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A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

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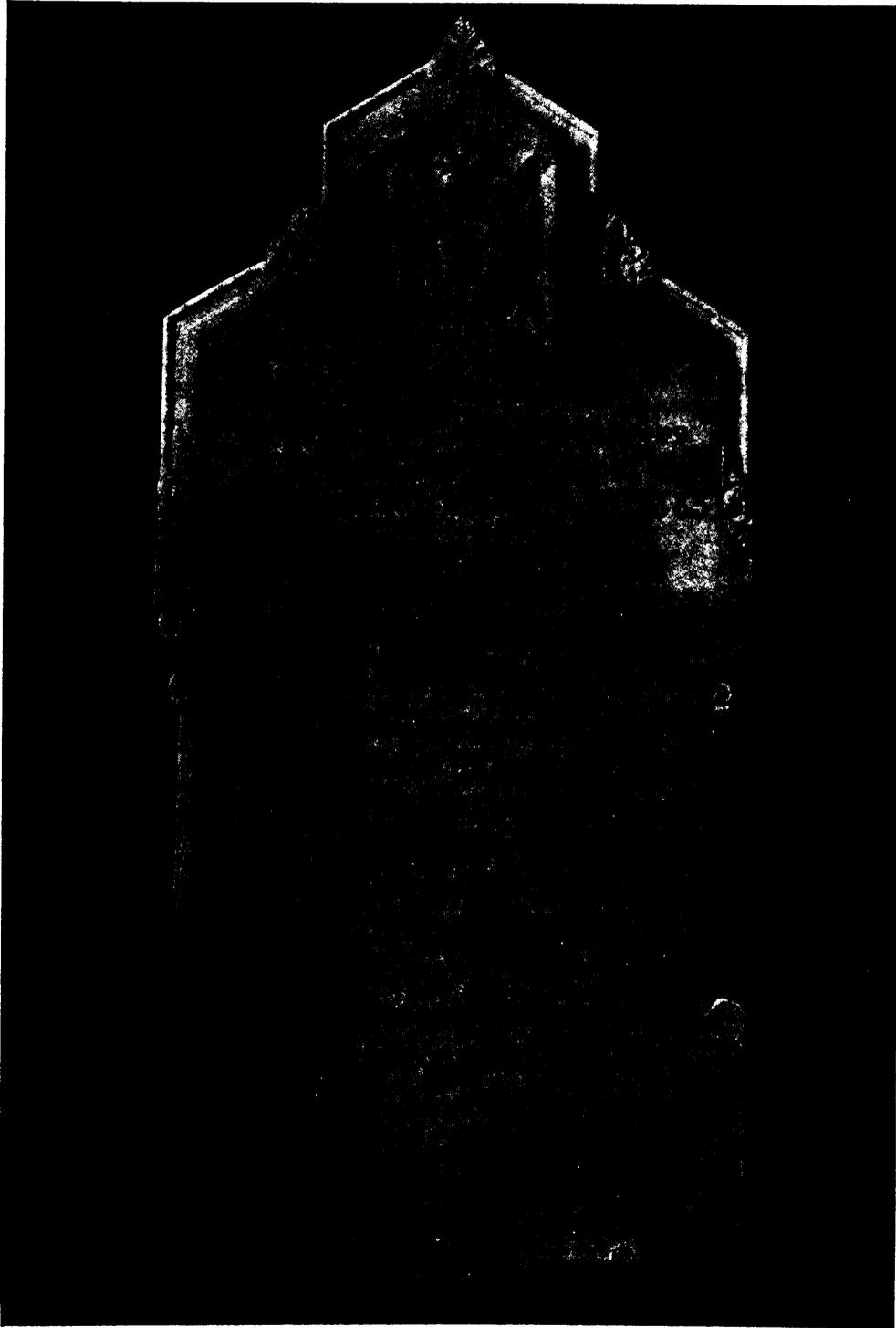
ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF PARLIAMENT OF CANADA, IN THE YEAR 1889, AT THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.

REGISTERED

Vol. VI.—No. 145.

MONTREAL AND TORONTO, 11th APRIL, 1891.

\$4.00 PER ANNUM. IN GREAT BRITAIN, 21s. 6d.
10 CENTS PER COPY " " 6d. 6d.



TABLET RECENTLY ERECTED IN MEMORY OF THE N. W. M. POLICE AND VOLUNTEERS KILLED AT DUCK LAKE.

OUR HEROES OF THE NORTH-WEST, 1885.

The Dominion Illustrated.

\$4.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.
THE SABISTON LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING CO

RICHARD WHITE, PRESIDENT.

ALEX. SABISTON, MANAGING-DIRECTOR

The Gazette Building, Montreal.

JOHN H. GERRIE, WESTERN AGENT,

4 King-street, East, Toronto, Ont.

London (England) Agency:

JOHN HADDON & CO.,

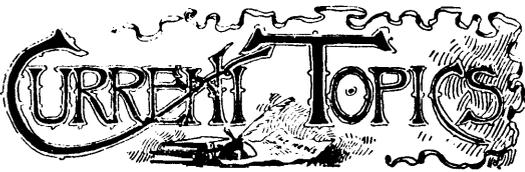
3 & 4 Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, E.C.

SOLE AGENTS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

All business communications, remittances, etc., to be addressed to "THE SABISTON LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING CO., MONTREAL."

Literary communications to be addressed to
"THE EDITOR, DOMINION ILLUSTRATED."

11th APRIL, 1891.



Our Sister Dominion.

Canada offers her sincere congratulations to the "Commonwealth of Australia"; in all parts of the country the sentiments of the press show that the universal feeling at the birth of the new nation is one of pleasure. The confederation of so many colonies, representing such a large area, so much wealth, and tenanted by settlers almost exclusively of British birth or descent and presenting the best characteristics of the race, is one of the most important events of the century in the colonial world, only equalled by the union of the British North American Provinces twenty-four years ago. The present movement is a stride towards an object which is looked on with rapidly increasing favour by many of the leading minds in England and the colonies, a federation of the British Empire, in which advantages would result to all countries under the flag, of an even more substantial nature than at present exist. With the push and enterprise of the Australian people, and the activity shown in the past by the more wealthy of their colonies in naval and military matters, the new consolidation promises to take no minor position among nations. In the constitution they are adopting, and the various initial measures they will necessarily have to undertake, the federated provinces will have the benefit of learning much from the experience of Canada; they also have the advantage of dealing with a people less wedded to race and religious prejudices. The growth of Australia has been phenomenal; and there is every reason to expect that the ratio of increase in population and wealth will be steadily maintained. It is pleasing to note that the federating conference gave an almost unanimous vote in favour of a strong link of British connection—the appointment of a Governor-General by the Sovereign. Apart from sentiment, they know that British citizenship means protection, and power and honour.

Immigration.

The significance and strength of the movement now going on in Dakota, by which settlers from that state are leaving in large numbers for Manitoba, is best shown by the characteristic treatment meted out by the residents of the town of Eureka, S.D., to MR. KENDRICKSON, a Canadian immigration agent. The report that he had been treated to a new suit of tar and feathers and a prolonged jaunt on a rail turns out to be incorrect; he was only ordered out of the place; but these details, though personal, are minor, and only bring out the playful and patriotic spirits of the townspeople. That the immigration is on a large scale, and is genuine, is evidenced by a Manitoba paper, which filled several of its columns with the names of the converts from republicanism; and by the fact that the governor of the state found it necessary to lend his eloquence to the service, by going on a lecturing tour to try and counteract the efforts of the Cana-

dian agents. Eastwards we see that the number of emigrants already arrived this season from Great Britain is very largely in excess of that of the corresponding period in 1890; and that the prospects for the present season are excellent. A pleasing feature of this is that so far the class of new-comers is a very good one, being largely composed of small tenant farmers, who come here with some means, and prepared to take up land. These are the people Canada wants. The United States are welcome to the Hungarians, Poles, Italians and others of that class; they are, as a rule, wretchedly poor, make very poor settlers, and bring with them many of the vices and socialistic tendencies which have caused such trouble to their hosts already. Renewed efforts should, however, be made by our government to induce more of the hardy German and Norwegian races to remain here; the preference they show for the Western States must be due largely to their ignorance of the superior advantages offered by Canada, or to the mis-statements dinned into their ears by energetic American agents on the relative advantages offered by the two countries. Every means should be employed to counteract these impressions, and bend the steps of these sturdy men of northern Europe to our magnificent western prairies.

A Fire-Eating ex-Minister.

One of the most remarkable additions to the magazine literature of the day is the article by MR. PHELPS, formerly the American representative at the Court of St. James, on the Behring Sea question, in Harper's Monthly. In the strongest manner he endeavours to maintain the now rather obsolete claims of MR. BLAINE in favour of the United States possessing the sole right to the seal fishery. His argument is an extraordinary one. He practically claims that the seals are wholly and entirely American property, living solely on American territory; calmly dismissing, with a stroke of his pen, the passage of the animals through the high seas, and practically denying what has hitherto been the universal belief, that the destination and domicile of the seals after leaving the breeding islands is entirely unknown, even to the closest students of their habits. We fear that in spite of the respect in which MR. PHELPS is held for his standing in the scientific world, full proofs will be necessary to enable the skeptical generation of to-day to share his belief. He has built on the sand; and the uncertainty of his position is approached only by that of the animal he is so patriotically anxious to claim. But MR. PHELPS does not stop at this. He is evidently an ardent admirer of the great Napoleon, in that he views force as the only proper and gentlemanly way to settle a little difference; arbitration he considers quite incompatible with national dignity. To some, this blood thirstiness may seem cruel; but in the light of history, his conviction shows him to be a man who will sacrifice everything rather than forego one jot or tittle of his fixed principles. The disputes of his country with Great Britain that have been submitted to the eye or nay of an arbiter have been so almost invariably settled in favour of the former, that for an American to advocate war when arbitration is possible, is to show supreme defiance for the national tradition; the chances being about a thousand to one that the European jealousy of England would result in a verdict totally opposed to that power. MR. PHELPS reminds us of that countryman of his, also an ardent patriot, who publicly expressed his cheerful willingness to sacrifice all his wife's relations for his bleeding country. While confessing that "a large share of the best intelligence of its own country" is diametrically opposed to the policy of that country's government, he implores that "best intelligence" to sink its convictions to the support of what it must consider to be a totally false line of action. In thus urging the United States to enforce the claims of war, and war alone, the ex-minister must either entertain the most deplorably hopeless view of his country's case in the matter, or else is burning to lay low the haughty Saxon, whom he would probably have an excellent chance to tackle, when the said Saxon was engaged in shelling the city of New York.

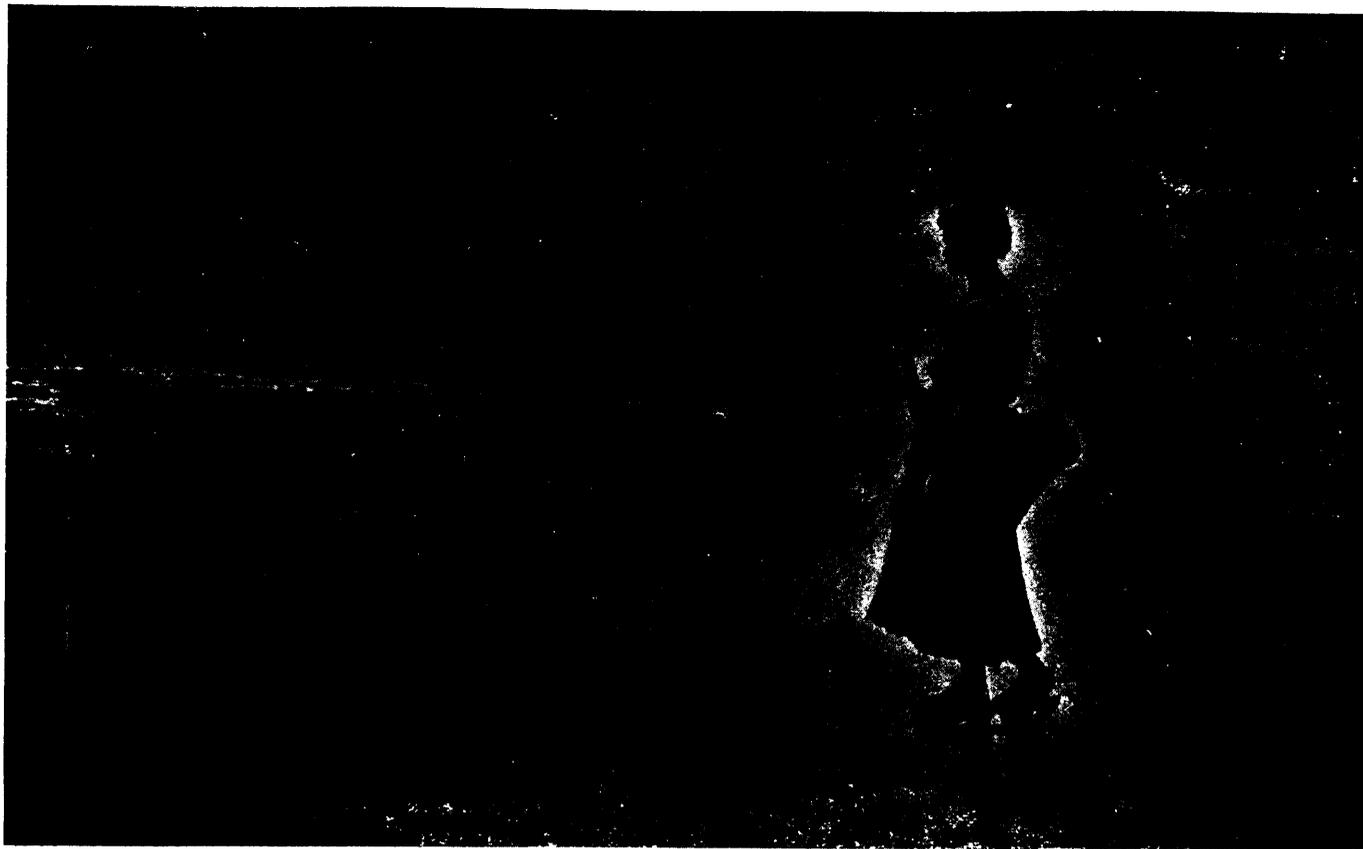
The Dominion Illustrated Prize Competition, 1891.

QUESTIONS.

THIRD SERIES.

- 13.—Give particulars of the mention of one of the first proprietors of the Island of Montreal?
- 14.—State the name of a retired officer in the British Army, who is an artist.
- 15.—Where is it mentioned that tea is intoxicating?
- 16.—In what article and under what name is mention made of a new magazine, whose main object will be to aid in ameliorating the sufferings of the poor.
- 17.—Give details of the mention of a great defeat sustained by France in 1692.
- 18.—On what page appears an item relative to a portage of fifty miles through the woods?

NOTE.—All the material necessary for correctly answering the above questions can be found in Nos. 131 to 143 of the "Dominion Illustrated," being the weekly issues for January, February and March.



ON THE BEACH.
(From the painting by Haquette.)

OUR CANADIAN CHURCHES, VI St. Andrew's (Church of Scotland), Montreal.

While Montreal possesses many Presbyterian churches, there is but one which has remained true to its allegiance to the Established Church of Scotland; this is St. Andrew's, one of the most beautiful places of worship in the city, and attended by a large and wealthy congregation. Fronting on Beaver Hall Hill, it occupies a commanding site on that well-known thoroughfare, while it extends from Palace street on the south side up to Belmont street on the north. Its clergy have always been men of high scholastic attainments, and eloquent in the pulpit; at the same time special attention is given to the musical portion of the service, resulting in the fact that St. Andrew's is always pointed out to the visitor as one of the few Protestant churches in Montreal where really good music can be heard.

The history of the congregation is full of interest and extends back to the early years of this century. It was formed in 1804, and met for Divine worship in a large private room until a suitable building could be erected. Such was commenced the following year and opened in April, 1807; it was a solid and substantial building of stone, 70 feet long and 51 feet wide, situated on St. Peter street, nearly opposite to Sacrament street; it could accommodate with ease 750 persons. The cost of building was about £1,500; and in 1816 galleries were added at an additional outlay of £400. The building was not by any means a thing of beauty, judging from the views now extant. The first incumbent was the Rev. Robert Easton, from Hawie, Roxburghshire, who remained in charge for a number of years; he was succeeded by Rev. John Burns, M.A., under whose regime the congregation became indissolubly connected with the Established Church of Scotland. Prior to this, the majority of the congregation had belonged to the Burgher Secession in Scotland, and wished to be connected with Associate Reformed Synod; some informality or friction occurred, however, which led to the union with the old Kirk. A number of American members of the congregation were decidedly opposed to this step, and carried their views to the extreme point of leaving the church and forming a new body, known as the American Presbyterian Church. Mr. Burns remained in charge of St. Andrew's for two years, when he returned to Scotland on coming into possession of some landed property in that country. His successor was the well-known Rev. Dr. Mathieson, of Dumbarton, who held the charge for nearly half a century, and who was intimately connected during

that long period with many of the most important events in our civic history. In 1850 the present handsome edifice was built, and no pains or expense were spared in its construction. It is built after the plan of the Salisbury Cathedral in England; the spire is an especially graceful one and is admired by all connoisseurs. The church was partially burnt in 1869 and the spire destroyed, but it was immediately rebuilt by the congregation on the old lines. During the latter years of Dr. Mathieson's ministry several assistants were from time to time appointed, the last of these being Rev. Andrew Paton. On the death of Dr. Mathieson, in 1870, the Rev. Gavin Lang, M.A., was appointed as the minister of the church. He was a graduate of Glasgow University, and had been successively incumbent of the parishes of Tyrie, in Aberdeenshire, and Glasgow, in Lanarkshire, the latter being his birthplace. In 1882 he resigned the charge and returned to Scotland, much to the regret of all classes of the community. He was succeeded by the Rev. J. Edgar Hill, M.A., B.D., the present incumbent, under whose care the church is fully maintaining her prominent position in the religious and social life of the city.



MONUMENT TO LOYALISTS KILLED AT DUCK LAKE.—The action at Duck Lake was the first fight in the North-West insurrection of 1885, and was the trumpet-call which rang throughout the length and breadth of the Dominion, rousing the martial feeling latent in every Anglo-Saxon breast, and resulting in the rebellion being quickly stamped out. It took place on 26th March, 1885, between a detachment of the North-West Mounted Police and volunteers under Major Crozier, and a body of armed Half-breeds under Gabriel Dumont, Riel's lieutenant. The former had decidedly the worst of it, losing 12 killed, and about 25 wounded; 6 rebels were killed and 3 wounded. Major Crozier made the mistake of attempting to parley with the insurgents instead of opening fire on them at once with the nine-pounder gun he had with his party; the attempt to parley was a failure and was taken advantage of by the rebels to spread out and take shelter at all available points, whence they were able to pour in a deadly fire upon the troops. Had the half-breeds been attacked immediately, the gun would have done its work with deadly effect on

the rebels, and thereby doubtless have preserved the valuable lives of the loyalists who fell. Among these were several bearing names of high honour. Corporal Napier, a law student of Prince Albert, was recently from Edinburgh, Scotland, and was a nephew of the famous Sir Charles Napier, the victor of Meeanee. Private Elliott was a son of Judge Elliott, of London, Ont. Captain Morton was of a well-known family in Bruce County, Ont. Inspector Howe—one of the wounded—was a nephew of one of Nova Scotia's greatest statesmen and orators, the Hon. Joseph Howe. All fought manfully to the last, and it was only when the probability of being surrounded by the rebels became apparent that the party were ordered to retreat; this was effected in good order. The tablet shown in our engraving is one of three recently completed by Mr. R. Forsyth, in execution of the order of the Prince Albert Memorial Fund. Baptized with the blood of some of its best citizens in manfully helping to uphold the dignity of the nation, the town has done nobly in thus publicly commemorating the names of its heroes. They are to be placed on different public buildings in Prince Albert. Such tablets are incentives to patriotism. Our country is young, but the blood of its sons has been shed on many fields in upholding the Union Jack; and the record of their deeds cannot be too strongly stamped on the minds of the younger generation.

ICE CUTTING SCENES ON THE RIVER NEAR MONTREAL.

—The comparative shortness of the heated summer season in Montreal, coupled with the fact that so many families go out of town for the summer, explains why the amount of ice consumed here is less than might be expected. And yet the amount is by no means small, amounting to probably a hundred thousand tons per season. Mr. Alfred Savage, in the year 1842, was the first Montreal ice dealer, securing his supply from the river in front of the city. He continued the business until a quarter of a century ago, when it was taken over by D. Morrice & Co., who were succeeded some five years ago by R. A. Becket & Co., known as the City Ice Company. Of course there have been many other dealers during the half century, and there are now nearly a score, but the City Ice Company do the largest business, their cut running from 26,000 to 30,000 tons per winter. The old style of ploughing and then cutting by hand is still in vogue, but Mr. Becket has greatly simplified and improved the process of getting the ice out. The fact that the winter level of the St. Lawrence is so much higher than the summer level renders it impossible to store ice on the shore, as is done elsewhere, and necessitates carting for long distances. Elsewhere are shown views of the cutting.



