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THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

(TRADE MARK.)

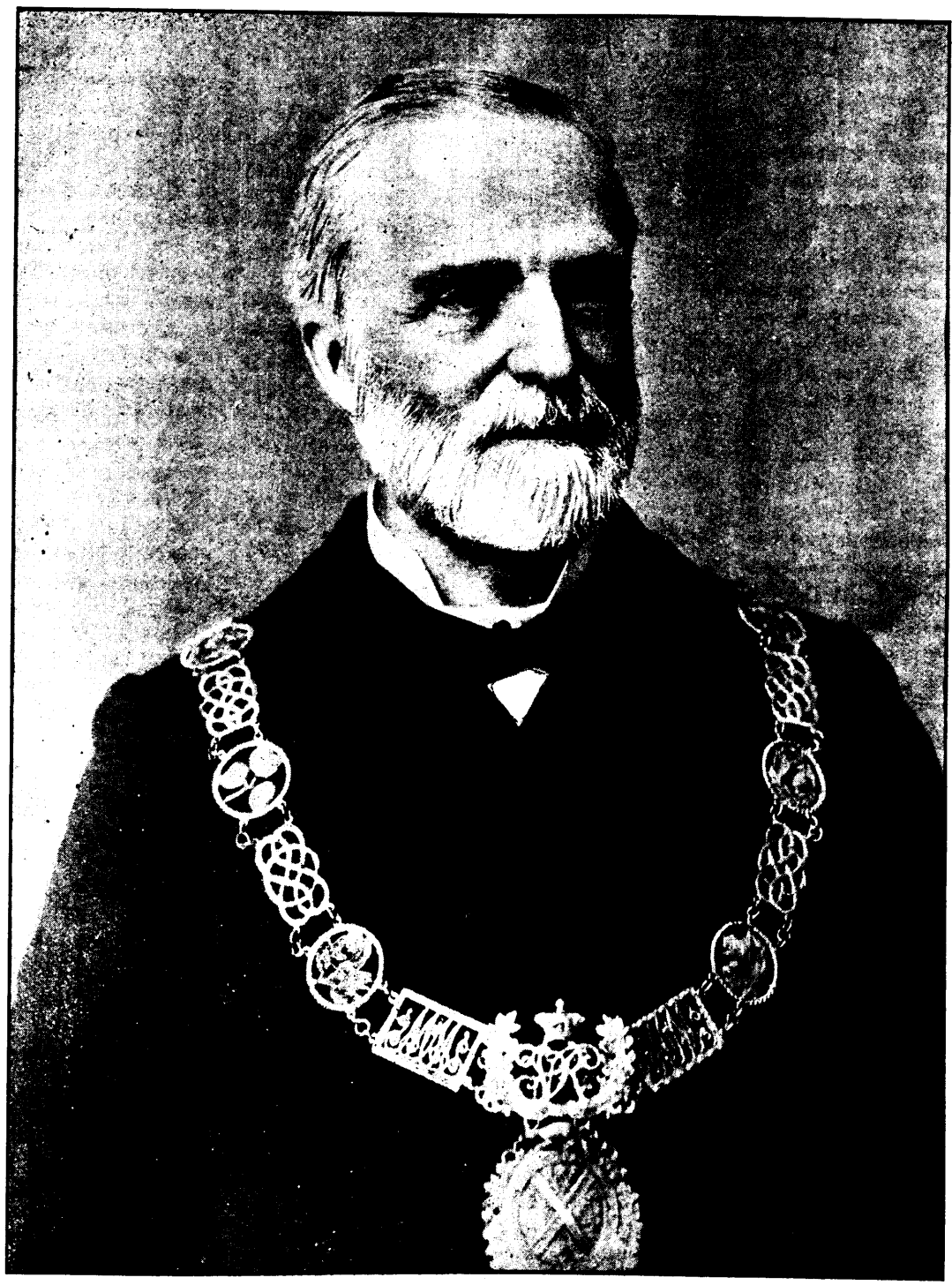
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While Central and South America are showing their willingness to enter into closer commercial relations with the United States, Australia and Japan are suing for an extension of the trade between themselves and the Dominion. Mr. Wm. McIlwraith, or Rockhampton, Queensland, a gentleman whose name has long been one of influence in the colony that he represents, is at present in Canada for the purpose of collecting information as to the resources and manufactures of the Dominion, and for ascertaining for what products of Australasia might reasonably be expected to find a market in Canada. Mr. McIlwraith, who is a journalist and the proprietor of two important newspapers, has lived for several years in the Greater Britain of the Antipodes, and takes an eager interest in the destinies of his adopted country. The completion of our trans-continental line and the supplemental projects of direct steamship and telegraphic communication with Australia have drawn the attention of the latter to Canada as a market and source of supply. Mr. McIlwraith seems to expect much from the completion of these great schemes. The alternate telegraph line he deems of the utmost importance, not merely from the standpoint of commerce, but as a welcome addition to the Empire's provisions for defence. As for the mail steamers, he thinks the policy of establishing the line was not adopted a moment too soon in the interests both of the Mother Country and the Colonies.

The importance of Australia's trade Mr. McIlwraith illustrated by figures which confirm the instructive statistics already given in Mr. Hopkins' articles, published some months ago in this journal. He mentioned as commodities which, with a little effort Canada might supply to Queensland, boots and shoes, drapery and haberdashery, fish of all kinds, furniture, hardware and ironmongery, woollen goods, machinery and matches, and in return Canada might have hides, wool, raw sugar, and other articles which Queensland could advantageously furnish. The labour difficulty was a great drawback to the sugar industry in Queensland, and the trouble was aggravated by political controversy. It was, moreover, complicated, on the one hand, by humanitarians at a distance who did not understand the circumstances of the colony, and on the other by jealousies between the white workmen and the Polynesians imported by the planters. A system of central mills has, however, been lately tried, and if it succeeds, the output of sugar will be largely increased. In that case Mr. McIlwraith believes that Canada might find it to her advantage to get her sugar direct from Queensland.

The Japanese envoy, Mr. Sugimur, has been entrusted with a mission similar to that of Mr. McIlwraith. He also speaks hopefully, though with less detail, of the profit that may be naturally expected from the extension of the commercial relations between Canada and Japan. It is surely a promising coincidence that these gentlemen, one from the new world of the South Pacific, and the other from the ancient land of the dawn so recently disclosed to the wondering eyes of western civilization, should be prosecuting at the same time enquiries in the issue of which we are so deeply concerned.

We have not yet learned the full results of the experiments in sugar beet growing, which were by many looked upon as likely to decide the question. It would, indeed, be rash to base the practicability of such an industry in Canada on one year's or two years' or even five years' experiments. When Germany began to try her hand at beet culture for sugar making purposes, her men of science went all astray and prophets of evil were not wanting to decry any further attempt as waste of time and money. But there were men of research who had the great gift of patience—a gift in which the Germans excel—and they persevered until triumph crowned their efforts. And now Germany is at the head of the nations in this profitable industry. Last year the 391 German factories found use for 6,983,960 tons of beets and produced (exclusive of molasses), 910,698 tons of raw sugar. Let Canada only copy Germany's example and she, too, perhaps will succeed. Experts say that our soil and climate are favorable. We have an experimental farm, expressly for the purpose of shedding light on such questions as these, and if the thing is possible, Mr. Saunders may be trusted to show how it can be made worth while to engage in beet culture in Canada.

Health, strength, grace, presence of mind—these are the gems that calisthenics yield, as, indeed, the word implies, and as Captain Clarke's exhibition proved. Beauty and strength, twin boons, which it was once the morbid fashion to keep apart, may be happily and, by remembering and practising well taught lessons, permanently united. How much this may mean to the daughters of men is suggested by a very saddening article recently published in the *St. James' Gazette*. It is headed "The Curse of Cosmetics." Therefrom it appears that the ruinous fashion of producing complexions by art is so prevalent at the present time in England that neither warning, nor satire, nor denunciation can influence those ladies who, by the use of paint, try to increase their personal attractions. It might be thought, says the *Gazette*, that the physical ills thence resulting might, when pointed out, be sufficiently alarming to act as a deterrent. Yet the knowledge of the consequences seems to have little effect on those who indulge in the pernicious custom. Among these consequences are "the premature aging of the face in consequence of the slow death of the outer skin, the transformation of this delicate covering into a hard, yellow, wrinkled substance, which almost simulates the lines of death and which gradually becomes incapable of effective disguise." There are, moreover, "the perpetual discomfort under which the foolish woman must labour, the irritation which contracts her skin, and the long and weary hours of the toilet, the self-control necessary to restrain the facial muscles from undue exertion, the care with which she must avoid the risks of exposure to July sun or November rain.

Nor is this all. Death itself may intervene from the clogging of the pores and consequent interference with the natural action of the body. Blood poisoning may ensue from the use of metallic compounds and the end will come in great agony." Now, calisthenics, under proper direction, make resort to such baneful artifices not only needless and hateful, but impossible. The professor of physical culture is, therefore, not only a hygienic and æsthetic, but, in a very real sense, a moral reformer. And it is well with countries like Canada in which he is held in repute.

The harvest this year in the Province of Quebec has, according to the bulletin of the Department of Agriculture, been much more favorable than previous reports from various localities had given reason to expect. The estimate of the wheat crop is from twenty to thirty bushels per acre; that of the barley harvest is an equally favourable average, while buckwheat is set down at from twenty to twenty-five, and oats at from twenty-five to forty bushels per acre. The fruit has, as was foreseen, generally proved a failure, though parts of the province (especially where care and judgment were used) are happy exceptions to the rule. Potatoes leave much to be desired, but other root crops were, on the whole, fairly good. The hay crop is also favourably reported on. Compared with Ontario's harvest, that of Quebec has the advantage in wheat. In the matter of fruit the record is about the same in both provinces. On the whole the Minister of Agriculture and the province are to be congratulated on the result.

The published report on the state of the Citadel Rock, which the city engineer of Quebec addressed ten years ago to the Minister of Public Works, is quite a long document. In view of the recent disaster, it has a historical value beyond what is attached to most papers of a civic or departmental character. It contains a number of recommendations, of the nature of which the public had already been informed. It is, as we said before, deplorable that a tragedy like the late land-slide should be turned to partisan uses. The loss of so many lives in a manner so inexpressibly sad is the least fitting of occasions for the strife of parties. The gist of Mr. Baillargé's report is the suggestion of a range of buttresses of solid stone and cement, five feet broad at base and tapering to four at the top, the height being eighty feet. Mr. Baillargé seems to have had strong faith in this plan as a safeguard against rock-slides. As a less costly alternative, which would satisfy public opinion and the parties especially interested, he proposed the construction of a retaining wall 675 feet long, on the line of Champlain street, and the filling of the crevices with cement. He expressed himself inclined to favour the second plan which, while averting danger for a long time to come, would allow of certain needed improvements being carried out. Besides, it would not prevent the buttresses being added, if necessary, at a subsequent date. At Mr. Baillargé's request, the two schemes were submitted to the engineers of the Public Works Department, who agreed with himself in preferring the alternative plan.

The meeting of the American Institute of Mining Engineers at Ottawa is an event of considerable significance. The range of interest covered by the deliberations of this learned and important body embraces the whole continent north of the Gulf of Mexico. The mineral resources of the United States have in recent years undergone remarkable

development, as the annual reports published by Mr. D. T. Day, of the U. S. Geological Survey, very clearly set forth. As for Canada, its mineral wealth is only beginning to be rightly appreciated, and the excursions to the Sudbury and Port Arthur mining districts, and to the Eastern Townships, showed the visitors at least some portions of the great field that is so largely unworked. Every province of the Dominion has its characteristic features of interest to the mineralogist and of value to the capitalist. Even the vast areas that lie beyond the reach of civilized habitation—the Mackenzie Basin, the Yukon region, the Hudson's Bay country, and the unsettled parts of our own province, teem with minerals of economic value. The mineral production of Canada exceeds an annual total of \$15,000,000—about a third of which represents the output of coal. Gold, iron, copper, phosphates, petroleum, lead, and various other substances, more or less precious, have their place on the list which our Survey has elaborated.

It has been suggested by one of our contemporaries that provision should be made for dealing with fatalities such as the recent land-slide at Quebec by the organization of a sort of committee, which should be supplied with all the apparatus necessary for saving life, and placed under civic or government supervision. The suggestion is not untimely. There is no less reason why knowledge and skill should be applied to the rescue of imperiled humanity on land than there is for the equipment of a life-saving service to meet the needs of endangered vessels or shipwrecked crews. To give realization to the suggestion will require something more than an article in a newspaper, which is read to-day and forgotten to-morrow. To move the public or the authorities that represent it is a work of time. The *vis inertiae* that resists any needed reform is sadly discouraging to ardent temperaments. Only agitation, kept vigorously afoot, can effect any improvement, however essential to the community's safety or comfort. And save in the immediate presence of danger, it is almost impossible to make the multitude conscious of its existence. The suggestion is doubtless practicable, but it must be taken up earnestly by a few public-spirited persons and absolutely forced on the attention of the people and their rulers if it is ever to be more than a scheme on paper.

THE SETTLEMENT OF GASPEISIE.

We have learned with satisfaction that a movement is afoot to settle a colony of Belgians in the county of Gaspé. The Hon. A. D. de Vos, a leading statesman of Belgium, arrived recently at Quebec, in connection with the purchase of a tract of land suitable for the purpose. M. de Vos, on reaching Canada, at once put himself in communication with Mr. Charles de Boutillier and the curé of Gaspé Basin, who is a native of Belgium. The plan favored by the Belgian authorities is to leave the enterprise in the hands of the capitalists who have offered to advance the money for the necessary outlay. M. de Vos, in company with Mr. Le Boutillier, has already made an inspection of the district suggested for the colony and has expressed himself as satisfied with the result. His choice has fallen on a large township in the neighborhood of Gaspé Basin. This experiment in colonization will be watched with much interest by those who have concerned themselves in the development of this important portion of the Province of Quebec.

