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THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY

JUNE 1892.

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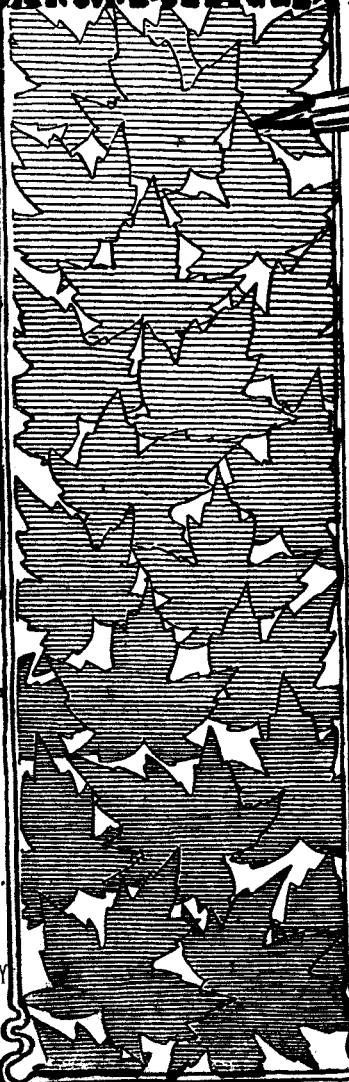
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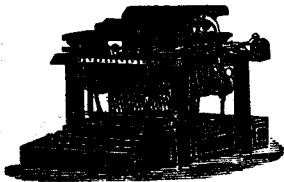
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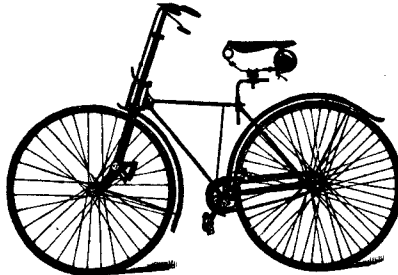
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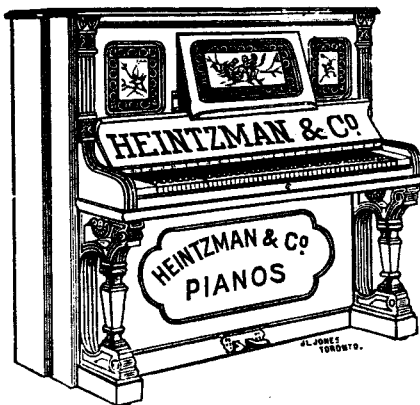


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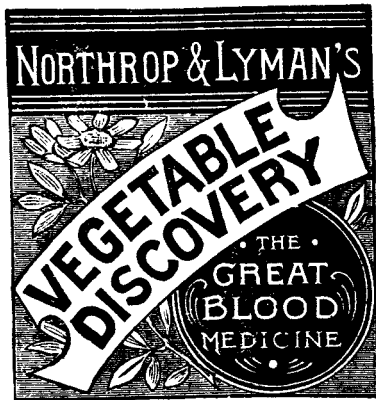
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JUNE, 1892.

Volume 1. No. 5.

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PUBLISHED BY

THE SABISTON LITHOGRAPHIC & PUBLISHING CO.,

4 King-St. East, Toronto.

Gazette Building, Montreal.

Subscription, \$1.50 per Year.

Single Copies, 15 Cents.

LITERARY ODDS AND ENDS.

It is time the cause of Canadian literature was upheld against that of Australian, at least as far as poetry is concerned. We have, it must be conceded, no novelist, unless Miss Duncan's "American Girl in London" is regarded as a novel; but a critical comparison of Australian poetry with ours can leave no doubt in the mind of a reasonable observer that Canada deserves double the meed of praise which is now given to Australia.

* * * * *
To anyone who will read Adam Lindsay Gordon, Halloran, Horne, Shepard, indeed any Australian, and then will compare them with Bliss Carman, Roberts, Isabella Valancy Crawford, there can be no question as to whom the supremacy properly belongs. Kendall is the only Australian who can approach to Bliss Carman in felicity of expression, and even his work falls far below such poems as "Death in April" and the "Red Swan." If Mr. James Payn and other critics would search Canadian literature as they search Australian for the blossom of genius in the colonies, their opinions might undergo a change.—*Halifax Critic.*

Of American levity and American joylessness, the writer of the clever paper in the May number of the *Atlantic Monthly* called "A Plea for Seriousness," says:—

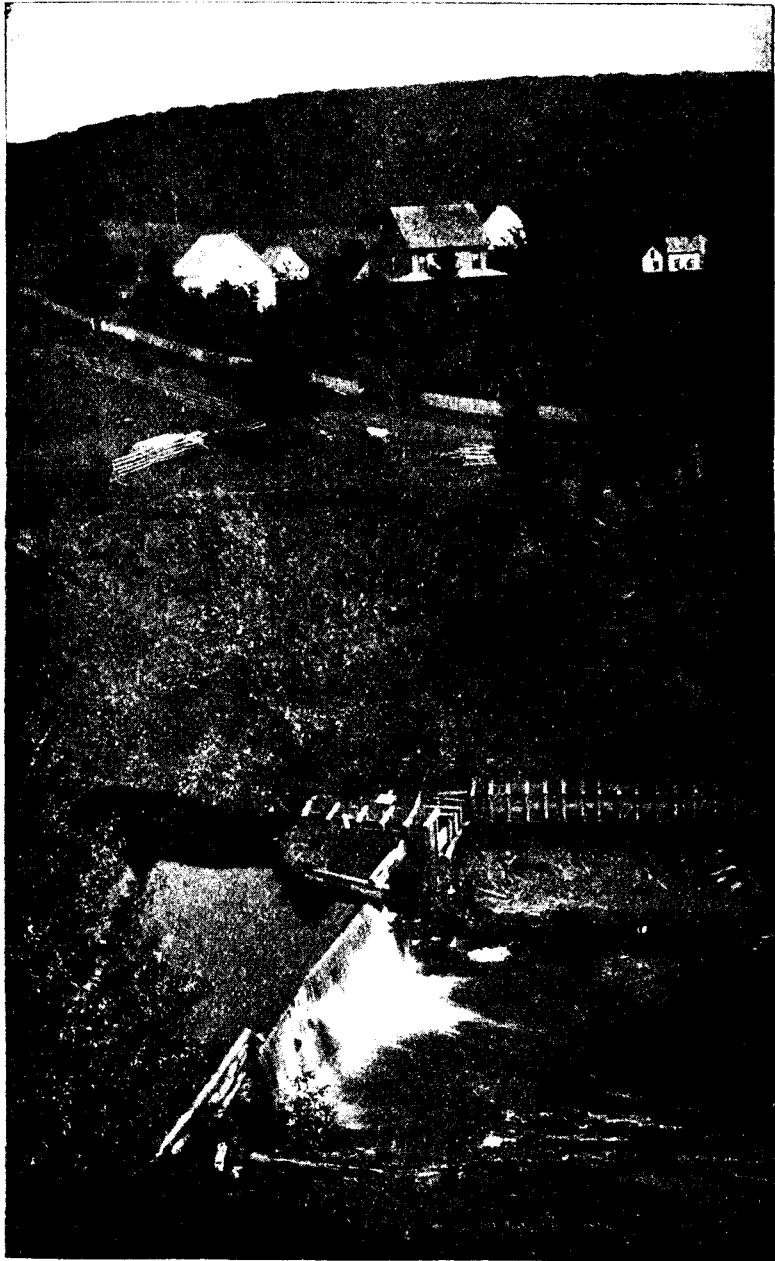
"I beg my readers not to suppose that I would arraign humour or any element which gladdens and brightens existence. Seriousness and light-heartedness are not at war; there is no merit in austerity; on the contrary, more harm can be done by solemn triviality and ascetic futility than by arrant tomfoolery. But after all we are a joyless people. There are two types of American face on which the comic illustrated papers have fastened as representative: one is sharp, careworn, anxious; the other is heavy, coarse, and stupid or cunning. Neither of them shows a gleam of the mirthfulness which twinkles in the Irishman's eye, or broadens the smile of John Bull, or sparkles from head to foot in the lively Frenchman or Italian. There is a modern fashion of loud and constant laughter in our society, as if noise were necessary to attest the pleasure of the occasion, but it vouches as little for our enjoyment as the cannon and shooting-crackers on the Fourth of July do for our patriotism. The absence of animal spirits among our well-to-do young people is in striking contrast to the exuberance of that quality in their contemporaries in most European countries.

A struggle against the foaming tumult of the lowest rapid of the famous Nepigon River, a well-fought battle with a big game trout, and a final triumph, are described, as only an enthusiastic fisherman can describe them, by Ed. W. Sandys, in "A Bout with a Kingfish," in *Outing* for May. The handsome frontispiece, by Watson, shows the hardy fishermen at work.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.—The numbers of *The Living Age* for May 14th and 21st contain On the Dissipation of Energy, and Mr. Meredith in his

Poems, *Fortnightly*; A Royal Governess, the Duchesse de Goutant, Winter Shifts, Italian Poets of Ty-day, and the Nitrate Fields of Chili, *Blackwood*; How the Egyptian Monuments were read, *Cornhill*; The Charterhouse of Tyrol, *Good Words*; Patchwork in Black and White, *National*; Sir Henry Wotton, Gentleman and Schoolmaster, *Gentleman's*; Humor, and "Thermidor," and Labusiere, *Temple Bar*; St. Francis of Assisi, *Revue des Deux Mondes*; History in a Stable Loft, *Leisure Hour*; Wild Fowl in Sanctuary, *Spectator*; Agra, *Queen*; with "The Strange Story of Beethoven Koffsky," "The Scarlet Hunter," "Shameen," and Poetry. Littell & Co., Boston, are the publishers.

Now we can stand on the very threshold over which Priam and Hector walked. We can see the jewels that may have adorned Helen or Adromache. We can see and handle the very double cap of Nestor, and can recognize the inlaid work of the shield of Achilles, and can walk in the halls of Agamemnon. Thus the old Homeric heroes become real men as those of our time, and we can understand their political and commercial relations with other old peoples before quite as shadowy. Recent discoveries in Egypt take us still further back. We now find that the "Hanebu," who invaded Egypt in the days of the Hebrew patriarchs, were prehistoric Greeks, already civilized, and probably possessing letters ages before the date of the Trojan war. So it is with the Bible history, when we see the contemporary pictures of the Egyptian slaves toiling at their bricks, or when we stand in the presence of the mummy of Rameses II. and know that we look on the face of the Pharaoh who enslaved the Hebrews and from whose presence Moses fled. Such discoveries give reality to history, and similar discoveries are daily carrying us back to old events, and to nations of whom there was no history whatever, and are making them like our daily friends and companions. A notable case is that of the children of Cheth, known to us only incidentally by a few members of the nation who came in contact with the early Hebrews. Suddenly we found that these people were the great and formidable Kheta or Khatti, who contended on equal terms with the Egyptians and Assyrians for the empire of Western Asia; and when we began to look for their remains, there appeared one after another, stone monuments, seats and engraved objects, recording their form and their greatness, till the tables have quite been turned, and there is danger that we may attach too much importance to their agency in times of which we have scarcely any written history. Thus, just as the quarry and the mine reveal to us the fossil remains of animals and plants great in their time, but long since passed away, so do the spade and pick of the excavator constantly turn up for us the bones and the works of a fossil and prehistoric humanity.—From "PREHISTORIC TIMES IN EGYPT AND PALESTINE," by SIR WILLIAM DAWSON, in *NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW* for June.



A CAPE BRETON SCENE.

Glendyer Mills, Mabou.

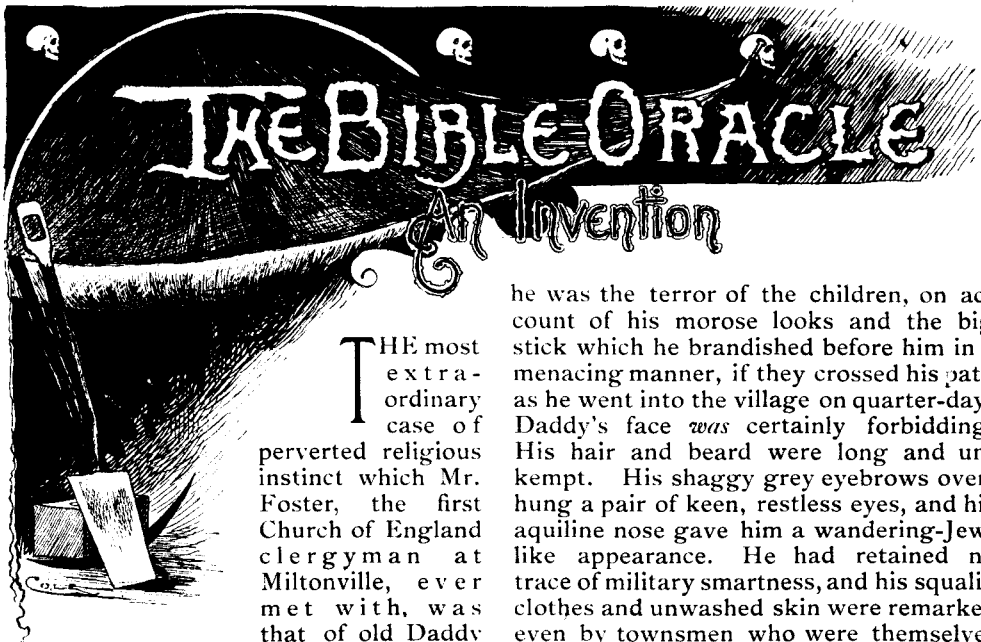


ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF PARLIAMENT OF CANADA IN THE YEAR 1892, AT THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.

Vol. I.

MONTREAL AND TORONTO, JUNE, 1892.

No. 5.



THE most extraordinary case of perverted religious instinct which Mr. Foster, the first Church of England clergyman at Miltonville, ever met with, was that of old Daddy

Williams. Daddy, like the celebrated Taffy, was a Welshman, and was a man of somewhat superior intelligence and education. When the 16th regiment was disbanded here on the cessation of the war of 1812, the primeval forest was portioned out among the men, and Daddy's estate, which was a very stony one, lay down at the mouth of the Black River, on the banks of the St. Francis. He had a tiny log cabin, enshrining an enormous box stove, a great luxury for him, one cat, one tame crow, an old gun, a wooden chest, a few ragged semi-military clothes, some books, his pension, and that was all, so far as anybody knew. He never visited, he never welcomed his neighbours at his hearth or rather his stove, and

he was the terror of the children, on account of his morose looks and the big stick which he brandished before him in a menacing manner, if they crossed his path as he went into the village on quarter-day. Daddy's face *was* certainly forbidding. His hair and beard were long and unkempt. His shaggy grey eyebrows overhung a pair of keen, restless eyes, and his aquiline nose gave him a wandering-Jew-like appearance. He had retained no trace of military smartness, and his squalid clothes and unwashed skin were remarked even by townsmen who were themselves least particular in the matter of cleanliness.

Daddy Williams was a trial to good old Mr. Foster. Year after year the clergyman had paid him periodical visits, but these apparently had borne no fruit. The old man was obdurate in abstaining from church attendance, and though he was never surly or impertinent he gave Mr. Foster pretty plainly to understand at each visit that a repetition was unnecessary, and that he had, if he chose to use it, a source of comfort and consolation of his own, while he hinted darkly at special messages which it was in his power to receive daily from God. Such conduct, coupled with the wild appearance of the man, naturally afforded pretty good grounds for

doubting his sanity, and Mr. Foster felt less alarmed for the future safety of this perverse sheep when he considered that his spiritual enormities were the result of softening of the brain rather than of hardening of the heart.

Daddy Williams had not always dwelt alone. For a few years Sam Farquharson, rather a lively fellow in his young days, had lived with him. One day Sam had disappeared, taking with him some hoards of old Daddy's money, according to the latter's statement, and had never been heard of

the Parsonage to tell Mr. Foster that old Daddy Williams was dying and wanted to see him. Parson Foster saddled his mare, and taking a lantern with him followed the boy through the silent village into the woods by the Black river. The night was so dark, and the path so rough, that he considered it prudent, for the sake of himself and his beast, to dismount and proceed on foot.

The horses were tied to a tree, and he and the boy made their way through the spectral woods to Daddy's log-



"Parson Foster saddled his mare, and taking a lantern with him followed the boy."

since. This dénouement so perfectly fitted in with the previous conduct of Sam, that it created no surprise in the village. From that time, however, Daddy's moroseness and distrust of his fellows increased, and as he was not particularly attractive he was allowed to gratify his preference for solitude to the full, and lived, and was left, alone.

It must have been twenty years after the founding of Miltonville that one dark October evening, about nine o'clock, Johnny MacAllister came riding up post-haste to

cabin. Here they found the old man propped up on his filthy straw bed breathing heavily and evidently in great agony. The logs which Johnny had piled up before going for the minister were blazing brightly on the hearth; there was no fire in the stove, but on it, in the neck of a black bottle, stood a dimly burning tallow dip, the wick of which hung down long and sputtering. The priest went up to the old man, and taking his hand said, kindly:

"Well, Williams, you seem to be in great pain; when were you taken ill?"

The grizzly face did not move, but the eyes looked up and they were heavy and dull.

"Ah yes, sir, it is the end. I was taken bad yesterday. I had a sort of seizure or stroke, and if Johnny had not come along this afternoon and made a fire I should have died of the cold."

"Has the doctor seen you?"

"Doctor! No, sir. I don't believe in the doctors. Almost everyone they attend to dies, and the people who don't have them lives. No doctors for me."

The poor man spoke with great difficulty. Mr. Foster felt his brow, and it was cold and clammy. He was fast breaking up, and no time was to be lost in ascertaining the state of his soul and preparing him for the long eternity, on the brink of which he stood.

"Since you wont have a doctor for your body, will you let me be the doctor of your soul? If you are soon going to meet God in death wouldn't you like me to help you to prepare for that solemn moment?"

The dying man shut his eyes for weariness, then opened them quickly, and a portion of their former fire had returned.

"No, no; no prayers for me; I didn't call you in for that. Something must be done first. I want you to help me to-night. Will you do it?"

"I will if I can."

"That's right. I cannot trust anyone else. Looke here, sir, send that boy home first. Send him home."

Mr. Foster's lips told Johnny to go home, but his eyes conveyed a different message, which Johnny's eyes answered, and the boy, wrapping himself in his coat, went outside and sat on a stump by the hut door.

"Are we alone now," said Daddy?

"Yes, quite alone," Mr. Foster replied.

"Well, bar the door, sir, and come close to me. I haven't much breath to spare."

Mr. Foster did as he was bidden, and sitting on a stool, with his face to the fire, waited for the old man's communication.

"Maybe you remember, sir," said the old man, fixing his eyes upon the clergyman's sympathetic face, "that when I settled on this lot in '15, I lived here with Sam Farquharson. He was a queer young fellow and I liked him. He was full of larks, and I was fond of readin' and a bit of a scholar. My Bible there I've read thro' and thro'. Sam used to laugh at me for it, and asked me why I didn't enjoy life, and if I was goin' to be a parson and such like. However, he got his victuals

free and he had nothing to do while he lived with me, and he was a kind-hearted fellow, if a wee bit wild, so we kept on pretty contented together till the end. And this is how the end came about. (Please lift my head up a bit higher, sir. Thankee, that'll do.) Yes, this is how it come about. I was a great lover of the Bible, as I told you, and from my mother's teachins' I had allus been in the habit of openin' it every mornin' with a pin and lookin' at the first text, to see what the Lord would say to me for the day. But this never quite satisfied me, for I could allus tell when I stuck the pin between the leaves into what Testament I had put it. So I thought many months how it could be done, so that the whole choice of the text would be in the hands of the Lord. At last I hit upon it, and I made a Bible oracle."

"A what?" said Mr. Foster.

"A oracle, sir, a Bible oracle; that is what I called it, and thro' it God spoke to me, not every day perhaps, but often. I went to it every day, but I didn't allus get an answer. Sometimes I did though, and they wor wonderful wise, sir. I never did anythin' without first askin' the Lord what he thought of my plans."

Mr. Foster had now made up his mind that the man was utterly mad, and strove to recall him to a sense of his spiritual danger, in order to help him to prepare for death, but he was not to be turned from the subject.

"Sam used to drink," he continued, "and he knew where I kept my money. He was hard up at times, and was like to force me to give him some coin to go off to the village with. But I told him straight he might go to the devil, if he wanted, but divil a shillin' he'd get out of me for his drinks. Then he got sulky, and changed like. But I was not suspicious. I hid my money away under the hearth, and asked the oracle of the Lord. One day I got an answer. Sam was gone to the village on the spree. It was quarter-day, and I had come home alone, tired and bothered about Sam, who was so surly. I went to the oracle, and this is what it said to me: 40, 10, 36. I turned in my Bible to the 40th book, the 10th chapter and the 36th verse, and this is what I found:

"A man's foes shall be they of his own household."

"There the Lord had warned me plain about Sam. I sat still, scared and dazed like. Then I inquired again. Odd enough



"The crooked, withered fingers fumbled again with the handle."

I got an answer straight back. It was 7, 4, 21. I looked it out in the Bible and read it plain. It was about Jail puttin' the nail of the tent into Sisera's head. I can't think of the exact words, but it don't matter. Them two messages I received of the Lord straight off, and I asked and asked again and the Lord said no more, so I was worse off than before. All day long, I thought, and thought and thought, and it got plainer. Sam was goin' to murder me, and one of us must go. The Lord had warned me; it was plain he wanted me to act, but the thought of it made my flesh creep. I have shot and stuck many a Christian before in fair fight, but this was quite another thing. If the Lord had not told me, I could not have done it. Sam came home late that night and was pretty full of liquor.

'Lookee here, old man,' he shouted, 'I want yer tin of money.'

'You'll not get it,' says I.

'Bedad then, you crazy loon,' says he, 'we'll see if I don't.'

With that, he went outside and fetched in an axe, and he was like to crack open my head. *Then I knew that the end had come.* I took him with subtlety.

'Look'ee here, Sam, old boy,' says I 'we've lived here three years together, and it were a shame for us to quarrel.'

'All right,' says he, "give me some tin and I'm your friend."

'Sam,' says I, 'you've had enough to-night. Wait till to-morrow and I'll give you half of what I've got.' This seemed to peacify him, and I talked him into better humour, and gave him some gin and water, and he fell to sleep on the floor by the fire.

Then the thoughts I had been thinkin' all day came into my head. He was fast asleep. I went over softly and took a long sharp nail and a mallet, and I leant over him, and holding the nail up straight at his temple I gave it a hard quick blow. It was done in a moment. His head jerked up, his eyes opened, his body twitched and it was all over, and only one little red stream made its way from his temple down his face and into the white ashes on the hearth. Then I went out and dug a grave in front of that old elm tree outside, and I buried him there, and gave out in the village that he had gone off with some of my money."

Mr. Foster's hair bristled at this hideous tale of the madman before him. Daddy Williams seemed to regain strength as the story proceeded. His eyes grew brighter,

his breath was easier, his voice clearer.

"Then, sir, I was horrified at what I had done, only it was the Lord who had told me. Sometimes I said to myself,—perhaps it was Satan, perhaps the oracle was a devil after all; I was scared of the thing; I was afeared to touch it; I never asked it any more questions, but one day I dug down into Sam's grave, down to the very corpse, and I laid the thing there on it. And if in the resurrection he rises to condemn me, he'll find my excuse on his breast. But I don't think now that it *was* a devil's voice, least-ways I don't care. It told me wonderful true. What I want you to do for me to-night, sir, is to open Sam's grave and get up the oracle and see what the Lord says is to become of me."

Mr. Foster was in an awkward situation. The whole story was so horrible that he was shaking from head to foot. He looked up once and was startled to see a white face dimly through the window. It was only the boy, however, who had come round the cabin to look in and see what was going on.

"My dear friend," said the clergyman, "it is never too late for mercy. Repent and trust in God and He will yet save you. Put away all the horrible past from your mind."

"Lookee here, Sir," said Daddy, his eyes lightened with a strange frenzy, "I sent for you, 'cause I thought I could trust you. If I am to be damned, I am to be damned; and if I am to be saved, I am to be saved; the secret lies hid in Sam's grave. Take that old spade and pick and go out and hunt for the oracle."

Mr. Foster tried to expostulate.

"Go out, I tell you, go out and dig. Curses on ye, curses on ye, for mockin' the dyin'!"

"But where must I dig?" said the priest, thinking to quiet the old man by humouring him.

"In front of the elm outside, between its two big roots. Go out, Sir, go out; for the sake of the Lord."

Mr. Foster took up the pick and spade and made for the door. He had not the slightest intention then of doing as he was bidden.

His lantern was still lit, and was standing on the stump on which the boy had left it. In front of him, like a great giant, stood up a gray elm, at the base of which had slept for so many years the murderer's secret.

He went away some distance from the door, and as the boy came to

speak to him he rattled the spade and pick upon the ground, making a noise as though he were digging. He was just intending to return to the hut when the boy and he were startled almost out of their senses by a hideous shriek behind them, which sounded half human, half like the yell of a wild animal. They turned quickly, and saw Daddy Williams crouching on his hands and knees at the hut door.

"Traitors," he cried, "traitors! Will ye cheat the dyin'; oh curses on ye."

"Go back, my man," said Mr. Foster, "You will kill yourself."

"Oh, I cannot trust you, you a priest of God."

"Well, go back to bed, and Johnny and I will do what you want."

"Will you swear?"

"I will give you my word of promise, and that is the same."

The two men helped old Daddy back to his filthy couch, and then began their work in real earnest. It was a ghastly proceeding, that opening of the murdered man's grave.

After they had worked for a while the pick suddenly struck something hollow. The boy almost fainted with fright, but Mr. Foster cheered him as best he could. They lowered the lantern into the hole, and saw what was evidently part of the lid of a wooden chest. They scraped away the dry, sandy soil carefully and pulled up a square box, about six inches high and a foot in length. With this treasure they entered the house together. The old man was lying back with his eyes shut, but his lips were muttering something indistinctly. He looked towards them as they entered.

"Ha, that's it, that's it. God bless ye, Sir. Quick, for the time is passin'. Quick, am I saved or lost?"

Mr. Foster did not know what he was expected to do, but he opened the box, which was a solid one, and found another inside. He took it out. It, too, was square, but there was a small round hole in the lid towards one side, and through this he saw a number in red. In the centre of the lid was a little knob which turned as he touched it. Then the truth flashed upon him. It was a kind of fortune's wheel, and the numbers were made to refer to texts in the Bible.

"Take my Bible, boy," said Daddy, "the books are all numbered, Genesis 1, and so on. Turn the wheel three times, Sir, the first for the book, the second for

the chapter and the third for the verse." Mr. Foster proceeded to turn the handle.

"Hold, not that way. Down on your knees, Sir. Don't you know how to listen to God's voice?"

"I think this it wicked," said Mr. Foster. "I won't have anything to do with it. It is the devil's work. We are told in the Scriptures themselves that we must have nothing to do with wizards and fortune-tellers, and this machine is made on the same principle as the wheels of chance which gamblers use."

