Christmas pooty soon!"

"Oh! is that it? Oh, ho! Santa Claus, eh? Is that the secret?"

"Ah hah."

"My brother," cried the penitent reporter, "forgive me. We newspaper men are just 'laying' for humbugs lately, as you must have noticed. We're going to purify the political and all the other worlds around here, if it takes till spring. But if anybody so much as drops a spatter of ink on old Santa Claus' whiskers, the moral law may go all to smash, but we'll have the villain's life."

"You gonto kill Santa Claus?" queried the sagamore.

"No, no; you misunderstand me. Kill Santa Claus! Why, sir, he is one of the immortals. A humbug, if you will—and as some very learned and moral moralists do certainly affirm—but an immortal. I remember when the old fashioned fire-place and chimney vanished from these parts, a lot of us boys thought we had seen the last of him. But, bless his old heart, he doesn't change with the fashions of men. He comes just the same. And what did the dear old fellow leave for me?"

"Leave—for—you?" said the sagamore, in a tone of surprise.

"Yes. What did my old friend Santa leave for me?"

"I ain't seen anything round here—for you," said the sagamore, with emphasis on the last word.

"What?"

"Nothing here for you, I say."

"But there must be!"

The sagamore gravely shook his head.

"You don't mean to say," cried the reporter in a loud voice, "that he didn't leave anything at all for me!"

"Ah hah."

"Not so much as a bead?"

"Nothing."

The reporter stared at Mr. Paul, and then at his surroundings, with swift gathering anger on his brow.

"The old humbug," he exclaimed. "The old fraud! It's just as I have always maintained. This Santa Claus business is being run into the ground. We take great care to teach our children to beware of humbug, and at the same time encourage them to nourish the biggest humbug of all. The Santa Claus sham is one that must be downed. I'll have a scathing article on it to-morrow."

"Seems to me," observed the sagamore, "you don't stick to one story pooty well. You say Santa Claus he's heap bully old man—then you say he's heap humbug right away. How you kin do that?"

"Simply," rejoined the reporter, with majestic mien, "because he has ignored the press. No man, I care not how great, may do that with impunity. I'll teach the old rascal a lesson. I'll let him see that if he won't either advertise with us or leave us a consideration of some sort, his little game will be spoiled pretty quick. The free and unbiased, and untrammelled, and independent press of this country, my brother, is not to be tampered with."



"You think it's good thing to hit humbug when you see him, eh?" queried Mr. Paul.

"Just so, sir; just that exactly," answered the reporter firmly and decisively.

"Then," quoth Mr. Paul, gathering himself together, "I'll do that tight away."

And suiting the action to the word he gave the reporter a thwack on the left ear and another on the right, wheeled him about, ran him out of the wigwam, and called his dogs to finish the job—which they did with neatness and despatch.

Stonewall Jackson's Wit.

After the unveiling of Stonewall Jackson's statue, this story about the Confederate general has come to light: On one rainy day, while advancing on Bull Run, he started out to reconnoitre in person, and got caught on the wrong side of a bridge guarded by a field-piece and some federal artillerymen. When he discovered this, Jackson did not hesitate a moment. Galloping up behind the men, he shouted out to the officer in command: "Who directed you to put that gun on the road? take it away and mount it in the woods on the hill yonder. I never saw such a piece of folly. Here in the open ground your men will be shot down from the brush on the other side." On he went as though in a terrible passion, berating the officer, who coloured, saluted, apologized, and hastily gave the order for removing the gun. Jackson, with his staff at his heels, galloped off to the left as though to pass down the stream, made a sudden turn, thundered across the bridge, and escaped. The befuddled officer in command of the gun had not gone far when he suspected something wrong, but he did not discover who the stranger was until the next day.—*Exchange.*