The limits of Gaspésie, or the Gaspé Peninsula, have been variously stated at different times by different writers. Early in the century the name was applied to a much larger area than that which it embraces to-day. According to Mr. T. C. Langelier, whose "Esquisse sur la Gaspésie" may be accepted as a standard authority on the subject, the peninsula comprises altogether 10,784 square miles, 4,461 of which are in the County of Gaspé, and the remainder in Rimouski and Bonaventure. The region has, therefore, an area nearly equal to that of Holland or Belgium, and about a third that of Ireland. If it were inhabited as densely as even Scotland or Switzerland, its population would not be less than a million, or if such a parallel be unacceptable, owing to the different conditions of the Old World and the New, it would, on the ratio of Prince Edward Island, support easily half a million souls. Various causes have been assigned for the neglect to which this important region has hitherto been doomed. In diverse resources it is in no respect inferior to other parts of Canada to which immigrants have flocked in thousands year after year. Early in the century Mr. Joseph Bouchette pronounced the land of excellent quality, abounding in good timber, maple, beech, birch, spruce, etc., the pineries being virtually inexhaustible—while its fisheries were among the finest in the world. Prosperous colonization is generally associated with steady application to agriculture, and it has been thought that the extent to which lumbering and fishing absorbed the attention of the Gaspésians was one great drawback to permanent settlement and the increase of the population. Except in the eastern portion of Rimouski, the settlements are, for the most part, linked in a more or less continuous chain along and around the coast. In the census of 1765, 109 persons are assigned to Gaspé, 209 to Baie des Chaleurs. In 1830 the population of Gaspé County was 2,567. In 1852 it had risen to 8,702; in 1861, to 11,426; in 1871, to 15,557; in 1881, to 20,685. The whole of Gaspésie in the last year had 56,860 inhabitants, of which 18,908 lived in Bonaventure, and 17,267 in Rimouski. By the last census Gaspé County yielded annually 28,047 bushels of spring and 695 bushels of winter wheat; 46,952 of barley; 87,551 of oats; 6,609 of rye; 6,172 of peas; 1,562 of buckwheat; 101 of corn; 423,591 of potatoes; 114,591 of turnips; 13,493 of other roots, and 17,169 tons of hay. The average of produce per acre is much larger in Gaspé than in either of the other two counties of the peninsula. It is, indeed, on a par with that of better known and more highly praised portions of the Province and the Dominion. This Mr. Langelier has clearly established by actual comparison of figures.

Into the mineral resources of the Gaspé peninsula we need not now enter. Enough to say that they are by no means unimportant, comprising lead, copper, asbestos, petroleum and other substances in paying quantities. Difficulty of access long stood in the way of a thorough exploration of the interior, but in recent years the Geological Survey has been devoting considerable attention to the region with, in the main, satisfactory results. The great and urgent desideratum is the peopling of the fertile tracts of the peninsula. Immediately after the cession of Canada to England an attempt, not altogether fruitless, to settle the north side of Gaspé Basin was made by Mr. Felix O'Hara, who emigrated from Ireland for the purpose, and was appointed judge of the district. In 1830 the O'Hara colony numbered 896 souls, distributed

among four settlements clustered around the Bay. Though originally agricultural, these, like the other coast centres of population became ultimately absorbed in the fishing industry, while the labour of the farm was to a great extent neglected. If the new colony is to succeed and to lead the way in the opening up of the interior, the founders should insist on making agriculture the primary consideration. The fisheries of Gaspé will always be important enough to attract enterprising spirits. It is in agriculture that it needs the encouragement of statesmen and capitalists.

MR. BLAINE'S GREAT SCHEME.

Looked at from certain standpoints, there seems much that is reasonable in the United States Secretary's desire to bring all the nations of the New World into closer commercial relations. There is something anomalous in the condition of things which has hitherto prevailed. It is quite intelligible that Mr. Blaine should ask himself whether it was in accordance with the due development of the States of North and South America that they should remain in practical isolation from each other, and that nearly all the trade of the latter should be monopolized by Europe. Canada, too, has felt that this exclusion of North America from all the profits of South and Central American commerce was hardly fair, and has even sent a commissioner to inquire whether our own merchants and manufacturers should not have a share in them. It is not Mr. Blaine's way, however, to do things by halves, and he has accordingly gone much further than our Government dreamed of doing or was in a position to do. What he wants is something greatly in advance of our modest proposals. He wants uniform patent and copyright laws; uniform silver coinage; uniform weights and measures, and a uniform standard of customs and tariff duties. The last clause reveals pretty clearly the nature and extent of his ambition.

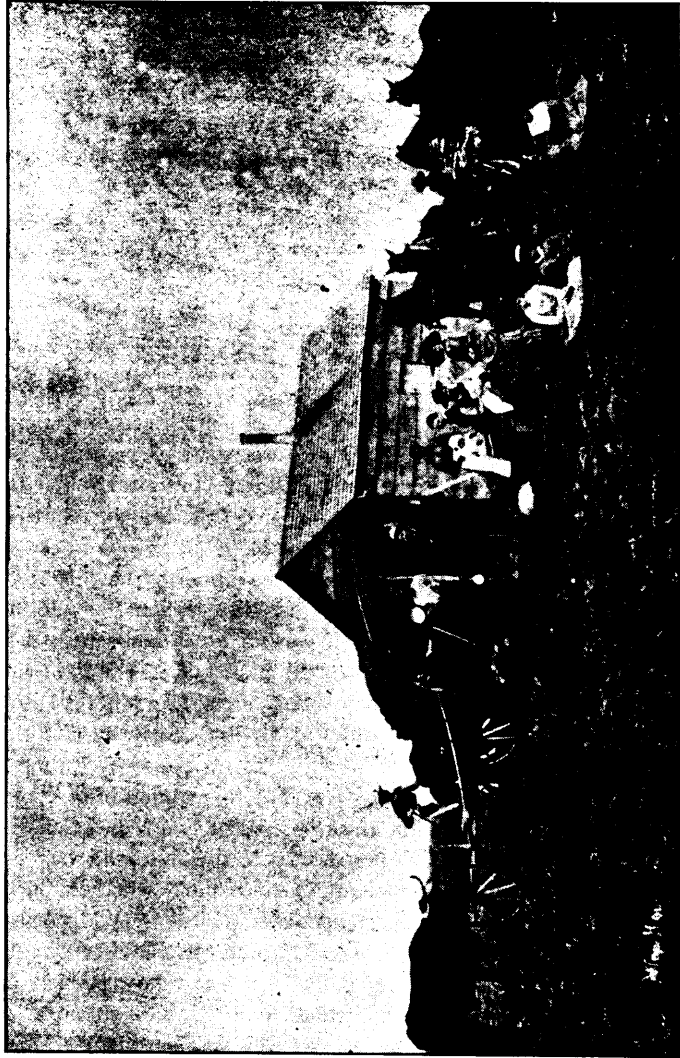
The Congress is to take place next month. Some of the delegates have already arrived. They have been interviewed by the reporters, lectured by Mr. Blaine and banqueted at the Hub. Accounts differ as to their acceptance of Mr. Blaine's dictation. He has managed to have himself appointed president of the Congress, though, not being a delegate, he is really not even a member of it. Some of the visitors have, it seems, protested against his assumption of the chairmanship; but, if we may credit the reports that reach us, the delegates generally are delighted with their reception and with Mr. Blaine. Till the Congress takes place, however, there will be no knowing how far they are in agreement with him.

The danger that is obviously to be apprehended from the acceptance of Mr. Blaine's proposals is the supremacy in the western hemisphere which it would accord to the United States. The very fact that, in order to make his plan acceptable, Mr. Blaine has to alienate the delegates from England, Germany, France and Spain, with which nations their countries have hitherto had close relations, aggravates that danger. The whole conception is, in fact, an exaggerated form of the Monroe doctrine—America for the Americans and the United States supreme arbiter of cis-atlantic destinies. With the exception of the latter and Mexico and Brazil there is not a State on this side of the Atlantic that has a population equal to that of Canada. In the greater number of them it is less than half as much. It was in part the sense of weak-

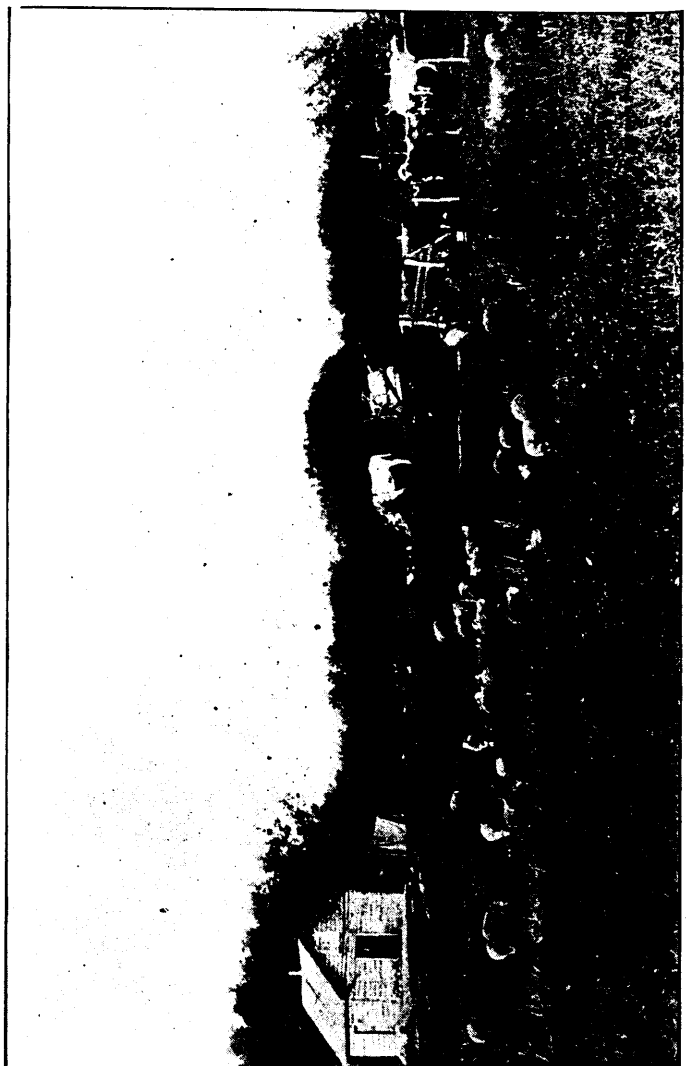
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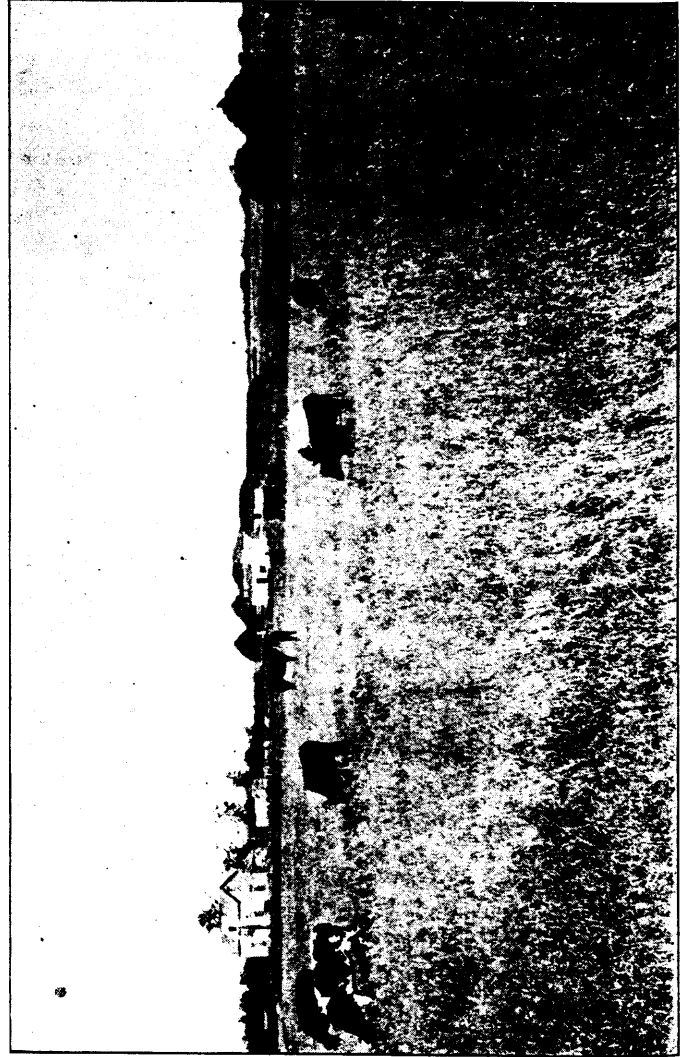
SETTLER'S SHANTY IN THE HARTNEY SETTLEMENT, 40 Miles S. W. of Brandon; First Year.
F. W. Barratt, photo, Brandon.



SETTLER'S HOUSE, IN THE HARTNEY SETTLEMENT, 40 Miles S. W. of Brandon; First Year.
F. W. Barratt, photo, Brandon.



SETTLER'S FARM AMONG THE BLUFFS NEAR RAPID CITY; Second Year.
Davidson, photo., Carberry.



TYPICAL FARM, 3 Miles North of Rapid City, Manitoba.
Davidson, photo., Carberry.



THE "I ZINGARI" AND "QUEBEC AND VISITORS" CRICKET TEAMS.

Livernois, photo.



THE VICS XI.
R. H. Gamble, photo., Brockville.

Davidson, photo., Carberry.