"Give it here, give it here; I am dying, quick."

Mr. Foster placed the thing in the man's trembling hands and went to put a log on the fire.

"See here, boy, what's that number?"

"23," said Johnny.

The crooked, withered fingers fumbled again with the handle. "What's that number?"

"41."

Again the hands moved piteously, and the wheel creaked in its box.

"What's that now?"

"13," said Johnny.

"Look it out in the Bible," gasped Daddy, and his eyes rolled wildly and the sweat of death stood out on his brow.

The boy took the greasy-covered Bible and went towards the light of the fire. "23," he turned up the twenty-third book. It was Isaiah. "41," he turned up the forty-first chapter. "13," he looked at the thirteenth verse.

"How curious; see, Sir." He called Mr. Foster's attention to the passage. The clergyman bent over him and read: "For I the Lord will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, Fear not, I will help thee."

"Ah, there," said he; "there is God's message to you. There is still hope. God be praised for His Word."

Mr. Foster moved over to the bed, but in an instant a cry escaped him. Daddy was sitting upright against his pillow, his head back, his eyes open, his features a bluish grey; but the jaw had fallen, the grizzled beard mingled with the rough hair on his open chest. No breath came through the dry, purple lips,—Daddy was dead. The message of hope, whatever it was worth, had come too late. The curious, tangled, useless, perverted human life was threaded somewhere in the further network of God's purposes.

FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS IN TORONTO.



HOSE familiar with the growth of Canada's western metropolis—with the vast advance from the muddy York of 1793 to the aspiring Queen City of 1892—will not be surprised to learn that art and culture and education have at least kept pace with commerce, industries and real estate.

That these latter factors in our civilization have reared more enduring monuments; that we have a noble Board of Trade building but no adequate Music



Mrs. Drechsler-Adamson.

Hall; that insurance offices of magnificent proportions appear to somewhat dwarf our Art Gallery and Public Library; and that fortunes are more often made from such useful but commonplace commodities as leather, or pork, or biscuits, than from assiduous cultivation of the fine arts, are facts which can be easily explained by the reflection that we are as yet a young community.

At the same time there has gone forth of late years the saying that Toronto is emphatically a musical city. Happily, there is much in the life of her citizens to warrant this opinion, although the public taste is still deficient and crude. To gauge rightly the artistic status of a

community is no easy matter. It is not shown by the crowding in of teachers and pupils from the surrounding towns and villages, nor is it shown by the large attendance at concerts and miscellaneous musical performances. It is only when we learn in what spirit such teaching and such performances are conducted and to what end they are tending that we are able to form a correct estimate of the art-life of a city. And to speak frankly, there are only two abundant proofs of the absence of any such genuine and artistic development in most American or Canadian cities, and in many English ones as well. We may occasionally cavil at the ideal pictures reproduced for us, by enthusiasts who have lived or travelled in Germany, of an art-instinct and an art-existence of which we can have—in Canada—but faint conception. So that, if in Toronto, the faculty of appreciation of what is highest in music, the Symphony, the Wagnerian Score, the Liel, the Concerto, be comparatively wanting, we are not so very much worse than many older and larger communities, while in the first principles and steps of the art, in those beginnings which may yet result in fine and fair consummation, we are more than ordinarily industrious, concentrative and resolutely alive to what is best and most enduring, in standards, if not in ideals.

A brief retrospect may carry us back to the years 1860-1865, or thereabouts, when resident musicians were few, and the art depended much upon the visits of foreign artists. Local organizations were wanting, or unimportant, or badly supported, and the chief musical events were the concerts given from time to time in the old Music Hall, corner of Church and Adelaide streets, which, as these lines are being written, is being quickly demolished to make room for a more modern structure. Here Marie sang, Carlotta Patti warbled, Kowalski and Clara Perl, Annie Louise Cary and Miss Kellogg, Carreno—then quite a young pianist—Rubinstein, Blind Tom and Tom Thumb, Prof. Pepper and Parepa Rosa, Mdme. Bishop and Ole Bull—all delighted a generation fast disappearing. The decoration of the hall was florid and Italian, consisting largely of yellow clouds, oxen, maidens, ribbons and flowers, the result being a mixed



Mr. F. H. Torrington.

metaphor of classical myth not nearly so incongruous as it sounds. But whatever the decorative shortcomings were, there was at least a spacious dressing-room with attendant in charge, a convenience most conspicuously absent in the larger halls of to-day. St. Lawrence Market boasted another hall or concert-room where Santley sang upwards of twenty years ago, and Shaftesbury Hall, now known as the Auditorium, also sheltered many a famous artist of those days. In the Rustic Pavilion of the Horticultural Gardens other musical events took place, including concerts by the five military bands of the English regiments then stationed in the town; and when it did not rain, nor prove unpleasantly cold, this unique music-hall was very popular. At present there is not, as I have ventured to remark, one creditable and properly-appointed building, suitable for large choral performances, in the city; still, with the Pavilion in the Gardens, with Association Hall and its noble organ, and various smaller halls, Toronto can afford to wait for the larger and more perfect structure which is bound to arrive some day.

In the year 1873 an important step in the musical history of Toronto was taken by the formation of a Philharmonic Society on a proper business basis. In

1861 Mr. John Carter had started the Musical Union but it died from lack of support. The Philharmonic, after experiments with several conductors, was fortunate in availing itself of the energetic personality of Mr. F. H. Torrington, an Englishman by birth, but well-known in Boston, Montreal and other large centres. Mr. Torrington worked for many years in the interests of oratorio and also in endeavouring to foster a taste for instrumental music. Indeed, his heroic exertions and "wrestlings" with Toronto's non-appreciative public in the matter of local orchestras must have cost him both time and strength to say nothing of perseverance. As a teacher and educator Mr. Torrington was for some time the most conspicuous figure in the profession. Gradually, however, the professional ranks were honourably recruited from the States, from England and from other Canadian cities, the steady growth of Toronto causing a large increase in the number of pupils, of church choirs and other local organizations. Teaching, especially in the popular departments of piano, voice, violin and harmony, became fairly divided up among many excellent professors, until at the present day there exists a friendly spirit of emulation which may seem to provoke rivalry, but which is for the most part kept within proper and reasonable bounds. The facts are these, Toronto can support almost any number of *teachers*, because of the steady increase of population and the demand for good instruction made by all classes of the community, but she is neither large nor wealthy enough to support many *conductors* in more than two properly managed and equipped societies; whereas, there are four of the latter in the field.



Mr. J. W. F. Harrison.



Mr. W. O. Forsyth.

Coming from Boston to Canada about a dozen years ago, Mr. Edward Fisher at once proved himself possessed of executive and administrative ability of high order. A few years in Ottawa prepared him by familiarity with the Canadian people, for the step he took upon coming to Toronto, in establishing the first—in point of time and equipment—Conservatory of Music in the Dominion. The success of this popular institution has been almost unprecedented and there is no falling off in public interest in this, the sixth year or its existence. Mr. Fisher is also a skilful organist and painstaking teacher, and was for some years conductor of the Choral Society.

The name of W. Eliot Haslam is associated with all that is good in the development of church music and also with the conductorship of a large vocal society devoted to the special study of part songs. Mr. Haslam is choir-master of St. James' Anglican church, long known as the Cathedral. He is an Englishman of wide and varied experience.

Mr. J. W. F. Harrison, who was a familiar figure for some years in Montreal, removed from Ottawa to Toronto some six years ago and now possesses one of the best trained boys' choirs on the continent. St. Simon's church, Rosedale, is exceedingly popular with all classes from the uniform excellence of its compli-

cated but beautiful ritual and the brightness of its hearty services. Mr. Harrison is also a specialist in piano technique and interpretation and is musical director of the large and influential Ontario Ladies' College at Whitby.

Another Englishman of distinction is Mr. Giuseppe Dinelli, late of London, Eng., and a most capable and disinterested artist. Mr. Dinelli is a first-rate cellist, understands orchestrations and composition and is a valued member of the Conservatory staff.

In the person of Signor Francesco D'Auria we have among us a vocal teacher and orchestral conductor of widely recognized merit. Sig. D'Auria has lived in Italy, Mexico and various cities of the American Union, doing good work in all; this residence in Toronto shows how substantial is the support accorded here to really conscientious and gifted professors. He is at present conductor of the Choral Society, which has performed two original cantatas of great beauty from his pen. Mdme. D'Auria, an American by birth, is a soprano vocalist of considerable power.

Mr. A. S. Vogt is one of the younger musicians rapidly coming to the front as organist and lecturer. He and Mr. Forsyth, another representative teacher, are members of the College of Music staff. This institution, directed by Mr. Torrington, does similar work to the Conservatory and is enthusiastically attended and supported. Mrs. Drechsler



Mr. A. S. Vogt.



Mr. Edward Fisher.

Adamson is, perhaps, our most gifted violinist and her name is known outside Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. Blight, Mr. Fred. Warrington, Mr. Schuch, Mr. V. P. Hunt, Mr. Buck, the present conductor of the Toronto Vocal Society, Miss Hillary, conductress of a Ladies' Choral Club, Mrs. Caldwell, Mrs. Edgar Jarvis, Miss McCarroll, Mrs. Dymond, Miss McCutcheon, Mr. Douglas Bird and Mr. S. J. Cringan, are all popular teachers or executants. Mr. Arthur E. Fisher, Mus. Bac., is one of our most erudite musicians and makes a specialty of the study of harmony, preparing many pupils annually for the Trinity examinations. Mr. Vogt, American by birth, is a pupil of the Leipzig Conservatorium and is especially known in Toronto by his lectures on musical history and æsthetics. Mr. Forsyth was several years studying in Europe, and spent some time at the Leipzig Conservatorium, under such masters as Bruno, Zwintcher, Dr. Papperitz, S. Jadassohn, and Gustav Schreck; receiving the Directorial *Zeugniss*, warmly recommending him as an educated and talented musician, on leaving the institution. He then became the private pupil of the distinguished piano teacher and critic, M. Krause (so long associated with Liszt). Mrs. Adamson is grand-daughter of the great violincello player, Karl Drechsler, leader of the Court band at Dessau, and she also had the distinction of being the pupil of Ferdinand David, the intimate friend of Mendelssohn. One of the most successful vocal teachers in the country is Miss Williams, a pupil of Mdme. Sainton Dolby. Quite recently, the return of Mr. Frederic Boscovitz, the pianist and com-

poser, has caused a stir in musical circles. To conclude this portion of my paper, I may remark that it would be difficult to exhaust the list of active musicians in Toronto. The cry is—still they come—and despite the dangers of competition, they all appear to prosper.

Large musical enterprises commonly succeed in Toronto but they have to be well worked up. The well-known firm of Suckling & Sons is to be commended for the resolute manner in which they endeavour to supply the best performers available. They recently brought on Paderewski de Pachmann with marked success. Mr. O. B. Shepard, of the Grand Opera



Mr. Guiseppe Dinelli.

House, negotiates also for the best artists going; he has given us Patti during the present season. To private enterprise we owe Arthur Friedheim, while Messrs. Gourlay, Winter & Leeming brought on Mdme. Hopekirk. There is very little *monopoly* of anything in Toronto. It is a great, restless, growing, pushing city, with an immense public, it is true, but a public which prefers, if possible, to be amused—hence the difficulties in the way of high art. We need to cultivate our dormant tastes for



Mr. W. E. Haslam.

chamber music and purely instrumental works, and while musical amateurs are not few, by any means, they do not realize the importance of hearing and fostering the best, and only the best. When they do, and thus give to the art a practical and stimulating impetus, music in Toronto will have advanced many steps. But even at the present stage we have much to be proud of in our two local Institutions, the Conservatory and the College, crowded with earnest, intelligent pupils and supplied with competent and conscientious teachers; in our beginnings in the direction of an orchestra; in the

fact that to-day four Choral societies exist where only one existed a dozen years ago; and in our choirs, schools and homes, where better and better music is being practised all the time.

It would be an act of omission to close this inadequate sketch without reference to the Canadian Society of Musicians, which holds its annual Convention at Toronto and does much to impress forbearance and courtesy upon members of the profession, as well as to provide good programmes for country teachers and to awaken general interest in the art.

S. FRANCES HARRISON.

THE GIFT.

'Tis little still, when all is told, Dear Heart,
 The gift I bring to lay before your feet,
 A meagre offering, given while tear-drops start,
 While hands are trembling, and the pulses beat.

Some thoughts of beauty from an eager brain,—
 Some generous impulses that come and go,—
 A little knowledge won through toil and pain :—
 Experience-taught, I bring thee what I know.

Thee whose strong mind dwarfs into nothingness
 The minds of other men,—whose soul is trained
 By discipline of Time's full consciousness ;
 Whose eyes seek mine, and all the world is gained.

What matters it? For surely well I know
 Were I but all I would be for your sake
 The gift would yet be deemed an empty show—
 A life unworthy still for you to take.

And yet, O Love, I love you! Hold your arms
 Out wide and take me! Surely Love is all—
 Fame, knowledge, riches,—and my vain alarms
 Die into rapture with the even-fall.

SOPHIE M. ALMON HENSLEY.

McLARTY'S KICKING-BEE

A tale of pioneer life
IN ONTARIO

I.

HER name was Annie, and if rosy cheeks, dark eyes, brown hair, a neat mouth, and a saucy nose, constitute prettiness, then Annie was pretty. If you add

to the foregoing a slight figure, and small hands and feet, you will have a mental photograph of her. She was none of your useless, crocheting, crazy-quilt-making creatures, who allow their old mothers to do the hard work. No; Annie's hands were small, but they were used to roughing it; the only piano they ever thrummed on was the wash-board.

To look at her father and mother you would wonder where her beauty came from, for a more homely pair didn't come within a radius of ten miles. Not that they were positively ugly; but considering the fact that the old man's nose and mouth were entirely too big for the rest of his features, and that the old woman had two big moles on her right cheek, and more hair than was agreeable on her chin, it would be far from the truth to say they weren't homely.

But though Alick McLarty and his wife were not very prepossessing outwardly, they were hospitable and warm-hearted. They never turned a stranger from their door, and were always ready to crack a harmless joke with a friend. Such virtues as these would cover worse defects than theirs.

Their house consisted of a long, low building, with a shanty roof. There were three rooms in it. One was a large room, serving as parlour, dining-room and kitchen combined. It had a huge fireplace at one end, and a cooking-stove at the other; while two windows, one in front and one behind, let in the light. The furniture consisted of a large pine

table, a few chairs, some stools and benches, and last, but not least, a bunk, or folding-bed, which answered for a lounge in the daytime. The other rooms were small bed-rooms, one of which belonged to Annie.

It was no wonder that a pretty girl like Annie had admirers; it would have been a wonder indeed had she not. The fact is she had more than she wished for. Some were young, some were not; some were handsome, and others were as plain-looking as her father. Perhaps these latter came to see her, or were encouraged to come, because her father and mother were like themselves.

Among the many who boldly or timidly tried for Annie's hand, there were two who were more in favour with her than the rest. Jack Lawson, who was regarded more favourably than any, was a carpenter by trade, though he also farmed a little. He was slightly above the medium height, fair-complexioned, had blue eyes, was not to say stoutly built, but wiry withal, had a heavy moustache, and altogether was a handsome young fellow, on the right side of thirty. He was not "well off," as the country folks term it, but was doing very well for all that. He was somewhat bashful when in the society of the fair sex, but as some of her other admirers were inordinately conceited, this bashfulness helped rather than hindered him in his suit.

Farquhar McNeil came in a good second, having the old folks on his side. Farquhar was Highland Scotch and so was the old man, the old woman being from the Lowlands. This may have had something to do with it. At any rate poor Jack, who was of mixed origin, was barely tolerated as a suitor while Farquhar was warmly welcomed. The latter

owned one of the finest farms in the township, and was reported to have money in the bank. Was this also a factor in the matter? Very likely. In appearance he was Jack's antipodes, being possessed of jet black hair and eyes. His moustache, which was small, was also black. He was taller and stouter than his rival, but not materially so, and not so firmly built, which makes a vast difference in a trial of strength. Lastly, he was younger than Jack.

For upwards of two years these two had been paying their addresses to Annie, yet neither had spoken definitely to her of love, though Jack felt intuitively that she cared most for him. His innate modesty kept him from openly declaring himself. On the other hand, Farquhar, who was not troubled with superfluous bashfulness, didn't come to the point for two reasons; firstly, he was rather more in love with himself than with her; secondly, he felt that there was no particular hurry, as he had the old folks on his side.

Every few weeks the latter urged Annie to send Jack off, and to show more kindness to his rival, and of late had badgered her till she was almost out of patience. She went on as before, heeding them not, and gladdening Jack's heart with smiles. As for Farquhar, she behaved courteously towards him, that was all.

About a fortnight before they expected their cloth home from the weaver, Little Alick (as he was called) and his wife gave out that they intended giving an old-fashioned "kicking-bee," to get their cloth fulled, and soon this became a staple subject of conversation among the young folks. There had been no "kicking-bee" for some time, and all were on the *qui vive* in consequence.

A few days later Alick once more attacked Annie on the old subject. Jack had called to see her for a couple of hours, and Annie had been more than usually gracious to him. This roused up the old man, who opened fire as soon as Jack left.

"Ahm ferry sorry," said he, "to see ye actin' as ye're toin', lassie."

"Why, what's wrong, father?" said she.

"Sic a question tae ax!" broke in her mother. "What's wrang, indeed!" "What'n the warl' ye mean by keepin' that chiel hangin' round, when ye might hae his betters, is mair than yer faither an' me can understan'."

"Who do you mean by his betters, mother? Farquhar McNeil?"

"Ay, its Farrahy we mean, ant that ye know ferry well," said the old man.

"Well, he hasn't asked me yet," said Annie.

"No, an' why?" said the old woman; "because ye gie mair smiles tae yon Jock in ane hour than ye'll gie tae Farraher in twa months!"

Annie laughed. "I smile at Jack," she said, "because he's got some sense. He isn't always boasting and bragging."

"For a ferry goot reason, lassie," said her father; "ahm ferry sure he's got nossin' to poast apout. Eef he hat, he woult poast too."

"I know," said Annie, stoutly, "if he wanted to boast he'd find enough to brag of, but he's not one of that kind. He doesn't think half enough of himself."

"Oh, no," growled the old woman, "dinna fash but yon laddie has a guid enough opeenion o' himsel'. Yon quiet chiels hae mair cunnin' nor a fox!"

Then Alick broke in and helped his wife, till Annie was forced to retreat to her bedroom, the old folks staying up a while longer to discuss the matter further.

A week later Annie met Jack at the post-office, and he walked home with her. They had often met in this way before. There was, as we stated, no engagement between them, for she was too good a girl to do anything against her parents' wishes. She had hoped that they would come to look favourably on Jack, but her hopes had not been realized. They seemed, if anything, more opposed to him than ever.

As they walked along Jack noticed that Annie was more silent than usual, and enquired the cause.

"They won't leave me alone at home," she said; "they're continually at me about Farquhar. I wish he was in Halifax!" she exclaimed, vehemently. "I don't want him, I'm sure!"

This outburst loosed Jack's tongue, and he poured forth a stream of words, declaring that he couldn't live without her, that he must have her and that he'd break Farquhar's neck if he wouldn't leave her alone. He begged her to say that she would marry him; to run away and get married in town, or do anything that would end his wretched suspense.

To all this Annie replied not a word until he was through, when she begged him to be patient.

"It'll be all right yet," she said. "They'll come round after a while. I know they think they're right in acting so,

but I believe they'll give it up if they see I don't like it."

"But haven't you let them see that already?" said Jack.

"Yes, I know," she said, "but—well, we must be patient. They don't see things as we do."

"No, I guess not!" said he, bitterly. "They'd almost *sell* you to that fellow, and then wonder, perhaps, why you weren't happy!"

When they reached the gate the old couple were sitting before the door, for the evening was mild,—one of those delightful evenings of Indian summer.

"Won't you come in!" Annie asked, gently.

"No, thank you," he said; "I feel too hard about this yet; but I'll get over it before the kicking-bee comes off. I'll come to that, no matter what they say."

"You're sure of that?" she enquired, looking into his face.

"Sure?" he said. "Oh, don't be afraid; wild horses won't keep me away!"

Poor Jack! Yes, we might say also "Poor Annie!" for the supper dishes were barely washed and put away when a well-known tap was heard at the door, and for the rest of the evening Farquhar McNeil occupied a seat by the fire. We must say, however, that he went away as thoroughly dissatisfied and vexed as it was possible for *him* to be, for he received but scant courtesy at Annie's hands.

As soon as he was gone Alick took her to task for her behavior, being ably seconded by his wife. Annie listened to their reproaches quietly and patiently, and when they were apparently through went to her room.

"I dinna ken what tae mek o' the lassie," said her mother, after she had gone; "but she'll mebbe come roun'. She'd be a muckle fule tae tak' a chiel like yon Jock, when she can hae Farraher. But lassies winna luik at thae things wi' common sense. They're aye boun' tae gang off on a tilt o' their ain."

II.

During the succeeding week Annie was left alone so far as Farquhar was concerned. His name was mentioned several times, but not in a manner offensive to her. For this forbearance on the part of the old folks she was very grateful. At length another mail day came round,—the last before the bee, and taking a basket with some butter she started for the post-office. The office being in a small store

she usually took eggs or butter to trade. Sometimes she brought the mail for a neighbour or two. Occasionally a friend saved her the trip by bringing their mail for them. This time, however, Annie wished to go herself, and go she did. She had made up her mind on a certain course of action, and was anxious to go through with it. What that was will soon appear.

The road from McLarty's to the post-office lay partly through a dense swamp. Not altogether a wet, boggy swamp; the most of it was quite dry in the summer, though wet in spring and fall. This swampy portion of the road was not straight; it had several sharp bends in it, consequently one couldn't see any distance ahead, as the cedars formed a dense thicket on either side.

About midway a clear stream of water flowed across the road. Oh, that water! Would that the city folks who try to make their's palatable by icing it could taste this! To bend over that stream and drink deeply of it—sweet and cold—was a delight to the thirsty traveller. Such streams are worth thousands to the country that owns them. But, you say, what has this to do with the story? Not much, perhaps, yet something. We have drunk of this fountain, and cannot think of it but with pleasure.

As a general thing Annie was able to reach home before dusk, but this day the mail was late, and the sun was almost down when she left the store. *That* didn't trouble her much; wild beasts were not numerous, and she didn't expect to meet with any, but she was disappointed at not seeing Jack. What could have happened to him? she wondered. She expected him to be there as certain as herself, but he was not.

Just as she entered the bush the sun sank beyond the western horizon, and the light began perceptibly to fade. She couldn't help feeling a little timid as the shadows stole over everything, and she walked along at a faster rate than usual.

The whole of the road through the swamp was crosswayed; that is, logs were laid crosswise, side by side, the whole distance. It was a very rough road to travel over in a vehicle, but for walking was dry and pleasant enough. Annie found it so, but still she wished she was through it. Yet she usually took less than thirty minutes to it, for the bush was but a mile and a half long, and she felt that at a smart walk she could

get through it in twenty. But short as twenty minutes are, they have proved long enough for many momentous events, and they were long enough now to bring her, as she turned a bend in the road, face to face with a huge grey wolf; one of those savage denizens of the forest that were rapidly disappearing before man's advance.

The first sight of the huge brute par-

making a quick spring backwards seized a lusty stick that luckily lay near her. She was firmly resolved to sell her life dearly.

So, for the space of two or three minutes they stood—this pretty pioneer and the grim forest rover—face to face, eye to eye; and a more evil-looking eye than the wolf's would have been hard to find. The hair on the brute's neck stood up like



"She was firmly resolved to sell her life dear."

alyzed her with fear; her heart for the moment ceased to beat, and her face whitened. Just for one moment, the next the blood was coursing through her veins at race-horse speed, the beating of her heart being distinctly audible. Even the gentle gazelle will show fight when cornered, and though Annie was small she was not devoid of strength, thanks to the wash-tub and scrubbing-brush. Therefore, the instant the first panic was over, she flung her basket upon the road, and

bristles, and his lips were raised showing her white teeth.

It is hard to say how the adventure would have ended had Annie been left to face the wolf alone, but she was spared the conflict. Just as she had sprung to seize the club she had uttered a piercing cry for help, which, in the calm, clear autumn air, was audible at a long distance. The cry was not unheard, nor the one that followed it. Scarcely two minutes had passed when she heard quick

footfalls in the distance behind her, and almost immediately a ringing shout followed.

Nearer, yet nearer; the crossway resounding to his tread, till Annie could hear the laboured breathing of the man. Then came another shout, a shout that touched the wolf at the centre of his cowardly nature. For an instant longer he listened, then showing all his teeth in a last fiendish snarl bounded into the thicket and disappeared. Then the strain was over, the tenison of her nerves relaxed, and when her rescuer reached the spot he found her stretched in a dead faint on the crossway.

To rush to the creek, the murmur of which was distinctly audible, was the work of a few moments only, and filling his hat from the cool stream he rushed once more to her side. Then gently raising her head and laying it on his knee he bathed her forehead with the water. Soon a tremor ran through her body, her eyelids quivered, then fell apart, showing the eyes wildly staring. Struggling to her feet, still supported by the man's strong arms, she cried: "Oh! oh! what's the matter? Where am I? What's wrong with me? Oh! oh!" Then consciousness came fully back; she remembered the wolf, the footsteps, the shout, all; and before her she saw the man who had probably saved her life; to whom she at least felt she owed it. But why does a disappointed look rush over her face? Why does she draw back a little? She sees before her, not Jack Lawson, but Farquhar McNeil!

Yes, it was Farquhar himself, black, oily hair, gold watch-guard, and all the rest of it. How did he come to be there? Well, the fact was, he had come to the conclusion that the time for dilly-dallying was gone; if he wanted Annie he must carry the war on a trifle more vigorously. Now, he had heard that Jack often walked home with Annie from the post-office, and he thought he would try and do so himself. He was more encouraged to the attempt by knowing that Jack couldn't be there, as he had been called away suddenly to see his father, who lived in a neighbouring township and was very ill.

How well things had turned out for Farquhar! He was jubilant. As he walked along by Annie's side he felt that Providence indeed was on his side. He was not the man to lose an opportunity like this. His tongue waxed eloquent in

pleading his cause. He called her by endearing names. He couldn't live without her, he said; he must have her or he'd be the most miserable man alive.

Annie was too excited to reason the matter out calmly, but she listened to him with a certain kind of satisfaction. She believed he did love her. He had a fine farm; would become richer as the years went on. He had no bad habits, and was good-looking.

All this and more passed through her mind as she listened to his pleading, but in the midst of it all she saw Jack's face and form, and her love for him restrained her, held her. Nevertheless she felt sorry for Farquhar. It seemed hard to say "no" after what he had done. When they turned the corner to go up to her father's, she turned to him and said: "You will be at the kicking-bee on Friday?"

"Yes," said he, in reply.

"Very well; Jack Lawson will be there too, for he said he would. Now I'm not going to hide anything from you," she went on. "Jack asked me to marry him the other day, and I wouldn't give him a decided answer."

