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THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

Entered according to Act of Parliament of Canada, in the year 1889, by G. E. Desbarats & Son, at the Department of Agriculture.

(TRADE MARK.)

(REGISTERED.)

VOL. II.—No. 38.

MONTREAL AND TORONTO, 23rd MARCH, 1889.

\$4.00 PER ANNUM.
10 CENTS PER COPY.



PERFECT BLISS.

From the painting by Millais.

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

The Dominion Illustrated.

\$4.00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

G. E. DESBARATS & SON, Publishers,
162 St. James Street, Montreal.

GEORGE E. MACRAE, WESTERN AGENT,
127 Wellington Street West, Toronto.

J. H. BROWNLEE, BRANDON,
Agent for Manitoba and the North West Provinces.

London (England) Agency:

JOHN HADDON & CO.,
3 & 4 Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, E. C.
SOLE AGENTS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

23rd MARCH, 1889.

PUBLISHERS' NOTICES.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. — Communications received from L.A.M., H.M.M., J.H.D., W.W.S., M.M., A.S. and K.A.C. will all receive due attention. Some of them are already in type and are only kept over through press of matter.

THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED PUBLISHING COMPANY.

The following notice has been published in the *Canada Gazette*:—

Public notice is hereby given that Sir Donald A. Smith, K.C.M.G., M.P.; Hon. George A. Drummond, Senator; Andrew Robertson, Chairman Montreal Harbour Commissioners; Richard B. Angus, Director Canadian Pacific Railway; Hugh McLennan, forwarder; Andrew Allan, forwarder; Adam Skaife, merchant; Edward W. Parker, clerk; Dame Lucy Ann Bossé, wife of George E. Desbarats; Geo. Edward Desbarats, A.B., LL.B., publisher, and William A. Desbarats, publisher, all of the City of Montreal and Province of Quebec; Gustavus W. Wicksteed, Queen's Counsel, and Sandford Fleming, C.M.G., Civil Engineer, of the City of Ottawa and Province of Ontario, and J. H. Brownlee, Dominion Land Surveyor, of the City of Brandon and Province of Manitoba,—being all British subjects and residents of the Dominion of Canada,—will apply to the Governor General in Council for letters patent of incorporation under the provisions of "The Companies Act," 40 Vict. cap. 43.

The proposed corporate name of the company is: "The Dominion Illustrated Publishing Company, Limited."

The purpose of the company is engraving, printing and publishing.

The chief place of business of the company is to be Montreal.

The proposed amount of its capital stock is fifty thousand dollars. The number of shares is five hundred, and the amount of each share one hundred dollars.

The first or provisional directors of the company will be Sir Donald A. Smith, Hon. George A. Drummond, Andrew Robertson, Richard B. Angus, Sandford Fleming, George E. Desbarats, and William A. Desbarats, all of whom are residents of Canada.

Montreal, 4th March, 1889.

A few shares have been reserved for the Atlantic Provinces and British Columbia, as it is desired to have shareholders in every part of the Dominion. But early application will be necessary to secure these shares.

G. E. DESBARATS & SON,
Publishers,
Montreal.



Queen Victoria's arrival at Biarritz recalls the palmy days of the Second Empire when Biarritz rose to the rank of a rendezvous for sovereigns.

An alleged plot, in which the Maharajah of Cashmere and his minister were said to be concerned, and which threatened the life of the British Resident, has been creating some alarm in Northern India.

The determination of the French Government to put down the Patriotic League implicated some members of the Assembly. The reading of the charges against the latter led to a scene and elicited some challenges.

The Hon. Mr. Joly lectured recently before the Montreal Natural History Society on a subject of high importance with which he is well qualified to deal—the forest and wood industries of the Dominion. We trust his lecture will be published.

Not less important was Mr. Charles Gibbs' disquisition on fruit-growing, ancient and modern, a topic on which he has amassed comprehensive knowledge by half a life's labour and much outlay in travel and experiment. Mr. Gibb proved by philology the antiquity of apple culture in Europe, the root of the word being found in the Slavonic and Celtic as well as in the Teutonic languages.

Journalists, it seems, are to have their share in the distribution of the higher diplomatic posts under the new Washington Government. Mr. Warner Miller, Mr. Murat Halstead and Mr. Whitelaw Reid are candidates for the three chief embassies—London, Paris and Berlin.

The libel suit brought by Henry J. Clarke, of Winnipeg, against Acton Burrows, of the same place, for an alleged unjustifiable publication in the *Morning Call* of that city, has been dismissed on the ground that the matter complained of was simply an extract from a parliamentary paper.

The death of John Ericsson, the great engineer, called up reminiscences of the "Monitor" in Hampton Roads, when the Confederate "Merrimac" threatened the Northern fleet with destruction. He was a native of Sweden, came to the United States in 1839, and was nearly 86 at the time of his death.

The subject of state-aided emigration has received an impulse in England by the formation of a large association, comprising many prominent men, with Lord Meath as president, for the purpose of lending money to worthy colonists. What is known as the Crofter scheme, the destination of which is British Columbia, is in favour with both political parties.

Excitement touching the Parnell Commission has to a great extent subsided. Mr. Parnell received a significant demonstration of good-will from the Londoners who disapproved of the *Times'* course. On the other hand, there is talk already of a compromise between his party and the Conservatives, who, it is said, may after all grant home rule to Ireland.

Mr. Rufus Stephenson has given a glowing account of the prosperity of some of the new colonies in the North-West that he had recently visited. He spoke of the Scottish crofter, the Hungarian, the

Scandinavian, the Icelandic, the Commercial and the Church of England colonies. With the exception of this last experiment, all the settlements showed progress and contentment.

In a proclamation issued some days ago the new regents of Servia promise to maintain friendly relations with all foreign powers. The proclamation had hardly been made public when a deadlock was created by the conflict of purpose between the regency and the cabinet as to Queen Natalie's return. The mother of the young king is regarded as virtually an agent of Russia.

An important deputation from St. John, N.B., recently visited Ottawa for the purpose of urging the claims of their city to the position of winter port of the Dominion. Mr. Van Horne met the deputation at the capital and informed the members that he hoped to have his road open to St. John on the 20th of May, but he could not say what the rates would be or what terminal facilities would be required by the company at St. John.

A vexed question in Ontario just now is whether, in any circumstances, French should be the teaching language in any of the provincial schools. The arguments used *pro* and *con* are not new, but the discussion has been attended with considerable animosity. Good sense and mutual forbearance should settle all such questions, especially as each section is convinced of the importance of learning the language of the other.

An important decision, affecting a profitable industry, was reached a few days ago when the incandescent electric light patent held by the Edison Electric Light Company was declared null and void in Canada. The petition on which the judgment was based was filed by Messrs. McCibbon and Major, of this city, attorneys for the Royal Electric Company, and the case was tried before Mr. Richard Pope, Q.C., commissioner, of Ottawa.

Lord Sackville's place has been filled at last. Sir Julian Pauncefoot left England in time to present his credentials to the new President and his ministers. Lord Salisbury was determined to make the late President feel that he had made a blunder when he forgot his own dignity and the respect due to a great, kindred and friendly power by ordering an ambassador out of his capital to please an untrustworthy rabble. The lesson will probably be remembered.

The British Navy is about to undergo an important increase in strength and general efficiency. The First Lord of the Admiralty, Lord George Hamilton, stated recently in the House of Commons that the Government was prepared to build eight first-class men-of-war, of 14,000 tons each, two of 9,000 tons, four Pandora cruisers and eighteen torpedo-like sharpshooters. The total cost would be about \$117,500,000. The Radical members oppose the scheme.

Government aid to the Panama Canal has been refused, and the depression on the Isthmus is severely felt at business centres. The Panama Railroad has had to reduce its staff. That at least some good work was done on the canal is said to be proved by the British vessel "El Dorado" having passed through it from Aspinwall to Chagres, a distance of 15 miles. The most difficult portion, however, that which includes the Culebra cutting, still remains unfinished.

TECHNICAL EDUCATION.

This is a branch of the great movement of our day for comprehensive culture, which has a special interest for this periodical. The dissemination of sound views on art—and we would use that term (for the nonce, at least) in its widest sense—can only be secured when the fullest provision for artistic training has been made in every province of the Dominion. In that respect a good deal still remains unaccomplished and even unattempted. But the same statement is applicable to countries that claim to be much more advanced than Canada is in the domain of art. Instead of eternally complaining of apathy on the part of the public and lack of enterprise on the part of those to whom the public looks for example, we would rather take heart of hope from the signs not only of aspiration, but of fruitful effort, which a candid survey of the whole ground reveals to the earnest enquirer. In the higher levels of art—painting, sculpture, architecture and engraving—it cannot be doubted that fair progress has been achieved during the last quarter of a century. The foundation, by the Marquis of Lorne and H. R. H. the Princess Louise, of the Royal Canadian Academy, and the institution, under the same illustrious auspices, of the National Art Gallery, may be mentioned among the indications of that progress. Then we can point to our own Art Association, to that of Ottawa, to that of Hamilton, to the Ontario Society of Artists, and to the art schools in operation in all our leading centres of enlightenment, from Halifax to Victoria. On some future occasion we shall be glad to lay before our readers some of the results that have attended the working of these societies and schools. Though music does not come within the scope of these remarks (which embrace mainly the pictorial, plastic and structural arts), it is impossible, after the visit of Madame Albani, to avoid a word of exultation on that head also. Toronto, with its College of Music, has led the way in a new departure, and we feel assured that the other centres of musical cultivation will not fail to follow in the same direction.

In the domain of what is called technical education, the Council of Arts and Manufactures of this province has been active ever since the secretaryship of Col. Chamberlin. For what Mr. S. C. Stevenson has done for the fostering of the artistic spirit among the mechanical classes we cannot be too grateful. The impulse given by his schools has, we believe, been farther reaching in its effects than those who have not given attention to the subject would be likely to imagine. The Society of Decorative Art of Montreal is especially worthy of mention as the offspring of an endeavour to encourage art work in the household and to give profitable employment to the ladies, who might otherwise find no market for really good work. Under the influence of the Art Association and the schools conducted under Mr. Stevenson's direction, considerable advance has been attained throughout the province, both in the higher and humbler branches of art training. The art gallery (based on the bequest of the late B. Gibb, Esq.), is in the custody of the Art Association, and art classes, conducted successively by Mr. R. Harris, R.C.A., and Mr. Wm. Brymner, R.C.A., form a valuable adjunct of the institution. The private classes of Mr. W. W. Raphael, R.C.A., and other artists (including ladies) are attended by a considerable number of

students. In New Brunswick and Nova Scotia a good beginning has been made in art education. The Owens Art Institution of St. John, which comprises a gallery and art school, was, as the name implies, founded and largely endowed by the late John Owens, Esq. It is pleasant to know that Manitoba also has its art association, with classes in which instruction is given by a full and qualified staff of teachers. It is in Ontario, however, that the art spirit is most pervasive and productive. Not only Toronto, Hamilton, Kingston, Ottawa and London, but several of the smaller towns, are well equipped with the means for acquiring at least something more than the rudiments of art knowledge.

But it is not so much with painting, sculpture, sketching, etc. (gladly though we welcome all evidences of progress in connection therewith), that the interests of the Dominion are chiefly concerned. What we need above all are institutions where the very best training in every branch of industrial art may be brought within reach of every young aspirant after excellence. Until such provision—on the most bountiful scale as to apparatus and professors—is at the disposal of our artisans (who should be taught to regard that name as one of high significance and honour), we must resign ourselves to be left behind our neighbours in the march of progress. It is with satisfaction, therefore, that we see by a report just issued that Ontario has determined to establish a seat of technical education which shall have no superior on this continent. The Report is full of gathered information as to the equipment and working of the schools of technology, both general and special, of the United States. We hope to have something to say of its contents in a future issue. Meanwhile, we congratulate the Minister of Education on his enlightened policy, which, we trust, will not lack imitation in the other provinces of the Dominion.

OUR PHOSPHATE MINES.