Davidson, photo., Carberry.

ness suggested by the contemplation of independent States of less than half a million souls that prompted the late President Barrios to unite, if possible, all Central America into a reasonably strong Republic. It was, on the other hand, the consciousness that, sooner or later, the Government of Washington, if not restrained by internal perils, would aim at the empire of the New World, that led Western Europe to rejoice at the breaking of the Republic in two. Had the North and the South remained apart, the balance of power on this continent would have been preserved. The precedent of successful separation might even have brought into existence an ultramontane or Pacific Republic. Under such circumstances both Canada and the nations of Central and South America would have run no risk of absorption. As it is, the power of our great and comparatively populous neighbour is a constant menace to the smaller States of the continent. Mr. Blaine has made himself the champion of the revised Monroe doctrine—a doctrine which would make the United States mistress of the New World from Point Barrow to Cape Horn, mistress of the Atlantic to its median line, and of the Pacific half way across. Against such pretension it is clearly the interest of Canada, of Mexico, of Central and of South America to protest with united energy.

THE LUCK OF THE GROSVENORS.

In 1676 Sir Thomas, the third Baronet, made the marriage that was to work a momentous change in the future and build up one of the greatest fortunes in the kingdom. His wife, Mary, the heiress of Alexander Davies, of Ebury, in Middlesex, brought him the freehold of a few grass fields, then only used for pasturing cows, which in process of time became of immense value as building land and the site of Grosvenor-square and the surrounding streets. One of these, Davies-street, commemorates her name. It was not, however, till nearly fifty years afterward, in the time of her son, Sir Richard, that the buildings were commenced and the golden tide of wealth set in, bringing with it a rapid accumulation of honours. In 1761 this Sir Richard's nephew and namesake was raised to the peerage as Baron Grosvenor, and further created Viscount Belgrave and Earl Grosvenor in 1784. His son became Marquess of Westminster in 1831, and the third Marquess received a dukedom in 1874. The good fortune of the Grosvenors had not culminated even in the match with the Ebury heiress, for about 1761 the first lord made another extraordinary acquisition. Soon after George III.'s marriage the ground on which Grosvenor-place now stands, with the adjacent estate, then the property of the Duke of Atholl, was offered for sale for £20,000, and, as it adjoined the grounds of Buckingham House, the King wished that it should be bought by the Crown. But Mr. Grenville, who was then Minister, refused to sanction the expenditure. It was finally sold by auction, and Lord Grosvenor became the purchaser, paying for it a price considered rather above its value. Another noble Lord had sent to bid for it, and was disappointed when his agent returned unsuccessful. "How was it," asked Lord—(whose descendants recall the transaction with unavailing regret.) "that you did not buy it?" "My Lord," replied the agent, "I could not conscientiously have offered what Lord Grosvenor did. He gave at the very least £200 more than it was worth!"

To all outward appearance he had made but a poor bargain. The site of the future Belgravia was, up to the year 1826, a clayey swamp called the Five Fields, intersected by mud banks and occupied only by a few sheds. The soil "retained so much water that no one would build there, and the 'Fields' were the terror of foot passengers proceeding from London to Chelsea after nightfall." Many people believe them to have been one of the burial places in use during the great plague of London. Nobody, in their wildest dreams, would have thought of inhabiting them.—*The Roll of Battle Abbey.*



HIS WORSHIP JACQUES GRENIER, ESQUIRE, MAYOR OF MONTREAL.—In the present issue of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED we are happy to be able to gratify many of our readers with a fine portrait of our esteemed Mayor, Mr. Jacques Grenier. Long before he reached the well-earned position of high responsibility which he now occupies, Mr. Grenier was a familiar figure in our civic parliament, and in connection with all undertakings that tended to promote the public weal. He is one of the oldest of our men of business, having for nearly half a century been one of our most enterprising merchants. Mr. Grenier was born on the 20th of January, 1823, at Berthier en Haut, the fourth of a family of eight children. He came of a hardy, virtuous and industrious stock. His father belonged to the estimable and once highly influential class of *patrons-navigateurs*, whose hazardous profession was well calculated to elicit the qualities which the son's career has so admirably illustrated. In his early years our worthy mayor was himself no stranger to the perils of the water, as he often accompanied his father on his trips, and before he had well commenced his education, he knew not a little of the duties of a river sailor. When about ten years old he was placed at the commercial school of Berthier, then conducted by Mr. McConville, a gentleman of Irish origin. At the same academy were Mr. Cuthbert, seigneur of Berthier, and the late regretted Judge Mousseau. After some six years' instruction in the various branches, the future mayor entered the office of Mr. Sautalle, of Sorel, who was then doing a large general business; but after nine months' experience of indoor work, he returned home with the intention of resuming the more congenial occupation of his earlier years. It so happened that just then one of his boyhood's comrades, the late Mr. Pierre Plamondon, was about to open a store for the sale of cotton prints and other fabrics on St. Paul street, in this city, and to his counsel and recommendation it was owing that Mr. Grenier obtained a situation with Messrs. François and Jean Leclerc, whose store was on the site of the Richelieu Navigation Company's offices. He began with a very modest salary, and for some years he still yearned for the breezes of the river and free healthy life of the navigator. In those years—the early years of Queen Victoria's reign—the manner of conducting business differed considerably from that which prevails to-day. The ways of attracting customers were much more primitive. The *cléiente* of the young clerk's employers consisted largely of *voyageurs* of the Hudson Bay Company and shantymen, and it was part of the boy's duty to bring about, by adroitness and eloquence, such close relations between demand and supply as would be profitable to all concerned. The *voyageur*, entering in dilapidated garb, issued forth in a costume which, in his own estimation—the result of skilful argument—was fit for a prince. Mr. Grenier served in a subordinate position until 1845, when he thought it time to start on his own account. Having married Mlle. Frénette, the sister-in-law of Mr. Plamondon, he entered into partnership with the latter, which lasted for two years. Then he began a business, jointly with Mr. Martin, which he managed until 1857, when his public life commenced. It was at this date that he was first elected to the City Council, and three times in succession the same electors confirmed their original choice. In 1860 he went to Great Britain on business, crossing in the Hungarian, of tragic memory. In 1866 the partnership was dissolved, and he carried on the business on his own account. In 1872 he was elected by 600 majority for St. James Ward. Soon after he was made a member of the Finance Committee, of which he became chairman in 1880. His integrity and capacity in the discharge of his important functions created the utmost confidence in his administration, a confidence which was universally and flatteringly recognized in February last in his election by acclamation to the Mayor's chair, as successor to the Hon. J. J. C. Abbott. That high position he had frequently declined, when offered in previous years by admiring friends, preferring to remain at the head of the Finance Committee, the duties of which trust it was deemed that no one else could discharge so well. He has also been chairman of the Market, License and Water Works Committees, and for five years presided over the civic department of police. When he retired from this last position, he was presented with a portrait by the officers of the force. Mr. Grenier has also filled several other important offices, such as *marguillier* in Notre Dame parish, member of the Catholic School Commission, and president of the Hochelaga Bank and of the Banque du Peuple. He has also an interest in some important manufacturing institutions—especially the Hudon, Valleyfield and St. Anne cotton factories. Mayor Grenier suffered a sad blow recently in the death of his son, in which affliction he had the sympathy of the entire community.

FARMING IN MANITOBA.—SETTLER'S SHANTY, FIRST YEAR.—In this engraving and that which follows our readers have some further illustrations of the temporary abodes of the Manitoba pioneer in his first year's experience of his home. Unlike the tar-papered bachelor's "shack," of which we gave a view in a former issue, there is about these first year residences an air of cheerfulness and (if one could only peep inside) even of comfort. The appearance of the figures in the family group in the second engraving

would seem to indicate that they have left more comfortable homes in one of the older provinces when, for the prize of 160 or 320 acres, they undertook to submit to the inconveniences of pioneer life. The genuine homesteader, who complies with the Government regulations, is, when once located, as safe in the possession of his holding as if he had the patent from the Crown.

SETTLER'S FARM, SECOND YEAR.—This engraving of a farm, situated among the bluffs near Rapid City, Western Manitoba, is a fair sample of the home of the second year's pioneer. The house is constructed of poplar logs cut in the neighbourhood, with thatched roof, two windows and a tin chimney. The whole dwelling has cost the settler little more than his own time. That mixed farming is what is best is now becoming generally recognized. Stock-raising is certainly a sure investment, pleasant and profitable, and humbly as the subject of our illustration may have started on his new career—with half a dozen cows, perhaps a yoke of oxen, thirty or forty sheep, and some poultry—in a very few years he will be as comfortably off as his heart can desire. There are still in Manitoba thousands of acres of free land well suited for mixed farming. In the best cultivated wheat districts Government lands are very scarce. The newcomer or inexperienced settler will act more prudently in starting with a little stock than by going extensively into wheat raising and expending large sums on the purchase of machinery.

TYPICAL MANITOBA FARM.—The absence of the big barn may detract, to Eastern eyes, from the appearance of this picture. It has been said that for a good meal one should go to the farm with a small dwelling house and the big barn. In Manitoba the wheat stacks take the place of the barn. If they are plentiful and plump one is sure to fare well. As soon as it is thrashed the grain is nearly always taken by teams to the tall grain elevator at the nearest station. Our illustration will correct the common notion that the Western Manitoba farm is a bleak flat plain. The site of the house, just south of a natural poplar bluff, is aptly chosen. In the distance are more bluffs; the land is gently rolling, and, could we view the farm from other points, there would be new features of interest. It is, of course, quite the rule for each farmer to think that he has the most attractive site in the district.

SERGEANT C. M. HALL, 79TH BATTALION, WINNER OF THE GRAND AGGREGATE.—In our last number the name of Sergeant M. Hall, of the 79th Battalion, was by inadvertence omitted from the description of the matches in which he and Private Burns played so distinguished a part.

I ZINGARI VS. QUEBEC CRICKET TEAM.—The group presented in this engraving comprises the portraits of gentlemen who took part in a match recently played on the Plains of Abraham, Quebec, between I Zingari and that city. The former team was composed entirely of Ontario men; the latter, of five Quebec men, two from the Governor-General's party, three from the fleet and Major Wrench, of Halifax. The match was thoroughly enjoyable. The bowling of the Western men was too much for the Quebecs, who were defeated. The match was a pleasant feature in a round of amusements which comprised balls, picnics and dinners, making altogether a delightful season of gaiety for the favoured ones. The Ontario team, brought by Mr. J. A. Barron, mainly from Hamilton and Toronto, were victorious by an inning and 57 runs. For the winners Messrs. Winslow, Stratton and Collins played a good inning, and for Quebec Major Wrench (14) and Messrs. Morecomb (11) and J. Burstall (10) alone reached double figures. In the second inning Mr. J. Burstall hit well and hard for 31. The score is as follows:—

QUEBEC.	
First Inning.	
Mr. W. Stevens, R.N., c Gillespie, b Dickey	3
Mr. A. H. McMahon, b Dickey	4
Major Wrench, b Dickey	14
Mr. Boakes, b Dickey	0
Mr. W. J. Morecomb, R.N., c Stratton, b McGivern	11
Mr. L. H. Umfreville, R.N., b McGivern	1
Hon. J. Stanley, b McGivern	1
Mr. J. Burstall, b Dickey	10
Mr. Lambton Sewell, b Dickey	0
Mr. Harcourt Smith, not out	0
Mr. J. White, run out	10
Extras	0
Total	57
Second Inning.	
Mr. W. Stevens, R.N., b McGivern	0
Mr. A. H. McMahon, l b w b McGivern	3
Major Wrench, b Dickey	3
Mr. Boakes, b McGivern	1
Mr. W. J. Morecomb, R.N., absent	0
Mr. L. H. Umfreville, R.N., b McGivern	3
Hon. J. Stanley, b McGivern	3
Mr. J. Burstall, b Gillespie	31
Mr. Lambton Sewell, not out	3
Mr. Harcourt Smith, b Gillespie	0
Mr. J. White, b Gillespie	4
Extras	1
Total	50
I ZINGARI.	
First Inning.	
Mr. A. Winslow, b J. L. nley	24
Mr. W. A. Stratton, b Boakes	14
Mr. C. Gillespie, c McMahon, b Stanley	35
Mr. A. H. Collins, c Smith, b Burstall	4
Mr. C. W. Harvey, b Burstall	4
Mr. F. S. Dickey, b Burstall	1
Mr. H. E. Price, b Stevens	5
Mr. W. P. Parker, b Stevens	1
Mr. J. Barron, not out	1
Mr. J. Stirling, b Burstall	13
Mr. H. McGivern, b Burstall	99
Extras	1
Total	174



The following are the names of the players, as shown in our engraving: 1. H. Price, Toronto (I Zingari); 2. A. H. Collins, Toronto (I Zingari); 3. J. F. Burstall, Quebec (Quebec team); 4. L. J. Stratton, Peterborough (I Zingari); 5. G. R. White, Quebec (Quebec team); 6. A. H. Gillespie, Hamilton (I Zingari); 7. H. B. McGivern, Hamilton (I Zingari); 8. Major Wrench, Halifax (Quebec team); 9. Alex. Harvey, Hamilton (I Zingari); 10. A. H. McMahon, A.D.C. (Quebec team); 11. Harcourt Smith, Quebec (Quebec team); 12. J. Stirling, Toronto (I Zingari); 13. A. Winslow, Toronto (I Zingari); 14. Hon. W. Stanley (did not play); 15. Lieut. Umfreville, H.M.S. Pylades (Quebec team); 16. W. D. Parker, Peterborough (I Zingari); 17. J. A. Barron, M.P. (I Zingari); 18. — Barron, son of Mr. J. A. Barron, M.P. (did not play); 19. Hon. F. Stanley (Quebec team); 20. Hon. George Stanley (Quebec team); 21. F. G. Dickey, Toronto (I Zingari); 22. Mr. Stevens, H.M.S. Bellerophon (Quebec team).