She paused for a moment, and a hard look came into Farquhar's face. This mention of his rival's temerity displeased him.

She went on: "I didn't wish to vex father and mother, so I wouldn't say yes. That was all that kept me from it. Since then I changed my mind, and had I seen him to-day I was going to tell him that I would marry him."

Farquhar's face was a study. Love, anger, jealousy, and other feelings were chasing each other through him as he listened, but though she glanced occasionally into his face, he held his peace.

"Now," she went on, looking at the ground more than at him, "do you still wish to marry me?"

"Do I wish to live? Do I wish to get what I can't do without?" he cried, vehemently. When he saw her slipping away from him his love for her increased.

She raised her eyes a little and took a quick glance at him. She couldn't help feeling a little triumphant. Here at her feet almost was the man who, up to that day, had made love to her in a sort of go-as-you-please, doesn't-matter-much-if-I-don't-get-you, style. A smile—a mischievous sort of smile—for an instant shot across her face as she spoke. "Why I mentioned the kicking-bee just now," she

said, "was for this: I want you and Jack to get into the bunk together, and see which comes off best. If you do, I promise that for six months I'll remain as I am and allow you to visit me. At the end of that time I'll give you my answer. If Jack wins, then all is over between you and me. You may think I'm too hard, but I tell you if you hadn't saved my life to-day I wouldn't even promise that." She paused a moment, and then added: "Will you do it?"

He looked at her steadily for a while, as if trying to read her thoughts. "Do you really mean it?" he said, at last. "Are you in earnest?"

"I am," said she.

"Then I will do it," said he.

Before they reached the house Annie said to him: "I'd prefer that father and mother didn't know of this. You must promise not to tell them or all is over. I won't be bound one moment if you do."

He promised that he wouldn't, and they entered the house. The candle wasn't lit, and the fire in the chimney was smouldering, so Alick could not make out who the man was.

"You're very late, my dochter," said he. "Your mawther an' me wass ferry ankwish apout you. Put who is wiss you?"

"It's Farquhar McNeil, father."

"Oh, Farrahy," exclaimed Alick, "iss it you? Come to ta fire man an' sit town."

The old folks were so surprised and pleased at seeing him with Annie that they could hardly contain themselves; and when they heard from Annie's lips—Farquhar helping her—the account of the wolf adventure, they thought that all would be right now. Had they known *all* they'd have had serious doubts as to what they considered "right" coming to pass at all, for though Farquhar was the larger of the two who were to struggle for victory in the bunk, Jack was tougher in every way. But they knew nothing of the coming contest, so they went to sleep believing the matter settled as definitely as if Annie were now Mrs. Farquhar McNeil.

III.

The eventful night came at last. It had been much looked forward to by all the young folks of the neighbourhood for some time, and by half past six on Friday evening they began to arrive.

For more than a week Annie had been helping her mother to make pumpkin

pies, custard pies, apple pies, and pies of three or four other varieties, not to mention sponge cakes, jelly cakes, etc., etc. Alick used to watch the pile in the cupboard, (by-the-bye we forgot to mention this cupboard, or "dresser," as they called it, which stood at one side of the fire-place, filling the recess) as day by day it became larger, and it made his mouth water to contemplate it. We are sorry to mention it, but one day he was caught in the act of smuggling or purloining a whole strawberry pie. He had concealed it under his coat, and was stampeding to the stable with it when caught and forced to disgorge. This he failed to do without shedding tears.

Now he was on hand to welcome the guests. He seemed to think that he had sole charge of the commissariat, and was handing out the good things at a great rate until driven from his position by the old woman at the "point" of the broom-handle.

By eight o'clock twenty young men, including Farquhar, and almost as many girls, were gathered in McLarty's shanty. Some were seated around the huge chimney, some sitting on benches with their backs against the wall, while a few young chaps sat on the floor. Nearly all of them were talking, laughing, or cracking jokes, while the fire added to the cheerfulness of the scene.

But why was Jack not there? What had become of him? Had anything happened to him? At least one person in the room was continually putting these questions mentally to herself, without finding a reasonable answer. Her eyes were constantly seeking the door as it opened ever and anon to admit one or more, but she was always doomed to disappointment. Several noticed her pre-occupation, and guessing the cause gave her sly digs with their elbows, enquiring if Jack Lawson were coming, or if she had seen Jack Lawson lately, and other queries of like import.

But the time comes for the bee to begin. Little Alick, who had been fussing about among the young folks, and cracking jokes, suddenly knocked the ashes out of his pipe and called out: "Come, come, auld woman! gait ta closs, an' ahl gait ta bonk. It'll be ferry late now; it'll nefer to if we ton't gait ta closs din."

So out on the floor came the bunk, Farquhar coming eagerly forward to help. It was then opened up so that it looked like a long and wide box minus the top.

The web of cloth was laid across in the centre, and as it had previously been wetted, there was nothing further to do but begin.

"Noo, then, lads," called out the old woman, "wha'll be the first anes tae hae a crack at it?"

In an instant the room was in an uproar,—boots, and coats, and socks were pulled off, flung aside, and a rush was made for the bunk. There was room enough for four, two at either end, and after considerable struggling the bunk was left in possession of four young fellows named Davis, McCuaig, Paterson and Lorrison; the two former being at one end and the two latter at the other.

To one who had never seen a bee of this kind before, the sight of the strapping fellows sitting opposite each other in shirt sleeves and with trousers rolled up above their knees, would have been very ludicrous, but it was not so to the majority of those present at this one. They had all, or almost all, been at such bees before and kicked many a good-sized web. Placing quilts at their backs, (the ends of the bunk being rather hard) the signal was given, and the legs of the kickers began to move in regular, rhythmical order to the sound of the following refrain, which we give phonetically:

"Heembo, thylo, oree allee ochee roe!
Heembo, thylo, coom tha heck Shaunich!"

They were all at it,—all but the kickers; *they* needed their breath for their work, which was hard enough. Whack, whack! whack, whack! went the feet, and "Heembo, thylo," went the crowd around. Every now and then the old woman poured some water on the cloth to keep it damp.

After the four we have named had kicked with might and main for over twenty minutes, four others got in and relieved them. Then the refrain went on once more:

"Heembo, thylo, oree allee ochee roe!
Heembo, thylo, pock Ian rouagh!"

Nearly every time the last few words were changed. Now it was "kiss black Gibbie;" again "shut your mouth Janet;" then "go to bed Alick," and so on. Whoever gave the cue to the words they were caught up at once by the rest.

For upwards of two hours the work went on, relay after relay of kickers getting into the bunk; but Farquhar though coaxed and pressed refused to strip for the battle. "I'll get in after a while," he said. The fact was he was reserving

himself for his expected conflict with Jack, but Jack failed to appear. All had dropped the kicking for an intermission of twenty or thirty minutes, and had regaled themselves to the full on the pies and cakes; songs had been sung, stories told, and yet Jack had not come. Poor Annie's interest in the bee was about gone. She went about with a listless air. She was wishing it was over.

At last, just as Alick had sounded the tocsin for another attack on "ta closs," the sound of a horse's gallop was heard, and a few minutes later Jack entered. It had rained heavily the previous night and he was consequently splashed and splattered with mud from head to foot. Yet as he strode up to the fire with his sou'wester in his hand he looked so handsome that Annie's face was aglow with pleasure. Here he was at last!

Off came coat and boots, and settling himself on a stool beside the fire he did ample justice to the good things Annie quickly set before him. Then they learned the cause of his delay. He had been at his father's until after seven o'clock, and for more than three hours had ridden through mud and mire. Had his horse not been a good one he couldn't have got through at all.

Meantime the kicking went on and the "Heembo, thylo," with it. Some were for having Jack in the bunk right away, but he demurred. "I'm tired," he said; "a ride of twenty-five miles over such roads is no joke."

Farquhar now saw his chance. Heknew Annie too well to doubt for a moment what she would do were he to back out of his bargain. It was now or never.

"I'll tell you what it is, boys," said he, "the cloth is nearly done, and Jack an' me'll give it the finishing touch. How'll that do?"

"That'll do gey weel, Farraher," said the old woman. "It's a bonnie offer for ye tae mak'. Jock'll surely no objec' tae gang in wi' ye?"

"No, indeed," said Jack. "I'll be only too glad to do it."

So it was settled, and at precisely half-past eleven the two men entered the bunk and faced each other; Jack as ignorant as the cloth before him of what depended on the result. One word of encouragement only had Annie been able to give him, and that was "Do your best;" and he mentally declared that he would.

If Annie had had any misgivings before as to the ending of the contest, they were

largely allayed when she compared the two men. Farquhar was somewhat stouter and taller than Jack, but this was more than counterbalanced by the fact that he had no superfluous flesh upon him while his opponent had. Yet it promised to be a stern fight.

"Heembo, thylo," began Alick, as he stood in his bare feet beside the bunk, and "Heembo, thylo," went the rest of them. At first it was supposed that there was nothing but a friendly "kick" going on, but as the minutes fled and the onlookers noticed the set faces of the contestants they came to the conclusion that there

she went and stood by the fire. Her colour came and went. She almost feared to look on, yet she couldn't help doing so. But she didn't look long, for she'd fancy as she looked that Jack's legs were giving out, and back to the fire she would go. There her hearing was on the alert, but she wouldn't have listened more than a few minutes when she'd find herself by the bunk again. Did anyone notice her? Yes, of course. Some even nudged her and asked: "What's the matter?" or, "Why are you so fidgety?" to which queries she gave short enough answers.



"The two men entered the bunk and faced each other."

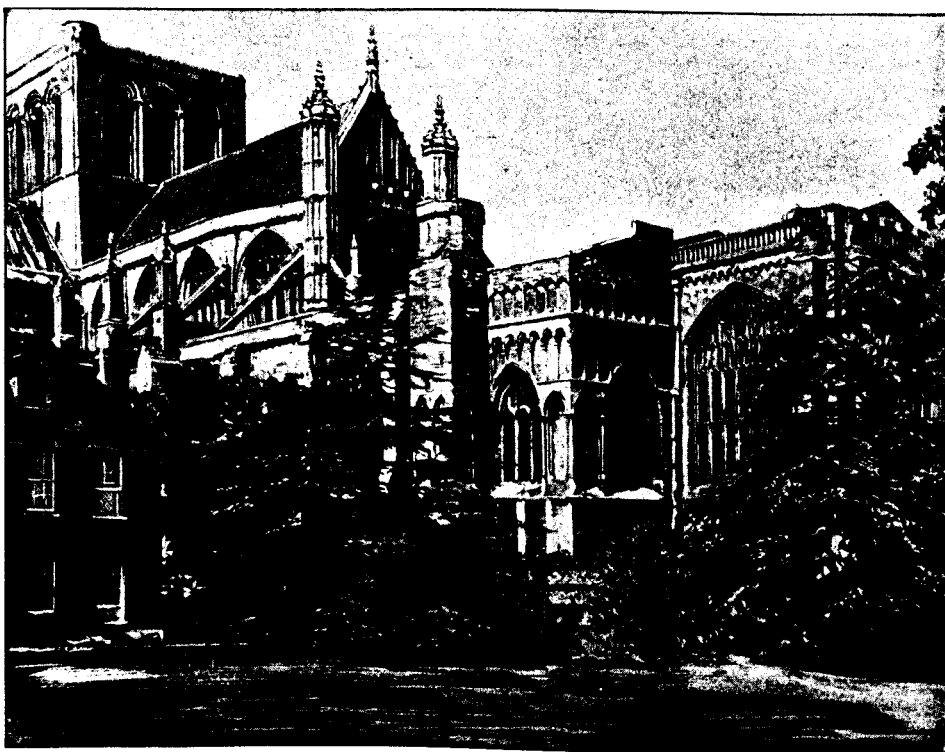
was "something up." A strange quiet came over the scene, the only sounds being the crackling of the fire, the thud, thud, of the feet, and the "Heembo, thylo, once allee ochee roe!" of those around the bunk.

Minute after minute stole by, yet the feet kept time. The old woman watered the cloth occasionally, and once there was a slight pause while it was being turned. Jack's eyes watched Farquhar and Farquhar's watched Jack; while everyone about the bunk watched the two. Annie hardly knew what to do. One moment she was looking at them, then

At last she stood by the fire for, perhaps, the tenth time in thirty minutes, when a friend named Katy Paterson came and whispered: "It'll soon be over now; Farquhar's about done out."

So it proved. Jack had been husbanding his strength, and now, seeing by his rival's motions that he was pretty tired, he prepared for a crowning effort, and two minutes after Katy's whisper a mighty yell shook the shanty, as Farquhar was sent clear over the end of the bunk. Thus ended McLarty's kicking-bee.

JAMES B. STEELE.



Winchester Cathedral, from South East.

THE OLD SAXON CAPITAL OF ENGLAND.

*"Each noble heart
And mind, whose life was thine, still speaks through thee
To kindred spirits of all time to be"*

ARCHBISHOP TRENCH has pointed out, in his charming lectures on our mother-tongue, that were English history to be blotted out, it might be re-written from an analysis of the English language. And he has well said. But the antiquary will go further. He will remind us that were not only written records, but language itself, destroyed, a tale most truthful and most eloquent would still be left to us. If the historian should hold his peace, the very stones would cry out. And nowhere would they cry in more moving language than in the ancient capital of England, where Druid, Roman, Saxon, Dane and Norman have set their seal.

"What 'otel, mum?" says the guard, touching his cap at the carriage window,

ere the train has ceased moving. (Of all bread cast upon the waters in the shape of fees, abroad, none yields more speedy or abundant return than that which disappears in a railway guard's pocket) "What 'otel?" Why, *The George*, of course,—the inn where Thackeray's hero took his ease in days which though recent as compared with all that is to greet us here, have always seemed to us a part of the mysterious and enchanted long ago. So we are driven up a steep street, through a narrow gateway, and into an ancient court-yard, with musty-looking buildings all around us. The mustiness, we are obliged to confess, is more than a matter of sight; it salutes another sense unpleasantly as we climb a steep stair and turn into a long, narrow passage. But a parlour door is thrown open; the fire for which we telegraphed is blazing; the table is laid for high tea, for which we telegraphed also. The mustiness retires into the background and Thackeray comes to the front again.

Not to linger upon the subject of *The George*, we may as well confess here that it was not all our fancy had painted it. Before we left, the waiter brought us a visitors' book, in which transatlantic bishops and deans and other dignitaries had inscribed such glowing eulogies that we looked at each other in bewilderment, until the youngest of our number gave it as her opinion that the bishops and deans must have been so old they had lost their senses of sight, smell and taste. The mustiness seemed to flavour the food, as well as to perfume the apartments. And the walls of one of the bedrooms were so blotched with damp and mildew, that this same irreverent young person declared that one of the garments she discarded at night was overgrown with moss before morning!

Perhaps it was a judgment on us for being interested in anything so modern. Where Druidical stones still uprear their heads, where the city bears a Roman name and covers Roman remains, where monastic stillness yet lingers amid haunts once dear to the monastic heart, what business have we with anything nearer our own times? Nay, we can even let Druid and Roman go, for the *genius loci* is not pagan but Christian—ecclesiastical—monastic.

Let us, yielding to the gentle influences of the place, sally out from the mouldy *George* to prayer in the Cathedral. It happens to be the eighteenth day of the month, and with what a thrill of mingled pleasure, pain, joy, sadness, awe and (thank God!) restfulness, the familiar words fall upon our ears in the strange, beautiful, holy place:

“Lord, Thou hast been our refuge from one generation to another.

Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever the earth and the world were made, Thou art God from everlasting and world without end.

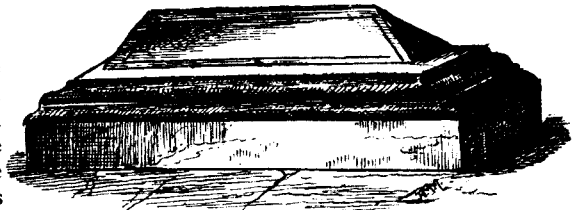
Thou turnest man to destruction; again Thou sayest, Come again, ye children of men.

For a thousand years in Thy sight are but as yesterday, seeing that is past as a watch in the night.”

“A thousand years in Thy sight are but as yesterday.”—Overhead on the screen are the ashes of Canute; below are the young, bright faces of the Wykehamists, the Winchester boys. *“So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.”*—Oh! is it possible that we shall ever forget the lesson of the place and the hour. The minor dies away. The strain is not, indeed, triumph-

ant yet, but it is confident. *“Show Thy servants Thy work, and their children Thy glory.”*—We begin to understand. That is the lesson we are to bear away with us: to do our best in our brief hour for the glory of God and the good of those who are to come after us. We can go over the vast edifice now with a better understanding of the aims of those who built it.

Winchester, or Winton, is the oldest of the English cathedrals. The original building was reared in the second century by the British prince, Lucius. In the time of Diocletian it was levelled to the ground and its clergy martyred. In the fourth century it was rebuilt, and early in the sixth fell with the city into the hands of Cerdic, the Saxon. The clergy, with all the lay citizens, were slaughtered, but the Cathedral was spared, to be transformed into a pagan temple, and in it Cerdic was crowned King of the West Saxons. In the seventh century, after the conversion of the Saxons to Christianity, King Kinegils and his son and successor, Kenewalch, took it down and rebuilt it. Under the Danes it was again destroyed, only to be again re-erected—this time by St. Ethelwold, the famous Saxon architect. It was consecrated in the reign of Ethelred, A.D. 980, by St. Dunstan and eight other bishops. In the eleventh century Bishop



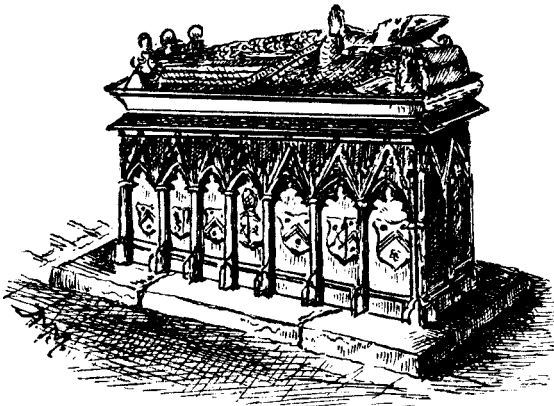
Tomb of William Rufus, Winchester Cathedral.

Walkelin rebuilt not only the Cathedral but the adjoining monasteries entirely at his own expense, that Winchester might not be behind those other sees where Norman prelates were erecting churches in a style of splendour unknown in England before the Conquest. Later prelates—William of Wykeham and Fox, in particular—changed from Norman to Gothic as much of Walkelin's work as would admit of the transformation, and what could not be transformed they took down and rebuilt. The present edifice, therefore, was over four centuries in building, and affords examples of all the different styles of architecture which prevailed between the Conquest and the Reformation.

Of the work of Bishop Wakelin still

remaining, the most imposing portion is the massive square tower or lantern at the intersection of the choir and transepts. The flying buttresses of the choir, the open battlement above them, the canopied turrets, and the profusion of carving on the east front, are all the work of Bishop Fox. The Lady Chapel was rebuilt by Godfrey de Lucy.

On entering the Cathedral, from the west, the length of the nave—for Winchester is the longest, as well as the oldest, cathedral in England—is at once apparent; the east window, with its infinite tracery and gorgeous colouring, is so far, far away. On the walls, the arms of the benefactors of the church—the white hart chained of the Beauforts, the lily of Waynflete, the pelican of Fox, &c., are sculptured. The chantry of William of Wykeham stands on a spot where, when a student, he was in the



Tomb of William of Wykeham, Winchester Cathedral.

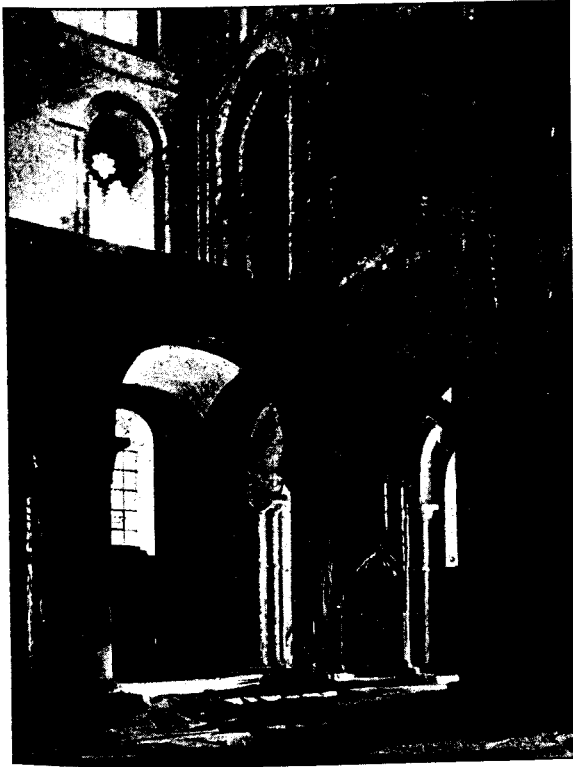
habit of assisting at mass, before the altar of the Blessed Virgin. The tomb—an excellent specimen of the work of its day—has escaped fairly well the fury of the reformers; but the altar and statues of the chantry, and the enchased escutcheon which surrounded the tomb, have all been torn away. The epitaph—inlaid in brass letters round the marble slab on which the figure rests—has fortunately been spared.

Passing up the nave, the extraordinary massiveness of the pillars strikes us. It is due to the original round columns having been cased in Gothic clusters. Reaching the south transept, we find the original work of Walkelin—huge round pillars with circular arches. The west aisle of the transept, once the sacristy, is now used as the Chapter House. In the

ancient presses where now hang the choristers' robes, the cowls or cloaks of the monks, used on great occasions, were once kept. This door in the south wall led to the monastery. By yonder staircase, leading to the dormitories, the brethren descended to say the midnight office. Here is a calefactory, in which fire for the thuribles was preserved, and at which the monks were permitted to warm themselves in severe weather. In one of the two chapels into which the east aisle of the transept is divided, rests the gentle angler, Izaak Walton.

The choir—at the entrance to which are bronze statues of James I. and Charles I.—is exceedingly beautiful; the canopies and misereres of the stalls are a mass of exquisite carving. Over the altar is the masterpiece of Sir Benjamin West, the Raising of Lazarus. Whatever the merits of the painting, it is unquestionably out of place here, hiding the delicately carved stonework, the continuation of the screen. Once on a time, the crown of great Canute hung over the altar; placed there in homage to the King of Kings after the memorable scene at Southampton. On the screen which bears the arms of Edward the Confessor, Bishop Fox, and Cardinal Beaufort—are six mortuary chests, containing the remains of kings, among them those of Egbert, first king of united England, and Canute. Princes and prelates without number are buried within or about the sanctuary.

The chantry of Bishop Fox, (containing the figure of its founder represented as a corpse in a winding sheet,) and those of Waynflete, and of Cardinal Beaufort, are all beautiful; the last is one of the most magnificent in the kingdom. The figure of the Cardinal, in tasseled hat and pontificals, reposes in a copper-lined tomb of grey marble, canopied and pinnacled, and with exquisite fan-work overhead. The altar, at which by his will three requiem masses were daily said, has been destroyed—a circumstance which arouses the ire of the malcontent of *The George*, as does also the fact that "idle bedesmen are sitting about the Cathedral doors, while not a prayer is being said at any one of the chantries." "Think of cheating the dead!" cries the young Aristides, waxing wroth. "Dear Lady Disdain," I venture to remonstrate, "the times and the manners are changed,



The North Transept, Winchester Cathedral.

and——” While I am trying to straighten out my thoughts on the subject so that I may reduce them to words, the old verger puts in his oar. He has been gazing with very evident admiration at the bright, beautiful face and flashing eyes of the malcontent, and—whether he did not quite catch the title, or is not versed in light literature,—his voice now drops into the reverential. “If her ladyship will allow me,” he explains, “the theory is that if the Cardinal had lived in our days, he would have been a sound Protestant.” “Oh!” says “her ladyship;” and in her eyes and in that little monosyllable there is such disapprobation, such contempt, that the well-meaning man is quite abashed. At length he recovers sufficiently to show us to the Lady Chapel, and point out the chair used by Queen Mary on her marriage. “English writers,” says Lady Disdain, “are beginning to revise their opinion of Mary Tudor.” And she looks defiantly at the verger, who, however, is wise enough to hold his peace.

Directly behind the high altar, and formerly communicating with the sanctuary, is the little chapel, once the shrine of St. Swithun, the altar of which—the

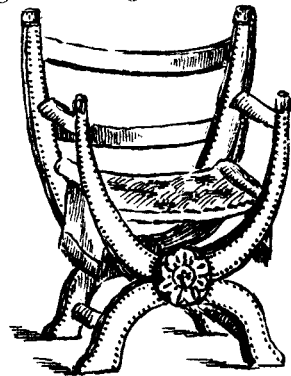
gift of King Edgar—was of solid silver, gilt and jewelled. St. Swithun was Bishop of Winchester in the ninth century, and on his death was buried first in the Cathedral grounds. Later it was proposed to remove him to within the sacred place; but the attempt was followed by such a fall of rain that the saint's day, the 15th of July, has ever since been regarded, in the popular mind, as an index of the weather to be expected for the rest of the summer:

“St. Swithun's Day, if thou dost rain,
For forty days it will remain.
St. Swithun's Day, if thou be fair,
For forty days 'twill rain na mair.”

In the north aisle stands the ancient font, long known as the *Crux Antiquariorum*—*crux* to be read puzzle—no one being able to interpret the carvings. They have now been recognized as illustrations of the acts of St. Nicholas. In the dead period of the Church of England, a good many very simple conundrums of the same kind were “given up” by scholars who would not have liked to own themselves vanquished in any other depart-

ment of knowledge. In an old church in the south a certain find was long shown as “ancient vessels, purpose now unknown.” A Roman Catholic—or perhaps it was a High Church—clergyman happened to visit the church, and was, of course, shown the “curiosities.” “Why,” he exclaimed, “they are the cruets used at Holy Communion.”

We look back, ere the west door closes upon us, through the long vista of five hundred feet,* and try to picture what it must have been in the times of old—with its “storied windows richly dight;” its tapestries as many-hued and gorgeous; its altars lustrous with gold and silver and jewels, and with



Chair used by Queen Mary at her marriage with Philip—Preserved in Winchester Cathedral.

* The extreme length of the Cathedral is 555 feet; of the transepts, 208 feet.

the glow of a thousand waxen tapers ; its long procession of sweet-voiced choristers, of cowed monks, of priests and prelates arrayed in all the pomp and splendour of mediæval days ; its pealing organ ; its swinging censers—their clouds of fragrant incense now hiding, now revealing, the glories of the place. We end our gaze, our dream, with a long sigh.

* * * * *

From the tomb of William of Wykeham we pass to his nobler monument—his living, enduring work. William was born in 1314, made Bishop of Winchester in 1366, and founded Winchester School, or College, in 1387. A better example of conservatism that is not prejudice, and of progress that is not a mere love of novelty, is, perhaps, not to be found in England. And this is largely due to the wisdom and the liberal spirit of its founder.