ICE-CUTTING ON THE ST. LAWRENCE, NEAR MONTREAL.

RED AND BLUE PENCIL

CHERRYFIELD, March 24th, 1891.

DEAR EDITOR,—It is not good, with his memory revived, who is mourned by all who knew him, that the palmy time of the "Ephemerides," or the "Red and Blue Pencil," should be forgotten.

"LACLEDE."

When he fails from the earth who made all its dark scenes brighter,—whose presence lent to the shade what it borrowed from the sun; who felt the glow, and spoke the language of, the purer affections,—looking on all beautiful forms with beautiful eyes, even gilding that which was not golden; whose lyric soul made all worlds revolve in music,—ringing up his morn with some joyous prelude, and ushering his evening softly in with some tender "Epicidium"; who stood for the right, as he saw it, his true heart rejoicing in the truth; whose constancy was a begetter of confidence; who, in friendship, ministered hope and consolation, not withholding because he too felt sometimes needy; who said to the unprophetic soul,—"Hush! we have just passed the sacred gate; our feet are on the porch,—the Temple is just before us!"—whose touch was courage, whose step was reverence, whose march was faith, whose hand it was good to grasp, whose face to look upon was youth, was morning, was the thing dreamed of and yet attainable;—when he, I say, who included all these things, who, being one of this world's best brotherhood, has become a brother unto the heavens, there remain the ones who walked with him—O, yes! and there are others, still, to feel his absence, who never came into the circle he made magical, who never were associates save in the spirit, who never felt the pressure of his hand, who never received the welcome of his exhilarating voice, whose image of his person is but fanciful. This is why the eyes of Pastor Felix moisten and grow dim, and his heart falters at the message of a friend,—"Laclede is dead!"

And is this the end? Must we vainly reach out hands and cry: "Come back, gracious deed, kindly word, loving presence!" Come back! and there be nothing to abide, or to return? I hear some one singing,—

"Love is eternal, and all in all,
And the flowers of earth forever endure!"
Thanks! confident spirit! as I go on my way I will repeat these words over to lighten the journey—
"Love is eternal—*eternal*—ETERNAL, and all in all,
And the flowers of earth forever endure."

And why not? Then, if flowers, why not souls? Is anything so good, so blessed to believe? Ah, dear flowers, and dear friends, may you not have the privilege of putting off your mortal vestures without our doubts and suspicions? (cannot I have the liberty of the eternal without being a scouted alien of time? Let me fill myself with this song out of the air before I go to you, O man, before whom the music ceases, and put the microscope in place of faith—or, if you will, of fancy! I know the hills are wearing away, and all is changing—changing! I hear that belief is perishing, that all ideals of the past lie waste, that poesy is an old device! but,—shake the nightmare off! The snap of a triumphant thumb and finger! lilt along,—

"Winds of Arcady, softly blow!
Waves of melody, round me flow!
Wasted out with the tide I go
Down to the tranquil heart of night;
Alone, afloat in a shadowy boat,
From the light and the sound of day remote,
I drift with the nightingale's rapturous note
From the land whence Love and Joy took flight."

Here are the heights, and here the deeps; and who hath measured them? And when it comes to things most real wherewithal shall they be measured? For the eye may deceive us, the ear may play us false, the mind be silent to us, while the heart shall speak us true. Must I, then, suppose that when bereavement utters the sobbing cry, "Lover and friend hast thou put far from me, and mine acquaintance into darkness," that "dust to dust" is the sorrowful and ultimate conclusion? this is the end of him "whose eyes sparkled with genius, whose lips were full of truth, whose feet were swift on errands of mercy, and whose hands were outstretched to the poor?" that he was an

early-day dreamer, of chaotic mind, who said, "I know that my redeemer liveth, and though these elements be consumed, yet embodied shall I see God." Has the soul no voice, and can it hear none, that ought to be attended? Ought I to have no faith in an ultimatum beyond dust and ashes? O, my God, Thou knowest the things of hope and desire! Thou seest where burn the stars, and where, under wildest seas, the pearls lie buried; yes, the invisible things of the creation are before Thee. Thou knowest how souls hang tremblingly upon Thy promise, and in the darkness wait and long for the light; how in this bewildered and bewildering world, here in the midst of theory clashing with theory, of infidel thought and infidel practice; here in this hospital, this madhouse, this dry-as-dust school, in which doubt is the beginning and damnation the end of the curriculum, this endless analysis and dissection, these burnt-out ashes of fair forms, this double-beaten dust; this question as to whether, when we breathe no more, we shall rot or burn; help the weak souls, O God, who must cut through scoff and scorn, conquering their own misgivings; keep them from the whirl of the outer flying circle, draw them to Thy center and hold them there! Hark! I hear again the singer, and after all this strife, it is the singing which makes us whole:

"White were the blossoms we gave to death
In the land of tears and of sobbing breath;
'They are thine forever,' this singer saith,
And the stars re-echo it o'er and o'er.
And far and clear, O nightingale dear,
Falling from every silvery sphere,
The song thou singest in earth I hear
As I drift in my dreams to this tranquil shore."

After all have retired, I, who have followed him from afar, advance to the grave of John Lesperance, and lay on it my sprig of laurel. I ask not whether it shall fade, so it bear friendly record. He is of that gracious company who not having seen we love. The friends who have the truest right to mourn will come again, and with good reason, since—

"Well may they grieve who laid him here,
Where shall they find his equal?"

But I shall not return to celebrate these obsequies. He was of one religious order; I of another, and diverse; but

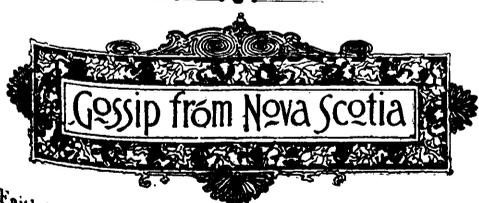


ICE-CUTTING ON THE ST. LAWRENCE, NEAR MONTREAL.

that "kindly light" which, wherever it shines, is the same, with the bond of a gentle humanity, and the attraction of a kindred genius, abolish barriers, making one whom they will. So I stand by this grave, and seeing not beside but only my fellow-mortal, I say to him whose ashes lie therein,—Brother!—and I am not without my response. I open my heart's rubric and read a common creed, that names one God, and calls him Father; that is not silent about His Son, nor ignorant of the brotherhood of man in Him; that forgets not an atonement, and the forgiveness of sins, nor the purifying office of His Holy Spirit. And while I repeat the solemn averment, "I believe in the resurrection of the dead and the life everlasting," lips, that for all the ears of this world are silent, open in assent most reverently, and close in a soft "Amen!"

There are other things I would have said, Mr. Editor, but they cannot fitly follow here—sometime later.

PASTOR FELIX.



Faith in one's country is next to faith in one's self, and he who hasn't the one probably hasn't the other, and conversely we can argue that he who hasn't faith in his country probably hasn't faith in himself. We of Nova Scotia flatter ourselves that we are not sending a single member to represent us at the Capital who is not an ornament to our province. We claim to own the greatest legal mind in the Dominion—perhaps on the continent—in powers of rhetoric; we also hold that the Minister of Justice is second to none. I should like to have seen the Minister of Marine and Fisheries go back with twice as big a majority as he had, magnificent though it was. We are genuinely glad to see that politics have not spoiled our young minister. I knew him a great many years before he had anything to do with such matters, and have never known him as anything but the frank, ingenuous, off-hand man that he is now—always

ready to chat, but equally ready to listen, with an inexhaustible store of fun, anecdote and information; we look for him to be as great a man as his father one day. Among other counties in this province in which I take a particular interest is Inverness, in the Island of Cape Breton. I knew both candidates intimately, and in all justice I must state that as far as abilities are concerned there is very little to choose between them. Both are men of education and polish, logical and sharp-witted, and equally eloquent. Mr. Macdonnell has the advantage of being a member of the legal profession; a more pleasing speaker than "Sam" it would be difficult to find. Dr. Cameron, or the "Red" Doctor, as he is called, owing to a peculiar custom of the country, where everyone has a nick-name, based usually on some personal quality, has a plain, succinct and convincing way of stating facts; he has ably represented the county in the house for a number of years. Cape Breton is a part of the Dominion of which we probably hear less than any other; owing to its position it is somewhat out of the world, and except for two or three months during the summer is seldom visited by strangers; and yet some of the cleverest men in the country are natives of Cape Breton. In the county of Inverness, for instance, where the inhabitants are almost wholly the descendants of Scotch Highlanders, the average of ability is remarkably high; it is a rare thing to meet a man who is not by nature bright, intelligent, quick-witted and capable; and in those who have the advantage of education these qualities are developed to an extent which places them on a level with the foremost in the race for distinction. Public schools are spread pretty well all over the country now, and a remarkable change has already taken place in the social condition of the people at large. One great drawback to the advancement of the country is the bad rum dispensed at the taverns, (which, by the way, exist by the dozen, all the provisions of the Scott act to the contrary notwithstanding). This rum is a vile home manufacture, and is simply poison, possessing all the bad qualities and none of the good of the genuine article. A Scotch Highlander when he is sober is as peaceable and reasonable a being as any man that breathes; fill him with liquor, especially if it be bad, and he becomes a demon, and is full of fight and mischief. Physically they are probably the strongest men in the

Dominion; they are nearly all giants, and both by the nature of their avocations and their inclinations they develop their physical capabilities to a remarkable degree. During a session of the Supreme Court at Port Hood, the county town, a few years ago, two young giants from Judique held the whole town in a state of terror for a couple of hours, battering this man, breaking that man's head, and carrying off whole panels of another man's fence. The sheriff was finally obliged to raise a posse for the purpose of capturing them. The disturbance had its ludicrous side too; stones and sticks and fence poles and ordinary missiles were all well enough for desultory skirmishing; but when it came to serious, downright fighting, these rascally giants armed themselves each with about a panel and a half of picket fence and charged the crowd, scattering them like grasshoppers in a cyclone; when they had had all the fun they wanted and had cracked the heads of half the people of the town they were bound over by the judge—a very stern man—to keep the peace. The Cape Breton railway, which is about completed and extends from the west side of the island on the Strait of Canso to Sydney on the east, will accelerate the development of this country, which is singularly and strikingly behind the age in almost everything. During the few hot months of the summer tourists from many parts of the States and Canada flock to Cape Breton, generally confining their attention to the magnificent Bras D'Or lakes, Sydney and Louisburg. Prof. Bell, of the telephone, owns a house on the lake, and annually entertains a good-sized party there. In Sydney are to be found some of the most hospitable and interesting people in the province; this was once a garrison town, and many of the descendants of officers in the army are resident there.

Our two new Halifax papers are flourishing, though where they procure the material for their peculiar provinces it puzzles me to know; they are not so busy, however, as not to have any time for indulging in satirical remarks at each other's expense; indeed refined irony appears to be part of the regular table of contents. If they are to be believed, and I have no reason for thinking they are not, they are both in the field to stay. Time alone will show if there is room for both; if not, I suppose it will be a case of the survival of the fittest; just now, I should judge the chances to be about equal.

TO THE LUMBER REGIONS, II.

(HABERER.)

There was an addition to our party at Rawdon. Mr. Way, the foreman at the shanties, had come that far to meet us and act as guide through the deep woods, where only lumbermen, an occasional hunter, and here and there

passage. Unfortunately, in moving aside, his horse stepped a little too far out and went so deep into the snow that only a shovel or a great deal of "tramping" around him would release the animal. His driver, in his excitement, also made a reckless plunge, and went clear to his waist.

He made no audible remarks, and the manner in which he glared after us as we drove on suggested thoughts too deep for words. Our turn came a little later. But, before alluding to that, reference may properly be made to another incident. We were passing a number of large birch trees, with their beautiful silvery bark curling about them. This bark, as everybody knows, is highly inflammable. Mr. Ross, to give us an exceptionally interesting spectacle, ploughed his way through the snow to the base of one of the birches and fired the bark. The fire spread around the trunk and upward, quickly encircling the whole tree in curling



DRIVING THROUGH THE WOODS

an Indian trapper are to be found. After leaving Rawdon the outlook on every side was infinitely dull and dreary. In the afternoon we dined and rested at the Chertsey Depot, where provisions are stored by the company, and from that time the only sign of life we met with was one man with a heavily laden team. The road was very rough, broken by steep hillocks and deep hollows and with frequent sharp curves. We were knocked about in the liveliest fashion, and our teams, to avoid collisions, were compelled to keep quite a distance apart. Mr. Way led the procession, followed by Mr. McLaurin and myself, while the gallant huntsmen, with "Sago," brought up the rear.

There was an unexpected meeting in the very heart of the woods. A team, with a heavy load of wood, was coming in the opposite direction. The road was only wide enough for one sled, and the snow on either side was four or five feet deep. The driver of the opposing team, a sturdy Irishman, was disposed to hold the fort, but after a parley consented to unload the wood and give us half the

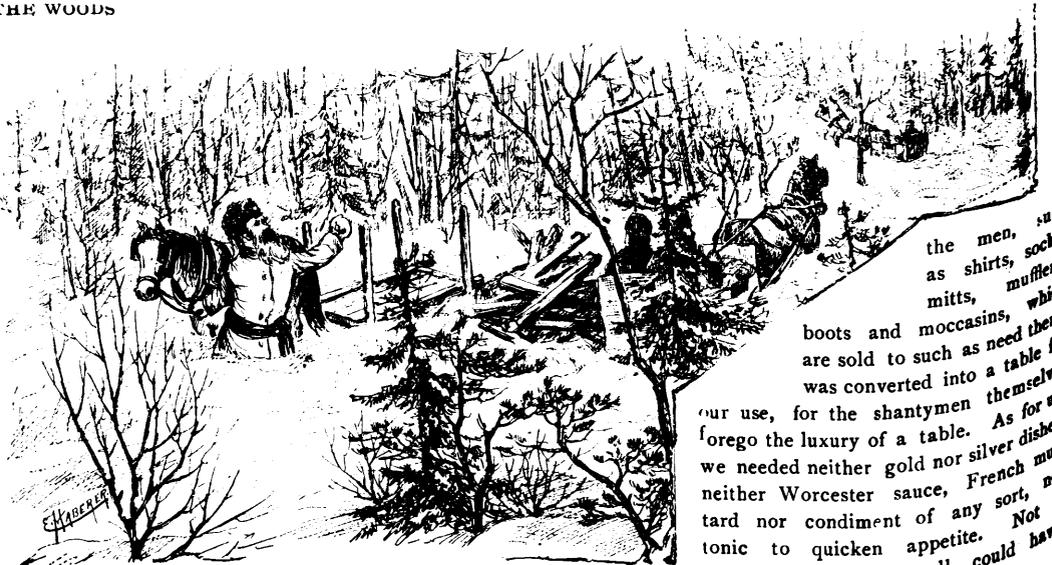
smoke and flame. It was a pretty picture, and one that can only be seen with safety to the woods at this season of the year. At any other time there would be imminent risk of a great forest fire.

One other incident of our journey, already hinted at, is worth relating. We were already in sight of the shanties, and had quickened our pace in anticipation. The sleigh in which Mr. McLaurin and myself were seated was a rather high one and easily upset. Swinging round a curve, one runner caught the root of a tree, and over we went, valises, rugs, Mr. McLaurin and myself, all in one heap, myself at the bottom. Mr. Mc. is not a small man, and the way I sank into the snow with his weight upon me was something not to say funny—so far as I was concerned—though the other fellows seemed to find in it a source of rare enjoyment. Fortunately, Mr. Mc. had a firm grip on the reins, and prevented a runaway. We floundered out of the drift, gathered our traps together in a hurry and righted the sleigh. It was glorious moonlight when we reached the shanties at last, and gave our horses over to the willing hands of the lumbermen. After a drive of more than seventy miles we had reached our destination, a group of low-built but comfortable-looking cabins in the heart of the wilderness, where nearly fifty men, remote from the busy outer world, cheerily pursue their daily toil for months without other companionship than that afforded by the visits of such rare intruders as ourselves.

Moonlight at the shanties! Crisp air and sparkling snow, the latter contrasting with sombre shadows among the evergreens. Snow on the ground, on the trees, on the low-browed cabins—everywhere. And over all and part of all the deep silence of the wilderness. Aloft, the radiant moon, flooding with soft light the strange, wild scene. The contrast between this and the noisy, bustling streets of the city could not but force itself upon us all.

The shanties are located by the shore of Lac Ouareau, a sheet of water sixteen miles long, and at its broadest part five miles wide. It is one of many small lakes in this region. All round about it the land is heavily timbered with spruce, pine and tamarac, the first named largely predominating. From the lake an abundant supply of good water is obtained, and from its depths, too, the men are able to secure at any time a mess of fresh fish to vary their accustomed diet. We were now high up among the Laurentian hills, in the heart of the lumber region, a section visited only by lumbermen or sportsmen in any season of the year.

We were made heartily welcome by the lumbermen and the cook, who is an absolute sovereign in his own domain, ushered us into the shanty where the men live, and took us under his especial care. While we disposed of our wraps and warmed our shins at the great fire in the centre of the shanty he prepared a steaming supper. Boiled beef, pork, potatoes, baked beans, molasses, home-made bread, tea and sugar were placed before us. To a set of hungry men, whose appetites had been sharpened by the bracing winter air, there could be nothing more inviting. Everything was of the best quality, and admirably cooked and served. The company are especially careful in the choice of provisions for their men. In honour of the visitors a table was set. The "van," a high, square box containing the most necessary clothing requisites for



THE IRISHMAN'S MISHAP.

the men, such as shirts, socks, mitts, muffers, boots and moccasins, which are sold to such as need them, was converted into a table for our use, for the shantymen themselves forego the luxury of a table. As for us, we needed neither gold nor silver dishes, neither Worcester sauce, French mustard nor condiment of any sort, nor tonic to quicken appetite. Not a shantyman of them all could have



BIRCH TREE IN FLAMES.

did not mind. The exploits of lumbermen and incidents of lumber life were told in a racy manner, and were punctuated the laughter of as merry a party as ever gathered round by a winter camp fire. Mr. McLaurin, whose familiarity for many years with the life of the woodsmen had given him a splendid repertoire of probable and improbable yarns, shared the honours of the evening with the cook. Fish stories were mingled with the rest, and the reputation of one Baron Munchausen was more than once during the evening in imminent danger of eclipse.

Presently the comforting warmth of the fire, the soothing influence of the weed, and the natural effects of our journey began to tell upon us, and like tired children we climbed sleepily into our bunks. I expected that when those forty odd shantymen got fairly settled down to business we should have a snoring concert that would almost

start the ice in the neighbouring stream. But they slumbered as peacefully as children. Here and there a slight groan at intervals was the only sound.

I had resolved to get up at the first call in the morning. But when three or four alarm clocks began operations at 4 a.m., as if they had a contract to wake the whole county, I half repented my resolve. It was very early, and I was very tired; but a strong mental effort triumphed over bodily weariness, and I arose, to note the morning preparations of the men. They were prompt to rise and dress and prepare for the morning meal, which was served promptly at five o'clock, and consisted of meat, baked beans, bread and tea. It was as good an appetizer as one needed just to note the relish with which those muscular fellows attacked the steaming dishes.

(To be continued.)



OUR ARRIVAL AT THE SHANTIES.

THIS AND THAT.—Mrs. Justwed—"Good morning, Mr. T., I wish you'd send me up a quart of potatoes; Lyonnaise ones, if you please, and a small mock turtle. My husband expects company for dinner, and he just dotes on mock turtle soup."—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

Irate Customer—Here, you old scoundrel, you guaranteed these flannels to last a year, and look at them after having been twice washed.

Merchant—"S' help me, you got 'em t'ree weeks and vash 'em twice! I said von year and van vash."—*N. Y. Sun*.

Nellie.

The day 'at Nellie died, the sun jes' kind o' petered out; The birds cut short their toons o' joy, an' seemed to drag ther wings
Es ef they felt the weight o' woe 'at ever'where about
Jes' sort o' made the sky look black, an' twisted at the strings
O' this ole heart wat 'peared to beat with sech a sluggish tide,
Es ef the world was stoppin' short, the day 'at Nellie died.
I know the Lord is runnin' things to kind o' suit His mind,
An' don't want, prob'ly, no advice from any mortal man,
But, 'pears to me, ef He'd looked 'round, He'd ought to sort o' find
Jes' lots o' tough ole cases es hed lived beyond ther span.—
Ther was, first, yours truly, *me*, er Zeb Watson, er ole Nate
Penallergan, er lots more thet I needn't 'numerate.
You see, ther wusn't much to keep us ole chaps 'bove the ground.—
We'd sort o' kind o' hed *our* fling, an' blame' small odds it made
Jes' how soon we should hear the blas' o' Gabr'el's trumpet sound,
Er jes' how soon these weary bones should in ther bed be laid;
But Nellie—she was jes' a child, es fair, an' pure, an' sweet
Es ever climbed from this ole world up to the Judgment Seat!
Jes' seventeen year ole last May, 'ith eyes so sparklin' bright,
An' with a wreathe o' sun-kissed hair, jes' framin', like, a face
Wot seemed to be a flashin' back the beams o' God's own light!
An' when she'd turn an' smile at you, you'd see the dimples race
An' chase each other 'long her cheeks an' 'round them lips o' her'n
Thet allus kind o' made this mouth jes' fairly ache an' year'n!
So, when they cum an' took my hand an' tole me to "submit"
Unto the will o' Him on High, an' thet the chaugin' years
'Ud sofen, like, the heavy blow, I shet my eyes, an' bit.
This tremblin' lip, an' tried to stop the flood o' blist'rin' tears
Thet trickled down these furrowed cheeks an', sumhow, splashed an' dried
Theirselves upon two frozen hands, the day 'at Nellie died!
—KIMBALL CHASE TAPLEY.

done more ample justice to the viands placed before us. "Make yourselves at home," said the cook—and we

After supper the party indulged in a veritable *dolce far niente*. Some of us smoked, and there were pipes, cigars, cigarettes, tobacco cut and uncut at our disposal. The cigars and cigarettes, of course, belonged to our party. Imagine a burly shantyman smoking a cigarette! As well imagine him breakfasting on an ice cream. Basking in the warmth of the great fire we served our own dessert in the form of stories. The cook, to whose skill we had just paid the highest compliment that could be paid, was in capital humour, and as a story-teller also won our deepest admiration. His stock of yarns was fresh, sparkling, and if some were a trifle wonderful we



IT WAS OUR TURN NEXT.



