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THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

TRADE MARK

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H. R. H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

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7th NOVEMBER, 1891.



Free Libraries in Victoria.

In our last issue we made mention of the library facilities afforded by the State of Massachusetts to its people, and to the wretched showing Montreal makes in comparison. It may be of interest to look at the most populous city in the Australian colonies, and see how it compares with Canada's commercial metropolis in this respect. Melbourne is scarcely half a century old, its incorporation as a town being dated 12th of August, 1842, and as a city five years later. Its rapidity of growth has been enormous, the population being now close on half a million; but its rulers and chief citizens have not allowed business success to exclude those subjects which tend to mental improvement and culture. In fine arts, in collections of objects of curiosity and interest, and in all educational and literary privileges, it is surpassed by few cities in the world. Its Public Library building is a magnificent structure which has cost over half a million dollars; it contains about 275,000 books and pamphlets, and is open to the public daily from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. without any charge for admission. During 1889 it was visited by some 462,000 persons; but this large attendance is not surprising when we remember that in Melbourne the day's work almost universally ceases at five o'clock, thus giving all classes of citizens time to take advantage of the literary facilities so freely put before them. These are not confined to the city. Throughout the colony of Victoria, the government returns show that 378 free libraries or literary institutes exist in addition to those of the capital, that these suburban institutions possess close on 450,000 volumes of books, and that about 2,900,000 visits were paid to them during the year 1889. The total population of Victoria is, in round figures, 1,200,000. While these privileges are scarcely equal to those enjoyed by the residents of Massachusetts it must be remembered that the colony, if more progressive, is very much younger and is far less advantageously situated for the easy acquirement of books. Away off in a distant corner of the world, its importations of literature from Great

Britain and the United States are necessarily attended with considerable delay and expense; and native productions have not as yet assumed very considerable proportions. Here in Canada we lie between the two great producers of English literature, and the effort and financial outlay necessary to procure the printed outcome of great minds is reduced to a minimum. Effort and energy are certainly needed to remedy our deficiencies, or we must continue to figure by comparison with sister colonies and foreign nationalities as vastly inferior to them in the measure of literary privileges we offer to our people.

Mr. Egan in Chili.

The present strained position of affairs between the United States and Chili, and the bitter hatred with which Americans are regarded in that fiery little republic, are distinctly traceable to the "popular" system of government which so many regard as the best of all national systems. It is almost impossible to conceive of any administration but one which places subservience to a powerful faction before the first principles of good government appointing a man like MR. EGAN to the position of "Envoy Extraordinary" to any foreign state; much less to one of no little influence, of strong national prejudice, and of considerable fighting calibre. The previous record of the man was such that his possession of tact, impartiality and diplomatic courtesy—qualities essential to a successful ambassador—was absolutely impossible; and, whatever his qualifications may have been for other government positions, his appointment as a representative of the nation to a foreign court was an inexcusable blunder. Within the past few years, troubles have risen fast and furious in almost every Republic on the globe—all due to a system theoretically so excellent but practically so defective. Mob law and faction influence have usurped good government; and it is to the limited monarchies of Great Britain, Germany and Austria we must turn to see nations ably ruled, kept free from internal disorder, and possessing intense love of country. The diplomatic service of a monarchy is necessarily of great importance, and is carried on by men of high social class, systematically trained for their duties. The appointment of such a man as MR. EGAN by a well-governed power would be an impossibility.

Our Christmas Number.

To avoid any misunderstanding we beg to notify our subscribers that the Christmas number is an extra one, and is sent only when specially ordered. The price is fifty cents, and we would recommend that early orders be placed.

Two articles that have commanded much favourable attention are those by Dr. George Stewart, of Quebec, on "Oliver Wendell Holmes" and "James Russell Lowell," in recent numbers of the *Arena*, one of the best of the American magazines. Dr. Stewart is not only adding steadily to his own reputation but to that of Canadian literature by such brilliant work, and we hope to see more from his pen in future issues of the best foreign periodicals.

The election for a member for the Strand division of London, has resulted in the return of Mr. Frederick Smith (Conservative) son of the late member, by the handsome majority of 3,006 votes over Dr. Guttridge, the Liberal candidate. The figures were Smith 4,952, Guttridge 1,946. The Strand voters have evidently little sympathy for Gladstone and the silly policy his followers have mapped out for the next campaign. Mr. Smith is a young man fresh from college; he is highly spoken of, and is said to inherit much of his father's strength of character.

Literary and Personal Notes.

To our friend, Mr. J. M. Lemoine, F.R.S.C., we are indebted for a valuable Ms., "Supplementary Notes on Baron Maseres," which will be reproduced in our issue of 14th inst.

* * *

One of the most contemptible things we have noticed for some time is the publication in several prominent American journals of the fact that one of the favourite writers in the leading comic weekly has just completed seven years penal servitude, mentioning his name and other details.

* * *

Among the coming issues of the "Makers of America" series, which Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co., of New York, are publishing, are two of interest to Canadian readers; they are, "Sir William Johnson and the Six Nations," by William Elliot Griffis, D.D., and "De Bienville, the Founder of New Orleans," by Miss Grace King.

* * *

Referring to Mr. Macfarlane's first paper on "New Brunswick Authorship," which appeared in our issue of 24th ult., and to the mention of the probable existence of only one copy of James Hogg's earlier works (published at St. John in 1825), we learn from Mr. Bain, chief librarian of the Toronto Public Library, that that institution also possesses a copy of the book.

* * *

One of the largest book deals ever consummated in America was closed on the 27th ult. by telegram, the University of Chicago being the purchaser, and S. Simon, of Berlin, the seller. The library has 280,000 volumes and 120,000 dissertations in all languages. The price paid is not made public. The catalogue price is between \$600,000 and \$700,000, and the bookseller's price \$300,000.

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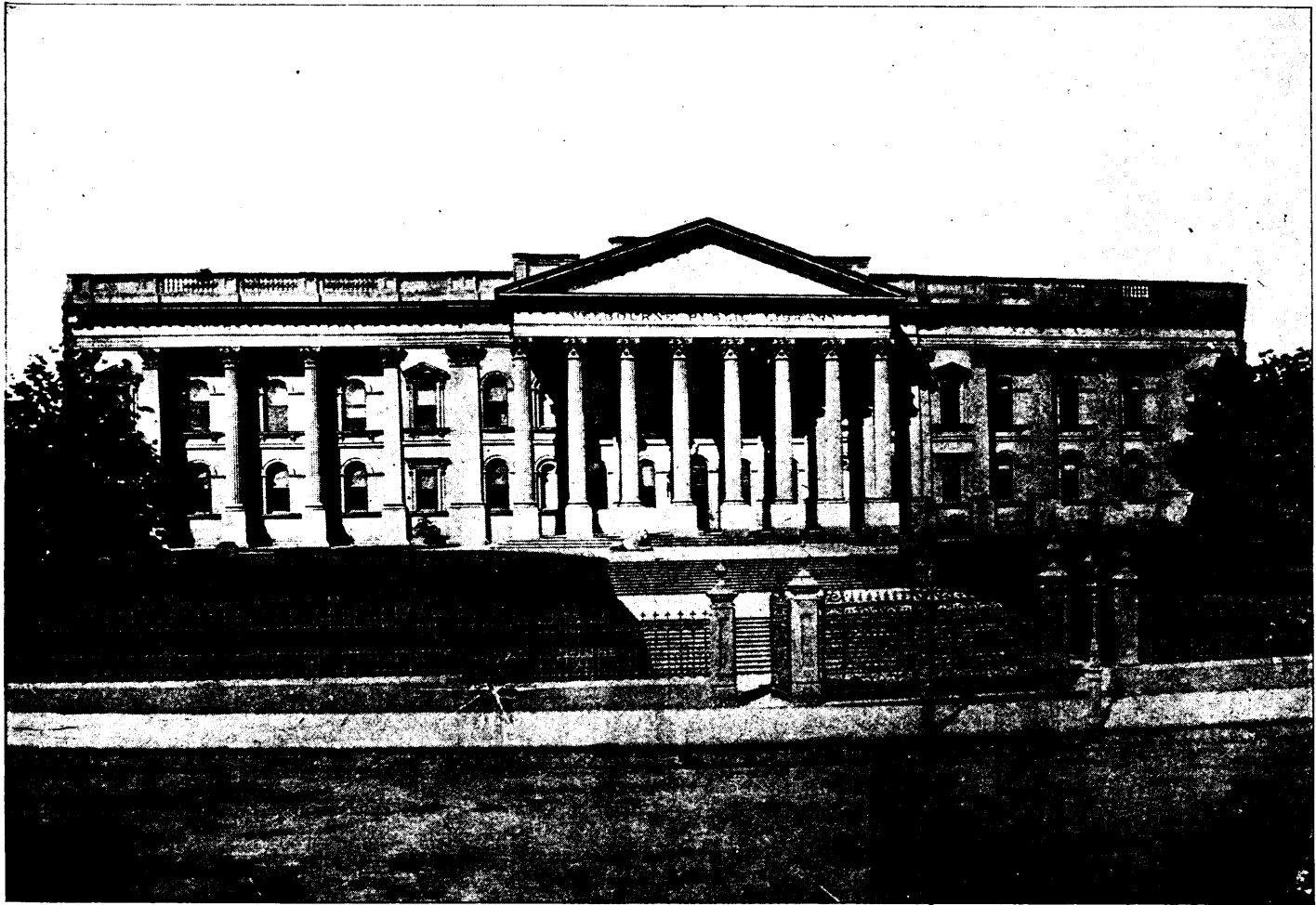
Without losing his grasp of the sword, Lord Wolseley is devoting more and more of his time to the use of the pen. His contributions to magazine literature of late years have been considerable, and he is now working hard on a "Memoir of the Duke of Marlborough," which is swelling into several volumes; the first two of these—now completed—bring the narrative down only to the death of William III.

* * *

Those of our readers who possess "Allibone's Dictionary of English Literature and British and American Authors" will be glad to learn that the long-looked-for supplement is now completed, thus bringing the work down to the present date. No pains or expense have been spared to make the work complete and authentic in every particular. It may be noted that the original three volumes comprised the names of 46,000 authors, and the titles of all their works. The supplement will have nearly as many, about 37,000 names.

* * *

Interesting items in London book sales are: First edition of Thackeray's "Paris Sketch Book," in the original cloth, 10 guineas; Walton and Cotton's "Complete Angler," Pickering, 1736, £16 15s; first edition of Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield," fine copy, £35 10s; Howell's "Complete Collection of State Trials, 1615; La Fontaine's "Contes et Nouvelles," the "Fermiers Generaux" edition, £16; "Horæ Beatæ Mariæ Virginis," fifteenth century manuscripts on vellum, illuminated, £13; Punch, set to date, including the Almanacks, £17 17s; "Ovide Metamorphoses," in Latin and French, Paris, 1767-70, £13; "Notes and Queries," five series, £14 5s; first edition of Swinburne's "Atlanta in Calydon," £7 15s; Thomson's "Sea-son's," coloured engravings by Bartolozzi and Tompkins—"there were only three coloured copies published, one for the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of George III.; one for the Queen of England, and this one procured for Walter Fawkes, of Farnley Hall" (manuscript note), £21 10s; document signed by personalities of the Court and of the time of Louis XIV., £20; letter of Napoleon I. to Marshal Berthier, £12 10s.—*The Collector*.



THE PUBLIC LIBRARY BUILDING, MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA.

THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Those who retain a vivid recollection of the visit to America some thirty years ago of the boyish-looking young fellow to whom half the continent—socially, if not politically—paid homage, will receive a startling proof of the rapidity with which time flies on noting that on next Monday the Prince of Wales will attain his fiftieth year. On the minds of many who saw him here and who have never seen him since, the recollection of his fresh young face and slim figure is vividly impressed. But time has materially changed that face and figure, and he is to-day, physically, as in other respects, an excellent type of an English gentleman. To reach the half century and be still only the heir apparent is a most unusual experience in the history of British princes; and while we wish many more years of life to his Royal mother, we venture to hope that before long Her Majesty will permit her eldest son to assume at least part of the responsibilities of sovereignty. Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, was born at Buckingham Palace, on the 9th of November, 1841, and on the 4th of December following was created Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester; he was baptized at St. George's Chapel, Windsor Castle, on the 25th of January, 1842. He was educated at Christ Church, Oxford, Trinity College, Cambridge, and Edinburgh University; from the first of these he received in due course the degree of D.C.L., and that of LL.D. from the two latter. In 1860 he was appointed a Colonel in the army, and that year made a state visit to Canada, where he was received with the utmost enthusiasm; the tokens of welcome were of the most elaborate nature, and all classes vied with each other in doing him honour. He subsequently extended his tour through part of the United States, travelling unofficially, and under the name of Baron Renfrew, one of his many titles: he received a hearty welcome from the great bulk of the American nation, and festivities on a most elaborate scale were held in his honour. On his return home he studied law, and was called to the Bar on the 31st of October, 1861. Two years later he married the Princess Alexandra, eldest daughter of the King of Denmark; she is worthily considered one of the handsomest and most popular women in the English speaking world. The Prince visited India in 1877, and was received with great ceremony by the native princes. He and the Princess of Wales visited Ireland in 1885, and received a cordial welcome; since that year he has not left home except for short visits to the Continent. He is a Field Marshal in the army, and Colonel-in-Chief to a number of regiments. He is thoroughly in touch

with the ideas of the day, and is very liberal in his views. All important events that occur in the Kingdom have their formal beginnings under his auspices, as the representative of the Crown. Everything tends to indicate that when he succeeds to the Throne he will take as active a share in the direction of state affairs as is constitutionally permissible; and it is altogether probable that the greater personal interest he will then take in the control of the land and sea forces of the Crown—now suffering from the civilian mismanagement inseparable from the present state of affairs—will tend to a marked improvement in the *personnel*, equipment and strength of both branches.

ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH.

The description of this church, which was prepared to accompany the engravings which appear on pages 450 and 451, is unavoidably crowded out, but will appear in our next week's issue.

REV. ABBE LAFLAMME.

This clergyman, who was recently elected to the honourable position of President of the Royal Society of Canada, was born on the 18th September, 1849, at St. Anselme, County of Dorchester. He entered the Seminary of Quebec in 1862, and graduated from the Arts course in 1868. In the same year he began the study of theology, receiving his degrees in 1871. In October, 1872, he was ordained priest, and in the following year became a Doctor of Theology. The Rev. Abbe's duties have been almost exclusively academic. While still an undergraduate, he was, in 1870, appointed Professor of mineralogy, geology and botany at Laval University, and soon became an authority on these and similar lines of scientific thought. In 1877 he attended a course of lectures on geology at Harvard University, and four years later went to Paris with a view to further study of the same science. There he was appointed a member of the "Societe Geologique de France." The same year he published a "Manuel de Mineralogie et de Geologie," a work highly spoken of by scientific men. On the formation of the Royal Society of Canada by the Marquis of Lorne, in 1882, the subject of our sketch was chosen to be one of the first members, and has taken a very prominent share in the doings of that organization. He was subsequently elected President of Section IV.—Geological and Biological Sciences—succeeding this year to the still more elevated position of President of the Society. A noteworthy result of the last meeting was the Rev. Mr. Laflamme's address, delivered at the public meeting held in the Queen's Hall. It was a masterly effort on "University Extension," a subject now attracting attention among literary folk. The most favourable comments on the address were expressed by those who were present; it has been translated into English by Dr. Kingsford and published by him in pamphlet form. It is without doubt the best Canadian treatise on the subject. With so skilled a scientist, and so accomplished a *litterateur* as Professor Laflamme at the head of the Society, it is more than likely that its career of usefulness will receive a great stimulus.

OUR ENGRAVING

VICTORIA, B.C.

On another page appears a general view of Victoria. The issue of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED, June 21st, 1890, contained numerous views and a great deal of interesting matter concerning this flourishing Pacific coast city. The population of Victoria in 1863 was 6,000; in 1886, 14,000; and it is now about 23,000. This rapid growth in population is accompanied by a proportionate development in industry and commerce, architectural beauty, educational facilities and all that makes for mental culture and refined pleasure, as well as material growth. Victoria is a city which all Canada as well as the Pacific province may regard with just pride.

THE M. A. A. A. GROUNDS.

In their annual report submitted on May 10th, 1887, the Ground Committee of the Montreal Amateur Athletic Association noted that it would be the last report of the old grounds. In their report of May, 1888, the Board of Directors stated that the site for excellent new grounds had been fixed upon at the extreme west end of Dorchester street, and the same purchased in December, 1887, at a cost of \$45,000, of which \$15,000 was to be cash down. The work of grading was commenced in May, 1888, and finished in July. A cinder track, three laps to the mile, was then laid out, leaving the playing part of the field 600 feet long by 430 feet wide. Fences were put up and a grand stand and club house erected, the latter 100 x 38 feet in dimensions. On May 29th, 1890, the grounds were formally opened. In their report of May, 1890, the directors stated that the total cost to date was: cost of grounds, \$45,000; club house, \$5,400.05; stands and fences, \$9,896.06; levelling, grading, track laying, etc., 9,416.49—or a total of \$69,712.60. During 1890 and the present year further improvements were made, and the to-day the grounds of the M.A.A.A. are probably not surpassed for situation, convenience and general equipment by any on the continent. The grand stand, of which a good view is given in our engraving, will accommodate with ease over 3,300 persons.



THE WILD HORSE DIGGINGS, KOOTENAY DISTRICT.
(Messrs. Bourne & May, photo, Calgary.)

GOLD MINING IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

AN ACADIAN MINSTREL.



THE Basin of Minas has been the home of some of Canada's finest writers of prose and verse. Landscape, legend and learning account for this—dyke and meadows, mist wreathed Blomidon, grove embowered towns and villas, and picturesque valleys; the romance that gathers around the names of Glooscap and Evangeline, the red men and the French peasants; the colleges of Acadia and Windsor. Acadia has known such names as Bishop and Young, statisticians; Hartt, scientist; Cramp, historian; De Mille, novelist; and Rand, ethnologist;—Windsor such names as Haliburton, novelist; Gallenga, journalist; Hind, scientist; Bliss, economist; and Hill, historian. Among poets are Roberts, Hamilton, Herbin, B. W. Lockhart, A. J. Lockhart, Mrs. Morton, Parss, Chipman and Blackadder.

Arthur John Lockhart (Pastor Felix) was born on May 5th, 1850, in a small village, about two-and-a-half miles from Hantsport, on the uplands overlooking the Avon and the Basin. His father was a master mariner, as was his grandfather, Nathan Lockhart, one of the earliest settlers of that part of the country, and from whom its name of Lockhartville was derived. His mother was Elizabeth Bezanson, a Nova Scotian, of Huguenot descent, her ancestors having emigrated to America in times of persecution.

In early life he met with an accident, by which he was invalidated and partially crippled during the whole period of his boyhood. His mind was thus turned early to books and nature, and he was much given to contemplation. He conceived a love for the poets and best prose writers, and his reverence for Burns, Goldsmith, Gray and other English writers dates back almost beyond his memory. They had much to do in forming his taste, and their selection may be seen in his works. He fell in with, during his boyhood, a copy of the poems of John McPherson, a rural poet of Acadia, that touched his sympathies and drew him out in emulation to contribute too something to the poetic stores of his country. He was accustomed to taking long rambles, and many a nook about Avonport, Gaspereau, Wolfville, Grand Pre and Hantsport were made dear to him by long association.

After a time he entered the office of the *Acadian*, a Wolfville newspaper, to learn the art preservative, and was there employed at the case for three years. He was here at work under the shadow of the white dome of Acadia college, and the year succeeding found him in the vicinity of Harvard's halls, employed at the *University Press*, Cambridge, Mass.

He reached the turning point of his career on New Brunswick soil, when, in 1871, he went to St. Andrews to assist the Rev. C. B. Pitblado in his ministry. Here his literary passion was intensified and he was inspired with high aims and hopes by his association with this Scotchman, who knew all of Auld Scotia's bards and preachers. Here, too, he found his future bride, Miss Adelaide Beckerton, to whom he was married in 1873. At the conclusion of his stay in St. Andrews he entered the East Maine Methodist Episcopal conference, and was stationed at Pembroke for about a year. He was subsequently located at Lubec, East Machias, Orrington and East Corinth. Two years ago last April he was sent to Cherryfield, a pretty valley town, a few miles inland from those shores and islands which are the particular resort of the summer tourist, and here he now resides. He lives in a pretty cottage home, nestling in a setting of willows, acacias, horse chestnuts, elms, lilacs, sweet brier and hop-vines. Below trickles and twinkles a tiny stream, and behind is a little thicket, the poet's rustic retreat, which he apostrophizes as follows:

MY SYLVAN STUDY.