The iconoclasts of the sixteenth century seem to have respected the memory of this great, good man. Over the spacious gateway by which we enter, and in various other niches, within and without, stand statues of the Blessed Virgin ; and in the great east window of the chapel is still preserved the inscription :

“ORATE PRO ANIMA WILHELMI DE WYKEHAM, FUNDATORIS ISTIUS COLLEGIJ.”

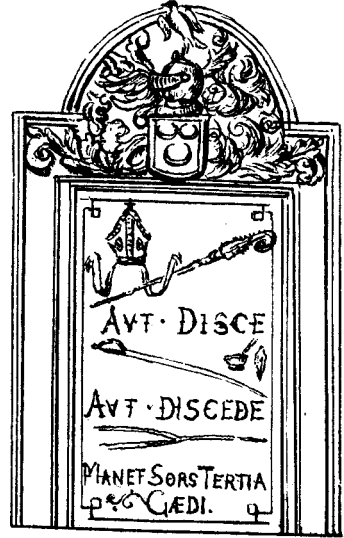
What is even more remarkable, the memorial brasses in the cloisters—all the more ancient of which request prayers for the departed—have also been spared.

Dear Lady Disdain has already laid in a supply of the parian jugs and vases adorned with designs dear to the Wykehamist. Now we have the happiness of seeing the original. In a chamber adjoining the kitchen is the painting known as the “Trusty Servant,” with the following explanatory rhyme :

A Trusty Servant's portrait would you see,
This emblematic figure well survey.
The porker's snout—not nice in diet shows ;
The padlock shut—no secrets he'll disclose
Patient the ass—his master's wrath will bear ;
Swift in errand the stag's feet decare ;
Loaded his left hand—apt to labour saith ;
The vest—his neatness ; open hand—his faith ;
Girt with his sword, his shield upon his arm—
Himself and master he'll protect from harm.

On the west end of the school is an inscribed and pictured panel : *Aut Disce*—with a mitre and crozier to symbolize the rewards of learning ; *Aut Discede*—with ink-horn to sign and a sword to enforce the order of expulsion ; *Manet sors tertia cædi*—with a scourge. (“Either learn or

depart hence. The third choice is to be chastised.”) The school, entered from the court, was the gift of Wykehamists in 1687. It cost £2,600. Among the names of old Wykehamists subscribing



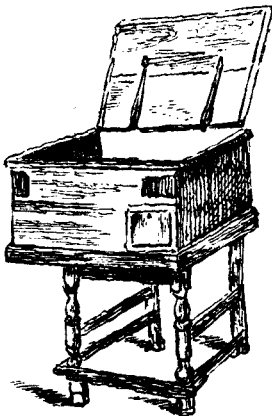
Panel from Winchester College with the famous motto.

appear those of Bishops Ken and Turner—fellow-scholars here and afterwards fellow-prisoners in the Tower. The school is now used only for concerts or meetings, but for two hundred years it was the work-room and punishment-room of the College.

The refectory, sixty-six by thirty-three feet, with its pointed timbered roof, its raised dais, its platform for the faggot of ancient days, and its receptacle for the remains of the feast—always distributed among the poor—takes us back to the days of generous eating, generous drinking, and generous sharing of both meat and drink. For four hundred years Wykehamist stomachs were filled and Wykehamist brains nourished on bread, meat and beer ; and our friends the prohibitionists would have hard work proving that the boys of those days were physically or mentally inferior to boys now. They rose at five, put their persons and their rooms in order and sang a Latin hymn, in time to arrive in chapel at half-past five. School began at six. The principal apparatus of “seventh chamber” (used as school until that previously referred to was built) was the famous motto, a map of the world, four oaken posts, and a number of “scobs,” or double-lidded oaken chests. Dinner (of

bread, beef and beer) was at twelve. In the afternoon there were three hours in school, broken by a quarter of an hour for "beavers" (an allowance of beer).

At five they went "*circum*" (walking around college singing Latin hymns). A supper of mutton at eight was followed by evening prayer and bed. Fagging, flogging, holidays, and doubtless various stolen delights, broke the monotony. A scholar of the Victorian days, Frank Buck-



Apple-twig rod and "Scob" from Winchester College.

land, has chronicled the joys of boiling an apple dumpling in one's neckcloth. Tea began to make its appearance about seventy years ago; and it is recorded that if any of the masters saw the teacups, he would smash them with his key, observing, "William of Wykeham knew nothing, I think, of tea."

What description of this historic and beautiful spot could do justice to it? Can we put into words those venerable walls with their canopied niches, those gothic doorways, that wealth of ivy, that stretch of verdure, smooth and soft as velvet? Can we put into words the pride and pleasure with which we recognize that it is *our* country that rears, and fosters, and preserves from age to age this and other like splendid institutions. Could any words adequately describe the influence this principle of continuity must have upon the young scholar—wandering in shades no less classic than those of Academe, inheriting the traditions of nearly six hundred years? From Bishop

Bekynton, secretary to Henry VI., the first scholar to become famous, down to Sydney Smith, Thomas Arnold, Dean Hook and Christopher Wordsworth, what generations have come and gone! High dignitaries of Church and State, soldiers, men of letters, men of law, Jesuit martyrs, Protestant martyrs, have here been taught, and fed, and birched; the air is thick with memories of the great departed. And he must be slow indeed of head and heart who does not understand the claim of this venerable past upon his own future:

"Here and here did England help me—how can I help England, say!"

* * * * *

A short walk or drive of a mile brings us face to face with one of the most interesting survivals in England. The readers of Cobbett may remember that that most inconsistent man, whose abuse was lavished—in somewhat vulgar language—against the Church to which he, nevertheless, professed to belong, poured out one of his vials against the post-reformation management of St. Cross; his charge being that the originally great revenues of this hospital had been alienated from their proper purpose to provide large salaries for the Master and other officials. However this may be, one benefaction at least has not been alienated—the ancient "dole." Any one who desires it receives at the porter's lodge a portion of bread and ale.

The "tender grace" of the monastic age seems to follow us from Winchester and throne itself here in the valley of the Itchin. Sunny St. Katharine's hill, climbed by generations of Wykehamists on holiday afternoons, is in the background; the river glances through the trees; the meadows are gay with flowers;—fit accessories to the noble entrance tower, the church, and the long range of buildings that make up this "Alms-house of Noble Poverty." The porter who emerges from the lodge under the tower, wears a cloak, fastened to which is a small silver cross, engrailed, such as we have already seen displayed in the Winchester shops, side by side with the arms of Wykeham and the Trusty Servant. Every visitor tastes the ale; and should he empty the vessel, he will see the same cross engraved on the bottom of it. Entering the quadrangle, we are given in charge of one of the brethren, a gentle-looking old man, who with his smooth-shaven face, cloak, and cross, might be, like the dole, a survival. The brethren



Winchester Cathedral.—Cardinal Beaufort's tomb.

in turn do the honours of the place, receiving as perquisites the fees, which vary according to the discretion or liberality of the sight-seer. We are led first to the church, the oldest part of the group of buildings—a massive cruciform structure with central tower and buttressed aisles—partly Norman, partly Early English. “Restoration,” which has spoiled so many beautiful old churches, has been most happily carried out here. It is almost incredible that until 1860 a great part of the interior was blocked up, windows boarded in, and wall frescos and marble pillars whitewashed. The high altar slab, whitewashed also, was discovered embedded in rubbish, while the altar ab of a chantry had

been utilized as a gravestone! As the work of restoration went on, other interesting discoveries—or disinterments—were made, among them an elaborately-carved piscina and some thirteenth century stained glass. The church has now regained a portion, at least, of its former beauty. The south aisle is fitted up for the daily use of the brethren.

The tower under which we enter is known as Cardinal Beaufort's. It bears date 1404-1407. A vacant niche over the gateway contained a statue of the Blessed Virgin until the middle of the eighteenth century, when it was blown down. The immunity from reforming destruction in this case appears to have been the result of a mistake. The figure was known as “the milk-maid,”—the high crown figuring as the milk-pail!

The buildings of the brethren, with their long chimneys, occupy the west side of the quadrangle. Each brother has a sitting-room, bed-room, and scullery. Beyond a tree-studded park, beside which flows the Itchin, is the little cemetery of the hospital—a quiet, sunny spot. Truly, we think, to spend one's old age here



Cardinal Beaufort's tower, St. Cross Hospital.

might make one in love with poverty. Yet the brethren have their grievances, and air them to visitors. There is, indeed, among all the charitable work that is done in this world, no more ungrateful task than ministering to the aged poor.

The Master is in residence, so we pass his house, and enter the refectory—a noble hall, beautified on the exterior by a fine porch, and three transomed windows with intervening buttresses. It is forty-five feet in length, twenty-four in breadth, and thirty-two from floor to rafter; in the centre is an open hearth, around which the brethren quaff their ale and make merry on great occasions; and at the upper end is a raised dais, with its high table. The open-timbered roof has, by some kind providence, escaped the paint which has overtaken the rest of the wood-work; and the original stained glass, bearing a Cardinal's hat and the royal arms, is still preserved. The crypt under the hall is



Old leathern jacks and candle-sticks from St. Cross.

used as a beer-cellar. Leathern beer-jacks and candle-sticks and salt-cellars of Cardinal Beaufort's

time occupy a place of honour. The kitchen has a huge open grate, large enough to roast a sheep whole.

A triptych, at the upper end of the refectory, is ascribed to Albert Dürer—it is certainly a very beautiful painting, though there seems no sufficient proof that it is Dürer's work. A similar picture, owned also in England, has always been ascribed to Lucas Cranach. In the centre compartment is a Holy Family, with St. Catharine on the one side and St. Barbara on the other. Our guide keeps the triptych to wind up with. He has been talking incessantly—always in the same gentle tone that harmonizes so well with his monk-like face and dress, and so ill with his dropped h's—and his voice is now tired and tremulous. He touches lightly on the Holy Family and St. Catharine, but dwells at length on St. Barbara, who is evidently a favorite. "Barbary, mum, was born an 'eathen, we are told, but being converted to Christianity, remained steadfast thereto, notwithstanding the entreaties of 'er friends and the threats of 'er enemies; which so enraged 'er father, mum, that he led 'er out to the summit of an 'igh 'ill, and there, mum, cut off 'er



Triptych in Refectory of St. Cross.

'ead with his own sword!" The latter part of the passage is given *crescendo*, and when it ends it leaves the brother's voice with St. Barbara's body upon 'the summit of an 'igh 'ill.'" Dear Lady Disdain, who has the kindest heart in the world, chokes down a giggle, and her senior is glad to change the subject to anything not beginning with an h. The leathern jacks suggest rations, and the old man is off again *con amore*. At eight o'clock in summer and nine in winter, the brothers assemble in hall for their daily allowance of beer. At twelve they return; and after grace has been said and the meat carved, each brother carries off his portion to his own room. An allowance of money is also given. But after our guide has enumerated the various benefactions, we discover that he has his grievance too. "It's not enough, mum," he says pathetically, "not enough!"

* * * * *

Few visitors to Winchester will care to leave without driving to Hursley, the home for many years of saintly John Keble. Some weeks in Winchester (spent, however, not at the mouldy *George*, but on a sunny terrace overlooking the garrison and drill ground) give us time to visit more than once or twice the beautiful church which the poet-priest raised to the honour and glory of God, with the profits of *The Christian Year* and *The Lyra Innocentium*. We visit, too, with numerous other ancient foundations of which we have not time to speak, Christ's Hospital in Symond's street, the residence of Dear Lady Disdain's "bedesmen." The old men have a habit similar to that of the brethren of St. Cross, but the cloth is of light blue, and a flat cap of the same material and colour is worn. And just one month from the day we assisted at morning prayer in the

Cathedral for the first time, we are assisting at it again for the last.

Lord, thou hast been our refuge, from one generation to another, the choristers are singing once more ; again we turn from Canute's ashes to life and youth ; again the mysteries of our present and of our future seem to overwhelm us ; and again trust has the victory over doubt and fear. "Rest in peace!" cry our hearts to the dead in their tombs and chantries. "Times change,

but He to whose glory you have builded changes never." Dear Lady Disdain turns with a quick movement, and I see that her eyes, too, are full of tears. But she recovers ere the choristers finish, and her voice rings out clear and full at the close : *Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost.*

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

A. M. MACLEOD.



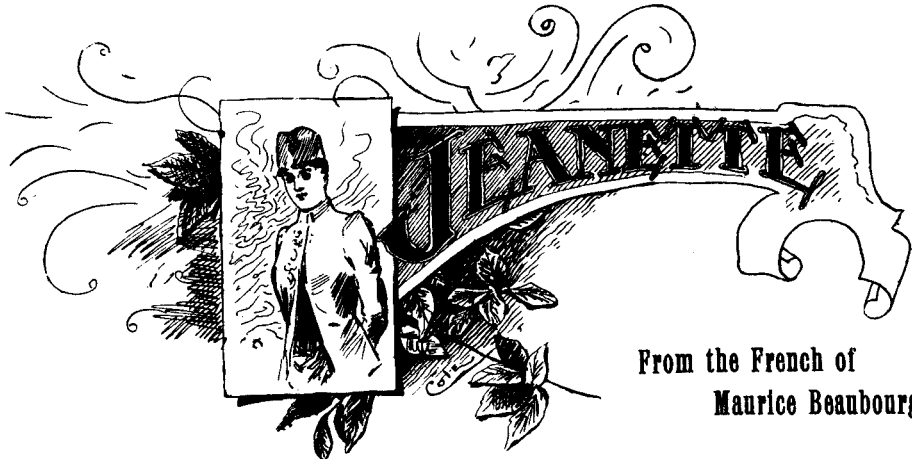
TRIUMPH

BY THE LATE GOODRIDGE BLISS ROBERTS.

His wide wings, sombre, strive upon the gale ;
His gleaming, snowy neck strains towards the north. . . .
—Dauntless ! Thy beating, beating, must prevail !
Through this black wall of storm thou shalt break forth !—

Moans through the air the storm—
A bursting cloud hangs o'er him—
Watch we that battling form,
Work through the murk before him.

He has gone through ! We follow him no longer—
The cloud bursts ! Peals of thunder split the sky !
Great bird ! Thy wings were strong—God's hand is stronger.
And yet to fight through night to light—
To gain the dazzling empyrean bright—
'Twere grand to die !



From the French of
Maurice Beanbourg.

(Continued from page 224.)

CHAPTER V.

WHENCEFORWARD, there was a deadly feud between Jeanette and myself. Soon, feeling the aversion that this singular and precocious child entertained towards me, I no longer was charmed by these evenings, and it seemed that the ladies themselves—having perhaps espoused our quarrel—became cold towards me. The two little boys set me at defiance. The conversations which had charmed me ceased, and my beloved cousin only spoke to me in monosyllables. There was such a dryness in the “yes,” or “no,” that I awaited it with dread, and it almost made me shiver. Thus I decided not to return to the Dumanoir family for some time, and pretended to take a long journey. I made my adieu to these ladies. Jeanette wished me “much pleasure,” in an absent-minded manner, continuing some frivolous piece of work. Albert added “no serious encounters,” and Gregory, with a gesture of a street-arab, cried to me across the stairs “don’t allow yourself to be assassinated.”

Several months passed, during which I led a very retired life of work, in the back part of my modest dwelling, which was a quarter of an hour’s distance from their house. I made no effort to see them again, and at heart cared very little about it, when I received the following letter:

“My dear cousin, I come in the name of my mother and grandmother, to beg of you to end this quarrel which has sprung up between us, and which originated in a trivial cause. We know that you have not left Paris. The announced

journey was but a pretext—one way of getting away from us. As the wrong was on my side, the silly action of a little girl (then I was but a child), but to-day I am a reasonable young girl. My mother and grandmother have begged me to write you this letter of apology, for I owe it to you. No! you understand me! This drawn game cannot continue between people who love each other, and appreciate each other, as we do. This is why we have decided to fix for you a rendezvous; where your well-known gallantry will at first cause you to come, and where you will be guided, perhaps, by a remnant of the love and affection which you have kept for us. We shall expect you, then, on Wednesday, after luncheon, at the house which you so well know. Grand-mamma Dumanoir and mamma Evelyn, beg me once more to insist that you forget our slight differences, and they send you their kind regards.”

P. S.—Albert and Gregory are at college, and you will no longer be exposed to meeting them.”

This letter perplexed me sorely, for I had never believed myself at variance with these ladies, and their advances astonished me. I went, however, on Wednesday, at the hour mentioned, and Jeanette herself opened the door to me, and led me,—not into the drawing-room but into her own room, where she seated herself opposite to me, near a cheerful fire.

“And the ladies?” I asked.

“They are at a marriage service, and will not be here for a few minutes.”

Jeanette’s room, which I had only seen one evening, in passing, was decorated very judiciously. All along the wall a

tapestry of very pale greyish-blue satin took from the daylight silvery reflections, and the bed was covered by a counterpane of velvet, overlaid with knitted lace. Excepting a little font for holy-water containing a branch of palms, hanging at the head of the bed, and a few religious pictures in gilt frames, there was only the furniture of the room. On the chimney-piece, just between us, a vase of Bohemian glass, filled with clear water, and containing a single rose, spread a delicious odour.

As we kept silence, I noticed that Jeanette no longer appeared the same, but was considerably changed. In the first place she had grown, and her slender form was taller and thinner, giving her an arch, and almost a delicate look. Her cheeks, always fresh, were slightly hollow, and below her eyes was a blueish transparency, as if she had been weeping. Her glances had a touch of sadness, even melancholy, and while I looked at her she seemed to read me through and through. I saw also, that she no longer dressed her hair as a child, in long plats behind, but wore a high chignon which was very becoming. Although her costume appeared to me more sombre, I perceived that she was in full dress; her toilette being of figured silk with a deep collar of valenciennes lace falling from her neck to her shoulders.

"Yes, my dear cousin," said she to me, with a sad smile, showing her pretty teeth, "this drawn game between us cannot last, and it must come to an end."

"I scarcely understand you, my dear cousin," I replied. "There is no drawn game, and I have always appeared the same to you."

"Yes, you, you," she replied, "you have always appeared the same—amiable, delightful, perfect. But I, I have to beg your pardon for I have hardly ever been civil to you."

I defended myself from having anything to forgive, when immediately she continued:

"Listen! From the first time that I saw you, you were kind and indulgent. You were good enough to notice me—a little girl whom no one took in earnest—feigning to find pleasure in what I said. I should have proved to you the joy which I experienced, and the legitimate pride which I felt in having you listen to all my follies. I did not even show you gratitude. One day—New Year's Day—I do not know whether you perceived it—but

it will be a lasting pleasure for me to recall it—I had asked you to come and greet me as soon as I awoke, for in our children's stories, it was happiness throughout the year if the first person greeting you was a boy. You came. I appeared to find it very natural. And as you embraced me joyfully, wishing me a Happy New Year, I maintained an incomprehensible reserve—without dreaming even of thanking you. Another day—oh! that one you should remember, for I was almost rude to you—I was seated at the piano playing that sonata of Beethoven's, which you used to like, and when I had finished, you addressed some compliments to me: "Very well! Very well indeed! You are an original, remarkable player, Jeanette." But I stopped my ears answering that I did not want your compliments, and away I went without speaking to you. If I acknowledge all this with such frankness"—interrupted she very gravely—"it is that all these impertinent ways and tom-fooleries may have deceived you as to my real feelings, and if I appeared not to understand you then, you—on your part—have not understood me since"—and she drew a deep sigh.

"But my cousin," I interrupted.

"Oh! Stop, Andrew! Stop! There remains one thing more to confide to you—something which burns my lips. I want to speak to you of that unfortunate evening when I knelt to you, and when you believed—while I was trying to collect people for a quadrille—that I wished to turn you into ridicule—to set you at defiance." Here her tears fell abundantly. "I have wept often, and still weep, in thinking of it—for you are mistaken. When a young girl—when a little girl kneels before a man, it is not with the object of making sport of him. It is that she seeks, on the contrary, to show him respect and submission. Yes yes! the real submission which she feels towards him. And wait,—ought I to say it—I know what I am going to say is highly improper—I shall ever blush to think of it—and I shall kill myself if you divulge it—it is that—it is that —."

She fell on her knees, her hands joined, and trembling near me, and so different from her, as she used to be, that I remained thunder-struck. But little by little a revelation made itself known to me, and not doubting but that the perverse, perfidious little thing had planned this interview—unknown to her mother and her grandmother—I relied upon my

honesty, my loyalty, not to take advantage of her comedy.

"Jeanette," said I to her, severely—nevertheless it hurt me to do so—"not only from this time forward, I no longer respect you, but further, if you love me, I must tell you that I do not love you."

The young girl—she was young, tall, slender, transparent-looking, and agile,—a brilliant blonde—rose straight up—her eyes fixed—throwing to the ground by a jerking movement the rose from the chimney, and the crystal vase which broke in a thousand pieces, then pointing me to the door with a gesture "My cousin, you are a coxcomb!" she declared, laughing in my face. And along the stairway, I still heard her sonorous piercing laugh which followed me, "You are a coxcomb! a coxcomb! I never loved you, never loved you!"

CHAPTER VI.

I went away taking with me those words of parting, which by the inconceivable severity of my retort, I had drawn upon myself; I felt myself to be a fool—a great fool—and this false sentiment of honesty—certainly misunderstood—which rendered me so odious in her sight, appeared to me perfectly ridiculous—almost offensive.

Pshaw! I will think no more about it. Those old fashioned stories where all little girls fall in love with boys, bored me, and I did not believe there was any heartache in it. Was it possible that in the seriousness of my existence I could pay attention to such follies? I therefore went into the house, forcing myself to forget the extraordinary scene which had just been enacted, and walked up and down to shake it off, when at that moment, the bell rang. I opened the door; strange to say, it was "little Sarah."

"To-morrow evening," said she to me, "I shall repeat 'Les Pattes de Mouche' at the house of Mad. Morsant. I hope to succeed in it, and I thought that you would be welcome."

"You are very kind," I replied.

"Imagine! they have set up a kind of theatre in the middle of the conservatory. Oh! you must come. Here is your invitation." And before this stream of words I did not know what to answer—trying to elude this proposal.

"But you look strange," continued the intruder. "I never saw you look so

grave—so serious. What is the matter? Confide in me. One would think you had been bitten. You are in love."

"I am not, I assure you."

"Come! come! it is a love affair—one might know that."

"You are mistaken. Ha! ha! that is too rich," and she began to hum (without meaning any harm doubtless) "The lovely Jeanette whom I adore no longer loves me."

"What do you mean?" I interrupted, nonplussed. She rose, and putting a finger on her mouth in a confidential manner, "no longer loves me, no longer loves me." Then at the doorstep, "Here is your invitation. Don't forget 'Les Pattes de Mouche'—and she disappeared.

"The little fool! I exclaimed, and wearied with all that had happened, I stretched myself on my bed, so as to find a little rest. The atmosphere was warm and oppressive. The day was a cloudy one, and I think that behind the high houses opposite, the sun must have been concealed. Truly, I had accomplished my duty—nothing but my duty. If I had to do it over again I would act precisely in the samemanner. I felt proud of my conduct—very proud. And nevertheless what I had done was disgraceful. The ties of relationship—in the first place—which united me to my little cousin, should have prevented me. I admitted that I had never loved her—that appeared evident—but why should I have been so cruel and awkward to the poor child's face! Awkward, horribly awkward; and this want of tact, and this stupidity of demeanour, will remain in my memory for ever. How was it that I—who am kindness personified—I,—who am in the habit of excusing so many things—and much there is to be excused here below—should have allowed myself to insult her so rudely! "If—if—it matters if one feels ashamed of one's self"—I reasoned, "the only reparation I can make her is to see her and explain as soon as possible."

CHAPTER VII.

I actually ran to the house. A fine rain was falling. The grey sky made me feel worse, and I said to myself that it was silly to go to her again so soon; that in her rage she would not receive me. The rain became a torrent. A carriage which was galloping past splashed me with mud. At the door-step, I waited indefinitely, indecision again taking possession of me

Then mechanically, I rang the bell. My heart beat violently. I looked confused. Behold! light footsteps approach the door; the lock turns, and suddenly I find myself face to face with my cousin. Fright again took possession of me, when I thought I heard a slight murmur—a voice—her voice—which said, without irritation, — without rancour — “Come in.” How truly amiable she was to forget so soon, and now much better than I she showed herself to be. What sweetness in her tones! With how much grace and modesty did she welcome me!

Mad. Evelyn and Mad. Dumanoir could not yet have returned, for we crossed the hall, the dining-room and the parlour without seeing them. We returned to Jeanette’s room, where everything reminded me of the previous interview. Immediately my cousin’s anger reappeared before me—her furious glistening anger—when, owing to my thoughtless outrage, she had insulted me. “You are a fop—a fop! I never loved you—never!” and ashamed, confused, convinced of my ignominy, I began to weep foolishly—without stopping.”

“Oh! Jeanette,” said I—in accents of supplication—“forgive me! you do not know what I suffer, but I feel that I shall never be happy again unless you forgive me.”

She did not answer. I was afraid that I had again hurt her, when at last I heard a deep sigh. I raised my head. She was standing up, leaning on the chimney, looking at me with her sad sweet expression—her long dress of sombre grey silk, fitting her like a sheath. Her face—framed, as it were, by the collar of valenciennes lace, rose fair and mild and seemed to have forgiven me.

“Andrew,” she said, “you know well that I do not wish to if—if—”

“You should hate me, for I am a liar, a slanderer, and I declare it,” I interrupted.

“And if you did lie,” she said quietly, “and if I loved you?—if I loved you?” At these latter words, I approached her distractedly, for now, I also loved her—and this happiness of my life which had just been revealed to me, I would not again allow to vanish. Seizing her stretched out hand, I kissed it again

and again passionately, when at that moment the door opened, and the two ladies who entered began to say, while laughing heartily, “Here is Andrew, making love to Jeanette,”

But I kept serious before their hilarity, answering very soberly, that I really was making love to Jeanette, as it was my right to do, since she did not object to it; and as she—not less serious—declared it was equally her right to allow this love, which I wished to make to her, the two ladies, although very much astonished at the turn of affairs, were obliged to yield to the proof of it.

“You love her, then?” asked Mad. Evelyn of me.

“I love her,” I said.

“Since how long?”

“Since I visited at your house.”

“And you did not tell her?”

“I dared not admit it to myself, even.”

“And do you also love this ungrateful fellow who forsook us?” asked Mad. Dumanoir—the grandmother of Jeanette.

“I love him, grandmamma.”

“Have you at least well sounded your own heart?”

“Yes a thousand times.”

“Well then! come and embrace me my child.”

And as these two ladies were two charming, worthy and natural women, they said to me immediately:

“My dear Andrew, since it is proved that you suit each other, you must ask us for her hand. We have both been too unhappy ourselves to interfere with your natural inclinations. You shall have a good wedding, please God.”