ANTIGONE AND ISMENE.
(From the painting by Tschendorff.)

KELLY'S WIFE



By ADELINE SERGEANT.

(Exclusive rights for Canada purchased by the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED.)

When old Farmer Jessop died, his farm passed into other hands, and his bailiff was for a time thrown out of work. I don't know that anybody was particularly sorry for Mr. Michael Kelly's difficulties, such as they were. He was not very popular in the neighbourhood with rich or poor, and it was generally known that old Mr. Jessop had had a mad scheme of marrying his granddaughter to him, and that Kelly had annoyed her about it. It was rather a satisfaction to Letty's friends that Mr. Kelly should be out of work.

I cannot say, however, that he showed signs of distress or poverty. He lived in a cottage near Jessop's Farm; but when Farmer Jessop was dead he removed to a larger house, which was let cheap because it was in want of repair. It looked rather more imposing than the cottage, however, and the removal was so evidently a rise in the social position that Underwood suspected Kelly of having made money out of his relations with the old farmer. Then he opened a small office, and called himself a land-agent. He certainly got employment of one kind or another, and seemed to be doing well.

He had justly earned the dislike of many people in the parish, including the Rector. Therefore, Mr. Charteris was very much surprised when one day he received a letter, in a handwriting unknown to him, purporting to be from a lady—a letter of enquiry respecting Kelly's character, means

and position, and begging that the letter might be considered confidential.

"What have I to do with Kelly?" said the Rector. "I don't know much about him, except that he's an unmitigated blackguard. Why should she write to me, and is she—is she a lady, or is she not?"

He said this to himself as he sat in his study, and after reading the letter three times, examining the texture of the paper and criticising the handwriting, he came to the conclusion that she was not. It was a little difficult to say why he thought so; possibly it was on account of the hand-writing, which was large, sloping, and uncharacteristic. The letter was signed "Annie Smith," a name that committed nobody to anything at all.

"Miss or Mrs.?" reflected Mr. Charteris. "Mrs., I presume. A Miss Smith would not write to me about Kelly, I should think. Well, I shall make my answer as vague as I can. No use saying too much until I know who this person is. What's the address? Laurel House, Upper Waltham, Essex. Not much to be learned from that."

The Rector's reply was probably very colourless; for it brought him another epistle, more mysterious than ever, by return of post. In this letter the fair unknown begged very earnestly for a short interview. She would come up to London and meet Mr. Charteris at any place that he might appoint; she had reasons for preferring not to come to Underwood itself. Her business was very important; and the whole happiness of a lifetime might hang on the Rector's compliance with her request.

By this time Mr. Charteris was really curious; and he wrote back to Mrs. Smith, suggesting a certain Aerated Bread Company's shop as a convenient place, at four o'clock in the afternoon of the following day. He received a telegram in answer, "I will be there at four o'clock." And he went up to town that afternoon in full expectation of some interesting encounter. "Mrs. Smith"—he did not believe that to be her name!—had evidently a genius for intrigue. Mr. Charteris was inclined to treat the matter lightly, and did not think that anything very romantic would come of it. But—he owned afterwards—he did hope that Mrs. Smith was a pretty woman.

Arrived at the shop, he cast a hasty glance at the half-dozen ladies who sat at the little marble-topped tables, but saw none that answered to the description that he had imagined for himself. After a second glance, however, and a little hesitation, he saw that a rubicund, buxom-looking person of perhaps forty years of age was half-rising from her seat and nodding towards him in a confidential way, as if to attract his attention.

"Mrs. Smith?" he said, making his way towards her between the tables.

And at the same moment she remarked, "Mr. Charteris, of Underwood, I presume, sir," and sat down again, holding out her hand, however, as if she expected it to be shaken.

Mr. Charteris gratified her in that respect, for he was a man of cordial manners, and did not show any little disappointment that he may have experienced respecting Mrs. Smith's personal appearance. She was what might be called a "comely" woman: large, inclining to be stout, rosy-cheeked and healthy-looking, with shrewd, sensible brown eyes, and black hair parted in the middle and slightly waving on each side of a shining forehead. She was well-dressed, in a commonplace kind of way; that is to say, she wore a large and aggressive bonnet with red strings, a seal-skin jacket and a black silk dress. Her hands were red and clumsy, and were with difficulty buttoned into a pair of brown kid gloves. She looked like a well-to-do farmer's wife, and, in his own mind, Mr. Charteris concluded that she wanted to engage Kelly as a farm-bailiff, or assistant of some sort.

He had tea brought to him—Mrs. Smith was already drinking hers—and then opened the conversation with a question.

"Well, Mrs. Smith, is there anything you wish to ask me?"

"It's about Mr. Kelly, sir," she answered, a little doubtfully.

"I don't know very much of Kelly," said the Rector of Underwood, "but I believe he is a good man of business—sharp, you know—very sharp, but, I think, honest; he has held a position of trust for some years, and I suppose he is to be depended upon."

Mrs. Smith fidgeted a little. "That's all very well to know," she said, "but there are other things of importance—the fact is, sir, I want to know whether you think he'd make a good husband?"

"A good husband!" Mr. Charteris ejaculated. Then he laughed a little. "I don't know that I ever considered Kelly in that light," he said. "Whom does he want to marry?"

Mrs. Smith bridled, and then dived into her pocket and succeeded in bringing out a purse. From this purse she produced, after much seeking, a small and decidedly dirty scrap of paper, which seemed to be an advertisement cut from a newspaper. She smoothed it out with both hands, and then silently passed it over the table to the Rector, who, with lifted eyebrows and mouth expressive of amusement, settled his eyeglasses on the bridge of his nose and inspected it.

"WANTED.—To correspond with a Christian lady possessing a settled income, with a view to matrimony. Advertiser has good house and lucrative business. Photos exchanged. Letters strictly confidential.—M.K."

The address given was that of a well known evangelical weekly paper, from the pages of which the advertisement itself was a cutting.

"It was me that answered the advertisement, sir," said Mrs. Smith, with a little confusion visible upon her healthy, handsome face.

"And how did you come to do that, Mrs. Smith?" asked the Rector.

"Well, sir, I felt—lonely like. I've been left a widow these five years, and well left, too. I don't say but what I've had opportunities of changing my state; but I didn't take a fancy to them that asked me. And I'm a bit tired of Essex, and would like a change. So, when I saw that advertisement—in such a good paper, too—I am sure the gentleman that has charge of it would never put in anything to deceive—"

"But, my good woman, the editor is not responsible for the advertisements he inserts," said Mr. Charteris, eagerly. "I only wish he were! The manager of the paper, you know, puts in advertisements only because he is paid for it, and does not guarantee the character of the advertisers."

"I thought, as it was a religious paper," the woman began hesitatingly. But then she pulled herself up, and continued in a much more decided tone: "Well, there, I can't help it now. I wrote to M.K., sending my photo, and asking for more information; and he wrote back—a very nice letter—sending me his likeness back again. If you know him, you can tell me whether this is like or not," and she took out of a little hand-bag a carte-de-visite in which Mr. Charteris had no difficulty in recognizing the lineaments of Mr. Michael Kelly.

"It's a good likeness," he said, meditatively. "Yes, and he's a good-looking man."

He was immediately afterwards aware that he ought not to have made that remark, for Mrs. Smith's face showed instant appreciation of his praise. He therefore went on hurriedly—

"You have not seen him then, Mrs. Smith?"

"No, sir, I have not. He is very anxious to have a conversation with me, but I thought—well, talking's easy, and writing seems to come natural to some people, but the clergyman of a parish generally knows how much faith should be put in people's talking or writing, so I'll consult him before I do anything decided."

"Do you mean to say, Mrs. Smith, that you have actually ever thought of marrying this man?"

Mrs. Smith did not appear to like his tone. She turned over the photograph and the advertisement slip before she answered—as it were, indifferently:

"That's what he's been asking me to do, sir."

Mr. Charteris was struck dumb with amaze. This woman was really so much superior to Kelly that he did not know what to advise. She had the air of a person who was rather proud of her respectability, and Kelly—mean, cringing or bullying and blustering, as he was by turns—did not seem at all a suitable husband for such a woman. His doubtful looks caused her to ask a question.

"Is there anything against Kelly, sir?"

"Well—no, not exactly. But he does not bear a high character. I may as well tell you that very plainly. He drinks now and then—not, I believe, continuously; and without committing acts of downright dishonesty—well, his character is not good in the neighbourhood. He is said to be hard and grasping, and also very bad tempered. I am sorry to say this to you; but you have asked my advice, and it is such a very serious thing to enter upon matrimonial bonds with a man of whose character you have so little knowledge."

"Yes, it's always a serious thing to get married," said Mrs. Smith, dispassionately. "I don't know that I would have thought of it but for this advertisement—and feeling so lonesome down at Little Waltham as I do."

"Have you no relations with whom you could take up your abode?"

Mrs. Smith obstinately shook her head. "Most of 'em are dead," she said, "and the rest I can't abide."

"It would be worse if you couldn't abide the man whom you had married," said the Rector, trying to make a little joke of it. But Mrs. Smith's rosy face looked desperately solemn.

"So it would, sir. Not but what I've always kept every man belonging to me in his proper place. I ain't afraid of men's tempers. And when a wife has a little money of her own, it keeps a man wonderful quiet. I never saw a more personable looking man than Kelly—if he's like his photograph at all."

Mr. Charteris, though loath to take away a man's reputation behind his back, felt that the occasion demanded truth. Mrs. Smith's heart did not seem to be so invulnerable as one would have guessed from her shrewd and sensible face; there was evidently a weak spot somewhere, and the Rector set to work to fortify it by all the arguments in his power. When he had finished she said, dubiously:

"I'm sure I'm much obliged to you, sir. What you say is all very true, I'm sure." Then she put the photograph and the advertisement away, adding with a sigh, "But as you yourself can't deny, sir, he is a very handsome man."

"I hope you will have nothing to do with him, Mrs. Smith," said the rector; "I assure you he is not worthy of you."

But the good woman would give no promise—no absolute assurance of what she meant to do. She rose from her seat, thanked Mr. Charteris again and again for his advice, and took her departure for Liverpool-St. railway station, while the Rector proceeded by way of Charing Cross to Underwood.

"Now I do hope and trust that that poor woman will not throw herself away on Kelly," Mr. Charteris said to himself several times during the next few weeks; but as he did not hear from Mrs. Smith again, and as he was not told that Kelly was going to be married, he began to believe that his expostulations had had some effect, and that Mrs. Smith had been wise in time.

He met Michael Kelly sometimes as he was walking or riding about the parish, and looked at him on these occasions with considerable attention. The man was certainly good-looking in a rough and unfinished sort of way; he was tall, broad-shouldered, spare and muscular; he had a thick neck and a bull-dog head, flat at the top, with hair cut so

short that the ears stood out very prominently. There was rather the look of a Roman gladiator about his head and face; a type which one sees every now and then among people of Milesian descent. He had strong, rugged features, no beard or moustache, dark eyes and beetling eyebrows. It was not an attractive face, and Mr. Charteris, as he looked at it, wondered why Mrs. Smith had thought it so handsome in the photograph. Its expression of reckless yet sullen defiance had perhaps pleased her: women like, reflected the Rector, to feel that they have a master.

Three or four months passed by, and Easter was close at hand, when Mr. Charteris received a shock in the shape of a message from Kelly himself. Perhaps it was not intended as a message; it came, at least, with the force of one.

"If you please, sir, Mr. Kelly's been married this three weeks, and he'd be main pleased if you'd go and see Mrs. Kelly one o' these days."

The saying came from a woman who lived near Kelly's cottage, but when questioned she could only reply that was what Kelly had told her to say, and that she had not heard where Mrs. Kelly came from, but she seemed a nice, neighbourly body, and people did say that she had got a bit of money of her own. "It surely can't be Mrs. Smith!" said the Rector in dismay.

No, he certainly could not believe it to be Mrs. Smith, and yet he felt so curious as to the kind of woman whom Kelly had married that he took the earliest opportunity of paying that bridal call which Mr. Kelly seemed to expect. He had not been inside Kelly's house for nearly a year.

He set off on the following afternoon. The house that Kelly had recently taken stood by itself in a narrow lane off the main road. It was rather a picturesque little place; low, white-walled, thatched, and surrounded by a garden which in spring and summer-time was gay with flowers. Even in winter it looked snug and cosy, for there were evergreen trees at the back of the building, and part of the wall was covered with thickly-clustering ivy. Here, if anywhere, the Rector thought to himself, you might expect simplicity, innocence, unsophistication—but those, alack! were not the words by which you could indicate the character of Mr. Michael Kelly.

He knocked with his knuckles at the door, and it was promptly opened to him by the mistress of the house. And then Mr. Charteris gazed for a minute, open-mouthed. Mr. Kelly had succeeded, after all. His wife was the buxom, rosy-cheeked woman whom the Rector had so carefully warned against the matrimonial advertiser.

"Mrs. Smith!" He could not restrain the ejaculation.

"Mrs. Kelly, sir, if you please." She grew a little redder in the face, and smiled in a half embarrassed manner as she let him in. "I'm very glad to see you, sir, and I hope you'll have a cup of tea with me—not for the first time," she added, in a rather sly tone. "Molly, see that the kettle's boiling. Do you hear?"

Mr. Charteris followed his hostess across the kitchen or living room into a prim little parlour, which struck cold to the very marrow of his bones, although a prim little fire was crackling in the grate.

"You have such a splendid blaze here, Mrs. Kelly," he said, turning his back to the living room, "that I don't see why I should take you away from it. Suppose you let me sit down here on the settle, and have a chat."

"Well, I do think that the kitchen's more comfortable," said Mrs. Kelly, "but of course the parlour's more suitable for you, sir. However, if you like it better— Here, Molly, bring the tray here, and look sharp, there's a good soul."

As Molly advanced with the tea tray the Rector happened to glance at her; and this glance, accidental as it was, seemed to cover Molly with confusion. She tripped with her foot, and bungled with her hands, and finally came to the floor with her burden—a frightful crash of crockery ensuing. Mr. Charteris and Mrs. Kelly both rushed to the rescue—of the girl in the Rector's case, and of the china in that of Mrs. Kelly. "Are you hurt, my girl?" inquired the Rector. "Oh, dear! my cups and saucers!" moaned Mrs. Kelly. "How could you be so stupid, Molly—so clumsy?" But her voice was not very sharp, even in her anger; its accents were naturally so rounded and mellow that it did not seem possible for them to become harsh or shrill. Molly began to sob and to wring her hands, and then, curiously enough, it was Mrs. Kelly who tried to comfort her.

"There, there; never mind. Pick up the pieces, and bring out some more cups; but be careful another time," she said. And then, as Molly left the room, she turned to Mr. Charteris with a half-apologetic air. "She's very ner-

vous, and I don't like to be hard on her, seeing that she's a sort of relative of Kelly's, and has kept house for him so long."

"Is she a relative?" said Mr. Charteris, with surprise. "I don't remember hearing that he had a relation living with him."

"Kelly's not one to talk about his affairs," said Mrs. Kelly, with a certain pride of bearing. "And Molly's only a far-away cousin, and has passed just as a servant. She don't hold herself up nor make the most of herself, Molly don't."

Mr. Charteris looked with interest at Molly when she returned. She was not quite so young as he had at first supposed; she must have been five or six-and-twenty. She was pale, small and sickly, with the undefinable air of having once been pretty, which one finds sometimes in a very plain woman. At present, her only beauty lay in her eyes, which were finely-shaped and coloured, but looked too large for her thin, pointed face. Her hands shook as she put the tea-things on the table, and she took the first opportunity of slipping away into the scullery.

"I must have seen her once or twice," said the Rector, thoughtfully, "but I don't know that I ever noticed—"

"It's not very likely you would, sir. Michael always kept his concerns pretty much to himself, and the girl just drudges about like any other. She's been here five years, however; since Kelly first took a place at Farmer Jessop's."

"Ah, well—perhaps you can spare her sometimes to go to Church or the Bible Class, Mrs. Kelly. Now that you have come, I suppose you are making a few changes. You look very comfortable here." And he glanced round the kitchen as he spoke. It was a good-sized room, and it contained several articles of furniture that had once been costly: an antique clock, an oak cabinet, a solid-looking table also made of oak and somewhat elaborately carved.

"Yes, sir, I've made some changes, and I should like to make some more," said Mrs. Kelly, with a little smile. "Oh, it's a nice enough place, but I didn't think it was quite so countryfied, I must say. There isn't room for all my furniture. It has to go into the garrets. But Kelly thinks that maybe he would build another room on, and then we could entertain visitor's properly."

"Well, I must wish you every prosperity," said Mr. Charteris, smiling over his cup of tea.

"Thank you, sir," said Mrs. Kelly, as demurely as if she had never received any warning from the Rector's lips against her marriage, and then they talked on other subjects for a few minutes, until at last Mr. Charteris got up to go.

"I'm sorry not to have seen Kelly, to-day," he said, pleasantly. "You must give him my congratulations for me. I thought that perhaps he would have been in."

"Mrs. Kelly's eyes dropped. "I hope you'll forgive me for naming it, sir; but if you should meet Kelly—and if he should happen to seem a bit short—"

"Oh, you betrayed me, did you?" said the Rector, still good humouredly. "Well, you were quite right; I said nothing but what I am prepared to stand to. I've talked to Kelly myself before now. At the same time, I hope he has turned over a new leaf and is going to make you a good husband."

"Thank you, sir; yes, I think he will." And the poor woman looked quite satisfied and complacent.

Mr. Charteris was just leaving the house when she spoke again:

"I believe there's Michael coming up the lane. No—I'm not sure. You'll maybe meet him, sir. Of course, you wouldn't be likely to mention it, but—I don't care about him hearing that Molly's broken the cups—"

"My good woman, as if I were likely to speak of it!" said Mr. Charteris, with an irresistible burst of laughter; and then he was sorry, for he felt sure that he had hurt her feelings. "I'll not mention crockery in his hearing; don't be afraid."

"He would be vexed with Molly, and I don't like him to be vexed," said Mrs. Kelly, and it struck the Rector that she was a woman of strong motherly feeling and a warm heart.

He did not meet Kelly, as it happened, and had no opportunity of exchanging many words with him when the meeting was effected. Kelly seemed taciturn, but not exactly sullen. And the Rector saw with surprise and pleasure that both Mr. and Mrs. Kelly attended church on Sundays with regularity, and that Mrs. Kelly's blooming face was as cheerful as ever. Kelly had plenty of employment, and his wife's money seemed to be largely expended on her house, which she was making thoroughly comfortable.

Another woman was added to the establishment, and Molly was respectably dressed, and looked less like a half-starved drudge than she had done before the beginning of Mrs. Kelly's reign. Peace and prosperity seemed to abound, and Mr. Charteris almost repented of having so vigorously opposed Mrs. Smith's marriage with Michael Kelly.

Then—quite suddenly—a storm broke. It was raised by the woman—a respectable, elderly woman—who was working at Kelly's house. She ran to the nearest house one night and summoned help. Kelly was drunk or mad, and was beating the girl Molly to death. This version was a trifle exaggerated; but, truly enough, Kelly was found labouring the girl with a stick, and swearing at her with all his might, while Mrs. Kelly strove in vain to separate them and called with all her might and main for help. The matter was taken up by the neighbours, most of whom thoroughly hated Mr. Kelly, and the man was summoned before the Fair Oaks magistrates. Plenty of evidence was forthcoming, although Molly preserved an obstinate silence, and escaped trouble only because it was pleaded for her that she was "not all there." Kelly was severely reprimanded, heavily fined, and hooted when he left the court. Several compassionate neighbours wanted to take Molly into their houses; but, to everyone's surprise, Molly refused to go. She clung to Mrs. Kelly, who cried over her copiously, and slunk back into the house like a frightened dog to its master's feet. That she was half-witted seemed certain after this, and Underwood expressed its opinion of Mr. Kelly's conduct by hoots and hisses and an occasional stone whenever he made his appearance in the streets.