THE VICS CRICKET ELEVEN.—This engraving is sure to be of interest to cricketers in Canada and elsewhere, especially as a memento of the recent tour of the Vics through the Upper Province. It was a happy thought which prompted the Vics eleven to devote their summer holiday to a week's tour in Ontario, and those who were fortunate enough to be included in the team had a most enjoyable outing, upon which they will reflect with pleasure for a long time to come. The result of the tour was, we believe, a source of great satisfaction, and, perhaps, of some surprise, to the friends of the Vics, for they returned to town with four victories to their credit out of six matches played. The matches won were against (1) Lakefield by 55 runs on first innings; (2) United Counties of Peterboro and Victoria by 17 runs on first innings; (3) Kingston by 57 runs on first innings; (4) Brockville by three wickets. The matches lost were against (1) Peterboro by an innings and 84 runs; (2) Napanee by 63 runs on first innings. At Peterboro and Kingston the wickets were all that a batsman could wish for, but the grounds at Napanee and Brockville have been recently laid and consequently did not play very truly. In the second innings against Lakefield the Vics made 278 runs, the largest score, we believe, yet made on the Peterboro ground. Towards this large total Mackie contributed no less than 97. The fielding of the Vics generally throughout the tour was superb, and was very favourably commented upon by visitors to the matches at Peterboro. The visitors were most hospitably entertained wherever they went, and they have special reason to remember their visit to Peterboro, where they stayed four days. The privileges of the club were granted to them, and there they heard some really first-rate part-singing, and on Tuesday evening they were entertained at "Auburn," the country seat of the Hon. R. Hamilton, where a most enjoyable time was spent, including dancing and roaming through the beautiful grounds, which were everywhere illuminated by Chinese lanterns. The Vics completed a splendid trip by returning to Montreal from Brockville on the 25th August by the Upper Canada boat. The management of the trip and the captaincy of the eleven were entrusted to Mr. A. Browning, and the result of the tour proved that a good selection had been made. This tour has served to remind the Montrealers and Upper Canadians that the love of the grand old English game of cricket still lives in the breasts of a few of the inhabitants of the commercial metropolis, and the result has shown that an eleven can go away and wrest several victories from good clubs in Ontario. But unfortunately the Vics cannot invite the Ontarians to come to Montreal to play. The reason is deplorably obvious. There is not a single cricket ground in or near the city where a decent pitch can be made on which to play a game. For this reason American clubs and visiting elevens from England and Ireland are obliged to pass Montreal and proceed to Upper Canada before they can get a match. Land is so valuable in the neighbourhood of Montreal that it is practically impossible for cricketers to provide themselves with a ground unless some wealthy and generous lovers of the game come forward and assist them with some capital. It is proposed to form a joint-stock company to purchase a suitable property, perhaps in the neighbourhood of Cote St. Antoine. The frontage might be held for a time and then sold for villa lots at an advanced price, and such sales would reduce the cost of the cricket ground, which would, of course, be the property of the shareholders. For the credit of the city it is to be hoped that this will soon be carried out. The group portrait of the eleven is from a photograph taken by Henderson of Brockville.

THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS.—The old story is well known to our readers. They can recall how the shepherd of Mount Ida was visited by a deputation from Olympus and made the judge in a grave question. His decision and its results—the awarding of the Golden Apple to Venus, and

the implied offence to Juno and Minerva—all this has been related again and again by poets, ancient and modern. Tennyson, in his "Enone," has sung the sorrows of the unhappy mistress of the still unsophisticated Paris. The scene in our engraving is, we need scarcely say, a modern version of the legend. The artist has dressed his goddess in the fashion of the 18th century. It is easy enough to identify them. Juno, Minerva and the smiling Venus are there with all their well known characteristics, and Paris is quite true to his rôle, only that the apple is one of Pomona's own productions, instead of being called from the goldsmiths collection. It is a clever picture. The faces, attitudes and guises of the figures, male and female, are well conceived and skilfully executed.

TENNIS TOURNAMENT AT CHARLOTTETOWN, P.E.I.—Our engraving gives portraits of the participants in an event of unusual interest, which took place at Charlottetown towards the close of August. Tennis, which has during the last few years aroused so much enthusiasm in England and in the United States, promises to have no less ardent devotees on Canadian soil. Already from the Atlantic to the Pacific it has made good its footing, and even in the newly settled districts of the North-West and British Columbia, the tennis court has become a *sine qua non* of social life. The tournament, which opened in the delightful Arcadia of Prince Edward Island on the 19th of August, was successful in every way, the visitors enjoying their week's outing and the people of Charlottetown displaying all the gracious hospitality for which they are noted. The following is a complete list of the ladies and gentlemen who took part in the games, either as players or spectators, hosts or guests, the names of the players being distinguished by italic type:—



1. *Gordon McLeod*, St. John, N.B.; 2. *Stanley Newbery*, Charlottetown, P.E.I.; 3. *E. Gregory*, Antigonish, N.S.; 4. *Miss Pippy*, New York, U.S.A.; 5. *Mrs. McDougall*, Antigonish, N.S.; 6. *Miss Simpson*, Pictou, N.S.; 7. *Leith Brecken*, Charlottetown, P.E.I.; 8. *Miss I. Swabey*, Toronto, Ont.; 9. *Beverly Newbery*, Charlottetown, P.E.I.; 10. *W. A. Weeks*, Charlottetown, P.E.I.; 11. *Mrs. Gane*, New York, U.S.A.; 12. *T. Weldon*, Antigonish, N.S.; 13. *Mr. Gane*, New York, U.S.A.; 14. *Miss Engs*, Newport, R.I.; 15. *Mrs. Bartlett*, Charlottetown, P.E.I.; 16. *Miss Arnaud*; 17. *A. McDougall*, Antigonish, N.S.; 18. *Miss M. Palmer*, Charlottetown, P.E.I.; 19. *H. Smith*, St. John, N.B.; 20. *Miss E. Palmer*, Charlottetown, P.E.I.; 21. *Miss DesBrisay*, Charlottetown, P.E.I.; 22. *Mrs. McLeod*, St. John, N.B.; 23. *F. H. Arnaud*, Charlottetown, P.E.I.; 24. *Mrs. Snow*, Pictou, N.S.; 25. *Mrs. Blanchard*, Charlottetown, P.E.I.; 26. *Miss A. Brecken*, Charlottetown, P.E.I.; 27. *C. Primrose*, Pictou, N.S.; 28. *Miss Ball*, Charlottetown, P.E.I.; 29. *Mrs. Arnaud*, Charlottetown, P.E.I.; 30. *Mrs. Newbery*, Charlottetown, P.E.I.; 31. *Rev. J. Simpson*, (Ang.), Charlottetown, P.E.I.; 32. *Miss Burpee*, St. John, N.B.; 33. *W. A. O. Morson*, Charlottetown, P.E.I.; 34. *D. B. Stewart*, Charlottetown, P.E.I.; 35. *Miss Swabey*, Toronto, Ont.; 36. *R. C. Grant*, St. John, N.B.; 37. *Miss Bayard*, St. John, N.B.; 38. *Miss M. Ball*, Charlottetown, P.E.I.; 39. *H. Lloyd*, Antigonish, N.S.; 40. *Percy Pope*, Charlottetown, P.E.I.; 41. *Miss Gordon*, Pictou, N.S.; 42. *Miss Adams*, St. John, N.B.; 43. *C. Hensley*, Windsor, N.S.; 44. *Miss Smith*, St. John, N.B.; 45. *Capt. Almon*, Pictou, N.S.; 46. *Prof. Roberts*, Windsor, N.S.; 47. *Miss Tarree*, Windsor, N.S.; 48. *Miss Primrose*, Pictou, N.S.; 49. *Miss Copeland*, Pictou, N.S.; 50. *A. A. Bartlett*, Charlottetown, P.E.I.; 51. *Ernest Ings*, Charlottetown, P.E.I.; 52. *Mrs. Russell*, Windsor, N.S.; 53. *Miss Hind*, Windsor, N.S.; 54. *A. B. Warburton*, Charlottetown, P.E.I. The first match was for the prize in ladies' doubles, and Mr. A. B. Warburton, president of the Charlottetown Club, sent in the teams. The play was generally good—in some cases especially fine. The scores were as follows:

Miss Adams vs. Miss Burpee	Miss Ball vs. Miss DesBrisay	Mrs. Arnaud vs. Miss Primrose	Miss Barrett vs. Miss Copeland
6-1	6-4	6-1	6-1
6-4		6-4	
Miss Adams vs. Miss Burpee	Mrs. Arnaud vs. Miss Barrett		
6-3	6-3		
6-3			

Next came the match for gentlemen's doubles, which showed some stirring play and some tough struggles for victory. The first to take the racquets were Messrs. Morson and Weeks, of Charlottetown, against Messrs. Grant and Smith, of St. John. In this match St. John proved too strong for the home players. The next to enter the court were Messrs. Leith Brecken and E. Ings against Prof. Roberts and Mr. Hensley, of Windsor. Both of these teams were strong and made a hard fight. Many difficult strokes were made, and the skill displayed was such as to delight the hearts of all lovers of the game. Brecken and Ings wrested the victory from the Windsor players after a determined struggle. One of the hardest battles was between Messrs. Pope and Stewart, on the one side, and

Messrs. Grant and Smith on the other. The former were victorious. The scores were as follows:

Morson vs. Grant	Weeks vs. Smith	Frimrose vs. McLeod	Almon vs. Knowlton
4-6	3-6	3-6	0-6
3-6		0-6	
Brecken vs. Roberts	Ings vs. Hensley	Bartlett vs. Gregory	Newbery vs. McLeod
6-4	7-5	6-2	3-6
6-4		6-1	6-1
Pope vs. McDougall	Stewart vs. Lloyd	Pope vs. Grant	Stewart vs. Smith
6-1	6-4	8-6	6-4
		6-4	

For mixed doubles nine teams competed, and here, too, the contests were in some cases exceedingly close. The interest was centred in the final rubber played for the prizes, by Mr. Brecken and Miss DesBrisay against Mr. and Miss Smith. Both sides played well. Excitement among the spectators became intense, and every good stroke (there were many of them) elicited rounds of applause. Eventually, after three hard sets had been played, the last of which went to six all, Mr. Brecken and Miss DesBrisay scored a well contested victory. The scores throughout were:

Mr. Brecken vs. Mr. Grant	Miss DesBrisay vs. Miss Adams	Mr. Stewart vs. Mr. McLeod	Miss Ball vs. Miss Copeland
6-4	6-4	6-0	6-1
		6-1	
Mr. Smith vs. Mr. Bartlett	Miss Smith vs. Miss Barrett	Mr. Stewart vs. Mr. Arnaud	Miss Ball vs. Mrs. Arnaud
9-7	6-3	6-3	7-5
6-3		6-3	7-5
Mr. Morson vs. Capt. Almon	Miss Brecken vs. Miss Primrose	Mr. Smith vs. Mr. Stewart	Miss Smith vs. Miss Ball
6-3	6-0	0-6	6-3
6-0		6-3	7-5
Mr. Brecken vs. Mr. Morson	Miss DesBrisay vs. Miss Brecken	Mr. Brecken vs. Mr. Smith	Miss DesBrisay vs. Miss Smith
6-0	6-2	6-3	3-6
6-2		8-6	

In gentlemen's singles there was some capital play, in one case three sets being required to decide the victory. The final contest for the cup fell to Lloyd and Hensley, the former of whom carried it off for Antigonish after some most beautiful play. The scores were as follows:

Hensley vs. Almon	Palmer vs. Roberts	Hensley vs. Palmer
6-2	4-6	6-3
6-0	6-3	0-6
	6-4	6-2
Pope vs. Smith	Lloyd vs. Ings	Lloyd vs. Brecken
6-1	6-3	1-6
6-4	6-5	6-3
McLeod vs. Morson	Bartlett vs. Primrose	6-1
6-3	6-3	Hensley vs. Pope
6-1	6-1	3-6
Brecken vs. Grant	Pope vs. McLeod	6-4
6-2	2-6	6-2
6-1	6-4	Lloyd vs. Hensley
Gregory vs. McLeod	Brecken vs. Bartlett	6-2
0-6	6-2	6-4
4-6		
Ings vs. McDougall		
6-0		
6-2		

In the contest for the prize for ladies' singles, some hard fought games took place. The final sets, played by Miss Burpee and Miss DesBrisay, presented perhaps the most interesting feature of the tournament, the players being admirably matched. Miss Burpee came out victorious after a most spirited three-set contest, and thus became winner of the ladies' singles. The scores throughout were:

Miss Burpee vs. Miss Ball	Miss Adams vs. Miss Barrett
6-3	7-5
6-4	3-6
	6-4
Mrs. Arnaud vs. Miss Smith	Miss DesBrisay vs. Miss Adams
4-6	7-5
2-6	7-5
	7-5
Miss Burpee vs. Miss Smith	Miss Burpee vs. Miss DesBrisay
6-3	6-3
8-6	4-6
	6-2