This is my oratory: studious, oft
I come, at morn, at eve, to this retreat:
Wild is the bower and ancient is the seat;—
My chair, a rock, with grass and mosses soft
Fringed and enamelled. In a neighbouring croft
My children sport not far from my own door,
Searching out leaves and flowers—a beauteous store;

The blackbirds chatter sociably aloft;
Round me grouped silvery birches, thorns full flushed
With milky blossoms; on my open page
Lie shadowy leaves, jewelled in golden light.
—And hark! a voice, whose music straight is hushed!
Quick pattering steps my partial ear engage,
And little Golden Hair laughs on my sight.

Mr. Lockhart has been a diligent literary worker. He has contributed from time to time to the *DOMINION ILLUSTRATED*, *Week*, *Canadian Monthly*, *Maritime Monthly*, *St. John Telegraph*, *St. John Progress*, *Methodist Magazine*, *The Land We Live In*, *Canada* and other leading Canadian journals, and to the *Magazine of Poetry*, *Portland Transcript*, *Eastern State*, *Zion's Herald* and other journals of the United States. He has written a series of prose articles under the *nom de plume* of "Pastor Felix," and the general titles of "Heart on the Sleeve" and "Red and Blue Pencil" to the *Portland Transcript* and *DOMINION ILLUSTRATED*. He has also appeared in such anthologies as Lighthall's "Songs of the Great Dominion," "The Poets of Maine," (where he had an honorary place by virtue of



REV. ARTHUR JOHN LOCKHART.

residence), and "Poets of America," published in Chicago. He has just been solicited by the Co-operative Publishing Co., of Columbus, Ohio, to contribute to their "Flowers of the Wayside," now in course of preparation. His greatest undertaking was his book "The Masque of Minstrels," published in 1887, and printed by Benjamin A. Burr, of Bangor. It is a volume of 361 pages, very carefully gotten up, with copious notes, and containing cuts of the author and his brother, Rev. Burton W. Lockhart, B.A., a Baptist minister of Suffield, Conn., and who contributes several of the poems in the book.

Mr. Lockhart is as proficient in prose as in verse. He possesses excellent critical ability, due partly, in his treatment of poetry, to his thorough knowledge of the poets. He is as well a fine descriptive writer, his style highly imaginative, and his sentiment pure and lofty. The prose introduction to his volume, representing a gathering of minstrels and their conversation, is very vividly written and ideal in its thought.

He divides the poems in his book into "Moods and Fantasies," "Songs of Memory and Home," and "Songs of Aspiration and Endeavour." The finest poem in the volume, one which has had a generous share of praise by Canadian critics, is "Gaspereau." It is the offspring as

much of the scene it describes as of the poet who wrote it. Any one who has been privileged to see the Gaspereau valley, one of the prettiest pictures of quiet, graceful, rural beauties imaginable, will see at once that the poem is full of the inspiration of the place. Imagine yourself on a point of vantage, the bend of a road, crossing a span of South mountain to Gaspereau village. You are on the summit of a hill overlooking the valley. Before you lies its whole length of about ten miles, with a mile of breadth. Through its centre flows the narrow Gaspereau stream, at times foaming over rocks and again rushing along in an unrippled rapid, while the luxuriant willows that fringe the banks cast their perfect reflection into the water. On its edge is a small mill, looking in the distance like a toy house, while it is crossed by a rustic bridge. Surrounding the bridge is a little hamlet with a pretty church, and along the side of the valley are prosperous, well kept farms, with smiling orchards and grain fields and dotted with patches of spruce and fir. The valley seems to be shut in by the hills at both ends, and at its lower extremity the stream broadens into what appears to be a lake, a fancy that renders the picture the more romantic. In reality, though, it is an estuary of the stream that empties into the Basin of Minas at Grand Pre flats, and just beyond the reach of vision is where over a century since the English vessels were moored when the memorable expulsion took place. In Lockhart's poem the whole peaceful scene is reflected. Some of the stanzas are as follows:

O sweet Acadian vale! with thee
My earlier, happier years were passed!—
The day of blest security,
The peaceful hours, too bright to last,—
When oh thy hills I sang in joy,
And traced thy brook and river's flow;
Hast thou forgot thy minstrel boy,
O much-loved vale of Gaspereau?
Cf't memory on the track returns;
By which my life the earliest came;
And Fancy many a scene discerns,
And lists to many a magic name:
Then do thy woods and streams appear,
With paths my wandering feet did know,
And all thy music meets my ear,
O winding vale of Gaspereau!
How oft, from yon hill's dark'ning brow
Where twinkles first the evening star,
I've watched the village windows glow
At sundown in the vale afar:
Or, from the shadowy bridge leaned o'er
The river's glimmering darks below,—
Breathed freshness of the sylvan shore,
And heard the songs of long ago!
'Twas here, of old, a people dwelt,
Whose loves and woes the Poet sings;
The beauty of these scenes they felt,
When, 'mid the golden evenings,
They set the willows, lush and green;
Now gnarled in their fantastic age,
That, with their blacken'd, broken mien,
Still stand—the blackbird's hermitage.
Secluded in this calm retreat,
They tilled the soil and reared the home;
Nor dreamed to an abode so sweet
The lordly spoiler e'er could come:
For them the corn, green-waving, grew,
Studded with many a yellow'ing gem;
Round them the doves and swallows flew,
And coo'd and twitter'd love for them.

One of his brightest fantasias is "Aduana," which we reproduce in part. In metrical construction it is evenly balanced, in music it is melodious, in tone sincere.

Out of my ear a song has died,
And from my sight a glory fled;
There is a gulf, unknown and wide,
Between the living and the dead;
And bird and leaf
Partake my grief,
And share my constant sorrow;
The brook complains
In plaintive strains,
And from my heart the passing wind
Doth dying sweetness borrow.
Yet not forever hushed the song,
Nor silent she who used to sing;
For Fancy pours the strain along,
And memory knits the broken string;
And moon and star
Bright beacons are
Upon that isle of dreaming,
When I behold
The matchless mould—
The perfect beauty that she wore—
Her face with gladness beaming.

Mr. Lockhart's best poems have been written since his book was published, and as regards general excellence his

later work is superior to that contained in the volume. "The Masque of Minstrels" shows the influence of the British poets. His recent verse is more Canadian in style and sentiment and shows more strength. The lines to "Herrick" and "For Canada" are little gems of thought. The latter has all the exultant power of a true patriot. With some of his earlier poems there is a general pleasingness and melody and that is all, but in his later poems, as he becomes more Canadian, he becomes more individual, his fancy becomes more abundant, his natural grace is supplemented by strength. We conclude with some extracts from his later work.

Fair is thine England! fair thy native scene!
Thy leafy Devon still puts forth her green;
Pierces her dingles the re-echoing horn;
Thy wild Dean-Bourn sings of its old renown;
And high aloft o'er many a dale and down,
The lark is shouting in the ear of morn!

—HERRICK

Under shade
Of rocks enmossed, or dark Thessalian oaks,
Whence came the dancing Pan, whose merry pipe
Woke cheeriest Echo Sylvia's dingles through?
Whence came soft Dian to her quiet stream,
And lithe Acteon, fleeting through the wood
Stag-like? And she who set the spring afire
With blossoms—rare Vertumnus?

—GENESIS.

Sing on, little bird! for mine ear has grown thirsty for
song!
Dumb the winter enchained me, but I to the summer be-
long;
And it seems that I too, a-flutter, could with them warble
and fly,
When I hear the first faint cuckoo, or see Jack Robin
a-nigh!

—FIRST SONGS.

What gifts for thee, O Canada?
A gift of high presaging song;
A gift of loyal hearts, and strong;
A gift of manhood, brave and free,—
A generous, broad humanity;
Firm faith, and honour white as snow,—
Such gifts would we bestow!

—FOR CANADA.

Still walk amid the beautiful, and know
The mystic things to eye and heart revealed.

TO CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

In starry senate doth arise
The lumined spirit of the skies
Walking, with radiant ministries.

THE LOVELY PINE.

I saw my earliest love draw near,
And heard his song sincere
Who charmed sweet Doon, and did his cadence suit
To Sylvan Coila's step, and woodland flute;
And Rydal raised his grave and reverend face
To Shelley's child-hued grace;
And he—whose dust 'neath Latium's violets lies—
Lifted to me his soul in languorous eyes.

—THE ISLE OF SONG.

A Contented Tie-Counter.

He was trudging along the railroad track with a bundle in his hand, which he swung in a cheery, contented fashion that prompted a farmer to accost him.

"Goin' fur?" he asked.

"Not very," was the answer; "fifty or sixty miles."

"Jee gosh! Going to walk it the hull way?"

"Oh, yes; I prefer it. I am quite a distance in front of the other members of the company."

"Yer an actor, are ye?"

"Yes."

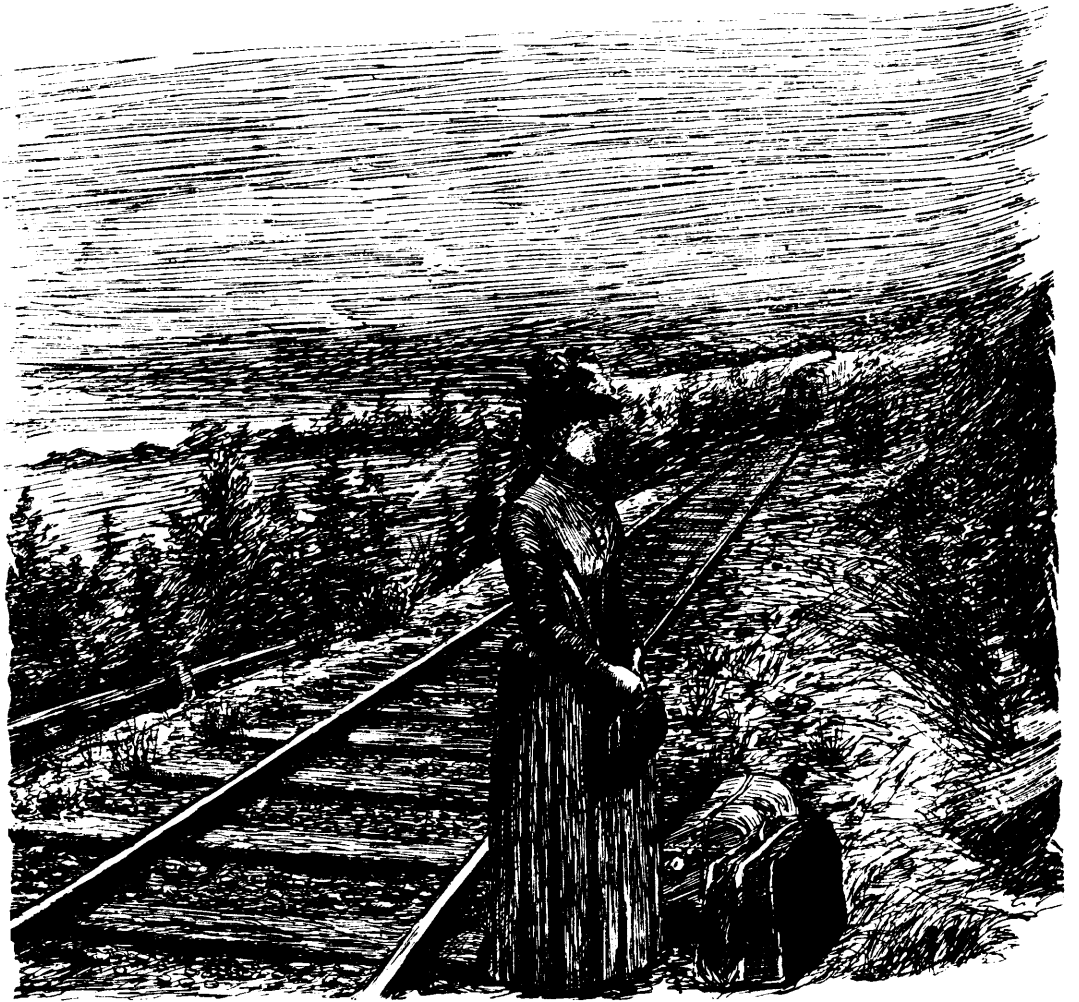
"I thought actors always had money enough to ride."

"My dear sir," the traveller exclaimed, as he drew himself up, "let me give you a bit of science. Take a railway track or the iron in a bridge and subject it to constant vibration. What is the result? It crystallizes and breaks. Now, sir, when I think of the delicate human frame being subjected for years and years to the jar of a sleeping car, I tremble every time I see a train; I do, indeed."

And he strolled away over the ties as thoroughly self-possessed and cheerful as it is possible for mortal to be.—
Detroit Free Press.

= SHOUTIN' JIM. =

BY KATHERINE B. COUTTS.



"I was soon standing beside the track, my trunk and other luggage beside me"



HE far-away engine of the "mixed," on which I had made the last seventy miles of my journey, sounded its shrill notification, and with a mighty groaning and rumbling of the numerous freight cars ahead, the solitary passenger coach was violently jerked into a stationary position. Next moment the solitary remaining passenger was approached by the conductor.

"This is Puce. Which side'll you get off?"

I looked doubtfully from the window. "Is there no building or anything?"

"No, it's just a jump-off."

"Well, then, I don't care which side; or, I'll say the right side. It's well to keep to the right."

We were at the door as I made my choice, and I was soon standing beside the track, my trunk and other luggage beside me, while the train was rapidly becoming invisible among the trees and gathering gloom. I was the new teacher of this "jump-off." It was from a car of the Grand Trunk Railway I had jumped off, where it passes through the flat western peninsula of Ontario. I had heard of the vacancy through an advertisement, had made application, been accepted and made all arrangements by letter, and the trustee with whom I had corresponded had undertaken to meet me at Puce and take me to his house. But the mixed was four hours late. No one was there; and, as it was already so long after sunset that the summer twilight was beginning to yield before the approach of night, I began to feel anxious as to what I should do. Looking around in every direction, I could descry only one building—a small log house not many yards down the road from where the mixed had deposited me. Two or three children, bare-headed and bare-footed, were sitting on the rail fence in front of it, attentively watching me, but as I began to walk towards them they clambered down and retreated precipitately towards the house. I was about to follow them thither when

the noise of wheels struck upon my ears, and in a few moments a lumber waggon, on the high seat of which were a woman and a boy, drove up. To my relief, they stopped, and the woman, accosting me by name, informed me that she had come as the deputy of her husband, the trustee before referred to, but, aware of the uncertain habits of the mixed, had waited at a friend's house in the vicinity till "she" had passed. She was a very pleasant-faced woman, with a strong flavor of Auld Scotia about her tongue. She descended nimbly from her elevated perch to shake hands with me and bid me welcome, and to direct her son, a lad of thirteen or thereabouts, who began and ended every remark with a little nervous, self-conscious laugh, very unpleasant to hear, in his attempts to get my luggage into the waggon; and I am sure it was only her supervision that preserved the integrity of several pieces of it. We were soon all seated on the spring seat, the boy in the middle, and proceeded slowly, but by no means uncomfortably, along the solitary road. The woods which bordered it on either side sweetened the evening air with their resinous perfumes, and I looked forward with keen pleasure to the five mile drive to the McLeod farm, after being for hours shut up in the coach of the "mixed," which is subject to so many vicissitudes that even a short journey on it is not apt to be hastily dispatched.

As we made a turn in the road about midway in our drive, a strange sound began to come distinct to my ears. At first it sounded like the crowing of a cock, and I supposed some eccentric fowl in the neighbourhood had chosen this unusual hour for his daily lung exercise; but as we approached more nearly I recognized a human voice, loud, clear and musical, emitting at short and regular intervals a sound something like "Ye ho! ye ho!" I had speculated on the sound without remarking on it for some time, when the boy, turning to me with the uncomfortable preliminary snicker before referred to, asked me, "What d'ye suppose that noise is?"

"It sounds like somebody calling," I said. "You'll hear it every evenin' all summer," said the boy. "It's a crazy nigger they call Shoutin' Jim a-callin' his wife that died three year ago," and he laughed a little more heartily than usual.

"Don't laugh about it, Robert," interposed his mother's gentle voice. "I can't bear to hear poor Jim laughed at."

"Everybody laughs at Shoutin' Jim," replied the boy.

"No, my dear, it's only thoughtless boys that does, and people that don't understand. It's a sad story, Miss Morgan," she added to me. "I'll tell you about it sometime."

I replied that it would interest me greatly. Meantime the sound was coming to our ears louder and louder, and presently Robert said:

"There's Jim standin' on that there stump over by the creek." In the semi-darkness I could just distinguish the figure he pointed to, which was at a considerable distance from the road, and in the rear of a poor log house with a large outside chimney of clay and sticks, such as are the common habitations of the negroes who inhabit the rural districts of Western Ontario, where they have been comparatively numerous since they escaped thither before the war.

"He's got a gun leanin' agen the stump he's standin' on," continued Robert. "Some of the boys used to come round botherin' him at first, and so he brought out his gun and swore he'd make it hot for anyone that'd come near him. They've let him alone sense, but he always fetches the gun."

I heard Jim's story from Mrs. McLeod soon after, and reproduce it here as nearly as possible.

"Jim used to work for us a good deal from he was a boy, and a nicer, more obliging lad than he was we've never had round the place. When the children was small he'd do many a little chore to help me that most boys'd never think o' doing. He was faithful about the field work, too, and a good han' with horses, and William he often said Jim was the only nigger boy he ever knew that was worth his pay and his board. About five years ago he got married, and went to live on a little piece o' land he'd managed to buy—there where his house is—but he was round our place a good deal yet, and always gave us a han' in the harvest or any time William was particular busy. His wife was half white—a nice, quiet little body; and she'd often come over, too, when I was busy, and help with the washin', or maybe wash dishes and chore round to leave me get some sewin' or extra cookin' done up; and sometimes she'd help with the sewin', too, for she was a neat han' with her needle. They had a daughter after a while that they called Mary Viola, and both Jim and his wife was just set on that child, and couldn't hardly bear to let the wind blow on her. Well, about the time the baby was born William he began to think he missed little things from about the place—a pig from a half grown litter, maybe, or some grain, or some bits o' tools, and he didn't know who to blame for stealin' them till one day some one told him they'd seen a hammer they thought was his with a nigger named Bill Johnston, that was married to a sister o' Jim's wife. Well, William, you know, he's pretty headstrong and hasty, and he just went over to Bill's the same night and asked for his hammer. Bill he said he'd bought the hammer o' Jim, but William could take it if 'twas his—actin' as if he was above havin' anything to do with stealin' himself. Well, William he brought the hammer home and told me, and I said I'd never believe Jim stole it, 'twas more like to have been Bill himself, that everybody knew had a plausible tongue in his head; but William he said no one else had such a good chance as Jim, and nothing would do but to blame him for everything that had been missed. I told him he ought to be ashamed to blame a boy we'd known as long as Jim and found as faithful; but he said niggers could never be trusted, and he thought of a dozen things that seemed proof that Jim'd been thievin' from us a long time, and he swore he should never do a han's turn for us again unless he could show he hadn't took the hammer. So the next time Jim came over—'twasn't but the very next day, and he

came to borrow a horse—William he just taxed him with the hammer, and Jim he got dreadful mad, and they had a quarrel out and out. William he mentioned Bill, o' course, as his authority, and from that day Jim wouldn't speak to Bill, nor yet to William. I think when William'd had time to cool off and think it over, he felt he'd been too quick in blamin' Jim, but he's a man that hates to give in he's been wrong, and I only got a hint o' how he was feelin' by his seemin' to jump at a chance to blame Jim for anything, just to find excuses, like, for how he'd acted. O' course, neither Jim nor his wife came near us after that, but one day I met 'em both as I was walkin' along the concession, and I stopped and told them how sorry I was for what had happened, and that I'd never believed but that Jim was as honest as myself, and, although he didn't hardly answer me, and looked pretty glum, I seen he was pleased.

"A few months after that, little Mary Viola was took down with what they thought was a fever, and her mother tried doctorin' her as best she could,—there's no doctor nearer than Windsor, and it costs so much to have one out, poor folks can't afford it. She was sick two days before I heard it, and then I went right over, and I seen first thing she had the diphthery. I'd had cases in my own family, and knew what to do, but I was too late to do the little thing any good. I stayed there all night workin' with her, but she died in the mornin'—just choked to death in my arms like it makes my heart ache yet to think of. I was awful sorry, and I said so, that I hadn't come before, for 'twasn't such a bad case but what if she'd been doctored for the diphthery from the first she'd a come through all right. I've been in many a corp' house, but I don't believe I ever seen any one that felt as bad as Jim and his wife did over that child. They couldn't neither o' them cry, even when I sat down and cried, but it just seemed as if their hearts was broken. I fetched over one o' my finest baby frocks and dressed the little thing as pretty as I could; and William, I knew he was glad enough to have me do all I could for them, though he made believe to scold over me tirin' myself out running back and forward, and maybe bringing the diphthery home to our own children.