One of the spurs which the riders of the annexation hobby have been using is that if Canada were taken over by the United States our manifold resources would be more expeditiously and profitably developed. Possibly they would. But would Canadians get their fair share of the fruits of that development? We fear that we would be like the sheep that are fleeced, and the bees, whose gathered sweets are used, not for their own benefit, but for that of others. Nevertheless, it would be well if the implied reproach of the oft repeated promise were removed by greater effort on the part of Canadians to turn to account the blessings with which nature has favoured them. It is, unhappily, true that some of the most bounteous sources of wealth in the Dominion have, through lack of enterprise, been left comparatively unproductive. This disregard, on the part of Canadian capitalists, of some of our richest stores of native wealth, is acknowledged, in the chapter on phosphates, in the last Report of the Minister of Agriculture. First a falling-off—slight, it is true, but still real—is noted in the shipments from this port and Ontario, which is attributed to the difficulty of transportation from the mines. This plea, moreover, is justified by the fact that, whereas the grand total exported and consumed at home was only 17,446 tons, the entire output for 1888 was as high as 23,290 tons, the difference constituting the quantity left over

Whatever convenience the proposed Windmill Point-St. Helen's Island bridge scheme would, if carried out, be to some of our citizens, it would certainly gravely embarrass the business that depends on the wharfrage between the Point and the high elevator. Whether the advantage to local traffic from shore to shore would be great enough to compensate for the serious loss that several interests would sustain by the sacrifice of much needed wharfrage it was for the Council to consider before giving its sanction to the proposal.

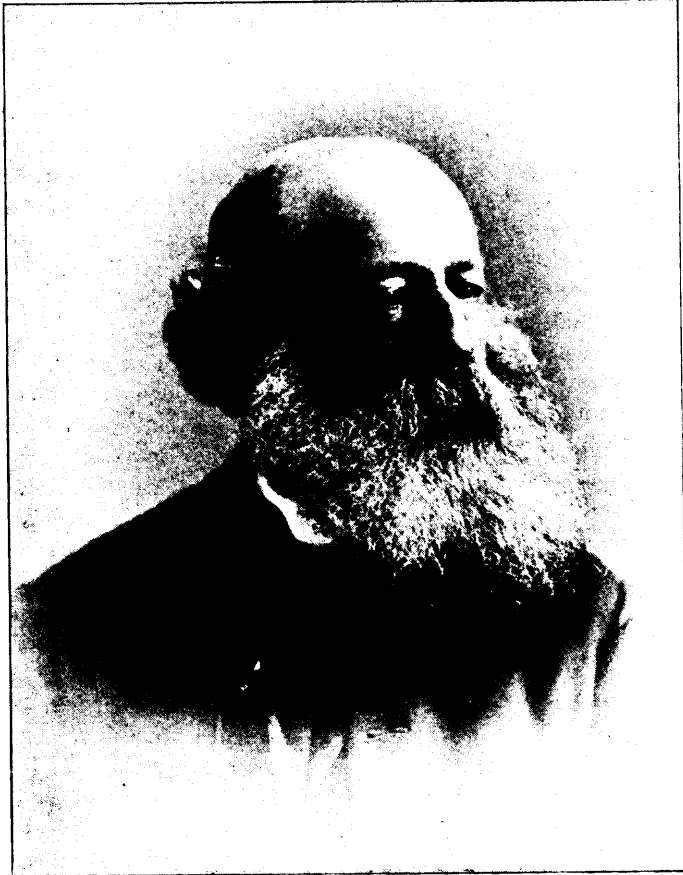
The prospects of peace in Europe seem more assured than they have been for years. Sir Robert Morier entertained the Czar; M. Herbet has been dining the young Kaiser, and now those two potentates are about to have a friendly meeting a few months hence. As long as England, Russia, Germany and France are on fairly good terms, no rupture is likely to occur. Nevertheless, South-eastern Europe is still unsettled. Austria and Russia are intriguing for predominance in Serbia, Bulgaria and Roumania; Italy is said to have designs in the south of the peninsula, while the abdication of Milan and the threatened return of Queen Natalie further complicate the situation.

The gold rushes to California and Victoria in 1849 and 1851 have been recalled by the reported discovery of rich gold fields in Northern Mexico. Peninsular California is, of course, simply a continuation of the American state of that name, and has long been known to contain much precious metal. Nothing so surprising as the finds reported had, however, been suspected hitherto, though, of course, there are professors who knew all about it. What the upshot of it all will be it would be rash to say, but of one thing we may be sure—of the thousands who are now betaking themselves in the excitement of wildest hope to the new Eldorado only a lucky few will find it better than a wild goose chase.

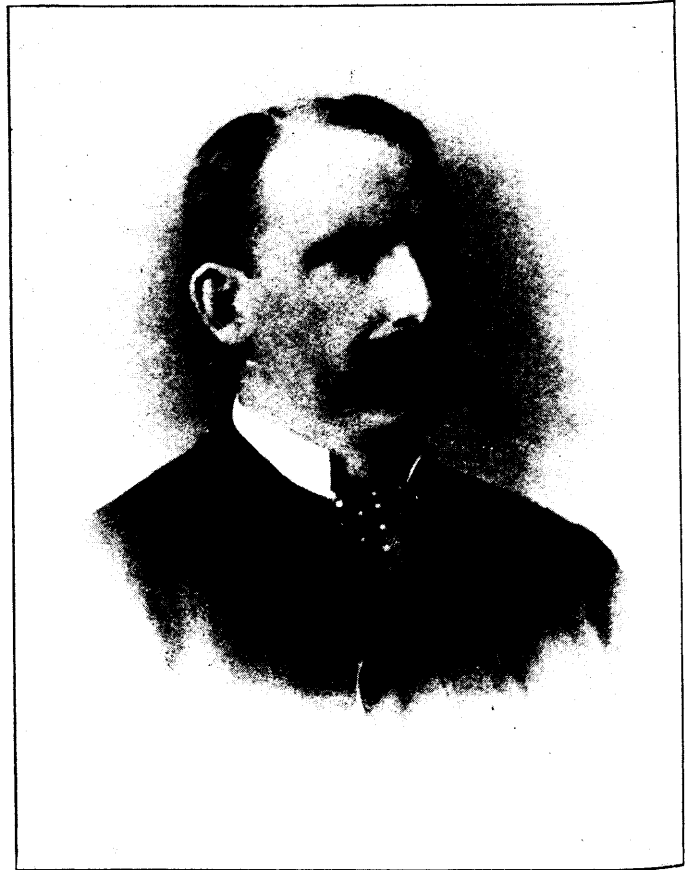
A somewhat heated discussion arose in the Quebec Assembly in connection with the investigation of certain charges brought in *L'Electeur* against the Ross-Taillon Government. Two contractors, it was asserted, had paid \$50,000 each just before the last elections, in order, it was said, to secure a settlement of their personal claims, amounting, in each case, to double that sum. The Hon. Mr. Taillon denied the statement as a base calumny and asked for a committee of investigation. On the refusal of Mr. Pacaud, of *L'Electeur*, to answer certain questions put by the committee, the controversy reached a crisis. In the vote on the request for an order to compel him to do so, several Ministerialists—Messrs. Cameron, Lareau, Murphy, Lemieux, Champagne—voted with the minority.

THE KAY SALE OF PICTURES.

We would again direct the attention of lovers of the fine arts to the announcement by Messrs. W. Scott & Son, of the sale, on the 30th inst., of Mr. W. F. Kay's collection of pictures and statuary by some of the great modern masters of the British and foreign schools. The pictures comprise works by some of the most noted oil painters and water-colourists of recent generations, such as Louis Haghe, J. Gerard, Aaron Penley, Zimmermann, John Pettie, R.A., Birket Foster, W. B. Leader, A.R.A., etc. The statuary has the guarantee of names like Benzoni, Connelly and Marshall Wood. Such an opportunity of securing masterpieces in various styles of art does not often present itself in Montreal, and art lovers ought not to let it pass unused. The collection will be on view during the day previous to the sale in the gallery of the Art Association and catalogues may be obtained by applying to Messrs. Scott & Co., who will also give permission to inspect the collection free of charge. We are assured that this is, without exception, the most important picture sale ever held in Canada, and we would respectfully advise our readers to bear it in mind.



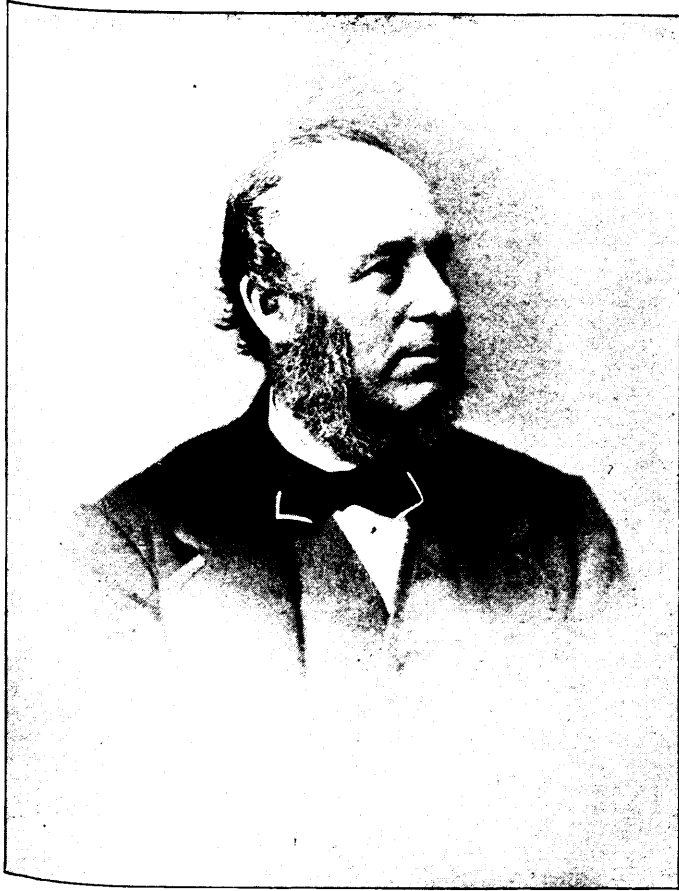
VERY REV. DEAN NORMAN
From a photograph by Notman.



E. F. CLARKE, Esq., M.P.P., MAYOR OF TORONTO.
From a photograph by J. Bruce.



ARCH ROCK, MACKINAW, LAKE SUPERIOR.



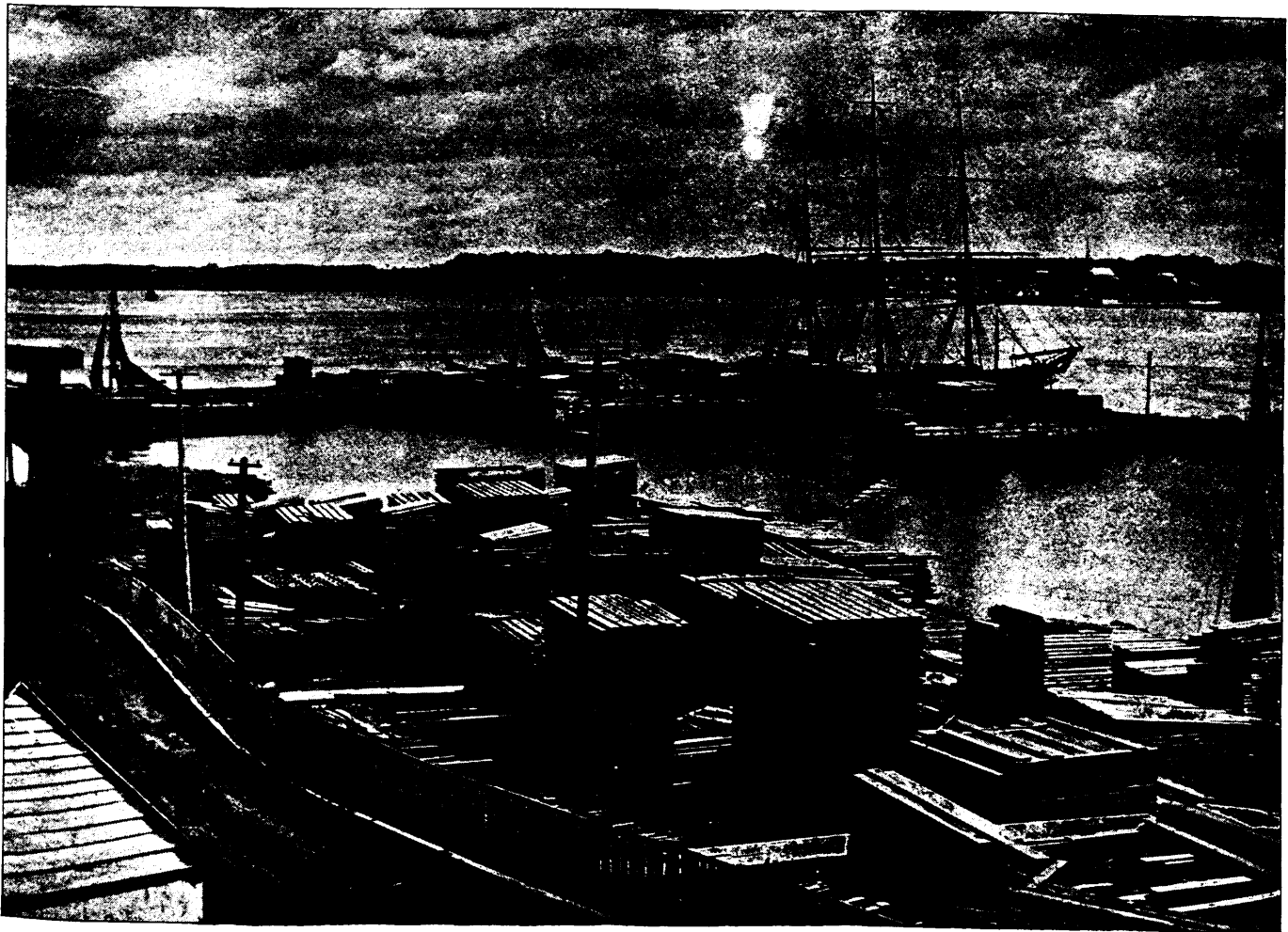
HON. SIR ADAMS G. ARCHIBALD, M.P.