So that evening I dined with them. The Washmans, Mad. French, the deputy Flayot, the General,—even little Sarah—were there. And at dessert they said, in pointing to me, “My good friends, we present to you Jeanette’s fiancée.” Then pointing to her, in turn, “and we present equally to you, the fiancée of Andrew. It will take place next year at this time, for if he is only twenty-two years old, she is but fifteen, and it is advisable that they respectively attain sixteen and twenty-three.”

Thus was our marriage fixed. And all the evening we danced.

[THE END.]

A CENTURY OF LEGISLATION.



MUCH of a country's history is born within its legislative halls. Anglo-Saxon freedom was largely developed in the ancient moot and the modern parliament; the links of self-government were forged

in the open-air parliament on the plain of Runnymede and within the walls of Westminster. The American Republic is built upon a constitutional foundation erected by its representatives in the Congresses of the eighteenth century; the connecting links between the France of Louis XIV. and the France of President Carnot are traceable in the records of the *Chambre des Deputies* on the banks of the Seine.

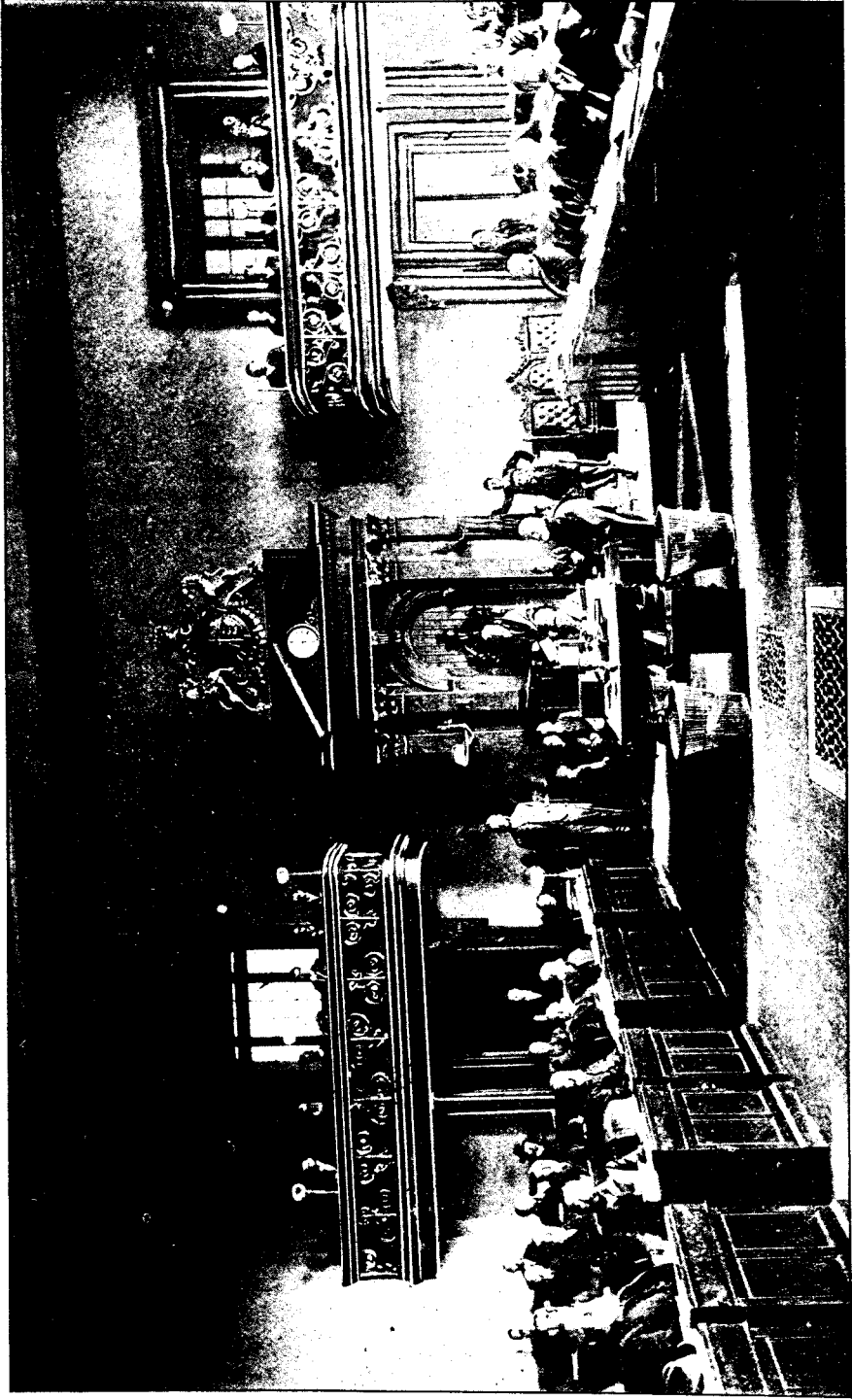
The legislative life of Upper Canada—the Ontario of to-day—is also an integral part of the history of the banner province of the Dominion. A hundred years ago, on the seventeenth day of September, the first Parliament ever held in Upper Canada was convened by John Graves Simcoe, the pioneer Governor of the newly formed Province. Then and thus was set in motion, by the Constitutional Act of 1791, the machinery of local self-government which has run with more or less friction for a century.

Passing over the period covered by the first Parliament held at Newark, or Niagara (as another pen will deal with it), the change of the seat of Government from Newark to York was decided upon after much thought and consideration. Newark was unsuitable for many reasons, but chiefly on account of its dangerous nearness to the American frontier. During the early summer of 1793, therefore, Simcoe, accompanied by several boats, cruised around the head of Lake Ontario for the first time, until he weighed anchor opposite the old French fort, which was the only habitation besides a few wigwams of Indians who were temporarily camped on this their ancient camping grounds.

The Governor having by the close of the second session of the first parliament, on the 9th of July, 1793, decided to make Toronto his capital, the regiment of the Queen's Rangers was shipped across the

lake, followed by the Governor himself at the end of July, where he lived in a canvas house during the summer and the winter following. He also spent the winter of 1794-5 in the nascent capital, engaged in perfecting plans for the village. In the spring of 1794, hewn logs, immense beams, shingles, planks, and scantling prepared in the adjoining woods were strewn along the shore with irregular heaps of stone and a few bricks for the chimneys. Thus were the foundations being laid for the first legislative buildings to be erected in Ontario and which were completed in 1796. The site of this old-time structure was on a small piece of cleared land but a stone's throw from the waters of the Bay to the south and the forest to the north and east, while not far to the west there stood a grove of fine oak trees—a remnant of the original forest. The laying of the foundations and the subsequent building operations were events of much interest to the handful of settlers and soldiers who formed the limited population. At last the buildings were finished, and "the Palace of the Government," as it was pompously called, was ready for occupation. Bishop Strachan in writing to Thomas Jefferson describes them as being composed of "two elegant halls, with convenient offices for the accommodation of the Legislature and the Courts of Justice." There were two edifices designed as wings to a centre, each 40x25 feet, and standing a hundred feet apart, and in an old water color they appear at the extreme eastern end of the main and only street of the embryo city, hard by the wooden blockhouse.

The interest attending the completion of the Parliament buildings was not to be compared to the excitement connected with their formal opening on the occasion of the meeting of the first Legislature within their wooden walls. Six months before, with commendable forethought and prevision, Peter Russell wrote from York (on Dec. 14th. 1796):—"As the Legislature is to meet at York the first of June it becomes absolutely necessary that provision shall be made for their reception without loss of time. You will therefore



INTERIOR VIEW OF LEGISLATIVE CHAMBER, OLD PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, TORONTO.
The House in Session.

be pleased to apprise the inhabitants of the town that twenty-five gentlemen will want lodgings and board during the sessions which may possibly induce them to fix up their houses and lay in provisions to accommodate them. Those two detached houses belonging to the Government House must at any rate be got ready, the one for the Legislative Council, the other for the Assembly."

Though Governor Simcoe selected the site, prepared the plans and directed the construction of the Legislative buildings, yet he had been called to another sphere of action by the time they were ready for use, he having been transferred to the Governorship of St. Domingo. The successor of Simcoe was the Honourable Peter Russell who had come out from England to act, first as his Secretary or Aide, and afterwards as his Inspector-General. It was he who convened the first Parliament held in Toronto, which met in June of 1797. It sat for eight weeks, and it is to be hoped that the "twenty-five gentlemen" legislators were provided with "board and lodging" to their satisfaction and in keeping with their importance and dignity.

Russell acted as President of the Legislative Council and administrator during three sessions of this second Parliament and until the arrival in the latter year of Peter Hunter, who in turn directed the Administration until 1805. During these few years the town steadily grew. Governor Hunter was followed by the Hon. Alexander Grant as President till Francis Gore arrived from England as the newly appointed representative. Like Simcoe, as well as most of his successors, Gore was essentially a soldier-general, but he differed from Simcoe in possessing an unbending nature and a tenacity of purpose with which he tried to plant old-world ideas in new-world soil. Having obtained leave of absence Gore sailed for England in 1811, leaving the Government in the hands of Sir Isaac Brock as President and Administrator. Not returning to Canada until the close of 1815, he was absent during the American invasion. Brock had called Parliament together in the month of February, 1812, when in his opening address he referred to the possible difficulties with the United States. The entire population of the Province at this time was only 77,000. The work of marshalling his small forces, therefore, as the military commander, against a much greater force, coupled

with the duties devolving upon him as the civil administrator of the province, must have severely taxed his executive skill and ability, both of which, however, stood the test. Brock's career reached an untimely end by his death on the 13th of October, 1812, his successor being General Sheaffe. In April, 1813, the first direct effects of the war were felt in the new Capital. On the 27th day of that month a force of 1,600 Americans under General Dearborn reached the shores of the little town, having crossed the lake from Sackett's Harbour. The American force burned all the public buildings, including the Parliament buildings erected in 1796. It is said that when the Americans entered the Legislative Chamber, before applying the torch to it they found a human scalp suspended directly over the Speaker's chair. It was regarded as a choice trophy and was presented to General Dearborn who passed it on to the Secretary at Washington. The startling prize, however, ultimately turned out to be but a periwig or official peruke left behind by its owner, who it is presumed, as well as hoped, had one to take its place. The loss of the Legislative buildings was small compared to the loss of the library and all the state papers and records which were destroyed. The Americans only remained in occupation for four days, the troops re-embarking in their flotilla of fourteen vessels for their return voyage to Fort George.

Towards the close of 1813 Lieutenant-General Sir Gordon Drummond arrived at York and assumed military and civil control of the Province. Parliament was called for the following February, the sessions being held in the "ball room," as it was called, of Jordan's York Hotel on King street East—a well known house of entertainment in its day,—and afterwards in a house on Wellington street, occupied in later years by Chief Justice Draper.

General Gore returned from England on the 25th of September, 1815, and resumed the reins of Government. The session of 1816 is signalized by the passage of several useful measures, the most important being the inauguration of a public school system. It was during the session of 1818 that work was begun on the new House of Parliament, which was completed in 1820. The structure was as plain as its predecessor but the growth and prosperity of the Capital was shown in its being built of brick instead of wood. In Talbot's "Five Years in Canada" he describes the new structure as "a long

and commodious building, built with brick and with much simplicity."

The presiding genius of provincial affairs sent out by Downing street in succession to Governor Gore was Sir Peregrine Maitland, who occupied the position for the comparatively long period of ten years. By the establishment of his miniature court at Government House, the cleavage began between the rulers and the ruled which resulted in the establishment of what afterwards became "The Family Compact," which was destined to play such an important part in the history of the Province.

The formal opening of Parliament under Sir Peregrine's *regime* was an imposing affair when, amid the thunders of cannon and the cheers of the crowd of colonists, the Lieutenant-Governor with immaculate periwig, a glittering sword and a gorgeous uniform, was only less imposing than the scarlet uniformed officers of the garrison who formed the guard of honour. To-day the pageantry of state is sadly democratic, the cannon is silenced, the periwig has disappeared and only a scant display of gold lace and brass buttons takes the place of the gorgeous spectacle of 1820.

On the night of the 30th December, 1824, the Parliament Buildings were again destroyed by fire, this time accidentally, a defect in the flues being the cause. The loss was estimated at £2,000. They occupied the site of the old gaol which, until a few years ago, was a land mark at the corner of King and Berkeley streets. The furniture and library was fortunately saved, but some of the House journals were lost. In January of the following year Parliament met in the first and old General Hospital, which also stood on King street West, near the site of the old Upper Canada College. It had the honour of being the most important building in the Province at that time. "It was two stories in height, of red brick, 107 feet long by 66 feet wide, with a flattish-hipped roof, a conveniently designed interior, and recessed galleries on the north and south sides. It stood with its four sides facing precisely the four cardinal points of the compass." It has, it is needless to say, long since disappeared.

The twenty-seven years of legislation from 1797 to 1824 were pregnant with results. Referring to the Parliament Buildings destroyed in 1824, Dr. Scadding says: "Here it was the first skirmishes took place in the great war of principles which afterwards with such determination and effect was

fought out in Canada. Here it was that first loomed up before the minds of our early lawmakers the ecclesiastical question, the educational question, the constitutional question. Here it was that first was heard the open discussion, childlike, indeed, and vague, but pregnant with very weighty consequences, of topics, social and national, which, at the time, even in the parent state itself, were mastered but by few."

It was during this period that two men destined to play an important part in the parliamentary history of the Province appeared on the scene. One was Robert Baldwin, who entered the political arena at the comparatively early age of 25, his candidature for York (vacated by the promotion of Sir John Beverly Robinson from the Attorney-Generalship to the Chief-Justiceship) being warmly espoused by Mackenzie in the *Colonial Advocate*. The other newcomer was Mackenzie himself.

The hospital being required in 1830, the House met in that year and in 1831 in the old Court House which stood on the block bordered by King, Toronto, Court and Church streets, in front of which building Lount and Matthews were hanged in 1838.

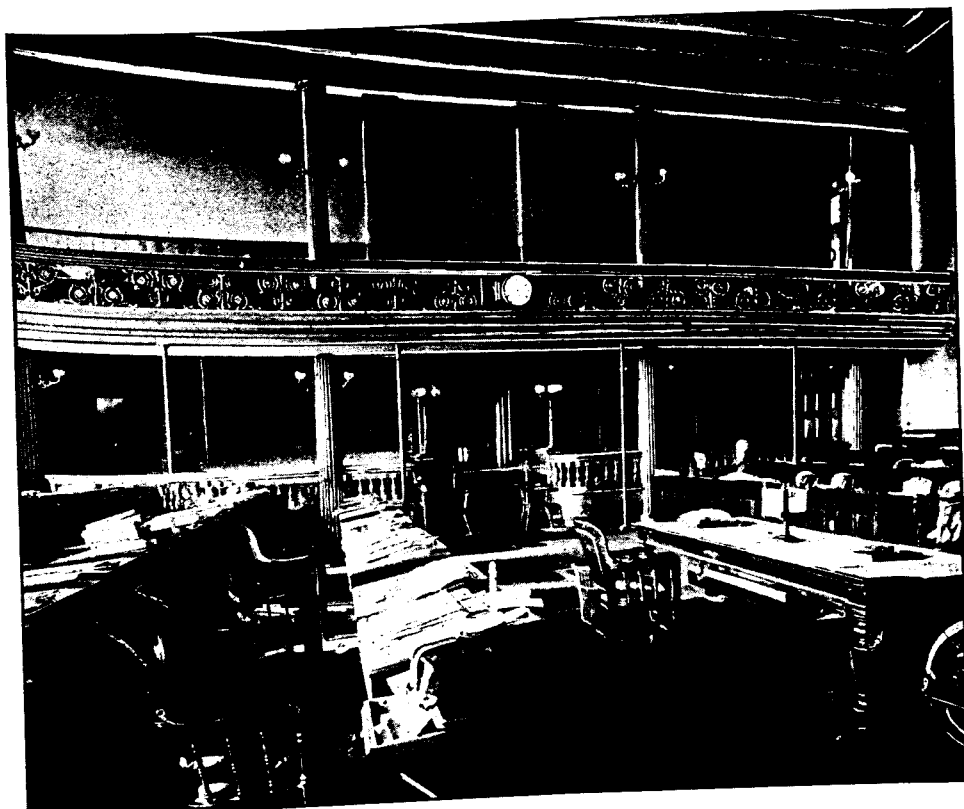
In 1826 Parliament voted \$7,000 towards the erection of new buildings; in 1829 tenders were invited, based on a design prepared by J. G. Chewett, and the contract granted for the west wing to Ewart and Parkes, the latter afterwards becoming member for Middlesex and Commissioner of Crown Lands. Mr. Priestman and Mr. Joseph Turton were the contractors for the other portions. By 1830 the east and west wings were completed, but it was not until 1832 that Parliament met in the new chamber for the first time, the legislative offices being in the basement of the building. Their total cost has been up to date \$400,000 of which sum \$272,295 was voted by the Upper Canada and Dominion Parliaments; \$80,795 by the Government of Ontario from 1867 to 1878 and an expenditure for maintenance for repairs by the latter from 1878 to the present time of about \$75,000. The original building consisted of a centre and two wings, the latter being forty feet distant from the centre. In 1849 these spaces were enclosed, forming the Speaker's rooms on the east and committee rooms on the west. At that time it was thought to be a marvel of architectural skill, and the press of the day gave glowing accounts and long descriptions of "its magnificent length, its noble facade and its handsome

apartments." What is now the library was then utilized as the Legislative Council room, or "the Family Compact Room," as it was dubbed at that time, the queer upper story portion at the rear (now used by the Queen's Printer) being the library and reading room. Sir John Colborne occupied Government House from 1828 till 1835, Sir Francis Bond Head succeeding him from 1836 till March 1838.

Only the limits of a large volume could do adequate justice to the history enacted

franchise; education has made marvellous advances; villages have grown into towns, towns have expanded into cities and hundreds of hamlets have risen over the land; the province has increased in population until it numbers two million souls, and, instead of the twelve assemblymen that met for the first Upper Canadian Parliament in 1792, ninety-one now constitutes the Provincial Legislature.

No less striking have been the changes effected in the personnel of the legislators

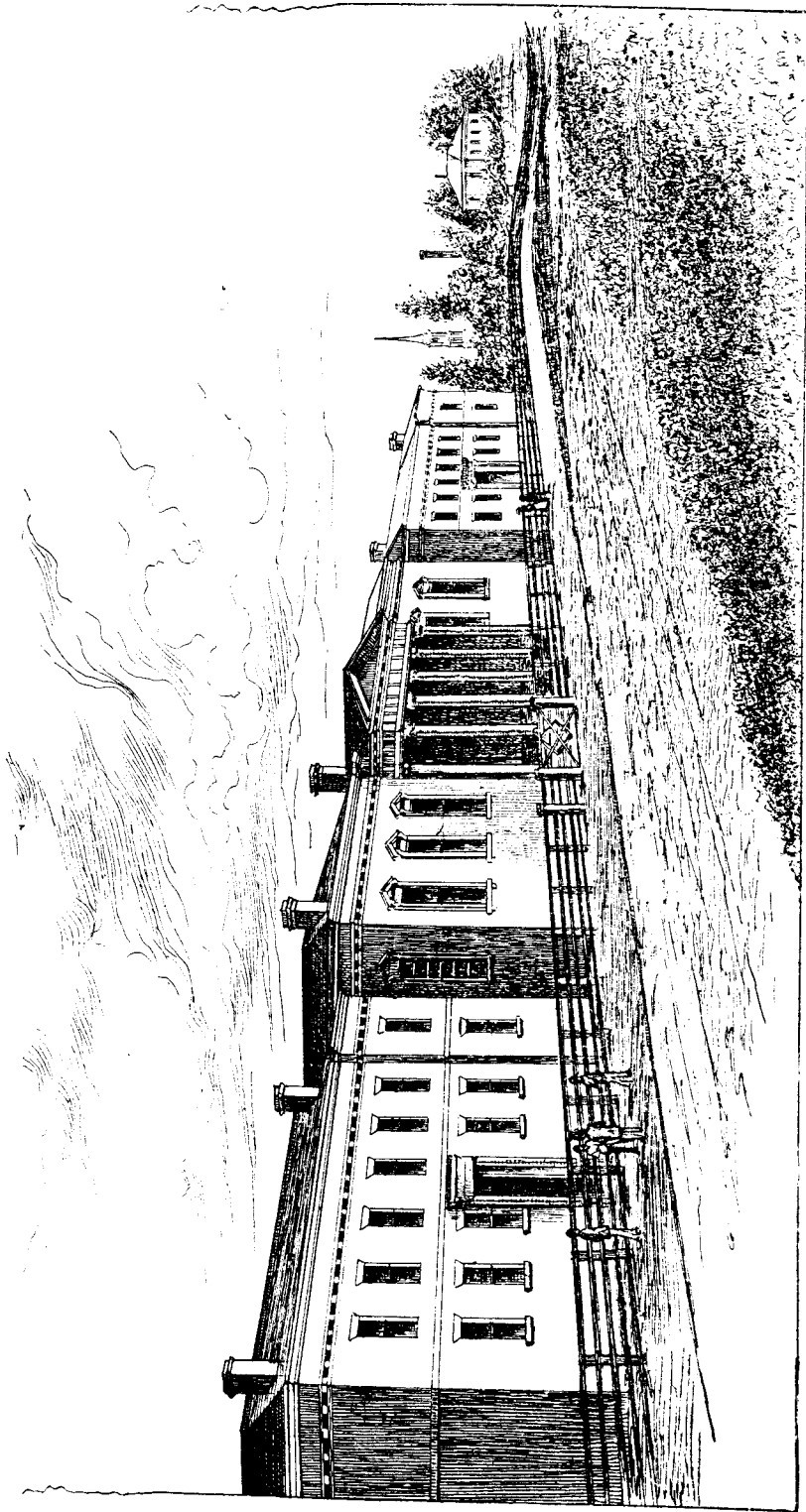


Interior View of Legislative Chamber, Parliament Buildings, Toronto.
Showing Public Galleries and Bar of the House.

within these old walls during the sixty years and more of its existence. Between the opening of the first Parliament in 1832 and the prorogation of the last that was held within its Chamber a few days ago, scores of important questions and subjects have been agitated, debated and brought to pass. The struggle for responsible government ended long ago in victory; the secularization of the clergy reserves was consummated under its roof; elections have to a large degree been purified; manhood suffrage has taken the place of the old-time restrictions of the

during the half century. With few exceptions all the public men of Canada between 1820 and 1867 entered public life through the bar of the Parliament of Upper Canada, and, with equally few exceptions, nearly all have passed away. The survivors of the parliamentary days before Confederation would hardly be sufficient in number to form a provincial cabinet.

Let us take a passing glance at this honour roll of distinguished Canadians. Among them we find Robert Baldwin, William Lyon Mackenzie, Dr. Rolph, Marshall Spring Bidwell, William Hum,



THE OLD PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, TORONTO, AS THEY APPEARED WHEN COMPLETED IN 1832.

Blake, Sir Allan McNab, George Brown, Sir John A. Macdonald, Sir A. A. Dorion, John Sandfield Macdonald, John Henry Pope, Sir H. L. Langevin, Hon. W. H. Merritt, Hon. Joseph Cauchon, Sir John Rose, Hon. Sydney Smith, Hon. Lewis Wallbridge, Hon. L. V. Sicotte, Sir A. T. Galt, Hon. John Beverley Robinson, Sir George E. Cartier, Thomas D'Arcy McGee, Lafontaine, Hon. R. W. Scott, Hon. Charles Alley, Sir Francis Hincks, the three Richards, William Buell, A. N. and Stephen; Hon. John Carling, Sir W. P. Howland, Hon. David Christie, Hon. Archibald Mackellar, Hon. Edward Blake, Hon. Alexander Mackenzie, Hon. Oliver Mowat and many others.

Space forbids dealing in more than the briefest outline with the part Mackenzie played. An erratic and exciting part it was from the first, full of storm and strife,



William Lyon Mackenzie.

carried on with a spirit that knew no crushing and a zeal that knew no quenching. Soon after entering the political arena he became the leader of the agitation for reform, his first battles with the Family Compact being fought in the columns of his paper. His utterances were regarded by the Executive authorities as "gross, scandalous and malicious libels," and a charge of breach of privilege was ultimately made against him. After making a defence on the lines that the House had no jurisdiction in prosecutions for libel, he withdrew from the Chamber. A number of motions and amendments were voted upon, when the House, by a vote of 24 to 15, decided to expel him. This precipitated a series of the stormiest scenes ever witnessed in the historic old building.

Petitions poured in, signed, no doubt, by Mackenzie's friends, praying the Lieutenant-Governor to dismiss a House "tainted with the worst vices of judicial partiality."

The expelled member was re-elected on the 2nd of January, 1832. Entering the House he stood at the bar waiting to be sworn in, surrounded by a crowd of sympathizers. He was, however, expelled on a new charge. Again he was elected by a vote of 628 to 96. The turbulent spirit assumed threatening proportions. Scores of meetings were held, and petitions signed and sent to the King and the Imperial Parliament, praying for a redress of grievances. While Mackenzie was in England for the purpose of presenting the petitions in person, the Legislature of 1833 once more expelled him. The old story was repeated of his re-election and so the battle went on. After his election in December, 1833, another great crowd followed their leader in his attempt to enter the House and take his seat. Sir Allan McNab was hissed from the gallery, whereupon the Speaker ordered it cleared. The Sergeant-at-Arms (David McNab, a brother of Sir Allan), also ordered Mackenzie to leave. McNab drew his sword when Mackenzie said, "Don't touch me, I am prepared to take the oath." Still standing his ground, the custodian of the mace seized the recalcitrant member and tried to drag him toward the door, but a stalwart Highland friend of the little Scotchman interfered. By this time the excitement was at fever heat, and the populace attempting to take possession of the Chamber, possibly for the novel purpose of routing the thirty-five members, the inner door was bolted and barricaded. Great confusion reigned in the lobbies and galleries. Some of the members fearing bloodshed, addressed the crowds, when gradually the uproar died down and a truce was called. His re-expulsion the next day brought forth another shower of petitions to the Lieutenant-Governor. A few days after, the redoubtable contestant again entered the House, wearing the gold chain and medal that had been presented to him by his admirers, and took his seat, only to be ejected three times by the vigilant Sergeant. As before, dense crowds witnessed the scenes from the galleries. Finally MacKenzie left the House and York remained without one of its members for nearly a whole Parliament. In 1843 he returned from exile and soon found a seat again in Parliament, where he made his presence forcibly felt in debates.

The late Canadian Premier, Sir John A. Macdonald, spent some of his earlier years of public life within the walls of the old building. "On first entering the Legislature," writes one who remembers him in the forties, "he sat unmoved at his desk while the frays for which that period of parliamentary history was remarkable went on, looking half careless and half contemptuous. Sometimes in the thick of the melee, he was busy in and out of the Library. I scarce ever remember seeing him about the House when he was not searching up some case." With a daring that won him praise, he entered the lists against such old parliamentary hands as Robert Baldwin and others and thus gained the practice in debate and contests which stood him in such good stead during his long reign at Ottawa after Confederation.