Mr. Charteris, very much concerned at the turn things were taking, called to see Mrs. Kelly soon afterwards. She tried to talk unconcernedly of ordinary matters; but at the first hint of sympathy she broke down and put her apron to her eyes.

"Oh, sir," she said, "it is such a disgrace to us! And I did hope always to keep myself respectable."

This was not what the Rector expected her to say, and he did not know how to reply.

"He do have a temper, and there's no mistake about it," proceeded Kelly's wife. "And it falls on Molly worse than anyone—she says she's used to it, and don't mind, but I'm afraid he'll do her a mischief one of these days—she seems so set against her."

"Then you had better send her away at once. Mrs. Charteris will find a situation for her," said the Rector, almost indignantly.

"She won't go, sir," said Mrs. Kelly; and on inquiry this proved to be the truth. Molly absolutely refused to leave the Kellys' house.

"It isn't that he's not a good husband to me," said Mrs. Kelly, evidently determined to put the best face on things.

"He'd buy up Fielding's shop for me if I'd let him. He says he likes me to have as good a gown as anybody. But, do as I will, these fits of temper do come over him awful sudden sometimes, and then there's no holding of him."

"I hope, at least, he keeps his hands off you," said the Rector.

Mrs. Kelly coloured to the roots of her wavy, black hair.

"Oh, of course, sir," she said, after a moment's pause; but it was quite plain that she spoke perfunctorily—as she thought a wife ought to speak. And then she added, rather hastily: "Not but what I can take care of myself, if it comes to that. And if a man wants to lay hands on anybody, it's better he should do it on his wife than on other people."

More than that Mrs. Kelly refused to say, and Mr. Charteris went away very much disquieted. It seemed to him that there were dangerous elements in that household, and he could not be convinced that everything was likely to go on as smoothly as Mrs. Kelly wished him to believe. "What a fool she was to marry him!" said the Rector to himself. And yet he always liked the woman; she seemed to him rather silly, but very kind at heart.

But for a time things settled down, and there were only vague reports of disturbances and unpleasantnesses in the Kelly establishment. Mrs. Kelly sometimes looked ill and worn, but that was not, perhaps, to be wondered at. She had a baby in the following spring, and the little creature was so fragile that it required her unremitting care. Molly was supposed to be its nurse, but it was seldom out of its mother's arms. And Michael Kelly seemed wonderfully proud of his ailing little child.

Mr. Charteris had heard little or nothing about the Kellys since the christening of the baby. And on a certain

night in June he heard, as he sometimes said, "the last of them."

It was nearly eleven o'clock, and everybody in the Rectory except Mr. Charteris had gone to bed. He was sitting in the study when he heard the front door bell ring, and at once answered it himself, wondering who it was that called on him so late. To his utter amazement it was Mrs. Kelly, with her child in her arms, who dropped fainting on the step before him as soon as he opened the door. She was only half dressed, and the baby was in its night gown, with a shawl wrapped about it; but the night air was warm, and not likely to hurt either mother or child. The Rector called his wife, and between them they got the poor woman into the dining-room and gave her something to drink. And then—with sobs and moans—her story came to light.

"How did all this happen, Mrs. Kelly? Has your husband—"

"Husband! I have no husband," she cried, sobbing hysterically. "He's dead—he's dead!"

Mr. and Mrs. Charteris exchanged startled glances.

"Dead!" said the Rector. "Come, my good woman, what do you mean? Is Kelly ill?"

"As sure I live, sir, Michael Kelly's dead," said Mrs. Kelly with great solemnity. "And come to a bad end, he has, and through his own fault. I couldn't stay in the house, sir, and that was why I came here, begging your pardon for intruding." Then she began to shake all over, and her cheeks, usually so rosy, grew ashen-white once more. "It's Molly, sir," she went on, incoherently. "Molly has killed him."

"What! Has there been an accident? I had better go round and see," said Mr. Charteris.

"It's no use, sir," said Mrs. Kelly, evidently trying to command herself. "The house is full of people by this time. Dr. Elliott was there before I came away, and the constable and all. I just took a mad fit of feeling that I couldn't stay in the house, and you've been a constant friend to me. But this is how it was."

And she launched into her tale. It seems that, although the Kellys had prevented the fact from transpiring, Kelly's conduct had of late been growing worse and worse. He drank a good deal and was brutal and unreasonable in his drunken fits. His spite against Molly seemed to increase, and Mrs. Kelly could not always protect the girl against her husband's savage blows. She began to reflect seriously on the best means of getting Molly away from the house, but up to a recent date Molly had absolutely refused to go. Of late, however, a change had come over the girl. From being listless and frightened she became sullen. She looked at Mrs. Kelly and at the baby, sometimes, with a wide, fierce gaze which alarmed the mother for her child and caused her to redouble her persuasions to Molly to take service elsewhere. And at last Molly agreed to go.

"We had just finished supper," said Mrs. Kelly, "and I was thinking of going to my bed, when Kelly came in from the public house in one of his raging fits. He struck her more than once, and he struck me, too. But at last he quieted down, and sat without speaking for a bit. Then he looked up quite sudden at Molly, who was clearing the table, and called her an ugly name—the worst name a woman can have, sir, and not one I would sully my lips with to repeat. And Molly, she snatched up the carving-knife from the table, and went at him straight—him too stupid like to see what was coming—and the knife went in, sir, to his heart. And then I called out 'Oh, what have you done, Molly? what have you done?'—and she answered back: 'I've killed him, the false liar, that was mine afore ever he was yours! and promised me marriage many a time, he did! And my baby's buried in the old cottage garden, and yours is alive; but I've got my revenge in spite of that!' And then she fell down in a faint or a fit, and I roused the people nearest us, and they brought the doctor and took Molly up. But I was wild-like, and ran on here without knowing what I did."

The story was all too true. Kelly had lived with the girl Molly for some years before he chose to advertise for "a Christian woman" with a settled income of her own. When he married, he gave her the choice of staying on as Mrs. Kelly's servant or of leaving his house altogether; and she, cherishing a strange dog-like affection for the brutal man, preferred to stay. But her intelligence, never very great, dwindled from the first hour of Mrs. Kelly's entrance; and she would probably have lapsed by degrees into a state of harmless imbecility but for the cruelty with which Kelly treated her. Her presence was perhaps a silent reproach to him, and it seemed at last to irritate him beyond measure.

And then the poor mad girl took her revenge. She was declared to be hopelessly insane, and was consigned to a lunatic asylum for the rest of her days.

Mrs. Kelly sighed no more for the variety and excitement of married life. She had had enough of it, and craved only for the peace which she had formerly despised. Her money was partially spent; but enough remained to furnish her with a small income for the rest of her days. She went back to Little Waltham, in Essex, with her child—the only link that binds her heart to that short and stormy period when she was known in Underwood as "Kelly's wife."

[END OF THE SERIES.]

POINTS.

BY ACUS.

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

That one should have any objection to a five dollar bill may seem unaccountable. Nevertheless there is a serious objection to it,—namely, the difficulty of getting change for it. That this difficulty really exists, anyone in a hurry to get change will find to his sorrow. At the banks, however, they assure us that there are plenty of "ones" in circulation, so that there ought to be no dearth of change. It is a weariness of the flesh to have to trudge away off to a bank every time change for a "five" is wanted. The next best place to a bank for change is probably an express office; but even there one is liable to disappointment occasionally. The disinclination of merchants to part with their small change will only partially account for the difficulty; for even where one makes a purchase there is hard work skirmishing about to get change. One gentleman tells me he went about with a five dollar bill and, owing to the inability of merchants to change it, obtained innumerable goods on the strength of it, of course on credit; and the beauty of it was he had his bill into the bargain when he got through. The device was worthy of Dick Swiveller. The best policy is to carry a small supply of "ones." Have you change for a "five?" No! I thought not.

* * *

What a delightful relationship is that of cousins, provided they be of opposite sexes. One may be attentive, without fear of being asked his intentions; and he may be fairly familiar, without being accounted rude. A cousin is a very formidable weapon in the hands of a coquette. A coquette well knows how to play off a cousin, in a fit of chagrin against an unhappy suitor, or to brandish him as a hint to some dilatory lover to come to time. Cousins, therefore, are often half relatives and half lovers: just a happy medium. Such an enviable relationship is frequently counterfeited; there are artificial cousins. There are what may be called *adopted* cousins. Pending an engagement or the announcement thereof, when a young couple have to submit to the usual teasing about one another by their friends, it is the usual thing for the couple to aver that they are only cousins you know. So that there are liable to be more cousins in a family than a genealogical chart would indicate. As I am running rather short of cousins I think I shall have to adopt a few myself. Fair readers, don't all speak at once.

* * *

Many attempts have been made by the scholastic authorities to abolish the annual Oxford and Cambridge boat-race, on the ground that it interferes with the course of studies. It is possible that the studies may be thus interfered with, more or less, but students who go in for athletics usually stand fairly well in their studies, though rarely in the first rank. The non-smokers, too, among the students are said to make a better showing generally than the smokers. But as the scholastic authorities are more or less addicted to the habit themselves, they do not say so much about it. Of course anything may be carried to excess. It takes the German student to mix learning with lager, and philosophy with pugilism. But so far as the Oxford and Cambridge boat-races are concerned, all attempts to abolish them have so far resulted in failure. The annual match seems destined to remain the most popular and important English sporting event of the spring season. And an oar in the winning boat is regarded, not only by the students but by the majority of their countrymen, as a far higher honour than mere university prizes.



IONA CATHEDRAL AND ST. MARTIN'S CROSS.

A REVERENT PILGRIMAGE.

PART VI.

Re-embarking, let us turn westward now ; double Cape Wrath, with its sullen, surging waters, and take our southward way between the main-land and the Hebrides—the very path which the Romans took when, in Agricola's last campaign, they sailed, on a voyage of discovery rather than of conquest, around the entire island of Great Britain. The wonders of that voyage—the discovery of the Orcades and of Thule, and of a sea “never agitated by winds and storms,” are they not yet to be found in the pages of Tacitus ? proving, either that the sea has sadly changed since those days, or that historians had as brilliant imaginations then as now. It is a journey which, if you are not to the manner born, may give you opportunity to try that famous remedy for *mal-de-mer*, which begins grandly but unnecessarily, “Assume at once a horizontal position.”

There is many a ruined chapel, many a quaintly sculptured stone among the hills we see in the distance, but we must not stay to search for them now. We are bound for that little lonely island off the coast of Argyllshire, to which, for centuries, kings, warriors and scholars from all parts of Europe repaired in pious pilgrimage. As at Lindisfarne, England's holy isle, they meet you with “St. Cuthbert's beads,” so, as we step ashore at Iona, Scotland's holy isle, little children flock about us with what might well be named the beads of St. Columba—beautiful creamy-white pebbles, circled with the most delicate green. The pebbles, however, are not perforated ; and, if they were, beads and rosaries have long been forbidden words in Iona. So the stones are sold for “charms,” on the principle that a pagan superstition *may* be winked at, but a Roman Catholic devotion never !

Are you thinking, as you look around you, fellow-

pilgrim, that there is not much to be seen ? With the bodily vision, there is not, certainly. It is a very little island—only three miles long and one mile wide—and, where we stand, there is little to break the monotony of its grey shore, but a mass of ruins and a great sculptured cross. Not so much as this met the eye of Columba, when he stepped ashore here, thirteen hundred years ago—unless, as some suppose, the island was then wooded. Huge monoliths of grey stone he found by the hundred, sculptured with circles and serpents, and other symbols of the worship of the sun—that cruel and powerful form of paganism, which was to fall before the cross, borne by a few humble monks.

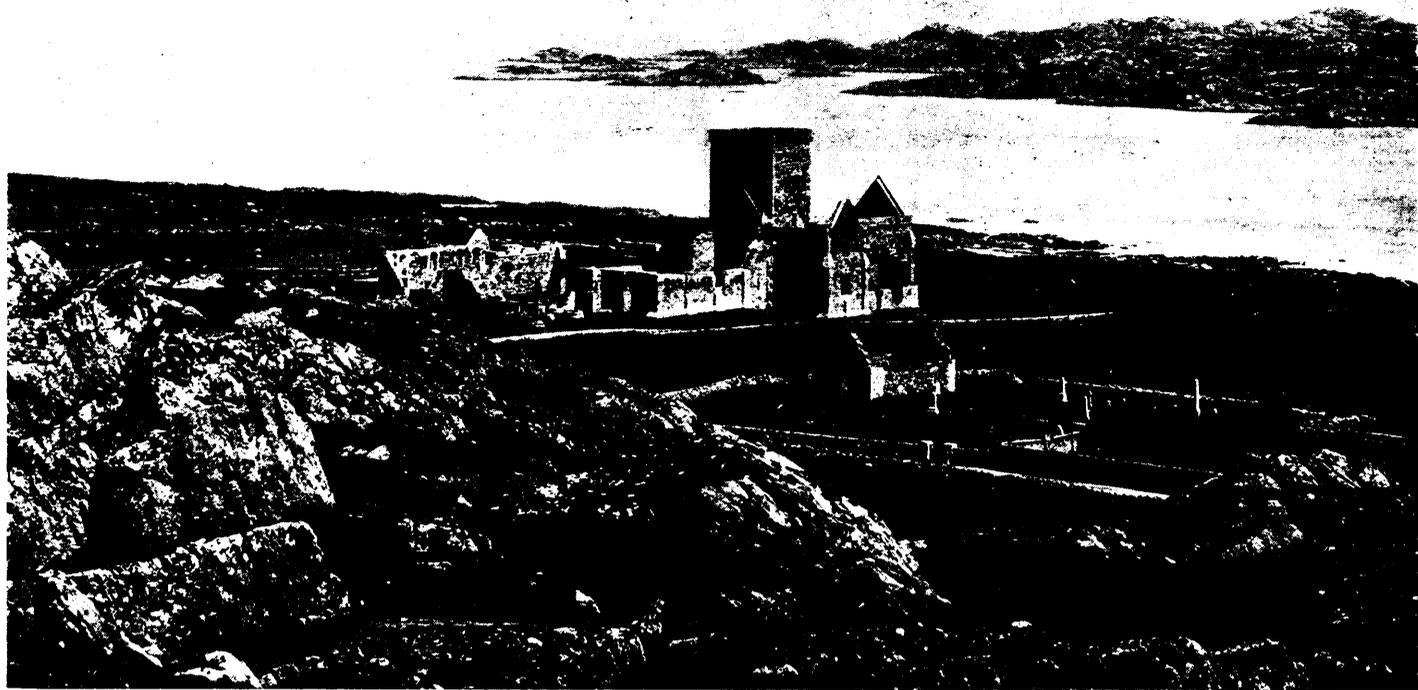
Everyone knows the story of St. Columba. Born in Donegal, of royal blood on both sides, he seems by nature to have had more of the warrior than the dove about him. A quarrel with St. Finian about the ownership of a manuscript* led, fortunately for Scotland, to his exile ; and setting out from Ireland with a few brother monks, he sailed until he could no longer see its shores ; and then, settling himself upon this island, became a veritable apostle, winning to Christianity his adopted land, and sending missionaries out far beyond it. Iona was then known simply as I, or Hy, the Island. In succeeding

* St. Finian, as the story runs, had a book of Psalms which Columba so admired that he copied it secretly by night—a supernatural brightness, which emanated from his hand, supplying the necessary light. This light led to the discovery of his labour ; but St. Finian prudently waited till the MS. was completed, and then claimed it as his own. The matter was referred to King Diarmid, who decided, “To every cow her own calf ;” *ergo*, to every book its copy. The injustice of the decision, together with the murder of his friend, the Prince of Connaught, at a later period, led Columba to take such an active part in the wars of that day, that he was condemned to exile.

days it was called Ithona, the Isle of the Waves ; Ishona, the Isle of the Blessed ; and I-corm-kill, the Isle of Malcolm of the Cells or Churches.

Columba, having obtained a grant of the land from King Connell, set about building a church and monastery—a simple matter in those days when “wattle and daub” (twigs and mud) were the materials, and the monks the builders. The original buildings were but a group of huts forming a quadrangle : on one side, the chapel ; on another, the monastery ; on a third, the hospice for strangers ; on the fourth, the kitchen and refectory. Tradition relates that in laying the foundation of the chapel no progress could be made until Columba agreed to offer one human sacrifice to the powers of evil which he was about to overcome—thus laying the foundation in blood, as the Druids were in the habit of doing. Oran, one of the monks, generously offered himself for the sacrifice, and was accordingly buried alive, after which the work went prosperously on. Tradition further states that Columba, eager for a last look at his friend, had him disinterred after three days burial, but that Oran gave utterance to such unorthodox statements as to the other world, that Columba had him hastily covered up again. A more pleasing tradition is that which represents the walls of the unfriendly Pictish king, falling down before Columba and the cross. And perhaps the most curious legend in regard to the Saint, is that which associates him with the Stone of Destiny—that wonderful stone which served as a pillow for Jacob at Luz, and which is now the chief point of interest in the Coronation Chair at Westminster Abbey.*

* The story is not nearly such a round-about one as some that receive greater credence. The stone is said to have been carried to Egypt by the Israelites ; from Egypt to Spain by a young Prince of Athens, who married Pharaoh's daughter ; from Spain to Ireland by descendants of this royal couple ; and from Ireland to Scotland by a colony of Scots. About A.D. 530, Fergus I, on going to Iona to be crowned, took it with him ; afterwards leaving it with the saint, who, like Jacob, used it as a pillow. Another journey or two brought it to Scone, whence, as we all know, it was removed by Edward I.



IONA CATHEDRAL AND ST. ORAN'S CHAPEL.

The rule established by St. Columba was simple. The monks took the three vows, fasted on Wednesdays and Fridays, and said the Hours. The time not occupied by devotion was devoted to study, the copying of manuscripts, and field labour. The great monoliths of stone—raised for the bloody rites of the Druids, or perhaps of the Norsemen—were transformed into beautifully sculptured crosses. Three hundred and sixty of these were in existence in 1560, when the Presbyterian synod of Argyll declared them to be "monuments of idolatry" and decreed that they should be cast into the sea! Happily, some were rescued, and taken—as tomb-stones or market crosses—to other islands. Two only, MacLean's and St. Martin's, still stand here. They are covered with Runic sculpture.

Of the buildings now remaining,—cathedral, nunnery and chapel—the oldest is St. Oran's chapel, 40 by 60 feet in size, erected by Queen Margaret, on the site of Columba's original cell. It is of rude Norman architecture. Between it and the nunnery lies the Straid-a-Marbh—the Street of the Dead, the tombs of which were in a disgracefully neglected condition until the Iona Club took the matter up. The nunnery, dedicated to St. Mary, comes next in age, being of the close of the 12th century. The original settlement of the nuns was in a neighbouring island, called the Isle of Nuns, for Saint Columba shared the prejudices of some other noted Saints, and dreaded the presence of women next to that of the Evil One.* The nuns of Iona followed the rule of St. Augustine, and their community kept together till a considerable time after the Reformation. The tomb of the Prioress Anna, bearing date 1511, is within the Church.

The Cathedral of St. Mary is the most modern of the group, dating, probably, from the 13th to the 16th centuries, and showing in its different portions the architecture of those different periods

* Even in death women were not allowed to rest in Iona, so that while the proud Lords of the Isles—MacDonalds, MacLeods and MacLeans—were laid there, their wives and daughters were taken to the Island of Finlagan.

—First Pointed, Romanesque, and Second Pointed. Its venerable appearance, however, gives the impression of times much more remote. It is built of granite from the neighbouring isle of Mull. The nave and choir are alike in size—64x23 feet, with a transept 70x18; and a three-story bell tower, resting on four arches, supported by massive pillars, with sculptured capitals of grotesque figures. The sound of the bells could be heard when far out on the water—as by Bruce on his way from Skye to Arran:

"They paused not at Columba's Isle,
Though pealed the bell from the holy pile.
With long and measured toll."

The choir has a sacristy on the north and three chapels on the south. Three of the windows remaining are mullioned, with flamboyant tracery. The capitals of the pillars of the nave are sculptured to represent scripture subjects. The high altar slab—of Skye marble—has been carried away in bits to form amulets against fire and wreck. The ruins of a Norman cloister on the north side connect with a chapter-house with stalls and vaulting, over which was the once famous library.* A granite basin outside the west door was used for bathing the feet of pilgrims.

But it is in the memorials of the dead that we gain some slight idea of the fame of Columba and his island. The kings of three countries, and the principal highland families had their burying-grounds here. Forty-eight Scottish kings—among them Macbeth—four Irish, and eight Norwegian, rest in the consecrated dust, with chiefs and warriors without number. In addition to the sanctity of the place, persons were attracted to it by an Erse pro-

* It is said to have contained the *Liber Vitreus* of St. Columba, and many priceless MSS., given to Fergus II. by Alaric himself, after the sacking of Rome. Fragments of these were carried to Aberdeen in the 16th century; and the rest were probably committed to the flames, as the stone crosses to the water, by the numerous Alarics of Scotland. The *Catach*, or *Book of Battles*—the bone of contention between St. Finian and Columba is preserved in the Royal Irish Academy, Dublin. It is a Psalter in a rich silver casket.

phesy, which declared that, before the end of all things, the neighbouring isles—even Ireland—should be covered by the waters, but that the home of Columba should raise its head proudly above them. The saint himself gave utterance to a similar prophecy.