From a photograph by Topley.



HON. OLIVER MOWAT, M.P., PREMIER OF ONTARIO.

From a photograph by J. Bruce.



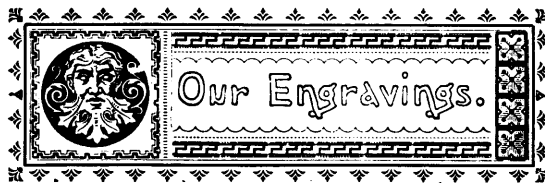
BRIDGEWATER COVE, NEAR QUEBEC.

for shipment next spring. Of this total we learn that 200 tons were used for home consumption. It is not surprising, in the face of such a showing, that the Minister should express the hope that in time our own farmers may see the advisability of using a fertilizer so highly appreciated abroad. It is, moreover, quite in keeping with that showing that the agricultural correspondent of the *Times* should write that, though these phosphate deposits form one of the greatest sources of Canada's future wealth, only a few small spots have as yet been tapped, and "these are, as a rule, worked by Americans." The correspondent would explain away that apparent apathy on the ground that the Canadian phosphate industry is still in its infancy. He must mean a legal infancy, for certainly it has been long enough in operation to be weaned by this time from American wet nurses.

The portion of the Agricultural Report which gives this information indicates the importance of the phosphate industry in words that should reach the ears or eyes of all persons who are interested in the development of this branch of our mineral productions. Recent enquiries have, it appears, elicited the fact that the great guano beds of Chili and Peru are becoming exhausted, and the consequence is that the British farmer is getting afraid lest he be left without an accessible and cheap supply of fertilizers. The discussion of the subject has drawn attention to the Canadian phosphate deposits. Evidently, those who were concerned in the matter in England had no notion of the extent of the latter. It was in order to throw light on the subject that the *Times* correspondent wrote as he did. It would appear that a *furor* for nitrates had set in and that much money had already gone to South America for that substance, which, as a fertilizer, is much inferior to our phosphates. On that point, indeed, there is no doubt whatever among experts, the superiority of phosphate as a plant food having been proved by experience. The nitrates may serve as stimulants, but their effect is evanescent, whereas the phosphates really and permanently enrich the soil. An experiment made last year with the latter, in a crude state, reduced to powder, demonstrated its value in the most practical manner. It only remains now for our own capitalists and farmers to give the subject the attention that it merits and not leave it entirely to strangers to dilate upon and to delve into this vast source of national wealth.

PERSONAL.

There are several names mentioned as possible successors of the late Professor Young in the chair of metaphysics and ethics at University College, Toronto. Prof. Watson of Queen's stands a very good chance if he would accept the post. Prof. Young long ago said: "I would resign tomorrow in favour of Prof. Watson." Prof. Watson was trained at Edinburgh, has been a close student of German philosophy and its modifications by Scotch thinkers. He is under forty and has already published two books dealing with the philosophy of Kant. Prof. Schurman, who is in charge of the same branches at Cornell University, in New York State, a native of the Maritime Provinces, and under forty years of age, will be an applicant for the chair. The name of Prof. Clark of Trinity is also mentioned, but he has no aspirations for the position, and his love for his Church and her interests would stand in the way of his accepting. The Minister of Education considers this a difficult chair to fill, and is likely to take the bull by the horns at once and get the appointment out of the way before it becomes seriously complicated.



PERFECT BLISS.—Sir John Everett Millais, R.A., is never more happy than when he undertakes to express the fresh charms, the sweet innocence and unconscious joyousness of children. A fine example of his characteristic felicity in this class of painting is the picture "Perfect Bliss," which we present to our readers in this issue. The face and attitude of the little maiden suggest a dream of contentment the calm of which no intruding care has yet disturbed. Anxiety for the future has caused no shadow to rest upon that fair young brow with its clustering golden curls. As we gaze on the sweet face we catch the spirit of her dream and feel the tranquil joy of the early summer, with its teeming life, noiseless, yet quick with nature's manifold movement. "Perfect Bliss" is a good instance of Millais' later work and also of the skill with which he blends realism and allegory.

THE VERY REV. DEAN NORMAN.—Montrealers—especially those who have followed our educational development in recent years—will at once recognize the striking portrait of Dean Norman, which appears among our illustrations this week. The Very Rev. Richard Whitmore Norman, D.C.L., was born at Southborough, Kent, England, on the 24th of April, 1829. Dr. Norman was educated at King's College, London, and Exeter College, Oxford. In 1852 he was ordained deacon; in 1853, priest. He served successively as curate of St. Thomas, Oxford, Fellow and head of St. Michael's College, Tenbury and warden of Radley College. In 1866 he came to Canada, hoping that the change would benefit his health, which had been impaired by overwork. He was induced to remain. In 1868 he was appointed assistant at the Church of St. John the Evangelist; in 1872 he assumed a like position in the Church of St. James the Apostle. In 1883 he became rector of St. Mathias, in 1887 accepted the charge of canon assistant at Christ Church Cathedral, and a year ago was invited to Quebec and was soon after installed as dean of that diocese. For years before he had left Montreal Dean Norman had been connected with the Protestant Board of School Commissioners, of which he became chairman in 1880. He became a member of the Protestant Committee of Public Instruction in 1883; was president of the Montreal Art Association in 1887, vice-president of the Philharmonic Society, and hon. clerical secretary of the Provincial Synod in 1880. He is vice-chancellor of Bishops' College, Lennoxville, and a Fellow of McGill University. Dr. Norman has published several works which have been favourably received by the public.

MAYOR CLARKE.—The chief magistrate of Toronto, Edward Frederick Clarke, is a native of Baillieboro, County Cavan, Ireland, where he was born on the 24th April, 1850. He attended the National Model School in the Town of his birth and came to Canada in 1864, settling in Toronto, where he married Charlotte Elizabeth, daughter of Daniel Scott, Esq. Mr. Clarke belongs to the printers' craft and is publisher of the *Star*. He first entered public life in 1886, being returned to the Legislative Assembly of Ontario for Toronto, and he has now attained to the mayoralty, the highest gift in the hands of his fellow citizens.

HON. SIR ADAMS GEORGE ARCHIBALD, K.C.M.G., LL.D., Q.C., son of Samuel Archibald, Esq., and grandson of the late James Archibald, Esq., judge of the Court of Common Pleas, Nova Scotia. Born at Truro, N.S., 18th May, 1814; educated at Pictou Academy under the late Rev. D. McCulloch. Married 1st June, 1843, Elizabeth A., only daughter of the late Rev. John Burnyeat. Called to the Bar of P.E.I. in 1838 and to that of N.S. in 1839. Appointed Q.C. in 1856, D.C.L. in 1883, of King's College, N.S. Is president of the board of governors of Dalhousie College, Halifax. Was a member of the Executive Council of Nova Scotia, first as Solicitor-General from 14th August, 1856, until the resignation of the Government, 14th February, 1857; secondly as Attorney-General from 10th February, 1860, until 11th June, 1863. Was a delegate to England, with the late Hon. J. W. Johnstone, to arrange terms of settlement with the British Government and the General Mining Association in respect to Nova Scotia mines, and to ascertain views of the British Government on the question of the union of the provinces, 1857; to Quebec on subject of Intercolonial R.R., 1861; to Charlottetown Union Conference, 1864; to Quebec Conference same year, and to the General Conference in London to complete terms of union, 1866-7. Took a prominent part in local legislation; carried bills for regulating municipal elections; in reference to the gold fields; restricting election franchise, previously universal, to ratepayers; and assisted in making measures in reference to education. Sworn of the Privy Council, 1st July, 1867, and was Secretary of State for the Provinces from that date until early in 1868, when he resigned. Was Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba and the Northwest Territories from 20th May, 1870, until May, 1873, when he resigned; and Judge in Equity of Nova Scotia from 24th June, 1873, until 4th July, same year, when he was appointed Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia, on the death of Hon. Joseph Howe, and continued in that office until July, 1883. Was one of the directors of the Canadian Pacific Railway under Sir Hugh

Allan, 1872. Created a Companion of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, 1873, and a knight of same order in 1885. Sat for Colchester in Nova Scotia Assembly from 1851 to 1859, when, the county being divided, he was returned for South Colchester, which he represented until the union. Sat for Colchester in the Commons from September, 1869, until appointed Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba in May, 1870. Was re-elected to Commons for Colchester in August, 1888. A Conservative.

HON. OLIVER MOWAT, Q.C., LL.D., eldest son of the late John Mowat, Esq., formerly of Cainsby, Caithness-shire, Scotland, who, after serving in the army during the campaign in Portugal and Spain, under Lord Wellington, came to Canada in 1816, and settled at Kingston, by Miss Leveck, and brother of Rev. Professor Mowat, of Queen's University, Kingston. Born in Kingston, 22nd July, 1820; educated there. Married, 1846, Jane, second daughter of the late John Ewart, Esq., of Toronto. Studied law first with Hon. (now Sir) John A. Macdonald and with Mr. Justice Burns. Was called to the Bar (U. C.) in Michaelmas term, 1841; created a Q.C. in 1856; is a bencher *ex officio* of the Law Society of Ontario, and head of the law firm of Mowat, Maclellan & Downey. Sat in the City Council of Toronto for two years. Has been President of the Canadian Institute, Toronto. Was a commissioner for consolidating Public General Statutes for Canada and Upper Canada respectively in 1856. Sat in the Quebec Union Conference, 1864. Has been President of the Evangelical Alliance of Ontario since 1867. Sat for South Ontario in Canada Assembly from 1857 until he retired from public life, 1864. An unsuccessful candidate for Kingston, 1861. Was Provincial Secretary in the Brown-Dorion administration from 2nd to 6th April, 1858. Postmaster General in the Sandfield-Macdonald-Dorion administration from May, 1863, until March, 1864; held the same office in the coalition Government from June, 1864, until 14th November, same year, when appointed Vice-Chancellor of Upper Canada, an office he resigned 25th October, 1872, on being called upon to form a new administration in Ontario, of which province he has since remained Premier. Appointed a member of the Executive Council and Attorney-General, 31st October, 1872. As Vice-Chancellor was one of the judicial officers appointed under 34 Vic., chap. 7 (Ont.) to inquire into and report upon Estate Bills in the House of Assembly. Returned for present seat by acclamation in November, 1872, and again at general elections, 1875, re-elected at general elections in 1879, 1883 and 1886. A Reformer.

ARCH ROCK, MACKINAW ISLAND.—Although it has not been the custom of the people of Canada to boast of her natural curiosities, she yet possesses many of them. One which is illustrated in the present number is Arch Rock, Mackinaw Island, which, rising to a height of 279 feet, presents the unique appearance of a bridge. It is of limestone, and, as one of what are termed the "pictured rocks," is a point of interest for travellers. The view from the summit extends over a considerable portion of Lake Superior. The rock is almost perpendicular, but can be climbed without much difficulty. The Canadian Pacific and other steamboats call there on their summer trips and the opportunity to see this wonderful freak of nature is largely availed of.