The sessions of 1851 witnessed the appearance of another man in the Legislature, who, while he had already won a high position as a leader outside of Parliament, was destined to become a power in Legislature and Parliament. Eight years after George Brown's arrival in Canada, he was elected in 1851 to represent Kent and Lambton, his maiden speech fully illustrating his capacity as a parliamentary orator and leader. The fact that Mr. Brown's earlier advocacy on the platform of the reforms then being agitated had made him a popular speaker, also had the effect of making him a force and power in the House—a power that only increased and widened during his parliamentary life.

No figure stands out more prominently in the history of Ontario politics than that of Robert Baldwin, who became the leader of the Upper Canada Liberals in 1843 and who occupied a government bench in the Baldwin-Lafontaine cabinet. Like Pitt and Gladstone, he entered Parliament while comparatively young, being only twenty-five when elected for York. Following in the lines of his father, he possessed a high integrity and personal worth that remained with him till his death. While not a fluent speaker he was a convincing and logical one, his dignity, amounting almost to severity and stiffness of manner, commanding the respect and attention of those who heard him.

Thomas D'Arcy McGee was another bright star in the old parliamentary firmament. When he rose to speak everyone listened, warmed by his supreme eloquence. Possessing a wide range of

knowledge and having at his command art, science, poetry and history, he clothed his subject with a new and original interest, using the choicest language enlivened with a delightful vein of wit and humour.

Sir George Cartier was a man short of stature and "with an English terrier look about him," as he has been described to me. With the usual French excitability, his speeches, especially in reply to attacks, were very combative, but without any pretence to oratory.

Of a totally different nature from either McGee or Cartier was Sir Francis Hincks who became Prime Minister after the retirement of Mr. Baldwin, a position he held until 1854. He entered Sir John's ministry as Finance Minister in 1869, and resigned from public life in 1873.

The Honourable Stephen Richards was elected to the Legislature in 1867 and was a member of the Sandfield-Macdonald government, the Hon. John Carling being Minister of Agriculture and Public Works.

The ten years between 1850-60 witnessed the entrance into Parliament of a number of men whose names are familiar. The Hon. David Christie was one—a member of the "Clear Grit" party, and a clear-headed, cultivated and consistent Scotchman, with a high character and a calm judgment that gave weight to his utterances in the House. The Hon. Archibald McKellar, who was elected from Kent in 1857, strongly supported municipal institutions and drafted the original drainage laws.

Another important name is that of Hon. Oliver Mowat, who like so many of his political associates entered parliament after having won his spurs in the legal profession. In 1857 he was elected to represent South Ontario—in time to play an important part in the work of laying the foundations of Confederation. His merits were soon discovered, with the result that before his appointment as Vice-Chancellor of the Court of Chancery in 1864, he had held prominent portfolios in the Sandfield-Macdonald administration. Re-entering Parliament in 1872, he has since filled the high position of Premier for twenty years—a record only approached by the first Pitt ministry, which remained in power from December 1783 to 1801. Thus has the longest record in the annals of British Parliamentary Government been distanced by a Canadian statesman.

FRANK YEIGH.

(To be continued.)

OPPORTUNITIES

FOR

THE STUDY OF FOLK-LORE IN CANADA.



NEW era for mythology began with the revelation that Sanscrit was akin to the Aryan tongues of Europe. Familiar nursery tales like Cinderella, admired stories of heroism like William Tell, pathetic domestic dramas like Bethgeleit, were traced in varying forms through all the members of the widespread Aryan family and even in some cases beyond the Aryan pale.

It is only within quite recent times, however, that the study of these legendary growths has been reduced to a system. To ensure that inquiry shall be fruitful, the first requisite is a fair division of the manifold task, and for that end such organizations as that to which we belong have been established in almost every country of Europe as well as in the East and in the New World. Most of these organizations publish their transactions in some kind of periodical. In France, for instance, there is *La Mélusine* (so called from the most renowned of French fairies, whose story is so strangely interlinked with that of the House of Lusignan). *La Tradition*, *La Revue de Traditions Populaires*, *La Revue Celtique* are also published in France and the list might be greatly extended. In Germany there is an organ called "At The Fountain Head," another, the "Journal of German Antiquity," and so Italy, the Dutch and Flemish Netherlands, Spain and Portugal, the Scandinavian, Slavonic, Hellenic, Hungarian and other communities have quarterlies or monthlies wholly or partially devoted to what is now well known by the English term folk-lore.

Of all these organizations those of the French and British races have for us the

most immediate interest. If we were to take a hasty survey of what has been achieved in the whole vast and varied field of folk-lore, we should find that French inquirers from Raynouard to M. Ploix have been neither idle nor without reward. The investigation of early Provençal history and literature, even before folk-lore had name or recognition among the departments of research, brought to light a wealth of important facts relating to the whole cycle of Romance, Teutonic and Celtic mythus. At the present day, besides the journals already specified there is hardly a district in France that has not its laborious local society, while, on the other hand, France is the headquarters of that *Monde Latin* which stretches from Europe to the Black Sea, occupies scattered strongholds in Africa and Asia, is represented by over two millions of people in North America, and is mistress of the centre and south of this hemisphere. To France also belongs the honour of having organized the first international congress of folk-lores. The congress of Paris in 1889 was followed by that of London in 1891.*

The English Folk-Lore Society was founded in 1878, for the purpose of collecting and preserving the fast perishing relics of folk-lore in English and other communities, and in the reasonable assurance that corporate action would accomplish results which isolated efforts, however strenuous, could not be expected to yield. At the same time it was on the harvests of valuable discovery which had been reaped by the earnest and well directed efforts of individual research that the society based its hopes, when such efforts should be united and systematized.

The term folk-lore was first, it is said, suggested by Mr. Thoms (over the signature of "Ambrose Merton") in the *Athenæum* in the year 1846, and the extent to which it has been adopted both within and beyond the limits of the English-speaking race, is ample recognition of its many-sided meaning. It includes

*The paper here condensed was prepared for the first meeting of the Montreal Branch of the American Folk-Lore Society, which was held at the house of Mrs. Robert Reid, Montreal, on the 25th of April last. The Montreal Branch was inaugurated on the 6th of April, Mr. W. W. Newell, secretary of the parent society, having come from Cambridge, Mass., to deliver an address on the occasion. The officers of the Montreal Branch are Mr. H. Beaugrand, ex-Mayor of Montreal, president; Prof. D. P. Penhallow, McGill University, vice-president; Dr. L. H. Fréchette, *Lauréal* of the French Academy, and vice president; Mr. John Reade, secretary; Mr. I. Huot, treasurer. Ladies committee: Mrs. Beaugrand, Mrs. R. Reid, Mrs. Penhallow, Mrs. Fréchette, Miss Van Horne, Miss McCallum.

*Outline reports of both congresses were published in *Folk-Lore* and in the *Journal of American Folk-Lore*. The volume containing a full account of last year's congress is now in press and will shortly be issued.

folk-tales, hero-tales, traditional ballads and songs, place legends and traditions, goblin-dom, astrology, witchcraft, superstitions connected with material things, local festival and ceremonial customs, games, jingles, nursery rhymes, riddles, proverbs, old saws, nicknames, place rhymes and sayings, and folk-lore etymology. "In short, folk-lore has now been extended to include the whole vast background of popular thought, feeling and usage, out of which and in contrast to which have been developed all the individual products of human activity which go to make up what is called history." (*Folk-lore, March, 1890*).

Small at first, the membership of the society has now increased to a roll of more than 400. It is also emphatically a working society, as its publications during the thirteen years of its existence amply prove. These consist of five volumes of the *Folk-Lore Record*, seven volumes of the *Folk-Lore Journal* and two volumes of *Folk-Lore*, a quarterly incorporating the *Folk-Lore Journal* and the *Archæological Review*, and more than a dozen monographs—all of exceptional interest—on British and foreign folk-lore. In order that there might be among the members a thorough and accurate understanding of what was meant to be included under the name, it was deemed well that a manual setting forth the aims, comprehensiveness and limitations of folk-lore should be prepared and printed for the use of enquirers and collectors. Mr. G. L. Gomme, now president of the Society, was entrusted with the task which was completed in the fall of 1890.*

I would now ask attention to an organization nearer to our own doors—an organization which, during its brief career, has shown remarkable vitality and fruitfulness—the American Folk-Lore Society. Five years ago a circular letter, drawn up by Mr. W. W. Newell, of Cambridge, Mass., and subscribed by seventeen names, was addressed to a number of persons. That it was not written in vain was shown by a second letter bearing 104 signatures, representing various parts in the United States and a few districts in Canada. On the 4th of January, 1888, the American Folk-Lore Society was organized at Cambridge. Its main object was stated to be the publication of a scientific journal designed for the collection of relics of old

English folk-lore (ballads, tales, dialects, etc.); the folk-lore of negroes in the Southern States; that of the Indian tribes (myths, tales, traditions, etc.); the folk-lore of French Canada, Mexico, Central America and other parts of the New World; and for the study of such other branches of the subject as the complex populations of this continent might afford opportunities for pursuing.

A few of the members of the American society are also members of the English society and some of them have enriched European folk-lore with important contributions. The four published volumes of the *Journal of American Folk-Lore* contain ample proof that, in their forecast of the richness and variety of the field to be explored the founders of the society were not mistaken. To a certain extent, that field (or, at least, such portion of it as lies within the limits of the United States) corresponds with the area which the Canadian folk-lorist, confining himself to his own patrimony, is invited to traverse. The traditions of people of Loyalist stock in Canada are, for instance, the traditions of New Englanders, descendants of Dutch or British New Yorkers, of Pennsylvania Germans, of English Quakers or of Virginians, modified by the experiences of three or four generations of a new environment. This new environment, again, is composed of various elements, from all parts of the United Kingdom and from the continent of Europe. There are counties in Canada in which people of German origin form the great majority, as in Lunenburg, (N.S.), North York, Welland, Monck, North and South Waterloo, (Ont.), Marquette, Man. The French have the majority in Richmond, N.S., in Kent and Gloucester, N.B., in every county in Quebec save Stanstead, Brome and Pontiac, and in Provencher, Man. So there are counties in which the Scotch, the Irish, the English or the aboriginal element has predominance. Sometimes, the excess is not very great, in others it is considerable. In this province, for example, there are counties and even clusters of counties that are almost wholly French.

It is in these communities that the folk-lorist has best scope for fruitful inquiry. Of no population of its extent, indeed, are the antecedents so accessible as are those of French Canada. We know when and whence each successive installment of its *origines* arrived in the country, and, with the aid of Mgr. Tanguay's

*A pretty long review of the "Handbook of Folk-Lore" appeared in the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED for December 6th, 1890.

Livre d'Or could, with some pains, trace back every household in a parish or district to its 16th century cradle.

A few figures will give a general notion of the old-world sources of New France. Down to the year 1641 there had come from Normandy 27 colonists; from Perche, 28; from Beauce, Maine, Picardy, Champagne, Brittany, Poitou, etc., 20; and from places unascertained, 12. Between 1641 and 1666 there arrived from Normandy, 98; from Perche, 29; from Aunis, 27; from Poitou, 33; from Maine, 14; from Brittany, 13; from Anjou, 11; from Picardy, 6; from Beauce, 6; from Paris, 18; from Brie, 7; from Saintong, 13; from Rhé and Oleren, 8; from Guienne, 3; from Provence, 3.

These figures indicate that, if we except the emigration from La Rochelle and the adjacent country, only a mere handful of the pioneers of French Canada hailed from south of the Loire. A line drawn from the mouth of that river to the north-west corner of the Reichsland would embrace nearly all the territory that supplied the colony with the bulk of its early settlers. It will also be observed that the Celtic element of Bretagne is by no means so large as it is generally supposed to be. It is worth while, in view of these facts, to examine the list of surnames explained in the introduction to Mgr. Tanguay's *Dictionnaire Généalogique* and to notice how many of them (not forgetting the author's own) are of Teutonic origin. If one of our artists would take his stand near the entrance of one of our parish churches on a Sunday or holiday, he would probably become aware of some features of French-Canadian Romanism that have escaped the sharp eyes of our polemical writers—I mean the considerable proportion of fair complexions, testifying to a northern origin. The affinity between the stocks to which the two main sections of our people may be respectively traced is, indeed, as Mr. Sandford Fleming has pointed out in a most interesting paper—read before the Royal Society, much closer than it is generally believed to be.

What traditions, folk-songs, social and household usages that bear the stamp of race or environment, did these Normans Picards, Percherons, Poitevins and Mainards, bring with them from the France of Louis the Thirteenth and Louis le Grand? What survivals do we find in the spoken speech of their descendants of the French that was in use in court and camp, among

the peasantry and sailors of the day of the *grand monarque*? Something has been done by way of answer to these inquiries but, save in a few instances, it was casually and not of express purpose that the data—a portion of which is now so valuable—were collected, nor has any attempt been made to classify the results attained. Even the weather-lore, which we find scattered through the almanacs, seems to turn up in scraps and by chance, without any indication of its source, and there is a perfect *sylva* of French Canadian plant-lore, some of it most curious, and full of the pathos of folk-poetry, that has never yet been garnered. Mr. Gagnon did good service when he gave us a hundred out of the multitude of *chansons* that are echoed from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico, from New England to the Mississippi and on to the Pacific Slope, wherever a *Canadien errant* follows his fancy as pioneer or trapper or (in no mocking sense) as a knight of industry. The strange thing about them is that so many of these songs are of the South, even as far as Provence.

Let us now turn for a moment to our British population. In the cities of the new world, fashion does not favour the conservation of what is old. Young people have not to forget what they do not learn. But in the rural districts, as Mr. Canniff has described them in his "Country Life in Canada Fifty Years Ago," old customs and ideas still survive, and in both our Saxon and Celtic communities may be found precious fragments of almost every class of folk-lore that flourishes, or once flourished, within the four seas.

But it is not only among the transplanted Saxons and Gael and the children of *La Belle France* that the Canadian folk-lore may find a harvest. There are, besides people of German stock, who number over a quarter of a million, little colonies of Scandinavians, of Netherlanders, of Icelanders, of Mennonites, of Manxmen, of Channel Islanders, of Hungarians, of Roumanians, of Chinese, so that, whether one lives in older or in newer Canada, in town or in country, there is opportunity for observation and the collection of data.

But it is really among the aborigines that the richest field of all is to be found. In this branch of folk-lore research a good deal has already been done. The *cunabula* of our literature are full of it, and in

modern times Abbé Petitot, Mr. H. Hale, Dr. F. Boas, the late Rev. Dr. Rand, Mr. A. J. Chamberlain, Abbé Maurault, Mr. H. H. Bancroft, Mrs. W. W. Brown, the Rev. John McLean, Father Lacombe, Mr. James Deans, and a number of others have contributed to its elucidation. The British Association, when it met in Montreal, appointed a committee, consisting of Dr. E. B. Tylor, Mr. W. Bloxam, Sir D. Wilson, Dr. G. M. Dawson, Gen. Sir H. Lefroy, and Mr. R. G. Haliburton, to investigate the physical characteristics, languages and industrial and social conditions of the North-Western tribes of the Dominion, and the reports that have been issued from year to year contain a mass of interesting information touching the folk-lore of the chief tribes of British Columbia. Dr. Petitot laboured for twenty years in gathering, while a missionary in the farthest inhabited north, the folk-lore of the Esquimaux and the Tinné folk. Some of his treatises have been translated by Mr. Douglas Brymner, Dominion Archivist. His latest collection of "Traditions Indiennes du Canada Nord-Ouest—Textes Originaux et Traduction Littérale"—was published in 1888. The Rev. E. F. Wilson, who from his headquarters at Sault Ste. Marie has for many years been doing the work of an investigator as well as of a missionary, succeeded a couple of years ago in forming a Canadian Research and Indian Aid Society, with a periodical, the *Canadian Indian*, for the publication of its transactions. The membership comprised some excellent names, and Mr. Wilson was in-

defatigable in his labours; but the project did not prove a success.

These are the merest indications* of Canada's unworked or partially worked field for folk-lore investigation. I think that after a survey of it, however brief, it may be admitted that among the various nationalities that make up our Dominion—every province, every county even, which has some traditional features of its own—there is as much scope (in proportion to our population) for the inquiries of the folk-lorist as there is in any other community of either hemisphere. If Holland, Portugal or Roumania, New Zealand, Cape Colony or British Guiana, can find in their mixed old world stocks or in the disparate and strangely contrasted, yet not wholly unmingled strains of the white and coloured races, ample scope for fruitful observation, of value to the historian and the philosopher, there is surely no reason why, in the Dominion of Canada, with our Esquimaux and Indians, our French and English, with their kinships and their diversities, our Celts of Wales and Man, of Ireland and the Highlands, and our scattered colonies of Teutons, Norsemen, Hungarians and Chinese, all living amongst us the lives that their fathers led, professing their ancestral creeds and speaking their mother tongues, we, too, may not add our mite to the treasury of knowledge and make Canadian folk-lore a felt reality in the world.

JOHN READE.

*I may say that the paper has been cut down to about half its original length in order to conform to limitations of space.





A YOUNG American miss, accustomed to run the house and boss the old folks, was asked by her Latin teacher the derivation of the word "parent." "It must come from *parens*—'obeying,'" she answered promptly. "Not from that *parens*," corrected the teacher, "but from the other *parens*, whose root-meaning is 'bearing.'" The spoiled child mused over the correction. "Guess they do have to bear a lot," she observed, repentantly, "specially the old gentleman."

* * *

There are some political phenomena that puzzle me. The vast amount of time and space given by political speakers and editors to convicting rival journals or public men of inconsistency seems to be almost utterly wasted. When they succeed, they furnish no argument in favour of their own party's policy; at most they inflict upon an opponent a mortification which is really causeless. "Consistency, thou art a jewel," is a quotation whose origin has been long and vainly searched for in the works of known authors. Its originator was probably some shallow phrase-monger, whose writings have faded into deserved oblivion. A man, unless he wholly ceases to think, must change some of his opinions. Divinities and mules do not change theirs. A divinity thinks, but is infallible; a mule is not infallible, but he never thinks—twice. If a thoughtful man does not alter his views for the worse on more than one subject in a decade, either his luck or his judgment must be wonderfully good.

It is equally hard to understand the efficacy of the sarcastic thanks which are so commonly tendered to champions of the defeated party after every campaign. We are all familiar with such newspaper paragraphs as this:

"We are indebted to Hon. John Doe

for an increase of thirteen in our majority in polling section A; in polling section B, where he spent a little more time, we gained twenty-five votes; in C, where he put forth his most frantic efforts, the corrected returns show the surprising gain of sixty. Had the honourable gentleman only been ubiquitous, or had he spoken a little louder, so that his speeches could have been heard all over the county, we should have scored a majority at every polling section. Come again the next time, Johnnie."

Would it not be more expedient (as well as more magnanimous) for political editors to ascribe their victories solely to the inherent strength and popularity of their party's policy, and to magnify, rather than belittle, the forces arrayed against it?—to say that the triumph had been won in spite of the most desperate efforts of their opponents, who had put into the field their ablest reasoners and most persuasive speakers, etc.?

* * *

Equally futile and more dangerous are the perpetual efforts of parliamentary majorities and governments to screen evidently tainted members, until the screen is violently torn away. One can, of course, understand how party spirit and *esprit de corps* combine to make legislators shrink from taking action against a friendly member until his guilt seems clear. And then comes the strong obstruction of those members who may personally dread the revelations of an expelled and revengeful confederate. Yet with a party, as with a person, suffering from an ulcer, prompt and drastic action is the best; "for it is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish, and not that thy whole body should be cast into"—the cold shade of opposition.

* * *

It can scarcely be said of a bad law, as of a bad custom, that it is "more honored in the breach than the observance." But the provision in the British North America Act that the provincial legislatures must meet every year, if it should be observed while it exists, should not exist at all. Over-legislation requires suppression in Canada as much as boodling. If not so wicked, it is just as troublesome and expensive. When all the States in the Union, except six, manage to do their law-making in biennial sessions, it seems very extravagant to saddle the small populations of our eastern and western Provinces with annual sessions (of two legislative chambers in most cases.) Economy is a crying need in more than one Province of the Dominion; and the only field in which a large economy might be practised without proportional disadvantage is in the expenses of legislation and government.

* * *

I have at least had a peep at "My Canadian Leaves" (by the Honourable Mrs. Monck), and find it embodies, as I anticipated, merely the irregular notes of a careless observer. Yet even the superficial comments of an outsider on their country cannot be wholly uninteresting to Canadians. A few of these comments are quite lively. "Funerals here are *awful*," writes Mrs. Monck; "the people *race* each other home." "The volunteers'

dresses are very pretty. The artillery dress is just like the R. A. real dress and they have even 'Ubique' as their motto, which rather annoys the R. A., who say they go *nowhere* instead of *everywhere*." At the first news of General Lee's surrender she writes:—"Dick, Capt. Penn, and I are in despair, whilst the exultation of the G.-G. (Governor-General) and Mr. Godley drives us mad." This is another refutation of the American notion that *all* the British upper-classes sympathized with the South.

* * *

One of the features of the time, on this continent at least, is the growth of historical societies. All learned associations have been defined by a cynic as organizations for working off unmarketable manuscripts. Yet, as Mrs. Curzon has observed, historical societies are certainly encouraging patriotism. They are also rescuing from oblivion many deeds deserving record. They are furnishing more and more of the materials which the true historian arranges with symmetric art; more and more of the examples by which he teaches wisdom to individuals and nations. Some historical societies however, especially in the United States, betray a weakness for treating minutely of petty persons and of unimportant and unhistoric happenings.

F. BLAKE CROFTON.



CANOEING IN CANADA.

" On the great streams the ships may go,
" About men's business to and fro.
" But I, the egg-shell pinnace, sleep
" On crystal waters ankle deep ;
" I, whose diminutive design
" Of sweeter cedar, pithier pine,
" Is fashioned on so frail a mould,
" A hand may launch, a hand withhold.
" My dipping paddle scarcely slakes,
" The berry in the bramble brakes ;
" Still forth on my green way I wend,
" Beside the cottage garden end,
" By all retired and shady spots
" Where prosper dim 'forget-me-nots.' "



CANADA the home of the canoe," has been written manytimes, and one does not require to be a close student of history to trace the intimate relation between the canoe and the early discov-

ery, development and history of this, our Dominion.

Centuries before Jacques Cartier felt the fresh breezes of the mighty St. Lawrence the canoe was the life of the country. To the dusky inhabitants it was the principal means of locomotion ; in it he threaded the many intricate waterways of the country ; with its assistance he procured his supply of tasty venison ; in it he brought

back to his birch-bark habitation many specimens of the finny tribe that would have made our modern Izaak Waltons green with envy ; in it he went forth to spread death and destruction in the villages of his distant foe. The mythology and legends of the aborigines are bound up with the canoe.

What thrilling recitals many of these legends are ! What blood-curdling tales of whole fleets of canoes, manned with feather-bedecked paddlers, rushing head-

long over some unknown precipice, led into the trap by their wily antagonists !

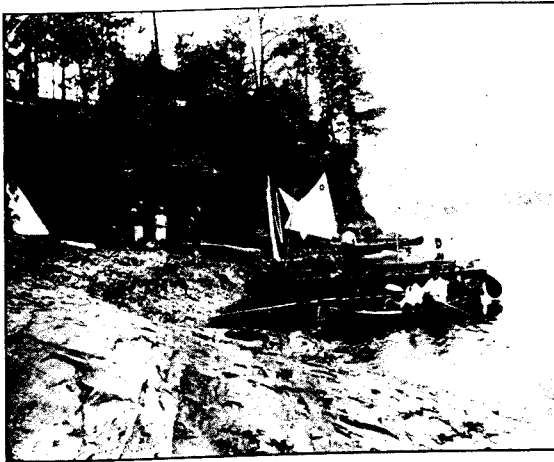
What mighty deeds were done by these fabled paddlers ; what superhuman skill was required to guide their frail craft safely over the foaming cataracts, which no man of later days has ever attempted. The canoe remains unchanged, but the mighty paddlers have no rivals.

It was in canoes the Europeans were able to gain a glimpse of the great western country which held so many sights new to their eyes. For many decades nothing but the original canoe was used on the inland waters. In them the furs of the hunter were brought to tidal waters ; in them the missionary penetrated into the unknown wilds to spread the Gospel truth ; in them the explorer sought new routes to the vast and still more unknown interior. They

were a necessary equipment of every explorer, of every trader, of every settler.

What need for roads then with water-ways so numerous !

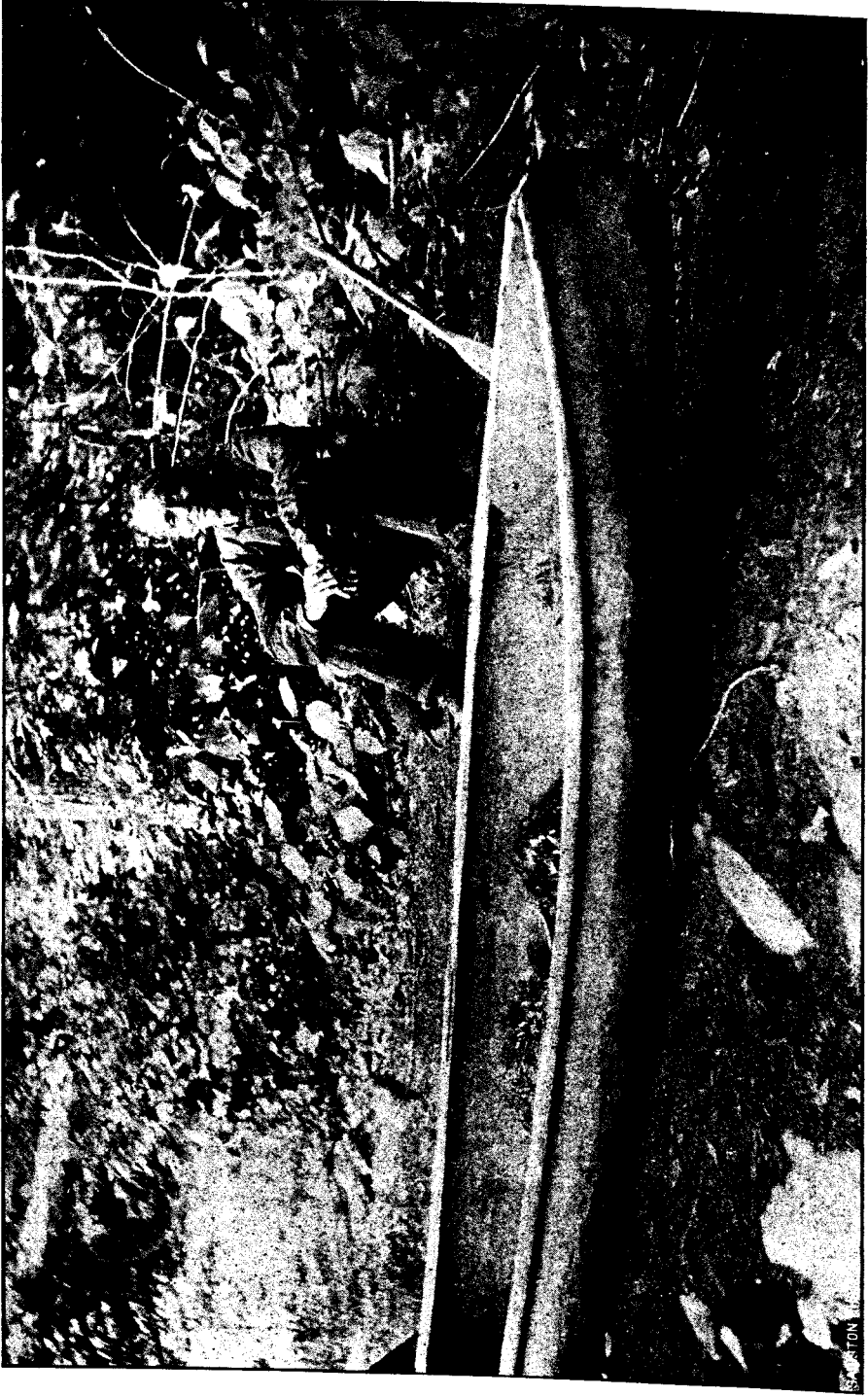
Nor has the canoe lost its usefulness in these days of steam and electricity. It is the forerunner of both. What exploring party leaves the borders of civilization to re-dis-



The Toronto Nook, Lake Champlain, '91

cover the country or anticipate the arrival of the settler without one or more canoes included in the outfit. Their lightness, durability and simplicity of structure fit them peculiarly for the traversing of unknown waters.