"Diphthery's a great thing to spread once it gets into a place, and before long we heard of more cases round. One o' them was Bill Johnston's boy. His wife and Jim's wife were sisters, and whenever Jim's wife heard of it she wanted to go right over. 'Twas Jim himself told me about it afterwards. Ever since the row about the hammer the two families hadn't gone next or nigh each other, and Jim he says to his wife when she talked o' goin' over, says he:

"You'll not go a step. Let them get along the best they can. How many o' them came over when our little 'un died?"

"No, but Jim," she says, "I believe I could save Johnny if he's like Mary Viola was. I remember," says she, "that Mrs. McLeod told me about doctorin' diphthery, and if he ain't gone too far I know I could cure him, and t'aint likely 'Lizy knows about the sulphur no more'n I did before."

"But Jim he wouldn't give in. 'I won't have you goin' there,' says he. 'I don't want them to think I've forgot the turn Bill served me or ever will.'

"Well, Jim's wife she didn't say no more, but as soon as he'd gone she put his supper on the table—'twas just after dinner when they was talkin' it over—and off she went to her sister's; and I believe what she done for the boy saved his life. When Jim came in and found her gone, he mistrusted she was over to Johnston's, and he was just bilin' mad; but he et his supper and tidied things up, just like he always did if she was away workin' or anything; and then he done up his own chores and sat down at the door waitin' for her. 'Twas in the dusk of a summer's evenin' when she came along. Jim he was settin' at the door, as I said, and he noticed 'twas lookin' like a thunder storm, and that she was hurryin' comin' up the lane, for she was dreadful frightened of a storm. Just as she come up he stood up, fillin' the doorway so's she couldn't pass him and says he, cross as he could speak,

'Where you been?'

'Over to 'Lizy's, Jim,' she says, lookin' at him pitiful like, 'Oh Jim, 'Lizy's my sister. I had to go.'

'I told you not,' says he, his voice just shakin, he was that mad.

'I know,' says she, 'but, oh, Jim, I felt just if 'twas Mary Viola sick again, and I knew I could help, and'—Here she stopped, all choked up; but Jim he was either too mad to feel sorry, or, like most men, he didn't want to give in enough to say he was, so he says, 'Well, sense you went after I'd told you not to, you'd better go back again. You're not a goin' to come in here to-night, anyhow.'

"He wasn't more than half in earnest, and he thought she'd fall to cryin' and coaxin'; but she just looked at him without ever speakin', and turned round to go down the lane again. He opened his mouth to call her back, but he hated to give in. She wasn't hardly out o' sight when it began to thunder and lighten, and when he thought for sure she'd be back in a minute b'ggin' to get in she was so scared of storms, and he'd a been only too glad to let her in. But she didn't come; and after a little he took an umbrell and went out to try and overtake her. But the storm came up so sudden, and it got so dark he couldn't see anything of her, and he had to turn back. 'Twas a dreadful storm—lasted nigh unto two hours; and Jim he never slept a wink that night, only laid there wonderin' if she'd got to a house before it came to its worst, and he felt so bad he wanted to die; and as soon as 'twas day he got up to go and bring her home. He came here first, and then he went to one or two other o' the nearest houses, and finally he went over to Johnston's; but they hadn't seen nothing of her since she left in the evenin' to go home. Then something made him come right back and look every side o' their lane; and in the creek that runs beside their lane, near the bridge, he found her. She'd been terrified by the lightnin' and couldn't see her way in the dark; and she'd been layin' there most like sense ten minutes after he'd turned her away from the door.

"I believe his head got a turn just when he found her; but no one noticed anything wrong with him till he'd got up from a sickness he had soon after the funeral. 'Lizy Johnston she just left her family and come and stayed with him through it, and I helped her all I could nursin' him; and after he was up he told me about it, just as I've been tellin' you, and seemed as if he realized she was dead then; but as soon as he was able to walk he began goin' out evenings to look for her, huntin' round and talkin' to himself; and then he took to gettin' up on that there stump and hollerin' for her like you hear him. He's wise enough other ways, but every night from the time the days get summer length till the short days come again, rain or fair, he's there for two hours callin' for the poor woman that's maybe listenin' if we only knew, but can't come."

Naturally I took a great interest in poor Jim after hearing his sad story, and never saw him without having a talk with him if I could. I should not have suspected insanity, though it was easy to see he was smitten by some heavy sorrow. He was industrious and had plenty of employment, but people said he was not able to do half as much as once he could. That summer was the last he shouted. With the autumn he began more and more to keep in his house for days, excusing himself on his reappearance by saying he hadn't been well. At last he was unable to leave his bed. Mr. McLeod often went to see him, and I accompanied her whenever I could. Her husband, too, went after a while, and by deeds if not in words, confessed to Jim that he had wronged him, and in the same silent way was forgiven.

I was there when he died. His last words were addressed to the wife whose death he had so piteously avenged on himself. He opened his eyes when we were in doubt as to whether they had closed forever, and spoke to her eagerly and smilingly as if she were standing beside him.

"Now, Jule, I knowed you'd come back and let me tell you how I was more'n half foolin' when I sent you away you—blessed—little—"

As he uttered the last words he fell back—dead



TORONTO, October 30, 1891.



HE proof-reader has been "at it again," I am sorry to see, in your last issue, making Mrs. J. W. F. Harrison's *nom de plume*, of "Seranus" into "Seramis." The persistency of the error was its only salvation.

"Pinafore," under the management of Mrs. Obernier and Mr. Alfred Holman, has been a great success, Mrs. J. C. Smith and Miss Thompson winning many laurels. The Sick Children's Hospital, for which the four performances were given, will net \$1,200. I hear.

Sarah Bernhardt was here last night in *La Tosca* and drew a magnificent house. The play was delivered in French.

Miss Irene Gurney, a daughter of Mr. Edward Gurney, of this city, gives a concert in aid of the Homœopathic Hospital in Association Hall on Monday, the 2nd November. Miss Gurney is a talented and highly cultivated musician, and will be assisted by Mrs. Dreschler Adamson, violinist, and Mr. Douglas Bird, our fine tenor, so that there is no fear of poor results to the Hospital funds.

The numerous sacred concerts, called Services of Song or Praise, at the churches, demonstrate by the excellence of the talent they command, and the consequent popularity of these occasions, how high a stand Toronto is attaining as a centre of classical musical education. It is the best of signs when the people of a city or country betray warmth of sentiment towards good music; it shows refinement of feeling and taste, and a mood of character far above the rude instincts of uncultivated conditions; and though it may not lead to religion, it leads to politeness.

Mr. Tom Persse, who takes the part of *Caramello*, the barber, in "A Night in Venice," which will be given by the Tillotson Opera Co. to-night, is a son of Mr. R. S. Persse, of Parkdale. Mr. Persse is, however, also a son of Erin, and came to this city some years ago with his father, by way of Montreal. The young comedian has made rapid strides in his chosen profession, and is well spoken of by the American press.

I have received through my friend, the past year's director for Canada, a souvenir presented to members and friends of the Association for the Advancement of Women, which has just concluded its Nineteenth Annual Convention, held at Grand Rapids, Michigan, U.S.A. It is a pretty and artistic pamphlet of forty-eight pages, giving a graphic history of the formation and progress of the Association since its inception in the winter of 1869-70, when a small club calling itself the History Class met at the house of Mrs. L. H. Stone, of Kalamazoo, Mich. Becoming later a Ladies' Literary Club, the small association grew until from "a tiny seed" as the record says, it became what it now is, "a sturdy tree," standing almost on the same plane as the Association for the Advancement of Science.

It is instructive to observe that in this, as in all other records of American Societies, Canada is given exactly the same type as the States of the Union—there is absolutely nothing to indicate to a stranger perusing the lists that Canada is a great Dominion, and not under the American flag. This is hardly courteous, and so decidedly unjust as to call for a change; it is easy to designate Canada by its full official title, the "Dominion of Canada," and should be done lest it gives countenance to the assertion that is not unfrequently made that Americans covet the earth.

A fine poem by Frances Lester Rowland, entitled "Two Talents," in three cantos, each graced by an artistic initial

letter, is the best thing among many excellent ones in the pamphlet. Let me quote the third:—

"Not all are queens, not all may be
Arrayed in robes of royalty;
Rare are the souls to whom belong
The choicest gifts of grace or song.
In Life's thronged thoroughfare we find
Some maimed and wounded, deaf and blind,
Poor hearts forlorn, to whom is sent
A pitiful environment.
Voices and visions may not be
A heritage for you or me,
And still it may be yours and mine
To catch some melody divine;
To translate into daily deeds
A gospel for the common needs,—
To soothe Life's sorrows, heal its woes,
Transmute to poetry its prose,
To plant unseen a tiny seed
Which shall the world's sore famine feed.
It may be the best gifts of Heaven—
Not light and fire—are salt and leaven,"

There is a whole word of meaning in those last four words.

And somehow they remind me of "Gowan Lea," the thoughtful and accomplished poet of your city, whose verse—as gathered into collected form—it has but lately been my pleasure to see. Her sonnet "To The Arts." (written on returning from visiting some homes of the poor, Oct. 2, 1887), certainly touches the same chord as Mrs. Rowland's, and in many of her other poems the same high philanthropy is the burden.

I may be wrong, but I fancy the beautiful little volume I hold in my hand does not contain all Miss Morgan's poems; it seems to me I have seen other of her work in the old *Canadian Monthly*. The volume is one with which we may be well content, though I confess to regret at seeing it produced, though so nicely, by a Boston house.

S. A. CURZON.

A Port Arthur telegram says: Marvellously rich gold bearing quartz has been discovered on the Atikokan iron range. Surface samples broken at random run from \$11 to \$1,000 to the ton, five samples averaging \$262 per ton. That section of this district is evidently intended to produce bullion as well as steel. The location on which the discovery was made is owned by local men, who are much elated over the prospects. It is expected that work will start immediately.—*Winnipeg Commercial*.

Punch and Judy in Medicine.

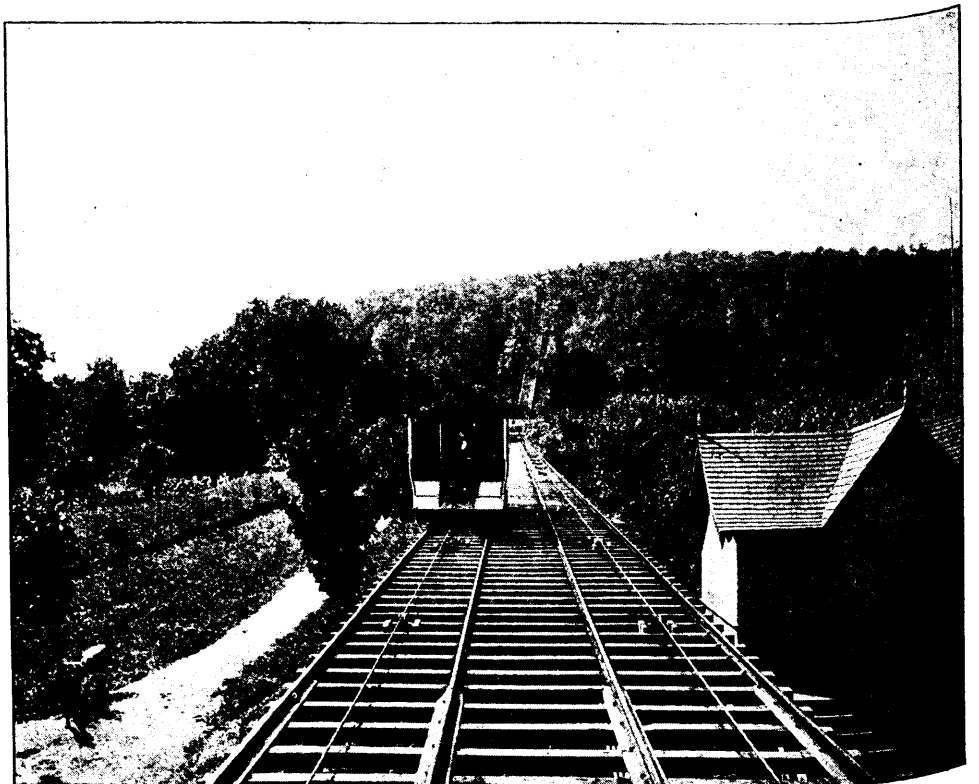
Witnessing and imitating the performances of "Punch" have been a source of amusement to thousands of children, some of them, by the way, grown up and famous. But this amusement may have curative properties as well. Not long ago a well-known doctor was never happier than when making whimsical imitations of the exhibition; and, by successfully mimicking "Punch," he once actually saved a young patient's life, who was in terrible misery from a swelling in the throat. As soon as the doctor understood what the complaint was he opened the curtains, and acted "Punch" with so much humour that the lad, thrown almost into convulsions from laughing, was so agitated as to occasion the tumour to break, and a complete cure was the immediate result. A similar cure of lockjaw at Plymouth is related of a doctor there.

Singular Bequests by a Lady.

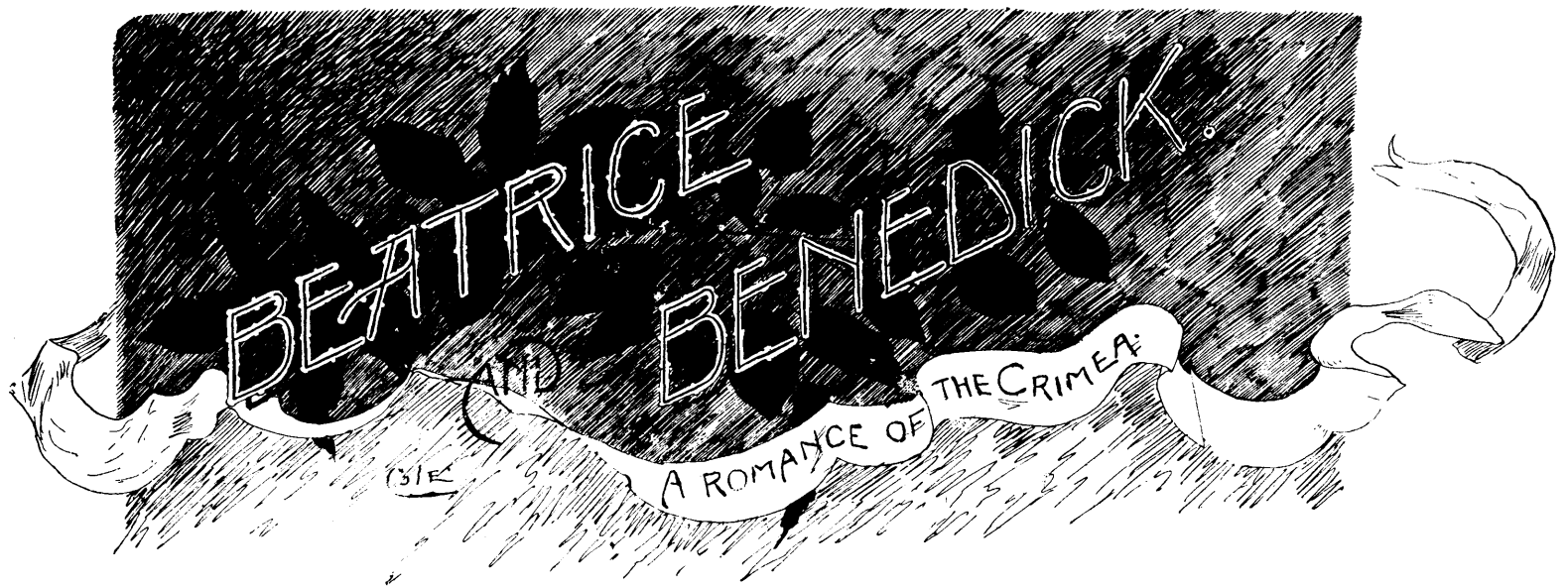
French institutions have just had two very singular legacies bequeathed to them. An old lady, who recently departed this life at Pau, bequeaths to the science section of the French Institute 100,000f, this sum to be given to the person, to whatever nation he may belong, who within the next ten years shall have discovered means of communicating with a planet or star, by preference Mars, and of obtaining an answer therefrom. If the French Institute will not accept the legacy, that of Milan is to have the next offer, and after that the Institute of New York. The other bequeaths to the Academy of Medicine, to which the deceased leaves in trust 50,000f, as a prize for the person who may discover the simplest cure for heart disease.

Printing by Dog Power.

Printing machines are usually driven by steam or gas motors, but the machine which prints a certain newspaper in America is run by dog power. A large wheel about ten feet in diameter and two in width is connected with the driving rigger of the machine by means of a belt; strips of wood, for foothold, are placed a foot apart on the inside of the wheel, where "Joe," the journalistic dog, walks his weary round, and thus causes the wheel to revolve. Joe has run the press for about five years, and has faithfully earned his board and lodging, but it is now about time for him to feel ill and "turn it up," being unable to continue turning it round.



MOUNT ROYAL PARK INCLINE RAILWAY.
(Mr. G. R. Lancefield, photo.)



BY HAWLEY SMART.

Author of "Breezie Langton," "At Fault," "Tie and Trick," "Long Odds," "Without Love or Licence," &c., &c.

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CHAPTER XXII.—THE ROYAL REVIEW.



ADAME "Vashta," had been very thorough-going in her vengeance and had written Hugh ample details of the treachery exercised towards him as regards his correspondence. She was too clever a woman to vilify Mademoiselle Ivanhoff to quite the extent she had done in her letter to Byng.

"These men are so foolish," she had said to herself. "If I place the whole turpitude of her character before him, he might be hot-headed enough to champion her," so she had confined herself to inuendos as regarded Mademoiselle Ivanhoff's character, but had been very clear and distinct in her account of the tampering with his letters. He was quite aware from the talk he had heard amongst Russian officers, that Mademoiselle Ivanhoff had rendered herself a little notorious by her numerous *tendresses*, but that she should have dared to keep back his letters, made Hugh very angry. That the fair "Vashta" had calculated upon, but having still some fears of his infirmity of purpose, she had further arranged that he should meet his English comrades at the church. Hugh employed the day in buying a pony, and in making preparations for his departure. He had heard that there was a party of English officers in the town but he had not seen them, and did not know whether they belonged to his old regiment or not. He would go back with them if they were returning at once, but go back he would without further delay. Marie had kept her room closely all day, and though he had been in and out of the house he had not seen her since. He would fain have said: "good-bye," and not parted with her in anger, but he would not so far retreat from his position of righteous wrath as to solicit an interview, and without seeing her again he set forth as his correspondent had directed, for the church at which he was assured he should meet his compatriots.

Byng was awaiting him, and after exchanging a hearty hand grip, the two made their way outside and commenced to pace up and down in the moonlight.

"I thought perhaps it might be you. I was told I should meet some of my own people if I came here to night."

"Yes, and you will come back with us, won't you?" said Byng. "There surely can be no difficulty now peace is proclaimed. We expected you two or three weeks ago. Brydon would have it that you couldn't harden your heart to say good-bye to 'Sister Marie.'"

"I'm coming with you at once," rejoined Hugh, "and shall start for England by the first ship that

will give me a passage. I've a notion I'm wanted there."

"You're better there than here," said Byng drily, "but come along, we had best fetch your pony, and then you can sleep in our camp, so as to be ready for an early start to-morrow morning."

The next day saw Hugh Fleming and his old comrades of the —th on their way back to Vanoutka. He told them all he had applied for his release on *parole* some weeks back, but by some mistake he had only received permission to depart on the previous day, and Tom Byng alone was aware of Sister Marie's perfidy. On arrival in camp Fleming lost no time in seeing about a passage for England, and in two days he had bidden his comrades good-bye, and steamed out of Balaklava harbour.