BRIDGEWATER COVE (NEAR QUEBEC)—The illustration gives an excellent idea of the seat and surroundings of a portion of that important industry of the harbour of Quebec—the export lumber trade. By those at all familiar with what is known as "the Ancient Capital" it will be seen that the cove is at the westerly end of the port proper, the wharves being immediately south of Champlain street and the rock upon which the citadel has been built. During the season of navigation this port of the River St. Lawrence is a scene of great activity, vessels being laden with lumber for all parts of the world. The vessel which is taking in her cargo is the clipper ship "Favonius," for Melbourne, Australia. Our antipodean relatives are accustomed to purchase considerable quantities of Canadian lumber, and there can be no doubt that its volume is capable of material augmentation. Our picture gives a capital idea of the manner in which the coves are laid out for the accommodation of the rafts by which the lumber comes down from the points of production.

THE WHIRLPOOL, NIAGARA.—Of this scene of natural grandeur and power we find the following description in "Picturesque Canada": "A little above the railway bridge the channel contracts, forming a narrow curve and a rapid descent, and the river, which just before seems languidly gliding on, as if exhausted with the shock and concussion of its great fall, suddenly leaps into the whirlpool again, and dashes on in the wild tumult of the whirlpool rapids. The depth of the river at the spot where these rapids begin has been computed at two hundred and ten feet. A quarter of a mile lower down is the whirlpool, a scene of extraordinary beauty and attraction. As the river approaches this place, its rapid descent and the narrowness of its curved and rocky bed force the stream, which here runs at the rate of twenty-seven miles an hour, into a piled-up ridge of water, from which liquid jets and cones, often rising to the height of twenty feet, are thrown into the air. Here the river course is again changed, and it makes an abrupt turn to the right, while the strength and violence of its current, as it sweeps round the cliff on the American side, produces so strong a reaction as to press part of the stream into a recess or basin on the Canadian shore, the struggling and counter working currents thus forming the great vortex of the whirlpool."

BUCK ISLAND, OTTAWA RIVER.—This delightful resort of the seekers of pleasure and rest, of which we give two illustrations, is, doubtless, well known to some of our readers. Those who are familiar with the Ottawa River route from Montreal to the capital will have no difficulty in verifying the locality. The engravings are from photographs taken last summer, and Mr. T. H. Harper, to whose courtesy we are indebted for them, sends us the following note conveying his impressions of the scene: "Buck Island, about 35 miles below Ottawa, 4 miles miles below Thurso village. It is composed of one large and two small islands, and the picture was taken in a channel running between them, looking towards the main stream, which is hid from view by the smallest of the three islands. Our camp was situated at the head of the largest island. It is, I think, one of the prettiest scenes of the kind among the many islands studding this part of the Ottawa River."

THE WINNINISH.—Those of our readers who have heard of the celebrated land-locked salmon of Lake St. John, called by the Indians *ouinaniche* (pronounced winninish), will, no doubt, thank us for the illustration in this number showing some very fine specimens of this noble fish. In flavour the *ouinaniche* is very little, if at all, inferior to the ordinary salmon. It is seldom taken, however, more than fourteen to sixteen pounds in weight. It is beautifully spotted, rises freely to the fly, and, when struck, fights long and hard for liberty, taxing severely the angler's skill and tackle alike. It is peculiar to Lake St. John and to the rivers flowing into it, and parts of the banks of the latter have been leased, with the fishing privileges attached thereto, for a term of years, by clubs of wealthy American sportsmen, who have obtained incorporation for the purpose at the hands of the Lieutenant-Governor in Council. Kit Clarke, the famous American angler, thus briefly described his first experience of *ouinaniche* fishing last summer:—"The sportsman whose hook for the first time impales the fish will be dumbfounded at the tremendous leaps and fiery struggles of his heroic antagonist. His vigorous contentions are astounding, while at every leap into the air he turns a complete somersault, all the while shaking his head with the fierceness of an enraged tiger. These terrific leaps are so continuous, that one seems to be fighting the fish in the air as much as in the water. The first one I hooked smashed my rod into pieces—a trusty tool, that had done yeoman's service in many a hard-fought battle and never before surrendered—and promptly escaped; the second broke the hook and went his way; the third parted my line (E size, silk waterproofed) and disappeared, and then I began to feel interested. I determined to hold a winning hand in the subsequent proceedings. I rigged up for whales, and the next fish was safely landed, and I fell upon him bodily. Even then it required no little effort to completely kill him, and, when the deed was finally accomplished, I held him up, carefully examined, and then carelessly fondled the grandest warrior of the watery kingdom."

THE JEANNOTTE RIVER.—The view of a portion of the Jeannotte river is a fair specimen of the wild natural scenery abounding in the country traversed by the Quebec and Lake St. John Railway. The Jeannotte is the southerly outlet of Lake Edward, as the northeast branch of the Batiscan river is its northern discharge. About twenty miles from its source it flows into the Batiscan, and thus are reunited the waters of the lake, divided for a space by the Isle of Lake Edward, which is thus enclosed by the lake itself and its two outlets. Where the Jeannotte empties into the Batiscan, the opposite bank of the latter is hugged by the Lake St. John Railway. It is exceedingly difficult to scale the Jeannotte, in consequence of the succession of rapids and cascades, such as shown in our engraving, necessitating long and tedious portages through an exceedingly difficult country. It is picturesque in the extreme, and its waters fairly teem with trout. Though one of the finest streams in Canada for fly-fishing, very few white men have ever cast a fly on its lower waters. This is, no doubt, largely due to the difficulty of ascending it. It is quite easy of access by way of Lake Edward, and some of the most remarkable fishing reported from this section of the country has been done just below the lake, in what is known as "the discharge." This is the locality depicted in our illustration.

SALVAGE ROCK, HARBOUR GRACE, Nfld.—This old warrior has stood the storm for centuries. It stands well out at the entrance of Harbour Grace. When a heavy sea is on it is a grand sight to watch the waves dashing over and at times almost hiding it from view. "Long Harry," the companion of its solitude, stands nearer the shore, and resembles the Leaning Tower of Pisa. Harbour Grace may be dimly seen in the distance with two sealing steamers in the ice, evidently waiting for the wind to change and move the ice out.

THE CATHEDRAL OF GENEVA.—It is announced that the church of St. Pierre, in Geneva, where Calvin preached, is in need of extensive repairs. The northern tower must be entirely rebuilt, and the principal façade must be considerably altered; the interior also will require to be restored. The lowest estimate for these works is set down at 500,000 f.; but the cost will probably exceed this sum. A society has been formed at Geneva to raise the necessary funds.



The name of Dora Greenwell is, perhaps, better known to American and Canadian readers than are the writings of that gifted woman. Her real name was not Dora, but Dorothy. A member of a North of England family, that had held the same estate for more than three centuries and a half—and one of the great sorrows of her life was parting, through stress of circumstances, with her old home—she was born on the 6th of December, 1821, and breathed her last on the 29th of March, 1882. She had already made a fair reputation in letters when, through reverse of fortune, the property of her father, Mr. William Thomas Greenwell, had to be sold. It was situated at Lancaster, in the county of Durham, and not very far from the cathedral city, in which so many years of Dora's life were destined to be spent. The interval between her departure from the Ford and her permanent settlement at Durham was passed partly in Northumberland, partly in Lancashire, with brothers who were clergymen. The Durham period, which began in 1854, in her 34th year, was also that of her greatest intellectual activity. Her prose works cover a wide range. The "Colloquia Crucis" is, as the title implies, a study in the spiritual life. It was preceded by "Two Friends," and both volumes are marked by a certain mystical tenderness and pathos. Still earlier were "The Patience of Hope" and "A Present Heaven." The "Liber Humanitatis" is a series of essays on various aspects of religious and social life. A biography of John Woolman, the Quaker, still further revealed her sympathy with contemplative quietism. The first volume of her poems appeared in 1861; a revised edition of it in 1867. It was dedicated to the memory of Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Later two other volumes were published. The selections just issued by Walter Scott (Toronto: W. J. Gage & Co.) comprise pieces or extracts from the three volumes, "Carmina Crucis," "The Soul's Legend" and "Camera Obscura." There are many poems in the volume that we would gladly present to our readers, if our space permitted. Something we must give, however, and we select this:

HOME.

Two birds within one nest;
Two hearts within one breast;
Two spirits in one fair
Firm league of love and prayer,
Together bound for aye, together blest.
An ear that waits to catch
A hand upon the latch;
A step that hastens its sweet step to win;
A world of care without,
A world of strife shut out,
A world of love shut in.

And this:

To Elizabeth Barrett Browning, in 1861.

I praised thee not while living; what to thee
Was praise of mine? I mourned thee not when dead;
I only loved thee,—love thee! O thou fled
Fair spirit, free at last where all are free,
I only love thee, bless thee, that to me
For ever thou hast made the rose more red,
More sweet each word by olden singers said
In sadness, or by children in their glee;
Once, only once, in life I heard thee speak,
Once, only once, I kissed thee on the cheek,
And met thy kiss and blessing; scarce I knew
Thy smile, I only loved thee, only grew,
Through wealth, through strength of thine, less poor, less weak.

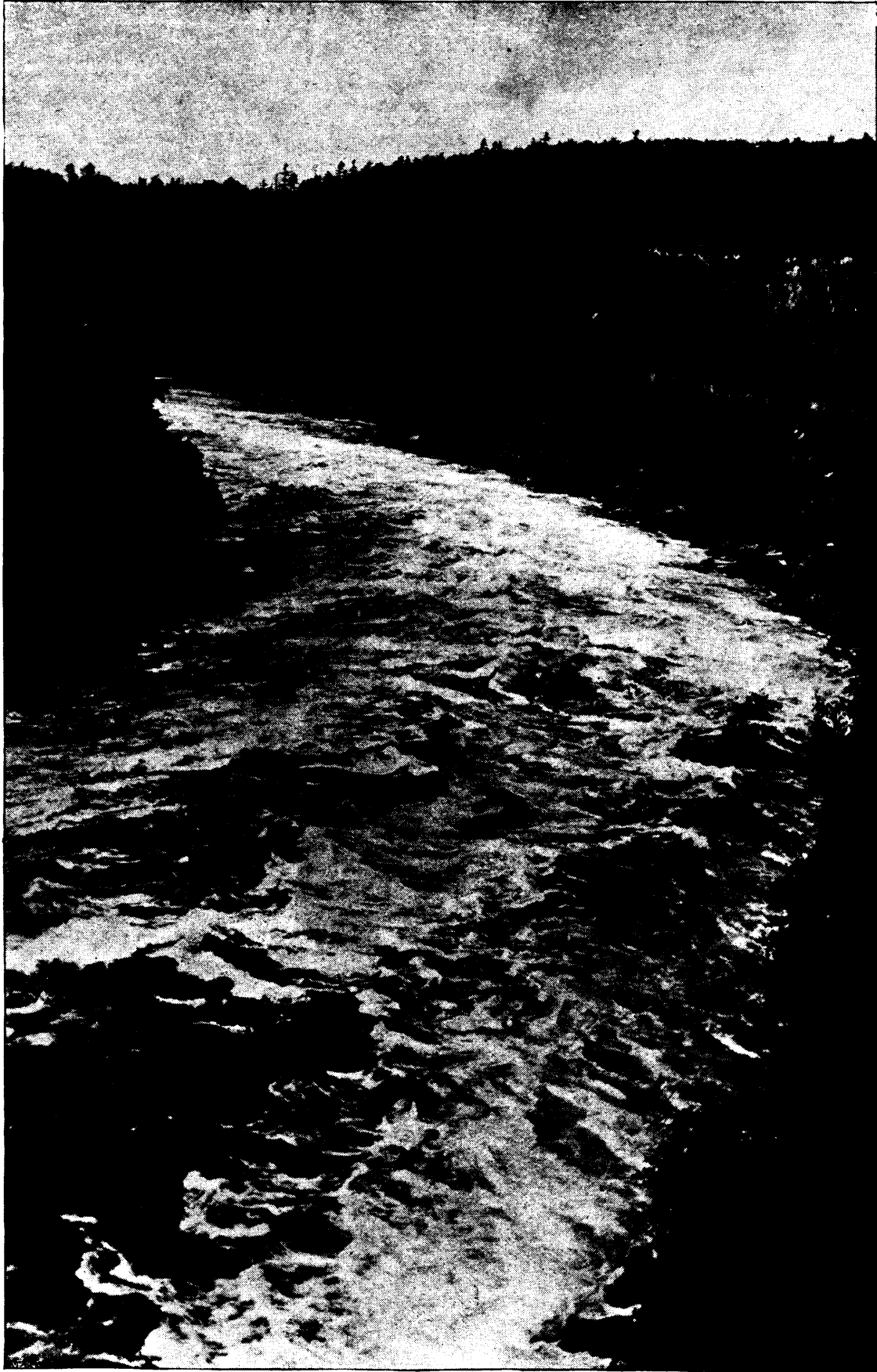
Oh! what hath death with souls like thine to do?