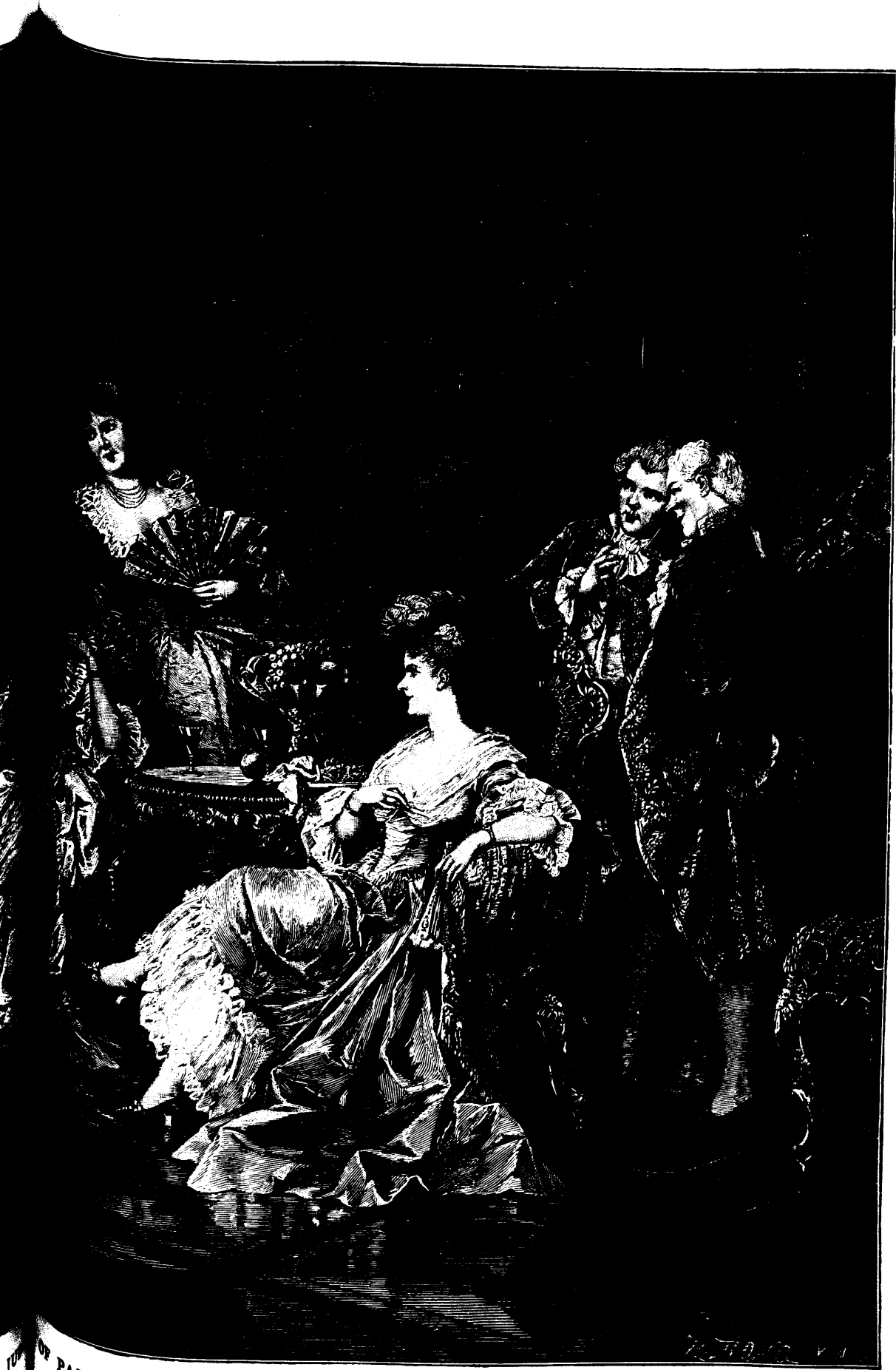
After the last set was played Mr. Warburton, president of the Charlottetown Club, and Mrs. Macdonald distributed the prizes to the successful competitors. On Wednesday, August 20, on the invitation of the president of the Charlottetown Club, a meeting for the purpose of organizing a Maritime Province Lawn Tennis Association was held at the Davies Hotel. The association was successfully formed and the following officers appointed for the ensuing year. Officers of the Maritime Province Lawn Tennis Association for 1889-90:—President, C. L. Snow, Pictou L.T.C.; Vice-President, Prof. Roberts, Windsor T.C.; Secretary-Treasurer, R. C. Grant, St. John L.T.C. Executive Committee—C. L. Snow, Pictou L.T.C.; Prof. Roberts, Windsor L.T.C.; R. C. Grant, St. John L.T.C.; A. J. Campbell, Truro L.T.C.; Ernest Gregory, Antigonish L.T.C.; Col. Maunsell, Fredericton L.T.C.; Percy Pope, Charlottetown L.T.C.; ———, Halifax L.T.C. It was resolved that the next tournament should be held at Truro in August, 1890. Clubs wishing to join should communicate with the secretary, Mr. R. C. Grant, of St. John, N.B.

TENNIS CLUB, NEW WESTMINSTER, B.C.—This engraving, from a fine photograph by Mr. S. J. Thompson, shows to what extent the games known to civilization are in vogue in Canada, and the fact that we received it at the same time as the account of the Charlottetown Tournament, is a noteworthy coincidence.

THE SNEEZE.—This is a capital elucidation of a subject which has seldom had fair treatment from the artist's pencil. Our readers who snuff habitually will scarcely appreciate the closeness with which the patient's expression has been caught and perpetuated. No hardened snuffer would make so ridiculous a face as that in our engraving, and yet he does not quite look like a novice. However the question of expertness be decided, no one will question the artist's success or the occupation of the sneezer.



THE JOURNAL OF PAR



JOURNAL OF PARIS.

IN THE THICK OF IT.

A TALE OF 'THIRTY-SEVEN.

[NOTE.—The story "In the Thick of It" did not originate with me. It was found—a roughly put together, ill-printed pamphlet of 90 pages, enclosed in a thin paper cover, faded and torn—on a Toronto bookstall, whence it was rescued by a friend, who knew my deep interest in all relics of Canadian life and history. Its original title was "Twenty Years Ago. By a Backwoodsman." The date of publication is 1858, and the printing office responsible for its publication was Cleland's, Yonge street, Toronto. Two sorts of type are employed in its production, whence it is evident that the office was but ill equipped—was, perhaps, only equal to the demands of a little newspaper or a brochure of a dozen pages or so. The author was an undoubted genius, as is evident from the excellent construction of his story, and a man of good principle and high feeling, as will be proved by his sentiments on all the occasions where he has expressed them. But he was a man of little education and no pretension. His story is entertainingly told, his incidents undoubtedly facts, and his personages taken from real life. Having an inherent respect for genius, taught or untaught, I have done little beyond producing the story in more polished guise. Here and there I have enlarged a little, but I have added nothing to the characters, whose personalities are entirely the productions of "A Backwoodsman's" graphic pencil, and I have only changed the title in deference to the forward march of time, which has left the events depicted now a half century behind.—S. A. CURZON.]

CHAPTER I.

A SET-TO.

On an evening in the month of November, of the year 1837, a date ever memorable in our annals, two young men, dressed as sportsmen, and each carrying a rifle, were crossing a clearing that debouched upon one of the Government highroads of Upper Canada.

The air was cold, but deliciously clear and invigorating, and the young men advanced at a sharp pace, springing over root and bush, creek and knoll, striding with firm and assured step across the more level spaces, and giving assurance of both youth and health by their merry whistle or gay laugh.

Henry Hewit, the taller of the two, was about twenty-five years old, six feet in height, and finely proportioned. His countenance was pleasing; the high and open forehead, the well-arched brows and a handsome, firmly-set mouth spoke of intellect, energy and a bold and resolute will.

His companion, Frank Arnley, was his junior by five years, but his well-knit frame, symmetrical build and confident, easy carriage bespoke the man, although his close curling light hair, clear complexion and smooth face gave him an appearance of youthfulness somewhat misleading to the ordinary observer. He had but just concluded his course at a famous Toronto college and was enjoying his freedom with all the zest of brilliant health, a lively fancy and a light heart.

"I say, Harry," he was just exclaiming, "dop't you pity those poor beggars down South stewing all the year round in a heat like that of the black hole? How on earth they ever enjoy themselves puzzles me. They ought to make it a point to come up here every year and take a four-mile heat on an evening like this, and then they would know something of the pleasures of existence."

"No doubt they would be the better of it, Frank," replied his companion, smiling.

"Yes," pursued Frank. "Let them feel this bracing breeze and the frost crackling under their feet, while the blood coursed through their veins as mine does now, setting one's whole system aglow, and say what could they wish better! And then to see the stars shining like brilliants upon the deep blue enamel of the sky and twinkling so merrily, as if they, too, enjoyed the freshness of a clear, cold, frosty night! Why, what a sermon on the delights of pure pleasures a good man could make of it all! As for me, I'm bound to say it puts me in such a glorious mood that I feel like having a round or two. Just a little sparring match, for love, you know!"

"Certainly, after the fashion of your fight with Browley, of the Sixth. You see, I hear more of your college escapades than you tell me, Mr. Frank," replied Harry.

"Pshaw! Did you hear of that foolish freak? But candidly I was ashamed of that business, Harry. The fact was, I felt so well that night that I could not keep from doing something, and when Browley wouldn't help to hoist the college cow into the belfry, why, I hit him. The animal got too strong for the spiritual, I suppose, and so I got into a row with as good a fellow as ever ran."

"And made up for it by fetching the doctor to mend a few bruises, sitting up all night lest the

patient should develop some extraordinary symptoms, and then taking the double thrashing. That's you all over, Frank. But look out, my lad! I don't want that charge of buckshot in my shoulder, so carry your piece steadier, young impulsive."

The two young men had emerged upon the highroad, and were turning southward, when the sharp ring of a horse's hoofs struck upon their ears. Both turned in the direction whence it came and perceived at an angle of a cross-road a man on horseback leisurely advancing.

"Who is it?" enquired Frank.

"A fellow I wish I had never seen," replied Harry. "It is Howis; I know by his black horse. He is one of the busiest agitators in these parts, and is probably now on his way to some of those night meetings that are doing so much mischief among a happy people."

"It is the very man that I had the altercation with this morning," said Frank, as the rider approached.

"Say nothing and we shall see if he will mention it," replied Harry, cautiously.

The man spoken of as Howis by Henry Hewit was mounted on a jet-black horse. He was of an athletic build, not very tall, somewhat broad-shouldered, and with a neck rather short than long, betokening strength and activity. He was a good-looking man as far as mere feature was concerned; his eyes were keen, deep-set and black, his hair and whiskers of the same raven hue. But his expression was bad, his glance was cold, hard and calculating, and though his lips might smile, his eyes never did.

"Good evening, gentlemen. Good evening, Mr. Hewit," cried this man as he overtook the two friends. "What luck in the sporting line? I see you have your guns along."

"Not much," replied Hewit. "We shot one deer and saw two, which got away."

"Not so bad either," rejoined the other. "I am thinking of making up a hunting party to be gone several days. Perhaps you would join us, Hewit? I was speaking to your brother about it, and he said that though he could not go, you might like to do so, as you are fond of the sport."

"I cannot tell," replied Harry, somewhat coldly, "but will let you know before you start, thank you."

The party had now reached the Hewit homestead, which belonged to Henry, William owning and working his own farm a mile or so beyond. Henry's farm betokened excellent cultivation; its buildings and other appurtenances were ample and good. A fine orchard lay at one side of the house, which, on all other sides, was graced by ornamental shrubs and trees. A fine lawn faced the wide verandah, and was beautified by flower-beds, clean and orderly, though at such a season, bare of all except the most hardy plants.

"Come in, Frank, and have some tea. My mother loves to have your company," said Harry.

"No, thank you, Harry. My uncle will be expecting me at home by this time. Pray, make my apologies to Mrs. Hewit to-night. Here is your rifle; my arm is tired, and it is scarcely worth while carrying it with me, when we have to go together for our sport. Good night, old man!"

"Good night, Frank," said Harry, as he took the rifle, standing a moment at the gate to watch his friend, who jauntily marched off whistling down the road.

In the meantime, under pretence of adjusting his saddle, Howis had allowed the two friends to part, and, as with a nod to him, Henry Hewit turned to go into his own house, he shouted rudely:

"Hello, Hewit! If your brother is within, tell him I want to speak to him."

"Can I not take your message?" said Harry, repressing the irritation aroused by Howis's manner.

"No. I'll give it to him myself if you'll send him to me," replied Howis.

Deigning no reply, Harry entered the house, and Howis waited impatiently for several minutes. At length he struck his spurs into his horse's flanks, angrily exclaiming under his breath:

"So you think me not worth answering, do you? For I swear if Bill is there, you have not given my message. We shall see, my man! we shall see!"

Allowing his horse to gallop for a few paces, Howis

checked him again to a walk as he overtook Frank Arnley, of whom he asked, sharply: "Have you seen Bill Hewit to-day, youngster?"

Not liking the manner of the question, nor the tone in which it was asked, and remembering the dispute of the morning, which still rankled, Arnley replied, somewhat indifferently:

"The blacksmith's labourer? No, I do not know that ever I saw him, though I have heard there was such a man."

Muttering a curse between his teeth, Howis exclaimed: "Oh, you know who I mean well enough! I am asking if you have seen Henry Hewit's brother to-day?"

"Oh! if you had said 'Mr. William Hewit' I should have made no mistake," answered Frank, in the same light indifferent tone, "and it would have also shown some manners on your part."

Springing from his saddle with a fierce oath, Howis rushed at Frank with his riding whip, crying: "You attempt to teach me manners, you baby-faced boy! I'll rawhide some into you!"

"Bravo!" shouted Frank. "That's the style for me! You are giving me the chance I have been wishing for since our morning's interview," and as he spoke he returned Howis's blow in such style that it made him reel backwards and drop the bridle-rein, and the horse, frightened by the scuffle, started off. Howis turned as though to follow it, which movement Frank, interpreting as a desire to back out on Howis's part, laughed derisively and cried:

"Don't be in a hurry, my good man. I am not satisfied with the lesson you were to give me; it was scarcely worth your while to dismount for that."

If Howis was enraged before, he was beside himself now. To be struck and taunted by a mere boy, as he considered Frank, was more than his fierce domineering spirit could brook, and before Frank had ceased speaking, he rushed on him, aiming a heavy blow, which would have laid Frank on a frosty bed had he not avoided it. The fight was now in earnest. Howis's blows fell both fast and heavy, but Frank had not learned to box and fence for nothing. Several telling blows were exchanged, when Howis, finding that Frank was better at that game than he, resolved to bring his superior strength to bear. He, therefore, rushed in to clinch close, but in so doing he exposed himself, and Frank sent him a stinger, which, taking due effect, sent him to the ground with a tremendous fall. But if he fell quick he was quicker up again, and in another attempt to clinch he received a severe blow. He was now tired of a contest in which he had nothing to gain and all to lose. His passion was cooling off rapidly. "What is the good of this?" muttered he as he again squared himself, this time with great caution. "I can bring it to a close in a second," and as he made a pass, which fell far short of its mark, he drew a pistol from his pocket and, springing forward, he caught Arnley's blow on the shoulder, and at the same time struck him a tremendous blow on the temple with his pistol.

Frank fell senseless to the earth.