Weeks slip by, the embarkation is begun in real earnest, and every day sees some contingent of the Allied Army marching down to the transports that await them either at Kemiesch or Balaklava. Settlers are breaking up their stores and restaurants, and the luxuries of life vary in the most astounding way, according to whether the proprietors are anxiously getting rid of extensive stores or are very nearly sold out. Boards are sitting on war material, clothing, etc., with instructions to condemn it on the mere shadow of excuse. Ponies that would have been reckoned cheap at twenty pound apiece a few weeks ago, are turned adrift in the streets of Balaklava or sold for as many shillings. There is a fretting for home in the breasts of those whose turn has not yet come, and the anxiety to return to England seems almost as great as two years ago it had been to leave it. There is a feeling that the whole thing is "played out," that the curtain is down, and that there is not much fun in lingering in the lobby for one's carriage. We have been inside Sebastopol, we have gazed upon the caves of Inkerman, from the Phoros Pass to Yalta, from the Valley of Tchernaya to the Heights of Mackenzie, from the palace of the Khans to the banks of the Alma. We have done it all. We have fought the old fights over again until we are sick of discussing blood and carnage. Besides, as Tom Byng says:

"It's our duty to hurry home, and tell lies for the edification of our friends and relations."

Hurrah, the transport is in at last, and the order is come for Her Majesty's —th to march down to Balaklava, and embark on board the steamship *Adelaide* at one o'clock, and that afternoon saw the regiment steaming down the Black Sea, whilst many a wistful glance was cast back at the fast fading cliffs of the Chersonese as the thoughts arose in men's minds of how many staunch and true comrades they left behind to sleep their last

sleep on Cathcart's Hill, or amongst the numerous graveyards that lie scattered on the plateau. Well might the Colonel say, as he went over the returns of the regiment from its landing to its re-embarkation:

"Thanks to drafts, we are taking home a strong battalion, but we've left another behind. I don't think they'll be able to say we haven't *won our spurs* now."

It might almost have been termed sociable, their homeward voyage. The sea was alive with ships, all down the Mediterranean the signal halyards were constantly going, as they passed or repassed vessels, all engaged like themselves in the task of bringing the army home. Here they exchanged compliments with a large trooper similarly employed, now they dipped their flag to a French man of war, and anon lowered it to an English monster of the same kind. At last they anchored at Spithead to await their orders. These reached them the first thing the next morning, and directed a disembarkation at the dockyard, with a view to proceeding to Aldershot to take part in the great review that was to be held there by the Queen. The Camp had been in great measure vacated, to make way for as much of the Crimean Army as it was possible to assemble there. The Camp in those days was of considerably more modest dimensions than it is now, and the accommodation was doubtless stretched to its utmost limits, which gave Mr. Flynn an opportunity of invidiously comparing it with that they had left behind them, and it must be conceded that the huts on the Aldershot dusty plain did appear rather a disadvantage after the pretty camp at Vanoutka Pass, with the Black Sea shining beneath it, as it had been when the regiment last saw it. Those few days were spent principally by officers in conferences with hatters and tailors, for absence, except for a few days, was not accorded until the Royal Review should be over. At length, as many troops as could be laid hands on, or as many as could be got into Aldershot Camp, canvas included, which comes to the same thing, were collected, the day was fixed, and the Queen, accompanied by Prince Albert and the Prince of Wales, came down from London to review and thank the army for their services. Half London was there to see, and half Hampshire, also, and despite a shower or two the Royal Review was a grand success, and a more ringing cheer than went up from officers and men in answer to Her Majesty's speech has never been heard since, often though the voices of her soldiers have risen to greet her in that Cantonment.

And now, sad to say, a rather severe disappointment was destined to befall the —th. It was well known that they had been brought to Aldershot simply for this occasion, and what their ultimate

destination might be a matter of grave speculation with both officers and men. Both, I think, conceived themselves entitled to a bit of a fling on their return, and when they were informed that they were to be quartered at Portsmouth, there was much exultation in the ranks. Mr. Flinn and many of the veterans opined that there was much "diversion" to be obtained in that town; the regiment had been quartered there before, and the old soldiers could speak with authority as to the capabilities of that seaport. But when they detrained there it was broken to them that they were only to remain pending embarkation for Ireland, and that the Curragh of Kildare was their ultimate destiny.

"Faith," said Mickey Flinn when he heard it, "It's the devil's own mess we've made of it bhoys, by not settling out there. We'd a better camp than ever we're likely to find at home and lashings of everything, that is as far as camps go," but when it was further pointed out to the Colonel by the Brigade Major that they were so pushed for barrack accommodation that for the short time that they were to remain there the only quarters they could assign to the regiment was an empty convict hulk, the ridicule of the situation almost extinguished the disappointment it looked. The Queen's thanks, and a berth on board a convict ship, were such an incongruous recognition of their services, that both men and officers could not help laughing. "Tear an 'ouns," said Mickey Flinn, "I've I'd only known it would end like this, I'd have qualified for the lodging and enjoyed myself. Oh murther, to think I almost took the pledge till the review was over, for fear I'd be a disgrace to the regiment; 'deed bhoys there's no encouragement for virtue and sobriety in this world."

Leave of absence was now granted to as many officers of the regiment as could be spared, and Tom Byng was amongst the first to take advantage of this. As he travelled up to town, he wondered a good deal what had become of Hugh Fleming, and how matters stood between him and Miss Lynden. The sudden cessation of her letters was singular. She knew that he was a prisoner, and surely she would have written a line to congratulate him on his escape from the very doors of the tomb. Mademoiselle Ivanhoff had no doubt tampered with Hugh's correspondence, but all letters for him from home had been directed as usual to the regiment, and forwarded thence by Byng himself at the first available opportunity. He knew Miss Lynden's handwriting well, and could swear that no letter from her had passed through his hands since September last. Perhaps he should meet Hugh in town. Nobody had heard from him since he sailed for England; it was not to be expected. He would suppose that the regiment had left the Crimea shortly after himself. And then Tom began to meditate over his own immediate prospects, and what were the capabilities of the Curragh of Kildare.

"Well, there's a good spell of leave to start with," he mused, "and that brings me well into the autumn before I have to rejoin; and as for huts, we are used to them, and the magnificence of a barrack-room might only appal us. There will be a bit of racing to be done in September and October, and then comes the hunting. Besides, its close to Dublin, and they are a lively lot from all accounts in the Irish capital. Yes upon the whole I dare say it will do very well. In the meantime I shall make the most of the last few weeks of the season. Go everywhere and see everything! By Jove! I haven't been in a theatre for a twelve month; my dramatic taste wants rubbing up woefully."

On enquiry at the Thermopolium, the club to which they were both affiliated, he found that Fleming was in town, and though not in the house at that moment, was there every day. The club was thronged, and though, as a rule, its members were as smartly dressed a body of men as any in London, there were certainly some queer "get ups" to be seen flitting about it now, men who had not found time to renew their wardrobes, and in some instances habited in undress uniforms, from which the first gloss had considerably departed; but it's a question whether the Thermopolium had ever known livelier times than when the Army came home from the Chersonese. Tom Byng soon found

himself amongst a knot of old friends, who hailed him gleefully.

"Now he looks fit, don't he?" cried Jim Lockwood, "for a man that was shot through the head, and then fraudulently persisted in doing his regiment out of the step by coming to life again. I do call him fit."

"How are you, Jim? Yes, we wintered well this time. Nothing to do and plenty to get; odd if we didn't look well."

"Well, you do, old man," rejoined the Hussar, "But there's one of you I'm sorry to say don't, and that's Hugh Fleming. He used to be up to anything, and now he seems to have no go left in him. Sits as glum as an undertaker over his wine, and his liquor seems to do him no good. I suppose, poor fellow, he's never got over the mauling he had on the eighth."

"I don't know," said Byng, "I haven't seen him for the last two months."

"Well, there's something wrong with him, he's not the Hugh Fleming he used to be."

A little later Byng encountered the man he was in search of, and the pair speedily drew a couple of chairs into the window of the reading room, and sat down for a long confabulation.

"Now, Hugh, what's the matter," asked Byng. "Some of the fellows here told me just now that you weren't well. I can see you look worried to death, what is it?"

"Well, I am. I don't know what to do, nor what to think; you know how I'm situated; you know I've had never a line from Nellie now for months. As soon as I got home, the first thing I did was to run down to Manchester to find out what it all meant."

"Well," said Byng eagerly.

"She and her father have simply vanished. It appears that they left their home months ago, quite suddenly, without saying a word to anyone. They have left no address, and nobody can tell me anything about them. There's only an old woman in care of the house; all I could get out of her was, that she hadn't been there long, that Dr. Lynden had been gone for months, and that the house was to let. If I went to the landlord perhaps he could tell me more. I tried him, which only resulted in rather strong language between us."

"How so?"

"Well, he knew nothing about Dr. Lynden, wished he did, and he'd have the law on him; he hadn't behaved to him like a gentleman, began to get abusive, and then I cut in, and told him I'd knock his teeth down his throat if he didn't shut up."

"Very natural," remarked Byng, "but hardly perhaps the best way to get information out of a man."

"Then I called upon Mrs. Montague, who was all smiles and smirks, and was she to congratulate me upon having celebrated peace by bringing home a Russian bride? Pleasant wasn't it?" And Hugh shot a keen glance at his friend.

"Never mind," replied Tom, diplomatically, "let us pass over that episode."

"Then I asked her what had become of the Lyndens. She immediately drew herself up, pursed up her lips, said they'd not taken her into their confidence, that people were so ill-natured, though she never believed what she heard, that Dr. Lynden had doubtless his own reasons for going away so suddenly. People did talk so, etc, etc."

"And then," said Tom, "you cut in with another of your knock-down arguments, I suppose?"

"I never felt more like it," rejoined Hugh. "My adieux were a little abrupt, but I did manage to swallow my wrath. Still, there remains the question—What on earth has become of the Lyndens?"

"Nobody is ever lost in these days," said Tom, sentimentally. "Why a quiet elderly gentleman should abandon his home, apropos to nothing, I can't imagine; but there's one thing you may rely upon, that now we are once more in England Miss Lynden knows where to write to you. Why, if she only put the regiment and London, it would get to you eventually. If you can't find her, she can find you, if she likes."

"That's just what it is," said Hugh, rising, "she won't. Some garbled version of what happened out

in the Crimea has reached her ears. Mrs. Montague wouldn't have been so ready with her congratulations if there had not been some story of the sort flying about Manchester. No, old man, I've got to find Nell, and have it out with her, and you've got to help me."

CHAPTER XXIV.—IN FULL CRY.

Tom Byng was not the man to fail a friend who had claimed his assistance. He had heard Hugh's story, and having briefly arranged that they should dine together, announced his intention of having a "good solid smoke." Tom had much belief in the virtues of tobacco, and generally sought inspiration from it in some shape when the intricacies of this life seemed too much for him. Having taken an arm chair in a retired corner of the smoking-room, and lit a Cabana of extra size to do justice to the occasion, Tom began to turn the whole thing over in his mind.

"Yes," he thought, "Hugh is right, that's what's the matter. That Sister Marie story has come to her ears and she's fired up, and not without reason, if she knew all. But the girl can't be lost; somebody must have her address. She must be found; things can't come straight between them if they don't meet; and after undergoing all the fears and anxieties of last year about him, it would be pitiable if she threw him over, now he's come home safe, because he indulged in a fool's flirtation out there. There can't be a question about his genuine love for her. By Jove, I have it! Miss Smerdon knows where she is. Hugh must write to her. I'll take odds he never thought of that, he would have said so if he had," and here Tom puffed viciously at his cigar, as he reflected that he could hardly well write to that young lady himself. "There's a bit of a coolness I fancy," he muttered, "between us, and I'd best keep out of reach of her sarcastic tongue for the present." And having, as he thought, satisfactorily solved his riddle, Tom dropped the butt of his cigar into the ash-tray, and proceeded to go for a good stretch before dinner.

When he and Hugh met at that meal, the latter was much struck by his companion's suggestion. Stupid of him not to think of it before; he would write that very night, so that his letter might go the first thing in the morning; and then, considerably to Tom's relief, began to talk of other things, though even these he discussed with a mind evidently preoccupied, and in answer to his old chum's questioning, admitted that he'd decided nothing as yet about the future, whether to stay in the Guards, or exchange, or what.

Hugh's letter was duly written, and a reply was anxiously expected. Miss Smerdon's answer was what Mr. Swiveller was accustomed to designate a "staggerer." Very formally, coldly, and politely, Frances, in a few lines, informed Captain Fleming that she had no knowledge of Miss Lynden's present address.

"That's all nonsense," said Hugh, angrily, as he handed the letter to Byng. "Of course she knows where Nell is. She's got this idiotic Manchester story into her stupid head—"

"Hullo, come, I say, young man, you must really moderate your language a little."

For a few seconds Hugh looked keenly into his companion's face, and then smiled as he remarked, "Well people are very irritating, you know. At all events you'll admit there's no information to be gathered from that source."

"More to be done perhaps by a personal interview," suggested Tom, savagely.

"May be," said Hugh, speaking quietly and softly. "Suppose you were to undertake it."

"Out of the question," said Tom, hastily. "If you don't see your way there's nothing more to be done there. Miss Smerdon and myself are on very distant terms."

Further discussion led to no fresh suggestion. Tom stood steadfastly by his own axiom that Miss Lynden couldn't be lost, that the finding her whereabouts was only a question of time, probably of a few days, but he did agree with Hugh that the Manchester story was most likely the cause of her withholding her address, and that to put things right between them, it was imperative that Hugh

should see her. But how that was to be brought about, neither of them could say.

In the course of the day, however, Tom was seized with another inspiration. Turning the whole thing over in his mind, it suddenly flashed across him that on the day Hugh was taken prisoner, there was a private soldier named Phybbs, who declared he owed his life to him, and that this soldier was also a brother of Miss Lynden's maid. He remembered quite well having some talk with the man, and telling him to write his account of the eighth of September home to his sister.

"Now," thought Tom, "that maid, no doubt, is with her mistress at present, and surely Private Phybbs would know where his sister is living. That's it. Private Phybbs is the key to the whole mystery."

Tom was a man of decision, he rushed into the nearest office and telegraphed to the Adjutant, to know whether the regiment had sailed for Ireland, and whether Private Phybbs was still with it. In less than two hours a yellow envelope was brought to him at the Thermopolium, containing the following message, dated Portsmouth:

"Still waiting for transport. Phybbs here." Having hastily thrown a few lines into a portmanteau, Tom left a brief note for Fleming at the club, saying that he had been unexpectedly called out of town for a day or two, and by eight o'clock was steaming out of London on his way to the old seaport.

But Hugh also had his inspiration. He came to the conclusion that he had not pushed his enquiries half far enough at Manchester, and what is more, that he had made them in the wrong directions. It was quite likely that some of the snop people with whom they dealt would be able to tell him something about the Lyndens. If his idea was correct about Nell, she would naturally not wish to see or hear from people of her own position. The old woman he had seen at the house was obviously only a caretaker, and indeed said she knew nothing of the people who had lived there before, except their name. He would run down to Manchester again, and see if he could not discover what he wanted. He could think of nothing else, and it was worth trying at all events. And so it came to pass, while Tom was speeding into Hampshire, Hugh Fleming was being whirled into Lancashire, both men strenuously in pursuit of the same object.

The latter began his search in the most methodical way, and with the sternest resolve to keep a check upon his temper, which, before the first day was over, was sorely taxed. The Lyndens had been gone some time, and folks seemed to have forgotten them for the most part, and when they did remember them, it seemed somewhat to their disadvantage, for there seemed to be a hazy impression that they had gone away owing a lot of money. Still, he at last found a respectable tradesman who could tell him something. Yes, he remembered them quite well; they dealt with him almost ever since they first came to live there. As for their owing a lot of money, he didn't believe it; they had always paid him regularly enough. Pity he hadn't come a bit sooner; there were servants in the house for months after they left who could no doubt have told him what he wanted to know. The parlour-maid married a policeman, he had heard, and that, he supposed, broke the thing up. What had become of the parlor maid, he couldn't say. No, he didn't know what her name was now; Miss Phybbs she had been when he knew her.

Good gracious, what a fool he had been! Of course the sister of that boy in his old company. Ah! he wondered where that boy was now; the last time he had seen him was on the ground inside the Redan; he recollected rushing to the defence of Nell's protégé. Ah, well, it wasn't much good, it wasn't likely he came out of that business alive. He would certainly write to the regiment and make inquiries, but there was little likelihood that Peter Phybbs was on its roll now. "Married to a policeman," he reflected, as, having thanked his informant, he walked away. "I dare say they could find out his name for me at their headquarters; there's no need for telling them my reasons for enquiring.

I certainly don't want to invoke the aid of the police. The most respectable people would get indignant at finding the police laid on their track because they had forgotten to leave their address. No, I must confine my enquiries strictly as to the whereabouts of Miss Phybbs."

On making his desire known at the headquarters of the police, Hugh was at once asked to take a chair by the Inspector on duty.

"We can tell you what you want, sir, I daresay, in a few minutes. Mary or Polly Phybbs, you say. A young woman living here, and married some time this spring." And the officer turned to confer with one or two of his subordinates, and then consulted sundry ledgers.

"Ah," he said, at last, "this would be it, no doubt, Richard Tarrant, married to Mary Phybbs, spinster, April, 56. Leave granted to act as caretaker at Denton Lodge, the residence of Dr. Lynden."

"That's it," cried Hugh. "And now, where are the Tarrants living?"

"If they are not still at that address, I don't know that we can help you. You see Richard Tarrant has left us."

"When and why?" asked Hugh laconically.

"About a month ago. As for 'why,' unless you are finding him a situation it's not worth while going into particulars."

"And you've no idea where he is at present? Is his wife with him?"

"I can tell you nothing more about him, sir, than I have done already. It is possible some of our people may know what's become of him, but I rather doubt it. He was a bumptious, rather queer tempered man, and not popular in the Force. However, if you'll leave me your address, if I can learn anything I will let you know."

Hugh thanked the Inspector and took his leave. He lingered for two or three days at the Queen's Hotel, in hopes of discovering the address of Mr. and Mrs. Tarrant, but, further than that Polly Phybbs had married Richard Tarrant, and spent her honeymoon in Dr. Lynden's old house, he could learn nothing. He was by this time fairly convinced that the discovery of his lost love lay through Mrs. Tarrant, and clung to the idea with all the persistency of his disposition—but he was just too late. Had he but sought her a month ago, he would have found her without trouble. Tricked he had been in the Crimea it was true, but he was fain to acknowledge to himself that had his senses not been lulled by Mademoiselle Ivanhoff's fascinations he would have made much more stir in that matter of his release. Wearily he travelled back to town, murmuring after the manner of most of us when our sin has found us out, "Too late! too late!" We are never so clear-sighted as to our wrong doing as when experiencing the consequences that have come of it.

Tom Byng, on the other hand, had returned to town triumphant. He had gone on board the convict hulk the next morning, found Private Peter Phybbs, and had what Tom deemed a fairly satisfactory interview with him. No, his sister was not with Miss Lynden; whether his sister knew where she was, he couldn't say, but he thought it very likely she did. Since he had last heard from her she had got married; married a policeman, and a cousin of theirs. He was afraid she hadn't done a very good thing for herself, for it seemed her husband had left the police, and he thought things must be going a bit wrong with them. He never had thought much of that Dick Tarrant. When Byng asked him why he took such an unfavourable view of his sister's prospects, he admitted with some hesitation that she had written very gloomily to him a few days ago, and said that now Dick had left the police; she didn't know how they would get along; that she hoped to see him soon, and in the meantime could he lend her some money.

"That ain't Polly, sir. She's a good girl and a careful girl; but that Dick, he's just one of that loafing sort who'll let a woman slave herself to death, and never do a hand's breadth of work himself. I used to be always at Polly about it. That Dick was always cadging for money out of her savings."

"Well, I suppose you'll go down to see your sister at once."

"Yes, sir, I want a furlough as soon as ever I can get one, but you know they say that we belong to the Irish command, and must get our furloughs from the General over there. We didn't think that day in the Redan we'd be put in a convict hulk when we got home, did we, sir? Have you seen anything of Captain Fleming in London?"

"Yes, Phybbs. I dined with him the night before last. He's very well."

"Ah, if it hadn't been for him, I shouldn't be here now. Not that it's much of a place to be in," continued Phybbs, throwing a most disparaging eye round the old hulk, "but it's better to be here than nowhere, ain't it, sir?"

Phybbs' theological ideas were somewhat primitive.

"You'd do anything to help Captain Fleming, eh?" said Tom.

"I'd do anything in the world for the Captain," said Phybbs, earnestly. "I ain't forgot that eighth of September; not likely I ever will."

"Then give me your sister's address. Captain Fleming wants to see her on a matter of great importance."

"I'll run down and get the letter this moment, and if it's anything Polly can do, sir, I'm sure she will."