We owe to the courtesy of the author three essays of uncommon interest: "The Origin of Languages, and the Antiquity of Speaking Man," "Race and Language," and "The Development of Language." The first, which has attracted much attention among scholars and men of science to a new theory to account for the diversity of human speech, was delivered before the Anthropological Section of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, at Buffalo, on Aug., 1886. The second first appeared in the *Popular Science Monthly* for January, 1888, and the third,

which has already been incidentally mentioned in our columns, was read before the Canadian Institute, Toronto, in April last. Mr. Horatio Hale, to whose pen and kindness we are indebted for these learned and suggestive papers, is, we need scarcely say, one of the most distinguished of living authorities on American philology and linguistics. These fruits of his latest researches in his chosen field are worthy of most careful study. We have also to acknowledge the receipt of a work of rare value on a subject not unconnected with that which has so long engaged Mr. Hale's attention, "Traditions Indiennes du Canada Nord-Ouest," with original text (in Esquimaux, or Eskimo, as it is now generally spelled, and other tongues), by the Rev. Father Petitot, for some twenty years a missionary among the extreme northern tribes. The services of Father Petitot to the cause of aboriginal American philology and folk-lore have been recognized by high authorities in his native France and other countries. The task of collecting these traditions from the lips of the Dog-ribs, the Esquimaux-Tchiglit and the Tchippewayans was to him, doubtless, a labour of love. His long sojourn in those frozen regions of the MacKenzie basin and along the shores of the Arctic Ocean gave him opportunities that fall to few and that only the most devoted of evangelists and the most enthusiastic of scientists could desire. The translation is word for word, and it sometimes demands the closest attention to detect the meaning. It is, we think, a pity that Father Petitot did not add a free translation into ordinary French, as he could have discharged that additional task more effectively than any of his readers can be expected to do. We must not complain, however, for the book is really a treasure of rarest knowledge, for which we are duly grateful. Some of our readers may recall that Mr. Douglas Brymner, of Ottawa, translated some of Father Petitot's former publications on the same subject for the *Dominion Monthly*.

Whatever divisions there may be in Christendom, on one point the various branches of Christianity are to a considerable extent agreed. There are certain hymns (not to speak of the Psalms which are common to Christians and Israelites, who have, indeed, the prior claim to them), whose sweet solace is shared alike by the disciples of all schools of theology. They are, indeed, the only possessions as to which Christians continue to practise that community of goods that prevailed in the primitive Church. Nor are they less precious for thus being held in common. In a little volume just published (Toronto: Oxford Press, 23 Adelaide street East) under the name of "St. Basil's Hymn-Book," we have a collection in which we seem to hear the voices that have swelled the anthem of praise through all the centuries. Some of them are as ancient as the Gospels—nay, antedate them, if we include such venerable Temple chants as "I.œtatus sum" and "Lauda, Jerusalem," while others are of yesterday, of today, even. Altogether, there are more than two hundred hymns, culled from many sources (all approved, however, by authority), besides "daily prayers, prayers at Mass, Litanies and Vespers for all the Sundays and festivals of the year, the Office and Rules for sodalities of the Blessed Virgin Mary, preparation for and prayers after confession, etc., etc." One of the objects of the work, which was prepared at St. Michael's College, Toronto, is to promote congregational singing. In the task of compilation, the aid of the Sisters of St. Joseph, Toronto, is acknowledged. A complete index facilitates reference. A companion volume, containing the music, will shortly appear.

A bill has been introduced in Pennsylvania to make "treating" a criminal offence, punishable by a fine of from fifty to a hundred dollars. If the man who wants to take a drink could do so without inviting everybody in the vicinity to join him, and then removing the obligation by accepting a similar courtesy at the expense of each individual present, the drinking habit would be enormously reduced of half its terrors.



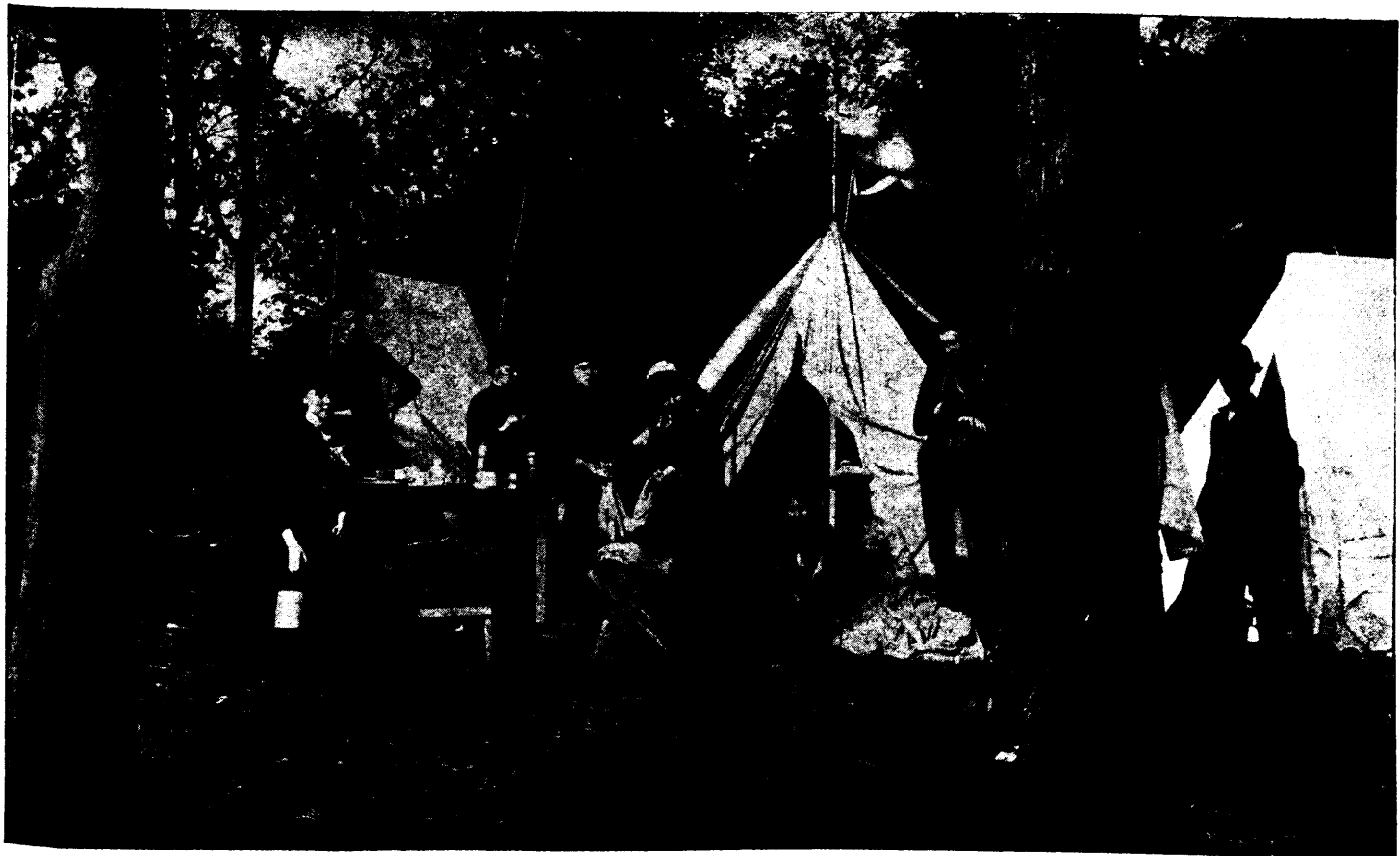
THE WHIRLPOOL, NIAGARA.

From a photograph by Zybach.

SUMMER CAMPING ON THE OTTAWA.



BUCK ISLAND; A FAVOURITE RESORT.



A CAMPING PARTY AT BUCK ISLAND.

From photographs by Pittaway & Jarvis.

The Lady in Muslin.

Margaret confined herself entirely to the sick-room: she never repeated her visits to ask for books; and even when we occasionally went to see the little invalid, the hostess was always present, and on no pretence did Margaret allow her to quit the room at such times. Still, the position was queer.

The day passed anxiously. Cecile continued ill. The doctor spoke hopefully; but nevertheless, the wonderful changes he was always predicting were very long in making their appearance; and at length, on the evening of the second day, in spite of my usual principle of non-interference in all that concerned the child, I could not help asking Gaunt if he had no female relation for whom he could send. Gaunt pish'd and pshaw'd, and said she could not be in better hands than she was; and he showed all his usual signs of disagreeableness and ill-humour when anything was mentioned that touched upon Cecile's relations or history; but I noticed, with silent satisfaction, that the next evening he sat down and wrote a letter which he took care to post himself.

Who the letter was to, I know not; whether he asked any one to come to his assistance, I know not; he certainly did not seem to expect any one, for he engaged a young person as nurse to Cecile, and sent up for assistance from London.

Still, I was not surprised, on the evening of the fourth day, when, just as we were sitting down to dinner, to hear the landlady announce that a lady wished to speak to Mr. Gaunt. Dick got up with a bound from his chair, and I never knew him make a quicker exit from the room. Now, thought I, surely this must be "the sister" that visited him so unexpectedly in London; surely the mystery is about to be explained. Outside I heard them speaking in low tones; still I could distinguish that the lady's voice was soft and pleasant, and I turned with some curiosity as Gaunt pushed open the door and invited her to enter.

"Mr. Mark Owen—Mrs. Marsh," Dick said, solemnly, and the little old lady put out her hand, exclaiming "Oh! the 'Mark' Cecile has told me so much about in her letters."

I tried to look pleased and flattered at this friendly address and the warm shake of the hand that accompanied it, but my inward feelings were decidedly those of disapprobation. To confess the truth, I had had some dim expectation of the original of that beautiful picture making her appearance in reply to Gaunt's letter, and the soft voice had heightened very much such expectation.

The yellow old lady did not stay long with us; with a maternal smile to us both, she told us to sit down again to our dinner, and not to be anxious; then laying her hand familiarly on Dick's arm, she added, "It's my turn again, now, you know; cheer up." Gaunt looked up at her far from cheerfully; but he only shrugged his great shoulders in reply; at which Mrs. Marsh nodded back, and then disappeared with a queer whisking kind of way through the door into the next room.

Dick slowly rubbed his hands—"She's no beauty, Mark," he said, in an apologetic tone; "but that little woman's a jewel!—a rare creature!"

"I've no doubt of it," I replied, obeying her injunction to go on dining. "Shall I help you to some of this?"

"A little gravy," Dick answered. We ate silently for some minutes.

"I feel intensely relieved," Dick said, presently; "and yet I could not have expected her to come. Another pupil of hers is in the last stages of consumption; I scarcely expected she would leave her."

"Another pupil?—then Cecile was her pupil?" I said.

"Of course she was—why, you don't think I've had the child always with me," Dick exclaimed, testily; "besides——" he stopped short.

At that moment a shadow came falling across the lawn; a light foot mounted the steps of the verandah, and then Margaret Owenson stood

before the window. She was not smiling. Since the day of Cecile's accident, a shade had gathered over her face—a shade of anxiety—that recalled so much the expression of the lady at the railway station, with whom, however, she denied identity.

"May I come in?" she said. "Don't disturb yourselves; I only come to see how little Cecile is, and also to inquire how the nurse goes on?"

She took a chair, with her usual ease, at a little distance from the table, and sat down. We had no objection to her company, and we were so accustomed to her free ways that they in no way affected its charm.

Of course Gaunt told of the new arrival; an old friend of his, he said, who had consented to come and nurse the child; probably they would be able to make some arrangement to have her removed. The place was so inconvenient for invalids, on account of the distance from all medical aid.

I was a little surprised Dick had never mentioned the idea to me, though certainly Mrs. Marsh had only arrived half an hour ago.

Miss Owenson listened anxiously. "I suppose, then," she said, quickly, "you will also be on the move?"

Dick hesitated and looked at her. "I was not thinking of that just yet," he said.