What intrepid voyageur would attempt to descend one of the many unknown streams of our land in the small boat of the Old World with his back to the danger. No, he must face the danger, and with eagle eye watch for the curling wave and



THE ARCHITECT OF THE DUG-OUT.

SAINTON

line of foam that mark the presence of the rushing rapid. As he feels himself carried more and more swiftly along he seizes his paddle more firmly, braces his knees against the quivering sides of his craft, and with a strong, sudden sweep avoids the half-hidden boulder by a hair's breadth, that once touched, means destruction to craft and burthen.

To the original use of the canoe there has been added, in late years, another function which to many would be more interesting than the utilitarian, namely, that of a pleasure craft.

We find in those districts where water sport is indulged in to any extent, that the canoe is rapidly taking the place of the ordinary pleasure boat propelled by oars. In such centres as Montreal, Ottawa, Kingston, Toronto, Hamilton, Brantford, Galt, London and Chatham, we find the number of canoes increasing year by year, and in several places they far outnumber the row boats; while in that home of the canoe, Peterboro', and its neighbouring rival, Lindsay, a row boat is almost unknown, though canoes can be counted by the hundreds. Were a visitor to drop into the pleasure craft department of one of Canada's best known rowing clubs, the Argonauts of Toronto, he would think he had mistaken his direction and wandered into the abode of a prosperous canoe club.

Even historic Old Thames now appreciates the excellent qualities of the Canadian canoe for traversing his narrow and frequently crowded reaches, as evidenced by the scores of canoes shipped across the ocean from that head centre of canoe builders, Peterboro'.

The uninitiated may ask what is the cause of the rapidly increasing popularity of the canoe. The reasons are numerous, and, perhaps, the first should be, the position of the occupants, facing the same direction as they are travelling, making the scenery much more enjoyable and enabling one to easily avoid obstructions or other craft coming from the opposite direction. Other reasons are, the easy rythmical motion of the canoe as compared with the more jerky row-boat ;

their light draught permitting their use in many places wholly inaccessible to the row-boat; their convenience in narrow quarters; their lightness and the consequent ease with which they can be handled in the boathouse or when it is necessary to transport them across the country; their cheapness; the accuracy with which they can be guided, and, further, their safety when properly handled.

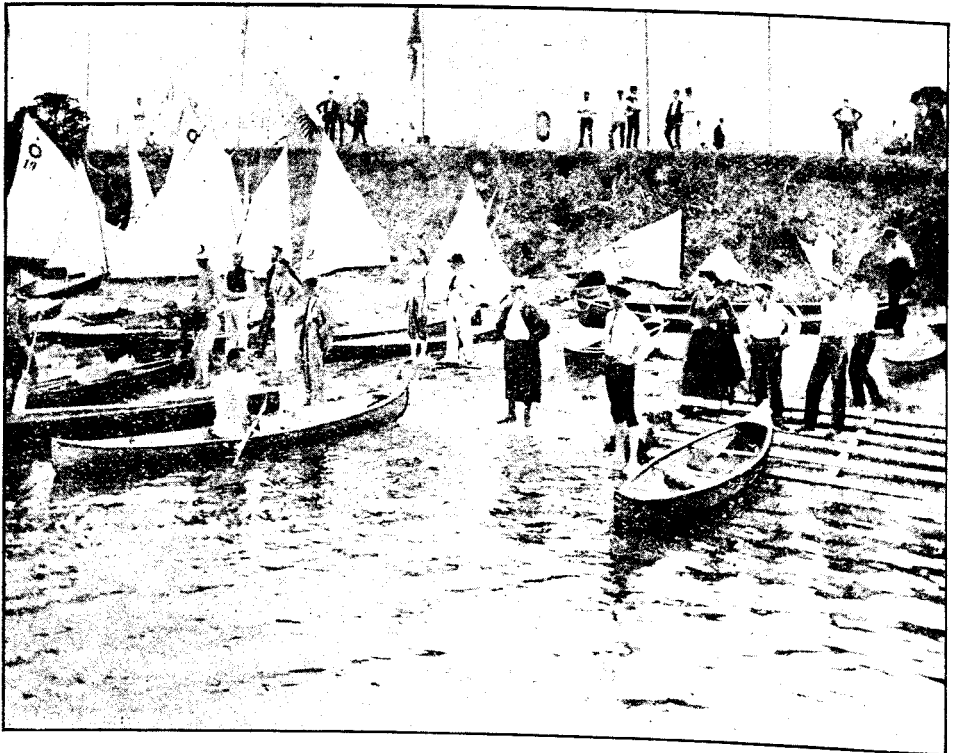
In many places where they are unknown, except as a requisite of our Indian predecessors, they are held in great dread. In fact to some a canoe and a coffin are closely allied. The man who is willing to venture into a canoe takes his life in his hand. This feeling is rapidly disappearing as the people become more generally acquainted with the possibilities of the craft. As one acquainted with all



Getting ready.

sorts of canoes used in this country, the birchbark, the dugout, the Peterboro, the canvas-back and the decked sailing canoe, and having had the privilege of introducing the pleasures of the sport to many now enthusiastic canoeists, the writer would not for one moment deny that there is danger in the canoe. There is to the careless. Once properly seated in an ordinary open Peterboro', it is the safest craft of its inches that floats upon the water. As many have found at the expense of a ducking, the main danger lies in embarking and disembarking consequent upon the ease with which they move over the surface of the water in any direction.

In Canada before the advent of the white man, and for long years after, the two styles of canoes were the birch-bark



At an A. C. A. Meet

and dugout or log canoe. Longfellow has made the construction of the canoe—the birch canoe—familiar to the reading world. How the white skin wrapper of the birch-tree, the strong and pliant boughs of the cedar, the tough and fibrous roots of the larch tree, the balsam and the resin of the fir tree, the shining quills of hedgehog, the juice of roots and berries, were all summoned to the building of the swift chemaun for sailing.

Only those who have used this most picturesque, most uncertain of all craft, can thoroughly appreciate the truthfulness of his description.

“The forest’s life is in it,
All its mystery and its magic,
All the lightness of the birch-tree,
All the toughness of the cedar,
All the hazel’s supple sinews;
And it floats upon the river
Like a yellow leaf in autumn
Like a yellow water lily.”

“Some log, perhaps, upon the waters swam,
An useless drift, which rudely cut within
And hollowed first a floating trough became
And cross some rivulet passage did begin.”

“In shipping such as this the Irish kern
And untaught Indian on the stream did glide,
Ere sharp keeled boats to stem the flood did learn
Or fin-like oars spread out from either side.”

Thus many years ago did one of England’s poets describe the dug-out or log canoe. In those sections where the white birch did not flourish the red men laboriously constructed from logs, with the assistance of fire and sharp stones, these boats. When one considers the rude instruments used the result is surprising. As with the birch-bark, the log canoes were made of all sizes, ranging from one so small that it would not always hold one person to the immense war canoes of the Pacific Coast.

In almost every canoe house a specimen of the birch-bark is to be found, frequently only as an ornament. They have almost entirely given way to their most useful successor, the modern Peterboro’ or Rice Lake canoe. These canoes are much similar in model but differing somewhat in construction.

The ordinary open Peterboro’ is the canoe which is most popular at present. They are generally built of quarter-inch basswood, oak or elm ribs, battens and gunwales and butternut decks. They possess the gracefullines of the birch bark, can be more rapidly paddled, are not so easily broken by a projecting snag, and

yet light enough to be conveniently handled.

The canoes mentioned have been paddling canoes pure and simple, but their owners have not failed to make use of a favouring breeze. Often has the thick growing spruce been placed in the bow of the birch bark as an improvised sail, and often you will find poor Lo's blanket turned into a sprit-sail to ease his weary muscles when on his long journeys, frequently with his craft down below the load water line.

Though many of the open canoes now carry a small sail on an extended trip, it is only during the last few years that a distinct class of canoe has been used for sailing. Fifteen years ago the canoeist who spread fifty feet of canvas to the breeze was a daring fellow; to-day one hundred and forty is not an uncommon sight. With the increase in sail area has come a decided change in the equipment of the canoes. The sailing canoe of today is somewhat unsociable, as few of them will carry more than the skipper. Their decks cover the greater part of the canoe, and the latest style has a well just large enough to contain the pedal extremities of the crew. They are practically unsinkable, being provided with watertight compartments that

serve to keep them afloat even with a deck load of water; a necessary precaution, as capsizes are not infrequent.

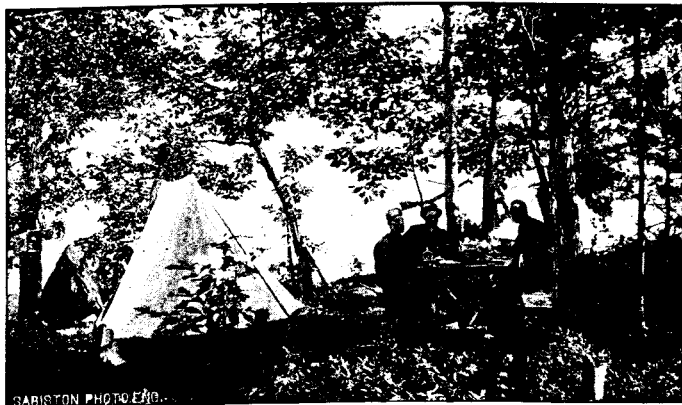
No sailing canoe is complete to-day without drop rudder and centreboard, sliding seat, with the crew generally perched well to windward of his craft, thwartship tiller, and several suits of more or less complicated sails with their numerous lines. To be convinced that canoe sailing is an exciting sport one has only to watch a fleet of them hoist their white sails to a brisk breeze with a stiff sea running. Every muscle is strained, every nerve is at its greatest tension as they fly through the water, throwing the spray to the peak of the highest sail.

Though there are many canoe sailors throughout the country, Toronto is the only place that can bring into line a dozen

sailing canoes. That the sailing canoe is fast is shown by the action of the yacht clubs in barring them from their skiff races after they had proved their ability to out-foot the sailing skiff.

It is in camping and cruising that the canoe shows to the greatest advantage. Here all its special features are brought prominently into notice. Here it is that the canoe and camera are constant friends. The canoe, picturesque in itself, carries the enthusiastic amateur photographer to places where he finds ample scope for his artistic tastes. In the parlors of some of our well known canoeists are to be found some of the most complete collection of views of Canadian scenery, which have been taken on the annual outings.

What scores of canoes are shipped from Montreal every July to the banks of the Ottawa or Lower St. Lawrence, there to



A Canoe Camp.

await the coming of the summer boarder or camper. Toronto sends her dozens into Muskoka; Kingston, Cobourg and Port Hope have established colonies on the Peterboro' chain of lakes, while Lindsay and Peterboro' emigrate to the adjacent waters in hundreds.

Every province presents a great choice of routes to the cruiser. New Brunswick from north to south, Quebec from east to west, from Montreal to James Bay. The settled parts of Ontario have frequently been circumnavigated. The routes from Lake Superior—away beyond the furthest limit of the Prairie Provinces—present themselves as extensive cruises that have been accomplished many times; but shorter and less arduous cruises are within a few hours reach of every Canadian.

Were the advice of the writer asked as to the most suitable cruising ground for

canoes and small boats he would unhesitatingly answer the Georgian Bay after having seen most of the popular resorts. This little known sheet of water has long been looked on as dangerous owing to the many casualties to shipping that have happened there ; but the miles upon miles of rocky islands that menace the larger craft make the lake the most suitable for single handers.

What pictures for the painters with brush or pen are here presented. Listen to nature's poet describing "Dawn on the Georgian Bay."

Red in the mists of the morning
 Angry coloured with fire,
 Beats the great lake in its beauty
 Rocks the great lake in its ire—
 Tossing from headland to headland.
 Tipped with the glories of dawn
 With gleaming wild reaches of beaches,
 That stretch out far, wind swept and wan.
 Behind, the wild tangle of island
 Swept and drenched by the gales of the night,
 In front, lone stretches of water
 Flame—bathed by the incoming light."

Here the nimrod may exert all his arts to tempt the inhabitant of the clear, cold waters and not in vain. The waters about the islands are teeming with bass, pickerel, pike and maskalonge—while many of the streams emptying into the bay are the home of the speckled trout. In one section, Ontario's Premier holds the record with a thirty-five pound "lunge." They are so plentiful in some parts that one would be tempted to repeat Sam Lovel's words :—"There were pike an' pikril 'at 'ould make a man's mouth water tu see, though there's more fun for me in the ketchun 'an



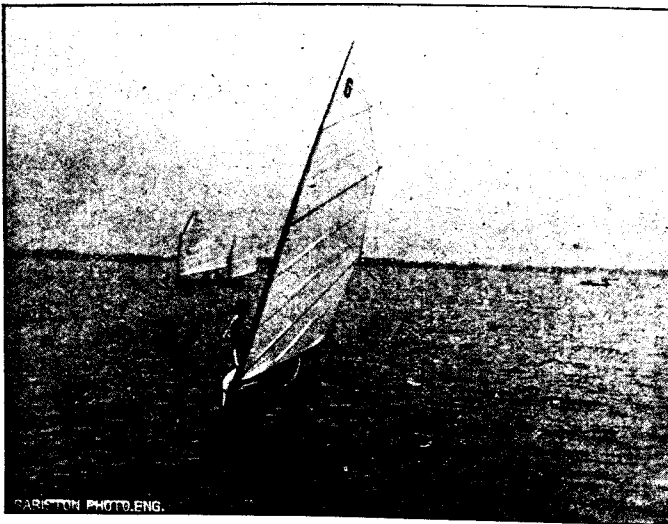
H. Ford Jones.

in the eatin', but I du eat 'em to make a good excuse fur ketchin more."

The number of islands have been computed at seventy thousand. They are of all sizes and conditions. The outer ones, mere reefs, occasionally showing their smooth red surfaces above the water and serving as perching places for the gulls that haunt these parts—break the force of the waves that roll from Michigan's shore. Nearer the mainland they are larger, more prominent and covered with vegetation—bril-

liant coloured mosses and trees and shrubs but no grass. The great arms of the lake that stretch inland for twenty or thirty miles would well repay a visit to the picture hunter. For one hundred and fifty miles there is a sea of islands from ten to twenty miles wide, with scenery that is surpassingly beautiful, though in no part grand, but an ever varying, ever-pleasing commingling of water, wood and rock.

Canoeing as a pastime is general from the Atlantic to the Pacific, but it is mainly in Ontario and Quebec that it



PARSON PHOTO.ENG.

The Canuck.



Canadian Representatives, Long Island, 1890.

is an organized sport. Many canoe clubs of more or less importance are scattered throughout these provinces. The recognized head of organized canoeists is the American Canoe Association, or as it is familiarly known, the A.C.A.

In 1880 the first convention of canoeists was held at Crosbyside or Lake George, N.Y., where it was decided to form a canoe association with the intention of holding an annual meet on Lake George.

In '81 and '82 the newly formed association met at Lorna Island, Lake George, N.Y., when Canada was represented by such well known canoeists as Col. H. C. Rogers, Col. J. Z. Rogers, W. B. Wood, Q.C., E. B. Edwards, Q.C., of Peterboro; J. G. Edwards, of Lindsay; Robt. Tyson and Hugh Nelson, of Toronto, with others, who described in such glowing terms the beauties of our northern lakes that in 1883 the association visited Stony Lake and were received with such genuine Canadian hospitality that the meet is an historical one to those who were present; the difficulties of transportation alone preventing a return in after years. In '84, '85, '86 the meets were held at Grindstone Island, Thousand Islands, where the

Canadians were largely represented. In '86 the Association had become so large that it was found impossible to have any but a small percentage of the total membership present at the meet. At the annual camp of '86 a number of the Canadian members knowing they would be unable to reach the general camp of '87, and wishing to enjoy the pleasures of a meet, decided to hold a local meet of their own, and from this beginning the form of the association was changed into a number of divisions, the Northern embracing nearly all the Canadian members. Now each division in turn has the honour of holding the general meet. In '87 Lake Champlain and in '88 Lake George was the scene of the annual camp, while the northern division visited Stony Lake and Lake Couchiching, holding very successful local gatherings.

In '89 it was the turn of the Northern Division to have the meet, when the Thousand Islands was again the scene of the races, which had now become recognized as one of the most important features of the annual gathering. In 1890, under the auspices of the Atlantic Division, the A.C.A. met on Peconic Bay, Long Is-

land. This was the first meet on salt water, and though at a great distance and very inconvenient to reach, Canada was well represented, not by numbers but by the quality of the contestants for honours. Besides placing the sailing championship, the paddling championship and two of the five all round prizes to her credit, she won a majority of the open events. In 1891 the A.C.A. pennant was flying from a lofty flagstaff at Willsborough Point on Lake Champlain opposite Burlington, Vt., for three weeks, indicating the presence of the annual meet. Here again were the sailing and paddling championships of America credited to the skill and muscle of young Canada.

During the early years of the A.C.A. Canada's successes were limited almost entirely to the paddling races; none of her sailing representatives had been



R. G. Muntz.

able to capture the chief events. But in '89 at Stave Island in the St. Lawrence the tables were turned, and the sailing and paddling championships were won by Canadians, and since that time they have been retained throughout the annual competitions.

Ford Jones, of Brockville, has proved through his unexampled record of successes, that he has the right to be considered the first canoe sailor of America—for three successive years all comers have striven in vain to wrest from his grasp the title of champion. His success is purely Canadian. The boat which he has used during the last three years is of Canadian build and design, while his sails and fittings are from his own plans.

His success is not entirely due to his boat or rig, but to the personal factor which enters so largely into canoe sailing, being of athletic build, and possessed of great coolness and judgment together with a thorough and accurate acquaintance with the boat he sails—the requisites of a champion sailor.

He has twice challenged for the International Cup of the New York Canoe Club and failed to capture the prize. But, nothing daunted, his third challenge has been accepted, and probably before '92 closes we may see him a winner of the only trophy there is for him to covet.

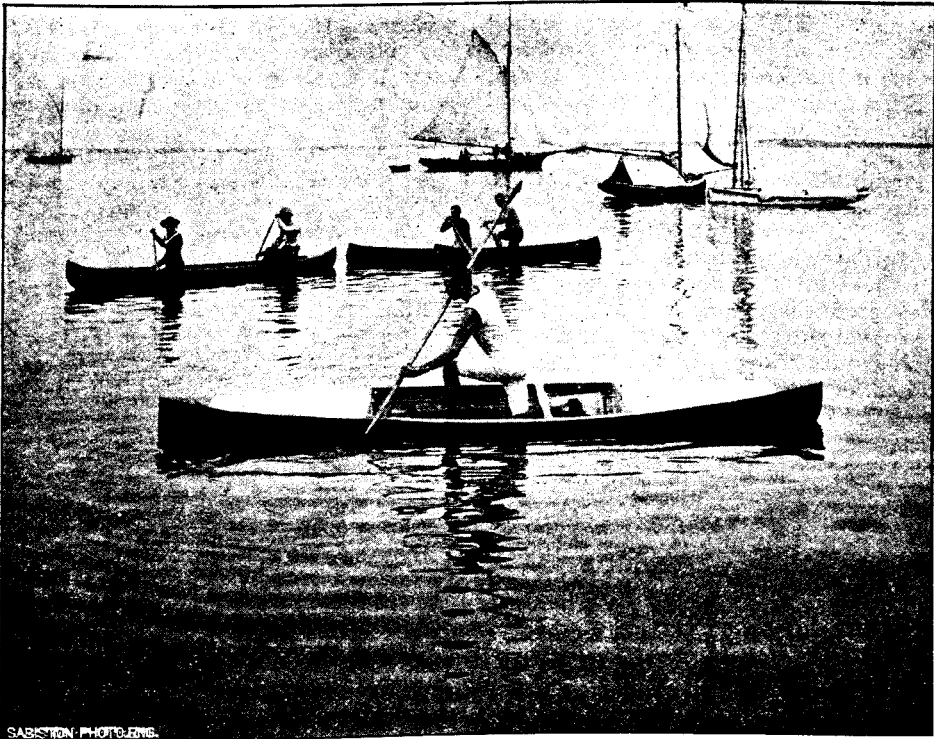
Among other Canadian sailors who have shown themselves particularly prominent in the sailing races of the A.C.A. may be mentioned W. A. Leys, Colin Fraser, D. B. Jacques, W. G. McKendrick, of Toronto, and C. Archibald, of Montreal.

In the paddling division Canada has had many able representatives; Wallace, Weller, Adams and Fitzgerald, of Peterborough, carried everything before them with their single blades during the first few years of the Association.

M. F. Johnson of the Toronto Canoe Club, had it all his own way for several years with the double blade and as he has been racing for about ten years he has probably placed more double blade victories to his credit than any other member of the A.C.A. His most notable successes were at the Grindstone Island meets. That he has lost none of his speed was shown by his finishing two feet behind the winner of the championship of 1891.

In 1889 the A.C.A. established a valuable championship paddling trophy for a race of one mile straightaway in best and best boats. Brockville had the acknowledged sailing and paddling champions in the persons of Ford Jones and Alex. Torrance.

In 1890 Canada sent a strong contingent of paddlers in the persons of J. H. Carnegie, of Coboconk; H. R. Tilley and W. A. Leys, of Toronto, and the McKendrick brothers of Galt. This race created more speculation than any former paddling race in the history of the association. The Canadian contingent felt confident that one of their four representatives would carry off the palm, and their confidence was not misplaced; the three first men were proud to own allegiance to the Union Jack. Harry F. McKendrick, of Galt, was the winner.



SABISTON PHOTO-ENG.

H. F. McKeudrick.

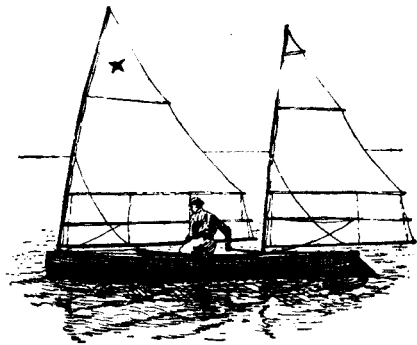
This canoeist paddled his maiden A.C.A. race in '86, and was defeated by two feet, since which time he has never been defeated in a race with either the single or double blade, though he has endeavoured to meet every paddler of note during the last two years. He won the championship with the double blade, yet it is with the single blade that he has shown himself much superior to all the contestants whom he has met. He differs from almost all other racing paddlers in that he can paddle the shorter distances faster with the single than with the double blade. He does not confine his attentions to paddling, as is evidenced by the fact that he has won four A.C.A. and Northern Division record prizes, and is always ready for all the extra events. At the Division meet of 1891 he placed no less than seven first prizes to his credit.

The champion cup is now held by R. G. Muntz, of the Argonaut Rowing Club of Toronto. Canadian muscle was again to the fore in 1891, four of the five contestants hailing from the north.

The present champion—Mr. Muntz—has long been recognized as an all round athlete, being particularly pro-

minent in the football field and with the oar, he and his brother having won the Canadian double-scutt championship. Born in Muskoka, the canoe has been his familiar friend from childhood, and he has placed many victories to the credit of his strong single blade. His success in 1891 is still more remarkable when one knows that it was his first season with the double blade.

While the most of the well known paddlers of Ontario have taken part in A.C.A. races their is a strong contingent around Montreal whose names are familiar in the



Mab.

local races and whose presence at the annual meets have been anxiously looked for but in vain. Among them are Percy Taylor, F. L. Girdwood, G. H. Duggan, P. Sherwood, the Routh brothers and others. As the general meet of the association will be within easy distance of Montreal this year, we may expect to see the flags of the Lake St. Louis, Pointe Claire, St. Anne and Montreal clubs flying from winning boats.

In the west the Toronto Canoe Club has generously put up for competition a trophy valued at \$300 for a mile race which should bring together all the fast paddlers of the Northern Division. The A.C.A. is the most genuine amateur or-

ganization in existence—and its well wishers strive hard to keep it free from the blemishes that have occasionally marred amateur sport. It is one of the standing rules that no article of value shall be given by the association. The prizes for the races,—and none are more keenly contested,—are usually small silk flags presented by the lady members.

All who are friends of the paddle, whether young or old, weak or strong, man or woman, will unite heartily in the sentiment,

“So we'll toast the man who'er he be
Who first wrought paddles from the tree.”

MAMAC.



Sailing.



THE young Duke of Hardimont was at Aix-en-Savoie for the benefit of his famous mare, Périchole, which had contracted heaves through a cold taken at the Derby, and he was finishing his breakfast when, throwing an indifferent glance at the paper, he saw the news of the disaster of Reichshoffen.

He emptied his glass of chartreuse, put his napkin on the table, sent to his valet the order to pack his trunks, and two hours later took the express for Paris, and there hurried to the recruiting office to enlist in a line regiment.

It is all very well to have from the age of 19 to 25 lived the enervating existence of a "petit crevé"—as they were then called—it is all very well to have stupified oneself in the racing stables and in the boudoirs of opera singers, but there are circumstances when one cannot forget that Enguerrand de Hardimont died of the plague at Tunis the same day as St. Louis, that Jean de Hardimont had commanded the "Grandes Compagnies" under Du Guesclin, and that François Henri de Hardimont was killed with Maison-Rouge in a charge at Fontenoi.

However exhausted he was by his scandalous and silly liaison with Lucy Violette, the prima-donna of the "Nudités Parisiennes," the young duke, in learning that a battle had been lost by Frenchmen on French territory, felt his blood surging to his head and the horrible sensation of a slap in the face.