It is interesting to note the connection between St. Patrick and St. Columba. St. Patrick, born at Kilpatrick, in Scotland, was carried off by pirates and became the great apostle of Ireland. A century later, Columba, whose Christianity was the fruit of St. Patrick's labours, became the apostle of Scotland. The settlement at Iona is the beginning of the continuous history of the Scottish Church. Columban hermits were soon found in every highland valley; Columban skiffs carried the gospel as far as Iceland. St. Aidan, a disciple of St. Columba, founded the Abbey of Lindisfarne—the centre of learning and spiritual life in the eastern part of Britain, until the Bishop's chair was transferred to Durham. Melrose was one of the chief seats of Iona monks; St. Chadd, patron saint of Lichfield, and St. Cuthbert, the hermit of Holy Isle and the patron saint of Durham, were educated there. In the 13th century Iona passed to the Clugniacs of Paisley, and in 1617, after other changes, became a part of the see of Argyll and the Isles.

The glory of the Columban times is gone. Gone, too, is much of their spirit; or we should not hear of so many disputes between these poor islanders and their noble landlord. Let our last picture of the holy place be one of its earlier, better days: the venerable saint taking his parting journey from shore to shore, and from the Hill of Angels (where these celestial beings are said to have hovered about him) blessing his island and his people; returning to his monastery, and going on with his work of transcribing the Psalter, till his nerveless finger refused the task; and then, in the dawn of a Lord's day morning, making his way to the little chapel, falling prone before the altar, and with outstretched arms and radiant countenance, passing from faith to sight, from hope to fruition, and from love's labour to love's reward.

A. M. MACLEOD.



BY "SAMMY."

PART I.

More years ago than I care just now to call to mind, I was practising, in the city of Montreal, my profession as a doctor. Although a year had not passed away since I had won my diploma, I had been successful beyond the common. I gave the credit for this fact not so much to my own cleverness as to the circumstance that I had many social advantages over those of my class-mates who had passed in the same year with me. My grandfather had been engaged in the fortune-making fur trade of the North-West. My father had followed in his footsteps, but was not so lucky; for the American privateers, during the war of 1812, robbed him of nearly all his merchandise. He escaped, however, with enough to secure for him a modest competence for the rest of his days. My father wished me to follow in the commercial path which he and my grandfather had trodden. But I had no taste for the business, and so I resolved to become a doctor. When, therefore, I had taken my degrees, I had many friends at my back. At the time of which I speak the "Nor'-Westers" formed a kind of mercantile aristocracy; they were very exclusive in their social intercourse and very clannish.

I had another strong point in my favour. I was engaged to a young, gifted and handsome girl, the daughter of a retired "Nor'-Wester," who was a widower. She was, or would be, wealthy; but this fact in no way influenced me when I made her an offer of marriage. I do not claim any particular praise for not being affected by the consideration that she was an heiress. My observation of life has led me to believe that young men, who are conscious of their ability to make their way in the world, very rarely, in proposing marriage, allow themselves to be prompted by considering whether or not the woman has money. On the other hand this is the first question with the grub, the noodle and the drone.

It is now time that I should take the reader into my confidence, and give him my name. It is Edward Arton. The name of the lady was Eleanor Melville.

We had arranged that we should be married in a year after I had entered upon the practice of my profession. I had begun on the 3rd of January, 184—. The wedding day was fixed for the 7th of the January following. I have good reason to remember these dates with extreme accuracy; the latter one, in particular, was burned into my memory to such a depth that death only can efface it. Miss Melville's father, who had long retired from business, was favourable to our match. The only

child, besides herself, was a brother, named Ralph. He was older than she, and a young man of ability. He had been sent to England to finish his education. In Cambridge he took high honours in mathematics, but at the expense of his health. He came home to Canada, broken down, and when I first saw him, after his return, I could perceive that consumption had already fastened upon him. A council of medical men advised that he should at once proceed to the Bermudas. The hope was held out that this would save his life. He left Montreal for his new home in March, in the third month of my practice. It was the belief of the doctors that eight or nine months' residence in the Bermudas would suffice to restore him. The understanding was that, when recovered, which there was reason to believe would be before the end of the year, he should return in time for his sister's marriage.

The interval between the departure of young Melville and the time appointed for our marriage passed very pleasantly away. My intercourse with Eleanor increased day by day in tenderness and in happiness.

Here, however, I should pause to say that there was, in spite of every effort I made to shake it off, a sort of foreboding in my mind as to the perfect happiness of Eleanor. I could see that she was always anxious about her brother. She loved him very tenderly. I was rejoiced, therefore, when the third letter we received from him brought news that he was rapidly recovering. The effect on her was almost electrical.

In the last week of November a letter came from him informing his family that he had arrived in New York, on his way home from the Bermudas. He described his health as excellent, and declared his intention of proceeding at once to Montreal. On the evening of the day on which this letter arrived, another letter of a different nature reached me from the City of Quebec. The missive gave me to understand that I must proceed at once to Quebec to give evidence in an important suit involving the title of an aunt of mine to a seigniori. Eleanor and I having promised to write to each other, by every post, I bade her an affectionate good-bye. An hour afterwards I was on my way to Quebec, in a sleigh drawn by a Canadian pony, for this was in the days before railroads.

On arriving in Quebec I found that the tedious processes of the law would detain me for some weeks. But the delay, deeply as I regretted it, could not be avoided. My first week had not passed in Quebec when I received a letter from

Eleanor, informing me that her brother Ralph had arrived. She was in high spirits over the event. I had no more from her. I was much distressed at the fact. The silence was all the more strange in view of the circumstance that I wrote to her every two days. In about three weeks our lawyers informed me that my part in the suit was finished. I set out at once for home. The journey was made while I was in a state which I might describe as mental coma. I remember that the snow was very deep, and that is all. I arrived in Montreal troubled in mind, fatigued in body, and utterly dispirited.

Before proceeding to my own home I determined to call at the house of the Melvilles. The mystery of the three weeks' silence I was resolved to fathom. A servant, whose face was strange to me, opened the door. I announced myself, and was about to enter. "Please, sir, do not come in," said the man, in a tone of real feeling; "as you are Dr. Arton, here is a letter for you, but please, sir, do not ask to come into this house."

I slipped a coin into the man's hand and departed. I felt that there was something terrible behind the servant's entreaty not to enter. But I determined to do nothing until I had ascertained the contents of the letter.

Once inside my own house I tore open the letter, and in a few glances devoured its contents. They were as follow:

"DEAR EDWARD,—The day after I wrote to you poor Ralph took very ill. I have been in constant attendance upon him for three days and as many nights. I am so very tired and sleepy and full of sorrow that I can scarcely hold the pen. The doctors say that the disease is dangerous, but that Ralph may—Dear Edward,—Father says he will finish this note; that I am not—"

ELEANOR.

Then followed, in the handwriting of Mr. Melville, the elder, on the same paper, this information:

"DECEMBER 17, 184—"

EDWARD ARTON, ESQ., M.D.:

DEAR SIR,—I have sorrowful news for you. My son Ralph, my only boy, died since my poor Eleanor wrote on this paper the few words which precede mine. His death resulted from inflammation of the lungs, brought on by a cold caught in coming from New York for the purpose, mainly, of being present at the marriage of you and Eleanor. On the day on which she penned these words for you the doctors informed us that there was no hope for Ralph. Two hours after this news was made known, Eleanor was down with brain fever. While in this state her brother, whom she loved so well, died, and was buried. The crisis of the fever is past, but she is still weak, and will remain so for many a day to come. Meantime, for reasons which, as a medical man, you will understand, we have

been advised to request you not to see her for some little time.

"I have only a word or two more to say. The death of my son renders it impossible, of course, that you and Eleanor can be married at the time appointed. I ask you, as her affianced husband, to wait for another year. I ask you as her father. Let me, an old man, bereaved, keep my daughter, my only child, for a little time longer. Her mother joins her entreaties to mine.

"I feel that you will do as I implore you to do. I know, indeed, that love is often selfish. But I also know that, in the nobler order of minds, self-sacrifice is sometimes as strong as love."

PAUL MELVILLE.

For a few minutes after reading the letter I remained absolutely stupefied. But by a strong effort of the will I brought myself back to reason. Now became clear the mystery of Eleanor's silence while I was in Quebec. Her sickness prevented her from receiving and from answering my letters. Her parents were too deeply plunged in grief to do more than think of the son they had lost and of the daughter they might be about to lose.

I will not attempt to describe the state of mind brought on by the reading of the notes of Eleanor and her father. I hold that great grief cannot be expressed in words. Mine was great grief. But, above the abyss of agony sat Duty, like a calm, pacifying but imperious spirit, bidding me to at once obey her behests. So I sat down and wrote a letter to Eleanor's father. I need not reproduce it; but this much I may be permitted to say,—that I think it was a letter such as, under the circumstances, was due alike to him and to myself. I began by testifying my grief and offering all condolence. I ended by a full and unfettered compliance with the request which he had made of me.

PART II.

About the beginning of the New Year, Eleanor, after whose health I never ceased to inquire daily, suffered a relapse. I was most anxious to see her, but I had resolved to forego that pleasure until I was fully assured that she could, without any chance of danger from nervous shock, encounter the excitement of again meeting me. That interview never took place. The reasons will now unfold themselves; whether or not they justified my action is a question not so much for argument as for my own conscience. Early on the morning of the 7th of January, the day that had been appointed for our marriage, I penned the following note to Mr. Melville:—

"DEAR SIR,—I have to ask you for a favour; to yield it to pain me; to refuse will be to pain both of us. I request you to relieve me from the promise I made to marry Eleanor. An event has happened within the last twelve hours which must be my justification for the extraordinary request I feel myself driven to make. To-morrow morning a packet will be placed in your hands; its contents will disclose to you the reasons for my conduct. But this obligation I lay on you as a man of honour: you are not to open the packet for six months; you are not, for another year, to make known its contents to your daughter.

"In a week from this day I shall have left Canada, perhaps for ever. I now release Eleanor from her engagement; what this costs me is known to myself alone. God bless her and you. Farewell."

EDWARD ARTON.

In a week from the writing of this letter I had wound up my affairs, transferred my business to another medical man, and was on my way to South America.

THE CONTENTS OF THE PACKET.

It is now time I should let the reader become acquainted with the reasons that compelled me to make the sacrifices of which he is already aware. Here then is a copy of the document I sent to Eleanor's father:—

MONTREAL, January 7, 184—.

PAUL MELVILLE, ESQ :

"SIR,—I now take leave to present to you the reasons that have forced me to the resolve of which I have already, this day, made you aware. I shall be brief and explicit.

"I am now nearly a year in the practice of my profession. Since the third month I have had with me a young man named Boyce, a medical student in his third year. He has had a room in my house; has carried on his studies under my roof, and has eaten at the same table. I always regarded him as a young man of honourable principles. I gave him

all possible assistance in the prosecution of his studies. The text-books he was not able to purchase, I lent him or bought for him. He had free access to my library and my anatomical collections. In return for these advantages he assisted me in the minor duties of the profession.

"Last night, about ten o'clock, Boyce came into my study and requested the loan of my night-key. He said that he had lost his own, and he volunteered the information that he had promised, that night, to sit by the bed of a fellow-student who was seriously ill. I gave him the key, and, as soon as I heard the hall door close behind him, I resumed the reading of a difficult book. The volume was specially chosen because I hoped that the attempt to master its contents would compel me, for the time, to forget Eleanor's suffering, your trouble and my own.

"I found, after a short time, that the book could not change the current of my thoughts. So I turned my lamp down and threw myself on the sofa. My body was thoroughly fatigued; I should have slept, but my mind would not suffer me. About midnight I fell into a kind of feverish doze, almost worse than wakefulness. I heard the clock strike one. A few minutes after this I was aroused by a noise at the rear of the house. I proceeded to ascertain the cause. Opening a window which looked out of my surgery upon the garden, I saw a sleigh driving rapidly away through a lane which ran at right-angles with the back of the garden. A wicket opened from this lane into the garden. I could see by the clear star-light that this wicket was open. I determined to watch for a few minutes before making an alarm. I had not long to wait before I saw three figures struggling from the lane through the wicket into the garden. They were carrying something heavy; it appeared to me to be a man wrapped up in a buffalo overcoat. I recognized one of the three figures to be Boyce. As soon as they entered the garden they deposited their burden on the snow; Boyce at the same moment sprang toward the wicket, locked it in a hurried, nervous manner, and returned to his companions. [I could keep silence no longer, and roared out, at the top of my voice, "Boyce, what is the meaning of all this? I shall have you explain this to me in the morning, sir.]"

"Boyce left his two comrades, who were conversing in the shadow of the wall, and leaning under the window, out of which I had shouted to him, said, in an apologetic tone, 'It is nothing, Dr. Arton, only poor Bill, the best man in our class; took too much toddy; found him in the snow, not able to speak; boarding house people deaf; these other two students and I put him in a sleigh and brought him here. Any harm?'"

"Boyce uttered these last two words in a tone of impudent inquisitiveness, which made me suspect that he also had been drinking.

"I replied, 'Harm or no harm, bring that young man into the house and look to him at once. Examine him carefully lest any part be frozen. I think I had better go down and see to him myself.'

"Not the least necessity," replied Boyce; 'he is in good hands; this will not be the first time I have looked after poor Bill.'" So saying, he left me and rejoined his two comrades. I watched the three, however, until they conveyed their helpless companion into the house by a door which opened to the right of the window out of which I was watching them.

"I returned to my study, and again lay down on the sofa. The night air had cooled my head a little, and I felt, in spite of the incident I had witnessed, more composed than I could have expected. It was after two o'clock before I fell asleep. But what a sleep. And what a dream it brought.

"Here is the dream. I thought that your dead son, Ralph, entered my room, and, coming over to the sofa, touched me with his finger. I awoke, looked at him, but did not speak. He did not open his lips to me. But he put his hand into his bosom and brought out what seemed to me to be a pair of mural tablets, bearing inscriptions. Then by degrees the letters of these inscriptions seemed

to grow larger and larger, and to stand out with horrible distinctness.

"The inscription on the first tablet read thus:—
"Eleanor Melville. Died, March 3, 184—."

"The second inscription read thus:—

"Edward Arton. Died, April 5, 18—."

"In a moment I became thoroughly awake. I jumped from the sofa and plunged my head into a basin of cold water. I then sat down for a few minutes to reason with myself as to whether I had been in a dream or whether I had been awake when I saw this vision. The appalling realism of the apparition and the inscriptions on the tablets half convinced me that I had been awake.

"I walked about the room for some time. Then I went out into the street and marched up and down. But my agitation did not decrease; the dream was as terribly vivid as ever. Then I entered my dwelling, and going up to my room it struck me that I should ascertain the condition of the unfortunate student whom Boyce and his companions had brought into my house. I took my lamp and went down to Boyce's room. The door was half open; his light was still burning. I looked into the apartment Boyce and his two comrades were apparently asleep; they had been drinking, for a bottle with some spirits in it was on the table.

"I was amazed to find that the student, 'Bill,' was not in the room. I did not wish to awaken any of them, and determined to see if they had put him to sleep in the library, a room adjoining Boyce's. I went to the library; the student was not there. I was now beginning to feel uneasy, and, without knowing why, I thought I would descend to the cellar. The impulse was one for which I had no especial reason. Accordingly to the cellar I went. I saw, in the middle of the floor, a human figure, lying at full length, and covered with a buffalo robe. This, then, was the heartless and disgraceful manner in which Boyce and his two companions had treated poor 'Bill.' I went over to him and felt his pulse. The hand was deadly cold, pulse there was none. I then raised his head, and turned my lamp upon his face. I staggered back in horror. What I saw was the body of your son, Ralph, which had been 'snatched' that night by the lying scoundrel, Boyce.

"My first impulse was one of indignation. I rushed to Boyce's room, stumbling twice and letting my lamp fall. He and his friends had heard the noise, suspected that I had discovered their rascality, and, fearing for their personal safety, had locked the door. It was of thick oak, and would not yield to me. Half frenzied with rage and disappointment, I rushed to a police station to procure the arrest of the grave-robbers. The police could not move without a warrant. I was obliged to go to a magistrate's house, two miles away, to procure a warrant; all this occupied time. Finally three or four officers and myself started for my house. When we arrived the rascals had gone; and, what to me was a hundred times more painful, the body of Ralph had also disappeared. The opinion of the officers was that the sleigh which I had seen drive away had been secreted at no great distance from my house, in order to remove the spoil of the grave as soon as it was likely that I would be asleep. The officers were further of opinion that this removal would have taken place sooner had it not been that Boyce and his companions had been indulging in liquor, and so caused a delay they had not intended. My house is in the outskirts of the city. There was not much fear of a lurking sleigh being disturbed by officers patrolling in my direction, for the neighbourhood was quiet, the snow deep and the night cold. The wretch, Boyce, has vanished from the city.

"You may consider that the dream I have just narrated to you is nothing but the creation of a saddened and overtaxed brain. I do not think so. I am not superstitious; few medical men are. But I am fully convinced in my own mind that the warning as to Eleanor's death will prove true. I do not wish to be in Canada on the 3rd of the coming March. If she should die on that day, I know that my reason would die with her.

"But should the warning prove to be nothing more than the delusion of a dream, still, after what

has happened this day, I feel that I ought not to marry Eleanor. I feel that I could not keep from her the secret of the violation of her brother's grave. I could not bear to know that she should weep over a tomb that was empty and had been desecrated; therefore the secret would have to be disclosed to her. The knowledge might embitter all her life. Besides, I would always feel that, to a certain extent, I might be open to blame in not sooner suspecting the midnight stratagem of Boyce, and in not being sufficiently on the alert to have prevented the wretch from ultimately carrying off his prize. You will no doubt see that I am wholly guiltless in that sorrowful business. But I am a man who am very severe with myself, and exceedingly sensitive to blame. Married to Eleanor, and having disclosed the secret, I could not help believing that she could not help feeling in the depths of her own heart that I might have acted, from the first to the last, with more prudence and promptitude.

"As I am convinced of the accuracy of the warning as to Eleanor's death, so I am with respect to the warning concerning my own. But that does not give me much concern at this time.

"I have now explained to you why I am about to leave my country. I have told you the whole truth. Farewell.

EDWARD ARTON."

Before my wanderings were over I found myself in Peru, where I became the manager of a company which was established for the manufacture of quinine by a new and improved process. Here my knowledge of the methods of modern chemistry stood me in good stead. In two years I had amassed as much money as I wanted to make me independent for life. But I was very unhappy. My heart, for these two years, was hungering for news from home. None came. I could stand it no longer. I must go back to Canada.

Two years and four months after leaving Montreal I found myself again in that city. I dreaded the news that might await me at the Melvilles'; so I first proceeded to the house of a dear old friend. My earliest question was, "How is Eleanor?" The answer was "dead; she died on the 3rd of March, 184—, a few weeks after you left." When I had recovered from the shock which this dismal news caused me, I inquired from my friend how it was he had never written. He informed me that after Eleanor's death her father had exacted from him a solemn promise not to let me know of it. "Edward will know it soon enough," said Mr. Melville; "when he hears of it he will remember a dream that he had; the same dream also relates to his own death, as he believes; so it is better to keep him ignorant as long as possible; for in cases of deep sorrow ignorance is mercy. When he does hear of Eleanor's death, I fear for his reason."

My friend also informed me that, although the poor girl had partially recovered from the attack of brain fever which had been brought on by her brother's death, she never regained consciousness. She continued from day to day in a kind of trance, in which memory was quiescent. In this state she passed away. Six months after Eleanor died her father disposed of all his property and departed for England, where he intended that he and his wife should pass the remainder of their days.

If the reader ask if I believe that as Eleanor died on the day indicated in my vision I, too, shall die on the day indicated for me, I will reply in the affirmative. If the reader again ask if I believe there were any connection between the appearance of Ralph Melville in my dream and my discovering his body in the cellar, I must answer that I cannot tell. All I can say is that the facts are as I have told them.

I ought to add, in justice to the fellow, Boyce, that he contributed towards restoring to the tomb that which he had stolen from it. I understand that two days after I left the country a note reached Mr. Melville from Boyce, informing him where the body had been secreted. It was found under a heap of snow, in a certain spot at the foot of the Montreal mountain, and was perfectly preserved and embalmed. Boyce never again showed his face in Canada. I heard that he served as a

surgeon in the American army in the Mexican war, and died in that country.

At the period of which I speak I was in the prime of youth, and a score of times might have married to advantage, as my friends reminded me. But I turned a deaf ear to all such suggestions. I had been loyal to one woman when she was living—I refused to be disloyal to her in her death. A true man loves but once; and that is for all time.

[THE END.]

CORRESPONDENCE.

Mr. J. W. Longley's Views.

To the Editor of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED:

SIR,—Permit me, in reference to the letter of the Attorney-General of Nova Scotia in your last issue, wherein he denied the implication of Mr. Douglas Sladen that he was not "Canadian enough," to draw the attention of yourself and readers to certain expressions of opinion by that gentleman on different occasions.