"There!" cried Hewis with a laugh. "You have got what you wanted. Stooping down he placed his hand on Frank's heart, and as he rose remarked, with a sneer: "O you'll live yet, my friend. But it's a pity there's no getting at you, with your high-flown notions of king and country, for if I had only a hundred such fellows as you in the times that are coming, I'd make my fortune—and yours too, perhaps. I've made a big mistake, too, through my devilish fiery temper, for that old uncle of his will never let it pass, and he'll make the country too hot to hold me. But no matter! I'll be off in the morning and not return until I'm as big a man as any of them. And then see how I'll make such fellows stand about!"

Soliloquizing thus, Howis made the rest of his way home, a mile or so further.

To be continued.

The sound of the locomotive whistle will soon be heard in Jerusalem, a party of English and French capitalists having undertaken to build a railway from Joppa to that city with the ultimate design of extending it to Bethlehem. To many this will seem like desecration, but commercial enterprise does not allow any such consideration as that to stop its progress.



The literature of pseudology has wonderfully increased in volume and variety during the present generation. The invention of improbabilities, solely for the purpose of amusing, had, indeed, its beginning in distant ages. The Aryans, of both the East and West, the Arabs, the Chinese and all races that made any pretensions to literary culture, in the earlier and the later past, have left monuments of this class of fiction. Lucian, Apuleius, Rabelais, Cervantes, Swift, and the author of "Baron Munchausen's Narrative," represent so many different types of the *mendacia ridicula*, with or without didactic purpose. Though, in certain respects, the most extravagant of them all, the last in our list has the distinction of bearing the name and title of a real person, whose character—at least in one stage of his career—was not without resemblance to that of his more famous namesake. "The Hairbreadth Escapes of Major Mendax" which, at the prompting of Mr. F. Blake Crofton, that amusing hero describes, with unblushing glibness, to his nephews, is a true scion of the Munchausen stock. The Major has all the Baron's gift of imagination. Adventure succeeds adventure, each more astounding than its predecessor, yet in sequence so natural, once we have made the Major's acquaintance, that we come at last to look at things from his self-complacent standpoint, and conclude that no peril can surprise his wonderful quick-wittedness and capacity for getting out of scrapes. Major Mendax has such a gift for ready retort that he is never nonplussed. When his critical nephew Bill reminds him that the Magnetic Pole is not a real pole, like a barber's, the thaumaturgist replies: "Isn't it? Were you ever there?" Again, when the same redoubtable cross-questioner suggests that the alleged mark of the lion's claw in his uncle's cheek might be a wrinkle, as there was a corresponding phenomenon in the other cheek, the Major, not the least put out, concedes the parallel, but explains it after his fashion: "I was a vain young dog in those days and had the other cheek cut to match. Some men would have a second story ready to account for the second cheek, but I always stick to facts."

"And stick at nothing," whispers the irrepressible Bill. He might have added that the Major had so large an allowance of cheek that the loss of a clawful was a mere trifle. Occasionally we are surprised by the semblance of a moral, as where the greedy sailor is smothered in the pot of gruel. The story of the extinct Moa might also convey a lesson on the penalties of disobedience, though to the sceptical Bill it only prompted fresh interpellations of the mendacious Major. The title is, indeed, self-contradictory, for if the Moa is extinct, it must be no Moa. But that matters little. As Slogo explains: "Dar's moa things in Africa, sah, than's dreamed of in your philosophy." One thing is certain, Mr. Crofton's philosophy is not that of Heraclitus. A good laugh promotes digestion, and Major Mendax's stories are better than after dinner pills. But it is time that, like the rope-tailed ape, we should say, "Bye-bye" to Major Mendax. (Philadelphia: Hubbard Brothers.)

Mr. Ross George Dering dedicates his novel "Gibaldi" to Thomas Lowestoft, Esquire, of Braybrooke Hall, Lincolnshire, in recognition of that gentleman's unwearied attempts to discourage the author in his literary career, and to dissuade him from publishing this book, in particular. On what grounds Mr. Lowestoft deemed it wise and friendly to check Mr. Dering's ambition as a writer we are not informed. Perhaps he agreed with the preacher of old that "of making of many books there is no end and much study is weariness of the flesh." But Mr. Dering probably felt and obeyed the inspired prophet's resistless impulse to deliver his message and to present it in the form that would give it the best chance of being accepted. A couple of years ago Mr. Finck astonished both literary and scientific circles by an elaborate treatise on Romantic Love and Personal Beauty. He dealt with his subject dispassionately, and did not even disdain to devote his learning and research to the discussion of cosmetics.

Quis credat? discunt etiam ridere puella.
Quæritur atque illis hac quoque parte decor.

Like Ovid and Dr. Constantin James, Mr. Finck showed how much female charms may be enhanced by art and study. But, although it may be aided by certain devices of the toilet, the gift of beauty, to inspire the rapture and the pain of love, must be accompanied by various other endowments, both spiritual and mental, or, at least, by the semblance of them. He does not believe, with Schopenhauer, that love is an illusion. He regards it as one of the great refining influences of modern civilization. That reverence for woman which it implies was but feebly recognized among the nations of antiquity. Among the Romans there was, it is true, a certain gallantry, which finds expression in the poets. But even that disappeared for ages after the introduction of Christianity—a recoil from the profanity of the Empire. In Dante's *Vita Nuova* Mr. Finck finds the gospel of Romantic Love. Since the conception of his ideal, the elevation and emancipation of woman have become more and more real with every passing generation. And, with corresponding advance, romantic love developed into one of the grandest moral, æsthetic, and

hygienic forces of human society. Dante super-idealized the passion; Shakespeare has best portrayed it, as a source both of bliss and woe. It is in its latter aspect, as the title of his book—"Gibaldi, or the Curse of Love"—very clearly indicates, that Mr. Dering contemplates the passion. "Gibaldi," though he exerts an exceptional influence on the destinies of the other *dramatis persone*, is neither the hero nor the most prominent character of the story. Who and what he is the reader learns in due time. He is a strange composition, not unlike that creation of the late Lord Lytton's, who possesses all the faculties of humanity save one—a soul. The hero, who introduces himself to us in the opening chapter, but whose experiences are afterwards narrated in the third person, is a young clergyman of the Church of England—the Rev. Arthur Tresham—just appointed, through the influence of his friend, Sir Jupiter Rampant, to a living in the gift of Lady Sharpe. The scene throughout is laid in Heathercombe, a town in a western shire. The plot is ingenious and is skillfully carried out. Theology is well represented. We have the Rev. Father Aloysius and his young pupil, Grimaldi, of the Roman Catholic faith. The rector of Heathercombe, the Rev. Chauncey Fairweather, the Rev. Oriol St. Jerome, curate of St. Simon-in-the-Slums, and the hero are pillars of the national Church. The Rev. Jabez Insight is an Independent; the Rev. Israel Doom, a Baptist, and the Rev. Issachar Leech, of the Original-Perfectionist persuasion. Dr. Urquhart is the champion of free thought. Lady Sharpe is a religious monomaniac, in thrall to the Rev. Issachar Leech, the quality of whose original perfection is, somewhat tardily for that lady's peace of mind and the comfort of her family, shown up by Mr. Bawston Mass. The two former are the least attractive characters in the book,—Leach being a vulgar hypocrite and impostor. Mr. Mass, as a typical American millionaire, is rather overdrawn. Of Father Aloysius we see little, but it is, on the whole, to his credit. Mr. Insight is a scholar and a man of merit. One of the finest characters is the Duchess of Moneysworth, whose acquaintance it does one good to make. We meet her first as Mrs. Preston, a sony City housewife, happy in her competence and harbouring no thought of dignities, till one day the sudden death of a remote kinsman made her staid husband the heir to a dukedom. She carried her simple good nature and love of fun into the grandeur of her new sphere, and became the idolized queen of a realm which she ruled by affection. Into that realm in an evil day entered—but we must not reveal too much. Suffice it to say that, before the victim suspected it, the harm was done. "When Tresham awoke in the morning, it was with a confused sense that something strange had happened him the night before. . . . But what was the mischief? And where was the attraction that had wrought it? . . . Alas! it was only a few weeks before that he had shocked the rector by condemning such love as he now felt as dreams and moonshine, little recking of the stern retribution that was in store for him. But the gods may not be blasphemed with impunity. The curse had fallen upon him at last." How the curse worked and what unlooked for developments it brought along with it, it will be worth the reader's while to discover. Mr. Dering is an able writer and is sure to make his mark. (New York: D. Appleton & Co.)

The latest volume of the series of "American Statesmen" is "Benjamin Franklin," by John T. Morse, Jr. The author not unreasonably felt, in undertaking his task, that to write another life of Franklin was a work of supererogation. And this feeling was not diminished when, in reading the final proof-sheet, his eye fell upon a passage in a book catalogue, in which Mr. Parton's well known biography was said to have left no place for any successor. The nature of the series, nevertheless, made it impossible that Franklin's name should be omitted from it, and so he had to his best to make his volume harmonize with its fore-runners. To condense the record of such a career as Franklin's into 400 pages of a 16mo book required no little skill in the apportionment of space to its various stages. Yet Mr. Morse has, we believe, omitted nothing of importance connected with Franklin's *role* as a public man. The early years are succinctly treated until the marriage and settlement in Philadelphia. By that time we have a pretty intimate acquaintance with the future statesman—his creed, his character, his methods of work and his ideas of life. The second chapter deals with the purely colonial stage of his public career. Had the provincial been also its final stage, Franklin would still be remembered among the leading men of his time. Indeed, prominent as he subsequently became as an actor in the great revolutionary struggle from its inception to its close, it is even more as the printer, the journalist, the publisher, the author, the organizer and many-sided reformer in his adopted home than as the diplomatist and politician that we recall his well known strongly marked features and burly figure. What more especially interests us Canadians in his later career is the part assigned him in connection with the affairs of Canada at the two most momentous epochs in its history. It seems almost incredible, in the light of subsequent events, that the retention of Guadeloupe by England should have ever been seriously proposed as an alternative to that of New France. But it was not a question of comparative values. The choice of a petty island in preference to the virtual command of half a continent was urged by far-seeing men, who apprehended (as the issue proved, with good reason) the effect which the withdrawal of their northern foes would have on the already somewhat self-assertive and partially disaffected colonies. Franklin's arguments against the abandonment of Canada were admirable in both point and

expression. Nor (in spite of his veering round afterwards to the cause of secession) is it easy to believe that his professions of loyalty to the Mother Country were not then sincere. A union of the colonies against Great Britain was, he said, not only improbable but impossible. And then he added, as if an afterthought had occurred to him: "When I say such a union is impossible, I mean without the most grievous tyranny and oppression. . . . The waves do not rise but when the winds blow. . . . What such an administration as the Duke of Alva's in the Netherlands might produce, I know not, but this I think I have a right to deem impossible." And in that conclusion Franklin was right. How little excuse the colonies really had for rising when and as they did Dr. Goldwin Smith has clearly shown in one of his ablest essays—the Schism in the Anglo-Saxon Race—first read before an audience which was largely American. A quarter of a century later we find Franklin on a mission to Canada with the avowed object of seducing the Canadians from their allegiance. The ancient building in which he and his fellow-deputies were entertained is only a little distance from us as we write—a monument of one of the few failures in his successful life. But no—not quite a failure. The printer that he brought with him chose to remain in Montreal, and became the pioneer journalist in the metropolis of the Dominion that was to be. How different would have been the destiny of Canada had Franklin's advice been rejected in the first instance or accepted in the second! In the one case we can imagine Napoleon founding a mighty empire in North America, more stable, perhaps, than that which his nephew essayed in Mexico; in the other, we should certainly have no bi-lingual controversy at this late day in the nineteenth century. But for better or for worse, in both cases, *dis aliter visum*. Though we cannot be expected to agree with all Mr. Morse's conclusions, we can cordially commend this little book as a rich and readable compend of manifold knowledge concerning one of the greatest men of the last century. It is worthy of the author and of the publishers. Price, \$1.25. (Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

In *Canadiana* for September our readers will find two papers of unusual interest. One of them, entitled "Colonial Privateers in the War of 1812," from the pen of Mr. Ernest Cruikshank, deals with a subject which has hitherto received but scanty notice from our historians. The exploits here related will, we believe, be novel to many Canadians. The captures effected by the privateers of our Maritime cities and the West Indies were remarkable both for their number and importance, and the whole story reveals a degree of resource, strategy and vigour in the resistance of aggression (for such the war, as far, at least, as Canada was concerned, may be justly characterized) which sets the struggle of the time in a new light. It was not at Queenston Heights and Chateaugay alone that Canadian patriotism showed its mettle in the presence of our vaunting foes. Not less interesting, in its way, is "The Story of a Picture," by Mr. P. Gagnon. It reads like an idyll, rather than an episode in the life of a public functionary. Notes, editorial and contributed, on various points of general and local history, complete an excellent number. *Canadiana* is edited by Mr. W. J. White, vice-president of the Society for Historical Studies, and published by the Gazette Printing Company.

SCIENCE.

The largest crane in the world is at the Chatham (England) dockyard. It lifts 240 tons, and stands 125 feet high and has a radius of 75 feet 8 inches.

St. John, says the *Empire*, deserves notice for its handsome architecture. The city is built, generally, in the most substantial manner with brick and stone. Walking along its thoroughfares, one will notice many handsome structures, edifices that would be noticeable in even much larger cities.

A new candle has been brought out, which extinguishes itself in an hour. This it does by means of a tiny extinguisher of tin, which is fastened in the wax by wires, and which effectually performs its task. It is only necessary to remove this diminutive extinguisher when its work is done, and the candle is again ready to burn another hour.—*Popular Science News*.

It is said that there is a talk of applying telephones to the infectious wards of the French hospitals, so as to enable the sick people isolated in their contagious sufferings to have the comfort of hearing their relatives' voices without any risk of conveying infection by an interview. It certainly is a very humane idea, and would not—one would think—be a very costly one to carry out.