That is why, in the first days of November, 1870, back in Paris with his regiment, which belonged to the Vinoy corps, Henri de Hardimont, Fusileer in the third regiment and member of the Jockey Club, was on guard with his company before the redoubt of Hautes-Bruyères, hastily fortified and protected by the guns of the Bicêtre fort.

The place was a sinister one. A road bordered by broomsticks and all torn with muddy ruts, going through the leprous fields of the suburbs; on the border of this road an abandoned inn, an inn with arbour, where the soldiers had established their post. There had been fighting there a few days previous. Several of the young trees had been broken in two, and all bore on their bark the white scars of the bullets. As to the house, its aspect made one shiver; the roof had been smashed in by a shell and the wine-coloured walls seemed to have been painted with blood. The shattered arbour under their trellis of black branches, the "jeu de tonneau" upset, the swing whose wet ropes were grating in the damp wind; the inscriptions near the door, scratched by the bullets: "Cabinets de Société," "Absinthe," "Vermouth," "Vin à 60 cent. le litre," framing a dead rabbit painted above two billiard cues crossing each other and tied with a ribbon—everything reminded one with cruel irony of the popular joys of bygone Sundays. And above all that an ugly winter sky, big, rolling, lead-coloured clouds,—a low, angry, hateful sky.

At the door of the inn the young duke stood motionless, his gun slung from his shoulder, his képi over his eyes, his stiff, frozen hands in the pockets of his red trousers and shivering under his sheepskin. He abandoned himself to his sombre reverie, this soldier of defeat, and with mournful eyes he looked at the line of hills lost in the fog, from where at every moment and with a distant report escaped the white, smoky puff of a Krupp gun.

All of a sudden he felt that he was hungry. He knelt on one knee and took from his knapsack lying near him against the wall a big piece of soldier's bread, then, having lost his knife, he bit into it and ate slowly.

But after a few bites he had had enough;

the bread was hard and tasted bitter. And to think that there would be no fresh bread until to-morrow's distribution, and even then only if the administration was willing.

Never mind! it was sometimes very hard to be a soldier; and now was he not thinking of what he used to call his hygienic breakfast, when, the day after too rich a supper, he used to sit against a window on the ground floor of the Café Anglais and order—well, the least bit—a cutlet, scrambled eggs with asparagus tips, and when the butler, knowing his habits, used to put on the table and open with precaution a fine bottle of old Léorille, gently lying in a basket. The devil! that was a good time after all, and he would never get accustomed to this miserable bread. And in a moment of impatience the young man threw the rest of his bread in the mud.

At the same moment a linesman came out of the inn; he stooped, picked the piece up, went back a few steps, wiped the bread with his sleeve and began to devour it eagerly.

Henri de Hardimont was already ashamed of his action, and was looking with pity at the poor devil who showed such hunger. He was a big, tall fellow, not too well built, with feverish eyes and a hospital beard, and so thin that his shoulder-blade was showing under his worn-out coat.

"You must be very hungry, comrade?" said Hardimont, coming to wards the soldier.

"As you see," answered the latter, his mouth full.

"Then, pardon me. If I had known that it could serve you I would not have thrown my bread away."

"Oh! there is no harm," said the soldier, "I am not so disgusted."

"I have done wrong all the same," said the nobleman, "and I am sorry for it. But I would not like you to have a

bad opinion of me, and as I have some old cognac in my canteen, why, let us have a drink together." The man had finished eating; the duke and he took a draught; the acquaintance was made.

"And what is your name?" asked the linesman.

"Hardimont," answered the duke, omitting his title and his "particule,"—"and yours?"

"Jean Victor. I have just been sent to the company. I come from the ambulance. I was wounded at Châtillon. Ah! we were comfortable at the ambulance; and the nurse used to give us such good



"He stooped and picked the bread up"

horse bouillon. But I had only a scratch; the doctor signed my dismissal, and so much the worse, I shall begin again to starve. For, believe me if you will, comrade, such as I am, I have been hungry all my life."

The statement was fearful, made to a voluptuary, who a few minutes ago had been regretting the cooking of the Café Anglais; and the Duke de Hardimont

looked at his companion with almost frightened astonishment.

The soldier smiled painfully, showing his wolf-like teeth,—his hungry teeth, so white in his ashen face,—as if he understood that an explanation was necessary.

"Look here," said he, "let us walk a little along the road in order to warm our feet and I will tell you things you have probably never heard before. My name is Jean Victor. Jean Victor, nothing more, because I am a foundling. My only sweet remembrance is the time of my early childhood, in the Asylum. The sheets of our little beds were white; we used to play in a garden, under big trees, and there was a good sister, pale as a ghost?—she was dying of consumption,—whose pet I was, and with whom I would rather walk than play with the other boys, because she used to draw me near her and put her thin, burning hand on my forehead. But at twelve, after my first communion, nothing more except misery! The administration had put me as an apprentice with a chairmaker of the Faubourg St. Jacques. It is not a trade, as you know. It is impossible to earn a living at it, and the proof is that the boss could only get as apprentices some poor

little boys coming from the asylum for blind children. It was there that I commenced suffering from hunger. The boss and the mistress, two old "Limousins," who have since been assassinated, were terrible misers, and the loaf of bread from which we got a little piece at each meal was locked up the rest of the time.

And at supper you should have seen the woman with her block cap, when she was distributing the soup, sighing at each ladleful she was giving. The other apprentices, the blind boys, were less unhappy; they were not given more than I but at least they could not see the reproachful glance of that wicked woman when she passed the plates. And here comes the misfortune: I had already a big appetite. Is it my fault? tell me! . . . There I passed three years apprenticeship under continuous starvation. Three years! . . . One knows the trade in one month! but the administration can not know everything and does not suspect that the children are taken advantage of. . . . Ah! you were astonished to see me pick up a piece of bread from the mud? Alas! I am accustomed to it. I have picked up enough crusts from the dirt and when they were too dry I soaked them in my wash-bowl.

. . . It is owned there were sometimes lucky finds; pieces nibbled on one side and thrown on the side walk by the children after school. On my errands I tried to get around there. . . . And then when the apprenticeship was finished—the trade, as I told you, does

not provide a living. Oh! I have worked at others, I am hearty at work I tell you. I have helped the masons, I have been porter and the like. But one day there would be no work, another day I would lose my situation. In short I never ate to my satisfaction.

. . . Ah! God knows of my fits of anger in passing by the bakeries. Fortunately for me in those moments, I always remembered my good Sister of the asylum, who so often had advised me



"The soldiers left the inn, walking with caution, the finger on the trigger of the gun, and looking afar on the road." Page 308.

to be honest, and it seemed to me as if I felt on my forehead the warmth of her little hand. Finally at eighteen I enlisted. You know as well as I do a soldier has just enough. . . . At present—it would almost be funny—there is the siege and famine! You see that I did not tell a story when I said a moment ago that I have always been hungry.

The young duke was good hearted and in listening to this terrible complaint told by a man like him, by a soldier whom the uniform made his equal, he felt deeply moved. It was even fortunate for his foppish phlegm that the evening wind should have dried in his eyes two big tears which dimmed them.

"Jean Victor," said he, gently, "if we both survive this awful war, we will meet again and I hope to be useful to you. But as for the present there is not another baker at the advanced posts than the Corporal of the Commissariat, and as my ration is thrice too big for my small appetite, it is a bargain, is it not?—we will share like good comrades."

It was a solid and warm hand shake which the two men exchanged; then, as night was falling, and as they were weary, they re-entered the big room of the inn where a dozen soldiers were sleeping on straw and throwing themselves side by side they went to sleep and slept profoundly. Towards midnight Jean Victor awoke—being hungry probably. The wind had swept away the clouds and a ray of moonlight was falling on the charming blonde head of the young duke sleeping like an Endymion. Still under the impression of the kindness of his comrade Jean Victor was looking at him with a *naïve* admiration when the sergeant of the detachment opened the door calling the five men who were going to relieve the advanced guard. The duke was among them but he did not waken when his name was called.

"Hardimont, get up!" repeated the under-officer.

"If you are willing, sergeant," said Jean Victor, getting up, "I will take his place; he sleeps so soundly—and he is my friend."

"Just as you please."

And the five men having gone, the snoring recommenced.

But half an hour later hurried shots were heard bursting through the night.

In one moment everybody was on foot; the soldiers left the inn walking with cautions the finger on the trigger of the gun and looking afar on the road—all white with moonshine.

"But what time is it?" said the duke, "I was on duty this night."

Some one said: "Jean Victor went in your place."

At the same moment they saw one of the five men running towards them on the road:

"Well?" they asked, when he stopped, out of breath.

"The Prussians are attacking; let us regain the redoubt."

"And your comrades?"

"They are coming. Only poor Jean Victor."

"What?" cried the duke.

"Struck to the ground by a bullet in the head. He has not uttered a sound."

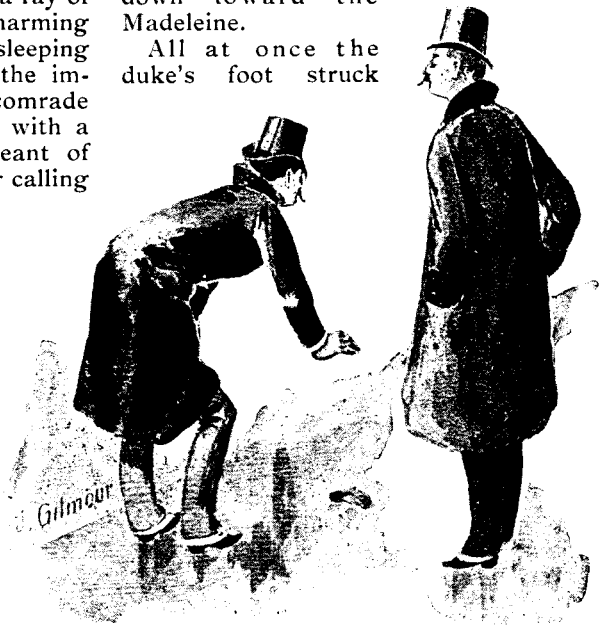
One night last winter towards two o'clock in the morning the Duke de Hardimont left his club with his neighbor the Count de Saulnes. He had just lost some hundred louis and felt a little headache.

"If you are willing, André," said he to his companion, "we will walk home. I need the fresh air."

"As you please, dear friend, although the streets are bad."

They sent back their coupés, turned up the collars of their fur coats and walked down toward the Madeleine.

All at once the duke's foot struck



"M. de Saulnes saw the Duke de Hardimont pick up the bread."

something which rolled before them: it was a large crust of bread all covered with mud.

Then to his stupefaction M. de Saulnes saw the Duke de Hardimont pick up the piece of bread, wipe it carefully with his crested handkerchief and put it on a bench of the boulevard under the light of a lamp post in full sight.

"What are you doing there?" said the Count, bursting into laughter. "Are you crazy?"

"It is in remembrance of a poor man who died for me," responded the Duke whose voice trembled slightly. . . . "Do not laugh, Count, you would disoblige me."



CORRESPONDENCE.

"Lacrosse in the Maritime Provinces."

Mr. H. H. Allingham, in an interesting paper on this subject in the *DOMINION ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY* for May, has given currency to some errors as to fact. He says:

"The village of Hampton, on the Intercolonial Railway, about twenty miles from St. John, derives some distinction from the fact that lacrosse in the Maritime Provinces was first played there." This, he says, "was in the month of September, 1873." Again, in Nova Scotia, "the town of Pictou was the first to adopt it" (the game of lacrosse).

This is all wrong. In the summer of 1868 I was in Montreal, and being very fond of the game of lacrosse, I, of my own notion, bought an outfit of crosses, balls, and printed regulations, such as might equip a club of moderate dimensions, and took them with me to Halifax. On my arrival, a number of us Haligonians organized a lacrosse club, of which I was chosen president and captain; and the late Isaac J. Wylde, secretary.

That was the first lacrosse club ever organized, or known, in the Maritime Provinces; and our first game was played on the North Common of Halifax in the early autumn of 1868. Hon. Malachi Bowes Daly, now Lieut.-Governor of Nova Scotia, and a young Montrealer named Macfarlane, since deceased—both of them experienced players, were kind enough to assist me in coaching our new team; and, excepting us three, I do not think there was any one in Nova Scotia who had previously played the game, or ever seen it played. There was a second Halifax club formed a few weeks afterwards, the original one.

After a few months practice I had one of my hands disabled through accident, and we closed proceedings for the season. In the following year our fellows did not seem to take kindly to the game—too much work they seemed to think. I tried to encourage the smaller boys into the game by giving them crosses and a set of ashen steel-shod flag-poles, which I had had made. I was abroad for some time afterwards, but I have understood that these youngsters practiced somewhat until Mr. Burns' vigorous movement.

P. S. HAMILTON.

OTTAWA, May 10, 1892.

Mr. Allingham's Reply.

To the Editor of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY:

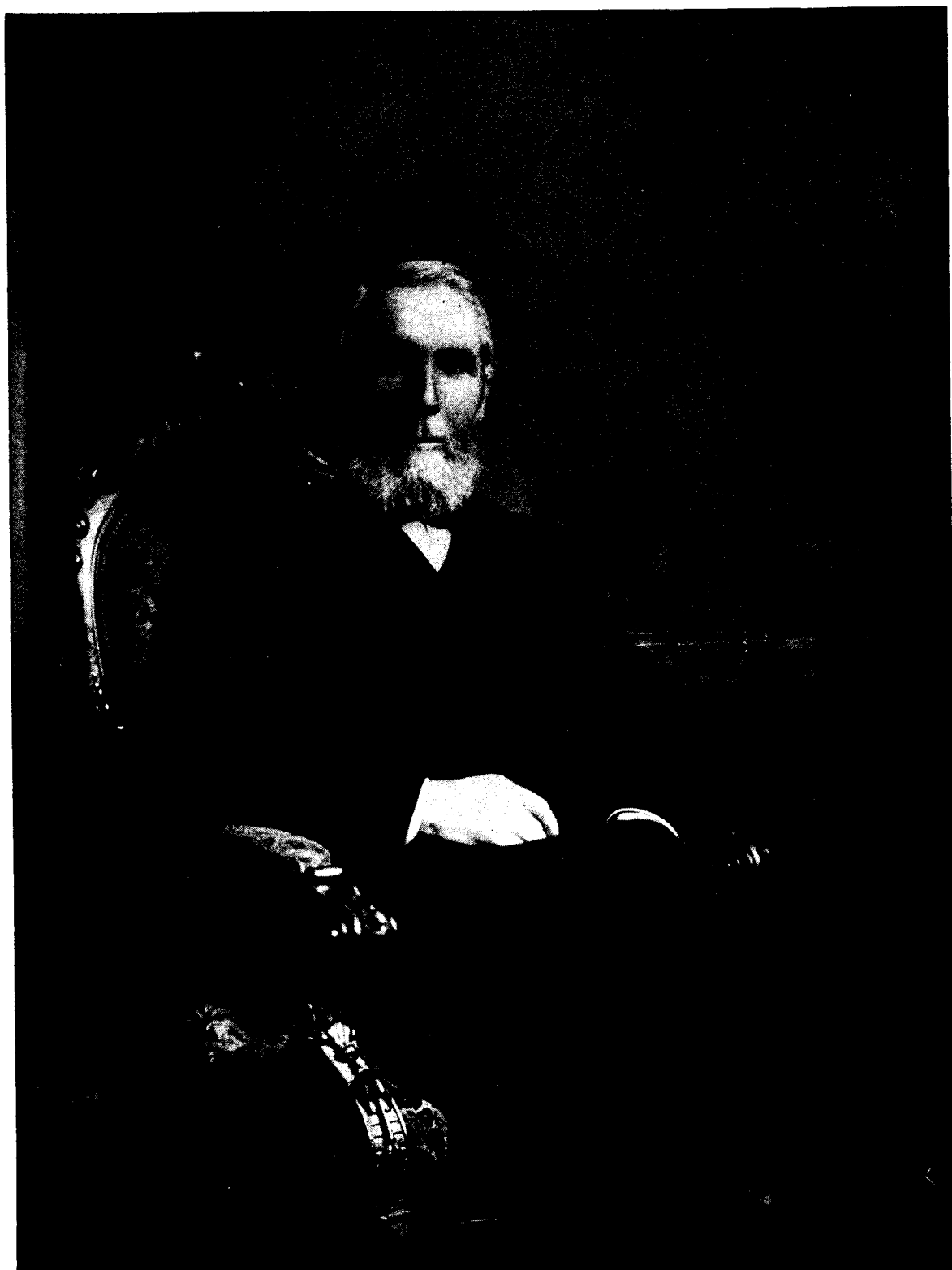
SIR,—With reference to the above, I am very glad Mr. Hamilton has put me straight on the subject, as my sole aim was to give as accurate a history of the game as possible. I took great pains in writing to parties I thought could give me the information required, in every city and town in the Provinces, and in the replies I received from Halifax and Pictou from present lacrosse players, no mention was made of Mr. Hamilton. I hope this explanation will clear me of any suspicion of the slightest intention to misrepresent any persons or places; my earnest desire being to render honour to whom honour is due.

I remain, yours truly,

H. H. ALLINGHAM.

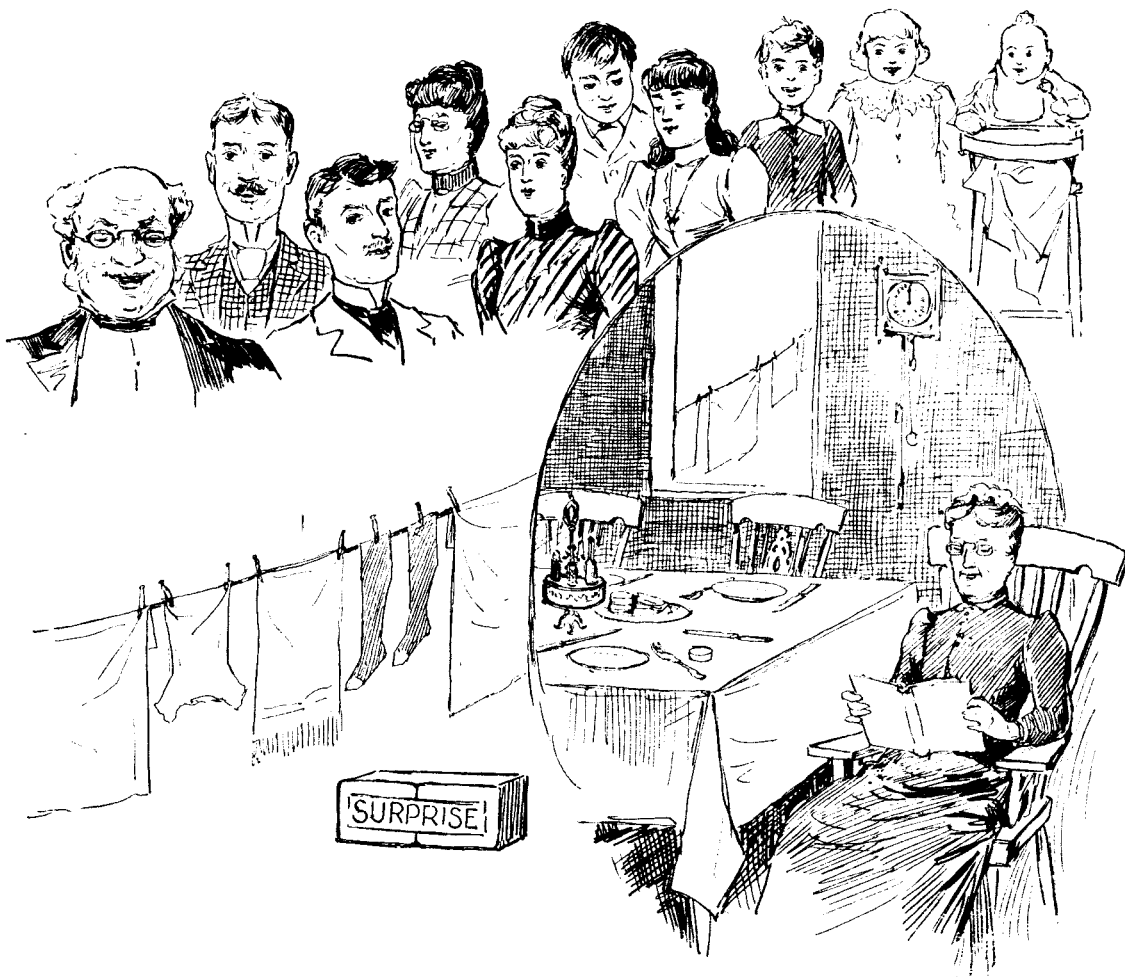
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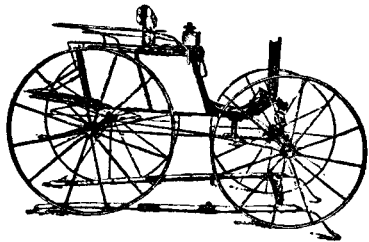
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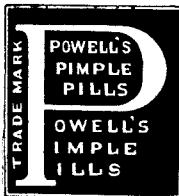
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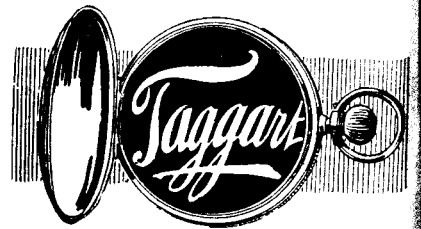
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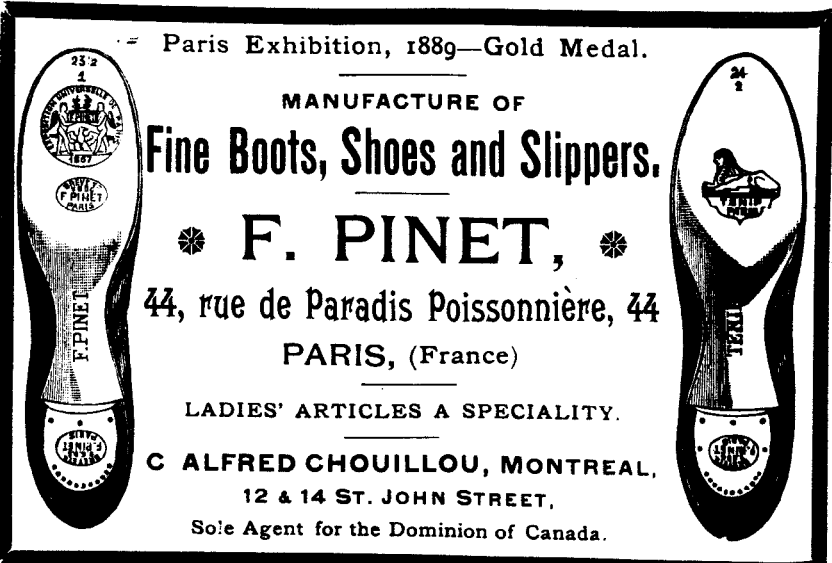
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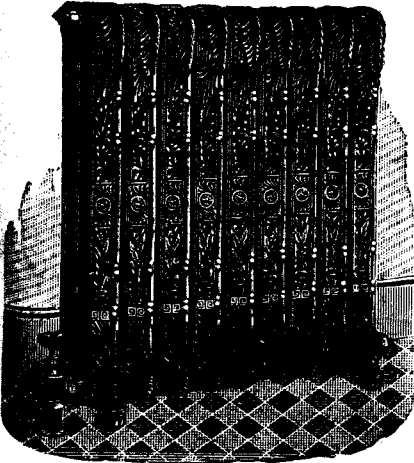
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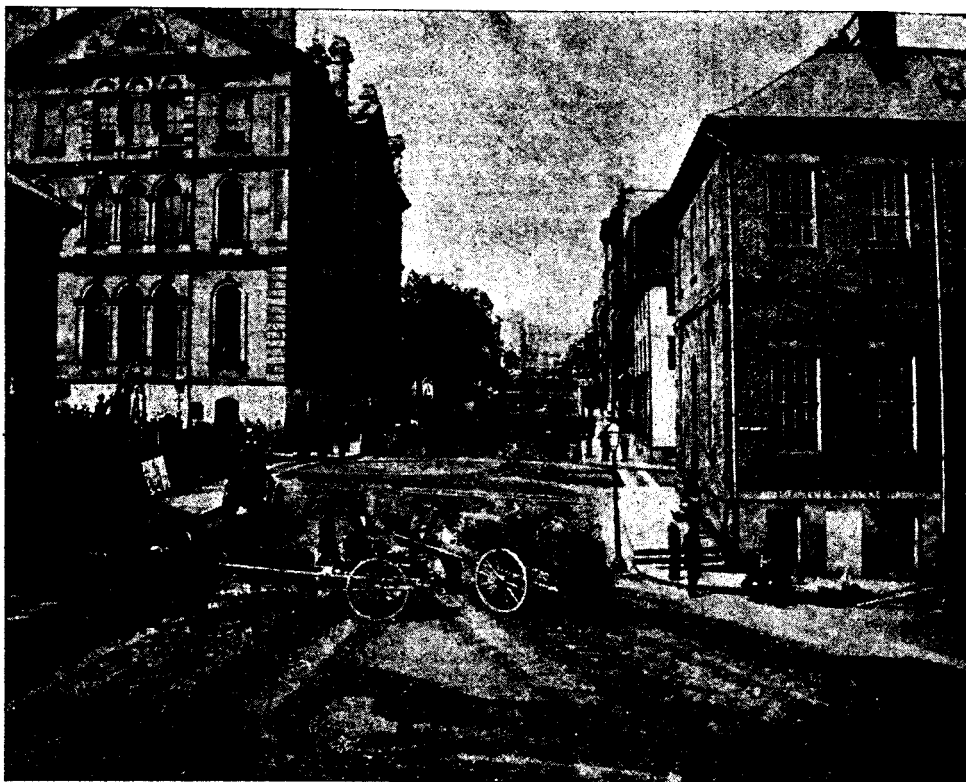
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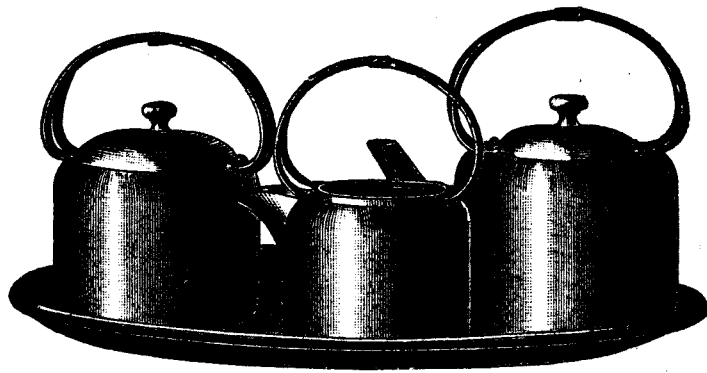
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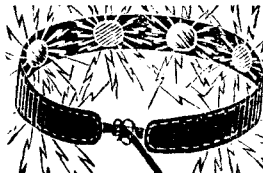
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