In the first place, I would quote his reference to annexation, in an article published in the Commercial Union Handbook, as follows:—

"It must be considered from two standpoints, those who are rigidly opposed to it and those who are not. Belonging to the latter class, and believing firmly that the interests of the Dominion of Canada are more identified with the continent of America than with any portion of the world, this bugbear has no terrors for me. Nor would I, and many others who believe with me, resist commercial union for mere sentimental considerations."

Then supplement this statement by the following from an address at the Merchants' Club Banquet, Boston, (*Mail* report, Dec. 29, 1887): "Nova Scotia has no legitimate commercial relations with Ontario. I am here to say that God in nature never designed that Nova Scotia should trade with Ontario."

"Every single dollar that Nova Scotia ought to send to the United States was sent up to Ontario and Montreal." Far be it from me to say that Mr. Longley is an annexationist, but I am free to confess that these views are not sufficiently "Canadian" to satisfy the minds of most of us, and are certainly of a nature to bear out Mr. Sladen's opinion, formed, as it was, from close communication.

In the same speech he proceeds to say:—

"Nova Scotia feels that it was designed to trade with New England and not with the Upper Provinces. If there was free and unrestricted trade between the two countries every dollar that we have sent to Montreal and to Ontario would naturally find its way to the Boston market. Then the voice of the drummers from the Upper Provinces would be no longer heard in the land."

This, then, according to the latter-day definition of Canadian patriotism, is to be the result of our millions of expenditure upon the Intercolonial, the canal system and the Canadian Pacific, while our national sentiment is to consist in an anxious desire to send our products to Boston instead of Montreal or Toronto, to St. Paul instead of Winnipeg, or to San Francisco instead of Vancouver, while the reverse branch of our trade, the importing, is to be transacted via American instead of Canadian centres.

If this is Mr. Longley's feeling regarding our national position, I cannot but think that his contradiction of the accusation that he was not sufficiently Canadian is built upon self-deception, and will hardly find concurrence amongst thinking citizens.

In a letter dated Halifax, March, 28, 1887, and inserted in one of Mr. Wiman's pamphlets, he still further elaborates his views, and in referring to what was then styled, to use his own words, "the proposition to take down the Customs houses between Canada and the States and to provide for a common tariff against the world," declared that it was a momentous issue because of "its inevitable consequences upon the social and political relations between the two peoples, between the Empire and the Great Republic."

He then makes the somewhat common and frequent misstatement "that the people of the two countries are identical in race, language, laws and institutions," which we know to be as erroneous as a proposition well can be, and continues with the remarkably Canadian (?) utterance that: "However warm the political sympathies may be between the several provinces of the Dominion—and there is a question about that—no one can say that there is any natural commercial relationship between them."

Here I wish to leave Mr. Longley, only submitting that he has yet to prove his sentiments, aspirations and sympathies to be in accordance with the true principles of Canadian patriotism. Yours, etc.,

J. CASTELL HOPKINS.

TORONTO, April 3, 1891.

Our New York Letter.

The whole topic of conversation is of course the withdrawal of the Italian Minister, Baron Fava, which is accentuated by his happening to be the Dean or Senior of the Diplomatic Corps. Italy has one real grievance that Mr. Blaine's answer to them practically amounts to saying that he has no power over the citizens whom he represents. That this power belongs to the State of Louisiana. But Italy cannot apply to the State of Louisiana; her relations are with the Federal Government, and his telling Italy that she can leave it to the State authorities is simply bunkum. The State authorities will do nothing, as Mr. Blaine and every one else knows. And Englishmen as well as Americans hope they will do nothing, because it seems an outburst of righteous indignation against a scoundrelly organization that defied the ordinary methods of justice.

However, this does not affect the question of one nation's representative telling the representative of another nation that he is not responsible for the acts of the people he represents because provincial privileges intervened. Suppose Baron Fava himself had been murdered by some anti-Italian enthusiasts (who happened to be American citizens) in Connecticut. The Italian Government would demand satisfaction. Mr. Blaine might say that he was very sorry, but that nobody knew who was Governor in Connecticut, and that, therefore, nothing could be done for the present, but that by and by Connecticut might make up its mind as to who was really its Governor, and the Governor make up his mind what should be done. This is how the matter stands,—most people sympathize with the action of the lynchers, but international law cannot tolerate a nation's sheltering itself behind the plea that it can't manage its own children.

As far as the prospects of a war are concerned it would be a battle between an elephant and a hornet. The elephant could squelch the hornet with one toe if he could get at it, tho' the chances are that the hornet would sting his eyes and ears with who knows how deadly an effect and flit away again with impunity. If Italy did, it would teach the United States two wholesome lessons: to be sufficiently armed for emergencies, and to treat other nations as respectfully as great European nations treat each other. There is no question of the physical strength of the United States, but it is out of training; and there is no question that the average American wishes to do what is right, but his representatives persist in bluffing.

"Flower de Hundred," by Mrs. Burton Harrison (author of "The Anglo-maniac.") The Cassell Publishing Co., New York. A book that will live, written in the style that "The Anglo-maniac" has taught us to expect from Mrs. Burton Harrison. It is a story written with quite Thackerayan tenderness about a family living in the old plantation style at a great old house in Virginia, just before the war. It describes charmingly the picturesque days of the historical South, which have gone the way of cavalier England. It describes life in Richmond, during the war, and the battles round it with great spirit, and life in the ruined South after the war most pathetically. There are touching little episodes like Dick Throckmorton's death, and the character of Nutty is admirably drawn.

This is the kind of book one keeps, talks about, and takes up again.

Of "Attila the Hun" (Minerva Publishing Co., N.Y.) by Felix Dahn, the great German novelist, newly translated, Miss Lorimer, writes: "I have read 'Attila the Hun' and think it is a distinctly fine book; one or two of the situations are very powerful, but it is too long and rather dull for the busy and exacting nineteenth century. I should have thought it would have been more appreciated through original by a nation who find time for plodding through life, and are satisfied if they gain a crumb of knowledge out of anything, however long. I should think it is very well translated, and it must have been no small task to do so. It is certainly anything but 'trashy love,' and for a less busy person than myself, in the way of reading, a most enjoyable book."

DOUGLAS SLADEN.



WINTER VIEW OF A PIER OF THE VICTORIA BRIDGE, NEAR MONTREAL.



One of the most successful aquatic events in the neighbourhood of Montreal has always been the regatta of the Lake St. Louis Canoe Club. In fact, it was a fixture that the summer sporting season could ill afford to dispense with. It is now proposed to amalgamate with either the St. Lawrence Yacht Club or the Lachine Boating Club, and at a meeting held on Saturday last a committee consisting of Messrs. A. W. Morris, S. P. Howard and S. Jackson were appointed to confer with the officials of these bodies. The L. S. L. C. C. has hitherto had the privilege of the Lachine Boat Club's building, and it would seem that amalgamation with or absorption by the latter would be the most natural course of events. But it might also be remembered that the St. Lawrence Yacht Club will have a handsome club house on the lake side before the summer is over, and a union with that club would be highly desirable. The difficulty in the way would be a complete loss of the individuality of the Canoe Club, something which would not be at all desirable, and it is hardly likely that the S. L. Y. C. would act on any other conditions.

* * *

Perhaps this would be an opportune time to again call attention to a scheme which has been suggested before in these columns—a St. Lawrence Navy, modelled on somewhat the same plan as the Schuylkill Navy of Philadelphia. It would give our local oarsmen an opportunity of occupying a place in Canadian and National regattas that should belong to them. There need not be any central club house; the organization could be carried on with practically little expenditure, except for trophies for an annual regatta, and it would stimulate rowing greatly. At present every club has its annual regatta, but a victory at one of these events carries no special importance, except the medal that goes with it; it is in no wise representative. Now, if all the clubs in the neighbourhood on both sides of the river and around as far as Ste. Rose were under one central government there would surely be material enough to make a very powerful organization, and this without losing any of their individuality as clubs. A small subscription would be ample to provide prizes at the general regatta; and the ordinary club affairs, with greasy pole attachment, and other amusing features, need not be dispensed with in their own good time. A district regatta would have one good feature: It would resemble more closely the championship struggles, and would, no doubt, do much towards forcing clubs to provide themselves with racing boats. The skiff would most likely be left off the bill of fare, as experience has proved that in a regatta of any pretensions the skiff has not been an acquisition. When there were skiff races in the Canadian championships it was generally said that the boat had most to do with it, and a fast class of racing skiffs was the outcome. It was really best and best skiffs, seldom used for anything but racing purposes. After a few years the natural evolution came about. If racing machines were wanted, why not go the whole length and confine the events on championship programme to racing shells, with no pretence about them of being anything else? Now, the clubs could have any number of skiff races, polo matches and bladder tournaments at their local regattas; but when it came to the district struggle unless their men were properly boated they would not be in it. It might also be left in the hands of the proposed navy to pick crews from among its members to represent the district at the Canadian and American championships. For instance, one club might not be able to turn out a sufficiently strong four, but a splendid crew might be got out of two clubs, who would carry the Navy's colours, and probably retrieve some of the laurels that have been appropriated by the Western men in recent years. The scheme is crude now and has never been properly considered; it is simply thrown out as a suggestion that might be worth the consideration of those interested in the advance of aquatics. If the Grand Trunk, the Lachine, St. Lambert and a few other clubs would give the matter a little thought there is hardly a doubt but that considerable improvement over the present state of affairs would result in a short time. The Grand Trunk has done wonders recently in the way of

providing its members with first-class racing material, and if just a little bit of the same energy were expended in the cause of a district navy, I, for one, have no fear for the result.

* * *

The St. Lawrence Yacht Club is an example of what very small beginnings may amount to in a few years when the club affairs are placed in the hands of energetic men and men who are generous of their time and wealth when the good of their club is concerned. The annual meeting of the club was held on Saturday last, and the secretary's report showed an extraordinary amount of work done during the past twelve months. Ever since its organization the S. L. Y. C. has been practically without a habitation, and it was through the courtesy of the Valois and Pointe Claire clubs that headquarters were got for the regular series of races. The energetic secretary, M. D. A. Poe, opens his report by saying that the year just closed has been the most active, the most prosperous and the most momentous which the club has known since its formation. The club began the year as an unincorporated organization, whose only function was the holding of a series of races yearly and the enforcement of uniform racing rules, with a membership of less than 150, a revenue of about \$300, and no property whatsoever. It is now an incorporated body, with a membership of over 225, the revenues for the coming year will probably not fall short of \$1,200, a suitable property has been purchased and the contract let for the erection upon it of a handsome, convenient and suitable club house; the social feature has been developed, and its fleet has been increased by the addition to it of from ten to twelve fine boats. The committee has been kept pretty busy during the year, and the work done has been of the most satisfactory character. The revision of the constitution and by-laws has been accomplished; the intricate question of classification has been settled in a manner that meets with general approval, a most desirable club property has been purchased, and the S. L. Y. C. has become an incorporated institution. Bonds of the club were issued to secure the necessary funds for the purchase of a club property, and a most desirable site has been obtained, on which the first payment has been made. The plans for the club's new home have been prepared and the contract let for its erection. A recommendation was made in the report which, if carried into effect, will be of the utmost benefit to club members. It was that arrangements be made by the incoming committee to erect shops, ways and storage shed, and leave the plant in charge of a competent builder. One of the principal matters touched on in the secretary's elaborate report is that of prizes. Heretofore the officers of the club have presented cups for competition, and last year the same offer was renewed; but the committee thinking that a continuance of this practice might give rise to an undesirable precedent, and, having regard to the purely amateur nature of the club, the offer was withdrawn, and it was also decided to abandon the giving of money prizes or charging entrance fees, and substituting flags and other suitable trophies for the winners of races. The condition of the club, taking it all round, is better at the present than the most sanguine organizer could have expected a few years ago. The officers elected for the incoming year are: Commodore, A. W. Morris; vice-commodore, C. H. Levin; rear commodore, H. J. Beaman, secretary, D. A. Poe; treasurer, W. A. C. Hamilton; measurers, W. Kavanagh and F. P. Shearwood; committee, Messrs. G. H. Duggan, E. Kirk Greene, J. Simmons, W. J. Wallace, A. Irving, H. M. Molson, J. H. Garth and C. A. Smart.

* * *

The bowling series which was finished last week resulted in just the way that was predicted in THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED some time ago. It resulted in a tie all round, and now the tie has to be played off on neutral alleys. The Canadian club has been good enough to offer the use of its alleys to play off the matches, but it seems doubtful under the conditions if the offer can be accepted. At the time of writing the question is not yet decided, but the fairest way would seem for Montreal and Victoria teams to play on Ottawa alleys, and have the Ottawas play the Vics on M.A.A.A. alleys and vice versa.

* * *

The Shamrock Lacrosse Club, at its regular meeting on Monday night, instructed its delegates to vote for the admission of the Capitals into the position of being eligible to play for the N.A.L.A. championship. This seems a

gratuitous piece of legislation, considering that under the conditions and the by-laws of the N.A.L.A. even the high and mighty convention could not with any decency deprive them of the right which they have earned on the lacrosse field. Three years ago, if my memory serves me aright, before the inception of the present quintette, it was feared that too many of the small and ambitious clubs would be rash enough to hold an intermediate championship and be thus qualified for senior honours. Then it was that an amendment to the constitution was made whereby the holder of the said championship was allowed to ask from the convention permission to play for the senior pennants. It was a beautiful idea of the closest kind of a combine, and left it in the hands of the playing clubs practically to say who they would play with, without giving the party of the minor part any redress, except through the newspapers, which, after all, is, in a certain sense, an unsatisfactory method. Next it came to pass that one by one the clubs with any drawing powers whatever declared their intentions of not playing for the flags, and the tattered bits of silk for which a very considerable bond must be given were allowed to accumulate the dust of time. With the challenge system abolished and no provision made for a series which the by-laws of the N.A.L.A. call for, it was a question to puzzle a Quaker City lawyer to decide how to get at these trophies. The recognition of the Capital club as a senior one only mitigates the difficulty a little bit. That club is not particularly anxious for the banners. Like other great lacrosse clubs, the question of shekels is a paramount one with it. What the Capitals want is admission to the Senior League, where there is a possibility of playing to big gate receipts. The action proposed by the Shamrock club will give the Ottawa men a chance to challenge the holders of the pennants. That is all. If they win, well and good; they may make money if any other big club sees fit to play in Ottawa. The adoption of Mr. McKenna's motion to revive the old championship will be a good thing for the present holders of the flags, but it is more than doubtful if it will be quite satisfactory to the Capitals.

R. O. X.

American Artists and America.

The attitude of the English and French critics has changed. Their indifference has changed into curiosity, and many American and Canadian artists have found their warmest and kindest recognition in Europe.

In art all is accomplished by men with whom art is life. And Canadian and American artists have found that individual merit will tell in Paris sooner than anywhere else. One feels in Paris that living is an art—there is inspiration in walking the streets and jostling the crowds. Nearly all of the successful American and Canadian artists have studied and achieved their first success in the ateliers of the French masters of to-day. The greatest difficulty which confronts them is to obtain recognition from their own countrymen. In Canada there is a disposition to pooh-pooh the productions of all native workers in any form of art. There is the adoration of success and names, which always marks a society but new to the refinements of older civilizations; and, of course, this is accompanied by a prejudice against men without established reputations—a prejudice that is almost antipathy, and an entire distrust of local judgments.—From "Canadian Art and Artists," by W. Blackburn Harte, in *New England Magazine* for April.

What is the Reason?

I told Hezekiah to tell Widow Gray
To tell Mother Brown, next door,
To tell Dicky Dwight, who goes that way,
To tell Deacon Barnes, at the store,
To tell the old stage-driver, Timothy Bean,
To come for me, sure, and in season;
But I've waited all day, and no stage have I seen;
Now what do you think is the reason?
—EMMA C. DOWD in *The Ladies' Home Journal*.

THE DUKE OF ARGYLL'S essay, "Professor Huxley on the War-path," will be concluded in *The Popular Science Monthly* for May. The Duke appeals to geology for evidence of an inundation such as is described in the story of Noah's Flood, and to archaeology for support of the general truth of Bible history.

ST. JOHN AS A WINTER PORT.

Public attention is now directed in an unusual degree to the port of St. John, N.B. The great rival lines, the C.P.R. and Grand Trunk, are in the field as suitors for whatever advantages in the way of trade facilities the citizens may be disposed to bestow. And the fact that these great corporations are interested proves that the port as a trade outlet has distinct advantages. In order that people in all parts of Canada may get a clearer understanding of the whole matter and gain an accurate knowledge of the port to which so much attention has been directed since the completion of the Canadian Pacific Short Line from Montreal, the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED this week presents an accurate plan of the harbour, showing the position of the various railways with regard to the water front. The view which is given of a portion of the harbour, shows the west, or Carleton side, to which the C.P.R. now has access, and where a number of cargoes of raw sugar for Montreal refineries have recently been unloaded into C.P.R. cars. A study of the plan of the harbour, in connection with the following remarks, will enable the reader to understand the position of affairs.

The idea that St. John harbour was a dangerous or an inferior one has been effectually exploded by the hard logic of facts and figures. The report of the special committee of the St. John Board of Trade, of which Mr. Robert Cruikshank was chairman, and whose report was published in 1887, establishes beyond question both the safety and

capacity of the harbour, which will accommodate the largest ocean steamers and which is open all the year round. It has never been frozen or blocked or in any way affected by ice, the great rise and fall of tide rendering the formation of ice impossible. The bone of contention just now is the possession of certain property on the west, or Carleton, side of the harbour. To make matters perfectly clear it is necessary to go back a few years in history. The Intercolonial Railway reaches the city on the eastern side of the St. John river. The New Brunswick Railway (now the C.P.R.) reaches it from the west. The latter line at first was only built to Fairville, a suburb on the west side of the river. In 1870 the Carleton Branch Railway Co. was incorporated, to extend this line in from Fairville to Carleton and the harbour front. In 1874 the city took stock to the extent of \$40,000, secured on property on the Carleton side, and with this, and private stock and bonds they built the branch at a cost of \$86,000. But to reach the I.C.R. it was still necessary to cross the harbour by steam ferry from Carleton. The next project was the building of the great cantilever bridge across the river (see plan) over which all western trains now enter the city, coming direct to the depot of the Intercolonial. Of course, as soon as the bridge was built the Carleton Branch became a mere side track. In 1886 the Dominion bought it from the city, and with it certain property along the harbour front. By the Dominion it was then leased to the

N.B.R. Co. until May 1st, 1893, which lease was, of course, transferred to the C.P.R. when that corporation recently took over the New Brunswick R'y. When the C.P.R. had completed its connection with St. John, the citizens put forth every inducement to influence the company to make St. John their chief winter port. The city bought back the Carleton Branch from the Dominion for \$40,000, and decided to hand it over to the C.P.R. on the expiry of the old lease, legislation to this end to be sought at the coming session of parliament. Plans and estimates are now understood to be in preparation for extensive wharves and warehouses to be added by the company as trade develops—should they become the owners of the property. From the present wharf down to the Beacon there is ample room for the construction of wharves at which the largest ocean steamers can be accommodated. But now a new element has entered into the calculations of the citizens—as the following letter will explain:—

MONTREAL, March 19.