Phybbs disappeared down the hatchway only to speedily return with Polly's letter in his hand. Having carefully noted down the address, Tom bade his brethren in arms good-bye, and the afternoon saw him once more on his way to London. On arrival at the Thermopolium he learnt that Captain Fleming was not in town, and that the note he had left for him with the hall porter had never been delivered. Captain Fleming had not been seen in the club either that day or yesterday. Byng had now thrown himself into the search for Nellie Lynden enthusiastically. He had intended to have handed Mrs. Tarrant's address over to Hugh and started him off at once to Manchester; and now, as Tom growled:

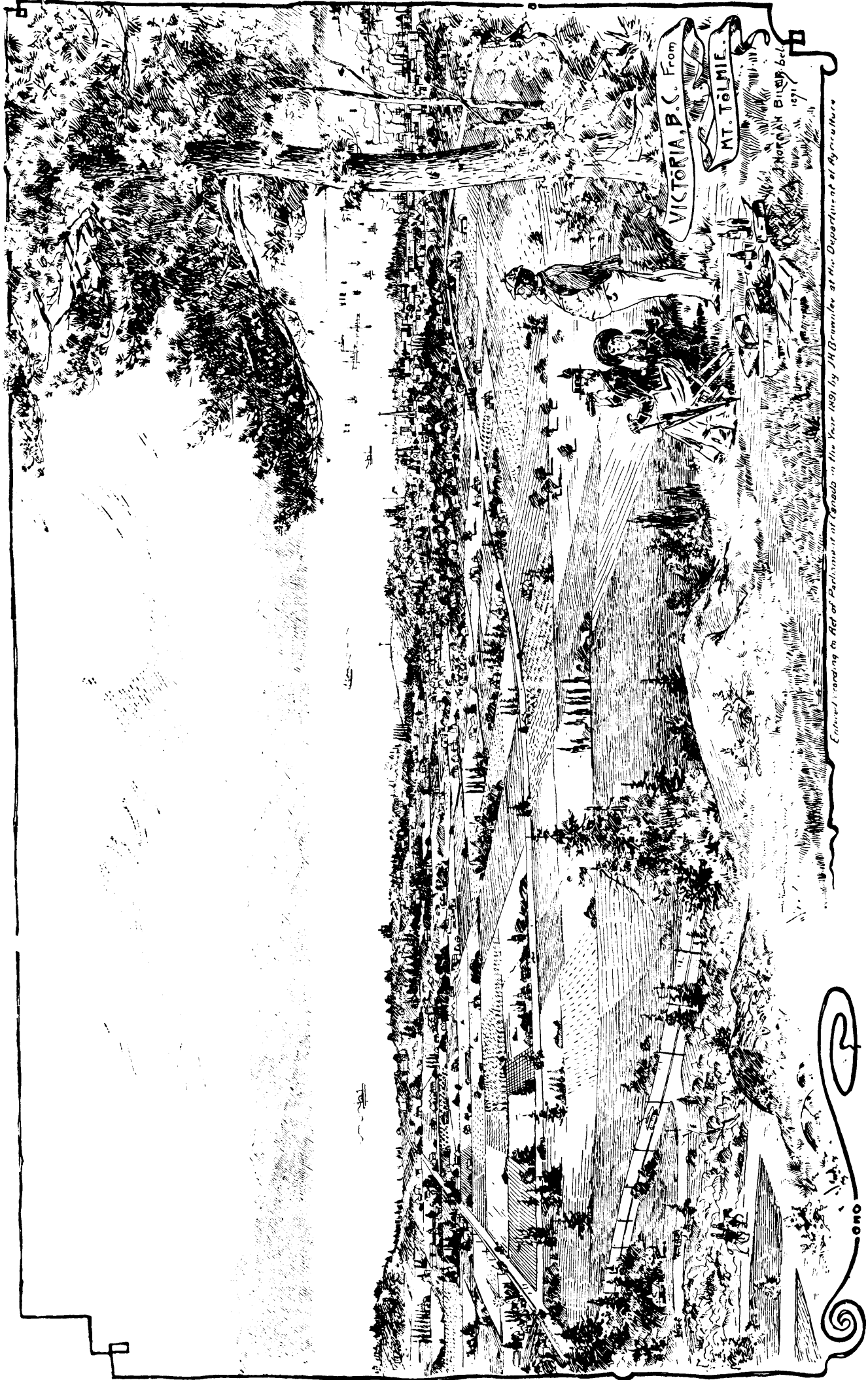
"Here's the provoking young beggar not to be found."

He quickly settled in his own mind that if he did not come across Hugh that evening he would go down to Manchester himself on the morrow. It would save time, he thought, and enable Hugh to seek an interview direct with Miss Lynden, always supposing that Mrs. Tarrant was in possession of her address.

(To be continued.)

Teetotalism in the Navy.

Out of a correspondence upon drinking and drunkenness, which has for some time past filled columns of the *Times*, a discussion not without lessons has arisen upon the subject of teetotalism in the navy. The fall in the death-rate of the navy having been alluded to as a proof of the value of total abstinence, a correspondent who signs himself "R.N." pointed out that this diminished death-rate was not so much due to a diminution in the use of whiskey as of water—that is to say, of impure water. In the course of an interesting letter, he remarked:—"As far as alcoholic beverages are concerned, there is very much more drinking and incomparably less drunkenness in the navy than there used to be. The officers and men of that service are more sober than any other class of Englishmen. The teetotalers have not had the smallest share in bringing this about." Not unnaturally, this statement "fetched" Miss Weston, for whose efforts in a cause she believes to be a good one every naval man has a sincere admiration. However, she launched a rather ill-advised letter at "R.N.," filled with statistics intended to support the merits of teetotalism, and to show that the reform everyone acknowledges to have taken place was mainly due to herself and her co-workers. Her revelations in the shape of figures, it must be confessed, do not bear out what most outsiders have supposed to be the marvellous success of her ministry. "R.N." at once took up the challenge, and proved, from the lady's own confession, that, whereas pledge-takers were counted by thousands, pledge-keepers even for a year can only be counted by hundreds, demonstrating as plainly as possible the futility of the operations of the teetotalers.—*Army and Navy Gazette*.



Entered according to Act of Parliament in the Year 1891 by M. Brumby at the Department of Agriculture

VIEW OF VICTORIA, B.C., FROM MOUNT TOLMIE.

RED AND BLUE PENCIL

CHERRYFIELD, October 22nd, 1891.

Doric.

DEAR DOMINION,—



HAVE a passion for the Doric; and even mediocrity, if clothed in that garb, has some presumptive title to my notice. The Lowland patois of Scotland has, by such powerful writers as Burns and Scott, been raised above the mere provincial dialect which once it was, to the dignity of an universal language. Such is the charm of genius to unfold the intrinsic features of a rare people and a bewitching country. The tongue Dr. Johnson despised is to-day

one of the most winning, as its utterances are most revered of earth. Such secondary yet powerful influences as John Wilson,—with his unique and astonishing *melange* of all the constituents of literature, in the "Noctes Ambrosianæ," and his creation of that unequalled fictitious character, the Ettrick shepherd; and with Hogg, himself—the shepherd in the rough, with his "Kilmeny," that rarest pearl of "imagination all compact,"—these, and others, have given classic force and finish to the dialect, and widened its currency. And while we bask in the radiance of such suns, we are not forgetful of the planets, of a milder, but not less beautiful light, in the numerous balladists from Ramsay to Tannahill, and the idyllic writers from the era of Drummond to that of the author of the "Gentle Shepherd," or him of the "Legends of Inverburn." At the present day, from such pens as those of William Black, Dr. Waddell, George McDonald, Robt. Buchanan, Robert Carter, and others, it flows with the old-time grace and sweetness. It has come to us over the ocean and naturalized itself on American shores. It comes warbled out of the west, from lovers with whom a sight of Caledonian shores is only a wish or a fancy. Domesticated by Canadian hearthstones, the hearts of such sweet songsters as Evan MacColl, John McFarlane, Alexander McLachlan, are moved to perpetuate it; while even William Murdoch, the rustic poet of Partridge Island, not without merit, attempts the same. Such members of a gracious choir,—as Moir, Riddle, Gray, Aytoun, Smart, Vedder, of earlier days in Edinburgh,—some of whom still survive upon these shores, are worthy of more than mention. Among them are Thomas Carstairs Latto, born at Kingsbairns, East Neuk of Fife, in 1818, and now resident at Brooklyn, N.Y. To him we hope in future to return with more comprehensive reference. In Washington, too, Dr. J. Rankin, an American clergyman, (author of the hymn "God be with you till we meet again,") of Scottish descent and Scotch spirit, shows in his "Ingleside Rhymes" how native to himself is "the sweetest, simplest, most pathetic dialect ever used by mortals." Alexander Rae Garvie,—whose "Thistle-down" should be better known and loved,—writes finely in his essay on "Pathos":

"The dialect may seem harsh, but it is fine, my friends; it has colour. Is not the stern thistle crowned with purple? and so the speech of my darling land, though rough, is rich with bloom. . . . O'ld bits of Border ballads, the loves of the lowly, the annals of the poor, give the words feeling force. Now it is the death-song of a martyr, passing out of life slowly on the bleak hill-side, and the lonely cry of a plover, giving accompaniment to the faint singing of David's psalm which the dying find so sweet. Anon, it is a moan for the "Flowers o' the Forest" that were "a' wede away" in the fatal fight o' Flodden. Now it is a broken heart pacing the banks and climbing the braes of "Bonnie Doon," grieved at the warble of the birds. And now it is the croon of a mother liltin' beside the spinning-wheel and wondering where Jamie is the night. But however Pathos shows herself, she is ever grave in Scotland. The language helps her greatly. What an amount of sorrow is crowded into the phrase, "greetin' sair." . . . What though the language be sneered at by lipping gallants familiar with courtly phrase.

'Tis a noble language,—the terse medium of conversation, the sweet expresser of song, the heart-raiser of her poor, proud sons, and the syllables thereof seem to them a fitting garment for the pure spirit of Pathos."

You will remark, Mr. Editor, that all this preamble is but introductory to the following home-brew, and an apology for the growing custom, on the part of those who are not to the manor born, of constructing Scotch verses. Well, let me bear the reproach for the sake of the gratification. There is a home by the Concord, where Emerson's precept of plain living and high thinking is duly observed; and because I could not join the group wont to assemble there, I must needs have some revenge on untoward circumstances; hence the rhythmical fulmination that succeeds this note. It may be unseasonable when it reaches you; but surely it is not so now. I look up, and out of the window. Lo! the green is underneath, and the white shimmers over it.

"Winter's snowy pinion
Shakes the white down in the air."

So it will do for seasonableness, all but the nonsense:

ASHHURST.

Roll, ye wild win's, and drive, ye snow,—
Ye rudest tempests wrathfu' blow!
Ye do but brighten mair the glow—
The festive gleam,
That Ashhurst's cordial evenings know,
By Concord's stream.

Roll, ye wild win's e'en as ye please,
Thro' our mild hermit's shelterin' trees!
Sweeter the calm within, if breeze
Without may blow:
The frere wha hears your music, sees
His hearth-fire glow.

And haply Ralph and Mary there,
Make the bright scene appear mair fair;
An' th' assembled muses rare,
Complete the joy
That angry winter's utmost blare
Cannot destroy.

Then, while the backlog sparklin' burns,
The steamin' tea he deftly turns,—
Wha fitly tents a' sic concerns,
Close by himsel';
And hantles washboards—besoms—airns,
An' pens, as well.

An' while the cakes gae roun' the board,
An' this is praised, or that preferred,
Slipped in is mony a frien'ly word,
Ilk charm to bear
O sang an' story,—mony a hoard
O' wisdom rare.

Roll, ye wild win's, the drifts pile higher
Roun' this delightful warblin' choir!
Our Walton weel shall feed the fire,
To light up clear,
An' wi' his sunny face inspire
The e'enin' cheer.

He'll tell us how to win content
For ilka day, frae each event;—
With look serene as silver Trent,
Casting his hook—
Till the lang simmer day is spent—
In Shawford Brook.

Or he'll be there, wha sang an' saw
New Englan's hearthstane bound wi' snaw:—
The useless latch-string in we'll draw,
An' line our nest;
Then let the dogs o' Boreas blaw
Their frosty best.

Then to the pipes: an' while the reek
Curls fragrant o'er each poet-cheek,
—Whisht! . . . let nane be sae bauld as speak
Till words be warm!
Nae ratton's run, nor mousie's squeak,
Shall break the charm.

But when each bole lemes clear, an' glows,
An' like a paukie furnace lowes,
An' saft the incense wafts your nose,
A' ripe an' rare,—
Ah, then discourse maist freely flows
Frae chair to chair!

And haply Ralph will sighin' say,—
"Tho' night is juist as gude as day,
An' oor December maist like May,—
[La grippe. A—ch—oo!]
I would that F—x cam' this way,
To stap, th' noo!"

An' saft the Hermit will reply,—
"I'd gie my lugs were he but nigh,
Wad this sweet pipe enraptured ply,
An' no' think 't lang,
Unless he slip't a sarmin sly
Intil his sang."

Roll, ye wild win's in rude affray,
Frae earliest eve till dawnin' gray!
Dear frien's, in social Concord stay
By Ashhurst hearth:
There's ane wha lo'es ye, tho' away,
An' shares y'r mirth!

I sat, after supper, with my hopeful nephew on my knee, when he said: "Don't you make verses sometimes, Uncle Felix?" "I do, indeed, bubby boy," I pleaded: "but the sort I make you would not care to listen to. The verses you would wish to hear are of that spontaneous, airy kind that make themselves, whenever they wish, such verses as you sometimes see in *St. Nicholas*." "O make me some, Uncle Felix!" urged Ossie, with a chorus of invitation from a number of little shavers now clus'ered round me; so there was nothing for it but to coin my brain into juvenile currency, as follows:

CELESTIAL CAPERS.

That old cantankerous warrior, Mars,
Harried the planets and raided the stars;
All because he meddled with Venus,
And said, "Let us have a kiss between us;"
And she thought they might, "if no one seen us."
But the Sun got up, and tried to stop her,
And declared such doings were very improper;
Then Mars raved round, as mad as a hopper.
He wasn't quite able for great big Jupiter,
With all his sizzling and frying;
But as for the Earth, he made a scoop at her,
And sent the old beldame flying,—
Who stepped on the youngest of her daughters,
And cracked her head into four quarters.
"O let us get out of the way!" cried Uranus,
"Or else this murderous devil will brain us;
"For there could n't be much more dust in the air
"If the Bull were loose or the biggest Bear."
As that good matron, old Mrs. Saturn,
Sat feeding her fine little moons,
He toward them came flying, and set them all crying,
And dirtied their new pantaloons;
He took the Fish by its golden flipper,
And broke the handle off the Dipper,
And took the big Dog's best bone from it,
And pulled the tail clean out of a comet,
And splashed about in the Milky Way,
And acted like one quite over the bay;
He broke the strings of the magic Lyre,
And set the straw in the Wain on fire;
And all because his wise old father
Said, he would just a little rather
That such young mettlesome sky-scrappers
Would stop a-cutting their naughty capers.

Do you, my sonny, kick up stars,
When your papa serves you as Sol did Mars?

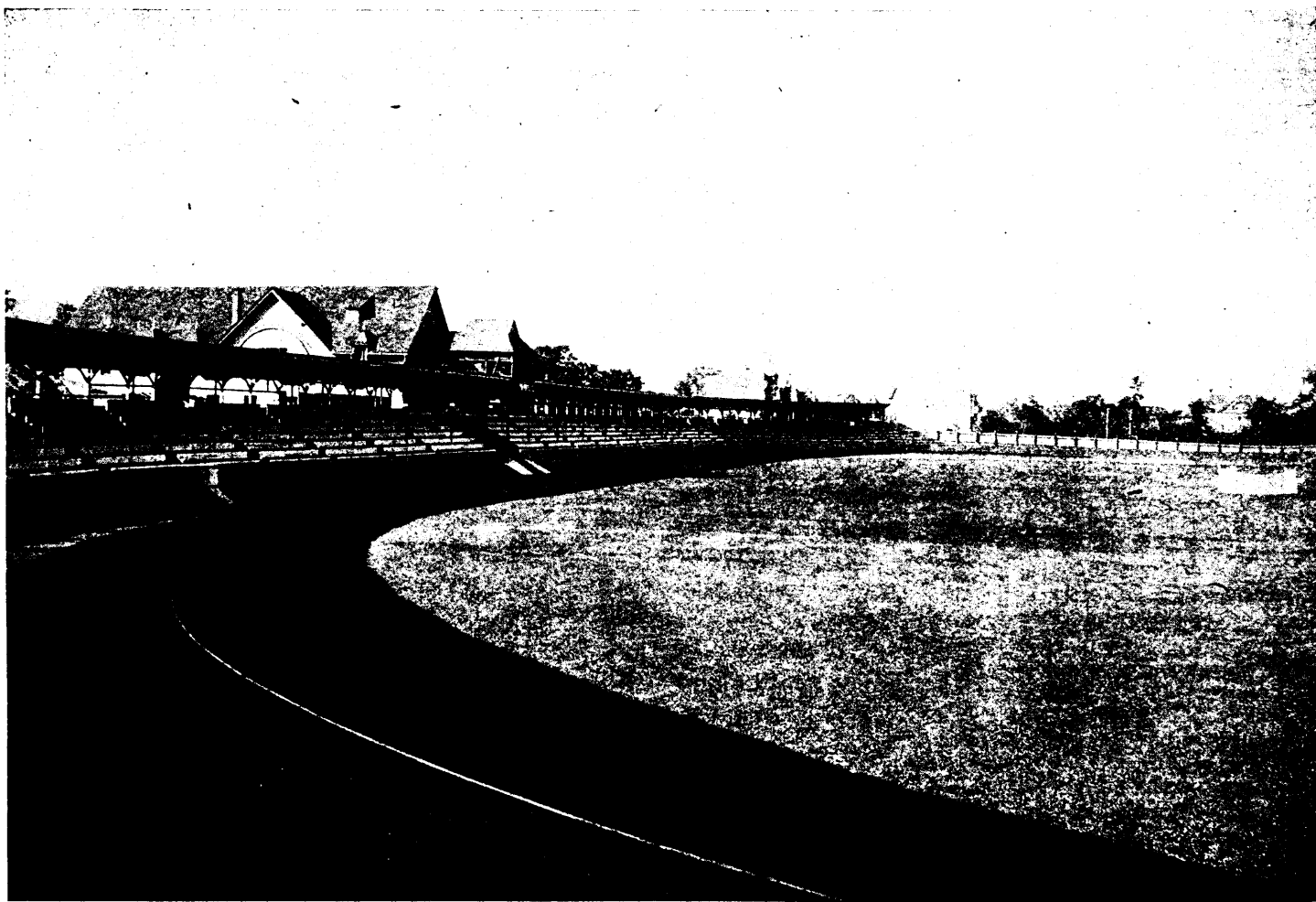
By this, the little fellows were called to bed, and their Uncle was relieved from further barbarities of rhyme.

AUTUMN BITS.

For all this is the season of melancholy, there is a deep and serious delight in its shows, and our Canadian woods are a lure to lead the pensive man to one of his purest pleasures, when what has been called "the hectic flush" is on the maple's cheek. Nay, I recall such an epithet, as worthy of repudiation! It signifies a ghastliness that has not yet appeared, and that savours not the bloom of the leaf, more than that of the apple. There is a grandeur in the year's decay, appealing to the poetry within us; and in so much ripeness, beauty and splendour there is something accordant with our richest thought. Every fair Indian summer day seems to say, "Come, let us go to the feast of vision!" Autumn, says some one, has invitations of her own, got out in coloured lithographs. Spring-time rhymers might always wish to see green leaves; but, as for me, I have ever a welcome for "Autumn in her weeds of yellow," purple and crimson. Summer fills the soul with languor, unkitts the frame, and silences; but the first frost tightens and tingles every nerve, and awakes the spirit of song. Then when the boughs are bare we sing the best.

Come, then, let us away to the transfigured woods! See where the forest lies, flanked by wide green fields, through which the river goes limpidly, rounding yonder curve to catch its glories in reflection. Enter this primeval cathedral, and stand amid its golden lights. How its sky-windows hang emblazoned! Farther on there is an open space, where a little lake lies mirror-like on the wood's bosom, where sylvan Beauty may stand to dress herself. This is the boudoir of the wood-deities, after they have left it. Nay, if there are fauns or fairies, surely they are here. If the poet comes they come too! The world of dreams, the fairy-lands of childhood, grow tame and pale before this wild domain, this flushed fairness. We cry aloud—

"O what a glory doth the year put on!"