Women are quick guessers.

Margaret understood the hesitation and the look. She flushed in a manner that ought to have been very gratifying to Mr. Gaunt, and then rising suddenly and as if embarrassed, she said, "I'll go now and have a peep at Cecile."

Opening the door gently, she was just about to enter, when some one or something startled her; as if she had suddenly set her foot on a dangerous path, she recoiled, and I saw it was with difficulty she repressed the exclamation that her lips were already open to make. Very quietly, scarcely making a sound, she closed the door again.

"Cecile is sleeping," she said, in a hurried voice, "so I must wait." In spite of her endeavours to appear calm, I saw how agitated she was.

"You did not expect to see a stranger?" I said; "it startled you."

"A little. I didn't understand that Mr. Gaunt's friends had arrived," she answered.

Gaunt was occupied in selecting some cherries for our guest, and I suppose had not observed her agitation. He only said:

"There, Miss Owenson, they are not very fine, but I believe the rain has damaged the fruit-trees considerably."

The interest with which Margaret examined the cherries, and the animated remarks she made on the disagreeableness of rain, storm, and wind, &c., convinced me that there was something wrong. Miss Owenson was not usually eloquent on small matters. Gaunt—the stupid fellow—in spite of his lover's eyes, apparently saw nothing strange. He talked and laughed, and picked out fruit for her, and I think she was as grateful to him for his blindness as for his attentions.

Those cherries were very slow in disappearing though; and she rose before they were half finished, saying she must go, as she intended driving to—that evening. "Don't offer to come with me, though," she added laughing as we both exclaimed, "Oh!" "I am going on very particular business."

Gaunt and I sat some time talking after she left us; but it was only towards the end of our conversation, just as, with his cigar in his mouth, he was standing half in and half out of the window on his way to the garden, that Dick took courage to say:

"If you don't find it unbearable, Mark, I should like to stay here another week, even supposing we do dispose of Cecile."

"On account of the lady at the cottage, I suppose, now," I said sarcastically.

"A little, perhaps," he answered, drily.

After he had disappeared I indulged in a long soliloquy on the folly of the human race, and of Richard Gaunt in particular. I felt irritated. Did he think it was amusement to a man of my stamp and education to stand by and do nothing but watch his foolish love-making? Or did he think that that weighty purse of his, and that

great Goth-like figure, made rivalry between us a mere farce? Another week! And yet I was not sorry to think I had still seven days to wonder at, to quarrel with, and admire Margaret Owenson.

The night was very still and close—unusually close, it seemed, following those days of rain and chilly winds. I could not sleep—I was not feverish or restless—merely disinclined to sleep. I rose quietly and, throwing open the window, sat down beside it and lighted a cigar.

The night was moonless and dark; heavy clouds shut out the stars, but constant flashes of summer lightning supplied their place, and I sat watching the bright blue illuminations, smoking my cigar, and quietly enjoying the little air there was.

The night was so quiet, that the gurgling of the stream at the bottom of the garden was to be heard distinctly; and that, indeed, was the only sound, except the faintest occasional rustling of the leaves, that broke the stillness.

Suddenly I fancied I heard the breaking of branches, and a quick rustling as of some agitation among the shrubs. Not a breath of air was stirring the leaves of the climbing roses by the window—it could not be the wind. The sound came from the direction of the planks crossing the boundary stream; and thither I turned my eyes. I was the more on the *qui vive* for midnight depreddations constantly committed on his poultry-yard; and, knowing there were gipsies in the neighbourhood, I watched curiously, and was quite anxious to do him a good turn by finding out, and, if I could, securing the thief.

(To be continued.)

IN THE PINES.

When the snow is drifting, tossing,
On Mount Royal's rugged breast,
And the trees' gaunt arms are crossing,
With a vain and fierce unrest;

When the stars are twinkling, gleaming,
Through the keen and frosty air,
And the moon's rare radiance streaming
Finds frost jewels everywhere;

Where the pines' dark crests are soaring,
On the mountain's western side,
Hearken to the muffled roaring,
Like a distant surging tide;

'Tis the winter wind that strayeth
Through the pine trees' depths profound,
Like a saddened Voice that prayeth
For some hope and rest, unfound.

Listen! just above the roaring,
Faintly breathing, faintly heard,
Comes a high sweet strain that soaring
Like the matins of a bird,

Fades away in frosty distance,
Vague, unfinished as a dream!
Ere the straining ear that listens
Knows the beauty of its theme.

What is this song spirit hov'ring,
Where the old, wide-branching pines,
Wondrous forest secrets cov'ring,
Only speak in mystic signs?

'Tis the echo of a story,
Told in song long months ago,
When the flood of springtide glory
Filled the fields with vernal glow.

'Twas the rossignol that, singing,
In the pine trees' branches high,
Set the woods vibrating, ringing,
With his sweet, rejoicing cry.

"Sweet, sweet, sweet!" he cried, repeating,
In a reckless flood of song,
"Sweet Canadian bird!" his greeting
Trilled the woodland paths along.

Soon the pine trees caught the burden
Of his rippling clear refrain,
Held it prisoned as a guerdon,—
Still he sang it o'er again.

Now, when summer days are over,
Sings the rossignol no more;
Sparkling, stainless snow drifts cover
All the mountain pathways o'er;

But, from out the Pine's recesses,
Faintly breathing, faintly heard,
Comes a high sweet strain that blesses
Like the vespers of a bird!

Montreal.

HELEN FAIRBAIRN.

RED AND BLUE PENCIL.

Miss Janet Carnochan, of Niagara, writes us a welcome letter of appreciation and encouragement. We beg to thank her cordially, both for her kind words and for the patriotic sonnet which we presented to our readers in the last issue. The other contributions that she sends are all good and will appear in due time. Their tone is admirable.

We are about to be favoured with a series of articles on Australia from Mr. J. Castell Hopkins, of Toronto, hon. secretary of the Imperial Federation League in Canada. Without committing ourselves definitely to the scheme of Imperial Federation—at least, until the *modus operandi* has been more explicitly set forth than it has as yet been—we cannot fail to recognize the loyalty and spirit of patriotism that have inspired its promoters. The movement has, we believe, done much good by its publications and meetings, especially in the direction taken by Mr. Hopkins in the papers which he has promised us—that of making the scattered portions of the vast Britannic Empire acquainted with each other's resources and character. We are sure that all our readers will be grateful to Mr. Hopkins for setting the great South Pacific heritage of the British race so clearly before them as he does in his opening paper in this number of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED.

A correspondent, "J. F. H.," asks us if we recall that passage in "Julius Cæsar" where, the quarrel between Brutus and Cassius having ended in mutual regrets, the more self-contained of the two friends, in reply to the gentle reproach of the penitent Cassius as to his comrades' excess of anger, explains:

"O Cassius! I am sick of many griefs,"

to which Cassius, still in ignorance of the woful tidings that had so shaken his friend's equanimity, ventures to retort:

"Of your philosophy you make no use
If you give place to accidental griefs."

Then comes the revelation which explains a strong and true friend's momentary impatience of the petulance of the weaker one who had excused his outbreak (of the sad untimeliness of which he had, however, been all unconscious), on the ground of his own "grief and blood ill-temper'd":

"No man bears sorrow better: Portia is dead."

That was a blow of which Cassius had not dreamed:

"Ha! Portia!"

Bru. "She is dead."

Cas. "How 'scaped I killing when I crossed you so?"

The whole passage, writes our correspondent (and we fully agree with him), is not only wonderful in its grasp of character and in its dramatic power, but preaches a sermon on the forbearance due from friend to friend which has, perhaps, no parallel in literature. How many misunderstandings might be avoided if that sermon were studied and its lesson taken to heart.

"T. O'H" has done well to call attention to the merit of some of the shorter poems of the great masters of English song. We shall keep a place for his essay. He is quite right. Some of the masterpieces of English poetry, and of all poetry, are short compositions. Several of them, indeed, are sonnets, and so necessarily brief, but, apart from those (Italian and Spanish, as well as English), a considerable number of poems which both critics and general readers have agreed to class among the best consists of productions not too long to be learned by heart. We hope to call attention to some of these in connection with our contributor's paper in an early number.

Folk-lore is now occupying much attention both in Europe and on this continent. England, France, Germany, Spain, and other countries of the old world, have for years had special publications devoted to this many-sided and most fruitful study. Last January twelvemonths "The Journal of American Folk-Lore" was started under the editorial supervision of Prof. W. W. Newell, of Cambridge, Mass., assisted by Dr. Franz Boas, Mr. T. Fred. Crane and the Rev. J. Owen Dorsey.

It appears quarterly. The first volume contains a mass of most entertaining and instructive reading concerning the customs, traditions, beliefs, etc., of our aborigines, and also a good deal that is fresh and interesting touching the dialects, usages, superstitions and popular tales of the various European settlers in America. The *Journal* is the organ of the American Folk-Lore Society, of which Prof. Newell is the able secretary.

The Society of Canadian Literature, which began its existence very modestly in January last, promises to be of permanent usefulness. The idea was originated by Mr. W. D. Lighthall, who has been at much pains to perfect its organization. In this work he has been seconded by Mr. George Falconer, the acting secretary, and a committee, which comprises a representation of the lady members. The printed programme which we have received shows that arrangements have been made for fortnightly meetings, with studies or readings of the most noted Canadian authors, until the close of April. The first of these literary evenings (February 11) was devoted to Mrs. Moodie (Susanna Strickland), the essayist being Mr. H. Bragg. Additional interest was lent to the occasion by an exhibition (due to the kindness of Mrs. Col. Chamberlain, of Ottawa), of portraits, views, etc., relating to the Suffolk home of the Strickland family and illustrative of Mrs. Moodie's tastes, character and career. On the 4th of March Mr. J. Fraser Torrance entertained and instructed the society with an account of the life and writings of the late Judge Thomas Chandler Haliburton, and read passages from "The Clockmaker" and others of his works. Mr. Lighthall showed a collection of portraits of Canadian poets—Sangster, Roberts, Mair, Mrs. Harrison, Miss Machar ("Fidelis"), Mrs. Curzon, etc. The remaining subjects for the present season are "Charles Heavyside," by Mr. Geo. H. Flint, March 25; "Octave Cremazie," by Mr. George Murray, F.R.S.C., April 8; "William Kirby," by Mr. W. D. Lighthall, April 22. The society numbers about fifty members.

Mr. F. W. L. Moore read a comprehensive paper, historical and critical, on the English Constitution, before the Young Men's Christian Association, of Charlottetown, P.E.I. An animated discussion which followed turned mainly on Imperial Federation. In closing the debate, Mr. Moore spoke enthusiastically in favor of the federal scheme, and urged that if the various parts of the Empire once see that their safety depends upon a closer union, there is no power on earth that shall separate them. "We have seen the English Constitution," said Mr. Moore, "a success in the land of its growth; we have seen it a success transplanted into her self-governing colonies; we have seen it a success in groups of federated colonies. Shall we not see it triumphant in a confederated Empire? This is the sentiment so well expressed by our Canadian poet, "Laclede," of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED. The essayist then concluded his impassioned appeal for a grand union, in one mighty league, of all the scattered portions of the Queen's domain, by repeating Mr. Lesperance's stirring stanzas, with which our readers are already familiar.

We are glad to hear from "Maud" again. Red Pencil has been playing the critic, but if she objects, the offence will not be repeated. Here is her song on

EVENTIDE.

The sun sets over yonder hills,
In glorious splendour dressed,
Its crimson rays spread o'er the sky,
As the "Day King" goes to rest.

The golden light has died away,
Leaving no traces there;
The solemn calm of Eventide
Breathes through the summer air.

The very breeze, that stirred each leaf
Throughout the long bright day,
Has slowly, gently nestled down
'Neath the last dying ray.

The air is calm and all seems still,
No sound the silence breaks;
The birds and flowers have gone to sleep
Until the daylight wakes.

They each have sung their even-song,
And bowed their weary heads,
To wish goodnight to the fading light
E'er resting in their beds.

But Eventide, so calm and sweet,
With solemn thoughts can fill
Full many a heart that keeps awake
While all the world is still.

March 4, 1889.

MAUD.

Our readers are not likely to go astray as to the authorship of "I Vignauoli." We have but one master of the Bernesque style in Canada (which do not confound with burlesque, which is *longo intervallo* aloof from it) and he (need we say?) is the author of "The Enamorado." Touching that same ever welcome contributor, we hope ere long to make a most interesting announcement.