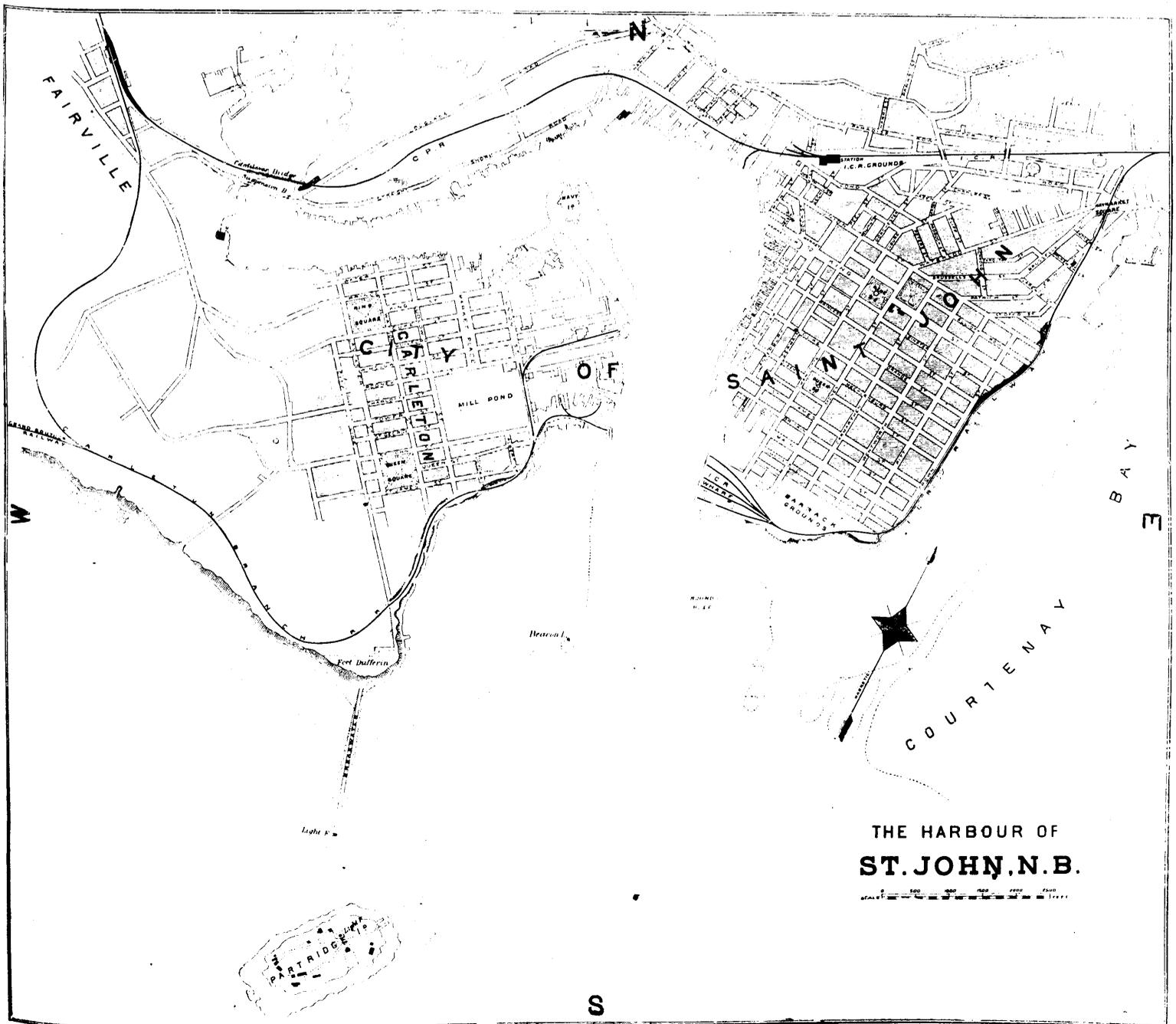
C. E. J. Jarvis, Agent G.T.R., St. John.—

See Board of Trade committee and say we hope our application for equal rights and privileges in regard to Carleton Branch and deep water approach will not be overlooked in any decision arrived at, having regard to the intention of the company to reach St. John at an early date. If such competition is desired by the city it is most important care is taken to guard general interests.

[Signed]

W. WAINWRIGHT.

No definite action regarding Mr. Wainwright's letter has yet been taken. The C.P.R. is already on the ground and has expended some money in the construction of a warehouse, while the Grand Trunk has no present inde-



PLAN OF ST. JOHN HARBOUR.

pendent line to St. John, and would therefore have to build at least portions of such a line. That is the present condition of the case. One of St. John's best known citizens writes thus to the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED concerning the matter:—"Here (on the west side) is the finest Atlantic coast railway property; in a harbour ever open, with water deep enough for the largest ships; a rise and fall of tide 26 feet, at spring tides 30 feet; where in 1848 the Cunard steamer 'Britannia' was re-keeled on this natural dry dock. In ten minutes after leaving their wharves ships will be in the Atlantic, with 120 fathoms of water to roll in. The harbour is as safe as any on this continent. It is well lighted and buoyed. I believe it must yet become the great seaport of the Dominion. Mr. Van Horne's keen eye fell at once on the Carleton property, and while the G.T.R. also looked hopefully that way the shrewd president of the C.P.R. got the inside track. Ships from the Indies and Japan, with raw sugars, can unload here now, and they are unloading, the cargo being taken from their holds, put into the C.P.R. cars, and in 20 hours reaches the Montreal refineries. And this from October till May without one hour's detention. The G.T.R. are now asking running favors into Carleton, but I do not think there is room enough there for the future of these two great railways of British America. In the C.P.R. station at Winnipeg there are to-day standing, to come and go, 2,000 cars, on twenty miles of rail; at Port William 1,000 cars. Room is wanted here now for 200 cars. This I learn from Mr. Timmerman, the St. John manager, who is ever ready to give information, and who, like the president, is the right man in the right place. Years ago, when Sir Edward Watkin, and later, C. J. Bridges, visited St. John, these eminent railway men pointed out Courtenay Bay as the place of all others for railway piers and dry docks. Whoever lives will see, in time, the Grand Trunk on the east, as will be the C.P.R. on the west, while the city in the centre grows to the river on the north; and so will be realized Senator Boyd's prediction to the Board of Trade in 1858, when he said it would yet be the Liverpool of British America."

It should be added, in connection with these remarks, that aside from the statements of fact the opinions, so far as expressed, are those of a gentleman warmly disposed toward the C.P.R. But aside from any opinion pro or con, the quotation contains valuable suggestions and statements of fact. As regards the claims of the great rival corporations, the advocacy of either would, of course, be out

of place in this journal. That is entirely a matter for the people of St. John. It is pointed out by those less favourable to the C.P.R. that the entry of the latter to New York may damage St. John's chances and that, therefore, a very distinct understanding should be had regarding what the company propose to do before any agreement touching the transfer of the Carleton Branch is made.

Our correspondent refers to Courtenay Bay as the future site of great harbour works. A glance at the plan submitted will show its position. It is a fine sheet of water, but would require dredging and wharf construction on an extensive scale before being available for the accommodation of large vessels. It must not be thought, however, that the Carleton side of the harbour is the only available point for railway connection. There is already such connection at the head of the harbour and at the extreme south-east point, and it is proposed to extend the line along the whole harbour front between these points. But to reach them freight from the west must cross the cantilever bridge and pay a toll, for the bridge is owned by a company. The making of this bridge free is among the probabilities, but it is yet some distance in the future. In the meantime, to avoid the toll, which is a considerable tax on traffic, the railways from the west want their point of shipment on the Carleton side of the harbour, which, indeed, offers the greatest amount of room for the construction of terminal facilities.

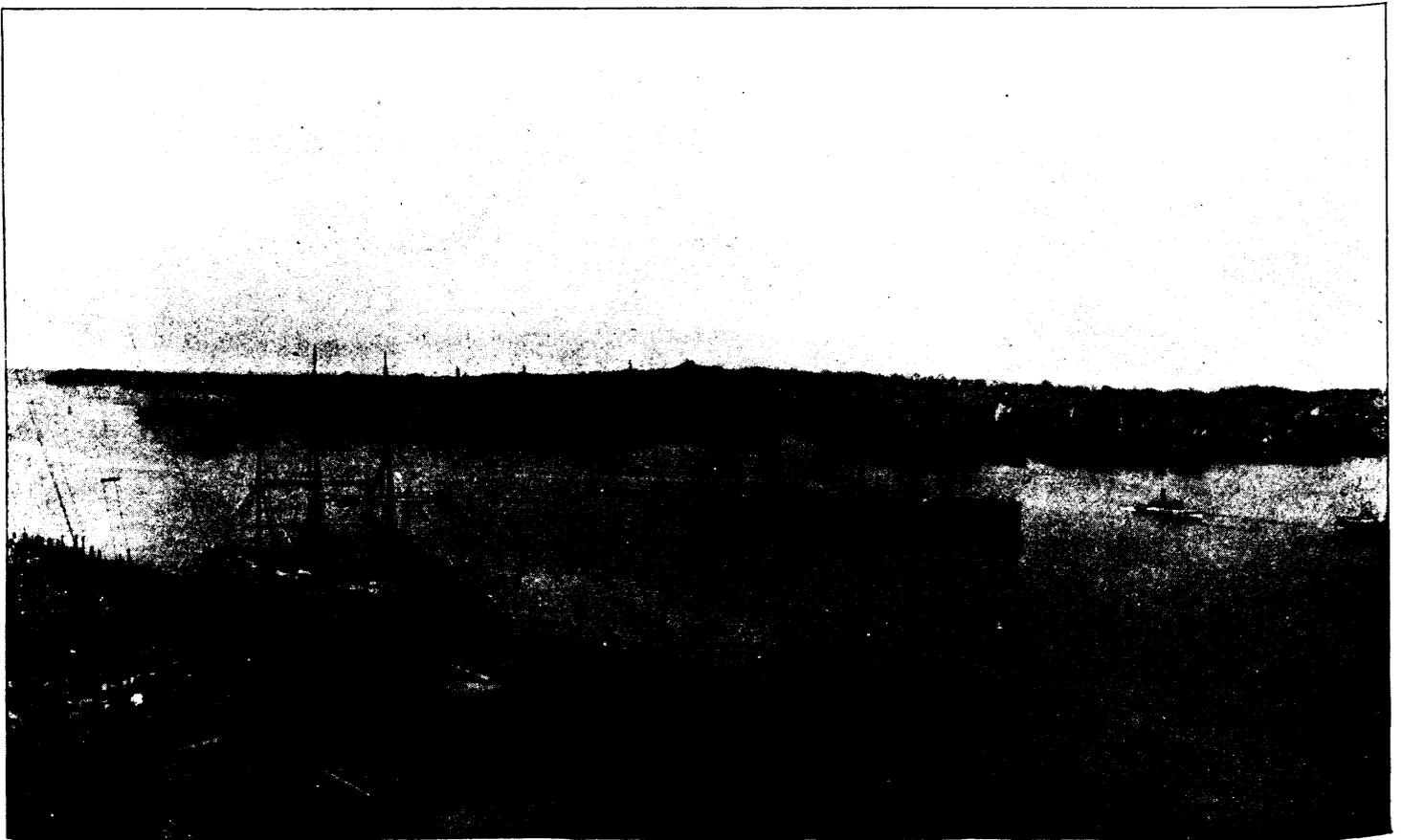
The question of making suitable arrangements with railways at St. John is joined with another of lesser note, in which Mr. J. D. Leary, of New York, prominently figures. Mr. Leary, for considerably more than a year, has been endeavouring to secure a contract for the construction of certain wharves, warehouses, etc., on the west side, just beside the present C.P.R. terminus. Public opinion has shown remarkable fluctuations, until at the present time there is before the provincial legislature a petition from the city council asking authority to enter into a contract with Mr. Leary, and a counter petition from the Board of Trade, passed by a majority of 39 to 9, asking the legislature to do nothing of the kind. Mr. Leary, it may be remarked, asks a subsidy of \$5,000 per year for twenty years from the city, the same from the province and the same from the Dominion, he to own all the improvements when complete, the city to have the option of re-purchasing the property. Mr. Leary is the Great Raftsman. He has already invested in some property on the west side, and is

said to have figured in at least one New Brunswick election. No one questions his ability to fulfil his contract, but the wisdom of such a contract is questioned by many. Everybody admits the need of harbour improvement, and the counter proposal is that the city build the wharves itself and own them, instead of handing valuable property over to a foreigner. It will be seen from all this that the enterprising people of St. John have a good deal to think about these days. One fact stands out clear. They have a magnificent harbour, and ample room, when facilities are provided, to accommodate an immense volume of ocean trade. In 1863, and again in 1872, Senator Boyd directed public attention to the fact that St. John was then the fourth ship-owning port in the British Empire, often having 120 square-rigged ships in port at once, and building in the yards around from 40 to 60 vessels. Iron shipping has largely affected the wooden industry, but wise legislation and improved facilities for trade alone are needed to far eclipse the old time glory of the city by the sea.

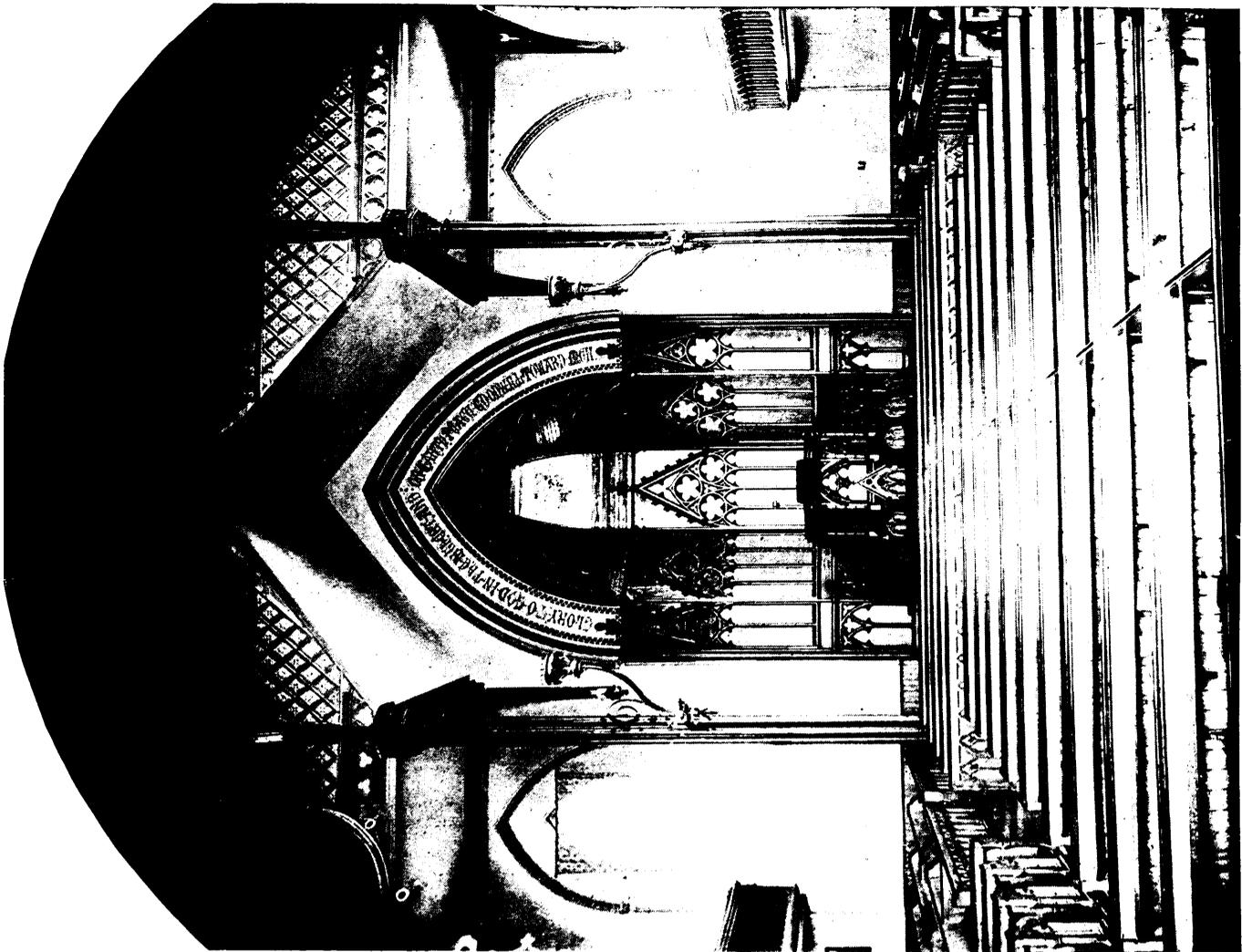
It should be understood that the harbour property in St. John is owned partly by the city, partly by private individuals and partly by the Dominion Government. A proposition to place the harbour in commission was negatived some two or three years ago by popular vote. The property at the terminus of the Carleton Branch Railway, does not by any means include all, or nearly all, of the west side wharf property. It is a valuable part of it, but there is much more.

Students of history will bear in mind that on the west side, just around the point and opposite Navy Island, which lies in the river channel, is the site of the famous fort around which, about the middle of the seventeenth century, centred the struggle for supremacy between La Tour and Charnisay—a place made ever memorable because of its association with the splendid heroism and mournful fate of Madame La Tour.

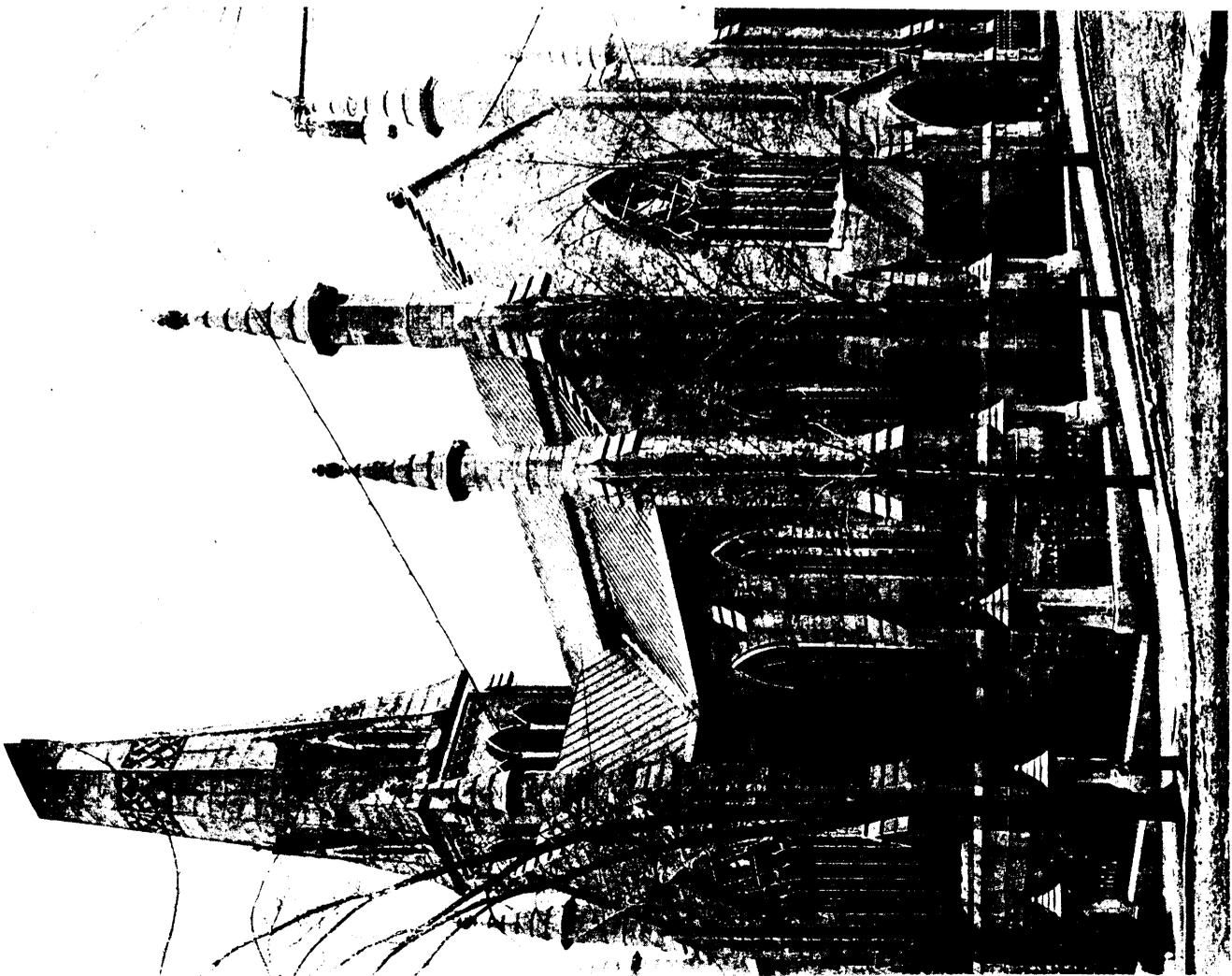
St. John is, next to Halifax, the nearest important American seaport to Europe. Halifax has the advantage by 200 miles of water, but the disadvantage of 276 miles more of land carriage to or from the west. St. John has 80 miles advantage over Portland, Me., 200 over Boston, 440 over New York, 575 over Philadelphia and 750 over Baltimore in nearness to Europe. Compared with the St. Lawrence ports it is 120 miles nearer Liverpool than is Quebec by the usual route, and 280 miles nearer than Montreal.



VIEW OF ST. JOHN HARBOUR, WEST SIDE.



INTERIOR.



EXTERIOR.

ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH OF SCOTLAND, MONTREAL.
CANADIAN CHURCHES, VI.



The Cold Winds—Little Girls' Frocks—The
Material and Making of Dresses—
Hospital Revelations—When
Doctors turn Play-
wrights—Delicate Lips.