GROUPS OF THE MONTREAL AMATEUR ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

Sit down on the mottled base of this noble beech, and opening your Bryant, read :

“The woods of autumn all around our vale
Have put their glory on.”

Or why is not your Lampman just as well? We can see through his eyes how those silver birches have gathered the sun's smiling warmth

“Deep, deep into their luminous hearts of gold.”

Turn the leaves of your poets over, and while the “smoky trill” glimmers, the chestnut patters down, and the leaves “fall like flakes of light” earth-ward; while “the maples redden in the sun,” and

“Upon the grassy mould
The purple oak-leaf falls; the birchen bough
Drops its bright spoil like arrow-heads of gold,”

you will find a fitting accompaniment to the great anthem of the year in their musical description.

* * *

Here is *Canada* at hand,—that well compacted bit of literary excellence, showing how “in small compass things may perfect be,”—approximately. It has a good and wise word in favour of William Wilfrid Campbell, and reproduces his much and justly lauded poem, “The Mother,”—a richly imaginative and pathetic piece, worthy of classification with “Kilmeny,” “The Sensitive Plant,” “The Conqueror Worm,” “Haunted Castle,” and poems of their order. Truly the gods will sow their fire-seeds where they will, on Canadian plains, as well as the classic fields of England or Italy. “Continual comfort of a face,” is our inward comment on the prepossessing, purely womanly countenance on which we come, with sudden surprise and delight, at page 339. No. 171, the *DOMINION ILLUSTRATED*. Of this lady we treasure many a line, as gems of price are treasured; for many of her poems, like that one lately in the *Week*, delight the taste while they improve the heart. We also read with much interest Principal Grant's second article on Howland's “The New Empire,”—with especial approval of his remarks on neglecters of the franchise: “I have heard no argument that will hold water against the individual's obligation to exercise the trust which the country commits to the individual. Contempt of Court is generally punished, not only by exclusion from the court-

house, but by other penalties as well. That men should consider contempt of trust as something praiseworthy, or a mark of their superiority, or that they should expect to be coaxed and canvassed to exercise the trust, will, in future

years, be considered about as extraordinary delusions as ever entered the mind of man.” To all of which let every body say, Amen!

PASTOR FELIX.

LUX ET UMBRA.

In the black flower of midnight, at the heart
And midmost auricle of secrecy,
There lies the golden fire-seed that shall be
The day's broad blossom. Softly fall apart
The silken leaves of dreams, and, lo, *thou art!*
Sweet morn of expectation, dewy-drest!
While all the spectres that the dark infest
Soon as the East doth his keen lances dart
Show angel faces. Why avert the shade,
The solemn vigil,—the mysterious Power,
Filling the soul with awe, stirring the clod,
Bidding the bones to quake? 'Tis thus array'd
In dusky calyx lies Heaven's shining flower;
Our Angel leads through gloom to show us God.

St. John, N.B.

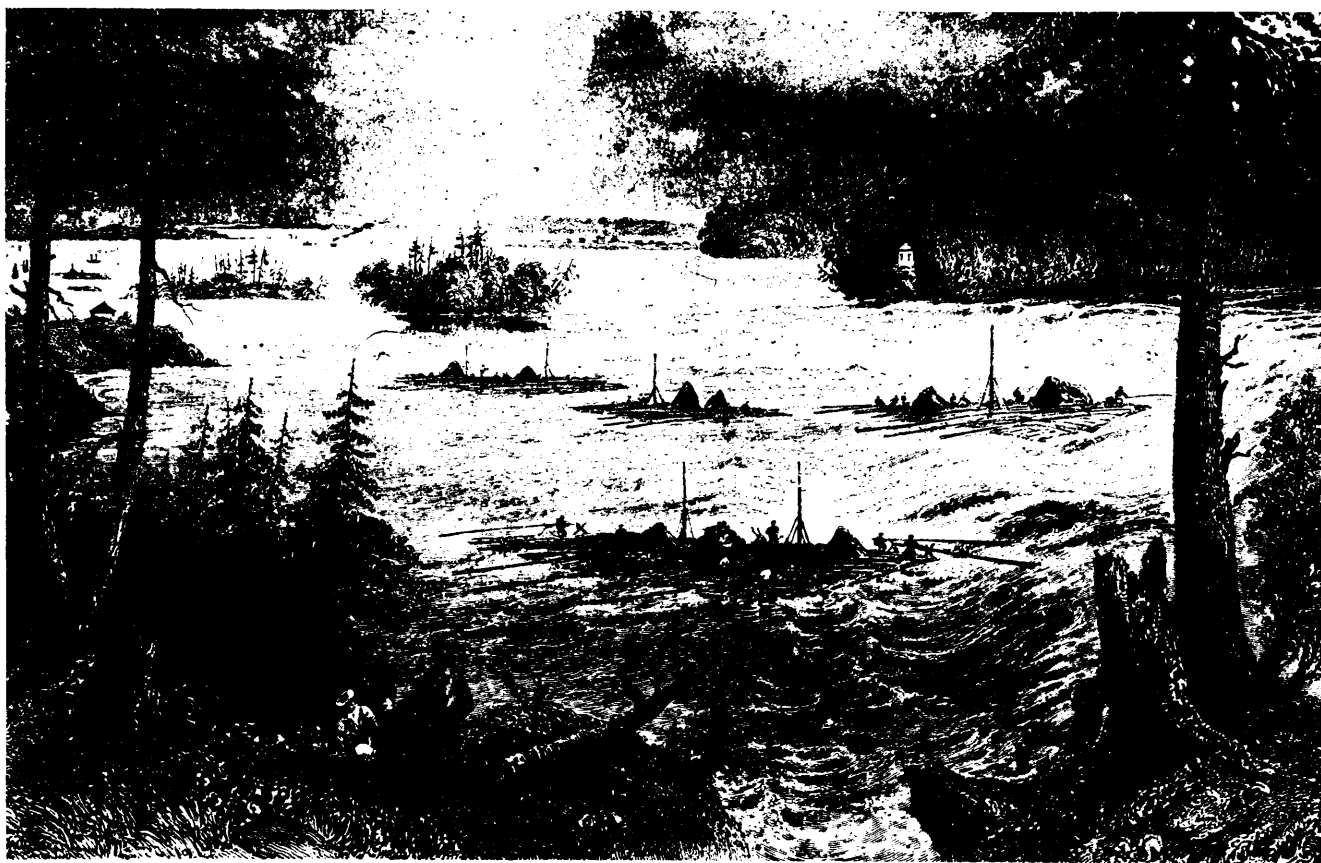
W. G. MACFARLANE.

SECRET LIFE.

Dear, do you know, as I, that precious thrill
Of subtle pleasure, when in festive throng
'Mid laugh, and gay return, and careless song.
A thought comes softly,—“this does not fulfill
My end of being; I have something still
That *these* know naught of,—that does not belong
To the world's life of restlessness and wrong,
But lives alone, and knows one master—will.

This then is Love, *my* love for *you*, Dear Heart,
That life which makes all else beside it seem
Poor and of little moment,—as a dream
To the day's doings,—that which dwells apart
Sacred, and dear, and, gone this world of tears,
Shall live with us through all the future years.

SOPHIE M. ALMON HENSLEY.



JUNCTION OF THE OTTAWA AND ST. LAWRENCE RIVERS.

Travelling Scraps.

By F. J. M.



WHAT is the subtle influence which makes some girls assume a totally different manner so soon as a young man appears? Now, on the cars, one morning lately, was a pretty, nicely dressed girl—sensible, too, as I gathered from her conversation with some girl friends who were seeing her off and standing on the platform. Presently a young man hastened up to them, smiled, shook hands, and set down his valise—he seemed to be going on another train). He went in for a regular good chat with the girl in the car. He was very lively—evidently a *masher*—his whole manner said plainly, “Here, girls; I’ve come now, you needn’t talk to each other, &c., &c.” and that nice, sensible-looking girl fluttered and giggled and nodded and “talked back,” and the “masher” ditto ditto, as if those other less attractive friends didn’t exist! At last this killing Adonis (a drummer, I fancy; somehow there was a “drumming” look about him and his valise) seemed to remember that he, too, was about to travel. Well, after more hurried flutters and “talker’s” he rushed off. This is but a slight instance, but it serves as an illustration, and brings to my mind certain theories which now pervade so much of the current literature. My dear author friends, (of special “fads”) you may hope that men and women will regard each other as of *one sex*—when the millenium comes—certainly not before!

* * *

There is lots of pluck in your very small women. A certain friend of mine was seeing me off one day, and wanted to sit in the car with me until the last moment. The train was very full, and a valise and great coat in the seat opposite to mine proclaimed it taken. My little widow eyed these masculine belongings for a minute, then coolly deposited them on the other side of the car (the sunny one) and sat down in their former resting spot herself! Presently the owner came along and looked ruefully at us. This atom of a woman was equal to the occasion though, and said some-

thing about being *sure* he would not mind, but would like one place *just* as well as another, in which, with a somewhat vacant smile, he limply acquiesced. Poor man, I really think he was very sleepy and did not mind very much, for he slept soundly throughout the journey and (*entre-nous*) he snored horribly—a regular trombone of a snore, too! I took a speaking sketch of him in my wicked little note-book and sent it to my friend, but I don’t think it’s good enough to print, so I spare my readers this last infliction.

* * *

Now here have I just immolated myself at the shrine of two babies! A little girl came over to me and said very politely, “Please, would you *mind* shutting the window next to you, as there are two poor little babies over there who feel the draught.” I shut it instantly, and on looking round with, perhaps, a lurking feminine interest in those little babies, discovered *their* window open, the considerate mother, or whoever it was, evidently thinking that the darling little *bubsie-wubsie’s* should have the fresh air from their own side, whilst other passengers might stew! Well, if it was for the little ones, I’ll forgive the injury, but if it was for *herself*, then I vote her a selfish, nasty, mean—but the worst of it is I shall never know *which* it was for!

* * *

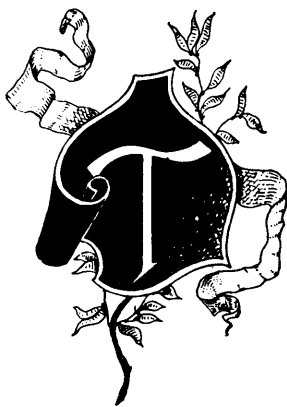
Ah! What is that I pass on the platform—that horrible oblong case? Alas! no need to ask—someone’s dead. It is a strange feeling, that of knowing you are travelling with all that remains of a fellow-being. What thoughts it *will* provide, which we seem unable to resist. Involuntarily I see the grieving ones awaiting this silent passenger at some station. I conjure up many fancies, all of which are most likely far away from the real facts. It reminds me, too, of a burial at sea which once took place when I was in mid Atlantic. I can always vividly recall the sudden stopping of the ship, the strange quiet, broken at intervals by the heavy splash of the waves against the ship’s sides. Only a few minutes and on we sped, leaving in the depths of the ocean’s bosom a poor young woman who was going over to Ireland to see her children before she died. She had consumption, and God took her when we had been only a few days out. I wonder if there *can* be a

heart so cold, a soul so dead, as to be unaffected by so solemn and sad a thing as a burial at sea!

* * *

What a feeling gratitude is to be sure! I don’t mean of that lofty standard which uplifts the soul, which makes you feel as if the world held one supremely generous and unselfish individual—the one to whom you are grateful—I just mean the ordinary every-day, article, the commonplace gratitude for a little “bite” or a little “sup” just when you want it. The other day I was waiting at a certain junction station; the expected train was late. The sun was blazing, and everyone looked bored. As I sat there looking about as cross as I could look, I know, a genial-looking elderly gentleman made some pleasant remark about the train being late, &c. I entered into his friendly spirit—although I am English, and of course stiff-necked and impassible where there is no introduction (so at least think the uninitiated in English customs)—and we had quite a nice chat. We found we had something in common, too, for *he* was on the staff of a certain well-known newspaper; and do I not frequently “rush in print?” So I was civil, but I know I looked cross still, for, Oh! I was consumed with a devouring, a savage thirst, not for blood, but for just a drink of clear water! Presently I said (and I tried to put a pathetic expression into my orbs) “I *wonder* if there’s a glass of water about here?” Off he rushed, and didn’t he bring me a big “gobbler” (as a little girlie I know says) of clear, sparkling water—in truth, a “nectar fit for the gods.” Said he, “I think you’ll find it cool and fresh, they always keep it nice here.” Reader, I almost *loved* him; and as I sat and sipped at my “gobbler” the halo that sat upon that kind man, in my eyes, would have made him vain, perhaps, could he have seen it. I sipped, therefore, in peace and content, for I wasn’t going to spoil the rapture by drinking the whole thing at “one fell swoop,” like the killing of MacDuff’s wife and children (to quote Shakespeare). So I sipped and sipped; then my good Samaritan took the glass away. Time slipped by more comfortably; general look of relief on all faces—train in. I lost sight of my hero of the “cup of cold water.” Good-bye. I know your name—but I wonder whether you know mine!

EPISODES OF INDIAN LIFE IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.



THE first impressions derived from contact with the coast Indians do not stand favourably with those held of the aboriginal inhabitants of the interior provinces. As much difference exists between them as is evident in the characteristics of the fighting western Kurds of India, when contrasted with their apparently non-combative kin who enjoy a competitive race on the labour field on the Indian's own ground, thrown open to the rivalry of the two elements through the march of nations. Even the Indians who emulate the profession of the rag picking product of the higher eastern civilization have a quick nervous movement, as they glide along the lanes and suburbs of the railroad towns in the pursuit of their avocation.

Indicative as their manners are of but slight removal from lords of the vast solitudes, they afford the most striking contrast, when viewed in comparison with the "Hams" of British Columbia. As the Chinese have "towns," so have the Indians, but the locations afforded them pass current in the language as rancheries. These habitations are comprised of a number of rudely constructed cabins of low build, outside of which the Kootchmen (Chinook for women) can be seen squatting about, while they gossip with each other in the guttural manner peculiar to the proper tonal manipulation of the Chinook language. The corkscrew sounds which point the conversation in progress among them are an accomplishment all their own, being inimitable by their white friends (tillicums). Insignificant and dirty appearing as their cabins seem on approaching, it is found in passing that the most conspicuous piece of furniture—the bed—is generally snowy white, relieving the curtailed space about by its evident cleanliness. "Kla-how-za"—how are you—you venture at one of the maidens who sit semi-upright fixtures against the door posts; when she retorts with "Klach-how-za," catching her breath at each syllable as if she thought the effort too much labour—for nothing.

The Siwashes (Chinook for men) disport themselves in other pastures, not far off, with cigar or pipe in mouth discussing the pro's and cons of a scheming venture in getting whiskey, which is prohibited them by law. For the luxury of a bottle of gin or whiskey, they will run the risks of being heavily fined, or undergo a long term of imprisonment as enthusiastically as a wayward school boy will play traunt, the excitement of his escapade dulling the prospects of the ordeal before him, when he stands to take his punishment from the dominie. Such rancheries exist close to every town. During certain seasons of the year, especially when fishing operations are in progress, an adjunct of tents, and shelters erected flimsily with matting on slight poles scarcely four feet high, is formed to the colonies, a host of country cousins having dropped into town to hob-nob (potlatch) with the city quality. Those nomadical refuges, easy of transportation and pitching, are but fugitive abodes merely doing service while parties from the different tribes are in town at certain seasons of the year. Those who have read Cook and other voyagers' travels, and have set a standard accordingly in estimation of the tribes of Indians here, will be shocked to find the bushwhackers, the great war canoe fighters, represented by limp specimens of manhood, who may be seen sitting about on the sidewalks, their legs disposed in the ditch as if it were formed for the special object of accommodating them. The general impression prevalent as to these people is, that they are outcasts from different tribes further north or inland who have proven indifferent to the advances of civilization. If the present mode of living of a number of the natives to be seen about the coast cities is the outcome of the march of civilization, then might they curse the influences which weaned them from their virtue, and might eventually exterminate them as a nation.

The source from which the Siwashes derive the money necessary to their proper arrayment in "European" cut clothes, and other luxuries which they affect in their enlightenment, is catching salmon for the canneries in which this article is put up in tins; but a failure taking place in a good run of fish does not deter them from having a good outfit of

garments for the coming cold season. They are truly lords and masters of the better half whom they claim as wife. When the wild berries, so plentiful all over the slopes and plains, grow ripe, the Kootchmen sally into the woods, returning with baskets full, with which they canvass the different houses, taking in exchange various articles of clothing as the purchasing powers of the baskets may allow, according to their different sizes. After the barter of any great quantity, the Kootchmen are to be seen trudging along under loads that appear sufficient to tax the staying powers of a pony. Alongside walk their husbands with several pairs of boots or other smaller articles that can not possibly be added to the burdens borne by the poor creatures who are supposed to be supported by the stronger part. Likely, though, this part of the ceremony of contracting is left out in Indian marriages, while particular emphasis is given the obedience demanded of the women. If recollection is aright it was not uncommon in one of the extreme counties of Scotland and also in the North-West of Canada to marry with the understanding that the weaker contracting party was to be utilized in lieu of a more expensive burden-bearer, of which she was to form a substitute. The same idea should be right in regard to the Indians here, if they practice the same want of respect for the Kootchmen when on the reserves that they do when on their urban peregrinations. Journalists of more or less note frequently refer to the Indians of this province in anything but flattering measures, their ideas being picked up on a flying visit, the superficial impressions taken having their origin in those incidents which are to be observed any day on the street, or in the vicinity of cities. A great deal of a different nature makes itself manifest on a better acquaintance with their habits, which gives a new light on their adaptability to the changed circumstances of their lives. The natural bent of their natures is to industrial pursuits, now running in its proper groove through acquaintance with the means of cultivating soil with the aid of modern implements, as well as hewing down the timbers of the vast forests, which a short span of years ago resounded only to the warwhoops of the elder living generations, or their forefathers. Certainly there are those who are not amenable to the influences of the Christian religion, who, emulating the old time practices of their forebears, refusing to change the time honoured customs, which they have observed for ages past, find it now difficult to cast away the traditions borne down from generation to generation by verbal repetition—"Nursing their traditions to keep them warm," to transpire Burns, until some stoic, alike in sentiment, happens along, to sympathize with them in mythical beliefs which the bulk of the Indians have relegated to obscurity. The evidences of deterioration so strikingly seen in the vicinity of cities is not supposed to attach to those who hold to their reservations, the best argument in favour of this fact being that they are self-supporting. At home, on the reserves, they are credited with steady, industrial temperaments, raising large crops of the staple article which they produce; the potato forming their chief sustenance, along with salmon, during the winter. Their manner of catching salmon on the upper reaches of the rivers Fraser and Thompson is as interesting as their mode of preservation is questionable. A pole is notched on the end, and then slit sufficiently to allow of a sharpened toggle being tightly fitted into the cut, a string being run through a hole before placing it through the groove. When the salmon, passing thickly, close to the bank, on their way to the spawning grounds, are running up the creeks, those improvised means of capture are jabbed into them, the toggles remaining in their bodies, when the strings are used to whip them out, landing the fish on the bank, where the Kootchmen deftly split them open along the back and extract the bones. Afterwards they are hung up to dry by aid of the sun, and flies and sand, between which the process goes on apace until the food is ready to be cached in trees fitted for their reception in quantities. Of course, they do not come under any particular laws while so removed from centres of population, so that sanitary enactments or inspectors are foreign to them. When travelling, strips of this highly flavoured commodity, impregnated with sand, is carried and eaten on the way at no stated intervals, placing travellers at a distance from them when approaching, under the belief that some big game had been stripped of its hide by hunters and the carcass left to be the prey of carrion seeking vermin. Trees have been come upon near the coast, in which chambers have been found, which might have been

used for the purpose of caching such stores as the Indians lay away during the seasons of plenty, in fish and other comestibles. One effect of the presence of sand in the fish is to wear down the teeth of the people who indulge this taste, the Indians of more mature age showing this characteristic very clearly in their small even rows of masticators, which clearly indicate their affinity with the tribes who use the sun drying process of preserving the salmon supplies which they store away pending a less plentiful season. Some of the Indians who have embraced the Christian religion find permanent employment in various industries, where they are employed in competition with the white man. In the saw mills and canneries they find work and give satisfaction in various capacities, settling down in comfortable homes which are well furnished; also in other ways imitating their more staid white brethren in their way of living. That class which obtrude themselves mostly on the tourist and traveller passing through the province with short stays at centres of attraction in commerce or scenery, must not be viewed as a criterion of the tribes who occupy reservations laying in districts at different points within a compass of five hundreds miles on the mainland of the province.