A contemporary states that Dr. Eisemann, of Berlin, has invented a piano which, by the aid of electro-magnetism, can sustain, increase, and diminish sound. This has been attempted by other experts, notably Boehm, the inventor of the mental flute. Another novelty will be that by moving the electro-magnets the timbre of the tone is changed; for example, from that of a violoncello to a piccolo.

The widening of the Suez Canal has been undertaken, the width of 22 metres being increased to 65, 75, and 80 metres. The depth is also to be increased, as well as the number and breadth of sidings for vessels passing each other. Navigation by night is facilitated by luminous buoys and tow-paths; and vessels using the electric light are now able to traverse the canal in 20 hours, the time hitherto varying from 35 to 40 hours.



TENNIS TOURNAMENT AT CHARLOTTETOWN, P.E.I.—GROUP OF PLAYERS AND VISITORS.

C. Lewis, photo.



THE TENNIS CLUB, NEW-WESTMINSTER, B. C.

S. J. Thompson, photo.



SOCIAL ETIQUETTE—THE WOMAN OF TACT AND PUNCTUALITY.—A wise man once said that tact is better than genius. Very desirable in a man, it is almost essential in a woman; but it is a heaven born quality, and hardly acquired by those who have it not. You know at once by instinct when you are in a house managed by a woman who has a real talent for being the presiding genius of a home; there is a delicious atmosphere of repose, no hurry, no bustle; she always has leisure to attend to everything and everybody, be the house ever so large or the family ever so numerous. You are sure of a welcome when you arrive; but she is by no means one of those people who encourage visitors at all hours, leaving no time for her proper avocations. She does not (if living in a town) like running in and out of her neighbours' houses, and has no taste for gossip. But you never hear her complain she is overwhelmed with work, or that the servants are so troublesome, the children so tiresome, or the tradespeople so unsatisfactory. No; she has method and powers of organization—all goes on wheels, and her visitors are not wearied by long accounts of the cook's misdemeanours or the children's delinquencies. There is tidiness without primness—everything pretty, neat and comfortable; her poorer neighbours are well looked after, comforted, advised and helped in their hours of need. Punctuality is strictly enforced; indeed, without it, comfort—nay, even happiness—is well nigh impossible. Do not we all know establishments where the vaguest ideas of the hours for meals prevail? and we reluctantly shorten our walk or drive, put down an interesting book, or close the piano regretfully, knowing the luncheon hour has arrived, or the dressing bell for dinner has rung, only, alas! to find no one down but ourselves, the viands rapidly cooling, while we might very well have enjoyed ourselves for quite half an hour longer, had we only known. In the morning, tired perhaps, after a long journey, we would gladly repose an hour longer, but, having been told breakfast is at nine, we get up, and again are the first arrivals in the dining room, whilst the urn hisses forth its displeasure, the tea consequently is flat, rather cold and bitter, and the eatables decidedly chilly. The domestic machinery is thus put out of order and guests and family suffer from the lack in their hostess of two qualities very essential to good form.

THE TEMPTATION TO OVERDECORATE.—The great temptation now is to overdecorate. Even in a house of many rooms of ample size one can easily produce the effect of over-crowding, while in the small apartments, so common in large cities, it is very difficult to avoid it. The *Art Amateur*, speaking on the subject, says that it seems as if the decorator suffered from an "embarras des richesses." The temptation to use all the devices at hand is often too strong to be withstood, and accordingly paneled wainscots, carved pilasters, wooden ceilings with heavy transverse rafters, tapestries, rugs, bric-a-brac, stained glass and all the rest of it play a prominent part in helping to disfigure and distort many a small room that by judicious treatment might have been cozy, artistic, and, above all, habitable. We may have too many rugs on the floor, too many portieres and scarfs, too much bric-a-brac. In other words, too much decorative art is not decorative. The prime use of an apartment must always be remembered. If it is only for the display of a collection of objects, then the air of a museum is not objectionable. But if it is a room for dining, reading or sleeping in, then the comfort of the occupants should be the first consideration; and beauty need by no means be overlooked because utility is borne in mind. And it is a fact that some of our modern drawing-rooms resemble a furniture dealer's shop from the way in which things are scattered about, making it exceedingly difficult to avoid knocking over vases, five o'clock tea-tables, easels, etc., which obstruct one's way to a seat; and, though there may often be some gems of art among this miscellaneous collection, they are lost sight of among the vulgar display. How often has one gone from such a room with an eye weary from the incongruous colours and over-crowding of articles and turned with a feeling of relief into one of widely different style, and which, though not possessing half the richness of the other, has with its few choice works of art and well arranged, but not superfluous furnishings, afforded a striking contrast. Wood carving, that most delightful form of decoration, is rapidly becoming abused. Too much carving vulgarizes hopelessly a piece of furniture that half the amount of decoration would have enriched. A carved border or moulding around the edge of a table gives a fine effect, but I have lately seen tables the entire tops of which have been carved. Now a table is meant to put things on, and the carving completely spoils its usefulness, besides defeating its own purpose of decoration; for the decorated edge would look richer by contrast with the plain center. Care must be taken not to have the carving sand-papered down to a perfectly smooth finish, and the background should be irregular and not speckled all over with little holes. The beauty of carving is to feel the touch of the carver, to see a tool mark here and there. It is well to use carving rather sparingly. Rather have a little and have it good than much that is second rate. In some of the Italian work nearly every moulding was enriched and panel carved. But in the best examples the sawing is judiciously

disposed and some plain surface used as a foil. With care furniture may be kept looking nice for years, but without this care it soon becomes dingy and shabby. A thorough cleansing, once a month at least, should be given to upholstered furniture that is in every day use. Articles covered with plush or any goods with a pile may be brushed with a bristle brush, but for haircloth a light switch works the best, wiping off the surface afterward with a damp cloth. Wipe the woodwork with a damp cloth, and if there are any dents in it, it is said the application of several thicknesses of wet blotting paper held in place, till dry, by a warm flatiron, will remove the dent, unless a very deep one, when several applications may be necessary. When the woodwork is dry rub with warm linseed oil and polish with chamois skin. White spots may be removed by alcohol simply pressed on the spot by a cloth that is not linty, and not rubbed, as rubbing will take off the varnish. A flannel cloth moistened with kerosene is good to rub the furniture with, and the disagreeable odor of the oil soon disappears.

WILKIE COLLINS.

The following interesting contribution is from the pen of Dr. George Stewart, of the *Quebec Chronicle*:

The death of Wilkie Collins robs the admirers of interesting books of a strong creator of fiction. He belonged to the school of Charles Dickens rather than that of Thackeray. He was a happy mean between the two, though in directness of telling a story he was superior to either. He never digressed as Thackeray often did. He never preached as Dickens frequently did. But he told his story in a continuous way, and he never made his reader halt between chapters. A few of his novels stand out far above his average work. He never quite equalled "The Woman in White," though he wrote many entertaining books fully as weird. His stories were always full of movement, and despite the fact that character-drawing was not Collins' forte in the light that character-drawing is the forte of George Meredith or Charles Reade, he contrived to create at least half a dozen personages who will survive the century. He depended on action and a plot, and action and a plot will be found in every tale that has fallen from his prolific pen. He had, moreover, a style of his own,—a singularly direct and fascinating style,—and his books have given pleasure to many thousands of men and women. Nothing immoral ever came from the mind of Wilkie Collins, the son of William Collins, an artist who painted nothing base, and the namesake of a great painter in pigments, who gave us only beauties and nothing gross. The writer of these lines ten or eleven years ago, while editing the *Canadian Monthly*, enjoyed the personal friendship of Wilkie Collins. In his letters to his editor he always had something interesting to say about the book immediately under his hand. From a mass of correspondence this letter is selected. It refers to the story of "The Fallen Leaves," published in 1879. It has never been published before, and as it throws light on one of Mr. Collins' favorite characters, we print it here entire:—

LONDON, Thursday, March 13th, 1879.

MY DEAR STEWART,—A line to thank you for the *Canadian Monthly*,—which reaches me regularly,—and to say that I enclose three more revises of "The Fallen Leaves," in advance of the publication here on the 2nd, 9th and 16th April next.

On February 13th, I wrote to answer your letter—sending revise to the end of March, and asking for a line in reply to assure me that the business part of my communication was clearly understood between us.

You will find that the 16th weekly part introduces a new character, belonging to a class which some of my brethren are afraid to touch with the tips of their pens. She is, nevertheless, the chief character in the story—and will probably lead me into another novel in continuation of "The Fallen Leaves." You will see, (especially when you receive the revise of part 17, for April 23rd), that the character is so handled as to give no offence to any sensible persons, and that every line is of importance to the coming development of the girl, placed amid new surroundings. But perhaps some of the "nice people with nasty ideas" on your side of the ocean may raise objection. In this case, you are entirely at liberty to state as publicly as you please

(if you think it necessary) that my arrangement with you stipulates for the absolute literal reprinting of "The Fallen Leaves" from my revises, and that the gentle reader will have the story exactly as I have written it, or will not have the latter portions of the story at all. I don't anticipate any serious objections. On the contrary, I believe "Simple Sally" will be the most lovable personage in the story. But we have (as Mr. Carlyle reckons it) 30 millions of fools in Great Britain and Ireland—and (who knows?) some of them may have emigrated?

I intended to write a short letter. "Hell is paved—," you know the rest.

Yours very truly,

WILKIE COLLINS.

George Stewart, Jr., Esq.

This cablegram from the New York *Herald* tells the story of Wilkie Collins' last hours on the earth which he gladdened by his presence and his work:—

"Wilkie Collins, the eminent and world-famous novelist, died at his residence, 82 Wimpole street, Cavendish square, at half-past ten this morning. It was a strange death for a man whose brain had pictured and whose pen had described the death of all kinds of men in all kinds of places that could be conceived. He died alone, without wife, child, or relative to soothe his last agonies with that love and sympathy which only comes from ties of blood. He had no relative in the world save one old aunt who was far away in Dorsetshire, and whom he had not seen for a long time. By his side was only Dr. F. Carr Beard, his life-long friend and physician, and the old housekeeper, who for thirty years has looked after her master's comfort with the care and devotion of a slave. His valet, George, was not present, and it was in the company of a single friend and servant that he breathed his last. "The death room stretches across the front of the Wimpole street house on the third floor. There was a hot fire in the grate and on the coals some medicine was steaming. All about were the paraphernalia of a sick room. The curtains were drawn, the lights were low, and the sick man sat near the fire in a large armchair draped with blankets. He was very much emaciated, and the pallor on his thin face was heightened by a long dark moustache and heavy beard that curled over his nightshirt. Wilkie Collins was a short man of slender build, with large head and broad, prominent forehead, and large intelligent eyes. He had for three months been a prisoner in the room in which he died. He was sixty-five years of age, and his illness, which was primitively due to a long-standing affection of the heart, was made serious by a stroke of paralysis two months ago. This stroke Dr. Carr Beard brought him through successfully, and his patient was steadily progressing towards recovery when he was seized with an attack of bronchitis. This greatly complicated the symptoms and he was not strong enough to throw it off. For two weeks past he had been steadily failing owing to lack of nutrition. He could not retain or digest the slightest food. Since Friday his death had been known to be only a matter of time, and long before midnight last evening it was feared he would not live to see another day. His death took place amid perfect calm, he leaning back with his head buried in the pillow of his chair. From time to time the doctor felt the fluttering pulse, whose beats were growing weaker and more irregular. Now and then the dying man opened his eyes in a vague dreamy sense of his condition, but that was all. At half-past ten there was a slight convulsive movement, his head sank back, and when the doctor took his wrist, the heart had ceased to beat.

Wilkie Collins was in comfortable circumstances, but was scarcely a rich man. His fortune is under £10,000. He lived for a long time in the Wimpole street house, though it was not his own property. It is filled with a wonderful store of bric-a-brac and some valuable old furniture, most of the articles having, in addition to their value, an added interest from literary associations. Prominent among these are sketches, pictures and old prints, the latter covering the walls. Wilkie Collins' executors are Dr. Carr Beard and Mr. Alexander

Watt, his literary agent. A very interesting figure in the sad picture is that of the doctor. He was the most intimate and trusted friend of Charles Dickens as he was of Collins, and there were no truer or deeper mourners at the bedside of either than was the wise, sympathetic, and tender old man. The world never knows its great men half as intimately as it would like to, and if ever the doctor writes his memoirs they will be of the deepest interest to all readers of 'David Copperfield' or the 'Woman in White.' Wilkie Collins had never married, and it is understood that the bulk of his property goes to friends for whom he had a close and warm friendship for years."

WEDDING PRESENTS.

There is no custom, good in itself, and, when restricted to its legitimate uses, worthy of general observance, that has opened the way to greater abuses than this of wedding presents. In our own time and country, among even the wealthier classes, it has come to be considered in many instances an unreasonable exaction, while to the poor and the utterly impecunious it is simply an intolerable burden. Two people are about to begin life together, and their near friends and relations wish to mark their interest in the event by bestowing upon them gifts more or less valuable, according to the ability or inclination of the donors. The sentiment is so natural, and at the same time so amiable, that no possible exception can be taken to it; otherwise, those most nearly concerned would feel that an attempt was being made to defraud them of their legitimate privilege. But here steps in the evil. No sooner is the coming event announced and the invitations issued than numerous acquaintances, friends, so called, must begin immediately to cast about in their minds for some suitable offering on their own account. They have been bidden to the wedding feast, and for any one of them to appear thereat without having first sent in his individual present would be as unnatural as for the bridegroom to forget his ring. So ingenuity is taxed, or the account increased, to add one more to the long list of gifts—"costly and useful"—to which he shall see his name, with the names of others, appended. He feels, perhaps, that it is a useless extravagance; that he cannot afford it, and that he has not even the excuse to his conscience of being moved to commit it by an impulse of generosity. Custom demands it, vanity exacts it, rapacity—and there is scarcely any limit to the rapacity and ambition of many a modern bride and bridegroom and their parents or guardians—rapacity extorts it, and he has not the moral courage to resist. So he stifles the voice of conscience and conforms to the usage of the world.