Those who did not hear Mr. Leigh R. Gregor's paper on Fréchette, before the Society of Canadian Literature, missed a treat. Good readers are scarce. Good readers of French in English circles are extremely scarce. Mr. Gregor's reading of the poet's works was admirable. His prose translations of the selected pieces, which were distributed in manuscript among his hearers, were true and clear. His criticism was thoughtful and fair. In our next number we shall have the pleasure of presenting the substance of Mr. Gregor's paper. Of French authors, Cremazie comes next, and we need say no more than that the essayist is Mr. George Murray.

"W. W. S." is an old and valued acquaintance. We read, years ago, his articles on pioneer life in Ontario. Could he not favour us with some contributions of the same kind? We like his story very well as an illustration of the ruling passion, and of honest and successful endeavour, but why does not the hero find scope for his energies and aspirations on his native soil? The "Canadien errant" may be an interesting figure, but we must not encourage his errantry.

We have heard several compliments paid to Miss Fairbairn's metrical experiments. For a beginner in those *genres*, they are, indeed, remarkable. Still, for our own part, we prefer the offspring of her untrammelled muse, thoughtful, nature-loving and truthful. Imitation of metrical extravagances is a good test of versatility and skill and helpful thus far in giving ease and finish in composition; but, too much followed, it is a waste of precious time, for however they may be admired, such efforts are hardly taken seriously by those who look to poetry for sustainment and solace.

OLD ENGLISH ROUNDELAY.

Ailie Dill went down the dale,
(Ho! ho! the Ailie),
On her head, with jaunty swale,
Ailie balanced gaily
A pail for milking of the milk,
(Ha! ho! the pail).
Ailie's skin was soft as silk,
And her step was wholesome hale.

Of her my Roundelay I sing,
(Well-a-day! the roundelay),
She was such a pretty thing
As ever was seen on never a day;
Her tucker was of bonny blue,
(What ho! the tucker),
Her lips smiled and her eyes smiled, too,
As if a thought had struck her.

It had. For lo! the Percy's men,
(What ho! the Percy),
Were ranged to go to war again,
To beat the foe, I dare say.
Now, Robin a-Green was standing by,
(Ho! ho! the Robin),
And she picked him out with half an eye
That burly armed mob in.

Ailie Dill sped up the dale,
(Ho! ho! the Ailie),
And quite forgot her milking pail,
But from the hill-top gaily
Her kerchief white she gan to play,
(What ho! the handkerchief),
And at the sundown time of day
The lovers met, 'tis my belief.
Here endeth, freres, my roundelay.

Hernwood, P.E.I.

HUNTER DUVAR.

THE LAKE ST. JOHN DISTRICT.

From photographs by Livernois.



THE WINNINISH, OR LAND LOCKED SALMON.



THE JEANNOTTE RIVER.

NEWFOUNDLAND.



SALVAGE ROCK AND SEALING STEAMERS, HARBOR GRACE.



Our Homes.

Don't talk against your relatives.

Don't let the children go to bed with cold feet.

Slang is as "catching" as chicken-pox or measles.

Would that we were not all so fond of talking of ourselves!

It is not to a girl's credit to be able to state that she knows nothing about cooking.

Are you as careful to bid the members of your own family a cheery good morning as you are the guest who sleeps beneath your roof?

Now is the time when an ounce of prevention is worth more than a pound of cure in warding off colds and coughs. Colds, sore throats, etc., are not always the results of exposure. Indigestion, constipation, greasy foods, lack of personal cleanliness, and ill-ventilation are each and all prolific sources of these maladies.

NURSERY RUG.—The cloth or drugget for the centre should measure forty-seven inches in length and thirty-one inches in width. A bright colour should of course be chosen for the centre. Then a border of about two inches in width is made of a contrasting colour, it is joined and then the seam flattened and a row of brier or herring-bone stitches fastens the seam down, and a narrow hem or fringe finishes the outer edge, also herring-boned in a contrasting colour. Upon the border all sorts of designs cut out of cretonne or flannel or anything, so the shapes are funny—dogs, dolls, fish, flowers, butterflies—everything looks pretty. They are, of course, chain or herring-boned or button-hole stitched on.

HAND SCREEN.—A curious little hand screen is made of six sheets of pink tissue paper, a sheet of bristol or card-board, half a yard of pink satin, a yard and a half of quilled pink satin ribbon, three-quarters of a yard of pink satin ribbon, not plaited, a spool of pink sewing silk and a bottle of mucilage. For the handle cut from a small Japanese fan the long bamboo stick, which answers nicely and is stronger than wood of any kind. From the bristol board cut two circular pieces, each six or seven inches in diameter. Smoothly cover one side of each with pink satin and overhand them together, the satin side out. Make a slit about two inches deep in one end of the bamboo handle and insert the satin circle. Use pins as rivets to fasten the screen and handle together; one pin at each end of the slit, passing them through from one side to the other, and as the points will be too long cut them off with a pair of sharp pincers, leaving a small portion of the pin to be turned against the handle and hammered down flatly, thus holding the screen and handle securely together. In the very centre of the circle paint with water colours a pretty design of birds or flowers. The tissue paper is then to be cut in strips about four inches wide, the entire width of the sheet; then fringe the strip quite finely, leaving half an inch at the top for a heading to be pasted to the screen; the fringe is then crimped with the scissors or the back of a knife by gathering or pinching it up between the fingers and knife, as a ruffle is crimped; each piece is to be done in this way, then unfolded and shaken out, that the fringe shall not be matted together; coat the plain heading of the fringe with mucilage and paste one piece at a time all around the outside edge of the satin circle. Then row after row, each one falling closely over the other until the satin is covered to the small circle which contains the painting or flowers. To finish the edge of the last row which is fastened to the satin, sew on the quilled satin ribbon; the plain satin ribbon is tied in a bow around the handle. In pasting the feathers on the screen it must be allowed to fall outward, as the feathers on a fan; and each side of the screen must be covered in the same manner.

AUSTRALIA.

PROGRESS, PEOPLE AND POLITICS.

PART I.

Australia, or, as it is so frequently described, the "Land of the Southern Cross," has a wonderful record in the past and a marvellous future spread before it. Few people in this cold, clear climate of ours can form any adequate conception of the beauties of tropical Australia. Let us picture to ourselves a night scene at the Antipodes. Dense forests and rolling prairies, oriental plants and brilliant flowers, the scene lit up by the rays of the moon,

Not, as in Northern climes, obscurely bright,
But one unclouded blaze of living light.

and above our heads the canopy of heaven, filled with radiant stars. In one particular place will be seen gleaming, with peculiar brightness, a galaxy of stars, forming a brilliant and beautiful cross. Amidst such scenes of tropical splendour live and prosper a rising nation, of purely British descent, bound, with us, by the ties of a common ancestry and a common allegiance, to the same sovereign and to the same united Empire. One hundred years ago the first British settlement was effected upon the island continent, and the event was last year celebrated with becoming rejoicings and a magnificent display by the millions of prosperous people who now populate the territory which a short time ago was given up to the wandering savage.

Australia has an area of nearly three million square miles, is about twenty-six times the size of the mother country, and only one-fifth smaller than the entire continent of Europe. It is believed to have been altogether unknown to the ancients, and was probably first sighted by some Portuguese navigators in the early years of the seventeenth century; but it was not till Cook's famous voyage of 1769-70 that any really definite information was obtained regarding the practically unknown continent and the foundation inaugurated of that Greater Britain of the Pacific, which offers to emigrants from the British Isles such abundant opportunities for the accumulation of wealth and the formation of happy homes, while retaining their political sentiments and national allegiance. It is just a century since Captain Phillips entered Port Jackson, and embarked his convict passengers at the foot of the slopes which are now studded with the magnificent villas of Sydney. While reading his commission as Governor beside the newly planted flagstaff, he declared, in prophetic language, "that the country, now annexed to the Imperial Crown of Britain, would one day be numbered amongst the great states of the world." Thus, once more, in Canning's famous phrase: "A new world was called into existence to redress the balance of the old."

Few countries, if any, have made so great a progress during a century's existence. At the commencement of that period the wild wastes and dense forests of Australia contained only a few black savages and some 750 transported criminals. To-day the white population number three millions, and are the most wealthy and one of the most intelligent peoples on the face of the globe. For the five canvas tents pitched about Sydney Cove, there are now five splendid cities, Melbourne, Sydney, Adelaide, Brisbane and Perth. In the matter of churches, colleges, libraries, asylums, banks, theatres, clubs, literary and scientific associations, railroads and telegraphs, they are as well supplied as cities whose history extends over ten centuries instead of one.

The largest newspaper, and certainly one of the finest magazines, in the world are published in Australia. It is claimed that they have more books in comparison to the population than any country in Europe or America. It is also stated that a larger proportion of the people are church members and subscribers to newspapers and magazines. In no other country, in ancient or modern times, has the number of domesticated animals been so large, the flocks and herds of Solomon being small affairs compared with those owned by many citizens of Australia. The wool of that

country does much toward supplying the wants of the world, while it produces wheat, beef and mutton enough to feed the inhabitants of an empire, and promises to rival France in the production of wine, and Spain in the production of oranges.

Australia possessed none of the natural advantages which attended settlement in our Canadian Dominion. The early settlers found no large lakes or navigable rivers, no fur-bearing animals, few wild animals which could be used as food, no pine trees to employ for building purposes. They had much to contend with. Lurking savages, eager to destroy the men who threatened to break the thread of their wandering life; miasmatic fevers; unknown poisonous plants, insects and fruits; hot and pestilential winds; venomous snakes. In addition to all these hardships, for a great many years, Australian colonists had to endure the terrible stigma which the transportation system stamped on all who dwelt in what was known as the land of convicts. But, with characteristic energy, they proved themselves worthy of the land they had left, conquered obstacles, laughed at difficulties, and, in the course of a comparatively short time, changed the pathless forest into cattle ranches, and the parched and dreary desert into magnificent gardens and flourishing towns.

Toronto.

J. CASTELL HOPKINS.

LITERARY NOTES.

Mr. Fergus Hume's forthcoming work, "The Girl from Malta," will shortly be issued by "The Hansom Cab" Publishing Company.

Mr. Elliott Stock announces two new volumes of verse for early publication—"Kæso: a Tragedy of the Early Church," and "Through Cloud and Sunshine;" a collection of original hymns and sacred songs by E. G. Sargeant.

Messrs. Cassell state, in a letter to the *New York Publishers' Weekly*, that, up to January 8, 1889, Mr. Rider Haggard had received £1,346 from them on account of "King Solomon's Mines." This particular mine will still, it is hoped, yield him at least as much more.

Messrs. W. H. Allen & Co. have brought out a new book, entitled "Four Famous Soldiers," by Mr. T. R. E. Holmes, author of a "History of the Indian Mutiny." The volume consists of biographies of Sir Charles Napier, Hudson of Hudson's Horse, Sir William Napier, and Sir Herbert Edwardes, which, though short, are based upon exhaustive research.

In his new book, "Darwinism and Politics," Mr. David G. Ritchie, Fellow and Tutor of Jesus College, Oxford, discusses the manner in which the Evolution theory affects politics, and in particular its application to the position of women and the questions of labour and population. Messrs. Sonnenschein will be the publishers.

We are glad to find, says the *Literary World*, that Mr. Bryce has practically secured copyright in the United States for his great book, although the Americans still get it cheaper than we do, a fact said to be due to the large sale expected in that country. What Mr. Bryce did to secure copyright seems to have been simply this: he got ex-Mayor Lowe, of Brooklyn, and some other American citizens, to contribute parts of chapters, thereby bringing the work under the Act of Congress requiring the author of a copyright book to be a citizen. Mr. Bryce's work on the American Commonwealth, the most important contribution to the study of American democracy since the publication of De Tocqueville's often quoted work, has been issued in three volumes in England and in two volumes in the United States.