In those years when the salmon runs in the river prove good, a flotilla of canoes loaded with the dusky aboriginal inhabitants makes its appearance on the lower reaches of the Fraser River, passing along to the different canneries, where they find paying employment in fishing the now famous British Columbia salmon. In this pursuit they amass considerable sums of money, as instance where a cheque for nine hundred dollars was received by a Siwash at the end of the last season's operations, to cover his catch of fish during the short space of three months. On the closing up of the canneries, the canoes are requisitioned again, and the return to the reserves is accomplished, but not without stoppages at convenient places where the bulk of the money earned during the season is passed current in exchange for luxuries to them in the form of provisions, clothing, blankets and trinkets (iktas) wherewith they load up their canoes, wending their watery course home, in a good way of meeting the approach of winter without misgivings as to food or warmth. Owing to those phases of life among them, money is much more plentiful in the commercial venues of coast cities, during the two good years, proverbial now as being followed by a third year failure, or very uncertain catch of fish. It can not be said of them that they love the money for itself or in accumulation, the necessaries and luxuries to be had with its power of purchase proving a stronger incentive to them than the chances of real estate rises, or other "per centum" yielding investments. Although industrious now, as they were otherwise in their pagan days when the wilds of the forest and the rivers afforded them a sustenance instead of the well tilled fields of to-day, which they tend with a passion strong as the roaming disposition which their present state has usurped; they are not averse to the pleasures of travel by the conveniences of the more inventive races, travelling long distances by rail or steamer to attend service, the inauguration of churches; countenance festivals and welcome the beads, spiritual or political, of the new nation of which they form part, as enthusiastically as they threaded their way some time ago through the labyrinthine extents of forest to engage in the intertribal wars, evidences of which are come upon in the glades of the forests and open prairies. At the period in which strife held sway among the different nations, they disposed of the slain by heaping the bodies at a convenient spot to the scene of the encounter, building mounds upon them to mark the resting place. Either through the natival means of propagation of the conifers or the design of the tribes engaged in the monumental construction, a large cedar has reared itself from a mound at Point Roberts on the margin of the boundary bay through which the 49th parallel is placed, which spreads its horizontal limbs and shady foliage in grateful pity over the remains of the warriors whose decaying bodies gave enhanced growth to the stately sentinel that holds guard over their vast tomb. Not so long ago, on the occasion of the dedication of a church at the Sechelt mission, some sixty miles north of the Fraser river, a gathering of the tribes took place, which, looked upon, at once dispelled the erroneous impression formed from acquaintance with the hangers-on about the town. The visiting representatives of various tribes had come from far parts north, as well as the interior districts, some of them arrayed in buckskin clothing fringed artistically at the seams, while the majority wore good clothes of the ordinary kind. The Kootchmen show a failing for loud colours, particularly for tartans, which they display in shawls and dresses, while peregrinating about from place to place. This medley of aborigines, with different language, met as one tribe under



REV. ABBE LAFLAMME.
PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY, CANADA.

view on the water front. In the dim distance is a twinkle of lights; a cannon report booms across the water, followed shortly by the brazen sounds of a brass band striking upon the ear; the lights resolving themselves into Chinese lanterns, which seem to float about through the action of the ripple on the water. Slowly they seem to approach till near enough, when the head of the procession swings around in obedience to the tug boat which is towing them, throwing the canoes into full view as they circle about, falling into line, a great number bedecked "aloft and alow" with rare coloured different shaped lanterns. The effect is very pretty and magical, and one might imagine the scene enacted transferred from the grand canal in Venice during a carnival, and placed in greater precincts. Added to the cool, delightful air, the mild lap of the slightly disturbed water closed in with timbered ridges, backed by lofty mountains, in the rows of cheering merry-makers on shore and the weird hurrahs arising from the Indians who occupy the gaily decked canoes, drowning the strains, now and then, of the music, make a lasting impression on the beholder, and an ever recurring wish for a repetition of the unique scene. The sailors of war ships countenancing these fetes, ever alive to the strange pleasures of different countries, vent their lusty cheers through the dusk as the procession, lengthened out by the addition of scores of boats belonging to the inhabitants, rigged in outline of full canvas, wends its way about the sheltered waters where those events take place.

JAMES P. MACINTYRE.

Strong Tobacco and Young Soldiers.

Has it ever struck anyone that some of the dizziness, sickness, and faintness on the line of march is undeniably attributable to the smoking of strong tobacco while marching even "at ease"? In tobacco smoke are contained particles of nicotine, or its salts; there is also much carbonic acid and ammonia, as well as other bases. To what extent did these causes contribute to the falling out of young soldiers on the march at the manoeuvres, and not physical weakness? Unquestionably the tobacco consumed by our soldiers is too strong for them, and this is especially applicable to the young and undeveloped soldier. Reformers might, with advantage, devote some study to the point.—*Broad Arrow.*

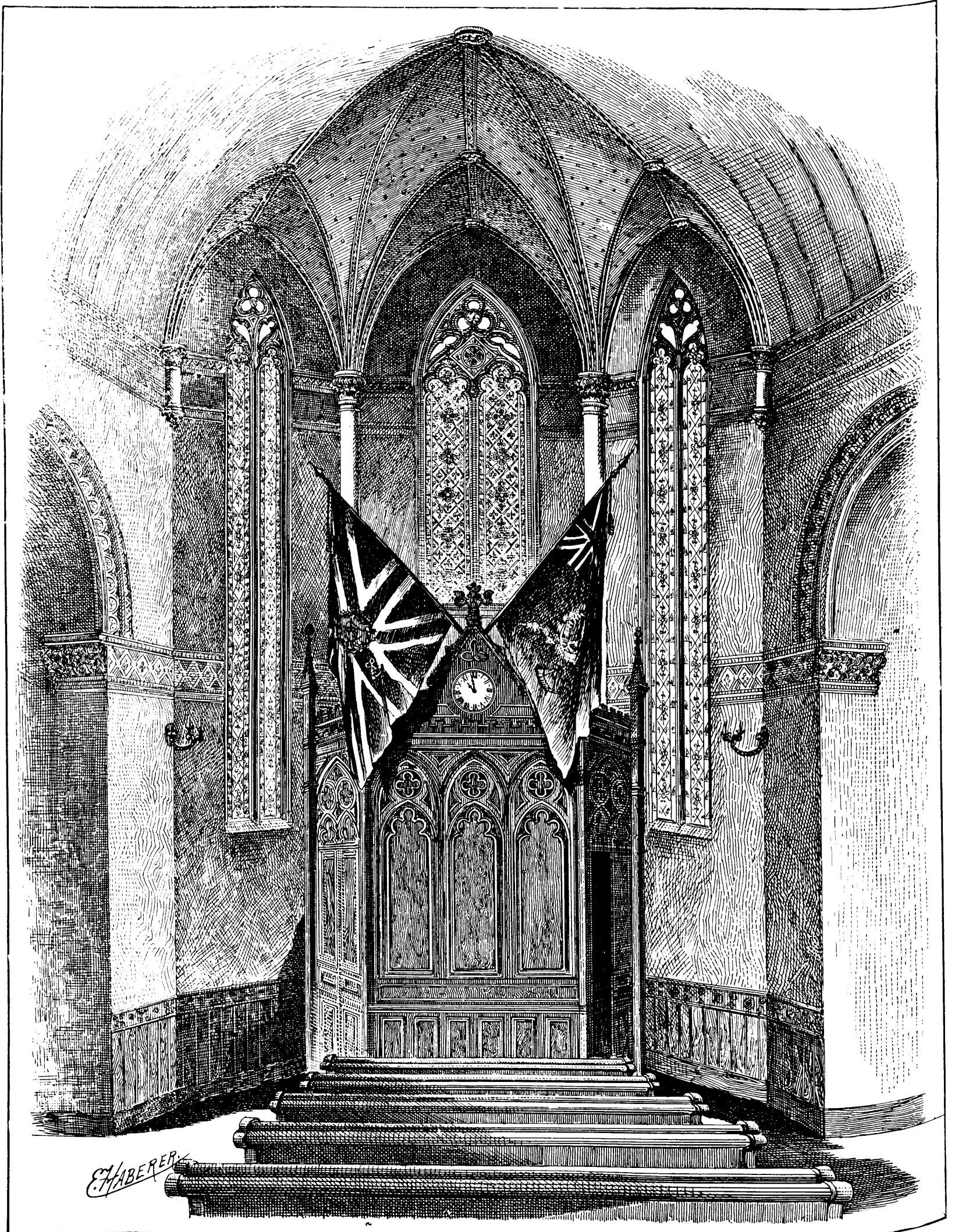
the kin-making Chinook jargon afforded them years ago by the Hudson's Bay Co. in their own interests, as a means of easier communication in trading. The wish to progress in pleasureable enterprises was also marked by the presence of several brass bands, which are used to inspire the tribesmen when events such as the foregoing are taking place. These musicians seem to have a fever for discoursing their accomplishments, and are looked upon with no small pride by the crowds of Indians who follow in their wake, each one with strong aspiration in the same line impressed on his eager countenance. With the slight removal from paganism, its idols and superstitions, it is not strange that they should be susceptible to the influences of the Christian religion when tangibly exhibited to them in the way of object lessons; this feature in their nature being taken advantage of in the institution of realistic scenes from the "Passion," similar in a less striking way to the Oberammergau of the Bavarian hills, in which the hills-men attract the attention and admiration of the world. At such times their tractable, ingenuous dispositions show in a devotion to the rites enacted, that is very impressive, and innocuous to dissemblers. On less solemn occasions, as when they enter the lists in contests territorial or aquatic, the latter especially, they generally acquit themselves well. An exciting feature of the aquatic sports on the coast waters has the Indians for actors when they race in canoes having as many as fourteen paddles to propel them along. When the start takes place the crews strike the water with swift strong blows of the paddles, almost raising the craft clean out, while they lay over to the water on one side, next moment to the other, almost upsetting, it would appear; but the dusky occupants understand the capabilities of the craft, having no fear as they plunge their paddles in wild struggle in the water in their efforts to win. One of the most beautiful sights in a pageantic way, during celebrations, is taken part in prominently, none contributing to its success more than the Indians situated at the missions in contiguity to the cities. The occasion is an aquatic procession, in honour of the advent of a high personage on the coast,

and is a stereotyped feature now of the natal day celebrations. Dusk having given the proper setting for the scene, the feature is heralded by the conveying of crowds of pleasure-seekers from all parts of the city to advantageous points of

W. Snowden, near Manitou, Man., sowed some Ladoga wheat on April 18, which was ripe on August 16, while his red fyfe sown at the same time was barely ready to cut on September 1.



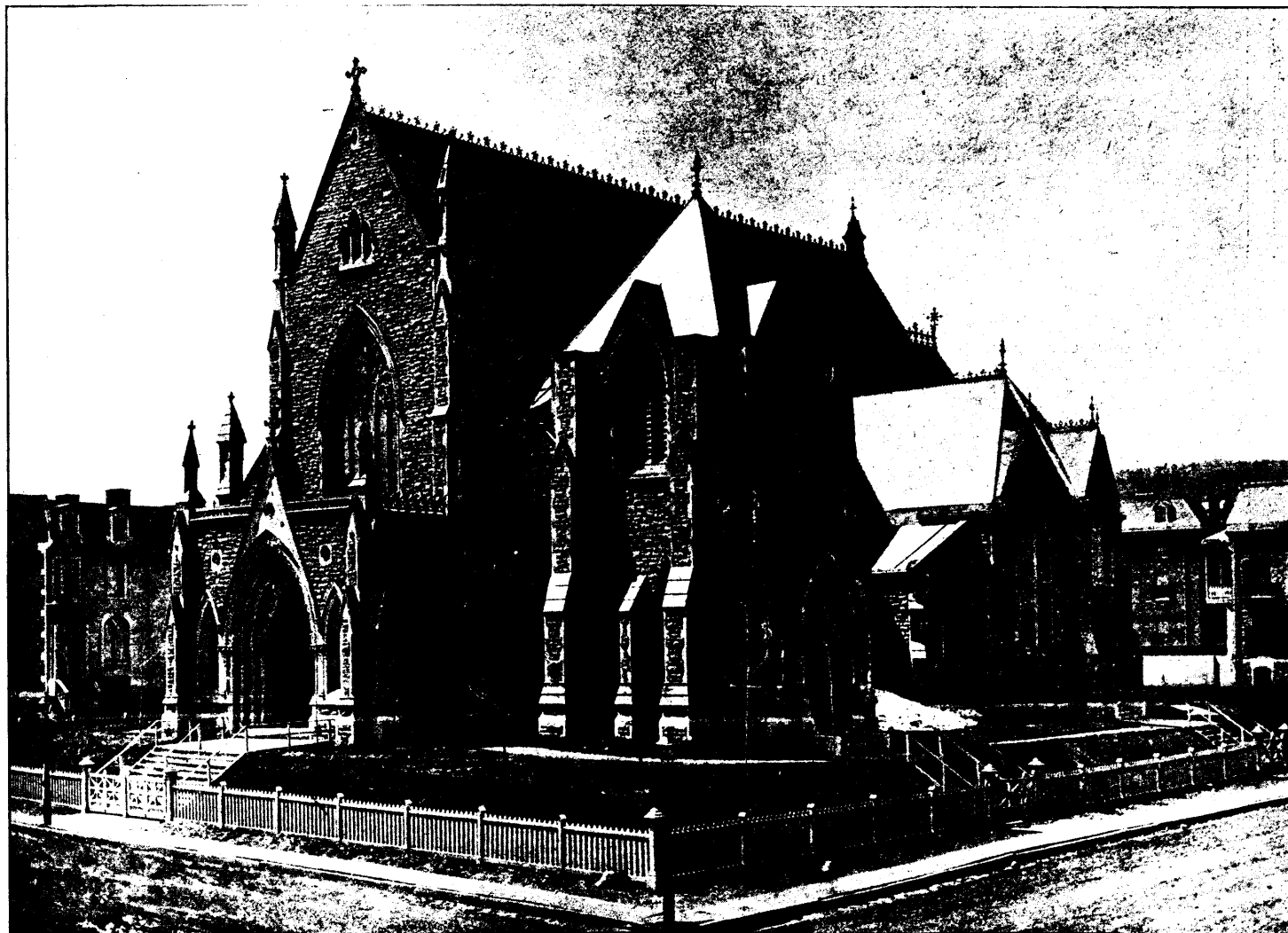
AN OLD MAGAZINE, FORT LENNOX, ISLE-AU-NOIX.



THE TRANSEPT IN ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH, MONTREAL SHOWING THE COLOURS OF THE PRINCE OF WALES RIFLES.



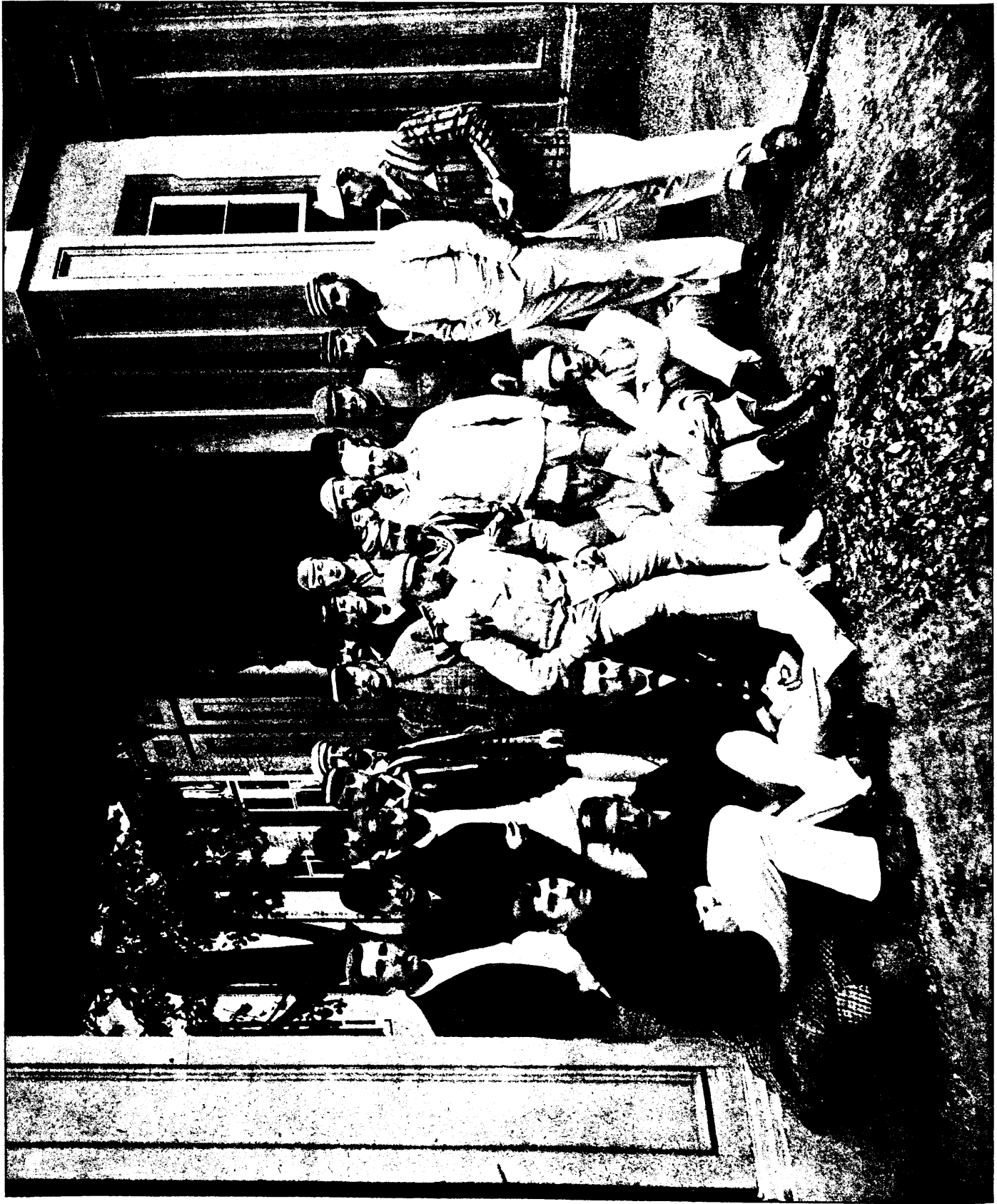
INTERIOR.



EXTERIOR

ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH, MONTREAL.
(Messrs. W. Notman & Son, photo.)

A. Z. Palmer, Ottawa
 Collins, Umpire.
 H. Ackland, Ottawa
 Lord Hawke, Capt., Eng.
 E. Turtton, Ottawa.
 Lord Throwley Eng.
 R. McAlpine, Eng.
 H. F. Hewett, Eng.
 G. W. Ricketts, Eng.
 Wright, Scorer.
 Watson, Umpire.
 Hon. H. Milles, Eng.
 O. H. Warden, Ottawa,
 C. F. Cox, Scorer, Sec. O. C. C.



C. Wretford-Brown, Eng.
 M. G. Bristowe, Ottawa.
 J. W. J. Hornsby, Eng.
 J. F. Mackie, McGill.
 A. Browning, Montreal.
 C. W. Wright, Eng.
 B. T. A. Bell, Ottawa.
 S. M. J. Woods, Eng.
 C. E. Hill, McGill.
 L. Coste, Ottawa.
LORD HAWKE'S CRICKET TEAM AND THE EASTERN CANADA ELEVEN IN MATCH PLAYED AT OTTAWA, 22nd-24th OCTOBER, 1891.



VIEW OF CRICKET MATCH PLAYED ON THE RIDEAU HALL GROUNDS ON 22nd-24th OCTOBER, BETWEEN LORD HAWKE'S TEAM AND AN ELEVEN FROM EASTERN CANADA.

LORD HAWKE'S TEAM AT OTTAWA.

Lord Hawke's cricket team are by this time once more on their native soil, after having made one of the most successful tours in America and Canada that ever fell to the lot of a visiting eleven. Out of the eight matches played they made the splendid showing of six matches won, one lost and one draw very much in their favour; and it should be remembered that the lost match was the first played in the country, before they had time to get their land legs on, and against the most powerful aggregation of cricketers that could be got together in the country. Previous to their arrival there were some uncalled for criticisms as to the make-up of the English eleven, but subsequent events proved that every man on the team played good, sound cricket. The illustration in this number is taken from the match against Eastern Canada, which was played on the Rideau Hall grounds, and a few words descriptive of the players will not be out of place.