We know of instances were friends, and here I use the word in its highest and truest sense, were prevented from attending the weddings of those in whom they were warmly and affectionately interested by the fact that it was not in their power to purchase a gift such as would be acceptable and would not shame the general display. A modest offering—a trifle made by their own hands or purchased at a nominal cost—they might have managed; but they shrank from having its insignificance exhibited to the amused or contemptuous gaze of the assembled guests, all of whom would, it was reckoned, give something handsome. So they stayed away, with, perhaps, just the faintest little feeling of bitterness rankling in their hearts. Others we know who laughingly say: "If there are many more weddings we shall be bankrupt." And a lady of moderate means complains, with a comical little *moue*, that her friends are always getting married and expecting her to give them presents, though, as she herself is already a wife, she cannot hope for any in return.

It is a two-sided evil, opening up a way to unjustifiable extravagance and false pretention on the part of the giver, and of vanity and unworthy subterfuge on the part of the receiver. What can right-minded people think of parents and friends hiring valuable articles of jewellery and bric-a-brac to be displayed as "gifts," so that the list may be large enough and grand enough to satisfy their ambition. Yet that such is sometimes the case a

New York firm has assured us. Imagine the prospects for honour and integrity of a life begun with a lie like this.

The burial reform question is now forcing itself on the public. Sensible people are beginning to see the uselessness and indiscretion of the glaring extravagance that too often carries itself to the very confines of the grave, nay, even into the grave itself; and those whose means and position would, if in any case, justify a lavish mortuary expenditure, are often to be found identifying themselves with the movement for its suppression, and by their personal example discouraging it.

It is no uncommon thing to see appended to the notice of a death: "Friends are kindly requested not to send flowers." Might not the intimation—"Friends are kindly requested not to send presents," accompany the invitation to a wedding. It would not probably prevent friends who were able and willing from gratifying their inclination, any more than does the obituary notice, when the ties of blood or of affection demand that we be permitted to pay the last loving tribute in the way that seems to us most delicate and appropriate; but it would relieve embarrassment in many cases, and it would be always a standing protest against extortion.

EROL GERVAISE.

A RIFT.

O what a dream I could dream you,
If only the words would rhyme!
But noon and shadow are neighbours,
And sorrow is playmate of time.

How you should loiter forever
Through nights of entrancing May,
Where the hill flowers blow tender
Just on the coming of day!

How you should grow with their growing,
And watch through the underleaves
That old renewal of wonder
The gloaming of dawn unveaves!

Filled with the freshening hours,
There you should wander and muse,
Child of the stars and the uplands
Calm in their twilights and dews.

There in the infinite silence
How we should learn and forget,
Know and be known, and remember
Only the name of regret!

One in that beauty of quiet,
Twain as the beat of a rhyme,
Seeds of a single desire
In the heart of the apple of time.

There you would ripen to harvest,—
Spirit of dream and of dew!—
Breath on the air till the fire
At the core of night burned through

The forest of brown stream waters,
Riving their glooms with gold,
Whereon the white drifts of lilies
Flake upon flake unfold,—

Then with that brow unshadowed,
Turn and remember and smile;
Failure, despairing, and travail
Are dead in the weary while.

So shall regret and long dreaming
Take joy and fulfilment to rhyme,
On the verge of summer and morning
Beyond the borders of time.

Here when the dusk half covers,
And the twilight half reveals,
The clew of a woven shadow
The glare of midnoon conceals,

There springs to the trail, and follows,
The cry of a wild sweet thing—
At last shall desire unravel
The wind in the hollows of Spring!

It hurtles and dies and re-echoes
Abroad on the shallows of night,
Regathers as rapids regather,
Outfleeing the traces of flight.

In the valley of morrow for shelter,
It beats at the goal of the sun;
Almost the veil of remembrance
As a weaving of shade is undone.

Often and often at evening
The woodland curtain swings;
I call you, then—it has fallen!
Only the woodthrush sings.

Over the floor of midnight
Wanders a matchless rhyme,
Blown of the wind asunder—
Out from the echo of time.



AMATEUR SPORTSMAN: Pat, I knocked feathers out of him that time. Pat: Yis, sor, an' if ye'll kape it up ye'll knock 'em all out, an' thin we kin ketch him, sor.

TOMMY: Where is Variance, Mrs. Peck? Mrs. N. Peck: I do not know, Tommy. I never heard of the place before. Tommy: That's funny, for mamma said that you and Mr. Peck were at variance two-third of the time.

GENTLE SARCASM.—"Mrs. Mulligan," said Mrs. Ginty, "is it well yer falin the day?" "Yis, very well." "An' shtrong?" "Yis, quite shtrong." "Then pr'aps it's able ye'd be to bring back the wash-tubs yez borried last Monday."

AN old lady was telling her grandchildren about some trouble in Scotland, in the course of which the chief of her clan was beheaded. "It was nae great thing of a head at the best, to be sure," said the old lady, "but it was a sad loss to him, pur man!"

ENRAGED FATHER: Well, that's the last time I'll ever be fool enough to give any of my daughters a wedding check. Mother: Why, Charles? There's nothing wrong, I hope. Enraged father: Yes, but there is. That fool of a son-in-law has gone and had it cashed.

SOFTPATE: Watcher think of the dawg, Miss Sprightly? Fine dawg that. Miss Sprightly: He is a splendid creature. Softpate: I have refused a cool thousand for him—fact, I assure you. Would it surprise you if I told you that dawg knows as much as I do. Miss Sprightly: Not at all.

PAT WANTED A JOB.—Captain (furiously to stowaway): I've a mind to pitch you overboard to the sharks! Why did you sneak on board my ship? Stowaway: Sure, sor, I wanted to get to London to find a job at my business. Captain: But all London's on strike? Stowaway: Yes, sor; but that's me own line av work!

A NATIVE of Carnwath went to an art exhibition at Glasgow, and seated himself on one of the settees, where he sat patiently for a length of time. At last he beckoned a policeman to him, and then addressed that functionary: "I say, my man, whan's this exhibeeshun gaun to begin? I've been waitin' here an' hoor an' a hauf."

"How are you getting along with your work on the piano?" asked Blinks of a young woman. "Oh, very well; I can see great progress in my work." "How is that?" "Well, the family that lived next door moved away within a week after I began to practice. The next family stayed a month, the next ten weeks, and the people there now have remained nearly six months."

GAZLEY (presenting his card): I represent my friend, Mr. Dolley. You grossly insulted him last night, and he demands an apology or satisfaction, sir. Tangle: I don't remember insulting anybody. Gazley: You told him to go to Jericho, sir. Tangle: Oh, yes, I believe I did. So Dolley feels bad about it, does he? Gazley: Yes, sir. He demands an apology. Tangle: Well, I don't want any ill feeling between us. You may tell him he needn't go.

THERE is a story told of a lady who once went to call on Fuseli, a painter, who, when there was need for it, could express himself with emphasis. Her ceaseless chatter did not even allow him to get in a word edgewise. At last a pause to take breath gave him time to say: "We had boiled mutton and turnips for dinner to-day." "What a strange observation, Mr. Fuseli!" exclaimed the lady. "Why," he said, "it is as good as anything you have been saying for the last two hours."

JOHNNIE'S REWARD.—Little Johnnie Smith is a bright youth, but in the estimation of many friends of the family he is rather too precocious. He is the pride of his father's heart, however, Smith senior being wont to aver that Johnnie is a regular "chip of the old block." Johnnie has apparently caught hold of this expression, for the other night he looked up from his book and remarked: "I'm a chip o' the old block, am I no', father?" "Yes, my son, you are," returned the fond father with pride (he little knew what was coming.) "An' you're the head o' the family, aren't you, father?" was Johnnie's next question. "Yes, my son," replied Smith, still unsuspecting. "Then you're a block-head, aren't you?" concluded Johnnie, triumphantly. Then for the space of fifteen minutes Johnnie's screams disturbed the neighbourhood. And that was all the reward his logic brought him. Poor Johnnie!

TWAS EVER THUS.—He had had his little speech all written out for several days beforehand, and it ran like this: "I have called, Mr. Wealthyman, to tell you frankly that I love your daughter; and I have her assurance that my affection is returned, and I hope you will give your consent for her to become my wife. I am not a rich man, but we are young and strong, and are willing to fight the battle of life together; and—" there was a good deal more of it, and he could say it all glibly before he left home; but when he stood in the presence of Papa Wealthyman, he said: "I—I—that is I—Mr. Wealthyman—I tell you frankly that—that—I—your daughter loves me, and—and—I have called to—to—frankly ask you to—to—to—be my wife—er—that is—I—we—she—er—no—we are willing to fight—that is—we—we are young and can fight—er—no—I hope you understand me."

HERE AND THERE.

Of 26,000 criminals arrested in Paris, 16,000 had not attained the age of 20.

The first maps of Africa published gave that continent seventeen rivers where not one single stream existed. Geographers probably reasoned that the natives required a great deal of water to keep clean.

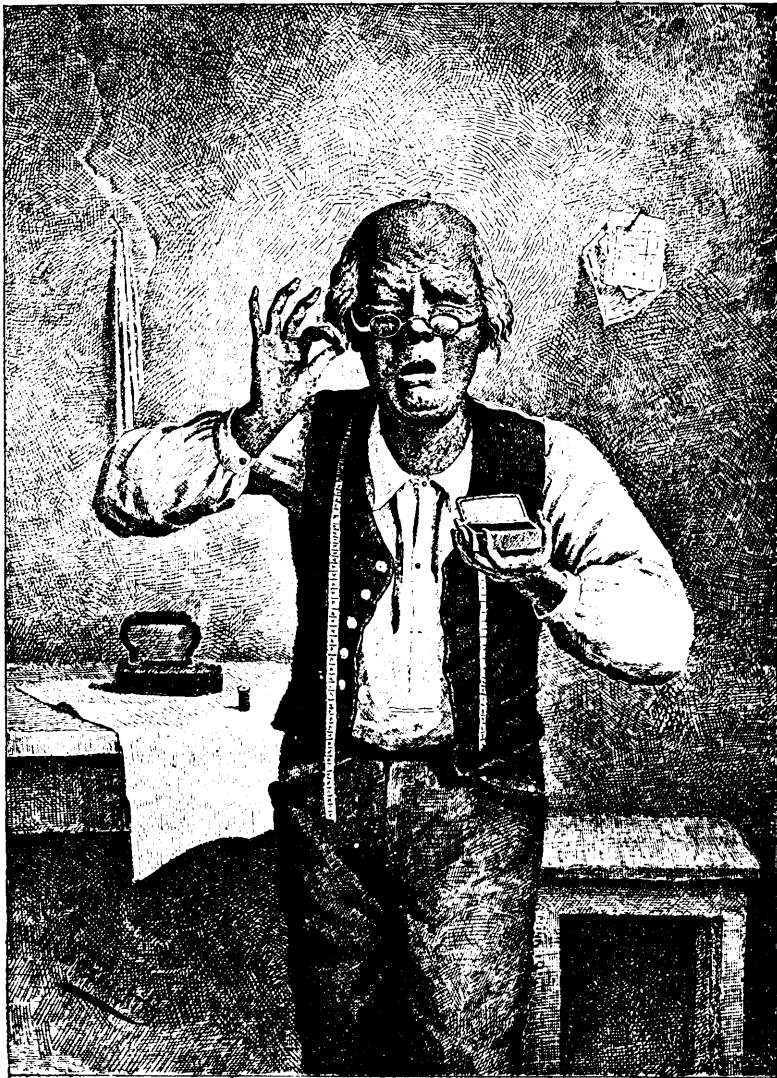
A young man while bird's-nesting in Scotland this summer, came upon an urn sticking out of the ground. It was found to contain three hundred silver coins of the Scottish kings, Robert Bruce and David II., and is believed to be associated with the battles between the English and the Scotch armies in 1346.

The giant diamond lately discovered in Cape Colony, and now at the Paris Exposition, weighs 180 carats, and is valued at \$3,000,000. It is kept in a glass case by itself, and guardians stand around it all day. At night it is placed in a big safe, which is similarly guarded all night. It is said to be of the first water and as pure as the famous Regent in the French crown diamonds.

Sponges are brought from Turkey and the West Indies, but the finest are found on the shores of the Mediterranean Sea. When sponges are first brought out of the water they look like beef liver, being dark, and filled with a sticky, jelly-like substance. The frame work or skeleton of the sponge is made up of tough fibres, which comes to us after the jelly-like substance has decayed and been thoroughly washed out with sea-water.

There are now 600 Irish ladies, impoverished because unable to collect any rent for their property, selling their work through the agency of a London committee headed by the Queen and having the Princess Louise for one of its members. Open-worked table linen and bed spreads constitutes the greater part of the exhibition of these ladies' work, but embroidery of many sorts, and bonnets, hats and caps are included in it.

A ROBIN VANQUISHES A CAT.—This morning a young robin, in trying to fly from its nest in one of the tall trees in front of the court house, fell on the grass plat. A large cat sprang into the yard, and taking the bird into its mouth started with it toward the barn. The bird gave a cry, when the parent robin flew from the tree and attacked the cat with such firmness that puss dropped the bird. The cat then backed up against the fence and showed fight. The old bird, not one bit dismayed, with bill wide open, feathers ruffled and screaming with rage, struck the feline twice. The fur flew. The cat was so frightened that it ran away as fast as it could and crawled under the corner of a building. —*Kingston Freeman.*



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HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS.

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

ENTRY.

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

DUTIES.

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

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

APPLICATION FOR PATENT

may be made before the local agent, any homestead inspector, or the intelligence officer at Medicine Hat or Qu'Appelle Station. Six months' notice must be given in writing to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands by a settler of his intention prior to making application for patent. Intelligence offices are situate at Winnipeg, Qu'Appelle Station and Medicine Hat. Newly arrived immigrants will receive, at any of these offices, information as to the lands that are open for entry, and from the officers in charge, free of expense, advice and assistance in securing lands to suit them.

A SECOND HOMESTEAD

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

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

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

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