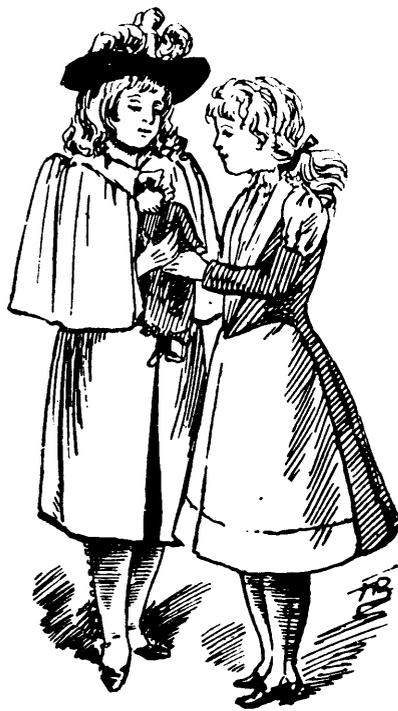
The cold winds that are blowing, whilst I write, make it very difficult to speak of the new fashions, as they have just the same effect on coming attire that we see these bitter blasts have had upon all vegetation. For the present the blossoms have shut themselves up, and hidden away their scarcely formed glories till the sun summon them to open to his warm, and—we will hope—more abiding rays. Still we must clothe ourselves, whatever the weather may be, and it is at any rate useful to have a costume that is adapted to any period of spring, so I hope, and think you will find this little French model suitable in every way. It is, as all the best Parisian style of dresses always is—very simple. The skirt is quite plain, of a woolly but very light make of



slate grey material, in fact a kind of camel's hair, which is beautifully soft and yet warm. The bodice is of black velvet or velveteen, fastened, as you see, across the chest with two large ornamental buttons of oxidised silver and gold. Any rich-looking buttons will do for this purpose, and two others are placed at the back of the bodice, just at the waist. Handsome buttons are one of those things that are much thought of in Paris, for they set off a gown to the best advantage, whilst cheap and tawdry ones detract from its appearance, at least so I have always found. The waistcoat that appears underneath is made of white corduroy

with the same style of buttons in a smaller size. The sleeves are quite a plain coat shape, opening over underones of the white corduroy. It is a very useful dress for a moderately cold or warm day, and the little black velvet coat gives it a smart appearance, whilst the white waistcoat is springlike, without being too masculine looking. This model could, of course, be copied in any other colours, with a dark or coloured waistcoat, if desired, or a light cloth coat, but it is one of those examples of how in France they often wear a different bodice to the colour and texture of the skirt, which is a very useful custom, for so often the bodice is the first of the two to get shabby. Besides, a coat and waistcoat of such plain colours as black and white will look well with anything. Another useful purpose that this costume will serve, is, that it will do quite well to wear without any extra wrap on days when the warmth of the sun really makes us believe that we are in a spring and not a winter month. It also does not look so painfully indoorish, like the ordinary dress of a hot old lady when she has taken off her cloak and prefers to walk about *en déshabille*.

Little girls frocks are very pretty now, and may be made in almost any modified reproduction of those of their elders. For everyday thoroughly useful wear there is nothing better than cloths or light woven serges, according to the kind of dress you require for them. If it is for cooler weather, cloth would decidedly be the best, but for days that are increasingly warm, nothing could be more suitable than a thin serge. French people are particularly fond of blue and red, and I therefore give you a sketch of a little dress of this combination of tints that is thoroughly serviceable for home wear. The plain skirt—for little girls' clothes in this respect follow exactly on the same lines as the attire of those young persons who are nearly quite grown up—is composed of a rich crimson shade of red serge. The hem, instead of being turned under, is sewn down on the outside, and a narrow white cord hides the sewing. The front of the bodice is filled in with the same material, pleated right up to the neck, and brought down

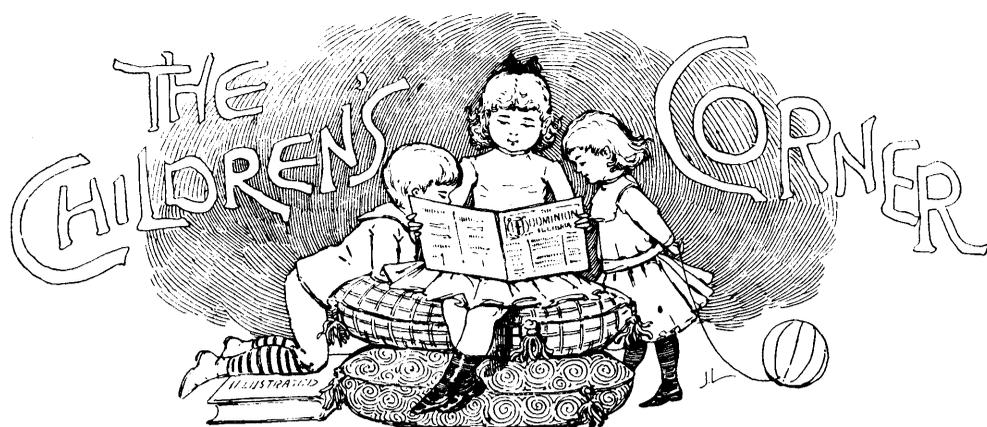


to a point at the waist. The sides and back of the bodice are of dark navy blue serge, either made like a coat at the back with the fulness cut in one with the upper part of the bodice, like a princess shape, and pleated in underneath; or, if preferred, the back breadths can be gathered on to the base of the princess cut bodice behind. The same thin white cord runs all round the extreme edge of the blue, and also of the red revers to the bodice. The sleeves are blue, with red puffs at the top. The other child wears a long mantle, with half-long cape set on to a yoke on the shoulders. It is of fawn cloth, or any of the soft greys that are now so becoming to everyone. Her hat is of a light fawn felt to match, lined with deep *loutre* velvet (of which, by the way, the yoke of the mantle might be made), and either turquoise blue or dark brown feathers as a trimming. The gaiters correspond in colour and material with the mantle.

The material and making of dresses are still in measure undeclared by Madame Fashion. We may, however, count on the light cloths, before alluded to, and those woolly textures like the skirt of the dress in my illustration, is certain to be worn, when we are buying spring costume. These last, *lainages velus*, as they are called, are wonderful fabrics, and one is surprised in handling them at their exceeding softness. Poplins or bengalines and striped silks are both mentioned as amongst the coming favourite stuffs. I see a number of light beiges with large spots on them, but these are not worn by people of the highest taste, or who know best what will be the most fashionable. It is equally difficult to say what style will be the most favoured for the make of dresses, as to predict all the new materials chosen. Certain French houses affect particular ways of making costumes, but the prevailing taste of the Parisian ladies seems faithful to the *fourreau* skirt, and long basqued jacket, which is sometimes called a tunic, and occasionally buttoned back like the tails of the soldiers' coats in the time of Frederick the Great of Prussia. Long waists are still to be the order of the day, and every new way of trimming the bodices of dresses is arranged with this object in view.

Hospital revelations I am delighted to find are coming out in all directions. It is no secret that the managements of these great establishments are notoriously faulty, and that not only do patients go in them to be cured of their various maladies, but also to catch worse illnesses. In addition to the criminal carelessness that puts a patient not suffering from an infectious complaint into an infected bed, there is the terrible waste that goes on in the bad cooking and scandalous quality of the food provided for both patients and nurses. I regret to say that this is no new thing, for I could name more than one London hospital and country infirmary where the food provided is simply uneatable, both for its inferior quality and by reason of its atrocious cooking. Enormous sums are expended annually on every kind of good material in the way of nutriment for patients and nurses, but the latter certainly do not get it, or it is served up half-raw and ill cleaned. Now, of all things connected with the service of an hospital, that are, to say the least, unwise and bad economy, none are more so or more reprehensible than to ill-feed and under-feed the nurses on whom so much depends, and whose health, with the great and exhausting calls on their strength, should be kept up to the highest level. Yet many of them have to buy food constantly out of their own hard-earned salaries or they would be half starved. This food is not the proper kind either, to nourish them properly, but is easily bought, such as buns and cakes, and it is no wonder that they often fall into ill-health in consequence. It is to be hoped that the nurses will find the courage that should belong to their position, and "speak up" about what they see and know is wrong, and especially about the bad arrangements made for their night-work, which constantly leaves one young woman as sole attendant to a large ward with dying patients and those suffering from delirium tremens to be attended to at the same time, to the latter of whom even the combined strength of two men is inadequate.

When doctors turn playwrights we may naturally expect to find their professional knowledge brought into the service of the stage. This is the case with the play that Dr. Dabbs, of the Isle of Wight, has recently submitted with the assistance of Mr. Edward Righton for public approval, entitled, "Our Angels." Much after the plan of the memorable piece of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, a very powerful and sensational melodrama has been based on the effect of a certain and very strong medicine. In this case it is the terrible habit of taking morphia, which I regret to say is increasing, particularly in France, and is not confined solely to men in that land, but greatly adopted by ladies also. In this play it is accountable for all kinds of troubles, murder amongst them, and this is all worked out with the science of a medical man, and the skill of the dramatist. Dr. Dabbs was very fortunate in having Mr. Lewis Waller as the exponent of so difficult a rôle as that of an habitual drug drinker, for he exhibited the various involuntary moods of which such a man becomes the victim with great appreciation and talent. There is no doubt that when the piece has undergone the necessary adjustments to the requirements of the stage it will take a high place amongst those which are the favourites of people who like a good, stirring and emotional melodrama.



Farmer Brown's Wonderful Adventures In the Moon

BY MORDUE

(Continued from No. 143.)

CHAPTER V.

THE ARMY ON THE MARCH AND THE ASCENT OF THE ICE MOUNTAIN.

Shortly after the departure of the scouts the camp was struck and the vast army in motion. There being no artillery and the roads being good it made rapid progress. From time to time some of the scouts would return with news of the enemy. A little before noon Flying Jack was seen approaching.

"He must bring important tidings, for he never leaves his post unless something out of the way has occurred." And his Majesty ordered a halt. The news proved to be serious indeed. It seemed that Queen Venus' army had taken up its position at an almost impregnable pass, from which to dislodge it would be well nigh impossible.

A council was immediately called and it was finally decided to abandon their present tactics and attack the enemy in the rear. "To do this," said the Man-in-the-Moon, turning to Farmer Brown, "We will have to scale the Ice Mountain; it will be somewhat toilsome, but when once the top is gained the slide down on the other side is magnificent. I dare say now that you are quite fond of sliding; the people below seem to go in for a good deal of that sort of thing."

"Indeed, Your Majesty, I am not much of a hand at steering, in fact, I have never attempted it since the time I upset Molly, and—but perhaps I am tiring you with my conversation. Molly says when I get going I never know when to stop."

"Not at all, pray continue; your conversation is truly delightful."

"Well then," said Farmer Brown, quite pleased at such a compliment, "one fine, bright night Molly and I started to go sliding, and as the hill was crowded she said she hoped I would steer straight and not go and make a donkey of myself, which I sincerely hoped I wouldn't, as Jim Brown was there with a splendid new turnout, and Molly and he used to be rather fond of each other, and of course I was anxious to show her that I could steer as well as he. The first three slides went splendidly; but at the next, when I got to the middle of the hill didn't I steer straight into another s'edge, and such a commotion we made, bumping into one another and rolling apart, only to meet again with a harder knock, and so we kept at it till we reached the bottom of the hill. I scrambled up as quickly as I could, half blinded with the snow in my eyes, rushed to help, as I thought, Molly, half buried in a bank of snow. Just as I was pulling her up, somebody grabbed me by my coat-collar and sent me flying down the path, saying at the same time: 'You had better go and look after your own young lady, and leave mine alone.' I did go, Your Majesty, but couldn't see her anywhere, and somebody told me she had gone home, being that mad with me. I hurried home after her as fast as I could, but she wouldn't see me. Nearly a week passed, and I got no sleep with trying to think how I could make it up. At last, one night as I lay a-thinking I remembered having heard her say how she liked to listen to the

banjo, and especially if she were out of sorts. That's the very thing, thought I; so away I went the next morning and bought a banjo, and so soon as evening came started for her home. I was not much of a player, but I just stood beneath her window and played one or two simple tunes, somewhat of the melancholy kind, to let her see how badly I was feeling, and then in a very slow and sad voice I sang this little song:

Oh Molly, dear Molly
The stars are shining,
So pray to your window come;
For your own true love is waiting,
So tarry no longer but come.



"Bravo! bravo! Why, Farmer Brown, you should have been a poet," cried His Majesty in great glee.

"I think the song kind of touched her as well as the banjo playing, for we made it up that night. But, oh, Your Majesty, what is that shining yonder?"—*To be continued.*

The Cost of Fame.

In a large poultry yard there lived an old rooster. He was a very conceited old rooster with a good reason, for he could fly farther than any other rooster, old or young, within ten miles of the poultry yard. All the hens and chickens of his acquaintance looked up at him with awe and pride and all the roosters looked at him (they would not condescend to say up) with envy. One day when this old rooster, we will call him Mr. Dandles, was in the prime of all his glory, and when everybody bowed to him when he passed, a skittish young guinea-fowl made him a visit from another poultry yard ten and a half miles away, and offered to "fly" him.

Mr. Dandles looked at the younger rooster with contempt and then said, "If you choose to make a fool of yourself, young sir, you may come to the top of the barn door to-night at half-past nine, if the moon is up."

"Of course the moon will be up," said the guinea-fowl, looking knowingly at the sky as he walked away.

"The mischief," thought Mr. Dandles, "if that youngster is so clever about the weather, perhaps he is just as clever about flying," and so thinking, Mr. Dandles strutted off.

When nine o'clock came the moon was well up in the sky, and at half-past nine the poultry yard was as light as day and there on the top of the barn door sat the guinea-fowl. Mr. Dandles

strutted to the bottom of the door and then flew up beside his antagonist.

Mrs. Dandles and the other ladies perched on a number of empty lime barrels that lay in one corner of the yard, and the umpire stood on a cedar block some distance from the door. Suddenly the umpire crowed and with much flapping of wings the two roosters flew off the door.

For about twenty yards they went abreast, but no further—for here Mr. Dandles began to flutter his wings feebly and dropped to the ground. The guinea-fowl flew on as if he had not noticed his antagonist's fall and lit gracefully on the cedar block alongside of the umpire.

Mr. Dandles went home immediately with a sick headache, and for five days sat mournfully in the darkest corner of the hen house.

When the sixth day came he sneaked out through a hole in the fence into the garden to take a little air and a little corn, for no one, not even a rooster, can live long on disgrace.

Just as he looked up from the midst of a great ripe sunflower head, he noticed a football at the top of the verandah stairs waiting for the boys to come and kick it.

"Now," said Mr. Dandles, "if I can only get into me what the boys put into that football, I will be able to fly from one end of the yard to the other," and as he spoke he ran up the steps to the ball. After a little meditation he bent down and untied the tape with his cunning bill, then grasped the end of the tube in his mouth.

"Jimminy pelter," thought Mr. Dandles, "it is like eating a snow storm, but a sensible fellow like me would do anything for fame."

Gradually the football got smaller and Mr. Dandles bigger.

He could just contain himself until everybody got looking at him, and then with a feeble squawk he jumped into the air. Bang—and the poultry yard was startled by a loud explosion, and with much crowing and cheering they ran forward to congratulate Mr. Dandles, but where was he? In the distance they all saw a small blue cloud. The young hens thought it was his spirit, but the old dames knew it was what the boys put into the football.

GEO. E. THEODORE ROBERTS.



The Sagamore

The sagamore was in a brown study. It suited his complexion and he looked uncommonly well in it. The reporter's advent was wholly unheeded, the old man, with his chin in his hands, staring abstractedly into the glowing embers of the camp fire and apparently oblivious to all else. Not so the liver-coloured dog that shared the old man's solitude. This animal was distinctly and decidedly susceptible of impressions. He was so long and so thin that when he lay down he presented the appearance of an elongated blotch on the surface of the floor. But he was not lying down when the reporter entered. He was very wide awake—and was giving his fangs a little of the morning air. He walked around the reporter—formed a circle round him in fact—and surveyed that gentleman's pantaloons with a critical eye. Being apparently in some doubt as to their quality he sampled them. That the reporter's flesh was sampled at the same time was doubtless the fault of his tailor, who had persisted in recommending a close fit. It was the reporter's wild yell at this juncture that aroused the sagamore.



He looked up in a dazed fashion and did not seem at first to fully grasp the situation. A growl from the dog and another agonized yell from the visitor brought him back to the present and a full sense of the condition of affairs.

"Koos!" said the sagamore.

The dog let go and looked around the reporter's legs at his master, but made no effort to uncoil himself.

"Koos ah-wah!" sharply commanded the sagamore.

The dog uncoiled himself and sneaked out of the door.

"That's mighty good dog," observed Mr. Paul, following the animal with an appreciative eye. "See how he minds me?"

"Minds the deuce!" ejaculated the reporter. "Why, the confounded cur bit me!"

"He's bully dog keep watch in camp," said Mr. Paul.

"Is that all you have to say?" demanded the incensed reporter. "I tell you the cur bit me. Look at my pant-

aloons. They are ruined—ruined, sir. They're not worth ten cents. Look at the rent in them. Your rascally dog has cost me a pair of pantaloons. And yet you have the effrontery to sit there and blather about the fine qualities of the lantern-jawed hyena!"

"Don't you call my dog names," cried the sagamore in a belligerent tone.

"You pay me for my pants," yelled the reporter. "I'll have that dog shot inside of twenty-four hours."

"He tear your pants?" queried Mr. Paul, suddenly softening his tone to one of solicitude.

"He did," cried the reporter. "Look at that hole. I can't wear those pantaloons any more. Confound the dog."

"Gonto throw them pants away?" queried the sagamore, in a still more solicitous tone.

"I suppose so," said the reporter, sadly surveying them. "And they cost me seven dollars last week."

"Don't you throw 'um 'way," said Mr. Paul. "Heap shame throw pants like them away."

"But what can I do with them? Look what a patch it would take to fix them!"

"You kin give 'um to me," said Mr. Paul. "Them pants plenty good enough for old Injun to wear."

The coolness of this proposition fairly took the reporter's breath. He stared at the speaker for a full minute in silence.

"By the memory of King Philip!" he ejaculated at last. "But you are a modest man! Your dog ruins my pantaloons—then you ask me for the remnants. Isn't there something else you would like to have?"

This question was asked in what was intended to be a withering tone. But the sagamore declined to wither.

"You might throw in them braces," he suggested.

"Oh, certainly!" scoffed the reporter. "You shall have the suspenders. Won't you take my shirt? What's the matter with the whole suit? Couldn't I bring you a blanket for the dog? Confound it, man, don't be bashful. You'll never get along in this world if you don't look after your rights. Couldn't I induce you to accept my whole wardrobe? I don't need it any more. I'll probably die of hydrophobia before the week is out. Call in your dog and let him bite me again. Or, better still, let him eat me up. He looks as if it would take about my weight to fill that hide of his. My dear sir, you may never get such an opportunity again. Don't let any false modesty stand in the way. Call in your dog; and while he lines his interior you decorate your exterior. Don't consider my feelings in the matter. Don't bother about that, I beg. What am I, that I should stand in the way of you and your dog?"

Mr. Paul listened to this speech with profound attention. When it was finished he called the dog.

The dog came.

The reporter looked the cadaverous creature over and shook his head.



"I can't fill it, after all," he said gloomily.

"Can't fill what?" demanded the sagamore.

"The dog. My carcass would be as completely lost inside of that hide as a June bug in the craw of an ostrich. Take him away. Don't tantalize the poor creature by

offering him a bite. I'll bring a yoke of oxen and a flock of sheep around to-morrow and we will try and fill him. But don't torture him with a morsel. He might get ravenous and swallow the whole settlement. As you value the lives of your people let me implore you to pause."

This view of the case appeared to strike the sagamore rather favourably. He looked at the reporter and then at the dog. The latter suddenly growled and licked his chops. The sagamore was convinced. It would take much more than an humble reporter to fill the cavernous void revealed."

"Koos!" said the sagamore.

The dog slunk out of the wigwam and sat on his haunches outside the door.

"Send him a little farther away, please," said the reporter. "I think I will go now."

"You gimme them pants?" queried the sagamore.

"I will," said the reporter. "I will have them fixed and bring them with me to-morrow. And you may have the braces. And I have a coat that doesn't fit me very well. In fact there are a lot of things of one sort and another that are of no further use to me."

"Koos-ah-wah!" said the sagamore, and the dog took to the woods.

"What time you come round to-morrow?" called out the sagamore, as the reporter skipped over the brook on his way from the wigwam to the high road.

"Just as soon as I can get my rifle properly loaded," yelled the reporter.

Then he dug his toes into the roadway and distanced the wind for a quarter of a mile. As his train moved out of the depot he saw a liver coloured streak shooting down the road on his trail. The engineer saw it and put on fresh steam. It was a pretty race, but the train escaped. Had shaft or shackle broken the unfortunate passengers would have been as completely swallowed up as were the Lost Tribes of Israel.

Stray Notes.

When Prince Battenburg asked Queen Victoria, the other day, what he had better do with himself this spring, Her Majesty is reported to have said, "Oh, you go to Grasse!"

* * *

The magician who taps the molasses hogshead and brings therefrom a flow of maple syrup is once more abroad in the land. He is on the lookout for sapheads.

* * *

The fellows who are trying to make it hot for Parnell in Sligo chose an odd way to do it when they ran a fire escape up to his window.

The Manuscript of Tam o'Shanter.

A correspondent writing in an African paper says: "It is a fact not very well known that the autograph copy of Tam o'Shanter is in South Africa at the present moment. The writer of these lines some few years ago had more than once, the precious documents in his hands."

"Tam o'Shanter"—the original copy—at the time referred to was in the possession of Mr. Robert Graham, of Fintry, (since deceased) residing at the Mains, on Winbury Hill, near Cape Town. We have seen the eyes of many an enthusiastic relic-hunter glisten over articles of great historical value, but never have we witnessed such unmistakable indications of unbounded ecstasy as those half-dozen quarto sheets of paper, inscribed by Burns, were capable of producing upon certain otherwise impassive, quiet, steady-going Scotsmen."

Personal and Literary Notes.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, it is announced, will shortly leave England for her home in Washington, D.C., and will resume work on two new stories and a play, which have been long postponed owing to the illness and death of her son.

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Mr. J. C. Forbes, the well-known Canadian portrait painter, is to paint a portrait of Gladstone, and will proceed to London at once to commence work.