Lord Hawke, who captained the team, proved himself to be one of the coolest and most dangerous batsmen. He takes every sort of bowling with the utmost coolness, and hits with a freedom that is calculated to make any batsman a bit nervous. Mr. S. M. J. Woods seems to have got hold of at least the hem of Spofforth's mantle, and he carries the proud soubriquet of "the demon." He deserves it, too, for he is remarkably dangerous and his bowling is usually very fast and accurate, although occasionally he sends in a medium paced ball. As a fielder he is as industrious as he is at the wickets and a chance seldom escapes him.

Mr. C. W. Wright is more remarkable for careful, steady play than brilliancy or dash. He seems never to tire, and can weary the patience out of almost any bowler. He will stay and block ball after ball without ever an attempt at a drive, but when a loose one comes along then he is usually good for four. As a specimen of his style of play, he held his bat for nearly two hours, and when he retired he had 23 runs to his credit.

Viscount Throwley is a hard hitter, but he does not settle down to work until he has pretty well gauged the bowling. If not put out in the first few overs he gets to work, hits with remarkable vigour, and usually gets well up into double figures. He gives chances in long field that nearly always send him to the pavilion.

Mr. K. J. Key, who hails from Surrey, was one of the best bats in his county some few years ago, but he is not so sure now. He has a peculiar swinging style and plays straight bowling.

Mr. H. J. Hewett plays left hand, but he is a fast run getter. He is captain of the Somerset club.

Mr. G. W. Hillyard is a very deceptive bowler and has a great deal of speed. His batting, however, hardly reaches the average of the rest of the team.

Mr. C. Wreford Brown is a very good slow bowler, with wonderful command of the ball, putting on an enormous twist both ways. He is an ideal all-round cricketer, who bats very prettily, hits hard and scores rapidly.

The Hon. H. Milles is not a particularly showy or brilliant player, but he is remarkably useful all round. He is a brother of Viscount Throwley.

Mr. G. W. Ricketts is a giant, who hits just as a giant would be expected to do. Whenever he reaches the leather fairly no one knows just where the ball is going to stop, It takes some time to get him set, and if he escapes the first few overs he is a rapid run getter.

Mr. J. H. Hornsby plays a straight bat and is a good change bowler. His scoring in the Canadian games was about the average.

Mr. K. McAlpine is a good bowler if he can get just the kind of wicket he wants, and is a useful all-round man.

The Canadian team, of course, are better known, and do not require so extended a notice. Mr. M. G. Bristowe is perhaps the best bowler in Ottawa, and the showing he made against the visitors showed that there are few, if any, better in Canada. Mr. W. C. Little, who visited England with the Canadian eleven in 1887, has distinguished himself as a batsman and in the field and is an effective slow bowler. Mr. Warden has few equals behind the wickets. Mr. B. T. A. Bell's powers as a batsman are well known, Mr. E. Turton has great pace with the ball, and Mr. L. Coste is best known as a successful batsman. The other members of the Eastern Canadian team were:—Messrs. J. F. Mackie, A. Browning, C. C. Hill, H. Ackland, A. Z. Palmer, and C. G. Harrod.

Clothier: I'm going to distribute ten thousand sheets of blotting paper with my advertisement on "All Wool Trousers for \$2.00" in big letters. Ain't that a good idea?

Printer: I don't think it is. Folks might take the blotting paper for a sample of the goods.—*Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.*



H. R. H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

(From a drawing made in 1860, the year of his visit to Canada.)



The championship of the Quebec Rugby Football Union has been decided in a satisfactory manner, at least to the Montreal club, who once more hold the proud title not only of senior but also of intermediate champions, while the junior honours are still held by McGill, the Britannias being left without a title, although their defeat of McGill promised very favourably for better results. The football season in Quebec is such a short one that but a very few words are required to make a synopsis. The season opened with the McGills champions, and the first match played was with Bishop's College. The latter were easily defeated, and when during the following week the Collegians easily beat the Montrealers, it looked as if the title would rest another year with old McGill. Then the Britannias came along, and after a most brilliant game that surprised even some of the Brits' most sanguine friends, the tables were turned. So superior did the blue jersey appear, that few could understand the Montrealers, who had been defeated easily by the college men, having any chance at all, with such a powerful combination against them. But this time the personnel of the Montreal team was considerably changed and the team strengthened, the forward division being almost impregnable. This, together with the fact that the latest English wrinkle of swinging round in the scrimmage was adopted, was in a large measure accountable for their success. Then there was a dispute as to whether the Britannias or McGills had the right to play in the final match; this was decided in favour of the college men, and on Saturday last the best match of the season was played on the M. A. A. A. grounds, the result being a decided victory for Montreal, the score being: Montreal, 33; McGill, 9.

In the beginning the college men were considerably handicapped by having to play in the teeth of a very strong wind, that would have spoiled the best punting in the world. Bad luck seemed to follow them, for when the second half was begun the wind had considerably moderated and was not nearly as advantageous to the college as it had been to their opponents in the first half time. There was scarcely a weak spot on either team, but the Montreal forwards and wings had a shade the best of it. It was impossible for McGill to wedge a way through the line, and as every time the ball was passed back it was nearly useless to kick against such a wind, their only chance was in running, but the tackling of the Montreal wings was so prompt and decisive that notwithstanding really good play the college could not force a solitary point in the first half, while Montreal got together just two dozen. The back division of McGill worked like Trojans, while the wind gave the Montreal backs a comparatively easy time. Referee Arnton was decidedly lenient in the way of off-sides, but his decisions all gave satisfaction. The following were the teams:—

Montreal—Miller, Claxton, Taylor, Campbell, Fairbanks, Fry, Smith, Mitchell, Jamieson, Higginson, James, R. Campbell, Black, Bell, Reford.
McGill—Donohue, Goulet, Robinson, Mathewson, Smart, Elder, King, Taylor, McDougall, McFarland, Hamilton, Primrose, Whyte, Yates, Guthrie.

The game opened with a rush, and the weight of the Montreal forwards was too much for the college men. A pass from Smith to Campbell resulted in a try, but it was not converted into a goal. A few minutes later on Campbell made another rattling run and secured a try, but no goal was secured. A third try failed to result in anything more than four points. Next McGill was forced to rouge, and the fourth try, again made by Campbell, brought the score up to 17 to 0 in favour of Montreal. McGill, so to speak, was not in it, for after five minutes' play Campbell kicked the ball

over the line and Bell secured another try—24 points to zero in favour of Montreal. This seemed too big a lead to be overcome, still the collegians settled down with the grim determination of the average football man. But the best they could do was to make things even for the second half's play. Both teams scored nine points each, which brought the score up to 33 to 9. The wind was in favour of McGill in the second half but it was not nearly so strong, and although the McGills had what advantage there was, the strength of the Montrealers was apparent. But McGill played a plucky, up-hill game, and they never quit until the referee's whistle blew.

More than usual interest will be taken all through the athletic world in the new sensation served up for its delectation by Mr. Frederick W. Janssen, of the Staten Island Athletic club. Since the break-up of the N.A.A.A.A., and the formation of the Amateur Athletic Union, although things have been supposed to run smoothly, there has never really been that *esprit du corps* which is absolutely necessary to make large associations successful. The abuses which had crept in during the regime of the N.A.A.A.A. were partially corrected under the rule of the A.A.U., but only after a bitter and long continued quarrel, while the enmity between the two leading clubs has never been half concealed, the winged foot and the cherry diamond being practically engaged in open warfare up to the present time. The A.A.U. at its formation looked for numbers; and the benefits of one vast organization, where every club would be represented, were held out in such an alluring light that the numbers came more rapidly than even was expected, and like many another organization the affair has grown unwieldy; while what may be looked upon as the small fry have considerably more than a balance of power in athletics. This fact sits heavily on the shoulders of the wealthier clubs, and Mr. Janssen's idea is to get rid of the incubus by the formation of a sort of close corporation between the richer clubs, while those organizations which have nothing but mere athletics to recommend them and who cannot afford to import crack athletes from over the water will be left to look after themselves as best they can. The scheme, however, which Mr. Janssen puts forth is carefully masked by the suggestion of forming an athletic freemasonry for social purposes only. He proposes to call this new venture "The United States League of Athletic Clubs," and says in the introductory paragraph:

"The principal object for which this league is formed is the establishment and maintenance of a fraternal alliance or freemasonry between the representative athletic clubs, and the individual members thereof, of both this country and Canada. The largest percentage of members in our leading athletic clubs of to-day form a strictly social class in themselves, and although taking a lively interest in all that pertains to sport, do not engage in it actively. It is to this class that we desire principally to appeal. The athletic class, by reason of its prominence and conspicuousness, gain an entree in whatever city they may be called to defend their laurels, and therefore have no need of special introduction, but the social class require a passport by which they can secure equal advantages while visiting in distant cities."

The prospectus then continues:

"It is also the intention of the league to foster and promote all sports, games and pastimes of every description, to the particular advantage of its own members, independent of all other organizations in the United States and Canada, at the same time not being antagonistic to any association enjoying a national jurisdiction."

This clause means practically open warfare with the A.A.U., as it intends to foster sport to the advantage of its own members primarily, although cloaking the true inwardness by expressing a desire not to be antagonistic. The jurisdiction which the new league intends to claim is very far-reaching, and embraces archery, baseball, billiards, boating, bowling, boxing, canoeing, cards, court tennis, cricket, croquet, cross-country running, cycling, fencing, football, gymnastics, hammer throwing, handball, ice boating, jumping, lacrosse, lawn tennis, polo, pool, quoits, racquets, riding, running, shooting, shot putting, shuffle-board, skating, swimming, tugs-of-war, vaulting, walking, weight throwing, wrestling and yachting. No club numbering less than four hundred members, with property worth less than \$30,000, is eligible, and

Mr. Janssen submits a list of twenty-eight clubs whose aggregate finances reach over \$3,000,000. Out of this number he says he has received favourable responses from over fifty per cent. It is a very nice Utopian scheme for rich athletic clubs who would like to own the athletic earth and the social fulness thereof; but to the democratic athletic mind, whose ideas of athletics are not predominated by social ones, the scheme is misty and fraught with failure. If Mr. Janssen wants to make a social freemasonry there are several ways to accomplish that end; but it is a little rough on the honest, brawny athlete who makes his reputation in the field or on the cinder path to be used for the purpose of having certain wealthy young men, who pose as patrons of athletics, assume dudesque attitudes, wear the club's badge and say to on-lookers:—"We are the blue square, or the cherry rhombus; in fact, you know, we just patronize these athletic fellows; will you have a cigarette?"

Tobogganing used to be one of our good old Canadian sports that went happily along in a quiet and conservative way for many years until an epidemic of Carnival bacilli struck it. Then came an exaggeration of the pleasant disease. The exaggeration came like everything else that that nation of marked exaggerations, the United States, ever took hold of. They came to the winter carnival; they liked tobogganing, because it only took a short time to get from one place to another; and with the aid of obliging Canadian steersmen they tobogganed most of the time. They demanded more toboggan, and each succeeding carnival supplied the demand. There was a boom in tobogganing that flared up with a burst of flame, then flickered and next almost went out, though not quite; for there are some smouldering embers of the pine torches left. But the injury done to the sport will last for some time to come. Pie is a very good thing in its way; so is tobogganing. And too much of a good thing is always liable to cause difficulties. Montrealers, with the exception of an enthusiastic few hundreds, have been satiated with too much tobogganing. The American demand caused the formation of too many clubs, the building of too many slides, and the ultimate financial loss of all concerned. Last year the Montreal Tobogganing Club practically suspended its existence and devoted its attention to skating, a move that was happy in its results. This year they have done likewise, and once more the M.A.A.A. grounds will be converted into a mammoth rink with a racing track seven laps to the mile. The only toboggan club showing any signs of life and energy is the Park, and even this one is not sure of a prolonged existence unless there is marked revival in the sport. It would be a pity if, even for a single season, the sport should be altogether done away with, but that is just what is likely to happen if the advocates of the slide do not combine their forces and send in enough subscriptions to enable the officials of the Park club to run the slide without financial loss. And there is no time to be lost.

R.O.X.

The Halifax *Critic* thus refers to a practice that is extensively indulged in by a number of Canadian newspapers:—

"Some so called Canadian newspapers are in the habit of publishing the portraits of men of greater or less (generally less) importance in the United States, and taking up their supposedly "valuable space" by telling what these worthies have done to be so honoured. The practice has been carried out without comment for a long time, and people have continued to skip these most uninteresting articles with regularity and faint protests against having such "stuff" published in Canadian papers. The Dominion Illustrated has seen the opportunity for a take-off of this practice and is publishing skits that will probably do more towards shutting off the supply of Yankee biography than any other process. Ridicule is a powerful weapon, and we hope the Dominion Illustrated will succeed in checking the invasion of foreign faces in our newspapers."



The Sagamore



It was a cheery sight to see the blazing fire in the wigwam of the sagamore; for November winds had sadly thinned the covering of the woods and whistled through them sharp and keen.

"Ah!" cried the reporter, settling himself beside the fire. "Now, this is what I call comfort." The sagamore nodded approval of the sentiment.

"Cold weather," pursued the reporter, "is not half a bad thing in some respects, but it does bring out some startling phases of character. Now, there is a man on my street who keeps a drug store. He's what you call a druggist and chemist. I've been in his store quite a number of times during the summer, and he seemed a really sympathetic sort of man. But I dropped in there the other day, since the bad fall weather set in. He was standing by the window looking out. I endeavoured in my usual pleasant way to engage him in conversation. But immediately I observed a change in him—a something apparent that had not been noticeable during the summer. He talked back in an absent-minded way and kept on looking out of the window. I looked out, too; but kept on talking. Presently a man came along the sidewalk, and just as he passed was seized with a violent fit of coughing. 'Poor chap,' I said, 'he's got a cold of considerable dimensions, hasn't he?' And, would you believe it, my brother, that druggist turned around to me, grinning from ear to ear and rubbing his hands in glee. 'They're all getting it,' he said, to me, with a chuckle—'every one of them. If I've counted one I've counted two dozen in half an hour just like that fellow.' And he chuckled again and turned once more to the window. While I was wondering what all this meant, there came along an elderly man who limped and almost groaned as he walked. 'Hello,' I said, 'I guess the rheumatism has struck in. That poor old chap walked all right a few days ago.' And then that druggist turned around with another expansive grin and rubbed his hands. 'Yes,' he said, 'he's got it. They're all getting it. He's the fifteenth I've counted this morning. Great weather, this—great weather.' Now, it seemed to me such a heartless thing for a man to stand at a window and chuckle over people's woes, and actually count the victims, that I simply got up and walked out of the shop. If it hadn't been in his own establishment I'd have kicked him."

"Serve him right, too," said the sagamore.

"The next day," went on the reporter, "the whole thing was made clear to me. I was walking past his store, and there were two flaming advertisements in the window. I stopped and read them. Then the whole thing was clear. That man was the proprietor of a Cough Mixture and a Cure for Rheumatism."

"Oho!" said the sagamore.

"Yes," said the reporter. "And that simple fact was accountable for the change in that man. That and the change in the weather. They had developed in this formerly sympathetic appearing man characteristics that would not even do credit to a natural born hyena. Which makes me remark once more that fall weather brings out some startling phases of character."

"So it does," said the sagamore.

"A little farther down the same street," continued the reporter, "is another druggist. He has his big advertisements out, too. And in addition to them he has another with a hand pointing in the direction of his rival's shop, and bearing the words, 'I Cure His Cripples.' Over on the opposite side of the street, and between these two, an undertaker has a little coffin in the window with a plaster of paris cherub kneeling at each end, and also a big coffin standing on end at each side of the window. What would you do, Mr. Paul, if you lived on that street?"

"I'd git," sententiously rejoined the sagamore.

"Just what I think myself," said the reporter. "It's a risky neighbourhood."

"Yes," said Mr. Paul, "you better move away soon's ever you kin. Must be pooty big death rate round there."

Stray Notes.

He: "Will you be my partner in a game of whist?" She (archly): "Why should you choose me?" He (galantly): "Because you have such winning ways."—*London Fun*.

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First Editor: What's your definition of news?

Second Editor: News is the sort of thing our rival across the way habitually doesn't print.—*Somerville Journal*.

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A begging letter asking for a pair of cast-off trousers closed pathetically with these words, "So send me, most honoured sir, the trousers, and they will be woven into the laurel crown of your good deeds."

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After the morning sermon I gave the "notices," and then announced the number of the hymn to be sung. The congregation had opened their hymn books. Seeing one of the deacons coming toward the pulpit, I waited with open book. He reminded me that I had forgotten to give a notice of the ladies' meeting. I then stated to the congregation that I had forgotten to give such notice, announced the number of the hymn again and began to read it. The feelings of the congregation, not to say my own, may be imagined when I read the first line of the hymn, "Lord, what a thoughtless wretch was I!"—*Homiletic Review*.

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A CORRECT QUOTATION.—A candidate was being examined by four professors; feeling extremely nervous, his memory failed him several times. At last one of the professors, growing impatient, thundered out, "Why, you cannot quote a single passage of Scripture correctly?"

"Yes, I can!" exclaimed the candidate. "I just happen to remember a passage in the Revelation, 'And I lifted up my eyes and beheld four great beasts!'"

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JOURNALISTIC ITEM.—A young man of ability, but not of much means, was talking about starting a new paper and was telling a friend about it.

"You can borrow \$50 and start a new paper," said the friend, encouragingly.

"You darned fool!" replied the would-be journalist; "if I could borrow \$50 what would I want to start a paper for. I want to start a paper so I can borrow the \$50."—*Texas Siftings*.

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Prof. C., a Green Mountain boy, who stood six feet six inches in his stocking feet, desiring to take passage for London, went to New York for that purpose. While standing on the dock, he got into conversation with a stranger, asking by what route he had better go. "Well," was the reply, "if I were you, I would put a loaf of bread on top of my head, and wade!"—*Editor's Drawer, in Harper's Magazine*.

Our Biographical Column.

The Hon. Corkscrew Slaymore.

There is probably no keener politician in the 'United States' or Canada than the Hon. Corkscrew Slaymore. Nor, indeed, is he a mere politician, since his genius has impressed itself a thousand times upon the legislation of the country, thus elevating him beyond cavil to the more lofty rank of statesmanship. It must, however, be admitted that the honourable gentleman has not received full justice in this regard at the hands of the public—and notably from the press of the country. The fact of the matter is that the Hon. Corkscrew Slaymore has been the real inspiration of many a great speech and many an important measure with which his name is not at all connected in the public mind. This is a condition of affairs that has existed far too long, and, though the modesty of the honourable gentleman would doubtless deprecate such action on our part, we feel constrained by a sense of simple duty to proclaim boldly that there is to day no more potent influence in the public affairs of the United States or Canada than the Hon. Corkscrew Slaymore. He is a continental statesman. The bent of his mind is such that the comparatively limited scope afforded either by the Canadian Parliament or the United States Congress has no allurements for him. But his influence is felt in both, just as it is felt in all the provincial and state legislatures and territorial organizations of the continent. We are unable at the present writing to say what part the honourable gentleman has had in the organization and general scheme of propagandism of the Continental Unity Club; but it is safe to assume that his genial aid has been earnestly sought ere this in the interests of more cordial relations between the two countries. As a promoter of good fellowship he has won a high and widespread reputation. His form is a familiar one at the Provincial, State and National Capitals, when members of the Continental repair thither to attend to their parliamentary duties, and if his voice is not heard on the floors of the house he is there as an inspiration; while in the private rooms and the like, hotels, at dinners and receptions, at caucuses and the like, his masterful personality is a potent and an omnipresent influence. That he stands high in the counsels of government no persons with an accurate knowledge of governmental and legislative affairs will, for a moment, if they speak their inmost thought, even pretend to deny. Whether in the comparative seclusion of a remote constituency, or where the foremost men of their time mingle to discuss momentous measures, his power is felt and recognized. Men seek him when they desire gay companionship, or when they need a comforter, or when they need an intercessor to soften towards them the feelings of the great electorate. So admirable is his spirit of *finesse* that men are constrained almost without their knowledge to adopt a proposition or endorse a measure. And yet, such is the selfishness of humanity that the name of this man is seldom heard in the accents of honest praise. Let there be an end of this injustice. Honour to whom honour is due. In the name of justice we call upon those Canadian journals which are lending their aid to the boiler-plate apolotheosis of small-fry American politicians, to do a like service to the distinguished personage from whom so many of the aforesaid politicians derive their influence and inspiration. We refer to the Hon. Corkscrew Slaymore.