We recently referred to the will of Mr. Halliwell-Phillips, the Shakespearean scholar. "Whereas," it says, "my collection of Shakespearean rarities described in a printed catalogue entitled "A Calendar of the Shakespearean Rarities Preserved at Hollingbury Copse, near Brighton," 8vo., 1887, is unrivalled and of national interest, and being desirous of its being kept in this country, I direct my trustees to offer it to the Corporation of Birmingham, in the county of Warwick (where, as the leading town of Shakespeare's native county, such a collection would be appropriately located), on condition of the said Corporation paying for it to my trustees the sum of £7,000 sterling. In case of the Corporation not accepting this offer within one year of his decease, the collection is to be deposited until it can be sold for £10,000, or, if not sold within 12 years, is to be sold in one lot by public auction. The proceeds in either case are left in trust for his wife, his four daughters, and his nephew, Mr. Ernest Edward Baker, solicitor, of Weston-super-Mare. To guard against applications from curiosity and to save his trustees trouble, any intending purchaser is to first deposit the purchase-money in the Bank of England, and there is the same provision for inspection as relates to the collection of volumes and papers above mentioned. To his nephew, Mr. Ernest Edward Baker, he leaves the whole of his printed books and manuscripts not otherwise specifically bequeathed, with the proviso that his wife may select for her own use 50 volumes printed after the year 1800. The remaining provisions are purely of a family character.

DRESS REFORM.

If a club is ever valuable, it ought to be when a few women have decided that the time has come for either liberty or death, and feel a constitutional dislike of the latter alternative. It is all very well for a woman to confess to herself that her health, her comfort, her usefulness, even her good appearance, all depend on dressing as she ought; but it is quite another thing to carry her principles into practice, and appear among her friends in a gown that defies certain accepted models, however sensible and artistic it may be. The Society for the Promotion of Physical Culture and Correct Dress, of Chicago, is one of the organizations which, by its earnest discussion of the problem of reform in dress, has already brought about a time when it no longer requires any especial courage to wear a gown devoid of certain modern conformities, we should say deformities. Advantage has naturally been taken of the prevailing Empire and Directoire fashions, so far as they are available, although many of the new gowns retain the long waist in modified forms. There has been no lack of artistic models. There are no set rules which members of the society are obliged to follow, and it is not to be supposed that every woman who has adopted the new dress necessarily belongs to this society. Modes are to be adapted more to individual needs than heretofore, although it is probable that nearly all members of the club have taken as a warning the old epitaph:

Here lies a girl,
Whose brief, brief days
Were briefer still
For wearing stays.

They think that all reform in dress must come in the lines of the beautiful and appropriate. No dress can be artistic which forbids any movement proper to the wearer or required by her duties or circumstances. Neither can anything be beautiful that shows contempt for the lines and arrangements of nature. Thus society approves the saying of Charles Reade, when, after speaking of the way the heart, liver, lungs, and other organs are placed, he asks: "Is it a small thing for the creature who wears a corset to say to her Creator that she can pack all this egg-shell china better than He can?" It avails little to put aside corsets, if the tight-fitting waist, corset modelled, which apparently cuts the figure in two, be retained. The ampler the form, the less can good taste consent to its compression, since a large woman looks less large if she moves with grace and dignity—an impossibility with ordinary dressing. Members of this society are thus far at least wonderfully free from dogmatism. They are working toward higher standards of physical culture and correct dress, but are ready to admit cheerfully any mistakes in individual applications of their principles, feeling sure, however, that it will be impossible for them to "perpetuate anything so thoroughly atrocious as the conventional dress they leave behind them."

Two small boys, looking over a text-book of hygiene used in our common schools, came across a picture of two female forms illustrating the evils of corsets, showing how the form is naturally, and how unnaturally. Pointing to the former, the smaller of the two said: "Look, Bertie! That's mamma. That other one, all squeezed up, is Aunt Belle. She's got no room for her dinner!"

RECOVERY OF ANCIENT PICTURES.—An interesting discovery in connection with Canterbury Cathedral has just been made. In the year 1827 there were two large portraits above the Warriors' Chapel—one was that of St. Gregory, and the other that of St. Augustine. They suddenly disappeared; no one knew where they had gone to, and they were supposed to have been stolen. Strange to say, they have just come to light again. A communication was made by the Countess of Guilford to Mr. H. G. Austin, who visited Eythorne, and there recognized the pictures. They had been stored away in Eythorne church, and covered with straw, no doubt being considered practically useless. They have just been handed over to the cathedral authorities by the rector of Eythorne.

I VIGNAJUOLI.

PREAMBLE.

Whereas, the feature of this latest lustrum of the Victorian Age is the construction of leagues and corners:

The undersigned high contracting parties league themselves to obtain shady corners in summer chalets and nooks out-of-doors, where God's fresh air blows through leaves, and sunshine and shadow play hide-and-seek on rivers and greenerie:

And let the name of this august Association be I VIGNAJUOLI, and we pray Franciso Berni and his joyous peers, in bliss or elsewhere, to let fall on us their mantle.

THE COMMANDMENTS.

I. Membership shall be limited to forty Canadians with brains. Should their possession of brains be questioned, aspirants may be called on to produce printed proof. Failing printed proof, they may have it ascertained by trephining.

II. The form of government shall be purely autocratic, as in the aforesaid Diet of the Rhine. A Padrone, or chief Vine-dresser, and officers of the order may be elected, even if there is no use for them.

III. The By-laws shall be those that obtained in a garden near Florence.

IV. Members of the confraternity shall have (if they like) the awe-inspiring privilege of appending to their literary signature the cognizance cypher of the most high and valorous order—V—with the button-hole decoration of a petal of cabbage, rhubarb, castor-oil plant, plantain (called by Scotsmen, "docken,") maple, or other leaf nearly resembling vine.

V. It shall be the duty of every vignajuolo to know every other vignajuolo, to admire him, to read such of his works as are not sporadic, to chat, chaff, argue, traipse, shoot, fish, hunt, trap, paddle, moon, discuss Tennyson, Swinburne, Ignatius Donnelly and the Elizabethan dramatists,—but not Martin F. Tupper nor James Montgomery,—with him, to hobnob with him in water or otherwise, to offer him none but the fairest weeds, to dangle the grapes and generally to conduct himself towards him as if it were always afternoon.

VI. All Canadian poets and dramatists; and, thereafter, when vacancies, novelists, essayists, historians, also archaists, if not too musty, but *not* philosophers nor political economists, are invited to give in their adhesion and be balloted for.

VII. It shall be the duty of the Order to wage perpetual war on sham, and to draw the pen and throw away the scabbard against all enemies of this sacred guild.

VIII. Any member who lags in the pursuit of happiness shall be expelled.

IX. Whenever any two vignajuoli gather together it shall be deemed a sederunt, and they shall report proceedings, truthfully or otherwise, to the Secretarius, who shall keep the archives in hieroglyph, tally, or on painted rocks, and records shall be handed down by tradition, as would have been before the ever-to-be-deplored invention of Cadmus. Entrance fee, nothing. Annual subscription, nil.

X. Twelve Honourable Associates may be elected, the preference being given to Artists, who shall be familiarly spoken of as the Pennellieri.

EVVIVA!

SONNETS OF WINTER-TIDE.

BY MARY MORGAN (GOWAN LEA).

I.

Through night's dark hours the snow fell, feathery light,
Until at break of morn, afar and near,
No leaflet is descried nor brooklet clear,
So close the earth is wrapped in mantle white.
Round yonder hill the snow-plough comes in sight,
Disclosing where the high-road should appear,
Tossing the white wreaths o'er the landscape drear,
Like waves before a ship, to left and right.
Symbolic picture of the march of mind—
Agent invisible—which yet doth know
Earth's proud wealth to dispose—philosophy
And art, and poesy—what it shall find
Upon its course as forward it may go,
New vistas opening for humanity!

II.

"Death is perhaps the last superstition"—Heine.
I read the secret of the earth and air,
Concealed—revealed—in frozen twig and leaf,
As surely as in spring-tide's blossom brief:—
Death opens Life's door, always, everywhere.
The bud we call "To-day," fresh, fair, and sweet,
Roots in dead Yesterday, and fades from view
Yielding To-morrow—Mount of Purple hue
Whose peak aspires the highest heaven to greet.
Decay and growth! A prophecy is each—
One of the other, in unbroken chain.
Distrustful human heart, how shalt thou reach
The knowledge that they are but aspects twain
Of the imperishable Substance—Life!
This truth attained, O soul, shall end thy strife!
Montreal, February, 1889.



"The Girl I Left Behind Me" probably thought marriage was a failure.

The fact that ignorance is bliss probably accounts for the happiness of newly married people.

Plenty of rain makes a plentiful corn crop. Herein lies the danger in getting your feet wet.

If legal compulsion would make men good, there would be no more work for editors or clergymen.

Mistress: Have you washed the fish? Biddy: Shure, mum, what's the use? Isn't it right out of the wather, mum?

"I didn't know it was loaded," said the tramp, half apologetically, as he relinquished his effort to move a heavy cart.

Woman never loses her temper; use only adds an edge to it, and if she has one to begin with, it lasts as long as she does.

Eggs have declined to 8 cents per dozen at Springfield. They are so cheap now that it is hardly safe for an amateur dramatic troupe to visit that town.

Woman has been defined as "an essay on goodness and grace in one volume, elegantly bound." But she doesn't like to be put on the shelf, all the same.

Hostess: "I hope you are enjoying your dinner, Mr. Fowler." Guest: "Yes, indeed. This country air has given me such an appetite that I can eat most anything."

A little Burlington, Vt., girl was recently asked to name the most important production of Vermont. "Unknown men who emigrate to other States and become famous," was the reply.

Nurse (to Flossie in bed)—"Now, Flossie, you must go to sleep." Flossie—"But I ain't sleepy." Nurse—"Well, if you're not asleep in five minutes, Flossie, I shall certainly give you to an elevated brakeman."

"Of course, no young lady should go out at night without a chaperone," said a Harlem belle to her Chicago visitor. "That's so," replied the Wabash avenue damsel, "but every girl hasn't got a chap of her own, you know."

Mr. Nicefellow—"Do you play or sing, Miss De Sweet?" Miss De Sweet—"No, Mr. Nicefellow; I have been kept so busy helping mother that I have never had time for music." "Miss De Sweet! Mabel! I love you. Be mine!"

Chicago Resident (to his minister.): Don't you know, sir, that you cannot resurrect the Sabbath of Moses and Aaron? Chicago Preacher: My dear sir, I am not trying to. I merely desire to transplant the Sabbath of Philadelphia and New York to Chicago.

One of the Caroline Islands is owned by an American sailor named Benjamin, who has sixteen wives, about fifty children and has nothing to do but smoke his pipe and boss the ranch. He publishes a letter in a California paper advising other sailors to do likewise.

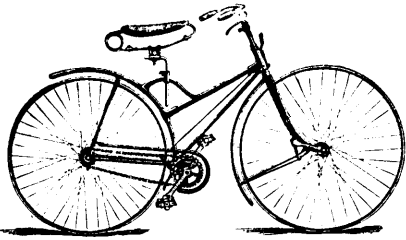
MILITIA NOTES.

Colonel Dugas has formally taken over the command of the 65th Battalion, Mount Royal Rifles.

The question of less expensive uniforms for volunteer officers is occupying a good deal of attention in England just now. The question is one which might well be taken up here. Our militia uniforms are too showy and unserviceable. Might not some one "invent" a more suitable one for our climate?

Lieut.-Col. Bacon of the Militia Department and Capt. Hood of the 5th Royal Scots (Montreal) have been appointed respectively commander and adjutant for the Wimbledon team for 1889. These two appointments will meet with every rifleman's hearty approval; two better men could not have been found for these positions.

As is suggested by the *Militia Gazette*, the Government might well consider the question of removing B Royal School of Infantry to Montreal from St. John's, P.Q., its present location. Compared with the schools in the other provinces, B School is not doing the work it ought to. In 1888 it qualified only 16 officers and 24 men out of an infantry strength of 10,106 men in its constituency; while at Fredericton A School granted certificates to 29 officers and 20 men out of a total strength of 4,966; C School in Toronto qualified 43 officers and 44 men, and D School in London 25 officers and 21 men, out of a total strength of 15,059. In other words, from every 100 infantry men in its constituency A School qualified 1; C and D Schools, 1 in every 113, and B School 1 in every 255. Surely there must be some reason for this poor showing, and may it not be found in the fact that a three months' course at St. John's means practically a three months' burial in the barrack square. Besides this, the value of the presence of a well-drilled and disciplined corps in Montreal, where 25 per cent. of the total infantry strength of the Province of Quebec are to be found, cannot be over-estimated and could not fail to greatly raise the general standard of efficiency of its militia corps.



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AN OLD HABIT.

A widower is getting married for the fourth time. During the ceremony, sobs are heard, and an astonished witness enquires: "Who is the lady who is crying so?" "Oh, that's Norah, our old nurse," answers one of the children, "she always cries when papa gets married again!"



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